

"A MIDWINTER NIGHT."—ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

(See article in this number entitled "An Engraver on Wheels.")

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TABBY'S TABLE-CLOTH.—SECOND SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

THE storm kept on all night, and next morning the drifts were higher, the wind stronger, and the snow falling faster than ever. Through the day the children roved about the great house, amusing themselves as best they could; and, when evening came, they gathered around the fire again, eager for the promised story from Grandmamma.

"I've a little cold," said the old lady, "and am too hoarse for talking, my dears; but Aunt Elinor has looked up a parcel of old tales that I've told her at different times and which she has written down. You will like to hear her reading better than my dull way of telling them, and I can help Minnie and Lotty with their work, for I see they are bent on learning to spin."

The young folk were well pleased with Grandma's proposal; for Aunt Nell was a favorite with all, being lively and kind and fond of children, and the only maiden aunt in the family. Now, she smilingly produced a faded old portfolio, and, turning over a little pile of manuscripts, said in her pleasant way:

"Here are all sorts, picked up in my travels at home and abroad; and in order to suit all of you, I have put the names on slips of paper into this basket, and each can draw one in turn. Does that please my distinguished audience?"

"Yes, yes. Geoff's the oldest, let him draw first," cried the flock, fluttering like a flight of birds before they settle.

"Girls come first," answered the boy, with a nod toward the eldest girl cousin.

Lotty put in her hand and, after some fumbling, drew out a paper on which was written, "*Tabby's Table-cloth.*" "Is that a good one?" she asked, for Geoff looked disappointed.

"More fighting, though a girl is still the heroine," answered Aunt Nell, searching for the manuscript.

"I think two revolutions will be enough for you, General," added Grandmamma, laughing.

"Do we beat in both?" asked the boy, brightening up at once.

"Yes."

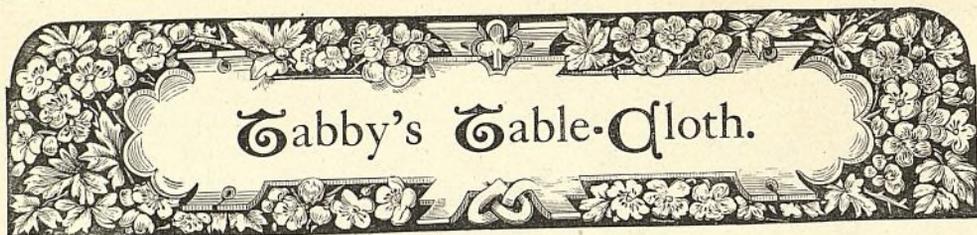
"All right, then. I vote for 'Dolly's Dish-cloth,' or whatever it is; though I don't see what it can possibly have to do with war," he added.

"Ah, my dear, women have their part to play as well as men at such times, and do it bravely, though one does not hear so much about their courage. I've often wished some one would collect all that can be found about these forgotten heroines, and put it in a book for us to read, admire, and emulate when our turn comes."

Grandma looked thoughtfully at the fire as she spoke, and Lotty said, with her eye on the portfolio: "Perhaps Aunt Nell will do it for us. Then history won't be so dry, and we can glorify our foremothers as well as fathers."

"I'll see what I can find. Now spin away, Minnie, and sit still, boys,—if you can."

Then, having settled Grandma's foot-stool, and turned up the lamp, Aunt Nell read the tale of



ON the 20th day of March, 1775, a little girl was trudging along a country road with a basket of eggs on her arm. She seemed in a great hurry, and looked anxiously about her as she went; for those were stirring times, and Tabitha Tarbell lived in a town that took a famous part in the Revolution. She was a rosy-faced, bright-eyed lass of fourteen, full of vigor, courage, and patriotism, and just then much excited by the frequent rumors which reached Concord that the British were coming to destroy the stores sent there for safe keeping while the enemy occupied Boston. Tabby glowed with wrath at the idea, and (metaphorically speaking) shook her fist at august King George, being a staunch little Rebel, ready to fight and die for her country rather than submit to tyranny of any kind.

In nearly every house something valuable was hidden. Colonel Barrett had six barrels of powder; Ebenezer Hubbard, sixty-eight barrels of flour; axes, tents, and spades were at Daniel Cray's; and Captain David Brown had guns, cartridges, and musket balls. Cannon were hidden in the woods; fire-arms were being manufactured at Barrett's Mills; cartouch-boxes, belts, and holsters, at Reuben Brown's; saltpetre at Josiah Melvin's; and much oatmeal was prepared at Captain Timothy Wheeler's. A morning gun was fired, a guard of ten men patrolled the town at night, and the brave farmers were making ready for what they felt must come.

There were Tories in the town who gave the enemy all the information they could gather; therefore, much caution was necessary in making plans, lest these enemies should betray them. Pass-words were adopted, secret signals used, and messages sent from house to house in all sorts of queer ways. Such a message lay hidden under the eggs in Tabby's basket, and the brave little girl was going on an important errand from her uncle, Captain David Brown, to Deacon Cyrus Hosmer, who lived at the other end of the town, by the South Bridge. She had been employed several times before in the same way, and had proved herself quick-witted, stout-hearted, and light-footed. Now, as she trotted along in her scarlet cloak and hood, she was wishing she could still further distinguish herself by some great act of heroism; for good Parson Emerson had patted her on the head and said, "Well done, child!" when he heard how she ran

all the way to Captain Barrett's, in the night, to warn him that Doctor Lee, the Tory, had been detected sending information of certain secret plans to the enemy.

"I would do more than that, though it was a fearsome run through the dark woods. Would n't those two like to know all I know about the stores? But I would n't tell 'em, not if they drove a bayonet through me. I'm not afeared of 'em;" and Tabby tossed her head defiantly, as she paused to shift her basket from one arm to the other.

But she evidently was "afeared" of something, for her ruddy cheeks turned pale and her heart gave a thump as two men came in sight, and stopped suddenly on seeing her. They were strangers; and though nothing in their dress indicated it, the girl's quick eye saw that they were soldiers; step and carriage betrayed it, and the rapidity with which these martial gentlemen changed into quiet travelers roused her suspicions at once. They exchanged a few whispered words; then they came on, swinging their stout sticks, one whistling, the other keeping a keen lookout along the lonely road before and behind them.

"My pretty lass, can you tell me where Mr. Daniel Bliss lives?" asked the younger, with a smile and a salute.

Tabby was sure now that they were British; for the voice was deep and full, and the face a ruddy English face, and the man they wanted was a well-known Tory. But she showed no sign of alarm beyond the modest color in her cheeks, and answered civilly: "Yes, sir, over yonder a piece."

"Thanks, and a kiss for that," said the young man, stooping to bestow his gift. But he got a smart box on the ear, and Tabby ran off in a fury of indignation.

With a laugh they went on, never dreaming that the little Rebel was going to turn spy herself, and get the better of them. She hurried away to Deacon Hosmer's, and did her errand, adding thereto the news that strangers were in town. "We must know more of them," said the Deacon. "Clap a different suit on her, wife, and send her with the eggs to Mrs. Bliss. We have all we want of them, and Tabby can look well about her, while she rests and gossips over there. Bliss must be looked after smartly, for he is a knave, and will do us harm."

Away went Tabby in a blue cloak and hood, much pleased with her mission; and, coming to the Tory's house about noon smelt afar off a savory odor of roasting meat and baking pies.

Stepping softly to the back-door, she peeped through a small window, and saw Mrs. Bliss and her handmaid cooking away in the big kitchen, too busy to heed the little spy, who slipped around to the front of the house to take a general survey before she went in. All she saw confirmed her suspicions; for in the keeping-room a table was set forth in great style, with the silver tankards, best china, and the fine damask table-cloth, which the housewife kept for holidays. Still another peep through the lilac bushes before the parlor windows showed her the two strangers closeted with Mr. Bliss, all talking earnestly, but in too low a tone for a word to reach even her sharp ears.

"I *will* know what they are at. I'm sure it is mischief, and I won't go back with only my walk for my pains," thought Tabby; and marching into the kitchen, she presented her eggs with a civil message from Madam Hosmer.

"They are mighty welcome, child. I've used a sight for my custards, and need more for the flip. We've company to dinner unexpected, and I'm much put about," said Mrs. Bliss, who seemed to be concerned about something besides the dinner, and in her flurry forgot to be surprised at the unusual gift; for the neighbors shunned them, and the poor woman had many anxieties on her husband's account, the family being divided,—one brother a Tory and one a Rebel.

"Can I help, ma'am? I'm a master hand at beating eggs, Aunt Hitty says. I'm tired, and would n't mind sitting a bit if I'm not in the way," said Tabby, bound to discover something more before she left.

"But you be in the way. We don't want any help, so you 'd better be steppin' along home, else suthin' besides eggs may git whipped. Tale-bearers are n't welcome here," said old Puah, the maid, a sour spinster, who sympathized with her master, and openly declared she hoped the British would put down the Yankee rebels soon and sharply.

Mrs. Bliss was in the pantry, and heard nothing of this little passage of arms; for Tabby hotly resented the epithet of "tale-bearer," though she knew that the men in the parlor were not the only spies on the premises.

"When you are all drummed out of town and this house burnt to the ground, you may be glad of my help, and I wish you may get it. Good-day, old crab-apple," answered saucy Tabby; and, catching up her basket, she marched out of the kitchen with her nose in the air.

But as she passed the front of the house, she could not resist another look at the fine dinner table; for in those days few had time or heart for feasting, and the best napery and china seldom appeared. One window stood open, and as the girl leaned in, something moved under the long cloth that swept the floor. It was not the wind, for the March day was still and sunny, and in a minute out popped a gray cat's head, and puss came purring to meet the new-comer whose step had roused him from a nap.

"Where one tabby hides another can. Can I dare to do it? What would become of me if found out? How wonderful it would be if I could hear what these men are plotting. I will."

A sound in the next room decided her; and, thrusting the basket among the bushes, she leaped lightly in and vanished under the table, leaving puss calmly washing her face on the window-sill.

As soon as it was done Tabby's heart began to flutter; but it was too late to retreat, for at that moment in bustled Mrs. Bliss, and the poor girl could only make herself as small as possible, quite hidden under the long folds that fell on all sides from the wide, old-fashioned table. She discovered nothing from the women's chat, for it ran on sage cheese, egg-nog, roast pork, and lamentations over a burnt pie. By the time dinner was served, and the guests called in to eat it, Tabby was calm enough to have all her wits about her, and pride gave her courage to be ready for the consequences, whatever they might be.

For a time the hungry gentlemen were too busy eating to talk much; but when Mrs. Bliss went out, and the flip came in, they were ready for business. The window was shut, whereat Tabby exulted that she was inside; the talkers drew closer together, and spoke so low that she could only catch a sentence now and then, which caused her to pull her hair with vexation; and they swore a good deal, to the great horror of the pious little maiden curled up at their feet. But she heard enough to prove that she was right; for these men were Captain Brown and Ensign De Bernicre, of the British army, come to learn where the supplies were stored and how well the town was defended. She heard Mr. Bliss tell them that some of the "Rebels," as he called his neighbors, had sent him word that he should not leave the town alive, and he was in much fear for his life and property. She heard the Englishmen tell him that if he came with them they would protect him; for they were armed, and three of them together could surely get safely off, as no one knew the strangers had arrived but the slip of a girl who showed them

the way. Here "the slip of a girl" nodded her head savagely, and hoped the speaker's ear still tingled with the buffet she gave it.

Mr. Bliss gladly consented to this plan and told them he would show them the road to Lexington, which was a shorter way to Boston than through Weston and Sudbury, the road they came.

"These people wont fight, will they?" asked Ensign De Bernicre.

"There goes a man who will fight you to the death," answered Mr. Bliss, pointing to his brother Tom, busy in a distant field.

The Ensign swore again, and gave a stamp that brought his heavy heel down on poor Tabby's hand as she leaned forward to catch every word. The cruel blow nearly forced a cry from her; but she bit her lips and never stirred, though faint with pain. When she could listen again, Mr. Bliss was telling all he knew about the hiding places of the powder, grain, and cannon the enemy wished to capture and destroy. He could not tell much, for the secrets had been well kept; but if he had known that our young Rebel was taking notes of his words under his own table, he might have been less ready to betray his neighbors. No one suspected a listener, however, and all Tabby could do was to scowl at three pairs of muddy boots, and wish she were a man that she might fight the wearers of them.

She very nearly had a chance to fight or fly; for just as they were preparing to leave the table a sudden sneeze nearly undid her. She thought she was lost, and hid her face, expecting to be dragged out to instant death, perhaps, by the wrathful men of war.

"What 's that?" exclaimed the Ensign, as a sudden pause followed that fatal sound.

"It came from under the table," added Captain Brown, and a hand lifted a corner of the cloth.

A shiver went through Tabby, and she held her breath, with her eye upon that big, brown hand; but the next moment she could have laughed with joy, for pussy saved her. The cat had come to doze on her warm skirts, and when the cloth was raised, fancying he was to be fed by his master, Puss rose and walked out purring loudly, tail erect, with its white tip waving like a flag of truce.

"'T is but the old cat, gentlemen. A good beast, and, fortunately for us, unable to report our conference," said Mr. Bliss, with an air of relief, for he had started guiltily at the bare idea of an eaves-dropper.

"He sneezed as if he were as great a snuff-taker as an old woman of whom we asked our way above here," laughed the Ensign, as they all rose.

"And there she is now, coming along as if our

grenadiers were after her!" exclaimed the Captain, as the sound of steps and a wailing voice came nearer and nearer.

Tabby took a long breath, and vowed that she would beg or buy the dear old cat that had saved her from destruction. Then she forgot her own danger in listening to the poor woman, who came in crying that her neighbors said she must leave town at once, for they would tar and feather a body for showing spies the road to a Tory's house.

"Well for me I came and heard their plots, or I might be sent off in like case," thought the girl, feeling that the more perils she encountered, the greater heroine she would be.

Mr. Bliss comforted the old soul, bidding her stay there till the neighbors forgot her, and the officers gave her some money to pay for the costly service she had done them. Then they left the room, and after some delay the three men set off; but Tabby was compelled to stay in her hiding-place till the table was cleared, and the women deep in gossip as they washed dishes in the kitchen. Then the little spy crept out softly, and raising the window with great care, ran away as fast as her stiff limbs would carry her.

By the time she reached the Deacon's, however, and told her tale, the Tories were well on their way, Mr. Bliss having provided them with horses that his own flight might be the speedier.

So they escaped; but the warning was given, and Tabby received great praise for her hour under the table. The towns-people hastened their preparations, and had time to remove the most valuable stores to neighboring towns; to mount their cannon and drill their minute-men; for these resolute farmers meant to resist oppression, and the world knows how well they did it when the hour came.

Such an early spring had not been known for years; and by the 19th of April fruit trees were in bloom, winter grain was up, and the stately elms that fringed the river and overarched the village streets were budding fast. It seemed a pity that such a lovely world should be disturbed by strife; but liberty was dearer than prosperity or peace, and the people leaped from their beds when young Dr. Prescott came, riding for his life, with the message Paul Revere brought from Boston in the night:

"Arm! arm! the British are coming!"

Like an electric spark the news ran from house to house, and men made ready to fight, while the brave women bade them go, and did their best to guard the treasure confided to their keeping. A little later, word came that the British were at Lexington, and blood had been shed. Then the farmers shouldered their guns with few words but stern faces, and by sunrise a hundred men stood ready with good Parson Emerson at their head.

More men were coming in from the neighboring towns, and all felt that the hour had arrived when patience ceased to be a virtue and rebellion was just.

Great was the excitement everywhere; but at Captain David Brown's one little heart beat high with hope and fear as Tabby stood at the door, looking across the river to the town, where drums were beating, bells ringing, and people hurrying to and fro.

"I can't fight, but I *must* see," she said; and catching up her cloak, she ran over the North Bridge, promising her aunt to return and bring her word as soon as the enemy appeared.

"What news—are they coming?" called the people from the Manse and the few houses that then stood along that road. But Tabby could only shake her head and run the faster in her eagerness to see what was happening on that memorable day. When she reached the middle of the town she found that the little company had gone along the Lexington road to meet the enemy. Nothing daunted, she hurried in that direction and, climbing a high bank, waited to catch a glimpse of the British grenadiers, of whom she had heard so much.

About seven o'clock they came, the sun glittering on the arms of eight hundred English soldiers marching toward the hundred stout-hearted farmers, who waited till they were within a few rods of them.

"Let us stand our ground; and if we die, let us die here," said brave Parson Emerson, still among his people, ready for anything but surrender.

"Nay," said a cautious Lincoln man, "it will not do for us to *begin* the war."

So they reluctantly fell back to the town, the British following slowly, being weary with their seven-mile march over the hills from Lexington. Coming to a little brown house perched on the hillside, one of the thirsty officers spied a well, with the bucket swinging at the end of the long pole. Running up the bank, he was about to drink, when a girl, who was crouching behind the well, sprang up, and with an energetic gesture, flung the water in his face, crying:

"That 's the the way we serve spies!"

Before Ensign De Berniere—for it was he, acting as guide to the enemy—could clear his eyes and dry his drenched face, Tabby was gone over the hill with a laugh and a defiant gesture toward the red-coats below.

In high feather at this exploit, she darted about the town, watching the British at their work of destruction. They cut down and burnt the liberty pole, broke open sixty barrels of flour, flung five hundred pounds of balls into the mill-pond and wells, and set the court-house on fire. Other par-

ties were ordered to different quarters of the town to ransack houses and destroy all the stores they found. Captain Parsons was sent to take possession of the North Bridge, and De Berniere led the way, for he had taken notes on his former visit, and was a good guide. As they marched, a little scarlet figure went flying on before them, and vanished at the turn of the road. It was Tabby hastening home to warn her aunt.

"Quick child, whip on this gown and cap and hurry into bed. These prying fellows will surely have pity on a sick girl, and respect this room if no other," said Mrs. Brown, briskly helping Tabby into a short night-gown and round cap, and tucking her well up when she was laid down, for between the plump feather beds were hidden many muskets, the most precious of their stores. This had been planned beforehand, and Tabby was glad to rest and tell her tale while Aunty Brown put physic bottles and glasses on the table, set some evil-smelling herbs to simmer on the hearth, and, compromising with her conscience, concocted a nice little story to tell the invaders.

Presently they came, and it was well for Tabby that the Ensign remained below to guard the doors while the men ransacked the house from garret to cellar, for he might have recognized the saucy girl who had twice maltreated him.

"These are feathers; lift the covers carefully or you 'll be half smothered, they fly about so," said Mrs. Brown, as the men came to some casks of cartridges and flints, which she had artfully ripped up several pillows to conceal.

Quite deceived, the men gladly passed on, leaving the very things they most wanted to destroy. Coming to the bed-room, where more treasures of the same valuable sort were hidden in various nooks and corners, the dame held up her finger, saying, with an anxious glance toward Tabby:

"Step softly, please. You would n't harm a poor, sick girl. The doctor thinks it is small-pox, and a fright might kill her. I keep the chamber as fresh as I can with yarbs, so I guess there is n't much danger of catching it."

The men reluctantly looked in, saw a flushed face on the pillow (for Tabby was red with running, and her black eyes wild with excitement), took a sniff at the wormwood and motherwort, and with a hasty glance into a closet or two where sundry clothes concealed hidden doors, hastily retired to report the danger and get away as soon as possible.

They would have been much disgusted at the trick played upon them if they had seen the sick girl fly out of bed and dance a jig of joy as they tramped away to Barrett's Mills. But soon Tabby had no heart for merriment as she watched the

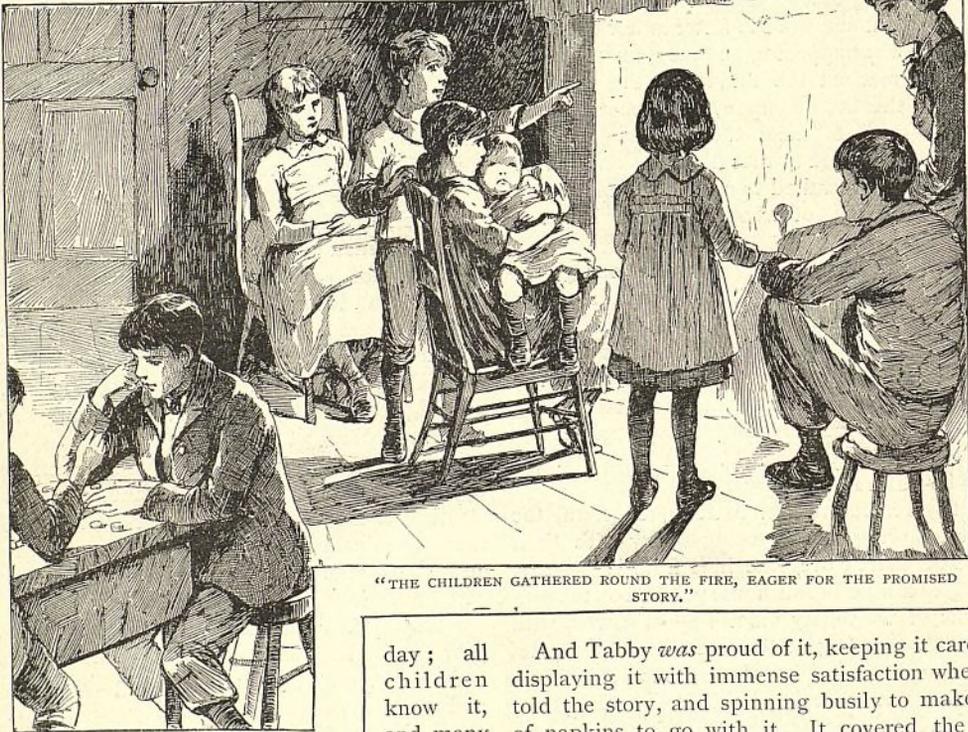
minute-men gather by the bridge, saw the British march down on the other side, and when their first volley killed brave Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, of Acton, she heard Major Buttrick give the order, "Fire, fellow-soldiers; for God's sake, fire!"

For a little while shots rang, smoke rose, shouts were heard, and red and blue coats mingled in the struggle on the bridge. Then the British fell back, leaving two dead soldiers behind them. These were buried where they fell; and the bodies of the Acton men were sent home to their poor wives, Concord's first martyrs for liberty.

No need to tell more of the story of that

Bliss was confiscated by government. Some things were sold at auction, and Captain Brown bought the fine cloth and gave it to Tabby, saying heartily:

"There, my girl, that belongs to you, and you may well be proud of it; for thanks to your quick wits and eyes and ears we were not taken unawares, but sent the red-coats back faster than they came."



"THE CHILDREN GATHERED ROUND THE FIRE, EAGER FOR THE PROMISED STORY."

day; all children know it, and many have made a pilgrim-

age to see the old monument set up where the English fell, and the bronze Minute-Man, standing on his granite pedestal to mark the spot where the brave Concord farmers fired the shot that made the old North Bridge immortal.

We must follow Tabby, and tell how she got her table-cloth. When the fight was over, the dead buried, the wounded cared for, and the prisoners exchanged, the Tories were punished. Dr. Lee was confined to his own farm on penalty of being shot if he left it, and the property of Daniel

And Tabby *was* proud of it, keeping it carefully, displaying it with immense satisfaction when she told the story, and spinning busily to make a set of napkins to go with it. It covered the table when her wedding supper was spread, was used at the christening of her first boy, and for many a Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner through the happy years of her married life.

Then it was preserved by her daughters as a relic of their mother's youth, and long after the old woman was gone, the well-worn cloth still appeared on great occasions, till it grew too thin for anything but careful keeping, to illustrate the story so proudly told by the grandchildren, who found it hard to believe that the feeble old lady of ninety could be the lively lass who played her little part in the Revolution with such spirit.

In 1861, Tabby's table-cloth saw another war, and made an honorable end. When men were called for, Concord responded "Here!" and sent a goodly number, led by another brave Colonel Prescott. Barretts, Hosmers, Melvins, Browns, and Wheelers stood shoulder to shoulder, as their grandfathers stood that day to meet the British by the bridge. Mothers said, "Go, my son," as bravely as before, and sisters and sweethearts smiled with wet eyes as the boys in blue marched away again, cheered on by another noble Emerson. More than one of Tabby's descendants went, some to fight, some to nurse; and for four long years the old town worked and waited, hoped and prayed, burying the dear dead boys sent home, nursing those who brought back honorable wounds, and sending more to man the breaches made by the awful battles that filled both North and South with a wilderness of graves.

The women knit and sewed, Sundays as well as week days, to supply the call for clothes; the men emptied their pockets freely, glad to give, and the minister, after preaching like a Christian soldier, took off his coat and packed boxes of comforts like a tender father.

"More lint and bandages called for, and I do believe we've torn and picked up every old rag in the town," said one busy lady to another, as several sat together making comfort-bags in the third year of the long struggle.

"I have cleared my garret of nearly everything in it, and only wish I had more to give," answered one of the patriotic Barrett mothers.

"We can't buy anything so soft and good as worn-out sheets and table-cloths. New ones wont do, or I'd cut up every one of mine," said a newly married Wheeler, sewing for dear life, as she remembered the many cousins gone to the war.

"I think I shall have to give our Revolutionary table-cloth. It's old enough, and soft as silk, and I'm sure my blessed grandmother would think that it could n't make a better end," spoke up white-headed Madam Hubbard, for Tabby Tarbell had married one of that numerous and worthy race.

"Oh, you would n't cut up that famous cloth, would you?" cried the younger woman.

"Yes, I will. It's in rags, and when I'm gone no one will care for it. Folks don't seem to remember what the women did in those days, so it's no use keeping relics of 'em," answered the old lady, who would have owned herself mistaken if she could have looked forward to 1876, when the town celebrated its centennial, and proudly exhibited the little scissors with which Mrs. Barrett cut paper for cartridges, among other ancient trophies of that earlier day.

So the ancient cloth was carefully made into a box-full of the finest lint and softest squares to lay on wounds, and sent to one of the Concord women who had gone as a nurse.

"Here's a treasure!" she said, as she came to it among other comforts newly arrived from home. "Just what I want for my brave Rebel and poor little Johnny Bullard."

The "brave Rebel" was a Southern man who had fought well and was badly wounded in many ways, yet never complained; and in the midst of great suffering was always so courteous, patient, and courageous, that the men called him "our gentleman," and tried to show how much they respected so gallant a foe. John Bullard was an English drummer boy, who had been through several battles, stoutly drumming away in spite of bullets and cannon-balls; cheering many a camp-fire with his voice, for he sang like a blackbird, and was always merry, always plucky, and so great a favorite in his regiment, that all mourned for "little Johnny" when his right arm was shot off at Gettysburg. It was thought he would die; but he pulled through the worst of it, and was slowly struggling back to health, still trying to be gay, and beginning to chirp feebly now and then, like a convalescent bird.

"Here, Johnny, is some splendid lint for this poor arm, and some of the softest compresses for Carrol's wound. He is asleep, so I'll begin with you, and while I work I'll amuse you with the story of the old table-cloth this lint came from," said Nurse May, as she stood by the bed where the thin, white face smiled at her, though the boy dreaded the hard quarter of an hour he had to endure every day.

"Thanky, mum. We've n't 'ad a story for a good bit. I'm 'arty this mornin', and think I'll be hup by this day week, wont I?"

"I hope so. Now shut your eyes and listen; then you wont mind the twinges I give you, gentle as I try to be," answered the nurse, beginning her painful task.

Then she told the story of Tabby's table-cloth, and the boy enjoyed it immensely, laughing out at the slapping and the throwing water in the ensign's face, and openly rejoicing when the red-coats got the worst of it.

"As we've beaten all the rest of the world, I don't mind our 'aving bad luck that time. We har' friends now, and I'll fight for you, mum, like a British bull-dog, if I hever get the chance," said Johnny, when the tale and dressing were ended.

"So you shall. I like to turn a brave enemy into a faithful friend, as I hope we shall yet be able to do with our Southern brothers. I admire their courage and their loyalty to what they believe to be

right; and we are all suffering the punishment we deserve for waiting till this sad war came, instead of settling the trouble years ago, as we might have done if we had loved honesty and honor more than money and power."

As she spoke, Miss Hunt turned to her other patient, and saw by the expression of his face that he had heard both the tale and the talk. He smiled, and said, "Good morning," as usual, but when she stooped to lay a compress of the soft, wet damask on the angry wound in his breast, he whispered, with a grateful look:

"You *have* changed one 'Southern brother' from an enemy into a friend. Whether I live or die, I never can forget how generous and kind you have all been to me."

"Thank you! It is worth months of anxiety and care to hear such words. Let us shake hands,

and do our best to make North and South as good friends as England and America now are," said the nurse, offering her hand.

"Me, too! I've got one 'and left, and I give it ye with all me 'art. God bless ye, sir, and a lively getting hup for the two of us!" cried Johnny, stretching across the narrow space that divided the beds, with a beaming face and true English readiness to forgive a fallen foe when he had proved a brave one.

The three hands met in a warm shake, and the act was a little lesson more eloquent than words to the lookers-on; for the spirit of brotherhood that should bind us all together worked the miracle of linking these three by the frail threads spun a century ago.

So Tabby's table-cloth did make a beautiful and useful end at last.

DRIFTING.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.



OH, the winds were all a-blowing down the blue, blue sky,
 And the tide was outward flowing, and the rushes flitted by;
 All the lilies seem'd to quiver
 On the fair and dimpled river,
 All the west was golden red;
 We were children four together,
 In the pleasant autumn weather,
 And merrily down we sped.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Oh, the town behind us faded in the pale, pale gray,
 As we left the river shaded, and we drifted down the bay;
 And across the harbor bar,
 Where the hungry breakers are,—
 You and Grace, and Tom and I,—
 To the Golden Land, with laughter,
 Where we 'd live in peace thereafter,
 Just beyond the golden sky.

Oh, the winds were chilly growing o'er the gray, gray sea,
 When a white-winged bark came blowing o'er the billows on our lee.
 Cried the skipper, all a-wonder:
 "Mercy on us! over yonder—
 Bear a hand, my lads, with me—
 Four young children all together,
 In this pleasant evening weather,
 Go a-drifting out to sea!"

All our prayers were unavailing, all our fond, fond hopes,
 For our Golden Land had vanished with its fair and blooming slopes
 As the skipper, with loud laughter,
 Towed our little shallop after,—
 Homeward, by the dreary bay.
 Fast our childish tears were flowing,
 Chill the western wind was blowing,
 And the gold had turned to gray.

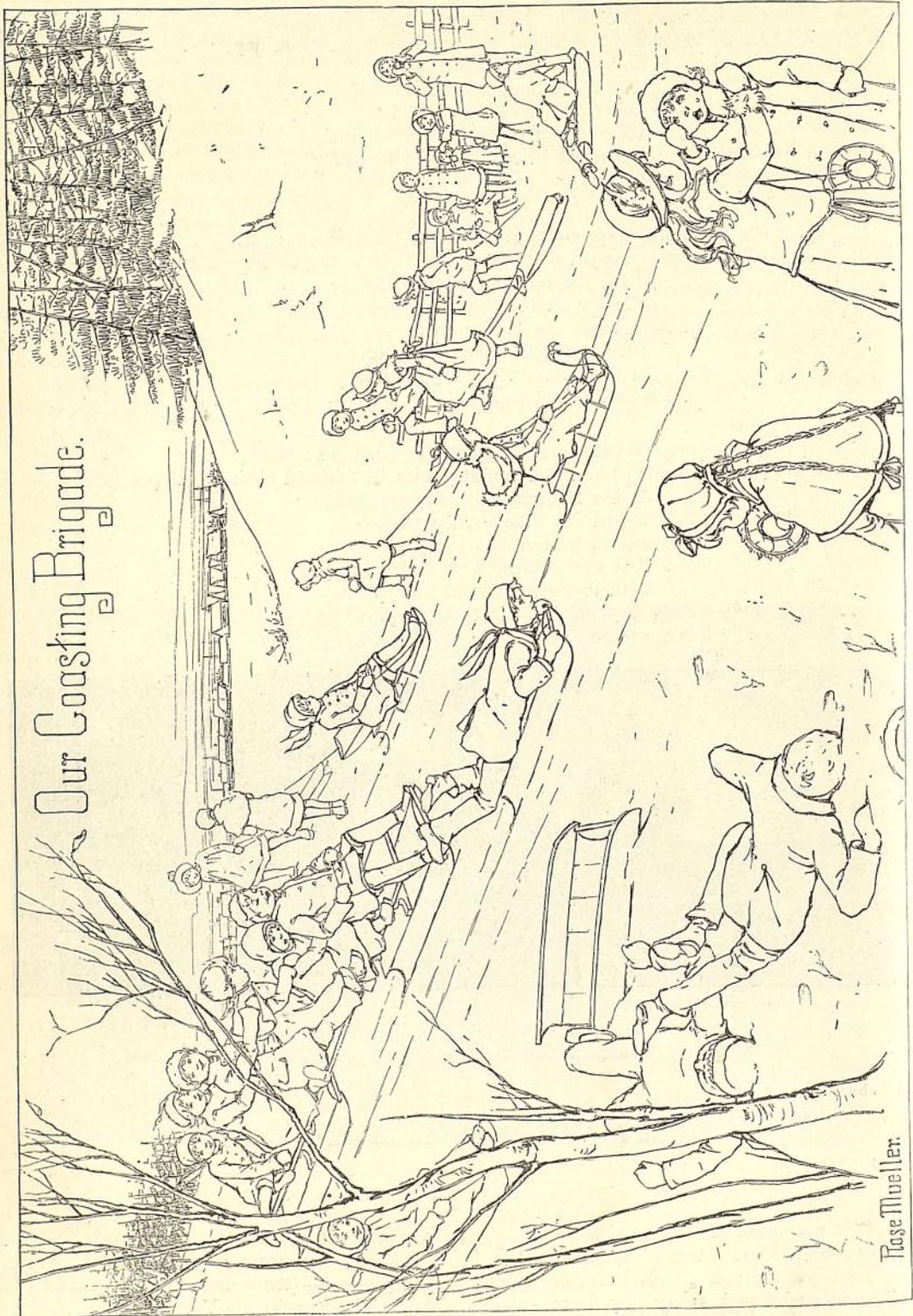


TO MY VALENTINE, AGED ONE.

By R. T.

I WILL not speak of "pangs sincere,"
 Of "loves" and "doves" by poets sung:
 Since you are still a trifle young
 To understand such things, my dear:—

But only ask you "to be mine"
 Till he, who, some day, is to win
 Your love,—(the young scamp!)—shall step in
 And claim you for his Valentine.



Our Coasting Brigade.

Rose Mueller.

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS*—FOURTEENTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

PAINTING IN GERMANY.

THE Emperor Charles IV., of Germany, who reigned from 1348 to 1378, was a great lover and patron of the Fine Arts, and in Prague, the capital of Bohemia, a school arose under his care which is important in the history of art, since from it what is called German art may be dated. We know that the Emperor was very liberal and employed Italian artists, as well as those from all parts of Germany, to work in his favorite Prague; but so little is known of the lives of the earliest masters or of the authorship of the few pieces of ancient painting which remain, that I shall not attempt to tell you anything about them.

There were other early schools of painting at Cologne, Colmar, Ulm, Augsburg, Westphalia, and Nuremburg. I shall tell you of the great master of the latter school; but, before speaking of him, I shall say something of Nuremburg itself, which was a very important place during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and is still a city of great interest to travelers.

Nuremburg was a place of consideration even in the time of the Emperor Henry IV., who ennobled thirty-eight families there. In 1219, Henry V. raised it to the rank of a free imperial city, and during the middle ages it was very important on account of its enormous traffic between the great sea-port of Venice and the countries of the East, and all northern Europe. Through its commerce it became a very rich city, and its burghers established manufactories of various sorts, and so built up its trade that skillful artisans flocked there, and many discoveries were made which still have a great influence in the world.

The first paper-mill in Germany was in Nuremburg, and Koberger's printing-house, with its twenty-four presses, was so attractive to authors that they settled at Nuremburg in order the more conveniently to oversee the printing of their works. Watches, called "Nuremburg Eggs," were first made about 1500; the clarinet was invented there, and church organs were better made than in any other German town. A new composition of brass, the air-gun, and wire-drawing machinery were all Nuremburg devices. The filigree silver and gold work,—the medals, images, seals and other artistic jewelry which were made by the fifty master goldsmiths who dwelt there,—were famous far and wide; and this variety of manufactures was in-

creased by Hirschvögel, an artisan who traveled in Italy and learned to make majolica. His factory, established at Nuremburg in 1507, was the first in all Germany in which such ware was made. It is not certain that playing-cards were invented in Nuremburg, but they were manufactured there as early as 1380, and cannon were cast there in 1356; previous to this they had been made of iron bars soldered together lengthwise and held in place by hoops. In short, the manufacturers of Nuremburg were so widely known as to give rise to a proverb,

"Nuremburg's hand,
Goes through every land";

and thus the city had the sort of importance which success and wealth bring to a person or a place.

But as this importance is not the highest and best that can be gained, so it was not the most lasting importance of Nuremburg, for all this commercial and moneyed prosperity was lost; but the fame which the city acquired on account of its literary men, its artists, and their works, still remains. I will not speak here of the authors and scholars of the old city; but of its artists something must be said.

At the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, besides Albert Dürer, there were Peter Vischer and his five sons, sculptors and bronze casters; Adam Krafft, sculptor; Veit Stoss, a wonderful wood-carver, and a goodly company of painters and engravers whose works and names are still admired and respected. When we consider all these advantages that Nuremburg enjoyed, we do not think it strange that she should have been called the "Gothic Athens."

Dürer's time was an interesting one in the history of Europe, or, we may say, of the world. He was born twenty-one years before Columbus discovered America. In his day, too, Vasco di Gama sailed the southern seas; Copernicus wrote of his observations and discoveries, and all Europe was deeply agitated by the preaching of the Reformation by Martin Luther. Men of thought and power were everywhere discussing great questions; the genius of invention was active; the love of the beautiful was indulged, and the general wealth and prosperity of Europe supported the artists and encouraged them to strive for great attainments.

Dürer was the friend of Gian Bellini, of Raphael, Quintin Matsys, Lucas van Leyden, and many other artists, as well as of many people in high

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position in all parts of Germany, and in some other countries; and if he did not actually found a new school of art, he certainly perfected that which already existed in his country; and since he was not only a painter, an architect, sculptor, but engraver, and writer upon art, his influence upon his time and nation can scarcely be overestimated.

ALBERT DÜRER

Was born at Nuremberg in 1471. His father was a master goldsmith, and had eighteen children born to him—seven daughters and eleven sons. We can understand how he must have toiled to care for all these children; and besides the toil he had great sorrows, for fifteen children died. Three sons only, Albert, Andreas, and Hans, reached mature age. The portraits which Albert painted of his father show so serious and worn a face, that one sees in them the marks his struggles had left. We also know that he was a man much respected; for though he was but a craftsman, he was honored by the friendship of prominent men, and the famous Koberger was godfather to the baby Albert.

