



AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CENTRAL PARK SHEEP.

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OLD SHEP AND THE CENTRAL PARK SHEEP.

BY FRANKLIN H. NORTH.

"YEA—IP! yea—ip!! yea—a—ip!!!" came in loud, hoarse tones across the Central Park playground, and the sheep anear and afar, startled from their browse, turned about and, with mouths grass-tufted, looked in the direction of the shepherd and then in that of his aide-de-camp, the dog, Shep, that is wont to bring them their orders. Even the young lambs playing "follow-my-leader" on the steep rocks to the south of the field, that have not yet come to look upon life seriously, paused in their gambols and craned their necks, as if to say: "Well, what's up now?" They soon learned.

"Hoo, Shep! Hoo!" shouted the shepherd to his dog, and before the last sounds had left his lips, the collie was flying across the grassy slope that separated him from the flock.

The message with which Shep was intrusted was something like this: "Close order all! Stand by to run for the fold! Storm coming!"

Now, the awkward, noisy boatswain of a big ship, charged with the same kind of order, would have almost split the ear with his shrill pipings and his still more boisterous bawling of "All hands on deck to shorten sail!" And the buglers of a squadron of cavalry, in delivering such a command as Shep bore, would have frightened every living thing within hearing, by their wild trumpetings to "Saddle horses!" "Mount horses!" and the like.

Shep has a much better way than these. He runs around and around the flock, repeating in a pleasant, low tone the orders to march that he

has received. The stranger who does not know anything about sheep and about the collie, or Scotch sheep-dog, would naturally enough look upon his barking as the ordinary meaningless jabbering of uneducated dogs. But if you should listen to Shep while he is repeating his orders to the flock, you would find that his barkings, though usually low-toned, are sometimes emphasized; that some are short and some long; and that each is expressive of a distinct idea when taken in conjunction with his look of annoyance as he runs after a stray sheep, and of satisfaction when, in answer to the nudge of his nose, the straggler turns toward the flock.

It is a language which the sheep may be said to understand almost perfectly, and the laggards, or possibly those hard of hearing, run up to him now and then, as if they had lost a word or two, and were anxious to gather the exact wording of the orders. For sheep, like girls and boys, and even their elders, have a curiosity to know just what is going on about them.

On the afternoon when they were being called in much earlier than usual, because of a threatened storm, it was evident that the sheep were somewhat puzzled, and that the collie was having not a little trouble with them.

Sheep, of course, don't carry watches, and therefore can not tell exactly what the hour is, but they have other means of knowing. The shepherd will tell you that his flock know it is time to go home when the afternoon sun sinks behind the

peaked roof of the fold; and as Shep, probably because he was not so instructed, did not explain the cause of the unusual orders, they could only conclude that they had really been out on the velvety, fragrant meadow the allotted time, or else that the machinery that worked that great golden orb which usually gilds the western sky at their bedtime, was not in good running order.

The shepherd knows that sheep must not be left out in the rain, as the water rots their hoofs, and always alert, he spies a coming storm with almost the same readiness as the mariner, though the latter has a barometer to aid him.

After the flock has traversed the entire extent of field, on its way homeward, it comes upon the public drive-way that separates the play-ground from the sheep-fold. It is here that the shepherd and his assistant, Shep, have the most trouble with the flock. Fast-driven horses almost run over the sheep, and children show a desire to catch the lambs.

But Shep is equal to the emergency, and, at every moment, seems to be just where he is most needed. Now he has stood his ground in the middle of the road and stopped a pair of high-stepping horses, and again he is flying down the bridle-path to turn homeward a frightened sheep.

All the attentions paid to Shep by strangers, at such times, are thrown away. Neither the seductive callings of the spectators nor the whistling and hooting of the boys have any effect. Shep keeps busily moving hither and thither, from one part of the flock to the other, infusing courage into the timid lambs, and pushing the wild ones with his nose when they show any inclination to stray.

In fine weather, the sheep usually go out on the meadow at half-past five o'clock in the morning and return to their fold at half-past six in the evening. Sometimes, as on Saturdays during May, for example, the meadow is given up to the boys and girls as a play-ground; and it is safe to say that the disappointment of the boys and girls when they arrive at the Park and find the red flag flying, is not a whit keener than that of the sheep when, on coming out into the yard of a morning, they discover that the stars and stripes are waving from the staff in the middle of their favorite feeding-ground. For this tells them that those curious animals that have only two legs instead of four, and wear all kinds of strange and many-colored clothing, are to be allowed to trample the young grass with unsparing feet, or to play at ball, which sport, in the estimation of a sheep, seems, no doubt, a meaningless and foolish mode of enjoying one's self on a beautiful, green meadow.

But sheep, too, have their games, or rather the lambs have; and among the grassy hillocks and

rocky bluffs on either side of the field there is rare sport for them.

The curiosity of the lambs sometimes leads them to approach children on the paths that border the green; but petting or playing with the lambs is now forbidden, because children and their nurses are inclined to offer them all kinds of cakes and even brown paper, india-rubber rattles, and sheestrings. And such articles of diet as those last named, though consumed by the goat with evident relish, have a serious and sometimes fatal effect upon the digestion of the lamb.

But, while visitors are not permitted to approach the flock, it is not long since an exception was made to this rule. A lad with paralyzed limbs used to be wheeled each bright day down the narrow path that skirts the favorite play-ground of the lambs at the south of the field, and from his high cushioned seat he would look wistfully at the white-fleeced lambs near by as though he would like to make their nearer acquaintance. At last, one day, some of the lambs, attracted by the sweet clover he held in his hand, cautiously approached and nibbled at the proffered grasses, which consisted of the common variety of clover, the white and the hare's-foot, a very delicious food for them. From that moment the boy and the lambs were firm friends; and, the kindly shepherd having given his consent, the poor little invalid visited the flock daily. Indeed, it happened ere long, that whenever noon came and the visitor did not appear, some of the lambs were wont to pause in their gambols and look eagerly up the winding, hilly path, as if disappointed that the little man with the fresh clovers was not in sight.

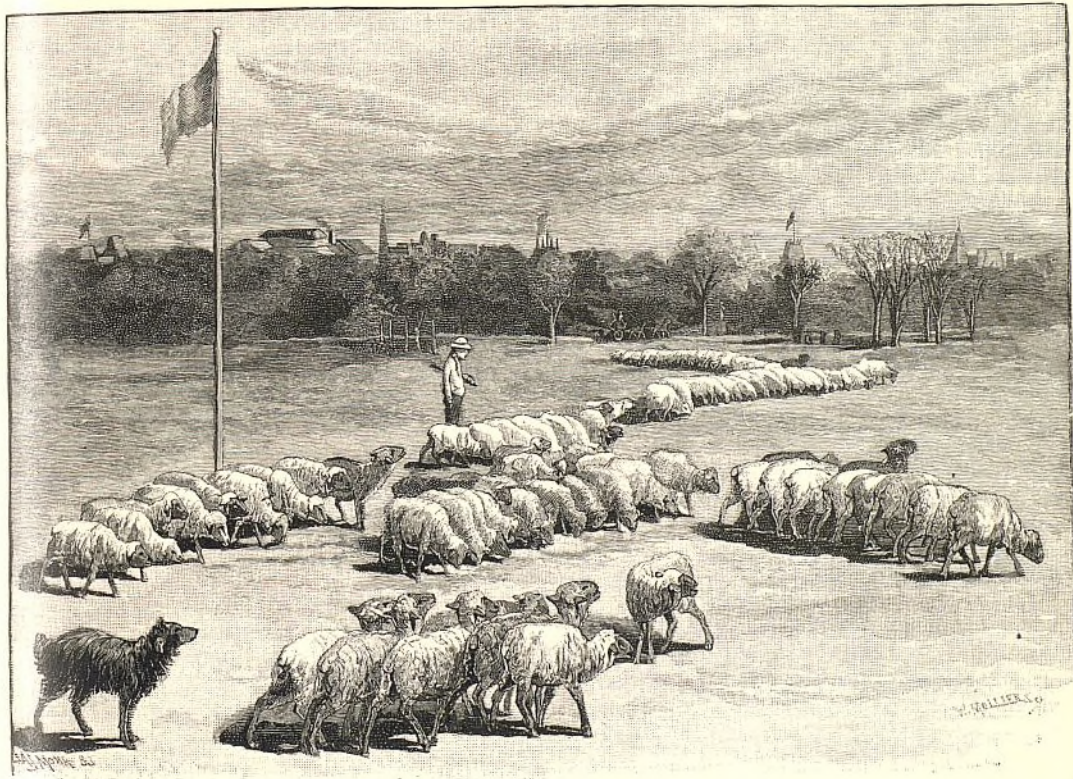
Those who saw him say that it was a pleasure to watch the lambs gather around him, peer into his face and even crowd the woman away from the back of the little three-wheeled carriage in their endeavors to pluck the fresh clover over his shoulder. But each day his face seemed to grow whiter and thinner, and his hands feebler; and one day in the autumn, when the foliage that overhung the path had become red and yellow, and brown and purple, and the soft southerly breeze had changed to coolish winds from the westward, the well-known tricycle did not appear. The bright sun reached the meridian and began to sink into the south-west, but the bearer of the clovers came not, and the lambs were forced to content themselves with the young grass clinging to the hillocks. A few days later, a sad-faced woman in a black gown appeared at the point in the path that had been frequented by the little invalid, and sat for hours upon a bench near by. It was the same woman who had come with the boy, and when the lambs discovered that she brought with her the same

grasses they were wont to receive, they ventured to approach and eat them out of her lap. But by and by came the bleak, chilling winds and the snow, and the woman appeared no more.

The sheep-fold stands upon an elevation facing the point where the western bridle-path touches the main road. It is a stone and brick building, having two wings, a connecting archway in the rear and a large yard in front. In this yard are several boxes, each containing a great chunk of rock-salt, and when the sheep return from their

land, and to be one of the purest and most unmixed breeds of sheep in Britain.

The building where the Central Park sheep are housed is not a model fold. It looks more like a fortress than a sheep-fold, and it seems to have been constructed under the misapprehension that sheep require all the conveniences of the human family. The fold is pierced with port-holes, like a block-house, or the gun-deck of a man-of-war. These holes, however, are now stopped up with cobble-stones, but before this was done



THE HOMEWARD MARCH TO THE FOLD.

feeding-ground, they push and crowd one another for good positions about these boxes, for they are very fond of salt. If you should look at the chunks of salt, you would see that they are honey-combed in every direction by the sheep's rough tongues.

The sheep wander about the yard till night-fall, and then straggle into the pens to sleep on the fresh straw provided for them by the shepherd.

The flock is composed entirely of Southdowns, a variety believed to be native to the Downs of Sussex, in England, and said by Mr. Henry Woods, of Merton, one of the best English authorities, to have existed before the conquest of Eng-

there were many mishaps; the lambs, in a spirit of investigation, often squeezed through the holes to see where they led, and fell into the depths below, a distance of eight or ten feet.

At either end of the fold, there are rooms with fine panels and furnished with oaken book-cases and tables. The intention of the builders was to make libraries of these rooms; but the sheep in the Park, though they do a great deal of thinking, and no doubt at times hold long conversations with one another, or with Shep, their guardian, don't care much for reading, and don't require any books. This fact, however, seems not to have become

apparent to the builders until after the library was completed, and these costly rooms have been used, not as reading-rooms, but for storing the wool that is clipped from the sheep.

Inside the fold, there are two parallel rows of pens, each having beneath it a diminutive row of the same shape. These pens are filled with hay in the indoor season,—when the ground is covered with snow,—the tall pens being for the sheep, the short ones for the lambs.

At one end of the fold, distant only a few feet from the sheep, lies the collie. Indeed, Shep would not be at ease away from the sheep, for, though eighteen years old, he has lived among them from his infancy. Like many another shepherd dog, Shep, when but a few weeks old, was put under the care of a ewe whose lambs had been taken from her to make room for him, and hence he doubtless feels himself a sort of kinsman of the flock. Even for a collie, Shep is unusually sagacious, and in many instances has shown an intelligence almost human.

A few years ago, Shep being even then an old dog, an attempt was made to supersede him with a younger dog of more acute hearing. So poor old Shep was led away; and, evidently divining what was going on, showed many signs of distress. He was given to a gentleman who owns a farm in Putnam County, New York—more than fifty miles distant from New York City. Arrived at the farm, Shep was wont to sit on the lawn before the house and look intently in the direction whence he had been brought. Neither the kindly words of his new master nor the marrowy bones plentifully bestowed upon him by his mistress, served to cheer up his faithful old heart or lessen his longing to be back with the flock he loved so well.

One day the Park Superintendent came up to the farm on a visit, and Shep's heart beat with delight; for he imagined, though wrongly, that it was for him that the visitor had come. His new master took the superintendent out into a field to see some fine cows, and Shep followed; but the cows became restive at the sight of the dog.

"Go home, Shep!" said his new master, turning sharply upon him. Shep, when he got this command, brightened up immediately. His eyes opened wide and his bushy tail, which had drooped ever since he took up his new quarters, rose high in the air and curled over his back with its wonted grace. He understood the words of the order perfectly; but he knew only one "home," and that was in the Central Park sheep-fold, and with an alacrity that did credit to his aged limbs, he bounded off in the direction where he knew it stood. He had come by way of a steam-boat that

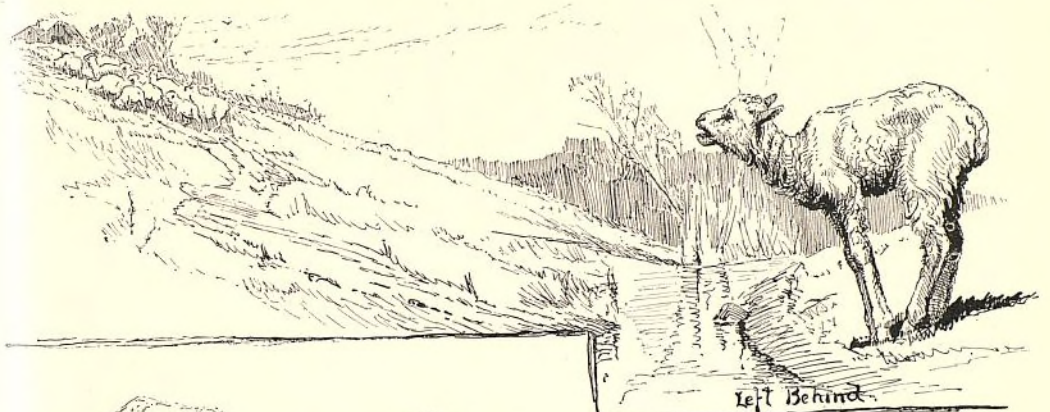
landed at Poughkeepsie, and with a sagacity that might be looked for in a human being, but could hardly be expected in the canine family, he found his way at once to the wharf. There, not being able to read the time-table posted upon the wharfshed, he sat down behind some barrels and waited patiently for the boat to come. But the boat started from the upper Hudson and did not call at Poughkeepsie until late in the afternoon. Shep seemed to know that it would come at last, however, and he improved the interval in taking a few quiet dozes under the shed.

When the boat arrived, almost the first passenger to get aboard was Shep; he made the embarkation in just three bounds, and forgetting all about buying a ticket, hid himself at once among some great cases of merchandise lying on the main deck, where he remained, composed and comfortable, during the journey. The shepherd, who told this story of his collie, did not say if, upon the arrival of the boat at New York, the captain demanded Shep's ticket. But, if he did, it is safe to say he did not get it, for Shep left Poughkeepsie with nothing but his shaggy hair on his back. The boat, in due time, reached the wharf at the foot of West Twenty-third Street, New York City; and, as may be imagined, Shep did not tarry on the way between the wharf and the Central Park. Long before his fellow-passengers had their luggage safely landed, Shep had reached the fold and was being hailed by the sheep with unmistakable evidences of delight. And from that day, the Park Superintendent, Mr. Conklin, a warm-hearted man, would not permit any one to remove the faithful collie from the fold.

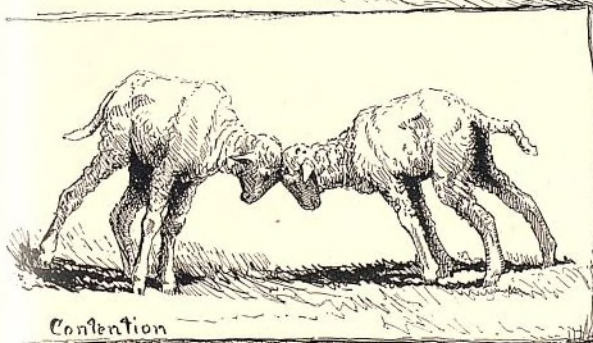
Shep, much to his disappointment, found another and a younger dog in his former position of protector of the flock, but he was at once appointed as instructor to the young dog, a position he yet holds and in which he is giving great satisfaction.

The younger collie is called Shep Junior, and, though a very intelligent dog and making good progress in the collie language, is given over much to frivolity, and has by no means yet secured the confidence of the sheep. They naturally regard him as not entirely worthy of their confidence; for on several occasions he has shown an inclination to take part in the play of the lambs, which puts an end to all sport at once, since he is both awkward and rough. And upon one occasion he intruded upon a game of "Follow-my-leader," and snapped savagely at a lamb who had jumped, out of its turn, from the rocky hillock that skirts the southerly end of the pasture.

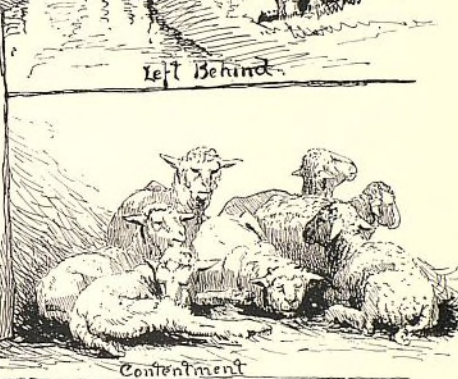
There is reason to believe that old Shep, who made a dash to the spot to rescue the lamb, scolded him soundly, for it is said that, after a



Left Behind.



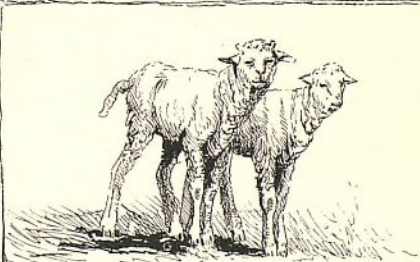
Contention



Contentment



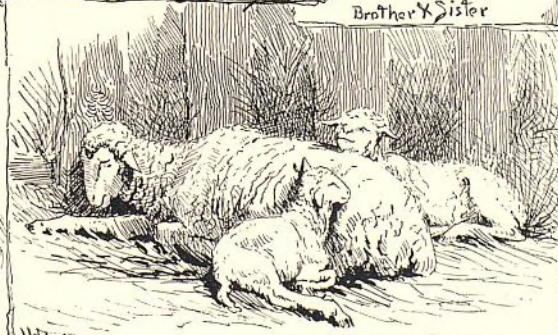
Security



Brother & Sister



"I Can Stand Alone."



Sweet Dreams.



"Ma-Ma-a!"

few vigorous barks from the old dog, young Shep crouched down and sneaked off the field in the direction of the fold, trailing his bushy tail in the dust behind him.

If you should visit the Park some fine morning, you might see young Shep taking his lessons. He is never whipped, not even when he does wrong or makes mistakes, because that breaks the spirit of a collie, as indeed of any other kind of dog, and a shepherd dog must of all things be brave. When he does n't carry out an order correctly, or in such a way that the sheep can understand him, old Shep is sent with the same order and Shep Junior is made to keep still and watch him until it is executed. His first lesson is simply to guard a hat or a coat or stick thrown upon the grass by the shepherd, and he is left out with it sometimes until late in the evening to show him the importance of fidelity, the very first essential in a shepherd dog. Next he is taught to gather the sheep, to take them to the right, then to the left. After this he is sent on the trail of a lost sheep, with instructions to bring it back slowly. The most important lesson, and one young Shep has not yet learned, is that of going among the flock and finding out if any of them are missing. This, as may be imagined, is by no means an easy task with

path on their way home, while he was busy in keeping troublesome boys away; will take his stand at the gate of the fold and touch each sheep with his fore-paw as it passes in. At such times he has the air of a farmer counting his cattle as they come home at night, and he wears an expression as if his mind were occupied with an intricate sum in addition. Whether he is really counting the sheep or not can not be said positively; but he has been known, after noting each sheep as it passed, to rush off up the bridle-path and return with a straggler. This does much to prove that the shepherd's assertion that old Shep can count the sheep is possibly not far from the truth. And Mr. Conklin, the Park Superintendent, an authority on sheep and sheep-dogs, says that every well-trained collie knows by sight the individual members of his flock, and, by going among them, can tell if any are missing. In the annual sheep-trials in England, he has seen a collie, he says, successfully carry out an order to select *three* sheep from the flock, and conduct them safely along a dangerous and winding path.

One morning Shep, having safely conveyed the flock to the end of the green, and made sure that no vagrant dogs were about, returned for his younger namesake, whose school-hours were about to begin.



"YOU MUST GO BACK."

a flock of eighty-two ewes and sixty-nine lambs. But old Shep can do it, for he knows every member of the flock, though to the ordinary observer they all look almost exactly alike. Indeed old Shep can, if his master the shepherd is not mistaken, perform a feat more wonderful than this. The shepherd says that Shep, when uncertain whether some of the flock have not strayed up the bridle-

While trotting leisurely back with his charge, he heard the shepherd calling loudly for him, and soon made the startling discovery that the sheep were nowhere to be seen. A wild dash brought him to his master's side. He looked up into the shepherd's face, cocked his head on one side, assumed an expression of apprehension, and gave three sharp, short barks and two long ones, fol-

lowed by a low wail. Translated into our language, this meant: "I say, old man, where are the sheep?" At the same time Shep's tail, which, under ordinary circumstances, curls gayly upward in a semi-circle, fell about ten points, which indicated a lack of confidence in the shepherd and a general depression in his own spirits. For Shep's tail is an infalli-

heavy, and as an ornament it was by no means attractive. He barked and growled savagely and tried to shake Shep off, but it was no use. The more he shook himself, the more firmly Shep's sharp teeth buried themselves in his ear, and when he was beginning to howl with pain, the shepherd came up and with his great oaken staff



A GAME OF "FOLLOW-MY-LEADER."

ble index of the condition of his spirits, just as the rising and falling of a column of mercury in the thermometer indicates the temperature of the air.

The only response Shep got was: "They're a' awa!"

No sooner did he hear this than he was bounding over the grassy undulations to the northward, for he knew that the sheep, when chased by vagrant animals, generally make for the steep declivity that lies northward and eastward of the play-ground. Shep was right in his conclusion that his wards had fled thither. Perched all over the sharp, steep rocks and boulders were the sheep. But it was not a lion, or a tiger, or a wolf that was awkwardly stumbling over the rocks with blood-stained fangs, but a great shaggy butcher's dog. In an instant Shep took in the situation. With three springs he was close up to the marauder, and at the end of the fourth the powerful freebooter found himself possessed of what seemed to be a permanent appendage to his left ear that was far from comfortable. As an ear-ring it was too

gave him a good beating before Shep got the word to let the prisoner go.

Young Shep, like old Shep, is a pure-blooded collie, and bore away the honors in his class at the last bench show of dogs in New York. He is short of nose, bright and mild of eye, and looks very sagacious. His body is heavily covered with long and woolly hair, which stands out boldly in a thick mass and forms a most effectual screen against the heat of the blazing sun or the cold, sleety blasts of the winter's winds. The tail is very bushy and curves upward toward the end. The color of the hair is almost black, sprinkled with tan, and there is a white spot on the throat. Were it not for this white spot, he could not be called a pure-blooded collie.

Young Shep is certainly an apt pupil, as you may see if you visit the fold when he is taking his lessons. He is very intelligent, and though, as already said, he has not yet mastered the only language the sheep understand, he spends much of his time in thinking.

Sheep dogs, like old Shep and young Shep, rarely get bones, and, consequently, when they do have the good fortune to receive such a delicacy, they are inclined to take very good care of it.

Young Shep, when he had picked the bone to



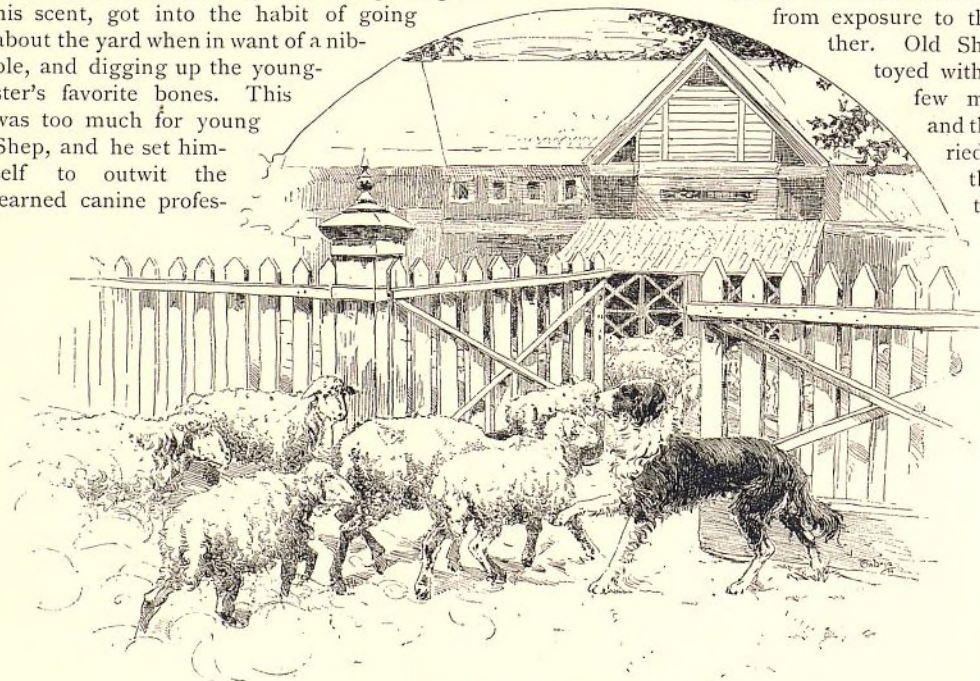
PORTRAIT OF OLD SHEP.—DRAWN FROM LIFE.

his complete satisfaction for the time, used to dig a hole in the yard, and put the bone in it, thus making provision in time of plenty for a possible famine in the future. Seeing this, old Shep, who, if he is losing his hearing, is by no means parting with his scent, got into the habit of going about the yard when in want of a nibble, and digging up the youngster's favorite bones. This was too much for young Shep, and he set himself to outwit the learned canine profes-

sor. Being given an unusually delicious and delicate chicken-bone one day, just after his dinner, he looked around for a safe depository until his appetite should return and he could enjoy the feast to his heart's content. As said before, young Shep is a thinking dog, and it did not take him long to hit upon a plan by which the voracious appetite of his revered instructor might be foiled—at least in so far as the appropriation of his junior's property was concerned.

