

"OUR GEOGRAPHIES TOLD US THAT TOYS WERE MADE IN NUREMBERG."

[See "The Playthings and Amusements of an Old-Fashioned Boy," page 864.]



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## LITTLE PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

### PART I.

IF any one had asked Johnny Morris who were his best friends, he would have answered:

"The sun and the wind, next to Mother."

Johnny lived in a little court that led off from one of the busiest streets in the city—a noisy street, where horse-car bells tinkled and omnibuses rumbled all day long, going and coming from several great depots near by. The court was a dull place, with only two or three shabby houses in it, and a high blank wall at the end.

The people who hurried by were too busy to do more than to glance at the lame boy who sat in the sunshine against the wall, or to guess that there was a picture gallery and a circulating library in the court. But Johnny had both, and took such comfort in them that he never could be grateful enough to the wind that brought him his books and pictures, nor to the sun that made it possible for him to enjoy them in the open air, far more than richer folk enjoy their fine galleries and libraries.

A bad fall, some months before the time this story begins, did something to Johnny's back which made his poor legs nearly useless, and changed the lively, rosy boy into a pale cripple. His mother took in fine washing, and worked hard to pay doctors' bills and feed and clothe her boy, who could no longer run errands, help with the heavy tubs, nor go to school. He could only pick out laces for her to iron, lie on his bed in pain for

hours, and, each fair day, hobble out to sit in a little old chair between the water-butt and the leaky tin boiler in which he kept his library.

But he was a happy boy, in spite of poverty and pain; and the day a great gust came, blowing fragments of a gay placard and a dusty newspaper down the court to his feet, was the beginning of good fortune for patient Johnny. There was a theater in the street beyond, and other pictured bits found their way to him; for the frolicsome wind liked to whisk the papers around the corner, and chase them here and there till they settled under the chair or flew wildly over the wall.

Faces, animals, people, and big letters, all came to cheer the boy, who was never tired of collecting these waifs and strays; cutting out the big pictures to paste on the wall with the leavings of mother's starch, and the smaller in the scrap-book he made out of stout brown wrappers or newspapers, when he had read the latter carefully. Soon it was a very gay wall, for mother helped, standing on a chair, to put the large pictures up, when Johnny had covered all the space he could reach. The books were laid carefully away in the boiler, after being smoothly ironed out and named to suit Johnny's fancy by pasting letters on the back. This was the circulating library; for not only did the papers whisk about the court to begin with, but the books they afterward made went the rounds among the neighbors till they were worn out.

The old cobbler next door enjoyed reading the



anecdotes on Sunday when he could not work, the pale seamstress upstairs liked to look over advertisements of the fine things which she longed for, and Patsey Flynn, the newsboy, who went by each day to sell his papers at the station, often paused to look at the play-bills; for he adored the theater, and entertained Johnny with descriptions of the splendors there to be beheld, till he felt as if he had really been, and had known all the famous actors, from Buffalo Bill to the great Salvini.

Now and then, a flock of dirty children would stray into the court and ask to see the "pretty picters." Then Johnny was a proud and happy boy; for, armed with a clothes-pole, he pointed out and explained the beauties of his gallery, feeling that he was a public benefactor when the poor babies thanked him warmly, and promised to come again and bring all the nice papers they could pick up.

These were Johnny's pleasures; but he had two sorrows,—one, a very real one, his aching back, and the other, a boyish longing to climb the wall and see what was on the other side; for it seemed a most wonderful and delightful place to the poor child, shut up in that dismal court, with no play-mates and few comforts.

He amused himself with imagining how it looked over there, and nearly every night added some new charm to this unseen country, when his mother told him fairy tales to get him to sleep. He peopled it with the dear old characters all children know and love. The white cat that sat on the wall was Puss in Boots to him, or Whittington's good friend. Blue Beard's wives were hidden in the house of whose upper windows the boy could just catch glimpses. Red Riding Hood met the wolf in the grove of chestnuts that rustled over there, and Jack's Beanstalk grew up just such a wall as that, he was sure.

But the story he liked best was the "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," for he was sure some lovely creature lived in that garden, and he longed to get in to find and play with her. He actually planted a bean in a bit of damp earth behind the water-barrel, and watched it grow, hoping for as strong a ladder as Jack's. But the vine grew very slowly, and Johnny was so impatient that he promised Patsey his best book "for his ownty-donty," if he would climb up and report what was to be seen in that enchanted garden.

"Faix, and I will, thin," and up went good-natured Pat, after laying an old board over the hog'shead to stand on; for there were spikes all along the top of the wall, and only cats and sparrows could walk there.

Alas for Johnny's eager hopes, and alas for Pat's Sunday best! The board broke, and splash went

the climber, with a wild Irish howl that startled Johnny half out of his wits and brought both Mrs. Morris and the cobbler to the rescue.

After this sad event, Pat kept away for a time in high dudgeon, and Johnny was more lonely than ever. But he was a cheery little soul, so he was grateful for what joys he had, and worked away at his wall; for the March winds had brought him many treasures, and after April rains were over, May sunshine made the court warm enough for him to be out nearly all day.

"I'm so sorry Pat is mad, 'cause he saw this piece and told me about it, and he'd like to help me put up these pictures," said Johnny to himself, one breezy morning, as he sat examining a big poster which the wind had sent flying into his lap a few minutes before.

The play was Monte Cristo, and the pictures represented the hero getting out of prison by making holes in the wall, among other remarkable performances.

"This is a jolly red one! Now where will I put it to show best and not spoil the other beauties?"

As he spoke, Johnny turned his chair around and surveyed his gallery with as much pride and satisfaction as if it held all the wonders of art.

It really *was* quite splendid, for every sort of picture shone in the sun: simpering ladies, tragic scenes, circus parades, labels from tin cans, rosy tomatoes, yellow peaches and purple plums, funny advertisements, and gay bills of all kinds. None were perfect, but they were arranged with care, and the effect was very fine, Johnny thought.

Presently his eyes wandered from these treasures to the budding bushes that nodded so tantalizingly over the wall. A grape-vine ran along the top, trying to hide the sharp spikes; lilacs tossed their purple plumes above it, and several tall chestnuts rose over all, making green tents with their broad leaves, where spires of blossom began to show like candles on a mammoth Christmas tree. Sparrows were chirping gayly everywhere; the white cat, with a fresh blue bow, basked on the coping of the wall, and from the depths of the enchanted garden came a sweet voice singing:

"And she bids you to come in,  
With a dimple in your chin,  
Billy boy, Billy boy."

Johnny smiled as he listened, and put his finger to the little dent in his own chin, wishing the singer would finish this pleasing song. But she never did, though he often heard that, as well as other childish ditties, sung in the same gay voice, with bursts of laughter and the sound of lively feet tripping up and down the boarded walks. Johnny longed intensely to know who the singer was, for



her music cheered his solitude, and the mysterious sounds he heard in the garden increased his wonder and his longing day by day.

Sometimes, a man's voice called, "Fay, where are you?" and Johnny was sure "Fay" was short for Fairy. Another voice was often heard talking in a strange, soft language, full of exclamations and pretty sounds. A little dog barked, and answered to the name Pippo. Canaries caroled, and some elfish bird scolded, screamed, and laughed so like a human being, that Johnny felt sure that magic of some sort was at work next door.

A delicious fragrance was now wafted over the wall as of flowers, and the poor boy imagined untold loveliness behind that cruel wall, as he tended the dandelions his mother brought him from the common, when she had time to stop and gather them; for he loved flowers dearly and tried to make them out of colored paper, since he could have no sweeter sort.

Now and then, a soft, rushing sound excited his curiosity to such a pitch, that once he hobbled painfully up the court till he could see into the trees, and once his eager eyes caught glimpses of a little creature, all blue and white and gold, who peeped out from the green fans and nodded and tried to toss him a cluster of the chestnut flowers. He stretched his hands to her with speechless delight, forgetting his crutches, and would have fallen, if he had not caught by the shutter of a window so quickly that he gave the poor back a sad wrench; and when he could look up again, the fairy had vanished, and nothing was to be seen but the leaves dancing in the wind.

Johnny dared not try this again for fear of a fall, and every step cost him a pang; but he never forgot it, and was thinking of it as he sat staring at the wall on that memorable May day.

"How I *should* like to peek in and see just how it all really looks. It sounds and smells so summery and nice in there. I know it must be splendid. I say, Pussy, can't you tell a fellow what you see?"

Johnny laughed as he spoke, and the white cat purred politely, for she liked the boy who never threw stones at her nor disturbed her naps. But Puss could not describe the beauties of the happy hunting-ground below, and, to console himself for the disappointment, Johnny went back to his new picture.

"Now, if this man in the play dug his way out through a wall ten feet thick with a rusty nail and a broken knife, I don't see why I could n't pick away one brick and get a peek. It's all quiet in there now; here's a good place, and nobody will know, if I stick a picture over the hole. And I'll try it, I declare I will!"

Fired with the idea of acting Monte Cristo on a small scale, Johnny caught up the old scissors in his lap, and began to dig out the mortar around a brick already loose, and crumbling at the corners. His mother smiled at his energy, then sighed and said, as she clapped her laces with a heavy heart:

"Ah, poor dear, if he only had his health he'd make his way in the world. But now he's like to find a blank wall before him while he lives, and none to help him over."

Puss, in her white boots, sat aloft and looked on, wise as the cat in the story, but offered no advice. The toad who lived behind the water-barrel hopped under the few leaves of the struggling bean, like Jack waiting to climb, and just then the noon bells began to ring as if they sang clear and loud, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

So, cheered by his friends, Johnny scraped and dug vigorously till the old brick fell out, showing another behind it. Only pausing to take breath, he caught up his crutch and gave two or three hearty pokes, which soon cleared the way and let the sunshine stream through, while the wind tossed the lilacs like triumphal banners, and the jolly sparrows chirped:

"Hail, the conquering hero comes!"

Rather scared by his unexpected success, the boy sat silent for a moment to see what would happen. But all was still, and presently, with a beating heart, Johnny leaned forward to enjoy the long desired "peek." He could not see much, but that little increased his curiosity and delight, for it seemed like looking into fairyland, after the dust and noise and dingy houses of the court.

A bed of splendid tulips tossed their gay garments in the middle of a grass-plot; a strange and brilliant bird sat dressing its feathers on a golden cage; a little white dog dozed in the sun, and on a red carpet under the trees lay the princess, fast asleep.

"It's all right," said Johnny, with a long sigh of pleasure; "that's the sleeping beauty, sure enough. There's the blue gown, the white fur cloak sweeping 'round, the pretty hair, and—yes—there's the old nurse, spinning and nodding, just as she did in the picture-book Mother got me when I cried because I could n't go to see the play."

This last discovery really did bewilder Johnny, and make him believe that fairy tales *might* be true, after all; for how could he know that the strange woman was an Italian servant, in her native dress, with a distaff in her hand. After pausing a moment to rub his eyes, he took another look, and made fresh discoveries by twisting his head about. A basket of oranges stood near the princess, a striped curtain hung from a limb of the tree to keep the wind off, and several books fluttered their



pictured leaves temptingly before Johnny's longing eyes.

"Oh, if I could only go in and eat 'em and read 'em and speak to 'em and see all the splendid things!" thought the poor boy, as he looked from one delight to another, and felt shut out from all. "I can't go and wake her like the Prince did, but I do wish she'd get up and do something, now I *can* see. I dare n't throw a stone, it might hit some one, or holler, it might scare her. Pussy wont help, and the sparrows are too busy scolding one another. I know! I'll fly a kite over, and that will please her any way. Don't believe she has kites; girls never do."

Eager to carry out his plan, Johnny tied a long string to his gayest poster, and then fastening it to the pole with which he sometimes fished in the water-cask, held it up to catch the fresh breezes blowing down the court. His good friend, the wind, soon caught the idea, and with a strong breath sent the red paper whisking over the wall, to hang a moment on the trees and then drop among the tulips, where its frantic struggles to escape waked the dog and set him to racing and barking, as Johnny hurriedly let the string go and put his eye to his peep-hole.

The eyes of the princess were wide open now, and she clapped her hands when Pippo brought the gay picture for her to see; while the old woman, with a long yawn, went away, carrying her distaff, like a gun, over her shoulder.

"She likes it! I'm so glad. Wish I had some more to send over. This will come off; I'll poke it through, and may be she will see it."

Very much excited, Johnny recklessly tore from the wall his most cherished picture, a gay flower-piece, just put up, and folding it, he thrust it through the hole and waited to see what followed.

Nothing but a rustle, a bark, and a queer croak from the splendid bird, which set the canaries to trilling sweetly.

"She don't see; may be she will hear," said Johnny, and he began to whistle like a mocking-bird, for this was his one accomplishment, and he was proud of it.

Presently he heard a funny burst of laughter from the parrot, and then the voice said:

"No, Polly, you can't sing like that bird. I wonder where he is? Among the bushes over there, I think. Come, Pippo, let us go and find him."

"Now she 's coming!" and Johnny grew red in the face trying to give his best trills and chirrups.

Nearer and nearer came the steps, the lilacs rustled as if shaken, and presently the roll of paper vanished. A pause, and then the little voice exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise:

"Why, there 's a hole! I never saw it before. Oh! I can see the street. How nice! How nice!"

"She likes the hole! I wonder if she will like me," and, emboldened by these various successes, Johnny took another peep. This was the most delicious one of all, for he looked right into a great blue eye, with glimpses of golden hair above, a little round nose in the middle, and red lips below. It was like a flash of sunshine, and Johnny winked, as if dazzled; for the eye sparkled, the nose sniffed daintily, and the pretty mouth broke into a laugh as the voice cried out delightedly:

"I see some one! Who are you? Come and tell me!"

"I'm Johnny Morris," answered the boy, quite trembling with pleasure.

"Did you make this nice hole?"

"I just poked a brick, and it fell out."

"Papa wont mind. Is that your bird?"

"No, it's me. I whistled."

"It's very pretty. Do it again," commanded the voice, as if used to give orders.

Johnny obeyed, and when he paused, out of breath, a small hand came through the hole, grasping as many lilies of the valley as it could hold, and the princess graciously expressed her pleasure by saying, "I like it; you shall do it again, by and by. Here are some flowers for you. Now we will talk. Are you a nice boy?"

This was a poser, and Johnny answered meekly, with his nose luxuriously buried in the lovely flowers:

"Not very — I'm lame — I can't play like other fellers."

"*Porverino!*" sighed the little voice, full of pity; and, in a moment, three red-and-yellow tulips fell at Johnny's feet, making him feel as if he really had slipped into fairy-land through that delightful hole.

"Oh, thank you! Aren't they just elegant! I never see such beauties," stammered the poor boy, grasping his treasures as if he feared they might vanish away.

"You shall have as many as you like. Nanna will scold, but Papa wont mind. Tell me more. What do you do over there?" asked the child, eagerly.

"Nothing but paste pictures and make books, when I don't ache too bad. I used to help Mother, but I got hurt, and I can't do much now," answered the boy, ashamed to mention how many laces he patiently picked or clapped, since it was all he could do to help.

"If you like pictures, you shall come and see mine some day. I do a great many. Papa shows me how. His are splendid. Do you draw, or paint yours?"

"I only cut 'em out of papers and stick 'em on



this wall, or put 'em in scrap-books. I can't draw, and I have n't got no paints," answered Johnny.

"You should say 'have n't any paints.' I will come and see you some day, and if I like you, I will let you have my old paint-box. Do you want it?"

"Guess I do!"

"I think I *shall* like you, so I'll bring it when I come. Do you ache much?"

"Awfully, sometimes. Have to lay down all day, and can't do a thing."

"Do you cry?"

"No! I'm too big for that. I whistle."

"I *know* I shall like you, because you are brave!" cried the impetuous voice, with its pretty accent; and then an orange came tumbling through the hole, as if the new acquaintance longed to do something to help the "ache."

"Is n't that a rouser! I do love 'em, but Mother can't afford 'em often," and Johnny took one delicious taste on the spot.

"Then I shall give you many. We have loads at home, much finer than these. Ah, you should see our garden there!"

"Where do you live?" Johnny ventured to ask, for there was a homesick sound to the voice as it said those last words.

"In Rome. Here we only stay a year, while Papa arranges his affairs; then we go back, and I am happy."

"I should think you'd be happy in there. It looks real splendid to me, and I've been longing to see it ever since I could come out."

"It's a dull place to me. I like better to be where it's always warm, and people are more beautiful than here. Are *you* beautiful?"

"What queer questions she does ask!" and poor Johnny was so perplexed he could only stammer with a laugh:

"I guess not. Boys don't care for looks."

"Peep, and let me see. I like pretty persons," commanded the voice.

"Don't she order 'round," thought Johnny, as

he obeyed. But he liked it, and showed such a smiling face at the peep-hole, that Princess Fay was pleased to say, after a long look at him:

"No, you are not beautiful, but your eyes are bright, and you look pleasant; so I don't mind the freckles on your nose and the whiteness of your face. I think you are good; I am sorry for you, and I shall lend you a book to read when the pain comes."

"I could n't wait for that if I had a book. I do *love* so to read!" and Johnny laughed out from sheer delight at the thought of a new book, for he seldom got one, being too poor to buy them, and too helpless to enjoy the free libraries of the city.

"Then you shall have it *now*," and there was another quick rush in the garden, followed by the appearance of a fat little book, slowly pushed through the hole in the wall.

"This is the only one that will pass. You will like Hans Andersen's fairy tales, I know. Keep it as long as you please. I have many more."

"You're so good! I wish I had something for you," said the boy, quite overcome by this sweet friendliness.

"Let me see one of *your* books. They will be new to me. I'm tired of all mine."

Quick as a flash, off went the cover of the old boiler, and out came half a dozen of Johnny's best works, to be crammed through the wall, with the earnest request:

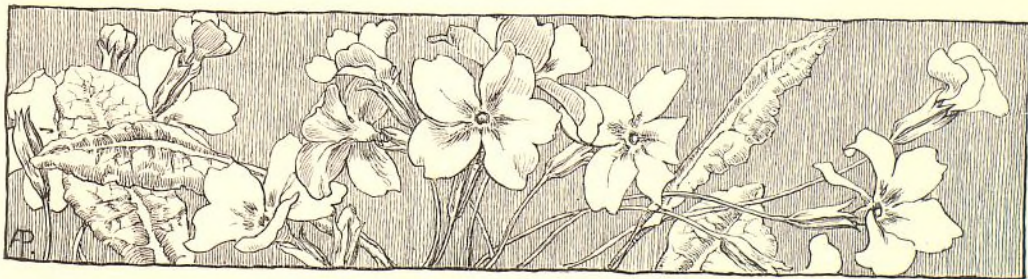
"Keep 'em all; they're not good for much, but they're the best I've got. I'll do some prettier ones as soon as I can find more nice pictures and pieces."

"They look very interesting. I thank you. I shall go and read them now, and then come and talk again. *Addio, Giovanni.*"

"Good-bye, Miss."

Thus ended the first interview of little Pyramus and Thisbe through the hole in the wall, while Puss sat up above and played moonshine with her yellow eyes.

(To be concluded.)





## THE ROSY SAIL.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

OVER the level, sparkling sand,  
All through the golden afternoon,  
The sisters wandered hand in hand  
To hear the winds and waters croon.

The waves sang low, the waves sang sweet,  
With mellow murmur full and deep;  
The ocean glittered in the heat,  
The warm wind breathed like one asleep.

The white gull shone in depths of blue,  
On airy pinions floating wide;  
And slowly, slowly downward drew,  
With lapsing soft, the ebbing tide.

Silently westward sank the sun;  
A whisper skimmed the broad expanse;  
The ripples hastened one by one  
Along the sand to leap and dance.

The elder spoke: "'T is late, Janet;  
The lengthening shadows deeper grow,  
The reddening sun will soon have set;  
Come, dearest sister, let us go."

The younger answered: "Look, Louise,  
How yonder far-off, idle sail,  
Rose-flushed, is filling with the breeze.  
Stay,—Watch it take the loitering gale."

They paused to watch the rosy sail,  
While fondly the caressing air  
Kissed their bright cheeks and foreheads pale,  
And lingered in their lovely hair.

The great sun touched the ocean's rim.  
"Ah, come, Janet, we must not wait!  
The cliffs are looming tall and grim;  
Come, dear Janet, we stay too late."

As speeds the slender, swift beach-bird,  
Homeward they turned along the shore:  
What was the boding sound they heard?  
The rapid tide had turned before!

The lazy tide that ebbd so slow,  
Returning, hurried fast as fate,  
And barred the way they strove to go  
With breathless haste—alas, too late!

"O sister, fly! But reach the ledge  
We clambered down, and we are safe!"  
Ripples grew waves along the edge;  
The rousing sea began to chafe:

A trampling as of myriad feet  
Heavily charging up the land!  
They shuddered,—there was no retreat,—  
Straight rock-walls rose on either hand.

The friendly ledge they could not reach  
Afar was tossing plumes of spray;  
The billows swallowed up the beach,  
Like monsters cold in dreadful play.

Ah, me! with what a different voice  
The sea raved, that had sung so soft!  
A rush, a roar of deafening noise,  
And clouds of foam that leaped aloft.

At the cliff's foot, upon the sands,  
The sisters stood; no help was nigh;  
The breakers stretched white, eager hands  
To drag them roughly down to die.

They clung about each other close;  
The wind, grown wild, blew their rich hair  
This way and that; the waters rose;  
They waited mute in still despair.

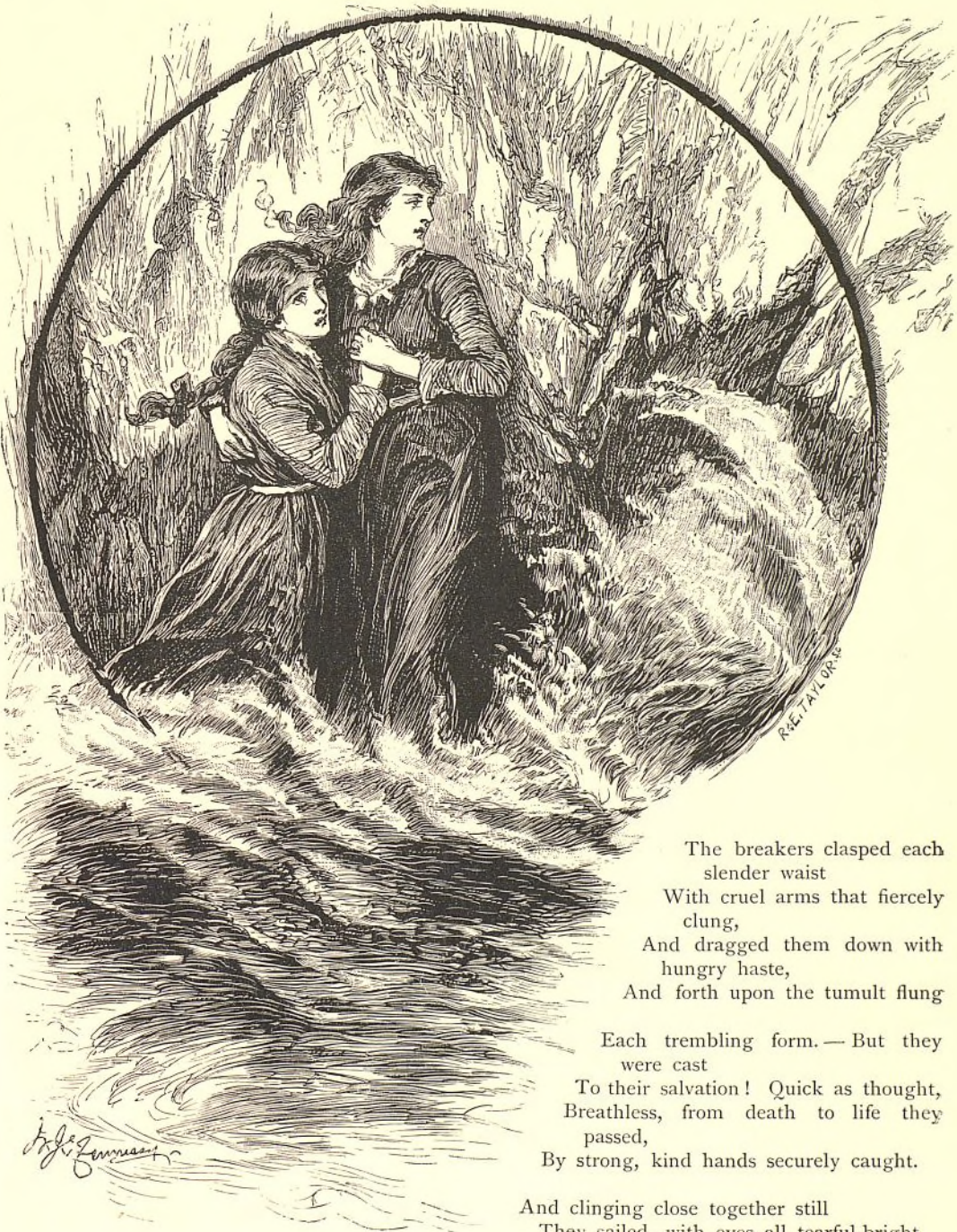
Sudden, the elder's voice rang clear:  
"Janet, Janet! the rosy sail!  
This way 't is coming, near, more near!"  
In the dim twilight, glimmering pale,

They called aloud across the sea,  
A high, sweet, piercing clarion scream!  
The boatmen heard—"What can it be?  
Some mermaid shrieking, or a dream?"

Again! The sailors turned the prow,  
They trimmed the sail, they plied the oar;  
No second to be wasted now!  
Down to the cliff the stout boat bore.

"Janet, Janet, keep up your heart!  
They're coming, dearest, help is near!  
Let not the sea tear us apart—  
They shout, Janet! they're almost here."





The breakers clasped each  
slender waist  
With cruel arms that fiercely  
clung,  
And dragged them down with  
hungry haste,  
And forth upon the tumult flung

Each trembling form. — But they  
were cast  
To their salvation! Quick as thought,  
Breathless, from death to life they  
passed,  
By strong, kind hands securely caught.

And clinging close together still  
They sailed, with eyes all tearful-bright,  
Till up the coast, from its green hill,  
Their home sent out its beckoning light.



## HALCYON DAYS AND HALCYON WAYS.

BY DE COST SMITH.

WHERE is the country boy who does not know the kingfisher, and who has not often watched his daring feats and eccentric ways; who has not seen him plunge fearlessly into the rushing stream, and heard his brisk rattle echo along its banks? But though he is one of our commonest and most interesting birds, few persons are sufficiently observant to be acquainted with the details of his life and habits.

The kingfisher family (*Alcedinidae*) is made up of a great many different species, and is scattered throughout the world, almost every country possessing one or more representatives. In the northern United States and in Canada, though the country is intersected by numerous rivers and lakes abounding in fish, we have but one species, the belted kingfisher (*Ceryle alcyon*); while near the Mexican border the green kingfisher (*Ceryle*

of life; in fact, were he differently constructed, he would be an utter failure as a fisherman. The small, delicate feet enable him to perch securely upon the slender twigs usually found overhanging the water, or even, as I once observed, upon a telegraph wire—a feat of balancing which would have been impossible for most birds of his size. (I have seen the robin—a much smaller bird—attempt the same feat, but with very poor success.) The weight of the kingfisher's head serves to balance and carry him with greater swiftness in his downward, arrow-like plunges; and the long bill, with its rough, sharp edges, enables him to hold fast the slippery, wriggling minnows which form his principal food. The entire length of the bird is about twelve and three-quarter inches, of which the head alone, from the tip of the bill to the end of the crest, measures nearly five. The upper parts, the band or belt across the breast, and a few irregular markings under the wings, are of an ashy-blue color, darkest about the head; while the under parts and throat, as also a small spot in front of the eye, another just beneath it, and numerous narrow bars across the under side of the tail, are of a beautiful white. The female and young differ from the adult male in having the sides of the body and the belt flecked and spotted with a tinge of bright chestnut.

Although the kingfisher sometimes remains in the Northern States during mild winters, he is usually only a summer visitor, arriving from the South about the first of April; and, feeding as he does almost exclusively upon various kinds of fish and crustaceans, he is generally found along the banks of streams, rivers, lakes, salt-water inlets, or wherever his food is abundant. Like most of his craft, he prefers being alone. Two are rarely seen fishing near each other. His favorite perch is a post, stump, or branch projecting over the water, and at times he takes advantage of the masts and booms of small boats at anchor.

Upon some such convenient object he often sits for an hour at a time, looking into the water and watching intently for unsuspecting minnows to approach the surface, or for a craw-fish, the claws of which are projecting from beneath a sheltering stone, to emerge and wander about over the pebbles. From time to time he changes the position of his head, first to one side, then to the other, and often in so doing twitches his tail in a nervous, impatient manner. At last he sees his chance.



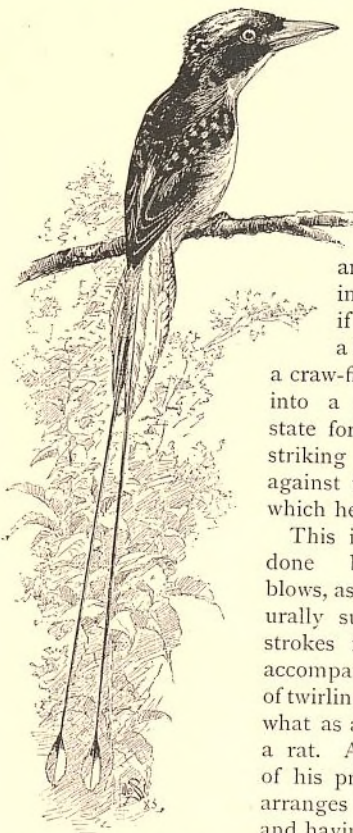
THE BELTED KINGFISHER.

*Americana*), is occasionally met with, though not so frequently as the former species. And it is chiefly about the belted kingfisher that I wish to tell you here.

At the first glance we are struck with the peculiar form of this bird. The head seems enormously large and the feet look ridiculously small in proportion to the wings, tail, and body. But upon closer investigation we realize how admirably this apparent disproportion adapts him to his mode



He lowers his crest, looks steadily at one spot, makes a sudden movement forward, but checks himself, waits a second or two, then with a rapid sweep dives into the water, catches his victim



THE LONG-TAILED KINGFISHER, NEW GUINEA.

in his strong bill, and flies back to his post. If the captive happen to be a fish of convenient size, the bird throws back his head and swallows it immediately. But if he has caught a large minnow or a craw-fish, he batters it into a sufficiently soft state for swallowing by striking it repeatedly against the object upon which he is sitting.

This is not generally done by downward blows, as one would naturally suppose, but by strokes from the side, accompanied by a sort of twirling motion, somewhat as a terrier shakes a rat. After disposing of his prey he daintily arranges his feathers, and having winked once or twice, and slowly raised and lowered his

crest with a very satisfied air, he settles himself again upon his perch and is ready for another meal.

Convenient objects upon which to alight are not, however, always at hand. In many places shoals exist at considerable distances from shore; in others, long stretches of beach intervene between the bank and the water's edge; and in places of this kind his food is frequently abundant. In order to get a good view of the fish in such situations, he is obliged to mount into the air a distance of about fifty feet, and by a rapid, fluttering movement of his wings keep himself suspended until he has singled out a likely victim, when, darting down, he secures it, and flies away to the shore.

Often he descends to within two or three feet of the water, and then rises again without diving, probably finding before reaching the surface that he would be unsuccessful. At times he plunges into the water, but misses his mark altogether; at

others, after a short struggle, he emerges with nothing in his bill, the game having wriggled loose and escaped, even so skillful a sportsman as he, it would seem, not being entirely exempt from the uncertainties of "fishermen's luck."

In some localities where the shores of the lakes and rivers are stony, minnows are often scarce, and the kingfishers feed almost exclusively on craw-fish. In picking up these small, lobster-like animals from the bottom, they sometimes strike their bills against the stones with considerable force; and I once obtained a specimen which had its lower mandible worn quite blunt at the point, while the tip of the upper one was splintered and broken for nearly a quarter of an inch.

An artist friend of mine once had a most remarkable kingfisher adventure. While sketching on the shore of a river, he saw one of these birds flying across the water directly toward him. He watched its approach, expecting every moment to see it change its course, but, to his astonishment, the bird, swerving neither to the right nor left, came straight at his face. His hands were filled with palette and brushes. He raised his foot to shield himself. "Thud!" came the bird against it, falling to the ground stunned by the shock; but, recovering quickly, it again took wing and disappeared around a bend in the shore. Now, the snowy owl (*Nyctea scandiaca*) is said to alight at times upon the heads of sportsmen while they are crouching quietly among the reeds watching for



THE AUSTRALIAN KINGFISHER, OR LAUGHING JACKASS.

wild geese and ducks, probably mistaking them for stumps or something of that sort. But to suppose that the kingfisher may have taken my friend for a stump would not be complimentary to either the bird or the artist.



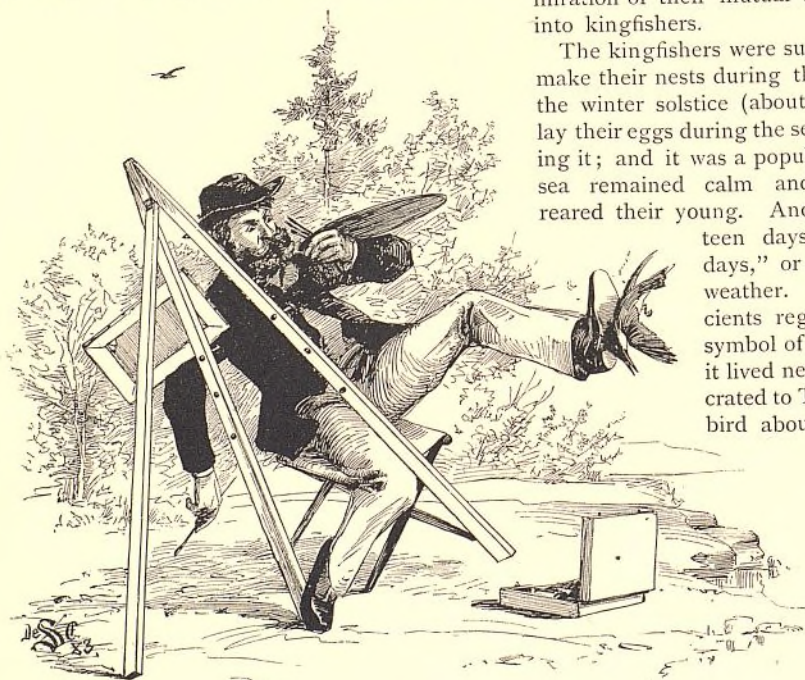
Soon after the arrival of the kingfishers in the spring, they choose mates and begin nest-building. The nest is rather curious, and differs from that of most birds in being placed under-ground, at the end of a narrow tunnel from four to fifteen feet in length, dug into the steep bank of a stream or lake, the opening being usually several feet above the water. Both birds work diligently at the excavation, which becomes wider as it deepens, until, at the end, it is large enough to contain the nest and the young birds. The kingfisher's cry is said to resemble the sound of a watchman's rattle (an instrument that is no longer in use, except in a modified form as a child's toy), and is heard at all times; but while the birds are engaged in nesting and caring for their young, it is kept up almost incessantly. The eggs, which are generally six in number, nearly spherical, and beautifully clear

upon removing the skin, the body is found enveloped in a coating of fat nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness. This great quantity of blubber is, I suppose, stored up and kept in reserve, to serve as a source of supply during the famine of the late autumn, when many of the streams are frozen, and also during the fatiguing southward migration.

According to the ancients, the kingfisher, called in Greek, Halcyon, or ἡλκυών (from ἕλξ, the sea, and κύνων, brooding upon), was so named from Halcyone, a daughter of Æolus, and the wife of Ceyx. The story goes that Ceyx was drowned while on his way to consult the oracle, and that, in a dream that night, Halcyone was informed of the fate of her husband. Next morning, as she wandered disconsolately upon the shore, she found his body washed up by the waves, and, overcome with grief, threw herself into the sea. The gods, in admiration of their mutual affection, changed them into kingfishers.

