



A STAMPEDE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XI.

MARCH, 1884.

No. 5.

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AMONG THE MUSTANGS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

MANY years ago, when I was a Boy Emigrant, slowly traversing the continent, a party of us one day were very much surprised by an unexpected sight that we met in the valley of the South Platte. We had been traveling through an unknown and almost trackless country. Only the tracks of the wheels of emigrant teams ahead of us, and the occasional wreck of a wagon left behind by other companies, gave any sign that civilized people had ever passed that way before. Where the traveler in the West now finds flourishing towns and villages, we found nothing but endless and monotonous prairies, rolling in long, smooth, wavy outlines, day after day. Descending one of these gentle declivities about noon, we beheld before and below us, feeding in a grassy plain, a herd of small horses. They were mostly of a bright chestnut color, although many were curiously dappled with patches of white, red and brown. We were delighted by the sight. There were no signs of man to be seen. Not even a solitary horseman stood guard over the herd. We had heard of the wild horses of the West. Probably this was a wandering drove of those beautiful creatures that had been detained here by the luxuriant grass on which they were feeding tranquilly, and without any suspicion of the approach of man. As far as the eye could reach, there was no human habitation, and we knew that no emigrants could have been on the trail with so many horses as these without our having heard of it. News traveled back and forth on the emigrant trail just as it does in villages.

Our wagons were some distance behind us, and the only lariats we had were with them. We knew enough about wild horses, or mustangs, to know that we must be wary and creep up unperceived in order to throw the lasso, or lariat, slip-noose fashion, over the head of the creature designed for capture. But, while we waited for the coming of the wagons, we decided that we would make a little examination of the field. There were three of us,—Arthur, Tom, and myself. So we crept cautiously down the swale of the prairie and tried the effect of showing ourselves to the grazing herd. To our great surprise, the horses gave no signs whatever of fright. The mustang in his native state is very easily scared and “stampeded.” It often happens that a drove of horses, peacefully feeding, will take fright at some trifle, or at a mere whim, as one may say, and as soon as one or two start off wildly, the entire herd will join in the flight as if pursued by some deadly enemy. They may be alarmed by the passing of a wolf, or by the playing of the moonbeams among the underbrush;—no matter what the cause of their alarm, they fly like the wind, crashing and plunging over one another, wild with terror, and blindly scattering far and wide over the country. This is what the frontiersman calls a stampede.

But our appearance among the great herd grazing on the banks of the South Platte did not create any alarm. The keen-sighted animals lifted their heads, snorted gently, as if saying, “How do you do?” and went on with their feeding.

"Why, I believe they are tame horses!" whispered Arty.

"Nonsense," replied Tom, also lowering his voice, "there's no company on the plains, that we've heard of, with more than one hundred and fifty horses; and there must be at least a thousand in that gang. Whoop! Whoop!" he suddenly cried, and at the sound, the animals gazed at us and then moved slowly away toward a belt of timber near the river.

Finding that the herd showed none of that fear of man which I had been taught to believe that all wild creatures have, the mystery deepened to me.

"See, boys, there's another drove beyond!"

He was right; for on looking, we beheld another and even larger company of horses grazing just on the other side of the timber belt.

As we almost breathlessly made our way through the trees to explore this new wonder, I stumbled upon two Indians lazily lying on their blankets, but watchfully regarding the herds. Pretty soon we met two or three more who were similarly occupied. The mystery was explained. These were Indian ponies. Screened from the rays of the summer sun, the watchmen were keeping guard in their usual silent fashion.

I do not know what would have happened if we had made any attempt to capture one of the Indian horses. It is very likely that we should have had trouble very quickly. The Indian always suspects the white man, and white boys are no better than white men in their eyes. We asked the Indian guardians of the herd where they came from, and they surly replied:

"Heap way off. No grass there."

The spokesman of the party gave us a very few items of intelligence about themselves. He pointed to the south, and we came to the conclusion that they were Arapahoes, as the tribe then lived in that region of the country, and the dress and fantastic decorations of the specimens before us were like those of some Arapahoes whom we had met before.

After this, we frequently saw mustangs, both in their native and in their tamed state. But never again did we come quite so near provoking a fight with the lawful owners of a herd. The riches of a tribe of Indians largely consist in



"CAUGHT."

We passed through the company of horses, a lane, or passage, being formed for us by the animals themselves, as they moved away on each side from our immediate neighborhood. Then Tom cried:

the herds of ponies that are possessed by the whole company, or group of families. When a chief dies, his war horses are sacrificed at his grave; and when he buys a wife or a coveted rifle, he pays the price

in ponies. When a company of Indians moves camp for a long distance, the great herd of ponies is usually sent on before, only those needed to carry the "plunder" being kept behind. The Indian pony, or mustang, is more easily tamed than the wild horse of Asia, but is less intelligent and tractable when he has been fairly reduced to bondage.

In droves of tens of thousands, the wild horse of North America formerly roved the plains from Western Nebraska to Mexico. Even within a very few years, the native American horse was to be met with as far north as the forks of the Platte River. But the settlement of the country has crowded the wandering herds farther south, and now they may be found only in Texas, New Mexico, and in regions far to the south-west. The Mexicans who live along the boundary line of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico are most expert at catching these wild and timorous creatures. They throw the lasso with amazing dexterity. Riding at full speed, the Mexicans career over the plains like wild men, whirling their coiled lariats, or lassos, over their heads as they fly. Their horses are covered with foam, and often bleeding from the cruel spurs with which they are urged on. The earth trembles under the tramp of many hoofs beating the solid ground, as pursuer and pursued gallop madly far and wide. Suddenly the lariat sings through the air, its noose opens itself and drops over the head of a terrified fugitive, the hunter's steed instantly braces itself with its forefeet and drops on its haunches so as to make an anchorage, as it were, for the caught mustang. And there is no escape now for the captive.

The hunter next blinds his prize, takes a turn of the lariat around its forelegs, forces a heavy bit into its mouth, and at once begins to "break"

it to the saddle. How do you suppose the poor mustang feels when it finds itself saddled, bridled, and straddled by a tyrant man? In vain it



ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

"jumps stiff-legged," plunges, and "kicks." No animal in the world has so many tricks and antics as a newly captured wild horse; but man, its conqueror, is equal to all of these. In a few hours, the poor beast, so lately a free and careless creature, a wild rover of the boundless plains, is reduced to abject subjection. Its spirit is broken, and though it may still retain some of its native viciousness, it is the slave of its owner. Henceforth it never forgets the lasso. It knows and dreads the sight of one; and if it escapes, there is very little difficulty in catching it again. But its rider, too, must never forget that the hapless captive is only half-tamed. He must watch it narrowly; for often afterward, when he least suspects such insubmission, the steed he rides will

try to throw him, and will struggle under the saddle as if it were but newly snared.

But man is not the only enemy that the wild horse dreads. On the outskirts of every herd hang droves of wolves, waiting for the downfall of some one of the sick and feeble. When hard pressed by hunger, a band of wolves will boldly attack a mustang, the whole band concentrating their ferocity and skill upon one doomed creature. They will often circle around an animal that they have selected for their prey, as if the whole matter had been agreed on beforehand. The terrified mustang, snorting with fear and excitement, plunges away from the main herd, harried at every jump by the hungry wolves, which snap at its heels and leap on its flanks, back, and shoulders, growling and snarling madly. The

long as he lives. How he issues his orders, and how he takes counsel from others of his company, no man can tell. But the captain of the band is a very distinctly marked character. He is every inch a leader, and he is always at the head of the column. He is on guard, too, when the young wild colts are being reared. It is he that gives warning on the approach of a foe, and he has to fight for his own supremacy, sometimes, when turbulent spirits appear among the herd.

A duel between rival mustangs is a fascinating, but not a pleasant sight. They bite, kick, and rush at each other like mad horses. One could hardly imagine that horses could be so like lions and tigers as are these mustangs when enraged. The sound of their cries and shrieks may be heard far across the prairie, and the combatants will often be scarred



"IN A BLIZZARD."

mustang stops, rears, plunges, and finally sinks, though still struggling, in the midst of its ravenous foes. Meantime, the rest of the herd of horses has been scattered by the attack, far over the prairies, and it may be many hours, even days, before they are rallied again into their usual compact marching order, under the leader of the band.

The leadership of a drove of mustangs is determined by the superior prowess and endurance of the candidate. So far as we can judge, the herd selects its leader, and he is implicitly obeyed as

and lame for days from wounds received in these fights.

The mustang has a hard time of it in winter. In the more northerly of the haunts of the wild horse, snow falls to a great depth, at times, and scanty picking does the hungry animal get when the succulent bunch-grass is covered with fleecy folds. One may see the herd, at such times, pawing away the snow and nosing among the hillocks for food. Nature has been kind to the wandering bison and mustang, however, for the grass is sweet and nutritious all through the winter. The

sagacious mustangs know just where to look for the hidden stores of food, and find the dry and hay-like tufts by scraping off the snow that keeps them sheltered for their use.

Overtaken by a snow-storm of bitter severity, or a "blizzard" (as such a storm is called in the West), the mustangs suffer greatly. Often a storm of snow and wind, sweeping down from the north, prevails for fifty or sixty hours. The air is filled with particles of fine dry ice and snow. The wind blows a gale, and there is no abatement, no lull, for days at a time. Those who have never experienced the force and penetrative quality of a "blizzard," can not appreciate the discomfort that covers a storm-swept prairie in the dead of winter. No garment can resist the dagger-like stabs of the cold, and no structure is secure against its searching blasts. The poor mustangs huddle together, with their heads turned from the direction of the wind, crowding close to be warmed by each other's bodies, shivering with cold, and scarcely stirring for many hours at a time. If the hunter chances to pass a herd at such a time, he would have no difficulty in catching any desired number of the half-frozen beasts. But no man ventures out in such a perilous storm, except on errands of the direst necessity. The shelterless mustangs are often unable to find the slightest screen from the icy wind, and thousands of them thus miserably perish every year. The wild, free life of the untamed horse of the western prairies has its dark side as well as its sunshine and joy.

The wild horse of America, although now native to the soil, is descended from the tribes of wild horses that still rove the plains of Central Asia. When the discoverers of this continent first landed, there were no horses anywhere in either North or South America. Centuries before, the horse had been introduced into European countries from Asia, and had become common all over that continent. When Columbus arrived here on his second voyage, in 1493, he was accompanied by one Cabrea de Vaca, who brought with him a number of horses. These were subsequently landed in Florida, although Columbus and his other companions, notably Blonza de Ojeda, introduced horses into the islands which we now call the West Indies. But the first horses of which any mention is made as having been landed in what is now a portion of the United States, were those taken to Florida.

Cortez took horses with him to assist in the conquest of Mexico, as did Pizarro in his conquest of Peru. The natives were greatly

affrighted when they beheld these strange animals. At first they supposed that the man and the horse were one complete creature, something like the centaur of which we read in ancient fable. And when they saw the rider dismount and disengage himself from his steed, their amazement knew no bounds. They had already looked upon the white men as descended from heaven; the ability to ride, and to dismount from, horses seemed to the simple savages a supernatural gift.

A mounted cavalier, or a man-at-arms, clad as the invaders were, in glittering armor, must have been a very terrible sight to the Indians. In course of time, the savages learned that the horse was an animal that had been subdued by man, and that it was a separate creature; but they long dreaded the horse of the Spaniards as a beast of prey. And when the horses escaped from their masters, and made their way into the freedom of the forests, as they did after a space, the natives avoided them as something to be shunned. The quarreling Spaniards neglected their steeds, which soon found homes on the plains of Mexico, South America, and the unexplored interior of North America. From these escaped animals have sprung the wild horses of America. The mustang, as the native horse of the North American continent is usually called, is generally of a bright chestnut color. The horses marked with odd colors and patches are called "pinto," or "painted," by the Mexicans, and "calico" by the Americans. The mustang is smaller than the domesticated American horse; for we must remember that the larger horses now found in our stables are the direct descendants of later importations from Europe, while those brought by the early explorers, having been allowed to flee to the wilderness, there founded the race now known as the native horse of America.

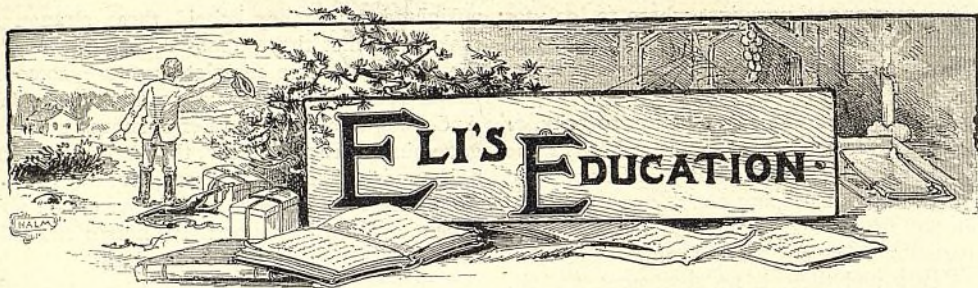
Arty, Tom, and I discussed all these things as we sat on a rise of ground beyond the grazing herd of Indian ponies, and regarded the pretty sight below us in the valley of the Platte.

"Well," said Arty, with something like a sigh of satisfaction, "I'm glad we did n't try to capture one of those mustangs before we discovered the Indians. They would have killed us, I suppose."

Tom looked wisely at the horses, and said:

"But it's mighty curious to think that the Spaniards are all gone out of the country, and that the Indians are left with the Spaniards' horses."

"Yes," I said, "the Western Indians and these mustangs are the sole survivors of the early fights that marked the coming of the Spanish conquerors."



THIRD SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"MY turn now," said Walt, as they assembled again after a busy day spent in snow-balling, statue-making, and tumbling in the drifts that still continued to rise on all sides.

"Here is just the story for you and Geoff. You are getting ready for college, after years of the best schooling, and it will do you good to hear how hard some boys have had to work to get a little learning," said Grandma, glancing at the slip that Walt drew from the basket which Aunt Elinor held out to him, and from which Lottie had drawn the story of "Tabby's Table Cloth," told last month.

"This is a true tale, and the man became famous for his wisdom, as well as much loved and honored for his virtue and interest in all good things," added Aunt Elinor, as she began to read the story of "Eli's Education."

Many years ago, a boy of sixteen sat in a little room in an old farm-house up among the Connecticut hills, writing busily in a book made of odd bits of paper stitched together, with a cover formed of two thin boards. The lid of a blue chest was his desk, the end of a tallow candle stuck into a potato was his lamp, a mixture of soot and vinegar his ink, and a quill from the gray goose his pen. A *Webster's Spelling-book*, *Dilworth's New Guide to the English Tongue*, *Daboll's Arithmetic*, and the *American Preceptor*, stood on the chimney-piece over his head, with the *Assembly Catechism* and *New Testament* in the place of honor. This was his library; and now and then a borrowed *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, or some stray volume, gladdened his heart; for he passionately loved books, and scoured the neighborhood for miles around to feed this steadily increasing hunger. Every penny he could earn or save went to buy a song or a story from the peddlers who occasionally climbed the hill to the solitary farm-house. When others took a noon-sleep, he read under the trees or by the fire. He carried a

book in his pocket, and studied as he went with the cows to and from the pasture, and sat late in his little room ciphering on an old slate, or puzzling his young brain over some question which no one could answer for him.

His father had no patience with him, called him a shiftless dreamer, and threatened to burn the beloved books. But his mother defended him, for he was her youngest and the pride of her heart; so she let him scribble all over her floors before she scrubbed them up, dipped extra thick candles for his use, saved every scrap of paper to swell his little store, and firmly believed that he would turn out the great man of the family. His brothers joked about his queer ways, but in his sisters he found firm friends and tender comforters for all his woes. So he struggled along, working on the farm in summer and in a clock shop during the winter, with such brief spells of schooling as he could get between whiles, improving even these poor opportunities so well that he was letter-writer for all the young people in the neighborhood.

Now, he was writing his journal very slowly, but very well, shaping his letters with unusual grace and freedom; for the wide snow-banks were his copy-books in winter, and on their white pages he had learned to sweep splendid capitals or link syllables handsomely together. This is what he wrote that night, with a sparkle in the blue eyes and a firm folding of the lips that made the boyish face resolute and manly.

"I am set in my own mind that I get learning. I see not how, but my will is strong, and Mother hopes for to make a scholar of me. So, please God, we shall do it."

Then he shut the little book and put it carefully away in the blue chest, with pen and ink, as if they were very precious things; piously said his prayers, and was soon asleep under the homespun coverlet, dreaming splendid dreams, while a great bright star looked in at the low window, as if waiting to show him the road to fortune.

And God did please to help the patient lad; only the next evening came an opportunity he had never imagined. As he sat playing "Over the Hills and Far Away" on the fiddle that he had himself made out of maple-wood, with a bow strung from the tail of the old farm horse, a neighbor came in to talk over the fall pork and cider, and tell the news.

"Ef you want ter go over the hills and far away, Eli, here 's the chance. I see a man down to Woodtick who was askin' ef I knew any likely young chap who 'd like to git 'scribers for a pious book he wants to sell. He 'd pay for the job when the names is got and the books give out. That 's ruther in your line, boy, so I calk'lated your daddy would spare you, as you are n't much of a hand at shuckin' corn nor cartin' pummace."

"Haw! haw!" laughed the big brothers, Ambrose Vitruvius and Junius Solomon, as neighbor Terry spoke with a sly twinkle in his eye.

But the sisters, Miranda and Pamela, smiled for joy, while the good mother stopped her busy wheel to listen eagerly. Eli laid down his fiddle and came to the hearth where the others sat, with such a wide-awake expression on his usually thoughtful face that it was plain he liked the idea.

"I'll do it, if Father'll let me," he said, looking wistfully at the industrious man who was shaving axe-handles, for the winter wood-chopping, after his day's work was over.

"Wal, I can spare you for a week, mebbby. It's not time for the clock shop yet, and sence you 've heerd o' this, you wont do your chores right, so you may as wal see what you can make of peddlin'."

"Thank you, sir; I'll give you all I get to pay for my time," began Eli, glowing with pleasure at the prospect of seeing a little of the world; for one of his most cherished dreams was to cross the blue hills that hemmed him in, and find what lay beyond.

"Guess I can afford to give you all you'll make this trip," answered his father, in a tone that made the brothers laugh again.

"Boys, don't pester Eli. Every one has n't a call to farmin', and its wal to foller the leadin's of Providence when they come along," said the mother, stroking the smooth, brown head at her knee; for Eli always went to her footstool with his sorrows and his joys.

So it was settled, and next day the boy, in his homespun and home-made Sunday best, set off to see his employer and secure the job. He got it, and for three days trudged up and down the steep roads, calling at every house with a sample of his book, the Rev. John Flavel's treatise on *Keeping The Heart*. Eli's winning face, modest manner, and earnest voice served him well, and he got

many names; for books were scarce in those days, and a pious work was a treasure to many a good soul who found it difficult to keep the heart strong and cheerful in troublous times.

Then the books were to be delivered, and, anxious to save his small earnings, Eli hired no horse to transport his load, but borrowed a stout, green shawl from his mother, and, with his pack on his back, marched bravely away to finish his task. His wages were spent in a new prayer-book for his mother, smart handkerchief pins for the faithful sisters, and a good store of paper for himself.

This trip was so successful that he was seized with a strong desire to try a more ambitious and extended one; for these glimpses of the world showed him how much he had to learn, and how pleasantly he could pick up knowledge in these flights.

"What be you a-brewdin' over now, boy? Gettin' ready for the clock shop? It's 'most time for winter work, and Terry says you do pretty wal at puttin' together," said the farmer, a day or two after the boy's return, as they sat at dinner, all helping themselves from the large pewter platter heaped with pork and vegetables.

"I was wishin' I could go South with Gad Upson. He's been twice with clocks and notions, and wants a mate. Hoadley fits him out and pays him a good share if he does well. Could n't I go along? I hate that old shop, and I know I can do something better than put together the insides of cheap clocks."

Eli spoke eagerly, and gave his mother an imploring look which brought her to second the motion at once, her consent having been already won.

The brothers stared as if Eli had proposed to go up in a balloon, for to them the South seemed farther off than Africa does nowadays. The father had evidently been secretly prepared, for he showed no surprise, and merely paused a moment to look at his ambitious son with a glance in which amusement and reproach were mingled.

"When a hen finds she 's hatched a duck's egg it 's no use for her to cackle; that ducklin' will take to the water in spite on her, and paddle off, nobody knows where. Go ahead, boy, and when you get enough of junketin' 'round the world come home and fall to work."

"Then I *may* go?" cried Eli, upsetting his mug of cider in his excitement.

His father nodded, being too busy eating cabbage with a wide-bladed green-handled knife to speak just then. Eli, red and speechless with delight and gratitude, could only sit and beam at his family till a sob drew his attention to sister Pamela, whose pet he was.

"Don't, Pam, don't! I'll come back all right, and bring you news and all the pretty things I

can. I *must* go; I feel as if I could n't breathe shut up here winters. I s'pose it's wicked, but I can't help it," whispered Eli, with his arm around his buxom eighteen-year old sister, who laid her head on his shoulder and held him tight.

"Daughter, it's sinful to repine at the ways of Providence. I see a leadin' plain in this, and ef I can be chirk when my dear boy is goin', 'pears to me you ought to keep a taut rein on your feelin's, and not spile his pleasure."

The good mother's eyes were full of tears as she spoke, but she caught up the end of her short gown and wiped them quickly away to smile on Eli, who thanked her with a loving look.

"It's so lonesome when he's not here. What will we do evenings without the fiddle, or Eli to read a piece in some of his books while we spin?" said poor Pam, ashamed of her grief, yet glad to hide her tears by affecting to settle the long wooden bodkin that held up her coils of brown hair.

"Obed Finch will be comin' along, I guess likely, and he'll read to you out uv Eli's book about keepin' the heart, and you'll find your'n gone 'fore you know it," said Junius Solomon, in a tone that made pretty Pam blush and run away, while the rest laughed at her confusion.

So it was settled, and when all was ready, the boy came home to show his equipment before he started. A very modest outfit—only two tin trunks slung across the shoulders, filled with jewelry, combs, lace, essences, and small wares.

"I hate to have ye go, son, but it's better than to be mopin' to hum, gettin' desperut for books and rilin' Father. We'll all be workin' for ye, so be chipper and do wal. Keep steddly, and don't disgrace your folks. The Lord bless ye, my dear boy, and hold ye in the holler of His hand!"

Her own rough hand was on his head as his mother spoke, with wet eyes, and the tall lad kissed her tenderly, whispering, with a choke in his throat:

"Good-bye, Mammy dear; I'll remember."

Then he tramped away to join his mate, turning now and then to nod and smile and show a ruddy face full of happiness, while the family watched him out of sight with mingled hopes and doubts and fears.

Mails were slow in those days, but at length a letter came, and here it is, a true copy of one written by a boy in 1820:

"NORFOLK, VA., December 4th.

"HONORED PARENTS: I write to inform you I am safe here and to work. Our business is profitable, and I am fast learning the Quirks and Turns of trade. We are going to the eastern shore of Va., calculating to be gone six weeks. The inhabitants are sociable and hospitable, and you need not fear I shall suffer, for I find many almost fathers and mothers among these good folks.

"Taking our trunks, we travel through the country, entering the houses of the rich and poor, offering our goods, and earning our

wages by the sweat of our brows. How do you think we look? Like two Awkward, Homespun, Tugging Yankee peddlers? No, that is not the case. By people of breeding we are treated with politeness and gentility, and the low and vulgar we do not seek. For my part, I enjoy traveling more than I expected. Conversation with new folks, observing manners and customs, and seeing the world, does me great good.

"I never met a real gentleman till I came here. Their hospitality allows me to see and copy their fine ways of acting and speaking, and they put the most Bashful at ease. Gad likes the maids and stays in the kitchen most times. I get into the libraries and read when we put up nights, and the ladies are most kind to me everywhere.

"I'm so tall, they can't believe I'm only sixteen. They are n't as pretty as our rosy-faced girls, but their ways are elegant, and so are their clothes, tell Pam.

"When I think how kind you were to let me come, I am full of gratitude. I made some verses, one day, as I waited in a hovel for the rain to hold up.

"To conduce to my own and parents' good,

Was why I left my home;

To make their cares and burdens less,

And try to help them some.

'T was my own choice to earn them cash,

And get them free from debt;

Before that I am twenty-one

It shall be done, I bet.

My parents they have done for me

What I for them can never do,

So if I serve them all I may,

Sure God will help me through.

My chief delight, therefore, shall be

To earn them all I can,

Not only now but when that I

At last am my own man.

"These are the genuine Sentiments of your son, who returns thanks for the many favors you have heaped upon him, and hopes to repay you by his best Endeavors. Accept this letter and the inclosed small sum as a token of his love and respect.

"Tell the girls to write. "Your dutiful son, ELI."

In reply to this came a letter from the anxious mother, which shows not only the tender, pious nature of the good woman, but also how much need of education the boy had, and how well he was doing for himself:

"AFFECTIONATE SON: We was very glad to receive your letter. I feel very anxious about you this winter, and how you are a doing. You cannot know a mother's concern for her boy wen he is fur away. Do not git into bad habbits. Take the Bible for your rule and guide to vartue. I pray for your prosperity in all spiritall and temporall things, and leave you in the care of Him who gave you breath and will keep you safe.

"We are all well, and your father enjoys his helth better than last year. I visited Uncle Medad a spell last week. I am provided with a horse and shay to ride to meatin. Mr. Eben Welton took our cow and give us his old horse. Captain Stephen Harrington was excommunicated last Sabbath. Pamely goes away to learn dressmakin soon. I mistrust Mirandy will take up with Pennel Haskell; he is likely, and comes frequent. I wish you had been here a Christmas. We had a large company to dinner, and I got some wheat flower and made a fine chicken pye. Eli, I hope you attend meatin when you can. Do not trifle away the holy day in vane pleasures, but live to the glory of God, and in the fear of your parents. Father sold the white colt. He was too spiritly, and upsat Ambrose and nigh broke his head. His nose is still black. Dear son: I miss you every time I set a platter in your place. Is your close warm and sufficient? Put your stockin round your throat if sore. Do you git good cyder to drink? Take the Pennyryal if you feel wimbly after a long spell of travil. The girls send love. No more now. Wright soon.

"Your mother, HANNAH GARDENER."

"P. S.—Liddy Finch is married Our pigs give us nine hunderd pound of prime pork."

Many such letters went to and fro that winter, and Eli faithfully reported all his adventures. For he had many, and once or twice was in danger of losing his life.

On one occasion, having parted from his mate for a day or two, wishing to try his luck alone, our young peddler found himself, late in the afternoon, approaching the Dismal Swamp. A tempest arose, adding to the loneliness and terror of the hour. The cypresses uprooted by the blast fell now and then across the road, endangering the poor boy's head. A sluggish stream rolled through tangled junipers and beds of reeds, and the fen on either side was full of ugly creatures, lizards, snakes, and toads, while owls, scared by the storm, flew wildly about and hooted dismally. Just at the height of the tumult, Eli saw three men coming toward him, and gladly hastened to meet them, hoping to have their company or learn of them where he could find a shelter. But their bad faces daunted him, and he would have hurried by without speaking if they had not stopped him, roughly demanding his name and business.

The tall stripling was brave, but his youthful face showed him to be but a boy, and the consciousness of a well-filled purse in his pocket made him anxious to escape. So he answered briefly, and tried to go on. But two men held him, in spite of his struggles, while the third rifled his pockets, broke open his trunks, and took all that was of any value in the way of watches and jewelry. Then they left him with a cruel joke about a good journey and made off with their booty. It was the first time poor Eli had met with such a mishap, and as he stood in the rain looking at his wares scattered about the road, he felt inclined to throw himself into the creek and forget his woes there among the frogs and snakes. But he had a stout heart, and soon decided to make the best of it, since nothing could be done to mend the matter. Gathering up his bedraggled laces, scattered scent-bottles, and dirty buttons, pins, and needles, he trudged sadly on, feeling that for him this was indeed a Dismal Swamp.

"I told you we'd better stick together, but you wanted to be so dre'dful smart, and go stramashin' off alone in them out'n the way places. Might 'a' known you'd get overhauled somers. I always did think you was a gump, Eli, and now I'm sure on 't," was all the comfort Gad gave him when they met and the direful tale was told.

"What shall I do now?" asked the poor lad. "My notions are n't worth selling, and my money's gone. I'll have to pay Hoadley somehow."

"You'd better foot it home and go to choppin' punkins for the cows, or help your marm spin. I vow I never did see such a chap for gettin'

into a mess," scolded Gad, who was a true Yankee, and made a successful trader, even in a small way.

"We'll sleep on it," said Eli, gently, and went to bed very low in his mind.

Perhaps a few tears wet his pillow as he lay awake, and the prayers his mother taught him were whispered in the silence of the night; for hope revived, comfort came, and in the morning his serene face and sensible plan proved to his irate friend that the "gump" had a wise head and a manly heart, after all.

"Gad, it is just the time for the new almanacs, and Allen wants men to sell 'em. I thought it was small business before, but beggars must n't be choosers, so I'm going right off to offer for the job 'round here. It will do for a start, and if I'm smart, Allen will give me a better chance may be."

"That's a fust-rate plan. Go ahead, and I'll say a good word for you. Allen knows me, and books is in your line, so I guess you'll do wal if you keep out'n the mashes," answered Gad, with great good will, having slept off his vexation.

The plan did go well, and for weeks the rosy-faced, gentle-voiced youth might have been seen mildly offering the new almanacs at doors and shops, and at street corners, with a wistful look in his blue eyes, and a courtesy of manner that attracted many customers and earned many a dollar. Several mates, envying his fine handwriting and pitying his hard luck, took lessons in penmanship of him and paid him fairly, whereat he rejoiced over the hours spent at home, flat on the kitchen floor, or flourishing splendid capitals on the snow-banks, when his nose was blue with cold and his hands half-frozen.

When the season for the yellow-covered Almanacs was over, Eli, having won the confidence of his employer, was fitted out with more notions, and again set forth on his travels, armed, this time, and in company with his townsman. He prospered well, and all winter trudged to and fro, seemingly a common peddler, but really a student, making the world his book, and bent on learning all he could. Travel taught him geography and history, for he soon knew every corner of Virginia; looked longingly at the ancient walls of William and Mary College, where Jefferson and Monroe studied; where young George Washington received his surveyor's commission, and in his later years served as Chancellor. In Yorktown, he heard all about the siege of 1781, saw Lord Cornwallis's lodgings and the cave named for him; met pleasant people, whose fine speech and manners he carefully copied; read excellent books wherever he could find them, and observed, remembered, and stored away all that he saw, heard, and learned, to help and adorn his later life.

By spring he set out for home, having slowly saved enough to repay Hoadley for the lost goods. But as if Providence meant to teach him another lesson, and make him still more prudent, humble, and manly, a sad adventure befell him on his way.

While waiting for the coaster that was to take

nearly drowned Eli by clinging to his legs as he went down. Freeing himself with difficulty, Eli tried to save his friend; but the current swept the helpless man away, and he was lost. Hurriedly dressing, Eli ran for aid, but found himself regarded with suspicion by those to whom he



"TWO MEN HELD HIM, WHILE THE THIRD RIFLED HIS POCKETS AND BROKE OPEN HIS TRUNKS."

them home, he one day went in swimming with Gad; for this was one of the favorite pastimes of the Connecticut boys, who on Saturday nights congregated by the score at a pond called Benson's Pot, and leaped from the spring-board like circus tumblers, turning somersaults into the deep water below.

It was too early for such sport now; the water was very cold, and poor Gad, taken with cramp,

told his story; for he was a stranger in the place and certain peddlers who had gone before had left a bad name behind them.

To his horror, he was arrested, accused of murder, and would have been tried for his life, if Mr. Allen of Norfolk had not come to testify to his good character, and set him free. Poor Gad's body was found and buried, and after a month's delay, Eli set out again, alone, heavy-hearted, and

very poor, for all his own little savings had been consumed by various expenses. Mr. Hoadley's money was untouched, but not increased, as he hoped to have it; and rather than borrow a penny of it, Eli landed barefooted. His boots were so old he threw them overboard, and spent his last dollar for a cheap pair of shoes to wear when he appeared at home, for they were not stout enough to stand travel. So, like Franklin with his rolls, the lad ate crackers and cheese as he trudged through the city, and set out for the far-away farm-house among the hills.

A long journey, but a pleasant one, in spite of his troubles; for spring made the world lovely, habit made walking no hardship, and all he had seen in his wanderings passed before him at will, like a panorama full of color and variety.

Letters had gone before, but it was a sad homecoming, and when all was told, Eli said:

"Now, Father, I'll go to work. I've had my wish and enjoyed it a sight; and would go again, but I feel as if I ought to work as long as I can't pay for my time."

"That's hearty, son, and I'm obleeged to ye. Hear what Mother's got to say, and then do whichever you prefer," answered the farmer, with a nod toward his wife, who, with the girls, seemed full of some pleasant news which they longed to tell.

"I've sold all the cloth we made last winter for a good sum, and Father says you may hev the spendin' on 't. It will be enough to pay your board down to Uncle Tillotson's while you study with him, so 's 't you kin be gettin' ready for college next year. I've sot my heart on 't, and you must n't disapp'int me and the girls," said the good woman, with a face full of faith and pride in her boy, in spite of all mishaps.

"Oh, Mammy, how good you be! It don't seem as if I ought to take it. But I *do* want to go!" cried Eli, catching her round the neck in an ecstasy of boyish delight and gratitude.

Here Miranda and Pamela appeared, bringing their homely gifts of warm hose and new shirts made from wool and flax grown by the father, and spun and woven by the accomplished housewife.

A very happy youth was Eli when he again set off to the city with his humble outfit and slender purse, though Father still looked doubtful, and the brothers were more sure than ever that Eli was a fool to prefer dry books to country work and fun.

A busy year followed, Eli studying, as never boy studied before, with the excellent minister, who soon grew proud of his best pupil. Less preparation was needed in those days, and perhaps more love and industry went to the work; for necessity is a stern master, and poor boys often work wonders if the spark of greatness is there.

Eli had his wish in time, and went to college, mother and sisters making it possible by the sale of their handiwork; for the girls were famous spinners, and the mother the best weaver in the country around. How willingly they toiled for Eli! rising early and sitting late, cheering their labor with loving talk of the dear lad's progress, and an unflinching faith in his future success. Many a long ride did that good mother take to the city, miles away, with a great roll of cloth on the pillion behind her to sell, that she might pay her son's college bills. Many a coveted pleasure did the faithful sisters give up that they might keep Eli well clothed, or send him some country dainty to cheer the studies which seemed to them painfully hard and mysteriously precious. Father began to take pride in the ugly duckling now, and brothers to brag of his great learning. Neighbors came in to hear his letters, and when vacation brought him home, the lads and lasses regarded him with a certain awe, for his manners were better, his language purer, than theirs, and the new life he led refined the country boy till he seemed a gentleman.

