

ST. NICHOLAS:



AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XI.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1883, TO APRIL, 1884.

THE CENTURY CO. NEW-YORK.

F. WARNE & CO., LONDON.



ST. NICHOLAS
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Copyright, 1884, by THE CENTURY CO.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XI.
NEW YORK: THE CENTURY CO., 1884.

THE CENTURY CO. NEW-YORK.
F. WARNE & CO. LONDON.

PRESS OF THEO. L. DE VINNE & CO.
NEW-YORK.



ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XI.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1883, TO APRIL, 1884.



ST. NICHOLAS

VOLUME XI

PART I

ST. NICHOLAS—NOVEMBER 1881 TO APRIL 1882



CONTENTS OF PART I., VOLUME XI.

	PAGE.
AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION	77
ALMION, AURIA, AND MONA. (Illustrated by G. F. Barnes and R. B. Birch).....	260, 341, 421, 502
ALPHABET MENAGERIE..... Jingles. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	83, 232
"A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE." Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	Isabel Frances Bellows 382
AMONG THE MUSTANGS. (Illustrated by E. Sanguinetti).....	M. M. D. 113
AMONG THE PINES. A Play	Noah Brooks 347
ART AND ARTISTS. Stories of (Illustrated).....	Ruth Ogden 58
BALLAD OF GOOD SIR URGAN. The Poem. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes).....	Clara Erskine Clement 277
BEE-MAN AND HIS ORIGINAL FORM. The (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	E. Vinton Blake 224
BENEVOLENT BIRDS. (Illustrated by J. M. Nugent).....	Frank R. Stockton 46
BIRDS AT MONKSTOWN CASTLE. The Poem. (Illustrated).....	Will Woodman 9
BIRD-TALK. Poem. (Illustrated).....	Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt 105
BLOWN OUT TO SEA. (Illustrated by James C. Beard).....	Celia Thaxter 452
BROWNIES' BALLOON. The Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	C. F. Holder 360
BROWNIES ON SKATES. The Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	Palmer Cox 396
CAPTAIN MAYNE REID. (Illustrated).....	Palmer Cox 306
CAT'S CRADLE. Verses. (Illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote).....	J. T. Trowbridge 33
CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS CLUB. The (Illustrated by W. Taber).....	M. M. D. 96
CHRISTINA CHURNING. Poem	Ella S. Sargent 174
CHRISTMAS. Verses. (Illustrated).....	Dora Read Goodale 183
CHRISTMAS IN THE PINK BOARDING-HOUSE. (Illustrated by T. Moran and } H. Sandham).....	Bessie Hill 112 H. H. 187
CIRCUS EXTRAORDINARY. Picture.....	24
COAST-GUARD. The Poem. (Illustrated by M. J. Burns).....	Emily Huntington Miller 370
COASTING BRIGADE. Our Picture, drawn by Rose Mueller.....	276
CRICKET'S VIOLIN. The Poem.....	Laura F. Hinsdale 324
DICK'S STRAW-RIDE. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	Caroline Hansell 246
DOCTOR SOPHIA EDITH'S OFFICE GIRL. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis Shepherd).....	Henry Lewis 365
DRIFTING. Poem. (Illustrated by Will H. Low).....	E. Vinton Blake 274
DUEL IN A DESERT. A (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	Tudor Jenks 106
DÜRER. Albert (Illustrated).....	Clara Erskine Clement 277
ÉDOUARD FRÈRE AND HIS CHILD PICTURES. (Illustrated).....	Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney 125
ELI'S EDUCATION. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake).....	Louisa M. Alcott 352
ENGRAVER ON WHEELS. An (Illustrated by W. H. Drake).....	W. Lewis Fraser 320
FAIRY LODGE. (Illustrated by the Author).....	Mary A. Lathbury 428
FAIRY'S ORDER. A Poem.....	M. F. Butts 183
FARE IN A STREET CAR. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	Charles Dudley Warner 152

	PAGE.
FIRST STEPS. Poem. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott).....	Elizabeth C. Kinney..... 478
FLOWER-ANGEL. The Poem. (Illustrated by Laura E. Hills). Translated from the German by	} Miss Strettell 158
FLOWERS OF WINTER. Poem.....	Emilie Poulsson 287
FRÈRE. Édouard His Child Pictures. (Illustrated).....	Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney 125
FUN-BEAMS. (Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill).....	Rose Hawthorne Lathrop 226
GENTLEMAN FROM CHINA. The (Illustrated by W. T. Smedley).....	Sophie Swett 38
GETTING ACQUAINTED. Picture, drawn by H. P. Share.....	53
GIOVANNI OF FLORENCE. The Boy Cardinal. (Illustrated by J. Steeple Davis)	} E. S. Brooks 406
GIRL-NOBLESSE. A REPEAT OF HISTORY. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake and Mrs. C. F. Siedle)	} Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney... 388, 453
GNU BABY. The Picture, drawn by "Chip"	468
GRANDMA'S ANGEL. Poem. (Illustrated by Rose Mueller).....	Sydney Dayre 460
GRANDMA'S STORY. (Illustrated by Ellen Oakford)	Louisa M. Alcott 209
GRISELDA'S NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott).....	Margaret Sidney 291
HARRY OF MONMOUTH. The Boy General. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	E. S. Brooks 469
HER NAME. Verse.....	Mrs. L. P. Wheeler 395
HERO OF LEXINGTON. A Poem.....	W. W. Fink 427
HISTORIC BOYS. (Illustrated).....	E. S. Brooks 325, 406, 469
Marcus of Rome: the Boy Magistrate.....	325
Giovanni of Florence: the Boy Cardinal.....	406
Harry of Monmouth: the Boy General.....	469
HOOP SONG. Verses. (Illustrated by Rose Mueller).....	Barr Hill 489
HOW BRIGHT BENSON GOT HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE NAVAL ACADEMY. (Illustrated by M. J. Burns)	} Rev. C. R. Talbot 432
HOW SIR ATHOL CAME TO HIS KINGDOM. Poem. (Illustrated by George F. Barnes).....	} E. Vinton Blake 120
HOW THE ROBIN CAME. Poem	John G. Whittier 81
IN THE PARK. Verses	Bessie Chandler 222
JAKE'S MISTAKE. Jingle. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	John S. Adams 12
JERICHO ROSES. (Illustrated by the Author)	John R. Tail 222
JINGLES.....	12, 119, 240, 246, 319, 359, 382
LAMP-LIGHTER. The Poem. (Illustrated by the Author).....	Mary A. Lathbury 45
LAND OF FIRE. The (Illustrated by Henry Sandham).....	Mayne Reid 160
	246, 309, 371, 461
LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T SAY "O." The Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	} Mary A. Lathbury 359
LITTLE LORD OF THE MANOR. The.....	E. S. Brooks 3
LITTLE MAUD'S STORY. Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	M. M. Gow 32
LITTLE STONE BOY. The Poem. (Illustrated by W. L. Taylor)	Sydney Dayre 134
LUCY LEE FROM HIGH DUNDEE. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author).....	A. Brennan 208
LULLABY. A Verse. (Illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury).....	95
MAGIC BUTTONS. Poem.....	Emma C. Dowd 488
MAGNIE'S DANGEROUS RIDE. (Illustrated by H. Sandham)	Hjalmar H. Boyesen 97, 204
MARCUS OF ROME. The Boy Magistrate. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch and G. F. Barnes).....	} E. S. Brooks 325
MEDITATION. Picture, drawn by "Chip"	451
MINIATURE LANDSCAPES. Pigmy Trees and (Illustrated by J. C. Beard and J. M. Nugent).....	} John R. Coryell 304
MODERN ARTIST. A Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott).....	Margaret Johnson 441
NEW JACK AND JILL. A Verses. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott).....	Margaret Johnson 238
NINE YEARS OLD. Poem. (Illustrated by George F. Barnes)	Oliver Johnson 333
"NOON, NOON!" Jingle. (Illustrated by G. F. Barnes).....	Frederic Palmer 493
NOT FEAR. Jingle. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	John S. Adams 319
NUTTING-TIME. Poem.....	H. I. 38
OAK AND THE MUSHROOM. The A Fable.....	Joel Benton 200

	PAGE.
ONAWANDAH. (Illustrated by G. R. Halm and H. F. Farny)	<i>Louisa M. Alcott</i> 442
ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND STRIPES. The (Illustrated)	<i>Edward W. Tuffley</i> 66
OUR COASTING BRIGADE. Picture, drawn by Rose Mueller	276
OUR SKATING BRIGADE. Verse. (Illustrated by Rose Mueller)	<i>Mary La Salle Wing</i> 119
OUR SNOW-BALLING BRIGADE. Picture, drawn by Rose Mueller	201
OUR SOAP-BUBBLE PARTY. (Illustrated by George F. Barnes)	<i>George B. Bartlett</i> 216
PAPA'S LITTLE MAN. Picture, drawn by D. C. Peters	65
PHAETON. Poem. (Illustrated by George F. Barnes)	<i>C. P. Cranch</i> 288
PICTURES	24, 37, 53, 65, 201, 204, 245, 276, 369, 451, 468
PIGMY TREES AND MINIATURE LANDSCAPES. (Illustrated by J. C. Beard and J. M. Nugent)	<i>John R. Coryell</i> 304
PLAYTHING OF AN EMPRESS. The (Illustrated by R. Blum)	<i>H. Maria George</i> 448
PRINCE HASSAK'S MARCH. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 141
PRINCE OF NAPLES AND HIS PALACE. The (Illustrated)	<i>Olive May Eager</i> 103
PRIZE DRAWINGS	497
REID. Captain Mayne (Illustrated)	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> 33
RHYME FOR TWELFTH. The (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Frank M. Bicknell</i> 88
ROLLY'S RAGAMUFFIN. (Illustrated by Rose Mueller)	<i>Lucy G. Morse</i> 54
ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch and Jessie McDermott)	<i>Royal and Barr Hill</i> 255, 334 416, 494
SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE. Verses. (Illustrated by Mrs. C. Siedle)	<i>Emilie Poulsson</i> 236
SKATING BRIGADE. Our Verse. (Illustrated by Rose Mueller)	<i>Mary La Salle Wing</i> 119
SMALL PERSON OF PAH. A Jingle. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>F. E. Hamilton</i> 240
SNOW-BALLING BRIGADE. Our Picture, drawn by Rose Mueller	201
SNOW SHOES AND NO SHOES. (Illustrated by Daniel C. Beard)	<i>John R. Coryell</i> 29
SOAP-BUBBLE PARTY. Our (Illustrated by George F. Barnes)	<i>George B. Bartlett</i> 216
SOPHIE'S SECRET. (Illustrated by Mrs. C. Siedle)	<i>Louisa M. Alcott</i> 25, 114
SPINNING-WHEEL STORIES. (Illustrated)	<i>Louisa M. Alcott</i> 209 267, 352, 442
Grandma's Story	209
Tabby's Table-cloth	267
Eli's Education	352
Onawandah	442
SQUIRREL, A BIRD, AND A BOY. A Verses	<i>John Vance Cheney</i> 183
STAR IN THE EAST. The Picture, drawn by John La Farge	245
STARS AND STRIPES. The Origin of the (Illustrated)	<i>Edward W. Tuffley</i> 66
STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS. (Illustrated)	<i>Clara Erskine Clement</i> 277
SUBMARINE FIRE-EATER. A (Illustrated by J. M. Nugent)	<i>John R. Coryell</i> 138
TABBY'S TABLE-CLOTH. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	<i>Louisa M. Alcott</i> 267
"TAKING TURNS." Picture, drawn by Caroline Hansell	204
TALES OF TWO CONTINENTS. (Illustrated)	<i>Hjalmar H. Boyesen</i> 97, 204
Magnie's Dangerous Ride. (Illustrated)	97, 204
THANKSGIVING DINNER THAT FLEW AWAY. A	<i>H. Butterworth</i> 13
THANKSGIVING MORNING AT GRANDPAPA'S. Picture, drawn by G. W. Edwards	37
THREE SOMBER YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND THE THREE PRETTY GIRLS. The	<i>E. S. Brooks</i> 168
A Play. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	
TO MY VALENTINE, AGED ONE. Verses	<i>R. T.</i> 275
TO OUR READERS	184
TSANG TSAN AND THE MAN-EATER. (Illustrated by J. C. Beard)	<i>John R. Coryell</i> 490
TWELVE LITTLE BROTHERS. The Verses. (Illustrated by A. Brennan)	<i>Nellie G. Cone</i> 202
TWO MEN OF COLOGNE. The Verses. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Emma C. Dowd</i> 16
TWO PUSSIES. The Verses. (Illustrated by H. P. Share)	<i>Phil. Robinson</i> 151
WEARY PAGE. The Picture	369
WEE MOTHER HUBBARD. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>A. Brennan</i> 179
WELL-READ HUNTER. The Verses. (Illustrated by "Boz")	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 136
WHEN SPRING BEGAN. Poem	<i>E. J. Wheeler</i> 495
WHOSE SCISSORS DID IT? Verses	<i>Bessie Chandler</i> 369

	PAGE.
WIND-FLOWER. The Poem	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 412
WINTER FUN. (Illustrated by J. W. Bolles and T. Thulstrup)	<i>William O. Stoddard</i> 19
	241, 298, 399, 479
WISDOM IN THE WELL. Verses	<i>Phil o' Gelos</i> 29
WONG NING'S IDEAS. (Illustrated)	412
WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. (Illustrated)	182, 487
Deacon Green's Offer	182
YOUNG SEAMSTRESS. A - Verses. (Illustrated by P. Caminoni)	<i>Mary L. B. Branch</i> 23

DEPARTMENTS.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT (Illustrated).

Introduction—Falling Stars—A Beautiful Flower—Good Mother Woodcock (illustrated)—A Dog who Tried the Telephone—Postponed, 74; Introduction—Coasting on Bare Ground—A Shell for Young Conchologists to Open—A Very Wordy Poem—Three Black Crows—Three Cents for a Life (illustrated)—A Sad Pair of Stockings—A Royal Detective—The Children's Christmas Club, 258; Introduction—"Silver Bells and Cockle Shells"—A Car with a Sail—A Deep Conundrum—Not So Bad, After All—Swimming Home—More About the Ermine—A Beautiful Window Decoration (illustrated)—A Church Built of Paper—The Compass Plant, 338; Introduction—Wet Meteors—How Do *You* Spell It?—Heavy Bankers—A Sound Sleeper (illustrated)—Florida Boys, Please Answer—A Big Piece of Work for Bees—Announcement, 418; An April Story—The Ages of Animals—More About Jericho Roses—A Lucky April Fool—A Clergyman's Opinion of Horses—The Prize Drawings—A Letter From Deacon Green (illustrated), 496.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK (Illustrated).

Willie and Rosa, 72—Going to Sleep, 254—Two Pussies; My Dolls, 336—Peanuts, 414.

PLAYS (Illustrated).

Among the Pines *Ruth Ogden* 58
 The Three Somber Young Gentlemen and the Three Pretty Girls *E. S. Brooks* 168

OUR MUSIC PAGE (Illustrated).

Christmas Carol *William E. Ashmall* 140
 There's a Song in the Air. (Dr. J. G. Holland) *Hubert P. Main* 253

THE LETTER-BOX (Illustrated) 76, 260, 340, 420, 501

THE RIDDLE-BOX (Illustrated) 79, 263, 343, 423, 503

FRONTISPIECES.

"The First Snow of the Season," facing Title-page of Volume—"Bringing Home the Christmas Tree," 81—
 "Away from Home on Christmas Day," 187—"A Midwinter Night," 267—"A Stampede," 347—"Spring," 427.





THE FIRST SNOW OF THE SEASON.



ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XI.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

NO. 1.

[Copyright, 1883, by THE CENTURY CO.]

THE LITTLE LORD OF THE MANOR.

A Story of Evacuation-Day.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

IT was the 25th of November, 1783—a brilliant day, clear, crisp, and invigorating, with just enough of frosty air to flush the eager cheeks and nip the inquisitive noses of every boy and girl in the excited crowd that filled the Bowery lane from Harlem to the barriers, and pressed fast upon the heels of General Knox's advance detachment of Continental troops marching to the position assigned them, near the "tea-water pump." At some points the crowd was especially pushing and persistent, and Mistress Dolly Duane was decidedly uncomfortable. For little Dolly detested crowds, as, in fact, she detested everything that interfered with the comfort of a certain dainty little maiden of thirteen. And she was just on the point of expressing to her cousin, young Edward Livingstone, her regret that they had not staid to witness the procession from the tumble-down gate-way of the Duane country-house, near the King's Bridge road, when, out from the crowd, came the sound of a child's voice, shrill and complaining.

"Keep off, you big, bad man," it said; "keep off and let me pass. How dare you crowd me so, you wicked rebels?"

"Rebels, hey?" a harsh and mocking voice exclaimed. "Rebels! Heard ye that, mates? Well crowded, my little cockerel. Let's have a look at you," and a burly arm rudely parted the pushing crowd and dragged out of the press a slight, dark-haired little fellow of seven or eight, clad in velvet and ruffles.

"Put me down! Put me down, I say!" screamed the boy, his small face flushed with passion. "Put me down, I tell you, or I'll bid Angevine horse-whip you!"

"Hark to the little Tory," growled his captor. "A rare young bird now, is n't he? Horsewhip us, d'ye say—us, free American citizens? And who may you be, my little beggar?"

"I am no beggar, you bad man," cried the child, angrily. "I am the little lord of the manor."

"Lord of the manor! Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the big fellow. "Give us grace, your worship," he said, with mock humility. "Lord of the manor! Look at him, mates," and he held the struggling little lad toward the laughing crowd. "Why, there are no lords nor manors now in free America, my bantam."

"But I am, I tell you!" protested the boy. "That's what my grandfather calls me—oh, where is he? Take me to him, please: he calls me the little lord of the manor."

"Who's your grandfather?" demanded the man.

"Who? Why, don't you know?" the "little lord" asked, incredulously. "Everybody knows my grandfather, I thought. He is Colonel Phillipse, baron of Phillipsbourg, and lord of the manor. And he'll kill you if you hurt me," he added, defiantly.

"Phillipse, the king of Yonckers! Phillipse,

the fat old Tory of West Chester! A prize, a prize, mates!" shouted the bully. "What say you? Shall we hold this young bantling hostage for the tainted Tory, his grandfather, and when once we get the old fellow serve him as we did the refugee at Wall-kill t'other day?"

"What did you do?" the crowd asked.

"Faith, we tarred and feathered him well, put a hog-yoke on his neck and a cow-bell, too, and then rode him on a rail till he cheered for the Congress."

"Treat my grandfather like that—my good grandfather? You shall not! you dare not!" cried the small Phillipse, with a flood of angry tears, as he struggled and fought in his captor's arms.

Dolly Duane's kindly heart was filled with pity at the rough usage of the "little lord."

"Oh, sir," she said, as she pushed through the crowd and laid her hand on the big bully's arm, "let the child go. 'T is unmannerly to treat him as you do, and you're very, very cruel."

The fellow turned roughly around and looked down into Dolly's disturbed and protesting face.

"What, another of 'em?" he said, surlily. "Why, the place is full of little Tories."

"No, no; no Tory I!" said indignant Dolly. "My father is Mr. Duane, and he is no Tory."

"Mr. Duane, of the Congress?" "Give up the lad to the maid." "Why harm the child?" came mingled voices from the crowd.

"What care I for Duane!" said the bully, contemptuously. "One man's as good as another now in free America,—is n't he? Bah! you're all cowards; but I know when I've got a good thing. You don't bag a Phillipse every day, I'll warrant you."

"No; but we bag other game once in a while," said Dolly's cousin, young Edward Livingstone, pushing his way to her side. "We bag turncoats and thieves, and murdering runagates sometimes, even in 'free America'; and we know what to do with them when we do bag them. Friends," he cried, turning to the crowd, "do you know this fellow? He's a greater prize than the little Phillipse. 'T is Big Jake of the Saw-mill—a 'skinner' one day and a 'cow-boy' next, as it suits his fancy and as brings him booty. I know him, and so does the water-guard. I am Livingstone, of Clermont Manor. Let down the lad, man, or we'll turn you over to the town-major. He'd like to have a chance at you rarely."

The crowd uttered a cry of rage as it closed excitedly around the burly member of the lawless gang that had preyed upon the defenseless people of the lower Hudson during the years of war and raid. The bully paled at the sound and dropped the little Phillipse from his arms. Without wait-

ing to see the issue, young Livingstone dragged the "little lord" from the throng, while his companion, Master Clinton, hurried Dolly along, and they were soon free of the crowd that was dealing roughly enough with Big Jake of the Saw-mill.

"Now, Dolly, let us go back to the farm before we get into further trouble," said Cousin Ned, a pleasant young fellow of eighteen, who looked upon himself as the lawful protector of "the children."

"But what shall we do with our little lord of the manor, Cousin Ned?" asked Dolly.

"The safest plan is to take him with us," he replied.

"Oh, no, sir; no," pleaded the little boy. "We sail to-day with Sir Guy Carleton, and what will grandfather do without me?" And then he told them how, early that morning, he had slipped away from Angevine, Colonel Phillipse's body-servant, passed through the barriers and strolled up the Bowery lane to see the "rebel soldiers"; how he had lost his way in the crowd, and was in sore distress and danger until Dolly interfered; and how he thanked them "over and over again" for protecting him. But "Oh, please, I must go back to my grandfather," he added.

Little Mistress Dolly had a mind of her own, and she warmly championed the cause of the "lost little lord," as she called him.

"Cousin Ned," she said, "of course, he must go to his grandfather, and of course, we must take him. Think how I should feel if they tried to keep me from my father!" and Dolly's sympathetic eyes filled at the dreadful thought.

"But how can we take him?" asked Cousin Ned. "How can we get past the barriers?"

A hundred years ago, New York City proper extended northward only as far as the present Post-office, and during the Revolution a line of earth-works was thrown across the island at that point to defend it against assault from the north. The British sentinels at these barriers were not to give up their posts to the Americans until one o'clock on this eventful evacuation-day, and Cousin Ned, therefore, could not well see how they could pass the sentries.

But young Master Clinton, a bright, curly-haired boy of thirteen, said confidently: "Oh, that's easily done." And then, with a knowledge of the highways and by-ways which many rambles through the dear old town had given him, he unfolded his plan. "See here," he said, "we'll turn down the Monument lane, just below us, cut across through General Mortier's woods to Mr. Nicholas Bayard's, and so on to the Ranelagh Gardens. From there we can easily get over to the Broad Way and the Murray-street barrier before General Knox gets to the Fresh Water, where he has been ordered to halt until one o'clock. When

the guard at the barrier knows that we have the little baron of Phillipsbourg with us, and has handled the two York sixpences you will give him, of course he'll let us pass. So, don't you see, we can fix this little boy all right, and, better yet, can see King George's men go out and our troops come in, and make just a splendid day of it."

Dolly, fully alive to these glorious possibilities, clapped her hands delightedly.

"What a brain the boy has!" said young Livingstone. "Keep on, my son," he said, patronizingly, "and you'll make a great man yet."

"So I mean to be," said De Witt Clinton, cheerily, and then, heading the little group, he followed out the route he had proposed. Ere long the barriers were safely passed, Cousin Ned was two York sixpences out of pocket, and the young people stood within the British lines.

"And now, where may we find your grandfather, little one?" Cousin Ned inquired, as they halted on the Broad Way beneath one of the tall poplars that lined the old-time street.

The little Phillipse could not well reply. The noise and confusion that filled the city had turned his head. For what with the departing English troops, the disconsolate loyalist refugees hurrying for transportation to distant English ports, and the zealous citizens who were making great preparations to welcome the incoming soldiers of the Congress, the streets of the little city were full of bustle and excitement. The boy said his grandfather might be at the fort; he might be at the King's Arms Tavern, near Stone street; he might be—he *would* be—hunting for him.

So Master Clinton suggested, "Let's go down to Mr. Day's tavern here in Murray street. He knows me, and, if he can, will find Colonel Phillipse for us." Down into Murray street therefore they turned, and, near the road to Greenwich, saw the tavern,—a long, low-roofed house, gable end to the street,—around which an excited crowd surged and shouted.

"Why, look there," Master Clinton cried, "look there, and the King's men not yet gone!" and, following the direction of his finger, they saw with surprise the stars and stripes, the flag of the new republic, floating from the pole before the tavern.

"Huzza!" they shouted with the rest, but the "little lord" said, somewhat contemptuously, "Why, 't is the rebel flag—or so my grandfather calls it."

"Rebel no longer, little one," said Cousin Ned, "as even your good grandfather must now admit. But surely," he added, anxiously, "Mr. Day will get himself in trouble by raising his flag before our troops come in."

An angry shout now rose from the throng around the flag-staff, and as the fringe of small boys scattered and ran in haste, young Livingstone caught one of them by the arm. "What's the trouble, lad?" he asked.

"Let go!" said the boy, struggling to free himself. "You'd better scatter, too, or Cunningham will catch you. He's ordered down Day's flag, and says he'll clear the crowd."

They all knew who Cunningham was—the cruel and vindictive British provost-marshal; the starver of American prisoners and the terror of American children. "Come away, quick," said Cousin Ned. But, though they drew off at first, curiosity was too strong, and they were soon in the crowd again.

Cunningham, the marshal, stood at the foot of the flag-pole. "Come, you rebel cur," he said to Mr. Day, "I give you two minutes to haul down that rag—two minutes, d'ye hear, or into the Provost you go. Your beggarly troops are not in possession here yet, and I'll have no such striped rag as that flying in the faces of His Majesty's forces!"

"There it is, and there it shall stay," said Day, quietly but firmly.

Cunningham turned to his guard.

"Arrest that man," he ordered. "And as for this thing here, I'll haul it down myself," and, seizing the halyards, he began to lower the flag. The crowd broke out into fierce murmurs, uncertain what to do. But, in the midst of the tumult, the door of the tavern flew open, and forth sallied Mrs. Day, "fair, fat, and forty," armed with her trusty broom.

"Hands off that flag, you villain, and drop my husband!" she cried, and before the astonished Cunningham could realize the situation, the broom came down thwack! thwack! upon his powdered wig. Old men still lived, not twenty years ago, who were boys in that excited crowd, and remembered how the powder flew from the stiff white wig, and how, amidst jeers and laughter, the defeated provost-marshal withdrew from the unequal contest, and fled before the resistless sweep of Mrs. Day's all-conquering broom. And the flag did *not* come down.

From the vantage-ground of a projecting "stoop" our young friends had indulged in irreverent laughter, and the marshal's quick ears caught the sound.

Fuming with rage and seeking some one to vent his anger on, he rushed up the "stoop" and bade his guard drag down the culprits.

"What pestilent young rebels have we here?" he growled. "Who are you?" He started as they gave their names. "Livingstone? Clinton?"

Duane?" he repeated. "Well, well—a rare lot this of the rebel brood! And who is yon young bantling in velvet and ruffles?"

"You must not stop us, sir," said the boy, facing the angry marshal. "I am the little lord of the manor, and my grandfather is Colonel Phillipse. Sir Guy Carleton is waiting for me."

"Well, well," exclaimed the surprised marshal; "here's a fine to-do! A Phillipse in this rebel lot! What does it mean? Have ye kidnapped the lad? Here may be some treachery. Bring them along!" and with as much importance as if he had captured a whole corps of Washington's dragoons, instead of a few harmless children, the young prisoners were hurried off, followed by an indignant crowd. Dolly was considerably frightened, and dark visions of the stocks, the whipping-post, and the ducking-stool by the Collect pond rose before her eyes. But Cousin Ned whispered: "Don't be afraid, Dolly—'t will be all right"; and Master Clinton even sought to argue with the marshal.

"There are no rebels now, sir," he said, "since your king has given up the fight. You yourselves are rebels, rather, if you restrain us of our freedom. I know your king's proclamation, word for word. It says: 'We do hereby strictly charge and command all our officers, both at sea and land, and all other our subjects whatsoever, to forbear all acts of hostility, either by sea or land, against the United States of America, their vassals or subjects, under the penalty of incurring our highest displeasure.' Wherefore, sir," concluded this wise young pleader, "if you keep us in unlawful custody, you brave your king's displeasure."

"You impudent young rebel——" began Cunningham; but the "little lord" interrupted him with: "You shall not take us to jail, sir. I will tell my grandfather, and he will make Sir Guy punish you." And upon this, the provost-marshal, whose wrath had somewhat cooled, began to fear that he might, perhaps, have exceeded his authority, and ere long, with a sour look and a surly word, he set the young people free.

Sir Guy Carleton, K. C. B., commander-in-chief of all His Majesty's forces in the colonies, stood at the foot of the flag-staff on the northern bastion of Fort George. Before him filed the departing troops of his king, evacuating the pleasant little city they had occupied for over seven years. "There might be seen," says one of the old records, "the Hessian, with his towering, brass-fronted cap, mustache colored with the same blacking which colored his shoes, his hair plastered with tallow and flour, and reaching in whip-form to his waist. His uniform was a blue coat, yellow vest and breeches, and black gaiters. The Highlander, with his low checked bonnet, his tartan or plaid,

short red coat, his kilt above his knees and they exposed, his hose short and party-colored. There were also the grenadiers of Anspach, with towering yellow caps; the gaudy Waldeckers, with their cocked hats edged with yellow scallops; the German jägers, and the various corps of English in glittering and gallant pomp." The white-capped waves of the beautiful bay sparkled in the sunlight, while the whale-boats, barges, gigs, and launches sped over the water, bearing troops and refugees to the transports, or to the temporary camp on Staten Island. The last act of the evacuation was almost completed. But Sir Guy Carleton looked troubled. His eye wandered from the departing troops at Whitehall slip to the gate at Bowling Green, and then across the parade to the Governor's gardens and the town beyond.

"Well, sir, what word from Colonel Phillipse?" he inquired, as an aid hurried to his side.

"He bids you go without him, General," the aid reported. "The boy is not yet found, but the Colonel says he will risk seizure rather than leave the lad behind."

"It can not well be helped," said the British commander. "I will myself dispatch a line to General Washington, requesting due courtesy and safe conduct for Colonel Phillipse and his missing heir. But see—whom have we here?" he asked, as across the parade two children came hurrying hand in hand. Fast behind them a covered cariole came tearing through the gate-way, and ere the bastion on which the General stood was reached, the cariole drew up with a sudden stop, and a very large man, descending hastily, caught up one of the children in his arms.

"Good; the lost is found!" exclaimed Sir Guy, who had been an interested spectator of the pantomime.

"All is well, General," Colonel Phillipse cried, joyfully, as the commander came down from the bastion and welcomed the new-comers. "My little lord of the manor is found; and, faith, his loss troubled me more than all the attainer and forfeiture the rebel Congress can crowd upon me."

"But how got he here?" Sir Guy asked.

"This fair little lady is both his rescuer and protector," replied the grandfather.

"And who may you be, little mistress?" asked the commander-in-chief.

Dolly made a neat little curtsy, for those were the days of good manners, and she was a proper little damsel. "I am Dolly Duane, your Excellency," she said, "daughter of Mr. James Duane, of the Congress."

"Duane!" exclaimed the Colonel; "well, well, little one, I did not think a Phillipse would ever acknowledge himself debtor to a Duane, but now

do I gladly do it. Bear my compliments to your father, sweet Mistress Dolly, and tell him that his old enemy, Phillipse, of Phillipsbourg, will never forget the kindly aid of his gentle little daughter, who has this day restored a lost lad to a sorrowing grandfather. And let me thus show my gratitude for your love and service," and the very large man, stooping in all courtesy before the little girl, laid his hand in blessing on her head, and kissed her fair young face.

"A rare little maiden, truly," said gallant Sir Guy: "and though I have small cause to favor so hot an enemy of the King as is Mr. James Duane, I admire his dutiful little daughter; and thus would I, too, render her love and service," and the gleaming scarlet and gold-laced arms of the courtly old commander encircled fair Mistress Dolly, and a hearty kiss fell upon her blushing cheeks. But she was equal to the occasion. Raising herself on tiptoe, she dropped a dainty kiss upon the General's smiling face, and said, "Let this, sir, be America's good-bye kiss to your Excellency."

"A right royal salute," said Sir Guy. "Mr. De Lancy, bid the band-master give us the farewell march"; and, to the strains of appropriate music, the commander-in-chief and his staff passed down to the boats, and the little lord of Phillipse Manor waved Mistress Dolly a last farewell.

Then the red cross of St. George, England's royal flag, came fluttering down from its high staff on the north bastion, and the last of the rear-guard wheeled toward the slip. But Cunningham, the provost-marshal, still angered by the thought of his discomfiture at Day's tavern, declared roundly that no rebel flag should go up that staff in sight of King George's men. "Come, lively now, you blue jackets," he shouted, turning to some of the sailors from the fleet. "Unreeve the halyards, quick; slush down the pole; knock off the stepping-cleats! Then let them run their rag up if they can." His orders were quickly obeyed. The halyards were speedily cut, the stepping-cleats knocked from the staff, and the tall pole covered with grease, so that none might climb it. And with this final act of unsoldierly discourtesy, the memory of which has lived through a hundred busy years, the provost-marshal left the now liberated city.

Even Sir Guy's gallant kiss could not rid Dolly of her fear of Cunningham's frown; but as she scampered off she heard his final order, and, hot with indignation, told the news to Cousin Ned and Master Clinton, who were in waiting for her on the Bowling Green. The younger lad was for stirring up the people to instant action, but just then they heard the roll of drums, and, standing near the

ruins of King George's statue, watched the advance-guard of the Continental troops as it filed in to take possession of the fort. Beneath the high gate-way and straight toward the north bastion marched the detachment—a troop of horse, a regiment of infantry, and a company of artillery. The batteries, the parapets, and the ramparts were thronged with cheering people, and Colonel Jackson, halting before the flag-staff, ordered up the stars and stripes.

"The halyards are cut, Colonel," reported the color-sergeant; "the cleats are gone, and the pole is slushed."

"A mean trick, indeed," exclaimed the indignant Colonel. "Hallo there, lads, will you be outwitted by such a scurvy trick? Look where they wait in their boats to give us the laugh. Will you let tainted Tories and buttermilk Whigs thus shame us? A gold jacobus to him who will climb the staff and reeve the halyards for the stars and stripes!"

Dolly's quick ear caught the ringing words. "Oh, Cousin Ned," she cried; "I saw Jacky Van Arsdale on the Bowling Green. Don't you remember how he climbed the greased pole at Clermont, in the May merrying?" and with that she sped across the parade and through the gate-way, returning soon with a stout sailor-boy of fifteen. "Now, tell the Colonel you'll try it, Jacky."

"Go it, Jack!" shouted Cousin Ned. "I'll make the gold jacobus two if you but reeve the halyards."

"I want no money for the job, Master Livingstone," said the sailor-lad. "I'll do it for Mistress Dolly's sake, if I can."

Jack was an expert climber, but if any of my boy readers think it a simple thing to "shin up" a greased pole, just let them try it once—and fail.

Jack Van Arsdale tried it manfully once, twice, thrice, and each time came slipping down covered with slush and shame. And all the watchers in the boats off-shore joined in a chorus of laughs and jeers. Jack shook his fist at them angrily. "I'll fix 'em yet," he said. "If but ye'll saw me up some cleats, and give me hammer and nails, I'll run that flag to the top in spite of all the Tories from 'Sopus to Sandy Hook!"

Ready hands and willing feet came to the assistance of the plucky lad. Some ran swiftly to Mr. Geolet's, "the iron-monger's," in Hanover square, and brought quickly back "a hand-saw, hatchet, hammer, gimlets, and nails"; others drew a long board to the bastion, and while one sawed the board into lengths, another split the strips into cleats, others bored the nail-holes, and soon young Jack had material enough.

Then, tying the halyards around his waist, and filling his jacket-pockets with cleats and nails, he

worked his way up the flag-pole, nailing and climbing as he went. And now he reaches the top, now the halyards are reeved, and as the beautiful flag goes fluttering up the staff a mighty cheer is heard, and a round of thirteen guns salutes the stars and stripes and the brave sailor-boy who did the gallant deed.

From the city streets came the roll and rumble of distant drums, and Dolly and her two companions, following the excited crowd, hastened across Hanover square, and from an excellent outlook in the Fly Market watched the whole grand procession as it wound down Queen (now Pearl) street, making its triumphal entry into the welcoming city. First came a corps of dragoons, then followed the advance-guard of light infantry and a corps of artillery, then more light infantry, a battalion of Massachusetts troops, and the rear-guard. As the veterans, with their soiled and faded uniforms, filed past, Dolly could not help contrasting them with the brilliant appearance of the British troops she had seen in the fort. "Their clothes *do* look worn and rusty," she said. "But then," she added, with beaming eyes, "they are *our* soldiers, and that is everything."

