



"AND WE TURNED BACK THE HANDS
TILL THEY POINTED TO TEN."

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

"We did not mean to do wrong," she said,
With a mist in her eyes of tears unshed,
Like the haze of the midsummer weather.

"We thought you would all be as happy as we;
But something 'most always goes wrong, you see,
When we have our play-time together.

"Before the dew on the grass was dry,
We were out this morning, Reuben and I,
And truly, I think that never—
For all that you and Mamma may say—
Will there be again such a happy day
In all the days of forever!

"The sunshine was yellow as gold, and the skies
Were as sleepy and blue as the baby's eyes;
And a soft little wind was blowing
And rocking the daisy-buds to and fro:
We played that the meadows were white with snow,
Where the crowding blossoms were growing.

"The birds and the bees flew about in the sun,
And there was not a thing that was sorry—not one,
That dear morning down in the meadow.
But *we* could not bear to think—Reuben and I—
That our beautiful day would be done, by and by,
And our sunshiny world dark with shadow.

"So into the hall we quietly stepped.
It was cool and still, and a sunbeam crept
Through the door, and the birds were singing.

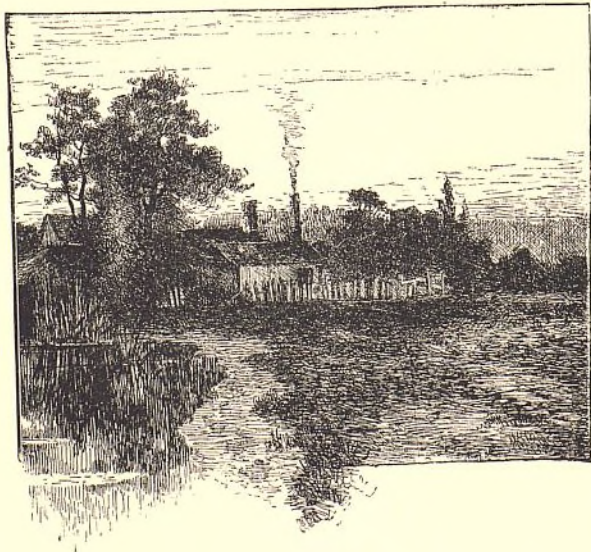
We stole as softly as we could go
To the clock at the foot of the stairs, you know,
With its big, bright pendulum swinging.

"We knew that the sun dropped down out of heaven,
And brought the night, when the clock struck seven—
For so I had heard Mamma saying;
And we turned back the hands till they pointed to ten,
And our beautiful day began over again,
And then ran away to our playing.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you the rest," she said,
With a sorrowful droop of the fair little head,
And the misty brown eyes overflowing.
"We had only been out such a few minutes more,
When, just as it always had happened before,
We found that our dear day was going.

"The shadows grew long, and the blue skies were gray,
And the bees and the butterflies all flew away,
And the dew on the grasses was falling.
The sun did not shine in the sky any more,
And the birds did not sing, and away by the door
We heard Mamma's voice to us calling.

"But the night will be done, I suppose, by and by;
And we have been thinking—Reuben and I—
That perhaps,"—and she smiled through her sorrow,—
"Perhaps it may be, after all, better so,
For if to-day lasted forever, you know,
There would never be any to-morrow!"



LINDY.

BY CHARLOTTE A. BUTTS.

"OH, Daddy!" called a clear, girlish voice from the kitchen door.

"Yes, Lindy; what's wanted?"

"Ma wants to know how long it'll be 'fore you're ready."

"Oh, tell her I'll be at the door by the time she gets her things on. Be sure you have the butter and eggs all ready to put into the wagon. We're makin' too late a start to town."

Butter and eggs, indeed! As if Lindy needed a reminder other than the new dress for which they were to be exchanged.

"Elmer and I can go to town next time, can't we, Ma?" she asked, entering the house.

"Yes, Lindy; I hope so," was the reply. "But don't bother me now; your pa is coming already, and I have n't my shawl on yet. Yes, Wilbur; I'm here. Just put this butter in, Lindy; I'll carry the eggs in my lap. Now, Lindy, don't let Elmer play with the fire or run away. And, Elmer, be a good boy and mind Lindy. Take care of yourselves, children!"

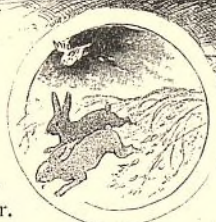
And in a moment more the heavy lumber wagon rattled away from the door, and the children stood gazing after it, for awhile, in a half-forlorn manner. Then Lindy went in to do her work, Elmer resumed his play, and soon everything was moving along as cheerfully as ever.

After dinner, Elmer went to sleep, and Lindy, feeling rather lonely again, went out-of-doors for a change. It was a warm autumnal day, almost the perfect counterpart of a dozen or more which had preceded it. The sun shone brightly, and the hot winds that swept through the tall grass made that and all else it touched so dry that the prairie seemed like a vast tinder-box. Though her parents had but lately moved to this place, Lindy was accustomed to the prairies. She had been born on them, and her eyes were familiar with nothing else; yet, as she stood to-day with that brown, unbroken expanse rolling away before her until it reached the pale bluish-gray of the sky, the indescribable feeling of awe and terrible solitude which such a scene often inspires in one not familiar with it stole gradually over her. But Lindy was far too practical to remain long under such an influence. The chickens were "peeping" loudly, and she remembered that they were still without their dinner.

As she passed around the corner of the house

with a dish of corn in her hands, the wind almost lifted her from the ground. It was certainly blowing with greater violence than during the morning.

Great tumble-weeds went flying by, turning over and over with almost lightning-like rapidity; then, pausing for an instant's rest, were caught by another gust and after mile, till every obstacle was carried along, mile some fence or other reached, where they great drifts, and wind from direction them rolling and tumbling way back. Lindy did notice the



tumble-weeds. The dish of corn had fallen from her hands, and she stood looking straight ahead with wide-open, terrified eyes.

What was the sight that so frightened her?

Only a line of fire below the horizon. Only a line of fire, with forked flames darting high into the air and a cloud of smoke drifting away from them. A beautiful relief, this bright, changing spectacle, from the brown monotony of the prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for Lindy. Her heart had given one great bound when she first saw the red line, and then it seemed to cease beating. She had seen many prairie fires; had seen her

father and other men fight them, and she knew at once the danger her home was in. What could she, a little girl, do to save it, and perhaps herself and her little brother, from the destroyer which the south wind was bringing straight toward them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood, white and motionless; then with a bound she was at the well. Her course was decided upon. If only time and strength were given her! Drawing two pails of water, she laid a large bag in each, and then, getting some matches, hurried out beyond the stable. She must fight fire with fire. That was her only hope; but a strong, experienced man would have shrunk from starting a back-fire in such a wind.

She fully realized the danger, but it was possible escape from otherwise inevitable destruction, and she hesitated not an instant to attempt it. Cautiously starting a blaze, she stood with a wet bag in her hands, ready to smother the first unruly flame.

The great fire to the southward was rapidly approaching. Prairie chickens and other birds, driven from their nests, were flying over, uttering distressed cries. The air was full of smoke and burnt grass, and the crackling of the flames could plainly be

The extremity of the danger inspired her with wonderful strength and endurance. Instead of losing courage, she increased her almost superhuman exertions, and in another brief interval the task was completed. None too soon either, for the swiftly advancing column had nearly reached the wavering, struggling, slow-moving line Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was a wild, fascinating, half terrible, half beautiful scene. The tongues of flame, leaping above each other with airy, fantastic grace, seemed, cat-like, to toy with their victims before devouring them.

A sudden, violent gust of wind, and then with a great crackling roar the two fires met, the flames shooting high into the air as they rushed together.

For one brief, glorious moment they remained there, lapping the air with their fierce, hot tongues; then, suddenly dropping, they died quickly out; and where an instant before had been a wall of fire was nothing now but a cloud of blue smoke rising from the blackened ground, and here and there a sickly flame finishing an obstinate tuft of grass. The fire on each side, meeting no obstacle, swept quickly by, and Lindy stood gazing, spell-bound, after it as it darted and flashed in zigzag



LINDY FIGHTS THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

heard. It was a trying moment. The increased roar of the advancing fire warned Lindy that she had but very little time in which to complete the circle around house and barn; still, if she hurried her work too much, she would lose control of the fire she had started, and with it all hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating, the rapid swinging of the heavy bag most exhausting, but she was unconscious of these things.

lines over ridges and through hollows, farther and farther away.

"Oh, Lindy!" called a shrill little voice from the house. Elmer had just awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered, turning. But how very queer she felt! There was a roaring in her ears louder than the fire had made; everything whirled before her eyes, and the sun seemed suddenly to have ceased shining, all was so dark. Reaching the house by a great effort,

she sank, faint, dizzy, and trembling, upon the bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake, began to cry, and, as he never did anything in a half-way manner, the result was quite wonderful. His frantic shrieks and furious cries roused his half-fainting sister as effectually as if he had poured a glass of brandy between her lips. She soon sat up, and by and by color began to return to the white face and strength to the exhausted body. Her practical nature and strong will again asserted themselves, and instead of yielding to a feeling of weakness and prostration, she tied on her sun-bonnet firmly, and gave the chickens their long-delayed dinner.

The northern sky was very beautiful that night.

The fire itself was too distant to be seen; but the column of smoke rising from it in the then still air was brilliantly lighted, and presented a grand spectacle.

Lindy sat by the window, her new dress in her lap, and her parents' praises still sounding in her ears. She was very tired, but the scene without had a sort of fascination for her, and she could not go to bed.

Half an hour later her father found her fast asleep, with the glow from the sky reflected on her weary little face. He looked out of the window for a moment, picturing to himself the terrible scenes of the afternoon, and then down at his daughter. "A brave girl!" he murmured, smoothing the yellow hair with his hard, brown hand—"a brave girl!"

THE VAIN OLD WOMAN.

(Adapted from the German.)

BY ARLO BATES.

THERE was once an old woman so very poor that she had no house, but lived in a hollow tree. One day she found a piece of money lying in the road. Full of joy at her good fortune, she began to consider what she should buy with the money.

"If I get anything to eat," she said to herself, "I shall quickly devour it, and that will be the end of the matter. That will not do at all. If I buy clothes, people will call me proud, and that will not do; and besides I have no closet to keep them in. Ah! I have it! I will buy a broom, and then everybody that I meet will think I have a house. A broom is the thing. A broom it shall be."

So the old woman went into the next town and bought a broom. She walked proudly along with her purchase, looking about her all the time to see if people noticed her and looked envious, thinking of her house. But as no one seemed to remark her, she began to be discontented with her bargain.

"Does everybody have a house except me?" she said to herself, crossly. "I wish I had bought something else!"

Presently she met a man carrying a small jar of oil.

"This is what I want," exclaimed the old

woman; "anybody can have a house, but only the truly rich can have oil to light it with."

So she bartered her broom for the oil, and went on more proudly than ever, holding the jar so that all could see it. Still she failed to attract any particular notice, and she was once more discontented. As she went moodily along she met a woman with a bunch of large flowers.

"Here, at last, I have what I want," the old woman thought. "If I can get these, all that see me will believe I am just getting my house ready for a brilliant party. Then they'll be jealous, I hope."

So when the woman with the flowers came close to her she offered her oil for them, and the other gladly made the change.

"Now I am indeed fortunate!" she said to herself. "Now I am somebody!"

But still she failed to attract attention, and, happening to glance at her old dress, it suddenly occurred to her that she might be mistaken for a servant carrying flowers for her master. She was so much vexed by the thought that she flung the bouquet into the ditch, and went home to her tree empty-handed.

"Now I am well rid of it all," she said to herself.



YOUNG SHIP-BUILDER: "'COURSE IT 'LL FLOAT. BUT, NELLIE, YOU MUST KEEP IT FROM FLOATING OUT WHILE I KEEP IT FROM FLOATING IN."

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXX.

CALM BEFORE STORM.

It was true enough that the mill was going again that forenoon "as if nothing unusual had happened." Such rest as the boys got must have been taken before ten o'clock; for at that hour, the tide favoring, flash-boards were set and wheels and lathes merrily whirling.

"The editor ought to have added," Mart penciled at the bottom of the article in his scrap-book, "that the T. Brothers did not lose the use of their water-power for even five minutes in consequence

of the dam's having been torn away. It was ready again, and so were we, long before the water was."

To add to their triumph, the court refused to grant the injunction against rebuilding, which was actually applied for before it was known that the rebuilding was an accomplished fact.

Their position appeared now to be stronger than ever. They were running their mill in open defiance of all the power and influence that could be brought to bear against them by the Argonaut Club and the authorities of both towns, yet not in defiance of what they firmly believed to be law and justice.

Tranquil days followed. The boys were able to

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keep their engagements, and also to start some new projects. In the midst of all, Mart found time to finish a wheeled chair he had for some time been making for his mother; while Lute and Rush gave their leisure moments to building a boat.

The chair was as comfortable as well as a very ingenious affair; and never was there a happier family than when, one Monday morning in May, the widow took her first airing in it, attended by all her children. She could easily work the levers and propel the wheels herself; but, bless you! the boys would not allow that, while they were there to compete for the pleasure of pushing it. And oh, what a day it was! The air was soft and fragrant with blossoms. The door-yard turf was starred with bright dandelions. The pear-trees were like white bouquets; the apple-trees pink with just opening buds. And the great willow was, as Letty said, "one glory of young leaves and yellow tassels."

The edge of the still river below — for it was full tide — was laced with the golden pollen which every breeze shook down, and the boughs were filled with the summer-like hum of bees.

To and fro, along the edge of the high bank and then about the garden, the widow rode, "like a queen in state," she said, enjoying every sight and sound and sweet scent wafted by the wind, yet taking more delight in the society of her children than in all beside. Letty wished her to see the pansies in bloom; but she found more pleasure in the rows of peas, now well up, because they were the first things ever planted by the younger boys, and they were, oh, so proud of them!

Then she returned to the bank above the river, and sat there, looking at the water and the landscape, and hearkening to the bees and the talk of the young folks, until the church-bells began to ring.

"It's a long time since I have been to church," she said, with a sigh.

"Well, you can go, now you have your c-c-carriage," said Lute.

"Any of us will be proud to be your horses," Rush added. "Will you try it next Sunday?"

"I'll see. I should like to have the Tammoset and Dempford folks know that we are not such heathens as they seem to take us for."

"There are some Dempford heathens for you," said Mart, from the tree, looking down the river.

"Members in good and regular standing of the Argonaut Club," said Rush.

"It's the B-b-buzrow," remarked Lute, adjusting his spectacles. "I wonder if he has got his c-c-crow-bar with him."

Buzrow did not have his bar; or, if he had, he did not attempt to use it, under the eyes of the

young Tinkhams in the tree. His boat, containing two young Argonauts besides himself, passed quietly up the river, to the widow's great relief.

"They don't ask me where our dam is, as they did that night," laughed Rush. "They must love the sight of it!"

"However that may be," said the widow, "I hope and pray that they have made up their minds to let it alone!"

"You hope too m-much, Mother," said Lute. "They've no more concluded to let it alone than we have to let it be t-t-taken away."

"What's that under your feet, Martin?" the widow suddenly asked.

From her chair at the end of the plank, she had discovered that the hollow formed by the circle of branches at the top of the immense willow trunk was filled with pebbles and stones — many of them as big as boys' fists.

"These?" drawled Mart, looking down, with his knee on one of the seats. "They are the boys' ammunition."

"Ammunition!" exclaimed Mrs. Tinkham.

"Of course, Mother!" cried Rupert. "And this tree is our fort. If there's another attack on the dam, you'll see! Rod and I brought the stones up here in baskets, to be all ready."

"This is the way! Look, Mother!" said Rod, in the tree. And catching up one of the pebbles, he flung it at an imaginary enemy.

He peered eagerly between the branches till it struck the water just below the dam; then dodged behind a seat, as if expecting a shot in return, at the same time catching up more pebbles.

"Stop, stop, child!" said the widow, smiling in spite of herself at his little attitudes and alert spirit. "If people should see you, they'd think we were heathens indeed!"

Meanwhile, Buzrow was saying to his companions in the boat:

"That dam makes me mad as I can be, every time I pass it. To see it still there, after all that's been said and done, and the sassy fellers on the bank laughing in their sleeves at us — it's a disgrace to the club! it's a disgrace to the towns! it's a disgrace to human nature!"

"You promised to tear it away yourself," said Ned Lufford. "We all supposed you would."

There was a tinge of sarcasm in the tone in which this was spoken, and the cow-smiter's son noticed on Ned's face a smile he did n't like.

"So I would, if I had n't waited for the club to take action," he replied, his coarse features reddening to the complexion of a dingy overgrown beet.

"You waited for the club, and the club waited for the two towns, and the two towns waited till

the mill-owners were away and only a crippled woman at home," said Ned, with a laugh.

"Then a gang of hired men did the work," added George Hawkins. "And see what it all amounts to! The dam was back again in ten or twelve hours, and there it's likely to stay."

"No, sir!" said Buzrow, bringing down that brawny fist of his with an emphatic blow on the gunwale of the boat. He felt that he was losing influence with his companions, and that some decisive step must be taken. "I've stood it long enough! If we can't tear that miserable dam away as fast as five boys can rebuild it, we're a lot of figgerheads, and don't merit the title of a club anyway."

"We have n't gained much by swapping commodities, as I see," Ned Lufford said. "Web can brag!—but what does brag amount to?"

As Buzrow had been rather louder than anybody else in the said matter of brag, he felt himself lashed over Web's shoulders.

"And what's the use of a mill-dam committee?" said George Hawkins. "Is it going to take all summer to talk over measures, as they call it, for getting rid of a dam the owners rebuilt in one night?"

"The owners did n't stop to talk," Ned Lufford added, "but went to work like plucky fellows! Are the committee afraid of 'em? 'Scuse me, Milt! I'd forgot you was one of the committee."

Whether he had forgotten it or not, Lufford evidently, like Hawkins, took pleasure in goading their companion.

"I am one of the committee!" Buzrow exclaimed. "And I've tried my best to bring the boys to decide on something. Now, I don't wait no longer for them, nor for the club, nor for the towns. If I can get ten or a dozen fellers to go with me some night, I'll engage to have that dam away before the Tinkhams can wake up and rub their eyes open. Of course you'll agree to be one, Ned? and you, George?"

After such remarks as they had indulged in, the two could not reasonably decline.

"Now, here are three of us pledged!" said Buzrow. "And we can get seven or eight more easy enough. We must go in strong force, so as to do our work up in good shape and make it a sure thing."

"I suppose it will be as well to get the committee to move, if we can," suggested Lufford, with rapidly cooling zeal.

"And hit upon some plan for ripping out the whole thing, and not simply breaking a few boards and stakes," added Hawkins. "There's no use o' that."

"Not without we do it often enough to make

the Tinkhams sick of their bargain," Buzrow admitted. "But I've got an idea. No noise—no danger—just a little preparation—then, presto! out goes the dam in a jiffy! We don't leave the mud-sill to be put back again, neither!"

"Tell us about it!" both friends exclaimed, their zeal kindling again at the thought of the work being accomplished so melodramatically, yet without peril to themselves.

And Buzrow proceeded, with solemn charges of secrecy, to unfold his plan.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN ATTACK.

If the plan was a good one, and a sufficient number of volunteers were found for putting it in execution, then they must have had to wait some time for a night favorable to their enterprise. Two weeks went by, and the Tinkham brothers were still left in tranquil enjoyment of their water-power.

Lute was generally the one who slept in the mill, not only because a peculiar sensitiveness to sounds seemed to have been given him to compensate for his nearness of sight, but also because, as he averred, he had got used to his bed of shavings, and rather liked it.

He had one night lain down, as was his custom, with his clothes on,—merely kicking off his shoes and placing his spectacles on the end of the work-bench,—and had slept comfortably about three hours, when he was awakened by a sound like the clanking of a chain.

He was on his feet in a moment; but in his eagerness to get his glasses he knocked them off the bench into the bed of shavings. He lost no time searching for them, but hastened to the open window on the side of the dam, and softly put out his head.

There was a moon somewhere in the sky, but it was a cloudy, drizzling night, and without the help of his glasses he could not distinguish one object from another. But again he heard, though not so plainly as before, a sound like the muffled clanking of a chain.

It seemed to be on the farther bank of the river; and, listening intently, he believed he could hear footsteps moving about. Then came a little splashing of the water, quite different from the murmur of the outgoing tide where it poured through the opening in the dam.

Lute stepped quickly to the end of the bench, found the twine looped over its nail, and drew it tight with a single firm but gentle pull. That was the signal for secrecy and haste.

A responsive pull, not quite so gentle, assured him that Mart was roused. He then groped in the shavings for his spectacles, found them, and put them on. By that time, Mart had awakened Rocket, who in turn shook the sleep out of Rupe and Rod; and such a scrambling for clothes, and such a tumbling out-of-doors ensued, as that old house had never before known.

Lute was at the window again, with all his senses alert, when Mart, half dressed, in shirt and trousers and shoes, came swiftly and without noise into the mill and glided to his side.

"What's going on over there?" Lute whispered. "Do you see something?"

Dim objects could be vaguely discerned on the opposite bank, and a dull, tramping sound was heard, heavier than that made by any ordinary human footsteps. Then a light clicking or jingling, as of a trace or some part of a harness.

"Horses!" breathed Mart.

"Horses and men!" whispered Rush, who was at the window almost as soon as his brother. "The shore is covered with 'em!"

Then once more the splashing at the farther end of the dam; and Lute told of the clanking sound by which he had been awakened.

"I believe they're trying to hitch on to the mud-sill and drag the whole thing out t-t-together!" was his shrewd comment.

"That's their game!" said Mart.

He turned to the two younger ones, who were also crowding to the window by this time, and gave them swift orders what to do. While they hastened to execute them, he reached for an old shop-coat that hung over the work-bench, and put it on. This he did that he might be a less conspicuous object to the enemy, when the time should come to expose himself, than he would be if seen in his white shirt-waist.

Lute had guessed well the design of the Argonauts. Their plot had been well laid, thanks to wiser heads than Buzrow's; and it might easily have succeeded but for an unforeseen circumstance. To get a log-chain around the mud-sill, hitch to it the powerful truck-horses hired for the occasion, and then, by one strong, steady pull in the right direction, tear away the whole structure at once, breaking stakes and spilings, or pulling them up—a bright idea, was n't it? Well, this was what Buzrow had heard somebody say should have been done before when the dam was destroyed, and which it had been determined to do now.

Then the wreck, so the Argonauts reasoned, could be dragged off down the bed of the river by the horses, still attached, taken to some convenient spot, and there broken up and burned or set

adrift, at leisure. Any number of volunteers might have been enlisted in what promised to be so glorious an enterprise. But in order to insure secrecy beforehand and silence on the spot, only a dozen picked Argonauts had been let into the scheme.

They were now on the Dempford shore, with the three draught-horses and their driver, a spade, an auger, and a chain, and bars and axes to be used in an emergency. The tools had been brought in a boat, which was hauled ashore a little below the dam. The spade was for digging under the mud-sill, the auger for boring holes in the boards above and the spilings below, and the chain for passing through and locking around afterward.

This was to be done near the end of the sill, but not too near, lest the chain, in hauling, should slip off. A spot was selected about four feet from the bank. The spilings were found, and gravel enough got away from them to give the auger room to work. To bore a hole or two under water had been thought easy enough, and a much more silent operation than knocking away the boards with ax or bar.

But now the unforeseen circumstance played its little part.

Buzrow, booted and clad for the occasion, like the rest, stooped in the water, which was not now nearly so high as when the dam was first torn away, and plied the long-stemmed auger.

But neither Buzrow nor any of his fellow Argonauts had fully taken in the fact that the mud-sill, which before lay on the bed of the river, was now sunken well into it. Consequently, he bored his first hole into the timber, instead of simply boring through the spiling under it. A second hole was no more lucky. Then the spade had to be used again, to get out more gravel. At last, however, he hit the right place. Another hole was made in the board that rested on the sill. Then the chain was worked through both holes and locked about the timber.

At last everything was ready. The horses, harnessed tandem, were to start on the bank, in order to give the sill an upward slant that might draw out the spilings with it; they were then to be turned into the bed of the river, and driven off down-stream, hauling after them the dam, or as much of it as should hold together.

The driver waited for the word. Buzrow took hold of the heavy rope, which extended from the last whiffletree, in order to hook it to the chain. But the delay had caused the horses to grow impatient in their strange situation. Having started a few steps forward, they had now to be backed up again. Buzrow was straining at the rope with one hand and holding the chain with the other, and two or three Argonauts were helping him,—six

inches more and the rope would have been hooked, —when thud! patter! splash! came a volley of stones.

One hit Buzrow on the back. But he still held on, and would have hooked the chain, had not another struck the rear horse. That started him up again; and Buzrow, even if he had had the strength of the man whose fist knocked down a cow, could not have clung to both rope and chain at once, without having those burly shoulders of his dislocated. He dropped the chain, and tugged at the rope until it was jerked from his hands and he found himself hurled headlong against the bank in a heap with the assisting Argonauts.

"Whoa! whoa!" he muttered. "Can't you hold your horses?"

Evidently the driver could not, or did not care to, with more stones striking the animals' flanks and hurtling mysteriously about his own head.

There was an ignominious retreat, in which Buzrow himself was glad to join; and, in less than half a minute, not a figure of man or beast was to be seen by the Tinkham boys from the other shore.

There was a rally at the boat, where Buzrow and the boldest of his followers tried to induce the truckman to go back with his team and make another trial.

"We can hook on in a second," Milt said. "Then let the horses run if they want to! Who cares for a few stones?"

The stones had in fact ceased coming, and everything was quiet in the direction of the mill.

"If you care so little for the stones," the teamster finally said, "go and make a diversion by attacking the other end of the dam; draw their fire, so my horses will stand till we get hitched on. I'll agree to that."

A confused discussion followed. Some were for gathering "rocks" to throw at the mill; to which others objected that the volley which drove them off did not come from the mill at all, and that breaking a few windows would not do much toward breaking the dam. Their business was with that.

"We must decide on something," said Ned Lufford, "or we may as well give up and go home."

"Go home and leave that dam there!" exclaimed Buzrow, stung to fury by the hurts he had received and by the thought of such failure. "Never! Come on, boys!"

"What are you going to do?" asked George Hawkins.

"Make a diversion, as Balch says. Two of you help him hitch on to the chain. I and four or five more will pitch into the dam with our axes and bars, while the rest of you find out where the rocks come from—if any more come—and have some to fire back."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BATTLE OF THE DAM.

IMMEDIATELY all the Argonauts, except Buzrow himself, began to search for projectiles along the shore. To choose one's position and skirmish with stones seemed a much more attractive part than to walk boldly up to the dam and be stoned. Naturally, almost any boy would prefer it; and the Argonauts were human.

Then, when Buzrow put a stop to that nonsense, as he called it, and appointed only four skirmishers, all the rest wanted to assist in attacking the horses to the chain. But that would n't do, either.

"Let George Hawkins and Frank Veals go with Balch," he said. "They understand it. The rest come with me!"

While the others were gathering stones, Buzrow had taken the opportunity to stuff a big boat-sponge into the crown of his felt hat. They had no such defense against dangerous missiles, nor did they know what made him so ready to lead them into battle. No doubt they supposed it was the native Buzrow courage. But I suspect it was the boat-sponge.

"It wont take half a minute!" he declared. "As soon as the team starts and the dam begins to crack, we're out of the way!"

Those he called upon could not well refuse to follow his heroic example. They armed themselves with axes and bars, buttoned their coats, turned up the collars, and pulled their hats over their eyes. The water was nowhere leg-deep, and all had rubber boots on.

"All ready?" said Buzrow.

All were ready. They stood in the rain, facing the dam, and waiting for the word to charge. Nothing could be seen before them but the dim outline of the shore, the pale glimmer of the river, and the gloomy mass of the high bank beyond. In that deep shadow, the shape of the mill could hardly be discovered.

Balch and his team made a detour. The skirmishers advanced noiselessly up the bank. Then Buzrow, having allowed the horses time to get abreast of the dam, gave the word:

"Now, boys!"

And the intrepid six rushed into the river.

To attract attention, they made all the noise they could on their way to the dam, hoping it would begin to go before they had a chance to attack it. But Balch and his assistants were not quick enough for that.

Carrying his head well before him, conscious of the boat-sponge, Buzrow made a lunge at the dam

with his bar—not at the end nearest the mill (perhaps out of deference to Rush and his well-remembered bean-pole), but yet far enough from the Dempford shore to divert the expected volley of stones from that quarter.

Excellent strategy in that respect it proved; though the credit of suggesting it belonged not to the warlike Argonauts, but to the dull-witted driver of draught-horses.

Buzrow's followers fell in at his right, considerably leaving him the honor of standing at the post of greatest danger, on the side of the mill.

hit on the shoulder. A second stone struck his left arm—a stinging but not a disabling shot, the perverse projectiles appearing to alight anywhere except on the sponge-stuffed cushion prepared for them.

"Why don't they hitch on?" he furiously exclaimed. "We must fall back if they don't!"

Ned Lufford had already fallen back, dizzy and staggering from the effect of a well-aimed pebble which found no boat-sponge inside his hat. One or two others were faltering.

Meanwhile, something quite different from a



"LUTE AND RUSH EMPLOYED THEIR LEISURE MOMENTS IN BUILDING A BOAT." (PAGE 729.)

At the first stroke upon the dam, the stones began to come, all in the direction of the attacking party in front, not one straying far enough to interfere with the more important movement on the flank.

Whiz! thump! splash! crash!

The sounds made by the missiles mingled wildly with the noise of bars and axes smiting the dam. At the same time, the skirmishers, perceiving by the way the stones struck the water that they must come from the shore above the mill, opened a heavy return fire in that direction, without, however, silencing the Tinkham battery.

Still the mud-sill did not start, although in the excitement of battle it seemed to Buzrow that there had been time enough to pull the whole thing away.

At the very beginning of the attack he had been

pebble had once or twice touched the back of Buzrow's upturned coat-collar, and slipped away so lightly that he thought nothing of it.

It came from the door-way of the mill, and was quickly drawn back in that direction. Then it shot out again invisible, the long arm also invisible which projected it over the platform.

Then two hands hauled in—with something to haul this time.

The lightly flying, unseen object was a lasso, which, after twice missing the mark, had dropped its insinuating supple noose over the sponge-protected head, and tightened at the chin below.

Buzrow gave a suppressed yelp, dropping his bar and throwing up both hands, and in an instant started toward the mill in a most astonishing fashion.

The two hands hauling were Mart's. To them was now added another pair; and never did huge, floundering fish emerge more suddenly or more helplessly from the deep than Buzrow the valiant tumbled out of the shallow river upon the platform and into the clutches of his captors.

In vain his hands caught and struggled at the lasso. It had found a tender spot just above the coat-collar and under the chin, and to avoid instantaneous choking he had been only too ready to follow whither it led.

The Argonaut who stood beside him heard the short and quickly choked yell, and observed his sudden strange movements. Not knowing the cause, he drew the too hasty inference that Milt had been seriously hurt and that he was plunging to the shelter of the mill.

He started to follow. A third Argonaut followed him. But just as the two latter neared the platform, crack! crack! fell something more substantial than a lasso on their unprotected heads. Flashes of fire were instantly knocked out of them, together with all ideas of seeking shelter in a quarter which dispensed hospitalities of that sort.

They recoiled, reeling and stumbling, into the river. One dodged under the platform, just as the gasping and flopping Buzrow was hauled headlong over it into the mill. The other recovered himself and took to flight, keeping step to a vigorous tattoo on his back and shoulders, played by a bean-pole instead of a drumstick.

Then Rush stood alone on the platform (not knowing what was under it), brandishing his weapon, ready for fresh comers.

No fresh comers appeared, the remaining Argonauts at the dam also plashing off in a panic-stricken way down the river.

Still the mud-sill did not move! The reason for this was that the boys could not hitch to the log-chain. The reason why they could not hitch to it was that there was no log-chain there! For this, also, there was a very excellent reason.

The stratagem by which the fire of the Tinkham

battery was to be diverted was good, as I have said, as far as it went. But a counter stratagem had gone beyond that.

While the Argonauts were rallying at the boat and gathering stones on the beach, Lute had crossed the stream under cover of the dam, found the chain in the water, unlocked it, and pulled it away. He had then pushed back the loose gravel against the sill with his feet, and afterward recrossed in safety and silence before the final attack began.

Much time was lost by Hawkins and Veals in searching for the chain; then a good deal more in exploring for the bored holes, which Lute had covered. For they now hoped to get the rope around the timber in place of the chain, and haul it off in that way.

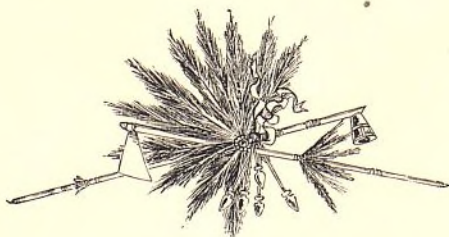
But things happened too fast for them. The Argonauts had retreated from the dam, and Buzrow was a captive in the mill, bound hand and foot, and admonished still further to keep quiet by a noose about his neck, which could be so easily tightened in an emergency! Rupe and Rod were thus left free to turn their attention to the men and horses on the bank, who were soon glad enough to retreat again out of range of the pelting stones.

Meanwhile, the skirmishers, finding their pockets nearly empty of ammunition, had reserved their last volleys until they perceived, from their position above the dam, that some action was taking place at the corner of the mill.

"There's where the rocks come from!" said one. "Let drive, boys!"

The action was already over, however. At the first stone, Rush stepped quietly inside and closed the door. A second came through the open window, but hurt nobody. A third struck the platform; while others, aimed too low, seemed to take effect under it. For now the poor fellow crouching there ran out, wildly shrieking, "It's me, boys! it's me!" and made off with a great splashing, amidst the last volleys fired by his brother Argonauts.

(To be continued.)



SIX LITTLE MAIDENS.

BY R. W. LOWRIE.



I 'LL tell you a story, I 'll sing you a song,—
It 's not very short and it 's not very long,—
Of six little maidens: in white they were dressed,
And each was the sweetest and each was the best.

Invited for four—well, now, let me see:
Waiting was dull, so they got there at three.
There were little Miss Katie and Nellie and Sue,
And little Miss Bessie and Polly and Prue.

It might have been June, if it had n't been May,
The first of the month, and a beautiful day;
They kissed when they met, as the ladies all do—
Kate, Susie, and Nell; Bess, Polly, and Prue.

