



"DAISY TIME."  
(See page 611.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XI.

JUNE, 1884.

No. 8.

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## A CHILD'S NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THEY put her to bed in the darkness,  
And bade her be quiet and good ;  
But she sobbed in the silence, and trembled,  
Though she tried to be brave as she could.

For the Night was so real, so awful !  
A mystery closing around,  
Like the walls of a deep, deep dungeon,  
That hid her from sight and sound.

So stifling, so empty, so dreary—  
That horror of loneliness black !  
She fell asleep, moaning and fearing  
That morning would never come back.

A baby must bear its own sorrow,  
Since none understands it aright ;—  
But at last, from her bosom was lifted  
That terrible fear of the night.

One evening, the hands that undressed her  
Led her out of the door close by,  
And bade her look up for a moment—  
Up into the wonderful sky,

Where the planets and constellations,  
Deep-rooted in darkness, grew  
Like blossoms from black earth blooming,  
All sparkling with silvery dew.

It seemed to bend down to meet her,—  
That luminous purple dome ;

She was caught up into a glory,  
Where her baby-heart was at home ;—

Like a child in its father's garden,  
As glad as a child could be,  
In the feeling of perfect protection  
And limitless liberty.

And this had been all around her,  
While she shuddered alone in bed !  
The beautiful, grand revelation,  
With ecstasy sweet she read.

And she sank into sound child-slumber,  
All folded in splendors high,  
All happy and soothed with blessings  
Breathed out of the heart of the sky.

And in dreams her light, swift footsteps  
Those infinite spaces trod,—  
A fearless little explorer  
Of the paths that lead up to God.

The darkness now was no dungeon,  
But a key unto wide release ;  
And the Night was a vision of freedom—  
A Presence of heavenly peace.

And I doubt not that in like manner  
Might vanish, as with a breath,  
The gloom and the lonely terror  
Of the Mystery we call Death.



## SIXTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

LARKS were singing in the clear sky over Dinan, the hill-sides were white with hosts of blooming cherry-trees, and the valley golden with willow blossoms. The gray tower of the good Duchess Anne was hung with garlands of ivy and gay with tufts of fragrant wall-flowers, and along the fosse the shadows deepened daily as the young leaves thickened on the interlacing branches overhead. Women sang while they beat their clothes by the pool; wooden shoes clattered to and fro as the girls brought water from the fountain in Place St. Louis; men, with their long hair, embroidered jackets, and baggy breeches, drank cider at the inn doors; and the great Breton horses shook their high collars till the bells rang again as they passed along the roads that wound between wide fields of colza, buckwheat, and clover.

Up at the chateau, which stood near the ruins of the ancient castle, the great banner streamed in the wind, showing, as its folds blew out, the device and motto of the Beaumanoirs—two clasped hands and the legend, "*En tout chemin loyauté.*"\* In the court-yard hounds brayed, horses pranced, and servants hurried about; for the count was going to hunt the wild boar. Presently, away they went, with the merry music of horns, the clatter of hoofs, and the blithe ring of voices, till the pleasant clamor died away in the distant woods, where mistletoe clung to the great oaks, and men-

hirs and dolmens, mysterious relics of the Druids, were to be seen.

From one of the windows of the chateau tower a boy's face looked out, full of eager longing. A fine, strong face, but sullen now, with black brows, dark, restless eyes, and lips set, as if rebellious thoughts were stirring in his mind. He watched the gay cavalcade disappear until a sunny silence settled over the landscape, broken only by the larks and the sound of a girl's voice singing. As he listened, the frown smoothed itself from his brow, and his eye brightened when it rested on a blue-gowned, white-capped figure, sprinkling webs of linen, spread to bleach in the green meadow by the river Rance.

"If I may not hunt, I'll away to Yvonne† and take a holiday. She can tell better tales than any in this weary book, the bane of my life!"

As he spoke, the boy struck a volume that lay on the wide ledge, with a petulant energy that sent it fluttering down into the court-yard below. Half ashamed and half amused, young Gaston peeped to see if this random shot had hit any one. But all was quiet and deserted now; so, with a boyish laugh and a daring glance at the dangerous descent, he said to the doves cooing on the roof overhead: "Here 's a fine pretext for escape. Being locked in, how can I get my lesson unless I fetch the book? Tell no tales of the time I linger, and you shall be well fed, my pretty birds."

Then swinging himself out as if it were no new feat, he climbed boldly down through the ivy that half hid the carved flowers and figures which made a ladder for his agile feet.

The moment he touched ground, he raced away like a hound in full scent to the meadow, where he was welcomed by a rosy, brown-eyed lass, whose

\* Always loyal.

† Pronounced Evone.

white teeth shone as she laughed to see him leap the moat, dodge behind the wall, and come bounding toward her, his hair streaming in the wind, and his face full of boyish satisfaction in this escapade.

"The old tale," he panted, as he threw himself down upon the grass and flung the recovered book beside him. "This dreary Latin drives me mad, and I will *not* waste such days as this poring over dull pages like a priest, when I should be hunting like a knight and gentleman."

"Nay, dear Gaston, but you ought, for obedience is the first duty of the knight, and honor of the gentleman," answered the girl, in a soft, reproachful tone, which seemed to touch the lad, as the voice of a master tames a high-mettled horse.

"Had Father Nevin trusted to my honor, I would not have run away; but he locked me in like a monk in a cell, and that I will not bear. Just one hour, Yvonne, one little hour of freedom, then I will go back, else there will be no sport for me to-morrow," said the lad, recklessly pulling up the bluets that starred the grass about him.

"Ah, if I were set to such a task, I would so gladly learn it that I might be a fitter friend for you," said the girl, reverently turning the pages of the book she could not read.

"No need of that; I like you as you are, and by my faith, I doubt your great willingness, for when I last played tutor and left you to spell out the pretty legend of St. Coventin and his little fish, I found you fast asleep with the blessed book upon the floor," laughed Gaston, turning the tables on his mentor, with great satisfaction.

The girl laughed also as she retorted, "My tutor should not have left me to play with his dogs. I bore my penance better than you, and did not run away. Come, now, we'll be merry. Will you talk, or shall I sing, while you rest this hot head, and dream of horse and hound and spearing the wild boar?" added Yvonne, smoothing the locks of hair scattered on the grass, with a touch as gentle as if the hand were that of a lady, and not that of a peasant rough with hard work.

"Since I may not play a man's part yet, amuse me like a boy with the old tales your mother used to tell when we watched the fagots blaze in the winter nights. It is long since I have heard one, and I am never tired hearing of the deeds I mean to match, if not outdo, some day.

"Let me think a bit till I remember your favorites, and do you listen to the bees above there in the willow, setting you a good example, idle boy," said Yvonne, spreading a coarse apron for his head, while she sat beside him racking her brain for tales to beguile this truant hour.

Her father was the count's forester, and when the countess had died some sixteen years before, leaving a month-old boy, good dame Gillian had taken the motherless baby and nursed and reared him with her little girl, so faithfully and tenderly that the count never could forget the loyal service. As babies, the two slept in one cradle; as children they played and quarreled together; and as boy and girl they defended, comforted, and amused each other. But time brought inevitable changes, and both felt that the hour of separation was near; for, while Yvonne went on leading the peasant life to which she was born, Gaston was receiving the education befitting a young count. The chaplain taught him to read and write, with lessons in sacred history and a little Latin. Of the forester he learned woodcraft, and his father taught him horsemanship and the use of arms, accomplishments considered all-important in those days.

Gaston cared nothing for books, except such as told tales of chivalry, but dearly loved athletic sports, and at sixteen rode the most fiery horse without a fall, handled a sword admirably, could kill a boar at the first shot, and longed ardently for war, that he might prove himself a man. A brave, high-spirited, generous boy, with a very tender spot in his heart for the good woman who had been a mother to him and his little foster-sister, whose idol he was. For days he seemed to forget these humble friends, and led the gay, active life of his age and rank; but if wounded in the chase, worried by the chaplain, disappointed in any plan, or in disgrace for any prank, he turned instinctively to Dame Gillian and Yvonne, sure of help and comfort for mind and body.

Companionship with him had refined the girl, and given her glimpses of a world into which she could never enter, yet where she could follow with eager eyes and high hopes the fortunes of this dear Gaston, who was both her prince and brother. Her influence over him was great, for she was of a calm and patient nature, as well as brave and prudent beyond her years. His will was law; yet in seeming to obey, she often led him, and he thanked her for the courage with which she helped him to control his fiery temper and strong will. Now, as she glanced at him she saw that he was already growing more tranquil under the soothing influences of the murmuring river, the soft flicker of the sunshine, and a blessed sense of freedom.

So, while she twisted her distaff, she told the stirring tales of warriors, saints, and fairies whom all Breton peasants honor, love, and fear. But best of all was the tale of Gaston's own ancestor, Jean de Beaumanoir, "the hero of Ploërmel, where, when sorely wounded and parched with thirst, he cried for water, and Geoffrey du Bois answered, like a

grim old warrior as he was, 'Drink thy blood, Beaumanoir, and the thirst will pass'; and he drank, and the battle madness seized him, and he slew ten men, winning the fight against great odds, to his everlasting glory."

"Ah, those were the times to live in! If they could only come again, I would be a second Jean!"

Gaston sprang to his feet as he spoke, all aglow with the warlike ardor of his race, and Yvonne looked up at him, sure that he would prove himself a worthy descendant of the great baron and his wife, the daughter of the brave Du Guesclin.

"But you shall not be treacherously killed, as he was, for I will save you as the peasant woman saved poor Gilles de Bretagne when starving in the tower, or fight for you as Jeanne d'Arc fought for her lord," answered Yvonne, dropping her distaff to stretch out her hand to him; for she, too, was on her feet.

Gaston took the faithful hand, and pointing to the white banner floating over the ruins of the old castle, said heartily: "We will always stand by one another, and be true to the motto of our house till death."

"We will!" answered the girl, and both kept the promise loyally, as we shall see.

Just at that moment the sound of hoofs made the young enthusiasts start and look toward the road that wound through the valley to the hill. An old man on a slowly pacing mule was all they saw, but the change that came over both was comical in its suddenness; for the gallant knight turned to a truant school-boy, daunted by the sight of his tutor, while the rival of the Maid of Orleans grew pale with dismay.

"I am lost if he spy me, for my father vowed I should not hunt again unless I did my task. He will see me if I run, and where can I hide till he has past?" whispered Gaston, ashamed of his panic, yet unwilling to pay the penalty of his prank.

But quick-witted Yvonne saved him; for lifting one end of the long web of linen, she showed a hollow whence some great stone had been moved, and Gaston slipped into the green nest, over which the linen lay smoothly when replaced.

On came the chaplain, glancing sharply about him, being of an austere and suspicious nature. He saw nothing, however, but the peasant girl in her quaint cap and wooden sabots, singing to herself as she leaned against a tree with her earthen jug in her hand. The mule paused in the light shadow of the willows to crop a mouthful of grass before climbing the hill, and the chaplain seemed glad to rest a moment, for the day was warm and the road dusty.

"Come hither, child, and give me a draught of water," he called, and the girl ran to fill her pitcher, offering it with a low reverence.

"Thanks, daughter! A fine day for the bleaching, but over warm for much travel. Go to your work, child; I will tarry a moment in the shade before I return to my hard task of sharpening a dull youth's wit," said the old man when he had drunk; and with a frowning glance at the room where he had left his prisoner, he drew a breviary from his pocket and began to read, while the mule browsed along the road-side.

Yvonne went to sprinkling the neglected linen,



"I FOUND YOU FAST ASLEEP WITH THE BOOK ON THE FLOOR."

wondering with mingled anxiety and girlish merriment how Gaston fared. The sun shone hotly on the dry cloth, and as she approached the boy's hiding-place, a stir would have betrayed him had the chaplain's eyes been lifted.

"Sprinkle me quickly; I am stifling in this hole," whispered an imploring voice.

"Drink thy blood, Beaumanoir, and the thirst will pass," quoted Yvonne, taking a naughty satisfaction in the ignominious captivity of the willful boy. A long sigh was the only answer he gave, and taking pity on him, she made a little hollow in the linen where she knew his head lay, and poured in water till a choking sound assured her Gaston had enough. The chaplain looked up,

but the girl coughed loudly, as she went to refill her jug, with such a demure face that he suspected nothing, and presently ambled away to seek his refractory pupil.

The moment he disappeared, a small earthquake seemed to take place under the linen, for it flew up violently, and a pair of long legs waved joyfully in the air as Gaston burst into a ringing laugh, which Yvonne echoed heartily. Then, springing up, he said, throwing back his wet hair and shaking his finger at her: "You dared not betray me, but you nearly drowned me, wicked girl. I can not stop for vengeance now; but I'll toss you into the river some day, and leave you to get out as you can."

Then he was off as quickly as he came, eager to reach his prison again before the chaplain came to hear the unlearned lesson. Yvonne watched him till he climbed safely in at the high window and disappeared with a wave of the hand, when she, too, went back to her work, little dreaming what brave parts both were to play in dangers and captivities of which these youthful pranks and perils were but a foreshadowing.

Two years later, in the month of March, 1793, the insurrection broke out in Vendée, and Gaston had his wish; for the old count had been an officer of the king's household, and hastened to prove his loyalty. Yvonne's heart beat high with pride as she saw her foster-brother ride gallantly away beside his father, with a hundred armed vassals behind them, and the white banner fluttering above their heads in the fresh forest wind.

She longed to go with him; but her part was to watch and wait, to hope and pray, till the hour came when she, like many another woman in those days, could prove herself as brave as a man, and freely risk her life for those she loved.

Four months later the heavy tidings reached them that the old count was killed and Gaston taken prisoner. Great was the lamentation among the old men, women, and children left behind; but they had little time for sorrow, for a band of the marauding Vendéans burned the chateau, and laid waste the Abbey.

"Now, Mother, I must up and away to find and rescue Gaston. I promised, and if he lives, it shall be done. Let me go; you are safe now, and there is no rest for me till I know how he fares," said Yvonne, when the raid was over, and the frightened peasants ventured to return from the neighboring forests, whither they had hastily fled for protection.

"Go, my girl, and bring me news of our young lord. May you lead him safely home again to rule over us," answered Dame Gillian, devoted still,—for her husband was reported dead with

his master, yet she let her daughter go without a murmur, feeling that no sacrifice was too great.

So Yvonne set out, taking with her Gaston's pet dove and the little sum of money carefully hoarded for her marriage portion. The pretty winged creature, frightened by the destruction of its home, had flown to her for refuge, and she had cherished it for its master's sake. Now, when it would not leave her, but came circling around her head a league away from Dinan, she accepted the good omen, and made the bird the companion of her perilous journey.

There is no room to tell all the dangers, disappointments and fatigues endured before she found Gaston; but after being often misled by false rumors, she at last discovered that he was a prisoner in Fort Penthièvre. His own reckless courage had brought him there, for in one of the many skirmishes in which he had taken part, he ventured too far away from his men, and was captured after fighting desperately to cut his way out. Now, alone in his cell, he raged like a caged eagle, feeling that there was no hope of escape; for the fort stood on a plateau of precipitous rock washed on two sides by the sea. He had heard of the massacre of the royalist emigrants who landed there, and tried to prepare himself for a like fate, hoping to die as bravely as young Sombreuil, who was shot with twenty others on what was afterward named the "*Champ des Martyrs*."\* His last words, when ordered by the executioner to kneel, were, "I do it; but one knee I bend for my God, the other for my king."

Day after day Gaston looked down from his narrow window, past which the gulls flew screaming, and watched the fishers at their work, the women gathering sea-weed on the shore, and the white sails flitting across the bay of Quiberon. Bitterly did he regret the willfulness which brought him there, well knowing that if he had obeyed orders he would now be free to find his father's body and avenge his death.

"Oh, for one day of liberty, one hope of escape, one friend to cheer this dreadful solitude!" he cried, when weeks had passed and he seemed utterly forgotten.

As he spoke, he shook the heavy bars with impotent strength, then bent his head as if to hide even from himself the few hot tears wrung from him by captivity and despair.

Standing so, with eyes too dim for seeing, something brushed against his hair, and a bird lit on the narrow ledge. He thought it was a gull, and paid no heed; but in a moment a soft coo startled him, and looking up, he saw a white dove struggling to get in.

"Blanchette!" he cried, and the pretty creature

\* The Field of Martyrs.

flew to his hand, pecking at his lips in the old caressing way he knew so well.

"My faithful bird, God bless thee!" exclaimed the poor lad, holding the dove close against his cheek to hide the trembling of his lip, so touched, so glad was he to find in his dreary prison even a dumb friend and comforter.

But Blanchette had her part to play, and presently fluttered back to the window ledge, cooing loudly as she pecked at something underneath her wing.

Then Gaston remembered how he used to send messages to Yvonne by this carrier-dove, and with a thrill of joy looked for the token, hardly daring to hope that any would be found. Yes! there, tied carefully among the white feathers, was a tiny roll of paper, with these words rudely written on it:

"Be ready; help will come. Y."

"The brave girl! the loyal heart! I might have known she would keep her promise, and come to save me," and Gaston dropped on his knees in gratitude.

Blanchette meantime tripped about the cell on her little rosy feet, ate a few crumbs of the hard bread, dipped her beak in the jug of water, dressed her feathers daintily, then flew to the bars and called him. He had nothing to send back by this sure messenger but a lock of hair, and this he tied with the same thread, in place of the note. Then kissing the bird he bade it go, watching the silver wings flash in the sunshine as it flew away, carrying joy with it and leaving hope behind.

After that the little courier came often unperceived, carrying letters to and fro; for Yvonne sent bits of paper and Gaston wrote his answers with his blood and a quill from Blanchette's wing. He thus learned how Yvonne was living in a fisher's hut on the beach, and working for his rescue as well as she dared. Every day she might be seen gathering sea-weed on the rocks or twirling her distaff at the door of the dilapidated hut, not as a young girl, but as an old woman; for she had stained her fair skin, put on ragged clothes, and hidden her fresh face under the pent-house cap worn by the women of Quiberon. Her neighbors thought her a poor soul left desolate by the war, and let her live unmolested. So she worked on secretly and steadily, playing her part well and biding her time till the long hempen rope was made, the sharp file procured unsuspected, and a boat ready to receive the fugitives.

Her plan was perilously simple, but the only one possible; for Gaston was well guarded, and out of that lofty cell it seemed that no prisoner could escape without wings. A bird and a woman lent him those wings, and his daring flight was a nine days' wonder at the fort. Only a youth accustomed

to feats of agility and strength could have safely made that dangerous escape along the face of the cliff that rose straight up from the shore. But Gaston was well trained, and the boyish pranks that used to bring him into dire disgrace now helped to save his life.

Thus, when the order came, written in the rude hand he had taught Yvonne long ago, "Pull up the thread which Blanchette will bring at midnight. Watch for a light in the bay. Then come down, and St. Barbe protect you," he was ready; for the little file, brought by the bird, had secretly done its work, and several bars were loose. He knew that the attempt might cost him his life, but was willing to gain liberty even at that price; for imprisonment seemed worse than death to his impatient spirit. The jailor went his last round, the great bell struck the appointed hour, and Gaston stood at the window, straining his eyes to catch the first ray of the promised light, when the soft whirl of wings gladdened his ear, and Blanchette arrived, looking scared and wet and weary, for rain fell, the wind blew fitfully, and the poor bird was unused to such wild work as this. But obedient to its training, it flew to its master; and no angel could have been more welcome than the storm-beaten little creature as it nestled in his bosom, while he untangled the lengths of strong fine thread wound about one of its feet.

He knew what to do, and tying on the file to one end, as a weight, he let it down, praying that no cruel gust would break or blow it away. In a moment a quick jerk at the thread bade him pull again. A cord came up, and when that was firmly secured, a second jerk was the signal for the last and most important haul. Up came the stout rope, knotted here and there to add safety and strength to the hands and feet that were to climb down that frail ladder, unless some cruel fate dashed the poor boy dead upon the rocks below. The rope was made fast to an iron staple inside, the bars were torn away, and Gaston crept through the narrow opening to perch on the ledge without, while Blanchette flew down to tell Yvonne he was coming.

The moment the distant spark appeared, he bestirred himself, set his teeth, and boldly began the dangerous descent. Rain blinded him, the wind beat him against the rock, bruising hands and knees, and the way seemed endless, as he climbed slowly down, clinging with the clutch of a drowning man, and blessing Yvonne for the knots that kept him from slipping when the gusts blew him to and fro. More than once he thought it was all over; but the good rope held fast, and strength and courage nerved heart and limbs. One greater than St. Barbe upheld him, and he dropped at

last, breathless and bleeding, beside the faithful Yvonne.

There was no time for words, only a grasp of the hand, a sigh of gratitude, and they were away to the boat that tossed on the wild water with a single rower in his place.

"It is our Hoël. I found him looking for you. He is true as steel. In, in, and off, or you are lost!" whispered Yvonne, flinging a cloak about Gaston, thrusting a purse, a sword, and a flask into his hand, and holding the boat while he leaped in.

"But you?" he cried; "I can not leave you in peril, after all you have dared and done for me."

"No one suspects me; I am safe; go to my mother, she will hide you, and I will follow soon."

Waiting for no further speech, she pushed the boat off, and watched it vanish in the darkness, then went away to give thanks, and rest after her long work and excitement.

Gaston reached home safely, and Dame Gillian concealed him in the ruins of the Abbey, till anxiety for Yvonne drove him out to seek and rescue in his turn. For she did not come, and when a returning soldier brought word that she had been arrested in her flight, and sent to Nantes, Gaston could not rest, but disguising himself as a peasant, went to find her, accompanied by faithful Hoël, who loved Yvonne, and would gladly die for her and his young master. Their hearts sunk when they discovered that she was in the Boufflay, an old fortress, once a royal residence, and now a prison, crowded with unfortunate and innocent creatures, arrested on the slightest pretexts, and guillotined or drowned by the infamous Carrier. Hundreds of men and women were there, suffering terribly, and among them was Yvonne, brave still, but with no hope of escape, for few were saved, and then only by some lucky accident. Like a sister of mercy she went among the poor souls crowded together in the great halls, hungry, cold, sick, and despairing, and they clung to her as if she were some strong, sweet saint who could deliver them or teach them how to die.

After some weeks of this terrible life, her name was called one morning, on the list for that day's execution, and she rose to join the sad procession setting forth.

"Which is it to be?" she asked, as she passed one of the men who guarded them, a rough fellow, whose face was half hidden by a shaggy beard.

"You will be drowned; we have no time to waste on women," was the brutal answer; but as the words passed his lips, a slip of paper was pressed into her hand, and these words breathed into her ear by a familiar voice: "I am here!"

It was Gaston, in the midst of enemies, bent on saving her at the risk of his life, remembering all he owed her, and the motto of his race. The shock of this discovery nearly betrayed them both, and turned her so white that the woman next her put an arm about her, saying sweetly:

"Courage, my sister; it is soon over."

"I fear nothing now!" cried Yvonne, and went on to take her place in the cart, looking so serene and happy that those about her thought her already fit for heaven.

No need to repeat the dreadful history of the Noyades; it is enough to say that in the confusion of the moment Yvonne found opportunity to read and destroy the little paper, which said briefly:

"When you are flung into the river, call my name and float. I shall be near."

She understood, and being placed with a crowd of wretched women on the old vessel which lay in the river Loire, she employed every moment in loosening the rope that tied her hands, and keeping her eye on the tall, bearded man who moved about seeming to do his work, while his blood boiled with suppressed wrath, and his heart ached with unavailing pity. It was dusk before the end came for Yvonne, and she was all unnerved by the sad sights she had been forced to see; but when rude hands seized her, she made ready for the plunge, sure that Gaston would "be near." He was, for in the darkness and uproar, he could leap after her unseen, and while she floated, he cut the rope, then swam down the river with her hand upon his shoulder till they dared to land. Both were nearly spent with the excitement and exertion of that dreadful hour; but Hoël waited for them on the shore and helped Gaston carry poor Yvonne into a deserted house, where they gave her fire, food, dry garments, and the gladdest welcome one human creature ever gave to another.

Being a robust peasant, the girl came safely through hardships that would have killed or crazed a frailer creature; and she was soon able to rejoice with the brave fellows over this escape, so audaciously planned and so boldly carried out. They dared stay but a few hours, and before dawn were hastening through the least frequented ways toward home, finding safety in the distracted state of the country, which made fugitives no unusual sight and refugees plentiful. One more adventure, and that a happy one, completed their joy, and turned their flight into a triumphant march.

Pausing in the depths of the great forest of Hunaudaye to rest, the two young men went to find food, leaving Yvonne to tend the fire and make ready to cook the venison they hoped to bring. It was night-fall, and another day would see them in Dinan, they hoped; but the lads had con-

sented to pause for the girl's sake, for she was worn out with their rapid flight. They were talking of their adventures in high spirits, when Gaston laid his hand on Hoël's mouth and pointed to a green slope before them. An early moon gave light enough to show them a dark form moving quickly into the coppice, and something like the antlers of a stag showed above the tall brakes before they vanished. "Slip around and drive him this way. I never miss my aim, and we will sup royally to-night," whispered Gaston, glad to use the arms with which they had provided themselves.

Hoël slipped away, and presently a rustle in the wood betrayed the cautious approach of the deer. But he was off before a shot could be fired, and the disappointed hunters followed long and far, resolved not to go back empty-handed. They had to give it up, however, and were partially consoled by a rabbit, which Hoël flung over his shoulder, while Gaston, forgetting caution, began to sing an old song the women of Brittany love so well:

"Quand vous étiez captif, Bertrand, fils de Bretagne,  
Tous les fuseaux tournaient aussi dans la campagne."

He got no further, for the stanza was finished by a voice that had often joined in the ballad, when Dame Gillian sang it to the children, as she spun:

"Chaque femme apporte son écheveau de lin;  
Ce fut votre rançon, Messire du Guesclin."

Both paused, thinking that some spirit of the wood mocked them; but a loud laugh and a familiar "Holo! holo!" made Hoël cry, "The forester!" while Gaston dashed headlong into the thicket whence the sound came, there to find the jolly forester, indeed, with a slain deer by his side, waiting to receive them with open arms.

"I taught you to stalk the deer and spear the boar, not to hunt your fellow-creatures, my lord.

But I forgive you, for it was well done, and I had a hard run to escape," he said, still laughing.

"But how came you here?" cried both the youths, in great excitement; for the good man was supposed to be dead with his old master.

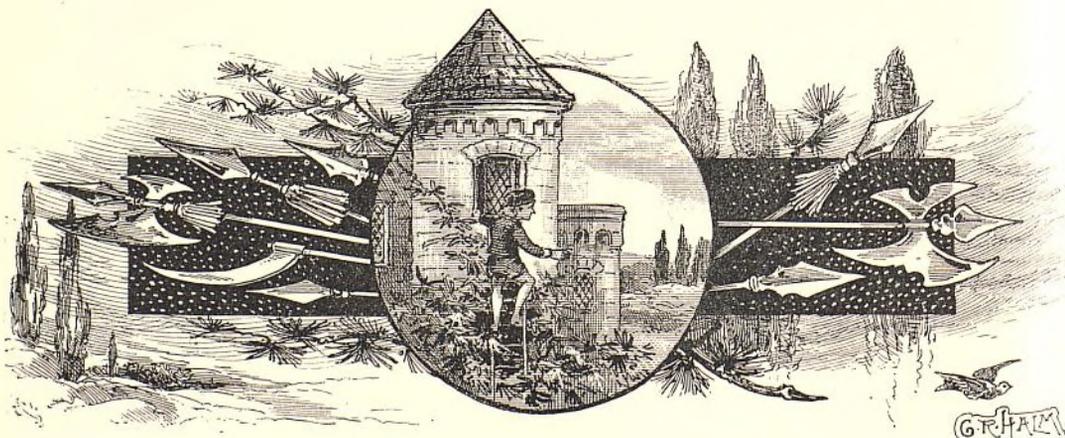
"A long tale, for which I have a short and happy answer. Come home to supper with me, and I'll show you a sight that will gladden hearts and eyes," he answered, shouldering his load and leading the way to a deserted hermitage, which had served many a fugitive for a shelter. As they went, Gaston poured out his story, and told how Yvonne was waiting for them in the wood.

"Brave lads! and here is your reward," answered the forester, pushing open the door and pointing to the figure of a man with a pale face and bandaged head lying asleep beside the fire.

It was the count, sorely wounded, but alive, thanks to his devoted follower, who had saved him when the fight was over; and after weeks of concealment, suffering, and anxiety, had brought him so far toward home.

No need to tell of the happy meeting that night, nor of the glad return; for, though the chateau was in ruins and lives were still in danger, they all were together, and the trials they had passed through only made the ties of love and loyalty between high and low more true and tender. Good Dame Gillian housed them all, and nursed her master back to health. Yvonne and Hoël had a gay wedding in the course of time, and Gaston went to the wars again. A new chateau rose on the ruins of the old, and when the young lord took possession, he replaced the banner that was lost with one of fair linen, spun and woven by the two women who had been so faithful to him and his, but added a white dove above the clasped hands and golden legend, never so true as now,

"En tout chemin loyauté."



## JUNE.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.



APPLE-blossoms in the orchard,  
Singing birds on every tree;  
Grass a-growing in the meadows  
Just as green as green can be;

Violets in shady places,—  
Sweetest flowers were ever seen! —  
Hosts of starry dandelions,—  
“Drops of gold among the green!”

Pale arbutus, fairy wind-flowers,  
Innocents in smiling flocks;

Coollest ferns within the hollows,  
Columbines among the rocks;

Dripping streams, delicious mosses,  
Tassels on the maple-trees;  
Drowsy insects, humming, humming;  
Golden butterflies, and bees;

Daffodils in garden borders,  
Fiery tulips dashed with dew;  
Crocus-flowers; and, through the greenness,  
Snow-drops looking out at you!

## TWO BOYS OF MIGGLESVILLE.

BY W. W. FINK.

## PART I.

## HOW TOMMY STARTED THE LIBRARY.

"NONSENSE, Tommy! Start a public library in Migglesville? Books cost money, my boy, and people in this town don't spend money that way. They would n't subscribe ten dollars."

Mr. Glen was evidently out of patience with Migglesville; but seeing the look of disappointment on his son's face, he said:

"What books do you want?"

"I would rather not tell," said Tommy, with a firm expression on his pinched, white face; for he was a cripple, and his face showed the marks of suffering and ill-health. "You are not able to buy books for me, but I think I can start a public library."

"Well, well," said Mr. Glen, good-naturedly, "try it if you like, but don't be disappointed if you fail; for remember, we are living in Migglesville now." And he went away, feeling that he would hear no more of the library.

Migglesville was a small town, and, what was worse for Tommy's undertaking, it was well-nigh a dead town. It was discouraged. The county-seat had gone to Kitesboro', six miles away. The railroad, if one ever came to the county, would be sure to go to Kitesboro'. There was talk of a seminary at Kitesboro', and they already had graded schools there. Migglesville had nothing but old houses and bad luck. Yet it was here that Tommy Glen planned to start a public library.

"How many books would be a library?" he said to himself as he balanced his crutch across his knee.

Then he turned to his dictionary and read, "**Li'brary**, *n.* 1. A collection of books."

"It does n't say a hundred nor a thousand," said he, "but a collection."

So he turned to the word *collection*, and read, "**Collec'tion**, *n.* 2. That which is gathered or drawn together."

Suddenly he felt that he must scream; he had such a happy idea! He threw on his hat, took his crutch, and started off to see Willie Groome. He knew that Willie's constant desire was to read Gordon's "South Africa," that he thought of it by day and dreamed of lion-hunting by night. Willie was at work in his father's garden.

"Heigho, Tommy," he said, as the latter approached.

"Say, Will," said Tommy, with nervous directness, "what book would you rather read than any other book in the world?"

"Gordon's 'South Africa,'" answered Willie, excitedly.

"Then why don't you buy it?" asked Tommy.

"Father says it would be foolish for me to spend all my money on one book, and that only about lions and tigers and things."

"Well, would n't he let you buy it if some more of us would buy a book apiece and exchange with you?"

"Why, that would be a kind of a circulating library, Tommy," exclaimed Willie.

"Of course it would."

"But, Tommy, everybody 'd want to borrow our books, and we would n't have half a chance."

"We would n't let 'em," said Tommy, emphatically. "Nobody can get a book out of this library without putting one in."

Just then Willie's father came toward them.

"Glad to see you out, Tommy," he said pleasantly. "Willie, you can stop work and play with Tommy."

"I did n't come to play, Mr. Groome; I came on business," answered the lame boy.

"On business! Whew! What kind of business?"

Then Tommy explained his plan so clearly and enthusiastically that Mr. Groome said:

"Yes; Willie can buy the book. He has money enough of his own, and if by buying one book he can get several more to read, I should say that would be doing very well."

"And wont you let him get it right away?" said Tommy, eagerly. "I am going to buy mine, but it wont be so showy as Tommy's, for his has pictures, and——"

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Groome, laughingly, "you want it, so that the other fellows can see what they will miss if they don't join in?"

Tommy confessed that such was his idea, and, with a hearty laugh at his "generalship," Mr. Groome left the boys with the promise that Willie could go to Kitesboro the next day and buy the book.

The next day Willie came bounding into Tommy's room with Gordon's "South Africa."

In a minute the two boys were poring over its pages.

"Oh, look! Is n't that glorious!" exclaimed Willie, as they turned to the picture of a lion-hunt.

Tommy was about to reply when, looking

through the window, he saw Harry Lane and Si Milford across the street.

"Just the boys I wanted to see. Please call them, Will."

"Yes; but they 'll be for looking all over the book, and we wont have half a chance," said Willie.

"That's just what I want," answered Tommy. "Don't you see the point?"

Willie called them, but much against his own inclinations.

"What's up?" said Harry, as they entered the

"The *library!*" said Si, questioningly.

"Yes. We're a Library Association, and any one can join it by putting in one good book."

"Oh, fiddle!" said Si. "I don't buy books to give away. Not much!"

"All right," said Tommy, with a great show of indifference.

"Yes; but I should say it would be very mean not to lend a fellow a book after you'd read it," persisted Si.

"And I should say it would be very mean to



THE FOUNDERS OF THE MIGGLESVILLE LIBRARY.

room, and the next moment he exclaimed: "Whew! Gordon's 'South Africa!' Whose is that?"

"Willie bought it," said Tommy, "and I'm to buy another book, and then we'll exchange."

"Say, boys," said Si, "lend this book to me first, after you've read it, wont you?"

"Not unless you buy a book, and put into the library with ours," said Tommy.

want some one to buy books for you when you were not willing to return the compliment," said Harry Lane, with some warmth. "I'll buy a book to get into this arrangement. Let's see. Fifteen or twenty fellows would be fifteen or twenty books that we could all read by buying one apiece. Tommy, what are you going to buy?"

Now Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" was the

great desire of Tommy's heart, and he had talked so much about it with Harry and Si that he knew they were as anxious to read it as he was.

So he said: "I will buy one volume of 'Prescott' if you will buy another."

"I'll buy one," said Harry. "Si, you'll buy another, wont you?"

"No, you don't," exclaimed Si.

"Don't what?" asked Harry.

"I said I would n't go into this thing, and I wont," said Si, with an injured air.

"Well, we don't wish to force you to buy a book, Si," said Tommy, pleasantly.

Just then he called their attention to the picture of a lion-hunt, and they all bent over him to see it.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, "don't smother a fellow!"

"Then read something out loud," cried Si.

"All right. Sit down and I will."

They all ranged themselves before him, and he began reading:

"The hunters were now in the jungle, and they could hear the lion's deep and terrible roar. Suddenly there was a crashing of tangled underbrush, and the king of beasts sprang madly forward from his lair. The natives scattered in terror, leaving the intrepid white man to receive the charge alone; but with wonderful coolness he dropped upon one knee, and bringing his rifle to his face, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger, but his gun missed fire!"

By this time, Willie's stubby hair was standing fiercely erect, in delightful horror. Harry's eyes were nearly as large as sauce-dishes, while Si was holding his breath, working the muscles of his face and clenching his fists in utter disregard of his personal appearance.

But just at this point, Tommy closed the book on his finger, and said quietly: "Come to think of it, this is n't according to the rules."

"What is n't according to the rules?" exclaimed his listeners, almost fiercely.

"Reading a library book to outsiders," replied Tommy.

"Oh, go on!" cried Si.

"Don't do it," said Harry. "Our rules wont allow it, unless Si will agree to buy the other volume of 'Prescott.'"

"Well, I'll—I'll do it, said Si. "Read on."

Tommy read very gladly after this, until the lion lay dead at the hunter's feet.