And now she hears "a great hozaing all down the Fly," as one record queerly puts it, and as the shouts increase, she sees a throng of horsemen, where, escorted by Captain Delavan's "West Chester Light Horse," ride the heroes of that happy hour, General George Washington and Governor George Clinton. Dolly added her clear little treble to the loud huzzas as the famous commander-in-chief rode down the echoing street. Behind their excellencies came other officials, dignitaries, army officers, and files of citizens, on horseback and afoot, many of the latter returning to dismantled and ruined homes after nearly eight years of exile.

But Dolly did not wait to see the whole procession. She had spied her father in the line of mounted citizens, and flying across Queen street, and around by Golden Hill (near Maiden lane), where the first blood of the Revolution was spilled, she hurried down the Broad Way, so as to reach Mr. Cape's tavern before their excellencies arrived.

Soon she was in her father's arms relating her adventures, and as she received his chidings for

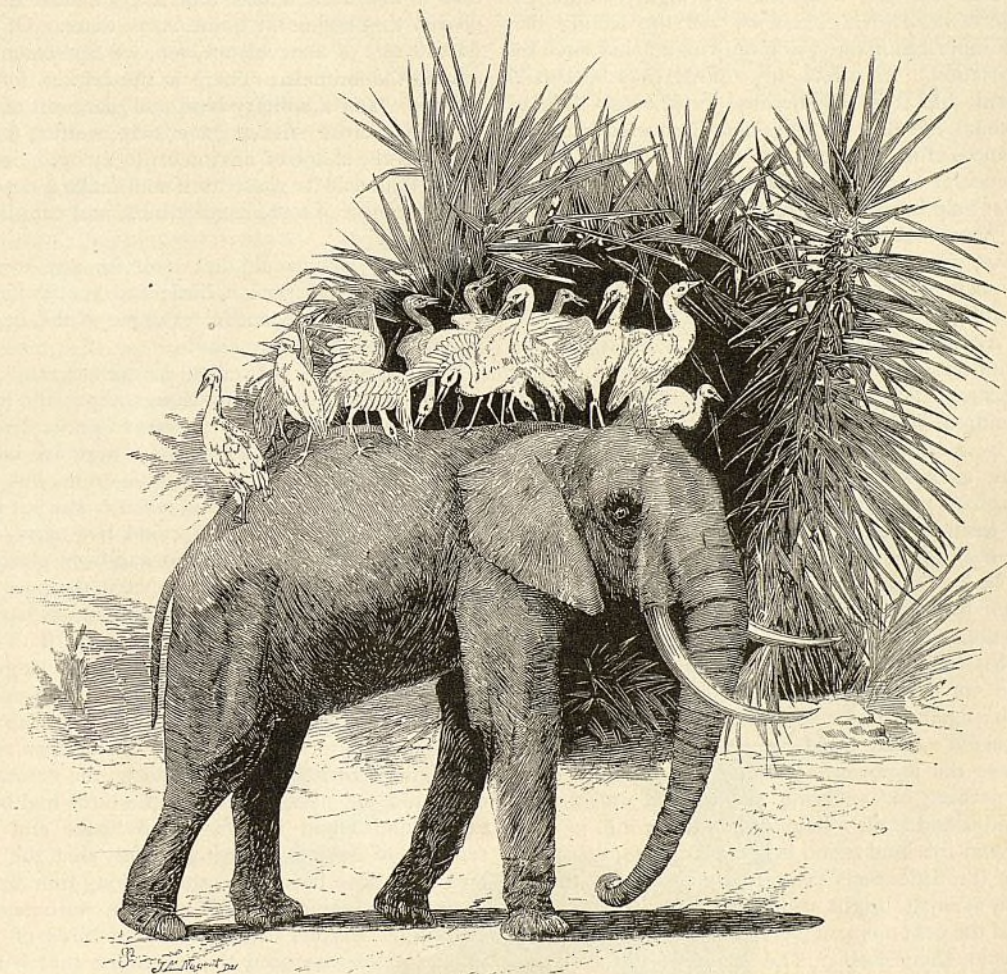
mingling in such "unseemly crowds," and his praise for her championship and protection of the little Phillipse, a kindly hand was laid upon her fair young head, and a voice whose tones she could never forget said: "So may our children be angels of peace, Mr. Duane. Few have suffered more, or deserved better from their country, sir, than you; but the possession of so rare a little daughter is a fairer recompense than aught your country can bestow. Heaven has given me no children, sir; but had I thus been blessed, I could have wished for no gentler or truer-hearted little daughter than this maid of yours." And with the stately courtesy that marked the time, General Washington bent down and kissed little Dolly as she sat on her father's knee. Touched by his kindly words, Dolly forgot all her awe of the great man. Flinging two winsome arms about his neck, she kissed him in return, and said, softly, "If Mr. Duane were not my father, sir, I would rather it should be you than any one else."

In all her after-life, though she retained pleasant memories of Sir Guy Carleton, and thought him a grand and gallant gentleman, Dolly Duane held still more firmly to her reverence and affection for General Washington, whom she described as "looking more grand and noble than any human being she had ever seen."

Next to General Washington, I think she held the fire-works that were set off in the Bowling Green in honor of the Peace to have been the grandest thing she had ever seen. The rockets, and the wheels, and the tourbillions, and the batteries, and the stars were all so wonderful to her, that General Knox said Dolly's "ohs" and "ahs" were "as good as a play"; and staid Master Clinton and jolly Cousin Ned threatened to send to the Ferry stairs for an anchor to hold her down. Both these young gentlemen grew to be famous Americans in after years, and witnessed many anniversaries of this glorious Evacuation-Day. But they never enjoyed any of them quite as much as they did the exciting original, nor could they ever forget, amidst all the throng of memories, how sweet Mistress Dolly Duane championed and protected the lost "little lord of the manor," and won the distinguished honor of being kissed by both the commanders-in-chief on the same eventful day.

BENEVOLENT BIRDS.

BY WILL WOODMAN.



“AN’ what did ye see that was strange-like over beyant, Pat?” asked an Irishman of a fellow-servant who had just returned from Paris with his master.

“Sure,” said Pat, “an’ I niver see the loikes o’ the childer there. There wuz n’t wan o’ thim that cud n’t spake the langwidge — an’ they so young; an’ there wuz I, a man grown, that did n’t know the first wurd!”

Pat’s astonishment was no more ludicrous, in truth, than the surprise we all express, when we discover in some lower animal a trait which we have always considered as belonging to ourselves alone as human beings. There is, of course, a

great difference between the human animal and other animals; but, after all, it is not so great as we in our complacency are wont to think. Indeed, one witty naturalist has said that there is only one difference between us and other animals, and that is, that we can talk and tell each other how wonderfully smart we are, and they can not.

Why should not the lower animals have many traits of character similar to those seen in the human animal? They have to seek their food as we do; they have enemies to contend against; they need help at times; the weaker ones have to band together, or they would be destroyed by their stronger enemies. In fact, the battle of life among

the lower animals is so like the battle of life among us that we really ought not to be surprised at the exhibition by any creature of any particular virtue which we call human, or any vice which we call brutal.

For example, we think very highly of the virtue of benevolence, and we call the feeling that prompts it humanity, as if only man could have the sensation. As a fact, any animal may be benevolent, and it is only because we know so little of animal life that we have not discovered many instances of it. There is one very odd case of benevolence of one animal toward another which shows that help is often needed where least suspected.

Who would suppose that the elephant, with its great size and massive strength, could be in need of such aid as so insignificant a creature as a bird could give it?

Against such large animals as lions, tigers, and rhinoceroses it can defend itself, but against tiny insects, which it might crush under its feet by the hundred, it has no protection except what is given it by a little feathered friend. With such a thick skin as it has one might well suppose that the elephant would have no trouble from insects; but, in truth, it is the very thickness of its hide which makes the small insect dangerous.

Ticks, which are abundant in all forests, work their way into the cracks in the skin of the huge creature, and as the skin is so thick they are enabled to bury themselves so completely that they can not be scraped off when the smarting animal rubs against rocks or trees. A differently constructed animal could use its teeth or feet to remove the annoyance; but for the elephant, there is nothing but suffering and torture, unless some kind friend lends a helping hand—or bill.

And this kind friend is not lacking; for no sooner are the little pests comfortably ensconced than a pair of small, bright, yellow eyes searches them out, and the next moment a pretty, orange-colored beak plucks them forth. The owner of the eyes and beak is a beautiful, snow-white heron; small of body, but large of heart; for it seems, in Northern Africa at least, to have devoted its life to the benevolent work of watching over its monstrous *protégé*.

It is a novel and beautiful sight to see the dark-skinned giant of the jungle stalking ponderously along, with as many as a score of these beautiful birds perched upon his back and head, busily working to free him from his little tormentors. And full well the elephant knows what he owes his benefactors. Not for anything would he harm them, ugly-tempered as he often is. Even when the sharp beak probes deep into the sensitive flesh, the great creature bears the pain patiently, seeming to know that it is necessary.

In countries where there are no elephants this bird cares in the same way for cattle; for which reason its popular name is cattle-heron. Scientific men, however, call it *Bubulcus ibis*.

We have a saying that charity begins at home, and it has been added that a great deal of the charity that begins at home stays there. Of this narrow sort of benevolence, too, we find examples among the animals. There is the barbet, for instance. It is a solitary bird, and sits most of the time in morose silence on a twig, waiting for its food (in the shape of an insect) to fly by. Sometimes it is said to rouse itself and make a descent upon the nest of some smaller bird, and eat all the little ones.

Certainly, one would not look for any sort of benevolence from such a bird; and yet it offers a very striking and beautiful example of the begin-at-home-and-stay-there kind.

The celebrated naturalist, Levaillant, who has told us so many interesting things about the birds of Africa and South America, says that he discovered a barbet's nest in which there were five birds. Four of them were young and vigorous, but the fifth was so old and weak that when it was put into a cage with its comrades it could not move, but lay dying in the corner where it had been placed.

When food was put into the cage, the poor old bird could only look at it longingly, without having the strength to drag itself within reach of it. Then it was that the younger birds manifested a singular spirit of kindness. Quickly, and even with an air of tenderness, as it seems, they carried food to the decrepit old bird, and fed it as if it had been only a fledgling. Struck by this spectacle, the naturalist examined the nest from which the birds had been taken, and found it was full of husks and the remains of insects, showing plainly that the old bird must have been maintained a long time by its vigorous companions, which probably were its own offspring. Further study of other birds of the same species convinced the naturalist that it was the custom for the old and infirm birds to be cared for by the young and strong.

There are several different species of barbets found in Africa and South America, and though not graceful in shape, many of them are exceedingly beautiful in plumage. They get their name of barbet from the French word *barbe*, meaning beard, because they have tufts of stiff hair at the base of the bill. Naturalists place them in a genus called *Bucco*, and some persons call them puff-birds, because they have an odd way of puffing out the feathers all over the body, which then looks more like a bale of feathers than a bird.

But it has happened, too, that man himself has been made the object of a lower animal's benevo-

lence; and thus the efforts of a few human beings in behalf of animals may be seen to have had a parallel in counter-efforts on the part of the animals.

In South America there is a very beautiful bird called the agami, or the golden-breasted trumpeter. It is about as large in the body as one of our common barn-yard fowl, but as it has longer legs and a longer neck it seems much larger. Its general color is black, but the plumage on the breast is beautiful beyond description, being what might be called iridescent, changing, as it continually does, from a steel-blue to a red-gold, and glittering with a metallic luster.

In its wild state the agami is not peculiar for anything but its beauty, its extraordinary cry, which has given it the name of trumpeter, and for an odd habit of leaping with comical antics into the air, apparently for its own amusement. When tamed, however,—and it soon learns to abandon its wild ways,—it usually conceives a violent attachment for its master, and, though very jealous of his affection, endeavors

to wander, they are quickly brought to a sense of duty by a sharp reminder from the strong beak of the vigilant agami. At night, the faithful guardian drives its charge home again.

Sometimes it is given the care of a flock of sheep; and, though it may seem too puny for such a task, it is in fact quite equal to it. The misguided sheep that tries to trifle with the agami soon has cause to repent the experiment; for, with a swiftness unrivaled by any dog, the feathered shepherd darts



THE BIRD THAT DEFENDS THE SHEEP.

to please him by a solicitude for the well-being of all that belongs to him, which may fairly be termed benevolence.

It is never shut up at night as the other fowl are, but, with a well-deserved liberty, is permitted to take up its quarters where it pleases. In the morning, it drives the ducks to the water and the chickens to their feeding-ground; and if any should presume

after the runaway, and with wings and beak drives it back to its place, not forgetting to impress upon the offender a sense of its error by frequent pecks with its sharp beak.


Should a dog think to take advantage of the seemingly unguarded condition of the sheep and approach them with evil design, the agami makes no hesitation about rushing at him and giving

combat. And it must be a good dog that will overcome the brave bird. Indeed, most dogs are so awed by the fierce onset of the agami, accompanied by its strange cries, that they incontinently turn about and run, fortunate if they escape unwounded from the indignant creature.

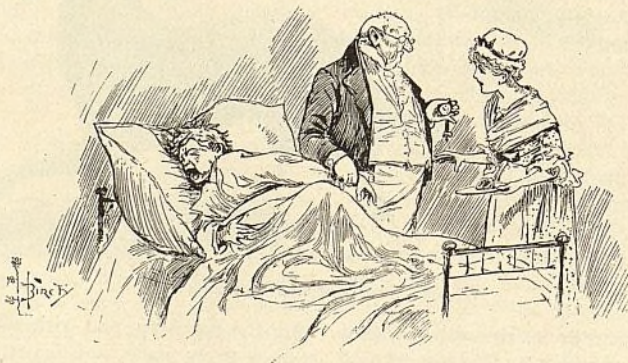
At meal-times it walks into the house and takes its position near its master, seeming to ask for his caresses. It will not permit the presence of any other pet in the room, and even resents the intrusion of any servants not belonging there, driving out all others before it will be contented. Like a well-bred dog, it does not clamor for food, but waits with dignity until its wants have been

satisfied. Like the dog, too, it exhibits the greatest joy upon the return of its master after an absence.

Travelers in Guiana and other parts of South America, north of the Amazon, find the agami domesticated even by the natives; and one writer tells of a young bird which was taken to England and brought up in the country. It made friends with the hounds and followed them in the hunts, having no difficulty in keeping up with them, and seeming to enjoy the whole affair as much as any of the participants. This story may not be true, but it is not improbable; for a bird of the intelligence of the agami might easily do as much.



A greedy young fellow named Jake
 Once ate a whole loaf of plum cake!
 "My goodness," he bawled,
 "When the doctor was called;
 I fear I have made a mistake."



A THANKSGIVING DINNER THAT FLEW AWAY.

BY H. BUTTERWORTH.

"HONK!"

I spun around like a top, looking nervously in every direction. I was familiar with that sound; I had heard it before, during two summer vacations, at the old farm-house on the Cape.

It had been a terror to me. I always put a door, a fence, or a stone wall between me and that sound as speedily as possible.

I had just come down from the city to the Cape for my third summer vacation. I had left the cars with my arms full of bundles, and hurried toward Aunt Targood's.

The cottage stood in from the road. There was a long meadow in front of it. In the meadow were two great oaks and some clusters of lilacs. An old, mossy stone wall protected the grounds from the road, and a long walk ran from the old wooden gate to the door.

It was a sunny day, and my heart was light. The orioles were flaming in the old orchards; the bobolinks were tossing themselves about in the long meadows of timothy, daisies, and patches of clover. There was a scent of new-mown hay in the air.

In the distance lay the bay, calm and resplendent, with white sails and specks of boats. Beyond it rose Martha's Vineyard, green and cool and bowery, and at its wharf lay a steamer.

I was, as I said, light-hearted. I was thinking of rides over the sandy roads at the close of the long, bright days; of excursions on the bay; of clam-bakes and picnics.

I was hungry; and before me rose visions of Aunt Targood's fish dinners, roast chickens, berry pies. I was thirsty; but ahead was the old well-sweep, and, behind the cool lattice of the dairy window, were pans of milk in abundance.

I tripped on toward the door with light feet, lugging my bundles and beaded with perspiration, but unmindful of all discomforts in the thought of the bright days and good things in store for me.

"Honk! honk!"

My heart gave a bound!

Where did that sound come from?

Out of a cool cluster of innocent-looking lilac bushes, I saw a dark object cautiously moving. It seemed to have no head. I knew, however, that it had a head. I had seen it; it had seized me once on the previous summer, and I had been in terror of it during all the rest of the season.

I looked down into the irregular grass, and saw the head and a very long neck running along on

the ground, propelled by the dark body, like a snake running away from a ball. It was coming toward me, and faster and faster as it approached.

I dropped all my bundles.

In a few flying leaps I returned to the road again, and armed myself with a stick from a pile of cord-wood.

"Honk! honk! honk!"

It was a call of triumph. The head was high in the air now. My enemy moved grandly forward, as became the monarch of the great meadow farm-yard.

I stood with beating heart, after my retreat.

It was Aunt Targood's gander.

How he enjoyed his triumph, and how small and cowardly he made me feel!

"Honk! honk! honk!"

The geese came out of the lilac bushes, bowing their heads to him in admiration. Then came the goslings—a long procession of awkward, half-feathered things: they appeared equally delighted.

The gander seemed to be telling his admiring audience all about it: how a strange girl with many bundles had attempted to cross the yard; how he had driven her back, and had captured her bundles, and now was monarch of the field. He clapped his wings when he had finished his heroic story, and sent forth such a "honk!" as might have startled a major-general.

Then he, with an air of great dignity and coolness, began to examine my baggage.

Among my effects were several pounds of chocolate caramels, done up in brown paper. Aunt Targood liked caramels, and I had brought her a large supply.

He tore off the wrappers quickly. Bit one. It was good. He began to distribute the bon-bons among the geese, and they, with much liberality and good-will, among the goslings.

This was too much. I ventured through the gate swinging my cord-wood stick.

"Shoo!"

He dropped his head on the ground, and drove it down the walk in a lively waddle toward me.

"Shoo!"

It was Aunt Targood's voice at the door.

He stopped immediately.

His head was in the air again.

"Shoo!"

Out came Aunt Targood with her broom.

She always corrected the gander with her broom.

If I were to be whipped I should choose a broom—not the stick.

As soon as he beheld the broom he retired, although with much offended pride and dignity, to the lilac bushes; and the geese and goslings followed him.

"Hester, you dear child, come here. I was expecting you, and had been looking out for you, but missed sight of you. I had forgotten all about the gander."

We gathered up the bundles and the caramels. I was light-hearted again.

How cool was the sitting-room, with the woodbine falling about the open windows! Aunt brought me a pitcher of milk and some strawberries; some bread and honey; and a fan.

While I was resting and taking my lunch, I could hear the gander discussing the affairs of the farm-yard with the geese. I did not greatly enjoy the discussion. His tone of voice was very proud, and he did not seem to be speaking well of me. I was suspicious that he did not think me a very brave girl. A young person likes to be spoken well of, even by the gander.

Aunt Targood's gander had been the terror of many well-meaning people, and of some evil-doers, for many years. I have seen tramps and pack-peddlers enter the gate, and start on toward the door, when there would sound that ringing warning like a war-blast, "Honk, honk!" and in a few minutes these unwelcome people would be gone. Farm-house boarders from the city would sometimes enter the yard, thinking to draw water by the old well-sweep: in a few minutes it was customary to hear shrieks, and to see women and children flying over the walls, followed by air-rending "honks!" and jubilant cackles from the victorious gander and his admiring family.

Aunt Targood sometimes took summer boarders. Among those that I remember was Reverend Mr. Bonney, a fervent-souled Methodist preacher. He put the gander to flight with the cart-whip, on the second day after his arrival, and seemingly to Aunt's great grief; but he never was troubled by the feathered tyrant again.

Young couples sometimes came to Father Bonney to be married; and, one summer afternoon, there rode up to the gate a very young couple, whom we afterward learned had "run away"; or, rather, had attempted to get married without their parents' approval. The young bridegroom hitched the horse, and helped from the carriage the gayly dressed miss he expected to make his wife. They started up the walk upon the run, as though they expected to be followed, and haste was necessary to prevent the failure of their plans.

"Honk!"

They stopped. It was a voice of authority.

"Just look at him!" said the bride. "Oh! oh!"

The bridegroom cried "Shoo!" but he might as well have said "shoo" to a steam-engine. On came the gander, with his head and neck upon the ground. He seized the lad by the calf of his leg, and made an immediate application of his wings. The latter seemed to think he had been attacked by dragons. As soon as he could shake him off he ran. So did the bride, but in another direction; and while the two were thus perplexed and discomfited, the bride's father appeared in a carriage, and gave her a most forcible invitation to ride home with him. She accepted it without discussion. What became of the bridegroom, or how the matter ended, we never knew.

"Aunt, what makes you keep that gander, year after year?" said I, one evening, as we were sitting on the lawn before the door. "Is it because he is a kind of a watch-dog, and keeps troublesome people away?"

"No, child, no; I do not wish to keep most people away, not well-behaved people, nor to distress nor annoy any one. The fact is, there is a story about that gander that I do not like to speak of to every one—something that makes me feel tender toward him; so that if he needs a whipping, I would rather do it. He knows something that no one else knows. I could not have him killed or sent away. You have heard me speak of Nathaniel, my oldest boy?"

"Yes."

"That is his picture in my room, you know. He was a good boy to me. He loved his mother. I loved Nathaniel—you cannot think how much I loved Nathaniel. It was on my account that he went away.

"The farm did not produce enough for us all: Nathaniel, John, and I. We worked hard and had a hard time. One year—that was ten years ago—we were sued for our taxes.

"Nathaniel," said I, "I will go to taking boarders."

"Then he looked up to me and said (Oh, how noble and handsome he appeared to me!):

"Mother, I will go to sea."

"Where?" asked I, in surprise.

"In a coaster."

"I turned white. How I felt!

"You and John can manage the place," he continued. "One of the vessels sails next week—Uncle Aaron's; he offers to take me."

"It seemed best, and he made preparations to go.

"The spring before, Skipper Ben—you have met Skipper Ben—had given me some goose eggs; he had brought them from Canada, and said that they were wild-geese eggs.

"I set them under hens. In four weeks I had three goslings. I took them into the house at first, but afterward made a pen for them out in the yard. I brought them up myself, and one of those goslings is that gander.

"Skipper Ben came over to see me, the day before Nathaniel was to sail. Aaron came with him.

"I said to Aaron:

"What can I give to Nathaniel to carry to sea with him to make him think of home? Cake, preserves, apples? I have n't got much; I have done all I can for him, poor boy."

"Brother looked at me curiously, and said:

"Give him one of those wild geese, and we will fatten it on shipboard and will have it for our Thanksgiving dinner."

"What brother Aaron said pleased me. The young gander was a noble bird, the handsomest of the lot; and I resolved to keep the geese to kill for my own use and to give *him* to Nathaniel.

"The next morning—it was late in September—I took leave of Nathaniel. I tried to be calm and cheerful and hopeful. I watched him as he went down the walk with the gander struggling under his arms. A stranger would have laughed, but I did not feel like laughing; it was true that the boys who went coasting were usually gone but a few months and came home hardy and happy. But when poverty compels a mother and son to part, after they have been true to each other, and shared their feelings in common, it seems hard, it seems hard—though I do not like to murmur or complain at anything allotted to me.

"I saw him go over the hill. On the top he stopped and held up the gander. He disappeared; yes, my own Nathaniel disappeared. I think of him now as one who disappeared.

"November came—it was a terrible month on the coast that year. Storm followed storm; the sea-faring people talked constantly of wrecks and losses. I could not sleep on the nights of those high winds. I used to lie awake thinking over all the happy hours I had lived with Nathaniel.

"Thanksgiving week came.

"It was full of an Indian-summer brightness after the long storms. The nights were frosty, bright, and calm.

"I could sleep on those calm nights.

"One morning, I thought I heard a strange sound in the woodland pasture. It was like a wild goose. I listened; it was repeated. I was lying in bed. I started up—I thought I had been dreaming.

"On the night before Thanksgiving I went to bed early, being very tired. The moon was full; the air was calm and still. I was thinking of Nathaniel, and I wondered if he would indeed have the gander for his Thanksgiving dinner: if it would be cooked

as well as I would have cooked it, and if he would think of me that day.

"I was just going to sleep, when suddenly I heard a sound that made me start up and hold my breath.

"*'Honk!'*

"I thought it was a dream followed by a nervous shock.

"*'Honk! honk!'*

"There it was again, in the yard. I was surely awake and in my senses.

"I heard the geese cackle.

"*'Honk! honk! honk!'*

"I got out of bed and lifted the curtain. It was almost as light as day. Instead of two geese there were three. Had one of the neighbor's geese stolen away?

"I should have thought so, and should not have felt disturbed, but for the reason that none of the neighbors' geese had that peculiar call—that horn-like tone that I had noticed in mine.

"I went out of the door.

"The *third* goose looked like the very gander I had given Nathaniel. Could it be?

"I did not sleep. I rose early and went to the crib for some corn.

"It *was* a gander—a 'wild' gander—that had come in the night. He seemed to know me.

"I trembled all over as though I had seen a ghost. I was so faint that I sat down on the meal-chest.

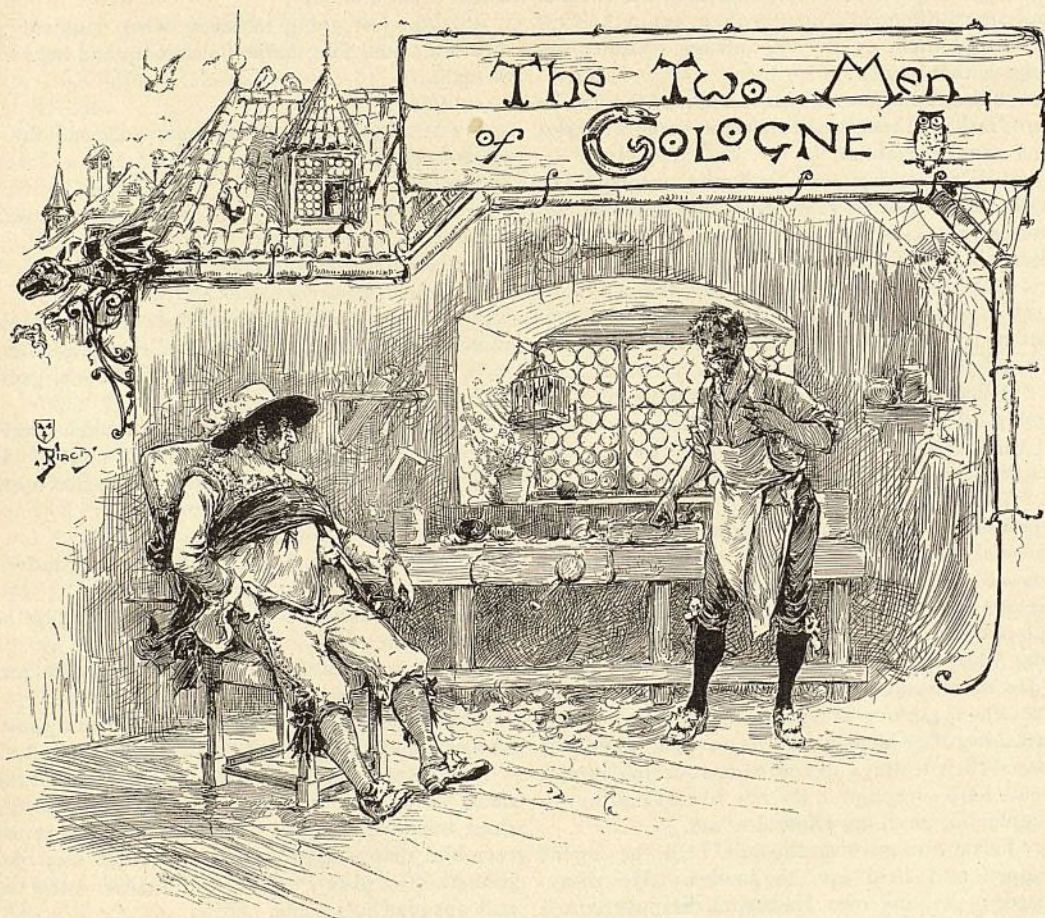
"As I was in that place, a bill pecked against the door. The door opened. The strange gander came hobbling over the crib-stone and went to the corn-bin. He stopped there, looked at me, and gave a sort of glad "*honk*," as though he knew me and was glad to see me.

"I was certain that he was the gander I had raised, and that Nathaniel had lifted into the air when he gave me his last recognition from the top of the hill.

"It overcame me. It was Thanksgiving. The church bell would soon be ringing as on Sunday. And here was Nathaniel's Thanksgiving dinner; and brother Aaron's—had it flown away? Where was the vessel?

"Years have passed—ten. You know I waited and waited for my boy to come back. December grew dark with its rainy seas; the snows fell; May lighted up the hills, but the vessel never came back. Nathaniel—my Nathaniel—never returned.

"That gander knows something he could tell me if he could talk. Birds have memories. *He* remembered the corn-crib—he remembered something else. I wish he *could* talk, poor bird! I wish he could talk. I will never sell him, nor kill him, nor have him abused. *He knows!*"



By Emma C. Dowd.

A long time ago, there lived, in Cologno,
 Otto von Hiller and Rupert Van Tono;
 And Otto wrote fables,
 But Rupert made tables—
 "The very best tables that ever were known!"
 So said every sensible frau in Cologne.

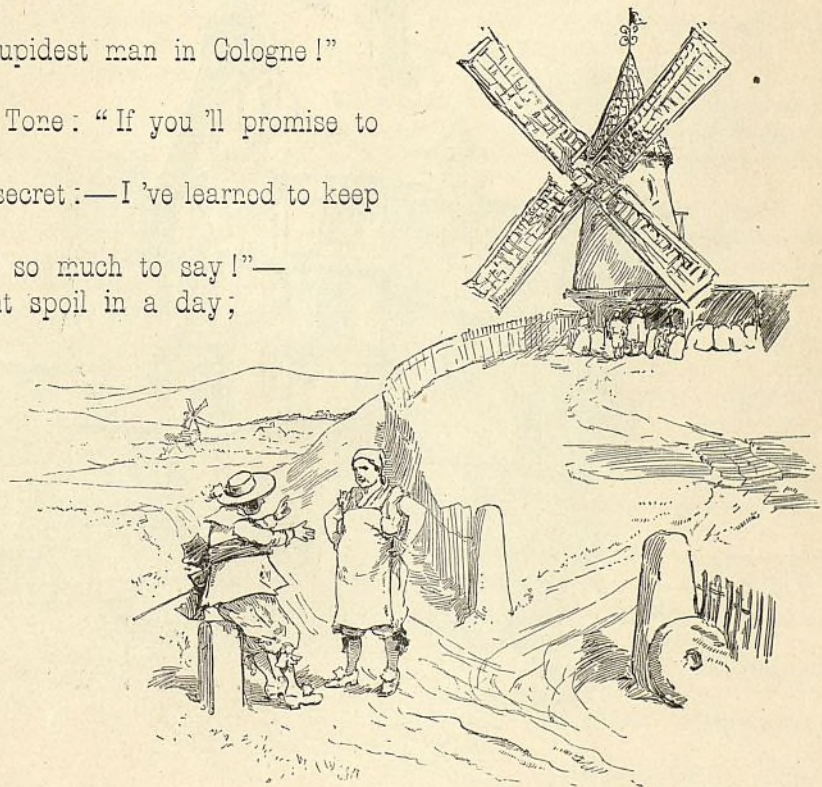
"Friend Rupert," said Otto von Hiller, one day,
 "Come, tell me the wonderful reason, I pray,
 Why men call you clever,
 When, really, you never
 Professed to have very much learning, you know,
 And I—well, in truth, I 've enough for a show



"I'm master of Latin, I'm famous in Greek,
Both French and Italian I fluently speak;
I could talk by the year
Of our nation's career;
Yet, some one has said—to his shame be it
known—
That I am the stupidest man in Cologne!"

Said Rupert Van Tone: "If you'll promise to
try it,
I'll tell you the secret:—I've learned to keep
quiet."

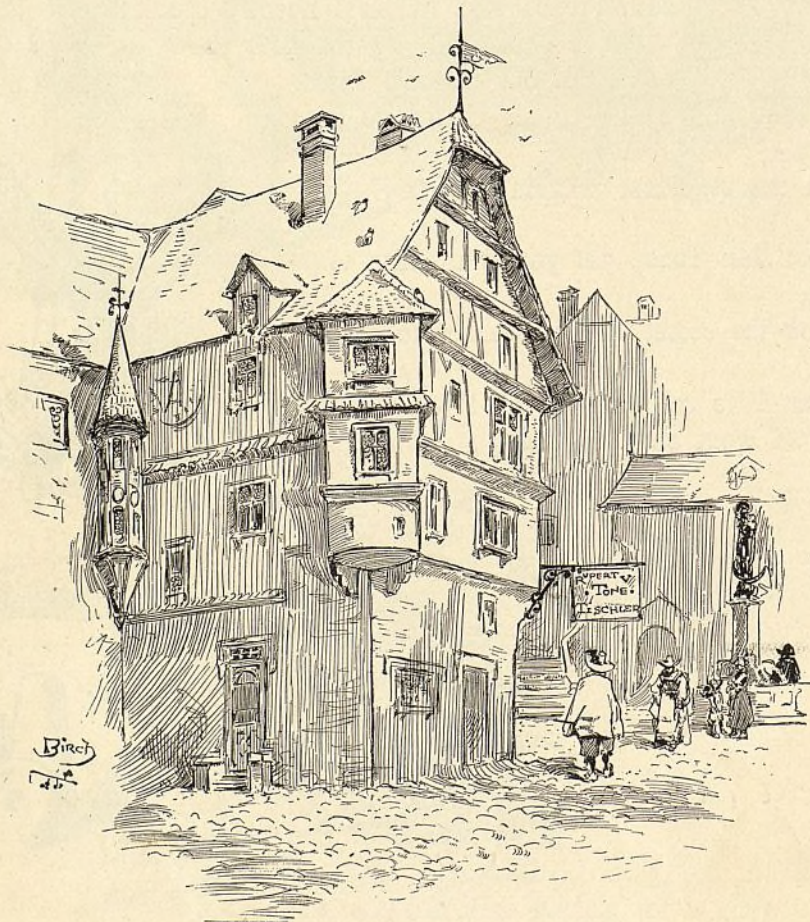
"But I've so much to say!"—
"T'wont spoil in a day;



Who lets his tongue run like a vibrating lever
Stands very small chance of being called clever."

But he 'd "so much to say," this Otto von Hiller:
'T was now to the judge, and now to the miller;
He 'd appear without warning,
And stay all the morning,
Till his hearers would sigh as he left, "What a drone!
He is truly the stupidest man in Cologne."

But Rupert Van Tone worked on at his trade;
He listened and thought, but his words he well weighed,
Till at twoscore and twenty
He 'd money in plenty;
And through summer and winter his mansion was known
As the home of the cleverest man in Cologne.





WINTER FUN.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER I.

"Now, Lavaujer, that cutter's all you have to show for as hard a month's work as ever you did —"

"But, Mother, just look at it."

"That's what I'm doing, now. You've had it painted red, and varnished, and there's room in it for two, if neither one of 'em was too heavy —"

"Now, Mother, you ought to try it. I'll take you to meeting in it, next Sunday. It runs—well, you ought to see how the sorrel colt gets along, with that cutter behind him."

"And I'm not sorry you've got something for him to do. You've been 'raising' him, as you call it, ever since you were a twelve-year-old, and he was a yearling then."

Mrs. Stebbins had indeed been looking hard at her son's new "cutter," and she had taken a good five minutes to tell him all she thought about it; but there was pride in her eye as she turned to go into the house. He did not hear her mutter:

"He's the smartest boy in all Benton Valley, and now he has the nicest horse and cutter. I guess it won't spoil him."

He was leading his sorrel pet, with the trim little sleigh behind him, through the gate that led to the barn. It was a grand thing for a country boy of his age to have such an "outfit," all his own.

