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"MY BIG BRUDDER CAN MAKE IT GO!"

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HOW THE TORIES BROKE UP "MEETING."

BY EMMA W. DEMERITT.

FOR the third time little Ruth Holley stepped out on the broad flat stone that served as a doorstep, and shading her eyes with her hand looked eagerly down the road.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, glancing at the long slanting shadows; "it's almost supper-time and they have n't come, and Sister Molly is never late!"

Then she turned and passed through the narrow entry into the kitchen, where her mother was bending over a big iron pot which hung from the crane in the wide fire-place.

"Well, Daughter, any signs of 'em yet?"

"No, Mother," answered Ruth, almost ready to cry. "Perhaps Gray Duke has run away, or some of the dreadful Tories have stopped them; and if anything should happen to Geordie or the twins, I don't know what I *should* do!"

Mrs. Holley raked the embers forward and threw a fresh log on the fire. "I would n't borrow any trouble, Daughter," she said quietly; "real trouble comes thick and fast enough in these dark days without any need of borrowing more."

The kitchen door opened, and a tall gray-haired man entered.

"I've put the milk in the pantry, Mother. Where are Molly and the children? Have n't they come?"

Mrs. Holley shook her head.

"Ruth is worrying, Father, for fear that they've been caught by Tories or that Gray Duke has run away with them."

The farmer threw back his head and laughed.

"No fear of that, little girl! Molly Pidgin is a born horsewoman, and Duke may be fiery and unmanageable enough with strangers, but he's like a lamb with Molly. And as for being caught by the Tories,—why, I'd just like to see 'em do it, that's all! There is n't a horse in these parts that can keep within sight of Duke's heels. I knew his value well when I gave him to Molly for a wedding gift. And they are well matched for spirit!"

"I wish Molly had less spirit, Father, for then when Edward went away, she would have come up here to stay with us," returned Mrs. Holley. "Middlesex is no place for her; it's a perfect nest of Tories! But we had hard work to get her to spend even this week with us!"

"Well, I suppose she thought some of the Tories would run off the cattle or ransack the house while she was away. We are passing through dark days—dark days, Mother! It's bad enough to have to fight an open foe, but when it comes to having neighbors who are on the watch for every chance to plunder you and to give you over to the Red-coats, it's almost more than flesh and blood can stand!"

It was the summer of 1781, the darkest and most trying period of the Revolution. The campaign of 1779 had proved a failure. The British were everywhere successful, and the American army had done almost nothing toward bringing the war to a close. And 1780 was a still more discouraging year. The winter was one of the coldest

ever known, and the sufferings of the Continental troops in their winter quarters at Morristown were terrible. Early in 1781, several hundred of the soldiers revolted and were only kept by the point of the bayonet from going home, so that this year, too, opened most disastrously. The dwellers on the Connecticut coast lived in constant fear of the British, who occupied New York City and Long Island, and frequently crossed the Sound at night in boats, to plunder the inhabitants and carry them away captives. Norwalk, Middlesex (now Darien), and Stamford were particularly hated by the English on account of the patriotism of their three ministers, and the Red-coats had been planning for a long time some way of punishing the Rev. Mr. Mather, whose earnest teachings served to keep up the almost fainting courage of the people of Middlesex.

Mrs. Holley swung the crane further over the fire, and then helped Ruth to set the table with the dark-blue china and the large pewter platters, which had been scoured until they shone like silver.

"Hark! What is that?" said the farmer, going to the door. But Mrs. Holley and Ruth were there before him, just in time to see a powerful gray horse dash up to the door and stop obediently at the decided "Whoa!" of his mistress, a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed young woman. Behind her, on the pillion, and securely tied to her waist, was four-year-old Geordie, while in front, encircled by her arms, sat the baby twins, Ben and Desire, as like as two peas. In a moment, Geordie was unfastened and Ruth was smothering him with kisses, while Mrs. Holley looked very proud with a twin on either arm.

"Well, Molly," said her father, looking at her admiringly as she sprang lightly to the ground, "you are as spry as ever. We had begun to worry about you. What made you so late?"

"I was waiting for dispatches from Edward, and they came just before I left. They've had a terrible winter, Father," and the tears gathered in Molly's eyes. "Our brave men have been without shoes and had only miserable rags for clothing, and hundreds of them have died from hunger and cold. At times they have had neither bread nor meat in the camp, and the Continental money lost value so that it took four months' pay of a private to buy a bushel of wheat! Edward says if it had not been for the great heart and courage of Washington they would have given up in utter despair. But things are looking brighter now. Congress has sent them money, and General Greene has had some splendid victories in the South; and Edward says there are still more to follow."

"You don't say!" cried the farmer in a ringing voice, and his bent form straightened, and

his blue eyes flashed. "Now, may the Lord be praised! How many times have I told you, Mother, that we'd certainly win in the end."

"But these victories cost so, Father!" said Molly, throwing her arm over the horse's neck and hiding her face against his glossy mane. "O Duke, Duke! When will your master come back to us?"

Duke had been champing his bit uneasily, but at the sound of his mistress's voice, he became instantly quiet. He turned his full, bright eye on her and lowered his head until his nose rubbed against her hand.

"Just look at the critter, Mother!" cried Farmer Holley. "I think he actually knows what the girl is saying."

"Edward wrote that there was a great scarcity of horses in the army, and asked me, in case Duke was needed for our Washington, if I would be willing to give him up."

"It would be rather hard to give up Duke. Eh, Molly, girl?"

"I would even part with him, if necessary. I will do anything and everything that I can, for the sake of our country," said Molly. "And dear old Duke is fit to carry even so good and great a man as Washington."

In a few moments the family was seated at the table, and opening the big, leather-bound Bible, Farmer Holley read a short chapter, followed by the simple evening prayer.

The next morning, after breakfast was cleared away, Molly said to her father:

"I believe I'll ride down to Middlesex church. I don't like to miss one of Parson Mather's sermons. They are a great comfort to me. And I can see, too, whether the house is all right. I can get there in time for the afternoon service, and I'll take Ruth with me for company."

Shortly before noon, Duke was brought to the door, and so impatient was he, that he could hardly wait for Molly and Ruth to mount. Off they went at a rapid pace, through the gate and down the old post-road, and Canaan Parish was soon left far behind.

After a few pats and a little coaxing, Duke settled down to a sober trot. A ride of six miles brought them to Molly's house, and a glance told them that all was safe. Then they came in sight of the wooden meeting-house, with its stiff little belfry. On one side was a dense swamp bordering the road. As they passed it, Ruth glanced carelessly back, and her heart gave a great thump, as she thought she saw a bit of red color and a glitter as of sunshine on burnished steel. She looked again, but there was nothing but an unbroken wall of green leaves, so thick was the



growth of bushes and tangled vines. Her first impulse was to tell Molly. Then she laughed at her foolish fears. "I'm but a silly girl," she thought; "it was all imagination!"

The bell was still ringing, and Molly went behind the church, where the horses were fastened, and tied Duke to a tree. Then she took Ruth by the hand, crossed the porch, passed through the little entry and walked up the aisle to a square, high-backed pew.

"Surrender or die!" called a loud voice. "Escape is impossible, for both doors are guarded."

Three or four young men climbed out of the windows, but the shots fired after them warned others of the dangers of flight. With clanking arms a number of British soldiers, led by some of the Middlesex Tories, rudely entered the church and proceeded to plunder the congregation. Silver watches were taken, silver buckles were torn from knee-breeches and shoes, and ear-rings were roughly snatched from women's ears.

Molly started up indignant, as a trooper pointed to the gold beads on her neck.

"I'll thank ye for those gewgaws, ma'am," said he.

"Softly, softly, Mistress Pidgin," exclaimed a neighbor; "re-



"DUKE DASHED ACROSS THE GREEN, AND DARTED UP THE HILL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The young girl heard but little of the service. She could not get that bit of red color and the glitter in the swamp out of her mind. The windows were open, and she found herself listening intently for every little sound, but she heard nothing except the singing of birds and the rustling of the leaves, as the warm south wind gently stirred the branches of the trees. But when Mr. Mather, from his high pulpit perched beneath the great sounding-board, began to read the hymn, suddenly the words died away on his lips. He closed his book and remained motionless, with his eyes riveted on the open door.

sistance is of no use." And Molly gave up the necklace.

Then she whispered to Ruth: "Keep close by me, Little Sister! Do just as I do—keep getting nearer the door—a step at a time—without attracting attention. If I *can* only save Duke!" The British tied the men, two by two, and, amid the soldiers' jeers and hooting, the gray-haired minister was dragged from the pulpit.

"Let the rebel parson lead the march," cried one; "and hark ye, sirrah, step lively, or you'll feel the prick of my bayonet—we must make

haste, or the whole town will be after us," he added in a lower tone, addressing one of his comrades.

In the meantime, Molly and Ruth had reached the door without being seen, and Mistress Pidgin peeped out cautiously. The guard had left his post to help lead the horses to the front of the church. Most of them had been taken, but Duke was still standing under the tree.

The two sisters darted down the steps, climbed up on a stone fence, untied Duke, and mounted, but had gone only a few yards when they encountered two men.

"Stop!" cried one of them, seizing the bridle. Molly bent over Duke, and patted him gently on the neck. Then she raised her whip and brought it down with all her might on his flank. He reared wildly, and, with a furious plunge that would have unseated a less skillful rider than Molly, he freed himself from his captor, dashed across the green, and, with ears laid flat against his neck and his tail streaming out like a white banner, he darted like an arrow up the road.

Ruth was partly thrown from the pillion, but Molly's strong arm was around her, and her calm voice sounded re-assuringly:

"Pull yourself up to the pillion! Never fear! I can hold you;" and even in that mad flight the little girl was able to draw herself up to a secure position. As they reached the top of a long hill,

Molly drew rein and looked back. A few mounted men had started in pursuit, but Duke was too fleet for them, and they had turned back.

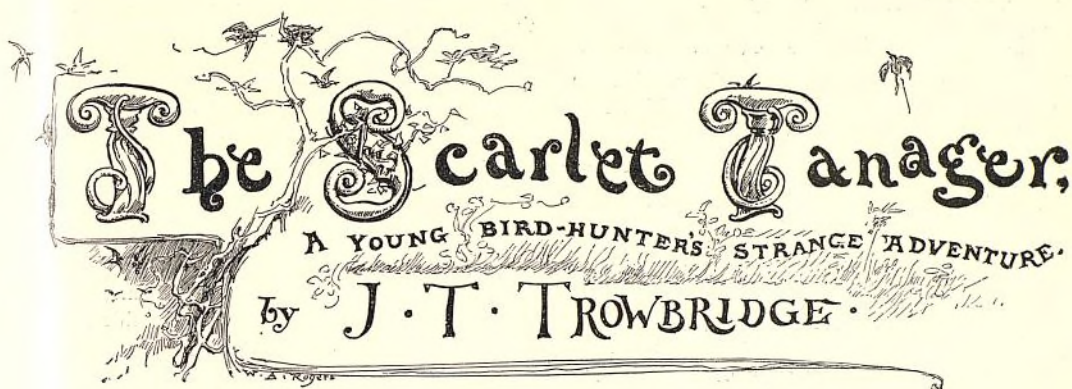
"O my brave Duke," said Molly; "may you always carry your rider as swiftly from danger as you have carried us to-day!"

Duke bore them swiftly up the old road to Canaan Parish, and as soon as they reached home safely, the alarm was given by the ringing of bells and the firing of guns, and several of the men started at once for Middlesex. But they were too late! The prisoners had been carried across the Sound, and from thence they were sent to the prison-ships in New York Bay, where some of them languished and died, and others, among them Parson Mather, after a long delay, were returned to their homes.

Meantime, Duke was sent to the headquarters of the Continental Army, and it was the proudest day of Molly's life when, soon after the declaration of peace, she stood on a balcony with Edward and the children beside her, and heard the thunder of artillery, the ringing of bells, and the wild cheers of the people. For, as she looked up the street she saw, amid the waving of flags and the fluttering of handkerchiefs; passing under the triumphal arch, with proudly arched neck and quivering nostrils, a magnificent gray horse, bearing on his back that martial figure so well known and loved—the noble Washington.



"FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED."



The Scarlet Tanager,

A YOUNG BIRD-HUNTER'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

by J.T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

IMPRISONED.



ASPAR was stunned by the fall, but not seriously hurt.

On coming to himself, he found that he was in a narrow dungeon, perhaps three feet in diameter, which smelled strongly of damp and decay. He was sitting on a soft, rotting mass of stuff,

which must have served to break his fall; his legs were buried in it to the knees. He had a sense of having been terribly wrenched and jarred, with a sick and giddy feeling about the head.

The hollow was dark. He felt the rough, moldering walls with his hands, and then looked up. A round spot of light, which did not seem very far above, showed the aperture by which he had been entrapped.

"If I had room enough to work in that narrow part up there, I could get out," he said to himself. For he had his knife in his pocket, and he believed he could cut foot-holds into wood sufficiently solid to bear his weight.

"But it will take so long!" he thought. "I shall starve first, or smother"—for he was feeling the need of fresh air.

His mind was quickly diverted from that project by an incident. One could hardly expect to meet with an adventure at the bottom of such a tube as that; yet one happened to Gaspar.

As he was getting upon his feet, he felt something stir in the rubbish beneath him, and thought of his scarlet tanager. He thrust down his hand and seized something which was less like feathers

than fur, but loosed his hold instantly on receiving a bite in the thumb. The creature thereupon scampered over his knees and darted across his shoulder and down the back of his coat, with a quick chipper which told plainly enough what sort of companion he had in his dungeon.

"A chipmunk!" he exclaimed. "Where did the fellow go to?" For all was still again in a moment.

This trifling incident seemed important to the prisoner, and it gave him hope. He reasoned:

"It is not the habit of chipmunks to climb trees. This one never came in at the top of the trunk; he must have a hole somewhere down here. There is probably an opening on one side as there is at the roots of most hollow trunks."

If the squirrel had his summer home there, it seemed strange that he had not run out of his door when he saw so extraordinary a visitor coming down the chimney. Some dislodged fragments of the crumbling interior must have fallen, Gaspar thought, and suddenly stopped the hole. Had the frightened animal now dived down amongst them to find his way out? If so, they had closed after him; for the prisoner could discern no glimmer of light except what came in at the top.

His eyes growing accustomed to the obscurity, he could see about all that was to be seen in that dismal place. This was very little indeed; only the dim outline of the litter beneath his feet, and the walls consumed by the slow combustion of time. He soon had out his knife, and began to chip into them, quickly striking the rings of the hard wood which supported the living branches.

"My best chance," he said, "will be to find the natural opening, if there is one." And he set himself to search for that.

After poking awhile with his feet, he was rewarded by seeing a faint gleam of light which did not come in at the top. With fresh hope and joy, he dug the rubbish away from it, and discovered a

narrow, jagged slit, apparently in the angle between two branching roots.

Exploring it with his hands, he found it not more than three or four inches in breadth and inclosed by solid folds of wood and bark. But if it did not promise immediate escape to the prisoner, it offered what was almost as welcome, a prospect of fresh air.

"If I can breathe," he said, "I will cut my way out in time."

He burrowed still farther, throwing the rubbish in a heap behind him; but could not find that the slit enlarged as he went deeper. On the contrary, it soon grew narrower, as if the two roots—if they were two, originally—were crowded together at the surface of the ground.

He could now look out and see the waning afternoon light on the dead leaves that strewed the forest floor. He had not thought that he should ever look upon that peaceful scene again; and as he fixed his yearning eyes upon it, and drew the fresh air into his lungs, a deep sense of gratitude filled his heart, such as he had not felt in all his life before.

He could not see the pine he had climbed, nor the log on which he had left his gun; and he concluded that they must be on the opposite side of the hollow tree. The slant of the sunlight among the forest stems, and the apparent falling away of the ground in the direction of Bingham's swamp, confirmed him in this opinion.

The first thing he did, after looking out and inhaling fresh draughts of air, was to call again for help. But now, as much of his voice as was not muffled in the tree seemed to strike down upon the earth, and to penetrate the forest no farther than when he sent it straight up into the sky.

"No use in my losing time this way!" he said, and at once set about enlarging the aperture with his knife.

The decayed part of the bark was easily scraped from the edges of the separated folds; but hard enough he found the green wood beneath. He worked away at it with right good will, however, knowing that the slightest splinter or shaving he removed diminished by so much the barrier that kept him from liberty and home.

For home meant liberty and happiness to him now. How could he ever have scoffed at it, and nursed a moody discontent, with the blessings he enjoyed? Was it not his own fault that his father had opposed the killing of birds, and the hunting of nests and eggs, which had been so large a part of his boy life; seeing him with those low associates, in whose company he seemed to forget all the love and duty he owed his parents and friends?

He made slow progress, hurting his hand with

the short-bladed knife and on the rough edges of the wood. But still he worked away, and as he worked, he thought:

"Why was I never willing to do anything to please them, while they were always doing so much for me? Why could n't I have seen that it was only my good they thought of when they sent me to school, and tried to have me keep better company, and be industrious, and respectful, and decent? Oh, what a fool I have been!"

Yes, he had been worse than a fool; he had been headstrong in his selfish, thankless, often cruel opposition to their wishes. All this he said to himself, recalling many instances of his unworthy conduct, and longing for freedom, that he might begin life over again and redeem the past.

"What if I had died in this hole—what if I should die here now—leaving all my bad actions to be remembered? The very last thing I did was to disobey my father and break my promise to School-master Pike; the last words I spoke to Ella were mean and unjust!"

It was growing dark; the sunlight had disappeared from the boughs and stems, and deep shadows were creeping over the solitary forest. Occasionally he ceased cutting, to look out and call, and listen. No voices answered, no footsteps approached; nor was he much disappointed, for he knew well that it was not yet time for his absence from home to excite alarm, and he was in the most unfrequented part of the woods.

It would soon be quite dark; he must make the most of what daylight was left. He expected nothing else than that he must spend the night where he was, with no near neighbors but the katydids and owls. Supperless, lonesome, oppressed by the gloom, the odors of decay, and his own terrors and regrets—the prospect was one to make a better and braver boy shudder.

"I shall work a part of the night, anyway; for when I can't see, I can feel. Then when I am tired out, I can perhaps sleep."

The night insects had struck up their monotonous notes in the darkening woods; and now a fine, incessant hum about his ears, with an occasional sting on face or hands, gave warning that a swarm of mosquitoes had found him out. He could imagine them rising like a misty cloud from Bingham's swamp, and dividing into two parties, one of which filed in at the aperture where he was at work, while the other poured down upon him through the opening above. They interrupted his work; how then could he hope that they would let him sleep?

Fighting the invaders with one hand, he plied his knife with the other, blistering his palm and bruising his knuckles, but determined not to give

over his toil till he had made a hole that he could squeeze his body through, and get out of that terrible place. The darkness closed in upon him; he could no longer see where he thrust his blade. Patience was not one of his virtues, and he was growing desperate. The tough, green fibers would not come away fast enough, and he began to work off thicker chips, pressing and prying with the knife.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CLEW, AND WHAT IT LED TO.

HAVING obtained possession of the fowling-piece, Pete felt it a great grievance that he should be obliged to give it up.

"He's dead, or run away; I don't see why I can't hev it 's well 's anybody," he muttered, as



"'YE CAN HEAR IT NOW!' SAID PETE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Suddenly something snapped. He uttered a cry of dismay. The knife had but one whole blade, and that had broken under his hand.

To the misery of the night that followed, was now added the horrible apprehension that he might not be traced to that remote part of the woods, and that he was destined to perish in the hollow tree.

"But I can at least put my hand and some part of my clothing out of the hole," he said; "and there is my gun, which will be found some time; that will set people to looking hereabouts. But perhaps it may not be found till long after I am dead!"

He did not know that his gun had already been carried off by the prowling Pete, while he lay silent and stunned in the bottom of the hollow trunk.

he crawled into the bushes where he had concealed the gun that Sunday afternoon. "Might 's well leave it here. B'sides, ther' might be folks in the woods that 'ud see me with it."

He persuaded himself that it would be well to wait until night, at all events; in the meantime he would not go home, but live on melons, which he knew well enough where to find.

"What's b'come o' the feller, anyhow?" he said, as he crept out of the bushes again, without the gun. And that strange fascination which often attends the wrong-doer led him to wander again through the woods in the direction of Bingham's swamp.

He stopped often to look about him, and often changed his course; but invariably his feet would turn again, and his eyes look off toward the spot where he had found the gun.

At last he came in sight of the log. Then he stopped and sat down on a mossy root. After a while he went on again, not directly toward the log, but walking around it, wondering more and more how the gun ever got there, and what had become of its owner. The woods were strangely still; and he was frightened at the thought of Gaspar having shot himself and crawled away to die, perhaps in some of the hollows of the great swamp.

He stopped to pick and chew a few fresh check-erberry leaves; then, resolved not to be a coward, having looked all about again to see that nobody was in sight, he walked straight to the log.

He was still in a nervous tremor, looking first at the ground for traces of Gaspar, and then peering about in the silent woods, when all at once he heard a voice.

Where did it come from? It seemed quite near, and yet there was nobody in sight. He looked up into the trees, he looked all around again in the quiet forest, with superstitious fear—waiting quakingly until he heard the mysterious voice again, then he took to his heels.

He ran like a deer, and never stopped until, leaping over a ridge of rock, he came face to face with a man. It was Mr. Pike, the school-master.

"Peter," he exclaimed, "you are the boy I was looking for!"

"Wha' d' ye want o' me?" said the breathless Pete.

"Wait, and I'll tell you," replied the master, seeing the boy inclined to avoid him and continue his flight. "What were you running for?"

"Jes' for fun—I dunno—sometimes I run, an' sometimes I don't," stammered Pete. "Is n't any law against a fellow's runnin', is ther'?"

"No," said the master, sternly. "But there are laws against some other things. Don't try to get away! You are going with me, or I am going with you, whichever way it happens. But I promise to be your friend in this matter, if you'll tell me the truth."

"Truth 'bout what?"

"About Gaspar Heth."

"'Bout Gap Heth?" gasped Pete, with wild eyes.

"Yes; what has become of him?"

"Dunno what's become on him; I tol' ye so last night."

"Well, then," said the master, laying hold of his ragged collar, "tell me what has become of his gun, and where you found it."

Pete glared up at him, pale and chattering with fright. He did not know how much Mr. Pike knew of the truth, and was afraid to utter a straightforward lie.

"If you wont speak, then you and I go straight to Squire Coburn's," and Mr. Pike started to lead him off.

As Squire Coburn was the village justice, Pete struggled and hung back; but at last he exclaimed:

"Lemme go, an' I'll tell ye. I found the gun on a log over yender by Bingham's swamp, but Gap Heth wa'n't anywheres around, sure 's I'm alive!"

"Come and show me the place," said the master. Pete started, but presently hung back again.

"I don't want to!" he said. "That's what I was runnin' away from—his *ha'nt*."

"His what?" Mr. Pike demanded, impatiently.

"His *ha'nt*. I heard it, jes' as plain! But could n't see a thing. That's what scairt me. I'm awful 'fraid o' *ha'nts*!"

"What do you mean by haunts?—Ghosts? Do you imagine you've heard Gaspar's ghost?"

"I know I hev!" cried Pete.

"Come along and show me the spot," said the master. "If you heard Gaspar's voice, it was Gaspar himself who called, and not his '*ha'nt*.' Come! for he must be in trouble."

Partly re-assured, Pete accompanied him; but paused again before they had gone far over the ridge.

"Ye can hear it now!" he said.

Mr. Pike listened a moment. "It is certainly Gaspar calling!" he exclaimed; and, leaving the reluctant Pete to his fears, he set out to run in the direction of the voice.

Curiosity prompted Pete to follow at a safe distance. "That's the log!" he shouted, as the master paused, not knowing which way to turn; "right afore ye!"

The voice sounded again; and Mr. Pike, standing by the log, was as much puzzled at first as Pete had been to decide whence it came. Proceeding from the hollow tree, it was like the speech of a ventriloquist; and one could imagine it almost anywhere except where it was.

But instead of running away as Pete had done, Mr. Pike called:

"I hear you, Gaspar! where are you?"

"In the hollow tree," replied the voice. "Come around the other side."

The master had already seen far enough to assure himself that Gaspar was not behind the tree. He now obeyed the voice, and was more disturbed than he had ever been in all his life, to see a grimy hand thrust out of an opening in the bark. If the voice was like ventriloquism, the appearance of the hand was like magic.

"Why, Gaspar!" he cried, hastening to the aperture, and seizing the hand as if to make sure of it, "how did you ever get in there?"

"I slipped in at the top, trying to get a bird." Gaspar spoke in a stifled voice, and as he could not bring his mouth to the outer rim of the orifice, it sounded almost as if the tree itself had spoken.

Mr. Pike looked up, and the manifest impossibility of a boy's climbing that prodigious trunk added to his bewilderment. But his eyes followed the limb that curved across the top of the pine, where he saw Gaspar's cap lodged; and he required no further explanation of the mystery.

"Run as you would for your life!" he said to the staring Pete. "Bring the nearest farmer with his ax. And get word to the Heths, if you have a chance. Say that Gaspar is found—alive—in a hollow tree!"

Pete was off again in a moment, plying those nimble legs of his.

"You can stand it ten or fifteen minutes longer," Mr. Pike said, turning again to Gaspar.

"Oh yes," replied the prisoner, in feeble and quivering accents. "After a night and a day in such a place as this, I sha' n't care for half an hour more, if you wont leave me!"

"Poor fellow!" said the sympathizing master; "how you must have suffered! I wont leave you; never fear."

It is strange how the voice of pity will sometimes stir depths of the heart which agony itself could not reach. In all the wretchedness and horror of his imprisonment, Gaspar had not wept as he wept now that he was found and a friend was speaking to him consoling words.

"It has n't been very gay in here," he said, checking his sobs, and trying to speak cheerfully. "I'm nearly starved. And the mosquitoes—you never saw such a place for mosquitoes! But I don't care for anything now that you —" Here his sobs choked him again.

"Was there no way of getting out?" Mr. Pike inquired.

"I might have cut my way out if I had n't broken my knife. Then, this morning, I tried climbing. The hollow is pretty large at the top and bottom, but there is a spot I could n't get through; it's so narrow I had no chance to use my legs and arms. Then I tried digging under the trunk, but tore my fingers for nothing. There's no *under* to it. You just go right down into the hard roots."

"It's one of the most astonishing adventures I ever heard of!" exclaimed the master. "I came in sight of this place once, this morning, hunting for you, but who would ever have thought of finding you in a hollow trunk? I don't wonder Pete Cheevy thought it was your ghost that called!"

"Did he?" said Gaspar, with a faint laugh. "I did n't know whether anybody would be hunt-

ing for me or not; I was afraid I might n't be thought worth the trouble."

"What do you mean by that, Gaspar?"

"Oh, you know what I mean!" said the voice in the tree, breaking again. "I heard all your talk with my mother that first day you called at our house; and every word she said to you was true—only it was n't half the truth! It took a night and a day in a hollow tree to bring me to my senses, and show me what a worthless wretch I have been."

It required an effort for the master to control his voice and reply, stooping to the dark aperture within which he could hear sounds of weeping:

"It will take more than that—it will take a great many hollow trees and their lessons to convince your mother and me that you are as worthless as you think yourself now. I told her then that I was sure there was good in you which only needed to be developed."

"I know you did; I heard you," said Gaspar. "That's what made me like you. But I have treated you as I have treated all my friends, and I have got my pay for it. If I had n't broken my promise to you about shooting birds, I should n't have got into this scrape. What did my folks say?"

"They have n't known what to say or think. Your disappearance has been a terrible thing to them. I believe your father concluded that you had run away; but your mother feared something worse had happened—that you had met with a fatal accident. They passed a dreadful night, as well as you, Gaspar!"

"I suppose so. I have thought of them a thousand times," murmured the boy; "knowing so well that I never was worth the least part of the trouble I have caused them."

"You may have had some reason to think so," said the master. "But I trust we shall all have reason to think very differently in the future."

"I hope so!" breathed Gaspar, devoutly. "If I did n't, I should wish never to get out of this tree alive."

CHAPTER X.

"WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM."

DURING the latter part of this conversation between the boy in the hollow tree and the man outside, the man began to look anxiously at his watch. Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed; and still no farmer came with his ax, and no Pete re-appeared.

"Wont they ever come?" said Gaspar, despairingly.

"They are a long while about it," replied the

master. "If you can bear to have me leave you a few minutes, I believe I can bring somebody, or find an ax; it is n't far out of the woods on one side." He consulted his watch again, adding: "I have n't much confidence in that Pete."

"Oh, he will bring somebody, I 'm certain," said Gaspar. "Don't go! It seems to me as if I could n't be left alone again."

"Wait! I hear shouts!" said the master. "I believe the men Peter sent have mistaken their way and gone on the wrong side of the swamp."

He was right in his conjecture. He answered the shouts, and the men answered back. And soon the woods resounded with cries from other directions, where men and boys who had caught up the news that Pete had left on his way to the village came hurrying to see Gaspar Heth taken out of a hollow tree.

The voice of the school-master, standing guard by his young friend, guided all comers to the place. And now appeared Pete himself with the gun, and his father with an ax; and the two men first named, who had lost their way, came struggling through the swamp; and that spot in the woods, which had been so silent and solitary a little while before, became a scene of surprising activity. Shouts answered shouts as other comers appeared; the oddest guesses and comments were made regarding Gaspar's situation; and every one had to go and peep in at the narrow aperture for a glimpse of his mosquito-bitten face or his blotched and smeary hands.

"However did he squeeze in through that leetle hole?" said Simon Crabbe, the cobbler, who was near-sighted as well as dull-witted, and who had not yet taken in the significance of the tree's broken top. "Reminds me of a toad in a rock; but they say a toad crawls in when he's small, and grows there."

Mr. Pike explained that Gaspar was climbing after a bird; adding,—“Run up the tree there, Pete, and get his cap; he will want it in a few minutes.”

"After a bird!" said grim-looking old Dr. Kent. "I thought we were going to put a stop to this bird business. How is it, Mr. Pike?"

Mr. Pike appeared too busy just then to heed the question.

"Stand back," he cried, "and make room for the axes!"

The crowd drew back and the elder Cheevy was the first to strike into the tree, making the bark and chips fly into the faces of those who remained too near. Although accounted a sort of vagabond, lazy and shiftless in his habits, he was athletic and handy with an ax; and now he had a good opportunity to show his skill. The

first of the men from the swamp took a position facing him, and offered to strike in on the other side of the loop-hole he was enlarging; but old Pete warned him off.

"You 'll hinder more 'n you 'll help," he said. (Hack! hack!) "You jes' lay low with the rest (hack!) an' you 'll see a hole 'n this 'ere shell 'n half a jiffy (hack!) that a hoss'n cart could back out of!" (Hack, hack!) And off fell the great chips.

If it was a strange event to those looking on, waiting to see a lost boy cut out of a hollow oak, what was it to the boy himself, crouched beyond the possible reach of the ax, watching every stroke which opened wider the door of his prison and let the broad daylight in?

"That will do!" he called to the chopper. "I can get out now."

But Cheevy did not mean that he should creep out.

"You 're go'n' ter walk out like a man!" he said, ending, at last, with: "Now, how 's that?" as he drew back and poised his ax.

"All right!" And Gaspar leaped into the light and air of the beautiful August afternoon. "I 'm much obliged to you, Mr. Cheevy! I 'm much obliged to you all for coming to see what a fool I have made of myself!"

His eyes glistened and his voice was unsteady as he received the congratulations and answered the questions of friends crowding around. Suddenly he said, "Excuse me!" and, to the amazement of everybody, walked back into the tree.

"Have n't you had enough of it yet?" cried the master, looking in after him.

"Quite enough and to spare," replied Gaspar. "But there 's one thing I must n't forget." And he took down from the inner coating of the trunk something he had fastened to it with a pin.

It was his scarlet tanager, found while he was digging in the rubbish which had treacherously flaked off and come down with him when he slipped through the narrow part of the cavity.

"I must keep this to remember this adventure by," he said, with a rueful smile and a long breath, as he once more stepped out of the tree, and instinctively brushed the particles of decayed wood from the brilliant plumage. "Now where's my gun?"

"Here 't is; I 've be'n keepin' on 't fer ye!" cried young Pete Cheevy, springing forward with alacrity. "An' here 's yer cap that I jes' got out o' the tree."

"Thank you very much for both, Pete!" said Gaspar earnestly, as he put on the cap; while Master Pike smiled significantly at old Pete, and old Pete winked deprecatingly at Master Pike.

Then all the young fellows, and some of the

older ones, had to take turns getting into the hollow trunk, or at least putting their heads in; "jes' so 's to see," as Cobbler Crabbe expressed it, "how it must have seemed to the boy shet up there for nigh about twenty-four hours."

Meanwhile grim old Dr. Kent looked hard at the bird in Gaspar's hand, and repeated his still unanswered question to Master Pike:

"How is it about this bird-shooting? Did n't I understand that we were all going to unite in frowning it down and putting a stop to it?"

it. But let's be consistent; don't let us be respecters of persons. His father's a minister, and a man we all respect, and a good friend of mine besides; but if his son—and I'd say the same if he were mine—is guilty of breaking the law we've pledged ourselves to see enforced, I don't see but that we ought to make an example of him. It will be a good beginning."

"Your remarks are just," replied Master Pike. "And though I think Gaspar has been punished enough for a good many faults besides bird-shoot-



"'YOU'RE GOIN' TO WALK OUT LIKE A MAN!' SAID CHEEVY."

"Yes, I believe that was the understanding," replied Master Pike.

"And did n't we agree that we'd have the first boy that should break the law prosecuted? That's what was publicly given out as a notice and warning to all; was n't it?"

The school-master nodded a reluctant assent.

"Well," said the doctor, with an emphasis meant to clinch his argument, "I don't want to mar the good feeling of a time like this. Gaspar has been rescued from a bad fix, and I'm glad of

ing, I should n't object to seeing him prosecuted and fined, if he had broken the law in this case. But he has not."

"Not broken the law?" cried the grim-featured doctor, "with that dead bird in his hand?"

All eyes turned upon Gaspar, who was about to speak, when the master forestalled him.