He first dug an unusually deep pit, scratching away with his fore-paws for a long time. In the bottom of the deep hole he carefully buried the juicy chicken-bone, covering it with a good supply of fresh clay. The hole was now only half full, and young Shep was seen searching the yard from end to end. Finally he found what he sought! It was an old bone that had been picked clean and even the edges of which had been nibbled off. This he carried over to the newly made hole, into which he dropped it, covering it in turn with a bountiful supply of clay.

The next day old Shep bethought him that he would like a good bone to nibble. So he searched about the yard. The newly turned earth assured him that a bone was below, and his nose affirmed it. He went to work with a will, and his labors were soon rewarded by the sight of a bone. But such a bone! No meat adhered to its sides, and it was almost white in some places from exposure to the weather. Old Shep just toyed with it for a few moments and then carried it to the farther end



OLD SHEP COUNTING THE SHEEP.

of the yard, where he dropped it. Meantime, young Shep had come to the door of the fold and had seen what was going on with ill-concealed anxiety. No

the yard, where he dropped it. Meantime, young Shep had come to the door of the fold and had seen what was going on with ill-concealed anxiety. No

sooner had old Shep retired from the vicinity of the hole, however, than the younger dog was there, digging with all his might; and a few minutes later Old Shep, at the other end of the yard, saw him extract from the same hole where he himself had been digging, a fine juicy chicken-bone, that almost made his mouth water.

Now that young Shep's studies are nearly completed, old Shep is kept much of the time chained up in the dark recesses of the fold, and it is indeed a pitiable sight to see the noble old fellow as he sits with watery eyes and looks up wistfully in the shepherd's face in hopes he will relent and let him go out once more with the sheep and watch them as they clip the sprouting herbage on the neighboring hill-sides. But the fact is, old Shep is very

deaf, and all his faculties are waning, for he is eighteen years of age.

"'E's studied o'er mickle," says the shepherd. "'E's a'most wore out 'is mind, an' nocht will do 'im now but to wa' till it's a' over an' 'e's na moor."

That 's it. The faithful old collie has done his work and done it well, and he must now step aside.

"He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke;
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gaucy tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl."*

This is Burns's description of the mountain collie in the "Twa Dogs," and a faithful picture also of old Shep, of the Central Park sheep-fold.

* *Gash*, shrewd; *tyke*, dog; *lap*, leaped; *sheugh*, ditch; *sonsie*, good-natured; *baws'nt*, brindled; *ilka*, every; *touzie*, shaggy; *gaucy*, big; *hurdies*, hips.

SWEET PEAS.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

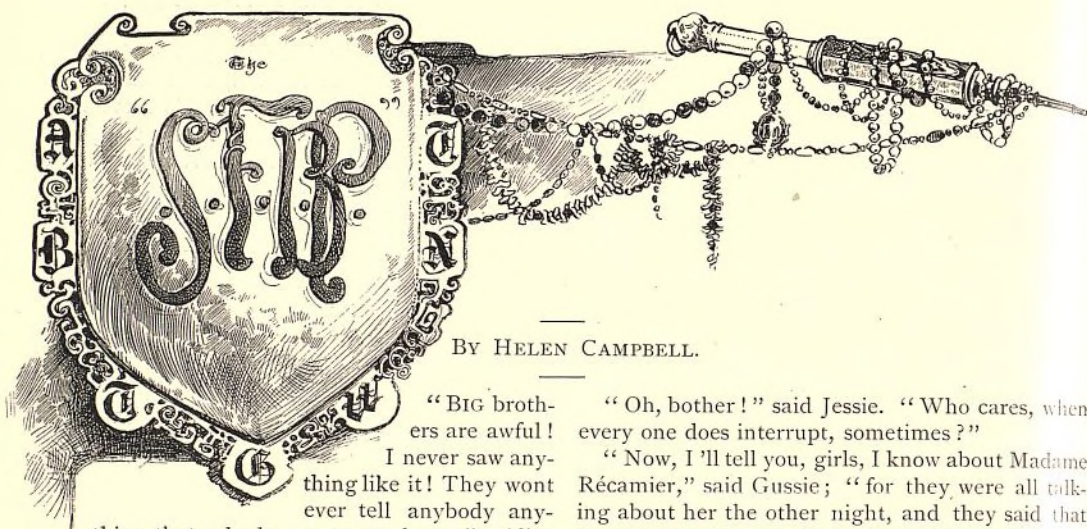
OH, what is the use of such pretty wings
If one never, never can fly? —
Pink and fine as the clouds that shine
In the delicate morning sky,
With a perfume sweet as the lilies keep
Down in their vases so white and deep.

The brown bees go humming aloft;
The humming-bird soars away;
The butterfly blows like the leaf of a rose,
Off, off in the sunshine gay;
While you peep over the garden wall,
Looking so wistfully after them all.

Are you tired of the company
Of the balsams so dull and proud?
Of the coxcombs bold and the marigold,
And the spider-wort wrapped in a cloud?
Have you not plenty of sunshine and dew,
And crowds of gay gossips to visit you?

How you flutter, and reach, and climb!
How eager your wee faces are!
Aye turned to the light till the blind old night
Is led to the world by a star.
Well, it surely is hard to feel one's wings,
And still be prisoned like wingless things.

"Tweet, tweet," then says Parson Thrush,
Who is preaching up in a tree;
"Though you never may fly while the world goes by,
Take heart, little flowers," says he;
"For often, I know, to the souls that aspire
Comes something better than their desire!"



BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

"BIG brothers are awful! I never saw anything like it! They won't ever tell anybody anything that a body wants to know," Alice groaned, looking up at her big brother, a handsome boy of fifteen.

"Professor Knox thought so this morning, Alice. He agreed with you entirely. I stuck on the asses' bridge and could n't get off."

"I don't care about the bridge. I want to know about that pin, and you won't tell. You could, if you chose, I know."

"Not if I'm to remain a gentleman, Ally. I am pledged to secrecy, and honorable people don't break promises."

"Pledged to secrecy!" Alice repeated, as George walked away in a stately manner. "I like the sound of that. I don't see why I could n't be pledged to something, too. I don't see why we girls should n't keep things, too. George loves to say that we tell everything. I don't."

Alice set her pretty lips firmly, as she walked toward school. Just before her were two or three others, belonging to the same class, talking very rapidly and gesticulating with books and sandwich-boxes.

"People will think you're impolite, girls, to be talking so loud in the street," she said, as they waited for her to come up.

"I don't intend to trouble myself much about manners yet awhile," returned Jessie Kimball, sending her box into the air and catching it as it fell. "Time enough to be prim, by and by."

"I should think you did n't," Gussie Sanborn's quiet little voice broke in. "I can't get a word in edgewise. I've been trying to tell you about Charley Camp and how he fell into the bath-tub, ever since we started, and it's no use at all. There ought to be a law that people should n't interrupt."

"Oh, bother!" said Jessie. "Who cares, when every one does interrupt, sometimes?"

"Now, I'll tell you, girls, I know about Madame Récamier," said Gussie; "for they were all talking about her the other night, and they said that though she was one of the best talkers that ever lived, she was just as good a listener; and then Father said that to listen well was one of the lost arts. Mr. Strousby said it was an American vice for all to talk at once, and he doubted if any one of us who were then conversing had heard what any one of the others had said during the five minutes before. He said ministers were the only persons who had a fair chance now-a-days."

"There was one good listener there, anyhow," said Alice, "and her name was Gussie Sanborn. Now, girls, I have a plan. I think we are often rude and impolite, and I've thought of a way to stop it. There is n't time to tell you now, but please all come up into the north recitation room at recess; and I tell you what, I think it will be real fun,—for every one of us!"

"Every one" included seven little girls, who, when the bell was touched for recess, rushed up the stairs and shut the door of the recitation room with a bang. Alice looked about dubiously, not feeling quite sure of her ground.

"It's something more than just about being polite," she said. "It's something you're not to tell, and you must all promise you'll not tell, before I begin. Anyhow, we must n't tell anybody but our mothers, and I'm not positively certain yet about them, unless they promise not to tell anybody else. Now, who promises?"

"All of us," said Jessie Kimball, speaking for the seven. "Don't we, girls?"

"Yes," came from each one, and Alice went on.

"Well, I have it all planned in my mind. It's a secret society, like George's, you know,—to be called the 'Society For Being Polite'—the 'S. F. B. P.'—with a president and everything. We'll draw lots for the first president, and after that elect

in this way: You know our beads, that we're making purses with? Well, we'll make strings of the very lightest ones, all white or blue or yellow, and every girl that is impolite shall have a black bead added to hers. The president will have to string the beads, and keep count of all the different errors; and the one that has fewest black beads at the end of the week shall be the president for the next week. We must take account of all kinds of impoliteness: Interrupting; and talking too loud; and banging doors; and crowding; and putting on airs; and eating our lunches too fast,—and everything. But I don't think the president could stand it for more than a week, having to watch all the time, you know."

"You'll have to be the first president," said Jessie, "because you know all about it; but how will you remember all the times we are impolite?"

"Put 'em down," said Alice, briskly. "The president must have a little blank-book with all the names, and every Saturday she must foot up the accounts, and get the strings ready. We take them off Friday before we go home, and put them on again Monday, and we must all help pay for the beads."

"Oh, won't it be fine?" said Jessie. "When shall we begin?"

"To-day is Tuesday," said Alice, reflectively. "It's better to begin right away, if you've really made up your mind to do a thing. I have a book, and we can put down the impolitenesses for the next four days, and make the first strings Saturday."

"But we must have a constitution and by-laws," said Gussie; "secret societies, and other kinds, always do."

"I think we hardly need them," said Alice. "Anyhow, if we do, we can get them up afterward. Now, remember you all have promised not to tell a —"

"Certain true, black and blue,
Hope to choke if ever I do,"

chanted Jessie, loudly.

"One for you," said Alice, drawing out her book.

"We have n't begun! we have n't begun!" said Jessie, pulling away her pencil. "I shall go crazy, I know I shall, if I must think of every word I say! Besides, you're not president yet."

"Yes, she is," said Gussie. "We all agreed, and now we've begun. I knew you'd be the first to get a black bead!"

"One for you," said Alice, turning to Gussie. "That's a taunt."

Each little girl looked at the others in consternation.

"We'll have to watch every word we say!" exclaimed Marion Lawrence. "I never can do it;

and yet we've all promised. I'm afraid my string will be all black."

"Now," said Alice, as the bell rang again, "I shall not tell any of you about the others' black beads until Monday, and I shall put down all my own rudenesses too, and if I don't, any one can tell me of them. We are the 'S. F. B. P.,' and DON'T YOU TELL!"

As the week went on Miss Christie wondered equally at the startling increase of good manners, and at the air of importance and mystery which surrounded each little girl. She wondered more on Monday morning, when the seven appeared half an hour before the usual time and gathered in a recitation room, which she was politely requested to yield to them until the bell rang. Alice locked the door, and then drew a long breath.

"I'm thankful it's Monday," she said. "Oh, such a week! I have n't had a minute's peace, watching you all, and George saw me stringing the beads and asked what they were for, and I told him they had something to do with the 'S. F. B. P.,' and now he won't let me alone at all, and is trying constantly to make me tell. Here are the seven strings in this box. Gussie, you have only four black beads. I have seven, and Rose eight, and Marion six, and Mary and Annie Robins each five. Look at Jessie's!"

Alice held up a string, an inch or two of which was in deepest mourning.

"Twenty-seven, Jessie!" she said.

"I don't believe it! Show me the book!" sputtered Jessie. "Twenty-seven times from Tuesday to Friday afternoon? It's no such thing, —so, now!"

"One for contradicting," said Alice. "Gussie has the fewest black beads, so she's the next president, and she can put it down. Here's the book. Has any one told?"

"I have n't," came from every one, with the greatest promptness.

"That's right. Girls *can* keep things secret, even if boys think they can't. This society will teach us to hold our tongues, and not tell all we know. George is determined to find out, and so is Fred Camp, and you must take care or they will. It's very hard work not to tell things."

All the older girls opened their eyes wide as the seven answered the school-bell. During the week each one had worked the four letters on cardboard, and now appeared with a string of part-colored beads about her neck, and "S. F. B. P." in large letters just over her heart. Miss Christie smiled, but said nothing. As the week went on, Miss Brown, the assistant teacher, said that this nonsense going on among the little ones had better

be stopped, as it distracted their attention; but Miss Christie only answered that it did not seem to her to be doing any harm, and if it proved harmful she would attend to it.

George, in the meantime, had used every art known to the mind of boy to find out the meaning of the mysterious letters. Jessie and he were firm friends, and he felt sure that a little judicious teasing would give him every detail, and was profoundly astonished that it did not. Fred Camp

day, when Jessie and Alice were locked in their room, and George with Fred Camp and Will Ashton were looking out sulkily and wondering what they had better do, Satan, seeing six "idle hands," at once found mischief for them to do.

"They have n't any business to have secrets," said George. "It's different with us, of course. We're old enough to know what we're about. I don't believe it's anything good, else they would n't be so mum about it."



"ALICE'S HEAD FELL BACK UPON GEORGE'S ARM AS HE LIFTED HER."

pleaded with his cousin Gussie, shocked her by insisting that the letters meant "Society for Buying Pies," and returned each day to the charge with never-diminished energy. Bribes, threats, entreaties, all were useless. The boys grew cross over their want of success, and one rainy Satur-

"I'd *make* 'em tell, if they belonged to me," said Will Ashton, a heavy-looking boy with disagreeable eyes. "I'd listen and find out that way, or else I'd plague them, till they were afraid not to tell. You can almost always scare a girl."

"Let's get into their room," said Fred. "We

can drop through the transom, you know, over the door in the back hall. Take the step-ladder and back right in. Keep quiet now, and we'll astonish them."

Alice and Jessie sat at their table altering strings of beads. Jessie had labored through a week of the presidency, nearly exposing the whole thing by her impetuous ways, and writing herself down oftener than any one. There was a decided improvement, however, and she held up her own string admiringly. Long ago she had bought some fat black beads, determined to get some fun out of her iniquities, and now she held them out to Alice.

"Only eleven this week," she said. "I have thick black ones for pushing, and long ones for screaming, and these flat ones for interrupting, and I do believe I'm getting a great deal better."

Here came a rattling against the door, and then a silence.

"Go away," said Alice. "You can't come in now. We're busy.—My goodness!"

A pair of legs came through the ventilator, waved wildly for a moment, and then Fred dropped to the floor, followed by George and Will, who made low bows as they gazed upon the astonished girls.

"You're mean, horrid things to come where you're not wanted," said Jessie, pushing her book under the table-cover. "Gentlemen don't do such things. My father would n't."

"Good reason why! he could n't. He'd stick on the way and wave there all day," sang Fred. "Thank you, Miss Jessie; you did n't poke it so far under but that I can get it. • Now we'll see—*Alice Benedict*: Bragging, 1; Interrupting, 2; Contradicting, 1. *Gussie Sanborn*: Airs, 1; Sulks, 1. *Jessie Kimball*: Pushing, 4."

"Fred Camp, you mean boy! put it down!" cried Jessie, growing very red, and making dashes after the book, which Fred held high over his head.

"Look here, Jessie," said Fred, when after a long chase about the room she and Alice sank down panting. "It's no use now. We have the book, and we're going to keep it, too, unless you will tell what it all means. We'll have the beads too, and any other little thing we like."

"I'll tell Mother," said Alice, making a dash toward the door.

"Easy, now," said George, holding her back. "Mother won't be back till three, for she's up at Aunt Myra's. You may scream to Hannah or Mary if you like, but I guess I can manage them. You sha'n't come down to lunch, if you don't tell."

"I can call fast enough," said Alice.

"Call away," said Will; "We'll give you three chances to tell, and then if you want we'll put you in the trunk-room and keep you there,

anyhow till your mother comes. She can't scold me nor Fred. Now, will you tell?"

"Never!" said Jessie, furiously, and "Never!" repeated Alice.

"Once! Now, again! Will you tell or wont you?"

Will caught Jessie's hands and held them tight.

"No," she said again, trying to pull away. "You're a tyrant! You're a coward! You're as bad as Fred!"

"Twice. Never mind little pet names. Now, the last time. Will you tell?"

Alice looked at Jessie, but both were silent.

"Into the trunk-room with them!" Will shouted, picking up Jessie as though she had been a baby. George unlocked the door, and he and Fred pulled along the struggling Alice, who, as they reached the hall, made a sudden dash for the stairs. Fred sprang forward, and accidentally slipped upon the floor in front of her, and Alice, unable to stop, tripped over his foot, and fell down the stairs, catching at the banisters, and lying at last in a little heap at the bottom. Will dropped Jessie, who flew at him like a little tiger, and then rushed down after George. Alice's head fell back upon George's arm as he lifted her.

"She's dead," he said, looking up with a pale face. "She's dead, and we have killed her!"

Will looked at her a moment, then snatched his cap and ran out at the front door, saying, "I did n't do it, anyhow."

The two servants had come as the sound of the fall reached them, and with a storm of words at the two boys, they carried Alice to her room and laid her on the bed. Fred ran for a doctor, and George for his mother, while poor Jessie sat by and cried.

"She's dead! she's dead. Oh, wurra! wurra!" moaned Mary.

"Niver a bit," said Hannah, who had been chafing Alice's hands and moistening her head, which was badly bruised. "See, now; the darlint is comin' to herself."

Alice opened her eyes, feebly at first, then brightly as usual, and sat up.

"I thought I was dead," she said, "but I'm only stiff a little. I did n't tell, did I?"

"No, you did n't, you darling!" said Jessie, flinging her arms around her. "I was just going to though for a minute, when that awful Will got hold of me. I never thought George and Fred were such horrid boys."

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Benedict came in pale and quiet, not knowing what she might find, while George, utterly miserable, followed her, hardly daring to look up, Alice threw her arms about her

mother's neck and held tight, till forced in spite of herself to look at the astonishing sight of George actually crying and telling her how glad he was that she had not been killed.

"I'll never bully a girl again as long as I live. I don't care whether you ever tell or not," he said abjectly. "You're pluckier than any boy I know."

Mrs. Benedict, as she listened to the story of the day, decided that it held its own lesson, and she need say nothing. The doctor, when he came, assured them no harm had been done so far as he could discover, but he advised quiet for the rest of the day, which Alice spent lying in state, and waited upon by George with the greatest deference.

When the "S. F. B. P." again met, Alice, as she gave out the strings for the week and complimented the society on the small number of black beads, opened a little box George had put into her hand as she left the house. In it was a gold pin, shield-shaped, bearing the letters "S. F. B. P.,"

and around it, in the smallest of German text, the letters "A. B. T. G. W. N. T."

"He has all the alphabet there anyway," said Jessie Kimball. "What does it all mean?"

"Alice Benedict, the Girl who Never Tells," said Alice, half laughing, half proudly. "George and Fred spent their own money for it to pay for tumbling me down-stairs; and he said last night, if we all kept our promises so well, why we would n't be like most girls, that's all."

All this was twenty-five years ago. Long ago the society held its last meeting. Of the seven only five remain, and Alice is Alice Benedict no longer. If Alice, Junior, had not pulled out the little pin from a dark corner of her mother's desk the other day, and having heard all about it, told the whole story to her pet Uncle George that evening after dinner, you would never have known, any more than he, the full meaning of the mysterious letters S. F. B. P.

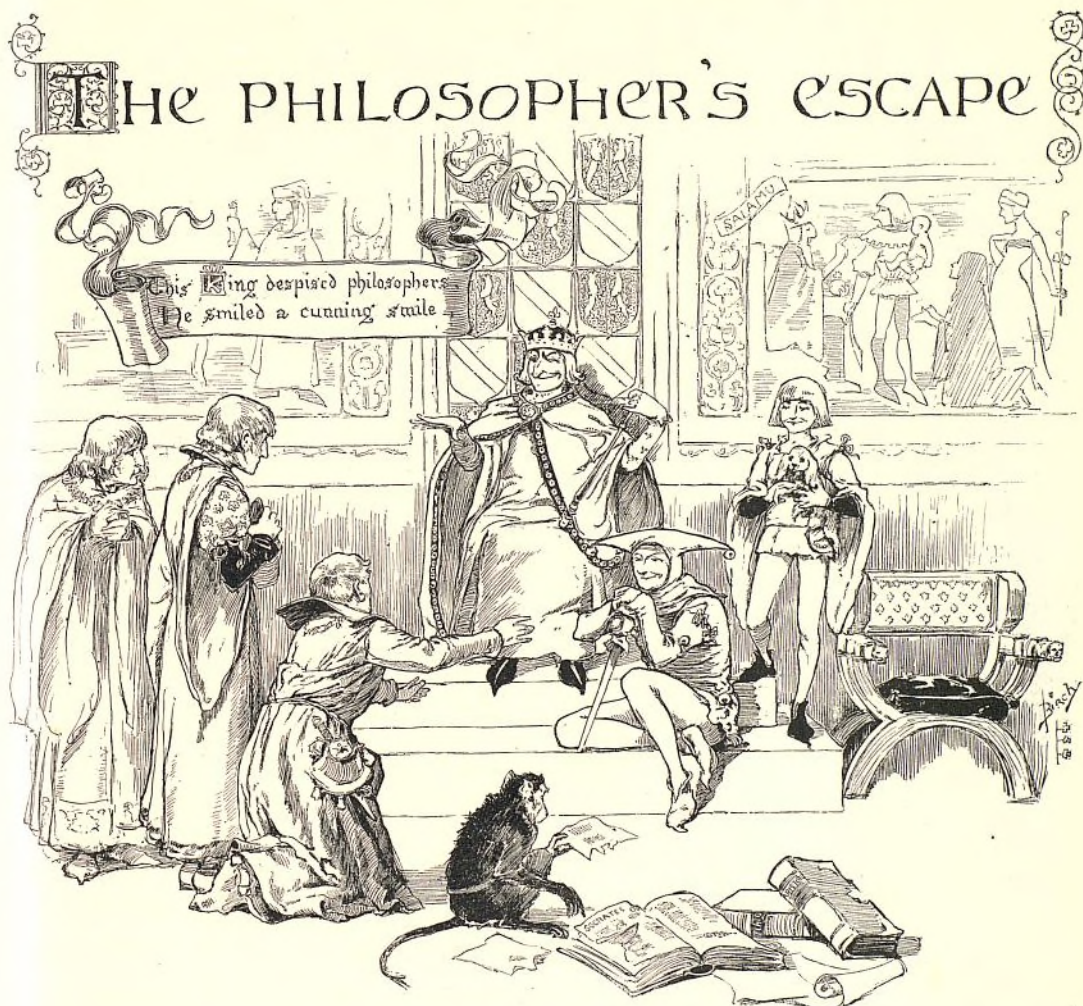
THE GRASSHOPPER.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

HE jumps so high in sun and shade,
I stop to see him pass,—
A gymnast of the glen and glade,
Whose circus is the grass!
The sand is 'round him like a ring,—
He has no wish to halt,—
I see the supple fellow spring
To make a somersault!

Though he is volatile and fast,
His feet are slim as pegs.
How can his reckless motions last
Upon such slender legs?
Below him lazy beetles creep;
He gyrates 'round and 'round,—
One moment vaulting in a leap,
The next upon the ground!

He hops amid the fallen twigs
So agile in his glee,
I 'm sure he 's danced a hundred jigs
With no one near to see!
He tumbles up, he tumbles down!
And from his motley hue,
'T is clear he is an insect clown
Beneath a tent of blue!



BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

ONCE there lived a wise philosopher (so runs an ancient rhyme),
Who was prisoned in a dungeon, although guilty of no crime;
And he bore it with a patience that might well be called sublime.

For the cruel king who put him there had made a stern decree:—
"Imprisoned in this dungeon the philosopher shall be,
'Till he find out by his own wise brains the means to make him free."

This king despised philosophers; he smiled a cunning smile,
When his people said: "Your Majesty, the sage is free from guile;
And consider, sir, the poor old soul has been there—such a while!"

"Then let him find the way to leave," sternly the king replied.—
Full seven weary weeks had passed; the sage still sat and sighed,
And pondered how to break his bonds,—but long and vainly tried.

He had no money and no tools; he racked his learned brain
To solve the dreary problem—how his liberty to gain.
He wept, and wrung his useless hands;—but groaned and wept in vain.

VOL. XI.—49.



One morn, as he sat
scheming for the free-
dom that he sought,
A plow-boy passed the
window, with a cheery
whistle, caught
From happy heart. The
lively sound disturbed
the wise man's thought.

The peasant stopped his
merry tune, and peered
within to see
Who the creature that
inhabited that gloomy
place might be.

"—Easy 't is," quoth the
philosopher, "to sing
when one is free."

