



SUMMER MUST GO.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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SUMMER CHANGES.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

SANG the lily, and sang the rose,
Out of the heart of my garden close,
"O joy! O joy of the summer tide!"
Sang the wind, as it moved above them,
"Roses were sent for the sun to love them,
Dear little buds in the leaves that hide!"

Sang the trees, as they rustled together,
"Oh, the joy of the summer weather!
Roses and lilies, how do you fare?"
Sang the red rose, and sang the white:
"Glad we are of the sun's large light,
And the songs of birds that dart through the air."

Lily and rose, and tall green tree,
Swaying boughs where the bright birds nestle—
Thrilled by music and thrilled by wings,
How glad they were on that summer day!
Little they thought of cold skies and gray,
And the dreary dirge that a storm-wind sings.

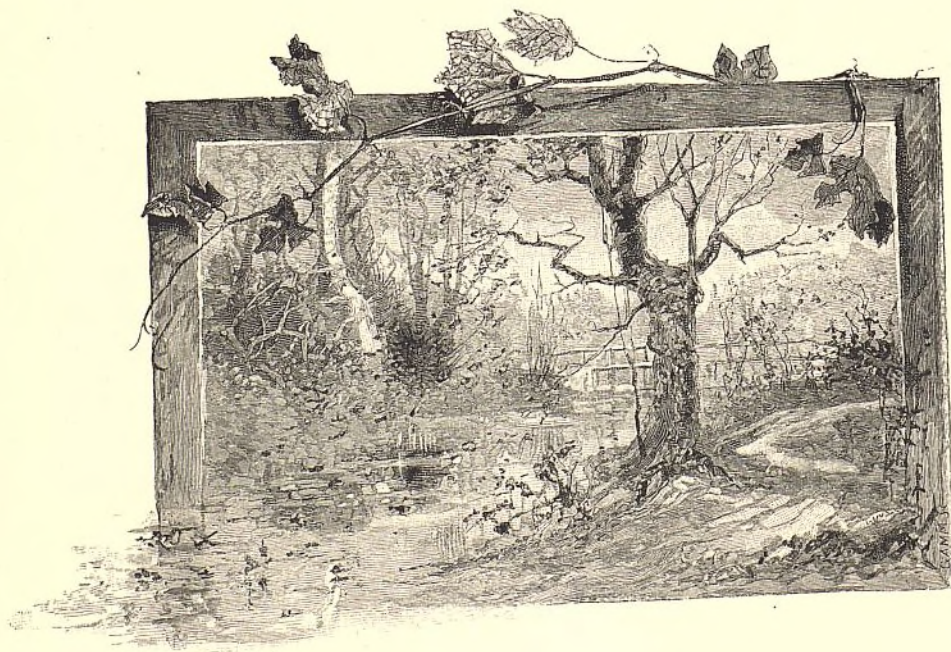
Golden butterflies gleam in the sun,
Laugh at the flowers, and kiss each one,
And great bees come with their sleepy tune

To sip their honey and circle round,
And the flowers are lulled by that drowsy sound,
And fall asleep in the heart of the noon.

A small white cloud in a sky of blue,
Roses and lilies, what will they do?
For a wind springs up and sings in the trees!
Down comes the rain—the garden's awake,
Roses and lilies begin to quake,
That were rocked to sleep by the gentle breeze.

Ah, roses and lilies! each delicate petal
The wind and the rain with fear unsettle;
This way and that way the tall trees sway.
But the wind goes by, and the rain stops soon,
And smiles again the face of the noon,
And the flowers are glad in the sun's warm ray.

Sing, my lilies, and sing, my roses,
With never a dream that the summer closes;
But the trees are old, and I fancy they tell,
Each unto each, how the summer flies;
They remember the last year's wintry skies.
But that summer returns the trees know well.



LITTLE PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

PART II.

AFTER that day a new life began for Johnny, and he flourished like a poor little plant that has struggled out of some dark corner into the sunshine. All sorts of delightful things happened, and good times really seemed to have come. The mysterious Papa made no objection to the liberties taken with his wall, being busy with his own affairs, and glad to have his little girl happy. Old Nanna, being more careful, came to see the new neighbors, and was disarmed at once by the affliction of the boy and the gentle manners of the mother. She brought all the curtains of the house for Mrs. Morris to do up, and in her pretty broken English praised Johnny's gallery and library, promising to bring Fay to see him some day.

Meantime, the little people prattled daily together, and all manner of things came and went between them. Flowers, fruit, books, and bonbons kept Johnny in a state of bliss, and inspired him with such brilliant inventions that the princess never knew what agreeable surprise would come next. Astonishing kites flew over the wall, and tissue balloons exploded in the flower-beds. All the birds of the air seemed to live in that court, for the boy whistled and piped till he was hoarse, because she liked it. The last of the long-hoarded cents came out of his tin bank to buy paper and pictures for the gay little books he made for her. His side of the wall was ravaged that hers might be adorned, and, as the last offering his grateful heart could give, he poked the toad through the hole, to live among the lilies and eat the flies that began to buzz about her highness when she came to give her orders to her devoted subjects.

She always called the lad "Giovanni," because she thought it a prettier name than John, and she was never tired of telling stories, asking questions, and making plans. The favorite one was what they would do when Johnny came to see her, as she had been promised he should when Papa was not too busy to let them enjoy the charms of the studio; for Fay was a true artist's child, and thought nothing so lovely as pictures. Johnny thought so too, and dreamed of the happy day when he should go and see the wonders his little friend described so well.

"I think it will be to-morrow, for Papa has a lazy fit coming on, and then he always plays with me and lets me rummage where I like, while

he goes out or smokes in the garden. So be ready, and if he says you can come, I will have the flag up early and you can hurry."

These agreeable remarks were breathed into Johnny's willing ear about a fortnight after the acquaintance began, and he hastened to promise, adding soberly, a minute after:

"Mother says she's afraid it will be too much for me to go around and up steps, and see new things, for I get tired so easy, and then the pain comes on. But I don't care how I ache if I can only see the pictures—and you."

"Wont you ever be any better? Nanna thinks you might."

"So does Mother, if we had money to go away in the country, and eat nice things, and have doctors. But we can't, so it's no use worrying," and Johnny gave a great sigh.

"I wish Papa was rich, then he would give you money. He works hard to make enough to go back to Italy, so I can not ask him; but perhaps I can sell *my* pictures also, and get a little. Papa's friends often offer me sweets for kisses; I will have money instead, and that will help. Yes, I shall do it," and Fay clapped her hands decidedly.

"Don't you mind about it. I'm going to learn to mend shoes. Mr. Pegget says he'll teach me. That does n't need legs, and he gets enough to live on very well."

"It is n't pretty work. Nanna can teach you to braid straw as she did at home; that is easy and nice, and the baskets sell very well, she says. I shall speak to her about it, and you can try to-morrow when you come."

"I will. Do you really think I *can* come, then?" and Johnny stood up to try his legs, for he dreaded the long walk as it seemed to him.

"I will go at once and ask Papa."

Away flew Fay, and soon came back with a glad "yes!" that sent Johnny hobbling in to tell his mother, and beg her to mend the elbows of his only jacket; for, suddenly, his old clothes looked so shabby he feared to show himself to the neighbors he so longed to see.

"Hurrah! I'm really going to-morrow. And you, too, Mammy dear," cried the boy, waving his crutch so vigorously that he slipped and fell.

"Never mind; I'm used to it. Pull me up, and I'll rest while we talk about it," he said cheerily, as his mother helped him to the bed,

where he forgot his pain in thinking of the delights in store for him.

Next day, the flag was flying from the wall and Fay early at the hole, but no Johnny came; and when Nanna went to see what kept him, she returned with the sad news that the poor boy was suffering much, and would not be able to stir for some days.

"Let me go and see him," begged Fay, imploringly.

"*Cara mia*, it is no place for you. So dark, so damp, so poor, it is enough to break the heart," said Nanna, decidedly.

"If Papa was here he would let me go. I shall not play; I shall sit here and make some plans for my poor boy."

Nanna left her indignant little mistress and went to cook a nice bowl of soup for Johnny, while Fay concocted a fine plan, and, what was more remarkable, carried it out.

For a week it rained, for a week Johnny lay in pain, and for a week Fay worked quietly at her little easel in the corner of the studio, while her father put the last touches to his fine picture, too busy to take much notice of the child. On Saturday the sun shone, Johnny was better, and the great picture was done. So were the small ones; for as her father sat resting after his work, Fay went to him with a tired but happy face, and, putting several drawings into his hand, told her cherished plan.

"Papa, you said you would pay me a dollar for every good copy I made of the cast you gave me. I tried very hard, and here are three. I want some money very, very much. Could you pay for these?"

"They are excellent," said the artist, after carefully looking at them. "You *have* tried, my good child, and here are your well-earned dollars. What do you want them for?"

"To help my boy. I want him to come in here and see the pictures, and let Nanna teach him to plait baskets; and he can rest, and you will like him, and he might get well if he had some money, and I have three quarters the friends gave me instead of bonbons. Would that be enough to send poor Giovanni into the country and have doctors?"

No wonder Fay's papa was bewildered by this queer jumble, because, being absorbed in his work, he had never heard half the child had told him, and had forgotten all about Johnny. Now he listened with half an ear, studying the effect of sunshine upon his picture meantime, while Fay told him the little story, and begged to know how much money it would take to make Johnny's back well.

"Bless your sweet soul, my darling, it would need more than I can spare or you earn in a year. By and by, when I am at leisure, we will see what can be done," answered Papa, smoking comfort-

ably, as he lay on the sofa in the large studio at the top of the house.

"You say that about a great many things, Papa. 'By and by' won't be long enough to do all you promise then. I like *now* much better, and poor Giovanni needs the country more than you need cigars or I new frocks," said Fay, stroking her father's tired forehead and looking at him with an imploring face.

"My dear, I can not give up my cigar, for in this soothing smoke I find inspiration, and though you are a little angel, you must be clothed; so wait a bit, and we will attend to the boy—later." He was going to say "by and by" again, but paused just in time, with a laugh.

"Then I shall take him to the country all myself. I can not wait for this hateful 'by and by.' I know how I shall do it, and at once. Now, now!" cried Fay, losing patience, and with an indignant glance at the lazy Papa, who seemed going to sleep, she dashed out of the room, down many stairs, through the kitchen, startling Nanna and scattering the salad as if a whirlwind had gone by, and never paused for breath till she stood before the garden wall with a little hatchet in her hand.

"This shall be the country for him till I get enough money to send him away. I will show what I can do. He pulled out two bricks. I will beat down the wall, and he *shall* come in at once," panted Fay, and she gave a great blow at the bricks, bent on having her will without delay; for she was an impetuous little creature, full of love and pity for the poor boy pining for the fresh air and sunshine, of which she had so much.

Bang, bang went the little hatchet, and down came one brick after another, till the hole was large enough for Fay to thrust her head through, and, being breathless by that time, she paused to rest and take a look at Johnny's court.

Meanwhile, Nanna, having collected her lettuce leaves and her wits, went to see what the child was about, and finding her at work like a little fury, the old woman hurried up to tell "the Signor," Fay's papa, that his little daughter was about to destroy the garden and bury herself under the ruins of the wall. This report, delivered with groans and wringing of the hands, roused the artist and sent him to the rescue, as he well knew that his angel was a very energetic one, and capable of great destruction.

When he arrived, he beheld a cloud of dust, a pile of bricks among the lilies, and the feet of his child sticking out of a large hole in the wall, while her head and shoulders were on the other side. Much amused, yet fearful that the stone coping might come down on her, he pulled her back with the assurance that he would listen and help her now, immediately, if there was such need of haste.

But he grew sober when he saw Fay's face, for it was bathed in tears, her hands were bleeding, and dust covered her from head to foot.

"My darling, what afflicts you? Tell Papa, and he will do anything you wish."

"No, you will forget; you will say 'Wait,' and now that I have seen it all I can not stop till I get him out of that dreadful place. Look, look, and see if it is not sad to live there all in pain and darkness, and so poor."

As she spoke, Fay urged her father toward the hole, and to please her he looked, seeing the dull court, the noisy street beyond, and close by the low room, where Johnny's mother worked all day, while the poor boy's pale face was dimly seen as he lay on his bed waiting for deliverance.

"Well, well! it is a pitiful case! and easily mended, since Fay is so eager about it. Hope the lad is all she says, and nothing catching about his illness. Nanna can tell me."

Then he drew back his head, and leading Fay to the seat, took her on his knee, all flushed, dirty, and tearful as she was, soothing her by saying, tenderly:

"Now let me hear all about it, and be sure I'll not forget. What shall I do to please you, dear, before you pull down the house about my ears?"

Then Fay told her tale all over again, and being no longer busy, her father found it very touching, with the dear, grimy little face looking into his, and the wounded hands clasped beseechingly as she pleaded for poor Johnny.

"God bless your tender heart, child; you shall have him in here to-morrow, and we will see what can be done for those pathetic legs of his. But listen, Fay, I have an easier way to do it than yours and a grand surprise for the boy. Time is short, but it can be done; and to show you that I am in earnest, I will go this instant and begin the work. Come and wash your face while I get on my boots, and then we will go together."

At these words, Fay threw her arms about Papa's neck and gave him many grateful kisses, stopping in the midst to ask, "Truly, now?"

"See if it is not so," and, putting her down, Papa went off with great strides, while she ran laughing after him, all her doubts set at rest by this agreeable energy on his part.

If Johnny had not been asleep in the back room, he would have seen strange and pleasant sights that afternoon and evening, for something went on in the court that delighted his mother, amused the artist, and made Fay the happiest child in Boston. No one was to tell till next day, that Johnny's surprise might be quite perfect, and Mrs. Morris sat up till eleven to get his old clothes in order; for Fay's papa had been to see her, and became inter-

ested in the boy, as no one could help being when they saw his patient little face.

So hammers rang, trowels scraped, shovels dug, and wonderful changes were made, while Fay danced about in the moonlight, like Puck intent upon some pretty prank, and Papa quoted *Snout** the tinker's parting words, as appropriate to the hour:

"Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

PART III.

A LOVELY Sunday morning dawned without a cloud, and even in the dingy court the May sunshine shone warmly, and the spring breezes blew freshly from green fields far away. Johnny begged to go out, and being much better, his mother consented, helping him to dress with such a bright face and eager hands that the boy said, innocently:

"How glad you are when I get over a bad turn! I don't know what you'd do if I ever got well."

"My poor dear, I begin to think you *will* pick up, now the good weather has come and you have got a little friend to play with. God bless her!"

Why his mother should suddenly hug him tight, and then brush his hair so carefully, with tears in her eyes, he did not understand, but was in such a hurry to get out, he could only give her a good kiss and hobble away to see how his gallery fared after the rain, and to take a joyful "peek" at the enchanted garden.

Mrs. Morris kept close behind him, and it was well she did, for he nearly tumbled down, so great was his surprise when he beheld the old familiar wall after the good fairies Love and Pity had worked their pretty miracle in the moonlight.

The ragged hole had changed to a little arched door, painted red. On either side stood a green tub, with a tall oleander in full bloom; from the arch above hung a great bunch of gay flowers; and before the threshold lay a letter directed to "Signor Giovanni Morris," in a childish hand.

As soon as he recovered from the agreeable shock of this splendid transformation scene, Johnny sank into his chair, where a soft cushion had been placed, and read his note, with little sighs of rapture at the charming prospect opening before him.

"DEAR GIOVANNI: Papa has made this nice gate so you can come in when you like and not be tired. We are to have two keys, and no one else can open it. A little bell is to ring when we pull the cord, and we can run and see what we want. The paint is wet. Papa did it, and the men put up the door last night. I helped them, and did not go in my bed till ten. It was very nice to do it so. I hope you will like it. Come in as soon as you can; I am all ready."

"Your friend, FAY."

"Mother, she must be a real fairy to do all that, must n't she?" said Johnny, leaning back

* A character in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

to look at the dear door behind which lay such happiness for him.

"Yes, my sonny, she is the right sort of good fairy, and I just wish I could do her washing for love the rest of her blessed little life," answered Mrs. Morris, in a burst of grateful ardor.

"You shall! you shall! Do come in! I can not wait another minute!" cried an eager little voice as the red door flew open, and there stood Fay, looking very like a happy elf in her fresh white frock, a wreath of spring flowers on her pretty hair, and a tall green wand in her hand; while the brilliant bird sat on her shoulder, and the little white dog danced about her feet.

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

sang the child, remembering how Johnny liked that song, and, waving her wand, she went slowly backward as the boy, with a shining face, passed under the blooming arch into a new world, full of sunshine, liberty, and sweet companionship.

Neither Johnny nor his mother ever forgot that happy day, for it was the beginning of help and hope to both just when life seemed hardest and the future looked darkest.

Papa kept out of sight, but enjoyed peeps at the little party as they sat under the chestnuts, Nanna and Fay doing the honors of the garden to their guests with Italian grace and skill, while the poor mother folded her tired hands with unutterable content, and the boy looked like a happy soul in heaven.

Sabbath silence, broken only by the chime of bells and the feet of church-goers, brooded over the city; sunshine made golden shadows on the grass; the sweet wind brought spring odors from the woods, and every flower seemed to nod and beckon, as if welcoming the new playmate to their lovely home.

While the women talked together, Fay led Johnny up and down her little world, showing all her favorite nooks, making him rest often on the seats that stood all about, and amusing him immensely by relating the various fanciful plays with which she beguiled her loneliness.

"Now we can have much nicer ones, for you will tell me yours, and we can do great things," she said, when she had displayed her big rocking-horse, her grotto full of ferns, her mimic sea, where a fleet of toy boats lay at anchor in the basin of an old fountain, her fairy-land under the lilacs, with paper elves sitting among the leaves, her swing, that tossed one high up among the green boughs, and the basket of white kittens, where Topaz, the yellow-eyed cat, now purred with

maternal pride. Books were piled on the rustic table, and all the pictures Fay thought worthy to be seen.

Here also appeared a nice lunch, before the visitors could remember it was noon and tear themselves away. Such enchanted grapes and oranges Johnny never ate before; such delightful little tarts and Italian messes of various sorts; even the bread and butter seemed glorified because served in a plate trimmed with leaves and cut in dainty bits. Coffee that perfumed the air put heart into poor Mrs. Morris, who half-starved herself that the boy might be fed; and he drank milk till Nanna said, laughing, as she refilled the pitcher:

"He takes more than both the blessed lambs we used to feed for St. Agnes in the convent at home. And he is truly welcome, the dear child, to the best we have, for he is as innocent and helpless as they."

"What does she mean?" whispered Johnny to Fay, rather abashed at having forgotten his manners in the satisfaction which three mugs full of good milk had given him.

So, sitting in the big rustic chair beside him, Fay told the pretty story of the lambs who are dedicated to St. Agnes, with ribbons tied to their snowy wool, and then raised with care till their fleeces are shorn to make garments for the Pope. A fit tale for the day, the child thought, and went on to tell about the wonders of Rome till Johnny's head was filled with a splendid confusion of new ideas, in which St. Peters and apple tarts, holy lambs and red doors, ancient images and dear little girls, were delightfully mixed. It all seemed like a fairy tale, and nothing was too wonderful or lovely to happen on that memorable day.

So when Fay's papa at last appeared, finding it impossible to keep away from the happy little party any longer, Johnny decided at once that the handsome man in the velvet coat was the king of the enchanted land, and gazed at him with reverence and awe. A most gracious king he proved to be, for, after talking pleasantly to Mrs. Morris, and joking Fay on storming the walls, he proposed to carry Johnny off, and catching him up, strode away with the astonished boy on his shoulder, while the little girl danced before to open doors and clear the way.

Johnny thought he could n't be surprised any more, but when he had mounted many stairs and found himself in a great room with a glass roof, full of rich curtains, strange armor, pretty things and pictures everywhere, he just sat in the big chair where he was placed, and stared in silent delight.

"This is Papa's studio, and that the famous picture, and here is where I work; and is n't it pleas-

ant? and aren't you glad to see it?" said Fay, skipping about to do the honors of the place.

"I don't believe heaven is beautifuller," an-

pretty children at play among the crumbling statues and fountains.

"I'm glad you like it, for we mean to have you



"THE PICTURE WAS DONE."

swered Johnny, in a low tone, as his eyes went from the green tree-tops peeping in at the windows to the great sunny picture of a Roman garden, with

come here a great deal. I sit to Papa very often, and get so tired; and you can talk to me, and then you can see me draw and model in clay, and then

we'll go in the garden, and Nanna will show you how to make baskets, and *then* we'll play."

Johnny nodded and beamed at this charming prospect, and for an hour explored the mysteries of the studio, with Fay for a guide and Papa for an amused spectator. He liked the boy more and more, and was glad Fay had so harmless a playmate to expend her energies and compassion upon. He assented to every plan proposed, and really hoped to be able to help these poor neighbors, for he had a kind heart and loved his little daughter even more than his art.

When at last Mrs. Morris found courage to call Johnny away, he went without a word, and lay down in the dingy room, his face still shining with the happy thoughts that filled his mind, hungry for just such pleasures, and never fed before.

After that day everything went smoothly, and both children blossomed like the flowers in that pleasant garden, where the magic of love and pity, fresh air and sunshine, soon worked miracles. Fay learned patience and gentleness from Johnny; he grew daily stronger on the better food Nanna gave him and the exercise he was tempted to take, and both spent very happy days working and playing, sometimes under the trees, where the pretty baskets were made, or in the studio, where both pairs of small hands modeled graceful things in clay, or daubed amazing pictures with the artist's old brushes and discarded canvases.

Mrs. Morris washed everything washable in the house, and did up Fay's frocks so daintily that she looked more like an elf than ever when her head shone out from the fluted frills, like the yellow middle of a daisy with its white petals all spread.

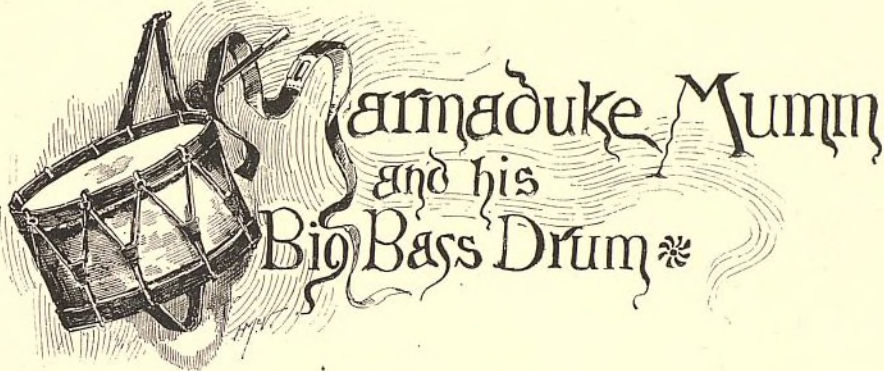
As he watched the children playing together, the artist, having no great work in hand, made several pretty sketches of them, and then had a fine idea of painting the garden scene where Fay first talked to Johnny. It pleased his fancy, and the little people sat for him nicely; so he made a charming thing of it, putting in the cat, dog, bird, and toad as the various characters in Shakespeare's lovely play, while the flowers were the elves, peeping and listening in all manner of merry, pretty ways.

He called it "Little Pyramus and Thisbe," and it so pleased a certain rich lady that she paid a large price for it, and then, discovering that it told a true story, she generously added enough to send Johnny and his mother to the country when Fay and her father were ready to go.

But it was to a lovelier land than the boy had ever read of in his fairy books, and to a happier life than mending shoes in the dingy court. In the autumn they all sailed gayly away together to live for years in sunny Italy, where Johnny grew tall and strong, and learned to paint with a kind master and a faithful young friend, who always rejoiced that she found and delivered him, thanks to the wonderful hole in the wall.



THIS SEAT RESERVED.



BY E. T. CORBETT.

I.

"I 'M going a-drumming!" said Marmaduke Mumm;
 So he strapped on his drum,
 With a rat-tat-tat, and a rum-tum-tum,
 And he marched down the street,
 While his head and his feet
 Kept time to the music his drumsticks beat;
 And the folks who heard him cried: "My!
 how sweet!
 How finely he plays on that big bass-drum!
 Clever Marmaduke Mumm!"

II.

He marched up the street, he marched down
 the hill;
 The miller ran out to the door of his mill;
 The babies stopped crying, the cows stood still;
 And all the cross dogs grew suddenly dumb,
 When they heard the tum-tum
 Of that wonderful drum,
 And knew it was played by Marmaduke Mumm!

III.

Gayly young Marmaduke marched along,
 Drumming and singing, and this was his song:
 "Rumty, tumty, tum!"
 But the hill was steep, and the hill was long,
 And his legs were weak, though his voice was
 strong;
 He tripped and fell—he rolled like a lump,
 Over and over, with many a bump,
 And twist, and jolt, and terrible thump;
 While the big bass-drum
 Said "tum, TUM, TUM!"
 And "lumpety-LUMPETY-LUMP!"

IV.

"I 'm bruised black and blue!" muttered Mar-
 maduke Mumm,
 As he crept from under his big bass-drum.
 He rubbed his poor head—
 'T was all that he said,
 Though he certainly looked very glum.

V.

He picked himself up, and went marching once
 more,
 And he traveled so fast
 That the village was passed,
 When, oh! from the woods came a horrible roar,
 And a growl like thunder at last!
 Poor Marmaduke shook—never, never before
 Had he heard such a sound!
 He looked all around,
 Up at the sky, and down on the ground;
 When, behind a big tree,
 What a sight did he see—
 A bear who was just making ready to bound!

VI.

"I must run, I must fly!"
 Did Marmaduke cry,
 "For if he should catch me, I'd certainly die!"
 Then, with terror half-dead,
 He broke in the head
 Of his drum, and jumped in. "I 'm safe now!"
 he said;
 "In this drum I will lie
 Till the beast shall go by:
 He can't eat my drum, and he 'll think I have
 fled."

VII.

Well, the bear made a spring and his paws
struck the drum—
It said: "Bum-bum-BUM!"
The bear was astonished—he gave it a pat—
It answered: "Rat-tat!"
"Ho! ho!" said the bear. "This is queer,
I declare;
If this is a trap, I would better
beware."
So he trotted away without further
delay,
And growled as he went:
"G-o-o-d day!
g-o-o-d day!"

VIII.

Then out of his hiding-place
Marmaduke crept,
And most bitterly wept.
"Alas! I have utterly ruined
my drum,

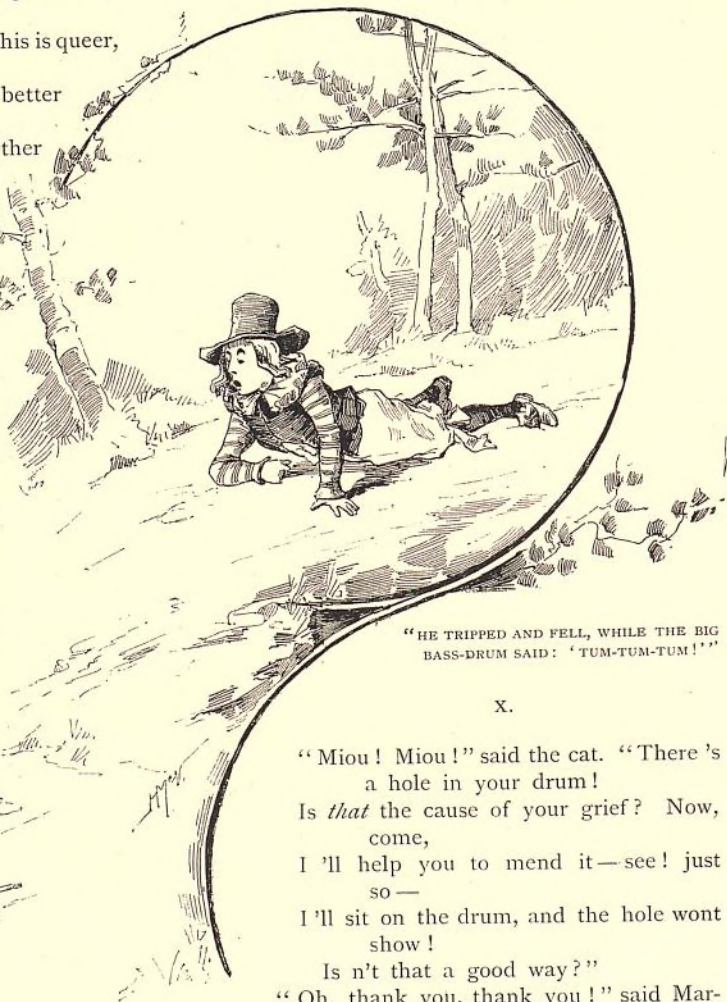


My big bass-drum,
With its marvelous, musical *tum-tum-tum*;
For, if I can't mend this hole in its head,
Its voice will grow dumb."
And bitter,—oh, bitter the tears he shed—
Poor Marmaduke Mumm!

IX.

Just at this moment a cat drew nigh—
A very obliging, friendly cat.

She stopped and said: "May I ask you *why*
You are weeping like that?
Is n't there something I can do
To comfort you?"
"N-no, nothing at all—boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"



X.

"Miou! Miou!" said the cat. "There's
a hole in your drum!
Is *that* the cause of your grief? Now,
come,
I'll help you to mend it—see! just
so—
I'll sit on the drum, and the hole wont
show!
Is n't that a good way?"
"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Mar-
maduke Mumm,
Beginning to play;
"You're the nicest old cat—rum, tum-ty, tum-
tum,
Fol-rol-de-rol-ray!"

XI.

So this friendly cat on the drum-head sat,
While Marmaduke sounded his rat-tat-tat.
Her tail kept time to the drumsticks' rhyme,
With a gentle thump and a graceful pat;

And the folks would stare,
When they met the pair,
And ask, "Is he beating the drum or the cat?"
But Marmaduke Mumm
Answered only, "Rum-tum!
Rum-de-dum; row-de-dow; rat-tat-tat!"

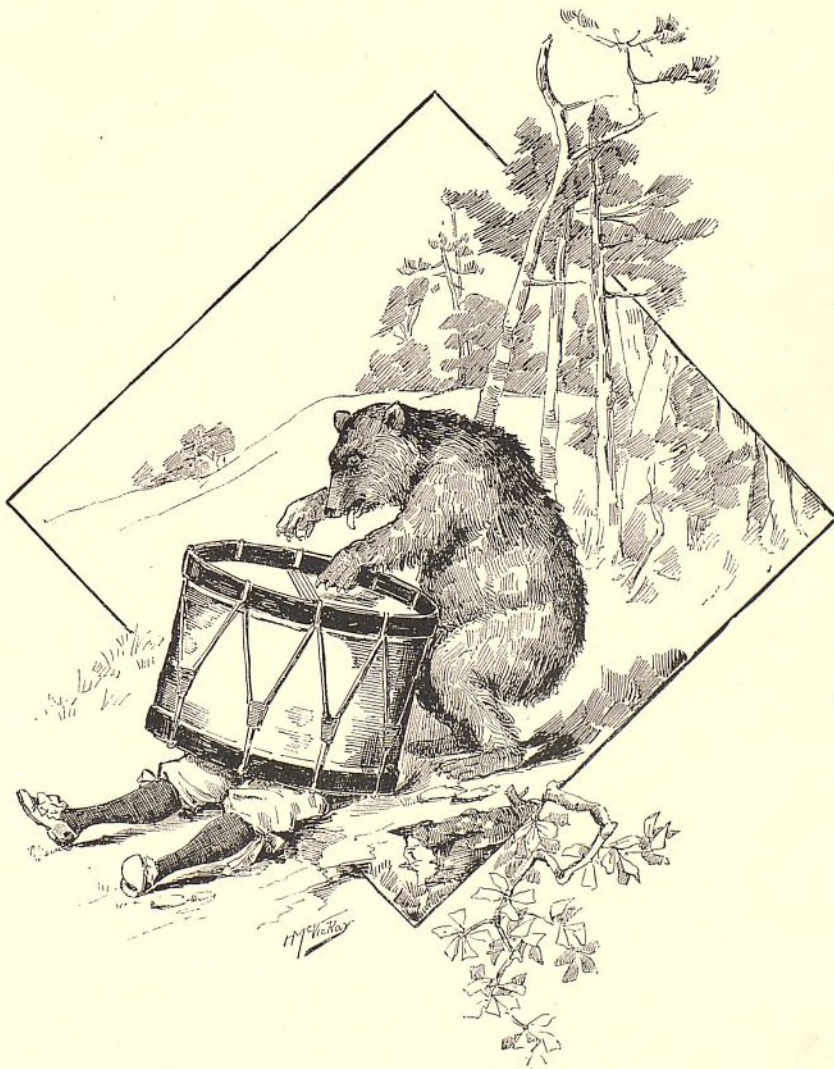
XII.

So they traveled on, till at last they met
A fierce old man, who chuckled, "Ho! ho!
This is the pair I wanted to get
For my '*Great Zoölogical Traveling Show!*'
The boy and the cat,

The drum and all that,
Will make all the children laugh, I know!
Come on, boy, come,
Bring your cat and your drum:
You belong to my circus—you need n't say no!"

XIII.

So the cat and the drum,
And Marmaduke Mumm,
Went with the queer old man, you know.
You will find them to-day
(So people say)
In the "*Great Zoölogical Traveling Show!*"



"HIS PAWS STRUCK THE DRUM—IT SAID, "BUM-BUM-BUM!"

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TUB-RACE.

THE Fourth was a great day on the lake; a great day especially for Commodore Web Foote. If he was n't the pivot on which the world turned, until about twelve o'clock, I should like to know who was!