They danced and they skipped and they sang and they played,
And they formed pretty groups
in the sun and the shade;
And I said, when they asked
me of which I was fond,—
"Brunettes are the dearest,
and so are the blonde."

And that night, as I bade
them adieu at the gate,—
Bess, Polly, and Prue, and
Sue, Nellie, and Kate,—
How I wished that "good-
bye!" could have
been "how-d'y'-
do!"

And I said:
"Come at
three!" so
as to get
them at
two!



Rosa Mueller.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BY EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

Now, boys and girls, this is going to be a true story—at least, mostly true, and true stories, you know (or, if you don't know, some day or other you will find out), are often a good deal stranger and funnier than made-up ones. Not that this story is going to be very, very strange, or very, very funny, but it will be strange and funny enough, I hope, to be interesting; at any rate, it is just what might happen to any boy who should go and do what Ben Brady did. But perhaps I should begin by telling who Ben Brady was. Well, then, Ben Brady was, or rather *is* (for Ben is alive and well this very minute, and you may be sure he will stare to find himself put into ST. NICHOLAS), Ben, I say, is a nice, bright boy who lives in the pretty country town of Dashville, and is the only son of Mrs. Elizabeth Brady, a widow lady, who regards Ben as the apple of her eye. Ben is really fourteen years old; but you would never in the world suspect it, for he is n't a bit bigger than Johnny Townsend, across the way, who will not be twelve till the fifth day of next October. Now, it was just because he was so small that everybody thought what Ben did was so wonderful. It really was n't so very extremely wonderful, as you will see, but it certainly was rather odd. In the first place, he went and bought a tourograph. What! you don't know what a tourograph is? Why, my dears, it's nothing in the world but a photographic apparatus to take pictures at home. Ben had saved up a little money which he had earned doing chores out of school, and when he heard what a fashionable thing it is nowadays for young gentlemen and ladies to take pictures at home, and when he found out how easily it is done, and that it does n't cost a great deal, he quietly made up his mind, and without saying anything to anybody he went off and bought a camera, and a three-legged standard to hold the camera, and the little frames to print with, and the ruby light, and a lot of dry plates, all prepared to take pictures on, and a little piece of black cloth to go over his head and shut out the light when he squinted into the camera, and in fact the whole apparatus, and took them home to his astonished mamma.

Next, he lost no time in turning his room into a photographic gallery, moved the bed and the chairs into a corner, put up some cotton screens, made a romantic landscape, representing a weeping willow, a broken pillar, and an urn, out of some

strips of wall-paper, for his sitters to pose before; and having turned the whole room into a scene of wild confusion, made spots all over the carpet, and filled the air with a bad smell of chemicals, he declared himself ready to take pictures. He began practicing upon his mamma, his aunt Hannah, his cousin Jane, and the cook, filling in odd times with the dog and cat when he could n't get people. The fact that these early pictures were not a success, and that only the most experienced eye could distinguish his aunt Hannah from the cook, did not in the least discourage Ben; he laid the blame wholly upon the sitters themselves, declaring that he never could make any of them "look lively," or hold their chins high enough in the air, although his cousin Jane indignantly declared she held *her* chin just as high as it would go, and as for looking lively, *she* was n't going to sit ten minutes grinning at a crack in the wall for anybody.

Perhaps by this time you have all found out that Ben was a spoiled child. Well, I must confess he was, if not exactly spoiled, at least very much petted and indulged. His mother let him have his own way in everything which was not really wrong or harmful. So this was how it happened that he was allowed to go away with the Dashville cadets on their annual camping-out excursion. Ben's cousin, William Jones, was a lieutenant in the cadets, and he promised to take care of Ben if his mother would let him go. Thereupon, Ben began to tease his mother, and as he had always been a pretty good boy and had never got into serious mischief, and as she had great confidence in Lieutenant Jones, and as, moreover, she knew it would be a bitter disappointment to Ben if she said no, his mother finally consented. Then you ought to have seen Ben and heard Ben; he jumped over the chairs and he shouted "Hurrah!" till he was quite hoarse; he ran over and got Johnny Townsend, and marched up and down all the rest of the day beating a drum, and made poor Johnny go before, waving a flag till his little arms ached again.

And so, for the next day and two or three days afterward,—in fact, till it was time for them to go,—there was nothing heard but "camping out." In an unlucky moment Ben determined to take his tourograph, and that is how I came to tell this story, for if he had left the tourograph at home I should have had no story to tell.

By and by the day came. Ben was up early

and packed his apparatus safely in the bottom of his trunk, while his good-natured mamma put his clothes all about it so that it might not break; and among other things she put in a nice box, containing paper and envelopes and postage stamps and a stylographic pen, and made Ben promise to write her home a letter every other day to let her know he was safe and well.

Pretty soon the carriage came, and away they whisked to the depot. And

Jones go and help Ben out of the carriage, and then take him up and actually introduce him to the Captain.

But pretty soon the steam-whistle began to toot, and the bell to ring, and the band to play again; and then the cadets filed into

here there was a fine bustle. All the boys in town were assembled and a big crowd of grown-up people beside; the band was playing gayly, the cadets had just arrived, and were that moment wheeling up in front of the platform; a large flag was flying over the depot, and the people were cheering at the tops of their voices. Ben's heart bounded with delight. He felt himself so like a soldier going off to the wars, and such a very bold and martial spirit took possession of him, and he so longed to be a cadet and have a handsome blue-and-white uniform, and he was altogether so filled and inflated with enthusiasm, that his very jacket-buttons nearly burst off.

"There he is!" cried Johnny Townsend from the midst of the crowd, pointing at Ben, whereupon all the other boys set up a great shout, and were as envious of Ben as Ben was of the cadets. Indeed, they could scarcely believe their eyes when they presently saw Lieutenant

the cars, and their sweethearts handed them pretty bouquets through the windows, and everybody said good-bye at least a half-dozen times; and so at last off they

went, singing "Sherman's March Through Georgia."

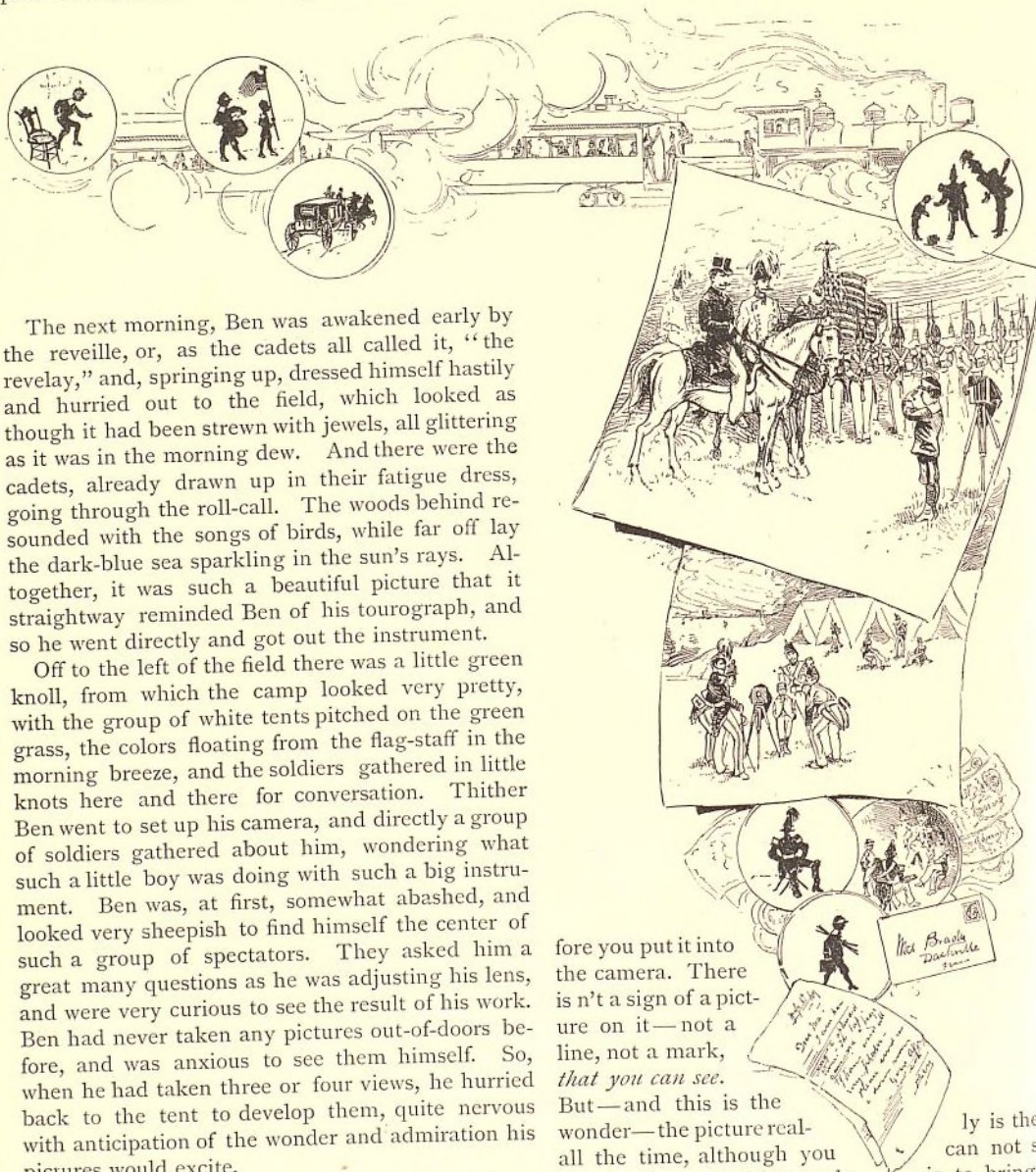
It took them some hours to get to the place where they were going, so that it was nearly sunset when they arrived. The camping-ground was a beautiful field, bounded on the north and east by some dark green woods, and sloping on the west toward the highway, commanding, too, a distant view of the sea. Such a hubbub as there was unpacking and getting to rights! Ben was delighted. The men went straight to work pitching their tents and making up their little cot-beds; the cooks hurried to and fro, making fires and getting out their pots and pans to cook supper; the guards



were mounted, and all were as busy as so many bees.

Ben was assigned to Lieutenant Jones's quarters, where, after a hearty supper, he went straight to bed, quite tired out with all the fatigue and excitement.

well that I need not explain it. Now, ever so many people think that is all there is to be done, that the picture is now taken, and there's an end of it. Well, so it is taken; but you would never know it. The plate looks just exactly as it did be-



The next morning, Ben was awakened early by the reveille, or, as the cadets all called it, "the revelay," and, springing up, dressed himself hastily and hurried out to the field, which looked as though it had been strewn with jewels, all glittering as it was in the morning dew. And there were the cadets, already drawn up in their fatigue dress, going through the roll-call. The woods behind resounded with the songs of birds, while far off lay the dark-blue sea sparkling in the sun's rays. Altogether, it was such a beautiful picture that it straightway reminded Ben of his tourograph, and so he went directly and got out the instrument.

Off to the left of the field there was a little green knoll, from which the camp looked very pretty, with the group of white tents pitched on the green grass, the colors floating from the flag-staff in the morning breeze, and the soldiers gathered in little knots here and there for conversation. Thither Ben went to set up his camera, and directly a group of soldiers gathered about him, wondering what such a little boy was doing with such a big instrument. Ben was, at first, somewhat abashed, and looked very sheepish to find himself the center of such a group of spectators. They asked him a great many questions as he was adjusting his lens, and were very curious to see the result of his work. Ben had never taken any pictures out-of-doors before, and was anxious to see them himself. So, when he had taken three or four views, he hurried back to the tent to develop them, quite nervous with anticipation of the wonder and admiration his pictures would excite.

But I must stop here a minute to explain to all those girls and boys who don't know already just how to take a photograph, that there are two or three things necessary in order to make a picture. First, you have to put your plate into the camera, pull off the little cap in front, and expose it to the sunlight. You all know that part of it so

fore you put it into the camera. There is n't a sign of a picture on it—not a line, not a mark, *that you can see.*

But—and this is the wonder—the picture real- all the time, although you it. So the next thing to do out; that's what is called "developing" it. And how do you suppose they do it? Why, they take it into a very dark place, and pour on it a kind of fluid with a difficult name, and soak it in this fluid till pretty soon one little point, then another little point, then the whole outline, and at last the

ly is there can not see

is to bring it And how do you suppose they do it? Why, they take it into a very dark place, and pour on it a kind of fluid with a difficult name, and soak it in this fluid till pretty soon one little point, then another little point, then the whole outline, and at last the

entire picture, grows right out of the plate like a ship coming through a fog. It is a very strange and beautiful thing, and I solemnly assure you that not all the fairies and witches and magicians and enchanters, in all your nursery-books put together, ever did anything half so wonderful and beautiful.

And now, what do you think? Why, when Ben hurried off to the tent, with all the soldiers following behind him, to develop his pictures, he found he had forgotten to bring this mysterious fluid with the hard name, and there he was, little better off than if he had not taken his pictures, for he could not show them! He threw his hat on the bed, he stamped on the ground, he tried to tear his hair in his vexation, only fortunately it had been cut too short. But there was no help for it; he had to come out and explain to the soldiers about the magic liquid, and he felt very silly and he looked very foolish, for he had fondly hoped to strike them dumb with astonishment.

However, if he could not develop his pictures, he could at least *take* them, and keep them shut up from the light, and carry them home to develop. And so every day he went about, setting up his camera and disappearing under the mysterious black cloth, till he became a familiar object in the camp, and a group of the idle soldiers would usually gather about him whenever he appeared with his instrument.

Meantime, in the tents and at mess, he was introduced to all the officers, who thought it was so droll to see such a little boy making pictures, that they took a good deal of notice of him. Indeed, they each and all sat to him for their pictures, from the Sergeant up to the Captain, who, leaning upon his sword, with his right hand thrust into his bosom, and his mustache brushed out into very fierce points, looked almost as grand as the late Louis Napoleon.

Ben was as proud as a peacock at being trusted to take all these pictures, and explained over and over again to every sitter that, as soon as he got home, he would develop them and send to each one proofs of his own photograph. Upon the strength of this promise every officer ordered a dozen or two to be struck off, and insisted upon paying for them in advance; several of the common soldiers and the band did likewise; so that Ben soon became not only a distinguished personage in the camp, but collected such a sum of money that it quite turned his head. Straightway he began to look upon himself as an experienced artist and equal to anything. Indeed, he was called by the good-natured officers "Our Special Artist," and one of them printed these words upon a large ornamental badge, which Ben wore tied around his cap.

As a result of all this prominence, poor Ben became so puffed up with vanity that I very much doubt if a vainer little boy was ever heard of. You may easily see this for yourselves by the letters he wrote to his mamma. Here is one of them.

"CAMP BISMARCK.

"DEAR MA: I'm having royal good times. This is a jolly place. They have the best things to eat you ever saw. I wish you and Aunt Hannah could just taste the chowder. I have just as many plates of pudding as I want, and don't have any water in my coffee. I'm as fat as a pig. I've got so I can take photographs first-rate. It's just as easy as nothing now. I've taken most everybody's. I've got lots of orders, too. I think I shall leave school when I come home and go into business, and then we can have a horse and buggy and a new parlor carpet. I have made up my mind to join the cadets this fall—the officers all like me most to death. They call me *Our Special Artist*, and Lieutenant Wilder made me a badge to wear with that printed on, so you see that I put on as much style as anybody.

"Oh! I forgot to tell you I came away without my developer, and so I can't finish a single plate. It was a horrid mistake, and I felt awful cut up, at first; but I shall fetch home all my negatives, and just go right at it and do it all up at once. You can tell Johnny Townsend that he need not expect me to go fishing any more. I shan't have any time to go fooling round now with him. Please send me down two or three dozen more plates right away.

"Your affectionate son,

"BEN."

Meantime, Ben was taken about everywhere by the officers, and introduced to all the visitors at the camp as "Our Special Artist," to whom, with a great air, he always made the military salute, putting his heels close together, sticking out his forefinger, and touching the visor of his cap with a motion as stiff as a poker.

But the proudest and happiest day Ben had ever yet known was when the Governor and his staff came down to review the troops. Ben was duly marched up and introduced to his excellency, who patted him on the head, and called him "my little man," and said he should esteem it a great honor to sit to him for a picture. The Governor, of course, was merely joking, and only wanted to pay Ben a compliment; but the latter had become by this time so confident of his ability and so proud of his reputation that he took the Governor at his word, and accordingly, at dress parade in the afternoon, when his excellency was standing watching the maneuvers of the troops, surrounded by his staff in their brilliant uniforms, with plumes flying and golden epaulets gleaming in the sunshine, Ben, nothing abashed, marched boldly forth, and, setting up his instrument at a short distance, leveled it full at the distinguished party, and began adjusting the lens. Pretty soon some one pointed him out to the Governor, who was very much amused, and was good-natured enough to send a member of his staff, with his sword clanking and his black horse prancing, across to Ben, requesting him to shake a handkerchief when he was ready, and they would all stand quietly to be taken. Ben did as he was asked, and triumphantly took

the picture in the face and eyes of the whole corps and a multitude of spectators gathered to witness the review.

Afterward, when the Governor was riding from the field, he suddenly drew up at sight of Ben and his instrument, and, stooping from his horse, said:

"Good-bye, my little artist; I shall expect one of those pictures when they are done!"

Ben, rigid as a lightning-rod, gave the military salute, and almost broke his forefinger by striking it so energetically against his visor.

This event was, indeed, the crowning feather in Ben's cap thus far. His cousin, Lieutenant Jones, laughed, and said, "He has grown six inches taller already, and pretty soon we shall have to get a ladder to climb up to him!"

That same evening, as it chanced, several of the officers were gathered in one of the tents, where each in turn told some strange experiences that had happened to himself or his friends. Among others, Lieutenant Wilder related several thrilling adventures he had met with in Virginia amid the wild and beautiful scenery of the Shenandoah region, where he had lived for a time.

"Yes," he said, concluding, and at the same time patting Ben upon the head, "if I had only had 'Our Special Artist' there with me, I could have shown you some of the scenes where these things happened, and there's nothing like them in the country."

Ben was so grateful for this tribute in his honor that he asked many questions about Virginia, which led Lieutenant Wilder to go on and tell other stories of the lovely scenery of that State and the pleasant people he had met there, to all of which Ben listened with most attentive ears.

But the secret of this sudden interest in Virginia was explained at the end of the week, when the camp broke up. When everything was packed and sent off, and everybody was ready to march to the depot, "Our Special Artist" could not be found. Search was made for him high and low, up in the woods, down by the sea-shore, but all in vain, till at length, just as everybody was becoming very much alarmed, a little boy came up and handed a note to Lieutenant Jones. He opened it quickly, and read as follows:

"DEAR COUSIN BILL: I guess your eyes will stick out when you get this. I've gone to Virginia. I was going to speak to you at first, but then I thought, you'd make a fuss, and so I thought I wouldn't. I'm going to write to Ma; so you need n't fret about that. I wish you'd take my trunk back to Dashville — I did n't want to be bothered with it, traveling. I had a bang-up time at the camp. I'm much obliged to you for taking me. I like the cadets first-rate, and I shall join them in the fall. You can tell Ma that I have gone to take views. You know there are n't any views around Dashville worth a cent. Tell her she need n't go and get worried about me; there won't anything happen to me; I guess I know how to take care of myself, and I shall come home just as quick as I use up my plates.

Yours truly,

BEN BRADY."

Poor Lieutenant Jones turned pale, and stared at the letter in blank amazement, as if it could not be true. What could he say to Mrs. Brady, and how could he ever make her believe that he was not to blame? He thought for a moment of pursuing Ben, of writing, of telegraphing; but he soon saw it would be of no use, for there was no address to the letter and there was no way of finding out his whereabouts.

But we must leave the unhappy Lieutenant to go back to Dashville and break the news of Ben's sudden and unexpected departure as best he could to Mrs. Brady, while we follow the footsteps of "Our Special Artist."

Ben was not in the first class in geography in the Dashville High School, and his knowledge of that branch of learning was as uncertain as his spelling. He had a very vague notion that Virginia was somewhere down South; but how to get to it, he did n't know at all. By dint of inquiring, however, he found out that he must go through New York, Baltimore, and Washington. In one of these places he thought he could get some of the magic liquid with which to develop his plates.

But he had never been in a big city in his life; and when he got to New York, the tremendous crowds of people, the rush, the confusion, the tumult, so impressed him that he dared only go from one depot to the other, and even then was quaking in his boots lest he should be lost.

At the ticket-office in New York there was a man standing close by when Ben went up to purchase his ticket for Washington. Perhaps to impress the stranger with his importance and teach him that he must not always judge people by their size, Ben, with a little flourish, pulled out the roll of bank-bills which he had received from his sitters at Camp Bismarck, and made a great show counting out his fare. When he took his seat on the train, he found the same man on the seat behind him. He turned out to be a pleasant, soft-spoken man, who by and by began to talk to Ben, and when he learned where he was going gave him much good advice, and told him how to go to Virginia, and what everything would cost, and many other things. He happened to have a map in his pocket, and he came over into Ben's seat and opened his map and took out a pencil, and showed Ben his road exactly on the map, so that Ben thought he had learned more geography from the soft-spoken man, in half an hour, than he had ever learned in the Dashville school all his life. And when, presently, the stranger saw the camera under the seat and heard what it was, and drew out from Ben a description of his visit to Camp Bismarck and the pictures he had taken, not for-

getting the Governor's, the soft-spoken man declared that Ben must be a wonderful boy—in fact,

moment occurred to him to connect his loss with the soft-spoken man.

But now what was to be done? He felt in his trousers' pockets in alarm, and found he had still a little silver. He counted it with much anxiety. There was only two dollars and a half. Forced to pay a dollar and a half for his lodging and breakfast, he reached Alexandria next day with only fifty cents in his pocket. This proved to be just enough to pay his fare in the stage that was to take him to Montville, a lovely little place among the mountains which he had heard Lieu-

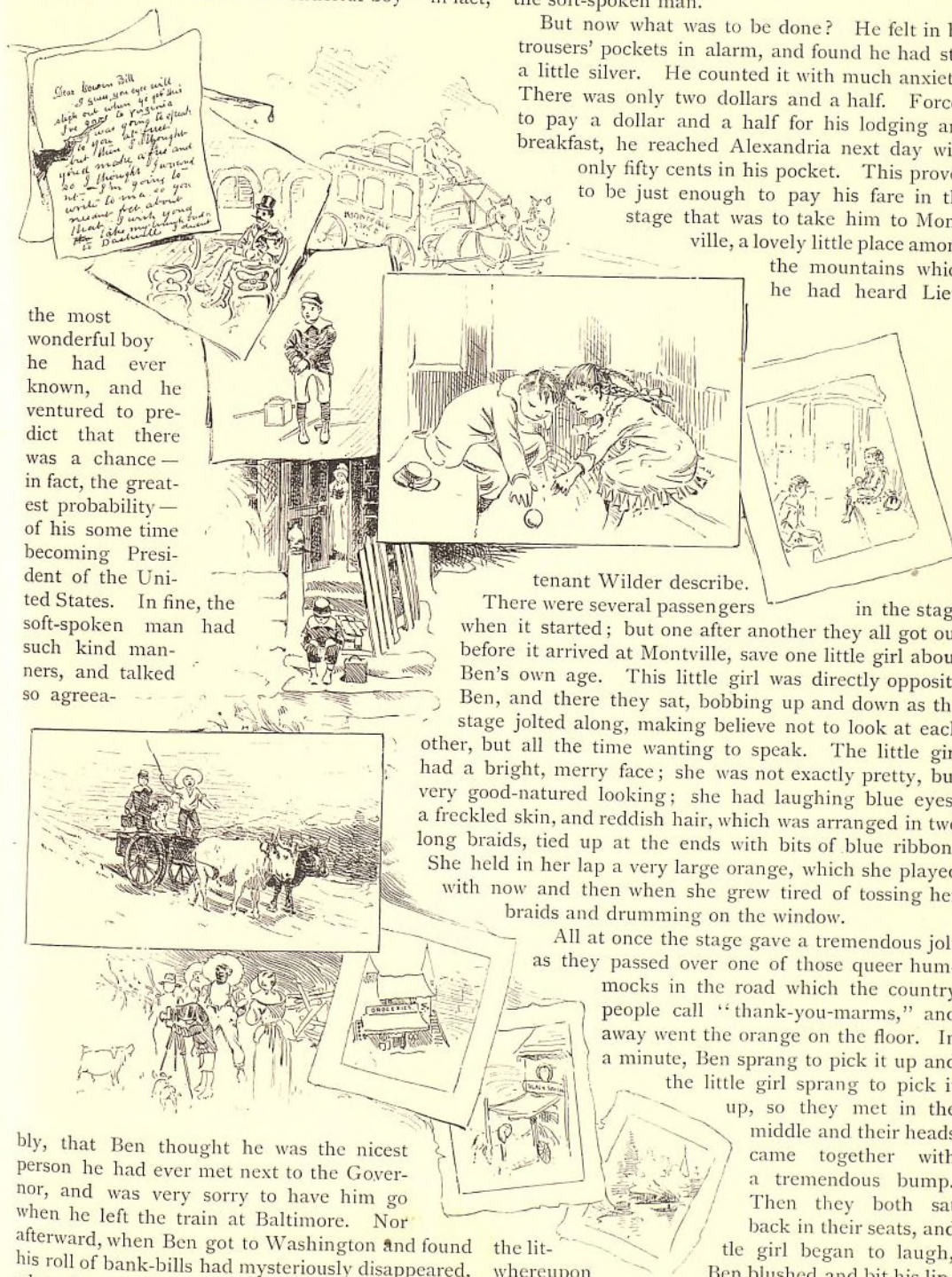
the most wonderful boy he had ever known, and he ventured to predict that there was a chance—in fact, the greatest probability—of his some time becoming President of the United States. In fine, the soft-spoken man had such kind manners, and talked so agreea-

tenant Wilder describe.

There were several passengers in the stage when it started; but one after another they all got out before it arrived at Montville, save one little girl about Ben's own age. This little girl was directly opposite Ben, and there they sat, bobbing up and down as the stage jolted along, making believe not to look at each other, but all the time wanting to speak. The little girl had a bright, merry face; she was not exactly pretty, but very good-natured looking; she had laughing blue eyes, a freckled skin, and reddish hair, which was arranged in two long braids, tied up at the ends with bits of blue ribbon. She held in her lap a very large orange, which she played with now and then when she grew tired of tossing her braids and drumming on the window.

All at once the stage gave a tremendous jolt as they passed over one of those queer hummocks in the road which the country people call "thank-you-marms," and away went the orange on the floor. In a minute, Ben sprang to pick it up and the little girl sprang to pick it up, so they met in the middle and their heads came together with a tremendous bump. Then they both sat back in their seats, and the girl began to laugh, Ben blushed and bit his lip.

Then the little girl laughed harder than before; she looked out of the window and puckered up her lips,



bly, that Ben thought he was the nicest person he had ever met next to the Governor, and was very sorry to have him go when he left the train at Baltimore. Nor afterward, when Ben got to Washington and found his roll of bank-bills had mysteriously disappeared, when he stood pale and quaking with astonishment and fear at the discovery, it never for a

and put her handkerchief up to her mouth, and tried very hard indeed to stop, but all in vain; she presently burst out again, and laughed and laughed till the tears stood in her eyes. By this time Ben had become very indignant; he did not like to be laughed at—he considered himself a person of altogether too much consequence; so he got up and went across the stage, and turned his back on the little girl and looked out of the other window. Pretty soon, however, he felt a touch on his shoulder, and there was the little girl holding out half of her orange, which she had peeled for him. She did not say anything, but she looked so sorry and so eager to be friends that Ben was mollified, and so took the orange and returned to his seat.

As they sat there eating their oranges and looking rather bashful, the little girl, taking courage, suddenly asked:

"What's your name?"

"Mister Ben Brady," said Ben, thinking to impress the little girl with his dignity.

"My name is Sissy Sanderson," she rejoined; "my father's the town clerk. Everybody knows us."

"Humph!" exclaimed Ben, not very politely, thinking to himself that he was somebody, and he did not know the Sandersons.

"What's that thing?" asked Sissy, pointing to Ben's apparatus, tucked down beside his seat.

"It's a tourograph!" replied Ben, loftily.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sissy, none the wiser.

Ben gazed out of the window with a proud air, as much as to say, "Look at it now while you have the chance; you don't see a tourograph every day!"

"Do you play on it?" asked Sissy, again.

"Nobody *plays* on it!" exclaimed Ben, indignantly. "I take pictures with it. I am an artist!"

"You do!" exclaimed Sissy, almost gasping with astonishment, and then she looked from Ben to the tourograph, and from the tourograph to Ben, for three whole minutes, so overcome with awe and admiration that she could not speak.

"Who taught you?" at last she asked.

"Nobody; I taught myself," replied Ben, shortly, seeing the effect he had produced on Sissy, and now feeling that he had risen once more to his proper level.

"Where are you going?" asked Sissy, more and more interested in her new acquaintance.

"Going to Montville."

"Why, that's where I live. I know everybody in Montville—whose house are you going to?"

"I'm not going to anybody's house; going to the hotel," said Ben, haughtily.

"Why there is n't any hotel," said Sissy.

"Eh?" exclaimed Ben, in alarm.

"Did n't you know the hotel was burned a long time ago?"

"Wh—wha—what shall I do then?"

The pride and haughtiness faded very suddenly out of Ben's face, and gave place to a look of blank dismay, as he felt in his trousers' pockets and found them empty, as he thought of himself hundreds of miles from home, with no means of getting back, and now just about entering a strange town, with no hotel, and the night coming on. He gazed ruefully down upon the tourograph, and then out of the window, and looked very, very crest-fallen and forlorn.

"Have n't you any relations in Montville?" inquired Sissy.

"No."

"And don't you know anybody?"

"No."

"Then what made you come here?"

"'Cause Lieutenant Wilder said there were splendid views here."

"What, Charley Wilder?"

"Yes!" cried Ben, brightening up a bit. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; he was my sister Molly's par-tick'ler friend when he was here. He used to come to our house often. How funny you should know him!"

There was a few minutes' silence, during which the kind-hearted Sissy was busily thinking, when, suddenly, she exclaimed:

"Why, I'll tell you what you can do. You can come to our house to supper, and bring your troorer—two—row—gr—the *thing*, you know," cried Sissy, in a desperate attempt to remember the name, "and I'll ask Mother, and *she'll* find some place where you can go."

Ben blushed a little, and muttered out his thanks rather awkwardly. But he was glad enough to accept the invitation, which took a big load from his heart, as you may believe, and, heaving a deep sigh of relief, he cast a look of gratitude at Sissy, and for the first time began talking and laughing with her quite easily. In this way, they at length rolled into the pretty village of Montville, where they were presently set down at Mr. Sanderson's door.

Sissy immediately stepped out of the stage and ran away, crying:

"I'll go and tell Mother you've come."

Pretty soon she came back with her mother, who proved to be a plain, stout, middle-aged woman, with a very pleasant look in her face. They found Ben sitting on the door-step, looking very dismal. Mrs. Sanderson took him in and welcomed him heartily; and after asking him some questions about Lieutenant Wilder, and looking with much



curiosity at his tourograph, of which Sissy had already given her some account in an awed and mysterious whisper, Mrs. Sanderson called in her son Bob, a boy of about the same age as Ben, and bade him show their little guest upstairs, saying kindly :

"If you are a friend of Lieutenant Wilder's, you must stay with us, my dear, while you remain in Montville."

Then Ben, with another sigh almost as big as he was himself, but with a light heart, followed Bob upstairs.

The next day, bright and early, and every morning for some time afterward, Ben started off in search of views. Up the hills and down the valleys he marched, never getting tired, stopping every now and then to take a picture, and always attended by Sissy and Bob, who were his constant admirers. Sometimes they went with Sissy's donkey-wagon, and sometimes they went with Bob's team, which was funnier still. Bob's team was nothing more nor less than an ox-cart. That was rather a queer thing for Bob to have, but this is the way it happened: Two or three years before, when Mr. Sanderson was about to send off two young calves to the butcher, Bob begged so hard for them, that his father gave them to him, and he had brought them up and trained them and broken them in, till now they were the handsomest pair of oxen in the whole country-side. Bob had trained them so that he could sit in the cart and shout "Gee!" and "Haw!" and they would go whichever way he wished. He called one "Jack" and the other "Jill"; and when Sissy laughed at this and said Jill was a girl, Bob said he did n't care; he liked the name of Jill, and it would do just as well for an animal as it would for a girl.

After Ben had thus photographed all the fine scenes he had heard Lieutenant Wilder describe, he began to take views of the town, and he soon became as well known and famous among the townspeople as he had been in camp. He wore his cap with the badge wherever he went, and was at once an object of envy to all the boys and of admiration to all the girls. Nobody understood very clearly why Ben did n't finish up his pictures, but they listened in good faith to his story of the magic liquid; and as he took good care to tell all about Camp Bismarck, and how he took the officers and last of all the Governor himself, they could n't doubt his word. Beside, there was the instrument itself—there had never been one before in town, and if it did n't take pictures, what did it do? Again, Ben's experienced air,—for he had now taken so many pictures that he went through the operation with great ease and quickness,—all these things tended to impress the public with his knowledge and skill.

Thus he went about the village always attended by a group of white children, a lot of ragged little darkies, a few grown-up men who had nothing better to do, and now and then a stray dog or cat. He took views of the chief buildings and objects of interest, the town-house, the pound, the grocery store, and the blacksmith's shop. The poor smith stood with a horse's foot in his lap, and his heavy hammer uplifted in the air, waiting until his back ached to be taken. But as soon as Ben got ready, then the horse would switch his tail to brush off a fly, or the smith would have to mind his bellows, or a pig would run in the way, or something else happen, which, of course, was not Ben's fault.

Then at home he had to take ever so many pictures of the Sanderson family and all their friends. There was Mrs. Sanderson in her best black silk, holding a prayer-book in her hand. There was Granny Sanderson in her best cap, with her jet-black front tied on askew. There was Mr. Sanderson in his Sunday clothes, with his long locks combed down very straight and smooth, staring with a stern look at a fly on the wall. There was Bob, with his hair sticking straight up in the air, and his eyes looking a little wild. There was Sissy, with her freckles and braids, smiling helplessly, for she protested she never could keep sober with "that thing" pointed at her. And last, but by no means least, there was Miss Molly. I say *Miss* Molly, for she was a grown-up young lady and the beauty of the family, and not only that, but the beauty of the whole town, as everybody acknowledged. I am sorry to say that people had noticed Molly's good looks, and silly friends had told her she was handsome, until she had become so vain of her beauty that she thought of very little else. Now, therefore, she was constantly "posing" to Ben for her picture. And Ben, as you may suspect, was only too glad to find his services in such demand by the belle of Montville. Accordingly, he took her in all kinds of attitudes, in which he exerted his utmost skill, and Miss Molly made frantic attempts to be fascinating. Now, in her big Gainsborough hat, almost as large round as the top of a barrel; now with her hair let down and her eyes rolled up like a Madonna; now wearing a wreath of flowers as "The Bride," or veiled with the mosquito-net as "The Spirit of Light"; now with her head turned to one side as "The Coquette," with her hands resting upon a parasol that lay across her lap, and with an affected smile upon her face. Our young photographer decided that this last "would be a very good picture, only the arms and the parasol were a little out of focus."

