GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

DRAWN BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

BY MARY J. JACQUES.

COME into Great-grandmother's garden, my dears:
The Sunflowers are nodding and beckoning away,
The Balsams are smilingly drying their tears,
And fair Morning-Glories are greeting the day.

How pure is the breath of the old-fashioned Pinks!
How modest the face of the Lady's Delight!
Sweet-William his arm with Miss Lavender's links,
And whispers, "I dream of you morn, noon, and night."

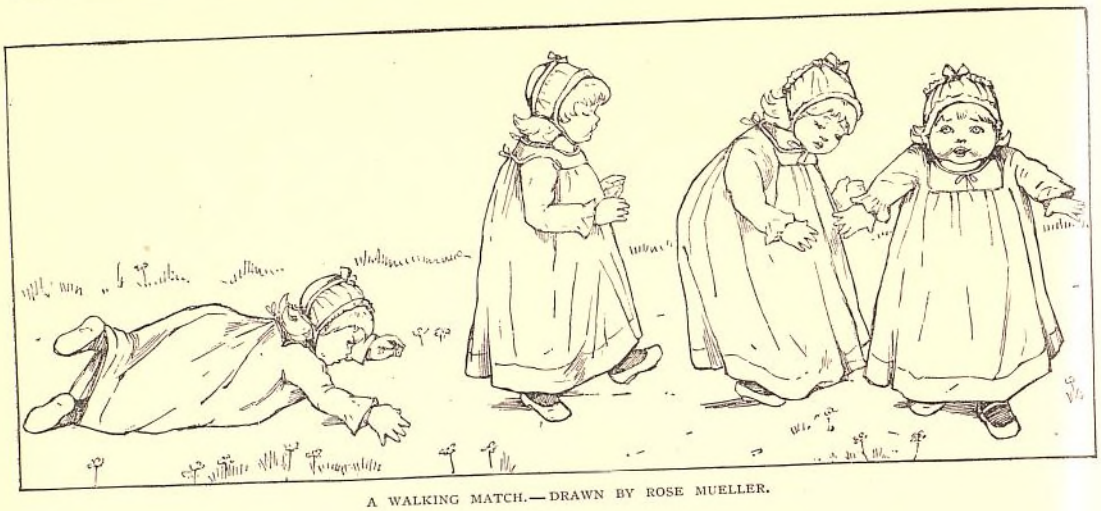
The Dahlia looks on with a queenly repose,
Unheeding the Coxcomb's impertinent sighs,
And fierce Tiger-Lily an angry look throws
At Bachelor's Button, who praises her eyes.

The red Prince's Feather waves heavy and slow
By Marigolds rich as the crown of a king;
The Larkspur the humming-bird sways to and fro;
Above them the Hollyhocks lazily swing.

Come, Four-o'-Clocks, wake from your long morning nap!
The late China Asters will soon be astir;
The Sweet Pea has ordered a simple green cap—
Which the Poppy pronounces too common for her.

There 's Southernwood, Saffron, and long Stripéd Grass;
The pale Thimble-Berries, and Sweet-Brier bush;
An odor of Catnip floats by as we pass—
Be careful! nor Grandmamma's Chamomile crush.

Come into Great-grandmother's garden, my dears:
The Sunflowers are nodding and beckoning away——
Ah! the true Grandma's garden is gone years and years—
We have only a make-believe garden to-day.



A WALKING MATCH.—DRAWN BY ROSE MUELLER.

# THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

By J. T. Trowbridge.

## Chapter XXIV.

### WHAT HAPPENED THAT DAY.

The children had been gone about three hours, when their mother, sitting at her window, which looked toward Tammoset village, noticed an unusual number of boys hurrying down the road toward the river.

Reflecting that it was the first of May, and probably a holiday in the schools, she thought little of the circumstance, until she saw groups of men also going in the same direction. She then hobbled to the front part of the house, where she could get a view of the bridge.

It was thronged with people, and more were coming from both ways — from Dempford as well as Tammoset; some stopping on the bridge and looking off toward the mill, while others climbed over the rails at each end, ran down the shores, and disappeared under the high bank by which the view of the river below was shut off from the house.

At the same time, the kitchen girl began to call: "Mrs. Tinkham! Mrs. Tinkham! What are all these people doing out here by the mill?"

The widow hobbled to another window, and saw an amazing sight. Neither boy nor man had entered the yard in the regular way; but the upper bank was now alive with youngsters scrambling up from below. Some threw themselves on the turf, and sat with their backs toward the house and their legs hanging down the slope. Others stood behind them or looked about for better positions. A dozen or more got into the great willow, where they filled the seats or leaned upon the branches. All appeared eager to witness some great spectacle taking place below.

The mother of the Tinkhams knew very well what that was. "O my boys! my boys!" she exclaimed, "why are you not here?" and without waiting to cover her feeble shoulders and gray hair, she hobbled out of the house.

She heard suppressed cries of: "Look behind you!" "There comes the old lady!" and for a moment saw the faces of the intruders all turned her way. There was much silly tittering among them; and the next moment every boy was intently gazing down the slope again.

"What does this mean? What are you here for?" she cried, approaching the nearest group.

"We just wanted to see the fun!" was the grinning response.

"What fun?" she demanded, sharply.

"To see the dam tore away; for that 's what they are doing," somebody answered, in a loud, insolent voice from the willow.

"Is that Dick Dushee?"

"Yes, that 's Dick; he told us we could come up here."

"He would n't have dared show his face if my sons were at home!" said the widow. "I should think he might be in better business, and the rest of you, too! Make room for me, will you? Whose ground is this, yours or mine?"

The loungers on the turf had not offered to move out of her way, but the lively movement of a crutch among their elbows and ears made them scatter, and she stood on the top of the bank.

This is what she saw: both shores of the river swarmed with spectators, boys and men, and even women and girls here and there. The platform at the corner of the mill was black with the crowd. There were boats, also, held against the current by young men aboard, probably Argonauts. In the midst of all, the center of attraction, stood a line of stout laborers leg-deep in the water, with picks and iron bars demolishing the dam.

The work had evidently but just begun. The first planks were yielding to sturdy blows. There was little noise beside; no loud talking, nor shouting of commands. Never was disorderly crowd so orderly and well behaved. There were even policemen present — Dempford men in blue coats on one shore, and Tammoset men in gray on the other — keeping the peace. The whole thing had been thoroughly planned and organized beforehand, as the local newspaper boastfully informed its readers on both sides of the river, in its next issue.

The crippled woman, supported on her crutches at the summit of the high bank, her gray head bare — a strange, pathetic figure — called aloud to the laborers to desist from their work of destruction. Not one of them heeded her: but all other eyes were turned upward, while her voice continued to ring out, tremulous yet clear, entreating yet commanding:

"Must I stand here alone, and see my property destroyed? Is there not one who will take my part, and stop this lawless proceeding? Are you all on the side of injustice and brute force?"

There was a brief silence; then a Dempford man in blue — our old acquaintance, in fact — made answer from the opposite shore:

"It is not a lawless proceeding, madam. You were duly notified that the dam must be removed. As you have not done it yourself, the people have taken it in hand."

"The people who do it, or witness it without protest, are a mob! The only law they have on their side is mob law, and they know it. There is no other law that can touch my poor little property here. I see grave-looking men in this crowd, men who no doubt call themselves respectable citizens. Are they aware that, by their presence, if not by their acts, they are making war on a defenseless woman and her absent children? Well for you, well for you all," cried the widow, lifting a crutch and shaking it passionately over the heads of the crowd, "that my boys are not here to-day! You, breaking the dam there, and you assisting by looking on, would not be where you are! But you chose a safe time for your brave deed!"

She stopped to subdue the passion that was swelling in her voice; then, as nobody answered her, and as the planks and stakes were still giving way before the picks and bars, she went on:

"If this dam, which we have a right to maintain, — for I have taken legal counsel on the subject, and I know, — if it troubles you, why don't you go to work like honorable men and get rid of it? I hear that some of you, who are not Argonauts, have yet subscribed large sums toward building the club-house. Why have n't you subscribed something toward abating this nuisance you complain of? A few hundred dollars would have bought off the previous owner; or my boys would have come to any just agreement with you. But, ah!" she cried, scornfully, "this is not the popular side! You can well afford to give money for a new boat-house; but one poor woman's mill-dam, that is in the way of a few pleasure-boats, must be ruthlessly destroyed! Oh, what men you are!"

Nobody answered her again. But, if there were not in that assemblage of two or three hundred people, young and old, a few hearts that felt and remembered long afterward her thrilling words and the tears that now came streaming down her cheeks, it was a pitiless mob indeed.

"I have had my say," she added, "and now you will do as you please."

Her cheeks still wet with unwiped tears, she stood in silence and saw the work of demolition proceed.

The planks and stakes, as they were broken away, were sent floating down the stream; and soon not a vestige of the dam remained visible. The end of the platform, with the fish-way attached, was left hanging in the air. The laborers seemed to think their work done, and started to wade ashore.

Then a little fellow about the size of Web Foote, standing in one of the boats, swung his hat and called for three cheers. The spectators responded, though not very heartily, their feeling of triumph being sadly chilled by the sight of the pale face and feeble form supported by crutches on the bank.

But now there was a singular movement on the farther shore:

A man with coarse, sandy features of vast

territorial dimensions, who had been watching the show with manifest satisfaction, said something in a low voice to somebody else, who whispered it to a third person, who in turn ran to the edge of the bank and called to the men wading ashore:

"Go back! There 's one thing you 've forgotten!"

"What 's that, Milt?" asked the little Commodore from his boat.

"The mud-sill!" said Buzrow, for it was indeed our amiable friend, the cow-smiter's son. "Dushee says they can rebuild the dam without any trouble if we leave the mud-sill."

"Is that so, Dushee?" cried Web Foote, in a loud voice.

"Certainly it is," Dushee replied in a much lower tone, after some hesitation.

Even he must have felt the ignominy of openly giving counsel for the destruction of a dam he had formerly had to defend, and which he had dishonestly passed into other hands. Perhaps, also, his old hatred of the Argonauts made the situation awkward for him. But his present hatred of the brothers he had wronged outweighed other considerations, and he spoke out:

"They have only to drive new stakes and nail on fresh boards. But rip up the mud-sill and spilin's, and they can't rebuild in the present state of high water."

"That 's so!" exclaimed Buzrow. "Up with the mud-sill!"

So the men went back into the water, and with their picks and bars attacked the long strip of timber which, with what Dushee called the "spilin's,"—sharpened boards driven down several feet into the river-bed,—had served to keep the water and those pioneers of the water, the eels, from finding their way under the dam.

It was the hardest part of their job. The spilings had been driven to stay; and they were nailed to the sill. The tops of some of them broke off, however, while the old, rusty nails in the rest gave way; then up came the heavy, water-soaked timber, one end first, and, slowly lifted and swung around, scarcely floating, went down the strong current after the stakes and planks.

So much the Tinkham boys had gained by making one superfluous enemy.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### TO RESCUE THE MUD-SILL.

AFTER the funeral, Mart and Lute stopped to do some business in town, while Letty and the three younger brothers hastened to take the first train for Tammoset.

"I 've the strangest feeling," Letty said, "that something is n't right with Mother."

"I don't see what can have happened to her," replied Rush. "But I can't help feeling skittish about the dam."

Starting to walk home from Tammoset station, they were surprised to meet a number of people coming up the road, who gave them curious, excited looks. They hurried on, meeting more and more; and, passing the brow of the hill, saw two scattered throngs moving slowly up both shores of the river, converging at the bridge, and from there streaming off thinly, in groups and pairs, toward Tammoset and Dempford.

"The dam! the dam!" exclaimed the boys, making a sudden onward rush.

All was over when they reached home. The last of the youngsters was slipping from the tree down the bank, on the summit of which the widow still stood, with gray head uncovered, propped upon her crutches.

"Mother! Mother!" Rush exclaimed, springing to her side before the rest. "What is it?"

She was very pale, but quite calm now, until his coming caused her emotions to surge up again.

"You see what has been done," she said, pointing at the spot where the dam had been.

He gave a savage cry of grief and rage.

"There 's nothing to be said," she continued, checking a sob, "but much to be done. Where are the boys?"

"They are coming in a later train. Oh!" exclaimed Rush, his face in a spasm of fury and pain, "if we had only been here!"

"It 's well you were not. Better suffer wrong, than to have killed some one, or have been killed yourselves. For I am sure one of these two things would have happened!"

"Something would have happened!" said Rush. "Oh! to think you were here alone! You saw it all?"

"I saw it all!"

"And do you know who did it?"

"How could I? There were only two faces I ever saw before—the Dushees."

Dick had already been discovered as he tumbled down the slope at sight of the boys; and Rupert and Rodman had been for giving him chase and throwing him into the river.

"Was the old reprobate here looking on?" demanded Rush.

"He was not only looking on, but you owe it to him that the mud-sill was torn up."

The wrong seemed too great to bear. Rush struggled with his bursting heart for a moment, then said:

"Never mind! this is n't the end! Bring the

clothes-line, boys! we 'll save what we can. Letty, help Mother into the house!"

Letty, whom the boys had outrun, had now come up, and was clinging to her mother's side. Rush left them, and hurried down the path to the lower story of the mill, where he met our old acquaintance, the gray-coated Tammoset policeman.

The policeman smiled — not at all like one caught in bad business, but rather as if he had been engaged in some praiseworthy action.

"I think," he said, "you will find your property has been carefully protected. I have n't allowed anybody to go into the mill, or to damage anything."

Rush regarded him with wrathful amazement.

"Perhaps you expect some reward from us?"

"I don't ask it," replied the man in gray, bowing complacently, with a look which implied that a reward would not be unwelcome. "I have only done my duty. The dam had to go, you know. We 've seen the last of that."

"The last of it?" echoed Rush, with angry scorn.

"The last of it!" the man in gray repeated, positively. "An injunction will be applied for at once, to prevent you from rebuilding it."

"Why did n't you have the mill torn away, too?" said Rush. "Don't you see it projects twenty feet into the river? It may be in the way of some nice little pleasure skiff, some time!"

He did not wait to hear the man's reply to this fierce sarcasm, but, having bent into a hook-like shape the end of a long iron rod which he found in the back shop, he hastened with it down the river, accompanied by Rupert with a pole and Rodman with the clothes-line.

They descried the mud-sill lodged in a bend, and some Argonauts in a boat poking one end of it, as if to set it afloat again.

"Let that timber alone!"

Rush sent his voice before him, while running with full speed. The Argonauts poked and pulled with their oars harder than ever.

"I warn you!" he shouted. "That timber belongs to me!"

As they did not desist, but seemed hastening to get the sill out of reach from the shore, he caught up a stone weighing three or four pounds, and, running up within hurling distance, flung it with all his might.

It struck the boat between wind and water, with a crash and a splash which sent the Argonauts paddling off in a hurry. Rupe and Rod, following along the shore, let fly smaller stones, one of which fell into the boat, while another went whizzing over two swiftly ducking heads.

"Thieves! robbers! cowards!" Rush shouted, having first thrown the hook-like end of his rod over the timber. "You do your dirty work in the night-time, or when only women are at home, but you run from two or three boys! Come back here if you want your boat smashed!"

"We 've nothing to do with you," a big-voiced Argonaut shouted back. "Our business was with the dam."

"My business is with the dam, too!" cried Rush. "I know you, Milt Buzrow; and if I see you touch one of those planks by the shore down yonder, I 'll follow and stone your boat all the way to Dempford!"

Buzrow exhibited his courage by bellowing back some heavy threat; but for some reason he and his fellow-Argonauts did not think it worth their while to meddle with any of the drift-wood.

Rush called to his brothers, and with their help soon had the timber hauled alongside the bank.

"We wont try to get it home now," he said. "The tide will turn in a little while and help us. Stay here and hold on to it, while I go and borrow Mr. Rumney's boat."

He hurried back up the river to the bridge, crossed over, and found the farmer walking leisurely toward his barn. Rush did his breathless errand.

'My boat? What do you want it for?" Mr. Rumney replied, good-naturedly.

"Does it make any difference what I want it for?" Rush asked rather sharply, thinking his rustic neighbor was also in sympathy with the enemy.

"Wall, mabby!" said the farmer. "If you want it for any ordinary purpose, I say you can take it. But if you want it to save your timbers and put back your dam ——"

"That 's just what I want it for!" said Rush, with headlong frankness.

"In that case, I don't care to stir up the prejudice of the Argue-nots agin' me. So I sha'n't say you can take it. But see here!" the farmer added, confidentially, as Rush was turning away in furious disgust; "if anybody should come and take the boat without leave, and never say I let 'em, they would n't be prosecuted. They 'll find the oars behind the hen-house."

"Thank you," said Rush.

"Don't thank me, for I don't know nothin' about it, you know. I 've seen how you boys have been treated, and I should n't blame ye if you took any boat you could lay hands on."

The farmer was entering his barn. But he now turned back and added:

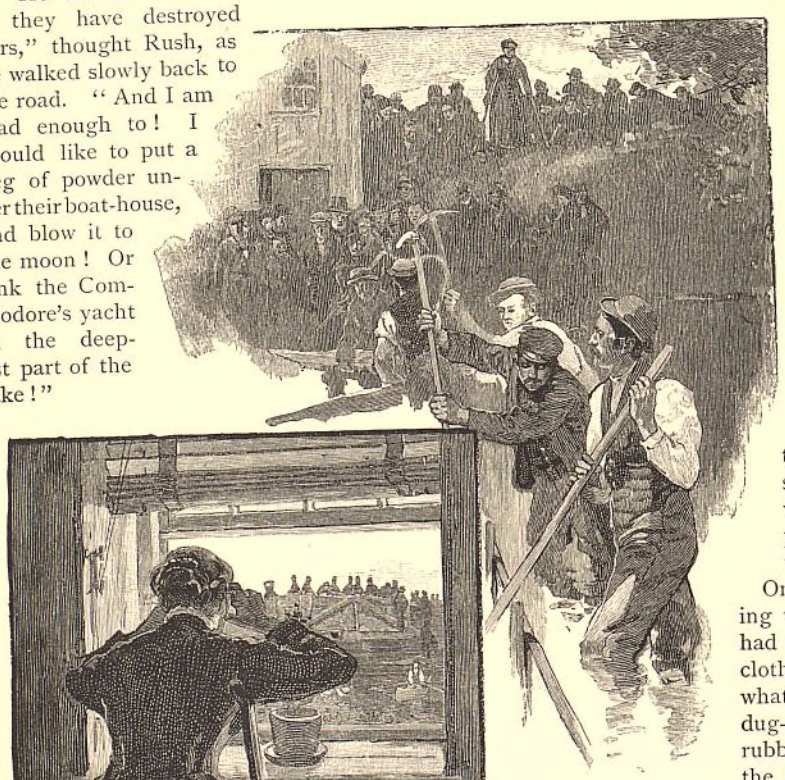
"Or anything else, for that matter. By the way, did you know the Argue-nots are preparing to build a platform around the side of their boat-house? They 've got the posts and lumber on the

spot. Don't tell anybody I said that to you, neither!"

"I don't see what that is to us," Rush replied. "Though they rob us of our dam, we can't go and steal their stuff in return."

"Of course not," said the farmer, with a broad and somewhat significant smile. "Of course not." And he entered the barn.

"He thinks we can destroy their property as they have destroyed ours," thought Rush, as he walked slowly back to the road. "And I am mad enough to! I should like to put a keg of powder under their boat-house, and blow it to the moon! Or sink the Commodore's yacht in the deepest part of the lake!"



"A LINE OF MEN DEMOLISHING THE DAM."

"THE BRIDGE WAS THRONGED WITH PEOPLE."

For the first time in his life he felt how revengeful, how desperately wicked, even an honest, well-meaning boy could be when fired by wrong. He wanted to go that night, and, by the help of a match and a few shavings, send the new boat-house roaring up into the sky in a wild cloud of smoke and flame.

But he had a steadfast, prudent nature, which helped him to put all such evil fancies quickly out of his mind. Beside, he had something else to think of now.

He had not wished to be seen going directly from Mr. Rumney's barn to the boat. He therefore walked back to the bridge; then, appearing suddenly to change his mind, he leaped the fence, ran to the hen-house for the oars, and a minute later might have been seen pushing off in the boat and rowing rapidly down the river.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THAT EVENING.

RUSH had taken his younger brothers on board, met the turning tide, and recovered much of the floating *débris*,—picking up the stakes and smaller pieces, and driving or towing the planks with the slowly backing current,—when Mart and Lute appeared, hurrying down toward the shore.

On reaching home and learning what had happened, they had made a hasty change of clothing, and Mart had put on what they called the "Dushee dug-outs"—a pair of enormous rubber boots, inherited from the former owner, and used, hitherto, chiefly in working about the dam in high water. They came up to the hips, and, having been designed for much stouter limbs, they made the lank Martin look, as he waded into the river, as if he were walking in a pair of churns.

Not a word of the great disaster; but Mart simply said, "You 're doing well, boys!" in quiet tones of approval, which it always did the younger ones good to hear.

No language, as Lute said afterward, would have done any sort of j-j-justice to the occasion. So, instead of wasting breath over the injury they had received, they set earnestly about repairing it.

The end of the clothes-line was passed on from Mart wading in the river to Lute on the shore; and boat and planks were towed back to the mill. There the fragments of the dam were heaped on

the bank, and the mud-sill was also hauled up out of the water.

Bits of the spilings remained nailed to the side of the sill here and there. But they were few and small, the nails, when it was wrenched away, having in most cases broken, or been drawn through the soft boards —a fact which Lute observed with keen interest.

"What are the *spilings?*" Rod inquired.

Mart, who believed in explaining things to inquiring young minds, explained accordingly — the more willingly now, because he wanted the younger boys to understand the sort of work in which they might be required to assist.

"In building a dam of this kind, the first thing put in place is the mud-sill, laid level across the river-bed. Then all along by that, on the up-stream side, they drive a row of boards, set closely edge to edge, the tops left even with the top of the sill, and nailed fast to it. Those are the spilings, and they help hold the sill in place."

"Except when p-p-parties come and r-r-rip it out," suggested Lute, still studying and examining.

"The spilings are mainly useful," Mart went on, "to keep other parties, like muskrats and eels, from working under the dam. Eels are a kind of Argue-nots; they claim a right of way, and when they can't wriggle through or over, they try to burrow beneath."

"One little hole in the b-b-bed of the river," said Lute, "the water makes it bigger, and the first you know there 's no b-b-bottom to your dam."

Mart then explained that the stakes were driven on the down-stream side of the sill, and that the boards of the superstructure rested on the edge of it, running lengthwise with the timber, and nailed to the stakes. The sill also served as a floor for the flash-boards to shut down on. All which the younger boys had some notion of before, and were to know pretty thoroughly by experience in future.

"Lucky for us the spilings were driven deep and half rotten," said Lute. "If they had n't been, they 'd have p-p-pulled up. I believe we can get the mud-sill back and make 'em do for a t-t-time."

"We could, if the tops of so many had n't been broken," said Mart. "It will be hard fitting the pieces."

"We need n't fit the pieces," said Lute. "I 've an i-d-d-dea."

As Lute's ideas were always worth listening to, the others listened intently.

"Dig a trench," he said, "and sink the mud-sill eight inches. That will cover the broken p-p-parts of the spilings, and the ragged ends left sticking up over it wont do any hurt."

"Capital!" Rush exclaimed. "The row of spilings will guide us in digging the trench and replacing the sill."

Mart said nothing, but walked with a peculiarly earnest, expectant look, straight into the river, and began to feel his way among the spilings with his clumsy boots.

"I believe you 're right, Lute!" he said. "If it was a time of low water, we could do it at ebb tide without any trouble."

The tide was but just coming up now, and yet, owing to spring rains, the water where he stood was nearly two feet deep.

"It 's a bad-working job," said Rush, "with only one pair of Dushee's dug-outs among us! The water is awfully cold yet. I wish it was later in the season."

"We can build a temporary dam, just a light fence to keep the most of the water off, while we 're at w-w-work," suggested Lute.

"If we had boards enough," said Mart.

"Plenty of b-b-boards."

"I don't see that. These old planks are so split and broken that only a few will do to use again. And though we have looked out for having boards enough on hand to rebuild the dam, we have n't enough for a temporary dam at the same time."

"Plenty of b-b-boards," Lute repeated, confidently. "Rip the siding off the sheds."

"So we can!" exclaimed Rush. "And put it back again when the temporary dam comes away."

But Mart raised objections.

"The old dam," he said, "was fifty feet long. The mill projects into the river twenty feet. That makes something like seventy feet from bank to bank. And the temporary dam would have to be three or four boards high, to keep the water from pouring over."

"I don't propose to build from bank to bank," Lute explained. "I would start the temporary dam at the corner of the mill, just above the permanent one, and run it across a little diagonally, to give us room to work between them."

"But the water will come tearing under, I know!" said Rush.

"Yes, it will b-b-bother us. But we can stop it with more boards, and relieve the pressure by letting it through the mill-sluice. That 's one advantage of starting the temporary dam at the corner of the mill. It wont take long to drive stakes and string it across."

Still Mart objected, believing that the temporary dam would cause more trouble than it would save, and preferring to work in the water.

The difficulties in the way of either plan were formidable enough. The brothers were still arguing the question, when Letty came to tell them

that, for their mother's sake, they must come in to their supper, which had been a long while waiting.

"Well," said Mart, "it 's so late we can't do much more, as I see; and we can talk over plans in the house as well as here."

The supper-table conversation, that evening, was wonderfully cheerful and quiet, considering the circumstances. The wrong which had been done them knit more closely the sympathies of mother and children; they were never before so united, hardly ever so happy. The spirits of the young men had risen to meet the emergency; their hearts had grown great.

"The more I think of it," said the widow, with glistening eyes, "the more thankful I am that you were not at home this afternoon. If you had been, we should not be sitting here together now, all safe and well, with clear consciences and sound limbs — I am sure we should not!"

"I am frightened when I think what might have happened!" said Letty. "What if one of you had been hurt, as I know you would have been, before the dam could ever have been torn out!"

"We should n't have looked on with our hands in our p-p-pockets," said Lute, soaking a crust of dry toast in his chocolate. "That is n't the T-t-tinkham style."

"Or suppose you had hurt somebody else?" said the mother; "perhaps fatally, and were now in jail, with the terrible prospect of a trial! Oh! how much better we can afford to lose a little of our property, or even all, and begin the world again with clean hands. We have suffered a great wrong, but that is better than to have done even a little wrong. We wont complain of Providence as long as our hope and strength and love remain, and we are left to one another."

"I don't know what makes me so glad!" exclaimed Letty. "I never was so proud of my brothers. I never felt so sure that they would come out all right at last!"

"It 's no use giving in to t-t-trifles," said Lute. "We mean to have our dam again, and k-k-keep it, next time."

"We 've been pretty indulgent to the Argonauts," said Mart. "We 've allowed them two chances at us — one when we were asleep and one when we were away. That 's about enough. Now let 'em look out! Piece of gingerbread, please, Letty."

"How long will it take to rebuild the dam?" Letty asked, as she passed the dish.

Mart was explaining that it would depend upon circumstances, when Rush spoke up:

"That reminds me of what the policeman said — some nonsense about an injunction being applied for at once, to prevent our rebuilding it. They can't, can they?"

"Say it again," replied Mart. He paused, holding the gingerbread he was about to break, and listened seriously while Rush repeated the officer's words. "I don't exactly like that!" he drawled.

"Is there anything in it?" cried Rush, in a tone of alarm.

"I don't know, but that 's very likely their game. Now the dam is torn away, the court may possibly clap on an injunction to prevent our rebuilding it. Then we may have to wait for a long course of law to decide the matter. I don't know about it; and while we are waiting to consult Mr. Keep, their trap may be sprung. I prefer to be on the safe side."

"What is the safe side?" Rush inquired.

"An injunction," said Mart, "is a writ to prohibit your doing something which somebody complains will damage public or private interests. Now, suppose, before such a writ is issued, the thing is done? That 's what I call the safe side for us."

"You mean to rebuild the dam before we are ordered not to rebuild it!" said Rush. "But can we? The order may come to-morrow morning!"

"Yes, or a notice that it has been applied for. Then the rebuilding would be at our own cost and peril. Boys," said Mart, starting up, "we have n't a minute to lose!"

"No," said Lute! "There 'll be a moon. We must w-w-work to-night!"

The brothers were on their feet in a moment, eager, even to the youngest, to begin the tremendous task of circumventing the enemies of the dam. Amidst the sudden clatter of chairs and clamor of voices, the mother uttered her remonstrance.

"Oh, boys," she said, "rest to-night and do your work to-morrow! That will be better, I 'm sure."

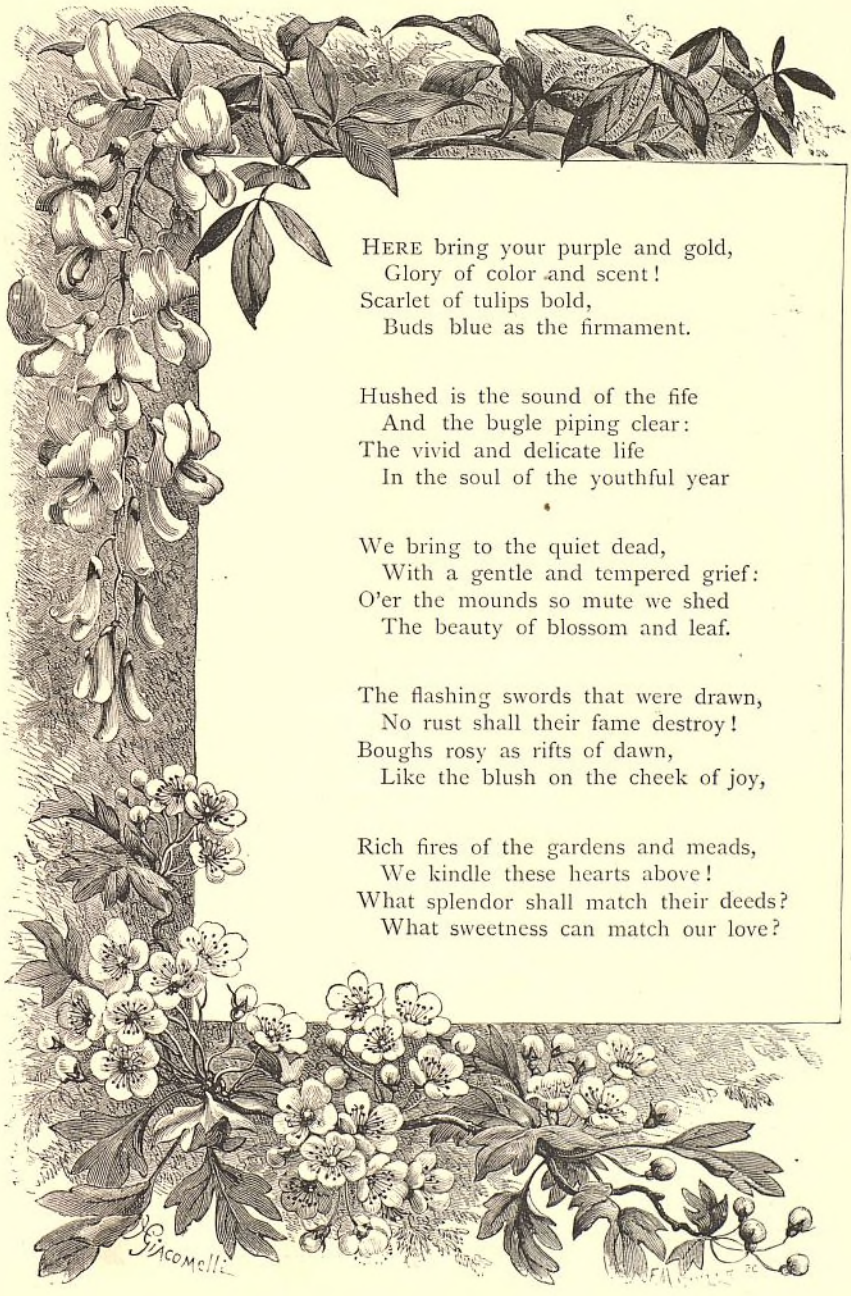
"No, Mother!" replied Mart, with a quiet laugh. "To-morrow may be too late. We 'll work to-night, and rest when our work is done."

*(To be continued.)*

# FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE.

[Decoration Day, 1883.]

By Celia Thaxter.



Here bring your purple and gold,
Glory of color and scent!
Scarlet of tulips bold,
Buds blue as the firmament.

Hushed is the sound of the fife
And the bugle piping clear:
The vivid and delicate life
In the soul of the youthful year

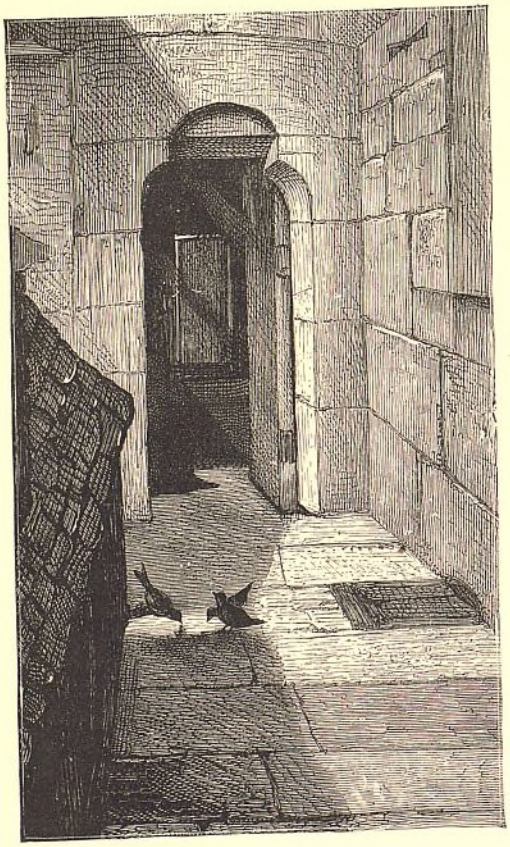
We bring to the quiet dead,
With a gentle and tempered grief:
O'er the mounds so mute we shed
The beauty of blossom and leaf.

The flashing swords that were drawn,
No rust shall their fame destroy!
Boughs rosy as rifts of dawn,
Like the blush on the cheek of joy,

Rich fires of the gardens and meads,
We kindle these hearts above!
What splendor shall match their deeds?
What sweetness can match our love?

# HOW TOMMY WENT TO JAIL.

By Kate B. Foot.



It was a hot morning in early June. The sun shone brightly, the grass was very green, and the saucy little dandelions looked like dots of gold thickly sprinkled on the grass. It was all very bright and very pleasant, but Tommy got very tired of it all; so he thought he would go and see Carry Young, who lived just across the church lawn and the jail-yard, and in a house that was really part of the jail, for her father was the county sheriff.

So off he trudged,—a pretty little boy of five years, with blue eyes and yellow curls, wearing a brown Holland dress, with a straw hat planted on the back of his head,—a pailful of dandelions in one hand, and a wooden shovel in the other. He had a tussle with the latch of the gate, but at last he got out, and as soon as he had tugged up to the top of the church lawn, he saw Carry in the jail-yard, and he ran over, calling to her. She was very glad to see him, and they played together for a long time, till Carry said she was tired and hot, and was going into the office to get cool. So they both went indoors. Tommy had never been in there before, because his mother had always said that he might play outdoors with Carry, but must not go into the house. But, this time, he had somehow forgotten that injunction.