The second year he yielded to temptation, and got into debt. Being anxious to do credit to his family, of whom he was secretly a little ashamed about this time, he spent money on his clothes, conscious that he was a comely youth with a great love of beauty and a longing for all that cultivates and embellishes character and life. An elegant gentleman astonished the hill folk that season by appearing at the little church in a suit such as the greatest rustic dandy never imagined in his wildest dreams,—the tall white hat with rolling brim, Marseilles vest with watch-chain and seals festooned across it, the fine blue coat with its brass buttons, and the nankeen trousers strapped over boots so tight that it was torture to walk in them. Armed with a cane in the well-gloved hand, an imposing brooch in the frills of the linen shirt, Eli sauntered across the Green, the observed of all observers, proudly hoping that the blue eyes of a certain sweet Lucinda were fixed admiringly upon him.

The boys were the first to recover from the shock, and promptly resented the transformation of their former butt into a city beau, by jeering openly and affecting great scorn of the envied splendor. The poor jackdaw, somewhat abashed at the effect of his plumes, tried to prove that he felt no superiority by being very affable, which won the lasses, but failed to soften the hearts of the boys; and when he secured the belle of the village for the Thanksgiving drive and dance, the young men resolved that pride should have a fall.

Arrayed in all his finery, Eli drove pretty Lu-

cinda in a smart borrowed wagon to the tavern where the dance was held. Full of the airs and graces he had learned at college, the once bashful, awkward Eli was the admired of all eyes as he pranced down the long contra-dance in the agonizing boots, or played "threading the needle" without the least reluctance on the part of the blushing girls to pay the fine of a kiss when the players sung the old rhyme:

"The needle's eye no one can pass;
The thread that runs so true—
It has caught many a pretty lass,
And now it has caught you."

But his glory was short-lived, for some enemy maliciously drew out the linchpin from the smart wagon, and as they were gayly driving homeward over the hills, the downfall came, and out they both went, to the great damage of Eli's city suit and poor Lucinda's simple finery.

Fortunately, no bones were broken, and picking themselves up, they sadly footed it home, hoping the mishap would remain unknown. But the rogues took care that Eli should not escape, and the whole neighborhood laughed over the joke; for the fine hat was ruined, and the costly coat split down the back in the ignominious tumble.

Great was the humiliation of the poor student; for not only was he ridiculed, but Lucinda would not forgive him, and the blue eyes smiled upon another; and, worst of all, he had to confess his debts and borrow money of his father to pay them. He meekly bore the stern rebuke that came with the hard-earned dollars, but the sight of the tears his mother shed, even while she comforted him, filled him with remorse. He went back to his books, in a homespun suit, a sadder and a wiser boy, and fell to work as if resolved to wash out past errors and regain the confidence he had lost.

All that winter the wheels turned and the loom jangled, that the rolls of cloth might be increased, and never was the day too cold, the way too long, for the good mother's pious pilgrimage.

That summer, a man came home to them, shabby enough as to his clothes, but so wonderfully improved in other ways that not only did the women folk glow with tender pride, but father and brothers looked at him with respect, and owned at last there was something in Eli. "No vacation for me," he said; "I must work to pay my debts, and as I am not of much use here, I'll try my old plan, and peddle some money into my empty pockets."

It was both comic and pathetic to see the shoulders that had worn the fine broadcloth, burdened with a yoke, the hands that had worn kid gloves, grasping the tin trunks, and the dapper feet trudging through dust and dew in cow-hide boots. But the face under the old straw hat was a manlier one

than that which the tall beaver crowned, and the heart under the rough vest was far happier than when the gold chain glittered above it. He did so well, that when he returned to college his debts were paid and the family faith in Eli restored.

That was an eventful year; for one brother married, and one went off to seek his fortune, the father mortgaging his farm to give these sons a fair start in life. Eli was to be a minister, and the farmer left his fortunes in the hands of his wife, who, like many another good mother, was the making of the great man of the family, and was content with that knowledge, leaving him the glory.

The next year, Eli graduated with honor, and went home, to be received with great rejoicing, just twenty-one, and a free man. He had longed for this time, and planned a happy, studious life, preparing to preach the gospel in a little parsonage of his own. But suddenly all was changed; joy turned to sorrow, hope to doubt, and Eli was called to relinquish liberty for duty, to give up his own dreams of a home to keep a roof over the heads of the dear mother and the faithful sisters. His father died suddenly, leaving very little for the women folk beside the independence that lay in the skill of their own thrifty hands. The elder brothers could not offer much help, and Eli was the one to whom the poor souls turned in their hour of sorrow and anxiety.

"Go on, dear, and don't pester yourself about us. We can find food and frin' here as long as the old farm is ours. I guess we can manage to pay off the mortgage by-and-by. It don't seem as if I *could* turn out after livin' here ever sense I was married, and poor father so fond on 't."

The widow covered her face with her apron, and Eli put his arms about her, saying manfully, as he gave up all his fondest hopes for her dearer sake:

"Cheer up, Mother, and trust to me. I should be a poor fellow if I allowed you and the girls to want, after all you've done for me. I can get a school, and earn instead of spend. Teaching and studying can go on together. I'm sure I should n't prosper if I shirked my duty, and I wont." The three sad women clung to him, and the brothers, looking at his brave, bright face, felt that Eli was indeed a man to lean on and to love in times like this.

"Well," thought the young philosopher, "the Lord knows what is best for me, and perhaps this is a part of my education. I'll try to think so, and hope to get some good out of a hard job."

In this spirit he set about teaching, and prospered wonderfully, for his own great love of learning made it an easy and delightful task to help others as he had longed to be helped. His innocent and tender nature made all children love him, and gave him a remarkable power over them; so when the first hard months were past, and his

efforts began to bear fruit, he found that what had seemed an affliction was a blessing, and that teaching was his special gift. Filial duty sweetened the task, a submissive heart found happiness in self-sacrifice, and a wise soul showed him what a noble and lovely work it was to minister to little children;—for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

For years Eli taught, and his school grew famous; for he copied the fashions of other countries, invented new methods, and gave himself so entirely to his profession that he could not fail of success. The mortgage was paid off, and Eli made frequent pilgrimages to the dear old mother

whose staff and comfort he still was. The sisters married well, the brothers prospered, and at thirty, the schoolmaster found a nobler mate than pretty Lucinda, and soon had some little pupils of his very own to love and teach.

There his youth ends; but after the years of teaching he began to preach at last, not in one pulpit, but in many all over the land, diffusing good thoughts now as he had peddled small wares when a boy; still learning as he went, still loving books and studying mankind, still patient, pious, dutiful, and tender, a wise and beautiful old man, till at eighty, Eli's education ended.



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T SAY "O."

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

A LITTLE girl would
n't say "O"

(She was learning her
letters, you know);
And the very same
night

She awoke in a
fright,

For the Letter-land
King on his throne
Said "O" in a thun-
derous tone,—

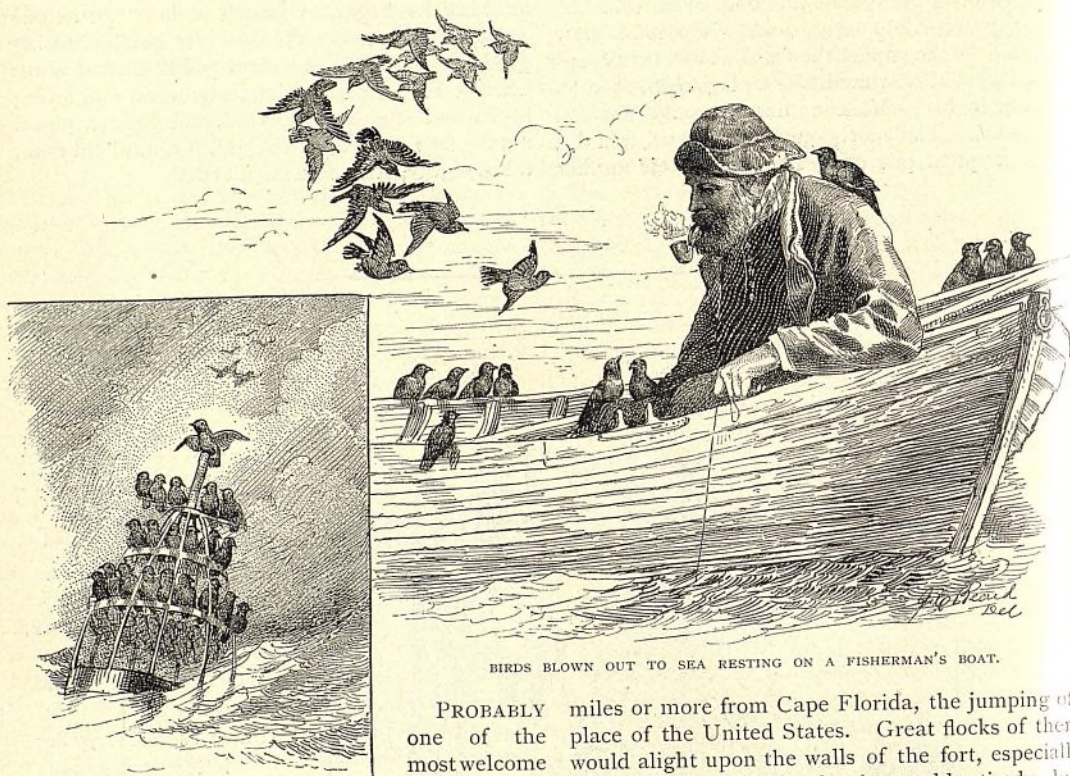
And it startled her
so

That she quickly said
"Oh!"

And the little girl's
trouble was done.

BLOWN OUT TO SEA.

BY C. F. HOLDER.



BIRDS RESTING ON A BUOY.

BIRDS BLOWN OUT TO SEA RESTING ON A FISHERMAN'S BOAT.

spring is the carol of the birds. The rich bell notes of the robin are heard among the first; other birds soon follow, and so punctually and regularly that a gentleman in Connecticut for several years has predicted the day of their arrival with but a single error, and that of only twenty-four hours. How little we think of the real meaning of their sudden appearance! To us it is the end of winter; they bring us word of the spring that seems journeying north with them; but to the birds, it is the end of a long, tiresome pilgrimage.

Many of our birds fly several thousand miles every autumn, passing not only over Florida, where they might find perpetual summer, but over the Gulf and far beyond into the great summer land of the Amazon; after a short stay, returning again to the North, some penetrating to the extreme shores of the Arctic seas. How the small birds fly so great distances is almost incomprehensible, but I have seen many of our small feathered friends on the little Key of Tortugas, two hundred

miles or more from Cape Florida, the jumping off place of the United States. Great flocks of them would alight upon the walls of the fort, especially during storms, evidently thoroughly tired; but the next day they were up and away off over the great stretch of the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea.

Numbers of the English birds and many from Northern Europe make yearly voyages down into the African continent, and careful observers state that they have seen the great storks, so common in Germany, moving along high in the air, bearing on their broad backs numbers of small birds that had taken free passage, or were, perhaps, stealing a ride. In these wonderful migrations many birds are blown out to sea and lost, while others become so fatigued and worn out that they will alight upon boats. A New England fisherman, who in the autumn follows his calling fourteen or fifteen miles out from shore, informed me that nearly every day he had four or five small birds as companions. They had wandered off from shore, or were flying across the great bay on the lower coast of Maine, and had dropped down to rest. One day the same fisherman fell asleep while holding his line, and upon suddenly opening his eyes,

there sat a little bird on his hand, demurely cocking its head this way and that, as if wondering whether he was an old wreck or piece of drift-wood. Thus it will be seen that birds are obliged to adopt all kinds of expedients and to form strange friendships at such times.

Many of my readers who visit the sea-shore in the summer months are familiar with the great, round, glassy jelly-fishes that are washed up on the beach, the tentacles of some of which are painful stingers. During July particularly they are common, and a glance down into the clear blue water will always be repaid by the sight of one or more moving meteor-like along. The jelly-fish ordinarily to be met with is as large as a dinner-plate, with fantastic pink and white streamers ten or twelve feet long; but, as in most other families,

While the disk of the ordinary jelly-fish is as large as a dinner-plate, that of the giant jelly-fish is seven or eight feet across, and of a consistency firm enough to stop a boat. From beneath the disk curtains of jelly appear to hang, and from among them extends away a mass of fantastic and many-hued streamers, perhaps two hundred feet, so that the enormous creature resembles at night a great comet in the sea. Its folds, margin, and tentacles gleam with phosphorescent light that streams from it like a halo, and, as it moves laboriously along by the rising and falling of its disk, the tentacles streaming behind, it might almost be mistaken for the reflection of some flaming meteor in the sky. Very often these great jelly-fishes lie at the surface of the ocean, with their upper portion exposed and the tentacles streaming below to attract some vic-



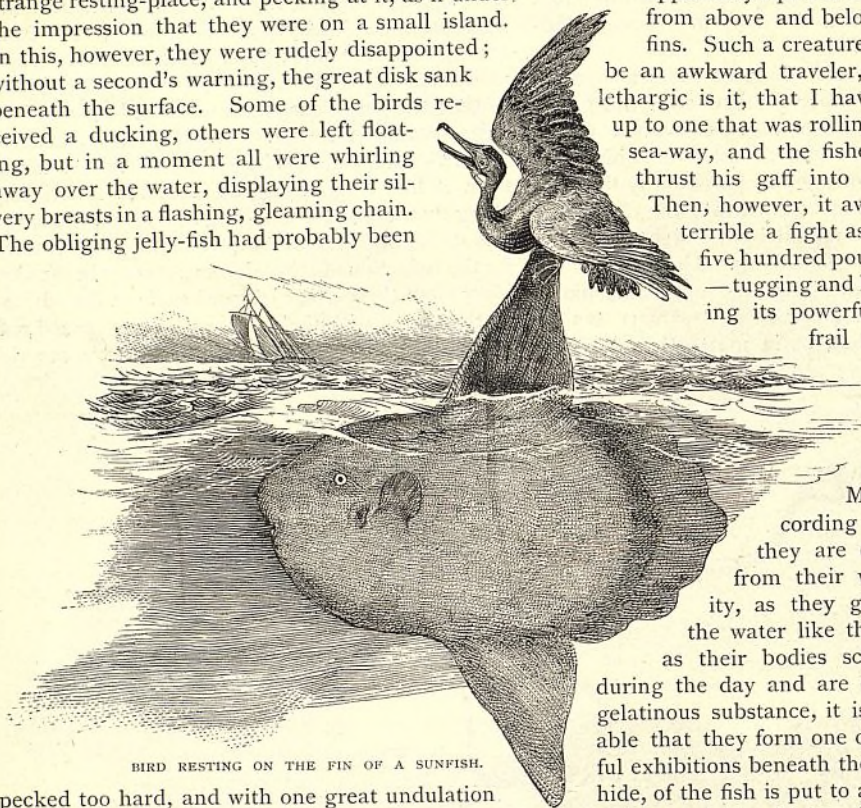
FLAMINGO RESTING ON THE BACK OF A SEA-TURTLE.

there are giant jelly-fishes—such huge fellows, that their comrades and relations seem entirely dwarfed by them. Such a jelly-fish is the Arctic *Cyanea*, or *Cyanea Arctica*, which, though common in northern waters, is also occasionally found off the Massachusetts coast.

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tim. Such a one was seen off the New England coast. From the deck of the vessel the observers saw several birds hovering in the air, then alighting evidently on the water. There was but little wind, and as they slowly drew near they found a huge jelly-fish floating at the surface, perhaps

asleep, while on its broad back a number of sand-pipers were running about, now leaping into the air as a wave struck them, then dropping upon their strange resting-place, and pecking at it, as if under the impression that they were on a small island. In this, however, they were rudely disappointed; without a second's warning, the great disk sank beneath the surface. Some of the birds received a ducking, others were left floating, but in a moment all were whirling away over the water, displaying their silvery breasts in a flashing, gleaming chain. The obliging jelly-fish had probably been



BIRD RESTING ON THE FIN OF A SUNFISH.

pecked too hard, and with one great undulation had suddenly sunk, turned, and moved away.

In the same waters was formerly found in great numbers a great shark called, among many names, the "basker," from its habit of apparently sleeping on the water, its back and dorsal fin exposed to the sun. Two hundred years ago, vessels were sent out from various ports in Maine, and from Provincetown, to capture these sharks, as they did whales, for their oil, and so closely were the sharks pursued, that their numbers became more and more reduced until now they are comparatively rare except near Iceland.

While lying asleep, or basking, the basker's upper fin was often used as a rest by various birds, who probably mistook the sleeping shark for a log or an old piece of wreck, and so did not hesitate to take possession, arranging themselves along the dorsal fin, where they were perhaps soothed by the gentle rolling of the great fish; at least, they seemed to enjoy it, and presented a curious appearance. Others stood upon its back, leaping here and there to avoid the waves that rolled against the living islet.

Birds frequently make similar use of the great *Orthogoriscus*, or Sunfish, found along our coast. This fish in appearance is almost round, the tail apparently a part of the solid body, while from above and below extend two long fins. Such a creature would necessarily be an awkward traveler, and so slow and lethargic is it, that I have seen a boat pull up to one that was rolling to and fro in the sea-way, and the fisherman deliberately thrust his gaff into the fish's mouth.

Then, however, it awoke, and made as terrible a fight as any fish weighing five hundred pounds or more could, — tugging and hauling, and grinding its powerful fins against the

frail dory in a manner

that threatened the planks;

but it was soon mastered and

dragged in. In the

Mediterranean, according to some naturalists,

they are called moon-fishes, from their wonderful luminosity,

as they gleam and glow in the water like the full moon; and,

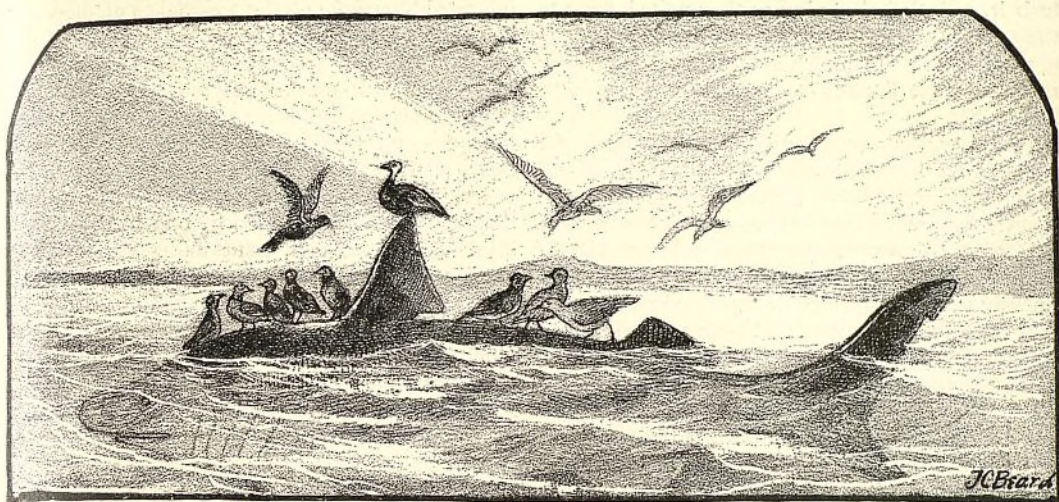
as their bodies scintillate like silver during the day and are covered by a thick gelatinous substance, it is not at all improbable that they form one of the most wonderful exhibitions beneath the sea.

The skin, or hide, of the fish is put to a curious use by the children of the Maine fishermen, who cut pieces of the pure white gristle, and, winding them with cord, find the balls thus made excellent substitutes for rubber balls, as they bound and rebound when thrown upon the ground.

The great fin of the sunfish, resembling so much a piece of broken spar, is always spied by a tired or lazy bird, which quickly settles upon it, if the sea is quiet, and the fish not rolling. A few years ago, I was present when one of the largest of these fishes ever observed was captured, at the mouth of the St. John's River. The bar across the mouth of the river is less than ten feet in depth at low tide, and, in trying to swim in, the great fish fairly ran aground. The boats put out, and, by means of harpoons and ropes, it was finally secured and carried up the river.

When mounted and upright, it measured nearly twelve feet from the tip of one fin to that of the other.

On the Gulf side of Florida, especially down among the coral reefs and keys that grow out from the great peninsula, the loggerhead and green



BIRDS ALIGHTING UPON A "BASKER SHARK."



SANDPIPERS ALIGHTING UPON A GIANT JELLY-FISH.

turtles are very common, and their capture forms a large business among the inhabitants of the various keys. A not uncommon visitor is the great leather turtle, that often weighs fifteen hundred pounds. In their movements the logger-head and leather turtle are much like the sunfish, being extremely heavy and slow. When not alarmed, they move along with great deliberation, and often evidently fall asleep, lying upon the surface, their backs presenting a resting-place to any tired bird that may come along.

Once, during a heavy gale from the east, a party of spongers in an open boat were driven off shore, and so fierce was the hurricane that their only hope was to keep the boat before the wind and run out into the Gulf. For four or five hours the headlong race was kept up; but finally the wind abated, and by early morning the sea was as smooth as glass, a peculiarity often noticed there after a gale. They had been carried far out of sight of land, and were well-nigh worn out, when one of the spongers exclaimed that they were nearing shore, and soon the entire party saw a familiar sight that seemed to signify a reef—a flamingo standing motionless in the water. As the boat drew near, the bird raised its graceful neck, straightened up, and stretched its wings as if to fly; then, seeing that they were not going to molest it, it resumed its position of security. To their astonishment, the men soon perceived that, instead of resting on a reef, the bird had alighted on a huge leather turtle that was fast asleep upon the water. Indeed, the flamingo was in distress, like themselves, having been blown off shore by the same storm, and it had evidently taken refuge on the sleeping turtle. The men did not attempt to dis-

turb it, and their last view as they pulled away to the east was of the flamingo attempting to lift one leg and go to sleep, an act which the undulating motion of the floating turtle rendered well-nigh impossible.

Birds have been seen to alight upon the back of a whale in northern waters when it was moving along at the surface, probably for the purpose of feeding upon the innumerable barnacles and crustaceans that often completely cover these great creatures. And seals and walruses are in like manner frequently made the bearers of feathered passengers.

It is seldom, however, that birds will venture to retain their position upon moving animals. But such an instance, and a remarkable one, has been observed at the Galapagos Islands, where nearly all the animals, birds, and reptiles are characteristic or peculiar to the Archipelago. Besides the great turtles that live here among the lava beds, feeding upon the cactus, are two species of lizards about four feet long. One lives on land, while the other is adapted for a life on the ocean, swimming out to sea in droves. The naturalists' name for the marine lizard is *Amblyrhynchus cristatus*. It is a dark-colored long reptile, with sharp serrations, or spines, extending the entire length of its back, and it lives among the sea-weed and in the crevices of the rocks facing the water on Albemarle Island. Individual specimens have been known to attain a length of nearly five feet. Their tails are

flattened like those of the sea-snakes of the China Sea, and all four feet are partly webbed, so that they are perfectly adapted for their marine life. They dive with great ease; not to obtain fish, as might be supposed, but sea-weed (*Ulva*), for which they descend to the bottom, tearing it off with their teeth; and often, while swimming under water, they will crawl along the bottom with all the ease of a crab. Indeed, one has frequently been forcibly kept an hour under water without any sign of discomfort. In their excursions to sea, the lizards encounter several enemies,—one, the shark, that does not hesitate to seize them; and another, a gull, that hovers about them in evident malicious enjoyment. As soon as the lizards leave shore, the gulls, if they are about, join in the expedition, fluttering about the great reptiles and uttering piercing cries, as if to call them back or urge them on. Finally, a gull alights on the head of one helpless animal, which, by diving, eludes its tormentor for a moment; but as soon as it comes up, the watchful bird is hovering close by, and again alights on the rough head, perhaps to see if a fish or a crab has been brought up and can be stolen. Be that as it may, the gull utilizes the lizard as a roost, just as the birds use the basking-shark and the turtle, only it secures a ride in addition.

Many other similar companionships are to be found among the lower animals, but the instances here cited are especially remarkable.



GULL RIDING UPON A SEA-LIZARD.

DOCTOR SOPHIA EDITH'S OFFICE-GIRL.

BY HENRY LEWIS.

A LONG, narrow street; on one side, the high wall of a half-forgotten grave-yard, on the other, a row of dilapidated houses, and beyond — the sea. There were various names for this alley. A romantic party driving through it one sunny morning called it "Europe," because the crowded houses and graystone wall, the dirt and the picturesqueness, brought back to them a memory of European by-ways. The towns-people called it "Grave-yard alley." And "Doctor" Mary Conner's professional card, had she possessed one, would have read thus:

Mary Conner, M. D.
9 Monument Street.

"Monument" street, you observe,—still suggestive of the locality, but not so dismal in language as Grave-yard alley.

There was nothing dismal, however, about the grave-yard. It lay in an open, sunny inclosure, where daisies and buttercups nodded through the summer till the golden-rod and asters came crowding in later. All the people buried there had fallen asleep years and years before; only living people came now, generally strangers—summer travelers, who brushed back the tangled grasses from the quaint inscriptions, or looked over the unsightliness of Monument street to the sea and the ships coming up the harbor.

Monument street was *there*, however, if nobody noticed it; and Monument street was wretchedly poor and ignorant. There were a number of people in the town from whom it might reasonably have expected a helping hand. There was the Sunday-school of St. Mark's Church close by; there was the City Missionary, and the Society for Associated Charities. But the first person who attempted to raise Monument street from its ignorance was Mary Conner, aged fourteen, possessor of a discouraged blue hood and a pair of brave blue eyes.

Mary Conner was the "oldest inhabitant" of the street, the inhabitants having a restless way of moving in and out at convenience—(generally "out," in the night, with the rent unpaid).

Pat Conner was the single exception to prove

this rule. In the midst of the floating population, he alone remained stationary, and for fifteen years had regularly paid his seven dollars a month for the rooms over the corner grocery. The corner grocery was the spot where local news was collected and diffused. It represented Monument street's club-house and sewing-circle; and among the onions, laundry soap, clay pipes, and bacon, it was announced, one November morning, that "Pat Conner's Mary has got a place up-town with some kind of a doctor woman."

It was soon known, therefore, throughout the length of Monument street, that Mary Conner had become Dr. Sophia Edith's office-girl. The corner grocery was fond of a pleasant joke, and soon began to call the child "Doctor," first in playfulness, and lastly as a convenience to distinguish her from another Mary Conner in the same house. And Mary liked the title. She knew it was only a nickname, but nevertheless it had a meaning and a pleasant sound to her, and she grew more and more fond of being called "Doctor" Mary, as the days went by.

And it was not strange that six months of answering Doctor Sophia Edith's office-bell, six months of carrying notes and of waiting on aristocratic patients, should have had its influence on Mary Conner's mind. When the discouraged blue hood gave way to a neat spring hat, the brave eyes had gained an ambitious look,—a desire to rise and be somebody; in other words, to follow as closely as possible in the footsteps of Doctor Sophia Edith, whom the child considered perfect in mind, manners, and methods. The only place for Mary to shine in was the alley, and the question in her mind was, how much "shining" and of what kind the alley would bear. Doctor Sophia Edith had patients and gave lectures, and helped people who had got past helping themselves. Mary longed also to have patients, and give lectures, and help people. To be sure, Monument street patients would pay nothing; it was barely possible the lectures would be unappreciated and unattended; but nevertheless Mary began her preparations. She listened outside the door on the doctor's lecture mornings, and "read up" such diseases as the mumps and the measles.

Sixteen beautiful young ladies came to Doctor Sophia Edith's physiology class every Thursday morning at ten. Doctor Sophia Edith talked to them about nerves and muscles, and they talked

to one another, after each lecture, about the last charity ball, and of having a large tintype taken of the class as soon as the course of lectures was finished. Of course, Mary could hope for no audience like this. It would be an impossibility for Monument street to come in seal-skin jackets, protected by silk umbrellas; and as for the tintype, Mary repressed a giggle at the thought of Monument street grouped in a picture. The child took her notes on scraps of brown wrapping-paper; the sixteen beautiful young ladies took theirs in russia-leather note-books. Aside from the materials used (and Mary's spelling, which was, of course, uncertain, at times), the notes were much alike. But Mary grew absent-minded and forgetful. The doctor, who never went out without charging her to write down every message or call, was one day met at the door with this list:

Miss Gibbs tellufoned. Wants anuther box of those pills. Said you 'd know what kind.

Woman calld. Didnt leave any name. Wanted to know if you charged just as much as the other doctors.

Miss Broun called and left her love.

Minuster called. Said he hopd youd take a class in Sunday-skool.

Gess I 'd better give my leckchur after Mikel Kelly moves away. He 's allus shure to make a row.

Someboddy tellufoned from the Orfun 'Sylum—wants you to come right out.

This last was urgent, and Doctor Sophia Edith hurried away without any comments on Michael Kelly, thereby giving Mary an opportunity to abstract her private note from the list.

It was a May evening at the corner grocery. Pat Conner's Mary was again the subject of discussion.

"She 's a-goin' to tell us how to be a doctor—goin' to give us a whole lot of reseets an' resipes," came from behind the laundry soap and bacon.

"She are n't, either," shouted a woman at the door. "She 's a-goin' to 'mprove our c'ndishun; heard her say so myself."

"No such thing," interrupted Mr. Michael Kelly, who had disappointed Mary's hopes by not moving. "She says to me, this mornin', very perlite, 'Mr. Kelly,' says she, 'I 'm a-goin' to give a little talk on helth,' says she; and thereupon she invited me, because she wanted a gentleman to kape order and make things pleasant-like."

Pat Conner lent his front-room, and the street generally sent in chairs. Mary had arranged a small table, as much like Doctor Sophia Edith's as possible, with a bunch of early violets in a cracked match-safe, a glass of water, and a model of the human eye, which Mary had taken the liberty of

keeping over night, instead of carrying it directly from Doctor Sophia's to the oculist's. She had her brown-paper notes on the table, and on the landing, just outside the door, sat one very sympathetic listener—the little lame girl Polly, who believed in "Doctor" Mary Conner as firmly as Mary Conner believed in Doctor Sophia Edith. If Polly had been born in a higher station, she would have been called a child full of poetry and graceful fancies. As it was, the alley jeered at her and called her "foolish Polly."

The audience was very mixed in color and nationality. There was one unpleasant-looking man, said to have "seven-years' consumption," and a troublesome woman who insisted that Mary should leave her lecture and go down-stairs, to look at Mrs. Jim Murphy's sick hen. This demand was settled by the hen's coming up the stairs, of her own accord, in apparently good condition.

Mary had thought of calling her talk "A Glimpse of Physiology." She had even written down as her opening sentence these words:

"Such as are your habichual thoughts, such is the charukter of your minds." She glanced from the notes to the faces before her and lost courage. The room swam a little. Michael Kelly at the door was getting ready to say something funny. It was a desperate moment. Her eyes fell on the violets. The violets carried her back to Doctor Sophia Edith, and she remembered having heard the doctor say that nothing awed ignorance so much as knowledge. With a hasty sip from the glass, she took up her notes and said bravely, "I begin my talk on physi-o-l-o-g-y—by sayin' that such as are your habich-u-al thoughts, such is the char-uk-ter of your minds."

"Good land!" ejaculated old Mrs. Mulligan, who washed for the gentry, and was therefore not quite so much crushed as the others.

Mary continued—"The best econ-um-y of time is to be out in the open air. Therefore, my dear friends, you who are industrious and work in the open air are making the best econ-um-y of your time."

"And how about the men as works in the drains, 'Doctor'?"—interrupted old Mrs. Mulligan—"under the ground—a-takin' in all the bad air?"—Mary Conner—go along with your econ-um-y!"

Mary went along,—hastily and disconnectedly: "For consumption, take a great deal of horse-back riding."

The man with the "seven-years' consumption" coughed, and Michael Kelly rose to ask if "Doctor" Mary Conner expected them to buy a horse for "'old Father Cary', as has jest coughed so bad-like, and if she would please to tell them what

that round glass thing on the table was." Mary drew the eye-model into a safer position, and taking up her notes, said, "First let me tell you that we all live in a bird-cage—yes, a bird-cage," continued Mary, the audience objecting. "The ribs which inclose the heart and lungs may be called a cage."

becoming a dangerous rival, with his beautiful ideas. She hurried on; "In our heads is the brain—it is also a telegraph office, and sends messages to all parts of the body"; here Jimmy Donahue opened his eyes. He was a messenger-boy at the Western Union. "We think with our brains,"



"DOCTOR" MARY CONNER GIVES A LECTURE BEFORE THE RESIDENTS OF MONUMENT STREET.

"Indade!" said Michael.

"This cage contains ourselves —"

"And we are the canary-burds," explained Michael, who had risen again to his feet and was being violently pulled down by his sister-in-law.

"Yis," said Michael, "and whin we die, the canary-burrd flies out uv the caige."

Mary's cheeks grew a little flushed. Michael was

continued "Doctor" Mary, "we eat with our mouths, we swallow with our necks, and our hearts beat in our wrists and keep us alive."

"All fale of your wrists, ladies, and gentlemuns" — requested Michael, blandly. This request, being universally complied with, made an interruption, of course; and "Doctor" Mary, taking up the glass eye carefully, said, leaning forward as if to com-

municate something of great importance: "First, let me tell you that there is a drop of oil in the knee which keeps it from growing stiff. So, if you have a stiff knee, it would be well to oil it on the outside."

"With kerosine?" asked Michael.

"Yes," said Mary, though she did not feel at all sure, and in order to prevent any further questioning, she added instantly: "Now I will show you this beautiful glass eye." The whole audience made a snatching movement forward. Mary motioned them back. "This eye," she said, "which is just like our own eyes, is worth dollars an' dollars. It belongs to a friend of Doctor Sophia Edith. If you break it, we'll all be sent to jail. While you're lookin' at it, I will recite a beautiful piece of poetry."

Mary had a clear, sweet voice. As the eye was passed around, and Mary began her recitation, the noisy room grew quiet, like a child made happy with a new toy, and calmed by the pleasant sound of some nursery hymn.

She had spoken but two lines, however,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,"—

when Doctor Sophia Edith herself came up the narrow stair-way in search of Mary and the eye, the oculist having sent to her for it an hour before. Doctor Sophia Edith wore a gray bonnet, and a black jacket bordered with soft, gray fur. She was righteously angry in her thoughts with Mary, and generally disheartened, for the day had been a trying one. But on the stairs, close by the door, sat little Polly, who smiled a welcome, and said, with unexpected friendliness, as she touched the gray fur of the Doctor's cloak: "Come in, Dr. Pussy Willow. Mary would n't ask you to her lecture, 'cause she said you had n't time, and you would n't think she knew anything."

Through the crack in the door-way, at the moment, came a familiar voice—

"Be not like dumb, driven cattle,—
Be a hero in the strife!"—

And, peeking through, the doctor saw at the end of the room, amid clouds of tobacco smoke, Mary, her office-girl, standing on a chair and gesticulating.

She noticed, too, that something was being passed around, but she could not get a sight of the object itself. A woman's voice said:

"And it's no wonder it hurts when it's hit; sure—it is as delicate as a chiny closet."

"It has been a beautiful lecture," sighed Polly contentedly, as the Doctor glanced down at her. "I call you 'Pussy Willow' 'cause you wear soft, gray things. Mary told me about them. I saw some real pussy willows once." The child was stroking the fur trimming. "Your clothes are like a pussy willow; but your face is like a Mayflower," she added.