It was a bright, breezy morning — indeed, almost too breezy for the rowing matches. But what were they compared with the grand race in which a dozen sail-boats were to take part? It was a good wind for them — a good wind particularly for the Commodore's new yacht, which (not to keep the reader in suspense) won easily not only the prize-cup, but almost too much glory for one little man.

After the drama, the farce. After the regattas, the tub-race.

That was for small boys; and the Tinkhams were interested in it, Rod having been induced by some of his young Tammoset friends to join in that rough sport. Three prizes had been offered by the club, indiscriminately, to all competitors; and if even the least of them could be won by a Tinkham, would n't it (as Lute said) be j-j-jolly? To get anything out of the Argonauts!

The youngsters were ranged along one side of the float, each with his tub — Rod amongst them, bare-legged and bare-armed, in shirt and tights, with Rupe at his back, to assist in launching him or in pulling him out of the water. His companions kept him in countenance; yet he could n't help feeling a little abashed in that rig, before so many people.

A gay-colored throng covered the shore. The balcony, full of pretty girls in holiday dresses, looked like a hanging-basket of flowers. Door-way and windows were crowded; and the float was half the time under water, borne down by its weight of Argonauts. Outside of all was a circle of boats full of spectators.

One of the boats belonged to the Tinkham brothers, and in it were Mrs. Tinkham and Letty, with Lute and Rush. Lute had his water-glass with him, and, while waiting for the tub-race to begin, amused himself by looking down into the depths of the lake.

"She is laughing at you!" whispered Rush, who could not keep his eyes from glancing up at

the balcony, where a good many eyes were looking down. The pair he alluded to belonged to a certain young girl in a white straw hat, light-blue scarf and pink dress, with a rosebud mouth which did indeed blossom in a mirthful smile when she saw Lute leaning over the side of the boat with his "toy."

Lute held it up with a gesture of inquiry — would she like to try it? She answered with a laughing "I'll see!" sort of nod, and gave another, still more decided, when Letty motioned her to come down and take a seat beside her in the boat.

"They're going to start!" said Mrs. Tinkham. "I wish they would make haste, for Rod's sake; he does n't like making a show of himself!"

Rush could have wished the tub-race in Jericho until after they had got Miss Bartland into the boat. He was longing to ask her a question or two regarding the Argonauts' plot.

Commodore Foote, standing on a chair, to get well above the crowd on the float and to keep his feet out of the water, which occasionally washed over it, swung his cap, tossed back his hair, and gave the signal. The half-naked youngsters had been ready and waiting some time, impatient to start; but he had delayed, in order to let Tammoset and Dempford know that nothing could be done without him.

Amidst hand-clapping and cheers, five boys in five tubs started to paddle around a flag-buoy not more than twenty yards off. It looked to be an easy feat; and so it might have proved for some of them in calm weather. One turned round and round in a ludicrously helpless fashion. Another, too big for his tub, capsized at the start, and was greeted with roars of laughter as he scrambled out of the water. The other three made progress; but a little way from the float the wind struck them and the waves tossed them, and over went a sandy-haired lubber, who managed in his plunge to upset the next tub, which was Rodman's.

"It's Dick Dushee! He did it on purpose!" exclaimed Rush.

Whether Dick did it purposely or not, Rod was in the water, and there was nothing for him to do but to get back to the float with his tub and try again.

Before he made another start, the only tub that had not upset was rounding the buoy; and it looked as if the lucky navigator must win the first

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prize. But the wind, which had been in his favor when outward bound, was against him on the return voyage. He sat with legs hanging over the side of the tub, and bearing it down; so that, in meeting the waves, it soon took in water enough to founder, and he who had been first in the race must now begin again as the last.

Rod knelt in his tub, balancing it well, and paddling steadily with a pair of wooden scoops. Some used little coal-shovels, attached by strings to the handles of their tubs, so that they might not lose them when they capsized and had to swim. One lost his, nevertheless. That left only four competitors. Of these, the two who next passed the buoy were Rod and Dick Dushee.

The strife between these two became exciting. The trick by which Rod was upset had been noticed, and it won him the sympathy of the spectators.

"Who is that fine-looking boy?" the mother heard some one ask.

"It's a Tinkham! It's one of the Tinkhams!" went from mouth to mouth in reply.

As the two neared the float almost abreast, they were greeted by loud cries from some of the small fry present. "Scratch water, Dick!" "Put in, Tinkham! pay him for that tip-over!"—followed soon by a chorus of shouts from small and great. Dick, in his hurry, had gone down within two yards of the float.

Looking straight before him, heeding nobody, paddling steadily, Rod quickly came within reach of Rupe's outstretched hand, and a burst of applause told that the first prize, a handsome hammock, had been won. Thereupon the little Commodore disappeared in the boat-house, frowning with huge disgust; and a man on the shore, with a vast, sandy desert of a face, uttered a dismal groan.

But others took a more cheerful view of the result.

"I declare!" said Mrs. Tinkham, wiping bright tears from her eyes, "I would n't have believed a bit of foolishness could ever interest me so much!"

"It's the honor of the T-tinkham's that's at stake!" said Lute, radiant behind his spectacles. "I wish Mart was here to enj-j-joy it!" But Mart had staid at home to guard the premises.

Rush and Letty were in the gayest spirits; nor was their happiness lessened when they looked up at the balcony and saw Syl Bartland clapping hands with delight at Rod's triumph.

They took little interest in the rest of the race, except to see that Dick Dushee did not win a prize.

"Now get her to come down into our boat," said Rush.

"She's coming," replied Letty.

There was a movement on the balcony. Sylvia disappeared. The Tinkhams pushed in between two yachts that lay beside the float.

"Make room here! make room for the ladies!" cried a shrill, authoritative voice within the lower door-way.

The crowd there opened, and Sylvia's rosy face was seen emerging. With her came Mollie Kent, laughing as at some merry adventure. Rush stepped out upon the float, and placed a board so that they could reach the boat without wetting their feet. But behold! three other young girls were following; and now the same peremptory voice called out again:

"Haul the Commodore's yacht a little ahead!"

It was the voice of the Commodore himself; and if ever a boy's heart was stepped on and flattened out by mighty disappointment, elephantine chagrin, that heart was Rush Tinkham's, when the girls tripped past him, lightly holding their skirts, and titteringly catching at each other as they stepped aboard the yacht.

The owner followed and took the helm. The yacht was shoved off, the sheet was hauled, the flapping canvas filled, the Commodore's broad pennant streamed in the wind, and away went Web with his lovely cargo of girls, Sylvia and Mollie smiling and fluttering their handkerchiefs (in mockery, Rush angrily thought) at their friends in the boat.

"I never saw anything so provoking," whispered Letty, as Rush jumped aboard and pushed away.

"You could n't expect a Dempford girl to go over openly and publicly to the enemy, could you?" said Mrs. Tinkham, "under the eyes of all the Argonauts!"

"I was a fool!" muttered Rush, imagining everybody was laughing at him. "Let's get out of this!"

There was to be a swimming race after the tub-race. But the Tinkhams took no interest in it; and, leaving Rod with Rupe to dress and get the hammock, they took a row up the lake.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHAT LUTE SAW IN HIS WATER-GLASS.

RUSH was not in a happy mood. To see the yacht go flying over the water under her broad sail, with her stern conspicuously lettered, "THE COMMODORE," was irritating to a boy of good taste and fine feelings. And the nervous, laughing screams of the girls as she careened to the breeze were not soothing sounds.

"The Commodore carries too much c-c-canvas," said Lute.

"It will do for racing," said Rush. "Fellows can take risks when they've only themselves aboard. But look at that!"

"O dear! They will go over!" exclaimed Letty.

"He l-l-luffed just in time," said Lute. "The girls don't trim her as the fellows did he had with him in the race."

"She took in water over the rail, even with them aboard; I saw it," replied Rush.

"I declare," said Mrs. Tinkham, indignantly, "it is criminal to trifle with the lives of young girls in that way!"

"Only a conceited blockhead would do it," said Rush. "The Commodore thinks nobody can sail a boat like him—that an accident can't possibly happen with him at the helm. His looks show that."

"He is n't like me," remarked Lute. "I should be the biggest c-c-coward in the world in his place now."

"He's coming for us, to show how smart he is," said Rush.

The yacht went rushing past, ripping the water with a loud noise, and sped on her course, leaving the prosaic little row-boat lying like a log in her wake. Not a glance from the girls, who had ceased to giggle, and appeared to be begging the Commodore to take them back.

It was very provoking. Rush resolved not to look at the yacht any more. He was rowing steadily along, with Lute behind him in the bow, and his mother and sister in the stern, when suddenly Mrs. Tinkham started forward with a frightened scream, in which Letty joined.

The five girls had been seated on the yacht's windward side, which ran high and higher with every gust. Then all at once the wind, made fitful by the high, wooded shores, veered about, the sail jibed suddenly and violently, the boat gave an unexpected roll, the enormous sail going over in the buffet of the flaw.

Rush looked in time to see the gunwale dip, carried down by the weight of girls. They threw up their arms with wild gestures, starting to their feet, and their screams came over the water.

In an instant all was confusion, the iron-ballasted yacht filling and settling rapidly, and the wind still playing with the upper part of the sail, while the lower part was disappearing in the lake. Down, down it went, until at last only the mast-head was seen, like a slanting stake, with the pennant still flying above the surface, where two or three vague objects tossed.

Letty sobbed and laughed hysterically.

"They'll all be drowned!" said her mother, with white lips.

"Pull! pull!" muttered Lute, snatching an oar from Rush and striking it into one of the forward rowlocks. "Wait a moment! Now!"

"Not another boat in sight!" said Mrs. Tinkham, casting a swift glance around. "Boys! it all depends on you!"

Screams were heard again. That was encouraging. Lute and Rush pulled as no champion oarsmen had pulled on the lake that day. They could not take time to glance over their shoulders; their mother told them how to row.

"Not quite so hard, Lute! You're too much for Rocket. There! there! Now straight ahead!"

"Do you see them?" Lute asked.

"There's somebody clinging to the mast," said Letty, with a convulsive laugh. "And somebody swimming. Row! row, boys! And a head above water. No! it's a floating bonnet."

"Only two?" Rush breathed between strokes.

"That's all I see," said Mrs. Tinkham. "Hold your oar, Lute! That's it, Rocket! Now straight ahead again!" Then, as they drew nearer, "There are two swimming!"

"One must be the Commodore," said Letty. "Oh! he is saving somebody! He is helping her get hold of the mast. No, not the mast, but the halyards."

"Bravely, boys!" cried the mother. "You'll soon be there! Two girls now at the mast! One has hold of the pennant. Look where you're going, Lute!"

"Oh!" said Letty, in wild despair, "I saw two hands come up and go down again! If we had only been a little sooner!"

"It was while he was saving the other," said Mrs. Tinkham. "Now he is swimming where we saw that one go down. Too late! Careful! careful, boys!"

"Hold, Rocket!" cried Lute. "Take the oar!" He sprang to the bow as the boat, with slackening speed, neared the tragical scene, and called out, "We'll have you in a m-m-moment!" Even at such a time, the poor fellow had to stammer.

"Don't mind us!" said one of the gasping creatures at the mast. "We can hold on. Look for the others!"

It was Mollie Kent, recognizable even with her agonized face and dripping hair.

"There are three more!" said her companion, an older girl whom the Tinkhams had never seen until that day. "Three drowned—unless you can save them!"

"One went down right here!" cried the little Commodore, paddling helplessly about, wild-eyed,

his black locks washed over his brows. "Can you dive? Oh Heaven! I can't!"

He had hitherto supposed he could, and had taken from a platform many a plunge which he thought the world ought to admire. But he could no more go down fifteen or eighteen feet, even to save a life he had so recklessly imperiled, than he could fly in the air.

Neither were the Tinkham boys at all expert at diving. In their limited swimming experience, their endeavor had generally been to keep as near the surface as possible.

Yet Rush had already kicked off his shoes and thrown down his hat and coat. And now he stood

hand and drawing up something entangled in the other.

"Here! here!" cried Letty, reaching to help him. "I've got hold of her!"

Up came a gasping and strangling face. Lute and Letty pulled the drowning girl into the boat. She was the youngest of the sailing party—a child not more than thirteen years old.

"It's Isabel! It's your sister, Web!" cried Mollie Kent. "Is she alive?"

"She is alive," said Mrs. Tinkham, who at once took the girl in charge. "Turn her on her face! Poor thing! poor thing! She was going down for the last time."



"THE YACHT WENT RUSHING PAST."

ready to leap, while he kept the boat in place with a single oar.

"There! there!" shrieked Letty.

Something like floating hair appeared on the opposite side of the boat from the poor, paddling Commodore. It was slowly settling down again, when Rush saw it, and, using his one oar as a lever, tried to force the boat over broadside toward it. Failing in that, and seeing it about to disappear, he gave a headlong jump, which nearly threw Lute overboard.

Lute saved himself, however. He seized the oar and brought the boat around just as Rush, after a brief struggle in the water, emerged with blinded eyes and dripping face, swimming with one free

Rush scrambled into the boat, to be ready for any further discovery that might be made. Lute also pulled in the little Commodore, who by this time was nearly exhausted with fatigue and fright.

"There are two more missing," said the wretched youth.

"Sylvia Bartland is one of them," said Mollie Kent, in tones of wildest affliction. "I have n't seen her at all! She would n't have gone in the yacht, if I had n't urged her."

The wind had lulled, and yet the boat was drifting off. Rush took an oar to bring it back.

"What are you doing?" he said to Lute.

Lute had bethought him of his water-glass. He hauled up the big, bungling "toy" from

under the thwart, thrust the broad end into the water, and, leaning low over the rail, looked down.

What he saw was quite beyond his stammering astonishment to utter.

On the dark bottom of the lake lay the handsome new yacht, partly on one side. Bright, waving gleams danced over it, caused by the sunshine passing through the waves. The deck, the tiller, the sloping mast, the sail sweeping off over the lower beam, were distinctly visible, with one object most wonderful of all.

Down there, in the perfectly clear water, a young girl. She was resting partly on the deck, seemingly inclined to float; but two little hands in black lace mitts grasped a rope, which prevented her from rising. Dressed in pale pink, with a light blue scarf clasped by a gold pin; loose auburn hair, to which the white straw hat was still tied; and a sweet, beautiful, almost smiling face, with open eyes staring at vacancy—all played over by the chasing ripples of sun and shade.

It did not look like death. It was more like a scene of enchantment, a fairy realm in the deep.

"L-l-look!" said Lute, giving the instrument to Rush. "Keep the boat up, w-w-will you?" to the little Commodore, who obeyed with the meekness of utter despair and remorse.

Rush looked, and was overboard the next moment, in a headlong plunge.

Lute watched him through the glass, and saw with dismay that he did not descend half-way to the drowning girl, but soon began to swim off in a lateral direction, coming up while he still believed he was going down.

"I can't see in the water!" said Rush, blowing at the surface. "If I could only keep my eyes open! I'll try again!"

"It wont d-d-do!" said Lute. "Put the boat ahead, will you?" to the little Commodore. "This is the rope she has hold of!"

It was one of the halyards to which Mollie and her companion were clinging above. Sylvia, with the blind desperation of a drowning person, had caught hold and was clinging fast below. Thus the very effort she was instinctively making to save her life was destroying it.

"May be I can shake off her hold," said Lute, "or b-break the rope."

The two at the mast were taken aboard. He then shook and pulled, but in vain. The unconscious girl held fast, and the unstable skiff afforded but a poor support when he tried to free the halyard from its fastening at the deck.

"Wait!" Rush exclaimed. "I can get her."

He could n't dive far; but, laying hold of the halyard, he could go down hand under hand to the yacht.

This he did, sliding his fingers along till they reached those of the drowning girl. He endeavored to unclasp them with one hand, holding one of her wrists with the other. To do so without violence was not so easy a task as he had supposed. His breath, which he was unable to retain, rose in bubbles to the surface. But he was resolved not to loose his hold of that wrist, and never to return to the upper world alone.

He was struggling and groping, believing that something still held her down, when there came a rushing sound in his ears, and behold! he was at the surface with Sylvia Bartland in his arms.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FROM THE SUNKEN YACHT.

THE place where the yacht went down was hidden from the boat-house by a curve of the shore. But the news had reached there in the midst of the excitement over the swimming race. The crowd separated in a panic, and now boats were coming to the rescue.

Mrs. Tinkham had never before had any experience in resuscitating the drowned. But she did not need to be taught that less water and more air was in such cases the immediate necessity, and she knew something of the right theory of producing that result.

The Commodore's young sister was already so far restored as to be able to care for herself. She went over to the other two rescued girls in the bow, while Mrs. Tinkham and Letty took Sylvia in hand. Letty had quite got over her first hysterical emotion, and she now obeyed and helped her mother in a manner worthy of a Tinkham.

They first turned Sylvia on her face, depressing her head, and opening her mouth to let the water run out. At the same time they compressed her lungs gently, to expel the exhausted air, allowing the chest to expand again and inhale fresh, by its own elastic force. While they continued these movements at intervals, trying to give her life with artificial breath, the boys were searching with the water-glass for the other missing girl.

They discovered her under the shadow of the sail on the other side of the yacht. By this time the first boats had arrived. They had swimmers and even divers aboard. The Tinkhams, therefore, left them, with Commodore Foote, to recover the last of his victims, and with the other four pulled for home.

How they pulled! People in boats or running wildly up the shore shouted at them; but they gave no heed. What Mollie Kent answered, they hardly heard or cared.

Suddenly a boat, rowing furiously, turned in their wake, and the boys had a glimpse of a face they knew—a sternly anxious face, white and terrible in its excitement, sending after them looks of entreaty, with wild words:

"Tell me, I say! is she dead?"

"No! no! I think not! I hope not!" replied Mollie Kent, excitedly. "It's Lew Bartland and my brother!" she said, sobbing again.

The boat came alongside, and, after a few words exchanged, darted off toward the shore. The Tinkham boys all this time neither spoke word nor missed stroke, but continued to row their heavily freighted boat as if more than their own lives were at stake.

Into the outlet they pulled, then down the river with the tide, to the mill. There, fortunately, they found Mart, who had remained to guard the premises and prepare still further for the Argonauts' expected attack.

How quickly and utterly all thoughts of that were put out of his mind by the arrival of the boat with the shipwrecked girls! Sylvia was by this time recovering consciousness, in great bodily distress. He took her from his mother and sister, and bore her in his arms to the house; Lute and Rush and Letty following up the path over the bank with Mrs. Tinkham, in her wheeled chair, and the other drenched ones on their own feet.

They had hardly entered the house, when Charley Kent and Lew Bartland arrived with a doctor they had picked up on the lake shore. Rupe and Rod came running after, carrying their tub, with the hammock, between them, and behind them flocked a crowd of people. Many of the spectators of the races had gone up toward the sunken yacht; others followed the rescued girls; so that in a few minutes there was on and about the premises more people than had ever been there before, except on the day when it seemed as if half Dempford and Tammoset assembled to see the dam destroyed.

Very different motives brought them now—not curiosity merely and the love of sensation, but anxious sympathy and eagerness to help.

Women offered their services. These were welcome, Mrs. Tinkham being well-nigh exhausted as well as lame, and the servant being away. Hot drinks were soon prepared, dry clothing was got for the wet ones, and Sylvia was warmed in bed.

"The worst is over," the doctor had said, as soon as he touched her wrist. And now only good nursing was necessary to her complete restoration.

Assured of this, Bartland and Kent and the two older Tinkhams embarked in Lew's boat and rowed with speed up the lake.

They were too late to render any assistance to the lost girl. This was Kate Medway, one of the happiest of the five who were seen to set off so gayly in the Commodore's yacht less than an hour before. She had been taken from the water and borne to the nearest house, followed by a throng of horrified spectators, many of whom knew her and loved her; among them the little Commodore, capless, drenched, his wet hair not yet tossed back from his brow—a stricken, despairing man.

A physician was on the spot. But either she had remained too long in the water, or the right thing had not been done for her the moment she was taken out. Neither skill nor love nor pity nor remorse could help her now. She was an only child; her father and mother were yet to be sent for. Who could bear to tell them the heart-rending news?

The Tinkhams returned home with Bartland and Kent, having a little talk by the way. It was strange that not one of them spoke harshly of the author of the catastrophe. Only Lew said, "I always thought Web knew how to sail a boat!" Nothing more.

CHAPTER XL.

THE TIDE TURNS.

WHEN all was over, and the four girls who were saved had been taken home by their grateful friends, and she who perished had also been taken home; when the lake was deserted, and a strange quiet reigned where there had been so much movement and merriment in the morning; then Mart, late that afternoon, said to his brothers, as they sat together in the willow-tree:

"I was intending to put a lamp in the upper mill-window, where it would shine all night across the dam. I was going to be on hand myself, below, with the door open and the wooden cannon in position, and fire that charge of sand at the first marauders that came within range. I meant to let Dempford and Tammoset know that we were getting the least mite tired of being trifled with."

"It seemed to be about t-t-time," said Lute.

"But I've changed my mind," Mart continued. "We'll stop in the house to-night. I've a sort of notion that we've tried war long enough. I believe there's something better. You've had a chance to try that to-day, boys,—you and Mother,—and you've done well. Now, after what has happened, if there are Argonauts who want to meddle with our dam to-night, I say let 'em!"

"And let the w-w-world know it!" said Lute.

"It's the best way!" Rush declared. "We have had fighting enough. I'm sick of it!"

Even the younger boys were satisfied with this decision. When it was announced to Mrs. Tinkham, she exclaimed, fervently:

"I am thankful, boys! I said to myself in the presence of death to-day, when praying that we might be able to save those precious lives, I said then I would never repine at petty trials after this, but accept the ways of Providence in all things, as I had never done before. What if the dam is destroyed? You can still rebuild it. Or you can do something else. We will live in peace, and be just to all men; and if we can not prosper, we will at least deserve to."

"I know we shall prosper!" said Letty, overjoyed. "I would n't have had the boys stop fighting from cowardice. But if they stop from a better motive, we shall never be sorry, I am sure!"

Thus, the events of the day had softened and deepened all their hearts.

The boys went down at dusk and fired off their wooden gun, well satisfied to see the charge tear the water and throw over a post they had set up against the dam.

"What if that had been an Argonaut?" said Rod, with a chuckle of triumph.

"I'm rather glad, on the whole, it was n't," said Mart.

"There's a wire-alarm to sell or to let!" laughed Rush. But the boys did not regret the labor that it had cost.

"If it had n't been for that," said Lute, "I should n't have made the w-w-water-glass. And if it had n't been for that——"

It was terrible to think what might have happened but for that "toy"!

The boys then shut the mill, and soon after went to bed, leaving the dam to its fate.

In the morning it was still there, and there it remained.

The Argonauts were coming to their senses. The light of Buzrow's influence had been extinguished in ridicule, and Web Foote's brand-new popularity, which carried so much sail of self-conceit, had suddenly sunk deeper than ever yacht went down. On the other hand, the true characters of the Tinkhams were beginning to be appreciated.

The yacht was raised; but it quietly disappeared, and was never seen again on Tammoset waters. Web likewise tried to lift his lost reputation—a more difficult task. He did not have the grace to resign his office; but at the annual meeting of the club, which took place in August, he

was quietly dropped, Lew Bartland being reelected commodore by a unanimous vote.

Not long after, what new members do you suppose were proposed by him, and admitted with scarcely any opposition? The three older Tinkham boys!

"I don't know that they will consent to join us," Lew said, in advocating their election. "But I hope they will; and if they do, it will be more an honor to us than to them. At any rate, I want the club to pay them this tribute."

The Tinkhams did consent, the more readily as they were made aware that they had done the Argonauts, in one particular, great injustice.

The mischief done that night when the mill-wheel was broken was not, after all, the work of any members of the club, but of vicious youngsters outside, ambitious of getting into it. He who had shown his zeal by creeping into the shop, stealing the sledge-hammer, and using it to smash the paddle-blades before throwing it into the river, was—whom do you think?

Dick Dushee!

That fact having been discovered by Rupert in his growing intimacy with Tammoset boys, and the damage to the wheel having been paid by Dick's utterly disgusted papa, the older Tinkhams became Argonauts; and those whom a conflict of interests had made enemies, found that they ought all along to have been friends.

The dam was as much in the way as ever. But the readiness of the Tinkhams to pull up their flash-boards for passing boats, and a little patience and forbearance on the part of the boatmen, made the difficulty, which had once loomed so great, dwindle to a very small matter—like so many things in life over which hatred and selfishness may fight, or reason and good-will clasp hands.

Not that all opposition to the dam was ended, by any means. Curiously enough, it was at last abolished by statute, a law having been enacted placing all such waters as the Tammoset, as far as the tides from a harbor rise and fall two feet, under the authority of harbor commissioners, and declaring them to be navigable streams. But this was after the business of the Tinkham Brothers had outgrown their old quarters, and they had bought a large factory, with steam-power, nearer town.

Meanwhile, a delightful intimacy had grown up between the Tinkhams in Tammoset and the Bartlands and Kents in Dempford, the story of which has not much to do with the Tide-Mill, and so need not be related here.

THE END.



PUNCH AND THE SERIOUS LITTLE BOY.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THERE was once a serious little boy,
Who never smiled, and who rarely spoke;
Arithmetic was his only joy,
And he could not be made to take a joke.

If ever any one chanced to read
Or tell him a joke, in accents chilly,
To an older person he said, "Indeed?"
To a younger person, "That is silly."

It happened one day, when he went to school,
That his tender mother wrapped up his lunch—
Though such was not her general rule—
In a leaf from a recent number of *Punch*.

When noontime came, and he spread it out,
The picture attracted his notice at once;
And he said, with scorn, "Beyond a doubt,
There are people who like to play the dunce!"

Now, what this picture was, my dears,
I would gladly tell you, if I knew,
For I should not be troubled by any fears
That what happened to him might happen to you.

He read the joke—'t was a brand-new joke—
And then for a minute sat perfectly still.
Then he went as if he were going to choke,
And said, with an effort, "That is sill—"

A violent chuckle stopped him here;
He did not know what to make of it.
He said to himself, "This is very queer—
I wonder if it can be a fit?

"The sensation is singular and new.
I can not be laughing; I 've too much sense."
Once more a chuckle shook him all through,
And he tumbled abruptly off the fence.

He had never laughed in his life before;
He was just eleven years old, and so
When he tried to stop, he laughed the more,
For he 'd all that time to make up, you know.

His mother chanced to be passing by;
She was sensible, as well as kind,
So she did not stop to scream and cry,
But showed at once her presence of mind.



She leaned him up against the fence,—
 For to stand alone he was quite unable,—
 She put him through pounds, shillings, and pence,
 And then the multiplication-table.

By the time he had got to ten times ten,
 He had almost recovered his self-command;
 He was only smiling a little then,
 And by twelve times twelve he was able to stand.



But his mother was fully convinced that day
 That it 's safer to laugh as one goes along,
 For if it accumulates in this way,
 It acquires a force that is terribly strong.

So now she keeps telling him little jokes,
 And he 's learned an almost agreeable smile.
 He may some day laugh, as do other folks,
 But she can not expect that yet awhile.

The moral is plain to be seen, of course—
 We should all learn laughing while we are small;
 If we don't, it may come with alarming force,
 Or—more dreadful still—never come at all!

THE MIDGET SHEEP.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.



SHEEP have been the friends of man for so many ages that all trace of their wild ancestors is lost, and we can only guess at their origin. There has been a wonderful change in this creature's nature during the long ages since it first was tamed. The domestic sheep is one of the most timid and delicate of animals, while the wild sheep is second to no animal in courage and hardness.

One of the peculiarities of the sheep is the manner in which it adapts itself to its surroundings, and no doubt it is this ability to suit itself to the circumstances of its dwelling-place that has given us so many varieties of domestic sheep. There is the large merino sheep, so famous for fine wool, and the small Welsh sheep, just as famous for its delicate flavor when cooked. There is the sheep of middle Asia, used for carrying burdens, and even for riding upon, and the sheep of southern and eastern Asia, with its enormous tail, that must be provided with a little cart to keep it from dragging in the dirt—a veritable Bo-peep sheep

that carries its tail behind it. There is the Persian sheep, with its black head and white body, and the Shetland sheep, so good for the wool which ladies like for crochet work; and then there are a great many more sheep that are good for nothing particularly—not very good to eat, and very poor wool producers.

Last of all, because it is the very smallest, is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise; for, of course, it can not have much wool, and as for eating, why, a hungry man could almost eat a whole one at a meal. It is so small when full-grown that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the particular part of France where it is most raised.

But if not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and, because it is so small, is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. It would need to be a very large little girl—a giant girl, indeed

—who could take an ordinary sheep in her lap and cuddle it there; but any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep quite as easily as for one of those very ugly little dogs called by the ugly name of pug.

One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes a great deal is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but if, on the contrary, the person sheds tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way. A kind word and a loving caress will also fill it with happiness, while a cross word or harsh gesture will cause it such evident distress that only a cruel person could be otherwise than gentle with such a pet.

This strange delicacy of feeling once led to a very happy result, and helped a little girl named Jessie out of a difficulty which was at the same time dangerous and ludicrous.

Away off in one corner of the large garden, Jessie had what she called her house. James, the gardener, had nailed some boards to the fence to make a roof, and there Jessie used to go on summer afternoons with her dolls and her favorite pet, the little Midget sheep. One afternoon, Jessie was tired of staying in her house, and concluded to try the roof. By putting her chair on the starch-box that served for Ethel Araminta's bed, Jessie contrived to mount upon the roof.

Once there, she lay down upon the roof, and, after a deal of reaching, caught the back of the chair and pulled it up. Then she placed it against the fence, stood upon it, and looked over. There was nothing specially interesting there to look at, and Jessie concluded to do something else. The first thing that suggested itself was to sit upon the fence. It was not easy to do, but she finally accomplished it, and when she had recovered her breath, she found her perch very pleasant, until by and by she heard a dog bark. Looking over the fence, she exclaimed:

"Oh! it's that dreadful big bull-dog that belongs to Mr. Wainright. And here he comes. I guess I'll get down. No I won't, either. He can't catch me; it's too high for him. Boo! I'm not afraid of you."

The bull-dog by this time was right under Jessie, barking furiously, for he looked upon her as an intruder. She was too high for him to reach her, but he was a faithful dog, and determined to do the best he could. He jumped hard. He could not reach her, but her frock hung over the

fence, and into that he fastened his teeth just as Jessie, in a fright, slipped from her seat to reach the roof.

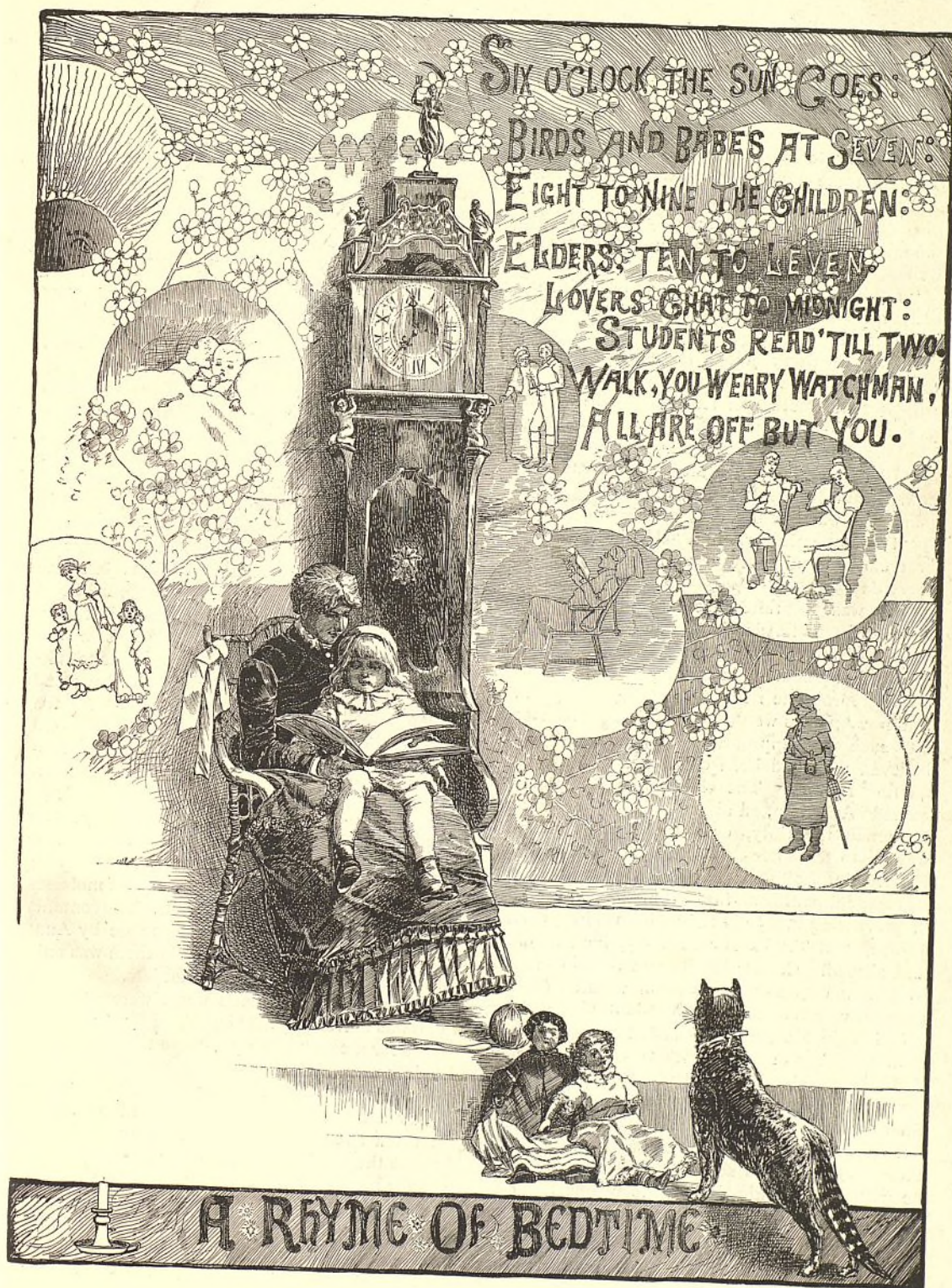
She did not reach it, however, for, unfortunately, her frock was new and strong, and would not tear; so she hung on one side of the fence, and the dog on the other. She screamed and wept, but it was too far from the house for her voice to be heard, and she might have hung there until her frock tore (for the dog would not loose his hold), if little Midget had not come to the rescue.