If he were not just a little "spoiled," it was no fault of his mother's, for he was her only son, and she had talked to him and about him for almost seventeen years. He looked a year or so older than that, to be sure, and his mother said he knew enough for a man of forty. She had named him "Le Voyageur," after a great French traveler, whose name she had seen in a book when she was a girl, but the Valley boys had shortened it into "Vosh."

"Now, Jeff," he said, as he cast the sorrel loose from the cutter, "I'm not sure but you'll have a better load to haul next time you're hitched in."

Jeff whinnied gently, as if to express his willingness for any improvement, and Vosh led him into the stable.

"City folks know some things," he remarked to Jeff, while he poured some oats in the manger; "but I don't believe they know what good sleighing is. We'll show 'em, as soon as we get some bells, and the deacon has more buffalo-robies than he knows what to do with."

That was a good half-hour before supper-time, and he seemed in no hurry to get into the house; but it was odd that his mother, at the very same time, should have been talking to herself, in default of any other hearer, about "city folks," and their ways and by-ways and short-comings.

Down the road a little distance, and on the other side of it, a very different pair of people were even more interested in city folk, and chiefly in the fact that certain of them seemed to be expected at the house where the pair were conversing.

It was away back in the great, old-fashioned kitchen of a farm-house, as large as three of the one in which Mrs. Stebbins was getting supper for Vosh.

"Aunt Judith, I hear 'em!"

"Now, Pen, my child!"

The response came from the milk-room, and was followed by the sound of an empty tin milk-pan falling on the floor.

"It sounded like bells!"

"It's the wind, Pen. But they ought to be here by this time, I declare."

"There, Aunt Judith!"

Pen suddenly darted out of the kitchen, leaving the long hind-legs of a big pair of waffle-irons sticking helplessly out from the open door of the stove.

"Pen! Penelope!" cried Aunt Judith. "I declare, she's gone. There, I've dropped another pan. What is the matter with me to-night? I just do want to see those children, I suppose. Poor things! How cold they will be!"

Penelope was pressing her eager, excited little face close to the frost flowers on the sitting-room window. It was of no use, cold as it made the tip of her nose, to strain her blue eyes across the snowy fields, or up the white, glistening reaches of the road. There was nothing like a sleigh in sight, nor did her sharpest listening bring her any sound of coming sleigh-bells.

"Pen! Penelope Farnham!" interrupted her aunt. "What's that a-burnin'? Sakes alive! If she has n't gone and stuck those waffle-irons in the fire. She's put a waffle in 'em, too."

Yes, and the smoke of the lost waffle was carrying tales into the milk-room.

"Oh, Aunt Judith, I forgot! I just wanted to try one —"

"Just like you, Penelope Farnham. You're always a-tryin' somethin'. If you are n't a trial to

me, I would n't say so. Now, don't touch the waffles once again. On no account!"

"It's all burned as black——"

"Course it is. Black as a coal. I'd ha' thought you'd ha' known better'n that. Why, when I was ten year old, I could ha' cooked for a fam'ly."

"Guess I could do that," said Pen, resolutely; but at that very moment Aunt Judith was shaking out the smoking remains of the spoiled waffle, and she curtly responded:

"That looks like it. You'll burn up the irons yet."

Half a minute of silence followed, and then she again spoke from the milk-room:

"Penelope, look at the sitting-room fire and see if it needs any more wood. They'll be more'n half froze when they get here."

Pen obeyed, but it only needed one glance into the great, roaring fire-place to make sure that nobody could even half freeze in the vicinity of that blaze.

A stove was handier to cook by, and therefore Mr. Farnham had put aside his old-fashioned notions to the extent of having one set up in the kitchen. The parlor, too, he said, belonged to his wife more than it did to him, and so there was a stove there also, and it was hard at work now. He had insisted, however, that the wide, low-ceilinged, comfortable sitting-room should remain a good deal as his father had left it to him, and there the fire-place held its own. That was one reason why it was the pleasantest room in the house, especially on a winter evening.

Penelope had known that fire-place a long while. She had even played "hide and seek" in it, in warm weather, when it was bright and clean; but she thought she had never seen a better fire in it than the one that was blazing cheerily this evening, as if it knew that guests were expected, and intended to do its part in the welcoming.

"Such a big back-log," Pen said to Aunt Judith, who had followed her in, after all, to make sure.

"Yes, and the fore-stick's a foot through. Your father heaped it up, just before he set out for town. He might a'most as well ha' piled a whole tree in."

"Father likes fire. So do I."

"He's a very wasteful man with his wood, nevertheless! Pen, what do you intend to do with that poker? Do you want to have the top logs rolling across the floor?"

"That one lies crooked."

"My child! I dare n't leave you alone a minute. You'll burn the house over our heads, some day."

Pen obeyed. She lowered the long, heavy, iron rod and laid it down on the hearth, but such a fire

as that was a terrible temptation. Almost any man in the world might have been glad to have a good poke at it, if only to see the showers of sparks go up from the glowing hickory logs.

"There they come!"

Pen turned away from the fire very suddenly, and Aunt Judith put her hand to her ear and took off her spectacles, so she could listen better.

"I should n't wonder——" she began.

"That's the sound of sleigh-bells, I'm sure! It's our sleigh, I know it is! Shall I begin to make the waffles?"

"No, indeed; but you can get out that chiny thing your mother bought to put the maple sirup in."

"Oh, I forgot that."

She brought it out immediately, and it must have been the only thing she had forgotten when she set the table, for she had walked anxiously around it, twenty times at least, since she put the last plate in its place.

Faint and far, from away down the road, beyond the turn, the winter wind brought up the merry jingle of the bells. By the time Pen had obtained the china pitcher for the sirup from its shelf in the closet and once more darted to the window, she could see her father's black team, blacker than ever against the snow, trotting toward the house magnificently.

"Don't I wish I'd gone with them!" she sighed. "But it was Corry's turn. I guess Susie is n't used to waffles, but she can't help liking them."

That was quite possible, but her appreciation of them would probably depend upon whether Penelope or Aunt Judith should have the care of the waffle-irons.

Jingle-jangle-jingle, louder and louder came the merry bells, till they stopped at the great gate, and a tall boy sprang out of the sleigh to open it. The front door of the house swung open quicker than did the gate, and Pen was on the stoop, shouting anxiously:

"Did they come, Corry? Did you get them?"

A deep voice from the sleigh responded, with a chuckle:

"Yes, Pen, we caught them both. They're right here and they can't get away now."

"I see Cousin Susie!" was Pen's response as she rushed toward the sleigh, at that moment remembering, however, to turn and shout back into the house: "Aunt Judith, here they are! They're both in the sleigh!"

But there was her aunt already in the door-way, with the steaming waffle-irons in one hand.

"Sakes alive, child! You'll freeze the whole house if you leave the door open! Poor things—and they are n't used to cold weather!"

Aunt Judith must have had an idea that it was always summer in the city.

The sleigh jangled right up to the bottom step of the stoop, now, and Mr. Farnham sprang out first and then his wife. They were followed by a young lady into whose arms Pen fairly jumped, exclaiming:

"Susie! Susie Hudson!"

There were no signs of frost on Susie's rosy cheeks, and she hugged Penelope vigorously. Just behind her there descended from the sleigh, in a rather more dignified style, a boy who may have been two years younger, say fourteen or fifteen, and who evidently felt that the occasion called upon him for his self-possession.

"Pen," said her mother, "don't you mean to kiss Cousin Porter?"

Pen was ready. Her little hands went out, and her bright welcoming face was lifted for the kiss, which Porter Hudson bestowed in gallant fashion. Susie had paid her country cousins a long summer visit only the year before, while Porter had not been seen by any of them since he was four years old. Both he and they had forgotten that he had ever been so young as that.

Mr. Farnham started for the barn with his team, bidding Corry accompany his cousins into the house, and Aunt Judith was at last able to close the door behind them and keep a little of the winter from coming in.

It took but half a minute to help Susie and Porter Hudson "get their things off," and then Aunt Judith all but forced them into the chairs she had set for them in front of the great fire-place.

"What a splendid fire!" exclaimed Susie, the glow of it making her very pretty face look brighter and happier. She had already won Aunt Judith's heart over again by being so glad to see her, and she kept right on winning it needlessly, for everything about that room had to be looked at twice, and admired, and informed how "pretty" or "lovely" or "nice" it was.

"It is, indeed, a remarkably fine fire," added Porter, with emphasis.

"And we're going to have waffles and maple sugar for supper," said Pen. "Don't you like waffles?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Porter.

"And after such a sleigh-ride," chimed in Susie.

"The sleighing is splendid! Delightful!"

"Is n't there more snow here than you have in the city?" inquired Corry of Porter.

"Yes, a little," he acknowledged. "But then we have to have ours removed as fast as it comes down. We must get it out of the way, you know."

"It is n't in the way, here; we'd have a high time of it, if we tried to get rid of our snow."

"I should say you would. And then it does very well, where the people make use of sleighs."

"Don't you have them in the city?" exclaimed Pen, who was looking at her cousin with eyes that were full of pity; but at that moment Aunt Judith called to her, from the kitchen:

"Penelope! Come and watch the waffle-irons, while I make the tea."

"Waffles!" exclaimed Susie. "I never saw any made."

"Come with me, then," said Pen. "I'll show you. That is, if you're warm enough."

"Warm?" echoed Susie. "Why, I was n't cold, one bit. I'm warm as toast."

Out they went, and there were so many errands on the hands of Aunt Judith and Mrs. Farnham, just then, that the girls had the kitchen stove to themselves for a few moments. Pen may have been several years the younger, but she was conscious of a feeling of immense superiority in her capacity of cook. She kept it until, as she was going over, for Susie's benefit, a list of her neighbors and telling what had become of them since her cousin's summer visit, Mr. Farnham came in at the kitchen door and almost instantly exclaimed:

"Mind your waffles, Pen! They're burning!"

"Why, so they are. That one is, just a little. I was telling Susie——"

"A little? My child!" interrupted Aunt Judith. "Why, it's burned to a crisp! Oh, dear! Give me those irons."

"Now, Aunt Judith," pleaded Pen, "please fill them up for Susie to try. I want to show her how."

The look on Susie's face was quite enough to keep Aunt Judith from uttering a word of objection, and the rich, creamy batter was poured into the smoking mold.

"Don't let it burn, Susie," cautioned Pen. "They must come out when they're just a good brown. I'll show you."

Susie set herself to watch the fate of that waffle most diligently, but she had not at all counted on what might come in the meantime.

A visitor, for instance.

Susie had already asked about the Stebbinses, and Pen had answered:

"They know you're coming. Vosh was here this very morning, and I told him."

Only a few minutes before Aunt Judith poured out that waffle, Mrs. Stebbins had said to her son:

"I heerd the Deacon's sleigh come up the road, Lavaujer. Take a tea-cup and go over and borry a little tea from Miss Farnham. And tell me how the city folks look, when you come back."

She told him a great deal more than that before he got out of the door with his tea-cup, and it

looked as if he were likely to have several questions to answer when he returned.

He escaped a little unceremoniously, in the middle of a long sentence; and so, just when Susie was most deeply absorbed in her experiment, there came a loud rap at the kitchen door. Then, without waiting for any one to come and open it, the door swung back and in walked Vosh as large as life, with the tea-cup in his hand.

He did look large, but no amount of frost or fire could have made him color as red as he did when Susie Hudson left the irons and stepped forward to shake hands with him.

"How do you do, Vosh? How is your mother?"

"Pretty well, thank you. How do you do? Mother's very well, thank you. And you're just as you were last summer, only prettier."

The one great weakness in the character of Vosh Stebbins was that he could not help telling the truth, to save his life. It was very awkward for him sometimes, and now, before Susie could smother her laugh and make up her mind what to answer him, he held out his tea-cup to Aunt Judith:

"Miss Farnham, Mother told me to borrow a drawing of tea. We're not out of tea, but she heard the Deacon's sleigh-bells, and she wanted to know if the folks from the city had come."

"They've come," almost snapped Aunt Judith. "Susie and her brother. Please ask your mother if she can send me over a dozen eggs."

"We'll send them over in a few minutes," said Vosh.

"Walk into the sitting-room, Vosh, and see our other cousin," said Pen. "Corry's there, too. O Susie! Our waffle's burned again!"

"Dear me, so it has!"

"Never mind, Susie," said Aunt Judith, hospitably, as she shook out the proceeds of all that cookery upon a plate. "It's only spoiled on one side. There're always some o' them burned. Some folks like them better when they're crisp."

Vosh looked as if he would willingly stay and see how the next trial succeeded; but politeness required him to walk on into the sitting-room and be introduced to Porter Hudson.

"Vosh," said Corry, "Porter's never been in the country in winter, before, in all his life, and he's come to stay ever so long."

"That's good," began Vosh, but he was inter-

rupted by an invitation from Mrs. Farnham to stay to supper and eat some waffles. He very promptly replied:

"Thank you, I don't care if I do. I threw our waffle-irons at Bill Hinks's dog, one day last fall. It almost killed him, but it broke the irons, and we've been intending to have them mended, ever since. We have n't done it yet, though, and so we have n't had any waffles."

Aunt Judith had now taken hold of the business at the kitchen stove, for Susie had made one triumphant success and she might not do as well next time. All the rest were summoned to the supper table.

The room was all one glow of light and warmth. The maple sugar had been melted to the exact degree of richness required. The waffles were coming in rapidly and in perfect condition. Everybody had been hungry and felt more so now, and even Porter Hudson was compelled to confess that the first supper of his winter visit in the country was at least equal to any he could remember eating anywhere.

"City folks," remarked Penelope, "don't know how to cook waffles, but I'll teach Susie. Then she can make them for you when you go back. Only you can't do it without milk and eggs."

"We can buy them," replied Porter.

"Of course you can, only they are not such eggs as we have. You'll have to send up here for your maple sugar."

"We can buy that, too, I guess."

"But we get it fresh from the trees. It's very different from the kind you buy in the city. You ought to be here in sugar time."

"Pen," said her father, "we're going to keep them both till then, and make them ever so sweet before we let them go home."

He was glancing rapidly from one to another of those four fresh young faces, as he spoke. He did not say so; but he was tracing that very curious thing which we call "a family likeness." It was there, widely as the faces varied otherwise. Perhaps the city cousins, with special help from Susie, had a little advantage in looks. But then Aunt Judith had had the naming of her brother's children, and Penelope and Coriolanus were longer names than Porter and Susan. There is a good deal in names, if they are rightly shortened.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.



"I AM learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;
 "I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;
 I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,
 And Mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.
 It's over and over—do *you* know
 How over-and-over stitches go?

"I have begun a handkerchief: Mamma turned in the edge,
 And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.
 It has Greenaway children on it stepping staidly by a hedge;
 I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know.
 And that is the way I learn to hem
 With hemming stitches—do *you* know them?

"Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and back-stitch, too, I guess,
 It would n't take me long, I know, if 't was n't for the thread;
 But the knots keep coming, and besides—I shall have to confess—
 Sometimes I slip my thimble off, and use my thumb instead!
 When *your* thread knots, what do *you* do?
 And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he's a great big man, as much as six feet high;
 He's more than forty, and his hair has gray mixed with the black:
 Well, *he* can't sew! he can't *begin* to sew as well as I.
 If he loses off a button, Mamma has to set it back!
 You must n't think me proud, you know,
 But I am seven, and *I* can sew!"



CIRCUS EXTRAORDINARY.—NO. 1.

SOPHIE'S SECRET.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

I.

A PARTY of young girls, in their gay bathing dresses; were sitting on the beach waiting for the tide to rise a little higher before they enjoyed the daily frolic which they called "mermaiding."

"I wish we could have a clam-bake, but we have n't any clams, and don't know how to cook them if we had. It's such a pity all the boys have gone off on that stupid fishing excursion," said one girl in a yellow-and-black striped suit which made her look like a wasp.

"What is a clam-bake? I do not know that kind of fête," asked a pretty brown-eyed girl, with an accent that betrayed the foreigner.

The girls laughed at such sad ignorance, and Sophie colored, wishing she had not spoken.

"Poor thing! she has never tasted a clam. What *should* we do if we went to Switzerland?" said the wasp, who loved to tease.

"We should give you the best we had, and not laugh at your ignorance, if you did not know all our dishes. In *my* country, we have politeness though not the clam-bake," answered Sophie, with a flash of the brown eyes which warned naughty Di to desist.

"We might row to the light-house, and have a picnic supper. Our mammas will let us do that alone," suggested Dora from the roof of the bath-house, where she perched like a flamingo.

"That's a good idea," cried Fanny, a slender brown girl who sat dabbling her feet in the water, with her hair streaming in the wind. "Sophie should see that, and get some of the shells she likes so much."

"You are kind to think of me. I shall be glad to have a necklace of the pretty things as a souvenir of this so charming place and my good friend," answered Sophie, with a grateful look at Fanny, whose many attentions had won the stranger's heart.

"Those boys have n't left us a single boat, so we must dive off the rocks, and that is n't half so nice," said Di, to change the subject, being ashamed of her rudeness.

"A boat is just coming round the Point; perhaps we can hire that and have some fun," cried Dora from her perch. "There is only a girl in it; I'll hail her when she is near enough."

Sophie looked about her to see where the *hail* was coming from; but the sky was clear, and she

waited to see what new meaning this word might have, not daring to ask for fear of another laugh.

While the girls watch the boat float around the farther horn of the crescent-shaped beach, we shall have time to say a few words about our little heroine.

She was a sixteen-year-old Swiss girl, on a visit to some American friends, and had come to the sea-side for a month with one of them who was an invalid. This left Sophie to the tender mercies of the young people, and they gladly welcomed the pretty creature, with her fine manners, foreign ways, and many accomplishments. But she had a quick temper, a funny little accent, and dressed so very plainly that the girls could not resist criticising and teasing her in a way that seemed very ill-bred and unkind to the new-comer.

Their free and easy ways astonished her, their curious language bewildered her, and their ignorance of many things she had been taught made her wonder at the American education she had heard so much praised. All had studied French and German, yet few read or spoke either tongue correctly or understood her easily when she tried to talk to them. Their music did not amount to much, and in the games they played their want of useful information amazed Sophie. One did not know the signs of the zodiac; another could only say of cotton that "it was stuff that grew down South"; and a third was not sure whether a frog was an animal or a reptile, while the handwriting and spelling displayed on these occasions left much to be desired. Yet all were fifteen or sixteen, and would soon leave school "finished," as they expressed it, but not *furnished*, as they should have been, with a solid, sensible education. Dress was an all-absorbing topic, sweetmeats their delight, and in confidential moments sweethearts were discussed with great freedom. Fathers were conveniences, mothers comforters, brothers plagues, and sisters ornaments or playthings according to their ages. They were not hard-hearted girls, only frivolous, idle, and fond of fun, and poor little Sophie amused them immensely till they learned to admire, love, and respect her.

Coming straight from Paris, they expected to find that her trunks contained the latest fashions for demoiselles, and begged to see her dresses with girlish interest. But when Sophie obligingly showed a few simple but pretty and appropriate gowns and hats, they exclaimed with one voice:

"Why, you dress like a little girl! Don't you have ruffles and lace on your dresses? and silks and high-heeled boots, and long gloves, and bustles and corsets, and things like ours?"

"I *am* a little girl," laughed Sophie, hardly understanding their dismay. "What should I do with fine toilettes at school? My sisters go to balls in silk and lace; but I—not yet."

"How queer! Is your father poor?" asked Di, with Yankee bluntness.

"We have enough," answered Sophie, slightly knitting her dark brows.

"How many servants do you keep?"

"But five, now that the little ones are grown up."

"Have you a piano?" continued undaunted Di, while the others affected to be looking at the books and pictures strewn about by the hasty unpacking.

"We have two pianos, four violins, three flutes, and an organ. We love music and all play, from Papa to little Franz."

"My gracious, how swell! You must live in a big house to hold all that and eight brothers and sisters."

"We are not peasants; we do not live in a hut. *Voilà*, this is my home." And Sophie laid before them a fine photograph of a large and elegant house on lovely Lake Geneva.

It was droll to see the change in the faces of the girls as they looked, admired, and slyly nudged one another, enjoying saucy Di's astonishment, for she had stoutly insisted that the Swiss girl was a poor relation.

Sophie meanwhile was folding up her plain piqué and muslin frocks, with a glimmer of mirthful satisfaction in her eyes and a tender pride in the work of loving hands now far away.

Kind Fanny saw a little quiver of the lips as she smoothed the blue corn-flowers in the best hat, and put her arm round Sophie, whispering:

"Never mind, dear, they don't mean to be rude; it's only our Yankee way of asking questions. I like *all* your things, and that hat is perfectly lovely."

"Indeed, yes! Dear Mamma arranged it for me. I was thinking of her and longing for my morning kiss."

"Do you do that every day?" asked Fanny, forgetting herself in her sympathetic interest.

"Surely, yes. Papa and Mamma sit always on the sofa, and we all have the hand-shake and the embrace each day before our morning coffee. I do not see that here," answered Sophie, who sorely missed the affectionate respect foreign children give their parents.

"Have n't time," said Fanny, smiling too, at the

idea of American parents sitting still for five minutes in the busiest part of the busy day to kiss their sons and daughters.

"It is what you call old-fashioned, but a sweet fashion to me, and since I have not the dear, warm cheeks to kiss, I embrace my pictures often. See, I have them all." And Sophie unfolded a Russia leather case, displaying with pride a long row of handsome brothers and sisters with the parents in the midst.

More exclamations from the girls, and increased interest in "*Wilhelmina Tell*," as they christened the loyal Swiss maiden, who was now accepted as a companion, and soon became a favorite with old and young.

They could not resist teasing her, however—her mistakes were so amusing, her little flashes of temper so dramatic, and her tongue so quick to give a sharp or witty answer when the new language did not perplex her. But Fanny always took her part and helped her in many ways. Now they sat together on the rock, a pretty pair of mermaids with wind-tossed hair, wave-washed feet, and eyes fixed on the approaching boat.

The girl who sat in it was a great contrast to the gay creatures grouped so picturesquely on the shore, for the old straw hat shaded a very anxious face, the brown calico gown covered a heart full of hopes and fears, and the boat that drifted so slowly with the incoming tide carried Tilly Reed like a young Columbus toward the new world she longed for, believed in, and was resolved to discover.

It was a weather-beaten little boat, yet very pretty, for a pile of nets lay at one end, a creel of red lobsters at the other, and all between stood baskets of berries and water-lilies, purple marsh-rosemary and orange butterfly-weed, shells and great smooth stones such as artists like to paint little sea-views on. A tame gull perched on the prow, and the morning sunshine glittered from the blue water to the bluer sky.

"Oh, how pretty! Come on, please, and sell us some lilies," cried Dora, and roused Tilly from her waking dream.

Pushing back her hat, she saw the girls beckoning, felt that the critical moment had come, and catching up her oars rowed bravely on, though her cheeks reddened and her heart beat, for this venture was her last hope, and on its success depended the desire of her life. As the boat approached, the watchers forgot its cargo to look with surprise and pleasure at its rower, for she was not the rough, country lass they expected to see, but a really splendid girl of fifteen, tall, broad-shouldered, bright-eyed and blooming, with a certain shy dignity of her own, and a very sweet smile, as she nodded and pulled in with strong, steady strokes.

Before they could offer help, she had risen, planted an oar in the water, and, leaping to the shore, pulled her boat high up on the beach, offering her wares with wistful eyes and a very expressive wave of both brown hands.

"Everything is for sale, if you 'll buy," said she. Charmed with the novelty of this little adventure, the girls, after scampering to the bathing-houses for purses and porte-monnaies, crowded around the boat like butterflies about a thistle, all eager to buy, and to discover who this bonny fisher-maiden might be.

"Oh, see these beauties!" "A dozen lilies for me!" "All the yellow flowers for me, they'll be so becoming at the dance to-night!" "Ow! that lob bites awfully!" "Where do you come from?" "Why have we never seen you before?"

These were some of the exclamations and questions showered upon Tilly as she filled little birch-bark panniers with berries, dealt out flowers, or dispensed handfuls of shells. Her eyes shone, her cheeks glowed, her heart danced in her bosom, for this was a better beginning than she had dared to hope for, and as the dimes tinkled into the tin pail she used for her till, it was the sweetest music she had ever heard. This hearty welcome banished her shyness, and in these eager, girlish customers she found it easy to confide.

"I'm from the light-house. You have never seen me because I never came before, except with fish for the hotel. But I mean to come every day, if folks will buy my things, for I want to make some money, and this is the only way in which I can do it."

Sophie glanced at the old hat and worn shoes of the speaker, and, dropping a bright half-dollar into the pail, said in her pretty way:

"For me all these lovely shells. I will make necklaces of them for my people at home as souvenirs of this charming place. If you will bring me more, I shall be much grateful to you."

"Oh, thank you! I'll bring heaps; I know where to find beauties in places where other folks can't go. Please take these—you paid too much for the shells," and quick to feel the kindness of the stranger, Tilly put into her hands a little bark canoe heaped with red raspberries.

Not to be outdone by the foreigner, the other girls emptied their purses and Tilly's boat also of all but the lobsters, which were ordered for the hotel.

"Is that jolly bird for sale?" asked Di, as the last berry vanished, pointing to the gull who was swimming near them while the chatter went on.

"If you can catch him," laughed Tilly, whose spirits were now the gayest of the party.

The girls dashed into the water and, with shrieks

of merriment, swam away to capture the gull, who paddled off as if he enjoyed the fun as much as they.

Leaving them to splash vainly to and fro, Tilly swung the creel to her shoulder and went off to leave her lobsters, longing to dance and sing to the music of the silver clinking in her pocket.

When she came back, the bird was far out of reach and the girls diving from her boat, which they had launched without leave. Too happy to care what happened now, Tilly threw herself down on the warm sand to plan a new and still finer cargo for next day.

Sophie came and sat beside her while she dried her curly hair, and in five minutes her sympathetic face and sweet ways had won Tilly to tell all her hopes and cares and dreams.

"I want schooling, and I mean to have it. I've got no folks of my own, and Uncle has married again; so he does n't need me now. If I only had a little money, I could go to school somewhere, and take care of myself. Last summer I worked at the hotel, but I did n't make much, and had to have good clothes, and that took my wages pretty much. Sewing is slow work, and baby-tending leaves me no time to study; so I've kept on at home picking berries and doing what I could to pick up enough to buy books. Aunt thinks I'm a fool; but Uncle, he says, 'Go ahead, girl, and see what you can do.' And I mean to show him!"

Tilly's brown hand came down on the sand with a resolute thump, and her clear young eyes looked bravely out across the wide sea, as if far away in the blue distance she saw her hope happily fulfilled.

Sophie's eyes shone approval, for she understood this love of independence and had come to America because she longed for new scenes and greater freedom than her native land could give her. Education is a large word, and both girls felt that desire for self-improvement that comes to all energetic natures. Sophie had laid a good foundation, but still desired more, while Tilly was just climbing up the first steep slope which rises to the heights few attain, yet all may strive for.

"That is beautiful! You will do it! I am glad to help you if I may. See, I have many books, will you take some of them? Come to my room to-morrow and take what will best please you. We will say nothing of it, and it will make me a truly great pleasure."

As Sophie spoke, her little white hand touched the strong, sunburned one that turned to meet and grasp hers with grateful warmth, while Tilly's face betrayed the hunger that possessed her, for it looked as a starving girl's would look when offered a generous meal.

"I *will* come. Thank you so much! I don't know anything, but just blunder along and do the best I can. I got so discouraged I was real desperate, and thought I'd have one try and see if I could n't earn enough to get books to study this winter. Folks buy berries at the cottages, so I just added flowers and shells, and I'm going to bring my boxes of butterflies, birds' eggs, and seaweeds. I've got lots of such things, and people seem to like spending money down here. I often wish I had a little of what they throw away."

Tilly paused with a sigh, then laughed as an impatient movement caused a silver clink; and slapping her pocket, she added gayly:

"I won't blame 'em if they'll only throw their money in here."

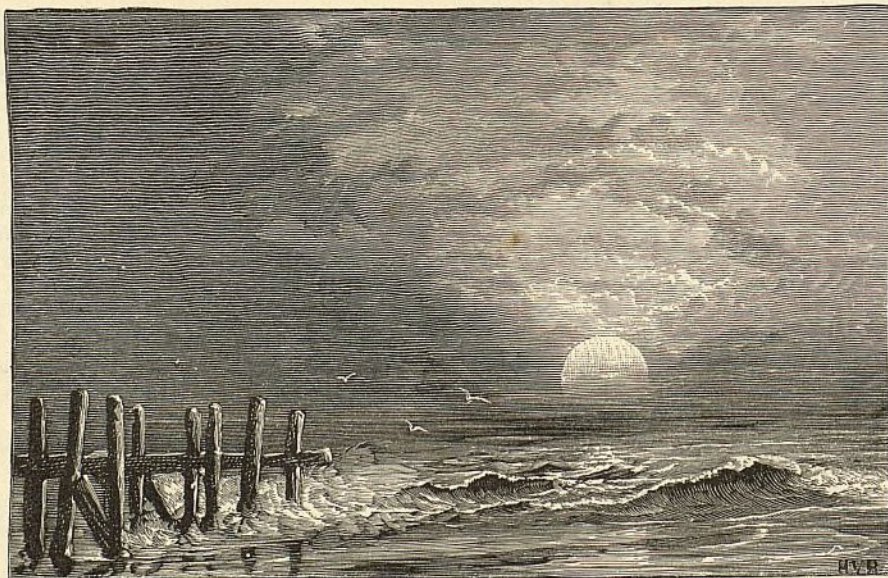
Sophie's hand went involuntarily toward her own pocket, where lay a plump purse, for Papa

about the boat as long as they dared, making a pretty tableau for the artists on the rocks, then swam to shore, more than ever eager for the picnic on Light-house Island.

They went, and had a merry time, while Tilly did the honors and showed them a room full of treasures gathered from earth, air, and water, for she led a lonely life, and found friends among the fishes, made playmates of the birds, and studied rocks and flowers, clouds and waves, when books were wanting.

The girls bought gulls' wings for their hats, queer and lovely shells, eggs and insects, sea-weeds and carved wood, and for their small brothers, birch baskets and toy ships, made by Uncle Hiram, who had been a sailor.

When Tilly had sold nearly everything she possessed (for Fanny and Sophie bought whatever the



"AND KEPT THEM TILL MOONRISE."

was generous, and simple Sophie had few wants. But something in the intelligent face opposite made her hesitate to offer, as a gift, what she felt sure Tilly would refuse, preferring to earn her education if she could.

"Come often, then, and let me exchange these stupid bills for the lovely things you bring. We will come this afternoon to see you if we may, and I shall like the butterflies. I try to catch them; but people tell me I am too old to run, so I have not many."

Proposed in this way, Tilly fell into the little trap, and presently rowed away with all her might to set her possessions in order, and put her precious earnings in a safe place. The mermaids clung

others declined), she made a fire of drift-wood on the rocks, cooked fish for supper, and kept them till moonrise, telling sea stories or singing old songs, as if she could not do enough for these good fairies who had come to her when life looked hardest and the future very dark. Then she rowed them home, and, promising to bring loads of fruit and flowers every day, went back along a shining road, to find a great bundle of books in her dismantled room, and to fall asleep with wet eyelashes and a happy heart.

II.

FOR a month Tilly went daily to the Point with a cargo of pretty merchandise, for her patrons in-

creased, and soon the ladies engaged her berries, the boys ordered boats enough to supply a navy, the children clamored for shells, and the girls depended on her for bouquets and garlands for the dances that ended every summer day. Uncle Hiram's fish was in demand when such a comely saleswoman offered it, so he let Tilly have her way, glad to see the old tobacco-pouch in which she kept her cash fill fast with well-earned money.

She really began to feel that her dream was coming true, and she would be able to go to the town and study in some great school, eking out her little fund with light work. The other girls soon lost their interest in her, but Sophie never did, and many a book went to the island in the empty baskets, many a helpful word was said over the lilies or wild honeysuckle Sophie loved to wear, and many a lesson was given in the bare room in the light-house tower which no one knew about but the gulls and the sea winds sweeping by the little window where the two heads leaned together over one page.

"You will do it, Tilly, I am very sure. Such a will and such a memory will make a way for you, and one day I shall see you teaching as you wish. Keep the brave heart, and all will be well with you," said Sophie when the grand breaking-up came in September, and the girls were parting down behind the deserted bath-houses.

"Oh, Miss Sophie, what should I have done without you? Don't think I have n't seen and known all the kind things you have said and done for me. I'll never forget 'em, and I do hope I'll be able to thank you some day," cried grateful Tilly, with tears in her clear eyes that seldom wept over her own troubles.

"I am thanked if you do well. Adieu, write to me, and remember always that I am your friend."

Then they kissed with girlish warmth and Tilly rowed away to the lonely island, while Sophie lingered on the shore, her handkerchief fluttering in the wind, till the boat vanished and the waves had washed away their foot-prints on the sand.

(To be concluded.)

WISDOM IN THE WELL.

BY PHIL O' GELOS.

THERE was an old man in Birtleby-town,
Who chose to live down in a well;
But why he lived there, in Birtleby-town,
Was never a man could tell.

The reason we'd never have known to this day,
Had not the old gentleman told:

He said he was cool when the weather was hot,
And warm when the weather was cold.

A bucket he had to draw himself up,
A bucket to let himself down;

So, perhaps, he was either the silliest man,
Or the wisest, in Birtleby-town.

SNOW-SHOES AND NO SHOES.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

FAR away to the north of us stretches a land white with snow during most of the year, where bleak winds in unobstructed fury sweep over deserted wastes; where night hangs like a somber cloud for months and months unbroken, and where those crystal mountains called icebergs are born. There is the home of the polar hare. There, where man aimlessly wanders in a vain search for food or shelter, this dainty creature thrives.

Excepting the Irishman's hare, which was no

hare at all, but a donkey, the polar hare is the largest of the long-eared tribe. It equals the fox in size, and will sometimes reach the height of a man's knee. Being so large, and, moreover, being found as far north as ever man has been able to go, it is often the means of saving the lives of unfortunate explorers or whalers who have been imprisoned by the ice so long that their supply of provisions has given out.

Strangely enough, however, it sometimes hap-

pens that men are overtaken by starvation in the midst of numbers of polar hares. This is because the little creature has a peculiarity which makes it difficult for the inexperienced hunter to shoot it.

When approached, it seems to have no fear at all, but sits up, apparently waiting for the coming hunter. Just, however, as the probably hungry man begins to finger the trigger of his gun, and to eat in anticipation the savory stew, the hare turns about and bounds actively away to a safe distance, and, once more rising upon its haunches, sits with a provoking air of seeming unconsciousness until the hunter is again nearly within gun-shot, when it once more jumps away.

This must be tantalizing enough to a well-fed sportsman, but how heart-breaking to the man who knows that not only his own life, but the lives of all his comrades as well, depends upon the capture of the pretty creature whose action seems like the cruelest of coquetry, though, in fact, it is only the working of the instinct of self-preservation common to every animal.

Notwithstanding, however, the apparent impossibility of approaching near enough to the hare to shoot it, there is in reality a very simple way to accomplish it. This plan is practiced by the natives, who no doubt have learned it after many a hungry failure. It consists in walking in a circle around the animal, gradually narrowing the circle until within the proper distance. Simple as this plan is, it is so effective that, with care, the hunter may get within fifty yards of the hare, which seems completely bewildered by the circular course of its enemy.

Perhaps the sad story of the heroic suffering and final loss of Captain De Long and his brave comrades might never have had to be told, had it not been for their probable ignorance of a matter of no more importance than this of how to shoot a polar hare. When they left their ship, the "Jeannette," they took with them only rifles, thinking, no doubt, that they would fall in with only such large game as bears, reindeer, and wolves.

As a matter of fact, such large animals were very scarce, while ptarmigan, a species of grouse, were plentiful, and would have supplied food in abundance to the whole brave band had there been shot-guns with which to shoot them. As it was, the rifles brought down but a few of the birds, and thus, in the midst of comparative plenty, the brave fellows starved.

Since the ground is covered with snow such a great part of the year, it might be imagined that the hare would find it no easy matter to procure its food. Fortunately for it, however, an evergreen bush, known as the Labrador tea-plant, is scattered throughout these regions, and seeking this in the

snow, the creature makes a grateful meal upon it. At other times, the bark of the dwarf willow affords it a dainty repast.

