



ST. NICHOLAS.

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A HERO OF LEXINGTON.

BY W. W. FINK.

"I HAD two bullets in my pouch,
Two charges in my horn,
When British red-coats gayly came
To Lexington that morn."

The veteran gravely said the words,
And paused, and silent grew;
But Johnny raised the lashes from
His wond'ring eyes of blue,

And cried: "Oh! grandpa, tell me all!
How many did you slay?
'T was glorious if each bullet killed
A Britisher that day!"

The veteran smiled upon the child;
"You think so now," said he;
"But the wreath of fame on Victory's brow
Is the badge of misery.

"Too well you know the story, dear,
To ask for its repeating;
How, back from Concord, came the foe
Toward Boston swift retreating.

"A proud young officer passed by,
And, standing near a wall,
I raised my rifle to my eye,
Resolved that he should fall.

"With steady nerve and earnest aim
I drew a bead; and then —

Well, then the proud young officer
Marched onward with his men! —

"One charge was in my powder-horn,
One in my rusty gun."
"And killed you not a single man?"
"Not one, my boy, not one!"

"You're angry, dear, and so was I,
For my patriot blood was hot;
But I've thanked the Lord a thousand times
That He staid the deadly shot;

"For, when the war was o'er at last,
The man I tried to kill
Became my friend, — I see him now
Just coming 'round the hill!"

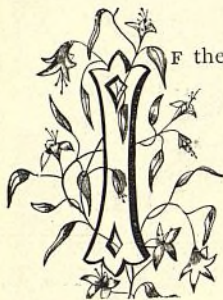
"Why, that is *father!*" — "Yes, my boy;
Run to the house and bring
My rifle, now, and let me prove
That war's a cruel thing.

"You wished that I had killed him then —
Suppose I kill him now!"
— The child gazed on the veteran's face
And fiercely frowning brow;

And then, forgetting Lexington
And glory's glittering charms,
Turned traitor, and abruptly fled
To the red-coat's fondling arms.

FAIRY LODGE.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.



F there is yet any faith in fairies, it is to be found among little girls,—the dear “maiden-kind,” so ready to believe in “whatsoever things are lovely”; and it is to them that I wish to tell the story of Fairy Lodge.

“Is it true?” you ask. Yes, perfectly true, as far as the Lodge is concerned. As to the fairies, I can not certainly say that I have seen them.

On the level brow of a mountain, within a hundred miles of the office of ST. NICHOLAS, stands a lovely home—lovely, because love has done so much toward making it what it is; and love, aided by a creative faculty, can do marvelous things. The home has a fine forest around it, which, out of regard for the fairies, I suppose, is left much as nature would have kept it. There are many beautiful and interesting things in and around the home, gathered from foreign lands and from our own, and nothing has been left undone that could help to make the six children of the home wise and happy.

But the happiest thought of all was the building of Fairy Lodge.

There was the forest, to be sure; but what place was there for the dear, old-fashioned, household fairies? The home was too stately by far, and no fairy could be comfortable in a modern house; so there was built, first in the thought of the home, and afterward among the trees near by it, a log cabin, that must have seemed at least two hundred years old to the fairies when they first discovered it; and as they never stop their pranks to reason about time or place, I suppose they took possession at once without question.

There was this stipulation made (if the fairies ever listened to it), that they and the other household fairies—the six children—should occupy it jointly and harmoniously for purposes of work and play, and so it has been occupied to this day; and I have never heard of a collision between the two parties, though the children would be glad of any collision that would give them an opportunity of seeing the fairies. During the day the Lodge belongs to the children, but at night it is sacred to the use of the fairies; and, if any of you have a drop of fairy blood in your veins, you have only to peep through the little panes of the Lodge windows

to witness some of the merriest midnight routs that ever were seen.

There was a great deal of pleasure got out of the building and the settling of the Lodge. I think the great chimney must have been built first, for that, when the logs are ablaze in it, forms the heart and lungs of the house. The fire-place almost fills one side of the “living-room,” and all the old-time utensils are there,—the andirons, the crane, the tongs, the bake-kettle, and the iron tea-kettle, while the bellows hangs by the chimney-side.

There are no “modern antiques” in Fairy Lodge, and everything is a bit of history. The cupboard at one end of the fire-place is filled with rare old odds and ends from many a broken set of china. On the right of the fire-place stands the spinning-wheel, and the great arm-chair is drawn close to the braided rug before the fire. Then there are chests and dressers with brass corners and handles, and chairs, and tables with spindle legs; old-time mirrors, and a clock with a time-worn face; and, in a corner, stand the big wool-wheel, the swifts, and the reel.

There are interesting pictures on the log walls—miniatures of men with high, rolling collars, and of women with short waists and puffy sleeves; and there are documents of historic value, yellow with age and heavy with seals, in frames of tarnished gilt. There are books also, in which the “s’s are all f’s,” as one of the six children said,—and psalm-books full of “quavers,” “semi-quavers,” and “demi-semi-quavers.”

There is a kitchen, opening out of the “living-room,” which has the modern innovation of a cook-stove. The two elder girls practiced cookery at the Lodge, and found it difficult to reach the best results with a tin bake-oven and a long-handled frying-pan. So the stove came in, and the fairies have made no sign of disapproval; but it is evident that they prefer to bake and brew for their midnight suppers at the great fire-place, for they never touch the row of cup custards, or the wedges of gold and silver cake that are set for them at the close of a five o’clock tea.

On those long and lovely days when there are guests at the home, the Lodge, as you may imagine, is a cozy retreat for the girls and their friends. There is the last recipe from the Cooking Club to be tried in the morning, and a tea at five o’clock. There is no hurry, for there is no

heavy work to be done before "company" comes. There is chatting and laughing on the "back stoop," and lounging and dreaming on the front porch, where sitting under one's own vine and fig-tree in utter content is only interrupted by sudden flights to the kitchen to see if the oven is hot, or if the cake is getting too brown. After the baking, there are dishes to wash, and the dish-towels to rinse and hang outside, and then there is nothing to do again except rest and read, until it is time to "set the table" for tea.

There is an old-fashioned flower-garden in front of the Lodge, which must be dear to the garden fairies. It is laid out in square "beds," with walks

derly by everybody in the home,—for there was a "planting of the apple-tree" one May-day, when the baby-girl was just one year old, and all the elder apple-trees wore pink and white that day, and the little girl wears the apple-blossom ever since as her own flower.

From November until May the fairies have full possession of the Lodge, and it is supposed that the frost-sprites, who drift down from the North during that season, make it their head-quarters; for often, of a winter's morning, there are traces on the window-panes of delicate and lovely lace-work, such as only frost-sprites know how to make. Their advance couriers work wonders of color with



FAIRY LODGE.

between, and there are grass-pinks and portulacca in the borders, with settings of marigold and larkspur, of corn-lily and peony and poppies, all entangled with vagrant sweet-pea and morning-glory; while, farther back, stand hollyhocks and sunflowers in a stately row. And the old-fashioned flowers have had the honor of going, each summer, with the flowers from the home conservatories, in thousands of bouquets, through the Flower Mission, to the city hospitals and the sick-rooms of the poor.

In one of the garden beds near the Lodge, stands a little apple-tree, watched over very ten-

derly by everybody in the home,—for there was a "planting of the apple-tree" one May-day, when the baby-girl was just one year old, and all the elder apple-trees wore pink and white that day, and the little girl wears the apple-blossom ever since as her own flower.

For a last picture, we will go back to the day when the Lodge, finished and furnished, gathered its friends to the "hanging of the crane." There were many guests, honored and beloved, who had gathered the day before to assist in the dedication of the little church near by, and who remained, at the invitation of the young people, to the "house-warming" at Fairy Lodge. It was a happy, old-

time affair, where two of the young daughters from the home, assisted by four of their friends, stood in a stately row and "received." I have said stately, for the maidens were arrayed in the garments of their grandmothers,—the high, powdered coiffure, the gay brocades, and the silks that would "stand alone"; the yellow lace and kerchief, worn

baked beans, doughnuts, and pumpkin pie; and the young people were served toasts and speeches by wise and reverend men who had assisted at many a state and college banquet, but whose heads were almost turned by this occasion; for who would not forget fifty years of his life and his degree to find himself a boy at home again, with the back-



"UNDER ONE'S OWN VINE AND FIG-TREE."

years before their present wearers were born; the simpler hood and gown of the Puritan girl, and the bridal dress and veil worn by the grandmother of one little maid fifty years before.

After the greetings of welcome, there was a genuine merry-making, and the guests were served by their young hostesses to a collation, which included

log blazing in the old fire-place, the kettle singing drowsily on the crane, and a row of apples roasting on the hearth?

In the midst of this wholly unconventional feast (for time, if not space, had been unceremoniously hustled out of doors), the head of the home rose to ask a question.

"Children, what is mamma's favorite motto?"
 "The two F's,—Faith and Fun," was the ready response.

"Yesterday, we dedicated a house to faith, and to-

in it, when all joined hands and sang—the old voices and the young—dear "Auld Lang Syne," and then passed out through the little flower-garden, leaving the Lodge to the fairies.



INTERIOR OF FAIRY LODGE.

day we dedicate another to — *Fun!* Shall it be so?"

The answer was what might have been expected,

How shall I close without describing the fairy fête that took place that night! I think it is really



THE HOSTESSES OF "FAIRY LODGE" RECEIVE IN FANCY DRESS.

and the hour that followed was quite in the line of the suggestion, but at the last was tempered into something that had less of fun and more of faith

a greater disappointment to me than to you that I am unable to do so, for I am afraid that many of you have already begun to be unbelievers in one

side of my story, while to me Nature has a living personality that easily takes form, and I think I am getting my "second-sight."

Indeed, I am almost ready to declare that on Hallow-Eve next, after walking backward around

the Lodge three times, unwinding a ball of wool that has never been dyed, and then throwing the ball over the chimney-top, I shall be able to see the fairies holding high carnival inside;—in which case I promise to tell you all about it.



HOW BRIGHT BENSON GOT HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

BY REV. C. R. TALBOT.

BRIGHTMAN BENSON came out of the little weather-beaten red house that stands on the rising ground overlooking the Cove, and walked slowly down toward the beach, reading a newspaper as he went. Suddenly, he stopped short and stood for a moment, staring at a paragraph that had caught his eye. Then, with an air of vexation, he crushed the paper angrily together and thrust it into his pocket, starting on again at a quicker pace and presently turning off upon the narrow wharf that ran out from the beach into deep water. He went out to the end of the wharf and sat down upon the cap-log, dropping his chin into his hands and gazing down moodily into the water.

"What be ye doin', Bright? Anybuddy 'd think your best friend 'd jest gone down for the third time right 'fore your eyes."

A minute later, the speaker had come quietly up behind him, and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. The latter recognized his voice at once. Everybody knew everybody else's voice at Lobster Cove,—at least, everybody knew Uncle Silas Watson's. Bright answered, without looking up.

"If my best friend was out there," said he, rather ungraciously, "I should n't be sitting here watching the place where he went down."

"Wall, now, if ye have n't ennythin' better to do than mopin' 'round in this way, I want ye. I 've got to go down an' empty my traps. The smack 'll be in termorrer from Deer Island, an' my car aint harf full yet. I 'll give ye ninety cents. Thet 's fair wages for four or five hours' work. I could git Tink Potter, but you 're wuth two o' him at an oar. What d' ye say?"

Bright rose up from his seat and stood a moment with his hands in his pockets, still looking into the water. Suddenly he turned about almost fiercely. "Uncle Sile," he demanded, "do I look like a person of sound body and healthy constitution?"

The old lobsterman looked back at him with a kind of thoughtful curiosity, presently letting his glance run down the stout, well-built figure of the lad to his very feet, and then back again until it rested once more upon his manly, sun-burned face. "Sound body an' healthy constitution?" repeated he. "Humph! Who ever saw one o' your folks thet war n't! Ye 're not worryin' 'bout y'r health, air ye, Bright? Why, boy, you 've got a hunderd years ter live yet, ef ye take keer o' y'rself. The Bensons 'r a long-lived race, I tell ye. They come to *stay*, they did!"

Bright nodded quickly at this, as if it were no

more than he had expected, and then went straight on: "Well, how about my mental abilities? Do you think you could say that they were fair, and that I had any natural aptitude for study and habits of application and persistent effort?" He pronounced the words as if he were quoting them from a book—as, indeed, was the case.

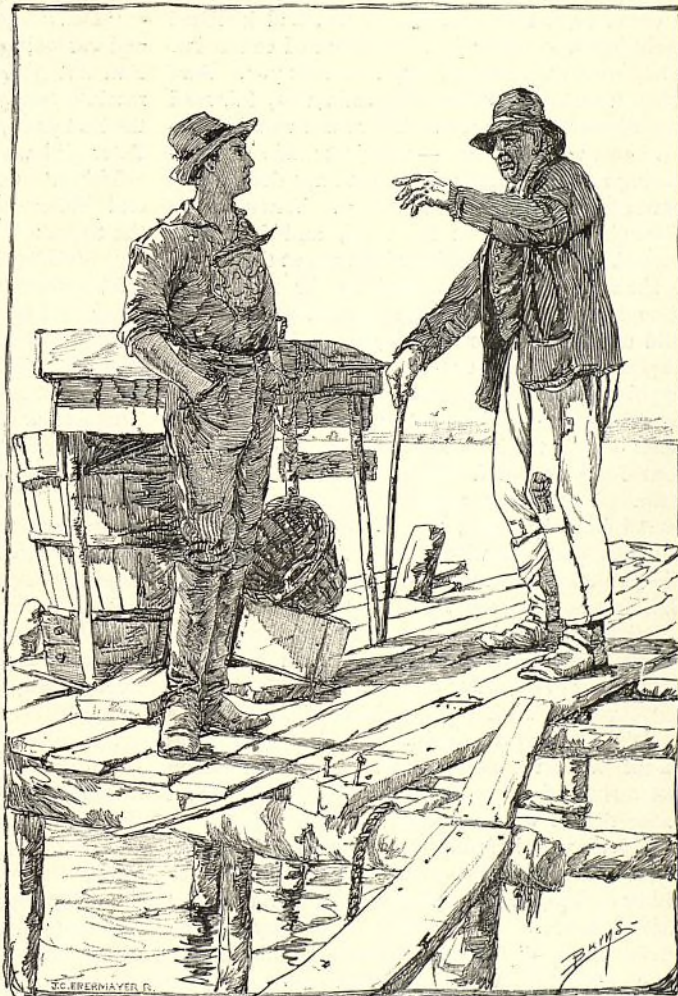
Uncle Silas scratched his chin. "I dunno 's I'm a judge o' mental 'bilities," said he, diffidently. "I was brought up on the water, an' my eddication don't extend much 'bove high-water mark. But I've heerd my gal, Hetty, say more 'n once thet you were the smartest scholar in school, 'n' what a pity 't was thet you could n't go to collige."

"College!" There was an odd sort of contempt in the way Bright took up the word. "I don't want to go to *college*!—at least, not to any of those land-lubber concerns. I want to go to the Naval School at Annapolis!" As he finished, he stooped down, and taking a good-sized lump of iron-stone from a heap of ballast that had been thrown out upon the wharf, he sent it spinning into the air, catching it as it came down again as easily as though it had been a regulation ball. And when he looked at his companion, it was out of the corner of his eye. He was almost afraid of being laughed at.

Uncle Sile was regarding him not with amusement, however, but with increased interest. Nobody at Lobster Cove had ever aspired to anything like this. The command of a factory smack, or, at most, of one of the big smacks that came once a week to take the larger lobsters down to Portland or Boston, was the grandest ambition that any Lobster Cove boy had ever been known to entertain. And yet, as he looked now at the fine young fellow before him, the old man acknowledged that there was an element of consistency in the scheme.

"Juniper!" he observed, solemnly, "ef ye *could* git in, Bright, the Guvverment would n't be any loser by the transaction, that 's sartain! Why, you 're a better sailor this minute than harf the navy chaps arter they 're put on to the

retired list. I see one on 'em las' summer down t' South Saint George. He came 'round inspectin' light-houses. I see him jump ashore one day with a boat's painter, an' I 'll be painted plum-color ef he did n't make *four harf hitches* 'round a post with it." Uncle Sile threw back his head at the recollection, and discharged into the air a volley of peculiar sounds that were, on the whole, quite as well calculated to provoke mirth as to express



"WHY, BOY, YOU 'VE A HUNDRED YEARS TO LIVE YET, EF YE TAKE KEER O' Y'RSELF!"

it. He immediately recovered his soberness, however, and returned to the subject.

"You 'd hev to write to the member o' Congress from this deestrick f'r *that*, would n't ye?"

"That is just what I did do," responded poor Bright, bitterly. "And precious little good it did me!"

"Did n't he answer it?" asked Uncle Sile.

"Yes, he answered it." Bright hesitated a moment; and then, willing to taste of the consolation which almost always comes from the narration of one's wrongs, he plunged into the rest of the story. "He answered it, and told me there was to be a preliminary examination at B—— last Wednesday, and I could come up and try that if I liked. I did like, and I went. There were four other fellows besides me; and a puny-looking set they were. I give you my word, Uncle Sile, I could have taken all four of 'em and knocked their heads together just as easily as I can swim. They would have *run*g, too, I warrant you. And when it came to the mental examination, I *know* I was better 'n any of 'em. There was one fellow—his name was Cushman—who just made an everlasting noodle of himself. He 'd have done a deal better if he 'd kept still altogether. When we got through, I looked at them all, and I said to myself, 'Well, if any of *you* beat me at this thing, I shall never get over blushing for myself.' I thought I was sure of the appointment. They told us an announcement would be made in the papers within a day or two, and the one that was appointed would get notice, and could then go on to Annapolis for the regular examination. And what do you think? This morning's paper says that Congressman Lorrimer has appointed Cushman. The paper says he is the son of Mr. Rodolphus Cushman, the B—— millionaire. I suppose that was why he got the appointment. He don't know a marline-spike from a belayin'-pin, and he never will!"

Bright threw down the lump of iron-stone, which had all the while remained in his hand, with an air of complete disgust.

"I vow, it's an eternal shame!" Uncle Silas exclaimed, sympathetically. "An' it's jest what might 'a' ben expected, too. Thet 'xamination was a sham from beginnin' to end. They did n't *mean* t' give ye the app'intment."

"No," said Bright. "They meant Cushman should have it all the while. If I had had a rich father and influential friends, I might have stood some chance. But having no money and no friends at all—" The lad stopped short and looked down upon the ground, his eyes suddenly filling with bitter tears. And, indeed, there was no need for him to finish his sentence. It all went without saying,—the slights, the injustice, the disappointment that a poor, friendless fellow, such as he, might always expect in such a pursuit.

"Yes," continued Uncle Sile, nodding vehemently. "It's all a piece of p'litic'l *shycainery*. Talk 'bout y'r 'civil sarvice reform'! They 'd better begin at the House o' Ripresent'tives with their reformin'. They're ready enough t' put a 'civil

sarvice' plank inter their platforms, an' they allus plant their feet squarely on it when they make their speeches; but arter 'lection 's over, they split it up f'r kindlin' mighty quick, I guess. Nobody ever hears of it ag'in." Uncle Silas was an ardent politician, and had frequently, before this, delivered himself at great length upon this very subject up at Gideon Trowbridge's grocery-store. "Well, then," he asked, finally, "what ye goin' t' do about it, Bright?"

"Do?" repeated Bright, who had turned around and was looking down into the water again. "Well, I'm not going to drown myself." And with a resolute change of manner he whirled about. "In the first place, I guess I 'll do just what the apostle Peter did when things looked dark. I 'll 'go a-fishing.' Or, rather, I 'll go a-lobstering. Come on! Where 's your dory? We 'll go and empty the traps."

"Well," chimed in the old man, as they walked off together, "I'm not sure but that 's the best thing you kin do, arter all. I tell ye what, this cannin' lobsters is gettin' t' be a smashin' big business. There 's *one consarn* owns twenty-three factories 'tween Casco Bay an' the Bay o' Fundy." This was another subject upon which Uncle Sile could wax eloquent at a moment's notice. "A boy might do worse, Bright, than stay here an' grow up with it. They say solderers 're gettin' fifteen an' eighteen dollars a week down ter Green's Landin'."

Poor Bright shut his teeth hard, and listened as patiently as he could. Alas, alas! Was this the waking from his dream of naval glory?—a life-long future spent in cracking lobsters or soldering cans, in a coast of Maine lobster factory. Poor Bright, indeed!

But whatever was to be the future career of Brightman Benson, he was not destined to begin it within the unsavory walls of a lobster factory. For, a few days later, he heard that Captain Bruce Gardner wanted a boy to go with him in his sloop, the "Elizabeth and Jane"; and Bright promptly applied for the position, and got it. Nor was there in this case any violation of the principles of civil service reform. Captain Bruce wanted an active, industrious boy, and one who knew something about lobsters and smacks. And although there were three other candidates for the place, his selection of Bright was made purely on the ground of superior merit.

All through the summer, and into the month of September, Bright sailed with Captain Bruce in the "Elizabeth and Jane"; and, in more senses than one, he did his duty like a man. He grew browner and stronger and a better sailor every day, but he never grew more contented. There was something

in him that would not let him settle down and be satisfied with such a life as this. He felt that he was made for something better; and something better, sooner or later, he meant to be. Meanwhile, there was nothing for him just now but to follow still the apostle's rule, and do with all his might the thing that came to his hand. And so, while the lobster season lasted, he stuck to the "Elizabeth and Jane" and laid carefully away all the money that he earned.

The lobstermen of the Maine coast are famous politicians. They have a good deal of time, first and last, for talking politics; and they do not fail to improve it. Captain Bruce Gardner was no exception to the rule. Not that he talked with Bright very much. He never got any encouragement to do so. But he found plenty of others to talk with, in his cruising to and fro among the different lobster-fishing grounds; and when at last the fall election came around, he arranged his trips so as to be home at Lobster Cove for election day. They arrived at the Cove the night before, and Captain Bruce told Bright he could have the next thirty-six hours for a holiday. So Bright dressed himself up and went ashore to spend the night with his aunt, Mrs. Alvinah Pond, who lived up on the hill in the little red house.

The next morning, however, the Captain came to him, with something of an apologetic air, and said that he had work for him, after all. He wanted him to take the "Elizabeth and Jane" down to Egg Island and bring up a gang of ship-carpenters, who were at work there. There were over twenty of them, all Lobster Cove men, and they were to have come up on the steamer the night before, so as to be at home to vote. But something had happened to the steamer, so that she had missed her trip, and there was no way for the men to get home unless they were sent for. It was well known how they would have voted; and it had been suddenly discovered that their votes were of the utmost importance. A dispatch had come down from B—that morning, saying that the vote in the district would be an extremely close one, and that a score of votes might decide it. Lobster Cove must do its duty. Captain Bruce explained all this to Bright. And then, with a wink, he concluded: "Ye see, Bright, for sartin reasons I'm partic'larly anxious that our Congressman, Lorrimer, should get in agin. I'm bound to do my outermost, an' I'm goin' to let 'em have my sloop to go down for the men. I can't go. I've got to stay right here all day. But it'll be all right."—He winked again.—"I'll see that you git ten dollars out o' the gin'ral fund for your day's work. Gid Trowbridge's boy 'll go with you to tend jib-sheet."

Bright had thrown up his head a little when

Captain Bruce mentioned the money. "Cap'n," said he, "I'll go. Of course, I'll go. But I don't go for the money, and I won't take it. I'll go because it's my business to go. I suppose I'm to start right away. I'll see Tom Trowbridge myself, if you like."

Five minutes before he started, as he was pulling the "Elizabeth and Jane" around to the head of the wharf, Uncle Silas Watson came down.

"Juniper, but this is lucky for you, Bright! Who'd 'a' thought 't would be *you* 't was 't go down arter those fellers? Ef they get up here, they 'll vote for Lorrimer, every mother's son on 'em. An' twenty votes may elect him. *You* don't want *that*, Bright,—no more 'n some others on us. You have n't forgot how he treated you 'bout that app'ntment. Besides,"—here he put his hand to his mouth as though the wind was blowing, and spoke in a solemn whisper,—"*they* say up town *thet* Cushman could n't pass *th'* examination, arter all,—he 's near-sighted, or weak-eyed, or something,—an' we've put our heads together, up at Trowbridge's, an' made up our minds that ef Lennox, the other man, is 'lected, we 'll make him app'int *you*." The old man paused a moment and looked at Bright, giving him at the same time a nudge with his elbow. "How 'd ye like that, Bright? Eh?" Then Captain Bruce was seen coming down the wharf, and Uncle Silas went on rapidly, without waiting for any answer: "Ye onderstand, Bright? *Th'* polls close at six o'clock. Ef they don't git here 'fore that, they can't vote. You've got it all in y'r own hands. A word to the wise, ye know." He gave Bright another significant nudge; and then, as Captain Bruce drew near, he began talking in an entirely different tone about a big lobster that had been trapped down at South Saint George the week before, and that weighed twenty-seven pounds.

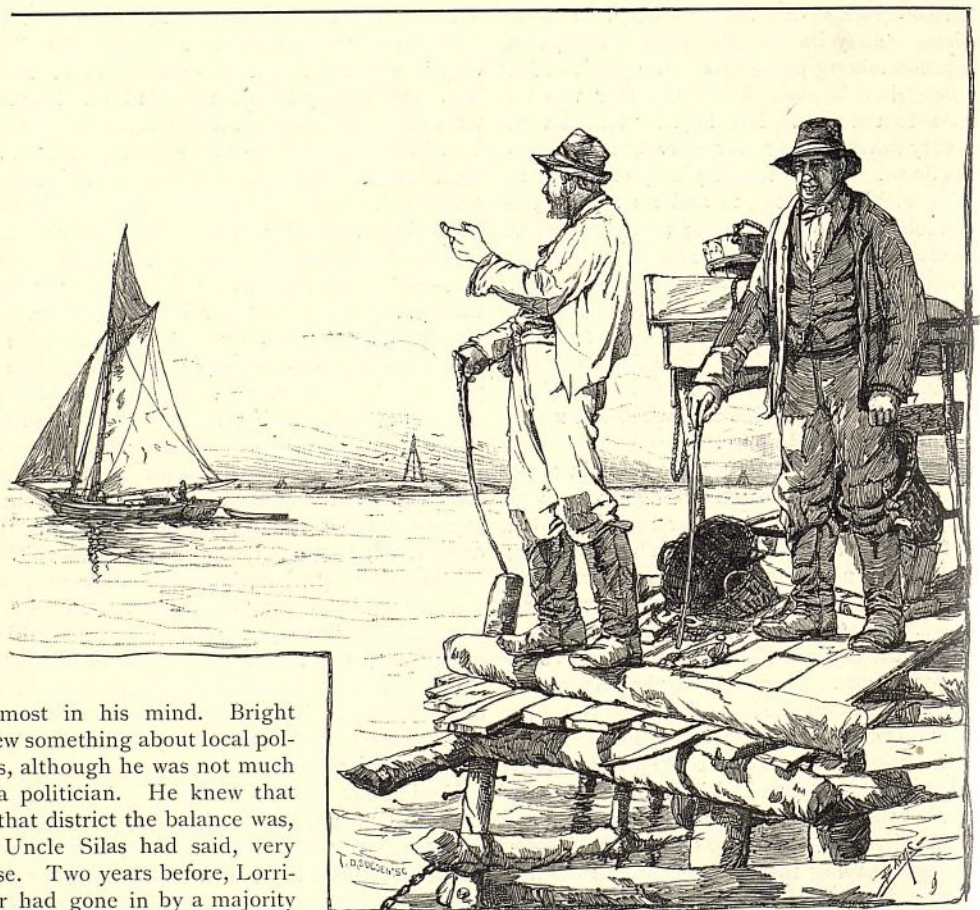
Uncle Silas lent his hand to help get up the "Elizabeth and Jane's" mainsail, and a few minutes later the sloop's bow was shoved off, and she moved slowly away from the wharf. Captain Bruce stood on the cap-log and yelled out his orders and instructions as long as he could be heard. "You get the men up here *somehow*, Bright, ef ye stand the old boat on eend an' jerk the mast clean out. She 'll be paid for, I reckon. Ye wont have much wind this mornin', but there 'll be plenty of it this arft'noon, or I miss my guess. Now, remember,—*you get 'em here!*" He shook his finger at the departing smack; and then he and Uncle Silas went back to the town-house together, each of them chuckling silently at his own thoughts.

Egg Island lies a long way southward and eastward from Lobster Cove, four hours' sail, at least, as the wind was now. Three short tacks and a

long one took the "Elizabeth and Jane" out of the Cove and well by Broomcorn Point, and then it was simply squaring away, with the wind, what there was of it, nearly astern, for a long run down the bay.

Bright had enough of time to think that morning, and enough to think about. It was not Captain Bruce's final directions, but the last words that Uncle Silas Watson had said to him that were up-

to the Naval School, but he had not gotten over the disappointment that his failure had caused him, and for that failure he had always held the distinguished Representative responsible. And now the time had come when he could take his revenge. Bright stood there at the helm and turned this thought over in his mind, and it can not be denied that it was very sweet to him. He tightened his grasp upon the tiller, with a sudden sense of power,



permost in his mind. Bright knew something about local politics, although he was not much of a politician. He knew that in that district the balance was, as Uncle Silas had said, very close. Two years before, Lorrimor had gone in by a majority that had, after a deal of counting and re-counting on the part of the opposition, been finally reduced to less than a dozen votes. Men were looking out sharply everywhere, calculating every chance and straining every nerve. Those twenty-odd votes from Egg Island might be the votes to decide the matter. And if they were, Lorrimor would get his reelection. It was certain that the ship-carpenters, for reasons connected with their business, would vote for him to a man. Here, then, was Bright's chance to pay Mr. Congressman Lorrimor what he owed him. The boy might have given up his dream of an appointment

"NOW, REMEMBER,—YOU GET 'EM HERE!" CALLED CAPTAIN BRUCE, SHAKING HIS FINGER AT THE DEPARTING SMACK.

All at once, by a very simple combination of circumstances, he found the political fate of the member of Congress in his very hands,—he, the poor, friendless fellow who, three months before, had been despised and rejected because of his poverty and friendlessness. He had but to delay a little the course of the "Elizabeth and Jane" by some slight neglect or accident—that could be managed, he well knew, with perfect ease,—and the thing was done. Yes, it cannot be denied that the thought was a pleasant one to Brightman Ben-

son. He dwelt upon it; he reveled in it; he laid his plans for its execution in a dozen different ways again and again, always picturing to himself at the last the disappointed Congressman reading in the morning paper with rage and mortification the news of his defeat, just as, three months before, Bright himself had read the news of *his* defeat.

And then there was another thought that followed this and was in harmony with it. Uncle Silas had said something about the other candidate, too, and that if he were elected the appointment to the Academy might after all be obtained. Bright knew what this meant, also. He knew that appointments to positions of all kinds were constantly given in just this way, in return for services rendered at election time. And he felt sure that such a service as this that was expected of him, if it were successful, could hardly be refused its reward. It was too important, and too much would depend upon its being kept secret. And, although, when long ago he had read the news of Cushman's appointment, he thought he had given up all hope of attaining the object of his ambition, yet now he knew that it was not so. Deep down in his heart he had always kept a forlorn, unreasonable hope that something might happen that would give him the appointment after all. And now, thinking over all that he had heard that morning, he brought that hope forth again, and cherished it and encouraged it until it became as strong and as dear to him as ever.

Nevertheless, the "Elizabeth and Jane," as skillfully handled as any lobster-smack ever was, made the very best of the moderate breeze that blew; and at one o'clock by her skipper's old silver watch, she came up to the wind and dropped her anchor in Egg Island basin. There was no time to lose, and Bright, leaving Tom Trowbridge in charge, went ashore at once. The carpenters were at work over on the other side of the island, and he had half a mile to walk. When he got there, he found that they had given up all hope of getting home and were hard at work. And the job, which they were at just at that time, was such that it could not be left, for an hour at least. They seemed to think that on the whole, perhaps, it would hardly be worth while to try to go. But Bright, hanging his head a moment as if he had had an impulse that he was ashamed of, threw it back suddenly and told them what Captain Bruce had said about the news from town. They *must* go. The result of the election might depend upon their votes. When they heard this, they debated the matter half a minute longer and then, with a cheer of decision, resolved to go at any cost. They could be ready, so said Lon Baker, the head of the gang, shortly after two o'clock. The wind

was freshening, and hauling a bit, too. They ought easily to get back to Lobster Cove by five o'clock. So Bright went back to the sloop and waited.

It was after half-past two, however, when they appeared, and then it seemed as though they would never get off. Bright was dreadfully nervous, and out of sorts. He felt now that it was a matter of some doubt whether they would be able, even if he did his best, to get back to Lobster Cove in time. And one would have thought that, considering everything, he would have been glad of any delay. It would only make the carrying out of Uncle Silas's proposal all the easier; possibly it would do away with the necessity of carrying it out at all. Indeed, Bright had thought of all this. And he had thought, too, that he was glad they were late. Yet he fidgeted constantly while he was waiting; and when at last they appeared, he did his best to hurry them on board. The truth was that the boy was in the most unsettled and unsatisfactory state of mind he had ever been in, in his life. He did not know what he did want. He had not, as yet, at all made up his mind to do the wrong thing, and yet he was by no means resolved not to do it. And when, presently, having run out of the basin, he hauled aft his sheet and headed the sloop, with the wind almost dead ahead, for the south-west point of Frost's Island, he actually had not the slightest idea what he meant to do himself. That was the whole truth of the matter; and no wonder he was ugly. Meanwhile, he put off the moment of decision, and gave the "Elizabeth and Jane" her head exactly as though he meant to do his best as a swift sailor.

The instant they got outside the basin, it was evident that there was already rather more wind than they cared for. The little vessel, close-hauled as she was, bent over before it like a piece of paper; and she labored heavily without making very rapid progress. Lon Baker came to Bright almost immediately, and spoke to him with an uneasy laugh.

"I b'lieve, Bright, 't would 'a' been better, arter all, if we 'd reefed her 'fore we started."

"Who said anything about reefing before we started?" Bright snapped out the words so fiercely, one would have thought he had been accused of something. As a matter of fact, he had thought of putting a reef in the mainsail while he had been waiting for the men to come down. But immediately he had dismissed the thought. He had not been able yet to do anything that looked like not doing his best to get home in time.

"Nobody said anything about it," answered Lon; "but, I swan, I wish they had." He grasped the companion-way to steady himself as the sloop

for a moment seemed to bend deeper than ever before the wind. "Don't ye think we 'd better reef her now, Bright?"

"No," said Bright, surlily. "I don't think we 'd better reef her now."

"But she can't stand this, you know—not a great while. The wind 's risin' every minute."

"She's *got* to stand it!" was the grim response.

"But," Lon persisted, "ef we don't reef pretty soon, we may not be able to, at all. It 's no easy job, reefin' a sail like that in a gale o' wind."