Then they fell to planning in good earnest. Si was now as enthusiastic as any of them. He and Tommy gave Harry their share of the money to buy "Prescott," and the next day found them all together again with the cherished volumes before

them. They had a library! and they decided to call themselves the Migglesville Library Association. Among other rules which they adopted were the following:

"1st. Any one can become a life member by contributing a book costing two dollars, a book costing less than that only giving a membership for one year.

"2d. Two or more persons may club together to buy expensive books, so that membership need not cost more than two dollars.

"3d. No book will be received which is either vulgar or silly, but" (as Tommy put it) "a book can be as funny or adventuresome as it pleases."

Not many days passed before the neighbors began wondering why so many boys were going in to see Tommy Glen. And it was also remarked that boys who had never been known to work before were buzzing around like hornets, hunting jobs, cutting wood, raking hay,—anything to earn money. Was Migglesville waking up? Had there been a reformation,—or was there a circus coming?

The book-seller at Kitesboro' noticed a great improvement in his trade; and, what was very strange, nearly every one to whom he sold a book was a Migglesville boy, or a Migglesville girl; for the girls had taken the library fever, and were as anxious to buy books as the boys.

Occasionally some one would be refractory, wishing to borrow books without becoming a member. But Tommy's rules and Tommy's tact conquered this difficulty also.

The farmers' boys caught the spirit, and came to the library from miles around.

Tommy's mother had entered heartily into the work, and made everything agreeable in Tommy's room for all who came. Mr. Glen was away on business, and as yet knew nothing of his son's success.

When it was noised abroad that the boys had started a library, there was general astonishment.

A library in Migglesville! Some older people slipped in to see what it meant, and found so many interesting books that they were glad to buy "a book apiece" and join the Association.

When Mr. Glen returned to Migglesville, almost the first question he asked was: "Well, Tommy, how about that library?"

"Most of our books are out," said Tommy, so much excited that he could not stop to explain, at the same time leading the way to his room.

Mr. Glen looked at the books and rubbed his eyes to be sure that he was not dreaming.

"Here is our list," said Tommy.

"Here is our list!" repeated Mr. Glen in bewilderment. Then he ran his eyes down the column. It contained a total of ninety-nine volumes, and their cost footed up \$150.00!

"Who subscribed all this money?" said he.

"Nobody," answered Tommy.

"Then, where on earth did these books come from?"

Tommy told the story of the library.

"If you had tried to raise a subscription, you would have failed," said Mr. Glen. "Tommy, you are a general! I am proud of you! Your library will do great things for Migglesville."

The next day, there was the regular meeting of the Library Association; and just as Tommy had finished reading his report, something happened which made the library of much more importance to Migglesville than any one could have believed, although at the time it seemed of no consequence, beyond the fact that it was very funny:

The door opened and a poorly clad, broad-faced, stupid-looking boy of fifteen walked into the room with a book under his arm.

This was Johnny Haven. Any one would have told you that he was the dullest boy in town; not that he was a fool. He seemed ordinarily bright when it came to work or play, but he never knew his lessons at school. He was the laughing-stock of much smaller boys; and some of the more cruel called him to his face, the "Migglesville Dunce."

No one had thought of asking him to join the Library Association; but he had worked, earned money, bought a book, and here he was.

"Hello, Johnny," whispered a boy beside him, "are you in this thing, too?"

"No; but I'd like to be," replied Johnny.

"Got a book?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you hand it in?"

"Is that the way to do?"

"Yes; go right up." And as Johnny walked forward, the boy turned and winked at some of his fellows. There was a good deal of curiosity to know what kind of book Johnny Haven had brought; and when Tommy took it and read its title, "Elements of Geology," there was a burst of laughter, in which even the gentlemen and ladies present were forced to join. If his book had been a Chinese grammar, it could not have astonished them more.

But only one, Job Spencer, was mean enough to say:

"Well, Professor Haven, that book may do for a *wise* man like you; but the rest of us are not that far along. Guess you'd better take it home."

Few laughed at his heartless speech, however.

"What book did *you* put in?" demanded Johnny.

"Robinson Crusoe."

"Well," said Johnny, "this geology is worth forty Robinson Crusoes!"

There was another laugh, but Dr. Brownlow

said quickly, "Johnny is right. If I had to take my choice between any half-dozen books in this excellent library, and a geology, I would take the geology. I hope you will accept Johnny's offer, and that others may contribute books on kindred subjects. I intend doing so myself, *provided you take Johnny in.*"

Of course Johnny was admitted, but there was much merry-making at his expense. Even the other books in the library seemed to laugh at his geology; yet we will see how long their laughter lasted.

## PART II.

### THE "MIGGLESVILLE DUNCE."

WE must go back a little from the time when Johnny Haven set the boys and girls of Migglesville to laughing by bringing a geology to the library.

Poor Johnny was always at the foot of his class. It was not a graded school, and not a very good one of its kind; but it *did* manage to have an examination at the close of the year.

Mr. Haven had been watching his son's lack of progress with deepening mortification and sorrow; but when examination day came, and Johnny failed in everything, his chagrin was keen indeed.

"Johnny," he said, after it was all over and they were at home, "what *is* the matter? You hardly answered a question, and yet you did not seem to care."

Johnny seldom betrayed any emotion, but now his lip quivered and his cheek flushed.

"I do care!" he exclaimed; "but do you suppose I am going to show it?"

The words were like music in his parent's ears. It was not indifference after all, but grit.

"Father," he said, "have n't I studied hard?"

"Yes, my boy, hard enough to have committed all your books to memory."

"I know a good deal more than they think I do," said Johnny; "but when I come to recite I get bothered; they laugh at me, and I forget it all. I want to leave school!"

"Leave school!" exclaimed Mr. Haven.

"Yes, sir; and study at home."

"Why not study at school?"

"Because they make me study too many things at once. I was n't made to study everything at once. I'd rather know one thing well than forty things a little. I don't want to go to that school any more!" he continued, almost fiercely. "But if you'll let me study at home, I'll show you that I can learn a great deal of one thing while they are learning a little of everything."

"Perhaps you are right, Johnny," said Mr.

Haven. "As a rule, it is better for boys and girls to go to school and lay a broad foundation for an education. Still, if you can't get on at school, you can try studying at home. But what put this idea into your head?"

"I thought it out," said Johnny. "And then when Will Regan came home from college and could n't pass an examination for teacher at Kitesboro', and did n't know enough for county surveyor, and could n't keep books or do anything else, I thought it would have been much better for him if he had known just one thing well."

"Well, my boy, what do you wish to know well?"

"Geology."

"Geology! Why?"

"Because I know I should like it, and then I was reading the other day that a practical geologist could make a good living."

"But you will need to understand other things before you can master geology," said Mr. Haven.

"Then I can learn them," said Johnny, his eyes shining like stars.

So he had his father's consent to try his plan, and the Migglesville school lost its dunce.

People said Mr. Haven was wise in taking Johnny from school, for he could learn nothing. They did not know that Johnny was studying harder than any other boy in town.

Dr. Brownlow contributed a zoölogy, a botany, and an advanced work on geology to the library, and induced others to contribute other scientific books.

A year passed, and still the library grew. Tommy Glen had his hands full, all the books he could read, and the glorious consciousness that he was doing good in Migglesville.

The thought sent the blood flying through his veins, and as it rushed along, it began picking up and throwing away little particles of unhealthy muscle and bone, leaving in their stead larger and healthier particles.

The library was also at work in the sluggish body of Migglesville. The old town waked up, rubbed its eyes, washed its face, combed its hair, and felt better. Weeds suffered where they had previously flourished; fences at which cows had laughed now laughed at the cows. Then Migglesville waked up a little more, and organized a Lyceum; a little more, and graded schools were introduced.

Few thought of Johnny Haven. Tommy Glen noticed that he always drew some scientific work from the library, and felt very sorry for the poor boy who seemed so anxious to read hard books which he never could understand. A genuine friendship grew up between them, but it sprung

from sympathy for each other's misfortunes. Still, fearing to wound Johnny's feelings, Tommy never tried to find out how much the former knew about the books he was reading, and Johnny never told.

He spent a great deal of time roving up and down the river, and over the hills, beating stones to pieces and carrying them home — for playthings; so it seemed to the people of Migglesville.

But he knew every ledge of rock along the river for miles each way, and the little pieces he carried home were specimens for his cabinet.

When he came to a difficult question, he took hold of it like a bull-dog, and never let go until he had mastered it.

He was not dull. He was one-ideaed, and one-ideaed people have always been the moving spirits of the world. He found that a knowledge of botany and zoölogy was essential to the understanding of geology, and he attacked them.

The pictures of the fossil remains of mastodons, mammoths, and other gigantic animals filled him with wonder. His study became more enchanting than the wildest romance.

One day word came to town that Mr. Martin, whose farm adjoined Migglesville, had found an enormous tooth, a mammoth's tooth, "as large as a water-bucket."

People flocked to see it. Few had ever seen anything of the kind, but all agreed it must be a mammoth's tooth,— it was so large!

Just then some one began laughing.

"There comes the Migglesville dunce! Now we'll find out all about it," said Job Spencer.

And Johnny came bounding from the town, bareheaded, his hair flying in the wind, and his eyes shining like stars.

"Where is it?" he cried, bolting through the crowd.

"Here it is, Professor. Wont you give us a lecture on the mammoth?" sneered Job. The secret of Job's hatred for Johnny was that, having tried to abuse Johnny some time before, he had received a sound flogging in return; and he now only dared attack him with his tongue.

Johnny fell on his knees before the tooth, rolled it over, ran his fingers nervously around it, and then raised it so as to see its crown.

"It is n't a mammoth's tooth at all!" he cried. "It's a mastodon's."

"Oh! Of course *you* know all about it at first sight!" sneered Job.

"Yes, sir; I *do* know. A mammoth's tooth is nearly smooth, like an elephant's, for they were nothing but big elephants; but a mastodon's tooth is covered with pointed knobs, just like this, and it *is* a mastodon's tooth."

"Johnny is right!" said Dr. Brownlow with sud-

den energy. "I had forgotten the distinction, but Johnny has not. This is the tooth of a mastodon."

"Well, it's all he does know," persisted Job.

"May be it is," said Johnny, quietly; then, turning to Mr. Martin, he asked eagerly, "What will you take for that tooth?"

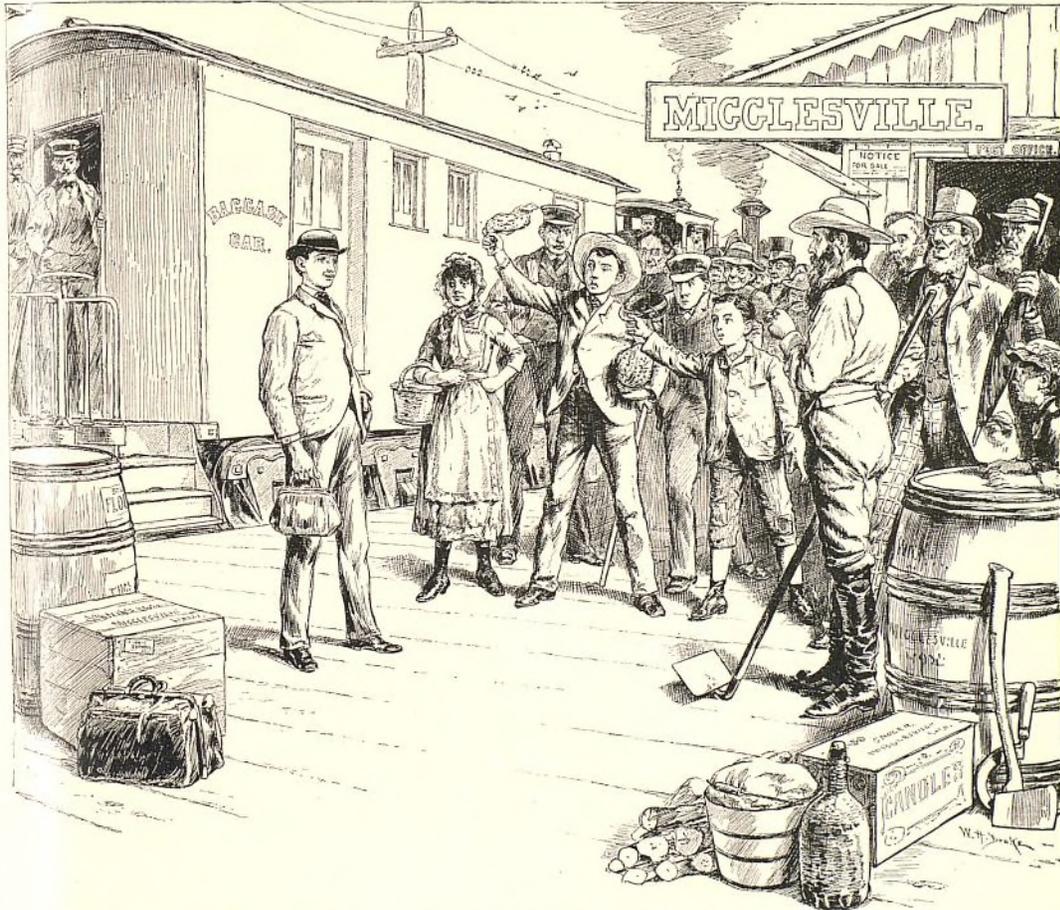
Mr. Martin looked puzzled. "What 'll you give?" he asked, by way of reply.

"I'll work a month for it," said Johnny.

As time passed by, he earned money to buy books; and after awhile he had the best scientific library in town.

He was now nineteen, and was growing a little mustache. People said, "It is a wonder how Johnny Haven has improved in looks," and "What a pity it is that he should be so dull!"

He spent more time than ever on the hills and along the river. True, he worked very hard when



THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT MIGGLESVILLE.

Then there was another laugh. "Work a month for an old tooth!"

"I reckon it's hardly worth all that," said Mr. Martin. "Work a week, and you can have it."

"All right," said Johnny. The crowd dispersed, very much amused at the whole affair.

Yet no one had any idea that Johnny knew much more than he had shown that day.

But in the room in his father's house to which he carried his precious relic was a very complete collection of the rocks and plants of the country for miles around.

his father needed him, or when he hired out to some one else; but he was frequently absent on his odd excursions for days together.

About this time, Migglesville surprised itself by voting a tax to buy more books for the library, making it free for all, and paying Tommy Glen a salary as librarian.

A little later, Kitesboro' became excited. The railroad was coming! It was still a hundred miles away, but it was coming. The engineers had been in the neighborhood, mapping out the line; and Kitesboro' being the chief town within a section of

fifty miles, they had planned to run the railroad through—so the officers said—if Kitesboro' would give the right of way, station-grounds, and fifty thousand dollars!

Then Kitesboro' sat down and laughed. The idea! The railroad would come, anyway. Could n't afford to miss Kitesboro'. Kitesboro' would n't give a cent to induce the railroad to come.

Every one burned wood in all that country, for there was plenty of it. No one thought of coal—no one except Johnny Haven.

When he heard of the railroad, he thought of coal for the engines and for shipping to the great plains out West where the road was going.

"According to *geology*," said he to himself, "there ought to be coal here."

He read his books again on the subject of the coal formations, and then he disappeared from Migglesville almost altogether. People saw him leaving town early every morning with some tools on his shoulder, but thought nothing of it. Only his parents knew what he was doing.

The railroad engineers were at work twenty miles east of Kitesboro', surveying lines in various directions, to make the people of Kitesboro' think they were going somewhere else.

One day, a young man with a little mustache rode into their camp and began asking questions.

"Where do you get your coal?" he said to one of the officers of the road.

"At B—, three hundred miles east of this."

"I can show you a fine vein of coal not far from here," said the young man.

This brought the railroad men about him, and the questions flew thick and fast from both sides.

He did not tell them where the coal was, except that the railroad could easily reach it without bridging the river. To reach Kitesboro', they would have to build a very expensive bridge.

After a hurried consultation, some of the responsible officers of the road were telegraphed and soon appeared, accompanied by an experienced mining engineer, and started with the young man toward Migglesville.

When they reached that place, they went directly to Mr. Haven's house.

Papers were drawn up and signed, in which it was agreed that, if certain things were just so, they would do so and so; after which they all rode down the river to a tract of land which Mr. Haven had often tried to sell, but could not, because it was so broken.

When they returned, more papers were signed; after which the railroad men bought a large tract of land in the edge of Migglesville, and a great many corner lots, for none of which they paid very much, since land, like everything else, was cheap in the poor old town.

Then it was discovered that the railroad was coming to Migglesville. Migglesville threw up its hat and yelled for joy.

Kitesboro', hearing the shout, became frightened, and raised the fifty thousand dollars, but was told to keep it. It raised seventy-five thousand, one hundred thousand, and sent a committee over to Migglesville to see the officers of the road.

But their answer was: "We are coming to Migglesville. We have coal here, and that is worth more than forty Kitesboro's."

"Coal?" cried Migglesville.

"Coal?" cried Kitesboro'.

"Yes. Young Haven found it, and then he found us."

"Coal! Johnny Haven! John-*nee* Haven! Well, a fool for luck!"

But Migglesville said this under its breath.

Before the railroad men left town, however, the mining engineer said to some of the citizens:

"You ought to be proud of young Haven. He knows more about geology than any one of his age I ever saw. We are going to send him on ahead to look up the coal matters for the company."

Then Migglesville waked up more than ever, and it is safe to say that before midnight, when the first people went to bed, the name of Johnny Haven had been pronounced two thousand times. Every one called him a genius. Within a week, at least a dozen young men, who had been skimming over all kinds of studies, bought geologies and began to realize how little they knew.

A bank was started in Migglesville, and Mr. Haven deposited ten thousand dollars, one-half in Johnny's name. It was what he had received for the land he had not been able to sell until Johnny found coal on it.

"Ten thousand dollars! Johnny Haven!" but no one said "a fool for luck" any more.

Then the great day came, when the first train steamed into town. A great many Kitesboro' men were there, for Kitesboro' was moving over.

On the train, among leading railroad men, came Johnny Haven, and when he stepped upon the platform he received a cheer that nearly took away his breath.

A banquet followed, and speeches and toasts. But something was wrong. Whenever a speaker said "Migglesville," Migglesville hung its head. It was ashamed of its name.

It did well enough so long as Migglesville was old and sleepy and shabby, but for a live railroad town, the center of what was to be a great coal trade, it would never do.

And finally, it felt so badly about it that Dr. Brownlow, mounting a platform, said:

"I propose that we take the necessary steps toward changing the name of this town, and I hope that we may name it after the two young men who have done more than all others to make it what it is, and what it promises to be:

"First, after Thomas Glen, who had the courage and genius to start a public library [applause]; second, after John Haven, who, by his untiring energy and splendid abilities, made himself master, first of one and then of many things, and, by

the light of that science he so dearly loves, guided the railroad to this town."

Then Migglesville threw up its hat and jumped after it, and the sound of many voices was heard by the lonely watchers at Kitesboro'.

And now, when Mr. John Haven, in charge of the U. S. Geological Survey in the Rocky Mountains, writes to his proud and happy parents, he does not address his letter to Migglesville, but to *Glen Haven*.

## THE SPIDER AND THE TUNING-FORK.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.



THE snake-charmer uses music to subdue the poisonous cobra; but that is not so very startling, for even if the snake be a horrid creature, there is something in its gliding grace which makes its

liking for the sweet notes of the flute seem almost harmonious. As for the bird, the very thought of the dainty creature brings music to the mind. Then, again, stories which tell of dogs, horses, rabbits, or mice, even, appreciating and enjoying music do not seem at all incredible. But when it comes to saying that *spiders* like music,—Well, I do say that.

A great many years ago, a prisoner of state, who was allowed to cheer the solitude of his dungeon by playing on his flute, discovered after a while that, every time he played, a great number of spiders gathered about him. When he ceased playing, his audience immediately scampered back to their webs. Since that time, the liking of spiders for music has often been tested and proved. I myself would have been glad to play for a spider audience, but, to own the sad truth, I am not well enough acquainted with any musical instrument to coax a tune out of it. I did try several times to charm spiders by whistling to them; but either it is true, as my friends say, that I do not know how to whistle, or spiders do not care for that sort of music.

Perhaps I would have given up trying to satisfy myself of the liking of spiders for music, had not a scientific gentleman of Europe given me a valuable hint by an experiment of his own. He used a tuning-fork. Now I can play a tuning-fork as well as anybody. It is only necessary to hold the fork by the handle and rap one of the prongs against something hard.

I procured a tuning-fork, and then sought out a spider to experiment on. I found a handsome, brand-new web, and though I did not see Mistress

Epeira, I knew she must be at home. *Epeira diadema* is her full name, though most persons call her a garden spider. It is she who makes those beautiful, wheel-like webs which festoon the rose-bushes and trees.

As I have said, Madame Spider was not visible. I knew, however, she must be in her gossamer parlor, which is attached to her web, and which she uses for her own retiring-room. I am positive that the story which tells of how she invited a fly into her parlor is incorrect, for she keeps that sacred to her own use.

Here was a good chance to try tuning-fork music. I rapped the fork on a stone, and in a moment a soft, melodious hum filled the air. I touched one of the spokes of the web with the fork. On the instant, Madame flew out of her parlor in great haste, hesitated a moment at the outer edge of the web, and then, instead of going straight to the tuning-fork, ran to the very center of the web.

When there, she quickly caught hold of each of the spokes one after the other, and gave it a little tug, as a boy does his fishing-line to see if a fish is hooked. Each was passed by until she came to the spoke upon which the humming fork rested. There she stopped, and it was easy to see she was excited. She gave the whole web a shake; then tugged at the spoke again. "Hum-m-m-m" still sang the fork, rather faintly now, however.

Madame was satisfied. Her mind was made up. Down she darted and caught the end of the fork in her arms. She tried to bite into the hard metal, and at the same time she spun a web of silk around and around the two prongs, which by this time had ceased vibrating.

I pulled the fork away, and Madame Epeira retired in disappointment to the center of the web. But if she was disappointed, so was I, for I was satisfied that it was not the music of the fork that had attracted her. Unfortunately, it was altogether too probable that she mistook the hum of the fork for the buzz of a fly,—a sort of music no doubt very sweet to her.

Time after time I repeated the experiment with the fork, touching in turn each spoke of the web, and each time Madame Spider was deluded into trying to capture the tuning-fork. It was odd that she did not learn wisdom by repeated disappointment. If she did not become wiser, however, she certainly did become angrier at each failure to take prisoner the humming intruder into her home.

If I had known how to play the flute instead of the tuning-fork, I might have learned more about the musical tastes of spiders; but as it is, I am willing to believe what others say, that spiders do like music, and to admit that I made my experiment with the wrong instrument.

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## THE BROWNIES' VOYAGE.

BY PALMER COX.

ONE time, a restless Brownie band  
Resolved to leave the Scottish strand,  
And visit Orkney Island green,  
That in the distance might be seen,  
When seas were calm and fogs withdrew,  
A speck above the ocean blue.

In answer to a summons wide,  
The Brownies came from every side—  
From hills that overlook the sea,  
And from the braes of Doon and Dee;  
A novel spectacle they made,  
All mustered in the forest shade:  
With working implements they came,  
Of every fashion, use, and name—  
For turn his hand a Brownie can  
To all the handicrafts of man.

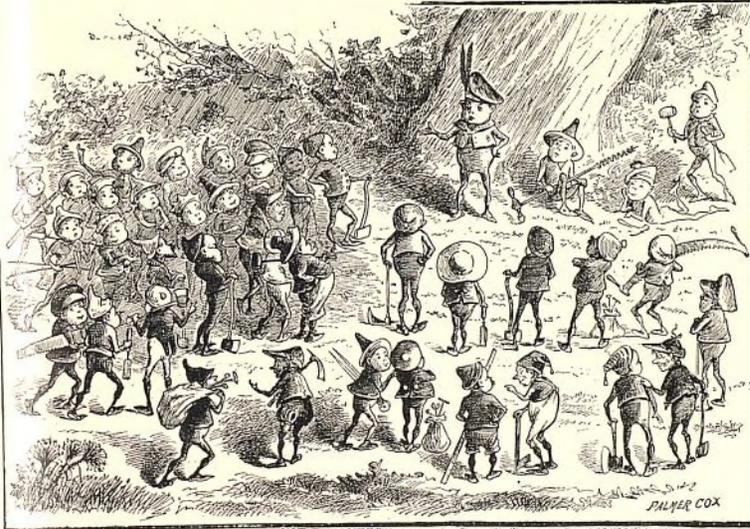
Soon, one who seemed to be a chief  
Addressed the band in language brief:

"From lofty peaks how oft have we  
Surveyed those islands in the sea,  
And longed for means to thither sail  
And ramble over hill and vale!  
That pleasure rare we may command,  
Without the aid of human hand.  
So, Brownies young and Brownies old,  
Prepare yourselves for action bold.  
A heavy task before you lies,  
That well might weaker folk surprise;  
For ere the faintest streak of gray  
Has advertised the coming day,  
A sturdy craft, both tough and tall,  
With masts and halyards, shrouds and all,

With sails to spread, and helm to guide,  
Completed from the ways shall glide.  
No second night may Brownies plan  
To finish what the first began.

And every skillful stroke that fell  
Without exception counted well.  
While some were spiking planks and beams,  
The calkers stuffed the yawning seams,

And poured the resin left  
and right,  
To make her stanch and  
water-tight.  
A crowd were busy bring-  
ing nails,  
And bolts of canvas for  
the sails,  
And coils of rope of every  
size  
To make the ratlines,  
shrouds, and guys.  
It mattered little whence  
it came,  
Or who a loss of stock  
might claim;  
Supply kept even with  
demand,  
Convenient to the rigger's  
hand.



So exercise your mystic  
power  
And make the most of  
every hour!"

With axes, hammers,  
saws, and rules,  
Dividers, squares, and  
boring tools,  
The active Brownies  
scattered 'round,  
And every one his labor  
found.

Some fell to chopping  
down the trees,  
And some to hewing  
ribs and knees;  
While more the heavy  
keelson made,  
And fast the shapely  
hull was laid.  
Then over all they  
clambered soon,  
Like bees around their  
hive in June.

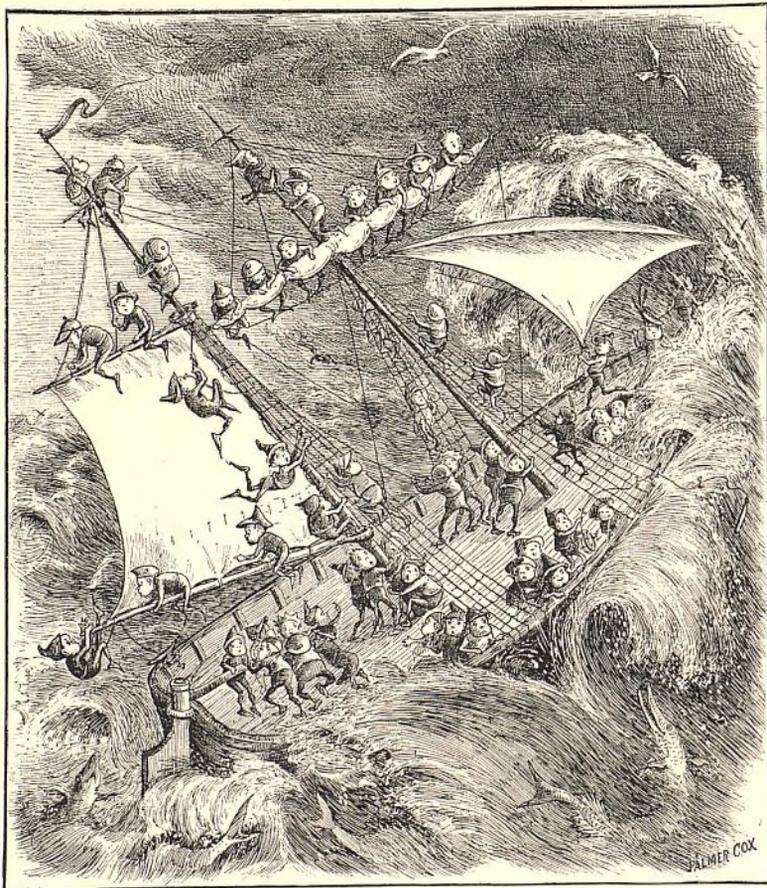


'T was hammer, hammer, here and there,  
And rip and racket everywhere,  
As each good Brownie did his best,  
Nor gave himself a moment's rest,

'T was marvelous to see how fast  
The vessel was together cast;  
Now here a touch, and there a blow,  
And tier on tier it seemed to grow,

Until, with all its rigs and stays,  
It sat prepared to leave the ways.  
It but remained to name it now,  
And break a bottle on her bow,  
To knock the wedges from the side,  
And from the keel, and let it slide.

But, as when dangers do assail  
The human kind, though some may quail,  
There will be found a few to face  
The danger, and redeem the race ;  
So, some brave Brownies nobly stood  
And manned the ship as best they could ;



And when it rode upon the sea,  
The Brownies thronged the deck with glee,  
And veering 'round in proper style,  
They bore away for Orkney Isle.

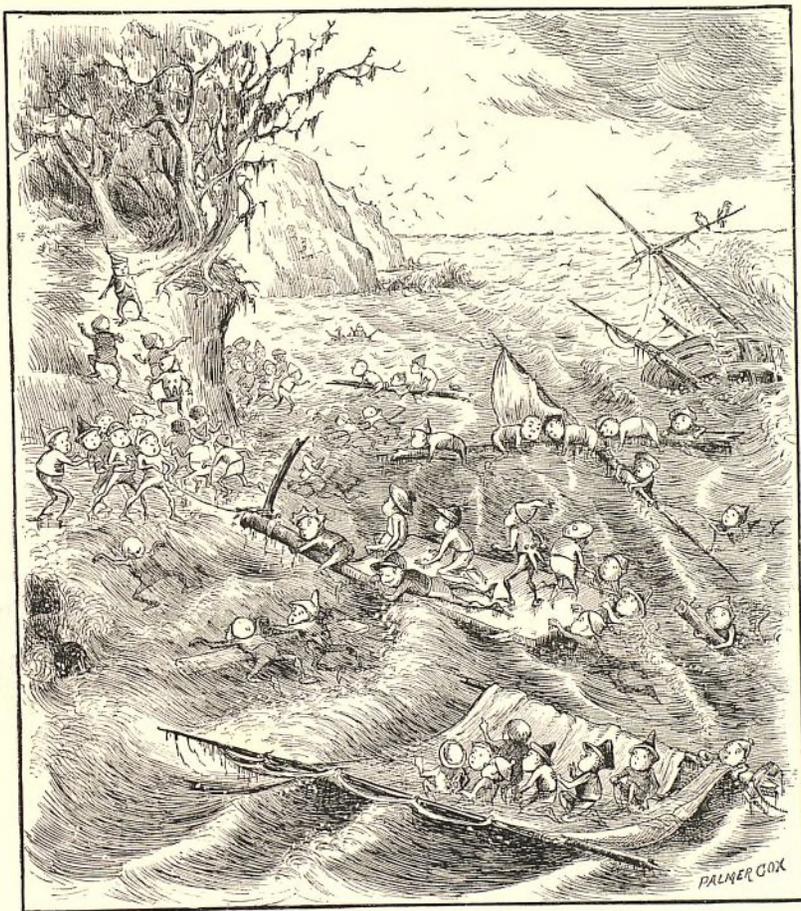
But those who will the ocean brave  
Should be prepared for wind and wave ;  
For storms will rise, as many know,  
When least we look for squall or blow.  
And soon the sky was overcast,  
And waves were running high and fast ;  
Then some were sick and some were filled  
With fears that all their ardor chilled ;  
And some retired the decks between,  
And took no interest in the scene.

Some staid on deck to sound for bars ;  
Some went aloft to watch for stars ;  
And some around the rudder hung,  
And here and there the vessel swung,  
While others, strung on yard and mast,  
Kept shifting sails to suit the blast.

Now, with the keel almost in sight,  
It listed left and listed right ;  
At times, the stem was high in air,  
And next the stern was lifted there.  
So thus it tumbled, tossed, and rolled,  
And shipped enough to fill the hold,  
Till more than once it seemed as though  
To feed the fish they all must go.

But still they bravely tacked and veered,  
 And hauled, and reefed, and onward steered;  
 While screaming birds around them wheeled,  
 As though they thought their doom was sealed;  
 And hungry gar and hopeful shark  
 In shoals pursued the creaking bark,

For now the ship to ruin flew,  
 As though it felt its work was through,  
 And soon it stranded, pitch and toss,  
 Upon the rocks, a total loss.  
 The masts and spars went by the board—  
 The hull was shivered like a gourd!



Still wondering how it braved a gale  
 That might have made Columbus pale.

The rugged island, near them now,  
 Was looming on their starboard bow;  
 But knowing not the proper way  
 Of entering its sheltered bay,  
 They simply kept their canvas spread,  
 And steered the vessel straight ahead.  
 The birds seemed winded in the race,  
 The gar and shark gave up the chase,  
 And turning back, forsook the keel,  
 And lost their chances of a meal.

But now, on broken plank and rail,  
 On splintered spars and bits of sail  
 That strewed for miles the rugged strand,  
 The Brownies safely reached the land.

Now, Brownies lack the power, 't is said,  
 Of duplicating aught they've made;  
 When once a task is all complete,  
 No more may they the work repeat.  
 So all their efforts were in vain  
 To build and launch a ship again;—  
 And on that island, roaming 'round,  
 That Brownie band may still be found.



A SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART.

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## FLOWER FANCIES.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

### I. DANDELIONS.

UPON a showery night and still,  
 Without a sound of warning,  
 A trooper band surprised the hill,  
 And held it in the morning.  
 We were not waked by bugle-notes,  
 No cheer our dreams invaded;  
 And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats  
 On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot;  
 Till one day, idly walking,  
 We marked upon the self-same spot  
 A crowd of veterans talking.  
 They shook their trembling heads and gray  
 With pride and noiseless laughter;  
 When, well-a-day! they blew away,  
 And ne'er were heard of, after!

### II. RAGGED SAILORS.

O RAGGED, ragged Sailors!  
 I pray you answer me:  
 What may you all be doing  
 So far away from sea?  
 "We 're loitering by the road-sides,  
 We 're lingering on the hills,

To talk with pretty Daisies  
 In stiff and snowy frills.

"And though our blue be ragged,  
 Right welcome still are we  
 To tell the nodding lasses  
 Long tales about the sea!"

## GUSTAVUS KEAN'S SPELLING.

BY J. C. MONTAGUE.

GUSTAVUS KEAN is my cousin; but that is not the reason I am writing about him. Perish the thought! I have no foolish pride in my relatives, and I relate his experiences only in the hope that they may afford warning and encouragement to other boys.

The one blight upon Gustavus Kean's young life was the shadow cast by his spelling-book. To an unprejudiced mind this book was very much like any other spelling-book, but to his agonized eye it seemed exactly five miles square, and there were days when its shadow blotted every ray of sunlight from his saddened existence. Do not jump to the hasty conclusion that Gustavus could not spell. Bless the boy! For pure brilliancy, copiousness and ease in spelling, for downright creativeness, I have never met (and I hope I never may meet) his equal. But the trouble was that these finished productions of his differed radically and entirely from the standards of good spelling as set forth in the dictionaries. Gustavus thought this little fact a trifle unworthy of his notice. He did not quarrel with those who spelled differently from him, but he pitied those narrow minds who could see beauty in only one set form. He had a broad, catholic mind, himself; he eschewed all help from spelling-books and dictionaries, and he was by all odds the very worst speller, for a boy thirteen years old, in all America.

At last, matters came to a crisis. He wrote a letter to his rich uncle in Boston, which so far exceeded any of his earlier productions that his uncle groaned and turned pale as he read it. The next day came a letter to Mrs. Kean. In it was the following paragraph:

"Gustavus's spelling is simply dreadful. It is atrocious. Something *must* be done for him, at once. If he can not be brought to look differently upon this matter, he must change his name, and I will start him on a ranch in Texas. I can not face a frowning world with the consciousness that one who passes as my nephew is densely ignorant of the very rudiments of his mother-tongue."

Naturally, this troubled Mrs. Kean very much, and when Gustavus came home late that afternoon, radiant at having beaten every boy on the block in repeated velocipede-races, and blissfully ignorant of the cruel fate in store for him, she showed him his uncle's letter, and expressed her regret at this state of things. Gustavus assumed a pensive and gently regretful attitude, and his

expression plainly said, "If Uncle Tom were not such a kind man in other matters, I could find it in my heart to scorn him for his narrow-mindedness in this particular." His father talked to him long and seriously; his mother grew pathetic, and worked upon his finer feelings to such an extent that he was on the verge of tears. But just at this moment his elder sister unfortunately remarked that a bad speller was a positive disgrace to a family, which so restored his moral tone, and roused the slumbering pride within him, that he gathered his almost shattered forces together, delivered an oration of great length and fire, hurled defiance at all makers of dictionaries, and finally left the room with much pomp and dignity.