The kingfishers were supposed, at that time, to make their nests during the seven days preceding the winter solstice (about December 21st), and to lay their eggs during the seven days directly following it; and it was a popular superstition that the sea remained calm and tranquil while they reared their young. And, therefore, these fourteen days were called "halcyon days," or days of calm, pleasant weather. On this account the ancients regarded the halcyon as a symbol of tranquillity, and because it lived near the water it was consecrated to Thetis, a sea-nymph. The bird about which such wonderful stories were told was probably nothing more than the common kingfisher of Europe (*Alcedo ispida*), the habits of which are very much like those of the belted kingfisher.

New Guinea and some of the neighboring islands are the home of



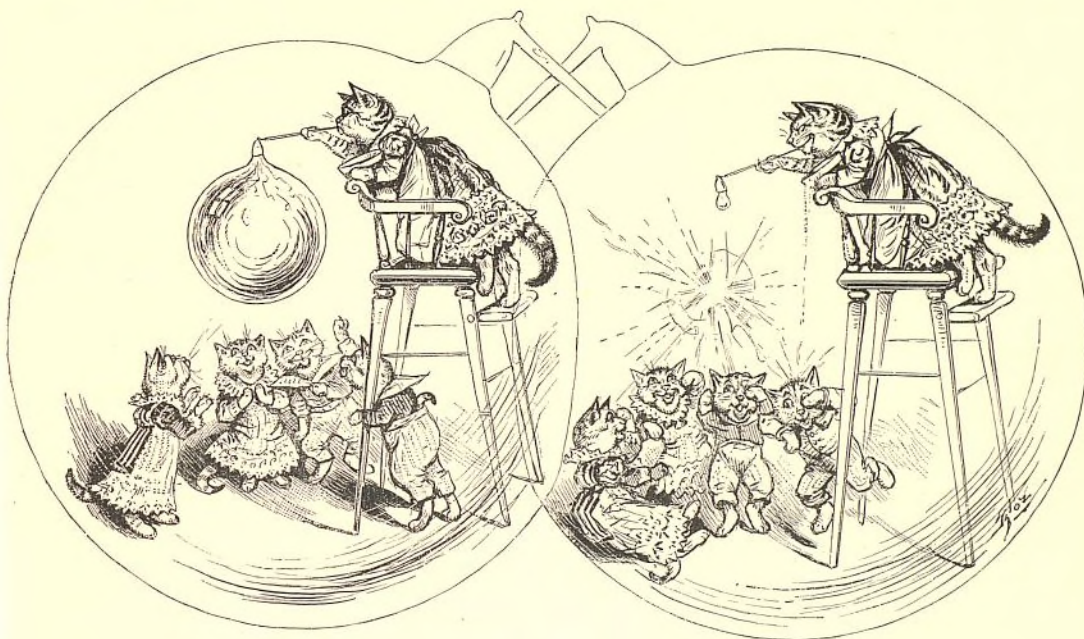
A KINGFISHER ATTACKS AN ARTIST.

and white, are laid, according to some writers, upon the bare sand at the end of the burrow, while others affirm that they are protected by a rudely made nest of feathers, dry grass, and fish-bones.

Toward the latter part of summer, when the young have left the nest and are capable of taking care of themselves, the kingfishers lose to some extent their shy watchfulness and become very fat and lazy. When shot at this season, the fat will actually ooze through the shot-holes and spread like oil over the surface of the water where the bird falls, while,

several beautiful and curious species, among which are the exquisitely colored long-tailed kingfishers, rivaling in their brilliant plumage even the humming-birds themselves, while the "laughing kingfisher" (*Alcedo gigas*), quite frequently seen in menageries, is a native of Australia. The last named is the largest of all, and, from its harsh, chattering cry, is commonly known by the name of "laughing jackass." All of these feed less upon fish than the belted kingfisher, and include in their bill of fare snails, reptiles, beetles, and insects.





CHORUS: "OH! MY EYE!"

CHORUS: "OH, MY EYES!"

## THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.\*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## VICTORY.

**M**RS. TINKHAM had been awakened by the boys leaving the house, and much of the noise of the conflict had reached her ears. She was up and dressed, with lamp lighted, waiting in extreme anxiety, when

Rupert came running into the house.

He was breathless with haste and excitement. Before he could tell his news, she knew it was good news.

"We've beat 'em off!" he panted. "They've hurt the dam a little. But we don't care for that. We've got one prisoner, — Buzrow, — the worst rowdy of 'em all!"

"Anybody hurt?" was the widow's anxious inquiry.

"Nobody on our side; only one stone glanced from a limb and hit me on the leg. But I did n't mind it a bit! Rod and I were in the tree, and we let 'em have about a bushel of stones. Nearly all they fired at us came too low; we could hear 'em strike the trunk under us, or thump against the bank."

"And your prisoner?"

"Mart caught him by the lasso over his neck. He and Lute got him into the mill, and kept him well choked till he gave up. Then he begged like a good fellow; but they would n't let him off. And what do you think we found in his hat, after we got the lantern lit? A sponge as big as your head, such as they use for sopping out leaky boats! His hat had dropped off on the platform, where Rocket found it."

"Have the rest gone away?" asked the mother.

"We don't know. They may come around

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again, and try to rescue Buzrow. I must hurry back, to help fight 'em if they do. The boys are on the lookout; but they told me to run in and tell you we're all safe. Mart has got his lasso ready to catch another Argonaut, if they give him a chance."

"Are any of *their* side hurt?"

"I hope so! Buzrow got a jolly choking, any way. And Rocket thrashed two with a bean-pole. And I'll bet our stones hit a few heads and shoulders! Oh, I tell you, it's the greatest fun you ever saw!"

And before she could ask any more questions, the wild youngster rushed out again.

Meanwhile, the lantern was placed on the platform, and lighted lamps were set in the windows of the threatened tide-mill, to shine up and down the river.

"We may as well let folks know we are at home and prepared to receive company," said Mart.

This bold course disconcerted the Argonauts, who were even then planning an assault, with the view of carrying off the captive. Still they did not give him up; but instead of making a fierce onset, they advanced within range of the misty rays, as if for a parley. Rush, posted in shadow, saw them coming up the Tammoset shore. Mart went out promptly and demanded what they wanted.

"We want the fellow you've got there in the mill," said Ned Lufford, halting at a safe distance, a little in advance of his comrades.

"You make a rather cheeky request," Mart replied. "We came honestly by him,—as the woman said when she found a frog in the milk,—and we mean to keep him. Not that we really care any more for him than the woman did for the frog; but she thought he would do to show to the milkman."

"If you wont give him up peaceably," said Lufford, "we will break in the mill and take him by force."

"That's a trick you're quite welcome to try," Mart answered, his drawl sounding oddly in contrast with the Argonaut's blustering tone. "We've handled your chap as tenderly as a cat carries her kittens, so far; but attempt to break doors, and you'll wake up in a hospital and find something else broken. Meanwhile, you are respectfully informed that we have room for three or four more quiet and well-behaved prisoners, and can take 'em, too, if as many of you should care to set foot on our premises!"

Mart stood where a lamp at the window shone upon his shoulder and side, and the Argonauts could see that he held something like a coil of stout cord in his left hand. The mysterious man-

ner of Buzrow's headlong plunge into the mill required no further explanation.

"Do you want anything more?" Mart asked, after they had remained a few moments in consultation. "If not, excuse me if I don't waste any more time in the mere forms of politeness."

He went back into the mill, and, after a little delay, the Argonauts disappeared behind a clump of willows.

They still lingered near their boat, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing him and Lute come out on the platform, get down into the river, and with stakes and boards proceed to repair the dam by the light of the lantern.

It was soon patched. Then the flash-boards were set, and the water being shut back, the Tinkhams, lantern in hand, appeared to be looking for something in the draining bed of the stream. At the same time, the boat was becoming hopelessly grounded.

"I can't stand this any longer!" exclaimed George Hawkins.

"Nor I!" said Frank Veals.

And yet the Argonauts did stand it long enough to see the brothers pick up two axes and a crowbar and heave them in at the mill door.

"We ought to have swooped in and stopped that!" said Ned Lufford.

And now that it was too late, he did make a feeble movement toward the mill, followed by his comrades. Mart turned and faced them, in the halo made by the lantern in the drizzling rain.

"Stop there! and tell me what you want!"

Hawkins stopped, and finding himself in an awkward position, said:

"Take out your flash-boards and give us water, so we can float our boat."

"That's an humble and not very unreasonable request," Mart replied. "We've taken out our flash-boards for you, with all the good nature in the world, on various occasions. Very likely we shall do it again, but not at this hour of the night, now or any time. We'll give you water, though, in another way."

He had reëntered the mill, and the humble petitioners were wondering what he meant, when the water-wheel began to splash and turn, and a scanty stream came gurgling down toward the stranded boat.

"The mill is going!" said the astonished Argonauts.

It was going, indeed, and it continued to go during the remainder of the night; the Tinkhams, with characteristic "impudence" (the local newspaper's word), having resolved to make the most of their time while guarding their premises and their prisoner.



Buzrow, seated on the floor with his back against Lute's work-bench, to which he was fast bound, had an excellent opportunity of seeing how extremely impudent they were.

"If you're b-b-bright," Lute remarked to him pleasantly, "you may pick up a little of our trade. It's a very good trade when it is n't interf-f-fered with."

Buzrow, in his sullen rage, did not look as if he cared to pick up anything but himself just then, or to interfere with anybody's trade in future.

The younger boys kept their mother informed of what was going on, and it was not long before they announced that they had heard the Argonauts dragging their boat away down the river. Balch had gone off with his team long before.

In fact, no rescue was attempted,—a wise determination, as Buzrow himself was obliged to admit afterward, having seen how dangerous it would have been to attack the brothers in their own mill.

Daylight came, the tide turned, the mill stopped, the lights were extinguished, and the Tinkhams had not only their dam in good repair, but some useful work and a prisoner to show, as a reward for their trouble.

It seemed a great triumph. Yet the sequel must be told.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### THE PRISONER.

AFTER congratulations and rejoicings, and a deliberate breakfast, Mart and Rush set off in a slow, dull rain to march the cow-smiter's son (his hands still tied behind him) to Tammoset village and the house of Judge Hanks.

Early and rainy as it was, they had a lively following of youngsters at their heels before they reached the door; and Buzrow, who was only too well known to them as a Dempford boaster, was greeted with, "Turn up your cuffs!" "Scratch yer nose, Milt!" (the nose, by the way, was battle-smear'd) "What be ye goin' to do with them two chaps?" "Does your mother know?" and other like soothing remarks.

Judge Hanks was a conscientious justice of the peace; yet he, too, was under the influence of the popular prejudice against the dam. He was much disturbed when called from his breakfast-table into his office-room and informed of his visitors' business. But he could not refuse to hear the complaint against Buzrow.

"Untie his hands first," he said. "Proceed in the proper way."

"If we catch a marauder destroying our property in the middle of the night, is n't the proper

way to tie him and take him before the nearest magistrate?" Mart inquired.

"You have a right to capture him," Judge Hanks replied, "but you have no right to hold him a prisoner any longer than is necessary. Untie him!"

"I hate to do it about as badly as the old miser hated to buy his wife shoes," Mart dryly remarked; "but we'll have everything proper, Judge."

Manifestly, the knots were not made to untie, and he used his knife. He then made his formal complaint, while Buzrow stood by, gloomily rubbing his wrists.

"Whereabouts in the river do you say he was?" Judge Hanks stopped writing, to inquire.

"Not far from the middle, but I should think a little nearer the Tammoset side," Mart answered.

"Are you sure?"

"Well, I'm not positive as to that. I only know he came to our side pretty quick after he was noosed!"

Buzrow, being asked if he wished to make any statement, began with the old hackneyed denunciation of the obstruction in the river. The judge interrupted him.

"On which side of the center of the river were you? I wish to know"—this was spoken very significantly—"which town the offense was committed in. Was it Tammoset or Dempford?"

Buzrow took the hint. "In Dempford," he answered, stoutly.

Could he swear it? He could swear it. Judge Hanks then said:

"The complainant is uncertain which town the offense was committed in, but thinks it was in Tammoset. The defendant is positive it was in Dempford. Dempford being in another judicial district, this Court has no authority in the case. It is accordingly dismissed."

"Is this—what you call—the proper thing, Judge?" Mart asked. "Aint it a funny kind of law?"

"How so?" said the judge, severely.

"Why," Mart explained, "if it could be proved he did the act with one foot in Tammoset and the other in Dempford,"—he illustrated his point by setting two fingers astride a crack in the judge's table,—"then, I suppose, you would have jurisdiction over one leg,"—lifting a finger,—"while the Dempford court would have jurisdiction over the other leg,"—comically crooking up finger number two. "Funny kind of law, Judge, I should say!"

Even the Court had to smile, and there was a broad grin on the blood-smear'd Buzrow countenance, as the bearer, who had, perhaps, the best reason to laugh of anybody, walked out of the door a free man.



The Tinkhams had still further experience of the curiosities of the law when, complaint having been duly made before a Dempford magistrate, warrant issued, and offender arrested, they confronted him on the evening set for his examination.

Lawyer Snow, employed by Buzrow, cross-examined Mart.

"Which side of the river was he on when you saw and captured him?"

"Very near the center," said Mart; "but he says he was on the Dempford side."

But it turned out that Buzrow did not wish to swear at all, now that he was in a Dempford court of justice. Consequently, as there was no evidence that he had committed any offense in that town (the Tinkhams being unable to summon any of his companions as witnesses), the case was again dismissed.

Yet the brothers enjoyed a moral, if not a legal, triumph. Mart had an opportunity to describe in open court, in the presence of spectators, the manner in which Buzrow was lassoed and bound,



THE TINKHAMS LEAD BUZROW TO THE HALLS OF JUSTICE.

"No matter what he says. I want to know what you say."

"He swore before Judge Hanks——"

"I don't care what he swore before Judge Hanks! Which side of the center of the river do you say he was on?"

"I am willing to take his word in this matter," said Mart, "though, perhaps, I would n't in anything else."

"We want *your* word, and no hearsay evidence," said the lawyer. "Did n't you swear, in your complaint made to Judge Hanks, that you thought the defendant was nearer the Tammoset than the Dempford shore? Did you or did you not?"

"I did," said Mart. "But he swore——"

"No matter what he swore there! He will have a chance to swear here, if he wishes to."

how the sponge was found in his hat, and how he was marched into Tammoset village that rainy morning; which, with other particulars, related in the oldest brother's droll way, covered with ridicule the braggart Buzrow, and did not greatly help the cause of the Argonauts.

One point especially served to extinguish the boaster's pretensions.

"I suppose I ought to have been afraid of his fists," Mart said, incidentally, describing the capture; "for I had heard they were like his father's, and that his father once knocked down——"

"Never mind about that!" broke in Lawyer Snow, amidst an uproar of laughter.

Mart had said enough. Buzrow never liked to hear the feat of the paternal fist alluded to after that.



Seeing that the public enjoyed a good laugh at the burly pretender, the local editor had the tact to print a pretty full report of the trial, which now lies before me, filling a page and a half of Mart's scrap-book.

The same number of the paper contained an advertisement of articles found by the Tinkham brothers:

"The boat-sponge Mr. Buzrow carried in his hat. Left on the premises.

"Two axes and a crowbar, picked up in the river. One ax badly damaged.

"Also a log-chain, found locked about the mud-sill. In good condition.

"All which the owners can have by calling at the Tinkham Brothers' mill, proving property, and paying for this advertisement."

Needless to say, the articles were never called for.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### A BOAT-LOAD OF GIRLS.

AND now the dam got into politics. Crowbar and log-chain measures had so far failed. The injunction business had fallen through. Strenuous but futile efforts had likewise been made, as the brothers learned, to have it indicted as a nuisance by a grand jury.

So now, Tammoset and Dempford were clamoring to have it abolished by statute!

The next election of representatives to the State legislature was to turn upon this important question. All other issues were to be sunk, and no candidates countenanced who were not pledged to "some measure for promoting the free navigation of our beautiful river."

"An act defining navigable streams in terms broad enough to cover our beloved Tammoset is what we demand, and what we are bound to have. Look to it, voters of Tammoset and Dempford! Who shall carry our banner the coming year?"

The local newspaper furnished a good many paragraphs of this sort, which the Tinkham brothers read with amusement and cut out for their scrap-book.

And the tide-mill was still going!

Business was good. The pin-wheels, rocket-sticks, and other wooden fixtures were finished and delivered to Cole & Company, to be manufactured into fireworks for the "Glorious Fourth." From dolls' carriages, the brothers advanced to baby carriages; and Lute was inventing an improved seed-sower, of which he got a hint while watching the farmers at their work.

The boat was also completed and launched; and on a still evening, just at sunset, Letty, with Mart and Rush and Rupe, made a trial trip in it

on the lake. They floated under the overhanging trees; they landed to pick ferns and wild flowers; even Letty tried her hand at the oars; and all agreed that no better boat ever sailed on a lovelier sheet of water.

And now, in the fine June weather, the widow spent many an hour with Letty in the willow-tree, and enjoyed more than one enchanting row, at sundown, on river and lake.

The Tinkhams were beginning to be respected. Mrs. Tinkham went to church in her wheeled chair, with Lute and Letty, and the minister called on her.

"Perhaps he expected to convert you from the evil of your ways in maintaining a d-d-dam," said Lute.

But the conversion was on the other side. "I found her a remarkably intelligent, fine-spirited woman," the parson was reported as saying. "As for the mill question, she is in the right from her point of view. She has a very interesting family."

Then the wife of a prominent physician called. "Partly in the way of business, I suppose," Mrs. Tinkham smilingly explained to her children. "We are naturally looked upon as the doctor's possible patients."

The mill troubles had kept the younger children from entering school. But since the rebuilding of the dam—admired as a heroic feat even by its enemies—the acquaintance of Rupe and Rod had been sought by neighboring boys not in the club. Their popularity now extended even to Tammoset village, where the capture of Buzrow melted many hearts.

Then what a day it was when Tilly Loring came up from Dempford in a boat, at flood tide, with three other girls, stopped at the mill, and inquired of Rush—who went out to them, with joyful trepidation—if Letty was at home!

Letty was at home. He made the boat fast to the platform, and steadied it while they got out. And what a happy, foolish, blushing boy he was, in his paper cap, with paint on his hands, which he awkwardly wiped on his workman's frock, and yet did not dare offer, by way of help, to one of those light-footed, disembarking girls!

He was not afraid of Miss Loring. Oh, no! Nor of her friend Sarah Ball, whom he had seen with her once or twice in the city. But there was something about the other two girls which made him almost think they regarded him as a joke.

A dazzling vision of one of them had appeared to him before in that old mill. How well he remembered the charming Syl Bartland, who had brought her brother's message! The other was her companion of that day, whom he did not see, and who was so piqued at having missed seeing him.



If Rush had known how much they had talked of him and his brothers and their exploits, and how nervously eager, yet half afraid, Miss Mollie Kent had been to meet him, he would have guessed why they looked so amusingly conscious of hidden fun, and he, too, would have wanted to laugh.

Tilly Loring took her companions up the path over the bank, and then what little screams and kisses and joyful exclamations there were, as Letty met them at the door!

They were not gone long. They could stay but five minutes, they said. But Letty would not let them off so. She took them to the seats in the willow-tree, after they left the house; and the charm of the place or of their own society was such, that there they remained for at least half an hour longer, making a picture to the eyes and music to the ears of the boys behind the open windows of the mill.

The mill was not going, and if the brothers had stopped hammering they might have heard every word that was said. They were, indeed, tempted to listen, when the talk grew lively and loud on the subject of the Argonauts and the dam.

"Well, I vow!" exclaimed Lute, "that sister of the late c-c-commodore actually stands up for 'em!"

"Was it she who said the most of 'em are good fellows and want only what is right?" Mart asked. "Well! that may be so, but they've an odd way of showing it."

Rush would n't believe it was Miss Bartland who said it. But Lute was sure.

"The r-r-rest," he insisted, "are all on our side. I'm confident they are. I g-g-guess Tilly has talked 'em over."

At length, the girls left the tree, and Letty took them into the mill to appeal to her brothers on some point in dispute and to show where Buzrow had been caught.

Once in the mill, they became interested in other things. Rush was painting a doll's carriage; and Syl Bartland, with the prettiest arch smile, asked him to explain how the wheels were

made,—merely to make him talk for Mollie Kent, he half believed.

Then some of Lute's toys attracted attention, one especially which he was at work on at the time.

He called it a water-glass. It was like a big tunnel, two feet long, except that the smaller end



"THE BOAT WAS ALSO COMPLETED AND LAUNCHED."

was shaped to fit a pair of eyes, and in the large end a disk of plain glass was fitted. On one side was a handle.

It was not exactly a t-t-toy, he said, and he was not making it to sell. It was for use in examining objects beneath the surface of the water.

"Plunge the glass below the r-r-ripples and reflections," he explained, "then shut out the light from this other end as you look in, and you'll be ast-t-tonished to find how distinctly you can see objects at the b-b-bottom, even of a deep pond."

"It's nothing but a toy, after all," said Syl Bartland. "I did n't know young men cared for toys!"

She laughed. Lute smiled behind his spectacles, and said, simply, "P-p-perhaps!" not deeming it expedient to explain further what the "toy" was for.



He had lately hung a little bell under his work-bench, and had connected with it a copper wire running down under the mill floor, and extending the whole length of the mud-sill, in such a way that any tampering with the foundations of the dam would instantly give a signal tinkle. The water-glass was designed for the occasional rapid examination of this wire, to see that it remained in place.

A toy, indeed! But whether it was to prove useful or not in providing against the machinations of the Argonauts, it was destined soon to serve a more serious purpose, little suspected now by the laughing Syl, or even by Lute himself.

The brothers, especially Lute and Rush, were a little nervous under the fire of the visitors' bright eyes. But their diffidence became them well; they could hardly have appeared to better advantage in swallow-tail coats, at a ball, than they did there in the mill, with their simple, modest manners, and in their working-day clothes. What a quaint, unpretending, noble fellow was Mart! Where was there another boy of seventeen so frank, fresh-looking, and sensible as Rush? And Lute; how earnest, sympathetic, and interesting, with his delightful stammer! How proud Letty was of them all!

"And these," said Tilly Loring, when once more afloat with her three companions, returning to Dempford with the ebb, "these are the mean, obstinate men who take all the water for their factory and don't leave any for the boats! Oh, what a goose I was!"

"But you must admit," Syl Bartland replied, "that sometimes when it is low water, they *do* shut it off so there is very little left, and that the dam *is* in the way!"

"I don't care if it is!" cried Mollie Kent, merrily, as with gloved hand she pulled her oar. "I hope they'll keep it; and I think it will be fun to come up some time, just we girls, and make them pull up their flash-boards for us! Will you?"

"O Mollie! Mollie! you are incorrigible!" said Syl. But she, too, looked as if she thought it would be fun.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### "IN STRICTEST CONFIDENCE."

HAVING seen the girls off, Mart went straight to his work-bench and pulled a folded bit of paper out of a crack.

"What's that?" cried Rush. "Where did it come from?"

"It came from a pretty pair of fingers," Mart answered. "I'm going to see what it is."

He unfolded the paper and read these words, penciled in a pretty, school-girl hand:

"In strictest confidence. Look out for your dam on the night of the Fourth."

He showed it to Lute and Rush, who read it with puzzled surprise, wondering whether it were meant for a serious warning or a joke.

"Which pair of p-p-pretty fingers left it?" Lute asked. "I think it was that Miss Kent, and she is a little b-b-bundle of mischief!"

"No, it was n't Miss Kent."

"It could n't be that demure Sarah Ball!" exclaimed Rush. Mart shook his head. "Nor Tilly?"

"Nor Tilly! Guess again."

"There's only one more guess, and that's absurd. Miss Bartland defends the Argonauts; and if she left it, why," Rush exclaimed, "then I'm sure it's a joke!"

"She left it," replied Mart; "and if you had seen the look she gave me at the time, you would be as sure as I am that it's no joke at all."

"She's d-d-deep!" commented Lute, reading again the words of warning.

"Anyhow," said Mart, "she's no light feather of a girl, to be blown this way and that in her opinions by the people she happens to be with. To tell the truth, I thought all the more of her for standing up a little stiffly for the Argonauts, when Letty and Tilly were abusing 'em."

"Well, I forgive her!" said Rush, with a radiant look at the billet. "We'll act as if it was no joke, anyway! They must n't catch us napping on the night of the Fourth."

"Nor any night, for that m-m-matter. I've fancied all along they were getting ready for something sudden and t-t-tremendous," said Lute. "I've an idea!"

"Something new?" said Mart.

"R-r-rather new. I've been c-c-considering it. There's that old pump-log we got with Dushee's rubbish. We can make a c-c-cannon of it."

"A cannon!" exclaimed Rush. "How so? What for?"

"Plug one end; put iron b-b-bands around the butt. Then load with sand, to sweep the d-d-dam, in case of any v-v-very sudden attack."

"O Lute!" said Rush, almost dancing with delight. "We'll get it all ready, and fire it off on the Fourth to try it!"

"Are n't you afraid you'll hurt some of the Argonauts, or frighten their horses?" said Mart, with drawling seriousness; but there was a twinkle in his eye which boded danger to marauders. "You're a reckless fellow, Lute! Let's go and look at your log."

It was, indeed, no false word of warning which the brothers had received. This time, the little commodore had taken the matter in charge; he



had consulted a mining engineer, and with his help had formed a plan which could hardly fail to succeed.

There was to be no stealthy attempt at carrying it out. On the contrary, the Argonauts were to come down the river in a fleet of boats on the night of the Fourth, making a great noise of singing and cheering and laughter and splashing of oars; under cover of which, quick and precise preparation was to be made by scientific hands for blowing up the dam.

"That's the way to do it!" said Web Foote to the committee on obstructions, flinging back his hair.

"That's the way to do it!" one of the said committee repeated to his friend Lew Bartland, one evening, at the late commodore's home,—*"in strictest confidence,"* as he declared.

Lew was not pleased with the plot, yet felt himself in honor bound not to divulge it. But a part of the conversation had been accidentally overheard by one who had fewer scruples.

Sylvia had learned of her brother to respect the attitude of the mill-owners. And though she believed the Argonauts had a right to the river, she was equally sure that in their manner of

enforcing that right they had put themselves outrageously in the wrong. She had not wished to hear the disclosure of their latest plot; she had tried to shut her ears against it. But she had been compelled to listen to it, and it had filled her with indignation.

"Can't they carry on their little war against those boys—fifty against five," she said to herself; (for the club was now so large)—*"without getting help from professional men outside? I'm ashamed of them!"*

Then came the opportunity to go up the river with her friends; and sitting with them in the willow-tree, hearing Letty's eloquent story of her brothers' wrongs, the impulse seized her to scribble those words of warning on the blank leaf of a letter; *"in strictest confidence,"* quoting the Argonautic phrase. She trembled afterward to think what she had done. But how could she be sorry?

This was on the first. By the fourth, arrangements on both sides, for attack and defense, were as complete as they could be made, while the Tinkhams remained ignorant of the details of the plot, and the Argonauts knew nothing of the alarm-wire and the wooden cannon loaded with sand.

*(To be concluded.)*

## THE SQUASH CLASS.

BY J. G. HADDINGTON.

THE Mayfair household were in a state of great commotion. It was the morning of the first Monday in September, and the day when school was to begin, after the long summer vacation.

The children had been in high glee half an hour before. Their tongues had made a perfect Babel of the house since their early waking; school-mates had been talked about, school-seats, school-desks, school-satchels, and school-games; and when the last shoe had been buttoned, the last bow tied, they simultaneously uttered the word *"school-books!"* and rushed in a body to the room where, late in June, they had left their manuals in neatly arranged rows. They stopped short in their merry tumble over each other; for one instant there was ominous silence; then a variously pitched wail broke forth, for the shelves which should have held their books confronted them with staring emptiness.

Their helplessness and indignation took expression according to their peculiar characters. Ned

kicked the door-panel, and banged with his pudgy fists till the sound reëchoed through the house. Mabel began to take the starch out of her clean white apron with her tears. Georgie lay prone on the floor in sullen silence, and Mollie rushed about exclaiming in shrill, angry tones:

"It's that good-for-nothing Roxie again! I'll just shake her, I will!"

Mamma, followed by three-year old baby Roxie, came up in haste to see what dreadful disturbance had arisen among her little folk. At sight of the little toddler, the wrath of the elder children seemed, if possible, to increase.

"We can't go to school now, you naughty little thing!" shouted Ned; and Mollie's threatening "Tell us where they are! Tell us where they are!" made the generally petted baby-sister run and hide for protection in the mother's skirts.

Plainly, Roxie was the offender. But Mamma sought to adjust matters, and said calmly:



"Roxie, where are the books? Think carefully, and tell us!"

But the little quivering lips only stammered:

"*Woxie has n't me-mem-ber!*" and all knew at once that the only thing to be done was to search and search until the missing books were found. So, with Mamma leading, the children filed out gloomily and began to look in all directions. Upstairs and down-stairs they went, Papa and aunties joining in the general hunt as the case grew more mysterious. All the rooms were gone through; all the passage-ways investigated;—little Roxie accompanying and seeming to enjoy it all, as if it were some game like "Hunt the thimble." But would the books be found in time for school! It grew near the time when the children should be off, and still the search was unsuccessful.

Roxie had mislaid books before; had been talked to, and even mildly punished for it. Lest you should think she did it maliciously, we will explain for her.

Almost every child has a mania for *playing* school-teacher, after once beginning to attend school; and Roxie had been seized with this mania early. She had never yet been in a school-room, nor did she know a single letter of the alphabet. All her conception of study, gathered from watching her brothers and sisters, consisted in holding a book in her lap, lowering her face close over it, and swaying her little body back and forth with a buzzing accompaniment of lips and voice that was very comical to witness. She had a perfect craze for books at the time of our story; and when the children were out at play their methodically arranged piles of school-books were often ruthlessly mixed and scattered, so that when they were again wanted the woful owners went complaining to Mamma over Little Mischief's doings. Sometimes the missing books were found lying open on different chairs, each of which Roxie had peopled with a scholar; sometimes distributed in the same way over the steps of the hall or cellar stairs, until there were fears that some one would be dangerously hurt by stumbling over them.

But where could she have been teaching last? Where could the missing books be, this morning? The more hopeless the search became, the more

animated the searchers grew. School hour came and passed, and the excited children exclaimed that they never would forgive Roxie for this crowning piece of mischief.

Papa, who also was detained from his office, finally took the little culprit aside, lifted her on his knee, and tried to help her recollect what seemed to have slipped out of her memory altogether. His effort was in vain. Little Roxie felt the importance of the occasion, and her position as the central figure, and, giving her imagination loose rein, named most impossible places: "*New 'Ork*" (a hundred miles away); "*At Auntie Em's*" (a day's ride in the country); and such like answers. Every part



THE SQUASH CLASS.

of the house and yard had been searched. The family stood waiting upon every chance word that fell from the child's lips, if possibly any one of them might give a clue; for the books had to be found; the children would have to go to school in the afternoon. Some one suggested the barn, and a rush thither ensued. A row of eggs in regular order showed that Roxie had been drilling scholars there; but a thorough search afforded no trace of the books.

It was getting near the dinner-hour by this time, and Mamma, pausing in the search to give orders to Bridget, chanced to mention "squashes" as among the things to be prepared for the meal. But at the sound of the word, Roxie instantly flew toward the garden, exclaiming, "*My skosh! My booful skosh!*" They hardly knew why they followed her, for squashes had no association with books; but, reaching the plot in the garden, each and every one of them was convulsed with laughter.



The search for the books was over.

The artist auntie begged that Roxie's garden school should be left undisturbed till the books were needed for the afternoon; and, hurrying to the house, she brought camp-stool, drawing materials, and an umbrella. At the dinner table she presented, for the amusement and appreciation of all, a sketch of Roxie's squash class, just as she had left it. The children all voted it

should be sent at once to ST. NICHOLAS, and so here it is.

As for little Roxie, she esteemed herself a heroine instead of a baby in disgrace. And she still delights to point out in the picture, for Mamma's benefit, the "skosh" that would n't study, the one that grew sleepy and would n't stand straight, the one that *would* whisper, and the good one that studied *so* hard.

## DORA.

BY HELEN HAYES.

IT was a dull, dark day, and a short one. The sun went down behind the hills early, leaving a little cottage, where an old woman sat knitting, even more dismal and dark than it had been before. It was not much better than a hut, with two or three rooms, and was wretchedly old and worn out; and the old woman who lived in it was quite as forlorn. She was a bent, withered, wrinkled dame, too mean and miserly to keep herself comfortable. She had money, but it was hidden away in old stockings, and they were hidden in out-of-the-way places, in crevices and crannies, under old broken bowls, or between the layers of her rickety bed.

The house was tumbling down for want of repair; there was not a chair nor a table in it that did not need a leg; the shelf for dishes had not a cup that was not cracked nor a plate without a nip out of it. The pitchers all had broken noses, the pails had no handles, the tea-pot was without a spout, and the iron kettles were rusty and leaky. But this did not matter, for no one ever shared the old dame's crusts, and even beggars thought the place too ill-looking to stop there and ask alms. The neighbors, and none were very near, never crossed her threshold; the only live thing in the hut besides herself was the cat. Had it not been for the many mice and an occasional squirrel, even the cat could not have lived there, for she was never fed by the old woman, whose own food was of the plainest, coarsest kind. Once a week, she hobbled into the town for a little tea, a bit of meat, and a small pail of flour. Upon this very same dark, dismal day, she had bought her supplies, and had come home very weary; so she put a stick on the fire, hung the kettle over it, and took up an unfinished stocking to knit till the water should boil.

Blacker and blacker grew the sky, and the rising

wind made the old shutters creak and the old boards tremble. Dry leaves whirled in the air, but they were the only moving things on the road.

Click, click, went the old dame's needles, for she was used to knitting in the dark, and would not have lighted a candle for the world: such a useless expense as that; no, indeed!

The cat yawned and stretched herself by the scanty blaze on the hearth, then drew up and sat in dignified silence. She seemed to be listening.

There certainly was a sound not made by the wind! It was not unlike the sobbing of a child. It came nearer, then stopped, and a little knock was heard on the door.

The dame thought she must have been dreaming; no one ever knocked at that door, so she went on knitting,—clickety click, clickety click. The cat opened her eyes wider and gave a little flourish of her tail.

Knock, knock! There it was again! So the dame shuffled over to the door, and, poking out her head, cried:

"Who's there?"

"Me, ma'am," said a tiny voice.

"And what do you want?"

"I'm so hungry."

"This is no place to come for food; I have n't enough for myself."

"But I am very tired."

"So am I." And with that the old woman banged the door and came back to the fire.

The sobbing began again, and the wind muttered and growled in the chimney and moaned about the eaves. The cat's eyes grew greener, and her tail lashed about. She drew herself up even more than before; and then, to the dame's utter surprise, the cat said:



"You have made a great mistake."

"How so?" returned the dame, dropping the knitting, and peering over her glasses, as if it was their fault she had not heard aright.

"You have turned away peace and plenty from your door," said the cat, very grandly.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the old woman.

"I tell you again, you will rue it," said the cat.

"Are you sure?" asked the dame, impressed by the cat's dignified and positive manner.

"Quite sure," said the cat; "she would have brought you GOLD."

That magic word made the dame start.

"Who would have brought me gold?" she asked.

"The child."

"Who is she?"

"No matter," said the cat.

"Is it too late to call her back?" inquired the old woman anxiously, and shuffling again toward the door.

"Try," said the cat.

The dame opened the door, but the night was too dark to see anything. In spite of her deafness, however, she thought she heard a cry. She groped her way in its direction, and there, crouching under a corner of the rickety old fence, was the self-same child.

"Come with me," said the dame; and the child arose and followed her.

When they had come back to the house, they found the cat curled up in a heap, and apparently asleep. The dame muttered angrily about being so foolish as to listen to what a cat said. But just then she heard a low "Take care!"

It could have come only from the cat, for the child was warming its poor little hands before the tiny blaze, and the kettle had begun to sing.

Then the old woman took out a candle, lighted it, and surveyed the child.