After a time, however, Miss Molly's thoughts took a tragic turn. She tried attitudes for hours before the glass, and when she hit upon one that

was fine enough she would "strike it," and call for Ben to come at once to take her. Sometimes this must have been very tedious if not painful, as when one day she arrayed herself in a bed-quilt and stood in the middle of the parlor floor till nearly exhausted, brandishing the carving-knife as "Lady Macbeth"; and all this time poor Mrs. Sanderson was waiting for the knife to cut up the cold meat for dinner, but dared not ask for it, as Miss Molly insisted if she was disturbed in that attitude she could never "strike it" again, which, I believe, was true enough. Another remarkable attitude of Miss Molly's was when she put three rows of paper ruffles around her neck, dressed her hair in puffs, put on Bob's cap with the brim at the back, donned Granny's long mourning veil, and looked sorrowfully down at her feet, as Mary Queen of Scots. But her grandest and most terrible posture was where she rolled up her sleeve to the shoulder, and then, seizing in her other hand a toy snake which Bob found among his old playthings, applied it to her bare arm while she threw back her head and fixed a ferocious glare

question by tying on a red cotton handkerchief for a turban, and draping herself in one of the chintz curtains from the parlor. And if anybody had objected that this garb was very like old Aunt Dinah's in the kitchen, it might easily have been answered that no Aunt Dinah nor any other mortal cook was ever seen clutching a toy snake and rolling her eyes in that way.

What worried Ben, however, was that he had no screen, and that the corner of the melodeon, with the kerosene lamp on it, would be sure to show sticking out behind Cleopatra in the picture.

Speaking of Aunt Dinah reminds me of Ben's attempt to photograph her. After all the family had been duly taken, they suddenly thought of Aunt Dinah, and rushed into the kitchen to ask her. She beamed with delight at the suggestion, but said, in a sort of shamefaced way:

"Laws, honey, yer don't want'er tuk an ole body like me."

"Yes, yes, we do; come, Aunt Dinah! come right along!" shouted all the children in chorus.

"He, he!" chuckled the delighted Aunt Dinah,



"IT 'S GWINE TO GO OFF!"

upon the ceiling. This, I hardly need to tell you, was "Cleopatra and the Asp." The whole family assembled and stood by in awe-struck and breathless suspense while Ben, with trembling haste, took the picture. No one was quite clear how Cleopatra ought to be dressed; but Molly settled the

beginning to divest herself of her kitchen apron, "ef y' aint gwine fer to take no 'scuse, s'pose I 'll jes' hab to be tuk. But go 'long, honey, go 'long! I 's comin', I 's comin' sho'; only jes' stoppin' to find sumfin to frow ober dis yer noddle."

Sure enough, out came Aunt Dinah presently in

her best plaid apron and kerchief, a yellow turban on, and her gold ear-rings gleaming in the sun. Ben sat her on a bench in the garden among the

"Run, chil'en! Massy sakes, run! it's gwine to go off! Seed one o' dem yer t'ings bust afore now! Done knock ebery'ting all to nuffin!"



PHOTOGRAPHING THE TWINS. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

sunflowers, and she made a first-rate picture—much better than Ben had any idea of, and far finer, after all, than Miss Molly in all her grand attitudes.

But the moment Aunt Dinah was seated she began to look grave; she grew, in fact, more and more solemn as Ben proceeded to "fix things," till at length when all was ready she had stiffened into a really formidable grimness.

Presently Ben had everything arranged to his satisfaction, and coming to the front of the camera he said, in a warning tone, and with a grand air that never failed to strike terror to the heart of the ignorant sitter: "All ready now, take care!" and immediately pulled off the little brass cap.

Aunt Dinah had been looking in another direction, but at these words turned quickly toward the instrument, and whether startled by Ben's action or tone, or both combined, it would be impossible to say; but she suddenly started from her seat and toward the house, looking back over her shoulder with a terrified face, as she cried:

The children all laughed and shouted at poor Aunt Dinah's fright, but nothing could induce her to go back and have her picture taken.

"Dis ole nigger seed too many dem yer shootin' t'ings in de war," she said, solemnly. "Yo' kin go on ef ye wanter, jes' go right on, but I's tell yer, honey, tell yer sho', dat ar's gwine ter go off one o' dese yer fine days, an' den whar'll ye be? Whar'll ye be den?" she repeated, shaking her head, warningly. "Wont be nuff o' yer lef' to wipe up de flo'."

Beside the Sandersons, Ben was called upon in due time to take some of the neighbors. His greatest trial, however, was with the Mallory twins. Mrs. Mallory was very fond and proud of the twins—so extravagantly fond of them that she often said they were good enough to eat. They were as like each other as two peas; indeed, Ben thought they were a good deal more alike than any two peas he had ever seen. They were just one year and two months old. Why Mrs. Mallory

was so proud of the twins, except for the fact that there were two of them, nobody was ever able to find out; but she was, and that was enough for Mrs. Mallory, and indeed for Mr. Mallory, too—they were both very proud of the twins, and the taking of their pictures was a great event in the Mallory family.

The appointed day arrived. Ben was told to come with his instrument at eleven o'clock precisely, for that was the time the twins awoke from their morning naps. He went accordingly. He was shown into the parlor, where the whole family was gathered awaiting him. Ben by this time felt quite experienced; he had taken almost everything else but a baby, and, although it was a bold thing to begin with twins, Ben felt pretty sure of himself. Presently the twins were brought in, and straightway there was a chorus of admiring relatives—"Darlings," "angels," "cherubs," "pets," "lambs," "little dears," etc. Ben did n't join in the chorus; he did n't exactly know what to do, and so only stood and twirled his thumbs, and looked foolish. He knew very little about babies, and still less about twins; "but," as he told Sissy privately, "he could n't see anything to make a fuss over; he should a great deal rather have a couple of nice rabbits." They were chubby babies; and it must be confessed that they were not handsome. They were dressed in long white dresses, tied up at the shoulders with pink ribbons. They were girls, and their names, which their mother had made it a point to get as nearly alike as possible, were Emeline Anna and Eveline Hannah.

And now there was a great dispute as to how they should be taken. Some thought in the cradle, some thought in the baby-wagon, some thought on their mother's lap, some thought on their father's lap, while their Aunt Jane said they looked "too cunning for anything" in the clothes-basket. But soon Mrs. Mallory settled the question by emphatically taking them one on each knee. Now Ben went to work; he pointed his instrument, adjusted his lens, looked under the black cloth, and was just upon the point of saying the word, when suddenly Emeline Anna set up a cry. Three aunts at once rushed to the rescue, which made her cry louder than before. Mrs. Mallory then sent the aunts away, and by some stratagem of her own secured silence. In a few minutes they were all ready to start again, when, unhappily, Eveline Hannah espied the ribbon on a little blue-and-white sock, sticking out from under her dress, and directly was seized with a wild desire to clutch it. This endeavor brought the three aunts and the father promptly to the scene. All at once, it occurred to their Aunt Jane that it would be "so sweet" to have them "looking up." Thereupon

she went and got the dust-pan, and, standing on a chair behind Ben and the camera, she pounded it with a clothes-pin. This struck Papa Mallory as such a very clever thing to do, that he went and got the poker and tongs, and stood on another chair and banged them together. This produced



BEN'S PHOTOGRAPH OF MOLLY AS "LADY MACBETH."

the desired effect. The four eyes were strained upward in a gaze of dumb astonishment.

"Now, quick, quick!" cried everybody.

Ben, in a flutter, pulled off the cap. The whole family stood rigid with suspense for several seconds. Ben, at length, replaced the cap, crying triumphantly, "Done!" Alas! in another moment he found that, in the confusion and excitement of getting the twins fixed, he had forgotten to put in the plate, and of course there was no picture.

Up went Papa Mallory and up went Aunt Jane on the chairs again, bang went the poker and tongs, and clang went the clothes-pin and the dust-pan. This time, however, the plan did not work. Eveline Hannah suddenly took it into her "precious little head" to be scared at the noise, and at once set up a cry which, when Emeline Anna presently joined in, became a loud and prolonged duet. It was plain that something else must be tried. It was, therefore, decided to let Papa Mallory hold the twins, while Mamma Mallory amused them. This promised at first to succeed.

Mamma Mallory knelt down before the darlings, and, clapping her hands, cried softly:

"Goo—goo! Googly—goo!"

Now, children, I wish I could explain those words to you, but I can not. I have not the least idea what they mean. But—will you believe it?—the twins did; they knew what it meant at once, and burst into the sweetest smile of which they were capable. Everybody again cried:

"Quick, quick; take 'em now! Take 'em now!"

But Ben, squinting under his black cloth, found he could see nothing at all but Mrs. Mallory's back hair. "Oh, dear!" she cried, when Ben told her of this. "If I go away, they'll be sure to cry!"

But it seemed now as if the twins had exhausted their ingenuity for the time, and had stopped to think up something else to do. They puckered their mouths, and looked pensively at the floor. "Now," thought Ben, "I'll catch 'em on the sly!" And so he did. They were quiet; they sat still; and neither Ben nor anybody else in the room noticed that Papa Mallory *had been trotting each knee gently all the time*. After this utter failure, Ben gave up the twins in despair.

But although the Mallorys and many of the other neighbors were very willing to employ Ben, and even in some cases to order a dozen pictures, it never seemed to occur to anybody to pay in advance, and Ben had not the courage to demand it. So, instead of the great fortune he expected to make, he was not only without a penny, but depending on the kind-hearted Sandersons for his board. At last, one morning, he made the startling discovery that he had used up all his plates. Now, instead of a millionaire and a celebrated artist as he had fancied himself when on the way to Virginia, all at once it occurred to him that he was only a boy a very long way from home, and with no means of getting back there. He began, too, to want to see his mother; he even felt like crying a little, and the world looked very, very dark and dismal. Just at this moment Sissy came up, and, seeing Ben look so doleful, asked him what was the matter. He told her everything. Thereupon the sensible Sissy said:

"Well, you ought to go right away and sit down and write your mother a good long letter, and tell her all about it!"

And so Ben did; and his poor mother, who had been nearly distracted with anxiety, sent back an answer at once by telegraph, saying that his cousin Lieutenant Jones would come on to Montville immediately to bring him back.

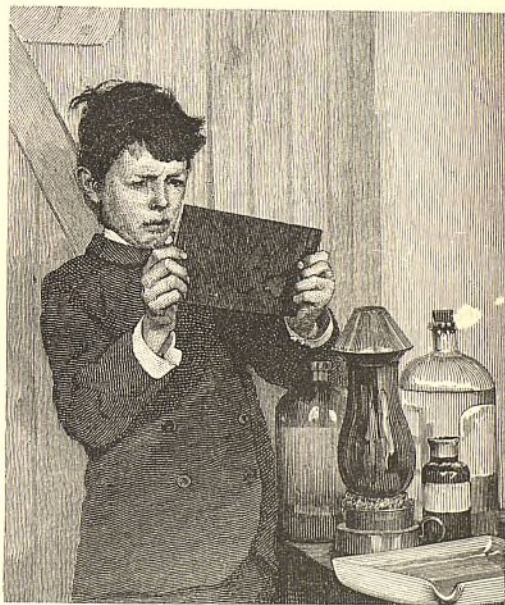
Very much ashamed was Ben to meet his cousin, you may be sure, after all the trouble he had caused; and very silly and guilty he felt, like little

boys who play truant from school. Still more ashamed was he to confess that he had been depending all this time on the hospitality of the Sandersons.

However, good, kind Mrs. Sanderson would n't hear of taking a cent from Lieutenant Jones; she said they would be all well repaid when Ben sent them on their pictures which he had taken. Indeed, I think Miss Molly was rather eager to have him go—she was so anxious to see her pictures.

They arrived at home in two days; and during the journey, Lieutenant Jones, as the mother's spokesman, delivered a severe lecture to our artist. So before the boy saw her again he had come to understand the fright and anxiety he had caused her. And when they met, Ben burst into tears, which told his mother how sorry and ashamed he was better than a thousand words could have done.

Two days after he got up before sunrise and went to work developing his plates. Eager, curious, trembling with anticipation, he took them one by



BEN IS NOT SATISFIED WITH HIS PLATES.

one into the dark closet and applied the magic liquid. He watched, he waited, he peered through the gloom by the light of his ruby lamp, he scanned each little line and point. What was the matter? Why did n't they come? He took them out to the daylight. He soaked them again and again in the liquid. What did it mean, all these misty, cloudy, confused-looking objects? What was this meant for? And this? Where were the tents? the camp views? the officers? Where, oh, where was the

Governor? Where were the beautiful views in Virginia? Where were the Sandersons? Where Miss Molly's "The Coquette," the "Cleopatra," the "Spirit of Light," "Lady Macbeth," and the "Queen of Scots"?

A more dreadful set of pictures was never seen, I am sure—a more dismal failure never heard of! What did it mean? Why, it only meant that Ben did n't know how to take pictures; it meant that he did n't make any distinction between work-

to eat when he went to tell his mother of his disappointment. He walked up and down his chamber floor a long time before he could gather courage to do it. His mother did not seem at all surprised; but when she went on gravely and told Ben that now she must pay back to the officers the money they had advanced, and pay the Sandersons for his board, and that, in short, with the expense of sending after him to Virginia and everything else, his career as an artist would cost her over a hun-



MOLLY AS A COQUETTE—"OUR YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER DECIDED THAT IT WOULD BE A GOOD PICTURE, ONLY THE ARMS AND THE PARASOL WERE A LITTLE OUT OF FOCUS."

ing out-doors, where the light is fierce and strong and the picture takes in a second, and in-doors, where the light is weak and the picture does not take in less than a whole minute. It means that, not having his magic liquid with him, he could not see his mistakes, and so could not learn experience from them. Poor Ben! He was stunned. He was staggered. He leaned up against the wall. Long had he been waiting for the moment of triumph, when he should bring forth his views to the light to convince his mother, and show all Dashville what a genius he was, to repay all the favors of the cadets, to return the compliment of the Governor, to requite the long-continued hospitality of the Sandersons, and last—far worse than anything else—to *earn the money he had taken in advance from the officers!*

It was a great big piece of humble-pie Ben had

dred dollars, poor Ben was very much dismayed, and was quite thoughtful and downcast all the rest of the day.

The next morning, he got up early and went and tucked his tourograph away in the darkest corner of the garret, and never mentioned it again. That afternoon, as he was standing at the window, he suddenly saw Johnny Townsend come out of his house across the way with his fishing-rod and basket and go down the street. Ben stood a moment struggling with his pride; then he ran out and called:

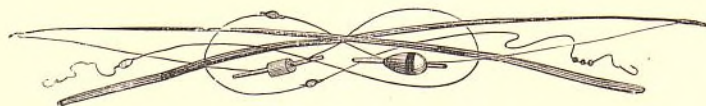
"Johnny!—John—nee!"

"Wha-a-t?"

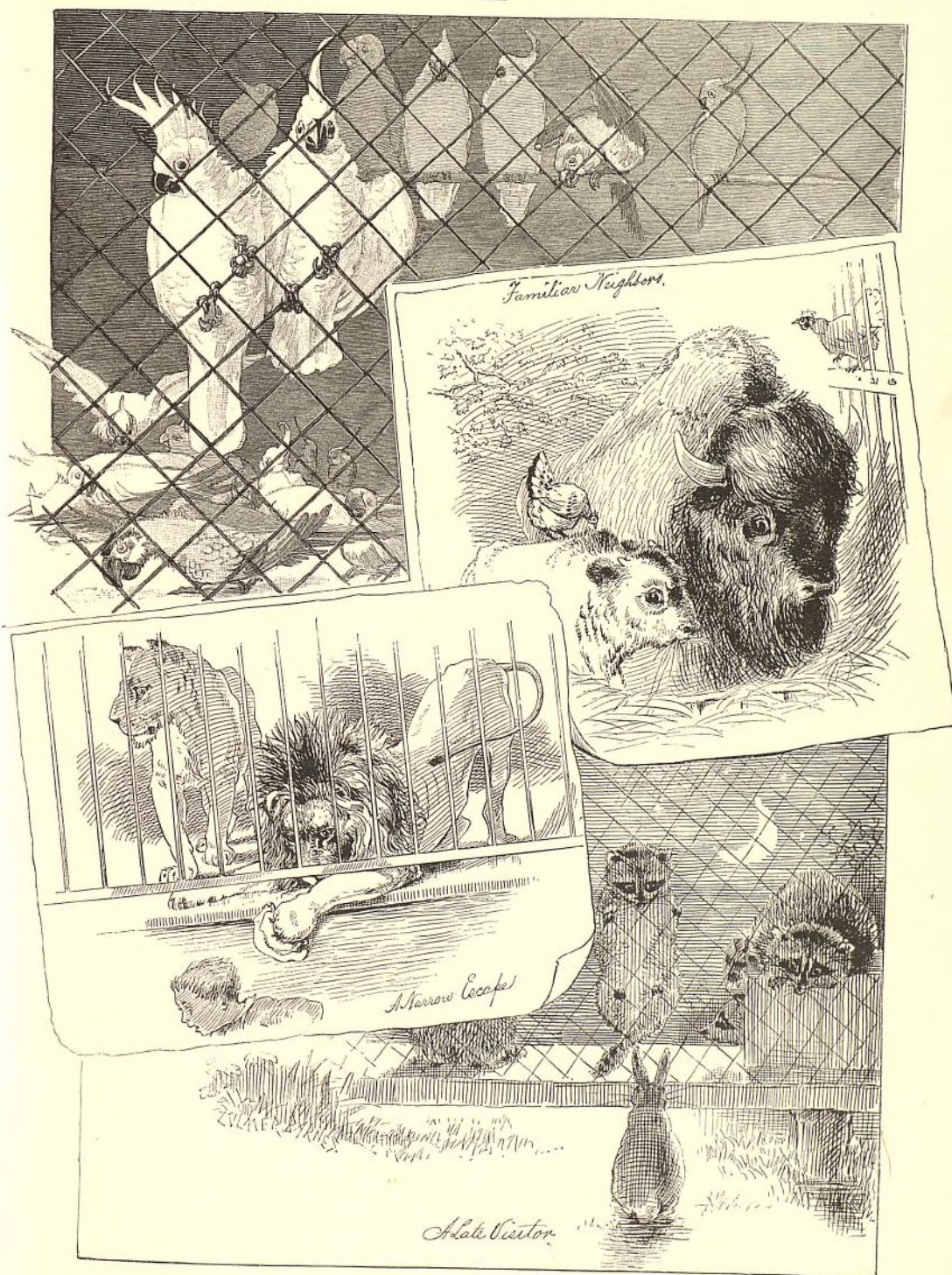
"Got bait enough for two?"

"Ye-es."

"Then hold on; I'll go with you—if Ma'll let me!"



MEMORIES OF THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS.



THE YOUNG MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

BY W. M. CARY.

I ONCE knew a hunter, living near a mining town in Montana, who made a business of selling wild game that he brought in from the surrounding mountains. In his excursions, he would often happen upon the young of various wild animals,

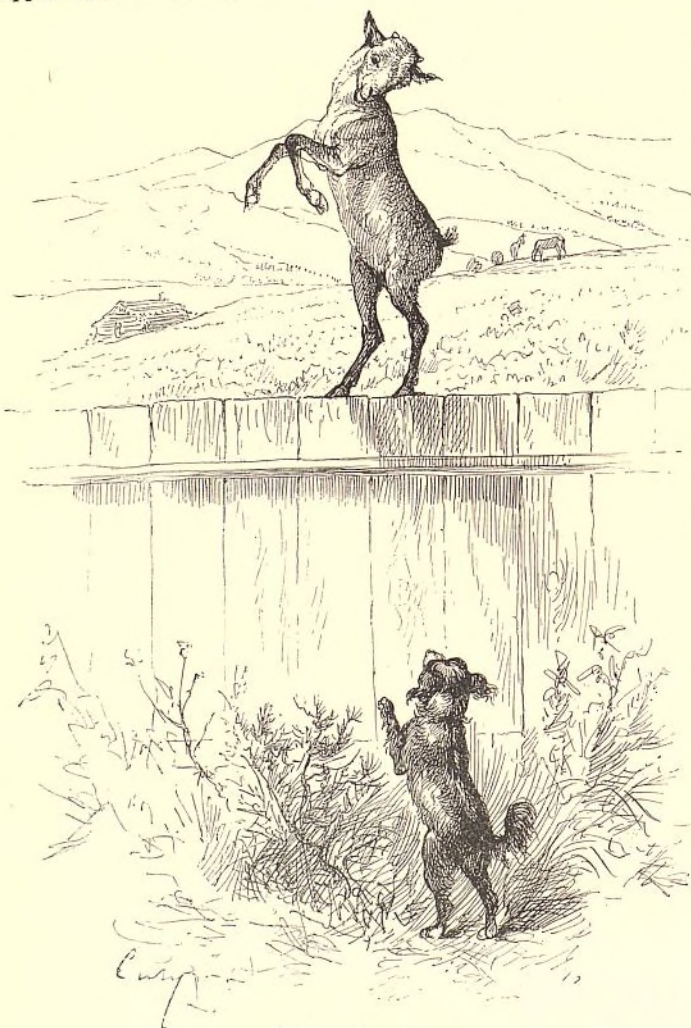
and many a baby buffalo has he brought home to his children. These, when they grew large, were either sold or turned in with the cattle, of which he owned a large herd.

One day I was riding by his cabin, and noticed that he had built around it an inclosure of common rough planks, put close together, and sawed off at an even height, making a board fence such as you have often seen in towns or villages. While looking at this fence, my attention was attracted by a curious little animal running along the top of the fence. At a little distance it looked like a kid or lamb, yet no one ever saw a lamb run along the top of a board fence, skipping and dancing as freely as when on the ground. It would suddenly stop and stand on its hind legs, and shake its head as if at some enemy on the other side of the inclosure or fence.

My curiosity being aroused, I drove up to see what this curious creature was. It did not appear to be afraid of me, and came close up to where I stood, now and then shaking its head ominously, however, as if to say, "I should like to try a fight with you, too." At that moment I heard a sudden bark, and a small Newfoundland dog dashed around the fence. Away went the strange creature, leaping down the fence and dashing across the yard, the dog after it, but both in play, as I could see. Their jumps and gambols would have astonished you. But always, when hard pressed, the queer animal would wheel, and with one spring land on the very top of the board fence again.

Its powers of leaping and balancing were truly marvelous.

I shouted to the hunter, whom I now discovered unsaddling his horse at the door of his stable near by, saying, "What do you call this lively thing?"



A FOUR-LEGGED ACROBAT.

and bring them home to his cabin as pets for his children. In fact, he had made considerable money by rearing some of these young animals and afterward sending them to the Eastern States to be sold to menageries. He captured young grizzlies, mountain lions, panthers, and lynxes,

"That's a kind of a Chinese puzzle on legs," said he, in reply. "Did you ever see any circus clown beat him at jumping?"

I replied by asking, "Well, what do you call the creature when cooked?"

This question he did not evade, but answered, promptly: "We call it mutton or lamb. That, sir, is a young mountain sheep. These animals resemble our sheep in many ways, but not in their straight, coarse, yellowish-brown hair. But beneath this rough coat they have a fine, short wool covering their bodies. They used to be called *goats*; but the wise men of the country have decided that they are really *sheep*."

I had seen these strange sheep at a distance, in little bands, but never any so young as the one now playing about my friend's fence.

The older sheep have a dark brown streak down the back of the hind legs, and also the same kind of a mark down the front of the fore leg. Their

eyes are very large, resembling those of a deer or antelope.

They feed on the bunch grass, lichens, and moss that grow on the rocks, on sage, and on the bark of trees. They are very difficult to approach in their wild state, yet, when captured young, are easily tamed.

Hunters have very laborious sport when hunting these animals, as they seek the most elevated peaks of the mountains, and very seldom descend to the valleys. It is the object of the hunter to get *above* his game, if possible, when in pursuit of the mountain sheep, for they are so quick of eye, ear, and foot that, if he meets them on the same level with himself, he stands but little chance of bagging his game. So he strives to get above them. Then a stone thrown down among them will suffice to frighten them, and they will immediately begin ascending the mountain; and as they can not scent the hunter, who lies in wait above them, they will then fall an easy prey to quick and true shots from his rifle.



THE STORY OF THE CASTLE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



CLEAR shone the cordial sun of June —
 Summer was come again ;
 In the still, dreamy afternoon,
 Upon the grassy plain,

The children, with the patient sheep
 About the shepherd old,
 Watched the long, lazy shadows creep
 Across the sunshine's gold.

Up to the high crag, castle-crowned,
 Beyond the rushing Rhine,
 With curious eyes they looked where frowned
 The walls of Falkenstein.

And Hans and Fritz and Max the bold,
 And little Rosel sweet,
 Coaxed and caressed the shepherd old,
 And gathered round his feet.

“ Tell us a story, Gottfried good,
 Of the tall towers that shine,
 And how the small sprites of the wood
 Crept up to Falkenstein !

“ Tell us that story, Gottfried, please,
 About the castle grand ! ”
 And on the soft grass, at their ease,
 They curled on either hand.

The sun made yellow all the steep,
 No sound the silence broke,
 The good dog watched the drowsy sheep,
 And thus the shepherd spoke :

“ Rough was the knight of Falkenstein —
 Harsh and morose was he ;
 Yet was his daughter half divine,
 The lovely Odilie !

"Like some old bare and gnarled tree,
He lived upon his height;
But she, the lovely Odilie,
Was like a blossom bright,

"And lovers flew as thick as bees
Her rosy smiles to gain.
But one alone the maid could please—
The brave Kuno von Sayn.

"He asked her of her father stern.
The cruel lord replied:
'If you my daughter's hand would earn,
And win her for your bride,

"Level a smooth road from my door
Down to the open plain
Ere morning breaks, or nevermore
Look in her face again!'

"A path down that tremendous crag!
Alas! for brave von Sayn,
Who climbed the rocks like some bold stag
Her rosy smiles to gain!

"No mortal hands a way might make
Down such a mountain-side;
But Kuno, with heart fit to break,
Swift to his miners hied:

"Now all my fortune yours shall be,
If up the dizzy height
A road for my good steed and me
You 'll make ere morning light.'

"They gazed at him with pitying eyes,
And whispered, while they smiled,
'Our master once was grave and wise,
But love has made him wild!'

"Then dull despair caught at his heart,
And to the woods he sped.
Frantic with grief, he struck apart
The close boughs overhead,

"And pushed through clustering underbrush,
With reckless stride, his way,
Intent to the world's end to rush,
Hating the light of day.

"Careless, yet not so blind was he
But that his quick eye caught
A scarlet gleam not hard to see.
He paused, as swift as thought.

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"Was it some bird or butterfly
That glimmered bright before?
Patient he waited, with a sigh,
To see the creature soar.

"When, lo! a tiny voice piped shrill:
'Take heart, thou brave, true knight,
Who would'st no helpless creature kill!
Thou shalt have thy delight.'

"And there upon the vivid moss
A little kobold gray,
With yellow plumes the wind did toss,
And scarlet cloak so gay,

"Stood, quaint and small, with hand on hip
And grand of mien. Said he:
'Ere down the west the moon shall dip,
Thy road shall finished be.'

"Did Kuno dream? Where did he go?
In vain he sought to find
That fairy man above, below,
Who spake with words so kind.

"Then in his heart hope rose elate.
He turned and left the wood,
And entered his own castle gate
And slept in peaceful mood.

"But round the walls of Falkenstein,
Throughout that mystic night,
Did thunder roll and lightning shine,
And fill the folk with fright.

"To heaven, the saints, and Mary mild
The rough old Ritter prayed;
But still went on the tumult wild,
And all his soul dismayed.

"With raps and taps and clinks and thumps
Was cracked the ancient stone;
Ten thousand hatchets split the stumps,
Ten thousand hammers shone:

"For twenty thousand gnomes had sped
The barriers to destroy.
And when at last the morning red
Kissed all the world to joy,

"And Kuno on his coal-black steed
Came riding gallantly,
There was the finished road, indeed—
A miracle to see;

"Up, up, and up he galloped gay,
Till, at the portal grim,
He saw the Ritter old and gray
Come out to welcome him;

"And by her white and slender hand
He led his daughter fair.

'Take her,' he cried, 'you who command
The powers of earth and air!'

"And Kuno looked in her sweet eyes,
And rapturously obeyed;
And so he won his matchless prize,
The snow-and-rose-bloom maid."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

NEW SERIES.

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

III. "HOW WE WENT DOWN TO JERICO AND FELL AMONG THIEVES."



WITH the exception of an occasional skirmish and some heavy cannonading, we had heard but little of the enemy when on Monday, May 23d, 1864, after a

good sleep, we started at six in the morning and marched rapidly all day in a southerly direction, "straight for Richmond," according to our somewhat bewildered conception of the geography of those parts. Indeed, we had seen and heard but very little of the enemy for several days. Where he was we did not know. We only hoped he had at last taken to his heels and run away—

"Away down South, in Dixie's land,
Away, away,"

and that we should never again see anything of him but his back. Alas! for the presumption;

and alas! for the presumption of the innumerable company and fellowship of cooks, camp followers, and mule-drivers, who, emboldened by the quietude of the last few days, had ventured to join each his respective regiment, and were marching along bravely enough, when, on the evening of May 23d, we neared North Anna River, which we were to cross at a place called Jericho Ford. As we approached the river, we found the supply and ammunition trains "parked" to the rear of a woods a short distance from Jericho; so that, as we halted for awhile in the edge of the forest nearest to the stream, everything wore so quiet and unsuspecting a look that we never dreamed of the enemy's being near at hand. Under the impression that we would probably halt there for the night, I gathered up a number of the boys' canteens and started in search of water, taking my course toward an open meadow which lay to the right and near the river's edge. There was a corn-field off to the left, across which I could see the troops marching in the direction of the bridge. As I stooped down to fill my canteens at the spring, another man came up, bent upon the same errand as myself. From where I stood I could see the bridge full of troops and the rabble of camp followers carelessly crossing. But hardly had I more than half-filled my first

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canteen, when the enemy, lying concealed in the woods, across the river, opened fire. Boom! Bang! Whir-r-r! *Chuck!*

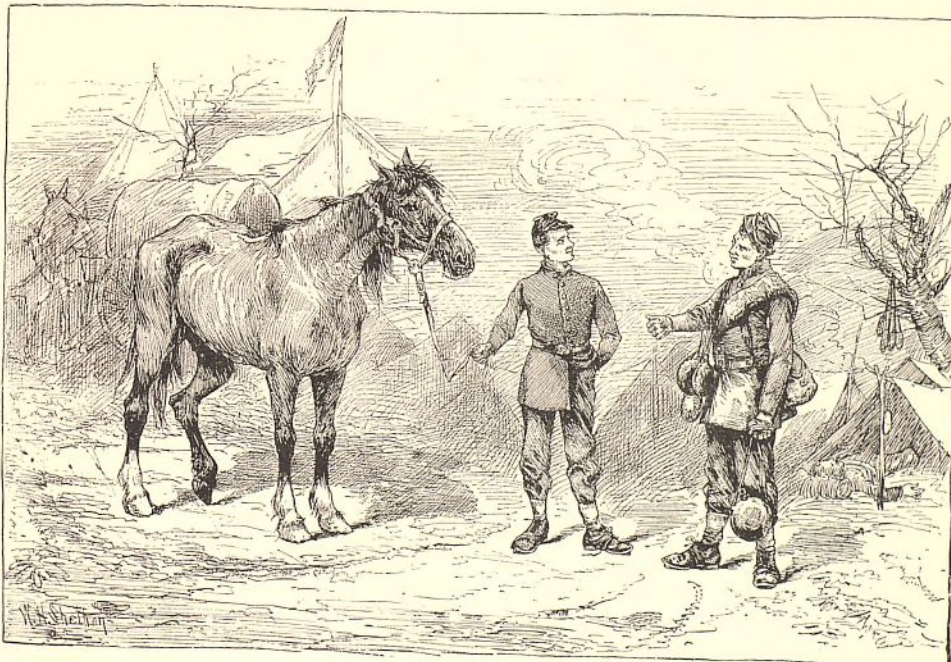
"Heigho!" said I to my companion, "the ball is going to open!"

"Yes," answered he, with a drawl and a supercilious look, as if few beside himself had ever heard a shell crack before—"yes; but when you've heard as many shells bursting about your head as I have —"

Whir-r-r! *Chuck!* I could hear the sharp *thud* of the pieces of shell as they tore up the meadow sod to the right and left of us, whereupon my brave and boastful friend, leaving his sentence to be completed and his canteens to be filled some other day, cut for the rear at full speed, ducking his head as he went. Finding an old gate-way near by, with high stone posts on either side, I took refuge there, and, feeling tolerably safe behind my tall defense, turned about and looked toward the river.