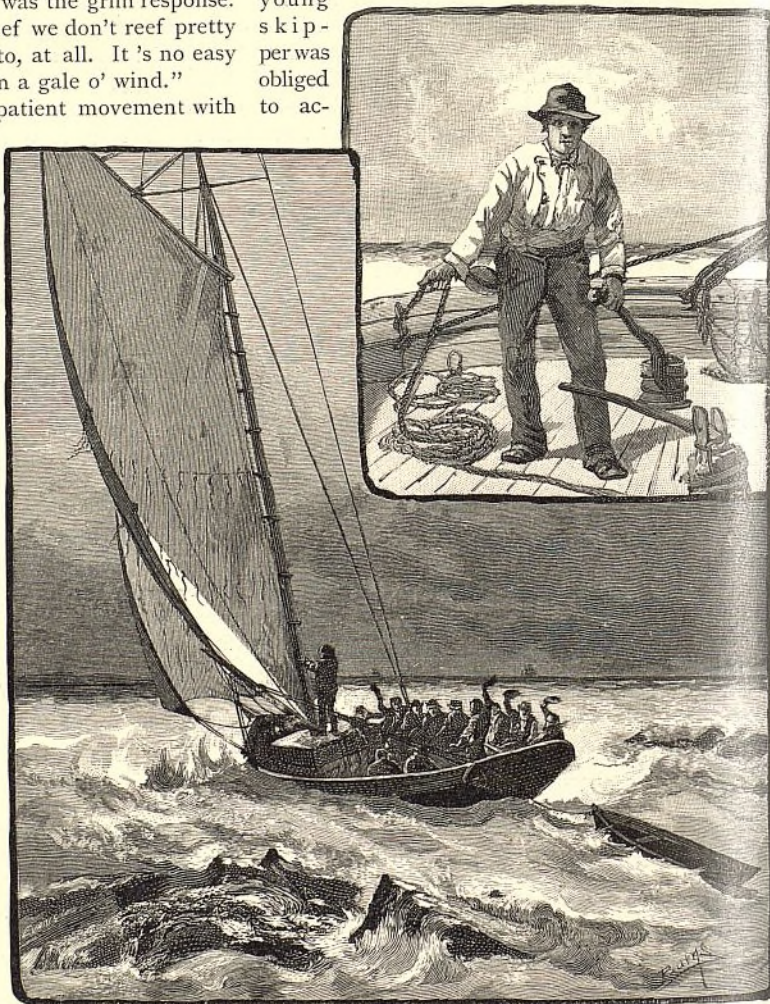
Bright made a quick, impatient movement with his hand, as if he was waving aside some one who was tempting him.

"It 's no use talking, Lon Baker. We 're making no great headway now; and a single foot less sail means not getting into Lobster Cove till after dark. I came down here to take you men home to vote, and it 's my business to get you there in time." He paused a moment, watching a big wave that was coming down upon them, and easing the boat a little to avoid shipping it. "If it 's too wet for any of you on deck, you can go below. I s'pose you 'll acknowledge that in order to get home we must get around Frost's Island *somehow*. And it 'll take us three-quarters of an hour, even at the rate we 're going. After we do get by, we shall have the wind freer and it 'll be easier sailing."

After that, Lon walked away forward, and Bright stood wondering at himself. He knew that there was now the best reason in the world for reefing. But he knew, too, that, as he had said, to reef was to give up all chance of getting home in time. And he shook his head as he thought of that. He still could not bring himself to take any step that looked like delaying. And besides, he was not the lad to be frightened by a capful of wind, more or less. If worst came to worst, he could slack his sheet at any time and run away from it. The sloop could carry all sail

easy enough before the wind. As for getting to Lobster Cove in time,—well, he did not know yet whether he *would* do it or not, but he *could* do it if he chose, he and the "Elizabeth and Jane" together. And he would like to see the gale that would frighten him out of it.

Twenty minutes later, however, the audacious young skipper was obliged to ac-



"THE MEN SUDDENLY WAVED THEIR HATS AND GAVE A CHEER."

knowledge that he could not have things altogether his own way. It became evident, then, that the vessel could not stand up any longer under full sail, on her present course. He must either reef her or keep her away. He debated the alternative a single half minute with himself. To reef, he felt certain now, was to give up the game altogether. It would take an hour and a half to get around the island, with half the sloop's sail taken off. And yet, to keep away and go to leeward of the island,

would not that take longer yet? There was a long ledge of rocks, known as "The Broken Back," which ran out directly southward from the other corner of the island. Over this reef it was impossible to pass, and yet to go around it he must turn back far out of his way. Even from their point of starting this would have been the longer way home; now it was far the longer. Only there was one fact, of which Bright himself of all on board was probably the only one aware, that at high water (and it was high water at three o'clock to-day) a vessel of light draft, if one knew how to do it, might be run in close to shore and pass through *inside* the ledge, saving miles of circuit by the maneuver. Bright thought of all this in that single half minute. And the thought flashed across his mind, too, that if still he should decide to do what Uncle Silas had proposed to him, nothing would be easier than to run the smack ashore at the point he had in mind. The next instant he called out in a defiant voice to Tom Trowbridge, to ease off the jib-sheet; and, slackening the main-sheet himself, in another moment the sloop was sweeping along with a far more rapid and yet, at the same time, far easier movement before the wind.

Several of the men gathered about him and inquired the meaning of the change. He told them curtly that it was their only chance of getting home in time. "But it will take all the afternoon now to run out around 'Broken Back,'" one of them protested.

"I don't mean to run out around Broken Back, at all," was Bright's answer. And that was all they got out of him.

Ten minutes after this, the sheet was hauled aft again, and they stood in under the lofty shore of the island. Bright still would answer no questions. He was not in the mood for it. But they saw now what he meant to do; and they looked at the long ledge of rocks, thrusting up their black heads everywhere across the path, and said to each other that it could not be done. But Bright Benson knew that it *could* be done. He and Captain Bruce had done it with the "Elizabeth and Jane" four weeks before, on just such a tide as was now running. At one single point, he knew there was water enough to carry the sloop over. And he knew as well that a single, almost imperceptible motion of the helm to port would bury the vessel's keel in the sand, and Captain Bruce would look in vain that night for his twenty-two voters from Egg Island.

Bright stood as motionless as a statue, the end of the sheet in one hand and the tiller in the other. It seemed to him just then as though he were somehow *outside* of it all; that the water, the rocks, the strip of sand, the "Elizabeth and Jane," and

even his very self were all part of a dreadful scene upon which he himself was looking — looking with bated breath and straining eyes, and wondering what he himself would do. Then, all at once, they were in the midst of the narrow passage, gliding swiftly along. He gripped the tiller with all his force and looked straight ahead. He had no fear for his eye and his hand themselves. He knew *they* could be trusted — the one to see the way and the other to guide the vessel steadily through it. If only he could leave them to do their work themselves. But it was *himself* that he feared and distrusted. That, at any instant, *he*, suddenly possessed by the evil spirit that had been hovering about him all the day, should interfere with the hand and arm that could themselves be trusted, — that was what he feared. And great drops of sweat gathered on his brow in that short season of suspense.

Then, all in another instant, the little vessel glided swiftly out from the passage and left the Broken Back behind her. The men suddenly waved their hats and gave a cheer; and Bright Benson swung his own hat and shouted, too, louder than any of them. But it was not for the same reason. They little knew in what peril he had been all this while, and through what awful dangers his very manhood had so narrowly and yet safely passed. No wonder he swung his cap for joy and shouted above them all. He knew at that instant what it was to have saved one's self to one's self. He realized the mean thing he would have been if he had sold himself.

It was all plain sailing after that, and there was no longer any doubt about their getting home in time. With the wind fairly abeam now, and just enough of it to drive the sloop to her utmost, they sped away for Lobster Cove; and at just twenty-five minutes of six by the town-house clock, they filed into the voting-room and deposited their twenty-two votes for Congressman Lorrimer. Bright Benson was not there to see it, but Uncle Silas Watson was; and his soul was filled with wonder and chagrin. He posted off at once down to the shore. Bright was putting the stops on the sloop's jib, as the old man came up, and whistling "Hail Columbia" at the top of his whistle.

"Juniper, Bright!" Uncle Silas exclaimed. "What in Passamaquoddy does this mean! I thought ye knew what ye was 'bout. What hev ye be'n doin' all day?"

Bright looked up at the old man with a sly smile. "Uncle Sile," said he, "I've been doing a little civil service reform on my own account."

Uncle Silas stared at him a moment in dumb amazement. Then he turned and went up street again without another word.

Bright followed him with his eyes, the smile on his face slowly fading again into a serious expression. "I need n't be bragging to myself, though," muttered he. "If ever a fellow came near selling himself out, I did to-day. If I had done that thing, I never should have been a *man*, if I'd lived a thousand years. I thank God I did n't do it!" He spoke with all sincerity and reverence. And he added presently, before he began to whistle again, "If those twenty-two votes will elect Lorrimer, he's welcome to 'em. If I were a man I would n't have sold him *my* vote for a dozen appointments to the Naval School."

But as it turned out, those twenty-two votes did not elect Lorrimer, although they helped to do it. The returns, when they were all in, showed that the astute politicians of the district had not counted noses quite right, after all, and that Congressman, more fortunate than before, Lorrimer was reelected by a majority of several hundred.

A week after this—the "Elizabeth and Jane" being again at Lobster Cove—Bright found a letter for him in the post-office, which was signed "P. C. Lorrimer," and which requested him to call at that gentleman's residence, at B——, at the earliest possible moment.

He did not know what to make of the summons; but he obeyed it. He was ushered at once into the presence of the Congressman, and the instant he saw him, he mentally begged the honorable gentleman's pardon. Such a kindly, noble-looking man as this could not be the hard-hearted and depraved individual that Bright had conceived him. Mr. Lorrimer motioned him to a seat, and although he was very courteous, did not waste any words.

"So you are Brightman Benson, are you?" said he. "I received a letter from you a while ago in regard to a vacancy in the Naval Academy, and I heard good reports of you at the examination that was held here in town. I sent for you to tell you that Cushman has resigned the appointment, and that it is yours if you choose to accept it. Here is your formal appointment." He held out a paper. Then he added, with a smile: "I

also heard good reports of your doings on election day. You did a good stroke of work for me on that day."

Bright had advanced a step, perfectly dizzy with surprise and delight, to take the paper. But at these last words he halted and dropped his hand again.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he faltered. "But was that—was that the reason you gave me the appointment?—because I got those men up from Egg Island? Then, I must tell you, sir,"—there was a great lump in Bright's throat, and it was like throwing the whole world away to say it, but he had not mastered himself a week ago for nothing,—"that I did n't do that for your sake at all. I did it for my own sake. And if ever a fellow was tempted to do differently, *I* was that day." He paused a moment, shaking his head; then he stepped forward and laid the paper on the table, saying: "No, sir; I can't take it! It would only be selling myself out, after all."

The expression on Mr. Lorrimer's face, as he listened, changed rapidly from that of amusement to wonder; and then, as he seemed to comprehend what was passing in the boy's mind, it became at last very grave and gentle.

"My young friend," said he, "if you will look at the date of the letter there, you will see that it was written before the election. I appointed you because, from all I could hear, I thought you deserved it. I am quite certain that you do, now. And I assure you, I am glad to make *one* appointment, at least, on the ground of *merit*. You will have to go to Annapolis for your examination, though, on the twenty-second of this month. Do you think you can pass it?"

"You may crack my back for a lobster, if I don't!" exclaimed Bright, hardly knowing what he said. A kind of hysterical joy had suddenly taken full possession of him, and he felt as though he *must* say or do something extravagant and ridiculous. Then, as he took the paper, he added: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I feel as if I'd like to wrap myself in the American flag and sing Yankee Doodle Dandy at the top of my voice."

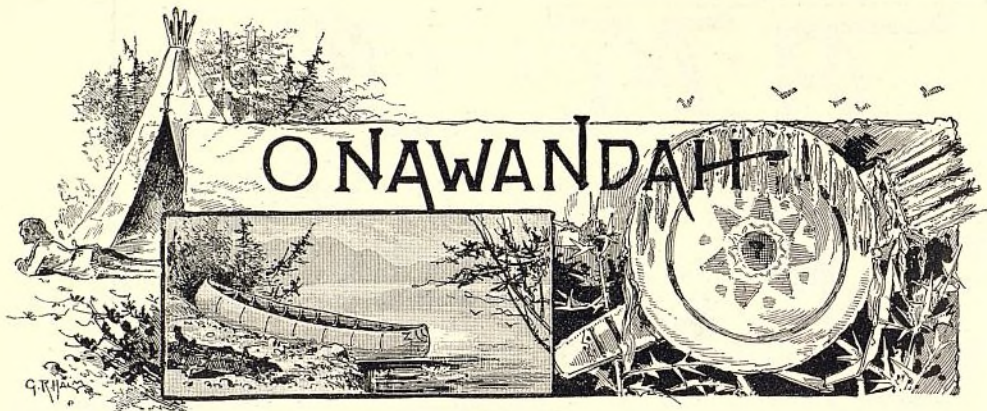


A Modern Artist.

By Margaret Johnson.

There was a small maid in our town.
 Who was sure she could win
 much renown.
 By painting in oil.
 So with infinite toil
 She finished a "study in brown."
 She gazed at her picture and sighed.
 In a rapture of pleasure and pride.
 "It's exceedingly flat."
 But of course you like that.
 To her wondering neighbors she cried:
 "It is crooked perhaps in your sight.
 Though to say so you're
 much too polite.
 But observe if you please.
 All is so Japanese!
 And her friends all declared
 her quite right."





FOURTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"WHAT in the world have I chosen?" exclaimed Geoff, as he drew out a manuscript in his turn and read the queer name.

"A story that will just suit you, I think. The hero is an Indian, and a brave one, as you will see. I learned the little tale from an old woman who lived in the valley of the Connecticut, which the Indians called the Long River of Pines."

With this very short preface, Aunt Elinor began to read, in her best manner, the story of—

ONAWANDAH.

Long ago, when hostile Indians haunted the great forests, and every settlement had its fort for the protection of the inhabitants, in one of the towns on the Connecticut River lived Parson Bain and his little son and daughter. The wife and mother was dead; but an old servant took care of them, and did her best to make Reuben and Eunice good children. Her direst threat, when they were naughty, was, "The Indians will come and fetch you, if you don't behave." So they grew up in great fear of the red men. Even the friendly Indians, who sometimes came for food or powder, were regarded with suspicion by the people. No man went to work without his gun near by. On Sundays, when they trudged to the rude meeting-house, all carried the trusty rifle on the shoulder, and while the pastor preached, a sentinel mounted guard at the door, to give warning if canoes came down the river or a dark face peered from the wood.

One autumn night, when the first heavy rains were falling and a cold wind whistled through the valley, a knock came at the minister's door and,

opening it, he found an Indian boy, ragged, hungry, and foot-sore, who begged for food and shelter. In his broken way, he told how he had fallen ill and been left to die by enemies who had taken him from his own people, months before; how he had wandered for days till almost sinking; and that he had come now to ask for help, led by the hospitable light in the parsonage window.

"Send him away, Master, or harm will come of it. He is a spy, and we shall all be scalped by the murdering Injuns who are waiting in the wood," said old Becky, harshly; while little Eunice hid in the old servant's ample skirts, and twelve-year-old Reuben laid his hand on his cross-bow, ready to defend his sister if need be.

But the good man drew the poor lad in, saying, with his friendly smile: "Shall not a Christian be as hospitable as a godless savage? Come in, child, and be fed; you sorely need rest and shelter."

Leaving his face to express the gratitude he had no words to tell, the boy sat by the comfortable fire and ate like a famished wolf, while Becky muttered her forebodings and the children eyed the dark youth at a safe distance. Something in his pinched face, wounded foot, and eyes full of dumb pain and patience, touched the little girl's tender heart, and, yielding to a pitiful impulse, she brought her own basin of new milk and, setting it beside the stranger, ran to hide behind her father, suddenly remembering that this was one of the dreaded Indians.

"That was well done, little daughter. Thou shalt love thine enemies, and share thy bread with the needy. See, he is smiling; that pleased him, and he wishes us to be his friends."

But Eunice ventured no more that night, and

quaked in her little bed at the thought of the strange boy sleeping on a blanket before the fire below. Reuben hid his fears better, and resolved to watch while others slept; but was off as soon as his curly head touched the pillow, and dreamed of tomahawks and war-whoops till morning.

Next day, neighbors came to see the waif, and one and all advised sending him away as soon as possible, since he was doubtless a spy, as Becky said, and would bring trouble of some sort.

"When he is well, he may go whither-soever he will; but while he is too lame to walk, weak with hunger, and worn out with weariness, I will harbor him. He can not feign suffering and starvation like this. I shall do my duty, and leave the consequences to the Lord," answered the parson, with such pious firmness that the neighbors said no more.

But they kept a close watch upon Onawandah, when he went among them, silent and submissive, but with the proud air of a captive prince, and sometimes a fierce flash in his black eyes when the other lads taunted him with his red skin. He was very lame for weeks, and could only sit in the sun, weaving pretty baskets for Eunice, and shaping bows and arrows for Reuben. The children were soon his friends, for with them he was always gentle, trying in his soft language and expressive gestures to show his good will and gratitude; for they defended him against their ruder playmates, and, following their father's example, trusted and cherished the homeless youth.

When he was able to walk, he taught the boy to shoot and trap the wild creatures of the wood, to find fish where others failed, and to guide himself in the wilderness by star and sun, wind and water. To Eunice he brought little offerings of bark and feathers; taught her to make moccasins of skin, belts of shells, or pouches gay with porcupine quills and colored grass. He would not work for old Becky—who plainly showed her distrust—saying: "A brave does not grind corn and bring wood; that is squaw's work. Onawandah will hunt and fish and fight for you, but no more." And even the request of the parson could not win obedience in this, though the boy would have died for the good man.

"We can not tame an eagle as we can a barn-yard fowl. Let him remember only kindness of us, and so we turn a foe into a friend," said Parson Bain, stroking the sleek, dark head, that always bowed before him, with a docile reverence shown to no other living creature.

Winter came, and the settlers fared hardly through the long months, when the drifts rose to the eaves of their low cabins, and the stores, carefully harvested, failed to supply even their simple

wants. But the minister's family never lacked wild meat, for Onawandah proved himself a better hunter than any man in the town, and the boy of sixteen led the way on his snow-shoes when they went to track a bear to its den, chase the deer for miles, or shoot the wolves that howled about their homes in the winter nights.

But he never joined in their games, and sat apart when the young folk made merry, as if he scorned such childish pastimes and longed to be a man in all things. Why he stayed when he was well again, no one could tell, unless he waited for spring to make his way to his own people. But Reuben and Eunice rejoiced to keep him; for while he taught them many things, he was their pupil also, learning English rapidly, and proving himself a very affectionate and devoted friend and servant, in his own quiet way.

"Be of good cheer, little daughter; I shall be gone but three days, and our brave Onawandah will guard you well," said the parson, one April morning, as he mounted his horse to visit a distant settlement, where the bitter winter had brought sickness and death to more than one household.

The boy showed his white teeth in a bright smile as he stood beside the children, while Becky croaked, with a shake of the head:

"I hope you may n't find you've warmed a viper in your bosom, Master."

Two days later, it seemed as if Becky was a true prophet, and that the confiding minister *had* been terribly deceived; for Onawandah went away to hunt, and, that night, the awful war-whoop woke the sleeping villagers to find their houses burning, while the hidden Indians shot at them by the light of the fires kindled by dusky scouts. In terror and confusion the whites flew to the fort; and, while the men fought bravely, the women held blankets to catch arrows and bullets, or bound up the hurts of their defenders.

It was all over by daylight, and the red men sped away up the river, with several prisoners, and such booty as they could plunder from the deserted houses. Not till all fear of a return of their enemies was over, did the poor people venture to leave the fort and seek their ruined homes. Then it was discovered that Becky and the parson's children were gone, and great was the bemoaning, for the good man was much beloved by all his flock.

Suddenly the smothered voice of Becky was heard by a party of visitors, calling dolefully:

"I am here, betwixt the beds. Pull me out, neighbors, for I am half dead with fright and smothering."

The old woman was quickly extricated from her hiding-place, and with much energy declared that

she had seen Onawandah, disguised with war-paint, among the Indians, and that he had torn away the children from her arms before she could fly from the house.

"He chose his time well, when they were defenseless, dear lambs! Spite of all my warnings, Master trusted him, and this is the thanks we get. Oh, my poor master! How can I tell him this heavy news?"

There was no need to tell it; for, as Becky sat moaning and beating her breast on the fireless hearth, and the sympathizing neighbors stood about her, the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard, and the parson came down the hilly road like one riding for his life. He had seen the smoke afar off, guessed the sad truth, and hurried on, to find his home in ruins and to learn by his first glance at the faces around him that his children were gone.

When he had heard all there was to tell, he sat down upon his door-stone with his head in his hands, praying for strength to bear a grief too deep for words. The wounded and weary men tried to comfort him with hope, and the women wept with him as they hugged their own babies closer to the hearts that ached for the lost children. Suddenly a stir went through the mournful group, as Onawandah came from the wood with a young deer upon his shoulders, and amazement in his face as he saw the desolation before him. Dropping his burden, he stood an instant looking with eyes that kindled fiercely; then he came bounding toward them, undaunted by the hatred, suspicion, and surprise plainly written on the countenances before him. He missed his playmates, and asked but one question:

"The boy? the little squaw?—where gone?"

His answer was a rough one, for the men seized him and poured forth the tale, heaping reproaches upon him for such treachery and ingratitude. He bore it all in proud silence till they pointed to the poor father whose dumb sorrow was more eloquent than all their wrath. Onawandah looked at him, and the fire died out of his eyes as if quenched by the tears he would not shed. Shaking off the hands that held him, he went to his good friend, saying with passionate earnestness:

"Onawandah is *not* traitor! Onawandah remembers. Onawandah grateful! You believe?"

The poor parson looked up at him, and could not doubt his truth; for genuine love and sorrow ennobled the dark face, and he had never known the boy to lie.

"I believe and trust you still, but others will not. Go, you are no longer safe here, and I have no home to offer you," said the parson, sadly, feeling that he cared for none, unless his children were restored to him.

"Onawandah has no fear. He goes; but he comes again to bring the boy, the little squaw."

Few words, but they were so solemnly spoken that the most unbelieving were impressed; for the youth laid one hand on the gray head bowed before him, and lifted the other toward heaven, as if calling the Great Spirit to hear his vow.

A relenting murmur went through the crowd, but the boy paid no heed, as he turned away, and with no arms but his hunting knife and bow, no food but such as he could find, no guide but the sun by day, the stars by night, plunged into the pathless forest and was gone.

Then the people drew a long breath, and muttered to one another:

"He will never do it, yet he is a brave lad for his years."

"Only a shift to get off with a whole skin, I warrant you. These varlets are as cunning as foxes," added Becky, sourly.

The parson alone believed and hoped, though weeks and months went by, and his children did not come.

Meantime, Reuben and Eunice were far away in an Indian camp, resting as best they could, after the long journey that followed that dreadful night. Their captors were not cruel to them, for Reuben was a stout fellow and, thanks to Onawandah, could hold his own with the boys who would have tormented him if he had been feeble or cowardly. Eunice also was a hardy creature for her years, and when her first fright and fatigue were over, made herself useful in many ways among the squaws, who did not let the pretty child suffer greatly; though she was neglected, because they knew no better.

Life in a wigwam was not a life of ease, and fortunately the children were accustomed to simple habits and the hardships that all endured in those early times. But they mourned for home till their young faces were pathetic with the longing, and their pillows of dry leaves were often wet with tears in the night. Their clothes grew ragged, their hair unkempt, their faces tanned by sun and wind. Scanty food and exposure to all weathers tried the strength of their bodies, and uncertainty as to their fate saddened their spirits; yet they bore up bravely, and said their prayers faithfully, feeling sure that God would bring them home to father in His own good time.

One day, when Reuben was snaring birds in the wood,—for the Indians had no fear of such young children venturing to escape,—he heard the cry of a quail, and followed it deeper and deeper into the forest, till it ceased, and, with a sudden rustle, Onawandah rose up from the brakes, his finger on

his lips to prevent any exclamation that might betray him to other ears and eyes.

"I come for you and little Laraka,"—(the name he gave Eunice, meaning "Wild Rose.") "I take you home. Not know me yet. Go and wait."

He spoke low and fast; but the joy in his face told how glad he was to find the boy after his long search, and Reuben clung to him, trying not to disgrace himself by crying like a girl, in his surprise and delight.

Lying hidden in the tall brakes they talked in whispers, while one told of the capture, and the

Fear had taught her self-control, and the poor child stood the test well, working off her relief and rapture by pounding corn in the stone mortar till her little hands were blistered, and her arms ached for hours afterward.

Not till the next day did Onawandah make his appearance, and then he came limping into the village, weary, lame, and half starved after his long wandering in the wilderness. He was kindly welcomed, and his story believed, for he told only the first part, and said nothing of his life among the white men. He hardly glanced at the children



"SUDDENLY HE ROSE, AND IN HIS OWN MUSICAL LANGUAGE PRAYED TO THE GREAT SPIRIT." (PAGE 447.)

other of a plan of escape; for, though a friendly tribe, these Indians were not Onawandah's people, and they must not suspect that he knew the children, else they might be separated at once.

"Little squaw betray me. You watch her. Tell her not to cry out, not speak me any time. When I say come, we go,—fast,—in the night. Not ready yet."

These were the orders Reuben received, and, when he could compose himself, he went back to the wigwams, leaving his friend in the wood, while he told the good news to Eunice, and prepared her for the part she must play.

when they were pointed out to him by their captors, and scowled at poor Eunice, who forgot her part in her joy, and smiled as she met the dark eyes that till now had always looked kindly at her. A touch from Reuben warned her, and she was glad to hide her confusion by shaking her long hair over her face, as if afraid of the stranger.

Onawandah took no further notice of them, but seemed to be very lame with the old wound in his foot, which prevented his being obliged to hunt with the men. He was resting and slowly gathering strength for the hard task he had set himself, while he waited for a safe time to save the children.

They understood, but the suspense proved too much for little Eunice, and she pined with impatience to be gone. She lost appetite and color, and cast such appealing glances at Onawandah, that he could not seem quite indifferent, and gave her a soft word now and then, or did such acts of kindness as he could perform unsuspected. When she lay awake at night thinking of home, a cricket would chirp outside the wigwam, and a hand slip in a leaf full of berries, or a bark-cup of fresh water for the feverish little mouth. Sometimes it was only a caress or a whisper of encouragement, that re-assured the childish heart, and sent her to sleep with a comfortable sense of love and protection, like a sheltering wing over a motherless bird.

Reuben stood it better, and entered heartily into the excitement of the plot, for he had grown tall and strong in these trying months, and felt that he must prove himself a man to sustain and defend his sister. Quietly he put away each day a bit of dried meat, a handful of parched corn, or a well-sharpened arrowhead, as provision for the journey; while Onawandah seemed to be amusing himself with making moccasins and a little vest of deer-skin for an Indian child about the age of Eunice.

At last, in the early autumn, all the men went off on the war-path, leaving only boys and women behind. Then Onawandah's eyes began to kindle, and Reuben's heart to beat fast, for both felt that their time for escape had come.

All was ready, and one moonless night the signal was given. A cricket chirped shrilly outside the tent where the children slept with one old squaw. A strong hand cut the skin beside their bed of fir boughs, and two trembling creatures crept out to follow the tall shadow that flitted noiselessly before them into the darkness of the wood. Not a broken twig, a careless step, or a whispered word betrayed them, and they vanished as swiftly and silently as hunted deer flying for their lives.

Till dawn they hurried on, Onawandah carrying Eunice, whose strength soon failed, and Reuben manfully shouldering the hatchet and the pouch of food. At sunrise they hid in a thicket by a spring and rested, while waiting for the friendly night to come again. Then they pushed on, and fear gave wings to their feet, so that by another morning they were far enough away to venture to travel more slowly and sleep at night.

If the children had learned to love and trust the Indian boy in happier times, they adored him now, and came to regard him as an earthly Providence, so faithful, brave, and tender was he; so forgetful of himself, so bent on saving them. He never seemed to sleep, ate the poorest morsels, or went without any food when provision failed; let no danger daunt him, no hardship wring complaint

from him; but went on through the wild forest, led by guides invisible to them, till they began to hope that home was near.

Twice he saved their lives. Once, when he went in search of food, leaving Reuben to guard his sister, the children, being very hungry, ignorantly ate some poisonous berries which looked like wild cherries, and were deliciously sweet. The boy generously gave most of them to Eunice, and soon was terror-stricken to see her grow pale and cold and deathly ill. Not knowing what to do, he could only rub her hands and call wildly for Onawandah.

The name echoed through the silent wood, and, though far away, the keen ear of the Indian heard it, his fleet feet brought him back in time, and his knowledge of wild roots and herbs made it possible to save the child when no other help was at hand.

"Make fire. Keep warm. I soon come," he said, after hearing the story and examining Eunice, who could only lift her eyes to him, full of childish confidence and patience.

Then he was off again, scouring the woods like a hound on the scent, searching everywhere for the precious little herb that would counteract the poison. Any one watching him would have thought him crazy as he rushed hither and thither, tearing up the leaves, creeping on his hands and knees that it might not escape him, and when he found it, springing up with a cry that startled the birds, and carried hope to poor Reuben, who was trying to forget his own pain in his anxiety for Eunice, whom he thought dying.

"Eat, eat, while I make drink. All safe now," cried Onawandah, as he came leaping toward them with his hands full of green leaves, and his dark face shining with joy.

The boy was soon relieved, but for hours they hung over the girl, who suffered sadly, till she grew unconscious and lay as if dead. Reuben's courage failed then, and he cried bitterly, thinking how hard it would be to leave the dear little creature under the pines and go home alone to father. Even Onawandah lost hope for a while, and sat like a bronze statue of despair, with his eyes fixed on his Wild Rose, who seemed fading away too soon.

Suddenly he rose, stretched his arms to the west, where the sun was setting splendidly, and in his own musical language prayed to the Great Spirit. The Christian boy fell upon his knees, feeling that the only help was in the Father who saw and heard them even in the wilderness. Both were comforted, and when they turned to Eunice there was a faint tinge of color on the pale cheeks, as if the evening red kissed her, the look of pain was gone, and she slept quietly without the moans that had made their hearts ache before.

"He hears! he hears!" cried Onawandah, and for the first time Reuben saw tears in his keen eyes, as the Indian boy turned his face to the sky full of a gratitude that no words were sweet enough to tell.

All night, Eunice lay peacefully sleeping, and the moon lighted Onawandah's lonely watch, for the boy Reuben was worn out with suspense, and slept beside his sister.

In the morning she was safe, and great was the rejoicing; but for two days the little invalid was not allowed to continue the journey, much as they longed to hurry on. It was a pretty sight, the bed of hemlock boughs spread under a green tent of woven branches, and on the pillow of moss the pale child watching the flicker of sunshine through the leaves, listening to the babble of a brook close by, or sleeping tranquilly, lulled by the murmur of the pines. Patient, loving, and grateful, it was a pleasure to serve her, and both the lads were faithful nurses. Onawandah cooked birds for her to eat, and made a pleasant drink of the wild raspberry leaves to quench her thirst. Reuben snared rabbits, that she might have nourishing food, and longed to shoot a deer for provision, that she might not suffer hunger again on their journey. This boyish desire led him deeper into the wood than it was wise for him to go alone, for it was near night-fall, and wild creatures haunted the forest in those days. The fire, which Onawandah kept constantly burning, guarded their little camp where Eunice lay; but Reuben, with no weapon but his bow and hunting knife, was beyond this protection when he at last gave up his vain hunt and turned homeward. Suddenly, the sound of stealthy steps startled him, but he could see nothing through the dusk at first, and hurried on, fearing that some treacherous Indian was following him. Then he remembered his sister, and resolved not to betray her resting-place if he could help it, for he had learned courage of Onawandah, and longed to be as brave and generous as his dusky hero.

So he paused to watch and wait, and soon saw the gleam of two fiery eyes, not behind, but above him, in a tree. Then he knew that it was an "Indian devil," as they called a species of fierce wild-cat that lurked in the thickets and sprang on its prey like a small tiger.

"If I could only kill it alone, how proud Onawandah would be of me," thought Reuben, burning for the good opinion of his friend.

It would have been wiser to hurry on and give the beast no time to spring; but the boy was over bold, and, fitting an arrow to the string, aimed at the bright eye-ball and let fly. A sharp snarl showed that some harm was done, and, rather

daunted by the savage sound, Reuben raced away, meaning to come back next day for the prize he hoped he had secured.

But soon he heard the creature bounding after him, and he uttered one ringing shout for help, feeling too late that he had been foolhardy. Fortunately he was nearer camp than he thought. Onawandah heard him and was there in time to receive the wild-cat, as, mad with the pain of the wound, it sprang at Reuben. There was no time for words, and the boy could only watch in breathless interest and anxiety the fight which went on between the brute and the Indian.

It was sharp but short, for Onawandah had his knife, and as soon as he could get the snarling, struggling beast down, he killed it with a skillful stroke. But not before it had torn and bitten him more dangerously than he knew; for the dusk hid the wounds, and excitement kept him from feeling them at first. Reuben thanked him heartily, and accepted his few words of warning with grateful docility; then both hurried back to Eunice, who till next day knew nothing of her brother's danger.

Onawandah made light of his scratches, as he called them, got their supper, and sent Reuben early to bed, for to-morrow they were to start again.

Excited by his adventure, the boy slept lightly, and waking in the night, saw by the flicker of the fire Onawandah binding up a deep wound in his breast with wet moss and his own belt. A stifled groan betrayed how much he suffered; but when Reuben went to him, he would accept no help, said it was nothing, and sent him back to bed, preferring to endure the pain in stern silence, with true Indian pride and courage.

Next morning, they set out and pushed on as fast as Eunice's strength allowed. But it was evident that Onawandah suffered much, though he would not rest, forbade the children to speak of his wounds, and pressed on with feverish haste, as if he feared that his strength might not hold out. Reuben watched him anxiously, for there was a look in his face that troubled the boy and filled him with alarm, as well as with remorse and love. Eunice would not let him carry her as before, but trudged bravely behind him, though her feet ached and her breath often failed as she tried to keep up; and both children did all they could to comfort and sustain their friend, who seemed glad to give his life for them.

In three days they reached the river, and, as if Heaven helped them in their greatest need, found a canoe, left by some hunter, near the shore. In they sprang, and let the swift current bear them along, Eunice kneeling in the bow like a little figure-head of Hope, Reuben steering with his paddle, and Onawandah sitting with arms tightly

folded over his breast, as if to control the sharp anguish of the neglected wound. He knew that it was past help now, and only cared to see the children safe; then, worn out but happy, he was proud to die, having paid his debt to the good parson, and proved that he was not a liar nor a traitor.

Hour after hour they floated down the great river, looking eagerly for signs of home, and when at last they entered the familiar valley, while the little girl cried for joy, and the boy paddled as he had never done before, Onawandah sat erect with his haggard eyes fixed on the dim distance, and sang his death-song in a clear, strong voice—though every breath was pain,—bent on dying like a brave, without complaint or fear.

At last they saw the smoke from the cabins on the hill-side and, hastily mooring the canoe, all sprung out, eager to be at home after their long and perilous wandering. But as his foot touched the land, Onawandah felt that he could do no more, and stretching his arms toward the parsonage, the windows of which glimmered as hospitably as they had done when he first saw them, he said, with a pathetic sort of triumph in his broken voice: "Go. I can not.—Tell the good father, Onawandah not lie, not forget. He keep his promise."

Then he dropped upon the grass and lay as if dead, while Reuben, bidding Eunice keep watch, ran as fast as his tired legs could carry him to tell the tale and bring help.

The little girl did her part tenderly, carrying water in her hands to wet the white lips, tearing up her ragged skirt to lay fresh bandages on the wound that had been bleeding the brave boy's life away, and, sitting by him, gathered his head into her arms, begging him to wait till father came.

But poor Onawandah had waited too long; now he could only look up into the dear, loving, little face bent over him, and whisper wistfully: "Will Rose will remember Onawandah?" as the light went out of his eyes, and his last breath was a smile for her.

When the parson and his people came hurrying up full of wonder, joy, and good-will, they found Eunice weeping bitterly, and the Indian boy lying like a young warrior smiling at death.

"Ah, my neighbors, the savage has taught us a lesson we never can forget. Let us imitate his virtues, and do honor to his memory," said the pastor, as he held his little daughter close and looked down at the pathetic figure at his feet, whose silence was more eloquent than any words.

All felt it, and even old Becky had a remorseful sigh for the boy who had kept his word so well and given back her darlings safe.

They buried him where he lay; and for years the lonely mound under the great oak was kept green by loving hands. Wild roses bloomed there, and the murmur of the Long River of Pines was a fit lullaby for faithful Onawandah.