She was a little creature, thin, and half-starved looking, but her eyes were of the soft blue of wild violets, and her hair was yellow as sunshine.

"What is your name?" demanded the dame, peering at the little girl.

"Theodora, or 'Dora' as Mamma called me."

"Where is your mother?"

"In heaven."

"And you: where did you come from; where are you going?"

"I'm trying to find Mamma."

Nothing more could the old woman draw from the sobbing little creature. But her old, withered heart began to pain her. Some dim, far-off recollection stirred a faint feeling of pity; something in the child's words and wistfulness roused the old dame to warm the little feet and bathe the little

face, and give the child a taste of food and drink, and place her beneath the warm bed-clothes.

The dame rose early next day, and made a fire while the child still slept; and as she was blowing the embers, she was sure the cat, who was stretching herself in the chimney-corner, said:

"Be kind! Be careful!"

When the child awoke and had risen, she fell upon her knees and prayed; and the old dame, listening, felt a tear trickle down the wrinkles and fall upon her hand. At once she went to the cupboard and cut a thick slice of bread; and then she watched the child eat it, with a new sensation of pleasure. But the little one, having eaten, came and kissed her, and the poor old woman sat down and cried; for no human being had so much as spoken a kind word to her in years. Then little Dora seemed so sorry, that the old woman dried her tears and began the household work; but Dora begged so hard to do a share, and was so active and handy, that the old dame just sat down and simply watched her.

Hither and thither went the little girl, like a busy domestic fairy. She swept the room, she polished the candlestick, she wiped the table, and folded the cloth; she fed the cat, and the dame said never a word in objection; she filled the kettle and replenished the fire, and then she sat down and asked for some knitting. It took the dame's misty eyes a long time to find extra needles and yarn; but when she saw how fast Dora's little fingers made the yarn spin out, and how swiftly and deftly the stocking grew, she determined to go to the village, that very day, and get some more wool to knit with.

This was a wonderful thing for the dame to do, and, more wonderful still, she sought for one of the old stockings in which she had hid the money, and, taking out a goodly coin, she put it in her pocket and departed.

Never had the dame known the sun to shine so brightly, or her old limbs to feel so light and agile. She laughed at the squirrels that seemed to chatter at her from the tree tops, and she trotted on, with a new, strange feeling underneath her kerchief. In the village, she bought the yarn, and the shopwoman gazed in surprise at the change in her face: where had been a gloomy frown was now a merry twinkle.

Then the old woman bought some pretty blue stuff and a ribbon to match; and a poulterer opened his eyes when she asked the price of a pair of fowls, and paid for them on the spot,—real live rooster and hen. And she tied them by the legs, swung them over her arm, and left the village.

As she neared the hut, she almost feared to enter. What if Dora had gone? What if some one had



come and lured the child away? Where, then, would have been the use of all this expenditure?

But Dora had not gone. At the door, with open arms, and eager face all sunny with smiles, stood the child, and the cat beside her.

They entered the house, and then Dora laughed and danced and clapped her hands to see the old dame stare; for the little hut seemed turned into a bower. Boughs and branches of green hid the once bare walls and the broken places; a bright fire burned on the hearth; the table was set with its homely appointments, but it had also a pitcher filled with purple asters and bright red leaves; a nice little loaf of bread was on the table, too; the floor had been swept, and the kettle sang a merry welcome.

"Where did you get the loaf, child?" asked the old woman.

"I made it, Granny, all by myself, and baked it in the ashes.

"Oh I can bake, and I can brew, and I can fill the kettle too,"

sang Dora, dancing about, and holding up her little skirts; then, catching up the cat, she romped about till the old dame shook with laughter.

But when the cock and hen were put upon the floor, and their legs untied, Dora was wild with delight. And away she went to look for something to make a house for their comfort. Soon she returned with an old box she had seen out-of-doors, saying:

"This will do nicely. Now we will have fresh eggs every day! I will keep them in this, till you get somebody to make a nice chicken-coop, Granny; and somebody, too, must come with a hammer and nails and mend things up for us; and we will make a rag carpet, and you shall have a new bed. Oh, it will be so nice!"

But Granny looked grave and shook her head; when the cat suddenly drew up and looked very solemn, and Granny was sure she heard a low

"Take care!"

But Dora did not hear. She only danced up to the old woman and kissed her, took off her shawl and folded it, and, putting some tea to draw, made "Granny" sit still by the fire and eat a bit of the little loaf.

The child's kiss again had a strange effect upon the dame; it brought tears to the old eyes, and made her willing to do just as Dora wished.

Then the blue stuff for Dora's dress and the ribbon to match were shown, and there was another shout of glee and a dance of delight, and once more the cat was hugged and old Granny kissed.

Never had the dame known such a day. Never

had her old heart been so gladdened. She seemed to have become a child again, young and fresh and happy. And when night sent long shadows upon the hearth, and the child, after saying her few words of prayer, crept into bed, the old dame knelt down, too, and cried:

"Oh, Lord God! forgive me all my miserly wickedness."

From that day forward, there was a great change in the old hut and its owner. Dirt and untidiness vanished. Dora knitted so fast that the old dame had to send her twice a week for yarn, and the stockings and mittens she made were so strong and so warm, that every one was glad to buy them. More chickens were bought, and there were so many eggs that some had to be sold. A carpenter came from the village and mended the chairs and tables, and put on a new roof. At evening, a ruddy light gleamed through bright window-panes, and in the morning Dora might be seen, with pail on arm, going to milk a meek brown cow which the dame had bought. Good, thick, rich cream was now in the cat's bowl, and she no more had to hunt squirrels and mice. A bright-faced clock ticked over the fire-place, white curtains draped the snowy bed, and peace and plenty abode in the old dame's home.

Dora grew tall and strong, and more and more helpful. The dame sat beside the fire in spotless cap, and did nothing but knit. Neighbors and friends came in and chatted, and were welcome. No more the hungry beggar passed by the door, for all who saw Dora knew that pity and kindness were within her heart. Flowers blossomed in the door-way, and vines crept up the door-posts.

The cat grew older and older, and purred out her happiness; never again had she spoken in audible words, but peace and plenty, ay, and gold, had come to the old dame's hearth.

A strange clergyman, passing one day, asked for a draught to quench his thirst. Dora brought him a brimming glass of sweetest milk.

"Whom shall I thank?" he asked, as he glanced at her lovely face.

"My name is Theodora," she returned.

"That means '*The gift of God*,'" said the stranger, reverently.

Sometimes, the thought of what she would have lost that dreary night, had she refused shelter to the little sobbing child, would come to the old dame's mind; and then she would shiver and bend down to pat the purring pussy. Was it, then, conscience or the cat that had spoken? Whichever it was, the dame never regretted opening her cottage and her heart to little Theodora.



## THE BOY AND THE TOOT.

By M. S.



There was a small boy with a toot,  
 Whom the neighbors all threatened to shoot:  
 But the toot the next day,  
 Was filled full of clay,  
 Which stopped all the toot of the toot





## TOM, DICK, AND HARRY, IN FLORIDA.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

THE sun that brings perpetual summer to balmy southern climes was shining brightly over the white houses of Pilatka. Amid the shade trees along the streets, the golden yallahalmacks (sour oranges) hung in bright contrast to the dark and shining foliage of their loftier companions. Graceful festoons of gray Spanish moss draped the boughs of the wild magnolias, whose sweet fragrance, mingling with the scent of many flowers unknown to northern latitudes, perfumes the soft May air; while along the water's edge the presence of myriads of mosquito-like insects suggested



"A PEEP INTO THE FOREST ON THE BANKS OF THE OCLAWAHA."

one of the characteristic discomforts which are mingled with the attractions of life in Florida.

The perfume-laden breeze fanned alike the cheeks of the sallow southern planter, the sun-tanned tourist, the swarthy negro, and the wan and feeble invalid, as they lazily grouped themselves in picturesque lounging attitudes on the dock to watch three lively, bustling youths, who were engaged in hoisting the anchor and setting the sail of a small flat-bottomed boat.

"I say, fellows," presently called out the tallest of the boys, "it's a shame to leave such a chance for a sketch! If those people were posing especially for a picture, they could not form themselves into a finer tableau."

"Oh, give us a rest on sketching and take the tiller!" replied one who answered to the name of Dick. "There, old fellow, now let's show that old 'corn-cracker' down yonder that we Yankee boys can sail a boat."

"Ay! Ay! Dick;—Hard-a-lee!" was the response. "Look out, Tom, or that luggage will be overboard."

And with a loud answering cry of "Hi-yi!" to the farewell cheer from the group on the landing, our three heroes, Tom, Dick, and Harry, went skimming merrily over the coffee-colored waters of the St. John's River.

"Ah!" sighed Harry, while tugging at the rude oar that answered for a rudder. "If we only had the 'Nomad' down here now."

"Yes," answered Tom;—"but this scow-shaped craft can make good time with the wind astern. There,—make the sheet fast with a hitch,—that's it. See how small the people on the dock look now! The 'Nomad,'" he continued, "is a beauty, and no one can deny that she is just the boat for a cruise on Long Island Sound. Yet this open, flat-bottomed boat possesses advantages not to be overlooked. See! she draws but a few inches of water, is as tight as a drum, and what better or more convenient lockers could a fellow want for his luggage than the two water-tight compartments in the square bow and stern? The mast can be taken down at pleasure, and, when supported by the two crotches that I had made at Pilatka, forms an excellent ridge-pole for a tent made of the sail. And last, but not least in your eyes, Harry, this comical little boat is more picturesque than the trim yacht on board of which we made the trip to the Desert Island \* last year."

"True," replied Harry, thoughtfully. "There seems to be a natural fitness even in man's handiwork that harmonizes with nature's surroundings."

"Now, Harry, I really must protest," Tom was beginning, with an air of long-suffering endurance finally worn out, when Harry interrupted him in his turn.

"Let me alone, Tom; I never interrupt you when you talk natural history. As I was saying, this craft is a natural accompaniment to the scene."

\* See "One Day on a Desert Island," ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1882.



What an entirely  
to the rough, cold

"There he is go-

But Harry was  
bound  
to finish,  
and placidly con-  
tinued:

"What a peaceful,  
quiet warmth per-  
vades everything  
here! See how the  
white houses of dis-  
tant Pilatka shine  
out from among the  
trees! And look at the  
bold dash of color on  
yonder lawn——"

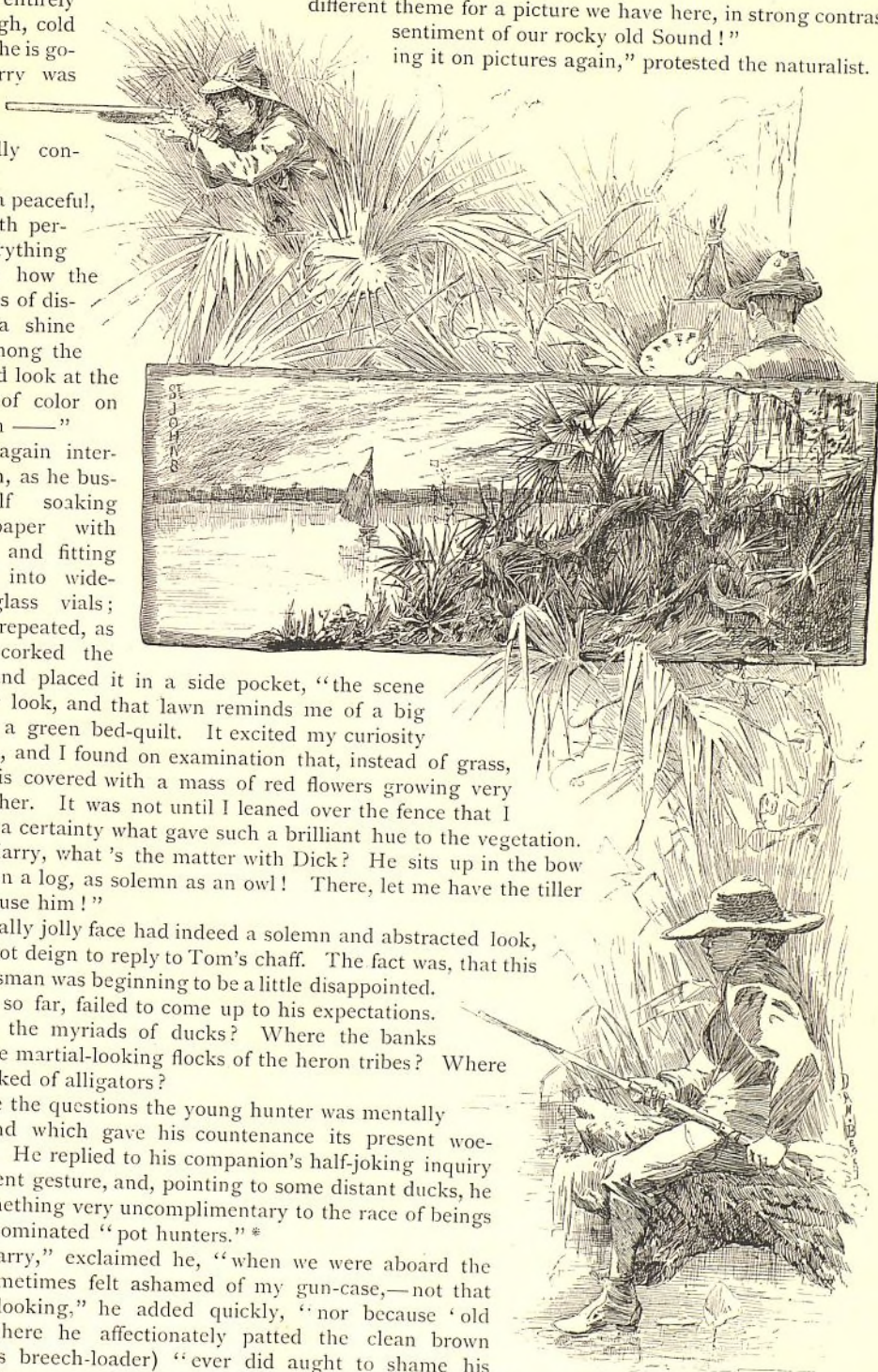
"Ye-s," again inter-  
rupted Tom, as he bus-  
ied himself soaking  
blotting paper with  
chloroform, and fitting  
the pieces into wide-  
mouthed glass vials;  
"ye-s," he repeated, as  
he tightly corked the  
last bottle and placed it in a side pocket, "the scene  
has a sleepy look, and that lawn reminds me of a big  
red patch in a green bed-quilt. It excited my curiosity  
when ashore, and I found on examination that, instead of grass,  
the ground is covered with a mass of red flowers growing very  
closely together. It was not until I leaned over the fence that I  
could tell to a certainty what gave such a brilliant hue to the vegetation.  
But I say, Harry, what's the matter with Dick? He sits up in the bow  
like a knot on a log, as solemn as an owl! There, let me have the tiller  
while you rouse him!"

Dick's usually jolly face had indeed a solemn and abstracted look,  
and he did not deign to reply to Tom's chaff. The fact was, that this  
tireless sportsman was beginning to be a little disappointed.  
Florida had, so far, failed to come up to his expectations.  
Where were the myriads of ducks? Where the banks  
lined with the martial-looking flocks of the heron tribes? Where  
the much talked of alligators?

These were the questions the young hunter was mentally  
revolving, and which gave his countenance its present woe-  
begone look. He replied to his companion's half-joking inquiry  
by an impatient gesture, and, pointing to some distant ducks, he  
muttered something very uncomplimentary to the race of beings  
whom he denominated "pot hunters." \*

"Why, Harry," exclaimed he, "when we were aboard the  
steamer I sometimes felt ashamed of my gun-case,—not that  
it is shabby-looking," he added quickly, "nor because 'old  
Baldface'" (here he affectionately patted the clean brown  
barrels of his breech-loader) "ever did aught to shame his  
owner; but because every man, woman, and child aboard that boat seemed to have fire-arms  
of some description, with which they kept up a constant fusillade, aimed at every living thing we

different theme for a picture we have here, in strong contrast  
sentiment of our rocky old Sound!"  
ing it on pictures again," protested the naturalist.



\* A term applied to those who shoot game out of season.



passed. I shall be ashamed to look game in the face——"

"Perhaps that unpleasant contingency will not be forced upon you," interrupted Harry.

"Well," said Dick, quite soberly, "there is not, I am sure, an alligator left in the St. John's large enough to frighten a cat."

Hardly were the last words out of Dick's mouth, when there was a terrible splash alongside the boat.

"Look out! there, she jibes! Goodness! what *was* that?" said Harry, as he perched himself upon the gunwale of the boat and wiped the water from his eyes. "I thought you knew better, Tom, than to jibe a cranky boat like this, when going before the wind!"

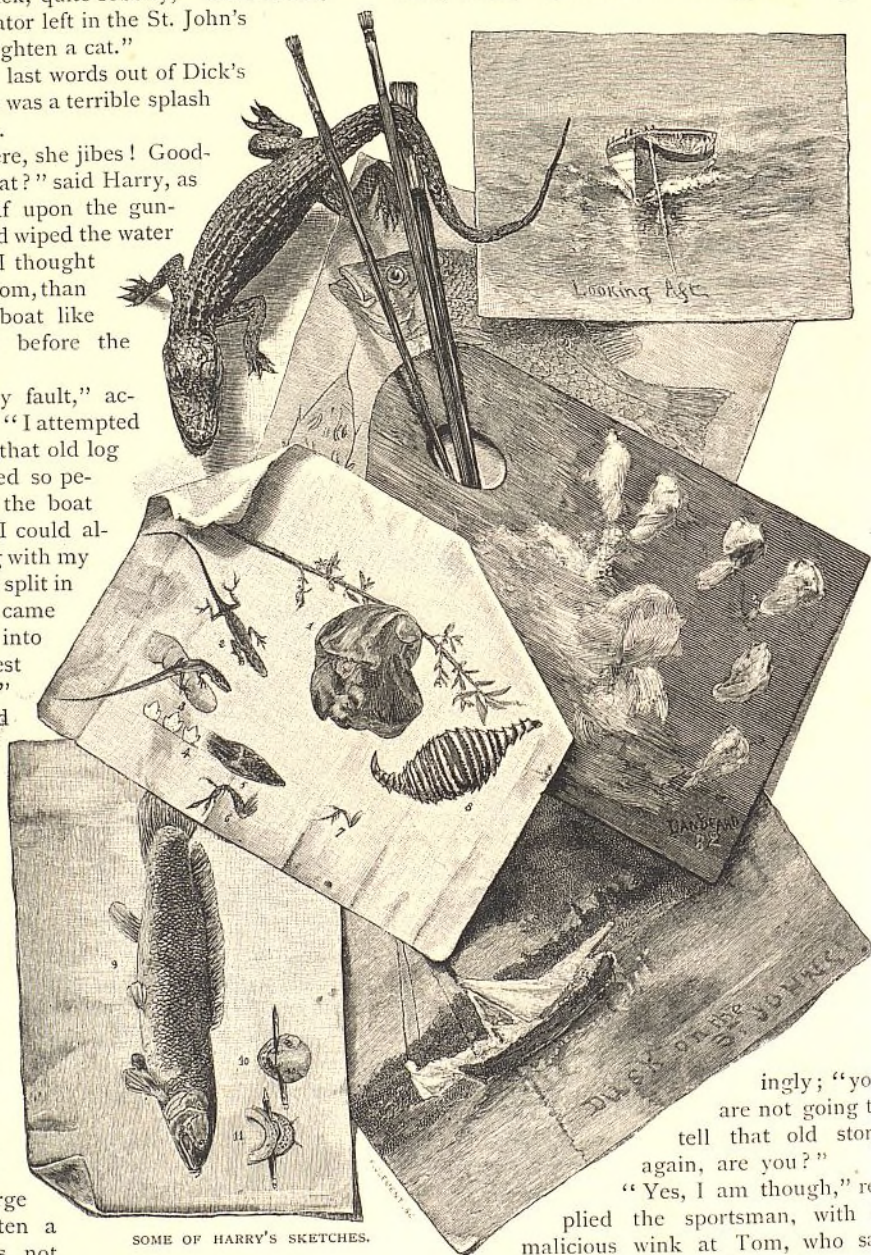
"It was all my fault," acknowledged Tom. "I attempted to sail up close to that old log to see why it looked so peculiar, and when the boat was so near that I could almost touch the log with my hand, the old snag split in two, and half of it came near tumbling into the boat. Strangest thing I ever saw!"

"Yes," answered Harry, dryly, as he pointed to some object that was swimming off, leaving a long wake in the water; "it was a very lively *log*! And there it goes, with the tip of its scaly yellow and black tail and the end of its snout above the water. A *log*, indeed! It is one of Dick's little 'gators, not large enough to frighten a cat! It really is not more than twelve feet long,—the little dear! Oh! oh!" laughed the artist. "Tom, the celebrated naturalist, mistakes an alligator for a log, and Dick, the nimrod, is too astonished to shoot!"

"Harry," retorted Dick, "how about that sand-

hill crane at Jacksonville—or rather, that pair of cranes? I think that is too good a joke to keep. I'm going to tell it to Tom. You deserve to be laughed at; so here goes."

"Now, Dick," remonstrated Harry, half laugh-



ingly; "you are not going to tell that old story again, are you?"

"Yes, I am though," replied the sportsman, with a malicious wink at Tom, who sat looking back at him, the picture of expectancy.

"No, let me make a donation of myself and tell the story," pleaded Harry.

"Too late, my boy," laughed Dick. "As I said before, here goes. Tom, you remember how the



old fish-hawk prevented Harry from sketching her nest? Well, our bold knight of the pencil has had another brush."

"There!" retorted Harry, "you know you only wanted to tell that story in order to gain the dishonor of that bad pun."

"While we were looking through the shops of Jacksonville, and waiting for the boat," continued Dick, unheeding the interruption, "Harry went off to make a sketch. Some tame sand-hill cranes, belonging to the curiosity-shop man, were stalking around town, showing off before strangers and picking up dainty morsels here and there, when they espied Harry hard at work painting. Now these birds possess a great amount of curiosity, and the strange position and actions of our artist excited in them a desire to see what the funny human animal was doing, so they both slyly approached him. The foremost bird, the better to investigate the matter, thrust his head quietly under the arm of our industrious, preoccupied friend. As the latter looked down to select a proper tint from his palette, imagine his astonishment to see a red-topped, long-beaked head between him and his colors. Jumping to his feet, Harry administered a blow with the painty side of his board, which made a highly artistic landscape of the bird's head and set it cackling with rage, flapping its wings and calling to its mate. The two cranes darted at the now terrified artist and chased him through the streets of Jacksonville, to the great delight of the colored boys, who shouted with glee to see the Yankee boy run from a pair of "red-tops."

"That's about all, Dick," said Harry. "I have now been duly punished, and will never again dare to poke fun at so magnanimous and great a hunter."

Thus a running fire of conversation was kept up, each one of the boys laughing with a hearty good will at the sallies of his companions, even if the joke happened to be upon himself, until at last Harry called out:

"There is the island, boys! Let me see the notes, Tom. Ah, here it is. 'Rembert or Drayton's Island; N. E. side, low and swampy; higher lands back; shell formation; wooded with sweet-gum, live oaks, smooth-barked hickory, and magnolias.' Yes, this must be the place. Let's put into that cove, Tom."

"All right," answered the helmsman. "Stand by the down-haul, and be ready to drop sail."

"Ay! ay!" answered the other boys, and in a few moments the flat bottom of the boat slid noisily over the moist shore, as the bow ran up on the beach.

Just as the boys were about to jump ashore, Tom stepped forward excitedly and cried out in great alarm: "For your life, Dick, don't move!"

Dick naturally stood as motionless as a rock, while Harry stared first at one and then the other of his companions. The naturalist thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a wide-mouthed bottle, uncorked it, and with a lead-pencil skillfully knocked into it a small object from the sleeve of the horror-stricken Dick.

"A mule-killer! Hurrah!" shouted Tom, in rapture, as he quickly replaced the cork in the bottle. "Look at that sting, Dick!—fully one and one half inches long."

"Thanks for the implied compliment," retorted Dick, upon whose brow the beads of cold perspiration stood. "But if I am a mule, I had much rather die at work in my harness than be killed by any such horrid-looking, scaly brown bug as that!"

"It is not a bug, Dick," replied Tom, as he gazed fondly upon his prize, which the chloroform had already either stupefied or killed. "It is a kind of scorpion."

"Tom is always the first fellow to find game," said Harry, "and now that he has settled the mule-killer, let us pick out our camping ground and cook something, for I am as hungry as a wolf. It must be about half-past two."

"Yes, lacking three minutes, New York time," said Dick.

The three boys sprang ashore, and before long had discovered a plantation where there was a well of good water, some orange-trees, and a banana grove with ripe and unripe fruit.

This, indeed, looked something like the Florida they had read about. While they were examining some tall, strange-looking palm-trees, which Tom pronounced to be date palms, a gentleman came from the house, and observing the three boys, evidently strangers, hospitably invited them in to a dinner of unlimited fruit, corn-bread, and pork.

With the exception of two plantations (the Calhoun orange grove, eighty or more years old, and Wright's place), Rembert Island appeared to be unoccupied, and was wild and tropical enough to satisfy even the fastidious taste of Dick.

Harry was delighted with the odd forms assumed by the vegetation. There were the decorative fan-shaped leaves of the *latinia*, or scrub palmetto, which covered the waste places with almost impenetrable thickets, and here and there along the edge of the clearings were the trunks of a strange plant, which twisted like a serpent on the ground, and then, turning up at the end, presented a crown armed with a formidable array of sharp, spike-like leaves, from which the plant derives its name of Spanish bayonet.

The thickets and swamps afforded a safe retreat for many wild animals, which there lived almost as free a life as did their ancestors, when the moc-



casined foot of the painted savage left its print in the yielding soil, and was the only sign of human life in the vast southern wilderness.

There was a pond upon the island frequented by a large number of water-fowl, where Tom, one morning, secured a pair of beautiful roseate spoon-bills, and where Dick was wont to travel, the report of his gun, "Old Baldface," always telling of a new specimen for the naturalist, or a dinner of fresh meat for them all.

Harry tramped or sailed about on voyages of discovery, until there was not a picturesque cove or vine-covered tree, within a circuit of ten miles, of which he did not have one or two sketches in his portfolio.

And Tom, with his pins and fatal bottles, played havoc among the creeping and flying insects; while his collection of bird-skins was destined to be the envy of many a stay-at-home book-naturalist, as Tom contemptuously termed them.

Late one afternoon, the boys were seated around a crackling camp fire of blazing pine knots, feeling very comfortable with the prospect of a good cup of tea and a relish of crackers and cheese before them, when a strange step was heard, and, looking up, the boys saw as odd a boy as they had ever encountered. He had high cheek-bones and a copper-colored face, and instead of wearing the traditional ivory-displaying grin of the conventional negro, his countenance was subdued even to gloom. He was attired in an old buckskin coat, two sizes too large for him, and a pair of superannuated overalls. But his face brightened into a positive smile at the sight of their preparations for supper, as he unceremoniously seated himself by the fire. He looked from one to the other of the boys for a moment, and then ejaculated:

"I s'pose yo's havin' a good time, an' ef yo' wants some fun, old Uncle Enos told me dat dar am one of dem young cats pesterin' de chickens. De old cat am dun killed a month ago."

"We're not hunting pussies," said Dick, in a superior manner.

"Dis heah's no pussy," retorted the lad, "he am a wild-cat; an' I knows whar to fin' him. Ef yo' s a mind to hab a hunt I'll show yo' de way."

And without waiting for an answer, the young savage started off, leaving the boys undecided what to do.

"I move we eat first and hunt afterward," suggested Tom.

"I'm with you," assented Harry.

Dick looked first at his gun and then at the simmering tea, and laconically remarked: "Tea,—or game? The majority rules."

"Pass around the majority," laughed Harry, as Tom commenced pouring out the tea.

Thoughts of both cat and boy soon faded from the minds of the tired and hungry boys as, with keen appetites, they devoured their evening meal.

The sun was setting when the boys retired to their sleeping quarters, which consisted of a bed of blanket-covered boards in their boat, over which they had pitched an A-shaped tent, open for ventilation at the ends, which, however, were protected by mosquito netting.

The boat was anchored out a little from the land, and all was ready for the night, when a voice rang out through the still air:

"I've got 'im! I've got 'im."

"What's that? Listen!" said Tom.

"I've got 'im!" repeated the voice, now recognized as belonging to their late visitor.

Without more ado, the three boys jumped into the skiff, and in a few moments were ashore, stumbling over roots, and splashing through water like mad, running pell-mell toward the spot where they had heard the voice.

"He is on the high land," cried Dick. "This way!" and leaping over a fallen tree, he disappeared in the jungle.

"Wonder what he's got?" queried Harry as, with perspiring face and torn garments, he rested against a palmetto tree.

"The cat, of course," replied Tom, as he bound his handkerchief around his wrist where a sharp thorn had lacerated it.

"Well," quoth Harry, "if the wild cat is anything like those that I have seen in cages, the boy is welcome to keep it, and I don't see why I hurried so."

"Dick must be there by this time," said Tom, "and possibly may need our help."

There was a sudden crackling of branches; and Dick ran by, laughing and mutely pointing back. Tom and Harry ran in the direction indicated, and soon discovered the young Indian in a half-kneeling posture, holding tightly to something under an old root.

The something proved to be a short, scrubby tail, the owner of which was struggling frantically to crawl down the hole; and Harry said it was only a question of how long the tail would last.

Tom was thunderstruck. The bare idea of catching a wild-cat by the tail made the well-read young naturalist shiver; but the ignorant Indian lad knew more of the nature and habits of such creatures than books could teach, and, therefore, when he saw the animal dive into the hole, he knew that, if caught by the tail, it would pull one way as long as he pulled the other. And as the hole was too narrow for the beast to turn, he was safe from claws and teeth until help arrived.



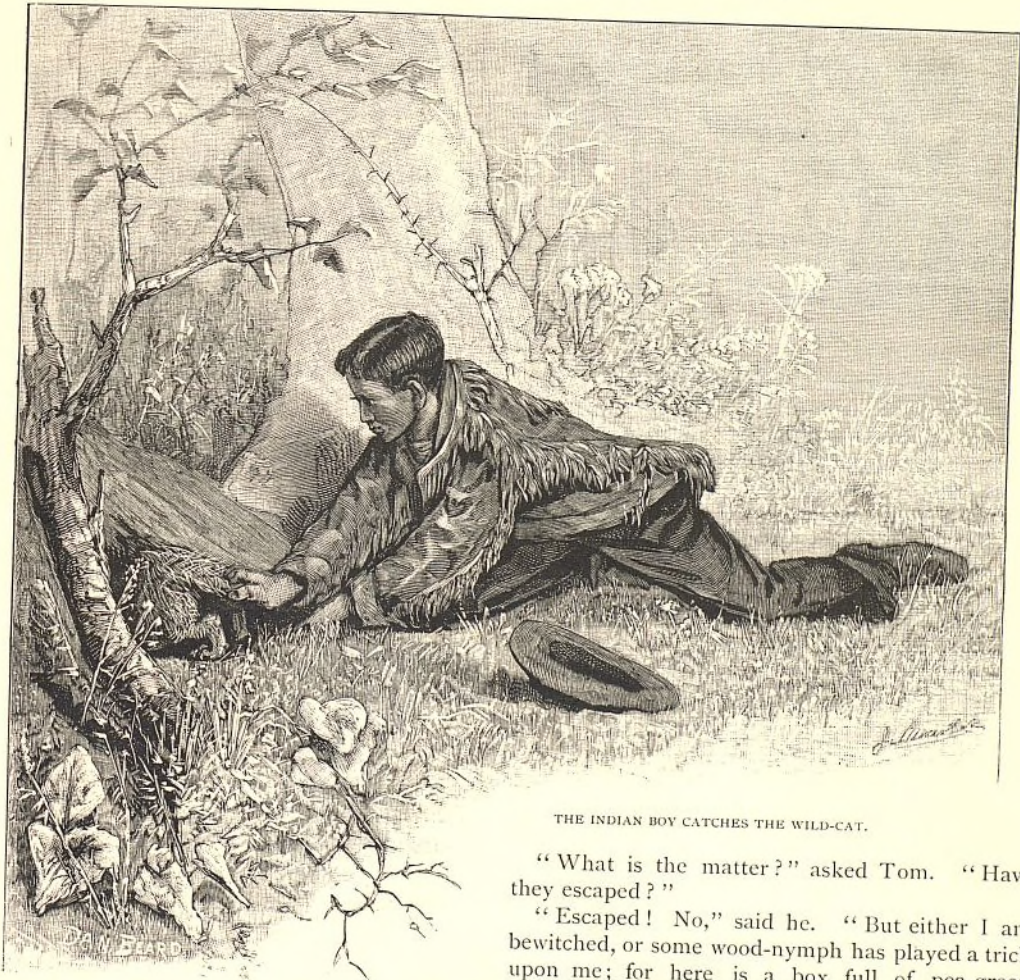
In a little while, the required help came in the shape of Dick, who, all out of breath, bore in his hand a pair of canvas overalls. Thrusting one arm through the lower end of one leg of the trousers, he caught the cat's tail with a firm grasp.

The negro now let go, and while Tom and Harry were gone to the camp for some twine, he pulled the top of the trousers leg over the hole and held it there securely. Dick then slowly pulled the frightened but ferocious animal backward out of the hole

A few days after this adventure, Harry went out for a tramp, and returned to camp, his face radiant with pleasure and self-satisfaction.

"Tom," said he, "I have caught for you some black, some yellow, and some brown lizards. Little beauties, I can tell you!"

Then he carefully opened an old cigar-box in which he usually carried his paints and, as he peeped inside, his eyes opened and his whole face expressed the utmost astonishment.



THE INDIAN BOY CATCHES THE WILD-CAT.

"What is the matter?" asked Tom. "Have they escaped?"

"Escaped! No," said he. "But either I am bewitched, or some wood-nymph has played a trick upon me; for here is a box full of pea-green lizards!"

"*Carolina anolis!*" sententiously remarked Tom.

"Who's she? The wood-nymph? Do you know her?" asked Harry, as he shut the box, with a snap. "Well, what I want to know is, how Carrie what's-her-name painted all my specimens bright-green, for I am willing to vouch that nothing green touched that box."

"Except yourself," laughed Tom. "You have

into the trousers leg, not letting go his hold on the tail until the Indian had gathered the top of the trousers together over the animal's head, and tied them securely.

When Tom and Harry returned, the cat was a prisoner; and Dick was scolding and laughing, by turns, at the poor, enraged brute's futile efforts to escape from the improvised bag, which danced and tumbled about in a most comical manner.



been catching what are commonly known as Florida chameleons, and they have changed color in the box. If I were to put them all in alcohol now, they



A COMICAL CAPTIVE.

would again change color, and remain of a dirty yellow hue."

From the mysterious depths of his pockets Tom produced a magnifying-glass. Then, thrusting his hands into the cigar-box, he pulled out one of the squirming reptiles, and, holding it between his thumb and forefinger, handed Harry the glass, saying:

"Look and see how old Dame Nature has adapted the feet of these little rascals for climbing."

Harry looked and saw that the under side of each toe was a cushion, the surface of which was pleated like an old-fashioned shirt-front,—the pleats on the hinder part having their edges turned toward the end of the toe, and the pleats on the forward part having their edges turned toward the heel, thus dividing the cushion in the middle just as the band for the studs divided the shirt-front.

"What's that for, Tom?" asked Harry.

"Look again and see," answered Tom, in a lofty, professor-like manner.

Upon looking a second time, Harry discovered that the edges of the pleats were armed with rows of needle-like points, and the mechanical principles upon which the foot acted dawned upon him.