Not only in the matter of food is the polar hare suited to its bleak, snowy home. Human beings who live in the same latitude have found it necessary to make for themselves broad, flat, light frames which they call snow-shoes, to enable them to move about on the feathery material into which they would otherwise sink over their heads at times. Nature has done the same thing for the hare when it gives it the broad, long, fur-clad hind legs, upon the lower joints of which the animal rests, and from which it springs.

Its body is protected from the bitter cold by long, soft, and thick fur, and as, even in its lonely home, it has enemies, this same fur, by a simple yet most ingenious plan, is made to serve as a means of safety.

The golden eagle and the snowy owl are both particularly fond of the pretty creature, but it is a fondness which the hare has no desire to encourage, and therefore, when it spies one of these great birds sailing through the air, with its sharp eyes searching about for something to devour, it instantly sinks upon the snow as motionless as if dead, and, thanks to the whiteness of its fur, it can hardly be distinguished from the material it rests upon. This same snowy fur which protects it in winter would, however, as surely betray it in summer, when the snow is gone; so the little creature changes its white winter coat for a brown one as soon as the short spring has cleared the ground, and thus it is still made to resemble its surroundings.

Still another provision is necessary to enable the hare to exist in its chosen home. It must have eyes arranged so that it can see during the long night of winter; and it is wonderful to find that its eyes are not fitted for total darkness, but for twilight; for the aurora borealis, which glows almost continuously in the arctic heavens, dispels the complete darkness that would otherwise exist, and makes a sort of twilight.

There is scarcely any animal that can not be tamed if properly treated, and the polar hare is no exception to the rule. Indeed, its gentle disposition makes it a very easy subject, and consequently it has not only been tamed for a pet, but even domesticated and kept for food.

Captain Ross, the great arctic explorer, caught a young one which had come, with a number of others, to eat the tea-leaves which had been thrown overboard from the ship on the ice. This hare he tamed and made such a pet of that it spent most of its time in his cabin. There it would sit, with a solemn air, listening to the conversation that was going on as if it understood every word, and when



the conversation was over it would leave the cabin with an air of having learned all that it wished to know.

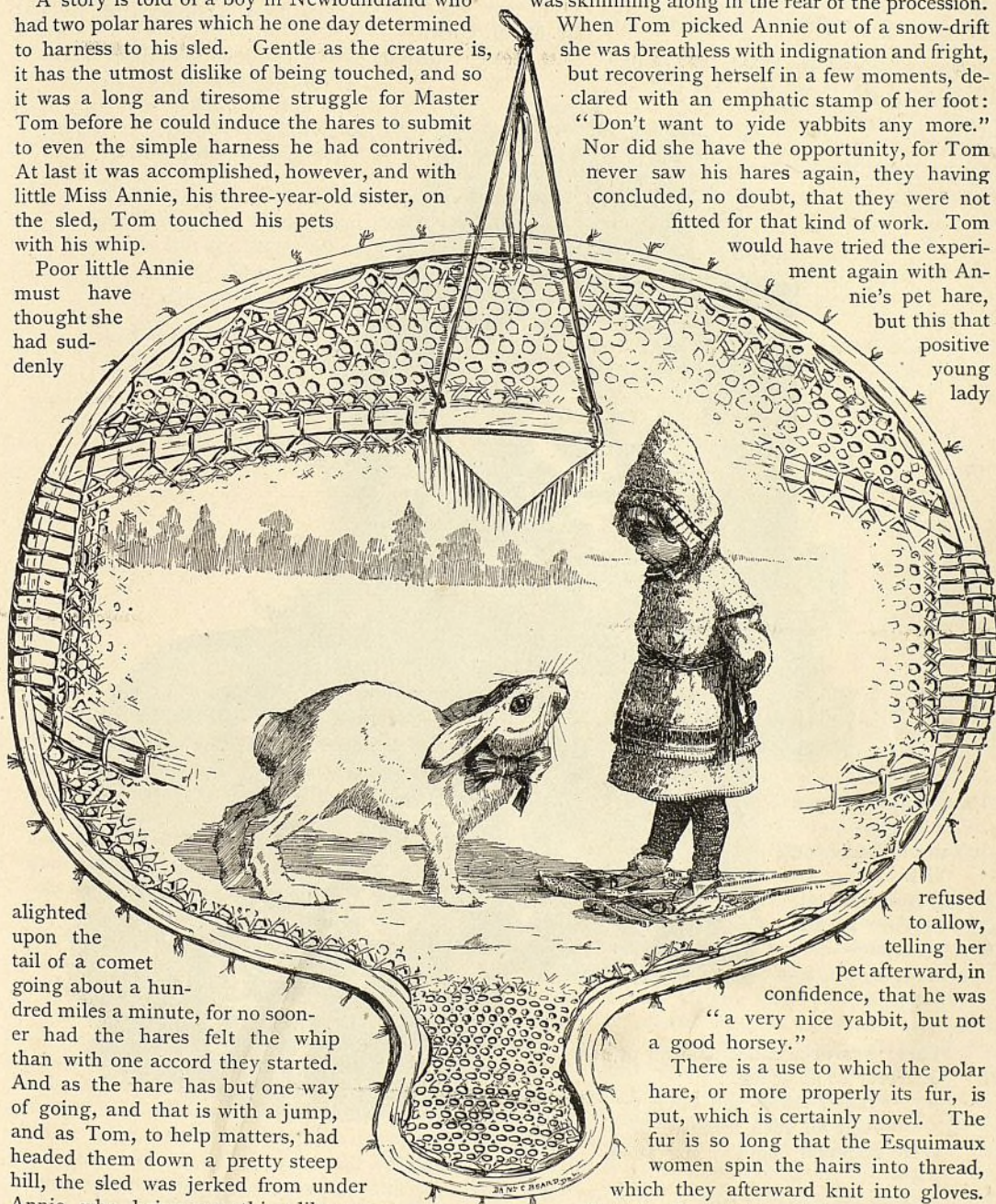
A story is told of a boy in Newfoundland who had two polar hares which he one day determined to harness to his sled. Gentle as the creature is, it has the utmost dislike of being touched, and so it was a long and tiresome struggle for Master Tom before he could induce the hares to submit to even the simple harness he had contrived. At last it was accomplished, however, and with little Miss Annie, his three-year-old sister, on the sled, Tom touched his pets

with his whip.
Poor little Annie must have thought she had suddenly

the frightened animals, was also on its way down the incline, while Tom had started to run after Annie, but, losing his balance, had sat down, and was skimming along in the rear of the procession.

When Tom picked Annie out of a snow-drift she was breathless with indignation and fright, but recovering herself in a few moments, declared with an emphatic stamp of her foot: "Don't want to yide yabbits any more." Nor did she have the opportunity, for Tom never saw his hares again, they having concluded, no doubt, that they were not fitted for that kind of work. Tom

would have tried the experiment again with Annie's pet hare, but this that positive young lady



alighted upon the tail of a comet going about a hundred miles a minute, for no sooner had the hares felt the whip than with one accord they started. And as the hare has but one way of going, and that is with a jump, and as Tom, to help matters, had headed them down a pretty steep hill, the sled was jerked from under Annie, who, being something like a very chubby barrel in shape, went after the flying hares as fast as she could roll, over and over.

The sled, too, being free at the second jump of

refused to allow, telling her pet afterward, in confidence, that he was "a very nice yabbit, but not a good horsey."

There is a use to which the polar hare, or more properly its fur, is put, which is certainly novel. The fur is so long that the Esquimaux women spin the hairs into thread, which they afterward knit into gloves.

Captain Ross, the celebrated arctic explorer, had such a pair of gloves made for him, and says they rivaled Angora wool in whiteness, and surpassed it in softness.

LITTLE MAUD'S STORY.

By M. M. GOW.



I'M going to tell you
a story —
It's nice, I know you
'll say;
Not an old tale
Worn out and
stale —
I made it myself, to-
day.

There was once a bee-yoo-tiful princess —
Oh, ever so long ago!
When fairies and kings
And all such things
Were common enough, you know.

And oh, she was awfully lovely!
With eyes as blue as the sky;
Slender and fair,
With long, light hair,
And about as big as I.

But oh, she was awful unhappy!
And if ever she smiled at all,
'T was once in awhile,
A weak little smile,
When she played with her Paris doll.

For she had such *terrible* teachers!
 And lessons she could not bear;
 And she hated to sew,
 And she hated—*oh*,
 She *hated* to comb her hair!

Well, one day, she wandered sadly
 In a dark and dismal dell;
 When, do you know,
 She stubbed her toe,
 And tumbled into a well!

The well was wet and slimy,
 And dark and muddy and deep,
 But the frogs below
 They pitied her so,
 They scraped the mud in a heap.

And then they clubbed together,
 And a toad-stool tall they made;
 And safe on that
 The princess sat,
 And waited for mortal aid.

And she, to keep from crying,
 And her anxious fears disable,
 Repeated fast,
 From first to last,
 Her multiplication-table.

And all the songs and verses
 She had ever learned to say,
 Books she had read,
 Pieces she 'd said,
 And the lessons of yesterday.

Now, a prince there came a-riding,
 In the forest thereabout;
 When he saw the fair
 Maid sitting there,
 Of course, he helped her out.

And, of course, they rode together,
 Till they reached the palace gate,
 Where they alighted,
 Their tale recited,
 And the wedding was held in state.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE lives of authors are so often at variance with the spirit of their writings that it is always pleasant to learn that the poet is also a man of harmonious personal qualities; that the novelist who makes us weep over his pathetic domestic scenes is a good husband and father; and that the eloquent apostle of liberty is not a tyrant in his own household. An interest of this sort attaches to the subject of our sketch, and we shall be gratified to know that the author of "The Boy Hunters" and "The Rifle Rangers" was in youth a daring adventurer.

Of Captain Mayne Reid's boyhood we hear little, except that he was born in the North of Ireland in 1819, of mixed Scotch and Irish parentage, and that his father, a Presbyterian minister, designed him also for the pulpit. What manner of home he had, and the sort of life the future traveler and writer lived there; who were his associates, what his aspirations, his adventures,—for adventures he must certainly have had,—of all this we know nothing, when we could wish to know so much. But it is fitting, perhaps, that this haze of obscurity should hang over the early years of the romancer, whose life is itself like a page of romance.

VOL. XI.—3.

Of one thing we may be sure, that the clerical profession was not to the taste of the imaginative boy, whose brave dreams beckoned him from far away, and cast altogether too dazzling a light over the sober books he was set to study. And we are not surprised to find him, at the age of twenty, quitting his tutors and his tasks, to follow those bright visions over seas.

Landing in New Orleans, he began a career of adventure in the wilds of America, the recollections of which stood him in good stead when he came to write the romances which flowed so copiously from his pen a few years later. Of this part of his career, also, we have no very definite information, except that he made two excursions up the Red River, hunting and trading with the Indians; that he, in like manner, ascended the Missouri and explored the vast prairies which the wave of civilization had not then reached. He afterward traveled extensively in the States, writing descriptions of his journeys for the newspaper press.

He was thus employed when, in 1845, war between the United States and Mexico broke out, and young Reid threw himself ardently into the

struggle as a volunteer. Joining a New York regiment, with a lieutenant's commission, he fought through the entire campaign, coming out of it with honorable wounds, a reputation for impetuous bravery and generous good-fellowship, and the title of captain, by which the world has known him since.

Two or three incidents of this memorable campaign serve to show the intrepid character of the young officer.

When our army, under General Scott, on its victorious march to the Mexican capital was, after several battles, stopped at Churubusco by the enemy under Santa Anna, a bloody engagement took place (August 20, 1847) at the causeway and bridge over the little river, Mayne Reid's active part in which is described by a correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*, and substantially corroborated by affidavits of members of his regiment.

In the midst of the fight, at a moment of great uncertainty and confusion, when it was impossible to tell how the scale of battle would turn, Reid, then lieutenant, noticed a squadron of the enemy's lancers preparing to charge. Fearing the result to our broken and hesitating troops, he decided that it ought to be anticipated by a counter charge. As there was no superior officer of his own regiment on the spot to order such a movement, Reid hastened to the lieutenant-colonel of the South Carolina Volunteers, then in command, Colonel Butler having retired wounded from the field, and said to him:

"Colonel, will you lead your men in a charge?"

Before he could receive an answer, "he heard something snap," and the officer fell to his knees with one leg broken by a shot. As he was carried away, Reid exchanged a few words with the remaining officers, then hurried back to his own men, calling out, as he rushed to the front of the line:

"Soldiers! will you follow me to the charge?"

"Ve vill!" shouted Corporal Haup, a brave Swiss. The order was given, and away they went, with Haup and an Irishman named Murphy the first two after their leader, the South Carolina Volunteers joining in the charge.

A broad ditch intervened between the causeway held by the enemy and the field across which the Americans were sweeping. Thinking this was not very deep, as it was covered by a green scum, Mayne Reid plunged into it. "It took him nearly up to the armpits," says the correspondent whose account we condense, "and as he struggled out, all over slime and mud, he was a sight for gods and men!" and for our readers, if they can picture him there, emerging from the ooze, and rushing on with waving sword, not the less a hero for

the plight which seems ludicrous enough to us who have the leisure to smile at it.

The leader's mishap served as a warning to his followers, and they avoided the plunge by taking a more roundabout course. The Mexicans, at sight of the advancing bayonets, did not wait, but took to their heels down the splendid road which led to the City of Mexico. As the pursuers gained the causeway, Phil Kearney's fine company of cavalry came thundering along on their dapple grays; and Reid firmly believed that the city might that day have been taken, if a recall had not been sounded and the enemy given time to fortify a new line of defense, "the key of which was Chapultepec."

The Castle of Chapultepec, commanding the great road to Mexico, was successfully stormed by our troops on the 13th of September. Of the part taken by Reid in that action we fortunately have an account written by himself, which appeared in the *New York Tribune* about a year ago, together with the printed testimony of several officers who witnessed his behavior on that occasion.

Reid was in command of the grenadier company of New York Volunteers and a detachment of United States marines, with orders to guard a battery which they had thrown up on the southeastern side of the castle on the night of the 11th, and which had been hurling its crashing shot against the main gate throughout the 12th. The morning of the 13th was fixed for the assault, and a storming party had been formed of five hundred volunteers from various parts of the army. The batteries were ordered to cease firing at eleven o'clock, and the attack began.

Reid and the artillery officers, standing by their guns, watched the advance of the line with intense anxiety, which became apprehension when they saw that about half-way up the slope there was a halt. "I knew," he says in his account, "that if Chapultepec was not taken, neither would the city be; and failing that, not a man of us might ever leave the valley of Mexico alive." This opinion he formed from the fact that the Mexicans had thirty thousand soldiers against our six thousand, and that a serious check to our advance would give them, and a host of hostile *rancheros** in the country around, all the advantages of position and overwhelming numbers. Whatever may be thought of his judgment from a military point of view, the decision he took was certainly a brave one.

Asking leave of the senior engineer officer to join the storming party with his men, he obtained it with the words, "Go, and God be with you!" He was off at once, with his volunteers and marines. After a quick run across the intervening ground, they came up with the storming

* A Mexican term for herdsmen.

party under the brow of the hill, where it had halted to await the scaling ladders. "At this point," says Lieutenant Marshall, of the Fifteenth Infantry, "the fire from the castle was so continuous and fatal that the men faltered, and several officers were wounded while urging them on. At this moment, I noticed Lieutenant Mayne Reid, of the New York Volunteers; I noticed him more particularly at the time on account of the very brilliant uniform he wore. He suddenly jumped to his feet, and calling upon those around to follow, and without looking around to see whether he was sustained or not, pushed on almost alone to the very walls."

Reid's action was not quite so reckless as this account of an eye-witness would make it appear. The outer wall of the castle was commanded by three pieces of cannon on the parapet, which, loaded with grape and canister, fearfully decimated the ranks of the Americans at every discharge. To advance seemed certain death. But death seemed equally certain whether the assailants retreated or remained where they were. Such is his own explanation of his conduct.

"Men!" he shouted out, in a momentary lull of the conflict, "if we don't take Chapultepec, the American army is lost! Let us charge up the walls!"

Voices answered: "We will charge if any one will lead us!" "We're ready!"

Just then the three guns on the parapet roared almost simultaneously. It would be a little time before they could load and fire again. Reid seized the opportunity, and calling out, "Come on! I'll lead you!" leaped over the scarp that had temporarily sheltered them, and made the charge already described.

There was no need, he says, to look back to see if he was followed. He knew that his men would not have been there, unless prepared to go where he led. About half way up, he saw the parapet crowded with Mexican artillerymen, on the point of discharging a volley. He avoided it by throwing himself on his face, receiving only a slight wound in his sword-hand, another shot cutting his clothing. Instantly on his feet again, he made for the wall, in front of which he was brought down by a Mexican ounce-ball tearing through his thigh.

All the testimony goes to show that he was first before the wall of Chapultepec. Second was the brave Swiss, Corporal Haup, who also fell, shot through the face, tumbling forward over the body of his officer. It was Reid's lieutenant, Hypolite Dardonville, a young Frenchman, who afterward, mounting the scaling ladders with the foremost, tore down the Mexican flag from its staff.

Before that, however, Reid was observed by Lieutenant Cochrane, of the Voltigeurs. Cochrane was pushing for the castle with his men, when before him, scarcely ten yards from the wall, an officer of infantry and a comrade were shot and fell. "They were the only two at the time," he says in his statement, "whom I saw in advance of me on the rock upon which we were scrambling."

Reaching the wall, Cochrane ordered two men "to go back a little way and assist the ladders



CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

up the hill." As they passed the spot where the wounded officer lay, he raised himself with evident pain, and sang out above the din and rattle of musketry, imploring the men to stand firm:

"Don't leave that wall," he cried, "or we shall all be cut to pieces. Hold on, and the castle is ours!"

Cochrane answered, to re-assure him: "There is no danger, Captain, of our leaving this! Never fear!" Then the ladders came, the rush was made, and the castle fell.

"The wounded officer," Cochrane continues,

"proved to be Lieutenant Mayne Reid, of the New York Volunteers."

Lieutenant Marshall, to whom we are indebted for that vivid glimpse of the young officer in "his very brilliant uniform," describes the effect produced by the exploit,—all those who witnessed or knew of it pronouncing it, "without exception, the bravest and most brilliant achievement performed by a single individual during the campaign."

These statements of Reid's fellow-officers (there are others from which we have not quoted) were called out shortly after the close of the war by the question going the rounds of the newspapers, "Who was first at Chapultepec?" Reid's own statement was in answer to some criticisms on his Mexican record by a newspaper correspondent, who admitted that he was foremost in the charge, yet attributed his action to a false motive.

It was charged that Reid had previously, in the heat of passion, run his sword through the body of a soldier he was reprimanding for some offense, and that his conduct at Chapultepec was prompted by a remorseful desire to atone for that rash act.

"It is quite true," Reid says, "that I ran a soldier through with my sword, and that he afterward died of the wound; but it is absolutely untrue that there was any heat of temper on my part, or other incentive to the act than that of self-defense and the discharge of my duty as an officer. On the day of the occurrence I was an officer of the guard, and the man a prisoner in the guard-prison, where he spent most of his time; for he was a noted desperado and, I may add, robber; long the pest and terror, not only of his comrades in the regiment, but the poor Mexican people, who suffered from his depredations." This man, having several times escaped, had that day been recaptured, and for his greater security Reid had ordered irons to be put upon his hands. He was a fellow of great strength, fierce and reckless; he had boasted that no officer should ever put him in irons; and now that the attempt was made, clutching the manacles and rushing upon Lieutenant Reid, he aimed a murderous blow with them at his head. The sword was too quick for him, and he rushed upon it, to his own hurt.

That the act was considered justifiable is shown by the fact that the court-martial which investigated it acquitted Reid of misconduct, and ordered him to rejoin his regiment. That he felt a brave man's regret for the necessity which forced him to take the life of a fellow-man, we can readily believe. But why should that have caused him to risk his own at Chapultepec?

The war over, Captain Reid resigned his commission. But the spirit of adventure was roused in him again when the Hungarian struggle for free-

dom enlisted the sympathies of liberty-loving people everywhere; and in 1849 he organized, in New York, a body of men to join it. He had arrived in Paris, on his way to Hungary, when news reached him of the failure of the insurrection.

Reid then retired to England and settled down to literary work. "The Scalp Hunters," his first romance, was written largely from his own knowledge of the scenes it describes, and it had an immediate success. It was followed rapidly by others, drawn partly from recollection, partly from the observations of other travelers, and partly, it must be admitted, from his own audacious imagination. A man who had displayed such intrepidity with the sword could hardly be expected to lack courage in wielding the pen. You are following no timid leader when you enter the field of fiction, where the calculating rashness of his invention goes forward somewhat like the "very brilliant uniform" that led the charge at Chapultepec. He takes you through regions where strange things happen—almost too strange and improbable, you sometimes say; but this criticism serves rather to raise than to depreciate his books in the opinion of most boys. We can forgive some extravagance of incident and peculiarities of style in an author who evidently writes as he acts—with unhesitating boldness and decision.

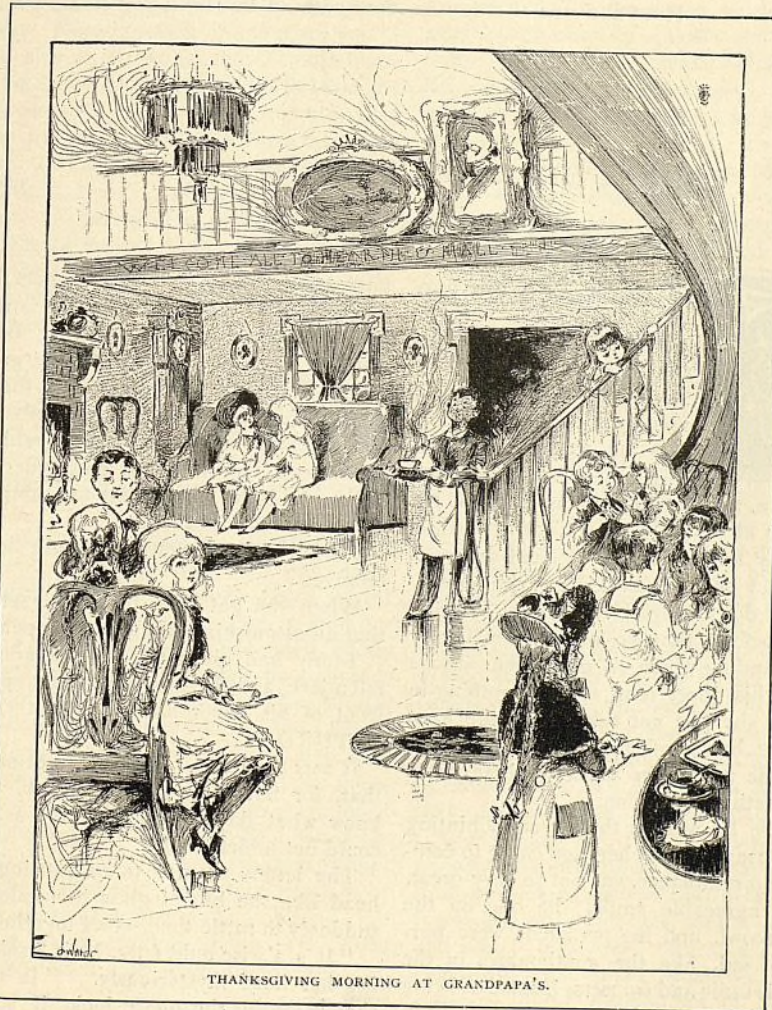
In the last letter written by the great African explorer, Livingstone, he says, "Captain Mayne Reid's boys' books are the stuff to make travelers." There is, moreover, this to be said of them, that the frame-work of fact in which he sets his pictures can always be relied on as fact. Believe as much or as little as you please of the marvelous things that happen in his stories; but be sure that he has carefully gathered from the most trustworthy sources all that he has to tell you of natural history, of the traits, manners, and habits of the strange people among whom his scenes are laid, and of the wonders of the countries themselves.

Of Captain Mayne Reid's forty volumes of romances, nearly all have been reprinted in this country, and many have been translated into other languages. He is popular in Russia, where several of his tales have had a large circulation. No doubt, many readers of ST. NICHOLAS have sat up nights over "The Desert Home," "The English Family Robinson," "The Forest Exiles," and "The Bush Boys"; and those whose youthful recollections go back as far as the first volumes of "Our Young Folks," will remember "Afloat in the Forest," which delighted the early readers of that magazine.

Captain Mayne Reid's home is in England, where he lives the life of a quiet country gentleman, devoting himself to literature and rural pursuits. He is now a man of sixty-four years, but young-

looking for his age, although suffering from severe lameness caused by the old wound received at Chapultepec. In 1854 he was married to a young English lady of the Clarendon-Hyde family, a lineal descendant of the famous Lord High Chancellor. Among his latest writings are a series of interesting letters on the Rural Life of England, which have recently appeared in the *New York Tribune*, giving detailed and graphic descriptions of the farmer, the parson, the squire, the magistrate, field clubs, and sports, and many other things of which we over the water read so much in books

and yet know so little. But his very latest work, as the editors will tell you, is a story written for St. NICHOLAS, in which you will be invited to accompany some English and American boys through some thrilling perils and marvelous escapes in the "Land of Fire," during the coming year. You will be sure to be entertained, for whatever else may be said of him, Mayne Reid is never dull. And you will feel all the more interested in the story told when you know that the teller is a brave man, who carries wounds received in fighting your country's battles.



NUTTING-TIME.

BY H. I.

THE month was October, the frosts had come down,
The woodlands were scarlet and yellow and brown;
The harvests were gathered, the nights had grown chill,
But warm was the day on the south of the hill.

'T was there with our bags and our baskets we went,
And searching the dry leaves we busily bent;
The chestnuts were big and the beech-nuts were small,
But both sorts are welcome to boys in the fall.

And when, in the ashes beneath the bright flame,
On eves of November, with laughter and game,
The sweetmeats are roasted, we recollect still
How fine was the day on the south of the hill.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM CHINA.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.



HERE he stood, on the nursery mantel-piece, "grin'n' and grin'n', as if he'd grin the hairt out iv him," as Nora, the nurse, said, and nobody seemed to know how he came there. He might have walked all the way from China, and set himself up there of his own accord, for all that Dode, or Teddy, or Marion, or the baby knew. But he looked so much like a gentleman on a screen down in the library, that Marion ran down to see if it were not he. She had thought, before, that he must have a very stupid time, standing there on the screen, always squinting with his queer long eyes, at nothing in particular, and she did not think it in the least strange that he had preferred to hop off, if he could, and come up to the nursery where there was always something going on.

But no; there he was on the screen, squinting away, just as usual, and when you came to compare them, the resemblance was not so very great. Instead of an agreeable smile, the one on the screen had a scowl, and his petticoats were purple, instead of red, like the gentleman's in the nursery, and his tunic and trousers, instead of being a lovely gold color like his, were a very dull,

unpleasant pink. He had no queer, box-like cap perched on the top of his head and tied under his chin, like the one upstairs; but when you came to his pigtail, there was the greatest difference. The Chinese gentleman in the nursery had a pigtail of "truly" hair, well combed and glossy, and reaching almost to his feet; while the one on the screen had only an embroidered one, that could n't have looked like anything but sewing silk, if he had come off.

Marion decided that they could be only distant relatives.

When she got back to the nursery, she found that an astonishing thing had happened.

Teddy had given the Chinese gentleman's pigtail a jerk, and there had suddenly appeared in the front of his queer little box of a cap the word, SATURDAY.

It was Saturday. They did not need to be told that, for Saturday was a holiday. But how he knew what day of the week it was, the children could not understand.

The letters seemed to be rattling about in his head like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, and suddenly to rattle themselves together into a word.

"It's a wise ould felly, he is," said Nora, shaking her head mysteriously. "It's meself knew that same be the quare looks iv him. He'll be

after watchin' iverythin' that's go'n' on, and if there's mischief done he'll not kape it til himself. Och, but he has a shly way wid him!"

The children looked at each other in dismay.

There was certainly something very queer about him. He ran his tongue out, in a mocking and very unpleasant way when the word appeared in front of his cap, and there was no denying that he had a very sly and knowing twinkle in his eye.

He seemed to know altogether more than was proper for a gentleman who, after all, was only made of wood, if he was Chinese; and if he was going to be a spy, and tell who did mischief, he was not to be tolerated. Teddy gave his pigtail another jerk, after a rather cross fashion, and out came his tongue in that very impolite way, and up into his cap popped the word Sunday.

"Pooh! he is n't much," said Dode. "He is only just fixed up inside so that he can tell one day after another. Just let him alone, and he'll say to-morrow is Monday. Nora is only trying to scare you. I should think she might know that I would know better." And Dode drew himself up to look just as tall as he possibly could, which was not, after all, so tall as he could wish, and did not seem to impress Nora, although it did impress Teddy, and Marion, and the baby.

"He's only an old wooden image, is he? and not so very pretty either!" said Marion, who almost always believed what Dode told her.

"He's a calendar! He's useful. I know Aunt Esther brought him!" said Dode, with great contempt.

Aunt Esther was very kind about some things, and she had a big dog named Ponto who could dance a polka, though she valued him only because he kept burglars away. But she had one failing that almost spoiled her: she would make useful presents.

It was not of the least avail for Marion to hint, about Christmas time, that her doll, Lady Jane Grey, was suffering for a Saratoga trunk full of stylish clothes; Aunt Esther was sure to send her a work-box, or a writing-desk. She gave Teddy a dozen pocket handkerchiefs when he wanted a pistol; and Dode a very dry History of the World, in seven volumes, when he had hinted for a banjo.

She took Teddy to a lecture on Fossil Remains, when he wanted to go to the circus, and she made Dode go to the School of Anatomy to see a lot of skeletons, instead of to the Zoölogical Gardens. She never bought candy, and she thought Mother Goose was silly. She said dolls were a waste of time, and she thought drums made a noise.

Aunt Esther had no children of her own. They all died young. Dode said it was no wonder.

It did not seem, at first thought, as if Aunt

Esther could have bought the Gentleman from China. He was so red-and-gold, and had such a grin. He looked exactly as if Aunt Esther would not approve of him.

"If you pulled his pigtail every morning he would tell you what day of the week it was, and that was useful, certainly; but if Aunt Esther had bought a Chinese Gentleman at all, she would have bought a drab one, who would n't under any circumstances have run out his tongue," the children thought.

How he came there was not explained to the satisfaction of Marion and Teddy and the baby, whatever Dode might think; and they did think he was a little "quare," and feel a little awe of him, although they pretended not to.

He had such an opportunity to make himself disagreeable if he really could watch all the mischief that was done, and tell who was at the bottom of it! For there was no denying that they were full of mischief—Dode and Marion and the baby. Teddy did not really belong to the family; he was a little orphan cousin. "He is just the same as one of us, only not so bad," Marion always explained.

It was not often Teddy who did the mischief, but it was very often Teddy who was blamed for it.

For several days the Gentleman from China conducted himself as mildly and unobtrusively as a wooden gentleman might be expected to; he certainly saw plenty of mischief, if he kept his eyes open, but he never mentioned it, and the children grew so bold as to laugh to scorn Nora's warnings that he was a "foxy ould felly, that was layin' up a hape o' saycrets to let out agin 'em, some foine day."

His smile became very tiresome, and it was decided that he was not, after all, very handsome. His pigtail was not pulled, even once a day, and the children's big brother, Rob, said he "smiled and smiled and was a villain," because he so seldom told the truth about the day of the week.

One rainy day, Dode did take him down to try to find out what there was inside of him. He was a long time about it; but he put him back rather suddenly, at last, and went off as if he were in a hurry. And neither Marion nor Teddy nor the baby cared enough about the Chinese Gentleman to remember to ask him, when he came back, if he found out where the gentleman kept his letters.

One reason for this may have been that the nursery was enlivened, just then, by three of the most bewitching kittens that ever frisked. Three fuzzy balls with blue eyes, and the pinkest of noses and toes; and they tore and scampered over everything, like small whirlwinds. They understood so thoroughly the art of being agreeable,

there was such variety in their entertainments, and they enjoyed them so much themselves, it was no wonder that they put the Chinese Gentleman in the background. The kittens, to be sure, could not tell you what day of the week it was,—the baby had pulled each of their tails to see,—but so long as there was time enough in it to turn somersaults, race together pell-mell, and tumble headlong, they did n't care.

It was a great shame that such lovely kittens should not have had prettier names; but there had been so many kittens in that family that the children had exhausted all the pretty names, or got fairly tired out thinking them up. They had had Gyps, and Fluffs, and Daisies, and Muffs, and Pinkies, and Fannies, and Flossies, and Minnies; and dignified names, too—Lord This and Lady That; a splendid old patriarch named Moses, and a wicked little black kitten called Beelzebub; and now there really did n't seem to be any names left for these three but Rag, Tag, and Bob-tail; and Rag, Tag, and Bob-tail they were accordingly named.

Bob-tail did have a funny little bob of a tail; it looked as if half of it had been bitten off; that was what made them think of his name, and his name suggested the others. Bob-tail was white, without a speck of any other color upon him; but, I am sorry to say, that he usually looked somewhat dingy. His one fault was that he would not keep himself clean.

Marion and the baby—who was a three-year-old boy, if he was still called the baby, and could do as much mischief as an ordinary ten-year-old one—had become so disgusted with Bob-tail's want of cleanliness, that they had resolved to dye him. He really ought to be of some dark color that would not show dirt, they thought.

And they had found, in Mamma's room, a bottle of indelible ink, of a bright, beautiful, purple color, which, they decided, would be just the very thing to dye him with.

The operation was performed that very day, as soon as Dode had finished examining the interior arrangements of the Chinese Gentleman, and left the room.

They waited until he had gone, because he always wanted to superintend things, and thought he ought to, because he was the oldest. Marion and the baby thought, as it was their own idea, they ought to have the privilege of dyeing Bob-tail just as they pleased; so it was just as well not to let Dode know anything about it until it was done. Bob-tail was allowed to look on, and was finally promoted to the honor of holding Bob-tail, who, being only a kitten, had not sense enough to understand the advantage of being dyed purple, and he mewed and scratched like a little fury.

The baby thought he would be prettier dyed in spots; but that was found to be impossible, because he would not keep still. The only way was to pour the ink over him, and they had to take great care to prevent it from getting into his eyes. A great deal went upon the carpet; but, as Nora was down in the kitchen, ironing, and would never know how it came there, I am sorry to say that they did not think that was of much consequence. Marion did look up, once, at the Gentleman from China, to see if he showed any signs of noticing what was going on, any more than any image would, for she could not rid herself of the fancy that, after all, Nora might be right about his being "quare" and "shly." But he exhibited only his usual pleasant grin, and no more of a twinkle in his queer, long eyes. Marion concluded that it would be just as absurd to suspect him of noticing what was going on as it would be to suspect the little brass Cupid on the chandelier, who always had his arrow poised, but never let it fly.

It was proposed to hold Bob-tail over the furnace-register until the ink was thoroughly dry; but Nora suddenly opened the door, and Bob-tail took advantage of the commotion which her entrance caused to make his escape. It happened, unfortunately, that the street-door had been left ajar, and out Bob-tail slipped.

When Marion and Teddy reached the lower hall there was no kitten to be seen. They called until they were hoarse, but no Bob-tail came.

"Perhaps he has gone to see if his mother will know him," suggested the baby; for Bob-tail's mother, a sober-minded and venerable tabby, lived only a few blocks away.

"If he should happen to see himself in a looking-glass, he might think it was n't he, and never come home," said Marion; "just like the little old woman on the king's highway who had her petticoats cut off, and said:

"Oh, lauk a mercy on me! This surely can't be I!"

"I'm not afraid of that," said Teddy, after some deliberation, "because he'll know himself by his bob-tail."

Still, they all felt very anxious and uneasy, and would have rushed out in pursuit of him, only that it was raining very hard, and they were not allowed to go out.

They thought he would be sure to come home to supper, for Bob-tail was the greediest of the three, and always cried lustily for his saucer of warm milk.

But supper-time came, and no Bob-tail. It was so sad to miss his shrill little "mew!" that they all three cried, and were quite cross to Rag and Tag, who had not got lost.

The next morning, they were all up bright and early to see if Bob-tail had not come home. But, alas! there were Rag and Tag alone, and so dejected in spirit that they hardly cared to play, and looking very melancholy with the bits of black ribbon which Dode, who was rather heartless and would make fun, had tied around their left forefeet.

Marion and Teddy went up and down the street,

And they all agreed to that sentiment. But that did not help matters in the least.