Doctor Sophia Edith for a moment forgot her errand. Novel experiences were frequent in her profession; but this was the cream of novelties—to be called a Pussy Willow and a Mayflower all in one breath, and down in the depth of "Graveyard alley," where she heard her small office-girl calmly and sweetly repeating over the heads of these poor ignorant and miserable people,

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime."

Dr. Sparrow's delicate model of the human eye came in safety to Michael Kelly, and he, having spied Dr. Sophia Edith through the crack, softly slipped the model out to her at arms-length, and said:

"May be ye'd like to look at it, Marm. But be very keerful; fer, ef you drop it, there'll be the perlice upon us."

Doctor Sophia Edith whispered a word to Polly; slipped the eye into her pocket, and escaped. Down the stairs floated, after her,

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,"—

interrupted by Michael's shouting jubilantly, "I say, 'Doctor' Mary Conner, there's a woman's run off with your eye!"

Mary went through her office-work next day like a person awaiting dismissal and disgrace. She did not know that Doctor Sophia Edith had a great love of poetry and a sincere appreciation for any attempt at scattering scientific knowledge. This love and appreciation were to outweigh a just displeasure. When Mary came in at night for her sentence, the doctor taking a bunch of Mayflowers from the table, said quietly:

"Mary, I expect you to be more faithful in the future, and you can take these flowers to the little lame girl, Polly."



THE WEARY PAGE.

WHOSE SCISSORS DID IT?

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

'T WAS winter, and gay Jack Frost had flung
 His sparkling jewels on the fields of snow,—
 While over the way his icicles hung
 From the edge of the roof, in an even row.

My little girl looked across the way,
 At the frozen fringe which was hanging there;
 And then in soft tones I heard her say:
 "I wonder who banged that house's hair?"

THE COAST-GUARD.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

DO YOU wonder what I am seeing,
 In the heart of the fire, aglow
 Like cliffs in a golden sunset,
 With a summer sea below?
 I see, away to the eastward,
 The line of a storm-beat coast,
 And I hear the tread of the hurrying
 waves
 Like the tramp of a mailed host.

And up and down in the darkness,
 And over the frozen sand,
 I hear the men of the coast-guard
 Pacing along the strand.
 Beaten by storm and tempest,
 And drenched by the pelting rain,
 From the shores of Carolina,
 To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
 No matter how wild the night,
 The gleam of their swinging lanterns
 Shines out with a friendly light.
 And many a shipwrecked sailor
 Thanks God, with his gasping
 breath,
 For the sturdy arms of the surfmen
 That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing,
 And the air grows dim with sleet,
 I think of the fearless watchers
 Pacing along their beat.
 I think of a wreck, fast breaking
 In the surf of a rocky shore,
 And the life-boat leaping onward
 To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailors,
 The boom of the frozen sail,
 And the creak of the icy halyards
 Straining against the gale.



"Courage!" the captain trumpets,
 "They are sending help from land!"
 God bless the men of the coast-guard,
 And hold their lives in His hand!

THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure in Tierra del Fuego.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XII.

A CATASTROPHE NOT ANTICIPATED.

ANOTHER day dawns upon the castaways, with again a bright glow showing in the sky; and Ned Gancy and Henry Chester, who have risen early, as they look out over the water, become witnesses of the curious behavior of another Fuegian fishing-bird — the cormorant.

One of these birds, seemingly regardless of their presence, has come close to the ledge where the boat is lying, and has there caught a fish. But instead of gobbling it up or tearing it to pieces, as might be expected, the captor lets it go again, not involuntarily, but, as soon appears, designedly. The fish, alive and apparently uninjured, makes away through the water; but only for a short distance, ere it is followed by the cormorant and caught afresh. Then it is dropped a second time, and a third time seized, and so on through a series of catchings and surrenderings, just like those of a cat playing with a mouse!

In this case, however, the cruel sport has a different termination, by the cormorant being deprived of the prey it seemed so sure of. Not through the efforts of the fish itself, which now, badly damaged, swims but feebly; nor do the gulls appropriate it, but a wingless biped — no other than Ned Gancy. "Chester, we shall have that fish for breakfast," he says, springing to his feet, and hastily stripping for a swim. Then, with a rush over the ledge, he plunges in, sending the cormorant off in affright, and taking possession of the prey it has left behind.

The fish proves to be a species of smelt, over two pounds in weight, and a welcome addition to their now greatly reduced larder.

As they have passed a restful night, all the members of the forlorn little party are up betimes; and soon the "doctor" is bestirring himself about their breakfast, in which the cormorant-caught fish is to play a conspicuous part.

The uprising sun reveals the landscape in a changed aspect, quite different from that seen at its setting, and even more surprisingly picturesque. The snowy mantle of Mount Darwin is no longer pure white, but of hues more attractive — a commingling of rose and gold — while the icicled cliffs on the opposite side of the cove, with the façades

of the glaciers, show every tint of blue from pale sky to deep beryl, darkening to indigo and purple in the deep sea-water at their bases. It is, or might be called, the iridescence of a land with rocks all opals and trees all evergreens; for the duldest verdure here seems vivid by contrast with its icy and snowy surroundings.

"Oh, Mamma! is n't it glorious?" exclaims Leoline, as she looks around upon the wonderful landscape. "It beats Niagara! If I only had my box of colors, I'd make a sketch of it."

To this burst of enthusiastic admiration, the mother responds with but a faint smile. The late danger, from which they have had such a narrow escape, still gravely affects her spirits; and she dreads its recurrence, despite all assurances to the contrary. For she knows they are but founded on hope, and that there may be other tribes of cruel and hostile savages to be encountered. Even Seagriff still appears apprehensive, else why should he be looking so anxiously out over the water? Seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, pipe in mouth, he sends up wreathing curls of smoke among the branches of the winter's-bark overhead. But he is not smoking tranquilly, as is his wont; but in short, quick puffs, while the expression on his features, habitually firm, tells of troubled thought.

"What are you gazing at, Chips?" questions Captain Gancy, who has noticed his uneasy look.

"At that glasseer, Captin'. The big un, derect in front of us."

"Well, what of it?"

"'Pears to me it bulges out beyond the line o' the clif more 'n we mout like it to. Please let me have a squint at it through the glass. My eyes aren't wuth much agin the dazzle o' that ice an' snow."

"By all means. Take the glass, if that will help you," says the Captain, handing him the binocular, but secretly wondering why he wishes to examine the glacier so minutely. The Captain can not understand what there is in the blue and frozen mass to be troubled about. But nothing further is said, he and all the rest remaining silent, so as not to interfere with Seagriff's observation. Not without apprehension, however, do they await the result, as the old sealer's words and manner indicate plainly that something is amiss. And their waiting is for a short while only. Almost on the

instant of getting the glacier within his field of view, Seagriff cries out:

"Jest as I surpected! The bend o' the ice air 'way out from the rocks, ten or fifteen fathoms, I should say!"

"Well, and if it is," rejoins the skipper, "what does that signify to us?"

"A mighty deal, Captin'. Thet air, surposin' it should snap off *jest now*. An' sech a thing would n't be unusuul. I wonder we have 'nt seed the like afore now, runnin' past so many glasheers ez we hev. Cewrus, too, our not comin' acrost a berg yet. I guess the ice 's not melted sufficient for 'em to break away."

But now an appetizing odor, more agreeable to their nostrils than the perfume of the fuchsias, or the aromatic fragrance of the winter's-bark, admonishes them of breakfast being served; the doctor likewise soon proclaiming it. And so for a time the glacier is forgotten.

But after the meal has been dispatched, the glacier again becomes the subject of discourse, as the old sealer once more begins to regard it through the glass with evident apprehension.

"It 'ud seem beyond the possibility of belief," he says, "thet them conglomerations uv ice, hard froze an' lookin' ez tight fixed ez a main-stay, for all thet, hev a downward slitherin' motion, jest like a stream o' water, tho' in coorse thousands, or millions o' times slower."

"Oh! that 's well understood," asserts the skipper, acquainted with the latest theory of glacier movement.

"So it may be, Captin'," pursues Seagriff; "but thar 's somethin' 'bout these breakin' off an' becomin' bergs ez aint so well understood, I reckon; leastways not by l'arned men. An' the cause of it air well enough know'd 'mong the seal-fishers ez frequent these soun's an' channels."

"What is the cause, Chips?" asked young Gancy, like all the others, interested in the subject of conversation.

"Wall, it 's this, Mister Ned. The sea-water bein' warmer than the ice, melts the glasheer when thar 's high tide, an' the eend of it dips under; then at low tide,—bein', so to speak, *undermined*, an' not havin' the water to rest on,—it naterally sags down by its own weight, an' snaps off, ez ye 'll all easily understand."

"Oh! we quite understand," is the universal response, every one satisfied with the old sealer's explanation as to the origin of icebergs.

"How I should like to see one launched," exclaims Leoline, "that big one over there, for instance. It would make such a big plunge! Would n't it, Mr. Chips?"

"Yes, Miss, sech a plunge thet ef this child tho't

thar was any likelihood of it comin' loose from its moorin's, while we 're hyar, he would n't be smokin' his pipe so contented. Jest look at thet boat!"

"The boat! what of her?" asks the skipper, in some apprehension, at length beginning to comprehend the cause of Seagriff's uneasiness.

"Wall, Captin', ef yon glasheer war to give off a berg, any sort of a big un, it mout be the means o' leavin' us 'thout any boat at all."

"But how?"

"How? Why, by swappin', or smashin' the only one we 've got, the which—Thunder an' airthquakes! See yonner! The very thing we 're talkin' 'bout, I vow!"

No need for him to explain his words and excited exclamations. All know what has called them forth; the berg is snapping off. All see the breaking up and hear the crash, loud as the discharge of a ship's broadside or a peal of thunder, till at length, though tardily, they comprehend the danger, as their eyes rest on a stupendous roller, as high as any sea the *Calypso* had ever encountered, coming toward them across the strait.

"To the boat!" shouts Seagriff, making down the bank, with all the men after him. They reach the landing before the roller breaks upon it; but alas! to no purpose. Beach, to draw the boat upon, there is none; only the rough ledge of rocks, and the only way to raise it on this would be to lift it bodily out of the water, which can not be done. For all that—they clutch hold of it, with determined grip, around the edge of the bow. But their united strength will prove as nothing against that threatening swell. For the roller, entering the confined water of the cove, has increased in height, and comes on with more tempestuous surge.

Their effort proves futile, and nigh worse than futile to Henry Chester. For, as the boat is whisked out of their hands and swung up fathoms high, the English youth, heedless of Seagriff's shout "let go!" hangs on, bull-dog-like, and is carried up along with her!

The others have retreated up the slope, beyond reach of the wave which threatens to bear him off in its backward flow. Seeing his danger, all cry out in alarm; and the voice of Leoline is heard above, crying out to her mother:

"Oh! Henry is lost."

But no, Henry is not lost. Letting go before the boat comes down again, with a vigorous bound backward the agile youth heads the roller, getting well up the bank ere it washes over him. Wash over him it does, but only drenches him; for he has flung his arms around a barberry bush and holds it in firm embrace; so firm and fast that, when the water has surged back, he is still seen clinging to it—safe! But by the same subsidence

the boat is dashed away, the keel striking on some rocks with a harsh sound, which tells of damage, if not total destruction. Still, it floats, drifting outward, and for awhile all seems well with it. Believing it to be so, the two youths rush to the tent, and each snatching an oar from it, prepare to swim out and bring the boat back. But before they can enter the water, a voice tells them their



hope is vain, Captain Gancy himself calling out:

"It's no use, boys! The gig's got a hole in its bottom, and is going down. Look!"

They do look, and they see that the boat is doomed. Only for an instant are their eyes upon it, before it is seen no more, having "bilged" and gone under, leaving but bubbles to mark the place of its disappearance.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CHANGE OF QUARTERS DETERMINED ON.

NO GREATER calamity than the loss of their boat could have overtaken the castaways, save losing

life itself. It has made them castaways in the fullest sense of the word; almost as if left boatless on a desert isle in mid-ocean. Their situation is desperate, indeed, though for a time they scarce realize it. How can they, in so lovely a spot, teeming with animal life, and Nature, as it were, smiling around them? But the old sealer knows all that will soon be changed, experience reminding him that the brief, bright summer will ere long be succeeded by dark, dreary winter, with rain, sleet, and snow almost continuously. Then no food will be procurable, and to stay where they are would be to starve. Captain Gancy, also, recalls the attempts at colonizing *Tierra del Fuego*; notably that made by Sarmiento at Port Famine in the Magellan Straits, where his whole colony, men, women, and children—nearly three hundred souls—miserably perished by starvation; and where, too, the lamented missionary, Gardner, with all his companions, succumbed to a similar fate.* The Captain remembers reading, too, that these colonists had at the start ample store of provisions, with arms and ammunition to defend themselves, and renew their stores. If they could not maintain life in *Tierra del Fuego*, what chance is there for a party of castaways, without weapons, and otherwise unfitted for prolonged sojourn in a savage land? Even the natives, supplied with perfect implements for fishery and the chase, and skilled in their use, have often a hard, and at times an unsuccessful, struggle for existence. Darwin thus speaks of it:

"The inhabitants, living chiefly upon shell-fish, are obliged constantly to change their place of residence, but return at intervals to the same spot. * * * At night, five or six of them, unprotected from the wind and rain of this tempestuous climate, sleep on the wet ground, coiled up like animals. Whenever it is low water, they must rise to pick shell-fish from the rocks, and the women, winter and summer, either dive to collect sea-eggs, or sit patiently in their canoes, and with a baited hair line jerk out small fish. If a seal is killed, or the floating carcass of a dead whale discovered, it is a feast. Such miserable food is assisted by a few tasteless berries and fungi. Nor are they exempt from famine, and, as a consequence, cannibalism, accompanied by parricide."

The old seal-fisher, familiar with these facts, keeps them to himself, though knowing the truth will in time reveal itself to all. They get an inkling of it that very day, when the "doctor," proceeding to cook dinner, reports upon the state of the larder, in which there is barely the wherewithal for another meal. Nearly everything brought away from the bark was in the gig, and is doubtless in it still—at the bottom of the sea. So the meal is eaten in a somewhat despondent mood.

They get into better spirits soon after, however, on finding that Nature has furnished them with an

*There is now a colony in the Straits of Magellan, not far from Port Famine, at Sandy Point—the "Punta de Arenas" of the old Spanish navigators. The colony is Chilean, and was established as a penal settlement, though it is now only nominally so. The population is about fourteen hundred.

ample store of provisions for the present, near at hand. Prospecting among the trees, they discover an edible fungus, known to sealers as the "beech-apple," from its being a parasite of the beech. It is about the size and shape of a small orange, and is of a bright yellow color. When ripe, it becomes honey-combed over the surface, and has a slightly sweetish taste, with an odor somewhat like that of a mushroom, to which it is allied. It can be eaten raw, and is so eaten by the Fuegian natives, with whom, for a portion of the year, it is the staple article of subsistence.

The castaways find large numbers of this valuable plant adhering to the birch-beeches,—more than enough for present needs; while two species of fruit are also available as food,—the berries of the *arbutus* and barberry.

Still, notwithstanding this plentitude of supply, the castaways make up their minds to abandon their present encampment, for a reason that becomes apparent, soon after they see themselves boatless.

"There 's no use in our stayin' longer hyar," says Seagriff, who first counsels a change of quarters. "Ef a vessel should chance to pass along outside, we could n't well be in a worse place fur signalin', or gettin' sighted by, her. We 'd hev but the ghost of a chance to be spied in sech a sercluded corner. Ther'fore, we ought to cl'ar out of it, an' camp somewhar on the edge o' the open water."

"In that I agree with you, Chips," responds the Captain, "and we may as well move at once."

"Thet 's true, sir, ef we *could* move at onct. But we can't—leastways not to-day."

"Why not?"

"It 's too nigh night; we would n't hev time to git to the outer shore," explained the carpenter.

"Why there 's an hour of daylight yet, or more!"

"Thet 's cl'ar enough, Captin'. But ef thar were two hours o' daylight, or twice thet, it would n't be enough."

"I don't understand you, Chips. The distance can't be more than two or three hundred yards."

"Belike, it are n't more. But for all that, it 'll take us the half of a day, ef not longer, to cover it."

"How so?" queried the skipper.

"Wal, the how is thet we can't go by the beach; thar bein' no beach. At the mouth o' the cove, it's all cliff, right down to the water. I noticed thet as we war puttin' inter it. Not a strip o' strand at the bottom broad enough fur a seal to bask on. We 'll hev to track it up over the hills, an' thet 'll take no end o' time, an' plenty o' toilin', too;—ye 'll see, Captin'."

"I suppose, then, we must wait for morning," is the skipper's rejoinder, after becoming satisfied

that no practicable path leads out of the cove, between land and water.

This constrains them to pass another night on the spot that has proved so disastrous, and, the morning after, to eat another meal upon it—the last they intend tasting there. A meager repast it is; but their appetites are now on keen edge, all the keener from their being stinted. For, by one of nature's perverse contrarities, men feel hunger most when without the means of satisfying it; and



"THE DOCTOR."

most thirsty when no water can be had! It is the old story of distant skies looking brightest, and far-off fields showing greenest;—the very difficulty of obtaining a thing whetting the desire to possess it, as a child craves some toy, that it soon ceases to care for when once in its possession.

No such philosophic reflections occupy the thoughts of the castaways. All they think of, while at their scanty meal, is to get through with it as speedily as possible, and away from the scene of their disaster.

The breakfast over, the tent is taken down; the boat sail folded into the most portable form, with mast, oars, and everything made ready for overland transport. They have even apportioned the bundles, and are about to begin the up-hill climb, when, lo! the *Fuegians*!

CHAPTER XIV.

A FUEGIAN FISH-HUNT.

YES, the savages are once more in sight,—a canoe full of them just appearing around the point of the cliff, closely followed by another, and another, till four are under view in front of the cove. They

are as yet far out on the sea-arm; but as they have come along it from the west, the castaways suppose them to be some of their late assailants, still persistently continuing the pursuit.

But no! Captain Gancy, quickly sighting through his binocular, declares them different; at least, in their array. For they are not all men, more than half being women and children; while no warlike insignia can be discerned,—neither white feathers nor chalked faces.

Seagriff, in turn taking the glass, further makes out that the men have fish-spears in their hands, and an implement he recognizes as a *fizgig*, while the heads of dogs appear over the gunwales of the canoes, nearly a dozen in each.

"It's a fishin' party," he pronounces. "For all thet, we'd best make a hide of it! thar's no trustin' 'em, anyway so long as they think they hev the upper hand. A good thing our fire has gone out, else they'd a-spied it afore this. An' lucky the bushes be in front, or they'd see us now. Mebbe they'll pass on along the arm, an'—No! they're turnin' in toward the cove!"

This can be told by the apparent shortening of the canoes, as they are brought head around toward the inlet.

Following the old sealer's advice, earnestly urged, all slip back among the trees, the low-hanging branches of which afford a screen for concealment like a closed curtain. The bundles are taken along, and the camp-ground is cleared of everything likely to betray its having been lately occupied by white people. All this they are enabled to do without being seen by the savages, a fringe of evergreens between the camp-ground and the water effectually masking their movements.

"But should n't we go farther up?" says the skipper, interrogating Seagriff. "Why not keep on over the hill?"

"No, Captin'; we must n't move from hyar. We could n't, 'thout makin' sech a racket ez they'd be sure to hear. Besides, thar's bare spots above, whar they mout sight us from out on the water; an' ef they did, distance would n't sarve us a bit. The Feweebins kin climb up the steepest places, like squir'ls up a tree. Once seen by 'em, we'd stan' no chance with 'em in a run. Ther'fore, we'd better abide quietly hyar. Mebbe, arter all, they may n't come ashore. 'T aint one o' thar landin'-places, or we'd 'a' foun' traces of 'em. The trees would 'a' been barked all about.—Oh, I see what they're up to now. A fish-hunt,—a surround wi' thar dogs. Thet's thar bizness in the cove."

By this, the four canoes have arrived at the entrance to the inlet, and are forming in line across it at equal distances from one another, as if to bar

the way against anything that may attempt to pass outward. Just such is their design; the fish being what they purpose enflading.

At sight of them and the columns of ascending smoke, the pelicans and other fishing birds take flight, in a chorus of screams,—some to remain soaring overhead, others flying altogether out of sight. The water is left without a ripple, and so clear that the spectators on shore, from their elevated point of view, can see to its bottom, all around the shore where it is shallow. They now observe fish of several sorts swimming affrightedly to and fro; and see them as plainly as through the glass walls of an aquarium.

Soon the fish-hunters, having completed their "cordon" and dropped the dogs overboard, come on up the cove, the women plying the paddles, the men with javelins upraised, ready for darting. The little foxy dogs swim abreast of and between the canoes, driving the fish before them,—as sheep-dogs drive sheep,—one or another diving under at intervals, to intercept such as attempt to escape outward. For in the translucent water they can see the fish far ahead, and, trained to the work, they keep guard against a break from these through the inclosing line. Soon the fish are forced up to the inner end of the cove, where it is shoalest; and then the work of slaughter commences. The dusky fishermen, standing in the canoes and bending over, now to this side, now that, plunge down their spears and fizgigs, rarely failing to bring up a fish of one sort or another; the struggling victim shaken off into the bottom of the canoe, there gets its death-blow from the boys.

For nearly an hour the curious aquatic chase is carried on; not in silence, but amid a chorus of deafening noises,—the shouts of the savages and the barking and yelping of their dogs mingling with the shrieking of the sea-birds overhead. And thrice is the cove "drawn" by the canoes, which are taken back to its mouth, the line reformed, and the process repeated till a good supply of the fish best worth catching has been secured.

And now the spectators of the strange scene await with dread anticipation the approaching crisis. Will the savage fishermen come ashore, or go off without landing? In the former event, the castaways have small hope of remaining undiscovered. True, they are well concealed; not an inch of face or person is exposed; the captain and Seagriff alone are cautiously doing the vidette duty. Still, should the Fuegians come on shore, it must be at the ledge of rocks, the only landing-place, and but half a stone's throw from the spot where they are sheltering.

"The thing we've most to be afeerd of is thar dogs," mutters Seagriff. "Ef they should land,

the little curs 'll be sure to scent us. An'—Sakes alive! What's that?"

The final exclamation, though involuntarily uttered aloud, is not heard, even by those standing beside him, for it is drowned by the noise that called it forth,—a thundering crash, succeeded by a loud crackling which continues for more than a minute of time. There is no mystery about it, however; it is but a falling tree,—the

again coming out of the dust-cloud, no longer with a black skin, but chocolate-brown all over, woolly pate and clothing included, as though he had been for days buried in tan-bark!—sneezing, too, with a violence that is really comical.

He is a spectacle to make the most sober-sided laugh, were the occasion one for merriment; but his companions are too alarmed for that now, feeling sure of being discovered by the savages. How



A FUEGIAN FISH-HUNT.

one behind which "the doctor" had been standing, his hands pressed against it for support. Yielding to curiosity, he had been peering around its trunk,—a disobedience that is costing him dear; for, as if in punishment, he has gone along with the tree, face foremost, and far down the slope.

As he is lost to sight in the cloud of dust that has puffed up around them, all believe him killed, crushed, buried amid the *debris* of shattered branches. But no! In a trice he is seen on his feet

can it be otherwise, after such a catastrophe—nature itself, as it were, betraying them?

Yet to their pleased surprise it proves otherwise; and on the dust settling down, they see the Fuegian fishermen still in their canoes, with not a face turned toward the land, none, at least, seeming to heed what has happened! But there is nothing strange in this apparent apathy, to one who knows the reason. In the weird forests of Tierra del Fuego there is many a tree standing,

to all appearance sound in trunk, branches, everything; yet rotten from bark to heart-wood, and ready to topple over at the slightest touch—even if but a gun be rested against it! As the fall of such trees is of common occurrence, the natives never gave a second thought to so common a phenomenon. The fishers in the canoes have not heeded it; while the sneezing of Cæsar has been unheard amid the noises made by themselves, their dogs, and the shrieking sea-birds.

In the end, this very thing by which the castaways feared betrayal proves their salvation; for the hunter-fishermen do land at length. But, luckily, they do not stay on shore for any great time; only long enough to make partition of their spoil and roughly clean the fish. By exceedingly good luck, also, the bits of fish thrown to them fully engage the attention of the dogs, which otherwise would have surely strayed inland, and so have come upon the party in hiding.

But perhaps the best instance of favoring fortune is the tree pushed down by the doctor; which has fallen over the ground of the abandoned camp, and has covered under a mass of rotten wood and dust all the place where the tent stood, the fire-hearth, half-consumed faggots, everything. But for this well-timed obliteration, the sharp-eyed savages could not have failed to note the traces of its recent occupancy. As it is, they have no suspicion either of that or of the proximity of those who have had possession of the ground before them, so much engrossed are they with the product of their fish-hunt, which has proved an unusually large catch.

Still, the apprehensions of the concealed spectators are not the less keen, and to them it is a period of dread, irksome suspense. But, fortunately, it lasts not much longer. To their unspeakable delight, they at length see the savages bundle back into their canoes, and, pushing off, paddle away out of the cove.

As the last boat-load of them disappears around the point of rocks, Captain Gancy, in grateful, prayerful voice, exclaims:

"Again we may thank the Lord for a merciful deliverance!"

CHAPTER XV.

A ROUGH OVERLAND ROUTE.

WHEN they are convinced that the canoes are gone for good, the castaways again prepare to set out on the journey so unexpectedly delayed. It is now noon, and it may be night ere they reach their destination. So says Seagriff; an assertion that seems strange, as he admits the distance may be but a few hundred yards.

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They are about taking up their bundles to start, when a circumstance arises that causes further delay; this time, however, a voluntary and agreeable one. In a last glance toward the cove, ere turning their backs upon it, two flocks of gulls are seen, each squabbling about something that floats on the surface of the water. Something white, which proves to be a dead fish, or rather a couple of them, which have been overlooked by the hunter-fishermen. They are too large for the gulls to carry away; and a crowd of the birds are buffeting their wings in conflict above them.

"A bit of rare good luck for us!" cries young Gancy, dropping a pair of oars he has shouldered. "Come, Harry! we'll go a-fishing, too."

The English youth takes the hint; and, without another word, both rush down to the water's edge, where, stripping off coats, shoes, and other *impedimenta*, they plunge in.

In a few seconds the fish are reached and secured, to the great grief and anger of the gulls, which, now screaming furiously, wheel around the heads of the swimmers until they are safe on shore with their prey.

Worth all their trouble is the spoil retrieved, as the fish prove to be a species of mullet, each of them over six pounds in weight.

Now assured of having something to eat at the end of their journey, they set out in much better spirits. But they make not many steps—if steps they can be called—before discovering the difficulties at which the old sealer has hinted. Steps, indeed! Their progress is more a sprawl than a walk; a continuous scramble over trunks of fallen trees, many so decayed as to give way underneath, letting them down to their armpits in a mass of sodden stuff, as soft as mud, and equally bedaubing. Even if disposed, they could no longer laugh at the cook's changed color, for each of the party now has much the same aspect.

But no place could be less incentive to laughter than that which they are in. The humid atmosphere around them has a cold, clammy feeling, and the light is no better than shadowy twilight. A weird, unearthly silence pervades it, only broken by the harsh twitter of a diminutive bird—a species of creeper—that keeps them company on the way, the dismal *woo-woo-a* of an owl, and, at intervals, the rattling call-note of the woodpecker. The last, though laugh-like in itself, is anything but provocative of mirth in those who listen to it, and who learn from Seagriff that it is a sound peculiar to the loneliest, gloomiest recesses of the Fuegian forests.

After toiling up the steep acclivity for nearly two hours, they arrive at a point where the tall timber ends. There are trees beyond,—beeches,

like the others, but so dwarfed and stunted as to better deserve the name of bushes. Bushes of low growth, but of ample spread; for in height, they are less than twenty inches, while their branches extend horizontally to even more than that number of feet! They are as thickly branched as the box-edging of a garden-walk, and so interwoven with several species of shrubs as to present a smooth, matted surface, seemingly that of the ground itself, under a close-cropped sward.

Mistaking it for this, the two young men, who are in the lead, glad at having escaped from the gloom of the forest with its many obstructions, gleefully strike out into what they believe to be open ground.

But they soon find their belief a delusion, and the path as difficult as ever. For now, it is over the tops of growing, instead of the trunks of fallen, trees. It is quite as impossible to make rapid progress here as it was in the forest; and every now and then the lads' feet break through and become entangled, their trousers are torn and their shins scratched by the thorns of the barberries.

The others, following, fare a little better, from being forewarned, and proceed with greater care. But all find it a troublesome task, calling for agility as well as caution; now a quick rush, as if over thin ice or a treacherous quagmire, must be made; anon, a trip-up and tumble causes many eccentric flounderings before the feet can be recovered.

Fortunately, the belt of lilliputian forest is of no great breadth; and beyond it, higher up, they get upon firmer ground, nearly bare of vegetation, which continues to the summit of the ridge.

Reaching this, at length, they have a scenic view of "Fireland" grander than any yet revealed to them. Mountains to the north, mountains to the south, east, and west; mountains piled on mountains all around, of every form and altitude. There are domes, cones, and pyramids; ridges with terraced sides and table-tops; peaks, spires, and castellated pinnacles, some of them having resemblance to artificial mason-work built, as it were, by Titans! In the midst of this picturesque conglomeration, and standing high above all, like a giant above ordinary men, is the grand snow-cone of Mount Darwin, on the opposite side of the arm, fit mate for Sarmiento, seen in the same range, north-westward. Intersecting the mountain-chains are deep, ravine-like valleys, some with sloping sides thickly wooded, others presenting façades of sheer cliffs, with rocks bare and black. Most of them are narrow, dark, and dismal, save when illumined by glaciers, from the glistening milky-white and beryl-blue surfaces of which the sun's rays are vividly reflected.

Valleys, I said, but strictly speaking they are not

valleys at all, but chasms, the bottoms of which are arms of the sea, straits, sounds, channels, bays, inlets; many of them with water as deep as the ocean itself. Of every conceivable shape and trend are they; so ramifying, and communicating with one another, that Tierra del Fuego, long supposed to be a main-land, is, in point of fact, only an archipelago of islands, closely clustered together.

From their high point of observation on the ridge's crest, the castaways command a view also of a reach of water wider than the sea-arm immediately beneath them, of which, however, it is a continuation. It extends eastward as far as they can see, straight as an artificial canal, and so like one in other ways as to suggest the idea, or fancy, that it has been dug by the same Titans who did the masonwork on the mountains! It occupies the entire attention of Seagriff, who, looking along it toward the east, at length says:

"Thet's the Beagle Channel; the way we were to hev gone but fur the swampin' of our boat. An' to think we 'd 'a' been runnin' long it now, 'nstead o' stannin' helpless hyar! Jest our luck!"

To his bitter reflection no one makes response. Captain Gancy is engrossed with his binocular, examining the shores of the sea-arm, while the others, fatigued by their long, arduous climb, are seated upon rocks at some distance off, resting.

After a time, the skipper, re-slinging his glass, makes known the result of his observation, saying:

"I can see nothing of the canoes anywhere. Probably they 've put into some other cove along shore to the westward. At all events, we may as well keep on down."

And down they go, the descent proving quicker and easier than the ascent. Not that the path is less steep, or beset with fewer obstructions; but their tumbles are now all in the right direction, with no backward slidings. Forward falls they have, and many; every now and then a wild up-throwing of arms ends with a fall at full length upon the face. They succeed, however, in reaching the water's edge again, without serious injury received by any, though all of them are as wet as if they had been swimming with their clothes on, and are looking forlorn, soiled and dragged.

At the place where they have now reached the beach, there is a slight curving indentation in the shore-line; not enough to be called a bay, nor to interfere with their chance of being seen by any ship that may pass along the arm. As this has been their reason for changing quarters, it might be supposed they would choose the most conspicuous point for their new encampment. But their choice is influenced by other considerations; chief of these being the fact that near the center

of the curve they find a spot altogether suited to their purpose—a grassy spot, high and dry, a little platform surrounded and sheltered by trees.

That they are not the first human beings to set foot on it is evinced by the skeleton of a wigwam found standing there; while on the beach below is a heap of shells recognizable as a “kitchen midden.”* These evidences of former occupancy also proclaim it of old date. The floor of the wigwam is overgrown with grass and weeds; while the shell-heap is also covered with greenery, the growth upon it being wild celery and scurvy grass, both of which plants give promise of future utility. Like promise is there in another object near-at-hand: a bed of kelp, off shore, just opposite, marking a reef, the rocks of which are bare at ebb tide. From this, shell-fish may be taken, as they have been before; for the kelp-bed explains the presence of wigwam and “kitchen midden.”

In addition to these advantages, the beech-apples and berries are as plentiful here as at the encampment in the cove, and still another species is found not far off. At the western extremity of the indentation, a slightly elevated ridge projects out into the water, treeless, but overgrown with bushes of low stature, which are thickly covered with what at a distance appear to be bunches of red blossoms, but on closer inspection prove to be berries—*cranberries*.

But, notwithstanding all these advantages, there are other indications about the place which are not so pleasing. The wigwam tells of their still being in the territory of the hostile tribe from which they have so miraculously escaped.

“Ailikoleep!” is the exclamation of Seagriff, as soon as he sets eyes on it; “we’re in the country o’ the rascally savagers yit!”

“How do you know that?” inquires the skipper.

“By the build o’ thet wigwam, an’ the bulk of it. Ez ye see, it’s roun’-topped, wharas them o’ the Tekineekers, an’ other Feweeegins, run up to a sharp p’int, besides bein’ bigger an’ roomier. Thar’s another sign, too, of its bein’ Ailikoleep. They kiver thar wigwams wi’ seal-skins, ’stead o’ grass, which the Tekineekers use. Ef this hed been thatched wi’ grass, we’d see some o’ the rubbish inside; an’, moreover, the floor’d be hollered out—which it’s not. Yes, the folks that squatted hyar hev been Ailikoleeps. But it’s no surprise to me, ez I heern some words pass ’mong the fishin’ party, which show’d ’em to be thet same. Wal,” he continues, more hopefully, “thar’s one good thing; they have n’t sèt fut on this groun’ fur a long while; which is some airnest o’ thar hevin’

gi’n the place up fur good. Those dead woods tell o’ thar last doin’s about hyar.”

He points to some trees standing near, with most of the bark stripped from their trunks.

“They’ve peeled ’em fur patchin’ thar canoes; an’, by the look of it, thet barkin was done more ’n three years ago.”

All this does little to restore confidence. The fact of the fishing party having been Ailikoleeps is too sure evidence that danger is still near at hand. And such danger! They only need to recall the late attack—the fiendish aspect of the savages, with their furious shouts and gestures, the darting of javelins and hurling of stones—to fully realize what it is. With that fearful episode fresh in their memory, the castaways require no further counsel to make them cautious in their future movements.