One of the advantages that the young Albert had as a result of his father's position, was an association with Willibald Pirckheimer, who was about his own age and of a rich and patrician family. Through this friendship, Albert saw something of a more refined life than that in his father's house, and was also able to learn certain things, in which Willibald's tutors instructed him, that were not taught to the sons of artisans. Among other writings, Albert Dürer made a history of his family, in which, speaking of his father, he said:

"He had many troubles, trials, and adverse circumstances. But yet from every one who knew him he received praise, because he led an honorable Christian life, and was patient, giving all men consideration, and thanking God. * * * My dear father took great pains with his children, bringing them up to the honor of God. He made us know what was agreeable to others, as well as to our Maker, so that we might become good neighbors; and every day he talked to us of these things, the love of God, and the conduct of life."

From his earliest years Albert Dürer loved drawing, and there are sketches in existence made when he was a mere child; there is a portrait of himself in the Albertina at Vienna, upon which is written, "This I have drawn from myself from the looking-glass, in the year 1484, when I was still a child.—ALBERT DÜRER." The expression of the face is sad; it was painted in the same year that his father took him into his workshop, intending to make a goldsmith of him. Doubtless, the training which he received here was to his advantage, and gave him the wonderful delicacy and accuracy of execution which he showed in his later works. He writes of this time:

"But my love was toward painting, much more than toward the goldsmith's craft. When at last I told my father of my inclination, he was not well pleased, thinking of the time I had been under him as lost if I turned a painter. But he left me to have my will; and in the year 1486, on St. Andrew's Day, he settled me apprentice with Michael Wohlgemuth, to serve him for three years. In that time God gave me diligence to learn well, in spite of the pains I had to suffer from the other young men."

This last sentence doubtless refers to rudeness and jeering from his companions, to which he was quite unaccustomed. The art of his master was not of a high order, and we doubt if Albert Dürer learned anything from him beyond the mechanical processes, such as the mixing of colors and facility in using his brush. But in his walks about Nuremberg he was always seeing something that helped him to form himself as an artist. Nuremberg still retains its antique beauty, and much of it remains as he saw it; there are narrow streets, with quaint houses, gable-roofed, with arched portals and mullioned windows; splendid Gothic churches are there, rich in external architecture, and containing exquisite carvings and Byzantine pictures; it has palaces and mansions inhabited to-day by families whose knightly ancestors built them centuries ago. The Castle, or Reichsveste, built on a rock, with its three towers, seems to be keeping watch over the country around; while the city walls, with their numerous turrets, and the four arched gate-ways with their lofty watch-towers give the whole place an air of great antiquity, and make even the matter-of-fact traveler of to-day indulge in fanciful dreams of the long ago, in which Dürer walked those streets, and fed his rich fancy by gazing on those same beauties of Nature, Architecture, and Art.

It is probable that in Wohlgemuth's studio Dürer did little but apprentice work on the master's pictures. At all events, very few of his own drawings of that time exist. In 1490 he painted a portrait of his father, now in Florence, which was rarely, perhaps never, surpassed by him in his later years. The apprenticeship ended, Dürer traveled and studied four years,—a time of which we have very little accurate knowledge,—and in 1494 he settled himself as a painter and engraver in his native city.

In the same year, Dürer was married to Agnes Frey. It would seem, from his own words in his diary, that the match was made by the parents of the young people. It has often been said that she was a great scold and made him very unhappy; but more recent and careful research shows that this story rests upon very slight foundation, and nothing in Dürer's own writings would indicate any unhappiness in his home. Agnes Dürer was a very handsome woman; but, though several portraits are called by her name, we have no positive knowl-

edge that her husband ever made a portrait of her. It was in the same year (1494) of his settlement and marriage that he was made a member of the guild of painters at Nuremberg. Thus, when twenty-three years old, he had studied, made his student's journey, and was honorably established in his native city.

Albert Dürer is more famous and more widely known as an engraver than as a painter. His first copper-plate engraving was made in 1497, and from that time he executed numerous works of this kind. The first impressions from his early engravings are now sought with great eagerness by connoisseurs and collectors. One of the first was "St. Jerome's Penance," a good impression of which was sold a few years ago for five hundred dollars. In 1498 Dürer published his first series of wood-cuts illustrating the Apocalypse of St. John. These cuts marked a new era in wood engraving, and showed what possibilities it contained. Before this time it had been a rude art, chiefly used by uneducated monks. There are one hundred and seventy-four wood-cuts attributed to Dürer. The other important series are the "Great and Little Passion," showing the sufferings of Christ, and the "Life of the Virgin."

There has been much dispute at various times as to whether the master executed his plates with his own hands; it would seem to be the most reasonable conclusion that he did the work himself upon his earliest plates, but that, later, he must have allowed his assistants to perform the mechanical labor after his designs.

Many of Dürer's engravings would seem very ugly to you; and, indeed, to many well-trained critics there is little to admire in his subjects or his mode of presenting them. He often chose such scenes as remind us only of death, sorrow, and sin. Again, his grotesque and fantastic humor was shown; and nothing more wild and unusual could be imagined than some of his fancies which he made almost immortal through his great artistic power. A wood-cut called the "Triumphal Arch of Maximilian" is two and a half feet high and nine feet wide; it was composed of ninety-two blocks, and all the remarkable events in the Emperor's life are illustrated in it, as well as many symbolical figures and pictures expressive of his praise, nobility, and power.

It is said that, while this engraving was being finished by the engraver Rosch, the Emperor drove often to see it. On one occasion several of Rosch's pet cats ran into the presence of the sovereign, and from this incident arose the proverb, "A cat may look at a king."

Of his copper-plate engravings, some of the more important are "The Nativity," "The Great

and the Little Horse," "Melancholy," and "The Knight and Death." The last is the most celebrated of all, and no one can say exactly what it means. It shows a knight in full panoply, who rides through a rocky defile — Satan is pursuing him and clutching after him, while Death is at his side and holds up an hour-glass. Some interpreters say that the Knight is a wicked one, whom Satan owns, and Death warns to repent; others give the Knight a name, and several men of the time are mentioned as being in Dürer's mind; and some say that he stands for Dürer himself, when overcome by temptation and fear. But let it mean what it may, it is a wonderful work, and Kugler says: "I believe I do not exaggerate when I particularize this print as the most important work which the fantastic spirit of German art has ever produced."

It has been said that Dürer invented the process of etching; it is more probable that he perfected an older discovery; very few of his etchings remain in existence.

As a sculptor, Dürer executed some remarkable works in ivory, boxwood, and stone; he also designed some excellent medals. In the British Museum there is a relief, seven and a half by five and a half inches in size, which was bought about eighty years ago for two thousand five hundred dollars. It is in cream-colored stone, and represents the birth of St. John the Baptist. It was executed in 1510, and is very remarkable for its exquisite detail, which was doubtless a result of his early training as a goldsmith, when he learned to do very exact and delicate work. His carvings are seen in various places in Europe, and prove that he might have succeeded as a sculptor had he chosen that profession.

Besides his family history and diary, Dürer wrote some poetry, but none of importance. His first noticeable literary work was "The Art of Mensuration," which was published in 1525, and was a successful book. He also wrote "Some Instruction in the Fortification of Cities, Castles, and Towns," but his greatest achievement as a writer was the "Four Books of Human Proportion." It was not published until after his death, and its importance is shown by the fact that it passed through several German editions, besides three in Latin, and two each in Italian, French, Portuguese, Dutch, and English. He wrote, too, upon architecture, music, and various departments of painting, such as color, landscape, and so on.

As an architect, we can say but little of Dürer; for while his writings prove that he had a good knowledge of architecture, he executed but few works in that department of art, and we have slight knowledge of these. It remains only to speak of his paintings, which are not numerous, but still

exist in galleries in various parts of Europe. Many of them are portraits, the finest of which still remains in Nuremberg, though enormous sums have been offered for it. It represents Jerome Holzschuher, who was a remarkably strong man in character; it was painted in 1526, and retains its rich, vivid coloring. His portraits of his father and of himself are very interesting, and all his works of this sort are strong, rich pictures. Among his religious pictures the "Feast of Rose Garlands" is very prominent. It was painted in Venice, in the year 1506. Dürer worked seven months on this picture, and by it contradicted those who had said that "he was a good engraver, but knew not how to deal with colors." It brought him great fame, and was sold from the church where it was originally placed to the Emperor Rudolf II., who had it borne on men's shoulders from Venice to Prague, in order to avoid the injuries which might come from other modes of removing it. In 1782, it was sold by Joseph II., and has since been in the monastery of Strabow, at Prague; it has been much restored and is seriously injured. In the background, on the right, are the figures of Dürer and Pirkheimer, who remained the friend of his age as of his childhood.

An earlier work is the "Adoration of the Kings," in the Tribune of the Uffizi, at Florence; this is one of his best paintings. The years from 1507 to 1526 were the most fruitful of good work in the life of this master, and in 1526 he painted two pictures which, for some reasons, are the most interesting of all he did. They were the result of his best thought, and may be called the first complete work of art produced by Protestantism. They represent the Apostles John and Peter, Mark and Paul. He put upon them inscriptions from the Gospels and the Epistles, urging the danger of departing from the Word of God or believing in false prophets; and the figures, bearing the Scriptures in their hands, seem to be the faithful guardians of God's law.

There is an old tradition that these figures represent the Four Temperaments: thus, in the first, St. Peter with a hoary head and reposeful air, bending over the book in the hands of St. John, represents the phlegmatic temperament, ever tranquil in its reflections;—St. John, with his earnest, thoughtful face stands for the melancholic temperament, which pushes its inquiries to the profoundest depths;—these two represent the inward life, that from which comes conviction. In the second picture the effect of this upon action and daily life is shown: St. Mark, in the background, represents the sanguine temperament; he looks around appealingly and hopefully, as if urging others to search the Scriptures for the same good which he

has found in them; while St. Paul stands in front bearing the book and the sword, looking severely over his shoulder, as if ready to defend the Word and punish by the sword any who should show it disrespect: he stands for the choleric temperament.

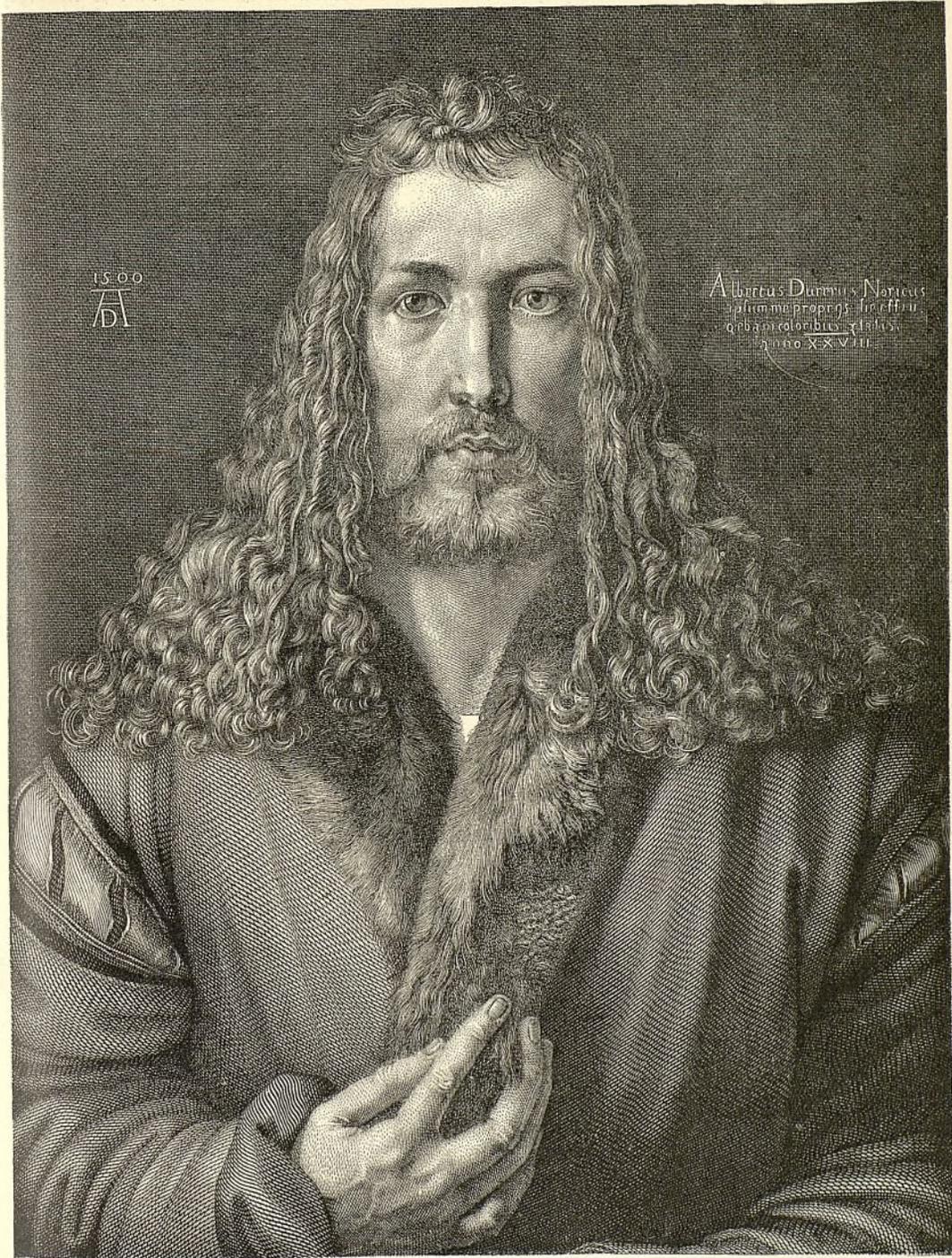
These two pictures are executed in a masterly manner—there is a sublimity of expression in them, a majestic repose and perfect simplicity in the movement, and in the folds of the drapery—all is in keeping. The color, too, is warm and true to nature; no touch of the fantastic is felt; in these pictures, Albert Dürer reached the summit of his power and stood on a plane with the great masters of the world.

When they were completed, Dürer presented them to the council of Nuremberg as a remembrance of himself as an artist, and as teaching his fellow-citizens an earnest lesson as was suited to the stormy time in which they lived. The council accepted the gift, placed the pictures in the council house and sent a present of money to Dürer and his wife. A century later, the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria determined to have these panels at any cost; he bribed and threatened, and at last the council of Nuremberg, afraid of his anger, sent the pictures to Munich after having copies made by John Fischer, upon which were placed the original inscriptions, as it was thought best to cut them off from Dürer's own work, lest they should not please a Catholic Prince. So it happened that the originals are in the Munich gallery, and the copies in the town picture gallery now in the Rathhaus of Nuremberg.

I shall not stay to describe more of his paintings, for I wish to resume the account of Dürer's life. As stated, it was in 1494 that he married and settled in his native city. About 1500, Willibald Pirkheimer returned from military service and renewed his friendship with Dürer. At his house the artist met many eminent men—scholars and reformers; and while he was admired and appreciated for his own genius and accomplishments, he himself gained much greater and better knowledge of the world in this society than his previous narrow life had given him.

In 1502, Dürer's father died and the son quaintly and tenderly related the closing scenes of the old man's life, and mourned his own loss. Within the next two years Dürer took his mother and his youngest brother to his own home, while his brother Andreas was thus left free to go on a student journey as a goldsmith.

In 1505, after several years of continuous industry, Dürer made a journey to Venice; he arrived there when Giovanni Bellini was the leader of the Venetian artists and Carpaccio was painting his



ALBERT DÜRER.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

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pictures of St. Ursula. Titian and Giorgione were then becoming more and more famous, and before Dürer left their city he was employed at the same time with them in painting for the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, or the company of Germans in Venice. The letters which Dürer wrote at this time to his friend Pirkheimer are of much interest; during the Thirty Years' War in Germany, these letters were walled up in the Imhoff mansion, and were discovered at a much later time.

It is said that Bellini was much pleased with Dürer's painting, especially with his manner of representing hair. One day he begged the German to give him the brush which he used for it; upon this, Dürer took one of his common brushes and painted a long tress of woman's hair, while Bellini looked on admiringly and declared that had he not seen it he could not have believed it. Dürer wrote of the kindness he received from gentlemen, but said that the artists were not so favorable to him. He was very sensitive to their criticisms; and when he had finished his Rose Garlands, wrote that the Doge and the Patriarch had been to his studio to see it; that he had contradicted those who said that he could not use colors, and added, "There is no better picture of the Virgin Mary in the land, because all the artists praise it, as well as the nobility. They say they have never seen a more sublime, a more charming painting."

Pirkheimer was constantly urging Dürer to return home, and Agnes Dürer was very unhappy at the long absence of her husband. The artist dreaded his return. He said, "Oh, how I shall freeze after this sunshine! Here, I am a gentleman—at home, only a parasite!" He was forced to refuse many commissions that were offered him, as well as a government pension of two hundred ducats; but he thought it his duty to return to Nuremburg. On his way, he visited Bologna; and through pictures which he left there, Raphael's attention was turned to him in such a manner that an intimate correspondence and an exchange of pictures occurred between him and Dürer. It was a fortunate thing for the interest of painting that Dürer did not remain in Italy; had he done so, he would, without doubt, have modified his striking individuality, and his strength and quaintness would have been lost to German art.

From 1507, Dürer was the teacher of many students in painting and engraving, and his studio was a hive of busy workmen. During this time the artist was at the height of his productiveness, and worked at painting, engraving, and carving; during seven years from this date, besides his pictures, he made more than a hundred wood-cuts and forty-eight engravings and etchings. These last were very salable. The religious excitement of the time

made a great demand for his engravings of the Passion, the Virgin and Saints; and his income was so increased as to enable him to live very comfortably.

In 1509, Dürer finished the "Coronation of the Virgin" for the merchant, Heller. It was an important picture, now known only by a copy at Nuremburg, as the original was burned in the palace at Munich about 1673. There was some dispute about the price, two hundred florins, and Dürer wrote to Heller, "I should become a beggar by this means; henceforward I will stick to my engraving; and, if I had done so before, I should be richer by a thousand florins than I am to-day." This seems to explain the reason of his cuts being so much more numerous than his paintings.

The house in which Dürer lived is now preserved as public property in Nuremburg. It is occupied by a society of artists, who guard it from injury; and a street which passes it is called Albert Dürer's street. Here he lived in much comfort, though not luxury, as we may know from a memorandum which he wrote before his death, in which he said:

"Regarding the belongings I have amassed by my own handiwork, I have not had a great chance to become rich, and have had plenty of losses; having lent without being repaid, and my workmen have not reckoned with me; also my agent at Rome died, after using up my property. * * * Still, we have good house furnishings, clothing, costly things in earthenware, professional fittings-up, bed-furnishings, chests, and cabinets; and my stock of colors is worth one hundred guildens."

In 1512, Dürer was first employed by the Emperor Maximilian, whose life was pictured in the great print of the "Triumphal Arch." It is said that this sovereign made Dürer a noble; and we know he granted the artist a pension of two hundred dollars a year, which was not always promptly paid. Dürer related that, one day, when he was working on a sketch for the Emperor, his Majesty tried to make a drawing himself, using a charcoal-crayon; but he had great trouble on account of its breaking, and complained that he could do nothing with it. The artist took the crayon from his hand, saying, "This is my sceptre, your Majesty," and then taught the sovereign how to use it.

Of the death of his mother Dürer wrote a particular account, from which I give an extract:

"Now you must know that in the year 1513, on a Tuesday in Cross-week, my poor, unhappy mother, whom I had taken under my charge two years after my father's death, because she was then quite poor, and who had lived with me for nine years, was taken deathly sick on one morning early, so that we had to break open her room; for we knew not, as she could not get up, what to do. * * * And her custom was to go often to church; and she always punished me when I did not act rightly; and she always took great care to keep me and my brothers from sin; and whether I went in or out, her constant word was, 'In the name of Christ'; and with great diligence she constantly gave us holy exhortations, and had great care over our souls."

She lived still a year, and the artist wrote :

"I prayed for her and had such great grief for her that I can never express. * * * And she was sixty-three years old when she died; and I buried her honorably, according to my means. * * * And in her death she looked still more lovely than she was in her life."

In 1520, Dürer, with his wife and her maid, Susanna, made the tour of the Netherlands. His



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. (FROM A WOOD-ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DÜRER.)

principal object in this journey was to see the new emperor, Charles V., and obtain a confirmation of the pension which Maximilian had granted him and, if possible, the appointment of court-painter also. This tour was made when there was great wealth and prosperity all through the Low Countries, and Dürer's journal was filled with wonder at the prosperity and magnificence which he saw.

At Antwerp he met Quintin Matsys, of whom we have already spoken, and other Flemish painters, and writes :

"On St. Oswald's Day, the painters invited me to their hall, with my wife and maid; and everything, there, was of silver and other costly ornamentation, and extremely costly viands. There were also their wives there; and when I was conducted to the table, all the people stood up on each side, as if I had been a great lord. There were amongst them also many persons of distinction, who all bowed low, and in the most humble manner testified their pleasure at seeing me, and they said they would do all in their power to give me pleasure. And, as I sat at table, there came in the messenger of the Rath of Antwerp, who presented me with four tankards of wine in the name of the magistrates; and he said that

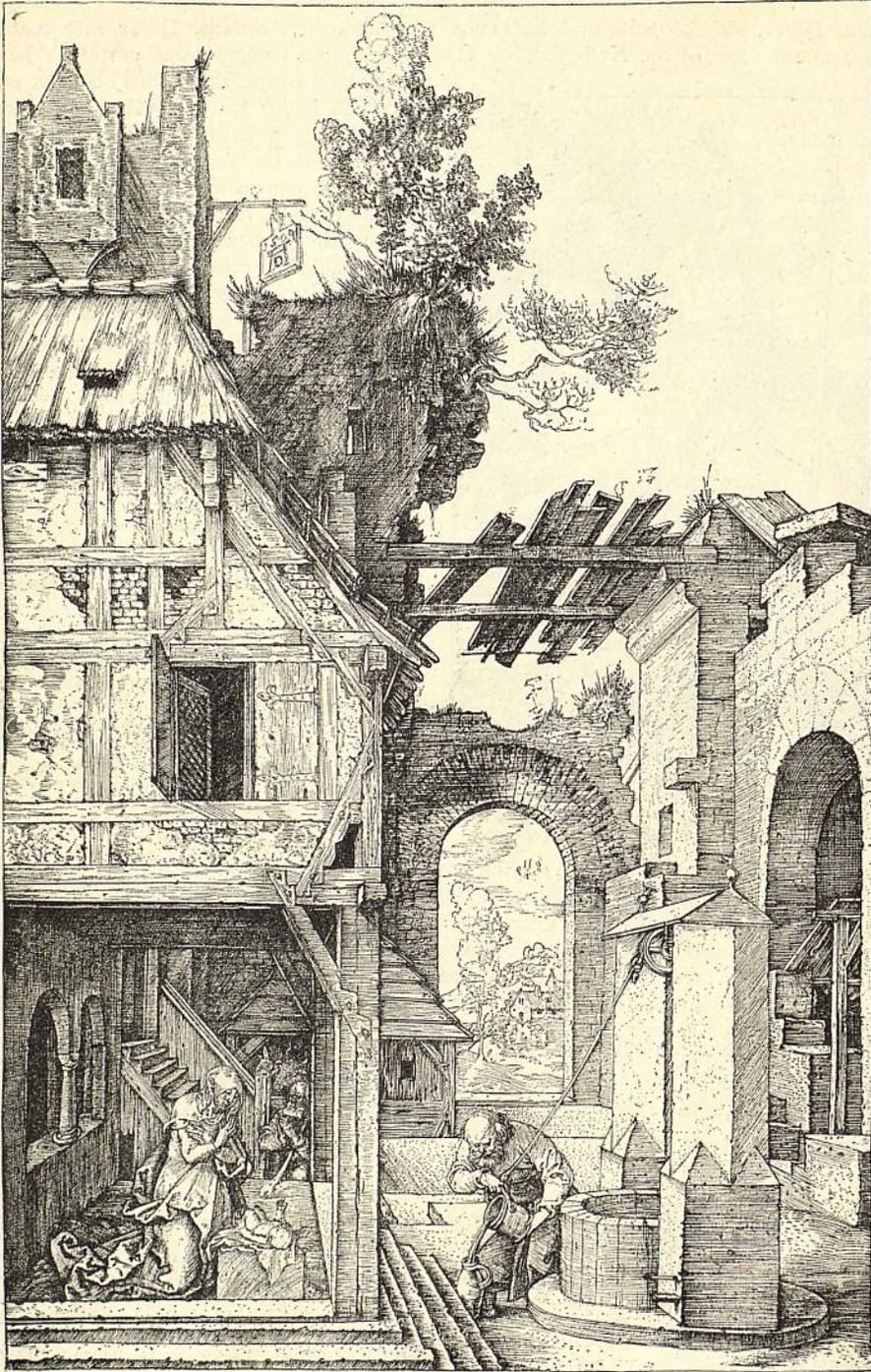
they desired to honor me with this, and that I should have their good-will. * * * And for a long time we were very merry together, until quite late in the night; then they accompanied us home with torches in the most honorable manner, and they begged us to accept their good-will, and said they would do whatever I desired that might be of assistance to me.

While at Antwerp, Dürer met many notable people, and painted some portraits; he also sold many engravings, and all his business matters are recorded in his journal. The Portuguese consul sent a large quantity of sweetmeats and a green parrot to Agnes Dürer, and her husband in return presented the consul with several score of engravings. It would be a curious thing to know where these prints are now, and we wonder how much the consul then prized what would now be of such great value. He went to Brussels with Tomasin Florianus, and was there entertained with great honors, and was well received by the Regent Margaret, who promised to interest herself in his behalf at the imperial court. Of this visit he wrote :

"And I have seen King Charles's house at Brussels, with its fountains, labyrinth, and park. It gave me the greatest pleasure; and a more delightful thing, and more like a paradise, I have never before seen. * * * At Brussels, there is a town hall, built of hewn stone, with a splendid transparent tower. * * * I also have been into the Nassau house, which is built in such a costly style and so beautifully ornamented. And I saw the two beautiful large rooms, and all the costly things in the house everywhere, and also the great bed in which fifty men might lie; and I have also seen the big stone which fell in a thunder-storm in a field. * * * Also I have seen the thing which has been brought to the King from the new Golden Land (Mexico), a sun of gold a fathom broad, and a silver moon just as big. Likewise, two rooms full of armor; likewise, all kinds of arms, harness, and wonderful missiles, very strange clothing, bed-gear, and all kind of the most wonderful things for man's use, that are as beautiful to behold as they are wonderful. These things are all so costly, that they have been valued at 100,000 gulden. And I have never, in all the days of my life, seen anything that has so much rejoiced my heart as these things. For I have seen among them wonderfully artistic things, and I have wondered at the subtle talents of men in foreign lands."

I must make one more quotation from his journal, which describes a brilliant scene :

I saw a great procession from Our Lady's Church at Antwerp, when the whole town was assembled, artisans and people of every rank, every one dressed in the most costly manner, according to his station. Every class and every guild had its badge, by which it might be recognized; large and costly tapers were also borne by some of them. There were also long silver trumpets of the old Frankish fashion. There were also many German pipers and drummers, who piped and drummed their loudest. Also I saw in the street, marching in a line in regular order, with certain distances between, the goldsmiths, painters, stone-masons, embroiderers, sculptors, joiners, carpenters, sailors, fish-mongers, * * * and all kinds of artisans who are useful in producing the necessities of life. In the same way there were the shopkeepers and merchants, and their clerks. After these came the marksmen, with firelocks, bows, and cross-bows; some on horseback, and some on foot. After that came the City Guards; and at last a mighty and beautiful throng of different nations and religious orders, superbly costumed, and each distinguished from the other very piously. I remarked in this procession a troop of widows who lived by their labor. They all had white linen cloths covering their heads, and reaching down to their feet, very seemly to behold. Behind them I saw many brave persons, and the canons of Our Lady's Church, with all



THE NATIVITY. (FAC-SIMILE OF A COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DÜRER.)

the clergy and bursars*. * * * There were brought along many wagons, with moving ships, and other things. Then followed the Prophets, all in order; the New Testament, showing the Salutation of the Angel; the three Holy Kings on their camels, and other rare wonders very beautifully arranged. * * * At the last came a great dragon, led by St. Margaret and her maidens, who were very pretty; also St. George, with his squire, a very handsome Courlander†. Also a great many boys and girls, dressed in the most costly and ornamental manner, according to the fashion of different countries, rode in this troop, and represented as many saints. This procession from beginning to end was more than two hours passing by our house; and there were so many things that I could never write them all down, even in a book, and so I leave it alone."

It is very curious to note how much the grand processions of two hundred and fifty years ago in Antwerp resembled those we see now on great occasions there.

Dürer went to Aix-la-Chapelle and witnessed the coronation of the Emperor Charles V. and saw all the relics and the wonders of this capital of Charlemagne. He next visited Cologne, and at last, in November, he succeeded in attaining the object for which, first of all, he had made his journey, which was the confirmation by the Emperor of the pension which Maximilian had granted him and his appointment as court-painter. He returned to Antwerp and made several other excursions, one of which was to Zeeland, a province of Holland bordering on the North Sea, to see a whale which had been stranded on the coast, but before Dürer reached the place the tide had carried the huge creature to sea again.

And so the journal continues to give accounts of sight-seeings and pleasuring, interrupted at times by some work at his profession. He also records his expenses, the gifts, too, which he made and those he received, until finally he returned to Nuremburg late in the year 1521.

Two very famous men had died while he was traveling, Martin Luther and Raphael. Dürer tried hard to get some drawings by the great artist, and we do not know whether or not he succeeded. The notes in his journal at the time of Luther's death are very interesting and prove that he had much sympathy with Protestants, although it is believed that he remained a Roman Catholic all his life. He wrote:

"He was a man enlightened by the Holy Ghost and a follower of the true Christian faith. He has suffered much for Christ's sake and because he has rebuked the unchristian papacy which strives against the freedom of Christ with its heavy burdens of human laws; * * * never were any people so horribly burdened with ordinances as us poor people by the Romish see; * * * O God, is Luther dead? who will henceforth explain to us so clearly the Holy Gospel? O all pious Christian men, bewail with me this God-inspired man, and pray God to send us another enlightened teacher."

When Dürer reached home he found that a great religious change had occurred there, and during the rest of his life he made no more pictures of

the Virgin Mary; he made two engravings of St. Christopher bearing the child Jesus safely through the floods, as symbols of his belief that faithful men would carry true Christianity through all troubles and bring it out triumphant at last. Nuremburg was the first free imperial city of the Empire that declared itself Protestant; Dürer's friend, Pirkheimer, was one of those whom the Pope excommunicated. It is most fortunate that the change of religion in this grand old town was made so quietly and moderately that there was no destruction of the churches or of the art-treasures in which it was so rich. Many of them remain there to this day.

Dürer had contracted a disease in Zeeland, which seems to have been a sort of low fever; it undermined his health and never left him for the rest of his life, and on account of this he did much less work than ever before. He paid much attention to the publishing of his writings, and made a few portraits and the grand pictures of the Apostles which I have described to you.

One of the results of his foreign tour afforded much entertainment to his friends and to the scholars of Nuremburg; he had brought home a remarkable collection of curiosities—all sorts of rare things from various parts of Europe, India, and even from America. He also gave to his friends many presents that he had brought for them; and his return, with his commission as court-painter and an enormous amount of curious luggage, made him a person of much consequence in the Franconian capital. Charles V. spent very little time in Nuremburg and practically required small service from Dürer; it was not until after Dürer's death that the Emperor became so fond of having his portrait painted, and then Titian held the position which had been made vacant by Dürer's decease.

Dürer did not become rich, and an extract from a letter which he wrote to the Council of Nuremburg, in 1524, has a sad feeling in it. After explaining that he had laid by one thousand florins, which he wished the Council to take and pay him a comfortable rate of interest, he says:

"Your Wisdoms know that I have always been obedient, willing, and diligent in all things done for your Wisdoms and for the common state, and for other persons of the Rath (Council), and that the state has always had my help, art, and work, whenever they were needed, and that without payment rather than for money; for I can write with truth, that, during the thirty years that I have had a house in this town, I have not had five hundred guildens' worth of work from it, and what I have had has been poor and mean, and I have not gained the fifth part for it that it was worth; but all that I have earned, which God knows has only been by hard toil, has been from princes, lords, and other foreign persons. Also, I have expended all my earnings from foreigners in this town. Also, your Honors doubtless know that, on account of the many works I

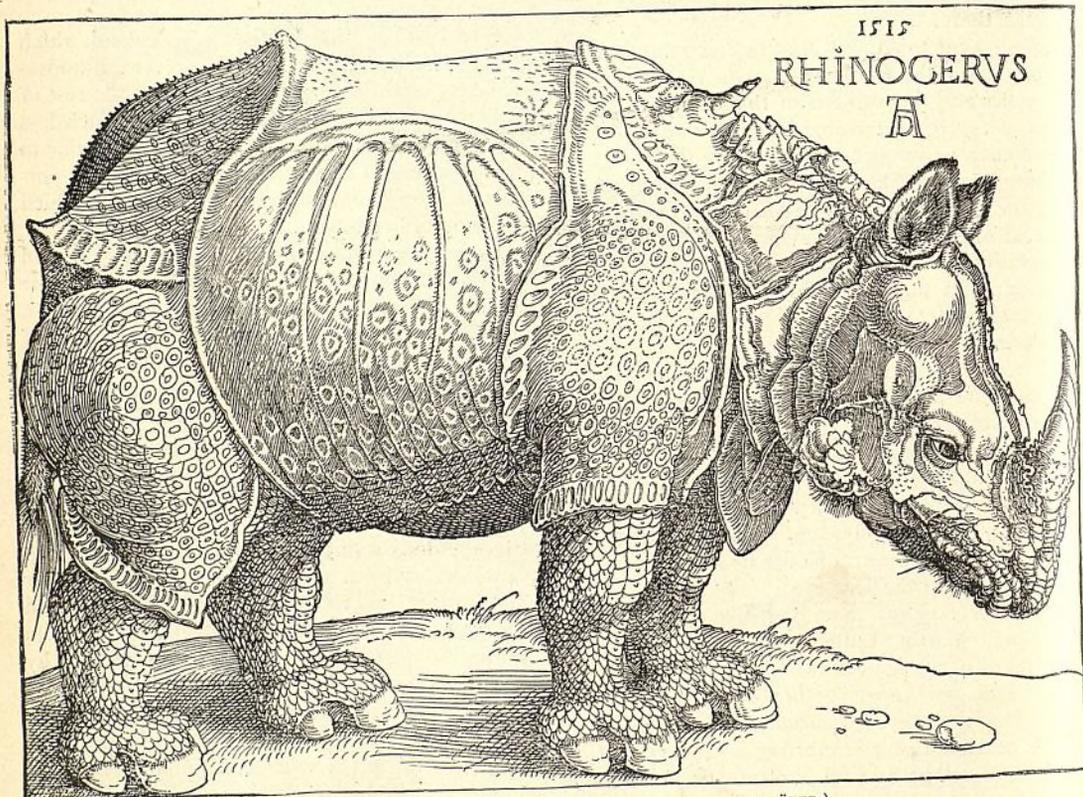
* Bursars were treasurers or cash-keepers of colleges or convents.

† Courland is one of the Baltic provinces of Russia, largely inhabited by Germans.

had done for him, the late Emperor Maximilian, of praiseworthy memory, out of his own imperial liberality, granted me an exemption from the rates and taxes of this town, which, however, I voluntarily gave up, when I was spoken to about it by the Elders of the Rath, in order to show honor to my Lords, and to maintain their favor and uphold their customs and justice.

"Nineteen years ago the Doge of Venice wrote to me, offering me two hundred ducats a year if I would live in that city. More lately the Rath of Antwerp, while I remained in the Low Countries, also made me an offer, three hundred florins of Philippe a year and a fair mansion to live in. In both places all that I did for the government would have been paid over and above the pension. All of which, out of my love for my honorable and wise Lords, for this town,

1528, exactly eight years from the day on which Raphael had died. He was buried in the churchyard of St. John, beyond the walls, in the lot of his father-in-law, Hans Frey. This church-yard is of great interest; the aristocrats of Nuremburg have been buried there during many years. It has thirty-five hundred grave-stones, all of which are numbered; and nearly all are decorated with coats-of-arms and such devices as show the importance of those buried here. Dürer's monument bears



THE RHINOCEROS. (FROM A WOOD-ENGRAVING BY ALBERT DÜRER.)

and for my fatherland, I refused, and chose rather to live simply, near your Wisdoms, than to be rich and great in any other place. It is, therefore, my dutiful request to your Lordships, that you will take all these things into your favorable consideration, and accept these thousand florins, and grant me a yearly interest upon them of fifty florins, so that I and my wife, who are daily growing old, weak, and incapable, may have a moderate provision against want. And I will ever do my utmost to deserve your noble Wisdoms' favor and approbation, as heretofore."

The Council granted his request; but after his death they reduced the interest to forty florins a year, although in 1526 Dürer had presented to them his splendid panels of the Apostles. This meanness in money matters toward the great artist almost reconciles us to the fact that these pictures were taken away to Munich.

Dürer died suddenly at last, on the 6th of April, 1528, at

this simple inscription, written by his friend Pirckheimer:

"ME. AL. DU. QUICQUID ALBERTI DÜRERI MORTALE FUIT, SUB HOC CONDITUR TUMULO. EMIGRAVIT VIII. IDUS APRILIS, MDXXVIII. A. D."

—Which may be translated:

"In memory of Albert Dürer. Whatever was mortal of Albert Dürer is laid under this stone. He departed the eighth day before the Ides of April, in the year of our Lord 1528."

It is said that Raphael, when he had studied Dürer's engravings, exclaimed:

"Of a truth this man would have surpassed us all if he had had the masterpieces of art constantly before his eyes, as we have." And John Andreas wrote of him: "It is very surprising, in regard to that man, that in a rude and barbarous age he was the first of the Germans who not only arrived at an exact imitation of nature, but has likewise left no second; being so absolutely a master of it in all its



parts,—in etching, engraving, statuary, architecture, optics, symmetry, and the rest,—that he had no equal except Michael Angelo Buonarroti, his contemporary and rival; and he left behind him such works as were too much for the life of one man."

On Easter Sunday in 1828, three hundred years after his death, there was a tribute paid to his memory, and a great procession of artists and scholars from all parts of Germany was formed in Nuremberg, and moved out to the church-yard of St. John, where they sang such hymns above the grave of the artist as he loved to hear in his life. There can be nothing more appropriate with which to close our study of Albert Dürer than the poem of our own poet, Longfellow* :

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient,
stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and
song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round
them throng :

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth
rhyme,
That their great, imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand ;

On the square the oriel window, where in old, heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art :
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common
mart ;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

* These stanzas from Longfellow's poem are here printed by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their
trust :

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

The following is a list of the principal works by Albert Dürer to
be seen in European galleries :

ACCADEMIA CARRARA, BERGAMO : Christ Bearing the Cross.
PITTI GALLERY, FLORENCE : Adam and Eve. UFFIZI GALLERY,
FLORENCE : Portrait of an Old Man, St. James the Apostle, Ma-
donna, Adoration of the Kings. CAPITOL MUSEUM, ROME : A
Portrait. TRIPPENHUIS MUSEUM, ANTWERP : Portrait of Pir-
heimer. GALLERY AT CASSEL : Portrait of a Man holding a Wreath
of Roses. DRESDEN GALLERY : Christ on the Cross, Christ Bear-
ing the Cross, Portrait of Bernhard de Kessen. STÄDEL GALLERY,
FRANKFORT : Portrait of his Father, Portrait of a Girl. PINAKOTHEK,
MUNICH : Six fine Portraits, The Nativity, Two Panels, with the
Apostles John and Peter, and Paul and Mark. GERMANIC MUSEUM,
NUREMBERG : Fine Portrait of the Burgomaster, Holzschuher. GAL-
LERY IN THE MORITZ-KAPELLE, NUREMBERG : Ecce Homo. BEL-
VEDERE, VIENNA : Portrait of Maximilian I., Two other Portraits,
Two Madonnas, The Holy Trinity Surrounded by Angels, King of
Persia Persecuting Christians. MUSEUM, MADRID : Adam, Eve,
His own Portrait. LOUVRE, PARIS : Man's Head with a Red Cap.
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON : Portrait of a Senator. PRAGUE,
STRAHOF MONASTERY : Feast of the Rose Garlands. HERMIT-
AGE, ST. PETERSBURG : Christ led to Calvary, Christ Bearing
His Cross, Portrait of the Elector of Saxony.