"If the Chinese Gentleman really knew as much as Nora said, he might tell us where Bob-tail is," said Teddy. "Let's give his pigtail an awful pull!"

"Pooh! he'll only say it is Wednesday. I suppose he will tell the truth, because he was pulled yesterday, but we all know that already," said Marion.

Dode cast a somewhat uneasy glance at the Gentleman from China, but said nothing.

Teddy gave his pigtail "an awful pull." And a most extraordinary thing happened. Instead of the name of the day of the week, this was what appeared in the front of the Chinese Gentleman's head-dress:

SEND E W

Some of the letters were tipsily askew, but the message was plain enough. "Send E. W." Of course, E. W. stood for Edward Warren, Teddy's name.

Teddy turned pale, and Marion thought that Nora was certainly right, and wished that she had believed her before.

Dode looked a little frightened, but he laughed and went and gave the Chinese Gentleman's pigtail another twitch.

"We'll find out whether he really means it," he said.

Those letters fell away, and up came: YES.

The letters were even

more askew than the others, and there was a great rattling before they came, as if he had to make a great effort to get them up into his cap. But here it was, as plain a "Yes" as one could wish to

"There's no doubt about it; he means for us to go, Teddy," said Dode, laughing still, though he did look a little frightened — and Dode was a little, easily scared.



"IT'S A WISE OLD FELLOW, HE IS," SAID NORA, MYSTERIOUSLY.

and called Bob-tail in beseeching tones, but no Bob-tail responded.

When they came home from school, and found that he had not come back, it was resolved that something must be done.

"I'd rather have him dir-dir-dirty-white and found, than pur-pur-purple and lost!" sobbed the baby.

"And oh, Teddy, perhaps you will find Bob-tail!" cried Marion, forgetting her fears in joy at this prospect.

Teddy prepared at once to obey the Chinese Gentleman's direction. He had not the least idea where to go, but he had faith that he should find Bob-tail, for the Chinese Gentleman seemed gifted with miraculous powers.

Dode and Marion and the baby escorted him down to the door; and Marion, determined to have everything properly done, tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and made him whirl around until he could not tell which way he was facing, and then started him off. When he took the handkerchief off, he found he was turned in just the opposite direction to the one he had intended to follow; but, since Marion was sure it was the proper way to do, he went on, having a queer feeling that the Chinese Gentleman had had something to do with turning him around.

On he went, up one street and down another, peering into every alley-way, and calling "Kitty, Kitty," or "Bobby, Bobby," continually. Several times he stopped and asked persons whom he met if they had seen "a purple kitten without very much of a tail." They all looked surprised and said "No"; one boy laughed, and said there was no such thing as a purple kitten. Teddy did not condescend to explain, and, as the other boy was a big one, Teddy did not tell him what he thought of him.

He grew very weary and discouraged, and had begun to think that the Gentleman from China was a humbug, when suddenly he espied a crowd collected around a hand-organ. Perhaps there was a monkey! If there was anything in the world that Teddy thoroughly delighted in, it was a monkey. He forgot that he was tired, he almost forgot Bob-tail, for there *was* a monkey, and an uncommonly attractive one, too, with scarlet trousers and a yellow jacket, ear-rings in his ears, and a funny little hat, with a feather standing upright in it. He was holding his hat out for pennies, and, suddenly seeing a lady at an upper window of a house, he darted nimbly on to the window-blind, and so made his way up to her.

The lady put some money into his hat, and he turned away; but something on the roof of the house suddenly caught his eye, and he darted up the spout to the very top of the house!

There sat a kitten—a most forlorn, and dirty, and dragged-looking kitten, of a dull, dingy black color, with streaks and spots of dirty white here and there, and not very much of a tail.

Bob-tail's very self; but oh, how changed from the happy, frisky Bob-tail of other days!

The monkey advanced, chattering, and with uplifted paw, and cuffed poor Bob-tail's ears.

The kitten made a fierce little spit at the monkey. And then, seeming to be overcome with fear of a kind of enemy which was new to his experience, and might be altogether too much for him, he turned and fled.

Teddy could see an open sky-light, and the tip of the kitten's tail vanishing into it.

Teddy ran up the steps of the house and rang the bell.

"My kitten, is in your house! I saw him go down through your sky-light," he said to the young girl who opened the door.

"Is it a queer kitten, that looks as if he'd been through *everything*?" said the girl.

"Yes, perhaps he does. He's been dyed," said Teddy, rather shamefacedly.

"Dyed? What a cruel, wicked boy you must be to dye a poor little kitten!" said the girl, severely. "He has been crying around here all day. He would n't eat anything, he was so frightened. I'm sure I don't know about letting you have him."

"We thought he would be prettier purple. But we'll never dye him again," said Teddy, meekly.

The girl seemed to have difficulty in catching Bob-tail, but she at last appeared with him, though he was struggling frantically for freedom.

The moment he saw Teddy he made a leap into his arms. He was of a forgiving disposition, and willing to overlook the dyeing, or perhaps he had found, already, that there is no place like home. At all events, he curled up snugly in Teddy's arms, and Teddy, rejoicing, carried him home.

Great was the joy among the children over the wanderer restored to the bosom of his family, but Rag and Tag were somewhat cold and reserved in their manner toward him.

They eyed him askance for awhile, Tag even showing an inclination to do battle with him, but at last they both drew nearer and smelled of him, and seeming re-assured by this, they set to work to restore him to his natural color. But they retired from the labor with disgusted faces before long, evidently not finding the taste of the ink agreeable.

It was night then, and by gaslight Dode and Marion did not think Bob-tail looked very badly, considering that purple is not expected to be very pretty by gas-light; but the next morning Marion thought he did look "horrible," as she said.

"Oh, I wish we had him back as he was!" she exclaimed. "I don't think purple is in good taste for kittens, and he's almost black anyway, and so streaked! What shall we do?"

"Ask the old chap; maybe he'll know," said Dode.

"Oh, the Chinese Gentleman! Do you dare to twitch his pigtail, Dode?" asked Marion, in a voice of awe.

Dode pulled it, and with a great deal of rattling—more than he had made just to tell the days of the week—up came these letters:

DURTY

"Dirty! why, of course, Bob-tail is dirty. That's true, old fellow, if you can't spell!" cried Dode.

"Oh, hush, Dody! Perhaps that's the way they spell it in China. How could he know?" cried Marion.

"I don't see that we know any more," said Teddy. "You'd better ask him again, Dode, how we can clean him."

Dode twitched the Chinese Gentleman's pig-tail

"I should n't want to be so rude to a witch like him," said Teddy, seriously. "He might turn you into something."

"There are n't any gentleman witches in my book," said Marion, doubtfully; "but perhaps they have them in China. Pull him once more, Dode, and be awfully polite."

Dode pulled, and TRY came up, very straight and trim.

"Try! So we will. We will wash him like everything," said Marion.

And into the bath-tub went poor Bob-tail as soon as they came from school that afternoon, and such



"TEDDY, REJOICING, CARRIED BOB-TAIL HOME."

again, he being the only one who had the courage to do it.

STAY came up, the letters askew, as if he were in a great hurry.

"Stay? What does he mean by that? We won't let Bob-tail stay purple, if that's what you mean, my ancient chap," said Dode, whose bump of reverence was but small.

a scrubbing as he had it is probable that no other kitten was ever compelled to endure since the world began.

They could hardly tell whether he looked any better or not that night, he was so wet, and dragged, and unhappy. And the next morning he was still shivering, and seemed, as Marion said, "as if he were going to have a fit of sickness."

The purple had come off a good deal, but that was no comfort if he were going to die!

"I'd a good deal rather have him pur-pur-purple than not to have him a ter-ter-tall!" cried the baby.

"Oh, Dode, ask the Chinese Gentleman what we shall do for him!" exclaimed Marion.

"All right," said Dode. "It's Friday to-day, is n't it?"

"What has that to do with it?" demanded Teddy.

"Oh, nothing," said Dode, "only he'll be sure not to say the same that he did yesterday."

"What do you mean, Dode?" said Marion.

"Oh, nothing, only they never repeat themselves in China," said Dode, who could be very disagreeable about keeping things to himself.

He jerked the pigtail, and IRDF greeted the children's astonished eyes.

"What does it mean?" exclaimed Marion.

"It's probably Chinese. If you only understood Chinese you'd know just how to cure Bob-tail. I'll pull again and ask him to speak English."

The pigtail being jerked, up came these letters: DRY.

"That's English, anyway! And I don't suppose he's quite dry, or he would n't shiver so. Let's wrap him up in warm blankets."

The Chinese Gentleman's command was accordingly obeyed, and in twenty-four hours Bob-tail was himself again, and really more a white kitten than a purple one.

Sunday afternoon, it happened that Dode and Marion were alone in the nursery. Marion, who had been earnestly looking at the Gentleman from China, suddenly said, in a very serious tone:

"Dode, do you think he really is a witch?"

"Oh, you goose! I should think anybody might see through that," said Dode, who was in an unusually good-natured mood. "I broke him, trying to find out how he was made, and now, instead of coming up in order, the letters that make the name of the day come any way; that's all. Sometimes it makes a word, and sometimes it does n't. It has happened queerly, sometimes,

and that's all. Yesterday I pulled him, and he said DUTY; now we'll see what he'll say."

DUNS came up, at which Dode clapped his hands provokingly, and declared that the old Chinese had some sense, after all; for if that did n't spell "dunce," what did it spell? and did n't it just describe the girl that thought he was a witch? It was rather hard to make Marion believe Dode's simple explanation, and he told her, grandly, that "half the grown people in the world could be humbugged by a simple thing like that, which any fellow, with a head on his shoulders, could explain to them in two minutes."

Teddy, on being summoned, was inclined to agree with Marion in thinking that the Chinese Gentleman must have brains, instead of machinery, in the head which that wonderful pigtail grew out of.

But they all united in one opinion, that he was "the splendorous fun they ever had; and if Aunt Esther did buy him, he made amends for all the useful presents she had ever given them."

It happened that Aunt Esther came to see them the very next day. The first thing that she said, when she came into the nursery, was:

"I am very glad to hear that you like the present I sent you. I did n't suppose you would, because it is not a frivolous, useless toy. I am sorry that it is broken, and I will have it repaired."

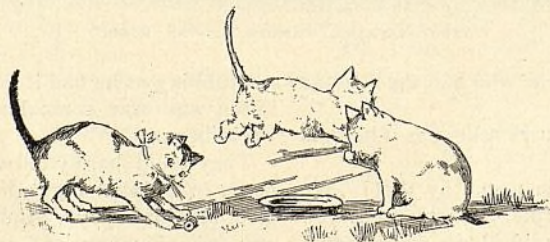
"Oh, Aunt Esther, please don't!" cried Marion. "We *hated* him when he went right. We only like him spoiled!"

Aunt Esther heaved a great sigh.

"It is just as I might have expected. You never will care for anything useful. Hereafter, I shall give my presents to deserving children."

Just at that moment Dode slyly pulled the Chinese Gentleman's pigtail, and—of course it was very impolite and wrong, but he did n't know any better—the Chinese Gentleman, running out his tongue and, it seemed to the children, with a broader grin than he had ever grinned before, rattled these letters up into his cap: O MY.

And Aunt Esther will not believe, to this day, that the children did not mean to make fun of her.



THE LAMP-LIGHTER.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.



LIGHT up the sky! Light up the sky!
 The moon is set and the wind is high,
 And two little runaways—Madge and I—
 Must journey and journey
 Till night is done,
 To the Land-o' Clouds,
 To meet the sun.
 So, little Lamp-lighter,
 The stars must burn brighter,
 And whether to Cloud-land
 Or Dream-land, or nearer,
 The stars must burn clearer,
 For Madge and for me,
 To go when the sun comes up
 Out of the sea.

THE BEE-MAN AND HIS ORIGINAL FORM.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

IN the ancient country of Orn, there lived an old man who was called the Bee-man, because his whole time was spent in the company of bees. He lived in a little hut, which was nothing more than an immense bee-hive, for these little creatures had built their honey-combs in every corner of the one room it contained, on the shelves, under the one little table, all about the rough bench on which the old man sat, and even about the head-board and along the sides of his low bed. All day the air of the room was thick with buzzing insects, but this did not interfere in any way with the old Bee-man, who walked in among them, ate his meals, and went to sleep, without the slightest fear of being stung. He had lived with the bees so long, they had become so accustomed to him, and his skin was so tough and hard, that the bees no more thought of stinging him than they would of stinging a tree or a stone. A swarm of bees had made their hive in a pocket of his old leathern doublet; and when he put on this coat to take one of his long walks in the forest in search of wild bees' nests, he was very glad to have this hive with him; for, if he did not find any wild honey, he would put his hand in his pocket and take out a piece of a comb for a luncheon. The bees in his pocket worked very industriously, and he was always certain of having something to eat with him wherever he went. He lived principally upon honey; and when he needed bread or meat, he carried some nice combs to a village not far away and bartered them for other food. He was ugly, untidy, shriveled, and brown. He was poor, and the bees seemed to be his only friends or relations. But, for all that, he was happy and contented; he had all the honey he wanted, and his bees, whom he considered the best company in the world, were as friendly and sociable as they could be, and seemed to increase in number every day.

One day, there stopped at the hut of the Bee-man a Junior Sorcerer. This young person, who was a student of magic, necromancy, and the kindred arts, was much interested in the Bee-man, whom he had frequently noticed in his wanderings. He had never met with such a being before, and considered him an admirable subject for study. He got a great deal of useful practice by endeavoring to find out, by the various rules and laws of sorcery, exactly why the old Bee-man did not happen to be something that he was not, and why he was what he happened to be. He had studied

a good while at this matter, and had found out something.

"Do you know," he said, when the Bee-man came out of his hut, "that you have been transformed?"

"What do you mean by that?" said the other, much surprised.

"You have surely heard of animals and human beings who have been magically transformed into different kinds of creatures?"

"Yes, I have heard of these things," said the Bee-man; "but what have I been transformed from?"

"That is more than I know," said the Junior Sorcerer. "But one thing is certain—you ought to be changed back. If you will find out what you have been transformed from, I will see that you are made all right again. Nothing would please me better than to attend to such a case."

And, having a great many things to study and investigate, the Junior Sorcerer went his way.

This information greatly disturbed the mind of the Bee-man. If he had been changed from something else he ought to be that other thing, whatever it was. He ran after the young man, and overtook him.

"If you know, kind sir," he said, "that I have been transformed, you surely are able to tell me what it is I was."

"No," said the Junior Sorcerer, "my studies have not proceeded far enough for that. When I become a senior I can tell you all about it. But, in the meantime, it will be well for you to try to discover for yourself your original form, and when you have done that, I will get some of the learned masters of my art to restore you to it. It will be easy enough to do that, but you could not expect them to take the time and trouble to find out what it was."

And, with these words, he hurried away, and was soon lost to view.

Greatly disquieted, the Bee-man retraced his steps, and went to his hut. Never before had he heard anything which had so troubled him.

"I wonder what I was transformed from?" he thought, seating himself on his rough bench. "Could it have been a giant, or a powerful prince, or some gorgeous being whom the magicians or the fairies wished to punish? It may be that I was a dog or a horse, or perhaps a fiery dragon or a horrid snake. I hope it was not one

of these. But, whatever it was, every one has certainly a right to his original form, and I am resolved to find out mine. I will start early to-morrow morning, and I am sorry now that I have not more pockets to my old doublet, so that I might carry more bees and more honey for my journey."

He spent the rest of the day in making a hive of twigs and straw, and, having transferred to this a colony of bees that had just swarmed and a great many honey-combs, he rose before sunrise the next day, and having put on his leathern doublet, and having bound his new hive to his back, he set forth on his quest, the bees who were to accompany him buzzing around him like a cloud.

As the Bee-man passed through the little village the people greatly wondered at his queer appearance, with the hive upon his back. "The Bee-man is going on a long expedition this time," they said; but no one imagined the strange business on which he was bent. About noon he sat down under a tree, near a beautiful meadow covered with blossoms, and ate a little honey. Then he untied his hive and stretched himself out on the grass to rest. As he gazed upon his bees hovering about him, some going out to the blossoms in the sunshine, and some returning laden with the sweet pollen, he thought that he noticed a bee who was a stranger to him. He was so familiar with his own bees that he could distinguish an outsider.

"This stranger seems very busy," he said aloud. "I wonder what it wants of my bees?"

As he said this, a large and very beautiful bee alighted on his knee, and looking up at him said, in a clear little voice: "I want only to know where you are going, and what you intend to do. And I have been asking your bees about it."

"My bees can't talk," said the Bee-man, in surprise.

"They can talk to me," said the bee, "and I can talk to you. I am really a fairy, and have taken the form of a bee for purposes of my own."

"Then you have been transformed," cried the Bee-man, "and no doubt you know all about that sort of thing!"

"I know a good deal about it," said the Fairy. "Your bees say you are greatly troubled. What has happened to you?"

Then the Bee-man, with much earnestness, told all that had occurred, and what he was trying to find out.

"So you have been transformed, have you?" said the Fairy bee, "and you want to know what your original form was. That is curious, and, if you choose, I will go with you and help you. The case is very interesting."

"Oh, that will be an excellent thing!" said the

Bee-man. "If you help me, I shall be sure to find out everything."

"But you should consider," said the Fairy, "that you may have been some dreadful creature. In that case, it would be well to know nothing about it."

"Oh, no," cried the Bee-man. "It is not honest for any person to have a form that is not originally his own. No matter what I was before, I am determined to be changed back. I shall never be satisfied to live in a false form."

"Very well," said the Fairy, "I will help you all I can."

And when the Bee-man started out again, the Fairy bee went with him.

"How did you expect to do this thing," said the Fairy, "when you first set out?"

"I supposed I should find my original form," said the Bee-man, "very much as I find bee trees. When I come to one I know it."

"That may be a very good plan," said the Fairy, "and when you see anything in your original form you may be drawn toward it."

"I have no doubt of it," said the Bee-man.

It was not long after this that the Bee-man and his companion entered a fair domain. Around them were rich fields, splendid forests, and lovely gardens, while at a little distance stood the beautiful palace of the Lord of the Domain. Richly dressed people were walking about or sitting in the shade of the trees and arbors; splendidly caparisoned horses were waiting for their riders, and everywhere were seen signs of opulence and gayety.

"I think," said the Bee-man, "that I should like to stop here for a time. If it should happen that I was originally like any one of these happy creatures, it would please me much."

"Very well," said the Fairy bee. "I suppose we might as well stop here as anywhere."

"Perhaps," said the Bee-man, "you can help me to pick out my original form."

"No," said the Fairy, "that you must discover for yourself. But if you are so drawn toward any living creature that you feel certain that once you must have been like it, then, perhaps, I can help you."

The Bee-man untied his hive, and hid it behind some bushes, and taking off his old doublet, laid that beside it. It would not do to have his bees flying about him if he wished to go among the inhabitants of this fair domain.

For two days the Bee-man wandered about the palace and its grounds, avoiding notice as much as possible, but looking at everything. He saw handsome men and lovely ladies; the finest horses, dogs, and cattle that were ever known; beautiful birds

in cages, and fishes in crystal globes, and it seemed to him that the best of all living things were here collected.

At the close of the second day, the Bee-man said to the Fairy, who had accompanied him everywhere: "There is one being here toward whom I

"What are you doing here, you vile beggar?" he cried; and he gave him a kick that sent him quite over some bushes that grew by the side of the path.

The Bee-man came down upon a grass-plot on the other side of the path, and getting to his feet



"AS THE BEE-MAN PASSED THROUGH THE LITTLE VILLAGE PEOPLE WONDERED AT HIS QUEER APPEARANCE."

feel very much drawn, and that is the Lord of the Domain."

"Indeed!" said the Fairy. "Do you think you were once like him?"

"I can not say for certain," replied the Bee-man, "but it would be a very fine thing if it were so; and it seems impossible for me to be drawn toward any other being in the domain when I look upon him, so handsome, rich, and powerful."

"Well, I have nothing to say about it," said the Fairy. "You must decide the matter for yourself. But I advise you to observe him more closely, and feel more sure of the matter, before you apply to the sorcerers to change you back into a lord of a fair domain."

The next morning, the Bee-man saw the Lord of the Domain walking in his gardens. He slipped along the shady paths, and followed him so as to observe him closely, and find out if he were really drawn toward this gracious and handsome being. The Lord of the Domain walked on for some time, not noticing that the Bee-man was behind him. But suddenly turning, he saw the little old man.

he ran as fast as he could to the bush where he had hidden his hive and his old doublet.

"Do you still," said the Fairy, "feel drawn toward the Lord of the Domain?"

"No, indeed," replied the other, much excited. "If I am certain of anything, it is that I was never a person who would kick a poor old Bee-man, like myself. Let us leave this place. I was transformed from nothing that I see here."

The two now traveled for a day or two longer, and then they came to a great black mountain, near the bottom of which was an opening like the mouth of a cave.

"This mountain," said the Fairy, "is filled with caverns and under-ground passages, which are the abodes of dragons, evil spirits, horrid creatures of all kinds. Would you like to visit it?"

"Well," said the Bee-man with a sigh, "I suppose I ought to. If I am going to do this thing properly, I should look on all sides of the subject, and I may have been one of those horrid creatures myself."

Thereupon they went to the mountain, and as

they approached the opening of the passage which led into its inmost recesses they saw, sitting upon the ground, and leaning his back against a tree, a Languid Youth.

"Good-day," said this individual when he saw the Bee-man. "Are you going inside?"

"Yes," said the Bee-man, "that is what I am going to do."

"Then," said the Languid Youth, slowly rising to his feet, "I think I will go with you. I was told that if I went in there I should get my energies toned up, and they need it very much; but I did not feel equal to going in by myself, and I thought I would wait until some one came along. I am very glad to see you, and we will go in together."

So the two went into the cave accompanied by the Fairy, whom the Languid Youth had not noticed. They had proceeded but a short distance when they met a little creature, whom it was easy to recognize as a Very Imp. He was about two feet high and resembled in color a freshly polished pair of boots. He was extremely lively and active, and as he came bounding toward them, his quick eye perceived the Fairy bee, and, paying no attention to the Bee-man and his companion, he immediately entered into conversation with her.

"So you are changed into a bee, are you?" said he. "That is queer. But you need not keep up that sort of thing in here. I wish you would change back into a fairy. I like you ever so much better that way."

"I have no doubt of it," said the Fairy, "for then I would not have any sting. I know what you want to do. You want to put me in a jar and pickle me."

"That is exactly it," said the Very Imp. "I have got lots of things in pickle, but I never had a pickled fairy: but if I can't get hold of you I suppose I shall have to give it up. What did you bring these two people here for?"

"I did not bring both of them," said the Fairy. "That younger one came here to have his energies toned up."

"He has come to the right place," said the Very Imp, giving himself a bounce like an India-rubber ball. "We will tone him up. And what does that old Bee-man want?"

"He has been transformed from something, and wants to find out what it is. He thinks he may have been one of the things in here."

"I should not wonder if that were so," said the Very Imp, rolling his head on one side, and eying the Bee-man with a critical gaze. "There is something about him that reminds me of one of those double-tailed dragons with red-hot claws, that live in the upper part of the mountain. I will take

him to one of them, and see if we can make a trade."

"No, you wont," said the Fairy bee. "He is under my protection. He shall see all these creatures, and if he feels a drawing toward any of them as if he must once have been the same kind of thing himself, I will know if it is really so, and he will be changed back."

"All right," said the Very Imp; "you can take him around, and let him pick out his previous existence. We have here all sorts of vile creepers, crawlers, hissers, and snorters. I suppose he thinks anything will be better than a Bee-man."

"It is not because he wants to be better than he is," said the Fairy bee, "that he started out on this search. He has simply an honest desire to become what he originally was."

"Oh, that is it, is it?" said the other. "There is an idiotic moon-calf here with a clam head, which must be just like what the Bee-man used to be."

"Nonsense," said the Fairy bee. "You have



THE BEE-MAN AND THE LANGUID YOUTH MEET THE VERY IMP.

not the least idea what an honest purpose is. I shall take him about, and let him choose for himself."

"Go ahead," said the Very Imp, "and I will attend to this fellow who wants to be toned up." So saying he joined the Languid Youth.

"Look here," said that individual, regarding

him with interest, "do you black and shine yourself every morning?"

"No," said the other, "it is water-proof varnish. You want to be invigorated, don't you? Well, I will tell you a splendid way to begin. You see that Bee-man has put down his hive and his coat with the bees in it. Just wait till he gets out of sight, and then catch a lot of those bees, and squeeze them flat. If you spread them on a sticky rag, and make a plaster, and put it on the small of your back, it will invigorate you like everything, especially if some of the bees are not quite dead."

"Yes," said the Languid Youth, looking at him with his mild eyes, "if I had energy enough to catch a bee I would be satisfied. Suppose you catch a lot for me."

"The subject is changed," said the Very Imp. "We are now about to visit the spacious chamber of the King of the Snap-dragons."

"That is a flower," said the Languid Youth.

"You will find him a gay old blossom," said the other. "When he has chased you round his room, and has blown sparks at you, and has snorted and howled, and cracked his tail, and snapped his jaws like a pair of anvils, your energies will be toned up higher than ever before in your life."

"No doubt of it," said the Languid Youth; "but I think I will begin with something a little milder."

"Well then," said the other, "there is a flat-tailed Demon of the Gorge in here. He is generally asleep, and, if you say so, you can slip into the farthest corner of his cave, and I'll solder his tail to the opposite wall. Then he will rage and roar, but he can't get at you, for he does n't reach all the way across his cave; I have measured him. It will tone you up wonderfully to sit there and watch him."

"Very likely," said the Languid Youth; "but I would rather stay outside and let you go up in the corner. The performance in that way will be more interesting to me."

"You are dreadfully hard to please," said the Very Imp. "I have offered them to you loose, and I have offered them fastened to a wall, and now the best thing I can do is to give you a chance at one of them that can't move at all. It is the Ghastly Griffin, and is enchanted. He can't stir so much as the tip of his whiskers for a thousand years. You can go to his cave and examine him just as if he was stuffed, and then you can sit on his back and think how it would be if you should live to be a thousand years old, and he should wake up while you are sitting there. It would be easy to imagine a lot of horrible things he would do to you when you look at his open mouth with

its awful fangs, his dreadful claws, and his horrible wings all covered with spikes."

"I think that might suit me," said the Languid Youth. "I would much rather imagine the exercises of these monsters than to see them really going on."

"Come on, then," said the Very Imp, and he led the way to the cave of the Ghastly Griffin.

The Bee-man and the Fairy bee went together through a great part of the mountain, and looked into many of its gloomy caves and recesses, the Bee-man recoiling in horror from most of the dreadful monsters who met his eyes. Many of these would have sprung upon him and torn him to pieces had not the Fairy bee let them know that the old man was under her protection and, therefore, could not be touched by any of them. While they were wandering about, an awful roar was heard resounding through the passages of the mountain, and soon there came flapping along an enormous dragon, with body black as night, and wings and tail of fiery red. In his great fore-claws he bore a little baby.

"What is he going to do with that?" asked the Bee-man, shrinking back as the monster passed.

"He will take it into his cave and devour it, I suppose," said the Fairy bee.

"Can't you save it?" cried the other.

"No," said the Fairy. "I know nothing about that baby, and have no power to protect it. I have only authority from our Queen to act as your guardian."

They saw the dragon enter a cave not far away, and they followed and looked in. The dragon was crouched upon the ground with the little baby lying before him. It did not seem to be hurt, but was frightened and crying. The monster was looking upon it with delight, as if he intended to make a dainty meal of it as soon as his appetite should be a little stronger.

"It is too bad!" exclaimed the Bee-man. "Somebody ought to do something." And turning around, he ran away as fast as he could.

He ran through various passages until he came to the spot where he had left his bee-hive. Picking it up, he hurried back, carrying the hive in his two hands before him. When he reached the cave of the dragon, he looked in and saw the monster still crouched over the weeping child. Without a moment's hesitation, the Bee-man rushed into the cave and threw his hive straight into the face of the dragon. The bees, enraged by the shock, rushed out in an angry crowd and immediately fell upon the head, mouth, eyes, and nose of the dragon. The great monster, astounded by this sudden attack, and driven almost wild by the numberless stings of the bees, started suddenly back

to the farthest portion of his cave, still followed by his relentless enemies, at whom he flapped wildly with his great wings and struck with his paws. While the dragon was thus engaged with the bees, the Bee-man sprang forward and, seizing the child, he rushed away. He did not stop to pick up his doublet, but kept on until he was out of the caves. The Fairy bee followed him; but perceiving the

The Fairy bee said no more; but, flying on, she soon came to the outside opening, beyond which she saw the Languid Youth talking to the Bee-man, who still held the child in his arms.

"You need not be in a hurry now," said the former, "for the rules of this institution don't allow the creatures inside to come out of this opening, or to hang around it. If they did, they would frighten



THE RETURN OF THE BABY. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Very Imp hopping along on one leg, and rubbing his back and shoulders with his hands, she stopped to inquire what was the matter, and what had become of the Languid Youth.

"He is no kind of a fellow," said the Very Imp. "He disappointed me dreadfully. I took him up to the Ghastly Griffin, and told him the thing was enchanted, and that he might sit on its back and think about what it could do if it was awake; and when he came near it the wretched creature opened its eyes, and raised its head, and then you ought to have seen how mad that simpleton was. He made a dash at me and seized me by the ears; he kicked and beat me till I can scarcely move."

"His energies must have been toned up a good deal," said the Fairy bee.

"Toned up! I should say so!" cried the other. "I raised a howl, and a Scissor-jawed Clipper came out of his hole, and got after him; but that lazy fool ran so fast that he could not be caught."

away visitors. They go in and out of holes in the upper part of the mountain."

The Bee-man now walked on, accompanied by the other. "That wretched Imp," said the latter, "cheated me into going up to a Griffin, which he said was enchanted. I gave the little scoundrel a thrashing, and then a great thing, with clashing jaws and legs like a grasshopper, rushed after me and chased me clean out of the place. All this warmed me up, and did my energies a lot of good. What are you going to do with that baby?"

"I shall carry it along with me," said the Bee-man, "as I go on with my search, and perhaps I may find its mother. If I do not, I shall give it to somebody in that little village yonder. Anything would be better than leaving it to be devoured by that horrid dragon."

"Let me carry it. I feel quite strong enough now to carry a baby."

"Thank you," said the Bee-man, "but I can

take it myself. I like to carry something, and I have now neither my hive nor my doublet."

"It is very well that you had to leave them behind," said the Youth, "for the bees would have stung the baby."

"My bees never stung babies," said the other.

"They probably never had a chance," remarked his companion. "But there is one bee flying about you now. Shall I kill it?"

"Oh, no!" cried the Bee-man. "That is a fairy bee. She is my protector."

The Youth was very much astonished, and looked at the Fairy bee with wide-open eyes; and when she flew near him, and spoke to him, he was so much amazed that he could not answer.

"Yes," she said, "I'm a fairy, and I'm taking care of this old man. I do not tell him where to go, or what to do, but I see that he comes to no harm."

"It is very good of you," faltered the Youth. He was trying to think of some other complimentary remark, but they had now entered the village, and something ahead of them attracted his attention. In a moment, he exclaimed: "Do you see that woman over there, sitting at the door of her house? She has beautiful hair, and she is tearing it all to pieces. She should not be allowed to do that."

"No," said the Bee-man. "Her friends should tie her hands."

"It would be much better to give her her child," said the Fairy bee. "Then she will no longer think of tearing her hair."

"But," the Bee-man said, "you don't really think this is her child?"

"Just you go over and see," replied the Fairy.

The Bee-man hesitated a moment, and then he walked toward the woman with the baby. When the woman heard him coming, she raised her head, and when she saw the child she rushed toward it, snatched it into her arms and, screaming with joy, she covered it with kisses. Then, with joyful tears, she begged to know the story of the rescue of her child, whom she never expected to see again; and she loaded the Bee-man with thanks and blessings. The friends and neighbors gathered around, and there was great rejoicing. The mother urged the Bee-man and the Youth to stay with her, and rest and refresh themselves, which they were glad to do, as they were tired and hungry.

The next morning the Youth remarked that he felt so well and vigorous that he thought he would go on to his home across a distant plain. "If I have another fit of languidity," he said, "I will come back and renew my acquaintance with the Very Imp. But, before I go, I would suggest that something be done to prevent that dragon from returning after the child."

"I have attended to that," said the Fairy bee.

"Last night I flew away, and got permission to protect the infant, and I have given it a little sting on its forehead which will so mark it that all dragons and other evil creatures will know it is under fairy protection. It hurt a little at first; but that was soon over, and the scar will scarcely be noticed by common eyes."

"A good idea," said the Youth, "and it was very generous in you to think of it." And, so saying, he took his leave.

"And now," said the Fairy bee to the Bee-man, "I suppose we might as well go on."

"Not just yet," said the other. "This is a very pleasant place to rest, and I am tired."

The Bee-man remained at the cottage all day, and in the evening he said to the Fairy: "Do you know that I never felt drawn toward anything so much as toward this baby? And I believe that I was transformed from a baby."

"That is it," cried the Fairy bee. "I knew it all the time, but you had to find it out for yourself. Your original form was that of a baby. Would you like to be changed back?"

"Indeed I would," said the Bee-man. "I have the strongest yearning to be what I originally was."

That night the Fairy bee flew away, and informed the Junior Sorcerer and his Masters that the Bee-man had discovered what he had been transformed from, and desired to be changed back. The Junior Sorcerer was very much interested, and with some of his learned friends he journeyed down to the mother's cottage. And there, by magic arts, the Bee-man was changed into a baby. The mother was so grateful to the Bee-man that she agreed to take charge of this baby, and bring it up as her own.

"It will be a grand thing for him," said the Junior Sorcerer, "and I am glad that I studied his case. He will now have a fresh start in life, and will have a chance to become something better than a miserable old man, living in a wretched hut with no friends or companions but buzzing bees."

The Junior Sorcerer and his Masters then returned to their homes; and the Fairy bee, having vaccinated the new baby against dragons, flew away to her Queen, and resumed her usual form.

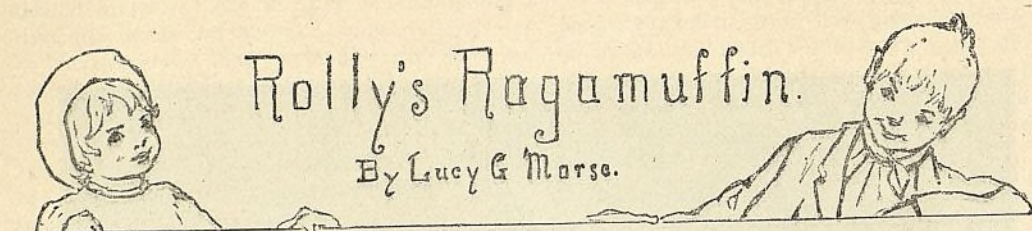
Years and years afterward, when the Junior Sorcerer had become a Senior, and was very old indeed, he passed through the country of Orn and noticed a small hut about which swarms of bees were flying. He approached it and, looking in at the door, saw an old man in a leathern doublet, sitting at a table, eating honey. By his magic art, he knew this was the baby which had been transformed from the Bee-man.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Sorcerer.

"He has grown into the same thing again!"



GETTING ACQUAINTED. (DRAWN BY H. P. SHARE.)



At the corner of Broadway and the street where little Rolf Kingman lives, there is a small, neat grocery store kept by a man named Jacob Dilber. Jacob is red-faced and rough looking, but he has a good character in the neighborhood, and Friend Haviland, who lives just opposite Rolf, buys all her groceries of him because he wont sell any kind of liquor.

She was in the store one morning, buying some Kennedy wafers, when Rolf's round head, under his broad-brimmed hat, showed itself in the door-way. The shop was quite crowded, there being in it at least six people waiting to be served, and Jacob had a cross scowl on his face, for the street boys had teased him unmercifully that morning by pilfering apples and nuts from the barrels outside, and he had discovered a counterfeit trade dollar in his money drawer. Friend Haviland had not seen him so "put out" for months.

"Can't stand it!" he muttered, as he was writing down his orders. "Must have some protection 'gainst a set of mis'erable, good-for-nothing loafers! I'll teach 'em a lesson some day—just wait till I catch one! No, Mrs. Smith," he said to a shabby-looking woman who asked him a question from the back of the store; "eggs *have n't* ris'! I've been lettin' you have 'em at cost price, and now I can't afford it. Got to make up deficiencies somehow!" And Jacob's manner was gruff even to Friend Haviland, until, counting her change on the edge of the counter, he spied Rolf's big, blue eyes peering over it at him. In an instant Jacob's scowl vanished. A broad smile spread over his face, and he stopped short in the midst of his counting to bend his ear and listen to Rolf's wonderfully sweet, clear voice say, rather softly:

"How do ye feel to-day, Mr. Dilber? Do ye feel well?"