The office was a queer room, with two doors that went outdoors, and two doors that went indoors, and two more doors that were not doors at all, but iron gates. Tommy went and looked through one of the gates, and thought it was the funniest place that he ever saw in his life, for there was a long, long entry and big windows on one side, and on the other many other iron gates — only they were little ones, not nearly so big as the one he was looking through. He pressed his face against the bars, and wondered what it was all for. When he turned around, Carry had gone, and Mr. Young was just seating himself.

"Would you like to go inside, Tommy?" said Mr. Young.

"Yes, sir," said Tommy.

So Mr. Young took down a big bunch of keys and opened the gate, and Tommy went in, and Mr. Young swung the big gate together behind him and locked it with a great jangling of keys. Then Tommy was scared, and he puckered up his forehead and mouth, and big tears came into his eyes. Mr. Young was watching to see what he would do, and seeing the tears, said, "Oh! I'll let you out whenever you want to come."

Then Tommy felt comforted, and concluded that he would go on and see what sort of a place he had got into — for this little boy was very curious, and always wanted to find out about things for himself. So he walked on to the first little gate, and there he saw a very little room with a bed and a chair in it, and on the bed was a man who seemed to be sound asleep. Tommy looked at him for a little while, but he did n't speak to him, because he felt sure he must have a headache, or some illness, to be lying down in the day-time. His mamma had headaches, and then nobody ever spoke to her; so he went on to the next gate.

There sat a man leaning forward, his eyes fixed on the floor, and he was thinking so hard that he did n't hear Tommy at all as he came softly up and stood still before him. The man had a sort of red cap on his head, and a long red dressing-

gown, with a cord and tassel around the middle. Tommy looked at him very hard, and then thought to himself, "He 's as nice as my papa, and I guess he 's a prince; they wear long red gowns and things."

The man sat very still, and Tommy looked at him for what seemed a long, long time, and then he said, "Good-morning, sir."

The man started so that Tommy jumped too, and dropped his shovel on the floor. But he need not have been scared, for the man had a pleasant face and a pleasant, kind voice, and, after looking at Tommy for a minute with very wide open eyes, he said: "Why, how did you get in here, and how do you do?"

"I 'm very well," said Tommy. "Mr. Young let me come in. I play with Carry."

"Oh, you do!" said the man. "What do you play? And what 's your name?"

"Oh, lots o' things. Carry and me has planted a garden. My name 's Tommy. What 's yours?"

"Mine?" said the man. "Well, I have n't any just now."

They chatted on for a minute or two, and then Tommy said: "Let me in there, I want to sit down."

A queer look came over the man's face. "I can't open the door," he said. "You sit down on the floor."

"Why can 't you open it?" And Tommy looked very much puzzled.

"Because it 's locked, and I have n't got the key," said the man; and then he said, half to himself, "Wish I had."

"I 'll get the key," and Tommy turned to go back to the big gate.

"No, no," said the man, in a quick, sharp way, and Tommy looked at him, and was half scared again. But by the next minute the man looked as pleasant as he had at first, and so Tommy sat down on the floor in front of the gate, with his legs crossed in front, his little pail of fading dandelions on one side and his wooden shovel on the other, and, with a little dimpled hand on each knee, prepared to have a nice talk — for Tommy was a very sociable boy.

He looked at the man very intently for a minute, and then he said, with a solemn look in his big blue eyes, "Have you been naughty?"

The queer look came into the man's face again, and he said, "What makes you think so?"

"'Cause once I was naughty and my mamma shut me up all alone in the nursery, and I did n't have a nice door like this. I had a big, hard door, and I could n't see out at all, and I did n't like it. *Have* you been naughty — say?"

"Well," said the man, "yes; I' m afraid I have."

"Wont you be good if they 'll let you out?" And Tommy looked very serious.

The man looked at Tommy. He looked at him so hard that Tommy could only stare back at him, wondering what made him look so, and then the man said slowly, "I don't know."

"Oh, yes, you 'll be good. Now, *say* you 'll be good, an' then you 'll *mean* to be good, an' you can come out," said Tommy, and he shook his head so that the yellow curls on either side waved to and fro. The man did n't answer, and Tommy went on. "Now, you see, when my mamma shut me up I was an *awful* bad boy, 'cause I *bit* Ellen one day 'cause she would n't bring up and put on my shoes, an' my mamma she sat down by the door, an' she said if I 'd say really I was going to be good I would be good, an' so I said *really* I was, an' she opened the door an' I came out, an' I 'm a *real* good boy now. Now, *you* say you 'll be good *really*, an' then I 'll go tell my mamma, an' she 'll open the door."

Just then a man came up, and, opening a tiny little door in the gate, handed the man a plate with something on it.

The man took it and put it on the floor. "Have some?" he said.

"No, thank you," said Tommy, looking scornfully at the plate. "That does n't look good like what we have. Don't you have chicken? We 're going to have chicken to-day. I saw 'em when I came out."

"No; they don't have chicken here," said the man, and he pushed away the plate with his foot, as if he did n't like the look of it.

"Well, now, you 're going to be good, are n't you?" and Tommy put on his most coaxing and winning air.

The man sat very still, and then he suddenly put his hand through the bars: "Yes," he said, "I guess I am going to be good. Shake hands on it."

Tommy jumped up in such a hurry that he spilled all the dandelions, and put his little hand in the man's big one, and put up his lips for a kiss, and when the man had kissed him, Tommy said, "Now I 'll go and tell my mamma, an' she 'll let you out." Then he picked up his pail and shovel, and said, "I guess I don't want those flowers. There 's lots out in our yard," and then he stood still a minute looking at the man, who was looking straight at him. Presently Tommy opened his eyes and mouth wide. "Why!" he said, "you aint going to cry — you 're too big. Mamma says *I 'm* too big to cry."

"No," said the man; "I 'm not going to cry." And yet Tommy was sure that big tears were in his eyes. The man put out his hand. "Shake hands," he said, "and come again some day."

"Why, yes!" said Tommy; "but they'll let you out now 'cause you're goin' to be good. I'll tell 'em. Good-bye. I'll come back right off." And so he went away to the big gate, passing the room where the man had been asleep. But he was sitting up then. "Good-morning," said Tommy, stopping a minute. The man lifted a sullen, cross face, and said, in a very cross voice, "Get out with you!" and Tommy, fairly scared this time, ran to the gate crying: "Oh, let me out! quick! let me out!" And Mr. Young let him out, and, before he could lock the gate again, Tommy was running home across the garden just as fast as his legs could carry him, and he never stopped until he got safely inside the kitchen-door.

And then he was busy with his dinner, and so busy after his dinner — for he went to the circus — that he quite forgot about his visit and the poor man that was locked up, until he was going to bed; then he said, "Oh! Mamma, they have such funny little beds in the jail; and, Mamma, I forgot to tell you, there 's a man there, — an' he says he 'll be *really* good, — an' wont you let him come out now?"

Tommy's mother looked very much surprised, and said, "Why, where *have* you been, my little boy?"

So, although Tommy was very sleepy, he told about his visit to the man. After Tommy had finished his story, his mother held him very tight in her arms for a minute, and then said, "But, Tommy, you know I said you must n't go into Carry's *house*."

"Well, I forgot," said Tommy — "I truly did, and I wont go any more; only, Mamma, do let him out, 'cause he 's goin' to be good." Tommy was very, very sleepy, but he found time to wonder, before he fairly went off into dream-land, why his mother's eyes and mouth looked so queer when she leaned over and kissed him good-night.

"Just like crying," he thought, and, the next minute, was fast asleep. And at about the same time Mr. Young stood talking to the man in the jail.

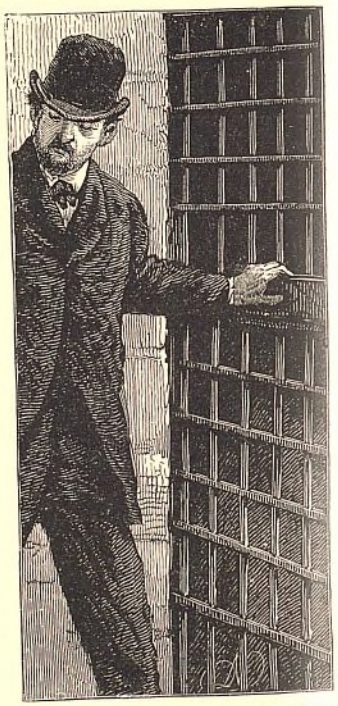
"So you had a visitor this morning?"

"Yes," said the man, "and I spent the best half-hour with that little fellow that I 've had since I took up my lodgings in this hole."

"Well, good-night," said Mr. Young, and he went on.

The man threw himself on his bed, but not to sleep; he tossed restlessly all night long, and through the long, narrow window opposite the door of his cell the very same stars looked in upon him that looked in on little Tommy, sound asleep in his crib. *He* lay flat on his back, with parted lips and rosy cheeks, one fat arm thrown over his head and one extended along his side, with his fingers thrust out of the bars of his crib, that he might put out his hand to find his mother's if he should wake in the night.

A day or two after Tommy's visit to the jail, the man, with whom he had talked so innocently, and who called himself Williams, was taken to the court-room for trial. There was little to be said in his defense, and the evidence against him was strong. He was found guilty of robbing a safe, and so the judge sentenced him to five years at hard labor in the State-prison at Charlestown, Mass. He was taken there at once and put to work.



"HE HALTED WITH HIS HAND ON THE LOCK."

Now, this man had never worked in all his life. His father was a rich man, and had, for years, given him plenty of money to spend. But he got into bad company, partly because he always had plenty of money in his pocket, and when he fell into bad company, his father refused to give him any more money, and turned him out of his house. And he had learned to think it easier to steal than to work; and one night he, with several other men, robbed a safe; and that was the way he got into prison.

He suffered dreadfully when he was shut up and made to work hard, and never allowed to walk out except in the dreary prison-yard. He tried very hard to escape, but he and all the other prisoners were too closely watched for that; and so after awhile he gave up trying to get away, and worked faithfully, partly because he was happier when he was very busy, and partly because he won the good-will of all the prison officers by so doing, and once in awhile obtained little favors from them, such as a little longer walk in the yard on Sundays, and, after awhile, work that was easier for him to do.

So two years went by, and one bright summer

day one of his fellow-prisoners came to him and told him of a plot among them which, if successfully carried out, would give him and several more the liberty they so longed for. But to carry out the proposed plot it was absolutely necessary to kill one of the prison officers; then they would take his keys, and, before the alarm could be given, get safely away.

What a temptation it was to Williams! He wanted so much to get out to breathe the free, fresh air again, for somehow the air even in the prison-yard did not seem fresh to him, and he was only there for such a little while every day. But to kill the turnkey!—That was a dreadful thing to think of even!—And yet there was no other way to get out, and he would be free—yes, he *would*. So he agreed to the plan, and the last night came. At the cell three doors below the one occupied by Williams the keeper was to be stabbed, and then within an hour twelve men would be free again.

It had been a very, very warm day; the air was close and heavy and sultry.

Williams lay on his bed, thinking "It is the last night," when he heard the turnkey coming down the corridor on his evening round of locking doors.

Every step took him nearer to death. Williams knew it, eleven other men knew it, and he knew that these men would if they could kill the man who should even offer to betray them. But the keeper came on, whistling a tune as he walked. The tune was commonplace enough, and worn threadbare by endless repetition in singing, whistling, and organ-grinding—only the old tune of "My Mary Ann"; but it saved his life.

For, as the keeper came whistling on, Williams listened, and then noiselessly sprang off his bed, while great drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead, although he no longer felt the heat, but seemed to have grown suddenly ice-cold.

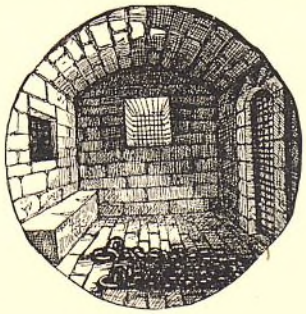
He saw once more a little face looking in between the bars of his cell-door, and heard a sweet young voice that said, "Well, you 're going to be good now?"

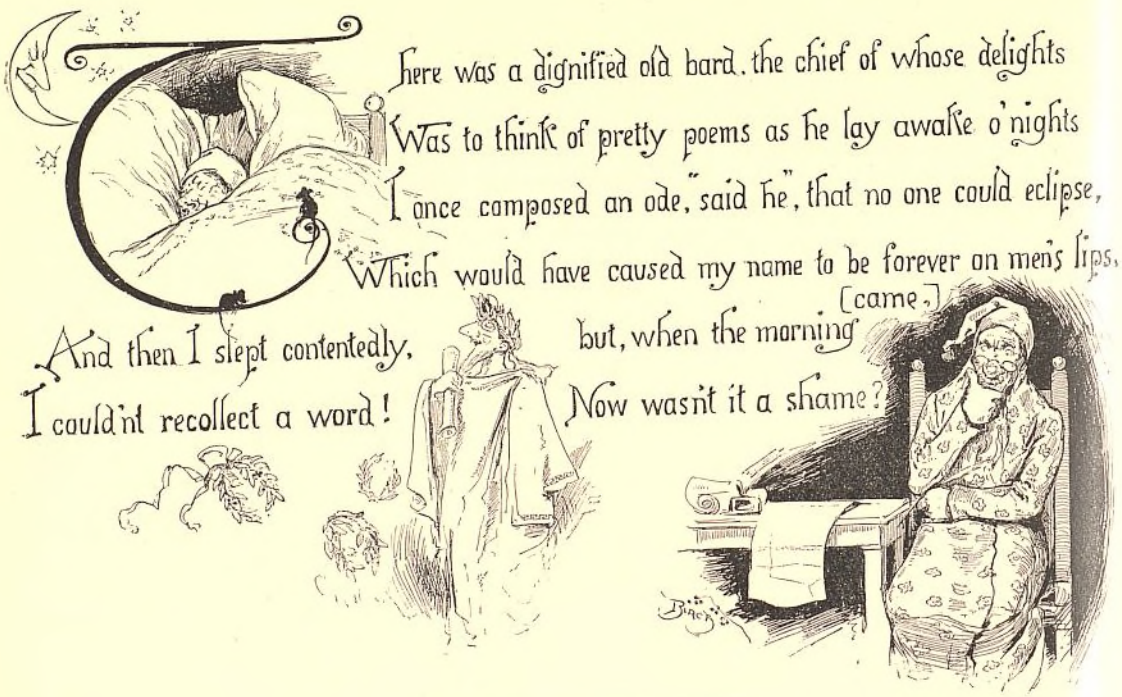
Why did he think of that little innocent face just at that moment? Because on that day when Tommy had been to see him, and just after he had passed out of sight, with his yellow curls and big hat and faded dandelions, an organ-grinder in the street had stopped and played that tune, and he had heard it very faintly—but clearly enough to forever associate it with Tommy and his visit.

"Going to be good?" Yes, he had said he was "going to be good." And yet that very night he was going to be bad—aye, worse than he had ever been!

Tommy's little face grew more and more plain before his eyes. "Going to be good—going to be good now" seemed to be shouted in the air as Williams stood leaning against the wall of his cell. The keeper came on; he was the next cell but one above—at the next—at Williams's own; in a second he would be gone—it would be too late. He had already shot the bolt and turned the key, when Williams, standing in the shadow, with his finger on his lips, whispered, "Stop!" He did not dare to show himself at the grating, but again he whispered "Stop!" The keeper heard, and halted with his hand on the lock, bending his head slightly to listen, while Williams, tremblingly and half under his breath, told him all the truth. Then, as the low whisper ceased, the keeper stared wildly for a moment, but, recovering himself, said aloud, in careless tones, "I 'll get it for you," and with a quiet, steady step walked back the way he had come.

There was nothing strange in that, for he often went back for a book or to attend to some question of a prisoner, as it was his last round for the night; and so the men, farther down the hall, who were in the plot thought nothing of it, and waited. But when he came back there was a tread of many feet, and he had brought a strong guard with him. The eleven men were put in solitary confinement, and Williams received from the governor of the prison his most hearty thanks. Within a month he was pardoned out and once more free, and he really did become a good man. He went away to a foreign country, where no one knew his story, and from that day to this he has led a perfectly upright life. And this is what came of Tommy's visit to the jail; and the story is a true one.






# THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD.*

By Maurice Thompson.

## Chapter IV.

### THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM HOLDS A GREAT ARCHERY MEETING.

As the days flew past, the happy yeomen of the greenwood spent most of the time in hunting. They roved through the shady forests, with their strong bows in their hands, killing many fine deer and a great number of birds. Their bowstrings twanged musically at every shot, and their feathered arrows fairly whistled through the air.

Meantime, the Sheriff of Nottingham issued a proclamation inviting all the good bowmen of the country to meet on his field for a grand day of target-shooting. He offered as the principal prize a silver arrow, feathered and pointed with gold. Hearing of this, Robin Hood called his men together, and bade them get ready to attend the meeting and contest for the splendid prize. This delighted the jolly yeomen, and they at once set to selecting their best bows and arrows, and their gayest hoods and kirtles for the occasion. Nor did they fail to practice at the distances to be shot, so as to be able to do themselves credit at the match.

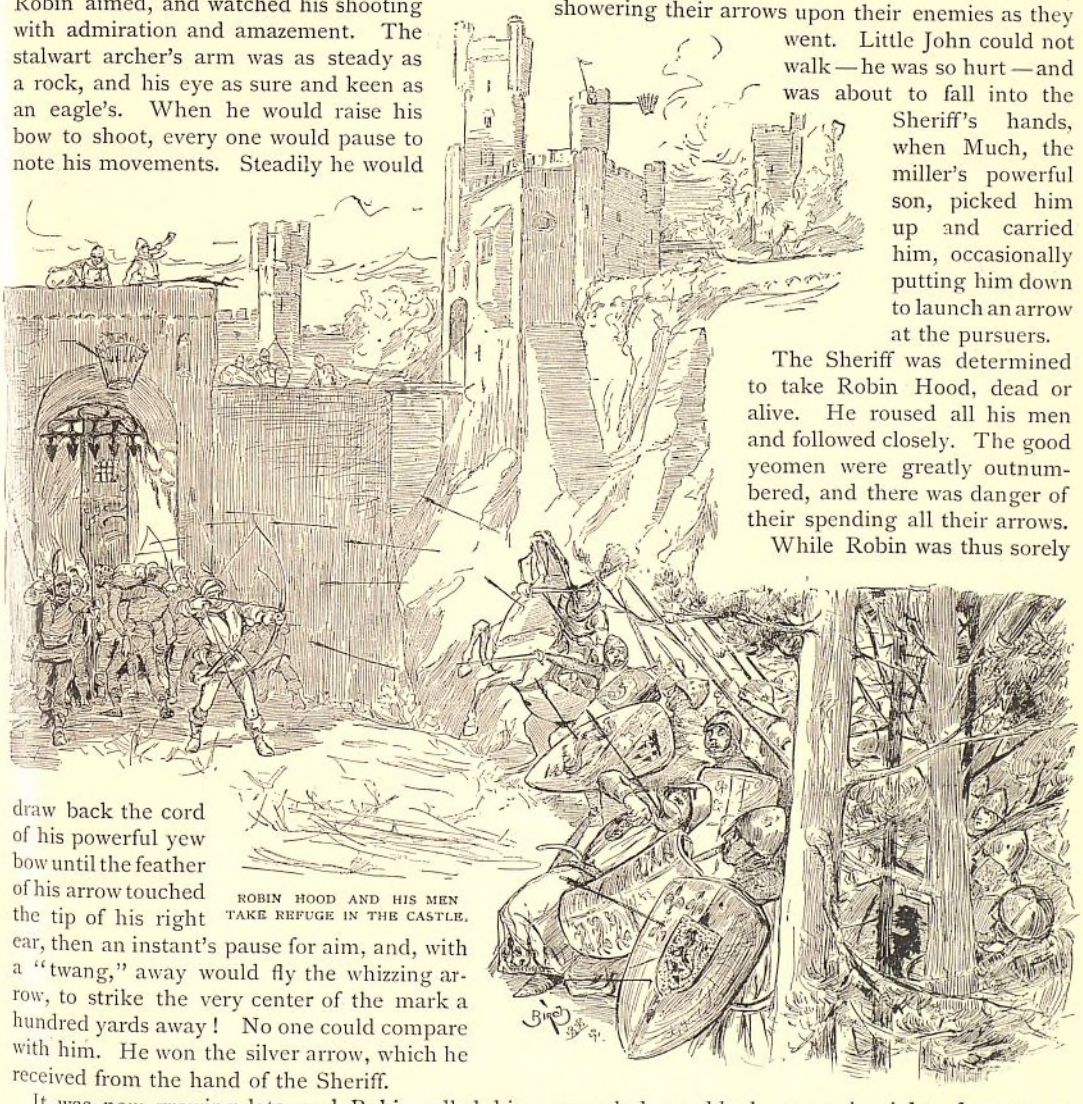
It must have been a pleasing sight when Robin and his men set out for Nottingham. The company numbered one hundred and forty strong and comely fellows, the best archers in the world, all dressed in uniforms of green, and bearing bows of yellow yew that shone in the sun like gold. They were confident of success, and sang merry ballads of life in the greenwood as they marched along.

When they reached Nottingham, they found a broad, level field set with rows of butts one hundred yards apart. Against these butts, or walls of sod, were placed the marks at which the archers were to shoot. The proud Sheriff was there superintending the proceedings, surrounded by a large number of his boldest followers and best bowmen.

Robin and his yeomen marched into the field, relying upon the Sheriff's oath for protection from harm.

The bugles sounded gayly, calling the archers to their places to begin the merry contest. Bows began to bend, and bowstrings to ring, and ar-

rows to fly, well aimed at the shining white willow wands which served for the marks. Robin Hood's very best archers were five in number: Little John, Much, Gilbert of the white hand, Reynold, and Scathelock. They beat every bowman on the field, save Robin himself, who split the wand at every shot. The Sheriff stood by the butt at which Robin aimed, and watched his shooting with admiration and amazement. The stalwart archer's arm was as steady as a rock, and his eye as sure and keen as an eagle's. When he would raise his bow to shoot, every one would pause to note his movements. Steadily he would draw back the cord of his powerful yew bow until the feather of his arrow touched the tip of his right ear, then an instant's pause for aim, and, with a "twang," away would fly the whizzing arrow, to strike the very center of the mark a hundred yards away! No one could compare with him. He won the silver arrow, which he received from the hand of the Sheriff.



ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MEN TAKE REFUGE IN THE CASTLE.

It was now growing late, and Robin called his company together to depart for the greenwood, when suddenly horns began to blow on all sides, and the Sheriff and his villainous followers attacked our yeomen, with intent to kill or capture them all. An arrow struck Little John in the knee, wounding him severely.

"Treason! Treason!" cried Robin Hood, shaking his bow at the treacherous Sheriff. "You have broken your oath to me! When I had you in my power I did not thus treat you! I fed you and let you go. I have depended on your oath and your honor, and you have proven false. Shame upon you!"

By this time, all Robin's men had formed in a body and began retreating toward the forest, showering their arrows upon their enemies as they went. Little John could not walk — he was so hurt — and was about to fall into the Sheriff's hands, when Much, the miller's powerful son, picked him up and carried him, occasionally putting him down to launch an arrow at the pursuers.

The Sheriff was determined to take Robin Hood, dead or alive. He roused all his men and followed closely. The good yeomen were greatly outnumbered, and there was danger of their spending all their arrows.

While Robin was thus sorely pressed, he suddenly came in sight of a strong castle situated in the edge of the forest. This was the home of the knight to whom Robin had lent the four hundred pounds. He was called Sir Richard at the Lea. The gentle and honorable knight was glad to do Robin and his men a good turn, so he took them into his castle and closed the gates, and would not let the Sheriff in. The latter tried to take the castle by siege: but, find-

ing this impossible, he withdrew his men and went off to appeal to the King.

In the meantime, Robin and his merry men returned to the greenwood, after receiving bountiful kindness from the grateful knight.

About this time Edward I. had succeeded Henry III. on the throne of England, and it was to him that the proud Sheriff went to appeal. The King said that in a short time he should be coming up to Nottingham, when he would capture both Robin Hood and the knight Sir Richard at the Lea.

The Sheriff was very angry when, on returning from his interview with the King, he found that Robin Hood and his men had again taken to the greenwood, but he dared not do anything until he was sure of success. So he set about watching for a chance to take Sir Richard at the Lea by surprise, which he succeeded in doing one day when the knight was out hawking. He ordered his men to bind poor Sir Richard upon a horse, and so took him in disgrace along the streets of Nottingham. But Sir Richard's wife hastened into the greenwood, and informed Robin Hood of what had befallen her husband. Then Robin blew his bugle, and his sevenscore of yeomen hastened to gather around him. They were eager to rescue the gentle knight, whom they greatly loved. They bent their tough yew bows, and filled their baldrics with arrows. The greenwood echoed with the murmur of their voices and the sounds of their preparations for the coming attack.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FIGHT AT NOTTINGHAM.

THE proud Sheriff rode along the streets of Nottingham, his trumpeters blowing their trumpets in sign of triumph, because he had captured the gentle knight, Sir Richard at the Lea, and the King's archers rode along with him, treating the poor, bound prisoner with great cruelty and contempt.

"Now, if I could get Robin Hood," said the Sheriff, "I should be happy."

Scarcely had he spoken, when there came the sound of more than sevenscore bowstrings twanging at once, and immediately a flight of arrows along the street struck down a number of his men. Turning about, he saw Robin Hood and his company charging down upon him with loud cries.

The Sheriff, though dishonorable and mean, was not a coward. He drew his sword, and forthwith prepared to attack Robin Hood.

"Stop!" cried Robin, drawing his bow; "stop and speak with me. What did the King say when you went to him?"

But the proud Sheriff did not deign to answer him, nor to stop when he bade him. Flourishing his sword he still advanced. And then it was that Robin Hood let fly an arrow, killing him on the spot.

The gentle knight was soon released from his bonds, and went with Robin and his men to dwell in the greenwood, until such time as it should be safe for him to return to his castle. He was given a bow and arrows, and was taught all the ways of the merry forest yeomen.

The hunting season came on, and the sevenscore archers, with Robin and the gentle knight, roamed from grove to grove and made great slaughter of the deer. They feasted under the greenwood tree, and had a merry time; but they never forgot to help and protect the poor. Whenever they heard of a husbandman who was oppressed by the rich, they went to him, and gave him money and gifts of venison.

Meantime, King Edward came to Nottingham with a strong company of brave knights and finely equipped soldiers. He was very angry when he found that his Sheriff had been killed; wherefore he at once confiscated the estates and goods of the gentle knight, and began scouring the woods to capture Robin and his men. In the wood called Plompton Park, he discovered that his deer had nearly all been slain by the merry bowmen. This doubled his wrath, and he offered to give all the gentle knight's land to whoever would smite off the head of Sir Richard at the Lea and bring it to him. But the presence of the King at Nottingham could not frighten Robin, nor could the King and all his troops keep the yeomen from killing the deer, the pheasants, and the other game in the forest and streams.

Edward I. was not, in Robin Hood's estimation, a bad king. The outlaw had been desirous of making a friend of him ever since he had come to the throne—a friendship which had been prevented by the Abbot of Saint Mary's and the Sheriff of Nottingham. On the other hand, Edward was a great admirer of bravery, and looked upon the prowess and exploits of Robin and his men through the rosy mists of a fervid imagination.

It was not long before the King and the master yeoman met in the greenwood under most romantic circumstances, as we shall see in a later chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ROBIN HOOD AND THE CLOUTED BEGGAR.

ROBIN HOOD sometimes did wrong, and at such times, as is usually the case with those who willfully misbehave, he received evil in return.

One day, he met a strange-looking beggar in the road. The fellow was covered with many thicknesses of rags, or clouts; in fact, his cloak was so patched and repatched that, in its thinnest part, it was more than twenty-fold. His hat was really three hats put together so as to form one heavy covering for his head. He carried a sack of meal swinging from his neck by a leather strap, fastened by a strong buckle.

It was near night-fall when Robin stepped out of the woods, and called to the beggar to stop and talk awhile with him. But the clouted tramp paid no heed to his words, and walked right on as if he had not heard.

"Stop when I speak to you!" cried Robin, growing angry.

"I wont do it," responded the beggar, quite boldly. "It is some distance to where I lodge, and I don't care to miss my supper."

"Lend me some money," jeeringly cried Robin. "I must have supper, too."

"I 've no money for you," responded the beggar, gruffly. "You are as young as I, and you seem lazy and good-for-nothing. If you wait for your supper till I give you money to buy it, you 'll be apt to fast the rest of the year!"

This last speech made Robin very angry.

"If you have but one farthing," he exclaimed, "I 'll take it from you. So you may as well lay aside your ragged old cloak and offer no further resistance. Untie your sack, and let me see what is in it, and, if you make any noise, I will see what effect a broad-headed arrow can have on a beggar's hide!"

But the beggar only grinned at the outlaw, and very quietly said:

"You 'd better let me alone. I 'm not afraid of your bent stick and little pointed shafts, which are only fit for pudding-skewers. If you offer me any harm, I 'll baste you till you 'll be glad to let me go."

THE CLOUTED BEGGAR GETS THE BETTER OF LITTLE JOHN AND SCATHELOCK.

Robin at once flew into a towering passion, and bent his bow to shoot the beggar; but, before he could draw an arrow, the clouted tramp struck at him with his oak staff and knocked his bow into splinters. Robin drew his sword; but, before he could use it, the beggar struck his sword hand, disabling it, and knocking the weapon away. Poor Robin was in a bad fix. The sturdy vagrant now fell upon him, all defenseless as he was, and belabored him mightily. He basted his head, his shoulders, his back, his legs, till at last Robin fell down senseless.

"O fie! stand up, man! Don't lie down to sleep this time o' day! Wait till you get my money, and then go to your tavern and be merry!" shouted the beggar, in derision; and thinking Robin was dead, he trudged on his way, not caring a whit for what he had done.

Shortly after, Little John, Much, and Scathelock came up to where Robin lay. He was moaning and writhing, the blood flowing freely from his basted head. They poured cold water on his face, chafed his hands, and finally restored him to consciousness.

"Ah!" he exclaimed with a deep sigh, "I never before was so thrashed. It is forty years that I have wandered in the greenwood, but no man ever so mauled my back as has that beggar whom you see trudging away up the hill yonder. I did not think he could do me any harm, but he took his pikestaff and beat me so that I fear I never shall be well again. If you love me, you will run and catch him and fetch him back to me. But beware of his staff: get hold of it first, or he 'll pound the life out of all of you."

"Never fear," said Little John; "Scathelock and I will take him. Much may stay and take care of you."

So the two seized their bows and ran after the beggar, who was leisurely pursuing his way over the distant hill. They did not go along the road, however, but took a route through the woods, and, running very fast, got ahead of their victim and hid on each side of the road. When the beggar came on they sprang out, Little John catching hold of his staff and Scathelock holding a drawn dagger before his breast.

"Give up your staff, or I 'll slay you on the spot!" cried Scathelock.

The beggar let go his staff, which Little John stuck in the ground hard by.

"Don't kill me!" cried the beggar in a whining voice. "I never did you harm."

"You have nearly killed our master, who lies back yonder by the road," exclaimed Little John. "Come along with us, that he may give you your sentence!"

"Now," said the beggar, assuming a different tone, "I know you are honest fellows, and do not wish to harm me for acting in self-defense. If you will let me go, I will give you a hundred pounds in good money which I have in my bag."

To this proposition Little John and Scathelock agreed. It was a wicked thing; for they intended to get his money and then take him all the same. So they bade him count out the money.

The beggar took off his cloak and spread it upon the ground. Then he unslung his meal-bag and put it in the middle of the cloak. Little John and Scathelock drew close, to see him count out the good money. As they did so, the beggar thrust his two hands into the bag, and taking up a lot of meal in each he dashed it into the eyes of Little John and Scathelock. They were blinded so that they could do nothing but dance about and rub their faces. The beggar quickly seized his staff and began thrashing them terribly. He rapped them over the head, he basted their backs, he belabored their broad shoulders till the woods resounded with the heavy blows.

As soon as they could escape, Little John and Scathelock took to their heels and ran.

It was with great shame that they returned to Robin and reported the result of their adventure. The chief laughed at them, and they all three felt in their hearts that they had got no more than they had deserved. They had broken their rules in attacking a poor man, and had been soundly punished in turn.

*(To be continued.)*

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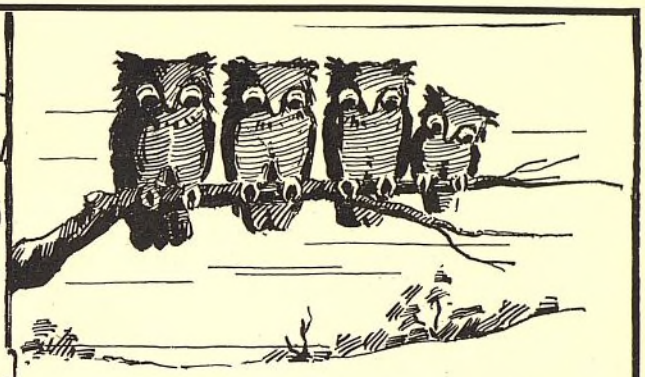
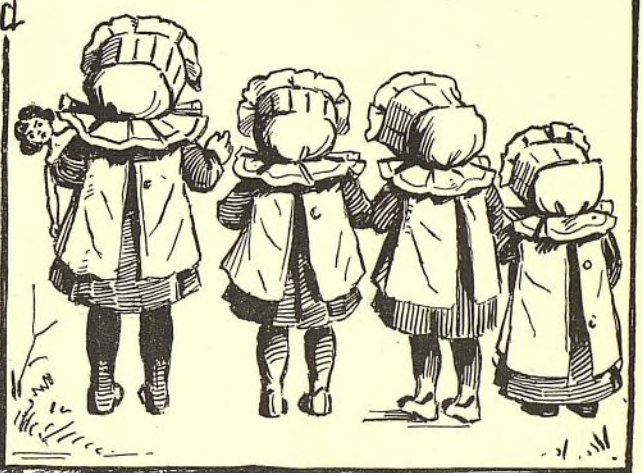
## AN ARGUMENT.