She did not know what was the matter, probably; but she did know that Jessie was in great trouble, and the dear little creature was driven almost frantic with sympathy. She trembled all over, then ran madly about, then stopped and shook again. Finally, she ran like a crazy sheep toward the house, and, in fact, acted so strangely that Ann saw her from the kitchen window, and, thinking her mad, called Jessie's mother. She knew in a moment that something was wrong with her little girl, and, fortunately, a particularly loud scream from Jessie just then caught her ear. She did not stop to explain, but ran as quickly as she could toward where Jessie was.

Ann, like a faithful servant, never stopped to ask why, but followed her mistress, calling at the same time for James, who was just entering the gate. James obeyed the summons, and, being the swiftest, reached the spot first. There hung Jessie, still sobbing and screaming. This so excited James that he forgot how frail the little house was, and sprang upon it at one effort. Crash it went under him, and he fell with it all in a heap to the ground.

What a hubbub there was then! But James was soon up again, and had brought a ladder. Ann was so eager to help that she started to run up just as James did, and the consequence was that a collision took place, and Ann sat down on the grass. James flew up, looked over, comprehended the situation, and, knowing he could not make the dog let go, whipped out his knife and cut Jessie's frock.

It took some time for the story to be told, and for everybody to recover composure; but when it was all understood, it was declared that Midget was a heroine, and that nothing was too good for her. They all believed that Midget had purposely run to the house to let them know there that Jessie was in trouble; but very likely Midget was so excited by Jessie's cries that she did not know what she was doing; for long after everybody else was composed, and even able to laugh at the picture of Jessie on one side of the fence and the dog on the other, Midget continued to tremble as if with ague.



THE LOLLIPOPS' VACATION.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"I WANT to go where they let you break in colts, and the circus comes 'round every week," said the second Master Lollipop, named Granbury, but commonly called Cranberry by his friends, who thought Cranberry Lollipop sounded particularly well.

"I think it is time that I entered fashionable society," said the eldest Miss Lollipop, who was past sixteen.

"I always think first of my children," said the fourth Miss Lollipop, who was called Cherry, and who was the mother of ten dolls, — just as many as she had brothers and sisters, — "and Christabel Marie is suffering for sea-bathing."

"I want to go where there are sunsets and no cows," said Jujube Lollipop, who was fifteen, and painted in water-colors.

"I'm not going where a fellow has to wear his best clothes and there *must* be cherry pudding every day."

This was the third Master Lollipop, who had been christened Adonijam, but seldom had the benefit of anything but the last syllable of that dignified appellation, Jam Lollipop being thought a very appropriate name for him. Indeed, all the Lollipops' names were capable of being shortened into such very appropriate ones that most people believed they had been christened with this nick-naming in view. The eldest Miss Lollipop was named Araminta, and her name was usually shortened to Minty, or Mint, and people who wanted to tease her even went so far as to call her Peppermint Lollipop; but she did not like that, and was cultivating a dignified manner in the hope of preventing it. Julia Lollipop was always called Jujube, and Tryphena was Taffy, both at home and abroad. Carrie Amelia was called Caramel, by common consent, and Margaret Nutter (named after her grandmother, who had always been called plain Margaret) was called Nutmeg oftener than anything else. Charity was always Cherry, and Molly, Molasses. And the boys did not fare much better. Sherburne was nicknamed Sherbet, and Erastus was never called anything but Raspberry. They did not mind it very much, though Sherbet was sometimes heard to say that he wished they did n't all make people think of something good to eat. Papa Lollipop had been a confectioner, and people *would* say that he had become confused, and thought he was naming his candy when he named his children.

All these stories would probably be very soon forgotten, now, for Papa Lollipop had retired from business, with a fortune; they had moved from the rooms over the shop, where they had always lived, into a fine, large house, on a fashionable street, and if any of the younger children made any reference to the shop, and the times when Papa was a confectioner, all the others said, "'Sh! 'sh!'"

And it was because they were rich people now, and were trying to live as rich people did, that they were going to take a vacation trip. They had never taken one before, except out to Aunt Jane's in Popleyville. Aunt Jane kept a candy-shop in one corner of a big dilapidated old house, on the main street. Papa Lollipop had kept her supplied with candy. The upper shelf of her shop had eight large glass jars, filled with sugar-plums artistically arranged in lines of contrasting color, and intended merely for ornament. Those jars had stood there for twenty years, and all the babies in Popleyville had cried lustily for them; but Aunt Jane, whose heart was torn by a baby's cry for anything else, had never relented so far as to take one sugar-plum out of them. Babies of sense and discretion soon learned to look at them with the silent and hopeless longing with which they looked at the moon. On the next shelf were the sticks of candy, of every color and flavor known to the confectioner's art, and always fresh and crisp. Then came, on a lower shelf, jars of mint-drops and lozenges, sugared almonds and pea-nuts, cream-dates and walnuts, and caramels of every flavor; and on the lowest shelf of all were trays of molasses candy, pea-nut taffy, and corn-balls. The contents of that lowest shelf were always made by Aunt Jane's own hands, and her pride in them was only a trifle less than in the ornamental jars.

And though Aunt Jane's wares were so superior, it was universally acknowledged that there was "more for a cent" to be got there than anywhere else in town. Moreover, Aunt Jane had a most unbusiness-like way of slipping a square of pea-nut taffy or a corn-ball into a penniless little pocket; and when she saw a sad and longing little face glued to the outside of her window-pane, she mysteriously beckoned it in, and it went away a jolly little face that you would n't have known for the same one. Of course, the natural result of this unusual fashion of shop-keeping was that the penniless pockets and the mournful little faces came

often, and Papa Lollipop shook his head gravely, and declared that Jane would be ruined.

But Aunt Jane was n't ruined. She proved herself to be possessed of a Yankee bump for trading, with all her generosity. Everybody in the town was her customer, from sixty-years-old Deacon Judkins, down to the newest baby, who was never thought to have properly made its entrance into Popleyville society until it had been taken to Aunt Jane's shop; and the summer visitors who came to Osprey, the sea-shore resort, only five miles away, were always driving over to Popleyville for the express purpose of buying some of Aunt Jane's candy. She did not make a fortune, but she made enough money to enable her to support herself, and care for several household pets, including two dogs, three cats, and four or five canary-birds, and also to have a very stiff and rustling black silk dress to wear to church and to neighborhood tea-drinkings. If greater happiness than that was to be found in the world, Aunt Jane never sighed for it. But when the eleven Lollipops came out to spend the summer vacation, her cup of joy overflowed. Some people might have thought that there were too many of them, but if Aunt Jane had a regret, it was that they were only eleven. As for the little Lollipops, they thought there was nothing in this world so much like Paradise as Aunt Jane's.

But now that they had become rich and fashionable, of course going to Aunt Jane's was not to be thought of. It would have been such a dreadful thing if any of their fashionable friends had discovered that they had an aunt who kept a little candy-shop in a queer old dilapidated house, that was running over with birds, and cats, and dogs, and who kept no servant except a little lame pauper girl whom she had taken out of pity, and whom she waited upon as tenderly as she did upon the birds. No, indeed! fashionable society could not be expected to recognize people with such an Aunt Jane as that, so, although it was a great pity, they never could visit Aunt Jane any more.

In the family council that they were holding to decide where they should go for the summer, nobody mentioned Aunt Jane's.

"It never will do to have it said that the Lollipop family went anywhere but to Newport or Saratoga," said Mamma Lollipop, who had been a plump and jolly little woman, but had grown wrinkled and anxious-looking since they became fashionable.

"I don't want to go to Saratoga," said Taffy Lollipop, with deep feeling, "because the Krauts go there, and they say they won't associate with us!"

"Well, I sha'n't allow my children to associate with *them*!" said Mamma Lollipop, with decision.

"If the Krauts go to Saratoga, we 'll go to Newport!"

"There are several confectioners in Newport who bought all their supplies from me, and I 'd rather not go there, anyhow," said Papa Lollipop.

"We might go to Europe," said Taffy Lollipop.

"The ship might go down," said Sherbet.

Mamma Lollipop turned pale. She was very timid; and Europe's fate was sealed.

They looked at each other in dismay. There did n't seem to be anywhere to go. They had never felt any inconvenience from want of space before; but now the world was not large enough for the Lollipops.

Papa Lollipop, who was a nervous little man, walked up and down the room, and mopped his bald head with his handkerchief, as if he were very warm indeed. But suddenly such a bright idea seemed to strike him, that he cut a little caper to relieve his excited feelings.

"I have an idea! We 'll all go everywhere, and we won't any of us go anywhere!" he cried, with the delight of one who has made a great discovery.

All the other Lollipops were delighted, too. It was a rather mysterious idea, but it sounded as if it solved all their difficulties, and the way things sound makes a great difference in this world.

"My idea," he went on, addressing Mamma Lollipop, "is to let 'em all go just where they please, each by himself or herself, if they like. We 've got servants enough, so that each one of the children can take one as a companion. That will make the servants of some use, and keep me from being all worn out trying to find something for 'em to do! You and I will take the same privilege. I 'll go where I please, and you can go where you please! And as I am in something of a hurry, I 'll leave you to lock up the house!"

Out of the room hurried Papa Lollipop, and in less than ten minutes they heard the hall door shut with a bang, and, looking out of the window, they saw Papa Lollipop rushing down the street, with a huge traveling bag, in too great a hurry to remember that he now kept a carriage.

Mamma Lollipop looked after him, admiringly.

"My dears," she said, "your father has a great mind. I thought so when his marsh-mallow caramels took the first prize —"

"'Sh! 'sh!" cried Minty. But Mamma Lollipop went on, firmly:

"I thought so then, but I know it now. We will do just as he said."

"I do wonder where he has gone, in such a hurry," said Taffy, who was the inquisitive one of the family.

Mamma Lollipop, who was a very shrewd woman,

looked at the newspaper which Papa Lollipop had just been reading, and saw a notice of a Confectioners' Convention in Chicago. It was almost a thousand miles away; but what were miles to a mind like Papa Lollipop's?

The door opened, and there stood Master Cranberry Lollipop, with a bundle of clothes slung over his shoulder upon a stout walking-stick; behind him stood Coffee, the colored boy who cleaned the knives and did the cook's errands, and he was similarly equipped for traveling.

"We 're goin'—good-bye!" said Cranberry. "Mebbe we shall come back some time, but if you hear of orfle piruts on the high seas, it's us."

Mamma Lollipop thought of screaming and fainting at this dreadful announcement, but she remembered what a mind Papa Lollipop had, and decided to have perfect faith in his plan.

And Cranberry and Coffee marched off, with fierce determination in their looks.

The next to go was Miss Minty, who first had her hair dressed so it would last all summer, if she did n't sleep in it, bought seventeen new bracelets for each arm, and a pair of eye-glasses, though she was not in the least near-sighted, had seven Saratoga trunks packed, ordered the carriage, and took her own maid with her.

Jam and Taffy were the only ones who told each other where they were going, and they happened to be going to the very same place. Jam and Taffy were twins, and thought just alike about everything. They seemed very happy in their plans, Jam occasionally giving expression to his feelings by uttering whoops and turning somersaults; but they evidently felt at the same time that they were going to do something rash and dreadful, and it was generally suspected that they meant to distinguish themselves by doing something even more terrible than turning pirates; and it severely tested Mamma Lollipop's faith in Papa Lollipop's plan to let them go. But they took Betty, who had been their maid-of-all-work in the old days, when they lived over the shop, and Betty had brains; she could make jujube paste and pipe-stem candy that rivaled everybody's except Aunt Jane's; even if Jam should decide to be a wild man of Borneo, like one he had read of and was always longing to imitate, Mamma Lollipop felt that Betty would be equal to the occasion.

Sherbet took his drum with him, and hinted, darkly, that he might be heard from on the field of battle; so it was generally supposed that he had gone to be a soldier, though where and whom he was to fight remained a mystery. Mamma Lollipop looked anxious, but did not attempt to influence him; she merely reminded him that for soldiers and pirates, as well as for less warlike

members of society, school began on the twenty-ninth of September.

Raspberry was seen negotiating with the proprietor of a hand-organ; it was evident that he intended to attain to the great ambition of his life, and enter the organ-grinding profession.

Jujube, who had just begun to paint in water-colors, bought artist's materials of all kinds, enough to last her a year, if she painted every day from morning till night, and went off with "Pictur-esque America" under one arm and the "Tourist's Guide" under the other, and entirely forgot her trunk.

Caramel wanted to go where there was a Sunday-school picnic every day in the week, and she was supposed to have gone in search of such a place, as she had all her cambric dresses freshly done up, and bought two new umbrellas.

Nutmeg had taken her nurse with her and gone, it was thought from her remarks, in search of a fairy who would tap her with her wand three times lightly and make diamonds and pearls fall from her mouth. Nutmeg was the youngest of the Lollipops, and believed firmly in fairies.

Cherry went off with her ten dolls and their wardrobes. It was thought probable that she had gone where there was sea-bathing to be had, and also where it was cool—as her wax children were seriously affected by heat.

Molly wanted to find a kitten with double claws, to be a gypsy, to go up in a balloon, to dig clams, and to see Queen Victoria. It was evident that she was much perplexed by these varied desires, and her destination was shrouded in deep mystery, as the only baggage she took was a book, almost as big as herself, from the top shelf in the library, entitled, "The Guide to True Happiness."

Last of all, Mamma Lollipop, having dismissed the coachman and her own maid, the only servants who were left, locked the doors of the house, and sauntered off down a little side street.

Aunt Jane was in trouble. Everybody in Popleyville seemed to have developed a sweet tooth, since her supplies from Papa Lollipop's manufactory had been cut off. Osprey and even Popleyville itself were full of summer visitors, who thronged her shop and complained that the acid drops were sweet, and the barley-sugar sour, that the chocolate creams tasted like flour-paste, and the caramels were burnt. It was just because they had been accustomed to Papa Lollipop's candy that they thought so; of course, there was no candy to be found like that. There was nothing that tasted as it used to, they said, but the corn-balls and the pea-nut taffy, and Aunt Jane had to make corn-balls and pea-nut taffy into the small hours

every night. And the circus was coming, to say nothing of a menagerie, and two small shows, and a military celebration and excursion parties and picnics almost every day. The demand for candy would be stupendous, and already a rival establishment was set up in the town, prepared to seize Aunt Jane's trade.

If she had n't been a Lollipop, she should have gone crazy. She knew she should, Aunt Jane said. Nobody to help her the least bit! Her little maid-of-all-work was willing, but she had no talent for confectionery; it was not to be expected; she did n't come from a talented family; her plain molasses candy was streaked and lumpy. Now, the little Lollipops, down to the youngest, had talent to their fingers' ends. Jam, at the age of three, had made taffy that was fit to set before the king, Aunt Jane proudly told her neighbors; and Cherry's cayenne lozenges would draw tears from a stone, so they would.

But alas! just when she wanted them most, the Lollipops had all written to say they were not coming!

Aunt Jane was standing in front of her door, with a tame squirrel perched on one shoulder and a kitten on the other. She was tasting the wares of a wholesale dealer in confectionery, who drove a pair of prancing steeds, and a huge wagon as gayly painted as if it belonged to a circus. As soon as she had tasted the candy herself, she gave a bit to the squirrel and offered a bit to the kitten, who declined, but rubbed his head against it as a token of gratitude for the attention.

But Aunt Jane did not find the candies satisfactory, and the candy dealer was so angry at her disparagement of his wares that he drove off and left Aunt Jane standing there, candy-less, with several of her empty jars staring at her from the window.

Aunt Jane would have tried to call him back; but, at that moment, her attention was arrested by the driving up of the stage, and the appearance of three unexpected visitors—Jam and Taffy and Betty!

She was so overjoyed that she ran forward eagerly and hugged them all, even Betty, till they were almost purple in the face.

For with Jam and Taffy and Betty to help her, there was no more fear of the rival shop!

"But you must n't let Mamma or Papa or any of them know that we are here!" said Taffy, earnestly, "because you know Popleyville is n't fashionable!" She did not want to say that it was n't fashionable to have an aunt who kept a candy-shop, for fear of wounding Aunt Jane's feelings, and Aunt Jane did n't suspect anything of the kind, for she thought her little shop was some-

thing to be proud of, and would n't have changed places with a queen on her throne.

They all made candy for three days, and great fun it was; they might not have enjoyed it so much once, but now it was new. And Aunt Jane's empty jars were filled, and people were quick to find out that they were filled with real Lollipop candy. The shop-bell was kept jingling nearly all the morning, and very few persons lifted the latch of the rival shop-door.

On the next afternoon, Jam and Taffy thought they would like a little variety, so they hired a donkey and cart of the man next door, took six tin pails and three baskets of luncheon and the little servant, and started to go a-berrying.

Before they had gone half a mile out of the village, on the road to the nearest railroad station, they met two very ragged and forlorn-looking boys. Both looked bruised and torn, as if they had been fighting, and one was limping painfully. The other one was a colored boy, and Taffy remarked that from a distance he did not look unlike their Coffee, only that Coffee was always so spick and span. When they came nearer, they saw that it was Coffee, and his companion, the poor limping lad with a blackened face, was Cranberry.

"Hello, pirates!" called Jam, cheerfully. "A short cruise and a merry one, was n't it?" Jam was always provoking.

"We carried off a boat from a wharf, and the owners did n't understand the first principles of piracy; they took us for thieves!" said Cranberry, in an aggrieved tone. "And Coffee was seasick, and I had to pay all my money for the boat, and it was n't like a book, anyway. There's more fun in Popleyville any day!"

Jam helped them into the donkey-cart, and drove them to Aunt Jane's, where they received such a welcome as is not often accorded to pirates returned from the high seas.

Jam and Taffy had scarcely started again upon their berrying excursion, when they met a fine carriage driving through the main street. A head was thrust out of the carriage window: the countenance was a very singular one, though strangely familiar; it looked very hot and flurried, and was surrounded by a mass of disheveled auburn hair, ringlets, braids, and puffs—all fluttering in the wind.

"I had to come home," said the piteous voice of Minty. "There were many more stylish dresses than mine, and a girl said my bracelets were brass, and I got entangled in the points of my parasol and had to be taken to pieces. And I'll never be fashionable again!" And off whirled the carriage bearing Minty to Aunt Jane's comforting arms.

Before they had gone half a mile farther they

met the stage, and there sat Jujube on the top, making a sketch.

"There are no sunsets anywhere but in Popleyville, so I had to come," she explained, calmly working away at her sketch. Inside the stage sat Caramel lunching off a hard-boiled egg and a pickle.

"Could n't you find enough picnics?" asked Jam and Taffy both together.

"I am sure that there are more picnics in Popleyville than anywhere in the known world!" replied Caramel, between her mouthfuls.

Before Jam and Taffy reached the railroad station, they met Raspberry, with a monkey perched on his shoulder and a tambourine in his hand.

"I had an organ, but it was too heavy," he announced as soon as they came within hearing. "Monkeys draw better in Popleyville than they do anywhere else. You'll just see fun, I can tell you! I suppose you have n't a quarter that you could lend a fellow? The hand-organ business is very expensive."

Of course, they had to carry Raspberry to Aunt Jane's, if they never got any berries, but it did seem very queer that before they had gone a mile on their way again, they should meet Sherbet, with his drum on his back, and his arm in a sling.

"Had a good time?" demanded Jam.

"Splendid! only off on a furlough now, till my country needs me again," said Sherbet, and that was all he would say. Sherbet was n't one to say much, but he looked as if serving his country had been hard work.

The berrying party went on; they had promised Aunt Jane some berries, and they must be had, however attractive the family reunion at Aunt Jane's might seem. When they got as far as the railroad station, whom should they see alighting from the cars but Nutmeg and her nurse.

"Nobody seems to know anything about fairies except Aunt Jane, and I don't believe they live anywhere but in Popleyville. And ignorant people laugh at one, so I came here," said Nutmeg, with dignity.

At the other end of the platform they espied Cherry, who had evidently come in the same train. She was negotiating with a man for a baby carriage to transport her ten children in. They were in a truly pitiable condition, some with saw-dust oozing from every pore, some with broken limbs, and noses, and some, alas! who had evidently been where it was very warm, had quite lost the shape of humanity and were nothing but lumps of wax.

"Traveling did n't agree with the poor dears," explained Cherry. "People with large families

never ought to travel. Popleyville is just the place to bring up children in. I don't think I shall ever go anywhere else."

The donkey-cart with its load went on, after taking Cherry's ten dolls upon the back seat, and making them as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

Just at sunset, the donkey-cart started for home, with the six tin pails full to the very top and the luncheon baskets empty to the very bottom. As they drew near the house Jam and Taffy saw, walking ahead of them, a very familiar figure. It was a lady with a richly embroidered shawl over her shoulders.

Yes, it was Mamma Lollipop and the drab parrot, and a jubilee the Lollipops had, you may be quite sure, when they got together in Aunt Jane's house.

"I went back to the old rooms over the shop where we were so happy before we got rich," said Mamma Lollipop; "but I was lonely without any of you, so I thought I would come to see Aunt Jane. But I should n't care to have your father know —"

Just then the door of Aunt Jane's kitchen, whence came a delicious odor of cooking candy, was opened, and there stood Papa Lollipop, looking happier than they had ever seen him look since he retired from business!

It seemed that he had come early that morning, and Aunt Jane had kept him hidden.

"It was a miserable affair — that convention," said he; "they openly favored using terra alba and poisonous coloring stuff. The American people will be poisoned if I don't return to the business! It is my duty, and I will!" At which announcement all the children clapped their hands with delight.

"But where is poor little Molasses? She is the only one missing!" said Mamma Lollipop.

At that very moment a knocking was heard at the door, and, when it was opened, there stood Molly, panting for breath, and with her cheeks all stained with dust and tears. She had a few torn leaves of the big "Guide to Happiness" still clutched in her hand, but she tossed them away as Aunt Jane caught her in her arms.

"It's a silly old book," sobbed Molly, "all full of big words that don't say anything about good times. Aunt Jane knows ten times as much about 'em, so I came here!"

Popleyville never was so pleasant in the world as it was that summer, and I only wish I had space to tell you of all the fun that the Lollipops got out of their vacation, after all!



A BIG BITE.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

MAMMA gave our Nelly an apple,
So round, and big, and red;
It seemed, beside dainty wee Nelly,
To almost eclipse her head.

Beside her, young Neddie was standing—
And Neddie loves apples, too.
“Ah, Nelly,” said Neddie, “give Brother
A bite of your apple—ah, do!”

Dear Nelly held out the big apple;
Ned opened his mouth very wide—
So wide that the startled red apple
Could, almost, have gone inside!

And oh! what a bite he gave it!
The apple looked small, I declare,
When Ned gave it back to his sister,
Leaving that big bite there.

Poor Nelly looked frightened a moment,
Then a thought made her face grow
bright:
“Here, Ned, you can take the apple—
I'd rather have the bite!”

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

NEW SERIES.

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER VII.

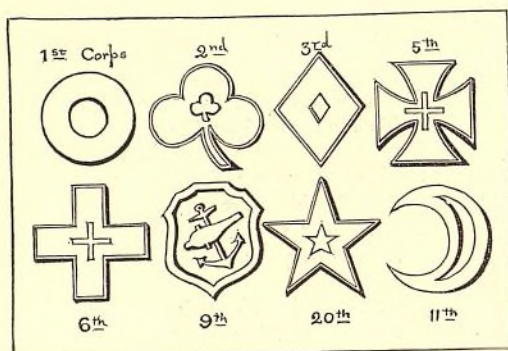
A BIVOUAC FOR THE NIGHT.

IF, from any cause whatsoever, any one happened to have lost his command, or to have strayed away from or been left behind by his regiment, he could usually tell with tolerable certainty, as he trudged along the road among the men of another command, what part of the army he was with, and whether any of his own corps or division were anywhere near by. And he could tell this at a glance, moreover, and without so much as stopping to ask a question. Do you ask how? I answer, by the badges the men wore on their caps.

An admirable and significant system of badges was adopted for the entire Union Army. The different corps were distinguished by the *shapes*, the different divisions by the *colors*, of their several badges. Thus, the First Corps wore a round badge, the Second a clover leaf, the Third a diamond, the Fifth a Maltese cross, the Sixth a Roman cross, the Ninth a shield, the Eleventh a crescent, the Twentieth a star, and so on. As each corps included three divisions, and as it was necessary to distinguish each of these from the other two, the three good old colors of the flag were chosen for the purpose—red, white, and blue: red for the first division of each corps, white for the second, and blue for the third. Thus, a round

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red badge meant First Division, First Corps; a round white, Second Division, First Corps; a round blue, Third Division, First Corps; and so on of the other corps. Division and corps head-quarters



SOME OF THE ARMY BADGES.

could always be known by their flags bearing the badges of their respective commands. As the men were all obliged to wear their proper badges, cut out of flannel or colored leather, on the top of their caps, one could always tell at a glance what part of the Army of the Potomac he was in. In addition to this, some regiments were distinguished by some peculiarity of uniform. Our own brigade was everywhere known as "The Buck-tails," for we all wore buck-tails on the sides of our caps.

It was in this way that I was able to tell that none of my own brigade, division, or even corps, were anywhere near me as, one evening along in the middle of May, 1864, I wearily trudged along the road in the neighborhood of Spottsylvania Court-house, in search of my regiment. I had lost the regiment early in the day; for I was so sick and weak when we started in the morning that it was scarcely possible for me to drag one foot after the other, much less to keep up at the lively pace the men were marching. Thus it had happened that I had been left far behind. However, after having trudged along all day as best I could, when night-fall came on I threw myself down under a pine tree beside the road, faint from exhaustion, stiff and sore in limb, and half-bewildered by a burning fever. All around me the woods were full of men making ready their bivouac for the night. Some were cooking coffee and frying pork, some were pitching their shelters, and some were already sound asleep; but they all, alas! wore the red Roman cross. Could I only have espied a Maltese cross somewhere I should have felt at home, for then I would have known that the good old Fifth Corps was near at hand. But no blue Maltese cross (the badge of my own division) was anywhere to be seen. As I lay there, with half-closed eyes,

feverishly wondering where in the world I was, and heartily wishing for the sight of some one wearing a buck-tail on his cap, I heard a well-known voice talking with some one out in the road, and leaning upon my elbow, called out:

"Harter! Hello, Harter!"

"Hello! Who are you?" replied the sergeant, peering in amongst the trees. "Why, Harry! Where's the regiment?"

"That's just what I'd like to know," answered I. "I could n't keep up, and was left behind, and have been lost all day. But where have you been?"

"Well," said he, as he brought his gun down to a rest and leaned his two hands on the muzzle, "you see the Johnnies spoiled my good looks a little back there in the wilderness, and I was sent to the hospital. But I could n't stand it there, and concluded I would start out and try to find the boys. Look here," continued he, taking off a bandage from the side of his face, and displaying an ugly looking bullet-hole in his right cheek; "see that hole? It goes clean through, and I can blow through it. But it does n't hurt very much, and will heal up before the next fight, I guess. Anyhow, I have the chunk of lead that made that hole here in my jacket pocket. See that?" said he, taking out a flattened ball from his vest pocket and rolling it around in his palm. "Lodged in my mouth right between my teeth. But I'm tired nearly to death. Let's put up for the night. Shall we strike up a tent, or bunk down here under the pines?"

We concluded to put up a shelter—or rather, I should say, Harter did so, for I was too sick and weak to think of anything but rest and sleep, and lay there at full length on a bed of pine branches, dreamily watching the sergeant's preparations for the night. Throwing off his knapsack, haversack, and accouterments, he got out his light hatchet, trimmed away the lower branches of two pine saplings some six feet apart, cut a straight pole and laid it across from one to the other of these saplings, buttoned together two shelters and threw them across the ridge-pole, staked them down firmly at the corners, and, throwing in his traps, exclaimed:

"There you are, 'snug as a bug in a rug.' And now for fire and a supper."

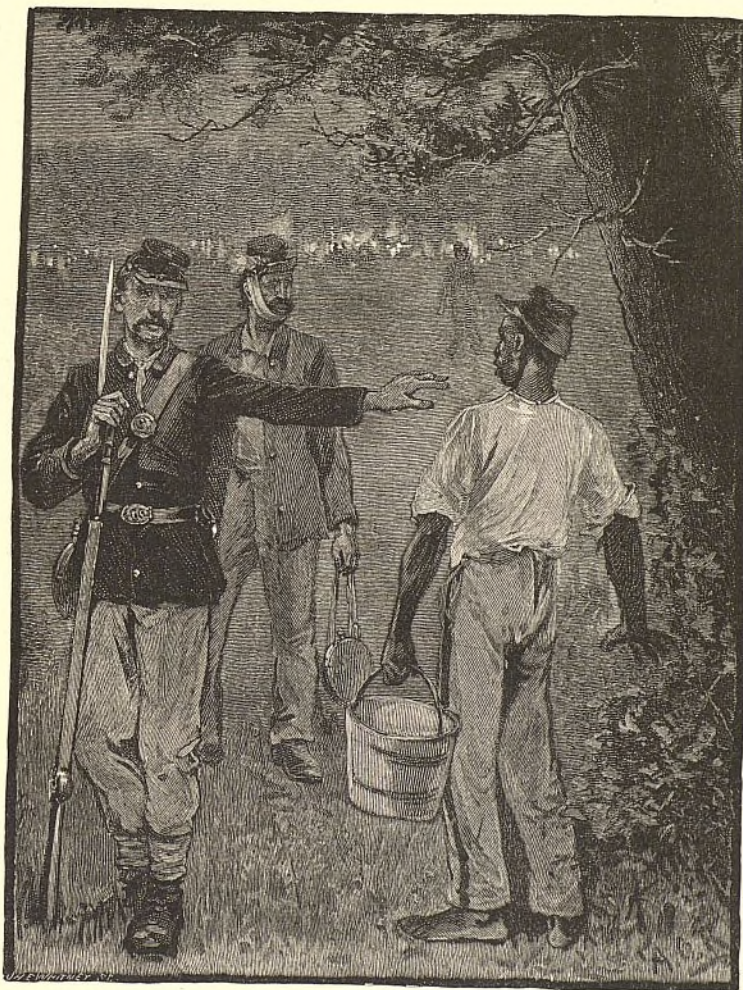
A fire was soon and easily built, for dry wood was plenty, and soon the flames were crackling and lighting up the dusky woods. Taking our two canteens, Harter started off in search of water, leaving me to stretch myself out in the tent—and heartily wish myself at home.

"I tell you, Harry," said the sergeant, as he flung down the canteens on his return, "there is n't anything like military discipline. I went

down the road here about a quarter of a mile, and came out near General Grant's head-quarters in a clearing. Down at the foot of a hill in front of his head-quarters is a spring; but it seems the surgeon of some hospital near by had got there before the General, and put a guard on the spring to keep the water for the wounded. As I came up

"The ducky, saying that 'he 'd see about dat,' went up the hill to head-quarters, and returned in a few moments, declaring that 'Gen'l Grant said dat you got to gib me water.'

"'You go back and tell General Grant,' said the corporal of the guard, coming up at the moment, 'that neither he nor any other general



"GENERAL GRANT CAN'T HAVE ANY WATER FROM THIS SPRING TILL MY ORDERS ARE CHANGED!"

I heard the guard say to a ducky who had come to the spring for water with a bucket:

"'Get out of that, you black rascal! You can't have any water here.'

"'Guess I kin,' said the ducky. 'I want dis yer water fer Gen'l Grant; an' aint he command-in' dis yer army?'

"'You touch that water and I'll run my bayonet through you!' said the guard. 'General Grant can't have any water from this spring till my orders are changed.'

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can get water at this spring until my orders are changed.'

"Now you see, Harry," continued Harter, as he gave me a tin cup on a stick to hold over the fire for coffee, while he cut down a slice of pork, "that's what I call discipline."

Supper was soon disposed of, and without further delay, while the shadows deepened into night in the forest, we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and stretched ourselves out with our feet to the fire. Dreamily watching the blazing light of our

little camp-fire, and thinking each his own thoughts of things which had been, and things which might be, we soon fell sound asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TALE OF A SQUIRREL AND THREE BLIND MICE.

"ANDY, what is a shade-tail?"

We were encamped in an oak forest on the eastern bank of the Rappahannock, late in the fall of 1863. We had built no winter quarters yet, although the nights were growing rather frosty, and had to content ourselves with our little "dog-tents," as we called our shelters, some dozen or so of which now constituted our company row. I had just come in from a trip through the woods, in quest of water at a spring near an old, deserted log-house about a half-mile to the south of our camp, when, throwing down my heavy canteens, I made the above interrogatory of my chum.