There are other pictures attributed to Dürer in some galleries, the
genuineness of which may be doubted. There are also others in
private collections, churches, and so on ; but the total number of
those known to be Dürer's work is small—probably not more than
one hundred and fifteen in all.

FLOWERS OF WINTER.

(A Valentine.)

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

In summer days when passing by
A garden hedge of roses,
I said, "Ah me! the winter drear
No bloom like this discloses!"

But winter came; and when the wind
All frosty, keen was blowing,
I met each morn a little maid,
With cheeks so redly glowing:

I said, "Why! here again I find
The roses I lamented!
And summer flowers no more regret,
With winter's bloom contented."



PHAETON.

By C. P. CRANCH.

BEFORE Copernicus and others proved
The Sun stood still, and 't was the Earth that
moved,
Phœbus Apollo, as all freshmen know,
Was the Sun's coachman. This was long ago.
Across the sky from east to west all day
He drove, but took no passengers or pay.
A splendid team it was; and there was none
But he, could drive this chariot of the Sun.
The world was safe so long as in his hand
He held the reins and kept supreme command.

But Phœbus had a wild, conceited son,
A rash and lively youth, named Phaeton,
Who used to watch his father mount his car
And whirl through space like a great shooting-star;
And thought what fun 't would be, could he contrive
Some day to mount that car and take a drive!

The mischief of it was, Apollo loved
The boy so well that once his heart was moved
To promise him whatever he might ask.
He never thought how hard would be the task
To keep his word. So, one day, Phaeton
Said to his sire, "I'd like to drive your Sun—
That is, myself—dear sir, excuse the pun,—



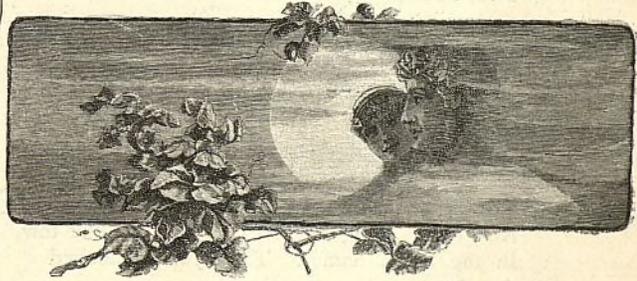


TWELVE hours through space. You know you promised once
Whatever I might ask."

"I was a dunce,"
Apollo said. "My foolish love for you,
I fear, my son, that I shall sadly rue.
Lend you my chariot? No;—I really can't.
Is n't there something else that I can grant
Instead of this? A serious thing 't would be
To have my horses run away, you see.
You might bring ruin on the earth and sky,
And I'm responsible, you know,—yes, I.
Try something else. Here's a great wheel of
light,

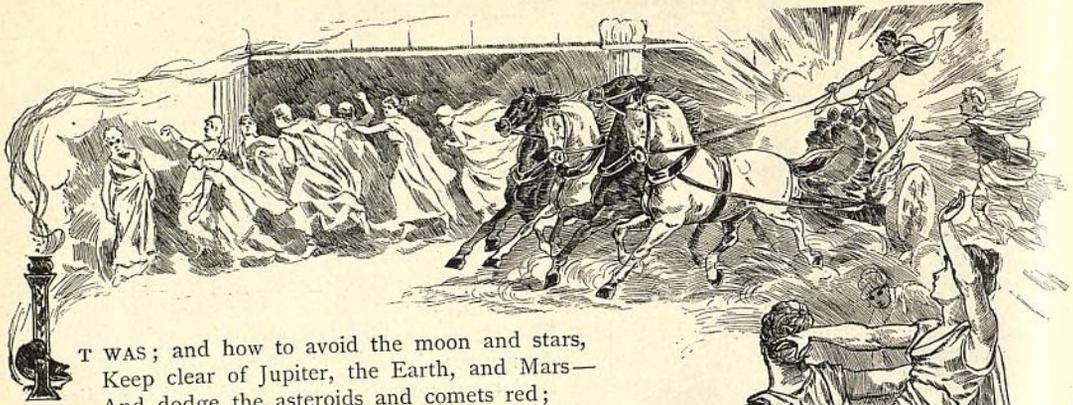
The moon—a bicycle—almost as bright
As my sun-chariot. Get astride of this,
And move your legs, and you'll enjoy a bliss
Of motion through the clouds almost as great
As if you rode like me in royal state.
No, my dear boy,—why, can't you under-
stand?

I dare not trust you with my four-in-hand."



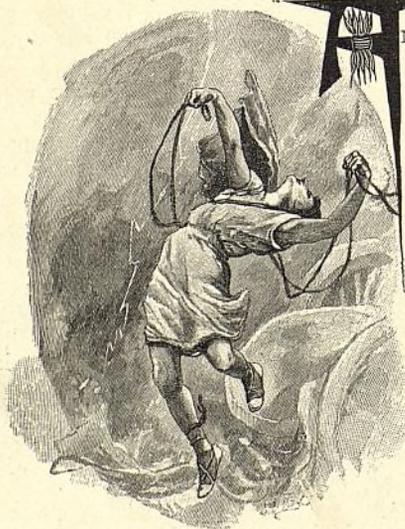
"I have no taste for bicycles," the boy
Replied. "That thing is but an idle toy.
My genius is for horses, and I long
To try my hand at yours. They're not so
strong
But I can hold them. I know all their tricks.
Father, you swore it by the River Styx,—
You know you did,—and you are in a fix.
You can't retract. Besides, you need n't fear,
You'll see I am a skillful charioteer.
I've taken lessons of a man of worth,—
A first-rate driver down there on the earth."
"I see," said Phœbus, "that I can't go back
Upon my promise. Well, then, clear the track!"

So Phaeton leaped up and grasped the reins.
His anxious father took a deal of pains
To teach him how to hold them,—how to
keep
The broad highway,—how dangerous and steep.



IT WAS; and how to avoid the moon and stars,
Keep clear of Jupiter, the Earth, and Mars—
And dodge the asteroids and comets red;
Follow the zodiac turnpike, straight ahead,
Though clouds and thunder-storms should round
him spread.

Alas! 't was all in vain. A little while—
Two hours, perhaps—his fortune seemed to
smile;
When a huge meteor, whizzing through the sky,
Alarmed the horses, who began to shy,
And shake their fiery manes; then plunged
and reared,
And whirled him zigzag downward, till they
neared
The Earth. A conflagration spread below,
And every thing seemed burning up like tow
In the Sun's flames. Then Jupiter looked
down



AND saw the Earth like toast, all turning brown,
And threw a blazing thunder-bolt (but wait—
Here in parenthesis I'd like to state
This may have been a *telegram*; for then
Lightning dispatches were not known to men,
But only used by heathen gods) which struck
The youth; and by the greatest piece of luck
Prevented further loss.

This tale they told
In olden times. If I might be so bold
As to suggest an explanation here
Of a phenomenon by no means clear,
I'd say those spots upon the Sun's red face
Were bruises that he got in that mad race.

GRISELDA'S NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

"YOU may stay, Clumps," said Griselda, magnificently. "You'll make one more!"

"Oh, do, Clumpy, *do!*" begged all the troop, swarming around him with imploring hands.

"I don't b'leeve I want to," said Clumps, dubiously, backing up against the kitchen door, and giving them all two or three severe looks apiece. "You'll make me run, an' run, till I can't take another step,—an' do all your errands. I guess I'd druther go home." And he reached with stern resolve upon tiptoe to undo the latch.

"Oh, no! I wont," cried Griselda, decidedly, with an energetic little stamp of her foot, and a shake of her head that sent the tuft of light hair hanging over her forehead out like a small mop. "You sha'n't go upstairs *once*, Clump Badger, not a single once you sha'n't, if you'll stay!"

"There, Grizzy said so!" shrieked all the rest, each in a different key. "*Now!* She did! she said so!" which caused Clumps to stop fumbling for the latch, and to bring himself down to his original height of three feet four inches.

"Not after the pink bonnet?—nor the pins?—nor the needle and threads?" he asked, turning around to puff out resentfully a few of his well-remembered grievances. "Nor——nor——"

"No, no!" cried Grizzy, interrupting him. "We'll have every single thing ready. I'm going to bring 'em all down beforehand, an' put 'em in the wood-box."

"Then, I'll stay!" cried Clumps, wheeling around suddenly, and beginning the gymnastic feat of spinning around and around in the middle of the old floor as fast as his little fat legs could carry him, interspersing the performance with "What'll it be like, Grizzy?" and the rest of the children were soon accompanying him on his war-dance, till the place resembled Bedlam.

"For pity's sakes!" cried Grizzy, trying to catch a flying jacket or a stray apron in its wild career, "do stop, or you'll have the house down! I told you before—a *Re-cep-tion!*"

"And if you don't know what that is," said brother Tom, who, under the pretext of stopping the others, had spun around with the wildest, and privately encouraged what he publicly condemned, "I'm ashamed of you!" And not knowing in the least what the proposed magnificence was to be, he assumed a wonderfully deep look, and wisely kept silent.

"We're to have *callers*," said Grizzy, in a very

grand way, and bustling around with a sense of importance. "Tom, do shut the door—it's all secret, you know."

"So it is," said Tom. "That's right; it's to be a secret, children. Clumps, shut the door."

Clumps clattered off, and closed with a bang the door into the back hall.

"Don't tell till I get back!" he screamed. "Oh, now, that's not fair!" he exclaimed, coming back, with a very red face, for a seat.

"Why, we have n't said a single word," said Grizzy.

"Well, you were *goin'* to," began Clumps indignantly. "There——" as he crowded in between a small girl with big, black eyes, who was sitting on the extreme edge of a wooden bench, and a boy of about the same size, on the other end, so perfectly rapt in attention to Grizzy and her wonderful plans that he was lost to all outside occurrences,—"*now, go on, Grizzy. I'm ready!*"

"*I'm not!*" screamed the small girl, sliding from her end of the bench, and crying, "Why, he pushed me right off the bench!"

"I did n't!" roared Clumps. "I only wanted to sit down somewhere."

"Do be quiet, children," cried Grizzy, in dismay. "Dear me, Clumps! Please behave!"

The small girl looked resolute, and Clumps slid off the bench and camped down on the floor.

Peace having been thus restored, Grizzy began: "We are to have callers; at least, we'll be all ready if anybody *does* come. And somebody probably will——"

"Suppose they should n't," said one of the children in an awe-struck tone. "Then what would we do,—say, Grizzy?"

"Why, then," said Tom, before Grizzy had time to reply, "why, we'll turn about and make calls on ourselves. Nothing easier."

"Oh, *good!*" In an ecstasy, the children all declared that they hoped no one *would* call. "It's so much nicer to do the visitin' ourselves," they cried.

"Well, then, we wont *let* anybody come!" exclaimed Mehitable, the black-eyed girl; and forgetting herself in her anxiety, she jumped from her seat,—into which Clumps immediately slipped with a sigh of relief,—and went to the window. "I'll lock the back gate; then they can't get in!" she announced, as a bright thought struck her. "I'm going now, Grizzy!" and she pro-

ceeded to put her inhospitable plan into execution.

"Goodness!" cried Grizzy, rising suddenly, and thereby upsetting two or three of the smaller youngsters, who were clustered around her; "what an idea! Lock out anybody who comes to call on New Year's Day? Why, that is n't 'receiving!'" And she rushed up and grasped Mehitable's arm. "Go back and sit down, Hetty, else you can't be in at the reception."

Whereupon Hetty walked back to her bench, much discomfited, and Clumps again betook himself to the floor.

Grizzy once more resumed her plans and descriptions.

"We'll have refreshments," said Grizzy; "and ——"

"What kind?" said Tim, smacking his lips; while the others screamed, "Why, *real* refreshments—set on a table!"

"Of course," said Tom, with a superior air. "You did n't suppose we'd have 'em in a *chair*, did you, Tim?"

"What kind?" demanded Mehitable, not paying the slightest attention to him. "Oh, do tell, Grizzy," she implored, slipping around to the big rocking-chair in the greatest excitement.

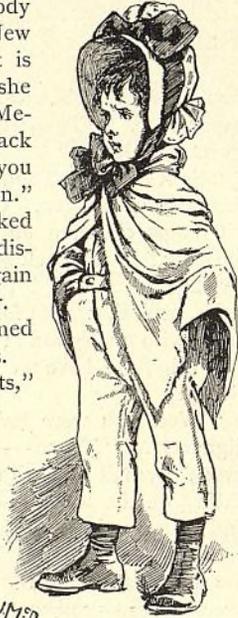
"Well,—lemonade, for one thing," said Grizzy, coolly, watching to see the effect of her words.

"Where'd you get your lemons, pray tell?" cried Tom, in astonishment. "I should have thought you'd have told me, Grizzy."

"T is n't exactly *lemons*," said Grizzy; "an' I wanted to surprise you, Tom. But it's a lemon—there's only been one squeeze taken out of it, for mother to get the ink-stain out of Uncle Joe's shirt-sleeve: an' now she's given it to us. An' she says we may have some sugar, an' that takes away the worst of my worries, for I was *so* afraid we could n't get anything good for refreshments," added Grizzy, in a relieved tone.

"When are we goin' to dress?" asked one of the other children. "I'm goin' to wear the pink bonnet."

"No, *I* am," cried Clumps, in the greatest alarm; and scrambling up from the floor, with one eye on Mehitable, he uproariously pressed his claims. "You know, Grizzy Lane, you said I might the very next time you dressed up an' played —— *now!*"



"So I did," said Grizzy, reflecting. "Well, that was because you would n't just run over to Miss Pilcher's to get the big fan she promised us. You *would n't* go one single step without my paying you!"

"There—I told you so!" cried Clumps, passing by, with a high indifference to trifles, the reflection on his personal characteristics,—and he delightedly cried, "I don't care what you give it to me for. It's *mine*, anyway!"

"Children," said Grizzy, turning to the rest, "he must wear the pink bonnet this time, for I did promise it to him."

"How you'll look!" cried Tom, bursting out in a loud laugh.

To be sure, the contrast was, to say the least, rather striking between the envied pink bonnet and the rest of Clumps's attire. A little dark yellow flannel blouse adorned the upper part of his person, which was finished off by a well-worn pair of little brown corduroys.

"I don't care!" cried Clumps, looking down at these, and in nowise dashed by the shouts of the children. "I can put a shawl or somethin' or ruther over my back."

"But you have n't *got* any shawl," cried Mehitable.

"Well, Grizzy'll give me one, wont you, Grizzy?" he said, appealing to her.

"Oh, well," cried Grizzy, laughing, "I can find a shawl, I s'pose, if you *will* wear the bonnet."

"I *will* wear the bonnet!" cried Clumps, in a high pitch, "and you'll find me a shawl,—well, then, *I'm* all right!"

The old pink bonnet had been hoarded and used by the children in their charades, as the one gem in their collection, ever since the time, long ago, when it had been given to Griselda by a lady, for that purpose. And its possession was always sought for. On the appearance of any new play on the boards, it immediately became the cause of contention. Whoever came off its possessor was the *star*, no matter if everything else was adverse. It was no small trial then to Grizzy, who had fully determined to "receive" in the admired pink bonnet, to see it captured boldly by Clumps, to whom she had forgotten giving the rash promise. But she stifled her sigh, and was just going upstairs to get the armful of costumes and "properties," when the door of the kitchen opened, and her mother came in.

"Children, I'm *so* sorry"—she began.

"Oh, mother, you're not going to take the kitchen from us!" cried Grizzy, starting up in alarm. "You said we might have it this whole afternoon!"

"So I did—and so you may," said her mother,

smiling. And then her face fell again, and she continued: "But I must take something else away that is much worse — I want Tom!"

"Tom!" cried all the children in chorus; while Grizzy burst out, "Oh, we want *him* to help!"

"You see I can't be spared, mother," began Tom, greatly disappointed; "mother, you see for yourself."

"I know," said his mother, smiling at her big boy, "but Uncle Joe's away, and there is no one else to escort me over to Sister Carter's; and she is sick, I've just heard."

Tom nerved himself, though with a rather dismal face, and then answered cheerily, "I'll go, mother; I'll be there in a minute."

"Thank you, Tom! I sha'n't forget this New Year's present of yourself," said his mother, adding:

"Now Grizzy, I may not be home till six, so you'd better have your suppers. And you can all have a nice time through the afternoon. Come, Tom!" — And the door shut after them.

Grizzy looked at the doleful little group around her and flew off for the costumes, with which she presently returned; then she assigned parts, and issued directions, in a way sufficiently distracting to drive out any other thoughts.

About four o'clock the kitchen presented quite a festive appearance. There had been several attempts at decoration intended to give it a charming effect. Mehitable contributed, from her treasures in the garret, an appalling array of rooster and turkey feathers, which she stuck up in every place that was reachable; viewing the result with no small amount of pride, despite the dismay on Grizzy's face.

"It looks so queer!" she cried, as Hetty, on a high chair, stuck the last one in place.

"T is n't queer!" cried the indignant decorator, with a very red face; "you said yourself the other day that feathers were just the elegantest trimmin' — *now!*"

"That was for a bonnet," said Grizzy impatiently, "not stuck up all over a room. Well, its your company as much as mine, so you can leave

'em," adding, under her breath, "though they *are* dreadful!"

And little Tim ran upstairs and got all the bright tippets of the children, which he wound in and out over the dresser and the clock.

"See, is n't it pretty?" he cried, with a faint color in his cheek, as he viewed the effect.

"Yes, 't is, dear," cried Grizzy, giving him a kiss, "it *is* pretty, Timmy."

About half an hour later, it being so dark that the two tallow candles had to be lighted, the "receivers" appeared, stuck up in a stiff little row, in the middle of the room, on all the chairs and wooden



"'WE 'RE TO HAVE CALLERS,' SAID GRIZZY."

stools the kitchen boasted. A raid had been contemplated on some of the parlor furniture, but that had been speedily discountenanced by Grizzy, who would have no liberties taken during her mother's absence. A compromise, therefore, was effected in the shape of an old dining-room chair, taken to

complete the requisite number. On this sat Clumps, radiant within the pink bonnet, perfectly regardless, under his old brown shawl, of the black looks

"When it's ten minutes to five," said Grizzy with a sigh, beginning to realize that New Year's receptions *might* not be everything that was enjoyable, "we'll begin!"



"WHY, IT'S A MONKEY!" CRIED HETTY.

of Hetty, who sat opposite, trying her best to look festive and happy in an inferior costume.

The rest of the company had followed their own sweet wills so far as regarded the arranging of their several bits of costume, which, to save time and recrimination, Grizzy had decided must be drawn by lot! This, though slightly inconvenient as regarded harmonizing effects, was delightfully peaceful; so that, as they sat and waited for their chance visitors, the little row presented, on the whole, a smiling exterior.

"Is n't it most time for refreshments?" said Clumps at last breaking the solemn silence which was beginning to be a little oppressive, and peering out under his pink bonnet at the array of delicacies, on the table, "I'm afraid the lemonade wont keep, Grizzy."

"Be still!" said Grizzy, under a cap of red cambric, finished off with a bow of black velvet, "it is n't proper for us to eat till the company comes. Wait for ten minutes longer; then, if there don't anybody come, some of us will have to go out, an' be the visitors."

Thereupon a small uproar ensued as to who should form the calling party, which it required all Grizzy's powers of discipline to quell. This consumed, however, a large portion of the long ten minutes, so that by the time quiet was restored the clock pointed to twelve minutes of five.

height, and watching the door with sparkling eyes.

The door pushed open cautiously, as if some one had not quite made up his mind to enter; and then all was still. Grizzy, not knowing exactly whether it was etiquette or not for her to repeat her invitation, wisely said nothing, but sat, bolt upright, with her company aspect on and her hands folded stiffly in her lap. The other children were just beginning to wriggle impatiently, when—open flew the door as by magic and, before anybody could think twice, a small object danced into the middle of the room, then leaped upon the table and, with a frightful leer on its expressive countenance, made them all an elaborate bow.

"Oh!" roared Clumps, forgetting his elegant costume; and, tumbling over backward from his high seat of honor, he rushed to Grizzy in sheer fright, gasping, "What *is* it—oh—oh?"

"Why, it's a monkey!" cried Hetty, in the greatest glee, and beginning to caper with delight. "Oh, Grizzy, a *sweet*, pretty monkey!"

The monkey, seeing the attention he was receiving, made several ineffectual attempts to show his feelings; but, finding them not adequate to the occasion, gave it up as a bad job, scratched his head and, wrinkling up his nose, looked around for something to eat.

"You dear, be-*yew*-tiful monkey, you!" cried Hetty, rushing up to him to embrace him.

"*Ya-a—snap!*—*chatter-chatter!*" cried his monkeyship, his eyes flashing ominously. Hetty did not wait to extend further courtesies, but hopped back a pace or two, where she stood glaring at him!

"You're a *hate-ful, me-an* little—"

"*Ya-a—snap!*" The monkey's eyes now glittered with rage, while he showed every tooth he possessed, and made a movement towards a spring at his entertainer.

"Do be still!" cried Grizzy, pulling her back; "don't you see he's cross; he might bite you, Hetty. Do be still; he wants something to eat."

At this, Clumps, hearing the word "eat," set up such a dismal wail that for a moment or two nobody could hear anything else.

"For pity's sake!" exclaimed Griselda, shaking him, in the vain hope of extinguishing the scream, but only cocking the pink bonnet over on one side of his head; "what *are* you so scared at? Oh, dear! I do wish you'd staid at home, I do!"

"You said—oh, dear, dear—" cried Clumps, wildly, and pointing one small, stubby finger, that trembled like a grimy little leaf, in the visitor's direction, though he did not dare to look it in the face, "you said—"

"Said what?" cried Grizzy, with another small shake, hoping to facilitate matters a little. "What on earth *did* I say, Clumps?"

"That we'd be—oh, dear, dear!" he cried, his breath giving entirely out.

"*What?*" Griselda grasped both of his small arms firmly, then looked squarely into the forlorn face. "Now, Clumps Badger, tell me this minute! *What* did I say?"

"That he—that he," whimpered Clumps, catching frightfully; "oh, dear! that he—that he—"

"Go on!" said Griselda, decidedly.

"That he—"

"Stop saying 'that he,'" she exclaimed, impatiently. "You're the most foolish boy I ever *did* see. That he—*what?*"

"W-wanted," said Clumps, with a snuffle, and beginning to look around fearfully, "to—eat—me—up! Oh, dear, *dear!* boo-hoo-hoo!"

"I did not, you foolish boy!" cried Grizzy, letting go her hold of his arms to give him a reassuring hug. "I said he wanted something to eat—and so he does. I'm going to get him a biscuit." And she started briskly in the direction of the big pantry.

"You need not," said little Tim, tragically; and pointing to the guest mounted on the old table. "He's got our 'freshments, and he's swallowin' 'em all up!"

"He *sha'n't!*" cried Hetty, who, wholly occupied with Clumps and his affairs, had neglected the

monkey for the last few seconds, and thereby knew nothing of his latest move. "*Ow*, stop him, somebody! He's got the ca-ake—*stop* him!" And with one wild dash—forgetful of her fear, forgetful of Grizzy's warning, of everything but the loss of the precious "refreshments," which she now saw disappearing at a rapid rate—she sprang forward and grasped the long tail hanging over the edge of the table!

"Squeak, *squeak!*" With a howl of pain and rage, as much worse than Clumps's wails of despair as can be imagined, the monkey fixed his snapping eyes on Hetty, cleared the table with one bound, and sprang for her.

"There!" cried Griselda in despair, hurrying back from the pantry. "Now, you *have* done it! Quick, Hetty, jump into the cupboard, or he'll bite you! Quick!"

"I don't want to!" grumbled Hetty, scuffling along, fighting every inch of the way. "I'm not a-going to be shut up. I'm not afraid of *him!*"

"Well, *I* am!" said Grizzy, pushing her along. "There!" and she shut the door upon her, not an instant too soon, for the monkey, enraged at losing sight of her, came up with a thud of vengeance against the wall, just as the edge of her gown disappeared.

"There," said Grizzy, edging off to a respectful distance,—“You poor little fellow; do you want something to eat? Well, you shall have it,” she added, in the sweetest of tones, hoping to propitiate the aggrieved visitor.

But if she expected to take that monkey away from that door, she was sadly disappointed. Revenge was sweeter than dry biscuit, or even cake, at this moment. And down he sat, watching the crack with peering, inquisitive eyes; at every movement of the imprisoned one, pricking up his ears afresh to bide his time.

"Let me *ou-ut!*" came in stifled accents from within the closet. "I'm smuvered in here. Oh, let me out!"

And then followed a banging of determined little boot-heels against the door, that made the monkey skip in delight and grin expectantly.

Just then there came a click of the back gate—then heavy footsteps tramped up the path, and a loud, imperative knock was thumped on the outside door.

Griselda started to run and open it, but had only time to get half across the room when the door opened, and a burly man, with a quick, decisive air, stepped into the old kitchen.

The monkey took one look at him, then turned, and, leaving revenge for mightier souls than his, fled to the nearest shelter, which happened to be behind the coal-scuttle.

"Any of you seen a monkey around here?" asked the man, advancing further into the room, and looking around.

The children thought they had!

"Oh!" cried Grizzy, "is he yours?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried the man. "He's run away from my store. I keep a bird and squirrel store, an' all that, over in town. Pr'aps you know me; my name's Pilcher, Jedediah Pilcher." He bowed impressively, as if the name was enough, but, under the circumstances, he *would* add the bow. "And a pretty chase he's led me. Any of you seen him?"

"He's eaten up *everything!*" cried Clumps, tumbling out from behind the old rocking-chair, and waving his hands comprehensively to express

very astonishing appearance. And then, glancing around at the different specimens of dress that met his gaze, much as if Bedlam had broken loose around him: "I sh'd a-thought you'd a scart the monkey!"

"Let me ou-ut!" cried a voice from the closet.

And Hetty, more wild than ever for release, now that she knew there was some other attraction in the kitchen that she could n't see, banged away more furiously than before; at each bang redoubling her vociferations.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed the man, whirling around to stare wildly at the closet. And then, not being able to express his feelings, he took refuge in "Well, I never!"

Which seemed to answer, however; for he immediately started up to business, and turned to Griselda with "Where's that monkey?"

"I don't know," she said, beginning a violent search. "He *was* here, a minute ago, when you —"

"I'll find him!" cried Clumps, who, encouraged by the man's appearance, was in an anxious fever to help. "I'll bring him; let me—let me!"

"Let me ou-ut!" cried Hetty, with a renewed bombardment of the old closet door.

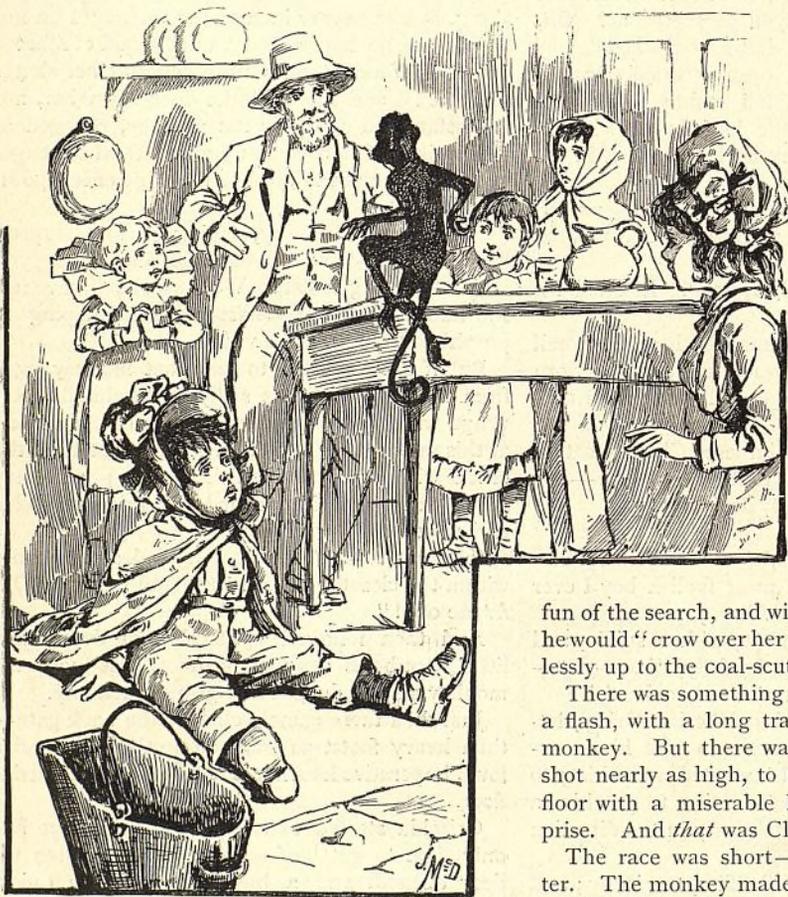
Clumps, with the one thought of getting ahead of Hetty in the

fun of the search, and with his mind full of just how he would "crow over her forever 'n' ever," came carelessly up to the coal-scuttle and bent clear over it.

There was something that shot up in the air, like a flash, with a long trail after it. *That* was the monkey. But there was also something else that shot nearly as high, to fall down on the kitchen floor with a miserable little thud of shocked surprise. And *that* was Clumps!

The race was short—and sweet—to the master. The monkey made a bow, perhaps not *quite* so elaborate as his entering one, and the "Reception" was over.

"Well," said Hetty, when the knob was turned, letting her breathe the air of freedom once more, while her eyes sparkled with indignation and her small frame shook with anger and disappointment, "you've been having the *niciest* time, while you



"SOMETHING SHOT UP INTO THE AIR!"

the destitute condition of all things. "Yes, he has! *Every single thing!*"

"Sakes alive!" cried the man, falling back a step or two at the apparition in the pink bonnet and old shawl, that, to say the truth, did present a

shut me up. You did it a-purpose, Grizzy, I know you did! I could hear you all running about and talking like everything."

"He 'd have bitten you," cried Grizzy, who had been surveying the "refreshments." And now that the excitement was over, finding herself very tired, she felt decidedly cross and answered: "I wish you had staid out, if you wanted to. I do!"

"An' we have n't had a nice time!" cried Clumps, savagely; "none of us have n't, and he kicked me clean over, an' I 've hurt my knee, an' I wish I had n't come!"

"Well, here 's mother!" cried Grizzy, in a sigh of relief, "and Tom!"

So it was, and a few of the neighbors, whom they met on the road, coming for a friendly call.

"I *should* say," began Tom, flinging wide the door! — And then the whole story came out.

"Where 's Clumps?" asked Grizzy, about ten minutes later, looking all around among the visitors for the roly-poly figure; "where *can* he be?"

"Here I am," said a voice at last. It came from under the big oak table, where, after investigation by nearly all of the party, Clumps was discovered; the treasured bonnet, slightly mashed on one side, still on his head, with some suspicious looking

morsels of the feast clinging to his garments, and a faint aroma of lemon-peel, over the whole!

"You 've gone and drunk up all the lemonade!" cried Hetty in extreme exasperation, reaching down to bestow a pinch on his toes — "Oh — oh! now we shan't have any!"

"It got kicked over," said Clumps, placidly, "an' 't was 'most all spilt, an' I only just finished what was left of it, an' 't war n't good either, Grizzy!"

"It was perfectly *elegant*!" cried Hetty, wildly, to all of the company, "an' it was all we had! An' we 've been *so* frightened, an' there is n't anything to eat, either — oh dear, *dear*!"

But the neighbors' hands were in their pockets, and from those pockets, one and all, came enough "lemonade money" to provide for a dozen "Receptions."

"Tom, my boy," said a kind, jolly-faced man, furtively wiping off the tears at the funny recollection, "please run down to the store, about as fast as you ever ran in your life, an' fetch up all the fixings you want for — what do you call it — the thing you were goin' to have?"

He turned to Grizzy, but before he had a chance to answer, it came in one shout from all the little people — "A Re — cep — tion! A Re — cep — tion! Oh, Grizzy! we *are* goin' to have it after all!"



"COME IN."

WINTER FUN.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER III.

DEACON FARNHAM was fond of chopping down trees; but he had not brought a big sleigh into the woods that morning, with two yoke of oxen, merely to have them stand still in the snow while he chopped. The fires he kept up at the farmhouse called for liberal supplies, and so Susie was to have an opportunity of seeing a load of logs put on.

She and Pen had to get out of the sleigh to begin with, and then her uncle and Vosh Stebbins removed all the side-stakes out of the sleigh on the side toward the wood-pile, and they put down, with one end of each on the sleigh and the other end in the snow, a pair of long, strong pieces of wood, that Vosh called "skids." That made an inclined plane, and it was nothing but good, hard work to roll the logs up and into their places on the sleigh. They made a tier all over the sleigh-bottom, and then the lighter logs were piled on them, in regular order, till the load was finished off, on top, with a heap of bark and brushwood.

"Now, Pen," said Vosh, "if you and Susie will climb up, we'll set out for home with this load."

"Is n't your father coming, Pen?"

"No, Susie. There's a man at the house to help Vosh when we get there. Now we must climb."

There was fun in that, but Pen was up first.

In a minute or so more, Susie began to gain new ideas about the management of oxen, and how strong they were, and how wonderfully willing. They seemed to know exactly what to do, with a little help from Vosh and his long whip. When all was ready, and they bowed their horns and strained against their yokes with their powerful necks, it seemed as if they could have moved anything in the world.

One long strain, a creaking sound, and then a sudden giving away and starting, and the snow began to crunch, crunch, beneath the wide, smooth runners of the sleigh.

Vosh walked beside his team and drove it away around in a semicircle, carefully avoiding trees and stumps, until he and his load were once more in the road and on their way home.

Corry and Porter had pushed on after Ponto as best they could, but he had not stirred up for them any game in the thick, gloomy forest.

"No rabbits here?" inquired Porter.

"Sometimes there are a few," said Corry, "but

this is n't the place. But we're almost at the swamp, now. We'd better load up."

"The guns? Are n't they loaded?"

"No. We never leave a charge in. Father says a gun's always safe when it's empty."

Corry put the butt of his gun on the ground while he spoke, and Porter watched him narrowly.

"That's his powder-flask," he said to himself. "I might have known that much. The powder goes in first. Of course, it does."

He had never loaded a gun in all his life, and his experience with the axe had made him feel a little cautious. Still, he tried to make quick work of it, and when Corry began to push down a wad of paper after the powder, his city cousin did the same thing. Only he was a little behindhand, and he put in a much bigger wad of paper.

"How he does ram it! So will I," he thought, and so he did.

Corry remarked: "Don't put too many shot into the gun. I'll measure them for you, so you'll know next time. The shot scatter too much if you overcharge it."

Porter was wondering, at that very moment, how many shot he had better put in, or whether he should try the big shot from one side of his shot-pouch or the smaller shot from the other.

"What are the big shot for?" he asked, when he saw Corry choose the smaller size.

"Buckshot? Oh, you can kill almost anything with buckshot. Deer, or even bear."

"Can you? I never used 'em. I thought they were big for rabbits."

He was glad to know his gun was correctly loaded, however, and he imitated Corry in putting on the caps, for both barrels, as if he had served a long apprenticeship at that very business.

"Have n't we reached the swamp yet?"

"No, but we are near it. It's a great place for rabbits, when you get there. Hullo! Ponto's started one. Come on, Port."

They did not really need to stir a foot, for the swift little animal the dog had disturbed from its seat among the bushes was running its best straight toward them. "There he is," shouted Porter.

"Try him, Port."—"No, you try him."

Corry's gun was at his shoulder, and in another second the bright flash leaped from the muzzle.

"Did you hit him? He did n't stop running. He kept right on."

"Missed him, I think. Too many trees, and it

was a pretty long shot," explained Corry, apologetically.

"Why, it did n't seem far."

"That 's because it was over the snow. It was more than ten rods. Hark! Hear Ponto."

The old dog was barking as if for dear life, and the boys ran as fast as the snow would let them. They had not gone far before they could see Ponto dancing around the foot of a huge tree.

"If he has n't treed him!" exclaimed Corry.

"Treed a rabbit? Why, can they climb?"

"Climb? Rabbits climb? I guess not. But that tree 's hollow. See that hole at the bottom? The rabbit 's in there, sure."

"Can we get him, Corry?"

"We 'll try, but it wont pay if it takes too long. It 's only one rabbit."

Porter Hudson had a feeling that it would be worth almost anything in the world to catch that rabbit. He hardly knew how to go to work for it; but he felt very warm, indeed, while his cousin stooped down and reached with his arm further and further into the hole in the tree. The hole did not go down, but up, and it was quite large at its outer opening.

"Is it a hollow tree, Corry?"

"Guess not. Only a little way up."

"Can you feel him?"

"My arm is n't long enough."

Ponto whimpered very much as if he understood what his master was saying. That was probably not the first runaway game which had disappointed him by getting into a den of safety.

"Here he comes!" exclaimed Corry.

"Got him? Have you?" answered Port.

"There he is!"

Corry withdrew his arm, as he spoke, and held up in triumph a very large, fat, white rabbit.

"You did reach him, did n't you?" Porter cried.

"No, I did n't. Some of my shot had hit him, and he fell down the hole. Don't you see? They did n't strike him in the proper place to tumble him right over. He could run."

"Poor fellow," said Porter. "He wont run any more, now."

It was of small use for Port to pity that rabbit, when the one thought he had in mind was that he could not go home happy unless he could carry with him another of the same sort and of his own shooting.

Corry loaded his gun again, and on they went; but pretty soon he remarked:

"We 're in the swamp now, Port."

"I don't see any swamp. It 's all trees and bushes and snow."

"That is so; but there 's ice under the snow, in some places. You can't get through here at all

in the spring, and hardly in summer. It 's a great place for rabbits."

Ponto was doubtless aware of this fact, for he was dashing hither and thither very industriously.

There were plenty of little tracks on the snow, as the boys could now plainly see; but they crossed one another in all directions, in a manner that puzzled Porter Hudson exceedingly.

"How will Ponto find out which one of them he 'd better follow up?" he asked.

"Wait, Port, you 'll see," said his cousin.

Porter was taking his first lesson as a sportsman, and was peering anxiously behind trees and in among the nearest bushes. Suddenly, he saw something, or thought he saw it, which made him hold his breath and tremblingly lift his gun.