Nevertheless, the next morning he carried to school a note from his mother, which implored his teacher to give the most rigorous and unceasing attention to his spelling, in future; and from that hour Gustavus Kean was a blighted boy. Column after column of words did he learn by heart one day, only to entirely forget them in less than twenty-four hours. Sheet after sheet of paper did he cover with dictation exercises; letter after letter did he write to imaginary relatives from imaginary resting-places in Europe. And all to no purpose. Gustavus and the covers of his spelling-book grew limp together, and he had exactly seventy-six mistakes in his last exercise. Almost every day he was "kept in" at school during the pleasantest hours of the afternoon, and the haunts of his former playgrounds knew him no more. Another boy won the championship of the velocipede-races; and one day, when the boys were having a snow-ball fight, Charlie Aiken broke a pane of glass in one of old Mr. Blanchard's windows, and Gustavus—oh, bitter thought!—was not there to see the scrimmage which followed.

Matters went on in this way for quite awhile, the heart of Gustavus growing daily more heavy within him, and his frequent wish being that his existence had never entered into the plan of Providence. At last, a very little thing caused an explosion. His teacher pleasantly informed him that "clam" was not spelled "clamb." Here Gustavus felt himself touched at a tender point. He had been fond of clam-soup all his life, and he had always spelled the word "clamb." He could not bring himself to believe that he was wrong. There was a strange error somewhere, but assuredly *he* was not the person at fault—it must be the teacher! He

argued the point well and brilliantly; but, like Pharaoh of old, the teacher's mind seemed hardened, and she would not be convinced. The argument soon grew more heated, a stormy scene followed, and I should not like to tell you how many times he was obliged, that afternoon, to write the word clam on the blackboard—*without* the final "b."

Bitterness had now eaten into the very soul of Gustavus. He went home late that afternoon, bristling with defiance, and breathing fire and fury against all mankind. His further proceedings were wrapped in mystery; he avoided his parents and sister, and the gloom and ceremony with which he bade the cook good-night, as she met him coming out of the store-room, would have made the fortune of any tragic actor. As his parents were occupied with visitors, he was enabled to carry out his own designs unmolested, and to his great satisfaction. Later than usual he went to bed; a few last preparations were made, the light was put out, and quiet settled down upon the little hall bedroom on the third story.

Mrs. Kean looked in on her son and heir, as was her custom, before going to her own room for the night. She lighted the gas, and there lay the young Gustavus curled into a ball of rosy comfort, sleeping the sleep of the just, and dreaming as placidly of the new goat and cart he hoped to have in the spring, as if he were not the projector of dark and deadly schemes for the morrow. Mrs. Kean gazed at him with pride and affection; for, strange as it may appear to outsiders, mothers do seem to be fond of their boys, even if they are bad spellers.

But why did she suddenly look surprised and startled?

There, carefully spread on a chair, lay Gustavus's Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes in formidable array, and on the floor, at the foot of his bed, stood an immense, covered peach-basket—a veteran that had seen much service, and the stability of the handle of which could not be counted upon. And what a medley of things in the basket!—A pair of stout trousers, and a blue flannel shirt with red lacings, and a large red neck-tie,—Gustavus always had a fine eye for color,—a red polo-cap, a small hatchet, some nails and cord, crackers, potted meat, a small box of guava jelly, and a conspicuous absence of under-clothes. This plainly indicated a trip to Texas, and preparations for ranch-life.

Next came an autograph album, an old opera-glass of his sister's (with a cracked lens), a paper of morning-glory seeds, and a Jew's-harp,—and, at the very bottom of the basket, dirtier and limper than ever, lay the despised spelling-book.

Plainly, Gustavus did not intend to neglect the arts and sciences in his new life.

Naturally, Mrs. Kean was very much troubled at this discovery, and I think she must have indulged in a little cry, and so dimmed her eyesight, otherwise she would never have dropped the opera-glass on the floor. Of course the noise awoke Gustavus. For one blessed moment he thought it must be Christmas-eve, and that his mother was arranging his presents by his bedside, according to her time-honored custom. But this sweetly consoling thought was quickly dispelled by his eye falling on the hatchet. He took in the situation at once, and saw that, for the present, he was the hero of a lost cause.

He rose to explain his position with dignity; but when his mother, in a very soft and muffled voice, exclaimed:

"Oh, Gustavus! How could you think of leaving me?" he was cut to the quick at the thought of his base ingratitude, and, lifting up his voice, he wept.

What a pathetic scene then followed! I think that I could wring your very heart-strings if I chose to describe it; but I will spare you. I will merely say that they had a good, comfortable crying-time together; that Gustavus explained all his woes to his mother, even to the recent clam-insult, and vowed with ardor that nothing but the most unheard-of course of severity from his teacher, and the blackest dejection on his own part, could have induced him to look with favor upon the Texas scheme.

His mother gave him the fullest sympathy, but at the same time impressed upon him the necessity of the stand which his teacher had taken. Gustavus was in a wondrously meek and impressionable state of mind,—the exertion of packing that basket had been too much for his nervous system,—and, for once in his life, he felt that the arguments of the other side might deserve some attention. A delicate suggestion that a little less obstinacy and greater application to study might appreciably soften the hardness of his lot, was received with favor, and Gustavus went to sleep for the second time that night, at peace with all mankind, with his spelling-book under his pillow, and a firm resolution lodged in his manly breast to get up early the next morning, and learn all the easy words in the dictionary beginning with "q," before breakfast-time.

Gustavus felt a little delicacy about meeting the family the next morning; but, to his great relief, no notice was taken of his adventurous schemes, and joy and serenity reigned at the family board. A fearful pang seized him at school when he opened his lunch-basket and saw that identical box

of guava jelly staring him in the face. For a moment it seemed as if he should be eaten up with remorse; but the proud consciousness that he had not missed one word in his spelling-lesson that day revived his drooping spirits, and he quickly decided that the jelly, and not he, should be the victim, and that remorse must look out for itself.

That night, as he lay on the rug before the fire in his sister's room, she ventured to say:

"Why were you going to take your spelling-book with you, Gustavus? I thought that was just the sort of thing you were trying to get away from."

Gustavus looked at her fixedly for a moment, and then replied, with fine scorn:

"That's just like a girl! They always think a fellow does n't care anything about his education unless he grinds away at it all the time. Of course, I always intended to learn how to spell, *sometime*."

After this cutting rebuke, there was silence for a few minutes; then, with the courage of one willing to die in the pursuit of knowledge, she persisted in questioning him, further, about his projected plans.

At first she was met with proud reserve; but finally he melted, and told her that it was his uncle's letter which had suggested the Texas plan. It was his idea to work his way out West, and then take possession of a ranch, and build himself a

log-hut. He was greatly surprised to hear that a ranch was not a well-cultivated plot of ground, inclosed by handsome iron railings and well stocked with cattle, ready to be taken possession of by the first boy who made his appearance from the East. (His ideas were largely colored by recollections of visits to the zoölogical gardens.)

A half-hour's talk with his sister gave him a surprising amount of information. He saw, with the keenest regret, that things are not what they seem, and that under no circumstances could he make the Texan trip in the simple, airy, unencumbered way which he had intended to go. Traveling with even a small trunk had no charms for his Bohemian soul, and so the whole delightful plan vanished into thin air, and nothing was left him but a prosaic city life and a spelling-book.

But stop! there was that goat and cart yet to live for—the one dream of his young life! And the dream proved a reality, too; for Gustavus worked diligently during the rest of the winter (that is, most of the time, for there were days when his studious spirit took a vacation, and his mischievous genius and he sallied forth together, striking terror to the hearts of all who met them). But he finally succeeded in sending such a correct and elegant epistle to Boston, that, in the spring, his uncle presented him with the coveted treasures.

The cart could hold four boys, and the goat answered to the name of Texas.

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## DAISY TIME.

BY FLETA FORRESTER.

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DAISY TIME has come again!  
Daisies, sweet and bright,  
Turn their round, white faces up  
To meet and kiss the light.

Just as troops of children come,—  
Come to gaze and stare,—  
So the wistful daisy faces  
Meet you everywhere!

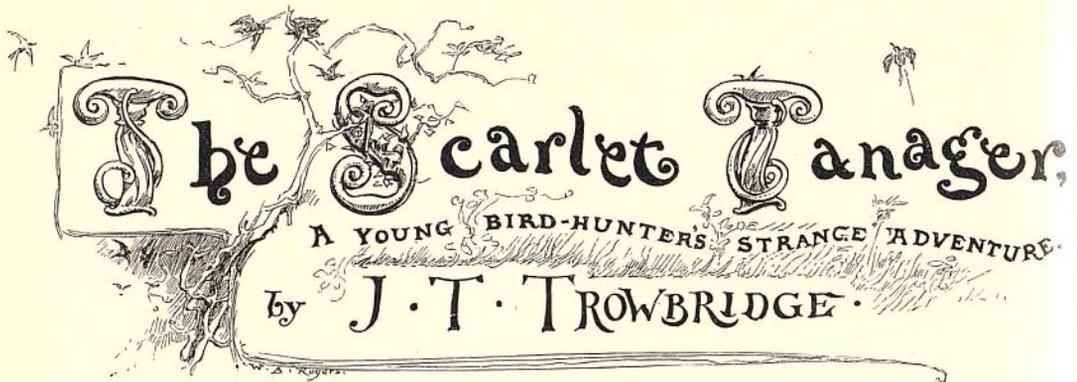
Daisies play bo-peep with you  
At every fence you pass;

Steal into your garden beds  
And creep into your grass.

Daisies on the hill-side;  
Daisies on the plain;  
Thongs so close, one can but think  
The snow is there again!

Strolling through the meadow,  
Scattered by the brook;  
Daisies, daisies everywhere!  
Whichever way you look!

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The Scarlet Tanager,  
A YOUNG BIRD-HUNTER'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.  
by J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER IV.

## HOW GASPAR BROKE HIS PROMISE.



SAID, everything was going on favorably. But it could not be expected that a boy like Gaspar would change the habits of his life and his whole mode of thought in a day or a week. He was impatient to see the promised certificate, the idea of which tickled his boyish pride; and as he did not know the reason why it

was delayed, he more than once had resolved to break off his connection with the school-master and go back to his wild associates.

His behavior to his parents was a little more considerate than it had been; but it was still perverse. The minister was a rather silent man, and he had so long regarded his son with gloomy dissatisfaction, that he could not easily take the first steps toward a better understanding. Yet his heart had softened toward him, and he, too, with the mother, hoped for good results from the teacher's influence.

A little more than a week had passed. It was Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Heth was absent from home, when Gaspar took his gun and started for the woods; there was a load in it, which he wished to fire off. His sister Ella called after him.

"You are not going a-hunting, are you?" she asked.

"I am. What have you got to say about it?" he retorted haughtily.

She was a year and a half younger than he, but old enough to see how wrong his conduct often was, and to wish he would mend it.

"Now, Gaspar," she cried, "you know it isn't right! Papa said you must be sure to trim those borders, for to-morrow is Sunday."

"There 'll be time enough for the borders when I get back," he scowlingly replied. "So don't fret, little school-ma'am."

"That's what you always say, 'time enough.' You put off your work to the last, and then it is never done. You 'll not touch those borders to-day, I know you 'll not," she cried, "if you don't do them now."

"You 'll see! I can't be gone long, for I've no ammunition. I am not to be ordered around by you, anyhow!" And Gaspar stalked off.

"Don't say anything more to him," the mother called to Ella. "He will have his way."

"I suppose so," said Ella; "he always has had it, and he always will have it. But it provokes me!" And she stood in the door-way, gazing after him with sparkling dark eyes.

In the lane leading to the wood, Gaspar caught glimpses of a ragged fellow lurking behind some bushes.

"Hallo, Pete!" he cried. "What are you hiding there? Where did you get that melon?" he added, as Pete Cheevy, recognizing him, came out from his ambush with a cantaloupe in his grimy hands.

"Found it rollin' up hill lookin' fer an owner," said the grinning Pete. "Sit down here, an' we 'll rip it open an' hev a jolly treat."

It was a temptation. But Gaspar had been shunning the Cheevy urchin for a week, and he was not to be drawn back to him now by the bribe of a melon which he knew must have been stolen.

"No, thank you," he replied, walking on.

"Thought you tol' me las' Sat'day you wer' n't go'n' ter shoot any more birds, now 't they talk o' tight'nin' up the law on 'em," observed Pete.

"I'm not," said Gaspar, thinking how Pete and the other fellows would envy him when he had his certificate. "But I may pick up a blue jay; there's no law about them."

"I'll go 'long with ye, 'f ye want me ter," Pete proposed.

Gaspar reflected that the egg-hunting season was over, and he needed no assistance in climbing trees.

"Say, shell uh?" (Ragged urchin's phrase for "shall I.")

"Not with that melon," Gaspar replied significantly.

"Never mind the melon! I'll hide it till we come 'long back." But as Gaspar walked on without more words, Pete bawled after him: "Seems t' me somebody 's awful stiff all t' once! Go 'long 'th yer ol' gun! I don' wan' ter shoot it. An' ye shan't hev any o' my mushmelon, neither."

He pulled out from the pocket of his tattered trousers a knife with half a blade, and proceeded to "rip it open," as he phrased it, under a clump of bushes, where he regaled himself, devouring greedily all the good part of the melon and throwing away the rinds. Then he rose up, stretched himself, wiped his fingers on his trousers and his face on his sleeve, and hardly knowing what else to do for amusement that afternoon, followed Gaspar up into the woods.

"Pleg' on the feller! dunno' what 's got inter him!" he muttered. "He 'll come roun' mebbly, 'f I ask him 'f he don't want any kingfisher's eggs; he was pesterin' me fer 'em, las' month."

The woods were very still that afternoon, and Gaspar went a long way without seeing or hearing any but the commonest birds. Not a woodpecker drummed, not a jay screamed. But at length, when he was about a mile from home, in the most ancient part of the forest, where still a few very old trees grew along with those of a younger generation, his quick ear detected a sound which made him stop short and raise his gun.

It was something like a robin's song, and yet he knew it was not a robin's. Two or three times before, he had heard it in deep woods, and had caught glimpses of the brilliant plumage of the bird which uttered it. It came now from the sun-spotted foliage high above his head, into which he gazed eagerly, trembling with excitement, sure that a prize which he had long sought in vain was at last within his reach.

The song was repeated, and then something like a winged flame darted among the branches; only the wings were not flame-like. Black wings

and tail, and a body as red as fire,—O joy! It was the one bird he most desired of all, so rare in all that region: *the Scarlet Tanager!*

I can not say that Gaspar forgot his promise to the master. But though his permit had not come, he believed it ought to have come; "and it's probably on the way now, if it's coming at all," he reasoned, while he watched eagerly for a good shot. "Anyhow, I'm not going to let a male Scarlet Tanager escape me, permit or no permit, law or no law!"

He saw a movement of the bright carmine breast through a screen of leaves, drew a quick aim, and fired.

The bird dropped from its perch, but seemed to partially recover the use of its wings before it had fallen far, and alighted, or rather lodged, in the fork of one of the largest old trees in the forest.

It was an oak, the main stem of which had, years before, been broken off about twenty feet from the ground. But from that point two living limbs still grew, one very large, branching toward the south, and a smaller one pushing out in the opposite direction; both rising high among the surrounding tree-tops.

It was in the hollow between these two limbs that the bird had fallen, and well out of sight, as Gaspar found by walking two or three times around the tree.

"A rare bird like that—it is too bad to lose it!" he said, gazing wistfully up at the spot. "But of course nobody can shin up a trunk like that. What a fool I was, not to let Pete come with me! I would make him help me bring a ladder; or he might get on that smaller limb from the branches of this little pine. Pete 's such an exasperating fellow!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Why is n't he here when he 's wanted?"

Having no second charge for his gun, he laid it on a mossy log, where he sat down to wait for the bird to show itself again, and to consider what he should do.

## CHAPTER V.

### PETE CHEEVY AND THE GUN.

At dusk that evening, the minister in his dressing gown, with his black study-cap on his head,—for he was bald,—was pacing to and fro before his door, when Mr. Pike came in at the gate.

Mr. Heth looked up quickly, with a perturbed and lowering face, as if expecting somebody else, and at sight of the school-master made an effort to appear unconcerned and gracious.

After a few commonplace words of greeting had been passed between them, Mr. Pike, declining an invitation to enter the house, took an envelope from his pocket, saying:

"I have called to see Gaspar; I have something which I think will please him."

"What is it?" the minister demanded sharply.

"The permit I promised him," replied the caller, wondering what new shadow of trouble had come over the household, "the permit from the Natural History Society."

"He don't deserve it!" Mr. Heth broke forth, with strong feeling. "He is the most undutiful, ungrateful boy I ever saw! I wonder at myself for expecting better things of him, after his behavior in the past."

Surprised and pained, the master could only ask: "Has anything new occurred, Mr. Heth?"

"Nothing new," replied the agitated father. "It's the same old story. But it is all the more exasperating just at this time, when we had hopes—were beginning to have hopes,—after your talks with him, and his improved behavior, as if he really meant to do better,—but I give him up! I give him up! I find I can place no reliance whatever upon him."

"I can't bear to think he has driven you to that conclusion," said the master, in tones of sympathy and distress. "Where is he now?"

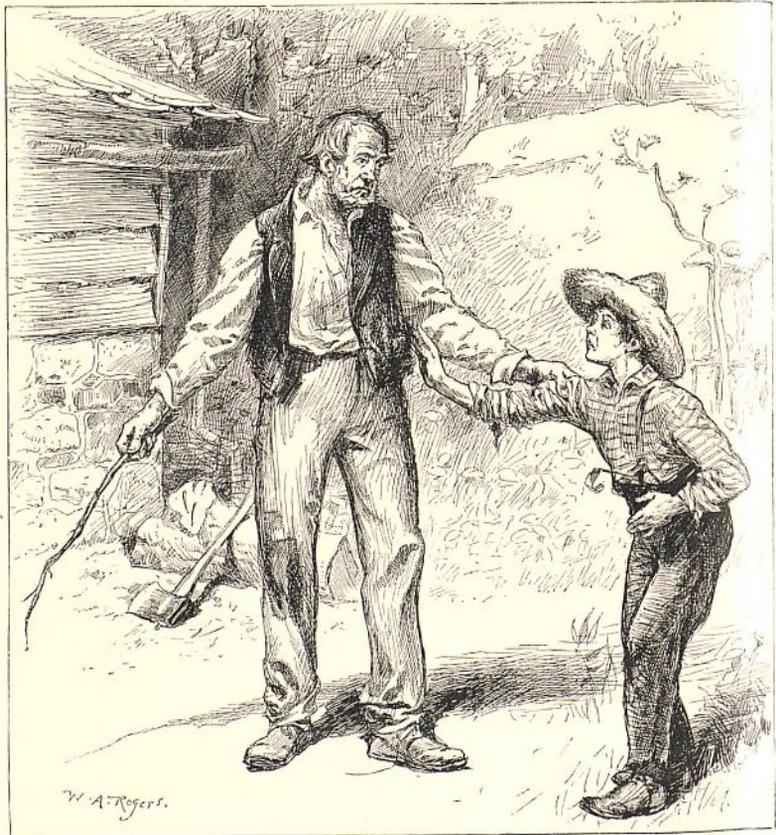
"That's what I don't know. I have n't seen him since I left home at about two o'clock. I gave him a light task to do,—a very light task,—but told him to be sure to do it; for I wished to try him again and see if there was any conscience or obedience in the boy. He promised heartily; but at about three o'clock he took his gun and went off—no one knows where. His sister Ella reminded him of his work; but he answered her in his usual way,—that he would be back in time for it, that it was no affair of hers, and that she

was n't his guardian,—or in words to that effect. He has not been home since."

"He must return now very soon," observed the school-master. "It is too late to shoot anything."

"And it is too late to do his work," said the minister. He may come now when he pleases. I could almost say, in my wrath and grief, that I care little whether he comes at all. But no, no! In spite of everything, I still have his good at heart. Come in. His mother will be glad to see you. By your interest in him, misplaced as it has been, you have won something more than her esteem."

"I can not think my interest has been misplaced," Mr. Pike replied, rallying from his first discouragement. "I have great confidence that a boy of his fine ability and love of nature will come out all right. I think something has occurred to detain him. I will go in and wait a little while."



"HOW ABOUT THAT GUN?" DEMANDED MR. CHEEVY." (SEE PAGE 617.)

He remained an hour,—two hours. It was half-past nine o'clock, and Gaspar had not returned. It was not an unusual thing for the boy to be absent so late, although that had commonly happened, heretofore, when he had gone out after

supper. He did not often get his supper away from home, and the evening meal was something that held an important place in his esteem. Mr. Pike could not wonder that Mrs. Heth was growing more and more anxious for her son's safety.

"Pete Cheevy, if anybody, will be apt to know where he is," she remarked, as the visitor at last rose to go.

"I think so," said he, "and if there is a light in the house as I go up the street, I will call and make inquiries."

The Cheevys lived in a little old house under the brow of a wooded hill that rose abruptly, with steep, half-hidden ledges, a few rods back from the street. There was no light visible as Mr. Pike approached the place, and he concluded that the family had gone to bed. But looking back, after he had passed, he saw a glow in an upper room under the low gable, the window of which was open.

He hesitated a minute, unwilling to disturb the family; but seeing a shadow pass the window, and thinking the chamber might be Pete's, he entered the yard and leaned against a bank-wall under the cliff. The moon was just rising; the rocks and overhanging woods were picturesquely touched with light; but everything was still, except for the sound of the master's own movements and the shrill notes of the tree-crickets.

Again the shadow crossed the casement, and to make sure that it was Pete in the room, the master mounted the bank-wall. He was rewarded for the effort by seeing our young acquaintance, by the light of a not very brilliant lamp, performing some queer antics with a gun; now petting it as if it were some living creature, now taking aim at some imaginary game, and again trying the lock as if he found in its mechanism a wonderful fascination.

"One would think he had never seen a gun before," the master said to himself, standing high on the bank to get a better view. "Peter!" he called, in a loud whisper.

Peter did not hear; he was pulling up the hammer for another imaginary shot. This time his game seemed to be out of the window, toward which he made a sudden dash, pointing the muzzle in the direction of the school-master.

"Peter!" called the latter, in a sharp, warning voice.

Pete stopped as if he himself had received a

shot, and in an instant boy and gun had disappeared in the chamber. Mr. Pike waited in silence, and in a little while saw a head cautiously advance to the casement and peer out into the half-moon-lit night.



PETE FINDS GASPAR'S GUN. (SEE PAGE 617.)

"Peter!" The head drew quickly back. "Peter Cheevy!" Peter now came again to the window, but without the gun.

"Who be ye, 'n' wha' d' ye want?" he said, in a startled voice.

"I am Mr. Pike, and I want to know if you have seen Gaspar Heth this afternoon?"

"Me? How sh'd I see him? D'd you say Gaspar Heth?"

"Yes, I did say Gaspar Heth," said the master. "Where did you see him last?"

"Dunno. Have n't seen him lately—not much—not very lately. Though I b'lieve I did," Pete continued, recovering from his embarrassment, and assuming a tone of the utmost candor,—“now I rec'lect, I did see him goin' up into the woods to-day.”

"What time?"

"I dunno. Some time t'day. Guess this aft'noon. Yes, I 'm sure 't was this aft'noon. Why?"

"Because he has n't come home, and his folks are anxious about him."

"Be they? Sho! Guess Gap Heth can take care o' himself; he gener'ly 'most alluz could. He 's nobody's fool, Gap Heth!" observed Pete, philosophically.

"Did he have his gun with him?" the school-master inquired.

"I disremember; somehow I can't rec'lect 'bout

the gun. Though 't seems t' me he *did* hev his gun. Yes, I 'm pretty sure on 't, come t' think."

"And you went a little way with him?"

"Me? No, I jes' did n't! Ketch me! Gap Heth 's snubbed me lately, 'n' I 'm not go'n' to tag aft' him!"

"What has he snubbed you for?"

"What fer? I don't know, 'n' I don't care! Talks 'bout you 'n' some folks screwin' up the law on bird-huntin'. That don't trouble me. Bird's-egg'n' time 's over, 'n' I don't shoot."

"Don't shoot?" cried the master. "I imagined you did, by the way I saw you handling your gun just now."

Pete made no reply to this simple remark; and if the light had been favorable for such a display, he might have been seen to roll his eyes and open his mouth with a ghostly attempt at a grin.

"So you have n't seen him since this afternoon, when he was going into the woods?" urged the master. "You are very sure?"

"Oh, yis! pos'tive sure!" Pete exclaimed, as if relieved to have the conversation come back to the main topic. "Tell ye 'f I hed; course I would! why should n't I?"

Although suspicious that the boy knew something about Gaspar that he was unwilling to tell, Mr. Pike did not press him further with questions; nor did he think it necessary to go back and inform the Heths of the ill success of his attempt to get news of their son.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MASTER PETE EXPLAINS.

THE next morning, however, on his way to church, the master turned in at the parsonage gate. He felt sure the boy must be at home by that time; but the first anxious face that met him at the door told a different tale.

It was the face of the mother. "Have you heard from him?" she tremulously inquired.

"Not a word, except that the Cheevy boy saw him going into the woods yesterday afternoon."

As he followed her into the entry, she said to him, with quivering lips, "Do you believe it possible he has run away?"

No, he could not believe that.

"Or that he has met with some accident — with his gun?"

Mr. Pike thought that more probable, but refrained from saying so.

"I don't know what to think," he replied. "I will walk up into the woods and see if I can find any trace of him."

"His father has already been to look for him,"

said Mrs. Heth. "We had a terrible night; and at daylight he set off, exploring the woods and calling at neighbors' houses, where our poor boy might have been seen. But Mr. Heth came home all tired out. He is lying down now for a little rest. How he is going to get through his sermon this forenoon, I don't know."

Although these words were spoken in a fluttering voice, hardly above a whisper, they roused the minister in his room above, and he called from the door:

"Is that Gaspar, or any news of him?"

"No; it is Mr. Pike; he is going into the woods to look for Gaspar," replied Mrs. Heth.

"It's no use," the minister replied. "I believe the boy has taken himself out of the way."

Nevertheless, Mr. Pike went to the woods, and spent the time he had intended for church in searching rocks and hollows for what he dreaded to find.

Mrs. Heth remained at home, vainly hoping to see her son come back. But the father, mastering his agitation, and nerving himself for the performance of duty, stood that morning as usual in the pulpit and bravely went through with prayer and sermon, — a pathetic figure to those who knew what grief and apprehension were at his heart.

In the meanwhile the school-master, having spent an hour in unavailing search, bethought him to find Pete Cheevy again, in order to get that experienced youth to show him some of Gaspar's favorite haunts.

Pete was not at home; but his father was, a sort of enlarged edition of Pete himself, — slouching, tattered, unkempt, — who stared innocently enough when told of Gaspar's disappearance.

"I had n't heard a word on 't!" he said.

"I supposed everybody in town had heard of it by this time. And I should think Pete would have told you," remarked the school-master.

"Guess Pete don't know it," replied the elder Cheevy, standing in his door-way, and fumbling his unbuttoned vest.

"Oh, yes, he does; for I stopped last night and told him Gaspar had n't been heard from at half-past nine o'clock."

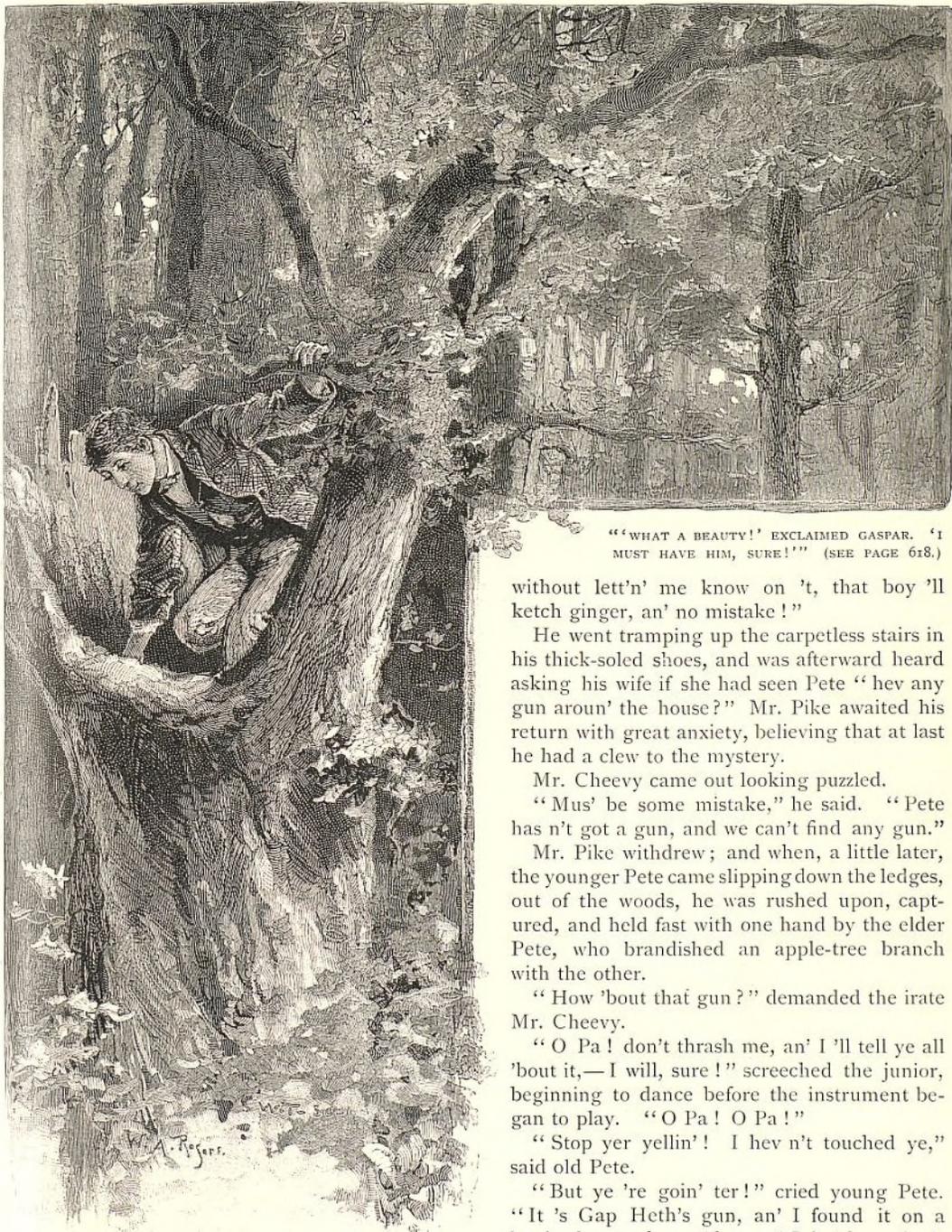
"Half-pas' nine? What 're ye talkin' 'bout? My boy was a-bed and asleep 'fore that time."

"I beg your pardon," said the master, "I saw him through the window, in his room, playing with his gun."

"Ye 're gett'n' things mixed up now, fer cert'n!" said the paternal Cheevy. "My boy has n't any gun."

A sudden suspicion flashed across the master's mind. He was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"I can't be mistaken about the gun; and I



“‘WHAT A BEAUTY!’ EXCLAIMED GASPAR. ‘I MUST HAVE HIM, SURE!’” (SEE PAGE 618.)

without lett'n' me know on 't, that boy 'll ketch ginger, an' no mistake !”

He went tramping up the carpetless stairs in his thick-soled shoes, and was afterward heard asking his wife if she had seen Pete “ hev any gun aroun' the house?” Mr. Pike awaited his return with great anxiety, believing that at last he had a clew to the mystery.

Mr. Cheevy came out looking puzzled.

“Mus' be some mistake,” he said. “Pete has n't got a gun, and we can't find any gun.”

Mr. Pike withdrew; and when, a little later, the younger Pete came slipping down the ledges, out of the woods, he was rushed upon, captured, and held fast with one hand by the elder Pete, who brandished an apple-tree branch with the other.

“How 'bout that gun?” demanded the irate Mr. Cheevy.

“O Pa! don't thrash me, an' I 'll tell ye all 'bout it,—I will, sure!” screeched the junior, beginning to dance before the instrument began to play. “O Pa! O Pa!”

“Stop yer yellin'! I hev n't touched ye,” said old Pete.

“But ye 're goin' ter!” cried young Pete. “It 's Gap Heth's gun, an' I found it on a log in the woods yest'day, an' I jes' brought it hum to keep it fer him, 's sure as I live an' breathe this minute!”

“Be them the fac's?” said the father. “Don't you dare try to give me anythin' else but the gooine fac's! No triflin' with *me*, you know.”

think you will find it in his room now, if you will go and look. I certainly saw it last night.”

“Can't be!” said the elder Cheevy. “But I 'll go 'n' look, an' if I find he 's keep'n' a gun

As the instrument seemed about to strike up a vivacious air, Pete danced again, swinging around the circle of which the radius was the paternal arm. At last, when he seemed to be sufficiently terrified to tell the truth, he was ordered to "stan' still an' tell it." This was his statement:

"I saw Gap a-goin' up int' the woods with his gun, an' by 'n' by I follered him; but I could n't get a sight on him, no way; I never saw him once, an' I dunno where he went. But over by Bingham's Swamp I came across his gun a-layin' on a log; an' he was n't anywheres aroun', an' there was n't anybody in sight, an' I'd never had a gun, an' that seemed my only chance, an' I took it."

"Hooked it, you mis'ble man's boy!" exclaimed old Pete.

"I did n't mean it fer hookin'; I *found* it!" young Pete exclaimed.

"Wall, that 's another thing," said the father, softening. "Anybody 's li'ble to *find* things. But why did n't you tell *me*?"

"I did n't know 's ye 'd lemme keep it," whimpered the boy.

"Now see what a scrape you 're gettin' inter by not tellin'!" said his father. "When Schoolmaster Pike talked about your gun this mornin', I told him, o' course, that you had n't any gun. — Where is 't now?"

"I got scared, an' hid it under some bushes up int' the woods, fus' thing this mornin'. Old Pickerel scared me las' night."

"Wall, you get it, an' kerry 't back to where ye found it, lively! I don't want any boy o' mine hauled up fer findin' things that there 's go'n' to be so much fuss about as there 's 'bout this, now Gap has got lost. Don't you see, if anything 's happened ter him, ye might be put in jail fer murder? S'pose he 's found shot, an' his gun found in your hands! Now you scamper an' git rid on't in a hurry; an' mind, ye leave it jes' where you found it. Now scud!"

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE HOLLOW TREE.

OWING to the terrors of the situation, Pete had told a tolerably straightforward story. He had found the gun on a log, in the way he described. It was the same mossy log upon which Gaspar had sat down to wait for the scarlet tanager to show itself again, and to consider what he should do.

As the bird did not show itself, and as he knew nothing of Pete's following him into the woods, he finally said to himself: "I guess what Pete can do, I can do. I know he could shin up this pine and get off on the oak, and I believe I can."

It was a slender pine, about eight inches through, with a tendency to die at the top, which top, by the way, had had the misfortune to be thrust up into the branches of larger and taller trees. One of these was the great oak with the broken stem, at the summit of which, in the fork of the trunk, the scarlet tanager had lodged.

Gaspar himself was a good climber, as well as a resolute boy. He laid his gun across the log, hugged the pine with knees and arms, and began to work his way upward. He reached the branches without difficulty, and scrambled through them into the scraggly top, above which the smaller limb of the oak made a tremendous sweep, nearly twenty feet from the broken trunk.

In passing the dead, or dying, twigs of the pine-tops, he lost his cap, which lodged in them. "Never mind," he said, "I can get that on my way back." He looked over at the fork of the huge oak, but could not see his bird,—only the decayed hollow into which it had fallen. To reach it, by clasping the limb curved above him, and descending over that, in mid-air, was a feat which made him hesitate. Then he said, "Here goes!" and balancing himself in the pine-top, he stretched up his arms until he could clasp them securely over the oaken limb.

After his arms, up went his legs; and holding fast to the branch with hands and feet, he began to work his way down to the trunk, pausing to look back at the pine, and assure himself that his return that way would be safe.

"Yes," he said, "I can get back as easily as I came." And he slipped daringly down the great limb to the fork.

On reaching it, he found that the broken stem contained, inside the ring of living wood and bark, a rotten cavity, into which the bird must have disappeared. The hole was large at the top, but it narrowed below; and there, looking down, he saw his bird clinging with half-spread wings to the decayed lining of the trunk.

"What a beauty!" he exclaimed; "I must have him, sure!"