THE PLAYTHING OF AN EMPRESS.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

THE boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS know something about the many beautiful and curious things which can be made from snow and ice. Those of them who live in the Northern States have doubtless many a time half frozen their hands while constructing a snow-fort or a snow-house, laying a skating-rink, or carving a snow-image; while some, perhaps, were fortunate enough to have seen, last winter and the year before, in Montreal, the first ice palaces ever built in America. At all events, most of you have heard about these wonderful buildings.

Off in Russia, one hundred and fifty years ago, when Washington was a boy, reigned Anna Ivanovna, Empress of Russia. She was the niece of Peter the Great, but a very different sort of a char-

acter. Stern, busy Peter would never have thought of building an ice-palace. He improved his time in constructing more substantial edifices. But Anna loved pleasure and novelty, and frittered away her time in doing foolish things. She thought not so much of making her subjects happy as of enjoying life herself. Poor Anna Ivanovna! there have been many rulers like her.

The winter of 1739 and 1740 was a very severe one. All over Europe the cold was excessive. The ice in the river Neva formed to several feet in thickness. Throughout Russia there was much suffering. People died of cold and starvation; wolves crept into many villages and fell upon the inhabitants. But at St. Petersburg there was nothing but joy and festivity. The days and the

nights were given to pleasure. One night the whole capital would be out upon the river, which was turned into a vast skating and riding park. Here and there great bonfires blazed like beacon

an immense fortress of ice and snow, built upon the Neva, was attacked and defended according to all the rules of war.

These vanities were capped by the construction



lights, while, dressed in their sabres and their ermine and their minever, the queen and her ladies and her nobles enjoyed their sports like children. The next day all would be changed as though by the wand of an enchanter. The frozen river bristled with bayonets and was gay with splendid trappings and tossing plumes. A military review and sham battle was taking place. Here and there rushed the glittering squadrons containing thousands of armed men. Great cannons and mortars were frequently discharged, and

of the ice-palace. As I have said, the Empress was very fond of carrying out curious and extravagant plans, and so it was not strange that she

INSIDE THE ICE-PALACE AT NIGHT.

should make up her mind to build a palace the like of which no monarch had ever thought of building. So she set to work to think how she could possibly build a house which should be the most wonderful house on earth. She thought of gold and she thought of silver. She thought of the beautiful malachite. She thought of

ivory, of ebony, and of every stone that is known to man. None of these seemed to please her fancy. But one day she looked from her window, and she saw what seemed to her a vast and heavenly cathedral of sparkling ice-crystals, which the exquisite skill of the frost's fingers had formed on the window-panes. "I have it," said the Empress, delighted, "I shall have a palace of ice. Everything within and without shall be made of nothing but glittering ice." Within a very short time, a design was furnished to the Empress by an architect whose name is a pure Russian one, but which you can easily pronounce by dividing it into syllables—Alexis Dan-il-o-vitch Tat-ish-chev. It was the original intention of the projectors to build the palace upon the Neva itself, so as to be as near as possible to the supply of the building material. They accordingly began the erection upon the frozen river toward the last of December, 1739, but were forced to relinquish their proposed plan by the yielding of the ice under the rising walls. In consequence of this failure, a site was selected upon the land between the fortress of the admiralty and the winter palace of the Empress; and the work was begun anew, with the advantage of the experience in ice-building gained by the unsuccessful attempt already made.

In the construction of the work the simplest means were used. First, the purest and most transparent ice was selected. This was cut into large blocks, squared with rule and compass, and carved with all the regular architectural embellishments. No cement was used. Each block when ready was raised to its destined place by cranes and pulleys, and just before it was let down upon the block which was to support it, water was poured between the two, the upper block was immediately lowered, and as the water froze almost instantly, in that intensely cold climate, the two blocks became literally one. In fact, the whole building appeared to be, and really was, a single mass of ice. The effect it produced must have been infinitely more beautiful than if it had been of the most costly marble; its transparency and bluish tint giving it rather the appearance of a precious stone.

In dimensions, the structure was fifty-six feet long, eighteen feet wide, twenty-one feet high, and with walls three feet in thickness. At each corner of the palace was a pyramid of the same height as the roof, of course built of ice, and around the whole was a low palisade of the same material. The actual length of the front view, including the pyramids, was one hundred and fourteen feet.

The palace was built in the usual style of Russian architecture. The *façade* was plain, being merely divided into compartments by pilasters. There was a window in each division, which was

painted in imitation of green marble. The window-panes were formed of slabs of ice, as transparent and smooth as sheets of plate glass. At night, when the palace was lighted, the windows were curtained by canvas screens, on which grotesque figures were painted. Owing to the transparency of the whole material, the general effect of the illumination must have been fine, the whole palace seemingly being filled with a delicate pearly light. The central division projected, and appeared to be a door, but was, in fact, a large window, and was illuminated like the others. Surmounting the *façade* of the building was an ornamental balustrade, and at each end of the sloping roof was a huge chimney. The entrance was at the rear. At each side of the door stood ice-imitations of orange-trees, in leaf and flower, with ice-birds perched on the branches.

In front of the building there was an ice-elephant, as large as life, and upon his back a figure of a man, made of ice, and dressed like a Persian. Two other men-figures of ice, one of which held a spear in its grasp, stood directly in front of the animal. The elephant was hollow, and was made to throw water through his trunk to the height of twenty-five feet. This was accomplished by means of tubes leading from the foss of the admiralty fortress, near by. Burning naphtha was substituted for water at night. In order to increase the naturalness of this part of the exhibition, there was placed within the figure a man who from time to time blew through certain pipes, making a noise like the roaring of an elephant.

The Empress ordered six cannon and two mortars to be set up on each side of the front gateway, to guard her beautiful fancy. It makes us shake our heads when we read that these cannon and mortars were likewise of ice. And even the heads of her councillors and wise men shook, and they said one to another: "What will our old eyes be asked to see next?" But the Empress laughed, for she knew that so long as the sun kept to his old path in the heavens, her palace would be secure. But to prove to her friends that the work was good, she bade them place a quarter of a pound of powder and an iron cannon ball weighing five pounds in one of the ice cannon. Every one tremblingly waited for a terrible explosion, but none came. The cannon remained intact, and the ball was thrown to some distance, passing through a board two inches thick, which was placed about sixty paces off. Everybody was wild with astonishment, and at night the Empress illuminated the palace brilliantly, and gave a great ball. And as the light shone out for miles, and men saw the fairy-like grandeur of the scene, they said that—next to the Empress Anna—Master Jack Frost was the most wonderful ruler in the world.

The inside of this great "plaything" was more wonderful than the exterior. There were only three rooms,—a spacious and handsome vestibule, which extended through the middle, and a room on each side.

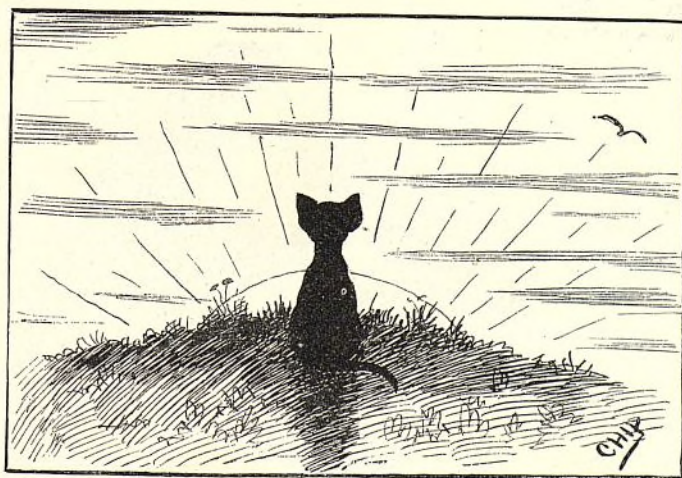
One of these apartments was the royal chamber. In it was a dressing-table fully set out with a looking-glass and all sorts of powder and essence boxes, jars, bottles, a watch, and a pair of candlesticks and candles, all fashioned of ice. In the evening these candles were smeared with naphtha and set in a blaze without melting. A great ice mirror was hung against the wall. On the other side of the room was the bedstead, with bed, pillows, counterpane, and curtains, deftly wrought in ice. A large fire-place was on the right, with an elegantly carved mantel, and within it, upon the curious andirons, were placed logs of ice which were occasionally smeared with naphtha and ignited.

The other principal room was alternately termed the dining-room and the drawing-room. An elaborately constructed ice-table extended through the apartment. On each side were settees or sofas handsomely carved. In three of the corners were large statues; in the other was a handsome time-piece, provided with wheels of ice, which were visible through the transparent case. All the other parts of

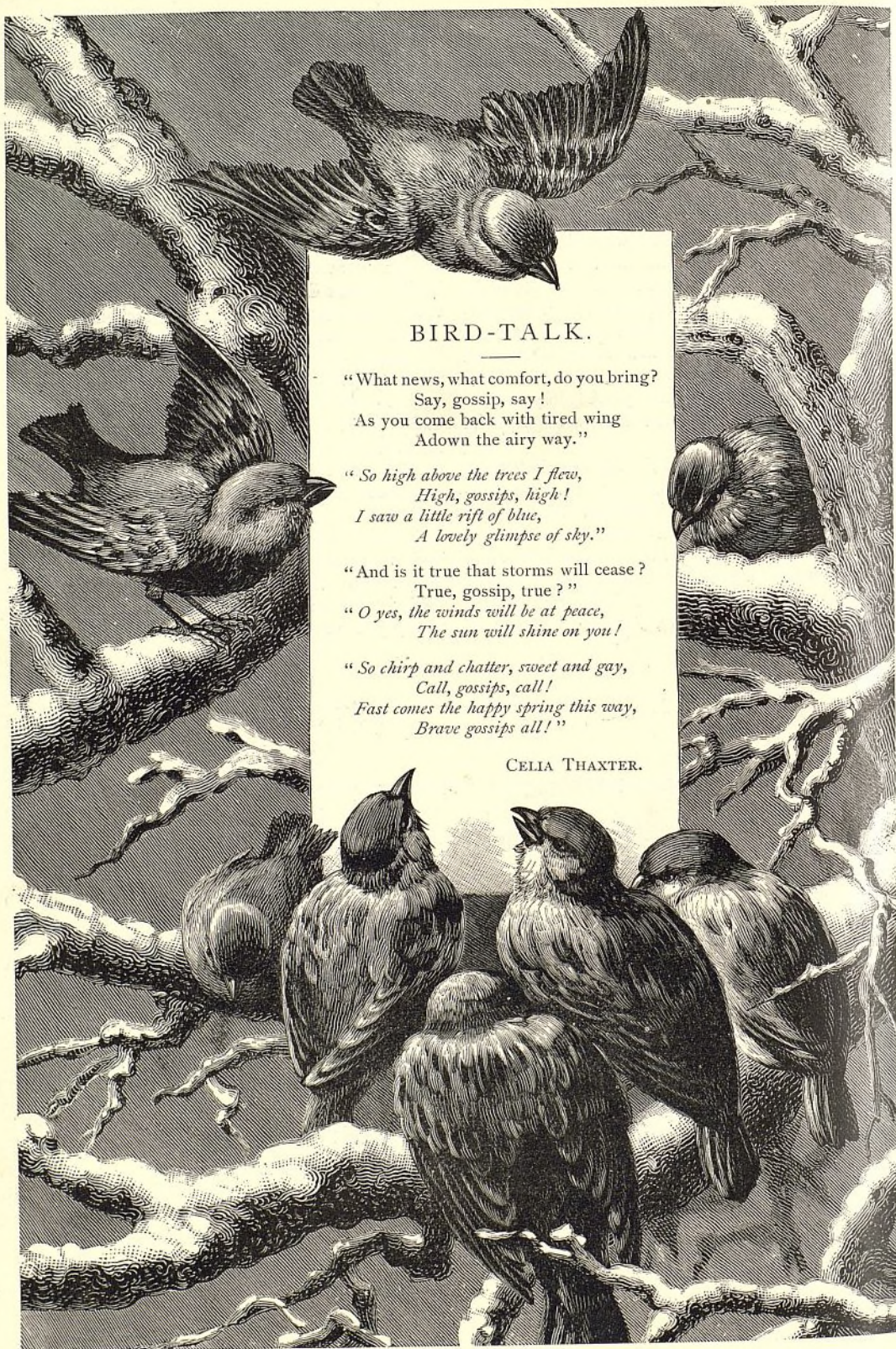
of the palace were fitted up in a corresponding manner.

The construction of this work did not occupy quite a fortnight, so many and so expert were the builders. When it was finished, the public were allowed an unrestricted passage through every part of the building, all confusion being obviated by surrounding the entrance with a wooden railing, and stationing police officers, who allowed only a certain number of persons to pass in at one time. Whenever the Empress and her court banqueted or danced at the palace, as they often did in the bright winter days and the cold winter nights, the visits of the populace were, of course, suspended.

But even in the latitude of "St. Petersburg" ice is not always strong and lasting; and Anna's ice-palace, though a contemporary writer said of it that it merited to be placed among the stars, had a brief duration. For about three months, or as long as the excessive cold weather lasted, so long did this beautiful edifice stand. Finally, under the warm sunshine of the last of March, it began to give way toward the southern side, and soon gradually disappeared. It is said that it was not altogether useless in its destruction, as the large blocks of the walls were taken to fill the ice-cellars of the imperial palace. But this was a very poor return, indeed, for the original outlay.



MEDITATION.



BIRD-TALK.

"What news, what comfort, do you bring?
Say, gossip, say!
As you come back with tired wing
Adown the airy way."

*"So high above the trees I flew,
High, gossips, high!
I saw a little rift of blue,
A lovely glimpse of sky."*

"And is it true that storms will cease?
True, gossip, true?"

*"O yes, the winds will be at peace,
The sun will shine on you!"*

*"So chirp and chatter, sweet and gay,
Call, gossips, call!
Fast comes the happy spring this way,
Brave gossips all!"*

CELIA THAXTER.

GIRL-NOBLESSE. A REPEAT OF HISTORY. II.

BY MRS. ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

YOUNG ladies!" said Miss Posackley, in her most assured official voice. But the attitude neutralized it too absurdly. The doubled-up young ladies tittered all along the line.

"Master Neal Royd, put out those matches, please. And light no more. They are most dangerous."

"And disillusionizing," said a low voice somewhere in the dimness, as the little blaze expired beneath Neal's boot.

"This will all be laid before Mrs. Singlewell," said Miss Posackley, just as if she had been at full height upon the platform at the top of the long school-room. "At present, you have to go up as you came down. Master Royd, you will go before, if you please. Miss Hastings, you led the way; lead back again."

There came a scrambling, with laughs and outcries. Neal Royd was in the trap-way, head up, ready to spring forth.

"Oh! oh! I've lost—I've dropped something, Miss Posackley. I *must* look!" sounded suddenly in distress. It was Hester Moore's voice. "Just let me have a match one minute!"

"On no account," replied Miss Posackley. "Go up, Master Neal. Go up, young ladies. This is very ex-traordinary!" she concluded; but she gasped the word out, with a distressed puff between the syllables, quite irrelevantly.

"She meant ex-hausting," whispered Kitty Sharrod. "There'll have to be more ex-hoisting before they all get out. And she's bound to come up last! For shame, girls!" she cried aloud. "Make haste!"

"Hush, Kitty Sharrod!—O dear, I *can't* find it. Don't tread all around, girls!"

"Is it your handkerchief, Miss Moore? I may be able to pick it up for you presently," Neal Royd said, most suavely, giving his hands to Clip Hastings, who, short but springy, came lightly, with that aid, to the upper floor again.

Hester Moore suddenly hushed up, herself.

"Have you found it? What was it?" they asked her, as they crowded forward from below.

"Never mind; it's all right now," said Hester, gruffly.

"She's found she never lost it. That always makes people cross," said little Lucy Payne, while Neal reached down and lifted her from the arms of Sue Merriman, who held her up to him.

Neal gave a keen glance, sidewise, at Hester's

face, when she grappled with the other edge of the trap, and struggled up heavily, and with much pushing from her comrades, through the aperture, scrambling ignominiously out on hands and knees.

"She *hasn't* found it. And it's no handkerchief. And she's in some scrape," he said to himself.

"O Hester! have n't you lost something else? Where's that lovely——"

"In my pocket, silly! Do be quiet!" interrupted Hester, pushing Lucy Payne aside, and making sullenly for the door.

"Hester! Hetty! She's missing the greatest fun of all," said mischievous Clip Hastings, in a low tone,—"*the seeing Miss Fidelia emerge. What will she do with her dignity?*"

"I'll take care of Miss Fidelia and her dignity," said Neal Royd. "Though, perhaps, that is quite as much your own business." There was a chivalrous indignation in the boy's tone. "Girls never know when a joke or a torment has gone far enough," he thought.

He jumped down through the trap as the last of Miss Posackley's charge gained foot-hold above, and then he dropped on all fours in the dust and rubbish, putting his head down, and his shoulders up, to the full stretch of his strong-braced arms.

"Step on my back, Miss Posackley. June, reach Miss Posackley your hands."

And Miss Posackley, who had a neat, small, light-booted foot, and nothing lumbering in her measured motions, first spread a little scarf she carried across the young Raleigh's coat, and then stepped with a truly Elizabethan air upon the offered support, and so, with not too ungainly struggle, up into the main room.

"I am exceedingly obliged, and really quite ashamed," she said, turning to Neal as he sprang out again and handed her the silken strip, with a quiet "Thank you" of his own, proceeding to dust his knees with his handkerchief. "But why—not, of course, that any of us should expect such aid from you—did you only think of it for me?"

"Perhaps because my jacket is n't for everybody's dust," he said. "Some people use you gently; and some tread upon you as if they meant it. It's your own fault if you can't guess the difference beforehand."

From that moment Miss Posackley had a respect for Neal Royd, and put a friendly confidence in him.

"No more going into the block-house, young

ladies, without express permission," was Miss Fidelia's general order, as she came out and headed her flock once more, taking the way down to the big rock.

The kettle was filled and hung; the fire laid; the baskets and parcels all placed comfortably at hand. Neal struck a match and touched it to the brush and pine chips, and a blaze went up. Then he judiciously withdrew himself in his former unpretentious manner, and sauntered off toward the block-house. He had more matches in his pocket, and he was not included in the forbiddance to the "young ladies." Ten minutes later, he sauntered back again to Miss Posackley and her party, to see if anything were wanted. He had something else in another pocket,—a dainty little golden chatelaine watch.

"June," said Hester Moore, a little while after dinner was over; "just ask your brother for some matches, will you?"

June looked up with a triple amaze, at the allocation, the name, and the request. "What for?" she asked.

"Oh, we shall go into the cavern presently, and I want some for myself. I won't be caught again, as I was in the old block-house. I did n't half see that either. We went right down into that miserable hole. See here, June! Mabel and I are determined we will see it again, whether or no. You come, too, that 's a good child. You know all about it. But now, just get the matches. I 'll do as much for you any time."

"I do not think I shall need you to," said June, rather coolly. "And I don't believe Neal will let us have any matches. And we had better not disobey Miss Posackley. I 'll ask Neal, though." And she went off at once, and did it.

Neal laughed.

"Cunning, is n't she? In a small way. But I guess I 'm her match—though I 've got no matches for her. She might set the *cavern* on fire, eh?"

"You 're quite right, Chiefie; only I thought I had better give her your own answer."

"Well, that 's it; only you need n't tell her the whole of it. I say, June, what do you suppose she lost down there? What did she have—did n't you notice?—that she might lose? That she might be *afraid* to lose—or tell of, if she had lost it?"

Something flashed suddenly across June's mind.

"Why! she had a lovely chatelaine watch, just like—"

"That?"

"Chiefie! Where did you get it? Why, it is *Gracie's*!" she exclaimed, when she had taken the trinket into her hand, and glanced at it on

each side. "See, there is the monogram 'G. V.' She would n't let us look at it closely; I thought it was her sister's. She was crazy to wear Grace Vanderbrooke's when it first came; I used to hear her teasing for it. It was at the jeweler's to be regulated, when Grace was sent for; she begged leave to get it and keep it for her till she came back; but she said Blanche Hardy would do that;" June went on, with girlish ambiguity of pronouns. "Then Hester was provoked, and said it did n't matter—other people had chatelaine watches; she could borrow one from her own home if she wanted to; her mother and her sister—who is engaged—both had them; she only wanted to do her a kindness. And then to-day—oh! when she half showed it, she *did* make us think, if she did n't say out and out, that it was her sister's. And Blanche Hardy went yesterday with *her* sister, the bride, to Lake Rinklepin. Oh, Neal! She must have—borrowed it—out of Blanche's trunk!"

"All right. Now let her whistle for her matches—and her chances! I 'll go and put it back where I found it. It was safe enough. 'Block-house good. Got no scalp.'"

"Don't be horrid, Neal. If you would only help her out of it—think! It would be—it would be being a real Chiefie to do that."

"I 'm only a chief in the rough, Junie. And 'set a chief to help a thief!' There 's no such saying as that, even in the New Testament!" And Neal strode off.

He had two or three strokes of revenge to choose from. He could walk up innocently to Miss Posackley before them all, and give into her charge what he had found, which would bring the whole disclosure down upon Pester More's head; or he could let her worry all day, and spoil her good time, reserving to himself the alternative of showing mercy at the last, and shaming her of her own meannesses, or of still finishing her off with the public exposure which she deserved. Or, again, he could put the thing back where he had found it, as he had said; leaving it and her to take the "chances," the probabilities of which he had his own ideas about.

He rejected the first and most summary method; for the rest, he postponed the matter. An Indian chief postpones the tomahawk; he understands the fine torture of suspense.

June was too tender for that, even with her foe. She could say nothing about Neal; she must leave him to manage his own affairs; but she did go to Miss Posackley—believing that her brother would do as he had said, and that the watch would have to be found over again in the block-house cellar—and asked her if "Miss Dernham and

Miss Moore and I" could go up there again, "just for a few minutes."

Miss Posackley refused. It would be a precedent for all the rest. They had all seen it; that must now be enough.

"No more block-house to-day, my dear. I have quite made up my mind on that point. It is growing late, besides; and we are going to the cavern."

"Glad of it!" was Hester Moore's comment. They all *would* come tumbling after. Amabel, I want *you*. There are lovely rock-mosses up on the steep knoll." And she turned off, without further notice of Junia, who had done her the kindness. Amabel followed, longing for rock-mosses, but demurring about cows.

"Cows don't go up the side of a house," retorted Hester. "And the fences are beyond it, too."

The rock-knoll rose from the extremity of the low, natural bank-wall which separated the block-house level on the front from the terrace below, the verge of which was the broad "big flat," and whence descended again, in abrupt declivity, the real precipice in the face of which, upon the river-brink, was the traditional cave. The knoll jutted, like a steep headland, over into an adjoining meadow on its farther side; on the right, its ridge, bushy with sweet-fern and brambles, trended gradually to the plane of the fortress field. Toward the block-house, these wild growths gave a cover nearly all the way. Elsewhere, all was visible upon this plane to those upon the flat below.

A walled-in lane led from the left upper corner of the block-house field, between the meadow and some corn-land, up to the high, wooded pastures; at its head, a stout, heavy "pair of bars" stretched across. Up this lane Neal Royd was walking, whistling, having mended Zibbie's fire and filled her kettle for her dish-washing.

"I guess it'll keep that girl flock to the lower lot faster than any commandment," he said to himself, as he came and leaned for a moment upon the bars. Out beyond, some seven or eight cows were quietly feeding.

Royd let down the bars and stood there watching the cows.

"They can't get farther than the block-house flat," he said again. "There'll be a red-skin blockade, sure enough; Pester More wont dare run that blockade, either. I like to see that laws are kept. I was to be useful; I'll be as useful as I can."

He had no notion that Hester Moore and Amabel were at the very moment on that side of the terrace wall, hurrying along the sheltered dip of ground toward the block-house. He only meant they should not find it possible to get there.

When he turned and walked down the lane again, they were already within the ancient wooden walls.

The cows had seen him,—had lifted their heads at his coaxing "Co! co!"—and with their kindly instinct, were heading slowly toward the opened way, possibly anticipating a pan of salt.

Neal made straight for the big flat and the descent to the cavern. On the picnic ground he overtook June, lingering there alone. She had been helping Zibbie gather up the fragments; Zibbie had now gone down to the pier, her arms laden with baskets.

"Where 's the crowd?" Neal asked his sister. "What 's left you out?"

"The crowd is in the cavern, and on the shore, and all along," she replied. "I waited with Amabel. She went with Hester Moore to get mosses on the knoll."

"Whe-ew!" whistled Neal, taking in the situation, and glancing up behind them. Nothing was moving on the knoll, but great red, horned creatures, wending their way down and deploying themselves around the block-house. Yes, another creature, too, which he had not seen in his reconnaissance at the bar place!

A grand old sachem of the herd and two young braves of steers had been in the wood edge, and had followed the gentle mothers down. The big horns and massive brute forehead of the patriarch were rearing with a proud, investigating toss, as he came magnificently through the lane-way.

The block-house was nearer the bank-wall than to the upper field and the lane by nearly three-fourths of the whole distance.

"What is it, Neal? What do you mean?" cried June, hurriedly.

"They're well caught in their own trap," he answered. "Now let 'em stay awhile. You come along down." And he picked up an armful of baskets and turned to descend the cliff pathway.

Now, June knew that they were in the block-house, though she had spoken truly in saying that they had left her to go upon the knoll. She, too, grasped the situation; she discerned what Neal had suspected and had done.

"You—mean—boy!" she exclaimed, in bitter, forceful indignation. There is nothing so keen, so cutting, *cruel*, as the two-edged sword which smites at once an offender and the offended, loving heart.

If she had not said that, Neal would have looked around, at least, to know if she were following; as it was, he kept his head quite straight away from her and marched on, disappearing down the rapid slope. June gave one swiftly measuring gaze upward, and then sprang to the low wall, scaled it,—scarce knowing where the tips of feet and

fingers clung,—and flew along the ground to the block-house. She felt sure they were in the cellar and would not see. She rounded the building in a flash, and darted in at the open door.

"Amabel! Hester!" she called. "Come, quick! There are cattle in the field! Hurry! hurry! They're standing still and feeding; you can get out; only make haste!"

The bull was at the lane foot; he paused there, with his stately air of survey; he gave a low snort of question; he sniffed, as if suspecting something for his interference.

June stood in the door-way, watching; calling eagerly again to her companions, who lingered,—Hester divided between the distress of her loss and her fear of the cattle.

"Girls! come! He's moving!"

That masculine pronoun sent them up with a struggle. Hester clambered out of the trap, pushed up by Amabel; then, was actually on the point of rushing forth, leaving Amabel to her own unaided effort.

"Shame! stop!" cried Junia, in a voice that her school-fellow never—she herself scarcely ever till to-day—had known for hers. "Take hold of her other hand!"

June already had Amabel by one hand; and Hester, constrained doubly,—for she could not have confronted the creatures alone,—obeyed. Meantime, the *Bos* (is that what "boss" comes from?), seeing and hearing and moving with something more of purpose, was tramping down toward the open door-way. The three girls saw him so, as they turned, and not twenty paces from the entrance.

"Oh, we can't!" cried Amabel.

"He'll come in!" shrieked Hester.

"Go up the ladder," said June; and remarked as in a dream, as she said it, how that other June and Mabel Dunham had gone up that very ladder, into that very loft, long before, in the old time in the story. It was as if it had stood there a hundred years, waiting for them to come back and live their terrors over again together.

Hester and Mabel hurried up; June came last. Then the great animal actually walked in upon the floor below, and raised his voice in a mutter that trembled along the timbers under their feet.

Hester cried. Amabel shook with fright. June went over to a loop-hole that looked toward the flat. "There is no danger," she said, quietly, and reached out through the narrow aperture, waving her white handkerchief.

Amabel looked at her watch. "It is a quarter to five now," she said, "and this is slow, too."

There was nobody in sight. The flat was cleared, and they were all down upon the shore, hidden and unseeing beneath the high, overhanging rocks.

June absolutely smiled. "Block-house good; got no scalp," she quoted. "They'll soon come up, and miss us. And there'll be Mrs. Singlewell's wise half hour."

She picked up a strip of old split board that lay near, pulled her handkerchief fast into a cleft at its end, and thrust it far out through the opening.

"Chiefie will take care," June said again.

She spoke his name proudly and tenderly, sorry in her heart for her quick bitterness, and sure of how sorry he would be for any trouble to her.

"The worst that could happen would be for him to have to go up to the farm, and us to get belated. But we know the Ronnquists, and they'll take care of us, somehow.—It's so like the story, Mabel!" she added, with a loving movement toward the girl, that might have been the gentle grace of the Tuscarora June herself.

This half comforted Hester. If she could only have one more search,—properly, with a light,—and if then they could only get to Nonnusquam before Blanche Hardy, the next day! Blanche Hardy was so "awfully" true,—so hard on any little slip or quibble. She began to feel quite bold with the reaction; and to her small nature the rebound from fear was impulse to some safe insolence. She stamped upon the floor, below which the great beast was tramping. She even went to the upper trap-way and through the opening began to unfurl her parasol, with which she had been groping in the cellar.

"Pester More!" cried June, using involuntarily and most appropriately Neal's sobriquet, "do you know what you're about? That cardinal-red thing!"

"He can't touch us now," said the girl. "You said so."

"Us!" ejaculated June, contemptuously. "Somebody else has got to come, I suppose you know." And she took the sunshade unceremoniously into her own keeping.

Miss Posackley's little conductor's whistle sounded just before the half hour. The prisoners could see from the loop-holes the gathering from different directions, as the stragglers came in sight along the rocks, and drew toward the pier.

The bull was pawing and snorting; occasionally a growling bellow broke forth, quite audible to the river; and the three girls saw many a quick start and turn, and a general air of huddling and questioning among their companions, as they hurried down the plank-way and pressed around Miss Posackley, with glances backward, and pointings, and gestures of wonder, if not of apprehension.

Miss Posackley looked tranquil. "Down in the meadow, probably," she was saying; "there is certainly nothing in sight."

But all at once there was a greater stir; a looking everywhere. There came a calling of voices.

June worked her heavy flag-staff up and down, with difficulty. Then a dozen fingers pointed to the block-house and the white signal. Then Miss Posackley began to flurry and agitate. There were no provisional orders for a thing like this. She was off her tramway.

They could already see the white steam-wreath of the boat stealing along behind Long Point, a mile or so below. It had to make one stop, at Burt's Landing; then another five minutes would bring it up. It was a little in advance of its usual time to-night.

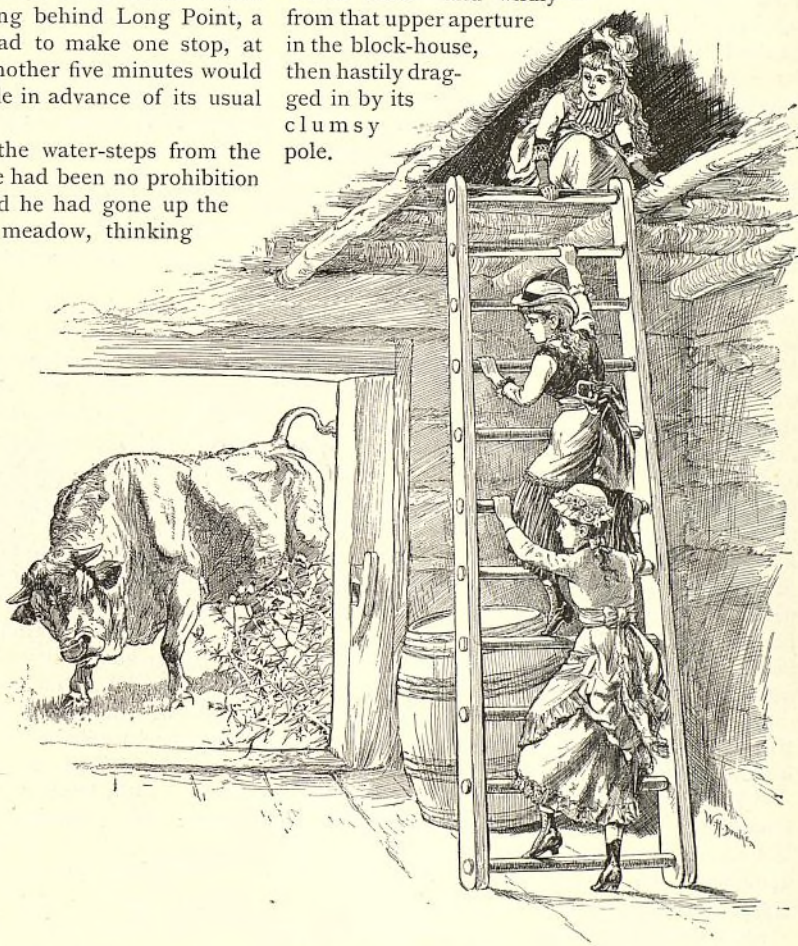
Neal Royd came up the water-steps from the river to the wharf. There had been no prohibition against his canoeing, and he had gone up the little creek beyond the meadow, thinking to reach the back-lying farm-house by the shortest way, and bring down help to get the cattle up again. Since the pasture-autocrat had appeared upon the scene, the conditions were changed. The girls were safe in the block-house, but to release them another hand—and one used to the management of the herd—might be needed. From the upland path into which he struck on leaving his canoe, and by which, in a few minutes' walk, he gained the ridge, he had looked across and perceived, as he supposed, the whole herd, returned meanwhile into its proper pasture, taking its slow, afternoon way along the dips and windings in the direction of the twilight home-going. Brush copses and swells of land prevented his being certain of individuals or of the entire number; but the open level about the block-house was in full view, and was quite empty of intruders.

He had crossed to the head of the lane, a little beyond which he had been walking while on the ridge, had taken one more survey downward, put up the bars again, and gone back to his boating, relieved of further responsibility.

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Rowing down under the woody banks of the creek, and again; while beneath the cliffs upon the river, he heard, with some misgiving of uncertainty, that low roar, muffled in the distance. Was it in the distance of the pasture?

Springing up the pier-steps, he saw the excited, restless groups; the roar now came distinctly, and pronounced and heavy; the handkerchief-flag was waved once—and wildly—from that upper aperture in the block-house, then hastily dragged in by its clumsy pole.



THE THREE GIRLS CLAMBERED UP THE LADDER.

Junia was missing from among the school-girls. Neal saw that with quick eyes, before he had seemed to look at all. And the fact that she was missing spurred him to instant action. He ran up the long side incline of the roadway, and leaped the wall into the block-house field.

June's voice came clear and shrill from the loop-hole.

"Keep away, Neal! He's angry now. Don't come alone. We're safe up here; only bring somebody soon!"

Neal leaped the wall again, and ran down to Miss Fidelia.

"You had better leave this to me, Miss Posackley," he said. "Let Zibbie stay, to look after the young ladies. I'll get some one from the farm, if I can't do better. There's a train up from Hopegood's at seven; Ben Ronnquist will take us over; let somebody meet us at the Corners. Or, if we should miss that, Mrs. Ronnquist will keep the girls safe till morning. You need n't be the least uneasy. The old block-house is good for a worse siege, and you see they know what they're about! I'll run no risk."

Miss Posackley vibrated, rotated. Her bonnet whirled like a weather-vane between the opposite quarters of her alarmed anxieties. From the block-house came the horrible brute voice; from the advancing steamer the warning shriek of its arrival.

"Go on, girls!" Neal shouted, without ceremony, to the hesitating damsels. "Go on board at once. Come here, Zibbie."

By the pure force of his decision he had his way; Miss Posackley's young ladies turned, with shuddering submission, to the gang-plank. Miss Posackley gave one or two more spasmodic spins, and followed. She took in the wisdom of her forced conclusion gradually, as she calmed. By the time she reported herself at Nonnusquam, she had innocently adopted it as her own. "It was the only thing to be done," she said. And the next day, when all was safe, and Mrs. Singlewell had returned to hear the story, the subject had so grown upon her that she covered herself with quiet glory.