However, they begin at once to repitch their tent, which is set up so as to be screened from view of any canoe passing along the sea-arm; and for their better accommodation, the wigwam is re-roofed, as it, too, is invisible from the water. Moreover, no fire is to be made during daylight, lest its smoke should betray them; and when kindled at night for cooking purposes, it must be done within the wood, whence not a glimmer of it may escape outward. And a lookout is to be constantly kept through the glass, by one or another taking it in turns; this is done not alone for enemies, but for friends—for that ship which they still hope may come along the Beagle Channel.

CHAPTER XVI.

BY THE “KITCHEN MIDDEN.”

THE programme determined on is carried out to the letter. But as the days pass, and no ship appears, their impatience becomes despondency—almost despair. Yet this is for the best, as it strengthens a resolution already half formed, but not finally decided upon. This is to build a boat. Nor, in this case, is necessity—mother of invention—the sole impelling influence. Other circumstances aid in suggesting the scheme, because they favor its execution. There is timber in plenty on the spot, needing only to be hewn into shape and put together. The oars, mast, and sail are already on hand; but, above all, here is a ship’s-carpenter, capable of turning out any kind of craft, from a dinghy to the biggest of long-boats.

All these advantages taken into account, the task is set about without further hesitation, and hopefully. A great drawback, however, is their

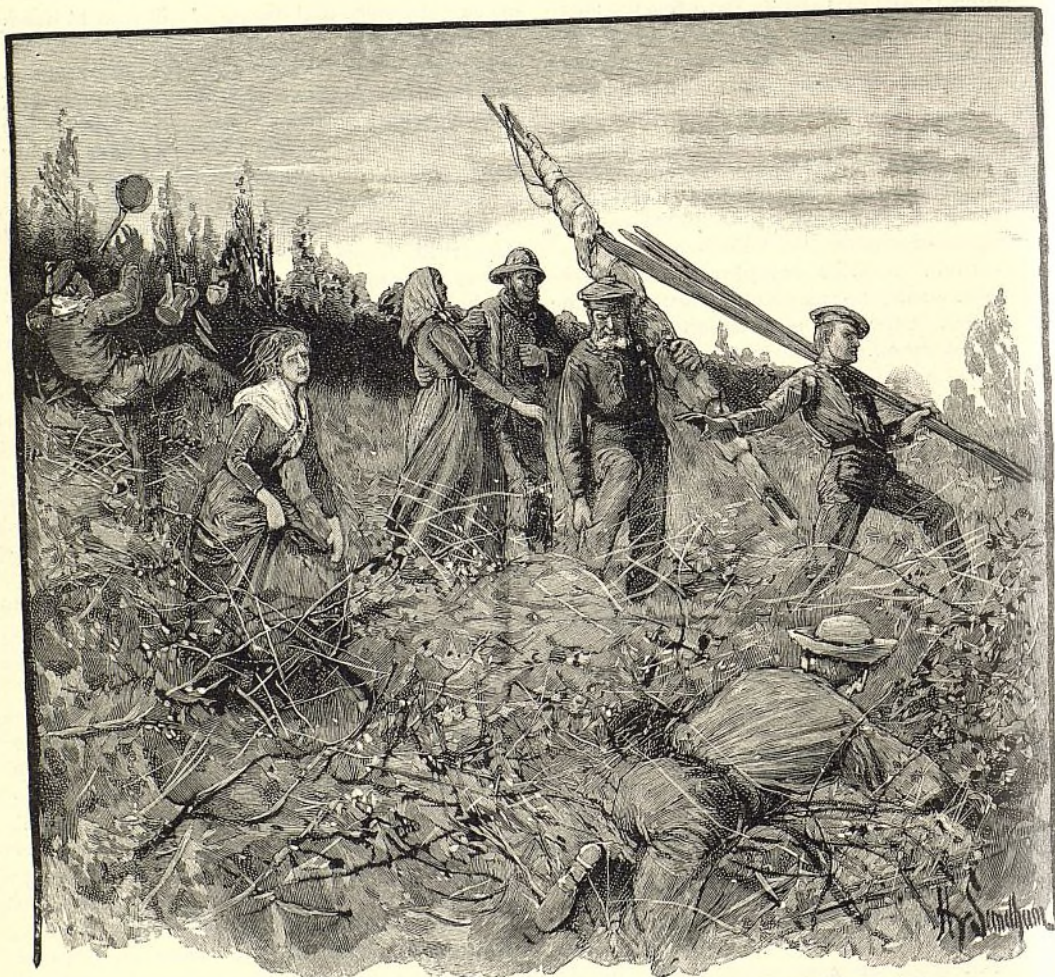
* These shell-heaps, or “kitchen middens,” are a feature of Fuegian scenery. They are usually found wherever there is a patch of shore level enough to land upon; but the beach opposite a bed of kelp is the place where the largest are met with. In such situations the skeletons of old wigwams are also encountered, as the Fuegians, on deserting them, always leave them standing, probably from some superstitious feeling.

being unprovided with proper tools. They have only a common wood-ax, hammer, auger, and their sailor-knives. The other tools were left in the gig, and went down with it.

Doing their best with those on hand, the ax is first brought into play, the negro being the one to wield it; and he promptly attacks the tree which Seagriff points out to be felled first.

of the trees are heart-decayed, without showing outward sign of it, the result of an ever-humid atmosphere. Aware of this, Chips tries each one by tapping it with the auger before the ax is laid to it.*

For days after, the chipping strokes of the ax, with the duller thuds of wood mallets on wedges, awaken echoes in the Fuegian forest such as may never have been heard there before. When



"NOW IT IS OVER THE TOPS OF GROWING, INSTEAD OF THE TRUNKS OF FALLEN, TREES."

It is a beech; one of those that have been barked. This circumstance is in their favor, and saves them time; for the barked trees having been long dead, their timber is now dry and seasoned, ready for working up at once. Still, caution is called for in selecting those to be cut down. Were they taken indiscriminately, much of Cæsar's labor might be thrown away; for, as has been said, many

felled, the trunks are cut to the proper length, and split into rough planks by means of wedges, and are afterward smoothed with the knives.

With such indifferent tools, the work is necessarily slow; and is still further retarded by another requirement, food, which meanwhile has to be procured. The supply, however, proves less precarious than was anticipated, the kelp-bed yield-

*Nearly all the larger trees in the Fuegian forests have the heartwood decayed, and are worthless as timber. Out of fifteen cut down by Captain King's surveying party, near Port Famine, more than half proved to be rotten at the heart.

ing an unlimited amount of shell-fish. Daily, at low water, the two youths swim out to it, and bring away a good number of limpets and mussels. And now and then a calf seal is clubbed, which affords a change of diet; some delicate morsels, too, parts of the young seal being equal to spring lamb. The scurvy-grass and wild celery, moreover, enable "the doctor" to turn out more than one variety of soup.

But for the continuing fear of a visit from the savages, and other anxieties about the future, their existence would be tolerable, if not enjoyable. Kind Nature here, as elsewhere, treats them to many a curious spectacle. One is afforded by the "steamer-duck,"* a bird of large size, specimens having been taken over three feet in length and weighing thirty pounds. It has an enormous head, with a hard, powerful beak for smashing open the shells of molluscs, which form its principal food. But its wings are so short and weak that flight in the air is denied it. Still, it uses them effectually in flapping, which, aided by the beating of its broad webbed feet, enables it to skim over the surface of the water at the rate of fifteen miles an hour! In its progress, says Darwin, "it makes such a noise and splashing that the effect is exceedingly curious." The great naturalist further states that he is "nearly sure the steamer-duck moves its wings alternately, instead of both together, as other birds move theirs." It is needless to say that it is from this propulsion by its wings, like the paddles of a steam-vessel, that the bird has derived the name by which it is now best known.

Seals are observed every day; on one occasion a seal-mother giving a curious display of maternal solicitude in teaching her calf to swim. First taking hold of it by the flipper, and for a while supporting it above water, with a shove she sends the youngster adrift, leaving it to shift for itself. In a short time, the little creature becomes exhausted, when she takes a fresh grip on its flipper, and again supports it till it has recovered breath, after which there is another push-off, followed by a new attempt to swim, the same process being several times repeated to the end of the lesson.

A still rarer and more remarkable spectacle is furnished by a couple of whales. One calm, clear morning, with the water waveless and smooth as a mirror, two of these grand cetaceans are seen swimming along, one in the wake of the other, and

so close in shore that they might almost be reached with the boat-hook. And while still near the edge of the water, one of them blows, sending aloft a spout that, returning in a shower of spray, falls upon the leaves with a pattering as of heavy rain!

Soon after, sheering off into mid-channel, and continuing their course, they blow again and again, each steam-like spray, with the sun upon it, showing like a silvery cloud, which hangs in the air for more than a minute ere becoming altogether dissipated.

The marine monsters have come along the arm from the west, and are proceeding eastward—no doubt making the traverse from ocean to ocean, in the same direction the castaways propose to go, if permitted to finish their boat. But will they be permitted? That is the ever-recurring question, and constant cause of uneasiness. Their anxiety about it becomes even keener, as the time passes, and their task draws nearer completion. For, although weeks have now elapsed since the departure of the fishing party, and nothing more has been seen of them or any other savages, nor have any fires been visible at night, nor any smoke by day—still the Fuegians may appear at any moment; and their fears on this score are not diminished by what Seagriff says, in giving the probable reason for their non-appearance:

"I guess they 've gone out seaward, along the west coast, seal-huntin'. The old seals ur tamer at this seazun then any other, an' easier stolen upon. But the year 's on the turn now, an' winter 's settin' in; therefore, we may look out any minute for the ugly critters comin' along. Ef we only hed the boat finished an' afloat! I wish she was in the water now!"

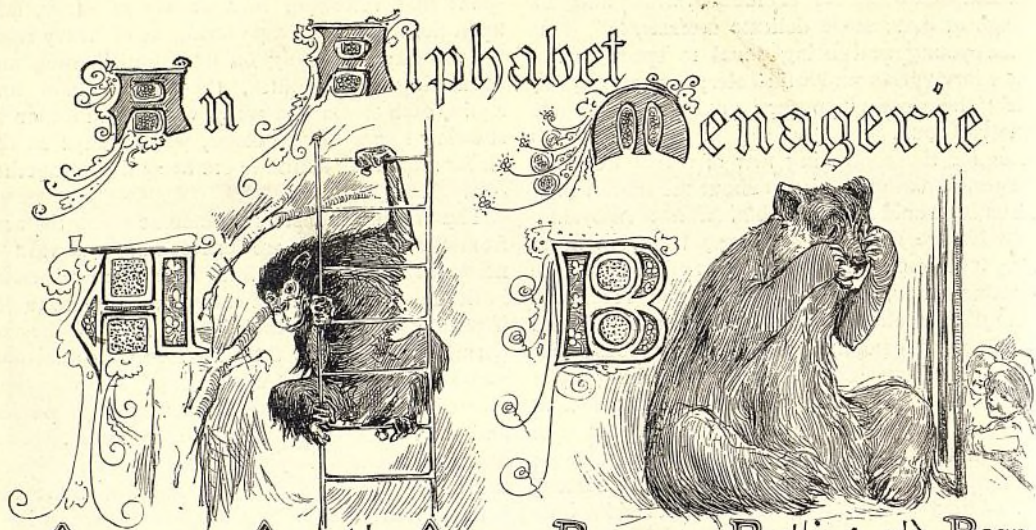
As all wish the same, there is no relaxation of effort to bring about the desired end. On the contrary, his words inspire them to renewed energy for hastening its accomplishment.

Alas, all to no purpose! One morning, just before daybreak, while on the lookout with his glass, Captain Gancy sees coming eastward, along the arm, a fleet of canoes crowded with people, to all appearance the same craft encountered in Whale Boat Sound.

Believing that they are the same, he cries out in a voice that quivers, despite his efforts to keep it firm: "There they are at last! Heaven have mercy on us!"

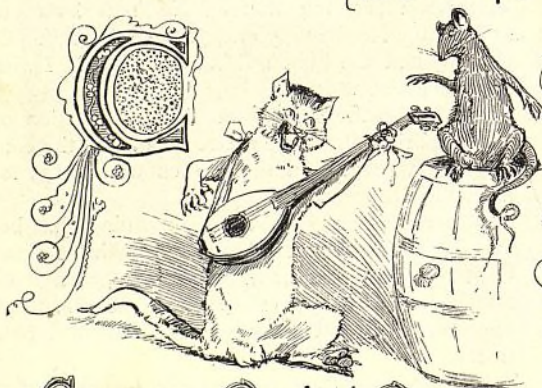
The *micropterus brachypterus* of Quoy and Guimard. The "steamer-duck" is a feature almost peculiar to the inland Fuegian waters, and has always been a bird of note among sailors, like the "Cape pigeons" and "Mother Carey's chickens." There is another and smaller species, called the "flying steamer," as it is able to mount into the air. It is called by naturalists *micropterus Patagonica*.

(To be continued.)

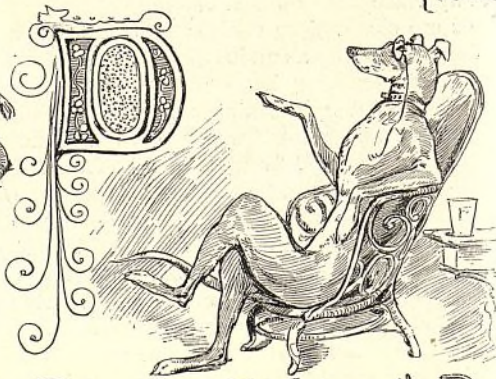


A, was an Amiable Ape,
Who lived on an African [Cape.
He climbed up the trees
On his elbows and knees -
And came down by the
[fire escape.

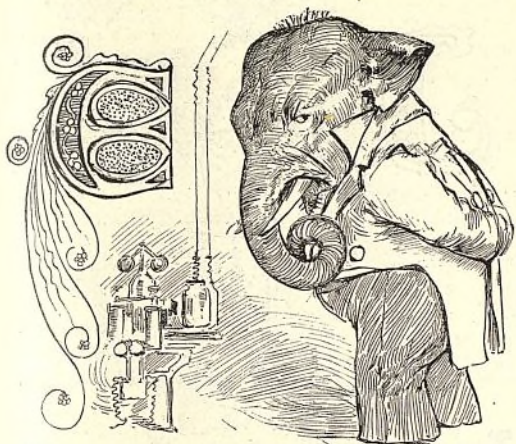
B, was a Bustling old Bear,
Who thought he must have
[change of air;
So he went with a show,
Though it filled him with woe
To see people so rude as to
[stare.



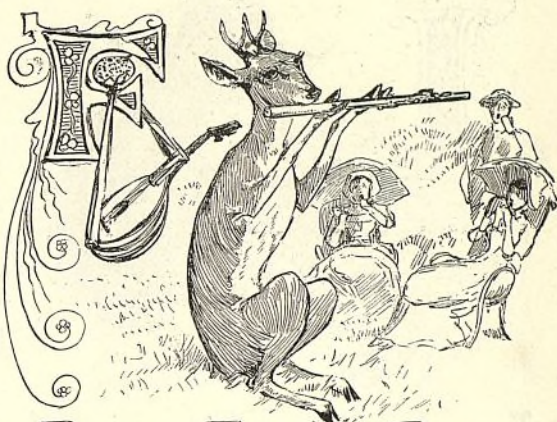
C, was a Comical Cat
Who tried to make love to a
She sang him a song [rat.
Both loving and long,
But he said "You can't fool me
[like that"]!



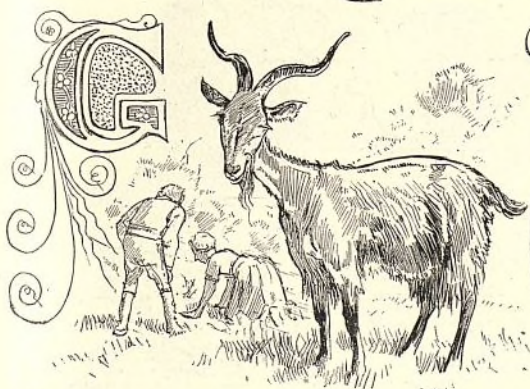
D, was a Dainty old Dog,
Who every day drank an
He took it he said, [egg nog.
To steady his head,
In case there should come
[up a fog!



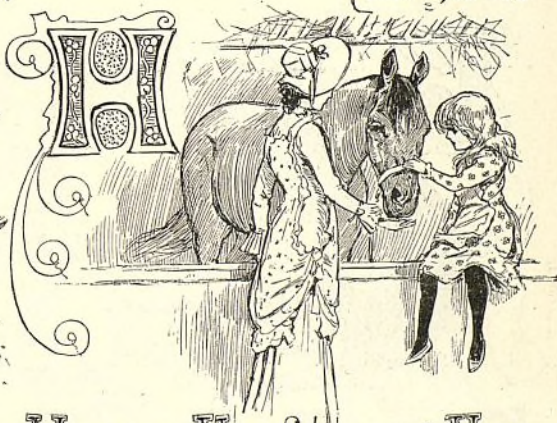
E, was an **Eminent Elephant**
Who invented a thing called a ^{Telephant}
When they asked: "What's it for?"
He replied: "Such a bore
To be pestered with questions,"
 [irrelevant!]



F, was a **Trivoltous Fawn**
Who gave a soiree on the ^{lawn}
He played on the flute
And sang to a lute
But the guests would do nothing
 [but yawn]



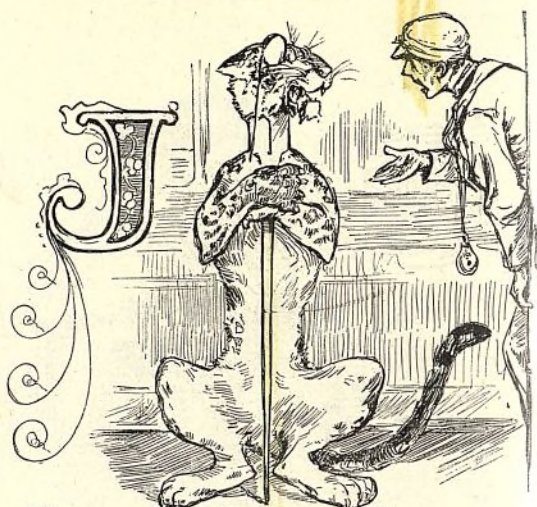
G, was a **Greedy old Goat**
Who ate up his master's best ^{coat}
He stood by with a leer
While they searched far and near
And remarked: "They seem rather
 [afloat!]"



H, was a **Hopeful young Horse**
Who was brought up on love ^{without force}
He had his own way
And they sugared his hay;
So he never was naughty of
 [course!]



I, was an Idle Ichneumon
 Who wanted to learn to play
 But he found to his pains,
 It took talent and brains;
 And neither possessed this
 Ichneumon.



J, was a Jaunty Jaguar,
 Who once took a ride in a
 But when asked for his fare,
 Gave a growl and a stare,
 And remarked: That is going
 [too far!



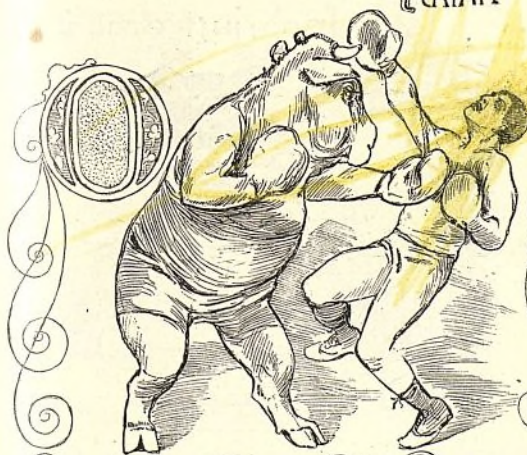
K, was a Keen Kangaroo,
 Who painted his children
 When his wife said: "My dear,
 Don't you think they look queer?"
 He replied "I'm not sure but
 [they do"



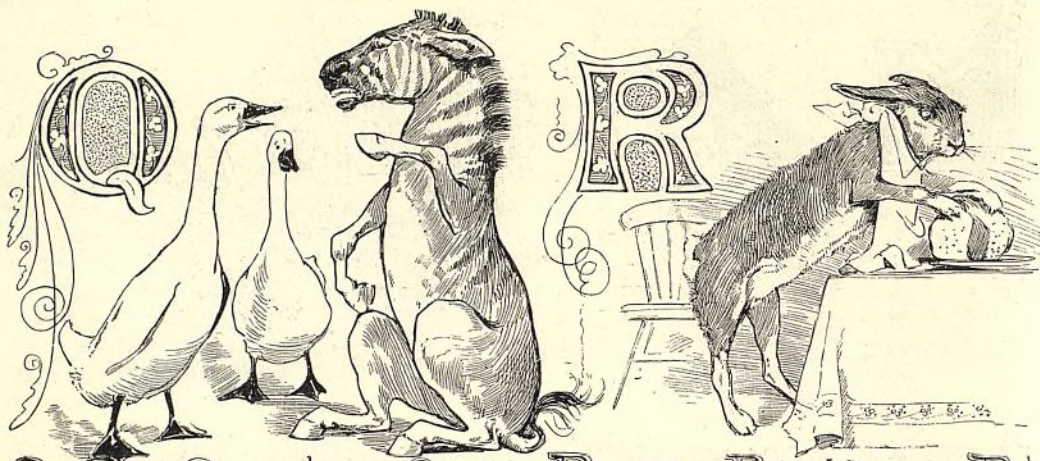
L, was a Lively old Lion,
 Whose conduct no man could
 For he'd smile and look sweet
 At the people he'd meet,
 And be thinking which one
 [he should fly on!



M, was a Merry young Mink, N, was a Naive Nylghau
 Who went in to skate at a rink. Who would take his tea through
 But he said that the ice [a straw
 Was too hard to be nice, When his Aunt said, "I think,"
 And too smooth to allow him to "I would be better to drink"
 [think He replied "You had better—"
 [withdraw!

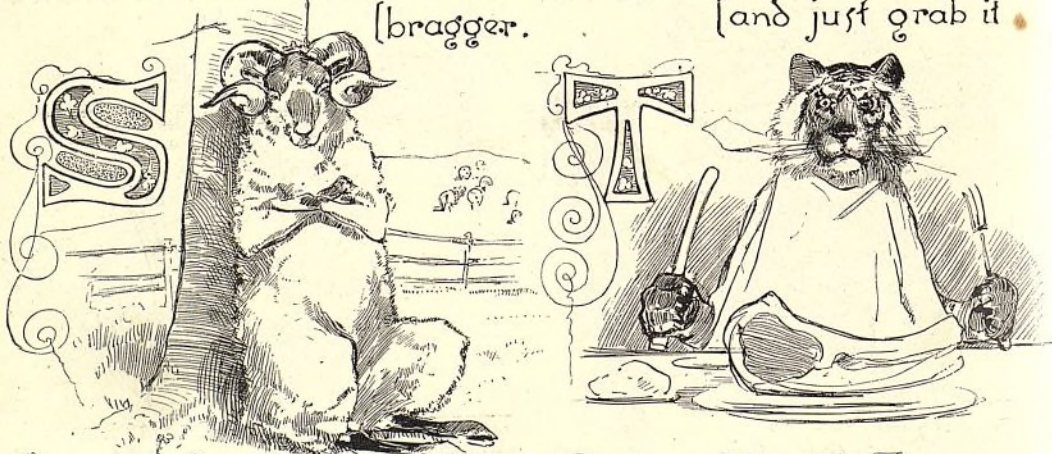


O, was an Obese Old Ox, P, was a Prosy old Pig,
 Who wanted to learn how to box Who complained that his brain
 A teacher he hired [was too big.
 Who nearly expired He felt it, he said,
 At the first of his terrible Inside of his head—
 [knocks! Which was certainly strange,
 [for a pig!



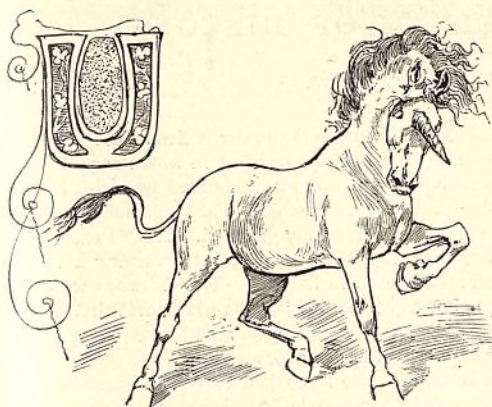
Q, was a Quarrelsome Quagga
 Who made a great bluster and
 But what was quite queer [swagger
 When danger was near
 No trace could be found of the [bragger.

R, was a Rowdy young Rabbit
 Who had a most terrible habit!
 When he saw any food
 Which appeared to him good
 He would rise from his chair,
 [and just grab it.

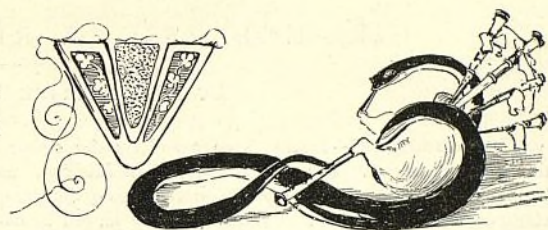


S, was a Senseless old Sheep
 Who spent all his time half asleep.
 He was thinking, he said,
 When he nodded his head,
 But his friends thought that tale
 [rather steep

T, was a Terrible Tiger,
 Whose name was Abdullah
 [Meshigah.
 For lunch he would eat
 Forty two kinds of meat
 And his postal address was
 [“The Niger”.



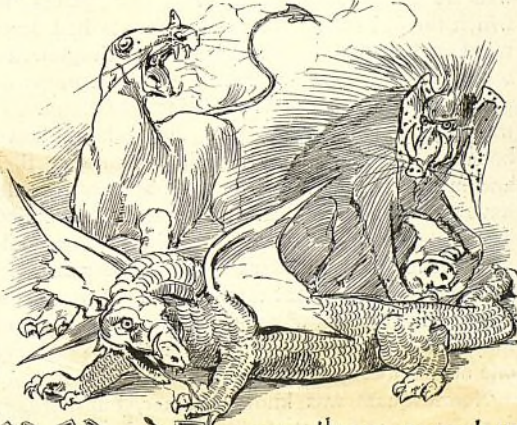
U's a Unique Unicorn
 Who tried to peek over his horn
 He said he saw more
 Than he e'er did before
 But it made him feel rather
 [forlorn.]



V. was a Verdant old Viper
 Who let himself out as a piper
 But so badly he played
 That the dancers all said
 They would wait till his talents
 [were riper]



W's a Wan little Weasel,
 Who spent all his days at his
 [easel.]



X, Y, and Z, were three creatures
 With all sorts of fabulous
 [features.]

His friends came to see They had talons, and claws,
 What they thought was a tree. And fiery jaws.
 But he called it a "Study of But their names haven't
 [Teasel] [happened to reach us!]

Bach...

GIRL-NOBLESSE. A REPEAT OF HISTORY.

BY MRS. ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

[INTRODUCTORY.—I have been asked by the editor of ST. NICHOLAS to prefix a little note of explanation to my analogue. It is not a "Repeat of History," as such; it is a bit of incident in which something that happens bears a parallel likeness to another thing that happened long ago. It was suggested by a visit I made, a summer or two since, with a young party, to an old block-house near the coast of Maine, a genuine relic of the Indian and colonial times. Cooper's novels were among the great delights of my girlhood. His "Pathfinder," in which the lovely Indian girl, Dew-of-June, saves the life of the heroine, Mabel Dunham, by warning her to seek shelter in the log-defense, (telling her, mysteriously, when all seemed safe in the forest-fort where she was staying with her father, the sergeant of the garrison,— "Block-house-good; got no scalp"); the adventures that followed; the plots and rude retributive vengeance of Arrowhead; the fidelity of June coming to shut herself up with Mabel while her savage kindred were besieging the block; all these had fascinated me over and over again, and impressed on my mind a clear vision of the place and surroundings as described. So that when I stood in this other similar structure, and found its rough, primitive plan the very same,—and when certain little jokes and frights befel and amused us,—I thought how easily the same characteristics illustrated themselves, and even circumstances fell into significant resemblance, in the old, wild time and the new, cultivated one. The idea led me into the writing of this story. You who have read, or may now read, the "Pathfinder," will recognize the adaptation and application of names, as well as the spirit and action of the persons, in several cases in the present tale; as, indeed, they are partly pointed out as it goes along. The things unexplained I will leave you the pleasure of discovering for yourselves.

A. D. T. W.]

"JUNIA ROYD."

That was the way it sounded, and that was the way it had come to be spelled in Nonnusquam, as well as in other out-of-the-way new places to which the old family of the Roughheads had scattered and drifted. The girls in Mrs. Singlewell's school hardly knew whether to think it funny or pretentious when it was explained to them. It was ridiculous, anyway, that there should have been an "origin" to this village name, or that ancient spelling and present pronunciation should have anything to do with each other. They called it "Rough-head," and so applied it, in the school-girl derision that is so cruel, and that was directed by the common consent of a certain set toward this young girl, against whose admission among them they had scornfully objected that she was "only one of the aborigines."

Nonnusquam was known farther, but perhaps not better, as the seat of a superior school for girls, and as the summer residence of a few wealthy people who had bought estates and built houses among its lovely heights and along its water-borders, than as the quiet, honest, homely, uncultivated farm-settlement, which it began by being, and which it had continued to be up to the sudden advent and rush of city discoverers.

And Junia was a meek, modest, easily oppressed sort of girl,—on one side of her character. Strong points lay opposite and in balance, which we may find out, as the people from the great hubs found out the glory of the hills and waters in quiet Nonnusquam.

One of the brightest things ever said in satire was that concerning our grand old, noble, mean, persecuted and persecuting New England ancestry: "The first thing they did here was to fall upon their knees; the next was to fall upon the aborigines." That was very like what some of the city settlers and improvers had done in Nonnusquam. They had fallen down and worshiped before the magnificence of nature,—they had built their shrines there; then they had set foot of pride on the primeval human nature in whose rough simplicity was hid, perhaps, a grandeur also. It came hardest upon the "little ones," for despising whom there is a threatening; and it came most openly from the other little ones, than to cause whom to offend, by spirit or example, a millstone 'round the neck is better.

So Nonnusquam was divided into twain; yet there were shades in the differences, and crossings in the partings, that were delicate to adjudge.

Young people are indiscriminate; they could not see the difference between the Royds, or Roughheads, and the Polliwocks. They could not appreciate that Redman Royd, late owner of half the pasture-lands and intervalles bought up by the new gentry, and still holding craftily certain inter-jacent coveted meadow-strips and wooded ridges,—a power in town-meeting and political convention,—a man with a blaze in his eye under his old straw hat for any too cool or level glance from beneath more stylish brim,—was more to be considered or accepted than Stadpole Polliwock or Evetson Newt. Consequently they could not ap-

preciate that Junia Royd could have privilege among them at the seminary or in their little social life above the small Polliwocks or Captain Newt's Saramandy.

"R-o-u-g-h-e-a-d, for *Royd*! That 's nonsense!" said Hester Moore.

"E-n-r-a-g-h-t, for *Darby*! That 's a fact," said Amabel Dernham "in a certain English family name. And there are plenty of others, almost as queer."

"E-n-r-a-g-e-d, hopping-mad! That 's the fact for me,—and for plenty of others in a certain American school," returned Hester.

"What 's the use?" asked placid Amabel.

"Oh, you 'll give in, and be as polite as a pink," charged Hester. "I know. You can't show your mind, ever."

"I can't tread on anything," said Amabel. "The other side of my mind comes up then, and I show that."

"No need of treading," said the incipient woman of the world. "You can walk 'round things, or put them out of the window. But you 'll make right up to 'em, and cosset 'em; see if you don't."

So Junia Royd was (figuratively,) "walked 'round"; "put out of the window"; made to feel like a phantom. The girls, whenever it so suited them, behaved precisely as if she was n't there; rather, perhaps, as lacking the second sight themselves. For if they could have seen her in the spirit,—ah, that is the secret of all our sins against the second great Commandment!

There were a few little Eves whose souls were not strong against odors and colors of apples and plums which came from Squire Royd's garden, and were irresistible at lunch time. These little Eves would take and eat, though they must thereby make acquaintance with second-rate, which is always evil, as well as with first-rate, which is always good.

Then, also, there was Amabel Dernham.

Mrs. Singewell was a woman of observation and instinct. She might find herself in a dilemma, but when she moved, she made the best move to be made. She put Junia Royd as desk-mate with Amabel Dernham. I will not say that Amabel did not at first feel secretly a little "put upon." Hester Moore came by within an hour and whispered, "Little Miss Muffet!" But that rather touched Miss Muffet's pride in the right place; and she stuck to her tuffet, and to its sharer, like a woman. A real, true woman; not a feminine creature, afraid of spiders.

Junia Royd was slight and dark; Amabel was large and fair; they looked together like a little deep-colored, velvet pansy, and a delicately superb one of white and gold. Junia bent her dusky

head to her contrast and worshiped. The sunshiny contrast bloomed on serenely, and, by very sunshine and serenity, was gracious.

Amabel shared her Latin Lexicon with Junia; she showed her how to trace the derivations and disentangle the constructions. She explained "abstracts" and "criticisms" as school exercises; she reminded her of the order of lessons and the obligation of rules, until these became familiar to the new-comer. In short, she was just "as polite as a pink,"—or as a princess pansy.

Junia would lay a Jacqueminot or a Gloire de Dijon rose on Amabel's desk, coming early to school on purpose; Amabel would put the crimson flower in her blonde hair, or the golden-colored one against her breast-knot of brown or red; and one was pleased and the other was happy. But Junia never offered a pear or a peach at that shrine; she kept those for the sort to whom she would not cast pearls; the sort who would render stolid, narrow-eyed regard, and move grovelingly to her approach, for the sake of them. She gave simply what they came for, asking for no further sign in exchange. One does not care to caress that kind of animal; one would rather have a fence between than not.

And so, with all, she lived a phantom life among these girls; even with Amabel, not getting beyond the grace and the politeness,—the shy, sweet utterance of thanks, or the matter-of-course chirping over their lessons. If on one side there were—creatures—in their pen of exclusiveness, on the other there was but a bird on a bough. Any beautiful, realized friendship was the dream of her own heart. Amabel was claimed on all sides when desk hours were over; her way did not lie with Junia's; each drifted to her separate element and belonging between school-out and school-in. Junia made long romances to herself of what these intervals were like to the birds of the air; as for Amabel, she flitted away and forgot Junia altogether every day, from two in the afternoon till nine next morning, when she lighted again beside her.

Neal Royd was Junia's brother; she had a hard time with him, often, in these off hours. She worshiped him also,—and first and always; he was brother and sister and all to her; tyrant and scoffer, too, with his man-masterfulness and boycynicism. He had the hard, proud nature of Neal and Roughead; "Neal," in the old Celtic, stands for "chief." He was bitter against the "high-noses," and bitter with his sister because they snubbed her. He was contemptuous of the girl-noblesse; yet he would often crush June with scorn of her position with them,—that "she could not be anybody as well as anybody else." He would have been well content to carry the Royd rights level

with the "high-nose" assumptions. His contempt, therefore, was not absolute or successful.