Andy was lazily lying at full length on his back in the tent, reclining on a soft bed of pine branches, or "Virginia feathers" as we called them, with his hands clasped behind his head, lustily singing:

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again" —

"What's that?" asked he, ceasing his song before finishing the stanza and raising himself on his elbow.

"I asked," said I, "whether you could tell me what a shade-tail is?"

"A shade-tail! Never heard of it before. I know what a buck-tail is, though. There's one," said he, pulling a fine specimen out from under his knapsack. "That just came in the mail while you were gone. The old buck that chased the flies with that brush for many a year was shot up among the Buffalo mountains last winter, and my father bought his tail of the man who killed him, and has just sent it to me. It cost him just one dollar."

Buck-tails were in great demand with us in those days, and happy was the man who could secure so fine a specimen as Andy held in his hand.

"But is n't it rather large?" asked I. "And it's nearly all white, and would make a mighty fine mark for some Johnny to shoot at. Eh?"

"Never you fear for that. 'Old Trusty' up there," said he, pointing to his gun hanging along underneath the ridge-pole of the tent,—" 'Old Trusty' and I will take care of Johnny Reb."

"But, Andy," continued I, "you have n't answered my question yet. What is a shade-tail?"

"A shade-tail," said he, meditatively. "How should I know? I know what a *detail* is, though, and I'm on one for to-morrow. We go across the river to throw up breastworks."

"I forgot," said I, "that you have not studied Greek yet. If you live to get home and go back to school again at the old Academy and begin to dig Greek roots, you will find that a shade-tail is a — squirrel. For that's what the old Greeks called the bonny bush-tail. Because, don't you see, when a squirrel sits up on a tree with his tail turned up over his back, he makes a shade for himself with his tail, and sits, as it were, under the shadow of his own vine and fig-tree."

"Well," said Andy, "and what if he does? What's to hinder him?"

"Nothing," answered I, entering the tent and lying down beside him on the pile of "Virginia feathers"—"only I saw one out here in the woods as I came along, and I think I know where his nest is, and if you and I can catch him, or, what would be better still, if we can capture one of his young ones (if he has any), why we might tame him and keep him for a pet. I've often thought it would be a fine thing for us to have a pet of some kind or other. Over in the Second Division there is one regiment that has a pet crow, and another has a kitten. They go with the men on all their marches, and I am told that the kitten has actually been wounded in battle, and no doubt will some day be taken or sent up North, and be a great curiosity. Now, why could n't we catch and tame a shade-tail?"

"Yes," said Andy, getting a little interested. "He could be taught to perch on Pointer's buck-horns in camp, and could ride on your drum on the march!"

Pointer, you must know, was the tallest man in the company, and therefore stood at the head of the line when the company was formed. When we enlisted, he brought with him a pair of deer antlers as an appropriate symbol for a buck-tail company. Now, the idea of having a live, tame squirrel to perch on Pointer's buck-horns was a capital one indeed.

But as the first thing to be done in cooking a rabbit is to catch the rabbit, so we concluded that the first thing to be done in taming a squirrel was to catch the squirrel. This gave us a world of thought. It would not do to shoot him. We could not trap him. After discussing the merits of smoking him out of his hole, we determined at last to risk cutting down the tree in which he had his home, and trying to catch him in a bag.

That afternoon, when we thought he would

probably be at home taking a nap, having provided ourselves with an ax, an old oat-bag, and a lot of tent-rope, we cautiously proceeded to the old beech-tree on the outskirts of the camp where our intended pet had his home.

"Now you see, Andy," said I, pointing up to a crotch in the tree, "up there is his front door. There he goes out and comes in. My plan is this: One of us must climb the tree and tie the mouth of the bag over that hole somehow, and come down. Then we will cut the tree down, and when it falls, if old shade-tail is at home, like as not he 'll run into the bag; and then, if we can be quick enough, we can tie a string around the bag, and there he is!"

Andy climbed the tree and tied the bag. After he had descended, we set vigorously to work at cutting down the beech. It took us about half an hour to make any serious inroad upon the tough trunk; but by and by we had the satisfaction of seeing the tree apparently shiver under our blows, and, at last, down it came with a great crash. We both ran toward the bag as fast as we could, ready to secure our prize; but we found, alas! that squirrels sometimes have two holes to their houses, and that while we had hoped to bag our bush-tail at the front door, he had merrily skipped away out of his back door. For, as soon as the tree touched the ground, we both beheld our pet leaping out of the branches, and running up a neighboring tree as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Plague take it!" said Andy, wiping the perspiration from his face. "What 'll we do now? I guess you 'd better run to camp and get a little salt to throw on his tail!"

"Never mind," said I. "We 'll get him yet, somehow. I see him up there behind that old dry limb peeping out at us. There he goes!"

Sure enough, there he did go, from tree-top to tree-top, "lickitty-splitt," as Andy expressed it, and we after him, quite losing our heads, and shouting like Indians.

As ill luck would have it, our shade-tail was making straight for the camp, on the outskirts of which he was discovered by one of the men, who at once gave the alarm—"A squirrel! a squirrel!" It seemed hardly an instant before all the boys in camp not on duty came running pell-mell, Sergeant Kensill's black-and-tan terrier "Little Jim" leading the way. I suppose there must have been about a hundred men in all, and all yelling and shouting, so that the poor squirrel checked his headlong course high up on the dead limb of a great oak-tree. Then, forming a circle around the tree, with "Little Jim" in the midst, the boys began to shout as when on the charge—"Yi—yi—yi! Yi—yi—yi!" whereat the poor

squirrel was so terrified that, leaping straight up and out in sheer affright and despair, down he came, tumbling tail-over-head, into the midst of the circle, which rapidly closed about him as he neared the ground. With yells and cheers that made the woods ring, a hundred hands were stretched out as if to catch him as he came down; but "Little Jim" beat them all. True to his terrier blood and training, he suddenly leaped up like a shot, seized the squirrel by the nape of the neck, gave him a few angry shakes which ended his agony, and carried him off triumphantly in his mouth to the tent of his owner, Sergeant Kensill, of Company F.

That evening, as we sat in our tent eating our fried hard-tack, Andy remarked, while sipping his coffee from his black tin cup, that "if buck-tails were as hard to catch as shade-tails, they were well worth a dollar apiece any day, and that he believed a crow or something of that sort would make a better pet than a squirrel, anyhow."

"Never mind, Andy," said I, "we 'll make a pet out of something or other yet."

It was some months later, and not until we were safely established in winter quarters, that we finally succeeded in our purpose of having something to pet. I was over at brigade head-quarters one day, visiting a friend who had charge of several supply wagons. Being present while he was engaged in overhauling his stores, I found in the bottom of a large box, in which blankets had been packed, a whole family of mice. The father of the family promptly made his escape, the mother was killed in the capture, and one little fellow was so injured that he soon died; but the remainder, three in number, I took out unhurt. As I laid them in the palm of my hand, they at once struck me as perfect little beauties. They were very young, and very small, being no larger than the end of my finger, with scarcely any fur, and their eyes were shut. Putting them into my pocket, and covering them with some cotton which my friend gave me, I started home with my prize. Stopping at the surgeon's tent on the way, I begged a large empty bottle (which I afterward found had been lately filled with pulverized gum arabic), and somewhere secured an old tin can of the same diameter as the bottle. Then I got a strong twine, went down to my tent, and asked Andy to help me make a cage for my pets, as I took them out of my pockets, with pride, and set them to crawling and nosing about on a warm blanket.

"What are you going to do with that bottle?" inquired Andy.

"Going to cut it in two with this string," said I, holding up my piece of twine.

"Can't be done!" asserted he.

"Wait and see," answered I.

Procuring a mess-pan full of cold water, and placing it on the floor of the tent near the bunk on which we were sitting, I wound the twine once around the bottle, a few inches from the bottom, in such fashion that Andy could hold one end of the bottle and pull one end of the twine one way, while I held the other end of the bottle and pulled the other end of the twine the other way, thus causing the string, by means of its rapid friction, to heat the bottle in a narrow straight line all around. After sawing away in this style for several minutes, I suddenly plunged the bottle into the pan of cold water, when it at once snapped in two along the line where the twine had passed around it, and as clean and clear as if it had been cut by a diamond. Then, melting off the top of the old tin can by placing it in the fire, I fastened the body of the can to the top part of the bottle. When finished, the whole arrangement looked like a large bottle, the upper part of which was glass and the lower tin. Thus I accomplished the double purpose of providing my pets with a dark chamber and a well-lighted apartment, at the same time preventing them from running away. Placing some cotton on the inside of both can and bottle for a bed, and thrusting a small sponge moistened with sweetened water into the neck of the bottle, I then put my pets into their new home. Of course, they could not see, for their eyes were not yet open, neither did they know how to eat; but as necessity is the mother of invention with mice as well as with men, they soon learned to toddle forward to the neck of the bottle and suck their sweet sponge. In a short time they learned to nibble also at a bit of apple, and by and by could crunch their hard-tack like veritable veterans. Gradually they grew larger and very lively and became quite tame, so that we could take them out of their house into our hands, and let them hunt about in our pockets for apple-seeds or pieces of hard-tack. We called them Jack, Jill, and Jenny, and they seemed to know their names. When let out of their cage occasionally, for a romp on the blankets, they would climb over everything, running along the eave-boards and ridge-pole, but never succeeded in getting away from us. It was a comical sight to see "Little Jim," the black-and-tan terrier of Company F, inspect our pets. A mouse was almost the highest possible excitement to Jim, for a mouse was second cousin to a rat, no doubt, as Jim looked at matters; and just say "Rats!" to Jim, if you wanted to see him jump! He would come in and look at the mice, turn his head from one side to the other, and wrinkle his brow and whine and bark; but we were determined he should not kill our mousies as he had killed our shade-tail a few months before.

What to do with our pets when spring came on and winter quarters were nearly at an end, we knew not. We did not like to leave them behind in the deserted and dismantled camp to go back to the barbarous habits of their ancestors. On consideration, therefore, we determined to take them back to the wagon-train and leave them with the wagoner, who, though he at first demurred to our proposal, at last consented to let us turn them loose among his oat-bags, where I doubt not they had a merry time indeed.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT."

IT must not be supposed that the pet-making disposition which had led Andy and myself to take so much trouble with our mice was confined to ourselves alone. The disposition was quite natural, and therefore very general among the men of all commands. Pets of any and all kinds, whether chosen from the wild or the domestic animals, were everywhere in great esteem, and happy was the regiment which possessed a tame crow, squirrel, coon, or even a kitten.

Although not pertaining to the writer's own personal recollections, there yet may appropriately be introduced here some brief mention of another pet, who, from being the "pride of his regiment," gradually arose to the dignity of national fame. I mean "Old Abe," the war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers.

Whoever it may have been that first conceived the idea, it was certainly a happy thought to make a pet of an eagle. For the eagle is our national bird, and to carry an eagle along with the colors of a regiment, on the march and in battle, was surely very appropriate indeed.

"Old Abe's" perch was on a shield which was carried by a soldier, to whom, and to whom alone, he looked as to a master. He would not allow any one to handle or to carry him except this soldier, nor would he ever receive his food from any other person's hands. He seemed to have sense enough to know that he was sometimes a burden to his master on the march, and, as if to relieve him, would occasionally spread his wings and soar aloft to a great height, the men of all the regiments along the line cheering him as he went up. He regularly received his rations from the commissary, the same as any enlisted man. Whenever fresh meat was scarce and none could be found for him by foraging parties, he would take things into his own claws, as it were, and go out on a foraging expedition himself. Sometimes he would be gone

two or three days at a time; but he would invariably return, and seldom came back without a young lamb or a chicken in his talons. His long absences occasioned his regiment no concern, for the men knew that, though he might fly many miles away, he would be quite sure to find them again.

In what way he distinguished the two hostile armies, so that he never was known to mistake the gray for the blue, no one can tell; but it is said to be a fact that he never alighted save in his own camp and among his own men.

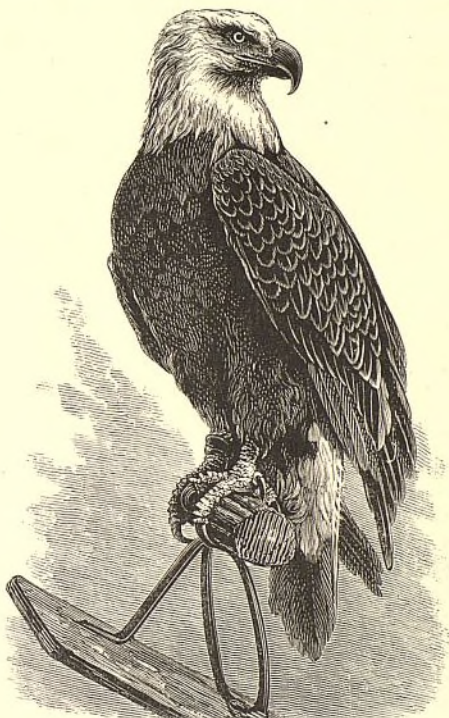
At Jackson, Mississippi, during the hottest of the battle before that city, "Old Abe" soared up into the air and remained there from morning till the fight closed at night, having greatly enjoyed, no doubt, his rare bird's-eye view of the battle. He did the same at Mission Ridge. He was, I believe, struck by the enemy's bullets two or three times, but his feathers were so thick that his body was not much hurt. The shield on which he was carried, however, showed so many marks of the enemy's balls, that it looked on top as if a groove-plane had been run over it.

At the Centennial Exposition, held in Philadelphia in 1876, "Old Abe" occupied a prominent place, on his perch, on the west side of the nave in the Agricultural building. He was still alive, though growing old, and was the observed of all observers. Thousands of visitors, from all sections of the country, paid their respects to the grand old bird, who, apparently conscious of the honors conferred upon him, overlooked, with entire satisfaction, the sale of his photographs and biography going on beneath his perch. As was but just and right, the soldier who had carried him during the war continued to have charge of him after the war was over, until the day of his death, which occurred at the capital of Michigan two or three years ago.

Our own regiment had a pet of great value and high regard in "Little Jim," of whom some incidental mention has already been made. As "Little Jim" enlisted with the regiment, and was honorably mustered out with it at the close of the war, after three years of as faithful service as so little a creature as he could render to the flag of his country, some brief account of him here may not be amiss.

"Little Jim," then, was a small rat-terrier of fine blooded stock, his immediate maternal ancestor having won a silver collar in a celebrated rat-pit in Philadelphia. Late in 1859, while yet a pup, he was given by a friend to John C. Kensill, with whom he was mustered into the United States service "for three years, or during the war," on Market street, Philadelphia, Pa., August, 1862. Around his neck was a silver collar with the inscription, "Jim Kensill, Co. F, 150th Regt. P. V."

He soon came to be a great favorite with the boys, not only of his own company, but of the entire regiment as well, the men of the different companies thinking quite as much of him as if he



"OLD ABE," THE WISCONSIN WAR-EAGLE.*

belonged to each of them individually, and not to Sergeant Kensill alone. On the march he would often be caught up from the roadside where he was trotting along, and given a ride on the arms of the men, who would pet and talk to him as if he were a child and not a dog. In winter quarters, however, he would not sleep anywhere except on Kensill's arm and underneath the blankets; nor was he ever known to spend a night away from home. On first taking the field, rations were scarce with us, and for several days fresh meat could not be had for poor Jim, and he nearly starved. Gradually, however, his master taught him to take a hard-tack between his fore paws and, holding it there, to munch and crunch at it till he had consumed it. He soon learned to like hard-tack, and grew fat on it, too. On the march to Chancellorsville he was lost for two whole days, to the great grief of the men. When his master learned that he had been seen with a neighboring regiment, he started off in search of him at once. As soon as Jim heard his owner's sharp whistle, he came bounding and barking to his side, overjoyed to be at home again, albeit he had lost his

* See ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1876, page 799.

collar, which his thievish captors had cut from his neck in order the better to lay claim to him.

He was a good soldier, too, being no coward and caring not a wag of his tail for the biggest shells the Johnnies could toss over at us. He was with us under our first shell fire at "Clarke's Mills," a few miles below Fredericksburg, in May, 1863, and ran after the very first shell that came screaming over our heads. When the shell had buried itself in the ground, Jim went up close to it, crouching down on all fours, while the boys cried, "Rats! Rats! Shake him, Jim! Shake him, Jim!" Fortunately that first shell did not explode, and when others came that did explode, Jim, with true military instinct, soon learned to run after them and bark, but to keep a respectful distance from them.

On the march to Gettysburg he was with us all the way; but when we came near the enemy his master sent him back to William Wiggins, the wagoner, as he thought too much of Jim to run the risk of losing him in battle. It was a pity Jim was n't with us out in front of the Seminary the morning of the first day, when the fight opened; for as soon as the cannon began to boom the rabbits began to run in all directions, as if scared out of their poor little wits; and there would have been fine sport for Jim, had he been there.

In the first day's fight, Jim's owner, Sergeant John C. Kensill, while bravely leading the charge for the recapture of the 149th Pennsylvania Regiment's battle-flags (of which an account has elsewhere been given), was wounded and left for dead on the field, with a bullet through his head. He, however, so far recovered from his wound that in October following he rejoined the regiment, which was then lying down along the Rappahannock. In looking for the regiment, on his return from a northern hospital, Sergeant Kensill chanced to pass the wagon train, and saw Jim busy at a bone under a wagon. Hearing a familiar whistle, Jim at once looked up, saw his master, left his bone, and came leaping and barking in greatest delight to his owner's arm.

On the march he was sometimes sent back to the wagon. Once he came near being killed. To keep him from following the regiment, or from straying away in search of it, the wagoner had tied him to the rear axle of his wagon with a strong cord. In crossing a stream, in his anxiety to get his team over safely, the wagoner forgot all about poor little Jim, who was dragged and slashed through the waters in a most unmerciful way. After getting over, the teamster, looking back, found poor Jim under the rear of the wagon, being dragged along by the neck, and more dead than alive. He was then put on the sick list for a

few days, but with this single exception never had a mishap of any kind.

His master having been honorably discharged before the close of the war because of wounds, Jim was left with the regiment in care of Wiggins, the wagoner. When the regiment was mustered out of service at the end of the war, "Little Jim" was mustered out too. He stood up in rank with the boys, and wagged his tail for joy that peace had come and that we were all going home. I understand that his discharge papers were regularly made out, the same as those of the men, and that they read thus:

"To all whom it may concern. Know ye, that *Jim Kensill*, Private, Co. F, 150th Regiment, Penna. Vols., who was enrolled on the 22d day of August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, to serve three years or during the war, is hereby DISCHARGED from the service of the United States, this twenty-third day of June, 1865, at Elmira, New York, by direction of the Secretary of War.

"(No objection to his being reënlisted is known to exist.) Said *Jim Kensill* was born in Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, is six years of age, six inches high, dark complexion, black eyes, black-and-tan hair, and by occupation when enrolled a rat-terrier.

"Given at Elmira, New York, this twenty-third day of June, 1865. JAMES R. REID,
"Capt. 10th U. S. Inf'y, A. C. M."

Before parting with him, the boys bought him a silver collar, which they had suitably inscribed, and which, having honorably earned in the service of his country in war, he proudly wore in peace to the day of his death.

But the Twelfth Indiana Regiment possessed a pet of whom it may be said that he enjoyed a renown scarcely second to that of the wide-famed Wisconsin eagle. This was "Little Tommy," as he was familiarly called in those days—the youngest drummer-boy and, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, the youngest enlisted man in the Union Army. The writer well remembers having seen him on several occasions. His diminutive size and child-like appearance, as well as his remarkable skill and grace in handling the drum-sticks, never failed to make an impression not soon to fade from the memory. Some brief and honorable mention of "Little Tommy," the pride of the Twelfth Indiana Regiment, should not be omitted in these "Recollections of a Drummer-boy."

Thomas Hubler was born in Fort Wayne, Allen Co., Indiana, October 9, 1851. When two years of age, the family removed to Warsaw, Indiana. On the outbreak of the war, his father, who had been a German soldier of the truest type, raised a company of men in response to President Lincoln's first call for 75,000 troops. "Little Tommy" was among the first to enlist in his father's company, the date of enrollment being April 19, 1861. He was then nine years and six months old.

The regiment to which the company was

signed was with the Army of the Potomac throughout all its campaigns in Maryland and Virginia. At the expiration of its term of service, in August, 1862, "Little Tommy" reenlisted and served to the end of the war, having been present in some twenty-six battles. He was greatly beloved by all the men of his regiment, with whom he was a constant favorite. It is thought that he beat the first "long roll" of the great civil war. He is still living in Warsaw, Indiana, and bids fair to be the

latest survivor of the great army of which he was the youngest member. With the swift advancing years, the ranks of the soldiers of the late war are rapidly being thinned out, and those who yet remain are fast showing signs of age. "The boys in blue" are thus, as the years go by, almost imperceptibly turning into "the boys in gray"; and as "Little Tommy," the youngest of them all, sounded their first reveille, so may he yet live to beat their last tattoo.

THE END.



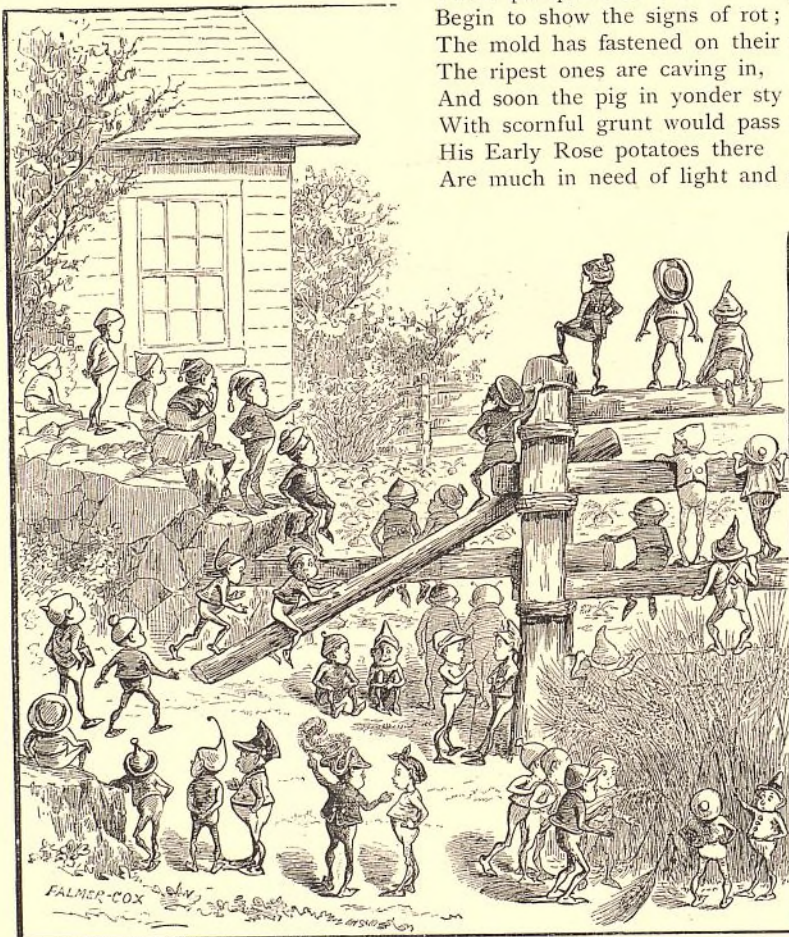
MOTHERLESS.

THE BROWNIES' GOOD WORK.

BY PALMER COX.

ONE time, while Brownies passed around
An honest farmer's piece of ground,
They paused to view the garden fair
And fields of grain that needed care.

Now overripe his harvest stands
In waiting for the reaper's hands;
The piece of wheat we lately passed
Is shelling out at every blast;
Those pumpkins in that corner plot
Begin to show the signs of rot;
The mold has fastened on their skin,
The ripest ones are caving in,
And soon the pig in yonder sty
With scornful grunt would pass them by.
His Early Rose potatoes there
Are much in need of light and air;



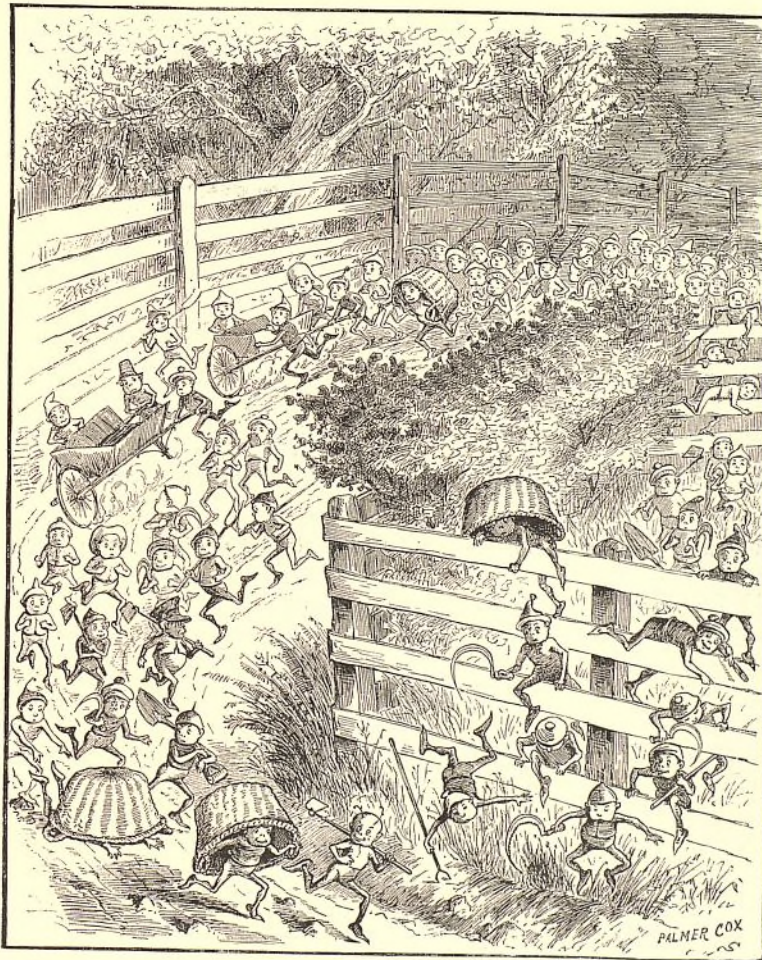
"My friends," said one who often spoke
About the ways of human folk,
"Now here's a case-in point, I claim,
Where neighbors scarce deserve the name:
This farmer on his back is laid
With broken ribs and shoulder blade,
Received, I hear, some weeks ago,
While at the village here below —
He checked a running team, to save
Some children from an early grave.

The turnip withers where it lies,
The beet and carrot want to rise.
'Oh, pull us up!' they seem to cry
To every one that passes by;
'The frost will finish our repose,
The grubs are working at our toes;
Without you come and save us soon,
We'll not be worth a picayune!'
The corn is breaking from the stalk,
The hens around the hill can walk,

And with their ever ready bill
May pick the kernels at their will.

"His neighbors are a sordid crowd,
Who've such a shameful waste allowed;
So wrapped in self some men can be,
Beyond their purse they seldom see;
'T is left for us to play the friend
And here a helping hand extend.

Prepared to give this farmer aid
With basket, barrow, hook, and spade.
But, ere we part, one caution more:
Let some one reach a druggist's store,
And bring along a coated pill;
We'll dose the dog to keep him still;
For barking dogs, however kind,
Can oft disturb a person's mind."

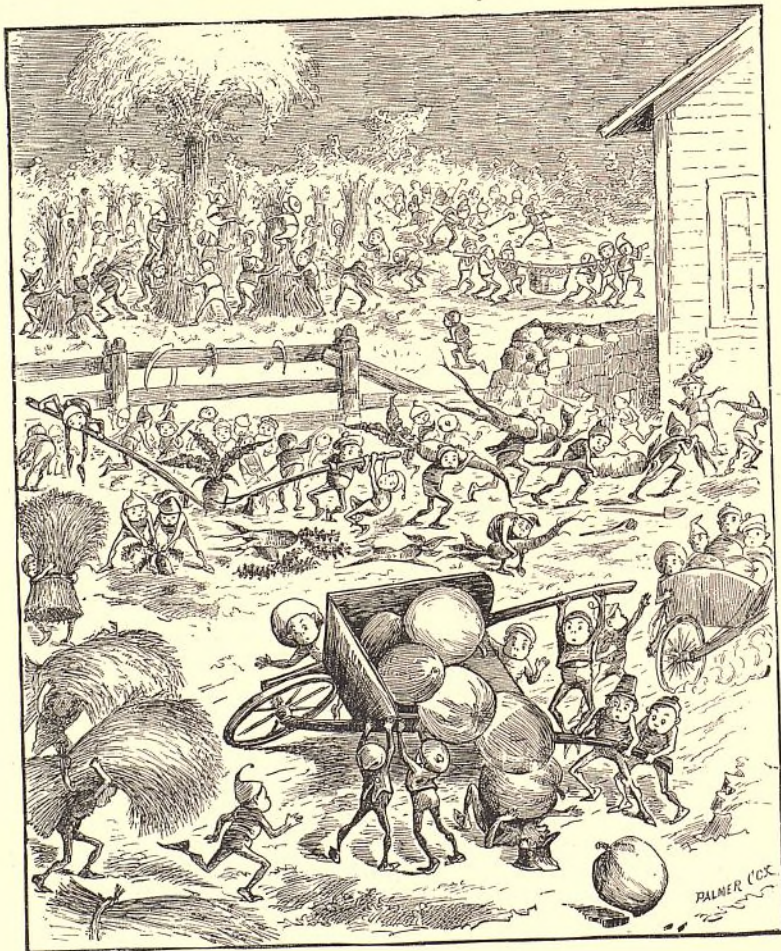


"But as the wakeful chanticleer
Is crowing in the stable near,
Too little of the present night
Is left to set the matter right.
To-morrow eve, at that dark hour
When birds grow still in leafy bower
And bats forsake the ruined pile
To exercise their wings awhile,
In yonder shady grove we'll meet,
With all our active force complete,

When next the bat of evening flew,
And drowsy things of day withdrew,
When beetles droned across the lea,
And turkeys sought the safest tree
To form aloft a social row
And criticise the fox below,—
Then cunning Brownies might be seen
Advancing from the forest green.
Now jumping fences, as they ran,
Now crawling through (a safer plan);

Now keeping to the roads awhile,
 Now cutting corners, country style;
 Some bearing hoes, and baskets more,
 Some pushing barrows on before,
 While others, swinging sickles bright,
 Seemed eager for the grain in sight.
 But in advance of all the throng
 A daring couple moved along,
 Whose duty was to venture close
 And give the barking dog his dose.

For garden ground or larger field
 Alike a busy crowd revealed:
 Some pulling carrots from their bed,
 Some bearing burdens on their head,
 Or working at a fever heat
 While prying out a monster beet.
 Now here two heavy loads have met,
 And there a barrow has upset,
 While workers every effort strain
 The rolling pumpkins to regain;



Now soon the work was under way,
 Each chose the part he was to play:
 While some who handled hoes the best
 Brought Early Roses from their nest,
 To turnip tops some laid their hands,
 More plied the hook, or twisted bands.
 And soon the sheaves lay piled around,
 Like heroes on disputed ground.
 Now let the eye turn where it might,
 A pleasing prospect was in sight;

And long before the stars withdrew
 The crop was safe, the work was through.
 In shocks the corn, secure and good,
 Now like a Sioux encampment stood;
 The wheat was safely stowed away,
 In bins the Early Roses lay,
 While carrots, turnips, beets, and all
 Received attention, great and small.
 When morning dawned, no sight or sound
 Of friendly Brownies could be found;

And when at last old Towser broke
The spell, and from his slumber woke,
He rushed around, believing still
Some mischief lay behind the pill;
But though the fields looked bare and strange,
His mind could hardly grasp the change.
And when the farmer learned at morn
That safe from harm was wheat and corn,
That all his barley, oats, and rye
Were in the barn, secure and dry,
That carrots, beets, and turnips round
Were safely taken from the ground,
The honest farmer thought, of course,
His neighbors had turned out in force

While helpless on the bed he lay,
And kindly stowed his crop away.
But when he thanked them for their aid,
And hoped they yet might be repaid
For acting such a friendly part,
His words appeared to pierce each heart;
For well they knew that other hands
Than theirs had laid his grain in bands,
That other backs had bent in toil
To save the products of the soil.
And then they felt as people will
Who fail to nobly act, until
Some other person, stepping in,
Doth all the praise and honor win.

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS—THIRTEENTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

PAINTING IN HOLLAND.

It is not possible to give a clear account of the earliest painters of Holland, or of the Dutch school, as it is called. It is certain that they executed wall-paintings and other works, which have been destroyed, and we know that, in the beginning, the Dutch masters painted devotional subjects almost without exception. About 1580 the famous school of Dutch portrait-painters had its origin, and soon after, scenes from common life, or *genre* subjects, became the favorite works of Dutch artists and their patrons. As time passed on, there were added to these the pictures of luxurious interiors, still-life, fruit, flowers, and game, both living and dead. In all these subjects the Dutch masters reached great excellence, for their habit was to reproduce exactly what they saw, and to lavish that infinite care and labor upon the execution of details which makes the perfection of pictures of still-life and kindred subjects.