"It was no time to hesitate," she explained. "If there had been a minute more of excitement, we all might have been left."

"You acted most wisely and promptly, Miss Posackley," said Mrs. Singlewell, amazed at the fact in her own mind. "But there is never any knowing," she said to herself, "what latent energies a great emergency may draw forth."

Miss Posackley took the commendation with a meek pleasure. She had had no idea of falsifying; she simply had not seen herself as a weather-vane.

There is not very much more to be told of this little analogy of adventure and character.

Neal, left alone in command, considered briefly, then ordered his campaign. He did not like to leave the girls alone with their formidable neighbor and their own nerves, safe though they were from actual danger; nor would Zibbie consent to be "left around loose with that old ring-in-the-nose." He approached the block-house on the lower side, and called up to the loop-hole:

"June! Fling out a scarf, or something; red, if you have it."

June poked out Hester's cardinal sunshade.

"This?" she asked.

"Just the ticket. Drop it!"

"But oh, Chiefie! Please take care! Don't be venturesome!"

"Don't worry nor weep, June. The harbor bar is n't moaning." And with the ambiguous comfort of this allusion he seized the red parasol and made swift way around the field to the head of the lane, let down the bars again, and came through walking toward the block-house. He watched his moment when the creature faced toward him, and then unfurled the parasol, and waved it defiantly.

"Auld Hornie" thought, perhaps, it was a girl-enemy; at any rate, he took the bait and challenge, and made furiously for the insolent bit of color.

Neal rushed up the narrow way, well ahead of him, through the bars, and along by the wall, for a sufficient distance; then he jumped into the corn-field, and thence back into the lane; and he had the bars up while the bull was still following his roundabout track, and raging at its doublings and interceptions. And, in a moment more, Neal returned, demurely holding over his head the red sunshade, somewhat damaged by its flight across two fences, to find the block-house garrison just cautiously and timidly emerging from its shelter.

He gave the parasol to his sister, without apology, and ignoring ownership.

"Come along, now; we've no time to lose," he said, and led the way to the rough cart-road, and up its ratty ascent toward the farm-buildings, visible half a mile off upon the hill.

As they walked, he made opportunity to come into line with, but scarcely alongside, Miss Hester Moore. He drew something from his pocket, which he held out to her, at a fair arm's length, —as if he had another dangerous creature to deal with.

"You may as well have this back," he said. "Two mean things don't make a smart one."

Hester clutched the trinket eagerly, then flamed at him.

"Two mean things! Then *you* let in those cattle!"

"Well, I did. But that was n't the mean thing I meant." And he left her, scorning to explain himself, or to rebuke her further.

"A regular meanie can't be made to be ashamed," he said to June afterward. "I give it up."

Ben Ronnquist, when he had heard from Neal the particulars of their having been left behind by the boat, hitched his horse to the broad-seated

family wagon, which was to take them to the cars. Hester and Amabel were helped in first. A small boy was to go with the team, to bring it back; and there was also Zibbie, to ride in front with Neal.

"I wonder if there's room in here for June?" Hester asked, disfavoringly, from behind, when she and Amabel were seated.

"Well, I guess there'd better be!" said Neal Roughhead, in a short, strong way.

Whether she took a cue at last from this utterance, or whether with her, as with Miss Posackley, the things that had been beyond her began to come to her by degrees, at least in so far as to reveal to her certain probabilities of a knowledge that might be power, Miss Moore sat awhile in the darkness,

("Arrowhead great chief," had said the Tuscarora woman in the story.)

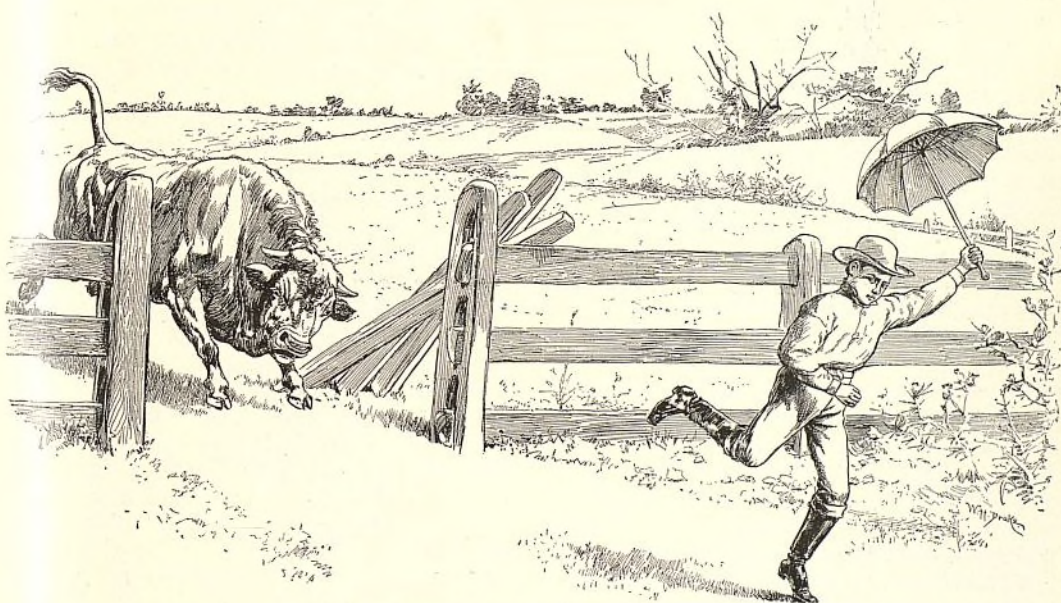
When Blanche Hardy heard of June's behavior at the block-house, she came to her,—not with sudden patronizing, or conscious compliment of approval, but with the warm impulse of like to like.

She stopped where June was standing, laid a hand lightly on her shoulder and another on her arm, leaning toward her as if drawn.

"You were courageous to do that," she said. "And generous."

June flushed brightly, but answered simply:

"I was not afraid. And how could I do anything else?"



"NEAL RUSHED AHEAD THROUGH THE BARS."

silent; and she spoke at length in quite different fashion.

"We've seen a good deal of each other to-day, June. We'll get together rather more after this, I think."

"Will we?" responded simple June. "It's only people that belong that get together, I think. To-day was an accident."

After they were in the cars, Amabel came and took a place by June. There was plenty of room; Hester, Zibbie, and Neal had each a whole seat.

"Don't you think, Junie, that people who want to, get to 'belong'? I'd like to 'belong' to people like you and Neal."

"Neal is a dear chiefie," responded gentle June.

Then Blanche Hardy leaned closer and kissed her. "You could n't, I know," she said.

Now Blanche Hardy, from pure height of character and its noble presence and showing, was the real queen of the school,—not by any means merely of a little artificial clique.

From that day June went—naturally and as one "belonging"—up higher. Blanche Hardy became her fast and intimate friend. Nobody, any more, could snub or condescend to her. She was of a peerage above clan or coterie. Yet she remained in all sweet loyalty and non-pretense as aboriginal as ever.

Amabel, loving and seeking June also, was won to her own true place among those who "belonged" through the longing to *be*.

It is only the half, or spurious, attainment, like half faith, or cant, that holds itself within marked and excluding lines; the true noblesse is as catholic as the household of God's saints.

In Cooper's story, the miscreant Muir had died.

All deaths are not by tomahawking. There is a deeper decease by very miscreancy itself. I have nothing further to mention concerning Miss Pester More.

It is human nature that repeats itself in young or old, in wild or civilized; history and romance are but the facts and pictures of it.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.



"MAMMA said: 'Little one, go and see
If Grandmother's ready to come to tea.'
I knew I must n't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was Grandmother fast asleep!"

"I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door or softly call;
But I had n't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little smile,
That means she's loving you all the while.

"I did n't make a speck of a noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys

And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to Heaven—she told me so.

"I went up close, and I did n't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
'Grandmother dear it's time for tea.'



She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said: 'Why, Pet, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face.'
She pointed right at the very place!

"I never told her 't was only me;
I took her hand, and we went to tea."

THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure in Tierra del Fuego.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XVII.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

"THERE they are at last! Heaven have mercy on us!"

At these words of grave import from Captain Gancy, work is instantly suspended, the boat-builders dropping their tools, as though they burned the hands that grasped them.

For some minutes the alarm runs high, all thinking their last hour is at hand. How can they think otherwise, with their eyes bent on those black objects, which, though but as specks in the far distance, grow bigger while they stand gazing at them, and which they know to be canoes full of cannibal savages? For they have no doubt that the approaching natives are the Ailikolips. The old Ailikolip wigwam, and the fact that the party that so lately visited the cove were of this tribe, make it evident that this is Ailikolip cruising ground; while the canoes now approaching seem to correspond in number with those of the party that assailed them. If they be the same, and if they should come on shore by the kitchen midden,—then small hope of more boat-building, and, as is only too likely, small hope of life for the builders.

One chance alone now prevents them from yielding to utter despair—the savages *may* pass on without landing. In that case, the castaways can not be seen, nor will their presence there be suspected. With scrupulous adherence to their original plan, they have taken care that nothing of their encampment shall be visible from the water; tent, boat-timbers—everything—are screened on the water side by a thick curtain of evergreens. Their fire is always out during the day, and so there is no tell-tale smoke.

Soon Captain Gancy observes what further allays apprehension. With the glass still at his eye, he makes out the savages to be of both sexes and all ages—even infants being among them, in the laps of, or strapped to, their mothers. Nor can he see any warlike insignia—nothing white—the color that in all other countries is emblematic of peace, but which, by strange contrariety, in Tierra del Fuego is the sure symbol of war!

The people in the canoes, whoever they may be, are evidently on a peaceful expedition; possibly

they are some tribe or community on its way to winter quarters. And they *may* not be Ailikolips after all; or, at all events, not the former assailants of Whale Boat Sound.

These tranquilizing reflections occur while the Fuegians are yet far off. When first sighted, they were on the opposite side of the arm, closely hugging the land, the water in mid-channel being rough. But, as they come nearer, they are seen to change course and head diagonally across for the southern side, which looks as if they intended to land, and very probably, by the old wigwam. Doubtless some of them may have once lived in it and eaten of the mollusks, the shells of which are piled upon the kitchen midden.

The castaways note this movement with returning alarm, now almost sure that an encounter is inevitable. But again are they gratified at seeing the canoes turn broadside toward them, with bows set sharp for the southern shore, and soon pass from sight.

Their disappearance is caused by the projecting spit, behind which they have paddled, when closing in upon the land.

For what purpose have they put in there? That is the question now asked of one another by the boat-builders. They know that, on the other side of the promontory, there is a deep bay or sound, running far inland; how far they can not tell, having given it only careless glances while gathering cranberries. Probably the Fuegians have gone up it, and that may be the last of them. But what if they have landed on the other side of the spit, to stay there? In this case, they will surely at some time come around, if but to despoil the kelp-bed of its shell-fish treasures.

All is conjecture now, with continuing apprehension and suspense. To put an end to the latter, the two youths, alike impatient and impetuous, propose a reconnaissance—to go to the cranberry ridge and take a peep over it.

"No!" objects Seagriff, restraining them. "Ef the savagers are ashore on t' other side, an' should catch sight o' ye, yer chances for gettin' back hyar would n't be worth countin' on. They can run faster than chased foxes, and over any sort o' ground. Therfur, it's best fer ye to abide hyar till we see what 's to come of it."

So counseled, they remain, and for hours after

nothing more is seen either of the canoes or of their owners, although constant watch is kept for them. Confidence is again in the ascendant, as they now begin to believe that the savages have a wintering place somewhere up the large inlet, and are gone to it, may be to remain for months. If they will stay but a week, all will be well; as by that time the boat will be finished, launched, and away.



HENRY CHESTER.

Confidence of brief duration, dispelled almost as soon as conceived! The canoes again appear on the open water at the point of the promontory, making around it, evidently intending to run between the kelp-bed and the shore, and probably to land by the shell-heap! With the castaways it is a moment of dismay. No longer is there room for doubt; the danger is sure and near. All the men arm themselves, as best they can, with boat-hook, ax, mallet, or other carpentering tool, resolved on defending themselves to the death.

But now a new surprise and puzzle greets them. As the canoes, one after another, appear around the point, they are seen to be no longer crowded; but each seems to have lost nearly half its crew! And of those remaining nearly all are women and children—old women, too, with but the younger of the girls and boys! A few aged men are among them, but none of the middle-aged or able-bodied of either sex. Where are these? and for what have they left the canoes? About this there is no time for conjecture. In less than five minutes after their re-appearance, the paddled craft are brought to shore by the shell-heap, and all—men, women, children, and dogs—scramble out of them. The

dogs are foremost, and are first to find that the place is already in possession. The keen-scented Fuegian canines, with an instinctive antipathy to white people, immediately on setting paw upon land, rush up to the camp and surround it, ferociously barking and making a threatening show of teeth; and it is only by vigorously brandishing the boat-hook that they can be kept off.

Their owners, too, are soon around the camp; as they come within sight of its occupants, one after another crying out in surprise:

"*Akifka akinish!*" ("White man!")

The castaways now see themselves begirt by an array of savage creatures—such as they have never seen before, though they have had dealings with uncivilized beings in many lands. Two score ugly old women, wrinkled and blear-eyed, and with tangled hair hanging over their faces, and with them a number of old men, stoop-shouldered, and of wizard aspect. Even the boys and girls have an impish, unearthly look, like the dwarfs that figure on the stage in a Christmas pantomime! But neither old nor young show fear, or any sign of it. On the contrary, on every face is an impudent expression—threatening and aggressive—while the hoarse, guttural sounds given out by them seem less like articulate speech than like the chattering of apes. Indeed, some of the old men appear more like monkeys than human beings, reminding Captain Gancy of the time when he was once beset in a South African *kloof*, or ravine, by a troop of barking and gibbering dog-faced baboons.

For a time, all is turmoil and confusion, with doubting fear on the part of the white people, who can not tell what is to be the issue. Mrs. Gancy and Leoline have retired into the tent, while the men stand by its entrance, prepared to defend it. They make no demonstration of hostility, however, but keep their weapons as much as possible out of sight, and as calmly as possible await the action of the savages. To show distrust might give offense, and court attack,—no trifling matter, notwithstanding the age and apparent imbecility of the savages. Seagriff knows, if the others do not, that the oldest and feeblest of them—woman or man—would prove a formidable antagonist; and, against so many, he and his four men companions would stand but a poor chance. Luckily, he recalls a word or two of their language which may conciliate them; and, as soon as he has an opportunity of making himself heard, he cries out in a friendly tone:

"*Arré! Cholid!*" ("Brothers! Sisters!")

His appeal has the effect intended, or seems to have. With exclamations of astonishment at hearing an *akifka akinish* address them in their own tongue, the expression of their faces becomes less fierce, and they desist from menacing gest-

ures. One of the men, the oldest, and for this reason having chief authority, draws near and commences to pat Seagriff on the chest and back alternately, all the while giving utterances to a gurgling, "chucking" noise that sounds somewhat like the cluck of a hen when feeding her chicks!

Having finished with the old sealer, who has reciprocated his quaint mode of salutation, he extends it to the other three whites, one after the other. But as he sees the "doctor," who, at the moment, has stepped from within the wigwam, where he had been unperceived, there is a sudden revulsion of feeling among the savages,—a return to hostility,—the antipathy of all Fuegians to the African negro being proverbially bitter. Strange and unaccountable is this prejudice against the negro by a people almost the lowest in humanity's scale.

"*Ical shiloké! Uftucla!*" ("Kill the black dog!") they cry out in spiteful chorus, half a dozen of them making a dash at him.

Seagriff throws himself in front, to shield him from their fury; and, with arms uplifted, appealingly calls out:

"*Ical shiloké—zapello!*" ("The black dog is but a slave.")

At this, the old man makes a sign, as if saying the *zapello* is not worth their anger, and they retire, but reluctantly, like wolves forced from their prey. Then, as if by way of appeasing their spite, they go stalking about the camp, picking up and secreting such articles as tempt their cupidity.

Fortunately, few things of any value have been left exposed, the tools and other highly prized chattels having been stowed away inside the tent. Luckily, also, they had hastily carried into it some dried fungus and fish cured by the smoking process, intended for boat stores. But Cæsar's outside larder suffers to depletion. In a trice it is emptied—not a scrap being left by the prowling pilferers. And everything, as soon as appropriated, is eaten raw, just as it is found—seal's-flesh, shell-fish, beech apples, berries, everything!

Hunger—ravenous, unappeasable hunger—seems to pervade the whole crew; no doubt the fact that the weather has been for a long time very stormy has interfered with their fishing, and otherwise hindered their procuring food. Like all savages, the Fuegian is improvident,—more so even than some of the brute creation—and rarely lays up store for the future, and hence is often in terrible straits, at the very point of starvation. Clearly, it is so with those just landed; and, having eaten up everything eatable that they can lay their hands on, there is a scattering off amongst the trees in quest of their most reliable food staple—the beech apple. Some go gathering mussels and limpets along the strand, while the more robust of the

women, under the direction of the old men, proceed to the construction of wigwams. Half a score of these are set up, long branches broken from the trees furnishing the rib-poles, which are roofed over with old seal-skins taken out of the canoes. In a wonderfully short time they are finished, almost as quickly as the pitching of a soldier's tent. When ready for occupation, fires are kindled in them, around which the wretched creatures crouch and shiver, regardless of smoke thick and bitter enough to drive a badger from its hole. It is this that makes them bleary-eyed, and even uglier than Nature intended them to be. But the night is now near beginning, a chill, raw evening, with snow falling, and they can better bear smoke than cold. Nor are they any longer hungry. Their search for shell-fish and fungus has been rewarded with success, and they have eaten gluttonously of both.

Meanwhile, our friends the castaways have been left to themselves, for the time undisturbed, save by the dogs, which give them almost continuous trouble. The skulking curs, led by one of their kind, form a ring around the camp, deafening the ears of its occupants with their angry baying and barking. Strangely enough, as if sharing the antipathy of their owners, they seem specially hostile to the "doctor," more furiously demonstrating their antagonism to him than to any of the others! The poor fellow is kept constantly on the alert, to save his shins from their sharp teeth.

Late in the evening, the old chief, whom the others call Annaqua ("the arrow"), pays the camp a visit, professing great friendship, and again going through the patting and "chucking" process as before. But his professions ill correspond with his acts, as the aged sinner is actually detected stealing the knife of Seagriff himself—and from his person, too!—a feat worthy the most accomplished master of legerdemain, the knife being adroitly abstracted from its sheath on the old sealer's hip during the superfluous exchange of salutations! Fortunately, the theft is discovered by young Chester, who is standing near by, and the thief caught in the very act. On the stolen article being taken from under the pilferer's shoulder-patch of seal-skin, where he had dexterously secreted it, he breaks out into a laugh, pretending to pass it off as a joke. In this sense the castaways are pleased to interpret it, or to make show of so interpreting it, for the sake of keeping on friendly terms with him. Indeed, but that the knife is a serviceable tool, almost essential to them, he would be permitted to retain it; and, by way of smoothing matters over, a brass button is given him instead, with which he goes on his way rejoicing.

"The old shark would steal the horns off a goat, ef they warn't well fixed in," is Seagriff's

remark, as he stands looking after their departing visitor. "Howsoever, let 's hope they may be content wi' stealin', and not take to downright robbery, or worse. We 'll hev to keep watch all night, anyway, ez thar's no tellin' what they may be up to. *They never sleep. They 're perfect weasels.*"

And all night, watch is kept, with a large fire ablaze, there being now no reason for letting it go out. Two of the party act as sentinels at a time, another pair taking their place. But indeed, throughout most of the night, all are wakeful, slumber being denied them by the barking of the dogs, and yelling of the savages, who, making good Seagriff's words, seem as though sleep were a luxury they had no wish to indulge in. And something seems to have made them merry, also. Out of their wigwams issue sounds of boisterous hilarity, as though they were celebrating some grand festival, with now and then a peal of laughter that might have proceeded from the lungs of a stentor. Disproportionate as is the great strength of a Fuegian to his little body, his voice is even more so; this is powerful beyond belief, and so loud as to be audible at almost incredible distances! Such a racket as these wild merry-makers within the wigwams are keeping up might well prevent the most weary of civilized mortals from even once closing his eyes in sleep. And the uproar lasts till daylight.

But what the cause of their merriment may be, or what it means, or how they can be merry at all under such circumstances, is to the castaways who listen anxiously to their hoarse clamor, a psychological puzzle defying explanation. Huddled together like pigs in a pen, and surely less comfortable

in the midst of the choking smoke, contentment even would seem an utter impossibility. That there should exist such an emotion as joyfulness among them, is a fact which greatly astonishes Ned Gancy and young Chester. Yet there can be no doubt that they are contented for the time, and even happy, if that word can ever be truly applied to creatures in a savage condition like theirs; and their loud merriment is, perhaps, a proof of Nature's universal beneficence, that will not permit the life of these lowest



A STRANGE PROCESSION. (SEE PAGE 468.)

and, apparently, most wretched of human beings to be all misery! Far more miserable than they, that night,—or, at least, far more burdened with the *sense* of misery,—are those whom fate has cast into the power of these savage creatures, and who are obliged to listen to their howlings and hyena-like laughter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FUEGIAN FOOD-PROVIDING.

To the castaways every hour of that night is one of fear and agonizing suspense. Not so much from apprehension of immediate, as of future danger. With the occupants of the wigwam in such good humor, it is not likely that they can be contemplating an attack at present. But when those who are absent return—what then? This is the fear now uppermost in the minds of Captain Gancy's little party.

Nor does morning do aught to dispel their anxiety; on the contrary, it is intensified by the behavior of the savages, who are again in a sour temper after their night's carouse. For, having eaten up all their gatherings of yesterday, they are again hungry. Young and old, there are nearly a hundred of them, all ravenous gluttons, to say nothing of the swarm of curs requiring to be fed.

By earliest daylight they come crowding around the camp, as though they expected to find something eatable there. Disappointed in their hope, they grin and chatter, showing their teeth like the dogs. More especially are their menaces directed toward the "doctor"; and the poor fellow is frightened to a death-like pallor, notwithstanding his sable skin. He takes refuge within the tent—still a sacred precinct—and does not dare to venture out again. To propitiate them, presents are made—the last things that can well be parted with. To Annaqua is given a pipe, with some tobacco, while the most importunate and seemingly most important of the women have, each, a trifle bestowed on them.

The gifts restore their good humor, or at least make them contented for the time; and having obtained all that can be given them, they scatter away over the ground, going about their business of the day.

The wherewithal for breakfast is, of course, their first consideration, and this they find along the strand and around the edge of the woods, though more sparingly than in their search yesterday. Only enough is obtained to afford them a stinted repast—a mere luncheon. But the kelp-bed is still to be explored, and for this they must wait until the tide begins to ebb.

Meanwhile, they do not remain idle, another resource engaging them—a feat for which the Fuegian native has obtained a world-wide celebrity—namely, diving for sea-eggs. A difficult, dangerous industry it is, and just on this account committed to the women, who alone engage in it.

Having dispatched their poor breakfast, half a dozen of the younger and stronger women take to the canoes,—two in each,—and paddle out to a part of the water where they hope to find the sea-urchins.*

Arriving there, she who is to do the diving prepares for it by attaching a little wicker-basket to her hip, her companion being intrusted to keep the canoe in place, a task which is no easy one in water so rough as that of the sea-arm chances to be now.

Everything ready, the diver drops over, head foremost, as fearlessly as would a water-spaniel, and is out of sight for two or three minutes; then the crow-black head is seen bobbing up again, and swimming back to the canoe with a hand-over-hand stroke, dog-fashion, the egg-gatherer lays hold of the rail to rest herself, while she gives up the contents of her basket.

Having remained above water just long enough to recover breath, down she goes a second time, to stay under for minutes, as before. And this performance is repeated again and again, till at length, utterly exhausted, she climbs back into the canoe, and the other ties on the basket and takes her turn at diving.

Thus, for hours, the sub-marine egg-gatherers continue at their arduous, perilous task; and, having finished it, they come paddling back to the shore.

And on landing, they make straight for the wigwams, and seat themselves by a fire,—almost in it,—leaving the spoil to be brought up by others.

Then follows the "festival" of *chabucl-lithlé* (sea-eggs), as they call it, these being their favorite diet. But, in the present case, the "festival" does not prove satisfactory, as the diving has yielded a poor return, and others of the savages therefore prepare to explore the kelp-bed,—the reef being now above water.

Presently, enough of it is bare to afford footing; and off go the shell-gatherers in their canoes, taking the dogs along with them. For these are starving, too, and must forage for themselves. This they do most effectually, running hither and thither over the reef, stopping now and then to detach a mussel or limpet from its beard-fastening to the rock, crunch the shell between their teeth, and swallow the contents.

The Fuegian dogs are also trained to procure food for their masters, in a manner which one of them is now seen to put into practice. On the more outlying ledges, some sea-fowl, themselves seeking food, still linger fearlessly. Engrossed in their grubbing, they fail to note that an enemy is

*The "sea-eggs" are a species of the family Echinidæ. Diving for them by the Fuegian women is one of their most painful and dangerous ways of procuring food, as they often have to follow it when the sea is rough, and in coldest weather.

near,—a little cock-eared cur, that has swum up to the ledge, and, without bark or yelp, is stealthily crawling toward it. Taking advantage of every coigne of concealment, the dog creeps on till, at length, with a bound, like a cat springing at a sparrow, it seizes the great sea-bird, and kills it in a trice, as a fox would a pheasant.

The shell-gatherers remain on the reef till the rising water forces them to quit. But their industry meets with less reward than was anticipated, and they return to the shore all out of sorts and enraged at the white people, whom they now look upon in the light of trespassers; for they know that to them is due the scarcity of bivalves among the kelp, where they had expected to reap a plentiful harvest. Proof of its having been already garnered is seen in a heap of recently emptied shells lying under the trees near by,—a little kitchen midden of itself.

Luckily the Fuegians have found enough to satisfy their immediate wants, so neither on that day nor the next do they make further display of violence, though always maintaining a sullen demeanor. Indeed it is at all times difficult to avoid quarreling with them, and doubtful how long the patched up truce may continue. The very children are aggressive and exacting, and ever ready to resent reproach, even when caught in the act of pilfering—a frequent occurrence. Any tool or utensil left in their way would soon be a lost chattel, as the little thieves know they have the approval of their elders.

So, apart from their anxieties about the future, the white people find it a time of present trouble. They, too, must provide themselves with food, and their opportunities have become narrowed,—are almost gone. They might have starved ere this, but for their prudent forethought in having secreted a stock in the tent. They do not dare to have a meal cooked during daylight, as some of the savages are always on the alert to snatch at anything eatable with bold, open hand. Only in the midnight hours, when the Fuegians are in their wigwams, has the "doctor" a chance to give the cured fish a hurried broil over the fire.

It is needless to say that all work on the boat is suspended. In the face of their great fear, with a future so dark and doubtful, the builders have neither the courage nor heart to carry on their work. It is too much a question whether it may ever be resumed!

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ODD RENEWAL OF ACQUAINTANCE.

FOR three days the castaways lead a wretched life, in never ceasing anxiety,—for three nights, too, since

all the savages are rarely asleep at any one time. Some of them are certain to be awake, and making night hideous with unearthly noises—and, having discovered this to be the time when the whites do their cooking, there are always one or two skulking about the camp-fire, on the lookout for a morsel. The dogs are never away from it.

When will this horrid existence end? and how? Some change is sure to come when the absent members of the tribe return. Should they prove to be those encountered in Whale Boat Sound, the question would be too easily answered. But it is now known that, although Ailikolips, they can not be the same. The cause of their absence has also been discovered by the ever alert ears of Seagriff. The savages had heard of a stranded whale in some sound or channel only to be reached over-



CAPTAIN GANCY.

land, and thither are they gone to secure the grand booty of blubber.

The distance is no doubt considerable, and the path difficult, for the morning of a fourth day has dawned, and still they are not back. Nor can anything be seen of them upon the shore of the inlet, which is constantly watched by one or more of the women, stationed upon the cranberry ridge.

On this morning the savages seem more restless and surly than ever; for they are hungrier than ever, and nearly famishing. They have picked the kelp-reef clean, leaving not a mussel nor limpet on it; they have explored the ribbon of beach as far as it extends, and stripped the trees of their fungus parasites till none remain. And now they go straying about, seeming like hungry wolves, ready

to spring at and tear to pieces anything that may chance in their way.

By this time the old men, with most of the women, have drawn together in a clump, and are evidently holding council on some subject of general interest—intense interest, too, as can be told by their earnest speechifying, and the gesticulation that accompanies it. Without comprehending a word that is said, Seagriff knows too well what they are talking about. All that he sees portends a danger that he shrinks from declaring to his companions. They will doubtless learn it soon enough.

And now he hears words that are known to him,—"ikal-akinish," and "shiloke"; hears them repeated again and again. It is the black man, the "doctor," who is doomed!

The negro himself appears to have a suspicion of it, as he is trembling in every fiber of his frame. He need not fear dying, if the others are to live. Rather than surrender him for such sacrifice, they will die with him in his defense.

All are now convinced that the crisis, long apprehended, has come; and, with their weapons in hand, stand ready to meet it. Still, the savages appear to disagree, as the debate is prolonged. Can it be that, after all, there is mercy in their breasts? Something like it surely stirs Annaqua, who seems endeavoring to dissuade the others from carrying out the purpose of which most are in favor. Perhaps the gifts bestowed on him have won the old man's friendship; at all events, he appears to be pleading delay. Ever and anon he points in the direction of the cranberry ridge, as though urging them to wait for those gone after the whale; and once he pronounces a word, on hearing which Henry Chester gives a start, then earnestly listens for its repetition. It is—as he first thought—"Eleparu."

"Did you hear that?" asks the young Englishman in eager haste.

"Hear what?" demands Ned Gancy, to whom the question is addressed.

"That word '*Eleparu*.' The old fellow has spoken it twice!" says Henry.

"Well, and if he has?" queries Ned.

"You remember our affair at Portsmouth with those three queer creatures and the wharf-rats?"

"Of course I do. Why do you ask?"

"One of them, the man, was named *Eleparu*," answers Chester; adding, "The girl called him so, and the boy too."

"I did n't hear that name."

"No?" says Henry; "then it must have been before you came up."

"Yes," answers young Gancy, "for the officer who took them away called the man York, the boy, Jemmy, and the girl, *Fuegia*."

"That's so. But how did she ever come to be named *Fuegia*?"

"That does seem odd; just now——"

"Hark! Hear that? the old fellow has just said '*Ocushlu*!' That's the name the other two gave the girl. Whatever can it mean?"

But now, the youth's hurried dialogue is brought to an abrupt end. Annaqua has been out-voted, his authority set at naught, and the council broken up. The triumphant majority is advancing toward the camp, with an air of fierce resolve; women as well as men armed with clubs, flint-bladed daggers, and stones clutched in their closed fists. In vain is it now for Seagriff to call out: "Brothers! Sisters!" The savages can no longer be cajoled by words of flattery or friendship; and he knows it. So do the others, all of whom are now standing on the defensive. Even Mrs. Gancy and Leoline have armed themselves, and come out of the tent, determined to take part in the life-and-death conflict that seems inevitable. The sailor's wife and daughter both have braved danger ere now, and, though never one like this, they will meet it undaunted.

It is at the ultimate moment that they make appearance and, seeing them for the first time, the savage assailants halt, hesitatingly,—not through fear, but rather with bewilderment at the unexpected apparition. It moves them not to pity, however, nor begets within them one throb of merciful feeling. Instead, the *Fuegian* hags but seem more embittered at seeing persons of their own sex so superior to them, and, recovering from their surprise, they clamorously urge the commencement of the attack.

Never have the castaways been so near to death with such attendant horrors. So near to it do they feel, that Captain Gancy groans, under his breath:

"Our end is come!"

But not yet is it come. Once more is the Almighty Hand opportunely extended to protect them. A shout interrupts the attack—a joyous shout from one of the women watchers, who now, having forsaken her post, is seen coming down the slope of the spit at a run, frantically waving her arms and vociferating:

"*Cabrelua! cabrelua!*" ("They come! they come!")

The savages, desisting from their murderous intent, stand with eyes turned toward the ridge, on the crest of which appears a crowd of moving forms that look like anything but human beings. On their way to the beach, they are forced into single file by the narrowness of the path, and become strung out like the links of a long chain. But not even when they come nearer and are better seen,

near,—a little cock-eared cur, that has swum up to the ledge, and, without bark or yelp, is stealthily crawling toward it. Taking advantage of every coigne of concealment, the dog creeps on till, at length, with a bound, like a cat springing at a sparrow, it seizes the great sea-bird, and kills it in a trice, as a fox would a pheasant.

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"That does seem odd; just now——"

"Hark! Hear that? the old fellow has just said '*Ocushlu*!' That's the name the other two gave the girl. Whatever can it mean?"

But now, the youth's hurried dialogue is brought to an abrupt end. Annaqua has been out-voted, his authority set at naught, and the council broken up. The triumphant majority is advancing toward the camp, with an air of fierce resolve; women as well as men armed with clubs, flint-bladed daggers, and stones clutched in their closed fists. In vain is it now for Seagriff to call out: "Brothers! Sisters!" The savages can no longer be cajoled by words of flattery or friendship; and he knows it. So do the others, all of whom are now standing on the defensive. Even Mrs. Gancy and Leoline have armed themselves, and come out of the tent, determined to take part in the life-and-death conflict that seems inevitable. The sailor's wife and daughter both have braved danger ere now, and, though never one like this, they will meet it undaunted.

It is at the ultimate moment that they make appearance and, seeing them for the first time, the savage assailants halt, hesitatingly,—not through fear, but rather with bewilderment at the unexpected apparition. It moves them not to pity, however, nor begets within them one throb of merciful feeling. Instead, the Fuegian hags but seem more embittered at seeing persons of their own sex so superior to them, and, recovering from their surprise, they clamorously urge the commencement of the attack.

Never have the castaways been so near to death with such attendant horrors. So near to it do they feel, that Captain Gancy groans, under his breath:

"Our end is come!"

But not yet is it come. Once more is the Almighty Hand opportunely extended to protect them. A shout interrupts the attack—a joyous shout from one of the women watchers, who now, having forsaken her post, is seen coming down the slope of the spit at a run, frantically waving her arms and vociferating:

"*Cabrelua! cabrelua!*" ("They come! they come!")

The savages, desisting from their murderous intent, stand with eyes turned toward the ridge, on the crest of which appears a crowd of moving forms that look like anything but human beings. On their way to the beach, they are forced into single file by the narrowness of the path, and become strung out like the links of a long chain. But not even when they come nearer and are better seen,

do they any more resemble human beings. They have something like human heads, but these are without necks and indeed sunken between the shoulders, which last are of enormous breadth and continued into thick, armless bodies, with short, slender legs below!

As they advance along the beach at a slow pace, in weird, ogre-like procession, the white people are for a time entirely mystified as to what they may be. Nor can it be told until they are close up. Then it is seen that they *are* human beings after all—Fuegian savages, each having the head thrust through a flitch of whale blubber that falls, poncho-fashion, over the shoulders, draping down nearly to the knees!

The one in the lead makes no stop until within

a few yards of the party of whites, when, seeing the two youths who are in front, he stares wonderingly at them, for some moments, and then from his lips leaps an ejaculation of wild surprise, followed by the words:

“Portsmout’! Ingran’!”