And laughable indeed was the scene which greeted my eyes. Everything was in confusion, and all was helter-skelter, skurry, and skeddaddle.

ing or being tumbled off the bridge, while others were swept irresistibly over to the other side, and there began to plunge forthwith into the dirty ooze of the stream, with the intention of getting beyond the enemy's range as quickly as possible, while all the time the shells flew shrieking and screaming through the air in pursuit. Between me and the river was a last year's corn-field, over which the rabble came pell-mell, fear furnishing wings for the flight, and happy indeed was he who had no mule to take care of! One poor fellow, hatless and out of breath, who had had his mule heavily laden with camp equipage, was making for the rear at a full trot, minus saddle, bag, and baggage, and having nothing left but himself, the mule, and the halter. Another, immediately in my front, had come on well enough until he arrived in the middle of the open field, where the shells were falling with unpleasant frequency, when his mule took it into his head to retreat no further—not an inch. There he stood like a rock, the poor driver pulling at his halter and frantically kicking the beast in the ribs, but all to no avail; while around him and past him swept the crowd



"ANDY HAD CONCLUDED THE BARGAIN, AND HAD BOUGHT THE SORREL FOR TEN DOLLARS." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

There was the bridge in full view, crowded with a struggling mass of men, horses, and mules; the troops trying to force their way over to the other side, and the yelling crowd of camp followers equally bent on forcing their way back; some jump-

ing or being tumbled off the bridge, while others were swept irresistibly over to the other side, and there began to plunge forthwith into the dirty ooze of the stream, with the intention of getting beyond the enemy's range as quickly as possible, while all the time the shells flew shrieking and screaming through the air in pursuit. Between me and the river was a last year's corn-field, over which the rabble came pell-mell, fear furnishing wings for the flight, and happy indeed was he who had no mule to take care of! One poor fellow, hatless and out of breath, who had had his mule heavily laden with camp equipage, was making for the rear at a full trot, minus saddle, bag, and baggage, and having nothing left but himself, the mule, and the halter. Another, immediately in my front, had come on well enough until he arrived in the middle of the open field, where the shells were falling with unpleasant frequency, when his mule took it into his head to retreat no further—not an inch. There he stood like a rock, the poor driver pulling at his halter and frantically kicking the beast in the ribs, but all to no avail; while around him and past him swept the crowd

of his fellow-cooks and coffee-coolers in full flight for the rear. As the firing began to slacken a little, I started off for the regiment, which had meanwhile changed position. In searching for it I passed the forage

and ammunition trains, which were parked to the rear of the woods and within easy range of the enemy's guns.

Unless he has actually seen them, no one can form any adequate idea of the vast numbers of white-covered wagons which followed our armies, carrying food, forage, and ammunition; nor can any one, who has not actually witnessed a panic among the drivers of these wagons, form any conception of the terror into which they were sometimes thrown. The drivers of the ammunition wagons were especially anxious to keep well out of range of shells; and no wonder, for if a shot were to fall among a lot of wagons laden with percussion shell, the result may perhaps be imagined. It was not strange, therefore, that the driver of an ammunition wagon, with six mules in front of him and several tons of death and destruction behind him, felt somewhat nervous when he heard the whir of the shells over the tops of the pines.

In looking for my regiment, I passed one of these trains. The commissary was dealing out forage to his men, who were standing around him in a circle, each holding open a bag for his oats, which the commissary was alternately dealing out to them with a bucket—a bucketful to this man, then to the next, and so on around the circle. It was clear, however, that he was more concerned about the shells than interested in the oats, for he ducked his head almost every time he poured a bucketful into a bag.

While I was looking at them, Page, a Michigan boy, orderly to our brigadier-general, came up on his horse in search of our division train, for he wanted oats for his horses. Stopping a moment to contemplate the scene I was admiring, he said to me in a low tone:

"You just keep an eye on my horse, will you? and I'll show you how I get my oats."

It was well known that Page could get oats when nobody else could. Though the wagon trains were miles and miles in the rear, and had not been seen for a week, Page was determined his horses should not go to bed supperless. It was whispered about that, if necessary, he would sit up half the night after a hard day's march, and wait till everybody was asleep, and then quietly slip out from under the very heads of the orderlies of other commands the oat-bags which, to make sure of them, they used for pillows. Oats for the general's horse Page would have by hook or by crook.

"You see that commissary yonder," said Page, as he dismounted and threw a bag over his arm. "He's a coward, he is—more interested in the shells than anything else. Don't know whether he's dealing out oats to the right man or not. Just keep an eye on my horse, will you?"

Now, Page had not the least right to draw forage there, for that was not our division train. But as he did not know where our division train was, and as all the oats belonged to Uncle Sam any way, where was the harm, he reasoned, in getting your forage wherever you could?

Pushing his way into the circle of teamsters, who were too much engaged in watching for shells to notice the presence of a stranger, Page opened his bag while Mr. Commissary, ducking his head at every crack of the cannon, poured in four buckets of oats, whereupon Page shouldered his prize, and returning, mounted his horse, with a laugh, and a wink at me.

In the wild *mêlée* of that May evening there at Jericho,—where we fell among thieves,—there was no little confusion as to the rights of property. Some horses had lost their owners, and some owners had lost their horses. So that, by the time things grew quiet again, some of the boys had picked up horses or bought them for a mere song. When I came up with the regiment, I found that Andy had just concluded a bargain of this sort. He had bought a sorrel horse. The animal was a great, ungainly beast, built after the Gothic style of architecture, and would have made an admirable sign for a feed-store up North, as a substitute for "Oats wanted. Inquire within." However, when I arrived, Andy had concluded the bargain, and had bought the sorrel for ten dollars.

"Why, Andy!" exclaimed I, "what in the world do you want with a horse? Going to join the cavalry?"

"Well," said Andy, smiling rather sheepishly, "I took him on a speculation. I'm going to feed him up a little——"

"Glad to hear it!" said I. "I'm sure he needs it sadly."

"Yes: I mean to feed him up, and then sell him to somebody, and double my money on him, you see. You may ride him on the march and carry our traps. I guess the colonel will give you permission. And you know that'll be a capital thing for you; for you're so sick and weak that you're often left behind."

"Thank you, old boy," said I, with a friendly shrug. "But, between joining the general cavalcade of coffee-coolers on this old barebones of yours and marching afoot, I believe I'd prefer the infantry."

However, we tied a rope around the neck of "Bonaparte," as we significantly called him, fastened him to a stake, rubbed him down, begged some oats from Page, and, pulling some handfuls of young grass for him, left him for the night.

Early the next morning, Andy rolled out from under the blankets and went to look after Bona-

parte. I was building a fire when he came back. It seemed to me that he looked a little solemn and downcast.

"How 's Bony this morning, Andy?" I inquired. Andy whistled a bit, stuck his hands into his pockets, mounted a log, took off his cap, and said:

"Comrades and fellow-citizens: Lend me your

ears, and be silent that you may hear. This is my first and last speculation in horses. *Bony is gone!*"

It was indeed true. We had fallen among thieves, and they had even baffled Andy's plan for future money-making. For none of us ever laid eyes upon Bony again.

(To be continued.)



The CRITICS

SUNRISE—A RUSSIAN FOLK-STORY.

RETOLD IN ENGLISH BY ELISABETH ABERCROMBIE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife who owned a small but comfortable homestead—the house in which they lived, a couple of stalls for the cows, together with a cellar and a roomy shed in which to keep their various stores. They were careful to keep their horses, sheep, and cattle provided with good, wholesome food; while a single week was never allowed to pass in which they did not employ themselves either in enriching the soil, plowing or sowing, reaping or mowing, or gathering in the crops, each according to the proper season. Indeed, it was only in comparison to the greater possessions of their neighbors that their property could be called a small one.

Toward the west, the country was all free and open, and many little homesteads very like to theirs were dotted over the land here and there; but to the east there was nothing to be seen but a thick forest.

There were no paths leading into this great forest. No one ever thought of entering it, even to gather up wood for burning. The people collected the wood for their fires from the thick growth of bushes and brambles which they found along the banks of the lake or the brooks; and so it happened that the forest trees had grown quite matted together and had become very old, but just how large the forest was, or just what was its condition inside, nobody knew.

One bright day, the man and his wife were made very happy, for a child was born to them—a little daughter.

“Now,” they both said, “we must be more saving and more industrious than ever, for now we know for whom we are working, and who it is, in fact, that will have need of our working.”

As the child grew, she had very pleasant and winsome ways. You had only to look at her to feel your heart grow light. It did not matter to whom she stretched out her tiny hand—whoever it might be, he was always ready to do whatever she wished; it did not matter whom she ran to meet, for that person would always gladly have walked far out of his way to see her bright, smiling face. So it was from her earliest baby days, and so it went on as she grew larger and larger. During the day, each one of the man-servants or maids who went to and fro about the house sought to get a peep at the child. Somehow it seemed to them that the brightness of the

day had not yet risen until this had been done. She was so entirely the darling of the household that her baptismal name was almost forgotten, while with one consent she was called, by all who knew her, “Little Sunrise.”

When Sunrise had grown to be quite a large girl, her parents said to each other:

“Now, it is time that she should be learning how to do some work, for what is the use of property or prosperity if you haven’t industry, and the habit of taking care of property, and the ability to add something to it from time to time?”

And a light task was accordingly given to the child. From the first, however, she showed herself a very capable and willing little girl about everything that was given her to do. She never seemed in the least over-tired by her work. On the contrary, she always finished everything a great deal sooner even than was expected of her, while it never once occurred that a mistake could be detected on account of the swiftness with which her nimble fingers completed their task.

When Sunrise had grown older and her strength had increased so that it was no longer necessary for her to work under her mother’s eye, but she could be allowed to join in the work going on in the garden, meadows, and fields, her presence brought much happiness to the other laborers.

Mingled with this happiness, however, were certain other features that were far from pleasing to Sunrise’s father and mother, for, go where she would, somebody was sure to step up to the little girl and say:

“Just you look at us, Sunrise, dear. You’re our little mistress, you know, and we’ll soon get your share done for you.”

Then, while Sunrise was making a struggle to push aside the offered help, behold! somebody else would step in, and, before she knew it, the greater part of her work would be done.

Her parents had no need of being discontented with the labor that was completed after this fashion; for, wherever their child appeared, all lassitude or weariness seemed to vanish from among the servants, and as the evening of each day came around, instead of finding evidence of neglect, they found rather that double and three times the work had always been done, if Sunrise had been out in the fields. Still, as far as their little girl was concerned, so much devotion on the

part of their hirelings was not according to their wish.

"She will learn to be a perfect little do-nothing," they said, "and haughtiness and pride will creep into her heart."

A little later, when such thoughts came into their minds, others began to mingle with them.

"It is not good always to be laughing and playing," they murmured. "Work promotes seriousness. People who do things so quickly and so easily are not the most capable after all, but those who exercise perseverance and self-control." And they began to repent of not having earlier put a check upon such a child as this.

"We ought never to have allowed her to be called Sunrise," they said. "Is n't it natural that she should think herself something different from all the rest of mankind?"

Then both father and mother decided to make her live as the common people did. "Now that you are a well-grown girl, it is high time that you were learning to work and to live and to speak like other people, and as suits our position," they said.

And with this, Sunrise's mother put a great mass of flax into her daughter's hand, bidding her go with it alone into the spinning-room, and not to come back again until it had all been spun.

It was already well on in the day, and the twilight not far off. In the big open fire-place a bright fire was burning. Just as the last lingering ray of daylight had vanished from the sky, a little mouse came running out of his hole. Scampering across the floor to the spinning-wheel, it sprang up on the shoulder of the industrious little maiden, and said:

"Sunrise, give me something to eat."

Then the little girl answered:

"I would gladly give you something to eat, mousie, but I have nothing, and I dare not go out of this room to get you anything. But if you'll eat a bit of this piece of fat that I have to grease my spinning-wheel with, you're very welcome to it. I'll make shift without it."

The mouse thanked her and ate up the fat.

While it was still eating, there was a growling and a fumbling at the door, and in came a monstrous bear. Slowly he shambled and tramped across the floor till he had come up to the spinning-wheel. Then he looked straight at the little girl with his great wild eyes, and said:

"Come, Sunrise, I want you to play blind-man's-buff with me."

At this, Sunrise was terribly frightened.

"Oh, dear!" she thought, "if somebody would only help me get away from this bear! If he touches me with those great claws of his, he will wound me terribly."

But, before Sunrise had fairly finished thinking this, the mouse ran and perched itself on her shoulder on the side farthest from the bear, and whispered in her ear:

"Don't be afraid, Sunrise. Say to him, 'Oh, yes, we'll have a game if you like'; then put the fire out on the hearth, and sit down to your spinning-wheel in the corner. While you are hidden there, I'll run around the room in your place, ringing some little bells as I go, and the bear will think all the time he is hearing those tiny round balls on your necklace tinkling."

So the little girl said bravely, out loud:

"Oh, yes, bear, we'll have a game of blind-man's-buff if you like—very willingly, I'm sure. But first I must put this fire out on the hearth, lest you should see me, you know. So go away from me, like a good bear, please, and wait till I am ready for the game."

The bear then withdrew to the other end of the room, while the little girl extinguished the fire, put the spinning-wheel into the corner, and hid herself behind it.

Meanwhile, the little mouse had begun to run around with his two tiny bells. At the sound of these the bear immediately began to grope his way in that direction. Away sprang the mouse again, and the bells sounded quite at the other end of the room. Again the poor bear danced off after him. But the mouse had nimble little legs and could make long jumps, while the bear, with his great, clumsy paws, shuffled along but slowly, so that wherever he might go he always heard the bells tinkling far in the opposite direction. Still, the mousie ran merrily on. Bruin, however, was getting more and more tired. Every now and then he would cry:

"I'll catch you yet; I'll catch you yet, Sunrise!"

But the hours went by, and the little bells seemed as far off from poor Bruin as ever.

Midnight had passed; the cocks were crowing to tell people that morning had come, and still the weary chase went on—the mouse was here, there, and everywhere; now making a bold run under the bear, now taking a flying leap right over his back. Now the little bells sounded on one side of the room; an instant later, far away on the other. It seemed to the bear as if they were ringing in all the four corners of the room at once.

"Oh, ho! Sunrise, now I've caught you!" the bear would cry, springing off to the right. No sooner had he done so than away would fly mousie with his bells to the left. At last, from such long and constant turnings, the bear began to grow dizzy. He staggered and fell, panting with weariness.

"Enough, enough, Sunrise!" he cried. "I'll acknowledge you can beat me at blind-man's-buff."

Then the little girl felt moved with compassion toward the tired bear, and came out of the corner to fan him with her handkerchief.

"Oh, woe is me!" said the bear, with a sigh,

so that, half-blinded, they were forced to shut their eyes. But when, a moment afterward, Sunrise opened hers again—behold!—whose hand was she holding? And who was it that was holding hers?

"We are in our own castle," said the prince,



K. O. P. Seidel sc.

"COME, SUNRISE, I WANT YOU TO PLAY BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF WITH ME."

"that does n't cool me a bit. You must take me out of my skin."

"How can I take you out of your skin?" asked Sunrise.

"Here, take hold of this right paw," was the answer.

And scarcely had Sunrise touched the long fur that was as black as night when a great shining light fell over them, both the maiden and the bear,

who stood before her, his face beaming all over with joy. "You have delivered me and disenchanted the wood. You will now rule over my entire kingdom. Every day you shall drive out through the land in my golden coach, and you will lighten the hearts of all my people by your glance, so that their toil and labor will be turned into joy and pleasure, and there will never be heard again a complaint of misery or a cry of distress. I have

sent your father and mother, as a compensation for the loss of you, a herd of horses and twelve wagons full of newly cut wheat."

Sunrise now reigned by the side of her young consort over the great kingdom where formerly, to the east of her father's little homestead, had stood the dense, dark forest.

And as she drove each day through the country roads, she turned a little aside in order to visit the home of her childhood, and to greet as of old her father and mother and all who loved her bright, sweet face.

And her father and mother were both very

happy over the good fortune that had befallen their daughter.

But the first law that Sunrise begged her husband to make, after she went to help him rule over his land, was that every cat in the kingdom should be obliged to wear a small bell tied around its neck night and day.

"Is that because the cats all play at blind-man's-buff with the mice?" asked the prince, with a roguish smile.

And when Sunrise had given her husband a light nod of assent, the prince immediately ordered the law to be enforced.

SWEPT AWAY.*

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

JACK presently dipped the broad paddle in the yellow current and began working the scow over toward the western shore. He had no special purpose in this, except the feeling that possibly there might be more safety nearer land than in the middle of the ocean of water. The sky remained cloudy and overcast. Several times a few drops of water fell, but fortunately these threatening demonstrations were all they felt of the storm. Crab resumed his coat, and, as Dollie kept her shawl wrapped around her, she was quite comfortable.

As Jack was in need of sleep (having scarcely closed his eyes during the preceding night), it was now arranged that he should take a nap while the others remained on the lookout. He told Crab to hold the boat nearly parallel with the stream, to guard against running in among the tree-tops, and to work his way toward the west; in case he caught sight of any steamer, he was to awaken him, and to make for it with might and main.

The faithful fellow promised to follow these directions, so Jack stretched himself out in the boat, with his head resting against the slope of the stern, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

Crab followed Jack's instructions implicitly. He was accustomed to hard work, was strong and active, and he plied the paddle with such vigor that the scow made considerable progress in the desired direction. Possibly an hour had passed,

when both Crab and Dollie began to be alarmed by the increasing turbulence of the water. It was agitated all about them, as if fretted by some great disturbance beneath. It was cut up into numerous short, chopping waves, and broken by eddies and cross currents, while the main body of the stream rolled over and upon itself in such a wild fashion that Crab feared the boat would be swamped.

But, though frightened, he saw no way in which Jack could help them, so he permitted him to sleep on undisturbed. The scow was tossed hither and thither like a cockle-shell, and more than once water was flung into the boat. Crab did his best for a time with the paddle; but, as all his efforts to steady the boat proved unavailing, he presently threw down the paddle, and convulsively grasped the gunwale.

"Hold fast!" he said to Dollie, "so dat, if de boat flocs ober, you 'll be dar all de same."

Dollie obediently grasped the other side with all her strength, and, thus steadying herself, looked wonderingly at her brother.

"How can he sleep through all this?" she asked herself, half envying him. "He must be *very* tired."

Undoubtedly he was, for though he stirred several times he did not open his eyes. The swinging and rocking of the boat had a soothing effect on him, which, after all, was fortunate, for the rest he was thus enabled to gain gave him renewed strength for the trials that were at hand.

The disturbance which so alarmed Crab and Dollie was due to the fact that they were passing a point where the waters of some other river

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poured into the Mississippi. The violent agitation lasted fully an hour, when they gradually swept into a smoother current.

With a sigh of relief Crab resumed his paddle, and soon had the scow moving steadily again toward the western boundary of the flood. As by far the greater portion of the overflow lay to the eastward, the scow had not gone very far in this direction before Dollie exclaimed:

"Yonder are houses that are standing still!"

Crab looked at them a few minutes before he understood the cause.

"Ob course dey am," he then replied, "for dey 're restin' on de ground. See, away back behind 'em am woods, so dat must be de new bank ob de Massassip."

The town in sight was one of the numerous partially submerged ones along the river: that is, the greater portion was under water, but enough was above to keep the buildings from floating off with the current. There were about a hundred buildings in all, and the streets could be easily traced from the boat. The water, in most cases, reached to the second story, and a great many people were seen grouped on the roofs and passing between the buildings in flats and dug-outs. As the submerged town was still some distance below them, Crab exerted himself to the utmost to reach it before they were carried past, though he did not know that anything would thus be gained save the mere gratification of his curiosity, for it was not likely that such an afflicted settlement was in a condition to extend hospitality to others.

Dollie watched the strange scene before her with much interest, though it presently became evident that the swift current would carry them past before they could reach the vicinity of the houses. Many of the settlers or citizens seemed to be taking matters philosophically; two were seen seated on a roof near the chimney, with their knees drawn up, smoking their pipes. On the flat top of another house a fire was burning in a stove, the pipe of which extended a dozen feet into the air.

At one point a large flat-boat was moored to a chimney, and fully twenty pigs and cattle were crowded upon it, the owners administering as best they could to the wants of the unfortunate animals from their scanty store.

On still another roof a family were engaged in their household duties. The mother was hanging clothes on an extemporized line, a servant was washing, and the head of the family was rocking a cradle, which, it is to be presumed, contained a baby, though it was not visible to Crab and Dollie. Many of these people waved salutes to the children, and asked where they were from, and where

they were going. The former question was much easier to answer than the latter, but they nevertheless replied to all inquiries in the same cheerful spirit in which they were made.

Shortly after the scow had drifted by this collection of houses, Jack opened his eyes and rose to a sitting position. The change in the lookout rather surprised him, but he commended Crab for what he had done, adding:

"I think it is much better for us to be close to shore than out in the middle of the river."

"Dat's de way I feel 'bout it," said Crab, "though I don't zackly know why."

"Why, of course we should be safer if we were on the land than we are on the water," explained Jack; "and if anything happens to injure the boat, we have a better chance of getting ashore if we are close in."

Crab heaved a great sigh, as though a burden had been lifted from his shoulders. He had been trying to decide why it was he was so desirous of keeping land in sight, and now he was relieved to find some one who could tell him.

Jack stood erect in the boat, and, as he had often done before, looked anxiously in every direction. The scene differed little from that with which he was already but too familiar, except in the appearance of the partially submerged district on the Arkansas side. Here and there tracts of land could be seen above the water, while in other places the river reached only to the lower floors of the houses within sight. There were some places where the current ran on both sides of dwellings, which, standing on slight elevations, had been made islands by the flood. Crab was still vigorously sculling, when Jack observed three houses on a small island, between which and the main-land was at least a half-mile of water. Only the upper portions of the buildings were visible, and people were on the roofs.

"Run in closer," said Jack. "I should like to say something to those people."

"Do you want to stop there?" asked Crab, temporarily suspending his sculling, and drawing his oar inside the boat.

"No. Keep off some distance," said Jack. "How fast the river is running!" he added, looking at the houses, which, being stationary, gave a good idea of the swiftness of the mighty current that was hurrying them onward.

"One of those persons is waving something," said Dollie, who was looking intently at the buildings on the island.

Such was undoubtedly the fact. A man was standing erect on the highest portion of one of the roofs, swinging a blanket, evidently signaling the little party in the boat to come closer.

"He wants us to come nearer," said Jack. "Something must be the matter: that looks like a signal of distress."

CHAPTER XV.

THE GOOD SAMARITANS.

THERE could be no doubt that the people on one of the roofs were anxious that the boat should approach them, and Crab, therefore, applied himself to the paddle with all his strength. He sent the boat quartering over the water with such speed that the landing (if such it may be termed) was certain to be made.

The roof on which stood the man who had signaled to them was of planking and sloped very little. Beside him crouched a woman, evidently his wife, while a young girl, no older than Dollie, lay with her head in her mother's lap.

The children observed, as they rapidly drew near, that the man who had signaled them was tall and powerfully built, with a full beard, and without hat, coat, or vest. There was a wild, haggard look in his eye, and the appearance of the family generally was expressive of suffering.



"Can we do anything for you?" asked Jack, as Crab skillfully brought the scow against the side of the building.

"Have you anything to eat?" inquired the stranger, huskily.

"We have a little food," answered Jack.

"In the name of pity give us some!" said the man. "We are almost starving!"

And moving down the incline of the roof, the famishing supplicant extended his arms for the food, while his wife seemed to brighten visibly at the sound of the word.

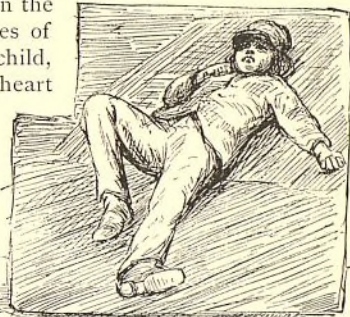
Crab, who at first had heard this request with dismay, was now filled with sympathy at the sight

of their pleasure, and, with a revulsion of feeling, caught up the bag, exclaiming, as he handed it to the stranger:

"Take it all—take it all! If you's dat hungry, I'll go widout supper an' breakfas'."

Jack was about to interpose, for he feared some of the food would be wasted, but when he saw the yearning look on the sad, hungry faces of the mother and child, he had not the heart to do so.

Dollie sat looking upon them with tears of pity in her



eyes, while she forgot, in the very excess of her sympathy, to stir or say a word.

Eagerly the poor man drew some of the crumbling corn-bread from within the bag, and handed it to his wife and child, saying, in a husky, tremulous voice:

"Food at last, Mary! Give some to Jennie, and eat, both of you!"

Mother-like, the woman placed the first piece in the hands of the child, who began eating slowly at first, but soon with a ravenous eagerness that was painful to witness.

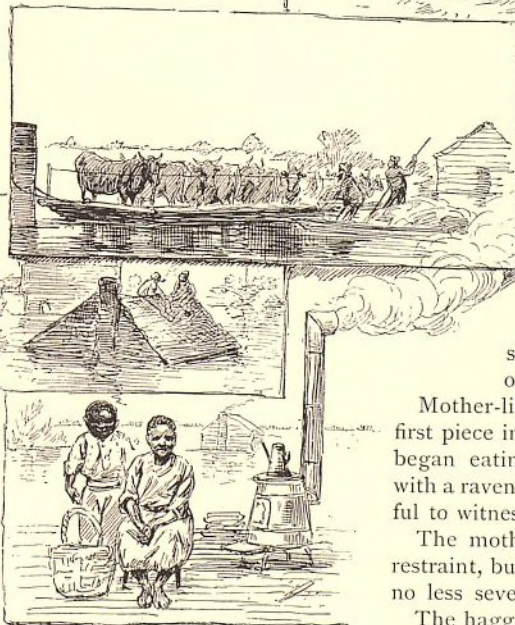
The mother ate with more care and restraint, but all saw that her hunger was no less severe than that of her child.

The haggard face of the father seemed to lighten up, as he saw the sufferings of his dear ones relieved.

"May I give them a little more?" he asked, when the last crumb had vanished, addressing himself to Jack.

"Give them as much as you think best," was the unhesitating answer.

Another piece of the precious corn-bread was handed to the mother, who broke it in two and shared it with her child, saying to her husband:



"That is enough, I think."

At this moment, Crab, who was holding the boat against the side of the building, said in a low whisper to Jack:

"De man hisself has n't eat a moufful!"

Jack turned to him, and inquired:

"Why don't you eat, sir?"

"It is more pleasure to see my wife and child eat," he replied, with a faint smile.

"But are n't you hungry?" persisted Jack.

"There is no need of asking that," replied the man, "for I have n't had anything to eat for days;

"Words can not tell how much I thank you," said the man, handing the bag back to Jack, who took it after inviting him to eat more; "we were discouraged and almost starving. I do not know whether we can live much longer, as it is, but we thank you none the less on that account."

"Why do you talk in that way?" asked Jack.

"You have as good a chance as we to be picked up, and we are hopeful that some steamer will take us aboard very soon."

"No, you have a much better prospect," said the stranger, "for you are moving about on the river,



THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

but you have not very much yourself, and I will not rob you. Here!"

And he handed the bag to Jack, who was the one nearest to him in the boat. But the boy refused to receive it.

"There is more bread in there, and bacon and ham," said he. "We have not lost a meal; help yourself. *You must.*"

The stranger protested, but finally consented; and, as he stood erect and slowly ate a large piece of the bread and a slice of bacon, it would be hard to say who was the happier—the starving man, tasting again the food he so sorely needed, or the children who had so generously shared with entire strangers their most precious possession.

while none of the boats come near enough for me to hail them."

"But you are to get in the boat and go with us," said Jack, heartily.

The invitation was indeed a surprise to the stranger, but it was a most grateful one, and he accepted it without hesitation, and with many expressions of gratitude.

There were only a few effects gathered on the roof, and but a part of these were taken. There was some extra clothing and a couple of loose planks, which were placed across the scow, from side to side, so as to afford rude seats for the passengers. The mother and her child were quite well clad, though the former was compelled to use

her shawl as a covering for her head. The girl had a neat hat, which had been lying beside her. This she now placed on her head, and the father helped the two from the roof to the boat. The stranger, who had evidently been a strong man but a few weeks before, moved slowly and feebly, while the girl was scarcely able to stand. Dollie's eyes filled with tears, as she reached out and helped her aboard.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WESTERN SHORE.

DOLLIE LAWRENCE, indeed, took charge of the stranger girl from the moment she stepped on board. She urged her to eat more, and the child would have been only too glad to do so; but when she looked at her mother, the latter shook her head.

"My name is Dollie Lawrence," said the youthful hostess, presently; "what is yours?"

"Jennie Wheeler," was the reply. "I'm eight years old," she added.

"So am I," said Dollie.

"The river came clear up to my house," remarked Dollie, looking expectantly at her new friend, who promptly rejoined:

"So it did to mine."

"It came very near drowning us," continued Dollie, quickly.

"And we thought it would surely drown us," rejoined Jennie; and by this time, as their arms were locked, the two children were almost laughing at the similarity of their experiences. Dollie hastened to add:

"We took some bread and meat with us."

"So did ——"

Jennie stopped herself with a look of dismay; to her sorrow, the chain of extraordinary coincidences between her friend's history and her own ended here. But Dollie instantly began again.

"We knew the river was coming," she said, "so Jack (that's my big brother over there) helped me cook some bread and bacon, and we got all ready. When we knew the house was going to start, we got out on the roof, and we've been floating ever since."

"We were all asleep," said Jennie, "and Father told us we need n't bother, for the river would never get up near our house, 'cause it had never done so; and so we did n't worry or get ready for it. When Father woke us in the night, the water was up to our beds in the second story, and we had just time to get out on the roof. We could n't take anything to eat, and only some clothes that were above the water."

"Did n't you feel sad?" asked Dollie, sympathetically.

"Yes — very sad," responded Jennie, solemnly. "Then Father sat down beside Mother, and I saw tears running down their cheeks, and that made me feel worse than ever. I heard him say we could n't stand it much longer, and then I seemed to get weak, and so did Mother, and we sat down almost half-asleep, and I did n't feel near so badly as I did when I began to get hungry."

At this moment, the company in the boat were startled by such terrific screaming that their ears tingled. The screams seemed to be close at hand, and sounded as if some one were in very great agony.

All involuntarily turned to Mr. Wheeler. To their surprise, he was leaning over the side of the boat, and grappling with something in the water. Before any one could understand what it all meant, he threw his shoulders back and lifted a small pig into the boat. It struggled fiercely, and uttered such squeals that the girls put up their hands to shut out the sound. But its captor flung it on its back, held it motionless with one hand, and speedily dispatched it with a bowie-like knife which he drew from a belt at his hip.

"This little fellow may serve us well before we get out of the boat," explained Mr. Wheeler, who seemed to be recovering his strength and spirits rapidly. "I don't see any good way of cooking it, but we shall find a way, and I am hungry enough this minute to eat it cooked in almost any style. It's much better than starving to death," he added, as he proceeded to dress the pig.

There were other pigs in the water, as the rest of the party now observed, on looking around. There were fully fifty of them, and they were swimming powerfully and swiftly, as those animals always do. It had been a happy thought of Mr. Wheeler to secure a young one that was passing quite close to him.

"Where did they come from?" asked Jack, as he watched them shying off toward shore.

"I do not know," replied Mr. Wheeler. "They may have started from some bluff or piece of land a half-dozen miles up the river."

"Where are they going?" pursued Jack, naturally anxious for information.

"They don't know themselves," was the reply.

Mr. Wheeler showed much skill in dressing the pig, remarking that, if he only had the facilities, he would roast it and give his friends as good a meal as they could get anywhere.

"Why not land and roast it?" asked Jack.

"Dat's de idea," said Crab, enthusiastically, and, dipping the paddle into the water with renewed energy, he at once headed the craft in the

direction of the wooded shore, which was now at no great distance.

"I think it will be a wise proceeding," observed Mr. Wheeler, "and when you are tired, Crab (as I notice they call you), let me take a hand."

"I will relieve him," said Jack; "you have been without food so long, you must need rest."

"I did feel weak," said Mr. Wheeler; "but what I have eaten, and, more than that, the sight of the relief that you gave my wife and child, have put new life and strength into me."

And, in proof of this assertion, he presently insisted that he had been cramped so long on the roof that he really needed some exercise, and so Crab yielded the paddle to him. He handled it with considerable skill, and the scow steadily approached the land to the westward. As they came nearer, however, they saw to their disappointment that the trees were partly submerged, and that it would do no good to push the boat in among them. However, they kept well in, gliding rapidly downward until an opening was seen some distance below. Mr. Wheeler exerted himself, and soon the boat was driven against the land. He nimbly sprang ashore, and, catching hold of the bow, he drew it up so far that it was beyond the reach of the powerful current.

"We must n't forget," said he, "that probably the river is still rising, and if we leave the scow for any length of time, it will float off."

"Den we'll keep our eye on it," replied Crab, looking intently at the craft, as if to warn it that it must attempt no tricks on its own account.

As soon as the scow was "anchored," there was a universal scramble for shore, Dollie and Jennie laughing as though they were just starting out on a ramble and frolic through the woods. The spot where they had landed was a stretch of ground that had never been cultivated. Only a little way beyond was a growth of heavy timber extending far into the interior. There were no houses visible, nor any living creature. A more desolate spot could not have been found in the wilds of Africa or among the islands of the sea. And yet it was like a haven of refuge to the little party that had been drifting aimlessly on the wide waste of waters.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EXPLORING PARTY.

A GENERAL scattering took place, all being anxious to collect fuel for the fire which Mr. Wheeler needed to prepare the meal of roast pig, and it was not long before they had gathered much more than was needed. Leaves, twigs,

dried branches, and pieces of dead limbs were thrown together, and speedily set on fire by the settler, who always carried matches with him in a little rubber safe.

As he had camped out many a time, when hunting in the lowlands of Arkansas, he was not at a loss as to the proper course to pursue. As they were not suffering for food, he said, the pig should be roasted to a turn now before being served, and, as that would take considerable time, the others had better enjoy themselves as they saw fit.

Mrs. Wheeler decided to stay with her husband, that she might give him any needed assistance, while Dollie and Jennie preferred to ramble in the woods near at hand, promising to keep within hailing distance.

"If you feel like taking exercise," said Mr. Wheeler to Jack, "you may as well go with them."

"So I will," said he, and he had already started when Mr. Wheeler suggested that he had better take his gun, adding:

"There's no telling what you may find in these woods at such a time, and you know the saying is that, when you want fire-arms in Arkansas, you want them very badly."

"I hope I sha'n't need them," remarked Jack, lifting the gun from the scow, however, and telling the girls to run ahead. Then he asked Crab:

"Don't you want to go with us?"

"No, I thank you," replied that individual. "I'm goin' to camp on the ground heah an' help Masser Wheeler. Dat will help me get up an appetite for de meal when it am ready."

All laughed heartily at this remark—all but Crab, who firmly refused to leave the spot.

While Jack was holding a short conversation with Mr. Wheeler, Dollie and Jennie had entered the woods near at hand, and, strolling along arm-in-arm, forgot all their past trials in their present enjoyment. The forest consisted mainly of pine, with considerable undergrowth; and, as the ground was quite high and no rain of any account had fallen recently, the ramble was an inviting one.

Mr. Wheeler had spoken truly when he intimated that, at such times, there was no telling what one might encounter in the woods, and it was well for any one entering them to carry a gun. Laughing, chatting, and talking in the aimless way natural to childhood, the girls strolled along, paying no heed to their direction, but taking care not to wander beyond call of their friends. Dollie was strong and active, and so was Jennie naturally, but her late sufferings had taken something from her powers of endurance, and they had gone but a very short distance when she complained of feeling tired,

"Let us sit down and rest awhile," she proposed, looking around for some suitable place.