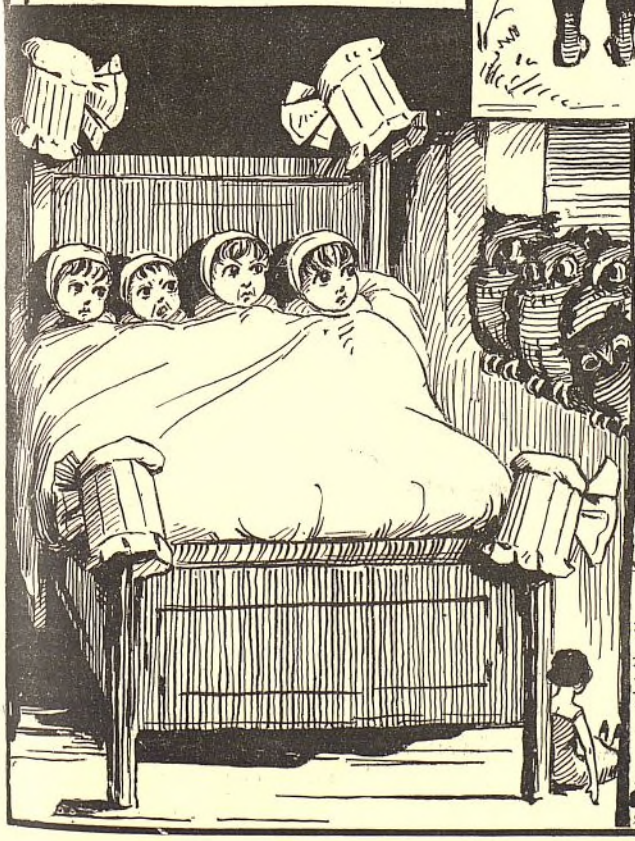
By Katharine R. McDowell.

Said Ted: "I 've brought my father's boots—
He wants to have them mended."
The cobbler laid aside his awl
And to the boy attended.
"Vot vill he haf?" the cobbler asked—
"Are dey half-solt to be?"
"Half-soled?" said Ted, with wondering eyes—
"Half-soled? Why, let me see."
He stood in thought, and then ere long,
With brightening face, began:
"I do not think so, sir, because
He 's called *a whole-souled man!*"

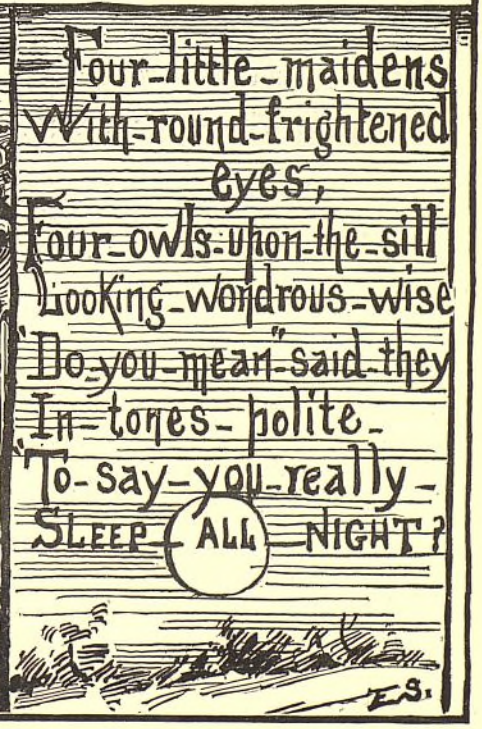
Four owls upon a limb
Sat dozing in a row
Four little maidens
Stood scolding just
below.
"You ought to be ashamed
Said they
You lazy Owls
To sleep all day."







Four little maidens
With round frightened
eyes,
Four owls upon the sill
Looking wondrous wise
"Do you mean" said they
In tones polite
"To say you really
SLEEP (ALL) NIGHT?"

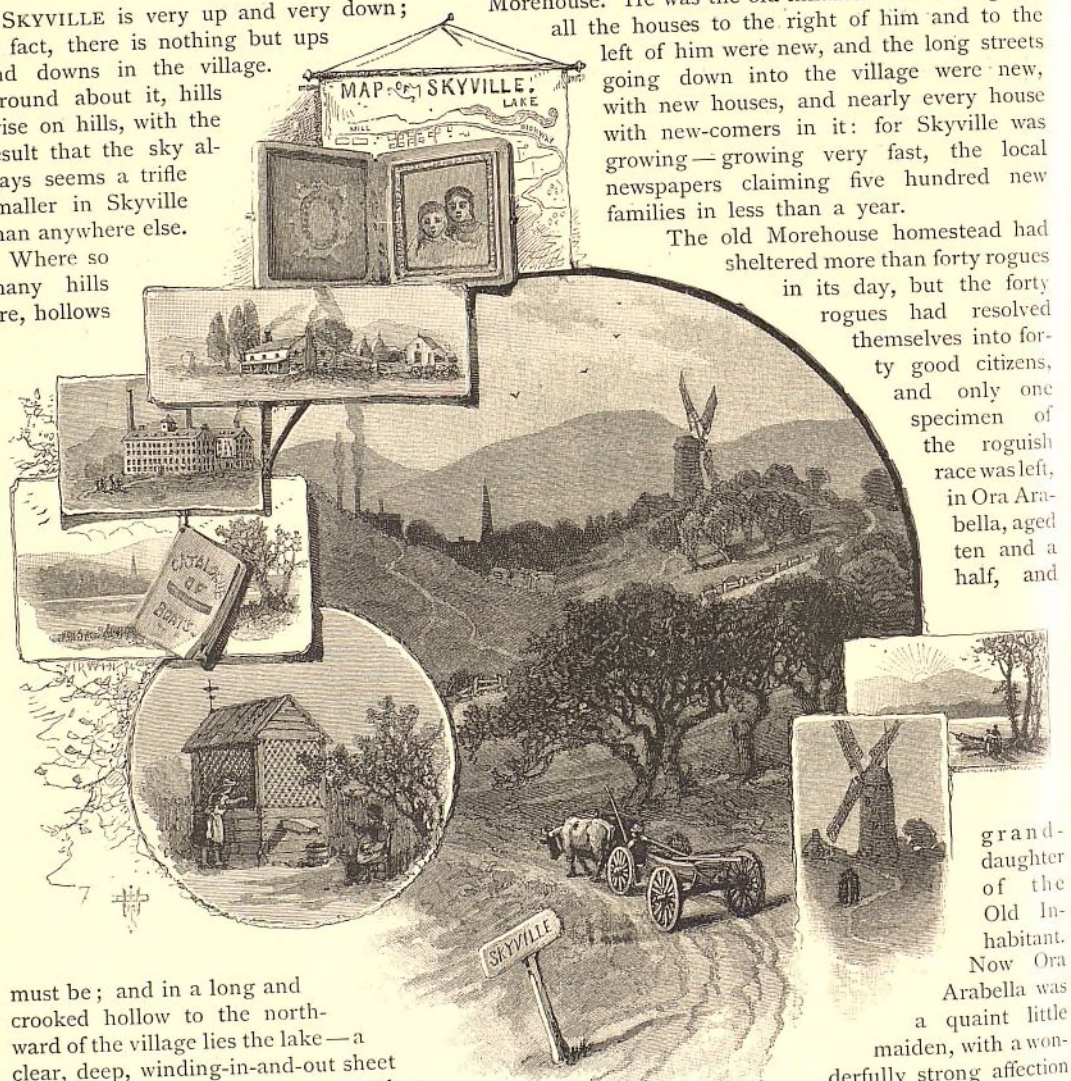


# THE BAPTIST SISTERS.

By Sarah J. Prichard.

Skyville is very up and very down; in fact, there is nothing but ups and downs in the village. Around about it, hills arise on hills, with the result that the sky always seems a trifle smaller in Skyville than anywhere else.

Where so many hills are, hollows must be; and in a long and crooked hollow to the northward of the village lies the lake — a clear, deep, winding-in-and-out sheet of water, nearly two miles long, and at no point more than a furlong or two wide.




An old highway runs along the height about fifty feet above the lake. From this highway three streets struggle down the long hill village-ward, until sharply met by the next hill going up.

In the farm-house on the highway,—old and wide and strong, and flanked by barns, storehouses, corn-crib, and windmill,—lived Farmer Morehouse. He was the old inhabitant of the region; all the houses to the right of him and to the left of him were new, and the long streets going down into the village were new, with new houses, and nearly every house with new-comers in it: for Skyville was growing — growing very fast, the local newspapers claiming five hundred new families in less than a year.

The old Morehouse homestead had sheltered more than forty rogues in its day, but the forty rogues had resolved themselves into forty good citizens, and only one specimen of the roguish race was left, in Ora Arabella, aged ten and a half, and granddaughter of the Old Inhabitant. Now Ora Arabella was a quaint little maiden, with a wonderfully strong affection for Alta Maud, a lesser maiden, who lived in one of the new houses on one of the new streets.

Ora Arabella and Alta Maud were, in reality, not even cousins, but they always said (either one or the other) "We are Baptist sisters." This very odd relationship arose one Sunday, when the children were mere infants, in a church in the city

of Hartford, through the rite of baptism; and as they grew older they laid claim to each other, and told the children and their teacher, when they moved to Skyville, "We are sisters."

"Why don't you live together, then?" they were asked. Their invariable reply, "'Cause we are *Baptist* sisters," mystified and awed the children, while it greatly pleased the teacher.

I regret to write it, but the spirit of reverence was so slight in the young Skyvillains that they shortened the names Ora Arabella Morehouse and Alta Maud Whittlesey to Ora Bap and Alta Bap. "Bap! Bap!" new-comers would question, when they first heard this queer appellation. "That is a new name in this region. Where *did* the Baps come from?"

Now, Ora had a snug little fortune, all her own, that had been left to her by her father, and her grandfather was her guardian. Ora herself would have divided every penny she had with her Baptist sister: for the Whittleseys had met with sore misfortune, losing thereby all their possessions. The family had come to Skyville to begin life anew. The father and three sons worked in a great mill. Even the mother and Alta Maud helped by taking work home from the mill to do, by which they could add sometimes seventy-five cents and sometimes a dollar a day toward paying for the bright new house that had been built for them by one of the mill-owners. The Whittleseys were fired by but one ambition — to get the house paid for. Everything was going on prosperously to that end; the house was nearly paid for, when —— But I must wait a little, to tell what did happen.

Grandfather Morehouse intended to be very wise and very economical with Ora's money; but he had a way, common with grandparents, of indulging the little elf almost to the extent of her wishes.

One day in June, Ora made known her wish for a boat. It must be just large enough, but none too big, to hold her Baptist sister and herself; it must be very light blue, with a gold edge, and one oar must have a blue blade, and one a golden blade, both with white handles, and "Ora" was to be put in gold letters on the blue blade, and "Alta" in silver letters on the gold blade. "And Grandpa," she added, "the name of the boat is to be 'The Baptist Sisters.'"

"Ora," said Mr. Morehouse, "do you know what the boys will call your boat?"

"'The Bap,' of course," said Ora; "but we don't care, not a bit, if only that we have the boat."

"And you really think I am going to order such a grandiose affair for you? — do you, child? Have you any idea of the cost of a gew-gaw like that?"

"I don't know what grandiose means exactly, Grandpa, but look here," and the child tugged out of a small pocket in her dress a catalogue from a boat-building establishment, profusely illustrated with cuts of boats, and containing glowing descriptions of the same.

"Here 's my boat! Just fifty dollars, Grandpa, only, maybe, 't would be a little more with the gold painting on it. I found this up by the boat-house on the lake. I suppose it was lost by some of the gentlemen who came up from New York to fish."

Grandpa Morehouse put the little book into his pocket and walked off toward the big corn-field, without saying another word.

That was in June. The fifteenth of July was Ora's eleventh birthday. Vacation began on the Saturday before "The Fourth," so that there had been about two weeks of it when the time came.

Alta was at work in the morning of that day out under a quince-bush — the only thing about the new house that gave shade; and that was there rather by accident than through any care or foresight of the Whittleseys.

Ora went in search of Alta, and begged her to come out and play.

"You *must* come," she said.

"But my work!" replied Alta. "I 'm trying so hard to earn fifty cents to-day. I shall have earned thirty when I have finished this card."

"It 's too bad you have to do it at all; and just to-day, Alta — come away for to-day, and stay with me to dinner. Where is your mother? Let me ask her," pleaded Ora.

"No! no!" cried Alta. "Please don't say one word about it. Come back here, and I will tell you something. On Saturday, Papa is going to make a payment on this house, and we have all been trying, as hard as we can, to make up two hundred dollars. Father and the boys were counting it all up, and they wanted ten dollars more. Mother and I never said one word, but we meant all the time to surprise them by having a ten-dollar bill ready for them that day. Don't you see?—And we can't do it without working every minute?"

"Really?" exclaimed Ora, with sudden enthusiasm. "What is the use of birthdays when houses are to be paid for? Give me a thimble and let me help. I can sew on buttons."

"I have only this thimble, Ora, and Mother's is a great deal too large for you."

"Then, I 'll run up home and fetch mine, and sew with you," said Ora.

As the one young girl sped up the hill, the other one never lifted her eyes from her work, but steadily sewed button after button on the white cards, until she had fastened six dozen of them in place. "Dear me!" she sighed at last. "Here I have been working away — two dozen on a card,

six cards to a gross, and all for four cents. *It takes seven thousand five hundred stitches to earn one dollar!* But we must n't give up, and we shall have such a good time when we hand the money over to Father and the boys."

Alta did not see Ora come tearing down the hill, her hair flying, her collar loose, her face fairly glowing with some new excitement, but she did hear her voice crying joyously:

"Oh, come — come home with me! It 's come! It 's come!"

"What 's come?" questioned Alta.

"Oh, my boat, my boat! And, Alta Whittlesey, I say you are to come this minute and see it! Here! Grandpa gave me this, and you are going to have it to help make out. See? Catch it!" And a big silver dollar jingled among the buttons. "I never even stopped to take one look at the boat; did n't want to see it till you did. Come, come!" Ora was dancing up and down, and just bubbling over with the joy of anticipation.

"Ora!" cried Alta. "I sha'n't take your money — your birthday gift."

"Yes, you will," affirmed Ora; and the controversy went on until it was finally decided by Ora, who impetuously flung the silver dollar into the well, saying, "*Now*, it may stay there until somebody needs it enough to go down and get it."

Ten minutes later, the Baptist sisters were hurrying up the height, hand in hand, to see the new boat. It had arrived during the time of Ora's first visit to Alta, and the child's unexpected return for a thimble (which was utterly forgotten) disappointed Mr. Morehouse, who wished Ora to have her first sight of the boat after it had been launched. It had been brought in an ox-cart up the hills from the railroad station in the valley. When the two girls reached the farm-house, ox-cart, boat, and all had gone on to the lake.

It was but two minutes' run down the hill to the lake's edge, and so on to the place where the boat lay. It was ready for the final shove that sent it into the water, and they were in time to see it go, and to behold, in golden letters on its stern, the words, "The Baptist Sisters" — a name that had puzzled the boat-makers greatly. Ora was so pleased and glad that she seized her Grandfather's hand and kissed it.

Mr. Morehouse remarked that, if Ora and Alta were sisters, why, then, they must both be his grandchildren, whereupon Alta seized his other hand and kissed that. Then it was suddenly discovered that the bonny blue boat, with the golden-bladed oars, could not be used that afternoon, because it leaked a little, and must stay in the water a day or two until the seams closed.

After that, Alta and Ora decided to spend the afternoon in the boat-house, sewing on buttons. The afternoon was warm and bright and lovely; the lake was lightly stirred by the breeze that came over it, and busy young hands made haste to earn the pennies, until, suddenly, from the depths of the village below, came up to them the screech of the great brass-mill whistle, followed by the sound of the clock-shop gong; and then all the lesser steam-tongues and bell-tongues of the town were set agoing, to tell that six o'clock had come.

Alta and Ora went home to tea, and, after that, they met once more just as the sun was sinking and the shadows had settled down on the lake. They had come to say good-night, and to take one more look at the graceful blue boat rocking itself to sleep — home-sick, perhaps, but still rocking itself into the shadows of night.

"It 's too bad, Ora, and I feel very sorry about it," said Alta, at the farm-house gate, "that I have n't done one single thing to make it pleasant for you to-day."

"Oh, yes, you have," said Ora. "You have given me the pleasure of planting a silver mine in a well, as well as of earning a few pennies for you. Was n't it fourteen cents I earned to-day? You wait until I am of age, and then see what I will do."

"Just ten years!" laughed Alta. "Why, you may be married before then. I don't think I had better wait, do you? Good-night. It looks as though we were going to have a thunder-shower. I must hurry home." And the Baptist sisters kissed each other good-night — Alta passing under the creaking blades of the windmill, and Ora entering the old farm-house door, with a vague, hungry feeling in her heart for a real sister, who could stay all night and every night with her.

Grandmother Morehouse and Aunt Matilda had been making butter that afternoon. They were sitting in the gloaming on the veranda overlooking the lake, and watching the gathering clouds in the west, when Ora went in search of them.

"It will be a dark night," said Mrs. Morehouse.

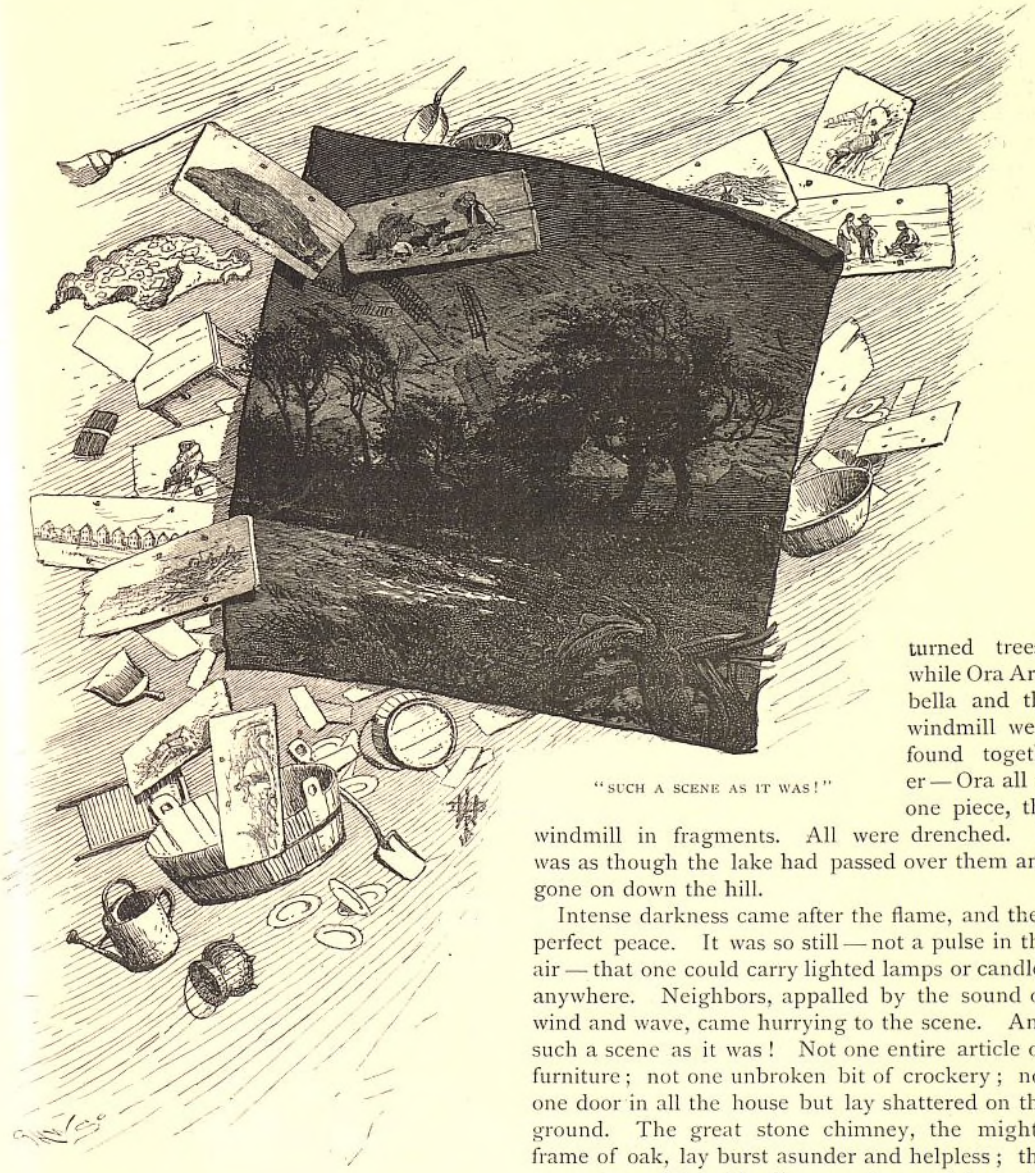
"It looks ugly," said Miss Matilda. "We will go in."

They went in and closed the doors. Meanwhile, up from the great brass-mill had come Mr. Whittlesey and his sons. This was Friday night, and on the morrow the payment was to be made. After supper was over, Mrs. Whittlesey and Alta sat down to count over their week's work, and Mr. Whittlesey read the morning paper. The boys went upstairs, having said good-night, and the house was very still.

There were ten houses on that fifteenth of July on one of the streets leading down from the farm-house to the village. Eight of the houses had barns

belonging to them. The Whittleseys lived in the third house. In the ten houses were forty-six persons, at the very moment that Ora and her Aunt Matilda, standing by a window looking down upon the lake, saw it become, as it were, a sea of fire. Suddenly, it was "lifted up and opened out in mountain waves of flame," that rolled into sound — an awful sound — ten thousand sounds; and then the house seemed caught up — *was* caught up into flame and wind and wave, and dashed into fragments. Old, old elm-trees had their hearts torn into shreds as fine as hair, and their branches braided together like the strands of a cable.

Farmer Morehouse came to himself in the midst of his pig-pen; Mrs. Morehouse was found under a feather-bed, unharmed; Miss Matilda returned to consciousness across the field, in the midst of up-



"SUCH A SCENE AS IT WAS!"

turned trees; while Ora Arabella and the windmill were found together — Ora all in one piece, the windmill in fragments. All were drenched. It was as though the lake had passed over them and gone on down the hill.

Intense darkness came after the flame, and then perfect peace. It was so still — not a pulse in the air — that one could carry lighted lamps or candles anywhere. Neighbors, appalled by the sound of wind and wave, came hurrying to the scene. And such a scene as it was! Not one entire article of furniture; not one unbroken bit of crockery; not one door in all the house but lay shattered on the ground. The great stone chimney, the mighty frame of oak, lay burst asunder and helpless; the very stones of the old cellar were loosened from the foundation.

As, one by one, the members of the family gathered in sorry plight, dripping fragments of garments clinging to them, conscious only of the glad fact that they were saved alive, the news began to

be brought up the hill that Peter Brown's house was gone — and the widow Blim's — and the Whittleseys'; and then up came Will Whittlesey with the astonishing news that there was n't a house left on the street, nor a barn, nor a horse, nor a cow, nor anything but a few stumps of trees; the folks had been blown out of the houses, but nobody killed, he believed; he could assure Ora that Alta was all right, anyhow.

Such a night as it was! Skyville had seen the hills above it wrapped in flame and had heard the cyclone's awful voice, and it hurried to the scene in the dead stillness of the July night, to offer aid and sympathy to the suddenly houseless families.

While the Morehouse group was still clinging together, the women weeping convulsively, and Mr. Morehouse and the farm-men anxious to see what had become of the cattle, a curious sound, smothered and unreal, crept through a mass of hay near by. Vigorous hands sought out the source, and found that a cow lay beneath. Being released, the creature got up and walked away into the corn-field, with no fence to hinder.

Only three persons out of the forty-six that were within the ten houses had received serious injury. Wonderful, indeed, had been the escapes.

Ora and Alta went to different parts of the town to sleep that night, and did not meet until the next morning. It was very early, not more than half-past three in the July dawn, when the owners of the late houses were astir on the premises, seeking out whatever of value the wreck might have in keeping for them. Such a sight as it was! Looking up the hill from below, there was nothing to be seen but eighteen piles of what appeared to be firewood.

Ora and Alta were up before five, and, both hurrying at once to the scene of the tornado, they met at the foot of the hill. They rushed together and kissed each other, Alta gasping, "Is n't it just awful?" and Ora crying, "What *shall* we do?"

"I would n't mind so much about the house and the money that was to be paid to-day, and everything," whimpered Alta, "if it was not for Mamma."

"What is the matter with her?" asked Ora, anxiously.

"Why, did n't you hear?" said Alta, keeping back her tears with difficulty. "She went out too near the seeding-machine, and it fell on her and cut her dreadfully. Dr. Carson has her all wrapped up in bandages, and says she must n't move for ever so long. But everybody has been so kind to take us in and give us everything we need, that I don't feel nearly so bad about it as I did at first. And, Ora Morehouse, *don't* tell anybody, but just look at my foot. I would n't tell of it, 'cause the others had so many hurts." Alta sat down beside a great pile of hay by the roadside and drew off her boot. Her stocking was stiff with blood, and her foot black and swollen, as she held it up to the gaze of Ora.

"You shall come with me up to Deacon Pratt's this very minute, and Aunt Matilda will do it up for you. You ought n't to take a single step on it," advised Ora.

"Hello, there! You, Alta! Did you save that foot out of the tornado?" asked Tommy Glade, suddenly making his appearance from around the hay-pile.

"Are n't you ashamed of yourself, Tommy?" cried Ora. "To make fun of us, just because your house was left!"

"Well," said Tommy, "our barn was n't left, anyhow, for this is all there is of it — this lot of hay. And, if you 'll believe it, a carpet that was tight down on Polly Green's sitting-room floor went right through on the very tip-top of the tornado; and where do you suppose it is now?"

"Where is it?" questioned Alta and Ora, in the same breath.

"As sure as I live and breathe, girls, that carpet is wrapped around John Stone's chimney, a mile and a half over the hills across yonder. Well, Alta Whittlesey, your foot did get a bang," he went on.

"Did you see the wind coming?" asked Ora of Tommy.

"See it coming!" laughed the boy. "I heard it, after it had gone. I just looked out, and everything was all fire; the air was burning up, and then things went bang! — bang! — bang! — as quick as that, and it was all over; and a minute afterward it was so still that you 'd have thought the whole world had fainted away. Tell a fellow how *you* got out, girls?"

Ora could n't remember anything about it, and all that Alta knew was that she saw the fire, and, thinking that the house had been struck by lightning, she caught hold of the door-knob to get out, and the next she knew she was on the ground by John Knox's house. "And," said she, "every time I tried to get up off the ground, the *waves* knocked me down again."

"I 'm mighty glad we did n't any of us get killed," remarked Tommy. "Can I help you any? Where were you going?"

"I was going to see if I could n't find something to save for Mother," said Alta. "Father and the boys staid up all night, hoping to find the money we had in the house as soon as it was light, and I 'm going now to see if it is found."

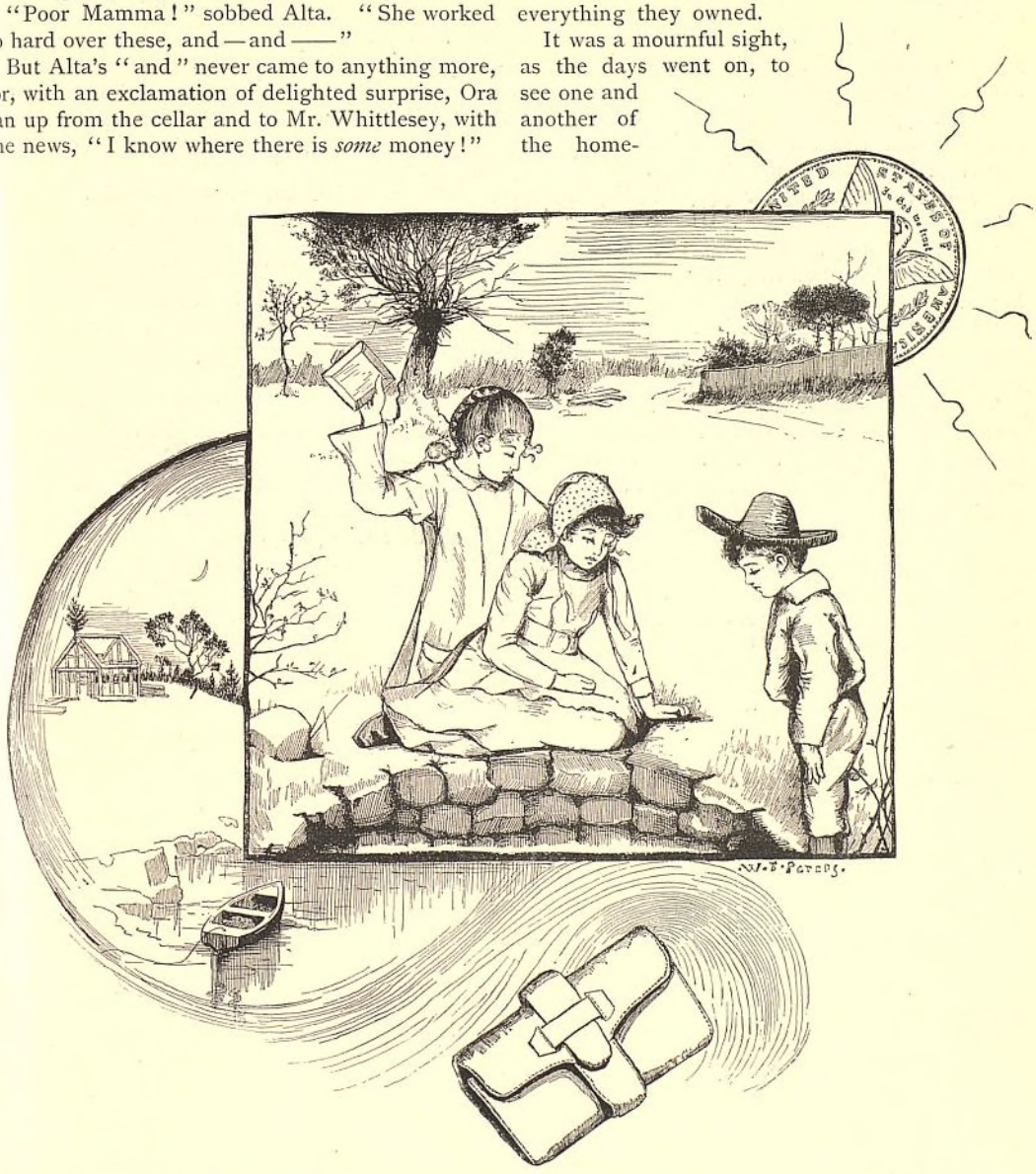
The money was not found. Boards, bricks,

stones, fragments of furniture — all were turned over, but nowhere could be seen the long pocket-book, containing one hundred and ninety dollars.

Alta's tears came quickly as the two girls went into the cellar. There lay little heaps of strawberries and raspberries and blackberries, amid broken glass, rings of rubber, and tops of cans.

"Poor Mamma!" sobbed Alta. "She worked so hard over these, and — and ——"

But Alta's "and" never came to anything more, for, with an exclamation of delighted surprise, Ora ran up from the cellar and to Mr. Whittlesey, with the news, "I know where there is *some* money!"



Alta checked her tears and ran after her, only to find that Ora had thought of the silver dollar she had thrown into the well on the day before.

"That dollar will stay there" was the reply which Ora received, and the search went on until near noon. It was in vain. A few silver spoons were recovered, and other articles of small value. The long pocket-book had evidently gone abroad on the wings of the wind. The next day, the town of Skyville called a meeting of its citizens, and a generous sum was raised for the present help of the families that had lost everything they owned.

It was a mournful sight, as the days went on, to see one and another of the homeless ones still going over the ground, hoping to find something that once had belonged to the old home.

Farmer Morehouse gathered up the fragments from his grounds and began to build anew. He

was not dependent on the bounty of his neighbors. Mrs. Whittlesey's wounds were slowly healing, while the brass-mill was again the scene of the labors of her husband and sons, when, one day, Ora, Alta, and Tommy Glade chanced to meet on the hill.

"Tommy," said Alta, "did you ever go down a well?"

"Lots on 'em!" answered Tommy. "Used to keep a board-seat in a well to hide on when I did n't want to go to school."

"Tommy," continued Alta, "I know where there is a well with a silver dollar in it."

"Wish I did," responded Tommy.

"I 'll give you a quarter out of it, if you 'll go down and find it," said Alta.

"Is it very deep? The water, I mean. Don't care nothing 'bout how deep the well is," said the boy, in a reflective tone.

"It is n't very deep," said Alta; "not more than — I guess — about fifteen feet. We can drop a string down and find out."

The three children experimented with strings and nails, and were assured that the water was too deep for Tommy Glade to enter. Then Ora started off for a neighboring house and came back with a looking-glass, and presently the reflected rays of the sun illumined the depths. The well-curb having been blown away, the opening was covered with boards. Removing these, and sitting as close to the opening as she dared, Alta looked for the silver dollar. Ora held the glass, and Tommy joined in the search.

"Don't see nothing of it," said Tommy, in disgust. "Don't believe it 's in there."

"Tommy! Tommy!" cried Alta. "Ora! hold it still — right there!" and Alta peered once more, and then she jumped up and said: "Tommy, I guess Father and the boys will have to come to find it. You can go so much faster than I can. Wont you please run to the mill, as quick as you can, and tell Father I want him right away, and the boys, too. You may have the whole of the silver dollar, when it is found, if you will."

"Guess they wont leave work for *that*," said Tommy.

"Father will come right away if I send for him," said Alta, with dignity.

Tommy ran down the hill.

As soon as he was out of hearing, Alta threw her arms around Ora and began to laugh just as hard as she could laugh, crying out: "Did you see it? It 's *there! It 's there!*" and then she giggled so that Ora, out of patience, exclaimed: "You goose! Of course it 's there. Did n't I throw it in there myself?"

"*It 's the pocket-book with the money in it* that I mean," giggled Alta. "I 'll hold the glass and let you look; it lies on a stone close to this side of the well."

Ora peered through the depth and through the water, and presently fancied she saw something long, and the least bit like a wallet of her grandfather's, lying there.

The time seemed long, and yet it was not fifteen minutes ere three figures, followed by Tommy, were seen coming up the hill.

Alta and Ora, laughing together, ran down to meet them.

"It 's my lucky dollar," shouted Ora, "that did it!"

"Papa," said Alta, "I 've found the money!"

"When — where?" was the cry.

"In the well. The pocket-book is in the well. I 've seen it, and Ora 's seen it, and it 's *there!*"

Mr. Whittlesey looked, and the boys looked, and each and every one had to admit that it certainly was the long pocket-book, and that the strap that fastened it was in place.

In less than half an hour the money, thoroughly water-soaked but legible, was in the hands of its owner; and it was a happy sight for the Whittleseys, soon after, to watch the row of bills drying in front of a bed of coals, between the proud andirons that held the line to which the "greenbacks" were pinned. Before the Skyville bank closed, at three o'clock, it was placed to the credit of the man from whom the house had been purchased.

"Now, my boys," said Mr. Whittlesey, "we will begin the world with free hands. We owe no man any money. Let us be happy."

The next evening, the great brass-mill being closed, and all Skyville settling down for a good August night's rest, just as the moon came up and illuminated the lake, inquiry was made at the Sandersons', where the Whittlesey family had taken refuge, for Mr. Whittlesey.

"Papa is n't here, Mr. Pratt," said Alta, who was sitting near the door-way.

"And you are the little girl who found the money in the well, they tell me," said Mr. Pratt, smiling kindly upon her.

"Yes, sir," said Alta.

"Well, my dear," said he, "would you mind taking very good care of this little bundle till your father comes in, and then giving it right to him. Don't lay it down anywhere and lose it."