He rested, with one arm about the limb he had descended, and cautiously thrust the other down into the hollow. With his utmost straining he could not reach the prize with his hand. "Perhaps," thought he, "I can reach him with my foot."

So he got one leg into the cavity, and put it carefully down, his object being to place his foot beneath the bird, which seemed stupefied or exhausted, and force it gently upward.

"If he flies out," reasoned the boy, "he will fall to the ground, and I can catch him."

But instead of flying out, the tanager, roused by

the pressure of the foot, fluttered still further down, and clung again to a projection of the decayed lining.

"I shall lose him that way," Gaspar exclaimed. "I shall lose him anyway, unless I can reach him with my hand. I wish I had a string or something to make a slip-noose!"

The sight of the rich red body and velvety black tail and wings inspired him with that enthusiastic eagerness to possess the specimen which only a naturalist can understand.

Then he ventured on a rash undertaking, believing that he could let himself down into the hollow beside the bird until it would be easy to grasp it. This he did, forcing his toes into the rotten wood — if anything so far gone in decay can be called wood — and keeping as firm a hold as he could of the top of the opening.

When he thought he had gone far enough, he held on by his feet and one upstretched hand, and reached down with the other. There was the bird still; but he had hardly touched it, when it fluttered off again, and he made a sudden, fatal movement to grasp its wing.

The hold of hand and feet on the decayed wood gave way, and he slipped down into the narrow part of the cavity.

There, by desperately spreading legs and arms, and clutching his fingers into the soft lining, he managed for awhile to support himself.

He looked up; his head was about three feet from the top of the opening. It was impossible to seize the rotten rim again. The space below was large enough to let his body slide down, but too small to allow him to use his legs and feet to any advantage. And the punk-like substance into which he thrust his fingers was too slight to yield him much support.

He had been terrified by his first slip. And now he began to realize the horror of his situation.

He could wedge his knees and elbows into the cavity so that the slipping was arrested. But it began again the moment he tried to work his way upward.

There seemed to be nothing he could do but to hold himself in place and scream for help. And scream he did, with what strength he had left. But he soon perceived the futility of any such efforts. His voice was projected upward into the forest-tops and pitiless blue sky; it could not have been heard far in any other direction.

It was a terrible moment to a boy so full of life and hope but a little while before, but whom a sudden and awful death now threatened.

His strength began to fail; he could not even scream any more; he could only think. And all the while he was slowly slipping, slipping.

He thought of his home, which he had often threatened to leave in hate and scorn, but which appeared a paradise to him now. — If he were only there again! It seemed far off and strange; while his collections of birds and eggs, lately so real and all-important to him, faded into a sickening dream.

Then he thought of his parents, whose kindness he had so often repaid with ingratitude, and he called out in his agony:

"O Father! help me! help! help!"

But his father was probably at that moment riding quietly along the village street, thinking perhaps of his perverse son, whom he had left at home to do a trifling task which that son had neglected, and now could never do.

He remembered the prayers his mother taught him in childhood to repeat, but which he had utterly neglected in his later reckless years. He wished he could pray now, for perhaps the angels might help him. But it seemed to him as if he had never prayed; certainly his heart and soul had never gone into a prayer as they did now into the mere wish that he might pray.

All this time he felt himself slipping, slipping.

The tree was probably hollow to the root. Death in that horrible depth seemed certain. And who would ever think of looking for him there?

After a long while, his absence would excite alarm. The woods would be searched, and his gun might be found on the log below there. But would even that give his friends a clew to his fate?

He remembered that, to an observer on the ground, there was no visible sign that the tree had an opening at the top; and who would dream of his having climbed that enormous trunk?

"Oh, why did n't I let Pete come with me?" he said despairingly, little suspecting that Pete was even then prowling in the woods, listening to hear his gun.

Still, inch by inch, he knew that he was slipping, slipping, slipping.

If he only had room to use his knees and feet! If he could clutch with his fingers some solid support! The top of the cavity was so near! why could he not reach it?

"I must! I will!" he cried out, in a choked and stifled voice, and nerved himself for a last determined struggle.

It seemed for a minute that he was actually making progress upward; and he quickened his efforts with the energy of desperation. Then all at once something seemed to give way with his strength, and he had a sense of sliding rapidly, his fingers tearing from their hold, his nails from their sockets, and soul and body rushing down into darkness.

(To be continued.)

## A PAGE FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.



"THE FELLOWS AT SCHOOL CALL ME A GIRL 'CAUSE I WEAR DRESSES." (DRAWN FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" BY A GIRL OF TEN.)

## A VALENTINE.

By PAUL HOFFMAN, aged eleven years.

I KNOW a little girl,  
 But I wont tell who.  
 Her hair is yellow gold,  
 Her eyes are pretty blue;  
 Her smile is ever sweet,  
 And her heart is very true.  
 Such a pretty little girl,—  
 But I wont tell who.

I see her every day,  
 But I wont tell where.  
 It may be in the lane  
 By the elm-tree there;

Or it may be in the garden  
 By the roses fair.  
 Such a pretty little girl,—  
 But I wont tell where.

I'll marry her some day,  
 But I wont tell when.  
 And I'll be very rich,  
 And have millions then;  
 And she'll have all she wants,  
 Which is more than I can ken.  
 Such a pretty little girl,—  
 But I wont tell when.

## MARGARET'S "FAVOR-BOOK."

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

MARGARET DANA was one of the practical, earnest girls who are always ready to try new things, and ambitious to make the most of every opportunity. She had one trial, and that was, that her father would not let people call her Maggie, or Marguerite, or Daisy, or Pearl, or Madge, or anything but plain Margaret. That had been his mother's name, and he said it was good enough for her grand-daughter, without any modern improvements. To be sure, most of the girls in her class at school were Bessies, and Minnies, and Nellies, and Fannies; but in spite of the affliction of having a name which did not end in "ie," Margaret took life pleasantly enough. In school, she studied sufficiently to keep her place in the class, and outside, every moment was filled with work or play.

It was a rule of the Dana household, however, that the children should write at least a few lines every day, in the form of a letter, or a diary, or a composition. Copying did not count, or Margaret would have finished her daily task without much thought. Mrs. Dana had an idea that people found many things burdensome only because they were not accustomed to do them, and resolved that her children should form the habit of expressing their thoughts on paper, hoping that it would be as easy for them as talking when they grew older. Margaret had a brother in college, and three or four cousins, with whom she exchanged letters occasionally, and her school compositions came once in two weeks, so that she was seldom at a loss for an object in her daily writing. Sometimes, when she read stories where the heroine kept a journal in which to record her very sentimental ideas, Margaret was tempted to begin one; but she never proceeded far, for she could not think up any trials to philosophize over, and what she was doing and enjoying seemed unworthy of a place in so dignified a volume. So that after she had written a few pages, in which she had told about their old-fashioned house, which she could never make sound as interesting as the "vaulted halls" and "dim old libraries" which the heroines described, her journal was apt to languish, and, after a few more entries, was usually put into the fire. Once the family tried the experiment of a general diary, which was to be written every night, and was to record the doings of the whole household. But as Mr. and Mrs. Dana, and Grandma Edwards, and Ned, and Kate, and cousin Fanny,

and even little John, all were expected to take their turn at it, Margaret wrote in it only now and then. And, besides, it was not half so interesting to write in that great book in the sitting-room as it was to scribble off something of her very own in the sacred privacy of her own corner. This corner was a very cozy sort of place. Kate and Margaret shared a long, low room, which they took great pride in decorating with every pretty thing which came in their way. Sometimes they used to talk over the changes they would make in it if they were rich: The simple, light paper was to be exchanged for an elegant dark tint with a wonderful frieze; the somewhat dingy carpet was to give place to a beautiful inlaid floor, adorned with oriental rugs in soft colors; the air-tight stove was to be replaced by an open fire-place, where a cheerful blaze was always to be glowing (they usually made their plans in the cold weather). In fact, the furniture was all to be of the most new-old-fashioned kind, such as they saw now and then in the house of some friend. To tell the truth, I am very doubtful whether they would have liked the room one bit better if some indulgent fairy had transformed it to the splendid apartment of which they dreamed.

As it was, the two girls took much comfort in its friendly shabbiness. The two windows looked west and south. At the western one, Kate had a table where she used to sit and write or paint, and when she was resting she could look over the river at the low line of blue hills, where the scene seemed the same, and yet ever changing with the changing seasons, like the expression of a familiar face. Often the two girls sat there together and watched the sun sink down behind those wooded slopes, and saw the dark line of trees printed for a moment on his flaming disk, and then standing out distinct and clear on the background of red sky. Sometimes, in the hot July afternoons, they leaned far out at the window to catch the first breath of a summer shower, which they could see coming up over the hills, and watched the thick veil of drops draw nearer and nearer, until the first noisy pattering could be heard on the roof above them. This west window was Kate's corner, where she had all her very special belongings. The southern one was in the slope of the roof, and had little side-lights, which made it almost like a bay-window. In this little nook, Margaret had her low easy-chair, and a sort of folding leaf which could be put up

when she wanted a table, or suffered to hang down when she only wished to read or to look out at the cool freshness of the elms. Directly under the window-sill were two little shelves, where she had a few favorite books and her writing materials. This was *her* cozy corner, and the two girls were very careful to leave each other's possessions undisturbed, so that there might be that sort of separateness which only makes companionship more pleasant. Here they dreamed their dreams, as girls will, and had long confidential talks together; for these two sisters appreciated each other, and if they had friends who seemed at first brighter and more entertaining, they never forgot that close tie of sisterhood which was more than any passing fancy.

One evening, the two sat together in their own room. Kate was writing diligently on an essay which was to be read on the last day of school, and Margaret was biting the end of her pen and half-closing her eyes, as she had a habit of doing when she was thinking intently. At last she burst out with, "I think people who keep journals in books are horrid!"

"How else can you keep one?" inquired Kate, without looking up from her work.

"Oh, I don't mean that!" said Margaret; "I mean that people in books who keep journals are horrid, because they write down such doleful things; and she glanced at the story which she had just finished reading, which certainly was a rather depressing account of the trials and afflictions of a self-scrutinizing young lady. "Why can't they write down the fun they have, and the kind things people do for them, instead of always telling their troubles, and making one feel dreadfully sorry for them?" - "Try it," said Kate, as she wrote the last word in her essay, and then ran down-stairs to read it to her father.

"I declare, I believe I will," said Margaret slowly to herself, after she had thought awhile. "Something pleasant happens almost every day; and if I write down at night what people have done for me during the day, I shall not be always forgetting to thank them for it, as I do now, and it will be great fun to read it over some time."

Margaret was never one of the dilatory sort; when she made up her mind to do anything, she never waited until her enthusiasm had cooled. That very night she sewed a few sheets of paper into a little book, and made her first entry in this novel kind of diary.

"I have resolved to keep a "Favor-Book," and to write down in it all the kind and pleasant things people do for me."

If it had not been for the rule about writing every day, the "Favor-Book" might have been

neglected, as the rest of the winter went by; but before the spring came, Margaret was herself surprised to see how full it had grown.

One night, during the first week in March, she sat in her favorite seat and turned over the pages and read the simple record. It was only a list of the little favors of every day, such as all receive, but Margaret was glad to recall every one of them.

*Jan. 4.* My brother let me read the *St. NICHOLAS* first, because I wanted to. I must remember to let him have it first, next time.

*Jan. 5.* Alice Williams invited me to a party, and I had a splendid time.

*Jan. 7.* Mother said I might go out skating when the rest did, and she would wipe the dinner dishes for me.

*Jan. 8.* I received a fine letter from brother Ned, and he hates to write letters to us girls when he has so much other writing to do.

*Jan. 9.* Cousin Fanny mended my dress for me, because she thought I did n't know how to do it in the best way.

*Jan. 10.* Kate tried hard and found a capital subject for me to write a composition about.

*Jan. 11.* Nellie Forbes waited for me to-day, because I was not quite ready to go to walk when the other girls went.

*Jan. 12.* Mother let me ask two of the girls to tea.

*Jan. 14.* Because I was so busy, Fred went down street on an errand which Mother had asked me to do.

*Jan. 15.* Ellen lent me her new story-book.

*Jan. 16.* Alice came over and brought her work, and taught me some of the stitches for Kensington embroidery.

*Jan. 17.* Father took Kate and me to a concert.

*Jan. 18.* Mary came over and stayed with me, because I had a cold. And it was splendid skating, too.

*Jan. 19.* Ellen came to ask how I was, on her way to church.

*Jan. 20.* Cousin Fanny read to me quite a while to-day. Fred sat down and played backgammon, because I had such a cold,—and he don't like games very well, either.

*Jan. 21.* Father taught me how to play checkers, because he said staying in the house was dull work for me. Mrs. Williams sent me some jelly.

*Jan. 22.* Mary came over again.

*Jan. 23.* Kate made the bed in our room to-day, although it is my week to keep it in order. I must make it for her some time.

*Jan. 24.* My kitten climbed up in a tree, and I could not get her to come down, she was so much frightened. Henry Lund came along and said he

would help me; so he went into the house and got a broom, and put my sacque on it, and climbed part way up and coaxed her to get on the sacque, and then got her down.

*Jan. 25.* Grandma gave me a bottle of cologne this morning. I mean to give half of it to Ellen, for she likes it so much, and hardly ever has any.

*Jan. 26.* Mother helped me ever so much on my Sunday-school lesson.

*Jan. 27.* I could not get any more worsted like my cushion, and it was almost done. I felt very much disappointed, because I wanted to finish it for Mother's birthday. Agnes Willis heard me talking about it at recess, and came all the way over here after school, although it rained, and brought her bag of worsted to see if she had n't some that would match. I don't think I have ever been over polite to Agnes, either. I have never tried much to get acquainted with her.

*Jan. 29.* Mary is getting up a dialogue just for fun, and she has asked me to take the very nicest part in it.

*Jan. 30.* Mrs. Williams lent me a cape to wear at our dialogue.

*Feb. 3.* The night of the dialogue, Mary's sister Julia helped us all she could. She fixed my hair for me, and was very kind in many ways. When I told Mother about it, she said, "That's the sort of older sister I want you to be to Johnny and the baby."

*Feb. 4.* Grandma told me something which she said would be a good motto for my "Favor-Book." I told her about this book a good while ago, and she said she "heartily favored the 'Favor-Book' idea." The motto was something which a very old lady said to her a long time ago. It was this: "Wherever I go, I learn something, either to avoid or practice." Grandma said that every favor I note down would be something for me to practice. She gave all us children something to do last Sunday, when there was such a dreadful storm that no one could go to church. She made us all find verses in the Bible about doing favors to people. We found ever so many.

*Feb. 5.* I had a letter from cousin Sarah. I did not answer her last one very promptly, so it was very good in her to write again so soon.

*Feb. 6.* Old Miss Stone called this afternoon, and I am afraid I was not very glad to see her. She asked Mother why I looked so sad, and Mother told her that my cat was sick, and I felt worried. Miss Stone said, "I must send her some catnip," and before tea her girl came over and brought me

a box, and in it was a bunch of dry catnip, tied up with a blue ribbon. And Pussy was almost well the next day.

*Feb. 7.* Mrs. Williams sent for me to come over and spend the day, and I had a happy time.

*Feb. 8.* Brother Ned came home and brought a package of candy for us all, and a new book for Kate and one for me.

*Feb. 10.* Mother went into the city to-day and brought me home a new neck-tie and a box of writing-paper. Johnny was very good all the time she was gone, and helped me amuse the baby.

*Feb. 11.* Ned took me out sleigh-riding to-day. The last sleigh-ride of the season, we think.

*Feb. 13.* Agnes helped me with my algebra. She has such a nice way of helping; she does not act as if you did not know anything.

*Feb. 14.* Aunt Mary helped me about my patchwork and found me some new silk pieces.

*Feb. 15.* I was walking out to see Agnes Willis, and Ellen Stone overtook me and asked me to ride, and then called at Agnes's house for me, an hour later, and brought me home.

*Feb. 18.* Yesterday was my birthday, and I had presents from Mother, Ned, and Kate, and cousin Sarah sent me a birthday card. Mother asked two of the girls here to tea.

*Feb. 20.* I went in to Mrs. Johnson's of an errand this morning, and she went upstairs on purpose to get a new book to lend to me.

*Feb. 21.* Kate let me use her paints this afternoon.

*Feb. 22.* I was invited to a lovely party at Ellen's, to celebrate Washington's birthday.

*Feb. 24.* Mrs. Forbes stopped me on the street to ask how our baby was, and to say she was so sorry to hear she had been sick.

*Feb. 27.* Miss Saunders found something very interesting for me to read at our missionary meeting, and I know she is very busy and does not have much time to spare.

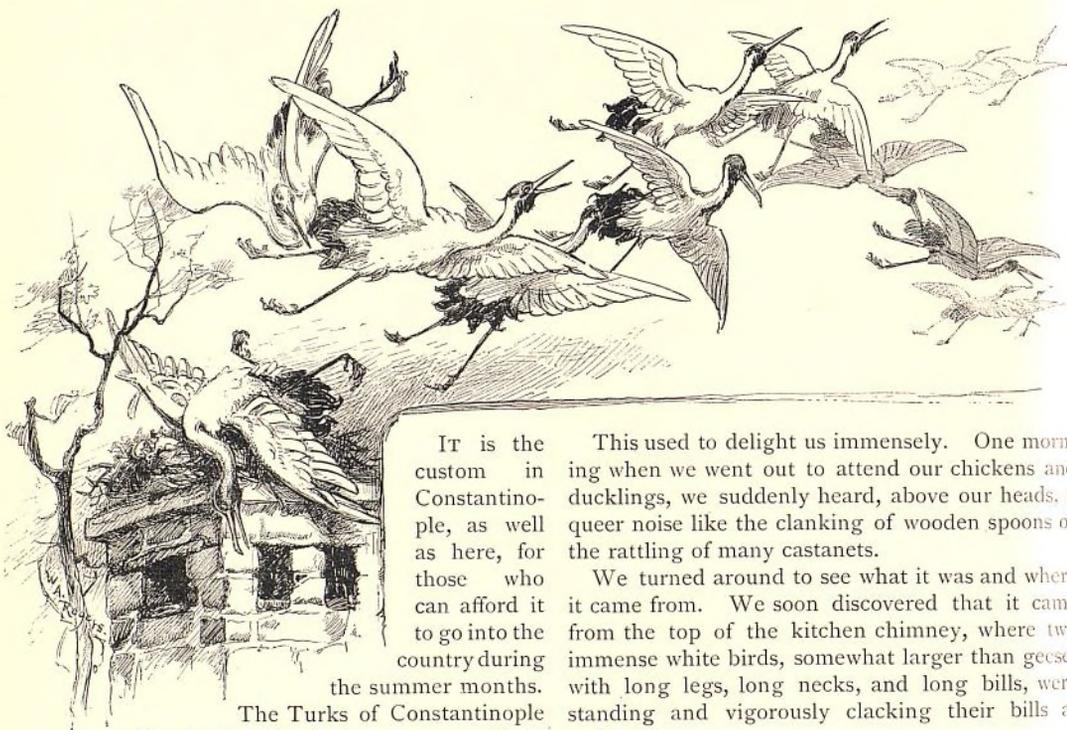
As she read the last entry and laid aside the book, her mother came softly into the room and sat down beside her.

"You told me that your 'Favor-Book' was full, my dear," she said. "I have bought you a new one, that you may keep on remembering the kindnesses which you receive," and she laid down in Margaret's lap a pretty volume in a red leather binding, on which was stamped her name, and underneath it the words,

*"Freely ye have received, freely give."*

## HOW WE FOOLED THE STORKS.

BY OSCANYAN.



IT is the custom in Constantinople, as well as here, for those who can afford it to go into the country during the summer months. The Turks of Constantinople forsake the city for two reasons: First, for a change of air; and second, for a dairy diet, of which they are very fond.

One season, Keahat-haneh-Keöy, a cozy little village in the valley of the Sweet-Waters, where the Golden Horn begins, was chosen by our family, for its rich pasture grounds and good milk.

We children were delighted with the place. We had an abundance of pure milk and of fresh eggs, and each of us had also a favorite hen which was his special charge.

Our chief delight was to place ducks' eggs in one of the hen's nests, and when the eggs were hatched to see the mother astonished at the odd appearance of her young.

Yet she was kind and attentive to them, and raised them with care. But we children were most amused when the ducklings grew old enough to waddle and took to the water, setting the mother hen in a fume. Oh, how she would fret and cackle, and strut around the pond in real anger, scolding, scratching the ground, trying by all means to get them out before they were drowned!

This used to delight us immensely. One morning when we went out to attend our chickens and ducklings, we suddenly heard, above our heads, a queer noise like the clanking of wooden spoons or the rattling of many castanets.

We turned around to see what it was and where it came from. We soon discovered that it came from the top of the kitchen chimney, where two immense white birds, somewhat larger than geese, with long legs, long necks, and long bills, were standing and vigorously clacking their bills at each other.

We ran into the house and informed our father of our discovery, and asked him to come out and see the birds.

He said he knew all about them. "They are called storks," he said. They live in Africa, though they may have been born here; for it is their habit to spend their summers in northern climates, where they raise their young, and return home with them before winter. The ancient Egyptians regarded these birds as sacred, and it was considered a crime to hurt them, and in some places they were even worshipped. When summer comes, they leave their homes in a body, that is, a great many of them together, and take a northerly direction. They must have arrived here last night. They separate in pairs, and locate themselves in different places, so you will soon see many others. They choose the chimney-tops wherever they can, because they are warm and they think them safer.\* They prefer to live in valleys, because they live on frogs, reptiles, fish, and insects."

Thus enlightened, we went out again to have

\* The chimneys in Turkey are built square, and their tops are covered, like school-house ventilators, with holes on the sides for the smoke to escape.

another look at them. We used to gaze and gaze at them with wonderment, and our interest in them increased day by day, as we watched their movements.

They often stood together for hours rattling their bills at each other, or demurely surveying the grounds about them, often starting finally after some object or prey which they had espied.

One day, after "playing the castanet" (as we called it) for some time, they both suddenly darted away, one diving to the ground as though it was shot. Soon, it was seen ascending with a snake dangling from its claws. It rose far up into the air, and then suddenly dropped its prey. The other bird, who was on the lookout for this, instantly pounced upon the fallen victim (which had been killed by the fall), and seized and carried the dead snake to the nest on the chimney-top.

The storks' flight is very pretty. They throw

would let us approach them, but we were afraid to go too near, for when they turned their heads toward us to take a look, their long bills used to frighten us very much. So we watched our opportunity to visit their nest during their absence.

One day when they were away, we got a ladder, and raised it on the top of the small house which served for the kitchen. There we rested it against the chimney, and I ascended to the nest.

We found their bed, or nest, made of the coarsest twigs and pieces of sticks. It contained four eggs, about the size of goose-eggs, but they were of a buff color, while goose-eggs are white.

When we came down, and as we were talking about the nest, the idea struck me that it would be very funny to experiment on the storks as we did on the hens, and see what would be the result. We laughed heartily over the plot, and determined to take away their eggs and replace them with



"I REMOUNTED THE LADDER, AND CAREFULLY CHANGED THE EGGS."

their heads back, extend their legs, and with outstretched wings soar very high. Their movements, when on the ground in search of food, are equally graceful and picturesque; they take long and measured strides, and strut about in conscious dignity and confident security. They rest sleeping on one leg, with the neck folded and head turned backward on the shoulder.

We had a great desire to see their nest. They

goose-eggs. "But they are not of the same color!" said my brother.

It was evident that the birds would discover the deception, and would not sit. My brother suggested that we should paint the goose-eggs exactly the color of the stork-eggs, with some water colors we had, and then all would be right.

We prepared four fresh goose-eggs, and when both the birds were away, I remounted the ladder

and carefully changed the eggs, and came down as rapidly as I could, before the birds returned.

The poor creatures, not perceiving the deception, went on sitting on the new eggs; for we noticed they took turns in their sittings — the male, which was the larger of the two, sitting by day and the female by night.

After four weeks' close watching, we knew, one day, that the eggs were hatched; for there was a great trouble in the stork family. Both the birds were standing and clanking their bills at each other as if they would talk each other down. At last, they both flew away and soon returned with many others of their tribe.

They all perched around the nest (or as many as could do so), the rest hovering over it and waiting for their turn to have a close look at the goslings. After due inspection and careful examination, they set up a clanking of bills that could be heard a great way off. They clanked and rattled, rattled and

clanked, until their jaws got tired; then they suddenly ceased, and began pecking at something, after which they all took to flight.

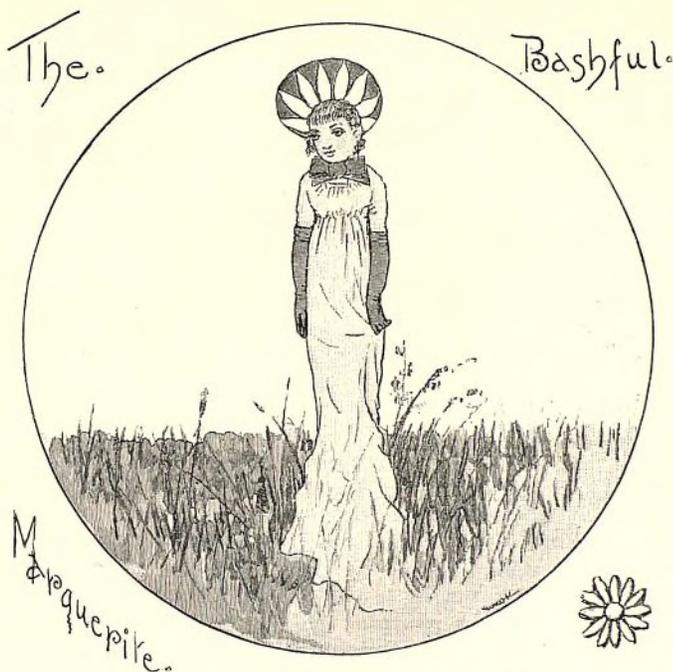
We were curious to know what had happened. We made haste to ascend the ladder and find out the state of affairs before the birds came back. I was the first to explore, and I was both amazed and grieved to find the mother stork lying dead on top of the young goslings which had been hatched, and which were also dead.

I came down the ladder to allow the others to see the catastrophe, and all ascended by turns, and came down with sorrowful faces.

We rushed into the house and informed our father of what had happened. He, without saying a word, ordered the servant to go up and remove the dead birds. When they were brought down, we children dug a grave and buried the poor things. We learned many years afterward that no stork had ever, after that day, perched upon that chimney.



"MY MA SAYS THAT WOMEN OUGHT TO VOTE."



BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

SWEET Marguerite looked shyly from the grass  
Of country fields, and softly whispered: "Here  
I make my home, content; for I,—alas!—  
Am not the rose the city holds so dear."

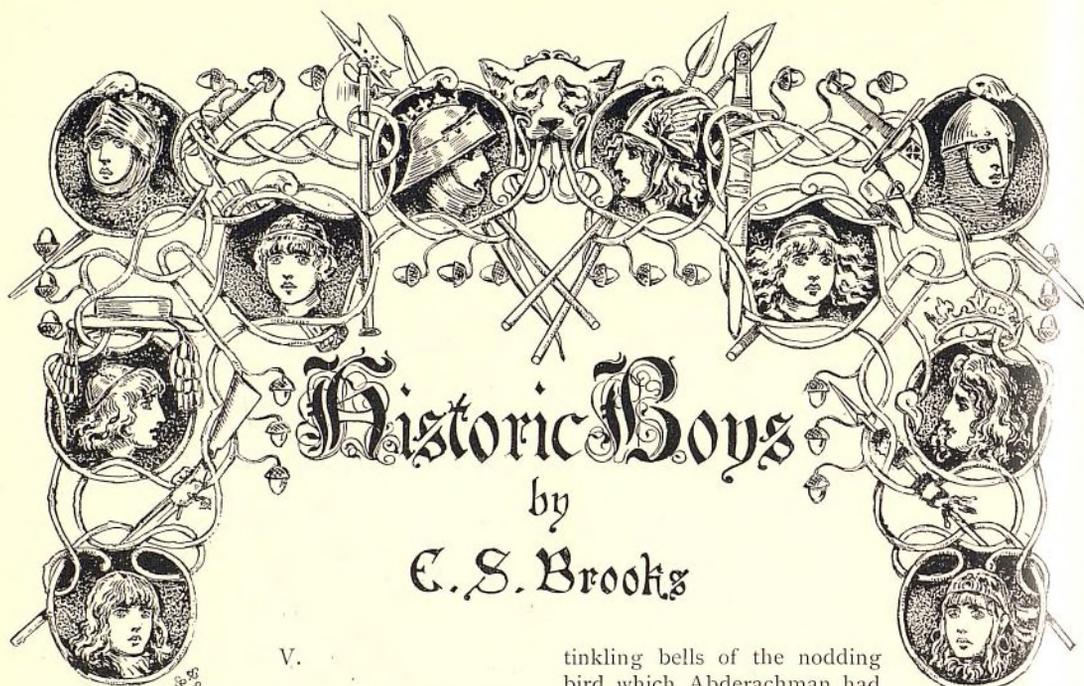
Just then, the Queen, driving by chance that way,  
Called to a page: "Bring me that Marguerite;  
I am so tired of roses!"—From that day,  
The daisy had the whole world at her feet.

MAMMA'S MORAL.

RESTLESS ambition, eager, grasping greed,  
Do not gain all things in this world of ours;  
Shy merit, modest, unassuming worth,  
Oft make the way for men, as well as flowers.

TOMMY'S APPLICATION.

I MUST say things seem rather "mixed" to me;  
Please will you tell me, then, dear mother, why  
You send me off to that big dancing-school  
For fear that I should grow up shy?



## V.

FREDERICK OF HOHENSTAUFEN: THE BOY  
EMPEROR.

A. D. 1207-1212.

[Afterward Frederick the Second, Emperor of Germany.]

GLEAMING with light and beauty, from the wavy sea-line where the blue Mediterranean rippled against the grim fortress of Castellamare to the dark background of olive groves and rising mountain walls, Palermo, "city of the Golden Shell," lay bathed in all the glory of an Italian afternoon.

It was a bright spring day in the year 1207.

Up the Cassaro, or street of the palace, and out through the massive gate-way of that curious old Sicilian city,—half Saracen, half Norman in its looks and life,—a small company of horsemen rode rapidly westward to where the square yellow towers of La Zisa rose above its orange groves. Now La Zisa was one of the royal pleasure houses, a relic of the days when the swarthy Saracens were lords of Sicily.

In the sun-lit gardens of La Zisa, a manly-looking lad of thirteen, with curly golden hair and clear blue eyes, stood beneath the citron trees that bordered a beautiful little lake. A hooded falcon perched upon his wrist, and by his side stood his brown-skinned attendant, Abderachman the Saracen.

"But will it stay hooded, say'st thou?" the boy inquired, as he listened with satisfaction to the

tinkling bells of the nodding bird which Abderachman had just taught him to hood. "Can he not shake it off?"

"Never fear for that, little Mightiness," the Saracen replied. "He is as safely blinded as was ever the eagle of Kairwan, the eyes of which the Emir took for his crescent-tips, or even as art thou, O *el Aaziz*,† by thy barons of Apulia."

The look of pleasure faded from the boy's face.

"Thou say'st truly, O Abderachman," he said. "What am I but a hooded falcon? I, a King who am no King! Would that thou and I could fly far from this striving world, and in those great forests over sea of which thou hast told me, could both chase the lion like bold, free hunters of the hills."

"Wait in patience, O *el Aaziz*; to each man comes his day," said the philosophic Saracen.

But now there was heard a rustle of the citron hedge, a clatter of hoofs rang on the shell-paved road-way, and the armed band that we saw spurring through Palermo's gates drew rein at the lake-side. The leader, a burly German knight, who bore upon his crest a great boar's head with jeweled eyes and gleaming silver tusks, leaped from his horse and strode up to the boy. His bow of obeisance was scarcely more than a nod.

"Your Highness must come with me," he said, "and that at once."

The boy looked at him in protest. "Nay, Baron Kapparon,—am I never to be at my ease?" he asked. "Let me, I pray thee, play out my

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† *El Aaziz*; an Arabic phrase for "the excellent" or "most noble one."

day here at La Zisa, even as thou did'st promise me."

"Tush, boy; promise must yield to need," said the Knight of the Crested Boar. "The galleys of Diephold of Acerra even now ride in the Cala port, and think'st thou I will yield thee to his guidance? Come! At the palace wait decrees and grants which thou must sign for me ere the Aloe-Stalk shall say us nay."

"Must!" cried the boy, as an angry flush covered his face; "who saith '*must*' to the son of Henry the Emperor? Who saith '*must*' to the grandson of Barbarossa? Stand off, churl of Kapparon! To me, Sicilians all! To me, sons of the Prophet!" and, breaking away from the grasp of the burly knight, young Frederick of Hohenstaufen dashed across the small stone bridge that led to the marble pavilion in the little lake. But only Abderachman the Saracen crossed to him. The wrath of the Knight of Kapparon was more dreaded than the commands of a little captive king.

The burly baron laughed a mocking laugh. "Well blown, *sir Sirocco!*"\* he said, insolently, "but, for all that, Your Mightiness, I fear me, must come with me, churl though I be. Come, we waste words!" and he moved toward the lad, who stood at bay upon the little bridge.

Young Frederick slipped his falcon's leash. "Cross at thy peril, Baron Kapparon!" he cried; "one step more, and I unhood my falcon and send him straight to thy disloyal eyes. Ware the bird! His flight is certain, and his pounce is sharp!" The boy's fair face grew more defiant as he spoke, and William of Kapparon, who knew the young lad's skill at falconry, hesitated at the threat.

But as boy and baron faced each other in defiance, there was another stir of the citron hedge, and another rush of hurrying hoofs. A second armed band closed in upon the scene, and a second knightly leader sprang to the ground. A snow-white plume trailed over the new-comer's crest, and on his three-cornered shield was blazoned a solitary aloe-stalk, sturdy, tough, and unyielding.

"Who threatens the King of Sicily?" he demanded, as, sword in hand, he stepped upon the little bridge.

The German baron faced his new antagonist. "So! is it thou, Count Diephold; is it thou, Aloe of Acerra?" he said. "By what right dar'st thou to question the Baron of Kapparon, guardian of the King, and chief Captain of Sicily?"

"Guardian, forsooth! 'Chief Captain,' say'st thou?" cried the Count of Acerra, angrily. "Pig of Kapparon, robber and pirate, yield up

the boy! I, who was comrade of Henry the Emperor, will stand guardian for his son. Ho, Buds of the Aloe, strike for your master's weal!"

There is a flash of steel as the two leaders cross ready swords. There is a rush of thronging feet as the followers of each prepare for fight. There is a mingling of battle cries—"Ho, for the Crested Boar of Kapparon!" "Stand, for the Aloe of Acerra!"—when for the third time the purple citron-flowers sway and break, as a third band of armed men spur to the lake-side. Through the green of the foliage flashes the banner of Sicily,—the golden eagle on the blood-red field,—and the ringing voice of a third leader rises above the din, "Ho, Liegemen of the Church! rescue for the ward of the Pope! Rescue for the King of Sicily!"

The new-comer, Walter of Palear, the "fighting bishop of Catania" (as he was called) and Chancellor of Sicily, reined in his horse between the opposing bands of the Boar and the Aloe. His richly brodered cope, streaming back, showed his coat of mail beneath, as, with lifted sword, he shouted:

"Hold your hands, lords of Apulia! stay spears and stand aside. Yield up the King to me—to me, the Chancellor of the realm!"

"Off now, thou false Chancellor!" cried Count Diephold. "Think'st thou that the revenues of Sicily are for thy treasure-chest alone? Ho, Boars and Aloes both; down with this French fox, and up with Sicily!"

"Seize the boy and hold him hostage!" shouted William of Kapparon, and with extended arm he strode toward poor little Frederick. With a sudden and nimble turn, the boy dodged the clutch of the baron's mailed fist, and putting one hand on the coping of the bridge, without a moment's hesitation, he vaulted over into the lake. Abderachman the Saracen sprang after him.

"How now, thou pirate of Kapparon," broke out Count Diephold; "thou shalt pay dearly for this, if the lad doth drown!"

But Frederick was a good swimmer, and the lake was not deep. The falcon on his wrist fluttered and tugged at its jess, disturbed by this unexpected bath; but the boy held his hand high above his head and, supported by the Saracen, soon reached the shore. Here the retainers of the Chancellor crowded around him, and springing to the saddle of a ready war-horse, the lad shouted, "Ho, for Palermo, all! which chief shall first reach St. Agatha's gate with me, to him will I yield myself!" and, wheeling his horse, he dashed through the mingled bands and sped like an arrow through the gardens of La Zisa.