He was especially mordacious against "Pester More." He had his own grudges against the name, belonging also to "Alexander the Great," her brother. "*He'll* never weep for more worlds to conquer. The world's all More, already, for small Shandy," quoth Neal Royd. He would give him both titles, the great and the small, in one sentence. "Small body and high strut,"—"big spread and little spunk," he said of him, and not untruly.

Hester Moore had turned her back upon Neal once, long ago, as only raw rudeness could have done, and left him *plante' la*, in the face of bystanders, when he would have handed her a handkerchief that she had dropped; and Sandie had served him a mean trick, and never given him a chance to pay it off. It was up at the Little Wittaquee—the brook that feeds the Big Wittaquee before it runs past Nonnusquam. Neal was trout-fishing; he knew a place that few others knew, and he had just got a splendid fellow playing around his line, when "*ploomp!*" came a stone from right over his head into the pool; and "*ploomp! ploomp!*" another and another, breaking great circles in the still water, and scattering the fish, of course; besides (which was even worse), a voice jeeringly advertising the discovery of his secret. Starting to his feet, and facing about and upward, he saw small Shandy coolly looking over, not at him, but upon the farther water, as if simply bent upon his own amusement, and as if not knowing that "Neal was there."

Down went rod upon the bank, and up the rough steep went Neal, scrambling and grasping, making with swift vengeance for the petty foe, whom, even after the breathless ascent, he knew he could overtake in a fair run upon the level above. But lo! reaching the ridge, from which the down-like table spread away for half a mile toward another climb, there was Master Alexander upon his pony Bucephalus, putting four legs to their best against his two!

"Another time!" articulated Neal Royd, with deliberation, standing stock still in black wrath, not even raising a fist to shake impotently after the "meaching minnum." "Another time! If it is n't till we're both men!"

And that was what, indeed, seemed most likely, since Sandie Moore was off the next day to Mount Desert, to meet a yachting party for his holidays, and at their end, at Exeter Academy again; and in the intermediate short space that he had been at Nonnusquam, had shown the small, conscious shrewdness of his sort in keeping well out of "the Rough-head's" way.

Neal Royd was not without his untrimmed points of human nature, though there was better blood in him than in Sandie Moore. He was an aborigine yet, in that he was the enemy of a girl, for her own offenses and those of her kin. A savage will ambush and will take scalps of women. Neal Royd thirsted for a chance or a contrivance to "pay off" to "Pester More" the interest, at least, upon the accumulating family debt. He was only fourteen; there was hope for better things in him, since he began with something generous enough to resent a meanness even more than a malice. It would be his turn now, though, if a way should show; and fair enough, if he served them in their own fashion. They, not he, had set it. "June would let a grasshopper kick her!"

All this has been historical introduction. We come now to the beginning of our "repeat."

A gypsy party at the old block-house. A straw ride to Mill Creek Landing; the steamer, touching at ten o'clock, for Penbasset; the lovely river sail, the quiet cove, the steep rocks, the cavern, the woody summit, the oak-glade in the farm-edge; above all, the real, true old-settlement block-house, that the colonists had taken refuge in, the Indians had invested,—with the bullet-holes in its timbers, the places charred and blackened by flames against its massive sides, the excavation beneath in solid ledge, and the tradition of an under-ground passage to the cavern by the river.

All Mrs. Singlewell's young ladies were to go; the great difficulty was male attendance. It was September, and the youths—"high-nose"—were just away at academy or college. The youths,—snub-nose,—even if they were to be asked, would hardly go, merely as "Polly-put-the-kettle-ons," and to be snubbed some more. One of the inconveniences of a small town, cleft in social twain, arose. Early harvest occupied the able-bodied men; corn and barley were of more consequence than a day's chore. Who should carry baskets up and down, fetch wood and water, and hang the kettle—for the picnic party?

Amabel Dernham thought "Mamma would let Zibbie go (Zibbie was short for Zorayda Brunhilda, —Z. B.,—the magnificent Moorish and Teutonic prefixes to the plebeian Yankee of Spodge); "besides, it would be only fun to do it nearly all ourselves."

Hester Moore went unblushingly to Junia Royd, and invited her to invite her brother.

"You are the only one who has a brother at home," she said, with an air of conscious penalty-for-honor. "They would all go if they were here, of course; only Mrs. Singlewell's mother had to be sick at just the wrong time,—when they *were* here—and put us into the wrong time now."

Hester Moore had probably never spoken so many consecutive words to Junia before in their whole school year.

"I will tell him," said June, not without her own dignity, "if you mean it for a message; but very likely he will think it a wrong time for him to be in."

"Oh, I don't see why," said Hester, carelessly.

To Junia's amazement, Neal said that he would go. Then something in the set of his face startled her differently.

"O Neal!" she said, "don't!—I mean—don't do anything!"

"Why, what do you suppose they want me for?" asked Neal. "I shall make myself of service—to the interests of society in general—in any way that I see chance for."

"O Neal! Don't look for chances! That's just what I mean." June had heard the word too often, not to be apprehensive of it.

"You may be sure I won't waste time in looking, if I can *make* one," was all that Neal vouchsafed. "And I shall go."

Poor little June! With her awe of Neal's tremendousness, and her gentle dread of harm or pain to any, she shivered with vague imagination of little less than an upset canoe on the river in the pleasure-boating, or a block-house blown up, in good earnest, with dynamite! If she could only warn her Amabel,—or knew what to warn her of! From that moment, the gypsy party had only trembling and terrors for her; at all events, in the looking forward. When they were fairly embarked, the delights of the way asserted themselves, and absorbed her temporarily; in the pauses, or recurrences of thought, she remembered to look forward again, and the nameless dread began anew. Neal was so reckless of what he did, when the freak was on! She was sure there would be some disaster,—something to make them wish they had not gone.

Amabel, sitting between her and Hester Moore in the wagon, told Hester something that gave Junia a cold shudder at the outset.

"If I were superstitious, I'd hardly dare be here," said the girl. "Old Sabina said such a queer thing this morning. She brought up my dress, this,"—touching the light cambric frills that lay about her in white freshness,—"*into my room last night, and I spread it out so nicely on my lounge. Then I got out my ribbons and neckerchief, and put everything together just as it was to go; and this morning I tied up my flowers, evenly, and laid the bunch at the side, where it is now; and there I was, you see, all but me, just as straight and prim and complete. And old Sabina came in, and I showed her. I was doing*

my hair. 'See how nice it looks,' I said; and, do you think, she just gave a screech, and flew at it, and tossed everything apart, and flung the dress on a chair. 'For goodness' sake, Miss Amy, don't ever do a thing like that again! Don't streek out things you're going to wear, and make 'em look like *that!* Why, my sister, that's a widder, laid out jest a long frilled counterpin once, over two chairs, not to muss it while it aired; and it looked so *goshly*, mother made her take it away. And do you b'lieve, Miss Amy, 't war n't a week 'fore my brother David he come up dead, in a letter!'"

"Oh, don't!" cried Junia, excitedly; and Amabel, turning with the laugh on her lips, saw June as white as the dress.

"Why, do you mind such things?" she asked.

"It sounded so funny!"

"So—'*goshly*,'" replied Junia, trying feebly to turn off her nervousness by the quotation.

"I don't see what she has to do with it," remarked Hester, remotely.

Junia, put in the third person, stayed put, and held herself aside. Put down? Easily quenched? These easily quenched persons are not always "down." There is a fine inward retreat, of which the putter-down may scarcely be capable even of supposing.

In this retreat Junia troubled herself afresh for Amabel. She was always with Hester Moore; and June was sure that Hester Moore would be that day like a tree in a thunder-storm, for whatever bolt should fall.

"If you would just keep with me, to-day,—some of the time,"—she entreated, and then shyly qualified, standing by Amabel upon the pier.

She had never asked for herself, or put herself in the way before. Amabel gave a glance of surprise.

"It is such a wild, great place," said June.

"We shall all be there," returned Amabel.

"Of course, we shall be together."

Amabel had said truly; there were two sides to her mind, and she was sometimes a little vacillating in her action between them.

The bright little steamer, with its pretty lattices of white-painted rope, its striped awnings, its flying colors, came around a green promontory and glided to the landing. There was a warping in, close to the pier-head; a shock and tremble of the tall timbers as it swept suddenly against them; a flinging of the foot-plank; a hurrying on board; and instantly, like a flock of butterflies, the girls, in their white and dainty-colored dresses, and shady, veiled or feathered hats, had fluttered and settled, here and there, brightening up the decks with their motion and alighting.

Mrs. Singlewell was coming last,—Miss Fidelia

Posackley, the assistant, was just on board,—when a boy on a gray pony came galloping down the road, reining up just in time on the wharf, and waving a yellow envelope above his head, as he kept on at slackened speed toward the steamer.

"Mrs. Singlewell!" he shouted; and the lady took her foot from the plank and turned around.

"All aboard!" was called impatiently from the boat, and two men already held the gang-plank, ready to draw it in.

"A telegram!"

Mrs. Singlewell tore it open; there was only an instant for deciding anything; she passed down the gang-plank, dispatch in hand.

"It is from Fordstoke," she said to Miss Posackley. "My mother is ill again. I shall have to go on to Rigston, leaving you in charge at Penbasset. I am very sorry. I shall be very anxious."

Miss Fidelia assured her of all possible care. But Miss Fidelia Posackley was one of those who can only move between ruled lines of duty and precedent; and, by very adherence to them, go straight to grief—or stand and take it—when sudden deviation is demanded. They turn into pillars of salt instead of getting out of Sodom. Miss Posackley was invaluable in school routine; she was worse than nothing for an emergency. It was with a great misgiving, therefore, that Mrs. Singlewell saw her flock of butterflies flutter up the bank into the oak glades at Penbasset; Miss Fidelia, with her green lawn overdress, looped in two precisely similar, long-pointed festoons behind, walking among them like a solemnized Katydid. It was too late to have helped it; there would be no boat back that stopped at Nonnusquam till the one at six o'clock, which they were to take.

"Get them all together by half-past five," charged Mrs. Singlewell, at parting; "and let there be no going in canoes."

At those words, one dread was lifted from Junia Royd's imagination.

"Your 'sign' is read out now," said Hester Moore to Amabel. "It's only the old lady that's 'come up' worse again in a telegram."

Junia would not have spoken so, or allowed herself that "only"; nevertheless, another weight—or, rather, a dim, grim sense of one—was eased within her mind.

She was able, with a released spring of enjoyment, to hasten up the cliff-path and over the beautiful oak-open, in the little party that instantly sought the famous old block-house. Another detachment took the shore-way along the rocks toward the traditionary cavern.

Junia had read with enthusiasm Cooper's fascinating stories of border life and forest warfare. The legends of Deerslayer and Pathfinder were realities

to her in that realm where fancy shapes its facts and maps its territories. She had not more surely come to this actual spot, than she had gone through the wilderness, drifted upon the water, and dwelt in the lonely fort or on the rudely fortress island, with Judith and Hetty and the young hunter,—the brave old sergeant, the capacious Cap, Eau-douce, the honest scout, and Mabel Dunham. But to come here to-day was to make that strange join of things dreamy and things tangible which makes the visible seem a dream and the vision seem a substance. To say, "Right here those, or such, things have been," was to narrow down to touch and presence what she had before gone far away into wide thought-land to find and get conception of.

"Mabel Dunham!" All at once that came and fitted. Her very heroine was here,—Amabel. How strange that the name should happen so! Amabel Dernham. And herself,—why, she, little, dusky, insignificant, secretly worshipping friend,—what was she but the very Indian June of the wild-wood story?

She rehearsed it all to Neal, who walked up with her, and who knew the old tale by heart as well as she.

"And I'm Neal Roughead,—Chief Arrow-head!" cried the boy.

"And if I knew what you'd do to Amabel,—my Mabel,—I'd go and tell her, as June did Mabel Dunham!" retorted quiet Junia, in a quick, low, angry tone.

"T is n't your Amabel;—she's well enough; it's the rest of 'em. It's that 'Pester' More!"

"She's always with that Hester Moore; what happens to one will happen to the other."

"Let it, then. Good for her. Why is n't she sometimes with you?"

"What is it, Neal?" asked Junia, pleadingly.

"Don't know myself. Time enough when the time comes. Only you look out, and keep yourself in a clear place, and clear of 'Pester' More."

Junia was silent then, but her eyes, full of helpless trouble, would not leave her brother's; and somehow the trouble would not let her see the half-fun half hid in his, or that he was already amusing himself in advance with her.

"Sho, June! Don't work yourself up to concert pitch like that. You girls always suppose the end of the world, or nothing. I sha'n't tomahawk anybody. But I can scare their fish, or make 'em feel small, I guess, one way or another, before it's been their turn much longer."

With that, June had to make much of the relief again, and go on with the others to the block-house. Neal stopped at the "big flat" with some baskets, and was to return to the pier for more.

Not all the girls had read "The Pathfinder"; still fewer were acquainted with, or cared much for, the early history of Penbasset, in which this old block-house figured, as the other did in the novel. Miss Posackley dutifully enlarged to them upon the one; the girls who knew the enchanting fiction broke up the solid lecture with interpolations of the romance, and finally got the audience—all that was audience, and not restlessness and chatter—to themselves. June, knowing it all better than any, stood silent, and gazed intently

Down here are the mysteries and the under-ground passage!"

"I'm going down!" cried Clip Hastings, always first, and often head-first.

"My dear!" remonstrated Miss Posackley, "it's five or six feet, and no steps!"

"No matter. Here I am!" replied Clip, from the cellar, into which she had swung herself while the words were spoken. And half a dozen others had followed before Miss Posackley could call up rule or precedent for determined opposition.



"AND I'M NEAL ROUGHHEAD—CHIEF ARROWHEAD."

about her, recognizing the points and landmarks of her dream. For one of these old block-houses was nearly a duplicate of another.

The heavy door of the structure had been long off its hinges; some of the great timbers leaned up against its side; an open space where its leaf had hung gave wide entrance into the dusty, empty, ancient interior. The narrow loops would else have let in little light. As it was,—low-raftered, deep, and heavily built,—there was enough of the shadow-charm of mystery for the young explorers, as they stepped across the great, rude, uncrumbled sill, and went peering in toward the far, dark corners.

"Such beams!" they exclaimed. "Whole trees! and big ones! And such bolts and clampings!"

"Here are the holes they fired their rifles from!"

"And here are bullet-holes at the edges, where the Indians tried to fire in!"

"But *this*, girls, is the trap-door—take care!"

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"There! Stop, my dears! No more of you must go down!" she said, with out-stretched, hindering hands, to the others. "I can't see how they are to get back again, I'm sure." And she fluttered to the brink, like a hen whose ducklings are in the water.

"Round by the cavern!" called back Clip. "Good-bye!" Then the voices grew smothered under the solid floor, as the rebels groped away into the darkness.

"My dears! Young ladies! Really, this will not do!" called Miss Posackley. "Come back, instantly!"

Were they out of hearing? No answer—no sound of one—returned. How far did the excavation reach? And what might be there? Water, possibly! An old well! What might they grope or stumble into? Miss Posackley was in an agony.

The stillness, that had occurred so suddenly,

continued. Some of the girls were frightened; some eagerly excited.

"Oh, where do you think it goes to? Have they fallen into anything?" cried the first.

And "They've found it; they've gone down to the river! Let us go, too, *please*, Miss Posackley?" declared and besought the second.

"Not one of you; on *no* account!" said Miss Posackley, unsparing of her negatives in her vehemence.

Hester Moore was one of the explorers. Junia held Amabel by the arm, above. She had barely hindered her from following; not that she had really thought of danger, at the first, but simply that she saw Hester go, and she was to keep those two apart. If she could do but that all day long, not knowing why! Not waiting to know,—only clinging to the warning of Neal's words: "A clear place, and clear of 'Pester'!" There would be mischief, somehow; and this would be the only sure exemption from it.

Neal Royd is not the first who has been terrible by hint and mystification, while tolerably mystified himself as to fulfillment. He walked up at this moment from the kettle-hanging, and looked in at the open door. He was "behaving so well," the girls thought; not putting himself where he did not belong. But then, what could one strange boy do, among all of them? They were not at all in doubt of their

veritable and sufficient terribleness,—these little women in their millinery and manners!

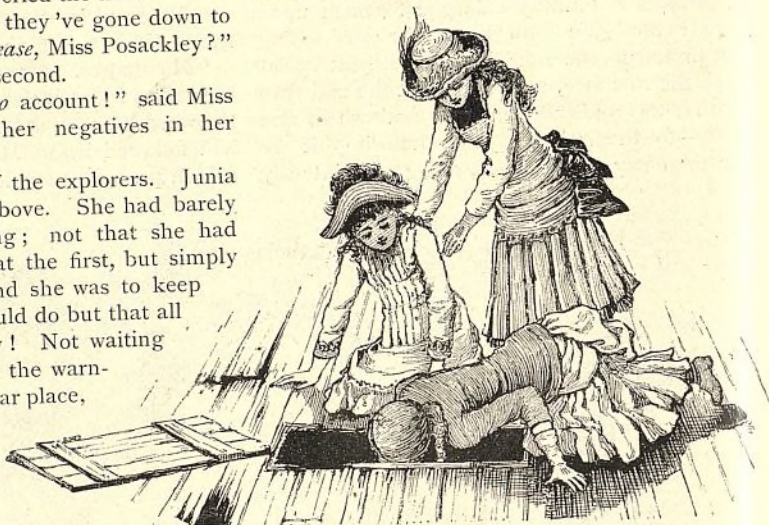
"O Master Royd!" exclaimed proper Miss Posackley. "They have gone down there—half a dozen of them. Where do you suppose that underground way leads? They seem to be quite out of hearing. I am very much concerned."

"They say," returned Neal, with great gravity and

weight of manner, "that there's a steep underground way to the river. But I should think it could n't be very safe; it must be

very 'blind,' anyhow. I'll see what I can find out."

And he dropped himself down into the blackness, where he stooped and peered about; then



moved with apparent caution away from the opening, and out of sight.

"The place is as still as death," he called back from beneath. "It's very curious."

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Miss Posackley, in terror.

"If they only come out at the other end, it'll be all right. But if they get down anywhere and can't get up again; or get stuck in the middle—I declare! here *is* a hole!"

"Miss Posackley," he said, returning to the trap, "I think you'd better just step down here yourself." A queer little smothered sound interrupted him. "Hark! I thought I heard something. I really don't believe they can have got far. If you would just come down,—it is n't at

all bad here,—and call to them,—they would n't mind me, you know,—it would be the best thing. And then you would have done all you could,



you see; and if you want me to, I'll try the burrow."

"Oh, how *can* I?" faltered poor, shocked Miss Posackley, wringing her hands over the chasm.

"You'll have to be quick, I'm afraid," urged Neal, mercilessly solemn.

"Go back, young ladies," commanded Miss Posackley, to the rear squad, who huddled about her, divided between frightened faith and most diverted skepticism. "Go down to the big flat, and wait for me. Oh, how can I *ever*?"

"Oh, what a lark!" laughed out Kitty Sharrod, the minute she was outside, and turning short around to look in through the great doorway. "Can't she see it's nothing but a lark all 'round? I'd give a coach and horses to be down there! She called me just as I was over the edge. It just stopped at me,—my luck! She's actually gone down!—How do you suppose she will come up again?" the girl added, slowly and sepulchral, to her companions, who lingered, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"Come back and see it out! She wont mind, now she's down, and thinks we did n't see her go.—

Do take care, Miss Posackley! We *can't* go off and leave you there! You'll want us to help you up again," shouted Kitty, leaning boldly down the trap.

A match flashed below; Neal held it right above Miss Posackley's head. Kitty Sharrod, gazing after its illumination, saw what Miss Posackley also saw,—a row of crouching figures, two or three feet apart, each with hands on knees, flat against the low, rough wall of the far side. From the motionless rank burst a sudden, laughing salute.

Miss Fidelia's position before them, alone, would have been like that of a general at a review. Only, she had to crouch also, which impaired the dignity, and made the tableau irresistible. The floor was not more than four and a half feet—instead of five or six—from the ground below.

Neal Royd struck a light again,—a whole card of matches.

"Wont they get it?" exclaimed Kitty Sharrod, in an excited whisper, clapping noiseless hands. "But I'd give a Newport cottage to be there, and to see her face!"

(To be concluded.)

HER NAME.

BY MRS. L. P. WHEELER.

IN search, from A to Z, they passed,
And "Marguerita" chose at last,—
But thought it sounded far more sweet
To call the baby "Marguerite."
When Grandma saw the little pet,
She called her "darling Margaret."
Next, Uncle Jack and Cousin Aggie
Sent cup and spoon to "little Maggie."
And Grandpapa the right must beg
To call the lassie "bonnie Meg."—
(From "Marguerita" down to "Meg"!)
And now she's simply "little Peg."

THE BROWNIES' BALLOON.

BY PALMER COX.



WHILE rambling through the forest shade,
A sudden halt some Brownies made;
For spread about on bush and ground
An old balloon at rest they found,
That while upon some flying trip
Had given aeronauts the slip,
And, falling here in foliage green,
Through all the summer lay unseen.

Awhile they walked around to stare
Upon the monster lying there,
And when they learned the use and plan
Of valves and ropes, the rogues began
To lay their schemes and name a night
When all could take an airy flight.
"We want," said one, "no tame affair,
Like some that rise with heated air,
And hardly clear the chimney-top
Before they lose their life and drop.
The bag with gas must be supplied,
That will insure a lengthy ride;
When we set sail 't is not to fly
Above a spire and call it high.
The boat, or basket, must be strong,
Designed to take the crowd along;

For that which leaves a part behind
Would hardly suit the Brownie mind.
The works that serve the town of Bray
With gas are scarce two miles away.
To-morrow night we'll come and bear,
As best we can, this burden there;
And when inflated, fit to rise,
We'll take a sail around the skies."

Next evening, as the scheme was planned,
The Brownies promptly were on hand;
For when some pleasure lies in view,
The absentees are always few.
But 't was no easy task to haul
The old balloon, car, ropes and all,
Across the rocks and fallen trees
And through the marshes to their knees.
But Brownies, persevering still,
Will keep their course through every ill,
And in the main, as history shows,
Succeed in aught they do propose.
And though it cost them rather dear,
In scratches there and tumbles here,

They worked until the wondrous feat
Of transportation was complete.

Then while some busy fingers played
Around the rents that branches made,
An extra coil of rope was tied
In long festoons around the side,
That all the party, young and old,
Might either find a seat or hold.
And while they worked, they chatted free
About the wonders they would see.
Said one: "As smoothly as a kite,
We'll rise above the clouds to-night,
And may the question
settle soon,
About the surface of the
moon."

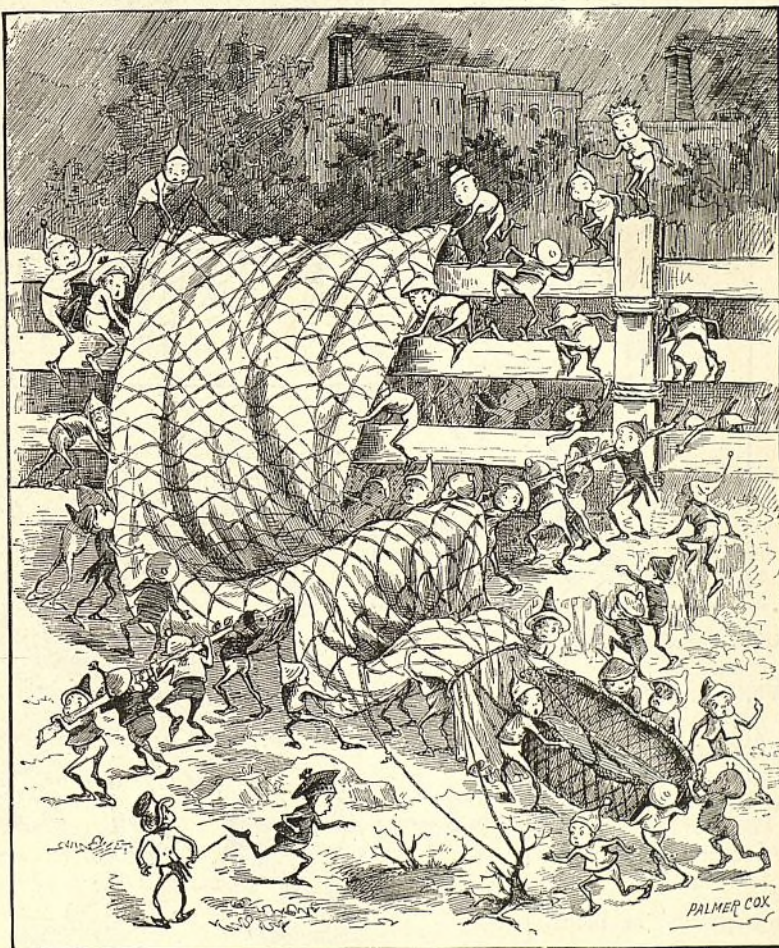
Now all was ready for
the gas,
And soon the lank and
tangled mass
Began to flop about and
rise,
As though impatient for
the skies;
Then was there work for
every hand
That could be mustered
in the band,
To keep the growing
monster low
Until they stood prepared
to go;
To this and that they
made it fast,
Round stones and stakes
the rope was cast;
But strong it grew, and
stronger still,
As every wrinkle seemed
to fill;
And when at last it
bounded clear,
And started on its wild
career,
A rooted stump and garden
gate,
It carried off as special
freight.

Though all the Brownies went, a part
Were not in proper shape to start;
Arrangements hardly were complete,
Some wanted room and more a seat,
While some in acrobatic style
Must put their trust in toes awhile.
But Brownies are not hard to please,
And soon they rested at their ease;

Some found support, both safe and strong,
Upon the gate that went along,
By some the stump was utilized,
And furnished seats they highly prized.

Now, as they rose, they ran afoul
Of screaming hawk and hooting owl,
And flitting bats that hooked their wings
At once around the ropes and strings,
As though content to there abide
And take the chances of the ride.

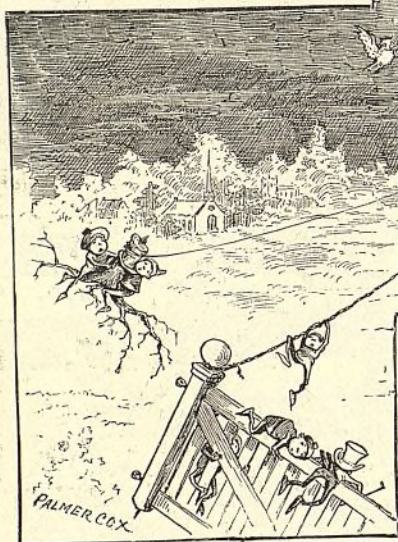
On passing through a heavy cloud,
One thus addressed the moistened crowd:



"Although the earth, from which we rise,
Now many miles below us lies,
To sharpest eye, strain as it may,
The moon looks just as far away."
"The earth is good enough for me!"
Another said, "with grassy lea,
And shady groves, of songsters full.—
Will some one give the valve a pull?"

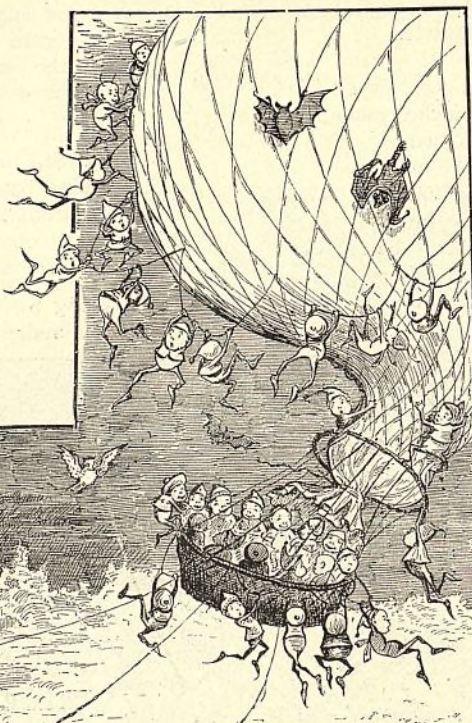
And soon they all were well
content,
To start upon a mild descent.

But once the gas commenced
to go,
They lost the power to check
the flow;
The more they tried control
to gain,
The more it seemed to rush
again.
Then some began to wring
their hands,

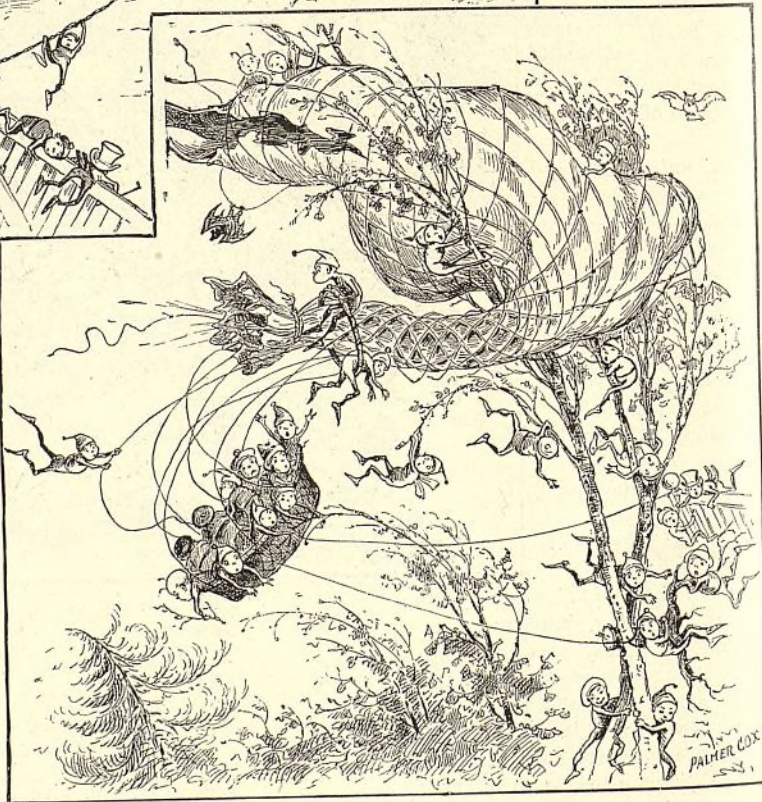


And more to volunteer
commands;
While some were cran-
ing out to view
What part of earth their
wreck would strew,
A marshy plain, a
rocky shore,
Or ocean with its sul-
len roar.

It happened as they
neared the ground,
A rushing gale was
sweeping round,
That caught and car-
ried them with speed
Across the forest and
the mead.
Then lively catching
might be seen



At cedar tops and
branches green;
While still the stump
behind them swung,
On this it caught, to
that it hung,
And, as an anchor,
played a part
They little thought of
at the start.
At length, in spite of
sweeping blast,
Some friendly branch-
es held them fast:
And then, descend-
ing, safe and sound,
The daring Brownies
reached the ground.
But in the tree-top on
the hill
The old balloon is
hanging still,
Relieving farmers on
the plain
From placing scare-
crows in their grain.



WINTER FUN.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER V.

THE Stebbins farm was not a large one, and neither its house nor barn compared well with Deacon Farnham's; but there was a good deal to be done in and around them on a winter morning. Vosh was a busy boy, therefore, at the beginning of the day, and his mother was a busy woman, and it was not until an hour after breakfast, on the day following the events recorded in our last chapter, that she said to him: "Now, Lavaujer, I want you to drive me, in your new red cutter, to Benton Village, and if I can't find what I want there, I'm goin' right on to Cobbleville."

Vosh had been thinking up a series of excuses for going over to the Farnham's, but he made no mention of them, and it was a credit to him that his new turn-out was so soon standing, all ready, by the front gate.

It was not a bad idea that his first long drive in it should be with his mother; but a number of surprises awaited him that day.

The first came in the fact that his mother was unaccountably silent, and that whenever she did open her lips she had something to say about economy. Then she talked a little of the wickedness and vanity of buying or wearing anything "just for show." City people, she freely declared, were doing that very thing all the while, and she was glad that no one could accuse her of it.

Vosh was quite sure that her remarks were sensible, but he could not help being rather glad, when they drove by Deacon Farnham's and he saw the girls at the window, that his cutter was of so bright a red and so remarkably well varnished.

Benton Village was down in the valley, and the sorrel colt covered the distance in so short a time that it seemed only the beginning of a ride. Mrs. Stebbins said as much, after she had bought some tea and sugar at one store and some raisins and coffee at another.

"They have n't what I want, Lavaujer. You can drive right along to Cobbleville. There never was better sleighin', not even when I was a girl."

That was a gracious admission for her to make, and Vosh put the colt to his very best speed along the well-traveled road to Cobbleville. And, all the way, Mrs. Stebbins was strangely silent.

"Where shall I pull up, mother?" asked Vosh, as they turned into the main street of the village.

"You can make your first stop at old Gillis's harness shop yonder. I want to look at some o' the things in his big show-case."

Vosh was out of that cutter and had his colt tied to the post in front of Gillis's in about half his usual time for hitching.

"Lavaujer," said his mother, as she paused on the sidewalk, "don't ever buy a thing just for show. You must n't let your vanity get the best of you."

Five minutes later, she was holding in her right hand a very useful string of sleigh-bells, and saying to him:

"Now, Lavaujer, if you're ever drivin' along after dark, you wont be run into. Anybody'll know you're there by the jingle o' those bells. And I'll feel safer about you."

Vosh thought he had not often seen less vanity in anything than there was in those bells, and he was thinking of going right out to put them on the sorrel, when his mother exclaimed:

"There! That's what I've been lookin' for. That red horse-blanket, with the blue border and the fringe. Jest tell me the price of it."

Singularly enough, it happened to be the best blanket in the shop, and she said to her son:

"I don't know but it's too showy. But I s'pose we can't exactly help that. Anyhow, it wont do for you to let that colt of yours git warm with a hard run, and then catch cold when you hitch him. You must take care of him, and see that he has his blanket on. You'll find it useful."

"Guess I will!" said Vosh, with a queer feeling that he ought to say something grateful and did n't know how. He was thinking about it, when his mother said to him:

"That headstall of yours is cracked and the check-rein might break some day. The rest of your harness'll do for a while. But it's always safe to have your colt's head-leather in good condition."

No doubt, and the sorrel colt was a different-looking animal when Vosh exchanged the head-gear and check-rein for the new rig that the careful Mrs. Stebbins bought for him.

"Now, Vosh, there is n't anything else I want in Cobbleville, but you may drive through the main street, and we'll take a look at the town, as we have n't been here for a good while."

He unhitched the colt and sprang in after her. The new headstall, check-rein, and the bells were

already in their places. The brilliant blanket was spread across their laps, as they sat in the cutter. Vosh touched up the sorrel, and all the Cobbleville people who saw them dash up the street for half a mile, and back again, were compelled to admit that it was decidedly a neat turn-out.

"Now, Lavauger," said his mother, "don't ever do anything jest for show. But I feel better satisfied to know that if you want to take Judith Farnham, or her sister, or Penelope, or Susie Hudson out a-sleighin', they wont need to feel badly over the cutter you invite 'em into."