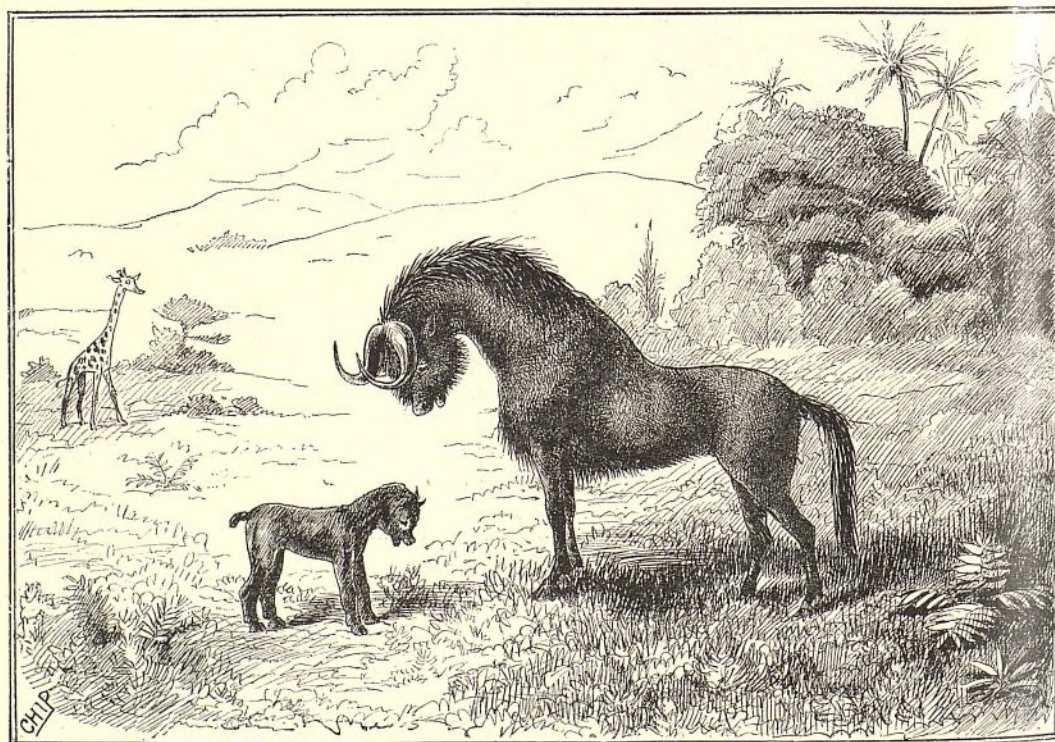
Then, hastily divesting himself of his blubber-mantle, and shouting back to some one in the rear, he is instantly joined by a woman, who in turn cries out:

“Yes, Portsmout’! The *Ailwalk’* *akifka’*!” (“The white boys.”)

“Eleparu! Ocushlu!” exclaims Henry Chester, all amazement; Ned Gancy, equally astonished, simultaneously crying out:

“York! Fuegia!”

(To be concluded.)



THE GNU BABY.

HISTORIC BOYS.*

BY E. S. BROOKS,

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

III.

HARRY OF MONMOUTH: THE BOY GENERAL.
[Afterward King Henry V. of England.]

A. D. 1402.

A TAPESTRIED chamber in the gray old pile known as Berkhamstead Castle. The bright sunlight of an early English spring streaming through the latticed window plays upon the golden head of a fair young maid of ten, who, in a quaint costume of gold-striped taffeta and crimson velvet, looks in evident dismay upon the antics of three merry boys circling around her, as she sits in a carved and high-backed oaken chair. In trim suits of crimson, green, and russet velvet, with curious hanging sleeves and long, pointed shoes, they range themselves before the trembling little maiden, while the eldest lad, a handsome, lithe, and active young fellow of fourteen, sings in lively and rollicking strain:

"O, I am King Erik of Denmark,
Tarran, tarran, tarra!
O, I am King Erik of Denmark,
Tarran, tarran, tarra!
O, I am King Erik of Denmark shore—
A frosty and crusty old Blunderbore—
With ships and knights a-sailing o'er,
To carry Philippa to Elsinore!"

And then with a rousing shout the three boys swooped down upon the beleaguered little damsel and dragged her off to the dim, stone staircase that led to the square tower of the keep.

"Have done, have done, Harry," pleaded the little girl as she escaped from her captors. "Master Lionel, thou surely shouldst defend a princess in distress."

"Ay, Princess, but our tutor, Master Rothwell, says that I am to obey my Liege and Prince, and him alone," protested gay young Lionel, "and sure he bade me play the trumpeter of King Erik."

"A plague on King Erik," cried Philippa, seeking refuge behind the high-backed chair. "I wish I had ne'er heard of him and his kingdom of Denmark. O, Harry! Nurse Joanna tells me that they do eat but frozen turnips and salted beef in his dreadful country, and that the queen mother, Margaret, wears a gambison† and hauberk‡ like to a belted knight."

"Why, of course she does," assented the mischievous Harry; and, drawing a solemn face, he

added, "yes—and she eats a little girl, boiled with lentils, every saint's day as a penance. That's why they want an English wife for Erik, for, seest thou, there are so many saint's days that there are not left in Denmark wee damsels enough for the queen's penance."

But the sight of pretty Philippa's woful tears staid her brother's teasing.

"There, there," he said, soothingly; "never mind my fun, Philippa. This Erik is not so bad a knight I'll warrant me, and when thou art Queen of Denmark, why, I shall be King of England, and my trumpeter, Sir Lionel here, shall sound a gallant defiance as I come

'Sailing the sea to Denmark shore
With squires and bowmen a hundred score,
If ever this frosty old Blunderbore
Foul treateth Philippa at Elsinore,'

and thus will we gallop away with the rescued Queen," he added, as seizing Philippa in his arms he dashed around the room followed by his companions. But while the four were celebrating, in a wild dance of "all hands around," the fancied rescue of the misused queen, the tapestry parted and Sir Hugh de Waterton, the governor of the King's children, entered.

"My lord Prince," he said, "the King thy father craves thy presence in the council-room."

"So, I am summoned," said the Prince; "good Sir Hugh, I will to the King at once. That means 'good-by,' Sis; for to-morrow I am off to the Welsh wars to dance with the lords-marchers and Owen Glendower, to a far different strain. Yield not to these leaguering Danes, Philippa, but if thou dost, when I am back from the Welsh wars, I'll hie me over sea

'With golden nobles in goodly store
To ransom Philippa at Elsinore,'"

and, kissing his sister fondly, Harry of Monmouth, Prince of Wales, parted the heavy arras and descended to the council-room.

And now the scene changes. Months have passed since that jolly romp in the old castle, among the hills of Hertfordshire, and under a wet and angry sky we stand within the King's tent, glad to escape from the driving storm.

To young Lionel Langley, as he peeped through the outer curtains of the tent and watched the floods of rain, it seemed as if all the mountains in the shires

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† A stuffed doublet worn under armor.

‡ A coat of mail formed of small steel rings interwoven.

of Brecon and Radnor had turned themselves into water-spouts to drench and drown the camp of the English invaders, as it lay soaked and shivering there in the marches* of Wales. King Henry's tent, we learn from an old chronicle, was "picchid on a fayre playne," but Lionel thought it anything but fair as he turned from the dismal prospect.

"Rain, rain, rain," he grumbled, throwing himself down by the side of stout Humfrey Wallys, archer in the King's guard; "why doth it always rain in this fateful country? Why can it not blow over? Why,—why must we stay cooped up under these soaking tent-tops, with ne'er a sight of fun or fighting?"

"Ah, why, why, why?" said the good-natured archer, "'t is ever why? with thee, Sir Questioner. But, if thou be riddling, ask us something easier. Why doth a cow lie down? Why is it fool's fun to give alms to a blind man? How many calves' tails doth it take to reach to the moon?"

"H'm," grunted Lionel, "thy riddles be as stale as Michaelmas mutton. I can answer them all."

"So—canst thou, young shuttle-brain?" cried the archer, "then, by the mass, thou shalt. Answer now, answer," he demanded, as he tripped up young Lionel's feet and pinned him to the ground with a pikestaff, "answer, or I will wash thy knowing face in yonder puddle,—Why doth a cow lie down?"

"Faith, because she can not sit," lazily answered Lionel.

"Hear the lad! He doth know it, really. Well—why is it not wise to give alms to a blind man?" demanded Humfrey.

"Because," responded the boy, "even if thou didst, he would be glad could he see thee hanged—as would I also!"

"Thou young knave! Now—how many calves' tails will it take to reach to the moon?"

"Oh, Humfrey, ease up thy pikestaff, man; I can barely fetch my breath—how many? Why, one,—if it be long enough," and, wriggling from his captor, the nimble Lionel tripped him up in turn, and, in sheer delight at his discomfiture, turned a back somersault and landed almost on the toes of two unhelmeted knights, who came from the inner pavilion of the royal tent.

"Why, how now, young tumble-foot—dost thou take this for a mummer's booth, that thou dost play thy pranks so closely to thy betters?" a quick voice demanded, and in much shame and confusion Lionel withdrew himself hastily from the royal feet of his "most dread sovereign and lord," King Henry the Fourth, of England.

"Pardon, my Liege," he stammered, "I did but think to stretch my stiffened legs."

"So; thou art tent-weary too," said the King;

and then asked "and where learn'dst thou that hand-spring?"

"So please your Majesty, from my lord Prince," the boy replied.

"Ay, that thou didst, I'll warrant me," said the King, good-humoredly. "In aught of prank or play, or tumbler's trick, 't is safe to look to young Harry of Monmouth as our page's sponsor. But where lags the lad, think you, my lord?" he asked, turning to his companion, the Earl of Westmoreland. "We should, methinks, have had post from him ere this."

"'T is this fearful weather stays the news, your Majesty," replied the Earl. "No courserman could pass the Berwyn and Plinlimmon hills in so wild a storm."

"Ay, wild indeed," said the King, peering out through the parted curtains. "I am fain almost to believe these men of Wales who vaunt that the false Glendower is a black necromancer, who can call to his aid the dread demons of the air. Hark to that blast," he added, as a great gust of wind shook the royal tent, "'t is like a knight's defiance, and, like true knights, let us answer it. Hollo, young Lionel, be thou warder of thy King, and sound an answering blast."

Lionel, who was blest with the strong lungs of healthy boyhood, grasped the trumpet, and a defiant peal rang through the royal tent. But it was an unequal contest, for instantly, as chronicles old Capgrave, "there blew suddenly so much wynd, and so impetuous, with a gret rain, that the Kyng's tent was felled, and a spere cast so violently, that, an the Kyng had not been armed, he had been ded of the strok."

From all sides came the rush of help, and the King and his attendants were soon rescued, unharmed, from the fallen pavilion. But Humfrey, the stout old archer, muttered as he rubbed his well-thumped pate, "Good sooth, 't is, truly, the art magic of Glendower himself. It payeth not to trifle with malignant spirits. Give me to front an honest foe, and not these hidden demons of the wind."

As if satisfied with its victory over a mortal king, the fury of the storm abated, and that afternoon Lionel entered the royal presence with the announcement, "Tidings, my lord King; tidings from the noble Prince of Wales! a courier waits without."

"Bid him enter," said the King, and, all bespattered and dripping from his ride through the tempest, the courier entered and, dropping on his knee, presented the King a writing from the prince.

"At last!" said Henry, as he hastily scanned the note, "a rift in these gloomy clouds. Break we our camp, my lord Westmoreland, and back

* The "marches":—Frontiers or boundaries of a country. The nobles who held fiefs or castles in such border lands were called "the lords-marchers."

to Hereford town. We do but spend our strength to little use awaiting a wily foe in these flooded plains. This billet tells me that Sir Harry Percy and my lord of Worcester, with Our Son The Prince, have cooped up the rebels in the Castle of Conway, and that Glendower himself is in the Snowden Hills. As for thee, young Sir Harlequin," he added, turning to Lionel, "if thou wouldst try thy mettle in other ways than in tumbler's tricks and in defiance of the wind, thou mayst go with Sir Walter Blount to thy tutor, the Prince, and the Welsh wars in the north."

Next day, the camp was broken up, and, in high spirits, Lionel, with the small company of knights and archers detached for service in the north, left the southern marches for the camp of the prince.

It was the year of grace 1402. Henry of Lancaster, usurping the crown and power of the unfortunate King Richard II., ruled now as Henry IV., "by the grace of God, King of England and of France and Lord of Ireland." But "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and, king though he was—"Most Excellent, Most Dread, and Most Sovereign Lord," as his subjects addressed him—he was lord and sovereign over a troubled and distracted realm. Scotland, thronging the Lowlands, poured her bonnets and pikes across the northern border; France, an ever-watchful enemy, menaced the slender possessions in Calais and Aquitaine; traitors at home plotted against the life of the King; and the men of Wales, rallying to the standard of their countryman, Owen Glendower, who styled himself the Prince of Wales, forced the English to unequal and disadvantageous battle among their hills and valleys. So the journey of Lionel to the north was a careful and cautious one; and, constantly on their guard against ambushes, surprises, and sudden assaults, the little band of archers and men-at-arms among whom he rode pushed their watchful way toward the Vale of Conway. They were just skirting the easterly base of the Snowden Hills, where, four thousand feet above them, the rugged mountain-peaks look down upon the broad and beautiful Vale of Conway, when a noise of crackling branches ahead startled the wary archer, Wallys, and he said to Lionel:

"Look to thine arms, lad; there may be danger here. But no," he added, as the "view halloo" of the hunters rose in air, "'t is but the merry chase. Hold here, and let us see the sport."

Almost as he spoke, there burst from the thicket, not a hundred yards away, a splendid red deer, whose spreading antlers proclaimed him to be a "stag of twelve" or "stag royal." Fast after him dashed the excited hunters; but, leading them all, spurred a sturdy young fellow of eager fifteen—tall and slender, but quick and active in every

movement, as he yielded himself to the free action of his horse and cheered on the hounds. The excitement was contagious, and Lionel, spite of the caution of his friend the archer, could not restrain himself. His "view halloo" was shouted with boyish impetuosity as, fast at the heels of the other young hunter, he spurred his willing horse. But now the deer turned to the right and made for a distant thicket, and Lionel saw the young hunter spring from his lagging steed, and, with a stout cord reeled around his arm, dash after the stag afoot, while hounds and hunters panted far behind.

It was a splendid race of boy and beast. The lad's quick feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, every spring bringing him nearer and nearer to his noble prey. There is a final spurt; the coil of cord flies from the hunter's arm, as his quick fling sends it straight in air; the noose settles over the broad antlers of the buck; the youth draws back with a sudden but steady jerk, and the defeated deer drops to earth, a doomed and panting captive.

"There is but one lad in all England can do that," cried enthusiastic Lionel, as with a loud huzza, he spurred toward the spot so as to be "in at the death."

"Lend me thy knife, page," the boy hunter demanded, as Lionel leaped from his horse, "mine hath leaped from my belt into that pool there."

Flash! gleamed the sharp steel in air; and, kneeling on the body of the dying stag, Harry of Monmouth, Prince of Wales, the fleetest and most fearless of England's youthful hunters, looked up into Lionel's admiring face.

"Hey,—O!" he cried. "Sure, 't is Lionel Langley! Why, how far'st thou, lad, and how cam'st thou here?"

"I come, my lord," Lionel replied, "with Sir Walter Blount's following of squires and archers, whom his Majesty, the King, hath sent to thy succor."

"Ye are right welcome all," said Prince Harry, "and ye come in good stead, for sure we need your aid. But wind this horn of mine, Lionel, and call in the hunt." And as Lionel's notes sounded loud and clear, the rest of the chase galloped up, and soon the combined trains rode on to the English camp in the Vale of Conway.

There, in the train of Prince Harry, Lionel passed the winter and spring; while his young leader, then scarce sixteen, led his hardy troops, a miniature army of scarce three thousand men, up and down the eastern marches of Wales, scouring the country from Conway Castle to Harlech Hold, and from the Irish Sea to Snowden and to Shrewsbury gates. The battles fought were little more than forays, skirmishes,—and the retaliations of fire and sword, now in English fields and now on

Welsh borders; but it was a good "school of the soldier," in which Lionel learned the art of war, and Harry of Monmouth bore himself right gallantly.

But greater troubles were brewing, and braver deeds in store. On a fair July morning in the year 1403, Lionel, who now served the Prince as squire

him are fled Sir Herbert Tressell, and the squires and archers of my lord of Worcester's train."

Now, the Earl of Worcester was the "tutor" or guardian of the Prince, a trusted noble of the house of Percy, and appointed by the King to have the oversight or guidance of young Harry; and his sudden flight from camp greatly surprised the Prince.



"THE YOUTH DRAWS BACK WITH A SUDDEN BUT STEADY JERK."

of the body, entering his pavilion hastily, said, in much excitement:

"My lord, my lord, the Earl of Worcester has gone!"

"Gone?" echoed the Prince. "What dost thou mean? Gone? When—where—how?"

"None know, my lord," Lionel replied. "This morning his pavilion was found deserted, and with

"My lord Prince," said Sir Walter Blount, entering as hastily as had Lionel, "here is a courier from the worshipful constable of Chester, with secret tidings that the Percies are in arms against my lord the King."

"The Percies up, and my lord of Worcester fled?" exclaimed the Prince. "This bodes no good for us. Quick, get thee to horse, Lionel.

squires
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e house
ave the
his sud-
Prince.

Speed like the wind to Shrewsbury. Get thee fair escort from my lord of Warwick, and then on to the King at Burton." And in less than ten minutes, Lionel was a-horse, bearing the Prince's billet that told the doleful news of the new rebellion, spurring fast to Shrewsbury and the King.

Before three days had passed, the whole great plot was known, and men shook their heads in dismay and doubt at the tidings that the great houses of Percy and of Mortimer, rebelling against the King for both real and fancied grievances, had made a solemn league with the Welsh rebel, Owen Glendower, to dethrone King Henry, whom the Percies themselves had helped to the throne. A fast-growing army, led by the brave Sir Harry Percy,—whom men called Hotspur, from his mighty valor and his impetuous temper,—and by the Earl of Douglas, most valiant of the Scottish knights, was even now marching upon Shrewsbury to raise the standard of revolt.

"Hotspur a rebel? Worcester a traitor?" exclaimed the King in amazement, as he read Lionel's tidings. "Whom may we trust if these be false?"

But Henry the Fourth of England was not one to delay in action, nor to "cry over spilled milk." His first surprise over, he sent a fleet courier to London announcing the rebellion to his council, but bravely assuring them "for their consolation that he was powerful enough to conquer all his enemies." Then he gave orders to break the camp at Burton and march on Shrewsbury direct; and, early next morning, Lionel was spurring back to his boy general, Prince Harry, with orders from the King to meet him at once with all his following at Bridgenorth Castle.

So, down from the east marches of Wales to Bridgenorth towers came Prince Harry speedily, with his little army of trusty knights and squires, stalwart archers and men-at-arms,—hardy fighters all, trained to service in the forays of the rude Welsh wars, in which, too, their gallant young commander himself had learned coolness, caution, strategy, and unshrinking valor—the chief attributes of successful leadership.

Where Bridgenorth town stands upon the sloping banks of Severn, "like to old Jerusalem for pleasant situation," as the pilgrim travelers reported, there rallied in those bright summer days of 1403 a hastily summoned army for the "putting down of the rebel Percies." With waving banners and with gleaming lances, with the clank of heavy armor and ponderous engines of war, with the royal standard borne by Sir Walter Blount and his squires, out through the "one mighty gate" of Bridgenorth Castle passed the princely leaders,

marshaling their army of fourteen thousand men across the broad plain of Salop toward the towers and battlements of the beleaguered town of Shrewsbury.

The King himself led the right wing, and young Harry of Monmouth, Prince of Wales, the left. So rapidly did the royal captains move, that the impetuous Hotspur, camped under the walls of the stout old castle, only knew of their near approach when, on the morning of July 20, he saw upon the crest of a neighboring hill the waving banners of King Henry's host. The gates of Shrewsbury opened to the King, and across the walls of the ancient town royalist and rebel faced each other, armed for bloody fight.

Lionel's young heart beat high as he watched the warlike preparations, and, glancing across to where near Haughmond Abbey floated the rebel standard, he found himself humming one of the rough old war tunes he had learned in Wales:

"O, we hope to do thee a gleeful thing
With a rope, a ladder, and eke a ring;
On a gallows high shalt thou swing full free—
And thus shall the ending of traitors be."

"Nay, nay, Lionel, be not so sure of that," said the Prince, as he, too, caught up the spirited air. "Who faces Hotspur and the Douglas, as must we, will be wise not to talk rope and gallows till he sees the end of the affair. But come to the base-court. I'll play thee a rare game of—hark, though," he said, as a loud trumpet-peal sounded beyond the walls, "there goeth the rebel defiance at the north gate. Come, attend me to the King's quarters, Lionel." And hastening across the inner court of the castle, the two lads entered the great guard-room just as the warders ushered into the King's presence the knights who, in accordance with the laws of battle, bore to the King the defiance of his enemies.

"Henry of Hereford and Lancaster!" said the herald, flinging a steel gauntlet on the floor with a ringing clash, "there lieth my lord of Percy's gage! thus doth he defy thee to battle!"

The Prince, Harry, with the flush of excitement on his fair young face, sprang from his father's side and picked up the gage of battle. "This shall be my duty," he said, and then the herald read before the King the paper containing the manifesto or "defiance" of the Percies.

In spirited articles the missive accused the King of many wrongs and oppressions, each article closing with the sentence, "Wherefore, thou art forsworn and false," while the following hot and ringing words concluded the curious paper—"For the which cause, we defy thee, thy fautores,* and com-

* Favorers, or abettors.

plíces, as common traytours and destroyers of the realme and the invadours, oppressors, and confounders of the verie true and right heires to the crown of England, which thyng we intende with our handes to prove this daie, Almighty God helping us."

The King took the paper from the herald's hand and simply said:

"Withdraw, Sir Herald, and assure your lord that we will reply to him with the sword, and prove in battle his quarrel to be false and traitorous and feigned."

And then the herald withdrew, courteously escorted; but it is said that King Henry, saddened at the thought of the valiant English blood that must be shed, sent, soon after, gentle words and offers of pardon to the Percies if they would return to their allegiance—all of which the Earl of Worcester, envious of the King, misreported to his generous but hot-headed nephew, Sir Harry Percy. So wrong a message did the false Earl give, that both Hotspur and the Douglas flamed with rage, and without waiting for Owen Glendower's forces and the expected reinforcements from the North, gave orders for instant battle, thus hastening the conflict before they were really ready. "The more haste, the less speed" is a strong old adage, boys, that holds good both in peace and war, and bitterly was it repented of on that "sad and sorry field of Shrewsbury."

So, out through the north gate of Shrewsbury, on a Friday afternoon, swept the army of the King, fourteen thousand strong, and, back from the Abbey foregate and the Severn's banks dropped the Percies' host, thirteen thousand banded English, Scotch, and Welsh. In a space of open, rolling country known as Hateley Field—fit name for a place of battle between former friends—three miles from Shrewsbury town, the rival armies pitched their tents, drew their battle lines, and waited for the dawn.

It is the morning of Saturday, the twenty-second of July, 1403. Both camps are astir, and in the gray light that precedes the dawn the preparation for battle is made. The sun lights up the alder-covered hills, the trumpet sounds to arms, the standards sway, the burnished armor gleams and rings as knights and squires fall into their appointed places; the cloth-yard shafts are fitted to the archers' bows, and then, up from a sloping field, sweet with the odor of the pea-blossoms that cover it, there comes in loud defiance the well-known war-cry of the Percies,—"*Esperance, esperance!* Percy, ho, a Percy!" and Hotspur with his Northumbrian archers sweeps to the attack amidst a terrible flight of arrows and of spears.

"Play up, sir trumpeter!" shouted Harry of

Monmouth, rising in his stirrups. "Play up your answering blast. Shake out our standard free. Now, forward all! Death to traitors! St. George—St. George for England!"

"St. George for England!" came the answering echo from King Henry's line; "*Esperance, Percy!*" sounded again from the rebel ranks, and "in a place called Bullfield," both armies closed in conflict.

"So furiously, the armies joined," runs the old chronicle; "the arrows fell as fall the leaves on the ground after a frosty night at the approach of winter. There was no room for the arrows to reach the ground; every one struck a mortal man." The first attack was against the King's own ranks. Hotspur, with his Northumbrian arrows, and Douglas, with his Highland spears, pressed hotly upon them, while Worcester's Cheshire archers from a slope near by sent their whizzing messengers straight into the King's lines. Though answering valiantly, the terrible assault was too severe for the King's men. They wavered, staggered, swayed, and broke—a ringing cheer went up from the enemy, when, just at the critical moment, with an "indignant onset," Harry of Monmouth dashed to his father's aid. His resistless rush changed the tide of battle, and the King's line was saved.

A sorry record is the story of that fearful fight. For three long hours the battle raged from Haughmond Abbey on to Berwick Bridge, and ere the noon of that bloody day, twelve thousand valiant Englishmen fell on the fatal field. The great historian Hume tells us that "We shall scarcely find any battle in those ages where the shock was more terrible and more constant."

The fire of passion and of fight spread even to the youngest page and squire, and as Lionel pressed close after the "gilded helmet and the three-plumed crest" of his brilliant young Prince, his face flamed with the excitement of the battle-hour. Again and again he saw the King unhorsed and fighting desperately for his crown and life; again and again he saw the fiery Hotspur and Douglas, the Scot, charge furiously on the King they had sworn to kill. Backward and forward the tide of battle rolls; now royalist, now rebel seems the victor. Hark! What shout is that?

"The King, the King is down!"

And where Hotspur and the Douglas fight around the hillock now known as the "King's Croft," Lionel misses the golden crest, he misses the royal banner of England!

"Sir Walter Blount is killed! the standard is lost!" is now the sorry cry.

But now the Prince and his hardy Welsh fighters charge to the rescue, and Lionel gave a cry of

terror as he saw a whizzing arrow tear into the face of his beloved Prince. Young Harry reeled with his hurt, and Lionel with other gentlemen of the guard caught him in their arms. There was confusion and dismay.

"The Prince is hurt!" cried Lionel, and almost as an echo rose those other shouts:—

"The King is slain!"

"Long live the Percy!"

"Back, to the rear, my lord!" pleaded Lionel, as he wiped the blood from the fair young face of the Prince.

"Back, back, my lord Prince. Back to my tent," urged the Earl of Westmoreland, and "Back, back, while there is yet safety," said the other knights, as the tide of battle surged toward the bleeding Prince.

"Stand off!" cried young Harry, springing to his feet. "Stand off, my lords! Far be from me such disgrace as that, like a poltroon, I should stain my arms by flight. If the Prince flies, who will wait to end the battle?"

And just then another shout arose—a joyous, ringing cry:

"Ho, the King lives! the standard is safe! St. George for England!" And the brave young Harry, turning to his guard, said:

"What, my lords? to be carried back before the victory? Lead me, I implore you, to the very face of the foe."

Then, as the royal standard waved once more aloft, he burst with his followers into the thick of the fight, his unyielding valor giving new strength to all.

And now the end is near. An archer's arrow, with unerring aim, pierces the valiant Hotspur, and he falls dead upon the field.

"Harry Percy is dead! Victory, victory! St. George and victory!" rings the cry from thousands of the loyal troops, and, like a whirlwind, a panic of fear seizes the rebel ranks. Douglas is a prisoner; the Earl of Worcester surrenders; the rout is general.

"Then fled thei that myte fle," says the chronicle, or, as Hall, another of the old chroniclers, records, "The Scots fled, the Welshmen ran, the traitors were overcome; then neither woods hindered, nor hills stopped the fearful hearts of them that were vanquished."

So ended the "sad and sorry field of Shrewsbury," a fitting prelude to that bloody era of strife known as the Wars of the Roses, which, commencing in the sad reign of the son of this boy general, Harry of Monmouth, was to stain England with the blood of Englishmen through fifty years.

And now, the dust and roar of battle die away,

and we find ourselves amidst the Christmas-tide revels in royal Windsor, where, in one of the lordly apartments, our friend Lionel, like a right courtly young squire, is paying dutious attentions to his liege lady, the fair Princess Philippa. As we draw near the pair, we catch the words of the Princess, now a mature and stately young damsel of twelve, as she says to Lionel, who, gorgeous in a suit of motley velvet, listens respectfully—

"And let me tell thee, Master Lionel, that, from all I can make of good Master Lucke's tedious Latin letters, King Erik is a right noble prince, and a husband meet and fit for a Princess of England."

"O, ho! sits the wind in that quarter?" a gay voice exclaims, and Prince Harry comes to his sister's side. "Well, here be I in a pretty mess. Was I not prepared to deny in council, before all the lords, this petition of King Erik for our Princess,—ay, and to back it up with my stout bowmen from the marches? Beshrew me, Sis, but since when didst thou shift to so fair a taste for—what was it? frozen turnips and salted beef? And—how is the queen mother's appetite?"

But with a dignified little shrug, the Princess disdains her brother's banter, and the merry Prince goes on to say:

"Well, I must use my ready bows and lances somewhere, and if not to right the wrongs of the fair Philippa against this frosty and crusty—pardon me, your Highness, this *right noble* King Erik of Denmark,—then against that other 'most dread and sovereign lord, Owen, Prince of Wales,' as he doth style himself. To-morrow will this betrothal be signed; and then, Lionel, hey for the southern marches and the hills and heaths of Wales!"

So, amidst siege and skirmish and fierce assault the winter passed away, and grew to spring again; and so well and vigilantly did this boy leader defend the borders of his principality against the forays of Glendower's troops, that we find the gentry of the county of Hereford petitioning the King to publicly thank "our dear and honored lord and Prince, your son," for his "defence and governance of this your county of Hereford." And, out of all the vigilance and worry, the dash and danger of this exciting life, Harry of Monmouth was learning those lessons of patience, fortitude, coolness, self-denial and valor that enabled him, when barely twenty-eight, to win the mighty fight at Agincourt, and to gain the proud title of Henry the Victorious. For war, despite its horrors and terrors, has ever been a great and absorbing game, in which he who is most skillful, most cautious, and most fearless, makes the winning moves.

"Tidings, tidings, my lord Prince!" came the message from one hard-riding courserman, as his foam-flecked steed dashed through the great gate of the castle of Hereford. "My lord of Warwick hath met your Welsh rebels near the Red Castle by Llyn Du, and hath routed them with much loss." But a few days later, came another horseman, with the words: "Tidings, tidings, my lord Prince! Sir William Newport hath been set upon at Craig y Dorth by your rebels of Wales, 'with myty hand,'

Very speedily the little army of the Prince was on the move along the lovely valley of the Wye; and, on the tenth of March, 1405, they were lodged within the red walls of that same great castle of Monmouth, "in the which," says the old chronicle, "it pleased God to give life to the noble King Henry V, who of the same is called Harry of Monmouth."

"Tidings, tidings, my lord Prince," came the report of the scouts; "the false traitor, Glen-



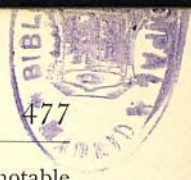
HARRY OF MONMOUTH AT THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY.

and so sore was his strait that he hath fled into Monmouth town, while many gallant gentlemen and archers lie dead of their hurt, by the great stones of Treleg."

"Sir William routed?" exclaimed the Prince, "'t is ours, then, to succor him. Lionel, summon Lord Talbot." That sturdy old fighter was soon at hand. "Fare we to Monmouth straight, my lord," said the Prince. "Here is sorry news, but we will right the day."

dower, with your rebels of Glamorgan and Usk, of Netherwent and Overwent, have lodged themselves, to the number of eight thousand, in your town of Grosmont, scarce six miles away."

Eight thousand strong! and Prince Harry had with him barely five thousand men. But with the morning sun the order "Banners advance!" was given, and the fearless young general of seventeen drew his little army to the smoking ruins of the wasted town of Grosmont. "Is it wise, my lord



Prince," cautioned Lord Talbot, "to pit ourselves bodily against so strong a power? They be eight thousand strong and count us nearly two to one."

"Very true, my lord," said the intrepid Prince, "but victory lieth not in a multitude of people, but in the power of God. Let us help to prove it here, and by the aid of Heaven and our good right arms, may we this day win the unequal fight!"

"Amen!" said Lord Talbot, "none welcome the day and duty more than I."

The armies of the rival Princes of Wales stood face to face, and short, but stubborn and bloody, was the conflict. Victory rested with the little army of Prince Harry, and, before the sun went down, Glendower and his routed forces were in full retreat.

Following up his victory with quick and determined action, the boy general hurried at the heels of Glendower's broken ranks, and on Sunday, the fifteenth of March, 1405, faced them again under the old towers of the Castle of Usk. Swift and sudden fell his attack. The Welsh ranks broke before the fury of his onset, and, with over fifteen hundred lost in killed or prisoners, with his brother Tudor slain and his son Gruffyd a captive in the hands of the English, Owen Glendower fled with the remnant of his defeated army into the grim fastnesses of the Black Hills of Brecon.

It was a sad day for Wales, for it broke the power and sway of their remarkable and patriotic leader, Glendower, and made them, ere long, vassals of the English crown. But the bells of London rang loud and merrily when, three days after the fight, a rapid courserman spurred through the city gates, bearing to the council a copy of the modest letter in which the young general announced his victory to his "most redoubted and most sovereign lord and father," the King.

Lionel, close in attendance on his much-loved leader, followed him through all the troubles and triumphs of the Welsh wars; and followed him, "well and bravely appareled," when, in May, 1406, the King, with a brilliant company of lords and ladies, gathered at the port of Lynn to bid farewell to the young Princess Philippa, as she sailed with the Danish ambassadors, "in great state," over the sea, "to be joyned in wedlok" to King Erik of Denmark.

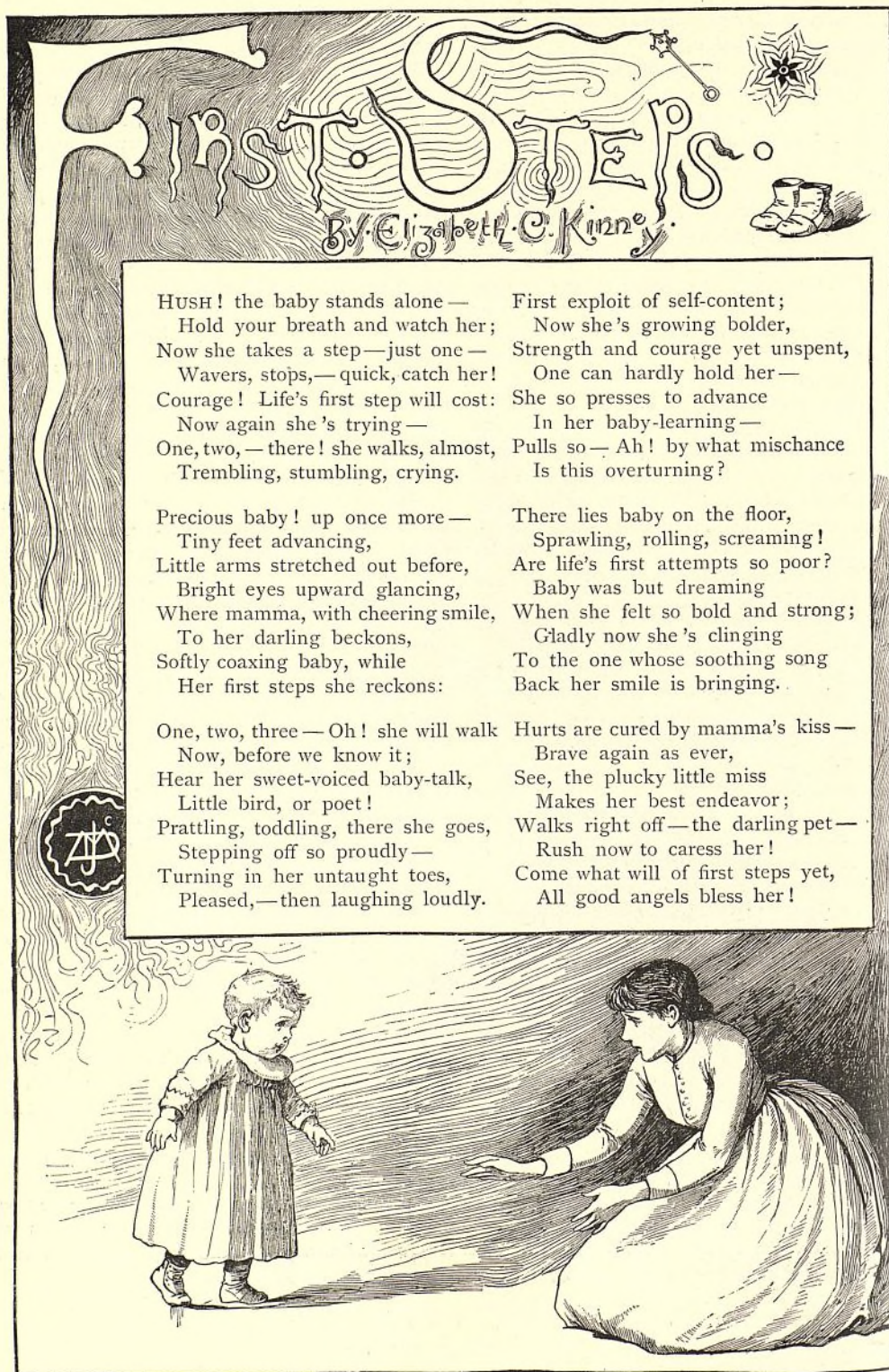
And here we must leave our gallant young Prince. A boy no longer, his story is now that of a wise and vigorous young manhood, which, in prince and king, bore out the promise of his boyish days. Dying at thirty-five — still a young man —

he closed a career that stands on record as a notable one in the annals of the world.