The three contesting captains looked at one another in surprise.

\*The *Sirocco* is a fierce south-easterly wind of Sicily and the Mediterranean.

"The quarry hath slipped," laughed Count Diephold. "By St. Nicholas of Myra, though, the lad is of the true Suabian eagle's brood. Try we the test, my lords!"

There was a sudden mounting of steeds, a hurrying gallop after the flying king; but the Chancellor's band, being already in the saddle, had the advantage, and as young King Frederick and Walter the Chancellor passed under St. Agatha's pointed arch, the Knights of the Crested Boar and of the Aloe-stalk saw in much disgust the great gate close in their faces, and they were left on the wrong side of Palermo's walls,—outwitted by a boy.

But the baffled knights were not the men to give up the chase so easily. Twenty Pisan galleys, manned by Count Diephold's fighting-men, lay in the Cala port of Palermo. That very night, they stormed under the walls of Castellamare, routed the Saracens of the royal guard, sent Walter the Chancellor flying for his life toward Messina; and, with young Frederick in his power, Diephold, the usurping Count of Acerra, ruled Sicily in the name of the poor little king.

In the royal palace at Palermo, grand and gorgeous with columns and mosaics and gilded walls, this boy of thirteen—Frederick of Hohenstaufen, Emperor Elect of Germany, King of Sicily, and "Lord of the World"—sat, the day after his capture by Count Diephold, sad, solitary, and forlorn.

The son of Henry the Sixth of Germany, the most victorious but most cruel of the Hohenstaufen emperors, and of Constance the Empress, daughter of Roger, the great Norman King of Sicily, Frederick had begun life on December the twenty-sixth, 1194, as heir to two powerful kingdoms. His birth had been the occasion of great rejoicings, and vassal princes and courtier poets had hailed him as "the Imperial Babe, the Glory of Italy, the Heir of the Cæsars, the Reformer of the World and the Empire!" When but two years old, he had been proclaimed King of the Romans and Emperor Elect of Germany, and, when but three, he had, on the death of his father, been crowned King of Sicily and Apulia, in the great Cathedral of Palermo.

But in all those two sovereignties, no sadder-hearted nor lonelier lad could have been found than this boy of thirteen, this solitary and friendless orphan, this Frederick of Hohenstaufen, the Boy Emperor. In Germany his uncle Philip of Suabia and Otho of Brunswick disputed the imperial crown. And beautiful Sicily, the land of his birth, the land over which he was acknowledged as king, was filled with war and blood. From the lemon groves of Messina to the flowery slopes of Palermo, noble and priest, Christian and Saracen, French

and German, strove for power and ravaged the land with fire and sword. Deprived sometimes of even the necessities of life, deserted by those who should have stood loyal to him, often hungry and always friendless, shielded from absolute want only by the pity of the good burghers of Palermo, used in turn by every faction and made the excuse for every feud, this heir to so great power was himself the most powerless of kings, the most unhappy of boys. And now, as he sits in his gleaming palace, uncertain where to turn for help, all his sad young heart goes into an appealing letter which has come down to us across the centuries, and a portion of which is here given to complete the dismal picture of this worried young monarch of long ago:

"To all the Kings of the world and to all the Princes of the universe, the innocent boy, King of Sicily, called Frederick: Greeting in God's name! Assemble yourselves, ye nations; draw nigh, ye princes, and see if any sorrow be like unto my sorrow! My parents died ere I could know their caresses, and I, a gentle lamb among wolves, fell into slavish dependence upon men of various tribes and tongues. My daily bread, my drink, my freedom, all are measured out to me in scanty proportion. No king am I. I am ruled, instead of ruling. I beg favors, instead of granting them. Again and again I beseech you, O ye princes of the earth, to aid me to withstand slaves, to set free the son of Cæsar, to raise up the crown of the kingdom, and to gather together again the scattered people!"

But it is a long lane that has no turning, and before many months came another change in the kaleidoscope of this young king's fortunes. Pope Innocent the Third had been named by the Empress Constance as guardian of her orphaned boy. To him Walter the Chancellor appealed for aid. Knights and galleys were soon in readiness. Palermo was stormed. Count Diephold was overthrown and imprisoned in the castle dungeon. Kapparon and his Pisan allies and Saracen serfs were driven out of Sicily, and the "son of Cæsar" reigned as king once more. Then came a new alliance. Helped on by the Pope, a Spanish friendship ripened into a speedy marriage. Frederick was declared of age when he reached his fourteenth birthday, and a few months after, on the fifteenth of August, 1209, amid great rejoicings which filled Palermo with brilliancy and crowded the narrow and crooked streets with a glittering throng, the "Boy of Apulia," as he was called, was married to the wise and beautiful Constance, the daughter of Alfonso, King of Arragon. This alliance gave the young husband the desired opportunity; for, with five hundred foreign knights at his back, he

asserted his authority over his rebellious subjects as King of Sicily. The poor little prince, whose childhood had known only misfortune and unhappiness, became a prince indeed, and, boy though he was, took so manly and determined a stand that, ere the year was out, his authority was supreme from the walls of Palermo to the straits of Messina.

Meantime, in Germany, affairs had been going from bad to worse. Frederick's uncle, Philip of Suabia, had been assassinated at Bamberg, and Otho of Brunswick, head of the house of Guelf, crossed the Alps, was crowned Emperor at Rome, and marched into southern Italy, threatening the conquest of his boy rival's Sicilian kingdom.

Again trouble threatened the youthful monarch. Anxious faces looked seaward from the castle towers; and, hopeless of withstanding any attack from Otho's hardy and victorious troops, Frederick made preparations for flight when once his gigantic rival should thunder at Palermo's gates.

"Tidings, my lord King; tidings from the North!" said Walter the Chancellor, entering the King's apartment one bright November day in the year 1211. "Here rides a galley from Gaeta in the Cala port, and in it comes the Suabian Knight Anselm von Justingen, with a brave and trusty following. He beareth word to thee, my lord, from Frankfort and from Rome."

"How, then; has Otho some new design against our crown?" said Frederick. "I pray thee, good Chancellor, give the Knight of Suabia instant audience."

And soon, through the gothic door-way of that gorgeous palace of the old Norman and older Saracen lords of Sicily, came the bluff German Knight Anselm von Justingen, bringing into its perfumed air some of the strength and resoluteness of his sturdy Suabian breezes. With a deep salutation, he greeted the royal boy.

"Hail, O King!" he said. "I bring thee word of note. Otho, the Guelf, whom men now call Emperor, is speeding toward the North. Never more need Sicily fear his grip. The throne which he usurps is shaken and disturbed. The world needs an emperor who can check disorders and bring it life and strength. Whose hand may do this so surely as thine -- the illustrious Lord Frederick of the grand old Hohenstaufen line, the Elect King of the Romans, the Lord of Sicily?"

Frederick's eye flashed and his cheek flushed at the grand prospect thus suddenly opened before him. But he replied slowly and thoughtfully.

"By laws human and by right divine," he said, "the empire is my inheritance. But canst thou speak for the princes of the empire?"

"Ay, that can I," said the knight; "I bear with me papers signed and sent by them. We have

each of us examined as to our will. We have gone through all the customary rites. And we all in common, O King, turn our eyes to thee."

"I thank the princes for their faith and fealty," said Frederick; "but can they be trusty liegemen to a Boy Emperor?"

"Though young in years, O King," said the Suabian, "thou art old in character; though not fully grown in person, thy mind hath been by nature wonderfully endowed. Thou dost exceed the common measure of thine equals; thou art blest with virtues before thy day, as doth become one of the true blood of that august stock, the Cæsars of Germany. Thou wilt surely increase the honor and might of the empire and the happiness of us, thy loyal subjects."

"And the Pope?" queried the boy; for in those days the Pope of Rome was the "spiritual lord" of the Christian world. To him all emperors, kings, and princes owed allegiance as obedient vassals. To assume authority without the Pope's consent and blessing meant trouble and excommunication. Frederick knew this, and knew also that his former guardian, Pope Innocent, had, scarce two years before, himself crowned his rival Otho of Brunswick as Emperor of Germany.

"I am even now from Rome," replied Von Justingen; "and Pope Innocent, provoked beyond all patience at the unrighteous ways of this Emperor, falsely so called, hath excommunicated Otho, hath absolved the princes from their oath of fealty, and now sends to thee, Frederick of Hohenstaufen, his blessing and his bidding that thou go forward and enter upon thine inheritance."

The young Sicilian sat for some moments deep in thought. It was a tempting bait -- this of an imperial crown -- to one who felt it to be his by right, but who had never dared to expect nor aspire to it.

"Von Justingen," he said at last, "good knight and true, I know thou art loyal to the house of Staufen and loyal to thy German fatherland. 'T is a royal offer and a danger-fraught attempt. But what man dares, that dare I! When duty calls, foul be his fame who shrinketh from the test. The blood of kings is mine; like a king, then, will I go forward to my heritage, and win or die in its achieving!"

"There flashed the Hohenstaufen fire," said the delighted Von Justingen; "there spoke the spirit of thy grandsire, the glorious old Kaiser Red Beard! Come thou with me to Germany, my prince. We will make thee Cæsar indeed, though the false Otho and all his legions are thundering at Frankfort gates."

So, in spite of the entreaties of his queen, and the protests of his Sicilian lords, who doubted the

wisdom of the undertaking, the young monarch hurried forward the preparations for his perilous attempt. The love of adventure, which has impelled many another boy to face risk and danger, flamed high in the heart of this lad of seventeen, as, with undaunted spirit, he sought to press forward for the prize of an imperial throne. On March the eighteenth, 1212, the "Emperor of the Romans Elect," as he already styled himself, set out from orange-crowned Palermo on the "quest for his heritage" in the bleak and rugged North. The galley sped swiftly over the blue Mediterranean to the distant port of Gaeta, and upon its deck the four chosen comrades that formed his little band gathered around the fair-haired young prince, who, by the daring deed that drew him from Palermo's sun-lit walls, was to make for himself a name and fame that should send him down to future ages as *Stupor Mundi Fredericus*—"Frederick, the Wonder of the World!" In all history there is scarcely to be found a more romantic tale of wandering than this story of the adventures of young Frederick of Hohenstaufen in search of his empire.

From Palermo to strong-walled Gaeta, the "Gibraltar of Italy," from Gaeta on to Rome, he sailed with few adventures, and here he knelt before the Pope, who, as he had crowned and discrowned Otho of Brunswick, the big and burly rival of his fair young ward, now blessed and aided the "Boy from Sicily," and helped him on his way with money and advice. From Rome to Genoa, under escort of four Genoese galleys, the boy next cautiously sailed; for all the coast swarmed with the armed galleys of Pisa, the staunch supporter of the discrowned Otho. With many a tack and many a turn the galleys headed north, while the watchful lookouts scanned the horizon for hostile prows. On the first of May, the peril of Pisa was past, and Genoa's gates opened to receive him. Genoa was called the "door" to his empire, but foes and hardships lay in wait for him behind the friendly door. On the fifteenth of July, the boy and his escort of Genoese lancers climbed the steep slopes of the Ligurian hills and struck across the plains of Piedmont for the walls of Pavia, the "city of the hundred towers." The gates of the grand old Lombard capital flew open to welcome him, and royally attended, with a great crimson canopy held above his head, and knights and nobles following in his train, the "Child of Apulia" rode through the echoing streets.

But Milan lay to the north, and Piacenza to the south, both fiercely hostile cities, while the highway between Pavia and Cremona rang with the war-cries of the partisans of Otho the Guelf. So, secretly and at midnight, the Pavian escort rode with the boy out through their city gates, and moved

cautiously along the valley of the Po, to where, at the ford of the Lambro, the knights of Cremona waited in the dark of an early Sunday morning to receive their precious charge. And none too soon did they reach the ford; for, scarcely was the young emperor spurring on toward Cremona, when the Milanese troops, in hot pursuit, dashed down upon the returning Pavian escort, and routed it with great loss. But the boy rode on unharmed; and soon Cremona, since famous for its wonderful violins, hailed with loud shouts of welcome the young adventurer.

From Cremona on to Mantua, and then on to Verona, the boy was passed along by friendly hands and vigilant escorts, until straight before him the mighty wall of the Alps rose, as if to bar his further progress. But through the great hill-rifts stretched the fair valley of the Adige; and from Verona, city of palaces, to red-walled Trent, the boy and his Veronese escort hurried on along the banks of the swift-flowing river. Midway between the two cities, his escort turned back; and with but a handful of followers the young monarch demanded admittance at the gates of the old Roman town, which, overhung by great Alpine precipices, guards the southern entrance to the Tyrol. Trent received him hesitatingly; and, installed in the Bishop's palace, he and his little band sought fair escort up the valley and over the Brenner pass, the highway into Germany. But now came dreary news.

"My lord King," said the wavering Bishop of Trent, undecided which side to favor, "'t is death for you to cross the Brenner. From Innspruck down to Botzen the troops of Otho of Brunswick line the mountain-ways, and the Guelf himself, so say my coursermen, is speeding on to trap Your Mightiness within the walls of Trent."

Here was a dilemma. But trouble, which comes to "Mightinesses" as well as to untitled boys and girls, must be boldly faced before it can be overcome.

"My liege," said the Knight of Suabia, stout Anselm von Justingen, "before you lies the empire and renown; behind you, Italy and defeat. Which shall it be?"

"The empire or death!" said the resolute boy.

"But Otho guards the Brenner pass, my lord," said the Bishop.

"Is there none other road but this?" asked Frederick.

"None," replied Von Justingen, "save, indeed, the hunter's track across the western mountains to the Grisons and St. Gall. But it is beset with perils and deep with ice and snow."

"The greater the dangers faced, the greater

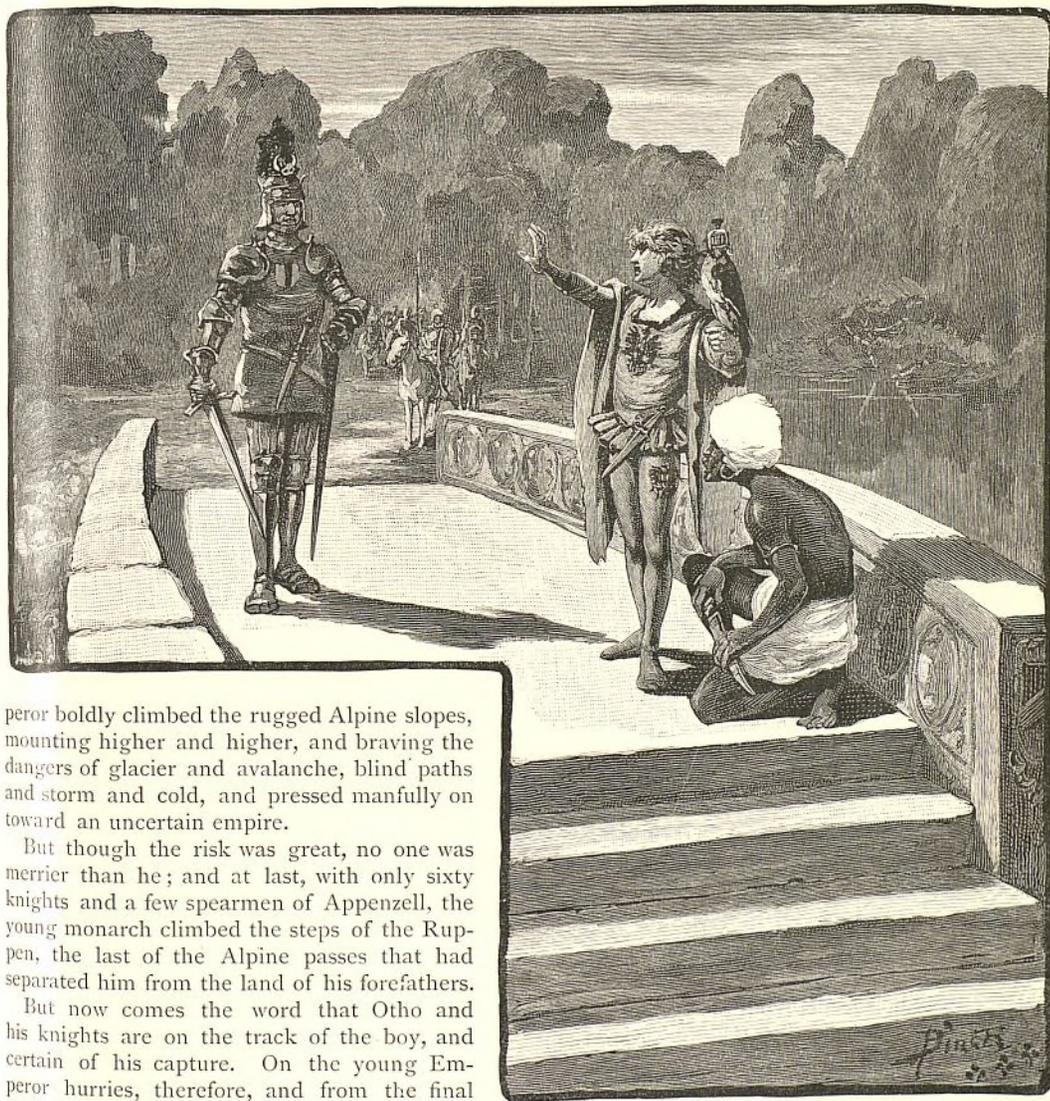
the glory gained," said plucky young Frederick. "Now, who will follow me, come danger or come death, across the mountains yonder to the empire and to fortune?" and every man of his stout little company vowed to follow him, and to stand by their young master, the Emperor elect.

So it was that, in the first months of the early fall, with a meager train of forty knights, the Boy Em-

The hurrying hoofs of the royal train clatter over the draw-bridge and through the great gate. Constance is won! but hard behind, in a cloud of dust, comes Frederick's laggard rival, Otho.

His herald's trumpet sounds a summons, and the Bishop of Constance and the Archbishop of Bari stand forward on the walls.

"What ho, there, warders of the gate!" came



peror boldly climbed the rugged Alpine slopes, mounting higher and higher, and braving the dangers of glacier and avalanche, blind paths and storm and cold, and pressed manfully on toward an uncertain empire.

But though the risk was great, no one was merrier than he; and at last, with only sixty knights and a few spearmen of Appenzell, the young monarch climbed the steps of the Ruppen, the last of the Alpine passes that had separated him from the land of his forefathers.

But now comes the word that Otho and his knights are on the track of the boy, and certain of his capture. On the young Emperor hurries, therefore, and from the final Alpine slope he sees in the distance the walls of the strong old city of Constance glittering in the sun.

Soon a messenger who has been sent forward comes spurring back. "Haste ye, my liege!" he cries. "Otho is already in sight; his pennons have been seen by the lookout on the city towers."

"CROSS AT THY PERIL, BARON KAPPARON!" (SEE PAGE 629.)

the summons of the herald; "open, open ye the gates of Constance to your master and lord, Otho the Emperor!"

The thronging spear-tips and the swaying crests of Otho's two hundred knights flashed in the sun,

and the giant form of the big Brunswicker strode out before his following. But the voice of young Frederick's stanch friend and comrade, Berard, Archbishop of Bari, rang out clear and quick.

"Tell thy master, Otho of Brunswick," he said, "that Constance gates open only at the bidding of their rightful lord, Frederick of Hohenstaufen, Emperor of the Romans and King of Sicily."

Otho, deeply enraged at this refusal, spurred furiously forward, and his knights laid spears in

And now it was won indeed. From every part of Germany came princes, nobles, and knights flocking to the Imperial standard. Otho retired to his stronghold in Brunswick; and on the fifth of December, 1212, in the old Römer, or council-house, of Frankfort, five thousand knights with the electors of Germany welcomed the "Boy from Sicily." Four days after, in the great cathedral of Mayence, the pointed arches and rounded dome of which rose high above the storied Rhine, the



rest to follow their leader; but the Bishop of Constance commanded hastily, "Ho, warders; up draw-bridge—quick!"

The great chains clanked and tightened, the heavy draw-bridge rose in air, and Otho of Brunswick saw the gates of Constance swing shut in his very face, and knew that his cause was lost.

By just so narrow a chance did young Frederick of Hohenstaufen win his Empire.

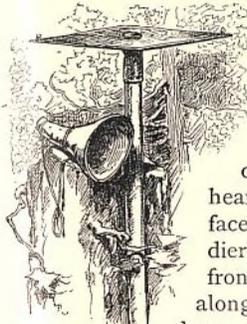
"WHAT HO, THERE, WARDERS OF THE GATE!"

sad little prince of but five years back was solemnly crowned in presence of a glittering throng, which with cheers of welcome, hailed him as Emperor.

And here we leave him. Only seventeen, Frederick of Hohenstaufen—the beggar prince, the friendless orphan of Palermo, after trials and dangers and triumphs stranger than those of any prince of fairy tales or "Arabian Nights"—entered upon a career of empire that has placed him in history as "one of the most remarkable figures of the Middle Ages."

## QUEER GAME.

BY MRS. S. B. HERRICK.



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The big  
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The chil-  
stood on the  
morning  
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fast: "My

Then the  
Will blew  
mountain  
house send  
brought an-  
door with a sudden rush.

"Well, Will!" said the new-comer, "what on earth was that for? I thought it was the crack of doom."

"That," said Will, very impressively, "was for breakfast."

"How do you manage it, old fellow?" said Arthur, making several ineffectual attempts to blow some sound out from the pierced shell which Will handed to him.

"Oh, it's easy enough when you know how," said Will, with an air of superior wisdom. "I'll teach you how after breakfast. We have n't time for it, now."

The children's cousin Arthur had come from

THE children's home was a large, rambling frame house with a great many rooms in it, and with long entries that turned

off short, as if they had heard an order, "Right about face," and obeyed with soldierly precision. Across the front of the house and all along the southern side were deep, two-storied porches with around them; prime play-places in

er they were, too. brown house was set down in the Virginia mountains. Crowding the back door were immense chestlip-poplar trees, with trunks meas-

twelve feet around. dren, Will, Harry, and little Emily, southern porch, waiting. The freshness of a perfect summer around them. Will held in large conch-shell, which he raised every now and then as he talked, dropped again. Mrs. Carrington's voice came from the dining-room, had been employed in getting out butter, honey, and cream for break-son, you may blow the horn now." conch went up to some purpose, for such a ringing blast as made the which rose abruptly behind the back a quick-replying echo, and other boyish figure out of the open

the North only the evening before, to pay them a visit at their home. It was his first experience of the old-fashioned Virginia way of living, and he naturally inquired about everything that seemed novel or strange to him, while Will felt very important at having so many questions asked which he was able to answer.

"I say, Will," said Arthur, "what are all those queer-looking little baby-houses under the trees? I never saw a whole city of baby-houses before."

"Baby-houses?—*those!*" exclaimed Will, the puzzled look on his face clearing away as he followed the direction of Arthur's gaze, "Oh, those are bee-hives."

"Harry!" continued Will, with more frankness than politeness, "what do you think? Arthur wants to know what the bee-hives are! He calls them baby-houses."

"Bee-hives!" said Arthur, rather contemptuously; "in New York we have round-topped hives, like an Eskimo hut, you know."

"Ho, ho," laughed Will. "Now, do tell me in what part of New York you saw those antediluvian bee-hives."

Brought to book, Arthur was forced to confess that he had not seen any hives at all; that his meager knowledge had been gained from a picture in one of his old scrap-books. And for the honor of his native State, he at last reluctantly admitted that perhaps they *had* given up straw hives and used the patent Langstroth hive, and that New York bee-keepers did not now have to smother every swarm of bees in order to secure their winter stock of honey.

"Of course they don't," said Harry; "Father bought his hives in New York at first, and his Italian queen-bee, too."

The boys' eager talk of bees, bee-keeping, and bee-hunting was interrupted by Mr. Carrington's coming in from the orchard with a basket of great rosy peaches in his hand.

"Come, boys," he said cheerily, "lend us a hand at breakfast; plenty of time for talking afterward."

"Yes; and a safer place for talking, too!" exclaimed Arthur, as he retreated in-doors to escape the hum of a bee which seemed to him to be dangerously near his ears.

"Father," said Will, breaking the silence which

accompanied the first onslaught upon batter-cakes, corn-bread, and rolls, "can't you take Arthur and Harry and me out bee-hunting with you to-day, and give Arthur the bees and honey we find, just

ton answered, good-humoredly. "We shall don our coats of mail before we invade their territory."

When the boys had disposed of their breakfast, and were fidgeting in their chairs, longing to be off, Mr. Carrington went into a store-room, called by common consent "the bee-room," and brought out the "coats of mail." First came the helmet, which was a cylinder of wire-gauze about fifteen inches high and nine across, just large enough to slip over his head and rest comfortably on his shoulders. This bee-hat was closed over the top by a round piece of calico; on the bottom was sewed a curtain of the same calico slit up in two places on opposite sides.

Mr. Carrington arranged the cylinder so that these slits came over his broad shoulders, tucking one-half the curtain into the back of his coat, while the other half he buttoned inside his coat in front. He then drew on a pair of india-rubber gardening gauntlets. "Now," he said, "I am bee-proof. Put this other hat and pair of gloves on yourself, my boy, and let us have a look at the hives."

Arthur equipped himself in the novel suit of armor, and followed his uncle out to bee-town.

Mr. Carrington stopped before the shelving platform in front of a

hive. Taking hold by the projecting eaves of the flat roof, he lifted off the top, showing a square box in which hung six oblong frames, which were full of delicious honey-combs of a delicate creamy yellow, and fragrant with the odor of flowers. A few bees were crawling over the combs, but only a few, and these seemed very peacefully inclined.

"Did those few bees make all that honey?" said Arthur.

"No, indeed," said his uncle; "we are coming to the bees presently. This is only a store-house where the bees put the honey for me, after they have filled their own hive, which is underneath this. I will come to their home when I have disposed of these combs.

Carefully removing the frames, Mr. Carrington uncovered the lower box, and began taking out the frame of comb from it. This honey looked very different from that in the upper story. Instead of being a delicate yellow, the comb was of an ugly brown, some of the cells capped over with a shallow-



THE PICTURE IN ARTHUR'S OLD SCRAP-BOOK.

as you did last summer with Harry and me? Wont you, Father?"

"Yes," said Mr. Carrington; "that is a very good idea. To-day is just the day for a bee-hunt. If Arthur does n't feel too tired after his journey, we will go and see if we can find my bee-tree. I have caught and sent out half a dozen wild bees in the pasture just over the mountain, and I think the tree can not be more than two miles away."

"Caught and sent out bees, Uncle Hugh!" said Arthur, bewildered; "what do you mean?"

"I will show you better than I can tell you, if you feel like going," answered his uncle.

"I'm not tired before breakfast, Uncle," said Arthur; "of course I feel like going."

"In the meantime I will let you into some of the secrets of bee-housekeeping in the village under the chestnuts, as soon as we have finished breakfast," said his uncle.

"Wont they sting?" said Arthur, rather timidly.

"We shall provide against that," Mr. Carring-

domed roof of wax, others open and full of honey. The whole comb was swarming with bees, sucking away at the honey, as if for dear life.

"What makes this comb so brown, Uncle Hugh?" said Arthur.

"It is old comb," said Mr. Carrington, "and has been used over and over again for different purposes; for storing honey and bee-bread, and even as cradles for the baby bees. When a young bee is hatched and leaves its cell, it leaves behind its first baby-clothes, which, of course, are the cocoon, or chrysalis, in which it grew from the maggot state into its perfect beehood. When the infant bee comes out of its cell, other bees go in to clean out the deserted chamber. Instead of throwing out the baby-clothes they find there, they glue them carefully against the walls of the cell, thus thickening and strengthening it, but at the same time making it look ugly and brown. Some cells have been found to have a series of seven or eight of these linings, one corresponding to each baby that has been hatched there. After awhile the cell gets too small for cradle purposes, and then it is used as a store-room."

"Notice these bees, Arthur; see, here is a brown bee; these others, you see, are yellow. The brown bees are wild bees; the yellow ones are Italian. See, here is a beauty," he said, taking up a light-

don't you see the golden bands across the body? That shows it to be an Italian."

"And are the Italian bees better than the wild

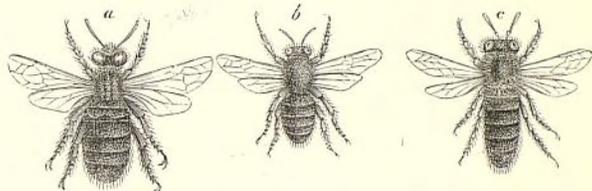


FIG. 1. BEES. (NATURAL SIZE.)  
a, drone; b, worker; c, queen.

bees?" further queried his nephew, as he carefully examined the pretty one his uncle held.

"They are gentler," said Mr. Carrington, stroking the bee tenderly with the tip of his gloved finger, as though he loved it. "And it is said that the Italian bee has a longer proboscis, and so can get honey from the red clover, which is so abundant hereabout. I thought they were better; for, when I was a very poor man, I bought an Italian queen-bee in the big city of New York, and paid twenty dollars for her, and I have never yet repented of my extravagance. I have now sixty-nine hives of pure Italian bees, and they are all the descendants of my pretty queen. Allowing forty thousand bees to a swarm, which is a moderate number, it is not a bad showing for her majesty. Let me see, forty

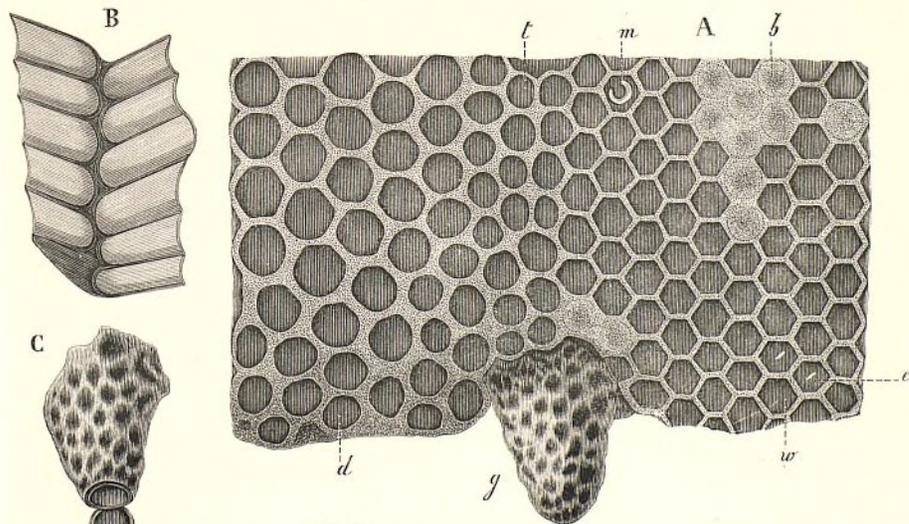


FIG. 2.

A, comb; a, drone cells; w, worker cells; t, store cells of intermediate size; b, capped honey cells; m, cell with maggot; e, cells with eggs; g, queen cell; B, sidewise view of comb; C, queen cell with lid cut off by bees to let her majesty out.

yellow bee on the forefinger of his clumsy india-rubber glove; "this is a pure Italian bee."

"What is the difference, Uncle Hugh?" asked Arthur.

"The difference?" said Mr. Carrington. "Why,

thousand by sixty-nine makes — well, at least two and a half millions of living descendants, besides dozens of queens I have given away, with all their descendants; these, added to the multitudes that have lived and died in the meantime, must make,



THE ORIGINAL BEE-HUNTERS.

all together, not far from two hundred millions in twelve years."

Taking out frame after frame, Mr. Carrington looked carefully over each one as he talked. "See here, my boy; here, in this knot of bees, is the queen. She is the mother of every Italian queen in this hive and of many thousands of bees besides. There she is, the one with the long, slender body. See how different she is from the worker bees. Here is a drone, too, that has somehow managed to escape the August slaughter. See how heavy and

clumsy he looks. Here are all three kinds of bees together,—queen, workers, and drones."

"What is the August slaughter? Do you kill the drones in August?" asked Arthur.

"No," said Mr. Carrington, "I do not, but the working bees do. In August, usually, but always after midsummer, the bees become tired of supporting the drones in idleness, so they sting them to death. I opened this hive," added Mr. Carrington, "on purpose to show you a queen's cell. Do you see that thing like a peanut, hanging from the

lower edge of the comb? [Fig. 2, g]. That is the cell of a new queen the bees are making. This [Fig. 2, A] is a very irregular piece of comb; on the left are the large cells, the drone cells, on the right are the worker cells, and between the two are intermediate sizes; many people consider the perfect symmetry of honey-comb a great marvel. It seems to me that these irregularities are much more marvelous, for the bees evidently reason about it; they never waste a bit of room.

"These brood cells, that is, the cells in which the queen lays her eggs, are either drone size for drone eggs, or worker size for worker eggs. She makes no mistakes."

"What? Do you mean that the queen always lays the right egg in the right place? How can she know?" said Arthur.

"That is one of the mysteries, but it is a fact. So long as a queen retains her faculties, she makes no mistakes; sometimes a queen grows very old, or for some other well-known reason becomes a little 'cracked,' then she does make mistakes. But our little queen, here, is a very Elizabeth for intelligence. You see, up there among the worker cells, one [Fig. 2, m] with a small white worm in it. Well, that is about as sure to come out a worker when it hatches as that the sun will rise to-morrow. See, here [Fig. 2, d] are some drone cells, and here again [b] capped-over honey cells."

"Uncle, you said just now that the bees were 'making a queen.' How can they *make* a queen?" asked Arthur.

"That is a long story, and I must leave it for another time. It will keep," answered Uncle Hugh, with a good-humored smile.

After an early dinner Mr. Carrington, Will, Harry, and Arthur, loaded with bee-hats, gloves, and other paraphernalia, stood on the porch, waiting for the start. Little Emily, looking wistfully at them, said: "Father, may n't I go, too?"

"O, no!" said Harry, "girls are a nuisance; they are always tumbling down, or hurting themselves, or tearing their clothes."

"No, little one; I am afraid you would not be able to stand the walk," said her father.

"Yes, I would, Papa. I stood the walk to church last Sunday, and it was three miles."

"Yes, Father," said Will, "she did. If she gets tired, I'll help her. She's a brave little body."

"Well, run in and see what Mamma says; tell her it's a good two miles to the bee-tree and back, and ask her if she thinks you can stand it," said Mr. Carrington.

"Mother says," said Emily, out of breath, "that she thinks I can stand it, and that Aunt Nancy lives in that d'rection, an' if I get tired, I can stay with Aunt Nancy till you come back."

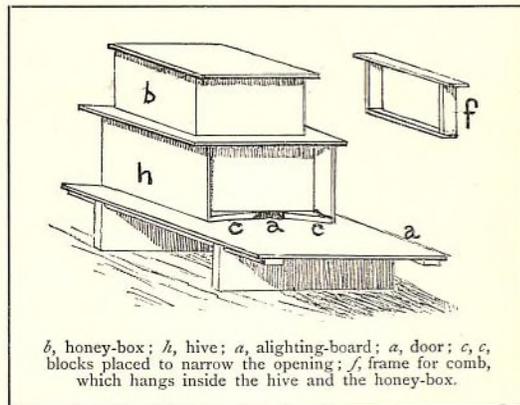
"Aunt Nancy" was an old colored woman, who often worked about the house for Mrs. Carrington.

"Very well, daughter," said her father; "get your own little bee-hat and gloves, and come on."

The party started off, Mr. Carrington taking the lead with his staff, the boys following with boxes and baskets for the bees and the honey they were to capture, little Emily trudging on cheerfully behind with a bundle of rags in one hand, and the other clasped closely in Arthur's. The boys were talking eagerly with their Father and one another.

"I wish to look a little closer at that staff your father has in his hand," said Arthur to Will.