Mr. Pratt wrote a few words with a pencil on the wrapper of the parcel, and, giving it to Alta, went away. At the gate he turned back, and said, "Now, be careful."

"Yes, sir," said Alta.

The twilight was quite gone when Mr. Whittle-

sey returned. Alta had staid awake with the little parcel under her pillow, waiting for his step in the next room.

"Alta has something that was left for you," said his wife.

"Papa! Papa!" cried Alta, running into the room in her long white night-gown, and holding forth the parcel toward the lamp. "What does he mean? I read it, but I don't know."

Mr. Whittlesey took the package, and, holding it under the lamp, read aloud these words:

"My Friend: When God took that house away, I had an interest in it that I don't want to give up. Call and see me to-morrow.

"A. L. Pratt."

The parcel being opened disclosed one hundred and ninety dollars, with which sum the Whittleseys, happiest of the blown-out families of Skyville, began the world anew.

## OUR PICNIC.

By Marian A. Atkinson.

The teacher sat in her silent hall,
Her glance o'er the playground straying,
And marveled much that the children all
Had suddenly ceased their playing.

No frowning faces her eye surveyed,
Or gesture of childish passion,
But eager groups in the old trees' shade,
Debating in merry fashion.

Their roguish whispers betrayed full soon
Fresh plannings for romp and riot;
While she, in the languor of sultry June,
Longed only for rest and quiet.

The picnic, promised for pleasant May,
Had been hindered by wind and weather,
So now, to battle 'gainst more delay,
They were putting their heads together.

A laughing phalanx at length inpoured,
Brave with the noon-tide hour,
Till she thought of the Liliputian horde,
With Gulliver in their power.

No flash of sabers, or roar of guns,
As this enemy took position;
Their "arms" were loving, not warlike ones—
And kisses their ammunition;

They asked that the streets of the quaint old town
Should be changed for the hills so airy;
The school-room carpet for mosses brown,
Red-cupped for the elf and fairy!

The cool, deep shade of the fragrant wood,
June skies in their azure splendor,
Were lures that won her to pliant mood,
As well as their pleadings tender.

For a brilliant sunset we longed all day,
Till we voted old Phœbus lazy,
And weather prophets we bored, till they
Declared we would set them crazy.

But morn came, rosy and fair and sweet,
And soon was the air resounding
With joyous voices and restless feet,
And frolic and mirth abounding.

Over ride, and weather, and feast, each one
Spent sagest consideration:
For the joy that's next to the day's own fun
Is the bustle of preparation.

The street seemed brightened with shining eyes,
As the boys and each beaming maiden
Brought baskets, hiding some sweet surprise,
Like bees, with their honey laden;

In rustic state came the great farm wain,
Whose ample arms, used to holding
Sweet-scented hay and the golden grain,
Were a richer freight enfolding.

The laughing teacher bewildered grew
In the midst of the blithe young faces,
As the floating raiment—pink, white, and blue—
Came crowding to fill the spaces.

To the doors and windows the neighbors flew,
To view the new illustration
Of the puzzled old dame and her crowded shoe,
And to laugh at the situation.

An inner cluster of wee ones sweet
She placed with the girls in order,
While our gallant boys, with their daring feet,
Perched, jubilant, round the border.

A gay procession, we moved along—
Our music a laughing chorus;
Till the hills reëchoed our woodland song,
And waved green banners o'er us.

We went where a clear spring bubbled through,
The emerald mosses stirring;
Where ferns were waving and wild flowers grew,
And the wings of birds were whirring.

We chased stray butterflies through the trees,
Then hunted the hill-sides over:
For Fortune's pet is the first who sees
The magical four-leaved clover.

Late coronation of May-day's queen
We held then, in pomp and glory,
And a sweeter sovereign was never seen,
Or read of, in song or story.

Her wreath was woven by fingers deft;
With fairest of buds we crowned her;
While her knights and ladies stood right and left,
And her "Maids of Honor" around her.

Her rustic throne, by a gnarled old tree,
We had formed with some crimson draping;
And there each subject bent loyal knee,
A kiss from the small hand taking.

But even butterflies honey sip,
And courtiers have hungry hours;
And a queen's own delicate, dainty lip
Is not above sweets and sours.

So a chosen band spread the damask fair,
The goodly hampers untying;
And fragrant coffee perfumed the air,
With scents of the woodland vying.

The noontide call was a welcome sound;
And gay little lads and lasses
Came quickly trooping the cloth around,
To sit on the fringing grasses.

For once, reality seemed more sweet
Than fondest anticipation;
As sauces dainty, cakes, puddings, meat,
Showed oddest conglomeration!

The buzz and chatter, first low and mild,
Lost seemingly all connection;
Our words got lost in the hubbub wild,
Or went in the wrong direction!

The verbal tangle I can't depict:
The fun waxed wilder and faster,
To culminate when the teacher strict
Said "Dear" to the drawing-master!

Then some went swinging, some played croquet.
While others old sports were trying,
And through Copenhagen's wild mazes they
Went swiftly, merrily flying.

—

But the brightest day must sink in the west,
And shadows must cover the clover,
And so at last in each dear home nest
We sighed that our picnic was over.


# RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.

By Harry M. Kieffer.

As it would seem but proper that some explanation of the re-appearance of the "Recollections of a Drummer-Boy" in these columns should be made, the writer desires to say that, upon the conclusion of the former series, so many letters from different sections of the country having been received by the editors of St. Nicholas, as well as by the writer, expressing regret at the too early conclusion of the series, and urgently pressing that they be further continued if possible, it has been decided to yield to these kindly demands of many appreciative readers. There will, therefore, appear in these summer numbers of St. Nicholas such additional chapters of his personal recollections of army life as the Drummer-Boy's second rummage through his diary, and second inquiry into his memory of the stirring scenes of twenty years ago, have afforded. There will be no repetition of events already rehearsed, albeit the ground will be a second time traversed from enlistment well-nigh to muster-out. The new chapters, while observing the proper sequence of events as given in those which have already appeared, will be found, on examination, to form a more or less continuous series by themselves. It is hoped that they may prove as interesting as did the former series to the many readers of St. Nicholas.

## FIRST DAYS IN CAMP.

Our first camp was located on the outskirts of Harrisburg, Pa., and was called "Camp Curtin." It was so named in honor of Governor Andrew G. Curtin, the great war Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, who was regarded by the soldiers of his State with an enthusiasm second only to that with which they, in common with all the troops of the Northern States, greeted the name of Abraham Lincoln.

Camp Curtin was not properly a camp of instruction. It was rather a rendezvous for the different companies which had been recruited in various parts of the State. Hither the volunteers came by hundreds and thousands for the purpose of being mustered into the service, uniformed and equipped, assigned to regiments, and shipped to

the front as rapidly as possible. Only they who witnessed it can form any idea of the patriotic ardor, amounting to a wild enthusiasm, with which volunteering went on in those days. Companies were often formed, and their muster-rolls filled, in a week, sometimes even in a few days. The contagion of enlisting and "going to the war" was in the very atmosphere. You could scarcely accompany a friend to a way station on any of the main lines of travel without seeing the future wearers of blue coats at the car-windows and on the platforms. Very frequently whole trains were filled with them, speeding away as swift as steam would carry them to the State capital. They poured into Harrisburg company by company, usually in citizens' clothes, and marched out of the town again a week or so later, regiment by regiment, all glorious in bright new uniforms and glistening bayonets, transformed in a few days from civilians into soldiers, and destined for deeds of high endeavor in many a desperate battle.

Shortly after our arrival in camp, Andy and I went to town to buy such articles as we supposed a soldier would be likely to need — a gum blanket, a journal, a combination knife-fork-and-spoon, and so on to the end of the list. To our credit I have it to record that we turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of a certain dealer in cutlery, who insisted on selling us each a revolver and an ugly-looking bowie-knife, in a red morocco sheath.

"Shentlemen, shust te ting you vill need ven you goes into de battle. Ah, see dis knife, how it shines! Look at dis very fine revolfer!"

But Moses entreated in vain, while his wife stood at the street-door looking at a regiment marching to the depot, weeping as if her heart would break, and wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron from time to time.

"Ah, de poor boys!" said she. "Dere dey go again to de great war, away from dere homes and dere mutters and dere sweethearts and vives, all to be kilt in de battle. Dey will nefer any more coom back. Ah, it is so wicked!"

But the drums rattled on, and the crowd on the sidewalk gazed, and Moses behind his counter smiled pleasantly as he cried up his wares and went on selling bowie-knives and revolvers to kill men with, while his wife went on weeping and lamenting because men would be killed in the wicked war, and "nefer any more coom back." The firm of Moses and wife struck us as a very strange combination of business and sentiment. I do not know how many revolvers Moses sold, nor how many tears his good wife shed; but if she wept whenever a regiment marched down the street to the depot, her eyes must have been turned into a river of tears: for the tap of the drum and the tramp of the men resounded along the streets of the capital by day and by night, until people grew so used to it that they scarcely noticed it any longer.

The tide of volunteering was at the full during those early fall days of 1862. But the day came at length when the tide began to turn. Various expedients were then resorted to for the purpose of stimulating the flagging zeal of Pennsylvania's sons. At first, the tempting bait of large bounties was presented,—county bounties, city bounties, State and United States bounties,—some men, toward the close of the war, receiving as much as one thousand dollars, and never smelling powder at that. At last, drafting was of necessity resorted to, and along with this came all the miseries of "hiring substitutes," and so making merchandise of a service of which it is the chief glory that it shall be free.

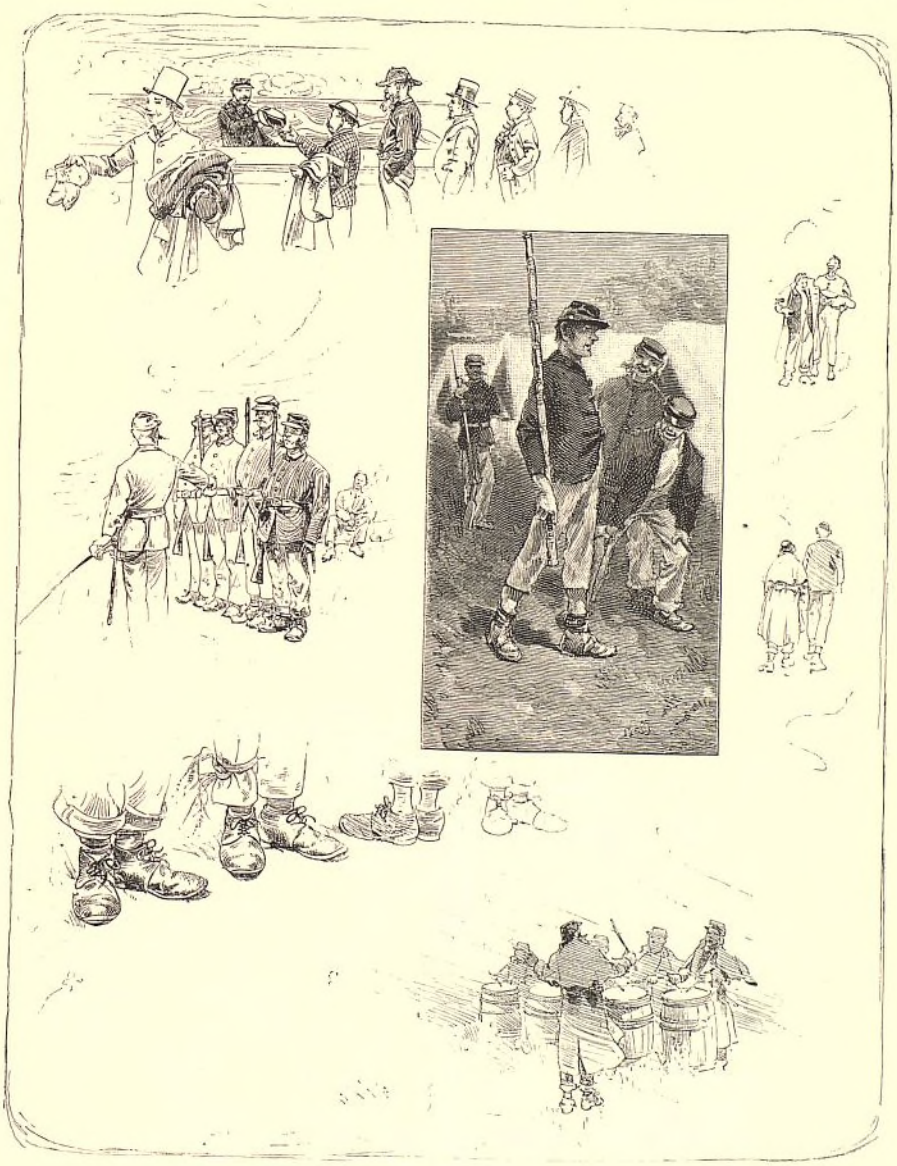
But in the fall of 1862 there had been no drafting yet, and large bounties were unknown — and unsought. Most of us were taken quite by surprise when, a few days after our arrival in camp, the County Commissioners came down for the purpose of paying us each the magnificent sum of fifty dollars; while, at the same time, the United States Government agreed to pay us each one hundred dollars additional — of which, however, only twenty-five was placed in our hands at once, the remaining seventy-five to be received only by those who might safely pass through all the unknown dangers which awaited us, and live to be mustered out with the regiment three years later.

Well, it was no matter then. What cared we for bounty? It seemed rather a questionable procedure, this offering of money as a reward for an act which, to be a worthy act at all, asks not, and needs not, the guerdon of gold. We were all so anxious to enter the service, that, instead of looking for any artificial helps in that direction, our only concern was lest we might be rejected by the examining surgeon and not be admitted to the ranks.

For, soon after our arrival, and before we were mustered into the service, every man was thoroughly examined by a medical officer, who had us presented to him, one by one, divested of clothing, in a large tent, where he sharply questioned us — "Teeth sound? Eyes good? Ever had this, that, and the other disease?" And pitiable was the case of that unfortunate man who, because of bad hearing, or defective eyesight, or some other physical blemish, was compelled to don his citizens' clothes again and take the next train for home.

After having been thoroughly examined, we were mustered into the service, and so made, in

a peculiar sense, the sons of Uncle Sam. As we now belonged to his family, it was only to be expected that he would next proceed to clothe us. This he punctually did, a few days after the muster. We had no little merriment when we were called out, formed in line, and marched up to the quartermaster's department, at one side of the camp, to draw our uniforms. There were so many men to be uniformed, and so little time in which to do it, that the blue clothes were passed out to us almost regardless of the size and weight of the prospective wearer. Each man received a pair of pantaloons, a coat, cap, overcoat, shoes, blanket, and underwear, of which latter the shirt was — well, a revelation to most of us, both as to size, shape, and material. It was so rough that no living mortal could wear it, except, perhaps, one who wished to do penance by wearing a hair-shirt.



Mine was sent home along with my citizens' clothes, with the request that it be kept as a sort of heir-loom in the family to excite the wonder of future generations.

With our clothes on our arms, we marched back to our tents, and there proceeded to put on our

new uniforms. The result was in the majority of cases astonishing. For, as might have been expected, scarcely one man in ten was fitted. The tall men had invariably received the short pantaloons, and presented an appearance, when they emerged from their tents, which was equaled only by that of the short men, who had, of course, received the long pantaloons. One man's cap sat on the top of his head, while another's rested on his ears. Andy, who was not very tall, waddled forth into the company street, amid shouts of laughter, with his pantaloons turned up some six inches or more from the bottoms. The laughter was increased when he wittily remarked:

"Uncle Sam must have got the patterns for his boys' pantaloons somewhere over in France; for he seems to have cut them after the style of the two French towns, Toulon and Toulouse."

"Hello, fellows! What do you think of this? Now just look here, once!" exclaimed Pointer Donachy, the tallest man in the company, as he came out of his tent in a pair of pantaloons that were little more than knee-breeches for him, and began to parade the street with a tent-pole for a musket. "My opinion is that Uncle Sam must be a little short of cloth, boys."

"Brother Jonathan generally dresses in tights, you know," said some one.

"Ah," said Andy, "Pointer's uniform reminds one of what the poet says —

> "Man needs but little here below,
> Nor needs that little long!"

"You're rather poor at quoting poetry, Andy," answered Pointer. "Because I need more than a little here below; I need at least six inches!"

But, by trading off, the big men gradually got the large garments and the little men the small, so that in a few days we were pretty well suited.

I remember hearing about one poor fellow in another company, a great, strapping six-footer, who *could not* be suited. The largest shoe furnished by the Government was quite too small. The poor fellow tried his best to force his foot in, but in vain. His comrades gathered around him and chaffed him unmercifully, whereupon he exclaimed:

"Why, you don't think they are all *boys* that come to the army, do you? A man like me needs a man's shoes, not a baby's."

There was another poor fellow, a very small man, who had received a very large pair of shoes, and had not yet been able to effect any exchange. One day the sergeant was drilling the company on the facings,— Right face, Left face, Right-about face, —and, of course, watched his men's feet closely to see that they went through the movements promptly. Noticing one pair of feet down the line that never budged at the command, the sergeant rushed up to the possessor of them, with drawn sword, and in menacing tones demanded:

"What do you mean by not facing about when I tell you? I'll have you put in the guard-house."

"Why, I did, sergeant!" said the trembling recruit.

"You did not, sir! Did n't I watch your feet? They never moved an inch."

"Why, you see," said the poor fellow, "my shoes are so big that they don't turn when I do. I go through the motions on the inside of them."

Although Camp Curtin was not so much a camp of instruction as a camp of equipment, yet once we had received our arms and uniforms we were all eager to be put on drill. Even before we had received our uniforms, every evening we had some little drilling under command of Sergeant Cummings, who had been out in the three months' service. Clothed in citizens' dress, and armed with such sticks and poles as we could pick up, we must have presented a sorry appearance on parade. Perhaps the most comical figure in the line was that of poor old Simon Malehorn, who, clothed in a high silk hat, long linen duster, blue overalls, and loose slippers, was forever throwing the line into confusion by running back to find his slipper, which he had lost in the dust somewhere; and happy was he if some one of the boys had not quietly smuggled it under his coat, and left poor Simon to finish the parade in his stocking feet.

Awkward enough in the drill we all were, to be sure. Still, we were not quite so stupid as a certain recruit, of whom it was related that the drill-sergeant had to take him aside as an "awkward squad" by himself, and try to teach him how to "mark time." But, alas! the poor fellow did not know the difference between his right foot and his left, and consequently could not follow the order, "Left! Left!" until the sergeant, driven almost to desperation, lit on the happy expedient of tying a wisp of straw on one foot and a similar wisp of hay on the other, and then put the command in an agricultural shape — "Hay-foot, Straw-foot! Hay-foot, Straw-foot!" whereupon, he did quite well: for if he did not know his left foot from his right, he at least could tell hay from straw.

One good effect of our being detained in Camp Curtin for several weeks was, that we thus had the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of the other nine companies with which we were to be joined in a common regimental organization. Some of these came from the western, and some from the eastern part of the State; some were from the city, some from inland towns and villages, and some from the wild lumber regions. Every rank and class and profession seemed to be represented.

There were clerks, farmers, students, railroad men, iron-workers, lumber-men. At first, we were all strangers to one another. The different companies, having as yet no regimental life to bind them together as a unit, naturally regarded each other as foreigners rather than as members of the same organization. In consequence of this, there was no little rivalry between company and company, together with no end of chaffing and lively banter, especially about the time of roll-call in the evening. The names of the men who came from the West were quite strange, and were a standing source of amusement to the boys from the East, and *vice versâ*. Then there were certain forms of expression peculiar to the different sections from which the men came, which were a long-standing source of merriment. Thus, the Philadelphia boys made all sport of the boys from the upper tier of counties because they said, "I be going deown to teown," and invariably used "I make out to" for "I am going to." Some of the men called every species of board, no matter how thin, "a plank"; and every kind of stone, no matter how small, "a rock." How the men laughed one evening when a high wind came up and blew the dust in clouds all over the camp, and one of the rural boys was heard to declare that he "had a rock in his eye!"

Once we got afield, however, there was developed such a feeling of regimental unity as soon obliterated whatever natural antagonisms may at first have existed between the different companies. Peculiarities of speech of course remained, and a generous and wholesome rivalry never disappeared; but these were rather a help than a hinderance: for in military as in social life generally there can be no true unity without some degree of diversity—a principle which is fully recognized in our national motto, "*E Pluribus Unum.*"

*(To be continued.)*

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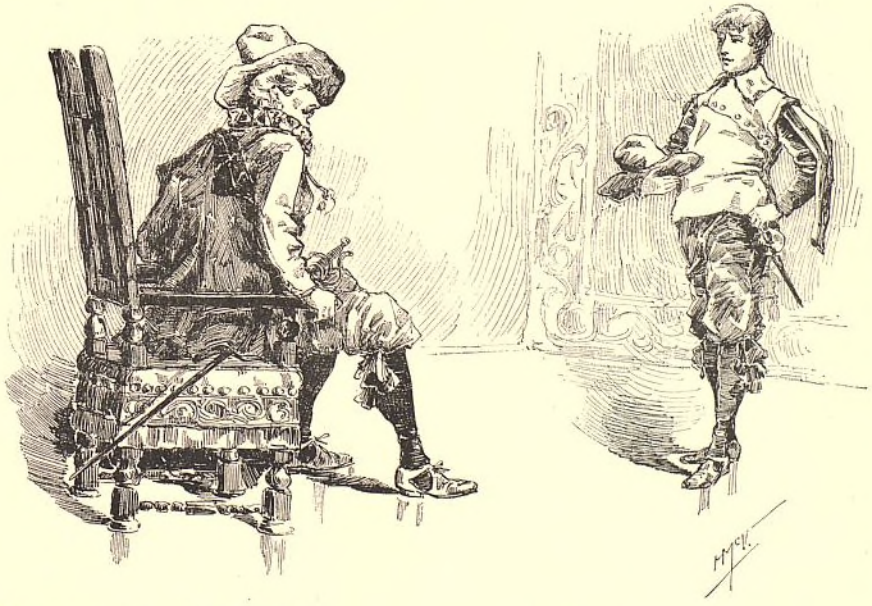
# THE PLUCKY PRINCE.

By May Bryant.



There was a youthful scion
Of a race of tyrant kings,
Who roused his father's anger
By the way he wasted things.
Quoth then the wrathful monarch:
"Quick from my presence flee!
Yet turn your heedless ear
To this my stern decree:
No fish or flesh or fowl
Shall your hunger's needs supply,
Nor beast nor worm contribute
To the clothing which you buy.

When comes the gloomy night-time,
No oil or vapor light,
No wax or tallow candle,
Shall make the darkness bright.
Nor grains upon the hill-side,
Nor tuberous roots on earth,
Nor fruitful vines, and juicy,
Contribute to your mirth.
Thou prodigal! Avaunt!
Go, starve upon the plain!
Thou never, nevermore,
Shalt waste my wealth again."

His son this law of exile
Conned over at his ease;
"He has," he said, "left to me
The mighty help of *trees*."
He gayly snapped his fingers,
He slammed the palace door—
"Stern monarch, I shall flourish
As proudly as before!"

A house he quickly builded;
It all was wondrous fine:
Of English oak its rafters,
Its floors of Norway pine.
On pillars of palmetto
The cypress-shingled roof,
With oaken eaves and gargoyles,
Against the storms was proof.
There curious palm-mattings
Spread over all the floors,
Dyed crimson with the logwood
From warm Caribbean shores.
Quaint furniture of walnut
And perfumed sandal-wood,
With highly polished rose-wood,
Throughout the mansion stood.
"Now," said this Prince complaisant,
"A ball I mean to give,
I 'll show the King, my father,
How finely I can live."

The night came on apace
When the house was light as day,
For candle-nuts in sconces
Shed many a golden ray.
Magnolias from the South-land,
Pink apple-blooms from Maine,
All vied with orange-flowers
The subtlest sense to chain.
The noted guests assembled
Found waiting for them all
A fairer feast than ever
Graced kingly banquet-hall.
For dishes, carved in queer ways
That haunt the Chinese mind,
Bore nuts and fruits from every land
Familiar to mankind.

Cassava cakes from Java,
The solid plantain's meat,
With chocolate were proffered,
And maple-sugar sweet.
Fair pomegranates and soursops,
With luscious guava jam,
Stood near the odious durion
From islands near Siam.
Bananas, figs, and lemons,
Dates, cherries, plums, and pears,
All seemed so *very* common
One passed them unawares.

Amid this festive splendor
The Prince received his guests;
In robes of cocoa woven
He was superbly drest,
While from the crown of laurels
His realm placed on his brow,
Down to his shoes of caoutchouc,
He looked a king, I trow.
"Warm welcomes to my mansion!"—
'T was thus he met the King—
"See what a man you made me
By your cold banishing!"

A genial smile illumined
The monarch and his train.
"O Prince! of you I 'm very proud—
Come to my arms again!"
So spake the King, embracing
His enterprising son,
And then, with jokes and laughter
The banquet was begun.
The court drank so much cider
They complimentary grew,
While the King declared the cashew
Was the finest wine he knew.
To this the Premier added,
He hoped the Prince would grow
Like to the giant banyan,
And live long here below.
Then soon the party ended,
The guests all said "Farewell,"
And the wonders of the woodland
They hastened home to tell.

# SWEPT AWAY.

By Edward S. Ellis.

## Chapter V.

### DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

There is something indescribably dreadful in the emotion which comes over us when the earth trembles and rocks with the earthquake. We are so accustomed to look on the ground as a solid and sure refuge that, when it fails us, we feel as though we were all "at sea" and adrift on a tempest-tossed ocean.

The sensations of Jack, Dollie, and Crab were something similar when the cabin, after wrenching itself loose from its foundations, went rocking and bounding away in the darkness, no one could say whither. For a few minutes the children did nothing but cling to the roof, which once or twice sank almost to a level with the water; but when they became accustomed to the situation, they relaxed their desperate hold, spoke to one another, and assumed less restrained positions.

Strange to say, the house, from some cause which was not apparent, instead of keeping an upright position, leaned so far to one side that the roof became almost horizontal, offering a support something like the floor of the cabin itself.

"One side of the house must be heavier than the other," suggested Jack, when the three had referred to the curious fact.

"How much of the cabin am afloat?" asked Crab.

"I know of no way to tell that," answered Jack. "I see that the stone chimney has gone, but some of the lower floor must have been left, or the house would n't take such an odd position."

"But will it stay so?" asked Dollie, anxiously.

"I think so," said Jack, "for when a house starts on a voyage like this, it is apt to settle at once to a level -- though it may swing over from catching fast to the trees —— Heigho!"

It seemed curious, but at that very moment the three felt the tops of trees scraping against the raft. The swiftness with which they seemed to glide from under the cabin showed that the house was going down the river very rapidly. The scraping sounds followed each other in such rapid succession that they knew they were passing through or rather over a stretch of forest.

The night was so dark that they could scarcely see anything, and the weak rays of the lantern were of little service. They could make out one another's figures, and now and then catch sight of the bushy and bowing top of a tree, which seemed to shoot swiftly toward them from out the gloom, while the cabin waited for its approach.

Then again, some of the trees were so tall and strong, and so far out of the water, that they did not bow down and allow this floating Juggernaut to sweep over them.

At such times, the raft would strike the trees with considerable force and swing partly around, but the next moment would continue its journey without the least slackening of speed.

There was much danger in passing such places, for, if the building should come in contact with a particularly large and strong tree, the sides of the house were liable to be knocked apart by the violence of the collision, and the three children might find themselves clinging to separate pieces of timber.

The boys were good swimmers, but Dollie could not support herself a single minute above water without help.

Great was their relief, therefore, when the obstructions were all safely passed, and they found themselves in smooth water again. There was still constant danger, however, of their striking against some treacherous "sawyer"; but that peril would continue to threaten them till they should reach the channel of the river, where no such obstructions existed.

"Jack," said Crabapple, presently, "if I are n't mistooken, I see a light."

"So do I," said Dollie, with a promptness which showed that she also had been studying the matter.

"Where?" asked Jack.

"Off dar," answered Crab, stretching out his hand into the gloom.

"There *is* a light," said Jack, after a moment's scrutiny; "but it must be a long way off — a quarter of a mile, at least."

"What!" exclaimed Crab, in amazement. "I could frow a stone out to whar it am."

Dollie was of the same belief, but Jack insisted that it was all of a quarter of a mile distant, if not farther. It is very hard to judge of distances under such circumstances, and, as the parties could not agree, Jack hallooed across the waters, thinking with reason that, where a light was visible, there must be persons near at hand. But though he

shouted and whistled, and Crab joined in the tumult, no response came back.

While they were hailing the unknown parties, the light suddenly vanished from sight, and all around was darkness again.

"No use ob hollerin'," said Crab; "de folks feel so important dey wont notice us."

"We don't know that there are any persons where we saw the light," said Jack. "And if there were, remember that was a good way off, and they may not have been able to hear us."

Crab laughed at this conclusion of Jack's argument, but made no answer, though he still believed that only a few rods separated them from the star-like point which had vanished as unaccountably as it had first appeared.

This curious fact, more than anything else, impressed them with the vastness of the flood. The evidence that others beside themselves were afloat spoke vividly of the extent of the overflowing waters.

Suddenly the crow of a chanticleer resounded across the flood. Somewhere a cock was proclaiming his defiance of the elements around him.

"We kin jist as well gib up de shoutin' business," said Crab, finally, "for nobody wont say nuffin back to us."

The three now disposed themselves with the care of those who expected to make a long stay. The roof having settled so that it lay horizontal on the water, this was comparatively an easy matter, and could they have felt any assurance that there would be no overturning or shifting, they would not have considered their situation one of especial danger.

As nearly as could be told in the darkness, the roof was some three or four feet above the current, and its bouyancy was such that it would have floated ten times the weight that now rested on it.

Crabapple Jackson rolled his clothing into a compact bundle and sat down on it to keep it from being lost, while Jack laid the bag containing the provisions near the center of the raft and as far as possible from the water. Dollie, who had no extra garment except a shawl, wrapped that around her shoulders and placed herself close to her brother, where she meant to stay as long as it was possible.

The weather remained calm and moderate. Had it been otherwise, the hundreds and hundreds of people who were then afloat on the Mississippi would have suffered terribly, and many must have perished.

A JOLLY RAFTFUL.—TAKING THE FLOOD GOOD-NATUREDLY.

When one of these fowls begins to crow, he generally repeats his call several times, and this plucky fellow's voice was heard again and again across the dark waters until our voyagers were able to locate him, and almost in a straight line, several hundred yards below them.

Thinking that the owner of the bird might be near, Jack and Crab shouted again, but with no more response than in the former case.

"De light am gwine out!" suddenly exclaimed Crab.

A glance toward the lantern was enough to show he spoke the truth; the candle which had been placed inside had burned so low that little was left of it, and the light of that fragment must soon expire.

"I thought it might have been useful in keeping others from running into us," said Jack;

"but, after all, I don't know that it would have been of much account."

"Do you 'spose," suggested Crab, "dat any ob de cabins will come down faster dan we do, or dat dey will be cotched in such a whirlpool dat dey will run up de Massissipp?"

"I'm not afraid of that," said Jack; "but if

THE EXHORTER.—SEE PAGE 607.

a steamer should strike the house, nothing could save us."

"We must keep awake all de time and watch out fur dat sort ob bus'ness," said Crab, with the determination that he would not close his eyes again so long as darkness brooded over the waters.

A few minutes later, the bit of tallow dip burning in the lantern flickered up, burned brightly a few seconds, and then collapsed into nothingness. The little party, afloat on the roof of the cabin, and sweeping down the Mississippi, were alone in the starless night, without a ray of light to cheer them.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE STEAMER

FOR several minutes Jack Lawrence had fancied he heard a series of strange sounds coming across the water. They resembled the deep and rapid breathing of some huge animal; but it was hard to tell the direction whence they came. Sometimes they seemed to be close at hand, then far away, and he even found himself glancing upward, as though he expected to find the answer he sought in the air above him.

But, during the few minutes he spent in trying to ascertain the origin of these sounds, he was conscious that, whatever the unknown something might be, it was approaching him with the steadiness of a hand moving over the face of a watch.

Jack was presently able to locate it. While peering down-stream through the darkness, a light burst out in the gloom, like the sudden rising of a star of the first magnitude. The boy, for a single moment, believed it was a star, but the next instant the truth flashed upon him: it was a steamboat coming up the river.

"If it was only day-time now," he remarked, as he announced his discovery to Dollie and Crab, "they would pick us up."

"What's to hinder 'em from doing it now?" asked Crab.

"A good deal," said Jack, gravely. "It is so dark, and the river is running so fast, that they would n't be able to manage a small boat."

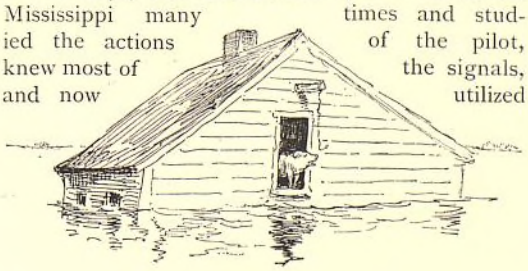
"What 's de use ob dar doin' dat?" inquired Crab. "Dey can jist slide alongside wid de steamer itself and h'ist us on board."

"Not in the night-time, when there is so much danger of running us down. But," added Jack, interrupting himself, and rising to his feet in some alarm, "she is going to pass very close to us. Now is the time the lantern would have been of some use."

"We kin yell and make 'em hear us," suggested Crab; "den you know I kin whistle like de 'Warrior' when she comes to de wharf for wood."

Crab, who had also risen to his feet, brought the palms of his hands together, and then turned them partly around, thus forming a peculiar hollow, with a small opening between the thumbs, to which he placed his thick lips. Then, blowing strongly, he produced a sound which, when heard rolling across the water, resembled very closely the whistle of a steam-boat. It was, of course, impossible that Crab's whistle should be so loud, but the pitch was precisely that of the whistle of the well-known "Warrior," and could easily have been mistaken for it.

The boys, who had ridden up and down the Mississippi many times and studied the actions of the pilot, knew most of the signals, and now utilized



ALL ALONE.

their knowledge in whistling to the unknown boat the signal which directed it to turn to the right, with a view of preventing a collision.

All this time the gleam of the steamer's lights was growing rapidly brighter, showing that it was approaching swiftly. It continued in such a direct line that the boys became seriously alarmed. A collision appeared certain, and in such an event, as Jack had truly said, nothing could save their raft from destruction.

Crabapple whistled harder than ever, and, as though to add emphasis to his signals, danced up and down and back and forth on the roof. The lights on the steamer still brightened, the glow being plainly seen from the top of the smoke-stacks, which were throwing off sparks in a manner which showed that she was toiling hard to make her way against the powerful current. Suddenly, the puffing of steam stopped, the tinkle of a bell was heard, and the captain, who had finally caught the signals of Crab, called out in an angry voice, wanting to know why the approaching boat had not her lights displayed.