Thus it results that no painters have excelled the Dutch in the painting of drapery, furniture, glass, metals, satin, and other objects which are made beautiful by strong effects of light and shade. Some of the night, or candle-light, scenes of this school are unequaled by any others in the world. There were, of course, landscape and marine painters, as well as painters of animals, in Holland, who attained high rank in their way; but the portraits and still-life subjects are especially characteristic of the Dutch school. The latter subjects are of two sorts: the smaller number represent

scenes from elegant life, which require fine apartments for a background—such as a music-lesson, a ceremonious call, a doctor's visit, or some occasion which permits the artist to show his skill in painting marbles, woods, china, stuffs, and all sorts of beautiful things. The larger number are scenes from peasant life—fairs and fêtes, dancing villagers, and rude, ungainly boys—or interiors of inns, with coarse boors drinking, smoking, playing cards, or perpetrating rude practical jokes.

There are many famous Dutch masters, but we can study but one—

REMBRANDT VAN RYN,

the greatest painter of his school, and one who may be called preëminent in art by reason of his remarkable excellence in many departments of painting and engraving. He was the son of Hermann Gerritszoon van Ryn, and was born at Leyden, in 1607. He was sent to school when a boy, but he had so little liking for his books that he was soon allowed to follow his natural taste, and study art under J. J. van Swanenburgh; and when he was about sixteen years old he entered the studio of Pieter Lastman at Amsterdam, where he remained but six months. He then returned to Leyden, where he spent seven years. During this time he studied Nature in all her forms—the splendid and varied scenery about him dividing his attention with the infinite variety of human faces which could be seen in the rare old city of Leyden, with its university, its free markets, and its ever brilliant

festivals. He also profited by the exhibitions of foreign pictures which were admitted to Leyden only, and by the collections of paintings, jewels,

represented in so many portraits by her husband that her face is familiar to all who know his works. Three pictures of her, painted during the year of their betrothal, show her in all the loveliness of youth, with dazzling complexion, rosy lips, great, expressive eyes, and auburn hair; and though later portraits are of a more serious cast, and have a more matronly bearing, yet they represent a joyous, happy woman, and may all be called young, since she died before she was thirty years old.

The years of his life that were passed with Saskia were the happiest that ever came to Rembrandt. He was beloved, honored, and rich. His house was fine and furnished with exquisite taste. On the first floor were the ante-chamber and *salons*, with beautiful mirrors, upholstery and drapery, oaken chests and presses, marble wine-coolers and many other rare objects, while the walls were covered with pictures and engravings of foreign artists as well as his own works. On the floor above were his studios and a great art-chamber, or museum, in which was a splendid collection, of which I will speak later. In this beautiful home the artist and his wife lived a happy, simple



REMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.)

books, choice stuffs, and other beautiful objects frequently to be seen in the city hall.

Meantime he worked industriously, and by his earliest paintings and etchings gained a name which brought him a student (the afterward famous Gerard Dow) and obtained for him various commissions from the Hague and Amsterdam.

In 1630, when twenty-three years old, Rembrandt established himself in Amsterdam, where he spent the remainder of his life. He soon became famous, and many students flocked to him, making his life a busy one. Here he executed his first large picture, "The Presentation in the Temple," now in the Gallery at the Hague. Within two years of his settlement at Amsterdam he also painted many smaller pictures, and made at least forty engravings. From this time his career as an artist was but one success after another, and in 1634 he married Saskia von Ulmburg, a very beautiful girl, to whom he was devotedly attached. She was of an aristocratic family, an orphan, and had a large fortune in her own name. She is

life, devoted to each other and to their children, one of whom alone outlived his mother—a son, called Titus.

At her death Saskia left her fortune to her husband, with one request—that he should educate their child and give him a marriage portion. But in spite of this, and of his success as an artist and as a teacher,—for he had many scholars who paid him well,—Rembrandt became poor, and at length, in 1657, his household goods and his fine collection were sold at auction to satisfy his creditors.

There is always a temptation to say that an unusual thing which we see in a picture is not natural; but when we think about it, and observe Nature for that purpose, we find that scarcely anything could be too strange to be true; and this is all the more noticeable when, as in the pictures of Rembrandt, the great effects are those of light and shade. If you want to prove to yourself how wonderful these effects are, choose some landscape which has a variety of objects in it, and study its aspects on a dull, cloudy day. With no sun and no

shadow, how little interest it has. Go to the same spot on a bright day, and see how the sun will make the clump of trees stand out and look as if each separate twig was joyous with life; see the brook shimmer like rippling silver where the sunlight falls on it, and note how dark and cold it looks in the shade; see how black the rock is

Now, Rembrandt had a quick eye for all these marvelous effects of light, and he painted just such things as he had seen, and nothing else. In every picture there are particular points upon which to fix the eye, and, though the whole was painted with exquisite skill, and the smaller details would bear examination just as the blades of grass and



A RABBI. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.)

under the wide-spreading tree, and how the grass, that is like an emerald in the light places, grows dull and brown where the sunshine does not reach it. Could there be stronger contrasts than those you see, side by side, when you give your thought to it? And perhaps you wonder that you have not remarked all this before.

the smallest flowers in a landscape would do, we do not care to examine them; the one great interest holds our attention, and we are satisfied with that. The execution of the pictures of Rembrandt is marvelous. He painted some very ugly, and even vulgar, pictures; he disregarded all rules of costume and of the fitness of things in many ways;

he parodied many ideal subjects, and he painted scenes from Scripture history in which he put the exact portraits of the coarse and common people about him. But, in spite of all these faults, his simplicity, truthfulness, and earnestness make his pictures masterpieces, and we can not turn away

value. The one which represents "Christ Healing the Sick" is called the "Hundred Guilder Print," because that is the price the master set upon it. But eight of the first proofs of this engraving exist in the world, and five of these are in Great Britain. In 1847, one of them was sold in London for \$600; the same copy was again sold in 1867, and brought \$5000. The proofs from his portraits, as well as from the portraits of himself, are also very valuable.

The works of Rembrandt are so numerous and so important that one can not speak justly of them in our present space. His pictures number about 600, and his engravings 400, and these embrace not only many subjects, but many variations of these subjects. The chief picture of his earliest manner is the "Anatomical Lecture," now in the Gallery of the Hague.

In 1642 he painted his largest picture, which is also considered as his chief work. It is called the "Night Watch," and is in the Amsterdam Museum. It represents a company of guardsmen, and others, issuing from a public building into a space where there are many officers, soldiers, musicians, young girls, and other figures, the great standard of the city being in the foreground. One feels that the portraits of all the principal persons must be good. The color is splendid, and the blending of lights and shades is marvelous in its beauty. He painted other pictures, in which there were numbers of portraits of burghers, or men who were connected with important institutions and undertakings.

Rembrandt painted but few pictures from profane history, and his landscapes are rare, but the few that exist are worthy of so great a master, and one who so loved everything that God has spread out before us in Nature. His scenes from common life are beyond criticism, but sometimes his picturing of repulsive things makes us turn away, though we must admire the power with which they are painted. His portraits were of the highest order, and very numerous; no other artist ever made so many portraits of himself, and in them he is seen from the days of youthful hope to ripened age. At a sale in Paris, in 1876, "A Portrait of a Man" by Rembrandt brought \$34,000; at the San Donato sale, in 1880, "Lucretia" sold for \$29,200, "A Portrait of a Young Woman" for \$27,500, and others for equally large prices.

After the breaking up of his beautiful home, where he had lived so happily with Saskia, Rem-



JOSEPH RELATING HIS DREAM TO HIS BRETHREN. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.)

from them carelessly; they attract us and hold us with a powerful spell.

Rembrandt's style was not always the same. Before 1633 he preferred the open daylight, in which everything was distinctly seen, and his flesh tones were warm and clear; after that time, he preferred the light which breaks over certain objects and leaves the rest in shade, while his touch became very spirited, and his flesh tones were so golden that they were less natural than before.

Rembrandt's engraving is very famous. He is called the "Prince of Etchers." He really established a new school of engraving; by his own genius invented a process, the charm of which can not be expressed in words. His wonderful use of the effects of light and shade is seen in his engravings as well as in his paintings. His etchings are now of great

brandt hired another house, where he remained until his death. His last home was comfortable; he had many friends; the younger artists respected and admired him, and we have no reason to believe that he was unhappy here—and certainly his pictures indicate no failure of his powers or any discouragement of feeling. We see rather, that, with rare exceptions, he worked with unceasing energy and vigor. He died in 1669,

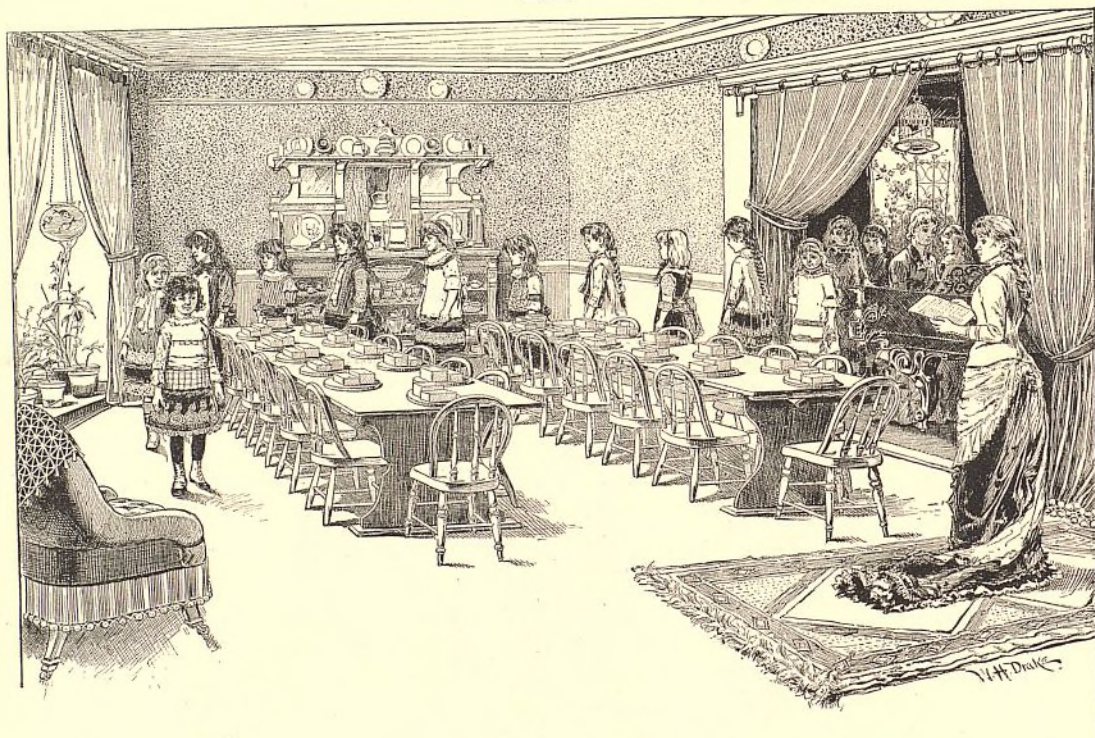
when sixty-two years old, and was buried in the Westerkerk. The registered fees of his burial are but fifteen florins. When we consider the enormous amount of his artistic work, and remember that it was all done in about forty working years, we are filled with wonder and admiration of the determination and genius which could accomplish such herculean labors in so masterly a manner.



GATHERING BEECH-NUTS. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.)

THE KITCHEN-GARDEN SCHOOL.

BY LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD.



"WHEN THE PIANO SOUNDS, WE ALL MARCH IN."

A CERTAIN little girl in New York City, who on account of weak eyes had been deprived of many of the advantages of schooling, has been enjoying very pleasant times during the present year in Miss Huntington's "Kitchen-Garden"; and she has described this new kind of school and the lessons learned there in the following letter, which she wrote to her aunt, the wife of an army officer stationed in New Mexico.

The Kitchen-Garden system has been fully described in a previous number of ST. NICHOLAS.* It was first designed to help the children of the poor, who have sad need of wise home training; but it comprises so many lessons which every little girl should know, whether rich or poor, and is taught in such a fascinating way, that already in several cities its benefits and pleasures have been secured to the more fortunate class of children to which little May belongs. Her letter here given was taken down by a faithful hand just as the little girl dictated it. But instead of the pictures she mentions (made "on the corners of the letters"),

the drawings here presented are by a ST. NICHOLAS artist, who visited the Kitchen-Garden for the express purpose of making these illustrations.

MY DEAR AUNT KATIE: I guess you will think it real queer to get a letter from me, because I suppose you think I can't write well enough; but Mamma says she will write down every word I say, though I must not say so very much, because your eyes are so bad that maybe you can't read it. My eyes are bad, too, and that's the reason I do not go to school; at least, to regular school, for I *do* go to school; but if you should guess all day and all night, I don't believe you could guess what kind of a school it is, Aunt Katie; because it's a *new* kind, that Mamma says you never heard about, she thinks—unless you saw the pictures and read about it in ST. NICHOLAS more than four years ago. I was *very* small then, but I remember.

Well, I'll just tell you, Aunt Katie. Mamma and some more ladies made up the school. I am in it, and little Cousin Nellie, and Sallie

* See article entitled "Little Housemaids," ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1879.

White and the Stonezes and the Mitchelzes, and—and I can't think of any more; only when you count them there are twenty-four. And every Tuesday and Thursday, at two o'clock, we go to Sallie's mother's house. Nellie has to go right away after school, and so do Sallie and the Mitchelzes and the Stonezes; but I don't, because I don't go to regular school.

When we get to Sallie's house, we all take off our hats and mittens and coats, and go into the dining-room. It's ever so pretty there. There are five gold fishes in a jar in the window, swimming round and round, and there are two kindergarten tables, with little red-and-blue chairs set close around them. When the piano sounds, we all march in. We have to keep our hands down close to our sides, the teacher tells us, and I do; but Sallie White, she does n't. I guess she thinks because she's at her own house she can do just as she pleases. I don't think it's very polite not to mind the rules just because she's home. Mamma says that girls who mind the rules best at home, mind them best when they're not at home. This is about manners, and I was just going to tell about Kitchen-Garden: but there's manners in that, too, because one of the verses says:

"And learn to step more lightly,
And quietly to speak."

That's being gentle, and Mamma says that to be gentle is to be polite, and that's being good-mannered—is n't it, Aunt Katie?

before her full of little toy dishes, and knives and forks and napkins, and towels and table-cloths, and every single thing to set on a table—only not things to eat. We play we had things to eat. Then Miss Robinson—she's the teacher—she's oh, so kind—she lets us put on the table-cloths all at the same time. We have to put them on just straight, and not slanting a bit. Then we lay on the knives and forks—they must be straight, too—"the knife at the right side, with the sharp edge to the plate, and the fork at the left side"; then we put on "the plates, which must be warm," by Papa's place, and the cups and saucers and cream and sugar and coffee by Mamma's place. There's much more in the breakfast lesson, and it's just the same in the dinner lesson, only there's more things in it, because there are three courses. First the soup, then the meat, and then the dessert. I think the dessert is the best part; don't you, Aunt Katie? Then Miss Robinson tells us how to wait on the table. She says the rules all out when she tells us. After this, we play we were in the kitchen washing the dishes. Oh, it's real fun, Aunt Katie. There's a very fine noise when we all wash our dishes together. Then the piano teacher plays some music softly. I'll send you a picture of a little girl washing dishes—that's me.

I've got some more pictures, too. Mamma gets them in the corners of her letters, and she lets me cut them out, and I am going to paste some of them on my letter so you can see how I look when



"WE ARE LITTLE WAITING-GIRLS."

Now, Mamma says I must come back to Kitchen-Garden, else you'll never know what it is.

I guess you would be astonished if you should see twenty-four little girls like us sitting by the tables, and every one of us has little boxes set

I sweep and dust. See me dusting Mamma's vase! I have to stand high, because I am so little, you know. And oh, Aunt Katie, I just wish you could see us when we wash our clothes; it's just lovely. We roll up our sleeves, and we wash our clothes

all at once. It's just as natural as anything, for we all feel as if we had tubs full of nice warm soap-suds. When the piano strikes, we sing —

"In the tub so merrily
Our little hands must go,"

and

"Splish, splash, splish";

and when we wring out the clothes, we sing

"Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la."

Then we hang out the clothes and play

"By comes a blackbird and nipped off our nose."

We all laugh then, because it's so funny; and Miss Robinson, she laughs, too.

We have a splendid time when we come to our molding lesson, because we have clay, and that's most as good as the soft, clean mud that we children have in the country in the summer-time. We make real turkeys, Aunt Katie, with legs and wings. I can't make wings right, yet, but I can make good legs; and I make real fat turkeys, Aunt Katie; and we make pies and biscuit and everything like that, and you just ought to see us.

Mamma has just had to go down-stairs to see a lady who sometimes calls on her, but now she is back again.

Aunt Katie, are n't you afraid of the Indians? Oh, Aunt Katie, don't let them get you; if they chase you, just

run like lightning. When Grandpa's calf chased me, I ran like lightning; and then I tumbled down, and I could n't get up quick, so I just sat up a little and screamed right into his face, and



"WE WASH OUR LITTLE DISHES."

he was so surprised, he stopped chasing me. Mamma says it is n't right to scream; but if great, awful big calves chase you, it is n't bad, is it, Aunt Katie? It is better to scream than for big calves to eat you up, is n't it, Aunt Katie? Dear Aunt Katie, if you have to run away from the Indians, please take Baby Grace, too.

Now, Mamma says this is n't telling you about the Kitchen-Garden.

Well, the lady who came to see her is Miss Huntington. She is the lady who first thought of the Kitchen-Garden. She came one day to our class. She's very good, Aunt Katie. She told us about how sorry she was for people who had to work and did n't know how; so she tried to show little girls how to grow up so they will know how to keep house well. Mamma says I can be her little housekeeper when I grow up. I know how to do lots of things already, Aunt Katie. I know how to wait on the table, and how to kindle the wood-fire in the



"I KNOW HOW TO KINDLE THE WOOD-FIRE."

fire-place, and the fire in the stove that burns coal, and

"How to draw a cup of tea—
The cup that never tires."

We sing that last. We have ever so many things that we sing in Kitchen-Garden. That's the reason we remember the rules so well, because we can sing them.

My dear Aunt Katie, I've saved the best part to the very last. It's about games. We just have an elegant time when we do games. We have one after every lesson in Kitchen-Garden. We have a skipping game, when we skip all round the room



"WE MAKE PIES AND BISCUIT AND EVERYTHING."



with a rope that has pretty ribbons tied to it, and we keep time when we skip to a nice tune that the teacher plays on the piano. And we have a broom game that is just splendid! We all have nice brooms, with pretty ribbons on them, and we do ever so many things with them, and sing songs all the time we're doing it. And then some of us make an arch with our brooms and the rest of us skip under the brooms all the way through the arch. And we hang up clothes-lines. You'd laugh if you saw all the funny little dolls' clothes hanging on the lines. But it looks real pretty, too, I think. And we play waiting on the door. We have a big round circle of girls, and we skip around and we sing:

"Here comes a crowd of merry little girls
Who've lately come to school."

Then we ring a little bell, and we ask, "Is Mrs. Brown at home?" and we say, "Yes; will you please to 'low me to show you to the parlor, and I will speak to her." Then we go across the ring (we play that 's the hall), and the girls lift up their hands and we go under (we play that 's the door), and then we are in the parlor, you know. Then we play we have a card with our name on it and we put it on a tray, and the girl that opens the door, she brings it to the lady, or else we tell our name.

Sometimes, "Mrs. Brown is not at home," or else "She 's engaged." Then we say, "Will you please to leave a message?"

Then the other girl,—the lady, you know,—she could leave quite a long message if she could think of one, but she does n't, very often.

It 's a splendid game, Aunt Katie, and so is "Little waiting-girls." We all stand in a ring with trays, and we march and sing:

"We are little waiting-girls,
Just little waiting-girls.
We wait on the table
As well as we are able
For little waiting-girls."

"We pass the tray like this, we pass the tray like that,
Try to hold it, always hold it, very, very flat."

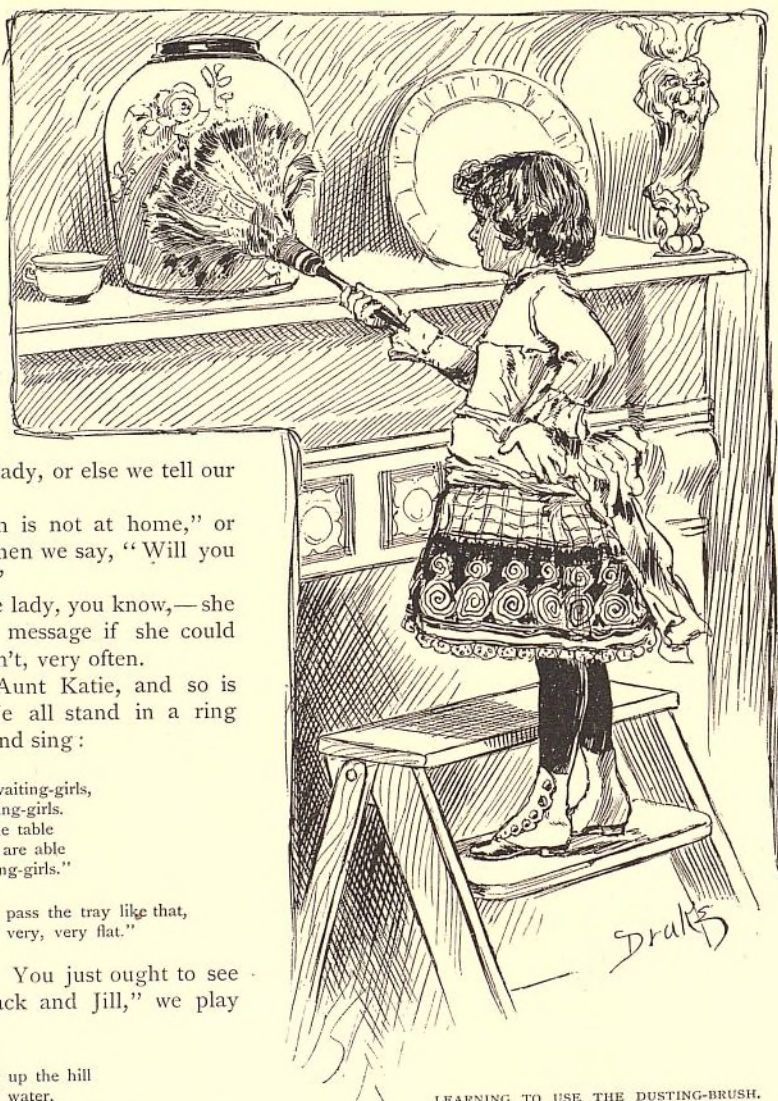
It 's a real funny game. You just ought to see it, Aunt Katie. And "Jack and Jill," we play that, too, and it 's

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after."

And the chorus is:

"Two should step at the same time—
One should not go faster,
Else they 'll surely, surely meet
With Jack and Jill's disaster."

Well, Aunt Katie, you ought to see just everything we do! I know you 'd think it was lovely, and you 'd be just as glad as we are that Miss Huntington* thought about it. It don't seem



LEARNING TO USE THE DUSTING-BRUSH.

like going to school at all. It seems like play. But we all learn ever so much there. Mamma says I 've learned a good deal about housekeeping already.

Dear Aunt Katie: Mamma says I need not write any more, because your eyes are so bad. I give my love to you, Aunt Katie; and I give my love to Cousin Baby Grace, and to Uncle Howard, too.

This letter is from your dear little niece,

MAY STRONG.

* Miss Huntington's address is 125 St. Mark's Place, New York City.

THE LARGEST PET IN THE WORLD.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

ALMOST the first voyagers who sailed into the then unknown seas surrounding the south pole took back to Europe stories about a gigantic seal, much larger than the elephant, and, like that animal, furnished with a trunk. But the people had begun to doubt the stories of travelers, and consequently not much reliance was placed on these various accounts.

When the real Robinson Crusoe, whose name was Alexander Selkirk, was found on his island of Juan Fernandez and taken home to England, he also told about the giant seal, and gave such minute particulars concerning it that its existence was no longer doubted. Still, it was not until a century later, when the report of Captain Cook's voyages was published, that any real interest was roused in the sea-elephant, or elephant seal. This report said that the oil and skin furnished by the animal were valuable, and that statement was hint enough for one or two enterprising merchants. Without more ado, they fitted out a few whaling ships, and sent them to the southern seas to procure the oil and skins of the hapless creatures.

Among these ships the trimmest and swiftest was the "Mary Ann," and, though a modern clipper captain would have called her a "wind-jammer," she did manage in some way to drive that square hull of hers through the water with marvelous speed. She was just the sort of craft to keep a crew good-tempered, and that is what she almost did. It would have been quite, instead of almost, but for Bill Hawkins.

He was the surliest, most discontented fellow that ever spoiled enjoyment on ship-board. He "did n't believe they wuz no sea-elephants." He did not believe they were on the right course for Georgia Island. There was nothing apparently that he did believe, unless it was that easy-going, good-natured Tom Barrow was the safest man in the fore-castle for him to badger and brow-beat.

At any rate, he acted as if he believed so, for from the first he had done his best to make Tom miserable. Any other than Tom would have settled the matter by a set-to, but that was not Tom's way. He disliked fighting. The other sailors, who liked him for his joviality, and because he was such a prime hand at a song, urged him to have it out with Bill; but he refused, and they put him down for a coward. So did Bill, and he bullied Tom almost past endurance thereafter.

However, the good ship bowled along on her

way quite regardless of Bill Hawkins and his growling, and, one fine morning in the latter part of September, dropped her anchor in a pretty little bay which looked as if it might be a safe harbor in bad weather.

"Well," drawled Bill, as he came on deck and joined a group of sailors lounging against the rail, "is *this* Georgy Island?" Then he added, with positive pleasure, after he had scanned the beach for a few moments, "Wot's become o' all the sea-elephants we was to see here?"

Nobody gave him the satisfaction of a reply, for the truth was, the same question had been asked with considerable anxiety by everybody on deck, from the captain down; for it was a matter of no little consequence to know if the voyage was to be a failure or a success. Certainly, there were no seals of any kind to be seen either in the water or on shore, and an investigating party which had gone to the island came back reporting "no signs o' anything, let alone a elephant."

This was disheartening, but the captain knew there was no mistake in the island, and he therefore determined to wait at least until the other vessels came in, though they might not arrive for two weeks, or even a month. Two or three days passed in weary waiting, when, one morning, some one suddenly yelled in wild excitement: "Look! Oh! But *would* you look! Was ever seen the like o' that?"

Of a truth, no one there had ever seen, or imagined even, such a sight as fell then upon their astonished eyes. Slowly through the shallow water, leading to the beach, rolled and floundered a huge black mass—a very mountain of flesh. Painfully it gained the beach, and rested a few moments. Then it raised its head, looked toward the ship, and gave utterance to a roar so unearthly as to make the superstitious sailors shudder.

"Look at the water!" shouted a terrified voice.

It was fairly alive with gigantic black forms, which, as though by magic, seemed to have appeared in answer to the weird cry of the monster on the island. Soon the beach was black with them, and yet the water still teemed with them. They came and came, crowding, roaring, struggling, and still they did not cease to come. The white beach had become a writhing black mass of life. Hoarse roars from thousands of throats smote the sky. Crowding, crowding, crowding still, until night fell and shut out all but the din of voices,

which gained in intensity and horror from the darkness.

When morning dawned, the waters of the bay were placid again. The beach, from one end to the other, and from high-water line far back, was literally covered with the giants of the sea. Here was a fine crop; the only difficulty was how to harvest it. In fact, it was a serious question with the men how they were to get ashore even. None of them felt like making his way among those monstrous creatures. Consequently, there was no little grumbling when the captain gave orders to let down the boats, load up with spears and clubs, boiling-down apparatus, and tools for erecting temporary shelters, and go ashore ready for work at once.

However, they obeyed orders, and, when all was ready, set out for the beach, with the captain himself in the first boat. He knew the men objected to going among the animals, and he intended to lead the way. He was fortified by the assurances given in all accounts of the animal, that it was perfectly harmless, notwithstanding its seeming ferocity; and perhaps he was not averse to giving his sailors a good opinion of his courage by doing what they did not dare to do.

When the boats were near enough to enable the inmates to see distinctly, it was noticed that the animals were of two sorts—some very large, and others much smaller. The smaller ones were by far the most numerous, and it was discovered that they were formed into groups at intervals along the beach, with a guard of the larger animals ranged in a circle around each group. It was soon perceived, also, that the nose of the sea-elephant was far more like the nose of a tapir than the trunk of an elephant, and that it had the peculiarity of scarcely showing, except when the animal was roused.

When the boats drew up at the usual landing-place, the bulls in that vicinity raised their immense bodies with indolent effort, and, glancing at the intruders, broke out into a prolonged roar, which, added to gaping jaws armed with murderous looking yellow teeth, and the elongated, quivering nose, was sufficiently frightful to fix every man there in his determination not to provoke the monsters.

"I'll not go nigh 'em," growled Bill Hawkins, loud enough for the captain to hear.

"I don't ask any coward to follow me," said the captain, scornfully, though his heart was beating somewhat rapidly, too, at the thought of threading his way among the strange creatures, so closely packed that any one of them had only to turn its head, open its mouth, and make one bite to cut him quite in twain. "I only ask that if I go up

and back without trouble, then all the men of the party will go too."

With these words, the captain took a spear in his hand and stepped ashore. He expected to see the animals make some show of resentment at his approach, but they did not. After the first movement they all subsided and, like the lions in the fairy tale, seemed subdued by the courage of the man. However brave he appeared outwardly, he inwardly quaked when he found himself within reach of the jaws of the nearest bull, the gigantic size of which he had not before properly appreciated.

Although a tall man, not much less than six feet in height, he could not see over the back of the animal near which he stood. In length, it was not less than thirty feet, and the captain could now, for the first time, realize the story of the travelers, that the sea-elephant was as great in bulk as two land elephants.

Considerably re-assured by the peaceable demeanor of the animals, the captain chose a path that seemed to promise the most room, and walked into the midst of the strange congregation, with a tremor of fear of which he need not have been ashamed. The men in the boat watched him nervously for a few moments, when, seeing how securely he walked among the great beasts, one of the older men sprang up and declared he was going to follow, and, suiting his actions to his words, grasped an armful of the tools and started off. This was all that was needed to move the others, and in a moment each man had taken a load and started after the captain, Bill Hawkins, with commendable caution, bringing up the rear, determined to give the animals every opportunity to show their savagery before trusting his precious person among them.

There was not the least reason for fear, however, for the indolent creatures did no more than glance mildly at the strange looking new-comers, without making the least movement of the body. Completely re-assured now, the men went back and forth, carrying the materials from the boats, until everything had been taken to the spot selected for the camp. The boiling-down apparatus, which was the same as used by whalers, was set up, and the boats, which had in the meantime returned to the ship, came back laden with barrels for the oil.

The captain had learned from his instructions that the easiest way of killing the animals was by a sharp, hard blow with a club over the nose, or by thrusting a lance through the breast into the heart. He had accordingly brought both kinds of weapons with him, and when all was ready he took both club and spear, and, selecting one of the smallest bulls, approached it cautiously, and dealt

it a terrific blow on the nose. In an instant as it seemed, the huge beast was dead.

The men, seeing how easily and safely the deed was done, seized their clubs, and the slaughter was begun. The strangest feature of it all was that the poor creatures made no effort to escape, which would, however, have been useless for those attacked, because, having only flippers to help them move their enormous bodies, they could make but slow progress; but those not attacked seemed to feel no alarm, and so they remained to take their turn.

The strange apathy of the great creatures was due, no doubt, to the fact that they had never before known such a thing as an enemy on land; for in all the Antarctic region there is no ferocious animal larger than our cat, so that never before, probably, excepting an occasional one killed by preceding voyagers, had any danger come to them on land. At any rate, not one of the sea-elephants sought safety in the water.

Killing and skinning the animals, and cutting up the blubber and boiling it down, soon fell into a matter of routine. The quantity and quality of the oil was greatly in excess of what anybody had anticipated. Sometimes one large bull would have a coating of fat, or blubber, a foot deep, completely enveloping the body under the skin, and this would yield nearly a ton of oil of a quality superior to any whale oil, and with the peculiarity of not becoming rancid. The skins, too, were valuable, and were carefully dried and stowed away.

At first, Tom Barrow had been put at the boiling-down, but after a week or more he was transferred to the killing party, to appease Bill Hawkins, who, though at first pleased with the excitement, had begun to grow tired of it, and had done nothing but grumble for two or three days. Tom, who, though not over twenty years old, was a large-boned, powerful fellow, chose a heavy club, and set boldly out to kill.

He selected a plump young bull, and going up to it, lifted his club to strike it, when the animal raised itself on its flippers and looked at him, as he thought, beseechingly. This unnerved Tom, who was a tender-hearted lad, and who had never even struck any living creature before. However, the others were killing away in a most matter-of-fact fashion, so he set his teeth and struck at the animal.

There was no heart in the blow, and, besides, as Tom turned his head when he struck, it was no wonder that it failed to kill the creature. But what was Tom's dismay, when he looked at his victim again, to see it shedding genuine tears with every symptom of distress. If he had felt uncomfortable before, he was filled with remorse now.

He could no more have killed that seal than if it had been a human being.

"What's the matter, Tom? Can't ye kill 'im?" asked one of the sailors, as he passed where Tom stood. "Here, let me show ye." With which words he raised his club, and was about to bring it down on the nose of the animal, when Tom caught his arm, and exclaimed:

"No, no, Jack; I can't let ye. It goes agin me so, it does. See the tears in his eyes."

"Ho, ho!" shouted Jack; "they all does it. Ye'll soon get used to it. Here! let me."

"No, no; now don't ye! I think, Jack," he added, shamefacedly, "I'll just tell the captain I'm not up to this work, and mayhap he'll let me go back to the boilin'."