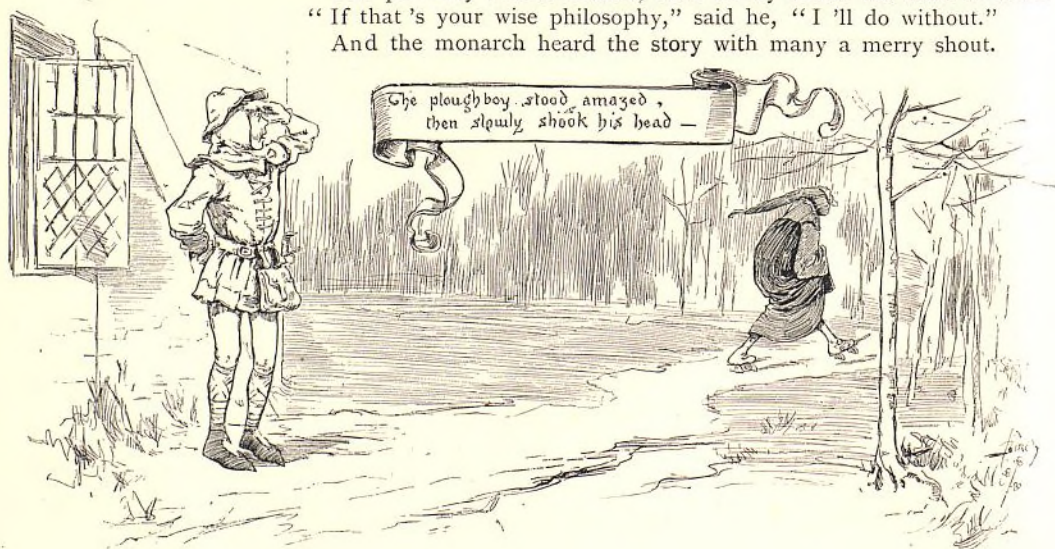
"But why do you sit moan-
ing there?" the merry
peasant cried.

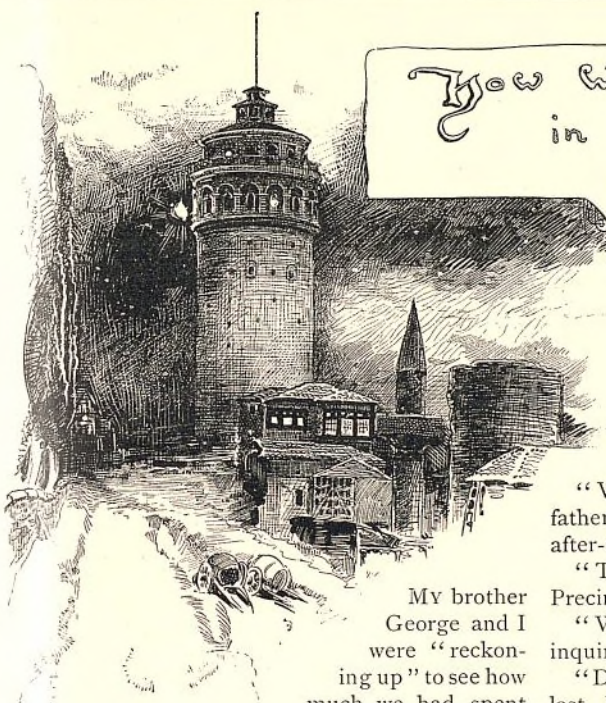
"My prison door is locked
and barred," the
mournful sage replied;

"Who has no money,
tools, nor friends for-
ever here may bide!"

"But if the door is locked and barred," the stupid boy still cried,
"The window opens outward, and the window opens wide!"
The wise man started,—paused,—and then with dignity he eyed
The foolish clown. "My boy," said he, "a notion so absurd,
So plain and simple, *could* not to *me* have e'er occurred;
But"—(Here he leaped the window without another word).

The plow-boy stared amazed, then slowly shook his head in doubt.
"If that's your wise philosophy," said he, "I'll do without."
And the monarch heard the story with many a merry shout.





ONE OF THE FIRE-TOWERS OF CONSTANTINOPLÉ.

You We Were Burnt out in Constantinople.

BY
OSCAN YAN.

where it is," and he listened eagerly, with his finger on his lip. In a moment there was another report. "That's two," said he, and waited for more. After counting six reports, Artyn exclaimed with surprise, "Why! that means Pera, or its neighborhood."

"What makes you think so?" inquired our father, who was sitting on the sofa, enjoying his after-dinner rest.

"The number of guns, sir. This is the Sixth Precinct," was the answer.

"Where are those guns fired?" was the next inquiry.

"Do you remember, sir, where I took you last Friday afternoon, half-way up the Bosphorus?"

"Certainly."

"Well, sir, you must have noticed the high hill on our right as we landed. It is called Kennan-Tépé. As it commands an extensive view of the Bosphorus, some guns are placed there, and a watch is posted to note the first appearance of fire in any part of the city, and to announce it by firing the cannon."

"How do they find out that there is a fire in Pera, when they are so far off?"

"Perhaps they have telegraphic communication," observed our mother, who had come in and was examining the articles we had purchased.

"Yes, madam," rejoined Artyn, "but it is not by wires. There are two towers devoted to that purpose. One in the city itself, called the Ser-Asker's tower, on account of its being near the war department, and the other the Galata tower, on the northern shore of the Golden Horn, which we pass almost every day in going to the city. You have not visited either of them yet. When you do, you will find that the view from each of these towers is very extensive. There are watchers stationed at each tower, who are constantly on the lookout, and the moment they discover the first sign of a fire they put out a signal, calling Kennan-Tépé's attention to it. If you will please to come up with me to the top of the house, I will show you how the thing is done."

But at that moment Artyn's explanation was

My brother George and I were "reckoning up" to see how much we had spent during the day in the grand bazaars of Stamboul,*

when Artyn, our guide, entered our parlor with the bundles containing our "bargains."

Our father had arranged for us to spend the summer months in that delightful climate, and had engaged quarters at the Hotel Luxemburg, kept by a Frenchman, on the European plan. It was situated on the main street and in the central part of Pera.

Pera is one of the suburbs of Constantinople, on the north side of the Golden Horn, occupying the entire ridge, and is mainly inhabited by Europeans. Here all the embassies and the legations of foreign powers are situated, as well as many hotels, theaters, and fancy stores; so that the main street of Pera has quite the air of a street in a European city.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when Artyn entered the room, and we immediately opened our parcels and examined them, each selecting his own property. There were small embroideries, tiny slippers, table and chair covers, pipes with amber mouth-pieces, tiny coffee cups, with filigree silver holders, fragrant attar of roses, little rugs, and many other similar articles intended for presents to our friends.

In the midst of our pleasant examination we suddenly heard the loud boom of a cannon, which, in the stillness of the hour, sounded so loud that it greatly startled us.

"Ah! a fire!" exclaimed Artyn. "Let us see

* The Turkish name for Constantinople.

suddenly interrupted by a long and dismal yell in the street.

"There!" exclaimed he, "that's the *neovbetjee*, one of the watch from the Galata tower, who is dispatched to announce the fire to the different guard-houses where the fire-engines are kept."

We all rushed to the windows to have a look at him. He was a young man wearing short, loose trousers of white cotton cloth. His legs were bare below the knees; he wore Turkish red pointed shoes on his feet, without stockings,—a loose jacket of brown felt over a white cotton shirt, and his head was covered with a metallic bowl, which shone brightly. A leather belt encircled his waist, and was clasped with a large brass buckle in front. He carried a short spear in his right hand to defend himself, Artyn said, from the dogs which abound in the streets. But these animals, I noticed, kept carefully out of the way as soon as they heard him coming. His yell was to warn the people to make way for him and inform those at the guard-house of his approach, just as stage-drivers in America used to sound the horn when approaching a village, or as a railroad locomotive whistles when nearing a station. It served also to give due notice to the guards to be ready to hear from him the exact locality of the fire, so as to start their engine with promptness.

This man was soon followed by another dressed like one of the common porters who brought our trunks from the custom-house to the hotel. Indeed, these poor fellows, Artyn informed us, after working hard all day, serve also on the night-watch for fires. He carried, in one hand, a long lantern, four-cornered and covered with parchment, and in the other, a heavy club, shod with iron. He stopped before our window and gave three thumps on the stones, and cried out in a melancholy tone, "*Yangun-Var*," ("Fire! fire! at—!") Immediately everybody who heard ran out of their houses, and the quiet street began to be crowded.

"Let us go upon the roof," said George. So we all hastened up, and there, the night being clear, we had a fine panoramic view of the city. We saw both the towers, each of which had put out a large globular red lantern, suspended from a long pole, which extended from one of the windows in the direction of the fire. We had a good view of the fire, too, which was not far off.

"Would you like to go and see a Constantinople fire?" suggested our guide.

"Why, yes! to be sure!" exclaimed George and I, "if Father would let us."

"I dare say he will. May they go, sir? It's worth seeing, and I will take good care of them," said Artyn, addressing our father.

Artyn was a young Armenian, educated at Robert college, on the Bosphorus, and consequently he spoke English well. Father had taken a great liking to him. He knew the young fellow was intelligent, and he had great confidence in his ability. So he gave us permission to go, since we were to be under Artyn's care; and George and I immediately rushed down-stairs, and, clapping on our hats, left the hotel with our guide.

We found the streets, which were quite narrow, almost impassable; and Artyn, anxious for our safety, enjoined us to keep together. While elbowing our way through the motley crowd, we suddenly heard another thrilling yell from behind us, and at the sound, the crowd took to the sides of the street. There were no sidewalks; men and beasts walked along indiscriminately. When the throng heard the shout, they quickly separated so as to form a clear space, as American crowds sometimes have to do at a fire.

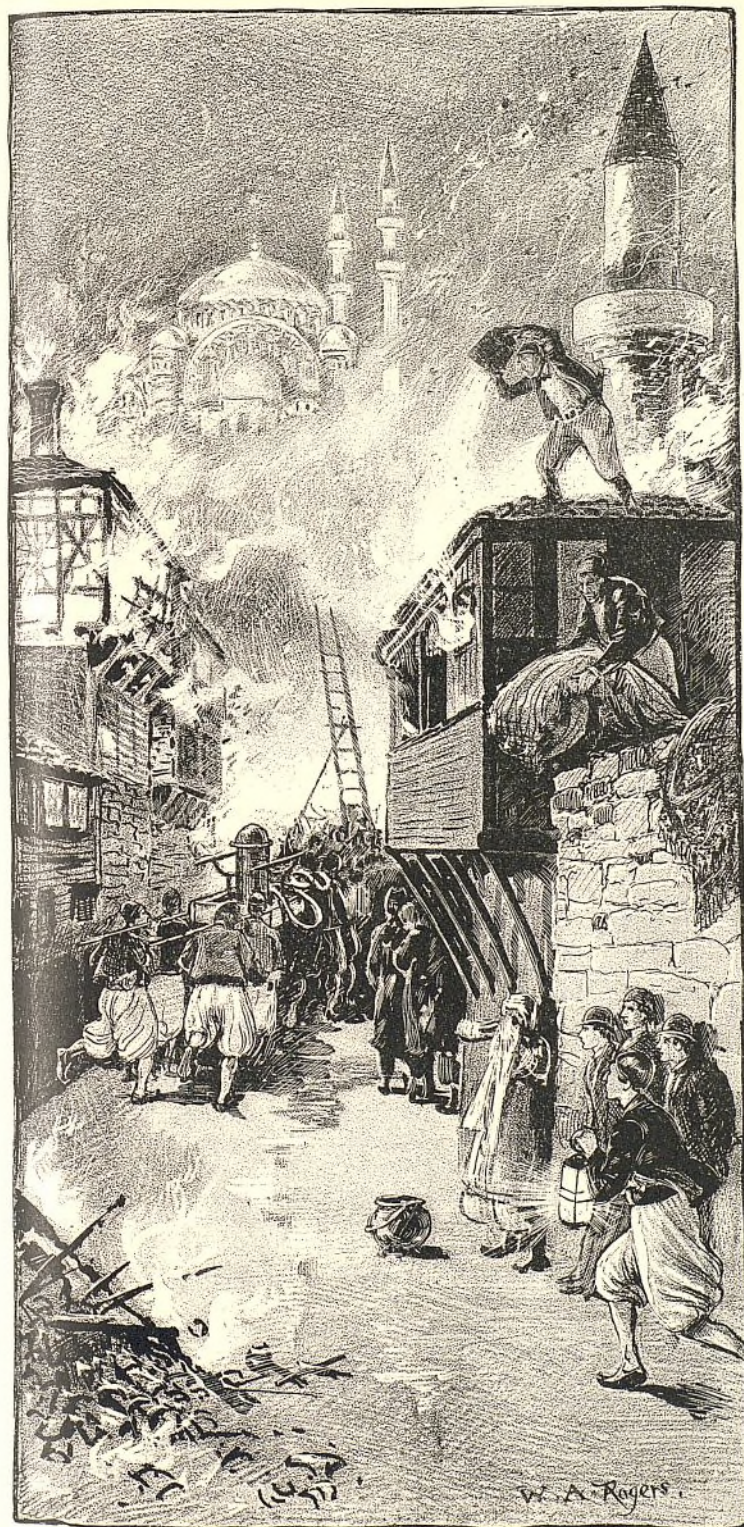
"That shout means that a fire-engine is coming. Keep close to the wall, or else you'll be run over and trampled upon," remarked Artyn.

"But I don't hear the rattling of the wheels," observed George.

"No, indeed," rejoined Artyn; "and for the simplest reason in the world,—because the engine is not run on wheels."

We soon caught sight of the captain of the company. He was a tall athletic fellow, dressed like the *neovbetjee* we had seen pass by our hotel. He was coming toward us in a double-quick trot, brandishing, in a proud manner, the brass spout that belonged to the hose. He was followed by the engine and the firemen that belonged to it. O, what a sight! Most of them were scantily clothed, and some did not even have caps upon their heads, but I noticed that all wore the regulation belt with the large buckle in front. They were evidently of the class which composed the riffraff of the city. The engine itself was nothing more than a big-sized garden pump, carried on the shoulders of eight men, four in front and four behind. They relieved one another every now and then with great dexterity and alertness.

They soon swept by us, followed by the hose, which was coiled over a long pole, the ends of which rested on the shoulders of another file of men. Just as they reached the next corner, there emerged from a side street another engine, whereupon a squabble for the right of way immediately arose. The two companies jostled and pushed forward, each party trying to get ahead of the other. After a long harangue and bluster, accompanied by constant yelling, screaming and hard words, they lowered their respective engines to the ground and fell into a regular fight, wrestling, pushing, and knocking one



"THE PLACE WHERE WE WERE STANDING WAS BECOMING UNCOMFORTABLY HOT."

another down in a most ferocious manner. Their looks and actions were frantic, and they fought like madmen.

While they were thus engaged, a third shrill yell assailed our ears. I thought another engine was coming, and wondered what would be the result, when Artyn exclaimed:

"Ah! There comes the Ser-Asker, the minister of war! He'll soon settle their dispute!" And he did.

He was preceded by a *neoubetjee*, who cleared the way for him, and when he came up, he promptly ordered the companies to take up their engines and follow him, which they did with the utmost meekness and alacrity. There was no chance now for either party to claim the victory, but they kept up a subdued rattle of words all the way.

"Does the minister of war belong to the fire department?" I inquired of Artyn.

"Oh, no!" said Artyn. "But all the ministers and high officers of the Government assist voluntarily at great fires, in order to encourage the men and to keep order, as you have just seen. Even the Sultan himself is sometimes present."

"How much pay do these zealous firemen get?" put in George.

"Pay!" exclaimed Artyn, with a hearty laugh. "No pay at all. They do it for the love of it. Glory, sir; glory and excitement are sufficient pay for them! They are exempted, however, from taxes, and each fellow gets one pair of shoes a year from the Government; and if, by accident, they should succeed in saving a house from the flames, they get a *backshish*, or present, from the owner,

with which they repair to some favorite haunt, and celebrate their prowess with a crowd of noisy friends."

We had now reached the place where the fire was raging. We could not get very near to it, but were near enough to watch its progress. It was an awful sight. It looked as if the whole city was on fire. Every now and then volumes of thick dark

some distance, finally alighting upon other houses and setting them aflame. In this way, the fire was spreading dangerously. The people, however, knowing this danger, were watching on the roofs with pails of water; but the firebrands fell so thick and fast that they could not master them. We saw many people, whose houses had been fired in this manner, running to save their homes.



THE TURKISH CEMETERY.

smoke ascended, followed by bright flames which shot suddenly upward like so many tongues of fire trying to lick the sky. The crash of the falling houses, the rattle of the tiles with which the roofs were covered, the clanking of the engines, the yells of the firemen, the screams of distressed women and frightened children, the hoarse shouts of men madly endeavoring to save their furniture, —made a terrific din.

The fire originated in a valley on the north side of Pera hill. The houses, being principally built of wood and dry as tinder, fell an easy prey to the devouring element. There was, besides, a strong northerly wind that fanned the flames. Cinders in quantities were floating in the air like fireworks. Even large pieces of wood were detached from buildings on fire and carried by the wind

Under these circumstances, the tiny fire-engines could do but little toward arresting the progress of the fire. It was fast making its way up the hill, taking in everything in its path.

The water supply, too, was very deficient. It was either obtained from the public fountains (whence it was carried to the engines in leather bags and pails), or it was drawn from deep wells and private cisterns. These latter, Artyn informed us, being used as receptacles for kitchen utensils, are often unavailable; so that the water gives out soon, or is very slow to reach the engines.

Artyn now suggested that we should retreat from the place where we were standing; for it was becoming not only uncomfortably hot, but even dangerous. From the windows above us, beds, bedding, and various articles of furniture were

being thrown into the street, where the friends of the owners scrambled forward to assist in saving the property. Before retiring, however, we witnessed two tragic events.

We saw a young woman brought out of a burning house with a copper kettle in her hand. She was screaming wildly, "My baby! Oh, my baby!" The woman had been engaged in the kitchen, with her infant in her arms, and had been busily occupied saving her cooking utensils by throwing them into the cistern, quite unconscious that her dwelling was already on fire. The firemen, having discovered her in that perilous place, had rushed into the kitchen and forced her to hasten out. On her way she had espied a copper kettle, and had instinctively seized it; but in her fright and bewilderment, she had thrown her baby into the cistern instead of the kettle. Fortunately, a sturdy fellow succeeded in rescuing the baby, and restoring it to the distracted mother.

The other incident was even more dreadful. As we stood looking at the fire, we beheld a man struggling, and the next moment saw him thrown deliberately into the flames.

George and I exchanged looks of horror, but the bystanders seemed to pay little heed to the occurrence, merely remarking that the man was an incendiary who had been caught in the act of spreading the fire for the purpose of robbery.

We now found, that to abandon our position was not an easy matter. We had to fight our way through the crowd, and when, by hard effort, we gained the main street, we discovered that there was no possibility of getting to our hotel, the fire having intercepted us. So we had to make a wide circuit by going down the hill toward the Bosphorus and up again at the other end of Pera. We noticed on our way that every vacant spot along the street was filled with heaps of household furniture, covered with carpets as a protection from thieves and fall-

ing embers, the owners, or friends of the owners, standing guard near by.

On the way back, Artyn took us through a most dismal place, which frightened us almost out of our wits. We had to pass through the large Turkish cemetery that lies in the outskirts of Pera. The somber darkness of the cypress trees was gloomy enough, and against it the standing monuments, lit by the glare of the fire, looked like so many ghosts arisen from their graves to witness the conflagration.

We reached at last the foot of the hill by the Sultan's palace, and struck out toward Topanné. When we arrived there, we learned that we could not get to our hotel, for the simple reason that there was no longer any such hotel in existence. It had been burnt to the ground! We thought of our parents, and were greatly alarmed. We felt confident that they had escaped from the place, but even if they had, how and where were we to find them?

To appease our anxiety on that score, Artyn said:

"Well, young gentlemen, we will go to every hotel that is not burnt down, and inquire for them. If not in any of the hotels, they probably are at the American Legation, which is not touched by the fire."

We were greatly comforted at this and trudged on with redoubled vigor. And within an hour, to our great joy, we found both father and mother comfortably lodged at the Hotel D'Angleterre. They were anxiously hoping for our coming, and were as delighted as ourselves at the reunion.

They, too, carried away by the excitement that surged around them, had gone out, and before they had returned the hotel was in ashes.

But we have never become fully reconciled to the loss of our "bargains," which were consumed and buried in the ruins of the hotel.

A BOBOLINK and a chick-a-dee
 Sang a sweet duet in the apple-tree.
 "When I'm in good voice," said the chick-a-dee,
 "I sing like you to 'high' C, 'high' C;
 But I've caught such a cold
 That for love or for gold
 I can sing only chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee!"

A SEA TURN.



IT is all very well to be good, I agree,
To be gentle, and patient, and that sort of thing,—
But there 's something that just suits my taste to a T
In the thought of a reg'lar Pirate King.

FRIEDA'S DOVES.

BY BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

FRIEDA grieved most at leaving the cathedral. For Freiburg itself she cared little. She was only a lame child, who could not run about with her strong brothers, and sometimes, indeed, when her back was very weary, she could not even walk. But she was not unhappy, for Bäbele was always kind, and was so gentle on the days when the pain came that the touch of her rough, hard-working hands was as tender as an angel's, Frieda thought. And then Bäbele was so droll, and knew how to tell such delightful tales about the Höllenthal, the wild mountain pass near Freiburg, through which the boys often tramped to gather and bring home flowers for the little sister. "Here are your weeds, Frieda," they would shout, laughingly, and would almost bury the little girl under the fresh fragrant mass of blossoms. The brothers were rough sometimes with one another, but never to Frieda. Johann, the eldest, worked with his father in the picture department of a publishing house. Heinrich and Otto were still at school.

In the twilight, after the day's work was done and before it was quite dark enough to light the candle,—for they were poor and thrifty people, who had to be careful not to waste anything,—Bäbele used to take Frieda in her arms and tell her wonderful tales, not only of the wild Höllenthal, but of the Wildsee, the Mummelsee, the Murgthal, and many another spot in the Black Forest, as well as legends of the Rhine and the Hartz Mountains, and of the Thuringian Woods and the Wartburg; and the most astonishing thing was, there was never a day when the pain came that Bäbele, although she had been telling fairy tales all these years,—and Frieda was nine years old now,—did not have a perfectly marvelous story to tell, full of unheard-of adventures, and irresistible charm. And Frieda would listen entranced, until she forgot the poor little aching back that did not grow straight like other children's backs.

But it did not always ache, and Frieda was really a contented little girl, and merry, too, in her quiet way. She used to sit in her low chair and watch Bäbele at her work, and croon sweet solemn airs she heard in the cathedral, and help, too, whenever she could. Sometimes she could sew a button on Johann's shirt, or even darn a sock for restless little Otto, who wore everything out so fast; and she was always pleased to be useful.

At night, when the boys came home, they would

tell her what had happened to them during the day, and she was clever enough to assist Heinrich and Otto with their lessons, for in her feeble body dwelt a sweet, strong, and helpful spirit: Then Johann would explain to her how they made pictures, until she understood the process almost as well as he. As for her papa, she saw little of him except during the dinner hour at noon; for he worked hard all day, and when evening came sat with his fellow-workmen smoking his pipe, and seldom came home until after the children were asleep. He did his best for his family, but he had never been the same man, Bäbele said, since his bright, cheery wife died, and that was a few months after Frieda was born. And these nine years Bäbele had staid on, and kept the house and the children clean, and toiled early and late, and all for love of Frieda; for it was little wages that she received, and the growing boys needed more and more every day, and Frieda's father would have been desperate and helpless without faithful Bäbele. When the neighbors remonstrated and told her she could get higher wages as servant in some grand house, she replied scornfully:

"A gown on my back, a roof over my head, and bread enough for the day—what more do I want? And I would n't live without Frieda, no, not in the King's palace and on the King's throne, and that's the beginning and the end of it."

The neighbors shook their heads and advised this and that, because neighbors like to seem wise and delight to give advice, but in their hearts they thought all the more of Bäbele for her devotion to Frieda.

So, though lame and motherless and poor, Frieda was not an unhappy child. She had many joys, and the greatest joy of all was the cathedral. They lived close by, almost in its shadow, and on her "well days" Bäbele used to lead Frieda over and leave her there alone for hours, knowing that no harm could come to her in that sacred place. The old beadle knew her well and was kind to her, and all the people who came regularly learned to look for the quiet little figure sitting alone by the great pillar, and to be glad of the gentle smile of greeting from the pale child with the large brown eyes and the heavy chestnut hair falling below her waist, concealing with its beautiful luxuriance the pitiful little hump between the shoulders.

Strangers often turned to wonder at the blessed, peaceful look the deformed child wore. But they

need not have wondered. She knew only love at home, and lived always among beautiful thoughts. Why should she not be happy?

There she would sit by the hour watching the

all she saw there in the great solemn, still cathedral. The massive shafts, the noble arches, the slanting rays of colored light, the many voices of the organ. She knew it all so well, that she could

see every line as clearly when her eyes were closed as when they were open.

Only once did anything ever happen to make her refuge seem less dear and safe. It was in summer, when Freiburg is full of strangers. Frieda was so used to them, she knew at a glance, when a party came into the church, whether they were people who really loved the noble lines as she did, or whether they were what she called the "tired ones" who looked too weary to love anything, or the business-like, loud-talking ones who always mentioned that they had "been in Milan and Cologne, and did not think much of this cathedral." Little did Frieda care for the unfavorable comparison. It was her cathedral, her world. And little did people know how close an observer the still, fragile child was. She was too gentle to criticise, but she unconsciously made very clever distinctions. One day a gentleman and lady and a boy of ten or twelve entered the cathedral. "He is a tired one," thought Frieda, "and she has been in Milan and Cologne." The boy



THE CORNER OF THE CATHEDRAL.

warm violet and rose lights from the stained-glass windows, gleaming and glowing here and there on the cold stone, now falling on the bowed head of a peasant woman kneeling with her heavy basket by her side, now lingering on the cheek and hair and soft rich draperies of a fair young girl. How Frieda loved the changing lights! How she loved

quick movements, was richly dressed, and carried a little cane. As they passed, the lady gave the lonely little figure by the pillar a careless glance, and threw some pennies into her lap. This did not wound Frieda's gentle spirit. Such a thing had, indeed, happened now and then, but only unthinking, careless people could possibly make the mistake of

imagining that those restful, patient eyes were asking for charity. Frieda rose slowly, walked over to a poor-box, and dropped the pennies in. The lady and gentleman had gone on, and did not see her. The boy looked at her mockingly with his hard, bright eyes, and then said: "This is the way you go," at the same time dropping his chin on his breast, hunching his back, and walking with a slow, mincing step.

The English words Frieda did not understand, but the tone and the action were too brutally plain to mistake their meaning. Like a crushed flower the lame child sank drooping into her chair, and looked with wide, sorrowful eyes at the boy, who, with a grimace and a "Good-bye, Owl!" ran on to join his parents.