But when you come to read in Shakespeare's matchless verse the plays of "King Henry IV." and "King Henry V.," do not, in your delight over his splendid word-pictures, permit yourself to place too strong a belief in his portrait of young "Prince Hal" and his scrapes and follies and wild carousals with fat old Falstaff and his boon companions. For the facts of history now prove the great poet mistaken; and "Prince Hal," though full of life and spirit, fond of pleasure and mischief, and, sometimes, of rough and thoughtless fun, stands on record as a valiant, high-minded, clear-hearted and conscientious lad. "And when we reflect," says one of his biographers, "to what a high station he had been called whilst yet a boy; with what important commissions he had been intrusted; how much fortune seems to have done to spoil him by pride and vain-glory from his earliest youth, this page of our national records seems to set him high among the princes of the world; not so much as an undaunted warrior and triumphant hero, as the conqueror of himself, the example of a chastened, modest spirit, of filial reverence, and of a single mind bent on his duty."

The conqueror of himself! It was this that gave him grace to say, when crowned King of England in Westminster, "The first act of my reign shall be to pardon all who have offended me; and I pray God that if He foresees I am like to be any other than a just and good king, He may be pleased to take me from the world rather than seat me on a throne to live a public calamity to my country." It was this that gave him his magnificent courage at Agincourt, where, with barely six thousand Englishmen, he faced and utterly routed a French host of nearly sixty thousand men; it was this that, in the midst of the gorgeous pageant which welcomed him at London as the hero of Agincourt, made him refuse to let his battle-bruised helmet and his dinted armor be displayed as trophies of his valor. It was this that kept him brave, modest, and high-minded through all the glories and successes of his short but eventful life, that made him the idol of the people and one of the most brilliant figures in the crowded pages of English history.

It is not given to us, boys and girls, to be royal in name, but we may be royal in nature, as was Harry of Monmouth, the Boy General, the chivalrous young English Prince.



WINTER FUN.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE of the first things learned by Susie and Porter Hudson, on their arrival at the farm-house, had been that the reason why Corry and Pen were not attending school was because the teacher was ill.

And the very next morning after the picnic, word came to the farm-houses, throughout the valley, that the school had begun again.

Some little plans of Vosh's, in which his horse and cutter had a part, were upset completely by the teacher's recovery, but the consequences were even more severe at Deacon Farnham's. Corry and Pen were compelled to leave their cousins to take care of themselves, every day, till after school hours. But for Susie, with her two aunts to care for her, the time passed pleasantly enough, for she had a dozen kinds of knitting to learn, and there were a good many books in the house.

As for Porter, he did not spend an hour in the house that he could find a use for out-of-doors. He went with the deacon to the cattle-yard and the stables, and he learned more about horses, and cows, and oxen, than he had supposed there was to learn.

On Sunday they all went to meeting at Benton Village, and it seemed to Susie Hudson that all she heard, excepting what the minister said in his sermon, was about "the donation."

"Tell me just what it is, Pen," she said to her cousin, in the sleigh, on their way home. "I've heard about a donation, often enough, but I never saw one."

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed Pen, in great surprise. "Why, a donation is—a donation. That's all. It's a kind of a picnic at the minister's house. Everybody comes, and they all bring something for him and his wife."

"Shall we all go?"

"Of course we will."

Susie learned a great deal more about it during the next two days. For Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith seemed to be cooking for that "donation" as if for a famine.

"I've done my best," said Mrs. Stebbins to Vosh, while she was putting her contribution into his cutter for transportation; "but Sarah Farnham and Judith can beat me. Their oven will hold three times as much as mine will."

An old-fashioned, up-country "donation party" can not be altogether an evening affair. Some of

the good people have far to come and go, and some of them have heavy loads to bring. So they generally begin to assemble before the middle of the afternoon.

Susie had seen the minister's house several times. It stood in the edge of the village, with an immense barn behind it, and it looked almost like another large barn, painted very white, and with ever so many windows.

The crowd that came on the appointed day would have been very uncomfortable in a small house.

When the sleigh-load from Deacon Farnham's got there, there was already a long line of teams hitched at the road-side, in front of the house, in addition to many others that had found shed and stable accommodations in the vicinity.

As for Elder Evans's own barn,—hay, straw, and provender of all sorts, formed a regular part of his annual "donation." Load after load had come in and had been stowed away, after a fashion that spoke well for either the elder's popularity or the success of the hay crop.

There was no intention of letting the good man freeze to death, either, in a country where wood was to be had almost for the chopping. His woodpile was a sight to see, as early as an hour before supper-time, and everybody knew there was more wood to come.

Corry conducted Porter through the house. The sitting-room, back of the parlor, was a large one, but it was almost filled with tables, of all sorts and sizes, and these were covered with a feast of such liberal abundance that Porter exclaimed in astonishment at it.

Corry did not stop here, however, but led his cousin into the kitchen, and an odd place it was. More than a dozen busy ladies were trying to get at the cook stove, all at the same time, and half as many more were helping Vosh Stebbins "keep track of things," as the parcels were handed in at the side door and stowed about in all directions.

"That makes four bushels of onions," Porter heard Vosh say, as he and Corry entered the room. "They're wholesome—but then!"

"Only one barrel of flour," said a tall woman, standing near him. "But there are ten bushels of wheat."

"Three bags of meal and twenty sacks of corn. Fifteen bushels of turnips. Twenty of potatoes.

One dressed pig. A "side" of beef. Two dozen chickens——"

"Sam Jones has just driven in with another load of wood."

"And Mr. Beans, the miller at Cobbleville, has sent more buckwheat flour than they could use if they made up their minds to live on flap-jacks only."

"Five muskrat skins."

"Two kegs of butter."

"Hold," said Vosh, "till I get down the groceries. What 'll he do with so many tallow dips! And here come more dried apples and doughnuts!"

It was indeed a remarkable collection, and Porter began to understand how an "up-country minister" got his supplies.

"Port," said Corry, a little while after that, "let's go for our supper. We want to be ready for the fun."

"What will that be?" asked Port.

"Oh, you 'll see," was the reply.

Susie had been making a dreadful mistake, at that very moment; for she had asked old Mrs. Jordan, the minister's mother-in-law, if they ever had any dancing at donation parties. She told Port, afterward, that the old lady looked at her with an expression of horror, and said:

"Dancing, child? Sakes alive!"

The house was swarming with young people as well as old, and the leader of the Benton church choir had great difficulty in getting them all into proper mood for singing.

By the time the hymns were concluded, Vosh Stebbins had returned from the kitchen, with his list completed and ready for the minister, and Port heard him say something to another young man, older than himself, but no taller, about "those charades."

Susie Hudson had never heard of one-half the games that followed the charades. There were "forfeits" of several kinds, "anagrams," and various indoor sports, and finally the parlor was given up to a royal game of blind-man's-buff.

It was grand fun for the young people, and Susie enjoyed it exceedingly. But already the pleasant gathering at the minister's house began to break up. Some of the families who had far to go had already set out for their homes, and it was well understood that not even the village people and near neighbors would stay later than ten o'clock. For Elder Evans and his family would be tired enough to be pleased at once more having their house to themselves.

There was a great deal of merry talk in the big Farnham sleigh all the way home. The older people were in joyous spirits over the success of the party, and Pen had something to say about everybody she had seen.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE had been several light and fleecy snow-storms since the arrival of the "city cousins" at the farm-house, but Aunt Judith had felt called upon to remark, at frequent intervals:

"Winter nowadays is n't at all what it used to be."

"We 'll have more snow yet," said the deacon, "never fear."

"More snow?" replied Aunt Judith; "but don't you remember how this place used to be snowed in for days and days, so that you could n't get to the village at all till the roads were cut out?"

And in the afternoon of the very next day, which happened to be Wednesday, a sort of haze was seen creeping over the north-eastern sky. It seemed to drift down from somewhere among the mountains, and at three o'clock the snow began to fall.

"Boys," said the deacon, when they came home from school, "we're going to have a snow-fall this time,—one of the real old-fashioned sort. We must get out the shovels and keep the paths open."

It hardly seemed necessary to do any shoveling yet, but the white flakes fell faster and faster, hour after hour, and night came on earlier than usual.

"Now, Port," said Corry, "we 'll lay in all the wood we 'll need for to-morrow and next day. Everything will be snowed under."

Well, I 'd like to see that?" said Port.

So would Susie, and she and Pen watched the storm from the sitting-room windows; while even Aunt Judith came and stood beside them and declared:

"There, now!—That's something like!"

And Mrs. Farnham remarked, in a tone of exultation: "Did you ever see anything like that in the city, Susie!"

"Never, Aunt Sarah. It's the grandest snow-storm I ever saw," said Susie.

There was very little wind as yet, and the fluttering flakes lay still where they fell.

"All the snow that could n't get down all these weeks is coming now," said Pen. "There's ever so much of it. I like snow."

More and more of it, and the men and boys came in from the barns, after supper, as white as so many polar bears, to stamp and laugh and be brushed, till the color of their clothes could be seen.

Then the wind began to rise, and the whole family felt like gathering closely around the fireplace, and the flames poured up the wide chimney as if they were ready to fight the storm.

The boys cracked nuts and popped corn and played checkers. The deacon read his newspaper.

Mrs. Farnham and Aunt Judith plied their knitting. Susie showed Pen how to crochet a tidy. It was very cozy and comfortable, but all the while they could hear blast after blast, as they came

were whirling before the wind with a gustier sweep than ever, when the farm-house people peered out at them, next morning. Every shovel that could be furnished with a pair of hands had to be at work



"THE 'RIPPER' MADE A SUDDEN DASH FORWARD, DOWN A STEEPER INCLINE."

howling around the house and hurled the snow fiercely against the windows.

"Is n't it grand!" said Corry, at last.—"But we'll have some shoveling to do in the morning."

"Indeed, we will!" said Port, "and you'll have a good time getting to school."

"School? If this keeps on all night, there won't be any school to-morrow, nor the next day, either."

It did keep on all night, and the blinding drifts

early, and the task before the boys had an almost impossible look about it.

The cattle and sheep and horses and poultry all had been carefully sheltered. There was a drift nearly ten feet high between the house and the pig-pen, and one still higher was piled up over the gate leading into the barn-yard.

Before the two drifts could be conquered, it was breakfast-time for human beings, and there was

never a morning when coffee and hot cakes seemed more perfectly appropriate.

While the human workers were busy at the breakfast-table, the snow and wind did not rest at all, but kept right on, doing their best to restore the damaged drifts.

"Susie," said Port, "does n't this make you think of Lapland?"

"Yes, and of Greenland and Siberia, too."

The barn was reached during the day and all the quadrupeds and bipeds were found, safe and hungry, and were carefully fed.

"We shan't get into the woods again, very soon," said Corry, and there was a thoughtful look on Susie's face, as she replied: "Why, we could n't even get to Mrs. Stebbin's house, could we?"

"Well, Vosh is a worker," said the deacon. "We can't get over there to-day, but we will to-morrow."

Far on into the night the great northern gusts blew steadily, but toward morning, the storm decided that it had done enough, and it began to subside. Now and then, it again aroused itself as if it still had a drift or two to finish, but at sunrise all the valley was still and calm and wonderfully white.

"This will be a working-day, I guess," said the deacon, "but all the paths we make will stay made."

There was some comfort in that, for all those they had made before had to be shoveled out again.

The deacon insisted on digging out every gate so thoroughly that it would swing wide open, and the paths were made wide and clean, walled high on either side with tremendous banks of snow. But the workers were weary before they could open the front gates.

Susie was watching them from the window, and Pen was in the front yard, vigorously punching a snow-bank with a small shovel, when Aunt Judith suddenly exclaimed:

"Sakes alive! There's something a-stirring in the road! What can it be? There's something moving out there in the snow!"

Susie almost held her breath, for there was surely a commotion in the great drift, a few rods beyond the gate. The boys saw it, too, and they and the deacon and the hired man began to shout, as if shouting would help a creature buried in a snow drift.

"There he comes!—No, he's under again!"

"He'll be smothered!"

Susie was watching the commotion in the snow as she had never watched anything before, and just then a fleecy head came out on this side of the high drift.

"Aunt Judith? Aunt Sarah?" she called suddenly. "It's Vosh Stebbins!"

"Hurrah, boys!" There was nothing at all doleful in that ringing shout which Vosh sent toward the house, the moment he got the snow out of his mouth. "Have you any snow here at your house? We have more than we want. We'll let you have loads of it, for nothing."

"Come on, Vosh," said the deacon; "come on in and warm yourself."

Both the boys were brushing the snow from him as soon as he got to the gate, and all the women folk went to the door to welcome him. Aunt Judith talked as fast as his own mother could have spoken, and insisted on his sitting down before the fire-place while she brought him a cup of coffee and a glass of currant-wine, and a piece of pie, and then she said she would make him some pepper-tea.

"Now, Mrs. Farnham," said Vosh, "I'm not damaged at all."

"And your mother?"

"Never was better, but she was worried about you, and I said I'd come over and see. Susie, did you know it had been snowing a little, out-of-doors?"

"How *did* you ever get through?" answered that young lady.

"I just burrowed, most of the way, like a wood-chuck," said Vosh.

"You can't go back by the same hole," chuckled Corry.

"I can if it's there. But I must n't stay long. Mother'll be afraid I'm lost in the drift."

And after a few minutes of merry talk, they all gathered at the front gate to see him plunge in again.

"He'll get through," said the deacon; "there's the making of a man in Vosh."

They were all tired enough to go to bed early; but the first rays of daylight, next morning, saw them all rushing out again. Port felt a little stiff and sore, but he determined to do his part at road-breaking.

Just after breakfast, the wide gate was swung open, and the deacon's hired man came down the lane, driving the black team at a sharp trot, with the wood-sleigh behind them.

Faster,—faster,—through the gate and out into the snow, with a chorus of shouts to urge them on.

There was work for men and boys, as well as horses, and the snow-shovels were plied rapidly behind the plunging team. Porter Hudson quickly understood that a great length of road could be opened in that way, if all the farmers turned out to do it. And public opinion would have gone pretty sharply against any man who shirked his share of this important work.

They were now pushing their way toward the village, and already could catch glimpses of other

"gangs," as Vosh called them, here and there down the road. In some places, where the snow was not so deep, they made "turn-outs" wide enough for loaded sleighs to pass each other.

When Tuesday night came, "the roads were open"; and the severe frost of that night was followed by a crisp and bracing morning, with a crust over the great snow-fall strong enough to bear the weight of a man almost anywhere.

"Hurrah!" shouted Corry, as he climbed a drift and walked away toward the open field beyond, "we'll have some fun now."

"Boys," shouted Vosh, from the front gate, "the millpond was flooded yesterday, and it's frozen over now. There are acres and acres of the best skating you ever heard of. Smooth as a pane of glass."

There was a shout then that brought Aunt Judith and Susie to the window, and Porter was saying to himself:

"Well, I am glad we brought along our skates, after all. There'll be a chance to use them."

CHAPTER VIII.

VOSH STEBBINS came home from school very early that afternoon, and his "chores" were attended to in a great hurry.

After that, his mother's mind was stirred to the curiosity point by an unusual amount of hammering out in the barn. He was a mechanical genius, and he had more than once astonished her by the results of his hammering. When, however, she asked him what he was up to, all she could get from him was:

"I tell you what, Mother, I'm going to show them a new wrinkle. Wait till morning. 'T is n't quite ready yet."

The Benton boys and girls had not learned to say "coasting." They all called it "sliding down hill"; but the country they lived in had been planned expressly for this sport.

Not more than a mile east of Deacon Farnham's, the land sloped down gently, for more than a mile, to the very edge of the village, and on to the borders of the little river and the mill pond. Of course, all that slope was not in one field; but all the low and broken fences were now snowed under, and it was easy to take the top rails from the two or three high fences, so as to leave wide gaps. With very little trouble, therefore, the boys prepared for their coasting-ground a clear, slippery descent. The hollows were all drifted full, and there was a good road on one side by which to ascend the hill. All this had been duly explained to Susie and Porter by Corry, and their great affliction seemed to be that they only had one sled among them.

Next morning, after breakfast, they all crowded to the door, as Corry called out:

"Hullo, Vosh. Going to slide down hill in a cutter?"

There he was at the gate,—sorrel colt, sleigh, red blanket, bells, and all, and dragging behind the sleigh an odd-looking vehicle.

"In a cutter? No; but you would n't have the girls walk up hill after every slide, would you? Just take a look at my sled back there!"

"Why, Vosh," said Corry, "it's your old pair of bobs, with a box rigged on them. What's that in front?"

"That's my rudder. That steers it. The hind bob must follow the front one. Can't help it, if it tries."

Pen and Susie were off like a flash to get ready.

The whole country looked icy, and glittered beautifully white in the clear frosty sunshine as they set off. When they reached the coasting-ground, they found it in perfect condition, and a score of sleds, with twice as many boys, were already shooting down it. The descent of that long slope was something to wonder at, but the climbing back again was another thing altogether. It was easy enough for Vosh, however, to make a bargain with one of his boy friends to do his driving for him, and to have the cutter ready for them at the bottom of the hill.

They were on the very upper level now. Vosh helped the girls out of the cutter, and at once started it off, telling the driver:

"Go right on into Benton. That's where we're coming."

The "pair of bobs" had been the running-gear of a small wood-sleigh, built for one horse to pull around among the woods. They were light, but strong, and the "box" was well supplied with blankets. When the girls were in it, and the gay red spread from the cutter was thrown in front of them, the "ripper," as the boys called it, put on quite a holiday appearance.

"We're going, Susie," exclaimed Pen. "Hold your breath!—we're going!"

They were starting, sure enough, and Susie felt that she was turning a little pale; but they moved slowly at first, for the grade was very slight at the spot where they were.

"Now, girls!" cried Vosh.

The "ripper" made a sudden dash forward, down a steeper incline. Faster, faster,—and there was no need to tell the young lady passengers to hold their breath. That seemed the most natural thing to do.

There never was a more slippery crust, and the "ripper" almost seemed to know it.

Faster! Faster! Shooting down the steep

slopes, and spinning across the level reaches, and all the while there was Vosh Stebbins, bracing himself firmly as he clung to the arms of his "rudder."

It was well he could steer so perfectly, for the gaps in the fences were none too wide, after all, — and if he and his cargo should happen to miss one of these, and be dashed against a fence! It was altogether too dreadful to think of; but, luckily, there was no time to think of it.

The cargo had great confidence in their "engineer and pilot," as Port had called him before starting, and their faith even increased after they shot through the first gap.

The wind whistled by their ears. The country on either side was but a streak of white. Nobody could guess how fast they were going now.

"There 's the village," gasped Port.

"The river!" whispered Pen.

"Oh, Vosh" — began Susie, as they shot into what she saw was a road lined with streaks of houses and fences.

Before she could think of another word, they were out on the ice of the little stream, and a skillful twist of the rudder sent them down it, instead of across. In a moment more, they were slipping smoothly along over the wind-swept surface of the frozen mill pond, and the "ripper" had lost so much of its impetus that there was no difficulty in bringing it to a stand-still.

"There," said Vosh, as he held out his hand to help Susie alight, "that 's the longest slide down hill that anybody ever took in Benton Valley. Nobody 'll beat that in a hurry."

"I don't think they will," she said, and Pen added, inquiringly:

"We're not scared a bit, Vosh. We'll agree to make the same trip again, if you say so?"

That was what the sorrel colt was coming down the road for, and they were speedily on their way up the hill, in the swift sleigh, — more envied than ever.

And it was not until dinner-time that Vosh drove his passengers back to the farm-house.

CHAPTER IX.

VOSH STEBBINS came over to the farm-house after supper, and he met Deacon Farnham at the gate. There was nothing unaccountable in that; but the boys heard him say, just as he was following the deacon into the house:

"No, we wont need any snow-shoes. But I 'll take mine along."

"Port," said Corry, "something 's up. Hark! —"

"Yes, Deacon; Sile Hathaway says the storm has driven a whole herd down this way."

"I've known it happen so, more 'n once," was the deacon's reply.

"Port," whispered Corry, as if it were a secret, "I know now. We're to have a deer-hunt on the crust of the snow."

A minute later, Vosh was on the stoop with them. Then he was in the house. Then the whole affair burst out like a sudden storm.

Deacon Farnham did not say much, but there was a flush on his face and a light in his eyes that made him look ten years younger. Vosh went home early, but it was all arranged before he left the house.

The Saturday morning breakfast was eaten before daylight, and it was hardly over before they heard Vosh at the door.

There was not much time to talk, so ready was everything and everybody; but it did seem to Port as if Vosh Stebbins's hand-sled, long as it was, was a small vehicle for bringing home all the deer they were to kill.

"The lunch-basket and the snow-shoes half fill it now," he said to himself.

Vosh had secured for that day's work the services of an experienced dog, — one, moreover, that seemed to know him and to be disposed to obey his orders, but that paid small attention to the advances of any other person.

"Is Jack a deer-hound?" asked Port.

"Not quite," said Vosh. "He's only a half-breed, but he 's run down a good many deer. He knows all about it."

Jack was a tall, strong, long-legged animal, with lop ears and a sulky face, but there was much more of the "hunter" in his appearance than in that of old Ponto. His conduct was also more business-like, for Ponto had slid all the way to the bottom of several deep hollows before he learned the wisdom of plodding along with the rest instead of searching the woods for rabbits. "Rabbits!" the very mention of those little animals made the boys look at each other, as if to ask: "Did you ever hunt anything so small as a rabbit?"

The snow in the woods was deep, but there were few drifts, and the crust was hard except close to the trunks of the trees and under the heavier pines and hemlocks. Walking was easy, and they pushed straight on through the forest.

They were three miles from the farm-house before they saw any game. Off, then, went the dogs, and the boys were taken a little by surprise when the deacon said:

"Vosh, you 'd better stay here, while Corry and Port walk off to the right there, about thirty or forty rods. I 'll strike to the left, as far as the edge of the big ravine. If they've really started a deer, he may come along there."

Away he went and away went the boys. Porter Hudson was hardly able to speak, so exciting was the suspense; but, in a moment more, he heard Jack's bark coming nearer and nearer, ahead of him. Almost at the same moment he heard the crack of his uncle's rifle. He saw Corry spring to his feet, while Vosh Stebbins darted away to the left, as if he thought he might be needed there.

"What can it be? I don't see a single thing. No—yes—there he goes! Straight for Corry. Why does n't Vosh stop?"

The deer in sight was a fine buck, with antlers which afterward proved it to be two years old, and it was easier for Corry to hit it "on the run" than to hit a white rabbit. He fired both barrels, too, and he shouted to Port; but there was no glory to be won by the city boy this time. Corry had aimed too well and the buck had been too near, and it was hardly necessary for the dogs to pull down their game.

"Corry, hear that!" said Port. "It's Vosh's gun. What's the matter?"

"There goes his second barrel. Run! Your gun's loaded," replied his cousin.

It was "all in a minute," and Port darted away with a strong impression that something strange had happened.

Corry must have thought so, too, for he loaded his gun very rapidly.

Something strange had indeed happened.

Deacon Farnham had walked on rapidly toward the "deep ravine," after leaving the boys. He had known that forest ever since he was a lad, and had killed more than one deer in that vicinity. He had not gone far, keeping his eyes sharply about him, when he suddenly stopped short and raised his rifle. It looked as if he were aiming at a clump of sumach bushes, and Port, or even Corry, would probably have said they saw nothing there. Vosh, perhaps, or any hunter of more experience, would have said:

"See its antlers! Just above the thick bush! It's gazing, now. It'll be off in a jiffy."

The deacon saw those antlers, and could judge fairly well of the body below them. He could not correctly determine its exact position, however, and so, instead of hitting the deer in the chest or side, the bullet grazed its shoulder and struck its right hip. And then, the magnificent buck could not run at all; but he could still fight, desperately. There was danger in the sharp and branching horns, as Deacon Farnham discovered when he so rashly plunged in among the bushes.

Danger from a deer?

Yes, indeed. Danger of being gored by those great natural weapons. Instead of being able to use his hunting-knife, the deacon found himself dodg-

ing actively behind trees and fending off with his empty rifle the furious charges of his furious assailant, until Vosh came to his assistance.

It was well that Vosh came when he did, and that his gun was loaded. Two charges of buckshot were fired at very short range, and the deacon was safe.

"You were just in time, Vosh," he said, panting for breath.

"I'm glad I was!" said Vosh, earnestly.

Port came running up just then, and he was all eyes and ears, although his help was not needed.

"It's a grand one! And we've another over yonder!"

"Have you?" exclaimed his uncle. "Vosh, will you take charge of it? I'll see to this one as soon as I can; and I think we've all the game we want for one day."

"Why, uncle, it's only noon. We might hunt some more, might n't we?" said Port.

"Well, we might; but it'll be late enough when we get home. We've work before us, Port, and it's time we had some lunch, anyhow."

They were all quite ready for that, but the boys began to discover, soon afterward, that deer-hunting was not all play. It was easy enough to cut down branches of trees and lay them on the sled and fasten them together. Then it was not a terrible lift for all four of them to raise a dead deer and lay it on the branches. The tug of war came afterward, as they hauled that sled homeward over the crust. Several times it broke through, and then there was no end of floundering in the snow and tugging and lifting before they again got it a-going. Then, once it broke from them, and slid away down a deep, steep hollow, landing its cargo, all in a heap, at the bottom. There was no use for the snow-shoes, but they had to be fished for in the snow, when the sled broke through. Altogether, it was a weary journey, but they all worked at it, until at last they hauled the sled out into the half-made road to Mink Lake. After that they got on better, but they were thoroughly fatigued hunters when they reached the farm-house, and the day was gone.

There were eager faces at the windows, that of Mrs. Stebbins among them. There were shrill shouts from Pen on the front stoop. Then there was an excited little gathering at the kitchen door, when the sled was drawn in front of it.

Pen clapped her little hands in a gale of excitement, but Susie exclaimed:

"Poor things!"

She could not help feeling sorry for those two beautiful creatures on the sled.

"They look so innocent—so helpless," she said. But her uncle replied:

"Innocent? Helpless? That big buck was

near to making an end of me when Vosh came up and shot it. It's your game, Mrs. Stebbins."

He forgot to mention that the fight with the buck was all his own fault, for he began it; but there was venison steak in abundance at table, and Corry was justified in declaring:

"It's great sport to hunt deer, but I'd rather eat venison than drag it home."

CHAPTER X.

CORRY FARNHAM and Vosh Stebbins had each of them a great deal to do, both at morning and evening, and had thus far been compelled to neglect the tempting attractions of the mill pond and the river. Their Saturdays had been otherwise employed, ever since the "thaw and freeze"; and that splendid skating-ground had lain neglected.

The majority of the village boys, old enough to own skates, had been almost as busy, and the glittering surface of the ice was as smooth as ever.

Porter Hudson had looked at it more than once, and on the day after the grand deer-hunt he said to Susie: "Don't let's say a word about it to any one. Put your skates under your shawl and take a walk to the village with me. I'll wrap mine up like a bundle."

"Why, Port, what for?"

"Don't you see, Susie, we'll be out there with the rest one of these days; and we have n't been on our skates since we were at the rink last winter. I'm not sure I could stand on mine."

"Nor I. We *must* practice. I'll be ready soon!" replies Susie

So it came to pass that day, that while Pen and her brother and Vosh were safely shut up in the Benton school-house, their two friends were on the river, quite a distance above the pond.

"We can skate as well as ever. Don't let anybody know, and we'll surprise 'em," said Port.

Vosh had had a sort of surprise in his own mind, and it came out, only a few evenings later, when Aunt Judith was compelled to exclaim, at the supper table:

"Skating party on the ice? Who ever heard tell of such a thing! After dark, too!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Corry, gravely, "the skating's to be done on the ice. All over it. There'll be the biggest bonfires you ever saw, and there'll be good moonlight, too."

There was a little discussion of the matter, of course, but the deacon settled it.

"I used to think there was n't anything much better than a skate by moonlight. It wont pay to hitch up a team, but I'll walk over with you. Let's all go."

After supper, Port whispered to Susie:

"Hide your skates. I'll let 'em see mine. They don't know I can stand on 'em."

Corry was right about the moon, and the evening was wonderfully clear and bright.

There were a number of merry skaters already at work, and there were groups of spectators, here and there; for the fires made the scene well worth coming to look at.

"Susie," said Vosh, "how I do wish you knew how to skate!"

"Let me see how you can do it. I'll look on a little while."

She felt almost conscience-smitten about her intended fun; but she kept her secret until all the boys had strapped on their skates, and she heard Vosh say to Port:

"Can you get up alone? Shall I help you?"

"No, I guess not. Can you cut a figure eight? This way? Come on, Vosh; catch me if you can!"

"Corry," exclaimed Pen, "Port can skate! See him go!"

"I declare," remarked the deacon, "so he can! —"

"So can Vosh," said Mrs. Stebbins. "And no city boy is going to beat him, either."

Vosh's effort to find out if that were true had already carried him so far away, that, the moment Corry followed him, Susie felt safe to say:

"Now, Uncle Joshua, if you will help me buckle my skates —"

She was in such a fever to get them on, that she hardly heard the storm of remarks from Mrs. Stebbins and Aunt Judith; but the deacon seemed to take an understanding interest in the matter, and he was already on his knees on the ice, hastening to fasten her skates.

"Can you really skate, Susie?" he asked.

"I'll show you in a minute. Please do hurry, before either of them suspect anything!"

"O Susie," said Pen, mournfully, "I do wish I could!"

"You must learn some day —" said Susie.

"Susie," exclaimed Aunt Judith, "wait for somebody to go with you. You might tumble down."

"No, no! Go now, Susie," said her uncle. "Off with you!"

She was really a very graceful skater, and her aunts looked on with admiration as well as a good deal of astonishment, while she made a few whirls near by to assure herself that the skates were on rightly. Then away she glided over the ice, and the first intimation of her skill that Vosh Stebbins had, was when the form of a young lady fluttered swiftly past, between him and the glare of the great central bonfire. Her face was turned the other way, and he looked back at her, exclaiming:

"What a fine skater! Who can she be?"

"I know," said Port Hudson, close at hand, and waiting for his share of the joke. "She's a girl from the city, who is spending the winter with some relatives of mine. Come on, I'm going after her. Think you can keep up? Come on, Vosh."

Away went Porter, just as his friend felt a great hot flush come into his face, and dashed after them, saying to himself: "If I'm not stupid! Why, it's Susie Hudson!"

He felt as if his honor were at stake, and he never skated so well as then. The fires on the bank seemed to flit by him as he followed that solitary girl skater around the glittering, icy reaches of the mill pond. It looked so like a race that almost everybody else paused to watch, and some even cheered. Deacon Farnham himself shouted: "Hurrah for Susie!" and Pen danced up and down.

"It's just wonderful," said Aunt Judith, "to see her go off that way, the very first time."

"I guess it is n't quite the first skatin' she ever did," said Mrs. Stebbins, "but Vosh'll catch her. See 'f he don't."

She was right. Just as Susie reached the head of the pond and made a quick turn into the winding channel of the river, Vosh came swinging along at her side, and for a little distance he did not speak a word to her.

"Vosh," she said, at last, "I wish you'd teach me to skate."

A ringing laugh was the only answer, for a moment, and then he remarked, innocently:

"The ice is smoother up this way, but I must n't let you get too far from the folks. You'll get too tired, skating back again."

On they went, while all the people they had left behind them, except their own, were inquiring of one another the name of the young lady that had so astonished them.

Oddly enough, the Benton girls had omitted skating from their list of accomplishments, by a kind of common consent; and Susie's bit of fur had a surprise in it for others besides Vosh and her aunts. It was quite likely she would have imitators thereafter, for she made an unexpected sensation that evening.

Port also had surprised Corry and the Benton boys, although some of them were every way his equals on the ice.

CHAPTER XI.

EVERY week, since Porter and Susie Hudson had been at the farm-house, one or both of them had had letters to read. Those with a city postmark were apt to be rather brief and business-like,

but the smaller envelopes which came from further south were sure to have more in them.

"Aunt Sarah!" exclaimed Susie, one afternoon, as she finished reading one of these, "Mother says that she's as well as ever. Now, spring is coming —"

"Susie," said Aunt Judith, "you sit right down and write to her that the snow is three feet deep on a level, and that she must n't dream of coming north till May."

"Spring'll come sooner in the city, Aunt Judith. And oh, I do so want to see her!"

The city cousins had indeed had a good time of it; but the sun was climbing higher in the sky, and spring drew nearer daily. The increasing warmth steadily settled the snow-drifts, in spite of the bitter nights and the strength with which Winter kept his hold upon all that north country.

At last "the sap began to run," and Deacon Farnham prepared for his sugar harvest among the maple-trees on the south-lying hillside.

It was a sunny, snow-melting sort of a day, but no real thaw had started yet, and the crust was firm enough for them to walk on, from tree to tree, while they were tapping those which the deacon selected.

The boys had work enough to do, carrying from the sleigh the wooden troughs, and placing them where they would catch the steady drip, drip, drip, from the sap-tubes.

"They'll fill quickly," said the deacon. "We must bring up some kettles as soon as we can."

The hired man and Vosh were engaged upon that part of the work already, and the girls went back to see how it was done.

"It's easy enough," said Pen, but she did not try to lift one of the huge iron kettles.

Two strong, forked stakes were driven, about six feet apart, and a very stout pole laid across them, resting in the forks. A kettle was swung upon this cross-pole, and then all was ready for building a fire under the kettle.

Sugar-making, as Deacon Farnham conducted it, was not a matter to be finished in a day; but the weather continued favorable, and the deacon had to hire an extra hand, and even then a good deal of "syrup" was sent all the way to the house to be made into sugar.

Within the next few days a thaw set in, and it was hard work to finish up the sugaring. The snow in the valley and on south-lying hill-sides went first, and all the roads and hollows streamed with torrents of water. The ice in the mill pond cracked and lifted, day after day, till the flood broke it up and carried it over the dam. The river swelled till it burst its frosty fetters, and then for a while there was danger of its bursting everything

else, and carrying bridges, dam and all, away down stream. The freshet was a grand thing to look at, and Vosh took the deacon's black team and drove the whole household down to see it.

More letters came, and soon they were all from the city.

"Susie dear," said Aunt Sarah, mournfully, "I s'pose we *must* get ready to say good-bye to you before long."

That was what the letters meant, and Aunt Judith had to say to Pen:

"It is n't time to cry. They are not gone yet."

"I know they 're not,—but they 're going!" was Pen's disconsolate answer, as she began to sob.