"Yonder is a log," said Dollie, starting toward a fallen pine near at hand. Walking faster than her friend she was soon near the tree, when she uttered a scream and ran back to Jennie.

"What is the matter?" asked the other, in alarm.

"I saw a big snake coiled near the stump of that tree," replied Dollie, glancing furtively over her shoulder, as though she expected it was coming after them.

"I want to see it, too," said Jennie, beginning



JACK KILLS THE RATTLESNAKE.

to move on tiptoe toward the pine, as though to get close to the reptile without being discovered.

Dollie caught her arm.

"Don't! Don't, I beg of you!" she entreated.

"It is a rattlesnake, and if it bites you it will kill you!"

"But I am not going to let it bite me," said Jennie, stoutly, still edging away from her friend.

"But how can you prevent it?" asked Dollie.

"It did n't bite you, did it?" demanded Jennie.

"No," was Dollie's reply; "but that was because I saw it in time and got away."

"Well," said Jennie, "I guess I can see as well as you, and you need n't be afraid of my getting bitten."

As she was resolved on going, Dollie decided to go along to take care of her.

The alarm of Dollie was well founded. The two had not gone far when they caught sight of the most terrible-looking rattlesnake they had ever seen. It was of immense size, and was coiled near the stump, with its head slightly raised from the center, while its rattle was gently vibrating and giving forth that peculiar sound which no one who has heard it can ever forget.

The children were almost fascinated by the sight, though both had seen similar serpents before. None, however, had been so large as this one, which fastened its tiny black eyes on them, as though meditating an attack.

Their fear was too great to permit them to approach dangerously near, and so from a distance they commented in awed whispers on the frightful appearance of the reptile.

"Now that you have had a good look at it, please step aside and let me take a view," said a well-known voice.

The girls turned and saw Jack at their elbow, with one of the hammers of his gun raised. Dollie and Jennie hurriedly moved behind him. Taking careful aim, Jack discharged a load of shot which ended the life of the *Crotalus*, one of the most easily killed of the reptile species.

"Now, girls," said Jack, "that shows that you must not wander too far; I will stay by you."

They were glad enough to have Jack's company, for he was full of life and jollity, and he devoted himself to entertaining them.

"We have plenty of time to spare," said he, "so we will go a little farther in the woods."

He led the way, the girls laughing and playing about him, while all kept their eyes wide open to prevent running into any new danger.

"Remember," he cautioned, "I have only one charge left in the gun, and, if we come across any wild animal, it will be best to run, unless he drives us into a corner — Ha! What is that, yonder?"

(To be continued.)



AN AUGUST DAY BY THE SEA-SHORE.

ZINTHA'S FORTUNE.

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS.

WHIZ! whiz! whir! whir! puff! puff!—and the Through Pacific Express, on its way to the Golden Gate, paused before the station at Fremont, Nebraska. The engine drew a long breath, like a boy after a race. The passengers hurried out to get some dinner at the refreshment-room near by; the train dispatcher, conductors, and telegraph operators joked each other merrily; and every one was smiling and happy, although the day was unusually warm for June.

On one side of the track stood a large grain elevator, and many men were busy loading some cars with barley destined for the New York market. The elevator platform, like that of the station, was crowded with people. A little apart from the crowd stood a girl of twelve, with long braids of hair down her back and a sturdy baby boy in her arms. At the open window of a Pullman car a young lady and two children sat watching this girl. A strange, wistful look in her eyes attracted them.

"Come here, little girl," said the young lady; "come and get some candy for your little brother."

"He is not my brother, and she bids me never cross the track alone," said the girl, and her large brown eyes grew more wistful. The pretty children in the car reached out and tried to toss some chocolates across to her; they all fell, however, on the track near the wheels of the grain cars.

"Is 'she' your mother?" asked the young lady.

"No; my mother is dead," replied the girl.

"Oh, Aunt Sue, do you hear?" cried the girl in the car. "She has n't any mother—just like Hal and me. I'm so sorry."

"Yes, Vesta, I hear," said the young lady; "the poor child looks unhappy."

Just then the conductor came in to say that some Chinese were engaged in cooking their dinner on the prairie close by, and to inquire if Miss Perkins, with her little niece and nephew, would like to visit them.

Miss Perkins was delighted, and at once nodded to the little girl that she was coming out.

"Can you tell me anything about that child?" she asked, as the conductor assisted the party across the track.

"The one with the baby?" said he. "No; I have noticed her here frequently, sometimes when it storms hard, and she is always holding that heavy boy."

"She looks like a picture I once saw in Rome,"

said Miss Perkins, "and I want to speak to her. Shall we take her with us to see the Chinese?"

"Certainly, if you wish." And, stepping up to her, the conductor took the baby and lifted him down from the platform, and then smiled as the girl leaped lightly to the ground.

"Must you carry that big boy?" said Miss Perkins to her, as she was about to take up the baby again. "You look tired. He can walk, can he not?"

"Yes, Miss, but he does not like to."

Miss Perkins took the little fellow's fat hand in hers, saying, "Now baby will walk like a big man," and the party soon joined Hal and Vesta, who were already watching the industrious foreigners, and calling to Aunt Sue to "come quick." It was a curious sight. Groups of Chinamen were gathered around fires built upon the ground, with various queer-looking utensils lying about. Hal walked around one man, trying in vain to count his pockets, for every moment he emptied a fresh one. Miss Perkins said that the inmost recesses of his clothing must be all pockets. Hal was anxious to buy some chopsticks then and there, but his auntie told him he would see them frequently, for the servants in his father's new home at Los Angeles were all Chinamen. The wearers of pigtailed would not answer any questions save with the words, "No talkee." The children soon became tired, and were glad to return to the car, taking the stranger girl with them.

"What is your name, dear?" asked Miss Perkins, when the child was seated by Vesta, with the baby between them.

"Zintha Dierke," she replied.

"Do you live near here?"

"Out on the prairie yonder."

"Who takes care of you?"

"Nobody but myself."

"But you live with some one?"

"Yes, Miss, with Hans's mother," explained Zintha. "I mind him for my board; my father is away, and I look for him every day."

"Where is your father?" said Miss Perkins.

"I can not tell, Miss," was the reply. "He has gone to work, and when he has made plenty of money he will come and take me. If I could know where he was I should be happy. If I ask Mrs. Hansen, she says, 'You will hear in good time'; but the good time never comes."

"I am very sorry, dear," said Miss Perkins, "but I am sure your father will come."

"I come always to the cars," continued the girl. "I can not keep away. He kissed me and said, 'Be brave, my Zintha, and I will come for you.' But my eyes ache with looking, and he does not come."

"Brave is a grand word, little Zintha," said Miss Perkins, as she kissed the sad little face. "So kind a father must have written, and some time all will be well. You should go to school, my dear, and learn to read and write."

"I read now, Miss," replied Zintha, "but I can not go to the school. Mrs. Hansen has a smaller baby, and she keeps me to mind Hans. My father wished me to go to the school every day, but I can not."

Miss Perkins looked very sober for a few moments, then she said: "Zintha, I shall always remember you, and you must not forget me. Here is a card with my name upon it. I have two homes, one in Los Angeles,—printed here, as you see,—and one in New York. For one year I shall be with my brother in Los Angeles, perhaps longer. Will you keep trying to write, and by and by send me a letter there?"

"I will, Miss—I try every day," said Zintha, eagerly.

"I take Hans to the big lumber-yard over there, and make him a place between the pile of boards, and then I write. See this pencil; it was given me by the nice man who measures the lumber, and I do many lessons on the boards. I write my father's name often. I love to write that. Heinrich Dierke is his name."

When the passengers came back into the cars, Miss Perkins knew that she must send her little friend away. Hal and Vesta filled a box with bonbons for her, and Miss Perkins gave her some pictorial papers and a bag full of crackers made in shapes like animals, and then the conductor lifted Zintha and the baby out upon the platform.

"I think she wanted your book, Aunt Sue," said Hal; "she kept looking at it so earnestly."

"Poor child!" said Miss Perkins. "If it were not my precious copy of Whittier's poems, with his own handwriting on the fly-leaf, I should certainly give it to her."

A sudden thought came into her head. She turned over the leaves quickly, and wrote upon a scrap of paper four lines from one of the poems:

"The dear God hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants,
And what we blindly ask of him,
His love withholds or grants."

Aunt Sue hurried to the door with the paper, just as the conductor cried, "All aboard!"

"Do give this to that little girl," she said.

"With pleasure," replied that polite official; and he immediately reached over the heads of those about, saying, "Here, little girl, the lady sends you this. May be it will prove a fortune."

Some of the by-standers smiled. How could such a scrap of paper prove a fortune, and if it should, what would that sad-eyed child holding a fat German baby do with it?

Again the train moved on its way, and in due time reached California. There General Perkins met his sister, and bore her away with his children to his orange groves near Los Angeles.

Aunt Sue enjoyed every moment of the restful, indolent life, and wondered if she should ever care again for the noise and bustle of her native city. Hal gloried in his freedom. As for Vesta, she was not too happy to think of Zintha, and Aunt Sue was constantly teased to tell her own fancies concerning the little maid who carried baby Hans.

Aunt Sue never told all she thought about it, but night after night she saw again Zintha's wistful look, large brown eyes, and heavy braids of hair, and the stolid face of little Hans.

How was it with Zintha?

Every day, when the weather was fair, she carried Hans to the lumber-yard and wrote or figured upon the boards. Sometimes she had a bit of paper before her, held down by two bricks, to keep it from being blown away.

"See here, little one," said the foreman one day, "what are these verses you are scribbling all over my matched boards?"

"Something a kind lady gave me, sir," she answered, timidly. "I hope it is not wrong, sir."

"No harm done," said the foreman, "only some of the men spoke of it, and the boss might n't like it, you know." The next day this kind friend brought Zintha a large blank-book.

"There, sis," said he, "when you've written that full you will be ready to copy sermons for the minister."

Sometimes the foreman asked Zintha to figure up a sale for him, in advance of his own reckoning. Before long, he gave her rules for measurement, and told her the names and grades of the lumber. She soon understood the difference between flooring and sheathing, joists and planks, and no one about the yard knew the best places for piling up, or how high each pile was, better than Zintha.

One day, the foreman was cross. Mr. Brown, the clerk, was sick with the mumps, and the doctor said he would not be out for a fortnight.

"If it had happened at any other time I should n't have cared," exclaimed the foreman; "but the boss is in Chicago, and he's very particular about letters being answered promptly."

"Could n't I write them?" asked Zintha. "You

have been so kind to me, I should like to do something for you, and I write quite well now."

The foreman looked at her keenly for a moment, and then said: "You're a trump, little one; perhaps you can. Trot into the office, and I'll be in there in a few moments."

Zintha was already perched on Mr. Brown's high stool when he entered and began looking over the letters. "Tell this man," said he, putting a letter before her, "that we will fill his order on the 10th inst., if we can get the cars. Put your date up there—so; the printed heads will help you."

"I know how to do that," said Zintha, simply. "I did it for Mr. Brown when he wanted to go to a party. I know it all the way down to 'Yours respectfully.'"

"Upon my word, you do!" said the foreman, when the letter was finished; "and if you can get rid of that baby of Hansen's, I can give you plenty of work until the boss comes back."

Zintha's eyes sparkled. At noon, she hurried home to Mrs. Hansen and told her the good news. Hans was fast asleep.

"May I go again this afternoon?" asked Zintha.

"I care not where you are," said the tired woman, "while Hans is sleeping."

"I will earn some money for you, Mrs. Hansen," said the girl, "and you shall have a new dress to wear to the church."

"I can not have a gown while my man cares so much for his beer," returned Mrs. Hansen, rather grimly. "With plenty babies comes plenty trouble, and all goes wrong. But you are a good girl, Zintha, and I do wrong to speak you a cross word."

Zintha thanked Mrs. Hansen twice, and hurried away to set the table. When the dishes were washed and the house made clean and tidy, she returned to the office.

Zintha had written letters for nearly two weeks when the proprietor of the yard returned. He frowned a little when he saw a young girl seated on the office stool, but the foreman whispered a few words to him and gave him some letters to read; then he smiled and said: "Equal to Brown's, anyhow."

When Brown returned, Zintha was told that she need not go away, for the business was increasing, and the foreman bought a little chair for her, which he placed in the private office. All day long Zintha wrote and wrote, and when night came she went back to the Hansen's house to sleep on her hard bed with little Hans. She often thought of the kind lady in the Pullman car, whom the children had called Aunt Sue, and she said to herself, "Now I can write her a fine long letter, if she ever writes to me."

One day, when the train came in from California,

the expressman left a box in the station addressed to Zintha Dierke, and a boy in the telegraph office hurried away with it to the lumber-yard.

Great was the joy of Zintha. Her employer opened it himself, and seemed greatly pleased when the young girl took out two pretty dresses, made with "tucks to let down as Zintha grew" (as the accompanying letter stated), and all manner of pretty presents from Vesta, Hal, and the dear, kind lady.

"Now, Zintha," said her employer that afternoon, "I have a little plan for you. My foreman has a spare room in his cottage, and his wife, who is a good, motherly soul, will board you until we hear from your father. It is not a nice place for you at Hansen's, since he drinks so much, and it is too far for you to go to your evening lessons. Now that your kind friends have sent you these gifts, I think you had better send them at once to your new room, and I will see Mrs. Hansen for you."

"Ah, I can never thank you," said Zintha, "and these kind friends, who do so much for me."

"Never mind the thanks," he replied, briskly. "I've a girl of my own, and I mean to give you a chance to surprise your father when he comes."

So the boxful of pretty presents went to Mr. Gordon's house that night, and, before Zintha slept, she wrote this letter to her friends in California:

"MOST DEAR AND KIND PEOPLE: The beautiful box came to me this day, and I could cry, my heart is so happy. I am writing now every day in the office, and every week my kind master pays me for it. I learned to write, as you told me to do, and twice every week I say lessons to a young lady who teaches in one of the schools. It is very beautiful, and I thank the dear God and you. The sweet words you wrote me have made my fortune. I copied them day after day on the boards, until my kind friend gave me a book. How pleased my dear father would be! I hear not a word from him yet. And I am tired waiting. My master says he will 'come some day when I am not thinking of him.' Ah, dear lady, that is never! I always think of him and pray for his return. I pray for you, too, dear lady, for I can not thank you. The books, the dresses, and all the pretty clothing make me too happy to sleep. Some time we may meet again, and then I may be wiser and better able to tell the beautiful thoughts I have of you and the pretty children.

ZINTHA DIERKE."

Why Aunt Sue cried over that little letter no one could tell, and even General Perkins, her brother, sat very still for a long time after he had read it.

Six months after the box reached Zintha, General Perkins himself walked into the office at the lumber-yard, and there he found a tall, slender girl, bending over some writing. He chatted some time before he made himself known, and then Zintha's happy face made him ample return for "the bother of stopping over to humor Sue's whim." He tried in vain to persuade her to leave her position and go with him to Los Angeles, when he should return from the East, but she only answered:

"I thank all your kind family, General, but my dear father must find me here when he returns."

Her refusal did not prevent the General from stopping again on his way back to the orange groves, to leave a large bundle of books and some presents from New York friends to whom he had told Zintha's story.

Thus two years passed, with frequent letters between Los Angeles and Fremont, and at each Christmas a box for Zintha. Aunt Sue still lingered in California. She had grown stronger, her brother thought, and the children could not spare her.

One bright May day, Aunt Sue drove up the avenue leading to Roselawn, as General Perkins's place at Los Angeles was called. She had been out with Vesta, and was just returning with the mail.

"It is strange that Zintha does not write," said she; "I positively find myself worried if the child misses one month."

"Perhaps she is ill or very tired," said Vesta. "But see, Aunt Sue, we have company: Papa is talking with a young lady, and there is a gentleman in the hammock."

Aunt Sue did look. There was no mistaking those brown eyes, and, as the ponies halted, she sprang out and caught Zintha in her arms.

"Ah, dear, dear lady, I have come at last, and here is the dear father with me!" said the girl, holding the lady's hand tightly in her own.

"Yes, madam, I am here," said a fine-looking man, advancing, "and all my life I shall thank you for the love you have given my little girl."

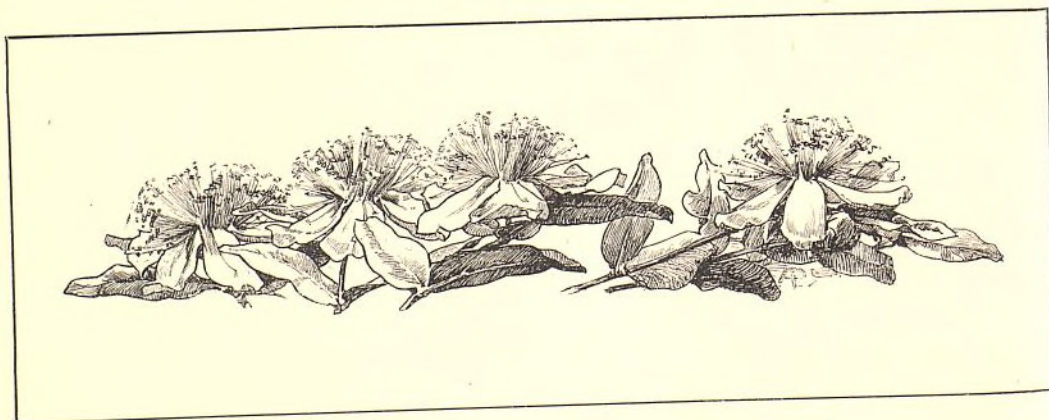
What a happy party Roselawn held that night! What a long, long story it was which Zintha's father told—how he found work at once, and afterward went into business for himself at Salt Lake City; how he had often written to Hansen, sending money and letters to his darling little girl; how Hansen wrote that the child was well, and learning fast in school. Then he was ill, very ill, for a long time. When he began to recover, his

first thought was for Zintha, but no word came. One day, when he grew stronger, he went down the road to build a new store-house. While the men were at work one of them picked up a board with a little verse on it. He carried it to the "boss" (who was no other than himself), who read it as a hungry man eats bread. There was his darling's name, with his own, beneath the poet's words. He laughed aloud for joy, and the men said: "Ah, his head is not quite right since the fever." But his head was right, and his heart, too. He wrote at once to his child, and heard all the long, sad story. "The words of the poet, dear friends," said he, as he concluded his long story, "proved better than the telegraph; it was a message from my own loved one when I was anxious about her. Then I made haste to get to her as soon as I could, and here we are together at last, and trying to thank you for all you have done."

Here Zintha's hand rested lovingly on his arm, and Zintha's voice, quivering with love and joy, said: "When the dear father builds his house, the words which brought us together shall be carved over the door, to commemorate the happy fortune they have brought me."

"Brave little Zintha!" said the General. "It was not the words alone, but your patient, earnest work which won the good fortune. But come, Sue, let us have some music."

Then Aunt Sue took down her guitar, and they all sang the evening hymn, which floated on and on through the fragrant air. It chanced that the music fitted the verse that had brought Zintha's fortune; so Miss Perkins added that stanza to the hymn. And as she noted the fervor with which they all joined in singing that verse, she could not help wishing that it might have been heard by the beloved and venerable poet in his New England home.



THE LADY OF THE (CHINGACHGOOK

BY REV. CHARLES R. TALBOT.



THE "Chingachgook" lay at her berth off Boardman's wharf, "all saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight." Her mainsail and her jib were hoisted, her ensign and signal set; and she was tugging with all her might at her mooring-line, evidently fretting to be off. The "Chingachgook" was a boat, of course, and not an Indian; but she was as lithe and fleet as any chieftain that ever tracked a foe, and there were those who would have insisted that she was quite as intelligent and full of life. She was a center-board boat, sloop-rigged, twenty-four feet and four inches in length over all, and therefore only a "third-class sloop," according to the tables of the Seaconnet Yacht Club, to which she belonged. But with proper time allowance, according to her dimensions, her youthful owner believed that she could beat any vessel afloat; and this day he expected to do something toward proving it. There was to be a race over the Blowaway Island course, open to third-class sloops and cat-boats of all sizes, for which the "Chingachgook"

was entered. It shall be added here, for what it is worth to the reader, that, except for a change of names, there is such a club as the Seaconnet Yacht Club; there is such a boat as the "Chingachgook"; and there is such a young lady as the heroine of this story.

The crew of the "Chingachgook"—Cassius Thorne by name and aged fifteen—having, with a good deal of dogged labor, gotten up the mainsail single-handed, had now seated himself on the starboard rail and was idly kicking the heels of his boating-shoes together over the side, and humming to himself a song while he waited for the Captain to come on board. The words of this song were by W. S. Gilbert, but the music—if music it could be called—was by Cassius Thorne himself. However, the words were fairly applicable to the facts of his own case and were as follows:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Cassius called himself the "crew" of the "Chingachgook," though he wore the same uniform as "Captain" Rodman and was his social equal. The difference was that Rodman owned the boat. But that difference was important, in the eyes of Cassius Thorne. If there was anything that the latter worshiped, it was a boat. A horse he never looked at; a bicycle he held in profound contempt; even for young ladies he cared not a crust of bread. But give him a boat, and he was made. Put him on the water, and he was in his element. Indeed, speaking of young ladies, it is not enough to say that Cassius did not care for them. He abominated them. That, I think, is the same as saying that he was afraid of them—which was the fact. He always avoided them if he could; he never raised his eyes when forced to meet them; and, rather than walk up to one and speak directly to her, he would have gone on board the "Chingachgook" and sailed the boat, before a howling tempest, straight in among four hundred sea-serpents. All Cassius Thorne asked of the girls was that they let him alone; I am sorry to say that the dreadful creatures did not always do it.

This being understood, the feelings of Master Thorne may be imagined when, presently, sitting there on the rail and looking shoreward, he perceived a boat, pulled by a man and conveying a girl, seemingly of about his own age, approaching the "Chingachgook" with the evident intention of boarding her. The boatman, reversing his stroke at length, and then slowly backing around, brought his boat stern-foremost directly up to the quarter of the "Chingachgook," and a moment later the girl stepped lightly on board.

Cassius had risen at the last and now stood looking toward the stranger, with a sort of "All-hands-stand-by-to-repel-boarders!" air, but by no means showing a disposition to advance. He was, in truth, a good deal overcome, and he grasped the shroud beside him for support. There must be some mistake, of course. No such person as this was expected on board the "Chingachgook," or had any business there.

Then the young lady looked at him. She was a very attractive figure as she stood there, habited in a dainty navy-blue sailor suit, with a daring bit of scarlet visible here and there about it, and with a jaunty hat on her head that did not pretend to protect her brown face from the sun. For the face itself, Cassius did not know whether it was pretty or not. He was conscious of nothing about it but the eyes. They were the kind of eyes that he had always detested—eyes that, brimful of mirth and mischief, are forever following a fellow about and compelling him to look up in spite of himself, and that, back of everything, he always *knows* are making fun of him.

"Good-morning," said she, sweetly.

Cassius said good-morning rather thickly, and took off his yachting cap. He had sisters at home, who taught him good manners, although they had never been able to cure him of his diffidence.

"This is the 'Chingachgook,' is it not?" she continued.

"Yes, ma'am,—that is,—yes, this is the 'Chingachgook'." Cassius blushed, and bit his tongue. A tongue that made him say "ma'am" to a girl evidently not a day older than he himself deserved to be bitten.

"Ah, then I am all right," said she, complacently.

And so saying, she turned and stepped steadily over into the stern-sheets. There she sat down, and, taking a small bundle from her pocket, began unrolling it. It appeared to be some sort of fancy work. She spread it upon her lap, and, having threaded her needle from a tangled mass of worsted, she at length set serenely to work, evidently disposed to make herself at home. Cassius, without moving from his place, had regarded her with growing amazement—until, all at once, she looked

up and caught him at it. Then he turned away in confusion, stealing off forward like a guilty thing. He went and gave another pull at the peak-halyards; and he stood about a long time, squinting up at the boat's colors, possessed of a sudden anxiety as to their being properly set, and all the while he cast numerous stealthy glances toward the mysterious personage in the stern-sheets. Finally, he went and stood at the bow, gazing mournfully down into the water, as though he contemplated a plunge beneath its surface. He wished that Rodman would come. He felt that something ought to be done; but—well, it was not for him to take the responsibility of doing it, before the Captain came on board.

Rodman was seen at last, appearing suddenly among the crowd of people on the wharf, and, without stopping to speak to any of them, jumping into his gig and sculling himself swiftly toward the "Chingachgook." The sloop carried only one boat, name of which varied according to the use to which it was put. When the Captain used it, it was a gig. "Cash," he would say, "bring around the gig; I want to go ashore." But when the crew used it, it was the dinghy. "Cash, you take the dinghy, will you, and go and get that piece of ice that Evans has left for us on the head of the wharf." They were very punctilious as to terms on board the "Chingachgook."

Rodman had discovered with wonderment the girl sitting in his yacht. He directed his boat toward the forward part of the sloop, presently drawing in his oar and walking to the bow, and then, with the painter in his hand, he stepped easily to the vessel's deck. He was not in the best of humor. He had just come from an interview with the judges, and things had not gone to his mind.

"Tony Boardman is bound to have everything his own way, or else he 'wont run'," he said, savagely. "But just let him wait until we get started! Somebody else will have something to say then, he 'll find." Then he lowered his voice, motioning with his head in the direction of the young lady. "Who in Honduras is *that*, Cash?"

Cash raised his eyes an instant to those of his commander; but at once they fell again, wandering off sidewise toward the subject mentioned.

"I don't know," he answered, defensively. "She did n't hoist any signal when she came up." (Cassius always spoke the language of the yachting service.) "She came aboard, and sat herself down there without a word."

"What!" Rodman scowled and looked aft again. The young lady was sitting there as calmly as ever, industriously drawing her needle in and out. "Why did you *let* her?"

"How could I help it?" returned Cassius, drearily.

"Why did n't you ask her what she wanted?"

Cassius made no reply to this, and Rodman, after a moment, turned with a contemptuous "Umph!" and strode away aft. He would see what was the meaning of this. He slackened his pace a little, necessarily, as he passed along beside the sloop's cabin and stepped over the wash-board. The stranger looked up at him.

"Good-morning," said she, exactly as she had said it to Cassius, as sweetly and with the same audacious light in her eyes.

But Rodman was not afraid of her eyes. He had seen girls before. He lifted his cap stiffly. "Was there anything that you wanted?" inquired he, his tone and manner politely hostile.

"Oh, *no*, indeed; thank you." Her attitude quite bore out her words. She went on with her work, evidently entirely satisfied with things as they were and in want of nothing in the world.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said Rodman, grimly; "but we are going to get under way now for the race, and it will be necessary for you to—to—" He hesitated an instant, casting about for some not too offensive phrase in which to order her ashore.

She quickly took it upon herself to finish his sentence for him.

"And you want me to move, do you? Why, certainly. I ought to have known better than to plant myself right here in the way." She got up and moved across to the corner, close by the cabin. And then, even while Rodman's lips were set again to say his say, she ran glibly on. "You want to ship the tiller, I suppose. Is n't that what you call it—the tiller?" She pointed with her needle to the article named, as it lay on the seat. "Oh, I am quite a sailor, I assure you. I don't mean to make any trouble or get in the way. Indeed, I do not!"

"I beg your pardon," Rodman began again. It was impossible to be rude or harsh in the face of such persistent sweetness and innocence as this. "I think you must have made some mistake. You —"

"Mistake!" She dropped her work into her lap. "What—about the tiller? Then it *is* n't the tiller at all?" She seemed deeply mortified. "Is it—is it the *gaff*, then?" she asked eagerly, after a moment.

This was so funny that Rodman forgot his dignity and laughed aloud. Whereupon she exhibited such extreme distress that he felt himself in the wrong, and begged her pardon once more. Then he hastened to harden himself again.

"I meant mistaken about the *boat*," he explained.

"Oh, mistaken about the boat!" She complacently resumed her work, receiving this as though it were an apology, and seeming to consider it an ample one. Then, again, without giving him a chance to speak, she hurried on, telling him how fond she was of sailing, and how she should like to know all about a boat, and the names of all the spars and ropes. It did not seem to have occurred to her that she was where she was not wanted and where she had no business to be. She appeared entirely at home and at her ease. Rodman stared at her as she talked, and his wonder grew. What did it all mean? Who was she, any way, and what did she want?—or what did she think she wanted? *Could n't* she be made to understand that she must go ashore? He resolved upon another effort.

"Do you know, Miss, what boat this is?" he was able, by and by, very solemnly to inquire.

"What boat!" She raised her eyes in pretty wonder. "Why, to be sure! It is the 'Chingachgook,' is n't it? I'm sure there is n't any danger of mistaking her. There is n't another boat in the harbor like her. I think she is just splendid! And 'Chingachgook' is the very name for her, too. I suppose she is named after that old Indian chief—the 'Last of the Mohicans.' Or was he the last but one? Do you know, I just *adore* Cooper! It is n't very often you find a girl who does, but *I* do. I think his novels are about as fascinating as any I ever read—even more interesting than Sir Walter Scott's. And those—those 'Leather Stocking' stories I like best of all. Don't *you* think they are the best?" She looked up anxiously with her question, as if his opinion on the subject was the most important matter in the world to her.

Rodman groaned inwardly. What *was* the use of trying to make a girl like this comprehend that she was where she was n't wanted and could not possibly be allowed to remain. He uttered a sort of grunt, worthy of the immortal Chingachgook himself, and turned savagely away, picking up the tiller and fitting it into the rudder-head.

All at once the report of a cannon was heard, apparently from on board a small boat that had, a few minutes before, gone out and posted itself a short distance down the stream, and from which, as they looked up now, a cloud of smoke was lightly floating off. The visitor uttered a little cry of dismay, and anxiously inquired:

"Oh! what was that?"

"It was the first gun," said Rodman, crossly. "They'll fire another in just fifteen minutes from now, and we must cross the line before that, for all the time it takes us after that will be deducted from our time in the race." He explained this in

the hope that, when she understood that the start was at hand, she herself would say something about going ashore. But she did not.

"I hate guns!" she declared instead. "It always makes me nervous to hear them. I feel as if I should *fly* this moment!"

"I'm sorry I have n't a pair of wings for you," observed Rodman, sincerely. Then he raised his voice and called out to Cassius. This was getting to be a serious matter. "Everything all ready, Cash?"

"Ay, ay. All ready."

"Have you fastened the dinghy to the mooring? We can't take her with us. We don't want a sin-

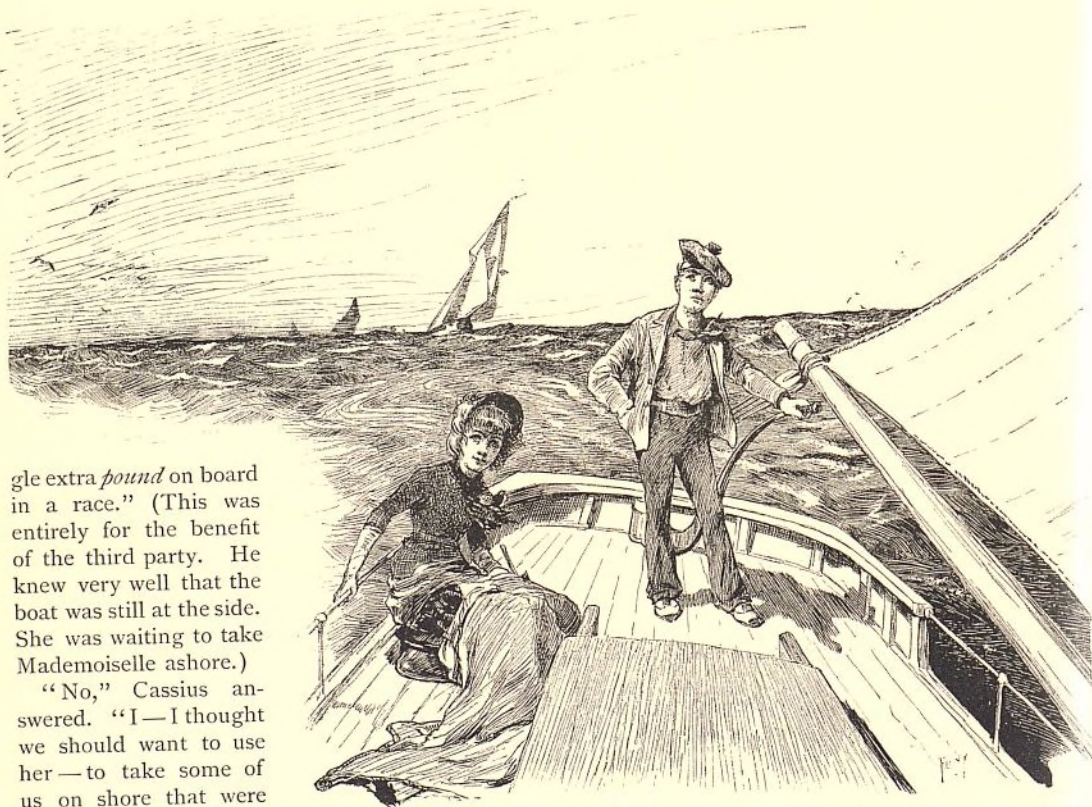
thousand dollars. It is the worst piece of luck! What did you let her come on board for, any way?"

"Did you tell her she must go ashore?" asked Cassius.

"Tell her!" Rodman almost choked with exasperation. "Tell her! Perhaps you think it is an easy thing to do. Very well! you go aft yourself, and say to her that she must go ashore. Come, now—go on, and see how you like it."

Cassius looked blank. "I would n't do it," said he, "not if you'd give me a brand-new hundred-ton steam yacht, fitted and furnished throughout."

"Look here!" exclaimed Rodman, with sudden



gle extra *pound* on board in a race." (This was entirely for the benefit of the third party. He knew very well that the boat was still at the side. She was waiting to take Mademoiselle ashore.)

"No," Cassius answered. "I—I thought we should want to use her—to take some of us on shore that were n't going."

Rodman glanced at the girl again. Surely she would understand this. Alas! she seemed not even to have heard it. A timely snarl occupied her entire attention. He uttered another aboriginal grunt, and went forward himself.

"Cash, this will never do!" He looked at his watch. "We've got just about twelve minutes. How are we going to get rid of that girl? We can't take her with us; that is out of the question. I would n't have the 'Thoughtless' beat me for a

sternness. This idea of sending Cash aft had suddenly acquired value in his eyes. "Are n't you the crew of this sloop?"