When Bäbele came to take Frieda home, the little girl was pale and very silent. Bäbele thought she was weary, but when the next day and the next and still another day came, and she said gently that she did not care to go to the cathedral, but preferred to stay with her good Bäbele, the faithful woman grew anxious.

"Is it the pain, my Frieda?"

"No, Bäbele, it's not the pain. At least, it's not that pain," the child said, gravely.

"Where is the pain, then?" asked Bäbele.

"Only here," said Frieda, pressing her slight hand against her heart. Then suddenly, for the first time in her life, she asked:

"Why did n't God make me straight, like the other children?"

And then poor, Bäbele, whose love had so guarded the child that no harsh thing had ever disturbed her peace, knew that some strange hand had struck a blow, over which her darling had grieved many days; and, kneeling by Frieda's bed, she sobbed aloud, and taking the child in her strong arms, and covering her with kisses, said, in her warm, German fashion:

"Dearest, dear little heart, what makes the pain? What cruel thing has happened that my darling never wants to see the pretty lights or hear the grand organ any more? Tell thy Bäbele, little sweetheart."

"He had very black eyes and a velvet hat," murmured Frieda slowly, "and a crimson necktie, and a little walking-stick with an ivory dog's head. He did not mean any harm. He did not know it would make a pain in my heart to have him show me how I looked, and he made his pretty little straight back very ugly,"—she was whispering now,— "and I thought if I was like that, I must disturb people who come to see tall straight pillars, so I'd better stay away."

Bäbele trembled from head to foot. She saw it all now as if she had been present. Her darling,

who had lived in a magic world of legendary lore and poetry and music, who had known all her life only the calm, solemn influences of the cathedral and the tender sweet influences of her simple home, had been wounded to the heart by this strange boy, and cruelly awakened to a consciousness of the deformity which separated her from other children.

"My lamb, my angel, I would give much to have saved thee this and to have kept the pain from thy heart," Bäbele exclaimed, adding fiercely, "and if had that imp here I'd wring his neck and crush him in my two hands."

"Oh, no!" whispered Frieda, laying her gentle hand on Bäbele's lips. "The little strange boy did not know. He did not know how I love the straight pillars and high arches. He did not know I forgot to think of myself because I love them so—and I am crooked, Bäbele," she went on with a piteous sob — "I AM. He could not help seeing it."

"Dear heart," said Bäbele, kissing the frail hands again and again, "I am only an ignorant woman, and I don't know how to make things clear. Even the wise men can't make things clear always. But I know this much. Something is wanting everywhere. It must be best so, or it would n't be so. And thou, my angel, thy back is crooked, but thy spirit is straight—and the wicked boy who mocked thee, his back is straight, but his spirit is crooked—and oh, thou darling of my heart, perhaps no one loves him as thy old Bäbele loves thee!"

"No," said the child, thoughtfully, "his papa was too tired to love him, and his mamma was too busy. Poor little boy!"

There was a long, long silence. Then Frieda smiled again. Throwing her arms round Bäbele's neck, she said softly to her faithful guardian:

"Love is best!" and the next day she said, "Please take me over, Bäbele dear. I want my lights," and Bäbele could have wept for joy as she led her to the cathedral. If after that Frieda shrank a little behind her favorite pillar when she saw a certain kind of boy coming toward her, and if she breathed more freely when he had passed, and if her great deep eyes seemed to grow still larger, still more thoughtful than before, at least she never complained, and she kept her thoughts to herself.

Months passed by, and in time she was ten years old, and everybody was sad because her papa had died. Bäbele at first scarcely knew what to do with the four children. But she was, as usual, brave and patient, and help came. Frieda's uncle from Geneva said he would take Heinrich and Otto and send them to school, and Johann was seventeen now and a steady lad, and he must continue

where he was and look out for himself. As to Frieda, here the uncle hesitated. His own family was large, his wife had many cares, and was not very patient. The boys would be out of the house most of the day, and they would not mind a hasty word now and then, but this pale, lame child, with the strange soft eyes—he shook his head doubtfully.

"*Ach*, I will take the blessed lamb!" cried Bäbele. "She would grieve so among strangers. Let me take her with me and I will make a home for her in my old home. Indeed, she shall not want while I live—and she is like an angel in the house, she is so wise and so sweet. She brings a blessing with her wherever she goes."

So all was arranged. Johann was to stay in Freiburg. Heinrich and Otto were to go to Geneva, and Frieda was to go to Bäbele's old home. Frieda was very sad, for she dreaded leaving the boys. But Johann, Otto, and Heinrich perhaps could come to her some day, Bäbele said, and could write to her always. But the cathedral, thought Frieda, could neither come nor write, and so, in her childish way, she grieved most of all at leaving the cathedral.

PART II.

FRIEDA kissed her brothers good-bye with a large lump in her throat, the day they went off with their uncle. She tied Otto's cravat with trembling fingers, and brushed Heinrich's hat in her motherly little fashion, but did not cry, for Bäbele had told her that the parting would be harder for the boys if she were not brave. After they were gone, and the house began to feel strangely still and empty, Bäbele led her into the cathedral and left her there for the last time in her old place. The poor little girl pressed her cheek against the cold pillar and sobbed as if her heart would break. At least, she need not restrain her tears out of consideration for the cathedral's feelings. That was a comfort. No one noticed her. The shadows were deepening around her. Still clinging to the pillar, she wept until she stopped out of pure weariness. She was so little, so troubled. The cathedral was so vast and tall and calm. She grew quieted in spite of herself. "Everybody must love Heinrich and Otto and be good to them, for they are good!" she said. "And I can always remember that I used to be here. Nothing can take that away," and the thought comforted her, though a great sob came with it. Then the organ began. Its thrilling tones seemed to be the voice of the great cathedral saying farewell to the pained little soul. She closed her eyes and sat motionless. Great

waves of music surged round her. And above the mighty volume of tone soared a single pure melody, ever sweeter, ever higher, up into the vaulted roof, up to the skies, up to heaven itself. The tired child felt as if she were lying in strong and tender arms, and as if many murmuring voices were saying softly, "Be loving! Be brave! Farewell!" She smiled gently. "Farewell, little Frieda! Be brave, be brave!" said the voices.

When Bäbele came, she found Frieda fast asleep, her tear-stained but placid face pressed close against the pillar, her arms clasping it lovingly. The next day they left Freiburg. Frieda was quite calm. She looked at the cathedral spires as they passed.

"Wilt thou go in, once more, my lamb?" asked Bäbele, anxiously watching her face.

"No," answered the child, gravely. "We said good-bye to each other yesterday."

It was a short journey to Bäbele's old home, but long and hard for Frieda. She had never been in the cars, and they jarred and wearied her sadly, though Bäbele traveled slowly and gave her long rests, taking three days to do what she herself would have done in one, had she been alone. As they reached their destination, Bäbele was wild with delight.

"See, dear heart," she cried, "how it lies among the hills. It is like a warm nest in this great cold world. And out beyond, a long, long way, is our village. And there's the old castle and the tower and the great drooping trees of the park."

Now it was far too dark to see anything whatever, except the lighted streets of the new city, but Frieda strained her eyes and dutifully tried to look in all directions at once to please Bäbele, whom she had never before seen so excited and gay. Presently a stout, broad-waisted, rosy lass darted from among the crowd by the station with a hearty:

"Greeting! Greeting, Bäbele! Dost thou not remember thy cousin Rickele? Have I grown so old in ten long years?"

"*Ach was!* Thou art little Rickele! And thou wast such a wee bit of a thing!" And Bäbele laughed and cried for joy.

"And the mother greets thee, and she has chosen a good room for thee, as thou didst write, and I am to take thee there, but I cannot be spared long, for the mistress said I was to come back in an hour, and the mother bids thee and the little one welcome, and she will come to thee when she brings her butter and eggs to market next week; and the neighbors greet thee, Bäbele, and wish thee health and good days with thy home-coming; and Peter, the shoemaker, has taken the baker's Mariele, and the wedding is next month, and the dance will be at the 'Golden Lamb.'"

So the girl chattered on, telling all the news of the village, swinging the travelers' boxes and bags, answering Bäbele's eager questions and leading the way to the new home.

The chatter, the lights and buildings, together with her fatigue, made Frieda quite confused, but she looked up so sweetly at this great, strong, kind Rickele that the girl's heart was won in a moment. "I will carry thee, little one!" she exclaimed, as they reached a tall dark house in a narrow street, and swinging the child up like a feather, she bore her in triumph up four long steep flights of stairs to the little room awaiting them.

The room had a sloping ceiling and a dormer window. There were two narrow beds in it, a stove, a bare wooden table, a couple of chairs, a chest of drawers, a few shelves with plates, cups, a dish or two, and a pitcher on them, bright brass kitchen utensils hanging on the wall, and a pot of pinks on the window-sill. Poor as it all was, the bare white floor shone from its recent scouring, and the room was as neat and clean as strong arms and willing hearts could make it.

With a deep sigh of contentment, Bäbele surveyed her apartment. It was to be her home, and the home of the being she loved best on earth. To keep it, she must toil early and late. What mattered it? It was her own as long as she could pay for it, and she was once more among her kinsfolk—she was among the hills she had climbed as a girl. The very air she breathed was dear to her.

"Ah! How happy we shall be in this nest, my Frieda!" she exclaimed. "How beautiful is the homecoming to the wanderer! But thou art weary, my lamb; thou must eat a bit and sleep." And she undressed the child and laid her in her bed, beneath the great red coverlet of feathers, which seemed like an enormous hen cheerfully spreading its warm wings over the tired little girl.

"Sleep soft, my treasure!"

"Good-night, dear Bäbele; good night, Rickele," murmured Frieda, drowsily, and she sank to sleep with the shafts of the cathedral rising before her eyes, and the organ pealing in her ears, above all the noise and bustle of the journey.

It was after nine the next morning when Frieda

woke. Bäbele had already prepared their simple breakfast. The same joy still beamed from her honest face. She kissed Frieda again and again, and called her her sweet angel, as she helped her dress, then led her to one of the little windows in the roof. The child saw at first only sunshine and roofs; roofs near, roofs far, roofs everywhere. It was so high, so strange. At Freiburg they



THE DORMER WINDOW.

had no stairs to climb. They were on the ground-floor. Here they were as high as birds. Frieda threw open the casement. The fresh spring breezes touched her cheek and blew her long hair. The sun shone on steep, red roofs and quaint gables. Two white doves sat on the roof near by. Frieda laughed and threw them bread crumbs from her breakfast. A big cat was solemnly blinking his eyes in a dormer window of the next house. Beyond the roofs rose the church tower; beyond the tower the fair, green hills.

"O Bäbele, how happy I am?" cried Frieda.

"When I shut my eyes, I see my cathedral; when I open them, here are the roofs and the doves."

And Bäbele looked at her with tears of joy.

This was the homecoming. It began kindly, with the welcome of friends and the heaven's sunshine. But long days of wearisome work followed. Bäbele could not go into service, because of the child; so she did washing and mending, and bravely earned each day the bread they ate. The days she washed at home, Frieda was contented as a kitten, and made the hours fly by with her sweet songs and quaint remarks. But the four days of the week, when Bäbele went off at day-break and Frieda was alone until toward evening, were very, very long for the little girl, and she spent them as best she might. With wide-open eyes she watched the doves, and the roofs, and the hills, then shut her eyes and saw the cathedral. She kept the wash accounts, and answered politely if anybody came to inquire about Bäbele Hartneck, the washerwoman, and when at last Bäbele returned, the two were happy as queens.

And Sundays! Ah, those were blessed days. Then Bäbele had time to take Frieda down the four steep flights and out, out into the spring-time, out among the lilies of the valley, and the yellow cowslips and crocuses and slender jonquils, and all the sweet flowers that grow on the Suabian hills. Sometimes she would even manage to get taken out to Bachsdorf, where her people lived, and where the irregular, queer little houses seemed to be gossiping together and nodding their heads till they almost touched over the narrow straggling village street, and where the peasants in their red waistcoats and silver buttons and knickerbockers would sit the whole afternoon, under the chestnut trees of the 'Golden Lamb' garden, and Bäbele would laugh as Frieda never heard her laugh in the old Freiburg days. The week was long and full of toil, but Sunday, under a fair sky, among kinsfolk and old friends, brought freedom, joy, and peace.

The two were quite happy — Bäbele could scarcely save a penny, but she was strong and brave and always had steady work. One day there was a great surprise for Frieda. She was alone. There came a heavy thumping at the door, and actually four men brought in a *pianino* into the small crowded room. Bäbele had discovered it among all sorts of rubbish, at a pawnbroker's shop, and hired it for a mere nothing.

"Art thou stark mad, Bäbele Hartneck," cried the other washerwoman on the same floor. "Do the Freiburg washerwomen scrub to the sound of music?" And all the neighbors standing in their door-ways with their hands on their hips, laughed loud and long at Bäbele's foolishness.

"Be easy, neighbor," replied Bäbele, stoutly.

"Wash thine own skirts, and I will wash mine. Thou hast no angel in thy room. Angels in heaven have their harps. Mine shall have her sweet sounds. Let me go my way. I am no babe born yesterday." And the neighbors were silent and laughed no more; for they loved Frieda's gentle ways and earnest eyes.

After this bold deed of Bäbele's, Frieda never had one lonely moment. The tones of the piano were quivering, like those of a very old lady's voice, but like that, too, it retained a few sweet notes suggestive of a far-off youth, and Frieda knew how to bring out all its faint sweetness, and was so blessed, she did not mind its frequent wheezes. And what else did this wise, imprudent, loving, obstinate, dear Bäbele do? She found a hard-working young girl who gave music lessons, and, on the principle that exchange is no robbery, made a certain practical little arrangement with her, by which Bäbele had a couple of hours' extra work now and then, and Frieda, twice a week, a half-hour's instruction in music. Now, Frieda's life was quite full. Up in her nest among the roofs, far above the noise of the busy streets, she was at rest. Hour after hour she was alone, but not lonely. She was not strong enough to work hard at her music, but she loved it, and it loved her and lingered with her. Besides what her teacher taught her, fragments of old fugues and masses she had heard in the cathedral found their way from her heart to her frail little fingers. And when she was weary, there were the open casement, the red roofs and gables, the doves, the tower, the hills.

"How beautiful and kind the world is!" thought the little lame child, who spent most of her days alone in the little room under the roof.

Two years passed in this quiet fashion. Things had scarcely changed at all. Bäbele worked on as steadily, as cheerily, as ever, managed to pay her way, and was thankful. One warm June day, Frieda stood at her casement. Bäbele would not return until five o'clock. The little girl had softly played an adagio of Beethoven's until she was weary. She had then fed her doves, who had fluttered about her, perched lovingly on her shoulder, and finally taken their position on the sunny roof below, cooing and pluming themselves.

"Pretty dears!" said Frieda, and carelessly taking up a wash-book from the table near by, and a stump of a pencil, half unconsciously she began to draw their softly curving heads. "Heads must have bodies," she said aloud, and presently the two doves from their beaks to their tails adorned a blank page of somebody's wash-book. "Doves can't stand on nothing," murmured Frieda, and merely to give the doves a resting-place, she hastily sketched the roof, and then other roofs, the chim-

ney, the curious little dormer windows, then, quite naturally, the old church tower, the lines of the distant hills, even the great masses of white clouds, where she saw all the heroes of the fairy tales she knew so well. It was all done to give the doves a place to perch upon, and a background.

"There, my dears. How do you like sitting for your portraits?" and she added a heavier line to Elsa's beak, and made Lohengrin's tail feathers more airy. At this moment, Dornröschen and the Prince happened to appear on the scene, and perched lower down on the same roof. "Dearie me, I must make you too or you'll be jealous as usual!" laughed Frieda, and Dornröschen and the Prince were added to the sketch.

It was really very curious. Frieda had never drawn anything in all her life. Her papa used to draw, and Johann too was quite clever with his pencil. But a little girl like her!—the idea had never occurred to her. Now, in this careless fashion, having finished her doves, she shut her eyes an instant in order to see better, and then with bold, clear strokes began to draw the picture that was imprinted on her soul,—the shafts, the high arches, the rich window where the lovely lights streamed in,—in short, the whole of her favorite corner in the cathedral. Swiftly, unhesitatingly the child's hand moved. Her cheeks flushed. The doves fluttered about her in vain. She heard no sounds rising from the street. She was back in the old days. Again she was listening to the organ, and to the high, clear, angel voice leading her soul far away. And when it was finished, she gave a sigh of relief, then closing the book, thought no more about it.

She might indeed have remembered her sketches and laughingly have shown them to Bäbele, had not a misfortune come to them which put such trifles quite out of her head. Poor Bäbele was brought home that very day with a badly sprained ankle. She had slipped on a wet floor and fallen, as she was moving a heavy tub.

She tried hard to be patient and not distress Frieda, but the prospect of long helpless days with her foot up in a chair was trying enough to the active woman, and more than that, she knew they needed her daily work for their daily bread. But how good everybody was! The baker round the corner sent some rolls the next day as soon as he heard of the accident, and the butcher a bit of good meat, and the rival washerwoman on the same floor came in to take home clothes that were finished and wash-books—and Bäbele rubbed her eyes and said, "It's all because of that blessed angel!"

It was Monday that she came home unfit for work. Thursday morning there was a violent knock at the

door. Bäbele started instinctively, but lay back with a moan, as Frieda opened the door.

A gray-haired old gentleman with shaggy eyebrows, and looking quite cross, came in. In one hand he carried a cane, in the other something very like a wash-book.

He gave one sharp look at Bäbele with her foot up—another at Frieda, who thought he was more like an ogre than any being she had ever seen.

"Good-morning," he said, gruffly. "I wish to find the young man who made these things in my book." And he pointed a stern forefinger at Frieda's sketches.

She came timidly forward. "If you please, sir, it was I. I did n't mean any harm, sir. I was only making my doves at first. I am very sorry I scribbled in your book, sir."

The gentleman looked at her in blank amazement. "You!" was all he could ejaculate, glancing at the shy little figure before him.

"Yes, if you please, sir," said Frieda, now thoroughly alarmed.

"You, indeed!" said the gruff voice again; and, taking out his handkerchief, this very strange old gentleman gave a loud and vehement blast.

"Yes, sir," said Frieda, great tears gathering in her eyes, "and I'm sure I'm very sorry, sir."

"H'm!" muttered the stranger, "if you did it, do it again now."

Frieda seized her stump of a pencil and obediently looked about for a sheet of paper.

"Take this," he said, abruptly, giving her the wash-book. With perfect simplicity the child took it and began. Leaning an elbow on the table, and resting her head on her left hand, her long hair falling over her face, steadily and firmly she did her work. She quite forgot the cross old gentleman's sharp eyes, and only saw the soft violet lights from the stained window, as the picture grew beneath her sure, rapid touch. The gentleman stood near, watching her closely. He gave no sign of sympathy or encouragement, but Bäbele saw his eyes twinkle, and though she did not understand what it was all about, she felt that he meant no harm.

Presently, having completed her corner of the cathedral, Frieda, without a word, began to do the roofs and doves, calmly beginning as before with Elsa's head. At this the gentleman smiled, and then Bäbele was sure he meant only good.

Frieda gave him the book.

"H'm!" was his only acknowledgment. But he did not seem so fierce as he did at first. Frieda thought him the most extraordinary person she had ever seen—to be so angry because she had spoiled a couple of pages in his wash-book, and to grow gentle when she did the same thing over.

"Who taught you?" he asked at length.

"Nobody," said Frieda, wonderingly.

"And you only wanted to make your doves?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frieda, meekly.

"And then you thought you'd fill up the opposite page?"

"Yes, sir," and Frieda began to feel quite anxious again.

"Well, my dear, you are a witch," remarked this strange old gentleman. And how it happened nobody could exactly tell, but Frieda found herself on his knee, and his eyes did not look ogreish at all, but quite mild and merry, behind his gold-bowed spectacles, and they were soon telling him all about the Freiburg days and the cathedral, and steady Johann, clever Heinrich, and fly-away Otto; and the more Bäbele and Frieda related of their simple life, the more this most delightful but very curious old gentleman sniffed and snorted and wiped his spectacles. Why—neither Bäbele nor Frieda could imagine, yet it seemed the most natural thing in the world to be telling him about it all. He did not ask many questions, but he soon knew as much about it as they themselves. He even discovered Bäbele's uneasiness, because she must be idle for so long. He shook her hand warmly when he rose to go, telling her not to be troubled; and she took heart of grace without knowing why.

That was certainly a day of wonderful experiences. In the first place, soon after the gentleman went, a great box came, filled with good things, enough to last for weeks, and on a card was written:

"To the little witch in the roof, from her devoted friend,
"Prof. RUDOLPH REINWALD."

And when they were still rejoicing over good fortune, another knock came, and in walked a gentleman, who said he was Professor Reinwald's friend and physician, and the professor had sent him to look after Bäbele Hartneck's sprained ankle. And later still, a comfortable reclining-chair made its appearance.

The excitement in the roof was really tremendous. The neighbors came in to wonder, rejoice, and sympathize, and Bäbele, bandaged, and extended in her comfortable chair, received her guests with the dignity of a queen.

The professor came again in a few days and after that frequently. Frieda used to watch eagerly for him, and grew so used to him, she quite forgot to be shy—and sang her little songs to him and played her sweet airs on the queer, cracked piano, and chattered to him about the heroes of her fairy tales, until the good man, who was an old bachelor and who knew nothing about children, really

believed she was the most wonderful little being on the earth.

And as soon as Bäbele was well, he proposed that they should leave their home in the roof and come to him. He was a lonely, eccentric, cross old fellow, he told them, but that was all the more reason why he should be taken care of and improved, and he needed just such a faithful soul as Bäbele to look after his house, and just such a dear child as Frieda to make his home happy.

And so they came to him, and did indeed make him as happy as he had made them. It was a great house, where Bäbele had every opportunity to bustle about until everything shone to her heart's content. And Frieda had a garden with great shady trees and a hammock, a piano whose voice was not cracked, and best of all she studied systematically and learned to draw and to be helpful to her "other papa," as she called the professor. For he was an architect, devoted to his profession, and he had recognized, in spite of its childishness and imperfection, the real talent in Frieda's sketches of her dear roofs and her beloved arches.

She never grew tall nor strong, and there were days when the pain came just as it did when she was a child, but she was a happy, thankful soul. The boys did well in school, and came to visit her every vacation. The first thing Frieda did when she saw Otto was to tie his cravat, feeling sure it had been awry ever since he had left her.

She saw the cathedrals of many lands, but never loved any as she did the one that had taught her so much that was beautiful and good when she was a little lonely child in the old days. She saw famous pictures. She met distinguished men. But no features ever seemed so lovely to her as Bäbele's rough, adoring face, nobody so clever, so altogether admirable, as her "other papa."

In the professor's studio, directly by his desk, hang two small pencil sketches—a bit of a cathedral interior and a study of quaint steep gables, with doves pluming themselves in the sunshine. The lines are faint. The paper rough and curious. "And what may this be?" inquires a guest who is examining the professor's rare engravings.

"Ask my daughter Frieda," says the professor, turning with a tender smile to the lame girl with the happy face who sits quietly by his desk.

"Ask Bäbele, ask our house-angel, what the doves mean," says Frieda, as Bäbele comes to lead her from the room. And Bäbele, who is a privileged character, tries to frown, then tugs violently at her apron, then asks appealingly, "Now, do I look much like doves, and angels, and such?"—

And she is right; she does not by any means,—the dear, brave, true-hearted Bäbele.

A FISH ACROBAT.

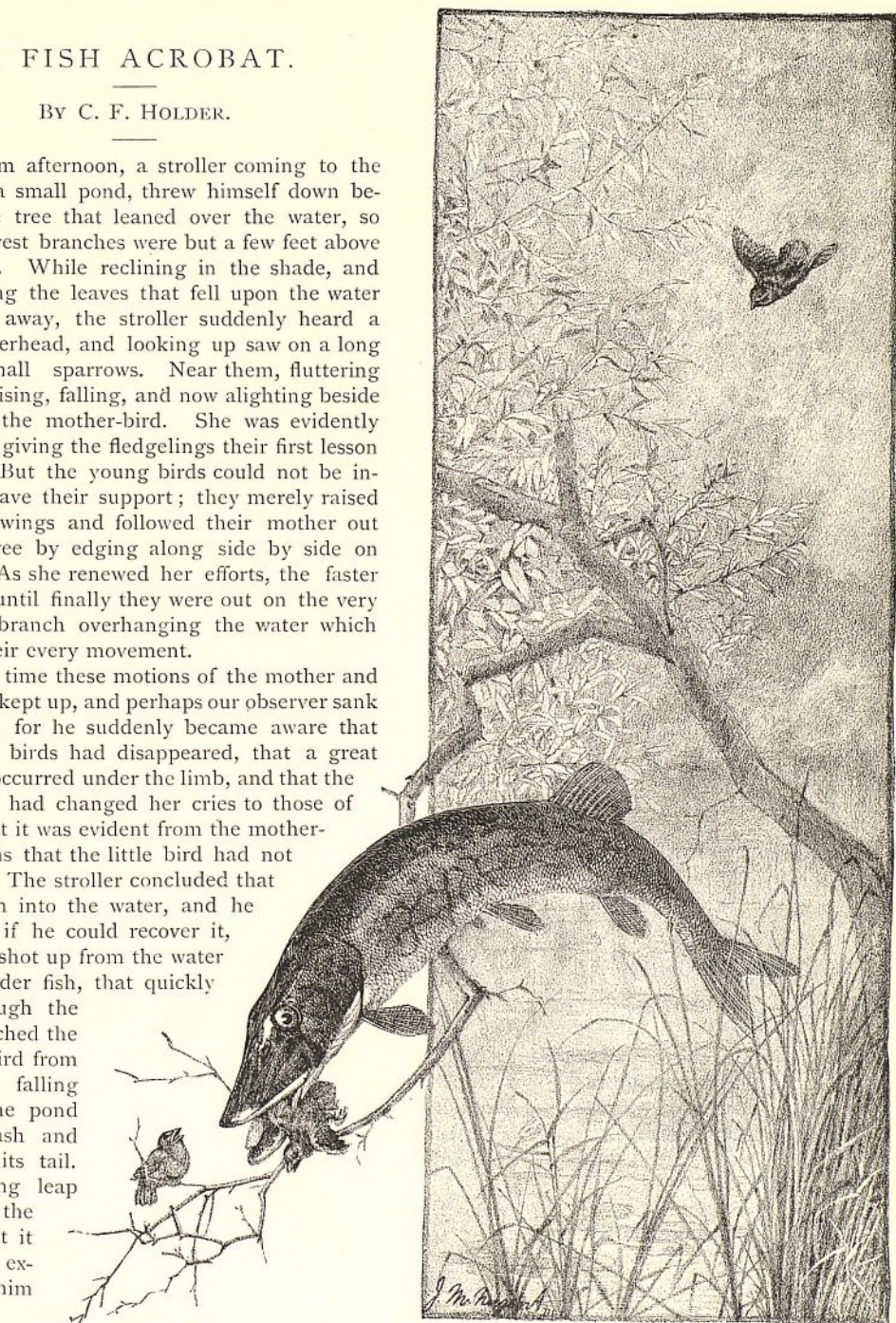
BY C. F. HOLDER.