Mrs. Stebbins and Vosh heard the news before night, and they both came over after tea. Vosh was inclined to be silent for awhile, but at last he ventured to ask: "Susie, have you and Port had a good time this winter?"

"Delightful! We're both really grateful, too, to you and your mother."

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Stebbins, "I don't see what we've done. It's been a very improvin' time for Vosh, I'm sure."

Port and Corry had a great deal to talk about, and it was plain that the whole household were sorry spring was coming, now that they realized with what a complete "breaking-up" the winter was to close.

It was only a few days later, in a pleasant home in the city, that Susie and her brother were earnestly recounting their experiences to a lady and gentleman who seemed quite willing to listen.

"I know all about it, my dears; I was born there," said the lady, at last.

"And so was Father!" said Port.

"Well, Mother dear," exclaimed Susie, "is there anything more delightful than winter in the country?"

THE END.

MAGIC BUTTONS.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

"RICH man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief!"—
Thus sang Isabelle, Bessie, and Kate,
And each hoped the rich man would be her fate.

Button by button, till Belle's row was done;
How her face brightened!—The rich man had won!

"And perhaps he'll be even a prince," said she,
"And we'll live in a palace far over the sea!"

Poor Bessie, alas! had buttons four;
Though she counted again, she could make no more;

None under the collar, where one might hide:—
"You'll have to marry a thief!" they cried.

"Merchant, chief," so counted Kate;
Was a swarthy savage to be her mate?
But, no!—three buttons on either pocket,
And still another beneath her locket,

Four on one sleeve, and two on the other:
She's to marry a doctor, as did her mother.
"Oh, dear," sighed Kate; "but" (turning toward Bess)
"That's better than wedding a thief, I guess!"

But sorrowful Bess was nowhere seen;
Kate looked at Isabelle.—What could it mean?
"She was vexed," said Belle, "at the way it came out,
And she's in the house, crying,—I have n't a doubt."

Then, hearing a step, they turned their eyes,
And there stood Bessie, to their surprise,
In her Sunday gown, of pale sky-blue,
With its buttons of silver, bright and new!

"I *could* n't marry a thief," said Bess,
"And so I went in to change my dress;
Just wait a minute,—I'm almost through,—
I'm to marry a rich man, as well as you!"

"Dear me," cried Belle, in sudden grief,
"By my new dress I should marry a thief!
There's a dozen buttons,—I know that well;
Oh! how are we ever going to tell?"

"It's all a humbug!" said Kate, at last,
Her faith in the magic vanishing fast;—
"I tell you, a charm can never come true
That depends on an extra button or two!"

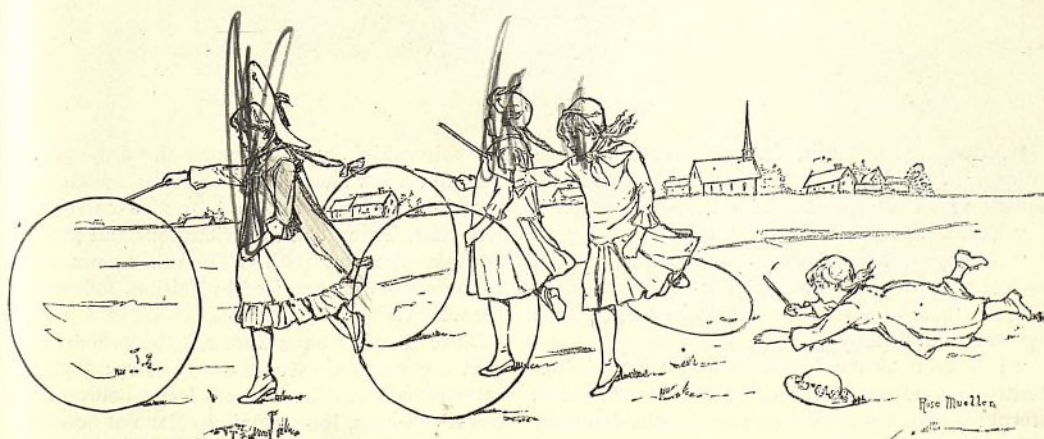
Hoop Song

By Barr Hill.



Trundle - undle - undle
Round and round and round!
Go the hoops, in little troops
Rolling on the ground.

Rumble - umble - umble!
Ever up and down,
The little girls with flying curls
Drive them through the town.



TSANG TSAN AND THE MAN-EATER.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.



"Now, my son," said Tsang Tsan's father, one morning, "be sure you take the path across the fields. It's the longest way, but it's the safest."

"Yes, sir," replied Tsang, dutifully.

"And try not to fall asleep on the way," added his eldest brother, gravely; "for the cows would be sure then to go by the grove, because that is the way they usually go."

"I'll keep awake," said Tsang, a little impatiently, but respectfully, too, for in China the eldest brother is held next to the parents in consideration.

Tsang was then lifted up and placed astride of one of the cows, which at once started off at a leisurely pace, followed by its fellows in straggling but solemn order. There was a short struggle at

the path which turned toward the distant grove, but after a few sharp blows with his switch, and a few vigorous pulls at the thong fastened in the nose-ring, Tsang came off victorious and made his cow take the new path. The other cows, after a few moments of surprised indecision, followed the one which Tsang was riding.

Little Tsang's cows were not the comely, mild-eyed creatures we see in our country; they were water-buffalo cows, with very large bodies, small, fierce, red eyes, long, semi-circular flat horns, and almost hairless, dirty-gray colored hides. Each had a ring in its nose and a tough thong was tied to the ring and wound about the horns of all but the cow ridden by Tsang. But for the nose-ring

and though the buffaloes would have been unmanageable, for they are as different in temper as in looks from our gentle cows.

A very odd picture Tsang made as he sat astride of the buffalo, for its back was so broad that the little boy's legs were almost at right angles with his body. But he could readily change his position and sit with both feet on one side. It required no great skill to ride the broad-backed, slow-moving creature, and Tsang was so accustomed to it that he gave no more thought to himself than if he had been in a chair. And practice had made him expert at riding the buffaloes.

So secure was he, in fact, that he acted more as if he were on the ground than on buffalo-back, and

This morning, however, he took measures to drive away drowsiness, as he had no desire to be carried through the grove where a most unwelcome visitor was supposed to be lurking. It was very seldom that tigers were seen in that portion of China, but occasionally they had been seen, and now, for the first time in Tsang's short life, one had come into the neighborhood.

For two weeks it had spread terror through the surrounding country, not merely by giving occasional glimpses of its great striped body, but by carrying off two children and a man; for, unfortunately, it was a man-eater, and would have no other food when the human kind was available. All of the terrible creature's depredations had been



"POOR TSANG! HE COULD ONLY SCREAM." (See page 492.)

the elder brother's warning was not at all unnecessary, for it was no unusual thing for Tsang to compensate himself for rising at daybreak by half-reclining upon the buffalo's back and taking little naps, as often as the animal stood still.

in or near the grove, and, therefore, for more than a week that vicinity had been deserted by those who lived there, and avoided by those who did not.

It was not strange then that Tsang's father wished him to go by the longer but safer road. He

would even have kept Tsang at home if he had been able to afford it; but he was not, and he needed all the money that could be earned by his buffaloes in the work at farmer Yu's rice-fields, where they helped in the plowing and irrigating.

Tsang, himself, was not particularly afraid of the tiger. This was not because Tsang was brave, but because he was a boy. He had not yet seen the tiger, nor had any of his friends, and consequently it was not very real to him; and, unless it was real, how could he be afraid of it?

During the two hours' ride to farmer Yu's, Tsang amused himself by practicing on a rude bamboo flute, trying to catch some of the airs most familiar to him, and succeeding so poorly that it was well he had no other hearers than the dull buffaloes. It was a wonder that even they bore it as patiently as they did, though Tsang was fully convinced that he was making exceedingly sweet music.

Tsang stayed all day at Farmer Yu's; and while the buffaloes were plodding wearily around the short circle, pumping water from the canal into the rice-fields so as to cover the seeds with water, the farm-hands talked of nothing but the tiger,—how monstrous and how fierce he was, and how a whole company of soldiers had been ordered to come and kill him.

One of the hands told how he had been near when the man was seized and carried off by the tiger, as a cat might carry off a mouse. He said the tiger was as big as six dogs, was covered with black and white stripes, and had a mouth so big that it could hold—well, it could take in Tsang's head. Whereupon little Tsang shuddered from head to foot, and uneasily wished the man had thought of some other way of describing the terrible mouth.

But the man, who saw what an effect he had produced, went on adding to Tsang's discomfort by telling of the tiger's long, white teeth and terrible roar, until Tsang began to look forward with dread to the approach of night, when he would be obliged to go home again.

"He never leaves the grove, does he?" faltered Tsang.

"At first he did n't," said the man who had been describing the tiger; "but since everybody has kept away from the grove for so long, he must have become very hungry, and there's no knowing where he may be now."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Farmer Yu, sharply, for he saw how frightened Tsang was. "The tiger wont leave the grove; so have no fear, my boy."

But Tsang did have fear, and tried to find somebody who lived in the direction of his home, when, after the evening meal, he gathered his buffaloes together. Nobody was going his way, however,

and it was with very different feelings from those he had had in the morning that he mounted his slow-moving animal and started for home, by the road over which he had come.

There was very little probability that he would fall asleep now, for his mind was full of visions of gaping mouths, bristling with gleaming white teeth; and, do what he would, he could not help comparing the opening between the dreadful jaws with the size of his head. And behind every clump of bushes he fancied he saw black and white stripes.

The further he got from Farmer Yu's, the more real his fancies seemed to him, until, at last, he was in such a tremor of fear that every note he blew on his flute was a tremolo; for, as American boys keep up their courage in lonely places at dusk by whistling, so Tsang was trying to cheer himself by playing on his flute. A final wailing, quavering note so worked upon his nerves, however, that with a sob and a shudder he thrust the unlucky instrument into his belt and clambered to his feet on the buffalo's back, the better to look about him; as if he expected to find that the wail from his flute had, in reality, come from the tiger, concealed not far away.

He could see nothing, however, and, after a few moments, resumed his sitting posture. Never before had Tsang examined the landscape so carefully, or been so anxious to reach home. He whipped and worried his buffalo to make it move more quickly; but the tired animal not only refused to quicken its movements, but Tsang thought it even went more slowly. Certainly, it resented his goading, for it snorted savagely, and its little red eyes glowed redder still.

Tsang, however, cared nothing for its anger, nor for the fact that all the other cows seemed to sympathize with it. He only thought of the tiger, and its mouth, and teeth, and stripes, and he raised his whip to strike again, when his eye was caught by a slight waving in a clump of tall grass, a short distance ahead of him.

Here was something real, at last. Tsang stared wildly at the spot, and held his breath from fear. In his imagination he was already half devoured. A half-choked scream broke from his lips, and he frantically pulled at the thong to turn his buffalo around. But the buffalo, too, had seen the waving grass, for she tossed her head with a half snort, half bellow, and stood pawing the earth, totally disregarding Tsang's efforts to turn her. The other cows followed her example, and all had their eyes fixed on the clump of grass.

Poor Tsang! He had nothing but voice left now,—all his strength was gone,—and he could only scream. That, however, he did, and right lustily too, until the grass waved suddenly with

more violence and out from it shot the very striped creature of Tsang's imagination. That spectacle froze Tsang's voice, and left him with open mouth and staring eyes.

Then there was a sudden rush, a cloud of dust, and a horrible mingling of hoarse bellows and loud, cat-like yells.

Where was Tsang? He did not know; he was not on the buffalo—he was somewhere—he was waiting. His eyes were shut tight, but his ears were open and rang with the terrible sounds that filled the air. He thought that he felt the hot breath of the tiger on his face—and then consciousness left him.

A little later, a small boy sat in the dust, staring about him; a half dozen buffaloes were grazing in the ditch, and a great bulk of yellow and black stripes lay not far away.

The small boy was Tsang. He was not a bit

dead; he was not hurt, nor even scratched; and, in fact, nothing at all was wrong with him. The buffaloes were his, and the huge yellow and black object was his—if he wanted it. It was what was left of the tiger, which, in looking for one thing, had found another. Instead of small boy it had found buffalo, and the buffalo had treated the tiger as the tiger had intended to treat the small boy—had killed it.

Tsang was very much astonished to find himself alive. How it had all happened, he did not know. He could not comprehend that his excited imagination had made him feel the breath of the tiger, and therefore he was firmly convinced that he had been in the very clutch of that creature.

That was the story he told at home, and that was what they all believed. What was left of the tiger-skin was saved, and the possession of it made Tsang a hero for the rest of his life.

"NOON, NOON!"



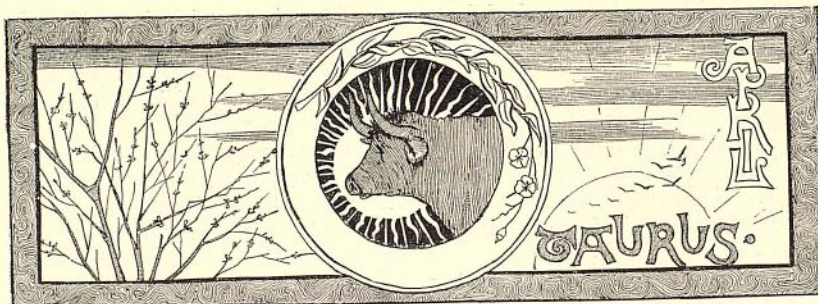
NOON NOON!
LAUGH, AND STOP THE BABY'S TEARS
DANCE, AND DRIVE AWAY HIS FEARS!
KISS, AND STOP THE SWELLING OF IT,
—BABY FELL AND BUMPED HIS HEAD
AND ALL THE CLOCKS ARE TELLING OF IT.

4th
MONTH.

THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC

APRIL,

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



TAURUS the Bull attracts the Sun,
Who sitting on his horn,

In triumph rides, and swiftly on
His April course is borne.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Tues.	5	Gemini	H. M. 12. 4	April fool's Day.
2	Wed.	6	"	12. 3	Venus near the Pleiades.
3	Thur.	7	Cancer	12. 3	☾ near Jupiter.
4	Fri.	8	"	12. 3	☾ near Mars.
5	Sat.	9	Leo	12. 2	Plato d. 347 B. C.
6	S	10	"	12. 2	Palm Sunday. [1770.
7	Mon.	11	"	12. 2	William Wordsworth b.
8	Tues.	12	Virgo	12. 2	Adelina Patti b. 1843.
9	Wed.	13	"	12. 1	☾ near Spica. [America.
10	Thur.	FULL	"	12. 1	☾ eclipsed, visible in
11	Fri.	15	Libra	12. 1	Good Friday.
12	Sat.	16	"	12. 1	Venus near Saturn.
13	S	17	Scorpio	12.	Easter Sunday.
14	Mon.	18	Ophiuch	12.	[1865.
15	Tues.	19	Sagitt.	12.	Pres't Johnson inaug'd
16	Wed.	20	"	12.	Shakespeare b. 1564.
17	Thur.	21	"	12.	Ben. Franklin, d. 1790.
18	Fri.	22	Capri.	11.59	Abernethy d. 1831.
19	Sat.	23	Aqua.	11.59	Battle of Lexington 1775.
20	S	24	"	11.59	Low Sunday.
21	Mon.	25	"	11.59	Reginald Heber b. 1783.
22	Tues.	26	Pisces	11.58	Henry VII. of Eng. d.
23	Wed.	27	"	11.58	Shakespeare d. 1616. [1509.
24	Thur.	28	"	11.58	[in America.
25	Fri.	NEW	"	11.58	Eclipse of Sun, not visible
26	Sat.	1	"	11.58	☾ near Saturn (27th).
27	S	2	"	11.57	2d Sunday after Easter.
28	Mon.	3	Taurus	11.57	☾ near Venus.
29	Tues.	4	Gemini	11.57	U. S. Grant b. 1822.
30	Wed.	5	"	11.57	☾ near Jupiter.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

FLYING, skying, ever trying
To get higher in the air;
Kites are playing, soaring, swaying
In the April sky so fair.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.
(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)

APRIL 15th, 8.30 P.M.

VENUS, though far from being at her brightest, is now a brilliant object in the south-west. At the beginning of the month notice how near she is to the Pleiades, and drawing near to SATURN, whose position she passes on the 13th, but a little higher up. SATURN and Aldebaran are now near each other, and make a pretty picture up in the sky. You can now compare their relative brightness; but if VENUS was at her brightest, she would almost put the others out. SATURN is at one end of the > of the Hyades. MARS has scarcely moved from the place he occupied in March; he is just half-way between Regulus and the Twin Stars. He is now so far from the earth that he is not nearly so bright as he was in February. JUPITER has now started on his forward course to the eastward, and has moved almost to the very spot he occupied in February, in line with Castor and Pollux.

Orion and Canis Major (the Great Dog) are setting. Regulus is exactly south at 23 minutes past 8 o'clock. Another star is now visible in the south-east. It is Spica, the principal star in the constellation Virgo or The Virgin, one of the constellations of the Zodiac. In the east is the star Arcturus, the next brightest in the northern heavens to Sirius. It is the principal star in Boötes, the Herdsman. Capella is now in the west.

Let us now notice a few of the stars toward the north. We suppose you know the North Star. Nearly overhead, a little to the east, is the constellation of Ursa Major, the Great Bear, of which the Dipper, formed by seven bright stars, is the principal object. The two stars in the Dipper farthest from the handle are called the Pointers, because they always point toward the North Star. From the Dipper draw a line through the North Star, and there in the Milky Way, low down in the north, are five stars in the form of a &. These are in the constellation Cassiopeia, often called the Lady in her Chair. The two stars low down in the north-east are the eyes of the constellation Draco (The Dragon).

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

"Now is your time!" said Mrs. Mouse to the young Mice. "The old Cat and the Kittens have gone for a walk. Out of your holes, every one of you, and forage for your suppers. 'When the Cat's away the Mice will play.'"

One greedy little Mouse lingered too long over the cheese, and the Cat coming in and seeing him, crouched all ready for a spring. "Oh dear!" said the little Mouse, "if I had remembered that 'Enough is as good as a feast, this Cat would not be likely to make a supper of me.'" But just then a happy thought struck the little Mouse. "Oh, Mistress Puss!" he cried, "your three little Kittens have lost their mittens!" and as Puss looked around to box their ears, the little Mouse jumped into his hole, crying out "APRIL FOOL!"

*The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

1884.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

30
DAYS.

"WELL, I've come," sobbed April; "but I have not one single flower for you, dear mother; I've had bad luck. Just think what an easy time Sister May has of it; she gets all my flowers these days. And as for March, nothing is expected of him but to blow and bluster; while every one thinks I ought to come with my hands full of flowers, and all sorts of little warm airs."

"Oh! never mind, April," said Mother Nature, kindly, "I love you; you help me along amazingly, and you are ever so much sweeter than July and August, who sometimes burn my poor garden dreadfully. I don't like to have you unhappy, my dear, but I don't know what I should do without your tears."

"Well," said April, brightening up suddenly and fairly smiling, "that makes me feel ever so much better, and I will go right to work and see what I can do for the Arbutus."

WHEN SPRING BEGAN.

By E. J. WHEELER.

WHILE roaming in the woods one day,
I asked the question, half in play,
Who can tell when Spring began?"
Straightway the answer came, "I can!"
And Robin Redbreast cocked his head.
"All right! Then pray proceed," I said.

"I must," said he, "express surprise
That any one with two good eyes,
Or even one, should fail to see
Spring's coming *must* depend on me.
When I come, then will come the Spring,
And that's the gist of the whole thing."

"Ho, ho! He, he! Well, I declare!"
A Squirrel chuckled, high in air.
"That is too droll—that you should bring,
Instead of being brought by, Spring.
I had n't meant to boast, but now
The cause of truth will not allow
My silence; so I'll merely state
That Spring for me must *always* wait.
The thing admits not of a doubt:
Spring can't begin till I come out."

"Well, bless my stars! For pure conceit,"
Began the Brook, "you two do beat
All I have heard. As if 't were true
Spring never came at all till you
Were born, and can't come when you're dead!
I'm sorry, sir, you've been misled,
But I can set you right. I know
Spring comes when I begin to flow.
When my ice melts, and not till then,
Spring dares to venture forth again."

"Whew!" sneered the Breeze, in high disdain,
"You're wrong as they are, it is plain.
When I first came, not long ago,
I found you naught but ice and snow.
'T was my warm breath, you thankless thing,
That broke your bands and brought the Spring.
The Robins and the Squirrels all
Come only when they hear me call.
In fact, I may assert with truth
I am the Spring itself, in sooth.
Spring's here because I'm here, and when
I leave, you'll have no Spring again."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AN APRIL STORY.

I'LL tell you something quaint and queer
That came to pass in a by-gone year:
A dainty, beautiful, smiling maid—
Known to the *ton* as Miss Sunshade—
Was met one day by a big, green "feller,"
All cotton and whalebone, by name Umbrella;
When he up, and said: "Ahem! I'm afraid
You're out of place here, my pretty maid!
It's going to rain, as you plainly see,
And soon there will be great call for me."

Then raising herself from a curtsy low,
She answered: "'T was shining a moment ago,
It really seems that you always try
To come along when it's bright and dry."

"And *you*," he retorted, "most every hour
Pop in, and ruin my prettiest shower."

"Perhaps I do," said this pretty maid—
Known to the *ton* as Miss Sunshade—
"Perhaps I do, for I like to be fair—
You'll admit," she cried, "that I have you there!"

"It's my turn, now," he cried in jest,—
But his fun was cloudy and grim at best,—
"That Sun of yours, you'll admit, no doubt,
Is not to be found unless he is out."

"And *you*," she answered, with merry frown,
"To friend and foe must, at last, come down."

Well, so they parleyed, and teased, and chaffed;
While the weather, by turns, bemoaned and laughed;
Till at last the matter was settled aright
By each of them vowing no more to fight.

"We'll ever be friends," said Miss Sunshade;
"Yes, ever," he echoed, "my pretty maid!"

And so, to this day, in April weather,
The two go tripping along together.

THE AGES OF ANIMALS.

HAS any one ever heard of a dog over fourteen years of age? of a horse older than thirty years? or a mule older than fifty? or a sheep past nine summers? I am told that these respective ages are sometimes passed, but I am not sure of it, and I consequently ask for information based on personal

knowledge. Look into the matter for me, my chicks. There are stories of elephants living to be one hundred and fifty years old, and of whales half the age of the venerable Methusaleh; but we have to take these stories on faith, if at all. Jack wishes to hear now from those who *know*.

MORE ABOUT "JERICHO ROSES."

CHICAGO, January 7, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: All of our home-circle were glad to see the paper on "Jericho Roses" by Mr. Tait, in the January number of ST. NICHOLAS. Thinking that some of your little friends may have been as much interested in reading it as were our little ones, I want to tell them a few more things about the same "Roses." In the autumn of 1876 we bought some of them of an old Turk—doubtless the same of whom Mr. Tait purchased his. After getting back to our home in Wisconsin, we tried the "Roses" with the same result as mentioned in the article referred to. One day we thought we would go still further, and see if there was really life in them; so, selecting a very small specimen, and putting it in a glass of water, we left it where it would get plenty of air and sunshine. Judge of our delight when we went to it in a few days, and found some tiny green leaves springing from the branches! Nor is this all, for after a few weeks there appeared exquisite little lavender blossoms. A great many people saw this, and the old Turk would have reaped a rich harvest if he had been within reach at the time.

The little rose is now as dry and twisted-looking as ever it was. Some time I am going to try it again, to see if the life went from it when the blossom faded.

Yours,

ELVA D. OGDEN.

A LUCKY APRIL FOOL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am thirteen years old. Generally speaking, I am not very fond of April-fool stories, nor April-fool jokes, but I found one the other day, in Chambers's Book of Days, that interested me very much. It claims to be historical, and if you will allow me, I will repeat it to your crowd of little folk:

"It is related that Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and his wife, being in captivity at Nantes, effected their escape in consequence of the attempt being made on the first of April. 'Disguised as peasants, the one bearing a hod on his shoulder, the other carrying a basket of rubbish at her back, they both, at an early hour of the day, passed through the gates of the city. A woman, having a knowledge of their personal appearance, ran to give notice to the sentry. 'April fool!' cried the soldier; and all the guard, to a man, shouted out, 'April fool!' beginning with the sergeant in charge of the post. The Governor, to whom the story was told as a jest, conceived some suspicion, and ordered the matter to be investigated; but it was too late, for the Duke and his wife were already well on their way. The first of April had saved them."

You see, Mr. Jack, this could not be called a practical joke, though I've no doubt the soldiers felt rather foolish when they learned that they had only caught themselves!

Your sincere admirer,

CLARA P. V.

A CLERGYMAN'S OPINION OF HORSES.

HERE is an extract from a letter sent by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to a friend who had lost a very fine horse:

"Ought he not to have respect in death, especially as he has no chance hereafter? But are we so certain about that? Does not moral justice require that there should be some green pasture-land hereafter for good horses? say—old family horses that have brought up a whole family of their master's children and never run away in their lives? Doctors' horses, that stand, unhitched, hours, day and night, never gnawing the post or fence, while the work of intended humanity goes on? Omnibus horses that are jerked and pulled, licked and kicked, ground up by inches on hard, sliding pavements, overloaded and abused? Horses that died for their country on the field of battle, or wore out their constitutions in carrying noble generals through field and flood, without once flinching from the hardest duty? Or *my* horse, my old Charley, the first horse that ever I owned; of racing stock, large, raw-boned, too fiery for anybody's driving but my own, and as docile to my voice as my child was?"

Your Jack says "yes," emphatically.

THE PRIZE DRAWINGS.—A LETTER FROM DEACON GREEN.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Of all the more than nine hundred original sketches and pictures that the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls have sent, in response to my request, made several weeks ago in this magazine, not one has been without its point of interest, and not one but has met friendly examination. To say that they are all good would not be true; yet some are very, very good, and some, like that little girl with the curl, are "horrid." But one and all show that my young friends have *tried*, and I am satisfied. Of the great number sent in, a large proportion, though not quite worthy of winning prizes, are too good to be carelessly thrown aside; and so their young artists shall go on the Roll of Honor. This part of the business is easily settled. So also is the selection of thirty or forty of the very "best" as deserving of special mention; but the real hard work—hard for the undersigned and hard for the awarding committee—has been to decide to which three out of these thirty or forty best the three prizes can fairly be awarded.

Well, the vexed question is at last settled by the committee, after

a long session, which made me like them better than ever, because they showed so much interest in my boys and girls, and so much honest appreciation of each piece of work, and such discrimination in regard to artistic excellence. Better than this, they actually, in several instances, have discovered "fresh talent" which, when rightly developed, shall yet delight the picture-loving readers of ST. NICHOLAS,—at all of which your friend Silas Green rejoiceth exceedingly.

Now for the awards, the justice of which will, it is hoped, be apparent to each one of you, so far as your own individual efforts are concerned.

1ST PRIZE (*Twenty Dollars*) to Miss Elinore C. V. Kraak, New York.

2D PRIZE (*Ten Dollars*) to Miss Margaret Neilson Armstrong and Miss Helen Maitland Armstrong, New York.

3D PRIZE (*Five Dollars*) to Miss Ada Bowley, Lee, Kent, England.



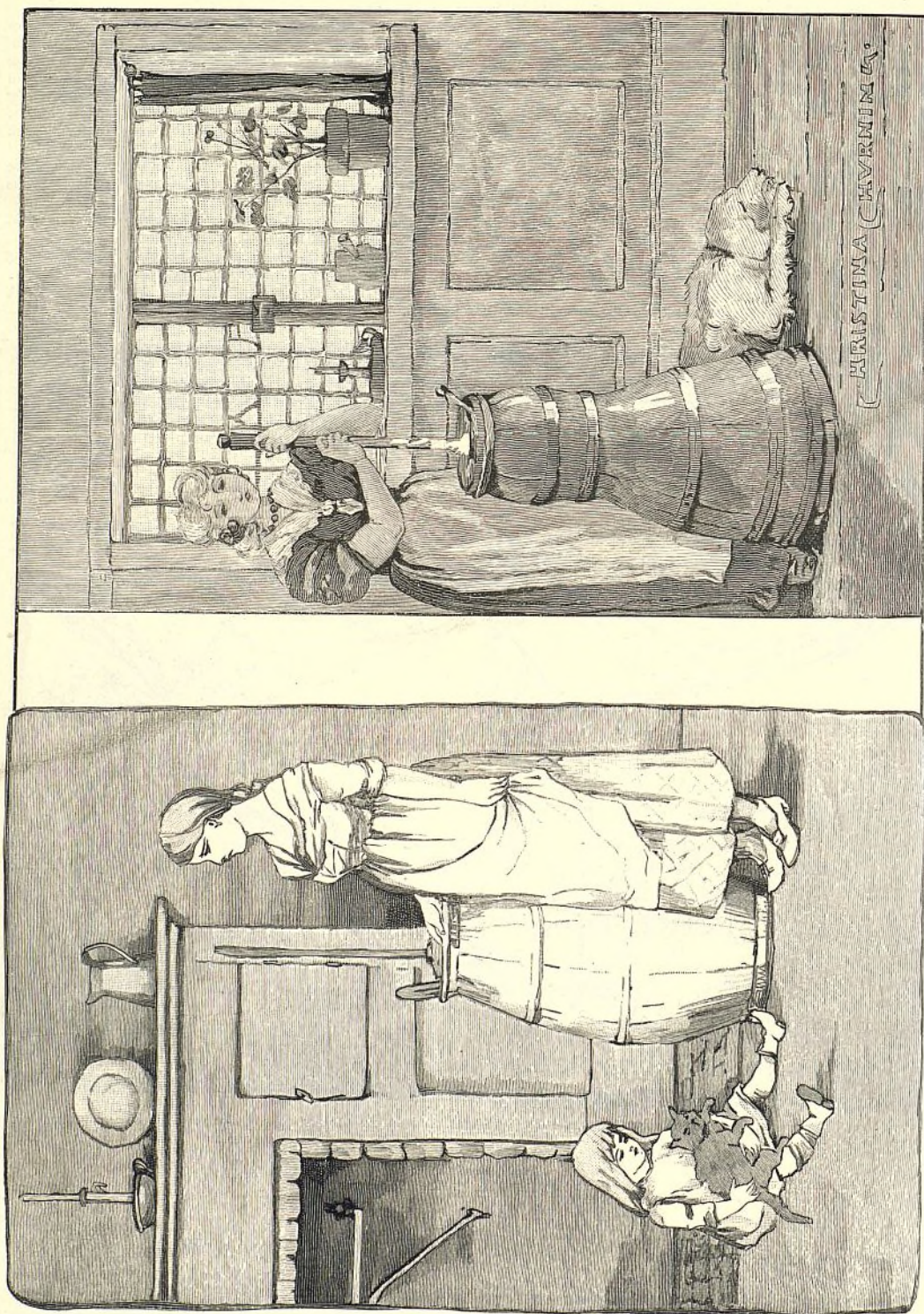
FIRST PRIZE DRAWING: "LITTLE BLACK SPINNER, SPIN ME SOME LACE." DRAWN BY MISS ELINORE C. V. KRAAK.—AGED 15.

A FAIRY'S ORDER.

BY M. F. BUTTS.

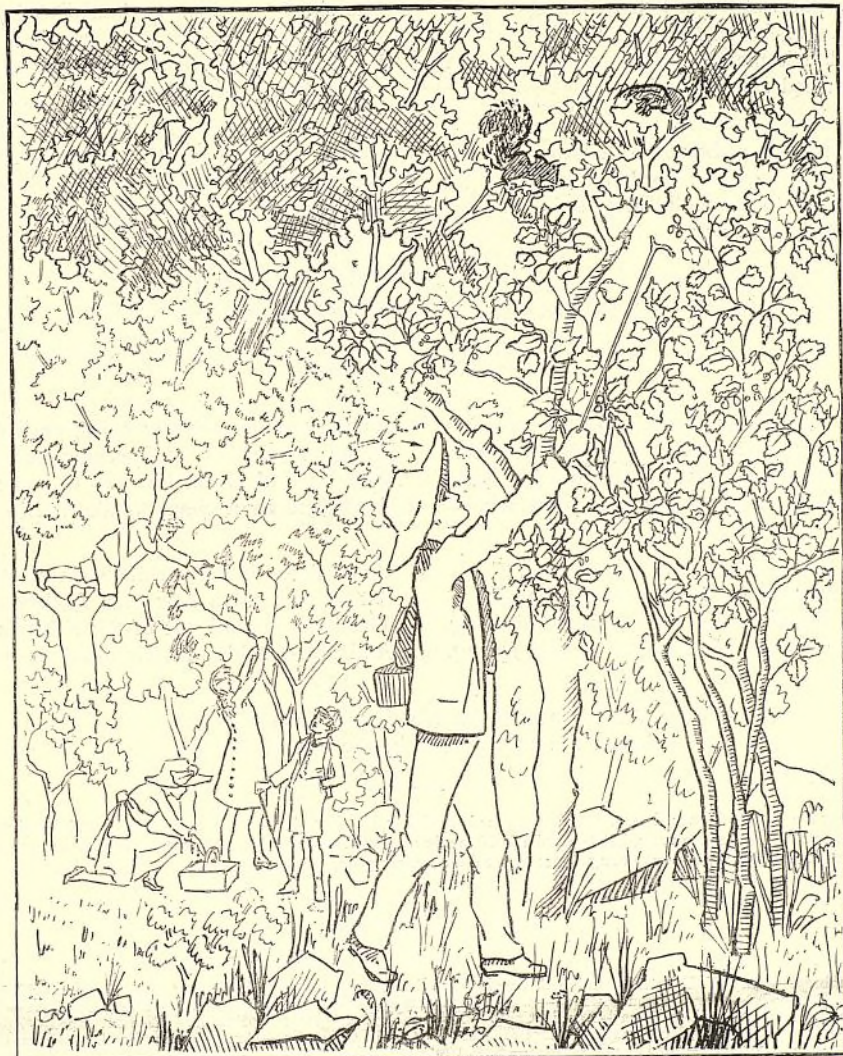
LITTLE black spinner, spin me some lace,
Fine as fine can be;
I am going to dine with the butterfly
And meet the bumble-bee.

You know how rich the humming-bird is—
He will be there, too;
I am going to wear a poppy-leaf dress
And diamonds of dew;



SECOND PRIZE DRAWING: "CHRISTINA CHURNING." (DRAWN BY MISS MARGARET NEILSON ARMSTRONG.—AGED 16.)

SECOND PRIZE DRAWING: "CHRISTINA CHURNING." (DRAWN BY MISS HELEN MANTLAND ARMSTRONG.—AGED 14.)



THIRD PRIZE DRAWING: "A SQUIRREL, A BIRD, AND A BOY." (SEE POEM, NEXT PAGE.) DRAWN BY MISS ADA BOWLEY.—AGED 14.

Little black spinner, spin away,
And do your very best,
That I may trim my poppy-leaf dress,
And look as well as the rest.

CHRISTINA CHURNING.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

CREAK, creak! beneath two hardened hands,
The yellow churn unflagging swings;
In plaided frock Christina stands
And rocks it as she sings.

The rafted ceiling, dark and low,
The jutting mantel, brown with smoke,
In seasoned timbers still can show
Their tough, unyielding oak.

In this wide-fronted chimney-place,
This brick-laid hearth that glows again,
I read the old New England race
Of rugged maids and men.

Christina, with her northern eyes,
Her flaxen braids, her yellow hood,
Can never claim the stubborn ties
Of that rebellious blood.

Not she, those stranger-looks confess,
That heavy-footed, peasant tread,
The woolen homespun of her dress,
The quilted skirt of red;

The grass-green ribbon, knotted thrice,
The cotton kerchief, bordered gay,
That colored to her childish eyes
A Swedish gala day.

She sings—a voice untrained and young—
A simple measure, free as rain;
I follow through the foreign tongue
The little wild refrain.