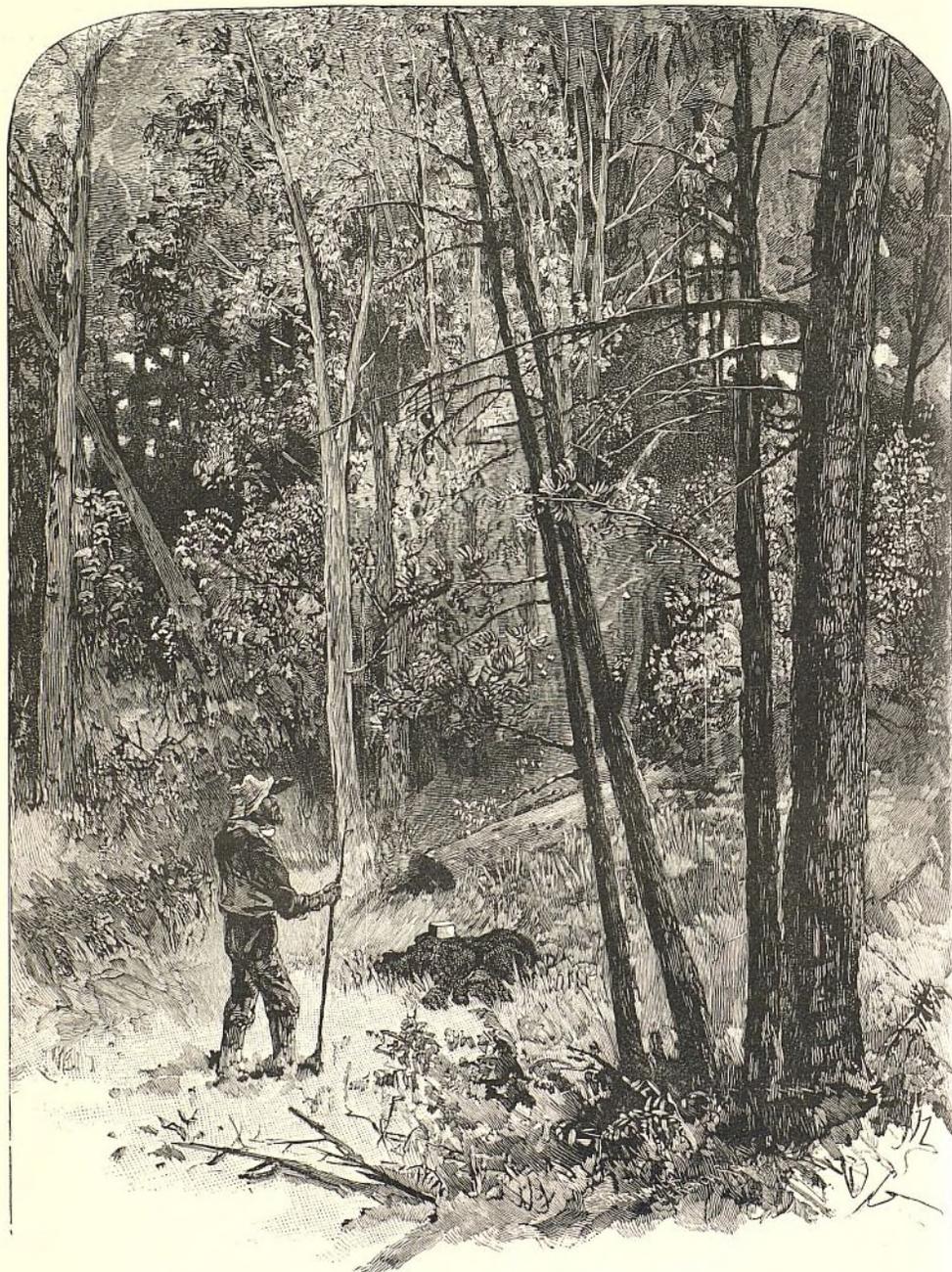
Mr. Carrington's staff [see initial letter] was a long stout stick, having an iron point on the lower



ONE OF MR. CARRINGTON'S HIVES.

end, and on the upper a small diamond-shaped platform, nine by five inches, making it appear, as you looked at it sidewise, a long-legged letter T, with a very short cross-piece above. On the little platform, at the two sharp ends of the diamond, were two pins for "sights," like the little knobs on a rifle by which the hunter takes aim. Besides this staff, Mr. Carrington had with him a small trumpet-shaped implement made out of a common gourd, in the small end of which a piece of glass was fitted,—a sort of gourd-funnel with the small end covered with glass. He also had a piece of full honey-comb and a bottle of anise oil.

"Boys," said Mr. Carrington, "I know just about where our bee-tree is, for I have been looking out for it during all the week; so we can manage the whole business this afternoon. Usually," he said, turning to Arthur, "we hunt our bee-tree and mark it one day, and go out for the bees and honey another. Marking a tree with my initials makes that tree mine, according to the bee-hunters' code, no matter on whose land the tree may be. We always ask permission of the owner, of course, but it is never refused. Trees are not



MOSE TAKING THE CROSS-LINE.

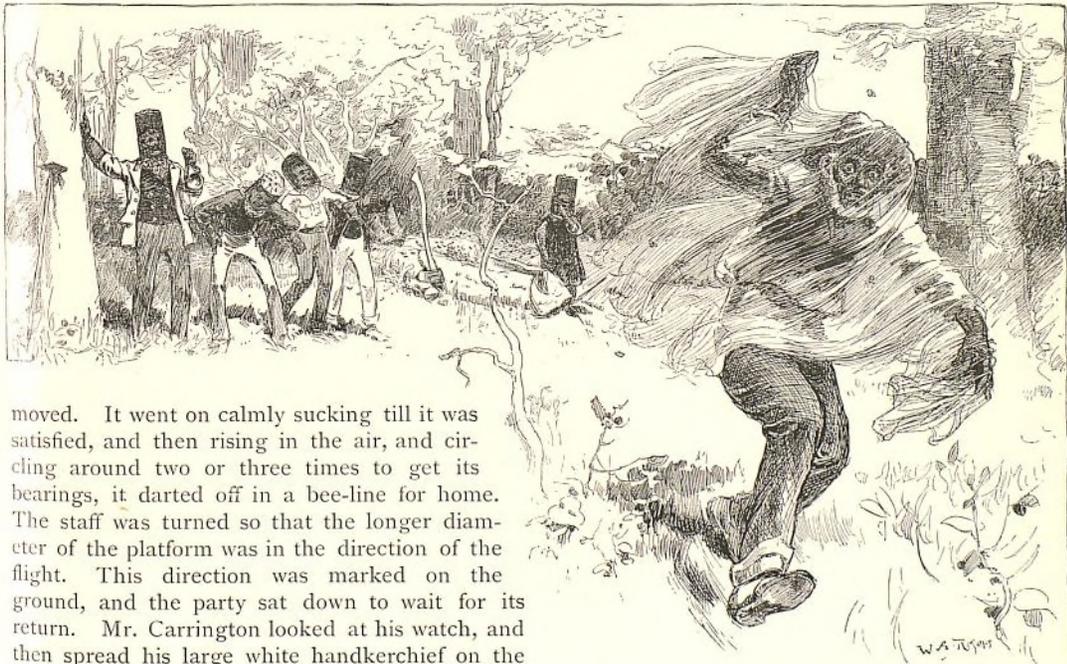
counted for much hereabout; besides, the bees always go into hollow trees, which are of very little value. In old times bees were hunted very differently from our modern methods. The bees were sacrificed for the honey: the goose that laid the golden egg was slain. Christian bee-hunters were about

upon a par with the original wild hunters of the woods, the bears and the Indians. But now bee-culture is getting to be a great industry all over America, especially in California and the great West."

The party mounted a steep ridge of land north of

the house, went "over the mountain," as the boys called it, and soon were beyond the home beepasture. They then began their search for bees. In a few minutes Will caught one tipling in the bell of a wild morning-glory still wide open in the cool shadow of a large rock. He caught it, and brought it—buzzing and scolding in its fragrant prison-house—to his father. Mr. Carrington struck the iron point of his staff into the ground, laid the piece of honey-comb, saturated with anise, on the diamond-shaped platform, and then carefully transferred the bee from the flower to his little gourd, closing the larger end with the palm of his hand, and turning the smaller end (with the glass in it) uppermost. The bee at once rose to the light; he then placed the larger end of the trumpet on the comb and waited, covering the glass end with his hand. The bee, attracted by the smell of honey and anise,—which bees love,—dropped down upon the comb and began to fill itself with honey; this a frightened bee always does. When the bee became tranquil and happy, sucking its beloved nectar, the trumpet was re-

swarm has grown so large as to crowd the hive and they are going to found a colony, or 'swarm,' as it is called; in which case each family will need a sovereign. As soon as it is clear to the wisacres that it will be necessary to send off a swarm, the bees go to work to make a queen. A worker maggot, or if there happens to be none in the hive, a worker egg, is selected near the edge of the comb. Two cells next door to the one in which this maggot is are cleared out, and the dividing walls are cut down, so that three ordinary cells are turned into one. The food which the worker worm has been feeding on is removed, and the little creature is supplied with a new kind of food,—a royal jelly. Change of food, a larger room, and a different position,—for you remember in the comb I showed you yesterday the queen's cell hangs down instead of being horizontal,—these three changes of treatment turn the bee that is developing from a worker into a queen. She is different in her outer shape, different in almost all her organs, and different in every single instinct. There is nothing else in all nature that seems to me more wonderful than this.

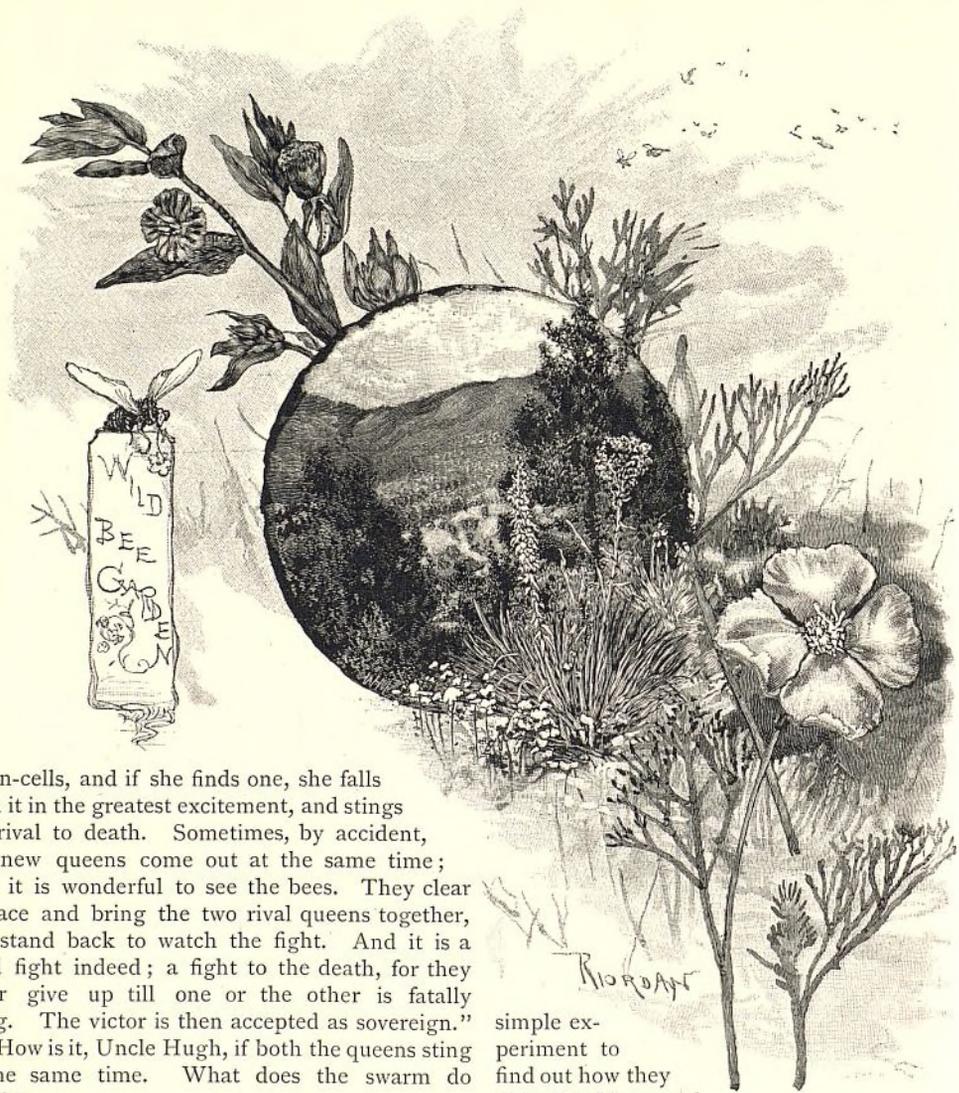


moved. It went on calmly sucking till it was satisfied, and then rising in the air, and circling around two or three times to get its bearings, it darted off in a bee-line for home. The staff was turned so that the longer diameter of the platform was in the direction of the flight. This direction was marked on the ground, and the party sat down to wait for its return. Mr. Carrington looked at his watch, and then spread his large white handkerchief on the grass beside him to help the bee to find them again.

"Yesterday I told you, Arthur, that I would answer your question about 'making a queen,'" he said. "Now is a good time, while we are waiting for our recent visitor to find us again. Bees do not usually want more than one queen at a time. In fact, they will not have more than one unless the

"MOSE WAS FLYING AT FULL SPEED, HIS ROSY DRAPERY STREAMING IN THE AIR." (SEE PAGE 645.)

"For fear that one queen may not come out all right the provident little creatures usually start two or three queen-cells at once. It is curious to watch the first queen as she comes out. She moves up and down the combs, looking for other



queen-cells, and if she finds one, she falls upon it in the greatest excitement, and stings her rival to death. Sometimes, by accident, two new queens come out at the same time; then it is wonderful to see the bees. They clear a space and bring the two rival queens together, and stand back to watch the fight. And it is a royal fight indeed; a fight to the death, for they never give up till one or the other is fatally stung. The victor is then accepted as sovereign."

"How is it, Uncle Hugh, if both the queens sting at the same time. What does the swarm do then?"

"That, I believe, never happens. When the two queens find themselves in such a position that they both will certainly be stung, if they go on, they withdraw and 'start fair' again," replied his uncle.

"What happens if a queen dies?" asked Arthur.

"At first the bees seem filled with consternation; there is a great hurrying and scurrying through the hive. Knots of bees gather at the comb-corners, and discuss the political event. They do not speak, exactly, but they manage to make themselves understood; for after a few hours they quiet down and begin making a queen. Huber, the great bee-student, who, though blind, found out more about their ways and manners than all the seeing eyes in the world before him, made a very

simple experiment to find out how they did talk. He passed

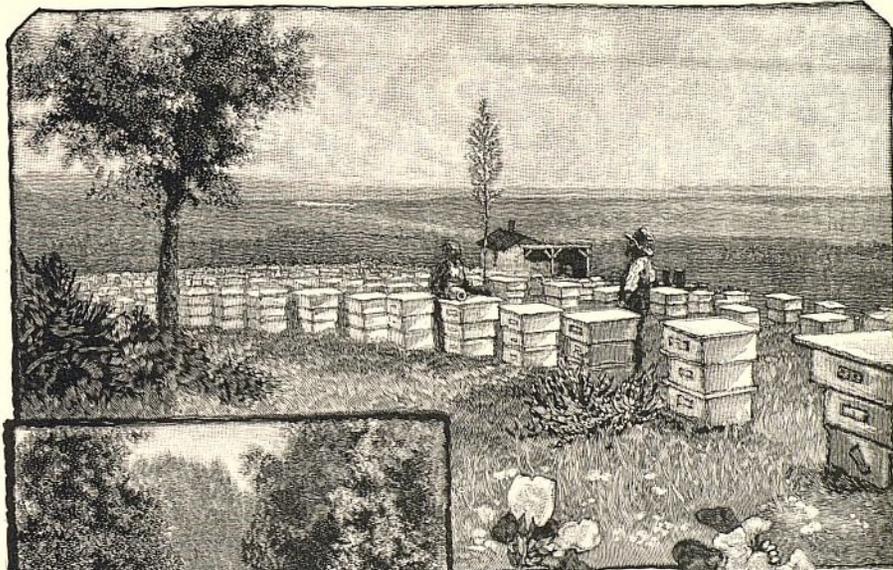
a fine wire grating, too fine for the bees to get through, between the combs in a hive, making two separate colonies out of the one swarm. At first the half left queenless was in a great excitement; pretty soon, however, they quieted down and went to work as usual. Somehow, they had found out that the queen was safe and sound, though they could not see nor touch her. He then put another grating beside the first, but about half an inch from it. The queenless half became excited, and finally began to build queen-cells. If the news had been communicated by sight or smell or sound, it would have gone through two gratings as well as through one; but if it had been told by touching *antennae*, the two gratings would put

an entire stop to conversation, so he thought; and other people, since, have found that such is their way of talking.

"In a great many other ways queens are different from common bees. Her majesty is required to do no work; she is cared for and fed and cuddled up warm by other bees. All she has to do

may hold her and tease her, even tear her limb from limb, if you have the heart to be so cruel, and she will never sting you; but just let her meet another queen and then you will see her sting."

"There," said Mr. Carrington, starting up, "see, there is my bee back at the honey, and it has brought a friend with it." Then, looking at his



is to lay eggs, and that, I must do her justice to say, she does well. She lays sometimes 3000 eggs a day, for days together. There is one very curious thing I forgot to tell you about the queens; a queen-bee will never sting anything but another queen. You

watch, "It has been gone just four minutes; the tree can not be over a mile from here, by a rough calculation."

The trumpet was clapped down over the sucking bee. Again it was allowed to fill itself, and the party rose and walked forward in the line of the former flight.

A few minutes' walk and Aunt Nancy's house came in sight. It was a single-roomed cabin made of rough logs filled in with sun-dried mud. At one end was a chimney made in the same way, of logs plastered with mud. Uncle Mose, Aunt Nancy's husband, was sitting on a splint-bottomed chair tipped against the wall, fast asleep in the sun.

"Well, Emily, do you wish to stay here with good old 'Aunt Nancy,' or will you go on with us?" said Mr. Carrington.

"I will go with you, Father; I'm not even a tiny bit tired," said the little girl.

"Mose!" called Mr. Carrington. "Come, wake up, and help us cut down our bee-tree!"

A BEE-RANCH  
IN LOWER  
CALIFORNIA.

"Law, Mars' Hugh, I war' n't 'sleep; I war' jist a-steddyin'," said Mose, rubbing his eyes.

"Well, old man, forego your studies for a little while, and come and help us. You'd better take one of these boys' bee-hats."

"Law, no, Mars' Hugh; de bees don't eber trouble me, and dose bee-hats hinder my sight."

Mose disappeared in the cabin, and came out bearing a large piece of brilliant pink mosquito-netting and an axe.

"I 'll jist carry 'long dis, wha' de ol' woman kivers up her i'ned clo'es wif, to keep 'em from de flies, and I 'll be all right," said Mose.

"You 'll be sorry if you put that thing on; it's worse than nothing," said Mr. Carrington.

"Mars' Hugh," said Mose, impressively, "I knows I 's an ign'ant ol' niggah, but I does know some fings."

"Very well," said Mr. Carrington, "this is a free country, and if you like to be stung, far be it from me to interfere with your rights."

The boys laughed, and Mose put on an added shade of dignity.

"Now, Mose," said Mr. Carrington, "give me your mosquito-netting, and take my staff with this bee on it, and get the other line while I get mine again with the second bee, which seems to have eaten its full."

"Arthur," said his uncle, "you see if Mose marks a line by one bee from away over there, and I mark another from here by the other bee, since they both fly straight, the bee-tree must be where these two lines meet. If you were a surveyor, you could tell me just where that point would be. I, being a woodsman, can tell you pretty nearly as well."

"The tree is about a half a mile from here, nor nor' east," he said, returning after a little time, having marked Mose's line. "Now for it, boys, with a will!"

Picking up their traps they started off in good heart over the rough ground, even little Emily, with her parcel of rags, merry at their good fortune. They followed the bee-line as nearly as possible, Mr. Carrington keeping his hat covered with his handkerchief, with staff and anised honey-comb exposed, so as to draw other bees by both sight and smell. They captured many bees, released them, and found their bee-line true. Before long they noticed one of the released bees going back in the direction they had come.

"Ah, little tell-tale!" said Mr. Carrington, "we 've passed your tree, have we? Well, we have not passed it far!"

They turned upon their steps, and soon found an old Spanish oak, which looked as if it might be the tree, but they could see no hole.

"Never mind, boys, trust to the bees again," said Mr. Carrington. "They have not guided us all this way through the woods to fail us at last. Every one of you look at that clear space between the boughs. You will probably see the bees passing and repassing. Look sharp, boys!"

They all looked earnestly at the spot indicated, but could make out nothing.

"Father, I see the bees!" exclaimed Emily, in her high treble. "They 're going in right over your head."

Sure enough, the little girl had discovered the opening into the hollow tree, not two feet above her father's hat.

"Here, Mose," said Mr. Carrington, "here 's your bobinet."

"Yes, sah," said Mose, enveloping himself in folds of pink mosquito-netting, looking preternaturally solemn as the children all laughed.

"Where are your rags, Emily?" said her father. Taking them, he set them a-smoldering, and pushed them into the hole above his head.

Mose could not get over his grievance, but was heard muttering between the blows of his axe, "Nev' you min', Mars Will, I tole you once, an' I tell you ag'in, de bees don't ever trouble 'bout me."

In a few minutes, after Mr. Carrington, Will, and Mose had taken their turns at the axe, the tree began to show signs of falling; finally it swayed, and under Mose's skillful strokes crashed down, the opening into the wild bees' home lying uppermost. A log about five feet long, containing the hollow, was soon chopped out, and this carefully split open, showing sheets of comb and masses of bees within.

Though much quieted by the smoking, some of the bees dashed out angrily. All the party but Mose being protected by bee-hats were safe, but the old man's mosquito-netting proved a poor protection. Beating off the bees, he rushed away, more and more frantic with their buzzing and their stings, and the last thing Mr. Carrington and the boys saw of Mose he was flying at full speed, his dignity all forgotten, his rosy drapery streaming like an aurora in the air. The boys shouted, and even Mr. Carrington could not help laughing at the poor old fellow. When they turned to their work again, little Em was found sitting by the tree sobbing, and vainly trying to wipe away her tears with the large india-rubber gauntlets through the wire-gauze of her bee-hat. She was a pitiful, absurd little figure, and the boys laughed silently over her unconscious head, while they spoke comforting words to her.

Before the bees had been boxed, and the honey

bucketed, Mose came back, as dignified as ever, to help "tote de stings home."

"How 're your stings, Uncle Mose?" said Will.

"My stings 're all right, Mars' Will," said Mose solemnly; "I tol' you de bees did n' ever trouble me."

The return cavalcade took up its line of march, Mose carrying the bucket of honey, Will and his father the box of bees, and the other two boys took the little girl between them, jumping her over the rough places.

A weary party reached home just as the cows were coming up to be milked and the cool breath of evening was rising out of its ambush in the deep

valleys beyond; but it was a very merry party, in spite of its weariness.

Mr. Carrington and Will carried their box of wild bees—there were almost two pecks of bees—and emptied them out on the alighting-board of a hive ready-stocked with combs and bread to make it seem home-like to them; and then all went upstairs to make ready for their early country tea.

"Arthur," said his uncle, when they were seated around the table, a half an hour later, "you have a nice little nest-egg out there in the hive under the trees. Many a man has made a fortune with a poorer start. Let us see what you will do with your captured treasure, my boy."



## MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.\*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

### CHAPTER III.

#### UNCLE CHARLEY MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

OUR friends drove on until late in the afternoon before they found a suitable spot on which to camp, under some scrubby oak-trees, beside a sluggish little brook. There was a spring of very good water close by. A farm-house was in sight, on a high swell of the prairie. It was flanked by broad-winged barns, and half-hidden in a dusky apple-orchard. A tall windmill, with a gayly painted wheel, was shining and fluttering in the bright sunlight.

As soon as the wagons were stopped the dogs leaped out and ran to wallow in the brook.

The man who had driven the camp-wagon soon had the horses cared for and the tents put up. The luncheon brought from home was spread upon a clean cloth, and the boys thought they had never before eaten anything quite so good. The long ride in the open air and the excitement of the sport had whetted their appetites. Hugh said the sun had burned the back of his neck so badly that he believed the skin would come off;

but he was ready to follow the man-of-all-work to the farm-house, where they got a basket of apples. While they were gone Uncle Charley gave Neil his first lesson in handling a gun.

"The first thing to be learned," said he, "is to stand properly. Plant both your feet naturally and firmly on the ground, so that the joints of your legs are neither stiff nor bent; then lean the upper part of your body slightly forward. Grip the gunstock just behind the guard with the right hand, the forefinger lightly touching the foremost trigger, that is, the trigger of the right-hand barrel. The stock of the gun, a few inches in front of the guard, must rest easily in the hollow of the left hand. Hold the muzzle of the gun up and slanting away from you, so that the lower end of the butt is just lower than your right elbow. Now, if both hammers have been cocked, and you gently and swiftly draw the butt of the gun up to and against the hollow of the right shoulder, you will find yourself in good position for taking aim, which is best done by keeping both eyes wide open, and looking straight over the rib between the barrels with the right eye."

Neil took Uncle Charley's gun, and began to

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try to follow his instructions. "But how am I to tell when I am sighting with my right eye, if I keep both eyes open?" inquired he.

"Oh, you 'll soon discover that trick," said Uncle Charley, "by fixing your aim with both eyes open, and then, holding it perfectly steady, closing the left eye; if the line of sight now changes, you have not sighted correctly; if it remains fixed, the aim has been taken with the right eye."

Neil tried it over and over with great care, until he was quite sure he had mastered the method. He was a cool-headed, methodical boy, not in the least nervous, and what he undertook he always tried to do well.

"Be careful there!" cried Uncle Charley, as Neil lowered the gun to the ground, "never set your gun down with a hammer up. That is the cause of many deplorable accidents."

"Oh, I forgot!" said Neil, his face flushing.

"You must never forget anything when you are handling fire-arms. To avoid accident you must be constantly on the alert and cautious, not overlooking even the slightest precaution."

When Hugh and the man returned from the farm-house, the sun had sunk low down in the west, and the prairie-chickens were booming their peculiar calls far out on the rolling plain.

"Hugh," said Uncle Charley, "I shall leave you and Mr. Hurd" (the man-of-all-work) "in charge of the camp, while Neil and I go for a short tramp among the chickens."

Then he took his gun, and calling the dogs, started down the side of the little stream, closely followed by Neil. Hugh felt quite tired, so he lay down at the root of a tree and soon fell into a light, sweet sleep, while Mr. Hurd went about preparing the supper.

When they had gone a little way from camp, Uncle Charley said to Neil:

"Here, take my gun and let's see if you can kill a prairie-chicken."

Of course Neil was delighted. He took the gun, and eagerly followed the dogs, as they showed signs of scenting game down the stream. Very soon a large bird flew up from among some low willows and thick grass at the water's edge. As quickly as possible Neil took the best aim he could, and fired first the right barrel, then the left; but the big bird flew on as though nothing had happened.

Uncle Charley laughed heartily, and Neil looked rather stupid and abashed at his failure.

"If you had killed that duck, you would have been liable to a fine," said Uncle Charley.

"Why, was that a duck? I thought it was a grouse," exclaimed Neil.

"Well, you're saved this time," added Uncle

Charley; "those cartridges you fired had no shot in them!"

"I thought something was wrong," said Neil, "for I aimed exactly at that bird."

"Well, I'll put some properly loaded cartridges in the gun now," said Uncle Charley, laughing grimly; "but you must n't fire at any bird but a prairie-chicken, because the law forbids it at this season."

They went on, and the dogs soon pointed a flock of grouse in some low dry grass on a windy swell of the prairie. Neil had seven fair shots, and killed just one bird. He could not understand how this could happen. He tried very hard to aim just as he had been instructed, but he kept missing, nevertheless.

When it had begun to grow dusky on the prairie, and they had turned toward the camp, Uncle Charley explained to Neil why he had missed so many birds. He said:

"For one thing, you are in too great a hurry, and consequently shoot too soon. Then, too, you aim right at a flying bird, which is wrong, save when it flies directly away from you. It is absolutely necessary to aim somewhat ahead of the game when its course is to left or to right of your line of aim."

Neil was thoughtful for a moment. "Ah, I see into the philosophy of it," he said; "you mean that the bird flies a little way while the shot are flying to it, and consequently, if I aim right at it, the shot will probably go behind it."

"Precisely," said Uncle Charley.

"Well, I'll not forget that lesson," Neil murmured. "The bird that I killed was flying straight away from me."

When they reached the camp, it was quite dark, save that Mr. Hurd had a fire blazing, which lighted up a large space. A pot of coffee was steaming on a bed of coals, and some birds were broiling, filling the air with a savory smell that made Neil very hungry. They were rather surprised to find a strange man sitting by the fire. He stood up when they approached, and then he and Uncle Charley hastened toward each other and shook hands.

"Why, my old friend Marvin, how glad I am to see you!" cried Uncle Charley.

"Charley, my boy, how d'ye do?" said Marvin.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### MARVIN THE MARKET-HUNTER.

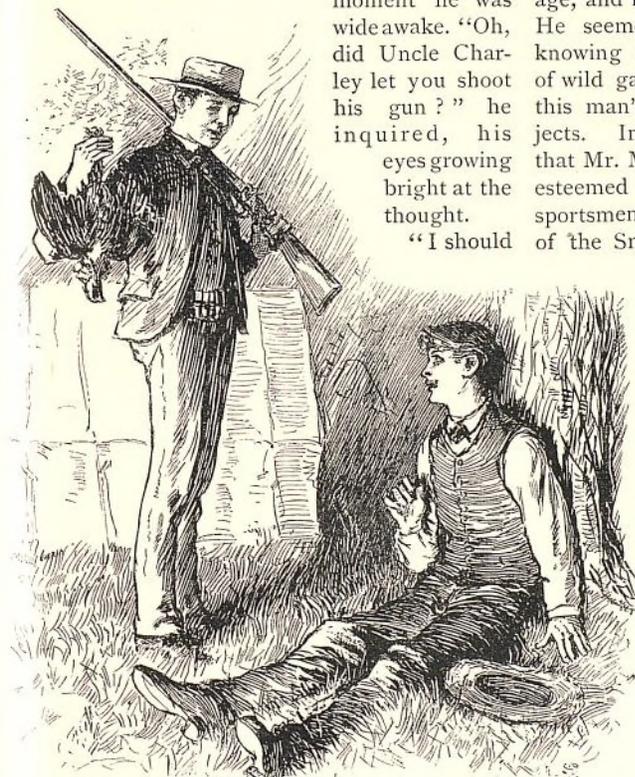
HUGH had been quietly sleeping all this time at the root of the tree; but when he heard Uncle Charley's voice, he awoke and sat up, rub-

bing his eyes with his fists. At first he could hardly remember where he was, and stared wildly about him; everything looked so strange in the glare of the firelight.

"See what I brought down!" cried Neil, going up to his brother and holding out the prairie-chicken.

Hugh's memory cleared as by magic, and in a moment he was wide awake. "Oh, did Uncle Charley let you shoot his gun?" he inquired, his eyes growing bright at the thought.

"I should



NEIL'S FIRST PRAIRIE-CHICKEN.

think he did," said Neil; "have n't you heard me firing away?"

"I believe I've been asleep," said Hugh; "but who is the gentleman Uncle Charley is talking with?"

"His name is John Marvin; they seem to be old friends; Mr. Hurd says he's a market-hunter."

"What is a market-hunter?" asked Hugh.

"A market-hunter is a man who kills game to sell. He makes his living by hunting," replied Neil.

Supper was soon ready, and Marvin joined them in eating the well-cooked meal. It delighted the boys to hear him and Uncle Charley talk over their hunting adventures and their experiences by flood and field, they had been to so many wild and interesting places, and had seen so many strange birds and animals.

Mr. Marvin said he had been having good luck with prairie-chickens since the opening of the season. Birds, he said, were far more plentiful than usual, and he hoped to make enough money, by the time cold weather came on, to enable him to go South, where he hoped to hunt throughout the coming winter.

Mr. Marvin was a man of about fifty years of age, and had followed market-hunting all his life. He seemed to know everything that is worth knowing about guns and dogs and the habits of wild game. Uncle Charley evidently regarded this man's opinions as authority on outdoor subjects. In fact, Neil and Hugh soon discovered that Mr. Marvin was a very well-known and highly esteemed man among the best class of American sportsmen and naturalists. He was a regular agent of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington for collecting rare specimens of nests, eggs, birds, fishes, and animals.

They all sat up quite far into the night, planning various little expeditions, and enjoying the cool breeze and the fresh perfume of the prairie; and when they lay down in their tents they slept until the eastern sky was growing bright with dawn.

Marvin's tent was only a little way up the brook from those of Uncle Charley and the boys. Just after breakfast he hastened down to say that he had seen a large flock of grouse alight in a field of oat-stubble on the neighboring farm. Uncle Charley made short work with the rest of his meal, slipped on his long rubber boots to protect his feet and legs from the heavy dew, called the dogs, seized his gun, and was off with Marvin before the boys were half through breakfast.

Not many minutes later the guns began to boom.

Neil and Hugh could easily distinguish the sound of Marvin's gun from that of Uncle Charley, for the reason that Marvin used a heavy ten-bore gun with five drams of powder and an ounce and a quarter of shot for a charge.

Hugh said that gun sounded like a young cannon.

As the sun rose higher and the grass began to dry, the boys went for a stroll along the brook. They found many beautiful wild flowers, the loveliest ones being large white water-lilies, with broad thin leaves floating on a still pond. While looking at these, they saw an old duck with her half-grown brood of young ones hastily swimming away to hide among the tall weeds on the farther side of the water.

"I see now why the law forbids shooting ducks in summer," said Neil. "If one were to shoot that old duck now, the young ones would not know what to do; they would probably wander about for a few days and die."

The boys gathered some lilies and carried them back to the camp. Uncle Charley and Marvin returned about ten o'clock with a heavy load of birds. Marvin had killed twenty-three and Uncle Charley nine.

"It's no use for me to shoot with Marvin," said the latter, in a tone of good-natured chagrin; "he always doubles my score."

Through the middle of the day, while it was too hot to hunt, they all lay in the shade of the trees and talked, or read some books on natural history that Neil had brought from his father's library. Mr. Marvin took great pleasure in listening to Neil reading aloud from "Wilson's Ornithology." Occasionally, he would interrupt the reading to throw in some interesting reminiscence of his wild-wood rambles, or to make some shrewd comment on the naturalist's statements. Neil soon liked Mr. Marvin very much, and so did Hugh. In fact, he was so simple and straightforward and honest in his way, so frank-faced and clear-eyed, that one must like him and trust him. He told the boys a great many stories of his life in Southern Florida, with adventures that befell him while he was exploring the everglades and vast swamps of that wild region. He seemed a very encyclopedia of varied hunting experience. Almost any healthy boy will find such a man to be a charming companion; and if the boy is desirous of obtaining knowledge, he can gather a great deal of it from listening to his conversation.

Mr. Marvin soon discovered the great hope the boys had of one day being good shots, so he went to his tent and brought a little sixteen-bore gun that he used for killing snipe and woodcock and other small birds. He took out the cartridges, and handed the gun to Hugh.

"Now," said he, "let me see how you would handle it if you were going to shoot a bird."

Hugh seized the gun, much as a hungry boy would grab a cut of plum-pudding, jerked it up to his shoulder, shut one eye,— which got his face all in a funny twist,— opened his mouth sidewise, and pulled the trigger. They all laughed at him long and loudly. Uncle Charley declared that he would give a dollar for a correct photograph of that attitude.

But Hugh was too much in earnest to be laughed down. He kept trying until he could get himself into passable form; but it was plain to Uncle Charley that he would never be so cool and graceful as Neil. Hugh's enthusiasm counted for a

great deal, however, and might carry him through some tight places where more deliberation and scrupulous care would fail. Mr. Marvin next put some unloaded cartridges in the gun, and allowed Hugh to fire at an apple that he flung into the air. When the cartridges exploded, Hugh winked his eyes and dodged.

"Be perfectly cool and steady," said Mr. Marvin; "you'll get it all right presently."

"Of course I will," exclaimed Hugh, his voice trembling with excitement and his eyes gleaming. "I'd have hit that apple if the shell had been loaded."

"No, you'd have over-shot it," said Mr. Marvin; "you were too slow in pulling the trigger. The apple fell a foot between the time you shut your eyes and the time you fired."

Hugh had a pretty hard time controlling his eyes; but he finally succeeded in keeping them open while firing, and then he began to show some steadiness and confidence.

Mr. Marvin then explained that the first great rule in shooting at a moving object is to learn to look steadily at the point where you wish your shot to go; and the second rule is to learn to level the gun at that point without any hesitation or "poking." You have no time for taking a deliberate aim at a swiftly moving bird, and to attempt such a thing will make of you what sportsmen call a "poke-shot," that is, one who squints, and aims, and pokes his gun along, trying to keep his fore-sight on the flying game. A really good shooter fixes his eyes on the spot to be covered by his aim, at the same time that he swiftly raises his gun and points it in the correct line,— his eyes, his arms, and his right forefinger all acting in perfect harmony together. You observe that when a good musician begins to play on the piano he does not fumble for the keys, but finds them as certainly and as naturally as he winks his eyes. So the shooter must not fumble for his aim, but get it by a swift, steady, sure movement that is only obtainable by careful and intelligent practice.