"We have n't any light," called back Jack, "our lantern went——"

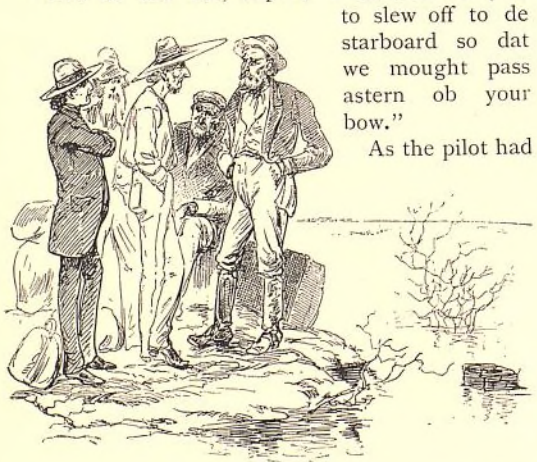
"Your lantern went out!" roared the captain, growing still more wrathful. "Have n't you got but one lantern on board your old hulk? Who are you, anyway? Where from? Where bound?"

"We 're the children of Mr. Archibald Lawrence," answered Jack, "with his servant, Crab Jackson, and we 're floating down the Mississippi on the roof of our house."

"But I heard the whistle of a steamer just now——"

Crab broke in with a loud laugh:

"Dat ar war me, cap'n; I blowed for you to slew off to de starboard so dat we mought pass astern ob your bow."



A CONFERENCE OF CITIZENS.—"IT 'LL BE HIGHER YET!"

As the pilot had heeded the signal and veered his boat toward the channel, the danger of collision, which had been so imminent, was now over.

"Shall we take you aboard?" asked the captain, whose feelings had undergone a change the instant he learned the truth.

"If you can, we wish you would," replied Jack; "but *can* you do it?"

It will readily be understood that such a rescue as the captain contemplated was almost impossible; the current was sweeping downward with such swiftness that a small boat, if it should be lowered and sent out, would find it almost beyond its power to stem the current; and this fact, taken in connection with the darkness of the night, greatly added to the difficulty and danger of the undertaking. If the steamer should drift down the river with the cabin, the boat might pass between them, but even then the risk would be very great.

Yet the rough-spoken though kind-hearted captain, ever ready to venture his own life to save that of another, prepared to make the attempt. But Jack was so strongly of the belief that they would thus run greater risks than they incurred by staying where they were, that he called to him:

"We 're much obliged to you, but we would as soon stay here till morning."

"Do you mean that?" called back the captain, who was not quite sure he had heard aright.

"Thanks, all the same, but we would rather wait till daylight," replied Jack. "Good-bye!"

"You 're a queer lot," was the commentary of the captain, as the two crafts drifted apart.

"Dat shows de needcessity ob keepin' awake," observed Crab, as he seated himself on his bundle of clothing.

"It shows that one of us must always be on the lookout," said Jack; "but we must have sleep at one time or another."

"*You* may need it, but *I* don't," replied Crab, in a preternaturally wide-awake tone.

For a half-hour more the cabin floated silently on through the darkness. Dollie still sat close to her brother, who presently noticed that her head was nodding. He gently lowered it so that it rested in his lap, and almost immediately she sank into profound slumber.

"I don't know that there is any need of both you and me keeping awake at the same time," said Jack, speaking to Crab. "I feel wakeful, and you may as well gain sleep while you—— Just what I expected!"

Crabapple Jackson was also in the land of dreams.

"Everything depends on me now," thought Jack Lawrence, at once realizing the situation. "I must, indeed, keep *my* wits about me."

But in less than half an hour he, too, unused to night-watching, and fatigued by the unwonted excitement of the day, had sunk into a sound and dreamless sleep.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BOUND FOR VICKSBURG.

"HALLO! HALLO-O-O!"

The call was repeated several times, and finally found its way in a misty and indistinct manner to the consciousness of the sleeping Jack Lawrence.

ON THE ROOF.

At first he thought it was a dream, and he muttered in his slumber. Then, as his senses gradually returned, he looked up.

"My gracious! I 've been asleep!" he exclaimed, gently lifting the head of his unconscious sister from his lap and laying it on the sack beside him.

Crab, of course, was still dreaming, and Jack shuddered to think how remiss he himself had been; they might have gone to destruction for all his care of them.

"Hallo-o!" again rang across the water, and Jack, with a suspicion that he had heard the voice before, called back:

"Hallo-o! Where are you?"

"Afloat, off here to the left of you, I suppose," answered the voice. "Who are you?"

Jack answered the hail as he had done that of the steamer, and his unknown interlocutor immediately exclaimed:

"Well, now, that 's too bad, for I 'm to blame for all this."

"How do you make that out?" asked Jack, in some surprise.

"I 'm Colonel Carrolton," was the reply, "and you know I advised you to wait till to-morrow before making a move."

"Yes, but you see I *could n't* wait," said Jack, who remembered the advice but too well.

"Are you all right?" asked the Colonel, who appeared to be in cheery spirits, despite his dismal situation.

Jack gave a brief account of what had taken place since the flood reached the doors of his house, and the effusive Colonel congratulated him on his good fortune.

"How are you fixed?" asked Jack.

"The same as usual — on a hen-coop," was the reply.

"Any other passengers?" asked Jack, with an irrepressible laugh at the ludicrous similarity of the Colonel's aquatic misfortunes.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "I 've got two — a fighting cock and a hen, and I shall try and take them through this time."

"Our stock is all drowned, I suppose," continued Jack. "But where are you going now?"

"To Vicksburg, of course," replied the Colonel, in a very matter-of-fact tone. "Every time after this that there comes a flood, I expect to go down there in this style. I shall tell my friends there to keep a lookout for a big hen-coop whenever the Mississippi rises; and, when they see one, they may make up their mind that I 'm somewhere about it. Shut up there!"

This last remark was addressed to the game-cock, which just then essayed a defiant crow — rudely cut short, however, by the Colonel, who compressed the bird's neck in such a manner that the salute was extinguished before it was fairly begun.

"I don't mind one blast," explained the Colonel, "but, when he starts, he never stops till he has crowed a dozen times or more, and I 'm tired of it."

"We heard a rooster some time ago," said Jack. "I wonder whether it was yours?"

"No," was the reply, "for I 've shut him off every time he started, till I think it 's time he began to feel discouraged. But it seems to me I 'm going down-stream faster than you are."

Such was undoubtedly the case — the space between them was growing perceptibly greater every minute. This was due to the fact that the Colonel had floated into a swifter current. Then, too, he was nearer the channel, though that would not have affected his speed under the present circumstances, when the expansion of the river was so prodigious.

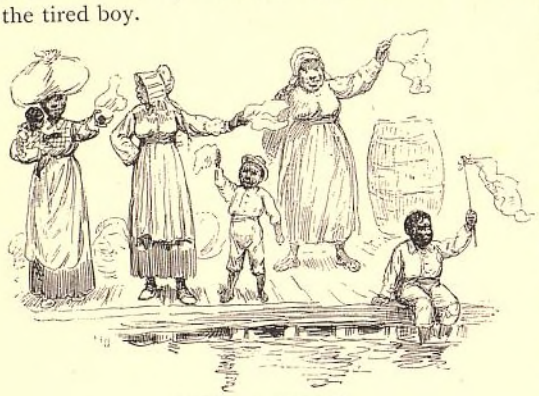
NARROW QUARTERS.

The Colonel, who had lived along the turbulent Mississippi until he was thoroughly accustomed to its moods, and who was one of those men who accepted every event of life with true philosophy, kept up a rambling but cheerful interchange of remarks with Jack, until the increasing distance made conversation too much of an effort. Then they shouted a good-bye to each other, and the curious interview ended.

Jack was so afraid of again falling asleep that he assumed a standing position, picking up the

gun and leaning on that, like a hunter absorbed in meditation.

"I never heard of a man who stood up without any support going to sleep, so I 'm safe so long as I don't sit down," was the logical conclusion of the tired boy.



HAILING A STEAMER.

A few words of explanation are necessary to enable the reader to appreciate the situation of young Jack Lawrence and his companions at this time. They were approaching a section of Arkansas bounded by the converging White and Mississippi rivers, and which was overflowed not only between these two mighty streams, but for a great distance on the western bank of the former and the eastern bank of the latter. The width of the submerged lands varied from ten to a hundred or more miles. The children were, as you see, really afloat on a vast sea, which was sweeping southward with great velocity, and bearing on its surface houses, cabins, barns, boats, trees, and everything else of sufficient buoyancy to float.

All around our youthful voyagers was engulfed in thick darkness. The sky was so clouded that not the first glimmer of a star nor the faintest gleam of the moon could be seen. There was little air stirring, though now and then a cool puff struck the cheek of the lonely watcher. As much of the water came from the country around the head-waters of the Mississippi, its coldness lent an unwonted chill to the atmosphere.

The surface of the Mississippi was comparatively smooth, though now and then something would produce a whirling eddy in the current, which would cause the waves to plash against the logs. But the sensation was as if the raft was standing still on the bosom of the mighty expanse of muddy waters.

Suddenly they were swept into a whirlpool, which began swinging the raft around with such velocity that Jack was greatly alarmed. It seemed as if the building had become a gigantic top, which spun about until the frightened lad became so dizzy he was forced to lie down on the roof to keep from rolling off.

Just as he was on the point of awakening Dollie and Crab, the floating building swung out of the whirlpool and acquired a steadier motion, though it continued to revolve slowly for a considerable time.

Jack had been so well shaken up that he was sure nothing could lull him to sleep again that night. But, through fear of losing himself, he prudently resumed his tiresome standing posture, grasping his gun as if he were prepared to "repel boarders."

Dollie stirred uneasily, and her brother noticed that she was talking in her sleep. As he stood close to her, listening, he presently caught the broken words:

"Good-night, Mamma — kiss me to sleep — there — good-night — kiss me, too, Papa ——"

Poor girl! In her dreams she was with her father and mother, though one had been in heaven many months, and the other was hundreds of miles distant, and wholly ignorant of the perils to which his children were exposed in these hours of darkness and wide-spread devastation.

Jack sighed deeply as he recalled the sad hour when he had kissed his mother for the last time, and the eyes which had always looked upon him

A FAMILY OF FOUR.

and Dollie with such fond love had faded out forever.

Many a time had the brave-souled fellow lived over the sorrowful moments, as he did now, and many a time, when no human eye saw him, the tears had silently trickled down his cheeks. He gave himself up for a time to the saddening memories, and then, with a great effort, tried to throw off the depressing weight.

Something cold struck the uppermost hand resting on the gun. It was a drop of rain, and he started and looked up.

"If a storm is coming, we shall be in a bad fix," he said, remembering, with a feeling of tender anxiety for his delicate sister, that they had no means of placing the slightest covering over themselves.

Fortunately, however, only a few drops fell. When the cloud from which they came had passed over, Jack drew a deep breath of relief, for he might well dread the discomforts and miseries that would be theirs in case of a fall of rain.

A long distance to the eastward, toward the Mississippi shore, a faint glow was now dimly visible, gliding along toward the northward. Listening attentively, Jack could faintly hear the throbbing noise made by the engines of another steamer which was laboring upward against the flood; but he would not have signaled to it, even had it been within hailing distance.

"I would rather stay where I am until morning," he thought, watching the glow-worm like light until it vanished in the darkness. "There's no saying where we may strike or what may happen to us; but, come what will, it's the best thing we can do."

The boy had no means of telling how long he had slept, but he rightly thought that it must be now after midnight.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A HAPPY PARTY.

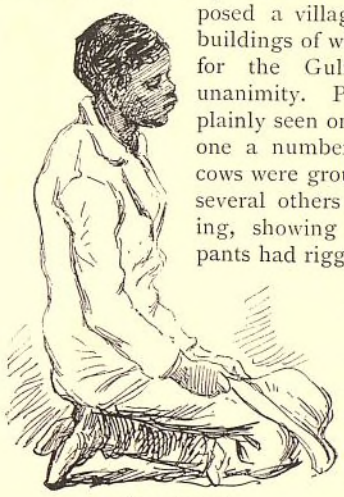
NEVER did the hours seem so dismal and long to Jack Lawrence as when floating down the Mississippi on that memorable night, keeping his lonely watch. Once or twice he started to pace back and forth, but his quarters were so narrow that he found himself in danger of stepping off; so he gave up the attempt.

But, with true grit, he never once sat down during those long hours. While Dollie and Crab were sleeping as soundly as though in their own beds, Jack continued his lookout for danger.

At last it began to grow light in the direction of the Mississippi shore, and presently, to his infinite relief, the beams of the rising sun illumined the vast waste of waters.

The scene presented to his gaze was one of desolation indeed. In every direction the turbid current bounded the horizon. For all he could see to the contrary, he might have been floating over the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, or even in the very center of the Atlantic itself. Nowhere could his straining eye catch the first glimpse of land; even the towering bluffs along shore were under water, and it was impossible for Jack to tell whether he was drifting over the real bed of the Mississippi, or whether he was fifteen or twenty miles from it. But one thing was certain: he was somewhere on the flood, which may have been fifty or a hundred feet deep under him, and he was being borne he knew not whither.

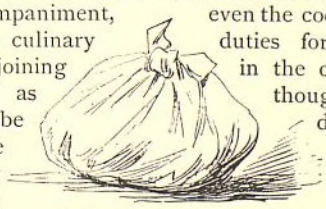
A long distance to the westward was a group of cabins floating downward together, looking, as Jack fancied, something like a flock of crows sailing across the sky. They undoubtedly had once composed a village or town, the buildings of which had started for the Gulf with singular unanimity. People could be plainly seen on the roofs. On one a number of mules and cows were grouped, while from several others smoke was rising, showing that the occupants had rigged up some sort of cooking arrangements.



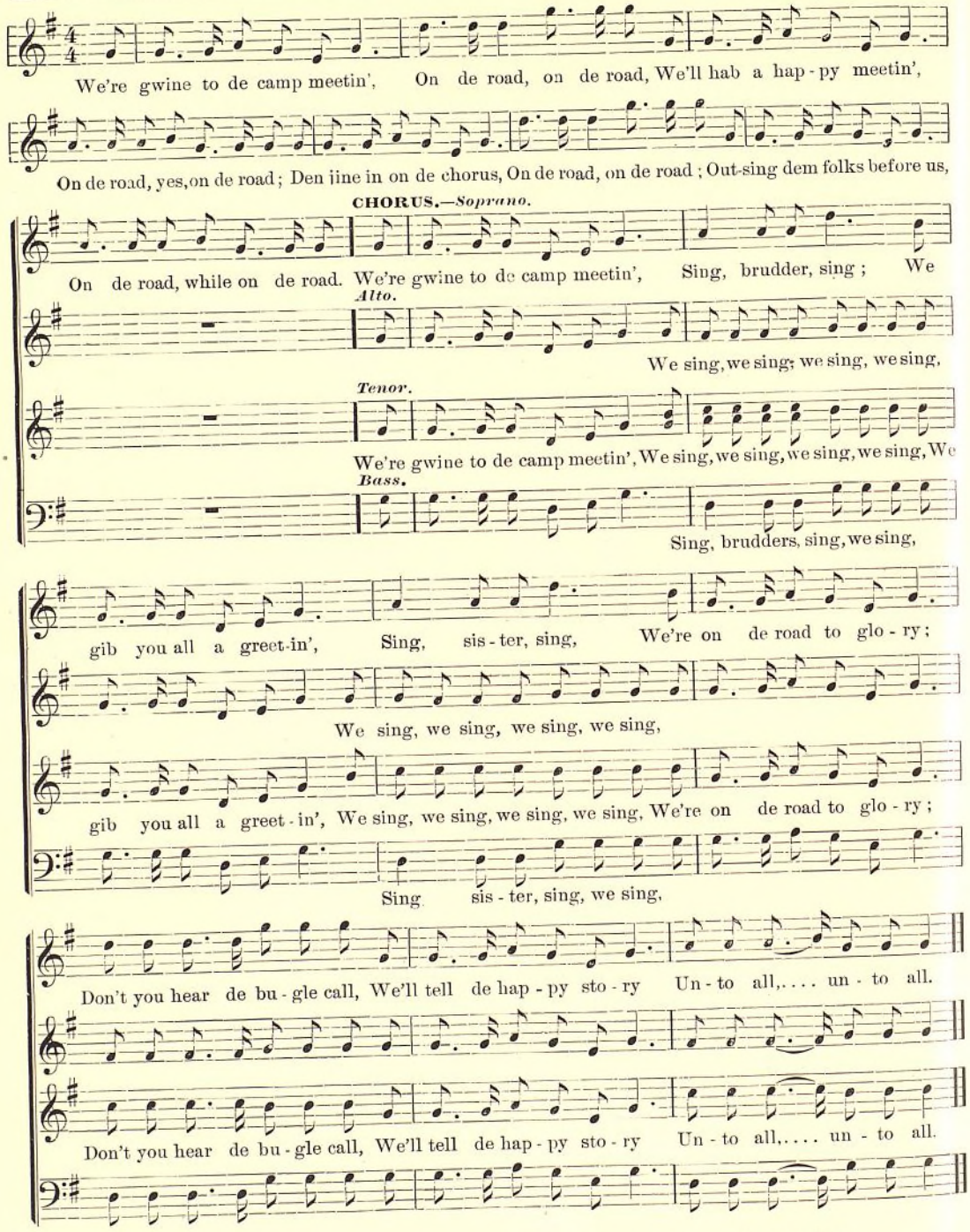
CRAB'S DEVOTIONS.

To the eastward were six or eight other cabins, the most of which had people on top — all negroes. The nearest house seemed to have fully a dozen. A fire was burning, and while one — a large, fat negress, with a red handkerchief tied about her head — was preparing the best breakfast she could under the circumstances, the others were singing and dancing as they used to on the old plantations before the war.

There were musical voices among them, which came floating pleasantly across the water, and altogether the scene was a strange one. Between each verse, a couple of barefooted darkeys, wearing immense flapping straw hats, danced a "double-shuffle" with tremendous vigor, while the brethren and sisters sang and swayed their bodies by way of accompaniment, even the cook, forgetting her culinary duties for the moment, joining in the chorus. It seemed as though there might be danger of the whole of them breaking through the roof; but it is doubtful if even the certainty of such a catastrophe would have checked the negroes when once they were fairly launched upon the flood-tide of their song. The following melody appeared to be one of their greatest favorites:



"DE BAG O' PERWISIONS."




Yes, on de road to glory,
On de road — on de road —
We 'll tell de happy story,
On de road — on de road;

Keep time unto de marches,
On de road — on de road —
We 'll shout frough heaben's arches —
On de road — while on de road.

[Chorus.]

Come, go wid us to heaben,
On de road — on de road —
Dar day shall hab no eben,
On de road, yes, on de road;
We 'll hab a happy meetin',
On de road, yes, on de road —
In heaben's own camp-meetin',
On de road — while on de road.
[Chorus.]

## CHAPTER IX.

### A CHECK.

JACK was looking toward the negroes and listening to their strange and impressive singing, when Crabapple Jackson gave a prodigious yawn, slowly opened his eyes, raised his head on his elbow, and then stared about him in a confused manner for several minutes. He presently came to himself sufficiently to inquire:

"Jack, is dem perwisions dar?"

"Yes; there 's the bag," was the reply.

"Wall," continued Crab, "does n't you tink dat dis am a good time to lighten de weight ob de bag?"

"I don't know but that you are right, Crab," responded Jack. "We 'll awaken Dollie —— Ah! she has saved us the trouble."

The little girl was indeed wide-awake. After a quick glance at her surroundings she recalled everything, and then, as was always her custom, bowed her head in prayer; seeing which action, Crab was recalled to his duty and did the same. Jack had already, before the others were awake, invoked the care of his Heavenly Father in the unknown perils that still awaited them.

Although the water did not look very inviting, the children leaned over the edge of the cabin and washed their faces and hands in the stream, after which they quenched their thirst.

"We 're better off than shipwrecked persons in one respect," said Jack, as Dollie began taking the food from the bag; "we can never die from thirst, as they often do."

"De Massissipp don't look wery invitin'," said Crab, "and when we fust come from old Kaintuck I war shuah dat I neber could drink it; but I hab got so now dat I kinder like it."

"There 's nothing strange in that," said Jack, "for river-men grow to like it better than anything else."

"'Ceptin' whisky," amended Crab.

"I mean, better than any other water, even that from the clearest spring," explained Jack. "Hark!"

The singing of the negroes on the nearest cabin had stopped some minutes before, but now one of them was heard speaking in a loud voice.

Looking toward them, the children saw that the whole party were kneeling, while one of their number, evidently an exhorter or preacher, was leading in prayer.

The scene was an impressive one, and our young voyagers could not but join them in spirit. The plea of the African was touching in its earnestness and simplicity. He had a rich, sonorous voice, which was mellowed and softened in its passage across the water to their ears.

The negroes must have been hungry, but this fact did not prevent their leader from making his petition as long and all-embracing as he was accustomed to make it when exhorting his brethren and sisters in their cabin at home.

Meantime, the three children began their own breakfast. Jack found it necessary to limit the extent of Crab's repast, or but little would have been left for the future.

"What 's de use ob bein' so partic'lar?" asked the disappointed darkey. "Like enuff dar 'll be some steamer along to-day and take us off, and den we kin get all we want to eat without starvin' ourselves now."

"There 's no danger of starving as long as we can get one meal a day, such as you have just eaten," said Jack.

"But don't you expect to be taken off to-day?" asked Dollie, as she carefully put away the remains of the meal.

"I hope so," answered her brother; "but there is n't any certainty. Don't you see that the river is so wide here that we can't begin to see either shore? The flood may stretch out fifty or even a hundred miles further, for we are not yet out of the lowlands of Arkansas."

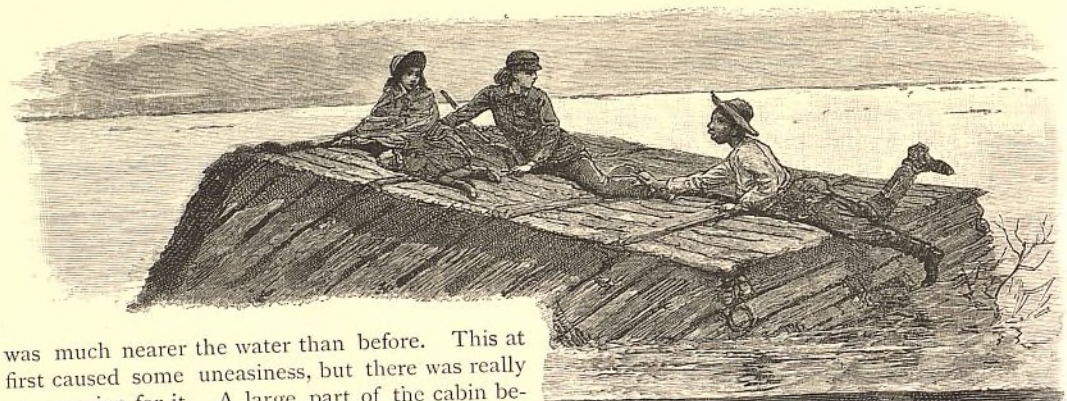
"What 's dat got to do wid de steam-boat taking us off?" asked Crab, with some sullenness. He evidently had no fancy for any theory, however plausible, that was likely to stand in the way of his seemingly unappeasable appetite.

"A good deal," said Jack, decidedly. "There are not half enough steamers on the Mississippi to cover such a lot of water. We may drift all the way to New Orleans before being picked up. That will take several days, supposing we are not delayed by any accident; and what shall we do in the meantime if our provisions give out?"

"And then," added Dollie, whose tender heart was always remembering others, "there must be a good many who have nothing at all to eat, and we may have a chance to share with them."

Crab found he was outvoted, and so said no more, though he looked longingly at the bag which contained the food, for which he seemed always to be craving.

Our young friends now observed that the roof



was much nearer the water than before. This at first caused some uneasiness, but there was really no occasion for it. A large part of the cabin beneath had been loosened so that it had come apart and floated away, leaving so much less to support them.

But had nothing save the roof remained, that alone would have sufficed to carry them safely, so long as no unexpected danger interfered.

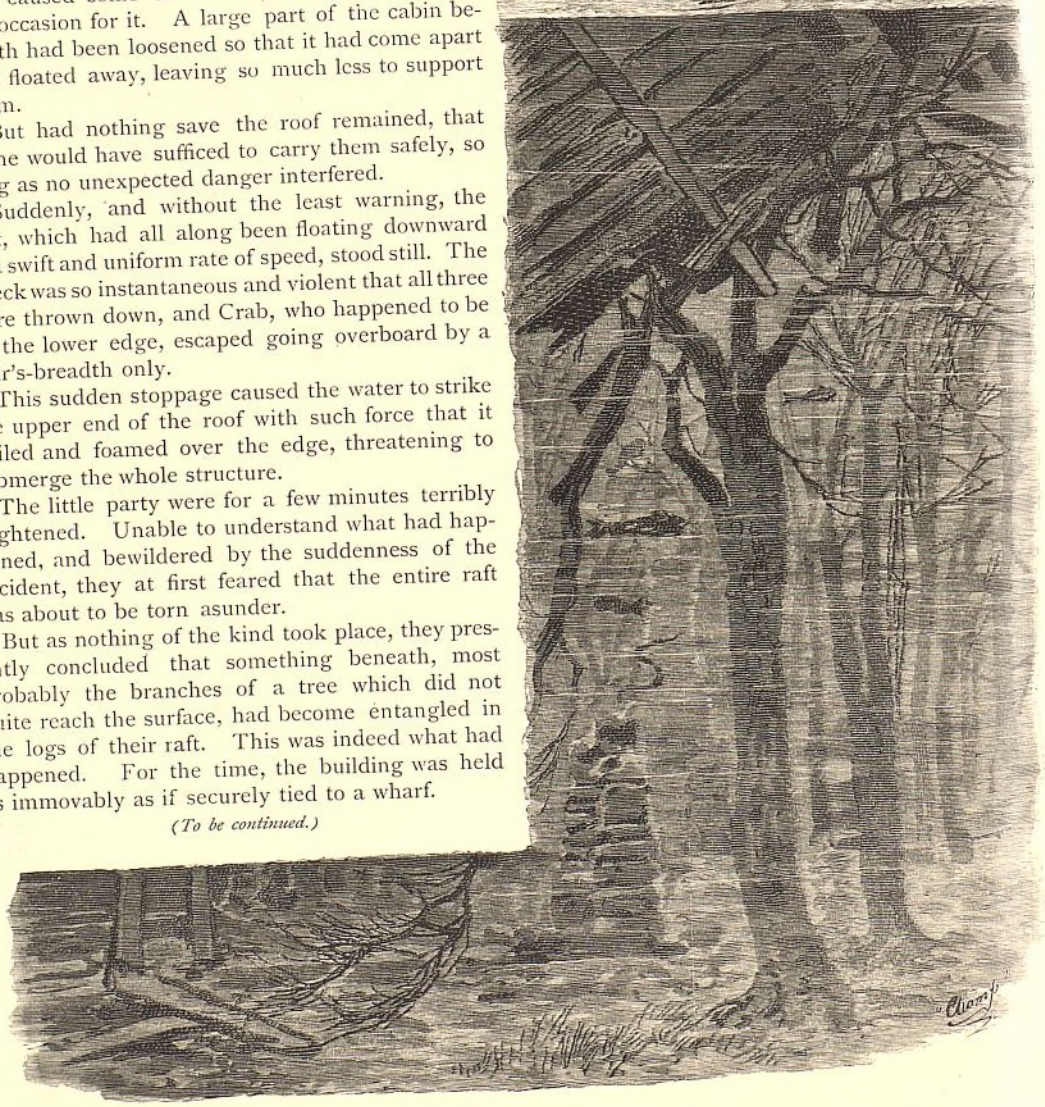
Suddenly, and without the least warning, the raft, which had all along been floating downward at a swift and uniform rate of speed, stood still. The check was so instantaneous and violent that all three were thrown down, and Crab, who happened to be on the lower edge, escaped going overboard by a hair's-breadth only.

This sudden stoppage caused the water to strike the upper end of the roof with such force that it boiled and foamed over the edge, threatening to submerge the whole structure.

The little party were for a few minutes terribly frightened. Unable to understand what had happened, and bewildered by the suddenness of the accident, they at first feared that the entire raft was about to be torn asunder.

But as nothing of the kind took place, they presently concluded that something beneath, most probably the branches of a tree which did not quite reach the surface, had become entangled in the logs of their raft. This was indeed what had happened. For the time, the building was held as immovably as if securely tied to a wharf.

*(To be continued.)*



# A GOOD MODEL.

By Ernest Ingersoll.

I HAVE lately been visiting a gentleman whom I should like to tell about. He lives on the banks of the Delaware River, not far from Trenton, New Jersey. The place was the seat of an old Quaker neighborhood long before the Revolution, and Washington's soldiers passed along its roads and crossed its fields many a time. And later, many men who became famous, particularly as naturalists, have lived or visited there.

The Delaware River below Trenton is bordered by very wide flats, known as "The Meadows." At one place, fully a mile from the river, a long, steep bank rises to the level of the farming-lands behind, and shows the ancient limit of the river-freshets. In a beautiful grove on the summit of this bluff stands the picturesque old home of my friend, with its group of barns and sunny gardens about it, and the broad grain-fields behind. Thus pleasantly placed for hearing and seeing what goes on out-of-doors, this gentleman has taught himself to be one of the best field naturalists in the world. By "field naturalist" I mean one who finds out the appearance and habits of plants and animals as they are when alive and in their own homes, and who does not content himself merely with reading what others write about them.

It is very delightful to talk with this gentleman, and to see how well he is acquainted with the birds and the four-footed animals of his district, all of which are under his jealous protection. He has half a dozen little "tracts" within a mile of his house, each of which is tenanted by a partly different class of plants and animals, so that there is never any lack of variety in his studies. The truth of this will not seem clear to you at first, perhaps, because you are accustomed to think that, in order to find any great diversity in outdoor life, you must search through great spaces of country. But my friend's farm would show you that a great many little differences are ordinarily overlooked, which, when you come to know them, are seen to be real and important. And this can be proven in one place about as well as in another.

For instance, it is easy to divide the estate I am speaking of into four districts, so far as natural history is concerned. First, there are the upland fields and house-gardens; second, the steep hill-side, grown dense with trees and tangled shrubbery; next, the broad, treeless, lowland meadows; and lastly, the creek, with its still, shaded waters, marshy nooks, and flowery banks.

Now, while there are many trees, bushes, and weeds that are common to all these four districts, it is also true that each of the districts has a number of plants and animals that are not to be found in the others. You would not expect to get water-snakes, muskrats, or any wading birds on the high fields behind the house, nor do the woodchucks, quails, and vesper-sparrows of the hill-top go down among the sycamores by the creek. One quickly gets a hint here of the great fact that any species of animal or plant may be spread over a whole State, or half the continent, yet, nevertheless, be found only on that kind of ground which is best suited to it. One of the first things a naturalist has to learn, therefore, in respect to an animal whose habits he wishes to study, is what sort of surroundings it loves, and he will be surprised, particularly in the case of the smaller creatures, to learn how careful animals are in this matter, since upon it, as a rule, depends their food and safety. There are certain snails, for example, which my friend finds in one corner of his farm and never anywhere else. A pair of Bewick's wrens have lived in his wagon-house for some years, but they are the only pair in the whole county. It would be no use for him to look anywhere than on his bush-grown hill-side for the worm-eating warbler, the morning warbler, or the chat, though his gardens up above entice many other birds. Similarly, if the bird called the rail decides to make its home on his land, it will not settle along the creek, but in a marshy part of his meadows. I might mention a large number of these examples, but these will suffice.

For more than twenty years my friend has been diligently studying this single square mile around his house. One would think he knew it pretty well by this time, and he does — better, I believe, than any other square mile is known in the United States. He can tell you, and has written down, a hundred things about our common animals which are real news; yet he thinks that he has only begun, and is finding out something more every few days.

Here is an instance:

Forty years ago, or more, a small, brightly spotted turtle was described as living near Philadelphia, and two miserable specimens were sent

to Professor Agassiz. It was called Mühlenberg's turtle, and since then not one has been seen until last summer. My friend was always on the lookout, never failing to pick up or turn over every small turtle he met on the meadows or along the creek, and examine whether the marks on its under shell were those of the lost species. Finally, one of the ditches in the meadows was drained off to be repaired, and there, within a short distance, were picked up six Mühlenberg turtles! If you go to Cambridge, Mass., you can see four of them alive and healthy to-day. They could easily have gone out of that ditch into other ditches, and so into the creek; but, if they ever did, they have succeeded for twenty years in escaping some pretty sharp eyes that would have been very glad to see them.

This little incident has a moral for us in two ways. One is, that often the apparent rarity of an animal comes from the fact that we don't know where to look for it; and the other, that it takes a practiced eye to know it when we have found it, and to take care that it does n't get lost sight of again. Practice your methods of observation, then, without ceasing. You can not make discoveries in any other way. And the cultivation of the habit will be of inestimable advantage to you in many ways.

This is the merest hint of how, without going away from home, by always keeping his eyes open, a man, or a boy or a girl can study, to the great advantage and enjoyment not only of himself (or herself), but to the help of all the rest of us. I should like to tell you how patiently the naturalist watches the ways of the wary birds and small game he loves; how those sunfish and shy darters forget that he is looking quietly down through the still water, and go on with their daily life as he wants to witness it; how he drifts silently at midnight, hid in his boat, close to the timid heron, and sees him strike at his prey; or how, concealed in the topmost branches of a leafy tree, he overlooks the water-birds drilling their little ones, and smiles at the play of a pair of rare otters, whose noses would not be in sight an instant did they suppose any one was looking at them. But I can not recount all his vigils and ingenious experiments, or the entertaining facts they bring to our knowledge, since my object now is only to give you a suggestion of how much one man may do and learn on a single farm in the most thickly settled part of the United States.

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TRIO OF NATURALISTS: "How now? Six legs! And a dwarf, at that!"

## A LITTLE LADY.

By Lizzie L. Gould.

I know a little lady
Who wears a hat of green,
All trimmed with red, red roses,
And a blackbird on the brim.

She ties it down with ribbons,
Under her dimpled chin:
For oftentimes it 's breezy
When she comes tripping in.

She 'll drop a dainty courtesy,
Perhaps she 'll throw a kiss;
She brings so many hundred
That one she 'll never miss.

With laughing, sunny glances
She comes, her friends to greet:
There 's not another maiden
In all the world so sweet!

Her name? The roses tell you!
'T is in the blackbird's tune!
This smiling little lady
Is just our own dear June!

## ON THE REFUGE SANDS.

By Frank R. Stockton.

"Rather an inhospitable refuge," said Rob Clinton, with a laugh—"ragged rocks for those who come from the sea, and bare sands for those from the land."

"Yet it is when we are among ragged rocks and bare sands," said Mrs. Eustace, who stood by him, "that we want a refuge, you wise boy. And there is the house, which is the real refuge."

"I was n't thinking of the house," said Rob; "but perhaps, on a stormy night, it might be better than the rocks and sands, though at present I don't think so. But Mr. Eustace is calling us. He and the girls have regularly gone into refuge on the piazza."