Jack laughed long and loud at what he called Tom's soft-heartedness; but as he liked him, he promised not to kill the creature whose tears had so mastered Tom's feelings, and Tom went to the captain and confessed, sheepishly, how he felt.

The captain was not the sort of man to sympathize with Tom's feelings; but, fortunately, he liked him for his good temper and readiness to do his full share of work, and consequently, with an astonished stare, followed by a shout of laughter, he told Tom he might go back to the boiling-down, and even acceded to his strange request that the seal he had spared might be spared by all the men. The word was passed around, and though they all laughed at Tom, they felt so kindly toward him that they allowed the seal to remain unmolested.

Tom bore, as well as he could, the good-natured laughter of his friends and the ill-natured jeers of Bill Hawkins, who, now that he was near Tom, scarcely ceased to sneer at and taunt him with womanishness and cowardice. It was not long, however, before the friendly laughter was hushed in astonished interest. *Tom was making a pet of the gigantic seal!* Every morning and night he carried fish, as much as could be spared (and there was always plenty) to his Goliath, as he called the seal; and probably no better plan could have been adopted for winning its affection. For, as was afterward discovered, the seals did not return to the water, and consequently had no food for as long a time as ten weeks.

It seems that they drew upon their store of fat for sustenance during this long while; for as the time goes by they become exceedingly thin. The reason for not going into the water is because the young ones, which are born soon after the seals go ashore, are not able to take care of themselves at first.

Goliath was not at all averse to remaining fat, however, even if it were contrary to sea-elephant custom, and his greeting of Tom, whom he soon

learned to know, showed plainly enough that he was profoundly grateful. On his side, Tom lavished a vast deal of affection on his pet, and little by little ventured upon various familiarities, until at length he would climb upon the huge body, walk upon it, sit upon it, and lie down upon it. He

to whatever it caught in its mouth. Occasionally, when injured, but not killed, a bull would, in its fury, take great stones in its jaws and crush them to powder as if they had been but chalk.

The sailors manifested so much interest in Tom and his pet, and talked so much about them, that



THE LARGEST PET IN THE WORLD.

would thrust his hand fearlessly into the terrible mouth, and, in short, take such liberties as no other man would dare to do.

For it must be understood that, though so helpless and peaceable as to be easily killed, the seal was nevertheless possessed of fearful strength, which, if exerted, would have quickly put an end

Bill Hawkins's little soul was stirred to anger and envy, and he endeavored to make light of the taming of Goliath. He said so much, that one of the sailors called out one morning: "Well, easy as it is, Bill, *you* don't dare climb up on Goliath's back, much less put your hand in the old fellow's mouth."

Bill declared he could and would then and there mount upon Goliath's back. Tom remonstrated, but the sailors, in a spirit of fun, hushed him, and they all went to see Bill accomplish the feat. He went boldly at the animal (which had roused itself with evident pleasure at sight of Tom). He endeavored to climb upon its back; but Goliath, unaccustomed to such roughness as Bill used, shifted his body uneasily, in such a way as sent Bill rolling on the sand, amidst the laughter and jeers of the spectators, who were well enough pleased to see the growler discomfited.

Bill, however, was furious, and, picking up a piece of wood, rushed at Goliath and struck him a severe blow; fortunately, not on the nose. Assaulted in this unwonted fashion, Goliath looked pitiously and tearfully, first at Bill and then at Tom, while the former prepared to repeat the blow.

"Don't strike him again, Bill," said Tom, quickly stepping forward.

"Ay, but I will, and you too, an' ye don't have a care," shouted Bill, in a paroxysm of anger, as he once more let his weapon fall upon the helpless animal.

The blow had scarcely fallen, when the cowardly fellow found himself lifted bodily in the air and dashed almost senseless on the sand. When he had recovered his wits, he saw Tom standing over him, his honest face as full of passion as it could well be. No one was more astonished than Tom himself at this outburst, and the sailors were delighted.

"Give it him well, now ye've got yer hand in!" shouted one.

"Don't spare him," said another.

"Nay, nay," exclaimed Tom, slowly, "I'll not strike him. But I'll say this to ye, Bill: Have your say at me an' welcome; but don't ye be that foolish as to lay your hand on Goliath again. Now, get up."

Bill rose to his feet and went off, scowling and vowing vengeance, while the men dispersed to their work, saying to each other that Tom was coming forward finely.

The next morning Goliath was dead!

Who did the dastardly deed everybody knew well enough, but Tom was too full of grief to attempt to punish him, and, therefore, Bill escaped with only the openly-expressed contempt of the whole crew. Tom was urged to choose another seal for a pet, but he refused to do so, and there is no record that anybody else ever did, and, therefore, to him belongs the credit of having had the largest pet in the world; for, excepting the whale, there is no animal as large as the elephant-seal, and the whale has never been tamed.

How many elephant-seals were slaughtered by the crew of the "Mary Ann" is not known; but it is recorded that, within twenty-five years of the time of her visit to Georgia Island, there were killed on that island alone over one million two hundred thousand animals, or about one thousand every day during the season. How many millions were killed altogether can never be known, but it is certain that the killing did not cease until the elephant-seal was almost exterminated. It will interest you to know that two young elephant-seals are now to be seen in the Zoölogical Gardens at Philadelphia.

The young sea-elephant is as big as a small man when it is born, and in eight days it will grow four feet longer and one hundred pounds heavier. That is pretty quick growth; but, to reach a circumference of eighteen feet and a length of thirty feet in three years, it has need to grow quickly.

Penrose, in his account of the elephant-seal, says that his sailors used to mount upon the backs of the animals as they were in the water, and race with each other, making the animals swim by spurring them with their knives. This story is not precisely doubted, but it is not believed, either. The elephant-seal always comes ashore, if possible, when about to die, which seems somewhat odd, when the water is the element in which it is most at home. There it is surprisingly swift and agile, and, indeed, it is so comfortable there that it sleeps on the rocking waves as quietly as on shore.

NED'S SUGGESTION.

BY LOUISE R. SMITH.

"WHERE did you buy her, Mamma?"
Asked three-year-old Ned of me,
As he leaned o'er the dainty cradle
His "new little sister" to see.

"An angel brought her, darling,"
I answered, and he smiled,

Then softly bent his curly head,
And kissed the sleeping child.

But a sudden change came over him
And he said, "If I'd been you,
While I was about it, Mamma,
I'd have caught the angel, too!"

THE WISH-RING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY ANNA EICHBERG.

A YOUNG farmer who was very unlucky sat on his plow a moment to rest, and just then an old woman crept past and cried: "Why do you go on drudging day and night without reward? Walk two days till you come to a great fir tree that stands all alone in the forest and overtops all other trees. If you can hew it down, you will make your fortune."

Not waiting to have the advice repeated, the farmer shouldered his ax and started on his journey. Sure enough, after tramping two days, he came to the fir tree, which he instantly prepared to cut down. Just as the tree swayed, and before it fell with a crash, there dropped out of its branches a nest containing two eggs. The eggs rolled to the ground and broke, and there darted out of one a young eagle and out of the other rolled a gold ring. The eagle grew larger, as if by enchantment, and when it reached the size of a man, it spread its wings as if to try their strength, then, soaring upward, it cried: "You have rescued me; take as a reward the ring that lay in the other egg: it is a wish-ring. Turn it on your finger twice, and whatever your wish is, it shall be fulfilled. But remember there is but a single wish in the ring. No sooner is that granted than it loses its power and is only an ordinary ring. Therefore, consider well what you desire, so that you may never have reason to repent your choice." So speaking, the eagle soared high in the air, circled over the farmer's head a few times, then darted, like an arrow, toward the east.

The farmer took the ring, placed it on his finger, and turned on his way homeward. Toward evening, he reached a town where a jeweler sat in his shop behind a counter, on which lay many costly rings for sale. The farmer showed his own, and asked the merchant its value.

"It is n't worth a straw," the jeweler answered.

Upon that, the farmer laughed very heartily, and told the man that it was a wish-ring, and of greater value than all the rings in the shop together.

The jeweler was a wicked, designing man, and so he invited the farmer to remain as his guest over night. "For," he explained, "only to shelter a man who owns a wish-ring must bring luck."

So he treated his guest to wine and fair words; and that night, as the farmer lay sound asleep, the wicked man stole the magic ring from his finger and slipped on, in its place, a common one which he had made to resemble the wish-ring.

The next morning, the jeweler was all impatience

to have the farmer begone. He awakened him at cock-crow, and said: "You had better go, for you have still a long journey before you."

As soon as the farmer had departed, the jeweler closed his shop, put up the shutters, so that no one could peep in, bolted the door behind him, and, standing in the middle of the room, he turned the ring and cried: "I wish instantly to possess a million gold pieces!"

No sooner said than the great, shining gold pieces came pouring down upon him in a golden torrent over his head, shoulders, and arms. Pitifully he cried for mercy, and tried to reach and unbar the door; but before he succeeded, he stumbled and fell bleeding to the ground. As for the golden rain, it never stopped till the weight of the metal crushed the floor, and the jeweler and his money sank through to the cellar. The gold still poured down till the million was complete, and the jeweler lay dead in the cellar beneath his treasure.

The noise, however, alarmed the neighbors, who came rushing over to see what the matter was; when they saw the man dead under his gold, they exclaimed: "Doubly unfortunate he whom blessings kill." Afterward, the heirs came and divided the property.

In the meantime, the farmer reached home in high spirits and showed the ring to his wife.

"Henceforth we shall never more be in want, dear wife," he said. "Our fortune is made. Only we must be very careful to consider well just what we ought to wish."

The farmer's wife, of course, proffered advice. "Suppose," said she, "that we wish for that bit of land that lies between our two fields?"

"That is n't worth while," her husband replied. "If we work hard for a year, we'll earn enough money to buy it."

So the two worked very hard, and at harvest time they had never raised such a crop before. They had earned money enough to buy the coveted strip of land and still have a bit to spare. "See," said the man, "we have the land and the wish as well."

The farmer's wife then suggested that they had better wish for a cow and a horse. But the man replied: "Wife, why waste our wish on such trifles? The horse and cow we'll get anyway."

Sure enough, in a year's time the money for the horse and cow had been earned. Joyfully the man rubbed his hands. "The wish is saved again

this year, and yet we have what we desire. How lucky we are!"

But now his wife seriously adjured him to wish for something at last. "Now that you have a wish to be granted," she said, "you slave and toil, and are content with everything. You might be king,

thing? Have we not prospered, to all people's astonishment, since we possessed this ring? Be reasonable and patient for a while. In the meantime, consider what we really ought to wish for."

And that was the end of the matter.

It really seemed as if the ring had brought a blessing into the house. Granaries and barns were full to overflowing, and in the course of a few years the poor farmer became a rich and portly person, who worked with his men afield during the day, as if he, too, had to earn his daily bread; but after supper he liked to sit in his porch, contented and comfortable, and return the kindly greeting of the folk who passed and who wished him a respectful good-evening.

So the years went by. Sometimes, when they were alone, the farmer's wife would remind her husband of the magic ring, and suggest many plans. But as he always answered that they had plenty of time, and that the best thoughts come last, she more and more rarely mentioned the ring, and, at last, ceased speaking of it altogether.

To be sure, the farmer looked at the ring, and twirled it about as many as twenty times a day; but he was very careful never to wish.

After thirty or forty years had passed away, and the farmer and his wife had grown old and white-haired, and their wish was still unasked, then was God very good to them, and on the same night they died peacefully and happily.

Weeping children and grandchildren surrounded the two coffins; and as one wished to remove the ring from the still hand as a remembrance, the oldest son said: "Let our father take his ring into the grave. There was always a mystery about it; perhaps it was



emperor, baron, even a gentleman farmer, with chests overflowing with gold; but you don't know what you want."

"We are young and life is long," he answered. "There is only one wish in the ring, and that is easily said. Who knows but sometime we may sorely need this wish? Are we in want of any-

some dear remembrance. Our mother, too, so often looked at the ring—she may have given it to him when they were young."

So the old farmer was buried with the ring, which had been supposed to be a wish-ring, and was not; yet it brought as much good fortune into the house as heart could desire.

A BOLD HUNTER.

BY EVA F. L. CARSON.

ONCE a brave little boy went a-gunning,
His weapon clasped tight in his arms.
"I'm anxious," said he,
"Dreadful monsters to see,

Such as fill other boys with alarms,
Beasts that roar as they run,
I should think it but fun,

They would run all the faster from me:
Beasts that sit still and smile,
When I'd been there awhile,

Very much less amused they would be,
Ah, you'd see
How much less amused they would be!
I'm a wonderful hunter in every way!"
Said the bold little boy that went gunning
that day.

So bravely the little boy started,
But ere he had traveled a mile,
On the edge of the wood
A De Gustibus stood,
With a gentle expansible smile.
Then the little boy's hair
Stood on end with despair;
And he cried: "Oh, I had no idea
A De Gustibus could,
On the edge of a wood,
Look so very uncommonly queer!
Dear, Oh, dear,
He does look so remarkably queer!
Do you think that he sits here every day,
And smiles at each hunter that comes this
way?"

The De Gustibus smiled, as he murmured:
"Oh, come, my bold hunter, with me.
I've a friend that can run
And roar gently for fun,
A friend you'll be glad dear to see.
As for me, I can smile,
Sit beside me a while,
And I'll smile in a wonderful way.
My brave hunter, don't go,
One might fancy, you know,
That you thought about running away!

Stay, dear, stay.
Don't think about running away.
Oh, come, let us travel, my friend to see
Oh, come my bold hunter, come roaming
with me!"

But the little boy hurriedly answered:
"I think I won't travel to-day,
I should so like to go,
But I'm tired, you know,
For I've come such a very long way;
And then, besides that,
I've got on an old hat,
And my gun; and that never would do,

To start out to call,
Or go roaming, at all,
Most beautiful creature, with you!
So — adieu!"

And the little boy vanished from view!
Yes, he hastily vanished from view.
"I'll travel no more with a gun," said he,
"This hunting's a business that don't suit me."

And still the De Gustibus sits there, they say,
And smiles at each hunter that comes that
way!



SWEEP AWAY.*

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

CHAPTER XXI.

HEMMED IN.

THE loss of the flat-boat, which had done the party such good service, was disheartening, but they all took it philosophically, though it gave them cause for serious alarm. It proved that, unparalleled as was the flood, the river was still rising, and the cape of land on which they were hemmed in was rapidly decreasing in area. If the increase should continue at this rate a few hours longer, the promontory would be entirely submerged.

Why the starving cattle should persist in staying on this narrow strip of land, when the way was open to the main-land, none of them could understand.

The buffalo-gnats continuing to torment them, it was decided that the best thing they could do was to start a fire. The board which had served them for a seat in the scow was whittled up for kindling, while Jack and Crab climbed two of the nearest trees to break off dead limbs.

All this time the cattle continued to crowd nearer, and the three men fought them back from the women and children, who were forced to the very edge of the water.

After some delay, the fire was kindled, though it burned slowly and with much smoke. This, however, was no objection, as it helped keep away the gnats, which were really the most formidable of all the foes with which the party had to contend.

With all their labor, the supply of fuel collected was so scanty that it looked as though it would be impossible to keep a fire going through the long, dismal night, which had only just begun.

At this juncture, Crab suggested that it would be a good idea to partake of some corn-bread and roast pig; but the others decided that no one, unless it were the women and little girls, should trench upon the precious store of food before morning.

Had they uncovered their provisions, it is more than probable that some of the famishing cattle, attracted by the smell, would have made a fight for them, in which event the party would inevitably have been trampled to death. But so long as the poor beasts knew nothing of it, they were not likely to attack our friends.

Feeling the necessity of keeping the fire going,

Mr. Wheeler, Jack, and Crab pushed their way among the struggling animals, at no little risk to themselves, and used their knives on several other pines. The result was encouraging; each threw down an armful of fuel, which, now that the fire was fairly going, burned readily.

But, as if there was to be no end to their misfortunes, a new danger soon arose. The suffering animals appeared to understand that the flames were a protection against the insects, and they crowded forward until it looked as if they would force the party into the water and trample out the fire itself.

Wheeler, Strawton, and the man who had last joined them (who gave his name as Bingham) fought back the half-frantic herd as best they could. Jack and Crab also assisted, and more than once Jack was on the point of shooting some obstinate ox or mule that would not budge from the tracks in which it was standing. All the members of the party were naturally much alarmed.

"It can not be very far to the main-land," shouted Mr. Wheeler, seeing that it was out of the question to maintain themselves where they were, "and we must force our way there, or it will be all over with us."

The others had thought of proposing the same thing; so there was little hesitation in making the attempt.

Mr. Wheeler placed himself at the head of the party, with a flaming brand in his hand, the men and boys came next, while the women and little girls were placed, for greater safety, between the men and the river; and so the march began.

The weaker ones were thus shut out from direct contact with the crowding animals, though it was doubtful whether they could be thus protected to the end. All the men carried torches taken from the fire, which they swung about their heads, so as to keep them in a continual blaze. They meant also to use them as goads to force the animals out of their path.

The party had not moved a dozen steps when a number of the beasts crowded in behind them, and the fire that remained was speedily trampled out.

Mr. Wheeler and his friends soon found they had undertaken a task of the greatest difficulty and danger. At first, the animals showed signs of fear, and moved aside when the fiery brands were flourished in their eyes and thrust against their sides;

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but before long they became wedged so closely together that it seemed impossible for them to stir.

Mr. Wheeler struck a big ox in front of him, but the beast paid no attention. He then brandished his torch several times, until it was all ablaze, when he made another attempt. The ox, frightened and pained, threw up its head and made a plunge which carried it a couple of feet, when its head and shoulders became wedged in between others.

There was not enough space left for the party to pass, and so Mr. Wheeler belabored him again, with such effect that the poor animal made one more

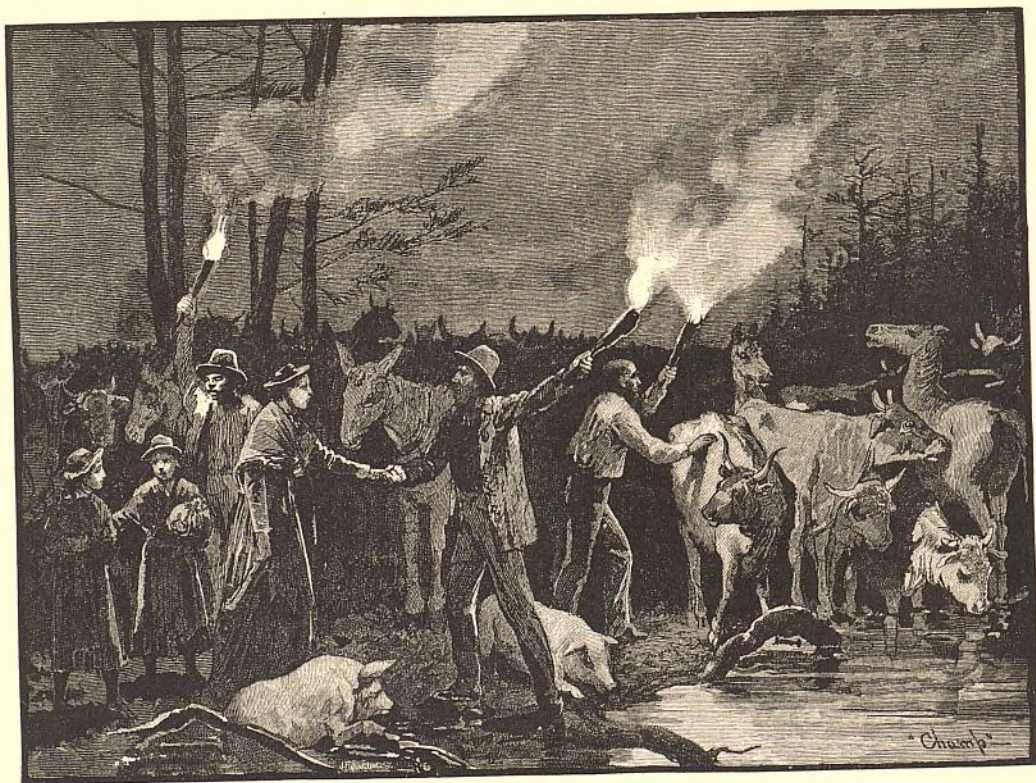
Mr. Wheeler exerted himself to the utmost, but could accomplish nothing, nor could any of the others. Manifestly, it was beyond human power to force a way through the living wall before them.

At last they were compelled to abandon the effort.

CHAPTER XXII.

RESCUED.

MR. WHEELER stopped and looked back. By the light of the flaring torches, he could see the



"HEMME IN BY THE HERD OF ANIMALS."

desperate effort, which gave a little more room. The path thus cleared was a very narrow one, but as the ox could evidently move no further, Mr. Wheeler resolved to venture through it, and the rest succeeded in following him.

The party struggled bravely forward, but had not gone far when once more they were brought to a stand-still. The cattle were wedged in so closely that it seemed beyond the power of any one or anything to stir them. The cape had been crowded in the first place, and since then, its limits narrowed by the rising waters, the animals were all but piled one on top of another.

white faces of the women and little girls behind him, all standing still and looking to him for guidance. Back of them still, and around them on all sides but one, were the cattle, the mules, and the hogs — all frantic with hunger, and maddened by the dagger-like thrusts of the buffalo-gnats.

The brave man saw no way of extricating the party from the dangerous situation. It was useless to try to go back, and it was out of their power to go forward.

No one spoke, for it was almost impossible to hear amid the deafening uproar, and no one could propose anything that promised the slightest relief.

But, as is often the case, at the very moment when hope died out, it was revived in the most unexpected manner. There was a sudden commotion among the animals closer inshore, and then all at once a singular stampede began. The panic spread from one to another, and in much less time than it takes to tell it, the whole herd was plunging furiously toward the main-land.

The scene was most extraordinary; and but for the fact that the little party stood in the edge of the rushing torrent, they would have been trampled under foot in an instant.

Before they clearly understood what was going on, the frenzied herd of animals was gone. The cape was deserted, and our party stood alone, too much astonished to stir or speak, until the circling torches revealed the whole truth. Dead animals were on every hand, but not a living one was to be seen. The latter were galloping through the woods, still bellowing, whinnying, and squealing from suffering; and now for the first time since our party landed was anything like conversation possible.

"We may as well stay where we are," suggested Mr. Bingham.

"No," replied Mr. Strawton, "the poor beasts may come back, and then our situation will be as bad as before."

"You are right," said Mr. Wheeler; "we will be better off somewhere else. There's no need of running any risk."

All were agreed that their most prudent course was to push on to the main-land, as had been proposed, and they accordingly set out at once. The night was very dark, and it was so hard to pick their way through the woods along shore, where a misstep was liable to precipitate them into the water, that it was decided to go into camp as soon as a suitable spot could be found.

"You want to know what I think?" suddenly inquired Crab, while they were trudging along in this fashion. No one expressed any desire to know what the boy thought, and he therefore volunteered the information: "We's taxin' our strength so much dat we'd better stop and partook ob some food afore going further — Murderation!"

A projecting limb had caught Crab under the chin, causing him momentarily to fear that his neck had been dislocated.

"There's a light ahead!"

It was Jack Lawrence who uttered the words, as he caught the star-like twinkle of a point of fire, which instantly vanished again. Mr. Wheeler had also noticed it, and thought it was a camp-fire, the intervening trees and their own shifting position causing it to disappear so quickly.

A moment later, all saw the light so distinctly

that there could be no doubt of its character. It was a large fire, probably kindled by some refugees whose plight was as pitiful as that of those who were approaching them.

"They may be in need of some assistance," suggested Jack, ready, with characteristic generosity, to share his last crust with any one more unfortunate than himself.

It is hard to convey an adequate idea of the condition of the multitudes who suffered from the Mississippi floods. The little party of whom we have particularly spoken were more fortunate than hundreds, but their condition was still pitiable. The two little girls were tired and worn out, as were the women, one of whom carried an infant in her arms. The woods were so dark that they had to feel their way along, and, to add to all their other discomforts, it had begun to rain.

Having no means of shelter, by common impulse they all hurried toward the camp-fire, which was now close at hand.

Here a pleasant surprise awaited them. Gathered around the fire were four men, with their wives and children,—the last numbering nine,—who were encamped by the bank of the river, where they had been for three days. They had erected a framework of logs, which was covered with bark and green boughs. The rising river had compelled them to change its location five times already, and they were now discussing the advisability of moving it once more. The river was within twenty feet and still rising, though so slowly that it was hoped the highest point would be reached before the rude cabin was again disturbed.

The shelter was a most welcome one to our friends, who had barely time to huddle together in the cabin when the rain came down in torrents, some of it forcing its way through the primitive roof.

The party whose hospitality they were enjoying were not suffering from anything, except an occasional sting from the buffalo-gnats. Although driven from their homes by the flood, they had retreated slowly enough to take a good many useful implements with them. They had a couple of guns, axes, shovels, and many other utensils which they had been fortunate enough to save from the universal wreck and ruin.

One of this party had been a Mississippi pilot, and was, therefore, able to give his companions much useful advice.

With the descent of the rain, the temperature grew cooler; and, although the accommodations were poor, yet the fire and the shelter were most welcome. The men fraternized at once and discussed their singular experiences, while the women cheered each other and gave their fullest sympathy to the unfortunate mother who had lost her boy.

The night was a long and dismal one, despite the interest which the new acquaintances felt in each other. They were crowded in the cabin, that was not designed to accommodate so many. The rain continued until after midnight, by which time the younger members of the company were asleep, but the men found the quarters too uncomfortable to permit refreshing slumber. When, therefore, the storm ceased, they moved out-doors under the trees, where the fire was kept blazing, and they smoked their pipes and talked until the long, wearisome night came to an end. An examination showed that the river had not risen since midnight, and it was, therefore, safe to conclude that the highest point had been reached. This intelligence made every one feel more cheerful, despite the unpromising aspect of the weather.

The aim of the refugees was to attract the attention of some of the steamers that were constantly passing up and down the river. With this purpose in view, the fire was kept constantly burning near the shore, and some one of the company remained on the lookout from morning till night.

There were signs of a renewal of the storm, when one of the party exclaimed in considerable excitement that a steam-boat was in sight. Such was indeed the fact, and, as it had just come around a sharp bend of the western bank, it was close in and cautiously feeling its way up-stream.

It was so near, indeed, that no difficulty was experienced in signaling it, and preparations were at once made by those on board to take off the entire party.

The steam-boat proved to be the "Belle Memphis," one of the floating "good Samaritans" which steamed up and down the Mississippi, and for hundreds of miles across the overflowed lands, carrying Government rations to the multitudes who were starving and saving many who otherwise must have perished.

A large number of refugees, both white and colored, were on the "Belle Memphis" when our friends reached her decks. Almost the first to greet Jack Lawrence and Crab Jackson was the smiling, effusive Colonel Carrolton, who shook both warmly by the hand, and congratulated them, as he did all the men of the party, on their rescue.

"Did you get through to Vicksburg?" asked Jack, when the Colonel finally gave him a chance to speak.

"Not quite," replied he, with a laugh. "I was going all right, and would have fetched up there in good time, but my rooster crowed so loud I could n't sleep; he was determined to crow, and it kept me busy choking him off. I found it was going to

be very exhausting; so when the 'Belle' offered to take me on board I had n't any good reason to decline; but, all the same, my folks in Vicksburg will be disappointed in not seeing me coming down the river on a hen-coop, among those ninety others that I understand were picked up by an Indian in a skiff."

"Did you tell the captain about us?" inquired Jack.

"Of course," said the Colonel; "we were looking for you as we steamed up the river."

"Thank you," replied Jack; "for though we have been pretty fortunate, our situation was still bad enough at best."

"And how did you stand it?" asked the Colonel, turning to Crab, who had always been a favorite with him.

"Fus' rate," answered Crab, with a comical smile, "though I does n't feel very cum'f'ble on account ob habin' to keep on dis Sunday ulster all de time."

"I think," said the Colonel, laughing heartily as he surveyed Crab's tattered coat with a critical air, "that it would improve that ulster if you would wear it right side out, and shove your left arm through the sleeve instead of through that hole in the rear pocket."

Crab proceeded very solemnly to examine the garment, and was not a little surprised to find that the criticisms of the Colonel were warranted by the facts. He undertook to put the "ulster" into shape, but it was too much entangled and demoralized.

"Dar's no use ob my tryin' to do anyt'ing," he finally exclaimed, as he abandoned the effort, "till I hab sumfin' to eat. I feels sort of faintish."

"Yes," explained Jack, "he has n't tasted a mouthful since his breakfast, two hours ago. He must really be suffering by this time."

The wants of the refugees were fully attended to, and their physical sufferings were ended from the moment they placed foot on the "Belle Memphis."

Mr. Lawrence knew nothing of the dangers to which his two children and servant were exposed until that danger was past. After the subsidence of the overflow, he, like many others who had thought themselves ruined, found that everything was not lost, and that pluck, persistency, and industry are sure to win, despite all discouragements. The cabin was rebuilt on a higher site, fresh crops sprang up around it as if by magic, and to-day there is not a lovelier spot along the banks of the Mississippi, or a happier home than that of Archibald Lawrence and our young friends, Jack, Dollie, and Crab.

THE END.

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. X.

THE PLAYTHINGS AND AMUSEMENTS OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY.—CONTINUED.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.



VIEWING THE PANORAMA. [SEE PAGE 871, SEPTEMBER NUMBER.]

CHAPTER V.

THE "HOME WREATH"—CORN-STALK
FIDDLES AND LUTES.

THE juvenile paper referred to in the last chapter (which described our Panorama) was the *Home Wreath*. It was entirely a home production, appearing regularly every Saturday upon a sheet of foolscap paper. Every word in it was written with pen and ink. Here is the opening sentiment—written by one of our elders:

"Let father, mother, sister, brother,
Each in their turn, combine,
With true affection unalloyed,
Our *Home Wreath* to entwine.
Nor let us this love's labor leave
Till we a graceful garland weave."

And so at the head of every number there was painted a wreath of oak, or of laurel, or of ivy—every week a different one. Short stories were copied from the papers or magazines, and puzzles of all kinds were invented. If any of us took a journey, the *Home Wreath* must be furnished with a full description; and if any new houses were built or if any old houses were burned, the *Home Wreath* did not perform its duty if it was silent. After

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a time, the *Home Wreath*—having fulfilled its mission—sickened and died; but we can never look upon that dingy roll of papers without thinking of the pleasure and profit that it was to us in the days that are past, for it comprised about the only literary amusement that we had outside of going to school, and occasionally hearing a lecture from "Doesticks," "Mrs. Partington," or Henry Ward Beecher in his younger days.

If our literary privileges were scanty, so were our musical. The girls were all put to drumming on the piano,—where there was a piano,—whether they had a liking for music or not. We boys had to amuse ourselves with ruder instruments. The corn-stalk fiddle was a source of real pleasure. The instrument was simply and very rudely made from a single joint of a green corn-stalk, by cutting on the flat side five parallel grooves, very near together. The four fibers of cane thus left were our strings, which we tightened at the upper end by slipping under them a bit of wood as a bridge. The

notes were sounded by means of a small bow of horsehair, which was rubbed across the strings near the bridge, but toward the place where the fingers were used in keeping the strings open or shut.

What we call the "lute" was made by marking the outline of Fig. 17 on an inch pine board. The board having been cut on the line, the curi-

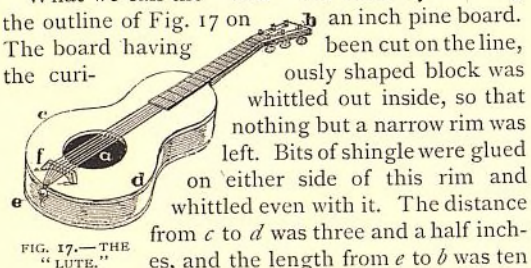
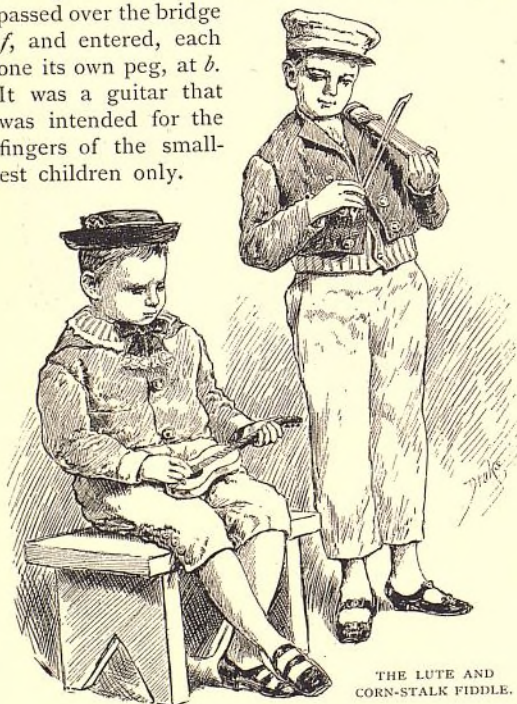


FIG. 17.—THE "LUTE."

ously shaped block was whittled out inside, so that nothing but a narrow rim was left. Bits of shingle were glued on either side of this rim and whittled even with it. The distance from *c* to *d* was three and a half inches, and the length from *e* to *b* was ten inches. A round hole, one and a half inches in diameter, was made at *a*. After this, the neck was worked out, and the places made for the pegs that tightened the six strings—after the manner of a guitar. These strings were fastened at *e*, passed over the bridge *f*, and entered, each one its own peg, at *b*. It was a guitar that was intended for the fingers of the smallest children only.



THE LUTE AND CORN-STALK FIDDLE.