"No, Doctor; and a prosecution in this case would n't hold water. Gaspar is an ornithologist, or is going to be one; and he has a certificate from the Natural History Society which allows

him to take birds for scientific purposes. Here it is."

He took from his pocket the paper which he was to have given Gaspar the night before.

"It is dated, you see, two days ago; so that the shooting of this tanager is a case exempt from the action of the law."

"To be sure! to be sure!" said the doctor; while Gaspar stared with mingled feelings of astonishment and gratitude.

"You had it for me all the time, and to think I did not know it!" he said to Master Pike, on their way out of the woods. "You are too easy with me; for I really deserved to forfeit it for breaking my promise."

"I think," replied the master, indulgently, "you will keep your promises better in future."

He had good reason for such a belief; thenceforward his influence over his pupil was complete.

Before they emerged from the woods, they were met by Minister Heth, who had heard the news, and was hastening to the scene of the rescue. At sight of his son, saved from a horrible fate, haggard, famished, insect-bitten, with soiled and blood-smeared hands, he forgot all his resentment, and like waters from a broken dam his paternal love gushed forth.

All he said, however, was simply,—in a voice and with features which a strong will controlled,—

"Gaspar! is it you at last?"

"Yes, what there is left of me!" replied Gaspar, with the same self-control. "How's mother?"

"She will be better for seeing you, Gaspar!" said the minister, his resolute voice beginning to quaver and give way. "Come, my boy!"

What was left of him, after twenty-four hours in a dungeon with remorse and fear and starvation and mosquitoes—Gaspar might well say that. He had lost something which he could well spare; and what was left was the better part of him, as his conduct thenceforward, up to this date, has proven.

He has not yet chosen the career by which he is to earn his living; but he is preparing himself for usefulness by laying a broad foundation of knowledge; and whatever work he may do in the world, he means that the pursuit in which he still delights—the study of birds—shall be his recreation.

He has learned to stuff and mount his specimens; and if you visit the family, you will see on the parlor mantel-piece a beautiful sample of his work, which, from the associations connected with it, has an especial value in the eyes of his friends.

It is the Scarlet Tanager.

TO A KATYDID.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

SPRITE, in leafy covert hid,
'Twixt your "did n't" and your "did,"
Simple folk are quite in doubt
What your talk is all about.

"Did" and "did n't"! That's a clear
Contradiction, Katie dear;
One would think you scarcely knew
Any odds between the two.

"Did?"—but what? And where? And when?
"Did n't!"—There you go again!
Such a slippery little chit!—
After all, what matters it?

Who—do you imagine—cares,
Katie, for your small affairs?
Hold your peace; and, for the rest,
We'll concede you did your best.

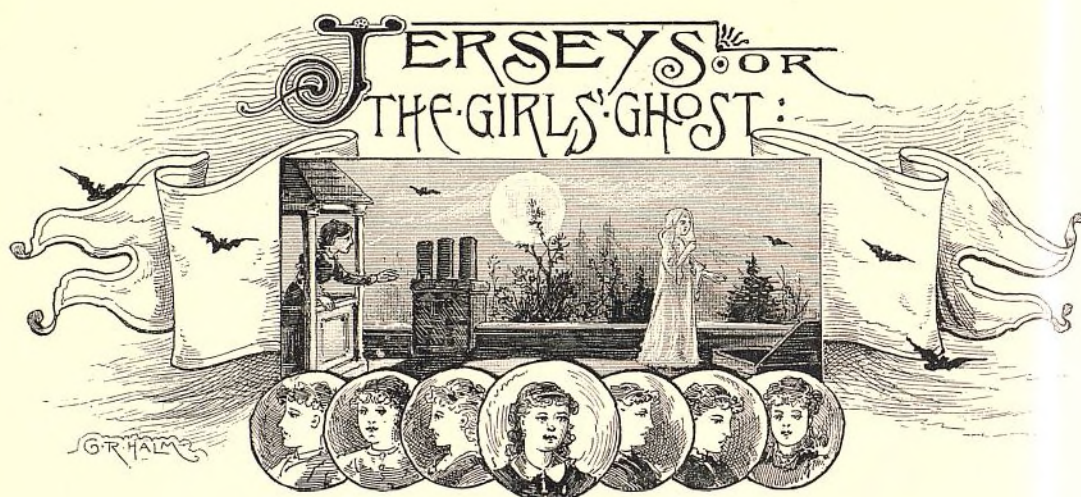
If you did n't, more's the shame;
If you did, then where's the blame?
So give o'er: You won't be chid
Though you did n't or you did.

Only,—your own counsel keep,
Letting honest people sleep.
If you did, then be it so;
If you did n't, let it go!

Hurrah for spring weather!
We'll buy some new tops,
And start out together
With hippity hops.

Our Top Brigade.





SEVENTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"Now, my lads and lasses, we must hurry, or we shall never empty this portfolio. Find easy places, and I will read several to-night; we are so early, there will be time enough," said Aunt Elinor, as the flock settled down, ready, as usual, for an unlimited supply.

"Never mind about choosing. Take the first that comes. We shall like it, whatever it is," answered Min, twirling her wheel busily and with a good deal of skill.

"This is my one ghost story, and such a very mild one it won't frighten anybody." And amid a little stir of interest the reader began:

"Well, what do you think of her? She has only been here a day, but it does n't take *us* long to make up our minds," said Nelly Blake, the leader of the school, as a party of girls stood chatting about the register one cold November morning.

"I like her, she looks so fresh and pleasant, and so strong. I just wanted to go and lean up against her, when my back ached yesterday," answered Maud, a pale girl wrapped in a shawl.

"I'm afraid she's very energetic, and I do hate to be hurried," sighed plump Cordelia, lounging in an easy-chair.

"I know she is, for Biddy says she asked for a pail of cold water at six this morning, and she's out walking now. Just think how horrid!" cried Kitty with a shiver.

"I wonder what she does for her complexion.

I never saw such a lovely color; real roses and cream," said Julia, shutting one eye to survey the freckles on her nose with a gloomy frown.

"I longed to ask what sort of braces she wears to keep her so straight. I mean to, by and by; she looks as if she would n't snub a body," and Sally vainly tried to square her round shoulders, bent with much poring over books; for she was the bright girl of the school.

"She wears French corsets, of course. Nothing else gives one such a fine figure," answered Maud, dropping the shawl, to look with pride at her own wasp-like waist and stiff back.

"She could n't move about so easily and gracefully if she wore a strait-jacket like you. She's not a bit of a fashion plate, but a splendid woman, just natural and hearty and sweet. I feel as if I should n't slouch so much if I had her to brace me up," cried Sally in her enthusiastic way.

"I know one thing, girls, and that is *she* can wear a jersey and have it set elegantly, and *we* can't," said Kitty, laboring with her own, which would wrinkle and twist, in spite of many hidden pins.

"Yes, I looked at it all breakfast time, and forgot my second cup of coffee, so that my head aches as if it would split. I never saw anything fit so splendidly in my life," answered Nelly, turning to the mirror, which reflected a fine assortment of many-colored jerseys; for all the girls were out in their fall suits, and not one of the new jackets sat like that worn by Miss Orne, the new teacher who

had arrived to take Madame's place while that excellent old lady was laid up with a rheumatic fever.

"They are pretty and convenient, but I'm afraid they will be a trial to some of us. Maud and Nelly look the best, but they have to keep stiff and still or the wrinkles come. Kit has no peace in hers, and poor Cordy looks more like a meal-bag than ever, while I am a perfect spectacle with my round shoulders and long, thin arms. A jersey on a bean-pole describes me; but let us be in the fashion or die!" laughed Sally, exaggerating her own defects by poking her head forward, and blinking through her glasses in a funny way.

There was a laugh and then a pause, broken in a moment by Maud, who said in a tone of apprehension:

"I do hope Miss Orne is n't full of the new notions about clothes, and food, and exercise and rights and rubbish of that sort. Mamma hates such ideas, and so do I."

"I hope she *is* full of good, wise notions about health and work and study. It is just what we need in this school. Madame is old and lets things go, and the other teachers only care to get through and have an easy time. We ought to be a great deal better, brisker, and wiser than we are, and I'm ready for a good 'stirring-up' if any one will give it to us," declared Sally, who was a very independent girl and had read as well as studied much.

"You Massachusetts girls are always raving about self-culture, and ready for queer new ways. I'm contented with the old ways, and wish to be let alone and 'finished off' easily," said Nelly, the pretty New Yorker.

"Well, I go with Sally, and want all I can get in the way of health, learning, and manners while I'm here, and I'm really glad Miss Orne has come, for Madame's old-fashioned 'niminy-priminy' ways did fret me dreadfully. Miss Orne is more like our folks out West—spry and strong and smart, see if she is n't," said Julia, with a decided nod of her auburn head.

"There she is, now! Girls, she's running! actually trotting up the avenue—not like a hen, but like a boy—with her elbows down and her head up. Do come and see!" cried Kitty, dancing about at the window as if she longed to go and do likewise.

All ran, in time to see a tall young lady come up the wide path at a good pace, looking as fresh and blithe as the goddess of health, as she smiled and nodded at them so like a girl, that all returned her salute with equal cordiality.

"She gives a new sort of interest to the old

tread-mill, does n't she," said Nelly, as they scattered to their places at the stroke of nine, feeling unusually anxious to appear well before the new teacher.

While they pull down their jerseys and take up their books, we will briefly state that Madame Stein's select boarding-school had for many years received six girls at a time and 'finished them off' in the old style. Plenty of French, German, music, painting, dancing, and deportment turned out well-bred, accomplished, and amiable young ladies, ready for fashionable society, easy lives, and entire dependence on other people. Dainty and delicate creatures usually, for, as in most schools of this sort, minds and manners were much cultivated, but bodies rather neglected. Heads and backs ached, dyspepsia was a common ailment, and "poorlies" of all sorts afflicted the dear girls who ought not to have known what "nerves" meant, and who should have had no bottles in their closets holding wine and iron, cough-mixtures, and cod-liver oil for weak lungs. Gymnastics had once flourished, but the fashion had gone by; and a short walk each day was all the exercise they took, though they might have had, in good weather, fine rambles about the spacious grounds, and glorious romps in the old coach-house and bowling-alley, when it rained; for the house was in the suburbs and had once been a fine country mansion. Some of the liveliest girls did race down the avenue now and then, when Madame was away, and one irrepressible creature had actually slidden down the wide balusters, to the horror of the entire household.

In cold weather all grew lazy, and cuddled under blankets and around the registers, like so many warmth-loving pussies, poor Madame's rheumatism causing her to enjoy a hot-house temperature and to indulge the girls in luxurious habits. Finally, she had been obliged to give up entirely and take to her bed, saying, with the resignation of an indolent nature:

"If Anna Orne takes charge of the school I shall feel no anxiety. *She* is equal to anything."

She certainly looked capable as she came into the school-room ready for her day's work, with her lungs full of fresh air, her brain stimulated by sound sleep, wholesome exercise, and a simple breakfast, and her mind much interested in the task before her. The girls' eyes followed her as she took her place, involuntarily attracted by the unusual spectacle of a robust woman. Everything about her seemed so fresh, harmonious, and happy, that it was a pleasure to see the brilliant color in her cheeks, the thick waves of glossy hair on her spirited head, the flash of white teeth as she spoke, and the clear, bright look of eyes

both keen and kind. But the girls' most admiring glances were bestowed upon the dark-blue jersey that showed the fine curves of the broad shoulders, round waist, and plump arms, without a wrinkle to mar its smooth perfection.

Girls are quick to see what is genuine, to respect what is strong, and to love what is beautiful; and before that day was over Miss Orne had charmed them all, for they felt that she was not only able to teach but also to help and amuse them.

After tea, the other teachers went to their rooms, glad to be free from the clatter of half a dozen lively tongues, but Miss Orne remained in the drawing-room and set the girls to dancing till they were tired, then gathered them round the long table to do what they liked till prayer-time. Some had novels, others did fancy-work or lounged, and all wondered what the new teacher would do next.

Six pairs of curious eyes were fixed upon her as she sat sewing on some queer bits of crash, and six lively fancies vainly tried to guess what the articles were, for no one was rude enough to ask. Presently she tried on a pair of mittens, and surveyed them with satisfaction, saying as she caught Kitty staring with uncontrollable interest:

"These are my beautifiers, and I never like to be without them."

"Are they to keep your hands white?" asked Maud, who spent a great deal of time in caring for her own. "I wear old kid gloves at night after putting cold-cream on mine."

"I wear these for five minutes night and morning, for a good rub, after dipping them in cold water. Thanks to these rough friends I seldom feel the cold, always have a good color, and keep well," answered Miss Orne, polishing up her smooth cheek till it looked like a rosy apple.

"I'd like the color, but not the crash. Must it be so rough, and with cold water?" asked Maud, who often privately rubbed her pale face with a bit of red flannel, rouge being forbidden.

"It is best so; but there are other ways to get a color. Run up and down the avenue three or four times a day, eat no pastry, and go to bed early," said Miss Orne, whose sharp eye had spied out the little weaknesses of the girls, and whose kind heart longed to help them at once.

"It makes my back ache to run, and Madame used to say we were too old now."

"Never too old to care for your health, my dear. Better run now than lie on a sofa by and by with a back that never stops aching."

"Do you cure your headaches in that way?" asked Nelly, rubbing her forehead wearily.

"I never have them;" and Miss Orne's bright eyes were full of pity for all pain.

"What do you do to help it?" cried Nelly, who firmly believed that it was inevitable.

"I give myself plenty of rest, air, and good food. I never know I have any nerves except by the enjoyment they give me, for I have learned how to use them. I was not brought up to believe that I was born an invalid, and I was taught to understand the beautiful machinery God gave me, and to keep it religiously in order."

Miss Orne spoke so seriously, that there was a brief pause in which the girls were wishing that some one had taught them this lesson and made them as strong and lovely as their new teacher.

"If crash mittens would make my jersey sit like yours, I'd have a pair at once," said Cordy, sadly eyeing the buttons on her own, which seemed in danger of flying off if their plump wearer moved too quickly.

"Brisk runs are what you want, and less confectionery, sleep, and lounging in easy-chairs," began Miss Orne, all ready to prescribe for these poor girls, the most important part of whose education had been so neglected.

"Why, how did you know?" said Cordy, blushing as she bounced out of her luxurious seat and whisked into her pocket the paper of chocolate creams she was seldom without.

Her round eyes and artless surprise set the others to laughing and gave Sally courage to ask, then and there, what she had been secretly longing to ask.

"Miss Orne, I wish you would show us how to be strong and hearty, for I do think girls are a feeble set nowadays. We certainly need a 'stirring-up,' and I hope you will kindly give us one. Please begin with me, and then the others will see that I mean what I say."

Miss Orne looked up at the tall, overgrown girl who stood before her with the broad forehead, near-sighted eyes, and narrow chest of a student; not at all what a girl of seventeen should be physically, though a clear mind and a brave spirit shone in her clever face and sounded in her resolute voice.

"I shall very gladly do what I can for you, my dear. It is very simple, and I am sure that a few months of my sort of training will help you much, for you are just the kind of girl who should have a strong body to keep pace with a very active brain," answered Miss Orne, taking Sally's thin, inky fingers in her own with a friendly pressure that showed her good will.

"Madame says violent exercise is not good for girls, so we gave up gymnastics long ago," said Maud in her languid voice, wishing that Sally would not suggest disagreeable things.

"One does not need clubs, dumb-bells, and bars

for my style of exercise. Let me show you," and, rising, Miss Orne went through a series of energetic, but graceful evolutions, which put every muscle in play without great exertion.

"That looks easy enough," began Nelly.

"Try it," answered Miss Orne, with a sparkle of fun in her blue eyes.

They did try it, no doubt to the astonishment of the solemn portraits on the wall, unused to such antics in that dignified apartment. But some of the girls were out of breath in five minutes, and others could not lift their arms over their heads. Maud and Nelly broke several bones in their corsets trying to stoop, and Kitty tumbled down in her efforts to touch her feet without bending her knees. Sally made the best motions, being easy in her clothes, and full of enthusiasm.

"Pretty well for beginners," said Miss Orne, as they paused at last, flushed and merry. "Do that regularly every day and you will soon gain a few inches across the chest and fill out the new jerseys with firm, elastic figures."

"Like yours," added Sally, with a face full of such honest admiration that it could not offend.

Seeing that she had made one convert, and knowing that girls, like sheep, are sure to follow a leader, Miss Orne said no more then, but waited for the lesson to work. The others called it one of Sally's notions, but were interested to see how she would get on, and had great fun, when they went to bed, watching her faithful efforts to imitate her teacher's rapid and effective motions.

"The wind-mill is going!" cried Kitty, as several of them sat on the bed, laughing at the long arms swinging about.

"That is the hygienic elbow-exercise, and that the Orne quickstep—a mixture of the grasshopper's skip and the water-bug's slide," added Julia, humming a tune in time to the stamp of the other's foot.

"We will call these the Jersey Jymnastics, and spell it with a J, my dears," said Nelly; and the name was received with as much applause as the young ladies chose to give it at that hour.

"Laugh on, but see if you don't all follow my example sooner or later when I become a model of grace, strength, and beauty," retorted Sally, as she turned them out and went to bed, tingling all over with a delicious glow that sent the blood from her hot head to warm her cold feet, and bring her the sound, refreshing sleep she so much needed.

This was the beginning of a new order of things; for Miss Orne carried her energy into other matters besides gymnastics, and no one dared oppose her when Madame shut her ears to all complaints, saying, "Obey her in everything, and don't trouble me."

Pitchers of fresh milk took the place of tea and coffee; cake and pie were rarely seen, but better bread, plain puddings, and plenty of fruit.

Rooms were cooled off, feather beds sent to the garret, and thick curtains abolished. Sun and air streamed in, and great cans of water appeared suggestively at doors in the morning. Earlier hours were kept, and brisk walks taken by nearly all the girls, for Miss Orne baited her hook cleverly and always had some pleasant project to make the wintry expeditions inviting. There were games in the parlor, instead of novels and fancy work, in the evening; shorter lessons and longer talks on the many useful subjects that are best learned from the lips of a true teacher. A cooking class was started, not to make fancy desserts, but the plain substantial dishes all housewives should understand. Several girls swept their own rooms, and liked it after they saw Miss Orne sweep hers in a becoming dust-cap; and these same pioneers, headed by Sally, boldly coasted on the hill, swung clubs in the coach-house, and played tag in the bowling-alley on rainy days.

It took time to work these much-needed changes, but young people like novelty; the old routine had grown tiresome, and Miss Orne made things so lively and pleasant that it was impossible to resist her wishes.

Sally did begin to straighten up after a month or two of regular training; Maud outgrew both corsets and back-ache; Nelly got a fresh color; Kitty found her thin arms developing visible muscles; and Julia considered herself a Von Hillern after walking ten miles without fatigue.

But dear, fat Cordy was the most successful of all, and rejoiced greatly over the loss of a few pounds when she gave up over-eating, long naps, and lazy habits. Exercise became a sort of mania with her, and she was continually trudging off for "a constitutional," or trotting up and down the halls when bad weather prevented the daily tramp. It was the desire of her soul to grow thin, and such was her ardor that Miss Orne had to check her sometimes, lest she should overdo the matter.

"All this is easy and pleasant now, because it is new," she said; "and there is no one to criticise our simple, sensible ways, but when you go away I am afraid the good I have tried to do for you will be undone. People will ridicule you, fashion will condemn, and frivolous pleasures will make our wholesome ones seem hard. Can you be steadfast and keep on?"

"We will!" cried all the girls; but the older ones looked a little anxious, as they thought of going home to introduce the new ways alone.

Miss Orne shook her head earnestly, wishing

that she could impress the important lesson indelibly upon them; and very soon something happened which had that effect.

April came, and the snowdrops and crocuses were up in the garden beds; Madame was able to sit at her window peering out like a dormouse waking from its winter sleep, and much did the good lady wonder at the blooming faces turned up to nod and smile at her, the lively steps that tripped about the house, and the amazing spectacle of *her* young ladies racing round the lawn as if they liked it. No one knew how Miss Orne reconciled her to this new style of deportment, but she made no complaint, and only shook her impressive cap when the girls came beaming in to pay little visits full of happy chat about their affairs. They seemed to take a real interest in their studies now, to be very happy, and all looked so well that the wise old lady said to herself:

"Looks are everything with women, and I have never been able to show such a bouquet of blooming creatures at my breaking up as I shall this year. I will let well enough alone, and if fault is found, dear Anna's shoulders are broad enough to bear it."

Things were in this promising state, and all were busily preparing for the May fête, at which time this class of girls would graduate, when the mysterious events to which we have alluded occurred.

They were gathered—the girls, not the events—around the table one night, discussing with the deep interest befitting such an important topic what they should wear on examination day.

"I think white silk jerseys and pink or blue skirts would be lovely, and so pretty and so appropriate for the J. J. Club, and so suitable for our exercises. Miss Orne wishes us to show how well we go together, and of course we wish to please her," said Nelly, taking the lead, as usual, in matters of taste.

"Of course!" cried all the girls with an alacrity which plainly showed how entirely the new friend had won their hearts.

"I would n't have believed that six months could make such a difference in my figure and feelings," said Maud, surveying her waist with calm satisfaction, though it was no longer slender, but in perfect proportion to the rest of her youthful shape.

"I've had to let out every dress, and it's a mercy I'm going home, if I'm to keep on at this rate;" and Julia took a long breath, proud of her broad chest, expanded by plenty of exercise and loose clothing.

"I take mine in, and don't have to worry about my buttons flying off à la Clara Peggotty. I'm

so pleased that I wish to be training all the time, for I'm not *half* thin enough yet," said Cordy, jumping up for a trot around the room, that not a moment might be lost.

"Come, Sally, you ought to join in the jubilee, for you have done wonders and will be as straight as a ramrod in a little while. Why so sober tonight? Is it because our dear Miss Orne leaves us to sit with Madame?" asked Nelly, missing the gayest voice of the seven, and observing her friend's troubled face.

"I'm making up my mind whether I'd better tell you something or not. I don't wish to scare the servants, trouble Madame, or vex Miss Orne, for I know *she* would n't believe a word of it, though I saw it with my own eyes," answered Sally in such a mysterious tone, that the girls with one voice cried:

"Tell us this minute!"

"I will, and perhaps some of you can explain the matter."

As she spoke, Sally rose and stood on the rug with her hands behind her, looking rather wild and queer, for her short hair was in a toss, her eyes shone large behind her round glasses, and her voice sank to a whisper as she made this startling announcement:

"I've seen a ghost!"

A general shiver pervaded the listeners, and Cordy poked her head under the sofa pillows with a faint cry, while the rest involuntarily drew nearer to one another.

"Where?" demanded Julia, the bravest of the party.

"On the top of the house."

"Good gracious!" "When, Sally?" "What did it look like?" "Don't scare us for fun!" cried the girls, undecided whether to take this startling story in jest or earnest.

"Listen, and I'll tell you all about it," answered Sally, holding up her finger impressively.

"Night before last I sat studying till eleven. Against the rules I know, but I forgot; and when I was through, I opened my window to air the room. It was bright moonlight, so I took a stroll along the top of the piazza, and coming back with my eyes on the sky I naturally saw the roof of the main house from my wing. I could n't have been asleep, could I? yet I solemnly declare that I saw a white figure with a veil over its head roaming to and fro as quietly as a shadow. I looked and looked, then I called softly, but it never answered, and suddenly it was gone."

"What did you do?" quavered Cordy in a smothered voice from under the pillow.

"I went right in, took my lamp, and marched up to the cupola. But there was not a sign of any

one, all the doors were locked and the floor was dusty, for we never go there now, you know. I did n't like it, but I just said to myself: 'Sally, go to bed; it's an optical illusion and serves you right for studying against the rule.' That was the first time."

"Mercy on us! Did you see it again?" cried Maud, getting hold of Julia's strong arm for protection.

"Yes, in the bowling-alley at midnight," whispered Sally.

"Do shut the door, Kit, and don't keep clutching at me in that scary way; it's very unpleasant," said Nelly, glancing nervously over her shoulder as the five pairs of wide-opened eyes were fixed on Sally.

"I got up to shut my window last night, and saw a light in the alley,—a dim one, but bright enough to show me the same white thing with the veil going up and down as before. I'll confess I was nervous then, for you know there *is* a story that in old times the man who lived here would n't let his daughter marry the lover she wanted, and she pined away and died, and said she'd haunt her cruel father, and she did. Old Mrs. Foster told me all about it when I first came, and Madame asked me not to repeat it, so I never did. I don't believe in ghosts, mind you; but what on earth is it that I saw trailing about in that ridiculous way?"

Sally spoke nervously and looked excited, for in spite of courage and common sense she *was* worried to account for the apparition.

"How long did it stay?" asked Julia, with her arm round Maud, who was trembling and pale.

"A good fifteen minutes by my watch, then vanished, light and all, as suddenly as before. I did n't go to look after it that time, but if I see it again, I'll hunt till I find out what it is. Who will go with me?"

No one volunteered, and Cordy emerged long enough to say imploringly: "Do tell Miss Orne, or get the police;" and then she dived out of sight again and lay quaking like an ostrich with its head in the sand.

"I won't! Miss Orne would think I was a fool, and the police don't arrest ghosts. I'll do it myself, and Julia will help me, I know. She is the bravest of you, and has n't developed her biceps for nothing," said Sally, bent on keeping all the glory of the capture to themselves, if possible.

Flattered by Sally's compliments, Julia did not decline the invitation, but made a very sensible suggestion, which was a great relief to the timid till Sally added a new fancy to haunt them.

"Perhaps it is one of the servants moon-struck or love-lorn," said Julia. "Myra looks sentimental, and is always singing sentimental songs."

"It's not Myra; I asked her, and she turned pale at the mere idea of going anywhere alone after dark, and said the cook had seen a banshee gliding down the garden path one night when she had had the face-ache and had risen to get the camphor. I said no more, not wanting to scare them; ignorant people are so superstitious."

Sally paused, and the girls all tried not to look "scared" or "superstitious," but did not succeed very well.

"What are you going to do?" asked Nelly, in a respectful tone, as Julia and Sally stood side by side, like Horatius and Herminius waiting for a Spurius Lartius to join them.

"Watch like cats or a mouse, and pounce as soon as possible," answered Sally. You must all promise to say nothing; then we can't be laughed at if it turns out to be some silly accident or mistake, as it probably will."

"We promise!" solemnly answered the girls, feeling deeply impressed with the thrilling interest of the moment.

"Very well; now don't talk about it or think about it till we report, or no one will sleep a wink," said Sally, walking off with her ally as coolly as if, after frightening them out of their wits, they could forget the matter at word of command.

The oath of silence was well kept, but lessons suffered, and so did sleep; for the excitement was great, especially in the morning, when the watchers reported the events of the night, and in the evening, when they took turns to go on guard. There was much whisking of dressing-gowns up and down the corridor of the west wing, where our six roomed, as the girls flew to ask questions early each morning or scurried to bed at night, glancing behind them for the banshee as they went.

Miss Orne observed the whispers, nods, and eager congratulations, but said nothing, for Madame had confided to her that the young ladies were planning a farewell gift for her. So she was blind and deaf, and smiled at the important airs of her girlish admirers.

Three or four days passed, and no sign of the ghost appeared. The bolder openly scoffed at the false alarm, and the more timid began to recover from their fright.

Sally and Julia looked rather foolish as they answered, "No news," morning after morning, to the inquiries which were rapidly losing the breathless eagerness so flattering to the watchers.

"You dreamed it, Sally. Go to sleep and don't do it again," said Nelly, on the fifth day, as she made her evening call and found the girls yawning and cross for want of rest.

"She has exercised too much, and produced a morbid state of the brain," laughed Maud.

"I just wish she would n't scare me out of my senses for nothing," grumbled Cordy; "I used to sleep like a dormouse, and now I dream dreadfully and wake up tired out. Come along, Kit, and let the old ghosts carry off these silly creatures."

"My regards to the 'Woman in White' when you see her again, dear," added Kitty, as the four went off to laugh at the whole thing, though they carefully locked their doors and took a peep out of the window before going to sleep.

"We may as well give it up and have a good rest. I'm worn out and so are you, if you'd own it," said Julia, throwing herself down for a nap before midnight.

"I shall *not* give it up till I'm satisfied. Sleep away, I'll read awhile and call you if anything comes," answered Sally, bound to prove the truth of her story if she waited all summer.

Julia was soon asleep, and the lonely watcher sat reading till past eleven; then she put out her light and went to take a turn on the flat roof of the piazza that ran around the house, for the night was mild and the stars companionable. As she turned to come back, her sharp eye caught sight of something moving on the house-top as before, and soon, clear against the soft gloom of the sky, appeared the white figure flitting to and fro.

A long look, and then Sally made a rush at Julia, shaking her violently as she said in an excited whisper:

"Come! she is there. Quick! upstairs to the cupola! I have the candle and the key."

Carried away by the other's vehemence Julia mutely obeyed, trembling, but afraid to resist; and noiseless as two shadows they crept up the stairs, arriving just in time to see the ghost vanish over the edge of the roof, as if it had dissolved into thin air. Julia dropped down in a heap, desperately frightened, but Sally pulled her up and led her back to their room, saying, when she got there, with grim satisfaction, "Did I dream it all? Now I hope they will believe me."

"What was it? Oh, what could it be?" whimpered Julia, quite demoralized by the spectacle.

"I begin to believe in ghosts, for no human being could fly off in that way with nothing to walk on. I shall speak to Miss Orne to-morrow; I've had enough of this sort of fun," said Sally, going to the window, with a strong desire to shut and lock it.

But she paused with her hand raised, as if turned to stone, for as she spoke the white figure went slowly by. Julia dived into the closet with one spring. Sally, however, was on her mettle

now, and, holding her breath, leaned out to watch. With soundless steps the veiled thing went along the roof, and paused at the further end.

Never waiting for her comrade, Sally quietly stepped out and followed, leaving Julia to quake with fear and listen for an alarm.

None came, and in a few minutes, that seemed like hours, Sally returned, looking much excited; but she was sternly silent, and to all the others' eager questions she would only give this mysterious reply:

"I know all, but can not tell till morning. Go to sleep."

Believing her friend offended at her base desertion at the crisis of the affair, Julia curbed her



THE LONELY WATCHER SAT READING TILL PAST ELEVEN.

curiosity and soon forgot it in sleep. Sally slept also, feeling like a hero reposing after a hard-won battle.

She was up betimes and ready to receive her early visitors with an air of triumph, which silenced every jeer and convinced the most skeptical that she had something sensational to tell at last.

When the girls had perched themselves on any available article of furniture, they waited with respectful eagerness, while Sally left the room for a few minutes, and Julia rolled her eyes, with her finger on her lips, looking as if she could tell much if she dared.

Sally returned, somewhat flushed, but very sober,

and in a few dramatic words related the adventures of the night up to the point when she had left Julia quivering ignominiously in the closet, and, like Horatius, had faced the foe alone.

"I followed till the ghost entered a window," she said, finally.

"Which?" demanded five awe-struck voices at once.

"The last."

"Ours?" whispered Kitty, as pale as her collar, while Cordy, her room-mate, sat aghast.

"As it turned to shut the window the veil fell back and I saw the face." Sally spoke in a whisper and added, with a sudden start: "I see it, now!"

Each girl sprang or tumbled off her perch as if moved by an electric shock and stared about as Nelly cried wildly:

"Where? Oh, where?"

"There!" and Sally pointed at the palest face in the room, while her own reddened with the mirth she was vainly trying to suppress.

"Cordy?"

A general shriek of amazement and incredulity followed the question, while Sally could not help laughing heartily at the dumb dismay of the innocent ghost.

As soon as she could be heard, however, she proceeded to explain:

"Yes, it was Cordy walking in her sleep. She wore her white flannel wrapper and a cloud around her head, and took her exercise over the roofs at midnight so that no time might be lost. I don't wonder she is tired in the morning after these dangerous gymnastics."

"But she could n't vanish off the house-top in that strange way without breaking her neck," said Julia, much relieved, but still mystified.

"She did n't fly nor fall, but went down the ladder left by the painters. Look at the soles of her felt slippers, if you doubt me, and see the red paint from the roof. We could n't open the cupola window, you remember, but just now I ran out and looked up and saw how she did it asleep, though she never would dare to do it awake. Somnambulists do dreadfully dangerous things, you know," said Sally, as if her experience with those peculiar people had been vast and varied.

"How could I? It's horrible to think of. Why did you let me, Kit?" cried Cordy, uncertain whether to be proud or ashamed of her exploit.

"I never dreamed of *your* doing such a silly thing, and never waked up. People say that sleep-walkers are always quiet. But even if I had seen you I'd have been too scared to know you. I'll tie you to the bed-post after this, and not let you scare the whole house," answered Kitty, regarding it all as a fine joke.

"What did I do when I got in, Sally?" asked Cordy, curiously.

"You took off your things and went to bed, as if glad to get back. I did n't dare to wake you, and so kept all the fun to myself till this morning. I thought I ought to have a good laugh for my pains since I did all the work," answered Sally in high glee at the success of her efforts.

"I did wish to get as thin as I could before I went home—the boys plague me so there—and I suppose it weighed upon my mind and set me to walking at night. I'm very sorry, and I never will do it again if I can help it. Please forgive me, and don't tell any one but Miss Orne; it was so silly," begged poor Cordy, tearfully.

They all promised, and then joined in comforting her, and praising Sally, and plaguing Julia; and so they had a delightfully noisy and exciting half hour before the breakfast bell rang.

Miss Orne wondered what made the young faces so gay and the laughter so frequent, as mysterious hints and significant nods went around the table, but as soon as possible she was borne into the school-room and was made to hear the thrilling tale.

Her interest and surprise were very flattering, and when the subject had been well discussed, she promised to prevent any further escapades of this sort, and advised Cordy to try the Banting method for the few remaining weeks of her stay.

"I'll try anything that will keep me from acting ghost and making every one afraid of me," said Cordy, secretly wondering why she had not broken her neck in her nocturnal gymnastics.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Miss Orne?" asked Maud, who did believe in them, in spite of the comic explanation of this one.

"Not the old-fashioned sort, but there is a modern kind that we are all afraid of, more or less," answered Miss Orne with a half-playful, half-serious look at the girls around her.