"Crew? Of course, I am!" Cash was far from being disposed to deny the fact.

"And did n't you agree to obey orders when I shipped you instead of Walt Hubbard?"

"Don't I obey orders, I'd like to know?" demanded Cassius, with spirit. Certainly, he did

RODMAN STOOD AT THE HELM, AND THE UNKNOWN, UNEXPLAINED, AND UNWELCOME YOUNG LADY STILL SAT QUIETLY BY HERSELF. [SEE PAGE 778.]

obey orders. The commands of his superior officer were sacred to him.

"Well, then, why don't you do as I order you?"

"Order me! What did you order me?"

"I ordered you to go and tell that girl we should have to set her ashore," said Rodman, inflexibly.

Cash actually turned pale. "Oh, if you put it that way," said he.—"I did n't know it was an order."

"Well, you know now!"

Rodman was obliged to be a little brutal. He knew that this was not a fair thing, and his conscience smote him.

"Of course, I'll obey orders," said Cassius hoarsely, unconsciously buttoning up his coat and even turning up his collar, exactly as though he were going out into a storm. "What shall I tell her?"

"Tell her? Tell her that we don't want her here—we've no use for her. Tell her we're going to sail for Europe, and won't be back till the year nineteen hundred. Tell her it's against the rules for a boat to carry women in a race. Tell her what you please, only get rid of her. And be quick about it, too! Every boat that's entered except this one is leaving her moorings this minute."

So poor Cassius set his teeth together, and turned away with the air of one who has said good-bye forever. To him there was only one thing in the world worse than facing a young lady under such circumstances; but that one thing was disobedience of orders. He made his way slowly aft, and at length planted his sturdy figure before the stranger, cap in hand, and addressed her in a voice husky and quavering:

"Madame—Miss—the Captain has sent me to tell you that—to say to you that—ahem!—to—to call your attention to the rule on the subject of Crews—Rule Ninth of the Sailing Regulations: 'Yachts contending for prizes may carry one man for every five feet of length on deck and fractional part thereof.'" His voice gained something of firmness as he recited the rule. It was hardly likely that she would make light of the sailing regulations.

Her eyes were fixed upon him all the while, though he felt rather than saw them. "Is that one of your sailing rules, do you say?" she asked, as he finished. "How interesting! And how many men do you carry on board the 'Chingachgook'?" She laughed merrily. "You are the crew here, are you not? Do you consider yourself equal to as many men as the boat is feet long divided by five?"

Cassius blushed so fiercely that the red showed plainly through the coat of tan upon his face. He felt himself to be utterly helpless in the hands of

this young lady, as he had known he should be. Nevertheless, there were the Captain's orders and the regulations.

"We are allowed to carry *less* than the rule mentions," he forced himself to say, "but we cannot carry *more*." And then, with sudden desperation, he added, "And we consider *you* more."

She laughed outright at this—a peal of musical, girlish laughter, delicious in itself, but to Cassius, at this moment, very dreadful indeed. "More?" she exclaimed. "Well, I should think so! I should consider myself equal to all the men you could get on board, upstairs and down-stairs, and all over the deck. More, indeed!" She laughed again, and then sat waiting for what he might have further to say, but still never taking her eyes from his face. His own glance went round and round and all about her, until it again fell at her feet. He knew very well what would sooner or later surely happen. She would drive him away with her eyes, and he would go back defeated and demoralized, without having accomplished at all what he had come for. The thought nerved him to a final effort.

"But—but—" he stammered, "the rule does n't say a single word—you can see it for yourself—about *women* being allowed on board."

She raised her eyebrows. "Well, and what of it, pray?" she inquired, with painful directness.

Sure enough. What of it? He stood a moment, and, as clearly as he could, reflected. He had thought that the rule covered the whole case and would be quite convincing and sufficient. And now she asked him, *What of it?* And all at once he seemed to become aware that there was nothing "of it." He did not see, himself, now, that the rule applied at all. He was utterly confounded, and unable to answer.

"Had n't you better go and ask the *Captain*?" she suggested, maliciously.

"I—I— Perhaps I had," he murmured. For his life, he could not have said anything else; and he felt that he *must* get away. The next moment he was going to the Captain with his report.

But Rodman did not wish for any report. He had watched the interview throughout and understood it.

"I don't want to hear a single word," cried he. "There is n't time to set her ashore now, anyway. We've only four minutes more before the second gun. Let her stay, if she's bound to. I'll give her enough of it before we are through, see if I don't! Here, take hold of this mooring. I've made the dinghy fast to it already. Wait until I get aft, and then give her a sheer. As for that girl, we won't say another word to her the whole trip. We'll *ignore* her."

So saying, Rodman went back to the helm; Cash gave a pull at the mooring, and, then dropping it, held the jib to windward; and the "Chingachgook," catching the wind all in an instant, suddenly gathered way and darted off.

The race about to begin was not a regular regatta of the Seaconnet Yacht Club (which was an organization having to do with the whole bay), but a much less important and less formal affair, in which the contestants were only from among the smaller craft of the club. The prizes were sums of money, the first of twenty-five, and the second of fifteen dollars. There had been six entries, two of which were sloops. The "Chingachgook," as has been stated, was the last of the six to get under way. All six were now standing to and fro across the river, none having yet crossed the line, although it was almost time for the second signal. This "line" was an imaginary one, drawn from the judges' boat across the river to a house on the opposite shore. The start was to be a "flying" one. The boats were at liberty to cross the line and start in the race at any time after the first signal, their time being taken as they made the crossing. A boat crossing *after* the second signal, however, would have her time taken from the time of that signal. The object of each boat was to cross the line as late as possible within the limits of the two signals, the boat crossing last (within those limits) having all the other boats in front of her as to position but behind her as to time.

Two minutes before the second signal, the first boat—one of the cat-boats—crossed the line, the fact being announced from the judges' boat by a blast from a fog-horn. She was almost immediately followed by two others of the smaller boats. Thirty seconds after this the "Thoughtless" also went over. The "Thoughtless" was the other sloop, and the only boat of the five which might be considered a rival of the "Chingachgook." She had found herself in good position, and her captain, Tony Boardman, had not dared tack again, so near the final signal. Rodman, on board the "Chingachgook," shouted with glee when he saw this. The next instant, he came about himself and started for the line, the "Chingachgook" and the remaining cat-boat crossing together, and so near the final moment that the sound of the horn was lost in the report of the second gun. Then, at 11.15 o'clock, with a fresh breeze from the southward and all the boats close-hauled, the race was fairly begun.

Meanwhile, on board the "Chingachgook," nothing worthy of special mention had taken place. Rodman stood at the helm, Cash kept his place forward, and the unknown, unexplained, and unwelcome young lady still sat quietly by her-

self, holding her fancy work, although watching all the while with lively interest the opening of the race. Almost nothing had been said—nothing at all that involved, on the part of the two lads, any further recognition of the young lady's presence. Rodman's policy of ignoring her had been faithfully adhered to, although the girl herself did not seem to mind it.

Off Polygon Point the boats all eased off a bit, heading now, by a course hardly south of west, toward the northernmost point of Blowaway Island. At this time the "Chingachgook," having already left behind one of the cat-boats, was rapidly overhauling the other three. The "Thoughtless," however, with her minute's start, seemed to have kept easily the advance this had given her, and even, to Rodman's anxious eyes, to have slightly increased it. The latter called out to Cassius:

"Cash, I do believe she's gaining on us! How is it?"

But Cassius, crouched down in front of the mast, shook his head very positively as he looked out ahead, and replied:

"Not a bit of it! She did gain on us, of course, after she slacked her sheet, when we were still running close. But we shall make that up quick enough. I'll venture my head against a played-out croquet-ball" (Cassius was always very reckless about venturing his head) "that we'll pass her this side the Spindle. Hallo there on board the 'Warbler'!" (this to one of the cat-boats whose stern at this moment was only a short distance from where he sat)—"get out of the track, will you? We don't want to go around you." Then he added, contemptuously, to himself: "'Warbler,' indeed! 'Wobbler' I should spell it. Sam Peckham handles that boat as if she were a bicycle and he was taking his first riding lesson."

They held on so for twenty minutes and then hauled their wind again,—the "Thoughtless" first, and then a minute later the "Chingachgook,"—turning south once more with a distance of four miles, dead to windward, to make before rounding the Spindle. It was now a clear contest between the two sloops. The other boats were all behind them, and would soon be left to have it out among themselves.

"Now, says I!" Rodman exclaimed, dropping the tiller long enough to rub his hands together, "now we've got it all to ourselves. And if the 'Chingachgook' can't beat the 'Thoughtless' sailing into the wind's eye, then I'll eat her!"

"Pray let me go on shore first—before you eat her," spoke up the girl-passenger, precisely as though he had addressed himself to her.

Rodman looked at her. He had not intended to speak to her, but her eyes were full upon him again, and he could not very well help it.

"It's too late to go on shore now," he said, frigidly.

"Then I suppose that if you *should* decide to eat the 'Chingachgook,' I should have to stay on board and be devoured also?" She smiled as she said it.

Rodman thought to himself that she looked pretty enough to be devoured, and his heart softened toward her. He could not forbear smiling himself as he replied, "I don't believe I shall have to eat the sloop this trip. I mean to win the race instead—in spite of all drawbacks." The drawback which he especially had in mind was the young lady herself.

The wind was blowing fresher out here beyond the island; and, with her sheet hauled down, the "Chingachgook" bent over before it, thrusting her head into a big "waker" now and then, and, as she rose and shook herself, flinging a shower of silver spray along her deck. By and by, there came a plunge of unusual violence, and a sheet of salt water flew aft into the very face and eyes of the unwelcome passenger. Possibly a sudden twist of the helm had had something to do with this, although, at the moment, Rodman was, to all appearances, entirely absorbed in the race. The girl uttered a little cry.

"Oh, Mr. Rodman! Oh! Oh! Why, this is dreadful!"

"Ah!" said Rodman, coolly. "Did it wet you? I'm very sorry, but such things can't be avoided. Besides," he grimly added, "that was n't a circumstance to what we shall have presently. Wait till we get down off the south end of Blowaway. It will blow great guns by that time."

"Oh, dear!" she cried, in dismay. "Will it, *truly*?" She examined his face to be sure he was sincere, and then added, cheerfully, "At any rate, I can go below if it gets *very* bad."

"Yes," said Rodman, "only you'll be sea-sick. People always are if they go below."

"Shall I, really?" she again inquired. "Oh, dear, dear!"

"I thought you said you were quite a sailor?" said Rodman.

"Well, I don't care so much for myself. But I don't want to get my griffins all wet." She glanced ruefully at her worsted work. "This is for a gentleman's traveling bag, and the salt water will ruin it."

"I don't know that it would make your griffins sick to put *them* below," suggested Rodman.

"I believe I *will* put them down there, if I may," she answered, gratefully.

She made her way as well as she could—Rodman expressing his regret that he could not leave the helm to help her—down the companion-way. When she came up again, she declared herself delighted with the sloop's cabin, characterizing it as a "perfect love of a place," and being sure that the young gentlemen who sailed the "Chingachgook" must have "right jolly times" when off upon their cruises. This was a subject by no means disagreeable to Rodman, and he found himself talking away presently in a style that fairly matched the volubility of the young lady herself. Meanwhile, he still puzzled himself over the problem of her presence. He was unable, upon reflection, to see how she could in any way be the victim of a mistake. She seemed to have known what boat she was in; and just now she had spoken his own name—though possibly Cash had called him by that in her hearing. Beside, there was all the time a laughing, mischievous light in her eyes, as though, all to herself, she was enjoying the situation as a successful joke of her own invention. Well, if it was a joke, it was not a very bad one. He was rather enjoying it himself; and it was not seriously interfering with the race, either. It was certain now that the "Chingachgook" was gaining on the "Thoughtless," and there was every reason to believe that they would round the Spindle together.

And round the Spindle together they did—so close together that Rodman, taking necessarily the outer track, but anxious to go no farther away than he must, narrowly escaped driving the "Thoughtless" against the rocks, and thus forfeiting the "Chingachgook's" chance for the prize. Then it was "ready about" again, and off they flew, with the wind abeam, the two boats, each with its black hull and glistening canvas, a thing beautiful to see, holding their way side by side, and with seemingly equal speed, toward the south end of Blowaway.

For some minutes the excitement was intense on board both the boats. But at such times it is not excitement or anxiety or one's wishes that avail, but skill and the qualities of one's craft; and it was the gallant "Chingachgook" that, after a little, was perceived to be slowly but certainly drawing ahead. Cassius Thorne, from his post before the mast, was the first to discover the fact; and, regardless of propriety, he snatched off his cap and cheered like the whole ship's crew that he was. Then Captain Rodman patted the tiller-head and began talking to his sloop as if she were a live thing to be praised and encouraged; and the little lady near him, with a sigh of relief as she, too, realized the tremendous fact, fairly stood on tiptoe and clapped her hands in glee.

Thus minute after minute went by, and foot after foot the "Thoughtless" dropped astern, until, half an hour later, as the homeward track up the east side of Blowaway came fully into view on board the "Chingachgook," her rival was well nigh half a mile to the rear. Then it was up with the center-board altogether, and give her all the sheet she wants both fore and aft, and away, away, straight for home, and with that suddenly quieter and easier motion that always follows the putting of a boat before the wind.

"Why!" cried the young lady, "how slowly we are going all at once!"

"Humph!" returned Rodman, seating himself now for the first time, "she's going about three times as fast as she was before."

"Now the race is *surely* ours!" said the young lady, looking up to him in triumph.

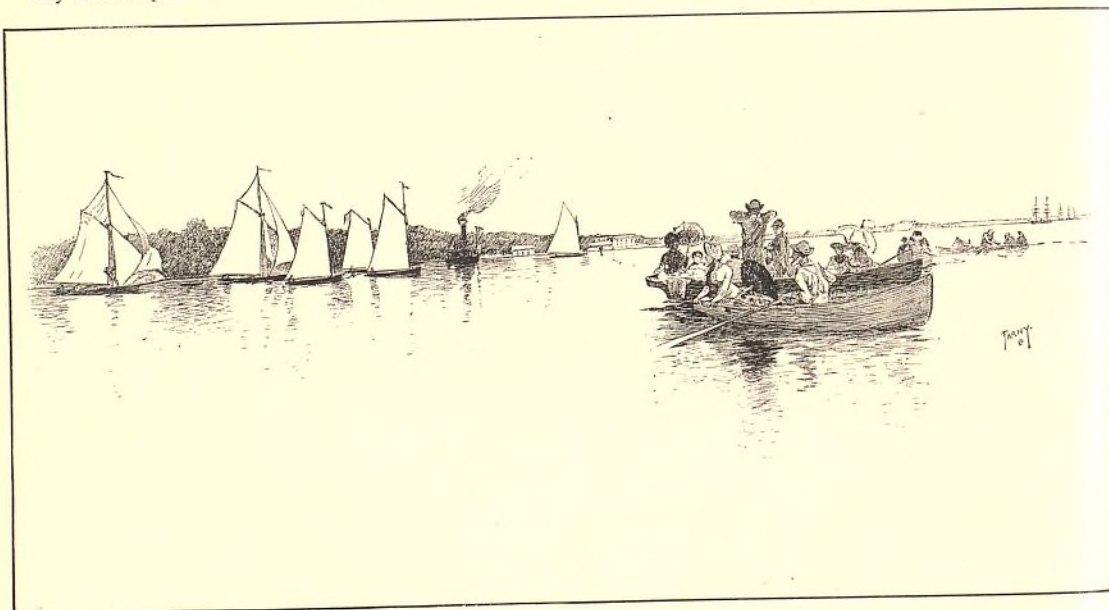
Rodman smiled. That word "ours," and the way it was spoken, were irresistible. She seemed

glance, falling from these, wandered off toward the plunging bow. Suddenly he turned pale and uttered a cry.

"Oh! Oh! Look there! Oh! *what* shall we do?"

Just how it happened—or *could* happen, as things were—they never knew. But Rodman, looking forward, had seen the block of the jib, loosened somehow and lashed about violently by the wind, strike Cassius a cruel blow upon the head, knocking him senseless into the sea. This he saw, and realized instantly the full extent of the calamity. With no boat on board, his friend unconscious, and only this thoughtless girl on deck if he should trust himself to the water, what could be done? No wonder he cried out in helpless agony. Even as he spoke they caught sight, over the side as the sloop rushed on, of a white, upturned face, half-submerged and drifting quickly astern.

But Rodman was not the lad to stand and do



THE START.

to assume her right to a due share of the glory. And, indeed, Rodman was hardly disposed, now, to deny the claim. Somehow or other she no longer seemed to have no business on board the "Chingachgook." He was beginning to feel as though she belonged there along with himself and Cash.

"Yes," he said, complacently. "I think there is no doubt about it now. The race is *ours*. Hurrah for the 'Chingachgook'! She is a brick—of the first water."

Rodman glanced proudly up at the white sails and the straight mast above him; and then his

nothing. God helps those who help themselves. In an instant he had let go the helm, and, hand over hand, was pulling in the sheet like mad. The sloop swept swiftly round in a great curve; and the girl, standing dazed and horrified, knew that her companion was talking to her in fierce, excited tones.

"Listen to me!" he cried. "Listen to every word! I am going overboard. I must. There is nothing else. *It may depend upon you* whether both of us drown or not!" He paused a moment, seizing the helm again and holding the sheet in his hand, looking anxiously ahead to know how to

steer. "Ah! there he is. Listen! You manage her by the sheet, this rope here, and the tiller. If she gets away from you, you can drop the sheet and bring her up into the wind—as I shall do now. I tell you this so that you can do it, if you should have to. Perhaps you will not have to do anything. Do you understand?"

She nodded mutely.

He did not say another word. Indeed, there was no time to say more. There was poor Cash out there in the water, unable to help himself, and he might sink out of sight at any moment. Rodman tore off his jacket and threw his cap down upon the deck. Then all at once he put his helm hard down, the "Chingachgook" came up into the wind and stood there, shivering fore and aft, and the next instant Rodman plunged headlong from the rail.

He came up at once and struck out bravely toward his friend. And from on board the sloop the girl watched him helplessly. There was nothing for *her* to do but to watch—to stand there and watch and wring her hands. She looked at him as he swam away; she looked anxiously back along their track to see if the "Thoughtless" had yet appeared around the island; she looked up at the sails of the "Chingachgook," and, with almost a sob of agony, she realized that the sloop was drifting fast to leeward and that the distance between her and the boys in the water was rapidly widening. Oh, was there *nothing* she could do in this terrible emergency?

Then she saw that Rodman had reached his friend—the latter, poor fellow, still senseless as a log. Rodman grasped him firmly by the shoulder, and turned toward the sloop. The moment he saw her he uttered a groan. He knew that he could never reach her with all that space between, and she all the while drifting farther and farther away. He called out hoarsely to the girl:

"Take hold of the sheet and push the helm over—from you.—Push it hard and quick.—She'll get way on herself, if you only give her half a chance."

She heard and comprehended. She seized the sheet with both hands and then with her body she pushed the helm to port. Few boats could have been made to catch the wind in such a way, but the "Chingachgook" did it. Rodman had not trusted her in vain. Perhaps she realized something of her master's fearful need, and, swift to save as ever had been her noble namesake in the old-time wars, of her own effort she turned her canvas to the breeze. The girl, sheet and tiller in hand, felt in them both the impulse that seized the gallant sloop. Slowly the bow fell off, the mainsail filled, and the "Chingachgook" began to move ahead.

She who was at the helm remembered what Rodman had said to her. "You manage her with the sheet and tiller." She slacked the sheet a little as she felt it draw the harder; and then she met it with the helm as the sensitive boat sprang forward. Hurrah! Hurrah! She heard Rodman shouting to her: "Don't let go the sheet! Steer her straight this way." In half a minute's time she was close upon them. Rodman shouted again: "Carefully! Don't run us down! Keep her off a bit. *Now!* Let go the sheet and push the helm this way. Over with it. Good for you! All right! All right! Now let her alone and go forward and fling us a rope—that coil of halyards that hangs on the pin by the shrouds."

The rest of it was easy. The "Chingachgook" was shaking in the wind again and Rodman had swum up under the side. Then the rope that she threw down to him was knotted about Cassius's body, beneath the arms; and Rodman, first climbing on board himself, quickly drew his unfortunate comrade up after him.

They laid him on the deck, and, by rubbing his hands and using some restoratives which Rodman had at hand, presently revived him. He opened his eyes, and, looking languidly from one of his attendants to the other, seemed at once to comprehend the situation.

"I'm glad you picked me up," were his first words.

Rodman burst out laughing, overjoyed to see his friend revive. "Well, old fellow, I should think you might be!" he exclaimed. "Did you suppose we would leave you there!"

"Because," continued Cassius, gravely, "you know there is Section Four of Rule Twelve: 'Each yacht must bring back all and the same persons with whom it started.' If you had n't picked me up, you would have lost the race." Suddenly he raised himself upon his elbow and looked out forward. "Where *is* the 'Thoughtless,' any way?"

"Never mind the 'Thoughtless,'" said Rodman. "You just keep quiet."

But Cash had caught sight of the other sloop, not an eighth of a mile away, and coming on like the wind itself. "Why, Rod," he cried, "she is almost up with us! We must get the 'Chingachgook' before the wind. Come, what are we thinking of, loafing here in this way?"

He tried to get upon his feet, but a dizziness seized him, and he sank back against the rail.

Then the young lady spoke. "You sit still, right where you are," said she with an air of authority. "I'll tend the jib." Then she turned to Rodman. "Mr. Rodman, I really don't think there is any necessity of our losing the race. You

know I am quite a sailor." She spoke almost gayly, although she was still pale and trembling.

"Quite a sailor!" exclaimed Rodman. "I should think you were! Where would Cash and I be this minute but for the way you handled the 'Chingachgook'?" He jumped up. "But we'll pass you a vote of thanks later," said he, "when we have more time. Cash can sit here,—he'll be all right presently,—and you and I will sail the sloop. We *must* beat the 'Thoughtless.' You go forward, please, and I'll tell you what to do."

And they did beat the "Thoughtless." The "Chingachgook" was got before the wind again just as her rival came up, and for some minutes it was a close race. Then the "Chingachgook" slowly drew ahead again, and, gradually increasing her lead, crossed the line half an hour later, winner of the first prize, and in advance of her chief antagonist by two minutes of actual time. It was a proud moment for her owner as he presently stood over to his mooring place, while the people, men and women, who crowded the wharves, shouted and cheered and waved their hats and handkerchiefs.

A little later the Captain's gig was brought around, and Rodman helped the young lady on board. Cassius, with his face still very white, and a linen handkerchief bound about his head in place of his regulation cap, looked hardly fit for duty; but he insisted upon taking his place at the oars.

They pulled ashore and went up the steps at the wharf. The first people Rodman saw were his mother and sisters. Millie, the eldest sister, stepped forward excitedly; but, to Rodman's surprise, it was not to him she addressed herself, but to his lady companion.

"Why, Edith Hasbrouck! I never thought you would really *do* it."

Rodman exhibited considerable surprise. So this was their cousin, Edith Hasbrouck. He had often heard of her, but had never seen her before. She had always lived with her parents in the West, until she had joined Millie at an Eastern boarding-school a few months before the day of this adventure. It had been settled that Edith should visit Millie during the summer vacation, and she had unexpectedly arrived that very morning while Rodman was absent preparing for the race.

Now that he knew who his lady passenger was, he turned and looked at her. She was doing something that he had not seen her do before—she was blushing and looking confused.

"I thought you did n't take any passengers in a race," continued Millie, turning to Rodman; "at least, no lady passengers?"

"I don't," said Rodman, laughing, "when I can help myself. But it was lucky I did take one this morning." He grew suddenly sober. "I tell you what, if it had n't been for Miss—Cousin Edith,—Cash and I would both have—Well, to-day's sail would have been our last, that's all."

Then Edith spoke. She was very sober, too, and her voice not quite steady. A girl does not go through so terrible an ordeal as that through which she had passed without some signs of it.

"I want to beg your pardon for that whole matter, Rodman. I did a very foolish thing, and I am ashamed of it! I would not do it now, I am sure."

Rodman looked from her to his sister, with a perplexed expression.

"Don't you understand, sir?" cried Millie. "I *dared* her to do it—and she never takes a dare. I said you would n't let anybody go down with you, and she declared you would let *her* go."

"Oh!" murmured Rodman, thoughtfully, slowly comprehending. Then he suddenly gave vent to a burst of admiration. "Well, all I have to say is that she did it *beautifully*!"

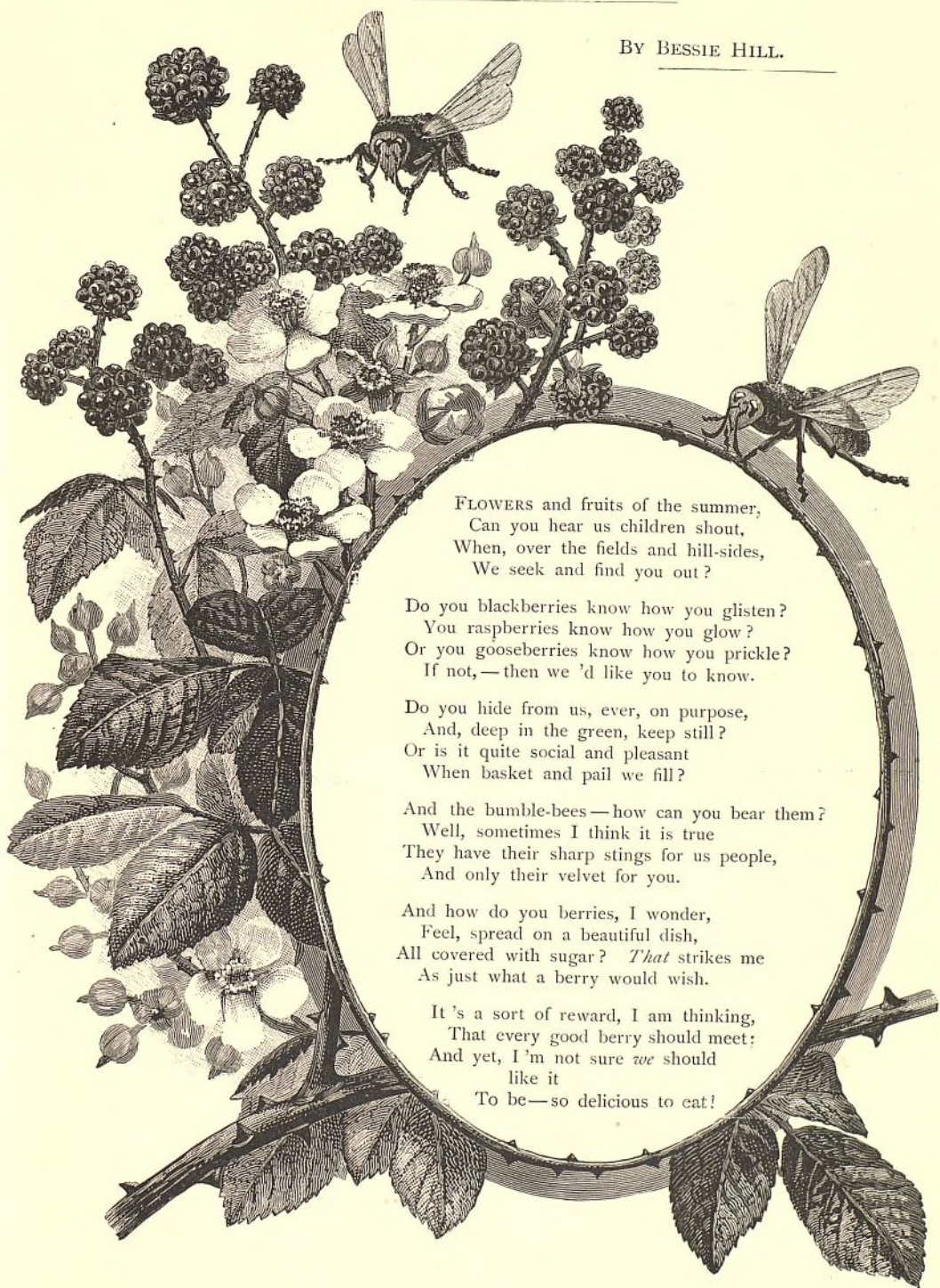
"Beautifully! Well, now, I should say so!" This came very unexpectedly from Cassius Thorne. Cassius had been standing on one side, feeling that he ought in some way formally to acknowledge his obligation to this young lady who had helped to save his life, but utterly unable to bring himself to do it. But now he braced himself heroically and advanced toward her with extended hand. He looked very funny with his tied-up head and his solemn air; but nobody thought of laughing at him then, poor fellow.

"And I want to thank her for it, too," he went on, resolutely. "If it had n't been for her, Rod and I *would* have gone down, as sure as shoe-strings—a dead loss to the underwriters. For my part, I am much obliged to her, and I wish she would sail in the 'Chingachgook,' hereafter, every race she enters. If the rules don't allow it,—then so much the worse for the rules, I say."

He made Miss Edith a regulation bow as he finished. And, venturing to meet again those terrible eyes of hers, he saw in them now something that flashed and glistened and quite overcame him; but it certainly was not the mocking, ridiculing light that had overcome him before.

IN SUMMER-TIME.

BY BESSIE HILL.



FLOWERS and fruits of the summer,
 Can you hear us children shout,
 When, over the fields and hill-sides,
 We seek and find you out?

Do you blackberries know how you glisten?
 You raspberries know how you glow?
 Or you gooseberries know how you prickle?
 If not,—then we 'd like you to know.

Do you hide from us, ever, on purpose,
 And, deep in the green, keep still?
 Or is it quite social and pleasant
 When basket and pail we fill?

And the bumble-bees—how can you bear them?
 Well, sometimes I think it is true
 They have their sharp stings for us people,
 And only their velvet for you.

And how do you berries, I wonder,
 Feel, spread on a beautiful dish,
 All covered with sugar? *That* strikes me
 As just what a berry would wish.

It's a sort of reward, I am thinking,
 That every good berry should meet:
 And yet, I'm not sure *we* should
 like it
 To be—so delicious to eat!

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. VIII.

FLY-FISHING FOR BLACK BASS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

ONE exciting and healthful sport has been exclusively enjoyed by grown-up men; but I think that boys and girls could enjoy it as well. I speak of fly-fishing, by which is not meant fishing for flies,—a thing not to be classed with good sports,—but angling for fish with artificial flies, a means of out-door recreation that has been enjoyed by many great and good men for hundreds of years. Of course, you must not understand me to mean that any good man ever fished hundreds of years, though Izaak Walton, the most famous of all anglers, was nearly a century old when he died, and he spent much of his long, happy life beside the brooks and rivers, in pursuit of his favorite pastime. He wrote a book called "The Complete Angler," which, although now more than two hundred years old, is still read and admired by all who enjoy quaint conceits and happy descriptions of out-door things. George Washington and Daniel Webster, as well as many another of our distinguished men, were very fond of angling.

Now most boys know perfectly well how to fish with rod and line, and I have seen some girls who were quite expert at catching shiners and sun-perch in the small streams of the Middle and Southern States. But when it comes to fly-fishing, the genuine angling, boys and girls seem to know almost nothing about it. I have often thought of this and wondered at it, for there is no sport more fascinating, more healthful, or more easily attainable.

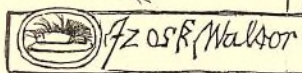
Fishing-tackle for angling with the fly is very simple and beautiful, and can be bought of any dealer in sportsmen's goods. A fly-rod, a click-reel, and some twenty or thirty yards of fishing-line are the first things to purchase. With these in hand, you are ready to learn how to "cast," a thing you must pretty thoroughly master before you think of going to a brook for trout or black bass.

Your fly-rod will usually be made of three pieces, with socket joints, so as to be taken apart when not in use. These three pieces are called the butt, the middle-piece, and the tip. The click-reel is to be fastened on the under side of the butt, at the larger extremity, just below the place where the hand must grasp the rod when using it. The line—a slender silk or linen one—is evenly wound upon the reel, with an end free to pass through small

brass loops or eyes on the under side of the rod to the extremity of the tip, where it goes through a little ring, whence it may be drawn out as long as you like, or until it is all unwound from the reel.

Now let us try to cast the line. To do this, as a mere matter of preliminary practice, tie a small weight, say a little block of wood, an inch long and as thick as your little finger, to the free end of your line, which has been drawn out through the tip-ring some eight or nine feet. Now, standing firmly erect in an easy position, take the rod in the right hand, grasping it by the handle just above the reel; with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand take light hold of the bit of wood at the line's end. You are now ready for a cast. The rod is nearly vertical and the line is drawn taut. By a motion gradually increasing in rapidity, wave the rod backward over the left shoulder, at the same time loosing the bit of wood and allowing the line to swing straight out behind you. Then, before the wood can touch the ground in your rear, wave the rod, by a gradually quickening motion and with a slight curve to the right, forward so as to whip the line to the full length that is unwound, straight out before you, allowing the block, which at present is your fly, to settle lightly on the ground. Now, to cast again, wind off, by turning the reel, a foot more of line, and then, by a gentle sweep of the rod upward and backward, fling the line full length straight behind you, and before it can fall to the ground throw it forward again as in the first cast. Try this over and over, until you get so that you can fling out twelve feet of line every time and make your bit of wood go to just the spot you aim at. This accomplished, you are ready to begin practice on water with a fly. You must now "rig your cast," as anglers say; that is, you must loop six feet of heavy "silk-gut," called a stretcher, on to the end of your line, to which stretcher two flies must be attached by short pieces of like material, one at the end of the stretcher and the other two or three feet from the end. The short line by which the fly is attached to the stretcher is called a snell or snood.

Artificial flies are made mostly of feathers, tied upon a hook in such a way as to somewhat resemble some one or another of the insects that sport about the streams in summer. Anglers have discoursed at great length on the subject of flies.



H. S. F. Walton

Some like white or light-colored flies; others prefer gay feathers, such as ibis, golden pheasant, peacock, woodpecker, and wood-duck; while others still use different flies for different days, and vary the shape and color as the season advances. The making of an artificial fly is technically called "tying the fly," and is so minute and difficult an operation that it is better to buy flies of the dealers than to attempt to tie them yourself.

The angler usually carries a supply of flies in a pocket case called a fly-book.

The fly attached to the end of the stretch is called the "tail-fly," and the one attached further up is called the "dropper," or "bob-fly."

Now, having "rigged your cast," you may go to the nearest water and practice casting the fly, just as you learned with the bit of wood.