"Can that be a real rabbit," he thought; "sitting there so still?"

He did not utter a word, and the first Corry knew about it was the sound of both barrels of his cousin's gun, fired in quick succession.

Bang!—bang!—they went.

"What is it, Port?"

"I 've shot him! I 've shot him!"

Porter was bounding away across the snow and disappeared among some thick hazel bushes. A moment more, and he was out again, with a rabbit in his hand, quite as heavy as the one Corry had killed.

"First-rate, Port. Was he running?"

"No, he was sitting still."

Corry was too polite to say that no regular sportsman fired at a rabbit unless it was running. It would have been a pity to have dampened Porter's wild exultation over his first game.

Porter had no time to talk then, however, for he had his gun to load, and he was in no small anxiety as to whether he should succeed in getting the charge in rightly. Besides, there was Ponto, racing across the swamp, with a big rabbit just ahead of him. That rabbit was a capital jumper, and it was gaining on its barking pursuer, when they ran by within range of Corry Farnham's gun.

Only one barrel was fired, but Ponto's master was ahead again. "Two to my one," said Porter.

"You 'll have chances enough. Don't fire both barrels every time, though, or you may lose some of 'em; and you 'll fill your rabbits full of shot, as you did that one."

Port's idea had been that both barrels of his gun were there for the purpose of being fired off, but he was quite ready to take a hint. He had more and more serious doubts, however, about his ability to hit a rabbit on the run. The first time he actually tried to do it, he doubted more than ever. His chance and his disappointment came to him soon after Corry's gun was loaded and while they were crossing the swamp.

"I must have hit him," he said, as he lowered his gun and looked after the rabbit, still clearing the snow with long, vigorous jumps.

"Well, if you did," said Corry, "he has n't found it out yet."

"Your first one did n't find out he was hit till he got into the tree."

"That 's so. But I never knew it happen just so before. Ponto 's after another, now! He 's chased it around those sumac bushes. They 're coming this way. Shoot ahead of the rabbit, if you want to hit it."

Porter was positive, in his own mind, that he could not hit the rabbit, and he felt himself blushing as he raised his gun; but he tried to see his game somewhere beyond the end of it, and then he fired.

"I declare! You 've done it! A good long distance, too," shouted Corry.

It was so very long that the shot had scattered a great deal, and one of the little leaden pellets had strayed in the direction of the rabbit. Just one, but it was as good as a dozen; for it had struck in a vital spot, and Porter was as proud as if the skin of his game had been filled with shot holes.

Almost two hours went by after that, and they tramped all over the swamp. Porter killed another sitting rabbit, but Corry was one ahead of him, and was feeling half sorry for it, when he suddenly stopped marching and lifted his hand, exclaiming:

"Hear Ponto! Hark! Away yonder."

"Started another rabbit?" inquired Port Hudson.

"No, he has n't. It is n't any rabbit, this time."

"What is it? What is it?"

"Hear that jumping? Hear Ponto's yelp? It's a deer!" almost whispered Corry.

"Deer? Did you say it was a deer? Can you tell?"

"Hark! Listen!"

Ponto was no deer-hound. He was somewhat too heavily built for that kind of sport; but any deer of good common sense would run away from his company, all the same. The certainty that the dog could not catch it would not interfere with the deer's running.

Ponto's discovery was a fine buck, which soon came bounding with long, easy leaps out from among the forest trees into the more open ground at the edge of the swamp. Porter thought he had never before seen anything half so exciting, but the buck went by like a flash.

Just half a minute later, Corry turned ruefully to his cousin and asked him: "Port, what did you and I fire both barrels of our guns for?"

"Why to hit the deer," answered his cousin.

"At that distance? And with small shot, too? If they 'd reached him, they 'd hardly have stung

him. Why, there was n't the slightest chance of our hurting him. Let 's go home."

Porter was ready enough, and it was not long before Ponto gave up following the buck and came panting along at the heels of his master. He looked a little crest-fallen, as if he would have liked very much to remark: "It 's of no use to drive deer for boys. I did my duty. No dog of my size and weight could have done more."

They had a tramp before them. Not that they were so far from home, but it was a long, weary wade through the snow, and Porter Hudson learned a good deal about the weight of rabbits by the time he laid his game down at the kitchen door of the farm-house. They had been growing heavier and heavier all the way, until he almost wished he had not killed more than one.

CHAPTER IV.

SUSIE and Pen had a grand ride to the farm-house, on the wood-sleigh.

Perched away up there on top of the brush-wood, they could get the full effect of every swing and lurch of the load under them. Vosh Stebbins had to chuckle again and again, in spite of his resolute politeness; for the girls would scream a little and laugh a good deal when the sleigh sank suddenly on one side in a snowy hollow, or slid too rapidly after the oxen down a rather steep slope. It was rather a cold ride, however, and when they reached the house, Susie Hudson almost had to quarrel with Aunt Judith to prevent being wrapped in a blanket and shoved up, in a big rocking-chair, into the very face of the sitting-room fire-place.

"Do let her alone, Judith," said Aunt Farnham. "I don't believe she 's been frost-bitten."

"I 'm not a bit cold now," asserted Susie.

"I 'm glad o' that," said Aunt Judith; "but are n't you hungry? Pen, bring up some krullers." Susie admitted that she could eat a kruller, and Pen had no need to be told twice.

When Vosh came back from the woods with his second load, it was dinner-time, and Deacon Farnham came with him. Only a few minutes later there was a great shouting at the kitchen door, and there were the two boys. The whole family rushed out to see what they had brought home, and Susie thought she had never seen her brother look quite so tall.

"Corry beat you, did he?" said Vosh, as he turned the rabbits over. Something in the tone of that remark seemed to add: "Of course, he did," and Port replied to it: "Well, he 's used to it. I never fired a gun before, in all my life."

That was a frank confession, and a very good one to make, for the Deacon exclaimed: "You never

did? Why, then, you've done well! You'll make a marksman, one of these days."

"Vosh," said Mrs. Farnham, "tell your mother to come over with you, after tea, and spend the evening."

"Thank you!" he replied. "She'll come. I know she will. I'll finish my chores early."

He swung his axe to his shoulder and marched away, very straight, with a curious feeling that some city people were looking at him.

The boys and the girls and the older people were all remarkably ready for their dinner as soon as it was on the table.

"Pen," said Susie, "I did n't know chopping down trees would make me so hungry."

"Yes," said Deacon Farnham, "it's as bad as killing deer. Port and Corry are suffering from that. You did your chopping, as they did their deer-killing, at a safe distance."

After dinner, it was a puzzle to every one where the time went to, it fled away so fast.

Pen took Susie all over the house and showed her everything in it, from the apples in the cellar to the spinning-wheel that had been carried upstairs the day before and would have to come down again to-morrow.

"Aunt Judith has a pile of wool, Susie. You ought to see it. She's going to spin enough yarn to last her all next summer."

"I'll get her to teach me to spin."

"Can you knit?" asked Pen. "If you can't, I'll teach you how. It's easy, as soon as you know."

Then Susie, in her turn, told Pen about her tidies and crochet-work and some other things, and was getting a little the best of the dialogue, when Pen asked, very doubtfully:

"Can you heel a stocking? It's worse, a good deal, than just to narrow them in at the toes. Aunt Judith says there are n't many women, nowadays, who can heel a stocking."

"I'll ask her to show me how. Dear me, Pen, do you know how late it is? How the time does fly to-day! Where does it go?"

Corry and Porter knew where a part of their time had gone, after they came from the barns and delivered to Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith the eggs they had found. Corry brought out his checker-board and laid it on the table in the sitting-room.

"It's a big one," said Porter. "Where are your men?"

"Hanging up there, in that bag. The wooden men were lost. We take horse-chestnuts for black men and walnuts for white ones."

"S'pose you make a king?"

"That's a butternut, if it's black. If it's white, you put on one of these bits of wood."

There was no danger of their getting out of

checker-men, but Corry Farnham had a lesson to learn.

Porter Hudson knew a great deal more about checkers than he did about tree chopping or rabbits.

Game after game was played, and it seemed to Corry as if his cousin "hit some of them on a full run." He got up from the last contest feeling a very fair degree of respect for Port; and the latter was quite restored to his own good opinion of himself.

That was comforting, for all his morning's experiences had been a little the other way, and he was not half sure he could hit a running rabbit again, if he should have a chance to try.

Susie and Pen had watched them for awhile, but both boys had been very obstinate in not making any of the "good moves" Pen pointed out to them.

There were "chores" to do, both before and after tea, and Porter went out with Corry, determined to undertake his share of them.

"Did you ever milk cows, Port?"

"Well, no; but I think I could if I tried."

"Well, I guess you'd best not try to-night, but you can learn before you go home. Some of our cows are skittish in cold weather."

Port was quite contented, after getting into the cow-yard, to let the milking be done by some one who knew how, and he had the satisfaction of seeing Corry himself kicked over into the snow—pail, milk, and all—by a brindled heifer.

There were pigs and cattle and horses to feed, and supper to be eaten, and when at last the boys had finished their duties, the rest of the family was already gathered in the sitting-room.

Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith had their knitting, and the Deacon had a newspaper in his lap, with his spectacles lying in the middle of it. It seemed, however, the most natural thing in the world that they all should be sitting in a great semicircle in front of the fire-place. The night promised to be a cold one, and the fire had been built for it in the most liberal manner.

"Corry," said Porter, "what are all those flat-irons and hammers for?"

"Why, to crack nuts. I'm going down cellar to bring up some butternuts and hickory nuts."

"I'll go with you, Corry."

"So will I," said Pen. "Come, Susie, and we'll bring up the apples and pears and some cider."

Corry and Pen carried candles; but the light only served to make the cellar look larger and darker and more mysterious. It seemed as if it had neither sides nor ends, but the heavy, black beams overhead were not so wonderfully far away. Pen showed Susie bin after bin of carefully selected

winter apples and pears; and there were half a dozen barrels of cider, ranged against one side of the cellar.

"It's all sweet enough now, but it will be hard enough, some time. Then some of it will be made into vinegar," she added.

"What's in the little barrel?" Susie asked.

"Aunt Judith's currant wine. Whenever anybody in the valley gets sick, she takes a bottle of it and gives it to the sick person. It's her one great medicine."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Susie, "just look at all the mince-pies on the swing-shelf! Why, Penelope Farnham!—how many are there?"

There were more than a dozen, for the swing-shelf ran the whole length of the cellar, straight down the middle, and it held double rows of pies, all ready to be carried up and warmed for use. Susie would have been willing to stay longer to inspect the treasures in that generous cellar, but Corry suddenly exclaimed:

"Port, let's hurry. They've come. Don't you hear Mrs. Stebbins?"

They could hear her now saying to Vosh:

"And, Lavaujer, you must mind one thing,—you must n't talk too much—"; but, the next moment, they reached the door.

Good Mrs. Farnham, while the young people were downstairs had thoughtfully walked out into the store-room adjoining the kitchen and returned with a long-handled wire corn-popper and a bag of what she called "tucket-corn." It was corn with small, round, blue-black kernels that can pop out larger and whiter for their size than any other kind that grows. There is a legend that the seed of it came originally from the island of Nantucket; but it has short, nubbing ears, and even the island Indians must have found it a poor crop for anything but "popping."

Mrs. Stebbins was inside the door now, for she never dreamed of knocking and waiting out in the cold until somebody should come to let her in. She was hardly over the threshold before she said, as she loosened her shawl:

"Judith, where are Susie and her brother and Corry and Pen? They have n't gone away somewhere the very first night, have they?"

"They're down in the cellar. They'll be up here in a minute. Now, Angeline, take off your hood and sit down. Vosh, there's a chair. Had n't you better take that popper and set to work?"

"Vosh tells me," began Mrs. Stebbins, "that the boys got half a dozen rabbits to-day. I don't care much for rabbits. And they saw a deer, too. I'd ha' thought they might ha' shot it, if it was nigh enough. But, then, a deer is n't anyways like as easy to kill now as it was when I was young. And

they were only a couple of boys, besides. I do say, now, here they come; and they're makin' racket enough for twenty."

They were coming, indeed. Clambering up out of the cellar with every pair of hands full, and Mrs. Stebbins did not stop for an instant.

"Susie, is that you? Well, now, I must kiss you, right away. Vosh said you were lookin' real pretty, and so you be; but he is n't always a good judge. I knew your mother when she was n't no older'n you be now. She was Josha-u-a Farnham's sister. And so she's gone South for her health and your father's gone with her, and you've come to put in the rest of your winter up here? I do declare, Lavaujer, if you are n't kerful you'll burn up every kernel of that corn. Don't stop to talk. Jest tend to your corn-popper."

She had managed to get up from her chair and kiss Susie without at all interrupting her discourse; but she was a little out of breath for a moment and sat still and watched them while they deposited upon the table the tall, brown pitcher of cider, the pans of fruit, and the maple sugar.

The young folk had a chance to say a word to Vosh, and Corry and Porter each picked up a flat-iron and a hammer. There were plenty of nuts ready for them, and the sound of the cracking, and of the rattling, bursting corn in the popper, mingled oddly with Susie's efforts to answer the rapid inquiries poured upon her by Mrs. Stebbins.

"Now, Susie, I'm glad you've come. You're right from the city, and you're well-nigh grown now, and you know all about the fashions. We don't hear a word about 'em up hereaway till they've all come and gone and somethin' else is in fashion. Got to wearin' short dresses, hev they? Think of me, or Judith, or your Aunt Sarah Farnham, in short dresses! I do say! What wont they put on next? Last things they invented were the little, skimp skirts, for hard times, that came so nigh bein' the ruin of the dry-goods men. Did n't take any cloth at all.—Lavaujer, you're a-talkin' again. You just 'tend to your pop-corn."

"Now, Angeline," said Mrs. Farnham, "do take an apple or a pear."

"Yes, Angeline," said Aunt Judith, "and here's a plate of popped corn and some nuts. Joshua, pour her out a mug of cider. Pen, go to the cupboard and fetch a plate of krullers. It's a very cold night."

"So it is," began Mrs. Stebbins, "but the winters are n't what they used to be. No more the butternuts are n't, somehow; but I must say you make out to have good fruit, though how you do it in these times beats me. Our trees die out."

Likely as not they did, but the attack had fairly begun, and poor Mrs. Stebbins found herself out-

numbered. The Deacon pressed her with the cider and Mrs. Farnham with the krullers. There was the heaped-up plate of snowy-white popped corn, and beside it was the tempting little hill of cracked hickory nuts and butternuts. Susie broke off for her a noble piece of maple sugar, and Aunt Judith herself took a candle and went down cellar for a couple of the best mince-pies. It was too much for even Mrs. Stebbins' conversational powers to resist.

"Oh, Vosh," suddenly exclaimed Susie, "Corry told us, this morning, about the bear you killed, last winter."

It was cruel to mention such a thing, just as Mrs. Stebbins had commenced to eat a kruller, and she began to say: "Yes, but once Lavaujer's father——" but she had to pause a moment, and Vosh took up the story with: "No, Susie, I did n't kill him. All three of us did it. We were n't twenty feet from him. Deacon Farnham fired first, and then I, and then Corry; we all had double-barreled guns, and we did n't one of us miss. But it was a big bear——"

"I knew a bear——" began Mrs. Stebbins, but Aunt Judith interrupted her with: "Now, Angeline, do take a slice of mince-pie. It's cold, but sometimes they're better cold than warm."

And the pie was too much for the memory of the other bear.

The sound of popping corn and cracking nuts had been almost incessant, and the young people had now succeeded in breaking all the ice the fire had left in the snug sitting-room. They were old acquaintances, all of them, and were chatting away merrily among themselves.

Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith seemed to keep steadily on with their knitting, whatever else they might be doing. It seemed to do itself, very much like their breathing. Even the Deacon managed to look into the corners of his newspaper while he pared an apple or talked to Mrs. Stebbins. The light of the great astral lamp on the table mingled with that from the fire-place, in a sort of reddish-golden glow, that flickered over the walls and faces in a way to make everything and everybody wear a warm, contented, cozy look that was just the right thing for a frosty winter evening.

"Vosh," said Corry, suddenly, "Port can beat you at checkers. You ought to have seen the way he beat me to-day. Try him a game."

"Now, Lavaujer," said his mother, from beyond the table, "you can play well enough for these parts, but you can't think of comin' up to a city fellow like Porter Hudson. He'll beat you, sure."

At all events, Vosh needed no more than that to make him try a game; so Penelope brought out the board and the home-made "checkers."

It must be confessed that, after his triumphant experience with Corry, Porter Hudson imagined himself to have quite taken the measure of up-country skill and science at that game. He sat down to his new trial, therefore, with a proud assurance of a victory to come. It would have been kind of Corry to have given his cousin the least bit of a warning, but that young gentleman himself had been too roughly handled to feel very merciful. Besides, he had some very small and lingering doubt as to the result, and was willing to wait for it.

He need not have had any doubt, since there was really no room for any. Vosh was a born checker-player, and it is never easy to beat players of that sort. Nobody ever knows exactly how they do it, and they themselves can not tell. Their spare men get to the king-row and their calculations come out right, and if you are Porter Hudson and are playing against them, you get beaten very badly and there's no help for you.

Corry watched the game with a suppressed chuckle, but it was a dreadful puzzle to Port. Even Pen did not venture to suggest a single good move, and the older people talked very quietly.

Mrs. Stebbins was a proud woman when Susie exclaimed: "Vosh has won!"

It was of no use for Aunt Judith to say: "Wont you have another slice of pie, Angeline? and some more cider?" Mrs. Stebbins responded:

"I don't care if I do. Only I'm afraid it'll make me dream and talk in my sleep. Lavaujer always did play checkers in spry style, but he is n't the player his father was when he was a young man. He did n't have any time to play checkers after he got to runnin' a farm of his own. Pie? Yes, Judith, you've got just the right knack of makin' mince pies"; and while she went on to tell of the various good and bad pies she had seen or tasted, all the rest agreed with her about those they were eating. In fact, the good things of all sorts went far to reconcile even Porter Hudson to his defeat, and Vosh was truly polite about that. In less than two minutes he managed to get the other boys and even the girls talking about hunting, skating, coasting, sleigh-riding, and catching fish through the ice.

The evening seemed to melt away, it went so fast, and no one was willing to believe how late it was when Mrs. Stebbins began to put on her hood. They all saw her and Vosh to the door, and did not close it until the gate shut behind the last remark the good woman tried to send back to them. It was something about boiled cider in mince-pies, but they failed to hear it all.

(To be continued.)

PIGMY TREES AND MINIATURE LANDSCAPES.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.



A PIGMY APPLE-TREE — AND FRUIT (SHOWN HALF THE ACTUAL SIZE).

IN some ways the Chinese and Japanese gardeners are the most successful of any in the world. They can control and direct the growth of plants to a degree that seems really marvelous until the principle upon which it is done is known, when, as in many other matters, it becomes quite simple.

The Chinese have such a strong liking for the grotesque, and unnatural, that the handiwork of their gardeners is not as pleasing as that of the Japanese gardeners. The Chinese understand the dwarfing of trees; but their best work is in so directing the growth of a tree or plant that it will resemble some hideous animal which is only fit to exist in a nightmare.

The Japanese, on the contrary, are remarkable for their love of what is beautiful and graceful, and,

consequently, ugly forms find no favor with them. Every Japanese has a garden if it be possible; but, as space is valuable in Japan, only the very rich can have large grounds, and the family in moderate circumstances must be content with a garden often smaller in area than the floor of one of our hall bedrooms in a narrow, city house.

Nevertheless, that small garden must contain as many objects as the large garden, and, of course, the only way of accomplishing the desired result is to have everything in miniature. It is no uncommon thing to see a whole landscape contained in a space no greater than the top of your dining table. There will be a mountain, a stream, a lake, rocky grottoes, winding paths, bridges, lawns, fruit trees, shrubs, and flowers; all so artistically laid out

as to resemble nature, itself. In the lake will swim wonderful, filmy-finned gold and silver fish, and not infrequently the tall form of a crane will be seen moving majestically about the tiny landscape.

This seems wonderful enough; but what will you think when I say that almost the same landscape is reproduced on so small a scale that the two pages of ST. NICHOLAS, as it lies open before you, can cover it! In this case, a tiny house is added; delicate green moss takes the place of grass, and glass covers the lake where the water should be. Counterfeit fish swim in the glass lake, and a false crane overlooks the whole scene, just as the real crane does the larger landscape. The mountain, winding walks, bridges, and rocky grottoes are in the little landscape; and real trees, bearing fruit, or covered with dainty blossoms, are in their proper places.

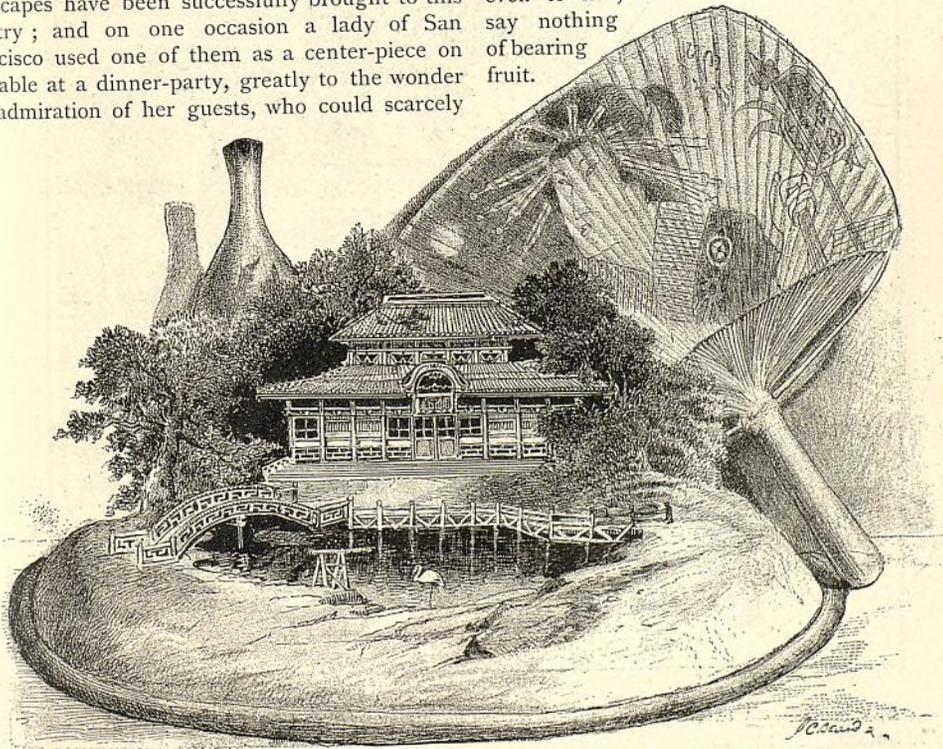
These trees are of the right proportions to fit the landscape, and they are, consequently, so tiny that one is tempted to doubt their reality; and more than one stranger has slyly taken the leaves or fruit between the fingers, in order to make sure that the dwarfs do truly live, and are not, like the fish and crane, mere counterfeits. These miniature landscapes have been successfully brought to this country; and on one occasion a lady of San Francisco used one of them as a center-piece on the table at a dinner-party, greatly to the wonder and admiration of her guests, who could scarcely

be convinced that the almost microscopic apples on the trees were genuine fruit.

And now comes the question—how is the dwarfing done? The principle is simple. The gardener merely thwarts nature. He knows that, to grow properly, a tree requires sunlight, heat, moisture, and nourishment from the soil. He takes measures to let the tree have only just enough of these to enable it to keep alive.

To begin, he takes a little seedling or cutting, about two inches high, and cuts off its main root. He then puts the plant in a shallow dish, with the cut end of the root resting against a stone, to retard its growth by preventing nourishment entering that way. Bits of clay the size of a bean are put in the dish, and are so regulated in kind and quantity as to afford the least possible food for the little rootlets which have been left on the poor little tree. Water, heat, and light are furnished the struggling plant in just sufficient quantities to hold life in it without giving it enough to thrive on. In addition, any ambitious attempt to thrive, in spite of these drawbacks, is checked by clipping with a sharp knife or searing with a red-hot iron.

After from five to fifteen years of such treatment, the only wonder is that the abused tree will consent even to live, to say nothing of bearing fruit.



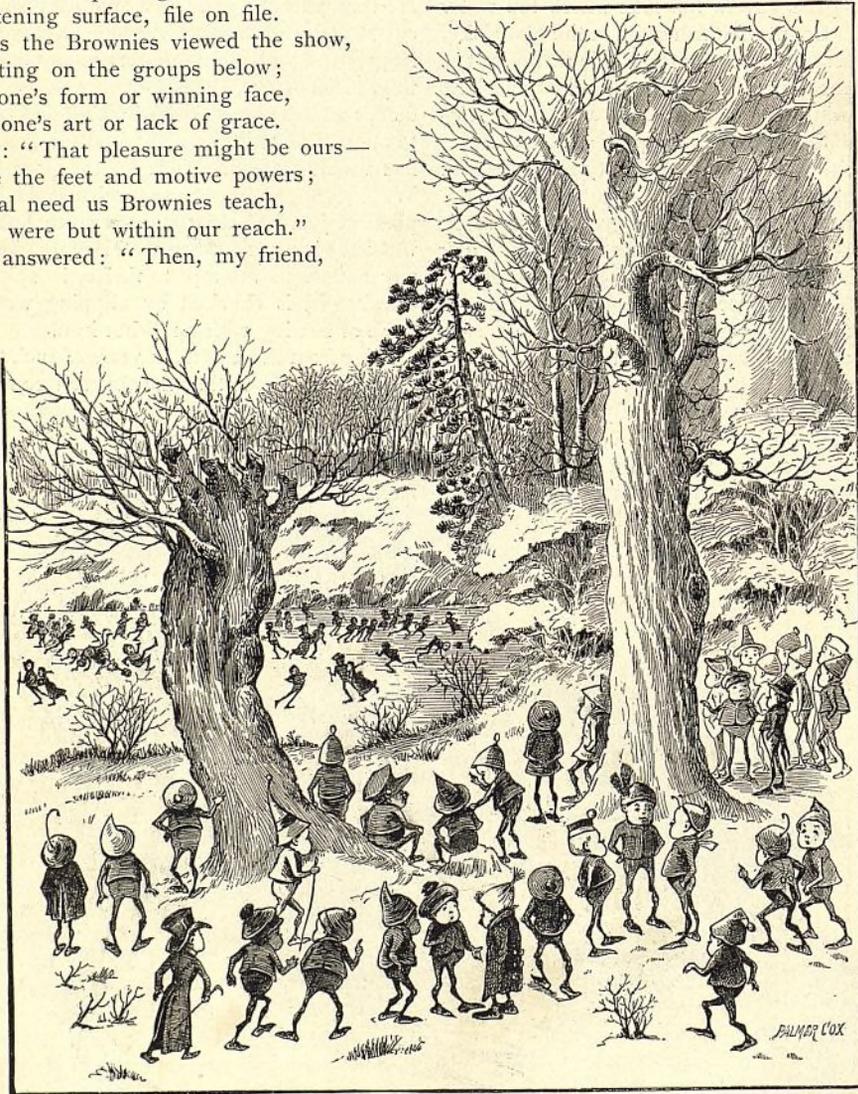
A MINIATURE LANDSCAPE-GARDEN WITH LIVING TREES.

THE BROWNIES ON SKATES.

BY PALMER COX.

ONE night, when mercury was low
 And winter wrapped the world in snow
 And bridged the streams in wood and field
 With ice as smooth as Roman shield,
 Some skaters swept in graceful style
 The glistening surface, file on file.
 For hours the Brownies viewed the show,
 Commenting on the groups below;
 On this one's form or winning face,
 On that one's art or lack of grace.
 Said one: "That pleasure might be ours—
 We have the feet and motive powers;
 No mortal need us Brownies teach,
 If skates were but within our reach."
 Another answered: "Then, my friend,

Like oranges from Cuba's shore;
 Behind the dusty counter stands
 A native of the Holy Lands;
 The place is filled with various things,



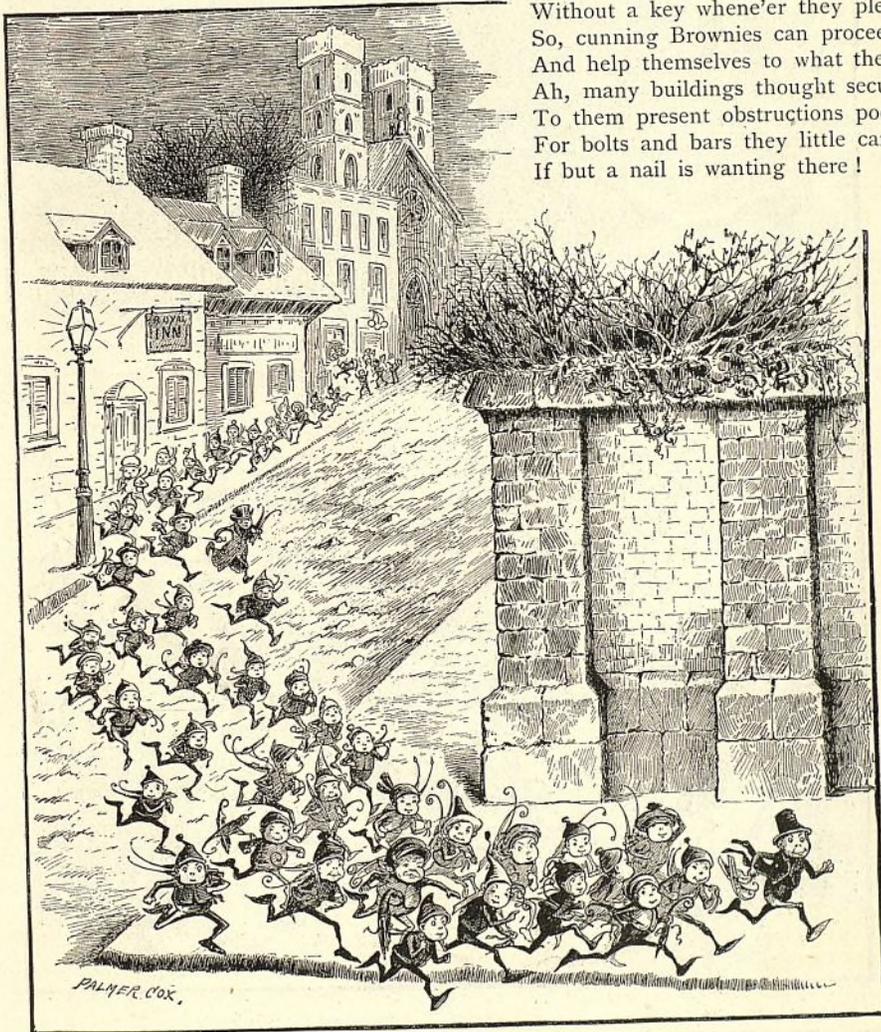
To hear my plan let all attend.
 I have a building in my mind
 That we within an hour can find.
 Three golden balls hang by the door,

From baby-carts to banjo-strings;
 Here hangs a gun without a lock
 Some pilgrim bore to Plymouth rock;
 And there a pair of goggles lie,

That stared at Cromwell marching by;
 While piles of club and rocker skates
 Of every shape the buyer waits!
 Though second-hand, I'm sure they'll do,
 And serve our wants as well as new.
 That place we'll enter as we may,
 To-morrow night, and bear away
 A pair, the best that come to hand,
 For every member of the band."

When evening next her visit paid
 To fold the earth in robes of shade;
 Then down beneath the golden balls,
 As thick as bees when Flora calls
 From apple bough or clover mead,
 The Brownies gathered as agreed,
 To venture boldly and procure
 The skates that would their fun insure.
 As rats and mice can make a breach

To goods we thought beyond their reach,
 And visits pay to cake and cheese
 Without a key whene'er they please,
 So, cunning Brownies can proceed
 And help themselves to what they need.
 Ah, many buildings thought secure,
 To them present obstructions poor,
 For bolts and bars they little care
 If but a nail is wanting there!

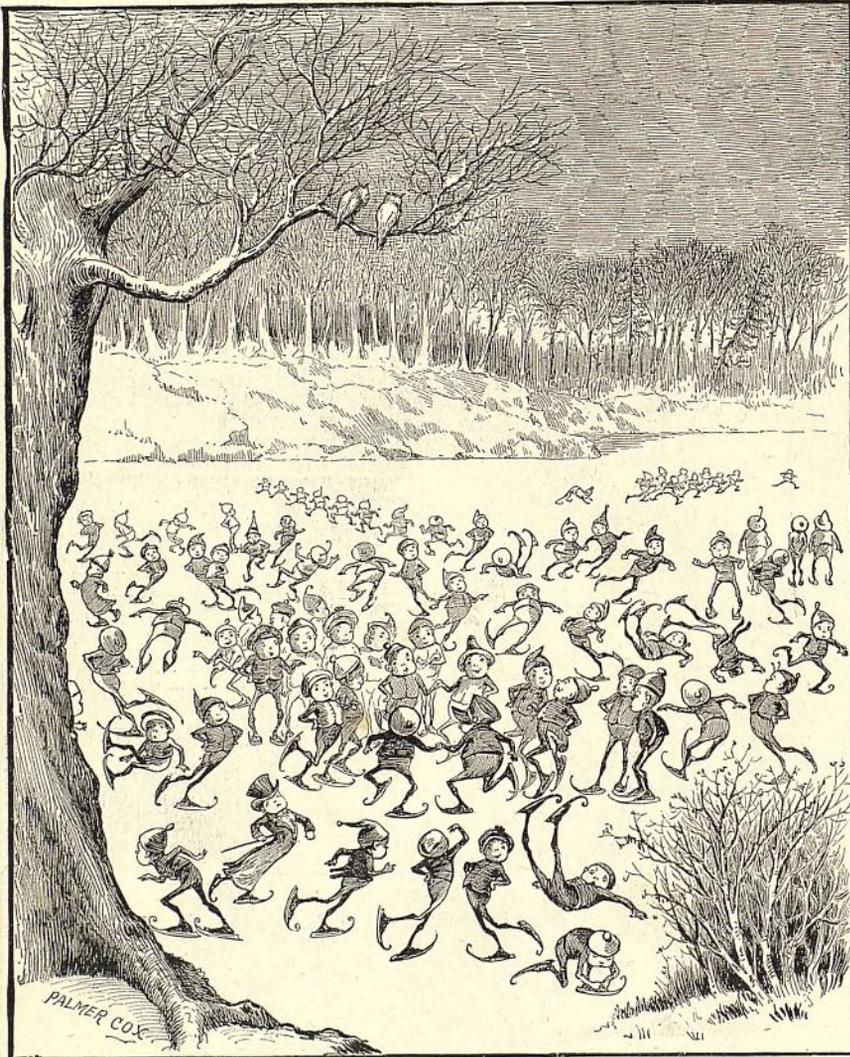


At once, the enterprise so bold
 Received support from young and old.
 A place to muster near the town,
 And meeting hour they noted down;
 And then retiring for the night,
 They soon were lost to sound and sight.

A panel gone, a broken pane,
 A shingle loose they find like rain.
 Or, failing these, with ease descend
 Like Santa Claus and gain their end.
 As children to the windows fly
 At news of Jumbo passing by,

So rushed the eager band away
 To fields of ice without delay.
 Though far too large at heel and toe,
 The skates were somehow made to go.
 But out behind and out before,
 Like spurs, they stuck a span or more,
 Alike afflicting foe and friend

To race in clusters to and fro,
 To jump and turn and backward go,
 Until a rest on bed so cool,
 Was more the wonder than the rule.
 But from the lake they all withdrew
 Some hours before the night was through,
 And hastened back with lively feet



In bringing journeys to an end,
 They had their slips and sudden spreads,
 Where heels flew higher than their heads,
 As people do, however nice,
 When venturing first upon the ice.
 But soon they learned to curve and wheel
 And cut fine scrolls with scoring steel,

Through narrow lane and silent street,
 Until they reached the broker's door
 With every skate that left the store.
 And, ere the first faint gleam of day,
 The skates were safely stowed away;
 Of their brief absence not a trace
 Was left within the dusty place.

THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure in Tierra del Fuego.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FLURRY WITH FUR-SEALS.

As if Captain Gancy's petition had been heard by the All-merciful, and is about to have favorable response, the next morning breaks clear and calm; the fog all gone, and the sky blue, with a bright sun shining in it—rarest of sights in the cloud-lands of Tierra del Fuego. All are cheered by it; and, with reviving hope, eat breakfast in better spirits, a fervent grace preceding.

They do not linger over the repast, as the skipper and Seagriff are impatient to ascend to the summit of the isle, the latter in hopes of making out some remembered land-mark. The place where they have put in is on its west side, and the high ground interposed hinders their view to the eastward, while all seen north and south is unknown to the old carpenter.

They are about starting off, when Mrs. Gancy says interrogatively:

"Why should n't we go, too?"—meaning herself and Leoline, as the daughter is prettily named.

"Yes, Papa," urges the young girl; "you'll take us along, wont you?"

With a glance up the hill, to see whether the climb be not too difficult, he answers:

"Certainly, dear; I've no objection. Indeed, the exercise may do you both good, after being so long shut up on board ship."

"It would do us all good," thinks Henry Chester—for a certain reason wishing to be of the party, that reason, as any one might see, being Leoline. He does not speak his wish, however, backwardness forbidding, but is well pleased at hearing her brother, who is without bar of this kind, cry out:

"Yes, Father. And the other pair of us, Harry and myself. Neither of us have got our land legs yet, as we found yesterday while fighting the penguins. A little mountaineering will help to put the steady into them."

"Oh, very well," assents the good-natured skipper. "You may all come—except Cæsar. He had better stay by the boat, and keep the fire burning."

"Jess so, massa Cap'n, an much obleeged to ye. Dis chile perfur stayin'. Golly! I doan' want to

tire myself to deff, a-draggin' up dat ar pressypus. 'Sides, I hab got ter look out fo' de dinner, 'gainst yer gettin' back."

"The doctor"* speaks the truth, in saying he does not wish to accompany them; being one of the laziest mortals that ever sat by a fire. So, without further parley, they set forth, leaving him by the boat.

At first, they find the up-hill slope gentle and easy; their path leading through hummocks of tall tussac,—the tops of the leaves away above their heads and the flower-scapes many feet higher. Their chief difficulty is the spongy nature of the soil, in which they sink at times ankle-deep. But further up, it is drier and firmer; the lofty tussac giving place to grass of humbler stature; in fact, a sward so short that the ground appears as though freshly mown. Here the climbers catch sight of a number of moving creatures, which they might easily mistake for quadrupeds. Hundreds of them are running to and fro, like rabbits in a warren, and quite as fast. Yet they are really birds, of the same species which supplied so considerable a part of their yesterday's dinner and to-day's breakfast. The strangest thing of all is that these Protean creatures, which seem fitted only for an aquatic existence, should be so much at home on land, so ably using their queer wings as substitutes for legs that they can run up or down high and precipitous slopes with equal ease and swiftness.

From the experience of yesterday, the climbers might anticipate attack by the penguins. But that experience has taught the birds a lesson, too, which they now profit by, scuttling off, frightened at the sight of the murderous invaders, who have made such havoc among them and their nestlings.