"Do tell about it, please," begged Kitty, while the rest looked both surprised and interested.

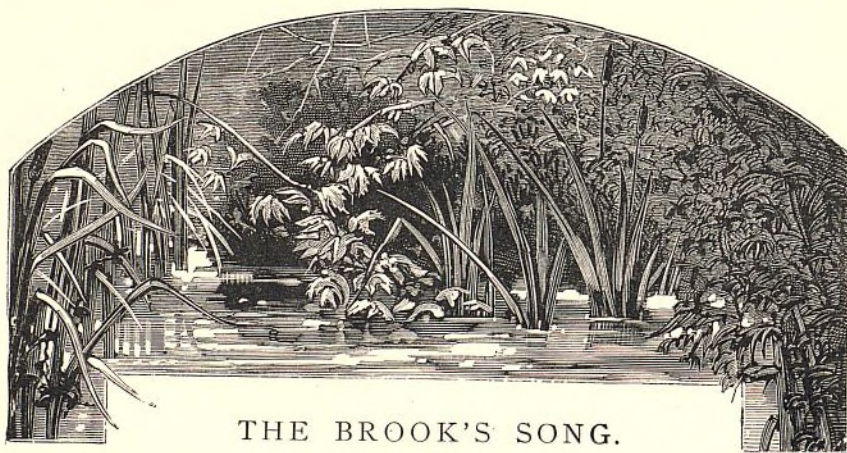
"There is one which I am very anxious to keep you from fearing. Women and young girls are especially haunted by it. 'What—will—people—say?' is the name of this formidable ghost, and it does much harm; for few of us have the courage to live up to what we know to be right in all things. You are soon to go away to begin your lives in earnest, and I do hope that whatever I have been able to teach you about the care of minds and bodies will not be forgotten or neglected because it may not be the fashion outside our little world here."

"I never will forget or be afraid of that ghost, Miss Orne," cried Sally, quick to understand and accept the warning so opportunely given.

"I have great faith in *you*, dear, because you have proven yourself so brave in facing phantoms more easily laid. But this is a hard one to meet and vanquish, so watch well, stand firm, and let these jerseys that you are so fond of cover not only healthy young bodies but happy hearts bent on your becoming sweet, wise, and useful women in the years to come. Dear girls, promise me this, and I shall feel that our winter has not been wasted and that our spring is full of lovely promise for a splendid summer."

As she spoke, with her own beautiful face bright with hope and tenderness, Miss Orne opened her arms and gathered them all in to seal their promise with grateful kisses more eloquent than words.

Long after their school days were over, the six girls kept the white jerseys they wore at the breaking-up festival as relics of the J. J. ; and long after they were scattered far apart, they remembered the lessons which helped them to be what their good friend hoped—healthy, happy, and useful women.



THE BROOK'S SONG.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

KING FROST comes and locks me up,
The sunshine sets me free;
I frolic with the grave old trees,
And sing right cheerily.

I go to see the lady flowers,
And make their diamond spray;
The birds fly down to chat with me,
The children come to play.

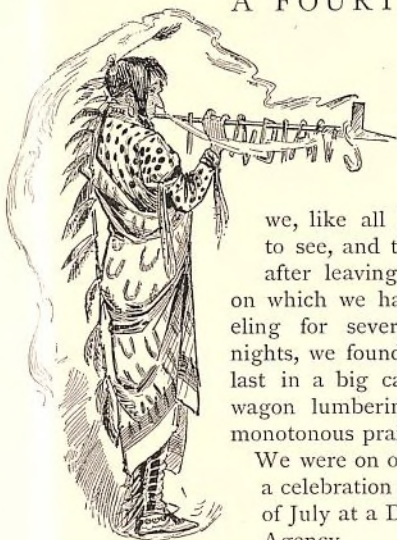
I am the blue sky's looking-glass,
I hold the rainbow bars;
The moon comes down to visit me,
And brings the little stars.

Oh, merry, merry is my life
As a gypsy's out of Spain;
Till grim King Frost comes from the North
And locks me up again.



A FOURTH OF JULY AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY W. P. HOOPER.



—real Indians—real, live Indians—were what we, like all boys, wanted to see, and this was why, after leaving the railroad on which we had been traveling for several days and nights, we found ourselves at last in a big canvas-covered wagon lumbering across the monotonous prairie.

We were on our way to see a celebration of the Fourth of July at a Dakota Indian Agency.

It was late in the afternoon of a hot summer's day. We had been riding since early morning, and had not met a living creature—not even a bird or a snake. Only those who have experienced it know how wearying to the eyes it is to gaze all day long, and see nothing but the sky and the grass.

However, an hour before sunset we *did* see something. At first, it looked like a mere speck against the sky; then it seemed like a bush or a shrub; but it rapidly increased in size as we approached. Then, with the aid of our field-glass, we saw it was a man on horseback. No, not exactly that, either; it was an Indian chief riding an Indian pony. Now, I had seen Indians in the East—"Dime Museum Indians." I had seen the Indians who travel with the circus—yes, and I had seen the untutored savages who sell bead-work at Niagara Falls; but this one was different—he was quite different. I felt sure that he was a genuine Indian. He was unlike the Indians I had seen East. The most striking difference was that this one presented a grand unwashed effect. It must have required years of patient industry in avoiding the wash-bowl, and great good luck in dodging the passing showers, for him to acquire the rich effect of color which he displayed. Though it was one of July's hottest days, he had on his head an arrangement made of fur, with bead trimmings and four black-tipped feathers; a long braid of his hair, wound with strips of fur, hung down in front of each ear, and strings of beads ornamented his neck. He wore a calico shirt, with tin bands on his arms above the elbow; a blanket was wrapped around his waist; his leggings had strips of beautiful bright bead-work, and his

moccasins were ornamented in the same style. But in his right hand he was holding a most murderous-looking instrument. It was a long wooden club, into one end of which three sharp, shining steel knife-blades were set. Though I had been complaining of the heat, still I now felt chilly as I looked at the weapon, and saw how well it matched the expression of his cruel mouth and piercing eyes.

He passed on while we were trying to make a sketch of him. However, the next day, an interpreter brought him around, and, for a small piece of tobacco, he was glad to pose while the sketch was being finished. We learned his name was "Can-hes-ka-wan-ji-dan" (One Hoop).

A few moments later, we passed an iron post set firmly into the ground. It marked one of the



"ONE HOOP" IN HIS SUMMER COSTUME.

boundaries of the Indian Reservation. We were now on a tract of land set aside by the United States Government as the living-ground of sixteen hundred "Santee" Sioux Indians. We soon saw more Indians, who, like us, seemed to be moving toward the little village at the Indian Agency.

Each group had put their belongings into a big bundle, and strapped it upon long poles, which were fastened at one end to the back of a pony. In this bundle, the little papposes rode in

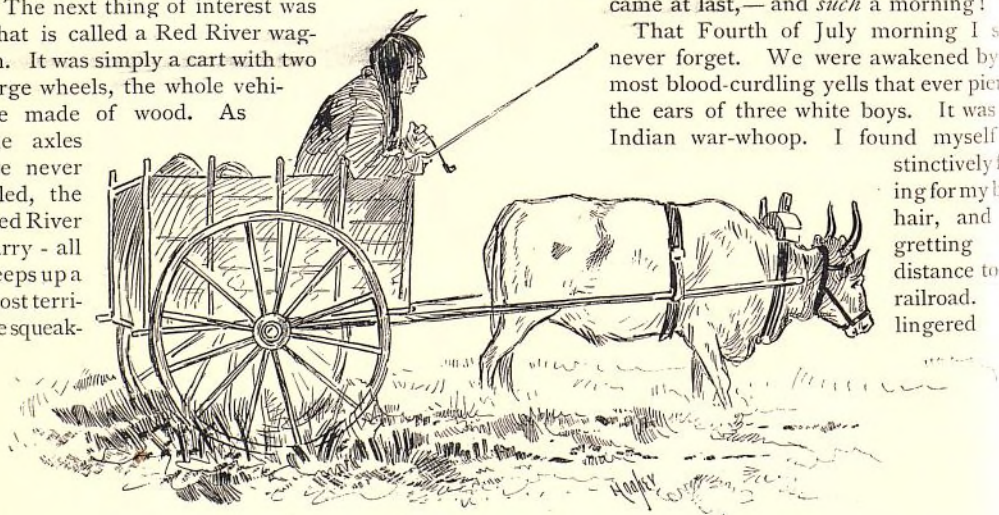
As we neared the Agency buildings, we passed many Indians who had settled for the night. They chose the wooded ravines, near streams, by which to put up their tents, or "tepees," which consisted of



GOING TO THE AGENCY.

great comfort, looking like blackbirds peering from a nest. In some cases, an older child would be riding in great glee on the pony's back among the poles. The family baggage seemed about equally distributed between the pony and the squaw who led him. She was preceded by her lord and master, the noble red Indian, who carried no load except his long pipe.

The next thing of interest was what is called a Red River wagon. It was simply a cart with two large wheels, the whole vehicle made of wood. As the axles are never oiled, the Red River carry - all keeps up a most terrible squeak-



A RED RIVER CARRY-ALL.

ing. This charming music-box was drawn by one ox, and contained an Indian, who was driving with a whip. His wife and children were seated on the bottom of this jolting and shrieking cart.

doors in a rather terrified condition, until we found out that this was simply the beginning of the day's celebration. It was the "sham-fight"; but it looked real enough, when the Indians came tearing by,

long poles covered with patched and smoke-stained canvas, with two openings, one at the top for a "smoke-hole" and the other for a door, through which any one must crawl in order to enter the domestic circle of the gentle savage. We entered several tepees, making ourselves welcome by gifts of tobacco to every member of the family. That night, after reaching the Agency and retiring to our beds, we dreamed of smoking great big pipes, with stems a mile long, which were passed to us by horrible-looking black witches. But morning came at last, — and *such* a morning!

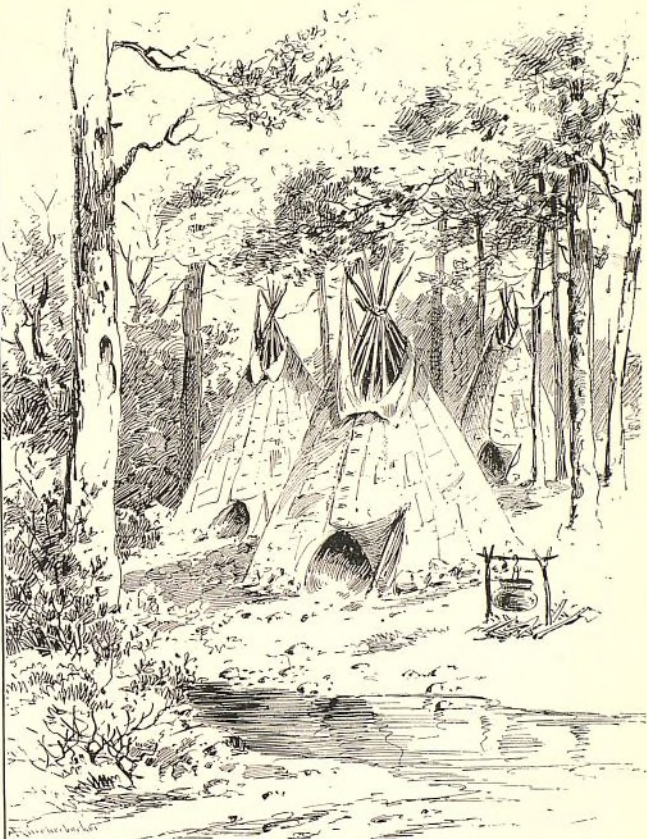
That Fourth of July morning I shall never forget. We were awakened by the most blood-curdling yells that ever pierced the ears of three white boys. It was the Indian war-whoop. I found myself instinctively feeling for my back hair, and regretting the distance to the railroad. We lingered in-

their ponies seeming to enter into the excitement as thoroughly as their riders. There were some five hundred, in full frills and war-paint, and all giving those terrible yells.

Their costumes were simple, but gay in color—paint, feathers, and more paint, with an occasional shirt.

For weapons, they carried guns, rifles, and long spears. Bows and arrows seemed to be out of style. A few had round shields on their left arms.

Most of the tepees had been collected together and pitched so as to form a large circle, and their wagons were placed outside this circle so as to make a sort of protection for the defending party. The attacking party, brandishing their weapons in the air with increased yells, rushed their excited and panting ponies up the slope toward the tepees, where they were met by a rapid discharge of blank cartridges and powder. Some of the ponies became frightened and unmanageable, several riders were unhorsed, and general confusion prevailed. The entrenched party, in the meantime, rushed out from behind their defenses, climbing on top of their wagons, yelling and dancing around like demons. Added to this, the sight of several rider-



AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT FOR THE NIGHT.



THE SHAM-FIGHT.

less ponies flying wildly from the tumult made this sham-fight have a terribly realistic look.

After this excitement was over, the regular games which had been arranged for the day began.

In the foot-races, the costumes were so slight that there was nothing to describe—sim-



RUNNING
COSTUME.



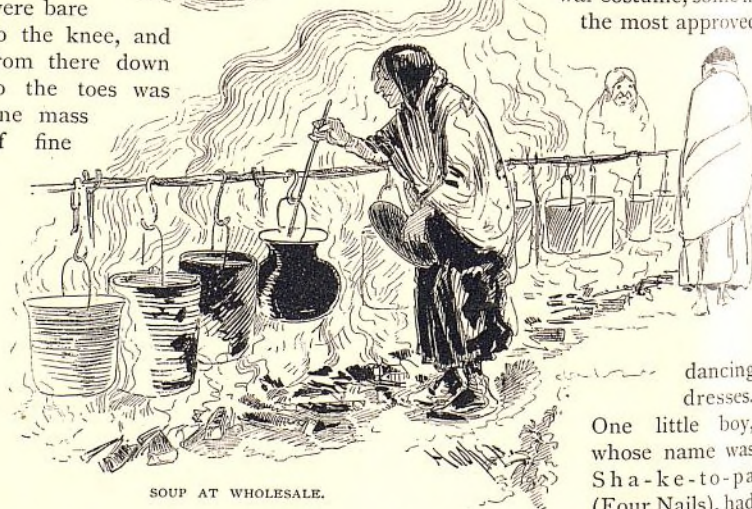
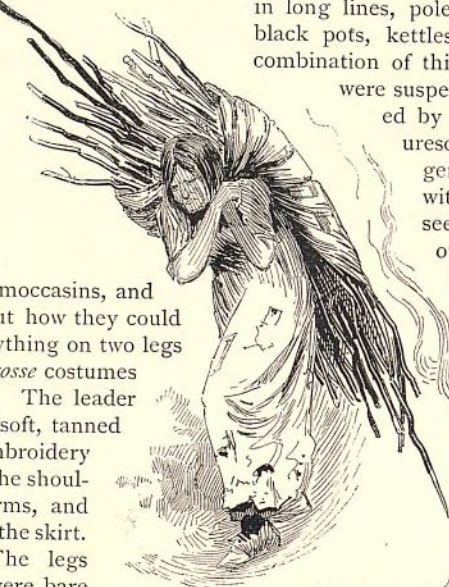
LA CROSSE
COSTUME.

ply paint in fancy patterns, moccasins, and a girdle of red flannel. But how they could run! I did not suppose anything on two legs could go so fast. The *la crosse* costumes were bright and attractive. The leader of one side wore a shirt of soft, tanned buckskin, bead-work and embroidery on the front, long fringe on the shoulders, bands around the arms, and deep fringe on the bottom of the skirt.



SHA-KE-TO-PA, A YOUNG BRAVE.

The legs were bare to the knee, and from there down to the toes was one mass of fine



SOUP AT WHOLESALE.

glittering bead-work. In the game, there were a hundred Indians engaged on each side. The game was long, but exciting, being skillfully played.

The grounds extended about a mile in length. The ball was the size of a common base-ball, and felt almost as solid as a rock, the center being of lead. The shape of the Indian *la crosse* stick is shown in the sketch.

Then came games on horseback. But the most interesting performance of the whole day, and one in which they all manifested an absorbing interest, was—the dinner.

At 3 A. M. several oxen had been butchered, and from that time till the dinner was served all the old squaws had their hands full. Fires were made in long lines, poles placed over them, and high black pots, kettles, and zinc pails filled with a combination of things, including beef and water,

were suspended there, and carefully tended by ancient Indian ladies in picturesque, witch-like costumes, who gently stirred the boiling bouillon with pieces of wood, while other seemingly more ancient and worn-out-looking squaws brought great bundles of wood from the ravines, tied up in blankets and swung over their shoulders.

Think of a dinner for sixteen hundred noble chiefs and braves, stalwart head-men, young bucks, old squaws, girls, and children! And such queer-looking children—some dressed in full war costume, some in the most approved

dancing
dresses.

One little boy, whose name was Sha-ke-to-pa (Four Nails), had

five feathers—big ones, too—in his hair. His face was painted; he wore great round ear-rings, and rows of beads and claws around his neck; bands of beads on his little bare brown arms; embroid-

ered leggings and beautiful moccasins, and a long piece of red cloth hanging from his waist. In fact, he was as gaily dressed as a grown-up Indian man, and he had a cunning little war-club, all ornamented and painted.

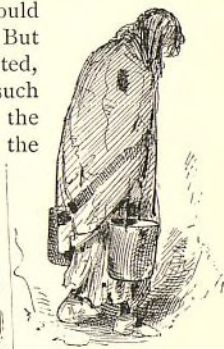
When the dinner was nearly ready, the men began to seat themselves in a long curved line. Behind them, the women and children were gathered. When everything was ready, a chief, wearing a long arrangement of feathers hanging from his back hair and several bead pouches across his shoulders, with a long staff in his left hand, walked into the center of the circle. Taking a spoonful of the soup, he held it

high in the air, and then, turning slowly around, chanting a song, he poured the contents of the spoon upon the ground. This, an interpreter explained to us, was done to appease the spirits of the air. After this, the old squaws limped

tifully and repeatedly helped, the women and children, who had been patiently waiting, were allowed to gather about the fragments and half-empty pots and finish the repast, which they did with neatness and dispatch.

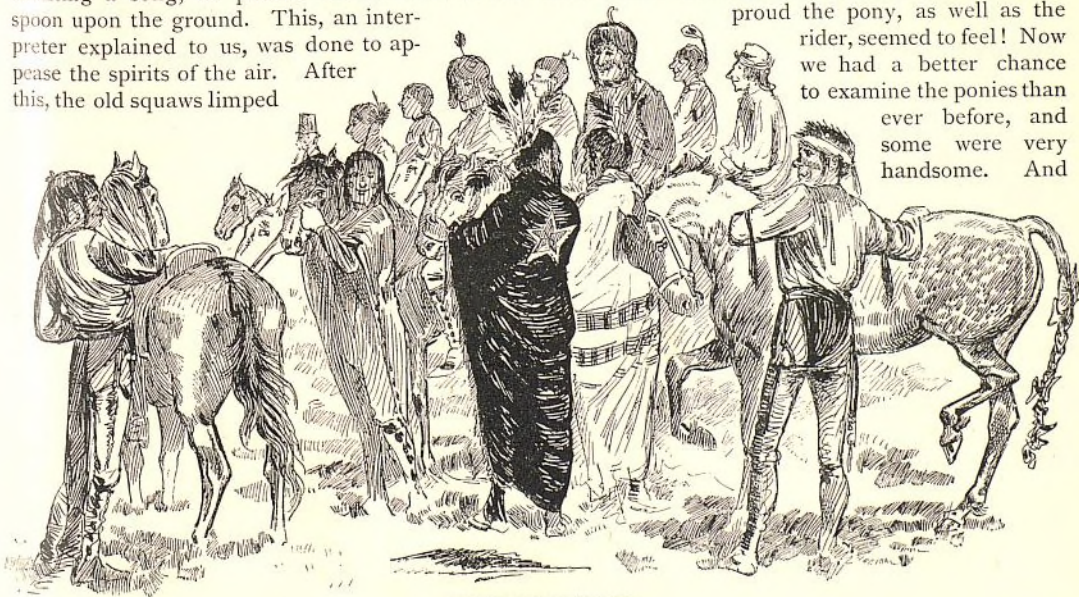
Then the warriors lay around and smoked their long-stem pipes, while the young men prepared for the pony races.

The first of these races was "open to all," and more than a hundred ponies and their riders were arranged in a row. Some of the ponies were very spirited, and seemed to fully realize what was going to take place, and they would persist in pushing ahead of the line. Then the other riders would start their ponies; then the whole line would have to be re-formed. But finally, they were all started, and such shouting, and such waving of whips in the air!—and how the



A WAITRESS.

little ponies did jump! When the race was over, how we all crowded around the winner, and how proud the pony, as well as the rider, seemed to feel! Now we had a better chance to examine the ponies than ever before, and some were very handsome. And



AFTER THE PONY-RACE.

nimbly around with the pails of soup and other food, serving the men. After they were all boun- such prices! Think of buying a beautiful three-year-old cream-colored pony for twenty dollars!

But as the hour of sunset approached, the interest in the races vanished, and so did most of the braves. They sought the seclusion of their bowers, to adorn themselves for the grand "grass dance," which was to begin at sunset.

What a contrast between their every-day dress and their dancing costumes! The former consists of a blanket more or less tattered and torn, while the gorgeousness of the latter discourages a description in words; so I refer you to the pictures. Of course, we were eager to purchase some of the Indian finery, but it was a bad time to trade successfully with the Indians. They were too much taken up with the pleasures of the day to care to turn an honest penny by parting with any of their ornaments. However, we succeeded in buying a big war-club set with knives, some pipes with carved stems a yard long, a few knife-sheaths and pouches glittering with beads, and several pairs of beautiful moccasins,—most of which now adorn a New York studio.

Soon the highly decorated red men silently assembled inside a large space inclosed by bushes stuck into the ground. This was their dance-hall. The squaws were again shut out, as, according to Santee Sioux custom, they are not allowed to join in the dances with the men. The Indians, as they came in, sat quietly down around the sides of the inclosure. The musicians were

man's ear, was rather depressing, but it seemed very pleasing to the Indians.

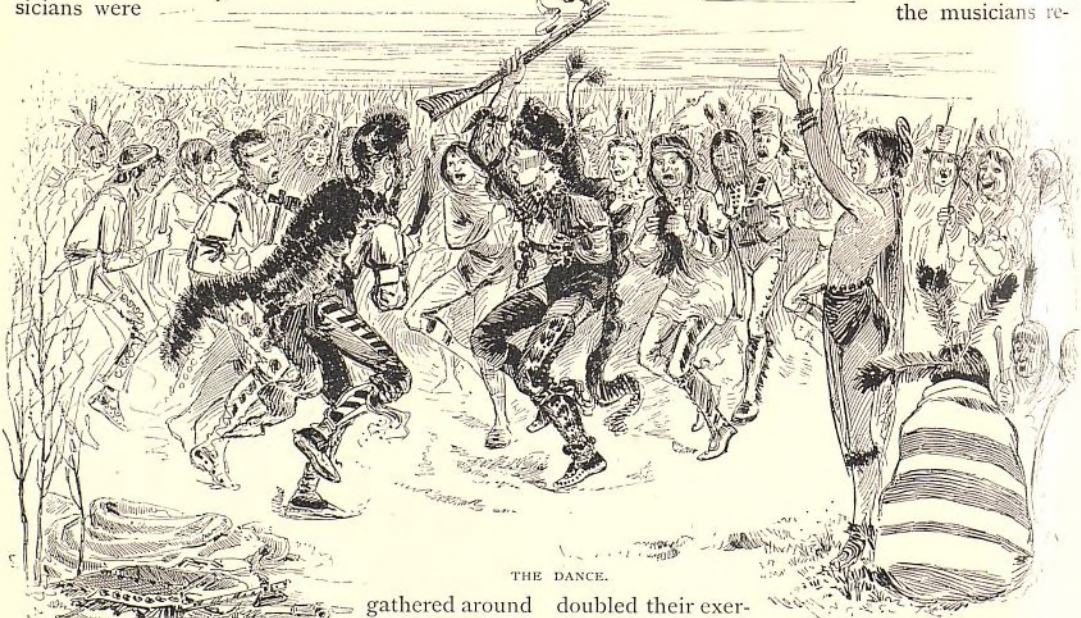
The ball was opened by an old chief, who, rising slowly, beckoned the others to follow him. In his right hand the leader carried a wooden gun, ornamented with eagles' feathers; in the left he held a short stick, with bells attached to it. He wore a cap of otter skin, from which hung a long train.

His face was carefully painted in stripes of blue and yellow.

At first, they all moved slowly, jumping twice on each foot; then, as the musicians struck up a more lively pounding and a more inspiring song, the dancers moved with more rapidity, giving an occasional shout and waving their arms in the air. As they grew warmer and more excited, the musicians re-



HOLIDAY CLOTHES
AND EVERY-DAY
CLOTHES.



THE DANCE.

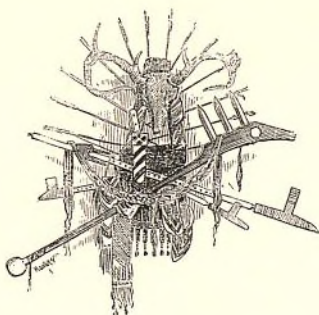
gathered around a big drum, on which they pounded with short sticks, while they sang a sort of wild, weird chant. The effect, to an uneducated white

doubled their exertions on the drum and changed their singing into prolonged howls; then one of them, dropping his drum-sticks, sprang to his feet, and, waving his hands over his head, he

yelled till he was breathless, urging on the dancers. This seemed to be the finishing touch. The orchestra and dancers seemed to vie with each other as to who should make the greater noise. Their yells were deafening, and, brandishing their knives and tomahawks, they sprang around with wonderful agility. Of course, this intense excitement could last but a short time; the voices of the musicians began to fail, and, finally, with one last grand effort, they all gave a terrible shout, and then all was silence. The dancers crawled back to their places around the inclosure, and sank exhausted on the grass. But soon some supple brave regained enough strength to rise. The musicians slowly recommenced, other dancers came forward,

and the "mad dance" was again in full blast. And thus the revels went on, hour after hour, all night, and continued even through the following day. But there was a curious fascination about it, and, tired as we were after the long day, we stood there looking on hour after hour. Finally, after midnight had passed, we gathered our Indian purchases about us, including two beautiful ponies, and began our return trip toward the railroad and civilization. But the monotonous sound of the Indian drum followed us mile after mile over the prairie; in fact, it followed us much better than my new spotted pony.

My arm aches now, as I remember how that pony hung back.



THE FLOWER GIRL.

*From an Algonquin Indian Story.**

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

I'M going to the garden
Where summer roses blow;
I'll make me a little sister
Of all the flowers that grow;

I'll make her body of lilies,
Because they're soft and white;
I'll make her eyes of violets,
With dew-drops shining bright;

I'll make her lips of rose-buds,
Her cheeks of rose-leaves red,

Her hair of silky corn-tops
All braided 'round her head;

With apple-tree and pear leaves
I'll make her a lovely gown,
With rows of golden buttercups
For buttons, up and down.

I'll dance with my little sister
Away to the river strand,
Away across the water,—
Away into Fairy-land.

* Several of the Algonquin tribes have a legend of a girl who was made entirely of flowers.

GOLD-ROBIN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



THE children came scampering down the lane,—
 “Mamma! Gold-Robin ’s come back again!
 Of all the elm trees he likes ours best,—
 Look, Mamma, look! he is mending his nest!”

They pulled mamma to the open door,
 “O yes,” she said, “but I saw him before;
 The very moment the beauty came,
 I saw him flit like a living flame

“Hither and yon through the green leaves gay,
 Till he seemed to add a light to the day;

And my very heart rejoiced to hear
 His fairy bugling so deep and clear.

“There ’s his pretty mate. See! Up in the tree.
 A soberer dress and cap wears she.
 They ’ve been at work here the whole day long,
 Except when he stopped just to sing her a song.

“What a piece of good fortune it is, that they
 Come faithfully back to us every May!
 No matter how far in the winter they roam,
 They are sure to return to their summer home.”

The little ones capered and laughed aloud.
Of such a neighbor who would n't be proud?
See, how like a splendid king he is dressed,
In velvet black with a golden vest!

What money could buy such a suit as this?
What music can match that voice of his?
And who such a quaint little house could build,
To be with a beautiful family filled?

O happy winds that shall rock them soft
In their swinging cradle hung high aloft!
O happy leaves that the nest shall screen!—
And happy sunbeams that steal between!

O happy stars of the summer night,
That watch o'er that delicate home's delight,—
And happy and fortunate children we,
Such music to hear and such beauty to see!

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY W. W. CRANNELL.

IN the early part of the year 1777, the leaders of the Revolution found themselves faced by new and very perplexing embarrassments. It was reported that General Burgoyne had arrived at Quebec, purposing to advance from the North with a strong support; hearing which, General Schuyler, fearful that the enemy might capture Ticonderoga and then force their way to Albany, strenuously called for reinforcements and supplies. It was also reported that the British were active in and around New York, having received large reinforcements composed partly of German mercenaries. Early in June, Sir William Howe left his head-quarters in New York, crossed the river into New Jersey, and established himself at New Brunswick.

In the Continental Army, the terms of service of many of the men who had enlisted for a year or less were expiring; and they, anxious to be released from the severe duties of soldier-life, were returning to their homes. Men were wanted to fill up the ranks thus depleted, and the several States were urged to furnish the recruits. General Knox wrote, "Nothing but the united efforts of every State in America can save us from disgrace and probably from ruin." To this appeal no State responded more readily than Connecticut; and when the great struggle was over, Washington wrote, "If all the States had done their duty as well as the little State of Connecticut, the war would have been ended long ago."

It was during these disheartening times, or, to be exact, on the twentieth day of June, 1777, that Richard Lord Jones, a boy who had but just passed his tenth birthday, fired by the same spirit of patriotism that animated the breasts of the lusty farmers of that day, offered himself as a volunteer to serve in the ranks for his oppressed country.

Richard was born at Colchester, Conn., on the

fifteenth day of May, 1767. He enlisted at Hartford, for the term of three years, in Captain James Watson's company of the Third Connecticut Regiment, commanded by Colonel Samuel B. Webb, the father of the venerable General James Watson Webb, and was the youngest enlisted person on the pay-roll of the Army of the Revolution. He was immediately placed under the charge of Bandmaster Ballentine, and instructed to play the fife. In a short time, he showed so much proficiency that he was deemed one of the best fifiers in the regiment.

About two months after Richard's enlistment, he was sent to the regiment, at White Plains. After remaining there a short time he, with the regiment, went on up the Hudson to Peekskill, the headquarters of General Putnam, whose command embraced the fortified posts in the Highlands on both sides of the river. On the sixth day of October, 1777, Forts Clinton and Montgomery, situated on the west side of the river, were captured by the enemy under Sir Henry Clinton. Putnam with his troops on the east side, unable to render timely assistance, after being under arms all night, started early in the morning and retreated up the Hudson, our young soldier breakfasting, before the start, on a hard biscuit and a slice of raw pork. When opposite New Windsor, Putnam detached one division of his forces under Governor George Clinton, which crossed the river; while he, with the other, continued up the east side to protect the country from the ravages of the enemy, who had removed the obstructions in the Hudson and were on their way up the river. Dick, as he was familiarly called, went with the troops under Governor Clinton, who continued the march until within sight of Kingston, which was found in flames, having been fired by the enemy under General Vaughn, who had preceded Clinton by a few hours.

During a halt on the way, the arrest of the British spy, Daniel Taylor, was made. From Dick's statement it appears that Sergeant Williams, of Colonel Webb's regiment, and another soldier, strolled away from the camp a short distance, and fell in with two men, one of whom questioned the sergeant as to who was in command. Upon the sergeant's answering "Clinton," the stranger said that he would like to see him; whereupon Williams conducted him to Governor Clinton's quarters. On being presented to the Governor, the stranger appeared confused, and said that this was not the man he wished to see. He then swallowed hastily something which he put into his mouth. This act immediately excited the suspicions of the Governor, who called for a physician and had an emetic administered which brought forth a small silver bullet. Upon its being opened, a note was revealed intended for the British general, Burgoyne, and written by Sir Henry Clinton. It contained the information that "nothing but Gates was between them." (General Gates was then in command of the American forces farther up the Hudson). The man who was captured supposed that he was in the British camp, as Colonel Webb's regiment wore a uniform similar to that worn by the British army; and he was also deceived by hearing the name "Clinton," believing it to be Sir Henry, Commander of the British forces, instead of Governor George Clinton, who was in command of the Americans. Taylor was condemned as a spy and executed.

At Hurley, a small village west of Kingston, the regiment remained about two weeks. There the news was received of the surrender of General Burgoyne to General Gates, and also of the retreat of the British on the Hudson to New York. The regiment was then ordered to Norwalk, Conn., and was soon after engaged in an enterprise, planned by General Putnam, having in view the destruction of a large quantity of lumber on the east end of Long Island, which was being prepared by the enemy for their barracks in New York. General Samuel M. Parsons was entrusted with the execution of the enterprise, aided by Colonel Webb, who was to land near Huntington. Parsons succeeded in destroying the lumber and one of the enemy's vessels, and returned safely with his entire party unhurt and twenty of the enemy prisoners; but Colonel Webb was not so fortunate, he having encountered in his passage the British sloop of war "Falcon." Being in a common transport without guns, he could not offer battle or attempt a defense; so he was obliged to steer for a creek on Long Island. He reached it, but missing the channel, the vessel struck on a bar at its mouth. Colonel Webb and the captain of the vessel then

took to the small boat on the windward side, and Dick was called for by the colonel, with whom he was a great favorite; but a stout soldier had already taken him in his arms and was clambering over the side of the sloop, when the small boat upset. The surf was running high, but Colonel Webb caught a rope on the lee side, and regained a footing on board the vessel again. The captain swam the creek and was rescued by some people on shore.

In the meantime the "Falcon" had anchored and begun firing, and as there was no chance to escape, the colors were struck and the enemy took possession. When the tide permitted, the sloop was floated off and taken to Newport, R. I., with the colonel, four officers, twenty privates of his regiment, and forty militia, all picked men.