They all had been talking of Vosh and his mother that morning at Deacon Farnham's, and it was plain that the good qualities of the Stebbins family were fully understood by their next-door neighbors. The boys hoped Vosh would come over in the course of the day, but he did not; and the next day was Saturday, and still he did not come. He was at work in his own barn, shelling corn for dear life, to let his mother know how fully he appreciated her generosity. He felt that it would take an immense deal of corn-shelling to express all he felt about the bells and the blanket, not to speak of the bright bits of new harness.

The next day was Sunday, and Deacon Farnham's entire household went to meeting, at Benton Village. Vosh was in the choir, as usual, and was covered with confusion when he accidentally started on the wrong stanza of the hymn they were singing, and so found himself "looked at" by the choir leader.

The next day, just after tea, Vosh came over "to have a word with Deacon Farnham," and he had an errand of some importance this time. Corry and Porter stood by, while he explained it, and before he had said many words they became deeply interested. He was just inside the kitchen-door, and Susie and Pen were sitting on the other side of the stove, paring apples.

"A man came by to-day from one of the lumber camps, 'way up among the mountains," said Vosh. "He was on his way to town for supplies and things. He says the road to Mink Lake 's in prime condition for a sleigh-ride."

"All the way?" asked the deacon, somewhat doubtfully.

"Every inch of it. I asked him. Now, why could n't we all go in for a mess of pickerel?"

"And a grand sleigh-ride," exclaimed Corry.

"And an old-fashioned winter picnic," added Aunt Sarah Farnham. "How would you like that, Susie?"

"A winter picnic? I never heard of such a thing. How do you manage it? I should like to see a winter picnic!"

"A picnic! A picnic!" shouted Pen. "Fish-

ing through the ice, Susie, and—and—there are ever so many other things. Mother, can we go?"

Vosh Stebbins had spoken only about the pickerel, but the larger enterprise was what really had been upon his mind. And, before he went home, it had been thoroughly discussed, and an expedition to Mink Lake determined upon.

"Corry," said Port, after Vosh went away, "what sort of a place is Mink Lake?"

"It 's the prettiest lake in these parts, and a great place in summer. Just crowded with fish."

"Is it far?" queried Port.

"About eight or nine miles, through the woods, and around among the mountains. The road to it is one of the crookedest you ever saw. It 's apt to be snowed up in winter; but we have n't had any deep snow yet, and there are no big drifts," answered Corry.

"What kind of fish can be caught there? Trout?"

"Yes, there are trout, but there are more bass and pickerel and perch. You 're liable to be bothered with pumpkin-seeds in summer."

Port was silent. He wanted to ask about the pumpkins, and how the seeds could bother a fellow when he was fishing for trout. After a minute or two, he uttered one word:

"Pumpkin-seeds?"

"Hosts of them. They 're the meanest kind of fish. Bite, bite, bite, and you keep pulling 'em in, when all the while you want something bigger."

"Can't you eat them?" Port wanted to know.

"Yes, they 're good to fry, but they 're full of bones."

"They wont bite in winter, will they?"

"I hope not. But I 'm sure of one thing, Port. We 're in for a glorious time."

That was an exciting evening. Nobody seemed to wish to go to bed, and the semicircle around the fire-place talked, for more than two hours, about fishing and hunting. Deacon Farnham himself related some stories that Aunt Judith said she had n't heard him tell for more than a year. Porter and Susie had no stories to tell, but they could listen. The former went to bed, at last, with a vague feeling that he would rather go to Mink Lake. It was a good while before he fell asleep, and even then he had a wonderful dream. He dreamed he was trying to pull a fish, as large as a small whale, through a sort of auger-hole in some ice. He pulled so hard that he woke himself up; but he could roll over and go to sleep soundly, now that the fish was gone.

The house was astir early in the morning, and Deacon Farnham's long, low box-sleigh, drawn by his two big black horses, was at the door by the time they were through breakfast. Mrs. Farnham had decided not to go, because, as she said:

"It's Judith's turn; and somebody must stay and keep house."

It had required some argument to persuade Aunt Judith that it was her duty to go, but she had taken hold of the preparations with a will. It was wonderful what an amount of wrapping-up she deemed needful for herself and all the rest.

"Why, Judith," said the deacon, "it's a good deal warmer up there in the woods than it is down here."

"I've heard so, and may be it's true; but I don't

"You can't shoot fish," said Susie.

"We may shoot something else," said Vosh.

"There's no telling. It's a wild place."

"Susie," exclaimed Pen, "did n't we tell you that there are deer up at Mink Lake? Real deer?"

"Corry," whispered Port, "let's get one before we come home."

"Father has his gun by him, all ready for deer, if we should see any," replied Corry; "but he wont let us take ours out till we reach the lake. He may get a shot at something, though, as he drives along."



FISHING THROUGH THE ICE FOR PICKEREL. (SEE PAGE 404.)

put any trust in the saying. I've no wish to be frost-bitten before I get back," was her reply.

There was little to be feared from the frost, with all the buffalo-robos and blankets and shawls and cloaks that were piled into the sleigh.

When its passengers were in, they made quite a party. There was the deacon,—who insisted on driving,—and Aunt Judith, and Mrs. Stebbins, and Vosh, and Corry, and Susie Hudson and Porter, and Penelope, besides all the baskets of luncheon, the fishing-tackle, axes, and guns, in the sleigh, with Ponto all around outside of it.

There was a sharp lookout for all kinds of wild animals, after the way began to wind among the piney woods, and through the desolate-looking "clearings" left by the choppers. The road was found even better than Vosh's news had reported it, and the black team pulled their merry load along quite easily.

The young folk soon got over the solemn feeling which came upon them when they found themselves actually in the great forest. It was delightful to shout and listen for echoes, and to sing and whistle, with the knowledge that there was not a

living person to hear them, except those in the sleigh.

It was about two hours after they left the farmhouse, and Port had just remarked:

"Seems to me we've been going up hill all the time," when Corry suddenly exclaimed:

"There it is! That's Mink Lake! It'll be down hill all the way going home. See it?"

"Where?" said Port. "I don't see any lake. O yes, I do! It's all ice and snow. Frozen clean over."

"And we have n't seen a single deer yet," said Susie, sorrowfully.

"You can see some now, then," replied Vosh, as he eagerly pointed forward. "See 'em, Port? Yonder!—on the ice!"

"I see them," shouted Pen. "One, two, three, four!"

"Those black *specks*?" said Susie.

There they were, indeed, and they were beginning to move rapidly across the ice; but they were so far away that Susie could just make out what they were. Even Ponto continued to plod along soberly behind the sleigh. He was too old a dog to excite himself over any such distant and unattainable game as that.

Deacon Farnham seemed to know exactly where to go, for he drove straight on, when nobody else could see any road, until he stopped in front of a very small and very rudely built house.

"Aunt Judith," asked Susie, "did anybody ever live here?"

"Live here, child? Why, that's a chopper's shanty. And it's for anybody who wants it, now they've done with it."

That was so, but it was not for the mere human beings of the picnic party. The deacon took his horses from the sleigh and led them in through the rickety door. "They're a little warm," he said, "but they won't catch cold in there. I'll give 'em a good feed, Vosh, while you're starting a fire. Get the guns and tackle out, Corry."

Vosh had had a hard struggle with himself that morning to leave his own horse and cutter at home, but his mother had settled it for him. She remarked:

"I'd rather be in the big sleigh, with the folks, so I can hear what's going on. So would Susie Hudson or Judith Farnham, I'm sure, and so you'd be lonely in your cutter. Besides, the little cutter itself would upset a dozen times an hour on those mountain roads."

He was ready with his axe now, and Porter Hudson opened his eyes with amazement to see how soon a great fire was blazing on the snow, a little distance from the shanty.

"What are we to get into?" asked Port.

"We don't want any shelter, when we're on a winter picnic," said Aunt Judith. "We can eat our dinner in the sleigh."

They were not yet thinking of eating. The first business on hand was a trip to the lake. Vosh Stebbins took his axe with him, and he and the deacon each carried a long, wide board. Port managed not to ask what these were for, and he had not a great while to wait before he discovered.

"Vosh," said the deacon, "the ice must be pretty thick. Hope we sha' n't have to chop a hole."

"There's one air-hole, away yonder. It does n't look too wide," suggested Vosh.

"I should n't wonder if it would do," assented Deacon Farnham.

"Susie," said Pen, "don't you know? That's where all the fish come up to the top to get a breath of fresh air."

There was some truth in Pen's explanation, in spite of the laugh she got from Mrs. Stebbins. Susie said nothing, for she was intent at that moment. She thought she had never seen anything more strange or more beautiful than that little lake, all frozen, with the hills around it and the mountains beyond them. The broken slopes of the hills and mountains were covered with white snow, green pines, spruces, and hemlocks, and with the brownish gray of the other trees, the leaves of which had fallen from them. It was very wonderful and new to a young lady from the city.

"Almost half the lake," said Vosh, "is smooth enough to skate on. If I had thought of that, I would have brought my skates along."

It would have been worth their while. Mink Lake was what some people call a "pond," and was scarcely a mile wide by an irregular mile and a half long. There was an immense skating "rink" there now, in spite of the snow which covered a large part of it.

Susie was just about to ask some more questions, when her uncle shouted:

"This will do, Vosh. Bring along your slide."

That was the board he was carrying, and its use was plain now. The air-hole was an opening in the ice, not more than two feet across, but the ice was thin at the edges of it. A heavy man or a busy one might break through and find himself in a cold bath; but when those two "slides" were slipped along on either side of the hole, any one could walk out on one of them and drop in a hook and line safely enough.

"There, Susie," said Pen, "now we can keep our feet dry while we catch our fish."

"Now, folks!" exclaimed the deacon,—"Two at a time. We'll take turns."

"Your turn's good till you've hooked a fish," said Vosh to Porter, as he handed him a line. "You and your uncle try first."

It seemed very easy, as it was nothing more

than to stand on a dry board and drop a line, with a baited hook at the end of it, through a hole in the ice. And the fish were not slow to respond.

"Father! father!" shouted Pen, in a few moments. "You've hooked one!"

A sort of electric shock went through the entire "picnic," as the deacon jerked out a gleaming, struggling fish. But he did not seem delighted with his catch.

"Nothing but a perch! He's a pound and a quarter, though. Here, Mrs. Stebbins, take that other line and see what you can do," said the deacon.

Mrs. Stebbins had talked quite industriously all the way, and even after they went upon the ice, but she was silent the moment she took hold of the line. Just after it touched the water, Porter Hudson exclaimed:

"Corry! Corry!"

"Pull, Port! Pull! You've a big fellow!"

"So have I," cried Mrs. Stebbins. "Dedon! Vosh! Come!—help me!"

"Pen," said Susie, "could it pull her through the hole?"

"Why, Susie! —"

Pen's eyes and mouth were wide open, for both her cousin and Mrs. Stebbins were leaning back, and it seemed as if something down below was trying to jerk them through the ice.

"Wind it 'round your wrist, Port," said Corry.

"Don't let go!"

"Well, Mother," said Vosh, as he took hold of her line, "I declare, you *have* hooked a good one, and no mistake. But I think I'll have to pull it in for you."

It seemed to cost him hardly an effort to bring a great three-pound pickerel through the hole and sling it out upon the ice, saying, with a little pardonable pride:

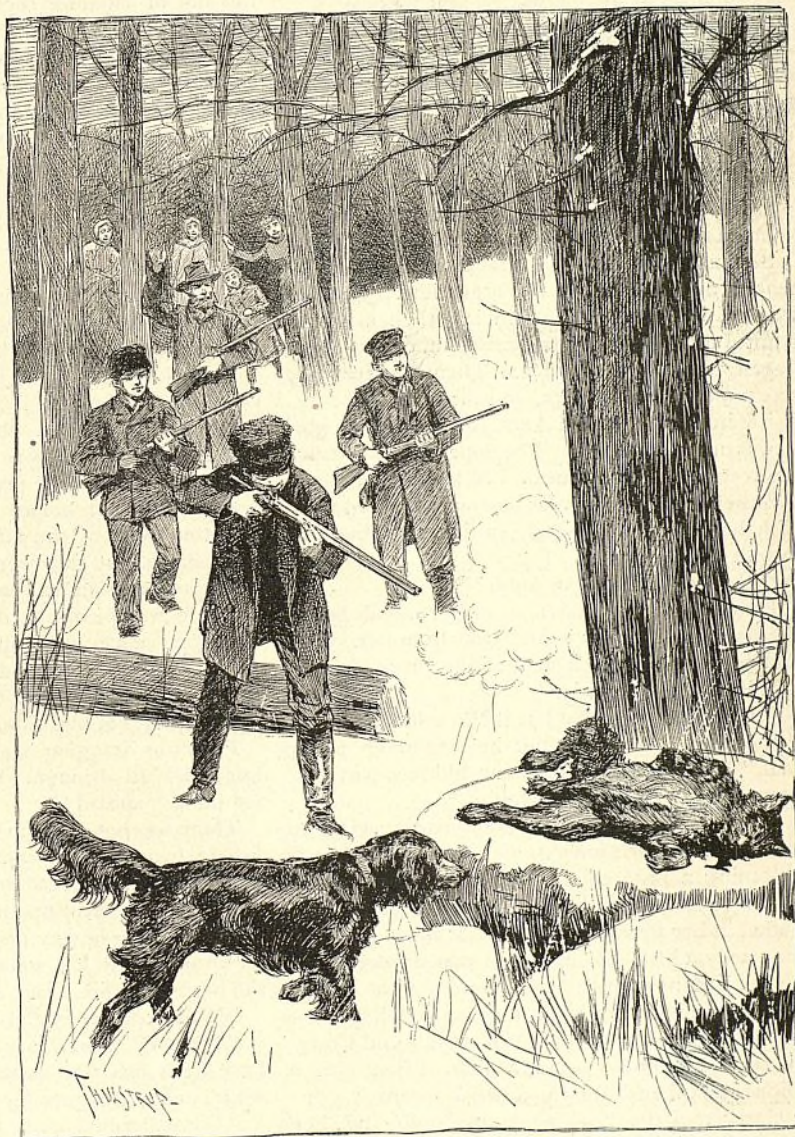
"That's better than a perch, Deacon."

"Shall I help you, Port?" asked Corry.

"No, sir-e-e-e! I'll bring in my own fish."

"Hand over hand! Don't let him get away from you."

Port's blood was up, since he had seen the other



"VOSH SPRANG FORWARD AND FIRED THE SECOND BARREL OF HIS GUN."

pickerel landed, and he pulled with all his might.

"Now lift," said Vosh. "Don't let him rub his nose against the ice, or he'll break loose. Don't lean over too far. That's it."

It was an exciting moment, and Port followed the directions given him, although his heart was beat-

ing quickly, and he thought he had never lifted anything quite so heavy as that fish. But as the gleaming burden appeared above water, his captor grew triumphant, and shouted:

"Up we come!"

"Hurrah for Port," said Aunt Judith. "The biggest one yet."

So it was, and a proud boy was Porter Hudson when Deacon Farnham declared that the great fish the lad had fought so hard for was "a seven-pound pickerel."

"Now, Aunt Judith, it's your turn," said Port.

"Mine, Port? Why, what could I do with a creetur like that?"

"I'll help you, if you get a big one. Here's your line. You must try."

She had to be coaxed a little more; but she consented, and Susie took the other line. The fish were biting hungrily, for in less than a minute Aunt Judith gave a little scream and a jerk, and began to pull in her line. Then another little scream, and another jerk, and then:

"Perch!" exclaimed Aunt Judith. "I'm glad it was n't a pickerel! Penelope, you can catch the rest of my fish for me. I'll look on."

Susie's face grew almost pale, as she stood there with her line in her hand, waiting for something to pull on it.

"Do they nibble first, Vosh?"

Hardly were the words out of her mouth before the line was suddenly jerked away from her. Vosh had just time to catch hold of the piece of wood that it was wound upon.

"I've lost it! I've lost it!" exclaimed Susie.

"No, you have n't; but he's running pretty well," said Vosh. "The line would have cut your fingers if you had tried to hold it."

Susie's soft, white hands were hardly suited to work of that sort, indeed, and they were already becoming a little cold. She was quite willing to pick up her muff and slip them into it while Vosh pulled in her pickerel for her. It was a fine one, too; only a little less in weight than Porter's.

Pen had now taken the line from Aunt Judith, and she dropped her hook in, very confidently.

"There is n't a scrap of bait on it," said Corry.

"Is n't there? I forgot that. Just wait a minute and then I'll let you bait it for me."

Corry and the rest began to laugh, but Pen shouted again:

"Wait!—He's nibbling! Now he's biting! Oh, he's bit it!"

So he had, bait or no bait, and Pen was quite strong enough to pull up a very handsome perch, without help from anybody.

After that, Deacon Farnham and the boys had all the fishing to themselves. It was well there

was enough of it to make it exciting, for it was wet, cold, chilly work. The fish were of several sorts and all sizes, and some of them rubbed themselves free against the icy edges of the hole in spite of all that could be done. But, before noon, there was a considerable heap of them lying on the ice, and the fun of catching them had lost a little of its power to keep the cold away.

Long before the fishermen decided that they had caught enough, however, Mrs. Stebbins and Aunt Judith and the girls became tired of looking on, and set out across the ice toward the sleigh and the very attractive-looking fire. The latter had been well heaped up at first and was now blazing vigorously.

"We must have a good dinner for them," said Aunt Judith, as she turned away. "All the fish they can eat."

"You carry one," said Mrs. Stebbins. "I'll take a couple more. The girls can help. We'll fry 'em, and we'll roast 'em in the ashes."

She tried to think of some other way, but she could not. She and Aunt Judith were excellent cooks, and knew just what to do with fresh fish and such a fire. It was by no means their first picnic, either, and the proper cooking utensils had not been left at home. Susie and Pen entered into the spirit of the affair with a good deal of enthusiasm, but they were quite contented to let the more experienced cooks do the cooking.

There was plenty to do, and when at last the fishermen gave up dropping lines through the air-hole, and came plodding slowly back across the ice, there was all the dinner they could reasonably ask for, hot and smoking and ready for them.

Each was dragging a goodly string of fish after him, and all brought hearty appetites to the tempting "spread!"

There was hot coffee to be drank out of tin cups, fish in two styles of cookery, crisply fried pork, roasted potatoes, bread and butter, and last of all was some cold meat that no one seemed to care for.

"Will there be any dessert?" asked Port.

"Aunt Judith has some mince pies warming on the log by the fire," said Pen.

"What a dinner for the woods!" exclaimed Susie.

"Woods?" said Corry, "why, the choppers have fresh fish and potatoes and coffee all the while, and sometimes they have venison."

"Game," said Port, "but no pie."

"Vosh," said Susie, "what has become of all those deer you were going to get?"

Just at that moment, they heard old Ponto barking away at a great rate, in the woods near by, and Vosh sprang up, exclaiming:

"He's treed something!"

"Yes, he has," said the deacon. "Get your guns, boys. Load with buckshot."

"Mine's loaded," said Vosh.

"Mine'll be ready in a minute," said Corry.

"Hurry, Port."

"Wait a minute," said the deacon. "We all must have a share in the hunt."

It seemed to Susie and Pen that they could hardly wait for those two guns to be loaded, and Mrs. Stebbins exclaimed:

"Judith, I do hate a gun, but I'm going with them."

"So am I," replied Aunt Judith.

Ponto must have shared in the general impatience, to judge by the noise he was making, and now there came another and a very curious sound from that direction.

"It's a baby crying," said Pen.

"Or a cat—" began Port.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Stebbins. "I do believe the critter's gone and treed a wild cat."

"You're right," said the deacon. "I'm sure it's a wild cat."

They all kept together, as they waded through the snow to a spot about twenty rods into the woods, from which they could see old Ponto bounding hither and thither around the trunk of a tall maple tree, that stood by itself in the middle of an open space in the forest.

"There was no other tree handy for it to jump into," said Vosh. "And there it is."

"Where?" asked Aunt Judith.

"See it? Up there on that big, lower limb?"

"It's forty feet from the ground," said the deacon. "Come on, boys. All the rest stay here."

"Oh, Pen," said Susie, "I do believe I'm afraid. Will it jump?"

"They'll shoot it, and Ponto will grab it when it falls," said Pen.

"No, he won't," said Corry. "That wild cat would soon beat off one dog. He'd be too much for Ponto."

There was little doubt of that, for it was a wild cat of the very largest size. Not so dangerous an animal as the "panther," but a terrible foe, nevertheless.

It seemed even larger than it really was, as it drew itself up, on the long, bare limb of the tree, and looked savagely down upon its barking enemy.

It may be that the smell of the cookery, particularly of the fish, had tempted it so near the picnic. Thus Ponto had scented the cat, in turn, and had chased it into that solitary tree.

"Now, boys," said Deacon Farnham, "all around the tree. Fire as soon as you can after I do, but don't fire both barrels of your guns."

Porter Hudson knew he was not one bit scared,

and wondered why he should shake so, when he tried to lift his gun and take aim. He was sure he could not shoot straight, and hoped that the shot would scatter well.

"Now, boys!"

"Bang!" went the deacon's gun, and the other three followed, almost on the instant. But the wild cat replied with an angry scream, and began to tear the bark of the limb with its sharp, strong claws.

A moment later, however, it suddenly gathered itself for a spring at the spot, nearly under it, where Ponto was barking. Alas for the great cat of the woods! Too many buckshot had struck it, and it fell short short of its mark, in the snow.

Vosh had been watching, and he was nearest. Hardly did the wounded animal reach the snow before Susie saw Vosh spring forward and fire the second barrel of his gun.

No more shots were required. Corry ran forward, and Porter after him, and the deacon followed, but Ponto was ahead of them all, and it would not do to fire at any risk of shooting the brave old dog. But there was no fight left in the wild cat by the time Ponto attacked it.

"Drop it, Ponto. Drop it," said the deacon; "I don't want that skin spoiled. It's a fine one."

The wild cat was killed now without a doubt, however, and Vosh could carry it to the sleigh, and they could all go back and eat more pie, and talk about bears and wolves and panthers, till the two girls felt like looking around at the woods to see if any intruders of that sort were coming.

"We don't need any more fish," said Aunt Judith. "We've more than enough for the whole neighborhood."

"Well, it looks some like a snow-storm," said the deacon. "We'd best be packing up for home."

Even that was grand fun, but it seemed almost a pity to leave so good a fire behind, to burn itself out alone there, in the snow, with no merry party to sit around it and tell stories.

If the road had been "all up hill," coming to the lake, it was just as much all down hill, going home again, and the homeward ride was almost as good as any other part of the picnic.

They all thought so, until they reached the farmhouse and found what a fine supper Mrs. Farnham had prepared for them. And they all wondered, afterward, how it was possible that they should have been so ravenously hungry twice on the same day.

"Well, picnics always make people hungry," said Pen, which statement nobody else denied.

(To be continued.)

HISTORIC BOYS.*

BY E. S. BROOKS,

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

II.

GIOVANNI OF FLORENCE, THE BOY CARDINAL.

(Afterward Pope Leo X.)

IT was one of the wild carnival days of 1490. From the great gate of San Gallo to the quaint old bridge of the goldsmiths, the fair city of Florence blazed with light and rang with shout and song. A struggling mass of spectators surged about the noble palace of the Medici, as out through its open gate-way and up the broad street known as the Via Larga streamed the great carnival pageant of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the head of the house of Medici.

"Room for the noble Abbot of Passignano! room for My Lord Cardinal!" shouted a fresh young voice from the head of the grand staircase that led from the *loggia* of the palace to the great entrance-hall below.

"So; say'st thou thus, Giulio?" another boyish voice exclaimed. "Then will I, too, play the herald for thee. Room," he cried, "for the worthy Prior of Capua! room for the noble Knight of St. John!" And down the broad staircase, thronged with gallant costumes, brilliant banners, and gleaming lances, the two merry boys elbowed their way.

Boys? you ask. Yes, boys—both of them, for all their lofty and high-sounding titles. In those far-off days, when royalty married royalty at ten and twelve, and Lord High Admirals wore bib and tucker, there was nothing so very wonderful in a noble prior of eleven or a lord cardinal of thirteen.

"Well, well, my modest young Florentines," said Lorenzo, in his harsh but not unkindly voice, as he met the boys in the grand and splendidly decorated entrance-hall; "if ye do but make your ways in life with such determination as that, all offices must needs yield to you. A truce to tattle, though, my fair Giulio. Modesty best becomes the young. Remember, Giovanni's cardinalate has not yet been proclaimed, and 't is wisest to hold our tongues till we may wag them truthfully. But, come," he added in a livelier tone, "to horse, to horse! the Triumph waits for none. To-night be ye boys only. Ho, for fun and frolic; down with care and trouble!" And humming a glee from one of his own gay carnival songs, Lorenzo the Magnificent sprang to the back of his

noble Barbary horse, Morello, and spurred forward to mingle in the glories of the pageant.

It was a wondrous display—this carnival pageant, or "Triumph," of the Medici. Great golden cars, richly decorated, and drawn by curious beasts; horses dressed in the skins of lions and tigers and elephants; shaggy buffaloes and timorous giraffes from the Medicean villa at Careggi; fantastic monsters made up of mingled men and boys and horses, with other surprising figures as riders; dragons and dwarfs, giants and genii; beautiful young girls and boys dressed in antique costumes to represent goddesses and divinities of the old mythologies;—these and many other attractions united in the glittering display which, accompanied by Lorenzo the Magnificent and his retinue of over five hundred persons, "mounted, masked, and bravely appareled," and gleaming in the light of four hundred flaring torches, traversed the streets of Florence, "singing in many voices all sorts of *canzōnes*, madrigals, and popular songs."

"By the stone nose of the *marzoccho*,† but this is more joyous than the droning tasks we left behind us at Pisa; is it not, my Giovanni?" gayly exclaimed the younger of the two boys as, glittering in a suit of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, he rode in advance of one of the great triumphal cars. "My faith," he continued, "what would good Fra Bartolommeo say could he see thee, his choicest pupil, masking in a violet velvet suit and a gold-brocaded vest?"

"I fear me, Giulio," replied his cousin Giovanni, a pleasant, brown-faced lad of nearly fourteen. "I fear me the good Fra would pull a long and chiding face at *both* our brave displays. You know how he *can* look when he takes us to task? And tall! Why, he seems always to grow as high as Giotto's tower there."

"Say, rather, like to the leaning tower in his own Pisa! for he seems as tall, and threatens to come down full as sure and heavily upon us poor unfortunates! Ah, yes, I know how he looks, Giovanni; he tries it upon me full often!" and Giulio's laugh of recollection was tempered with feeling memories.

Here an older boy, a brisk young fellow of sixteen, in a shining suit of silver and crimson brocade, rode toward them.

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† The *marzoccho* was the great stone lion of the Palazzo Vecchio—the City Hall of Florence.

"Messer Giovanni," he said, "what say'st thou to dropping out of the Triumph here by the Vecchio Palace? Then may we go back by the Via Pinti and see the *capannucci*."

Now, the *capannucci* was one of the peculiar carnival institutions of the Florentine boys of old, as dear to their hearts as is the election-night bonfire to our young New Yorker of to-day. A great tree would be dragged into the center of some broad street or square by a crowd of ready youngsters. There it would be set upright and propped or steadied by great faggots and pieces of wood. This base would then be fired, and as the blaze flamed from the faggots or crept up the tall tree-trunk, all the yelling boys danced in the flaring light. Then, when the *capannucci* fell with a great crash, the terrible young Florentine urchins never omitted to wage, over the charred trunk and the glowing embers, a furious rough-and-tumble fight.

Giovanni and Giulio, for all their high-sounding titles, welcomed exciting variety as readily as do any other active and wide-awake boys, and they assented gleefully to the young Buonarrotti's suggestion.

"Quick, to the Via Pinti!" they cried, and yielding up their horses to the silver-liveried grooms who attended them, they turned from the pageant, and with their black visors, or half masks, partly drawn, they pushed their way through the crowds that surged under the great bell tower of the Palazzo Vecchio and thronged the gayly decorated street called the Via Pinti.

With a ready handful of *danarini* and *soldi*, small Florentine coins of that day, they easily satisfied the demands of the brown-skinned little street arabs who had laid great pieces of wood, called the *stili*, across the street, and would let none pass until they had yielded to their shrill demand of "Tribute, tribute! a *soldi* for tribute at the *stili* of San Marco!"

With laugh and shout and carnival jest, the three boys were struggling through the crowd toward the rising flame of a distant *capannucci*, when suddenly, with a swish and a thud, there came plump against the face of the young Giovanni one of the thin sugar eggs which, filled with red wine, were favorite carnival missiles. Like a flow of blood the red liquid streamed down the broad, brown cheek of the lad, and streaked his violet tunic. He looked around dismayed.

"Aha!" he cried, as, looking around, his quick eye detected the successful marksman in a group of laughing young fellows a few rods away. "T was thou, was it? Revenge, revenge, my comrades!" and the three lads sent a well-directed volley of return shots that made the assailants duck and dodge for safety. Then ensued a very common carnival

scene. The shots and counter-shots drew many lookers-on, and soon the watchers changed to actors. The crowd quickly separated into two parties, the air seemed full of the flying missiles, and, in the glare of the great torches that, held by iron rings, flamed from the corner of a noble palace, the carnival fight raged fast and furiously. In the hottest of the strife a cheer arose as the nimble Giulio, snatching a brilliant crimson scarf from the shoulders of a laughing flower-girl, captured, next, a long pikestaff from a masker of the opposite side. Tying the crimson scarf to the long pike-handle, he charged the enemy, crying, "Ho, forward all!" His supporters followed him with a resistless rush; another volley of carnival ammunition filled the air, and a shout of victory went up as their opponents broke before their charge and the excited crowd went surging up the street. Again a stand was made, again the missiles flew, and now, the candy bon-bons failing, the reckless combatants kept up the fight with street refuse,—dust and dirt, and even small stones.

It was in one of these hand-to-hand encounters that a tall and supple young fellow dashed from the opposing ranks and grappled with Giulio for the possession of the crimson standard. To and fro the boys swayed and tugged. In sheer defense the less sturdy Giulio struck out at his opponent's face, and down dropped the guarded disguise of the small black visor.

"Ho, an Albizzi!" Giulio exclaimed, as he recognized his antagonist. Then, as the long pikestaff was wrested from his grasp, he raised the well-known cry of his house, "*Palle, palle!* Medici to the rescue."*

"Ha, Medici—is it?" the young Albizzi cried, and, as Giovanni de Medici pressed to the aid of his cousin, Francesco Albizzi clutched at Giovanni's mask in turn and tore it from his face.

"Hollo!" shouted the scornful Albizzi. "We have uncovered the game! Look, boys, 't is Messer Giovanni himself! Hail to the young magnifico!" and, doffing his purple bonnet, as if in reverence to Giovanni, he struck the lad with it full on his broad, brown cheek.

His followers applauded his deed with a shout, but it was a weak and spiritless "*brava!*" for it was scarcely safe to make fun of the Medici in Florence then, and cowards, you know, always take the stronger side.

The supporters of the Medici hastened to wipe out the insult offered to their patron's son. They pressed forward to annihilate Albizzi's fast-lessening band, but the young Giovanni interfered.

"Nay, hold, friends," he said, "'t is but a carnival frolic, and 't is ended now. Messer Francesco did but speak in jest, and, sure, I bear no malice."

*The *Palle d'Oro*, or golden balls, were the arms of the house of Medici, and "*Palle, palle,*" was their rallying cry.

But the hot-headed Albizzi, the son of a house that had ever been rivals and enemies of the Medici, would listen to no compromise.

"Ho, hark to the smooth-tongued Medici!" he cried. "Boys of Florence, will ye bow to this little magnifico? Your fathers were but boys when they struck for the liberties of Florence and drove *this* fellow's father, the lordly magnifico, like a whipped cur behind the doors of the sacristy, and scattered the blood of *that* boy's father on the very steps of the Reparata!"*

The young Giulio, when he heard this brutal allusion to the murder of his father, could restrain himself no longer; but, rushing at Francesco Albizzi, expended all his fierce young strength upon the older boy in wildly aimed and harmless blows.

Giovanni would have again interceded, but when he saw the vindictive young Albizzi draw a short dagger from his girdle, he felt that the time for words had passed. Springing to the relief of his cousin, he clutched Francesco's dagger-arm. There was a rallying of adherents on both sides; young faces grew hot with passion, and an angry street fight seemed certain.

But, hark! Across the strife comes the clash of galloping steel. There is a rush of hurrying feet, a glare of flaring torches, a glimmer of shining lances, and, around from the Via Larga, in a brilliant flash of color, swings the banner of Florence, the great white lily on the blood-red field. Fast behind it presses the well-known escutcheon of the seven golden balls, and the armed servants of the house of Medici sweep down upon the combatants.

"*Palle, palle!* Medici, ho, a-Medici!" rings the shout of rescue. The flashing sword of young Messer Pietro, the elder brother of Giovanni, gleams in the torch-light, and the headstrong Albizzi and his fellow-rioters scatter like chaff before the onward rush of the paid soldiers of the house of Medici. Then, encompassed by a guard of bristling lances, liveried grooms, and torch-bearers, and followed by a crowd of shouting boys, masked revelers, and exultant retainers, the three lads hurried down the Via Larga; the great gates of the Palace of the Medici swung open to admit them, and the noise and riot of the carnival died away in the distance. Through the hall of arches and up the grand staircase the lads hastened to where, in the spacious *loggia*, or enclosed piazza, Lorenzo the Magnificent stood waiting to receive them.