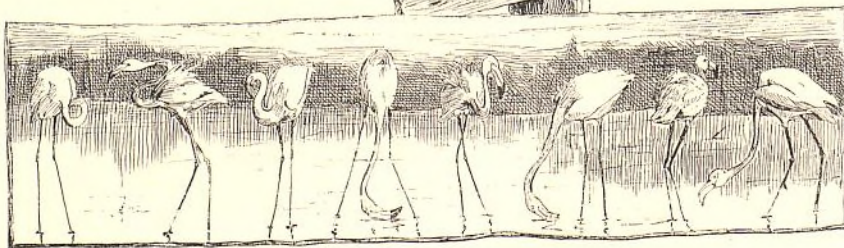
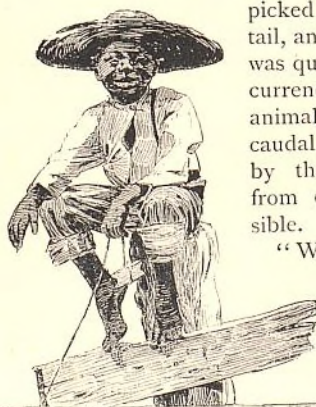
"I see, I see!" he exclaimed. "When the little rascal runs up a wall, the soft pads upon his toes fit and fill any little uneven place beneath them, acting like the leather suckers we used to make; while, at the same time, the little spines pointing downward are brought to bear upon the surface of the wall. But," he continued, "should Mr. Bright Eyes run down the wall, the pads perform their part just as well and are aided by the opposite set of spines and pleats. Hurrah for Tom, the great naturalist!" he shouted, and in his enthusiasm dropped the box from under his arm.

The inmates immediately took advantage of the opportunity to scatter in every direction; seeing which, Harry grabbed at one and caught it by the tail. His sudden cry of horror startled Tom from his fit of laughter; but when a tailless chameleon darted under a stick at his feet, and he saw Harry gazing with consternation on a squirming tail which he held in his hand for a moment, and then dropped twisting and writhing on the ground, he broke out afresh and laughed immoderately.

Harry looked up at last, muttering something about its being his belief that the box had contained imps instead of reptiles. He was then about to

start away, when Tom picked up the still lively tail, and explained that it was quite an ordinary occurrence for this curious animal to part with its caudal appendage, when, by that means, escape from captivity was possible.

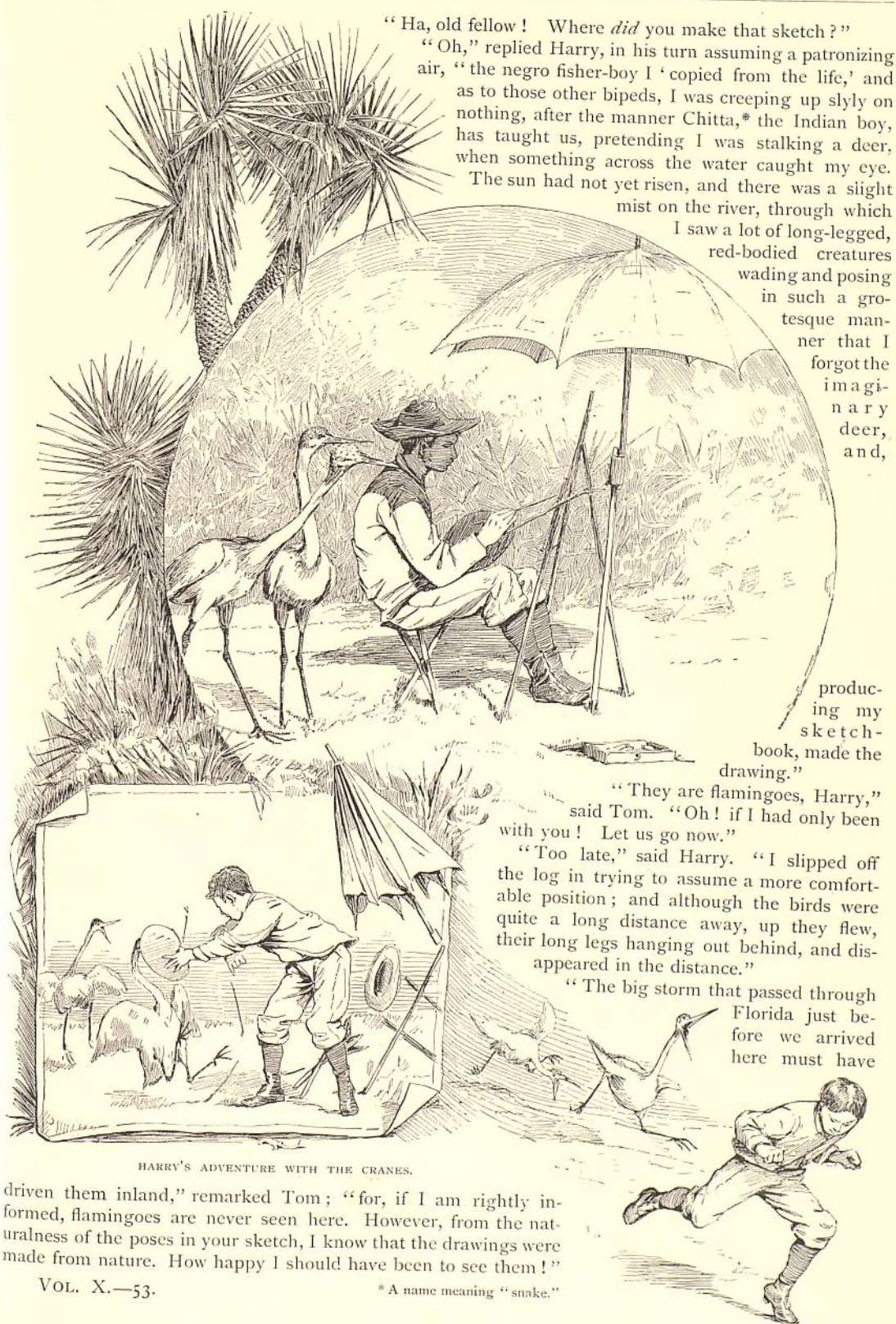
"Well," said Harry, changing the subject, "what do you think of this?"



A STUDY OF BIPEDS.

With these words, he opened his sketch-book, and showed it to his companion. Tom's eyes sparkled, and he exclaimed joyously:





HARRY'S ADVENTURE WITH THE CRANES.

driven them inland," remarked Tom; "for, if I am rightly informed, flamingoes are never seen here. However, from the naturalness of the poses in your sketch, I know that the drawings were made from nature. How happy I should have been to see them!"

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"Thanks," remarked Harry to the naturalist, "more for the compliment to my sketch than for the implied doubt of my word. But I suppose you scientific fellows must have hard facts, so here is a sketch of a fish-stork, though I call the whole lot river pirates."

"Harry! Harry!" cried Tom, "that can not be true to nature!"

"There you go again, Tom," said the naturalist, in an injured tone. "Now, I tell you I did not get up before daylight, and tramp and crawl around through mud and water all day without any dinner, merely to draw on my imagination. Old Uncle Enos will bear witness to this."

"He was out fishing this morning, and as I was acting the spy on all nature I watched him. I saw him row ashore and pull up his boat high and dry. Then he went away for

the water, and with the string of fish dangling behind."

"That was a pelican, Harry," said Tom. "You have seen enough of them before; so don't pretend ignorance, just to add to the improbable possibilities of your story."

"I say, boys," interrupted Dick at this point, "I do not like to propose it, any more than you; but do you know our time is up? I think that we had better devote to-morrow to gathering our traps together and packing. We must hurry, too, to reach home on time!"

"That is a *home thrust*; but you are right, Dick," responded Tom, with a regretful sigh for the delights he was called upon to leave.

Not many days afterward, the boys landed safely in New York, and were looking after the careful handling of their numerous odd-shaped packages and bundles, which, as might be surmised from the alligator's

RIVER



foot and an odd-looking bird's head which protruded from one and another, contained their curiosities, trophies, and specimens.

something; but he had n't been gone for more than a few minutes, when along came two big birds about the size of swans, but with great long heads with bags hanging from the under side of them.

"'There is something for Tom,' thought I, and as I had no gun, I took out my pencil. Suddenly, to my surprise, one of the birds made for the boat, waddled ashore, and with an awkward flap of its wings tumbled its great body into the skiff. Uncle Enos evidently caught sight of the bird just then; for as it was making a tremendous effort to swallow a whole string of fish at once, the old man shouted at it. At the sound of the voice away went the bird, flapping its huge wings on

"It does not seem possible, and I can hardly realize the fact, that we are back in New York," remarked Harry. "This whirling a fellow from the wild, silent depths of a Floridian swamp into the midst of the every-day, practical, bustling world, rather upsets me."

"Well, good-bye, boys," said Dick, as they took leave of one another on the pier. "I have ordered all the boxes sent to my house, as we agreed; and if you should feel sufficiently civilized by to-morrow to resume your ordinary store clothes, come around, and we'll unpack them together."

The friends then separated. And so ended their trip to Florida.

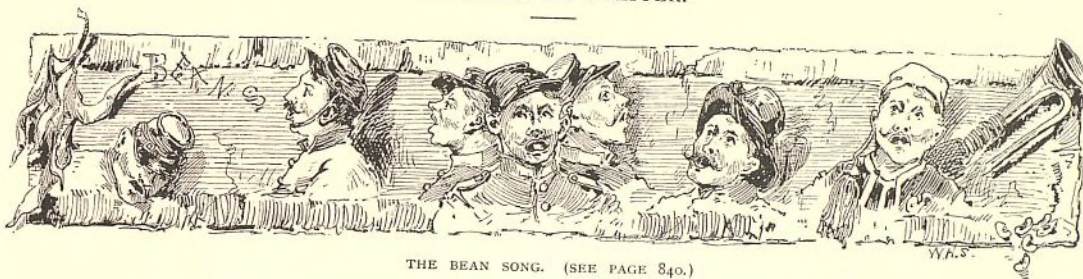




## RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.\*

NEW SERIES.

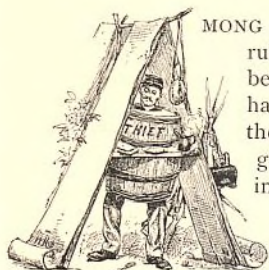
BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.



THE BEAN SONG. (SEE PAGE 840.)

## CHAPTER IV.

## PAINS AND PENALTIES.



AMONG all civilized nations, the rules of war seem to have been written with an iron hand. The laws by which the soldier in the field is governed are, of necessity, inexorable; for strict discipline is the chief excellence of an army, and a ready obedience the chief virtue of a soldier. Nothing can be more admirable in the character of the true soldier than his prompt and unquestioning response to the trumpet-call of duty. The world can never forget, nor ever sufficiently admire, a Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans at Thermopylae, the Roman soldier on guard at the gates of perishing Pompeii, or the gallant six hundred charging into the "valley of death" at Balaklava. Disobedience to orders is the great sin of the soldier, and one which is sure to be punished; for at no other time does Justice wear so stern and severe a look as when she sits enthroned amidst the camps of armed men.

In different sections of the army, various expedients were resorted to for the purpose of correcting minor offenses. What particular shape the punishment should assume depended very much upon the inventive faculty of the Field and Staff, or of such officers of the line as might have charge of the case.

Before taking the field, a few citizen sneak-thieves were discovered prowling about among the tents. These were promptly drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogues' March," the whole regiment shouting in derision as the miser-

able fellows took to their heels when the procession reached the limits of the camp, where they were told to be gone, and never show their faces in camp again on pain of a more severe handling.

If, as very seldom happened, it was an enlisted man who was caught stealing, he was often punished in the following way: A barrel, having one end knocked out, and in the other end a hole large enough to allow the culprit's head to go through, was drawn over his shoulders. On the outside of the barrel, the word THIEF! was printed in large letters. In this dress, he presented the ludicrous appearance of an animated meal barrel; for you could see nothing of him but his head and legs—his hands being very significantly confined. Sometimes he was obliged to stand, or sit, as best he could, about the guard-house, or near the Colonel's quarters, all day long. At other times he was compelled to march through the company streets and make the tour of the camp under guard.

Once in the field, however, sneak-thieves soon disappeared. Nor was there frequent occasion to punish the men for any other offenses. Nearly, if not quite, all of the punishments inflicted in the field were for disobedience, in some form or other. Not that the men were at any time willfully disobedient. It very rarely happened, even amid the greatest fatigue after a hard day's march, or in the face of the most imminent danger, that any one refused his duty. But after a long and severe march, a man is so completely exhausted that he is likely to become irritable, and to manifest a temper quite foreign to his usual habit. He is then not himself, and may, in such circumstances, do what at other times he would not think of doing.

If, while we were lying in camp, a man refused to do his duty, he was at once taken to the guard-house, which is the military name for "lock-up." Once there, at the discretion of the officers, he was either simply confined and put on bread and water,

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or else ordered to carry a log of wood, or a knapsack filled with stones, "two hours on and two off," day and night, until such time as he was deemed to have done sufficient penance. In more extreme cases, a court-martial was held, and the penalty of forfeiture of all pay due, with hard labor for thirty days, or the like, was inflicted.

In some regiments they had a high wooden horse, which the offender was made to mount; and there he was kept for hours in a seat as conspicuous as it was uncomfortable.

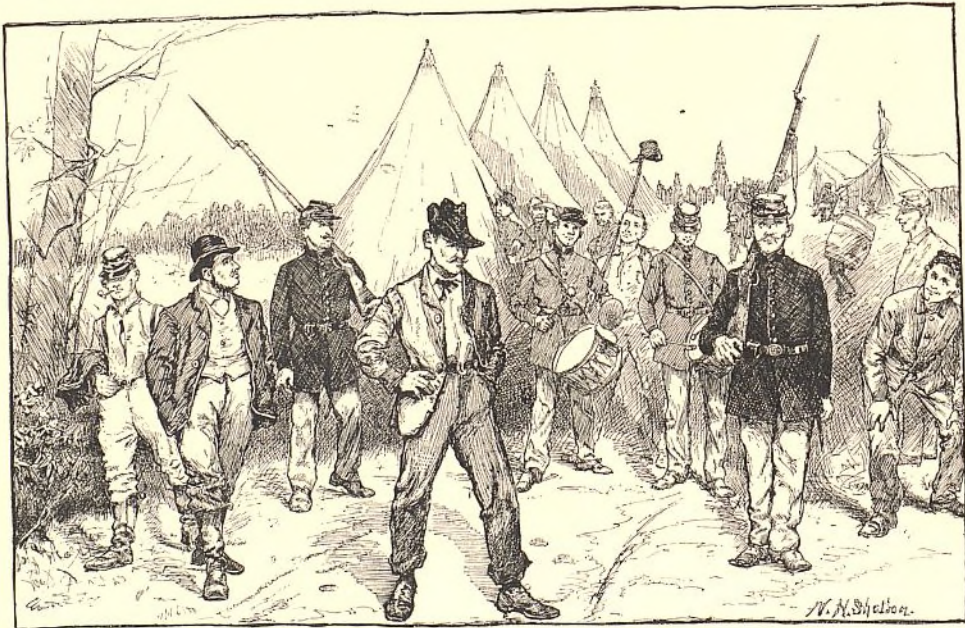
One day, down in front of Petersburg, a number of us had been making a friendly call on some acquaintances over in another regiment. As we were returning home, we came across what we took to be a well, and, wishing a drink, we all stopped. The well in question, as was usual there, was nothing but a barrel sunk in the ground; for at some places the ground was so full of springs that, in order to get water, all you had to do was to sink a box or barrel, and the water

"Why," said the guard, who was standing near by, and whom we had taken for the customary guard of the spring, "you see, comrades, our Colonel has his own way of punishin' the boys. One thing he wont let 'em do—he wont let 'em get intoxicated. If they do, they go into the gopher hole. Jim, there, is in the gopher hole now. That hole has a spring at the bottom, and the water comes in pretty fast; and if Jim wants to keep dry, he's got to keep dippin' all the time, or else stand in the water up to his waist—and Jim is n't so mighty fond o' water, neither."

## CHAPTER V.

### FUN AND FROLIC.

IN what way to account for it I know not, but so it is, that soldiers always have been, and I suppose always will be, merry-hearted fellows and full of good spirits. One would naturally think that,



DRUMMING SNEAK-THIEVES OUT OF CAMP.

would soon collect of its own accord. Stooping down and looking into the barrel in question, Andy discovered a man standing in the well, engaged in bailing out the water.

"What's he doing down there in that hole?" asked some one of our company.

"He says he's in the gopher hole," replied Andy, who had already exchanged a few words with the man.

"Gopher hole! What's a gopher hole?"

having every day so much to do with hardship and danger, they would be sober and serious enough. But such was by no means the case with our boys in blue. In camp, on the march, ay, even in the solemn hour of battle, they were always merry. However severe the hardship or nigh the danger, there was ever and anon a laugh passing down the line, or some sport going on in or about the tents. Seldom was there wanting some one noted for his powers of story-telling to beguile the weary hours



about the camp-fire at the lower end of the company street, or out among the pines on picket. Few companies could be found without some native-born wag or wit, whose comical songs or quaint remarks kept the boys in good humor, while,

We always believed that Harter had somehow smuggled a cartridge into that beef of ours while our backs were turned.

A famous and favorite kind of sport, especially when we had been



THE GOPHER HOLE.

at the same time, all were given to playing practical jokes of one kind or other for the general enlivenment of the camp.

We were lying down along the Rappahannock some time in the fall of 1863, when Andy said one day: "Look here, Harry; let's have some roast beef once. I'm tired of this everlasting frying and frizzling, and my mouth waters for a good roast. And I've just learned how to do it, too; for I saw a fellow over there in another camp at it, and I tell you it was a success! You see, you take your chunk of beef and wrap it up in a cloth or newspaper, and then you get some clay and cover it thick all over with the clay, until it looks like a big forty-pound cannon-ball; and then you put it in among the red-hot coals, and it bakes hard like a brick; and when it's done, you simply crack the shell off, and out comes your roast, just prime!"

We at once set to work, and all went well enough till Corporal Harter came along. While Andy was off for more clay, and I was looking after more paper, Harter fumbled around our beef, saying he did n't believe we could roast it that way.

"Just you wait, now," said Andy, coming in with the clay; "we'll show you."

So we covered our beef thickly with tough clay, and rolled the great ball into the camp-fire, burying it among the hot ashes and coals, and sat down to watch it, while the rest of the boys were boiling their coffee and frying their steaks for dinner. The fire was a good one, and there were about a dozen black tin cups dangling on as many long sticks, their several owners lounging about in a circle, when, all of a sudden, with a terrific bang! amid a shower of sparks and ashes, the coffee-boilers were scattered to right and left, and a dozen quarts of coffee sent hissing and sizzling into the fire—and our poor roast beef was a sorry looking mess indeed when we picked it out of the general wreck.

lying in camp for some time in summer, or were established in winter quarters, was what was known as "raiding the sutler."

We heard a great deal in those days about "raids"; and it was only natural, therefore, for us when growing weary of the dull monotony of camp life, to look about for some one to "raid." Very often the sutler was the chosen victim. He was selected, not because he was a civilian and wore citizens' clothes, but chiefly because of what seemed to the boys the questionable character of his pursuit—making money out of the soldiers. "Here we are," they would reason; "here we have left home and taken our lives in our hands—in for three years or sooner shot." We get thirteen dollars a month and live on hard-tack, and over there is the sutler, at whose shop a man may spend a whole month's pay and hardly get enough to make a single good meal. It's a mean business."

The sutler never enjoyed much respect; how could he, when he flourished and fattened on our hungry stomachs? Of course, if a man spent the whole of his month's wages for ginger-cakes and sardines it was his own fault; but it was hardly in human nature to live on pork, bean soup, and hard-tack, and not feel the mouth water at the sight of the sutler's counter, with its array of luxuries, poor and common though they were. Besides, the sutler usually charged most exorbitant prices—two ginger-cakes for five cents, four apples for a quarter, eighty cents for a small can of condensed milk, and ninety for a pound of butter. Perhaps his charges were none too high, when his risks were duly considered; for he was usually obliged to transport his goods a great distance, over almost impassable roads, and was often liable to capture by the enemy's foraging parties, beside being exposed to other fortunes of war whereby he might lose all in an hour. But soldiers in



search of sport were not much disposed to take a just and fair view of all these circumstances. What they saw was only this—that they wanted somebody to raid, and who could be a fitter subject than the sutler?

The sutler's establishment was a large wall tent, which was usually pitched on the side of the camp furthest away from the Colonel's quarters. It was, therefore, in a somewhat exposed and tempting position. Whenever it was thought well to raid him, the men of his own regiment would make to the men of some neighboring regiment a proposition in some such terms as this:

"You fellows come over here some night and raid our sutler, and we'll come over to your camp some night and raid yours. Will you do it?"

This courteous offer of friendly offices was usually agreed to; and great was the sport which often resulted. For, when all was duly arranged and made ready, on a dark night when the sutler was sleeping soundly in his tent, a skirmish line from the neighboring regiment would cautiously pick its way down the hill and through the brush, and silently surround the tent. One party, creeping close in by the wall of the tent, would loosen the ropes and remove them from the stakes on one side, while another party on the other side, at a given signal, would pull the whole concern down over the sutler's head. And then would arise yells and cheers for a few moments, followed by immediate silence, as the raiding party would steal quietly away.

Did they steal his goods? Very seldom. For soldiers were not thieves, and plunder was not the object, but only fun. Why did not the officers punish the men for doing this? Well, sometimes they did. But sometimes the officers believed the sutler to be exorbitant in his charges and oppressive to the men, and cared little how soon he was cleared out and sent a-packing; and therefore they enjoyed the sport quite as well as the men, and often imitated Nelson's example when he put his blind eye to the telescope and declared he did not see the signal to cease firing. They winked at the frolic, and came on the scene usually in ample time to condole with the sutler, but quite too late to do him any service.

The sutler's tent was often a favorite lounging place with the officers. One evening early, a party of about a dozen officers were seated on boxes and barrels in the sutler's establishment. All of them wanted cigars, but no one liked to call for them, for cigars were so dear that no one cared about footing the bill for the whole party, and yet could not venture to be so impolite as to call for one for himself alone. As they sat there, with the flaps of the tent thrown back, they could see quite across the camp to the Colonel's quarters beyond.

"Now, boys," said Captain K—, "I see the chaplain coming down Company C street, and I think he is coming here; and if he comes here, we'll have some fun out of him. We all want cigars, and we might as well confess what is an open secret—that none of us dares to call for a cigar for himself alone nor feels like footing the bill for the whole party. Well, let the sutler set out a few boxes of cigars on the counter, so as to have them handy, and you just follow my lead, and I'll see whether we can't somehow or other make the chaplain yonder pay for the reckoning."

The chaplain, it should be said, made some pretension to literature, and considered himself quite an authority in the camp on all questions pertaining to orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, and presumed to be an umpire in all matters under discussion in the realm of letters. So, when he came into the sutler's tent, Captain K— exclaimed: "Good evening, Chaplain. You're just the very man we want to see. We've been having a little discussion here, and as we saw you coming, we thought we'd submit the question to you for decision."

"Well, gentlemen," said the chaplain, with a smile, "I shall be only too happy to render you what assistance I can. May I inquire what is the matter in dispute?"

"It is but a little thing," replied the captain. "You would, I suppose, call it *more a matter of taste* than anything else. It concerns a question of emphasis, or rather, perhaps, of inflection, and it is this: would you say, 'Gentlemen, will you have a cig-ár?' or 'Gentlemen, will you have a cig-ár?'"

Pushing his hat forward, as he thoughtfully scratched his head, the chaplain, after a pause, responded: "Well, there does not seem to be much difference between the two. But I believe I should say, 'Gentlemen, will you have a cig-ár?'"

"*Certainly!*" exclaimed they all, in full and hearty chorus, as they rushed up to the counter in a body, and each took a handful of cigars with a "Thank you, Chaplain!" leaving their literary umpire to pay the bill—which, for the credit of his cloth, I am told he did.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CHIEFLY CULINARY.

It is a self-evident truth that, if you want men to fight well, you must feed them well.

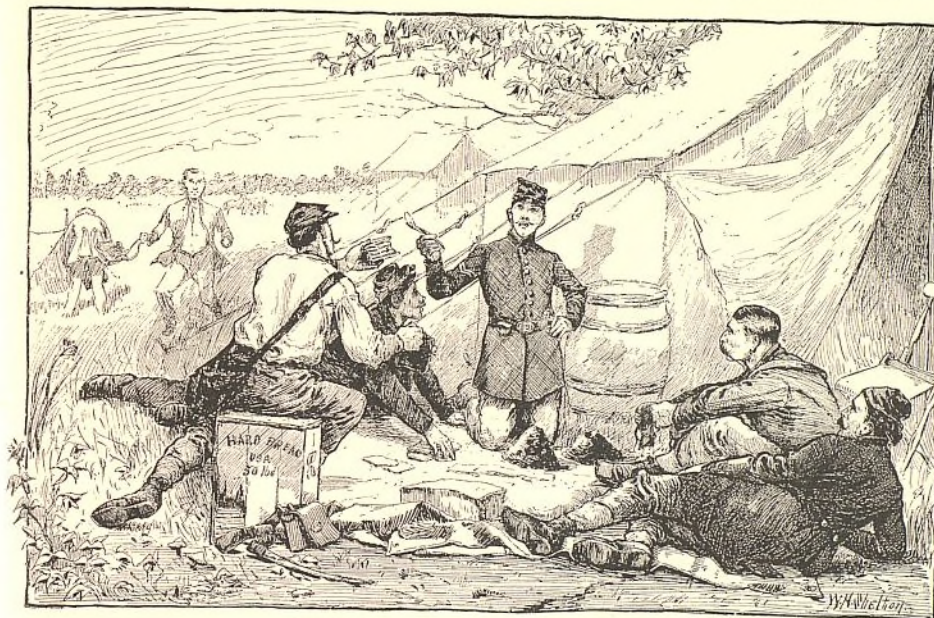
Of provisions, Uncle Sam usually gave us a sufficiency; but the table to which he invited his boys was furnished with no delicacies and but little variety. On first entering the service, the drawing



of rations was quite an undertaking, for there were nearly a hundred of us in the company, and it takes quite a weight of bread and pork to feed a hundred hungry stomachs. But after we had been in the field a year or two, the call of "Fall in for

the appearance of an ordinary soda biscuit. If you take it in your hand, you will find it somewhat heavier than an ordinary biscuit, and if you bite it—but, no; I will not let you bite it, for I wish to see how long I can keep it. But if you were to re-

duce it to a fine powder, you would find that it would absorb a greater quantity of water than an equal weight of ordinary flour. You would also observe that it is very hard. This you may, perhaps, think is to be attributed to its great age. But if you imagine that its age is to be measured only by



A DINNER OF HARD-TACK, COFFEE, AND RICE.

your hard-tack!" was leisurely responded to by only about a dozen men—lean, sinewy, hungry-looking fellows, each with his haversack in hand. I can see them yet, as they sat around a gum blanket spread on the ground, on which were a small heap of sugar, another of coffee, and another of rice, may be, which the corporal was dealing out by successive spoonfuls, as the boys held open their black bags to receive their portion, while near by lay a piece of salt pork or beef, or possibly a dozen potatoes.

Much depended, of course, on the cooking of the provisions furnished us. At first we tried a company cook; but we soon learned that the saying of Miles Standish—"If you want a thing to be well done, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others"—applied to cooking quite as well as to courting. We therefore soon dispensed with our cook, and though, when we took the field, scarcely any of us knew how to cook so much as a cup of coffee, a keen appetite, aided by that necessity which is ever the mother of invention, soon taught us how bean soup should be made and hard-tack prepared.

As I write, there lies before me on my table an innocent looking cracker, which I have faithfully preserved for years. It is about the size and has

the years which have elapsed since the war, you are greatly mistaken; for there was a common belief among the boys that our hard-tack had been baked long before the commencement of the Christian era! This opinion was based upon the fact that the letters B.C. were stamped on many, if not, indeed, all of the cracker boxes. To be sure, there were some skeptics who shook their heads, and maintained that these mysterious letters were the initials of the name of some army contractor or inspector of supplies, but the belief was wide-spread and deep-seated that they were certainly intended to set forth the era in which our bread had been baked.

For our hard-tack were very hard. It was difficult to break them with the teeth. Some of them you could not fracture with your fist. Still, there was an immense amount of nourishment in them—when once you had learned how to get at it. It required some experience and no little hunger to enable one to appreciate hard-tack aright, and it demanded no small amount of inventive power to understand how to cook hard-tack as they ought to be cooked. If I remember correctly, in our section of the army we had not less than fifteen different ways of preparing them. In other parts, I understand, they had discovered one or two more



ways; but with us, fifteen was the limit of the culinary art when hard-tack was on the board.

On the march they were usually not cooked at all, but eaten in the raw state. In order, however, to make them somewhat more palatable, you simply cut down a slice of nice fat pork, laid the pork on your cracker, put a spoonful of brown sugar on top of the pork, and you had a dish fit for a soldier. Of course, the pork had just come out of the pickle, and was consequently quite raw. When we halted for coffee, we sometimes had fricasseed hard-tack—prepared by toasting them before the hot coals, thus making them soft and spongy. If there was time for frying, we either dropped them into the fat in the dry state, and did them brown to a turn, or soaked them in cold water and then fried them, or pounded them into a powder, mixed this with boiled rice or wheat flour, and made griddle-cakes and honey. (The honey, however, was usually dispensed with till “this cruel war” was over. Brown sugar was good enough for a soldier.) When, as was generally the case on a march, our hard-tack had been broken into small pieces in our haversacks, we soaked these in water and fried them in pork fat, stirring well, and seasoning with salt and sutler’s pepper, thus making what was commonly known as a “hishy-hashy,” or a “hot-fired stew.”

But, to my mind, the great triumph of the culinary art in camp was a hard-tack pudding. This was made by placing the biscuit in a stout canvas bag and pounding bag and contents with a club on a log, until the biscuit were reduced to a powder. Then you added a little wheat flour (the more the better), and made a stiff dough, which was rolled out on a cracker-box like pie-crust. Then you covered this all over with stewed dried apples, dropping in here and there a raisin or two, just for “auld lang syne’s” sake. The whole was then rolled together, wrapped in a cloth, boiled for an hour or so, and eaten with wine sauce. Usually the wine was omitted and hunger inserted in its stead.

Thus you see what vast and unsuspected possi-

(To be continued.)

bilities reside in this innocent looking three-and-a-half inch square hard-tack lying here on my table before me. Three like this specimen made a meal, and nine were a ration; and this is what fought the battles for the Union.

The army hard-tack had only one rival, and that was the army bean. A small, white, roundish, soup bean it was, such as you have no doubt often seen. It was not so plastic an edible as the hard-tack, indeed, nor susceptible of so wide a range of use; but the one great dish which might be made of it was so excellent that it threw hishy-hashy and hard-tack pudding quite into the shade. This was “baked beans.” Of course, bean soup was very good, as it was also very common—but, oh, “baked beans!”

I had heard of the dish before, but had never even remotely imagined what toothsome enjoyment lurked in the recesses of a camp-kettle of beans baked after the orthodox backwoods fashion until, one day, Bill Strickland, who hailed from the lumber regions, where the dish was no doubt first invented, invited me to a breakfast of baked beans prepared by himself. Now, if my good reader has ever eaten baked beans, I need not prove to him that they are good; and if he has not, then I can not prove it. The only trouble with a camp-kettle of this delicious food was, that it was gone so soon. How *did* it go so soon? It was something like Father Tom’s quart of ale,—“an irrational quantity, indade; for it was too much for one and too little for two!”

Still, too much of a good thing *is* too much; and one might get too much of beans (except in the state above described), as you will find if you ask some friend or acquaintance who was in the war to sing you the song of “The Army Bean.” And remember, please, to ask him to sing the refrain to the tune called “Days of Absence,” and to pull up sharp on the last word:

“Beans for breakfast,  
Beans for dinner,  
Beans for supper—  
BEANS!”

## PERSEVERANCE.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

DEAR Polly, these are joyful days!  
Your feet can choose their own sweet ways;  
You have no care of anything.  
Free as a swallow on the wing,  
You hunt the hay-field over  
To find a four-leaved clover.

But this I tell you, Polly dear,  
One thing in life you need not fear:  
Bad luck, I’m certain, never haunts  
A child who works for what she wants,  
And hunts a hay-field over  
To find a four-leaved clover!





The little leaf is not so wise  
 As it may seem in foolish eyes;  
 But then, dear Polly, don't you see,  
 Since you were willing carefully  
 To hunt the hay-field over,  
 You found your four-leaved clover!

Your patience may have long to wait,  
 Whether in little things or great,  
 But all good luck, you soon will learn,  
 Must come to those who nobly earn.  
 Who hunts the hay-field over  
 Will find the four-leaved clover.



## SWEEP AWAY.\*

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

THE exclamation of Jack Lawrence was caused by the sight of water directly ahead. They had been walking away from the camp, at right angles to the course of the river, and he naturally supposed, as did all the others, that they were upon the main-land. Advancing through the wood, they presently found, however, that they were still separated from the main-land by an arm of the overflow, fully a half-mile wide. This, they presumed, marked the limit of the flood in that direction.

The long stretch of forest and open meadow upon which they had landed was, after all, only a large island.

After gazing awhile at the turbulent river that effectually barred their further progress, Jack philosophically remarked:

"I am sure you two feel like eating some tender roast meat, and I guess Mr. Wheeler has some ready for us by this time."

And so saying, he turned about and started toward camp, pursuing, however, a different course from that followed when leaving it.

But this ramble through the woods was destined to afford them more surprises than they suspected. They had probably passed half the intervening distance, when bright-eyed Dollie called out:

"Oh, is n't that funny? There's a house!"

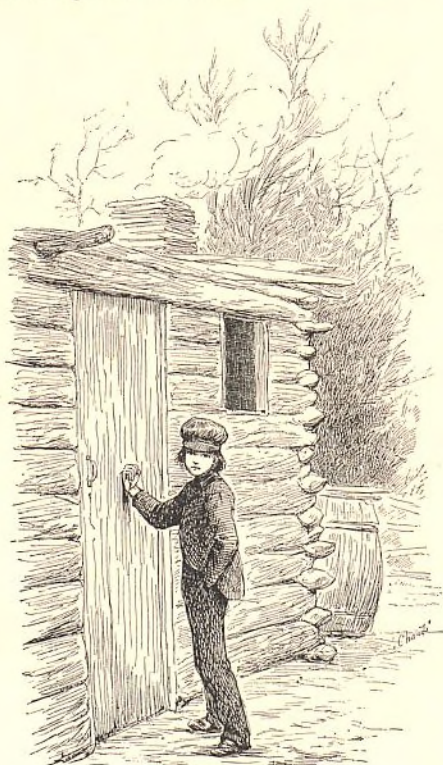
Such was the fact. Partly concealed by trees, they all now saw a log cabin, of the class common to the poorer districts of the South-west. It was small, containing only two rooms, and there was no evidence of the adjoining ground having been cultivated.

The party had come upon the cabin from the front, on which side were a closed door and a small window, without any panes. This window was open and without curtain; but though they all looked in, they could discover no traces of present occupancy.

"I guess the owners must have gone away," said Dollie, "or they would show themselves."

"You are mistaken, Dollie; some one must live there," replied Jack, who, happening to glance upward at that moment, had observed a thin column of smoke rising from the wooden chimney. His first impulse was to proceed toward the boat, without pausing to inquire into the condition of

any one who might be within; but his conscience told him that would not be right. Somehow or other, since Jack's rescue of Mr. Wheeler and his family, he began to feel as though he were a young Crusader. He had a mission which, if not so grand as that which led the mailed knights of King Richard and Godfrey of Bouillon into Palestine, was equally noble. For hundreds of miles along the overflowing Mississippi there were multitudes perishing from starvation and exposure; and, since some slight means had been placed at his command, he felt that he was in duty bound to do what he could to relieve the sufferings of any who might be more unfortunate than himself.



"JACK THEN KNOCKED ON THE DOOR."

"Stay here where you are," he said, addressing the little girls, "while I go forward and see whether any one needs our help."

Jack then knocked smartly on the door, though the latch-string was hanging out. Receiving no answer, he repeated the summons, when, instead

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of being bidden to enter, he heard some one shuffling across the floor to the door, which was opened the next minute, and the occupant of the cabin stood before the startled boy.