Upon the arrival of the prisoners at Newport, they were taken before a British officer for examination. The colonel being called forward was followed by Dick, who was anxious to learn what his own fate was to be. The British officer noticing the little fellow at the heels of his colonel, sternly inquired:

"Who are you?"

"I am one of King Hancock's men," answered Dick, straightening himself proudly.

"What can *you* do for him?" asked the officer, with a smile, and so strong an emphasis on the "you" that Dick answered defiantly:

"I can fight for him."

"Can you fight one of King George's men?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dick promptly, and then added, after a little hesitation, "if he is not much bigger than I."

The officer called forward the boatswain's boy, who had been curiously looking on; then turning to the young continental, asked:

"Dare you fight him?"

Dick gave the Briton, who was considerably larger than he, a hasty survey, and then answered:

"Yes, sir."

"Then strip," said the officer, and turning to the British lad, "strip, and do battle for King George."

Both boys divested themselves of all superfluous clothing as rapidly as possible, and went to work at once, and in dire earnest. It was a "rough and tumble" fight; first one was on top and then the other, cheered in turn by cries of, "Give it to him, King Hancock!" and "Hurrah for King George!"

It was a memorable encounter for both contestants, but at last the courageous little rebel got the better of his adversary. The young Briton shouted "enough," and was rescued from the embrace of his furious antagonist.

With a generosity natural to great minds, but seldom displayed during the War of Independence,

the British officer ordered the discharge of our young hero, for his pluck, and he was set at liberty. About the same time, Colonel Webb was released on parole, and in company they left on a small sloop for Providence, where horses were procured on which they continued their journey to Norwich. At this place they found Major Ebenezer Huntington, of their regiment, at the house of his father. They journeyed on through Wethersfield, and in less than a week Dick arrived

The regiment wintered that year at Warren, in the vicinity of Newport. In the spring of 1779, the regiment was inspected by Baron Steuben. During this period the men were mustered every morning for exercise. As Dick was sometimes late on parade, the fife-major threatened to send a file of men for him on the next occasion of his tardiness; and one morning, in accordance with this threat, a corporal with a file of men escorted him to the parade, amidst the merriment of the soldiers, who hugely enjoyed seeing three men escort the little lad to the parade ground.

At Warren the regiment remained until the British evacuated Rhode Island, on the twenty-fifth day of October, 1779, when it was marched to the island by way of Bristol. About two weeks were spent at Newport, when it was ordered westward. Passing through Greenwich, Hartford, and New Haven, it crossed the Hudson River at Dobb's Ferry, and brought up on the heights of Morristown, N. J., the headquarters of General Washington. The entire march of about two hundred miles, over rough and frozen ground, was made by Dick with bare feet. Soon after reaching Morristown, the regiment commenced



FACE OF BILL PRESENTED BY MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON TO RICHARD LORD JONES, MAY, 1780.

at his father's house in Hartford. After remaining at home a short time, he rejoined his regiment at West Point, which, owing to the loss of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, the military authorities had decided to fortify. Huts were built in the upper edge of the bank, just below the point, and here the winter of 1777 was passed. Early in the spring of 1778, the regiment, under Kosciusko, built Fort Webb, which formed a portion of the works at that stronghold. A chain was stretched across the river above the point, and a battery built at each end, while Fort Clinton, situated on the point, commanded the river.

In the early summer, the regiment was sent to Providence, and thence to Tiverton, where it remained for a short time. General Sullivan was in command of the troops in Rhode Island at this time, and our young hero was in all the engagements on the island that had in view the recapture of Newport, and which were unsuccessful in consequence of the failure of the French fleet under Count D'Estaing to coöperate with the continental forces.

building huts, which were first occupied on the twelfth day of January, 1780.

The winter at Morristown was one of unusual severity, and aggravated the sufferings of the army, which, for want of clothing and the necessities of life, endured as much distress as was experienced the previous winter at Valley Forge. For days the army was without meat, and for weeks it subsisted on half rations. In January, Washington wrote: "For a fortnight past the troops, both officers and men, have been almost famishing." But with spring came encouragement and hope; for Lafayette had returned from France with promises of renewed support.

A review by General Washington and his staff being anticipated, the officers of Colonel Webb's regiment cut up their shirts into pieces the size of a collar, and gave one piece to each soldier. At that time, not a private soldier in the regiment had a shirt to his back. The men made an appearance on that occasion that was both ludicrous and pathetic, but they accepted with a proper pride the enthusiastic and appropriate comments on their display of shirt collars.

Our hero, Dick, having a good voice, and being a favorite among both officers and men, was brought into prominence on several occasions, and it was at a dinner party given in the month of May by Colonel Webb to General Washington and staff, that the most interesting incident in his army life occurred.

The colonel sent for him, and, after handing him a small silver cup filled with wine, requested him to sing a song. Dick drank the unfamiliar beverage as if it were water, the result of which caused so strangling a sensation, that immediate compliance with the request was impossible. Upon Colonel Webb's suggestion, he marched up and down the room until the effect had passed away, and then in his clear, boyish voice sang a patriotic song.

After the applause that followed the song had subsided, the colonel directed Dick to go to Colonel Jackson's hut, where Mrs. Washington and other ladies were, and to tell Mrs. Washington that Colonel Webb had sent him to sing her a song. Dick obeyed orders, and at the conclusion of his song received from Mrs. Washington, in acknowledgment of her thanks, a three-dollar Continental bill. This bill was sacredly kept by Dick until the day of his death, in loving remembrance of the noble woman who gave it to him. It is now the property of Major Richard Lord Annesley, of Albany, N. Y., a grandson of the youthful patriot. An engraving of one side of this bill is here presented. The following certificate concerning it was written by the recipient of the bill, more than seventy years after the date of its presentation to him:

"The bill of three dollars, accompanying this, is a sample of the currency of the United States during the War of the Revolution. This bill was presented to R. L. Jones (the subscriber) by Mrs. Martha Washington, at Colonel Jackson's hut, on the heights of Morristown, New Jersey, in May, 1780—immediately after the extreme hard winter, when Col. S. B. Webb's Regiment, to which he was attached, struck their tents and took possession of their huts, January 12th,—snow two or three feet deep. He was then, when the bill was received, just thirteen years of age, and just at the end of his term of enlistment of three years,—supposed to be the youngest person on the pay-roll of the army.

"RICHARD L. JONES.
"NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, October 12th, 1850."

After the singing of the song, the officers joined the ladies and started for a walk. When about half-way down a long hill, they seated themselves on some fallen trees, and Dick was again requested to sing. Upon the completion of the song, they arose, and an officer, accompanied by a lady, beckoned Dick with one hand, while he placed the other behind his back, from the open palm of which Dick took three English shillings. The officer was General Lafayette, who but a few days before had returned from France.

A short time afterward, the regiment left the huts, and was marched toward Springfield, where it was engaged in the action with the enemy under

General Knyphausen, on June 23. Prior to the battle, on June 20, Dick's term of three years expired, and he was honorably discharged. In company with two men of his regiment, whose terms had also expired, he started for home, walking the entire distance of nearly two hundred miles.



RICHARD LORD JONES, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY.

How pleasant were his anticipations of re-union with loved ones, as he bravely plodded along the highway and across fields until he reached his father's home in Hartford!

At home! All the long, cold winters of cruel want lay behind, and before him rose the future, bright with anticipations of prosperity and peace. But the soldier-life of the boy became one of the brightest memories to the old man, and, in his last years, his greatest pleasure consisted in recounting the incidents connected with the days of his soldierhood to a willing listener. After reaching manhood, he engaged in the cotton-manufacturing business in his native State, which he carried on successfully for a while; but the times and he were out of joint. The war of 1812 brought him financial ruin. In the year 1818, he moved west and settled at Gallipolis, Ohio. He afterward became a farmer near New Albany, Indiana, where he resided many years and where he died July 23, 1852.

A WAY TO GROW WISE.

BY MARTHA HOLMES BATES.



ALMOST all of my girl and boy friends are fond of good books; but I have noticed that many of them, when they have read a volume through to the period at the end, toss it quickly aside, and without giving a second thought to the contents of its pages, hasten away in search of some new entertainment or occupation.

Now, I want to give a bit of advice on this subject of reading, which I hope every reader of ST.

NICHOLAS will follow, for a few weeks at least, so as to give my suggestion a fair trial.

You all, of course, wish and intend to become intelligent and well-informed men and women; it is for this end that we all learn to read in the beginning: in order, however, to succeed in our ambition, we must not only know *how to read*, but *how to make use of what we read*. And some knowledge of the nature of our minds is a great assistance in learning this important lesson. The writings of all the learned men in the world could not make us wise if our mental faculties were not first trained to think, reason, and remember.

So here is my advice: After reading a book, or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to

the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory, so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and teaches concentration of thought.

You will soon learn, in this way, to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of information; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber-room in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a store-house where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labeled, has its own particular place and is ready for use the instant there is need of it.

Now, shut your eyes, and see if you can remember my advice.

A GOOD DRUGGIST.

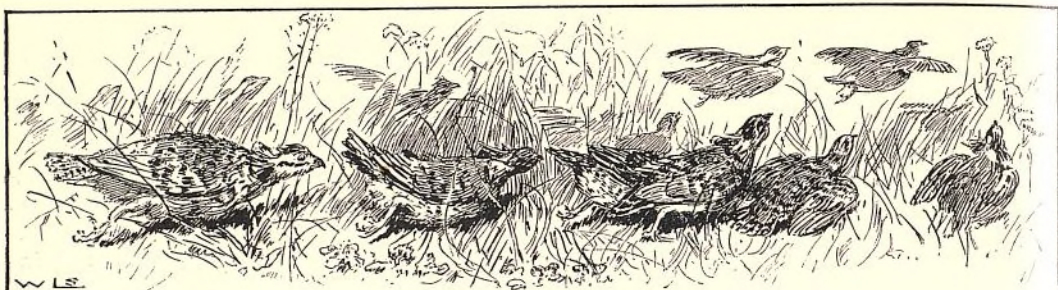
BY MARY LANG.

A MAN who kept a store
Once wrote upon his door:

"Oh, I can make a pill
That shall ease ev'ry ill!
I keep here a plaster,
To prevent disaster;
Also some good ointment,
To soothe disappointment."

When customers applied,
These words are what he cried:

"Now, *Patience* is the pill
That eases ev'ry ill;
Take-care is a plaster,
Which prevents disaster;
Good-humor an ointment,
Soothing disappointment."



MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE PRAIRIE WEEDS.

NEXT morning the sky was bright and clear. The sun soon dried the grass, and the boys were eager to be off after the game.

Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin had arranged for a hunt in a stretch of weed prairie lying about a mile and a half west of the camp. One side of this field was bordered by a luxuriant corn plantation, another side by a wheat field.

Neil and Hugh, armed with the small-bore guns belonging to Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin, stepped proudly and briskly along, listening to the words of advice and caution which those kind gentlemen were speaking for their benefit.

It was a beautiful sight to see the four dogs ranging at a brisk gallop, each ambitious to scent the first bird. Snip took the prize before reaching the weedy part of the prairie, by coming to a stanch stand on a high knoll where the grass was very short and thin. In a moment the three other dogs had backed him. "Surely there are no birds there," said Neil; "we could see them; there's nothing to hide them."

Hugh had nervously brought his gun to the position of "ready." He was suffering from what is called hunter's fever; his eagerness to get a shot had overcome his nerves.

They all moved on in a row, keeping about ten paces apart, Mr. Marvin at one end, Uncle Charley at the other, and the boys in the middle; every dog stood as rigid as a post.

A few more steps, and up rose a scattered flock of birds—grouse, scarcely old enough to fly with full power, but in excellent plight for market. Uncle Charley fired right and left, bringing down two; Mr. Marvin did the same. Neil killed a bird at his second shot, but Hugh blazed away somewhat at random and did not touch a feather.

"Mark where they pitch down," exclaimed Mr. Marvin; "they're fine birds—just old enough to suit the epicures." He was a little excited, too; but he was quite deliberate, nevertheless.

At last the birds, rounding a little in their course, settled into the weeds.

"Where's your game, Hugh?" said Uncle Charley, as the dogs brought in the dead grouse.

"I think I missed," murmured Hugh.

"Better luck next time," remarked Mr. Marvin, in a tone of encouragement. They all reloaded their guns and started on at a brisk pace.

Presently they reached a fence that stood between them and the weed field. Mr. Marvin halted and took the shells out of his gun.

"What are you unloading for?" asked Hugh.

"I never climb over a fence with a loaded gun in my hands," said Mr. Marvin; "a large number of the dreadful hunting accidents are caused by not observing this simple rule."

Hugh took out his shells, too, and by a side glance saw Uncle Charley and Neil do likewise.

"One of my best friends was killed by falling off a fence with a loaded gun in his hand," Mr. Marvin added. "One can never be too careful."

The weed covert into which the game had gone proved to be troublesome. The rich soil of the prairie had sent up such a tall growth that Hugh and Neil would have been lost in it, so they had to stay on the edges of the thickest part while Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley went in with the dogs and flushed the grouse. Soon a lively firing began.

The boys banged away at every bird that came near them. Neil was beginning to show some skill, fetching down his game quite often and in good style; but Hugh could not be patient and painstaking enough.

The birds that escaped the guns went over into the wheat-stubble and, scattering widely, offered a chance for some good sport. Hugh took Snip and

* Copyright, 1883, by Maurice Thompson.

went to where he had marked down three of them. The dog soon pointed one in a place where, owing to some thick weeds, the wheat had been left uncut. Hugh stopped for a minute to try to steady himself, and then went slowly on, glancing rapidly in every direction, for he did not know just at what point the game would rise. Now, a good sportsman never allows his eyes to wander at such a time, but keeps them fixed steadily to the front; in that way he can see a bird rise anywhere within the space covered by even the dimmest part of his vision. Then, too, he trusts to his ears to warn him of the first flutter of a wing in the covert.

Hugh felt his heart beating rapidly, but he kept himself fairly steady until he flushed the bird. Then his gun flew up too quickly, and he did not wait to take aim. Of course he missed, but he quickly recovered himself and did better with the left barrel, bringing down the game. Snip retrieved the bird and was fetching it in, when suddenly he stopped and pointed with the game in his mouth. This was a very rare exhibition of scenting power. Hugh flushed the bird from the stubble and weeds. It rose almost vertically and flew right over his head in the direction toward which his back was turned. The shot was a difficult one at best, but Hugh turned quickly and pulled first the right-hand trigger, then the left-hand one. The gun failed to fire. He looked, and found that he had forgotten to reload! Snip seemed disappointed. His eyes turned inquiringly toward Hugh's face, as if to say: "That was a poor response to my splendid performance!" Hugh acknowledged to himself that here was another result of his impetuosity and carelessness.

"I shall learn something after a while, if I keep on trying," he thought, as he opened the breech of his gun and slipped in the shells.

Meantime, Neil had been having some fine luck. His coolness and carefulness excited the admiration of Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin. In fact, he hit nearly as often as he missed, and when the shooting was over, his game-bag held seven birds.

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW PROSPECT OPENS TO THE BOYS.

A FEW more days spent on the prairie in delightful tramps and instructive conversation with Mr. Marvin, and the hunt was ended. Uncle Charley declared the time up, and gave orders to have the tents struck and the wagons made ready for the return to the village.

Before separating, however, Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley held a long consultation, the result of which was an arrangement for a winter's

campaign in the finest game regions of Georgia and Florida.

Uncle Charley promised Neil and Hugh that he would try to get their father to let them go along with him.

"If he will let you go," continued Uncle Charley, "I will buy you each a good gun and a complete outfit."

Hugh fairly bounded for joy, and Neil's face grew rosy with his great delight.

They bade Mr. Marvin good-bye, with a great hope of meeting him a month or two later; and then, with their faces set toward home, they drove off across the rolling prairie. Those had been happy days, and the boys, all sunburned and ruddy with health, were now anxious to get back to their father and the young friends with whom they associated in the village. Their mother had been dead for some years; consequently, their father was much more to them than a father usually is.

The boys' hearts jumped when at last the church spires and painted roofs of the home village came in sight.

As they drove up to the front gate of their home, Mr. Burton saw them from his library window, and came limping down the carriage-way to meet them.

"Why, you are almost as black as little Hottentots!" he exclaimed, looking at their sunbrowned faces.

"But we've had a glorious time," said Hugh. "I never did enjoy anything so much. And, Papa, we wish to go home with Uncle Charley, and hunt in the South this winter, and he's going to buy us guns and everything,—are n't you, Uncle Charley?"

"I should think, from your looks, that you have had hunting enough for one season, at least," said Mr. Burton. "Have they been reasonably good boys, Charles?"

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Charley, "they have behaved in a very creditable way. I am proud of them."

Weeks passed before Neil and Hugh were tired of recounting to their young friends in Belair their many pleasing and their few thrilling adventures on the great prairie.

Neil, with his usual foresight and philosophical prudence, fully believing that they would go South with Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin, sent for a book on wing-shooting, and fell to studying it carefully. He also renewed his readings in natural history. But Hugh was so full of fun and so restless, that he avoided any close application to study.

"I am resolved," said Neil, "to know all I can about the haunts and habits of game, as well as about the best methods of hunting and shooting."

Whatever is worth knowing and doing is worth knowing and doing well."

He also took an old blunderbuss out of the garret, and, although it had no lock, he used it to practice aiming. This exercise accustomed his hands, arms, and eyes to work in concert, a thing of prime importance in wing-shooting.

Uncle Charley observed Neil's close application to the study of the matter in hand, but he said nothing. He knew that it meant success. He had arranged with Mr. Burton for the boys to go South with him, and had sent for their guns, which were to be made to order. He had also agreed to pay Mr. Marvin a sum of money sufficient to compensate him for the loss of the autumn shooting on the Kankakee, in order that he might go South early enough to make everything ready for a whole winter in the field.

Mr. Marvin came to Belair on the same day that the boys' new guns arrived by express from New York. Those guns were beauties, too, just alike, weighing six and a half pounds each, sixteen-bore, Damascus barrels, with low hammers and pistol-grip stocks; in fact, the very finest little guns that Blank Brothers could make.

"You're patriotic boys," said Mr. Marvin, after examining the weapons; "you go in for American guns, do you?"

"I think our American work is quite equal to that of the English now," said Uncle Charley, "and these guns are recommended as very close, hard shooters."

"So they are, and cheap. An English gun of their grade would have cost at least three hundred dollars."

"Are n't they beauties, though?" cried Hugh, dancing around with his gun in his hand. "I'm going to name mine 'Falcon,' because it will be such a bird-destroyer! What shall you name yours, Neil?"

"Mine shall be anonymous," said Neil, "but it will do good work, all the same!"

"When do we start to go South, Uncle Charley?" queried the always impatient Hugh.

"Some time next week, perhaps," was the reply; "are you in a hurry?"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Hugh, "I want to be off just as soon as possible!"

"The first thing to do is to target those new guns," said Mr. Marvin.

"What is targeting a gun?" inquired Hugh.

"I'll show you," said Mr. Marvin. He took some white sheets of printer's paper, large enough to hold a circle thirty inches in diameter drawn with a pencil. In the center of the circle he made a small black spot.

"Now," said he, "we shall see what kind of

pattern the guns will make. If they are good or bad we shall soon know it."

They took a dozen or so of these paper targets and went beyond the town limits, where they placed them one at a time against the side of an old disused barn. Each barrel of the two guns was fired at a separate target, at the distance of forty yards, with shells loaded with three drams of powder and one ounce of number-eight shot.

"These are most excellent guns," was Mr. Marvin's decision, after giving them a careful test. "See how evenly and close together they distribute their shot with the left barrels, and how nicely the right barrels scatter the shot a little wider. Yes, young gentlemen, you have first-class guns."

"But why are the right barrels made to scatter wider?" inquired Hugh.

"Because you shoot that barrel first and usually at short range, while you keep your left barrel for the second shot, which is nearly always at long range," replied Mr. Marvin.

Neil had found this out long ago from his reading.

All the boys in Belair soon discovered that Neil and Hugh had fine guns, and this fact was the subject of lively conversation among them. And when the news of the proposed Southern trip leaked out our young friends were the heroes of the village.

Neil and Hugh had to answer hundreds of questions, and tell their plans over and over again to their less fortunate playmates.

And so at length the time for their going arrived.

CHAPTER X.

AWAY TO THE SOUTH!

WHEN the time came for the departure for the South, and everything had been packed and sent to the railway station, Mr. Burton gave his boys over into the care of Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin. His last words to Neil and Hugh were:

"Be good boys, and be careful how you handle your guns."

Quite a number of the playmates and school-fellows of Neil and Hugh gathered at the station to see them off. The boys promised to send them specimens of birds, alligators' teeth, and other trophies of their prowess.

It was on the eve of the second night following, that they reached Uncle Charley's house, a large building, set back some distance from a broad country road in the midst of a grove of big cedar trees. In fact, the place was known as "The

Cedars," and the farm was one of the largest and best in East Tennessee. The boys were given a large, airy room, with a tall, high, old-fashioned bed in it, as their own. A bright fire was burning on the hearth of a broad-mouthed fire-place, and an old colored woman, named Rhoda, came to wait upon them.

Next morning before breakfast Uncle Charley called them up to show them his kennels and stables. He had a great number of fine dogs and horses, of which he was very proud. Then he showed them his fat cattle and his Cotswold sheep

Uncle Charley had a coal-black negro servant, a boy about Neil's size, called Judge, who soon became acquainted with the boys. He was a bright fellow, whose mind was stored with all the queer notions peculiar to Southern negroes. He at once formed a great liking for Hugh, whose enthusiastic temperament captivated him. The two began to associate together a great deal, the negro taking Hugh over all the big farm and pointing out many places of curious interest—the cotton-gin, no longer in use; the little corn-mill, with its big over-shot wheel, beside a brook; the mill-pond, where in



"HUGH FLUNG DOWN HIS GUN AND RAN BACK TO THE FENCE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and his drove of young mules. It was quite plain that Uncle Charley was a thrifty and energetic farmer. His house was on a hill, from which one could see all over the broad rolling farm, consisting of about a thousand acres of rich brown land, fenced with cedar rails and under a high state of cultivation.

"You see I don't hunt all the time," said Uncle Charley. "I have this big farm to oversee and take care of."

"I should think it would be a very delightful business to take care of such a beautiful farm," said Neil, looking about on the clean fields and well-kept flocks and herds.

"I like it very much," said Uncle Charley. "It pleases me to see my crops of corn and wheat grow and ripen and my cattle get fat and sleek. After I have worked hard and have been successful, then I can take my gun and go off for a long hunt, feeling that I have earned the right to enjoy it."

summer Judge went in swimming; the vast peach-orchards, and many farm implements quite different from those which Hugh had been accustomed to see in the barns of farmers at the North.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley took time to carefully arrange their plans and collect their supplies for the winter. It was agreed that their first hunting should be done in North Georgia, where quail was plentiful and the facility for shipping the game to a good market was all that could be desired by Mr. Marvin.

There is one kind of shooting allowed in the Southern States which is strictly forbidden in most Northern and Western States, namely, dove-shooting. Doves are great pests to the Southern farmer. In autumn they collect in immense flocks, and sometimes utterly destroy whole fields of peas; so that the saying "Innocent as a dove" is not of much force there, and the birds are often killed in

large numbers and sent to market, mostly by negro hunters and trappers.

Neil and Hugh were extremely anxious to try their new guns, and it chanced that one day a grand flight of doves settled in one of Uncle Charley's pea fields. This was a good excuse for the boys. They seized their weapons and were off in a surprisingly short space of time. Even Judge brought forth a gun, and such a gun as it was! A short, clumsy, big-bored affair, with only one barrel and a flint-lock.

"I think I'd better go with the boys," said Mr. Marvin, getting out his smaller gun; "they'll need some watching and directing." And it turned out that they did need very close watching; for Hugh and Judge went wild as soon as they got among the doves, banging away in every direction, and apparently not caring much who or what was in the way. Neil and Mr. Marvin had to be very careful to keep out of the way of danger. Much to every one's surprise, Judge killed a greater number of birds than either Neil or Hugh. He used his old flint-lock with real expertness.

A funny thing happened to Hugh. He killed a dove, which fell over in a little field where Uncle Charley kept a fine English bull. The fence was a very high one, but Hugh climbed over it and ran to get his game. The bull, thinking he had come to give it some salt, ran toward Hugh, bellowing loudly.

The boy cast one wild, horrified glance at the wrinkled face and sharp horns of the huge animal, and then flung down his gun and ran back to the fence, screaming at every jump. The bull followed briskly, bellowing brokenly, until it came to where Hugh's gun lay, then it stopped and began to bellow and to paw the earth with one of its fore feet.

Hugh climbed over the fence and stood peeping through a crack, trembling and panting. The bull was striking his gun with its foot and knocking it about as if it were a straw.

Mr. Marvin, hearing the boy's wild screams, ran to the spot as quickly as he could, but Judge outran him and reached Hugh just in time to see the bull break the stock of the gun short off at the pistol-grip.

Judge did not stop at the fence, but scrambled over it, and, rushing up, drove the bull away and picked up the shattered weapon, which he brought back to where Hugh and Mr. Marvin stood.

"Dat 's a mighty much ob a pity, Mahs' Hugh," said the negro, rolling his big white eyes commiseratingly. "What yo' gwine to do 'bout dis purty gun, now?"

Hugh could not speak. His voice stuck in his throat, and his lips were purple with excitement and distress.

Mr. Marvin looked very much disappointed. He took the mutilated gun in his hands and examined it in silence. Neil came up and joined the solemn group.

"Why, what 's the trouble?" he inquired.

"De bull 's smashed de young boss's new gun all to bits," said Judge. "He was just a-pawin' it an' a-pawin' it when I got heah. Mahs' Hugh 's de 'fraidest boy I ebber see, an' dat 's a fac'!"

"Well, the harm 's done," said Mr. Marvin, "and it can't be helped now."

They formed a doleful procession as they trudged homeward in silence across the fields. Hugh felt that all his dreams of sport were at an end. He looked at Neil's bright, clean gun, and then at his own battered and broken weapon. The tears would force their way out of his eyes in spite of all he could do.

"I suppose it is n't right to kill doves," he said, at last, regretfully.

"It is n't right to fling down a fine gun and run away every time you hear a bull bellow!" exclaimed Mr. Marvin, rather gruffly. "I should like to know what you'd do if you should see a bear or an alligator!"

"Dat chile 'ud jes' break his neck a-runnin'," said Judge.

"I hate to have Uncle Charley know I have broken my gun," muttered Hugh.

"De bull broke dat gun; you did n't break it," said Judge.

"I think it can be mended," remarked Neil. "A gunsmith could put a piece of silver around the broken place and fasten it so that it would be nearly as nice as before."

"Oh, do you think so?" cried Hugh; "Oh, but I do hope it can be done! I will never be careless again if I can have my gun all right once more."

Uncle Charley was surprised, but he spoke kindly to Hugh, and said he would see what could be done. Next day he took the gun away to a neighboring town and left it with a gunsmith to be mended. When it was brought back, the silver splice had engraved upon it the following words:

"Always keep cool."

The work had been very nicely done, and the weapon was really quite as good, and as pretty as it had been before it was broken.

Hugh's spirits immediately revived, and he was just as happy as ever.

CHAPTER XI.

AROUND A CAMP-FIRE.

It was on a beautiful November day, almost as warm as in September, that our friends started from Uncle Charley's house to make an excursion into

North Georgia to shoot quail and wild turkeys, or whatever other seasonable game could be found. A big Tennessee wagon, covered with a roofing of white cotton cloth, and drawn by two strong mules, was to be the pack vehicle. It was driven and managed by an old colored man named Samson, whose hair and beard were like white wool. A long-bodied hack, or road-wagon, with three seats in it, and covered with oil-cloth, had been fitted up for the hunters to ride in. Judge was to drive this equipage, which was drawn by two of Uncle Charley's beautiful work-horses. The dogs were to go in the big wagon with Samson and the stores.

The mountain region of East Tennessee and North Georgia is one of the most charming countries in the world. The valleys are warm and fertile, lying between high ranges of blue mountain peaks and green foot-hills covered with groves of pines and cedars, oaks and hickory-trees. The air is pure and healthful and the water is the best that cold mountain springs can afford. Vast tracts of this region are so broken up with ravines, abrupt hills, and rugged cliffs of rock, that they are not fit for agriculture, and consequently are not inhabited, save by hardy hunters, trappers, or nut-gatherers. Here and there, in the wildest parts of the mountain ranges, are found what are called "pockets"; they are small valleys, or dells, walled in by the cliffs, and are usually garden-spots of fertility, where are found families of settlers who live peaceful, quiet lives, entirely shut away from the rest of the world.

The first day after leaving Uncle Charley's farm, our friends traveled about forty miles, reaching the foot-hills of a range of mountains close to the northern line of Georgia. They had crossed some large streams and passed over some outlying spurs of another mountain range, and were now ready to begin the ascent of the lofty pile before them.

They pitched their tents beside a clear spring just as darkness began to gather in the woods. On one side of them rose a steep escarpment of broken cliffs; in every other direction a dense forest of pines, undergrown with bushes and vines of various sorts, stretched away gloomy and silent.

Judge built a fire while Samson was feeding the animals, and then the two went to work to get supper. They broiled slices of ham and baked a hoe-cake, made a pot of coffee, and roasted some potatoes and apples. The flaring yellow flames from the pine-knots that Judge had put on the fire threw a wavering light far out among the dusky trees, and the black smoke rolled lightly up among the overhanging boughs.

They all were very hungry. There is nothing

like the mountain air to whet one's appetite. Any food seems to taste much better out in the woods than it does at home.

"I should think there might be bears in these mountains," said Hugh, as he leisurely sipped his coffee, "and deer, too."

"There are some deer, and there may be a few black bears," said Uncle Charley, "but they are too scarce and shy to be hunted with profit. Wild cats are plentiful, however, in all this region."

"I should like to see a wild cat," said Hugh. "What does it look like?"

"Very like a common gray house-cat, only two or three times as large, and it has a larger head in proportion to its body and a short tail. It is a savage creature and very dangerous at times. The claws and teeth are long and sharp, and it is very muscular and powerful."

"Do wild cats ever attack people?" inquired Hugh, helping himself to another roasted apple.

"I have heard of such a thing," said Uncle Charley, "and I should n't care to meet one at close quarters, especially if it were wounded."

"I want to hunt something dangerous and have some adventures worth talking about," said Hugh.

"Why, your bull adventure was stirring and dangerous enough, was n't it?" growled Mr. Marvin over his plate of ham.

"That bull *looked* dangerous, anyhow; and besides, if I'd stood still and it had gored me, you would have said I was foolish for not running."

"Yes, but you threw down your gun; that was what I blamed you for," said Mr. Marvin. "It's a rule among good soldiers never to drop their guns. A hunter should follow the same rule."

When supper was over, they all sat in a circle around the fire listening to hunting-stories by Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin. Even old Samson crept up near enough to hear, while he smoked his cob pipe with great show of satisfaction.

Mr. Marvin's best story was about a panther-hunt in a jungle of the Florida everglades. He was describing how, in the course of the hunt, he chanced to come suddenly face to face with the panther, which was crouching on a mass of boughs and vines about ten feet above the ground.

"I was carrying a double-barreled gun," he said, "of which one barrel was a rifle, the other for shot. I saw the savage beast just as it was making ready to spring upon me. I believe I felt very much like doing as Hugh did when the bull came bellowing toward him; but the trouble in my case was that I *could* not run. I was hemmed in by strong bushes and vines. So I summoned all my nerve power and raised my gun to take aim.

Just as I did so the panther leaped straight toward me."

At this point in Mr. Marvin's narration, and as if to sharply emphasize the climax, there came from the woods right behind Hugh a wild shriek altogether startling in its loudness and harshness. Hugh sprang to his feet and leaped clear over the fire.

"Ugh! O-oh! what was that?" he cried, his eyes seeming to start almost out of his head.

Old Samson laughed aloud and said: "Bress yo', chile, dat nuffin' but an ole owl; he's not gwine ter hurt ye!"

"I think we 'll have to send you home, Hugh," said Uncle Charley; "you'll never do for one of our party if you keep on in this way."

Hugh crept back to his place, and Mr. Marvin resumed his story:

"I fired both barrels point blank at that brute as it sailed through the air, and at the same moment I dropped flat upon the ground, thinking that the panther would go beyond me before it struck. But I reckoned wrongly; it came right down upon me, almost crushing me. My legs were tangled in some briery vines and my right arm was doubled under me. The panther struggled terribly, tearing the ground with its feet on each side of me, uttering at the same time a sort of gurgling growl. It was very heavy, and my position made its weight seem double what it really was. I tried to throw it off, but my strength was not sufficient. With another hard struggle it died right there, lying across my back. If my legs had not been so badly tangled I could have got out from under the dead brute. As it was, I could do nothing but lie there and halloo. It was not the weight so much as my cramped and tangled situation that held me down. To add to the terror of my predicament I heard the panther's mate scream in the jungle close by. My hunting companions were beating about somewhere in the neighborhood, but I could not hear them. I screamed like a steam-whistle, but no answer came. It was then that I suddenly realized the awful possibilities of my situation. If my companions were out of hearing, how could I ever get help? As I lay there, I could see for some distance along an opening in the undergrowth to where a big cypress tree grew at the edge of a little pond. The other panther leaped a few feet up the bole of this tree and screamed again. That was to me the most terrific sound I ever heard. Just then it struck me that I must go systematically to work to free myself. I lay quite still for a time, thinking. Then I began working my feet out of the tangle of vines. It was hard work, but I persevered and finally succeeded. Then by a strong effort I freed my right arm and, turning my-

self a little, I rolled the panther off me. The next thing I did was to load both barrels of my gun, for I could now hear the other savage beast growling close by in the jungle. Fear made me alert and steady. Soon I saw a pair of eyes glaring at me not more than two rods away. I took deliberate aim and fired both barrels, sending a ball and nine large buckshot to the spot between those eyes. That was a great adventure for me. I never have known another man who has killed two full-grown panthers on the same day. My companions had heard my firing, and came to me. There lay my two royal enemies dead within a few feet of each other and each shot in the face. But from that day to this I never have had the slightest desire to hunt panthers."

It was now time to go to bed, so Uncle Charley ordered Samson and Judge to their wagon in which they were to sleep.