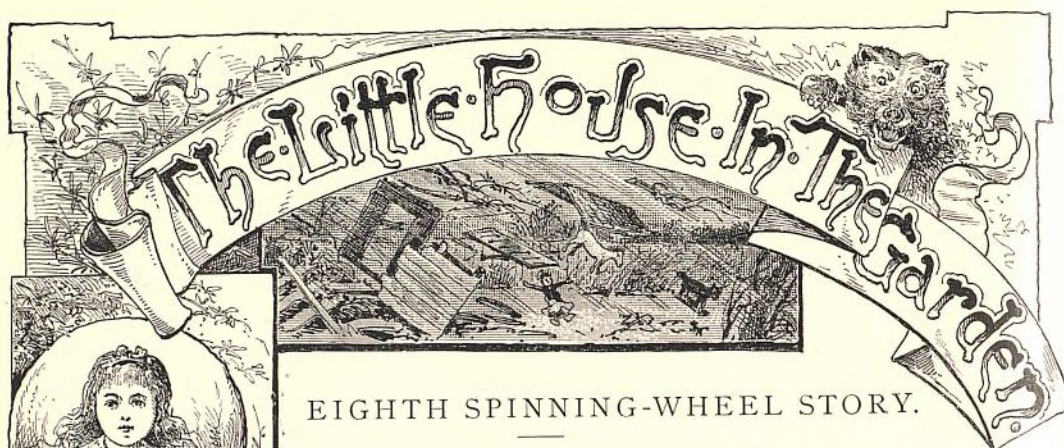
ONE warm afternoon, a stroller coming to the borders of a small pond, threw himself down beside a little tree that leaned over the water, so that its lowest branches were but a few feet above the surface. While reclining in the shade, and idly watching the leaves that fell upon the water and sailed away, the stroller suddenly heard a chirping overhead, and looking up saw on a long limb two small sparrows. Near them, fluttering in the air, rising, falling, and now alighting beside them, was the mother-bird. She was evidently engaged in giving the fledgelings their first lesson in flying. But the young birds could not be induced to leave their support; they merely raised their little wings and followed their mother out from the tree by edging along side by side on the limb. As she renewed her efforts, the faster they went, until finally they were out on the very tip of the branch overhanging the water which reflected their every movement.

For some time these motions of the mother and young were kept up, and perhaps our observer sank into a doze, for he suddenly became aware that one of the birds had disappeared, that a great splash had occurred under the limb, and that the mother-bird had changed her cries to those of alarm. But it was evident from the mother-bird's actions that the little bird had not flown away. The stroller concluded that it had fallen into the water, and he rose to see if he could recover it, when there shot up from the water a long, slender fish, that quickly darted through the air and snatched the remaining bird from the limb, falling back into the pond with a splash and a whisk of its tail. This startling leap astonished the observer, but it also fully explained to him the disappearance of the other young bird.

The pike, being, and spying the birds upon the limb, it had carefully measured the distance, and by two vigorous jumps had captured them

both. The mother-bird was both grieved and dazed by the sudden calamity that had befallen the fledgelings, and perhaps fearing a similar fate for herself, she soon flew away.





EIGHTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



"I THINK we little ones ought to have a story all to ourselves now," said one of the smaller lads, as they gathered around the fire with unabated interest.

"So do I, and I have a little story here that will just suit you, I fancy. The older boys and girls can go and play games if they don't care to hear," answered Aunt Elinor, producing the well-worn portfolio.

"Thanks, we will try a bit, and if it is very namby-pamby we can run," said Geoff, catching sight of the name of the first chapter. Aunt Elinor smiled and began to read about —

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE GARDEN.

I. BEARS.

A BROWN bear was the first tenant; in fact, it was built for him. And this is the way it happened:

A man and his wife were driving through the woods up among the mountains, and hearing a queer sound, looked about them till they spied two baby bears in a tree.

"Those must be the cubs of the old bear that was killed last week," said Mr. Hitchcock, much interested at once.

"Poor little things! how will they get on without their mother? They seem so frightened, and cry like real babies," said the kind woman.

"They will starve if we don't take care of them. I'll shake them down; you catch them in your shawl and we'll see what we can do for them."

So Mr. Hitchcock climbed up the tree, to the

great dismay of the two orphans, who growled funny little growls and crept as far out on the branch as they dared.

"Shake softly, John, or they will fall and be killed," cried the wife, holding out her shawl for this new kind of fruit to fall into.

Down they came, one after the other, and at first were too frightened to fight; so Mr. Hitchcock bundled them up safely in the wagon, and Mrs. Hitchcock soothed their alarm by gentle pattings and motherly words, till they ceased to struggle, and cuddled down to sleep like two confiding puppies, than which they were not much larger.

Mr. Hitchcock kept the hotel that stood at the foot of the king of the mountains, and in summer the house was full of people; so he was glad of any new attraction, and the little bears were the delight of many children. At first, Tom and Jerry trotted and tumbled about like frolicsome puppies, and led easy lives,—petted, fed, and admired, till they grew so big and bold that, like other young creatures, their pranks made mischief as well as fun.

Tom would steal all the good things he could lay his paws on in kitchen or dining-room, and cook declared she could n't have the rascal loose; for whole pans of milk vanished, sheets of gingerbread were found in his den under the back steps, and nearly every day he was seen scrambling off with booty of some sort, while the fat cook waddled after, scolding and shaking the poker at him, to the great amusement of the boarders on the piazza. People bore with him a long time; but when, one day, after eating all he liked, he took a lively trot down the middle of the long dinner-table, smashing right and left as he scampered off, with a terrible clatter of silver, glass, and china, his angry master declared he would n't have such

doings, and chained him to a post on the lawn. Here he tugged and growled dismally, while good little Jerry frisked gayly about, trying to understand what it all meant.

But presently *his* besetting sin got *him* into trouble likewise. He loved to climb, and was never happier than when scrambling up the rough posts of the back piazza to bask in the sun on the roof above, peeping down with his sharp little eyes at the children, who could not follow. He roosted in trees like a fat brown bird, and came tumbling down unexpectedly on lovers who sought quiet nooks to be romantic in. He explored the chimneys and threw into them any trifle he happened to find,—for he was a rogue, and fond of stealing hats, balls, dolls, or any small article that came in his way. But the fun he liked best was to climb in at the chamber windows and doze on the soft beds; for Jerry was a luxurious fellow and scorned the straw of his own den. This habit annoyed people much, and the poor little bear often came bundling out of windows, to the accompaniment of a whack from an old gentleman's cane, or a splash of water thrown at him by some irate servant-girl.

One evening, when there was a dance, and every one was busy down-stairs, Jerry took a walk on the roof, and being sleepy, looked about for a cozy bed in which to take a nap. Two brothers occupied one of these rooms, and both were Jerry's good friends, especially the younger. Georgie was fast asleep, as his dancing day had not yet begun, and Charley was waltzing away down-stairs; so Jerry crept into bed and nestled beside his playmate, who was too sleepy to do anything but roll over, thinking the big brother had come to bed.

By and by Charley did come up, late and tired, and having forgotten a lamp, undressed in the moonlight, observing nothing till about to step into bed; then, finding something rolled up in the clothes, he thought it a joke of the other boys, and catching up a racquet, began to bang away at the suspicious bundle. A scene of wild confusion followed, for Jerry growled and clawed and could n't get out; Georgie awoke, and thinking that his bed-fellow was his brother being abused by some frolicsome mate, held on to Jerry, defending him bravely, till a rent in the sheet allowed a shaggy head to appear, so close to his own that the poor child was painfully reminded of Red Riding Hood's false grandmother. Charley was speechless with laughter at this discovery, and while Jerry bounced about the bed snarling and hugging pillows as he tried to get free, the terrified Georgie rushed down the hall screaming, "The wolf! the wolf!" till he gained a refuge in his mother's room.

Out popped night-capped heads, anxious voices

cried, "Is it fire?" and in a moment the house was astir. The panic might have been serious if Jerry had not come galloping down-stairs, hotly pursued by Charley in his night-gown, still waving his weapon at the poor beast, and howling, "He was in my bed! He frightened Georgie!"

Then the alarmed ladies and gentlemen laughed and grew calm, while the boys all turned out and hunted Jerry up stairs and down, till he was captured and ignominiously lugged away to be tied in the barn.

That prank sealed his fate, and he went to join his brother in captivity. Here they lived for a year, and went to housekeeping in a den in the bank, with a trough for their food, and a high, knotted pole to climb on. They had many visitors, and learned a few tricks, but were not happy, for they longed to be free, and the older they grew, the more they sighed for the forest where they were born.

The second summer something happened that parted them forever. Among the children who came to the hotel that year with their parents, were Fred and Fan Howard, two jolly young persons of twelve and fourteen. Of course, the bears were very interesting, and Fred tried their tempers by tormenting them, while Fan won their hearts with cake and nuts, candy and caresses.

Tom was Fred's favorite, and Jerry was Fan's. Tom was very intelligent, and covered himself with glory by various exploits. One was taking off the boards which roofed the den, so that the sun should dry the dampness after a rain; and he carefully replaced them at night. Any dog who approached the trough had his ears smartly boxed, and meddlesome boys were hugged till they howled for mercy. He danced in a way to convulse the soberest, and Fred taught him to shoulder arms in imitation of a stout old soldier of the town with so droll an effect, that the children rolled on the grass shouting with laughter when the cap was on, and the wooden gun was flourished by the clumsy hero at word of command.

Jerry had no accomplishments, but his sweet temper made him many friends. He allowed the doves to eat with him, the kittens to frolic all over his back, and was never rough with the small people who timidly offered him buns which he took very gently from their little hands. But he pined in captivity, refused his food, and lay in his den all day, or climbed to the top of the pole and sat there looking off to the cool, dark forest with such a pensive air that Fan said it made her heart ache to see him. Just before the season ended, Jerry disappeared. No one could imagine how the chain broke, but gone he was, and—to Fan's satisfaction and Tom's great sorrow—he never came back. Tom mourned for his brother, and Mr. Hitchcock

began to talk of killing Tom; for it would not do to let two bears loose in the neighborhood, as they sometimes killed sheep and did much harm.

"I wish my father would buy him," said Fred, "I've always wanted a menagerie, and a tame bear would be a capital beginning."

"I'll ask him, for I hate to have the poor old fellow killed," answered Fan. She not only begged papa to buy Tom, but confessed that she filed Jerry's chain and helped him to escape.

"I know it was wrong, but I could n't see him suffer," she said. "Now, if you will buy Tom I'll give you my five dollars to help, and Mr. Hitchcock will forgive me and be glad to get rid of both the bears."

After some consultation Tom *was* bought, and orders were sent to have a house built for him in a sunny corner of the garden, with strong rings to which to chain him, and a good lock on the door. When he was settled in these new quarters, he held daily receptions for some weeks. Young and old came to see him, and Fred showed off his menagerie with the pride of a budding Barnum. A bare spot was soon worn on the grass-plot which made Tom's parade-ground, and at all hours the poor fellow might be seen dancing and drilling, or sitting at his door, thoughtfully surveying the curious crowd, and privately wishing he never had been born.

Here he lived for another year, getting so big that he could hardly turn around in his house, and so cross that Fred began to be a little afraid of him, after several hugs much too vehement to be safe or agreeable. One morning the door of the house was found broken off, and Tom was gone. Fred was rather relieved; but his father was anxious, and ordered out the boys of the neighborhood to find the runaway, lest he should alarm people or do some harm. It was an easy matter to trace him, for more than one terrified woman had seen the big brown beast sniffing around her kitchen premises after food; a whole schoolful of children had been startled out of their wits by a bear's head at the window; and one old farmer was in a towering rage over the damage done to his bee-hives and garden-patch by "that pesky critter, afore he took to the woods."

After a long search poor Tom was found rolled up in a sunny nook, resting after a glorious frolic. He went home without much reluctance, but from that time it was hard to keep him. Bolts and bars, chains and ropes were of little use; for when the longing came, off he went, on one occasion carrying the house on his back, like a snail, till he tipped it over and broke loose. Fred was quite worn out with his pranks, and tried to sell or give him away; but nobody would buy or accept

such a troublesome pet. Even tender-hearted Fan gave him up, when he frightened a little child into convulsions, and had killed some sheep on his last holiday.

It was decided that he must be killed, and a party of men, armed with guns, set out one afternoon to carry the sentence into effect. Fred went also to see that all was properly done, and Fanny called after him with tears in her eyes: "Say good-bye to him for me."

This time Tom had been gone a week, and had evidently made up his mind to become a free bear; for he had wandered far into the deepest wood and made a den for himself among the rocks. Here they found him, but could not persuade him to come out, and no bold Putnam was in the troop who would creep in and conquer him there.

"We have fooled away time enough, and I want to get home to supper," said the leader of the hunt, after many attempts had been made to lure or drive Tom from his shelter.

So they fired a volley into the den, and growls of pain proved that some of the bullets had hit. And as no answering sound followed the second volley, the hunters concluded that their object was accomplished, and went home, agreeing to come the next day to make sure. They were spared the trouble, however, for when Fred looked from his window in the morning he saw that Tom had returned. He ran down to welcome the rebel back. But one look showed him that the poor beast had only come home to die; for he was covered with wounds and lay moaning on his bed of straw, looking as pathetic as a bear could.

Fanny cried over him, and Fred was quite bowed down with remorse; but nothing could be done, and within an hour poor Tom was dead. As if to atone for their seeming cruelty, Fanny draped the little house with black, and Fred, resisting all temptations to keep the bear's fine skin, buried him like a warrior, "with his martial cloak around him," in the green woods he loved so well.

II. BOYS.

THE next tenants of the little house were three riotous lads,—for Fred's family had moved away,—and the new-comers took possession one fine spring day with great rejoicing over this ready-made plaything. They were imaginative little fellows, of eleven, twelve, and fourteen; for, having read the "Boys' Froissart" and other war-like works, they were quite carried away by these stirring tales, and each boy was some special hero. Harry, the eldest, was Henry of Navarre, and wore a white plume on every occasion. Ned was the Black Prince, and clanked in tin armor, while little

Billy was William Tell and William Wallace by turns.

Tom's deserted mansion underwent astonishing changes about this time. Bows and arrows hung on its walls; battle-axes, lances, and guns stood in the corners; helmets, shields, and all manner of strange weapons adorned the rafters; cannon peeped from its port-holes; a drawbridge swung over the moat that soon surrounded it; the flags of all nations waved from its roof, and the small house was by turns an armory, a fort, a castle, a robber's cave, a warrior's tomb, a wigwam, and the Bastille.

The neighbors were both amused and scandalized by the pranks of these dramatic young persons; for they enacted with much spirit and skill all the historical events which pleased their fancy, and speedily enlisted other boys to join in the new plays. At one time, painted and be-feathered Indians whooped about the garden, tomahawking the unhappy settlers in the most dreadful manner. At another, Achilles, radiant in a tin helmet and boiler-cover shield, dragged Hector at the tail of his chariot (the wheel-barrow), drawn by two antic and antique steeds, who upset both victor and vanquished before the fun was over. Tell shot bushels of apples off the head of the stuffed suit of clothes that acted his son, Cœur de Leon and Saladin hacked blocks and cut cushions *à la* Walter Scott, and tournaments of great splendor were held on the grass, in which knights from all ages, climes, and races tilted gallantly, while fair dames of tender years sat upon the wood-pile to play Queens of Beauty and award the prize of valor.

Nor were modern heroes forgotten. Napoleon crossed the Alps (a hay-rick, high fence, and prickly hedge) with intrepid courage. Wellington won many a Waterloo in the melon-patch, and Washington glorified every corner of the garden by his heroic exploits. Grant smoked sweet-fern cigars at the fall of Richmond; Sherman marched victoriously to Georgia through the corn and round the tomato bed, and Phil Sheridan electrified the neighborhood by tearing down the road on a much-enduring donkey, stung to unusual agility by something tied to his tail.

It grew to be an almost daily question among the young people, "What are the Morton boys at now?" for these interesting youths were much admired by their mates, who eagerly manned the fences to behold the revels, when scouts brought word of a new play going on. Mrs. Morton believed in making boys happy at home, and so allowed them entire liberty in the great garden, as it was safer than river, streets, or ball-ground, where a very mixed crowd was to be found. Here they were under her own eye, and the safe, sweet tie

between them still held fast; for she was never too busy to bind up their wounds after a fray, wave her handkerchief when cheers told of victory, rummage her stores for costumes, or join in their eager study of favorite heroes when rain put an end to their out-of-door fun.

So the summer was a lively one, and though the vegetables suffered some damage, a good crop of healthy, happy hours was harvested, and all were satisfied. The little house looked much the worse for the raids made upon it, but still stood firm with the stars and stripes waving over it, and peace seemed to reign one October afternoon as the boys lay under the trees eating apples and planning what to play next.

"Bobby wants to be a knight of the Round Table. We might take him in and have fun with the rites, and make him keep a vigil and all that," proposed William Wallace, anxious to admit his chosen friend to the inner circle of the brotherhood.

"He's such a little chap, he'd be scared and howl. I don't vote for that," said the Black Prince, rather scornfully, as he lay with his kingly legs in the air, and his royal mouth full of apple.

"I do!" declared Henry of Navarre, always generous and amiable. "Bob is a plucky little chap, and will do anything we put him to. He's poor, and the other fellows look down on him, so that's another reason why we ought to take him in and stand by him. Let's give him a good trial, and if he's brave we'll have him."

"So we will! Let's do it now; he's over there waiting to be asked," cried Billy.

A whistle brought Bobby, with a beaming face, for he burned to join the fun, but held back because he was not a gentleman's son. A sturdy, honest little soul was Bobby, true as steel, brave as a lion, and loyal as an old-time vassal to his young lord, kind Billy, who always told him all the plans, explained the mysteries, and shared the goodies when feasts were spread.

Now he stood leaning against one of the posts of the little house whither the boys had adjourned, and listened bashfully while Harry told him what he must do to join the heroes of the Round Table. He did not understand half of it, but was ready for any trial, and took the comical oath administered to him with the utmost solemnity.

"You must stay locked in here for some hours, and watch your armor. That's the vigil young knights had to keep before they could fight. You must n't be scared at any noises you hear, or anything you see, nor sing out for help, even if you stay here till dark. You'll be a coward if you do, and never have a sword."

"I promise truly; hope t' die if I don't,"

answered Bobby, fixing his blue eyes on the speaker, and holding his curly head erect with the air of one ready to face any peril; for the desire of his soul was to own a sword like Billy's, and clash it on warlike occasions.

Then a suit of armor was piled up on the red box, which was by turns altar, table, tomb, and executioner's block. Banners were hung over it, the place darkened, two candles lighted, and after certain rites, which cannot be divulged, the little knight was left to his vigil, and the door was locked.

The boys howled outside, smote on the roof, fired a cannon, and taunted the prisoner with derisive epithets to stir him to wrath. But no cry answered them, no hint of weariness, fear, or anger betrayed him, and after a half-hour of this sort of fun, they left him to the greater trial of silence, solitude, and uncertainty.

The short afternoon was soon gone, and the teabell rang before the vigil had lasted long enough to suit the young heroes.

"He wont know what time it is; let's leave him till after supper, and then march out with torches and bring him in to a good meal. Mother wont mind, and Hetty likes to see boys eat," proposed Harry, and all being hungry, the first part of the plan was carried out at once.

But before tea was over the unusual clang of the fire-bells drove all thought of Bobby out of the boys' minds, as the three Morton lads raced away to the exciting scene, to take their share in the shouting, running, and tumbling about in every one's way.

A fine large house not far away was burning, and till midnight the town was in an uproar. No lives were lost, but much property was burned, nothing but the fire was thought of till dawn. A heavy shower did good service, and about one o'clock people began to go home tired out. Mrs. Morton and other ladies were too busy giving shelter to the family from the burning house, and making coffee for the firemen, to send their boys to bed. In fact, they could not catch them; for the youngsters were wild with excitement, and pervaded the place like will-o'-the-wisps, running errands, lugging furniture, splashing about with water, and shouting till they were as hoarse as crows.

At last the flurry was over, and our three lads, very dirty, wet, and tired, went to bed and to sleep, and never once thought of poor Bobby, till next morning. Then Harry suddenly rose with an exclamation that effectually roused both his brothers:

"Boys! Boys! We've left Bobby at his vigil all night!"

"He would n't be such a fool as to stay; he could break that old lock easily enough," said Ned, looking troubled, in spite of his words.

"Yes, he would! He promised, and he'll keep his word like a true knight. It rained and was cold, and everybody was excited about the fire, and no one knew where he was. I never once thought of him all night long. Oh, dear, I hope he is n't dead," cried Billy, tumbling out of bed and into his clothes as fast as he could.

The others laughed, but dressed with unusual speed, and flew to the garden-house, to find the lock unbroken, and all as still inside as when they left it. Looking very anxious, Harry opened the door, and they all peeped in. There, at his post before the altar, lay the little knight, fast asleep. Rain had soaked his clothes, the chilly night air had made his lips and hands purple with cold, and the trials of those long hours had left the round cheeks somewhat pale. But he still guarded his arms, and at the first sound was awake and ready to defend them, though somewhat shaky with sleep and stiffness.

The penitent boys poured forth apologies, in which fire, remorse, and breakfast were oddly mixed. Bobby forgave them like a gentleman, only saying, with a laugh and a shiver, "Guess I'd better go home, for ma'll be worried about me. If I'd known being out all night and getting wet was part of the business, I'd 'a' left word and brought a blanket. Am I a Round Table now? Shall I have a sword, and train with the rest? I did n't holler once, and I was n't much scared, for all the bells, and the dark, and the rain."

"You've won your spurs, and we'll knight you just as soon as we get time. You're a brave fellow, and I'm proud to have you one of my men. Please don't say much about this; we'll make it all right, and we're awfully sorry," answered Harry, while Ned put his own jacket over Bobby's shoulders, and Billy beamed at him, feeling that his friend's exploit outdid any of his own.

Bobby marched away as proudly as if he already saw the banners waving over him, and felt the accolade that made him a true knight. But that happy moment was delayed for some time, because the cold which he had caught in that shower threatened a fit of sickness; and the boys' play looked as if it might end in sad earnest.

Harry and his brothers confessed all to mamma, listened with humility to her lecture on true knight-hood, and did penance by serving Bobby like real brothers-in-arms, while he was ill. As soon as the hardy boy was all right again, they took solemn counsel together how they should reward him, and atone for their carelessness. Many plans were

discussed, but none seemed fine enough for this occasion till Billy had a bright idea.

"Let's buy Bob some hens. He wants some dreadfully, and we ought to do something grand after treating him so badly, and nearly killing him."

"Who's got any money? I have n't; but it's a good idea," responded Ned, vainly groping in all his pockets for a dime to head the subscription with.

"Mamma would lend us some, and we could work to pay for it," began Billy.

"No, I have a better plan," interrupted Harry, with authority. "We ought to make a sacrifice and suffer for our sins. We will have an auction and sell our arms. The boys want them and will pay well. My lords and gentlemen, what say ye?"

"We will!" responded the loyal subjects of King Henry.

"Winter is coming, and we can't use them," said Billy, innocently.

"And by next spring we shall be too old for such games," added Ned.

"Tis well! Ho! call hither my men. Bring out the suits of mail; sound the trumpets, and set on!" thundered Harry, striking an attitude, and issuing his commands with royal brevity.

A funny scene ensued; for while Billy ran to collect the boys, Ned dismantled the armory, and Hal disposed of the weapons in the most effective manner, on trees, fences, and grass, where the bidders could examine and choose at their ease. Their mates had always admired and coveted these warlike treasures, for some were real, and others ingenious imitations; so they gladly came at sound of the hunter's horn, which was blown when Robin Hood wanted his merry men.

Harry was auctioneer, and rattled off the most amazing medley of nonsense in praise of the articles, which he rapidly knocked down to the highest bidder. The competition was lively, for the boys laughed so much they hardly knew what they were doing, and made the rashest offers; but they all knew what the money was to be used for, so they paid their bills handsomely, and marched off with cross-bows, old guns, rusty swords, and tin armor, quite contented with their bargains.

Seven dollars were realized by the sale, and a fine rooster and several hens solemnly presented to Bobby, who was overwhelmed by this unexpected atonement, and immediately established his fowls in the woodshed, where they happily resided through the winter, and laid eggs with such gratifying rapidity that he earned quite a little fortune, and insisted on saying that his vigil had made him not only a knight, but a millionaire.

III. BABIES.

THE little house stood empty till spring; then a great stir went on in the garden, in preparation for a new occupant. It was mended, painted red, fitted up with a small table and chairs, and a swing. Sunflowers stood sentinel at the door, vines ran over it, and little beds of flowers were planted on either side. Paths were made all round the lawn. The neighbors wondered what was coming next, and one June day they found out; for a procession appeared, escorting the new tenant to the red mansion, with great rejoicing among the boys.