He was a man who was really younger than Mr. Wheeler, but he stooped over, as he walked, like a man of fourscore. His face was wan and haggard, and his large black eyes shone with feverish luster. His grizzled beard was short and scraggy, and his long black hair was unkempt. He held to the door for support, and stared wonderingly at the lad before him as he asked, in a weak voice:

"Where did you come from?"

"I came down the river in a boat," replied Jack, "and thought may be I could help you. Are you ill?"

"Yes, ill for the want of food," said the man.

"I have been deserted and betrayed, and have given up hope. Why do you come to disturb me?"

"I have just told you," said Jack, who feared that the man was out of his mind, probably on account of his sufferings.

"Did you fire that gun I heard a few minutes ago?" questioned the stranger.

"Yes, sir," replied Jack.

"I thought it was a dream of mine," continued the man. "I was dozing by the fire, and when I heard that, I got up and looked out of the window. But as I did n't see any one, I concluded that I had been mistaken."

"You were not," said Jack; "it was I, and I am glad to say I can give you the food which you seem sorely to need."

The poor fellow stared at Jack like a wild man, and began breathing faster and harder, as though laboring under great and increasing excitement.

Jack began to feel uneasy, and recoiled a step or two, still keeping his eyes fixed on the strange individual.

Suddenly, the latter gave utterance to a half shriek or shout, and, springing through the door, he seized the arms of the boy with a grip that made him wince with pain.

Jack was now sure the man was crazy, and was greatly frightened. Both Dollie and Jennie began crying, and the former exclaimed:

"Please don't hurt Jack, for he is a good boy, and will bring you something to eat."

The stranger paid no attention to her remonstrance, but continued staring savagely at the boy, as though about to rend him like a wild beast. Then he stooped down, so as to bring his face close to Jack's, and asked in a low, intense voice:

"Did I understand you to say you could give me something to eat?"

The man's strange conduct was enough to terrify any one, but Jack strove to conceal his trepidation. He had heard his father say that one should never show fear in the presence of an insane person, and that the only way to conquer such people is by the force of a stronger will. There-



"DID YOU SAY YOU COULD GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT?"

fore, though hardly able to refrain from crying out with the pain caused by the vise-like grip on his arm, he replied in a bold, stern voice:

"Of course, I can give you food; but you sha'n't have it if you don't behave yourself."

The man did not loosen his clutch, nor did he remove his glaring eyes from the face of the boy. The latter felt that he could not stand the torture any longer, and by a violent jerk he wrenched himself free. Then, springing back several steps, he called out in a savage voice:

"Don't you put your hands on me again or you'll get hurt!"

These threatening words were accompanied by a bravado of manner that would have deceived no one but a lunatic; but when Jack, himself comprehending this fact, ran for his gun which he had left leaning against a tree, and, raising it, held it so that he could use it the instant it should be needed, the starving stranger seemed suddenly to feel that he was standing before his master.

His whole demeanor changed. Trembling from head to foot, he looked so pitifully at the boy, that Jack's feeling of resentment and fear vanished on the instant.

"Don't shoot! don't shoot!" begged the man; "I did n't intend to hurt you—I only wanted to look at you. You remind me of a little boy that I once had—but he is gone now. Such a long time ago. I thought you were my Frank; but no, it can not be. Did you say you would give me something to eat?"

"Yes," replied Jack, heartily, no longer fearing any violence. "I will give you as good a meal as you ever ate in all your life. So come out of your house and go with me."



At this instant, the man noticed the two girls for the first time and fixed his eyes upon them.

"Why, I have seen them before," he said to himself, and immediately began walking slowly toward them. Upon this, Dollie and Jennie screamed and started on a run for the shore. In their haste they fell several times, which only added to their fright.

Jack saw that he must interfere, and so he called out in a commanding voice:

"Stop! Never mind about those girls. Walk along with me, and I'll take you where you can get a good supper."

The man checked himself abruptly, gazed at the boy, and then said meekly:

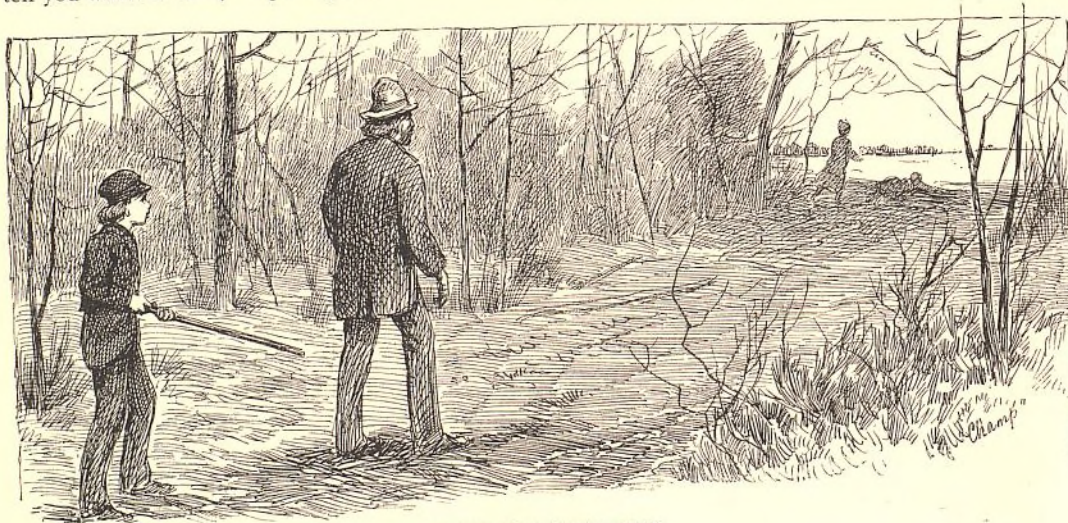
"I beg pardon. I did n't know what I was doing. Yes, I will go with you; show me the way."

"Walk straight ahead, not too fast, and I will tell you when to turn," replied Jack.

"I believe there is nothing the matter with him but hunger,—craving, gnawing hunger,—unless it may be he has been frightened by something. But it won't do for him to gormandize on roast pig, which can not be called the most digestible of food. Give him some bread first, and then I will take him in hand."

Mr. Wheeler's prudent suggestion was carried out. The stranger, in the presence of the company, was the picture of meekness. He did what he was told to do, and showed a childish fear of displeasing his new-found friends. Although he was evidently ravenously hungry, yet he stopped eating when told to do so, and appeared at all times to be anxiously awaiting orders.

The meal finished, it was decided to keep on down the river until dark, when, if they chose, they could land and encamp for the night. Several hours of daylight yet remained; and, although it



ON THE WAY TO THE BOAT.

The stranger did as directed, and the entire party then proceeded on their way toward the boat.

All the way to camp, Jack could not help recalling the words of the man, when he declared he was ill from starvation, and that he had been deserted and betrayed.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### ANOTHER RESCUE.

WHEN Jack and his party reached the camp, they found that the interesting process of roasting the pig was just completed. Mr. Wheeler, as soon as Jack had put him in possession of the facts connected with the finding of the stranger, studied the man intently for a few moments, and then remarked:

was a question whether anything would be gained by leaving the island, it seemed certain nothing could be lost.

Their patient, if such he might be called, was eager to accompany them, and, though they felt a little shy of him, they knew it was their duty to care for him. So he was placed in the stern, the others entered, and they shoved off. They were scarcely clear of the shore when the stranger was found to be in a sound slumber.

"It is the best thing for him," said Mr. Wheeler, much pleased. "If nothing else is the matter with him, complete rest and freedom from anxiety will soon restore him."

There was hope on the part of all that they would be able to hail some steamer before night; and so, while Jack, Crab, and Mr. Wheeler took



turns in using the paddle, the others scanned the waters for the hoped-for sight. Soon afterward they saw two steamers laboriously working their way up the river, but they were so far to the eastward that it was impossible to attract their notice. The scow was paddled further out into the river, and when, just as night was closing in, a third was discovered steaming southward at full speed, strenuous efforts were made to attract her attention. But for the gathering darkness they probably would have succeeded. As it was, they missed the opportunity so narrowly that lamentations were expressed by all.

"We came so near success," said Mr. Wheeler, "that we forget the thankfulness due for our present comparative comfort and safety. My family suffered a great deal, it is true, but it may be that our sufferings were far less than those of this poor fellow."

At this point, Mrs. Wheeler nudged him, and whispered:

"He is awake, and I think he intends to say something."

The actions of the stranger were now watched with much interest by all. He was sitting bolt upright, carefully studying the faces of those around him. He looked first at one and then at another, and then he gazed abstractedly at the flood on which they were drifting. A moment later he pressed his hand to his forehead. It was evident he was trying to solve the question as to how he came to be with these strangers. All at once his haggard visage lit up with a pleasant smile, and, gently touching the arm of Mr. Wheeler, he said:

"Please tell me how it all happened."

"He is the one to tell the story," said Mr. Wheeler, indicating Jack Lawrence.

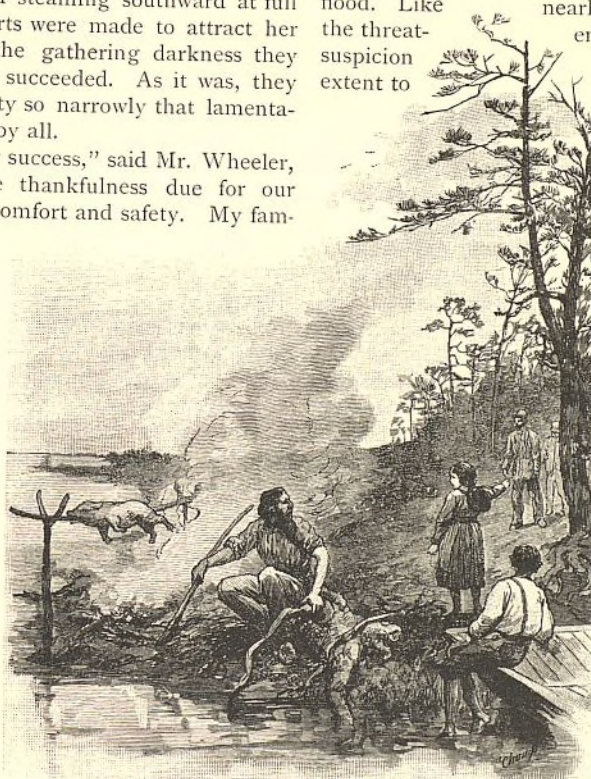
"Ah; I will be extremely obliged if you will enlighten me," said the stranger, turning to the boy. His manner, more than his words, convinced Jack that he was himself again.

The lad told the story, which, as may be supposed, was of intense interest to his hearer, who was profuse in his thanks.

When the narrative was completed, he gave his

own history. He was a gentleman of means, whose home was in Little Rock, the capital of the State. He had started on horseback to visit some lands which he intended buying. He had dressed himself plainly, as he feared he might be brought into contact with dangerous characters, and was in this section when he found himself caught by the flood. Like nearly every one who lived in the threatened region, he had no of the unprecedented which the overflow would extend. When he took refuge in the settler's cabin, and they told him he was as secure there as if in the city of St. Louis, he gave himself no further concern. He was tired and worn out, and, without waiting for supper, lay down to sleep.

But the settler and his family were among the few who appreciated the impending danger. During the night they gathered a few of their household goods, took the horse belonging to Mr. Strawton (their stranger guest), and made their way to the water on the westward, where



MR. WHEELER BECOMES COOK FOR THE PARTY.

they crossed to the main-land in a large scow belonging to themselves. The torrent which had made an island of the tract of land where the cabin stood had not yet forced its way through when Mr. Strawton had ridden across the space in the middle of the afternoon; but it had appeared within an hour after, and, when paddled over by the settler and his family, must have been fully a hundred yards in width.

Strawton slept heavily, and did not awake until long after day, and several hours more elapsed before he was fully acquainted with what had happened. When he saw that he had been deserted and betrayed, his indignation knew no bounds. But he was unable to help himself, for the only boat that could have taken him to the main-land was gone. It must have cost the settler and his family a great deal of work to get the lum-



bering craft from the river through the cut-off to the rear of the island, but they had succeeded.

Strawton shouted and fired his gun, but saw no living person for days. He went down to the shore of the river, in the hope of attracting the attention of some steam-boat, but they were all so far out that he failed. He finally gave up in despair, and went back to the cabin to die.

How long he had been there when Jack Lawrence, like a gallant Crusader, came to his rescue, he could not even guess; but judging from his sad condition when found, it must have been a number of days.

While Mr. Strawton was talking, night had set in and it was becoming quite dark. Jack was standing erect, paddle in hand, gazing on the face of the speaker, which was gradually growing more dim and misty in the gloom, when all were somewhat startled by hearing a voice shouting:

"Hallóo, there, strangers! Can't you take us aboard?"

Only a short distance from them was the broken roof of a house, on which a man was seen standing, with a long pole or paddle in his hand, which he had probably been using to impel his awkward craft toward the scow. Near him sat his wife, with a baby in her arms. The group and the surroundings reminded both boys in the same instant of the plight in which they had found the Wheeler family.

Jack stared for a moment at the strangers, and then was about to paddle toward them, when Crab interposed.

"It's my turn," said he. "You picked up dat wild man, and now I'll gather in some folks dat are tame."

Jack did not object, and so Crab, taking the paddle, moved the boat in the direction of the party on the roof, who watched their approach with no little anxiety.

The scow was laid alongside the floating roof without difficulty, and the three were taken aboard. The man shook hands all around and expressed his obligations, but his wife, with bowed head, took the seat proffered her, and remained silent. She seemed to be weighed down by sorrow, and all regarded her with sympathy.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A NARROW NECK OF LAND.

"OUR lot has been a sad one," presently said the man just picked up, his remark being intended as an explanation of his wife's apparent sorrow. "We have been on the river for two days and nights; we had time enough before starting to snatch up a little food and some extra clothing,

but it rained the first night, and we suffered a good deal.

"When we began sailing down the river, we had our little boy, Harry, six years old, as well as the baby, Katie. I made up the best sort of bed I could for them, but when morning came, and we could again see one another, Harry was gone!"

"What had become of him?" inquired Jack.

"I do not know," said the man, with a sigh.

"He must have rolled off into the water during his sleep, without being missed until daylight. We must have been asleep ourselves at the time, or his mother or I would have discovered it."

The story was indeed a sad one and secured the deep sympathy of all.

"We have lost every dollar in the world," added the father, "and we must depend on charity for awhile to escape starvation; but what is that to our other loss?"

No one spoke in reply, for all felt that mere words were of no avail. The silence had not continued long when it was broken by the most extraordinary uproar. From across the water were heard the bellowing of cows, the grunting and squealing of pigs, the whinneying of horses, the braying of mules, and apparently a dozen other horrid discords.

When those in the scow had listened a moment, Mr. Wheeler remarked, thoughtfully:

"That sounds to me as though it came from some point *below* us, if not further out in the river."

"So it does," said Mr. Strawton, and all the others agreed with them.

Our party was not long in doubt. A few minutes later a dark bank loomed up to view below them, extending out into the great Mississippi further than the eye could penetrate in the gloom and darkness.

All presently discovered that a long cape projected from the western shore into the river, and that this neck of land was swarming with domestic stock that had taken refuge there to escape the flood. Tormented by hunger and insects, they rent the air with cries for relief which could not be given. This was certainly not a desirable place to land, but the scow was forced upon shore, despite the efforts of the occupants to prevent it. The boat, it will be borne in mind, was heavily loaded, so that it was now managed with difficulty. The single paddle was in the strong grasp of Mr. Wheeler, and the pole was used by Jack. They did all that was possible, but the swift current gave the craft such momentum that it did not respond to the abrupt turn of the current on the upper end of this cape. As a consequence, the scow struck the soft shore with such force that every one was



thrown forward. Then it immediately swung around and began filling with water. A general scramble followed, and all landed with little trouble, though with wet feet. The boat was drawn up on the beach, with a view of keeping it beyond reach of the river, and then the company looked about them. The scene was anything but a pleasant one.

The cape was not more than a hundred yards across at the point where it joined the main-land, from which it extended a furlong or more. A few stunted pines were growing on the neck, which was swarming with cows, oxen, pigs, horses, and mules, who were in such torture from the pangs of hunger and buffalo gnats that they were already in a dangerous mood. In many places, they were crowding and fighting with each other, and the uproar was terrifying to the last degree. Graminivorous animals, like those on the island, may be driven to such a point of hunger that they will devour flesh; so there was no certainty that they would not attack the party from the boat, unless relief was soon given. In the deafening racket, our friends could make themselves heard only by shouting close to one another's ears. The moment the party had

landed, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Strawton hurriedly removed from the boat all the clothing and food it contained, as well as the boards that had been used for seats.

"Is there no way of escaping from here?" asked the man they had last picked up. "Any place would be preferable to this; these wild beasts will soon attack us, I fear."

These words were shouted in the ear of Mr. Wheeler, and he replied at the top of his voice:

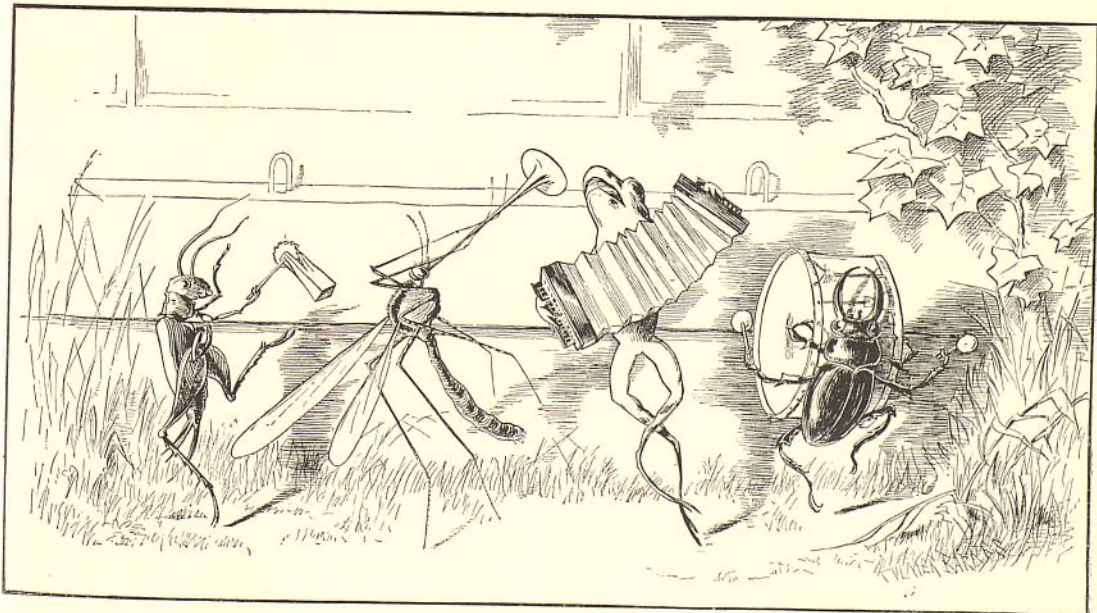
"I am afraid not at present. The current is too strong just here for us to work our heavy scow against it; and as for escape by land, those maddened animals occupy almost every foot of space save the spot on which we stand. I fear that we must pass the night where we are, and perhaps daylight will bring relief in some form."

"I am not so sure that we could not manage the scow," returned the man. "Come here, and I will show you what I mean."

And he led the way to the spot where they had left the flat-boat at the time of their hasty landing.

But the proverbially treacherous Mississippi had stolen a march upon them in their brief absence. The boat was gone!

(To be concluded.)



A RURAL QUARTETTE.



# COUNTING UP AND DOWN.

·VP·



ONE LADY'S LAP-DOG LOOKED A WINDOW TROUGH,  
SAW HIS LIKENESS IN THE GLASS AND THEN THERE WERE TWO.

TWO MERRY MERMEN  
MET ANOTHER LIKE THEM



MARCHING THROUGH THE SEA,  
& THEN THERE WERE THREE.

THREE LAZY LOBSTERS LYING ON THE SHORE

THE SEA WASHED ANOTHER UP & THEN THERE WERE FOUR



FIVE  
LEARNED  
LAWYERS  
FAIRLY IN  
A FIX,



ONE CAME  
TO HELP  
THEM OUT  
AND THEN  
THERE  
WERE SIX.

SIX DROWSY DRAYMEN DRIVING DOWN IN DEVON,  
ONE DREAMED HIS MATE HAD COME, & THEN THERE WERE SEVEN.

SEVEN STUPID SCHOOLBOYS SUMMING ON A SLATE,  
ONE MULTIPLIED HIMSELF, & THEN THERE WERE EIGHT.



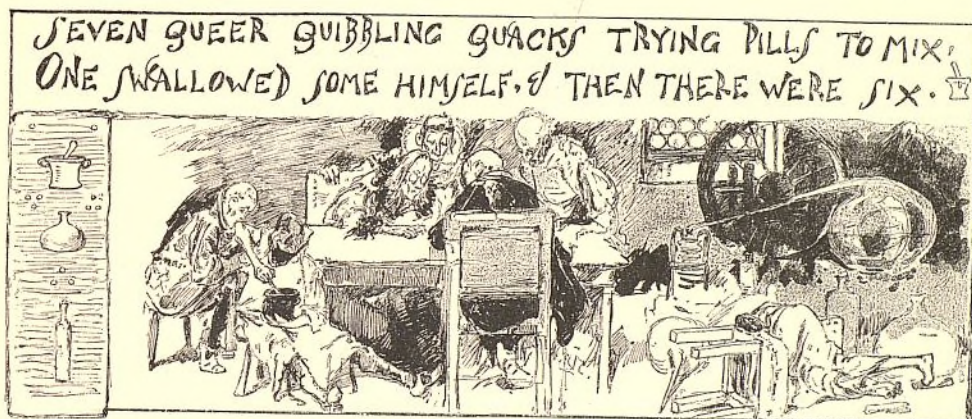
EIGHT SINGLE SLIP-KNOTS IN A STRING OF TWINE,  
ONE BECAME A DOUBLE KNOT, AND THEN THERE WERE NINE.

NINE GREAT GRIZZLY BEARS MEETING IN A DEN,  
ONE BROUGHT A LITTLE CUB, AND THEN THERE WERE TEN.



## DOWN.

**S**IX TICKLISH TUMBLING TROUT PLAYING ROUND A LINE,  
 ONE SEIZED THE BAIT AND HOOK, & THEN THERE WERE NINE.  
**N**INE ROSSY ROVING LADS RIDING ON A GATE.  
 ONE TUMBLED IN THE MUD, & THEN THERE WERE EIGHT.  
**E**IGHT SILVER-NOTED LARKS SOARING IN THE HEAVEN,  
 ONE TRIED TO KISS THE SUN, & THEN THERE WERE SEVEN.



**S**IX BOOMING BUMBLE BEES BUZZING IN THE HIVE,  
 ONE FELL AMONG THE WAX, & THEN THERE WERE FIVE.  
**F**IVE MEALY MINDED MICE LIVING 'NEATH THE FLOOR,  
 ONE RAN TOO NEAR THE CAT, & THEN THERE WERE FOUR.  
**F**OUR FRIGHTENED FOXES FLEEING O'ER THE LEA,  
 ONE HID HIM IN A HOLE, & THEN THERE WERE THREE.  
**T**HREE WITHERED WITCHES LIVING IN A SHOE,  
 ONE LEFT FOR WANT OF ROOM, & THEN THERE WERE <sup>TWO</sup> TWO.  
**T**WO CLUMSY COUNTRYMEN CLUTCHING AT A GUN,  
 ONE PULLED THE TRIGGER HARD, & THEN THERE WAS <sup>ONE</sup> ONE.  
**O**NE FULL OF FEAR & FRET AT THE DANGER DONE,  
 & WENT AND DIED FOR WANT OF BREATH,  
 AND THEN THERE WAS NONE.



## KING PHILIP—CHIEF OF A SCHOOL TRIBE.

BY JOHN CLOVER.

ONE cool, cloudy September afternoon, many years ago, Philip Moss and I, neighbor boys and school-fellows, were sauntering down Hackberry Lane, with our backs to the great Gypsy Woods, where we had been investigating the nearing nut-harvest. The ground was dry and firm, and a faintly perfumed west wind gently rustled the leaves overhead. Many of the birds had gone south for the winter, and those remaining had mostly stopped their idle singing to bustle about and pack up for leaving. The crickets and grasshoppers among the grasses were singing away merrily, unconscious (poor things!) that Jack Frost would soon put an end to their songs and their lives. The squirrels, too, were frisky and chatty, apparently glad, as were we, that they were to remain and enjoy the big nut crop. It was just the kind of weather for a field and forest ramble—for implanting in a boy's mind memories and sentiments that would last him a life-time.

As we came down Pilgrim Hill, a covered wagon turned from the highway into the lane and toiled toward us. A man and a boy walked ahead of the jaded horses. A cow was led behind the wagon. After her trudged a great gray-and-white dog, that at first we had mistaken for a calf. When we had nearly met, the weary procession turned aside and halted at the door of an old, deserted cabin that stood a hundred paces from the lane, at the foot of a wide, briery slope—an open waste, over which the cows of the neighborhood wandered at will. It was a famous place for blackberries and black-snakes.

From the mouth of the cavernous wagon a little girl sprang lightly into the arms of the man. A woman followed more deliberately and was tenderly handed down. Her face and hands looked very white in contrast with her black dress. She must be an invalid, we thought. Curiosity prompted a thousand suggestions, for strangers were rare in that inland Ohio settlement; but the instinct of good manners prevented us from intruding. We had seen enough, however, to satisfy us that these people had come from a distance to take possession of the old cabin, which in our recollection had been tenanted but once, and that for only a few months, by a wood-chopper's family. We were not slow to communicate our observations. Soon the newcomers were the talk of the neighborhood. Surmise and suspicion of them developed into wild and cruel stories. The days of belief in witchcraft were over, but I am disposed to think there was

a slight lingering taint of it in that community of ours. The new people seemed shy and did not go about introducing themselves. One day, my friend Philip's grandfather, Uncle Joe Moss, a kind-hearted though inquisitive old man, called at the cabin when he happened to pass that way. He was received by the woman with civility and the utmost frankness. Her story was brief and straightforward. They had come from the eastern side of the Alleghany Mountains, the State, county, and town all being plainly shown in our school atlases. The woman, a widow of a year, was named Mary Rankin. Her husband, John Rankin, had been a carpenter, and had died, after long suffering, from injuries received in a fall from a house-top, leaving his family in poverty. Her children were named Robert and Katie. The man with them was her brother, Thomas Van Cleve. He was an invalid, but his ailment was of the mind rather than of the body. When his poor head became confused, he began to wander about, and he would take to the road and tramp, tramp wherever a beaten path might lead him. This Ohio estate (a long strip of rugged land along the creek) came into her possession through her father—a soldier's inheritance from the grateful country which he had served, and which had bestowed it upon him because, perhaps, it had nothing poorer to give. So she had come with her loved ones and settled down here, hoping that the land might yield them subsistence and afford them a home; that her children might be reared and educated in a quiet, respectable neighborhood; and that new scenes and employments might benefit her unfortunate brother and overcome his disposition to stroll. She thanked her visitor for the friendly interest he had shown; trusted his friends and neighbors were all well and prosperous; prayed God they would think kindly of her and hers; and, with a cheerful faith in divine goodness, expressed her belief that she and her brother and children would be happy and contented in their new home.

Time passed. Few, if any, were the visits to the shabby old house in the lonely lane. There were no visits from it—whether because the widow was too retiring or too busy, because she was not invited, or because she was too ill and weak, I can not say. Thomas Van Cleve was at first sprightly and energetic. It seemed that he was trying to make acquaintances and friends, though he was not much encouraged. With his sister's scrawny team and the implements brought from



Pennsylvania, he plowed a few acres of the best land and sowed some wheat. But presently he began to show uneasiness. The "fit" was coming on. One morning, he and his traveling companion, the big gray-and-white dog, were absent—gone on the road again!

On a cold, blustery Monday morning in November, after our school-master had arrived and settled his awkward squad at their books, a knock was heard at the door, and in were ushered a clear, keen-eyed young fellow, followed by a timid, brown-haired little girl. The boy carried an arm-load of books, slates, sponges, and rulers. They were Robert Rankin and his sister Katie. We all, the children of substantial farmers, were clothed by careful mothers in winter costumes, which, though homespun and of clumsy cut, were snug and warm, while the garments of the young strangers, though clean, were pitifully scant, worn, and thin. During the morning the new scholars were the objects of our sharp scrutiny and whispered criticism. At recess time they were more freely and familiarly ogled and commented on. It was a trying ordeal for them. The leading tormentor of the school, a glib-tongued girl, began the attack with sarcastic, cutting remarks that raised a laugh. She was not long without allies. To the dishonor of the school be it said that, of the twenty-five or thirty girls and boys present that day, there was not one to utter a word of remonstrance in behalf of the helpless victims, who looked appealingly into this face and that for a friendly glance, but in vain. Even the teacher, a dull old man, did not interfere. "For shame!" cried a voice in my heart. But I quickly smothered it and joined the laughing wretches. I have often heard that voice since, like a whispering echo, when it was too late to undo the wrong. I have reasoned about that morning, too, and have come to the conclusion that we were a pack of young savages.

When school was again called, the Rankin boy was white with rage under the insults offered and his sister was in tears. These were the children a sick mother had brought over the mountains, to be educated in a quiet, respectable neighborhood!

At dinner-time, Robert, after some hesitation, left his sister at the school-yard gate and sped down the road as fast as his legs could carry him. He went to look after his mother, who was alone at home, nearly a mile away. The distance was too great for Katie to traverse in the time allowed. She watched him longingly until he disappeared over a hill, then, with a brave effort, entered the house, and in her timid, gentle way essayed to make friends with the girls. By this time a feeling of pity for the forlorn one began to manifest itself. Kindlier words were spoken. The shabby clothing

was seemingly unnoticed. But the knife had already struck home. The smiles and the hazel eyes were pleading for love, but the heart felt very sore. Robert returned, hot and panting, with a kiss from mother to daughter and a hopeful word.

That evening, at dismissal, the school relapsed into the savage state. The strangers were attacked with redoubled fury. At length the boy, furious with pain and anger, his face deadly pale, and grasping in one of his clenched hands an open knife, turned at the gate, defied his persecutors and dared them to utter another insulting word. His sister clung in terror to his menacing arm and with tears begged him to desist. Her prayer prevailed. The savages, awed by the scene, permitted their victims to proceed home without further molestation.

Philip Moss was not at school that day. In passing by his home, I heard a muffled drumming in the barn, and rightly surmised that he was helping his father to winnow his grain.

The Rankins did not appear next day, nor the next; but on the third Robert came, at noon, for their books. Philip was present. He asked Robert his reason for leaving school. The latter answered by showing a note from his mother to the teacher, asking that her children be excused from further attendance, as she desired their presence at home. But Philip was not satisfied with this. He suspected something of what had taken place, and pressed his new acquaintance for an explanation, which was reluctantly given. Philip pondered the matter awhile and then said:

"You and your sister come along to school. I'll stand by you. The boy who offers a word or a wink against you without cause is no friend of mine, and he'll soon find it out. As for the girls, I think I can answer for them, too."

I remember his words well. That day we were engaged in our favorite amusement of "playing Indian." The conversation between Philip and Robert was held at the door of the "wigwam," under the big oak tree that ornamented our playground. The wind was sighing among the tough, dry leaves overhead. Near by, with little blaze and much smoke, a "council-fire" was burning. A prisoner—"a hunter and trapper"—had been captured on the confines of our hunting-ground. He had been "tried, and condemned to death by burning at the stake," after being most basely betrayed into making a gallant struggle for his life by "running the gauntlet." The "death-sentence" was, however, withdrawn through the intercession of Philip, the chief of our tribe. He had been our leader in Indian and other games for more than a year and was known as "King Philip, Chief of the Pawpaw Tribe."



Cooper's novels had found their way into our settlement, and the farmers' meager libraries bristled with histories of Indian wars. Philip's title was suggested by our reading in the New England annals of the famous warrior of that name, to whose courage and many virtues our school history bore testimony. Quiet, earnest, brave, eloquent, and persuasive, young Philip outranked all his fellows. From the twelfth to the fifteenth years of his age, or until he left school, none disputed his sway. The whole school, both girls and boys, were included in his tribe. The girls frequently joined us in our Indian games. They delighted to figure as "princesses," "queens," "squaws," and "pale-face captive maidens." Beaded with red haws and sweet-brier berries, and bedecked with flowers, they shone in beauty among the "braves," hideous in their poke-berry war-paint and turkey-feathers. Philip excelled in all sports—in leaping, in throwing, catching, and batting the ball, in fox-chasing, and in exercise with the bow and arrow. He was not a wonderful scholar. Others led him in the school-room, for he took only to such books as pleased his taste. He was fond of natural subjects and delighted in learning about the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the inhabitants of the water, and the substances in the earth. For a boy, he had much information of this kind. He learned more reading at his father's fireside and in roving the fields and forest than he ever did at school.

The next morning, the Rankin children were at school. Philip had visited their home the evening before and completed the treaty with their mother. He met them in the road in the morning, accompanied them into the school-room, and gave them his countenance and support. He issued no formal proclamation, but without ceremony adopted them into the "Pawpaw Tribe." Katie became a beautiful "little princess," and was much beloved, while Robert donned the war-paint as one of the most highly respected "braves."

At ten o'clock, A. M., on the Saturday closing the following week, there was a council-meeting of the tribe at the school-house. About all the members were present except the Rankins. In came the braves and squaws, bearing baskets, boxes, and bundles, and when they had all assembled, with King Philip in the lead, they filed out and proceeded straight to the cabin of the Widow Rankin. This they surrounded and captured without resistance. Philip explained that it was a surprise-party. His explanation was unnecessary. A dinner was prepared for the hungry though happy tribe from the materials they had brought. Besides, they offered as presents to the widow and her children many delicate, ornamental, and plain, useful articles, such as a rustic neighborhood might afford.

The mother hesitated to accept, but Philip insisted in a most eloquent speech. He said the older folks had just given what they called a donation-party to the minister's family at the village, and that "The Pawpaw Tribe" did not propose to be outdone. Mrs. Rankin could no longer hesitate and with the rest entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion. A happy day was spent at the cabin, and for many, many days thereafter a brighter light shone in and around it. The invasion of the school tribe broke down the barriers. Neighborly visits were frequently made by farmers' wives and mothers, and were returned. One day, several men, handy with the saw and hammer, met by appointment, and put the old house in comfortable shape for the winter. Loads of wood, ready for the fire, were piled by the door, and the stable-loft was filled with fodder for the horses and cow. It having been ascertained that Mrs. Rankin was a skilled needle-woman, she was also given all the sewing she cared to do and at fair prices.

In the spring, the widow had an offer for her lands. Though the price was small, she was about to accept it and move back over the mountains, for the rough hills were apparently valueless, except as a pasture range and for the timber on them. About that time, Philip's uncle, Professor White, principal of an Ohio academy which in a year or two Philip expected to attend, paid the Moss family a visit. The Professor was quite a geologist. On one of his rambles in search of specimens, accompanied by Philip, they traversed the bed of the stony creek that wound through the Rankin lands. A rock jutted out from a clay bank. The Professor broke off a piece and examined it. He broke off other pieces along the creek and examined them also. Presently he observed, "It is the true grindstone grit. The hills are full of it. There is a fortune here for the owners of these lands." The valuable material was piled up, one layer on another, walling up the stream on either side. The Professor put a few of the chips into his knapsack, and went on looking after something else, more interested in getting rare specimens for his cabinet than in opening rich mines.

But not so with Philip. He thought the matter over, informed the widow of the discovery, and finally prevailed upon his father to write to John Lennox, the quarryman. Mr. Lennox came, took a look among the rocks, and pronounced the material the best he had yet found. It was the true grit and of superior quality. A few months afterward quarries were opened, and soon their products were distributed throughout the country. Ponderous stones from the Rankin quarries whirled amid the sparks and flashing steel blades in the largest factories; smaller ones were turned by farmers' boys in wood-sheds; scythe-stones made



merry music among the meadow-larks and song-sparrows, and Rankin whetstones squealed on the edge of the woodman's ax from Maine to Missouri. The widow's income from the quarries was large. A new life opened to her and her children. Her weak-headed brother, although he continued to wander, now went about with money in his pocket.