Mr. Marvin rolled himself in his blankets and lay down by the fire, a way of resting he preferred to being cramped in a tent, especially when the weather was so dry.

At about eleven o'clock the moon came up in the East, filling the woods with a pale light that flickered on the gray mountain cliffs like a silver mist. The big horned owl that had so scared Hugh came and perched itself upon the top of a dead pine near the camp, giving forth now and then its peculiar, wild cry. As it sat upon the highest spire of the tree, it looked double its real size, outlined against the clear gray sky. It would turn its large head from side to side, as if keeping a vigilant outlook for danger.

Hugh awoke from a sweet sleep and heard the owl. He chanced to remember that his father had long wanted a stuffed owl for his library. Why would n't it be just as well to get this one for him?

Very slyly and quietly Hugh arose and put on his clothes. Slipping his gun from its case and loading it with heavy-shotted cartridges, he stole noiselessly out of the tent. Every one else was sleeping. Even Samson's big yellow 'coon dog, that lay under the wagon, did not seem to awake.

Hugh crouched and crept along under cover of a small cedar bush until he got within long range of the owl; then, taking aim as best he could, he fired.

What a noise that gun did make in the still forest! The report went bellowing off in the distance, and then, flung back by some echo-making cliff or hollow, returned with mellow, fragmentary rattling. The dogs began to bark, the horses and mules snorted, old Samson leaped out of his wagon, Mr. Marvin sprang from his sound sleep beside the embers of the fire. In fact, there was a general alarm in the camp.

CHAPTER XII.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

WHEN Hugh fired, the owl came tumbling down from its lofty perch, flapping its wings as it fell. That was a good shot, and Hugh felt a thrill of gratification and pride as he saw the effect of it. He ran to the spot where the great bird lay, and hastily picked it up. Immediately he screamed with pain and tried to drop it; but it had seized his hand with its beak and talons and would not let go. "O! O! O!" he cried, "it's killing me! it's killing me! O, Uncle Charley! Mr. Marvin! come here, quick!"

The owl was not much hurt, the tip of one wing having been broken. Its strong hooked beak and its long talons were piercing Hugh's hand cruelly. The pain was almost unbearable.

Mr. Marvin seized his gun and ran to the spot, expecting to find a bear or a catamount tearing Hugh to pieces. Uncle Charley, Neil and Samson snatched up whatever weapon was nearest and hurriedly joined Mr. Marvin.

But by the time they had all collected around Hugh, he had choked the owl to death with his free hand. The bird had given him some ugly scratches, however, and his face looked ghastly pale in the moonlight.

Fortunately no arteries or large veins had been pierced by the owl's talons or beak. Samson, who was not a bad doctor in affairs of this kind, bound up Hugh's wounds, and they did not afterward give him much trouble.

Next morning, Mr. Marvin skinned the owl and packed the skin away for mounting.

The party resumed their journey, and at once began following a zigzag road that led up the steep side of the mountain they had to cross.

Neil preferred to walk. He was keeping a diary of all that happened and of what he saw and heard. Being nimble of foot, he was easily able to keep ahead of the wagons, and whenever he saw a new plant or tree or some rare bird, he would sit down upon a stone beside the road, and write a description of it in his book. He could draw a little, too, and he made sketches, as best he could, of such objects and bits of landscape as he thought might be interestingly described in a more comprehensive account of their journey, which he meant to prepare at his leisure.

There were not many birds on the mountain, but Neil had a good opportunity to note the appearance and habits of the pileated woodpecker, a bird very rare in the Middle and Western States. It is next to the largest of American woodpeckers, being nearly the size of a crow, almost black, with

a tall scarlet crest on the back of its head. The mountaineers call it log-cock, because it is so often seen pecking on rotten logs in the woods. It makes its nest in a hollow which it digs in decaying tree-boles.

When our friends reached the top of the mountain, they found a fine grove of chestnut-trees loaded with their opening burrs. Samson, Hugh, and Judge gathered a large bagful of the nuts and put them in the wagon.

Neil climbed to the top of a great stone-pile from which he beheld a grand view of the surrounding country, for miles and miles. He could see beautiful valleys and shining streams, cozy farm-houses and scattering villages, while far off, against the horizon in every direction, rose an undulating line of blue mountains.

It was late at night when they reached a good camping-place among the foot-hills on the Georgia side. They all were very hungry and tired. The smell of broiling bacon and steeping coffee soon filled the dewy air. A small cold mountain-brook bubbled along beside the tents, and not far off was the log cabin of a family of mountaineers.

"We are near to the quail country, now," said Uncle Charley, "and I think we may count upon some good shooting to-morrow. The valley just below us is covered with farms of growing wheat and corn, and no one ever comes there to hunt."

"But will the farmers let us shoot their birds?" inquired Neil, who recollected the angry remonstrations of some of the prairie folk against the shooting of grouse.

"O, yes," said Uncle Charley; "these mountain people are the most hospitable and accommodating folk you ever saw. Their leading thought, so long as we stay among them, will be to make us thoroughly enjoy ourselves."

Samson announced supper. All were quite ready to do justice to the meal he had prepared, and they were busily engaged in eating, when a man and two boys approached them, bearing flaming torches made of long splinters of pitch-pine.

"Hello, strangers, how d' ye do?" exclaimed the man in a hearty, friendly voice.

"Good evening," said Uncle Charley, very cordially.

"Seein' your fire down here, I thought that maybe you'd like to join in a little fun up the hollow," said the stranger.

"Well, what is the fun?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"My old dog Bounce has treed a coon up the hollow, and we're just going to cut the tree. Can't you come and go along?" The man, as he spoke, took an ax from his shoulder and rested it on the ground

by his feet. "Don't you hear the dog baying?" he added.

Sure enough, the hoarse mouthing of a cur came echoing from the depths of the wood.

"Ef you 're shoor dat it's a coon," said Samson, "why, den, I'd like ter go."

"So would I!" said Hugh.

"Well, it's a coon," said the man. "Old Bounce does n't bark for anything but coons or wild cats. It might *possibly* be a wild cat."

Mr. Marvin said he thought that he would go, too, as he had n't seen a coon fight for a great

and fighting. Uncle Charley sprang to his feet and listened.

"It is a wild cat," he said, "and it is 'punishing' that dog terribly. Just listen! What a fight they 're having!"

They could hear Hugh's clear voice and Samson's loud shouts mingling with the general din.

"Is there any danger? Do you think Hugh will get hurt?" exclaimed Neil, whose first thought was for the safety of his brother. Uncle Charley did not at once reply. He was too much absorbed in listening to the exciting racket.



THE FIGHT WITH THE WILD CAT.

many years. Uncle Charley, Neil, and Judge preferred to stay at the camp. Neil wanted to write a letter to his father before going to bed. Uncle Charley was tired, and Judge was sleepy.

The torches, as they were borne away through the woods, made the men and boys who kept within their light look like restless specters. If Neil had known what an exciting event was about to happen, up in that little hollow, he would not have stayed in camp, as he did. He presently heard the sound of an ax ringing on solid timber, and, after a long while, a great tree fell to the ground with a loud crash. Then there arose a perfect bedlam of voices. The yelping of a dog was mingled with shouts and screams and a sound as of some savage animal snarling

"Let's go to them," continued Neil; "they may need help."

"It's too far," said Uncle Charley; "we could not get there in time to be of any service." And even as he spoke, the noise began to subside.

"They've killed it, or it has escaped," Uncle Charley continued; "they'll be coming back directly. It must have been a hard fight while it

lasted, and very exciting, too, for I heard Marvin yell loudly once or twice."

"I wish I had gone along," said Neil, moving restlessly about; "I would n't have missed it for anything."

"If it was a wild cat, and I think it was," said Uncle Charley, "it must have escaped. I don't think they could have killed it in so short a time. There was n't a gun in the party, and I know, from the way the dog howled, that the victory was not due to him; he was whipped."

"Why did n't Mr. Marvin and Hugh take their guns? I never heard of such carelessness!" said Neil, adding anxiously: "Perhaps some one of them is badly hurt."

After long waiting, Uncle Charley and Neil at last saw the flash of torches.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAMSON DESCRIBES THE BATTLE.

THE party of coon-hunters soon came up, all of them more or less excited. The tall, strong mountaineer carried a dead wild cat strung upon a pole.

"Ah, you killed it, did you?" exclaimed Uncle Charley.

"Y-e-s, the boy killed it," replied the man; "he knocked it on the head with a light'd knot."

The man alluded to Samson when he said "boy." Southern men usually call colored men *boys*.

"Mahs' Hugh ud 'a' been a gone chile ef I had n't 'a' knocked de varmint," said Samson.

"How was that?" demanded Uncle Charley, with a look of alarm.

"Was it after Hugh?" exclaimed Neil, excitedly.

"Oh, it was a-bowsin' around an' a-snappin' an' a-clawin', an' Mahs' Hugh he climb'd a tree up a little ways, an' de dog was a-howlin' at a great rate, an' I was a-poundin' away at the varmint, an' it clim de tree, too, an' nearly cotch up wid Mahs' Hugh afore he got six feet high up de tree, an' Mahs' Hugh he was a-squeechin' powerful, an' den I whack'd it on de head an' down it came! Den dat dog he got berry sabbage all to once, seein' dat de varmint was kickin' its last, an' he got braver an' braver, an' fell to fightin' it like mad. But dat varmint had done gib dat dog 'nuff fore dat, I tell ye!"

Next morning, our friends descended into the valley and pitched their tents among the fertile farms.

A railway crossed the lower end of this valley, where there was a small village and a station from which Mr. Marvin could ship his game.

The camping-place was beside a deep, narrow little river, or rivulet, the winding course of which through the valley was marked by parallel fringes of plane and tulip trees.

The farms were very rich, having that peculiar sort of soil called "mulatto," in which the famous Georgia red wheat grows to such perfection as it never attains elsewhere.

Here the blue jays, cardinal grosbeaks, brown thrushes, and crested fly-catchers were found by Neil. Gray squirrels, already growing scarce in the Western States, seemed to be quite plentiful in this region, and were the only small game hunted by the farmers, whose long flint-lock rifles were quite interesting to Neil and Hugh.

Judge was sent to the neighboring village, that afternoon, to get some needed supplies, and to post some letters, among which was a long one from Neil to his father.

Since they had crossed the mountain and descended into Georgia, they noticed a certain sweetness and warmth in the air, and even at that late season the sky had a summer-like tenderness of color. Many of the deciduous trees still retained their leaves, and the farmers were in the midst of wheat-sowing.

Neil and Hugh were surprised to see boys smaller than Hugh plowing in the fields or "shucking" corn.

Every one, old and young, seemed happy, industrious, and contented.

Most of the houses were built of split logs, with no chinking in the cracks, and covered with clapboards. The chimneys were made of sticks of wood built up pen-fashion and covered with mud or clay.

In fact everything, even to the trees and the wild flowers, was strange and interesting, especially to Neil. The people were exceedingly kind and hospitable, giving the hunters all the aid in their power.

And so their first quail-hunt promised to be all that they could desire.

(To be continued.)

NABBY BLACKINGTON.

BY VIRGINIA L. TOWNSEND.

"GENERAL GAGE had received early in the morning of April 19, 1775, the request for reinforcements. He sent out twelve hundred men. They marched through West Cambridge, on their way to Concord. A little girl named Nabby Blackington was watching her mother's cow while she fed by the roadside. The cow took her way directly through the passing column, and the little girl, faithful to her trust, followed through the ranks bristling with bayonets. The soldiers allowed her to pass. 'We will not hurt the child,' they said."

<p>IN the Middlesex woods the south winds blew 'Round the pale anemones wet with dew ;</p> <p>And the great farm-orchards, amid their glooms, Held the first faint scent of the apple blooms ;</p> <p>And fair with the young year's leafy green Did the elm-boughs over the roadsides lean ;</p> <p>And the robins sang on that ancient day The old, sweet songs that they sing each May.</p> <p>And a little girl out on the lone highways Watched the cow, in the sunshine sent to graze,—</p> <p>Watched and wandered thro' light and dew Of that April morning, where south winds blew ;—</p> <p>Till a something thrilled thro' the silence 'round, And it seemed that a thunder shook the ground.</p> <p>For she heard the hoofs of horses beat, And the rhythmic tread of men's swift feet ;</p> <p>And a moment later, a wondrous scene Was framed in the wide old turnpike's green ;</p> <p>For gay on the air the banners streamed, The scarlet glittered, the bayonets gleamed,</p> <p>Where the British column, twelve hundred strong, On the Middlesex highway swept along.</p> <p>For the troops that were marching to Concord town, To mow—like a swathe—the rebels down,</p> <p>Had seen the Lilies of Bourbon glance On fields that had shivered the pride of France ;</p> <p>And it seemed, to King George's veterans, play To scatter the yeomen like chaff that day.</p> <p>The girl stood still in the flickering shade Which the fresh-leaved maples around her made,—</p>	<p>Stood by the stone wall low and old, While the long bright column before her rolled ;</p> <p>And it seemed to her wide and dazzled eyes That the splendor dropped from the sweet spring skies.</p> <p>But the cow stopped munching the roadside grass, And across the highway set out to pass,</p> <p>Freely she roamed, where, 'broad and still, The lush spring-pastures o'erspread the hill ;</p> <p>And straight in the hurrying column's face She came with her slow and lumbering pace.</p> <p>To follow the cow seemed a duty plain To the girl's young heart and bewildered brain,</p> <p>And she passed out quickly from the shade, By the low stone wall, which the maples made ;—</p> <p>And out on the turnpike, all alone, And before the ranks where the bayonets shone,</p> <p>A moment later, a creature slight, She stood in the wondering army's sight,—</p> <p>A sunbrowned girl, with small flushed face And bright scared eyes, and the nameless grace</p> <p>Of childhood hov'ring about her there ; And a glint of gold in the tumbled hair</p> <p>Out of her sun-bonnet fallen down. —So swift she came, so slight and brown,</p> <p>That under the soldiers' very eyes There seemed for the moment an elf to rise.</p> <p>Then a rush of the sweet old memories fell On their hard, fierce mood, like a sudden spell ;</p> <p>And the sound of the wind among the trees Seemed the singing of thrushes across the seas ;</p>
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And the glad green meadows of England spread
Where the Cambridge pastures had stretched
instead ;

And the red wild rose of the English spring
Flushed the ancient lanes with its blossoming.

For the eyes in her brown face seemed to be
The eyes of his own child over the sea.

And the close-set lips thro' their sternness
smiled

As they spoke out: "We will not hurt the child."



And around the fields like drifting snow
The hawthorn hedges were all in blow.

Till the slight, scared girl, with the tumbled hair,
To each soldier's gaze drew a vision fair ;

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The sign for the halt was quickly made,
And the girl to the column drew, half afraid :

For over her head the banners streamed,
And all about her the bright steel gleamed ;

And she could not see, so swift she went,
What the smiles and the softened glances meant;

But safe thro' the bristling ranks she stept,
And calmly her onward way she kept.

And she joined the cow on the roadside brown,
While the troops marched on toward Concord town.

Oft told in story and sung in song,
The deeds of that day to the world belong.

And the scenes of that time have power to thrill
The heart of a mighty nation still;

Tho' a hundred years have come and gone
Since the sun rose bright in that April dawn.

But whenever the tales of the ancient strife,
And the forms of its heroes start to life,

One picture will always come up to me;
The girl and the grazing cow I see,

And the troops to the signal have halted swift,
And the plumes on the soft air gayly drift,

And the highway burns with the column's red,
As when "We will not hurt the child" they said.

THE EGYPTIAN BIRD-MOUSE.

BY MRS. H. MANN.

THE little fellow shown in the picture on the opposite page deserves the name bird-mouse, because he hops about like a bird on the ground, and has even been mistaken for one; yet in shape and manners he is like a mouse.

He has four legs, but the two in front are held so closely against his breast that they are hardly seen, and he never uses them for getting about. He walks on his hind legs alone. When in no haste, he walks and runs on these two as easily as a bird, not hopping, but putting one foot before the other as you do; and if he is frightened or has any need to go quickly, he simply brings the two long legs up together, stretches his long tail out in the position of a letter S laid on its side, with the tip touching the ground, and goes off with leaps as great, in proportion to his size, as those of a kangaroo. So fast does he go, and so lightly does he touch the ground when he comes down between the leaps, that in rapid flight he looks exactly like a bird skimming over the sand; and nothing can catch him, not even a greyhound with his marvelous leaps.

This pretty little creature lives in Africa, in the hot sand of the desert, a place so dismal that he has it nearly all to himself, for few animals can endure it. He prefers it, however, perhaps for its safety from enemies, and he digs out for himself and his family a snug, underground house, containing many passages, with little rooms here and there, and in the deepest and safest corner of all, a cozy nursery for the mamma-mouse and her babies.

In this quiet place the mother-mouse prepares a soft nest, it is said by lining it with hair from her

own breast, and here she keeps safely her two or three funny little mice till they are big enough to walk about and hop off for themselves.

The little family is never lonely; for near at hand are many other bird-mice, living in similar homes, which are connected with one another by the passages, and so form in fact a real city under the sand. To this safely hidden town there are many doors; so that, if one is closed by any accident, another may always be found by which to get in or out; and once out on the ground, as I said before, few enemies can catch him.

One would think there could be no enemies to fear in that far-off desert. There are not many; but there is one,—the same who often makes himself the greatest enemy of all birds and beasts,—man. The Arabs, who also live in the desert, are very fond of the flesh of the bird-mice, and they hunt the small burrowers by stopping up all but one of the doors to a colony of nests. They then gather around the one door left open, and thus catch the little fellows as they come out.

This interesting animal is about six inches long, or as large as a small rat. His coat is gray on the back, and white underneath, or nearly the color of the sand he lives in. He has large thin ears, and great bright eyes.

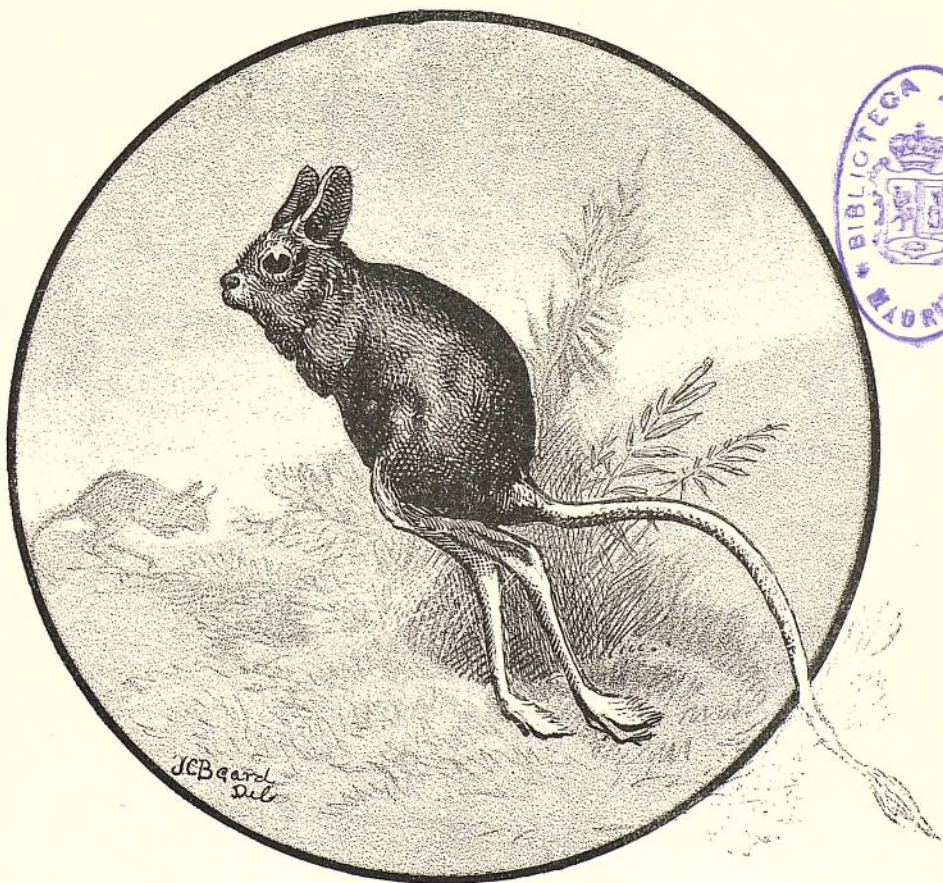
His tail is nearly twice as long as his body, with a thick tuft like a brush at the end. This tail is of very great use to him, both in walking upright and in his long leaps. If an unfortunate little fellow loses this useful member, he not only can not jump,—or, at least, is afraid to do so,—but he can not even walk. When he tries to get up, he

rolls over on his side. It is as important for steadying him as one of his legs.

I said that he walks, and runs, and hops, only on two feet; and one of his scientific names, *Dipus*, meaning two-footed, was probably given him because of that fact. The hind feet are curious, having only three toes, and being covered even on the soles with stiff hairs, so that we may say that he is really protected from the heat by

He can dig out his burrow whenever he likes, and he is obliged to keep his digging tools in good order, for his food consists mostly of roots.

But with all this hard work to do, his life is not entirely confined to digging. He is a jolly little fellow, and when the desert is silent and no caravan or wandering Arab is in sight, he comes out of his house, basks in the hot sunshine, of which he is fond, and plays and sports with his friends.

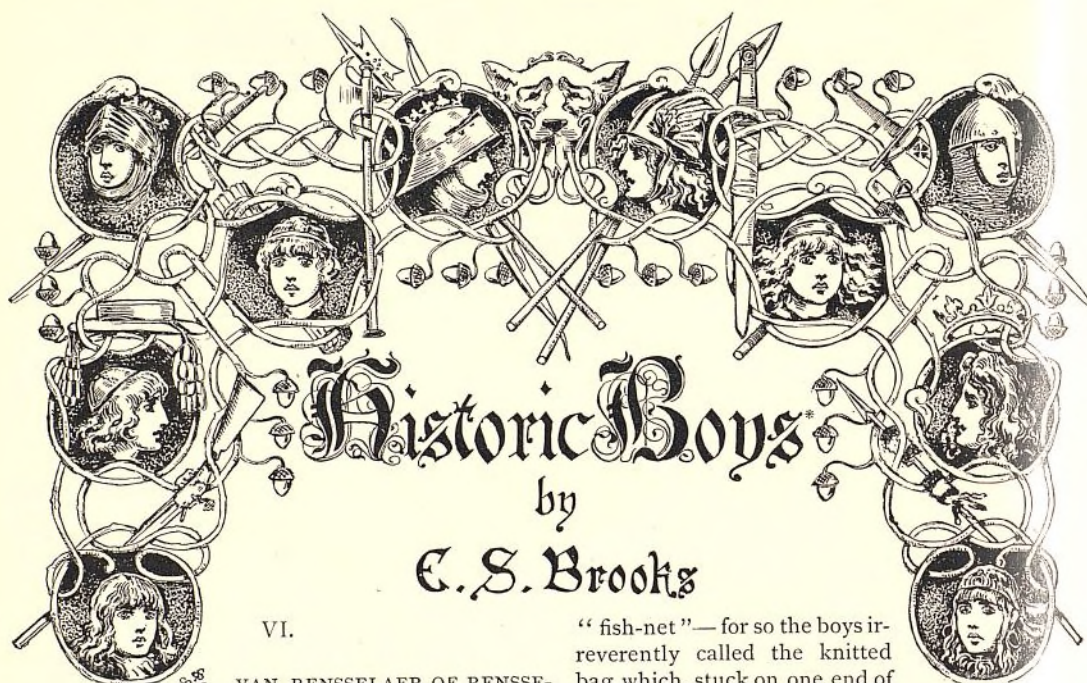


fur boots. Under the hairs, too, he has many elastic balls on the soles of his feet, so that he does not hurt himself, however suddenly or weightily he may alight upon the ground.

It is almost impossible to keep this creature in confinement, for he has powerful teeth and very strong claws on those little fore feet, and he is able to dig and gnaw through not only the baked earth, but even thin layers of stone.

If a person can manage to hide himself, and keep so still as not to be noticed, it is interesting to watch the frolics of the pretty creatures when they think no one is near.

I have called the little animal a bird-mouse, but he is known generally by the name of Jerboa, and his scientific name is *Dipus Aegypticus*—or, as we might freely translate it—The Egyptian two-foot.



VI.

VAN RENNELAER OF RENNELAERSWYCK, THE BOY PATROON.

A. D. 1777.

[Afterward Major-General, and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York.]

I QUESTION whether any of my young readers, however well up in history they may be, can place the great River of Prince Maurice (*De Riviere Van den Vorst Mauritijs*), which, two hundred years ago, flowed through the broad domain of the lord patroons of Rensselaerswyck. And yet, it is the same wide river upon the crowded shore of which now stands the great city of New York; the same fair river above the banks of which now towers the noble front of the massive State Capitol at Albany. And that lofty edifice stands not far from the very spot where, beneath the pyramidal belfry of the old Dutch church, the boy patroon sat nodding through Dominie Westerlo's sermon, one drowsy July Sunday in the summer of 1777.

The good dominie's "seventhly" came to a sudden stop as the tinkle of the deacon's collection-bell fell upon the ears of the slumbering congregation. In the big Van Rensselaer pew it roused Stephanus, the boy patroon, from a delightful dream of a ten-pound *twaalf*, or striped bass, which he thought he had just hooked at the mouth of Bloemert's Kill; and rather guiltily, as one who has been "caught napping," he dropped his two "half-joes" into the deacon's

"fish-net"—for so the boys irreverently called the knitted bag which, stuck on one end of a long pole, was always passed around for contributions right in the middle of the sermon. Then, the good dominie went back to his "seventhly," and the congregation to their slumbers, while the restless young Stephanus traced with his finger-nail upon the cover of his psalm-book the profile of his highly respected guardian, General Ten Broek, nodding solemnly in the magistrate's pew. At last, the sands in the hour-glass, that stood on the queer, one-legged, eight-sided pulpit, stopped running, and so did the dominie's "noble Dutch"; the congregation filed out of church, and the Sunday service was over. And so, too, was the Sunday quiet. For scarcely had the people passed the porch, when, down from the city barrier at the *colonie* gate, clattered a hurrying horseman.

"From General Schuyler, sir," he said, as he reined up before General Ten Broek and handed him an order to muster the militia at once and repair to the camp at Fort Edward. St. Clair, so said the dispatch, had been defeated; Ticonderoga was captured, Burgoyne was marching to the Hudson, the Indians were on the war-path, and help was needed at once if they would check Burgoyne and save Albany from pillage.

The news fell with a sudden shock upon the little city of the Dutchmen. Ticonderoga fallen, and the Indians on the war-path! Even the most stolid of the Albany burghers felt his heart beating faster, while many a mother looked anxiously

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at her little ones and called to mind the terrible tales of Indian cruelty and pillage. But the young Van Rensselaer, pressing close to the side of fair Mistress Margarita Schuyler, said soberly: "These be sad tidings, Margery; would it not be wiser for you all to come up to the manor-house for safety?"

"For safety?" echoed high-spirited Mistress Margery. "Why, what need, Stephanus? Is not my father in command at Fort Edward? and not for Burgoyne and all his Indians need we fear while he is there! So, many thanks, my lord patroon," she continued, with a mock courtesy; "but I'm just as safe under the Schuyler gables as I could be in the Van Rensselaer manor-house, even with the brave young patroon himself as my defender."

The lad looked a little crest-fallen; for he regarded himself as the natural protector of this brave little lady, whose father was facing the British invaders on the shores of the Northern lakes. Had it not been one of the unwritten laws of the *colonie*, since the day of the first patroon, that a Van Rensselaer should wed a Schuyler? Who, then, should care for a daughter of the house of Schuyler in times of trouble but a son of the house of Rensselaer?

"Well, at any rate, I shall look out for you if danger does come," he said, as he turned toward the manor-house. "You'll surely not object to that, will you, Margery?"

"Why, how can I?" laughed the girl. "I certainly may not prevent a gallant youth from keeping his eyes in my direction. So, thanks for your promise, my lord patroon, and when you see the flash of the tomahawk, summon your vassals like a noble knight and charge to the rescue of the beleaguered maiden of the Fuyck."* And, with a stately good-bye to the little lord of seven hundred thousand acres, the girl hastened homeward to the Schuyler mansion, while the boy rode in the opposite direction to the great brick manor-house by the creek.

Twenty-four miles east and west, by forty-eight miles north and south, covering forest and river, valley and hill, stretched the broad *colonie* of the patroons of Rensselaerswyck, embracing the present counties of Albany, Rensselaer, and Columbia, in the State of New York; and over all this domain, since the days of the Heer Killian Van Rensselaer, first of the lord patroons, father and son, in direct descent, had held sway after the manner of the old feudal barons of Europe. They alone owned the land, and their hundreds of tenants held their farms on rentals or leases, subject to the will of the "patroons," as they were called,—a Dutch adaptation of the old Roman *patronus*, meaning patrician or patron.

Only the town-lands of Beverwyck, or Albany,

a territory stretching thirteen miles north-west, by one mile wide along the river front, forced from an earlier boy patroon by the doughty Peter Stuyvesant, and secured by later English governors, were free from this feudal right; and at the time of our story, though the old feudal laws were no longer in force and the rentals were less exacting than in the earlier days, the tenantry of Rensselaerswyck respected the authority and manorial rights of Stephen Van Rensselaer, their boy patroon, who, with his widowed mother and his brothers and sisters, lived in the big brick manor-house near the swift mill creek and the tumbling falls in the green vale of Tivoli, a mile north of the city gate.

And now had come the Revolution. Thanks to the teaching of his tender mother, of his gallant guardian, and of the good Dominie Westerlo, young Stephen knew what the great struggle meant—a protest against tyranny, a blow for human rights, a defense of the grand doctrine of the immortal Declaration that "All men are created free and equal." And he had been told, too, that the success of the Republic would be the death-blow to all the feudal rights to which he, the last of the patroons, had succeeded.

"Uncle," he said to his guardian, that stern patriot and whig, General Abram Ten Broek, "you are my representative and must act for me till I grow to be a man. Do what is best, sir, and don't let the Britishers beat!"

"But, remember, lad," said his uncle, "the Revolution, if it succeeds, must strip you of all the powers and rights that have come to you as patroon. You will be an owner of acres, nothing more; no longer baron, patroon, nor lord of the manor; of no higher dignity and condition than little Jan Van Woort, the cow-boy of old Luykas Oothout on your cattle farm in the Helderbergs."

"But I'll be a citizen of a free republic, wont I, Uncle?" said the boy; "as free of the king and his court across the sea as Jan Van Woort will be of me and the court-leet of Rensselaerswyck. So we'll all start fair and even. I'm not old enough to fight and talk yet, Uncle; but do you fight and talk for me, and I know it will come out all right."

And so, through the battle-summer of 1777, the work went on. Men and supplies were hurried northward to help the patriot army, and soon General Ten Broek's three thousand militia-men were ready and anxious for action. The air was full of stirring news. Brandt and his Indians, Sir John Johnson and his green-coated Tories, swarmed into the Mohawk Valley; poor Jane McCrea fell a victim to Indian treachery, and the whole northern country shuddered at the rumor that twenty dollars had been offered for every rebel scalp. And fast upon these came still other tidings. The

* The Fuyck, or fishnet,—an old Dutch name for Albany.

noble General Schuyler, fair Mistress Margery's father, had, through the management of his enemies in the Congress and the camp, been superseded by General Gates; but, like a true patriot, he worked just as hard for victory nevertheless. Herkimer had fallen in the savage and uncertain fight at Oriskany; in Bennington, stout old Stark had dealt the British a rousing blow, and Burgoyne's boast that with ten thousand men he could "promenade through America" ended dismally enough for him in the smoke of Bemis Heights and the surrender at Saratoga.

But, before that glorious ending, many were the dark and doubtful days that came to Albany and to Rensselaerswyck. Rumors of defeat and disaster, of plot and pillage, filled the little city. Spies and Tories sought to work it harm. The flash of the tomahawk, at which Mistress Margery had so lightly jested, was really seen in the Schuyler mansion.* Good Dominie Westerlo kept open church and constant prayer for the success of the patriot arms through one whole anxious week, and on a bright September afternoon, General Ten Broek, with a slender escort, came dashing up to the "stoop" of the Van Rensselaer manor-house.

"What now, Uncle?" asked young Stephen, as he met the general in the broad hall.

"More supplies—we must have more supplies, lad," replied his uncle. "Our troops need provisions, and I am here to forage among both friends and foes."

"Beginning with us, I suppose," said the young patroon. "O, Uncle, can not I, too, do something to show my love for the cause?"

"Something, Stephen? You can do much," his uncle replied. "Time was, lad, when your ancestors, the lord patroons of Rensselaerswyck, were makers and masters of the law in this their *colonie*. From their own forts floated their own flag and frowned their own cannon. Their word was law, and their orders were obeyed without question. Forts and flags and cannon are no longer yours, Stephen, and we would not have it otherwise; but your word still holds as good with your tenantry as did that of the first patroon. Try it, lad. Let me, in the name of the young patroon, demand from your tenantry of Rensselaerswyck provisions and forage for our gallant troops."

"O, try it, Uncle, try it—do," young Stephen cried, full of interest; "but will they give so much heed, think you, to my word?"

"Ay, trust them for that," replied the general. "So strong is their attachment to their young patroon that they will, I know, do more on your simple word than on all the orders and levies of the Continental Congress."

So, out into the farm-lands that checkered the

valley and climbed the green slopes of the Helderbergs, went the orders of the boy patroon, summoning all "our loyal and loving tenantry" to take of their stock and provender all that they could spare, save the slight amount needed for actual home use, and to deliver the same to the commissaries of the army of the Congress at Saratoga. And the "loyal and loving tenantry" gave good heed to their patroon's orders. Granaries and cellars, stables and pig-sties, pork-barrels and poultry-sheds, were emptied of their contents. The army of the Congress was amply provisioned, and thus, indeed, did the boy patroon contribute his share toward the great victory at Saratoga—a victory of which one historian remarks that "no martial event, from the battle of Marathon to that of Waterloo—two thousand years—exerted a greater influence upon human affairs."