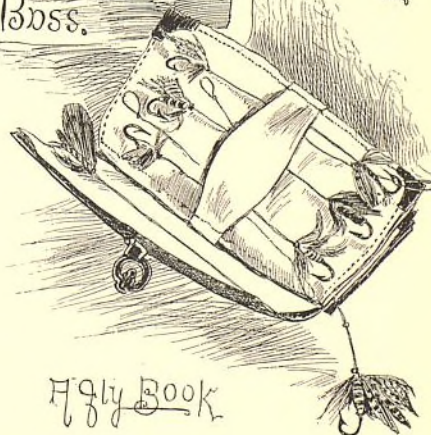
You will find this exercise rather tiresome to the right arm at first, but you can soon overcome every difficulty. In the beginning, you should choose a smooth, open space of water on which to practice, until you can cast well enough to begin angling for game.

Girls can use a fly-rod just as well as boys, and they will find in it a new and delightful means of enjoyment.

VOL. X.—50.



Fly fishing for Black Bass.



When you have thoroughly mastered the method of casting and are ready to go angling, you must dress yourself for the water, for sometimes you may have to wade in the shallow parts of the brook.

Girls should wear short dresses and wading stockings; the latter are made of rubber cloth, and may be ordered of any dealer in fishing goods. Over these stockings, which are water-proof, shoes must be worn, the older and easier the better.

Boys, as a rule, will not care for these stockings, preferring to roll up their trouser-legs and wade "just so."

Now for the fun!

"But where are any trout brooks?" you inquire.

Trout brooks are rather scarce, it is true, but bass streams are not. The black bass is found in nearly all the brooks and rivers of a large portion of the United States, and it is the gamest and boldest fish that swims. It will take the fly, if properly offered, more readily than salmon, trout, or grayling.

So, girls and boys, let us go a-fishing for black bass. A good brook or rivulet is close by almost any country house or town. A short drive or walk takes us to where we can hear the bubble and murmur, and see the pure water rippling and gleaming among the shining stones. The big plane-trees, sometimes called sycamores, lean over the brook's current, and there is a woodsy fragrance and freshness in the air. Birds sing overhead and round about in the thickets.

We walk cautiously along the brook-side until we find a place where the water is dashing merrily among big stones and whirling in shining circles, frothed with clots of snowy foam. This is a promising place for a cast. Let us try. Give way, boys, and let one of the girls have the first cast. Now! See her take the fly in her left hand, lightly between the thumb and forefinger, her beautiful slender rod held almost vertically in her right hand. She waves the rod backward over her left shoulder, at the same time loosing the fly, then she whips the rod forward with a slight whirl to the right, and away spins the fly. But it falls somewhat short. Quickly and deftly she slips a few feet more of line from the reel, gracefully whirls the rod backward again, and, as the line straightens behind her, she casts as before. Again and again she does this, lengthening the line a little at each cast, until, at last, the gay fly falls lightly among the shining waves close by a little whirlpool. Splash! What a fine fish leaps up! You see his scales gleam and his fins flash as he "flips" himself almost bodily above the water and seizes the fly. And what does my little lady with

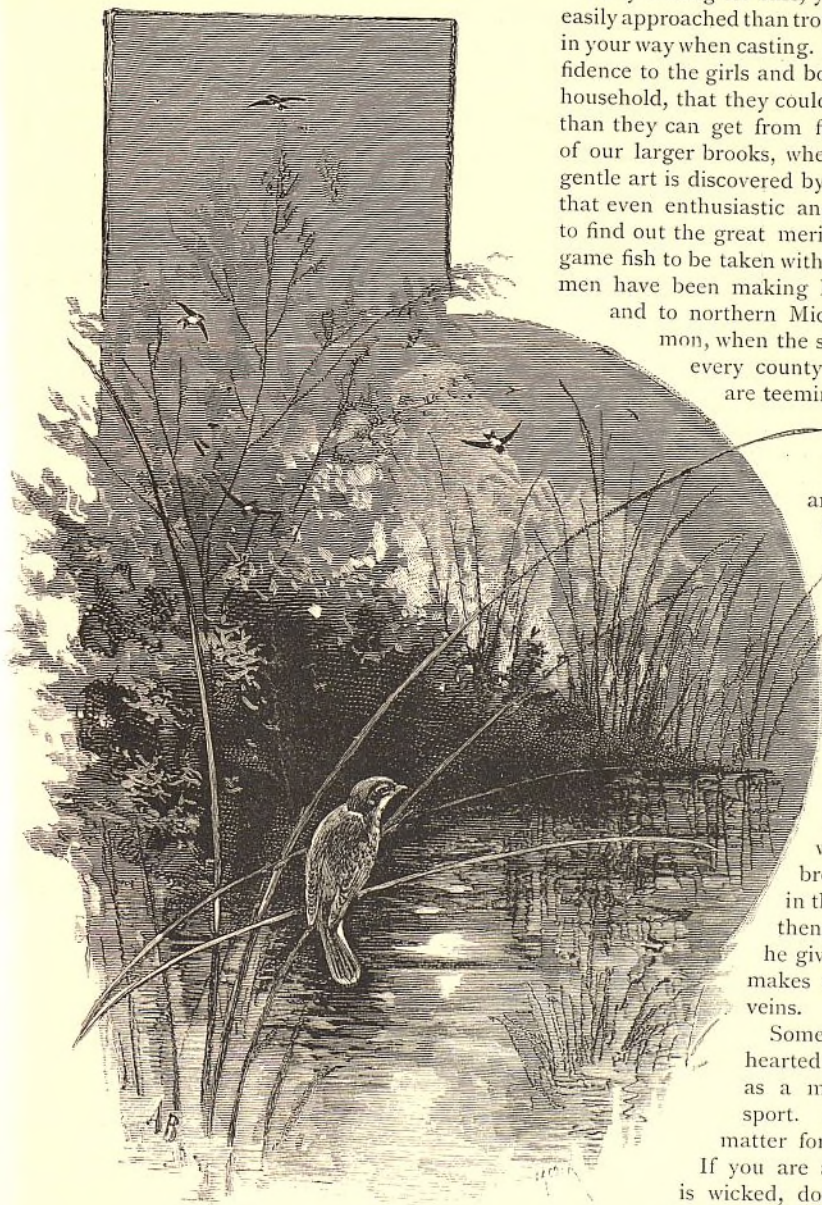
the rod? She quickly "strikes"—that is, she gives a short, sharp jerk with her right hand, and then the fight begins. The rod is bent like a whip; whiz goes the click-reel as the strong fish pulls off yard after yard of the line. Hold him back, quick! Now, as our little girl changes the rod from her right hand to her left, in order to manage the reel, the fish makes a big lunge and turns a somersault clear out of the water. The hook is an extra good one, or it would have broken under that strain. We all look on with tremulous excitement as the bass falls back again into the swirling current and begins to dart this way and that, making the line sing and whirl. Now our determined little angler begins to force the fight. She turns the butt of the rod more forward, thus raising the tip, and begins to steadily turn the reel-crank with her right hand. See the slender rod bend almost double! Hurry, boys,—some one of you,—get the landing-net and be ready to dip up the game! As the line is shortened, the bass is drawn nearer and nearer to the grassy bank. There! his prickly dorsal fin cuts the water! Now get the landing-net under him. Good! he is ours, and he weighs a full pound and a quarter. That was a well-managed campaign on the part of our young lady. Which one of the boys can beat it?

You may think that it would be a very easy task to manage a fish weighing no more than a pound and a half; but when a live and stubborn bass of that size is at the end of ten or twelve yards of line, and your rod is as limber as a whip, the thing is n't so easy after all. I have seen grown men fail in the undertaking.

One of the most difficult things in fly-fishing is to get your fly to fall just where you wish it to. It requires no little skill to be able to cast out twenty feet of line and make your gaudy insect drop exactly where you aim. Sometimes bass are very stupid, or very cunning, or not very hungry, or lazy, for they will balance themselves in a clear current, with their heads up-stream, and, no matter how cleverly you present your fly, not a rise will they make. At other times, they will take your fly as fast as you can offer it.

A great many pleasant things come to pass when you are down by the brook. In fact, a brook always seems to flow through the very heart of nature. Most wild things love the cool streams in summer. The birds go there to bathe; the raccoons go there to catch craw-fish and water-snails. You will see muskrats swimming along with their noses above the surface, and now and then a mink may dart into a heap of drift-wood. The beautiful wood-duck and the queer green herons haunt our bass brooks, and so do the kingfisher and the small white heron. When you are slipping stealth-

ily along beside the stream, looking for a good place to cast your fly, you often come upon these wild things unaware, which gives you an excellent opportunity for studying their habits.



One day, some years ago, I was casting in a narrow, weedy stream in the South, and was trying to make my fly fall upon a small pool near the opposite bank, when it went a little too far and set-

tled in a tuft of grass. No sooner had it touched than something grabbed it savagely, and, when I reeled in my line, I found that I had caught a bull-frog!

In fly-fishing for bass, you find the streams more easily approached than trout brooks, and there is less in your way when casting. In fact, I can say with confidence to the girls and boys of the ST. NICHOLAS household, that they could not wish for better sport than they can get from fly-angling in almost any of our larger brooks, when once the secret of the gentle art is discovered by them. It seems strange that even enthusiastic anglers are just beginning to find out the great merits of the black bass as a game fish to be taken with the fly. All these years men have been making long journeys to Canada and to northern Michigan for trout and salmon, when the streams that flow through every county of nearly all our States

are teeming with bass gamier than salmon and more voracious than trout!

Bass brooks, as a rule, are shallow, so that there is little danger of drowning in them, and you can wade where you please. Some girls may think angling is too much like boys' sport for them; but if they will try it once, some sweet June day, they will change their minds. There is a great deal more fun in wading a clear, running brook, than in wallowing in the surf of the sea; and then, if you get a big bass, he gives you excitement that makes the blood leap in your veins.

Some very good and tender-hearted people think of angling as a most cruel and wicked sport. I can not decide this matter for any one but myself.

If you are afraid that killing fish is wicked, don't angle, for a timid angler never gets a rise, or, if he does, he strikes too feebly or too late to get the game. To succeed at fly-fishing, one must go at it with a clear conscience and a steady nerve. Be sure you are right, and then don't let the fish get away—that is my rule!

THE HOME-MADE MOTHER GOOSE.

BY ADELIA B. BEARD.

THE collecting of pictured advertisement cards has become so common among boys and girls during the last few years that, we doubt not, many

ored worsted, then place the squares neatly together and stitch them directly through the center with strong thread. (Fig. 1.) Fold them over, stitch again, as in Fig. 2, and your book is finished and ready for the pictures.

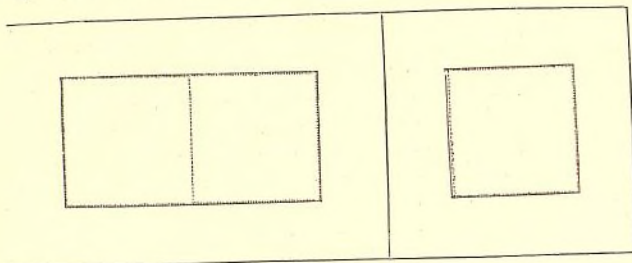


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

of our young readers have at the present time more than they know what to do with—in fact, so many that the young connoisseurs are almost

tions. Any subject which pleases the fancy can be illustrated in this way, and you will soon be deeply interested in the work, and delighted at the



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

weary of looking them over. A great many young folk paste their cards into scrap-books. While examining one of these volumes a short time ago, it occurred to me that the cards might be utilized in a new way, by dividing and combining them. Let me, then, try to show you how, with the aid of scissors and mucilage, the pictures that have become so familiar may be made to undergo transformations that are indeed wonderful.

The nursery scrap-books made of linen or paper cambric are, perhaps, familiar to most of my readers; but for the benefit of those who may not yet have seen these durable little books, I will give the following directions for making one: Cut from a piece of strong linen, colored paper cambric, or white muslin, four squares, twenty-four inches long by twelve inches wide. Button-hole-stitch the edges all around with some bright-col-

ored worsted, then place the squares neatly together and stitch them directly through the center with strong thread. (Fig. 1.) Fold them over, stitch again, as in Fig. 2, and your book is finished and ready for the pictures.

It is in the preparation of these pictures that you will find the novelty of the plan I propose. Instead of pasting in those cards which have become too familiar to awaken much interest, let the young book-makers design and form their own pictures by cutting special figures, or parts of figures, from different cards, and then pasting them together so as to form new combinations. Any subject which pleases the fancy can be illustrated in this way, and you will soon be deeply interested in the work, and delighted at the



FIG. 6.

strange and striking pictorial characters that can be produced by ingenious combinations. Stories and little poems may be very nicely and aptly illustrated; but the "Mother Goose Melodies" are, perhaps, the most suitable subjects with which to interest younger children, as they will be easily recognized by the little folk. Take, for instance, the "Three Wise Men of Gotham" who went to

sea in a bowl. Will not Figure 4 serve very well as an illustration of this subject? Yet these figures are cut from advertising cards, and no two from

stituting a dress and pair of feet clipped from another card. The Christmas pie in his lap is from still another picture.



the same card. Fig. 3 shows the materials, Fig. 4 the result of combining them. Again, the little man dancing so gayly (Fig. 5) is transformed into "Little Jacky Horner" eating his Christmas pie (Fig. 6) by simply cutting off his legs and sub-

sult of a little ingenuity in clipping and pasting; and the book composed in this way not only affords amusement during the making, but presents, when finished, a unique and original addition to the home stock of picture-books.



COUNTING THEIR CHICKENS.

BY M. LOUISE TANNER.

"GOOD-BYE!" shouted John Travis, as the boat containing his friends obeyed the first stroke of the oars, and shot off from the sloping white sand.

"Good-bye!" replied a chorus of boy voices, "and many happy returns of the day!"

"We've had a delightful time," called out Ned Grover, the oarsman. "Wish you had another birthday to-morrow. Three cheers for Travis!"

How the welkin rang! And the surrounding woods took up the loud cheers and reëchoed them to the startled night-birds perched high up among the tall pines.

Then the little group on the shore, consisting of John Travis and his two brothers and sister, sent back a shout of acknowledgment to the little boat, now far out toward the middle of the lovely lake, glinting under the rays of the full moon.

A yellow glare from the fire of lightwood knots and oak "grubs," which was burning at a distance, and which had contributed to the fun of the birthday celebration, made the moonlight look green in contrast, and produced some curious effects of light and shade. Prue, the sister, was the first to notice the weird beauty which the newly risen moon had brought out from the shadows. "It's just like a scene in a fairy story, is n't it?" she said. "Look under those great live-oaks, where the moss is hanging so low. It looks like a mysterious cave — the home of some terrible giant —"

"And here he comes now to carry off the beautiful princess," muttered a low, deep voice at her elbow; and Prue found herself seized and borne away, but only to a rustic seat under a graceful china-tree.

"Oh, John! how you frightened me! What did you do that for?" remonstrated the little princess, in a tone half-pettish, half-laughing.

"Oh, just for fun," he replied. "Don't be a goosey. It is n't nine o'clock yet, and Mother says we may stay up awhile longer, if we wish, as it my birthday. I ran up to ask her while you were mooning. What shall we do?"

"Let's tell stories," said Harry.

"Yes," said Prue. "You tell it, John — tell us a fairy story."

"Well, let me see," said John, musingly. Then, in a somewhat serious tone, he began:

"Once there were three brothers——"

"Did they come over in the 'Mayflower'?" asked Harry, with a mischievous smile.

"And one sister," continued John, unheeding

the interruption; "and they lived in a large city, where they all went to school every day. But their father was taken ill, and the doctors said that he must go to a warm climate, away from chilling winds. So the family left the northern city, where they had always lived, and went to a beautiful wild place in Florida, where the sun shone warm all winter, and you could pick roses out-of-doors at Christmas — and oranges, too, if you had any trees."

"Why, that's just like ourselves," said Prue. "It's almost two years now since we came, is n't it? But I thought this was to be a fairy story."

"Children should be seen and not heard," Sissy, said Harry, sententiously. "Proceed, Mr. Speaker; I'll keep order in the galleries."

"Well," continued John, good-naturedly, "the three boys and their sister enjoyed the change very much, at first; especially the one next to the eldest, who, I am sorry to say, was a little lazy, and not particularly fond of study."

"That's *you*, Mr. Harry," piped out Freddie.

"Interruptions are out of order, small boy," rejoined Harry, with much dignity.

"They lived near a lake," went on the patient story-teller, "and they used to set lines for soft-shelled turtles, which are very choice eating."

"Yum, yum!" whispered Harry, in an aside.

"And they used to go fishing and catch quantities of bass. And one of the boys learned to use a gun, and he used to shoot rabbits and quail and doves and reed-birds, and sometimes a wild turkey. Well, all this was great sport, and yet ——"

"And yet he was not happy," ejaculated the irrepressible Harry.

"No," responded John, severely. "He was quite unlike his younger brother, who would have been satisfied to do nothing but fish and hunt all his life, I am afraid, if the other had not battled with him continually to make him study, and keep up with other boys of his age. But one day, when the elder brother was moping by himself, and wondering rather sorrowfully if he should ever be able to do as he wished, — which was, first of all, to go away to college, — a fairy presented herself before him, and pointing to a large orange which had been given him, and which he held in his hand, she told him to plant the seeds, and wait to see what would come."

"That was Mamma, I know," said Prue. "She told us to plant the seeds of all the fruit we ate."



Mrs. Selden gave me a pomegranate on my birthday, and I planted the seeds, and now I have over twenty little plants. The chickens got in and scratched up the rest. In three years, I shall have pomegranates of my own."

"Yes, and I have twenty-seven almond trees, nearly a foot high," chimed in Freddie, rousing himself from a momentary drowse.

"But when you want lemons, gentlemen, just step over to my grove," said Harry, grandly. "Lemons! h'm! I should think so. Did n't Mamma give me all the seeds from the lemons she used in her citron preserves last summer? Why, I have over a hundred little trees already. I saw a large tree the other day with two thousand lemons on it just beginning to turn yellow. Two thousand times one hundred—two hundred thousand. Two hundred thousand lemons! Take one."

"Very good," said John, loftily; "and I have a thousand young orange trees, half of them nearly two years old. Next spring, Father says, they can be grafted with buds from bearing trees of the best varieties and then set out from the nursery, and my orange grove is fairly started. In three years from that time they will begin to bear a little fruit, and then keep on bearing more and more for years and years. Let me see: in five years, I shall be twenty years old. That is too old to begin my college education. But then there are my fifty-four peach trees, and my forty-nine plum trees that Father grafted last spring with choice varieties. They will bear fruit in two years, any way. Just think what lots of fruit we shall have in a few years! and all for planting a few little seeds now and then, as we got the fruit to eat."

"Yes, and then there are all the young trees started from cuttings," said Harry; "quinces, Le Conte pears, pomegranates, and figs: beside all the young grape-vines."

"John, you did n't finish your fairy story," said Prue. "Go on."

"You finish it," answered her brother; "you have more of a talent for fairy stories than I have."

Prue was looking up at the white moon, and

she did not speak for a minute. A light cloud drifted across its face, and the children sat in shadow; but a delicate rim of light appeared in another instant, and soon the whole fair moon shone forth again. And Prue wove in her thread of the story as follows:

"The boy obeyed the fairy and planted the orange seeds. They came up in six weeks, and the boy was so rejoiced when he saw them that he could talk of nothing else to his brothers and sister. Then they planted the seeds of other fruit, and the different kinds of fruit trees all grew and grew and *grew*, till by and by the whole hill was covered with trees, and acres and acres beside. The eldest brother, who wanted to go to college, had an orange grove of two thousand trees, and every tree bore three or four thousand oranges; his next younger brother had a grove of a thousand lemon trees, and they bore a hundred thousand lemons, so he had all the lemonade he wanted the rest of his life; and the little brother had an almond grove that bore bushels and bushels of almonds. The sister had pomegranates and many other kinds of fruit, and she sold a lot of it every year, and went to Europe and learned to make beautiful pictures. And the mother had lots of chickens that laid so many eggs you could n't count them, and she had custard-pie for dinner every day. And the father had sheep and cows and horses and everything he wanted, so he never was sick any more.

"By and by, the sister came home from Europe, and one day she received a letter from her big brother, who had just graduated at college, and was coming home the very next day. So she put flowers all over the house, and then she went to meet him in a beautiful carriage, drawn by lovely black ponies, and —"

"Come, children, it is ten o'clock!" called out the mother. "Time for bed. What are you doing down there?"

"Counting our chickens before they are hatched," said Harry.

And they left the still lake shining under the moon, and went up the long hill to the little log-house at the top.



HELLO!

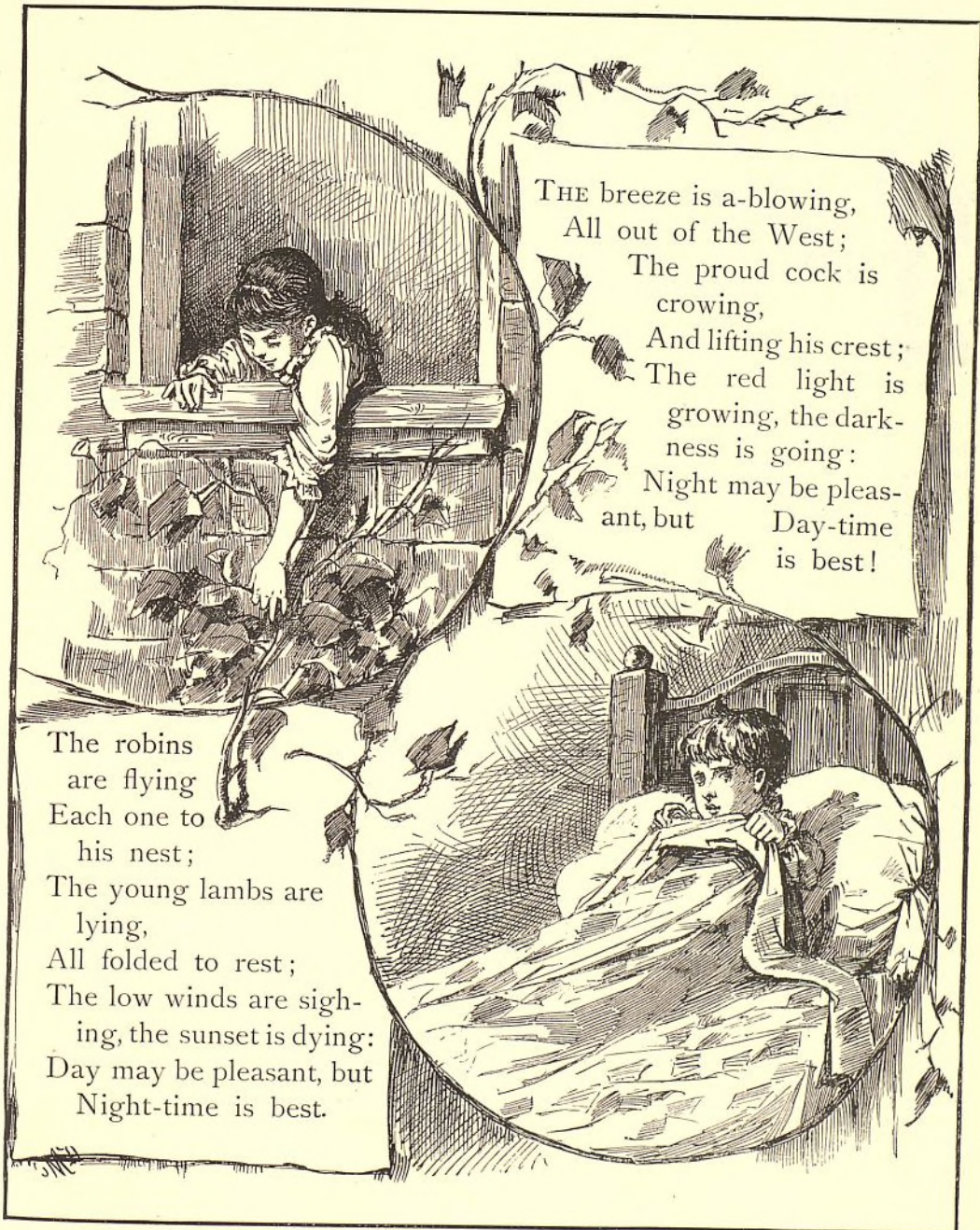


FRED is a dear lit-tle boy. He is not yet two years old, but he can say a great man-y words, and he can do a great man-y fun-ny things. One day, his mam-ma was talk-ing in the tel-e-phone. Fred want-ed to talk, too, but his mam-ma said, "No, Fred-dy, not now. Run a-way." What do you sup-pose Fred did then? He did not cry, but he ran off to the nurs-er-y. His mam-ma did not know what he was go-ing to do. Pret-ty soon he came tod-dling back. He had in his hand his cup and ball. You will see them in the pict-ure.

What do you think he was go-ing to do with them? Catch the ball in the cup? No. He walked straight up to the wall un-der the tel-e-phone, and put the cup up to his ear. Then he looked up to Mam-ma with a fun-ny lit-tle smile, and shout-ed "Hel-lo!"

DAY AND NIGHT.

By M. J.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SO BRIGHT Little School-ma'ams and great big school-masters all over the land have turned you out-of-doors—have they?

And they'll not let you in again until the middle of September?

Well, that is too bad! Poor dears! You have my deepest sympathy.

OH, DEAR ME!

WHO knows the meaning of this very common exclamation? Girls use it more often than boys; and yet, I once heard even Deacon Green say it. That was one day when he was stung by a bumble-bee. After the good man had finished the little dance that he performed in honor of the occasion, and the dear Little School-ma'am had soothed the angry wound with a poultice of wet clay, she said, "Oh, dear me!" too, but that was because she saw suddenly a beautiful bird flying past.

Now, why should the Deacon dear him at the sting of the bumble-bee, and the Little School-ma'am dear her at the sight of the bird?

I'll tell you, my hearers, and when I get through, you'll agree with me that the Deacon used the expression more appropriately than the Little School-ma'am:

My friend the owl, who lived a whole winter in a library, says that "Oh, dear me!" is a corruption of the Spanish *Ay de mí*, meaning woe is me, or words to that effect—and I am sure the owl is right, because the Little School-ma'am thinks he is.

HOW FAR THAT LITTLE THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND CANDLE THROWS ITS BEAMS!

DEAR, dear! what will my birds tell me next! According to their account, there's a wonderful pole now standing in Minneapolis (which the Little School-ma'am says is in Minnesota) that rears itself

higher than the tallest trees. Folk call it an electric mast, but it's not a lightning-rod; no, indeed; it's a sort of electric chandelier, as near as I can make it out. It holds up eight electric lights (ST. NICHOLAS has told you about electric lights, I believe*), and these eight lights shine out so modestly, that, for almost a full mile from it in every direction, those natives who happen to have watches can tell the time of night without the aid of any other light.

Minneapolis is a large city, and it takes a good deal to light it; but I am told that some of the smaller Western towns require but one of these electric masts apiece to make them bright as need be.

It's a new-fangled thing, this electrical illuminating business, and yet there's something pleasantly old-fashioned about it, too, when we think of one of those Western towns, with the corporation, like a good old mother, standing there holding out her one great candle to light the whole town to bed.

FISHING BY LIGHTNING.

TALKING of electric light, do you know that even the fishermen are using it now? Yes, so my sea-birds tell me. And the scientific folk who study the wonders of the deep also are employing it. They have a new invention called the "search-light," which is three electric lights sealed in a tight glass case, and this case inclosed in a very, very strong glass globe. Now, the plan is to sink the globe into the deep sea and illuminate the lower waters with it; of course, this will attract the fish,—deep-water fish, that are not known on the surface,—and these, by means of a net attached in some way to the search-light, may then be caught and drawn up, and in the broad light of day be introduced, like so many distinguished strangers, to the naturalists.

Well, well, what next?

BLACK SNAKES AMONG THE FISH.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did you know that black snakes will catch and eat fish, if they have an opportunity? It is the truth. One day this last summer, another boy and I saw two black snakes chase three little fish in a shallow pool, and form themselves into a sort of "hollow square," until they closed in upon the little swimmers. We should have defended the fish, I suppose, by driving the snakes away, but we did not do so. Yours respectfully,

JOHN C. MCK.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

FLOATING SAND.

DEACON GREEN went to an academy the other evening, and heard a wise man "read a paper"—at least, that's what it was called; but the Deacon says the gentleman only stood up and talked in a pleasant sort of way about the bottom of the deep ocean. But one thing in his remarks surprised the Deacon very much. And it was about floating sand.

The Professor said that out in the deep sea, away beyond the Gulf-stream, if you drag a net or cloth in the water you will find many grains of sand sticking to it; also, that when a dredge is sunk to the bottom (or one of those plummets that

* See ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1882, page 566.—ED.

bring up a sample of what they have touched sticking to the tallow with which they are coated), the same fine beach-sand is found, mixed with other matters. The Professor said that this sand could not have been drifted out from shore in the sediment brought down by rivers, because anything of that kind will not be washed, at the farthest, more than forty or fifty miles out before sinking. He said, he thought the only way the sand became spread all over the wide ocean bottom was by its floating out upon the surface after the rising of every tide, which picks the grains off the dry beaches and sets them adrift. Now, the question that puzzles Deacon Green and your own Jack is—how can sand float at all; or, if some of it can, why does n't all sand float instead of sinking; and why does the sand which has floated far out to sea sink at last?

We have not asked the dear Little School-ma'am yet. But we have agreed to do so before long. Bless you! That wonderful little lady never fails us. She always knows the Reason Why, or else she tells us the reason why she does n't know it.

Meantime, let us hear from you, my friends. How would you explain this floating-sand business? Ask Father, Mother, or some of the big folk in your neighborhood, or, better still, ask your own busy little noddles. It would be a good joke, now—would n't it?—if we could find the right answer after all, without troubling that blessed Little School-ma'am.

LATEST REPORTS.

ALL goes swimmingly, my birds tell me, with the boys who are enjoying their summer vacation within reach of sea-side, river, brook, lake, pond, or anything that can be called water! So far, so good.

Ah, me! What wonder if they sometimes find the books pretty dry by contrast when they go back to land.

HOW KING VICTOR EMANUEL EARNED EIGHT CENTS.

DEAR JACK: I am a little Jersey girl, aged twelve years. My papa has a fine, brave-looking likeness of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy. That is, he was King of Sardinia, and in 1871 he entered Rome as King of United Italy. He died five years ago this last winter, my papa says, when he was only fifty-eight. That is n't old, you know, for a king.

A few days ago, I found a nice true story about Victor Emanuel written during the King's life-time, by Mr. A. T. Trollope. It is in Papa's scrap-book, and he said I might copy it for your St. NICHOLAS boys and girls. So here it is:

"Victor Emanuel is an ardent sportsman and a first-rate shot. Not many years ago, having in a mountain expedition wandered away from all those who were with him, he came to a solitary mountain farm, just after he had shot a hare. The farmer, who had seen the shot, complimented the stranger sportsman on the excellence of his shooting. The King admitted that he did consider himself a pretty fair shot. 'I wish to heaven,' said the farmer, looking at him wistfully, 'that you could shoot a fox that robs my poultry-yard almost every night! I'd give a motta [an obsolete Piedmontese piece, worth eight cents] to have him killed!' 'Perhaps I could!' said the King. 'But you must be here by three o'clock in the morning. That's about the time he always comes.' 'Well, a motta you say? I'll try for it. I'll be here about that time to-morrow morning.' Accordingly, without allowing any one to know the errand on which he was bound, the King found himself at the mountain homestead at the appointed hour, and posted himself in a favorable position for watching the proceedings of the depredator of the farm-yard. Reynard did not make himself long waited for, and he fell dead at the first shot of the royal marksman, to the great delight of the farmer, who, true to his word, came down with his motta handsomely. The King pocketed the coin, and went off to exhibit it with great glee, as 'the first money he had ever earned by the work of his own hands!'"

Your sincere young friend,

ESTHER G——.

WHO CAN ANSWER THIS?

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: May we ask you a question? Perhaps some of your birds can tell.

I have sometimes seen stars fall, or seem to. We want to know if they really do fall, and what becomes of them afterward; where do they go to? do they ever shine again?

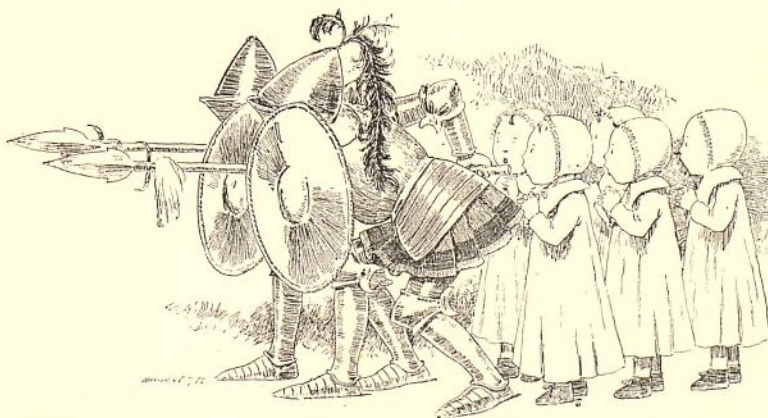
Ask some of your readers this, if you please.

Your very great friends,

LULU CLARKE and NELLIE CALDWELL.

CHIVALRY.

THE funny boy of the Red-School-house asks your Jack to show this romantic picture to the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls:



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

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 glad to acknowledge the receipt of a subscription of six dollars to The Children's Garfield Fund, sent by "Our Little General." This generous gift will enable three of the poor children of New York to spend a happy week at the sea-side. The ST. NICHOLAS subscriptions to the Fund now amount to \$502.79.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In lots of my books I read about the girls fixing up their rooms and making them look so cosy, and I have been very much interested in it, and have tried to make my room look pretty and cosy. I have not succeeded very well, and I happened to think ST. NICHOLAS might give me some ideas, and so I wrote. Please answer through the ST. NICHOLAS Letter-box. I don't want to go to much expense. Your interested reader, DAISY.

Read H. II.'s article entitled "The Expression of Rooms," in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1876.

MRS. S. C. L.: Your letter concerning the proposed club interested us very much, and we have held it, thinking that perhaps we would follow out the idea, but finally have decided that we can not do so for the present, at least.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to present the following suggestions to the many young readers of the good ST. NICHOLAS:

Will not the happy boys and girls in these glad vacation days remember the "wee folk" whose lives are less favored, and for whom the summer brings small pleasure? Remember them by collecting and mending old toys and games—relinquishing a few minutes of each day to the repairing process; by making bright scrap-books; by gathering sweet flowers and ferns, and, in the early autumn, richly colored leaves. In a word, make these holidays of some use to others. The little ones at Bellevue and other hospitals, and throughout the tenements, might be made so joyful and pleased by these souvenirs of other child-thought.