On the drier upland, still another curious bird is encountered, singular in its mode of breeding and other habits. A petrel it is, about the size of a house pigeon, and of a slate-blue color. This bird, instead of laying its eggs, like the penguin, on the surface of the ground, deposits them, like the sand-martin and burrowing owl, at the bottom of a hole. Part of the ground over which the climbers have to pass is honey-combed with these holes, and they see the birds passing in and out—Seagriff meanwhile imparting a curious item of information about them. It is that the Fuegians

* The popular sea-name for a ship's cook.

tie strings to the legs of certain small birds and force them into the petrels' nests; whereupon the rightful owners, attacking and following the intruders as they are jerked out by the cunning decoyers, are themselves captured.

Continuing upward, the slope is found to be steeper, and more difficult than was expected. What from below seemed a gentle acclivity turns out to be almost a precipice,—a very common illusion with those unaccustomed to mountain climbing. But they are not daunted—every one of the men has stood on the main truck of a tempest-tossed ship. What to this were the mere scaling of a cliff? The ladies, too, have little fear, and will not consent to stay below; but insist on being taken to the very summit.

The last quarter proves the most difficult. The only practicable path is up a sort of gorge, rough-sided, but with the bottom smooth and slippery as ice. It is grass-grown all over, but the grass is beaten close to the surface, as if school-boys had been "coasting" down it. All except Seagriff suppose it to be the work of the penguins—he knows better what has done it. Not birds, but beasts, or "fish," as he would call them—the *amphibia* in the chasing, killing, and skinning of which he has spent many years of his life. Even blind-folded, he could have told it was they; by their peculiar odor.

"Them fur-seals hev been up hyar," he says. "They kin climb like cats, spite o' thar lubberly look, and they delight in baskin' on high ground. I've know'd 'em to go up a hill steeper an' higher 'n this. They've made it as smooth as ice, and we'll hev to hold on keerfully. I guess ye'd better all stay-hyar till I give it a trial."

"Oh, it's nothing, Chips," says young Gancy, "we can easily swarm up."

He would willingly take the lead himself, but is lending a hand to his mother; while, in like manner, Henry Chester is intrusted with the care of Leoline—a duty he would be loth to transfer to another.

The old sealer makes no more delay; but, leaning forward and clutching the grass, draws himself up the steep slope. In the same way, the Captain follows; then Ned, carefully assisting his mother; and lastly, but with no less alacrity, the young Englishman, helping Leoline.

Seagriff, still vigorous—for he has not much passed manhood's prime—and unhampered, reaches the head of the gorge long before the others. But as soon as his eyes are above it, and he has a view of the summit level, he sees there something

to astonish him: the whole surface, nearly an acre in extent, is covered with fur-seals, lying close together like pigs in a sty! This sight, under other circumstances, he would have hailed with a shout of joy; but now it elicits from him a cry of apprehension; for the seals have taken the alarm, too, and are coming on in a rush toward the ravine, their only way to the water.

"Thunder an' airthquakes!" he exclaims, in highest pitch of voice. "Look out thar, below!"

They do look out, or rather up, and with no little alarm. But the cause of it none can as yet tell. But they see Seagriff spring to one side of the gorge and catch hold of a rock to steady himself, while he shouts to them to do the same. Of course, they obey; but they barely have time to get out of the ravine's bed, before a stream, a torrent, a very cataract of living forms comes pouring down it—like monsters in appearance, all open-mouthed and each mouth showing a double row of glittering teeth. A weird, fear-inspiring procession it is, as they go floundering past, crowding one another, snapping, snorting, and barking, like so many mastiffs! Fortunately for the spectators, the creatures are fur-seals, and not the fierce sea-lions; for the fur-seal is inoffensive, and shows fight only when forced to it. These are but acting in obedience to the most ordinary instinct, as they are seeking self-preservation by retreat to the sea—their true home and haven of safety.

The flurry lasts for but a brief while, ending as abruptly as it began. When all the seals have passed, our party resumes the ascent and continue it till all stand upon the summit. But not *all* in silence; for turning his eyes north-eastward, and seeing there a snow-covered mountain,—a grand cone, towering thousands of feet above all the others,—Seagriff plucks off his hat and, waving it around his head, sends up a joyous huzza, and cries out:

"Now I know whar we are better 'n a hul ship-full o' kompasses an' kernometers kud tell us. *Yon's Sarmiento!*"

CHAPTER IX.

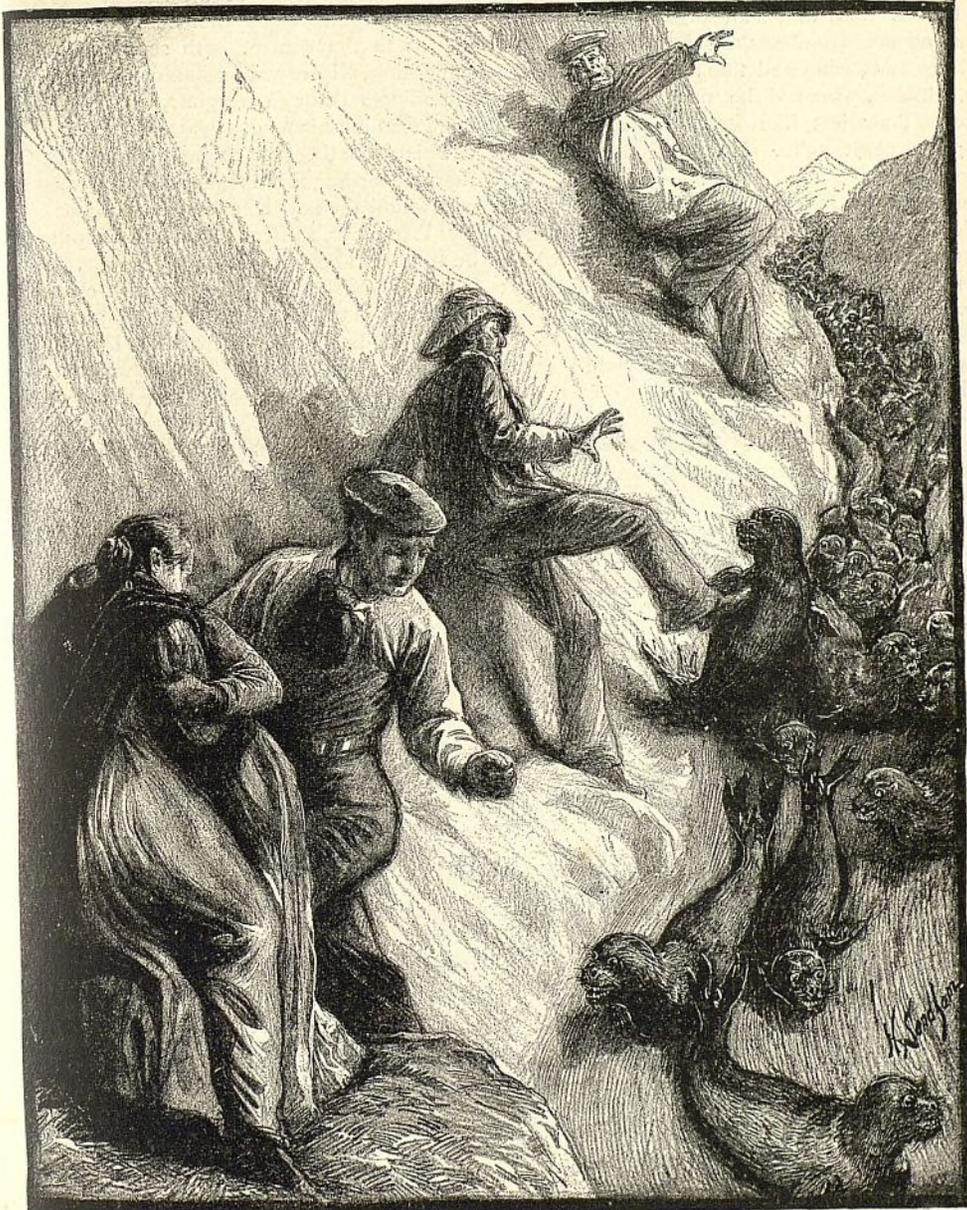
AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.

"YIS, Captin, thet's Sarmiento, an' nary doubt of it," pursues the old sealer. "I'd reck'noise thet mountin 'mong a millyun. 'T air the highest in all Feweege.* An' we must be at the mouth o' Des'late Bay, jest as I wor suspectin'. Wal, 'ceptin' them ugly things I told ye 'bout, we kud n't be in a better place."

* The height of Sarmiento, according to Captain King, is 6800 feet, though others make it out higher—one estimate giving it 6967. It is the most conspicuous, as well as the highest of Fuegian mountains,—a grand cone, always snow-covered for thousands of feet below the summit, and sometimes to its base.

"Why?" inquires the captain, dubiously.
 "'Kase it aint a bay, at all; but the entrance
 to a soun' bearin' the name o' 'Whale Boat Soun'.'

thing ez 'll help us; our coorse is laid out to a p'int
 o' the kompass! All we 'll hev to do is to run
 east'ard through the Beagle Channel, an' then 'long



"THEY HAVE BARELY TIME TO GET OUT OF THE RAVINE'S BED BEFORE A TORRENT OF LIVING FORMS COMES POURING DOWN IT."

An thet's open water, too, communicatin' wi'
 another known ez 'Darwin Soun'—the which larst
 leads right inter the Beagle Channel."

"But what of all that, Chips? How can it
 help us?"

"Help us! Why, 't air the very i-dentical

the open coast to Good Success Bay, in the Straits
 o' Le Maire. Thar we 'll be a'most sure o' findin'
 some o' the sealin' vessels, thet bein' one o' thar
 rendeyvoos when they 're fishin' roun' Staten
 Land."

"You think that better then than trying to the

northward for the Straits of Magellan?" inquires Captain Gancy.

"Oceans o' odds better. To reach Magellan we 'd hev to work out seaward ag'in, an' back past the 'Furies,' whar thar 's all sorts o' cross-currents to contend wi'. Goin' east'ard through the Beagle, we 'll hev both wind and tide a'most allers in our favor. 'Sides, there 'd be no bother 'bout the coorse. 'T air jest like steerin' in a river, an' along the coast ag'in. I 'm wall acquaint' wi' every inch o' 't."

That Captain Gancy, an experienced navigator, should be unacquainted with the Beagle Channel may seem strange. But at the time of which we write, this remarkable passage was of recent discovery, and not yet laid down on the charts.

"How about the other matter?" he asks, in half whisper, glancing significantly toward his wife and daughter, who are but a few paces off. "Will the Beagle course be any the safer for that?"

"I can't say 't will, sir," is the answer, in like undertone. "Tho' it wont be any worse. Guess the danger 's 'bout equil eytherways."

"What danger?" questions young Gancy, who has overheard the ugly word.

"O' the gig gettin' bilged, Mister Ed'ard," is the ready, but not truthful, rejoinder. "In coorse thar 's rough seas everywhar through Fireland, an' wi' such a mite o' a boat, we 'll hev to be on the keerful."

"Then," says the Captain, his mind made up, after long and minutely examining sea and coast all around through his glass, "then by the Beagle Channel be it. And we may as well set out at once. I can see nothing of the pinnace. If she 'd weathered the gale and put in this way, they 'd be sure to sail on for the main-land. In that case, they may sight us when we get well out on the open water."

"Jest so, Captin'g," says Seagriff, "an' as ye perpose, we mout as well make the start now. We kin gain nothin' by stayin' hyar."

"All right, then. Let us be off."

So saying, the skipper takes a last look through the binocular, with a lingering hope that something may still be seen of the consort boat; then, disappointed, he leads the way down to the landing-place.

Their further stay on the island is for but a few minutes,—while the two youths make a fresh raid on the penguinnery, and rob it of another dozen of the young birds, as boat stores. Some tussac asparagus is also added; and then all resume their places on the thwarts, this time with everything properly stowed and ship-shape.

Once more under way, they encounter a heavy ground swell; but the breeze is in their favor and,

with the sail set, they are able to keep steadily before it. They have no trouble in making their course, as the sky is clear, and Sarmiento—an all-sufficient guide-post—always visible. But although neither Captain Gancy nor Seagriff has any anxiety as to the course, both seem anxious about something, all the while scanning the water ahead; the skipper through his glass, the old sealer with hand shading his eyes.

This attracting the attention of young Gancy, sharp at reading facial expression, as are most men who follow the sea, he asks, after a time:

"What is it, father? You and Chips appear to be troubled about something."

"Wal, Mister Ed'ard, thar aint ennythin' ru-markabul in thet, sitiwated ez we air; it 's only nateral to be allers expectin' trouble o' some sort. You youngsters don't think o' thet, ez we old uns do."

The old sealer has made haste to answer a question not put to him. He fears that the skipper, in his solicitude as husband and father, may break down, and betray the secret that oppresses them.

Vain the attempt at concealing it longer; for the very next instant the Captain himself exclaims:

"Ha! yonder! A boat full of people putting off from the shore!"

"Mout it be the pinnace, Captin'g?"

"No, Chips; it 's some sort of native craft. Look for yourself." And he hands him the binocular.

"Yer right, sir," says Seagriff, after a look through the glass. "A Feweeegin canoe it air, an' I do believe they 're *Ailikoleeps!* Ef so, we may look out for squalls."

Both his words and tone tell of fear,—confessed at last, since he knows it can no longer be concealed. But the others are only surprised, for as yet they are ignorant of any danger which may arise from an interview with the natives, of whom they know nothing.

Meanwhile, the canoe has pulled well out from the shore—the northern one—and is evidently making to meet the gig in mid-water, an encounter which can not be avoided; the breeze being now light and the boat having little way. Seeing it to be inevitable, the Captain says:

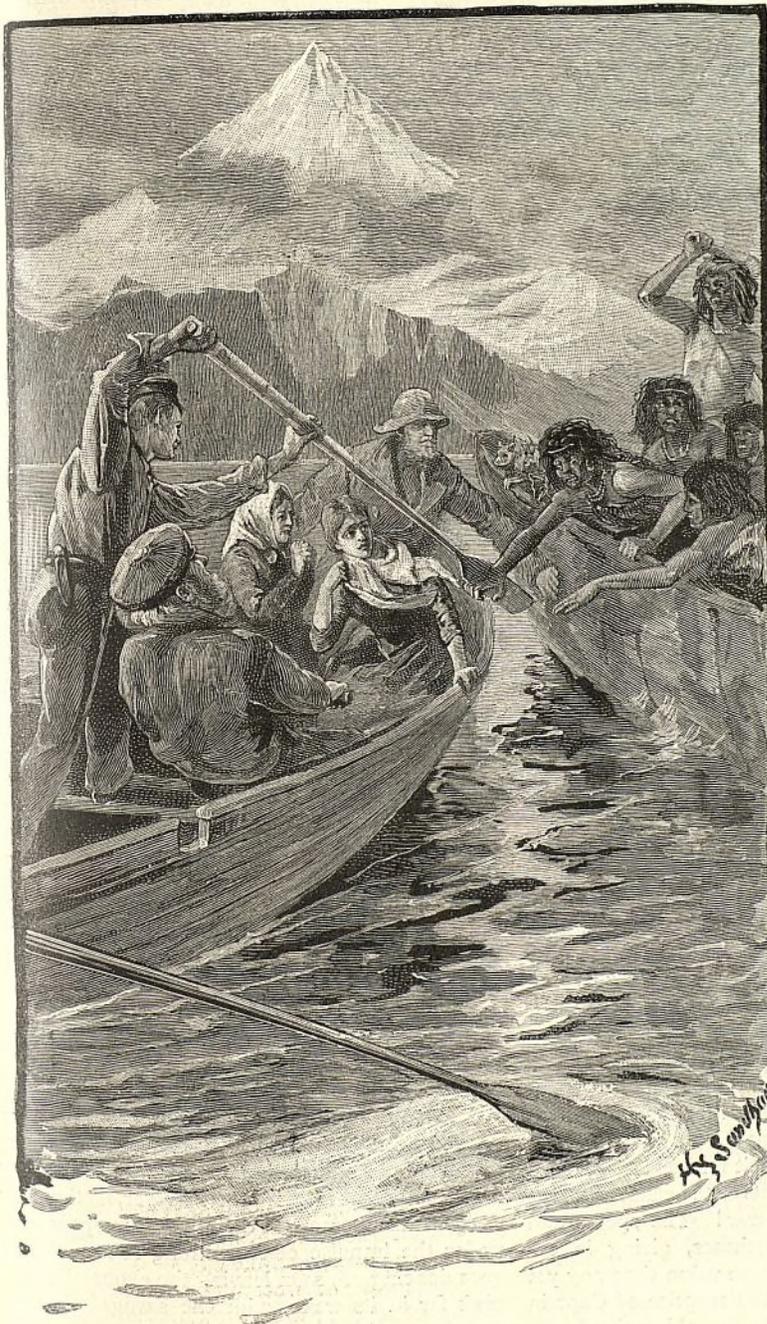
"We may as well show a bold front, and speak them, I suppose?"

"Yes," assents Seagriff, "thet air the best way. 'Sides, thar 's no chance o' our gettin' past 'em out o' reach o' thar sling-stones. But I guess we hev n't much to fear from thet lot, ef thar are n't others to jine 'em; an' I don't see any others."

"Nor do I," indorses the Captain, sweeping the shore line with his glass. "It 's the only craft I can see anywhere."

"Wal, *it* aint on a warlike bender, whether

Ailikoleep or no; seein' as thar 's weemen an' childer in 't. So, I reck'n, thar 's nothin' to be skeart about enough for hailing; which, however, they have been doing all along, shouting in high-pitched voices and frantically gesticulating.



THE FUEGIAN WOMAN CLUTCHES AT LEOLINE'S SCARF.

jest yet, though you niver kin tell for sartin what the critters air up to, till they show it themselves."

By this, the Fuegians have approached near

breed, but smaller. Of the human element,—if human it can be called,—all are savages of the lowest type and wildest aspect, their coarse, shaggy

They cry: "Ho-say! ho-say!" in quick repetition, two of them standing up and waving skins of some sort above their heads.

"Thet means to hold palaver, an' hev a dicker wi' 'em," says Seagriff. "They want to trade off thar pelts an' sech like."

"All right," assents the Captain. "Be it so; and we may as well douse the sail and lie by; we 're making no way, anyhow."

At this, the sail is lowered away, and the boat lies motionless on the water, awaiting the approach of the canoe.

In a few seconds, the native craft comes paddling up, but for a time keeps beyond grappling distance,—a superfluous precaution on the part of the Fuegians, but very agreeable to those in the gig. Especially so, now that they have a nearer view of their visitors. There are, in all, thirteen of them: three men, four women, and the rest girls and boys of different ages; one of the women having an infant tied to her by a scarf fastened over one of her shoulders. Nearly a dozen dogs are in the canoe also,—diminutive, fox-like animals with short ears, resembling the Esquimaux

hair hanging like loose thatch over low foreheads, and partially shading their little, bleary, red eyes. Hideous are they to very deformity. Nor is their ugliness diminished, but rather heightened, by a variety of pigments,—ochre, charcoal, and chalk, laid thick upon their faces and bodies with an admixture of seal oil or blubber. The men are scantily clothed, with only one kind of garment, a piece of skin hung over their shoulders and lashed across the chest; and all the women wearing a sort of apron skirt of penguin skins.

The canoe is a rough, primitive structure: several breadths of bark stitched together with sinews of the seal and gathered up at the ends. Along each side a pole is lashed joining the gunwale rail, while several stout pieces laid crosswise serve as beam timbers. In the bottom, amidships, is a mud hearth on which burns a fire, with sticks set up around it to dry. There are three compartments in the craft, separated from one another by the cross-pieces; in the forward one are various weapons—spears, clubs, and sling-stones—and fishing implements. The amidships section holds the fire-hearth, the men having place on the forward side of it; the women, who do the paddling, are seated further aft; while in the stern division are stowed the boys, girls, and dogs.

Such is the picture taken in by the gig's people, and at a glance; for they have neither time nor opportunity to examine it minutely, as the Fuegians keep up a continual shouting and gesticulating; their hoarse, guttural voices mingled with the barking of the dogs making a very pandemonium of noise.

A sign from Seagriff, however, and a word or two spoken in their own tongue, brings about a lull and an understanding, and the traffic commences. Sea-otter and fox skins are exchanged for such useless trifles as chance to be in the gig's lockers, the savage hucksters not proving exorbitant in their demands. Two or three broken bottles, a couple of empty sardine boxes, with some buttons and scraps of colored cloth, buy up almost all their stock-in-trade, leaving them not only satisfied, but under the belief that they have outwitted the *akifca-akinesh* (white men).

Still, they continue to solicit further traffic, offering not only their implements of the chase and fishing, but their weapons of war! The spears and slings Seagriff eagerly purchases, giving in exchange several effects of more value than any yet parted with, somewhat to the surprise of Captain Gancy. But confident that the old sealer has a

good and sufficient reason, the Captain says nothing, and lets him have his way.

The Fuegian women are no less solicitous than the men about the barter, and eagerly take a hand in it. Unlike their sisters of civilization, they are willing to part with articles of personal adornment; even that most prized by them, the shell necklace.* Aye, more, what may seem incredible, she with the child—her own baby—has taken a fancy to a red scarf of China-crape worn by Leoline, and pointing first to it and then to the babe on her shoulder, she plucks the little one from its lashings and holds it up with a coaxing expression on her countenance, like a cheap-jack tempting a simpleton at a fair to purchase a pinchbeck watch!

"Whatever does the woman want?" asks Mrs. Gancy, greatly puzzled; all the rest sharing her wonder, save Seagriff, who answers, with a touch of anxiety in his voice:

"She wants to barter off her babby, ma'am, for that 'ere scarf."

"Oh!" exclaims Leoline, shocked, "surely you don't mean that, Mr. Chips."

"Sure I do, Miss; neyther more nor less. Thet's jest what the unnatural woman air up to. An' she would n't be the first as hez done the same. I've heerd afore uv a Feweeegin woman bein' willin' to sell her chile for a purty piece o' cloth like that."

The shocking incident brings the bargaining to an end. Situated as they are, the gig's people have no desire to burden themselves with Fuegian *bric-à-brac*, and have consented to the traffic only for the sake of keeping on good terms with the traffickers. But it has become tiresome; and Captain Gancy, eager to be off, orders oars out, the wind having quite died away.

Out go the oars, and the boat is about moving off, when the inhuman mother tosses her pickaninny into the bottom of the canoe, and, reaching her long, skinny arm over the gig's stern-sheets, makes a snatch at the coveted scarf! She would have clutched it, had not her hand been struck down, on the instant, by the blade of an oar-wielded by Henry Chester.

The hag, foiled in her attempt, sets up a howl of angry disappointment, her companions joining in the chorus and sawing the air with threatening arms. Impotent is their rage, however, for the crafty Seagriff has secured all their missile weapons; and under the impulse of four strong rowers, the gig goes dancing on, soon leaving the clumsy Fuegian craft far in its wake, with the savages shouting and threatening vengeance.

*The shell most in vogue among Fuegian *belles* for neck adornment is a pearl oyster (*Margarita violacea*) of an iridescent purplish color, and about half an inch in diameter. It is found adhering to the kelp, and forms the chief food of several kinds of sea-birds, among others the "steamer duck." Shells and shell-fish play a large part in Fuegian domestic (!) economy. A large kind of barnacle (*Concholepas Peruviana*) furnishes their drinking cups; while an edible mollusc (*Mactra edulis*) and several species of limpet (*Patella*) help out their often scanty larder.

CHAPTER X.

SAVED BY A WILLIWAW.

"WAL!" says the old sealer, with an air of relief, when he sees that danger past, "I guess we've gin 'em the slip. But what a close shave! Ef I hed n't contrived to dicker 'em out o' the sling fixin's, they mout 'a' broke some o' our skulls."

"Ah! that's why you bought them," rejoins the skipper; "I perceive now what you were up to," he adds, "and a good bargain you made of it, Chips."

"But why should we have cared?" asks Henry Chester, his English blood aroused, and his temper ruffled by the fright given Leoline. "What had we to fear from such miserable wretches? Only three men of them, and five of us!"

"Aye, Mister Henry, that's all true as to the numbers. But ef they war only *one* to our five, they would n't regard the odds, a bit. They're like wild animals, an' fight jest the same. I've seed a Feweegin, only a little mite uv a critter, make attack on a w'ale-boat's crew o' sealers, an' gi'e sev'ral uv 'em ugly wounds. They don't know sech a thing as fear, no more 'n a trapped badger. Neyther do thar weemen, who fight jest the same 's the men. Thar aint a squaw in that canoe as cud n't stan' a tussle wi' the best o' us. 'Sides, ye forgit that we have n't any weepens to fight 'em with 'ceptin' our knives." This was true; neither gun, pistol, nor other offensive arm having been saved from the sinking "Calypso." "An' our knives," he continues, "they 'd 'a' been o' but little use aginst their slings, wi' the which they kin send a stone a good hundred yards.* Aye, Mister Henry, an' the spears, too. Ef we hed n't got holt o' them, some uv 'em mout be stickin' in us now. Ez ye may see, they're the sort for dartin'."

The English youth, exulting in the strength and vigor of growing manhood, is loath to believe all this. He makes no response, however, having eased his feelings, and being satisfied with the display he has made of his gallantry by that well-timed blow with the oar.

"In any case," calmly interposes the skipper, "we may be thankful for getting away from them."

"Yis, Captin'," says Seagriff, his face still wearing an anxious expression, "ef we hev got away from 'em, the which aint sartin yit. I've my fears we have n't seen the last o' that ugly lot."

While speaking, his eyes are fixed on the canoe in an earnest, interrogating gaze, as though

he sees something to make him uneasy. Such a thing he does see; and the next instant he declares, in excited tones:

"No! Look at what they're doin'!"

"What?" asks the Captain.

"Sendin' up a signal smoke. Thet's thar trick, an' ne'er another."

Sure enough, a smoke is seen rising over the canoe, quite different from that previously observed—a white, curling cloud more like steam or what might proceed from straw set on fire. But they are not left long conjecturing about it, ere their attention is called to another and similar smoke on the land.

"Yonner!" exclaims Seagriff. "Thar's the answer. An' yonner, an' yonner!" he adds, pointing to other white puffs that shoot up along the shore like the telegraphy of a chain of semaphores.†

"T air lookin' bad for us now," he says in under-tone to the Captain, and still gazing anxiously toward the shores. "Thar's Feweebins ahead on both sides, and they're sure to put out fur us. Thet's Burnt Island on the port bow, and Cath'rine to starboard, both 'habited by Ailikoleeps. The open water beyant is Whale-boat Soun'; an' ef we kin git through the narrer atween, we may still hev a chance to show 'em our starn. Thar's a sough in the soun', that tells o' wind thar, an' onct in it we'll git the help o' the sail."

"They're putting out now," is the Captain's rejoinder, as through his glass he sees canoe after canoe part from the shore, one shooting out at every point where there is a smoke.

When clear of the fringe of overhanging trees, the canoes are visible to the others; fifteen or twenty of them leaving the land on both sides, and all making toward the middle of the strait, where it is narrowest, evidently with the design of heading off the boat.

"Keep her well to starboard, Captin'!" sings out the old sealer, "near as may be to the p'int o' Cath'rine Island. Ef we kin git past thet 'fore they close on us, we'll be safe."

"But had n't we better put about and put back? We can run clear of them that way."

"Cl'ar o' the canoes ahead, yis! But not o' the others astarn. Look yonner! Thar's more o' em puttin' out ahint—the things air everywhar!"

"'T will be safer to run on, then, you think?"

"I do, sir. B'sides, thar's no help for 't now. It's our only chance, an' it aint sech a bad un, eyther. I guess we kin do it yit."

* Seagriff does not exaggerate. Their skill with this weapon is something remarkable. Captain King thus speaks of it: "I have seen them strike a cap, placed upon the stump of a tree fifty or sixty yards off, with a stone from a sling." And again, speaking of an encounter he had with Fuegians: "It is astonishing how very correctly they throw them, and to what a distance. When the first stone fell close to us, we all thought ourselves out of musket shot!"

† A kind of telegraph or apparatus for conveying information by means of signals visible at a distance, and as oscillating arms or flags by daylight and lanterns at night. A simple form is still employed.

"Lay out to your oars, then, my lads," cries the skipper, steering as he has been advised. "Pull your best, all!"

A superfluous command that, for already they are straining every nerve, all awake to the danger drawing nigh. Never in their lives were they in greater peril, never threatened by a fate more fearful than that impending now. For, as the canoes come nearer, it can be seen that there are only men in them; men of fierce aspect, every one of them armed!

"Nary woman nor chile!" mutters Seagriff, as

stroke, a retarding whiff of wind, may bring death to those in the gig, or capture, which is the same. Yet they see life beyond, if they can but reach it,—life in a breeze, the "sough" on the water, of which Seagriff spoke. It is scarce two cables' length ahead. Oh, that it were but one! Still they have hope, as the old sealer shouts encouragingly:

"We may git into it yet. Pull, boys; pull wi' might an' main!"

His words spur them to a fresh effort, and the boat bounds on, the oars almost lifting her out



"ARE WE TO BE STONED TO DEATH?"

though talking to himself. "Thet means war, an' the white feathers stickin' up out o' thar skulls, wi' thar faces chalked like circus clowns! War to the knife, for sartin!"

Still other, if not surer, evidences of hostility are the spears bristling above their heads, and the slings in their hands, into which they are seen slipping stones to be ready for casting. Their cries, too, shrilling over the water, are like the screams of rapacious birds about to pounce on prey which they know can not escape them.

And now the canoes are approaching mid-channel, closing in from either side like a V, and the boat must pass between them. Soon it has some of them abeam, with others on the bows. It is running the gauntlet, with apparently a very poor chance of running it safely. The failure of an oar-

of the water. The canoes abeam begin to fall astern, but those on the bows are forging dangerously near; while the savages in them, now on their feet, brandish spears and wind their slings above their heads. Their fiendish cries and furious gestures, with their ghastly chalked faces, give them an appearance more demoniac than human.

A stone is slung and a javelin cast, though both fall short. But will the next? They will soon be at nearer range, and the gig's people, absolutely without means of protection, sit in fear and trembling. Still the rowers, bracing hearts and arms, pull manfully on. But Captain Gancy is appalled as another stone plashes in the water close to the boat's side, while a third, striking the mast, drops down upon a thwart.

"Merciful Heaven!" he exclaims appealingly,

as he extends a sheltering arm over the heads of his dear ones. "Is it thus to end? Are we to be stoned to death?"

"Yonner 's a Heaven's marcy, I do believe!" says Seagriff on the instant, "comin' to our help 'roun' Burnt Island. Thet 'll bring a change, sure!"

All turn their eyes in the direction indicated, wondering what he means, and they see the water, lately calm, now in violent agitation, with showers of spray dashing up to the height of a ship's mast.

"It 's a *williwaw*!" adds the old sealer, in joyous tone; though at any other time, in open boat, or even decked ship, it would have sent a thrill of fear through his heart. Now he hails it with hope, for he knows that the williwaw* causes a Fuegian the most intense fear, and oft engulfs his crazy craft, with himself and all his belongings. And, at sight of the one now sweeping toward them, the savages instantly drop sling and spear, cease shouting, and cower down in their canoes in dread silence.

"Now 's our chance, boys!" sings out Seagriff. "Wi' a dozen more strokes we 'll be cl'ar o' them,—out o' the track o' the williwaw, too."

The dozen strokes are given with a will. Two dozen ere the squall reaches them, and when it comes up, it has spent most of its strength, passing alike harmlessly over boat and canoes.

But, again, the other danger threatens. The Fuegians are once more upon their feet, shaking their spears and yelling more furiously than ever; anger now added to their hostility. Yet louder and more vengefully they shout at finding pursuit is vain, as they soon do; for the diversion caused by the williwaw has given the gig an advantage, throwing all the canoes so far astern that there is no likelihood of its being caught. Even with the oars alone, it could easily keep the distance gained on the slowly paddled craft. It does better, however, having found the breeze; and, with a swollen sail, it glides on down Whale-boat Sound, rapidly increasing its advantage. On, still on, till under the gathering shadows of night the flotilla of canoes appears like tiny specks—like a flock of fowl birds at rest on the distant water.

"Thar 's no fear o' them comin' arter us any furrer, I reck'n," says the old sealer, in a glad voice.

"And we may thank the Almighty for it," is Captain Gancy's grateful rejoinder. "Surely never was His hand more visibly extended for the protection of poor mortals! Let us thank Him, all!"

*The "williwaw," sometimes called the "wooley," is one of the great terrors of Fuegian inland waters. It is a sort of squall with a downward direction, probably caused by the warmer air of the outside ocean, as it passes over the snowy mountains, becoming suddenly cooled, and so dropping with a violent rush upon the surface of the water, which surges under it as if struck by cannon-shot.

†He discovered the Straits, or, more properly, Strait, in 1519. His name is usually given as "Magellan" by French and English writers; the Spaniards making it "Magallanes." But, as he was a native of Portugal, and Magalhaens is the Portuguese orthography, it should be the one preferred. By sealers and others, Tierra del Fuego is often called "Fireland." Lady Brassey heard it so called by the settlers at "Sandy Point," in the Strait.

And the devout skipper uplifts his hands in prayer, the rest reverently listening. After the simple thanksgiving, he fervently kisses, first his wife, then Leoline. Kisses of mutual congratulation, and who can wonder at their being fervent? For they all have been very near to their last embrace on earth!

CHAPTER XI.

WHY "LAND OF FIRE."

THE night is down; but, although it is very dark, the boat-voyagers do not bring in to land. They are still far from confident that the pursuit has been relinquished; and, until it is abandoned, they are still in danger.

Ere long, they have sure evidence that it is not abandoned; when all along the shores of the sound flash up fires, which, like the smoke seen in the daylight, are surely signals. Some are down upon the beaches, others high up against the hill-sides,—just such lights as Magalhaens beheld three and a half centuries before, while passing through the strait which now bears his name.† Hence, too, the name he bestowed on the unknown country lying south of them, "Tierra del Fuego"—"Land of Fire."

The fugitives in the gig see fires on both shores, fifty or more,—the lurid flames symbolizing the fierce, implacable hostility of the savage men who have set them alight.

"We 're boun' to keep on till we 've got 'em all astarn," counsels Seagriff. "So long 's thar's a spark ahead, it 'll be dangersome to put in. They 'd be for headin' us off jest the same to-morrer, ez thar 's another long narrer to pass atween this an' Darwin Soun'. 'T air a bit lucky the night bein' so dark that they can't sight us from the shore. If they could, we 'd 'a' had 'em out arter us now."

Under ordinary circumstances, the darkness would make it impossible for them to proceed. But, oddly enough, the very thing which forces them to continue their retreat assists them in making it good; the fires on either side being like so many beacon lights, enabling them to hold a course in mid-water. Thus guided, they run on as between two rows of street lamps, fortunately so far from them that they do not render visible the spread sail. Fortunately, also, on reaching the next narrow, where it would otherwise be seen, there is a mist over the water. Screened by this, they succeed in passing

through it unperceived, and enter Darwin Sound just as day is breaking. Here neither fires nor smokes are observed—some warrant for their believing that they have passed out of the territory of the tribe which has attacked them.

For all, they do not yet seek the shore; the wind is too temptingly in their favor, and they run on into the north-west arm of the Beagle Channel, at length bringing to in a small cove on its southern side.

It is late afternoon when they make a landing; yet they have time to choose a camping-place ere the night sets in. Not much choice is there, the only available spot being at the inner end of the cove. There a niche in the rocky beach forms a sort of natural boat-dock, large enough to admit the gig to moorings. And on the shore adjacent is the only patch of bare ground visible; at all other points the trees grow to the water's edge, with overhanging branches.

Confident now that their late pursuers have been shaken off, they determine on making a stay here of at least a day or two. After the long spell of laborious work, with the excitement which accompanied it, they greatly need rest. Besides, all are now very hungry, having had no opportunity of cooking aught since they left the landing place on the isle.

Where they are now, there is no difficulty about fire, fuel being plentiful all about. And while Cæsar is preparing the repast, the others transform the boat-sail into a tent, by setting up the oars, trestle-fashion, and resting the mast on them as a ridge-pole.

Having satisfied the cravings of appetite, and completed their arrangements for passing the night, they sit by the fire and contemplate a landscape which hitherto they have but glanced at. A remarkable landscape it is; picturesque beyond description, and altogether unlike the idea generally entertained of Fuegian scenery. That portion of it which an artist would term the "foreground" is the cove itself, which is somewhat like the shoe of a mule,—running about a hundred yards into the land, while less than fifty feet across the mouth. Its shores, rising abruptly from the beach, are wooded all around with a thick forest, which covers the steep sides of the encircling hills as far as can be seen. The trees, tall and grand, are of three kinds, almost peculiar to Tierra del Fuego. One is a true beech; another, as much birch as

beech; the third, an aromatic evergreen of world-wide celebrity, the "Winter's-bark."* But there is also a growth of buried underwood, consisting of arbutus, barberry, fuchsias, flowering currants, and a singular fern, also occurring in the island of Juan Fernandez and resembling the *zamia* of Australia.

The sea-arm on which the cove opens is but little over a mile in width; its opposite shore being a sheer cliff, rising hundreds of feet above the water, and indented here and there by deep gorges with thickly wooded sides. Above the cliff's crest the slope continues on upward to a mountain ridge of many peaks, one of them a grand cone towering thousands of feet above all the others. That is Mount Darwin, wrapped in a mantle of never-melting snow. Along the intermediate space between the cliff's crest and the snow-line is a belt of woodland, intersected by what might be taken for streams of water, were it not for their color. But they are too blue, too noiseless, to be water. Yet, in a way, they are water, for they are glaciers; some of them abutting upon the sea-arm, and filling up the gorges that open upon it, with façades as precipitous as that of the cliff itself. There are streams of water also which proceed from the melting of the snow above; cataracts that spout out from the wooded sides of the ravines, their glistening sheen vividly conspicuous amid the greenery of the trees. Two of these curving jets, projected from walls of verdure on opposite sides of a gorge, meet midway, and mingling, fall thence perpendicularly down; changing, long ere they reach the water below, to a column of white spray.

Such is the magnificent panorama spread before the eyes of our castaways, who, despite their forlorn lot, can not help regarding it with admiration. Nor is their wonder diminished by what they see and hear close at hand. Little expected they to find parrots and humming-birds in that high latitude; yet a flock of the former chatter above their heads, feeding on the berries of the winter's-bark; while numbers of the latter are seen, flitting to and fro or poised on whirring wings before the bell-shaped blossoms of the fuchsias.† From the deeper recesses of the wood, at intervals comes a loud, cackling cry, resembling the laugh of an idiot. It is the call-note of the black woodpecker. And as if in response to it, a kingfisher, perched on the limb of a dead tree by the beach, now and then utters its shrill, ear-piercing scream.

Other fishing-birds of different species fly hither

* The beeches are the *Fagus Betuloïdes* and *F. Antarchia*. The former partakes also of the character of a birch. It is an evergreen, while the leaves of the other fall off in the autumn. The "Winter's-bark" (*Drimys Winteri*) is a laurel-like evergreen, which produces an aromatic bark, somewhat resembling cinnamon. It derives its name, not from the season, but from a Captain Winter, who first carried the bark to England in 1579.