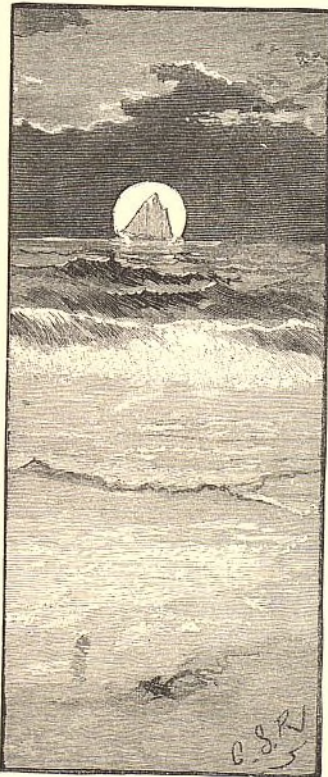
"The Pawpaw Tribe" scattered as widely as the famous products of the grindstone quarry. Its noble chief went West, established a little tribe that bore his own name, led a regiment into the war, and died for his country. A year ago I went to where his ashes lie, pulled away the weeds, and laid a handful of wild flowers on his grave.

## THE SHIP IN THE MOON.

By S. T. R.

MOST of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS have probably seen the sea, either at some one of those crowded resorts,—Newport, Long Branch, Atlantic City, Asbury Park, and Coney Island,—or else at one of the little hamlets or fishing villages scattered along the coast. And, perhaps, some of these boys and girls have seen the curious sight reproduced in the accompanying illustration. But as I have never had the good fortune to behold it more than once, I want to tell you of the incident.

One sultry August day, I left the hot city with a party of friends in search of a cool and restful holiday by the sea. Before night-fall, we found a pleasant place on the New Jersey coast, and after a hearty supper we hastened down to the beach. Crowds of people were strolling up and down the board walk that formed a promenade along the shore; but we were tired, and so threw ourselves immediately upon the sand, where we soon made comfortable resting-places in which to listen to the



roar of the surf and look out over the sea. Vessels of all sorts and sizes were moving slowly along in the twilight, and at last one fine steamer came up out of the southern horizon on her way to New York harbor, leaving a long cloud of black smoke behind. As she passed by, she saluted the crowd on shore with a deep, hoarse whistle, while the people waved their handkerchiefs, hats, and shawls in response. By and by, as it grew darker, the throng dwindled, and at last we roused ourselves from our rapt enjoyment of the scene to find that we were almost alone upon the beach. We jumped up, and were preparing to leave the shore, when one of our number called attention to a faint flush on the eastern horizon, and with one simultaneous cry, "The moon!" we settled ourselves again upon the sand in expectation of a magnificent spectacle.

And you may be sure we were not disappointed. The color in the far distance, looking at first like the glow of some great fire, gradually grew larger and larger, rounder and rounder, until finally a hemisphere of red light rested upon the farthest edge of the ocean. Just at that moment, we observed on the horizon a ship or sloop, seemingly almost as far away as the ball of light, but moving toward it. It drew swiftly nearer and nearer, and, finally, at the very moment when the great red globe drew itself wholly out of the water, the ship appeared upon its face, with all sail set, the whole outline of the vessel inclosed within the circle of the moon.

It was only for an instant, and the dark sloop passed out of the magic ring as quickly as it had entered it. But we who saw it have never forgotten the beautiful sight it gave us as it photographed itself for that one moment upon that wonderful screen. And, though I have many times watched for a repetition of the coincidence, I have never beheld a second ship in the moon. Have you?



## WAYS AND MEANS.

BY ONE BEHIND THE SCENES.



"OH, wont you purchase tickets, Mr. Poodle, for the ball?  
We've engaged two famous singers, Signor Screech and Madame Squall,  
And a lovely little German band to fiddle in the hall.  
You can bring your charming family—we'd like to see them all."

Mr. Poodle looked considerate. "It would be pleasant, quite;  
Should one even not participate, 't would be a beauteous sight;  
But, if I purchase tickets, my purse will be so light,  
There'll be nothing left for fancy-dress, so we needs must come in white,  
And I fear, my dear Miss Shorthorn, that you would not think this right!"

Miss Shorthorn's manner froze at once. "It is a *fancy* ball;  
If folks can not come in costume, they'd best not come at all!  
The expense of it would be quite too ridiculously small——"  
And she looked at Mr. Poodle just as if he'd been a wall  
Mr. Poodle meekly bowed himself out backward through the hall—  
Then he murmured, with a pleasant grin, "Ah, pride will have a fall!"

The evening came, and—fancy it!—the Poodles all were there!  
There were some attired in Persian dyes that looked both rich and rare,  
And some in simple garments, most innocently fair;  
There were some in high-necked robes, and some with arms and shoulders bare,  
And two with fluffy trains were thought a very charming pair;  
The crowd all turned to look at them, as they went up the stair,







## LOST IN THE WOODS.

*(A True Story.)*

BY MARY J. SAFFORD AND HELEN D. BROWN.

FAR up in the northern part of the State of Michigan, a peninsula, called Keweenaw Point, extends for fifty miles into Lake Superior. Along its western shore runs the main road, from which branch many others, leading to the numerous copper mines situated in this region—among which the Calumet and Hecla, Allouez, Phoenix, Delaware, and Schoolcraft are most famous. The eastern shore, being still covered with wild woods, is overgrown with thick underbrush, and intersected here and there by short, swift streams.

During the week, the men of this peninsula are almost all at work under the earth, and the country seems deserted, though many little wooden houses and log-huts with shingle roofs dot the region near the mines. But on Sundays men literally spring up out of the ground, and groups of miners appear everywhere, enjoying the only day they have to see the sunshine, the lake, the trees, and the flowers.

Amid the dense forests to the south and east grow quantities of berries and wild small fruits; and on the morning of Friday, July 21, 1882, a merry party of four children started into the woods, expecting to fill their tin pails with blueberries before many hours. The children were Mary Palson, a girl of thirteen; her younger sister, Margaret Palson; Theodore Lorrè, a boy of nine; and his sister, Arminda Lorrè, who was but seven years old. They proceeded on their journey in gay spirits and came ere long to the mouth of one of the mines, called "The Wolverine," where the father of the Lorrès was employed. Alas, for their day's sport! The father happened to see his children, and, fearful of their getting lost in the dense woods, he bade them go back to their home. All four of the children obeyed his injunction; but on the return journey they mistakenly followed another road than that by which they had come, until they finally discovered that, instead of bringing them nearer home, it was really leading them farther and farther into the forest.

After plodding patiently on for an hour, the boy asked the three girls to sit down and wait while he searched for the right road. But his little sister clung to his hand, preferring to go along with him; and so the children separated in pairs. The Palson sisters chose a path leading to the north,

and followed it all day and until they came at last to the bank of a river, where they were found on the evening of the next day, and returned in safety to their home.

But the Lorrès? They had not returned when their late companions were brought in, nor had any news been heard of them. Mary and Margaret could only indicate vaguely the locality of the spot in the woods where they had last seen the brother and sister, as they bade them good-bye; but several parties immediately started out in search. The father and older brother of the children, in company with friends, had been seeking the missing ones during Saturday, and on Sunday night a party discovered the children's tracks in the soft ground near a river. But they were soon lost in the mud, and the most thorough search in the neighboring woods proved fruitless, while loud and repeated halloos brought no response.

Monday morning came and the children had not been found. But now, large parties of men, sympathizing with the parents' agony, began to search the forest in all directions. Most of these, however, were miners, ignorant of woodcraft, and knowing little of the upper world, and so they discovered no sign of the children, and many even lost their own way, and found the path home with difficulty. On Tuesday, by a generous action of the proprietors, all the employés of the Allouez mine were given permission to share in the search, and large numbers from the Calumet and Red Jacket joined them.

As the evening of this day closed in, a terrible storm arose, and every home in the surrounding country was filled with exclamations of pity for the lost boy and girl who had to face the tempest alone in the wilds. Gradually the men, wearied and almost hopeless, returned with sorrowful faces from the vain search, without having found even a trace of the lost children.

Wednesday and Thursday passed, and still the almost frantic parents had no tidings of their absent ones. But on Friday morning, as a final endeavor, all the men employed in the Calumet and Hecla mines, together with many citizens of Red Jacket, set off for the woods, where they were met by more laborers from the Allouez, Centennial, and Wolverine mines; and before noon of that day nearly



thirteen hundred men plunged into the forest in search of the lost boy and girl.

It was while this army of searchers was scouring the woods in all directions, beating through the wild shrubs and tangled thickets, and frightening timid birds and animals with their loud "hal-loo-oo-s," that, in another part of the forest, a brave nine-year-old boy trudged wearily through the underbrush, carrying his sister upon his back.



THEODORE AND ARMINDA LORRÉ. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR ST. NICHOLAS.)

Both their faces were pale and white with exhaustion, and the little girl's bore the mark of tears. But Theodore Lorré was a plucky lad and had by no means lost heart. He had kept up his courage and cheered his little sister through all the days

and nights that they had spent in the woods, and he had even thought out a way of escape, and planned a route which he felt must bring them out of their prison—for the vastness and shadow of a mighty forest can form as strong and gloomy a prison, if you do not know some way out from it, as was ever made by stone walls and iron bars.

As he toiled painfully along on that afternoon, with vision strained to catch some break in the endless rows of trees that stretched in every direction, he kept revolving in his mind a plan which he had made, and was as happy as a lost boy can be when he found, by and by, that the plan was working well. In other words, he had resolved the day before to follow steadily the course of a small stream which they had chanced upon, as he knew that it must flow into a larger stream, and that in turn into a still larger, until at last some one of them would lead him out of the forest! So much his wise young head had taught him; and the reason of his joy that afternoon was, that the little stream had just fulfilled his expectation and brought him to the edge of a larger one—in fact, to a river. But, after reaching it, he felt that he could make no effort to follow it that day, for his sister was too weak and tired to walk, and he himself so weary and foot-sore that his knees seemed ready to sink under him.

He saw a fallen tree-trunk near by, and, making a little bed of dry leaves against one side of it, he placed his sister upon it, while he sat down upon the log beside her. And so they rested, while the shadows grew longer and darker among the trees. They spoke but little; but whenever Arminda seemed frightened or ready to cry, Theodore took her hand in his and cheered and soothed her by encouraging words.

"But," you will ask, "how did they live? What had they to eat?"

In order to answer these questions fully, we must retrace their wanderings.

After parting from the Palson sisters (one whole week before they arrived at the resting-place where we have just seen them), Theodore and Arminda wandered on, seeking constantly for some path or road, until day began to fade. As the darkness closed in upon them, little Arminda could not keep

back the tears, and her heart was filled with dread. But Theodore was not easily frightened. "Cheer up, Sis," he said; "it'll be just like campin' out—that's all," and he took out his pocket-knife and proceeded to cut some bushes for a bed.



"Mother wont like it and will be dreadfully scared," said Arminda.

"Well, I don't know as I like it any better 'n Mother," said Theodore. "But I'm not going to be scared."

Arminda, however, seemed to have something on her mind.

"Did you ever see a bear?" she whispered, as if she feared that Mr. Bruin might even then be in the thicket and overhear what she said. "I saw a picture of one, once," she went on, "and he was eatin' up a great big man. I guess that man was scared, I guess he was."

"Well, I don't let old make-believe pictures scare me," said Theodore.

Nevertheless, Arminda's words recalled to Theodore a certain bear story that a few days before had filled him with delight. It was not quite so pleasant now to think of the great brown bear that, according to the story, had crossed the forest road and frightened a woman almost out of her wits, as she was driving over to the Wolverine mine.

The woods were fast growing dark, and little Arminda clung closer to her brother, till at last they lay down on some soft moss and leaves which Theodore had gathered, and he told his sister to go to sleep. He watched the stars and the moon,—the same moon that was looking down into the door-yard at home,—and wished that it could somehow show him the way thither.

Meantime, the little sister was breathing softly; and soon these modern babes in the wood, wearied with the day's travel, were fast asleep.

The morning sunlight was just creeping into the forest when Theodore awoke.

"Halloo!" said he, looking about him in confusion at the strange surroundings.

Little Arminda started, and opened her eyes, too, in a daze. "Why, I slept all night with

my dress on! Why, we 've runned away!" she exclaimed.

"That 's what the folks 'll say, I s'pose," replied her practical brother, jumping up cheerily now that daylight was at hand. "And they 'll say we ought to be whipped, too, I guess. But I 'd be willin' to be whipped when I get home, if I only could get there. And oh, but aint I hungry?"

"So am I," said Arminda.



"Well, let 's have some breakfast, then," suggested Theodore. "There are nice, big berries all 'round here. I see some. Just you wait."

He soon came back with an armful of branches from the heavily laden bushes, and they both devoured an unlawful quantity.



"I guess they 'll make us sick, such a lot," said Arminda, in a cheerful tone; "but there's a lot more in the pails; and we must n't lose our pails," she added. "And if we carry 'em home full of berries, then they 'll like it better."

"We must pick our pails full," said Theodore, "so that, if we don't find any more, we won't starve." And he proceeded to fill the pails.

"I'm all skeeter-bites!" sobbed Arminda. And the spiteful insects had indeed cruelly wounded the little girl's face and neck and soft, round arms; and Theodore, too, bore many a mark of their sharp stings. "Well, we must hurry and get home," said he, "and Mother 'll cure 'em."

So they set out on their journey, eating the big ripe huckleberries from the bushes as they walked, filling their pails, in case they should come to places where there were no berries, and quenching their thirst at the creeks and small streams which they chanced upon at intervals. This day, too, wore slowly away, and once more they made a rude bed at the spot where darkness overtook them, and slept as best they could. Sunday came and passed. The little ones, walking hand-in-hand through the dense underbrush, could find no clew to guide them out of the wilderness. Yet all day they kept moving on. When they looked up to the tops of the tall trees, they felt lost and lonely; and when they grew tired, the great stillness subdued them, like the height of the trees. Now and then, the chirp of a bird or the crackle of a dead branch made little Arminda shiver and sink her voice to a low whisper.

But that night — the third which they had passed in the woods — they heard another sound far away in the distance.

"O-ho! O-ho-o! O-ho-o-o!"

Theodore recognized his brother's voice and shouted loudly in answer, Arminda joining. They called again and again. But the wind was against them. The sound they had heard grew fainter — their brother was evidently moving away. At last, only a poor little echo answered their cry, and then the great woods seemed more silent than ever.

The next day, while they were walking along, Theodore thought he heard a call, and they stopped to listen. "'T was over yonder," said the boy. "You wait here a minute, and I'll go and see if I can get a sight of 'em." He rushed through the brake a few rods, shouting and calling, and at last thought he saw a man moving among the trees in the dim distance. But the figure soon faded from sight, and, as Theodore turned to go back to his sister, he found that, in his eagerness, he had gone much farther away from her than he supposed. He called and called, but got no answer. He looked about him, faltered, stopped short. How far he

had run he could not tell, and the way back to his little sister was lost completely in the bewildering sameness of the forest. He plunged into the bushes, first in one direction, then in another, but seemed to get no nearer to the spot he had left. He leaned at last against a tree, dashed his fist across his eyes, and with a great gulp cried hoarsely, "I have lost her!"

But he would not give up; and he set to work to find the path he had taken through the thicket after leaving her. While seeking this, he caught sight of a fluttering bit of rag on a bush a few rods away. It flashed upon Theodore that here was a guide: these bits of calico belonged to Arminda's dress, and he had only to follow their lead to find his sister. He took the poor little rags tenderly from the bushes, and when at last he did find his sister, the thrifty little soul insisted on putting them, with other pieces that she had preserved, in her own pocket, "as Mother would need them when she mended the dress."

In the early dawn of the next morning, Theodore leaped suddenly from the bed of leaves where he was lying, and looked wildly about him in every direction. He had heard it again, that far-off "O-ho-o! O-ho-o-o!" And what was that, now up, now down, dancing in and out among the dark trees? Could it be a light? Could it be the light of his father's lantern? Yes, it was! As the daylight grew, he could distinctly see his father with a lantern in the distance. But all his frantic shouts failed to reach the searcher's ear, and, in his terror at losing his sister the day before, Theodore had resolved that nothing should tempt him to leave her again. And this determination he kept now, since he preferred to starve in the terrible woods rather than save his life by deserting her.

In the evening of the next day came the storm. The stillness of the forest began to be broken by the stirring and rustling of leaves, and then by long sighs of the wind, that deepened into a groaning and grumbling. Every moment the sky grew blacker, and down among the shadows of the great trees night had already come.

It found the two children at the foot of a pine tree, near which (and, indeed, half-covered by the boughs of the pine) lay a fallen trunk. Theodore had chosen this as the best place he could find in which to meet the storm; and on the lee side of the fallen trunk he had made a sort of rude tent, or covering, of loose brush that he had gathered, weaving together the crooked branches that they might not blow away. The poor little shelter was ready none too soon; for by this time the wind was tearing madly through the forest, bending and twisting the trees, and hurling to the ground small branches and twigs thick with leaves. Just as



heavy drops of rain began to fall, little Arminda crept into the rude "house" which Theodore had made for her, and drew close to the side of the huge log, which lay between her and the wind. The "house" was not large enough to hold Theodore, too, and so he made his bed upon a stone just outside. Down came the rain, while the thunder drew nearer and nearer, till the forest seemed one vast crash and roar. Through the dark trees the children saw the lightning darting and dancing over the sky. Arminda sobbed and trembled; but Theodore comforted her by telling her not to be frightened, "for *he* was there with her." Perhaps even his stout little heart would have quailed had he not been sustained by his pride in his "house."

"What's goin' to hurt us here?" he shouted, proudly, amid the tumult of sound. "I like to be out in the rain."

"I like to get wet, too," Arminda answered, weakly. "It makes my skeeter-bites feel good."

The lightning by degrees grew fainter and the thunder farther away; but all night long the wind and rain kept on together. The children clung to each other and whispered that they were not afraid.

Morning came at last, but still the tempest raged. Theodore looked ruefully about him when he arose, and resorted immediately for comfort to the pail of berries he had wisely sheltered. "I'm getting sick of this," he remarked to Arminda. "We must get home to-day."

But alas for such hopes! The whole day was spent in patient but fruitless plodding over the wet leaves, with the rain still falling, and that night they had to seek their rest upon a huge, sloping stone under the projecting boughs of a thick-leaved tree—since that was the driest bed that they could find.

By this time, you may be sure, they were in a sorry plight. Their hands and heads fairly ached from the bites of swarming mosquitoes; they were scratched and bruised by their scrambles through the tangle of the underbrush; and though they managed to keep their pails filled with berries, they were becoming very hungry for some more satisfying food. Arminda was now too foot-sore to walk more than a few steps at a time, and Theodore had to carry her. Their clothes had become so soaked that they were a heavy burden: even Theodore was too weary to tramp very far in a day; and poor little Arminda was almost sick with fatigue and hunger.

On the next day, however, they came upon a brook and began to follow it as Theodore had planned, and made what progress they could. The wind had died down, and, save for the "drip, drip" of the drenched trees, the great storm was over. It left the little wanderers pitifully weak and

sore, but still brave and hopeful, and they kept on their way along the bank of the brook, until, in the afternoon of Friday, they reached, as we have seen, the edge of a larger stream. Content with this triumph of his new plan, Theodore prepared the little couch of leaves for his sister to rest upon, as already described, and sat down on the log beside her. And when she dropped asleep from weariness, he began to wonder how long it would take them to get home by following the river shore, and whether his poor little sister would have strength to stand the journey, or he to carry her.

But a speedier deliverance was even then at hand. It was on that day that the great woods reëchoed in all directions with the calls and shouts of thirteen hundred men; yet none of their loud halloos had reached Theodore, as he sat upon the log that afternoon, all unconscious that he and his sister were the objects of such a great expedition. Indeed, it was late in the day, and the army had really failed like the other smaller searching parties, having passed beyond or far to the side of the spot where the children were now resting;—and yet it had not failed either, as you shall see. It so happened that four men belonging to the searching regiment lagged behind their companions, and, failing to catch up with them, went straying hither and thither, forgetting the children entirely in their desire to rejoin their fellows. But being miners, and having little knowledge of woodcraft, they soon found themselves hopelessly bewildered, and had to confess that, instead of finding the lost children, they were in the unpleasant predicament of being themselves lost in the woods.

It can not be said that, considering how much older they were, they bore this discovery with any better courage than the children had shown. But all they could do was to keep up a constant halloo, in the hope that some of the returning parties would hear them. This, therefore, they set about doing as lustily as possible, but for a long time without reply. At last, however, as they stood silent, listening after one of their loud calls, one of the men said: "Hark! What was that?" Faint and weak through the far distance came an answering "Halloo—oo!" They moved over in the direction whence it came and again repeated their call, and stopped to listen. Again it was answered, more clearly this time, but on the instant one of the men said, breathlessly, "That is a *boy's* voice!"

They ran forward quickly, and before long came in sight of the boy himself, and one of the party shouted to him, "Who are you?"

"I am Theodore Lorrè," was the answer.



"Where do you live?"

"At Allouez."

"Is there any one with you?"

"Yes, my little sister."

Imagine the surprise and joy with which the men discovered that they had at last found those for whom all were seeking. Ragged, foot-sore,



HOME AT LAST!

bruised, and exhausted, the children still showed that they had not lost their courage, and the men, overjoyed with their success,—for few had hoped after so many days to find the brother and sister alive,—lifted them on their shoulders and carried them till dark, when they encamped for the night on the bank of the stream near which the little ones had been found.

Early Saturday morning, they prepared to con-

tinue their way, and the whole party,—miners as well as children,—being lost, a consultation was held about the direction to be pursued. The miners said that it would be useless to follow the river, because it flowed into Lake Superior, and would lead them farther and farther from home; but the boy stoutly maintained that all the water on that side of Keweenaw Point flowed into Torch Lake. At last, persuaded by his entreaties, and aware of their own ignorance of the locality, the men yielded, and slowly forced a path along the bank down the stream, a course which, to their great delight, brought them ere long to a region where they recognized several landmarks, and whence they soon and easily made their way to Calumet.

Meantime, in the town, parties were sadly preparing to resume the apparently hopeless search, when the news flew from mouth to mouth that the lost ones had been found. At first, the report was not believed; but before night-fall the miners, carrying the children on their shoulders, came in sight, and the crowd burst into shouts and cheers of joy. A gentleman took the little ones into his buggy, and drove along the street toward their home while the crowd thronged about the horse and vehicle clamoring for a sight of the children, who had to be constantly held up to their view and saluted with cheers. A friend had run forward to inform the almost frenzied parents, who wept with joy on hearing the news; and in a few minutes the father and mother clasped to their hearts the lost ones whom they had begun to mourn as dead.

Theodore's boots could be taken off only by cutting them away from his feet with a knife; and, as the poor boy had had his leg broken hardly a year before, it seemed marvelous that he could have endured all he did. Both children were terribly foot-sore, and several days passed before the brave lad could leave his bed. For eight long days and nights he had wandered with his little sister, refusing, even to save his life, to leave her a moment, lest she should be hopelessly lost. And during the last two days, hardly able to drag



himself along, he carried her on his back. He had shown through all that had happened a courage and endurance that many a man might envy, and it is good to know that, in the days following his return, hundreds of friends and neighbors visited the family, and in many ways testified their appreciation of the children's bravery.

Through the kind assistance of a friendly correspondent,\* ST. NICHOLAS is enabled to show you photographs of the two children in the clothes which they wore during their wanderings in the woods; and, looking at them, we seem to see in the faces something of the brave and patient en-

durance that carried them safely through that terrible week. Perhaps they were remembering it all in those few minutes when they stood before the camera; but, whether that were true or not, the devotion and courage shown by this boy of nine are truly remarkable and worthy of all praise. And when we remember that his own wise little head had really discovered a way out of the woods before he was found by the miners, and that he in fact guided them out afterward by persuading them to follow the route he had determined upon, we could not blame the sturdy lad for hesitating to admit that he was really *lost* in the woods.

\*[WE are indebted, for the faithful and striking pictures of the Lorrè children accompanying this story, to Mrs. Sarah J. Penniman, of Calumet, Michigan, who made the photographs from which our engravings are copied. "A few evenings ago," writes Mrs. Penniman, in a letter received just as the story is going to press, "I went to see the Lorrè children, who interest me very much. It is difficult for me to converse with the father and mother, because they are Swedes, and I am not very familiar with the Swedish language; but Theodore interprets for me. A lady in Boston sent me a fine pocket-compass for Theodore and a dress for Arminda, so my last visit was especially interesting. The lady was an utter stranger, and sent the gifts from the admiration she felt for the children after hearing the story of their adventure. Some time ago, a gentleman in Cleveland sent Theodore twenty-five dollars and a suit of clothes in compliment to his bravery. I am sure that the ST. NICHOLAS account of the children's week in the woods will greatly interest, not only the people of this locality, but all the readers of the magazine.

"In making the photographs, I had to reward the children for consenting to be taken in the garments they wore in the woods by giving them a photograph of themselves arrayed in their Sunday best. They did not like the idea of 'those old clothes.'"—ED.]

## LOVELINESS.

BY MARIA LOCEY.

"BEAUTIFUL thoughts make a beautiful soul, and a beautiful soul makes a beautiful face."

ONCE I knew a little girl,  
Very plain;  
You might try her hair to curl,  
All in vain;  
On her cheek no tint of rose  
Paled and blushed, or sought repose:  
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain  
Came and went,  
As a recompense for pain,  
Angels sent:  
So full many a beauteous thing,  
In her young soul blossoming,  
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,  
Pure and true;  
And in time the homely face  
Lovelier grew;  
With a heavenly radiance bright,  
From the soul's reflected light  
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,  
Plain or poor,  
If your thoughts are undefiled,  
You are sure  
Of the loveliness of worth;—  
And this beauty not of earth  
Will endure.



## UNDER THE APPLE-TREE.

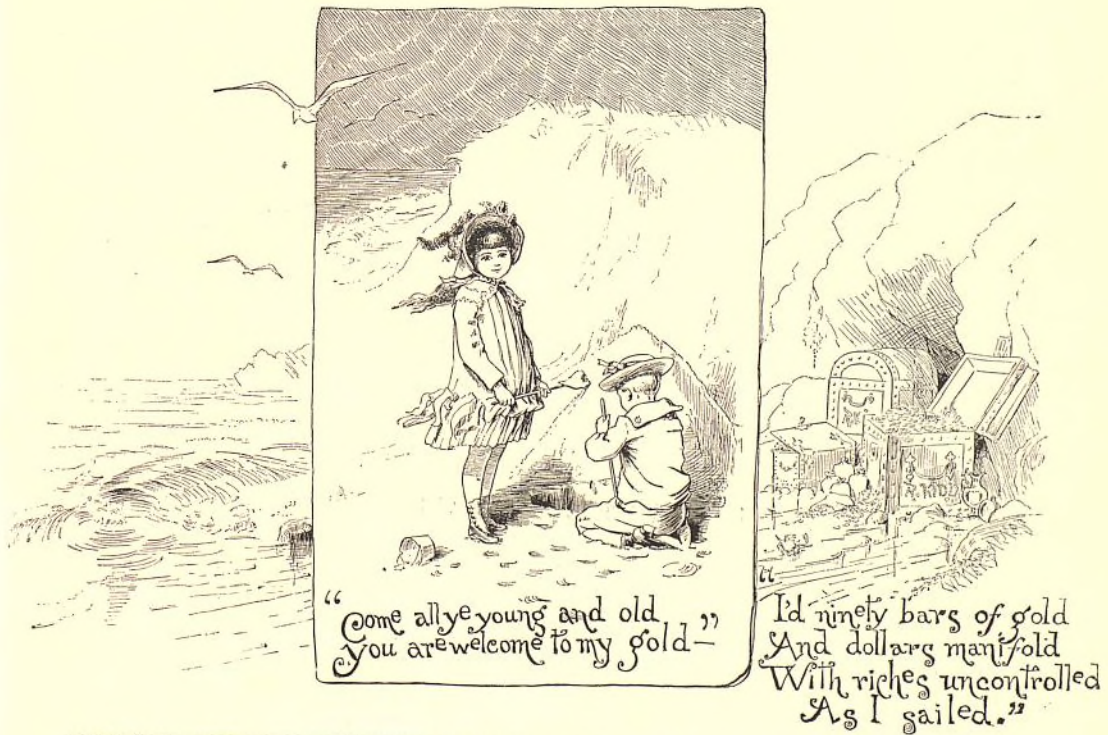
BY AUNT FANNY.

SHAKE, shake the branches!  
 Make the beauties drop!  
 Pity 't is the reddest ones  
 Are always at the top!  
 Oh, what a merry chime!  
 (Sing all together!)  
 Trip in time and ring a rhyme,  
 In the autumn weather.

Shake, shake the branches!  
 Gather every one,  
 Rosy-golden rogues they are,  
 Ripening in the sun!

Tommy holds his apron white,  
 (Sing all together!)  
 Fire bright will roast 'em right,  
 In the autumn weather.

Shake, shake the branches!  
 Down, down they fall;  
 We 're to have a bun apiece  
 If we gather all.  
 Now we 're marching home again  
 (Sing all together!)  
 Let the rain fall amain —  
 We 'll not mind the weather!



ELSIE: "NOW, FRED, I JUST DON'T BELIEVE THAT STORY ABOUT CAPTAIN KIDD IS TRUE. BESIDES, I'M TOO TIRED TO DIG ANY FURTHER."



## WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. IX.

## THE PLAYTHINGS AND AMUSEMENTS OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

AT the time when my companions and I were boys, there was scarcely such a thing known as a manufactured toy. The few of such toys as came over to America were soon used up in the larger cities, so that none of them ever came to the village where I had my home. Our geographies told us that large quantities of toys were made in Nuremberg, and we never ceased to wonder at that far-away place where toys could actually be bought all ready for use. How much labor, we thought, that would save us if we could only get a sight of those coveted toys from Nuremberg, so that we might copy after them—for, with hardly a single exception, all the toys that we had we made ourselves.

Perhaps it was just as well that we did. Our geographies opened with heavy arguments from the *North American Review*, *The Journal of Education*, Maria Edgeworth, and Pestalozzi, to show that the book was so plainly written as to be easily understood by the most stupid pupil. The following titles sufficiently indicate the character of the illustrations: "Railroad Car"—of the olden style; "Freemen's Meeting Displaying the Flag of 'Equal Rights'"; the "Hudson River, Palisades, and Steamer Oregon"; "A Despot Giving Orders"; "Indians Attacking the First Settlers"; "Lion Carrying Off a Hottentot"; "Death of Captain Cook"; "Capture of a Boa-Constrictor"; "Capitol at Washington," as it was originally built; "Portraits of the Presidents of the United States"—Polk being the last, and ten the whole number, instead of twenty-one, as at the present time.

A glance at our "children's book-case"—as it is called to-day—shows that the best of our books were: "Robinson Crusoe"; "Swiss Family Robinson," and the sequel; "Paul Preston's Voyages," with engravings; Captain Marryatt's "Children of the New Forest"; "Hugh Fisher, or Home Principles Carried Out"; "Letters to the Young," by Miss Jewsbury; and "Glimpses of the Past," by Charlotte Elizabeth. Beside these, we had the "Franconia Stories"; the earlier numbers of *Merry's Museum* and *The Youth's Cabinet*; and "Peter Parley's Tales."

This was the kind of reading that we had, instead of the lighter kind, with beautiful pictures, which almost every boy and girl of to-day can enjoy. We had no such fine books in those days,

and we had no fine toys either. Do you wonder, then, that we were, and that we grew up, old-fashioned boys and girls?

As soon as we were well along in our studies, our teacher made us spend a part of our play-time in knitting with a spool. This is the way it was done: Four pins were driven into the end of the spool, close to the hole that runs through it. A loop was tied in the yarn and slipped over the head of one of the pins. The yarn was then carried around the other three pins, and the work of knitting was ready to proceed. A loose pin was taken between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, by means of which a bit of the loose yarn was pried up. It was then pulled through the loop, put over the head of the pin that stood upright, and pressed back to its place again. Another stitch was taken at the next pin, and so on. After working in this way for awhile, the knitted part began to appear through the other end of the hole in the spool, where it would grow gradually longer. When it was long enough, it was cut off and sewed together in the form of a mat. Instead of a spool, some of us were so much better off than the rest as to have a cork, through which a large hole was made. I will not draw a picture of this knitting-machine, because it has lately made its appearance at the toy-shops as a new invention, and for a few cents you can easily have one that will be a great deal better than mine ever was.

We boys soon became tired of "cork knitting," "grace hoops," "battledoor and shuttlecocks," and other games, which the teacher had us play. Such games we left for the girls, while we took up marbles and tops. From that time, our sports and games were as different as could be from those which the girls enjoyed; and, if you will let me, I will tell you how three or four of us—all under the age of twelve—made our own toys and playthings, and managed to have a good time generally, although we were obliged to do without "store" toys. For the sake of convenience, I will divide my story into chapters, in this way:

## CHAPTER I.

## TOPS, KITES, AND FLAG-POLES.

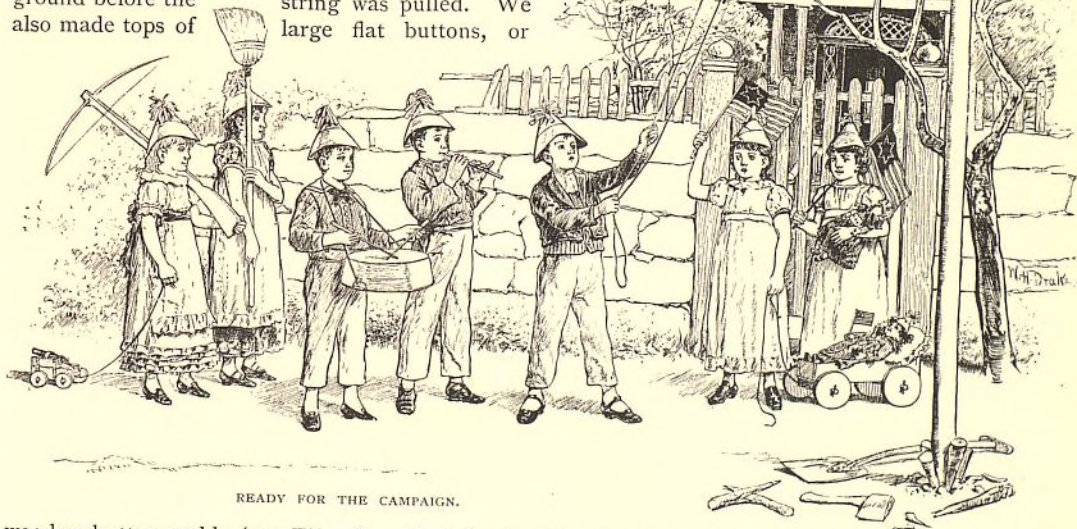
SOMEBODY has said that, when marbles, tops, and kites make their appearance, we may know



that winter is over and spring has come. This is truer of marbles than of the other things we have named. The tops that we made were of two kinds. The first kind was of the shape shown at Fig. 1 (p. 866), with a spiral groove running from the upper part down to the lower end, where a nail had been driven into the wood and filed to a point. The work of cutting this groove was difficult, for it had to be very evenly done, or else the leathern string—or whip-lash—would slip over the point of the top. When everything was ready, the whip-lash was wound in the groove, and the boy threw the top away from him toward the ground, taking care to hold the lash and the whip-handle in his hand. If the point struck the ground, the top would keep on spinning for a little time; but it would soon stop unless the boy whipped it with a great deal of force, and even then it would stop if he did not strike it in the right way. You will not see many of these tops nowadays, because boys do not like to work so hard with a whip when they play. Another kind of top (see Fig. 2) was spun by wrapping a string around the handle, which was held in one hand, while the string was pulled with the other. The body of the top was near the point, and this made it spin for a long time, but we were careful to put the point close to the ground before the string was pulled. We also made tops of large flat buttons, or

short piece, *fc*, were fastened at the center, *g* (Fig. 3). Notches were cut in the ends of the sticks, and a string was slipped into the notches, at *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, and *f*. Four other notches, about *g*, were made for the two cross-loops of string—the “belly-bands”—to which was fastened the long string that “fled” the kite. Other notches, at *e* and *d*, secured a cross string, which held the tail. The whole surface, *a*, *b*, *c*, and round to *a* again, was covered with newspapers that were cut large enough to fold over the outer string, and to be secured with flour-paste on the under side.