Very sincerely,

"AUNT LOLO."

CARRIZO SPRINGS, TEXAS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I go to school at home, as we live one hundred and forty miles from San Antonio. I have four sisters and three brothers. I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS a year, and like it so much. When it comes, all the children want to look at it at once. We are twenty-five miles from a post-office and seven miles from the Rio Grande. We do not get lonesome, as we take so many papers. We have an organ and piano. We often have company, and entertain them with recitations and music. Can you tell me what causes the mirage on this far-off table-land? Once we saw what looked like an ocean. Ships and steamers were at anchor near a beautiful city. Another time we saw a clear lake, and we wanted to go and see it. Sometimes we can see tall grass waving. We can see the Santa Rosa mountains, ninety miles from here, away over in Mexico. We are going to move to San Antonio next summer.

MATTIE V.

Place a lighted oil lamp near the window. Roll a sheet of paper into a tube. Stand behind the lamp, and look with one eye through the tube at the top of the lamp chimney. Then raise the tube till you can see a tree or other object at the window. If the tree is directly over the lamp chimney, it will appear to quiver or tremble. Blow out the lamp and look again in the same way. The tree now appears to stand perfectly still.

Why is this? The hot air rises vertically from the lamp chimney, and you see the tree through this hot air. The heat of the lamp expands the air, and just over the chimney the air is expanded and thinner than the air all about it. You see the tree because it sends rays of light reflected from the sun in a straight line to your eye. When light, moving from an object to the eye, meets a thinner place in the air, as when it is hot, or when it meets any thicker substance, like glass, it is bent or turned aside. You know this to be so because you have seen how a lens, like an eyeglass, bends the light that passes through it, and our little experiment with the lamp shows the same thing.

This is the cause of the mirage on the plains, or the "loom-

ing" seen on the sea-shore on bright, hot days. The air about you is heated by the sun, and everything seen through it appears distorted. Distant islands rise above the horizon and appear to swim on the sky. Ships appear double, and sometimes upside down. Distant hills or woods seem to rise above the edge of the plain, and the very ground seems to you as if it were water. In every case it is the same. The heated air acts as a great lens, distorting the vision, and, like the lens of a telescope, bringing into view things you could not see without it.

AUGUSTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for five years, but have not been able to muster up courage enough to write to you. I send a poem called "The Sea," which, I hope, will be published in the next number.

THE SEA.

Oh, deceitful and treacherous deep, give up thy stolen treasure;
Ever thou thy vigils keep to deep, monotonous measure.

Thou cruel, cruel deep, give back the dead thou hast won:
Many a new-born babe, and many a loved one gone.

Sometimes thou art pretty blue, but often a treacherous gray:
Many a life is lost through you, for that's what the wild waves say.

As I must now close, I say *Au revoir*.

FREDERICK C. B. (11 years).

SIMONSVILLE, VT., May 18, 1873.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the last number of your excellent magazine, I saw an inquiry by "F. I. G.," asking who was the author of "There was a little girl," etc. I send you an article clipped from *The Youth's Companion*, hoping it will prove satisfactory, if not too lengthy to publish.

Yours sincerely,

S. C.

"Mrs. Macchetta (Blanche Roosevelt Tucker) relates an embarrassing experience that she had in an interview with Mr. Longfellow. The poet in conversation with her (at his home and in the presence of his family) had said, referring to certain specimens of absurd current rhymes: 'I often wondered how such things ever came to be printed'; but he added, with his usual justice: 'My failure to appreciate it is, however, no sign that a reason does not exist for writing it. Many persons in this world may like and admire what I could not give a second thought to.' 'Yes,' replied Mrs. Macchetta, 'there is no accounting for the rubbish that will find its way to publicity; the authors are never known, and, perhaps, it is as well. I can at present call to mind only one instance under the head of poetry, which runs as follows: or,—I stopped (says the lady), with an inquiring look around, as if retracting my idea of repeating it; but an earnest 'Pray, go on,' in which the Professor's voice was uppermost, insisted on hearing the aforesaid 'rubbish,' whereupon I proceeded:

" 'There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
That hung in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good,
She was very very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.' "

"Imagine my confusion when the poet raised his eyes, and, with a faint smile, said: 'Why, those are my words, are they not, Annie?' turning to his youngest daughter, who at that moment was gracefully stepping out upon the terrace through the low window, and, strange to say, was humming to herself the very same rhymes I had just characterized as 'rubbish.' 'Why, of course, Papa,' said Annie, laughing, 'that comes in your nursery collection. Don't you remember when Edith was a little girl and did n't want to have her hair curled, you took her up in your arms, and shaking your finger at her, began, 'There was a little girl,' etc.?' The poet laughed, they all laughed, and I, in spite of my discomfiture, had to join in the general merriment. But I could not forget my awkward position. The poet was too good-natured to say anything, but it was impossible not to laugh, and my self-esteem dropped lower and lower, till it was lost in humiliation."

READER.

We have received many other letters stating that Longfellow wrote the verse in question.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-NINTH REPORT.

THE subject for study this month in Entomology is *Hemiptera*. Records of original observation should be prepared in accordance with the plan presented in the July ST. NICHOLAS, and sent to Prof. G. Howard Parker, Academy of Sciences, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prof. French, of Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., meets with very favorable responses to his invitation to exchange 100 specimens of plants, and generously offers the following prizes: To the Chapter making the most complete collection of pressed plants from their county, a choice between an excellent compound microscope, costing not less than \$20, and a complete set of North American ferns, more than 150 different species. The second best collection shall take the one of the two prizes not chosen by the successful Chapter. The sets are to be sent to Prof. French by Nov. 1st. The collections, excepting the best two, shall be broken up and distributed among such smaller Chapters as earn them by faithful work during the summer.

The subject for the class in Botany this month is *Stems*, and the specimens are to be prepared (as explained in the July ST. NICHOLAS) in accordance with the following scheme, and sent to Prof. Jones:

II. STEMS.

UNDER-GROUND:

Root-stocks (mints, sedges, ferns, etc.),
shapes,
uses (to the plants, to animals, to man).

Corms (lily family, violets, etc.),
shapes,
uses (see root-stocks' uses).

Bulbs,
tunicated (leeks, etc.),
scaly (lily, oxalis, etc.),
shapes,
uses (see above).

AERIAL (above ground).

Position:

erect,
diffuse,
declined,
ascending,
decumbent,
prostrate,
creeping,
climbing
by tendrils,
petioles,
rootlets,
twining,
right,
left.

Texture:

herbaceous,
suffrutescent (slightly shrubby),
suffrutescent (shrubby),
arborescent (tree-like),
arborescent (trees).

Kinds:

ordinary forms (simple and branched),
caudex,
culms,
suckers,
offsets,
runners,
stolons,
tendrils,
spines,
thorns, etc.

Shapes:

round (grasses, most herbs),
oval,
half-round,
triangular (sedges, etc.),
sharp-angled,
obtuse-angled,
convex-sided,
concave-sided,
square (mints, etc.),
flat forms (see triangular),
fluted (grasses, etc.),
striate (grasses, etc.), etc.

Appendages:

wings,
etc. (see hair).

Uses:

to the plants,
to animals and man,
special uses,
as leaves (cactaceae, etc.), etc.

Arrangement of branches:
see phyllotaxy of leaves.
see inflorescence.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
487	Salt Lake City, Utah (B).	9.	Wm. W. Brown.
488	Elmira, N. Y. (A)	8.	Ausburn F. Townner.
489	Gettysburg, Pa. (A)	4.	Morris W. Croll.
490	New York, N. Y. (N)	6.	Stephen D. Sammis, 221½ E. 105.
491	Rochester, Ind. (A)	6.	Miss Nellie Scull, Box S.
492	Peru, Mass. (A)	6.	Miss H. Ada Stowell.
493	Buffalo, N. Y. (F)	12.	Miss Lizzie Schugens, 322 Elliott street.
494	Northfield, Vt. (A)	10.	Miss Clara E. Harwood, Box 228.
495	Salt Lake City, Utah (C)	7.	Arthur Loomis, Box 1220.
496	Boston, Mass. (E)	6.	G. A. Orrok, Olney street, Ward 24.
497	Trenton, N. J. (B)	9.	H. C. Allen, Jackson street.
498	Pittsburgh, Pa. (E)	6.	Wm. Searight, 23d and Liberty.

NOTES.

(22) I have observed with great interest the rise and progress of the A. A., and write this note to contribute a suggestion for their use. One of the most desirable modes of research would be to raise wild plants from seed, for the purpose of ascertaining the limits of variation in certain groups. Especially interesting for this inquiry are the Canadian section of *Solidago*, *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum*, *Aster corymbosus* and *levis*, and *Datura Stramonium*. Let each person collect the seeds of a single plant only, which should be carefully identified, and sow and cultivate them till maturity.

W. H. SEAMAN, Prof. Chem., Washington, D. C.

(23) *Hawthorn leaves*.—The yellow spots on hawthorn leaves (see N. 21) are usually caused by a fungus, a *Roestelia*, of which there are several species.

W. H. SEAMAN.

(24) *Spiders* (answer to 1).—This is a common habit of running spiders (*Lycostidae*). The female carries her cocoon attached to the spinnerets, and also carries the young for some time on her body.

G. HOWARD PARKER.

(25) *Wingless Moths* (answer to 6).—The female of the common vapor moth (*Orgyia leucostigma*) is wingless, and lives but a few hours. The male has wings.

G. H. P.

(26) *Spiders* (answer to 9).—There was a very fine thread on which the spider ran out into the air.

G. H. P.

(27) *Frogs*.—Last summer I killed a frog which stretched about nine inches. On cutting it open a live mussel was found in its stomach. The shell measured $2\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

A. C. G.

(28) *Pollen*.—It always seemed to me that wind fertilization must depend greatly on chance, and the instances where a grain fell on the pistil of another plant must be rare. But I happened to shake a spray of cones in the sunlight, and at once I understood the arrangement better. The air was filled with a cloud of yellow dust, and a quantity, seeming very small when collected on a glass, separated into thousands of grains, each showing clearly in the sunlight. The air in spring-time must be filled with pollen-grains. G.

(29) *Entomological Supplies*.—By an error, the A. A. handbook makes Professor Ward, of Rochester, deal in insect pins, etc. They can be obtained from Southwick & Jencks, Providence, R. I.

(30) *Nematus Ventricosus*.—Found on currant, June 3, $\frac{1}{8}$ in. long; head black; 2d and 11th segments yellow; others light green. Head covered with short hairs. Six true legs, black, with green at joints. Sixteen false legs, soft and green. Row of black warts on each side of middle of back, and two rows on each side. Dorsal black patch on last segment. Cast spotted skin, and became pale green. Larva raised posterior segments when disturbed. Some entered ground and made rough pupal cases. One made none. One made a fine silken cocoon and attached itself to a leaf. Remained in pupal state from June 8 to June 20. Imago expands half an inch; body five-sixteenths of an inch long. Head black; thorax black and dark yellow. Abdomen dark yellow, with four spots and four stripes. Legs dark yellow. Antennae nine-jointed. Eggs small, white, laid on mid-rib of currant leaf.

F. W. GREELEY, Nashua, N. H.

(31) *Mantis Religiosa*.—The insect which "Old Boy" speaks of as "Devil's Coach-horse" is here called the "Rear Horse." It is described in "Chambers's Cyclopaedia," and seems to be identical with the *Mantis religiosa*, plentiful in southern France and Italy. They fight fiercely and often, until one or both combatants are dead.

J. A. S., Washington, D. C.

(32) *Chickadees*.—Chickadees do not eat their food on the ground as other birds do, but fly with it to a tree, and eat it, holding it with their claws and picking at it.

X.

(33) *Savannah Cricket Frog*.—This beautiful animal, which is known in New Jersey as the "peeper," "rattler," etc., and scientifically as *Acris crepitans* (Baird), is very changeable in color. Of a series of twenty, which I have long had confined in a glass fish-globe, hardly any two are of the same shade. Some are almost black; some have the dorsal stripe a bright red; some have an

emerald green stripe; and others are clay color. One inch is about the average length, and the weight is from forty-two to forty-four grains. They may be readily distinguished by a dark triangular patch between the eyes, and oblique blotches of the same shade on the sides. On a closer examination, a minute white line may be traced between the eye and ear. I found one partly digested in the stomach of a small pike (*Esox reticulatus*), and have repeatedly seen snakes eat them. During the early spring, and up to about the 20th of May, they range in incalculable numbers along the brook-sides, or, in fact, in almost any damp, shady place; but after that date, a very noticeable diminution in their numbers takes place, and by the 10th of the following month not a single specimen is to be seen. It is thought by some that, with the maturing of the ova and the labor of depositing it, their vigor culminates, and having spawned, they have no vital force remaining, and in the course of a few days die. The eggs are laid on the blades of that coarse grass which is so common by brook-sides. From these are hatched tadpoles, which mature about the middle of August.

SHIPPENSBURG, PA.

(34) *Spiders*.—We have many spiders—especially one as large as a marble, of a jet black with yellow stripes. When it sings or spins, if you stand ten feet away, you would think you were near a bumble-bee's nest.

C. P. HUBLEY.

(35) *Spiders*.—I have noticed that a spider, in running over his web, makes no use of his hind pair of legs.

F. W. GREELEY.

(36) *Lizards*.—I have several lizards. Their home is in the area, around the basement window. They are dark-green, with yellowish spots, and are from six to eight inches long. When it rains they come out. They eat insects.

KATHERINE E. GOLD.

(37) *Whydah*.—The "A. A." is extremely interesting, and I should like to join it. The only pets I can keep in London are birds. I have twelve in an aviary. I have a curious bird called a Paradise Whydah. In the winter he is just like a house-sparrow, but in the summer he goes through a complete transformation. His tail grows out to the length of twelve inches, and he changes color completely. This goes on every year. Yours truly,

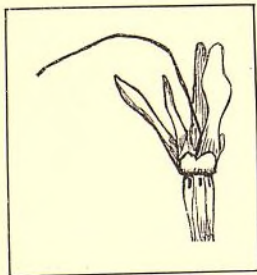
MAUD BENDALL, London, Eng.

(38) *Bee-cells*.—Henry Franc, Jr., says: "I think it is clearly proven that the form of a bee's cell is not the result of chance. Professors MacLaurin and Sköning have found, by the calculus, that the greatest angle should be one hundred and nine degrees twenty-six minutes, and the smallest seventy degrees thirty-four minutes, the *very angles* which the bee adopts. We further find that the middle of every cell on one side is directly opposite the point where the three partitions meet on the other side. By this arrangement the cell receives additional strength."

(39) *Turtle*.—Pauline Falconar, one of our most faithful little members, has a turtle, and notes that it feeds on worms and snails.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

Salt Lake City A reports greatly increasing interest, constant visits from friends, open meetings well attended, lectures, and excursions.—The Sec. of 109 is in Switzerland, and writes: "A child of four years here walks five miles with ease, and the young ladies almost twenty without being tired."—445 picks up crinoid stems "by the hundred."—Beverly, Mass., has two cabinets, is successful in raising butterflies, and has held a fair.—Neillsville, Wis., has bought several good books, a handsome walnut case, a scrap-book, and is full of enthusiasm.—Brooklyn E is analyzing flowers and holding debates, and has proved that iron, eagles, dogs, and mosquitoes are more useful, respectively, than gold, vultures, cats, and bees.—448 has answered questions in back reports from St. Nicholas, receives specimens at every meeting, has appointed a "Scrap-pist," and has a populous cocon-box; and we can not forbear quoting a few lines relative to an expedition recently made to Georgetown Heights: "Near a charming old place possessing unique garden borders formed of wild flowers, either English or American, we could recognize among the former only the pale yellow primrose, delicately fragrant. A lavender drooping flower, our hostess said, was once found in the neighboring woods, but is now found near here only in this border. It is mentioned by H. H. in one of her books of travel. She saw it in California, growing in a cleft of a rock." (We present a picture of this delicate flower herewith.)—93 had handsome programmes printed on the occasion of their



second anniversary, which they celebrated by a fine entertainment on Agassiz's birthday.—Brooklyn A, after a special debate of four hours, has decided that the destruction of birds' eggs is "productive of evil effects to vegetation and to morals," and has resolved to "abstain from collecting them."—North Adams, Mass., has grown so popular that the number of members has been strictly limited to members of the High School and persons over fifteen years old. [Room there for Chapter B—for the little folks!]

382 has acquired a good elementary acquaintance with lithology and entomology during the year, but has been deeply saddened by the death of one of the founders and a dearly beloved member, Paul Van Ingen, who died April 28, 1883. The whole Association will share the sorrow of this Chapter in the loss of one of its most earnest workers and most lovely characters.—All the Chapters of De Pere, Wis., united for a picnic on Agassiz's birthday, and, "under a beautiful festoon of flowers, where the name of Louis Agassiz was also wrought in flowers, each member took his or her position, and producing some new specimen, gave a short description of it, and laid it on the society's table." After this came a dinner and a search for specimens.—Newton Upper Falls has been "steadily advancing," and one member is learning how to stuff birds, having already succeeded nicely with a blue-jay.—229 makes expeditions nearly every week, attends the meetings of the City Scientific Society, conducts its meetings by parliamentary rules, has essays and debates, and is going to exhibit its collection in the "famous Exposition this fall."—Plantsville, Conn., rounds out its first year with an excellent report, having held meetings every two weeks with scarcely an exception. The members spend a little part of each meeting in looking over the S. S. lesson for next Sunday; and, imitating the example of Prof. Agassiz, they open all their meetings with prayer.

188 "continues to flourish, and has spent most of its time among the birds, but is now going to the ant."—Chittenango, No. 447, "talks of opening a public library," and we would that every Chapter, wherever there is not already such a library, would not only "talk of," but actually *open* one. It can be done by a few earnest workers.—170 has progressed, and is aiming at a still higher "mark." Six of them captured a "42-inch black snake, alive." [It is to be hoped that does not mean 42-inch caliber.]

EXCHANGES AND QUESTIONS.

Correspondence with distant Chapters.—Miss Marie MacKenna, box 1313, Baraboo, Wis.

Petrified wood, for mounted sea-weed or star-fish.—D. W. Rice, box 193, Brandon, Vt.

Insects and skulls, for fossils.—Ernest L. Stephan, Pine City, Minnesota.

Fossils.—F. C. Johnson, Boonville, N. Y.

Shells, for fossils and minerals.—W. D. Grier, 590 Tremont, Boston.

Geodes, agates, etc., for fern impressions, star-fish, or insects.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood ave., Jackson, Mich.

Where can gilt insect-pins be procured?

Meteorite, agates, silver ore, figured mica, etc., for minerals, fossils, or shells.—Frank Jay, 2510 Indiana ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Chalcopyrite, tourmaline, turquoise, platinum, etc. All letters answered. Send postal.—Ezra R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill.

Southern and Northern woods, for labeled woods. Write first for particulars.—Isaac Ford, Ch. 394.

Chapter 229 offers for four best sets of lepidoptera (three insects in each set)—for best, 15 fine minerals; 2d best, 10; 3d, 5; and 4th, 3. The specimens shall weigh not less than 1½ ounces each, and include silver ore, malachite, azurite, topaz, tourmaline, etc.—E. R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

Electrical apparatus (\$3), for minerals.—Kenneth Hartley, Ft. Scott, Kansas.

Sets and single eggs, for single eggs.—F. D. Lisle, 486 Bond st., Providence, R. I.

Is the color of the beaver's incisors natural or caused by the sap of the trees it gnaws?

PRIZE.

The prize for the essay on "Evidences of Design in Nature" is awarded to Mr. M. Blake, of Chapter A, Taunton, Mass. Our crowded columns will not allow us to print his paper, and we can only say that Mr. Blake draws his arguments from his *own observations*, on "waders," crabs, clams, and other sea-side creatures, and from some inhabitants of the land, such as ants and aphides. Honorable mention must be made of Mrs. Rachel Mellon, Miss Ethel Gillis, P. C. Benedict, A. C. Bent, E. L. Stephan, R. P. Miller, Eleanor D. Munger, C. B. Davenport, H. H. Bice, F. W. Wentworth, Marian Armstrong, and W. W. Mills.

President's address:

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

CHARADE.

In my *whole* to the country Jehosaphat went;
There my *second* he happened to see.
He gazed with my *first* at the terrible sight,
And my *whole* he declared it to be.

W. H. A.

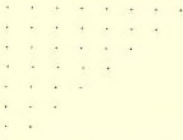
SYNCOPIATIONS.

THE syncopated words, read in the order here given, will spell the surname of a president of the United States who was born in 1784.

1. Syncopate a word meaning morning, and leave principal.
2. Syncopate to supplicate, and leave to inspect closely.
3. Syncopate to move spirally, and leave an iron frame for holding fuel.
4. Syncopate to gaze earnestly, and leave a horned animal.
5. Syncopate a small animal, and leave to ponder.
6. Syncopate a district or region, and leave adroitness.

PAUL R.

HALF-SQUARE.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous French general, who was born on August 15, over a hundred years ago. 2. Worshipers. 3. To think upon deliberately. 4. A command. 5. An affected look. 6. To make a mistake. 7. A bone. 8. In general.

S. F.

MUSICAL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In Weber, but not in Bach;
In Paganini, but not in Mozart;
In Ernst, but not in David;
In Chopin, but not in Liszt;
In Bellini, but not in Spohr;
In Schumann, but not in Rossini;
In Wagner, but not in Beethoven;
In Mendelssohn, but not in Donizetti;
In Gluck, but not in Haydn;
In Rubenstein, but not in Von Bulow.
My whole was a famous violinist.

HELEN F. T.

RIDDLE.

I AM composed of seven letters, and am liked by Germans, but not by Jews. If I am divided into two parts, I am an injunction to a wise man to work. If I am divided differently into two parts, I tell what impertinent children do to their elders.

"MARN A AND BAE."

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

I.	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*

II.	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*
	*	*	*	*

I.—1. Behead tidy and leave to consume. 2. Behead a paradise and leave a cave. 3. Behead at what time and leave a fowl. 4. Behead an opening and leave metal. 5. Behead to disclose and leave an inclosure. 6. Behead behind and leave part of the head. 7. Behead a journey and leave to unfasten. The beheaded letters will spell the name of a summer resort.

II.—1. Behead a vessel and leave part of the body. 2. Behead very dry and leave to free from. 3. Behead ire and leave era. 4. Behead a pious utterance and leave human beings. 5. Behead to rend and leave the spike of grain containing the kernels. 6. Behead a sign and leave "children of a larger growth." 7. Behead what all

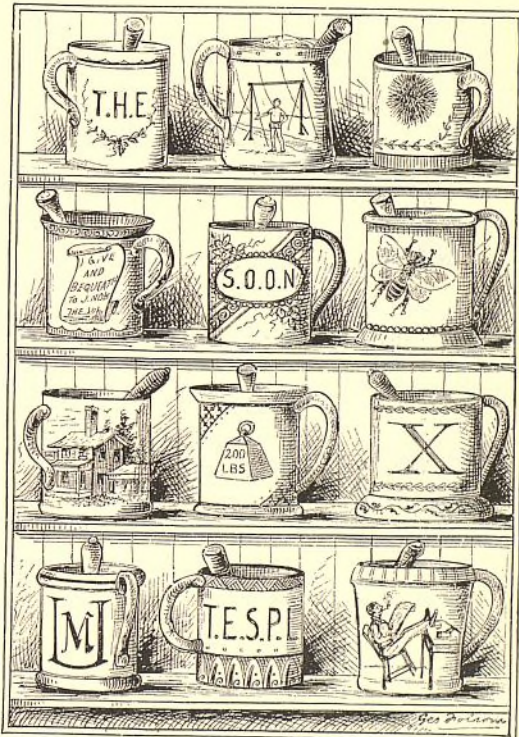
wish for and leave aged. 8. Behead a pious utterance and leave human beings. The beheaded letters will spell the name of a summer resort.

The fifteen words, before being beheaded, may be used in the following sentences, to replace the dashes:

— the —, the — admiral commanding, took a — in the — sea, on a hot day in August, the sky suddenly became overcast, and the rain fell in torrents. It seemed as if the —s of heaven opened; the sea —d and the wind was furious enough to — each sail so shreds. But soon after bright sky appeared, and the sun shone forth like — on — sands. Then the people rejoiced at the good — and cried —.

L. W. D.

THE BARBER'S PUZZLE.



The barber was out; and a customer, after looking carefully at the cups, concluded to await his return. What did he find on the twelve cups?

G. F.

WORD-BUILDING.

BEGIN the word with a beverage,
But with one letter name it;
Prefix a letter, and at once
The prepositions claim it;
Prefix, again, an animal;
Annex at what price stated;
Prefix a kind of wicker-work
In which nice fruit is freighted;
Annex, a mouth you will have then,
But not of animals or men.

H. H. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials and finals each name an indefinite substance; one is black, and one is white.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Greek tragic poet. 2. A brief space of time. 3. A tropical fruit. 4. A peninsula of Asia. 5. A place for commerce.

FRANCIS W. L.

DIAMOND.

1. In gander. 2. A fondling. 3. Subject to a penalty. 4. A wild flower. 5. What comets have. 6. Three-fourths of a wooden mold. 7. In gander.

THE HOUGHTON FAMILY.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail a jewel, and leave the organ of hearing. 2. Behead and curtail a large pair of scissors, and leave to listen to. 3. Behead and curtail very angry, and leave a small animal. 4. Behead and curtail the subject of a discourse, and leave a border. 5. Behead and curtail to disembark, and leave a useful article.

The beheaded letters, when transposed, form a word meaning to divide. The curtailed letters, when transposed, form the name of a city in England.

W. ST. L.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence: 1. Tom wondered, as he drew near to the house, that not even Ponto remembered him. 2. At St. Malo, every one admires the famous harbor. 3. There is the bad man who beats our dog nearly every day. 4. Tom and Jack together drove the large flock of sheep to the upper pasture.

KARI.

EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I.—1. A tube. 2. A beloved object. 3. The place where an election is held. 4. A girl's name.

II.—1. A kind of grain. 2. A medley. 3. To drive. 4. A shout of joy.

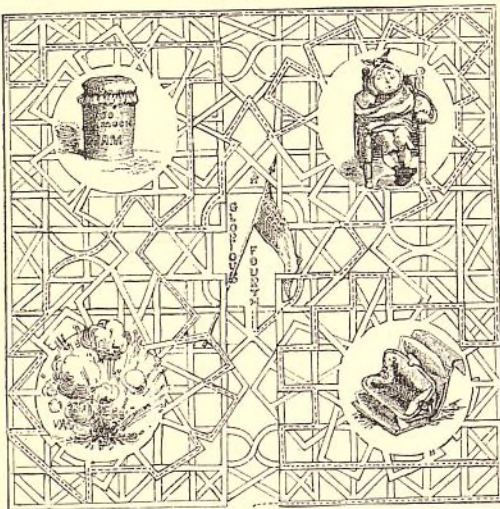
III.—1. Attitude. 2. Resembling oak. 3. An island near Scotland. 4. Views.

ALEX. LAIDLAW.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

BEHEADINGS. American Independence. Cross-words: 1. T-ale. 2. A-men. 3. K-eel. 4. T-rap. 5. T-ire. 6. S-car. 7. P-ant. 8. S-nap. 9. R-ice. 10. S-now. 11. E-den. 12. P-car. 13. S-pin. 14. M-end. 15. S-nip. 16. A-dam. 17. H-elm. 18. K-new. 19. S-can. 20. F-eat.

MAZE.



DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Hand—dial. Cross-words: 1. Hard. 2. Dais. 3. Fans. 4. Load.

ANAGRAM. Abraham Lincoln.

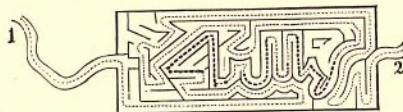
CHARADE. Innocent.

HISTORICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance, but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.

—Proverbs xv. 13.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Israel Pt. toam. Cross-words: 1. Simple. 2. ESculapius. 3. CRATER. 4. CARNation. 5. CEDAR. 6. PLUME.

FIRE-CRACKER MAZE.



COMBINATION PUZZLE. Diagonals, Washington and Cornwallis. Place of surrender, Yorktown. Left-hand side of perpendicular: 1. Witty. 2. Talon. 3. Nests. 4. Goths. 5. Ennui. 6. Villa. 7. Coils. 8. Solid. 9. Liken. 10. Satin. Right-hand side: 1. Antic. 2. Stoop. 3. Mural. 4. Knock. 5. Wrong. 6. Never. 7. Agent. 8. Watch. 9. Valor. 10. Solon. I.—Beheaded letters, Washington. Cross-words: 1. W-rote. 2. A-tone. 3. S-cold. 4. H-edge. 5. I-deal. 6. N-omen. 7. G-rate. 8. T-ease. 9. O-pine. 10. N-once. II.—Syn-copated letters, Cornwallis. Cross-words: 1. Pe-C-an. 2. Fl-O-at. 3. Sh-R-ed. 4. Li-N-es. 5. Fa-W-ns. 6. Se-A-ts. 7. Pe-L-ts. 8. Pi-L-es. 9. Ho-I-st. 10. Be-S-et. III.—Curtailed letters, Yorktown. Cross-words: 1. Sill-Y. 2. Limb-O. 3. Ride-R. 4. Clan-K. 5. Fain-T. 6. Ling-O. 7. Bede-W. 8. Grow-N.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. Havre, Paris, Seine. Cross-words: 1. HoPes. 2. AbAtE. 3. VeRdl. 4. RelgN. 5. EnSuE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the July number, from Bell Macdonald, Lyttelton, New Zealand, 12—Edith McKeever and her cousin, Heidelberg, Germany, 8—Isabel Purington, 6—H. and F. Davis, 13.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Cuchee Smith—Two Subscribers—Arthur Gride—"Marna and Bae"—Pearl Francis Stevens—Heath Sutherland—Helen C. McCleary—M. S. T.—"Blythe"—Alice H. J.—Jennie and Birdie—Louise M. Knight—Lucretia—Minnie B. Murray—"Cold Moon"—The Houghton Family—"Butterfly and June Bug"—Arian Arnold—Dexter S. Crosby, Jr., and Harry W. Chandler, Jr.—G. A. Lyon—A. P. Owder, Jr.—Georgie Draper—P. S. Clarkson—"Richmond, Ky."—Bessye H. Smith—"Alcibiades"—Emma and Jennie Elliott—F. and H. Davis—Walter B. Angell—Florence Wilkinson—Bessie and Birdie—Violet—Maggie T. Turrill—C. S. C.—X. Y. Z.—J. Maud Bugbee—Florence E. Provost—Hugh and Cis—D. B. Shumway—Francis W. Islip—Walter Fisk—Génie J. Callmeyer—G. Lansing and J. Wallace—Pinnie and Jack—The Stewart Browns—X. Y. and Z.—Chas. H. Parmley—Lottie A. Best—Madeleine Vultee—Lulu M. Stabler—Estelle Riley—Clara J. Child—No Name.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from "Jessamine," 2—G. M. W., 1—Fannie S., 1—Julian R. Keeler, 1—Bertie French, 1—Adrienne Duysters, 1—"Bookworm," 4—Arthur B. Phelan, 1—"Extension," 6—Theodore Yankauer, 5—J. N. D. Dickinson, 2—Livingston Ham, 6—Annette M. Ham, 1—Lizzie S., 3—"Hen and Chickens," 8—Ruth and Samuel H. Camp, 12—The Two Annies, 13—Florence Williams, 1—Bessie A., 4—Emmet and Frankie Nicolai, 2—Herbert Perrin, 1—Philip Embury, Jr., 12—Bessie Comstock, 2—"Star," 5—Emeline Ingerich and Clara Small, 11—May A. Cornell and Sister, 13—Lizzie F. S., 1—Little Gracie, 3—Belle and Mary Patterson, 7—"Ignoramus and Nonentity," 11—Carrie and Alice Williams, 7—Edith L. B., 6—E. Bancroft, 5—"Captain Cuttle," 8—Ethel, 3—Elsie Prentiss, 1—Geo. B. Maggini, 2—James M. Barr, 2—T. A. Russell, 1—Daisy, 3—G. H. Dennison, 6—Austin H. Pease, 9—Horace R. Parker, 1—B. W., 1—J. W. Pettit, 2—"Blossom," 5—Abbie Schermerhorn, 3—Lewis P. Robinson, 5—Hugh Meckleston, 1—Daisy Talman, 4—P. O. Hartough, Jr., 6—Marie A., 2—Effie K. Talboys, 11—"Clover and Arbutus," 3—"Nip and Tuck," 7—Estella Jane Spencer, 2—J. J. Lee, 1—A. S. Pennington, 1—L. L., 10—Louisa, 6—Helen Merriam, 6—Paul Reese, 13—Christine Oberfelder, 3—G. Ranium, 3—Edward L. Hunt, 3—Frank Mitchell, 11—Lee W. Earnest, 3—Cabell Chadwick, 1—Mary E. Baker, 8—Florence Reeves, 6—Ruth C. Schropp, 12—Subscriber, 1—"The New-Lee Family," 11—"Fordyce Aimee," 13—Anna E. B. H., 1—M. T. H., 5—Frank Shallenberger, 10—Alex. H. Laidlaw, 9—Dora some Family, 11—George Lyman Waterhouse, 12—Carl H. Niemeyer, 8—"Robin Hood," 9—Cambridge Liv-—Philip Davis, 2—May M. Brunson, 2—George Lyman Waterhouse, 12—Carl H. Niemeyer, 8—"Robin Hood," 9—Cambridge Liv-—Florence Budd, 4—The Coates Family, 8—Ella Fisher, 1—Matie Martin, 3—Calla, 6—Florence P. Jones, 1—Estelle Weiler, 9—Mamma and Nellie, 11—Myrick Rheem, 8—Professor and Co., 10—"Phil. O. Sophy," 5—E. E. V. and A. B. J., 3—Gertie G. M. Lawton, 4—Marguerite Kyte, 1—Charles H. Kyte, 4—Bessie and Sadie Rhodes, 12—Edith L. F., and M. D. F., 3—Gertie and Ed Ward, 12—Isabella Ganeaux, 11—Louis R. Custer, 12—"Caedmon," 12—Susie and Papa, 6—Kari, 7—Mary and Nathalie, 6—Algernon Tassin, 11—Lulu Culver, 8. Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