The field of Saratoga is won. Six thousand British troops have laid down their arms, and the fears of northern invasion are ended. In the Schuyler mansion at Albany, fair Mistress Margery is helping her mother fitly entertain General Burgoyne and the paroled British officers, thus returning good for evil to the man who, but a few weeks before, had burned to the ground her father's beautiful country house at Saratoga. Along the fair river, from the *colonie* to the peaks of the Katsbergs, the early autumn frosts are painting the forest leaves with gorgeous tints, and to-day, the first of November, 1777, the children are joyously celebrating the thirteenth birthday of the boy patroon in the big manor-house by the creek. For, in Albany, a hundred years ago, a children's birthday party really meant a *children's* party. The "grown-folk" left home on that day, and the children had free range of the house for their plays and rejoicing. So, through the ample rooms and the broad halls of the Van Rensselaer mansion the children's voices ring merrily, until, tired of romp and frolic, the little folks gather on the great staircase for rest and gossip. And here the fresh-faced little host, in a sky-blue silk coat lined with yellow, a white satin vest brodered with gold lace, white silk knee-breeches and stockings tied with pink ribbons, pumps, ruffles, and frills, is listening intently while Mistress Margery, radiant in her tight-sleeved satin dress, peaked-toed and bespangled shoes, and wonderfully arranged hair, is telling the group of girls and boys all about General Burgoyne and the British officers, and how much they liked the real Dutch supper her mother gave them one day—"suppaw and malck† and rulichies,‡ with chocolate and soft waffles, you know"—and how General the Baron Riedesel had said that if they staid till Christ-

* See the "Story of a Brave Girl," in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1883 (p. 665-6).

† Mush and milk.

‡ A kind of chopped meat.

mas he would play at St. Claes (Santa Claus) for them.

"O, Margery!" exclaimed Stephen, "you would n't have a Hessian for good old St. Nick, would you?"

"Why not?" said Mistress Margery, with a toss of her pretty head. "Do you think you are the only patroon, my lord Stephen?"

For Santa Claus was known among the boys and girls of those old Dutch days as "the children's patroon" (*De Patroon Van Kindervrengd*).

at the manly-looking little lad, resplendent in blue and yellow, and gold lace, and greeted him with a rousing birthday cheer — a loyal welcome to their boy patroon, their young *opper-hoofdt*, or chief.

"My friends," the lad said, acknowledging their greeting with a courtly bow, "I have asked you to come to the manor-house on this, my birthday, so that I might thank you for what you did for me before the Saratoga fight, when you sent so much of your stock and produce to the army simply on my order. But I wish also to give you something



THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.—MARGERY TELLS WHAT HER MOTHER GAVE GENERAL BURGOWNE FOR SUPPER.

But, in the midst of the laughter, a quick step sounded in the hall, and General Ten Broek came to the children-crowded staircase. "The Helderberg farmers are here, lad," he said to his nephew; and the young patroon, bidding his guests keep up the fun while he left them awhile, followed his uncle through the door-way and across the broad court-yard to where, just south of the manor-house, stood the rent-office. As the boy emerged from the mansion, the throng of tenants who had gathered there at his invitation gazed admiringly

besides thanks. And so, that you may know how much I value your friendship and fealty, I have, with my guardian's approval, called you here to present to each one of you a free and clear title to all the lands you have, until now, held in fee from me as the patroon of Rensselaerswyck. General Ten Broek will give you the papers before you leave the office, and Pedrom has a goodly spread waiting for you in the lower hall. Take this from me, my friends, with many thanks for what you have already done for me."

Then, what a cheer went up. The loyal tenantry of the Helderberg farms had neither looked for nor expected any special return for their generous offerings to the army of the Congress, and this action of the boy patrol filled every farmer's heart with something more than gratitude; for now each one of them was a land owner, as free and untram-

shelter in Hurley; and here the boys repaired for instruction—for school must go on though war rages and fire burns. The signs of pillage and desolation were all around them; but, boy-like, they thought little of the danger, and laughed heartily at Dominie Doll's story of the poor 'Sopus Dutchman, who, terribly frightened at the sight of the



"THE TENANTS GREETED HIM WITH A ROUSING BIRTHDAY CHEER."

meled as the boy patrol himself. And, as fair Portia says in the play,

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world,"

that, when young Stephen Van Rensselaer went joyfully back to his children's party, and the Helderberg farmers to black Pedrom's "spread" in the lower hall, it would have been hard to say which felt the happier—the giver or the receivers of this generous and manly gift.

The years of battle continued, but Dominie Doll's boarding-school, smoked out of 'Sopus when the British troops laid Kingston in ashes, found

enemy, fled wildly across a deserted hay-field, and stepped suddenly upon the end of a long hay-rake left behind by the "skedadling" farmers. Up flew the long handle of the rake and struck the terrified Dutchman a sounding whack upon the back of his head. He gave himself up for lost. "*Oh, mein frent, mein frent!*" he cried, dropping upon his knees and lifting imploring hands to his supposed captors, "I kivs up, I kivs up. Hooray for King Shorge!"

Nearly two years were passed here upon the pleasant hill-slopes that stretch away to the Catskill ridges and the rugged wildness of the Stony

Clove; and then, in the fall of 1779, when the boy patroon had reached his fifteenth birthday, it was determined to send him, for still higher education, to the College of New Jersey, at Princeton. Of that eventful journey of the lad and his half-dozen school-fellows, under military escort, from the hills of the Upper Hudson to the shot-scarred college on the New Jersey plains, a most interesting story could be told. I doubt whether many, if any, boys ever went to school under such delightfully exciting circumstances. For their route lay through a war-worried section; past the dismantled batteries of Stony Point, where mad Anthony Wayne had gained so much glory and renown; past the Highland fortresses, and through the ranks of the Continental Army, visiting General Washington at his head-quarters at West Point, and carrying away never-forgotten recollections of the great commander; cautiously past roving bands of cruel "cow-boys" and the enemy's outposts around captured New York, to the battered college buildings which had alternately been barracks and hospital for American and British troops. And an equally interesting story could be told of the exciting college days when, almost within range of the enemy's guns, the boom of the distant cannon would come like a punctuation in recitations, and the fear of fusillades would help a boy through many a "tight squeeze" in neglected lessons. But this was education under difficulties. The risk became too great, and the young patroon was finally transferred to the quieter walls of Harvard College, from which celebrated institution he graduated with honor in 1782, soon after his eighteenth birthday.

The quiet life of an average American boy would not seem to furnish very much worth the telling. The boy patroon differed little, save in the way of birth and vast estate, from other boys and girls of the eventful age in which he lived; but many incidents in his youthful career could safely be recorded. We might tell how he came home from college just as the great war was closing; how he made long trips, on horseback and afoot, over his great estate, acquainting himself with his tenantry and their needs; how, even before he was twenty years

old, he followed the custom of his house and married fair Mistress Margery, the "brave girl" of the Schuyler mansion, according to the ST. NICHOLAS story; and how, finally, on the first of November, 1785, all the tenantry of Rensselaerswyck thronged the grounds of the great manor-house, and, with speech and shout and generous barbecue, celebrated his coming of age—the twenty-first birthday of the boy patroon—now no longer boy nor patroon, but a free American citizen in the new Republic of the United States.

His after-life is part of the history of his State and of his country. At an early age he entered public life, and filled many offices of trust and responsibility. An assemblyman, a state senator, a lieutenant-governor, a member of Congress, a major-general, and the conqueror of Queenstown in the war of 1812, one of the original projectors of the great Erie Canal, and, noblest of all, the founder and patron of a great school for boys,—the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy,—he was, through all, the simple-hearted citizen and the noble-minded man. But no act in all his long life-time of seventy-five years became him better than the spirit in which he accepted the great change that made the great lord patroon of half a million acres the plain, untitled citizen of a free republic.

"Though born to hereditary honors and aristocratic rank," says his biographer, "with the history of the past before him, in possession of an estate which connected him nearly with feudal times and a feudal ancestry, and which constituted him in his boyhood a baronial proprietor, he found himself, at twenty-one, through a forcible and bloody revolution, the mere fee-simple owner of acres, with just such political rights and privileges as belonged to his own freehold tenantry, and no other." And though the Revolution, in giving his country independence, had stripped him of power and personal advantages, he accepted the change without regret, and preferred his position as one in a whole nation of freemen to that feudal rank which he had inherited from generations of ancestors, as the Boy Patroon, the last Lord of the Manor of Rensselaerswyck.

A STRANGER.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

AN old man went by the window,
Shrunk and bent with care;
He'd a scythe swung over his shoulder,
And white were his beard and hair.

My little one earnestly watched him
Up the hilly roadside climb,—
Then said, in a tone of conviction,
"Mamma, that was Father Time!"

PICNICS.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

SOME writer has defined a picnic as "a day's laborious frolicking, under the impression that you are having a good time"; and that is certainly an excellent description of some out-of-door entertainments. But almost all of us can recall some picnics which were not at all "laborious," and of which even the recollection is very pleasant.

It is possible that you have heard your mothers express some dismay at the thought of fitting out a party for a day in the woods. It seems to bring up to them visions of baskets which must be filled with a variety of eatables, difficult to procure, and almost impossible to pack. A person needs to live through a generation of picnics in order to know the easiest and best way of carrying them out.

One common mistake is that of taking too much food. The result is that it must either be brought back, not at all improved by the journey, or else wastefully thrown away. This trouble usually arises from want of forethought. Have it clearly understood beforehand what part of the lunch each person is to provide. This will be less trouble for each one, and the necessary quantity can be easily estimated. One should provide all the bread and butter, another the cold meat, another the cake, and so on. Pack the articles with care, so that their appearance will not be injured in carrying them. Always take the bread in the loaf, as it dries so quickly after it is cut. Press the butter into a cup, and push a bit of ice into the center to keep it cool. Spread each slice before cutting it from the loaf. Have a sharp knife and you will find it easy to cut it thin without breaking the slices. Cake should never be cut beforehand, as it is in that case sure to crumble. Wrap the food tightly in old napkins, which can be lost without breaking a set. Japanese paper napkins are not strong enough to keep the loaves in shape, but they are very useful in serving the lunch.

Cold meat should be sliced, sprinkled with salt, and wrapped in a damp napkin, or put in a tin box.

Be careful to have nothing in the baskets which can be spilled. All liquids should be put into tightly closed bottles or jars. Sugar and salt in boxes, with the covers carefully secured. A large piece of ice is very desirable. The only objection to taking it is the weight; but if it is put in a tightly covered pail, it can be carried without

much inconvenience, and a supply of cold water will be very refreshing.

Do not try to take too many dishes. They are very heavy, and if you can not be content without all the comforts of a well-appointed table, you had better stay at home, and eat in peace in a convenient dining-room. A wooden plate for each of the company is almost indispensable. These are very light, and cheap enough to be thrown away after using. A cup or tumbler should be provided for every one. Tin teaspoons are also a great convenience. Sometimes they are ornamented with a bit of bright ribbon, and brought home in remembrance of the day. A table-cloth should be carried, and each should bring what is necessary in serving his or her part of the entertainment. A can-opener and fork for sardines, a spoon for jelly, etc.

It is much easier to squeeze the lemons for the lemonade and put the sugar with the juice, before leaving home. A pound of sugar is about the right quantity for a cup of lemon juice. It can be carried in a glass jar, and will only need the addition of water when it is to be used.

If coffee is to be made in the woods, you will need to take for a party of twelve at least three cups of ground coffee. This should be tied in a flannel bag, allowing room for it to swell; and when you have three quarts of water boiling hot, throw in the bag of coffee, and let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes before serving.

This is all very pleasant, especially as you can roast potatoes or green corn in the ashes; but it should never be attempted unless some of the party are experienced in the matter. To safely kindle a fire out-of-doors requires considerable skill, as some unnoticed spark or creeping line of flame may reach the dry grass and bushes, and break out hours afterward into a serious forest-fire.

When the time comes to unpack the baskets, let two or three of the girls spread the cloth, and arrange everything as tastefully as possible, with the ready ornamentation of flowers or ferns, if they like. They must be careful, however, not to sacrifice convenience to effect. It is much better to avoid as far as possible the necessity of passing the dishes. Put several plates of bread and butter on the cloth, and divide the other eatables in the same way, as reaching is almost impossible when the table-cloth is spread on the grass.

After the meal is finished do not let the *débris* remain, but re-pack the baskets at once. Put back neatly the food which is left, remembering that if you do not want it, some one else may. See that the dishes and napkins are put into the baskets from whence they came, and do not leave an unsightly pile of banana-skins and sardine boxes to disfigure the place for the next picnic party, but throw them all out of sight.

The most important part of a picnic, however, is not the weather or the place or the dinner. You may choose the most beautiful spot in the world, and spread the most delicious lunch ever prepared, and yet have the whole thing a complete failure, simply because the company was not well selected. Out-of-doors, where people are free from formality, unless they are congenial friends, and what Mrs. Whitney calls "Real Folks," they will be likely to feel ill at ease, and miss the support given by company clothes and manners. Small picnics, for this reason among others, are usually much pleasanter than large picnics.

In making up the party, be sure to leave behind the girl who is certain to be too warm or too cold, or to think some other place better than the one where she is, and who has "a horrid time," if she has to submit to any personal inconvenience for the sake of others; and with her, the boy who loves to tease, and who is *quite* sure that his way is the only good way. Put into their places some others, young or old, who have a taste for simple pleasures, and are ready to help others to enjoy them.

Next in importance to the company is the place. It must not be at a great distance, or you will all be tired, not to say cross, when you arrive there. It must be reasonably shady, and not too far from a supply of good drinking water. If the company are to walk, you must be especially careful not to be overburdened with baskets and wraps, as carrying all that is necessary, even for half a mile, is not easy, and the bundles which seemed so light when you started are sure to weigh down heavily before you reach your destination. Be careful to have this work fairly distributed.

Never start until you are sure that you know just where you are going, and the best way of getting there. Wandering about to choose a place, and thinking constantly to find one more desirable, is very fatiguing. That matter should be settled beforehand by two or three of the party, and the others should go straight to the spot, and make the best of it. If any do not like it, they can choose a different place when their turn comes to

make the selection. As the ground is always more or less damp, be sure to spread down plenty of shawls, and do not let a foolish fear of appearing over-careful cost you a cold which may lead to a severe illness.

In regard to the matter of dress, fine clothes are never more out of place than at a picnic. Thick, comfortable shoes and clothing which will not be injured are always in fashion among sensible people for such occasions.

Those who truly love the woods will not be at a loss for amusement, in wandering about, seeking flowers, or in search of the finest views. Perhaps some of the company can sketch a little, and even if they attempt nothing more difficult than a bunch of grasses or a rustic seat, they will find pleasant occupation, and secure for themselves a little souvenir of every excursion.

Singing is better still; for those who can not join in this can have the pleasure of listening to others.

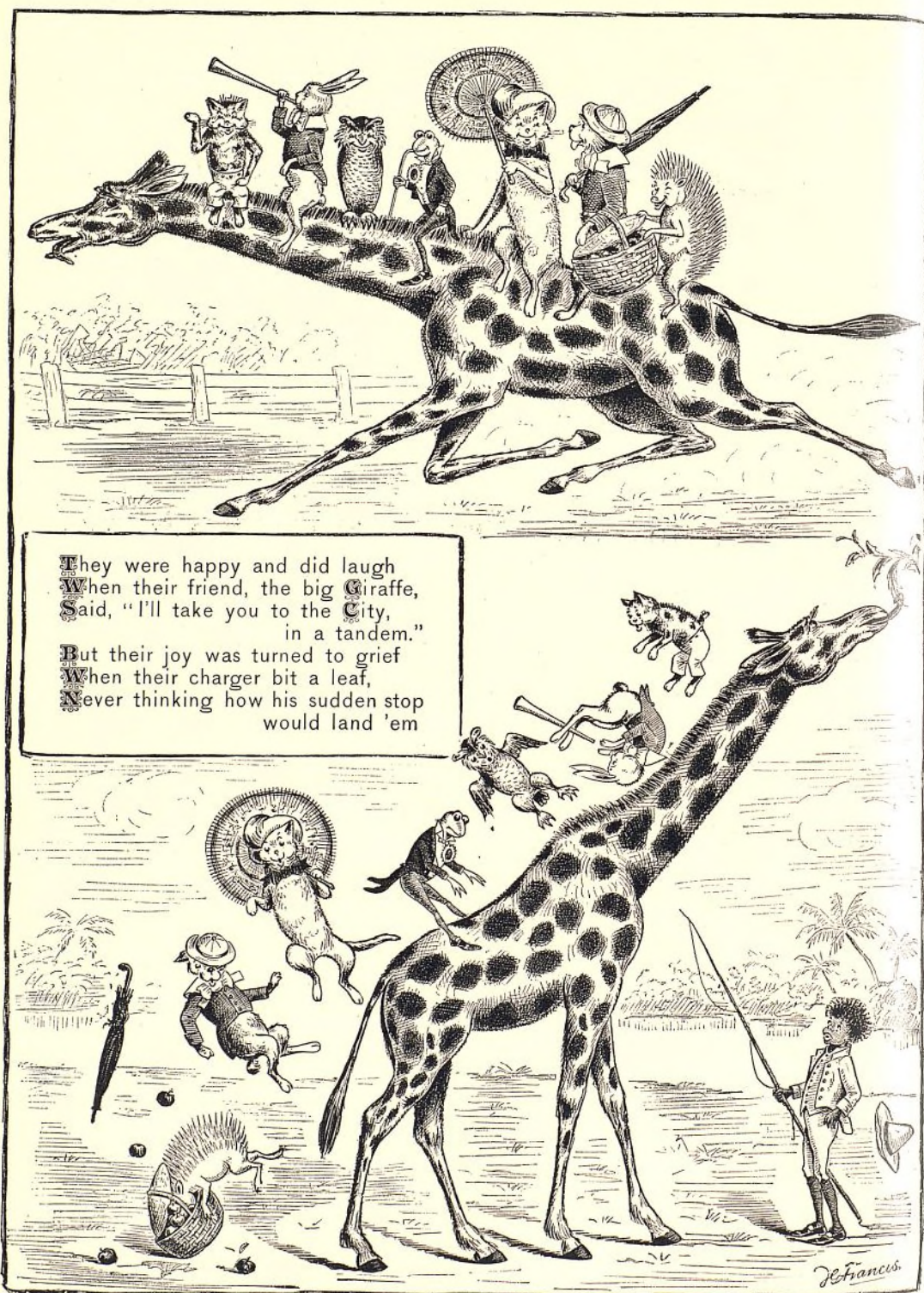
Sometimes all the party will like to unite in games. If the day is warm, these must be of the quiet kind; but if the weather will allow, it is always pleasant for young and old to join in the active sports which are usually left to little folk.

People on a picnic must lay aside their conventionalism, and come down to the simple pleasures of childhood. Only remember always that there is a certain sort of self-respecting dignity which can never be laid aside, and be careful not to let your fun degenerate into a rude romp which you will be ashamed to remember afterward.

All sorts of pleasant amusements will suggest themselves to sociable people, and there will be no fear that the time will drag heavily, unless you have made the mistake of planning to stay too long.

It is always better to come away while you all are enjoying yourselves than it is to wait until the fun begins to grow tiresome, and most of the party hail the proposal to start for home with ill-concealed relief. It is better to have it close like Sam Weller's valentine, while they "wish there was more of it."

But oh, the coming back! Let each one watch tongue and temper carefully; for the memory of many a pleasant picnic has been spoiled by hasty words from those who seemed the most amiable of the party when they started in the morning. It is so much easier to be smiling and good-natured with a pleasant day in prospect, than it is when one returns, sun-burned, tired, and dusty, with a general feeling that all the fun is over. And even a picnic is not "all well" unless it "ends well."



THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

FOR twelve days the steamer had been steaming on and on toward the western horizon, and, just as fast, the horizon had seemed to fly away, leaving the ship always in the center of the great circle. Soon the magical change was to come, and the land would appear to rise out of the water. Already the sea-gulls had come back; the sun was warmer, and it seemed as if we were coming to a new country.

Every one was on deck, watching for the first sight of the land. More than a thousand men, women, and children were on board,—and to nearly every one the great continent just under that pale blue horizon was a land of hope and promise. Land must be very near, for at the foremast head a sailor ran up a new flag. It seemed to flutter over them all in a friendly way, and perhaps some of them looked at it with new hope and fresh courage.

"Fire Island abeam!" cried out the sailor on the lookout. Every one gazed off to the right. There it stood, just a gray tower, apparently standing up in the water. Strange they had not noticed it before. Then some one began to point at a blue cloud low down on the water. Was it mist, or fog,—or something else? The forward deck was packed with people of every nation and tongue, and all were of the great nation of poor people, which somehow seems to be the greatest nation of all. There had been loud laughter, talking, and confusion of tongues for days. Now, under the intense white sunlight, the warm, languid air, and the faint smell of land, they were hushed and silent. The new home was rising from the sea. Slowly the wonders grew,—the great mass of the Highlands with its two white eyes ever looking down on the sea; the magic city on the white beaches; the strange ships and boats; the vast bay and the rising shores, green with deep woods; then the grand entrance between the gray old forts, so different from European forts; the harbor, the great river, the wonderful bridge, and the city.

By tens of thousands, month after month, year after year, just such ship-loads of people sail into New York harbor, looking for liberty and a fair chance in the world. Once a certain man from France was on board one of these ships, as it sailed into the bay. Perhaps he too saw the great assemblage of the emigrants looking in hope and wonder on the new land; and the thought came

to him — What a joy and encouragement it would be to these people if they should see something to welcome them, to remind them that this is a republic. What if there stood, like a great guardian, at the entrance of the continent, a colossal statue — a grand figure of a woman holding aloft a torch, and symbolizing *Liberty enlightening the World!*

The man was a sculptor, and his name was Auguste Bartholdi. When he went home to France, he broached his idea of the great statue, and discussed it with his friends and acquaintances. Some doubted, but others approved; gradually, many people—including leading men of the nation—became interested in the scheme; and, after several years of working and waiting, the money required for building the statue came in from the rich and the poor of France. The French people decided to build the statue, and to present it to the American people.

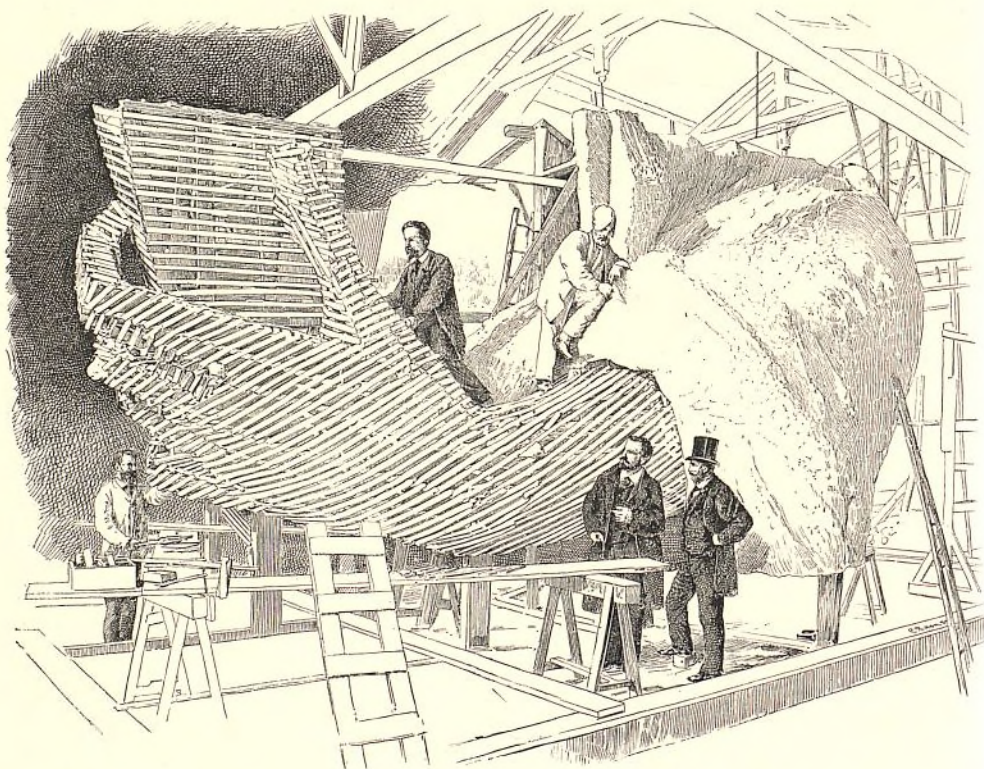
When the sculptor conceived the idea of the statue, he, no doubt, thought of the different ways in which it could be made. It could be carved in stone or cast in metal. Think of a stone statue almost one hundred and fifty feet high,—higher than many a church steeple, and about as high as the arch of the Brooklyn Bridge. Who could lift it into place? Who could carve such a monster? It might be constructed of smaller stones put together. But that would never do. The cracks between the stones would show, and it would be liable to fall to pieces. The Obelisk in Central Park is in one stone, but then its height is less than half the height named for the proposed statue. Clearly, stone would never do. Could it be cast in bronze—even in small pieces—and then put together? Not easily; it would be too heavy and too costly.

At one time a certain sculptor, called "Il Cerano," built a colossal statue near Arona, on the shore of Lake Maggiore, in Italy. It was made on quite a different plan from those employed with carved statues or with statues cast in bronze. It was made of copper, in thin sheets, laid upon a frame or skeleton of stone, wood, and iron. Such a method of work is called *repoussé*, which means "hammered" work, because the thin sheets of metal are hammered into shape. Bartholdi, the projector of the great statue of Liberty, decided that it, too, must be done in *repoussé*, or sheets of hammered bronze.

So when the money for the work had been fully secured, the actual labor began; and a strange, curious labor it was. First, there had to be a sketch or model. This was a figure of the statue in clay, to give an idea of how it would look. The public approved of this model, and then the first real study of the work was made,—a plaster statue, just one-sixteenth the size of the intended statue.

The next step was to make another model just four times as large, or one-fourth the size of the real statue. Now the model began to assume

way, and then to lay out the full-size plan it was only necessary to make a plan of each section four times as large as the section actually was in the model. Every part of the model was covered with marks or dots for guides, and by measuring from dot to dot, increasing the measurement four times, and then transferring it to the larger model, an exact copy just four times as large was made. For each of these large sections, however, there had to be a support of some kind, before the plaster could be laid on. Having marked on the floor an outline



BUILDING THE FULL-SIZE PLASTER MODEL OF THE LEFT HAND.—(SHOWING THE WOODEN FRAME-WORK.)

something of the proportions intended, and it was carefully studied and worked over to make it as perfect as possible. This quarter-size model being finished, then came the task of making the full-size model in plaster. But this had to be made in sections. For instance, the first section would include the base on which the figure stood, the feet, and the hem of the garment. The next section would include a circle quite round the long flowing dress, just above the hem. The third section would stand above this and show more of the folds of the dress, and reach part way up to the knee. In like manner, the whole figure would be divided into sections.

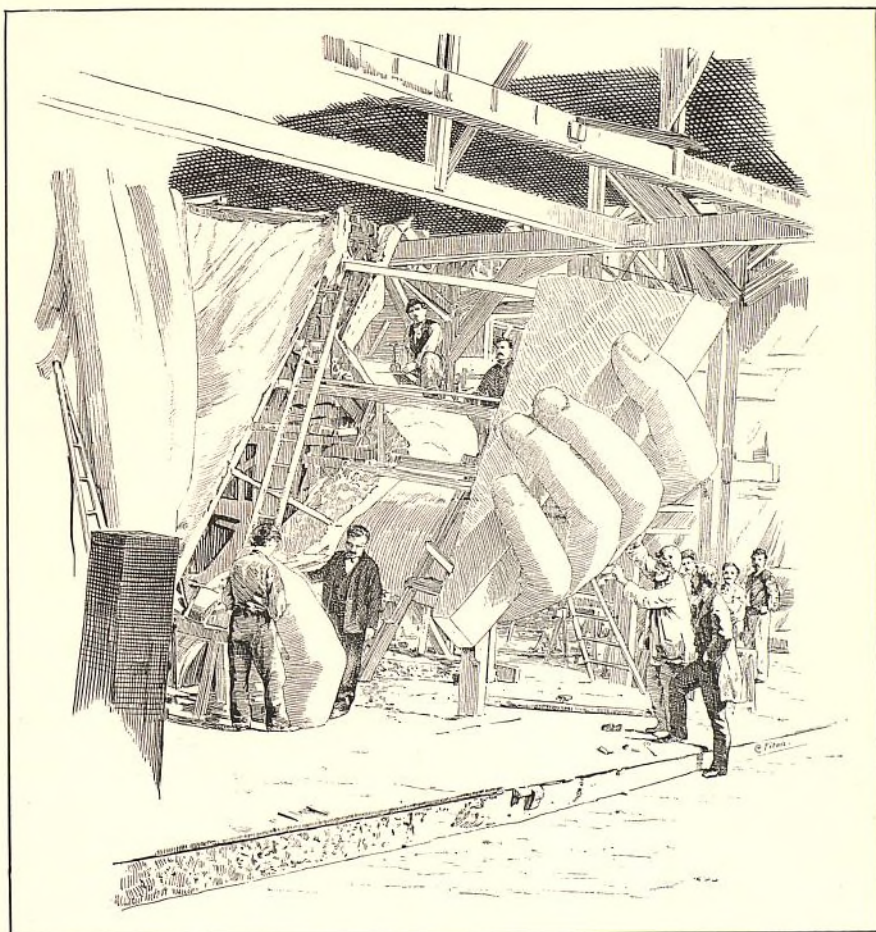
The quarter-size model was first divided in this

plan of the enlarged section, a wooden frame-work was built up inside the plan. Then upon this frame-work plaster was roughly spread. It soon resembled, in a rude way, the corresponding section of the quarter-size model, but was four times as large. Then the workmen copied in this pile of plaster every feature of the model section, measuring and measuring, again and again, from dot to dot, correcting by means of plumb-lines, and patiently trying and retrying till an exact copy — only in proportions four times as large — was attained.

The picture on this page shows the wooden frame of one of the hands, and a portion of the plaster already laid on the frame.

The great irregularity of the drapery made it necessary to put three hundred marks on each section, besides twelve hundred smaller guide-marks, in order to insure an exact correspondence in proportion between the enlarged sections of the full-size model and the sections of the quarter-size model. Each of these marks, more-

ters. Each piece was a mold of a part of the statue, exactly fitting every projection, depression, and curve of that portion of the figure or drapery. Into these wooden molds sheets of metal were laid, and pressed or beaten down till they fitted the irregular surfaces of the molds. All the *repoussé*, or hammered work, was done from the back, or



AT WORK UPON THE LEFT HAND.

over, had to be measured three times on both models, and after that came all the remeasurements, to prove that not a single mistake had been made.

When these sections in plaster had been completed, then came the work of making wooden molds that should be exact copies both in size and modeling of the plaster. These were all carefully made by hand. It was a long, tedious, and difficult piece of work; but there are few workmen who could do it better than these French carpen-

ters. Each piece was a mold of a part of the statue, exactly fitting every projection, depression, and curve of that portion of the figure or drapery. Into these wooden molds sheets of metal were laid, and pressed or beaten down till they fitted the irregular surfaces of the molds. All the *repoussé*, or hammered work, was done from the back, or

inside, of the sheet. If the mold is an exact copy of a part of the statue, it is easy to see that the sheet of metal, when made to fit it, will, when taken out and turned over, be a copy of that part of the statue.

These sheets were of copper, and each was from one to three yards square. Each formed a part of the bronze statue, and of course no two were alike.

In this complicated manner, by making first a sketch, then a quarter-size model, then a full-size model in sections, then hundreds of wooden copies,

and lastly by beating into shape three hundred sheets of copper, the enormous statue was finished. These three hundred bent and hammered plates, weighing in all eighty-eight tons, form the outside of the statue. They are very thin, and while they fit each other perfectly, it is quite plain that if they were put together in their proper order they would never stand alone. It would be like building a dwelling-house out of boards placed on edge. It would surely tumble down by its own weight or be blown over by the first storm. These hammered sheets make the outside of the statue; but there must be also a skeleton, a bony structure inside, to hold it together. This is of iron beams, firmly riveted together, and making a support to which the copper shell can be fastened.

On page 731 is a picture of the great statue partially finished. The lower half of the figure appears almost completed. Above that can be seen, inside the staging, the great iron skeleton that supports the figure. High above the staging rise the iron bones of the uplifted arm,—not a handsome arm as yet, because it is not clothed with its rich, dark copper skin. The houses seen in the background give a good idea of the height and proportions of the great statue. The head and the hand, already finished, can be seen on the ground at the left of the statue. The right hand and torch were made first, and were shown at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, and, after that, were for some time erected in Madison Square, New York City. The head was also shown in Paris at the time of the last exposition. A picture on page 730 shows the head as it stood in the work-shop.

In erecting such a great statue, two things had to be considered that seem very trifling, and yet, if neglected, might destroy the statue in one day, or cause it to crumble slowly to pieces. One is the sun, the other is the sea breeze. Either of these could destroy the great copper figure, and something must be done to prevent such a disaster. The heat of the sun would expand the metal and pull it out of shape, precisely as it does pull the Brooklyn Bridge out of shape every day. The bridge is made in four parts, and when they expand with the heat of the sun they slide one past the other, and no harm is done. The river span rises and falls day and night, as heat and cold alternate. The great copper statue is likewise in two parts, the frame-work of iron and the copper covering; and while they are securely fastened together they can move one over the other. Each bolt will slip a trifle as the copper expands in the hot August sunshine, and slide back again when the freezing winds blow and the vast figure shrinks together in the cold. Besides this, the copper surface is so thin and elastic that it will bend

slightly when heated and still keep its general shape.