"Well, well, my breathless young citizens," he exclaimed; "what news and noise of strife is this

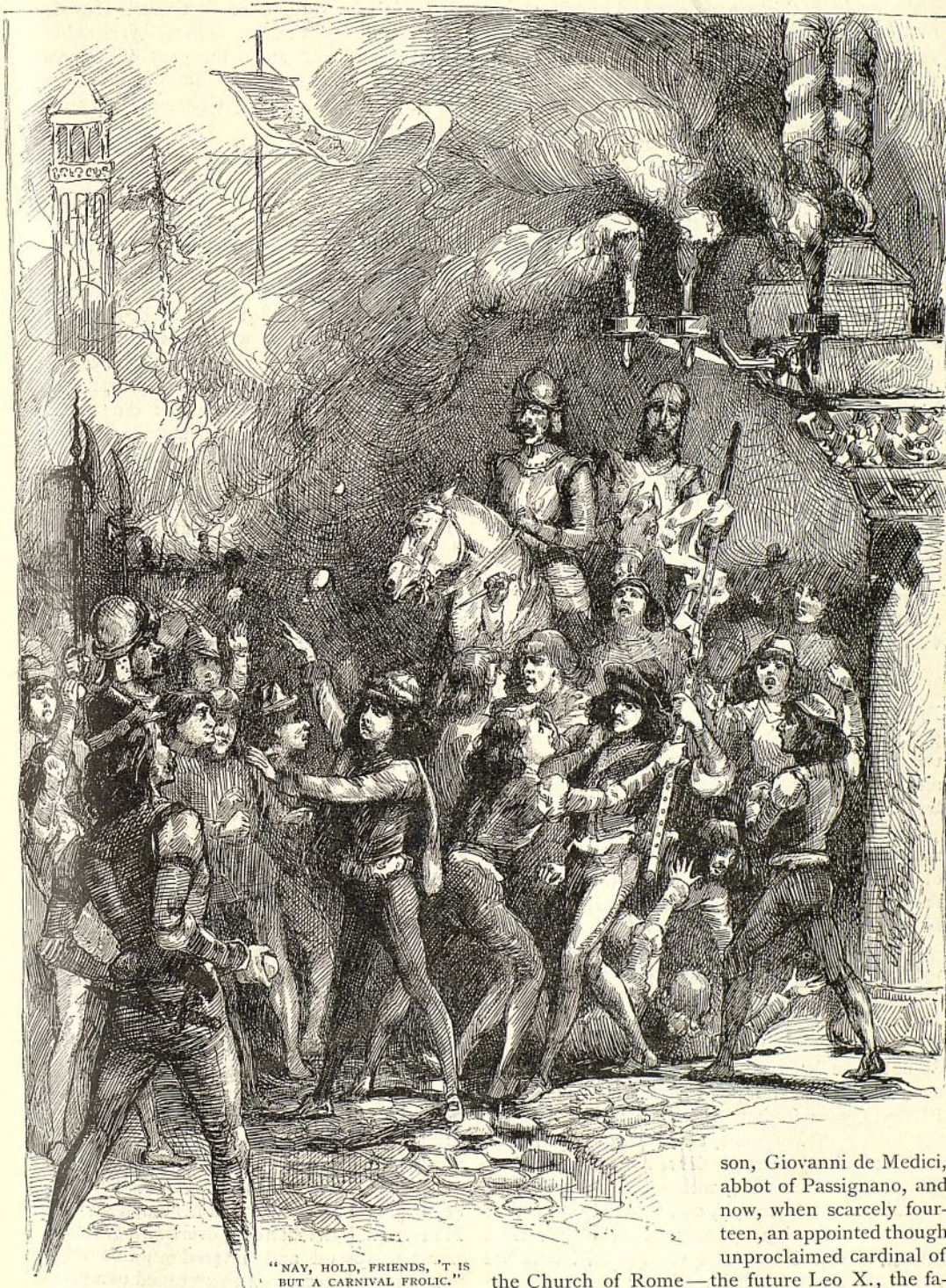
I hear? Methinks you come to us in sad and sorry strait."

But his banter changed to solicitude as he noticed the troubled face of his son. "Who, then, is in fault, my Giovanni?" he asked. "I was well for thee that Pietro sallied out in such hot haste; else, from all I hear, a son of the house of Medici might almost have been slain in a vile street brawl."

"Nay, hear, my father, I pray, the whole truth of the matter," Giovanni replied; and, as he relates, in presence of that brilliant and listening company, the story of the carnival fight as we already know it, let us, rather, read hastily the story of the great house of the Medici of Florence, whose princely head now stands before us — him whom the people call "*il gran magnifico*," Lorenzo the Magnificent, the father of the boy cardinal.

Four hundred years, and more, ago there lived in Florence a wealthy family known as the Medici. They were what we now call capitalists — merchants and bankers, with ventures in many a land and with banking-houses in sixteen of the leading cities of Europe. Success in trade brought them wealth, and wealth brought them power, until, from simple citizens of a small inland republic they advanced to a position of influence and importance beyond that of many a king and prince of their day. At the time of our sketch, the head of the house was Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent, from his wealth, his power, and his splendid and liberal hospitality. All Florence submitted to his will, and though the fair city was still, in form, a republic, the wishes and words of Lorenzo were as law to his fellow-citizens. A man of wonderful tact and of great attainments, he was popular with young and old, rich and poor. From a glorious romp with the children, he would turn to a profound discussion with wise old philosophers or theologians, could devise means for loaning millions to the king of England, sack a city that had braved the power of Florence, or write the solemn hymns for the priests or the gay street songs for the people of his much-loved city. Princes and poets, painters and priests, politicians and philosophers, sat at his bountiful table in the splendid palace at the foot of the Via Larga, or walked in his wonderful gardens of San Marco; rode "a-hawking" from his beautiful villa at Careggi, or joined in the wild frolic of his gorgeous street pageants. Power such as his could procure or master anything, and we therefore need not wonder that the two boys whose acquaintance we have made had been pushed into prominence early. Look well at them again. The boy who, with face

* The Church of the Reparata, or Santa Maria Novella, in which Lorenzo was wounded and his brother Giuliano murdered, in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, in 1478.



"NAY, HOLD, FRIENDS, 'T IS
BUT A CARNIVAL FROLIC."

upturned toward his father's kindly eyes, is telling the story of the street fight, is Lorenzo's second

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son, Giovanni de Medici, abbot of Passignano, and now, when scarcely fourteen, an appointed though unproclaimed cardinal of the Church of Rome—the future Leo X., the famous pope of Martin Luther's day. His companion is the young Giulio de Medici, nephew of Lorenzo,

and already, at thirteen, a prior and knight, and in future years that pope, Clement VII., of whom you may read in history as the unfortunate prisoner of San Angelo, the antagonist of bluff King Henry VIII. of England. And this other lad, this Buonarrotti, who is he? A *protégé* of Lorenzo, the companion of his sons and a favored guest at his table, his name is to last through the ages more illustrious than that of all the Medici,—the wonderful Michael Angelo, the greatest of the artists.

"So, so," Lorenzo said, as Giovanni concluded his story; "the matter is graver than I thought. 'T is another yelp from the Albizzi kennel. The Signory must look to it. Young Messer Francesco's tongue wags too freely for the city's good. And back to Pisa must ye go, my lads, for it ill beseems such as you, to be ruffling it in any wild street brawl that these troublous malcontents may raise against us."

So, back to the quiet University of Pisa went the boys Giovanni and Giulio, to pursue their studies in "theology and ecclesiastical jurisprudence."

And spending his time thus, between his stately Florentine home, his noble old castle of an abbey at Passignano, and the University of Pisa, Giovanni's three years of probation were passed.

"Whither so fast, my Maddalena?" asked young Francesco Albizzi, stopping a dark-haired flower-girl, as on a bright March morning he rode into the city. "What's astir, my dear, that thou and all the world seem crowding to meet me, here, at San Gallo's gate?"

"Thou, indeed?" and the flower-girl laughed a merry peal. "Why, brother of the mole and lord of all the bats, where hast thou been asleep not to know that to-day our young Messer Giovanni is to be proclaimed a cardinal?"

"So — the little Medici again?" exclaimed the wrathful Albizzi. "Bestia! Must he be always setting the city upside down? Where is't to be, Maddalena?"

"Why, where but at the altar of Fiesole? But do not thou keep me longer," she said, breaking away from the indignant young patriot. "All Florence goes forth to meet the new cardinal at the bridge of Mugnone, and my flowers will sell well and rarely to-day. But, hark thee, Messer Francesco," she added, with warning finger, "we are all *palleschi** to-day, and 't were best for thee to swallow thy black words. See, yonder rides young Messer Pietro, and the Medici lances are ready and sharp for such as thou."

And, as Albizzi turned sullenly away, Maddalena disappeared in the crowd that, hurrying through

San Gallo's gate, headed toward the flower-crowned hill of Fiesole. There, overlooking the "Beautiful City," stood the gray old monastery in which, on that eventful Sunday, the ninth of March, 1492, the young Giovanni was receiving the vestments.

Then, into the city, attended by the Archbishop of Florence and the civil magistrates, with a glittering retinue, and followed by "an immense multitude on horseback and on foot," with waving banners and shouts of joyous welcome, through the great gate of San Gallo, rode Giovanni de Medici, "on a barded mule housed with trappings of scarlet and gold," to the arched hall of the Palace of the Medici, where his father, sick and reclining on his litter, awaited his son's coming.

With many words of useful and practical advice as well as warm congratulations did the proud father receive the young cardinal, and then, from all the acclamations and illuminations, the joy, the fire-works, and the feasting that accompanied the ceremonies at Florence, Giovanni, on the twelfth of March, with a brilliant retinue, departed for his duties at Rome.

Thus far we have seen only the bright side of the picture—the carnival glories, the processions, the ceremonies, the cheers, the frolic, the feasting. Now comes the darker side; for if ever a boy was to be in trouble, worried, badgered, and disappointed, that boy was Cardinal Giovanni de Medici. For, like a sudden shock, with many an accompanying "portent" and "sign" that caused the superstitious Florentines to shake their heads in dismay, came the news that Lorenzo the Magnificent was dead. Still in the prime of life, with wealth and power and a host of followers, a mysterious disease laid hold upon him, and on the eighth of April, 1492, he died at his beautiful villa among the olive groves of Careggi, where the windows overlooked the fair valley of the Arno and the "Beautiful Florence" that he had ruled so long. From Rome to Florence, from Florence to Rome again, the young cardinal posted in anxious haste; as, following fast upon the death of his much-loved father came the sudden illness and death of his other patron and protector, Pope Innocent VIII. This occurred on July twenty-fifth, 1492, and soon again was Giovanni posting back to Florence, a fugitive from Rome, proscribed by the new pope, who was not friendly to the house of Medici.

But, in Florence, Lorenzo the Magnificent was dead, and in his place ruled his eldest son, Messer Pietro. Rash, headstrong, overbearing, vindictive, wavering, proud and imprudent, this wayward young man of twenty-one succeeded to a power he could not wield and to possessions he could not control. Enemies sprung up, old friends and sup-

* *Palleschi* was the name given to the adherents and retainers of the house of Medici.

porters dropped away, the people lost confidence, and when, by a final blunder, he unnecessarily surrendered to the King of France important Florentine fortresses and territory, the anger of his fellow-citizens broke out in fierce denunciation and open revolt.

So, in spite of the strong words and the brave front of the young Giovanni, in spite of the power of the once potent name of Medici and the remembrance of past favors to Florence, in which the great house had been so lavish,—the spirit of freedom, of resistance to tyranny, and of hatred, especially for the cowardly Pietro, flamed through the fair city by the Arno from San Gallo's gate to the goldsmith's bridge. The hoarse *boom—boom*—of the great bell of the Palazzo Vecchio—"the old cow of the Vacca," as the Florentines called it—rang out above the hurrying throngs, and all who heard it knew that its measured toll heralded the downfall of the Medici. And full well, too, the boys of the now fallen house knew the meaning of that tolling bell. Its loud *boom—boom*—rang out "danger to Florence; rally, good men and true!" and, as its clang sounded over the city from gate to gate, every citizen, no matter what his occupation, answered the summons by snatching up the arms nearest at hand and hastening to the great square of the Vecchio.

Resistance was useless. "*Palle, palle*, Medici to the rescue!" had lost its old power to rally retainers and citizens to the support of the once proud house. The banners of the white lily and the golden balls no longer waved side by side, and on Sunday, the ninth of November, 1494, the young Giovanni, with his cousin Giulio, fled from his native city. As he hurried through San Gallo's massive gate, with that terrible bell still tolling the doom of his family, and the shouts of an aroused and determined people filling the air, he remembered the brilliance and enthusiasm of other passings through that well-known gate, and, with the words "Ungrateful, —ah, ungrateful," on his lips, he hastened to the villa at beautiful Careggi, where the defeated Pietro had taken temporary refuge.

But not long could the banished brothers remain at Careggi. The enraged Florentines still pursued them, and for two anxious weeks this young Giovanni, whose boyish days had been filled with pleasure and brightness, whose slight-

est wish had ever been gratified, remained concealed in the deepest recesses of the Apennines, declared a rebel and an outlaw, with a price upon his head.

Eighteen years passed away, and on the morning of the fourteenth of September, 1512, two riders, surrounded by a great escort of glittering lances and a retinue of heavy-armed foot-soldiers, entered the gate-way of the "Beautiful City." They were Giovanni de Medici and his faithful cousin returning to their native city, proudly and triumphantly, after eighteen years of exile. Boys no longer, but grave and stalwart men, Giovanni and Giulio rode through the familiar streets and past the old landmarks that they had never forgotten, to the foot of the Via Larga, where still stood the palace of the Medici. Since the year 1504, when the unfortunate Messer Pietro—unfortunate to the last—had been drowned on the disastrous retreat from Garigliano, the Cardinal Giovanni had stood as the head of the house of Medici. After six years of wandering and anxiety, he had risen to eminence and power at Rome. In all these eighteen years, he never gave up his hope of regaining his native city. Three times did the Medici seek to return to power; three times were they repulsed. At last, his time had come. Florence, torn by feud and discontent, with a Spanish army camped beyond her walls, opens her gates to the conquerors, and the Cardinal Giovanni rules as lord of Florence.

So the exile returned to position and power; so the fickle Florentines, who, in a fury of patriotism, had sacked the palace of Lorenzo, now once more shouted themselves hoarse for "*Palle* and the Medici!"

With Giovanni's later life we need not here concern ourselves, except to mention an item of interest to young Americans—that he was the firm friend of the American Indians when they were persecuted by their Spanish conquerors. "The best of all the Medici, save his father," so the historians report,—we may, as we read of him, remember the diligence, notwithstanding his love of pleasure, and the loyalty to the name and fortunes of a once powerful family, that marked the youthful years of Giovanni de Medici, the boy cardinal.

THE WIND-FLOWER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

WIND-FLOWER, Wind-flower, why are you here?
 This is a boisterous time of the year
 For blossoms as fragile and tender as you
 *To be out on the road-sides in spring-raiment
 new;
 For snow-flakes yet flutter abroad in the air,
 And the sleet and the tempest are weary to bear.
 Have you not come here, pale darling, too soon?
 You would seem more at home with the flowers
 of June.

"Why have I come here?" the Wind-flower said;
 "Why?"—and she gracefully nodded her head
 As a breeze touched her petals: "Perhaps to
 teach you
 That the strong may be sometimes the delicate, too.
 I am fed and refreshed by these cold, rushing rains;
 The first melting snow-drifts brought life to my
 veins;
 The storm rocked my cradle with lullabies wild;
 I am here with the Wind—because I am his child!"

WONG NING'S IDEAS.

AS EXPRESSED BY HIMSELF.

[WONG NING is no imaginary character. He is a real, flesh-and-blood Chinese boy, living in San Francisco, and much interested in the new and many-sided life going on about him. So we are glad to give you, in his own words, a few of his observations on American life and manners.]

Our correspondent, Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, who sends us Wong Ning's portrait, says in her letter, written from San Francisco: "Although the Chinese are so numerous here and so intimately connected with our domestic routine, they are reticent, and rarely speak of their native land, though greatly attached to its memories. In fact, the thoughts and expressions of home life that I have gleaned, are almost as unfamiliar to Californians as to Eastern people, because of this reticence. Wong Ning, or 'Charley,' as he likes to be called, is a very intelligent fellow with very sound ideas; and he sees many things in the way of customs and habits among Americans of which he disapproves as strongly as we disapprove of certain customs among the Chinese. Some of these 'ideas' are comical; some sensible. As it is a departure to look upon ourselves through Chinese eyes, I thought, perhaps, it might interest your readers; so I gathered together just a few of his expressions for your perusal. While following the idiom, I have not attempted to give the pronunciation, for it would interfere with the ideas and divest them of clearness. Besides, an intelligent Chinese does not indulge in the absurd, 'You heapee likee,' as the *littérateur* would have us believe; but takes great pride in talking as well as possible. I also send a photograph of Wong Ning.]

MY name Wong Ning. I born on home China, come to this country when thirteen years old, and been here now seven year.

Little boy have very hard time on home China. Have to get up and go to school at six o'clock,—very early that,—come home, get breakfast at eight o'clock, and lunch at twelve o'clock; then stay till six o'clock in the day. I no think American boy like that!

Little girl no go to school *at all*! Very funny, that! Have one big house, on home China, where all the girls go every day; learn to sew, make the pretty things, the flowers, the birds, everything! by the needle. Little girl no speak to the boy—no! never! on home China.

On home China every one like the mother very much; give everything to she. If a China boy no like the mother, no work hard for she, no send she everything—Oh! horrible! *very bad*! All the sons marry, bring home the wife to wait on she.

Not like the wife so much as the mother, on home China.

The woman—the wife, the mother, the little girl—all work in the house—sew, cook, make the cloth, everything! When they make the dinner or the lunch, set the table very nice, put on everything; then run behind the curtain (no have any door on home China), and then the man—the father, the son, the little boy—all come in, sit down, eat the dinner; eat him all up. Pretty soon, by and by, the woman—the mother, the wife, the little girl—come quiet, lift up the curtain. If he all gone, can come eat; if no, can not come. *Yes! sure!*

This place not the same like on home China. Everything more different.

I go to school at night, learn to read and write; I think English very hard. I been work for the Jew family, the Irish family, and the Spanish family. I think my English get too much funny—

so many kinds of language. Now I work for the American family; like it more better.

I been here so long, and go to school so much, that I understand the English more better than China. *Very funny that!* When my cousin, at the wash-house, send me the letter to come take dinner with he, he have to write it in English, and the lady I work for, she laugh very much.

two, three thousand year ago, *yes! sure!* He travel every city, teach Chinaman—that very good.

One city he no came,—that Canton,—one very big place inside three big walls. Kong-foo-too, or Confucius, he come to Canton, and try to come in the gate—very big gate.

One little boy there, seven years old. I think



I get one letter this morning. (My American name, Charley.) Here the letter:

"Mr. Chily. you Please come to Kum Lee this evening to take dinner, beacuse Lee chong go to home China this week. Ah Do and Ah Sing all come in to if soon as you can
"good by Wong Voo."

I know plenty stories about on home China. You ever hear about Kong-foo-too?—American call him Confucius—he very great man.

Maybe you like, I tell you one story. Kong-foo-too—he travel all over China. He live about

that little boy too smart. He making play of a little city, and building three little walls around it, all the same like Canton. He took up too much room, and talk too smart, so that Confucius can not get in.

He watch him a little while, then he say, "I guess Canton all right, this boy can teach Canton. I go some other place." *That very bad!* Next year that boy die—*very strange that!* So Canton never get any teaching, not from boy, not from Kong-foo-too. I think not very good for little boy to be too smart.

PEA-NUTS.

BY M. P. D.

DON'T you think smoke is pret-ty? One ver-y cold day, a poor lit-tle boy stood in the street look-ing at some smoke.

It came from a sort of tin box, with a lit-tle roof, and a door on one side. A man in a great-coat stood turn-ing a hand-le of the box, and at ev-er-y puff of the blue smoke, the boy said to him-self: "Oh! how good those pea-nuts must be! I would rath-er grind pea-nuts than grind an or-gan. I am go-ing to be a pea-nut man, when I grow up."

Soon a great big boy came a-long, and gave the man five cents. Then the man gave the big boy a nice pa-per of pea-nuts. This was ver-y nice for the man and the big boy, but it did not help the lit-tle boy at all. It on-ly made him wish that he was a big boy and could buy pea-nuts; but as he had n't any five cents, he could not get them. And they did look so good!

At last, an-oth-er boy came a-long, and he was a lit-tle boy too, but he had a warm ul-ster, but-toned up to his chin and but-toned down to his boots, and a lit-tle fur cap that came down o-ver his ears, and he was walk-ing a-long with his nurse. Mer-i-den Mel-born (this was the big name of the lit-tle boy) saw the oth-er lit-tle boy in the street, and he ran up to him and said: "What is your name?"

"Jim," said the boy.

"What are you do-ing?" said Mer-rie, while his nurse tried to take him a-way.

"I am look-ing at that pea-nut man," said Ja-mie. When Mer-rie heard that, he for-got all a-bout Jim, for he want-ed some pea-nuts. He took out his own lit-tle pock-et-book that San-ta Claus had sent that ver-y Christ-mas and he went up to the man, and he said: "I want some pea-nuts." Then he gave the man five cents, and the man gave him a pa-per of pea-nuts. And then he and his nurse went a-way, and the poor lit-tle boy, Jim, felt sor-ry to see them go a-way. For he had no mon-ey and no pea-nuts.

Mer-rie went on down the street with his nurse, then they stopped to look at some pict-ures in a win-dow, when, all at once, a pict-ure of a poor lit-tle boy made Mer-rie think of the lit-tle boy in the street and how he was look-ing at the pea-nut man. "I ought to give him some

pea-nuts," Mer-rie said to him-self, for he was a good boy, on-ly some-times he for-got; then he won-dered if it was too late, and he ran back a-long the street to find Jim and the pea-nut man. He found them just as he had left them, and he went up to Jim and put five pen-nies in-to Jim's lit-tle hand, and said: "You must get some pea-nuts, too," and then he ran off a-gain as fast as he could go. He soon met his nurse.



She had missed him, and she was a-fraid he would get lost. So she was ver-y glad to see him a-gain. Then they walked home, and Mer-rie felt as hap-py as a king. And, just then, an-oth-er lit-tle boy was ver-y hap-py, too. He was start-ing off for home with a warm lit-tle pa-per of nice pea-nuts un-der his arm. It was the poor boy, Jim.

3d
MONTH.

THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC

MARCH

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



THE Sun, while driving through the sky, now climbs the steepest hills,
And hitches Aries, or the Ram, into his chariot thills.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Sat.	4	Aries	H. M. 12.12	
2	S	5	Taurus	12.12	1st Sunday in Lent.
3	Mon.	6	"	12.12	☾ close to Saturn.
4	Tues.	7	"	12.12	Inauguration Day, 1793.
5	Wed.	8	Gemini	12.11	[the Twins.
6	Thur.	9	"	12.11	☾ between Procyon and
7	Fri.	10	Cancer	12.11	☾ near Jupiter and Mars.
8	Sat.	11	"	12.11	(9th) ☾ near Regulus.
9	S	12	Leo	12.10	2d Sunday in Lent.
10	Mon.	13	"	12.10	Benjamin West, d. 1820.
11	Tues.	FULL	"	12.10	Charles Sumner, d. 1874.
12	Wed.	15	Virgo	12.10	☾ near Spica.
13	Thur.	16	"	12. 9	La Fontaine, d. 1695.
14	Fri.	17	"	12. 9	
15	Sat.	18	Libra	12. 9	Andrew Jackson, b. 1767.
16	S	19	"	12. 9	3d Sunday in Lent.
17	Mon.	20	Ophiuch	12. 8	☾ near Antares.
18	Tues.	21	"	12. 8	
19	Wed.	22	Sagitt.	12. 8	
20	Thur.	23	"	12. 7	Sir Isaac Newton, d. 1727.
21	Fri.	24	"	12. 7	Robert Bruce, b. 1724.
22	Sat.	25	Capri.	12. 7	Rosa Bonheur, b. 1822.
23	S	26	Aqua.	12. 6	4th Sunday in Lent.
24	Mon.	27	"	12. 6	Queen Elizabeth, d. 1603.
25	Tues.	28	"	12. 6	Joachim Murat, b. 1771.
26	Wed.	29	"	12. 6	[in America.
27	Thur.	NEW	"	12. 5	Eclipse of Sun, not visible
28	Fri.	1	"	12. 5	Raphael, b. 1483.
29	Sat.	2	"	12. 5	☾ near Venus.
30	S	3	Taurus	12. 4	5th Sunday in Lent.
31	Mon.	4	"	12. 4	(30th) ☾ near Saturn.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

Tops and marbles, both together,
Come with breezy, bright, March weather.
Spin them, spin them on the ground;
Snip them, snap them, all around.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*
MARCH 15th, 8.30 P.M.

Although VENUS is not very much brighter, it can be well seen in the west after sunset, as it does not set till about half-past nine. SATURN, though it has scarcely moved its position among the stars, is now far to the west from our south-mark, and with it *Taurus*, and the brilliant *Orion*, are all on their descending course. MARS is not quite so bright as in February; it has moved still a little *backward* to the west, among the stars, and is still nearer to JUPITER, who, nearly as bright as ever, has also moved *backward*, a little to the west, out of line with Castor and Pollux.

Sirius is now in the south-west, Procyon, in the *Little Dog*; and higher up, Castor and Pollux in *Gemini*, or *The Twins*, are a little to the west of our point of observation. *Orion* is bending to the west. Betelgeuse marks his right shoulder; the bright star to the west of it is Bellatrix, and marks his left shoulder. Rigel is in his knee. Below the three stars that mark his Sword Belt are three others, not near so bright, that one can easily imagine to be his sword.

Regulus is now high in the south-east. This star is one of a group of six or seven, all in *Leo*, that plainly mark the form of a sickle in the sky. Regulus is at the end of the handle. Half way between Regulus and Procyon, and now exactly in the south, is a cluster of very small stars called Prosepe, or the Bee-hive. It can only be observed on very clear nights in the absence of the Moon; it is the principal or most interesting object that marks the constellation of *Cancer*, or *The Crab*, which is one of the constellations of the *Zodiac*. The star that stands so much alone in the south, between Sirius and Regulus, is called by the Arabs "Al Fard" ("the Solitary"). It is in the constellation *Hydra*, or "The Water Snake."

THE HARE AND THE CHIPMUNK.

"I'm hurried to death," said the Hare, when the dogs were after him, to the Chipmunk, who begged that he would stop and crack a nut of gossip with him; "but if you will take my place, and let me have yours, so that I can overlook the country, I'll stop and rest awhile."

"All right," said the Chipmunk, hopping down from the tree, with a nut in his mouth. "I've always wished to see a March hare. But you're not a very mad one, are you?"

"Oh, no!" replied the Hare, grinning; "I've all my wits about me, as you will presently perceive." And, at that moment, the dogs burst through the bushes, and pounced upon the poor Chipmunk, who exclaimed with his last breath: "What a fine thing it is to be smart! That gray Hare will never go down with sorrow to the grave."

*The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.

1884.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

31
DAYS.

"PUFF! Puff! Puff!" cried March, rushing in like a lion and roaring at the top of his voice. "I'm no smoker, but I can blow a cloud as well as any one. You've seen my advertisement, Mother Nature, and you *must* buy. March dust is worth more to you than to any one. I'll give you good measure this time."

"Don't bluster so, March!" said Dame Nature. "I'll take your dust, but though I knew the old proverb says 'A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom,' I can't pay a great price for it. December disappointed me last year, and, though January did his best, my garden, I'm afraid, is not going to be quite what it should be. I should not be surprised if Green Pea sulked in her pod, and would not give me a single blossom. Corn has got his ears wide open, and Potato keeps his eyes peeled, I can tell you. I expect to have trouble with them all, when their time comes."

"Blow 'em up!" said March,—"that's what I do!"

MARCH DUST.

"It's worth a king's ransom! Come, sweep it along;

"Come, gather it, Winds, in your grasp so strong!

"It's worth a king's ransom! We'll toss it on high!

"It's worth a king's ransom! Who'll buy, who'll buy?"

In a cloud, in a whirl, the March dust flies
Through the bright, keen air,—neath the cold,
March skies;

And if you will listen, you'll hear this song
That the March winds sing, as they hurry
along:

"It's worth a king's ransom! Come, sweep it along;

"Quick, gather it, Winds, in your grasp so strong!

"It's worth a king's ransom! We'll toss it on high!

"It's worth a king's ransom! Who'll buy, who'll buy?"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

STAND close, my friends, and do not let these gusty winds blow you away nor drown the sound of your Jack's voice!

March is a consequential fellow, full of noise and bellow; but he means well—that is, he means to go before long. Meantime, let us see how much we can make out of the thirty-one days he brings with him.

Now for a word about

WET METEORS.

A FEW months ago, some of you young folk astonished us all by your accounts of shooting-stars and their artless ways. But imagine my surprise at hearing the dear Little School-ma'am tell Deacon Green this very morning that rain and snow were meteors! At first, the Deacon and I thought the little lady was joking. Not a bit of it. She was giving us a scientific fact. In the first place, she explained that "meteor" came from a Greek word signifying "lofty—in the air"; and then she further said that, according to Appletons' American Cyclopædia—

What did you say, you dear little girl with spectacles on? Ah, certainly. Thank you, very much. I quite agree with you that all the boys and girls interested in this subject can look for "meteors" in the cyclopædias—that is, if they can find the cyclopædias. I do not happen to have one by me just now.

HOW DO YOU SPELL IT?

SOMETIMES I hear the dear Little School-ma'am and Deacon Green arguing about words as they stroll by my pulpit, and one day they actually came to blows. But that was only because the Deacon asked why, if "foes" and "froze" and "rose"

were right, a man could not be allowed to spell "blows" b-l-o-e-s or b-l-o-z-e or b-l-o-s-e, according to his fancy.

"Because you can not," said the dear Little School-ma'am. "It's not spelled so in the dictionary."

Then you should have seen the Deacon. His eyes shone, and he stood before her an image of triumph.

"The dictionary!" he exclaimed. "Now I have you! Will you kindly spell me a dictionary word that means a short Turkish sword?"

"Saber?" asked the little lady, doubtfully. "Oh, I know—*cimeter* you mean."

"Exactly," assented the Deacon, with an expectant air. "Spell it."

"C-i-m-e-t-e-r," responded the Little School-ma'am, promptly.

"Wrong eight times!" exclaimed the Deacon. "I was studying out that very word this morning in my Worcester's Unabridged, and the word is spelled in that dictionary nine different ways—yes, and Worcester favors 'em all, too, after a fashion. Webster, too, almost says it is not material how you spell it,—as it is a foreign word."

The bright Little School-ma'am laughed merrily, glad that the Deacon had gained a point.

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed. "Nine different ways?"

The Deacon chuckled. "Verily!" he observed. "I know the list by heart. Yes, you can write the word nine different ways without offending Worcester—c-i-m-e-t-e-r—c-i-m-i-t-e-r—c-y-m-e-t-a-r—s-c-y-m-e-t-a-r—s-c-i-m-i-t-a-r—s-c-y-m-i-t-a-r—s-i-m-i-t-a-r—c-i-m-i-t-a-r—and—s-c-i-m-e-t-a-r. Ha! ha! The pen *is* mightier than the sword this time and no mistake."

"Yes, and there's another proverb that fits the case," chirped the good-natured Little School-ma'am. "*It's a poor sword that will not cut two ways.*"

"But this sword (which, by the way, ought to be spelled s-o-r-d, and done with it)," said the Deacon, "this sword cuts more than half a dozen ways. Look out, my dear, that you never give the word to a spelling-class of eight youngsters."

"And why not?" she asked.

"Why, because if following the dictionary is your rule, don't you see it's very likely the children will all be wrong, and all be right, and all have to go up head?"

HEAVY BANKERS.

TALKING of words, I'm told that in England a "banker" is not always a man connected specially with money banks, or one who handles large sums of money in a business way. In fact, he may be one who handles very little money indeed. Men who work in the English fens or bogs, digging in the soil or banking it up, have been called bankers.

Again, a banker need not be a man at all, nor a woman, nor a boy, nor a girl. A banker, I'm informed, may be a kind of hard bench, or a sort of soft cushion, or a style of sailing vessel. Yet

I'll warrant if any of you were to speak casually of going soon to see a heavy banker, meaning a vessel, or perhaps a stone bench on which masons cut and square their work, you'd be asked straightway to beg him to subscribe to some good cause or worthy charity, or to help some poor youngster to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS.

Dear, dear, words are queer things; and, on account of yonder Red School-house, they really seem to grow quite near my pulpit.

A SOUND SLEEPER.

HERE is a true story, sent me by a well-known naturalist who loves to watch insects and study their interesting ways:

"One sultry morning last summer a wasp that had been flying about a newly mown hay-field

the fellow, attracted by so breezy a resting-place, seized the stalk between his mandibles, swung off, and soon was snoring, if wasps do snore. Very soon after, a grasshopper came slowly climbing up the stalk past the sleeper, and settled himself a short distance above waspy's head, where for a long time he worked and wriggled, shaking the spear to and fro. Finally, he actually came out of his skin, and moved away, leaving only the empty shell, through which the wind blew and whistled, to tell his story. A little later, another grasshopper, in a wild, headlong flight, sprang into the air, and landed directly on the tip of the dry spear. This entered its shell, piercing it through and through. The spear bent almost to the ground under the blow, swayed from side to side, finally regaining its upright position, bearing aloft the impaled jumper—a dire warning to all others of its kind. Notwithstanding this commotion, the wasp slept on, its slender form swaying in the sunlight, until at last it started into wakefulness, bustling off with an 'I'm-late' sort of movement that was very amusing. Meantime, the empty 'hopper shell looked up at the impaled brother with a rustle of sympathy that might easily have been mistaken for the genuine article."

FLORIDA BOYS, PLEASE ANSWER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read last week in the *Transcript* that Florida fishermen have a novel way of destroying the sharks which sometimes come uncomfortably near their boats. Our paper said that the root of the dogwood is certain death to sharks, and that the Florida fishermen take advantage of the fact. Whenever a shark is in sight, they kill a small fish, and, after putting dogwood bark inside of it, throw it overboard. In a few moments the shark rises to the surface, quite dead,—a victim to the poisoned bait. Now I should like to hear more about this. I asked papa, and he said the best way would be for me to write to Florida. But how can I do that? I think he was joking. Anyway, I have decided to write to you, dear Jack. If you show my letter to the Florida boys, may be they will look into this matter and report the facts to you.

Your admiring young friend,
L. C. D.

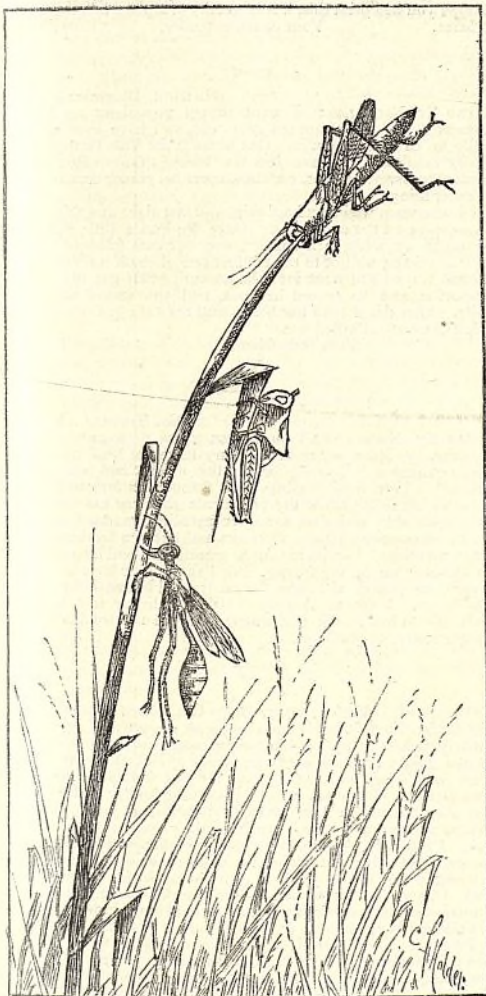
PORTLAND, Jan. 9, 1884.

A BIG PIECE OF WORK FOR BEES.

My birds tell me that a bee-comb, nearly a yard long, was discovered last summer near Santa Anna, in California. This great piece of comb hung from a tree, and was nearly filled with honey. The bees were still busily at work upon it, and they seemed quite unconscious that they were doing anything extraordinary.

Have any of my children ever seen a piece of honey-comb as large as this? It is likely that many have found honey stored in hollow trees in large or small quantities; but have they ever seen the comb hanging in open sight from a sturdy limb of the forest?

Letters describing personal observations on this subject will be very acceptable to your Jack.