First came Billy blowing the horn, then Ned waving their best banner, then Hal drawing the baby-wagon, in which, as on a throne, sat the little cousin who had come to spend the summer, and rule over them like a small sweet tyrant. A very sprightly damsel was four-year-old Queenie, blue-eyed, plump, and rosy, with a cloud of yellow curls, chubby arms that embraced every one, and a pair of stout legs that trotted all day. She surveyed her kingdom with cries of delight, and took possession of "mine tottage" at once, beginning housekeeping by a tumble out of the swing, a header into the red chest, and a pinch in the leaf of the table. But she won great praise from the boys by making light of these mishaps, and came up smiling, with a bump on her brow, a scratch on her pug nose, and a bruise on one fat finger, and turned out tea for the gentlemen as if she had done it all her life; for the table was set, and all manner of tiny cakes and rolls stood ready to welcome her.

This was only the beginning of tea-parties; for very soon a flock of lovely little friends came to play with Queenie, and so many pretty revels went on that it seemed as if fairies had taken possession of the small house. Dolls had picnics, kittens went a-visiting, tin carts rattled up and down, gay balloons flew about, pigmy soldiers toddled round the paths in paper caps, and best of all, rosy little girls danced on the grass, picked the flowers, chased the butterflies, and sang as blithely as the birds. Queenie took the lead in these frolics, and got into no end of scrapes by her love of exploration, — often leading her small friends into the strawberry-bed, down the road, over the wall, or to some neighbor's house, coolly demanding "a dint a water and dinderbed for all us ones."

Guards were set, bars and locks put up, orders given, and punishments inflicted, but all in vain; the dauntless baby always managed to escape, and after anxious hunts and domestic flurries, would be found up in the road, or under the big rhubarb leaves, on the high fence, or calmly strolling to town without her hat. All sorts of people took her to

drive at her request, and brought her back just as her agitated relatives were flying to the river in despair.

"We must tie her up," said Mrs. Morton, quite worn out with her pranks.

So a strong cord was put round Queenie's waist, and fastened to one of the rings in the little house where Tom used to be chained. At first she raged and tugged, then submitted, and played about as if she did n't care; but she laid plans in her naughty little mind, and carried them out, to the great dismay of Bessie, the maid.

"I want to tut drass," she said in her most persuasive tones.

So Bessie gave her the rusty scissors she was allowed to use, and let her play at making hay till her toy wagon was full.

"I want a dint of water, p'ease," was the next request, and Bessie went in to get it. She was delayed a few moments, and when she came out no sign of Queenie remained but a pile of yellow hair cut off in a hurry, and the end of the cord. Slyboots was gone, scissors and all.

Then there was racing and calling, scolding and wailing, but no Queenie was to be seen anywhere on the premises. Poor Bessie ran one way, Aunt Morton another, and Billy, who happened to be at home, poked into all the nooks and corners for the runaway.

An hour passed, and things began to look serious, when Billy came in much excited, and laughing so he could hardly speak.

"Where *do* you think that dreadful baby has turned up? Over at Pat Floyd's. He found her in the water-pipes. You know a lot of those big ones are lying in the back street ready to use as soon as the trench is dug. Well, that little rascal crept in, and then could n't turn round, so she went on till she came out by Pat's house, and nearly scared him out of his wits. The pipes were not joined, so she had light and air, but I guess she had a hard road to travel. Such a hot, dirty, tired baby you never saw. Mrs. Floyd is washing her up. You'd better go and get her, Bessie."

Bessie went, and returned with naughty Queenie, who looked as if her curls had been gnawed off and the sand of the great desert had been ground into her hands and knees,—not to mention the iron-rust that ruined her pretty pink frock, or the crown of her hat which was rubbed to rags.

"I was n't frightened. You said Dod be'd all wound, so I goed wite alon', and Miss F'oyd gived me a nice cold tater, and a tootie."

That was Queenie's account of the matter, but she behaved so well after it that her friends suspected the perilous prank had made a good impression upon her.

To keep her at home she was set to farming, and the little house was transformed into a miniature barn. In it lived a rocking-horse, several wooden cows, woolly sheep, cats and dogs, as well as a queer collection of carts and carriages, tools and baskets. Every day the busy little farmer dug and hoed, planted and watered her "dardin," made hay, harvested vegetables, picked fruit, or took care of animals,—pausing now and then to ride her horse, or drive out in her "phaeton."

The little friends came to help her, and the flower beds soon looked as if an earthquake had upheaved them; for things were planted upside down, holes were dug, stones were piled, and potatoes laid about as if they were expected to plant themselves. But baby cheeks bloomed like roses, small hands were browned, and busy feet trotted firmly about the paths, while the little red barn echoed with the gayest laughter all day long.

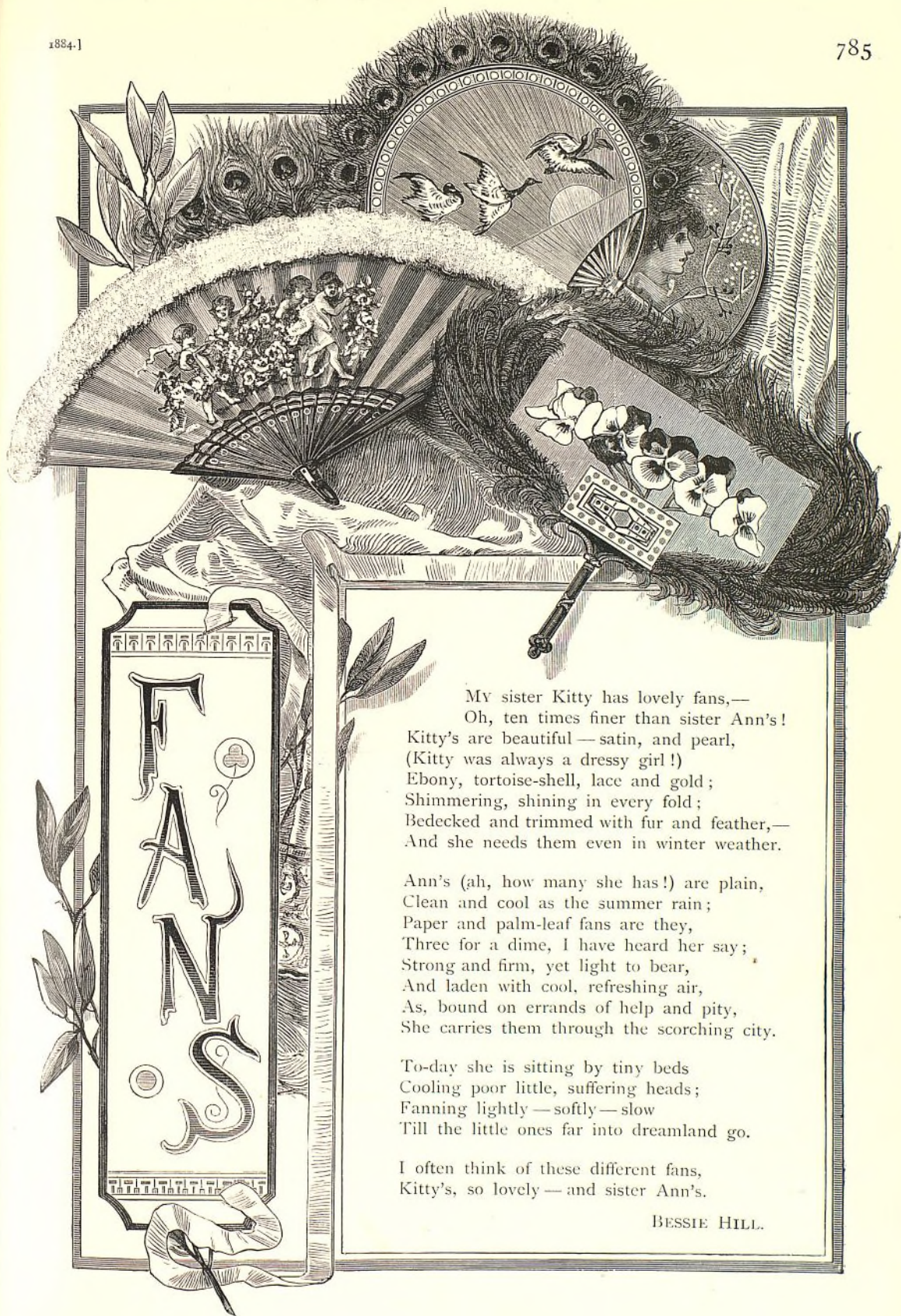
On Queenie's fifth birthday, in September, she had a gypsy party, and all the small neighbors came to it. A tent was pitched, three tall poles held up a kettle over a "truly fire" that made the water really boil, and supper was spread on the grass. The little girls wore red and blue petticoats, gay shawls or cloaks, bright handkerchiefs on their heads, and as many beads and breastpins as they liked. Some had tambourines and shook them as they danced; one carried a dolly in the hood of her cloak like a true gypsy, and all sung, skipping hand in hand round the fire.

The mammas looked on and helped about supper, and Bess sat in the tent like an old woman, and told pleasant fortunes, as she looked in the palms of the soft little hands that the children showed her.

They had a charming time, and all remembered it well; for that night, when the fun was over, every one in bed, and the world asleep, a great storm came on; the wind blew a gale and chimney tops flew off, blinds banged, trees were broken, apples whisked from the boughs by the bushel, and much mischief was done. But worst of all, the dear little house was blown away! The roof went in one direction, the boards in another, the poor horse lay heels up, and the rest of the animals were scattered far and wide over the garden.

Great was the lamentation next morning when the children saw the ruin. The boys felt that it was past mending, and gave it up; while Queenie consoled herself for the devastation of her farm by the childish belief that a crop of new cats and dogs, cows and horses, would come up in the spring from the seed sown broadcast by the storm.

So that was the sad end of the little house in the garden.



My sister Kitty has lovely fans,—
 Oh, ten times finer than sister Ann's!
 Kitty's are beautiful — satin, and pearl,
 (Kitty was always a dressy girl!)
 Ebony, tortoise-shell, lace and gold;
 Shimmering, shining in every fold;
 Bedecked and trimmed with fur and feather,—
 And she needs them even in winter weather.

Ann's (ah, how many she has!) are plain,
 Clean and cool as the summer rain;
 Paper and palm-leaf fans are they,
 Three for a dime, I have heard her say;
 Strong and firm, yet light to bear,
 And laden with cool, refreshing air,
 As, bound on errands of help and pity,
 She carries them through the scorching city.

To-day she is sitting by tiny beds
 Cooling poor little, suffering heads;
 Fanning lightly — softly — slow
 Till the little ones far into dreamland go.

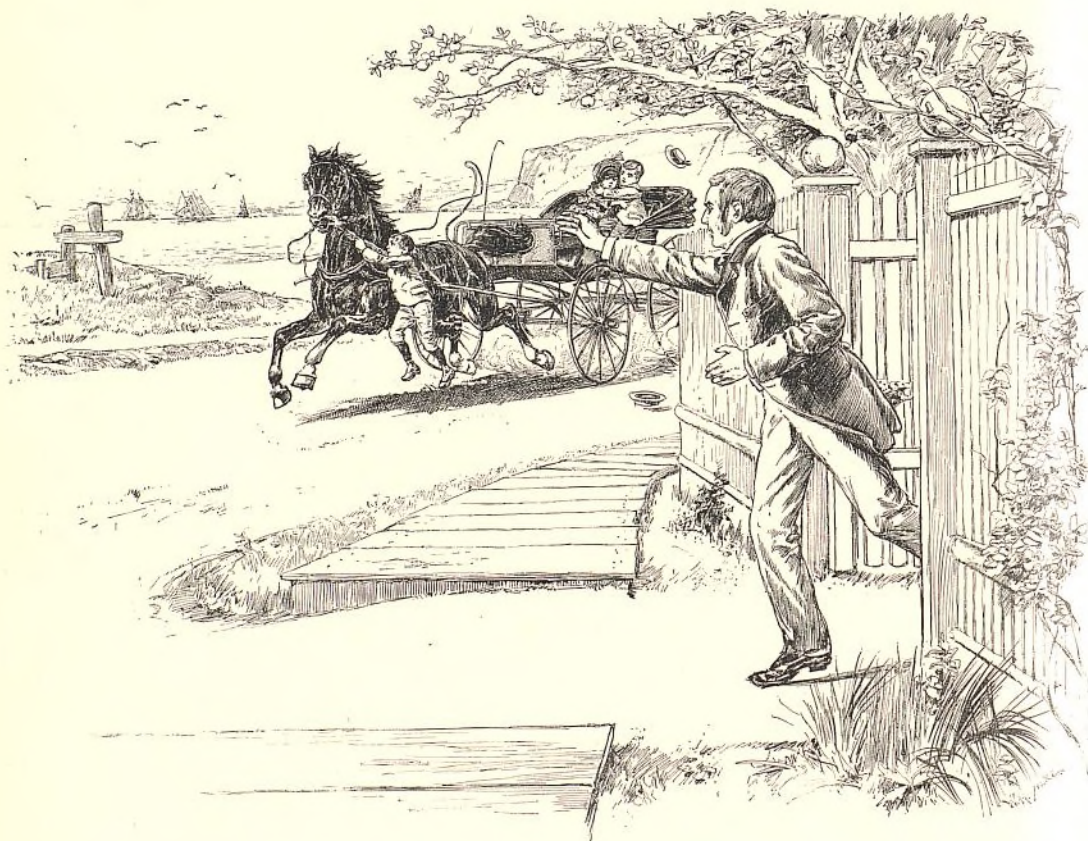
I often think of these different fans,
 Kitty's, so lovely — and sister Ann's.

BESSIE HILL.

A YANKEE BOY'S ADVENTURE AT THE SEA-SIDE.

(A True Story.)

BY SPENCER BORDEN.



"AND what do you think, Papa! A gentleman left his horse down on the beach, yesterday, with his two little children in the carriage. The horse ran away and came right up past our house!"

The speaker was Harry Bradford, a bright boy of ten years. He was the oldest of five children, and, with his brother who was three years younger, he had come to meet their father at the train, and was now telling him what had happened since they last saw him.

Mr. Bradford had taken his family to the seaside for the summer vacation, and they were enjoying it to the utmost; for they had taken their pony, and with riding, boating, and swimming, the boys were having a royal holiday. The father

remained at his business in the city through the week, but came to them every Friday night; and Saturdays and Sundays, when the children had him to join them in their sport and rest, they considered the best days of all.

The place chosen by the Bradford family was a mile or two outside one of the fashionable cities by the sea. Between two rocky headlands, a mile and a half apart, a beautiful beach of white sand stretched in a graceful curve, and upon it rolled the surf in dark-green waves breaking continually into white foam. Here the children played in the sand, bathed in the clear water, or rode in their pony-cart along the hard, smooth beach.

The farm-house where they boarded was about

a quarter of a mile back from the beach, on an avenue much frequented by riders and driving parties from the gay city near by.

The coming of summer visitors had occasioned quite a transformation in the old house. A piazza had been added to the front, and on it hung a hammock, while another hammock could be seen under the apple-trees in the orchard which lay on the ocean side of the mansion. The grass had been trimmed to make a smooth lawn, the house had been painted, red tubs with flowers in them were placed at various points, and a semicircular graveled drive-way led from a gate below the house, at the edge of the orchard, past the front of the low piazza, and out to another gate as far above the house as the first was below—the two gates being perhaps one hundred and fifty feet apart.

Everything about the premises had a very attractive appearance, especially to Mr. Bradford, as he came from his hot city office, driving up the pleasant road about sunset, his bright eager boys recounting the tale of their week's doings to his willing ears.

When Harry spoke of the runaway horse, Mr. Bradford was at once interested, for he imagined the feelings of the frantic father on seeing his little children in such imminent danger. So he said:

"Did the children get hurt, Harry?"

"O, no, Papa; the horse was stopped."

"Who stopped him, my boy?"

"Mr. Marsh did, Papa;—but I helped, too."

Finding that no serious consequences had come from the adventure, Mr. Bradford paid little attention to Harry's modest avowal of a part in it, and as the boy said no more about the runaway, conversation turned into other channels, and the father thought no more of it until after supper.

Mr. Marsh, whom Harry had mentioned, was a New York gentleman, who, with his wife and baby, was stopping at the same house with the Bradfords.

After the evening meal, Mr. Bradford came out upon the piazza to enjoy the fresh breeze from the ocean, and there found Mr. Marsh sitting alone, and apparently in deep thought.

Mr. Bradford greeted him with a hearty shake of the hand, and drawing a chair to his side, seated himself, saying:

"Well, Mr. Marsh, Harry tells me you had quite an excitement here yesterday. How about the runaway?"

"It was the pluckiest act I ever saw!" said Mr. Marsh, half rising.

Mr. Bradford looked at him in amazement.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Let me tell you about it," said Mr. Marsh.

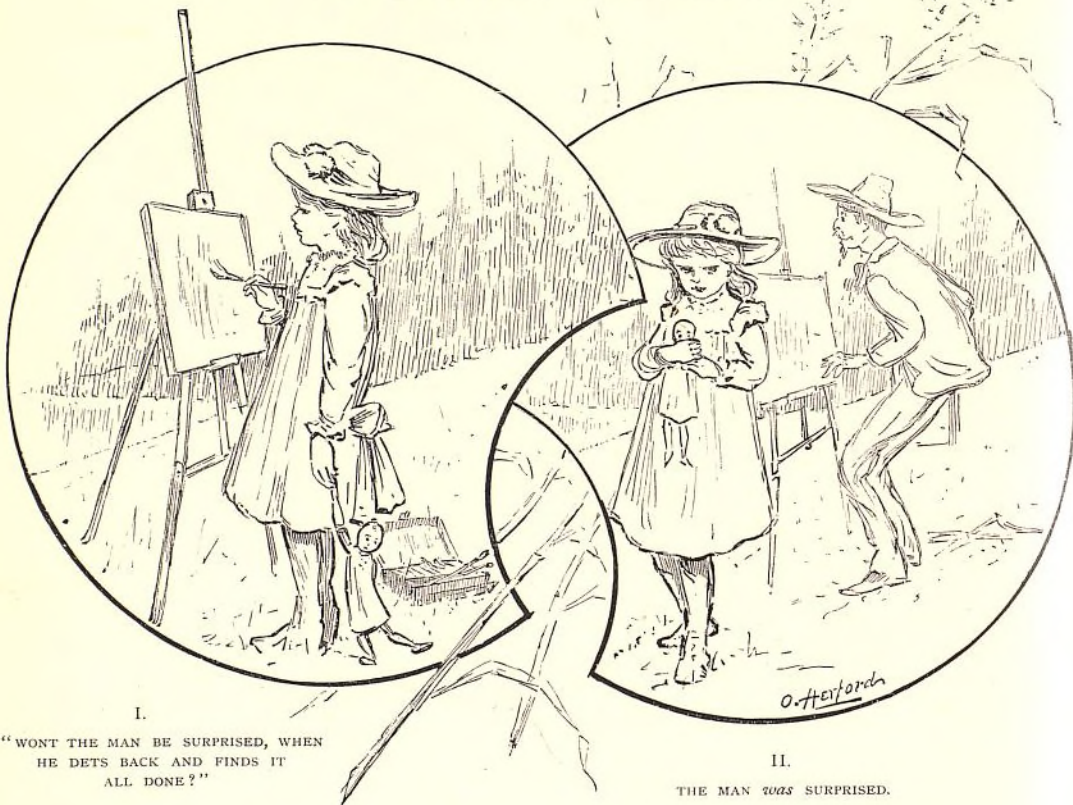
"Yesterday, after we all had come up from bathing, I sat here on the piazza, reading, with baby in my lap. Your children were playing on the grass in the orchard, near that lower gate, and Mrs. Marsh sat near me on the piazza.

"Suddenly we heard the clatter of a horse's feet, and a shout in a man's voice: 'Stop that horse! stop that horse!' Looking up, I saw a carriage containing two little children, about two and three years old, drawn by a horse that was madly rushing straight up the road. It was a terrible moment. I turned to give the baby to Mrs. Marsh, and ran for the upper gate, as I knew the horse would pass the lower gate before I could get there. But Harry had seen him too, and as the horse came past, the boy shot out from the gate like a flash of light, and without a word sprang at the horse's head, seized the bridle, and held on with a grip like a vise. His weight was insufficient to stop the frightened animal, which dragged the boy, his feet hardly touching the ground, from the point where he seized it, over the entire distance to the upper gate. Here I also was able to clutch the bridle, and we brought the horse to a standstill. When the father came up, he was so agitated that he could not speak."

Such was the adventure so simply told by Harry, when he said—"But I helped, too."

The readers of ST. NICHOLAS may be glad to know that this is no story made up from imagination. "Harry" is a real live boy, only eleven years old now, though of course his name is not Harry, nor his father's name Bradford. The incident here recorded happened in August, 1883, and "Harry" will be as much surprised as any of you when he reads about it; for he is as eager to read his ST. NICHOLAS when it comes, as he is happy to ride his pony or to dive through the big waves when the surf breaks on the beach.

AN ARTISTIC SURPRISE.



HISTORIC BOYS.*

BY E. S. BROOKS.

VII.

BALDWIN OF JERUSALEM: THE BOY CRUSADER.

[Known as Baldwin III., the Fifth of the Latin Kings of Jerusalem.]

How many of my young readers know anything of that eventful and romantic chapter in the history of Palestine, when, for eighty-eight years, from the days of Duke Godfrey, greatest of the Crusaders, to the time of Saladin, greatest of the Sultans, Jerusalem was governed by Christian nobles and guarded by Christian knights, drawn from the shores of Italy, the plains of Normandy, and the forests of Anjou? It is a chapter full of interest and yet but little known, and it is at about

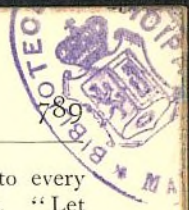
the middle of this historic period, in the fall of the year 1147, that our sketch opens.

In the palace of the Latin kings, on the slopes of Mount Moriah, a boy of fifteen and a girl of ten were leaning against an open casement and looking out through the clear September air toward the valley of the Jordan and the purple hills of Moab.

“Give me thy gittern, Isa,” said the boy, a ruddy-faced youth, with gray eyes and auburn hair; “let me play the air that René, the troubadour, taught me yesterday. I’ll warrant thee ’t will set thy feet a-flying, if I can but master the strain,” and he hummed over the gay measure.

But the fair young Isabelle had now found

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something more absorbing than the song of the troubadour.

"Nay, my lord, rather let me try the gittern," she said. "See, now will I charm this snailly from its cell with the air that René taught me," and together the two heads bent over one of the vicious little "desert snails of Egypt," which young Isabelle of Tyre had found crawling along the casement of the palace.

"Snailly, snailly, little nun,
Come out of thy cell, come into the sun;
Show me thy horns without delay,
Or I'll tear thy convent-walls away."

sang the girl merrily, as she touched the strings of her gittern. But his snailship continued close and mute, and the boy laughed loudly as he picked up the snail and laid it on his open palm.

"T is vain, Isa," he said; "thy snailly is no troubadour to come out at his lady's summons. Old Hassan says the sluggards can sleep for full four years, but trust me to waken this one. So, holo! See, Isa, there be his horns—ah! oh! the foot of a lion grind thy Pagan shell!" he cried, dancing around the room in pain, "the beast hath bitten me! Out, Ishmaelite!" and he flung the snail from him in a rage, while Isabelle clung to the casement laughing heartily at her cousin's mishap.

But the snail flew across the room at an unfortunate moment, for the arras parted suddenly and a tall and stalwart man clothed in the coarse woolen gown of a palmer, or pilgrim to Jerusalem, entered the apartment just in time to receive the snail full against his respected and venerated nose.

"The saints protect us!" exclaimed the palmer, drawing back in surprise and clapping a hand to his face. "Doth the King of Jerusalem keep a catapult in this his palace with which to greet his visitors?" Then, spying the two young people, who stood in some dismay by the open casement, the stranger strode across the room and laid a heavy hand upon the boy's shoulder, while little Isa's smothered laugh changed to an alarmed and tremulous "Oh!"

"Thou unmannerly boy," said the palmer, "how dar'st thou thus assault a pilgrim?"

But the lad stood his ground stoutly. "Lay off thine hand, sir palmer," he said. "Who art thou, forsooth, that doth press thy way into the private chambers of the king?"

"Nay, that is not for thee to know," replied the palmer. "Good faith, I have a mind to shake thee well, sir page, for this thy great impertinence."

But here little Isa, having recovered her voice, exclaimed hurriedly: "O no,—not page, good palmer. He is no page; he is——"

"Peace, Isa," the lad broke in with that pecu-

lar wink of the left eyelid well known to every boy who deals in mischief and mystery. "Let the gray palmer tell us who *he* may be, or, by my plume, he goeth no further in the palace here."

The burly pilgrim looked down upon the lad, who, with arms akimbo and defiant face, barred his progress. He laughed a grim and dangerous laugh. "Thou rare young malapert!" he said. "Hath, then, the state of great King Godfrey fallen so low that chattering children keep the royal doors?" Then, seizing the boy by the ear, he whirled him aside and said: "Out of my path, sir page. Let me have instant speech with the king, thy master, ere I seek him out myself and bid him punish roundly such a saucy young jackdaw as thou."

"By what token askest thou to see the king?" the boy demanded, nursing his wounded ear.

"By this same token of the royal seal," replied the palmer, and he held out to the lad a golden signet-ring, "the which I was to show to whomsoever barred my path and crave due entrance to the king for the gray palmer, Conradin."

"So, 't is the queen mother's signet," said the boy. "There is then no gainsaying thee. Well, good palmer Conradin, thou need'st go no further. I am the King of Jerusalem."

The palmer started in surprise. "Give me no more tricks, boy," he said, sternly.

"Nay, 't is no trick, good palmer," said little Isabelle, in solemn assurance. "This is the king."

The palmer saw that the little maid spoke truly, but he seemed still full of wonder, and, grasping the young king's shoulder, he held him off at arm's length and looked him over from head to foot.

"Thou the king!" he exclaimed. "Thou that Baldwin of Jerusalem whom men do call the hero of the Jordan, the paladin, the young conqueror of Bostra? Thou—a boy!"

"It ill beseemeth me to lay claim to be hero and paladin," said young King Baldwin modestly. But know, sir pilgrim, that I am as surely King Baldwin of Jerusalem as thou art the palmer Conradin. What warrant, then, hast thou, gray palmer though thou be, to lay such heavy hands upon the king?" And he strove to free himself from the stranger's grasp.