Mr. Marvin next put a loaded cartridge in the right-hand barrel of the gun and said:

"Now, sir, you're going to make your first shot, and I wish you to do it just as I have directed; if you do, you'll hit this apple; if you don't, you'll miss it. Ready, now, fire!" and he flung the apple into the air.

Hugh forgot everything in a second, raised his gun awkwardly, squinted one eye, and pulled trigger. The report of his shot rang out on the prairie, but the apple came down untouched.

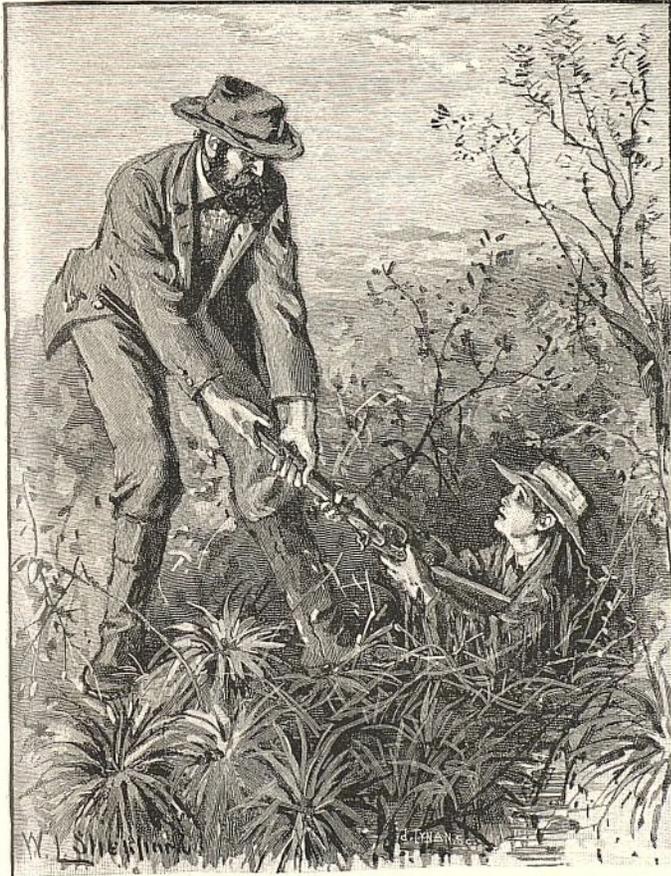
"Over-shot it," said Mr. Marvin, shaking his head. "You 'poked' badly; and such a squint!"

Hugh looked all over the apple, but he could

not find a scratch. "I'll not miss it next time," he cried; but he did. In fact, he shot seven times before he touched the apple.

Mr. Marvin had to scold him several times about carelessly handling the gun. He once said:

"Never allow the muzzle of your gun to point toward yourself or any one else, no matter whether it is loaded or not. If you are careless with an empty gun, you will be careless with a loaded one."



"HE EXTENDED THE STOCK OF THE EMPTY GUN TOWARD NEIL." (SEE PAGE 653.)

Then he added: "I once heard a backwoodsman say that his father proved to him that a gun was dangerous without lock, stock, or barrel."

"How could that be?" said Hugh.

"Why, his father whipped him with the ramrod!" said Mr. Marvin. Hugh admitted that the proof was quite relevant, and promised to try to form a careful habit of handling guns.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### A LESSON IN WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

THE prairie upon which our friends were encamped was one of those beautiful rolling plains

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for which Illinois is so justly famous. There were but few inclosed farms in that immediate region, the greater portion of the land being still in its wild, grassy state, and used mostly for pasturing cattle that were attended by mounted herdsmen. Sometimes these herdsmen would get angry at the hunters for shooting near their cattle. This was not surprising, however, for the reports of the guns often so frightened a herd that each separate steer would take its own course, and run for a mile as fast as it could go, bellowing furiously. Men who know say that a run like that will take a dollar's worth of fat off each steer; so we can not wonder that cattle-men should grumble at careless sportsmen for causing them such loss. But sometimes the chicken-shooters do worse harm than merely frightening the herds. If a bird happens to be flushed near a herd of cattle, a heedless hunter may shoot a steer instead of the game; then, if the owner is near, he is ready to fight; and you may well believe that a big brown-faced prairie herdsman is a dangerous fellow when angry.

Mr. Marvin told of an adventure he once had with a cattle-owner. He said:

"I was shooting on that beautiful little prairie in Indiana called Wea Plain; and when quite near a drove of cattle I flushed a single chicken. I fired, and brought down the bird in good style; but, as luck would have it, the rest of the shot went broadside into a fine fat steer that was grazing about fifty yards away. Such a bawling as that animal set up was terrible to hear, and the whole drove stampeded at once. Well, while I

was standing there, gazing after the galloping cattle, suddenly 'bang! bang!' went a gun not far away, and both of my fine dogs fell over dead. I turned quickly, and saw a furious herdsman sitting on his horse with a Winchester rifle smoking in his hand.

"'Now you put on your best gait and walk a chalk-line from here!' cried the man. I began to try to explain, but he grew more and more angry, and said he did n't want to hear a word from me. I saw he was desperate and dangerous, so I made the best of a bad situation, and walked away."

"There is a good lesson in my adventure," said Mr. Marvin, "and you boys must remember it. Never get so excited, in following game, as to forget to be prudent and careful about the safety of others or their property. Of course the herdsman did wrong in killing my dogs; but I did wrong, too, in the first place, by carelessly shooting toward his cattle. Suppose it had been a man or a boy I had hit, instead of a steer,—how miserable I would have been!"

The good advice of Mr. Marvin took hold of Hugh's conscience, and he inwardly declared that he would always be very careful what he did with a gun.

The next day was Sunday, and they all rested and read, or strolled along the brook.

Neil, while out by himself, was passing around the edge of what might be called a little oasis in the prairie, a low, swampy spot of ground grown up with a thicket of low willows and elbow brush, when he flushed a woodcock. At once he rightly suspected that quite a number of these exquisite game-birds had collected here to feed upon the insects and larvæ which they could find by boring with their long bills in the mud. He kept his discovery to himself.

Next morning he went early to Mr. Marvin's tent, and asked him for his little sixteen-bore gun.

"I wish to shoot some woodcock down here in a little thicket," he said, seeing that Mr. Marvin hesitated.

"Suppose I go with you," suggested Mr. Marvin. "Are you very sure there are woodcock there? I looked at that place the other day and thought I'd examine it again soon."

"I should be delighted if you would go with me," quickly replied Neil; "will your dogs point woodcock?"

"I should think so," said Mr. Marvin, "they know all about them; but are you sure that any birds are there?"

"I flushed one there yesterday," Neil replied; "and I saw many places where others had been boring in the mud."

Mr. Marvin looked sharply at Neil, and said:

"Where did you learn about the ways of woodcock? You never hunted any, did you?"

"I have read all the books on ornithology that I could obtain," replied Neil.

Mr. Marvin was already getting the guns out, and selecting cartridges loaded with small shot.

"Shooting woodcock is quick work," he said.

"Almost every shot must be a snap-shot."

"What is a snap-shot?" asked Neil.

"A shot which is made without any aim," answered Mr. Marvin. "When you are in the

bushes and brush, and a bird flies up, you must shoot in a great hurry, or it will get away."

Uncle Charley and Hugh saw Mr. Marvin and Neil going off together across the prairie, and Hugh wondered how it chanced that Neil had thus gained the market-hunter's confidence. Neil was carrying the little sixteen-bore across his shoulder with much the air of an old sportsman, though it kept him almost on the run to keep up with Mr. Marvin, who strode along at a great pace, his head thrust forward, and his eyes fixed on the distant fringe of bushes that marked the woodcock swamp.

The morning was cool and sweet, with a thin film of fleecy clouds across the sky. The grass was dewless, and a little cool wind blew from the south-west. In every direction the grouse were crying in their mournful, monotonous way. In the east a great flare of red showed where the sun was just getting up behind the clouds. The distant low hills of the prairie looked like ocean waves. Here and there the herds of cattle were scattered, some lying down and some grazing. Neil had never felt happier in his life.

The thicket, or "cripple," as woodcock feeding-grounds are sometimes called, lay in a low place near the border of a thin wood, where the prairie began to break up into a hilly fringe of timbered land.

Mr. Marvin held in the dogs until they reached the margin of the place; then he loosed them, and bade them work. Those well-trained and intelligent animals were eager for sport, and at once began cautiously scenting along the border of the thicket. They were not the same kind of dogs as Uncle Charley's. They were small wiry pointers, with short hair and smooth, sharp tails. Their names were Snip and Sly, and they seemed never to get tired.

"You'd better call Snip and go to the left; I'll take Sly and go to the right," said Mr. Marvin. "We'll be apt to find more in that way."

Snip seemed perfectly content with the arrangement. He went as Neil directed, after giving him a bright look, as if to say: "Ha! you're going to shoot my birds for me, are you?"

Mr. Marvin and Neil were soon lost from each other's sight. Neil went along very cautiously, watching every movement Snip made. In some places the bushes and weeds were so tangled that it required a great deal of struggling to get through them. The ground was like jelly in certain spots, shaking and quivering under Neil's feet. Somehow, Snip passed by a woodcock without scenting it, and it flew up from a spot very near to Neil's feet. Whiz! went its wings. Its rise was so sud-

den and unexpected that Neil was really startled, and he stood gazing at the bird until it dropped again down into the cripple. He had entirely forgotten to shoot at it!

The next moment Snip came to a stanch stand a little farther in the thicket. Neil drew a long breath to try to steady his nerves, held his gun in position, and walked slowly forward. Flip! whiz! Out of a tuft of tangled weeds rose a fine strong bird, its wings gleaming brightly, and its long bill thrust forward. Neil tried to keep cool and aim steadily; but he was so eager to kill the game that he fumbled and poked with his gun before pulling trigger, and the bird escaped.

Snip looked inquiringly at the young sportsman, as if at a loss to know what this slow business could mean.

Neil heard Mr. Marvin fire several times. "That means game for the market-men," he said to himself; "*he* does n't get excited."

It required a great deal of tramping before Snip could find another woodcock. This time Neil behaved in a more sportsmanlike way; but he missed the bird, nevertheless. He had shot so hurriedly, in order to hit the bird before it got into the bushes again, that his aim had been wrong.

Bang! bang! he heard Mr. Marvin's gun again, some distance off. Just then he stumbled a little, and stepped upon a soft place, sinking instantly to his armpits in a slimy slush of mud and water. He seized a strong bush as he went down, and this was all that saved him, for his feet did not touch bottom. His gun had fallen across some tufts of aquatic weeds and grass, so that it did not sink.

"Ugh! ugh!" grunted Neil, as the ugly black mud oozed around him.

Then he began to struggle, trying to get out. But the mud clung to him and he could gain no chance to use the strength of his arms. This frightened him, and he called Mr. Marvin in as loud a voice as he could command. There was no answer. He called again and again; still no answer. The whole surrounding country had suddenly grown as noiseless as midnight. Neil was a brave boy, but his heart sank as he thought of what might now befall him. The mud was cold, chilling him with its disgusting touch. He heard a herdsman singing far away on the prairie, and then the double report of a gun in the extreme distance. Had Mr. Marvin gone off after a flock of grouse? The thought made Neil nearly desperate. He struggled hard and long to draw himself out, but to his dismay the bush to which he was clinging began to show signs of giving way. If it should break, he would disappear in the mud and never be seen again.

He called Mr. Marvin again and again, in a high, clear voice. Bang! bang! sounded the gun once more, apparently a little nearer. Neil now screamed and yelled desperately, for his arms were growing tired and weak. He thought of Hugh, and Uncle Charley, and his kind father at home. He looked at the gun, and it flashed into his head that his foolish desire to have a gun had been the cause of his dreadful misfortune. He wished he were at home. The tears were running down his cheeks, and he was quite pale. He kept up his doleful calling, but he was too weak to struggle any longer. Even the dog seemed to have deserted him in his extreme danger.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HUGH'S FIRST BIRD.

SOON after Mr. Marvin and Neil had gone away toward the woodcock grounds, Uncle Charley took Hugh and went to look for grouse. Hugh carried Uncle Charley's small gun; and as they walked along, watching the dogs circle about in search of the game, Uncle Charley explained the curious process by which the barrels of fine shot-guns are made. He said:

"Those beautiful waved lines and curious flower-like figures that appear on the surface of the barrels are really the lines of welding, showing that two different metals, iron and steel, are intimately blended in making the finest and strongest barrels. The process of thus welding and blending steel and iron is a very interesting one. Flat bars, or ribbons, of steel and iron are alternately arranged together and then twisted into a cable. Several of these cables are then welded together, and shaped into a long, flat bar, which is next spirally coiled around a hollow cylinder, called a mandrel; after which the edges of these spiral bars are heated and firmly welded. The spiral coil is now put upon what is called a welding mandrel, is again heated, and carefully hammered into the shape of a gun-barrel. Next comes the cold hammering, by which the pores of the metal are securely closed. The last, or finishing, operation is to turn the barrel on a lathe to exactly its proper shape and size. By all the twistings and weldings and hammerings, the metals are so blended that the mass has somewhat the consistency and toughness of woven steel and iron. A barrel thus made is very hard to burst. But the finishing of the inside of the barrel is an operation requiring very great care and skill. What is called a cylinder-bored barrel is where the bore or hole through the barrel is made of uniform size from end to end. A choke-bore is

one—that is a little smaller at the muzzle end than it is at the breech end. There are various ways of “choking” gun-barrels, but the object of all methods is to make the gun throw its shot close together with even and regular distribution and with great force. There are several kinds of metallic combinations that gunmakers use, the principal of which are called Damascus, Bernard, and laminated steel; the Damascus barrels are generally considered the best.”

Hugh had listened very attentively to what Uncle Charley said, but he was also watching the dogs as they searched in every direction for grouse. In the midst of a slough, Belt came to a stand, but Don refused to back him.

“There’s a prairie-chicken, sure!” exclaimed Hugh, holding his gun ready.

“I think not,” said Uncle Charley; “for Belt acts as if he does n’t feel interest in what he is doing, and Don, you see, refuses to back him.”

“I’ll walk up, anyhow,” said Hugh; “there may be a chicken.”

“Don’t be in too great a hurry; be deliberate, and, if a bird flies up, take good aim before you fire,” said Uncle Charley.

Hugh proceeded very cautiously through the high grass, keeping his eyes alert and his hands ready. Uncle Charley stood watching him. Belt turned his head to one side, and behaved rather sheepishly, as if ashamed of what he was doing.

Suddenly, with a sharp flapping of wings, a heavy bird rose from a tuft of water-grass and slowly flew along in a straight line away from Hugh. Here was the main chance for a good, easy shot, and the boy did not neglect his opportunity. Up went his gun, a good steady aim was taken, and then the report rang out on the air. The big bird fell almost straight down.

“Well done!” cried Uncle Charley, laughing loudly, “well done!”

But Belt refused to retrieve.

Hugh hurried to where his game had fallen, and picked it up. Uncle Charley kept on laughing.

“Why, it’s a thunder-pumper!” said Hugh, holding the bird high by its long, slim legs. “I was sure it was a chicken!”

“A great sportsman are you!” cried Uncle Charley, “not able to know a bittern from a grouse! Why, Belt knew better all the time!”

“Well, I hit it, all the same, anyhow,” responded Hugh.

“That’s nothing to boast of, I should say,” remarked Uncle Charley; “do you know how many shot you let fly at that bird?”

“An ounce of number nines, I think,” replied Hugh.

“But how many pellets are there in an ounce of number nine shot?” inquired Uncle Charley.

“I don’t know,” said Hugh.



A THUNDER-PUMPER.

“Well, there are five hundred and ninety-six.”

“So many?”

“Yes,” said Uncle Charley, “you had five hundred and ninety-six chances to hit it.”

“I am sorry I killed it,” said Hugh; “but I thought it was a prairie-chicken. It is a very handsome bird; is it of any value?”

“No,” replied Uncle Charley; “but the Indians formerly hunted them for their mandibles, with which they used to point their arrows for killing small game. See how sharp they are! I allowed you to shoot at it in order to teach you a lesson. First, whenever you see a dog acting as Belt did, you may be sure it is not pointing a game bird. Second, you ought to know as soon as a bird rises whether or not it is of a kind fit to kill. A true sportsman is always quick with his eyes, and never commits the mistake of shooting a thunder-pumper for a grouse!”

“How did I handle my gun?” inquired Hugh, “did I seem to know how to shoot?”

“You hurried too much. The bird had n’t gone twenty feet when you fired. You must remember to be deliberate and to keep your wits about you.”

They went on, and the dogs soon pointed a small flock of grouse in a field of weeds. The birds were in excellent condition, scarcely grown, and flew slowly; but Hugh missed four before he killed one. He banged away at every wing he saw. Uncle Charley several times scolded him roundly for his careless shooting. He promised to be very cautious; but he had not fired a half-dozen more shots before he hit Belt in the ear with a pellet, making him howl at a terrible rate.

"One more heedless action," cried Uncle Charley, "and I'll take that gun from you and never allow you to touch it again! I never saw any one so awkward. You act as if you had no eyes!"

Hugh felt greatly chagrined. The tears came into his eyes as Belt ran up, with his ear bleeding, to fondle about him. Of course the hurt was very slight, but Hugh's conscience told him that he had been foolishly careless, after all that had been said to him. He resolved in his heart never again to allow his eagerness and enthusiasm to drive away his prudence and caution.

All the morning, as we have said, the sky had been overcast with a film of clouds. About ten o'clock, it began to drizzle, and so our hunters turned toward the camp. Uncle Charley had killed a dozen chickens and Hugh had killed one. They reached the tents just as the rain began to fall heavily.

Mr. Marvin and Neil had not returned.

"I think they'll get a good old-fashioned wetting," said Hugh.

"Are n't they coming yonder?" Uncle Charley inquired, pointing at two dark spots far out on the prairie, barely discernible through the gray, slanting lines of rain.

"I can't tell," said Hugh; "they are so far away and the air is so full of mist."

Uncle Charley showed Hugh how to clean his gun inside and how to wipe it dry outside before putting it into its case.

A good gun requires careful usage. Rust must never be allowed to appear anywhere about it, especially on the inside.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MR. MARVIN TALKS ABOUT MARKET-HUNTING.

WHEN, at last, Mr. Marvin heard Neil's cries, he hastened to the spot whence they proceeded, and perceived at once that the lad was in a dangerous predicament. Picking up Neil's gun, he fired both barrels into the air, to provide against accident, as he wished to use the gun in getting Neil out of the mire. Treading carefully, he extended the stock of the empty gun toward Neil, who clutched it with a strong grip the moment it came within his reach. And thus the boy was drawn slowly but surely out of the mud, and, at last, regained his footing upon firm ground.

So the two dark forms, so indistinctly seen by Uncle Charley and Hugh, proved to be Mr. Marvin and Neil, though the latter looked more like a rough model in mud than like a real live boy. He was completely incrustated in the sticky, slimy muck

of the marsh which, being very black, made his face look almost ghostly pale.

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Neil?" cried Hugh, as at last he recognized him.

Neil laughed rather dolefully, glancing down over his unpleasant coat of mud-mail.

"I fell into a quagmire up yonder. I think if I had let go I should have gone clear down to China!"

"The boy went swimming in a loblolly of prairie mud," said Mr. Marvin; "it made him very clean, you see."

Neil was soon quite comfortable, and when dinner was ready, he ate heartily, and enjoyed all the jokes the others turned upon his singular and dangerous adventure. But he could not help shuddering now and then as he thought of the desperate situation from which Mr. Marvin had snatched him at the last moment.

The rain continued all the rest of the day, coming steadily down in fine drops, making the prairie look sad and dreary enough. The dogs curled themselves up under a wagon, with their noses between their feet, and slept, no doubt dreaming of grouse and woodcock.

During the afternoon, the conversation turned to market-hunting, and Mr. Marvin told the boys many interesting facts about his business.

"I do not shoot much game for the general market," he said. "Most of what I kill goes to wealthy individuals with whom I have contracts. By taking great care in packing and shipping my game, I have managed to get the confidence of some rich epicures and some private clubs in the cities of Chicago, Cincinnati, and New York, and they pay me nearly double what I could get in the general market. They usually allow me twenty-five cents each for prairie-chickens, twenty cents each for quails, and forty cents each for woodcock. So you see the eight woodcock I killed this morning will gain me three dollars and twenty cents. My employers pay the express charges and often send me supplies of ammunition, so that my expenses are very light. I have made as much as fifteen dollars a day shooting geese at fifty cents each. Spring, summer, and autumn I spend in the North and West; in winter I go south to Georgia and Florida, where I find the best of shooting. In North Georgia, for instance, there are many old plantations partly grown up in broom-sedge, the greatest covert for quail that I ever saw. In Florida I do not shoot much game, as it is hard to get ice with which to pack it, and the shipping facilities are not good; but I kill herons and roseate spoonbills and ibises for their feathers, and I collect rare specimens for the Smithsonian Institute. You ought to see some of the curious bird's-nests I have sent

to that institute. Herons' nests from the Okeechobee region, cuckoos' nests from Georgia, rails' nests from the Kankakee, and nests of the Canada jay from the pine-woods of Canada. I have sold great numbers of eggs, too, to collectors and scientific men."

"What a grand time you have had," exclaimed Hugh, "going from one fine hunting-ground to another, always escaping our cold, dreary winters, and always out in the free open air with your dogs and guns. How I should like to be a market-hunter!"

"You'd soon become tired of it," replied Mr. Marvin; "there are many disappointments and vexatious drawbacks connected with it. At some seasons, game of all kinds is scarce, and shooting becomes very dull work. I remember that several years ago I could hardly find chickens enough on the prairie for my own boiling. Of course, I like the business; it just suits me; but I do not advise any boy to think of trying it. With stringent game-laws and the growing opposition to free hunting by the landlords, the time is near when a market-hunter will have a poor chance for a living."

"I am curious to know something more about woodcock-hunting," said Neil, whose disaster had only whetted his appetite for sport.

"I hunted with an Englishman in Michigan, once, who put bells on his dogs when he went woodcock-hunting," said Mr. Marvin.

"Why?" queried Hugh.

"Well, when the dogs got into thick covert, he could trace their course by the sound of the bells, and whenever the tinkling ceased, he knew they were pointing birds."

"That was not a bad idea," said Neil.

"He was a jolly fellow, that Englishman," continued Mr. Marvin; "he liked a droll joke even if it were against himself. He told me that one day he went out to a woodcock covert with a belled dog, and after following the sound back and forth and around and around in the tangled growth, suddenly the tinkling ceased. Very much pleased, he went to the spot expecting to flush a bird, but he could find neither his dog nor any woodcock. Long and patiently he tramped about the spot to no purpose. Then he called his dog; it did not come. Here was a mystery. Could it be possible that his dog had fallen dead in some dense clump of the covert? He called until he was hoarse, and finally went back to camp tired and mystified. And there lay his dog at the tent door dozing, in the sun. It had lost the bell!"

"Where do you find the most profitable market-hunting?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"When the full flight of geese and ducks is good, I get my best shooting in the Kankakee region of

Indiana and Illinois," said Mr. Marvin; "but turkey-shooting in North Georgia used to be very profitable."

"Have you never hunted large game, such as deer and bear?" queried Hugh.

"Not much; it does not pay. I don't care for anything larger than a goose or a turkey. When it comes to real sport, quail-shooting is the very best of all," replied Mr. Marvin.

"You are right," said Uncle Charley, "the quail is the noblest game-bird in America."

"A thunder-pumper is not bad game when a fellow is keen for a shot," said Hugh, with a comical grimace. Uncle Charley laughed, thinking of how Hugh looked as he stood holding the bittern up after he had shot it.

Neil and Mr. Marvin did not understand the joke, or they would have laughed, too. It was not fair to Neil, perhaps, to thus keep Hugh's mistake a secret after Neil's mishap had been so fully discussed, but Hugh was the younger, and Uncle Charley favored him on that account.

When night came it was still raining steadily. Mr. Marvin remained talking with Uncle Charley and the boys until late bed-time. He told many of his strange adventures and described a number of pleasing incidents connected with his tramps by flood and field. It was especially interesting to hear him describe the habits of birds and animals as he had observed them. But Neil, whose practical, philosophical turn of mind led him to desire information that would be of general benefit, asked many questions concerning practical gunnery.

"Mr. Marvin," he said, "there is a proposition of natural philosophy laid down in my school-book which bothers me. The book states that a body, say a bullet for instance, thrown upward, will fall to the earth with the same force as that with which it started. Now, if this is true, why do we never hear of any one being hit with a falling bullet, and killed?"

"Your school-book is mistaken, if that is what it says," replied Mr. Marvin. "A bullet shot from a rifle directly upward will start with a force sufficient to drive it through three or four inches of hard oak wood. It will fall with scarcely force enough to dint the same wood. I have, in shooting vertically at wild pigeons flying over, had number eight shot fall on my head and shoulders without hurting me. The difficulty with the philosophical theory is that it does not consider correctly the resistance of the atmosphere and the comparative bulk and shape of falling bodies. Now, an arrow with a heavy point will come much nearer falling with its initial velocity than will a round bullet; because the arrow, falling point downward, has all the weight of the shaft directly over the point, which makes it nearly the same as

if it were a bullet of just the point's diameter, but weighing as much as the whole arrow."

"I see," said Neil; "I wish I could have studied that out myself."

"Oh, I don't like investigations and study and all that," cried Hugh; "I like fun and adventure and the pleasant, merry things of life."

"But the habit of investigation is most important," said Mr. Marvin, gravely; "it prevents ac-

cident through ignorance and mistake, and it often leads to valuable discoveries. You will never be a successful man if you refuse to study and investigate. I should not wish to trust a boy alone with a gun, if he thought of nothing but fun and frolic. He'd soon kill himself or some one else."

After this, Mr. Marvin went away to his own tent, leaving the boys to think over and reflect upon what he had said.

## FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

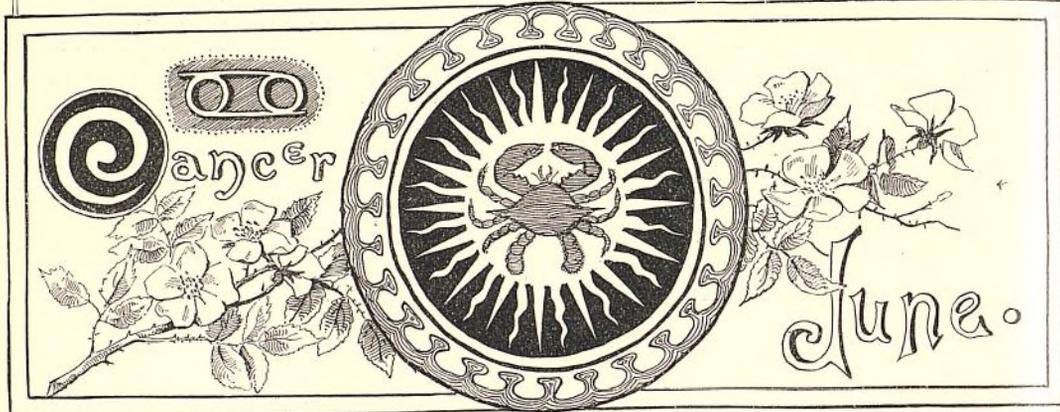
### GRANDMA'S SURPRISE PARTY.



C. J. Taylor.

THEY all went down the garden-walk, And Grandma will be *so* surprised!  
 And saw the flowers bloom. What can she say or do?  
 Each picked a bunch—a pretty She'll give each girl and boy a  
 bunch— kiss,  
 To put in Grandma's room. And give the Baby two.

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	S	8	Virgo	H. M. 11.58	Whitsunday. [Regulus.
2	Mon.	9	"	11.58	(1st) Mars very close to
3	Tues.	10	"	11.58	(C near Spica. Venus at
4	Wed.	11	"	11.58	[greatest brilliancy.
5	Thur.	12	Libra	11.58	Jefferson Davis b. 1808.
6	Fri.	13	"	11.59	Patrick Henry d. 1799.
7	Sat.	14	Scorpio	11.59	Robert Bruce d. 1329.
8	S	FULL	Ophiuch	11.59	Trinity Sunday.
9	Mon.	16	Sagitt.	11.59	Charles Dickens d. 1870.
10	Tues.	17	"	11.59	Peter the Great b. 1672.
11	Wed.	18	Capri.	11.59	Roger Bacon d. 1294.
12	Thur.	19	"	12.	Charles Kingsley b. 1819.
13	Fri.	20	Aqua.	12.	Dr. Thos. Arnold d. 1842.
14	Sat.	21	"	12.	
15	S	22	Pisces	12.	1st Sunday after Trinity.
16	Mon.	23	"	12. 1	Edward I. of Eng. b. 1239.
17	Tues.	24	"	12. 1	Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775.
18	Wed.	25	Aries	12. 1	Battle of Waterloo, 1815.
19	Thur.	26	"	12. 1	James VI. of Scotland b.
20	Fri.	27	Taurus	12. 1	Longest day. [1566.
21	Sat.	28	"	12. 2	Capt. John Smith d. 1631.
22	S	29	"	12. 2	2d Sunday after Trinity.
23	Mon.	NEW	"	12. 2	
24	Tues.	1	"	12. 2	Midsummer Day.
25	Wed.	2	"	12. 2	Bat. of Bannockburn, 1314.
26	Thur.	3	Leo	12. 3	George IV. of England d.
27	Fri.	4	Sextant	12. 3	(C near Mars. [1830
28	Sat.	5	Leo	12. 3	Queen Victoria cr. 1838.
29	S	6	Virgo	12. 3	3d Sunday after Trinity.
30	Mon.	7	"	12. 3	Sultan Mahmoud d. 1839

"CHILDREN! can you tell me why  
The Crab's the sign for June?"  
"Yes, we can sir; he backward goes,  
And the days will shorten soon."

## SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

BY HOOK, and by crook, to bother the cook,  
The little boy catches some fish;  
Then home with his brother, to show to his mother,  
O what better fun could he wish?

## EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)

JUNE 15th, 8.30 P.M.  
VENUS has lost but very little of that superlative brilliancy which it reached on the 4th, and is by far the most beautiful object in the sky. It will not be Evening Star much longer, for it will soon be lost in the rays of the sun. When it re-appears, it will be as Morning Star, and so remain till next May. It is now standing almost still among the stars and is exactly in line with Castor and Pollux, and JUPITER is only a little to the west. No picture in the heavens made by the stars only can exceed in beauty that now presented in the western sky, with the two most brilliant planets so close together, and Castor, Pollux, and Regulus to complete the scene. MARS, a comparatively insignificant object, has passed to the east of Regulus. SATURN we shall not see in the evening again till the end of the year. Arcturus, far up, nearly overhead, is due south at thirty-three minutes past eight o'clock. Spica has now passed nearly one hour to the west of our south mark. High up in the east is the brilliant Vega, the only noticeable star in the constellation *Lyra* or *The Harp*. Being so, the star is generally called *Lyra*. Between Arcturus and *Lyra* is the star *Alphecca*, the brightest in the constellation of the *Northern Crown*, which is formed of a lovely half-circle of stars. *Capella* is low down in the north-west. Rising in the south-east is *Antares*, in the constellation of *Scorpio*, *The Scorpion*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac.

## THE BEES AND THE ROBBER.

"EVERYTHING was made for man, and all he has to do is to help himself," said a man lifting up the Hive, and grabbing at the Honey.

"That 's true!" buzzed the whole swarm, settling down upon him, and covering him from head to foot; "we were just made for you, and as you have helped yourself to the Honey, we will make you a present of the Sting;" and so saying, the busy little Bees improved the shining hour.

"Well, well," said the man, when he had at last made his escape, "I 've always heard that stolen fruit is sweet; but I have found that there is more sting in it than honey."

\*The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"I 'VE COME with my roses," rippled June, with a voice like a brook murmuring over pebbles; "they 're going to be lovely this year, Mother. Blush Rose really deserves your praise, and little Wild Rose and Sweet Brier have made a special effort. I 've had a good long rest, and am ready to go to work again. Are the peas ready for shelling?"

"No, no, child," said Dame Nature, "you must not soil your hands with such work; but go and take a look at them, and the strawberries, and see if the cherries are beginning to blush, and then get you to your roses. It takes a sharp eye to see the worms at their hearts, but you must not trust too much to appearances; and give me all the smiles you can, my pretty one, to warm my old heart."

### WHY?

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

WHY have the bluebirds come  
With painted wings?  
Why is the great earth full  
Of lovely things?—  
Golden stars in the grass,  
Rosy blooms in the trees,—  
Wafts of scent and song  
Blown on every breeze?

Why? Do you hear afar  
The tread of little feet  
Touching the golden stars,  
Crushing the clover sweet?

Do you hear soft voices sing:  
"We have thrown our books away!  
Dear Earth, we come to you  
For rest and play?"

Well the good Earth knows  
When school is out;  
And so she molds the rose  
And brings the birds about.  
She spreads green boughs abroad  
To shade the way;  
And makes her meadows meet  
For holiday.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE comes the summer, brimful of flowers and birds and child-folk! And I never felt better in my life. What a world of joy it is!

Well, what shall we begin with *this* time?

I know. You all have slates, and slate-pencils?

You have. How pleasant it is to hear a hundred thousand youngsters reply so promptly!

And where did these slates and pencils come from?

You bought them, eh? I do not doubt that. But where did they come from originally?

Oh! Jack can not hear a hundred thousand clear voices this time. There is a mumbled confusion of sounds such as "don't know;" "out of the ground;" "slate;" "made out of clay;" "never heard any one say, sir;" but no definite answer. Let your Jack hear from you by letter, one at a time, please. Any day that astonishing Little School-ma'am may ask us where slate-pencils come from, and we may as well all be ready with an answer.

Now for

#### FACTS FROM PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE.

YOU all may remember that your Jack asked in April if any of you ever had known of a dog over fourteen years of age, or of a horse older than thirty years, a mule older than fifty, or a sheep past nine summers. The Little School-ma'am and I had been informed that these respective ages had sometimes been exceeded, but we were not sure of it, and so we asked for information based on personal knowledge. The deacon, too, wished to get some definite facts on these points.

Many replies have come, and your Jack hereby thanks the writers most truly. Apart from the kindness and painstaking they show, these letters have a practical value; for they answer questions that are often asked by others besides the deacon,

the dear Little School-ma'am, and myself. Therefore, I show you some extracts which the deacon has selected for you direct from the letters.

Here they are:

A BLACK-AND-TAN 16 YEARS OLD.

ORONO, Maine.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Our next-door neighbor has a black-and-tan dog that will be sixteen the 10th of May. It weighs seven and a half pounds, and is blind at times.

The owner has a daughter of the same age, and that is how they know the age of the dog so well.

Of the other animals I know nothing.

Yours truly,

VIRGINIA M. RING.

A SCOTCH COLLIE 17 YEARS OLD.

MANCHESTER, Vt.

DEAR JACK: In answer to your inquiries relative to the age of animals, I would say that we have a full-blood Scotch collie that will be seventeen (17) years old the coming June. I base my knowledge on my always having known him, and that our ages have always been called the same. I would add that Mr. Slap, as we call him, is hale and healthy.

Truly yours,

N. M. C.

A MONGREL 16 YEARS OLD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Mr. Charles H. Collamore, of Warren, R. I., many years ago possessed a small short-legged mongrel dog, white, with yellow spots, which went by the name of Squint. He had raised it from puppyhood; in fact, it was born on his premises and died there. I remember to have seen it myself in its old age. When it died, the local paper deemed the event worthy to be celebrated in verse. The cause of its death was purely old age.

I knew it to have been very, very old; but was not sure of its exact age at the time of its decease. So, yesterday I obtained from Mr. Collamore the necessary information:

Squint died aged 16 years, 4 months, and 10 days.

Yours truly,

GEORGE L. COOKE, JR.

A TERRIER 19 YEARS OLD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR JACK: In reply to your query in the April ST. NICHOLAS, here is an instance that I can vouch for:

The Rev. S. Brenton Shaw, 142 Broadway, of this city, has in his possession a brown Russian terrier 19 years old. Mrs. Shaw chops his food, and in other ways provides for the animal's comfort. The dog suffers no inconvenience, apparently, from his extreme old age. Mrs. Shaw will not have the dog destroyed.

S. F. BLANDIN,

Office Chief Police, City Hall.

P. S.—I take the licenses for dogs in the office of the Chief of Police. I will make some inquiries of dog owners, as they come for their licenses. I license between three and four thousand.

B.