WHICH WILL WAKEN?

became drowsy and decided to take a nap. Looking about, he spied a tall dried spear of hay that had been left standing by the mowers. The lit-

DEACON GREEN'S REPORT
ON THE
PRIZE DRAWINGS,
NEXT MONTH.

THE LETTER-BOX.

IN Mrs. Clement's article on Dürer, printed last month, a sentence about Martin Luther was quoted from Dürer's diary, which misstated the date of Luther's death, giving it as 1521. Probably, a false report had come to Dürer, in some way, for Luther lived till 1546—twenty-five years later.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My uncle sends me the ST. NICHOLAS, and I like it very much. I am nine years old. I was very much interested in reading about the durion tree, but my grandma has seen trees in California two hundred feet high. MARJORIE.

BALTIMORE, January, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your notice about the Christmas plays in the "Letter-box" of the January number, and supposing it would gratify the author, I take pleasure in informing him that "The Three Sombre Young Gentlemen and the Three Pretty Girls" was played with great success by the children connected with St. Luke's Sunday-School, Franklin Square, of this city, on the 28th of December last. I took the part of one of the three pretty girls. All the performers were under fifteen years of age. "The House of Santa Claus" was also played at the same entertainment. We played "False Sir Santa Claus" last year, and now look regularly for your welcome assistance every Christmas.

Your loving friend, ISABEL EMORY PRICE.

We have had many other reports of successful performances of Mr. Brooks's Christmas pot-pourri. We congratulate Isabel on being able to take the part of one of the three pretty girls.

NEW YORK, October 11, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in California, but I am in New York now on a visit. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for a long while, and think there is no other magazine in the world like it. Every month when I have read it myself I send it to a little girl who lives far away in the country, and has few books to read; and she enjoys it so much. I am very glad to hear that Miss Alcott and Mrs. Whitney will write for the magazine in 1884. Their stories are always delightful. Your constant reader, "FANNIE."

"Fannie," in common with so many other girls, will be glad to see the first part of Mrs. Whitney's story, "Girl-Noblesse"—printed in this number.

Here is a most welcome letter, which has traveled ten thousand miles to reach us. And it is a pleasure to us to think of ST. NICHOLAS having previously sped over every one of those ten thousand miles, by land and sea, to give joy to "Buttercup, Daisy, and Violet."

BOURKE, N. S. W., August, 1883.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Our Grandmamma takes you for us, and we all think you are the nicest magazine we have ever seen.

We are three Australian children, and live in Bourke. It is a small country town in New South Wales, about one hundred miles from the Queensland border. The river Darling runs through the town, and it is often navigable; just now it is too low for any steamers to come up from Adelaide. There is not any railway here. We get all our letters and magazines by the mail-coaches.

We have a very large, pure white cat. He is very amusing and quite deaf. He will play like a kitten, although he is nearly three years old. He also can pretend to be dead, so well that he has often frightened us.

We have a little half-caste girl called Topsy, who helps with the house-work. She is very clever and makes us all laugh; she says such funny things.

We all like copying those little pictures of cats, dressed up like people, they are so funny. Our kind Grandmamma has sent you to us for more than a year, and we always look forward to your coming with great pleasure.

Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. We must not take up too much of your space, as we hope to see our letter in your "Letter-box" in a few months. We are, your constant readers,

BUTTERCUP, DAISY, AND VIOLET.

Many thanks for your cordial letters, dear girls. We are glad to know that such a Buttercup, a Daisy, and a Violet are growing

"all the year round" in your far-off country. And, by the time this number of ST. NICHOLAS reaches you, we shall be welcoming again the pretty flowers that can claim you as their namesakes.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., January 3, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for several years, and like you better than any magazine I have ever taken.

I began to draw a picture for one of the poems printed with Deacon Green's offer in December, but did not succeed, so I would not send it.

I think the "Soap-bubble Party" is just splendid, and think of getting one up here.

We had a Christmas-tree, and before the presents were distributed we all sang the "Christmas carol" in the December ST. NICHOLAS.

I hope you will print this, if it is worthy of a place in your precious magazine. Your constant reader, EMMA T. S.

ORANGE, December 4, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my home in Southern California. I am ten years old, and have lived nearly all my life in an orange grove. Our home is the Yale Orange Grove. Besides oranges, we have lemons, limes, grapes, figs, melons, bananas, pears, nectarines, peaches, apricots, pomegranates, plums, and other things.

This afternoon we had a hard rain, and last night and this morning we saw snow on the mountains. Once we had a little snow here. One night we went to a concert, and our cats followed us all the way; and when we got to the concert one of them went home and the other stayed and went into the concert. She got into a man's coat-pocket, and he scared her out, and she stayed down town awhile. After that I took her home, and then she got sick and died. I think the concert killed her.

Your little friend,

ELSIE CLARK.

ST. THOMAS, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been going to write to you for a long time, but have never fulfilled my intention until now. Your prized magazine is looked for all the month, and when I have received it I keep from reading it all through as long as I possibly can, so as not to get rid of the pleasure it gives me too soon. I am fifteen years old; and were it not for my school-mates, I would perhaps be lonesome as I have no sisters and but two brothers, who are over twenty-four. I enjoy the A. A. reports, too, and intend having a little chapter among my friends. But I shall never have anything to do with caterpillars, as I have too great an abhorrence for the poor ugly things. I am an American although living in Canada, and would like to live in the States again. I will not trouble you with a longer letter, so good-bye. LELAH B.

WHITE ROCK, ELKO CO., NEV., October, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years of age, and live in this far-off country. A kind friend sends us the ST. NICHOLAS, and you should see how eager we all are to look at it; we all think it very interesting, and like to read the nice stories and look at the pretty pictures. There are five children in the family: Aubrey, twelve years old; Bessie and Lay, twins, ten; Anita, six years. These are brothers and sisters; I am a cousin of their mamma's, and live with them. I think that some of your young readers would like to know how we live out here, and what we do to pass away the time. We are living at the head or mouth of a cañon, which is called Silver Creek Cañon. It is named Silver Creek Cañon, because the mountains on each side of the cañon contain many rich silver ledges. We children have each an interest in one of the mines; it is called the Peerless. Our house is a large log cottage, covered with hop-vines in summer, with four Balm of Gilead trees in front of it, which were brought from the mountains and planted here, for we have no trees in the valleys of this region unless they are planted by settlers; but in the mountains there are pines, cotton-wood, and all kinds of fir-trees. The air is so clear here that from our house we can see Paradise Mountain, one hundred miles distant. Our boys sometimes go prospecting with their father, and are quite successful; we enjoy ourselves looking through a magnifying-glass at the specimens they bring home, to find gold and silver on them; for gold is found

here also. We study at home, sometimes sew, sometimes read, and we go out and fish in the creek for mountain trout. We ride our ponies, and in many other ways amuse ourselves. So we have a pleasant time, although our nearest neighbor lives more than half a mile away from us. My letter is getting very long, so I must say good-bye.

Your little friend,

LUCY C. A.

We are compelled to merely acknowledge many pleasant letters which we would be glad to print in the "Letter-box," if it were possi-

ble, and also many letters that have been sent in reply to the gutta-percha question. Our thanks are due especially to G. M. Lawton, Walter A. Mathews, Georgia B. Hawes, Andrew C., Ada L. Cook, Herbert Roberts, Amy Angell Collier, Frederick William P., Carrie R. Murray, C. Hamlin Reeves, Miriam Oliver, Willie T. Nicoll, Carrie McC., E. D. McC., V. J., Gracie E. Wilson, Grace Nettleton, C. B. W., Kate M. Drew, Phoebe McNeal, Madeleine Miller, Helen W. Soule, Mary A. F., Florence Rosenbaum, "Daisy," John F. Minaldi, Jessie A. Smith, "F. H.," Hilda Schoenthal, Jennie R., Lina Brooks, Maud Miller, Guy Smith, J. Mills Anderson, Jennie Hitchcock, May Harris, "Reginald."

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-FIFTH REPORT.

MANY of our Chapters have been organized in connection with schools, and at the close of each school year comes a dispersion. Some of the members, being graduated, never return, and the Chapter finds itself crippled in the loss of its oldest and leading members. We have received many letters in such cases, asking whether a number less than four can be allowed to continue a Chapter.

We therefore wish now, before the close of the current academical year, to state distinctly and once for all, that while we require at least four to organize a Chapter, yet after it has once been organized and recognized by official certificate, it shall not be dropped from our roll so long as *one* active member shall remain; providing always that such chapter shall have shown its good faith by continuing a membership of four, for six months from the receipt of its certificate. Do not be discouraged, then, if your comrades are removed and you are left entirely alone; so long as your own interest is alive, you shall be recognized as a Chapter, and shall retain the old number and all its privileges. We are happy to state, however, that most of our branches are steadily increasing rather than diminishing in numbers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have been asked to call the attention of the Association to the matter of correspondence. Complaints are occasionally made of letters unanswered. The interchange of letters and specimens among distant Chapters is one of the most valuable features of our Society, and might be developed to a much greater degree than it is at present. We request all secretaries to send us the names and numbers of any Chapters that may fail to respond when addressed by mail. Such delinquents should be published, that others may not waste time and postage upon them. But we must always temper our disappointment with patience, remembering that many causes besides neglect may prevent us from getting a reply to our first letter. We may have written the address incorrectly or illegibly ourselves, or our letter or the answer to it may have been lost in the mails.

RED CROSS CLASS.

The topic for the class in practical physiology for the month is "Muscles, fat, and fascia; skin;—Practical application: Wounds and their treatment."

The details of study are fully given in the class manual furnished free to all who desire to take the course, by Charles Everett Warren, M. D., 51 Union Park, Boston, Mass., to whom all letters on this subject must be addressed. Tuition free. (See February ST. NICHOLAS.)

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
550	Galesburg, Ill. (B)	8.	Chas. F. Gettemy.
551	Clinton, Iowa	6.	Henry Towle, box 486.
552	Easton, Pa. (D)	10.	A. Collins Ely.
553	Defiance, Ohio (A)	6.	Emmet B. Fisher.
554	Phila., Pa. (Q)	9.	J. Edgar McKee, 2229 Mt. Vernon St.
555	Olympia, W. T. (A)	6.	Wood J. Doane.
556	Phila., Pa. (R)	6.	P. T. Brown, 2206 Green St.
557	Phila., Pa. (S)	8.	Miss Bessie P. Pearsall, 1704 Pine St.
558	Indianapolis, Ind. (C)	11.	R. D. Robinson, 303 N. J. St.
559	Bath, N. Y. (A)	4.	Percy E. Meserve.
560	Cambridge, N. J. (A)	8.	G. Morrison Taylor, Riverside P. O., Burlington Co.
561	Cincinnati, O. (B)	7.	J. A. Giebel, 21 Ohio Av.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
562	Wilmington, Del. (C)	8.	Albert E. Keigwin.
563	Lyons, N. Y. (A)	4.	Chas. Ennis.
564	Santa Rosa, Cal. (A)	4.	Wilber M. Swett.

EXCHANGES.

Eggs, blown through one hole, and bird skins.—J. Grafton Parker, 2238 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Carnelians, agates, and petrified wood.—Chas. Ennis, Lyons, N. Y.

Cinnabar, silver ore and galena, serpentine, mica, and black tourmaline, for limonite, ribbon jasper, and others.—Helen Montgomery, box 764, Wakefield, Mass.

75 cocoons for birds' eggs.—E. J. Putnam, 778 Olive Street, Cleveland, O.

Magnetic sand from Lake Michigan, and gypsum, for ores of any kind but iron.—J. H. Sawyer, Ludington, Mich.

Birds' eggs, minerals, and insects, for rare insects.—E. Hamilton, 96 Fountain Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

NOTES.

65. *Vanessa Milberti*.—I have observed the larvæ of Milbert's butterfly feeding in great numbers upon the nettle, and stripping the plant of leaves. Two broods are reared in a season. The larvæ closely resemble *Antiope*, but are only about half as large.—Frank H. Foster, Sec. 440.

66. *Dodecatheon Virginiana*.—In the August number, I noticed a sketch of one of the prettiest of our wild flowers. Thirty years ago, these charming spring flowers were found in great abundance and diversity in fresh clearings. They vary from the purest white to deep purple. They belong to the primrose family.—Constant Reader and Subscriber from the beginning of ST. NICHOLAS.

67. *Sportive Flowers*.—We have made some very interesting discoveries. We have found pure white and striped violets which are of the common blue species, but in some way affected by their surroundings; also, anemones having fourteen to eighteen rows of petals, making them appear like little roses; also, a wind-anemone with four petals in their proper places, and one farther down on the stalk; also, a mullein-stalk, over seven feet high.—Ralph H. Pomeroy, Sec., Brooklyn.

68. *Leaf-impression*.—In grading for a railroad near here, there was found a rock containing, when broken, a fossil plant or plant-impression. It closely resembles a stalk of corn, both in leaf and fiber. It belongs to the carboniferous period. We think it is a reed. We wish to correspond with Chapters west and south.—Will Seagrath, Sec. 498, 23d and Liberty Streets, Pittsburg, Pa.

69. *Puff-ball books*.—Puff-balls, in the family of Gasteromycetes.

1. U. S. Species of Lycoperdon, by Chas. H. Peck, A. M., 1879.

(The only special American work.)

2. Frie's System of Mycologicum. (Describes species of puff-balls, some of them found in U. S.)

3. Sweinitz's Synopsis of N. A. Fungi. (Contains some Gasteromycetes, or puff-balls.)

4. Berkeley's and Cook's Books on British Fungi, and Smith's Book on English Plants, contain species of fungi.

The first mentioned is sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

Dr. Augustus Foerste.

70. *Books on Shells*.—

1. For general use, I recommend Woodward's Manual of Mollusca, which is within the reach of all, and, besides illustrating the genera, affords excellent instruction for beginners.

2. Our N. A. Land and Fresh Water Species have been ably treated by Binney and Bland, most of whose works can be obtained at nominal cost by addressing Mr. Spencer F. Baird, Sec. of Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

3. A small work on Common Sea Shells of California, published by Prof. Josiah Keep, of Alameda, Cal.—Harry E. Dore.

71. *Owls*.—In answer to a question in the January number, I think that owls do not move their eyes in their sockets. If you go

near a cage in which an owl is confined, and walk to and fro, he will move his head as you go.—Herbert Westwood.

"I see it stated in 'Facts and Phases of Animal Life' that owls can not move their eyes in their sockets, but they can turn their heads very far around so as look down their own backs."—E. B. Smyth.

[Similar answers from M. E. Goodrich and others.]

72. *Silk-worms*.—*What they will eat*.—Not being able to obtain white mulberry leaves, which are, I believe, the only mulberry leaves on which the *Bombyx mori* will thrive, I fed them on leaves of Osage-orange. At the time I was raising about 2000 larvae. These leaves must be plucked sometime before, so as to allow them to wilt before giving them to the worms. This rule must be rigidly observed. I made an experiment to test it. I placed four healthy worms in a sieve by themselves, and fed them exclusively on fresh leaves. They grew wonderfully, and reached their largest size before the others; but as soon as they began to spin they grew sickly and weak, and after forming slight cocoons, died entangled in the silk. Most of those fed on wilted leaves spun well. If the question were simply, "What will silk-worms eat?" I might answer, with a good degree of accuracy, that they will eat every leaf that grows; but as I know you desire to know what they will *thrive* on, I highly recommend Osage-orange.—A Friend of the A. A.

[Similar answers from Frank L. Jones, M. D., who adds the scientific name of the Osage-orange (*boisdare, machura aurantiaca*), and states that it grows in all parts of Colorado; also, answers from Mr. P. M. Floyd and others.]

73. *Flowers under a handkerchief*.—We came to a spot which Dr. Hammond covered with his handkerchief, and we guessed how many kinds of plants were growing under it. There were ten: a violet, a dandelion, an aster, a buttercup, a hepatica, a fern, a Michella vine, a daisy, a plantain, a veronica.—Emily S. Warren.

74. *Winter*.—I feel as keen delight in the approach of winter as I should if spring, with all her glories, were at the gate. For me, the vast white carpet, absolutely without a stain, the low-hanging sun, and the trees that respond to the winter wind, have peculiar charms.—Linwood M. Howe, Hallowell, Me.

75. *Streams drying up*.—The streams in this part of Maine seem to be gradually dwindling. Can this be owing to the destruction of our forests?—L. M. H.

76. *Cow Black-bird*.—I found four cow-birds' eggs in a nest with one egg of the Wilson's thrush. Has any one else found so many in one nest?—X.

77. *Night-hawk asleep*.—Last August, I saw, about seven o'clock one evening, what I took to be a dead bird lying on a stone wall by the road-side. It was half lying, half leaning, against a stone. I clambered up the bank to get it, making some noise. Just as I put out my hand to pick it up, with a great flap and rush by my face, the bird soared up into the air. As soon as it opened its wings, I knew it to be a night-hawk by the white spots on the under side of them, and by the peculiar cry it uttered.—Wm. Carter.

78. *Humming-birds learn by experience*.—A young lady watched some humming-birds taking nectar from the flowers of our abutment. The full-grown birds pushed their bills in between the calyx and corolla, just as the bees I wrote of some months ago nipped a hole in the petunias, in order to get more easily at the nectar. But the most curious thing is, that the young birds tried to take their drink in the ordinary way, by going inside the bell of the flower, and it was only as they grew in wisdom and stature that they learned from their parents the shorter way. The young lady is quite confident that the smaller birds were not of a different kind, but the young of the larger birds.—C.

QUESTIONS.

Is it a common thing for flowers to change their color in different years? We have a rose that, formerly pale yellow, has changed first to pink and then to white.—Mary R. Ridgway.

How are pebbles formed? How many kinds of iron ore are found in America? What are the causes of earthquakes?—Chicago, E. per Frank W. Wentworth.

Are there galleries in the homes of ants? Do ants live through the winter? Explain the phenomenon of frogs raining down? What causes, and what is, the blue part of the flame next the gas-jet?—C. F. G.

What is *attacus cynthia*?—X.

I have been trying unsuccessfully to find something about sea-beans? Will not some one help me?—A. S. G.

What are the two red spots on the back of the "Rusty Vapor Moth"? I had one under the microscope, and the red spots moved, and a black spot appeared and then disappeared.—F. V. Corregan

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

283. *Greenfield, Mass.*—We take with pleasure from the *Springfield Republican* the following encouraging notice of Chapter 283, Greenfield, Mass., and shall be grateful to all secretaries of other Chapters who will send us copies of papers that contain mention of their work:

"Principal Sanderson started a good deal of zeal among the high school pupils, some two years ago, in the study of natural history,

and as a result the natural history society was organized. The work began in a small way in the collection of birds, plants, and minerals, until the foundation has been laid for a permanent museum. The Society now has one large case of stuffed birds, containing 150 well-preserved specimens. These are mostly native birds, caught and mounted by members of the Society. Several in this way have become quite expert taxidermists. In the list, however, are found some rare birds, including the beautiful 'Ruby Topaz' humming-bird, the 'Rosy Starling' and the 'Coppersmith' from India, while the horned owl and the blue kingfisher have been found in the neighboring woods. There are also some cases of insects, and any quantity of birds' eggs. The Society belongs to the Agassiz Association, and by exchanges has added to some of the departments. The local organization is made up of thirty-six members, who were ambitious enough, last fall, to hire of the town the old brick house near the high-school building, paying a rental of \$150 a year. These youthful scientific investigators want encouragement from the citizens at large, and are going to ask the town, at its annual meeting, to contribute the rent of this building. It would seem that the voters could very properly encourage the young people in this way. As the natural history rooms are located close to the high-school building, it can very readily be made a beneficial adjunct to the public schools. Already the zoological classes have enjoyed the advantage of these rooms and their collections."

339. *Salt Lake City*.—We have taken two sails on Great Salt Lake. A small island was found, inhabited by gulls, pelicans, and cranes. It was covered with eggs and young birds. As we approached the island, the old birds flew up in clouds, making a noise that was almost deafening. The pelicans' nests were formed of sticks, and contained from two to four large white eggs each.

Last month, five of the members went to Strawberry Valley. It is high up on the tops of the mountains, being between 8000 and 9000 feet above the sea. The sides are thickly covered with firs, pines, etc., among which are many kinds of game. The hunters shot five deer. We saw quite a number of beaver-dams, and learned much about the habits of animals.

On the way home, we visited some curious warm springs. They flow from cone-shaped mounds, 20 or 30 feet high, formed of calcareous tufa. We saw one filled to within a few feet of the top, and the orifice, which was 25 feet in diameter, was almost perfectly round.

The following will show something of the progress we have made in our collections. The entomologist now has 1800 insects, the botanist has collected 325 species of plants, and the geologist has 170 minerals, 170 fossils, and 90 species of shells. Another member has 9 varieties of eggs, including pelicans' and gulls'.—Arthur G. Leonard.

395. *Montreal, Canada*.—We have a splendid cabinet, 6 feet high, 3 feet wide, and 2 feet deep, containing forty-eight drawers, twenty-two of which are allotted to the entomological section. Nineteen of these are already filled with insects. Our library promises to become a great success. We are trying to secure a room in the St. Antoine School for a museum and reading-room. We have had two very successful field-meetings, on one of which prizes were offered for the best collection made during the day. I expect to see the Montreal branch of the A. A. take a leading position among the scientific institutions of Canada. One of our most successful evenings was spent with the microscope, and I was fairly astonished to see how the attention of even the smallest boy was secured, and to note his horror on learning that the "lobster" under the glass was only a flea!—W. D. Shaw.

132. *Buffalo, B. N. Y.*—We have at present twenty-two active members. Our meetings are held once a week in the library of the Society of Natural Science. The aggregate of our collections is minerals, 2450; fossils, 1350; insects, 450; eggs, 165. We have sent you, as a New Year's token, a box of minerals and fossils which fairly represent our local geology.—Chas. W. Dobbins.

[For the beautiful specimens, please accept our hearty thanks.]

Merano, Tyrol.—Our Chapter is traveling in Europe, and in a week we hope to go to Italy. We have been working steadily, and during the summer have collected and pressed about 472 botanical specimens.—H. Ries, with Mrs. Richter, care Brown, Shipley & Co., London, Eng.

Neuchâtel, Switzerland.—We have formed a traveling Chapter of the A. A., with four members.—Kenneth Brown, Sec.

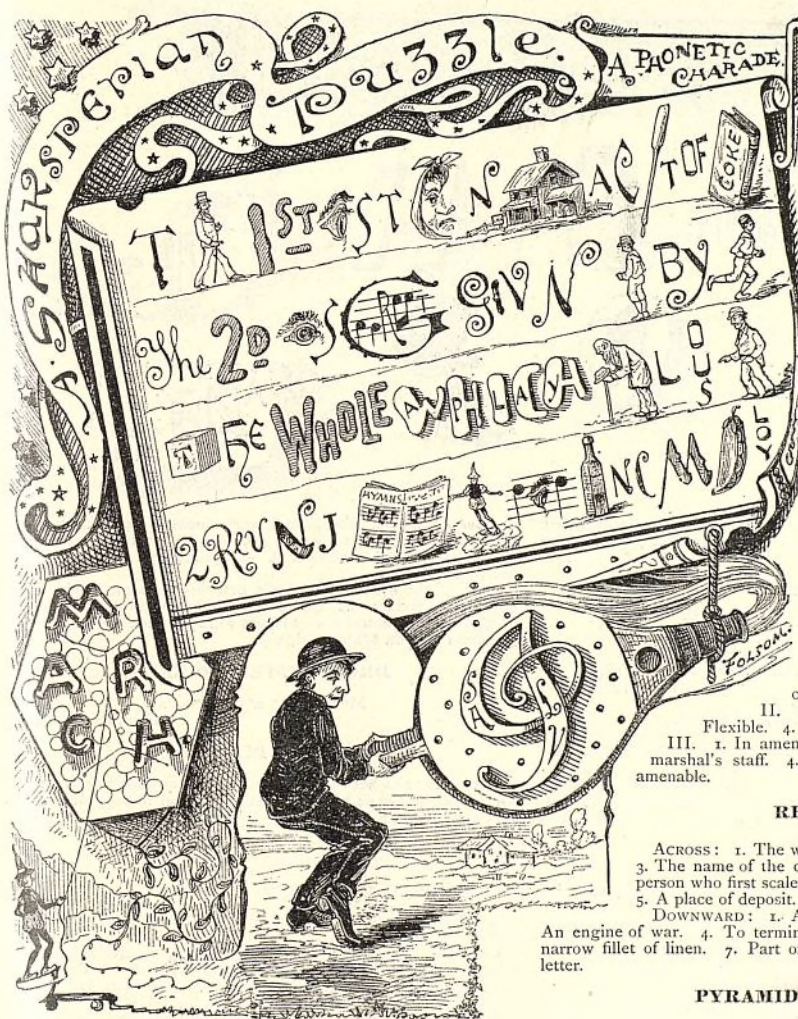
St. Paul, Minn.—We began our Chapter with six members, and in six months have increased to fifteen. We held a fair and cleared \$14.08.—Philip C. Allen, St. Paul, C.

In closing our report for March, we must express our belief that our Association has never been so hard at work and, consequently, never so truly prosperous, as now. We beg all our young friends who have written us long and interesting letters, and have not yet seen extracts from them in print, to have patience, remembering that where there are 6370 hands to be shaken, it can not be done in a moment.

Address all communications to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



THE above picture should first be read as a rebus. The result will be a four-line charade. This should, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar charades. The first and second parts of the word are defined phonetically. The one word which is the answer is the name of a Shakesperian play. The answer to the rebus on the bellows is a prominent exponent of the principal character of this play.

G. F.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a famous musical composer, who died in March, 1827; my finals name a queen, who died in the same month, but over two hundred years previous.

Cross-words: 1. To sew slightly. 2. Found in a studio. 3. Listlessness. 4. A precious stone. 5. A famous volcano. 6. A town of Servia near the city of Nissa. 7. Indefinite. 8. The world. 9. To whinny.

"MARK TAPLEY."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-three letters, and am part of a poem by "H. H."

My 10-49-34-65-36 is a sharp instrument for cutting. My 69-18-85-12 is a nimbus. My 66-20-53-44-74-40 is powerful. My 47-70-

62-31-67-89 is the workshop of an artist. My 57-7-48-68 is the green cormorant. My 8-61-45-90 is the fleecy coat of the sheep. My 27-79-1-6-64-59-24-71 is a large snake of South America. My 38-88-28-93-73 is primary. My 52-9-58-14 is warmth. My 21-84-35-91 is liked by a boy in windy weather. My 25-54-43-31 is the instrument by which a ship is steered. My 15-75-41-46 is the body of an old ship. My 4-23-92-22-33-55-63-2-42 is aversion. My 76-17-32-29 is the reddish coating on iron exposed to moist air. My 77-51-16-30-13 is to scatter. My 72-16-81-86-56 is the principal course of a dinner. My 82-39-60-50-78-11-80 is sometimes the last course of a dinner. My 5-37-87-26-83 is a wanderer.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

PROGRESSIVE DIAMONDS.

I
I 2 3
I 2 3 4 5
3 4 5
5

- I. 1. In amenable. 2. Bustle. 3. To reverence. 4. A compound of metal. 5. In amenable. II. 1. In amenable. 2. Kindled. 3. Flexible. 4. A useful article. 5. In amenable. III. 1. In amenable. 2. A flying animal. 3. A marshal's staff. 4. The prevailing fashion. 5. In amenable.

DYCIE.

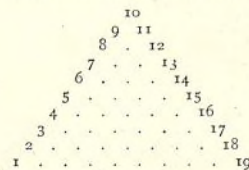
RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. The weight of four grains. 2. Custom. 3. The name of the crown given by the Romans to the person who first scaled an enemy's walls. 4. Lukewarm. 5. A place of deposit.

DOWNWARD: 1. A letter. 2. An exclamation. 3. An engine of war. 4. To terminate or border. 5. Weary. 6. A narrow fillet of linen. 7. Part of the face. 8. To perform. 9. A letter.

"A. P. OWDER, JR."

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

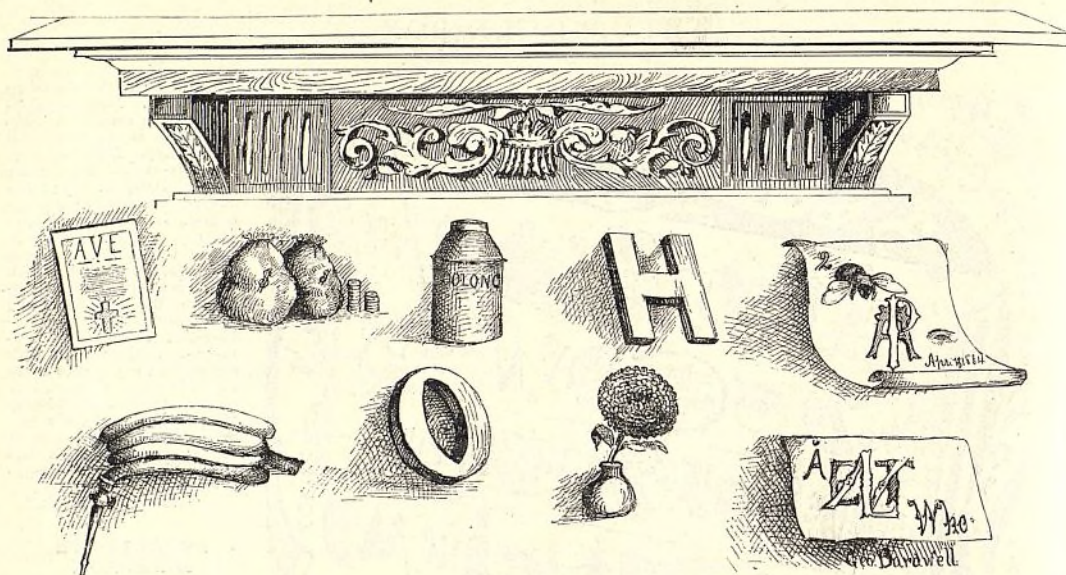


Reading across:

Let T crown the pyramid which here you view;
Then take yourself twice—I mean double U;
A small sharp report now take, I beseech;
Then take what a preacher takes when he would preach;
Of "income" to take the reverse is now meet;
Now, a volume made up of eight leaves to a sheet;
Next, take one who rivals yourself, if you dare;
Take of earnings divided your own proper share;
Now take a word meaning just, even, or right;
Last of all, you may name the chief one in a fight.
Take from one to nineteen, or from nineteen to one
(It makes not the least difference under the sun),
—And at once you will see, as a kind of a border,
—These six words, which are

C. C. D.

A LENTEN PUZZLE.



ARRANGE these ten articles upon the shelf in such a way that they may be read as a rebus. The sentence thus formed is a maxim from "Poor Richard's Almanac."

G. W. B.

CHARADE.

My *first* it is dark but my *second* is bright
When in a cold *first* at its door you alight.
My *third* fills my *first* with dismay and affright;
But my *whole* cheers my *first* with its song of delight.
"THE WHOLE FAMILY."

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Syncopate a small boy from an illness, and leave a month of blossoms. ANSWER: Ma-lad-y.

1. Syncopate a dairy product from a mendicant, and leave a division in music. 2. Syncopate a measure of weight from small portions of territory, and leave cups for liquids. 3. Syncopate a

number from made plump, and leave doomed. 4. Syncopate consumed from a stove, and leave a pronoun. 5. Syncopate a pronoun from cleansed, and leave to stuff. 6. Syncopate a fowl from pagans, and leaves warms.

Each of the syncopated words contains the same number of letters; when these words are placed one below another in the order here given, the central row of letters will spell the name of a German poet who died on March 22d, 1832.

F. S. F.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

M*r*h *r*s* n*v*r *i* g*o*.
"MARGERY MIDGET."

PI.

How sthoos ta het dim-yad nus, gouthh eh si ruse eh lashl veern
ith het karm, ety sa ruse eh si, hatt eh lashl hosto gerhih hant eh
how sima tub ta a shub.

M. V.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

SHAKESPEAREAN PUZZLE. "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice." ANSWER to rebus, Edwin Booth.

ZIGZAG. Washington. Cross-words: 1. Ware. 2. rAnk. 3. maSk. 4. lasH. 5. spIn. 6. sNug. 7. Glow. 8. sTir. 9. biOt. 10. claN. — CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Neptune.

REVERSIBLE CROSSES. I. From 1 to 5, part; 2 to 5, girl; 3 to 5, loot; 4 to 5, edit. II. From 1 to 5, meet; 2 to 5, mart; 3 to 5, toot; 4 to 5, emit. — CHARADE. Phan-tom.

ACROSTIC. From 5 to 8, Ossa; 9 to 12, Arno; 13 to 16, Horn. From 1 to 4, from 1 to 13, and from 16 to 4, Noah.

SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

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 JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from Arthur Gride — Maggie T. Turrill — Clark and Lowell — Eddie and Oscar — Hugh and Cis — Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from Edith M. Van Dusen, 1 — Helen Ballantine, 1 — Willie Mossman, 2 — Georgie Denton, 2 — Alma Hoffman, 1 — Bessie Perault, 3 — Hannah Harwood Greene, 1 — M. M. 1 — Geo. P. Miller, 5 — Helen and Adelbert S. Hay, 2 — C. W. Woodward, 1 — Hattie K. Toles, 1 — James W. Fiske, 1 — Horace R. Parker, 7 — Blanche H. and Annie L. 2 — Arthur, 3 — F. and H. Davis, 8 — Manny Neuburger, 1 — "Mrs. Nickleby," 1 — Samuel Workman, 1 — Maude H. Bucknor, 7 — H. E. C. 2 — Bertha Feldwisch, 5 — William C. Marshall, 1 — Eva M. Shelow, 1 — Emma T. Screws, 1 — Ned V. Shipsey, 3 — "Ed and Ben," 8 — Lilian V. Leach, 1 — Maude, Annie, and Carrie, 5 — Fin. I. S. 7 — R. K. Miller, 1 — Millie Kendall, 4 — "Little Buttercup," 1 — Alice Close, 3 — Daisy Moss, 1 — Edith Helen Moss, 1 — Edith Helen Moss, 1 — Jessie E. Jenks, 1 — C. Chas. Ernst, Jr. 1 — May Whitsit, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 5 — Mamie and Lillie Brown, 7 — Austin H. Pease, 8 — Mrs. J. Frank Reeves, 1 — Maggie M. Adelsberger, 2 — Lucia T. H. 2 — Alex. Laidlaw, 8 — Bessie Rogers and Co. 9 — Theo. Megardien, 1 — Paul Reese, 6 — Charles Howard Williams, 3 — Mary P. Stockett, 5 — Olive Durant, 1 — Julia T. Nelson, 4 — Harry F. Whiting, 4 — W. T. and M. L. 7 — W. L. Keleher, 1 — Mary C. Burnam, 7 — Mamie Hitchcock, 8 — Upton, 6 — Helen Hollister, 1 — T. S. Palmer, 8 — D. B. Shumway, 9 — Almada H. Curtis, 1 — Millie White, 8 — Willie Sheraton, 3 — Jessie A. Platt, 8 — Amateur Editor, 1 — Maria Fagersten, 1 — Clara J. Child, 7 — Vessie Westover and Eva Roddin, 8 — Dorothy, 7.

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