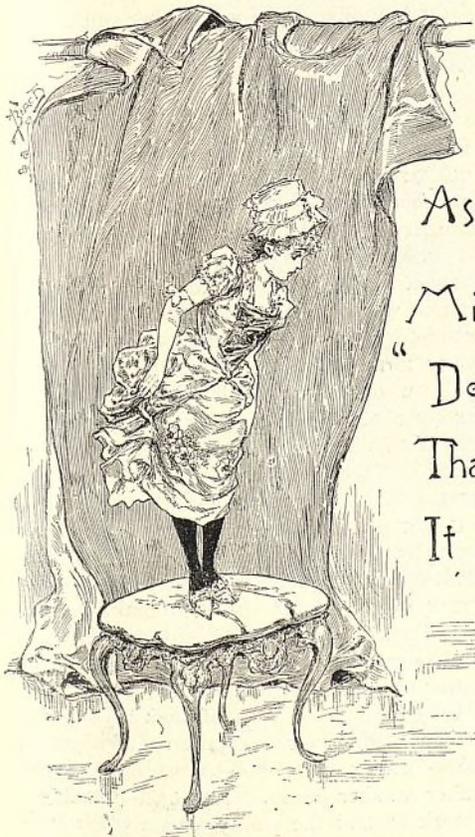
† The Fuegian parrot, or paroquet, is known to naturalists as *Psittacus Inaragdinus*,—the humming-bird, as *Melisuga Kingii*. It was long believed that neither parrots nor humming-birds existed in Tierra del Fuego,—Buffon, with his usual incorrectness, alleging that the specimens brought from it were taken elsewhere. Other learned closet-naturalists insisted on the parrots, reported to exist there, being "sea-parrots" (auks).

and thither over the water, now quite tranquil, the wind having died away. A flock of white pelicans, in pursuit of finny prey, swim about the cove, their eyes looking into the depths, their long, pick-axe beaks held ready for a plunge. Then, as a fish is sighted underneath, down goes head and neck in a quick dart, soon to be drawn up with the victim writhing between the tips of the mandibles. But the prey is not secured yet; as on each pelican attends a number of predatory gulls, wheeling over it, and watching its every movement with a well-studied interest. As soon as the fish is brought up, they swoop at it from all points with wild screams and flapping wings; and as the pelican can not swallow the fish without first tossing it upward, the toss proves fatal to its purpose. The prey let go, instead of falling back into the

water, or down the pouch-like gullet held agape for it, is caught by one or more of the gulls, and those greedy birds continue the fight among themselves, leaving the pelican they have robbed to go diving again.

Night comes on, but not with the darkness anticipated. For still another wonder is revealed to them ere closing their eyes in sleep—the long continuance of twilight, far beyond anything of the kind they have ever experienced. But its cause is known to them; the strange phenomenon being due to the fact that the sun, for some time after it has sunk below the horizon, continues to shine on the glistening ice of the glaciers and the snow of the mountain summits, thus producing a weird reflection in the heavens, somewhat resembling the Aurora Borealis!

(To be continued.)



Not Fear

As the mouse round the room
quickly sped,
Miss Nellie courageously said:
“Dont think it is fear
That has brought me up here, -
It is merely a sort of a dread .

AN ENGRAVER ON WHEELS.

BY W. LEWIS FRASER.

HAVE you ever seen a wood-engraver at work? No? Well, then, you probably have at some time taken a ring, or a watch, or a dime for a bangle, to an engraver, to have your name or initials cut upon it. And if you have stood and watched the work done, you have noticed that the engraver used a magnifying glass, a pad made of leather (and filled with sand), and perhaps a half dozen small steel tools with queer little wooden or cork handles. And when he put the monogram upon the ring or bangle which you handed him, he went to work in this way: He first raised the magnifying glass to his eye, and, by a curious trick "screwing up" the muscles round about it, held it in place there; then he took the thing to be engraved in his left hand, laid it on the pad (called a sand-bag), and, with one of the queer little tools in his right hand, cut the letters into the metal.

Now the engraver who makes a steel plate for printing works in the same manner,—in fact, your name upon the bangle would print were you to take some very thick printing ink, rub it well into the engraved lines (carefully wiping off the surrounding parts with the ball of the hand, however, so as to leave the ink in the lines only, and the rest of the surface clean), lay a piece of paper on it, and take an impression by rubbing, or with your amateur printing press.

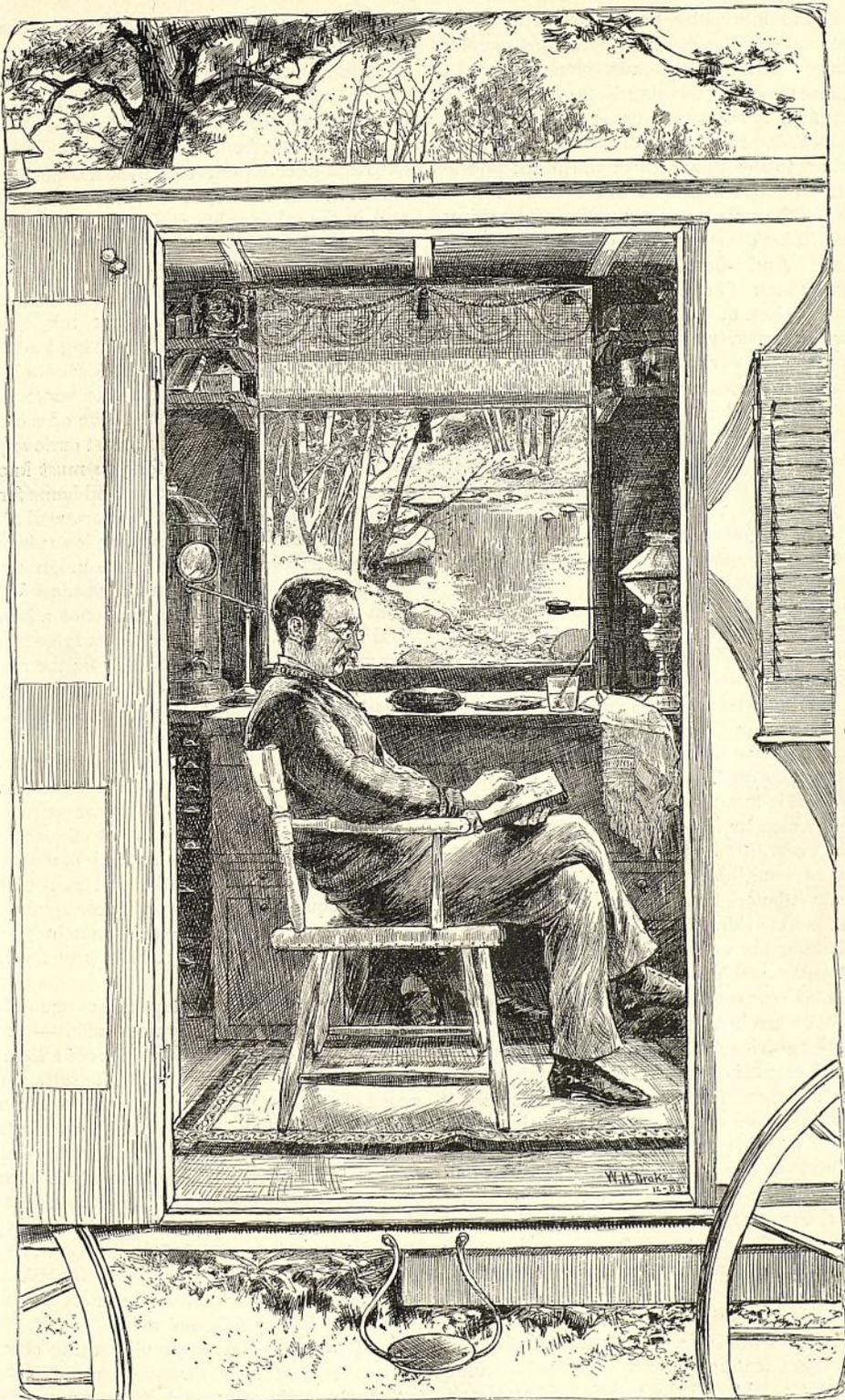
Of course, you know that such pictures as you see in books or in ST. NICHOLAS have to be engraved upon some surface from which an impression can be taken before they can be printed in the book or the magazine. And you probably know that the two principal kinds of engravings are steel-engravings and wood-engravings.

These two kinds of engravings, however, are produced by directly opposite methods. In one, the lines that are to ink the paper are cut *into* the surface of the plate, so that they will *hold* the ink like grooves, and the rest of the surface will be perfectly smooth and clean. (This is the process followed in steel-engraving.) In the other mode, which is followed in wood-engraving, the lines that are to ink the paper are left standing, while the parts between are cut *away* from the surface of the block, so that if an ink roller should be passed over an engraving of this kind it would leave all the lines tipped with a coating of ink, while the grooves and spaces *between* the lines would have no ink; or if they had, would not touch the paper, as they are really little *hollows* between the lines.

This process corresponds, in printing, with printing from type, the lines of the engraving corresponding to the surface of the types (which takes the ink), and the hollowed-out lines, or the grooves between the lines, corresponding to the spaces between the types.

As the lines in a good wood-engraving have to be very thin, you will see at once how necessary it is for the wood itself to be of a firm and strong fiber that will not break, or split, or "crumble" easily. And, indeed, the wood used for engraving is one of the hardest known. It is box-wood, and is obtained almost exclusively from Turkey and Asia Minor. The grain of box-wood is exceedingly close and smooth, and engravers' "blocks" consist of slices each about an inch thick and usually from two to four inches square, cut *across* the grain of the tree. The box-tree does not grow to any considerable size, and when a large block is desired it has to be made by screwing and glueing a number of small blocks together very tightly and securely. It is said that it would take more than one hundred years for a box-tree to grow large enough to furnish a block *in one piece* of a size sufficient to include the whole of the engraving, "A Midwinter Night," which forms the frontispiece of this month's ST. NICHOLAS. That picture is in reality engraved upon nine blocks of box-wood, closely joined together.

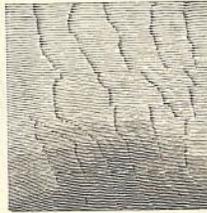
You will understand from the account of the manner in which wood-engravings are made that the wood-engraver has to make two lines with his graver to form one which will print. With your bangle, you rubbed the stiff ink *into* the lines, and the pressure of rubbing upon the paper lifted the ink out of the lines and left it on the paper; but the wood-block will not have ink rubbed into it, but just a roller covered with ink passed *over* it, leaving ink on the surface of the block, to be picked up by the sheet of paper which comes in contact with it. So, as I have said, the wood-engraver must sink two lines in the block to make one line which will print. Of course, considering the hardness of the wood and the delicacy required for the lines, this is very slow and tedious work. You may easily form some idea of how tedious it is by placing a penny over any portion of an engraved picture,—such as that of Monkstown Castle, in the December number of ST. NICHOLAS,—making a light mark around the penny with a black lead-pencil, and then by the aid of a magnifying glass



MR. KINGSLEY AT WORK IN HIS CAR-STUDIO.

counting the lines within the circle. You will see that your penny has covered more than one hundred lines; and then you must remember that at every place where the shading in the drawing which the engraver is engraving grows lighter or darker he has to change the width of the line; for just in proportion to the thickness of the black line left between the two white ones will be the "tint" or "color" of the corresponding portion of the printed picture. These changes are called by engravers "stops." And where there are many of these, one square inch of engraving is a fair day's work.

I have spoken of a drawing, for the engraver always has a drawing to work from. Sometimes it is made upon the wood-block, but it is more frequently made by the artist much larger than the block on which it is to be engraved, and a reduced copy of it produced upon the block by photography.



A SQUARE INCH OF AN ENGRAVING SHOWING "STOPS."

By this plan, the artist can work much more freely, and the engraver is enabled to have the large drawing in front of him, besides the reduced copy of the same which he is cutting into lines upon the block.

You see, the engraver is a copyist. He copies the artist's drawing, and the printing press duplicates his copy thousands of times, so that you and I may see the drawing too. And being a copyist, his ambition is to make his copy exactly represent the thing which he is copying. And to this end, he often, even after he has been given a beautiful drawing of some object, seeks for the real object, and places it before him for study and comparison while at work. Mr. Marsh, the engraver, did so when making his wonderful engravings of moths and butterflies, published in a book called "Insects Injurious to Vegetation." And it is said that Thomas Bewick, who has been called "the father of modern wood-engraving," followed the same plan when making his engravings of "British Birds."

But it is only within the last two years that it has occurred to an engraver—not to bring birds and moths into his studio—but to make a studio which could go out into the fields and woods and find not only the birds and moths, but trees and ferns, and flowers, and even mountains; in fact, all such things as the artist goes to seek, and, having found, makes into pictures. I refer to Elbridge Kingsley, the engraver of "A Midwinter Night," the frontispiece of this number of ST. NICHOLAS. He has built for himself a car, not unlike what you will sometimes see the gypsies have. It is divided into what we might call the artistic, culinary, and

marine departments; for, although it is but ten feet long, three and a half feet wide, and seven feet high, it includes a studio, a kitchen, and a boat. It is built of very light, hard wood, and has a slightly curved roof covered with zinc to shed the rain, a little window in front, really the gable end, and an entrance door on one side with a window on each side of it. On the opposite side is a larger window, and in the other gable end there is a door leading out to the kitchen. One half of the studio, to the height of the window-sill, is occupied by a table or desk to work on, and a chest of drawers; and on both sides of the window, above this, are many smaller drawers filled with engraving tools, paper, wood-block, colors, etc. The desk or table is formed from a portion of the side which lifts up, leaving an open space in the side of the car, for the engraver's feet. But the most curious portion of the whole is the bed; for you must know that this car is Mr. Kingsley's house and home for weeks at a time. In other words, he lives, works, cooks, and sleeps in it—sometimes in the lone pine woods, far from any house, the nearest neighbor being miles away—sometimes in the shadow of Mount Tom—sometimes on the outskirts of a New England village. Well, when he wishes to go to bed he lifts up the top of the desk, lets down the side, and, presto! his bed is made!—for what appears to be a desk is really a bedstead, with curtains, mattress, pillow, sheets, and blankets.

At one end of the studio is fixed a kerosene stove and its furniture; over it a ventilator. All about the upper part of the car, are useful shelves and hooks. Each window consists of a single pane of glass, made to slide in sockets like those in a horse-car, fitted with blinds, and in hot weather with mosquito-bars. Each window is also fitted with pretty curtains of material matching in color the interior of the studio, which is of a pale buff tint.

From the studio a step takes one into the kitchen, which is also a unique affair—a sort of portico-like extension, with a zinc roof a little lower than the main roof of the car. The sides are composed of a light frame, running nearly to the ground and fitted with shelves. The outside opening of the kitchen is closed by a light arched trellis of an oval form, and in stormy weather the whole is covered with water-proof curtains. The kitchen contains a zinc reservoir for water, holding about thirty gallons; at its side is a sink fitted with a waste-pipe,—and capable of being pushed under the studio when not in use,—and over the reservoir is a cupboard for holding odds and ends.

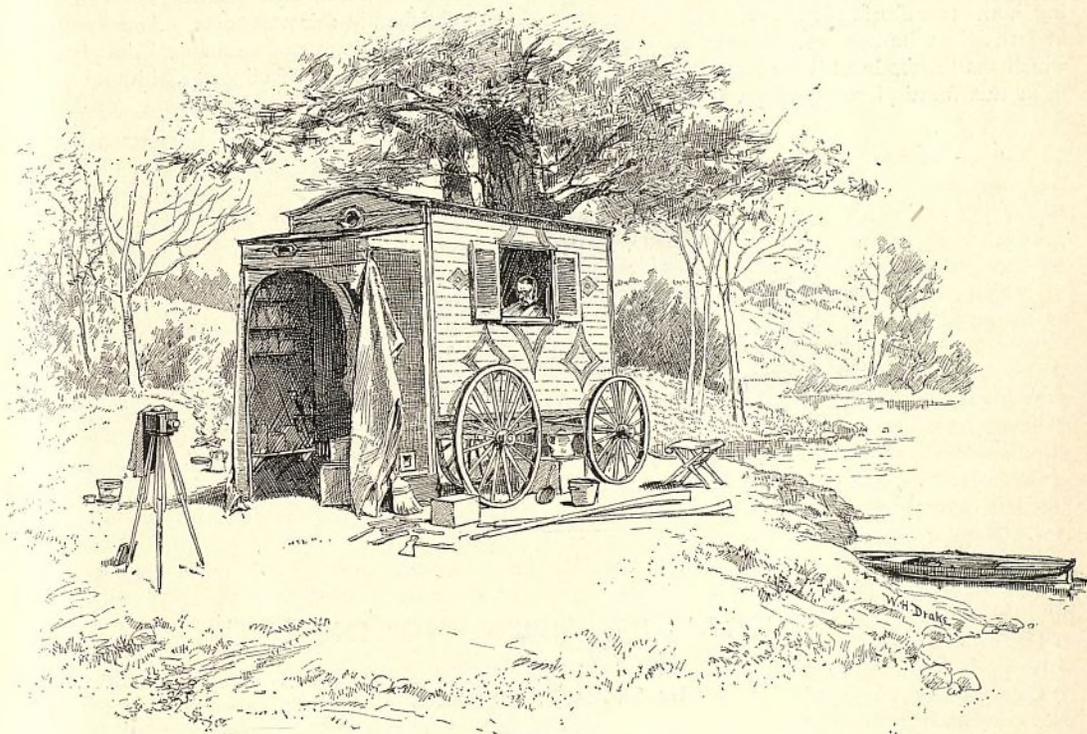
But perhaps the most peculiar thing about the kitchen is that it is always carpeted, although the carpet is often changed—being sometimes of

green, velvety turf, sometimes of a bed of ferns, and sometimes of beautiful russet-colored dry leaves—which means that the kitchen has no floor, but is simply a sort of enlarged porch.

The whole of the house, studio, and kitchen is built on a frame with four wheels, not unlike an ordinary country lumber wagon, and is dragged by a horse wherever the needs or whims of the artist take him.

The "marine" department is an annex. It

made directly from nature, that is to say, he had no drawing to work from, but drew his little movable house opposite the landscape he wished to portray, and engraved upon a wood-block the scene he saw,—with such omissions and alterations as were needful for a proper "composition" of the picture. Some of the work was done in the studio, sitting at the desk which has been described and looking through the open window; but more was done under the shade of a convenient tree, the artist



SETTLED FOR A FEW DAYS' WORK.

consists of a very light boat fitted with outriggers for the oars, and a sliding seat, and mounted on a pair of wheels for land transportation.

When ready for traveling shafts are put to the car; a horse harnessed in them; the reins passed in through the little window in the front gable; the boat fastened by a bolt to the kitchen behind; all glassware and crockery packed in the desk-bed and in a box which is kept underneath the car when in camp; then, with a good supply of canned foods, the artist is ready for weeks or months of work, either sketching or engraving (for he does both), in the woods.

And now a few words as to his method of work. The first original block which Mr. Kingsley made was "In a New England Forest," published in *The Century Magazine* for November, 1882. This was

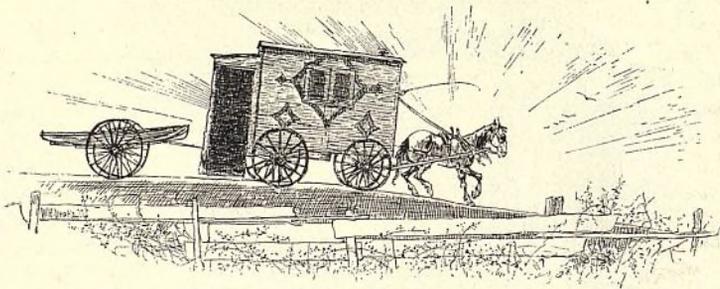
holding his block in one hand and his graver in the other, working in a free-hand manner, not only cutting, into lines, which could be printed, forms already on his block, but drawing others with the graver, a difficult feat if we remember how many lines have to be made in one square inch of a wood-block, and that these must be cut into a hard surface with a steel tool, and that in engraving there is no means of erasing a line once made.

Not all Mr. Kingsley's blocks have been produced in this way, however. Most of his later work is more the result of observation of nature than a direct copy from an actual scene. Thus, "At Sea," printed in *The Century* for April, 1883, grew out of the article which accompanied it. Mr. Kingsley many made trips down New York Bay, studying effects of cloud and water, making memoranda in

pencil and black and white; and from these he evolved his beautiful picture. And so, too, with "A Mid-winter Night." Of course, the artist could not sit out of doors upon such a night to make an engraving, nor even sit at the window of his car to look out upon what, by contrast with the light within, would be nothing but blackness. But on many a rough winter night has he wrapped himself in a warm coat and gone out into the wild storms to study just such an effect as this, fixing in his mind some needed detail, and upon returning home transferring it to the wood-block; until at last, when he sets out to make an engraving which shall embody all these impressions, he gives us in this frontispiece a truthful representation of

such a night as we should choose to spend in staying at home.

Thus you will see that Mr. Kingsley's work is original—that is, he makes the picture as well as the engravings. But do not interpret this statement as belittling the work of other engravers. If all engravers chose to be originators only, the thousands of readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* would not have the pleasure of seeing Édouard Frère's "Young Guard," nor the many other reproductions of beautiful and celebrated paintings which have been published in this magazine. And it requires not only a high degree of mechanical skill, but fine artistic knowledge and feeling, to faithfully render the forms and tints of a good drawing or painting.



THE CRICKET'S VIOLIN.

BY LAURA F. HINSDALE.

"AH, ME! Ah, me!" a cricket said,
 "Grandmother Gray has gone to bed:
 No one listens but little Fred
 To all the tunes I play;
 So I will hop away."

"I'll climb the chimney, and begin
 To play my dulcet violin.
 Too long I've waited; 't is a sin
 For Genius thus to stay
 Hid from the light of day!"

Poor little Fred began to moan:
 "Grandmother Gray, the cricket's gone!
 And you and I are left alone!
 Alas! I fear," he said,
 "The summer time is dead!"

With many a weary hop-hop-hop
 The cricket reached the chimney-top.
 But, ah! the people did not stop!
 None heard in all the din
 The cricket's violin.

The cricket played in every key,
 From *do, fa, la*, to *do, re, mi*;
 From a, b, c, to x, y, z,
 He played both slow and fast,—
 The heedless crowd went past.

Jack Frost came 'round and nipped his bow,
 And then the music was so low,
 The cricket cried in tone of woe:
 "Oh, for the hearthstone bed,
 The ears of little Fred!"

HISTORIC BOYS.*

BY E. S. BROOKS,

(Author of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and "Comedies for Children.")

I.

MARCUS OF ROME: THE BOY MAGISTRATE.

(Afterward the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.)

[A. D. 137.]

A PERFECT autumn day. Above, the clear sky of Italy; below, a grassy plain, sloping gently down from the brown cliffs and ruined ramparts of old Veii. In the background, under the shade of the oaks, a dozen waiting attendants; and here, in the open space before us, three trim and sturdy Roman youths, all flushed with the exercise of a royal game of ball. Come, boys and girls of 1884, go back with me seventeen and a half centuries, and join the dozen lookers-on as they follow this three-cornered game of ball. They call it the *trigon*. It is a favorite ball-game with the Roman youth, in which the three players, standing as if on a right-angled triangle, pitch and catch the ball, or *pila*, at long distances and with the left hand only. It is not so easy as you may think. Try it some time and see for yourself.

"THIS way—toss it this way, Aufidius; our good Sejus will need more lessons from old Trimalchio, the gladiator, ere he outranks us at *trigon*."

And with a quick but guarded dash of the left hand the speaker caught the ball as it came spinning toward him, and with as vigorous a "left-hander" sent it flying across to young Sejus.

"Faith, my Marcus," said Sejus, as he caught the ball with difficulty, "the gallop from Lorium has made me somewhat stiff of joint, and I pitch and catch but poorly. Keep the *pila* flying, and I may grow more elastic, though just now I feel like our last text from Epictetus—'a little soul bearing about a corpse.'"

"What then! Art as stiff as that, old Sejus?" gayly shouted Aufidius. "Ho! brace thee up, man," he cried, as he sent the ball whirling across to Marcus; "brace thee up, and use rather the words of our wise young Stoic here—'Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the waters around it.'"

"'T is well applied, Aufidius. But—said I all that?" Marcus inquired.

"Ay, so didst thou, my Marcus. 'T is all

down on my tablets." And with merry talk the game went on.

But soon old Ballio, the *ordinarius*, or upper servant, left the oak shade and said to Marcus, "Come, my master; the water-glass shows that we must soon ride on if we mean to reach Rome by dinner-time."

So the game was broken off and, after a few nibbles at the cakes and sweetmeats which one of the slaves carried to "stay the stomachs" of the travelers, the call "To horse!" was given, and the party moved on toward the city. The spirits of the lads ran high; and though the one called Marcus had a sedate and quiet look, he was roused into healthy and hearty boyishness as, over the Etruscan plains, they galloped on to Rome.

They had been riding, perhaps, a short half hour, when they saw, coming down a cross-road that entered the highway just beyond them, a large flock of sheep returning from their summer pasturage on the hills, in charge of three shepherds and their families. The game and the gallop had made the boys ripe for mischief; for, though close and patient students, they were in their hours of sport as ready for a frolic as are any school-boys of to-day.

The shepherds, seeing a party of hard riders coming toward them, looked at their sheep anxiously and eyed the strangers suspiciously. For sheep-stealing was of common occurrence in those days, and, when changing pastures, the shepherds were kept constantly on the watch.

The quick eye of Aufidius marked the suspicions of the shepherds.

"Why, Marcus," he exclaimed, "yonder fellows surely take us for highwaymen."

"Highwaymen, indeed!" said Sejus indignantly. "Dost think the knaves could mistake the noble Marcus Verus for a cowardly sheep-stealer?"

"And why not?" said Marcus, laughingly. "Man looks at man but as his reason tells him. If shepherds look but for sheep-stealers, to them, at first, all men are sheep-stealers. Come," he added, gayly, "let us not disappoint them. What did our teacher Rusticus tell us but yesterday: 'That which is an hinderance is made a furtherance to an act, and that which is an obstacle on the road helps us on the road.' Shall we not put

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his text to the test? Behold our obstacle on the road! Let us ride down the sheep!"

The spirit of mischief is contagious. Down the highway dashed the whole party, following the lead of Marcus and his cry of "Forward, friends!" while the now terrified shepherds turned their huddling sheep around, and with many cries and much belaboring struggled back to the cross-road to escape the pretended robbers. But the swift horses soon overtook the slow-footed shepherds, and the laughing riders, with uplifted weapons and shouts of seeming victory, were quickly at the heels of the flock. Then came a change. The shepherds, finding that they could not outrun their pursuers, stopped, wheeled around, and stood on the defensive, laying valiantly about them with crook and staff.

"Go on and increase in valor, O boy! this is the path to immortality," shouted the nimble Aufidius, and with this quotation from Virgil, he swooped down and caught up a struggling lamb.

"What says your philosophy now, O Marcus?" said Sejus as, rather ruefully, he rubbed an aching shin, sore from the ringing thwack of a shepherd's crook.

Marcus dodged a similar blow and replied: "That nothing happens to any man, O Sejus, which he is not fitted by nature to bear. But I have had enough. Let us go our way in peace."

And turning from the fray, the whole party rode rather ingloriously from the field of defeat, while the victorious shepherds vowed a lamb to Pales, the patron of shepherds, for their deliverance from so "blood-thirsty" a band of robbers.

So, flushed and merry over their adventure, the three lads rode on to Rome; but, ere they came in sight of the yellow Tiber, a fleet Numidian slave came running toward them, straight and swift as an arrow, right in the middle of the highway. Marcus recognized him as one of the runners of his uncle, the proconsul Titus Antoninus, and wondered as to his mission. The Numidian stopped short at sight of the party, and, saluting Marcus, handed him a small scroll. The boy unrolled it, and at once his face became grave.

"For me; this for me?" he said, and, in seeming surprise, laid his hand upon the arm of his friend Aufidius. Then, as if remembering that he was a Stoic, whose desire was to show neither surprise, pleasure, nor pain, let what might happen, he read the scroll carefully, placed it in his mantle and said, half aloud, "How ridiculous is he who is surprised at anything which happens in life!"

"What is it, O Marcus?" Aufidius asked.

"Friends," said the lad, "this scroll from my Uncle Antoninus tells me that I am named by the

Emperor's council as Prefect* of the city while the consuls and magistrates are at the Latin games."

"Hail to thee, Prefect! hail! hail! hail!" cried Aufidius and Sejus, while the whole company joined in a respectful salute.

"Would it were some one more worthy than I, Aufidius," said Marcus solemnly.

"Nay, it is rightly decreed, my Marcus," protested his friend proudly. "Did not the Emperor himself say of thee: '*Non Verus, sed Verissimus!*' † and who but thee, Marcus Verissimus—Marcus the most true—should be the governor of Rome?"

"But think of it, friends! I am but a boy after all. Who can respect a Prefect of sixteen?" still queried the modest Marcus.

Sejus at once dipped into history.

"And why not, O Marcus?" he asked. "Was not Tiberius Cæsar a public orator at nine, and Augustus a master of the horse at seventeen? Was not Titus a quæstor ‡ before he was eighteen, and the great Julius himself a priest of Jupiter at fourteen? And shall not Marcus Verus, in whose veins runs the blood of the ancient kings, rightly be prefect of the city at sixteen?"

"Thou art a good pleader, my Sejus," Marcus said pleasantly. "Since, then, I *must* be prefect, may I be a just one, and take for my motto the text of the good Rusticus: 'If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.' Forward, my good friends! The lictors await me at the city gate."

So they pressed forward and, with more decorum, rode along the Via Cassia and across the Milvian Bridge to the broader Via Lata and the city gate. Here an escort of six lictors with their rods of office welcomed Marcus, and, thus accompanied, the young magistrate passed down the Via Lata—the street now known as "the Corso," the Broadway of modern Rome—to the palace of his uncle Antoninus, near the Cœlian gate.

"Hail, Prefect!" came the welcome of the noble uncle (one of the grand characters of Roman history). "And how fare the hens at Lorium?" For the good proconsul, so soon to be hailed as Cæsar and Emperor, loved the country pleasures and country cares of his farm at Lorium more than all the sculptured magnificence of the imperial city.

"The hens are well conditioned, O Antoninus," answered the boy simply.

"But what said I?" his uncle exclaimed gayly. "What cares a prefect of Rome for the scratching hens of Lorium? As for me, most noble Prefect, I am but a man from whom neither power nor philosophy can take my natural affections"; and, as the parrot swinging over the door-way croaked

* Governor of the city.

† "Not true, but *most* true!"

‡ An officer of the treasury.

out his "*Salve!*" (Welcome!) arm-in-arm uncle and nephew entered the palace.

Marcus Annius Verus was in all respects a model boy. Not the namby-pamby model that all human boys detest, but a right-minded, right-mannered, healthy, wealthy and wise young Roman of the second century of the Christian era. At that time (for the world was not yet Christianized) there flourished a race of teachers and philosophers known as Stoics, wise old pagans, who held that the perfect man must be free from passion, unmoved by either joy or grief, taking everything just as it came, with supreme and utter indifference. A hard rule that, but this lad's teachers had been mainly of the "School of the Stoics," as it was called, and their wise sayings had made so deep an impression on the little Marcus that, when only twelve years old, he set up for a full-fledged Stoic. He put on the coarse mantle that was the peculiar dress of the sect, practiced all their severe rules of self-denial, and even slept on the hard floor or the bare ground, denying himself the comfort of a bed, until his good mother, who knew what was best for little fellows, even though they were stoics, persuaded him to compromise on a quilt. He loved exercise and manly sport; but he was above all a wonderful student—too much of a student, in fact; for, as the old record states, "his excess in study was the only fault of his youth." And yet he loved a frolic, as the adventure with the shepherds proves.

Of the best patrician blood of old Rome; the relative and favorite of the great Emperor Hadrian; a great scholar, a capital gymnast, a true friend, a modest and unassuming lad; he was trying, even at sixteen, to make the best of himself, squaring all his actions by the rule that he, in after years, put into words: "I do my duty; other things trouble me not." Manly boys, with good principles, good manners, and good actions, are young gentlemen always, whenever and wherever they may live; and quickly enough, as did young Marcus of Rome, they find their right place in the regard and affections of the people about them.

Well, the days of waiting have passed. The great festival to Jove, the *Feriae Latinae*, has drawn all the high magistrates to Mount Albanus, and in their stead, as prefect of the city, rules the boy Marcus. In one of the *basilicae*, or law courts of the great Forum, he sits invested with the toga of office, the ring and the purple badge; and, while twelve sturdy lictors guard his curule chair, he listens to the cases presented to him and makes many wise decisions—"in which honor," says the old record, "he acquitted himself to the general approbation."

"Most noble Prefect," said one of the court

messengers, or *accensi*, as they were called, "there waits, without, one Lydus the herdsman, demanding justice."

"Bid him enter," said Marcus; and there came into the *basilica* one whose unexpected appearance brought consternation to Aufidius and Sejus, as they waited in the court, and caused even the calm face of Marcus to flush with surprise. Lydus the herdsman was none other than their old acquaintance, the shepherd of the Etruscan highway!

"Most noble Prefect," said the shepherd, with a low salutation, "I am a free herdsman of Lake Sabatinus, and I ask for justice against a band of terrible highwaymen who lurk on the Via Cassia, near to old Veii. Only three days since, did these lawless fellows beset me and my companions, with our flocks, on the highway, and cruelly rob and maltreat us. I pray thee, let the *cohortes vigilum* (armed police) search out and punish these robbers; and let me, too, be fully satisfied for the sheep they did force from me."

"Not so fast, man," said Marcus, as the shepherd concluded his glib recital. "Couldst thou identify these knaves, if once they were apprehended?"

"Ay, that could I, noble Prefect," replied the shepherd, boldly. "They were led on by three villainous rascals, and these had with them a crowd of riotous followers."

"Ha! is it so?" said Marcus. "Aufidius! Sejus! I pray you, step this way." His two friends, in some wonder as to his intention, approached the tribunal; and Marcus, stepping down from his curule chair, placed himself between them. "Three villainous rascals, thou didst say. Were they aught like us, think'st thou?"

"Like you? O noble young Prefect!" began the shepherd, protestingly. But when, at a word from Marcus, the three lads drew back their arms as if to brandish their weapons, and shouted their cry of attack, the mouth of Lydus stood wide open in amazement, his cropped head fairly bristled with fright, and, with a hasty exclamation, he turned on his heel, and ran out of the *basilica*.

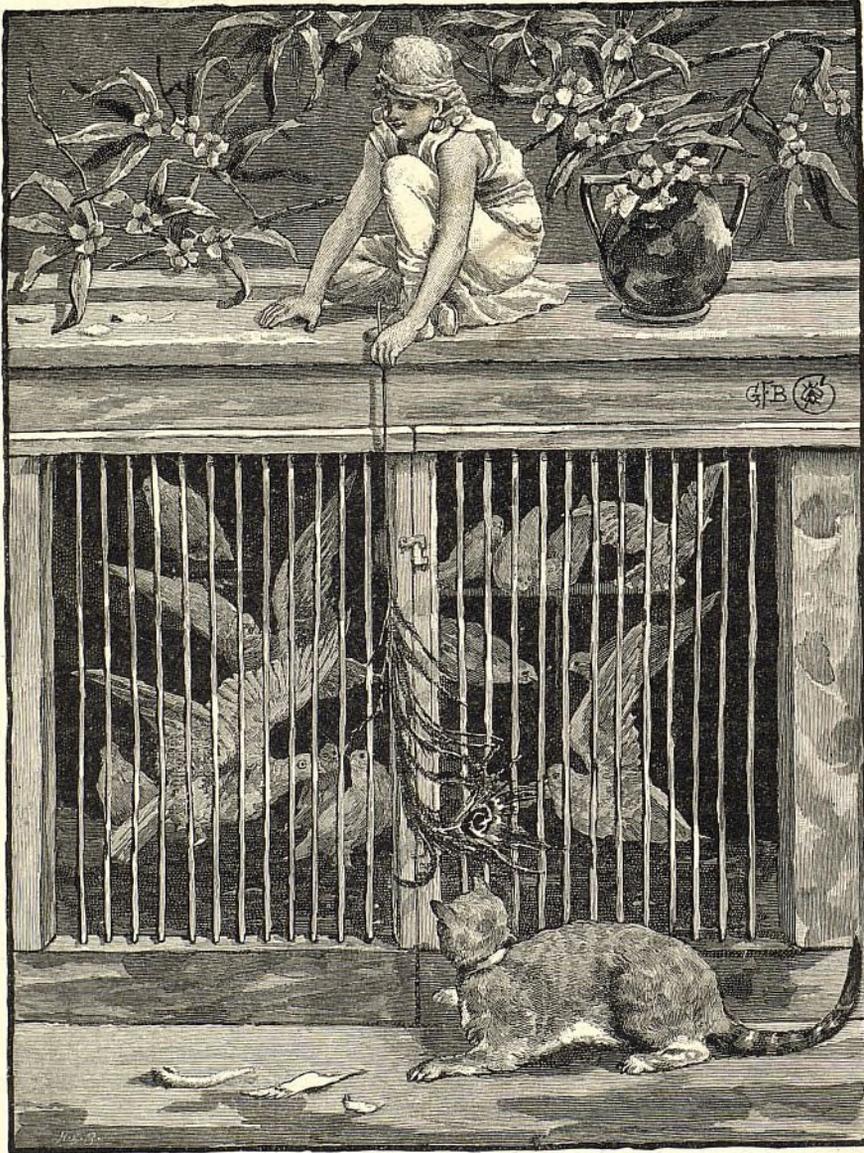
"Ho, bring him back!" Marcus commanded; and, guarded by two lictors, Lydus was dragged reluctantly back into the presence of the young prefect.

"So, my shepherd," said Marcus, "thou hast recognized thy villainous rascals surely, though thy fear was larger than thine eyeballs; for thou didst multiply both the followers and the harm done to thee. Thou hast asked for justice, and justice thou shalt have! Forasmuch as I and my companions did frighten thee, though but in sport, it is wise to

do well what doth seem but just. I, then, as Prefect of the city, do fine Marcus Annus Verus, Aufidius Victorianus, and Sejus Fruscianus, each, one hundred sestertii (about five dollars), for interfering with travelers on the public highway; and I do command the lictors to mark the offenders

finer, and, handing the money to an *accensus*, bade him pay the shepherd. With many a bow, Lydus accepted the money, and with the words, "O noble young Prefect! O wise beyond thy years!" he would have withdrawn again.

"Hold!" said Marcus, ascending the tribunal,



ANNIA TEASES HER PET CAT, DIDO. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

unless they do straightway pay the fine here laid upon them."

Aufidius and Sejus looked troubled. They had barely a hundred sestertii between them; but Marcus drew forth an amount equal to the three

"hear the rest! Because thou hast placed a false charge before this tribunal, and hast sought to profit by thy lying tongue, I, the Prefect, do command that thou dost pay over to the *scribus* (clerk of the court) the sum of three hundred sestertii, to

be devoted to the service of the poor; and that thou dost wear the wooden collar until thy fine is paid."