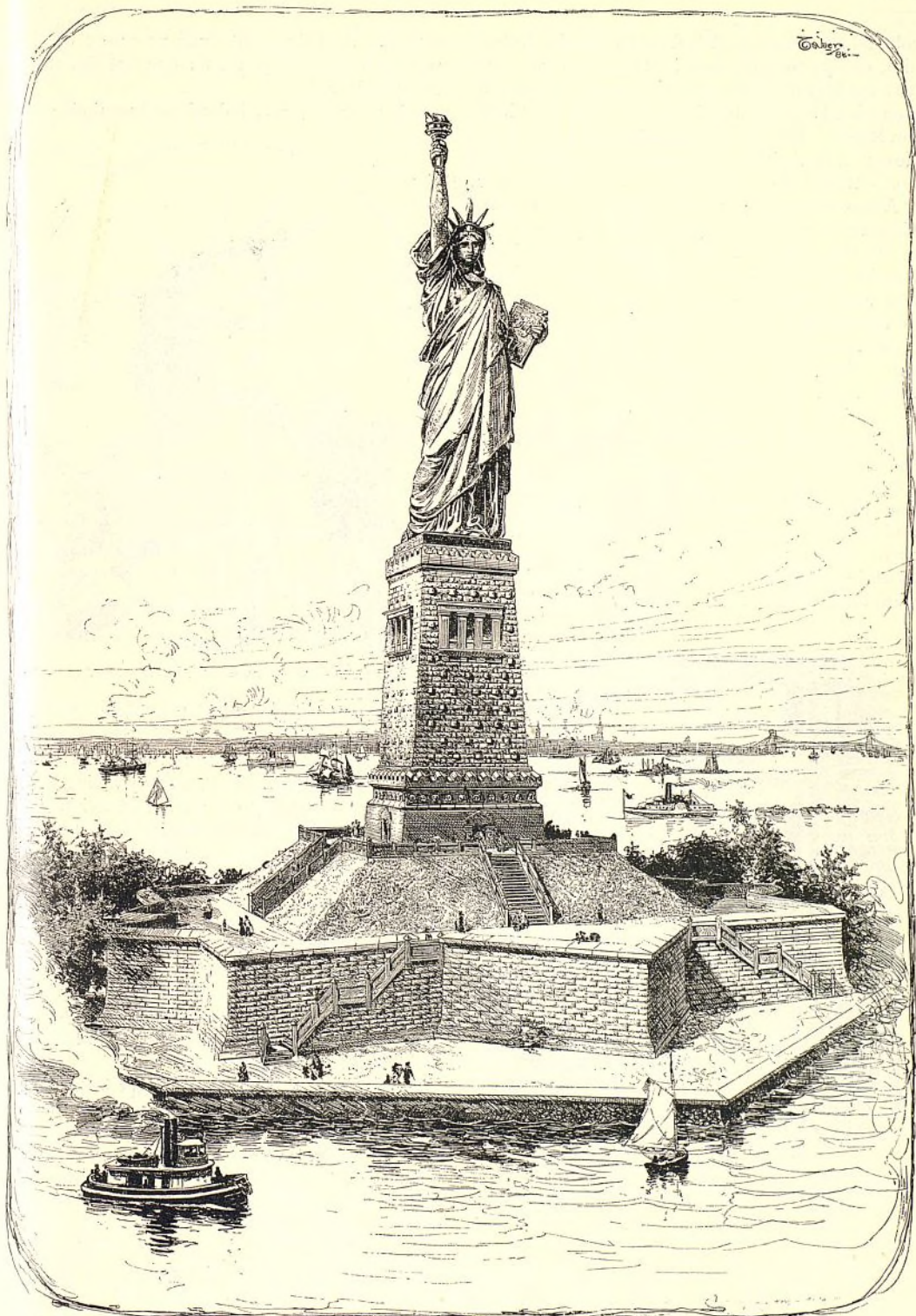
The salt air blowing in from the sea has thin fingers and a bitter, biting tongue. If it finds a crack where it can creep in between the copper surface and iron skeleton, there will be trouble at once. These metals do not agree together, and where there is salt moisture in the air they seem to quarrel more bitterly than ever. It seems that every joining of points of copper and iron makes a tiny battery, and so faint shivers of electricity would run through all the statue, slowly corroding and eating it into dust. This curious, silent, and yet sure destruction must be prevented, and so every joint throughout the statue, wherever copper touches iron, must be protected with little rags stuffed between the metals to keep them from quarreling. It is the same wherever two different metals touch each other. Imagine what a tremendous battery the Liberty would make, with its tons of copper surface and monstrous skeleton of iron. However, a little care prevents all danger, as provision will be made, of course, for keeping the metals from touching each other.

When, in 1870, Bartholdi sailed into our beautiful bay, and had his grand day-dream of this wonderful bronze figure lifting aloft her torch, he saw away to the south-west of the Battery, and opposite the New Jersey shore, a grassy island on which stood a stone fort.

This island, which contains only twelve acres, lies about a mile and a half south of Jersey City, and all vessels going in or out of port must pass it. It is also in full view of the lower parts of New York and Brooklyn. To the west and south spreads the wide bay, with the low Jersey shore and the blue Orange Mountains beyond. To the south rise the hills of Staten Island and the Narrows, with a glimpse of the sea between. On clear days, even the Highlands can be seen glimmering on the far southern horizon, nearly thirty miles away.

And here, alone on an island, but in sight of three cities, the great statue of Liberty will stand. Her torch, indeed, will be in plain sight of all the cities round about; Newark, the Oranges, all the white villages clinging to the hills beyond, the summer cities by the sea, and that green and wooded city that with dull white eyes looks down on the bay from the silent hills on Long Island. Two million people can plainly see the great bronze figure from their homes, and another million, in country homes, will see her lamp by night; while men, women, and children of every nation will pass in ships beneath her mighty shadow.

They call the place where the statue is to stand Bedloe's Island, because old Isaac Bedloe, a sturdy Dutchman of New Amsterdam, bought it of the



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"LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

The colossal Statue by A. Bartholdi, to be erected on Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.

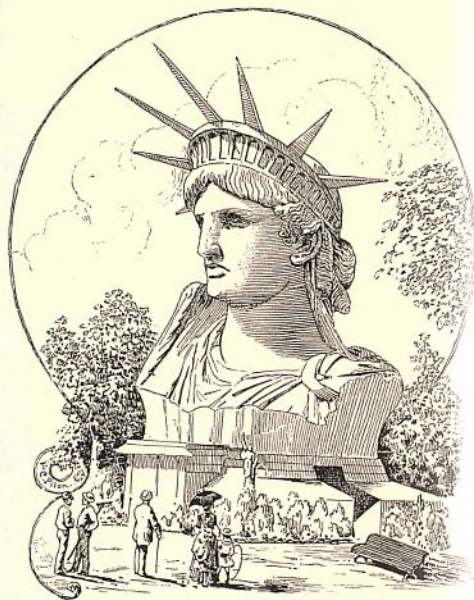
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colonial government. We do not know much about him, except that he died in 1672. However, we may confidently assume that the island was seen by Hendrick Hudson when he first explored the Hudson River. The Dutch colonists must have passed close to it on their way to Communipaw, where they first settled before they founded New Amsterdam.

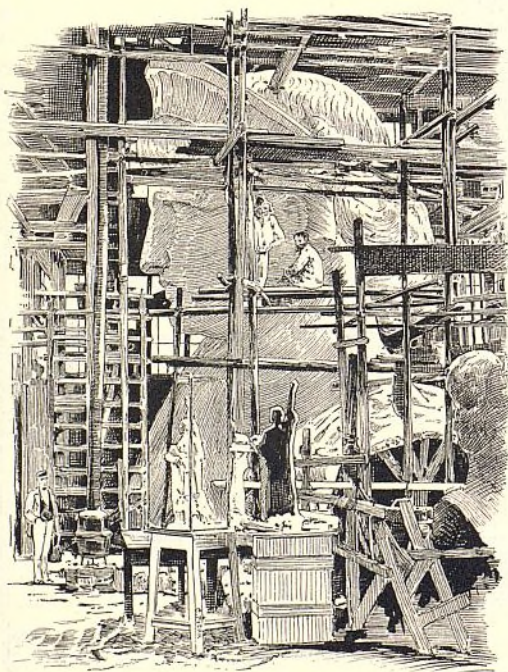
Afterward, during the Revolution, it was called Kennedy's Island, as Captain Kennedy, commander of the British naval station in New York, bought it. He built a house upon the island and used it as a summer residence. At the end of the war it became the property of the State of New York, and at the time of the yellow fever alarm, in 1797, it was used as a quarantine for a short time. In 1800 it was given by the State to the United States, and in 1814 the Government began to build a fort on the island. In 1841 the present star-shaped fort was built, at a cost of \$213,000. It was thought at the time to be a fine affair, as it would mount over seventy guns and hold a garrison of three hundred and fifty men. During the Rebellion the place was used as an hospital, and a number of hospital buildings were built on the island. With this exception, the

or men. And the great guns now used on ships would soon shell to pieces a stone fort like that on Bedloe's Island.

It is a queer place, indeed, and reminds one of



THE HEAD, AS EXHIBITED IN PARIS.



THE HEAD, IN THE WORK-SHOP.

fort has never been practically utilized. We are not at war with any one, nor do we wish to harm any nation; so it happens that this, like many of our forts, has never been fully supplied with guns

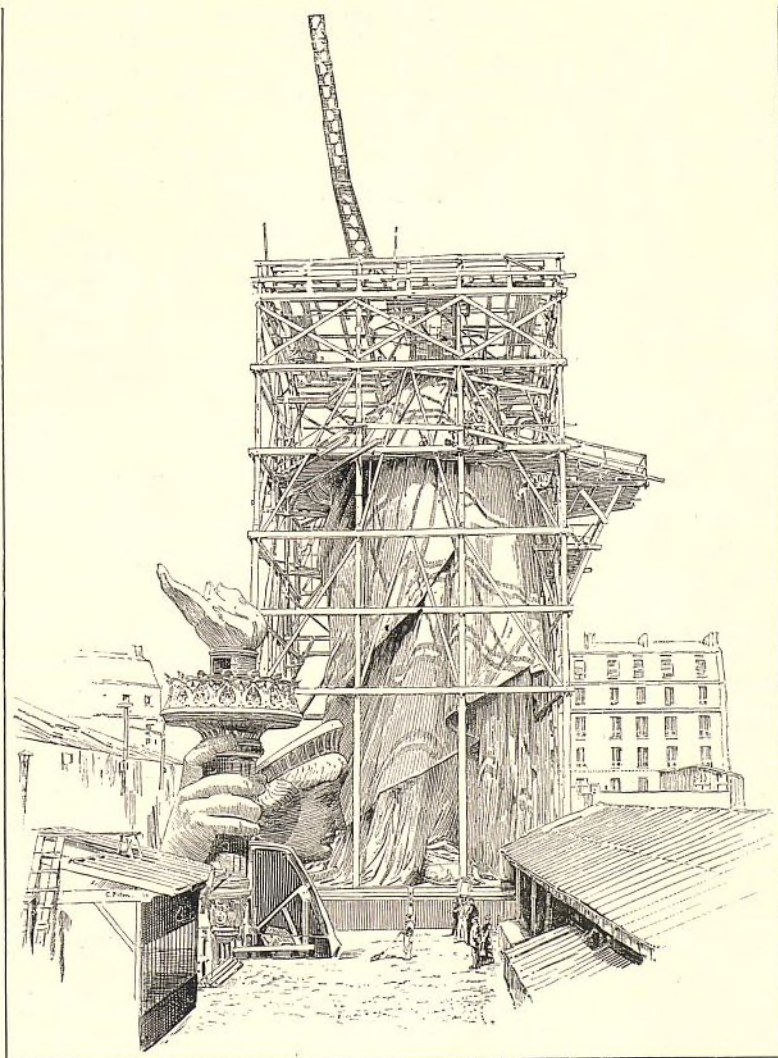
the illustrations in an old picture-book. As you go up from the wharf on the east side, you cross a road that follows the top of the sea-wall, and come at once to the outside battery, already falling to ruin. Here are a few rusty old guns, and behind them rise the granite walls of the fort. There are on the west side an arched entrance, a moat, and a place for a draw-bridge — like those of an old castle. In the south-east corner is a sally-port, a cavern-like entrance, dark and crooked and closed by massive iron doors, not unlike the doors of a big safe. Within the fort there was a parade-ground, or open space, a few houses for the men and officers, and immense tanks for storing water, and great bomb-proof vaults where the men could hide if the shells flew too thick.

It was decided that the lofty pedestal for the statue should be built in the square within the fort. The parade-ground, however, appeared to be level sand. Clearly, it would not do to rest so great a weight on sand, and it would be necessary, therefore, to make excavations until a firm foundation was secured, far below. This seemed an easy task, but it proved to be an exceedingly difficult one. Under the parade-ground were the old water-tanks, the store-rooms, and bomb-proof vaults, and these were of solid brick and stone, very heavily built.

A pit or excavation, ninety feet square, was made and was carried deep enough to go below the fort to the solid ground beneath. Then the great pit had to be filled up again with some material that would not yield or sag. For this purpose, wet concrete was used—a mixture of cement, broken stones, and water. As soon as it

was put into place and beaten down, it hardens and becomes like stone. Layer after layer of concrete was put in, till the whole pit was filled up solidly. The mass of concrete is fifty-three feet deep and ninety feet square at the bottom. It will be like one solid block of stone-work, sunk deep in the ground, and rising to the level of the broad walk on top of the walls of the fort; but it is only the foundation on which the pedestal is to be built. The pedestal will be eighty feet high, and the base of the statue will rest upon the top of the pedestal.

At the beginning of this year the filled-in foundation had reached to the level of the old parade-ground, and at the same time came the news from Paris that the statue was finished. The last sheet



THE PARTIALLY-FINISHED STATUE SURROUNDED BY SCAFFOLDING.

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to form the immense figure. Now it is our turn. The statue is a gift—a free present of respect and good-will from the people of France. It is our part to receive it with honor, and put it up in the place assigned to it. America is to build the pedestal on which the great bronze figure will stand.

The pedestal will be of stone, rising in a massive square eighty-two feet above the ground. The solid block of concrete will be hidden under the grass, securely holding up the pedestal and the statue above. There will be stair-ways within the pedestal and balconies near the top, commanding a fine view of the beautiful bay and the three cities. The figure itself, from the top of the head to the foot, on which it stands posed as if about to step forward, is one hundred and ten feet and a half high; the forefinger is eight feet long and four feet in circumference at the second joint; the head is fourteen feet high, and forty persons can stand within it. There will be a stair-way within the statue, leading to the head, and another in the extended arm, by which ascent may be made into the torch, which will hold fifteen persons. A great light will be placed in the torch, and the pointed diadem, encircling the head, will be studded with electric lights. The total weight of the statue, including both the iron skeleton and the copper covering, will, it is said, amount to one hundred thousand pounds.

As the summer advances, the work on the pedestal will be resumed; if all goes well, the cornerstone will be laid on the 4th of July, 1884. When the entire pedestal is finished, the great Liberty, in hundreds of separate pieces, will arrive from France; and then will come the grand work of putting the noble statue together. It will be well worth seeing, for it will be a repetition, in part, of the curious work of building it. The pedestal being finished, the first step will be to fasten the great iron framework securely to the stone-work. Long bolts will extend deep into the pedestal, and be anchored firmly in the concrete, so that nothing less than an earthquake can ever throw the structure down. The skeleton in place, then will come the work of putting on the thin plates of copper that make the outside of the figure. These pieces will be fastened with bolts that will not show on the outside, and the joints between the sheets will be so fine that it will be difficult to find them, and so the work will appear from the outside like one solid piece of rich dark bronze.

In Union Square, New York, and facing the statue of Washington, is a bronze figure of Lafayette. It represents a man, of graceful figure and handsome, open face, in the act of making offer of his sword to the country he admired—the country that sorely needed his aid. The left hand is extended as if in greeting and friendly self-surrender, and the right hand, which holds the sword, is pressed against the breast as if implying that his whole heart goes with his sword. The statue well expresses the warm and generous devotion which, as we all know, the French Marquis rendered to this country during the War of the Revolution, and is a fitting memorial to the noble friend of Washington and of America. Look at this statue the next time you pass Union Square or visit New York City. For it, also, was designed by Bartholdi—who planned the great bronze Liberty. He has made many other statues, and almost every one seems to have this strong and vigorous character, and to embody and express a meaning that all who see can understand. He has done good work, and we need have no fear that after the great figure is complete it will not be grand or beautiful. But no matter how imposing its appearance, it might be a failure, in one sense, if it did not clearly express a meaning. The Lafayette in Union Square seems ready to speak. And so, too, the new Liberty evidently has something to say.

What will this grand figure mean? Well, in the first place, it will commemorate the generous part which the French played in the War of Independence, one hundred years ago. And it will represent the good-will and kindly feeling existing between the two nations which are, to-day, the only republics among the leading nations of the world. But there is a still wider meaning in this noble statue, and it is this meaning which the sculptor has embodied in the pose and expression of the figure itself. This colossal statue stands for Liberty enlightening the World. In one hand she lifts aloft a torch; in the other she clasps a book. Perhaps the book means law, or right doing. She stands for liberty; but it is the true, unselfish liberty which respects the rights of others. Moreover, she stands for the people. She means that, under the shadow of liberty, the people are greater than king or emperor; that peace is better than war, friendship wiser than enmity, love and respect better than selfishness and unkindness; and that liberty is for all peoples throughout the wide world.



DANDELION

BY NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

THERE'S a dandy little fellow
 Who dresses all in yellow,—
 In yellow with an overcoat of green;
 With his hair all crisp and curly,
 In the spring-time bright and early,
 A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.
 Through all the bright June weather,
 Like a jolly little tramp,
 He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road;
 Around his yellow feather,
 The gypsy fire-flies camp;
 His companions are the woodlark and the toad.
 Spick and spandy, little dandy,
 Golden dancer in the dell!
 Green and yellow, happy fellow,
 All the little children love him well!

But at last this little fellow
 Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,
 And very feebly totters o'er the green;—
 For he very old is growing,
 And with hair all white and flowing
 A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.
 The little winds of morning
 Come a-flying through the grass,
 And clap their hands around him in their glee;
 They shake him without warning,—
 His wig falls off, alas!
 And a little bald-head dandy now is he.
 Oh, poor dandy, once so spandy,
 Golden dancer on the lea!
 Older growing, white hair flowing,
 Poor little bald-head dandy now is he!

THE TALE OF THE TOAD-FISH.



I AM a little fish, a Toad-fish. One bright day I looked up out of the water and saw Daisy sitting on the stone wall, fishing. Near her sat Aunt May, making a picture—perhaps a picture of me, I thought. I swam up to see what it was, and just then Daisy dropped her line, bob, hook, sinker, pole and all, into the water.

“Oh, Aunt May,” said Daisy, “what shall I do?”

Aunt May called a boy who was playing on the rocks.

“Please, little boy,” said she, “go get a boat and pick up Daisy’s fish-line, and I will give you ten cents.”

Off ran the boy, and soon a boat came over my head, and soon I saw Daisy all smiling again, with the fish-line in her hand; and the little boy all smiling, with the money in his hand; and Aunt May all smiling, with her paint-brush in her hand. Daisy looked down at me, and I saw her eyes shining as bright as my scales, and I thought I would like to go up and see her. She dropped a piece of good beef into the water. I opened my mouth wide, and down went the beef and the hook inside of it, and up went I.

The hook did not stick into me. I was caught by the big thing in my throat, and was just going to choke, when somebody pulled it out, and popped me into a round thing with water in it, all shiny, with other fishes swimming round the sides, who kept bumping me with their noses. Suddenly I saw Daisy and somebody else looking at me. “That is a Toad-

fish," said the other somebody; "he lives under a stone at the bottom of the water."

I wonder how she knew that—and then she poked me, and bothered me so—you may be sure I was glad when Aunt May came up and said:

"Keep still, little fish, I'm going to make a picture of you."

I felt very proud, and kept just as still as I could. Then the round thing began to move, it turned upside down, and there I was again in my sea home! Mother, and all my brothers and sisters were having dinner off the rest of the bait Daisy threw overboard, and they began to scold me, but I said: "Just wait till you hear where I've been, and how I've had my picture taken!" So they all sat down and heard this story, which they said was good enough to print. I think so, too. Do you?

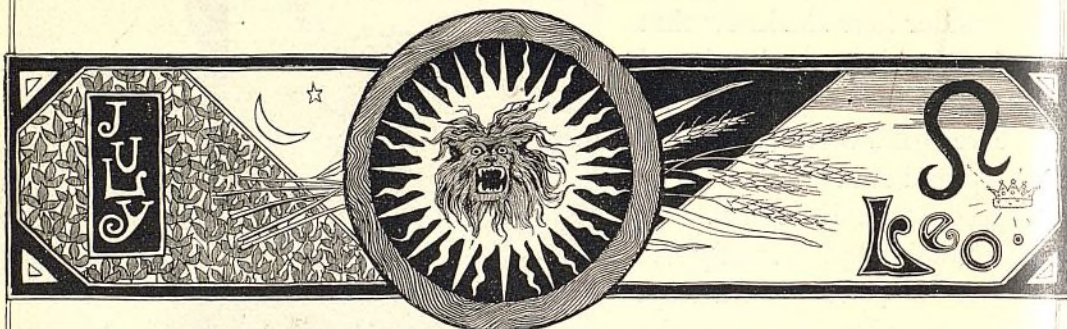


7th
MONTH.

THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC

JULY,

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



It is the merry circus time, and the Sun must have his share,
So he goes to see the Lion, a-lying in his lair.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Tues.	8	Virgo	H. M. 12. 4	Adm'ble Crichton, d. 1582.
2	Wed.	9	Libra	12. 4	Klopstock, b. 1724.
3	Thur.	10	"	12. 4	Louis XI. of Fr'ce, b. 1423.
4	Fri.	11	Ophiuch	12. 4	Independence Day.
5	Sat.	12	"	12. 4	
6	S	13	Sagitt.	12. 5	4th Sunday after Trinity.
7	Mon.	14	"	12. 5	Pres. Garfield, shot 1881.
8	Tues.	FULL	"	12. 5	La Fontaine, b. 1621.
9	Wed.	16	Capri.	12. 5	
10	Thur.	17	Aqua.	12. 5	John Calvin, b. 1509.
11	Fri.	18	"	12. 5	Alex. Hamilton, d. 1804.
12	Sat.	19	Pisces	12. 5	Caius J. Caesar, b. 100 B. C.
13	S	20	"	12. 6	5th Sunday after Trinity.
14	Mon.	21	"	12. 6	Mme. De Stael, d. 1817.
15	Tues.	22	"	12. 6	
16	Wed.	23	Aries	12. 6	Sir Jos'a Reynolds, b. 1723.
17	Thur.	24	Taurus	12. 6	Isaac Watts, b. 1674.
18	Fri.	25	"	12. 6	☾ close to Aldebaran.
19	Sat.	26	"	12. 6	☾ near Saturn.
20	S	27	"	12. 6	6th Sunday after Trinity.
21	Mon.	28	"	12. 6	Robert Burns, d. 1796.
22	Tues.	NEW	"	12. 6	Garibaldi, b. 1807.
23	Wed.	1	"	12. 6	
24	Thur.	2	"	12. 6	Jane Austen, d. 1817.
25	Fri.	3	Leo	12. 6	Thos. à Kempis, d. 1471.
26	Sat.	4	Virgo	12. 6	☾ close to Mars.
27	S	5	"	12. 6	7th Sunday after Trinity.
28	Mon.	6	"	12. 6	☾ near Spica.
29	Tues.	7	Libra	12. 6	Albert I. of Ger., b. 1289.
30	Wed.	8	"	12. 6	Sebastian Bach, d. 1750.
31	Thur.	9	Scorpio	12. 6	Andrew Johnson, d. 1875.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

'T is the month of July, see all the flags fly,
Cannons bang, bells go clang,
And all the time the crackers pop,
As if they never were going to stop.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)

JULY 15th, 8.30 P.M.

One month has sufficed to dispel the glory of the western skies, for the sun has advanced to the point where last we saw the planets. VENUS has passed to the west of the sun, and is now the Morning Star. JUPITER sets only an hour after the sun and only MARS is left, and he is not at all conspicuous, though well to the left of Regulus, which is setting in the west. Spica is in the south-west, three hours west of our south mark. Exactly in the south is Antares, the star of the *Scorpion*. It is the most curiously scintillating star in the heavens. Let us now take two more steps in marking the path of the sun among the stars. If we look a little above the line joining Spica and the Antares, about half way between them, we shall see Alpha Libræ, one of the only two conspicuous stars in *Libra*, *The Scales*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac. Now remember that the sun is a little above Spica on the 15th of October, almost covers Alpha Libræ on the 5th of November, and on the 22d of November passes between the two bright stars we see to the west and somewhat higher than Antares. No visible star marks the lowest point reached by the sun on the 21st of December; he does not go near so far south as Antares.

THE LAMB AND THE EAGLE.

"Look here!" said the old Ram, as the Eagle helped himself to a Lamb, "it seems to me you make pretty free with my family."

"True!" replied the Eagle proudly, "I'm the Bird of Freedom, you know."

"Bah!" cried the Lamb, "I've no patience with such airs," and she managed to pull the wool over his eyes so effectually, that he could not see his way, and kicked so vigorously with her little hoofs, that he was obliged to drop her.

"Well!" said the Eagle, as he smoothed his ruffled feathers, while the Lamb trotted placidly back to the fold, "Ram, Lamb, Sheep, or Mutton!—I sha'n't have any Fourth-of-July dinner."

*The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"HERE am I!" cries July, waving her blue flags and fleur-de-lis. "I know I was awfully noisy last year, dear Mother, but I am going to try to be more lady-like; I am sorry I am such a spread-eagle sort of a month, and really wish I was more like May and June."

"Well, my dear," replied Mother Nature, "I won't scold, if you will try to coax Corn along a little bit; I've had a time with the whole vegetable family this year. All the garden has been saucy, and even Old Pumpkin said that he had about made up his mind not to grow any more, not being appreciated as he used to be."

"Now, don't worry, Mother," cried July, "I will go, this minute, and give them such a scorching as will teach them good manners."

THE CARAVAN.

AND they all of them went to the caravan;
There was little boy Dan, and sister Ann, and
baby Fan,
Away they all ran
To get their seats of the ticket man;
And such a cram, and such a jam,
Was never seen at a caravan
Since the days that Noah's ark set sail,
With the animals packed in, head and tail;
The lamb and the tiger side by side;
The crocodile with his tough old hide;
The ramping, roaring, great gorilla
With the little, dusty, gray moth-miller;
But I hope that Noah, that good old man,
Had no such time with *his* caravan,
As befell the man who had this show,
Which at first delighted the children so.

As soon as they entered the great big tent,
They were all quite silent with wonderment,
At seeing so many singular things,
With tails, and claws, and horns, and wings.

But all of a sudden the tiger growled,
The lion roared, and the jackall howled,
The monkeys chattered, and scolded, and scowled.
While up and down the panther prowled,
In his iron cage, so fierce and grim,
With his glaring eyes, with blood-red rim;—
And the whole of the caravan joined in the
noise,

Until, at last, all the girls and boys,
Had to run to get out of the way,
And this was the end of their holiday.
For the animals, tired of being a show,
Had all resolved to the woods to go;

They crashed, and dashed,
And clashed, and lashed,
And all together their cages smashed;
They roared, and gored,
And soared, and poured

Out of the tent in a mighty horde;
And there never was heard such a terrible
din,
Since the day Noah drove the animals in.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SINCE we had our little talk last month, a number of letters about the ages of animals have been sent to me. Some of them are so interesting that I think I shall have to show them to you the next time we meet.

To-day, however, you shall have a story, to begin with, in honor of the Fourth of July. It is called

THE YELLOW FIRE-CRACKER.

THERE was once a yellow Chinese fire-cracker that lived in a bunch of red ones. They were all tied together by their pigtails, so that not one could get away.

The yellow cracker was lonely and unhappy, or he thought that he was, for he was different from the rest, and his brothers used to laugh at him and whisper softly:

"Yellow, yellow,
What a fellow!"

He would lie awake at night, and wonder how he could get away. "I should like to go off and never come back," he would say to himself; "yes, I should like to go off very much, indeed."

One day he went off, and I will tell you how. He and his brothers had their home in a shop window. A red ball lived on one side of them, and a box of slate-pencils on the other, both very pleasant neighbors. They all liked to watch the children who pressed their noses flat against the glass of the window and "chose" what they would like to have. It was a lovely home, but no one ever chose the yellow fire-cracker, and so he grew quite unhappy. One day one of the slate-pencils was taken away, never to come back, and "little yellow" kept saying to the other pencils, the ball, and all of his brothers:

"If they would only take me, then I should be happy, for I am sure there must be other yellow people in the world. It is very hard living where every one else is red or gray. Oh, dear!"

"I want some fire-crackers, please," said a little boy to the shop-man. "How d'you sell 'em a pack?"

"Six cents," answered the man.

"Whew!" said the boy. "How many do you give for a cent?"

"Five," said the man.

"Will you give me five and throw in the yellow one?"

When "little yellow" heard this he was delighted. The man took up the bunch of crackers, and, untying their pigtails, he put the yellow one and five of its red brothers into an old piece of newspaper, and, handed them to the boy.

Then the fire-crackers started off on a journey in the dark; but soon they were taken out of the paper and laid in a row across the little boy's hand. Other children stood around and looked at them. The crackers began to feel very proud.

"Let's send the yellow one off first. He's a good one, and won't he make a noise!" said one child.

"Of course I'm good," said the cracker, to himself. "I will not make a noise at all, for I've always been a quiet fellow." Just then a yellow dog ran down the street, and the boys started after him.

"Let's tie the two yellows together, and send 'em off," said another boy.

"How nice!" said the cracker. "The dog is yellow, and they are going to tie us together. Now I shall have a real brother, and we'll have fun going off together."

But before the boys could catch the dog, one of them held a lighted match to "little yellow's" pigtail.

"Now I am off, indeed," said "little yellow"; "but what is going on inside of me? I shall burst! I shall burst!"

And he did.

ABOUT UNCLE SAM

TALKING of fire-crackers naturally makes one think of our country, and that again reminds me of something that our wonderful Little School-ma'am lately told right here in my meadow. She explained why the Government of the United States is so often called "Uncle Sam." It appears that some well-informed person in Washington, in looking over old books and papers in the Capitol library the other day, came across the whole story and wrote it down in a letter. The Little School-ma'am saw his account and recited it to the children of the red school-house, at the close of the noon play-time.

You must know that, according to our Washington friend, this term "Uncle Sam" originated at Troy, in New York State, during the war of 1812.

The Government inspector there was called Uncle Sam Wilson, and, when the war opened, Elbert Anderson, the contractor at New York, bought a large amount of beef, pork, and pickles for the army. These goods were inspected by Mr. Wilson, and were duly labeled E. A., U. S., meaning Elbert Anderson, for the United States. The term U. S. for United States was then somewhat new, and the workmen concluded it referred to Uncle Sam Wilson. After they discovered their mistake they kept up the name for fun. These same men soon went to the war. There they repeated the joke. It got into print and went the rounds. From that time on the term "Uncle Sam" grew to be the nickname of the United States, and now it is everywhere understood that Uncle Sam and our national Government are one and the same thing.

THE DAISY IS INTERVIEWED.

It appears that the children—who are very fond of imitating the ways of grown folk—have lately taken to interviewing certain flowers and animals, thus obtaining from them a good amount of strictly personal information.

The following account of a little girl interviewing a daisy—as taken down by our poetical reporter—is not without interest:

"Oh, where did you come from, you dear dainty flower,
With your heart like the sun, and your face like the snow?"
"Oh, I came from the land of the sunshine and shower,
Where the golden buttercups grow."

"But what did you do when the leaves were all dying,
And the meadows were covered with billows of snow?
When to lands of soft breezes the robins were flying,
Pray, where did the daisies all go?"

"When the bleak winds were blowing o'er mountains and meadows,
I was out in the field sleeping under the snow,
And I dreamed of still woods in soft sunlight and shadows,
And of banks where the violets grow."

"But how did you know when the winter was over?
And how did you know when the spring-time was here?
Did you dream that the fields were all purple with clover,
And wake to find summer was near?"

"I heard the birds sing, and I heard the brook flowing,
And the sunshine and rain called in tones soft and clear:
The green grass is growing, the flowers are blowing,
Wake, daisy, for summer is here!"

BREEZE-CHILDREN.

"SOME boys and girls," remarked the Deacon, last Saturday, to his young friends, "are very like a certain flower that I read about lately: they come out best in a breeze. The quiet peacefulness that makes the daisy sort of youngster all the more sweet and charming, makes these breeze-children seem stupid and dull. They need a brisk wind, or even a gale, to show what they really are."

Well, the good man proceeded to illustrate his point, and as the listening youngsters laughed and nodded "yes," I suppose he made his meaning quite clear. But what interested your Jack the most was the flower or plant itself. This the Deacon described as a truly wonderful thing—a South American shrub that stands about two or three feet in height and usually looks something like a dark knobby cane with a crook on top. But when the wind blows, these knobs on the stalk open out into beautiful flowers that shut again as soon as the air is still.

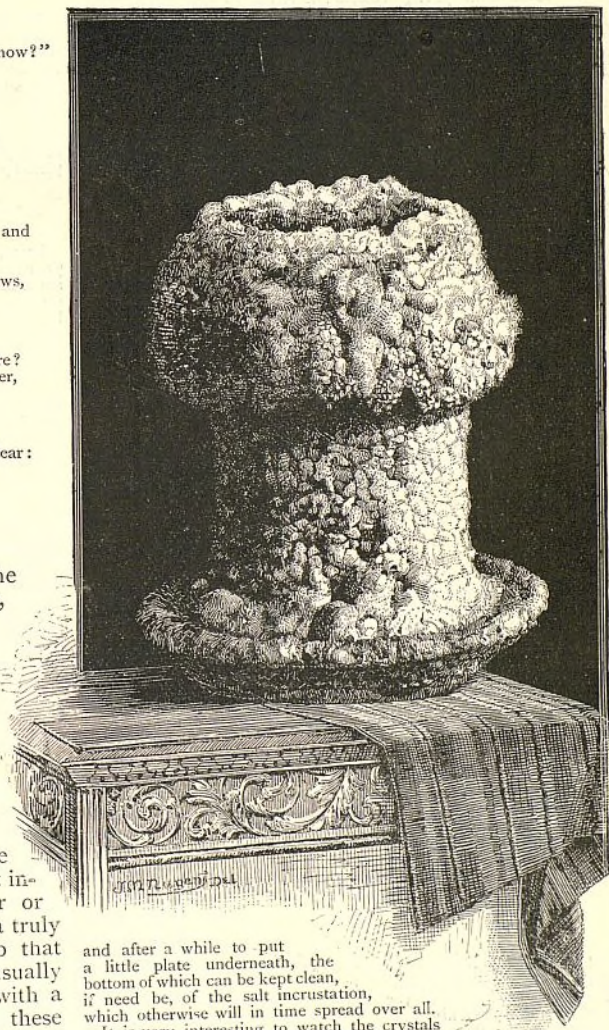
OUR FRIENDS THE SCAPHIRHYNCHOPENÆ.