The next thing to flying a



READY FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

wooden button-molds (see Fig. 2), with holes in the center of each. A broom-splint made the handle, and, by turning the top over and making a point of the handle, we enjoyed the antics of what we called “a long-legged top.”

Our kites were very simply made from paper, string, and three bits of lath split in two, lengthwise. For a fair-sized kite, two of the laths were three feet long, and the third lath was two feet long. The two long pieces, *ad* and *be*, and the

kite, in our opinion, was the flying of a flag or banner of some sort. Of course, the flag or the banner was “home-made.” The flag was of white cotton, red cambric, and blue cambric. The banner was usually of white cotton, with some political motto or sentiment, like “We are all Whigs here,” painted upon it. In order to float these flags or banners, we were obliged to go into the woods and cut small tamarack or hemlock trees. Having trimmed these and stripped off the bark, we had very



smooth and straight poles, from twenty to twenty-five feet long. When we wanted longer poles, we cut two trees, and "spliced" one at the end of the other. Then came the fun of "rigging" a pulley at the smaller end, through which the rope or string that held the flag might run. After that came the greatest fun of all, the digging of a hole in the ground for the planting of the pole. When this was done we were ready, and even anxious, for the next political campaign to begin.



FIGURE 1.

## CHAPTER II.

## EXCAVATIONS.

AND in speaking of the digging of holes in the ground, I am reminded of larger holes, real excavations, that we dug every spring for a number of years—for, at that time, we had never been told that in digging into the earth we ran the risk of malaria. Our method of working was very simple. Having selected a place that suited us, we marked upon the ground a circle of perhaps



FIGURE 2. OLD-FASHIONED TOPS.



throw the earth up and so far away from the hole that it would not tumble back again. So we covered all the edges of the hole with boards, and, while one threw up the earth from below, another would take it from the boards and throw it further away.

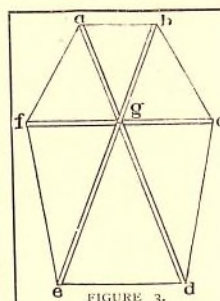


FIGURE 3.

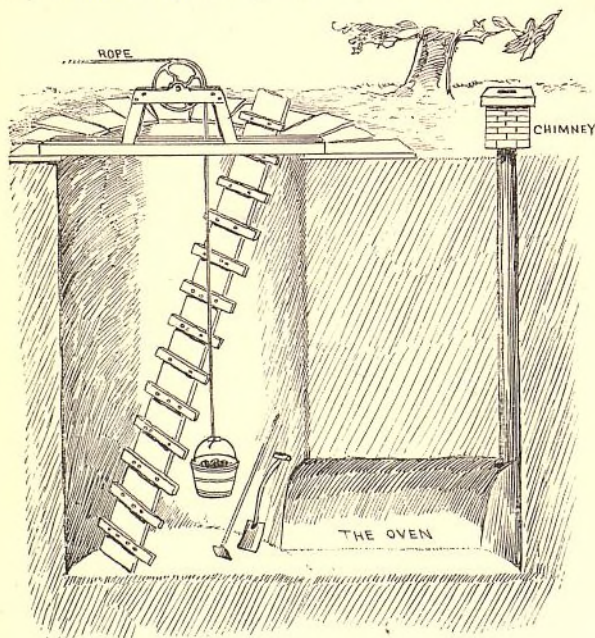


FIGURE 4. A JUVENILE MINE.

six feet in diameter. Three of us worked together, and each took a shovel. For awhile the work went on bravely. But it was not long before we

had to go to the house after a drink of water and some of Grandma's "jumbles," as a spur to industry. The deeper we dug, the less you could see of us above the ground, and when our shoulders were below the surface it was hard work to

Pretty soon the hole became so deep that we could not throw the earth out. Then we brought an old pulley-wheel, fastened it to a beam which we had placed across the hole, and dropped a pail into the hole by a rope that ran over the pulley. The pail being filled with earth below, it was drawn up by pulling on the rope above. In this way we went down to a depth of perhaps ten or twelve feet, taking care to go no further lest the banks should give way and cover us. A rough ladder was then made by nailing short sticks across a long board, and on this ladder we were able to go down to the bottom of the hole and to come up to the surface again. (Fig. 4.)

But this was only a small part of the pleasure of "digging a hole," as we called it. After enjoying the cool air at the bottom, we marked the outline of an oven at one side, and dug with spades and hoes until we had made a very large



open space. Carefully measuring the depth of the oven, we came up to the surface, marked off the distance, and dug a small hole downward. When this small hole met the oven, we built up the top with bricks and called it the chimney.

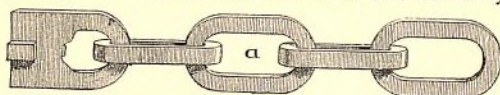


FIGURE 6.

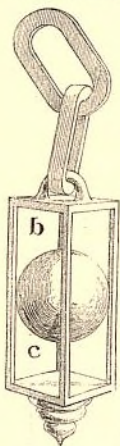


FIGURE 7.

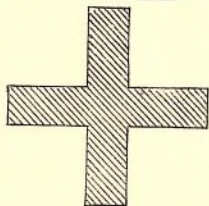


FIGURE 5.

Everything was now ready for "the bake." A fire was built, and while it was roaring we gathered corn and potatoes. Bearing

these to the oven, we waited till only the coals and hot ashes were left, and then, throwing in the potatoes and the corn and covering them with grass, we waited till "the bake" was done. You can not imagine how much better the corn and the potatoes tasted than any that we ever had at the table. After two or three

fires had been built in the oven, the earth became so dry as to cave in—and this was always the end of "the hole." After that the gardener threw in whatever rubbish he wanted to dispose of, and there was nothing left for us boys but to fill up the hole. This was not as much fun as it was to dig it—but we always managed to do the filling, because we knew that, if we did not, we could not have permission to dig another hole when another spring came around.

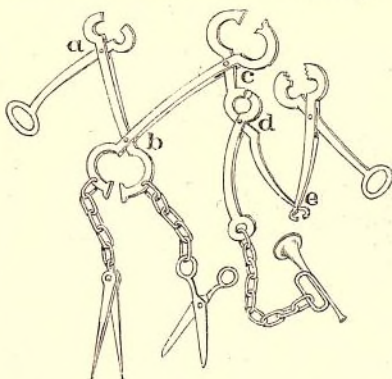


FIGURE 8. SOME TRIUMPHS OF WHITTILING.

### CHAPTER III.

#### WOODEN CHAINS, BUZZ-SAWS, AND FLAP-JACKS.

WE spoiled or broke many a two-bladed jack-knife in the process of whittling chains, etc., from blocks of wood. The blocks (for a beginner) were about an inch and a half square at each end and a foot long. Pine was the wood first selected, but as we learned how to avoid breaking our knives or splitting the wood, we took black walnut instead, because the links "finished" more handsomely. As we became more expert, we reduced

the size of the blocks until we were able to use them when they were as small as an inch or even three-quarters of an inch at the end. The first thing, after trimming the stick so that it would be perfectly square, was to dig out the four corners, so that each end would look like Fig. 5, which is made from what the lumber dealers call "inch stuff." Once in awhile, when we felt too lazy to dig the corners out with our knives, we had a carpenter plane them out with his tools. Our next move was to mark out the links so that they should be of a uniform length. If we were working in "inch stuff," the links were an inch and three-quarters long; but if we were working in "inch-and-a-half stuff," the links were two and a quarter inches long. You will see by Fig. 6 how we cut each link away from the rest, and how the whole chain was made out of a single piece of wood. Great care was taken not to split the wood at the place marked *a*. The links were very rough when they became loose, and each one was smoothed and afterward oiled. Sometimes we left the corners as they were at one end of the block and cut the open spaces at *b* and *c* (Fig. 7). This gave us a block which we afterward whittled into the shape of a ball. At other times, when we had more of the virtue of patience than usual, we cut from a

single piece of inch or inch-and-a-half board a number of pincers, with joints at *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d* (Fig. 8), that would allow them to open and shut. Another joint, at *e*, was so cut that the smallest pair of pincers worked at right angles to the others. There were also small chains of wood which held a draughtsman's compass, a bugle, and a pair of scissors—the whole, as I have said before, being made from a single block of wood.

What we called "buzz-saws" were imitations of the circular saws at the saw-mills. In order to make them, we first pounded the cover of an old blacking-box until the rim came off. Hav-

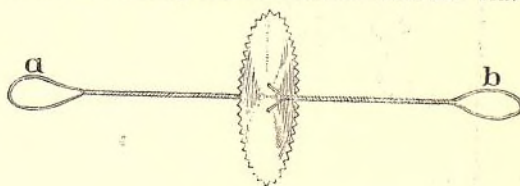


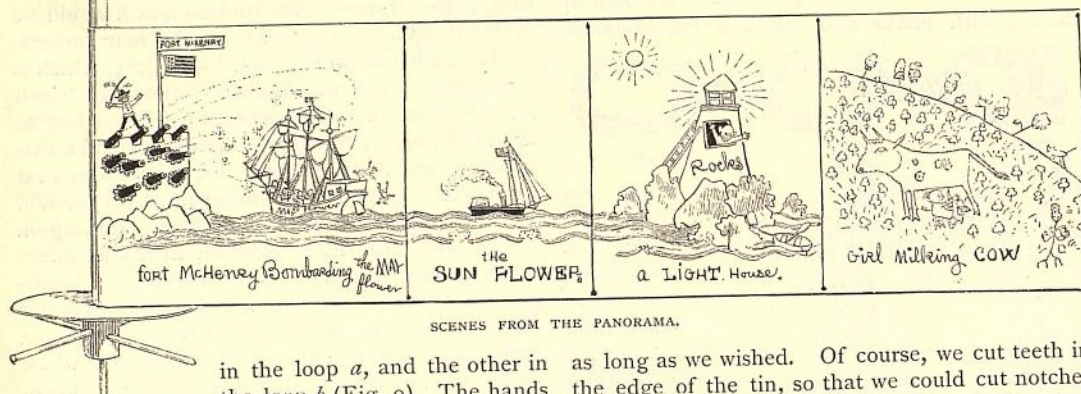
FIGURE 9.

ing flattened the round part, we punched two holes through it close to the center and perhaps half an inch apart. The holes were at the same distance



from the center. A string nearly four feet long was run through the holes, and the ends were tied together. One hand was placed

buzz-saw turned rapidly in the other direction. By thus bringing the hands nearer together and then pulling them apart, the buzz-saw would twirl



SCENES FROM THE PANORAMA.

in the loop *a*, and the other in the loop *b* (Fig. 9). The hands being then about two feet apart, they were pulled still farther apart. This motion caused the string

as long as we wished. Of course, we cut teeth in the edge of the tin, so that we could cut notches in any bit of wood that we came across. But when we had such a toy, you may be sure that we were



"THE FLAPJACK TURNED HEELS OVER HEAD WITH A GREAT NOISE." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

to twist, thus bringing the hands nearer together. Another motion of the hands outward, and the

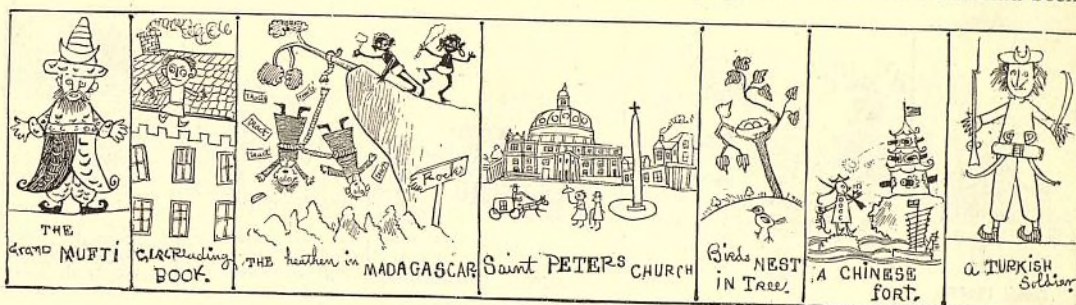
not allowed to use it in the parlor. We sometimes made a safer and less noisy toy, similar in char-



acter but much smaller, by using buttons instead of the cover of the blacking-box.

So far as I know, my grandfather was the in-

were cut—usually an advertisement-card of some insurance company, the white side of which was as good for our purpose as if the whole card had been



SCENES FROM THE PANORAMA.

ventor of the "flapjack"—a plaything that he taught us to make and to use. The fork of a tree was selected—the two branches being about eighteen inches long and not more than one inch thick. Near the ends of the two branches there were cut notches, into which a double string was closely fitted. A flat stick—a little longer than the distance between the string and the place where the branches came together—was slipped between the double string, and twisted until the shortened string brought the ends of the branches very much closer. Then the flat stick was shoved down a little beyond the point where the two branches came together. The stick did not want to stay in that position, and therefore it was fastened to the fork with a piece of warm wax at *a* (Fig. 10). Stoves were higher from the floor in those days than they are now; and when the flapjack had been placed—stick side down—where the warm air under the stove would strike it, the wax became softer, and the flapjack turned heels over head with a great noise. And yet nobody was hurt; for the flapjack simply made people jump, because it jumped so suddenly itself.

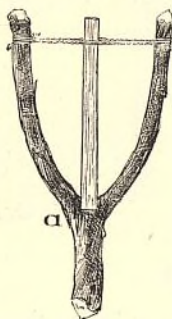


FIGURE 10.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### PANORAMAS AND THE LIKE.

OF course, we had a glimpse of a magic-lantern once in awhile; but a really good lantern was unknown in the neighborhood. Nor was there any such thing as a stereopticon in existence. We thought ourselves fortunate when—at the suggestion of the older people—we were able to make a "Thames Tunnel." Eight pieces of card-board

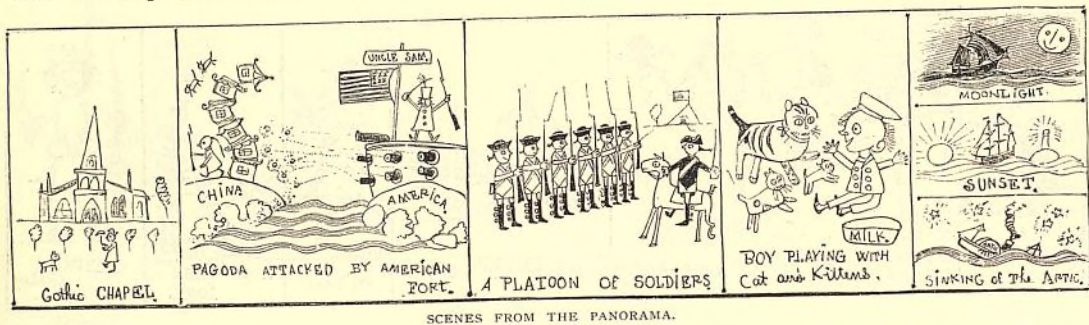
blank. Each of the eight pieces was six inches wide from *a* to *b* (Fig. 11). The height from *a* to *c* was four inches; but we sometimes made each card a trifle higher than the one before it, so that the lower card—if they were laid one on another—would be an inch more from *a* to *c* than the upper card, or five inches instead of four inches. The upper card was then cut in the manner shown by the straight and curved lines in Fig. 11. The second card was cut with the same figure, only a trifle smaller; and so on—the eighth card having the smallest openings of all. Strips of thin brown wrapping-paper were pasted upon the edges of the cards in the manner shown in Fig. 12, so that the whole might fold together like an accordion. This done, the next thing was to cut small ships and boats from the illustrated papers, and to paste two or three of them on each card along the upper edge. Blue paint made these upper edges resemble the water. Small men, and horses drawing carts—which had also been cut from the papers and adjusted within the curved openings—gave the appearance (Fig. 13) of a great crowd passing through the celebrated tunnel under the Thames River in London, England.

But the painting of panoramas was a source of far greater amusement to us. Of course, we painted several, and I have time only to describe one, which is a good specimen of them all. It lies on the table before me as I write—a roll of yellowish paper, that was originally white, wound upon a round hickory stick (Fig. 14), eleven inches long and half an inch in diameter. The bottom part was an inch thick, and supported a tin plate. Heavy wires or nails were driven into the bottom of each roller. The opposite ends were provided with wire handles, with which we turned our rollers. The panorama itself was made by cutting blank sheets of newspaper into three strips, and then pasting them together. We thus had a roll of paper nine inches wide and as long as we chose, on



which we drew the pictures that were afterward painted. Here is a list of a part of the "pictures" in the panorama I have mentioned: "Fort

thatched cottage; a yellow country tavern, with horse-sheds; an American railway depot; a landscape in Italy—porphyry columns, overgrown



McHenry bombarding the "Mayflower"; a mite of a steamer, named "The Sunflower"; a light-

with ivy; a castle, with draw-bridge and moat; views of Harvard College, and the Champs de Mars, Paris; Niagara Falls emptying into the ocean; an iceberg, painted dark brown; Minot's Ledge light-house; the wreck of the schooner "Hesperus"; again the "Mayflower," with a green hull, red masts, and blue booms; Columbus's vessel, the "Santa Maria"; a black, three-masted

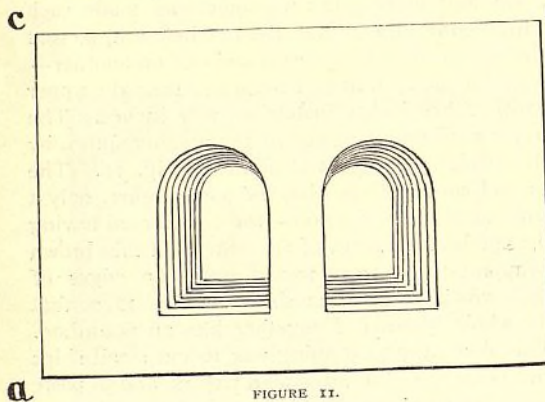


FIGURE 11.

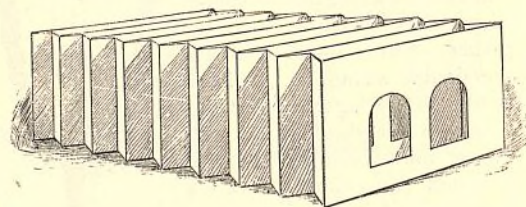


FIGURE 12.

house, on which was the sign "Rocks"; a girl milking a very sick-looking cow; another girl reading a book on the roof of a red house, with a yellow cornice; the heathen in Madagascar chopping off a rope and letting the missionaries fall headlong on the rocks below; St. Peter's Church in Rome; a bird's nest in a tree; a Chinese fort; a Turkish soldier (taller than the tree and twice as tall as the fort); the Grand Mufti—who stands taller than the spire of a Gothic chapel near by; a Chinese pagoda—into which an American fort is firing cannon-balls; a platoon of soldiers that are almost as tall as a cat and kittens with which a chestnut-haired boy is playing; a series of marine views—all shades of blue water—including Gosnold's ship, red, yellow, and brown schooners, pink steamers, and purple yachts with red sails; the sinking of the steamer "Arctic"; groups of cottages, with pink or purple roofs and red or blue doors and windows; Windsor Castle, as it was originally built; a grove of peacock-blue trees; a "lone fisherman," all in yellow; the ruins of Kenilworth Castle; a

gun-boat—the only really artistic picture in the lot; and, finally, the "Port of London"—a perfect maze of vessels—which concluded the exhibition.

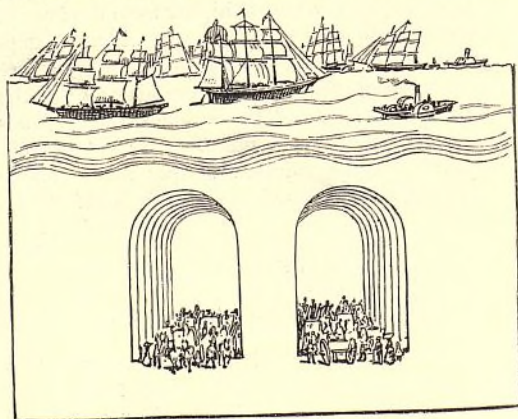


FIGURE 13.

Only a part of the pictures are mentioned above—for it would be too tiresome for any one to read a complete list. When the panorama was to be



shown, the roll (Fig. 14) was placed in one end of the box, at *b* (Fig. 15), and another roller just like it was placed at the point *a*. The loose end of the

pictures. One of the younger sisters, whom we called "Peggotty," was employed to turn the crank, while some of "us



SCENES FROM THE PANORAMA. (FIGURE 14.)

panorama having been fastened to the roller *a*, the crank was slowly turned, thus bringing the pan-

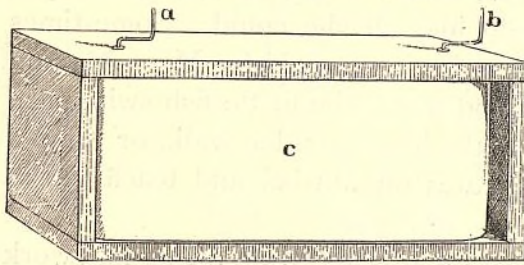


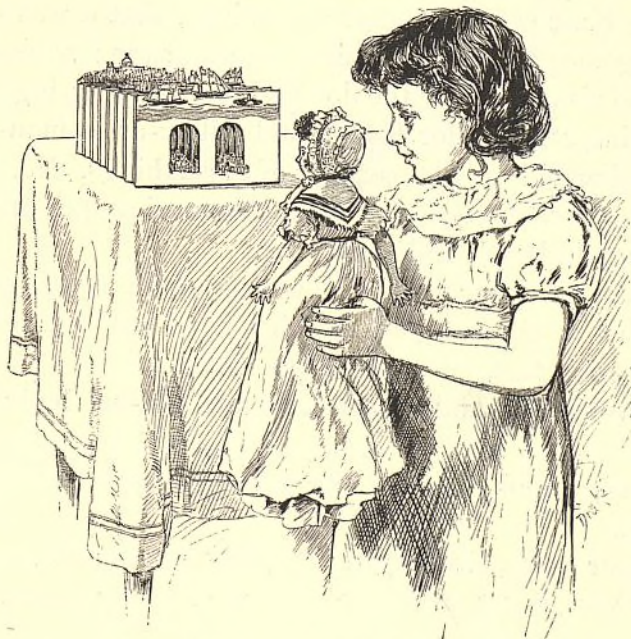
FIGURE 15.

orama into view at *c*. At the rear were two or three candles or a lamp, used to "light up" the

boys" explained the views to "the audience." This is the way in which a certain juvenile paper of the day spoke of the performance:

"PANORAMA.—This panorama was exhibited last Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock. The place where the panorama was exhibited was an unfinished room over the kitchen. A part of the room was divided from the rest by sheets; and a small hole, eighteen inches long and eight wide, was left in which to show the panorama. The audience consisted of nine persons, and the tickets were two cents apiece. The first thing was the first house in Wilmington, N. C., and a moonlight view of a bombardment by Fort McHenry. After crossing over a strip of water, we come into China; and after this, among other things, we have views of the following: Windsor Castle; the house at Genoa, in Italy, in which Columbus was born; the corner of a Mexican temple; the first church that was built in Cincinnati, Ohio; the mosaic temple in Benares; Gosnold's ship in 1602; some Indians; the steam-ship "Arabia"; a revenue cutter; a Spanish vessel; an American pirate ship, and the port of London. The panorama is nearly one hundred feet long, and I intend to have another part to it, which will be composed mostly of views in the Eastern continent and in South America."

(To be concluded.)



DOLLY ENJOYS A VIEW OF THE THAMES TUNNEL.



## THE STORY OF THE PAPER DOLLIES.

BY BESSIE HILL.

ONCE there was a ver-y nice girl who lived in the coun-try. Her name was Kate. She had a lit-tle sis-ter named Ma-bel; and Kate and Ma-bel would play out-of-doors ev-er-y fine day. Some-times they took their dog Car-lo with them, and he would leap be-fore them and bark with joy. Then Kate would throw a stick,—oh, so far!—for him to catch. She could throw a stick twice as far as Ma-bel could. If Ma-bel tried too hard she would fall down, and then Car-lo would try to lift her up, and she would put her lit-tle arms a-round his neck to help him all she could. Some-times Kate and Ma-bel found flow-ers and ber-ries in the field for Mam-ma, and some-times they would go to the brook and watch the lit-tle fish swim past. Or else they would roll a hoo-ple down the long gar-den walk, or jump a rope, or Kate would put lit-tle roll-er skates on Ma-bel and teach her to skate.

But on rain-y days they would stay in the house. Kate oft-en had work to do, or lessons to stud-y, but as soon as she had a mo-ment to spare, Ma-bel would say, in a fun-ny, coax-ing way, “Now, Ka-ty, please ’muse me.” “Ver-y well,” Kate would say; “I ’ll a-muse you, you dar-ling. What shall we do?”

Ma-bel knew Kate could do so man-y things, that it was hard to make a choice. Play-ing stage with the chairs was great fun; so was look-ing at a pict-ure-book; so was dress-ing the dol-lies; so was play-ing hide-and-seek; and so was hear-ing sto-ries, for Kate could tell ev-er so man-y nice sto-ries. But oft-en Ma-bel would not choose an-y of these things. No. She would run in-stead, and beg her Mam-ma for some sheets of pa-per and the scis-sors, and then Kate would laugh and say:

“I know what you want now! You want some pa-per dol-lies.”

“Yes,” Ma-bel would say, nod-ding her head and get-ting down on the floor close to Ka-tie’s feet, “I want pa-per dol-lies.”

Then Kate would cut, and cut, and cut till Ma-bel had as many as she wished.

One day Ma-bel looked out of the win-dow, and there sat a poor lit-tle girl by the fence.

“What’s your name, lit-tle girl?” called out Ma-bel, as Kate o-pened the win-dow. “You ’ll get wet there. Come in-to my house. It’s rain-ing.”



But the poor lit-tle girl was a-fraid to o-pen the gate. She be-gan to cry. "Don't cry!" called Ma-bel. "Oh, Ka-ty, Ka-ty! She's cry-ing!"

Then Kate went down and brought the lit-tle girl in, and let her sit by the kitch-en fire till she felt warm and dry. Then she and Ma-bel gave the lit-tle girl some bread and tea and cake, and Kate found a bas-ket and filled



KATE CUTS OUT THE PAPER DOLLIES FOR MABEL.

it full of bread and meat and eggs and tea for the lit-tle girl to take home with her. And you may be sure the lit-tle girl did not cry then.

And Ma-bel put in all the pa-per dolls she had, and kissed the lit-tle girl for "Good-bye."

"Come a-gain, lit-tle girl," she said, "and Ka-ty 'll make you more pa-per dol-lies."





"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—Yes, my dears, it's getting nearer and clearer every day—the sound of that school-bell. But, before it grows so loud and pressing as to drive all other sounds quite out of hearing, we'll have time to look into the subject of

#### WAR ON THE SPARROWS.

ABOUT fourteen years ago, Deacon Green tells me, America's own poet, William Cullen Bryant, wrote in verse a beautiful welcome to the English sparrow—the "Stranger Bird," as he called it, then a new-comer (brought over from England) and an object of general interest. The little stranger birds very soon made themselves at home in our towns and cities. They went to housekeeping, reared their families, chirped and quarreled and struggled for a living very much as their biped brother man did. Soon the country round about knew the little birds, and even the farmers gave them a sort of grudging welcome. Children watched them with a kindly courtesy, and even men and women would pause in their busy ways to wonder at the active, hardy little emigrants, who were so willing to go west, east, north, or south in the new land and settle. But that was a dozen years ago. The little stranger bird soon grew familiar, then abundant, and now people rise against them and tell them to begone. Letters are written to the newspapers proposing various ways of destroying them. They are welcome no longer. It's a free country, but not free to the sparrows.

Perhaps I ought to feel differently, my children, and tell you that the little creatures have become troublesome, that they drive away better birds, that they don't eat insects and slugs, and they do

eat fruit and grain. Perhaps I ought to read you a lesson from all this, and say, Behold, my children, the effects of ill-doing! But I can not. I am only a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and there are so many things worse than sparrows!

Think of it! Only fourteen years since the old poet sang in his kindness:

I hear the note of a stranger bird  
That ne'er till now in our land was heard.  
A winged settler has taken his place  
With Teutons and men of the Celtic race;  
He has followed their path to our hemisphere—  
The Old-World sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,  
The fowler's snare and the poisoned grain,  
But snug-built homes on the friendly tree,  
And crumbs for his chirping family  
Are strewn when the winter fields are drear,  
For the Old-World sparrow is welcome here!

#### THE DEEP, DEEP SEA.

Now and then my birds bring me a letter from some learned scientific man—pretty heavy for them to carry, and yet too interesting to be thrown down under my pulpit (the letter, I mean, not the learned scientific man). Here is one, for instance, that can be accepted word for word as a true account. So many of my youngsters have been by the sea and on the sea during the past summer that, for their sakes, I. E. shall have a hearty welcome and a hearing:

DEAR JACK: If you will give me room, I would like to say a few words to your school-boys and school-girls about deep sea soundings:

When, half a dozen years ago, the English men of science in the "Challenger" sent word that they had succeeded in sinking their sounding-lead to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean through water 3862 fathoms deep, everybody thought it very wonderful. But last winter, the officers of the Coast Survey steamer "Blake" made a record with their lead-line (of piano-wire) of 4561 fathoms, at a point seventy-five miles north of San Juan, Porto Rico, in the West Indies. But a greater abyss than this even has been reached by another American steamer, the "Tuscarora," for her officers say that, between Japan and the Aleutian Islands, they "found bottom" at a depth of 4643 fathoms. A fathom is six feet, and a mile contains only 5280 feet; so that this depth is almost six miles. There is only one mountain in the world that stands as high as that above the surface, yet probably thousands of square miles of ocean bottom are much more than this depth below it. In Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's little book, "Old Ocean," he says that if Nature were to plane down the earth with its mountain ranges in order to fill the ocean valleys, and so make a perfectly smooth surface all over the globe, "she would find it needful to dig away all the dry land of the globe and also much which is submerged, and then salt water would cover everything with a uniform depth of over a mile." This means that the general average of land surface is sunk a mile deeper below the level of the ocean beach than it is raised above by all the mountain masses. I. E.

#### A PET RABBIT.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

DEAR JACK: I am ten years old. I have a pet rabbit; he has black ears, feet, and nose, and the rest is white, and his eyes are pink. He used to go under the parlor table just at dusk, but now he goes upstairs and finds shelter in some dark corner. One night, he got under the bed, and we had quite a hard time to get him out. He likes bread and gingerbread very much, and if I have either he follows me wherever I go until he gets some. One night I thought he was lost, and we hunted everywhere and could not find him. At last, we looked under the outer kitchen and he was there. We tried to coax him out with cantelope, and he drew it under; then we tried bread, and he came out. One day he was chased by a dog, and I heard the bell on the dog and the one on the rabbit, and I chased the dog out and the rabbit went under the porch. The dog was a good ratter and mistook Bunny for a rat. WALTER L. F.

Now, Walter, Jack wishes you to ask some wise body this question, if you can not answer it yourself: If a dog can make a *mistake* of that kind,



does it, or does it not, prove that a dog can think? My birds tell me, though, that the dog knew it was Bunny, but *thought* he would try a rabbit for a change.

#### AN IMPORTANT INSECT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Have your birds ever told you about the insect which, according to "Cassell's Family Magazine," has lately been discovered in Yucatan, Central America, by an American explorer? And, if so, do you know what it looks like? I do not. But hear what my book says of his possible performances: It is called Neen, and belongs to the Coccus family, which feeds on the mango tree, and swarms in these regions. It is of considerable size, yellowish-brown in color, and emits a peculiar odor. The body of the insect contains a large proportion of grease, which is highly prized by the natives for applying to the skin on account of its medicinal properties. When exposed to great heat, the lighter oils of the grease volatilize, leaving behind a tough wax which resembles shellac, and may be used for making varnish or lacquer. When burnt, this wax produces a thick semi-fluid mass, like a solution of india rubber, and it is expected that this glutinous liquid will be very valuable for cement and water-proofing.

Yours truly,

JANET C. W.

No, my birds have not described this identical sort of gifted insect, but a little quail of my acquaintance says if he ever should taste one he would be sure to know it. Neither the Little School-ma'am, who is much interested in the account, nor the Deacon, can give me any further particulars about the newly discovered insect.

#### A RAILWAY VELOCIPEDE.



THE Deacon, by the way, wishes me to show you this picture of what he calls "A Railway Velocipede," and he says it will interest all the young ST. NICHOLAS "wheelmen," whoever they may be. The Deacon adds that the queer velocipede is an actual "machine," and is explained by this letter to him from a certain C. J.:

DEAR DEACON GREEN: The accompanying picture shows a velocipede designed to transport the employes of a railway company along the lines.

It is now used in most of the railways round Lake Michigan. The machine is propelled by the rider working the hand-lever, as shown; but the feet can also be called into play in order to insure greater speed. As the friction on the rails is very slight, the driver can readily attain a speed of twelve miles an hour; and if a train should be seen approaching, he can dismount very quickly and cant it off the rails.

Yours truly,

C. J.

#### A BULL-DOG ANT.

HAVE any of my young observers in this part of the world ever seen a fly attack an ant, or an ant trouble a fly? Probably not. But according to

a brave traveler named Livingstone, a certain species of small ant in Africa will worry flies in a sort of bull-dog way that can not be commended. One of these little insects will conquer even the house-fly, by seizing his wing or leg and holding on. The fly goes about as usual for awhile, but by and by he is tired out and gives up. Then the persevering ant devours the poor fellow without further ceremony.

#### A BUTTERFLY-HUNT IN RIO JANEIRO.

DEAR JACK: During two days which we spent in Rio Janeiro, we visited the Botanical Gardens, and saw the beautiful avenues of palms which distinguish them. I did not know before that palms were so beautiful, so strange, and yet so graceful. Their pictures always seemed to me like grown-up feather-dusters.

We soon found ourselves in a part of the garden where tropical plants of every kind are allowed to run wild, forming a tangled underbrush, through which run well-kept walks.

We had been here but a minute when we saw, resting on a flower, a butterfly, more beautiful than ever I had seen. He was of a pale-green, with markings. I thought immediately of the Agassiz Association. Alas! he flew away, and we saw him no more. Hardly was he gone when a purple one, of so brilliant metallic luster that he seemed to reflect the sunlight, flitted by us.

A gentleman with us sprang over a little stream in order to catch him, and sank deep into a bog. So that one, too, was lost. Then began a regular chase for butterflies, and during the next ten minutes I saw more different kinds of butterflies than I had seen during the thirteen years of my previous existence. The largest was a pale-blue one, fully as large as a bat. Not one did we catch, so I can do nothing but tantalize butterfly hunters by any description of their beauties. One was jet-black, with a light blue spot on each of his front wings, and a crimson one on each of his hind wings. There were a good many of these on the other side of a fence, which we could not get over. Truly your friend,

A. B. G.

Now that is just the kind of a butterfly-hunt your Jack likes. Butterflies beautiful and abundant, atmosphere sunny, scenery picturesque, hunters enthusiastic and active, and nobody hurt. Not one joyous butterfly less in the world than when the chase began.

Not that your Jack is down on the naturalists — oh, no. But then a butterfly has such a short time to live at best, and your naturalists can try again, summer after summer.

#### A SCORPION MOTHER.

Now don't suppose, my hearers, that I am going to tell you about a very cruel and unnatural parent. Not at all. There is no reason to suppose that a scorpion mother is harder by nature, or more irritable in her feelings, than a turtle-dove mother. I merely propose to show you part of a letter from a good correspondent who, being, like A. B. G., a member of the ST. NICHOLAS Agassiz Association, sometimes takes notes about what she sees and hears:

LAKE WORTH, Florida.