The Eustace party, which now found itself in a lonely "House of Refuge" for shipwrecked sailors on the Atlantic coast of Florida, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace, their nephew Phil, with his two sisters, and Rob Clinton, Phil's school-fellow and best friend. They were taking a trip down the Indian River in two sail-boats, and the captain and owner of the larger of these two boats—the "Wanda"—had selected this place as a very suitable spot at which to moor their craft and pass the night. For a hundred miles or more the party had heard the roar and moan of the ocean on the other side of the narrow strip of land which separates the Indian River from the Atlantic. But, until now, they had not crossed the barrier. Here the high bank of sand and rock on which the "House of Refuge" stood was so narrow one could almost throw a stone from the quiet waters

of the river into the roaring surf on the other side.

The keeper of the Refuge, a young man named Norman, who, with his wife and child, lived in this lonely house, met the visitors with a glad welcome. He had little to offer them save the shade of the broad piazza which fronted on the ocean; but this was all they wanted, and, on his part, it was delightful to him to see again some human beings from the outside world.

Our party remained on the beach until long after sunset. Mr. Eustace was not strong, and he sat upon the warm sand; but Mrs. Eustace and the girls, with Rob and Phil, wandered about among the great twisted and jagged rocks, at the foot of which the waves rolled and tumbled. The unceasing roar of the incoming surf, the splendors of the setting sun reflected on the eastern sky, the great pelicans swooping along over the crests of the breakers, and the far-stretching ocean itself, made a scene so grand and impressive that our friends could not bear to tear themselves away. Darkness had almost set in, and the good-natured captain of the "Wanda" had three times called them to supper before they would leave the beach.

In the evening, by Norman's invitation, they came up to the house and sat in what he called his parlor, a large, bare room, furnished with a desk and some rickety chairs and stools. This house had once been a life-saving station, Norman told them, but it was now simply a place of refuge and shelter for sailors and other shipwrecked persons who might be cast upon this beach. Above and below, at distances of a few miles apart, sign-boards were set up on the beach, on which were painted, in two or three languages, directions by which the House of Refuge might be found. In the second story of the long, low building were a number of small beds, and the Government kept here always a goodly supply of hard bread and salted meats.

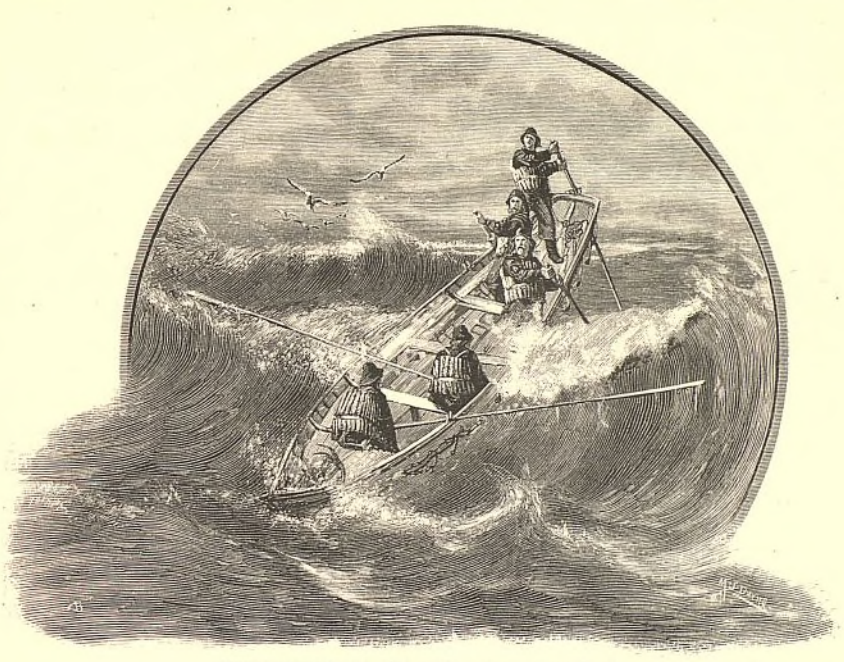
"In the boat-house down there," said Norman, "are two life-boats. They are of no use now, as I am the only man at this place. All I can do is to take care of any poor fellows who are lucky enough to get themselves ashore from a wreck. But it is n't often we have wrecks on this coast, and if it was n't for a hunter or fisherman now and then, and the people on board the supply-ship when that comes along, we should be pretty hard up for company."

When our friends went down to their boat, about nine o'clock, they found that the air had grown colder and that a strong wind was blowing from the sea. The boats lay under the lee of the land, but their occupants were a good deal rocked that night, for the wind grew stronger and stronger. In the morning, Captain Silas told the party that he expected to tie up at this place all day. There was a big storm coming up, and the Indian River in a gale was no place for a top-heavy boat like the "Wanda."

After breakfast, everybody went over to the beach. There, for the first time in their lives, they saw a real storm at sea. It did not rain, but the sky was full of scudding clouds, the water was in wild commotion, and the waves dashed high over the rocks on which the young people had stood the evening before. The wind and the spray soon obliged Mr. and Mrs. Eustace and the girls to go into the house, where they watched the stormy scene from the windows. But Phil and Rob put on their heavy coats, and remained upon the beach. Rob was a tall young fellow, with a full chest, and big muscles on his arms. He was fond of base-ball and boating, and delighted in athletic sports and outdoor life. Phil was of slighter build, and, though healthy and active, had distinguished himself much more in the study of the classics and mathematics than in boyish games and exercises. Still, it must not be supposed that, because he did not excel in these latter pursuits, he did not care to do so. Like many another boy of spirit, he was just as anxious to perform those manly deeds to which he was little used, and which were not expected of him at all, as to be thought proficient in his studies. For instance, it would give him as much pride and pleasure to successfully sail a boat in a stiff breeze as to work out the hardest problem in differential calculus. He was of a quiet disposition, and had had little opportunity of engaging in what are called manly exercises. But he had a manly spirit, and often envied Rob the dash and courage that carried him at once into the front of every sport and adventure. Rob frequently took the tiller of the "Mary," the smaller boat on which the boys generally sailed, when Joe Miles, the boatman, was busy forward. Phil, too, would have liked nothing better than to take his turn at steering, but somehow it had never occurred to Joe to ask him, and Phil was too sensitive to offer his services; still, he could not help feeling a little sore that Joe should never think of him as a person who could steer a boat.

The storm continued, the wind growing stronger as the day progressed, and finally even the boys were glad to take shelter in the house. About noon Norman called the whole party out on the porch. "Look out there!" he cried, pointing over the tossing waves. Plainly in sight for an instant, then lost behind the heaving billows, then up again in view, was seen the hull of a large vessel, apparently two or three miles from shore.

"She was a three-masted schooner," shouted



THE LIFE-BOAT IN THE SURF. (SEE PAGE 615.)

Norman, "but she 's a no-masted one now. She is driving before the wind right on shore!"

"Do you think there is anybody in her?" cried Mrs. Eustace.

"I reckon so," answered Norman. "She seems all right, except that her masts are gone. The storm is worse out at sea than it is here. I reckon we 're only on the edge of it."

"Will she be driven on these rocks?" asked Mr. Eustace, the noise of the surf making it necessary to shout the words into Norman's ear.

"Can't say," answered the keeper. "She 's more likely to come in a mile or two below here."

"And what will you do then?" asked Rob, eagerly.

"I 'll go down and help all I can," returned Norman.

"And we 'll go with you!" cried both the boys together.

Mr. Eustace and the girls now went into the house, but Mrs. Eustace, well wrapped up, remained on the porch with the boys and Norman, where Silas, the captain of the "Wanda," with the colored man, his assistant, and Joe Miles, soon joined them.

The wind now shifted, blowing more directly from the east, and the men predicted that the vessel would come ashore close to the house.

"Shall you get out a boat?" asked Rob.

"If she comes in here there wont be any need of boats," Norman answered. "She 'll drive right up on the rocks in front of us. The water is deep enough, a dozen yards from low-tide mark, to float a big ship at any time. She 'll come close in, if she comes at all."

"Then what she has got to do," said Silas, "is to drop her anchors as soon as she gets in soundings. If they hold where the water is deep enough, she may be all right yet."

On came the dismasted vessel, tossing, pitching, and rolling, and making almost directly toward the House of Refuge.

"She is American," said Norman. Except these words, no one spoke, but with rapidly beating hearts all stood and watched the incoming and helpless vessel. The captain of the schooner evidently saw his only chance of safety, for, when apparently but a few hundred yards from shore, a man was seen to throw a lead, and very soon afterward two anchors went down, one at the bow and one at the stern.

Now came a moment of intense anxiety. Would the anchors hold?

On came the vessel. "She 's got to let out cable!" said Norman, and in a few moments her shoreward course was arrested. She rolled and pitched, but came no nearer the dreadful rocks.

"They 're holdin'!" cried Silas, as he waved his hat above his head, and if it had not been for the noise of the surf his voice could have been heard on board of the vessel, where many men could be seen about the decks.

"But there 's no knowin' how long they 'll hold," said Norman. "Them breakers are givin' them an awful strain."

"Is n't there any way of saving those people?" cried Mr. Eustace, coming out in great excitement.

"She 'd be all right if she could hold out till the storm is over," said Silas.

"But if one of them anchors or hawsers gives way," said Norman, "the other wont hold her, and she 'll come smashing right on to these rocks! What the people on that vessel ought to do is to get on shore as soon as they can; but there 's not a boat on her davits. She 's been caught in some sort of a cyclone, and everything has been swept away."

"Can't you go out in one of these boats and take the people off?" said Mr. Eustace.

"I 'll go out in the small boat," said Norman, "if these men will help me; and then, if we can bring some of the crew ashore, we can man the big life-boat and take them all off, if there is time and the boats don't capsize."

"I would go with you in a moment," said Mr. Eustace, "if I was strong enough to pull an oar."

Everybody was now on the piazza, and the general excitement was so great that even the girls did not seem to notice the fierce wind and the spray which every minute or two swept in from the sea. The men on the vessel, apparently to the number of fifteen or twenty, were scattered about the deck, holding on to parts of the wreck, and all anxiously gazing toward shore. Now and then one of them waved a handkerchief or a cap. It was very likely that, seeing the boat-house and the larger building, they judged that this was a life-saving station,—perhaps some of them knew that it used to be such,—and they, doubtless, wondered why the boat had not already put out to their rescue.

"If you three men," said Norman, addressing Silas, Joe Miles, and the negro Tom, "will each take an oar, and one of these young gentlemen will steer, we 'll get out the little boat, and pull to the schooner."

"We 'll go," said Silas, speaking for himself and the other two, "but I reckon these young men 'll be afraid to venture out in a sea like that."

"Afraid!" cried both boys in a breath. And then Rob added, "There is no danger of our being afraid, is there, Phil?"

"Well then, if one of you 'll go," said Norman, "we are all right." And he hurriedly led the way to the boat-house.

Mr. Eustace and the girls retired into the house; but Mrs. Eustace, filled with the excitement of the moment, drew her shawl around her head, and followed the men. It did not take long to run the small boat out of the boat-house, and over the smooth sand to the water's edge; then the men buckled on their life-preservers, four oars were quickly put aboard, the row-locks fixed, the rudder shipped, and she was ready to launch.

"Now, which of you is going?" cried Norman.

Phil said not a word, but his eyes sparkled.

"Can't we both go?" asked Rob.

"No," said Silas, who stood nearest, "there 's no need of two, and the other one would just take up the room of a man from the wreck. The boat is small enough, anyway."

"Come, hurry up!" cried Norman, who had taken hold of the side of the boat, "and make up your minds which of you is goin'. It is enough to make you afraid, I know; but one of you promised to go, and you 're in for it now! Jump in, one of you, and we 'll run her out!"

The men now stood, two on each side of the boat, ready to push her out behind the next outgoing breaker. Just at this moment there came through the storm the first sound that had been heard from the ship. It might have been the scream of a bird or an animal, but it sounded wonderfully like the cry of a child.

"There is a woman on board," groaned Mrs. Eustace. She saw the flutter of her dress.

Whatever this cry was, it seemed to send a thrill through every person on the beach. The men, who had already pulled the boat out so far that the water dashed about their legs whenever a wave came in, turned around and looked angrily at the boys. Phil made a step toward the boat; then he stopped, and looked at Rob.

There was nothing in the world that would have given Phil such intense delight as to go out in that boat, and help rescue the crew of the disabled ship. No hero of chivalry had a braver spirit than he. No knight had ever desired more earnestly to plunge into the battle than he desired to steer that boat.

Rob's blood was boiling. For the first time in his life he had been looked upon as a coward, and the injustice of the thing stung him to the heart. Such an adventure was something that suited him exactly, mind and body. In the excitement of the moment he had no more fear of those wild waves than of the rippling waters of a pond.

He, too, made a step toward the boat, and as Phil looked up at him their eyes met. Rob knew exactly how Phil felt. He saw that he was trembling with fierce desire to go in the boat, and yet he knew the boy would never push himself forward to a place to which he thought he had no right.

The storm of undefined emotions which had been raging within Rob now suddenly ceased. He spoke to Phil, but his voice was hoarse and unnatural.

"Get in," he said.

"Do you mean it?" cried Phil, with a quick flush upon his face.

Rob nodded; and in a moment Phil had secured a cork belt about his waist and was in the stern of the boat. A wave rose beneath the boat, waist-deep into the water ran the men, and then they clambered in and seized the oars.

"I thought the big fellow would 'a' gone," muttered Joe Miles. And that was all that was said.

Rob stood and watched the boat as eight strong arms pulled it away in the very face of the in-rolling breakers. Then his legs seemed to grow weak beneath him. He felt he had given up the only chance he would ever have of doing the thing that of all things in the world he would most like to do. He sank upon his knees on the sand, and put his hands before his face. The water washed up close to him, and the spray dashed over him, but he did not notice anything of this.

Presently he felt a touch upon his shoulder. He looked up, and saw Mrs. Eustace standing over him. In an instant Rob sprang to his feet.

"Mrs. Eustace," he cried, with glowing face, "I was n't afraid!"

The lady took the boy's hand in both of hers. "Rob," she said, "I never had a brother; but, if I could have one, I should like him to be a fellow just like you. You need n't tell me anything about it. I know why you did it."

Now came Mr. Eustace and the girls hurrying to the spot. They had been astonished to see Phil going off in the boat.

"I had thought," said Mr. Eustace to Rob, "that you would go. You are so much larger and stronger than he is."

"He can steer as well as I can," said Rob, with an attempt at a laugh.

Phil's sisters turned their tearful and reproachful eyes on Rob, and Mr. Eustace was about to speak, when his wife interrupted him.

"Come here," she said, "and you girls too. I want to speak with you." And she took them apart.

In half an hour the boat returned, bringing three men of the crew and the captain's wife and baby, Phil still proudly sitting in the stern and steering. The little boat was run upon the sand, and the seven men hurried to the boat-house and brought out the larger life-boat. In ten minutes it was afloat, six men at the oars, and Captain Silas at the helm. Before sundown every living being, and some of the clothing and property of the crew, had been safely brought to shore.

The storm continued all night, and, before morning, the hawsers of the schooner parted, and she was driven ashore a short distance below the House of Refuge. She was beaten to pieces on the rocks, and when daylight appeared the beach for half a mile was strewn with her broken timbers and the flour-barrels which formed a part of her cargo.

Phil was the hero of the occasion, for everybody agreed that no fewer than four men could have rowed that first boat out to the wreck; and it would have been hard and doubtful work for them without some one to steer. Mr. Eustace and the girls thoroughly understood the whole affair, but they were no less proud of Phil. After all, he had gone out in the boat.

As for the captain of the wrecked schooner, which was an American vessel, bound from Baltimore to the West Indies, his gratitude and that of his wife was so great that poor modest Phil longed most earnestly for the gale to subside, so that the sail-boats might continue their journey. But the wind, though much abated, was still so high that the prudent Captain Silas saw that he would have to remain at his present moorings until the next day, and the younger members of our party found occupation enough in watching and assisting the efforts of the rescued crew to save the boxes and barrels that the sea had thrown, or was throwing, on the sands and among the rocks.

The next morning broke bright and clear, with a fresh but moderate breeze, and, after breakfast, the "Wanda" and the "Mary" were made ready to continue their trip down the river. Just before the larger boat, on which the whole party was then assembled, had cast loose from the little pier, the captain of the wrecked vessel came on board. He held in his hand a scarf-pin, surmounted by an ancient golden coin or medal.

"I have n't much of value," he said, "but this is a curious Moorish coin which I got in Madrid, and I want to give it to the noble boy who came through the storm to help save me and mine." And, handing the scarf-pin to Phil, he turned and stepped ashore.

That afternoon, when the two sail-boats were many miles from the House of Refuge, Rob was sitting at the open end of the cabin of the "Wanda," writing in his journal on the little folding shelf which served as a table. Phil and the girls were on the other boat, and Mr. Eustace was taking a nap. Presently Mrs. Eustace arose from the camp-stool on which she had been sitting, and went up to Rob. She took from her pocket a silver fruit-knife, which she laid on the note-book before him.

"I have n't much of value," she said, "but I want to give this to the noble boy who did n't go through the storm to save anybody."

Captain Silas had been watching this little scene from the stern. "I 've been thinkin' that that might be about the rights of it," he said, with a smile.

## FOR A GREAT MANY NEDS.

BY EVA L. CARSON.

WHEN Ned was a baby—oh, ages ago!
(Well, that is, a matter of six years or so)
There once was a wonderful talking.
From upstairs and down-stairs every one ran,
When Mamma called: "Come, Susan! Look, Mary Ann!
The most wonderful thing since the world began!
Oh, look! Come! See!
*Neddie is walking!*"

But to-day a more wonderful thing you may see,
For now a bold youngster called Ned climbs a tree,
Plays at ball, tag, or shinney (and beats at all three),
And is ever in mischief and riot.
And when this astonishing thing the folks spy,
To one and another they wond'ringly cry,
While amaze at such accident fills every eye:
"What a marvel! *Here 's Ned sitting quiet!*"

## THE FRESH-AIR FUND.

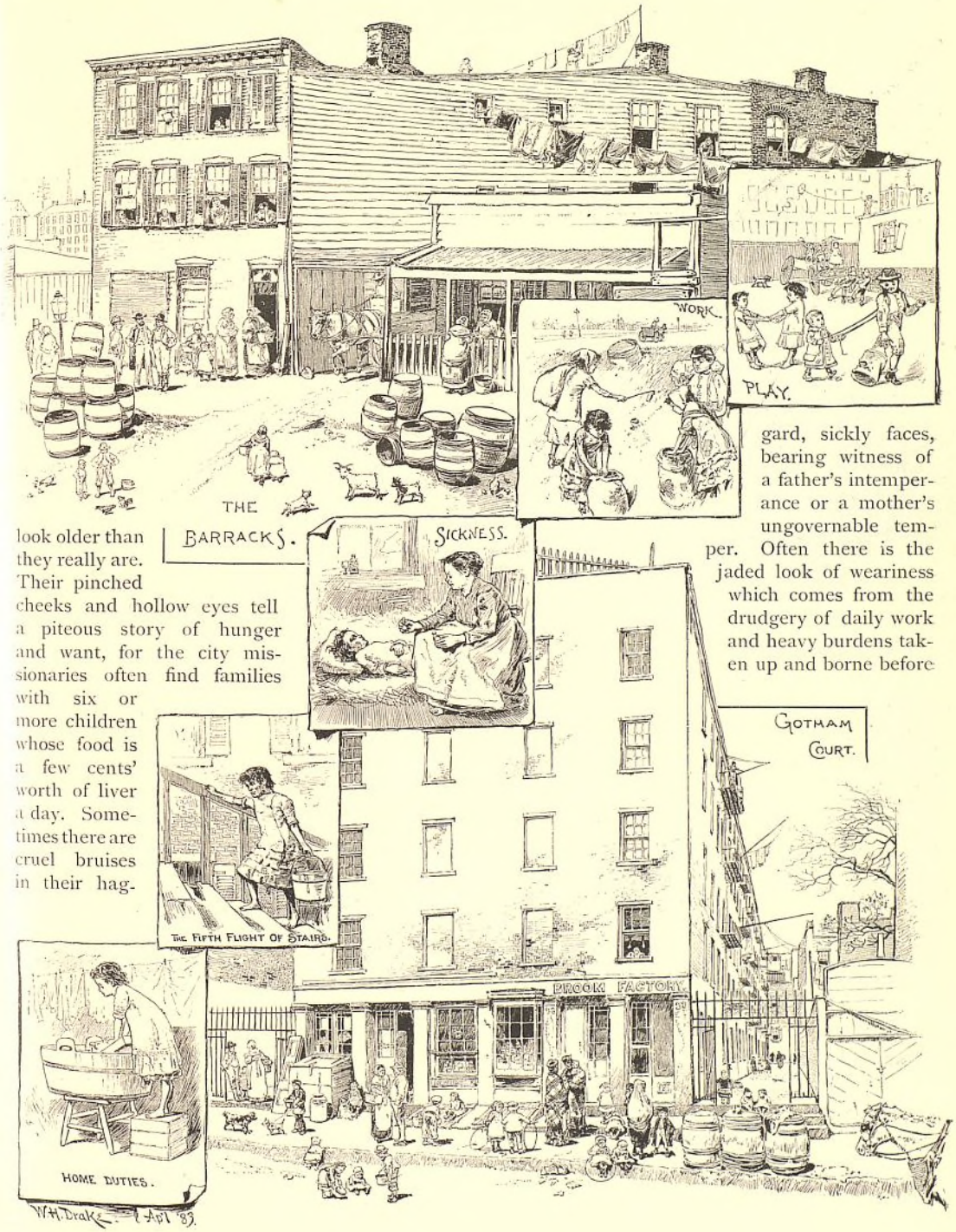
BY I. N. FORD.

CLOSE by the river, at the foot of a dismal street, stands a big shed, in which eighteen families eat and sleep. It is a quarter of New York where decent people are seldom seen. On every side there are shanties and rookeries, and the air is heavy with sickening smells from slaughter-houses. Dirt is everywhere: a foul ooze of garbage and standing water in the gutter; solid layers of dust in dark entries which are never scratched by a broom; heaps of unclean straw serving for pillow and bed in the closets which are known as bedrooms; and thick coatings of grime, ancient and modern, on the hands and faces of the children swarming about the door-ways, as well as in the shreds, tatters, and patches with which they are scantily clothed. The midsummer sun heats up the piles of refuse until they steam with foul vapors, which are caught up by the windows; and when the doors leading into the halls are opened for a draught of fresh air, there is a stifling sense of closeness and dampness, which makes the babies sneeze and the mothers cough. The long wooden building, with its three floors and rickety staircases, is so unsteady and tottering that one who watches it in the noontime heat of a July day fairly holds his breath, expecting to hear a sudden crash and to see its ragged roof and dingy walls fall to pieces, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

That ugly shed is known as "The Barracks." Rubbish heap though it be, it contains within its patched and slimy shell eighteen homes, with as many as sixty children. On each of its three floors there are six families, and no household has more than two rooms, one of them being barely larger than a closet, and as dark as night even in the day-time. In those two rooms the cooking and washing for the family are done, and at night the father, mother, and sometimes as many as six or eight children, have to sleep close together, like sardines in a box.

"The Barracks" is one of the tenement houses where the children of the poor live all the year round. It is a long way from that dismal rookery to Cherry street, on the East side, where as many as one hundred and twenty families are lodged in "Gotham Court," once one of the most hideous tenement houses in the city, but now greatly improved. Between those two landmarks, and from one end of Manhattan Island to the other, there are tenements of all kinds and grades for half a million or more poor people. Among them are many well-kept mechanics' floors, where the halls are scrubbed once a week and the children oftener, and where there are carpets, pictures, easy-chairs, and many signs of thrift and comfort. But there are also thousands of cheerless and comfortless homes, where the poor lead lives of misery and want—rear tenements where the sunlight can not enter, rickety garrets as dark as a pocket, damp cellars and foul stable-lofts, where a breath of fresh air can never come, let the winds blow as they may.

The children in these tenement houses always




look older than they really are. Their pinched cheeks and hollow eyes tell a piteous story of hunger and want, for the city missionaries often find families with six or more children whose food is a few cents' worth of liver a day. Sometimes there are cruel bruises in their haggard, sickly faces, bearing witness of a father's intemperance or a mother's ungovernable temper. Often there is the jaded look of weariness which comes from the drudgery of daily work and heavy burdens taken up and borne before

there is strength to bear them. In one way or another their looks belie their age. They are children who have been cheated out of their childhood In their rags, patches, and everlasting smudge, they are the little old men and the little old women of the tenement world.

The childhood which accords with their years, if

REV. WILLARD PARSONS.

not with their faces, can not be permanently restored to them, for poverty is their birthright, and every season brings with it privations and misery. But if they can be helped to be children for two weeks in the year, the memories of their holiday and the renewed health which it gives to them will make them younger as well as healthier and happier. If, when the scorching midsummer sun falls with a white glare upon the thin roofs and flimsy walls of their tenement homes, the children can be taken out of the narrow closets where they sleep, and the steaming gutters where they swarm like big black flies, and set down in the center of the children's play-ground, which is the country, a new glow will be kindled in their cheeks, and they will be the children they were meant to be — not little old men and little old women.

Now, this is the work of what is called "The Tribune Fresh-Air Fund." People who are rich or have moderate means furnish the money for the children's traveling expenses, sending it to "The Tribune" newspaper. Last summer there were more than fifteen hundred generous persons, many of them children themselves, who gave money for this purpose, the contributions amounting to $21,556.91. With this sum, 5599 of the poor children of New York were taken into the country, given a holiday of two weeks, and carried back to their tenement homes. While their traveling expenses were paid by the contributors to the Fund, the children were the invited guests of farmers and other hospitable people living in the country. During the spring, seventy-five public meetings were held in as many villages in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Vermont, and other States, and arrangements were made with committees and clergymen in as many other localities; and when the kind-hearted entertainers in the country were ready to receive them, the children were sent out from the city in large companies, and distributed among the villages. The farmers' wives never knew whom to expect, although they always had timely notice as to how many were coming and when to meet the little visitors at the railway station. The children in setting out on their journey did not know where they were to spend their fortnight's vacation, but sooner or later they found themselves separated from their traveling companions and trundling in a farmer's wagon over a country road toward what was to be for a few happy days their home; and although they had to tell their names and their ages when they reached the farm-house, and everything was strange and new to them, they always found a motherly woman bustling about and trying to make them feel at home.

The manager of the Fresh-Air Fund is Willard Parsons, a bachelor clergyman, who has adopted the poor children of New York for his own. Hale and hearty, with a ruddy face and an eye twinkling with good humor, he has a heart brimful of kindness for neglected children, and the energy of twenty men. He it was who devised this simple and effective plan of entertaining in the country the poorest of poor children living in New York and Brooklyn. The experiment was tried six years ago, when he had a country parish in Pennsylvania, and now he is making this the business of his life. His work has already been crowned with success. The first year, sixty children were taken into the country. Last year, 6000 children had an outing in green fields and pastures new. It is a charity as popular as it is beautiful, for every heart is touched by the sorrows of neglected childhood.

The children are selected by those who spend their lives in working for and among the poor. Last year, Mr. Parsons was assisted by more than two hundred physicians, clergymen, city missionaries, Bible-readers, and teachers, and use was made of the principal benevolent societies and charitable institutions, the design being to extend aid only to those who required and deserved it. All that was asked of the mothers or friends was that the

children under their charge should be clean when they started. Now, in tenement houses, water seldom runs above the first and second floors. Families living in the remaining floors have to carry water upstairs in pails, and consequently use it sparingly. The children are not encouraged to keep themselves clean from day to day and week to week, so that something besides a surface washing is required when they are prepared for their summer travels. They have to be steamed, scraped, scrubbed, and shaken; and as their mothers either will not or do not know how to be thorough in this process of renovation, the work is sometimes done at mission-houses and institutions. The transformations wrought by soap and water are often startling. One of the little girls at the Five Points, who did not recollect ever having had a bath in the course of her short career, caught a glimpse of her small self in a fragment of looking-glass, and gave expression to her emotions in the exclamation: "Oh! I 'se been born again, just like Eve!" In this way, some of the ugliest children of the street are gradually bleached into comeliness and decency, and when they are clean, perhaps for the first time in their lives, they are arrayed in new clothes provided by the institutions. Often maternal pride, when the child is washed and

PREPARATION.

dressed at home, produces a faded ribbon or a bit of cheap finery. When these finishing touches are neglected, the dresses of the girls are carefully ironed, and the boys' ragged and thread-bare suits are neatly patched and sponged. So clean and tidy are they, as with eager, excited faces they set out on their holiday journey, that it is often hard for bystanders to believe that these are indeed the children of the poor. But they are the poorest of poor children, and are carefully selected by those who know them and how they live.

One of the largest parties sent out last summer left the city on the afternoon of July 5th. For an hour before the steamer's paddles began to move, troops of from twenty to forty children, conducted by Mr. Parsons's volunteer aids, had been filing across the wharf; and, when the last whistle was blown, four hundred and seventy little travelers were mustered in the cabins and on the decks. Each child wore a badge, and carried either a bundle of clothes or a carpet-bag, much the worse for wear; but there the common points of resemblance ended and variety began. There were all sorts, sizes, ages, and tempers. There were veterans in holiday travel, who, having had an outing the previous year, knew all about it and were ready to abash their companions with their superior wisdom. There were shy little toddlers, to whom this was a terribly new experience, and who seemed to be uncertain whether they would find any place like a bed in that great cinder-mill of a steamer, or any person like a mother in the wonderful country whither they were going; and apparently this feeling was shared by a few of the mothers themselves, who clung to the little ones with sobs and kisses, unwilling to let them go, even for two short weeks, although they knew it would be for the best. Then there were tall, awkward girls, painfully conscious of the fact that they were wearing their best clothes; wide-awake boys bent upon exploring the hold and mounting to the wheel-house; timid figures cowering silently in corners where they would not be observed; bolder spirits elbowing their way through the throng and making all manner of racket; and wistful little faces, which seemed to have been waiting for a day's pleasure from their birth, and to have found it, at last, this merry day. It was a strangely assorted company of sad and joyous, listless and active, dull and intelligent, sickly and vigorous boys and girls. Every face was glowing with anticipations of happiness. Every little figure was quivering with excitement. "Is this the country?" piped a sweet voice, before the steamer had fairly swung out of her dock and headed up-stream. Not yet, little one; for, see, yonder is "The Barracks" showing its dirty face among the slaughter-pens, and higher up are the hovels of "Shanty-town." But have patience, for the country is coming soon!

What a wonderful voyage that was! How the children romped, sang, and screamed as the steamer glided by the dingy piers, and green banks and tall trees came into view! How quickly the lunches were whipped out and pocketed in those hungry mouths! How many bewildering sights there were for those tenement eyes — vessels drift-

ing by, trains whizzing in the distance, and, at last, real mountains towering above them! How unwilling they were to be put to bed, and when they were once tucked in and the madcaps had been cautioned to hold their tongues, how quickly they all were sound asleep, the girls in the cabin and the boys forward! What a scramble there was when the first urchin rubbed his eyes and found out that it was morning, and that he was on a steam-boat with 469 other children, and not in a close, stuffy tenement house! What a famous breakfast they had, when the boat landed at Troy and kind-hearted Shepard Tappen led them into a great room, where there were seven long tables, with cold meats, hot biscuits, cookies, oranges, and a glass of milk at each plate! And then came what was to most of them a first ride on a railway train. Seven cars packed with children bowled along through Saratoga and Ticonderoga toward the villages on the west shore of Lake Champlain, where the farmers were waiting at the stations for the expected guests. And now, little one, whose voice piped so sweetly opposite "The Barracks," this is the country; and it is the real country, with flowers and berries, with farms and cows and chickens, with woods and squirrels, with tumbling brooks and pickerel pools, and with great mountain masses looming up in the distance!

This was the first of the holiday journeys. As the season advanced, parties of children were sent out in rapid succession, sometimes as many as eight starting in a single day. From June to mid-September the children were entertained in as many as one hundred and sixty villages in the Mohawk Valley, among the Catskills and the Berkshire hills, on the Connecticut and the Sound, in New Jersey close at hand, and as far away as Bennington and the Adirondack woods. The average distance traveled by each child in going and returning was 360 miles, and the manager of the Fund has made the interesting calculation that the aggregate number of miles traversed by the children would have enabled them, if they could have gone on a straight line, one starting where another left off, to go around the world eighty-five times!


SAYING GOOD-BYE ON THE WHARF.

Whether the children traveled by boat, train, or stage, whether they went north, east, or west, they had a common destination. That destination was the country. Those who had been sent out in previous seasons knew what to expect. To the others it was a vague but glittering idea. "What

is it like, anyway?" was a serious little maiden's eager question on the cars between the great depot and Harlem bridge, when her chance acquaintance on the opposite seat was boasting that she had been there twice before on the poor children's excursions. "Oh! there 's cows," was the quick response; "and then there 's apple-trees and big mountains and chickens and kind folks; and there 's big rooms to sleep in, and there 's always lots to eat, when they blows the horn; and they blows it frequent!" This crude bit of description appealed to the imagination of the demure little questioner, who had never seen either grass or trees outside City Hall Park. She opened her eyes very wide, and bobbed up and down on the cushioned seat after the manner of little people who are in a state of ecstatic expectancy. Some of the boys, who had been taken to the country early in July, when the apples were green and unripe, might have left them out of the summary of country delights. "Don't talk to me," said one of these experienced boy-travelers on one of the river boats, "about apples as grows on trees. Did n't I climb a tree and bite into 'em as soon as I got there? and was n't they sour though! Just give me a good sweet apple as grows in a barrel in town!" But if the apples were not always ripe, the berries were; and if the mountains were sometimes only hills, the country was always a cool and shady place — a land of cow's milk and the milk of human kindness, a land of plenty.

The children generally reached the farm-houses in the evening, and were too tired to do more than stuff their small selves at supper and then crawl into their beds. In the morning they found themselves in large, airy chambers, very different from the close closets in which they were accustomed to sleep in town; and their beds were so soft and comfortable that they would have been late to breakfast, if curiosity had not tempted them to bestir themselves and find out what sort of place the country really was. The barn-yard was always the first object of interest, and if there were children in the farmer's family, they would take charge of their little visitors from the city tenements, laughing merrily at their exclamations of bewilderment. A brown-faced country girl, in a sensible sun-bonnet and plain frock, would show a group of shy and awkward city girls, in fantastic, made-over, and patched-together attire, how to feed the chickens, the youngest child hanging back half-afraid, and being thrown into a flutter of excitement whenever a rooster crowed or a vigorous hen flapped her wings. At the other end of the barn-yard a sturdy country lad would give a puny tenement boy a first lesson in milking, smiling at his pupil's dread of the cow's hind feet, and bursting into a roar when the little voice would ask: "I say, mister, is she milk all the way through?"

The visitors invariably found out at breakfast that country milk was something very different from tenement milk. It was neither blue, thin, nor watery, but fresh and rich. "It 's more like good bread and butter than milk!" said one pale-faced little invalid, who found it to be, indeed, both meat and drink. Many of the children, however, were unable to enjoy it during the first few days, being accustomed to diluted milk. "It 's too strong!" they would exclaim, and then look wistfully at the teapot: for the children of the poor are invariably given what their mothers term "messes of tea" in the tenements. Country milk soon found its way to their hearts as well as to their stomachs, and long before the vacation ended they were ready to take it whenever it was offered to them. Indeed, if some of the wayside stories are to be credited, their education in this respect was completed on the first day's journey. At Albany, for example, where a party was entertained at a large restaurant, eighty quarts of milk were drunk by eighty-six children in fifteen minutes.