INFORMATION is wanted of the Scaphirhynchopenæ. Have you heard from them lately? They are quite a dashing family, I'm told—high livers, good swimmers, fond of racing and so on—and strong teetotalers in the bargain. When last heard from, they were taking a swim near London.

A SALT TUMBLER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: The other day I saw, in a handsome sitting-room, something that attracted my attention. When I remarked on "the pretty new crystal vase," my friend laughed, and told me how easily the vase had been made—or had made itself. Her account so interested me that I resolved to ask you to repeat it to all your young folk. Perhaps, too, ST. NICHOLAS will show a portrait of the pretty piece of home-made crystal work.

The directions are simple enough. One has only to take a slender tumbler, partly fill it with water and put in a good handful of salt. That is all, except from time to time to add more water and salt,



and after a while to put a little plate underneath, the bottom of which can be kept clean, if need be, of the salt incrustation, which otherwise will in time spread over all.

It is very interesting to watch the crystals creeping up the inside and down the outside, and thickening, till the whole is white, covered with a mass of little stalactites, beautifully irregular on the surface, but symmetrical in general shape. This takes several months. If a blue tumbler is desired, bluing may be added to the salt and water (a teaspoonful of bluing to a tumbler of water).

Yours truly, MARGARET MEREDITH.

WHY TUMBLER?

By the way, it occurs to me to ask why the glass drinking-vessel in common use, standing so firmly on its foundation, should have so very unsteady a name as "the tumbler." Who knows?

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.

A MASCULINE young contributor sends us this mischievous drawing as a Fourth-of-July contribution:



NEW YORK, March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my little house which I have in the country. It is called "Gable Lodge," and it is painted red and has a piazza all around it. It is quite large and it is all furnished, and has a carpet on the floor and some chairs in it, and shelves to keep my china on, and a wardrobe to keep my doll's clothes in. I have a very big doll and she lives in the house I am telling about. Her name is "Violette." Good-bye, this is all now; perhaps I will write another letter to you.

MARGUERITE L. WINSLOW.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for four years. My mother gave you to me for a Christmas present in 1879, and I have taken you ever since. I think you are the best magazine that I have ever read. I carry the paper called *The Chronicle* here and have to get up at four o'clock in the morning. I wonder if many of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would like that. I think it is fun. I like Louisa M. Alcott's Spinning-wheel Stories very much.

Your constant reader, PERRY M. RILEY.

LONDON, ENGLAND, March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your readers, and I am a Californian living in England. I am nine years old, and I thought I might interest some of your readers of the Letter-box by telling a story about the Chinese which my mother told me. They copy everything exactly. A gentleman once sent a plate to China to have a certain number made like it, and as he did not like to send one of his best plates, he sent one with a crack in it, and so, when he got them all, each one had a crack in it just like the one he had sent. I like your stories very much.

Your little friend, CHARLIE DELANY.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our school takes your precious magazine and likes it better than any other that it has ever subscribed for.

Seeing the article given in the January number about "Jericho Roses," and having one in our school cabinet, we tried the experiment and met with great success, although it was not tried on Christmas Eve or the night before Easter.

Your faithful readers,
MARGARET S. and MARY B.

EAST WINDSOR HILL, CONN., Feb., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were very much interested in the letter written by Lucy C. A., White Rock, Elko Co., Nevada, and we want to know more about her. My Papa lived in that locality and has told us so much about the country that we felt very interested. His name was Martin R. Burnham, a stock-man. Does she know of him? I wonder if this will ever reach her eyes? If so, will she reply? I would like so much to tell her of my beautiful home in the Connecticut Valley, and to hear from a little girl who lives in a country my Papa knows so well. So, dear ST. NICHOLAS, will you please print this for one of your readers?

MARY B.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL, LONDON, ENGLAND, April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see you have scarcely any letters from your little friends abroad. So I thought I would write you one. I am a little American girl, eleven years old, and am traveling all around Europe with Mamma, Papa, and my pug, "Punch." We had an earthquake the other day, and a black fog to-day,—so black, that the hansoms had their lamps lighted. I found a little daisy in Hyde Park, and it looks like ours only it has a pink border. Queen Victoria's grand-daughter is to be married on Wednesday to the Duke of Hesse. I have written an awful long letter; but, dear ST. NICHOLAS, if you only knew half the trouble I have had with it, between the spelling and naughty "Punch," who keeps knocking my arm, you would surely publish it. Punch has just chewed up my dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your English friends,
"PUNCH" and MILDRED SHIRLEY.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters from here in "the Best of Magazines," and think we ought to be represented, so I take upon myself the duty of writing to you. It is a pleasure to tell you how much I appreciate this dear book and how eagerly I watch for it. I have been a reader for some time and think each number is better than the last. I would like to see my letter in print, and for fear it may be too long, will close with kind wishes to all the readers and "Dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit."

Your true friend, "BLUE BELL."

49 HUNTINGDON ST., BARNSBURY, LONDON, ENG., April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is a red-letter day with us when papa brings each number of ST. NICHOLAS home, as all of us enjoy reading it very much. We have been in England now nearly two years, and we wish we were back in Kentucky again. We have seen a great deal since we came, but we enjoy reading ST. NICHOLAS more than all. We are now anxiously looking forward for the May number, which we shall all enjoy reading.

We are, your affectionate readers,
MAGGIE, NELLIE, and ALICE SMITH.

I (Maggie) am 13, Nellie is 12, and Alice will be 8 on Easter Sunday.

72 BELSIZE PARK GARDENS, LONDON, N. W., April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have an anecdote that I think might please some of the little readers of ST. NICHOLAS. I shall call it

"A CURIOUS DINNER-PARTY."

One day our dog's dinner was put out for him as usual in the back-yard. In about five minutes, the servant, going through the back-yard, saw, to her amazement, that the dog was giving a dinner-party, for at the dish were our cat, our bantam cock and hen, and a rat. The rat and cat were close together. The rat was a very bold fellow, and a very "cheeky" one, too, for he used to fight with quite a big kitten, and after a while they became great friends.

Yours truly, MARGARET G. ANDERSON.

SOUTH BOSTON, April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please do me a great favor by asking your girl-readers if any of them have ever succeeded in culti-

vating a vegetable garden, or have raised poultry? I am very much interested in the question as to how girls may earn money at home. In the city there are many ways of so doing, but in the country very few ways seem to offer themselves. One of the most healthful and interesting for country girls is farming on a small scale. Of course, a girl must not expect to become rich, but considerable pocket-money can be earned in this way.

A well-attended strawberry-bed yields well, and repays one bountifully; the raising of grapes, currants, raspberries, blackberries, and other small fruits is profitable. Then there are the vegetables; I suppose a girl would think raising them to be outside her "sphere," but I have raised, in a half-acre garden, bushels of onions, tomatoes, cabbages, turnips, potatoes, cucumbers, for pickling, and, in fact, all of the common vegetables; they repaid me well, too, and I planted, weeded, hoed, and harvested them all myself. You would hardly believe how good a profit a little patch of land will yield, if properly attended.

Besides gardening, taking care of poultry or lambs well repays a girl for her trouble; but, of the two, poultry-keeping is the easier and the more profitable in the end. A flock of pretty, shining hens was dearer to me than all the puppies and kittens that ever saw daylight. Eggs will always sell, and at Thanksgiving and Christmas dressed poultry is much in demand.

I have had a great deal of experience in farming, in all of its various forms, from the raising of garden seeds to the gathering of apples and rearing of stock; and I can advise any girl to take up farming, for it is a pure, healthful, and pleasant occupation. I do not live in the country now, but I take as much interest in what is passing there as if I did.

I hope soon to hear from some of your rural friends who have had experience in farming.

Yours expectantly,

MABEL PERCY H—.

TERREBONNE, LA., Feb., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been looking over the letters and I see none from Louisiana, so I thought I would write to you. My Aunt Mollie sent the ST. NICHOLAS to us as a Christmas present, and I think it is such a splendid one. I think the Spinning-wheel stories are so nice. All of Miss Louisa M. Alcott's stories are so interesting. We live on a sugar plantation, and I like sugar rolling. I have three sisters and one brother, and our baby sister is so sweet, she is just beginning to talk; I cannot write very long letters because I am not old enough. I am only ten. I want to see my letter in print very much.

Your little unknown friend,

L. G. D—.

We have received correct answers from the following young friends in reply to the little Baltimore boy's letter in the May Letter-box: May De Forest Ireland, Aubrey T. Maguire, J. W. C., C. M. L., Ella S. Gould, Walter A. Mathews, A. C., Mamie Mead, K. L., A. H. C., Edgar G. Banta, Mary McGowan, Helen D. H., E. C., Charles Baldwin, William E. Ireland, Phil. Jennings, J. D. W., Mabel Holcombe, C. W. N., Kitty W. B., F. A. Frere. We have also received pleasant letters from Phil. H. Sawyer, Bessie W., Estelle M., Carrie B. T., E. E. R., Auntie Grace, May C., G. H. P. Tracie, Martie Rindland, J. J. Coachman, Lizzie Lee Filles, James H. C. Richmond, Ina M., Florence E. S., Mattie B. Wells, "Hermes," Mina Nicholas, Mabel L. F., J. M. M., Gracie Knight, Susie B. C., "Subscriber," Annie M., Addie L. Fries, Mabel Douglas, Edwina Alberta, "Questioner."

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-NINTH REPORT.

JULY finds the Association actively engaged in midsummer work. The responses to circulars recently issued show that, as was to be expected, many Chapters have disbanded, owing to the graduation of classes, etc., but there is also shown a large increase in the membership of most of our branches. The amendments have been carried by something more than the requisite three-fourths vote, and the Amended Constitution is given in full in THE NEW HANDBOOK, which is now ready, price, 50 cents.

THE SEPTEMBER CONVENTION.

The subject of a General Convention of the Agassiz Association, as proposed in May, has excited much interest. A change of plan is suggested that seems to us excellent. It is that our meeting be held in Philadelphia instead of Nashua. The Philadelphia Chapters have expressed their willingness to accept the responsibility of the necessary preparations, and the Nashua Chapter has gracefully waived its prior claim.

It is proposed to hold the meeting on the 2d and 3d of September. It is so nearly impossible to get at a full expression of opinion from all our Chapters, that, to expedite matters, we venture to call the meeting for Philadelphia on the two days mentioned, subject to the approval of the various Chapters. The advantages of the city are many: It is the home of several strong Chapters; it is central; it has ample room for the whole of the Agassiz Association, and on the 4th and 5th there is to assemble there the American Association for the Advancement of Science,—whose meetings, as well as the Electrical Exhibition of same date, will prove of great interest and value to all. This question must now be promptly and definitely decided, and we earnestly request the opinions of all Chapters, and the names of those that can attend such a meeting. If the responses are favorable, details will be given later.

ADDITIONAL AID.

The thanks of the A. A. are due to the writers of the following generous offers:

WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

On the subject of human physiology, I may be able to assist by answering questions. If so, I am at your service.

WM. M. BAIRD, M. D.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., March 30, '84.

Dear Sir: I am working on the jumping-spiders—*attide*—of the world, describing new species and getting ready to publish a monograph of the family. I should be very happy to determine spiders in this group from any locality for members of the A. A. I will be very glad to give to the club that will send the best collection of jumping-spiders (the collection not to be less than fifteen species) Hentz's *United States Spiders*, with Emerton's Notes, 21 plates and upward of four hundred figures. The spiders should be in alcohol and ought to be sent to me before the last of October. Any club that desires to compete had better communicate with me, and I can then send them instructions that will aid them.

Yours truly, GEO. PECKHAM.

THE RED CROSS CLASS.

The very pleasant class in practical anatomy that Dr. Warren began a month or two ago has been interrupted, from a most sad necessity. Dr. Warren was suddenly called to go to Florida to attend his father in a serious illness. As soon as he shall be able to return, he will again communicate with his correspondents.

VACATION.

During the months of July and August, the President of the A. A. will be away from Lenox, and for those months the regular "Chapter Reports" may be omitted. All other correspondence will be attended to as usual, though with a delay of a day or two, caused by forwarding the mails.

LIST OF NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
623	Manlius, N. Y. (B).....	6..	C. H. Cuyler, St. John's School.
624	Abington, Conn. (A).....	13..	Miss Jessie E. L. Dennis.
625	Hudson, N. Y. (A).....	4..	Harry W. George.
626	Petoskey, Mich. (A).....	11..	W. B. Lawton.
627	Brighton, Ont. (A).....	12..	Miss Lizzie Squier.
628	Harrisonburg, Va. (A).....	8..	Mrs. F. A. Daingerfield.
629	Chicopee, Mass. (A).....	24..	Miss E. L. Mitchell, Box 210.
630	New York, N. Y. (Q).....	6..	W. T. Demarest, 106 Varick St.
631	Fremont, O. (A).....	10..	Theo. H. Jangk.
632	Davenport, Iowa (B).....	7..	Miss Sarah G. Foote.

- 633 Terre Haute, Ind. (B)..... 8. O. C. Newhinney.
 634 Macon, Mo. (A)..... 6. C. W. Kimball.
 635 Annapolis, Md. (A)..... 9. A. A. Hopkins, St. John's Coll.
 636 Rockville, Ind. (A)..... 8. E. C. Thurston.
 637 Putnam, Conn. (A)..... 7. Harry W. Chapman.
 638 St. Louis, Mo. (D)..... 4. Frank M. Davis, 3857 Wash-
 ington Ave.
 639 Montclair, N. J. (A)..... 6. Miss Lucy Parsons.
 640 Millville, N. J. (A)..... 4. Carder Hayard.
 641 Normal Park, Ill. (A)..... 14. Miss Charlotte Putnam, Bx. 173.
 642 Florence, Mass. (A)..... 9. A. T. Bliss.
 643 Higganum, Conn. (A)..... 5. Miss Estella E. Clark.
 644 Philadelphia, Pa. (U)..... 4. M. C. Knabe, Jr., 470 N. 7th St.
 645 Bath, N. Y. (B)..... 5. Charles L. Kingsley.
 646 Janesville, Wis. (A)..... 7. Miss A. E. Prichard.
 647 Union City, Mich. (A)..... 9. Carl Spencer.
 648 Peoria, Ill. (D)..... 6. H. J. Woodward.
 649 Chicago, Ill. (V)..... 4. J. H. Manny, 242 Bissel St.
 650 Sandusky, O. (A)..... 5. John Youngs, Jr., 415 Frank-
 lin St.

REORGANIZED.

- 338 Wareham, Mass. (B)..... 6. Arthur Hammond.

EXCHANGES.

Lepidoptera and correspondence.—Geo. C. Hollister, Old Nat. Bank, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 White Chinese rats.—J. P. Cotton, Newport, R. I.
 Birds' eggs.—H. J. Woodward, Peoria, Ill.
 British eggs and lepidoptera.—L. Hayter, Gluggle, Wood Lane, Highgate, London, England.
 Minerals for eggs.—W. G. Talmadge, Plymouth, Conn.
 Eggs and coral (write first).—W. M. Clute, Iowa City, Iowa.
 Buffalo's tooth, for iron ore.—Jessie Sharpnack, Grafton, D. T.
 Eggs.—Albert Garrett, Lawrence, Kansas.
 Bird-skins, eggs, and insects.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood Avenue, Jackson, Mich.
 Correspondence with distant Chapters.—Frank H. Foster, Keene, N. H. Box 307.
 Cannel coal, halite, hematite, limonite, selenite, for stilbite azurite, amazon stone serpentine.—Robert E. Terry, Sec., Hudson, N. Y.
 Correspondence.—J. H. Jones, Sec. Chap. 463, Dayton, O.
 Mounted microscopic objects, for insects.—Charles C. Osborn, 27 West Thirty-second Street, New York.
 Illinois minerals.—Sec. Chap. 559, 208 N. Academy Street, Galesburg, Ill.
 Botanical specimens of California, for works (new or second-hand, if in good order) on botany, geology, and mineralogy.—Mrs. E. H. King, Napa, Cal.
 Mounted diatoms, *Isthmia nervosa*, from Santa Cruz, for diatomaceous earth from Richmond, Va., or elsewhere.—L. M. King, Santa Rosa, Cal.
 Fossils of Lower Silurian, for coleoptera and lepidoptera.—G. M., 35½ Sherman Avenue, Cincinnati, O.
 Shells, minerals, and fossils.—Maude M. Lord, 75 Lamberton St., New Haven, Conn.
 Green malachite, and others, for opalized wood, etc.—Herbert D. Miles, 2417 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.
 Indicolite and many others, for minerals or insects.—E. R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

NOTES.

98. *Alligator (a)*.—The alligator is found only in fresh water, while the crocodile lives in both fresh and salt water, usually in the mouth of a large river where the tide comes in.

(b.) The lower canine teeth of the alligator fit into the notches in the edge of the upper jaw, while in the crocodile the lower teeth fit into pits in the upper jaw. This causes a difference in the outline of the head, the muzzle of the crocodile being narrowed behind the nostrils, while that of the alligator forms an unbroken line to the mouth.—Josie Ford.

99. *Moss on trees*.—A very long kind of moss grows on tamarack trees here (Pine City, Minn.). It grows from the tree about two feet, then widens out at the end into a sort of plate from which more runners spring, which again widen into a plate, and so on. I have found pieces eight feet long.—E. L. Stephan.

[The name of this moss, please?]

100. *Pebbles*, in answer to C. F. G.—Owing to alternate freezing and thawing, large blocks of rock are broken from the mountain side. These are broken into smaller fragments by rolling and attrition, and by the action of the water and friction against each other are ground down into rounded forms called pebbles. For a full and clear account, see *Pebbles*, published at 30c. by Ginn & Heath, Boston.

101. *Blue-jay*.—March 8th. It was snowing hard. I espied a blue-jay in an apple-tree, picking away like mad at a frozen apple. The spiteful, hammer-like force with which he pecked at it, attested the power of his bill as well as his hunger. He stayed a full half-

hour, the chilling blast ruffling his feathers, and the snow at times completely veiling him. He appeared very tired. He probably got scarcely a spoonful of frozen apple.—L. M. Howe, Hallowell, Me.

CHAPTER REPORTS.

604. *Fredonia, N. Y.*—Our Chapter is working with steady enthusiasm. We meet every Wednesday for two hours' united study. Our head-quarters, "Agassiz Hall," already has a scientific look.—Mrs. J. N. Curtis, Sec.

595. *Oneonta, N. Y.*—In astronomy we think we have been quite successful, as when we began we did not know the name of a single star, and have had no one to help us except St. Nicholas. Now we can trace the Ecliptic by means of its principal stars, and have learned the names of all the constellations of the Zodiac.—Jessie E. Jenks.

544. *Oxford, Miss.*—We have raised tadpoles from the spawn, have caught and placed in a tank three minnows, one perch, and one catfish, which we observe daily; we have several cocoons awaiting transformation, and a large white grub in a clay ball. Great eagerness to learn pervades this little Chapter.—C. Woodward Hutson.

246. *Bethlehem, Pa.*—Our collection of woods contains a majority of all that grow here. Our department of bird-skins is growing rapidly. Our minerals are fine, not very large, but all good specimens. We have collected 147 specimens of insects during the year. At an entertainment we realized a net profit of \$14.00.—Geo. G. Grider.

261. *E. Boston.*—Please change the name of our Secretary to Miss Ruth A. Odiorne, 118 Lexington St.

135. *Jackson, Mich.*—We now have sixteen members, and all are very much interested. We have been obliged to change our Secretary to Mr. James Bennett, 306 First St.

537. *Mansfield, O.*—The class from the High School visited our museum recently, and expressed a strong desire to enter the lists and become practical workers, which convinced us that even we could be of some benefit. We will offer to the Chapter sending us the largest and best collection of coleoptera or lepidoptera by November 1st, a beautiful specimen of native silver from Chihuahua. We respectfully solicit correspondence, with a view to exchange, from all working Chapters.—E. Wilkinson, Sec.

532. *Lewistown, Pa.*—At every meeting we have at least three essays, and the best one is placed in the scrap-book.—M. A. Christy, Sec.

413. *Denver, Col.*—At our last meeting we had an essay on Audubon's Warbler, skins of both sexes being shown to illustrate the paper, also on Herring Gull, and Great Northern Shrike (specimens shown), the Burrowing Owl, and Bullock's Oriole. One of our number prepared over one hundred bird-skins while in the Rocky Mountains this summer, some of which are very rare here, among them the Black Swift.—W. H. Henderson, Cor. Sec.

138. *Warren, Me.*—We had an interesting discussion on the question, "Resolved, that a knowledge of Natural History is of more value to the farmer than a knowledge of Mathematics." Can any one tell us what time is represented by the rings of a beet?—A. M. Hilt.

229. *Chicago, Ill.*—Here is a specimen of our meetings: Met at 4 P. M., Pres. Davis in the chair. Only two members absent. *Music*. Appointment of Critic. Minutes of previous meeting. Secretary's report. Treasurer's report. Essay, Camphor. *Music*. Select reading, Wild Cat. Experiment with camphor. Essay, Insect Collecting.—Criticism of previous meeting. *Music*. Select reading, Blue Jay. Essay, Chamois. Experiment, the extraction of pure copper from the ore. Experiment, production of hydrogen from zinc by hydrochloric acid. Select reading, Fish. Essay, the Llama. *Music*.

The meeting was very pleasant. The essay on insect collecting was illustrated by drawings, 4 x 4 in.—Ezra Larned, Sec.

[It would be a pleasure to attend a meeting like that.]

514. *Iowa City.*—Our essays are written on letter-paper with wide margins for binding. We shall bind them every year and keep them.—W. M. Clute, Sec.

485. *Brooklyn Village, O.*—We now number over forty members. We have in our room an excellent picture of Agassiz. At each meeting, the time is divided into quarter hours for the different branches of Nat. Hist., after which there is general discussion.—Lewis B. Foote.

All communications concerning the Agassiz Association must be addressed to the President,

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

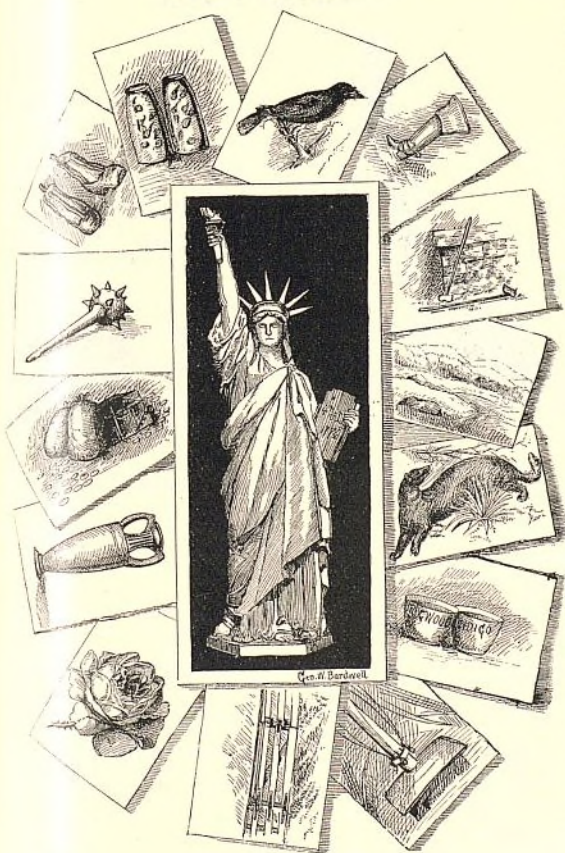
EASY BEHEADINGS.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters, and the beheaded letters, when read in the order here given, will spell the name of a distinguished sculptor.

Cross-words: 1. Behead healing substances and leave charity. 2. Behead solitary and leave desolate. 3. Behead a river of Europe and leave a stone used for sharpening instruments. 4. Behead the plural of that and leave covering for the feet. 5. Behead listens and leave refuges. 6. Behead a fruit and leave to subsist. 7. Behead a narrow slip of paper affixed to anything to denote its contents or character and leave a man's name. 8. Behead a seaport town of England and leave above. 9. Behead fanciful and leave to distribute.

RALPH OWENS.

LIBERTY PUZZLE.



EACH of the fourteen small pictures may be described by a word of four letters. Behead each of these words and put another letter in place of the one removed. The new words thus formed all appertain to the central figure. Example: Boot, foot.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

ONE pleasant morning in June I started with some young friends to ride on horseback to the house of my Aunt (1) a city of Italy, where we were to spend a few days. The party consisted of my cousin (2) a cape of New Jersey, my sister (3) a city of France, my brother (4) a city of New South Wales, and my cousins (5) a cape of Virginia, and (6) a lake in New York. My sister (7) a city of France rode a beautiful (8) sea between Europe and Asia (9) a group of islands north of Scotland pony, which we had named (10) an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

A pleasant breeze was blowing, the (11) one of the Hebrides was

(12) a cape of Ireland, and the forenoon passed gayly. About mid-day we discovered, a little to the (13) cape of Norway of the road, a pleasant grove, where we decided to stop and have luncheon. (14) A cape of New Jersey blew a tiny (15) cape of South America, which she had hung upon her saddle, and we sat down to a luncheon of cold (16) country of Europe, (17) a city of Austria bread, some (18) islands in the Pacific ocean, and a dozen (19) rivers of Cape Colony. We had a hard pull to get the (20) city of Ireland from the bottle of (21) county of England sauce, but it was at length removed. The boys gathered sticks, our little kettle boiled, and soon the fragrant (22) river of Germany of (23) one of the Sunda islands coffee filled the air. Our luncheon eaten, we were soon on our way again; but the sun was almost obscured by clouds, the (24) name given to the upper part of the Big Horn River had risen, and we feared that the day begun so pleasantly would end by being (25) a river forming part of the northern boundary of the United States. Our little party became very doleful, and (26) a lake in New York, like the mischievous (27) an island south of England he is, began to tell an absurd story called (28) a sea between Asia and Africa (29) a river of Georgia, the (30) county of central New York (31) ocean south of Asia scout.

As he was regaling us with this thrilling narration, an old woman appeared in the road before us with (32) an island belonging to New York gray hair hanging about her shoulders, and a bright (33) sea east of China (34) islands west of Africa perched upon her finger. We were all startled at this strange apparition, especially after listening to blood-curdling stories, but we tried to appear (35) a large lake in North America to (36) a cape of North Carolina, and rode bravely by. Just then the sun broke through the clouds, and after a brisk canter of half an hour, we drew rein at the house of Aunt (37) a city of Italy, and were not sorry to say (38) a cape of Greenland to riding expeditions for that day.

ANNIE MCY.

FRAMED WORD-SQUARE.

	5		7	
	.		.	
1	.	0	.	2
	.	*	*	*
	.	*	*	*
	.	*	*	*
	.	*	*	*
3	.	0	.	4

	6		8	

FRAME: From 1 to 2, crystallized caulk, in which the crystals are small; from 3 to 4, food; from 5 to 6, an instrument for examining flowers; from 7 to 8, shrubs and bushes upon which animals browse.

INCLUDED WORD-SQUARE: 1. The stone of which the letters of the frame from 1 to 2 name a crystal. 2. A fairy. 3. A song. 4. A gold coin formerly current in Great Britain. J. P. B.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence.

1. Years ago, the magi learned many strange arts from Eastern sages. 2. Let us play tag at Estelle's house, this afternoon. 3. From the brief item she read me, I was unable to form any opinion. 4. Tell Emma on no account to be late. 5. Yes, say we will surely be there on time. ZYX.

CHARADE.

My first is a kind of detective,
'T is oft used at a meeting elective;
And, whether for best or for worst,
'T is the custom to follow my first.

When Jack to the fair took young Bett,
He dined with her every set;
I think it may safely be reckoned
He thought the whole thing was my second.

As through the green fields they returned,
Brave Jack, whom Bett never had spurned,
He gathered my whole, and, as love's token, gave
To the girl who had made him her captive and slave.

W. H. A.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the third row of letters (reading downward) will spell what our forefathers fought for; and the fifth row names what is dear to all young people on a certain day.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Ungracefully. 2. Terse. 3. Commanded. 4. To simulate. 5. Portrays. 6. Directed. 7. A small dagger. 8. Subtracts. 9. To diversify. 10. Longs for. 11. Made safe. 12. Treachery.

CYRIL DEANE.

SEXTUPLE CROSSES.

1
2
3
9 10 11 4 12 13 14
5
6
7
8

I. FROM 9 to 11, a boy's nickname; from 1 to 3, part of a fish; from 12 to 14, a child; from 5 to 8, to throw off; from 9 to 14, a blessing; from 1 to 8, completed.

II. FROM 9 to 11, a vehicle; from 1 to 3, an inclosure; from 12 to 14, a snare; from 5 to 8, a portable lodge; from 9 to 14, the select council of an executive government; from 1 to 8, contrite.

III. FROM 9 to 11, a poisonous serpent; from 1 to 3, to disfigure; from 12 to 14, a color; from 5 to 8, a precious metal; from 9 to 14, longed for; from 1 to 8, a flower.

DYCIE.

COMPOUND ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS (three letters each): 1. A body of lawyers. 2. A man's name. 3. A segment of a circle. 4. A bond.

Primals, to strike; finals, a grain. Primals and finals, when read in connection, form a girl's name. The four central letters of the acrostic may be successively transposed to mean a bar of iron, the couch of a wild beast, and one who perverts the truth.

F. A. W.

THREE RHOMBOIDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. A month. 2. A loud noise. 3. A color. 4. Stained. DOWNWARD: 1. Injury. 2. Aloft. 3. The limb of an animal. 4. A measure. 5. A song. 6. A personal pronoun. 7. In judge.

II. ACROSS: 1. What all expect in summer. 2. A snare. 3. Deep mud. 4. A stringed instrument of music. DOWNWARD:

1. In heliotrope. 2. A Latin conjunction. 3. To fortify. 4. Part of a coin. 5. To inspect closely. 6. A German personal pronoun. 7. In heliotrope.

III. 1. Useful in warm weather. 2. A valley. 3. A spear. 4. Closely confined. DOWNWARD: 1. In fortune. 2. A Latin preposition. 3. A short slumber. 4. To slide. 5. To increase. 6. Two-thirds of a termination. 7. In fortune.

DYCIE.

EASY INVERSIONS.

EXAMPLE: Invert an apartment and make to secure. ANSWER: Room, moor.

1. Invert fate and make disposition. 2. Invert a color and make a poet. 3. Invert enmity and make bleak. 4. Invert moisture and make to marry. 5. Invert a small body of water and make a noose. 6. Invert a Roman magistrate and make to cut off. 7. Invert an Arabian prince and make hoar-frost. 8. Invert dishes and make a sudden breaking.

PAUL REESE.

INSCRIPTION PUZZLE.



FIRST decipher the inscription on the base of the column. From the letters forming it, spell the names of the six articles below it.

G. W. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

SHAKSPERIAN PUZZLE. "With no less confidence than boys pursuing summer butterflies."—Act 4. Scene VI. Monogram, McCullough. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Gondola.

DICKENS CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Central letters, Gresham; Cross-words: 1. garGery. 2. staRtop. 3. squEers. 4. meaGles. 5. podSnap. 6. herBert. 7. smaUker. 8. ledRook. 9. graYper.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. 1. Cod. 2. Oil. 3. Doll. 4. Lid. 5. Mill. 6. Coil. 7. Viol.

CONCEALED HALF SQUARE. 1. Potomac. 2. Operas. 3. Tenet.

4. Ores. 5. Mat. 6. As. 7. C.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from Lida Bell, Canada, 2—Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 5.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from L. S. T.—Paul Reese—Arthur Gride—Rex Ford—S. R. T.—Maggie T. Turrill—"Johnny Duck," Highland Mills.—Kina—Hattie, Clara, and Mamma—"Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William"—Charles H. Kyte—Hugh and Cis—Francis W. Islip—Nicoll and Mary Ludlow—Madeleine Vultee.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from Maggie L. and Addie S., 1—Russell K. Miller, 5—Navajo, 6—Minnie G. Morse, 4—R. McKean Barry, 1—Pep and Maria, 10—Emma and Ada, 1—Ella S. Gould—Carrie Howard, 2—F. N. Betts, 2—"Bubber, Nannie, and B." 7—Roy Macfarland, 1—Jennie McBride, 1—H. D. A., 3—F. Sydemann, 1—A. Edward Bancroft, 3—Bessie A. Jackson, 3—Bertie, 2—"Yelbis," 1—Raphael A. Weed, 2—Birdie Alberger, 3—"Solon, Theseus, and Lycurgus," 4—Edith and Lawrence Butler, 3—Grace, Maud, and May, 3—Lulu F., 2—S. H. Rippey, 1—Imo and Grace, 10—R. H. and R. C. G., 2—Effie K. Talboys, 5—Katherine Smith, 2—Herbert Gaytes, 6—Hester Bruce, 3—Jennie and Birdie K., 4—Jennie Balch, 6—Alexandre and Freddie Laidlaw, 10—Sallie Viles, 7—H. Coale, 1—L. M. and E. D., 8—H. J. Dodd, 5—Sterne, 7—Mary E. Kaighn, 7—Ruth and Samuel Camp, 9—Elaine, 3—Emiline Danzel, 1—George Habenicht, 2—Hattie, Lillie, Ida, and Olive, 7—Marguerite Kyte, 1—Margaret and Muriel Grundy, 4—Arthur L. Mudge, 1—Ida and Edith Swanwick, 8—Eleanor and Maude Peart, 1—Georgia L. Gilmore, 5—"Captain Nemo," 11—Jessie A. Platt, 9—"Penn Forest," 9—Ed and Louis, 8—L. C. B., 3—Belle G. M., 9—George Lyman Waterhouse, 10—Edith Helen Moss, 1—Willie Sheraton, 3.

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