"Pretty well! Pretty well, I thank you, sir!" answered Jacob, heartily. "And how do *you* feel?"

"I'm all well," answered Rolf. "I have a scratch pussy made on my thumb," holding up a dimpled hand for Mr. Dilber's examination. "Oh,

I forgot—it is n't that hand—it's this one. But I'm all well—good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my boy—good-bye! Come again to-morrow," said Jacob, covering the tiny hand with both his great ones, and watching the child as he stepped off a soap-box and quietly left the shop.

Turning again to his duties, it was with quite a different manner that Jacob gave Friend Haviland her change.

"Thirty-eight an' two are forty—fifty—a dollar. Can send 'em home for ye as well as not, Miss Haviland—no trouble at all. Thank you'm! Good morning, mum! Now Mrs. Smith, what can I do for you? Well—no matter. You can have the eggs for the same as usual—ten, twelve—there! We'll throw in one an' call it a 'baker's dozen.' Never mind thanks—we must do a good turn for one another sometimes. That little chap does *me* a good turn most every day. I'm so used to seeing his bit of a figger coming in and stepping up on that box to ask me how I feel, that it's like organ music to me. I keep that box (he shoved it there himself one day) o' purpose—he can't see over the counter without it; and every day, sure as the sun shines, he trots down just to inquire about my feelings! He wont take anything,—not a seed-cake even,—and there's something in his way that makes ye think of all the angels at once, and it sets me up for the day. There's a mighty power in just a pleasant word now and then."

When Rolf left the shop, he trudged back to his own door-step. There he found one of the very ragamuffins who had been pilfering some of Mr. Dilber's nuts; he was now cracking them with a piece of a brick. Rolf was very fond of human kind, and his mother's prejudices made nuts a rarity. So he sat down on the bottom step by the ragamuffin and said, "Who are you?"

"I'm Tim Riley," said the boy. "Who are you?"

"I'm Rolly Kingman, and I'm most as big as you," said Rolf. "I'm growin' longer every day.

My mamma found a dress what I wore once, and it's too little for me and Willie's got to wear it."

"I guess she must 'a' found it with a spy-glass—an' I guess Willie's a sparrer!" said Tim. "Where did you come from?"

"From Mr. Dilber's; an' I live in this house, 'an I have a kitty an' a little brother," said Rolly.

"Did ye get any nuts at Dilber's?" asked Tim.

"No. I did n't ask him for any," said Rolly.

"Ho! Well, afore ye get many yards longer, ye'll find out that it wastes time to *ask* for wot ye want. Never mind, though—ye can have that," said Tim, trying to get his teeth into an impossible inside corner of a walnut, and throwing half a one into Rolf's lap.

"Did Mr. Dilber give it to you 'thout your asking him?" said Rolly, thoughtfully.

"Ho! Of course not! I tuk it when he was n't

"What did ye go to the shop for, if ye did n't want sumpthin'? an' what'll ye do with a nut if ye don't eat it?" asked Tim.

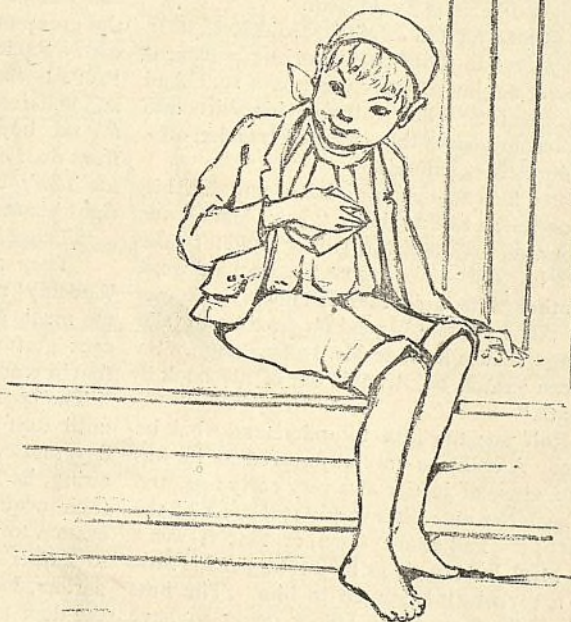
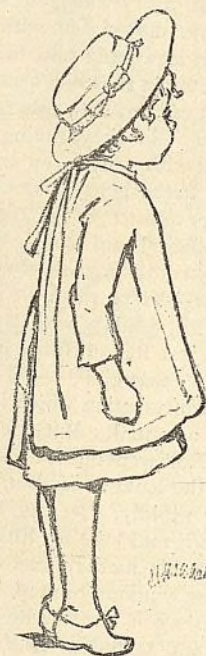
"I'll give it back to Mr. Dilber," said Rolf. "It's *his*, an' it aint—aint—"

Rolf was instinctively a gentleman, and thought an instant before he said: "It aint anybody else's. I don't go to get nuts—I go to ask Mr. Dilber how does he feel."

Tim giggled and said: "Well, I guess he said he felt kind o' peppery this mornin'—did n't he?"

"No," said Rolf, quietly. "He said he felt pretty well, but I don't think he did. No—I really don't." Rolly shook his head several times with an expression of much anxiety, and looking up

times with an



lookin'. Why don't ye eat it? It's good. Eat away."

"Don't want to," said Rolf, squeezing it tight in his little fist.

"Laws!" said Tim. "Ye need n't be so savin'—ye can get plenty of 'em, if ye watch round."

"Don't want to get any," said Rolf. "An' I'm not goin' to eat it at all."

into Tim's face, said, mysteriously, "He had a trouble!"

"Ye don't mean it!" said Tim. "What kind of a trouble could it 'a' been, I wonder?"

"I don't know," said Rolf. "But he's got it, for he writed it in a book—I saw him! An' I'm goin' to ask my mamma what makes people well when they have troubles. But first I'll give him back this piece of a nut. If ye want me to, I'll—I'll—I'll take them other ones back what you've got, an' I'll give 'em to him for ye." And Rolf said this in such a pleasant voice, holding out his hand so prettily, that Tim felt something stirring

within him which he had never felt before. Somehow, that last bit of a nut had lost its fine flavor, and he rattled the others uneasily in his pockets.

"I'll do it, if ye *want* me to," said little Rolf again,—"only I wont give him back those"—pointing to the broken shells on the step—" 'cause you 've ate 'em up—all what's good. But when you get a penny, you can *buy* some at the store, an' you can give 'em back *then*. Or, if you don't want to, you can give 'em to me, an' I'll give 'em back, an' —"

"Oh, bother!" interrupted Tim. "How 'm I ever goin' to git a penny? Nobody ever gives me a cent! But ye can take these, if ye likes—only don't let on that it was *me*. Don't tell him I took 'em—will ye?"

"No," said Rolf, quite delighted to see the nuts emptied into his lap. "I'll tell him it's a secret! Is it a secret?"

"Yes—'course it is," said Tim.

"Then I must n't tell *anybody*," said Rolf. "If you tell a secret to more than just one person, it is n't a secret any more—my papa says so." And so saying, the little fellow gathered his skirts into a knot to accommodate the nuts, and traveled off a second time to Mr. Dilber's.

Very soon he came running back, and his big eyes shone as he said to Tim: "I put 'em all out on the counter, an I told Mr. Dilber I did n't take 'em, but a boy did—a boy what's sorry, an' wont do it another time, an' I said the boy's name was a secret. An' I guess it's good for troubles to take back things, 'cause it made Mr. Dilber laugh. So now he can 'cratch the trouble out of his book if he wants to."

Now, Rolf was too little to understand what he had done. A child so carefully reared as he was acquires a sense of justice at a very early age, and he took back the nuts without any real sense of the fact that Tim had *stolen* them, or that it was a crime to steal, but simply as he would give his little brother a toy which belonged to him. The nuts were Mr. Dilber's, and Mr. Dilber ought to have them—that was all.

But Tim was nearly twice as old as Rolf, and understood the lesson better. When Rolf's mother called him in, Tim sat still a long while thinking. He had heard plenty of people talk about stealing, and been addressed many a time as a young sinner, and called to repentance. But nobody had ever made him *want* to repent before. "There he was—nothin' but a baby," said Tim to himself, "settin' aside o' me an' lookin' up to me as if I was just exactly as good as him! An' he kind o' laughed up beautiful in my face, an' he looked as if he was as good—right through to his bones—as—as a hull church! I wisht his mother

had n't 'a' called him in! I guess if she 'd seen him talkin' to me, though, she 'd 'a' called him sooner. Laws! would n't she have been scared? Why, he don't know nothin' bad, I don't b'lieve! An' I know how to steal"—and Tim counted over his sins on his fingers—"to steal, an' to fight, an' to tell lies—my, *oh!* such rousin' ones as I can tell 'd take the crinkle out o' her hair in a jiffy! All the same," he said, heaving a great sigh as he rose and looked up at the windows, "I wisht she had n't called him in! I would n't let on to *him* what I knows—an' I wisht I had a penny!"

II.

THE next day, Rolf left his tin cart on the doorstep while he ran down to Mr. Dilber's. When he came back the cart was gone, and there was a scuffle among some boys farther down the street. Rolf drew himself together, looking very forlorn, and was just about to raise a cry when out from the group of quarreling boys darted Tim with the cart. Racing as fast as his legs could take him to Rolf's house, he placed the toy in the child's hands, and squared round in front of him, with fists ready for the boys, if necessary. But they, seeing the front door open, passed on with only a few sneers for Tim's benefit. Tim, betoused, sat down to right his much abused cap, and to get his breath.

"Those boys are n't polite!" said Rolf.

"They aint never been to 'Lasco's Dancin' 'Cademy' roun' the corner—so ye must n't spect too much of 'em," said Tim, adding, with significant gestures, "they've just had a little dance that'll teach 'em sumptin', though!"

The boys had another conversation which lasted until Rolf was called in, as usual. But the next day, and every day when Rolf went out for his little airing, he found Tim on the lookout for him, and their acquaintance grew rapidly. It was Rolf's custom to play out-of-doors, and take his little trip to Dilber's grocery while his mother dusted the parlors, looking out of the windows or stepping to the door now and then to see if her boy was safe. Tim watched his chance and talked to Rolf when she was not in sight, for he held to his first idea that she would be troubled to see them together, and he would run away at the first sound of her voice. Rolf naturally repeated things which "a boy" had told him, and she saw them together sometimes, but she knew that Rolf was social in his disposition, and, not recognizing Tim, thought only that the boys passing along the street exchanged greetings with the child.

But the two were growing meanwhile very fond of each other. They had formed a friendship with which time had little to do. Rolf, in his baby way, accepted Tim as a stanch defender of his rights

and his confidential friend. And Tim grew to love the little fellow as he had never loved anything or anybody in his life before.

One day Rolf failed to appear, and although Tim tried several times from the opposite pavement, he caught no glimpse of him at any of the windows.

The next day, and the next, and many days went by and Tim did not see his little friend. He went at all hours to look at the house; but, al-

asked Jacob, gruffly. "An' how do ye dare set foot on that box when it's put there for him to stand on when he comes down to the shop? I wont have anybody touch that box—I wont! It stands there just where he shoved it himself—an' I'll break anybody's bones who touches it!"

Not a whit did Tim care for Jacob's scolding. He only squeezed his hands hard together and cried: "I'll go, an' I wont touch nothing *never*, if ye'll just tell me what's come to Rolly! Rolly



TIM MAKES A VISIT TO ROLLY.

though he saw every other person who lived in it, and even the cat through the basement blinds, he saw no Rolf, and his heart was troubled.

One day it occurred to him to ask Mr. Dilber what was the matter, and he walked into the shop. He was greeted by being ordered out at once. Instead of obeying, he walked up to the counter and, putting his foot on the soap-box which Rolf used to stand upon, was about to speak, when Jacob, whose back had been turned for an instant, saw him and made a dive for him. Tim sprang toward the door and squared off, shouting at the top of his voice: "I tell ye I don't want nothing, an' I would n't take it if ye gave it to me! I want to know 'bout Rolly Kingman!" Here there was a catch in Tim's voice, and he added huskily: "What's come to him?"

It was Rolly's name that caught Jacob's attention—not the catch in Tim's voice.

"What do *you* know about *him*? An' what business is it of *yours* what's come to him?"

likes me, an' nobody ever did afore, an' they never will. Oh, what's come to him, Mr. Dilber?"

Jacob saw misery in the boy's face, and his tones softened as he said: "Well, boy, they say he's near to death's door! An' may be, by this time—may be the *Lord Himself* has come to him!"

Tim's cry was n't a loud one, but it was desolate. He dropped his head and trembled. He was turning to go, when his eye lighted on Rolly's box. Jacob did not interfere with him then, when he dropped on his knees before it, and, rubbing it with his ragged sleeves, said: "I wont—wont put my foot on it again—no, I—I wont—but—O Rolly! Rolly!" and his poor face was pressed down on the box and his tears fell upon it fast.

III.

It was many weeks afterward that Rolly sat up in his crib one morning, cutting paper soldiers and waiting for Tim. For Tim was coming to

see him! The Doctor had told about the poor boy who waited for him every day in cold or wet, whether the sun shone or the rain fell, only to hear how Rolly was.

Tim had been hunted up and taken care of. He had—but wait! Let him tell his good fortune himself to Rolly.

"Halloo!" said Rolly, when Tim showed himself with a bunch of lilacs in his hand. If Rolly had been older, he would have seen Tim's clean face and neat clothes before he spied the lilacs. As it was, he had sniffed at the flowers a good while before he said again: "Halloo! you've got a new jacket!" And it was then that Tim told what had happened to him.

"Ye see," said he, "the Doctor axed me to hold his horse, an' then he seen me every day, an' the horse an' me got 'quainted. An' the Doctor was 'stonished 'cause I held on to the horse when the fire ingines went by. But before that, he knowed you an' me was friends. An' I said nobody did n't know me much 'cept Mr. Dilber, an' he would n't say nothin' good for me, 'cause I used to crib nuts an' things. But I was n't fair to Mr. Dilber, for he told the Doctor that he thought if I had a chance I'd learn how to b'have myself in time. 'Certain sure,' says he, 'he has n't touched anythin' o' mine since Rolly Kingman was took sick!' So the Doctor tried me, an' I'm his boy, an' the horse an' him both likes me, an' I'm earnin' my

clothes (your mother gave me two suits to start with) till I show 'em I can keep my tongue in my head and 'tend to my business. But I've got a secret, Rolly, that I'm not goin' to tell to any one but you!" And Tim seized his opportunity while Rolf's mother left the room for a moment. "Rolly," he whispered, "do ye mind them nuts I took that day?"

Rolly nodded.

"Well," said Tim, "I told the Doctor, when he talked to me about earnin' my clothes, that I did n't want no money but just a penny, an' if he'd give me that I would n't ax for another cent. So he did. An' this is the secret: I bought a cent's worth o' them same nuts, an' I watched round till Mr. Dilber did n't see me, an' then I just put every one of 'em back in the barrel!"

Rolly laughed as if he thought the secret was a capital one.

"I'll tell ye sumptin' else, too," continued Tim. "I'm learnin' at night school, an' I'm unlearnin'! I used to know heaps o' bad things, but since I tuk those nuts back, an' unlearned how to—how to—steal, ye know—it's lots easier than I thought it'd be to unlearn the other things. An' since you've been my friend, Rolly, somehow it's harder to do bad things than it used to be, an' I think if you're my friend long enough, why bimeby I'll forget how altogether an' quite entirely for evermore!"

AMONG THE PINES.

A Children's Play for Christmas-Tide. In Two Acts.

BY RUTH OGDEN.

CHARACTERS.

POLLY: a little village maid. JACK: Polly's younger brother.
FATHER PINE: an elderly pine.
MOTHER PINE: " " "
CONE and SCRUB: { Two promising young Pinelets,
sons to Father and Mother Pine.
NEDDIE SHED, LOUIS SCREW, { Four queer little fellows, aids-de-
FELIX DEAN, TINY MITE: { camp to Santa Claus.

SCENE.

A snow-covered hill-side in New England.

N. B.—For parlor representation, sides and background of some rich, red color, bordered with pine-boughs at the top, will be found most effective. The four pine-trees included in the *dramatis personæ* must be of varying heights, and should be placed at the rear of the stage. Green is the best color for covering the floor.

An ingenious arrangement of cotton on and about the trees will give the effect of snow; and a low fence, running directly across the front of the stage, will lend a certain finish to the scene.

The snow coverlid needed in the play should be made of some red material, generously covered with cotton, and should be folded, ready for use, on the floor at the front of the stage. Two low benches will be needed. These should be placed one on either side toward the forward part of the stage. The members of the Pine family are to be impersonated by children, concealed behind the various trees, with only heads and arms showing. FATHER and MOTHER PINE must be placed respectively at the back of the largest trees.

MOTHER PINE's costume should be distinguished from the rest by a wide-frilled green cap, tied under the chin; a baby held in her arms may be impersonated by a large doll in green long-clothes. FATHER PINE, attired in a broad-brimmed green hat, should be smoking a pipe. It may be necessary to cut away a few branches, in order to allow the children to stand close to the main stems of the trees, and to afford them free play of the arms. As the Pine family is necessarily stationary, as much expression as possible must be thrown into voice and gesture.

The four aids-de-camp should be respectively costumed in red, blue, green, and yellow. Imitations of Kate Greenaway costumes will prove most effective for JACK and POLLY.

Curtain rises to piano accompaniment of the Pine-tree carol:

1. 'Tis mer - ry Christ - mas - tide, The
air is filled with glad - ness, Bid gloom de-part from
CHORUS.
ev - ery heart, A truce to care and sad - ness. Then
join our Christmas song, And swell the mer - ry
cho - rus, While snow lies white this fros - ty night, And
moon - beams shim - mer o'er us.

2. Between bright holly-leaves
Lo! berries red are glowing!
The ivy vine climbs round the pine
From very love of growing. *Chorus.*
3. And we, this frosty eve,
Our Christmas watch are keeping;
While cradled low, beneath the snow,
Frail summer blooms are sleeping. *Chorus.*
4. Bleak winter storms we brave
With joyous exaltation,
Right proud to be the Christmas-tree
Of every Christian nation. *Chorus.*

FATHER PINE [*gruffly*]. It takes a pretty stout heart to sing that song to-night; that is, with any feeling.

CONE PINE. Why, Pa? Why?

SCRUB PINE. Yes; what 's the matter, Daddie? I 'm sure I feel as jolly as a sixpence. [*Begins to whistle.*]

MOTHER PINE. Be still, this minute!

FATHER PINE. Jolly as a sixpence! To be sure you do! You 're a flighty young thing, with scarce sense enough to understand the reason why we should all feel anything but jolly. Do you forget that this has been the first Christmas-day, for many a year, when some one of us has not been carried off for a Christmas-tree? I 'm ashamed of the family. We are degenerating.

CONE PINE. Not a bit of it, Pa! Just look at me!

MOTHER PINE. Yes, Conie, you are certainly very promising; and yet, I doubt if you will ever be wanted for a tree. You are a little spindly, and not quite straight. You see, a wood-cutter sat down on you when you were young, and you never seemed to get over it.

SCRUB. Would I do, Ma?

MOTHER PINE. Yes; I am sure you would, Scrubbie; but no one [*sighing heavily*] has cared for even the best of us, this year. Your father and I, my dear, have been content to live right on here, trusting that you would each be a Christmas-tree in your day.

FATHER PINE. Well,—come what will, three of this family *have* been Christmas-trees in their day, and very fine ones, too. There 's great comfort in that.

CONE. Well, I 'm satisfied. It seems to me a deal more fun to keep sprouting here with the rest of you than to be tricked out in pop-corn and gimcracks for an evening, and then thrown into some one's back-yard to die. I don't mind being crooked and spindly, if it keeps an old wood-cutter from chopping me down.

MOTHER PINE. Why, Conie! You can not tell how it grieves me to hear you talk in this fashion. Ah, what evil influences will group themselves about one stationary little pine-tree. Tell me, Conie, from whom did you contrive to pick up so many queer expressions?

CONE. From an old wood-chopper. He said Pa was a tough old customer, and that there was mighty little sap left in you, Ma. Then he told us he had two children at home that he was bound to care for. They were n't his own, though. They belonged to a soldier-cousin of his who was killed in a war with the Indians. "Got a wife?" said I. "Great grief, no!" said he. "I 'm a bachelor, every inch of me; and yet I have to look out for a pair of youngsters. Hard luck, is n't it, sonny?" "Well, I don't know," I said. "Are they nice children?"

"Depends upon what you call nice," said he; "they're well favored as far as looks is concerned, and has kind of 'cute ways; but their appetites is fearful."

SCRUB PINE. He was a queer old chap, Ma! I asked him what the children's names were. "What were they christened?" said he. I did n't understand him; but I was afraid he'd dig his pickax into me if I seemed stupid; so I said, "Yes, sir; that's what I mean." "Say so, then," said he. "One's called Jack, and t'other Polly; but their regular cognomens is John and Mary."

CONE PINE [*interrupting*]. Then I asked him, Ma, if he was going to have a Christmas-tree for them, which made him look awful mad, and he said: "My eyes! young offshoot, what do you take me for? It's 'bout all I can manage to keep 'em in food, and clothes, and fuel, let alone any such nonsense as a Christmas-tree. Besides, they've been extra troublesome lately, and don't deserve a single thing." Then he looked cross enough, and said he was tired answering questions, and he'd advise all us little pinelets to shut right up, if we did n't want to be cut down for firewood.

MOTHER PINE [*very much shocked*]. You should have known better, both of you, than to have anything to do with a man like that. Why, every other word he used was slang. You are a great grief to me, Conie.

CONE PINE. "Great grief" is slang, Ma!

MOTHER PINE [*severely*]. Not when I use it.

SCRUB PINE [*innocently*]. What is slang, Pa?

FATHER PINE. It is a concise but vulgar form of expression, originating in institutions of learning, and much in vogue among young men and women of the present day. A really high-toned pine-tree would never indulge in it. You had better write it down, boys. Where are your slates?

CONE and PINE. Here, Pa! [*Producing slates with pencils attached.*] What shall we write?

FATHER PINE. Write just what I told you.

CONE and SCRUB. What was it about, Pa?

FATHER PINE. About slang, I believe.

CONE and SCRUB. But, Pa! What about slang?

FATHER PINE [*impatiently*]. I do not at the moment recall what I said, but never mind! Write it down, all the same, commencing with a capital I.

[CONE and SCRUB slowly draw a large I on their slates; then scratch their heads and seem to be puzzled. JACK and POLLY are heard singing softly, as if in the distance, the first verse of the Christmas hymn. The Pine family look surprised, and listen attentively.]

CONE and SCRUB. Why—what—is—that?

FATHER PINE [*peering into the distance*]. It's two children; they are coming this way.

MOTHER PINE [*eagerly*]. Let them come. Don't frighten 'em.

CONE and SCRUB. Pa!

FATHER PINE. Silence, I say! both of you. Eyes right—so as not to embarrass them.

CONE PINE [*looking furtively to the left*]. It's a boy and a girl, Pa.

FATHER PINE. Be quiet. If you speak again I'll pull you up by the roots.

[JACK and POLLY enter from the left and, while walking about among the trees, as if in a place unfamiliar to them, sing first and second verses of Christmas hymn.]

Christmas hymn:

1. The brave sweet tones of Christ - mas chimes Are
fill - ing all the air,..... Bid
dis - cord.... cease, for won - drous peace Is
brood - ing ev - ery - where.....

2. "Good-will to men," the blessed strain
Is ringing far and wide;
And all who will may feel the thrill
Of joyous Christmas-tide.

3. Let loving words, and loving deeds
Crowd out each sad regret;
For one short day, good Christians may
Their cares and toils forget.

JACK [*interrupting at close of second verse*]. Oh, Polly! Don't let's go no furdur. These mittens are n't worth a cent for keeping out the cold.

POLLY. Blow your fingers this way, Jack. Don't give up yet. Where will this year's mittens be coming from, if we don't find Santa Claus? Let's sing another verse, and try and keep our spirits up till we do find him.

[The children wander about once again, and sing third verse of hymn.]

JACK [*stopping abruptly*]. It is n't any good.

POLLY. Oh, yes, it is. The little boy said, you know, that Santa Claus lived in a cottage, on a snowy hill among the pines.

JACK. Well! here's the hill, and the pine-trees, and the snow; but you can see for yourself there's no sign of a cottage. [*Confidentially*] I guess the little boy lied.

FATHER PINE. Tut! tut! tut! never say that.

JACK and POLLY [*looking up surprised*]. Never say what?

FATHER PINE. Lied, to be sure! say prevaricated; it means the same thing, and sounds better.

POLLY [*accusingly*]. If we'd known you were listening, we would n't have said anything. But who ever heard of pine-trees hearing and talking?

MOTHER PINE. There are a great many wonderful

things, my dear, which such a small child as yourself may be presumed not to have heard of.

JACK. And can you eat?

CONE and SCRUB. Can we!

JACK. What did you say?

CONE and SCRUB. We said we could.

JACK. Could what?

CONE and SCRUB. Why, eat, to be sure!

JACK. And do you like candy rabbits?

CONE and SCRUB. Love 'em.

JACK [*producing a piece of candy*]. I have only a part of one. A little boy gave it to me who got it for his Christmas. But I guess I had better give it to the baby. May she have it, Mrs. Pine?

MOTHER PINE. Certainly, my dear, if you do not want it yourself.

JACK. But I do.

MOTHER PINE. Then keep it.

JACK. No, I won't! There, then! [*handing it to Mother Pine for the baby*]. My Sunday-school teacher says, "There's no credit in giving only what you've got no use for."

CONE and SCRUB. Three cheers for Jack! Hip—

JACK [*interrupting*]. Oh, please don't both talk at once! It frightens me so!

CONE and SCRUB. We won't, then.

JACK. But you're doing it now [*very despairingly*].

CONE and SCRUB. We won't do it again.

FATHER PINE. See that you don't, boys. I will not allow it. But look here, Jack and Polly, tell me what do you want way up here? for it's growing late, and you ought to be at home, and in bed. Where do you live?

POLLY. In that little cottage, yonder, way down at the foot of the hill. You can just see the light in the kitchen window from here.

JACK [*sadly*]. But you can't smell the muffins.

POLLY. Never mind, Jack! What's muffins to finding Santa Claus? [*Turning to Father Pine*]. I guess you must have heard us say, sir, that we were hunting for Santa Claus. We want to talk matters over with him. Our Uncle Dick says we do not deserve any presents; but don't you think it's pretty hard for little folks like us not to have just a little Christmas?

CONE and SCRUB [*indignantly*]. To be sure we do.

JACK. There! You've broken your promise.

CONE and SCRUB. Beg your pardon, Jack; we forgot.

JACK. Well, please don't forget again.

POLLY. You see, Mr. Pine, Jack thinks he'll be a better boy next year, and I know I shall be a better girl; so if we could only see Santa Claus our own selves and tell him so, I believe he would give us something. We really need it. We have no father nor mother, and Jack's mittens—look—are almost worn out.

FATHER PINE [*gravely*]. But how can I help you, my dear? Santa Claus does not live here.

POLLY. Does n't he?

JACK. No wheres near?

FATHER PINE. Whoever told you he did, prevaricated. Don't forget that word; say it after me: pre-var-i-ca-ted. Now! all together!

CONE and SCRUB. } Pre-var-i-ca-ted.
JACK and POLLY. }

[The dwarfs, or aids-de-camp to Santa Claus, are heard singing the air of "Homeward March" softly in the distance.]

FATHER PINE. Really, I'm very sorry for you; I—

JACK [*listening to the music*]. Oh! what is that?

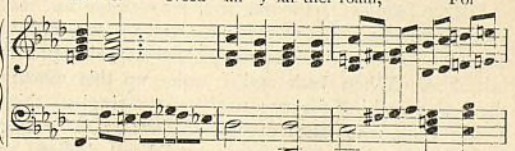
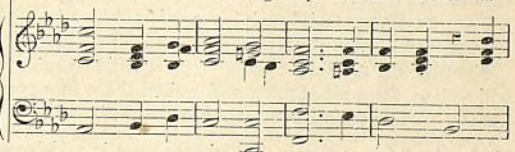
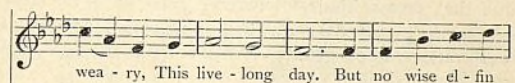
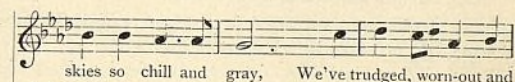
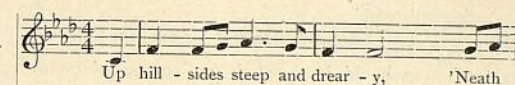
FATHER PINE. Only the boys, singing as they come home.

JACK and POLLY [*excitedly*]. And who are the boys?

FATHER PINE. Oh, a jolly set of fellows who live up here. Crawl in under my boughs, and they won't see you; but they would not hurt you if they did.

[Dwarfs enter, keeping step to the music, and when fairly upon the stage commence singing. Descriptive gestures introduced at the same moment by each little dwarf, and of studied similarity, will add greatly to the "taking" properties of the song.]

Homeward March:



Never were dwarfs enlisted in such a worthy cause
As we while we've assisted good Santa Claus.
More work had he last season than he could fully do;
And for this simple reason, we've helped him through.

Such scores of wee doll-mothers waited in every town;
Such ranks of baby brothers, lately come down.
And 't would have been so shocking, if any girls or boys,
Op'ning their Christmas stocking, had found no toys.

Therefore, with hearts most willing, we've worked our
level best—

Hundreds of stockings filling, no thought of rest.
Such dolls! such wondrous treasure! Such stacks of
ginger-bread!

Have we, with keenest pleasure, dis-trib-u-ted.

Just what each child expected, we've served on ev'ry
hand—

Not one has been neglected in this great land.
So now, each conscience easy, softly to bed we'll creep,
And in this bedroom breezy, all fall asleep.

[During the singing of the last four lines, the dwarfs crawl under the
snow coverlid, and fall asleep, resting their right elbows on the
floor, and their heads on their right hands.]

JACK [after a pause, and in a stage whisper]. Oh,
please, I do not like it. I want to go home.

POLLY [dragging him from under the boughs of the
tree]. Now, Jack, don't be afraid! If they are such
good friends of Santa Claus, they'll do something for
us. We'll ask them. [Starts to touch one of them.]

JACK. Oh, no! no! no! Don't waken 'em! They're
very tired, and they'll be awful mad.

POLLY. No, they wont. I'll risk it, and waken the
one that seems kindest [walking from one to the other,
and bending over each critically]. Snappish—cross—all
worn out—rather grouchy—Well! none of them look
very kind, asleep.

FATHER PINE. Children! [in a subdued tone.]

JACK and POLLY. Yes, sir.

FATHER PINE. Sing a verse of your little hymn. It
will waken them all at once, and waken them in a good
humor. They are very susceptible to music.

[Jack and Polly sing a verse of the Christmas hymn in a frightened
manner, and the dwarfs begin to yawn and stretch, and at the
conclusion of verse sit bolt upright, with folded arms, and look
wonderingly at the children.]

POLLY [timidly]. Please, sirs, we—we—we heard
you say you had been working for Santa Claus, and that
no child had been forgotten; but, please, sirs, you are
mistaken. When Jack and I woke up this morning
there was nothing for us; not—one—single—thing.
Uncle Dick, who takes care of us, says he did not tell
Santa Claus about us, because we did not deserve any
presents. Then we both cried very hard, and were so
disappointed, till a little boy told us Santa Claus lived
somewhere up here, and gave Jack a candy rabbit what
he had gotten for his own Christmas. So that is how
we came up, trying to find him; for really we have not
been so very bad. You see, it seems so to Uncle Dick
because he is not fond of children. Now, could you do
anything for us, sirs?

JACK [beseechingly]. Yes; could you?

ALL THE DWARFS [rising]. Yes; we could.

LOUIS SCREW. And we could hang your old Uncle
Dick. He deserves it. How would you like that?

POLLY [decidedly]. Oh, we would not like that, sir;
'cause then there would be no one at all to care for us.

JACK. Besides, you see, he's the muffin man, and
makes splendid muffins what he sells out of a little cart.
[Thoughtfully.] We'd rather you would not hang him.

FELIX DEAN. We wont, then! But now, look here:
tell us, what would you like for Christmas?

JACK. A great, big tree.

POLLY. With pretty lanterns.

JACK. [holding up his hands]. And some mittens!

POLLY. And books.

JACK. And a sled, and roller-skates, and candy—lots
of candy—and a velocipede.

TINY MITE [sarcastically, and in a piping voice]. Is
that all?

JACK [slowly]. Yes;—that's all,—I think.

NEDDIE SHED. Well, you shall have them. Sit down
yonder, on those little benches, and we'll fix things up
for you.

[JACK and POLLY sit down on the little benches, and the Dwarfs,
taking hold of hands, dance, to the music of the Lantern Song,
in front of FATHER PINE, during which the curtain falls.]

ACT SECOND.

[During the intermission between the acts, Father Pine must be
trimmed with the usual Christmas-tree decorations. This pro-
cess need consume but very little time, as only the side of the
tree visible to the audience requires decoration. Some of the
toys enumerated by Jack and Polly should be placed at its
base. The curtain rises, discovering Jack and Polly still seated
upon the little benches.]

CONE and SCRUB [looking in wonder at Father
Pine.] Oh, Ma! Just look at Pa! Is n't he splendid?

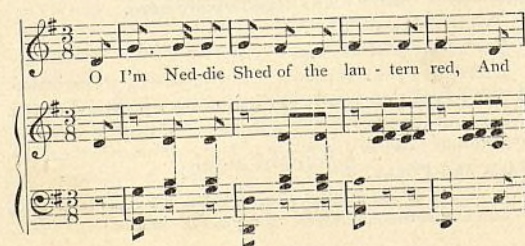
MOTHER PINE. Yes, dears, splendid. I always knew
he had it in him to make a beautiful Christmas-tree.
What wonderful miracle-workers these little dwarfs are,
to be sure! To think that only a moment ago he was
a sober, green pine, like the rest of us, and now—
well! is n't he magnificent, Polly?

POLLY [with a long-drawn sigh.] Yes, magnificent.

JACK. But it seems to me, a regular Christmas-tree
needs candles, or lanterns, or something.

FATHER PINE. You ungrateful little thing! You
ought to be only too thankful to have any tree at all—
but, hark!

[Enter the Dwarfs, each carrying lighted red lanterns, (the ordinary
isinglass lanterns which come specially prepared for Christmas-
trees are the best for this purpose), and keeping time to the
music of the following song. NEDDIE SHED leads the rest,
and coming to the front of stage, sings the Lantern Song, dur-
ing which the other dwarfs fasten the lighted lanterns to the
tree. Here again descriptive gestures on the part of the solo-
ists will add greatly to the effectiveness of the song. The lights
on the stage should be lowered to make the dwarfs' lanterns
more effective.)



there - fore a lord am I,..... For

red are the leaves when sun - mer's fled, And

red is the sun - set sky..... And

red are the cheeks of the maid - en fair, And

red are her win - some lips,..... And

red are the mar - i - ner's lights that flare A -

CHORUS.

loft on the gal - lant ships... Then hang the red

lan-terns on ev - ery bough And twig of the Christmas

Pine,... For no Christmas-tree could com-plet - ed

be With - out these red lights of { mine.....
thine.....

[The Chorus should be sung by the Dwarfs and the PINE FAMILY, the Dwarfs coming to front of stage and dancing in perfect time.]

NEDDIE SHED.

And red are the rubies that maidens coy
Contrast with their snow-white hands,
And red are the seals which great kings employ,
Indorsing their high commands;
And red is the rose whose op'ning bud
The loveliest grace attains,
And red is the silently coursing blood
Which tingles in mortal veins.

Chorus — Then hang, etc.

[N. B.—If more time is required for arranging the lanterns than is allowed by the song, let the interlude between the two verses be a prolonged one. At close of second chorus the Dwarfs dance off the stage and directly back again, each carrying blue lighted lanterns, and LOUIS SCREW leading the rest, with by-play same as before, and so in turn "Felix Dean, of the Lantern Green," and "Tiny Mite, of the Yellow Light."]