Before the first breakfast came to an end, the waifs of the New York streets were like members of the farmer's household, and from that moment until it was time to go back to the city they were contented and happy. The number of genuine cases of home-sickness among the six thousand children taken into the country last year could be counted on the fingers of a single hand. The bewildering pleasures of country life, the flush of health following the change of air and diet, and the unwearied attentions of those who were entertaining them, combined to make this fortnight the happiest ever known in those bare, neglected lives.

The boys naturally took to the water like so many Newfoundland puppies. Wherever there were brooks and quiet pools they were to be seen, at any hour of the day, fishing, swimming, and wading. One bright-eyed little sportsman, who had provided himself with two formidable bean-shooters, gravely asked his host if the woods back of the barn were "gamy." All the boys took an intense interest in the farm dogs, the woodchucks, and gray squirrels, and even the tiny field-mice and tree-toads. Riding horses bareback to the watering trough was esteemed one of the highest privileges; but what a newsboy described as "the boss fun of all" was driving a load of hay. When the big countryman gave him the long whip and directed him to start up the oxen for the barn, while the little ones on the hay-cart were eying him enviously, it was decidedly the most important

moment of that newsboy's life, no matter how many dreadful murders and startling fires he had cried in the streets of New York.

The boys were always saying queer things, which convulsed the jolly farmers with laughter. "Who watered those plants last night?" asked a little fellow at Guilford, catching a first glimpse of dew on the grass. "My eye! what big lemons!" was an exclamation called out by squashes in the garden. "I say! who owns all the robins round here?" was another amusing question. At Old Lyme, an urchin could not repress his astonishment when he saw a man digging potatoes in the field. "Have n't you any barrels in your cellar?" he asked, contemptuously. "Why do you keep 'em stowed away in the ground that way?"

The girls outnumbered the boys two to one, the farmers' wives having a decided preference for them. They were more domestic in their tastes, but as happy in their quiet way as their noisier and more venturesome brothers. They were interested in the work of the dairy and the other household occupations; they were never tired of playing croquet in the front yard; they gathered wild flowers in the woods, and clapped their hands with delight whenever they found a ground-sparrow's nest in the meadow; and they went berrying every day, always contriving to fill themselves with wild strawberries, or blueberries, even if they did not have leisure to heap up their baskets.

Some of the smaller girls took their rag-dolls with them into the country, and were happiest when they could play by themselves in some shady place. One little maiden near Essex was not distressed when she found that she had no playmates in the house. She had her doll, and that was company enough. She chose a sheltered corner of the front yard as her nursery, and every morning went out to sing her dolly to sleep, her favorite lullaby being a popular religious hymn. Across the road lived a country lad of her own age, who at once began to annoy her by repeating her music in a high key, with numerous variations. For two days she paid no heed to her troublesome neighbor. On the third, her blood was roused. She propped up her doll against a post of the fence, marched across the road with flashing eyes, and cuffed her audience of one boy about the ears. "Now, just see here!" she exclaimed. "I came here for two weeks' fun, and I mean to have it!" The boy fled riotously, and the moral effect of the demonstration was marked. The sturdy little maiden was suffered to have her fun in peace and quiet until it was time for her to return to the city.


The farmers, surprised by the intelligence and good manners of their guests, and moved to compassion by the stories of city life which were told, bestirred themselves to fill the cup of holiday pleasure until it should be brimming over. They purchased hammocks, croquet sets, sometimes even velocipedes, for the use of the children. Long drives over country roads were arranged for them;

fishing parties were formed, and river and lake excursions were planned; luncheon was often served in the woods; and on the sea-board they were taken to clam-bakes and allowed to bathe in the surf. In many instances, all the families entertaining children in the same village united in a combination picnic in the woods, with a bountiful luncheon supplied from the kitchens of the farm-houses, and ice-cream served from the country hotel. At one village on the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, seventy-five children were entertained in this way; and at Whitney's Point there was an ice-cream festival.

At Maple Grove, near Bennington, where Mr. Trenor W. Park (by whose recent death the poor children of New York have lost a most generous friend) entertained several large parties, the children found what was to them an earthly paradise. An old-fashioned farm-house, with piazzas on three sides, stood in the center of a park of one hundred and seventy-two acres. A gravelly path led from the porter's lodge to the porch; a crystal spring, a bubbling brook, a rustic bridge, and a summer-house were to be found under the maples and

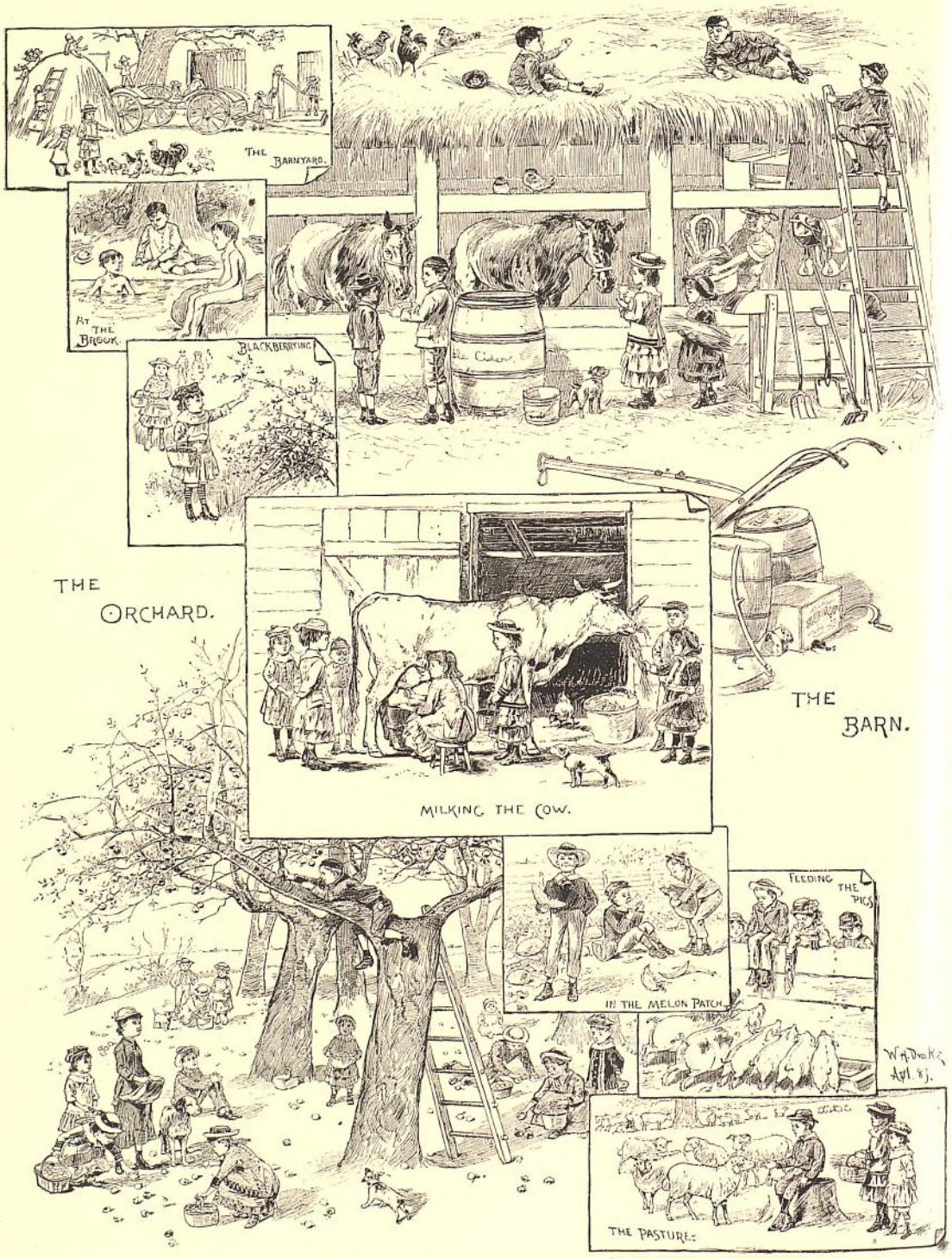
The Determined Little Girl.

pines; and in the background was a great orchard with a vista of meadow and woodland. A matron and several servants were placed in charge of the house; a physician kept his eye upon the children; there was a cabinet organ for use in Sunday services in the large parlor; and in September great fires of pine logs blazed in the open fire-places, and


[SEE PAGE 626.]

stories were read or told to the children in the long evenings. Happy days were these for the little ones of the tenements! Not only the happiest they had ever known in their meager, neglected lives, but sometimes the only happy days.

But they were days that were numbered — one to fourteen! As the day for the return to the city drew nigh, faces would lengthen and sighs and groans would be heard. "Must we go, rain or shine?" the boys would ask; and it was evident from their manner that they would gladly take the risk of a brisk tornado or a deluge of rain, if the methodical Mr. Parsons's arrangements could be upset and their stay in the country be prolonged for a week. But never a tornado nor a deluge intervened in their behalf. Rain or shine, the wagon would drive up to the door, the muslin bags stuffed with presents for the folks at home would be stowed away under the seats, and the children would be forced to say good-bye to their kind entertainers, the smallest ones sometimes sobbing as if their hearts would break. Waving handkerchiefs and hats to those left behind, they would

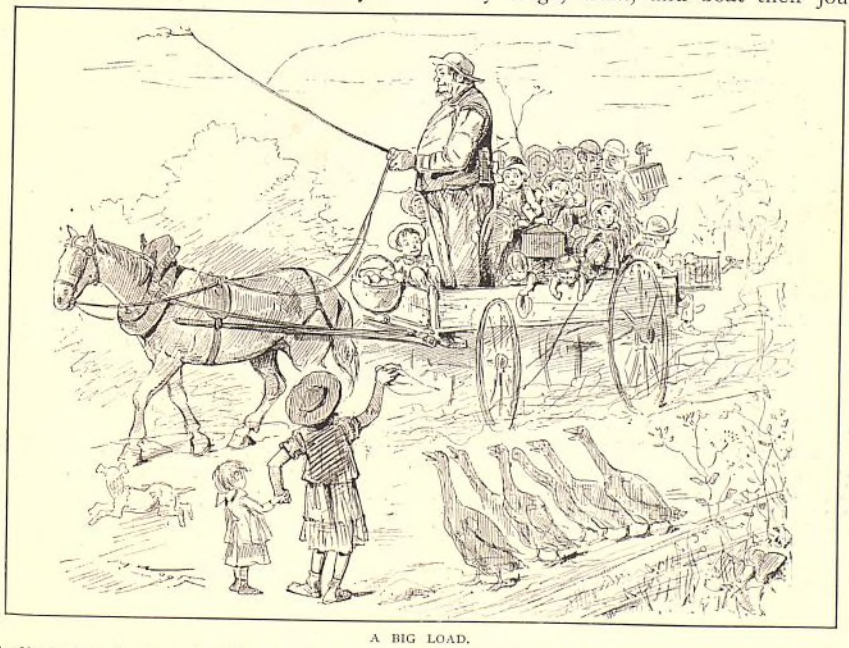


crane their necks at the first turn in the road to get a last glimpse of their country paradise; and

DECORATING THE PIGS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

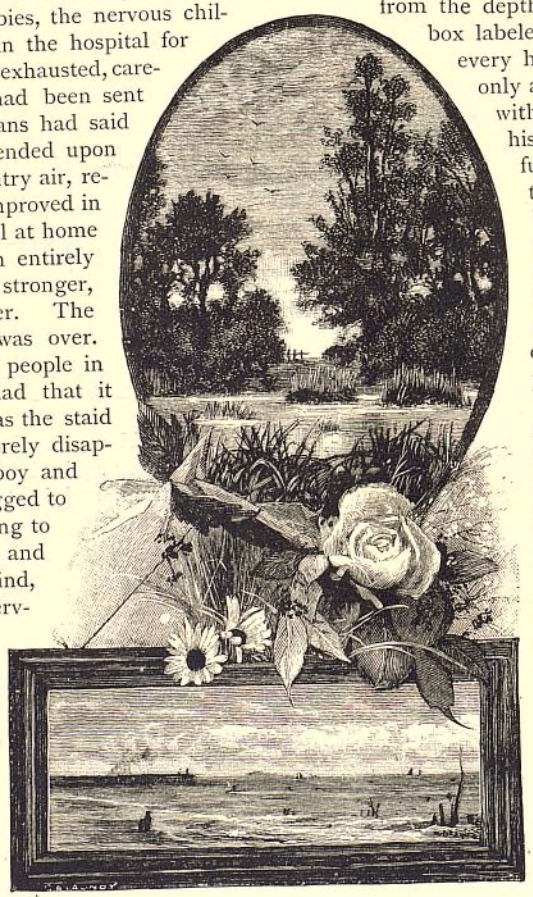
then they would be homeward bound to "The Barracks," to "Gotham Court," and to "Shantytown." Homeward bound, their cheeks ruddy with health, their little heads stored with precious memories, and their arms loaded with plunder — packages of pop-corn and bags of butternuts, baskets of fresh eggs and strawberries, bundles of clothing, boxes of vegetables, sometimes even a brood of chickens, or a gray squirrel securely caged.

By stage, train, and boat their journeys were retraced, and when they arrived at the wharf or depot in New York, what exclamations fell from



A BIG LOAD.

the lips of those who met them to take them back to mission-school, asylum, or tenement! Pale, sickly faces had grown as brown as russet apples. The lean, hungry look had gone. Sad, wistful faces had lapsed into content. The hollow-eyed, listless maiden, who had explained to her hostess on her first morning in the country that she never could eat any breakfast at home, because there were six of them in two rooms and she had to sleep on a mattress close by the cooking-stove, came back plump, rosy, and cheerful. Some of the children seemed to have nearly doubled their weight. The sick babies, the nervous children who had been in the hospital for months, and many an exhausted, care-worn mother, who had been sent away because physicians had said that their lives depended upon their having the country air, returned wonderfully improved in health. They were all at home again, many of them entirely reclothed, every one stronger, fresher, and happier. The children's vacation was over.



Some of the good people in the country were glad that it was over. There was the staid deacon, who was sorely disappointed when the boy and girl at his house begged to be excused from going to church one Sunday, and greatly horrified to find, at the close of the service, that they had taken advantage of the occasion to invade the pig-pen with a pot of black paint, and touch up every ear and tail in a new litter of little pigs. He was glad to have such mischievous children go back to town. Then there were a few weary farmers' wives, who had listened too credulously to the exaggerated accounts given by the children of their city homes, and become painfully oppressed with the thought that they were being imposed upon. But these instances of dissatisfaction were rare. As a rule, the children's conduct was excellent and their departure was viewed with keen regret. Here and there a child was adopted by a farmer's family, or given a home for six months or a year, and often the vacations were prolonged a second or even a third fortnight at the request of the entertainers. The pathos of neglected childhood softened many a heart. There was the motherly little maiden who, accustomed to looking after her agile brother, discovered on the second day that he had shed a button, and sedately produced from the depths of her pocket a large pill-box labeled, "For Johnny. Take one every hour." The hourly dose was only a button, which she proceeded with great earnestness to sew on his jacket, but the child's thoughtfulness and sweetness touched the sympathies of every member of the household. In many ways the children transplanted from back alleys to green fields have exerted a good influence upon those who were generously contributing to their pleasure.

As for the little ones themselves, they were always sorry to have their vacation over, but they consoled themselves with the reflection that what had happened once might happen again. They were right, for this is surely one of those works of mercy which appeal to every heart in town or country, and which will flourish year after year.

"What do you think Heaven will be like?" asked a teacher in one of the city mission-schools during the autumn.

"Oh, I know! I know!" exclaimed the smartest girl in the class, her face brightening with a look of delight,—"It will be like the country!" Perhaps she had seemed thankless and indifferent while she was there, but the country remained in her mind, a blessed and restful thought.

# A BEAUTIFUL CHARITY.

By Margaret Johnson.


"A DISTANT PATTER OF DANCING FEET."

I.

A summer morning, cool and fair;
A whisper soft in the sunny air,
And a sound of rippling laughter.
A distant patter of dancing feet;
A chorus of eager voices sweet,
And a happy silence after.

II.

A motley, merry crowd of youth,
With garments ragged and worn, forsooth,
But never a step that lingers.
Lads and lasses in laughing bands,
Babies that hold to guiding hands,
With clinging, anxious fingers.

III.

Faces merry, or grave, or sad,
Lit up with expectation glad—
  Where are the children going?
Away from dust, and noise, and heat,
The bustling city's narrow street,
  With crowded life o'erflowing.

IV.

To sunny fields of daisied grass,
Where cool the fitful breezes pass
  Above the blossoms leaning.
Where, far from walls and boundaries,
With birds and butterflies and bees,
  They learn the summer's meaning.


V.

Under the wonderful blue sky,
The mighty arms of tree-tops high,
  In green woods arching over;
Where spicy perfumes lightly stray,
In breezy meadows of new-mown hay,
  And fields of purple clover.

VI.

On sandy shores beside the sea,
Where roll the tides incessantly,
  And dancing ripples glisten;
Where whispering shells repeat the tale
The ocean thunders in the gale,
  To rosy ears that listen.

VII.

Sorrowful, wistful, patient eyes
Grow bright with rapturous surprise,
  Or soft with happy wonder,
And cheeks as white as the winter snows
Blossom in tints of brown and rose,
  The summer sunshine under.

VIII.

Wise Mother Earth to sad young hearts
Her choicest gifts of all imparts,
  Their careful thoughts beguiling;
She breathes her secrets in their ears—
Their eyes forget the smart of tears,
  And catch the trick of smiling.

IX.

They learn sweet lessons, day by day,
While speed the wingéd hours away,
  In gray and golden weather;
They find, in flower or bird or tree,
Faint gleams of the beautiful mystery
  That clasps the world together.

X.

Perchance some serious, childish eyes,
Uplifted to the starlit skies,
  Read there a strange, new story;
And dimly see the Love that holds
The round world safe, and o'er it folds
  The mantle of His glory.


XI.

A distant patter of dancing feet,
A chorus of happy voices sweet,
  Amid the summer splendor.
Glad voices, rise through all the land!
Reach out, each little sunburned hand,
  In greeting warm and tender,

XII.

To those whose thoughtful hearts and true
Have lightened lovingly, for you,
  Your poverty's infliction;
And on each helpful spirit be
For this—the lovely charity—
  The children's benediction!

# WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. VI.

## SILK-CULTURE ASSOCIATIONS.*

By C. M. St. Denys.

Boys like to know what boys can do. Let me tell you what a few Philadelphia boys have done. "The Boys' Silk-Culture Association of America" has a large room over a corner store in Philadelphia. You might suppose from the name that it is a large company. But it has only five members. These members, however, are so active and devoted that they have made their enterprise not only successful but well known throughout the country.

Hearing that they were glad to see visitors, we called. In the shop-window some of the boys' work was displayed — a frame of light wood, with silk-worms feeding on mulberry leaves, some cocoons in jars, and others in the little paper cones where they had been spun. There was, also, a pamphlet for sale at twenty-five cents, which had on its cover the modest statement, "Compiled by the Boys' Silk-Culture Association of America."

We were quite disappointed on being told that the "Association" was out at the park gathering mulberry leaves; but we were all the more curious to see it. An Association that would travel two or three miles to the park to gather fresh leaves for its silk-worms must be worth seeing.

So we called again, and this time were fortunate enough to see the President of the Association himself, a bright-looking boy of about fourteen years, who showed us the various apparatuses, and explained everything very politely.

The center of the room was occupied by a large stand of about five tiers of trays, made of light wooden frames, with a net-work of twine tacked on them.

"They were not hard to make, but they took a tremendous lot of tacks," said our informant.

Here lay sheets of paper covered with the little grayish eggs, not as big as a pin-head. On some the eggs had hatched, and the little brown worms were already feeding on the leaves which the boys had chopped fine for them. Each paper had the date of the hatching marked on it, so as not to get worms of different ages mixed.

"This is a very late brood," explained the young silk-culturist. "It is a lot of eggs we sent to Paris for in a hurry, because we had more orders for eggs than we could fill from our own raising, and they were delayed."

"So you boys have dealings with foreign business houses?" we inquired. "Do you correspond in French or English?"

"In English," was the reply. "And we have sent orders to Japan, too. We never have any trouble about the language. I suppose the houses from which we order have persons in their employ who understand English. The French eggs are the best; but the French are careless in making up their packages. When we send for an ounce of eggs, we don't want old wings and legs of moths and bits of leaves mixed up with them. Not long ago I wrote to ask what they meant by sending us such light weight. They replied that it was 'French weight.' And that was all the satisfaction I got."

We suggested that it must be a new denomination of French weight that had not got into the tables yet: "Several hundred moth wings and legs make one ounce of silk-worm eggs."

He laughed, and proceeded to show us some full-grown worms that were preparing to spin. Picking one up gently, he showed us its legs and eyes and breathing-holes; explained about the invisible little spinnerets on each side of its mouth; and afterward showed us a chrysalis and a moth, so as to give us a clear idea of the insect from the beginning to the very end of its existence.

Then he showed us his jars of cocoons, looking like fresh pea-nuts, and the twists of reeled silk, softer, finer, and more shining than the most beautiful golden hair, and a piece of satin, with the initials "B. S. C. A." embroidered on it in silk of "our own make."

It was interesting to watch the caterpillars feeding. In the last stage they are smooth and whitish, and two or three inches long. We fancied we could actually hear them chewing, they ate so greedily.

"No," explained the young President; "that is only the crackling of the leaves as they are pulled over each other. But they are great gluttons. They seem to eat all the time. No matter how early I am up, I find them at their breakfast, and I leave them eating at night."

"Do they never sleep?" we naturally asked, on hearing this.

"I never saw them at it. And, by the way the leaves disappear during the night, I don't think they take much time for sleep even then. But they

* See also the article on "Silk-Culture for Boys and Girls," in St. Nicholas for January, 1883, page 225.

can sleep enough in their cocoons. Now see them crowding together in the corner of the tray. They will do that, no matter how often we separate them. I suppose they are like people. When one finds something good, the others flock around to share it."

Here a worm in the center of the tray stood up on its tail and waved its head from side to side.

"What does that mean?" we asked. "Is he tired of eating at last?"

"Yes; he is ready to spin now," and the boy carefully dropped the worm into a paper cone, where it at once began to spin its delicate threads and fasten them on the paper. "Some people let them spin on twigs," he added, "but we like the cones better. We made them in the evenings last winter."

Sure enough. There were piles of the little paper cones neatly stacked on a shelf.

A worm now tumbled over the side of a tray. The boy stooped to pick it up and replace it. He was gentle, even with a worm.

"Every cocoon counts for something," he said. "We can't afford to lose even one."

At one side of the room stood the reel which the boys had invented and made themselves.

"You wont find a reel like that anywhere else," said the President, with pardonable pride. "When I planned that I had never seen a silk-reel. Of course, I knew the principle, and worked according to that. And I got a carpenter to make the wheel, but the rest we did ourselves. It works very well, too. We sand-paper the part the silk is wound on every time we use it."

Then he showed us the very first silk they had reeled, and a specimen of the later reelings, which an expert had pronounced equal to the best.

The boys had also experimented with chemicals, and had dyed some of their silk in bright colors.

In the corner stood what looked like an old spinning-wheel.

"That 's a twisting-machine," he explained. "A gentleman who visited our place gave it to us to twist our silk on."

"Why, really, you do everything here but weave," we could not help remarking.

"Yes," said he, "and we are not going to stop till we learn weaving, too."

"It looks as if you were going to make it a business for life," we continued, inquisitively.

"I don't know about that," said the boy; "but I like to do thoroughly anything I undertake."

"How long have you been interested in silk-worms?" we next asked.

"About three years," he replied.

"I suppose," we continued, "it keeps you busy only in the spring, while the worms are feeding?"

"No," said he; "we can always find something to do. We made all our own apparatus, and we read all the books we can find about silk-culture. Then our correspondence is pretty large. People write to us from all parts of the country."

"I suppose boys who are interested in silk-raising write to you?" we inquired.

"Yes; boys, and grown people, too."

"Probably they think you are head-quarters for information," we rejoined, with a smile.

"I suppose so," he answered, laughing.

"Do you find your interest in your silk-worms interferes with your studies?" we asked.

"I never let it," was his reply. "When I 'm in school, I attend to my lessons; and when I am here, I attend to my silk-worms. I always keep them separate. We give the worms enough leaves in the morning to keep them busy till we get back."

Who could help admiring such a spirit!

"But, between them, don't they keep you too closely confined for your health?" we could not help inquiring, with natural anxiety.

"Oh," said he, "you know we have to walk out to the park for the mulberry leaves. That gives us plenty of exercise. It is inconvenient raising silk-worms in the city, where we are so far from the mulberry-trees; but we have a branch establishment in New Jersey, where the trees are right on the place. Two of the boys live there, and we communicate by mail."

"How is it you have so few members?" we pursued.

"The Association was only established for the mutual information and help of boys who are interested in silk-raising," he rejoined. "There is no money to be made by joining. Every boy has to do his own work and earn his own money."

"How is the money to be made?" we asked.

"We sell eggs and cocoons," said he, "and give lessons in the business; and we take in reeling. Before long we shall have reeled silk to sell. But we make the most money on the eggs."

We here picked up the little pamphlet published by the Association, which our young friend, with innate refinement, had not shown to us, lest it might have the appearance of asking us to buy it. We purchased a copy as a souvenir, and after inscribing our names in the visitors' book, took our leave.

Soon after, we were pleased to read in the columns of a Philadelphia daily, in an account of the trades' procession at the time of the Bi-centennial in October, 1882, the following item:

"The Boys' Silk-Culture Association next appeared with a wagon ingeniously arranged with a good display of cocoons, silk, etc. A part of a mulberry tree, on which silk-worms feed, was also shown, together with a reeling machine, with which the boys reeled silk as the wagon passed over the line of procession. This Association was started a few years ago by four school-boys, who, it is said, have been greatly successful in their venture."

# ONE, TWO, THREE!

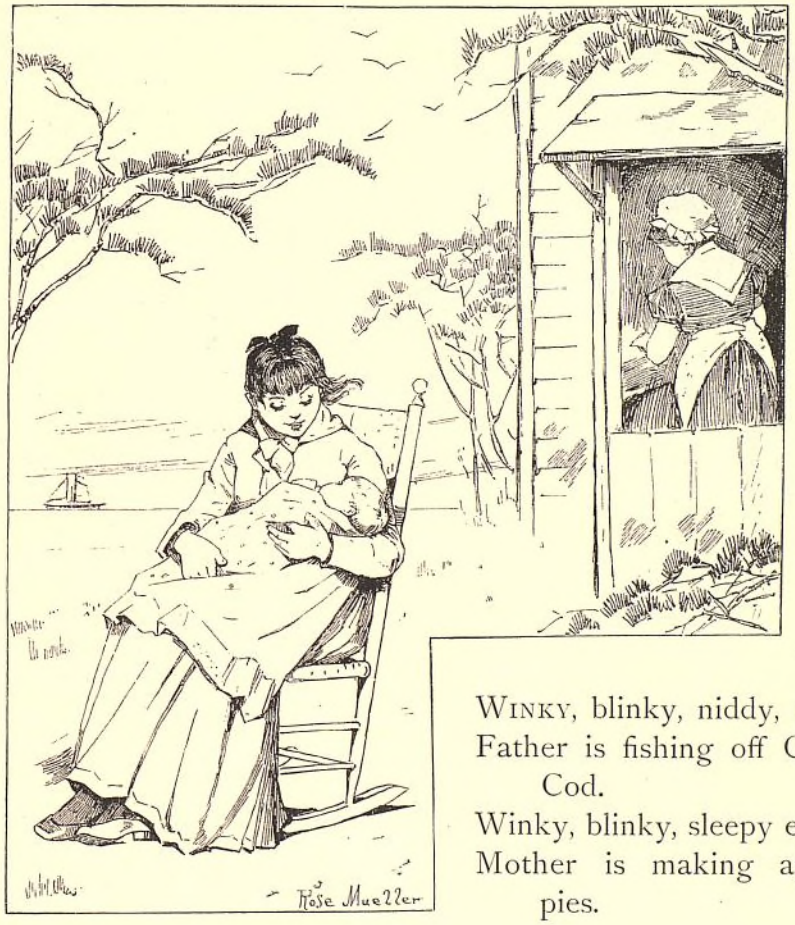
BY M. J.

ONE, two, three!
A bon-ny boat I see.
A sil-ver boat, and all a-float,
Up-on a ros-y sea.

One, two, three!
The rid-dle tell to me.
The moon a-float is the bon-ny boat,
The sun-set is the sea.

# "WINKY, BLINKY."

By M. H. B.




Winky, blinky, niddy, nod!
Father is fishing off Cape Cod.
Winky, blinky, sleepy eyes,
Mother is making apple pies.

Cuddle, cuddle, the wind 's in the trees!
Brother is sailing over the seas.
Niddy, noddy, up and down,
Sister is making a velvet gown.

Winky, blinky, can not rise,
What 's the matter with baby's eyes?
Winky, blinky, cre, cri, creep,
Baby has gone away to sleep.

## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WE will open our June meeting this time, my hearers, with this wise little song, written for us by our friend Jessie McGregor:

IF words
Were birds,
And swiftly flew
From tips
Of lips
Owned, dear, by you;
Would they,
To-day,
Be hawks and crows?
Or blue,
And true,
And sweet? Who knows?

Let 's play
To-day
We choose the best;
Birds blue
And true,
With dove-like breast!
'T is queer,
My dear,
We never knew
That words,
Like birds,
Had wings and flew!

### A SLOW-COACH.

THE Deacon must have some very clever friends. I heard him repeating what he called "a good thing" the other day, adding very quietly, "Franklin said it." The "good thing" was this: "Laziness travels so slow that Poverty soon overtakes him."

If any of you happen to meet this Mr. Franklin, I 'd like to hear from him again.

### "CONNECT ME WITH THE WOODS, PLEASE!"

YOUR JACK has been much interested of late in the telephone, that wonderful instrument which ST. NICHOLAS has explained to you so clearly.* I say "so clearly," not because I know how clearly, but because the children of the Red School-house seemed to understand the Little School-ma'am when she made the remark. Yes; I 've heard them all talking, and talking, and talking about the telephone, and how the instrument and its wires enable folk to hear each other's voice when miles and miles apart, and how all you have to do is to say: "Connect me with such or such a party, please!" and straightway that person shouts "Halloo!" at you out of the telephone's trumpet, held close to your ear, and how you shout "Halloo!" back, and then enter into conversation with that person, just as if she, or he, or *it* (if it 's a telephone operator at the central station) were right at your elbow.

And the thing has grown so amazingly! — improved, I should say. At first, persons could talk from one street to another, or across a few fields or a little stream like the British Channel; but lately they have been talking from New York to Cleveland, and at greater distances, perhaps; and now, as a final touch, what *do* you think they find they could do with the telephone if they wished? Why, they think that in time they could make it connect city folk, in their own ugly brick houses, with the woods and the streams of the country! Make them hear the very winds that sigh in the trees!

Imagine it! Frogs croaking, by request, in city parlors; forest birds singing to order in lawyers' offices; brooks babbling at elegant dinner parties. *I* can 't imagine it, being, you see, only a Jack-in-the-pulpit. But Deacon Green and the Little School-ma'am imagined it the other day, and they enjoyed it amazingly.

### WHY NOT, INDEED?

LEST some of you very, very wise and knowing big chicks should think the Deacon and the Little School-ma'am expect too much of the telephone, I 'll just give you here a paragraph that landed on my pulpit one day. It came from an English publication of good repute, I 'm told:

"A short time ago, while Mr. N. G. Warth, manager of the Midland Telephone Company, Gallipolis, Ohio, U. S., was conversing by telephone with Major H. B. Hooner, of Pomeroy, Ohio, some twenty miles away, he was surprised to hear the croaking of frogs and songs of wild birds very distinctly. The telephone wire is

*See ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1878, p. 549.—[ED.

known to pass through some dense woods on its course, and the explanation is that some loose joint in the wire acted as a microphone, and taking up the woodland sounds, transmitted them to the telephone at the end of the line. The accident shows that it would be possible to have wild-wood music brought into the heart of the city every morning along with fresh milk and flowers."

### LOOK OUT FOR THE MOTH!

WHY is this smiling little girl sitting here, my chicks? She can't be waiting to go out for a walk, because, you see, she has on thin shoes and a summer dress. If these are suitable, then the warm muff and the great feathers are sadly out of place. What, then, is she doing? Who is she?

I 'll tell you who and what she is. She 's a text. Now, do you understand? No? Well, then, you shall hear further. She is illustrating a fact.

You must know that it is very early June, and the little girl's mother (who should have attended to the matter earlier) is packing her winter clothes and curtains and what-not away for the summer, so that the moth now flying about may not lay eggs in them. For these eggs in time would hatch into tiny larvæ, or worms, that would eat the fabrics and make unsightly holes in them.

Furthermore, you must know that there are many kinds of moth. Some kinds attack feathers, some attack furs, some attack woolens, some attack carpets, and some, I am told, do not trouble any of these things. The history of these various moths is very interesting, but I can not tell it here. It would take too long. And that is why the little girl, with her muff and her feathers and her woolen cushion, is sitting in your midst. She says: "Study the moth, and you 'll know more to-morrow than you do to-day."

### THE MOON IN A NEW LIGHT.

I HAVE noticed a slightly consequential air about the moon of late, a sort of set-up manner, so to speak, and I have been somewhat at a loss to account for it,—for the silvery little lady always has been as modest and simple-minded a moon as one could wish to see,—but to-day I have found out the cause. She has developed a new talent.

Yes, the Little School-ma'am says—and it must be true—that there are now such things as lunar photographs, or photographs taken by moonlight! Think of that! Not likenesses of persons, but of places, lovely hills, lakes and streams and meadows.

And the pictures are lovely, they say—soft, low, and rich in effect, besides being clear and well defined. Well, well! That beats anything your Jack has heard of for a long time. Quite a new field for the moon, is n't it? I suppose in this case the fact of her finding out this new power late in life will make but little difference. "Late" and "early" are synonymous terms with the heavenly bodies, I 'm told.

Would n't it be too bad, now, if the moon has known all this time that she could make nearly as good photographs as the sun, if somebody only would give her a chance? I can't imagine a more trying situation.

Come to think of it, have n't you often noticed how, at night, she sometimes winds her way in and out among the clouds as if she were searching for something? I have, often. What if it 's a camera she 's been looking for all these years?

### OH, THAT PUG!

NOW, I love dogs, and honor them. A dog is a noble animal; and a pug dog, while it can not exactly be called noble, may still be a confiding friend. But what do you say, my chicks, to this news:

OH, DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I *must* send you these two paragraphs, which came from two different papers. Mamma found one, and I found the other:

Canine fashions in Paris are guided by as strict rules as those for human beings. Thus, no poodle belonging to a fashionable mistress must wear the metal bracelet which replaces the collar on the right foot, but the tiny ring must always encircle the left paw just above the fringed tuft which ornaments the ankle. If "Mustache" is black, his bracelet should be silver, but if his shaven coat is snowy white, a golden circlet is more becoming.