CHAPTER VI.

BOWS, ARROWS, AND CROSS-GUNS; POP-GUNS AND FIRE-ARMS.

OUR bows and arrows were made of the straightest-grained hickory, many a stick of which we selected and laid aside before it was sawed, or "cut," into lengths for the stove. Once in a while our arrows were tipped with the end of a nail driven in and filed to a sharp point. The cross-gun (Fig.

18) required considerable trouble in the making; but, once done, its aim was much more accurate than that of the simple bow and arrow. In the first place, a piece of half-inch pine plank, three feet and four inches long and six inches wide, was selected. Both sides having been planed, the shape of the cross-gun, as shown in the picture, was marked and the wood cut away. At *b* a hole about an inch square was cut with a knife or chisel, through which the bow might be slipped and fastened. The distance from *a* to *c* was two feet, and from *a* to *b* three inches. The bow was four feet long. From *a* to *c* the upper surface was channeled with

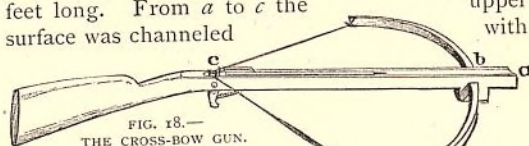


FIG. 18.—THE CROSS-BOW GUN.

a gouge or curved chisel; and there was a trigger so placed that, when it was pulled, it would release the string from a notch and shoot to a great distance the arrow that lay in the groove *ac*.

The simplest pop-gun that we had was a quill three or four inches long, with a bit of a stick for a "rammer." Slices of potatoes—four or five slices to the inch—furnished the ammu-

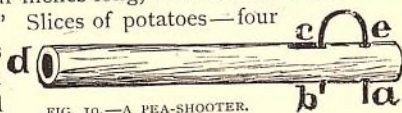


FIG. 19.—A PEA-SHOOTER.

nition, the sharp ends of the quill cutting through and punching out the wads without any trouble. Larger pop-guns, of course, were made of pieces of the alder bush, about a foot long. The pith having been pressed out, the gun was ready for the wads of wet paper. Sometimes a bit of a bamboo fish-pole served the same purpose; but the bore was required to be not only straight, but of uniform size throughout. A "squirt-gun" was made after the same manner as a pop-gun, except that one end of the alder or bamboo was closed with a block of wood through which an awl-hole had been bored. The rammer also became a "plunger" by the addition of a piece of leather or "sucker" at the end. Equipped with this water gun, the boy was a terror to the whole school. Another kind of pop-gun (Fig. 19) was made from a piece of bamboo and a length of whalebone. Small holes were cut at *a*, *b*, and *e*, and a longer hole at *c*. The whalebone was bent and shoved through *ea* and *cb*. A pea was placed in the opening *d*, and allowed to run down till it touched the whalebone spring below *c*. The end of the whalebone was pressed upward through *b*, and the pea went spinning away.

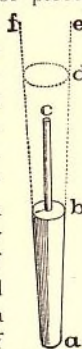
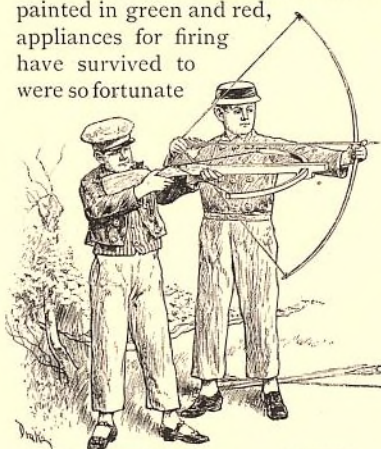


FIG. 20.—OUR CANNON.

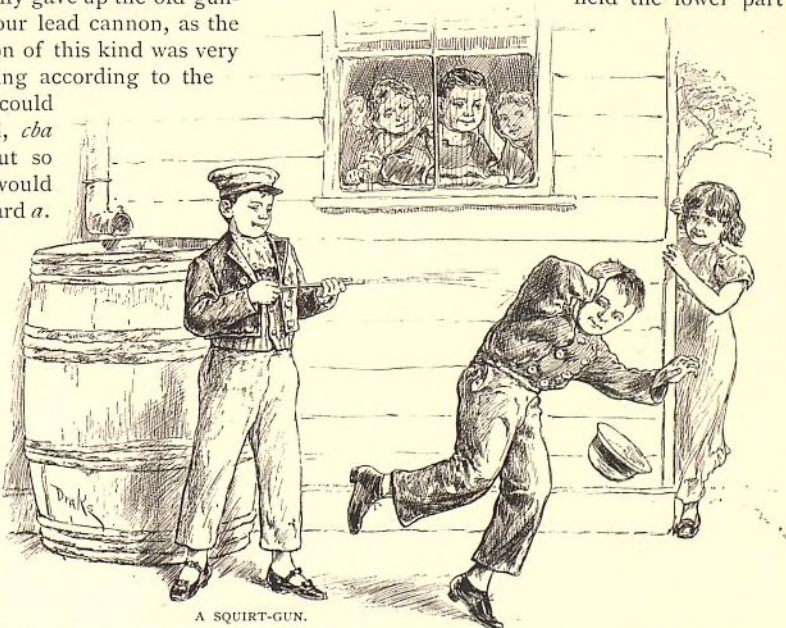
A simple hollow tube of alder was also used as an air-gun for shooting peas by the quick expulsion of the breath.

Aside from an old, roughly made hickory pistol, none of our fire-crackers this day. We as to be presented with an old rifle-barrel, and it was indeed a prize. There were three of us, and the barrel was therefore cut into three pieces by a file. Then came the hardest work



ARCHERY.

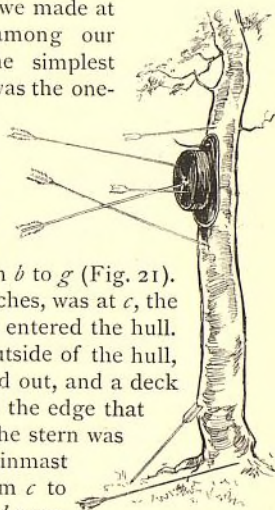
of all, for each of the three boys wanted the rear end of the barrel, on which there was an old-fashioned flint-lock. So we "drew cuts," and the two who drew the pieces of the barrel that were not so good took them to the gunsmith and had the ends "plugged up" with pieces of iron. After a great many trials, we finally gave up the old gun-barrel, and went back to our lead cannon, as the safer of the two. A cannon of this kind was very easily made, the size varying according to the quantity of lead that we could muster. A block of wood, *cba* (Fig. 20), was whittled out so that the part from *b* to *a* would be round and tapering toward *a*. The size at *b* was the size at the mouth of the proposed cannon. The size from *c* to *b* was the length and the diameter of the bore. Having made smooth every part of the wood, a strip of paper was wound tightly about the part *ba* and secured with a string. The paper, in several thicknesses, came up as far as the dotted lines *e* and *f*; and this formed the mold. Carefully handling the melted lead, we poured it into the opening at *e* and *b* until it came up as far as *d*. On stripping off the paper and pulling out the wooden "core" *c*, the cannon was complete, with the exception of a small "touch-hole," which was afterward drilled with an awl.



A SQUIRT-GUN.

CHAPTER VII. YACHTS, SCHOONERS, AND ROW-BOATS.

THE first attempts we made at boat-building were among our most successful. The simplest kind of boat to build was the one-masted yacht. A piece of two-inch pine plank was selected, fifteen inches long and eight inches wide. The fifteen inches was the length of the boat from *b* to *g* (Fig. 21). The breadth, eight inches, was at *c*, the place where the mast entered the hull. Having shaped the outside of the hull, the inside was hollowed out, and a deck of shingle tacked upon the edge that was left. A cabin at the stern was also added. The mainmast was twenty inches from *c* to *h*; and from the point *d* rope-ladders of copper wire ran down to the deck on either side. The bowsprit or jib-boom was six inches from *b* to *a*. From *c* to *b* the distance was five inches. The boom, *ec*, that held the lower part

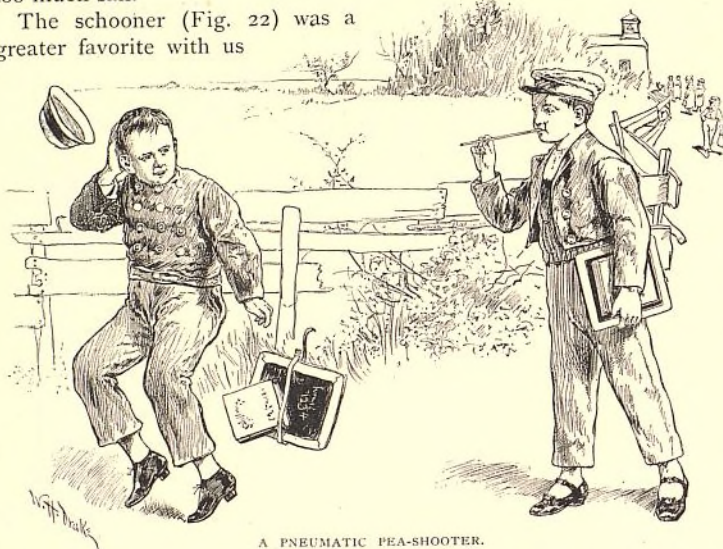


THE BUTT.

of the mainsail, was fourteen inches long; and the gaff, *fd*, was ten inches long. The mainsail, the gaff-top-sail, the jib, and the flying jib were all raised and lowered by linen threads that were both large and stout. A keel of hammered lead, three-

quarters of an inch deep and half an inch broad, kept the yacht from tipping over when she spread too much sail.

The schooner (Fig. 22) was a greater favorite with us



A PNEUMATIC PEA-SHOOTER.

than the yacht; for while the yacht was the best looking, yet it could not carry cargoes of beans and many other things that the schooner could carry in her hold. It was very difficult to find such a piece of lumber as we wanted for the hull; but whenever we discovered that a new house was building, we generally managed to secure a block of pine thirty inches long, eight inches wide, and four inches deep. These figures represent the length, breadth, and depth of the outside of the hull. After the outside had been properly shaped, the inside was "dug out" in the same manner as that of the yacht I have already described. A deck of quarter-inch pine was then fastened to the hull. The measurements were as follows: from *a* to the center of *b* (a circular hatchway), seven inches; from *a* to *c* (the hole for the foremast), nine and a half inches; from *c* to *e* (the hole for the mainmast), thirteen and a half inches. The hatchway at *d* was four inches square; and the one at *f* was two inches square. The rudder-post came up through the hole *g*. A keel of hammered lead, half an inch square, was fastened to the bottom of the hull. The masts and sails were made after the manner of the yacht's; but they were coarser, and they did not look so well.

The only row-boat that we made was the one that I have drawn in Fig. 23. The lumber-mill was first visited, and four twelve-foot pine boards, one inch thick, were selected. Two of the boards

(for the sides of the boat) were fifteen inches wide; the other two (for the bottom and ends) were not quite so wide. The two fifteen-inch boards were nailed together, and each end was cut off at an angle—as you will see at *a* and *b*. The two narrower boards were sawed into "lengths," each one of which was two feet, or perhaps two and a half feet, long, and these short pieces were nailed to the sides, beginning at *cd*. When the bottom and both ends had been covered, all the cracks were stopped with oakum and pitch. Without waiting for a coat or two of paint, we put the old tub of a boat upon the four solid wooden wheels of a baby cart, and trundled it down to the lake. We had fine times with this boat, as we rowed along with our home-made oars.

When the usefulness of our craft as a means of transportation appeared to be over, we took it from the lake and, garden, used ing of

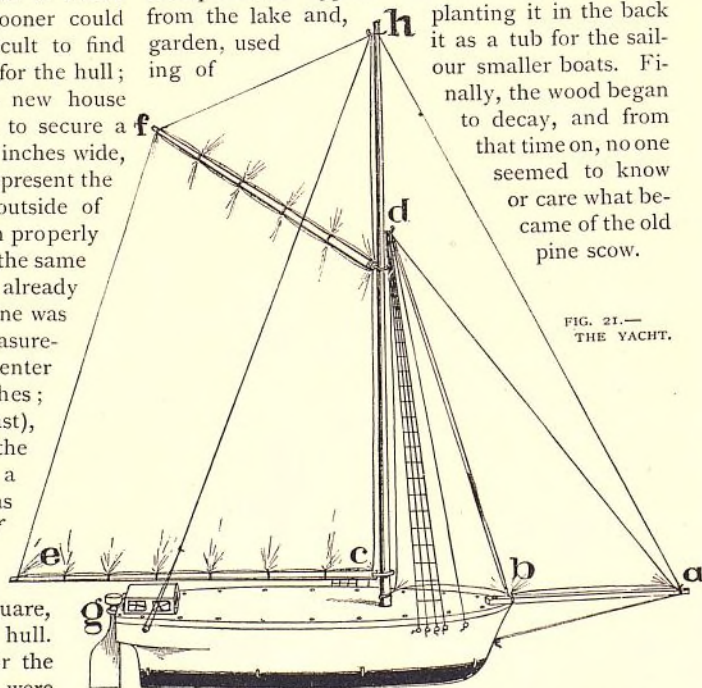


FIG. 21.—
THE YACHT.

CHAPTER VIII—COACHES AND RAILROADS.

FROM the time that we could handle knives, saws, and hammers, we often made the coarser and plainer kinds of wagons for hauling earth or our

sisters' dolls—it made no difference which. And it was only when we had reached the "old boy" age of eleven or twelve years that we attempted to copy, on a small scale, one of the stages that went by our door every day, on its way to —. When

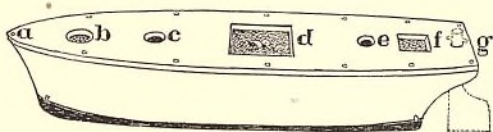


FIG. 22.—PLAN OF THE SCHOONER.

we had once made up our minds to commence the work, we brought together several shingles,—those treasures to the boy,—and planed both sides of every one very smooth. Then we proceeded to make the "body" of the coach. A pattern was

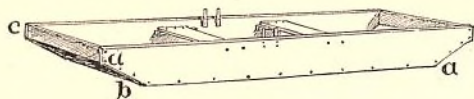


FIG. 23.—A ROWBOAT.

cut from paper in the curious shape *abcdefg* (Fig. 24). The distance from *a* to *f* was $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches; from *c* to *d*, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches; from *d* to *e*, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch; from *g* to the line *ad*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The two sides having been accurately cut, one of them was still further prepared by rounding off the edge from *a* all the way to *g* and *f*. This gave the "swell" to the body. The other side was rounded upon the edge in the same way, except that the rounding was done upon the other side. A "bottom board," *hijk*, was prepared, $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long and $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide. This board was curved at the ends, and the edges from *h* to *i* and from *j* to *k* were grooved for the "thorough-braces," of which you will hear more presently. The side pieces having been glued to the bottom board, four posts, *lmno*, each $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, were fastened at the ends of the side pieces. Four other upright pieces, *pqrs*, were cut off so that they would be even with the four posts already placed in position. The "end pieces," *mlhk* and *jno*, were then fitted into their places and glued fast. If we wished to make a nicer job, we made the bottom board and the end pieces shorter at *hk* and *ij*, and filled the opening with a piece of curved wood, the grain of which ran at right angles to the grain of the bottom and the ends. After this, it was an easy matter to make a top into which should be fastened all the upright pieces, *mlpqrsno*. The edges of the top were rounded off in every direction, so that it might shed the rain. Three seats, with cushions, were placed inside. At the first end (as you will see in Fig. 28) a seat for the driver was made, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches high and broad, and standing out from

the body $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches. An oval window was cut over the seat; and at the rear end there was a baggage rack, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 2 inches long, the sides being lined with thin black leather. The "running gear" (Fig. 25) was made as follows: The rear axle, *ef*, 3 inches long between the wheels; the "reach," *ad*, 5 inches; the part *a*, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the part *b*; *d* also $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from *c*; the parts *a*, *b*, and *d*, each $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches long; forward axle (Fig. 26), 3 inches long, like the rear axle, both axles being $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep, and long enough at each end to receive the wheels. The tongue, *b*, was 9 inches long. The hole *a* (Fig. 26) was then placed over the hole *a* (Fig. 25), and a pin or wire was thrust down through both holes to serve as a "king bolt." Strips of tin, one inch high, bent into the form shown in Fig. 27, were fastened into the frame-work of the running gear at *ghij* (Fig. 25). The diagram shows how they were fastened. In Fig. 28 you will notice that these tin supports held narrow strips of leather, called thorough-braces, one on each side; and you will also notice that the body of the stage rested upon these thorough-braces. It would have been almost impossible for us to make the wheels after

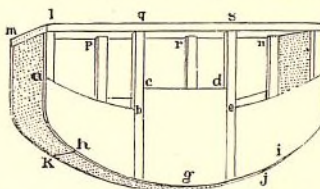


FIG. 24.—PATTERN FOR A STAGE-COACH.

the manner of the wheels on a large stage, with hubs and spokes. Even if we had had the proper tools, the job would not have been an easy one. So we marked the wheels upon a small strip of white wood $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick. The hind wheels were $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and the fore wheels were 2 inches in diameter. Having fitted them upon the axles, they were secured with linch-pins made from ordinary pins, and the whole stage (Fig. 28) was ready to take our sisters' dolls out for a holiday trip.

The older, and knew railroads and depots, be a fine thing to have. We cleared an upper swept the floor clean, great dust that we was to saw from half an inch. The strips ward planed upon each

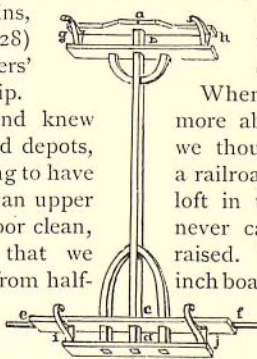


FIG. 25.—RUNNING GEAR.

edges. Our strips measured thirty or forty feet before we commenced to nail them to the floor with inch brads. The strips—or, rather, the rails of the

When we were a little more about cars and we thought it would a railroad of our own. loft in the barn and never caring for the raised. The next step inch boards long strips in width. were after-smoothly of the four

track as they then became — were nailed exactly four inches apart. It was easy enough to lay what we called the "main track," but when we laid the

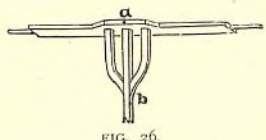


FIG. 26.



FIG. 27.

"switches," we worked very carefully. Fig. 29 shows how a switch was put in position. The main track ran (from left to right) from *a* to *g* and from *b* to *h*. But in order to switch off from the main track, it was necessary to have two movable pieces of track, *ac* and *bd*, which were fastened at *a* and *b*, so that the end *c* could move up to *g* and the end *d* to *h*. A single nail was all the fastening that was required.

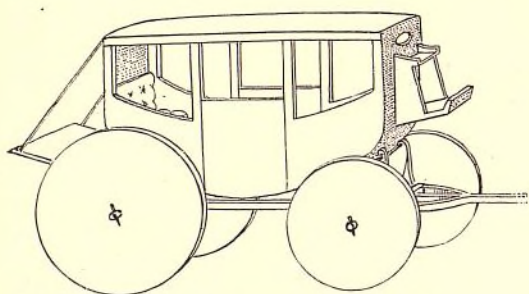


FIG. 28.—THE STAGE-COACH COMPLETED.

Small wires kept the movable pieces of track exactly four inches apart, and they were moved to *g* and *h*, or to *c* and *d*, by the handle at *f*. The track was cut away at *e*, so that the wheels of the cars might pass on either the main track or the

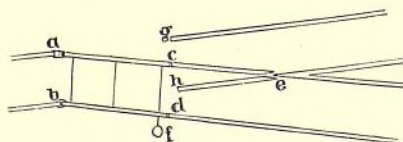


FIG. 29.—A RAILWAY SWITCH.

switch. The movable pieces *ac* and *bd* were about fifteen inches long, but in the picture they are

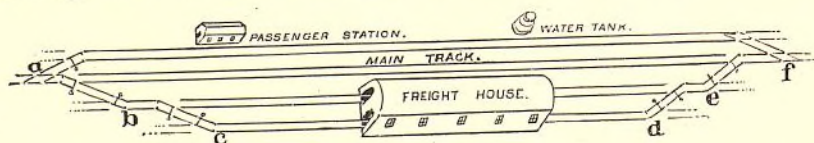


FIG. 30.—RAILWAY TRACK.

made shorter in order to show the construction of the switch more plainly. Fig. 30 shows how we made switches at *agbcdef*, and ran two of them

through the freight house. A pair of wheels (Fig. 31) was made by fastening two ribbon-blocks, *ab*, to a round stick, or "journal," *c*. Before the blocks were fastened to *c*, they were secured to round pieces of tin a little larger in diameter than themselves. The tins, being on the inside, formed the rims that kept the wheels on the track. Two pairs of wheels (like Fig. 31) were secured with wire staples to the bottom of a box, and the car (Fig. 32) was ready to run upon the track, provided that no mistake had been made by placing the wheels either more or less than four inches apart, *inside*.

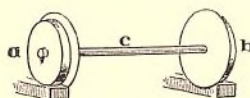


FIG. 31.—THE WHEELS.

The building of an engine that would draw several of these cars—or the more elaborate passenger cars—was quite beyond our power. Our hands, therefore, served to pull or to push our trains wherever we pleased.

After we had played in this way for a year or two, an older boy came to visit us from a great city, with a tin locomotive in his hands. Winding up the spring, he set it to running before our wondering eyes.

"I wonder if it will draw our car?" said one of the railway kings.

"Let us try it and see," said another to the older boy.

The older boy consented. The locomotive was

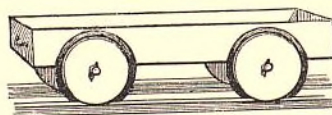


FIG. 32.—A CAR.

again wound up and placed on the track. The cars were light, and they were drawn swiftly along the track.

All went well as long as the new machine was there. But, before many days, the mother took the older boy and his locomotive back to the city.

We once more moved our cars by hand, but it seemed too much like hard work.

"Let's strike!" said one.

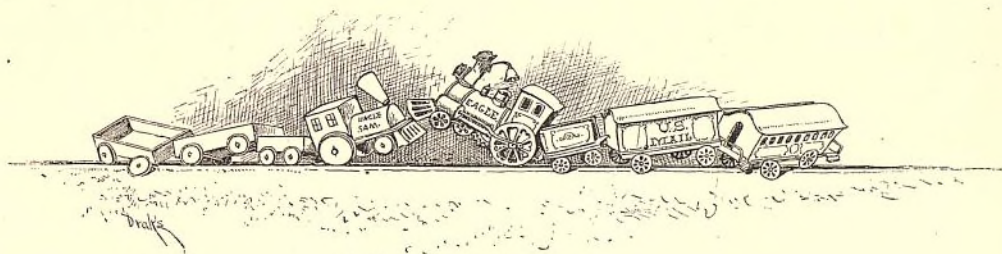
"Our railroad will not be worth a continental customer, if we do not have all the big railroads have," said another.

So we struck. The rails were torn up and the cars were thrown from the track and overturned.

Thus ended the last of the playthings. Since that time, we have become more interested in "live" railroads and sail-boats; and we do not feel as much like playing with all of the things

that we have mentioned as we used to when we were younger.

But I think you will agree with me when I say that we had just as much real fun as it was possible for boys to have; and that I would not exchange experiences with the boy who has had every toy in his possession furnished to him from the store. Try the making of some of these toys for yourselves, boys, and see if you are not greatly benefited in the end in the same ways that we were benefited.



THE END.

BROWN LITTLE PRINCE.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor dog named Prince, who had no home to go to. He felt very hungry; his feet were tired, and he had run up and down ever so many streets; but no one had said, "Come in, Prince!" not even once.

At one house, there was quite a big, pleasant door-yard. The dog thought that he would go into that, so he went very softly up a stone walk and past an open window.

Then a lady who saw him went out upon the porch and said: "Come here, poor dog. What is the matter with you?"

She did not say, "Come here, Prince," for she did not know his name; but the dog knew she meant him, and he went right up and looked at her, as if to say: "I'm lost, and I am hungry."

This lady must have seen dogs' eyes talk before, for she said: "Never mind, nice dog; I will feed you."

So she gave him some bread and milk and a soft pat on his head; and then she sent him away to find his home.

Two or three days after this time, the lady was going away to stay all summer on a small island in the sea. And the morning she was to set off, the dog came again to the house; but she did not see him.

How Prince found out that she was going, no one could tell; but when she went into the rail-car, there was the dog, right by her side, and the train moved off, with the dog on it.

Soon the conductor came along, and asked the lady: "Is this your dog?"

And she *had* to say: "It is not my dog."

"Very well, then; at the first station I will put him off," said he. Then the conductor went away, leaving Prince looking very sad.

"Poor fellow!" said the lady, patting him gently. "What *can* I do with you?"

The great brown eyes said: "Take me with you, take me with you — oh, *please* do."

"Dear doggy, I will take you with me," she said.

Then the tail began to wag with joy; it struck the car seats so hard that two little boys laughed. But happy Prince did not care; he leaped upon the red car-seat beside his friend, and lay down with one foot in her hand.

By and by, the conductor came along to take him out. Prince was ready for him. He barked and growled so that everybody laughed; and at last the lady said: "He is lost, and I will keep him."

After that, all went well until they had to change from one train to the other. Then a brakeman, seeing Prince try to jump up (the step was high), gave him a kick, and he went under the car.

When he found that it was all right for the dog to get on, he offered to lift him up; but the dog was afraid of him, and kept out of his reach.

Poor Prince! The train began to go. He ran after it, but it was of no use. He could not keep up, and the lady could not do anything for the poor lost dog.

She staid at this place some time, waiting to be taken over to the island. At last, a man came with her trunks. And there was Prince, too! I can not begin to tell you how glad she was to see him, nor how he twisted and jumped and wagged and barked with joy at finding her once more.

The lady thought the man had gone back to the other town to get him. But it was not so. He told her that when he went to the station, the dog was standing on the track, and would not go with him, but stood there gazing up and down the track until the baggage was taken out. Then, when Prince saw the trunks, he wanted to go with them, for he seemed to know that they would be taken to the lady.

Prince barked all the way over to the little island. He was such a happy dog, and he was in such fear of getting lost again, that, for a week, he would not let the lady move out of his sight.



"PRINCE LEAPED UPON THE CAR-SEAT BESIDE HIS FRIEND."

This story is all true, for this dog Prince has lived with me more than eight years, and I love him *as much as ever a dog was loved*, and I have been writing this with his pretty head on my lap.

Dear, brown Prince! Long may he live!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AFTER the summer comes the autumn. So far, so good. This is just as it should be, my beloved. But just when does the summer go and the autumn come? That is the question.

Ha! Ha! Everybody knows *that*, you say?

Let's see. To begin with, which are the three autumn months?

September, October, and November.

Right! Now, when does the autumn begin?

On the first of September, of course.

Wrong!

When does the winter season begin?

Why, the winter months are December, January, and February; so, of course, winter begins on the first of December.

Wrong again, my dears. The winter season does not begin on December 1st. Neither does the spring begin on March 1st, nor the summer on June 1st.

Now, youngsters, this is no joke. It is the almanac truth—and yet I warrant that, of the first half-dozen folk that you may ask concerning the opening day of each season, hardly one will answer correctly.

I'd be glad to explain it all to you, my hearers; but the fact is, when a Jack-in-the-Pulpit tries to talk about astronomical matters, such as equinoxes and solstices and all that sort of thing, he gets bewildered, and his hearers soon begin to drop off. This much I *can* tell you. During this good year of 1883, the seasons open precisely as follows:

Spring began on March 20th.

Summer began on June 21st.

Autumn began on September 23d.

Winter will begin on December 21st.

Now, is not that rather surprising? Ask questions; study the thing out, my chicks, and maybe you will find out the why and the wherefore.

THE ERMINE.

ONE day, at the Red School-house, the dear Little School-ma'am gave out a subject, requesting all the boys and girls to take their slates and write a little

composition upon it at once, without asking a question or looking into a book.

The subject was "The Ermine," and here are three of the compositions. Which one do you think is the most nearly correct? I should like to have your opinions:

THE ERMINE.—I am not able to say exactly what this means; but as I must write something about it, I think it means a king's cloak. We often hear it said that such and such a man was worthy to wear the ermine. Now I think I will stop, as I have nothing more to tell.

JOHNNIE W.

THE ERMINE.—The ermine is not a common animal, because things made of ermine fur are generally very expensive. But they must be very beautiful creatures, with their pure white bodies dotted evenly with black spots. Some of them must grow to be very large, for their skin is made into cloaks and other garments. I once saw a play with a queen in it. It was by William Shakespeare, the greatest writer of his day, and the queen wore a long train all made of an ermine.

MABEL C. R.

THE ERMINE.—The ermine is a very small animal, something like a weasel, and his fur is gray, excepting in the winter, when it changes to a pure white. This enables the little animal to run across the snow without being seen by the hunters. But they do sometimes get caught, and their skin is a valuable article of commerce. When made up into ladies' muffs, tippets, and capes, or into cloaks for noblemen, it has little bits of black or dark fur sewed into it at regular intervals. This makes it look like a sort of dotted fur. The dark pieces are made from the fur of the ermine's tail, I believe. But I can not assert this for certain. It requires the skins of a good many ermine to make one ermine cape.

CHARLES B.

MAKE BATHS FOR THE BIRDS.

HERE is a little request from the birds. Many of them, you must know, are very fond of dipping their little bodies in fresh pools, but these often are hard to find. Now, they would like you to know how glad it would make them to find sometimes a little bath made ready for them in a quiet place in the grove, or in the orchard, or in any of their haunts.

Sink a tin pan or basin in the soft earth till the rim is only a little above the ground. Lay soft moss about this edge and make the place about it as pretty as you please with vines and flowers. Now all you have to do is to keep the little bath filled with clean cool water, and hide yourselves away so as not to frighten the little bathers. Your Jack's word upon it, they will find it out in time and enjoy your good work. Pebbles and clean gravel in the bottom of the basin will make your free bath all the more delightful to the birds.

HOW THEY DO IT.

CAN any of you young folk look behind you without turning your heads? You can? Why, how? Ah! by using a mirror, you say. Yes. . . . that will do very well. You hold the mirror before your face and, looking in, you can see what is going on behind you. But I know some one who can do better than this. Without turning his head, and without using a looking-glass, he can see behind him, perfectly well—even survey his own back if he wishes to do so. To make it still more wonderful, the individual I refer to can not even turn his eyes. In fact, they are not movable. Yet, I repeat, he can look behind him with perfect ease, and without moving. To prove it, you have only to let your finger approach him stealthily in the rear, and try to touch him. His name is Mr. Fly, and you can find him any day if you wish to

try the experiment. Now, how does he keep up this patent back-action lookout of his? That is what Deacon Green asked in speaking of Mr. Fly to the boys, and what do you think one of them replied?

Why this boy said that, if the other fellows who had n't answered would notice Mr. Fly sharply, they would find that his immovable eyes are shaped each like a half-apple standing out from the head—only instead of being smooth hemispheres they have a very great number of facets, like certain crystals, and that each one of these lets in the light to the retina, so that the fly can see in every direction.

That is what the boy said, as nearly as I can remember. They talked more about the matter, and the Deacon told the boys about the retina, and how it receives images—upside down, by the way.

But what is a retina? some of you may ask. Well, a retina is like happiness, the Deacon says. You can always find it in the dictionary.

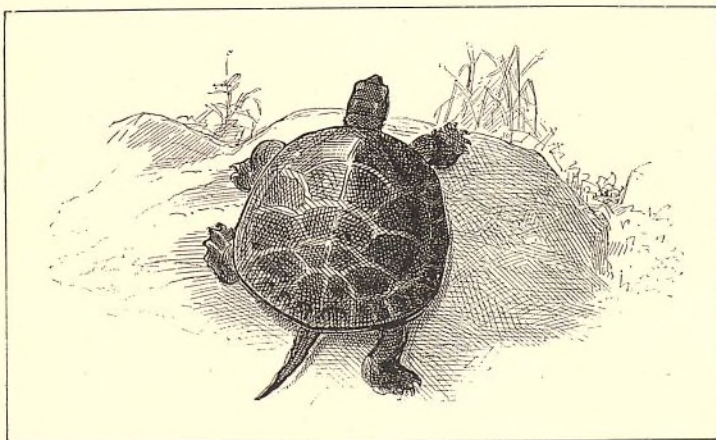
WHO KNOWS?

POUGHKEEPSIE, August 15, 1883.

DEAR JACK: Will you please tell me why people say as "brown as a berry"? Are there brown berries?

Yours truly,

EMILY C. W.



IN HASTE!

ABOUT THAT FLOATING SAND.

OF all Jack's great army of correspondents not one has explained correctly the curious story of floating sand which Deacon Green heard at the Academy, and which we talked about in the August ST. NICHOLAS. Even the dear Little School-ma'am said she could n't trust herself to express her opinions on the subject without first consulting a scientific man.

(Ah, what a wise little woman that is!)

Well, the scientific man has proved equal to the

occasion; and both the Deacon and the little lady agree with me that you ought to see his letter:

Here it is:

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM: I am not surprised that the floating-sand story, told by Jack-in-the-Pulpit in the August ST. NICHOLAS, puzzled the children of the Red School-house as well as their teacher. Yet the story is quite correct, and the explanation is as follows:

I. The air adheres to the sand of the surface of the beach, dried in the sun, and so buoys it. II. It is able to adhere sufficiently well only to a few grains. III. Disturbance of the water on which it rides, or other causes, ultimately breaks away the air-buoys, and allows the grains, one by one, to sink. Yours truly, E. I.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE CARRIER-PIGEONS.