Creak, creak! beneath her hardened hands
The yellow churn unsteady swings;
Two tears drop singly where she stands,
Unbidden, as she sings.

A SQUIRREL, A BIRD, AND A BOY.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A HAZEL-NUT hung in the top of a tree;
“Ha,” chirped Sir Squirrel, “that fellow for me!”
Then he whisked his tail high over his back,
And began to map out his plan of attack.

“Suppose, Mr. Frisky, you take it now,”
Piped Nut-hatch up from a handy bough;
Then he wiped his bill and wiggled his wing,
Ready the minute Sir Squirrel should spring.

As the two sat sharply eying each other,
Along came a boy. “Now, somehow a-nuther,”
Said he, “that nut has got to come down,
And, just for a change, take a trip to town.”

Come down it did; while squirrel and bird
Sat so still not a hair or a feather stirred;
The kink was all out of Sir Frisky’s tail,
And Nut-hatch’s bill felt blunt as a nail.

‘T is n’t best to be too certain, you see,
About the plump nuts in the top of the tree.

Before giving the Roll of Honor, I must explain that, in determining the second prize, the committee found it quite impossible to cast a unanimous vote. Indeed the votes, like the animals of the Ark, insisted upon coming two by two, until at last the divided body awarded a divided second prize to the two young sisters whose drawings are given on page 498.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Maud Humphrey—Mary W. Bonsall—Marion C. Harris—Ethel I. Brown—Nelson B. Greene—Phil. Sawyer—Newton B. Tarkington—Will V. S. Moody—Mary Mason Mitchell—Carrie Vasa Hayden—Gertrude Estabrooke—Nellie B. Manlove—Louise Maria Mears—Minnie E. Clement—Alison Allen—Fannie Camp—Evelyn L. Cox—John R. Purdon—Effie M. Reed—Rose Perkins—Mary S. Bibbs—Kate Jordan—B. Rosenmeyer—Clara H. Tardy—Ada B. Champlin—Henry Martyn Saville—Ernest C. Peixotto—Joseph E. Travis—Anna Upjohn—Adelaide C. Watson—E. B. Child—Laura Blackwood—Marian MacIntosh—Harriette R. Richards—Josephine R. Thorp—William Henry Remington—Aggie P. Rhodes—Chester Holmes Aldrich—Howard Sill.

Hugh McCulloch—Virginia B. Botts—Theo. Wright—R. Proctor Barclay—Fulton Lewis—Rachel Hartwell Chapman—Katie C. McIlwaine—Clara M. Schenck—Ethelda May Daggett—Frank Sweet—Clara A. Rosengarten—Silvie Coster—Max P. Smith—William E. Tunis—Annah E. Jacobs—H. M. Grew—Mary Fortier—Abby E. Underwood—Walter A. Tiers—Helen Stapleton—Lucia T. Henderson—Kittie G. Matchette—Albert J. Geiger—Frank R. Whiteside—Jessie McCartney—Leona Hope—Otis Woodard—Helene Billing—Lillie Vance—“Margie”—Fannie Saunders—Frank A. Reynolds—Mary S. Hedrick—Sallie J. Ireland—Cora C. Moffett—Libbie Harriott—Ettie Stephens—Edith M. Foote—George Groute—Edwin Lathe—Emma M. L. Tillon—Jonas T. Roberts—Wesley Browning—Arthur T. Wilgress—Mattie Wetherbee—James Leaming Rice—John A. Murphy—Richard A. French—Ruby M. Patterson—Winnie F. Eddy—Gertie L. Abbott—Lillian M. Douglass—Maude Merrill—Ulysses Leonidas Leonhaeuser—Edward Charles Dickinson—Charles Clair Allen—Nannie E. Wade—Charlotte J. Leeds—Chauncey B. Allen—Hattie E. Willcox—Lewis Holzmann—Mattie Martin—Amy A. Collier—Caroline R. Fox—Webster W. Bolton—Arthur Tompkins—Ella M. Chandler—Alice Cullen—Dora W. Dwyer—Nellie Jackson—Rhoda Rhodes—Louisa C. Browning—Florence L. Pettyjohn—John C. Cory—Howard Andrus Giddings—Bertha S. Giddings—H. H. Spaulding—Mattie Latimer—Laura F. S. Garrett—Eugene Betts—Lena E. Reynolds—Caroline McC. Jenness—Robert S. Chase—Elfreda L. Shaffer—Fred W. Dewey—William O. Moody—Ethel Mary Turner—Cecelia B. Pollock—William Booth Papin—Cora May Norman—Marguerite T. Shutt—Belle Norman—Mary E. Carter—Mary E. Tudor—Cornelia W. Eddy—Helen E. Stone—Benjamin Mortimer—Violet Harrison—Clement Dietrich—Madge S. Crane—William R. Stewart—J. E. Paine—Edith White—Edward S. Fish—J. J. Daggy—Albert E. Warren—Amy Lee Brenton—Josephine E. Chapman—Lydia B. Penrose—Etta M. Gilbreath—H. D. Crippen—Daisy W. Jones—Harold Fairall—Bruce Horsfall—Daisy M. A. Pease—Willie B. Bosworth—Bessie C. Riggs—Annie A. Oyen—De La C. Burgess—Millicent Olmsted—William B. Gilbert—Albert Swain—Florence Gertrude Mason—Alpheus P. Riker—Daisy M. Johnson—Hugh Tallant—George M. Anderson—William Henry Corbin—Alexander Bethune, Jr.—Sidney E. Farwell—Rose W. Scott—Constance E. Ruth—Anna F. Ruth—Gussie Sims—Ernest Sims—Perry Sagebiel—Emma Foster—Loretta Mead—Charlie G. Davis—Nellie Torrey—Louise Dewey Fisher—Evelina Hoey—Fanny H. Buntin—R. W. Harrington—Elva J. Emmons—Mary C. Hooper—Alice Greaves—James C. Holensshade—Hattie M. Perley—Lafon Allen—Theodora Willard—E. J. Collingwood—John C. Lewis—Helen G. Trotter—Helen M. Chase—G. Albert Thompson—Sade Wilson—Beatrice B. Herford—Henrietta E. Roebelen—Alonzo L.

Ware—Constance H. Savage—Reba T. Holcoub—C. F. Kendall, Jr.—Ernest Lallier—May H. Carman—Laura V. Crane—Mabel Page Taylor—Mary H. Kimball—Alta R. Austin—Theodore B. Chancellor—Genevieve Louise Tyler—Jennie La Tourette—Blanche E. Mason—Mary Susan Fechtig—Josie Turrell—William Thum—Mamie B. Purdy—Nellie Haines—Lou M. Andrews—Ophelia Harris—Constance G. Alexander—Mary D. Howe—Julie H. Thompson—Carrie Scales—John H. Tench—E. Carlton Atkins—Mattie D. Fenner—Bessie M. Dunster—Virginia D. Lyman—Eleanor B. Lindsley—Laura R. Hecker—Emmie C. Whitson—Clara Blacking—Victor H. Wallace—Blanche Wintzer—Lorin E. Shuts—Edith Briggs—Emily Stockton—Lulie Stockton—Etta Wagner—Daisy Shryock—Edward Tappan Adney—Lillie J. Matthews—Hugh E. Stone—Sally Alice Yerkes—Willie Vauter—Horace M. Reeve—Phillips Carmer—Elizabeth Yorke Hoopes—Harry E. Bates—Birdie L. Johnston—Edward Craig Trenholme—Nettie Emma Waite—Minnie Holzmann—Mary W. Barkley—Willie S. Lorimer—Annie Franklin Blake—Julia S. Caldwell—Louis Todd—Ellen Deam—Maddie Scott—Henry Hahn—James S. B. Hollingshead—Daisy Keyser—Celeste M. Hunt—Paul Alexander Steele—Fred E. Goodspeed—Clara H. Hollis—Henry S. Towle—Marie Haughton—Daisy Brown—Mathewson—George M. Lawton—Dallas I. Cadwalader—F. M. Waug, Jr.—Eugene Klapp—Gertie L. Rackliffe—Etheldred Breeze Barry—Louise Shipman—Anna H. Hudson—Hallie V. McConnell—F. Porteous—Belle I. Miller—Will F. Sweet—Mamie B. Purdy—Mary B. W. Cox—Ora W. L. Slater—Fred C. Barton—Edith Adelaide Shattuck—Martha Mayer—John Henderson—Hanson Robinson—J. Conway Robinson—Lucy Dorrit Hale—Ward L. Thompson—Madge Arthur—Ange Carson—Paul Frederick Hoffman—Ruth Drake—H. Ernest Peabody—Charles W. Billheimer—Emma V. Hart—Lizzie B. Albrecht—Joseph Holden Sutton—Carrie Carter—Hattie V. Woodard—Stella McEntee—Lulu W. Stover—Anna L. Morgan—Francie Wieser—Helen M. Hastings—Walter C. Haullenbeck—Susie Moore Martin—Hattie L. Moore—Arthur W. Sparks—Kate S. Stanbery—Guy S. Harris—Fanny M. Durkin—Harry Durkin—Mabel Fonda—Louisa E. Ricketson—Mary F. Cushman—Laura Balch Carpenter—Frances A. Walker—V. Holland—Louise Latham Devereux—Lucia Noble—Frances Colledge Hatton—Gertrude Weil—Mathilde Weil—Allison Owen—David Ericson—Mattie D. Fenner—George Harley Graham—Alice Schueppenhieser—William C. Palmer—Adèle Bacon—Ella F. Scott—Josephine Meeker—Ada Seymour—Bella Wehl—Aquila T. Sutch—Harry L. Armstrong—Jennie Chapell Hodge—Isabel Field—Alice Marguerite Agar—Daisy Bowley—Rosie Alderson—Eveline Maude Alderson—Effie Margaret Holden—Edith Holden—Winifred Holden.

There's a list for you! And right proud am I of you all—Prize-winners, Earnest Competitors, and Rollers of Honor. May we all live to try again!

Your grateful and faithful friend,

SILAS GREEN.

P. S.—The dear little school-ma'am has just suggested that many new readers may wish to know what my letter is about! Did you

ever hear anything like that? Therefore, partly because she is right, and partly because the little lady evidently considers no letter complete without a postscript, I take up my pen to add that all the aforesaid several drawings and sketches were made to illustrate one or more of the three poems here reprinted from ST. NICHOLAS for December 1883, and that all further particulars may be found upon page 182 of that beautiful Christmas number. S. G.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 8, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the December number Miss Sargent told us about the "Children's Christmas Club." Well, the principals and trustees of our public schools took right hold of it and divided the city into four sections. I think there were about two hundred members and about as many guests in our section. We held it on the Friday after Christmas in one of our school buildings; after the dinner we had a Christmas tree and presents for the children who were our guests.

The next afternoon we had an entertainment for the members and poor children; we had magic lantern views, six recitations, two songs, and a violin solo.

I think "Phaeton Rogers" and "Mystery in a Mansion" were splendid, and I liked "Christmas in the Pink Boarding-house," in the January number.

I fear my letter is almost too long to print, but if you have room, please put it in. Your constant reader, "FLIP."

125 HURON STREET, MILWAUKEE, WIS., January 12, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your recipe for removing stains from chromos and oil-paintings, printed in the November "Letter-Box," has proved effectual. Please accept my tardy thanks.

Your constant subscriber, AGNES LYDON.

Here is another letter from Australia:

MELROSE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, October 24, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, and I am only going to write a short one.

I like reading your books very much, especially "Work and Play for Young Folk," as it shows you many things which you can do. It is just the time for the wild fruits in this country, the wild peaches and cherries. The peach is about the size of the cultivated cherry, and the color a bright red. The stones are nice to make small ornaments with when they are carved with a knife. The cherry is a good bit smaller than the peach. It is the shape of a thimble; the stone grows outside and at the bottom, the fruit at the

top. They are so small that you want a lot before you are satisfied. We go out looking for them. They generally make up parties to go out looking for wild peaches in November.

From your affectionate reader,

EDITH ANDREWS.

PORTLAND, OREGON, February 1, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have intended to write to you ever since I took you; that is, since August, 1883; but now, as I read so much of snow and frost in your country, I am tempted to write and tell you what lovely weather we have in Oregon. The grass is green and many of the trees are as beautiful as in summer. One day it snowed here and it was rare fun snow-balling, and the sleigh-bells were ringing like music. That is the kind of winter I like; but when it is so cold that it hurts your toes, then I don't like winter. My sister took you when she was a little girl; and I have a year's subscription, as a Christmas present from my mamma. I sometimes play the child parts for nice companies that come here; perhaps, sometime, I can write well enough to tell you my theatrical experience. I am eleven years old; well, I will say good-by, I love to read you so much. I remain, your constant reader,

MAMIE O'CONNOR.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, January 20, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the January number I saw a question asked by C. Herbert Swan, in the "Letter-box": "What is the difference between Gutta Percha and India Rubber? Is it not a conundrum?" I answer "No; it is not a conundrum." If friend Swan will read the "Life and Discoveries of Charles Goodyear," page 44, he will find it fully explained. I wish also to say that the operetta, entitled "The Three Sombre Young Gentlemen and the Three Pretty Girls," was presented to a delighted audience by the North Hill Grammar School, of Burlington, Iowa, December 17. We netted a handsome sum for the school. And some of the older persons in the audience told me it was worth four times the price of admission. All praise to good ST. NICHOLAS!

Yours, One of the Sombre Young Gentlemen, and a constant reader, WILLIE L. COCHRAN.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-SIXTH REPORT.

DR. WARREN'S first manual for the Red Cross class is a charming little book, containing a full statement of his plan, and lessons for the first month. Dr. Warren very generously offers a prize each month for the best report, and a prize for the best set of reports for six months. The first subject was "Bones" [See February St. NICHOLAS]; for March we studied "Muscles," and the topic for this month is "The Circulatory System." All are invited to join this class now. Address Charles Everett Warren, M. D., 51 Union Park, Boston, Mass.

The Association has been steadily increasing in numbers and enthusiasm; the latest number on our register is 6480.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
565	Waseca, Minn. (A).....	6. J. F. Murphy, box 128.	
566	Elmore, Ohio (A).....	12. G. W. Eoff.	
567	Sigourney, Iowa (A).....	5. Carl M. Keck.	
568	Meadville, Pa. (B).....	6. F. L. Armstrong.	
569	Ludington, Mich. (A).....	15. Chas. T. Sawyer.	
570	Hackensack, N. J. (A).....	4. Philander Betts.	
571	Grand Rapids, Mich. (B).....	16. Geo. C. Hollister (Old Nat. Bank).	
572	Newark, N. J. (C).....	10. L. M. Passmore.	
573	Moss Point, Miss. (A).....	16. Miss Bessie Borden.	
574	Indianapolis, Ind. (D).....	7. Thomas Moore, 332 N. Alabama St.	

The address of Chapter 527 is Norman Sinclair, 633 Tyler St., San Francisco, Cal.

Chapter 112, which was once discontinued, has been reorganized on a stronger basis than ever. Address Harry E. Sawyer, 37 Gates Street, South Boston, Mass.

[Will not some of the other "discontinued" chapters follow this good example?]

It is with sincere sorrow that we learn of the death of another of our most earnest secretaries, Mr. Ernest D. Bowman, of Albuquerque, New Mexico (Ch. 483). The local papers speak of Mr. Bowman in terms of the highest praise and most tender regret. His place as secretary has been supplied by Miss Mamie E. Whitcomb, box 91.

HELP FOR OUR MINERALOGISTS.

BRISTOL, R. I.

Although my children are constant readers of ST. NICHOLAS, it is only lately that I have noticed the A. A. I have strong faith in the value of a study of Nature, and if I can assist any of the young mineralogists, let them address me.—S. F. Peckham.

[Prof. Peckham will find his kind offer fully and gratefully appreciated.]

EXCHANGES.

Correspondence with distant chapters.—Geo. W. Eoff, Elmore, Ohio (Sec. 566).

Insects.—E. L. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Chinese nuts for prepared woods or cocoons.—Miss Isabelle McFarland, 1727 F. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Rare eggs—sets and single—blown by one hole.—Chas. E. Doe, 50 Ring Street, Providence, R. I.

Quail eggs, for geodes.—Bayard Christy, box 41, Sewickley, Pa.

Ores and fossils, for best offer.—C. A. Jenkins, Chittenango, N. Y. (Sec. 447).

One star-fish for one sea-urchin; also, assorted shells for Florida moss, or bark from the "big trees."—G. A. Conover, Box 69, Bergen Point, N. J.

Geodes.—Miss C. S. Roberts, Sharon, Conn. (Sec. 522).

Sulphur, woods, and ore; write first.—A. J. Mitchell, Carbondale, Pa.

A pair of Angora rabbits for a pair of lop-eared rabbits.—S. Simonds, St. Paul's School, Garden City, L. I.

Twenty labeled eggs, for a large star-fish, trilobite, or horse-shoe crab; write first.—Miss Florence D. Haight, Alton, Ill.

Serpentine, rhynchonellas, chalcidony, etc., for a Guinea-pig.—Ed. Davis, 3201 Vernon Avenue, Chicago.

Dolomite, geodes, talc, etc., for minerals.—Graham Davis, 3201 Vernon Avenue, Chicago.

Agates, cocoons, etc.; special offer for a Luna.—Ezra Larned, 2516 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Chaetetes lycoperdon, for minerals (polished) and woods.—L. L. Lewis, Copenhagen, N. Y.

Petrified wood and coral.—A. C. Hurlburt, 4 Europe Street, Providence, R. I.

Cocoons, for eggs.—Eddie A. Shepherd, Galesburg, Kansas.

A perfect trilobite (*Calymene magarensis*) for a perfect *Euryp-*

terus remipes or an ammonite.—F. W. Wentworth, 153 25th Street, Chicago.

Minerals and a large collection of *lepidoptera* and eggs, for large, fine minerals (3 x 2½ in.). List sent on receipt of stamp.—John B. Martin, 21 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Minerals and books for fossils from Mesozoic age. Correspondents in Scotland, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy.—Wm. H. Van Allen, Lawrenceville, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

NOTES.

80. *Canary bird*.—By feeding a canary with cayenne pepper and steeped bread, its color was changed to a bright red.—A. H. Stewart.

81. *Diamonds* have been found in North America, the largest in Richmond, Va., by a laborer. Chapter 275.

82. *Parasite in a dragon-fly*.—I discovered in an *Agrion* a pea-green parasite, about ¼ in. long, tapering at both ends. I learn from the Agricultural Dep't that this is the first case on record of a parasite found in a dragon-fly.—Alonzo H. Stewart, Washington, D. C.

[Has any other member found one?]

83. *Color of rivers*.—In the Pemigewasset River, in the Franconia Mountains, are large flat rocks containing veins of quartz and mica. This mica is tinged with green. Mica in the Harvard Brook, which runs into the Pemigewasset, is dull red. The water of the brook is very much colored. I think that iron probably colors both the mica and the water.—Ellen C. Wood.

84. *Crocodile in Central America*.—

SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA.

While on this coast, at Port Limon, in 1873, I saw one day what looked like a crocodile on a log near the road-bed. I offered ten dollars to the man that would capture it. A hundred of the blacks plunged in heels over head, and in a few moments I had the reptile.

I sent it alive in a tank to my friend, Professor J. C. Dalton, in New York. He declared the saurian to be a crocodile, not an alligator.

I think it is the first ever found in Central America. Can my friends of the A. A. tell the difference between an alligator and a crocodile, and whether my claim is valid or not?

C. R. Lordly, M. D.

85. *Tree rings*.—After a discussion about the age of trees, as shown by their rings, we decided that the number of distinct rings does not indicate the number of years that a tree has lived, but is due to the number of stoppages in its growth.—H. A. Cooke.

[We should wish to hear from others on this point; also, as to the cause of the rings in beets.]

THE BOTANY CLASS.

SALT LAKE, January 12, 1884.

Mrs. Rachel Mellon, of Pittsburg, Pa., is the only one who has completed the course satisfactorily.—Marcus E. Jones.

Prof. G. Howard Parker has not yet sent his report on the class in Entomology.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

475. *Dundee, Scotland*.—We have now a large collection of wild flowers, ferns, sea-weeds, eggs, etc. We have had a present of some eggs from the Orkney and Shetland Islands.—A. G. Keiller, Sec.

23. *Castle Bank, Strand, Eng.*—We have had a very nice cabinet given to us, full of specimens, some of which are very rare. We have been very busy arranging and classifying them. We number about twenty-five.—Gertrude C. Ruegg.

20. *Fairfield, Iowa*.—The Chapter is heartily to be congratulated on its good fortune. Senator James F. Wilson has recently offered to give to the Library Association of Jefferson Co. two lots in the city of Fairfield, on condition that during 1884 money be raised or provided for, sufficient to erect a building for the Association, to cost not less than \$15,000, in which provision shall be made for the library, museum, and lecture room, and a room for "the Agassiz Chapter of Fairfield," etc.

This munificent offer has been accepted, and we trust our friends will in due time be permanently and cozily ensconced in their new room.

382. *Brooklyn, F.*—One of us took ants. Several nests were placed in a box covered with glass and surrounded by water, and many curious things were observed.—Jeannie Van Ingen, Sec.

[Such as—?]

153. *Chicago, E.*—It will no doubt please you to know that the Academy of Science puts on all its postal cards:

"All members of the Agassiz Association are invited to be present at the meetings."

F. W. Wentworth, Sec.

404. *Baraboo, Wis., A.*—Our Chapter gave an entertainment last week, and cleared \$12.00. The opening piece was the Report of the A. A. in St. NICHOLAS, read by one of us. Another recited "Agassiz's Birthday," and we had a pantomime.—Marie McKennan, Sec.

463. *Dayton, O., B.*—We are still alive and growing. We have entered on Historical Geology and Entomology.—J. H. Jones, Sec.

344. *Monroe, Wis.*—The same flourishing report might be given again this month. We now have 30 members.—J. J. Schindler.

87. *New York, B.*—Another eventful year has passed, and left "success" written on all our records. During the year, 31 essays have been read, and 21 regularly announced discussions have been successfully held. Our roll of members has been increased from 13 to 18. In our library are 68 bound volumes, and 439 magazines. Besides these, we have a scrap-book, folio, and several charts, and files of essays. We have a balance of \$64.83 to our credit.—A. Nehrbas, Sec.

[A good year's work!]

416. *Racine, Wis., A.*—We intend to begin collecting plants as soon as the snow is off the ground. We shall also make a collection of the skeletons of the fish we catch next year. We have a place arranged for an aviary, also. We had an aquarium running all last year.—John L. McCalman, Sec.

148. *De Pere, Wis., B.*—In addition to the duties of our meetings, the President requests of each member an account, either oral or written, of some subject selected by the Society. The second anniversary reception of our Society was held Jan. 25. Fearing our invited guests might tire for lack of variety, we decided to enjoy games pertaining to Natural History, and also to add refreshments. It proved a success. We have twenty-four working members, and five honorary.—Lillie Childs, Sec., Feb. 5, 1884.

17. *Northampton, Mass.*—I have about decided to be a Naturalist, for I never took such an interest in anything as I have in insects.—Florence Maynard, Sec.

353. *Philadelphia, K.*—As I take a glance over the records of the year, I find that we have increased in membership from 6 to 11, that we have gained a great deal of valuable information, that we have our library stored with many valuable books, and our cabinet with many minerals.—B. F. Royer.

100. *Hartford, Conn., B.*—We are going on with our notebooks, keeping record of whatever we see. Some of us collect ferns. We feed caterpillars, and watch them through. We are going to leave them out-of-doors this winter, as that will be more natural.

We have just taken in five new members, and we now have twenty, who are really interested in the work.—Francis Parsons, Sec.

President's address,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Lenox Academy, Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

A CORKSCREW PUZZLE.

EACH of the small objects (numbered from one to fourteen) may be described by a word of four letters. When these are rightly guessed, and arranged one below another, as the plan of the corkscrew shows, the letters forming the corkscrew (represented by the heavy dots) will spell what we all expect in April.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD an animal, and leave a grain. 2. Behead departed, and leave a unit. 3. Behead an outcry, and leave a delicacy. 4. Behead a precious metal, and leave antique. 5. Behead a city of Siberia, and leave a city of Siberia.

MAIDIE H.

ENIGMA.

WHOLE, I am a word of eight letters, and mean less obstructed; syncope one letter, and I am a word meaning to suppress; behead one letter, and I name a near-relative; behead again, and I am not the same; behead me twice, and I am a pronoun; behead me again, and I am still a pronoun; transpose, and I am an expression of inquiry.

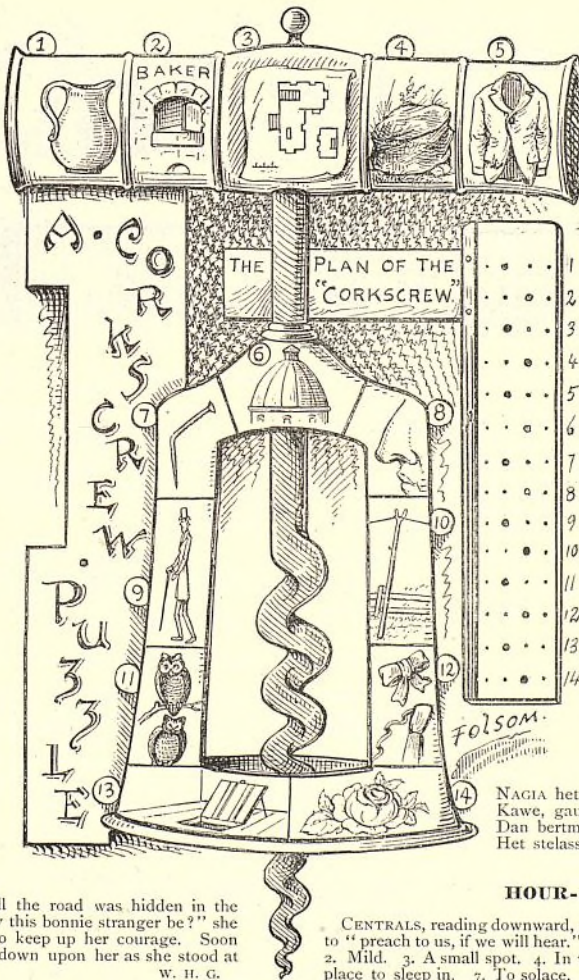
"FORTRESS MONROE."

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

FIND concealed in the following sentences four words which will form a word-square:

Katie walked on and on till the road was hidden in the gathering gloom. "Who may this bonnie stranger be?" she would gayly hum, ostensibly to keep up her courage. Soon after, Diana's own orb shone down upon her as she stood at the cottage door.

W. H. G.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials and finals together name a famous American who was born and who died on the seventeenth of April.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Hearty. 2. Mistake. 3. A river of Russia. 4. To unite. 5. A haven of refuge. 6. A pattern. 7. The people over whom Boadicea reigned. 8. A people. J. D. W.

DIAMOND.

1. In pickles. 2. Calamitous. 3. Matched. 4. Belonging to satire. 5. Of the nature of irony. 6. Deduced. 7. A player at dice. 8. An errand-boy. 9. In pickles. "ALCIBIADES."

FIVE WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Tardy. 2. Sour. 3. Age. 4. The first garden.
II. 1. A title of nobility. 2. Extent. 3. Twenty quires. 4. Disabled.
III. 1. Unworthy. 2. Part of a prayer. 3. To impel. 4. Concludes.
IV. 1. A circle. 2. A metal. 3. A girl's name. 4. To eat.
V. 1. Sound in mind. 2. Parched with heat. 3. A number. 4. A paradise.
"A. P. OWDER, JR." AND "MILDRED."

PI.

NAGIA het clabbskrdi nigs; het metrass Kawe, gaughini, omf heirt netriw smerad, Dan bertmel ni eth pAlir swersoh Het stelass fo eth plame wrelsof

EDITH R. BILLINGS.

HOOR-GLASS.

CENTRALS, reading downward, are said, by Christina G. Rosetti, to "preach to us, if we will hear." Cross-words: 1. Introduction. 2. Mild. 3. A small spot. 4. In windy. 5. To importune. 6. A place to sleep in. 7. To solace. A. S. C. A. AND C. S. A.

CHARADE.

By his friends Jack in business was started;
Soon my *second* they found him to be;
Then my *first* came, as might be expected,
And he went into insolvency.

His poor friends called on him one morning,
In hopes to hear what would console,—
Jack sent them away none the wiser,
But not till he gave them my *whole*.

W. H. A.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

ALL the words described contain six letters each.
I. Primals, a religious festival; finals, beautiful blossoms. Cross-words: 1. To settle an estate so as to cause it to descend to a particular heir. 2. A silver coin of Persia. 3. A succeeding part. 4. One of the Society Islands. 5. To obliterate. 6. Intermission.
II. Primals are the same as the finals of the preceding cross-word; finals, pertaining to a religious season. Cross-words: 1. A plant resembling the bean. 2. Deranged. 3. To hearken. 4. To reverse. 5. To enlist. 6. One of the planets.
III. Primals are the same as the finals of the preceding cross-

word; finals, to spice. Cross-words: 1. Boundaries. 2. Whole. 3. Seasickness. 4. A river of England. 5. An inhabitant of Greenland. 6. A people living under one government. CYRIL DEANE.

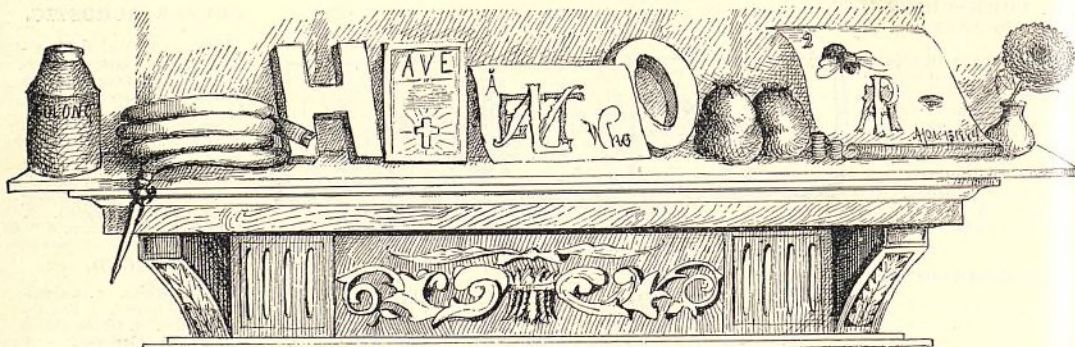
CUBE.

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FROM 1 to 2, a rogue; from 2 to 6, a singing bird; from 5 to 6, a guard; from 1 to 5, to recount; from 3 to 4, the name of an inn that is associated with the poet Chaucer; from 4 to 8, a physician; from 7 to 8, a person of an irritable temper; from 3 to 7, a mark to shoot at; from 1 to 3, to defeat and throw into confusion; from 2 to 4, a governor; from 6 to 8, a row; from 5 to 7, a departure.

DAVID H. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.



LENTEN PUZZLE. Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter. (See illustration.)

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. 1. B-eGg-ar. 2. Can-tOn-s. 3. Fat-tEn-ed. 4. He-aTe-r. 5. Wa-sHe-d. 6. Heat-hEn-s. Central row of letters in the syncopated words, Goethe.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE. March grass never did good.

PI. Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he is sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is, that he shall shoot higher than he who aims but at a bush.—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

RHOMBOID. Reading across: 1. Carat. 2. Habit. 3. Mural. 4. Tepid. 5. Depot.

PYRAMID PUZZLE. From 1 to 19 (or from 19 to 1), RED ROOT PUT UP TO ORDER. Cross-words: 10. T. 9, 11. U. U. 8 to 12, PoP; 7 to 13, TexT; 6 to 14, OutO; 5 to 15, OctavO; 4 to 16, RivaleR; 3 to 17, DividenD; 2 to 18, EquitablE; 1 to 19, Ring-leadeR. CHARADE. Nightingale.

SHAKESPEAREAN PUZZLE. Othello.

The *first* is taken in a court of law;
The *second* is a greeting given boy by boy;
The *whole*, a play in which a jealous man
To revenge himself did violence employ.

Answer to the rebus, Salvini.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Beethoven. Finals, Elizabeth. Cross-words: 1. BastE. 2. EaseL. 3. EnnuL. 4. TopaZ. 5. HeclA. 6. OrkuB. 7. VaguE. 8. EdicT. 9. NeighH.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!

PROGRESSIVE DIAMONDS. I. 1. A. 2. Ado. 3. Adore. 4. Ore. 5. E. II. 1. L. 2. Lit. 3. Lithe. 4. The. 5. E. III. 1. B. 2. Bat. 3. Baton. 4. Ton. 5. N.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the March number, from Lily and Agnes, London, England, 9—Pernie, 6.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from Paul Reese—Arthur Gride—Maggie T. Turrill—Madeleine Vultee—"San Anselmo Valley"—Cyril Deane—Louise Belin—Dycie—Jessie A. Platt—Wm. H. Clark—"We, Us, and Co."—"H. and Co."—Harry M. Wheelock—Oscar and Eddie—"Bess and Co."—"Zealous"—Frank and Agnes Irwin—Kina—L. and S. I.—P. S. Clarkson—C. S. C.—Hugh and Cis—Francis W. Islip—T. S. Palmer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 20, from "Lucille," 1—"The Trio," 2—Lizzie and Emily, 13—Ed. V. Shipsey, 8—Alice M. Isaacs, 3—Bessie Chamberlin, 1—Jack T. Spaulding, 1—Viola Percy Conklin, 3—Eber C. Byam, 1—P. O. Dorman, 1—Joseph C. Russ, Jr., 9—Florence Weston, 4—Louisa and Daisy, 1—Charles S. Hoyt, Jr., 2—Mattie Jenks, 1—"Cinderella," 1—"Enquirer," 2—Maude Bugbee, 10—Josie Freeman, 1—"Three Owls," 4—Lizzie D. F., 1—Arthur E. Hyde, 3—"Hans B.'s Pard," 10—J. S. H., 2—Jessie E. Jenks, 2—Russell K. Miller, 2—Will and Mary, 12—C. A. Elsberg, 4—Frances W. Wellington, 1—Lorenzo Webber, Jr., 1—Phillips Carner, 2—Effic K. Talboys, 11—Tessie and Anna, 6—B. C. R., 1—Fannie J. O., 1—Nellie Townley, 1—Mamie L. Mensch, 4—Bertha Hall, 6—Mary Yeager, 2—"Rex Ford," 6—Emma T. Screws, 1—Edwin L. Rushmer, 1—Ed. and Louis, 8—Helen M., 3—L. C. B., 7—Helen Ballantine, 3—Ruth and Nell, 5—Moses W., 6—Natalie, 3—A. V. Mead and B. H. Peck, 3—Sadie Love, 1—Percy M. Nash, 3—Theo. B. Appel, 3—"The Cottage," 4—Fannie Wood, 5—"Uncle Dick and Dick," 10—Jennie and Birdie, 5—Fitz-Hugh Burns, 13—Stella A. McCarty, 13—Julia T. Nelson, 4—Mary C. Burnam, 1—Georgia L. Gilmore, 1—R. A. de Lima, 2—"Fin. I. S.," 7—Eliza Westervelt, 6—"Professor and Co.," 11—Daisy Moss, 1—Edith Helen Moss, 4—H. Arlem, 11—Alex. Laidlaw, 6—Fannie M. Gober, 5—Lulla and Floride Croft, 3—Harry F. Whiting, 11—Florence Galbraith Lane, 11—B. and S., 4—G. James Bristol, 10—Walter B. Angell, 13—D. B. Shumway, 10—"Mamma and Nellie," 8—Vessie Westover, 13—Willie Sheraton, 4—Millie White, 13—Minnie B. Murray, 12—Eleanor and Maude, 2—Charles H. Kyte, 9—E. Livingston Ham, 4—Geo. Blagden, Jr., 7—"Hen and Chickens," 12—Hattie, Clara, and Mamma, 13—Mabel Wiley, 2—Mary Foster, 8—Robert L. Allee, 2.

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AN

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