A young lady entered a prominent engraver's the other day, with an order for the engraver to furnish her with a hundred visiting cards for "'Bijou,' No. —— East Fifty-seventh street." The fashion for engraved visiting cards for pet dogs has caught like wildfire. The ladies say it 's so pretty and so novel; besides, it gives the dog's maid (many of the pets have a special attendant) an additional duty in keeping up calling lists and reception days.

*Do* show these to the boys and girls, dear Jack. Your young friend, MAMIE G——.

### THAT OTHER FELLOW WHO WANTED AN ANSWER

WILL find it, I am told, in this month's Letter-Box.

# THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

WE are obliged to postpone to the July number the report (promised for this month) concerning the compositions received in answer to our offer made in the April issue. The number of these compositions sent in has greatly exceeded our expectations, making it impossible to examine them all in time for this number. There are still several hundred to be read, but we shall print next month the best composition on each of the two subjects: "A Shark in Sight" and "Robert Burns," together with a Roll of Honor containing the names of those who shall have *almost* won in the competition.

AS THE four composition subjects for this month, we present the following:

THE MONTH OF ROSES.
STRAW HATS — WHO MAKES THEM?
MY LUCK AS A SPORTSMAN.
THE MOSQUITO — ITS USES AND ABUSES.

MR. FORD'S admirable article in this number on "The Tribune Fresh-air Fund" can not fail to enlist the interest and sympathies of all our readers in the beneficent work which he describes. And there is perhaps no charity more deserving and practical than this of giving a fortnight in the country, with all its attendant blessings of joy, rest, and new life to the neglected poor children of the city tenement houses. "The New York Tribune" receives and credits subscriptions to the Fund, whether large or small, and last year the names of many boys and girls appeared in the lists of donations. Indeed, this, like the "Children's Garfield Fund," is a charity to which the subscriptions of young folk are especially fitting.

### ANSWERS TO "THAT FELLOW."

A GREAT many of our young readers have tried to answer that fierce-looking animal who stalks across page 395 of the March number of ST. NICHOLAS asking for a name, and declaring that he is "not to be trifled with." He would be furious, indeed, if he were to hear the scores of titles that our correspondents have given him.

We must stand bravely between the savage fellow and all those who have mistaken his name, but the following "answerers," though not exactly correct, may approach him, we think, with safety:

Eddie Chenevert — Annie B. Harter — Mabel Milhouse — E. Hunt — Carleton Radcliffe — Harry Kellogg.

Meantime, we take pleasure in showing, one and all, a correct description of the animal taken from "Cassell's Natural History."

"THE LONG-TAILED TIGER-CAT.

"This little-known form — the 'Oceloid Leopard,' as it is sometimes called — was discovered by Prince Maximilian of Neuwied, in Brazil, where it inhabits the great forests, and is often killed for the sake of its beautiful fur. In color it is not unlike the Ocelot, in size it is inferior to it, and its longitudinally elongated spots are neither so large nor so well marked. It is chiefly distinguished from other forms by its long bushy tail and its big staring eyes. It is considerably smaller than the preceding species (*i.e.* the 'pampas cat'), the body being about twenty-seven inches long, the tail fourteen."

PHILADELPHIA, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In Mr. Forbes's article, on page 347 (March number), he uses lurid in reference to crimson clouds, and Mr. Trowbridge says, on page 354, Mart showed his "lurid brows." One of these is certainly incorrect. Yours truly, CLARA T. P.

WARSAW, N. Y., Feb., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received my magazine to-day. I have taken the ST. NICH. ever since 1876. It has been given to me every year by one of my brothers. I never have written to you before, and presume you wish something had happened to me before I did now; but I am threatened with "quinzy," and am rather hard up for something to do. So I went to work at your first puzzle. In hopes it is right, I will tell you the way I read it. * * *

Yours truly, JULIA G.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Bob's Wonderful Bicycle," in the April number, is something like a case I know of, but the boy (his name was Charlie), instead of proving himself a genius as "Bob" did by making a bicycle, thought he would try one already made. At first he tried riding a cart-wheel, but it went too fast, or he went too slow; anyway, he did n't ride it but once. And then he tried a grindstone. I don't know what happened then, but he did n't feel very well for the next few days, and I have n't heard him mention "Bicycle" since. I am fourteen years old. I study algebra, philosophy, and lots of other things, especially mischief.

Yours truly, SADIE C.

MENDON, Dec. 22, 1882.

EDITORS OF ST. NICHOLAS: My father has a very curious cat and cow. My brother has seen the cat lying between the cow's horns, and the cow will stay perfectly still, as if she liked it; and my brother has seen the cow lapping the cat, as if she thought it was a calf, and liked to do it. Yours truly,

PAUL WILLIAMS (aged 9 years).

SAVANNAH, March 8th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in your March number that you were surprised to hear that the little girl in San Francisco, twelve years old, never saw a snow-fall. Why, I am fifteen years old, and I have never seen one, and neither has my brother, who is twenty. With much love to you, I remain W. T. H.

WE are now beginning to be surprised, dear W. T. H., at the goodly number of ST. NICHOLAS readers who have never seen a snow-fall. Besides the little California girl and yourself, there is, at least, one other, as the following letter shows. And we can not help wondering whethe the many thousands of people in the tropics, to whom snow is only a name for a thing they have never seen, share Minnie V.'s idea that it "fell in *chunks*, and would *hurt people* when falling on them."

LOWELL, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please allow me to say to Miss Annie Keiller, before I close this letter, that I have the advantage of her. I was born and raised in San Francisco, and had never seen any snow until this winter when I came to Lowell. I always had an idea that snow fell in little *chunks*, the size of my finger, judging from the snow I had seen in pictures, and thought it would hurt people when falling on them. Judge of my pleasant surprise when I saw real snow falling so softly and noiselessly.

Yours truly, and *au revoir*, MINNIE V.

WE gladly print the following letter, and see much to commend in the suggestion made. Who will be the first of our young readers to respond to it with some sample rhymes?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I venture to suggest an idea to you which might, if it should strike you favorably, be made to combine both instruction and amusement? I have long wished that some enterprising Mother Goose could be found in this generation who would undertake to put some *useful* facts in jingling rhyme. Who of us ever forgets the doggerel of his babyhood, with its red-and-yellow pictures? When I see how easily these stick fast in the memories of my children, and how much drilling a little geography and history require (especially dates and numbers), I mourn at the waste of memory.

How many of us recall at once the number of days in each month without mentally rehearsing: "Thirty days hath September," etc.?

And I for one am always indebted to the old rhyme: "First William the Norman, then William, his son," and the rest, for my knowledge of the succession of the English sovereigns. One of Mother Goose's rhymes says:

"The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again!"

No child ever forgets his number, or that the king was French.

I think if ST. NICHOLAS would suggest some such idea in its pages, and ask the young people for contributions, a good deal of fun, as well as benefit, might come of it. Certainly, there is enough that is odd and strange in history to furnish material equal to that of the most grotesque and tragic Mother Goose rhyme, and if illustrated by some of your bright artists, I think the result of this plan might be both useful and entertaining.

Yours very truly, MARY T. SEECOMB.

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IS N'T this good, young friends, for a nine-year old poet? Thanks, Master Willie, and we 'll print it with pleasure:

THE DEER.

Who roameth in the wintry wind?
The deer.
Whom doth the hound pursue?
The deer.
No doubt he often feels forlorn
When startled by the hunter's horn —
The timid fallow-deer.

That creature beautiful and mild, —
The deer, —
With eyes so large, and brown, and soft, —
The deer, —
O hounds and hunters, leave your prey!
Let him pursue his woodland way —
The pretty fallow-deer.

WILLIE GAUNETT (nine years old).

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you the following charade. It is not original, but I never have seen it in print:

My *first*, beloved by ancient dame,
Within my *next*, from ancient countries came:
Oh, fragrant *whole*, of which each forms a part,
Thou art not science, but thou teachest art.

*Answer.*—Tea-chest.

Did you ever hear, dear ST. NICHOLAS, of a certain teachers' convention where each teacher was given a pretty memento — a tiny tea-chest, suitable for a watch-charm, which bore the words *Tu doces?* Your readers who are studying Latin will see the joke.

Your constant reader, J. W. P., JR.

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## AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.— TWENTY-SEVENTH REPORT.

WITHOUT stopping to refute the careless error of those who think that in winter "there are no specimens to be found," let us all make the most of these bright May and June days, when Nature is so lavish with her richest treasures. Probably the greatest obstacle to the young naturalist has been the difficulty in naming his specimens. Is it not a thousand times repeated story that a boy begins to make a collection of minerals or plants, and after a few weeks of diligence and enthusiasm finds his shelves covered with a confused mass of unknown stones and flowers, despairs of attaining exact knowledge or orderly arrangement, and presently suffers his dusty minerals to become dispersed, and his neglected plants to be burned or broken? And, certainly, it is no light task definitely to analyze either mineral or plant. To do this requires a wider and more precise knowledge of language, and a finer training of mind and eye, than most young people possess. It is a work that, fortunately, may be largely left for riper years.

But what we all can do is to find our specimens and study them. We can set in our note-books the date and the locality of each. We can write our descriptions in our own language, using the best terms of our own vocabulary. We can test in our own way hardness, weight, color, elasticity, clearness, crystal-shape, and fusibility. If by chance or friendly aid we learn the name of a specimen, we can study about it in our text-book, dictionary, and encyclopedia, and compare the technical characteristics there given with our own simpler and less accurate description. We shall soon be able to make the broader distinctions, and to recognize at a glance many forms of quartz, limestone, and iron. It is well to remember that the *name* is not by any means the most important fact about a specimen. But it is a very necessary thing to learn; and, as we said in the beginning, it is most discouraging not to know it. For this reason we are peculiarly grateful to the gentlemen who have recently offered us their services in the matter of determining for us the names of our refractory pebbles, ferns, and beetles. It is now possible for each of us to proceed intelligently and with satisfaction, even if slowly. With the new offers of aid this month, which we thankfully accept, we have a specialist to help us in nearly every department known to the A. A.

"I shall be happy to answer questions in the ornithological line.
"JAMES DE B. ABBOTT, Germantown, Pa."

"I will help you out in anything that pertains to the microlepidoptera, including *Pyralidæ*, *Tortricidæ*, *Tineidæ*, and *Pterophoridæ*; and my son, H. L. Fernald, with me, will answer questions on the *Hemiptera*. C. H. FERNALD,
"Prof. Nat. Hist., Maine State College, Orono, Me."

"I will undertake to answer questions referring to Pacific Coast (U. S.) Mollusca, and also most of the land and fresh-water shells of N. A. I am also willing to exchange with any who have desirable specimens.
"HARRY E. DORE, 521 Clay st., San Francisco, Cal."

"STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, WESTFIELD, MASS.
"In response to your call for a mineralogist to identify specimens that members of the A. A. may collect, I beg to offer my services, as far as my time may admit. F. W. STAEBNER,
"Late Mineralogist Ward's Nat. Sc. Establishment,
Rochester, N. Y."

"WATERVILLE, MAINE, March 20, 1883.
"I read with much interest the account of the Agassiz Association in last ST. NICHOLAS. It is a work that has my heartiest sympathy, and I would like it to have also what little cooperation I may be able to render. I shall be happy to answer questions relating to the mineralogy of Maine. CHAS. B. WILSON,
"Instructor Nat. Sc., Colby University."

"DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
"DIVISION OF ENTOMOLOGY, WASHINGTON, D. C.
"I chanced to pick up a number of ST. NICHOLAS this evening, and learned for the first time of the A. A., and saw evidences of its good work. I also noticed your call for an entomologist, and desire to offer my services. Our facilities here for identifying species in the great group of insects are exceptionally good, and I should be very glad if I could help any boy or girl in his or her studies in this direction. LELAND O. HOWARD"

We add the following Department directions for sending insects:

"All inquiries about insects, injurious or otherwise, should be accompanied by specimens, the more the better. Such specimens, if dead, should be packed in some soft material, as cotton or wool, and inclosed in some stout tin or wooden box. They will come by mail for one cent per ounce. INSECTS SHOULD NEVER BE INCLOSED LOOSE IN THE LETTER. Whenever possible, larvæ (*i. e.* grubs, caterpillars, maggots, etc.) should be packed alive in some tight tin box, — the tighter the better, as air-holes are not needed, — along with a supply of their appropriate food sufficient to last them on their journey; otherwise, they generally die on the road and shrivel up. Send as full an account as possible of the habits of the insect respecting which you desire information; for example, what plant or plants it infests; whether it destroys the leaves, the buds, the twigs, or the stem; how long it has been known to you; what amount of damage it has done, etc. Such particulars are often not only of high scientific interest, but of great practical importance. In sending soft insects or larvæ that have been killed in alcohol, they should be packed in cotton saturated with alcohol. In sending pinned or mounted insects, always pin them securely in a box to be inclosed in a larger box, the space between the two boxes to be packed with some soft or elastic material, to prevent too violent jarring. PACKAGES SHOULD BE MARKED WITH THE NAME OF THE SENDER."

"NAT. SC. DEP'T, WELLS COLLEGE, AURORA, N.Y.
"My class in Botany are very anxious to make a substantial addition to our herbarium *by their own exertions*. To this end they propose collecting a number of sets (each to include at least 100 species), characteristic of this 'lower lake region.' These they hope to exchange for corresponding sets — east, west, north, and south — of the flora of many localities. Of course only field, swamp, and forest specimens, none cultivated, will be included, and they wish just such in return. Can you not put in motion the machinery of your very admirable A. A. and help us to arrange for such general exchanges? We will collect through the entire summer, and have our sets ready

for distribution by Oct. 15. I will say, just here, that it will give me great pleasure to determine and classify any botanical specimens which may be sent me. Indeed, I will do anything to help on this good work. EDWARD L. FRENCH."

[This proposition of Prof. French seems to us one of the very best and most practicable plans possible. No Chapter, or member who is botanically inclined, should by any means fail of seizing this rare opportunity of securing a fine collection. We suggest, in addition, that the Chapters be not content with collecting a *single* set for this exchange, but that several be made at once, which is scarcely more difficult. These can then be exchanged with other Chapters, and thus scores of excellent herbariums be built up in an exceedingly cheap and pleasant way.]

"LABORATORY AND ENGINEERING OFFICE,
"SOUTH PITTSBURG, TENNESSEE.

"To observe correctly and to register accurately is a greater education than to acquire the artificial systems of analysis in half a dozen branches of science. As a test of how much is obtainable from the Chapters in the way of direct observation as opposed to mere 'book larnin',' I will ask all who will to observe what they can about the growth, flowering, and seeding of the geranium plant *(Pelargonium Zonale)* and report to me by the 15th of October. Geraniums are everywhere. In this plant are some interesting details, which are not in the books. We will see how many of them they can catch.

"As far as I can command time, I am at the service of the A. A.
"WM. M. BOWRON." [F. C. S.]

[Prof. Bowron can not fail to pique the curiosity of our boys and girls; and, unless we are mistaken, many of them will discover how the geranium scatters its seed, and — but we must n't anticipate.]

## NEW CHAPTERS.

| *No.* | *Name.* | *Members.* | *Secretary's Address.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 444. | Rockland, Me. (A) | 15 | Miss Grace T. Cilley. |
| 445. | Hamilton, Ohio (A) | 9 | Ed. M. Traber, Box 198. |
| 446. | Saco, Me. (B) | 7 | Miss Helen Montgomery, Box 713. |
| 447. | Chittenango, N. Y. (A) | 11 | Ch. A. Jenkins. |
| 448. | Washington, D. C. (G) | 6 | Miss Isabella McFarland. [*Will the Sec. please send full address?*] |
| 449. | Richmond, Va. (B) | 6 | W. O. English, 707 East Franklin. |
| 450. | Fitchburg, Mass. (D) | 8 | G. F. Whittemore. |
| 451. | Sydney Mines, C. B. (A) | 4 | Miss M. T. Brown, Beech Hill. |
| 452. | Burlington, Vt. (A) | 4 | H. B. Shaw, 253 S. Union. |
| 453. | Oswego, N.Y. (A) | 7 | W. A. Burr. |
| 454. | Rochester, N. Y. (B) | 8 | Miss Mary E. Tousey, 263 N. St. Paul St. |

[This Chapter of Deaf Mutes is specially welcome to the A. A.]

## EXCHANGES.

Insects and minerals.—Ernest Stephan, Pine City, Minnesota.

Iceland spar, for fossils.—E. R. Heitshu, Lancaster, Pa.

Petrified shells *(Spirifer radiata)*, for a male and female silk-worm moth.—E. R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn st., Chicago.

Electric and chemical apparatus ($3), for minerals.—Kenneth Hartley, Fort Scott, Kan.

Correspondence, North and West.—P. S. Benedict, 1243 St. Charles st., New Orleans, La.

Southern woods, sea-shells, and minerals.—Isaac Ford, 1823 Vine st., Philadelphia.

Mistletoe from Kentucky, and red hematite from Balboa, Spain, for army worm, its eggs or larvæ.—Wm. W. Mills, Reading, Pa.

Gold ore and amethyst. Write for particulars.—R. J. Wood, 134 Jackson st., Jackson, Mich.

Woods, eggs, minerals.—Winfred H. Trimble, Princeton, Ill.

Insects, woods, petrified wood, for fossils and minerals.—A. A. Crane, Auska, Minn.

Silver ore.—Dr. Jos. A. Stiles (Sec. Ch. 306), Belmont, Nye Co., Nevada.

## REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

Jamaica Plain (124) has been studying the formation of ice, and sends good drawings.—Newton Upper Falls (256) is taking increased interest in the work, making individual collections.—Washington, D. C. (109) has been studying the brain of the dog. The specimen was prepared by Robert Bigelow, according to Giacomm's method. The brain is first soaked for about a week in a saturated solution of zinc chloride. On the second day the membranes are removed. It is then put in alcohol for at least a week. Then it is soaked in glycerine, in which it floats, until it sinks to a level with the fluid. The surplus glycerine is then washed off, the brain is dried and varnished and placed on a piece of glass. The Chapter has also examined algæ under the microscope, and detected the grains of chlorophyl. Animalcula have been studied, and the following facts reported: The skin of the whale is insensible, for barnacles grow upon it. The flesh of the whale is red and coarse.—168, Buffalo C, is prospering. All Buffalo Chapters meet together once a month.—91, Buffalo A, has at length bought a very fine microscope, for which it has been working a year and a half. It is an "Improved National Binocular," and cost, with two objectives, $137. Cora Freeman, Sec. [Accept our congratulations.]—W. M. Patterson, Sec. Chicago G, sends a good article on the *Proteus*, which he finds to be a batrachian, with a naked, slimy skin, about a foot long, half an inch in diameter, pale flesh color, and with bright crimson branchial tufts. It is found only in the subterranean waters of some caves in Europe, especially in the Adelsberg cave in Carniola. Its food consists of aquatic worms, insects, and molluscs.—374, Brooklyn, now numbers 15, and is about to buy a ten-dollar cabinet.—Germantown B is prosperous, and wishes to know whether any fossil animals are found in coal.

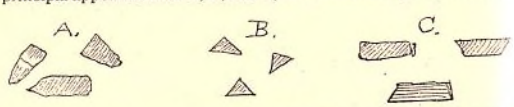
## NOTES.

(15) *Water Lilies.*—What becomes of the water lilies when through blooming? By observation, we find that the closed lily sinks in an upright position, and disposes of its long stem by coiling it around and around on the bottom of the river.
JOSIE M. HOPKINS, Ch. 256.

(16) *Beetle.*—I have a beetle like the *Phaneus*, excepting the horn. Is it the female? [Yes.]

(17) *Snakes' Eggs.*—We found some garter-snakes' eggs while digging bait. Two of them broke, and we saw the young snakes, which were alive.

(18) *Pollen.*—As nearly as I can determine, the pollen grain of Nasturtium is a triangular prism. I can think of no other way of explaining the shapes which appear under the glass. I show the principal appearances at A, B, and C, all of them being very common




Figures $A^1$, $B^1$, and $C^1$ represent what I imagine must be the real shapes of the outlines shown at A B C:


(19) *Leaves.*—Some years the ash leaves before the oak, and some years the oak leaves first. SYLVIA A. MOSS.

(20) *Polyphemus.*—I have found this larva on oak, elm, willow, and birch; *Promethea* on ash, cherry, and lilac; *Cecropia* on apple, maple, and willow. PHILIP S. ABBOT.

(21) *Sleep of Plants.*—We brought home some locust beans, and were surprised one night to find them asleep. At sunset, the leaflets at the top of the stalk began to close. The only way I can illustrate the closing process is to join the two hands by commencing at the wrist, and place each finger against the corresponding one on the other hand, as we do when praying. Will some one tell me what causes a yellow spot on hawthorn leaves? A READER.

Those of our members who avail themselves of the services of the specialists mentioned in this and the two previous numbers of ST. NICHOLAS must remember the directions for correspondence already given. If any members are studying in any department in which no specialist has yet volunteered assistance, they will please communicate with the President of the A. A.

Any person may join the Association, whether a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS or not; but those who are not members can not have notices of exchange mentioned here.

Address all communications, *except questions in the several departments*, to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## CHARADE.

In silence sweet the morning broke;
The air was still, 'mid beech and oak,
Till the song of my *first* rose high and clear,
And waked from sleep a startled deer,
Who bounded off with eager feet
The brightly dawning day to greet.
As near the edge of the wood he came,
He crossed the path of a rustic dame,
Who tied my *second* beneath her chin
As she cheerily called the cattle in.
By a distant pool with boughs o'ertopped
The timid animal, listening, stopped.
Ah! then with sure, unerring aim,
A deadly arrow swiftly came
From the hand of a marksman steady and true,
As with eagle eye the string he drew —
One of a band of outlawed men,
Of courage tried and warlike ken;
With lawless freedom and greed of gold
They followed my *whole*, a chieftain bold. M. S.

## ZIGZAG.

Each of the words described contains four letters. The zigzags, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a great reformer who was born on the 17th of June, 1703.

1. A Chinese vessel. 2. A harbor. 3. A continuous pain. 4. Nine inches. 5. A monk's hood or habit. 6. A drink made of water and honey. 7. The principal body of a tree or plant. 8. Amusement. 9. Habitual food. 10. A small horse. M.

## DIAMOND.

1. In Tuesday. 2. Red ochre. 3. Jeopardy. 4. A period of religious awakening. 5. A great Greek tragic poet, born 481 B. C. 6. Distributed. 7. Loaded. 8. Allured. 9. In Tuesday.

"ALCIBIADES."

## TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1 2 3

4 5 6

7 8 9

10 11 12

Reading Across: From 1 to 3, a kind of collar; from 4 to 6, a girl's name; from 7 to 9, the sun; from 10 to 12, a measure.

Reading Downward: From 1 to 10, foundation; from 2 to 11, an image; from 3 to 12, a sphere.

From 1 to 10 and from 3 to 12, when read in connection, name a game. GILBERT F.

## PROGRESSIVE ANAGRAMS.

In each of the following sentences the omitted words are formed of the same letters transposed. Moreover, the omitted letters of one sentence may be found by adding one letter to the omitted letters of the preceding sentence.

1. This is * puzzle.

2. The * *, commonly called the Aar, falls into the Rhine above Basle.

3. We * * * told that Dr. * * *, of Edinburgh, is famous among the physicians of our * * * for treating diseases of the * * *.

4. I have just * * * * the pamphlet by our * * * *. friend.

5. Which was the more unfortunate — Major * * * * * * or Enoch * * * * *?

6. As we * * * * * * * the city, we learned how the mayor, in attempting to * * * * * * * himself to one party, had * * * * * * the contempt of all good citizens.

7. The dean, weary of the turmoil of London, * * * * * * * for the quiet of his * * * * * * *. C. P. W.

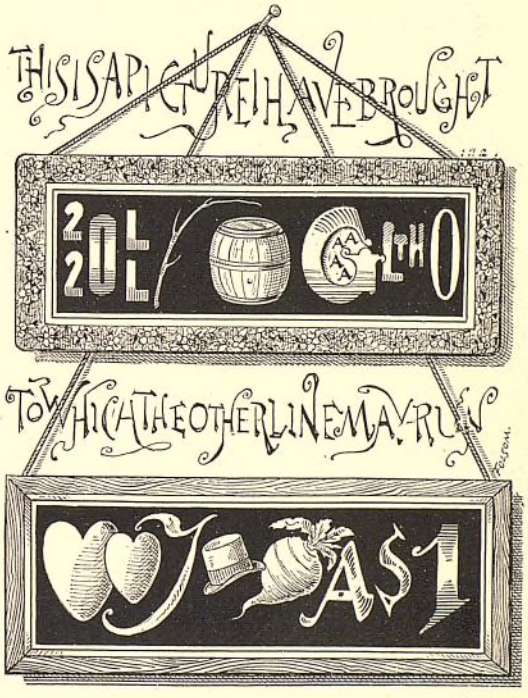
## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifty letters, and am two lines from one of Longfellow's poems.

My 32-43-3-7 is resembling. My 39-16-26-42-50-41 is amazement. My 9-21-15-23-20-40-41-34 is the direction in which most emigrants travel. My 23-40-30 is a river of Scotland. My 47-37-2-38 is to unite. My 17-46-36-5 is in the highest degree. My 14-4-18-19 are what all doctors like. My 6-27-10-11 was the vulnerable point of Achilles. My 28-25-45-22 is dumb. My 29-33-17 is a purpose. My 39-35-12-1 is being in health. My 31-49-48 is a horned animal found in South Africa. My 24-13-8-36 is to throw. My 6-16-44-50-30 is a sweet, thick fluid.

"BAB."

## PICTURE PUZZLE.




The answer to the above puzzle is a four-line stanza. The first and third lines are written out; the second and fourth lines are each represented as a rebus. The first and second lines rhyme, as do also the third and fourth.

## EASY SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Syncopate a domestic animal, and leave an article of clothing. 2. Syncopate brief, and leave a piece of lead. 3. Syncopate to strike, and leave location. 4. Syncopate to puff, and leave part of a boat. 5. Syncopate a royal personage, and leave cost. 6. Syncopate immense, and leave a large tank. 7. Syncopate a course, and leave a wand. 8. Syncopate a part of the body, and leave a stag. 9. Syncopate destruction, and leave to hasten. 10. Syncopate a reason, and leave a covering or sheath. G. S. HAYTER.

## QUINCUNX.

* * * *
* * *
* * * *
* * *
* * * *

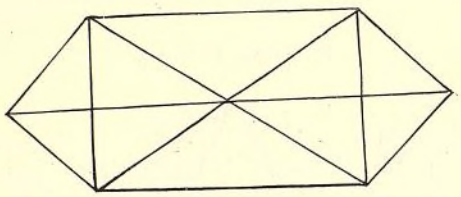
Across: 1. To bruise. 2. Often on the breakfast-table. 3. Clamorous. 4. A perch. 5. A combat. Diagonals, reading upward from left to right, beginning at the upper left-hand corner: 1. In mutiny. 2. A meadow. 3. Amphibious animals. 4. Uneven. 5. To augment. 6. In mutiny. DYCIE.

### NOVEL WORD-SQUARE.

DEFINE each of the italicized groups of words by one word. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, these will form a word-square.

I walked out in *a leafy month* and saw *one who makes use of a thing*, who was *not far off*, picking berries to eat. I stopped him, knowing they were poisonous, and afterward said to myself, "Even he sometimes *makes mistakes*."

### OUTLINE PUZZLE.



MAKE the above diagram without removing the pencil from the paper, and without going over any line twice.

### RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Sluggish. 2. Open to view. 3. A famous epic poem. 4. Narratives. 5. Marks made by blows.

DOWNWARD: 1. In assistance. 2. A word of denial. 3. A biblical character. 4. To lease. 5. To set the foot. 6. A plate of baked clay. 7. A haunt. 8. A familiar abbreviation. 9. In assistance.

H. H. D.

### GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS (reading downward): An eminent English statesman.

ACROSS: 1. A range of mountains in the United States. 2. A portion of the British Isles. 3. A country of Europe. 4. A mountain of Crete. 5. In United States. 6. A town of Brazil, situated on the Tiete river. 7. A river of Europe flowing into the Mediterranean Sea. 8. A city of Spain. 9. A county of England.

FRANCIS W. I.

### EASY DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My firsts are in jewel and jacinth;
My seconds in purchase and buy;
My thirds are in doughnut and cruller;
My fourths are in flutter and fly.
If you look through the words I have given,
You may see the two answers quite clear;
A couple of words of but four letters each —
They are two pleasant months of the year.

DYCIE.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

PROVERB REBUS. A fool and his money are soon parted.

RHOMBOIDS. Across. I. 1. Dove. 2. Hive. 3. Mere. 4. Name. II. 1. Reel. 2. Deal. 3. Lion. 4. Room.

PI.

The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with its jocund caroling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcome this majestic holiday.

Longfellow, "*Lady Wentworth.*" Line 113.

SYNCOPATIONS. Wisconsin: 1. Se-W-er. 2. Bra-I-n. 3. Do-S-e. 4. S-C-old. 5. B-O-at. 6. K-N-it. 7. Re-S-in. 8. Pa-I-n. 9. To-N-e. —— CHARADE. Mason.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, maypole; finals, garland. Cross-words: 1. MockinG. 2. ArabiA. 3. YeaR. 4. PeaL. 5. OsceolA. 6. LeaN. 7. ElanD.

MYTHOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked. *Psalms*, xxxvii., 16.

NINE-BLOCK PUZZLE. Remove 1, and move 4 up, 7 up, 8 left, 5 down, 6 left, 9 up, 5 right, 8 right, 7 down, 6 left, 9 left, 5 up, 8 right, 7 right, 6 down, 4 down, and replace 1.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. 1. De-cid-e. 2. T-win-ed. 3. Fam-in-e 4. Re-war-d. 5. Str-etch-ing. 6. N-ear-est. 7. Be-long-ing. 8. Li-mite-d. 9. Re-call-ed. 10. F-or-eign. 11. S-cold-ing. 12. Pos-tag-e.

GREEK CROSS. Upper Square: 1. Star. 2. Tare. 3. Arts. 4. Rest. Left-hand Square: 1. Pair. 2. Abbe. 3. Ibis. 4. Rest. Central Square: 1. Rest. 2. Ella. 3. Slur. 4. Tare. Right-hand Square: 1. Tare. 2. Adit. 3. Rien. 4. Etna. Lower Square: 1. Tare. 2. Acid. 3. Ride. 4. Eden.

FAN PUZZLE. From 14 to 2, overlap; 15 to 3, outpour; 16 to 6, observe; 17 to 5, outstep; 18 to 6, Otranto; 19 to 7, Ottoman; 20 to 8, off-hand; 21 to 9, outrage; 22 to 10, officer; 23 to 11, Octavia; 24 to 12, outpost; 25 to 13, offense. From 2 to 13, preponderate.

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. May-day.

PATRIOTIC PI.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Cam. 3. Camel. 4. Camelia. 5. Melon. 6. Lin(ger). 7. A.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the May number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfort, Germany, 9.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Paul Reese — Cuchee Smith — F. H. Davis — E. F. L. — "A. P. Owder, Jr." — E. and S. Blake — Two Subscribers — "Alcibiades" — Jennie and Birdie — J. P. Denison — Carl. E. Ton — The Cantine Family — Pinnie and Jack — Molly and Martyr — "Miltiades" — Charles J. Durbrow — Ciara J. Child — Louis R. Custer — Madeleine Vultee — "Town and Country" — Arthur Gride — "Marna and Bae" — Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from G. D. L., 5 — Frank A. Burling, 5 — Pansy, 10 — C. W. Woodward, 5 — Etta M. Taylor, 1 — Eugenia B. Hay, 1 — Theodore Yankauer, 2 — G. M. T., 6 — Arthur W. Tidd, 3 — Geo. Earle Hicks, 3 — Charley Weymouth, 4 — Lorenzo Webber, 1 — Harry and Joe Apple, 1 — Samuel H. and Ruth D. Camp, 8 — "June and November," 6 — Belle Patterson, 6 — Sallie, 6 — Howard Coale, 1 — Edith L. B., 7 — F. H. W. and M. M. D., 6 — Charlotte Gandil, 3 — "Bardell and Pickwick," 10 — L. I., 12 — "Oskaloosa," 1 — Hessie D. Boylston, 9 — "Proteus," 4 — Edith L. Field, 3 — Edith M. Hallock, 1 — Willie Trautwine, 9 — Gaylord Boys, 5 — Frank Harper, 1 — David R. Hawkins, 2 — "Mama and I," 2 — Sadie Chase, 5 — Marion A. Knox, 1 — Nannie McL. Duff, 7 — Arthur Hoopes, 5 — Génie J. Callmeyer, 11 — V. P. J. S. M. C., 7 — Warren, 5 — Carl Niemeyer, 6 — Philip Embury, Jr., 12 — Austin H. Pease, 2 — Mother, Ruby, and Mabel, 3 — "Houghton Family," 12 — Alice Wann, 2 — Irving Easton, 12 — Addie L. and Mary E. Fries, 6 — Maud Bugby, 5 — Georgie Draper, 6 — "Blue Beard," 4 — Lydia Bostwick and Lizzie Kurtz, 12 — Mary Mitchell and Nanny Stevens, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 9 — B. T. Hynson, 1 — Bernice Elise P., 4 — Edith, Millie, and Wallie, 4 — M. D. T., 3 — Minnee A. Olds, 7 — Nellie, Katie, Tom, and Frankie, 10 — George Lyman Waterhouse, 12 — "Rochester, Pa.," 4 — Louise Gilman, 10 — Mary C. Burnam, 7 — W. R. Hamilton, 5 — Ellen L. Way, 3 — Arthur C. Hixon, 12 — "Silhouette," 8 — Chas. H. Wright, 4 — Vin and Henry, 11 — "Fin. I. S.," 2 — Helen M., 6 — Charlie M. Philo, 1 — Florence G. Lane, 6 — M. Florence Noyes, 6 — Livingston Ham, 4 — Helen E. Matran, 1 — L. H. B., 6 — Sallie Viles, 11 — "Patience," 4 — Mary E. Baker, 4 — H. L. P., 8 — Lottie A. Foggan, 5 — D. B. Shumway, 10 — "Professor and Co.," 11 — Lalla E. Croft, 7 — Daisy Talman, 1 — "Ignoramus" and "Nonentity," 7 — Clara Small and Emeline Jungerich, 9 — Mamma and Willie, 11 — Mary P. Stockett, 8 — Mary T. Garnett, 1 — Charles Haynes Kyte, 11 — Vessie Westover, 6 — Maggie T. Turrill, 12 — Lausina and J. Wallace, 10 — "J. Checkley," 1 — M. G. and M., 6 — Stiles A. Torrance, 5 — "Ethel Leontine," 6 — "Dycie," 11 — Meg, 3 — Frank White, 1 — Mary E., 7 — Jennie M. Elliott, 8 — Lulu Culver, 7 — Hazel, 12 — Valerie, 9. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.