But the palmer caught him round the neck with a strong embrace. "What warrant, lad?" he exclaimed heartily. "Why, the warrant of a brother, good my lord. Thousands of leagues have I traveled to seek and succor thee. Little brother, here I am known only as a gray palmer, but from the Rhine to Ratisbon and Rome am I hailed as Conrad, King of Germany!"

It was now the boy's turn to start in much surprise. "Thou the great Emperor—and in palmer's garb?" he said. "Where, then, are thy followers, valiant Conrad?"

"Six thousand worn and weary knights camp under the shadow of Acre's walls," replied the Emperor sadly, "the sole remains of that gallant train of close on ninety thousand knights who followed our banner from distant Ratisbon. Greek traitors and Arab spears have slain the rest, and I am come in the guise of a simple pilgrim to help thee, noble boy, in thy struggles 'gainst the Saracen."

"And the King of France?" asked Baldwin.

"King Louis is even now at Antioch, with barely seven thousand of his seventy thousand Frankish knights," the Emperor replied. "The rest fell, even as did mine, by Greek craft, by shipwreck, and by the foe's strength or device."

It is a sad story—the record of the Second Crusade. From first to last it tells but of disaster and distress, amidst which only one figure stands out bright and brave and valorous—the figure of the youthful king, the boy crusader, Baldwin of Jerusalem. It was a critical time in the Crusader's kingdom. From Hungary to Syria disaster followed disaster, and of the thousands of knights and spearmen who entered the crusade only a miserable remnant reached Palestine, led on by Conrad, Emperor of Germany, and Louis, King of France. The land they came to succor was full of jealousy and feud, and the brave boy king alone gave them joyful welcome. But young Baldwin had pluck and vigor enough to counterbalance a host of laggards.

"Knights and barons of Jerusalem," he said, as he and the pilgrim emperor entered the audience-hall, "'t is for us to act. Lay we aside all paltry jealousy and bickering. Our brothers from the West are here to aid us."

The Syrian climate breeds laziness, but it also calls out quick passion and the fire of excitement. Catching the inspiration of the boy's earnest spirit, the whole assemblage of knights and barons, prelates and people, shouted their approval, and the audience-chamber rang again and again with the cries of the Crusaders.

Ere long, within the walls of Acre, the three crusading kings, the monarchs of Germany, of France, and of Jerusalem, resolved to strike a sudden and terrible blow at Saracen supremacy, and to win glory by an entirely new conquest, full of danger and honor—the storming of the city of Damascus. Oldest and fairest of Syrian cities, Damascus, called by the old Roman emperors the "eye of all the East," rises from the midst of orchards and gardens, flowering vines, green

meadows, and waving palms; the mountains of Lebanon look down upon it from the west, and far to the east stretches the dry and sandy plain of the great Syrian desert.

With banners streaming and trumpets playing their loudest, with armor and lance-tips gleaming in the sun, the army of the Crusaders wound down the slopes and passes of the Lebanon hills and pitched their camp around the town of Dareya, in the green plain of Damascus, scarce four miles distant from the city gates. Then the princes and leaders assembled for counsel as to the plan and manner of assault upon the triple walls.

The camp of King Baldwin and the soldiers of Jerusalem lay in advance of the allies of France and Germany, and nearer the beleaguered city, as the place of honor for the brave young leader who led the van of battle. From the looped-up entrance to a showy pavilion in the center of King Baldwin's camp, the fair young maiden, Isabelle of Tyre, who, as was the custom of the day, had come with other high-born ladies to the place of siege, looked out upon the verdant and attractive gardens that stretched before her close up to the walls of Damascus. To the little Lady Isabelle the scene was wonderfully attractive, and she readily yielded to a suggestion from young Renaud de Chatillon, a heedless and headstrong Frankish page, who "double-dared" her to go flower-picking in the enemy's gardens. Together they left the pavilion, and, passing the tired outposts, strolled idly down to the green banks of the little river that flowed through the gardens and washed the walls of Damascus. The verdant river-bank was strewn thick with flowers and the fallen scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate, while luscious apricots hung within easy reach, and the deep shade of the walnut trees gave cool and delightful shelter. What wonder that the heedless young people lost all thought of danger in the beauty around them, and, wandering on a little and still a little further from the protection of their own camp, were soon deep in the mazes of the dangerous gardens.

But suddenly they heard a great stir in the grove beyond them; they started in terror as a clash of barbaric music, of cymbals and of atabals, sounded on their ears, and, in an instant, they found themselves surrounded by a swarm of swarthy Saracens. The Lady Isabelle was soon a struggling prisoner, but nimble young Renaud, swifter-footed and more wary than his companion, escaped from the grasp of his white-robed captor, tripped up the heels of a fierce-eyed Saracen with a sudden twist learned in the tilt-yard, and sped like the wind toward King Baldwin's camp, shouting as he ran: "Rescue, rescue for Lady Isabelle!"

Out of the Crusader's camp poured swift and speedy succor, a flight of spears and arrows came from either band, but the dividing distance was too great, and with a yell of triumph the Saracens and their fair young captive were lost in the thick shadows. Straight into King Baldwin's camp sped Renaud, still shouting: "Rescue, rescue! the Lady Isabelle is prisoner!" Straight through the aroused and swarming camp to where, within the walls of Dareya, the crusading chiefs still sat in council, down at King Baldwin's feet he dropped, and cried breathlessly: "My lord King, the Lady Isabelle is prisoner to the Saracens!"

"Isa a prisoner!" exclaimed the young King, springing to his feet. "Rescue, rescue, my lords, for the sweet little lady of Tyre! Let who will, follow me straight to the camp of the foe!"

There was a hasty mounting of steeds among the Crusaders' tents; a hasty bracing-up of armor and settling of casques; shields were lifted high and spears were laid in rest, and, followed by a hundred knights, the boy crusader dashed impetuously from his camp and charged into the thick gardens that held his captive cousin. His action was quicker than Isabelle's captors had anticipated; for, halting ere they rode within the city, the Saracens had placed her within one of the little palisaded towers scattered through the gardens for the purpose of defense. Quick-witted and ready-eared, the little lady ceased her sobs as she heard through the trees the well-known "*Beausant*!" the war-cry of the Knights of the Temple, and the ringing shout of "A Baldwin to the rescue!" Leaning far out of the little tower, she shook her crimson scarf, and cried shrilly: "Rescue, rescue for a Christian maiden!" King Baldwin saw the waving scarf and heard his cousin's cry. Straight through the hedge-way he charged, a dozen knights at his heels; a storm of Saracen arrows rattle against shield and hauberk, but the palisades are soon forced, the swarthy captors fall before the leveled lances of the rescuers, the Lady Isabelle springs with a cry of joy to the saddle of the King, and then, wheeling around, the gallant band speed back toward the camp ere the bewildered Saracens can recover from their surprise. But the recovery comes full soon, and now from every quarter flutter the cloaks of the Saracen horsemen. They swarm from garden, and tower, and roadway, and through the opened city gates fresh troops of horsemen dash down the wide roadway that crosses the narrow river. With equal speed the camp of the Crusaders, fully roused, is pouring forth its thousands, and King Baldwin sees, with the joy of a practiced warrior, that the foolish freak of a thoughtless little maiden has brought about a great and glorious battle. The rescued Isabelle is

quickly given in charge of a trusty squire, who bears her back to camp, and then, at the head of the forward battle, the boy crusader bears down upon the Saracen host, shouting: "Ho, knights and barons, gallant brothers, follow me!"—and the battle is fairly joined.

Rank on rank, with spears in rest and visors closed, the crusading knights charge to the assault. Fast behind the knights press the footmen—De Mowbray's English archers, King Louis's cross bow-men, Conrad's spearmen, and the javelin-men of Jerusalem. Before the fury of the onset the mass of muffled Arabs and armored Saracens break and yield, but from hedge and tower and loop-holed wall fresh flights of arrows and of javelins rain down upon the Christian host, and the green gardens of Damascus are torn and trampled with the fury of the battle. But ere long the wild war-shouts of the Saracens grow less and less defiant; the entrenchments are stormed, the palisades and towers are forced, the enemy turn and flee, and by the "never-failing valiancy" of the boy crusader and his followers the gardens of Damascus are in the hands of the Christian knights.

But now fresh aid pours through the city gates. New bodies of Saracens press to the attack, and, led in person by Anar, Prince of Damascus, the defeated host rallies for a final stand upon the verdant river-banks of the clear-flowing Barada.

Again the battle rages furiously. Still Baldwin leads the van, and around his swaying standard rally the knights of Jerusalem and the soldier-monks of the Temple and the Hospital. Twice are they driven backward by the fury of the Saracen resistance, and eager young Renaud de Chatillon, anxious to retrieve his thoughtless action, which brought on the battle, is forced to yield to another lad of eleven, a brown-faced Kurdish boy, who in after years is to be hailed as the Conqueror of the Crusaders—Saladin, the greatest of the Sultans. The battle wavers. The French knights can only hold their ground in stubborn conflict; the brave soldiers of Jerusalem are thrown into disorder, and the boy-leader's horse, pierced by a spear-thrust, falls with his rider on a losing field. But hark! new cry swells upon the air. "A Conrad to the rescue! Ho, a Conrad! Rescue for the standard!" and through the tangled and disordered mass of the cavalry of France and Palestine press the stalwart German emperor and a thousand dismounted knights. The Saracen lines fall back before the charge, while in bold defiance the sword of the emperor gleams above his crest. As if in acceptance of his unproclaimed challenge, a gigantic Saracen emir, sheathed in complete armor, strides out before the pagan host, and the fiercely raging battle stops on the instant, while the two

great combatants face each other alone. Their great swords gleam in the air. With feint and thrust, and stroke and skillful parry the champions wage the duel of the giants, till, suddenly, in one of those feats of strength and skill that stand out as a marvelous battle-act, the sword of the emperor with a single mighty stroke stretches the Saracen's armor-covered body at his feet. The Turks break in dismay as their champion falls. Young Baldwin rallies his disordered forces, the war-cries mingle with the trumpet-peal, and, on foot, at the head of their knights, the two kings lead one last charge against the enemy and drive the fleeing host within the city walls. With shouts of victory, the Christian army encamp upon the field their valor has conquered, and Damascus is almost won.

Then, within the city, preparations for flight were made, for the city seemed doomed to capture. But—"there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." In the camp of the Crusaders the exultant leaders were already quarreling over whose domain the conquered city should be when once its gates were opened to Christian victors. The Syrian princes, the great lords of the West, the monkish Knights of the Temple and of the Hospital, alike claimed the prize, and the old fable of the hunters who fought for the possession of the lion's skin before the lion was captured was once more illustrated. For, meantime, in the palace at Damascus, the captive page Renaud stood before the Saracen prince Anar, and the prince asked the boy: "As between thine honor and thy head, young Christian, which would'st thou desire to keep?"

"So please your highness," replied the page, "my honor, if it may be kept with my head; but if not—why then, what were mine honor worth to me without my head?"

"Thou art a shrewd young Frank," said the Prince Anar. "But thou may'st keep thy head and, perchance, thine honor too, if that thou canst keep thy ready tongue in check. Bear then this scroll in secret to him whom men do call Bernard, Grand Master of the Knights of the Temple, and, hark ye, see that no word of this scroll cometh to the young King Baldwin, else shall the bowstrings of my slaves o'ertake thee. Go; thou art free!"

"My life upon the safe delivery of thy scroll, great Prince," said young Renaud, overjoyed to be freed so easily, and, soon in the Crusaders' camp, he sought the Grand Master and handed him the scroll in secret. The face of the Templar was dark with envy and anger, for his counsels and the claims of the Syrian lords had been set aside, and the principedom of Damascus which he had coveted had been promised to a Western baron.

"So," said the Grand Master, as he read the scroll, "the Count of Flanders may yet be balked. What says the emir? Three casks of bezants and the city of Cæsarea for the Templars if this siege be raised. 'T is a princely offer and more than can be gained from these Flemish boors."

"Gallant lords and mighty princes," he said, returning to the council. "'T is useless for us to hope to force the gates through this mass of gardens, where men do but fight in the dark. Rather let us depart to the desert side of the city, where, so say my spies, the walls are weaker and less stoutly protected. These may soon be carried. Then may we gain the city for the noble Count of Flanders, ere that the Emir Nouredin, who, I learn, is coming with a mighty force of allies for the Saracen, shall succor the city and keep it from us longer."

This craftily given advice seemed wise, and the crusading camp was quickly withdrawn from the beautiful and well-watered gardens to the dry and arid desert before the easterly walls of the city. Fatal mistake! the walls proved stout and unsailable, the desert could not support the life of so large an army, whose supplies were speedily wasted, and through the gardens the Christians had deserted fresh hosts of Arabs poured into the city. Victory gave place to defeat and rejoicing to despair. Days of fruitless assault were followed by nights of dissension, and finally the crusading host, worn by want and divided in counsel, abruptly ended a siege they could no longer maintain. But in the final council young Baldwin pleaded for renewed endeavor.

"And is it thus, my lords," he said, "that ye do give up the fairest prize in Syria, and stand recreant to your vows?"

"King Baldwin," said Conrad, "thou art a brave and gallant youth, and were all like thee, our swords had not been drawn in vain. But youth and valor may not hope to cope with greed. We are deceived. We have suffered from treason where it was least to be feared, and more deadly than Saracen arrows are the secret stabs of thy barons of Syria."

"What thou dost claim I may not disprove by words," said the young King hotly, "for here have been strange and secret doings. But for the honor of my country and my crown I may not idly listen to thy condemning speech. Conrad of Germany, there lies my gate!"

"Brave youth," said Conrad, picking up the boy's mailed glove, so impetuously flung before him, and handing it to Baldwin with gentle courtesy, "this may not be. It is not for such a noble-hearted lad as thou to longer stand the champion for traitors."

So the victory almost assured by the intrepidity of the boy crusader was lost through the treachery of his followers; but it is at least some satisfaction to know that the betrayers were themselves betrayed, and that the three casks of golden bezants proved to be but worthless brass.

died at thirty-three, mourned by all Jerusalem; while even his generous foe, the Saracen Noureddin, refused to take advantage of his rival's death.

The history of the Crusades is the story of two hundred years of strife and battle, relieved only



"'THOU THE KING!' EXCLAIMED THE PILGRIM." (SEE PAGE 789.)

King Louis and Conrad the Emperor returned to their European dominions in anger and disgust.

The Second Crusade, which had cost so terribly in life and treasure, was a miserable failure, with only a boy's bravery to light up its dreary history. Sadly disappointed at the result of his efforts, young Baldwin still held his energy and valor unsubdued. Poisoned by his Arab physician, he

by some bright spots when the flash of a heroic life lights up the blackness of superstition and of cruelty. And among its valiant knights, equal in honor and courage and courtesy with Godfrey and Tancred and Richard of England and Saladin, will ever stand the name and fame of the young ruler of the short-lived Latin kingdom of Jerusalem — Baldwin, the Boy Crusader.



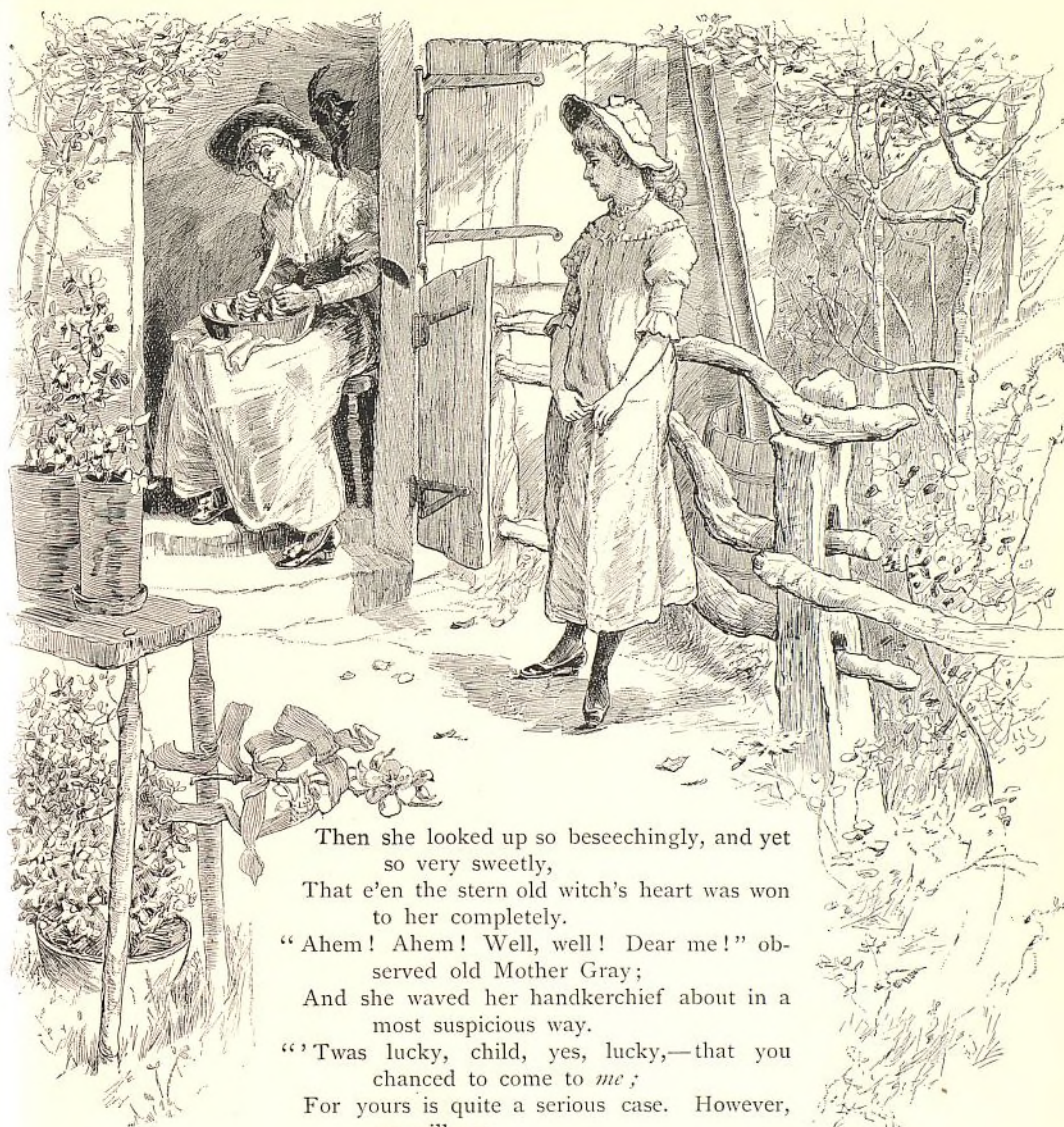
BY CHARLES R. TALBOT.

LITTLE Mabel Black-eyes,—bless her pretty face!
 And all her quick, imperious ways, and all her childish grace!—
 Went out one morning 'mong the birds and 'mong the rose-hung bushes;
 Herself as sweet as roses are, as tuneful as the thrushes.
 She drifted down the orchard lane as though the breezes blew her;
 Threw back the kisses that the trees in scented blossoms threw her;
 And, where the babbling brook bends near, upon its shining way,
 A house half hid, she turned aside to call on Mother Gray.

Dame Gray, the "Witch of Woody Dell," sat in her lonely kitchen,
 'Twas just the place for all the world you'd look to find a witch in.
 And she was every inch a witch, with dried and swarthy skin,
 And sharp, small eyes, and nose turned down to meet her turned-up chin.
 She wore her lofty-pointed hat, her gown of twenty hues,
 Her famous scarlet petticoat, her ancient high-heeled shoes.
 And when she saw our heroine, she frowned; while from her side
 A huge black cat, with back erect, the stranger fiercely eyed.

Poor little Mabel Black-eyes' heart for the moment sank within her.
 "Oh, dear!" she thought, "*Would* witches eat a little girl for dinner?
 I almost wish I had n't come. I *knew* that I should rue it!
 However, I've an errand, and I guess I'd better do it."
 So, gathering all her courage, she made her finest bow,
 And smiled with charming sweetness (Ah! right well does she know how
 To gladden all the older folk!); then, in her own bland way,
 She proceeded to declare her wish to frowning Mother Gray.

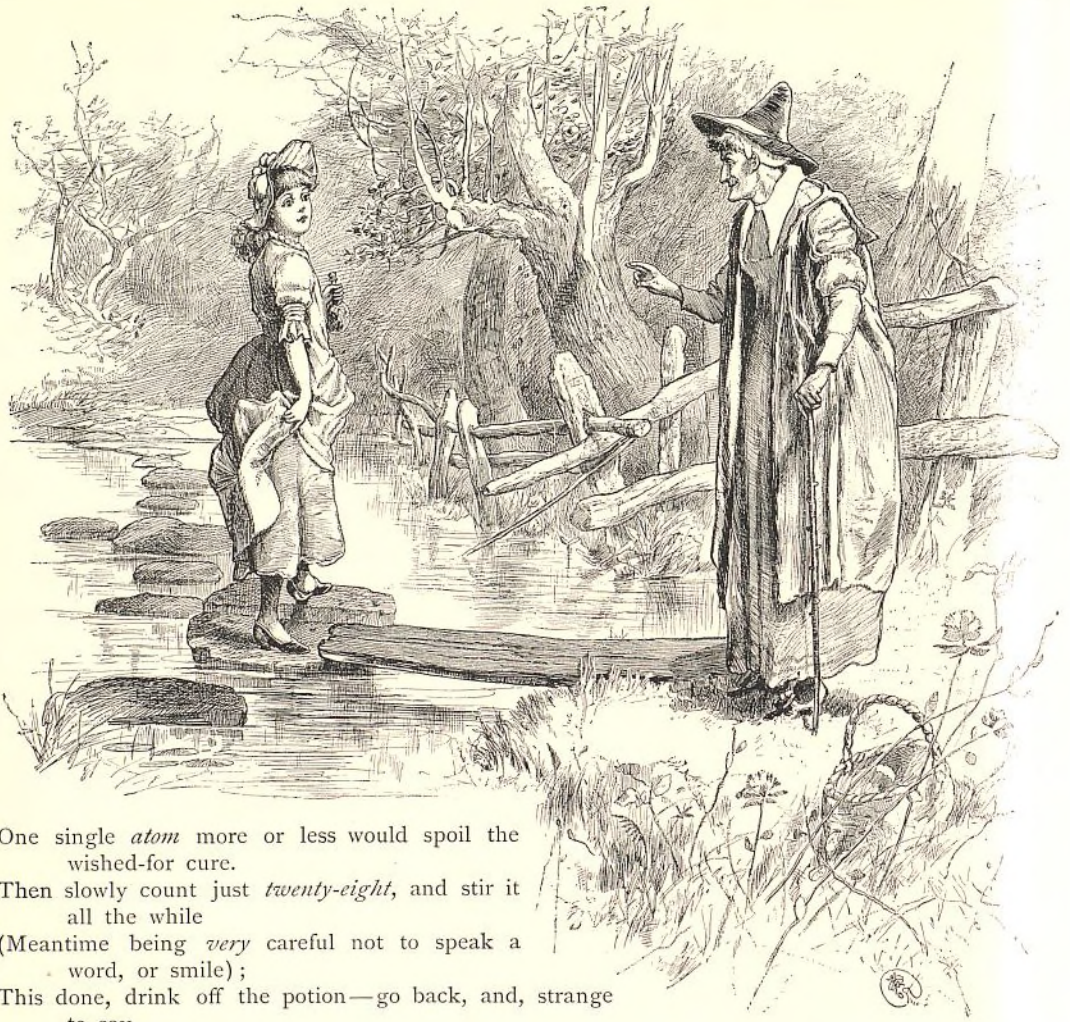
"Good Mother Gray, I just dropped in to ask a little favor.
 I ——" Then she stopped and stammered, and could not go on, to save her.
 But Mother Gray broke harshly in: "Oho! So that's it, is it?
 Folks always want some favor done when they pay *me* a visit."
 She eyed her guest a moment. Then, in milder tone,— "Well, well,
 They all respect the magic power of the Witch of Woody Dell.
 Look up and speak your wish, my child. If good, it shall be granted."
 So, thus assured, our heroine explained what 't was she wanted.
 "You see,"—and then she lowered her voice and suddenly looked sad,—
 "I've got the *awflest* temper anybody ever had!
 And I really can not help it, though I try, and try, and try;
 And Nurse declares that everybody 'll hate me by and by.
 And so, good, dear, kind Mother Gray, I thought I'd come to you
 (For I've heard a hundred times of all the wondrous things you do),
 To see if I could get some magic medicine to take
 That would cure my dreadful temper, and so, perhaps, would make
 People love instead of hating me, as every one does, nearly;
 But I want to be so good to all that all will love me dearly.



Then she looked up so beseechingly, and yet
so very sweetly,
That e'en the stern old witch's heart was won
to her completely.
"Ahem! Ahem! Well, well! Dear me!" ob-
served old Mother Gray;
And she waved her handkerchief about in a
most suspicious way.
"'Twas lucky, child, yes, lucky,—that you
chanced to come to *me*;
For yours is quite a serious case. However,
we will see
What can be done." So saying, she got up
from her chair

And with her cane she hobbled to the wooden cupboard where
She kept the thousand drugs and charms by whose mysterious spell
She exercised her marvelous power as Witch of Woody Dell.

From the shelf she took a phial. "Now here, my child," said she,
"Is a certain cure for ills like yours, if taken faithfully
According to directions. Now list to me, and mind
That you remember every word! Whenever you 're inclined
To answer back, say naughty words, or do what is n't right,—
First, ere you say or do a thing, run quick with all your might
And get a cup (take heed 't is either glass or chinaware);
Then measure out *nine teaspoonfuls* of water with great care,—
To which add next *five drops* of this, *precisely*,—for, be sure,



One single *atom* more or less would spoil the wished-for cure.

Then slowly count just *twenty-eight*, and stir it all the while

(Meantime being *very* careful not to speak a word, or smile);

This done, drink off the potion—go back, and, strange to say,

You 'll find your angry feelings have vanished quite away.
Do this, *exactly as I 've said*, each time that you are tempted,
And I promise you a perfect cure before the phial's emptied."

With many thanks and many bows Miss Mabel took the phial
And hastened homeward joyfully to give it instant trial,
Repeating the directions o'er—

* * * * *

"The sequel?" do you say?