Very soberly and ruefully, Lydus paid over the price of his big stories (exactly the sum which he had received from the *scribus*), and departed from the basilica of the boy prefect, if not a poorer, at least a sadder and a wiser man.

The days of Marcus' magistracy were soon over, and when the great festival of Jove was ended, and the magistrates had returned to the city, the lad gave up the curule chair and the dress and duties of his office, and retired to his mother's house, bearing with him the thanks of the magistrates, the approval of the Emperor, and the applause of the people.

The villa of the matron Domitia Calvilla, the mother of Marcus, stood embowered in delightful gardens on the Cœlian hill, the most easterly of the famous Seven Hills of Rome. In an age of splendor, when grand palaces lined the streets and covered the hill slopes of the imperial city, when fortunes were spent upon baths and gardens, or wasted on a gala dress, or on a single meal, this pleasant house was conducted upon a plan that suited the home ways of the mother and the quiet tastes of the son. Let us enter the spacious vestibule. Here in the door-way, or *ostium*, we stop to note the "*Salve!*" (Welcome!) wrought in mosaic on the marble floor, and then pass into the *atrium*, or great living room of the house, where the female slaves are spinning deftly, and everything tells of order and a busy life. Now, let us pass on to the spacious court-yard, in the very heart of the house. In the unroofed center a beautiful fountain shoots its jets of cooling spray from a marble cistern of clear water.

And here, by the shining fountain, in the central court, stand two persons—Marcus and his mother. The lad has laid aside his *toga*, or outside mantle, and his close-fitting, short-sleeved tunic, scarcely reaching to his knees, shows a well-knit frame and a healthy, sun-browned skin. His mother, dressed in the tunic and long white *stola*, or outer robe, is of matronly presence and pleasant face. And, as they talk together in low and earnest tones, they watch with loving eyes the motions of the dark-eyed little Annia, a winsome Roman maiden of thirteen, as, perched upon a cage of pet pigeons, she gleefully teases with a swaying peacock plume now the fluttering pigeons and now the wary-eyed Dido, her favorite cat.

"But there is such a thing as too much self-denial, my Marcus," said the mother in answer to some remark of the lad.

"Nay, this is not self-denial, my mother; it is simple justice," replied the boy. "Are not Annia

and I children of the same father and mother? Is it just that I should receive all the benefit of our family wealth, and that she should be dependent on my bounty?"

"Divide then thy father's estate, my son. Let Annia and thyself share alike, but give it not all to thy sister," his mother suggested.

"To whom we love much we should be ready to give much. Is it not so, O mother?" the boy asked.

"So I believe, my son," his mother answered.

"And if I seek to act justly in this matter, shall I not follow thy counsels, my mother?" Marcus continued; "for thou hast said, 'No longer talk about the kind of a man a good man ought to be, but be such.'"

"Ah, Marcus," the pleased mother exclaimed, "thou wilt be a happy man, too, if thou canst go ever by the right way, and think and act in the right way, as now. Thou art a good youth."

"And what is goodness, mother," argued the young philosopher, "but the desire to do justice and to practice it, and in this to let desire end? Let me then, as I desire, give all my father's estate to my sister Annia. My grandfather's is sufficient for my needs. So shall Annia have her fair marriage portion, and we, my mother, shall all be satisfied."

And now, his sister Annia, wearying of her play with the pigeons, dropped her peacock plume and ran merrily toward her brother.

"O Marcus," she cried, "'t will soon be time for the bath. Do come and toss the *pila* with me;—that is," she added, with mock reverence, "if so grand a person as the prefect of Rome can play at ball!"

"And why not, my Annia?" asked her mother, proudly; "even the world-ruling Julius loved his game of ball."

"Ah, but our Marcus is greater than the great Cæsar. Is he not, mother?" Annia asked, teasingly.

"Aye, that he is," the mother answered, feelingly; "for, know that he has this day given up to thee, his sister, one half of his heritage, and more—unwise and improvident youth!" she added, fondly.

"So let it end, mother," the boy said, as the pretty Annia sprang to him with a caress. "Come, Annia, let us see who can toss the *pila* best—a woman of property, such as thou, or the prefect of three days." And as hand in hand the brother and sister passed cheerily through the pillared portico, the mother looked after them with a happy heart and said, as did that other noble Roman matron of whom history tells us: "*These* are my jewels!"

The days passed. Winter grew to spring. The

ides of March have come. And now it is one of the spring holidays of Rome, the fourteenth of March in the year 138—the *Equiria*, or festival of Mars. Rome is astir early, and every street of the great city is thronged with citizens and strangers, slaves and soldiers, all hurrying toward the great pleasure-ground of Rome—the Circus Maximus. Through every portal the crowds press into the vast building, filling its circular seats, anxious for the spectacle. The magistrate of the games for this day, it is said, is to be the young Marcus Annus, he who was prefect of the city during the last Latin Games; and, moreover, the festival is to close with a grand *venatio*—a wild-beast hunt!

There is a stir of expectation, a burst of trumpets from the Capitol, and all along the Sacred street and through the crowded Forum goes up the shout of the watchers, "Here they come!" With the flutes playing merrily, with swaying standards and sacred statues gleaming in silver and gold, with proud young cadets on horse and on foot, with priests in their robes and guards with crested helmets, with strange and marvelous beasts led by burly keepers, with a long string of skilled performers, restless horses, and gleaming chariots, through the Forum and down the Sacred street winds the long procession, led by the boy magistrate, Marcus of Rome, the favorite of the Emperor. A golden chaplet, wrought in crusted leaves, circles his head; a purple *toga* drapes his trim, young figure; while the flutes and trumpets play their loudest before him, and the stout guards march at the heels of his bright-bay pony. So into the great circus passes the long procession, and as it files into the arena, two hundred thousand excited people—think, boys, of a circus-tent that holds two hundred thousand people!—rise to their feet and welcome it with hearty hand-clapping. The trumpets sound the prelude, the young magistrate (standing in his *suggestus*, or state box) flings the *mappa*, or white flag, into the course as the signal for the start; and, as a ringing shout goes up, four glittering chariots, rich in their decorations of gold and polished ivory, and each drawn by four plunging horses, burst from their arched stalls and dash around the track. Green, blue, red, white—the colors of the drivers—stream from their tunics. Around and around they go. Now one and now another is ahead. The people strain and cheer, and many a wager is laid as to the victor. Another shout! The red chariot, turning too sharply, grates against the *meta*, or short pillar that stands at the upper end of the track, guarding the low central wall; the horses rear and plunge, the driver struggles manfully to control them, but all in vain; over goes the chariot,

while the now maddened horses dash wildly on until checked by mounted attendants and led off to their stalls. "Blue! blue!" "Green! green!" rise the varying shouts, as the contending chariots still struggle for the lead. White is far behind. Now comes the seventh or final round. Blue leads! No, green is ahead! Neck and neck down the home stretch they go magnificently, and then the cheer of victory is heard, as, with a final dash, the green rider strikes the white cord first and the race is won!

And there, where the race is fiercest and the excitement most intense, sits the staid young Marcus, unmoved, unexcited, busy with his ivory tablets and his own high thoughts! For this wise young Stoic, true to his accepted philosophy, had mastered even the love of excitement—think of that, you circus-loving boys!—He has left it on record that, even as a youth, he had learned "to be neither of the green nor of the blue party at the games in the circus," and while he looked upon such shows as dangerous and wasteful (for in those days they cost the state immense sums), he felt, still, that the people enjoyed them, and he said simply: "We can not make men as we would have them; we must bear with them as they are and make the best of them we can." And so it happened that at this splendid race at which, to please the people, he presided as magistrate, this boy of sixteen sat probably the only unmoved spectator in that whole vast circus.

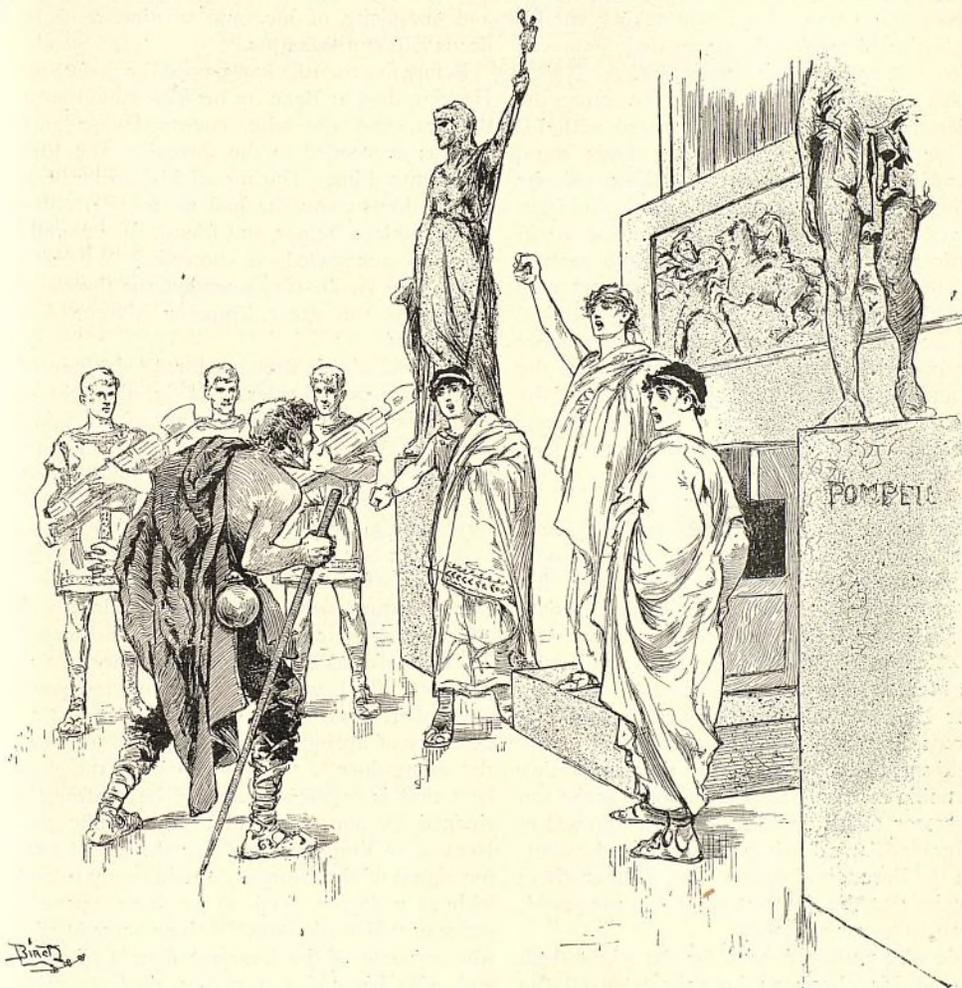
Now, in the interval between the races, come the athletic sports: foot-racing and wrestling, rope-dancing and high leaping, quoit-throwing and javelin matches. One man runs a race with a fleet Cappadocian horse; another expert rider drives two bare-backed horses twice around the track, leaping from back to back as the horses dash around. Can you see any very great difference between the circus performance of A. D. 138 and one of A. D. 1884?

Among the throng of "artists" on that far-off March day there came a bright little fellow of ten or eleven years, a rope-dancer and a favorite with the crowd. Light and agile, he trips along the slender rope that stretches high above the arena. Right before the magistrate's box the boy poises in mid air, and even the thoughtful young director of the games looks up at the graceful motions of the boy. Hark! a warning shout goes up; now, another; the poor little rope-dancer, anxious to find favor in the eyes of the young noble, over-exerts himself, loses his balance on the dizzy rope and, toppling over, falls with a cruel thud to the ground and lies there before the great state box with a broken neck—dead. Marcus hears the shout, he sees the falling boy. Vaulting from his canopied

box he leaps down into the arena, and so tender is he of others, Stoic though he be, that he has the poor rope-dancer's head in his lap even before the attendants can reach him. But no life remains in that bruised little body and, as Marcus tenderly resigns the dead gymnast to the less sympathetic slaves, he commands that ever after a bed shall be laid beneath the rope as a protection against such fatal falls. This became the rule; and, when next

went on. Athletes and gymnasts did their best to excel; amidst wild excitement the chariots whirled around and around the course, and then the arena was cleared for the final act—the wild-beast hunt.

The wary keepers raise the stout gratings before the dens and cages, and the wild animals, freed from their prisons, rush into the great open space, blink stupidly in the glaring light, and then with roar and growl echo the shouts of the spectators.



"AT A WORD FROM MARCUS, THE THREE LADS DREW BACK THEIR ARMS AS IF TO BRANDISH WEAPONS, AND SHOUTED A CRY OF ATTACK."

you see the safety-net spread beneath the rope-walkers, the trapeze performers, and those who perform similar "terrific" feats, remember that its use dates back to the humane order of Marcus, the boy magistrate, seventeen centuries ago.

But, in those old days, the people had to be amused—whatever happened. Human life was held too cheaply for a whole festival to be stopped because a little boy was killed, and so the sports

Here are great lions from Numidia, and tigers from far Arabia, wolves from the Apennines and bears from Libya, not caged and half-tamed as we see them now, but wild and fierce, loose in the arena. Now the hunters swarm in, on horse and on foot,—trained and supple Thracian gladiators, skilled Gætulian hunters, with archers, and spear-men, and net-throwers. All around the great arena rages the cruel fight. Here, a lion stands

at bay; there, a tigress crouches for the spring; a snarling wolf snaps at a keen-eyed Thracian, or a bear with ungainly trot shambles away from the spear of his persecutor. Eager and watchful the hunters shoot and thrust, while the vast audience, more eager, more relentless, more brutal than beast or hunter, applaud, and shout and cheer. But the young magistrate, who had, through all his life, a marked distaste for such cruel sport, turns from the arena and, again taking out his tablets, busies himself with his writing, unmoved by the contest and carnage before him.

The last hunted beast lies dead in the arena; the last valorous hunter has been honored with his *palma*, or reward, as victor; the slaves stand ready with hook and rope to drag off the slaughtered animals; the great crowd pours out of the vast three-storied buildings; the shops in the porticos are noisy with the talk of buyers and sellers; the boy magistrate and his escort pass through the waiting throng; and the Festival Games are over. But, ere young Marcus reaches the Forum on his return, a shout goes up from the people, and, just before the beautiful temple of the Twin Gods, where the throng is densest, flowers and wreaths are thrown beneath his pony's feet, and a storm of voices raises the shout:

"Ave Imperator! Ave Cæsar!"

"What means that shout, Aufidius?" he asked his friend, who rode in the escort. But the only reply Aufidius made was to join his voice with that of the enthusiastic throng in a second shout: *"Ave Imperator! Auguste, Dii te servent!"* (Hail, O Emperor! The gods save your majesty!)

Then Marcus knew that the decree of the dying Emperor Hadrian had been confirmed, and that he, Marcus Annius Verus, the descendant of the ancient kings, the boy philosopher, the unassuming son of a noble mother, had been adopted as the son and successor of his uncle Antoninus, who was to reign after Hadrian's death, and that where he went, through the Forum and up the Sacred street, there rode the heir to the greatest throne in the world, the future Emperor of Rome.

A Stoic still, unmoved, save for the slight flush that tinged his cheek as he acknowledged the greeting of the happy people, he passed on to his mother's house, and, in that dear home, amid the

green gardens of the Cœlian hill, he heard her lips speak her congratulations, and bent his head to receive her kiss of blessing.

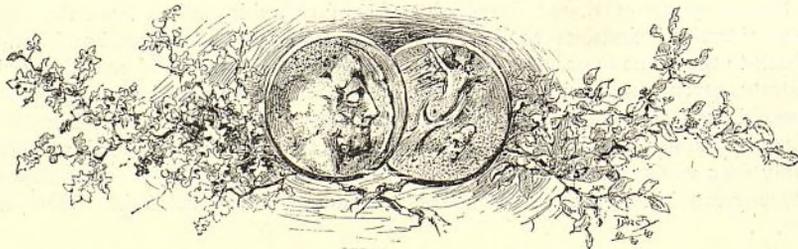
"I lose a son, but gain an Emperor," she said.

"No, my mother," the boy replied, proudly, "me thou shalt never lose. For, though I leave this dear home for the palace of the Cæsars, my heart is still here with that noble mother from whom I learned lessons of piety and benevolence and simplicity of life, and abstinence from evil deeds and evil thoughts."

Before five months had passed the great Emperor Hadrian died at Baia, in his hill-shaded palace by the sea, and the wise, country-loving uncle of Marcus succeeded to the throne as the Emperor Antoninus Pius. During all his glorious reign of twenty-three years, he had no more devoted admirer, subject, helper, and friend, than his adopted son and acknowledged successor, Marcus, who, in the year A. D. 161, ascended the throne of the Cæsars as the great Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

The life of this Roman Marcus was one of unsought honors and titles. At six, a knight of the Equestrian order; at eight, one of the priests of Mars; at twelve, a rigid Stoic; at sixteen, a magistrate of the city; at seventeen, a quæstor, or revenue officer; at nineteen, a consul and Cæsar; at forty, an Emperor.

A noble boy; a noble man; preserving, as has been said of him, "in a time of universal corruption, a nature sweet, pure, self-denying, and unaffected,"—he teaches us all, boys and men alike, a lesson of real manliness. Here are two of his precepts, which we none of us are too young to remember, none of us too old to forget: "The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrong-doer"; "Let me offer to the gods the best that is in me; so shall I be a strong man, ripened by age, a friend of the public good, a Roman, an Emperor, a soldier at his post awaiting the signal of the trumpet, a man ready to quit life without a fear." And so we have opened this series of "Historic Boys" with an account of a boy who was one of the foremost figures of his time, and who himself was manly, modest, princely, brave, and true—the boy magistrate, Marcus of Rome, the greatest and best of the Antonines.





Ring out, O bells, a merry peal,
 On this auspicious morn;
 A little maid, with golden locks
 And soul of heaven born,
 Is nine years old,
 Is nine years old.

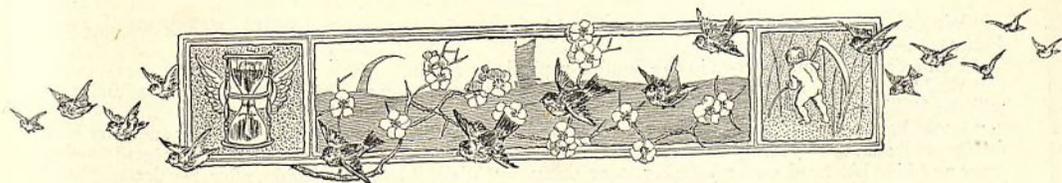
Fresh summer flowers, your petals ope,
 With fragrance fill the air;
 A human blossom on its stem
 Unfolding, free and fair,
 Is nine years old,
 Is nine years old.

From out your swelling throats, O birds,
 Pour forth your sweetest lays;
 A little girl, with eyes of blue
 And winsome, joyous ways,
 Is nine years old,
 Is nine years old.

Young Balder, frisky household pet,
 Come, wag your tail in glee;
 Your little mistress, on this day,
 As even you may see,
 Is nine years old,
 Is nine years old.

O merry brook within the glade,
 Dance lightly on your way;
 A precious child, this gladsome June,
 And on this very day,
 Is nine years old,
 Is nine years old.

Come, uncles, aunts, and cousins, too,
 And join in festive mirth;
 Dear grandmamma, be young to-day;
 Our maid of priceless worth
 Is nine years old,
 Is nine years old.

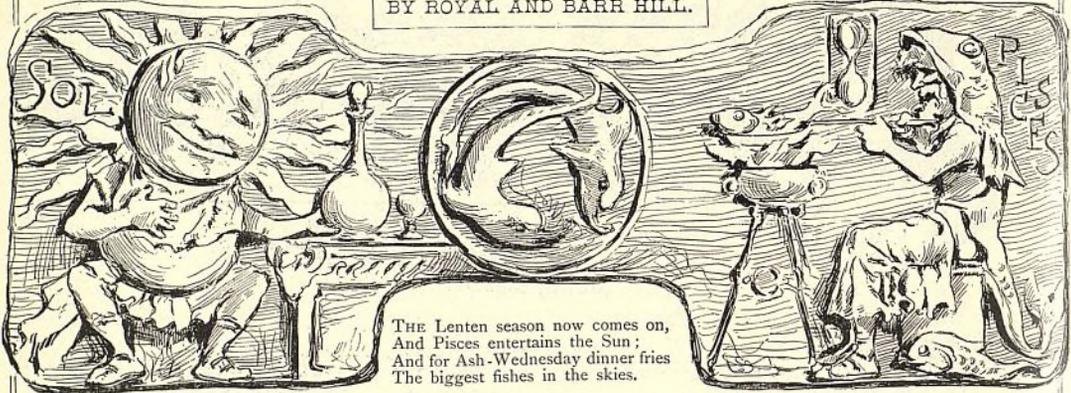


2d
MONTH.

THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC

FEBRUARY,

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



THE Lenten season now comes on,
And Pisces entertains the Sun;
And for Ash-Wednesday dinner fries
The biggest fishes in the skies.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Fri.	4	Pisces	H. M. 12.14	
2	Sat.	5	Aries	12.14	
3	S	6	"	12.14	4th Sunday after Epiph'y.
4	Mon.	7	Taurus	12.14	▷ near Saturn.
5	Tues.	8	"	12.14	▷ close to Aldebaran.
6	Wed.	9	"	12.14	
7	Thur.	10	Gemini	12.14	
8	Fri.	11	"	12.14	▷ near Jupiter.
9	Sat.	12	Cancer	12.14	▷ near Mars.
10	S	FULL	Leo	12.14	Septuagesima Sunday.
11	Mon.	14	Sextant	12.14	▷ near Regulus.
12	Tues.	15	Leo	12.14	
13	Wed.	16	Virgo	12.14	
14	Thur.	17	"	12.14	St. Valentine's day.
15	Fri.	18	"	12.14	▷ near Spica.
16	Sat.	19	"	12.14	
17	S	20	Libra	12.14	Sexagesima Sunday.
18	Mon.	21	Scorpio	12.14	
19	Tues.	22	Ophiuch	12.14	▷ near Antares.
20	Wed.	23	"	12.14	
21	Thur.	24	Sagitt.	12.14	
22	Fri.	25	"	12.14	Washington's b'day, 1732.
23	Sat.	26	Capri.	12.14	
24	S	27	"	12.13	Quinquagesima Sunday.
25	Mon.	28	"	12.13	
26	Tues.	NEW	"	12.13	Pancake Tuesday.
27	Wed.	1	"	12.13	Ash-Wednesday.
28	Thur.	2	"	12.13	
29	Fri.	3	Aries	12.13	{ ▷ passes over Venus, 11 A.M., close to Venus after sunset.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

"SEE our snow fort!"
"Did you make it?"
"That we did."
"We'll storm and take it."
"Bet you wont!"
"Well, we'll try."
Then the snow-balls swiftly fly.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255 ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

FEBRUARY 15th, 8.30 P.M.

VENUS has just set: she may be seen in the west after sunset, but is not very bright yet. MARS, a little to the east of our point of observation, is still at his brightest. He has moved *backward*, to the west, among the stars, and is now nearer to JUPITER, who shines as brightly as during the last month. JUPITER is now still nearer to the twin stars Castor and Pollux, and exactly in a line with them. SATURN has not sensibly altered his position among the stars, though he is now, with Aldebaran and the Pleiades, farther to the west than we saw him in January; for the whole starry sphere, by the movement of the Sun among the stars, has appeared to move two hours westward. *Orion*, which, last month, was about one hour to the east of our south mark, is now about one hour to the west of it. Sirius is now in the best position to be observed during the year, for it is almost due south. Notice the bright stars under it; they are also in the constellation of *Canis Major*. Procyon, between JUPITER and Sirius, is still to the east, but in March it too will at this hour have passed to the west. The bright star in the south-east is Regulus, the principal star in the constellation *Leo*, *The Lion*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac.

Notice the *Milky Way*. It forms an arch of faint, white light from the south-east, touching Betelgeuse, and passing overhead close to Capella to the north-west. Its light comes from millions of stars, too small and far off to be separately distinguished. Let us notice Aldebaran again. It is one of five stars in the form of a \triangleright , called the Hyades.

We can now trace another step in the course of the Sun during the year, for the bright star, Regulus, marks the place where he will shine on the 20th of August.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW AND THE ROBIN.

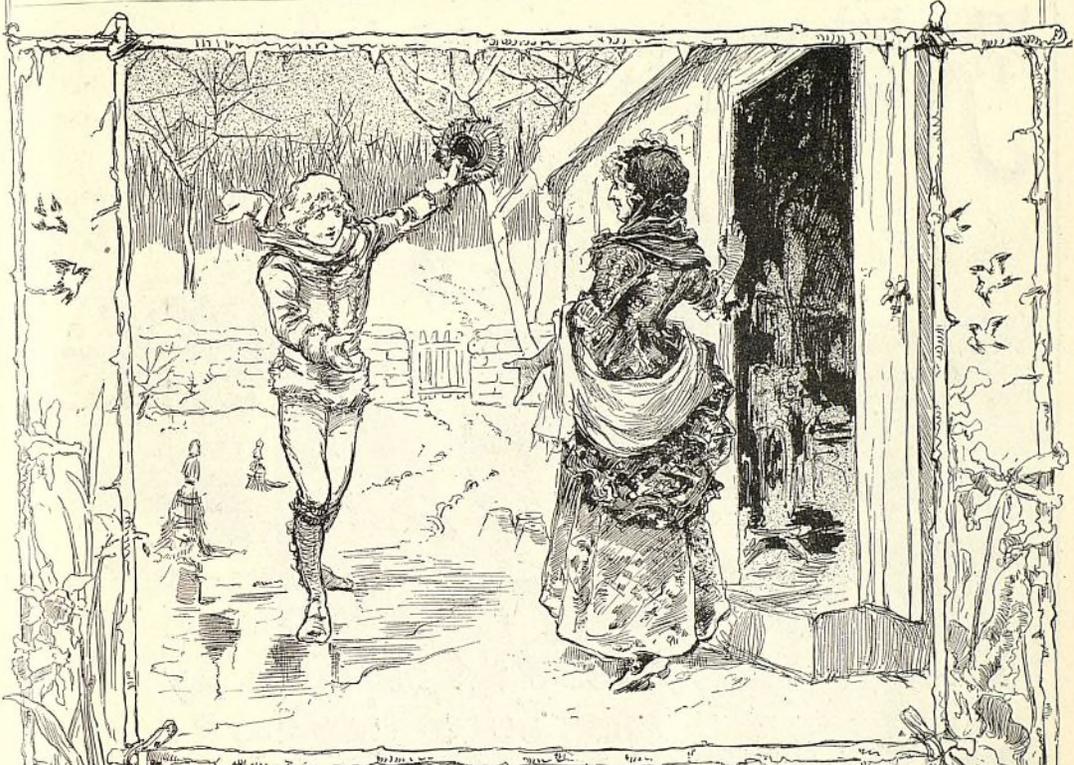
"WHERE did you come from so early?" said the English Sparrow to a Robin Red-breast, one cold February morning.

"From a lovely orange-grove in the South," replied the Robin.

"Well! you had better have stayed there," said the Sparrow; "we shall have more snow, and what will the Robin do then, poor thing?"

"Look here!" said the Robin, "I'm a natural born American, and wont stand any such airs from foreigners"; and, so saying, he attacked the Sparrow so fiercely that His Lordship was glad to slink away and hide his head under his wing, poor thing. "Well!" said the Robin, after his declaration of independence, "I think I had better go back, after all; it does seem rather stormy, and it's always best to take good advice, no matter if you don't like the way it is offered."

*The names of planets are printed in capitals; those of constellations in Italics.

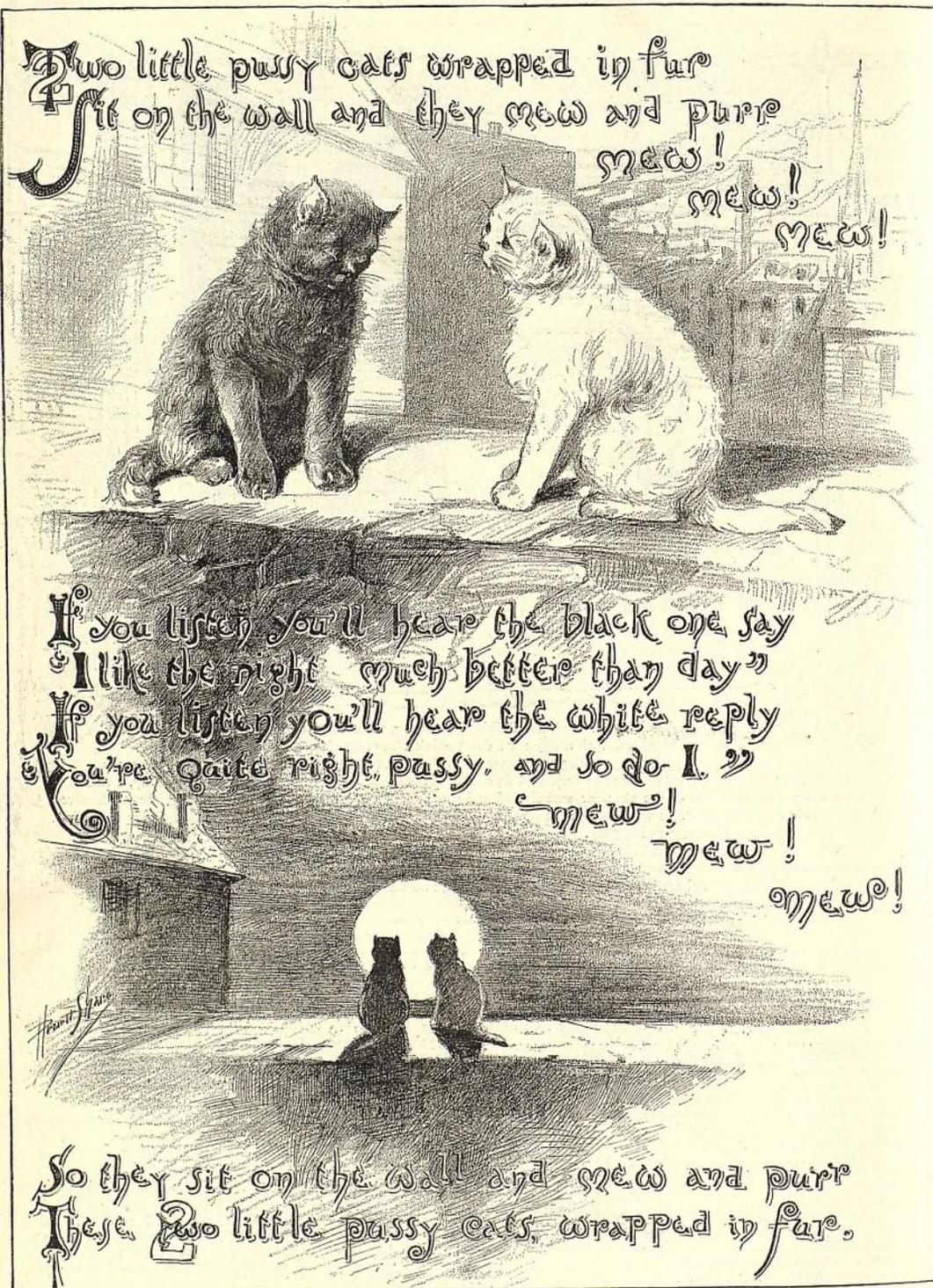


"I'm here, Mother Nature!" exclaimed February, with a warm burst of enthusiasm. But his manner chilled as he added, with a sigh: "I don't think I'm of much use though, and I'm sorry I've got to stay twenty-nine days with you this year. It does not seem to be settled whether my business is to thaw out the streams or to freeze them up, so I do a little of both. If it were not for St. Valentine's Day, I think I should try to drop out of the calendar entirely. But I care too much for the pleasure of the young folks to deprive them of their dear old Saint. I was young once myself, you know"—and February peered down into a little pool he had just frozen over, to see if he was growing gray.

"Don't talk of growing old," cried Nature; "why, you only have a birthday once in four years. You can't grow old. But now to work, and please thaw all you can, February, dear, for I'm a little behindhand; the holidays are all over; we must go to work, and you must do your share. Call the birds from the South, and wake up the crocus and daffodils, or they will be late."

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

NAME.	BORN.	PRESIDENT. From To	DIED.
George Washington	Westmoreland Co., Va., Feb. 22, 1732	1789-1797	Mt. Vernon, Va., Dec. 14, 1799.
John Adams	Braintree, Mass., Oct. 19, 1735	1797-1801	Quincy, Mass., July 4, 1826.
Thomas Jefferson	Shadwell, Albemarle Co., Va., Apr. 2, 1743	1801-1809	Monticello, Va., July 4, 1826.
James Madison	King George, Va., March 16, 1751	1809-1817	Montpelier, Va., June 28, 1836.
James Monroe	Westmoreland Co., Va., Apr. 28, 1758	1817-1825	New York, July 4, 1831.
John Quincy Adams	Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767	1825-1829	Washington, Feb. 23, 1848.
Andrew Jackson	Waxhaw Settlement, S. C., March 15, 1767	1829-1837	Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn., June 8, 1845.
Martin Van Buren	Kinderhook, N. Y., December 5, 1782	1837-1841	Kinderhook, July 24, 1862.
William Henry Harrison	Berkeley, Va., February, 9, 1773	1841-1841	Washington, April 4, 1841.
John Tyler	Charles City Co., Va., March 29, 1790	1841-1845	Richmond, Va., Jan. 17, 1862.
James K. Polk	Mecklenberg Co., N. C., Nov. 2, 1795	1845-1849	Nashville, Tenn., June 15, 1849.
Zachary Taylor	Orange Co., Va., Nov. 24, 1784	1849-1850	Washington, July 9, 1850.
Millard Fillmore	Summer Hill, Cayuga Co., N. Y., Jan. 7, 1800	1850-1853	Buffalo, N. Y., March 8, 1874.
Franklin Pierce	Hillsborough, N. H., Nov. 23, 1804	1853-1857	Concord, N. H., Oct. 8, 1869.
James Buchanan	Stony Batter, Franklin Co., Pa., Apr. 22, 1791	1857-1861	Wheatlands, Lancaster Co., Pa., June 1, 1868.
Abraham Lincoln	Hardin Co., Kentucky, Feb. 12, 1809	1861-1865	Washington, April 14, 1865.
Andrew Johnson	Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 29, 1808	1865-1869	Near Elizabethtown, Tenn., July 31, 1875.
Ulysses S. Grant	Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822	1869-1877	
Rutherford B. Hayes	Delaware, Ohio, Oct. 4, 1822	1877-1881	
James A. Garfield	Orange, Ohio, Nov. 19, 1831	1881-1881	
Chester A. Arthur	Fairfield, Franklin Co., Vermont, Oct. 5, 1830	1881-	Elberon, N. J., Sept. 19, 1881.



A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER ABOUT HER DOLLS.

LOWELL, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to see a picture of my children. My mamma says I may send you one that was made the same day that my picture was taken for Papa's album. She says you will know just how to copy it so that all the little boys and girls can see it. So I send it with this letter.

Shall I tell you their names? The biggest child is the baby,—but you know that doll children don't grow as other children do. Her name is Reba. She has blue eyes, and one little curl, and is as cunning as can be. The oldest child is Mary. She is ten years old. She sits by the baby, and helps me a great deal in taking care of her. The little girl with the long hair and lace cap is Mabel, and her brother, in the Scotch dress, is Colie. Lu Sin and Yung



Wing are twins. They came from Japan, and are really adopted children; but I would n't have them know this for anything. Lu Sin is the little girl, Yung Wing is the boy. He is the one sitting in front of Mabel.

They are all very nice children; but, of course, with such a big family, Mamma says I must expect a good lot of care and trouble. The older children are very fond of St. NICHOLAS. I read it to them, and I don't wonder at their liking it.

Your devoted friend,

KITTIE R.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, gentle Valentines!

And now, as February is a short month, we'll proceed at once to business.

Some among you have wished to know what kind of "Silver Bells and Cockle Shells" those could have been that grew in the garden of "Mistress Mary, quite Contrary." So a good friend who loves the old Nursery Rhymes, though she is a grown lady and very learned, will now tell you something about them.

"SILVER BELLS AND COCKLE SHELLS."

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary;
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle shells
All in a row."

Most of us children, little and big, have recited this verse; but comparatively few know there is a meaning attached to the last two lines. At the time when this rhyme was made there were really "silver bells and cockle shells," and in rows too, though not growing in gardens.

In those days—some hundreds of years ago—there were no coaches. Ladies traveled and visited on horseback; sometimes riding on a saddle or pillion behind a gentleman or man-servant, and sometimes managing their own horses, with the gentleman riding alongside, or the groom following behind. The equipments or trappings of these horses were very rich and costly. Generally, the cloth which half covered them, and on which the lady rode, would be of finest woolen or silken material, handsomely embroidered. On grand occasions, or when the lady was very wealthy or noble, crimson velvet or cloth-of-gold would be used, edged with gold fringes and sprinkled with small pearls, called seed-pearls. The saddles and bridles were even more richly decorated, being often set with jewels or gold and silver ornaments, called "goldsmith's work." One fashion, very popular in the times of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth of England, was to have the bridle studded with a row of tiny silver cockle shells, and its edge hung with little silver bells, which, with the motion of the horse, kept up a merry jingle. Bells were also fastened to the point of the stirrup, which was formed like the toe of a shoe. And this partly explains another old nursery rhyme, made, no doubt, about the same time:

"Ride a grey horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady go on a white horse:
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
So she shall have music wherever she goes."

There is a very old book preserved at Skipton Castle in England, the account book of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. In this

book, among a great many other entries, little and great, is one of the purchase by the Earl of "a saddle and bridle for my lady, embossed of silver cockle shells, and hung with silver bells"; and on the same page is another entry of "a hawk for my lady, with silken jesses, and a silver bell for the same." It was the custom for noble ladies to ride with a hawk perched upon their wrists; and this Countess of Cumberland, who is said to have been beautiful and stately, must have looked very grand when thus equipped.

A CAR WITH A SAIL.

Here is a letter that the deacon has asked me to show you:

ST. JAMES, MINN.

DEAR DEACON GREEN: The railroad velocipede which I find described in a back number of ST. NICHOLAS (September, 1883) has been used on our road for over two years, mostly by the telegraph repairers. They carry two persons facing one another, and a third often hangs on. But a still more wonderful sight is a common hand-car with a large sail hoisted, and handled much the same as a sail on a sail-boat; this sail-car was formerly much used by bridge carpenters, saving them a great deal of hard work.

My little folks are delighted with the ST. NICHOLAS, and generally take the latest number to bed to look over till they go to sleep.

J. R. McLEAN.

A DEEP CONUNDRUM.

PERTH AMBOY, —.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. One day I was down on the sea-shore digging in the sand with some friends of mine. We were trying to see who could dig the deepest hole. By and by we all got tired, and some one asked: "Why did you not keep on?"

I thought for quite a long while, because it made me think of riddles, and then I made up this one:

Why can not a young doctor dig to the other side of the world?
Answer, Because he has not patients enough.

Your friend, A. H. C.

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

MANY persons, in speaking of the Hermit Crab, consider themselves justified in calling him very selfish and unprincipled. They believe that his habit is to watch in his native waters till some desirable and utterly innocent shell-fish comes along, when Mr. Hermit C. with greedy cruelty pounces upon him, eats him, literally, "out of house and home," and then takes up his abode in his victim's emptied shell.