MY birds tell me a bit of good news that will interest carrier-pigeons everywhere. It appears that those wonderful Chinese have hit upon a plan for protecting their messenger-pigeons from birds of prey. This is to fasten to the tail-feathers a very lightly made but shrill-sounding whistle of reeds. This whistle, when the bird is flying rapidly through the air, becomes so noisy that it scares off all bird enemies. They don't dare to attack such mysterious little singers as these. This Chinese plan works so well, I'm told, that it is being extensively tried in some parts of Europe.

THE WHISTLING FISH OF NEVADA.

TALKING of whistling, did ever you hear of a whistling fish, my hearers? I never did until the other day, when the school children had a picnic near my meadow, and Deacon Green read this out of a newspaper which somebody had sent him:

"One of the most singular of the fish family," read the Deacon,—after explaining to the children that he was reading from *The Walker Lake Bulletin*, published in the State of Nevada,—"is, doubtless, the whistling sucker, sometimes caught in Walker Lake. The fish, when caught, emits a plaintive whistle, which will almost persuade an angler with

any tenderness of heart to throw it back into the water. Charley Kimball has one which was caught in a net when quite young. He keeps it in a tank, and has taught it to know him and whistle when it is hungry. When its master approaches, the fish pushes its nose and mouth barely out of the water, and, making a pucker with its lips, which the human pucker does not nearly equal, whistles some shrill notes. It appears to have some of the parrot characteristics, and Kimball thinks that in time he can teach it to whistle part of some simple tune."

LOOK OUT FOR A SPLENDID OFFER FROM DEACON GREEN NEXT MONTH!

THE LETTER-BOX.

SINCE the issue of the June number we have received the following subscriptions to the Garfield fund: "Marie," of Newcastle, \$2.00; Margaret G. Spring, \$1.56; E. A. F., \$1.44; W. P. S., \$1.00, and "Fred," \$1.00. A subscription of \$2.00, sent by Nannie C. Stevens, of Philadelphia, should have been acknowledged in the July number.

GATTENDORF, PARNDORF,
VIA VIENNA, HUNGARY, July 19, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to you to thank you for the pleasure you give me every month. I have not seen many magazines, but I think ST. NICHOLAS the most beautiful in all the world. I must beg your pardon if my English is not very good, for I am neither English nor American, but Austrian, and have learned English only one year and a half. I live in Hungary; my greatest delight is having English books, and I have got a lot of them. This is the first year I have taken you; but, I think I shall take you always now, and have you bound at the end of the year. I was delighted with the two colored pictures in the November and December numbers, and hope you will have more. I like Miss Alcott's stories so much and hope she will write many for ST. NICHOLAS this year. Your constant reader, TILDI ZIPP.

Thanks, dear young Austrian friend, for your hearty letter, which has not only pleased us greatly, but will interest all the American girls and boys who, like you, enjoy ST. NICHOLAS. You and they, we are sure, will be glad to find another story by Miss Alcott in this number, and to know that, next year, you are to have not a few but many tales from her pen, in what will, in reality, be a serial bearing the delightful title of "Spinning-wheel Stories; or, At Mrs. Gay's Summer School."

As the beech-tree grows throughout a very wide portion of America, there are probably few among our readers who have not found the tender beech-nuts in their rambles through the woods; and in some districts it is not unusual for parties of young folk to go nutting for beech-nuts, as well as for chestnuts, walnuts, and hickory-nuts. Such a party, moving about under the thick shade and around the shining, beautiful trunks of the beeches, would make a pretty picture, and so thought the artist, Harry Fenn, when he made the drawing presented on page 927.

It may interest you to know that the beech tree is rarely struck by lightning, and that woodmen and Indians consider themselves safe from the electric shock when under its shelter.

MORE ABOUT CURIOUS BIRDS' NESTS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I think I can add another to the "Curious Items about Birds" published in the ST. NICHOLAS for May.

Last summer I visited Mt. Vernon and the tomb of Washington. The tomb, as most of your readers probably know, has an open front and is guarded by two heavy iron gates. In addition to these the floor of the tomb on which the stone coffins of Washington and his wife rest is so constructed that the lightest footfall inside the tomb will cause a burglar alarm to be rung at the mansion a few rods away. And here, on the inner wall of this doubly guarded vault, a pair of birds have built a nest. Did they not select a safe place for it, and is it, I wonder, as a gentleman remarked, the only burglar-proof nest in the world? Yours truly, E. B. FLORENCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading the article in your book called "Curious Items About Birds," I thought I would like to tell you about some little wrens who built their nest in a very funny place.

A lady that lives a little way from our house hung a small watering pot on a nail by her door under the porch; the next time that she took it down to use it she found some sticks and straws in it; she threw them out, used it, and hung it up again.

A few days after, she had occasion to use it again, and took it down; but this time she found not only sticks and straw, but a little nest with eggs in it: she hung it up again carefully, much pleased with the little neighbors that had gone to housekeeping in her small watering-pot (I think they were very fashionable to choose a water-

ing-place for their summer home). She often took it down to show to her friends, and the little wrens did not mind it at all, but staid there all summer. Your little friend, NELLIE F. C.

NEW YORK, June 18th, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wished to write to you; now is my opportunity. I have read the story of "Curious Items about Birds," in the May number. I have seen in Central Park two birds' nests, one in the arm of the statue of Shakespeare, and the other at the feet of Sir Walter Scott. Your constant reader, DORA T.

HERE is a rather thrilling little story, but with a good moral, as you will admit when you shall have read it. It comes from a young Wisconsin reader of ST. NICHOLAS, and we print it just as it was written.

THE DISOBEDIENT SOLDIER.

Once upon a time there was a boy who liked to play soldier, so by and by war broke out, so now that he was about twenty-one years of age he was allowed to go, so just as the war was in the thickest part the men got in the habit of going and picking up the wounded men as soon as they falled, so by this way they lost a good many of their men—for they would get shot when picking them up,—so one day the captain said they would get shot to pick up the persons, even if they did get back alright, even if he should get shot; but just as he got out the line he fell from his horse, for he was wounded, one of the men saw him fall, so he rushed out to take him in behind the breastwork, but just as he stooped over him he was shot. So it is better to not disobey. Yours Affectionate, JOHN D. HOGAN.

OSWEGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for more than a year. Do you know whether "Donald and Dorothy," by Mary Mapes Dodge, has ever been printed in book form, or whether it is intending to be? I should like to know very much. I hope you will print this letter. One of your readers, KATY STEBBINS.

Yes, Katy, the story you mention is "intending to be" printed in book form. "Donald and Dorothy" will be published as a book during this autumn, by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 17, 1883.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I came to that story entitled "Our Special Artist," in the August ST. NICH (as we have come to call the magazine at our house), I did not cut the leaves any farther until I had finished that story. It was what I call a "good un," too. We all laughed as I read aloud till the laugh-tears flowed freely. I happen to be an amateur photographer, and that is why we enjoyed it so much and can appreciate Ben Brady's mistakes; although I don't claim to have had so many and such doleful failures as he had. Ben certainly neglected to read the little instruction book which usually accompanies a photographic outfit. By the way, dear brothers and sisters, if you have an idea of getting an outfit, please don't be deceived by some advertisements. Outfits are advertised, I know, at \$10; but let me inform you that, if you intend to take and make the pictures complete yourself, you will do very well if you do so under twice the amount of the \$10 outfit. This is merely intended as information, which as a rule does not accompany the advertisement of a \$10 outfit. However, please be assured that I learned it all beforehand, and as I happened to have the spare cash and have made lots of splendid pictures, I am satisfied.

"AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER."

HALIFAX, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and my name is Marion Allison Grant, and I will be ten years old next January. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for three years and I think it is a lovely magazine, and I do not think I could do without it. Would you please to put a few more stories for little girls in the next number, something like "Editha's Burglars," and "Lost and Found," and "Grandma's Pearls." Mamma and Papa both like ST. NICHOLAS very much. Your little friend,

MARION ALLISON GRANT.

Yes, Marion, we shall give you many more fine stories for girls in our new volume that begins next month.

In connection with the "Art and Artists" paper for the present month, which will be found on pages 923 to 927, we present the following list of the principal works of Rembrandt to be seen in European galleries:

PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE: Portrait of an old man, and his own portrait. UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: Domestic interior, and a landscape. MUSEUM, ANTWERP: Woman's portrait, and two small portraits attributed to Rembrandt. MUSEUM, BRUSSELS: Male portrait. THE TRIPPENHUIS, AMSTERDAM: "The Syndics," "The Night Watch." VAN DER HOOP GALLERY, AMSTERDAM: "The Betrothed Jewess." THE SIX VAN HILLEGROM COLLECTIONS, AMSTERDAM: Portraits of the Burgomaster Six, and his mother. GALLERY AT THE HAGUE: "Simeon in the Temple," "Anatomical Lecture," "Susannah in the Bath," portrait of a youth, and a portrait of Rembrandt. MUSEUM, ROTTERDAM: An Allegory—alluding to the Triple Alliance. MUSEUM, BERLIN: "Samson," two interiors, two heads, and a female portrait. CASSEL GALLERY: Ten portraits, young girl, two landscapes, "Jacob Blessing Ephraim and Manasseh," and others. DRESDEN GALLERY: Four portraits, "Ganymede carried off by an Eagle," "Samson Feasting," landscape, and others. PINACOTHEK, MUNICH: Two portraits, six scenes from the Life of Christ, Autumn landscape, and others. BELVEDERE, VIENNA: Six portraits, and the "Apostle Paul." MUSEUM, MADRID: "Queen Artemisia." LOUVRE, PARIS: Eight portraits, "Angel leading Tobias," "Pilgrims of Emmaus," "Philosopher in Meditation," and others. DULWICH GALLERY: "Jacob's Dream," and three portraits. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: "A Jewish Rabbi," a landscape, five portraits, and others. THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG: "Abraham entertaining the Angels," "Sacrifice of Isaac," "The Coat of Many Colors brought to Jacob," "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," "Holy Family," "Return of the Prodigal," "Parable of the Laborers," "Denial of Peter," "Danae," and twenty-three others.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—THIRTY-FIRST REPORT.

MR. BALLARD—*Dear Sir:* In my busy professional life I have little time to study books of natural science, but gather about me specimens, and from them gain knowledge. If any of your members require any help in determining species of crinoids or pentremites, I will aid them all that I can, for I can see that an extended interest in the natural sciences is one of the chief factors in improving the minds and manners of our young generation. Hoping I may be of service, I am

Yours respectfully,

HORACE G. GRIFFITH, M. D.,
317 N. 4th street, Burlington, Iowa.

Our entomologists will study the *Diptera* in October. Less is known by most of us about flies than about butterflies. They are smaller, less brilliant as a rule—more annoying, and more difficult to determine. But after all, the subject is full of interest, and the month can not fail to be among the most profitable in the course.

The class in Botany will continue their collections and drawings of leaves, which are to be prepared according to the appended scheme, and sent to Prof. Jones as usual.

III. LEAVES.—Continued.

Compound:

(for parts, see simple leaves.)	TRANSFORMED LEAVES.
pinnate,	<i>Bud Scales,</i>
odd,	<i>Bulb Scales,</i>
even,	<i>Store-houses,</i>
tendrils,	<i>Spines,</i>
once,	<i>Tendrils,</i>
twice,	<i>Fly-catchers,</i>
thrice,	<i>Parts of Flowers (see flowers).</i>
etc.,	<i>Uses:</i>
etc.	to the plants,
palmate,	to animals.
once,	VENATION.
twice,	<i>Net-veined,</i>
thrice,	<i>palmate,</i>
etc.,	<i>pinnate,</i>
etc.	<i>Parallel-veined.</i>

PHYLLOTAXY (arrangement on stem).

Alternate,
Opposite,
Whorled.

Ranks:

two (one turn) = $\frac{1}{2}$ (grasses,
etc.),
three (one turn) = $\frac{1}{3}$ (sedges,
etc.),
five (two turns) = 2-5 (roses, etc.),
eight (three turns) = 3-8, etc.

VERNATION (position in the bud).

straight,
bent,
folded,
conduplicate,
plaited, etc.
rolled,
circinate,
involute,
revolute,
(for others, see flowers.)

Owing to the summer vacation and the consequent dispersion of people to sea-shore and mountain-top, only two new Chapters have been reported for the month of August.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
512	Buffalo, N. Y., (G.)	6.	D. A. Curtis, 204 Seneca street.
513	Far Rockaway, L. I.	8.	Carleton Greene.

Notwithstanding the distractions of summer, however, a large number of individual members have been added to our register, which has now reached a total of 5973.

EXCHANGES.

Silver ore and ten crinoid stems, for a piece of gold ore.—W. S. Johnson, Boonville, N. Y.
Petrified wood, buffalo horns, agates, Dakota cactus, for sea-shells, minerals, or eggs.—Jesse and Levi French, box 25, Grand Rapids, Dakota.
Insects, eggs, and bird-skins.—G. W. Field, Brockton, Mass.
Eggs of bunting, Cal. quail, Cal. linnet, Western gull, and foolish guillemot, for eggs.—Tod Lilienkrantz, box 62, Oakland, Cal.
Silk-worm cocoons and moths, for a geode.—Lottie Watson, Cranford, N. J.
Fossil ferns and peacock coal, for labeled woods or birds' eggs.—Thomas F. McNair, Hazleton, Pa.
Iron ores.—D. A. Curtis, 204 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y. (Ch. G.)
Mineral paint, for sand-dollars or other ocean curiosities.—D. W. Rice, box 193, Brandon, Vt.
Minerals, fossils, and woods for exchange or sale, at 2 cents per ounce, all post-paid.—L. L. Lewis, box 174, Copenhagen, N. Y.
Mica and other minerals and ores, coral, labeled foreign shells, for specimens of foreign woods not smaller than 4 x 2 x $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Ebony, tulip, pomegranate, olive, orange, and lemon particularly desired.—Ezra Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Vermont marble (sets of from 4 to 10 kinds, colors, and shades, any size), for minerals and marine specimens. Correspondence solicited.—H. M. Downs, box 176, Rutland, Vt.
Cecropia, polyphemus, and promethea moths, for eggs.—G. J. Grider, Bethlehem, Pa.
Correspondence on ornithology and geology.—Geo. B. Hudson, Wareham, Mass.

NOTES.

(47) *Insect Pins*.—Gilt insect pins can be obtained from James W. Queen & Co., 924 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, at 30 cents per hundred, or \$1.75 per thousand. See Chapter 153.

(48) *Woodpeckers*.—I found seventeen woodpeckers' nests in a single stump, 18 feet high. Most of them were occupied.

W. R. LIGHTON, Ottumwa, Iowa.

(49) *Geodes*.—I found some clay formations which resembled geodes, being hollow and containing peaks of the clay instead of crystals. I could not account for them, but thought other geodes might be formed in this manner. CARRIE A. LAMSON.

(50) *Sinistral Snail Shells*.—I saw in Morse's First Book of Zoology that snails with sinistral shells are rare. I have about two dozen of them, all raised from a single snail that I caught in a stream. F. A. R.

(51) *English Sparrow*.—After careful study, I have come to the conclusion that the English sparrow does a great deal more good than harm. In different parts of the country they have been exterminated, but always with disastrous results to the trees. They are so numerous and require so much food for their young, that they do more to rid the trees of the insects than other birds are able to do. As to their driving other birds away, I have seen a robin on my lawn when there were ten sparrows close to it, and they did not even notice it.

Blue birds have kept them away from a little house I made for them, and the white-bellied swallow often chases them and punishes them severely. I should like to hear what others have to say about it. CHARLES KEELER, Milwaukee.

(52) *Ichneumon*.—A tree by our door had on it several insects like the ichneumon fly. After the ovipositor was in the tree, the insect appeared to inflate a bladder-like substance at the head of the ovipositor until it was about half an inch in diameter, and nearly round, of a light, bluish-green color. Will some one explain this? We are more and more delighted with our work.

D. M. MORRELL, Ch. 263.

(53) *Agassiz's Home*, Neuchâtel, Switzerland.—This house is one of those where Professor Agassiz used to live, and the one in which his son, Professor Alexander Agassiz, was born. I shall try to get a photograph of it, and if I succeed I will send it to you. Most of the Alps to be seen from here have lost their snow, but Mont Blanc, the Jung Frau, and their neighbors are still, and always will be, pure white. With many good wishes for all the A. A.,

EMILY NEWCOMB.

(54) *Butterfly-tree*.—In one of the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS (in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit") was an account of a butterfly branch. I think what I saw on the 26th of last March was similar: On the 25th I was on the beach, and saw a large number of brown butterflies, which looked as if recently blown ashore. Next day, they spread over the island in large numbers. They began to collect on a live-oak tree in our yard. Their numbers increased from the morning until about dark, when the top of the tree, for the space of three or four feet, was so covered with them that we could see neither leaves nor branches. Other smaller groups gathered on the tips of the branches of a cottonwood tree adjacent, which had just leaved out. Next morning they were gone from their resting-place, but were still seen in large numbers about the flowers. They gradually disappeared. Some were killed by mocking-birds, and others died, so that large numbers lay about the ground. The oak-tree was in full bloom, or tassel, like the others on the place.

PHILIP J. TUCKER, Galveston, Texas.

[We have seen May-flies on Lake Erie so thick as to cover the decks of the steamer to the depth of nearly an inch; to fill up the globes of the lamps in the saloons, and darken the air like a snow-storm, while the surface of the lake for a quarter of a mile was green with them. But can any one parallel this butterfly-tree?]

(55) *Bees and Pollen*.—I have given some of my time this month to bees. The first one I caught had much pollen of a single kind on the hairs of his leg. The second one I watched flying about some white clover for a little time before I caught him, and I saw on his hind legs two strange protuberances. A post-mortem examination showed that they were masses of pollen, evidently stuck together by some means. I mounted some of it, wetting it on one side of the slide in order that the grains might float apart and clearly show themselves to be pollen, but on the other side I have left it just as it came from the bee. I inclose a specimen. I have not been able to use a strong microscope this month, but the little one that I have employed seems to show it to be all of one kind. Since then I have looked for these pollen masses on every bee I saw, and always found them larger or smaller, of course, according to the length of time which the bee had been working. I suppose the first few layers are caught by the hairs of the corbicula, and afterward the grains are plastered on with some sticky substance, perhaps the honey of the flower, perhaps some secretion. I am not well enough acquainted with bees to tell. I also watched some bees to see whether they always took from the same flower. A great bumble-bee visited sixty-five red clovers, passing over white clover, white weed, and other flowers, and going out of sight after the sixty-fifth. A smaller bee visited fifty-three white clovers, which were close together, to be sure, but yet, by flying a very few feet, he might have reached other flowers. I send with the others a slide of the pollen of the milkweed. Perhaps what follows is well known to all the members, but it was new to me, and I found it so interesting that I must repeat it: Knowing that all the Asclepiadaceæ had their pollen in masses, I wanted very much to see it, but could not find it till the flower was explained to me. Clinging to the pistil are the anthers, each containing two pollen-masses, and on the stigma, alternate with the anthers, are five little black glands, and from every one spring two stalks, each attached to the nearest pollen mass of an adjacent anther; so that if one of the black specks be lifted on the point of a pin, the two clubs of pollen follow, astride on it.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

The Secretary of Ottumwa, Iowa, writes: "During the time since my report we have rented a large hall for our meetings, and have bought a six-by-ten-foot cabinet. We are all happy and much interested in work."—Fairfield, Iowa, has had a lecture from the "finest entomologist" in the State [who, be it noticed, is a woman—Miss Alice Walton]. "She gave us much encouragement, and kindly promised further assistance."—"I have a very beautiful emperor moth. It measures five inches across the wings from tip to tip. I have a piece of crystallized quartz in which is a green stone clearly defined." Bessie

Young. [The emperor moth is quite rare in many parts of the country, and would prove a valuable exchange.]—"We have had a debate on the question, 'Resolved, That plants have their color, scent, and nectar to attract insects.' It was decided in the negative by a tie vote. We have a debate now pending on the question, 'Resolved, That animals have, beside instinct, the power to reason from cause to effect.'" Rob't P. Bigelow, Sec. 109. [On account of the little "hit" at the girls contained in the following extract, we omit the address, that, if just, the hint may be acted on by the girls of all Chapters, and if unjust may be promptly and generally resented!] "A drawback is that the girls are afraid to say much, if anything, at the meetings, and most of them sit around the room as silent as Egyptian mummies. We boys have to do all the talking, and this comes all the harder when the girls are all so still."—Scituate, Mass., writes: "We have an alphabetical and a classified list of the birds in our neighborhood, and are preparing a list of fishes for our next meeting. We have started a library. The Smithsonian Institute has sent us quite a number of books."—"The Nassau Chapter is making some progress. Our meetings have been interrupted by absences from town of members, which, during vacation months, is expected. Some have taken the spirit with them and returned with fruits. We hope to enrich our collection with specimens from the sea-shore this month. We have had five meetings. We have been most interested in Lepidoptera and have a very pretty collection. One member has two beautiful hawk moths. Some have followed Mrs. Ballard's directions for raising from the larva. We have 'Insect Lives,' Packard's 'Common Insects,' 'Insects,' by Ebell, and 'Parables of Nature.' Interest is not confined to the six members, but perhaps to six times the number—so many of our friends are interested in getting specimens for us, and looking at them through the small microscope. The egg of the polypheumus moth is beautiful under the microscope. One member has discovered that the wasp that builds its nest out of sand feeds its young with small spiders; another has observed the ant tapping the plant-lice for its sirup. It has been a grand thing for us all, and has greatly enriched our lives already." Emily P. Sherman, Nassau, N. Y.

June 17th.

MR. HARLAN BALLARD.—Dear Sir: Our Chapter, 480, Baltimore (C), is quite enthusiastic. Quite a number of moths and butterflies have been obtained. As the mothers have objected to the use of chloroform, coal oil has been resorted to, and found most effectual. Some are keeping caterpillars. Several of them (Vanessa, we think) were seen wriggling themselves into the chrysalis state. Quite a number of chrysalids have brought forth only ichneumon flies. Our chief difficulty is want of cheap books, as the little girls wish to know the name of every insect. Respectfully,

R. JONES, Sec.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF CHAPTER 388, OF A. A., }
GALESBURG, ILL. }

You have perhaps begun to question as to what has become of Chapter 388, because I have not written in so long. But we have an existence yet. A few weeks ago, the whole Chapter adjourned in a body to the timber, some three miles east of here. We had a splendid time, and some caught a good many beetles. I got thirty, two of which were green-spotted tiger beetles (*Cincindela gutata*). They are quite common about here, but are so difficult to capture, and are so exquisitely colored, that when one has been caught the collector may well consider it a prize. One day, while out collecting, I got eight large beetles just alike. As I do not know their names, I will describe them, and perhaps you can answer through ST. NICHOLAS. Length, from tip of mandibles to extremity of abdomen, one and one-quarter inches; width, seven-sixteenths of an inch; upper surface of back, deep glossy black, very shiny. Thorax smooth and jet glossy black. Elytra (wing covers) indented by deeply cut lines, running lengthwise. Mandibles prominent and having four hooks; antennæ long and dentated. Legs strong and powerful; first pair, hooked; third and fourth, smooth; legs also covered with hair of a brownish color. In the middle of the head is a horn pointing forward. As these beetles seem plenty about here, I am very desirous of finding their name. I have several, now, which were invariably captured in pairs, probably male and female, though I can not distinguish them. Sometimes one is found which is of a brown color instead of a black, but they are always glossy. (I will exchange these specimens for other beetles.) We meet weekly, on Thursday evenings. To-night will be held the twenty-third meeting. Subject, Insects: beneficial vs. injurious. Four boys will debate on this question.

With best wishes for the prosperity of the A. A.,

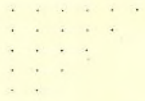
CHAS. F. GETTEMY.

With next month, we commence our third year, and shall give a brief account of our progress during the past two years. Address all communications to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

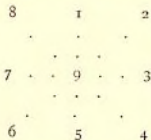
HALF-SQUARE.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A river of the United States. 2. Alliance. 3. Part of a clock. 4. A tone in music. 5. A preposition. 6. In dine.

IDA A. W.

RIMLESS WHEEL.

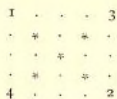


FROM 1 to 9, the shape of a sugar-loaf; from 2 to 9, a haut-boy; from 3 to 9, a narrow road; from 4 to 9, to importune; from 5 to 9, a companion; from 6 to 9, a color; from 7 to 9, to incite; from 8 to 9, a wise man.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8 spell the name of a very famous man.

EMMA C. WIRTH.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.



ACROSS: 1. An exclamation of contempt. 2. A wanderer. 3. Morose. 4. To wager. 5. A quadruped of Southern Africa. Diagonals, from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4, each name a well-known dance.

DYCIE.

RIDDLE.

You 'll find me in the harbor,
You'll find me at an inn;
I'm made of such materials
As iron, brass, or tin.
You'll find me in a prison,
And in a court-room, too,
Where prisoners are catechised
To find out what is true.

Now look amongst your music;
You're sure to find me there;
And yet men put me in a cage,
Which I think most unfair.
Though in so many places,
I'm quite a little word,
Which all of you, I am full sure,
Have very often heard.

F. J. M.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a time-piece, and leave a fastening. 2. Behead a sign, and leave mankind. 3. Behead solitary, and leave a unit. 4. Behead to cultivate, and leave sick. The beheaded letters will spell the name of a small horse.

I. A. W.

ILLUSTRATED GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

IN this puzzle are shown five horizontal lines, each line containing five monograms. In each monogram will be found one or more white letters. First row: the white letters will spell the name of one of the United States. All the letters in the first monogram will form a city; second, a river; third, a city; fourth, a bay; fifth, a town; all in the State spelled by the white letters. Second row: white letters, a country in Europe. Letters of first monogram, a river; second, a city; third, a river; fourth, a city; fifth, a coast town; all in the country spelled by the white letters. Third row: white letters, a division of the Eastern continent. Letters of first monogram, an island; second, a country; third, a city in the country named by the fourth; fifth, a city; all in the division named by the white letters. Fourth row: white letters, one of the United States. Letters of first monogram, an island; second, a series of lakes; third, a bay; fourth, a river; fifth, a city; all in the State named by the white letters. Fifth row: white letters, a country of Europe. Letters of first monogram, a river; second, a city; third, a city; fourth, a river; fifth, a coast town; all in the country named by the white letters. G. F.

CHARADE.

My first it is when the sun is bright,
My second 's a digit,
My third is a midget;
My whole is a blackamoor wight.

C. S.

SUBSTITUTIONS.

EACH of the words described contains four letters. Change the last two letters in the word first defined so that it shall form the word described by the second definition. Thus: A mineral; to imitate. Answer, coal, copy. When these changes have been rightly made, and the words placed one below another, the third row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a place at which were fought two memorable battles; the fourth row will spell the place where a battle was fought between Generals Sherman and Hood.

1. To help: a word meaning father.
2. A flower; to put to flight.
3. A large cord; to revolve.
4. Otherwise; a girl's name.
5. Repose; to gain by labor.
6. To perforate; a contest.
7. Soon; a girl's name.

FRANK B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a German composer, who was born about the middle of the eighteenth century; and my finals a German author and one of the greatest poets of any age or country.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Officious. 2. A city which was the capital of Portugal till 1174 when the seat of government was transferred to Lisbon. 3. A girdle or belt. 4. A mountain of Western Asia in Armenia. 5. A native prince of India. 6. The muse who presides over the dance.



ILLUSTRATED HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

THIS differs from the ordinary hour-glass puzzle in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The words are to be placed in the order in which the pictures are numbered, and the object named by the central letter is represented in the illustration.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

REPLACE the first dash by a word of four or more letters, which may be successively beheaded to fill each dash following:

EXAMPLE:

To tuneful warbler's merry —
And cheery sound of meadow —
His heavy heart accordeth —
ANSWER, trill, rill, ill.

- I. The rain drips ceaseless from the —,
Nell's face is darkened by a —
Through the wet panes she gazes —
From lashes wet as they.

- II. In fitful gusts the wind blows —
The clouds hang low on yonder —
Ah! little Nell, it augurs —
For archery to-day.

A. B. C.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A MUSICAL composition. 2. A player on a wind instrument. 3. The last part of an ode. 4. A kind of rampart. 5. A place of public contest.

MAMIE R.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

THE central words of the two diamonds, read in connection, will spell the name of an illustrious English writer who was born in the early part of the nineteenth century.

1. Not in "Vanity Fair." 2. An exclamation. 3. Precious stones. 4. The Christian name of the author of "Elia." 5. A girl's nick-name. 5. The jurisdiction of a bishop. 7. Not in "The Marble Faun."
- II. 1. Not in "The Last of the Mohicans." 2. A cover. 3. Wealth. 4. The surname of an illustrious English writer. 5. To fear. 6. Termination 7. Not in "The Alhambra."

A. L. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAMS. 1. Tiles, stile. 2. Notes, stone. 3. Arts, tars, star. 4. Sabre, bears.

PI. It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests
And their aerial neighborhoods of nests
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes
And harvest fields, its mystic splendor rests!

The Harvest Moon, by H. W. Longfellow.

ZIGZAG. James Fenimore Cooper.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Jog. 2. Pan. 3. Gem. 4. Fed. 5. Sip. 6. Of. 7. Rye. 8. One. 9. Inn. 10. Emu. 11. Ado. 12. Arm. 13. Eke. 14. Ice. 15. Ago. 16. Cod. 17. Pat. 18. Beg. 19. Car.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Answer, cross-word enigma.

CURIOUS HALF-SQUARE. 1. Carouse. 2. Arouse. 3. Rouse. 4. Ouse. 5. Use. 6. Se. 7. E. — CHARADE. Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I heard, as still the seed he cast,
How, crooning to himself, he sung,
"I sow again the Holy Past,
The happy days when I was young."

NOVEL WORD-SQUARE. 1. Noon, Otto, Otto, noon.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, evince; from 2 to 6, empire; from 5 to 6, effuse; from 1 to 5, edible; from 3 to 4, enable; from 4 to 8, efface; from 7 to 8, entire; from 3 to 7, engine; from 1 to 3, Elbe; from 2 to 4, Eric; from 6 to 8, ease; from 5 to 7, edge.

DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Pit. 3. Resin. 4. Pebbles. 5. Misbelief. 6. Tillage. 7. Neigh. 8. See. 9. F.

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 JULY NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the September number, from Bell MacDonald, Lyttleton, New Zealand, 12—Francis W. Islip, Leicester, England, 10—C. S. C., England, 10—Hugh and Cis, Leicester, England, 10—T. S. Palmer, 3.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from S. R. T.—Madeleine Vultee.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Eliza Westervelt, 2—Paul Reese, 12—A. J. Morganstern, 1—Margaret McGuffey, 1—Emily P. Cutler, 1—Grace E. Keech, 3—R. M. B., 1—E. Blanche Johns, 1—"Hermes," 3—A. E., 2—M. Cissy Thompson, 5—"Star, Beth, and Auntie," 8—Harry Donahue, 1—F. L. F., 1—L. Florence Savoye, 10—Mary E. Ashbrook, 1—F. R. Temple, 1—Arthur B. Phelan, 3—Arthur Peter, 1—Bucknor Van Amringe, 1—Edward J. Shipsey, 2—"Raltek," 1—Philip Embury, Jr., 9—Little Gracie, 2—Sam Holzman, 1—A. A. A., 2—Camille B. G., 1—Emma and Ida, 6—Charlotte Holloway, 4—Arthur Hixon, 5—Freddy and Alex. Laidlaw, 11—Alice Wann, 1—J. Frederic Millar, 10—"Third Base"—"Cooney," 12—"Bijou," 5—Katie W. Green, 3—Emmet and Frankie Nicoli, 1—Carroll S. Shepard, 1—Birdie N. S., 1—Maggie and T. Turill, 10—W. Prentiss and Rob't O. Ray, 1—"San Anselmo Valley," 12—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Lizzie Thurber, 8—Walter S. Garfield, 10—Frank Brittingham, 1—"Mamma, Madge, and I," 9—Hal Prentiss and his cousin, 1—W. T. Hopkins, 2—"Hen and Chickens," 12—"We, Us, and Co.," 8—Amy K. Pickett, 3—Fannie S., 2—Minnie M. Carson, 1—"Kansas Boy," 2—Ignoramus and Nonentity," 5—Bantie, 4—"Rough and Ready," 4—Walter B. Angell, 10—Eisab Gregor, 7—The Stewart Browns, 7—Clara J. Child, 10—G. G., 2—"Two Blackberries," 5—"Alcibiades," 5—"Pinnie and Jack," 12—Jennie and Birdie, 5—Charles H. Wright, 3—Louisa H., 6—Charles H. Kyte, 9—Estelle Riley, 10—"Rita and Bessie," 3—Maude Osgood, 2—"Professor and Co.," 8—Helen W. Merriam, 8—Mattie Fitzgerald, 3—Adeline Hendee, 1—R. Coates and Co., 8—F. and H. Davis, 11—Lester W. Walker, 6—George L. Waterhouse, 11—Vessie Westover, 1—Francis W. Islip, 11—"The Gray Wolf," 4—John Hobbie and S. L. P., 9—"Sydney Carton," 2—Florence E. Provost, 5—Hugh and Cis, 11—"The McK's at Edgemere," 12—"Edabagha," 6—Katie, Polly, and Eva, 6—G. Lansing and J. Wallace, 5—Algernon Tassin, 9—Willie L. Brower, 3—Beatrice and Annette, 8.