LOUIS SCREW.

Oh, I'm Louis Screw, of the lantern blue,
And therefore a lord am I,

For blue are the flowers of tend'rest hue,
And blue is the cloudless sky;
And blue are the eyes of the maiden grave
The sailor would make his bride,
And blue is the sweep of the crested wave
That kisses the brave ship's side.

CHORUS:

Then hang the blue lanterns on ev'ry bough
And twig of the hardy pine;
For who'd care to see a brave Christmas-tree
Without these blue lights of { mine.
thine.

LOUIS SCREW.

And blue are the turquoise, and wondrous rare,
They set in the king's gold crown;
And blue is the robe he sees fit to wear
On occasions of great renown;
And blue is the tiny forget-me-not,
Which true lovers prize, I ween,
While blood that is red in a Hottentot
Is blue in a king or queen.

Chorus: Then hang the blue lanterns, etc.

FELIX DEAN.

Oh, I'm Felix Dean, of the lantern green,
And therefore a lord am I,
For green is the moss of the deep ravine,
And green are its hemlocks high;
And green is the lane with tall, plummy ferns
Where violets and harebells hide,
And green is the signal the steamer burns
All night on her starboard side.

CHORUS:

Then hang the green lanterns on ev'ry bough
And twig of the hardy pine;
For grave as a rook any tree would look,
Without these green lights of { mine.
thine.
And green is the mermaid whose winning smile
Exerts such a wondrous spell;
And green are the shores of blest Erin's isle,
And green are her folk as well;
And green is the beautiful emerald stone,
That all other gems outvies;
And green, with a green that is all their own,
Are pussy-cats' brilliant eyes.

Chorus: Then hang the green lanterns, etc.

TINY MITE.

Oh, I'm Tiny Mite, of the yellow light,
And therefore a lord am I,
For yellow's the moon that shines at night
So clear in the dark, dark sky;
And yellow of hair, I make bold to claim,
Are ladies of high degree;
And yellow and bright is the beacon flame
Which gleams o'er the storm-tossed sea.

CHORUS:

Then hang yellow lanterns on ev'ry bough
And twig of the hardy pine;
For nothing, you know, can excel the glow
Of these yellow lights of { mine.
thine.

And yellow's the ore that the goldsmith molds
For bracelet and brooch and ring,
And rich yellow gold is the cup which holds
The wine of the royal king;
And yellow of hue is the primrose sweet
Wherever maids chance to range,
And yellow's the coin which buys a seat
For you in the Stock Exchange.

Chorus: Then hang yellow lanterns, etc.

[At conclusion of song the Dwarfs take their stand a little in the background, two on either side of the tree.]

CONE and SCRUB. There, now, Jack, what do you think of that?

JACK. I don't think at all. I can't think. I'm too happy to think.

NEDDIE SHED. Come! help yourselves, children; step right up to the tree and help yourselves.

LOUIS SCREW [taking JACK by the hand]. Yes, indeed! Come right along. Don't be bashful!

[JACK and POLLY leave their benches and, while the air of the Christmas Hymn is played softly, appropriate some of the toys from the foot of the tree.]

POLLY [standing with her arms full of toys]. Oh, you have all been so very kind! I'm sure we never dreamt of anything like this. I do not see how you ever did it!

TINY MITE. Of course you don't. We never tell how. Besides, you could not understand if we did.

[JACK, loaded with toys, starts to walk quietly off the stage.]

POLLY. Jack! Jack! Where are you going?

JACK. Home.

POLLY. But you have not so much as thanked Mr. Dean and all the rest of them.

JACK. What's the use? I can't thank 'em enough.

POLLY. And is that any reason why you should not thank them at all? Come right back, Jack.

[JACK obeys, and POLLY takes him by the hand.]

POLLY. I would like to make you a fine little speech, sirs, because of all you have done for us; but you would only wonder *how* I did it, and [slyly] *I never tell how*; so I'll just say that we are very much—

JACK. Don't make such a fuss, Polly! Just say "Thanks" and be done with it.

FATHER PINE. Oh, I do hope you will not "just say" anything of the kind. If there is a barbarous abbreviation in the English language, it is that word "Thanks." It is lazy; it is common. I sincerely hope it may never again be uttered in my presence. What has become of the courtly, old-fashioned "No, I thank you," and "Yes, I thank you"—But I am lecturing.

POLLY [indignantly]. And Jack is almost crying, Mr. Pine.

FATHER PINE. No cause for tears, Jack! Now run along home, and show your presents to your uncle.

JACK [wistfully to the Dwarfs]. What—what are you going to do with all the other things?

NEDDIE SHED. Well—Suggestions are in order.

JACK. I would like something for Uncle Dick, though he does not deserve anything.

POLLY. And there are a good many other people in the town besides Uncle Dick—real nice people, too.

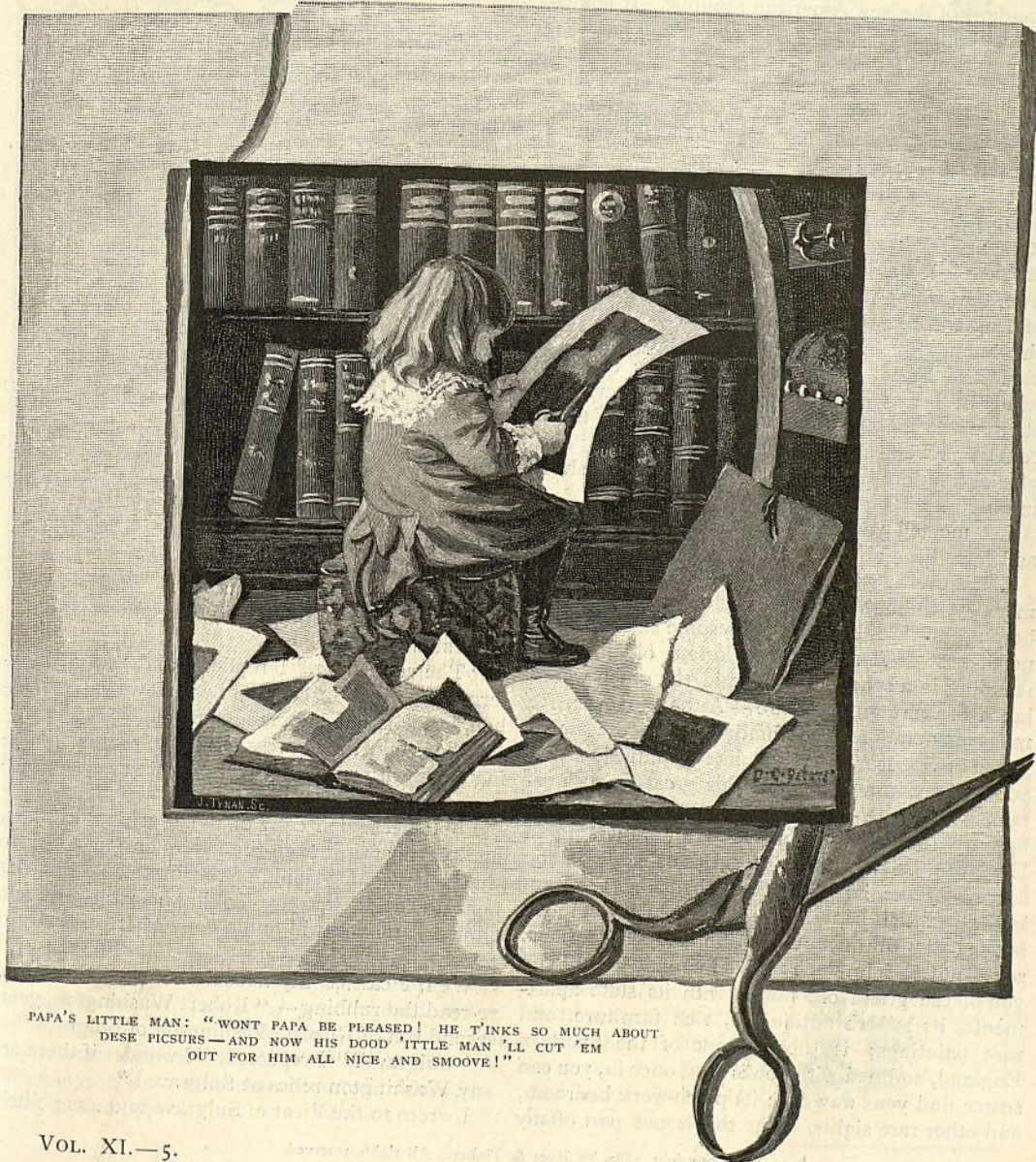
LOUIS SCREW. Is that so? Then I'll tell you what we'll do. Lay your toys down here; they'll be safe. Cone and Scrub will watch them, and we'll all load up and carry some presents to your friends. Do you approve of that, Miss Polly?

POLLY. Why, I'd rather do that than have a Christmas of my own. Would n't you, Jack?

JACK [*hesitating*]. No, I would n't; but I think it would be very nice, very nice, indeed, to have both.

FATHER PINE. That's right, Jack; whatever else you do, always speak the truth, and now, Mother and Cone and Scrub, we can surely sing our old carol merrily enough.

[The Pine family sing the Pine-tree Carol while JACK, POLLY, and the Dwarfs pass down among the audience and distribute presents or little souvenirs from the tree. It would be better, perhaps, to have the presents intended for distribution arranged on trays beforehand.]



PAPA'S LITTLE MAN: "WONT PAPA BE PLEASED! HE T'INKS SO MUCH ABOUT DESE PICSURS—AND NOW HIS DOOD 'TITTLE MAN 'LL CUT 'EM OUT FOR HIM ALL NICE AND SMOOVE!"

THE ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.*

BY EDWARD W. TUFFLEY.

ON the 14th of June, 1777, the Continental Congress resolved "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This was the flag which, first unfurled by Captain John Paul Jones on the "Ranger," became the standard of the new American republic. It floated above the historic field of Yorktown, and fluttered from the north bastion of old Fort George when, one hundred years ago this very month of November, the troops of King George evacuated the city of New York, and the long war of the Revolution was ended.

Does any reader of ST. NICHOLAS know why the stars and stripes were adopted as our national emblem? Various theories have been advanced—from that which traces them to the "Union Jack" of England's flag to the highly poetical claim that the banner of the Union represents the crimson clouds of sunset blown into stripes by the free winds of heaven, and spangled with the evening stars just twinkling in the blue. But none of these can be proven, and, as one authority says, "the official origin of the 'grand Union' flag is involved in obscurity."

Let me tell you, if I can, the story of the flag as I have been able to read it.

Some twenty years ago, I drove, one fine summer day, through pleasant country roads from the borough town of Northampton, some sixteen miles north-west of London, to a glorious old mansion standing in a spacious park amid the green woodlands of Northamptonshire—Althorp House, for many generations the family-seat of the noble house of Spencer. I would like to introduce my young American readers to this great English estate, with its far-stretching fields and forests, its heronry (one of the very few still remaining in England), its dairy standing in the shadow of the ancestral oaks, its broad flower-beds and beautiful lawn, on which I saw such a funny sight—a mowing-machine drawn by a mule shod in leather boots so as not to injure the turf. I should like to tell you of the grand old house, with its state apartments, its superb antiquities, rich furniture, and rare paintings; its library, one of the finest in England, so lined with books that, once in, you can scarce find your way out; its patch-work bedroom, and other rare sights. But this is not part of my

story. Althorp House is the home of Earl Spencer, now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and not far away stands the parish church of Brington, rich in monuments and memorials of the noble Spencer family. Passing down the aisle with the parish clerk, he called my attention to an uninviting-looking spot—a board about two yards long and one wide, covering part of the pavement. Stooping down, he removed the board and uncovered one of the old-time "brasses," so common in the parish churches of England—a piece of *latten* or sheet brass, set into the pavement of the church, and bearing an engraved inscription.

"I wish to call your attention to this brass," said the clerk; "it is one to Robert Washington and his wife. They lived in this parish many years, and died in 1622, within a few days of each other. Here is their coat-of-arms," he continued. "See: the stars and stripes."

"What!" I exclaimed, starting in surprise, "do you really mean that the American flag, the stars and stripes, was taken from the arms of the Washington family?"

"Most certainly I do," he replied. "Earl Spencer frequently brings American gentlemen here to see this brass. Mr. Motley, the historian, has been here, and so has Senator Sumner."

I was interested at once, for I am something of an antiquary. "But surely," said I, "few Americans can know of this. I wish I could take the brass away with me, but that is out of the question."

"Why not take a rubbing in heel-ball on paper?" suggested the clerk.

"The very thing," I replied; and I soon transferred the whole inscription by what we call "heel-ball," that is, an impression on paper in the way that boys take the impressions of pennies, by covering them with paper and rubbing the surface vigorously with a blunt pencil.

I obtained a fair copy of the Washington brass, and, years after, traced the letters on gilt paper, so that I have a fac-simile of the brass as it now lies beneath the unattractive-looking board in Brington Church, and you will find a copy of it on the next page.

Well, I carried my treasure home and read and re-read the rubbing—"Robert Washington, gent, second son of Robert Washington of Solgrave."

"Sulgrave?" I repeated, "I wonder if there are any Washington relics at Sulgrave?"

I wrote to the Vicar of Sulgrave and was politely

* Copyright, 1883, by Root & Tinker. All rights reserved.

trace there, on the pavement of Sulgrave Church, the shield bearing upon its face the Washington arms — the stars and stripes.

Every boy and girl who studies English history knows the sad and terrible story of "Bluff King Hal," Henry the Eighth of England, and his six unhappy wives. When, in 1533, this royal Blue-beard sought to marry fair Mistress

Anne Boleyn, the Pope, Clement the Seventh, seeing no just cause for the King's divorce from Queen Katherine, refused his consent. But the self-willed monarch, throwing off all allegiance to the Pope, proclaimed himself "head of the Church," secured a divorce by English law, and married the fair Mistress Anne Boleyn, only (poor lady!) to cut off her head scarce three years after in his grim old Tower of London. And when King Henry had declared himself free of the "See of Rome," he took forcible possession of the religious houses in England, confiscated their money and divided the church lands among his

friends and adherents. Now, the Worshipful Laurence Washington, some time mayor of Northampton, was an adherent of the King, a clever lawyer, and a man to conciliate, and how better could King Henry make a fast friend of him than by presenting him with a "parcel of the dissolved priory of St. Andrews, Northampton," under the name of the Manor of Sulgrave? This was done in 1538. But easily

gotten wealth is not always the most secure, and sometimes, as the old saying is, it "spends badly."

So with the Manor of Sulgrave. For we learn that



THE SEVEN DAUGHTERS OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON.

Robert Washington, Esquire, the next heir, getting into difficulties, was forced to sell the estate in 1610;



THE FOUR SONS OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON.

and his son Laurence, grandson of the mayor, went back to Great Brington, and died there in 1616, as

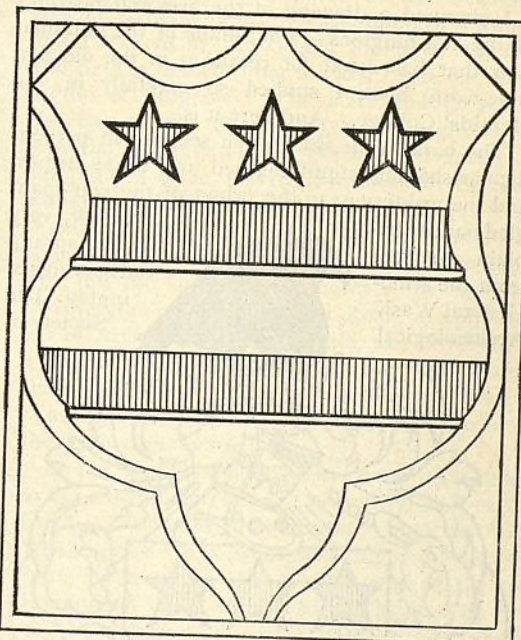
COPY OF BRASS IN SULGRAVE CHURCH TO THE MEMORY OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON.

the "mural record" on his tomb in Brington Church, bearing the shield with the stars and stripes, bears witness. (In the Boston State House may be seen a facsimile of this inscription, presented by Earl Spencer, through the instrumentality of Governor Andrew, Senator Sumner, and Jared Sparks, the biographer of George Washington.) Twice had the Washingtons married into the lordly family of Spencer, and the removal to Brington was doubtless to be near their noble relatives, for, even in their days of adversity, we find the Washingtons to have been honored guests at Althorp House. John Washington, second son of this second Laurence, and great-grandson of the mayor, was knighted at Newmarket in 1622; and, when the great civil war between king and parliament filled England with blood and blows, we find this Sir John Washington a stanch cavalier, fighting "for church and king." But poor King Charles lost his crown and his head in 1649, and Cromwell, the Protector, was by no means a comfortable "protector" of those who had taken sides with the King. At least, Sir John Washington found it so; for, in 1657, he left his pleasant home in Yorkshire, and emigrating to the New World, settled at Bridge's Creek, in Westmoreland County, in the colony of Virginia, where he soon afterward married Mistress Anne Pope. Thus was established the American line of the Washingtons, for General George Washington, first President of the United States, was great-grandson of this same Sir John, the emigrant, as Sir John was great-grandson of the first Laurence, twice mayor of Northampton and lord of the Manor of Sulgrave.

This browsing among the Washington genealogies and studying of their monumental brasses and family records grew very interesting to me, and about a year ago I made a trip to Sulgrave on a search for Washington relics and memorials. There was the old church, and there, not far away, was the still older manor-house, part of the confiscated estates of the unfortunate priory of St. Andrew. I first visited the church and studied the brasses, of which I had received such excellent copies, and then turned my steps to the manor-house. The ancient home of the Washingtons belongs now to a farmer by the name of Cook, and is little more than a quaint and interesting ruin. A few signs of its former stability and grandeur may be traced; but the window with the Washington crest, which Washington Irving mentions in his "Life of Washington," is no longer to be seen, having been broken after it had been removed elsewhere "for safe keeping." The porch, or entrance, to the old manor-house still speaks, though somewhat shakily, of the early glory of the place; and from the village doctor I was fortunate enough to obtain a

plaster cast of the Washington arms which King Henry's adherent, the worshipful ex-mayor of Northampton, had placed above the porch of the manor-house in 1540—the now familiar shield bearing on its face the stars and stripes.

And now, from genealogy, come with me, girls and boys, into the Heralds' College, in London. We will take the Washington arms with us and make a short study of heraldry. You know what heraldry is, I suppose. It is the art of blazoning or describing in proper terms crests, arms, and armorial bearings. It is full of odd and curious terms which, to any one not versed in the mysteries



THE WASHINGTON SHIELD.

FAC SIMILE.

FROM OLD MANOR HOUSE, SULGRAVE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, A.D. 1540.

of the art, seem but a strange jargon. Representations of arms and crests can not, of course, be always given in colors, and in the study of heraldry, therefore, colors are denoted by the lines of shading. Thus perpendicular lines denote red; horizontal, blue; diagonal, green and purple; and these colors are thus designated: red is *gules*; white is *argent*; blue is *azure*; black is *sable*; green is *vert*, and purple is *purpure*. Gold is *or*, and silver is *argent*. An object given in its natural color is called *proper*. *Chief* is from *caput*, the head, and indicates the head or upper part of the shield, covering one-third of it and set off by a horizontal line. The *mullet* is the small star-shaped wheel or rowel of a spur and, in heraldry, indicates a third son. Now, with this short study as a guide, see whether

you can translate the description of the arms and crest of the Washington family as I obtained them from the Heralds' College in London. Remember that arms and crest are by no means the same thing. Arms means the shield itself—protection in battle; crest is the ornament that surmounts the shield.

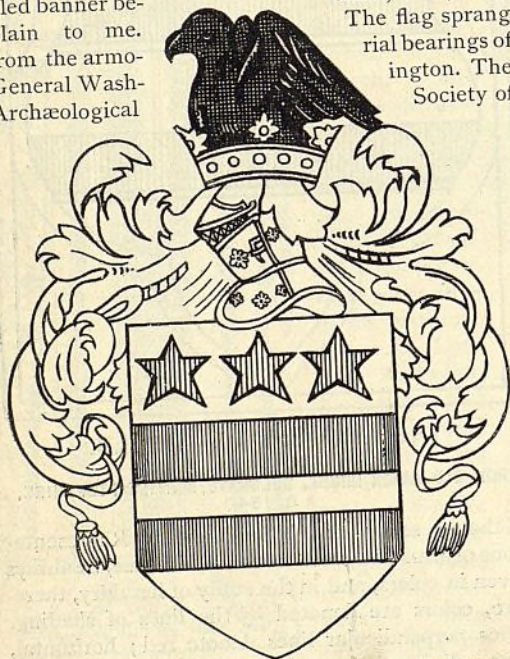
THE WASHINGTON FAMILY

ARMS: *argent*; two bars *gules*; in chief, three mullets of the second.

CREST: a raven with wings indorsed proper; issuant from a ducal coronet *or*.

I obtained a drawing of the armorial bearings of the Washingtons—a fac-simile of the illumination that has stood for centuries in the old and time-worn book I studied so carefully in the Heralds' College. And here it is.

The bars on the shield, you see, are in perpendicular shading, signifying red and white stripes, and the mystery as to the origin of the star-span-gled banner be-
came, now, very plain to me. The flag sprang from the armorial bearings of General Washington. The Society of



THE WASHINGTON ARMS & CREST.

FROM HERALD'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

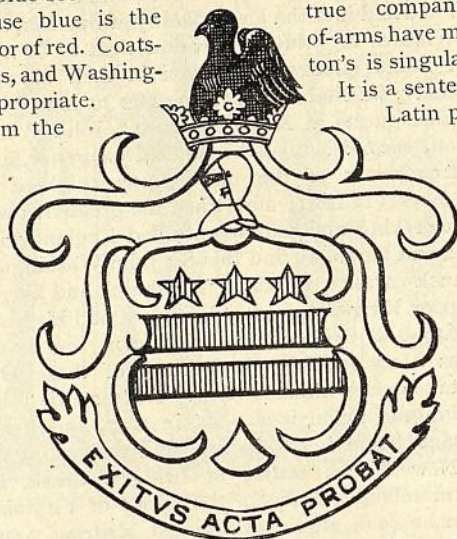
ARMS. *ARGENT*, TWO BARS *GULES*, IN CHIEF THREE MULLETTS OF THE SECOND.

CREST: A RAVEN WITH WINGS INDORSED PROPER, ISSUANT OUT OF A DUCAL CORONET *OR*.

England, the highest authority in the world on ancient church and heraldic matters, seems to indorse my opinion, for it has said that "in the red and white bars, and the stars of his shield, and the eagle issuant from his crest, borne later by General

Washington, the framers of the Constitution got their idea of the stars and stripes and the spread eagle of the national emblem"—only an advance upon the bars *gules*, the three *mulletts*, and the raven of the old shield of the Washingtons of Sulgrave Manor.

Blue seems to have been added to the flag because blue is the color of red. Coats-toes, and Washington's appropriate. It is a sentence from the true companion of-arms have mot-ton's is singularly Latin poet



THE ARMS EMBLAZONED ON GENERAL WASHINGTON'S COACH.

Ovid: "*Exitus acta probat*," which, freely translated, means "Actions are tested by their results." These arms were on his carriage panels, his book-marks, and his watch-seals.

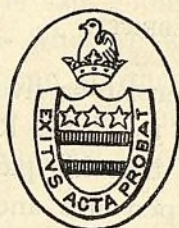
Admiral Preble, of the United States navy, who wrote a very interesting work on "Our Flag," says, in regard to Washington's crest and arms: "The American patriot was fond of genealogies, and corresponded with English heralds on the subject of his pedigree. Yes! this George Washington, who gave sanction, if not birth, to that most democratic of sentiments,—'all men are born free and equal,'—was, as the phrase goes, a gentleman of blood, of court armor, and ancient lineage. When the Americans, in their most righteous revolt against the tyranny of the mother country, cast about for an ensign with which to distinguish themselves from their English oppressors, what did they ultimately adopt? Why, nothing more than a gentleman's badge—a modification of the old English coat-of-arms borne by their leader and deliverer. A few stars and stripes had, in the old times, distinguished his ancestors; more stars and additional stripes were added, denoting the number of States that joined in the struggle, and this now became the standard round which the patriots so successfully rallied. It is not a little strange that this 'worn-out rag of feudalism,' as

so many would call it, should have expanded into that bright and ample banner that now waves on every sea."

So much for the flag; but ere I close, I wish to mention another matter that may be found of

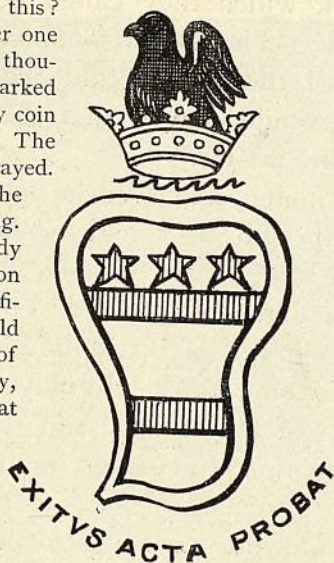


WASHINGTON'S SEAL.



WASHINGTON'S LAST WATCH-SEAL.

interest. The stars on the flag are five-rayed, that is, having five points. The stars on the coins of the United States have *six* points. Did you ever notice this? I doubt whether one American in a thousand ever remarked it. Look at any coin in your pocket. The stars are all six-rayed. Now, notice the stars on the flag. After my study of the Washington arms, I felt confident that, if I could obtain a coin of Washington's day, I should find that the stars corresponded with those on the flag. After long search, I finally found what I wished in a col-



WASHINGTON'S BOOK-PLATE.

lection of coins belonging to an English friend—a fine specimen of a copper cent of 1791, showing a beautiful profile of Washington on one side, and on the reverse the eagle and the stars—all with *five points*. This confirmed my opinion. I joyfully pocketed the coin, with my friend's permission, of course, and when in America compared it with others in the Treasury Department at Washington. In every case I found that the coins of Washington's day have five-rayed stars. So the stars on the early coinage and the stars on the early flag of the young republic are but an adaptation of the "three mullets" of the old Washing-

ton arms. The five-rayed stars on the coins died with the great President, for I find that the coinage of the next Presidential term, and all issued since, have six-rayed stars. Here is a historical puzzle. Who can explain the reason for the change?

This, girls and boys, is my story of your flag. The stars and stripes of the armorial bearings of old Laurence Washington, the worshipful mayor of Northampton three hundred years ago, as they appear on the brasses of Sulgrave Church and above the porch of the old manor-house, were the "heraldic insignia of the old English ancestry which is traced back almost to the days of Columbus," and these re-appear in the arms and crest of General George Washington of Virginia, first President of the United States of America, and sixth in descent from the first Laurence Washington of Sulgrave. The stars and stripes of the flag of the Union had their origin in the armorial bearings of the Washington family—a compliment from his fellow-citizens to the man whom they hailed as leader and deliverer, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." No written records exist to prove this, but the fact was well known at the time, and Washington's old friend, Mrs. Ross, an upholsteress of Arch street, Philadelphia, was intrusted by a committee of Congress, in June, 1776, to work these emblems into a flag, from designs drawn by Washington himself in the little back parlor of the Arch-street house.

So the Star Spangled Banner dates back almost to the days of knights and crusaders, and, as the English author of an interesting book on "the Washingtons" says (when speaking of doughty Sir John Washington, the King's man of the old Roundhead days, who left his Yorkshire fells for a new home beyond the sea): "On he rode to carry across the Atlantic a name which his great-grandson should raise to the loftiest heights of earthly glory, and a coat-of-arms which, transformed into



AN AMERICAN PENNY OF 1791.

the flag of a mighty nation, should float over every sea as far and as proudly as the blended crosses of St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. George."

WILLIE AND ROSA.

By EMMA GILBERT.

LIT-TLE Wil-lie Jack-son and his sis-ter Ro-sa lived in a pret-ty lit-tle house in the coun-try. Wil-lie had six toys and Ro-sa had four dolls. And Wil-lie had a lit-tle toy-bank, too, that his pa-pa had given him; and his un-cle gave him ev-er so many pen-nies and some silver, to put in the bank.

Wil-lie and Ro-sa lived close by a riv-er. And they had fine times play-ing a-long the shore, throw-ing in sticks and stones, and sail-ing lit-tle bits of board and pieces of bark which they called boats. Wil-lie was six years old and Ro-sa was eight. The riv-er was not deep near their home, and they played near it all they chose, and they oft-en put a lot of small sticks on the bark boats and played that the sticks were boys and girls go-ing for a ride on the wa-ter.

One day, Ro-sa was gone from home, and Wil-lie played a-lone. Aft-er send-ing off some boats load-ed with lit-tle sticks, he wished for some-thing to sail that looked more like real peo-ple, and he went sly-ly in-to the house and got Ro-sa's four dolls, Maud, Fan-ny, Grace, and Pol-ly, and set them all on a large piece of board and pushed them off in-to the mid-dle of the riv-er with a long stick. He played that Maud, who was the larg-est, was the mam-ma of the oth-ers, and that they were go-ing to the end of the world. They float-ed a-long in fine style, and Wil-lie fol-lowed them a-long the shore, great-ly pleased to see them sail, un-til they got so far a-way that he could hard-ly see them when he went home, and the four dolls were left a-lone on the riv-er to sail as far as they liked.

Now, Ro-sa had gone to see a lit-tle girl named Hel-en, who lived far-ther down the riv-er, and as the dolls sailed a-long, the girls were at play on the shore throw-ing sticks in-to the wa-ter. For when-ev-er they threw a stick in-to the riv-er, Hel-en's big black dog would then swim out and bring the stick back in his mouth.

All at once, Hel-en cried out, "What is that com-ing down the riv-er?" and as the boat came near-er, Ro-sa looked and looked, and soon she saw that her own dolls were up-on it, and she be-gan to cry for fear they would all be drowned.

Hel-en said, "Per-haps Trip will bring them in. There, Trip! There,

Trip!" and pointed to them; but Trip on-ly looked and wagged his tail. He would not go in-to the wa-ter un-less some-thing was thrown for him to go in aft-er; and when Hel-en threw a stick, he swam out and got it and let the dolls sail a-long.

"He does n't know what we want," said Hel-en. "I will run and tell Mam-ma; may-be she can get them out." But be-fore she got to the house the board ran a-gainst a rock, and all the dolls tipped in-to the wa-ter; and when Hel-en's mam-ma came, the emp-ty board was float-ing far a-way down the riv-er.

Then Ro-sa went home ver-y sad, and Hel-en cried a lit-tle, too.

When Wil-lie's mam-ma knew what he had done, she said he must o-pen his lit-tle bank and give all the pen-nies and sil-ver his un-cle had



"THERE, TRIP!" SAID ROSA, POINTING TO THE DOLLS.

giv-en him to Ro-sa, to buy her an-oth-er doll like La-dy Maud: and Hel-en's mam-ma and Ro-sa's aunt brought her some more, and Wil-lie nev-er sent Ro-sa's dolls to sail a-gain.

But when Wil-lie grew to be a big boy, he had a real boat with seats in it, and he oft-en took Ro-sa and Hel-en in his boat on the blue wa-ter. They were care-ful not to tip out, as the poor dolls did.

He could not think what had made him act so bad-ly to the dolls. But it must have been be-cause he was such a ver-y lit-tle boy in those days.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

IT may interest you, dear friends, young and otherwise, to know that the first of November is your Jack's birthday. Yes, with this month I enter upon the eleventh volume of my existence, so to speak, and a very happy one it promises to be, thanks to your faithful attendance, the state of things in general, and the success of ST. NICHOLAS in particular.

Now that I think on it, to be in the eleventh volume of one's age is about as grand a thing as a Jack-in-the-Pulpit of this latitude can desire—an unusual thing, too, though that's neither here nor there in this case. Our family are mostly very sensitive to cold weather; but a ST. NICHOLAS Jack-in-the-Pulpit is quite another thing. The love of boys and girls should make even a mushroom as strong and hardy as an oak.

After all, every one of us, my chicks, begins a fresh volume once a year—so here's to all our birthdays! May they be happy and honored—full of pleasant memories and joyful promises, and a hearty determination to go ahead!

FALLING STARS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think I can answer the question asked by Lulu Clarke and Nellie Caldwell in the August ST. NICHOLAS, saying that they have seen stars fall and wish to know if they really do fall and what becomes of them afterward, where do they go to, and do they ever shine again? *Answer:* A falling star is caused by a piece of star or planet falling down toward the earth. We know that when you get a certain distance from the earth the air becomes different from what it is around us here; thus the piece of planet or star falling downward from above, where the air is different, strikes the current of air around the earth, when it becomes warmed by the friction of falling through the air and shines like a star, and this is the cause of what we call a falling star. This is what I have been told, and I believe it. What becomes of them afterward and where they go, I guess nobody knows; and as they are not stars, they never shine again.

Lenox, Mass.

Your fond admirer,

JOHNNY.

You are shown Johnny's letter, my friends, just as he wrote it (excepting that the dear Little School-

ma'am scratched out the rest of his name). Does he clear up the matter much? I fear not. You see, it is such a very hard subject. Well, here is a letter from a Washington boy:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 17, 1883.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: If you will let me answer Lulu Clarke's and Nellie Caldwell's questions about "Shooting-stars," in the August ST. NICHOLAS, I will ask all those who have access to an encyclopedia or book on astronomy to look under the subjects "meteors" and "aerolites," as both are commonly called "shooting-stars." In the encyclopedia or book on astronomy will be found much more information than you would allow me space to give. I would like to say for those who can not see an encyclopedia or book on astronomy that the scientific men have decided that there is a stream of meteors or shooting-stars going around the sun all the time, after the manner of the going around of the earth and the other planets; but this stream forms a different ring, or "orbit," as they call it, from that of the earth, so that the two orbits or rings made by the earth and the stream of meteors cross every year about August or November, when we can see more shooting-stars than at other times. Now, when the earth passes through the stream of meteors as the rings of the two meet, the meteors pass through the air which is around the earth; some even fall to the earth, and because they move so fast through the air they begin to burn from friction. Friction, you know, is caused by the rubbing of two bodies together, and causes heat, as when we scratch a match to light it. How wonderful it is that, as light and thin as air is, there is enough friction between the air and meteors to make them light and burn. Meteors are found to be made mostly of iron. Some persons have collections of them. There are also some at the Smithsonian Institution in this city.

I believe I have answered all the questions Lulu and Nellie asked, and I hope, dear Jack, you will pardon me if my letter seems long, but I could not see how I could make it shorter and make it plain.

Yours, etc.,

G. M. F.

Fred. H. W., of Michigan City, Indiana, writes that "these meteors, when rushing through the air, go with such velocity that they are ignited by friction and are consumed."—Jesse A—, of Detroit, Mich., says: "In answer to Miss L. Clarke, in the August number, I think that the stars do not fall. It looks as if they did, but what really falls is a stone. These are called meteorites. According to Miss Yonge, one of these which fell in the fifteenth century was four feet long and weighed 215 pounds. They are very numerous, and sometimes set houses afire."

Elise Van W. asks: "What makes these pieces break off and go rushing through the air? and what do they break off of, anyway?" and a number of correspondents tell your Jack that at the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, there are specimens of meteoric stones or aerolites—*real specimens*—that have been found on the ground after a meteoric shower, and that have fallen right out of the sky. The dear Little School-ma'am and Deacon Green have seen some of these very specimens at the Smithsonian Institute, and they tell me the stories about them are perfectly true. Big stones some of 'em are, too. I hope I shall never be honored by having any extra fine specimens rained upon my pulpit.

Many other letters on this subject have come from my boys and girls; but as I can not show them all to you, I must be content with thanking Ella B. G., Frank H. Stephens, Jr., "Barebones," F. C. L., Mary and Henry L., Edwin B. S., Red-school-house boy, and Willis F—, whose letters the Little School-ma'am says are very creditable.

The fact is, "Shooting-stars" are rather heavy and risky things for a Jack-in-the-Pulpit to handle; but so long as my chicks are pecking at it, I am

content. They'll be sure to find out something before they get through—bless their busy noddles!

A BEAUTIFUL FLOWER.

BUT all the shooting-stars do not come from the great sea of air and the greater sea of nothing in particular that is said to surround our earth. Hear this letter from a California girl:

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, July 30, 1883.

DEAR JACK: In the August number, in the reports from chapters of the Agassiz Association, I noticed a picture of one of our California wild flowers. The "shooting-stars," as we call them, grow in our fields in great abundance. They are a pale lavender color, or sometimes a pinkish tint.