Now, is this a fair statement of facts? What say you, my young aquarium-keepers? Is the Hermit Crab as bad as this, or not?

We will open the discussion with this bit of writing sent by Jenny H. M., a young member of the ST. NICHOLAS Agassiz Association:

The Hermit Crab is very odd in its formation and habits. The crustaceous covering is only over the upper part of the body. The lower part of the body is soft and worm-like, and might be seized upon by any hungry sea-tramps passing by. Being thus unprotected by nature, the little hermit crab finds a way to help himself. He searches for some empty shell and backs into it; there he lives until he grows too large for it, when he moves out and starts off in search of another home.

SWIMMING HOME.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 13th, 1883.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read in a New York paper, last evening, that somebody named William Sexton recently removed from Short Beach to Babylon, Long Island, taking with him fifty tame ducks, ten of which were old birds. The ducks, it seems, were carried in a close box. They remained about their new quarters for one day, and then disappeared. The following morning these ducks were found at their old home on the beach, waiting to be fed. As their wings were clipped, they must have swum the entire distance, nearly nine miles, in a heavy sea and on a dark night.

This seems to me a wonderful incident, if true. Perhaps some of your wise and observant little "chicks" may be able to report authentic duck stories of a similar kind. I have often watched wild ducks swimming in the distance, and have noticed that they stopped very often as if to rest, for they did not appear to be catching anything in the way of food. William Sexton's tame ducks must have been brave swimmers to carry their light forms for such a distance over the heavy sea to the tune of "Home Sweet Home."

Your faithful, but not very young listener, MABEL T. F.

MORE ABOUT THE ERMINE.

IT may be rather late in the day to show you this letter, my friends, as it came to me in October last. And yet, as I have since then received several notes asking questions about ermine fur, I shall let Master George H.'s explanation serve as my reply:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think Charles B.'s composition on the Ermine, in the October ST. NICHOLAS, page 954, is by far the most correct of the three that you gave.

The Ermine is a species of the weasel, but considerably larger than the common weasel. The Ermine is almost ten inches in length, exclusive of the tail, which is fully four and a half inches long. This proves that Mabel C. R.'s statement, that the Ermine grows to be very large, is incorrect.

In the summer the Ermine's coat is a pale reddish-brown color, the under parts yellowish white, and the tip of the tail black.

In the winter the little animal turns to a yellowish white or almost pure white, but the tip of the tail remains black always.

In making up ermine fur, the tails are inserted in a regular manner, thus giving the appearance of a spotted skin.

It is often used for the robes of kings and nobles; hence Mabel C. R.'s mistake. She did not know that many skins must be sewed together to make one large robe.

Ermine is not so valuable now for ladies' muffs and tip-pets as it was formerly, for it is no longer fashionable.

One of your many young friends,
GEORGE H.
WASHINGTON, D. C., October, 1883.

A BEAUTIFUL WINDOW DECORATION.

ABOUT a year ago, as I am informed, the editor of ST. NICHOLAS showed you a picture of a beautifully decorated window in the house of Mr. Vanderbilt, a wealthy citizen of New York. It was a stained-glass window,—that is, one made of bits of richly colored glass, skillfully secured together with metal so as to form a sort of transparent picture, after a design by a famous French artist named Oudinot.

Well, we've a window-decorator in this country, a namesake of mine, who, I'm willing to say, without any offense to Mr. Vanderbilt, beats this French designer utterly. Not only does he plan the picture, but he does every bit of the work himself. His name is Jack—Jack Frost. At present I have time only to show you one of his wonderfully beautiful designs, copied last winter *right from a window*.

If any of you dear young folk can tell me something about this clever Jack, and how he makes his window decorations, I shall be right glad to hear from you.

A CHURCH BUILT OF PAPER.

Geneva, N. Y., December, 1883.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In these days of using compressed paper or papier-maché (which is only mashed paper after all) for very many different kinds of articles, we all have heard of paper pails and paper bowls, and even of paper boats and paper car-wheels; but did ever you hear of a building made of paper? Not long ago I was told that somewhere in Europe, near Bergen, there is a church built entirely of paper or papier-maché. It is of the Corinthian order of architecture, and is large enough to accommodate one thousand persons comfortably.

Now, can the Little Schoolma'am, or Deacon Green, or any of your thousands of young hearers, help me to further knowledge of this wonderful paper church? Who has seen it? And where is this European Bergen? I am, dear J. I. T. P., yours truly,

AN AUNT OF TWO READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS.

THE COMPASS PLANT.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did you ever tell your little chicks anything about the Compass Plant that grows in some of the States west of the Mississippi river? If you did not, then will you let me give them a description of it? It is found mostly on the prairies and plains of Texas, Utah, and Southern Minnesota. It belongs to the family of the *Compositæ*, and greatly resembles the sunflower in appearance. It emits a strong resinous odor, which has caused it to be called "turpentine plant" also. The name of "Compass," or "Pilot-plant" it has received from a peculiarity in the growth of its leaves, which are arranged along the stalk alternately, and point exactly north and south. Long ago the Indians had made use of this plant as a guide-post on the dreary plains, and had imparted the knowledge of its usefulness to the trappers. The first accounts of the wonderful plant were received with incredulity, but scientific



A WINDOW DECORATION, DESIGNED BY JACK FROST, ESQ.

investigations soon established the truth of what had been told of it. Longfellow speaks of it in "Evangeline" saying:

"Look at that delicate plant, which rears its head from the meadow;
See how its leaves are turned to the north as true as the magnet;
This is the compass flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveler's journey."

But the dear poet made a mistake when he called it a "delicate plant," for it is over man's height, and covered with a rough fuzz. Botanists thought at first that its leaves were attracted by polar magnetism, but they are now satisfied that in this manner the plant is better protected from the rays of the sun.

Respectfully yours,
A LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

THE LETTER-BOX.

By an oversight, the text as well as the illustration of the piece entitled "Lullaby," and printed on page 95 of our December number, was credited to Miss Mary A. Lathbury. The lines are really a translation from the German, and Miss Lathbury only gave them the pretty setting with which they made their appearance in "St. NICHOLAS."

STRATFORD, CONN., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your nice magazine for three years, and I like it very much. I think the "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill" is splendid. Mamma liked it very much, and she said she thought that Syl Bartland ought to have a kiss for telling.

FRANK S. B.

RICHMOND, VA., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for two years. My brother took you for me last year for a Christmas gift, and I hope that he will take it this year. I have a great many Christmas and other cards. Will not some of the readers please tell me how to make something of them? I am tired of picture scrap-books. With best wishes for a happy Christmas,

Your constant reader,

BESSIE L.

In the "Letter-box" for January, 1883, we printed a letter from F. H. P., containing suggestions for a Christmas-card fire-screen. It would be well, we think, for Bessie L. and other girls who have "a great many Christmas-cards," to try the experiment which F. H. P. suggests.

WELLSBORO, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am quite an old boy now—18 last week—isn't that old? But now, to tell the truth about it, I don't like this being an old boy much; and I tell you I envy that grade of boys who can just boast of ten or twelve years with their almost boundless freedom. It's such a bother to get old, anyway; yet we are always desiring it, and I rather think we would have to, whether we did or not. I am as fond of the bright monthly as ever. I have always read it faithfully and defended it fearlessly. I suppose I should be ashamed to say it, but I have become almost prejudiced against other children's magazines. It sounds ridiculous for me to say: "Boys, be little boys as long as you can, for you'll soon have to be big boys"; and yet it is proper enough, for I am a district school teacher with two months' experience. I have never written you a letter before, though I have often intended to. It often seems to me as if you were the medium of feeling between all the boys and girls in the land. I wish you the friendship and love of all children everywhere.

Your true friend,

E. S. P.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

I want to tell you of a queer pet we had last summer. Standish, my oldest brother, got a young woodchuck in the woods, and he tamed him so that he would snuggle up under his arm, and go to sleep on his shoulder, and tease to be taken like a little baby. We all called him "Chucky," because he would make such a queer, solemn, little under-ground, chuckling noise. He was real nice for a few weeks, and then he got ugly and cross and snapped at us, and finally he ran off, and we were all glad of it but Standish. M. B.

"A SHIP IN THE SUN."

A correspondent who has been reading the letters in "St. NICHOLAS" about "A Ship in the Moon," writes to tell us about an equally strange and beautiful sight. He says:

I have seen the Ship in the Sun from the deck of the United States steam-frigate Colorado, off the Atlantic coast of Spain. The day had been stormy, but the wind was going down with the sun, and had moderated to a "to gallant breeze"—that is, a wind which will allow a vessel to spread the larger part of her sails. The sea was still rough, however, and heavy gloomy-looking clouds crouched upon the horizon, making the prospect for the night rather dismal.

Suddenly the clouds lifted for a moment off to the westward, right in the direction of the setting sun, and formed an arch of glowing fire, whose light lit up the turbulent sea. At this moment a ship,

with sails set, came out of the gloom from the right, sailed majestically across the glowing arch, and disappeared in the gloom beyond.

I saw another ship in the sun, in the Mediterranean Sea, on a clear beautiful evening, when water and sky were placid and lovely. A ship crossed the disk of the sun just as it was sinking, and it was a beautiful sight. But it was not so impressive as the ship in the sun which we saw while on the Atlantic.

F. H. N.

ELGIN, December 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about our Mother Hubbard party.

My cousin from Texas is visiting me, and we thought it would be new and odd to have a Mother Hubbard party. So the invitations were given out, to be accepted only on condition that all of the young ladies wear Mother Hubbards of some kind. When the evening came, it was a very pretty sight to see all the quantity attired little ladies, with their hair done in high puffs, and powdered, and with dainty little reticules hanging on their arms.

The evening was pleasantly spent in games, dancing, music, and recitations from several of the number. I thought, perhaps, that some of your young readers might like the idea, and hoping they may derive as much pleasure from it as I have,

I am, yours truly,

M. W.

MARIPOSA, September 16, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish very much to tell you how much pleasure your magazine has given me.

I am fourteen years old, and live way up in the Sierra Nevada mountains, in a pretty village called Mariposa. It is very warm here in summer, but a few miles further up it is cool.

Mr. Freemont published maps, with Mariposa marked as a city, and Mariposa Creek a large river, with steam-boats on it, while it is not deep enough for even a small boat.

I have taken St. NICHOLAS for five or six years; at first, my sister read it aloud for me, because I could not read myself. Six girls, including myself, have a club called the Mariposa Sun-bonnets: we meet every Sunday at 5 P. M. and read a little paper, for which each of us writes something.

Another little girl and myself tried writing stories; she wrote fifteen, I, seventy-nine pages.

I wish I could write as nice stories as those that are in St. NICHOLAS. But I don't suppose I ever shall.

Yours truly,

SEC. OF THE M. S. B.'S.

J. C.—The line you mention, "The conscious water saw its God and blushed," was written by Richard Crashaw, an English poet who lived during the first half of the seventeenth century.

ELLEN CHASE.—We are inclined to adopt your suggestion as to the drawings. Please send address.

R. H.—Authorities differ as to the measurements of the tower of Pisa. Appleton's Encyclopedia gives the height 179 feet, and the diameter 50 feet. Lippincott's Gazetteer gives the height 178 feet, and the diameter 50 feet. The English Popular Encyclopedia says the height is 179 feet, with a deviation of 13 feet from the perpendicular. It also gives the number of steps as 294, and the number of bells as 7. In Scribner's Monthly for August, 1874, may be found an article by Mr. W. H. Goodyear on the leaning tower, which gives the height as 151 feet.

HARTFORD, CT., December 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken the book (I call it a book, because I like that name better than magazine) ever since it was first published, and I like it better and better every year. I used to read the stories first, but now I turn to "Jack" first thing, and I miss him very much in this December number. I am afraid he will not have a Merry Christmas, because he did not have his customary talk with us. I wish him one with all my heart, and you too. You do not know how much good you do me. I can get materials for compositions, little plays, fun, employment, work when I want it, and countless other things.

I have a little black kitten, and my sister and I have taught it a

few tricks. When she was a little mite of a thing, whenever she was hungry and it was not convenient to give her milk, we put her in a paper bag containing crackers, and as soon as she got one we took her out of the bag. She soon learned, so that she will go into any bag she sees, and she looks real cunning. But we have to look out for her. She will jump over anything we hold out, even if it is real high; and if we leave a door unlatched, she will scratch it open. She will jump on the sink and drink water from the faucet, and when she has had enough she will play with the stream, and not mind the wetting a bit. She loves us all, and we all love her. I have lots of things to say, and could write ever so much more. You know I have known you all your life, so to speak; but I must not take up any more of your time. Wishing you a very happy New Year, I am, yours truly,

JESSIE I. N.

December 2, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, though you have been given to me by a kind lady for eight years. A few years ago there was a very interesting article, in one of the numbers, about the giant torpedoes which can blow up ships, and it told where some of them were stationed. I remembered it, and this spring, when on one of the Fall River boats, I looked out for the place, and there it was just as the story said; the words "Torpedoes! don't anchor!" in great letters, and very few ships near the place. Can you tell me what kind of noises beavers make, or whether they make any at all? In a book my mother was reading, a person was said to go around making "queer little beaver-like noises," and my mother did not know what they were. I belong to an Agassiz chapter, and my brothers to two, and I was very glad to see that a notice of our chapter, No. 513, was put in one of the numbers of ST. NICHOLAS. Captain Reid's "Land of Fire" looks very nice; I should think all the boys would like it. I was so sorry to hear of the author's death. I would be exceedingly obliged if you would answer my question.

Your very much interested friend,

RUTH E.

We prefer to let some of our boys and girls answer the question— which is a very good natural history problem. Who can accurately describe for us the "kind of noise" that beavers make? Perhaps it is somewhat like the "queer, solemn, little under-ground, chuckling noise" mentioned by M. B. on the preceding page.

ALEIH, MT. LEBANON, August 31.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl who was born on Mt. Lebanon. My home has always been in Syria. I like natural history very much. A while ago I found some large worms on our grape-vines; one was green, and the others were brown. The green one soon turned brown, showing itself to be the same kind as the others. I put them in an empty flower-pot until they made their

chrysalids, and now one has come out a pretty moth. It is light brown, shading into darker stripes of brown. I like ST. NICHOLAS very, very much. I read it over and over again.

GERTRUDE E. P.

Lila Ashton, Lucia T. Henderson, H. P. Holt, Dean S. Meacham, H. A. L., Blanche Vars, Kittie Livermore, Cora C. Parramore, M. H., J. Trix, May Hickerson, Henrietta M. G., Fannie D. Hewett, Clinton Franklin, Eddie N. Burdick, Yankee Boy, Constant Reader (Chicago), Angie W. Myers, Lillie S. Smith, Howard Newman, Margaret J. Wright, A. W. H., A. S., Betty Harrison, Mildred Harrison, Sarah Banks, Helen W. Soule, Mary A. Frick, Phil Mighels, "Emidy," and scores of others: We wish we could print every one of your nice letters, dear friends, but for that a Letter-box of a dozen pages would be required. And we must be content with thanking you one and all for the interesting things you tell us and for your hearty words about "ST. NICHOLAS." We are more than glad if, in so many ways, the magazine aids so many earnest girls and boys.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- "A Little Girl Among the Old Masters." With introduction and comment by W. D. Howells. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.
 "True Tales for My Grandsons." By Sir Samuel W. Baker. London: Macmillan & Co.
 "Firelight Stories." By Louise Chandler Moulton. (Illustrated.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.
 "A Round Dozen." By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
 "Queen Victoria." Her Girlhood and Womanhood. (Exemplary Women Series.) By Grace Greenwood. (Illustrated.) New York: Anderson & Allen.
 "Donald and Dorothy." By Mary Mapes Dodge. Author of "Hans Brinker." Boston: Roberts Brothers.
 "The Queens of England." (Young Folk's History.) Abridged, adapted, and continued from Strickland's "Queens of England." By Rosalie Kaufman. (Illustrated.) Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
 "History of the Civil War." (Young Folk's History.) By Mrs. C. Emma Cheney. (Illustrated.) Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
 "Rosy." By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Walter Crane. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-FOURTH REPORT.

NUMA POMPILIUS—but what a way to introduce a little February talk about the prospects of our A. A. ! The only possible excuse is that there is a rumor to the effect that that gentleman was the first to introduce into the calendar this month, with its uncertain last day, and its more uncertain weather.

We feel sure that our friends will be particularly interested this month in two things: Dr. Warren's most generous proposition; and the suggestion of the Nashua Chapter for a general A. A. meeting next summer.

Several new chapters are organizing, and two have been admitted:

No.	Name.	Members.	Address.
548	Cranford, N. J. (A)	6.	Miss Lottie Watson.
549	Linthgow, Scotland (A)	6.	Wm. Wardrop, Gowan Cottage.

Our classes in botany and entomology have been pleasantly concluded; and we now have the pleasure of opening to our members a class in practical physiology.

THE RED CROSS CLASS.

Aims:—The study of anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, for the purpose of preventing or alleviating suffering and sickness.

In 1864 a society was organized at Berne, Switzerland, for the purpose of alleviating suffering in war. Branches have since been organized in most civilized countries, and the scope of the work has been broadened so as to include civil and domestic suffering, the result of war, pestilence, famine, flood, fire, and the like. In honor to Berne, the Red Cross was chosen as the badge of these societies, and by a curious coincidence, though for a different reason, that is also the badge of the A. A.

Realizing the fact that "It is better to keep well than to mend," the "Red Cross" has endeavored in health to prepare for sickness and suffering. For this purpose, lectures and classes have been held in several cities to instruct those interested, in the care of the sick and in giving "first aid to the injured."

It has been thought that members of the Agassiz Association might be interested in this work, and might be pleased to apply their knowledge of Natural History to some practical advantage, and to all such we open the "Red Cross Class."

Before efficient aid can be given in sickness, the human body must be studied in its normal condition of health. This study must include the construction and forms of the parts of the body as individual organs, and as component parts of a complicate organism. This is called anatomy. The study must also include the functions of the various organs; or physiology. Mivart's Lessons in Elementary Anatomy and Huxley's Elementary Lessons in Physiology will be found useful as books of reference.

The course is to extend through six months, and all who complete it successfully shall receive a certificate. To those furnishing satisfactory evidence of ability to put into practice the instructions given for "First aid in cases of accident or emergency," a certificate shall be given to that effect.

Each member of the class will be expected to write a short paper on the topic assigned each month. Knowledge is to be obtained by observation and study of animals and plants as individuals and in relation to man, and from books. Most physicians will be glad to give information when asked, and some chapters might with advantage request a physician to give them a series of lectures on anatomy and physiology and emergencies.

A manual will be prepared each month containing an outline of the work for the month; and comments will be added when necessary, together with instructions for the practical application of the facts learned.

The instruction and the six manuals are free to all. The subject

for this month is "THE SKELETON: Bones, joints; comparison between those of lower animals and man. Practical application. Fractures, dislocations, and sprains. First treatment. After treatment."

Charles Everett Warren, M. D., 51 Union Park, Boston, has very generously volunteered to conduct this class, and to him all who desire to follow the course, entire or in part, should send at once their names and addresses, and a postage stamp for the first manual.

NASHUA, N. H., Nov. 29, 1883.

DEAR MR. BALLARD: We wish very much to have a general meeting of the A. A. held in Nashua.

We are making arrangements now, and think we can carry it through.

FRED. W. GREELEY,
Secretary Chapter 21.

[We wish the Nashua Chapter all success in its generous and wide-awake plan.]

EXCHANGES, ETC.

English and French flint for a meadow-lark's egg.—H. W. Westwood, 319 Market street, Trenton, N. J.

Manganese (fine).—Caroline S. Roberts, Sec. 522, Sharon, Conn.

Birds' eggs.—R. W. Ford, Plymouth, Conn.

Shells and minerals for insects. Write first.—E. L. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Correspondence.—Willie H. Black, 301 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Fossils for minerals and birds' eggs, blown through one hole.

Correspondence.—F. H. Wentworth, 153 25th street, Chicago, Ill.

Cocoons of Cecropia and Polyphemus for cocoons of Luna or other moths. Moths also for exchange.—Fred. Corregan, 47 E. 7th street, Oswego, N. Y.

Canadian eggs, shells, insects, minerals, and flowers. Chapter 395.—W. D. Shaw, sec., 34 St. Peter street, Montreal, Can.

1000 cocoons of Prometheus, Cecropia and Polyphemus and spread Promethea moths, for others.—Chas. A. Wiley, 862 Cass avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Sea curiosities, coquina stone, star-fishes, and minerals for other minerals and fossils. Garnet geode and trilobite particularly desired.—Ellen C. Wood, 149 School lane, Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Eighty-five varieties of Colorado minerals for bird-skins, good eggs in sets, or insects.—A. W. Anthony, 827 California st., Denver, Col.

Red sea beans, two horned beetles, two June bugs, a mocking-bird's egg and nest, and two alligators just from the egg.—Kitty C. Roberts, Blackwater, Fla.

NOTES.

57. Spiders were at one time classified as insects, and are still so called in common parlance. Now, however, they are separated from insects, and the classification is as follows:

(Articulates: Having the body and members articulated. No internal skeleton.)

Insects.—Head, body, and abdomen distinct; legs, 6; eyes, 2.

Spiders.—Head and body (thorax) inseparable, but distinct from abdomen; legs, 8; eyes minute, 6-8.

Myriapods.—Very many feet, 20-60, worm-like.

Crustaceans.—Body covered with a crustaceous shell, like crabs, etc.; eyes, 2.

Worms.—Earth-worm, Leech, etc. No feet.

The following are the best spider books:

1. J. H. Emmerton, Structure and Habits of Spiders. Only separate book on spiders.
2. Article on Arachnida in ninth edition Encyclopedia Britannica. This article with the book above is sufficient to start a person in the science.
3. A great many old works on entomology (Kirby & Spence, etc.), when spiders were still classed with insects, contain remarks upon them.
4. Hentz, N. M.—Spiders of the United States.
5. Republication of the above by J. H. Emmerton, 1875, in publications of Boston Society of Natural History.
6. Spiders of New England, by J. H. Emmerton. Just published.
7. Many other isolated publications in reports on entomology and agriculture, as well as on surveys of parts of U. S., contain isolated statements on the subject.

1, 2, and 5 are sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

Dr. Aug. F. Forstte, Dayton, Ohio.

58-40.—The name of the black frog-hoppers mentioned in Note 40 is *Ledra rufa*.—E. L. Stephan.

59. Sleep of Plants.—Plants sleep when it is dark, and must sleep, or they die. They can not sleep well if the earth is dry. Mr. Darwin found that a plant that he watched could not sleep for two nights after being violently shaken.—Ch. 109, Washington.

60. Rhinoceros.—The rhinoceros has an arrangement to deaden the concussion when his horn strikes a solid body.—Ch. 109.

61. Platinum is magnetic.—Ch. 109.

62. Silicon is the most abundant element except oxygen; 73% of the ash of wheat straw is silicon.—Ch. 109.

63. Ants.—We have noticed that ants are very careful to bring insects into their holes head first.—Fairfield, Iowa.

64. Blue Bird.—I saw a blue bird feeding its little one which had been caught and put in a cage with a canary. The mother bird comes every morning, lights on the cage, and feeds her little bird through the wires.—Carrie Lamson, Fairfield, Iowa.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

472. Hazleton, Pa.—We have a paper every other week, called the *A. Informer*.—Th. F. McNair, Sec.

237. Plantsville, Conn.—We have taken the first premium at our town fair for our collection of eggs. We have started a library. Our membership has increased from six to twelve.—Frances L. S. Walkley, Sec.

3. Frankford, Pa., A., was the third chapter of the A. A. to organize, and is still one of the most vigorous of all, having 69 members, and having recently taken the lead in organizing a union of all the Philadelphia Chapters. By a long-continued error it has been addressed as No. 110, instead of No. 3.—R. T. Taylor, Sec.

448. Washington, D. C., G.—We have had three interesting wards—a pair of cat-birds, rescued from a bird's-nest, and a Cuban fire-fly over an inch long, with two "lights" back of his eyes. Two new members.—Isabella F. MacFarland, Sec.

388. Beverly, N. J.—We hope to prosper even more this year than last, although it would seem almost impossible to do that. We have learned a great deal from the essays which have been brought in, and which I have copied into blank-books. We sent to L. L. Lewis, of Copenhagen, N. Y., for a small cabinet, and were so much pleased with it that we sent for a large one, with which we are delighted.

It was remarkable to see how fast we raised the money for that cabinet. We held a fair. The father of one of our members owned a vacant house, in a good part of the town, which he kindly let us have. We used the two back rooms and the shed. We held our fair one afternoon, and evening, and we cleared over thirty-five dollars. I wish to say in behalf of the girls of our Chapter that they must be a very different kind of girls from those in the chapter where they "sit around the room as silent as Egyptian mummies." Our girls have learned how to talk, and are not afraid to show it.—Alice T. Carpenter, Sec.

Spearfish, Dakota.—I will write something about our flood. It rained for one day steadily, and then the time began. The Spearfish river has a fall of 80 feet to the mile, and it rose 8 feet. Oh, it was grand! Great waves, 10 feet high, would come right on top of one another, and make me frightened. But I soon grew accustomed to it, and sat for hours at a time watching it. It sounded like a thousand trains of cars all going at once. A person speaking in common tones could not be heard. We had to shout, and then it was hard to understand what was said.—Jeannie Cowgill.

364. Brooklyn, D.—Two new members. Our cabinet now contains over 100 minerals arranged in order, labeled, and catalogued.—Ralph H. Pomeroy, Sec.

170. North Brookfield, Mass.—I am happy to say that egg collecting is not so popular among us as formerly. Birds' eggs are not discussed in our meetings. I have seen times in the Spring when it seemed as if I must take just one of some rare nest-full. I did get one from an overthrown and deserted nest of a Wilson's thrush, and that without breaking the law.—Henry A. Cooke.

132. Buffalo, E.—We form the Archæological and Geological branch of the Buffalo Society of Natural Science, using their rooms for our meetings. We have no fees or dues. We elect our members in secret session, and two negative ballots reject a candidate. All members of the A. A. are cordially invited to our meetings, which are held Mondays at 7:30 P. M., in the library of the Natural Science Society, in the Young Men's Association rooms, corner Eagle and Main streets.—A. L. Benedict, Sec.

451. Sydney Mines, Cape Breton Island.—We have a new member, and have made special study of botany and entomology.—M. S. Brown, Sec.

493. Buffalo, F.—We still have the privilege of meeting at the State Normal School. We have joined the other Chapters here in a union meeting held once each month. These meetings are of great interest.—Miss Lizzie Schugens, Sec.

December 8, 1883.

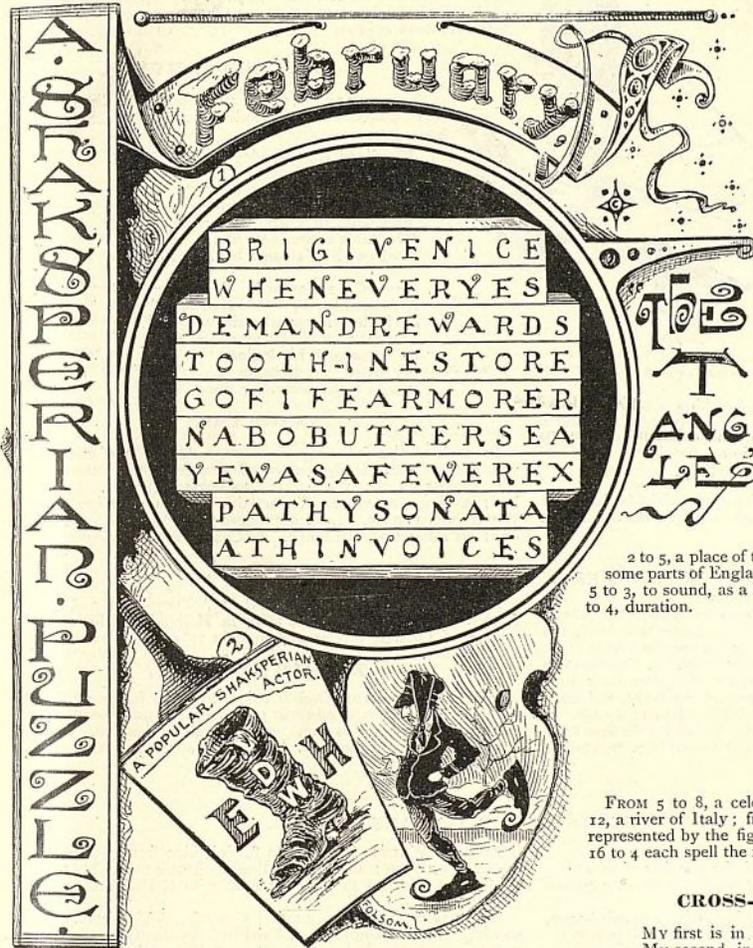
168. Buffalo, C.—We have now fifteen members; we began with five. We are going to try to have an entertainment to raise money for a microscope.—Claire Shuttleworth, Sec.

264. Gainesville, Florida.—We have obtained several specimens of our beautiful Florida birds. Some of us have made woods a specialty. One has a fine little collection of snails from the west and south, and the last section has undertaken the study of geology and ethnology. We are made up of young and old members, from forty down to eight years of age, and among all the interest is equal. If we can in any way assist any of our sister Chapters, we shall be delighted to do so.—Paul E. Rollins, Sec.

But the editorial shears are opening, and we regretfully push back into our crowded pigeon-holes enough equally interesting letters to fill many pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

Address all communications to the President,
HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



In each of the nine horizontal lines of letters are concealed one or more words. By selecting the right word from each line, a quotation from "Hamlet" may be formed.

What Shakespearean actor does the rebus on the snowshoe represent? G. F.

CHARADE.

FIRST.

A USEFUL article I'm thought,
But full of airs and graces;
With ivory I am oft inwrought,
And yet I wear two faces.

SECOND.

I'm an abbreviation
Of a goodly name,
Borne by saint and sinner, haply
You may bear the same.

WHOLE.

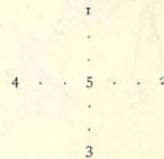
Born of dreams and fears and darkness,
Dreadful forms I wear;
Seek to touch me and I quickly
Vanish into air.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains four letters. The zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of an illustrious personage.

1. Merchandise. 2. Station. 3. Disguise. 4. A whip. 5. To whirl. 6. Compact. 7. Redness. 8. To rouse. 9. A blemish. 10. A tribe. DYCIE.

REVERSIBLE CROSSES.



- I. From 1 to 5, a portion; from 5 to 1, a snare; from 2 to 5, surrounded; from 5 to 2, trim or neat; from 3 to 5, plunder; from 5 to 3, an instrument; from 4 to 5, to superintend the publication of; from 5 to 4, the alternate rising and falling of water.
- II. From 1 to 5, to encounter; from 5 to 1, to be full to overflowing; from 2 to 5, a place of traffic; from 5 to 2, a coal wagon used in some parts of England; from 3 to 5, to sound, as a horn; from 5 to 3, to sound, as a horn; from 4 to 5, to send forth; from 5 to 4, duration. "EDABAGHA."

ACROSTIC.

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16

FROM 5 to 8, a celebrated mountain of Greece; from 9 to 12, a river of Italy; from 13 to 16, a cornucopia. The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 4, from 1 to 13, and from 16 to 4 each spell the name of the same famous man.

GEORGE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in heaven, but not in earth,
My second, in value, but not in worth;
My third is in tempest, but not in gale,
My fourth is in mountain, but not in vale;
My fifth is in justice, but not in love,
My sixth is in falcon, but not in dove;
My seventh, in serpent, but not in rod,
My whole is the name of a Roman god.

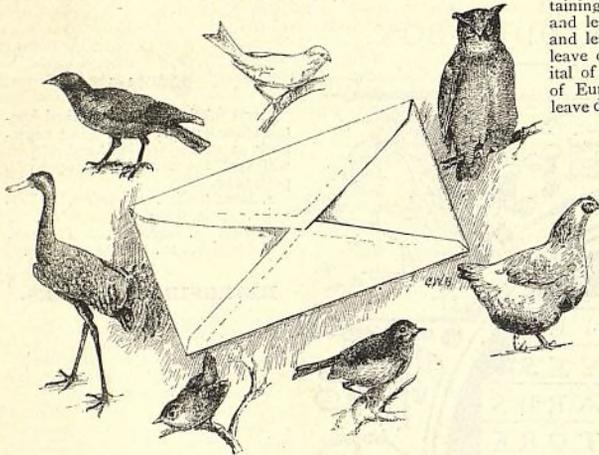
DYCIE.

A SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-two letters, and am a quotation from *Cymbeline*.

- "The 36-29-34 is plain as way to parish church."
- "That sprightly Scot of Scots, 9-48-23-1-17-26-10, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular."
- "Fair lady 28-16-5-51-35-30-4, so please you, save the thanks this prince expects."
- "The dull 19-42-24 will not mend his pace with beating."
- "Heaven take my soul, and 38-32-14-21-11-6-49 keep my bones!"
- "52-15-45-40 hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, wherein he puts alms for oblivion."
- "Do you see yonder 43-7-44-50-13 that's almost in shape of a camel?"
- "It is the green-ey'd 22-2-12-27-47-33-41, which doth mock the meat it feeds on."
- "Be not too 25-8-31-46 neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor."
- "O! fear him not; his 18-39-37-3-20 in that is out." C. S. C.

A BIRD LETTER.



DEAR FRIEND: Mary ran across a few orchids last June. How we all wondered what they were. Then I borrowed them, and a gentleman told us about them in a very interesting manner. We have been having keen arctic weather.

Yours very truly, G. W. B.

In the foregoing letter are concealed the names of the birds shown in the picture; but the letters forming the names of the birds must be read backward.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

THE words are all of equal length; and the syncopated letters, read in the order here given, will spell the name of a king, the downfall of whose empire was predicted by the prophet Daniel.

1. Syncopate measures, and leave large holes. 2. Syncopate a vision, and leave a measure. 3. Syncopate of a very dark hue, and leave an auction. 4. Syncopate a part of the body, and leave an insect. 5. Syncopate pertaining to a duke and leave double. 6. Syncopate the supposed matter above the air, and leave four-fifths of the name of a sovereign called "the Great." 7. Syncopate

twenty-two yards, and leave part of the face. 8. Syncopate pertaining to a foot, and leave a loud sound. 9. Syncopate fastens, and leave commands. 10. Syncopate a common article of food, and leave a kind of nail. 11. Syncopate one who sleeps, and leave one who performs. 12. Syncopate thin, and leave the capital of Austria as the Austrians spell it. 13. Syncopate a country of Europe, and leave to twirl. 14. Syncopate conveyances, and leave domestic animals.

GEORGE S. HAYTER.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

FIND a word to replace the stars in the first line which may be successively beheaded to complete each subsequent line.

I. We dined last Monday with a *****.
 Mother desired us to *****.
 Because she saw us so *****.
 Who were the guests and who was *****.
 And what they said, and wore, and *****.
 The table's form was like a *****.
 And our host's name began with *.

II. Onward we marched. Behind us *****.
 A frenzied mob, who raved and *****.
 As if they knew wherein we *****.
 The warlike troops unmoved *****.
 As Bonaparte his legions *****.
 My trusty aid-de-camp was *****.
 Whose home was near the *, he said.

M. A. H.

ANAGRAMS.

IN each of the following problems a definition of the original word follows immediately the anagram made with its letters.

1. I roast no clam; pertaining to heavenly bodies. 2. "T is all bad; a singer or writer of narrative songs. 3. A car van; an Eastern conveyance. 4. L. get a deed; commissioned. 5. A pure one; an inhabitant of Europe. 6. Can't I fast? grotesque.

F. SINGLETON.

DIAMOND.

1. IN Hercules. 2. Conducted. 3. Very open and delicate fabrics. 4. Worldly. 5. The town in Holland in which William, Prince of Orange, was assassinated in 1584. 6. Was seated. 7. In Hercules.

"ROBIN HOOD."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name an English coin; my finals form a word meaning imperial. Primals and finals together name an aromatic herb.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To emit. 2. A sound reverberated. 3. A fleet of ships. 4. A girl's name. 5. A small ship's-boat.

CYRIL DEANE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

TWO HOLIDAY PUZZLES.

First Puzzle. Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace; East, west, north, and south, let the long quarrel cease:

Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
 Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!
 "A Christmas Carmen," by J. G. Whittier.

Second Puzzle. Zigzag, Santa Claus. Cross-words: 1. Sail. 2. FAns. 3. RiNd. 4. ColT. 5. ClAm. 6. ACre. 7. Last. 8. CAke. 9. DrUm. 10. SumS.

Pi. Chill airs and wintry winds! My ear
 Has grown familiar with your song;
 I hear it in the opening year,
 I listen and it cheers me long.

"Woods in Winter," by H. W. Longfellow.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Initials of the beheaded words, Lowell. Cross-words: 1. s-Low. 2. p-Ore. 3. s-Wing. 4. p-Eat. 5. p-Lump. 6. f-Lint.

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 NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from Paul Reese — Arthur Gride — "Sisters Twain" — F. and H. Davis — P. S. Clarkson — S. R. T. — Jenny Brooks — Alex. H. Laidlaw — Harry M. Wheelock — "A. P. Owdler, Jr." — S. I. Hall and Dora Wendel — Gertie and Lou — Saidie and Mai — Jessie A. Platt — Maggie T. Turill — "Uncle Dick, Aunt Julia, and Windsor" — The Stewart Browns — C. L. M. — "Walnut" — Arian Arnold — Professor Shrewsbury — Gracie and Bessie Greene — Fred Thwaites — "Partners" — "Pa, Ma, and I" — Mamie Hitchcock — Walter Angell — Jennie K. — "Two Subscribers" — "Dude" — C. S. C. — Hugh and Cis — Charles H. Kyte — Madeleine Vultee — Pinnie and Jack — Minnie B. Murray — Papa and Susie — Francis W. Islip — Clara J. Child — Lily and Agnes.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from Frank L. Kellner, 1 — Jennie C. McBride, 2 — H. J. H., 2 — J. Maude Bugbee, 9 — Gertrude Cosgrave, 5 — G. B., Jr., 1 — Joseph C. Russ, Jr., 2 — "Professor and Co., 10 — Tip, 7 — Lavenia Haulenbeck and Carrie Heckman, 2 — "Envelope and Stamp," 2 — Wm. M. Richards, 6 — Emmitt and Frankie Nicoli, 1 — "Per Jove," 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — Bucknor Van Amringe, 1 — Eva Cora Deemer, 3 — Herbert T. B. Jacquelin, 6 — Edward J. V. Shipsey, 2 — Philip Embury, Jr., 8 — H. R. Dexter, 10 — "Kansas Boy," 2 — Willie and May, 7 — Livingston Ham, 3 — Willie Sheraton, 1 — John Brown, 7 — Algernon Tassin, 9 — Bess and Co., 10 — Paul W. England, 5 — Annie Custer, 8 — Helen W. Merriam, 1 — Amy and Bertha, 2 — "Pernie," 8 — Walter L. Fortescue, 1 — Robbie and Russell, 2 — Dycie, 10 — J. B. Sheffield, 4.

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