A BLACK-AND-TAN OVER 18 YEARS OLD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JACK: Our next-door neighbor has a dog that was 18 years of age last August. There is no doubt about his age, because he was born in Mr. Morrison's own

house. The name of the dog is Sport. Sport was shot once, and he carried the ball two years, when a gentleman lanced the place and took the ball out. There still remains a lump on Sport's side where the bullet went into his body, though it does not hurt him now. He is a black-and-tan. All the spots that were tan-color are now gray, except the feet, and they are growing gray. Notwithstanding his great age, Sport is still quite active and playful.

I have heard that General Washington's war-horse lived to the age of thirty-six years. When we were in Wisconsin, papa knew of two horses, one twenty-eight years of age and the other twenty-nine, whose owner occasionally drove them to Galena, Ill., a distance of fifty miles, and returned the next day; and he told papa that when he turned them loose into pasture, they would frolic like young colts. My great-grandmother had a horse that lived over thirty-five years. I am ten years old. Yours truly,  
HERBERT V. PURMAN.

A HORSE 33 YEARS OLD.

CLOSTER, N. J.

MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: We had an old family horse that my father had used twenty-eight years. The horse was five years old when purchased, in 1855. This animal died last August, aged thirty-three years and four months, to the regret and grief of us all, having been remarkable for his intelligence and speed up to the last few months of his existence.

Alas, poor "Meteor," for he seemed like one of the family! How we missed his familiar neigh when we went in the stable! Father had taught this horse to perform a splendid trick act—he would take a flag in his mouth and wave it and trot around waving it, then he would take a snap whip, and when father was running from him, would try to whip him when he got within a few feet. Meteor would get down and pull father's boot off, as much as to say: "You can not go to bed with your boots on." Then the horse would lie perfectly still while the whip was snapped and switched violently over him, and not get up till he was told his oats were ready for him, when he would spring to his feet and shake his head up and down to express his satisfaction. Then he would stand on a box about a foot and a half high and turn around to the right and left, holding one foot up extended, and change his feet when he reversed the movement. He also would keep time to music.

We drove him out every day for exercise, and he would trot real fast for a short distance and then subside into a walk. In conclusion, I would state that I have driven this horse since I was eight years old, being at times all alone in the carriage.  
J. T.

ANOTHER HORSE 33 YEARS OLD; AND CAT 14 YEARS OLD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My grandfather owned two horses, one of which lived to be thirty, the other thirty-three years of age. I also owned a cat which lived to the age of fourteen. Although I never heard of a dog as old as that, I thought that I would write and tell you what I know personally concerning "the ages of animals."  
Yours,  
MARY R. CHURCH.

A MARE 38 YEARS OLD.

MOORESTOWN.

DEAR JACK: You ask, "Has any one ever heard of a horse older than thirty years?" Yes, I have. We have a neighbor who owns a mare thirty-eight years old. Her name is Nelly. Only last summer she was seen to

jump a three-rail fence, and seemed to enjoy her dust bath as much as her son Harry does. He is twenty-one,—just eight years older than I. The *Moorestown Chronicle* had a paragraph lately referring to old Nelly:

Jonathan Pettit is the owner of a Mayday mare which has arrived at the respectable age of thirty-eight years, twenty-two of which have been spent while in his possession. Though not so spry as she used to be, the animal did plenty of good hard work only last summer, but is used now only as a carriage horse.

I have heard that there is a white mule, now being taken care of at one of our army posts in Texas, which served through the Mexican War, and is now a pensioner of the U. S. Government. Is it true?

Faithfully yours,  
JENNY H. M.

A MARE 40 YEARS OLD.

NEAR BOUND BROOK, N. J.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Seeing in the ST. NICHOLAS that you wanted to hear about a horse over thirty, or a dog over fourteen, I will write you of both. We have here at our home a mare which is forty years old. She was bought when she was three years old, for my uncle to ride when he was a little boy. She has been in the family thirty-seven years. She is too old now to ride, but I drive her. I will be happy to show her to any one who would like to see her. My father owned a dog that lived to be fourteen. It was born in his printing-ink factory in 1855 and died there in 1872.

Your young reader,  
GEORGE MATHER.

A MULE 63 YEARS OLD.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR JACK: The late Professor Mapes had on his farm, in New Jersey, a mule named Kitty,—a hardy, willing worker,—famous throughout the neighborhood for having gone beyond her fiftieth year, and for being quite able to compete with mules not half that age. Kitty Mule, as we called her, lived to be sixty-three years old, and she was in working order up to within one week of her death. Her history was well known. I saw her daily for twenty-seven years.  
P. T. Q.

A HORSE 37 YEARS OLD.

NEWTON, IOWA.

DEAR JACK: I can tell you about a horse that lived to be thirty-seven years old! He was owned by a Mr. Steele, in Derby, Vt. When he was about thirty years old, Mr. Steele gave him to a gentleman in Barton, Vt., requiring him to sign a contract that he should be well kept and kindly cared for while he lived, and when he died should be well buried in a coffin made of two-inch pine plank. A few years after another friend of the fine old horse took him to Glover, Vt., to live with him, and, according to contract, took the best of care of him; giving him hay-tea to drink and pudding and milk to eat.

One day he received a visit from another friend, who, thinking (perhaps) that a change of air would be pleasant for the old fellow, took him home with him to Northfield, Vt., where he soon after died, aged thirty-seven years, several months, and some days. His beautiful dark bay coat was taken off, made to look as natural as life, and placed in the Museum at the Capitol in Montpelier. He and all his family were noted for their beauty, lofty style, and great intelligence. My papa has owned several of them, and we have a picture of one.

I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS since I was ten years old, am now thirteen, and think, with ST. NICHOLAS to read and a good horse to ride, a boy ought to be all right.

Your friend,  
FRED K. EMERSON.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

VIRGINIA.—Address Children's Aid Society, New York; New York Foundling Asylum, 68th Street; or New York Orphan Asylum, West 73d Street.

STONY FORD, March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the February number you spoke about Jack Frost being such a beautiful decorator. I saw the piece in the magazine, but did not feel so much interested at the time; but one cold morning last week Jack Frost visited our dining-room windows, and painted lovely fern and oak leaves and a great many other funny but very pretty designs, but the funniest of them all was a little girl standing on what seemed to be a very high mountain, holding out her hands to an imaginary stove. I am not a very big girl, only just eleven years old, and I don't know very much about Jack Frost, still I think I can tell what makes frost on the window-panes. It is the moisture of the room within and the extreme cold outside. The cold draws the moisture on the window-panes and the cold air freezes it. I asked my grandma if she thought I could tell how Jack painted them any better, and she told me to get the encyclopedia; well, I did, and an awfully heavy book it is, too. I looked for frost, but the words were so big and long that I did not very well understand them, and I will have to ask some other little girl to explain it better. Your earnest little reader,

MABEL G. A.

GROVETON, TEXAS, Feb. 5th, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am much interested in the astronomical part of the "St. NICHOLAS Almanac." All through January we have been able to see the four planets, viz., Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, and Mars, as well as Sirius, and through the latter part of the month the comet and the new moon also.

The stars shine very brightly here, much brighter than in my old Iowa home, and lately the heavens have been very beautiful.

Your constant reader, ALICE M. S.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken your valuable book six years, I have never thanked you for the pleasant hours you have afforded me, but I sincerely do now.

My favorite author is Miss Alcott. I am greatly interested in the "Spinning-wheel Stories," and also in "Winter Fun."

E. S. P. thinks he is too old to read ST. NICHOLAS. It's so natural for me to read it every month, I never thought to consider my age (I was seventeen last December). My mother reads it every month, and enjoys it very much.

I am studying stenography, and also taking piano lessons.

JOSIE S.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, though I have been intending to for a long time.

My father, who when he was a little boy used to live on a farm, often tells us stories, one of which I think will interest the readers of this magazine. They had an old cat with her kittens up in the loft, and one day a tom-cat came in and killed all but one of them. This one the old cat took out to the farm, where she hid it under the hay and fed it every day. None of the family knew where it was until one day, several months afterward, my grandfather, when he took off the hay to feed the cows, found it there. It was as large as a full-grown cat, but its eyes were not open and it could not walk. After a few days it opened its eyes and learned to walk, and became afterward a respectable old cat. Your constant reader,

ELSIE P.

NEWTOWN, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you about my kittens. I had three. I named them Prance, Fanny, and Blacky. One day a little girl came to see me, and we were sitting at the dinner-table, when we heard some one playing on the piano in another room. I went to the door and found Fanny sitting on the piano-stool, and putting her paw first on one key and then on another, and looking surprised at the sounds. Whenever my Mamma sat down to write,

Prance would spring upon her shoulder, and jump down on the desk and sit on her paper; and when she was sewing, kittle would strike at her thread, and then lie down on her work. My cousin has a cat thirteen years old. He can open doors, and is very fond of sliding down hill. He slides alone, and when the sled is drawn up, he stands ready to get on for another slide, and is never tired of the sport.

JESSIE C. DREW, eight years old.

203 Bristol Rd., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for some time, and we all like it very much. I think the Spinning-wheel Stories by Miss Alcott are beautiful. Could you tell me how to make jumb'es? I have read about them in "What Katy did at Home and at School" and other American books, and the children in them always seem so fond of them. I was thirteen last August. I have a brother of fifteen, and two sisters aged eight and ten.

I am yours truly,

ALICE IRELAND.

April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My aunt has been giving you to me for four years, and I was delighted when you came again this year. You get better every year, and I don't know what I would do without you. "The Land of Fire" is splendid, and "The Origin of the Stars and Stripes" so interesting. Everybody ought to read it.

Your constant reader,

L. E. C.

FORT WARREN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how I am spending the summer. I have a little garden with four-o'clocks, lady-slippers, oxalises, geraniums, poppies, morning-glories, gladioluses, petunias, and I have planted some mignonette, pansy, and some Joseph's coat that came from General Garfield's garden, and mamma says that when her fuchsia stops blooming she will give me a slip of it. I have no pets except my little brother; he is four years old. I had two canaries; but my aunt spent the spring with us, and when she went away I gave them to her. From one of your readers,

HATTIE I. W.

YONKERS, April 10, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old and am one of your readers. I like especially the serial stories of Tierra del Fuego, or "Land of Fire," and "Winter Fun."

Have any of your readers ever seen an open bee's-nest? I found one one day built of hay and sticks on a wood-pile; the bees were very busy at a lump of honey in the center. I thought bees nested in the ground. Your faithful friend,

ARTHUR HYDE.

Arthur and other boys who are interested in bee's-nests will welcome the paper entitled "Queer Game," in this number.

The following letter from Dakota Territory will interest all our readers, we are sure.

BLUNT, DAKOTA, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear from a little girl out in Dakota, many miles from New York.

My mamma is a widow, and has come out here and taken up two claims: one is a tree claim and the other is a homestead. They join each other.

We intend to farm this summer, and have chickens, and set out apple-trees, peach-trees (which we are not sure will grow), plum-trees, cherry-trees, and all the different kinds of trees that will make an orchard.

And we intend to raise small fruits, such as currants, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, and, too, we intend to raise grapes, and to have a small vegetable garden.

Mamma says she is not going to sow wheat and oats and plant corn, but rent 200 acres to a man and let him raise it on shares.

I said above in this letter that mamma had taken up two claims; perhaps some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS do not know what

"taking up claims" means, so "I will rise to explain," as they say in town-meeting.

Well, in the first place, Dakota is a large Territory, and nearly all prairie land, and only a few years ago nobody lived here but wild, *wild* Indians, who made no use of the land, but lived by hunting.

Uncle Sam saw what splendid land it was. "Too good to be wasted," he thought, and so he bought it of the Indians, and now we can buy it of him.

Well, we buy of Uncle Sam a quarter of a section, or 160 acres of land, for 9 cents an acre.

But we must make a promise to Uncle Sam that we will live on the land five years, and cultivate it. Then at the end of that time we get a deed from him and the land is ours. This is a homestead.

Now a tree claim is this:

As this is prairie land and there are no trees growing here, so we buy another quarter section of Uncle Sam and plant 10 acres in trees. So when the trees are growing nicely, Uncle Sam gives us a deed for *this* land, and if we take up the two claims together (as mamma has done) it makes us a farm of 320 acres.

I do not know whether this is a very nice letter or not; but I am only ten years old, and never wrote for a paper before, and all I asked my mamma was how to spell the big words.

With many kind wishes, dear Sr. NICHOLAS, I am yours truly,  
BERTHA C.

NEW YORK.

DEAR Sr. NICHOLAS: I read in a newspaper the other day this little story about a painter who died in London last year, and I think other boys might like to read it, too. The painter was named Cecil Lawson, and the paper said that at the age of four he copied in oil a picture by Clarkson Stanfield; at six he began to paint the portrait of a lady who lived next door; at ten he was in a dame school, when, being one day reprimanded by the mistress, he left the school and returned with a canvas bigger than himself, and asked whether a boy who could paint like that did not deserve to be more respectfully treated.

Yours truly,  
L. W. G.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., January 28, 1884.

MY DEAR Sr. NICHOLAS: I read in the "Letter-box" this morning about one of your readers having seen "A Ship in the Sun," so I thought I would write and tell you how I saw a pilot-boat in a rainbow.

We were off the banks of Newfoundland in a dense fog, and no pilot. About four o'clock we heard a noise that sounded like distant thunder. It went on so the captain had the ship directed toward the place where it seemed to come from. The sun had come up a few minutes before and formed a beautiful little rainbow on one side of the ship. Through this beautiful arch there sailed suddenly a trim little pilot-boat with all sails set. From it was sent a little row-boat with the pilot. After having taken him on board and after the row-boat had returned, the pilot-boat disappeared as magically as it had come.

I have been taking you for about four years, and think you are the nicest magazine published. I am twelve years old, and at boarding-school. I am your true friend and constant reader,  
R. BOLLES.

OUR thanks are due to the following young friends, all of whose letters we would be glad to print if there were room: Maud E. Nellie Little, Josie Buchanan, Edward S. Oliver, Bessie Legg, Hattie C. F., C. R. Brink, Lena W., G. B. Rives, Gracie Whitney, Claire D., M. E., Mamie J. P., Clarice C., Evert F., A. Andrews, B. A. and B., E. S. D., L. H. Moses, Mary Bines, Walter M. Buckingham, E. C. Byam, John Foote, Mary Chamberlain, Daisie Vickers, Ruth W. Hall, E. S. B., G. E. D., Maidee L. Roberts, Sarah H., Florence M. L., H. L. Smith, Margaret W. Leighton, M. N., Mary Dogan, Nellie McCune, E. Carman, Hester M. F. Powell, E. M. Jr., Georgene Faulkner, F. C., Jessie Heely, May L. Goulding, Estelle Macpherson, Adelaide L. Gardiner, and Richard Wilson.

## AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-EIGHTH REPORT.

The following Chapters have been admitted since our latest report:

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
601	West Point, Miss. (A).....	16..	R. S. Cross.
602	Guelph, Ont. (A).....	22..	Miss Daisy M. Dill, Box 213.
603	Chicago, Ill. (U).....	4..	C. F. McLean, 3120 Calumet Ave.
604	Fredonia, N. Y. (A).....	6..	Mrs. Jennie N. Curtis.
605	E. Orange, N. J. (B).....	6..	Frank Chandler.
606	Evansville, Md. (A).....	5..	C. D. Gilchrist, 421 Chandler Ave.
607	San Francisco (H).....	6..	R. Dutton, Cal. & Devisadero St.
608	Los Gatos, Cal. (A).....	4..	E. L. Menefee.
609	Brooklyn, N. Y. (H).....	6..	Philip Van Ingen, 122 Remsen St.
610	Racine, Wis. (B).....	5..	Chas. S. Lewis, Racine, Coll.
611	London, England (D).....	5..	R. T. Walker, 14 Queen's Gardens, W.
612	Urbana, Ohio (C).....	13..	Edwin M. S. Houston.
613	Winooski, Vt. (A).....	4..	S. G. Ayres.
614	Baltimore, Md. (H).....	7..	R. S. Hart, 211 Presman St.
615	Newport, R. I. (C).....	5..	J. P. Cotton, 15 Park St.
616	Norwich, Conn. (A).....	15..	A. L. Aiken.
617	So. Winstown, Mass. (A).....	27..	R. C. Campbell.
618	Central Village, Ct. (A).....	20..	Edgar M. Warner, Esq.
619	Phila., Pa. (T).....	5..	James McMichael, 520 N. Twenty-first St.
620	Manlius, N. Y. (A).....	4..	G. C. Beebe.
621	Garden Grove, Cal. (A).....	4..	Horace C. Head.
622	Utica, N. Y. (B).....	5..	William White (care On. Co. Bank).

### EXCHANGES.

Peacock iron, and coal, Michigan coral and fossils.—E. D. Lowell, 722 West Main St., Jackson, Mich.  
Correspondence with other Chapters.—F. L. Armstrong, Meadville, Pa.

Silver, copper, lead, mica, and sea-urchins.—W. G. Curtis, Abington, Mass.

General exchanges.—Willie Clute, Sec. 514, Iowa City, Iowa.

Eggs and skins of Colorado birds. (Eggs blown through small hole in side, and same sort washed.)—W. F. Strong, 804 Cal. St., Denver, Colorado.

Labeled Hemiptera and Coleoptera. (Write first.)—E. L. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Eggs.—Frank Burrill, Lisbon, Me.

Bird's-eggs, and skins, and fossils.—F. H. Wentworth, 123 Twenty-fifth St., Chicago, Ill.

Fine specimens of Manganese.—Caroline S. Roberts, Sec. 522, Sharon, Conn.

Labeled fossils, shells, and minerals; and correspondence in South and West.—E. P. Boynton, 3d Ave. and 5th St., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mounted Canadian insects (labeled), for rare minerals.—Charlie Hague, 172 E. 87th St., New-York, N. Y.

Correspondence with any one that has a botanical garden.—Miss Jessie E. Jenks, Oneonta, N. Y.

Berries of *Abies precatarius* (the standard weight of Hindoo goldsmiths), for cocoons or butterflies.—Miss Isabelle McFarland, Sec. 448, 1727 F St., Washington, D. C.

17-year locusts of 1870, for large Trilobites. Devonian fossils.—C. R. Eastman, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Pressed plants for a hang-bird's nest and eggs.—Stella B. Hills, Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin.

Correspondence.—T. F. McNair, Hazelton, Pa.

### QUESTIONS.

1. What is the food of a prairie-dog? 2. What woods are least liable to rot? 3. What is a cidaris? 4. Is a knowledge of the classics necessary to a scientific education? [Not "necessary," but highly helpful and desirable.] 5. Why is mold on the same substance of various colors? 6. Can you give the address of a specialist on fish? [We can not, but should be very grateful if such a person would volunteer his assistance in answering our young friends.]

### ANSWERS.

I will gladly answer any member of the A. A. who may wish to know the publisher, price, etc., of any book or pamphlet, if he will enclose a stamp.—T. Mills Clark, 117 E. 17th St., New York, N. Y.

In answer to the question, "Do ants live all winter?"—Yes. Last Friday, while skating, I found a sheep's skull. I brought it home and put a glass tube near it. About 27 ants crawled into the tube.—L. G. Westgate. [Sir John Lubbock kept two ant queens alive for more than 7 years.]

Pebbles are formed by the violent washing of small fragments of rock, broken and carried along the bed of a stream.—J. K. Graybill.

In answer to A. S. G.: The name "sea-bean" is incorrect, but was given to the large brown beans that are often polished and sold as ornaments, because they are often found on the sea-shore. The real name of this plant is the Scimitar pod, or "Entada scandens."

It is a member of the Leguminosae, or bean family, and grows in India and South America. It is a strong climber. Its large flat pods are hard and woody in structure, and are from four to six, or even eight feet, in length. These are often curved so as to resemble a scimitar. The beans sometimes fall into the sea, and have been carried by the Gulf Stream as far as the coast of Scotland, where they have been known to germinate.—Hiram H. Bice.

Many sea-beans come ashore at Galveston. The tide before full moon brings them in greatest abundance. I have gathered as many as 300 good ones in a walk of 5 miles. I think there are 6 or 8 kinds. Two kinds, I know, grow on vines. The largest are four inches in diameter, half an inch thick, and very dark brown. I planted 6 of them at high-tide mark. All grew, and in less than 4 weeks had run 30 feet, all the vines running toward the west. The leaves were from 2 to 4 inches long, and half an inch wide, and more than an eighth of an inch thick. They were very dark green on the upper side and light on the under side. Edges of leaves smooth. I have planted other kinds, but they do not grow so well. None of them grow in the sea. Possibly, however, the little black-eyed scarlet peas do.—J. G. S., care Box 121, Tyler, Texas.

## NOTES.

89. *Coal*.—I have had an opportunity of going into the largest coal mine in Des Moines. Above the vein of coal is a black, soft, crumbling shale, of a very thin laminate structure. Fossils are sometimes found in this. The coal is traversed by thin veins of a grayish rock, dense and heavy; between the veins of coal are layers of fire-clay, gray in color, and greasy. In this clay is found a fossil plant, called *Lepidodendron*. This was a reed, with a soft pith and a hard and much-scarred bark. It was one of the coal-forming plants, and is often found near coal. Iron pyrites of beautiful golden color, and small globules of sulphur, occur in veins. But the most beautiful thing found in the mine is the saltpetre. This is found in needle-like crystals, transparent, of a light-green color, and decidedly resembling moss. The logs used as props are covered with two sorts of fungi. One is that beautiful little fungus with slender black stem and white creased head, called *Marasmius*, the other is like the common fungus that grows on old stumps. Both kinds are pure white when they grow underground. As I was labeling my fossils, a gentleman who has taught in a college for fifteen years told me I was all wrong, and that plants never had anything to do with the formation of coal. What do you think of that?—A Friend.

[We think he was mistaken.]

90. *Spring-beetle*.—We put a Spring-beetle, or *Elater*, into our poison jar, and left it there for three days. After it had been out a week, it began to show signs of life, and finally quite revived. The jar had been freshly made, and everything else that was put into it died instantly.—Laurena Streit, Ch. 434.

91. *Pyrus*.—In the 33d report, A. A., Jan., 1884, I find in Prof. Jones's schedule the *pyrus* classed with indehiscent fruits. Is it not a mistake? Was not the peculiar manner of opening, resembling the lid of a box, the reason for its name?—Anna L. J. Arnold, Prin. High School, Urbana, O.

[It was a mistake, as was also the printing of *Figure's Insect World*, for *Figuer's Insect World*, in last number.]

92. *Wheel-bug*.—Alonzo Stewart has been studying the so-called "Nine-pronged wheel-bug." He has found specimens with as many as 12 prongs. This bug is very destructive to other insects, which it kills with its beak, through which is emitted a poisonous fluid. One that he kept from Aug. 11th to 27th ate, among other things, a *Telea Polyphemus*, a poisonous spider, and some katydid, and it ate from 5 to 10 caterpillars an hour.—R. P. Bigelow, Sec. 109.

[We would like to hear more of this curious bug; what is its Latin name?]

93. *Seals*.—Seals are able to close their nostrils, and can remain under water 25 minutes.

94. *Promethea*.—I have found 7 *Promethea* cocoons on a small wild cherry-tree.—F. P. Poster, Sec. 440.

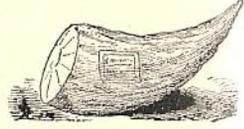
95. *Woods*.—I should like to mention my way of preparing woods for the cabinet. Cut pieces from a log, so that the bark shall form a back like the back of a book. They should be 5 inches in height, 4 in width, and one and a half in thickness. The wood may then be finished in oil or varnish. On the back, about two inches from the top, cut away the bark between parallel incisions, and glue a piece of paper across on which to write the label. So prepared, they present a very handsome appearance on the shelf. The accompanying sketch may make it clearer.—Myron E. Baker.

96. *Parasites*.—On a *liriodendron* (tulip) tree, I found about 30 *Promethea* cocoons, one of which, as it would not rattle, I

opened, and within I found, closely packed, 7 small, white, soft bodies. They look like larvae of some sort, but I can not recognize them.—G. C. McKee.

[Perhaps some of our friends will help us name these strange intruders? Meanwhile, you should watch them carefully, make notes on their growth, etc., and report later.]

97. Will some one give me particulars about the fossil here sketched?—W. D. Grier.



## REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

535. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*—I send you the dates at which some of our more common flowers bloom: White violets, Feb. 16; Blue violets, all winter; Hyacinths, Jan. 28; Crocus, Jan. 30; Honey-suckle, Feb. 8; White spirea, Feb. 28; Houstonia, Feb. 3; Daisies, Feb. 29; Butter and eggs, March 1; Cherry-tree, Feb. 20.—Clara J. Martin.

264. *Gainesville, Fla.*—This Chapter has disbanded, as its secretary is dead. Paul E. Rollins was a private in the Gainesville Guards, and on his death, at a special meeting, a series of resolutions was passed, of which the following is one: "His upright and noble life endeared him to us all, and should be a standard for our emulation."

*Query*.—I am a subscriber to *ST. NICHOLAS*, and notice in the April No. a note, No. 85, that H. A. Cooke, with others, has decided that the rings of a tree do not indicate the years it has lived, "but the number of stoppages in its growth." Having a personal interest in the matter, I would be much indebted to him for the information how many such "stoppages" can occur in a year, and the causes of them.—Respectfully yours, Jno. M. Hamilton.

548. *Cranford, N. J.*—In answer to a March question, the richer the soil is made, the darker the color of flowers will be. Charcoal, indigo and ammonia, put around the roots of plants make the flowers change color, and coppers brightens them.—L. M.

258. *Reading, Pa.*—We have a man here in town that we are very proud of. His name is Herman Strecker. He works in a marble-yard all day, and at night studies for many hours. He has the largest collection of butterflies in the U. S., and the second largest in the world. I think it numbers 75,000.—Helen Baer.

I have decided not only to take notes of what I see, but also to make pencil sketches, for I find that when you try to draw an object, you are forced to observe numerous little points of structure and form that would totally escape your notice otherwise.—W. E. McHenry.

187. Mr. Lintner, the State entomologist, has been very kind to us, and has given us a copy of his first annual report. We have a MS. paper, *The Naturalist*, to which all are supposed to contribute. Our president and secretary form a "literary committee," and decide upon a programme for each meeting, and edit the paper. Each member keeps a note-book, and the reading of these forms an important part of our meetings. Also, at each meeting, each member brings two questions, written on a slip of paper, and hands them to his right-hand neighbor, whose duty it is to answer them the next week.—John P. Gavit, Albany, N. Y. (A).

381. *New Orleans*.—Though a small Chapter, we are one of the many whose interest has never flagged. We have built a cabinet, and will have to build another, as this is full.—P. Benedict.

511. Our Chapter now has 12 members, and we have about 200 specimens of insects.—Kitty C. Roberts, Blackwater, Fla.

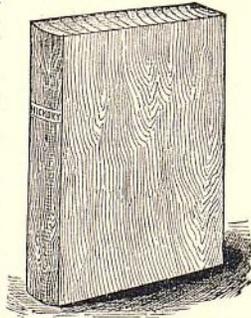
478. *Conestocks, N. Y.*—Our Chapter is progressing fairly. Our secretary attempted to stuff a red squirrel the other day, from memory of what he had read on the subject. When it was done, it looked as if it had been struck by lightning, but it was stuffed just the same.—G. C. Baker.

112. *Boston, Mass.*—We gave an entertainment and exhibition of our minerals, and although it was a very rainy evening, we had a fair audience, and made \$6.90. We anticipate great pleasure from the numerous field meetings we are planning.—Annie S. McKissick.

*Bird's-eggs identified*.—I shall be happy to identify bird's-eggs for members of the A. A., if sent to me.—D. C. Eaton, Woburn, Mass., Box 1255.

The reports from our Chapters have been continually increasing in interest, and we wish to express our thanks to the faithful secretaries. We must hint to them, however, that they try to condense their monthly letters a little more. Please don't use two words if one will serve the purpose. Take these printed reports as models. But once a year we desire a long, and detailed report from each Chapter. This should be written as carefully as possible, and sent on or near the anniversary of the Chapter's organization. Remember to put the number of your Chapter at the head of the first page, and always give address in full. Address all communications, except questions about specimens, to the President.

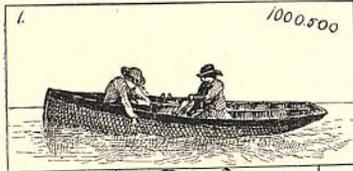
MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



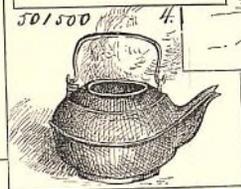
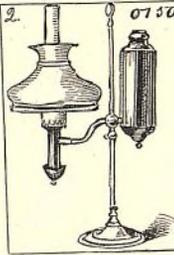


**ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.**

WHEN the figures in each picture have been translated into letters they will spell the word necessary to answer the question for the picture. EXAMPLE: Picture No. 1. What are these men fishing for? ANSWER: Cod. (C, 100; o; d, 500.) 2. What does this lamp contain? 3. What is the lit-



le girl crying for? 4. What does this kettle need? 5. Where is this horse going? 6. What is the man about to do with the rope? 7. What does this musician want? GEO. BARDWELL.



tribute. 4. A ride farming establishment. 5. Flex ible. 6. To settle an income upon. 7. Aquatic animals. MARION V.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

My primals and finals spell the name of a famous English comedian, who was born and who died on June 28th.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length):  
1. To captivate. 2. A volcanic mountain of Iceland. 3. To dis-

**BURIED FLOWERS.**

1. Bring me a hammer or chisel, Ellen. 2. When put in the sun flowering plants generally do well. 3. See the tear, Oh, see the tear

**HOOR-GLASS.**

CENTRALS, reading downward, spell the name of a restorer.  
CROSS-WORDS: 1. To destroy. 2. Compact 3. A small fruit. 4. In anemone. 5. The nickname of a President of the United States. 6. To direct. 7. Very wise. CHARLOTTE.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.**

TRANSFORMATION PUZZLE. Primals, Decorations; finals, Memorial Day. CROSS-WORDS: 1. pray, DraM. 2. task, EasE. 3. fall, CalM. 4. slip, OLiO. 5. peat, ReAR. 6. Emma, AmMl. 7. dogs, TogA. 8. odor, IdOl. 9. ibex, ObcD. 10. sort, NoRA. 11. glad, SlaV.

FRAMED WORD-SQUARE. From 1 to 2, Logwood; from 3 to 4, Monitor; from 5 to 6, Portion; from 7 to 8, Horizon. Included word-square: 1. Red. 2. Eve. 3. Den.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From left to right, Jasmine; from right to left, Diamond. CROSS-WORDS: 1. JointeD. 2. pAcifIc. 3. paSs-Age. 4. comMand. 5. prOvide. 6. eNsigNs. 7. DisputE.

CREMATION-CHARADE. Carbon-dale.  
BEHEADINGS. Abraham Lincoln. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A-jar. 2. B-and. 3. R-end. 4. A-rid. 5. H-our. 6. A-men. 7. M-oat. 8. L-ark. 9. I-bid. 10. N-ail. 11. C-owl. 12. O-men. 13. L-ear. 14. N-eat.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA:  
Among the changing months May stands confessed  
The sweetest, and in fairest colors dressed.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Uranus. 2. Recent. 3. Accuse. 4. Neuter. 5. Unseen. 6. Sterne.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the May number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 6—Lily and Agnes Harburg, France, 10.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from B. P. B. and Co.—S. R. T.—“Three Units”—Arthur Gride—H. and Co.—Katie L. Robertson—Madeline Vultee—“Two Stones”—Fannie, Carrie and Sannie—Maggie T. Turill—Hattie, Clara, and Mamma—Zealous—Hyslop—Charles Haynes Kye—Wm. H. Clark—Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William—Shumway Hen and Chickens—Kina—Francis W. Islip—Hugh and Cis—M. W. Hickok—E. Muriel Graydy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Frank Hoyt, 1—Harry J. Lynch, 1—L. O. Gregg, 1—Willie D. Grier, 1—Minnie E. Patterson, 1—Mary Chamberlin, 1—Cousin Mamie, 2—Julia Hayden Richardson, 2—Walter Lindsay, 1—Laura G. and Lilian, 1—Paul Resse, 11—Viola Percy Conklin, 3—Susan Pottles and Zenobia Higgins, 1—Jessie E. Jenks, 2—F. and H. A. Davis, 11—Chas. Crane, 1—K. L. M., 3—Julian A. Keeler, 2—Eva Halle, 4—A. P. Smith, 1—Maria, 10—Mabel Vida Budd, 4—Mary Ashbrook, 1—Fred. S. Kersey, 1—Jennie Balch, 4—“Sinbad the Sailor,” 6—C. Smith, 6—Ettie E. Southwell, 2—R. K. Miller, 2—Emma M. L. Tilton, 2—F. Sweet, 1—“Flip,” 1—Mabel Palmer, 1—E. Ora Deemer, 3—E. Gertrude Cosgrave, 11—Leon Robbins, 11—Grace Zublin, 1—Clara Powers, 1—Alfred Mudge, 1—Edith and Lawrence Butler, 1—Natalie Sawyer, 5—Dickie Welles, 1—Cooper, Charley and Laura, 7—James M. Barr, 2—“Fin I. S.,” 8—Ruth and Sam Camp, 8—Alfred Hayes, Jr., 1—Marian C. Hatch, 3—Alan M. Cohen, 1—Van L. Wills, 1—Jessie and Madge Hope, 1—Effe K. Tall-boys, 7—“Rex Ford,” 6—“Worcester Square,” 1—Mary A. and Helen R. Granger, 1—Helen W. Gardner, 1—Mamie H. Hand, 4—Hessie D. Boylston, 2—Alice F. Wann, 1—Susie May Lum, 1—Alfred Hayes, Jr., 1—Anna Schwartz, 1—No Name, New York, 11—Bertha Feldwish, 9—Hattie E. Bacon, 1—Arthur Hyde, 3—Albert Lightfoot, 4—Edith Moss, 1—C. H. Aldrich, 10—Mamie W. Aldrich, 2—Irma and Mamie, 3—Eleanor, Maude, and Louise Peart, 3—Alex. Laidlaw, 7—“The Newsome Family,” 5—Angela V., 1—Unknown, 5—William H. Clark, 11—Julie and Tessie Gutman, 1—Edward Livingston Hunt, 2—Jennie and Birdie, 5—Mary Mayo, 1—George Habenicht, 1—E. D. and S. S., 5—Janet Burns, 6—Fred. E. Stanton, 6—Horace R. Parker, 5—Alice Westwood, 9—Ruthand Nell, 7—Rose W. Greenleaf, 1—Fred. J. Wheeler, 1—“An Amateur,” 3—Marguerite Kye, 1—Marie and Florence, 4—Appleton H., 7—Bess Burch, 8—Professor and Co., 8—Emily Daniel, 1—Millie and Mamma, 3—Arthur Barnard, 2—Maggie, Nellie, and Alice Smith, 2—Lois Hawks, 2—Hattie, Lillie, Ida, and Olive, 5—George Lyman Waterhouse, 10—L. C. B., 7—Ida and Edith Swanwick, 7—Charlotte and Harry Evans, 5—H. I. D., 2—Mary Stuart, 7—Crocus, 9—“Captain Nemo,” 11—Vessie W. and Millie W., 8—B. S. Latham, 2—Lulu and Mamie, 4—J. A. Platt, 11—C. W. F., 4—W. Sheraton, 1—Jennie M. Jones, 1—B. Palmer, 4—J. C. Winne and G. C. Beebe, 5—Buzz Gree and Co., 3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Russia; finals, Odessa. CROSS-WORDS: 1. RanchO. 2. UnitcD. 3. SalutE. 4. ScripS. 5. IssueS. 6. AlaskA.

DECORATION DAY REBUS.  
“Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends,  
Their generous discord with the battle ends;  
In peace they wonder whence dissension rose,  
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.”  
Prospect of Peace, by T. G. Penell.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. 1.: 1. C. 2. Pat. 3. Valet. 4. Calomel. 5. Temen. 6. Ten. 7. L. II.: 8. L. 2. Bet. 3. Braid. 4. Learned. 5. Tinny. 6. Dey. 7. III. 1. L. 2. Nit. 3. Naked. 4. Likened. 5. Tense. 6. Dec. 7. D. IV.: 1. L. 2. Sat. 3. Synod. 4. Languid. 5. Touse. 6. Die. 7. D. V.: 1. D. 2. Era. 3. Eland. 4. Dragon. 5. Anode. 6. Doc. 7. N.

ZIGZAG. Brooklyn Bridge. CROSS-WORDS: 1. tuB. 2. oRh. 3. Owl. 4. bOy. 5. arK. 6. oLd. 7. Yes. 8. oNe. 9. hUb. 10. iRe. 11. Ice. 12. aDd. 13. biG. 14. cEl.

MAY DIAGONAL. May-day. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Month. 2. tAr-box. 3. crYing. 4. maiDen. 5. ashmAn. 6. SundaY.