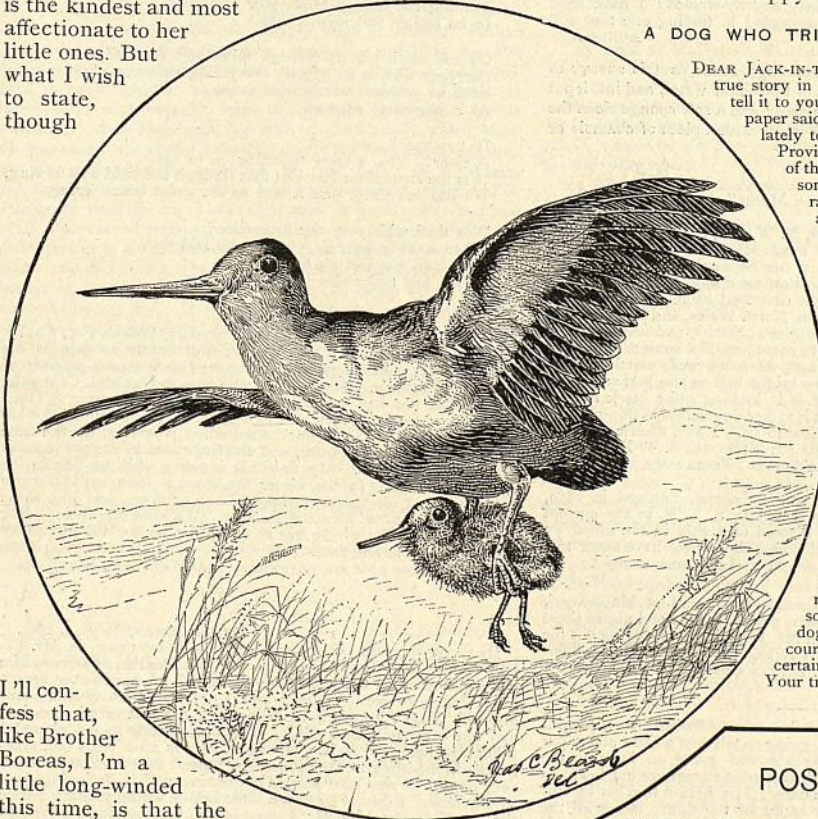
These little flowers grow in clusters, as large as your hand, upon a single stem; the flowers are very drooping and sometimes quite large; they are also very fragrant. So we consider them as one of the most beautiful and sweet of all our wild flowers.

Yours truly,

"S. S."

GOOD MOTHER WOODCOCK.

MY friend the woodcock has an excellent wife, and an excellent mother—that is, an excellent mother to his children. He may have had an excellent mother himself; probably he did, for of all birds the woodcock mother is the kindest and most affectionate to her little ones. But what I wish to state, though



I'll confess that, like Brother Boreas, I'm a little long-winded this time, is that the offspring of my friend Woodcock actually are carried about by their mother when they are too young to escape from danger unaided. She does not carry them by her bill (no, even the cat-bird would not attempt that), but she

closes her little feet upon them and so holds them as safely as your mother holds the baby in her careful arms.

In numbers of cases hunters have seen the great-eyed birds rise and fly away heavily and low, seemingly holding something between their feet. Mr. C. F. Holder, one of the ST. NICHOLAS writers, tells me that a Western sportsman recently had curiosity enough to follow such a bird, and a good chase she led him, through a hay-field, over brambles, bushes, and stones, but he finally gained upon her, and saw that in her feet she carried a tiny downy woodcock that seemed not the least alarmed by such a strange mode of traveling. The old bird carried it several hundred yards, before alighting with it; and then quickly disappeared in the tall thick grass.

My little Mrs. Woodcock is the proudest mother I ever knew. She thinks her children are perfection. To me they seem to have rather large mouths, but she scouts the idea of that being anything against their beauty. To her way of thinking, a large mouth gives an openness of expression to the young that is simply charming. Ah, Woodcock is a happy fellow!

A DOG WHO TRIED THE TELEPHONE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read such a queer true story in our paper to-day, that I want to tell it to you and all the girls and boys. The paper said that a Rhode Island gentleman lately took his pet dog (named Pat) to Providence, which, you know, is one of the capitals of Rhode Island. Well, somehow, he and Pat became separated and could not find each other at all. Well, what did that dog do but go to a certain telephone office, whither he had often gone with his master. He whined so dismally that the operator, understanding the case, telephoned to a store where he thought the dog's owner might be; and finding him there, asked him to speak to Pat by the telephone. The master did so. The operator held the instrument to Pat's ear, and the dog gave a joyful bark at the sound of his master's voice. Then, the paper says, Pat was let out and darted off to find him, as though he knew exactly where to go; but it does not tell any more. I wish I could say, for certain, that Pat found his master; but I really think he did, because the sound of his voice gave the poor dog courage, you see, and, with courage to help him, I think he must certainly have succeeded.

Your true young friend, JENNY S.

POSTPONED!

DEACON GREEN requests me to say that the announcement of his **SPLENDID OFFER**, as I call it, is unavoidably postponed to the December number of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CARPENTERSVILLE, ILL., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not have much time to read, but always take time to read your interesting stories.

I am in an office from eight A. M. until five or six P. M. every day; and when I am at home I have other duties besides reading. My work is taking down in short-hand, from dictation, the business letters of the firm, and then printing them on a type-writer. I have other work also, putting up the mail, sending off circulars, indexing books, etc.

I began studying short-hand in February last, and was sixteen years old in July. Am now supporting myself, and intend to keep on doing so.

JOSEPHINE B.

Josephine B.'s welcome letter is but one out of many which we have received from boys and girls who are already supporting themselves or who are intending soon to begin the battle of life in earnest. And it is very gratifying to us to know that all of these budding men and women who have been reading ST. NICHOLAS refuse to outgrow the magazine, as they outgrow their juvenile toys and pleasures, and that they find it as interesting and helpful a companion on their return from office-desk or counter as when, in past times, they rushed home from school to greet it.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how an oil painting should be cleaned, when dusty and fly-stained? I have tried several methods, but have not succeeded in finding one that will not injure the painting.

AGNES L.

An experienced dealer in oil-paintings sends us this answer to Agnes L.'s query: Take a quart of lukewarm water, and into it put ten drops of ammonia. With this water and a soft sponge clean the painting very carefully, and wipe it dry with a piece of chamois or soft silk.

THE "SHIP IN THE MOON" AGAIN.

NR. CAERNARVON, N. WALES, September 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was much interested in an article entitled "The Ship in the Moon," in the September number of your magazine, more especially as, a short time ago, I saw something rather similar to the curious sight described by S. T. R. We are staying two miles from Caernarvon, North Wales, and have a splendid view from our house over the Menai Straits, and also over the sea, where the sun sets. We have some beautiful sunsets here, over the water, and about ten days ago, when we were watching one, just as the sun was looking like a bright ball on the horizon, a distant ship crossed slowly in front of it, looking quite black against the golden orb. We all thought it rather a remarkable thing to see, for it was an occurrence quite new to us. I was, therefore, rather astonished when I saw in the next ST. NICHOLAS S. T. R.'s article, relating a somewhat similar coincidence. Yours truly, J. E. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Once at Eastbourne, England, in 1870, we had the rare experience mentioned by S. T. R. in the current number of ST. NICHOLAS, only instead of a ship in the moon we saw an ocean steamer; and until seeing the article have never met with any one who had seen this unique and picturesque sight.

W. L.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This summer we were at Maplewood, N. H., and a gentleman told father, that from the hotel piazza there he had seen the moon rise behind Mt. Washington, bringing out the Tip Top House in strong relief. A sight, to be sure, somewhat different from that witnessed by S. T. R., but quite as rare.

E. C.

STONINGTON, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you a little about our town of Stonington. When the war was going on between the British and the Americans, the British tried to capture our town on a certain morning—I forget the date. The British took us by surprise, and therefore we were not ready for the fight; but as all the people were pretty brave, we rose up in a multitude, at least as many as there were in the town. We had two cannons, and yet we were all so brave as to hold out till reinforcements came to our aid, and thus we won the battle, on the 10th of August, 1816. We have those two cannons yet, in the center of the town in a little square, and four bomb-shells that did not go off. Now I must say good-bye. Hoping that this will be published, I remain yours,

C. PALMER, JR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading one of the old volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, I came across a story of a black-and-tan dog, which told of the numerous tricks that he could do, and I wish some of the little folks of the ST. NICHOLAS who have been successful in training dogs could tell me how to teach my little black-and-tan. He can already sit upon his haunches, waltz, and speak for things. Please print this, and oblige your true reader,

AUNT EMILY.

Now, boys and girls whose pets under your careful tuition have graduated in tricks—who of you will best answer Aunt Emily's question?

ROME, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your Letter-box so much. The letters are so interesting. I often wonder how old the subscribers are, and try to guess from their letters. I composed a little piece of poetry, which I am going to ask you to publish if you can find a spare corner. I expect you are bothered by other such people as I, but I hope my epistle will not share the fate of some others. If you will publish my piece, you will oblige your little friend,

TOMMIE H.

LITTLE BEGINNINGS WITH GREAT ENDINGS.

See! a little brooklet is traveling through a field of clover.
It is running on as though a child at play,
Turning the little pebbles over and over,
In its happy and joyous way.

On and on it travels through miles and acres of land,
Carrying with it as it goes everything that comes on hand,
Such as pebbles, weeds, and sand,
As it begins to expand.

Lo! what do we see?
A river! Yes, a river traveling on to sea.
'Tis the same little brooklet that through the field was flowing,
We did not think that it was to the great ocean going.

'Tis thus with you, my little friend,
When a little baby in your cradle laid low,
We could not picture for you
Into a fine and noble woman to grow.

SCALES, SIERRA CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can not find words to express the pleasure I felt when I received a letter with a recent number of your dear magazine, from my aunt who lives in Oakland, California, saying that she had subscribed to it for us as a present. There are eight of us, four boys and four girls. You can imagine what a commotion there is in our house when it arrives, for the little ones want to see the pictures, and the large ones to see the pictures and read the stories. My father is a miner, and we live in the Sierra mountains. In the winter the snow is from ten to thirteen feet deep, and we travel on snow-shoes, or skis, just like those you described in the February number. We have fine sport sliding down hill. But last winter was an exception, for we had only thirty inches of snow at one time.

From your ardent reader,

MATTIE B. WESTALL.

PHILADELPHIA, July 15, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in Mr. Leland's article on "Brass Work," in the July number, as I know him and have been to the school he speaks of. I have never beaten brass, but have seen it done, and I do not think it looks very difficult. I take lessons in modeling, and I find it very interesting, and am extremely fond of it. It is not difficult to model, and I think any one could do it. My sister, who is nine years old, takes lessons in modeling at the school Mr. Leland mentions, and models very nicely. I also take lessons in painting and in designing from Mr. Leland. I do not go to the same school with my sister, but to the Art Club, of which Mr. Leland is also the founder. I am sure the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will like the article on "Modeling," and find it very interesting.

I hope you will print this letter, as it is my first.

Your constant reader,

H. ROBINS.

Hosts of readers, we are sure, will welcome Mr. Leland's article on "Modeling," and the kindred articles that he is to contribute.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—THIRTY-SECOND REPORT.

THE Agassiz Association, as made known through ST. NICHOLAS, is three years old this month. The number of members as recorded a year ago was 3816, and we then remarked that the membership had doubled within the year. The latest number on our register is 5970, which shows a still larger increase for the closing year.

As ST. NICHOLAS greets a large number of new friends at the opening of the new volume, we will give a brief review of the organization, purposes, and methods of the A. A.

The association originated at Lenox, Mass., and its head-quarters are still in Lenox Academy. Here are kept our register, with its nearly six thousand names; our album, containing the faces of many of our members; our cabinet of some thousands of specimens, contributed by near and distant friends, and the file of letters, preserving the cream of a three years' correspondence. Grouped around this center are now 525 branch societies, or chapters, representing nearly every State and Territory, and also England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Canada, and South America. Each of these chapters is required to send a report of its doings to the President at the beginning of every other month. There is no charge for the admission of a chapter, and there are no dues, either yearly or monthly. The smallest number that can be recognized as a chapter is four.

In cases where four can not be found to unite as a chapter, individuals are admitted on the payment of a nominal entrance fee.

The purposes of the A. A. are thus briefly stated in Article 2 of the Constitution:

"It shall be the object of this Association to collect, study, and preserve natural objects and facts."

Our methods are as simple as possible. Natural objects must be studied from actual specimens. Rocks must be broken; flowers gathered, and studied as they grow; animals watched as they live freely in their own homes. Each member of the A. A. is encouraged to begin right at home; to collect the flowers, minerals, or insects of his own town; to learn to determine their names by his own study. Knowing well, however, the difficulties which beset the entrance of the young naturalist's path, we have considered how we may render him the assistance he most needs at the outset. We have prepared a list of the best books in each department of science, so that he may know what tools to work with; and best of all, a number of eminent scientists have most generously offered their services to aid in the classification and determination of specimens. So that now if a bright boy wishes to learn something about butterflies, or birds' eggs, or minerals, he can begin by picking up whatever he can find. Our hand-book tells him where to look for them, how to preserve and mount them, and what books to get to find out about their habits and names. Then, if he gets puzzled by some strange specimen, he has the privilege, at no expense, of addressing some gentleman "who knows all about it," and who will promptly answer any questions he may ask.

Further than this, we have begun to organize summer classes by correspondence,—also entirely free,—and we award certificates to all who satisfactorily complete the various courses of observation.

The names of the gentlemen who have so kindly volunteered their services in the several departments have been given from month to month in ST. NICHOLAS, but for the information of our new readers, and for the convenience of all, we herewith give a complete and classified list of them:

BOTANY.

- I. N. E. States and Canada.....Prof. C. H. K. Sanderson, Greenfield, Mass.
- II. Middle States.....Dr. Charles Atwood, Moravia, N. Y.
- III. Southern States.....Dr. Chapman, Apalachicola, Fla.
- IV. Western States to Colorado.....Dr. Aug. F. Foerste (puff-balls a specialty), Dayton, O.
- V. Far West and North-west.....Dr. Marcus L. Jones, Denver, Col.
- VI. Prof. W. R. Dudley (ferns, sedges, and grasses specially), Ithaca, N. Y.
- VII. Middle States.....Prof. Edw. L. French, Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.
- VIII. Mr. Wm. H. Briggs, Columbia, Cal.

CONCHOLOGY.

- I. Prof. Bruce Richards, 1726 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.
- II. Mr. Thomas Morgan, Somerville, N. J.

- III. Mr. H. A. Pilsbey, Davenport, Iowa.
- IV. Prof. G. Howard Parker, Academy of Sciences, 19th and Race sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
- V. Mr. Harry E. Dore, 521 Clay st., San Francisco, Cal. (*Pacific Molluscs.*)

ENTOMOLOGY.

- I. Prof. G. Howard Parker (address above).
- II. Prof. C. H. Fernald, State College, Orono, Me. (*Lepidoptera.*)
- III. Mr. H. L. Fernald, Orono, Me. (*Hemiptera.*)
- IV. Prof. Leland O. Howard, Dept. Agriculture, Entomological Div., Washington, D. C.
- V. Prof. H. Atwood, office Germania Life Ins. Co., Rochester, N. Y. (*Parasites and microscopic infusoria.*)
- VI. Dr. Aug. F. Foerste, Dayton, O. (*Spiders.*)

GEOLOGY.

- I. Mr. Wm. H. Briggs, Columbia, Cal.
- II. Mr. Jas. C. Lathrop, 134 Park Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
- III. Mr. W. R. Lighton, Ottumwa, Iowa.
- IV. Prof. Wm. M. Bowron, South Pittsburg, Tenn.

MINERALOGY.

- I. Prof. Wm. M. Bowron (address above).
- II. Mr. Jas. C. Lathrop (address above).
- III. Prof. F. W. Staebner, Westfield, Mass.
- IV. Mr. Chas. B. Wilson, Colby University, Waterville, Me. (*Minerals of Maine.*)
- V. Mr. David Allan, box 113, Webster Groves, Missouri.

ORNITHOLOGY.

- I. Mr. James De B. Abbott, Germantown, Pa.

ZOOLOGY.

- I. Prof. C. F. Holder, American Museum Nat. Hist., Central Park, N. Y., 77th st. and Eighth ave. (*Marine life.*)
- II. Dr. Aug. Foerste, Dayton, O. (*Mammals.*)

All questions relating to the identification of specimens are to be sent to these gentlemen, and those who avail themselves of this privilege must be members of the A. A., and must carefully observe the following rules:

- 1st. Never write for assistance, until you have tried your best to succeed without it; that is, do not ask *lazy* questions.
- 2d. Always inclose sufficient postage for the return of your specimens, and also an envelope, with a two-cent stamp, addressed to yourself.

Having now outlined the history, purposes, and methods of the A. A., the question arises,

WHO CAN JOIN IT?

We have no limitations of age, wealth, or rank. All who are interested in studying nature are welcome. We have members four years old, and members seventy years old, and of all ages intermediate. Some of our chapters are composed mainly of adults, and, as in the case of our Montreal chapter, bid fair to take a strong stand among the scientific organizations of the country. Others are made up mainly of children, who study and observe in their own way—not probing so deeply into scientific problems, but finding many very interesting specimens and facts, and often puzzling their older friends with their eager questions.

Some of our branches are "family chapters," consisting of father, mother, and the little ones, all working together, and holding meetings regularly in library or drawing-room. They constitute one of the pleasantest features of the association. Perhaps as common as any are school or college chapters, sometimes under the guidance of teacher or professor, sometimes not. By means of such societies, the study of natural history has been introduced profitably into many public schools. A live teacher will be able to accomplish unknown good by organizing and conducting such a chapter.

THE HAND-BOOK.

Of course, in the actual working of our association, hundreds of questions arise, concerning which the beginner desires information. How shall I organize a society? How ought the meetings to be conducted? How shall I awaken and keep alive the interest of others? What plan of work shall I follow? How shall I build a cabinet? How shall I collect and arrange my various specimens? What books shall I read? How about a badge? Etc., etc.

At first, we undertook to reply to all these questions by letter, but the task soon became an impossibility. Then, for a time, we

resorted to circulars; but finally the range of inquiry broadened so rapidly, and the number of inquirers increased so fast, that we were obliged to issue a little volume called "THE HAND-BOOK OF THE ST. NICHOLAS AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION." In this we endeavored to put answers to every possible question regarding the society, and the book has now come to be indispensable to every wide-awake member of the A. A. The first step, therefore, to be taken, if one wishes to form a "chapter," or to join the A. A. as an individual member, is to send for a copy of the hand-book. The price is fifty cents, and all orders should be sent to the President.

We should prefer writing personal letters to all of our kind friends, as a printed circular is apt to seem formal and cold; but with six thousand members this evidently can not often be done.

All who have not already done so are invited to send their photographs, and particularly group photographs of their chapters.

MORE HELP NEEDED.

While, as seen above, we have a goodly array of scientific gentlemen ready to assist us, there is ample room for many more; particularly in more restricted subdivisions of the various branches: such as the "logies" of beetles, dragon-flies, birds' eggs, trees, etc., etc.

But now, to proceed with our regular work, the subject for Professor Parker's Entomological class for November is *Coeloptera*.

The work on *Lepidoptera* has been satisfactorily completed, and ten members have passed the examination. We regret that the number pursuing the course is so small; but the success of these will doubtless stimulate others to join the class.

The best essay was

1. On *Dryocampa pellucida*, by Bashford Dean, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Then follow

2. On *Sphinx quinquemaculata*, by Fred. Clearwater, Brazil, Ind.
3. On *Telea polyphemus*, by Helen Montgomery, Saco, Me.
4. On *Attacus polyphemus*, by G. J. Grider, Bethlehem, Pa.
5. On *Platysamia cecropia*, Linn., by Daisy G. Dame, West Medford, Mass.
6. On *Platysamia cecropia*, Linn., by Isabel G. Dame, West Medford, Mass.
7. On *Dryocampa senatoria*, by Elizabeth Marquand, Newburyport, Mass.
8. On *Papilio turnus*, Linn., by A. H. Stewart, Washington, D. C.
9. On *Colias philodice*, by Arthur Stone, Boston, Mass.
10. On *General Lepidoptera*, by Rachel H. Mellon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Professor Parker writes, "I think all have earned their diplomas, so far, and that the essays reflect great credit on the association." Papers for November should be prepared and sent to Professor Parker, as explained in detail in ST. NICHOLAS for JULY. Any who have hitherto been prevented from joining the class may enter now and continue with the others; and on completing the course shall receive certificates of the actual work accomplished.

The Botanical section will now take up Flowers, and specimens, or better, drawings should be arranged according to the following scheme, and sent to Dr. Jones, as explained in July:

IV. FLOWERS.

INFLORESCENCE (arrangement on stem). PARTS OF FLOWERS.

Definite:

glomerule,
fascicle,
cyme.

Indefinite:

head,
spike,
spadix,
catkin,
umbel,
corymb,
raceme,
panicle,
thyrsus.

KINDS OF FLOWERS.

Perfect,
Imperfect,
Complete,
Incomplete,
Symmetrical,
Unsymmetrical.

PARTS OF FLOWERS.

a. Calyx,
b. Corolla,
c. Stamens,
d. Pistils,
e. Receptacle.

a. Calyx.

Ordinary forms:
monosepalous (sepals united),
shapes (see corolla),
teeth, lobes, etc. (see leaf),
polysepalous (sepals not united),
shapes (see leaf).

Special forms:

burs,
fruits (apples, etc.),
pappus,
hairs,
awns,
scales,
cups, etc.,

petal-like, etc.,
uses.

b. Corolla.

Monopetalous (parts united):

entire,
toothed,
cleft,
parted,
shapes (see blade of leaf),
wheel-shaped,
salver-form,
bell-shaped,
funnel-form,
tubular,
irregular,
labiate,
ringent,
personate,
strap-shaped,
spurred,
etc.,
appendages,
folds,
scales,
nectaries,
etc.

Polypetalous (parts separate):

parts,
shapes (see blade of leaf),
number,
special forms
of Leguminosæ,
of Dicotyledonae,
of Dicotyledonae,
etc.,
insertion,
on the receptacle,
ovary,
calyx,
activation (arrangement in the bud),
open,
valvate,
reduplicate,
induplicate,
convolute,
imbricated,
plaited,
supervolute,
etc.

c. Stamens.

Insertion

on receptacle,
ovary,
style (apparently),

calyx,
corolla.

Free (from each other).

United by filaments,
monadelphous,
diadelphous,
etc.

United by anthers.

Lengths,
individual,
comparative,
equal,
unequal,
didynamous,
titradynamous,
etc.

Number.

Parts.

filaments,
lengths,
shapes (see stems and leaves),

anthers,
spherical,
didynamous,
tailed,
etc. (see leaves and stems),

attachment to filaments,

innate,
adnate,
introrse,
extrorse,
versatile,

parts,
cells,
one,
two,

dehiscence, (mode of opening),
by slits,
valves,
holes,

shapes,
pollen,
shapes (see leaves and stems),

appendages,
spirals,
bands,
knobs,
points,
etc., etc.,
uses

to the plants,
insects,
other animals.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
514	Iowa City, Iowa, (A)....	4..W. M. Clute.	
515	Rogers Park, Ill., (A)....	4..C. B. Cox.	
516	Dighton, Mass., (A)....	18..W. A. Reade.	
517	Trenton, N. J., (C)....	12..Herbert Westwood.	
518	Bergen Pt., N. J., (A)....	5..Miss Alfreda Conover.	
519	Lawrence, Kan., (A)....	5..Fred. H. Bowersock.	
520	Baltimore, Md., (G)....	4..E. B. Stockton, 179 McCulloch street.	
521	New York, N. Y., (O)...	6..R. A. Linden, 207 E. 122d st.	

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

H. H. BALLARD — Dear Sir: I would be very glad to assist any of your A. A. in geology, mineralogy, or microscopy. Having seen the ill effects of science teaching, as conducted at present generally, I am desirous of aiding seekers all I can. Yours, very truly,
JAS. C. LATHROP, 134 Park ave.

EXCHANGES.

A few fine moths. — Miss Lillie M. Stephan, sec., Pine City, Minn.
Plants, eggs, and minerals. — Edwin F. Stratton, sec., Greenfield, Mass.

Correspondence with distant chapters. — Miss Nellie Scull, box S, Rochester, Indiana.

NOTES.

(56) *Cicada*. — A cicada was in its immature state, destitute of wings, and evidently just out of the ground. I placed it under a glass, and left it a few minutes. On returning, I saw that the skin had separated along the back in a line from a point on the head in a line with the eyes, to the first segment of the abdomen. The body

was arched so as to rest on its extremities. By expanding and contracting its body, the insect drew the abdomen partly out of the enveloping skin, and still did not draw it forth through the opening in the back. When in this position, by the same process as before, it forced the skin of the head and thorax down until the eyes and head appeared. It then straightened itself, and lay as if exhausted. After a time it began again to move, and drew out first the thorax, then the first pair of legs, then the wings, folded and refolded, so that they seemed but small bits of tissue covered with minute veins. After the wings, the second and third pairs of legs appeared. By this time the abdomen had been drawn nearly half way through the opening. The remaining portion was now drawn slowly forth, segment by segment. The old skin discarded, the body of the insect was light pink; its feet bright red, its legs light green, and its eyes dark brown.

Its wings now began to expand, not apparently by any action of the insect, but by their natural expansion, much as a flower unfolds. The time occupied in the entire change was a little over an hour.

HIRAM H. BICE, Utica, N. Y.

In your August number, page 798, under the heading of "Reports from Chapters," reference is made to "a lavender drooping flower," and is accompanied by a wood-cut. The flower referred to must be *Dodecatheon Meadia* (a primrose), which is very common

throughout California, growing in great abundance in meadow land. It has a fine perfume, and fills the air with fragrance. It resembles the cyclamen, but is more showy and fragrant. The children call it "shooting-star," and it is also known as the "American cow-slip," and "Pride of Ohio."

The name *Dodecatheon* is derived from the Greek, and signifies twelve gods, in allusion to the flowers, which are sometimes twelve in number, though the usual number in this State is from three to six.

Respectfully yours,

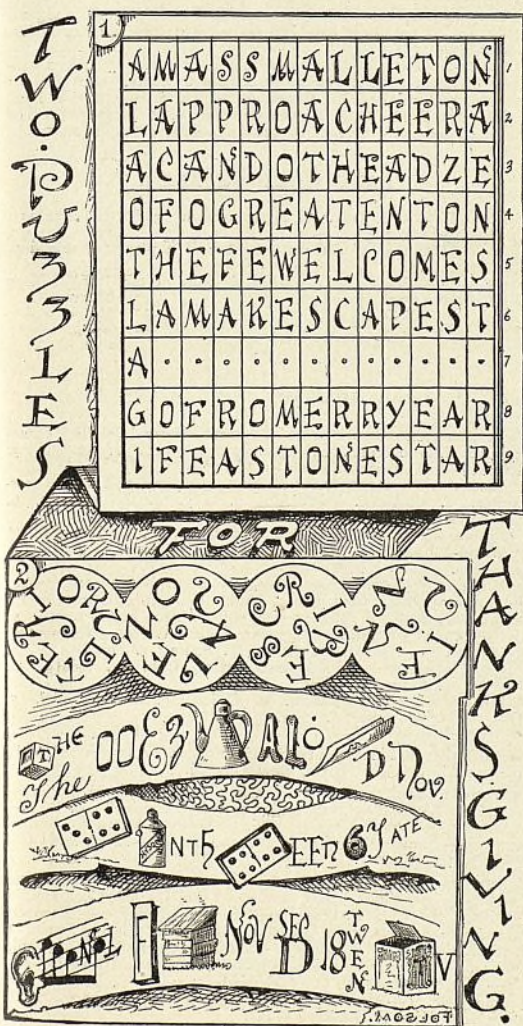
DANIEL CLEVELAND, of San Diego, Cal.

We regret that a large number of interesting notes and very encouraging chapter reports are crowded out this month. We believe the A. A. was never in a more prosperous or happy condition than now. We invite all interested to join our ranks, and while we again heartily thank our many friends for their sympathy and aid, we urge all old members to renewed efforts for the cause, and to renewed energy in their special departments. Address all communications to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,

Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



TWO PUZZLES FOR THANKSGIVING.

I. HIDDEN WORDS: In each of the nine horizontal lines are concealed one or more words. By selecting the right one from each line, a quotation from the "Comedy of Errors" may be formed.

II. A DOUBLE ACROSTIC: Divide each of the four letter-circles in such a way that the letters, in the order in which they now stand, will form a word. The four words, when rightly placed, will make a double acrostic; the initials and finals will each name the result of an engineering enterprise which is very useful to commerce.

The rebus beneath the letter-circles, when rightly read, will furnish some information concerning the primals and finals of the acrostic.

INCOMPLETE RHOMBOID.



ACROSS: 1. A circle. 2. A forest. 3. A dunce. 4. To plunder. 5. An apartment. 6. Meager. 7. An implement. 8. To decree. 9. The part of a class where nobody likes to be. 10. Midday.

DOWNWARD: 1. In kerchief. 2. Two-thirds of an animal. 3. Three-fourths of the west. 4. A small body of water. 5. An entrance-way. 6. A noose. 7. To blow. 8. Humor. 9. A covering. 10. A swimming and diving bird. 11. A heath. 12. Also. 13. A negative. 14. In kerchief.

M. V. W.

DIAMOND.

1. In insipid. 2. A preposition. 3. A peninsula of Asia. 4. An instrument of torture employed by dentists. 5. Beloved by collectors of bric-à-brac. 6. To choose a second time. 7. Speedily. 8. To rest. 9. In insipid.

"ALCIBIADES."

THREE WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

In each of the following sentences behead and curtail the word represented by the long dash, and there will remain three words, which may replace the three short dashes. EXAMPLE: It is Sue at the door — I am glad of a — Answer: V-is it o-r.

1. Joseph's brethren seemed to think — — — — — place to hide him in.

2. When such a claim — — — — — there is but little use in — — — — — it.

3. One would gaze — — — — — admiration, no matter how large the — — — — — at which she was met.

4. His success in — — — — — acknowledged fact by enemies as well as devoted — — — — —.

5. We look with admiration only — — — — — of the career of Napoleon — — — — —.

B.

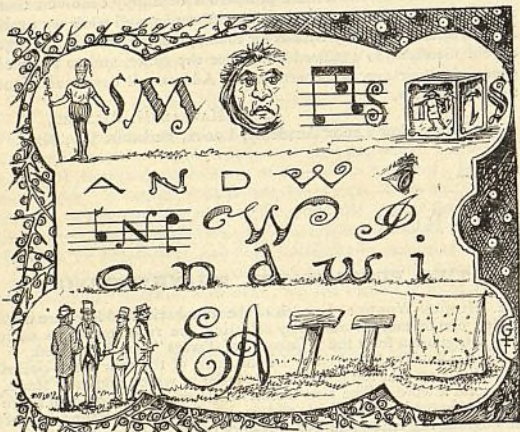
ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON.

In each of these examples, the problem is to arrange the grouped letters so that they will form a word agreeing with the accompanying definition.

1. TULLIPANIL. Very small.
2. TENNTOPMI. All-powerful.
3. MISSUPOCOR. Confused.
4. SMEETUSOUP. Turbulent.
5. XIGOREECPHRAL. The author of a dictionary.
6. TASCOTNILLNE. A group of stars.

H. V. W.

PROVERB REBUS.



The answer to this rebus is a saying of Poor Richard.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

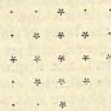
EACH word described contains eight letters. When these have been rightly selected, and placed one below another in the order here

given, the diagonals (reading downward), from left to right, and from right to left, will spell the names of two large lakes in the central part of North America.

1. Supernatural events. 2. A formal conversation between two persons. 3. Broken down with age. 4. Up to this time. 5. Taking exorbitant interest for the use of money. 6. A three-sided figure. 7. Matrimonial. 8. Supplication.

"SUMMER BOARDER."

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Blotted out. 2. Cut off or suppressed, as a syllable. 3. Cloth made of flax or hemp. 4. A paradise. 5. A numeral. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In diamond.
INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In nimble. 2. A cover. 3. Cloth made from flax or hemp. 4. A cave. 5. In nimble. C. D.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains four letters. The zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of an Indian girl.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To ripple. 2. To observe. 3. An instrument of torture. 4. A volcanic mountain of Sicily. 5. A Roman emperor who reigned but three months. 6. A burrowing animal. 7. Close at hand. 8. A minute particle. 9. A decree. 10. The principal goddess worshiped by the Egyptians. "ROBIN HOOD."

EASY WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. PART of a book. 2. A girl's name. 3. Part of a prayer. 4. Useful in summer.
- II. 1. Weapons of defense. 2. Part of a plant. 3. Fashion. 4. Part of a plant.
- III. 1. To blink. 2. A metal. 3. Part of the face. 4. The joint covered by the patella.

LIZZIE D. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. First row: white letters, Maryland; first monogram, Frederick; second, Potomac; third, Annapolis; fourth, Chesapeake; fifth, Salisbury. Second row: white letters, France; first monogram, Cher; second, Rouen; third, Marne; fourth, Nantes; fifth, Fécamp. Third row: white letters, Asia; first monogram, Kiusiu; second, Japan; third, Burma; fourth, Mandaleh; fifth, Osaka. Fourth row: white letters, Maine; first monogram, Deer; second, Schoodic; third, Frenchman's; fourth, Machias; fifth, Portland. Fifth row: white letters, England; first monogram, Thames; second, London; third, Birmingham; fourth, Avon; fifth, Penzance.

SUBSTITUTIONS. Third row, Bull Run; fourth row, Atlanta. Cross-words: 1. Abet, abba. 2. Rose, rout. 3. Rope, roll. 4. Else, Ella. 5. Ease, earn. 6. Bore, bout. 7. Anon, Anna.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. Central words, Charles Dickens. I. 1. C. 2. Ohio. 3. Opals. 4. Charles. 5. Ollie. 6. See. 7. S. II. 1. D. 2. Lid. 3. Lucie. 4. Dickens. 5. Dread. 6. End. 7. S. — CHARADE. Hottentot.

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 ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Elsie T. — Lulu M. Stabler — Paul Reese — Frances Salisbury — Davidson Kennedy — Lizzie Hall and Mary Nicolson — "The Twins and their Cousin" — S. R. T. — Estelle Riley — Louisa Stuart Lennox — P. S. Clarkson — "The Three Graces" — Clara J. Child — Willie C. White — Minnie B. Murray — Maggie T. Turrill — Jennie and Birdie — Arthur Gride — Mamie Hitchcock — Francis W. Islip — "Nip and Tuck" — Hugh and Cissie — Bessie C. Rogers — Jessie A. Platt — F. and H. Davis.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Bucknor Van Amringe, 1 — Eliza Westervelt, 2 — "The Two Annies," 10 — Cambridge Livingston, 6 — Eddie Shipsey, 4 — Violet and Pansy, 2 — "We, Us, and Company," 2 — Eva Cora Deemer, 1 — E., 2 — Pansy, 6 — Pussy B., 3 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — Alice F. Wann, 1 — "Chingachhook," 1 — Theodore S. Palmer, 9 — Horace R. Parker, 4 — E. P. and J. H., 2 — Louisa H., 5 — Weston Stickney, 3 — Alex. Laidlaw, 6 — "Sisters Twain," 9 — Professor and Co., 6 — G. M. L., 4 — Florence Savoye, 8 — "Kingsfishers," 3 — Lillian C. Byrne, 8 — Hattie Brown Badeau, 9 — Philip Embury, Jr., 7 — Charles H. Kyte, 8 — "Ignoramus and Nonentity," 7 — O. K. Fagundus, 2 — Dycie, 9 — "Bob Buss and Winkie," 7 — No Name (England) — "Fortress Monroe," 6 — Jeannie M. Elliott, 9 — Heath Sutherland, 9 — "Alcibiades," 9 — S. L. P. and John Hobbie, 8 — Josephine, Josias, and Jonas, 5 — Kate B. Deane, 1 — G. L. and J. W., 4 — May G. Jones, 6 — Florence E. Provost, 5 — Katie L. Robertson, 6 — D. B. Shumway, 6 — Charles H. Wright, 5 — Eddie, 4 — L. I., 6.