\*\* I have been very much interested in watching a family of scorpions. I caught a fine scorpion and put it in a bottle. Next morning its back was covered with eggs, about as large as pin heads, not round, but oval. We counted twenty-two. They were in straight, regular rows. When they hatched, the little scorpions remained on the old scorpion's back, without moving, for several days. When we pushed them off with a stick they scrambled back, climbing up their mother's claws and tail. Sometimes she picked them up in her claws and put them on her back. In a week the old scorpion found herself much in the condition of the "Old woman who lived in a shoe." These were the common scorpions (*Buthus Caroliniensis*), I think.

LIDA BROWN.



## 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.

July, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This summer, we four girls have a little Reading Club, and every two or three afternoons in the week we start off with our book to a charming place on the bank of a river. We will describe this place to you the best we can, and see if you can't give us some nice name for it. It is on the bank overlooking a small river; here is a large oak tree, the limbs being arranged so as to make a nice, cozy seat for the reader, while the rest of us sit around on the grass, sketching, sewing, or doing anything we like. Up the river a little way is an island covered with trees, ferns, and vines; right by this island another river flows down to meet this one, and all along the banks are drooping trees. Down the river are rocks, and stones, and an old mill, making the scenery very picturesque. Do give us a name for our nook.

BELLE, MAY, FAUN, and KATE

Why not name the chosen spot of your Reading Club "Oak Knoll," after the present home of the poet Whittier?—or "The Talking Oak," after the title of one of Tennyson's most celebrated poems? If you prefer a special name of your own, how would THE RIVER GLEN do?

NEW YORK, July, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Rome, N. Y., and I am at school here in New York. I take ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much. I read what you said in the last number about the way rubber balls are made. I think they are made in two parts, and then joined together, because I had a rubber ball once and it broke apart right through the center. Your constant reader,

DAISY W.

Thanks, Daisy. Has anybody another theory to suggest?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your correspondent's sensible suggestion, to fix important dates in children's minds by means of easy rhymes, reminds me of how the poet Southey taught his little daughter some facts in natural history and in grammar at the same time:

"A cow's daughter is called a calf;  
A sheep's child is a lamb.  
My darling must not say 'I are,'  
But must always say 'I am.'"

How would the following do as a short history lesson?

In seventeen hundred and sixty-nine  
Two baby boys saw the light,  
Who, long before your time or mine,  
Met in a desperate fight.

On Waterloo's red battle-field  
France lost, and England won;  
Napoleon there was forced to yield  
To the Duke of Wellington.

Yours truly, L. B.

CHARDON, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It says in the dictionary that "lurid" means ghastly pale, gloomy. Therefore, Mr. Trowbridge is right, and Mr. Forbes is wrong. Yours respectfully, GEORGIE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fourteen years old, and take the ST. NICHOLAS, which I think is the best magazine published. I guess about all its readers agree with me in that.

We came out West here to live because Papa's health was so poor, and I think this is a lovely place.

In winter it was very cold, the thermometer at one time being thirty below zero! We did n't do much those days but keep warm. Then in a few days it was so warm that we could go out without any outside wraps on.

It is very different here from Newton, Mass., where I used to live. Manitou, the "Saratoga of the West," is right next to us, about five miles off, and I have tasted all the Springs,—Iron, Soda, and Sulphur,—and I think they are all horrid!

I liked "Donald and Dorothy" and "Jack and Jill" ever and ever so much.

I always like every one of your stories, dear ST. NICHOLAS. I like the subjects for compositions, too, and should try for the prizes if you got to me soon enough.

Give my love to Deacon Green and the "Little School-ma'am," who are both as nice as can be.

Your constant and loving reader, BESSIE H. B.

HERE is one more letter about the rhyme of the little girl who had a little curl. We print it because it settles the question of the authorship of the verse beyond dispute:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In behalf of my little ones, Jessie and Harold, aged 8 and 4, who take great delight in your monthly visits, I answer your query as to the author of the jingle,

"There was a little girl,  
And she had a little curl," etc.,

by telling you that I have a letter from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Mr. Longfellow's publishers, saying that Mr. Longfellow did compose the one stanza beginning as above, but never published it. The subsequent additions, or parodies, however ("There was a little boy," etc.), were made by other persons. Yours truly, A. H. NELSON.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and have been reading your precious pages four years. I live on the Guilford battle-ground, where Greene and Cornwallis fought; we find many relics of the battle—bullets and human bones, etc. And I have found in the kitchen garret, covered with the dust and cobwebs of all these years, a lovely spinning-wheel, with the date 1717 and the letters M. C. cut in it. It was my great-great-grandmother's.

SUSIE B. H.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are very kind to wish to hear if I am still good, and I wanted to tell you that I'm most lost my May ST. NICHOLAS, but Papa says I'd best wait awhile before I say how good (!) you make me.

I have two canaries, and they have a nest with four little eggs in it, for all the world like the picture in this May number—the spots and all. They sit on the side of the nest, and look just as wise at the eggs as yours do. (Papa says they are from Germany, and are wondering whether there is any germ in the shells.)

I wish you could see them—but I will send you one of the little birds when the eggs grow up.

Your fond friend, CUCHEE SMITH.

HOBOKEN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. I go to No. 4 School, and am in the fourth class. I am going to tell you how we get your magazine in our class. We have a bank on which is engraved, "Pass around the hat." The scholars drop in the pennies they have to spare.

We also received fifty cents from our principal for selling tickets for an entertainment. He gave us twenty-five per cent. on every dollar's worth we sold; and as we sold two dollars' worth, we raised money enough in that way for two magazines. We have six months in all.

We like ST. NICHOLAS very much, and we read it in the class instead of our Readers, which have n't very nice pieces, and those that are interesting are so short.

Yours, very respectfully, SOPHIE K.

BROOKLYN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine since 1875, and like it very much.

I like your magazine better than any other that I have read; and although I am fourteen years old, I expect to take your magazine for several years longer.

I have read all of the serial stories that have been in ST. NICHOLAS for seven or eight years, and have enjoyed them all. G. M. L.



## AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—THIRTIETH REPORT.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

In response to the call in a late number of ST. NICHOLAS for specialists in conchology, I will undertake to answer any queries in regard to, or identify, any specimens of land or fresh-water shells of North America; will also "ex." for good specimens.

H. A. PILSBRY.

The number of members joining our summer classes is quite gratifying. It is not yet too late to begin. The subject for the month in Entomology is *Neuroptera*. Records of original observations are to be prepared after the plan given in July ST. NICHOLAS, and sent to Prof. G. Howard Parker, Academy of Sciences, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Botany Class will take up *Leaves* this month, and specimens—or better, drawings (see July number)—should be prepared at once, in accordance with the following scheme, and sent to Prof. Jones, Salt Lake City, Utah:

## III. LEAVES.

ORDINARY LEAVES.—SIMPLE.

PARTS:

<i>Stipules</i> :	<i>Tip (continued)</i> :
foliaceous (for shapes, see blade),	cuspidate,
scale-like (for shapes, see blade),	aristate,
thorny,	mucronate,
glandular (for kinds, see hairs),	obtus,
attachment,	truncate,
free,	retuse,
adnate,	emarginate,
connate,	obcordate,
sheathing, etc.	combinations.
uses,	<i>Base</i> :
common,	acuminate,
special (bud scales, ligules, etc.).	acute,
	obtus,
	truncate,
	retuse,
	emarginate,
	auriculate,
	sagittate,
	hastate,
	cordate,
	reniform,
	combinations.
<i>Petiole</i> :	<i>Edge</i> :
shapes (see stems),	entire,
lengths,	serrate,
appendages,	simple,
wings,	double,
glands,	spinulose,
teeth,	sharp,
etc. (see hairs).	obtus,
<i>Uses</i> :	glandular, etc.
ordinary,	dentate (for kinds, see serrate),
special,	scalloped,
as leaves (phyllodia)	sinuate,
tendrils,	incised,
water-catchers,	lobed,
store-houses, etc.	palmate,
<i>Blade</i> :	pinnate,
shapes.	number,
<i>Body</i> :	cleft,
linear,	simple,
lanceolate,	compound,
oblanccolate,	palmate,
ovate,	pinnate,
obovate,	number,
spatulate,	cleft,
cuneate,	simple,
elliptical,	compound,
orbicular,	palmate,
peltate,	pinnate,
combinations.	parted (for kinds, see cleft),
<i>Tip</i> :	number,
acuminate,	divided (for kinds, see parted).
acute,	

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
499	Princeton, Ill. (C).....	6..	Harry Bailey.
500	Stockbridge, Mass. (A)....	46..	Miss Bessie C. Chaffee.
501	Philadelphia, Pa. (O).....	5..	Mrs. E. P. McCormick, 1525 Bouvier.
502	Herkimer, N. Y. (A).....	5..	Geo. W. Nellis.
503	Nassau, N. Y. (A).....	6..	Miss Emily P. Sherman.
504	Oswego, N. Y. (B).....	28..	Miss Alice T. Weed, 108 W. 7.
505	Brazil, Ind. (B).....	7..	Hugh T. Montgomery.
506	Port Henry, N. Y. (A).....	4..	John Thomas.
507	Tonawanda, N. Y. (A).....	5..	Miss Jennie Faulkner.
508	Middlebury, Vt. (B).....	4..	Miss May A. Bolton.
509	Macomb, Ill. (A).....	10..	Miss Nellie Tunnicliff.
510	Burlington, Wis. (A).....	4..	Miss Clara Keuper.
511	Blackwater, Fla. (A).....	8..	Miss Kitty C. Roberts.

## REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

363, Saco, combines music with science, having "four violinists, two guitarists, two pianists, and two flutists." Hear the origin of an enthusiastic girl's museum: "We decided that it was n't fair for the boys to do *everything*, so we decided *we* would start a museum. We started with a few shells we found on the shore and some cones we found in the woods. Our friends gave us some things, till, in all, we had about one hundred specimens. Now I have full possession of a room in which to keep my treasures. I have some *beautiful* nests. I've fossilized wood, teeth, bones, and shells, and a great many minerals," etc., etc., through six delightful pages, which we must pass over to make room for Keyport, N. J., whose secretary, Phelps Cherry, says: "Our president gave us each one of the orders of insects, and we made a study of them and brought in a composition about each order."—The Chapters of Greeley, Col., 425 and 474, had a union meeting on Agassiz's birthday. The secretary writes: "Whenever a member goes abroad, let him seek out a Chapter, and let that Chapter entertain him. Get up a spirit like this all over, and every one would enjoy himself. I wish to see a brotherly feeling all over the United States about this. And another thing, if the Association could hold conventions of ten or twelve Chapters in different places, what a good thing it would be. When I go East, next summer, I want to meet different Chapters and tell them about our Western country." [There is much good sense in all this, and we are growing into just that sort of "brotherly spirit" all the time.]—Linwood M. Howe writes from Hallowell, Maine: "I have been able, though alone and unaided, to collect over seventy geological specimens. I have a note-book, and jot down anything of interest. I find that it takes just one month for a robin (counting from the laying of the egg) to fly."—Belpre, O., writes: "I begin to think that our little 'one hoos' Chapter may do something. I should like to know if any other members have noticed that birds sing the same song in different keys? The other day, I noticed a little bluebird singing a song. It paused, and then transposed it into another key, sang in that strain awhile, and then changed the same song into a third key."—Fannie Rathbone, Lockport, N. Y. (our largest Chapter), writes: "Truly, our record is a bright one. We have a membership of 130: a fine cabinet filled with splendid specimens, and containing the nucleus of a natural history library, furnishes us with much interesting knowledge."—Robert H. McGrath, 1038 Third street, Brooklyn, has some excellent books, and "will send all the information that I can on eggs or spiders, on receipt of postal card or stamp."—Francis Parsons, Hartford, Conn., B, writes: "We keep note-books about birds that we see, the weather, first snow-storm, etc. A friend of ours hangs out meat-bones, and watches the chickadees, creepers, and nut-hatches that come and feed on them."—Rosemont, Pa., is "growing more interested" [and consequently more interesting]. Grace Austin Smith, their secretary, writes: "We are making two herbariums, and the general collection is increasing."—Abington, Mass., has celebrated its anniversary. After the address of welcome, the secretary read a report for the year. Recitation, "Birthday of Agassiz"; essay, "The day we spent at White Rock"; treasurer's report; bountiful collation. The president then introduced the toast-master, who proposed the following: "Our Association," "Our Poetess," "The Ladies," "Our Younger Members." During the year the membership had increased from four to fifteen. [A most excellent record—who can excel it?]—Wiconisco (231) is holding the "even tenor of our way," and has increased to above twenty members, and has fossils to exchange.—Jessie P. Smith, secretary of Ambler, writes that her Chapter proposes to undertake silk-worm culture.

NEILLSVILLE, WIS.

H. H. BALLARD—*Dear Sir*: Our Chapter grows in interest. We have been studying mainly from books, which, though not according to your advice, is good to keep young people busy. An essay each evening has been one of our plans, and we find it a good one. Our cabinet—two and a half feet by six feet—is full, not room for another article. Another must be built. True, we had most of these specimens before we organized a Chapter; but the new ones are not the least valuable. The best of it all, to me, is the interest, the alertness of the children.

Yours, etc., MRS. M. F. BRADSHAW.

## NOTES.

(40) *Frog-hoppers*.—The drops of froth found on grasses in the spring contain little insects: at first, a yellow worm; later, a green insect; at last, the perfect little black bug. Can any one give the scientific name?

LILLIAN E. ROGERS.

(41) *Caddis-flies*.—I found some caddis-fly cases in the brook, and put them in water at home. The grubs crawled about. They have three pairs of legs: a long pair close to the cases; a shorter pair next, and a still shorter pair next to the head, which is black.

HERBERT FORSYTH.

(42) *Hair-snake*.—I saw it pulling a stone along in the bottle in which I kept it. As I stood looking at it, it tied itself up into a knot and died.

OWEN B. ADAMS.



(43) *Bittern*.—One of our friends has a bittern; his diet is frogs, snakes, and insects. He will not eat toads. FRANK BURDICK.

(44) *Microscopic Photography*.—A friend showed me some very fine photographs which he had taken through a microscope, and they surprised me by their size and clearness.

EDWARD McDOWELL.

(45) *Spiders*.—There were found under a bowlder what appeared at first to be white, silken cocoons, but on examination they were found to contain spiders, that came out when warmed. The spiders are about one centimeter long and five millimeters wide. The legs are five millimeters long. The cephalo-thorax is black on top and gray on the sides. The abdomen is black, spotted with white on top and gray on the sides. The underside is gray and covered with hairs.

GEO. AYER.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

(46) *Electric Fish*.—I wrote you in my letter of July 17th about a fish, the substance of which you kindly published in the ST. NICHOLAS for December. It is a rare fish in our Southern waters. To-day, I received a letter from W. C. Phillips, of New Bedford, who supposed it to be the *Torpedo oculata* or eyed torpedo—a mistake probably arising from the fact that the eyed torpedo is the only electrical fish found on the Massachusetts coast. It is a kind of ray or skate. The ray is plentiful in the Gulf of Mexico, and I am perfectly familiar with its different families. To have compared the fish I described, or a red gurnard (which I mentioned as its shape), with an eyed torpedo would have been absurd. It resembles it as little in appearance as it does the *Gymnotus electricus*, or electric eel, although each is armed with an electric apparatus, differently located, and similar but in effect. The fish I mentioned was neither of these; it belongs to South American waters; it is described as in possession of an electrical apparatus or battery intermediate in character between those of *Gymnotus* and torpedo, though of much finer texture. The details of the interior arrangement are too lengthy to form a part of this letter. The direction of the current is probably from the head to the tail; the cephalic extremity being positive and the caudal negative. It is the *Malapterus electricus*—the *Silurus electricus* of the old authors.

PHILIP C. TUCKER, JR.

#### EXCHANGES AND QUESTIONS.

Pressed plants.—D. F. Carpenter, New Salem, Mass.

Are there pink amethysts?—J. F. Stevens, 1127 Mt. Vernon street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Correspondence on birds and rocks.—George B. Hudson, Wareham, Mass.

What forms the cement in coquina?

449, Richmond B, has 30 members, instead of 6.

For best three varieties of fossils received within three months, I will give a collection of thirty varieties of same—all fine, labeled specimens.—W. R. Lighton, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Petrified wood agates and geodes, for insects and birds' eggs.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood avenue, Jackson, Mich.

Birds' eggs.—Harry Bailey, Princeton, Illinois.

Copper for quartz.—Linwood Howe, box 353, Hallowell, Me.

Labeled shells for same.—H. B. Shaw, 253 S. Union street, Burlington, Vt.

Turtles' eggs.—Charlotte H. Cochrane, Sixth avenue, Newark, N. J.

Beetles of Illinois.—Chas. F. Gettemy, 208 N. Academy street, Galesburg, Ill.

Eggs.—Dr. E. A. Patton, 721 Nicollet ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Many varieties to exchange for well-identified side-blown specimens.

Red and black iron ore and calcite, for specimens from West and South.—John P. Gavit, 3 La Fayette Place, Albany, N. Y.

Moths and cocoons.—Mabel Adams, secretary 113, 307 N. Third street, Camden, N. J. (Have large moths any proboscis?)

Gold and other ores.—W. D. Burnham, 697 Curtis street, Denver, Col.

Very fine insects.—Edward McDowell, 264 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

Prof. French is having such remarkable success with our botanical members that we gladly append his exchange list. Members of each of these Chapters are preparing sets of 100 plants for exchange.

#### No. of Chap. Canada: EXCHANGE LIST.

451 Beech Hill.—Sydney Mines, C. B., Margaret S. Brown.

368 } *Maine*: Saco.—Helen Montgomery.

446 } Waldoboro.—Thomas Brown

442 } Brunswick.—E. B. Young.

443 } *New Hampshire*:

440 Keene.—Frank H. Foster.

284 Marlboro Depot.—Lucy A. Whitcomb. (Swanzy, N. H.)

#### Massachusetts:

1 Lenox.—Harlan H. Ballard.

92 N. Cambridge.—Fred E. Keay.

124 Jamaica Plain.—Geo. W. Wheelwright, Jr.

203 Framingham.—Chester Cutting.

256 Newton Upper Falls.—Josie M. Hopkins.

352 Amherst.—Edith S. Field.

367 Boston.—Annie Darling, 47 Concord Square.

269 Waltham.—H. I. Hancock, box 1339.

283 Greenfield.—C. H. K. Sanderson.

231 Webster.—Robert Leavitt.

438 Somerville.—Chas. E. Perkins.

#### Connecticut:

123 Waterbury.—Herbert N. Johnson.

#### New York:

87 New York.—Geo. Aery, Jr., 257 Madison street.

114 Auburn.—S. E. Robb, pres.

191 New York.—Buckner Van Amringe, 51 E. Forty-fourth street.

215 Tioga Center.—Angie Latimer.

286 Stockport.—Willard J. Fisher.

336 Auburn.—E. L. Hickok, 13 Aurelius avenue.

374 Brooklyn.—F. E. Cocks, 136 Seventh street.

409 Sag Harbor.—C. R. Sleight.

476 Aurora.—E. L. French.

272 Westown.—W. Evans.

462 Cayuga.—H. D. Willard.

#### New Jersey:

113 Camden.—Mabel Adams, 307 N. Third street.

403 Newark.—C. H. Barrows.

423 Perth Amboy.—Bertha Mitchell.

#### Pennsylvania:

77 Wilkes Barre.—Helen M. Reynolds.

110 Frankford, Phila.—R. T. Taylor, 4701 Leiper street.

206 State College.—Geo. C. McKee.

289 Cambria Station.—Ellis P. Oberholtzer.

314 Lancaster.—E. R. Heitshu.

255 Chester.—F. R. Gilbert.

258 Reading.—W. W. Mills.

#### Ohio:

154 Jefferson.—Clara L. Northway.

310 Belpre.—Fanny Rathbone.

323 Bryan.—Ethel Gillis.

#### Indiana:

431 Terre Haute.—Jacob Greiner, 432 Center street.

#### Illinois:

153 Chicago.—Frank W. Wentworth, 1337 Michigan avenue.

229 Chicago.—Ezra Larned, 2546 Dearborn street.

#### Michigan:

328 Buchanan.—William Talbot.

50 Flint.—Hattie Lovell.

#### Wisconsin:

134 De Pere.—Annie S. Gilbert.

253 Poynette.—Harry Russell.

344 Monroe.—J. J. Schindler.

Baraboo.—Marie MacKenna, box 1313.

#### Iowa:

285 Dubuque.—Alvin Wheeler.

330 Cedar Rapids.—Charles R. Eastman.

#### Minnesota:

121 St. Paul.—Frank Ramaley.

#### Missouri:

366 Webster Groves.—Edwin R. Allen.

#### Kentucky:

133 Erlanger.—L. M. Bedinger.

207 Bowling Green.—Jennie P. Glenn.

#### Florida:

282 Zellwood.—Mary E. Robinson.

#### Colorado:

262 Denver.—Ernest L. Roberts.

#### California:

296 San Francisco.—Bertha L. Rowell.

Plants for identification may be sent to the following experts, always inclosing postal card or stamped envelope for reply:

I. N. E. States and Canada.....Prof. C. H. K. Sanderson,

Greenfield, Mass.

II. Middle States.....Dr. Charles Atwood,

Moravia, N. Y.

III. Southern States.....Dr. Chapman,

Apalachicola, Fla.

IV. Western States to Colorado.....Dr. Aug. F. Foerste,

Dayton, O.

V. Far West and North-west.....Dr. Marcus L. Jones,

Denver, Col.

VI. Ferns, Sedges, and Grasses

especially.....Prof. W. R. Dudley,

Ithaca, N. Y.

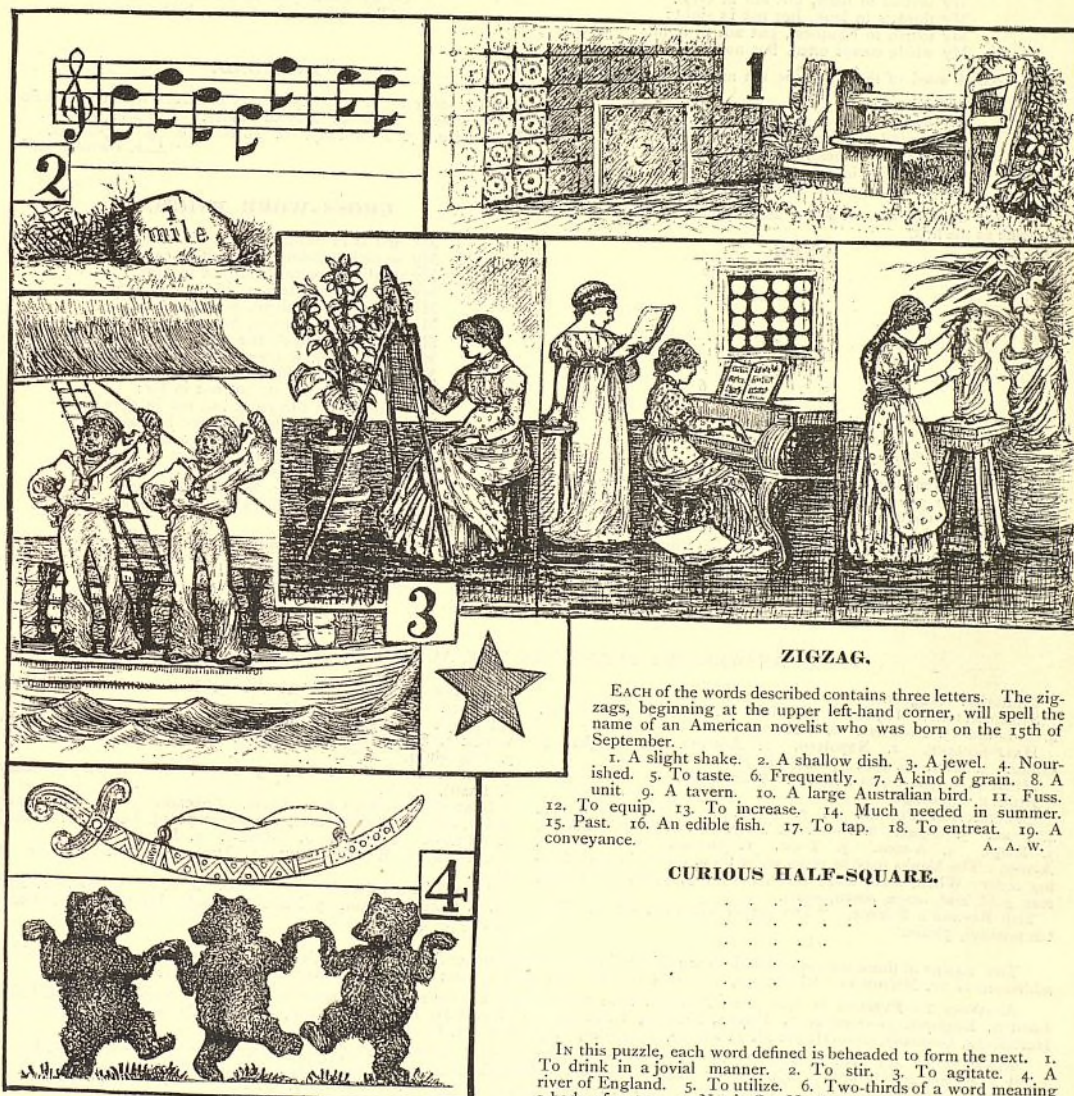
Address all communications to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,

Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.



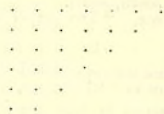
## ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains three letters. The zig-zags, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of an American novelist who was born on the 15th of September.

1. A slight shake. 2. A shallow dish. 3. A jewel. 4. Nourished. 5. To taste. 6. Frequently. 7. A kind of grain. 8. A unit. 9. A tavern. 10. A large Australian bird. 11. Fuss. 12. To equip. 13. To increase. 14. Much needed in summer. 15. Past. 16. An edible fish. 17. To tap. 18. To entreat. 19. A conveyance.

A. A. W.

## CURIOUS HALF-SQUARE.



In this puzzle, each word defined is beheaded to form the next. 1. To drink in a jovial manner. 2. To stir. 3. To agitate. 4. A river of England. 5. To utilize. 6. Two-thirds of a word meaning a body of water. 7. Not in St. NICHOLAS. "ALCIBIADES."

## PICTORIAL ANAGRAMS.

In the above illustration there are four anagrams, and four sets of pictures to correspond. The puzzle is to be solved by taking the letters of a word that describes one picture of each set, and rearranging them so as to spell the words which will describe the remaining pictures of the same set. In the illustration, each number is placed so as to indicate the pictures belonging to its set.

A. S. R.

## PI.

Ti si eth starveH noMo! no digdel vesna  
Dan sorof fo galvesil, no dolwonad crets  
Nad horet realai bighshodoneor fo nesst  
Reedtesd, no eth raincuted donwiw-snape  
Fo smoro hewer hendric plese, no nutcory slean  
Dan hastrev-slided, sit sycim dorspnal stres! G. W.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-seven letters, and am four lines of a poem by James Russell Lowell.

My 79-27-91-31-57-33-76 is a name applied to Egyptian kings. My 9-65-70-42-22 is disgrace. My 29-5-59-72-86 is anger. My 38-89-88 is a metal. My 63-18-87-6-67-16-25-71 is thoughtless. My 3-77-84-68 is comfortable. My 92-21-60-36-19 is to glow. My 62-1-51-93 is very small. My 46-35-54-40-41-61-52 is a favorite pastime with boys. My 74-48-96 is a domestic bird. My 85-64-44-69 is to grieve. My 30-66-58 is a projection on a wheel. My 14-94-83 is a plaything. My 43-78-39-11-45 is to damage. My 23-15-53-12-81 is a very young person. My 80-4-90-34 is to gape. My 10-55-82-20-49 is batrachian reptiles. My 8-73-32-28-13 is a kind of seat. My 26-2-24-56 is to melt. My 47-50-97-75 is large. My 17-95-37-7-31 is a sweet substance.

STROXTON.



## NOVEL WORD-SQUARE.

The first word of the square is the answer to the following cross-word enigma:

My first is in month, but not in May;  
My second in loam, but not in clay;  
My third is in look, but not in sight;  
My fourth in conquest, but not in fight,  
My whole comes often, but not in the night.

The second word of the square is the answer to the following cross-word enigma:

My first is in soon, but not in near;  
My second in terror, but not in fear;  
My third is in heat, but not in fire;  
My fourth is in hoop, but not in tire;  
My whole, a name heard in the German Empire.

The third word is the same as the second, and the fourth word is the same as the first.

## CUBE.

1	.	.	.	2
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7	.	.	.	8

FROM 1 to 2, to manifest; from 2 to 6, dominion; from 5 to 6, to pour out freely; from 1 to 5, fit to be eaten; from 3 to 4, to give power; from 4 to 8, to obliterate; from 7 to 8, complete; from 3 to 7, a mechanical contrivance; from 1 to 3, a river in Germany; from 2 to 4, a large lake of North America; from 6 to 8, facility; from 5 to 7, margin.

G. E. M.

DYCIE.

## CHARADE.

A common nickname is my *first*,  
A preposition is my *next*;  
A definitive adjective is my *third*,  
From my *fourth* is read the text.  
Of my *whole* you've no doubt heard—  
'T is a flower and not a bird.

B.

## DIAMOND.

1. In perform. 2. A cavity. 3. A substance which exudes from certain trees. 4. Small, smooth stones. 5. False religion. 6. Husbandry. 7. To whinny. 8. To observe. 9. In perform.  
"A. P. OWDER, JR."

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in candle, but not in lamp;  
My second in soldier, but not in camp;  
My third is in carrot, but not in beet;  
My fourth is in summer, but not in heat;  
My fifth is in shepherd, but not in crook;  
My sixth is in meadow, but not in brook;  
My seventh in carol, but not in trill;  
My eighth is in feather, but not in quill;  
My ninth is in saddle, but not in spur;  
My tenth is in velvet, but not in fur;  
My eleventh in dungeon, but not in cave;  
My twelfth is in villain, but not in knave;  
My thirteenth in giant, but not in elf;  
My fourteenth in mantle, but not in shelf;  
My fifteenth in weaver, but not in loom;  
'T is also in servant, but not in groom.  
My whole—why, my whole *is* my whole, nothing more—  
No doubt you will guess it ere I shall count four.

M. C. D.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CHARADE. August.  
SYNCOPIATIONS. Taylor. 1. Ma-T-in. 2. Pr-A-y. 3. G-Y-rate.  
4. G-L-oat. 5. M-O-use. 6. T-R-act.  
HALF-SQUARE. 1. Napoleon. 2. Adorers. 3. Ponder. 4.  
Order. 5. Leer. 6. Err. 7. Os. 8. N.  
MUSICAL CROSS-WORD-ENIGMA. Wieniawski.  
RIDDLE. Sausage.  
COMBINATION PUZZLE. I. 1. N-eat. 2. E-den. 3. W-hen.  
4. P-ore. 5. O-pen. 6. R-car. 7. T-rip. 11. 1. S-hip. 2. A-rid.  
3. R-age. 4. A-men. 5. T-car. 6. O-men. 7. G-old. 8.  
A-men. The blanks may be replaced by these words, in the following order: When, neat, ship, Eden, rear, trip, open, pore, rage, tear, gold, arid, omen, amen, amen.  
THE BARBER'S PUZZLE. "The barber will soon be in. Wait ten minutes, please."

WORD-BUILDING. 1. T. 2. At. 3. Rat. 4. Rate. 5. Crate.  
6. Crater.  
DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, smoke; finals, steam. Cross-words: 1. SophocleS. 2. MomenT. 3. OrangE. 4. KamchatkA.  
5. Emporium.  
DIAMOND. 1. G. 2. Pet. 3. Penal. 4. Gentian. 5. Tails.  
6. Las(t). 7. N.  
BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Beheaded letters, when transposed, split; curtailed letters, when transposed, Leeds. 1. P-earl. 2. S-hear-s. 3. I-rat-e. 4. T-hem-e. 5. L-an-d.  
CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Dash. 2. Aloe. 3. Sour. 4. Herd.  
EASY WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Pipe. 2. Idol. 3. Poll. 4. Ella. 11. 1. Corn. 2. Ohio. 3. Ride. 4. Noel. III. 1. Pose. 2. Oaky. 3. Skye. 4. Eyes.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the August number, from D. Caine, London, England, 3—George S. Hayter, London, England, 12—David H. Dodge, England, 8—Edith McKeever and her cousin, Heidelberg, Germany, 10—Hester M. F. Powell, Grantham, England, 6—I. P., Trebizond, Turkey, 2.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Helen C. McCleary—Lottie A. Best—Frank J. Siefert and Walter S. McVay—"Two Subscribers"—Virginia Pegram—Lulu M. Stabler—Arthur Gride—Frederica and Andrew Davis—"Demosthenes"—Pinnie and Jack—E. Werneburg—Maggie T. Turrill—Helen F. Turner—Mabel Florence Noyes—Estelle Riley—Clara J. Child—George Lyman Waterhouse—Isabella Ganeaux—P. S. Clarkson—"Mama and Bae."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from J. Jay Pardee, Jr., 1—O. K. Fagundus, 1—E. M. Perry, 2—Spencer Weart, 1—Walter McIndoe, 2—Louise Pitkin and Kitty Atkins, 2—Grace E. and Emilie D. Murray, 1—Paul Reese, 8—Russell K. Miller, 3—"Simple Simon," 1—Grace Johnson, 1—G. F. Blandy, 2—Eleanor E. Du Bois, 1—S. R. T., 8—M. E. M., 8—Sophie M. du Pont, 1—W. W. S. Hoffman, 1—John W. Stebbins, 3—Clara Gilbert, and Edna Bois, 1—Rosa Fleetwood, 1—W. M. Richards, 9—W. N. Carlton, 1—Dora Jackson, 8—Mary K. Doherty, 1—"Tom Thumb" and "Goliath," 1—C. Roy Macfarlane, 1—Horace R. Parker, 3—"Nitor," 2—Tiny Rhodes, 3—Alice F. Wann, 2—Eunice Johnson, 1—"Robin Hood," 3—Grace Taylor Lyman, 1—M. L. G., 5—Viola S. C., 3—Frank E. Brewer, 4—Georgie Denton, 1—Génie J. Callmeyer, 8—Louise W. Bunce, 2—Anna Calkins, 3—Effie K. Talboys, 6—"Solomon John" and "Elizabeth Eliza," 4—Marion, 4—Philip Embury, Jr., 7—Herbert Tremaine, 1—Annie Kuhnlen, 2—"Pleasant Beach," 2—"Crab-apple Jackson," 3—A. and B., 4—Mabel B. Canon, 5—Mabel Cilley, 5—Raymond Cilley, 3—Berta and George, 5—"Quincy, Ill.," 3—Lizette A. Fisher and H. Hobart Keech, 1—Gillet and Stewart, 8—Eugene and Miriam, 2—Helen Merriam, 2—Dydie, 6—Edward J. V. Shipsey, 5—Darie Hawkins, 6—Charlotte H. Holloway, 3—Madeleine Vultee, 8—Theodore C. Janeway, 1—Louise M. Knight, 6—Mattie Fitzgerald, 3—Florence E. Provost, 5—Certe and Ed, 7—"Silhouette & Co.," 9—R. Coates & Co., 6—Charles H. Wright, 4—Lester W. Walker, 2—M. H. Johnson, 1—Edward B. Hinckley, 8—Hattie Judd, 2—"Butterfly and June Bug," 5—S. L. P. and John Hobbie, 9—"Alcibiades," 8—Adelaide and Ethel Cardiner, 8—T. B. A., 3—Frank E. Schermerhorn, 2—"Eisseb Gregor," 6—Hester Bruce, 6—Samuel Branson, 2—Gertrude Cosgrave, 7—Annie S. Clift, 4—Alex. Laidlaw, 4—Hattie Brown, 6—"Kathleen," 2—Hester M. F. Powell, 6—H. L. P. and S. E. M. Jr., 3—"Æ," 1—Nona Fritz, 8—Sophia and Mary Lamb, 1—Hattie I. Weisel, 1.

Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