Well, that was but a month ago,—and only yesterday
I heard her mother saying:—"I should really like to know
What *has* come over Mabel, to change her temper so!
She's always been a loving child, though fiery from the start,—
But of late she's grown so gentle that she's winning every heart."
Whereat I smiled all to myself, but I did not choose to tell
About Miss Mabel's morning call on the Witch of Woody Dell.

MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER XIV.

AMONG THE QUAILS.

MR. MARVIN called Neil and Hugh to him and said that he had some directions and instructions to give them.

"We are about to begin quail-shooting," he said, "and I think we are going to have rare sport. The game is abundant, the weather fine, and the covert very favorable for fair shooting. Now, you will find that so soon as the quails commence to rise you will begin to grow excited. All I ask of you is that you will promise to be careful with your guns. There is danger of your being so eager to shoot every bird that is flushed that you will not stop to think where your shot may go. You must always remember that the new and improved guns which your uncle gave you shoot very hard and far, and that great sorrow and distress might be caused by the slightest carelessness or mishap. Besides, the habit of coolness and caution, if acquired in your boyhood, will prove of the greatest value to you throughout your lives. There is an old adage which says: 'Look before you leap.' A good maxim for the hunter is: 'Look before you shoot.' Not only look at the game, but look beyond it, and be sure that your shot will hit nothing but the object of your aim.

"Now, shooting over fenced farms is quite different from shooting on the open prairie. While hunting here in this valley, you will be constantly climbing over fences. You must remember that you are positively forbidden to climb a fence with a load in your gun. It is but the work of a moment to open the breech and take out the shells. So much by way of caution, for the sake of safety. Now, a word or two about the best practice in quail-shooting. This game when flushed rises with a suddenness and force that are quite trying to the eyes and nerves of young shooters. The sound made by the wings of the bird adds to the startling effect. This is apt to throw you off your guard and render you somewhat confused and uncertain of hand and vision. The quail's flight is very swift, and you must shoot quickly; but you must also shoot deliberately. Be sure that you fire your right-hand barrel first, as it scatters the shot wider, and reserve your left-hand barrel for the longer range, especially if you wish to make a double wing-shot.

"In flushing quail, the bird will sometimes rise at your very feet, so to speak, and then there is danger that you will be in too much haste to fire. The best way to prevent random shooting, in such a case, is to wait till your vision has adjusted itself, that is, until you clearly see the direction of the bird's flight. When once you have command of your vision, and have acquired the power of centering it on the flying game, you will be able to cover your point of aim with your gun without any hesitancy.

"When your dog has pointed game, do not rush suddenly forward to flush it. Consider a moment, and look about the landscape to see if any person or animal is visible. Next consider in what direction the game is likely to fly. If any thick covert is near, it is quite safe to presume that the bird will go in that direction. Now step slowly and firmly forward, holding your gun in front of you with the muzzle pointing upward and away from you.

"The bird will rise in a steep incline to the height of, perhaps, ten or fifteen feet, and there steady itself for a strong, straight flight. If you can get your aim—or cover your bird—at about the time it begins to fly level, you will find your shot most satisfactory.

"In raising your gun to your shoulder to take aim, be careful not to have it catch or hang in any part of your clothing. Lift it with a swift but deliberate motion, and set the butt firmly in the hollow of your right shoulder, with your right forefinger barely touching the front trigger. Don't dodge or wink when you fire; keep every muscle and nerve perfectly steady. If you fire but one barrel, immediately open your gun and reload that barrel. Then send your dog to bring in your bird,—that is, provided you have killed one."

After this little lecture was over, they all got ready for a tramp in the adjacent fields.

Samson was left to take care of the camp, and very soon the hunters were ranging over the rolling fields of that pretty valley, following their enthusiastic dogs.

Quails were soon found. Neil and Hugh were together when Don, the dog set apart to their use, found a large bevy in a patch of broom-sedge near the middle of about fifty acres of fallow land.

"Now, Hugh," said Neil, "let's do as Mr. Marvin said. Let's keep cool and look before we shoot. There's no one near us, and just so we

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don't shoot each other or the dog we shall do no harm, even if we miss the birds."

While Hugh was speaking Neil had clutched his gun nervously, and got ready to shoot.

"Oh, I'm pretty cool," said he; "come on, let's flush the birds and get to business."

"No," said Neil; "you can't hit anything while you're trembling in that way. Steady yourself, and be sure you've got aim before you fire."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Hugh; "I'm all right. You just be sure about yourself, and get your own aim; I'll get mine."

This was not said in an unpleasant way, for Hugh was only in a hurry and did not want to be bothered with advice. He walked forward as he spoke and flushed the birds. They rose in a close body with a loud roar of wings. There were at least twenty of them.

Hugh quickly leveled his gun and fired at the center of the flock. Down came five birds. He forgot to fire his left-hand barrel, so pleased was he with his luck.

Neil waited until after Hugh's bird had fallen; then he singled out a quail of the scattering bevy and brought it down in fine style. Quick as thought he aimed at another and pulled the trigger of the left barrel. His last shot missed. Hugh gathered up his five birds and cast his eyes rather saucily at Neil.

"I guess," said he, "I was almost as ready for business as you were."

"You seem to be four ahead of me, to start with," Neil replied; "but the race is not won till it's done."

"All right," said Hugh, confidently, as he reloaded the empty barrel of his gun; "we'll keep count and see who beats."

The birds had scattered pretty widely in some low weeds along a fence-row. Neil had "marked two down"; that is, he had noted where they settled near an old stump. He left Hugh to follow Don, and went to flush his birds himself. They rose almost together. He fired right and left; but, as before, only killed one. He heard Hugh fire twice in close succession, and at the same time Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley began a perfect volley over in a neighboring field of corn-stalks. He followed the bird he had missed to where it had lit in a clump of blackberry briars. When it got up he missed it again with his right barrel, but quickly covered it again and killed it with his left.

"I am in too big a hurry when they rise," he thought; "I must try and overcome the fault."

Neil's knowledge of the habits of the quail gave him quite an advantage over Hugh, who had never studied such things. For instance, Neil never would have wasted an hour of his time beating

around in a marshy place hunting for quail. Hugh did this, not knowing that quails prefer dry fields where small grain or weed-seeds are abundant. The loss of so much time without seeing a bird gave him little chance to compete with Neil, who, without a dog, flushed a small flock and succeeded in making several fine shots, adding six birds to his bag. Once he saw a bird flying toward him. It was coming from the direction in which Hugh was hunting, and so Neil would not shoot till it had passed him. He turned about and tried to get a good aim, but somehow he missed again.

Every young shooter will find this trouble at first. He will feel quite sure that he aims correctly, but he will fail to stop his bird. This usually arises from a bad method of directing the gun. It may be that the young hunter holds his head too high, in which case he will over-shoot; or he may fail to pull the trigger just as he fixes his aim, and thus miss by shooting too low or behind his bird. If the butt of the gun be held against the arm, instead of in the hollow of the shoulder, it may derange the aim. Nothing but careful, intelligent practice can overcome these faults.

Neil got eleven birds in all. Hugh got but seven.

The guns of Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin kept up an almost incessant booming about a quarter of a mile away.

CHAPTER XV.

CAMP-CHAT.

WHEN our friends reached camp, Judge had returned from the village, bringing a bundle of letters and papers.

The quails were turned over to Samson to be prepared for market, as it had been agreed that all the game killed by the party, over and above what they needed to cook, should belong to Mr. Marvin, Uncle Charley bearing all the expenses of the excursion.

When the game was counted it was found that there were one hundred and ten birds as the day's bag.

Neil and Hugh each received a letter from their father, and Hugh had one from Tom Dale. By the time these were read, a very late dinner had been spread, and they all ate with that gusto known only to hunters, and which would not be considered very elegant in polite society. But when men and boys get out into the freedom of the woods and fields for a time, they become just a little savage and animal-like, and are apt occasionally to break through some of the stricter rules of the parlor and dining-room.

Tom Dale's letter brought a full account of all that the Belair boys had been doing since Neil and Hugh had left the village. A heavy snow had fallen, and the coasting out at Dobbins' hill had been fine, and there was good skating on Loringer's mill-pond.

"Just think of it!" said Hugh; "here we sit in our shirt-sleeves, with a balmy wind blowing over us, while they are all bundled in furs and mittens and overcoats, skating on the ice or coasting in the snow. I think it's more fun to be here, don't you? A fellow can't enjoy himself rightly with a pinched nose and benumbed fingers. And then the wind off the snowy prairie is terribly cold and biting, sometimes."

"It's the change that one enjoys, I think," said Neil. "Don't you remember Gus Fontaine, who came to Belair from San Antonio, Texas, and how he was charmed with our winter sports? I never saw a boy like sleigh-riding so much; and rabbit-hunting,—why, he said he wanted to go rabbit-hunting every day! He seemed never to get cold, and the keener the wind blew, and the more the frost-crystals flew, the better he liked the weather."

"Oh, well," said Hugh, "Gus was a queer boy, anyhow. Do you remember how he astonished us the first time that he rode one of Papa's young horses around the lot without any bridle or saddle, and gave us what he called the Comanche war-whoop? He could ride almost any horse, in that way, and if he fell off, it never seemed to hurt him a bit."

"Well, he'd learned all that on the Texas plains," said Neil. "It all depends upon where you live. Now, there was Ted Brown, from Addison Point, Maine, who came to see us last summer, just think how he used to talk about the starboard and larboard side of the table at dinner, and how he used to yarn about what storms he had been in on his father's fishing-smack, and about seeing man-seals, and whales, and sea-lions, and all that sort of thing. But he enjoyed being with us on the farm; all boys enjoy a change of climate and scenery."

Mr. Marvin was well pleased with the result of the day's shooting. The birds would bring several dollars, he said.

"Well," remarked Hugh, "I think I shall be a market-hunter. It's just as good as being a lawyer, or merchant, or physician, or preacher."

"You are mistaken, my boy," said Mr. Marvin, gravely. "I know what I am saying when I tell you that you must not think of throwing away your life on so precarious and toilsome a business. Even as recreation from the effects of overlabor, hunting has its drawbacks; but after you have followed it through wind and rain and sleet and

storm for years, it becomes immensely irksome as a regular business. Then, too, a fellow soon begins to feel that he has thrown away his life. When I was a young man I was graduated from a good college, and I might have made something of myself if I had n't caught the naturalist's fever; but I took to the woods and the fields and became a homeless, wandering bird-shooter. Of course, I'm too old to change now; but I never want to hear you speak again of following my mode of living. No, no, you and Neil have a higher aim. You must make your lives great and useful."

"Well," said Hugh, "if I do not become a market-hunter, I shall be a farmer, I think, like Uncle Charley, and own cattle, and sheep, and hogs, and horses, and broad fields of corn, and beautiful green pastures."

Night had now come on. They all went to bed early, Hugh and Judge among the first, for they had secretly agreed to get up before daylight and go off to hunt some hares by moonlight, in a little glade not far from camp. This glade was in the midst of a dense pine wood, and Judge avowed that hares always met in a glade to dance on moonlight nights. But they had their trouble for nothing. Not a hare did they see. The morning was a lovely one, however, and the still, beautiful valley lay as if asleep in the soft moonshine. They watched the glade for an hour or more and returned to camp just as Samson had lighted a fire for breakfast.

Neil was up and was writing in his diary and Mr. Marvin was cleaning one of his guns. He showed Hugh all the mechanism of the locks and breech-fastening, and explained to him how each piece was made to exactly fill its place, but with such economy as to take up the least possible space.

"I should not have advised your father to allow you to have a gun, if there had been no breech-loaders," said he; "for I consider a muzzle-loading gun too dangerous for a boy to handle. The beautiful construction of a breech-loader renders it entirely unnecessary for the shooter ever to turn the muzzle toward himself, and the rebounding locks with which it is furnished prevent accident from any chance blow the hammers may receive. No boy ought ever to have a gun that has not rebounding locks."

The sun soon came up over the range of blue hills east of the valley, and the cardinal grossbeaks began to call from tree to tree down by the rivulet. It was like a May morning in the North, only the air was more balmy, and a resinous fragrance seemed to fill all space—it was the smell of the turpentine of the pines and the odor of the liquid amber.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEIL SHOOTS BIG GAME.

THE fortnight spent by our friends in the North Georgia valley was one long to be remembered by them, especially by Neil and Hugh.

Mr. Marvin took great pains to train the boys in all the tricks and turns of quail-shooting, and at the same time he made plain to them the hidden dangers that lurk in the path of the young hunter. He very much desired that no accident should befall his young friends, and he well knew that it required constant vigilance to prevent the possibility of any calamity from their fervor and excitableness. Neil seemed quite prudent and cautious, but Hugh, being younger and of a more sanguine and impulsive nature, was constantly doing something that threatened danger to himself or to some one else. Not that he meant to be careless or unmindful of the safety of those about him, but he seemed to forget everything else and entirely lose himself for the time in whatever chanced to be uppermost in his mind. It was impossible for him to keep steady and cool, as Neil could. What he did was always done without the slightest forethought and "with a rush and a bang," as Mr. Marvin said, one day.

Old Samson, who heard the remark, expressed his estimate of Hugh's temperament by replying: "Dat 's so, Mass' Marvin. Ef Mass' Hugh 'u'd happen to t'ink ob it, he 'd jump inter de fire afore he could stop hisse'f!"

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley chided Hugh very often about his reckless and heedless ways, and he honestly and earnestly tried to be more sober and careful. He improved quite rapidly in his shooting, though it was plain that he never would be able to compete with Neil, who was beginning to be a fine wing-shot at both single and double birds. It may be well to explain just here that by "double birds" is meant, in the sportsman's parlance, two birds at which the shooter fires right and left. If he kills both birds one after the other, the hunter calls it a double shot, or "killing a double."

Neil had studied faithfully, and had used every endeavor to conquer all his faults in shooting. He had written down in his diary all the rules of shooting, as given to him by Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley. He had learned these rules by heart and had practiced them assiduously.

On the contrary, Hugh jumped to all his conclusions. He forgot every rule as soon as he saw a bird, and depended entirely upon sudden impulse to direct his action.

In a future chapter I shall record all of Mr. Marvin's rules of shooting in simple and direct language, and every young hunter will find them of value to him.

Let us now, however, witness the last quail-shooting of our friends in the Georgia valley.

A slight drizzling rain had fallen all through the night, but the sun came up clear and strong, and the air was all the sweeter from the dampness that hung on the woods and fields. The distant mountain knobs and peaks were as blue as indigo; the fields of corn-stalks shone like gold.

"Now for our farewell hunt," said Uncle Charley, as he loosed his dogs and took his fine gun from its cover.

Neil looked out over the valley and wished that he could paint well enough to sketch the scene in colors just as it then appeared. He found this ambition to be an artist growing upon him. He was all the time studying objects and landscapes with a view to their picturesque effect or pictorial values. He carried about with him a small manual on free-hand sketching from Nature, which he had almost worn out in studying it over and over. But he was also a close observer of all that went on around him, whether among the plants and trees, the birds, or the people of the region. The memoranda in his note-book were as various as the phases of Nature; and while an artist might have laughed at his sketches, they were not so bad, after all.

Quails were easily found that day. Our friends had not been out half an hour before their guns began to boom in every direction. Hugh, as usual, was excited and carried away with the thrilling sport, and banged away at every feather that stirred. He seemed to act on the principle that as the game was plentiful it did not matter how often he missed, and that if only he kept up his firing, some of his shot would be sure to hit.

A very large bevy of quails was found in a field of what the North Georgia farmers call "crab-grass," which was about knee-high and very thick. The birds were scattered and began to rise one at a time. Neil, Hugh, and Judge were near each other. The first shot fell to Hugh, who knocked over his bird in fine style, handling his gun like an old sportsman. Judge's turn came next, and it made the others laugh to hear the funny "click-floo-bang" of his rickety old flint-lock. The "click" was when the flint struck the face of the steel, the "floo" was the flash of the priming on the pan, and the "bang" was the gun's report. Each sound was separate and distinct. But Judge brought down his quail all the same. Neil tried for a double, and (a record not usual with him) missed with both barrels.

The game was now rising at almost every step and the shooting became fast and furious. Judge was not having a fair chance, for, of course, his gun being single-barreled and muzzle-loading, he had

to stop and go through the tedious process of loading every time he fired; whereas Hugh and Neil had nothing to do but press a spring, open the breech, and slip in the shells ready loaded and capped. But it was astonishing to see how rapidly the young negro got powder, wads, and shot down that dingy old barrel, and how nimbly he glided about in search of birds.

Neil seemed in bad luck somehow, his birds always presenting difficult shots, and he missed quite often. This put him out of conceit with himself a little, and whenever a shooter loses self-reliance, his chance for any brilliant display of marksmanship is entirely gone.

Hugh was in the highest state of exhilaration. He was successful with almost every shot, and his self-confidence was perfect. Two or three times he had sent his shot dangerously near Neil or Judge in the hurry and activity of his exercise. He had killed more game than Neil, and the latter was strenuously endeavoring to retrieve his lost luck.

They had now driven the scattered remnant of the bevy of quails across the field to a fence-row grown up with sassafras bushes and persimmon saplings. Hugh was on one side of this fence and Neil and Judge were on the other side.

The birds had become quite wild, so that they were rising at longer range than usual, and whirring away with all the speed their wings could give. Neil killed two or three in fine style, and began to regain his nerve. At length, two rose together, one going up the fence to his left, the other going down the fence to his right. He killed the first with a shot from his right barrel, and, turning quickly, covered the other and fired his left. As he pressed the trigger for his second shot, he saw too late that Judge was nearly in line. He tried to stop, but the gun would fire. Boom!

"Oh, massy! Goodness! Oh, I's killed! I's killed! Oo! Oo! Ohee! Oh, me! Oh, me!" and Judge fell upon the ground and began to roll over and over. His wild screams could be heard at a long distance from the spot.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley heard them, and ran with all their might, reaching the place quite out of breath and greatly frightened.

"What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed Uncle Charley, in a half-stifled voice.

Neil and Hugh were bending over Judge, who was still rolling over and over in an agony of fright.

Mr. Marvin pushed the boys aside and began to examine the wounded negro.

"This is more of your miserable work, Hugh," said Uncle Charley, turning his agitated face toward his younger nephew. "I've been afraid of something of the kind; you're so heedless and wild, you——"

"It was n't Hugh," quickly exclaimed Neil; "I did it!"

"You, Neil! You!" That was all Uncle Charley could say. He stood stupefied with amazement. The idea of Neil's having acted so recklessly seemed too strange to be true.

Meantime, Mr. Marvin had stripped off some of Judge's clothes and was examining the wounds more carefully to see if any help would be needed. He was relieved to find no very dangerous wounds. But Judge continued his screaming, loudly declaring that he was already dead.

Neil and Hugh stood mournfully looking on, their hearts heavy with dread.

It was with much difficulty that Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley kept Judge still enough for a bandage, made of a handkerchief, to be put around his arm where the wound that was bleeding most freely was located.

"Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do!" cried Neil, wringing his hands and gazing blankly at Hugh.

"You did n't go to do it," said Hugh, in a voice meant to be consoling; but his whitened face and purple lips told how intensely excited he was.

"Oh, I'll die, I'll die! I want ter see mammy—take me to mammy!" bawled Judge.

"He 's going to—to—die!" Neil huskily murmured, in an agony of apprehension, and leaning on his empty gun for support.

Hugh was leaning on his gun also.

Uncle Charley looked up, and exclaimed inquiringly:

"Boys, are those guns loaded?"

"Mine is," said Hugh, quickly lifting it and slipping out the shells. Both hammers were cocked and both barrels loaded!

Then it was that the boys, for the first time in their lives, saw good, kind-hearted Uncle Charley lose his temper. His face grew very red.

"You boys must be little better than idiots!" he cried, looking almost furiously back and forth from one to the other. "You are resolved, it seems, to kill yourselves and everybody else!"

Then he turned upon Judge, who was still screaming and tumbling around, and touching him on the shoulder, said:

"Now, Judge, be quiet, instantly!"

Judge ceased his cries at once and became perfectly quiet. Mr. Marvin was seen to smile grimly in the midst of his surgical work. When the bandage had been well adjusted and Judge's body carefully examined, Uncle Charley said:

"Get up, now, and put on your coat."

"I—I did n't want ter be killed, nohow," sobbed Judge, as he scrambled to his feet.

By great good fortune, his hurts were not

serious. Five shot had struck him—two in the left arm, one in the shoulder, one in the neck, and one in the breast. These had been mere scattering pellets on the outer rim of Neil's load, as Judge had not been directly in range.

It was a relief to all concerned when the true state of the wounds became known; but Neil and

sun filled the valley with golden light, Uncle Charley gave orders to strike the tents and make ready for moving. Judge declared that "de soreness mos' all gone out o' dem



"OH, MASSY! OH, I'S KILLED!"

Hugh hung their heads and pondered deeply. The lesson of so grave an accident was impressing itself upon their minds. How terrible it would have been if Judge had been killed!

CHAPTER XVII.

NEIL GOES INTO A DEN.

JUDGE was a very sore boy for several days, and had to take good care of himself, in order to prevent his wounds from inflaming and making him sick. This delayed the departure from the valley for nearly a week.

In the meantime, a disagreeable wind and rain came on, making it very uncomfortable to be out-of-doors. Neil brooded over his mishap a great deal. He felt as if he had been guilty of a great crime. He had been so sure of his own ability to avoid all accidents that it made his signal mistake doubly inexcusable to himself. Hugh was gloomy, too, so that with the sad weather and a lack of cheerful conversation, the camp was a stupid place for awhile.

But when the clouds blew away at last, and the

shot-holes," and everybody grew lighter-hearted with the brightening of the weather.

Nothing of any especial interest happened on their way back to Uncle Charley's farm in Tennessee, until they had reached a deep hollow on the northern slope of the mountain, where they saw a fine flock of wild turkeys run into a thick wood some two or three hundred yards ahead of them. This reminded them that the next day would be Thanksgiving Day, and a roast turkey would be just the thing for their Thanksgiving dinner.

Samson and Judge were left to drive the wagons, while the rest turned out with their guns to give chase to the game.

Neil and Hugh were very eager to add turkeys to their list of game. Mr. Marvin saw their haste and stopped them to speak a few sharp words of warning and advice. Neil's face flushed, and he promptly said:

"You can rely on me, Mr. Marvin; I shall never be careless again."

Hugh promised, also, and then they all went rapidly and noiselessly into the wood.

The boys, who were walking side by side, chanced to come upon the flock at the head of a short, deep ravine, from which issued a clear, cold mountain spring. The birds were fifty yards away, giving but a poor opportunity for a successful shot; but each of the boys fired right and left, and one big "gobbler" fell, tumbling to the very bottom of the ravine, where they heard him splash the water of the spring stream.

Neil and Hugh ran to secure their game, but on reaching the edge of the ravine they found its sides so steep that descent into it seemed impossible. They could look down and see the big black bird lying on its back in the shallow stream.

Some small trees grew in the rough soil on the jaws of the ravine; below them there was an almost vertical fall of damp and dripping rock for a distance of nearly thirty feet.

Neil began to look around for some means of descent. He could not bear the idea of leaving such noble game lying where it fell. A little distance from where they stood there was a place where a huge piece of the rocky bluff had dropped out many years ago. This had formed a sort of projection some fifteen feet below the verge of the precipice, and out of it grew a gnarled cedar-tree, whose top came above the plateau upon which the boys were standing.

Neil handed his gun to Hugh, and seizing a limb of the cedar-tree, swung himself to its body, and then climbed down to the projection. This was quite easy, but he found himself still twelve or fifteen feet above the bottom of the dusky and chilly ravine. From this point, however, the descent of the rocky side was somewhat slanting, and so he easily slid down without accident. The air was damp and of disagreeable odor, and Neil hurried to get the turkey, which he found to be a very large one, weighing, he thought, nearly twenty pounds. He picked it up, and started to climb out. Now, with a sudden sinking of the heart, he discovered that he could not go up that steep incline, down which he had slipped with so little difficulty. He could not make a single step upward on the damp, slippery surface of the slanting stone. He let the turkey fall and called to Hugh. No answer came. This frightened him. Could it be that his brother had gone away? He called again as loudly as he could. Not a sound came back in response. Somewhere far away, as it seemed to him, he heard the report of a gun. He ran along the spring stream a short distance to see if there was any available outlet to the ravine, but the water soon lost itself by flowing into a fissure of a stone wall which some convulsion of Nature long ago had thrown across the way.

Here was a situation that would have daunted a

stronger heart than Neil's; but, much to his credit, the boy kept quite calm. He at once felt that his escape depended on the practical application of his common sense. If he should give way to fright, he could not hope to get out. He searched in every direction for a tree that he could use for a ladder, but there was none.

"Surely," thought he, "there must be some way out."

As he was walking along near the wall of one side of the gulch, his eyes chanced to fall upon the track of a large animal's foot in the soft clay. Neil knew in a moment that it was a bear-track. It was larger than his hand and looked as if it had been made quite recently. The animal had been walking along close to the base of the cliff and there were two or three places where it had dug the dirt out of the crevices in the rock, as if hunting for food or a good spot for a lair. But Neil was much more interested in getting out of that gloomy place than he was in studying bear-tracks. He hallooed to Hugh again and again without getting any answer. Suddenly the thought came to him that Hugh had run after Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin to get them to come and help him out.

"Of course that's it," he thought; and then he grew very much calmer. It could not be long before they would come to look for him, in any event. He would have felt much better if he had had his gun, but he tried to make the best of his situation by a careful search for some means of getting out without waiting to be helped by Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin. It annoyed him to think that here was another ugly result of his want of prudence, after all that had happened and after all his good resolves. As he wandered around, climbing over fragments of stone and through tangles of scrubby cedars, he found a sort of zig-zag slender path, that appeared to lead right out of the ravine. His heart grew light in a moment.

He started up the path, but remembering his turkey, he went back and got it. The ascent was very difficult, but Neil was a good climber, and his desire to make his way out without help whetted his energy. He crawled rather than walked up the angular path, dragging the turkey after him. Some distance from the bottom of the ravine, at a point where the path crossed a sandy ledge, Neil saw the bear's foot-prints again, but this time they pointed in the direction in which he was going.

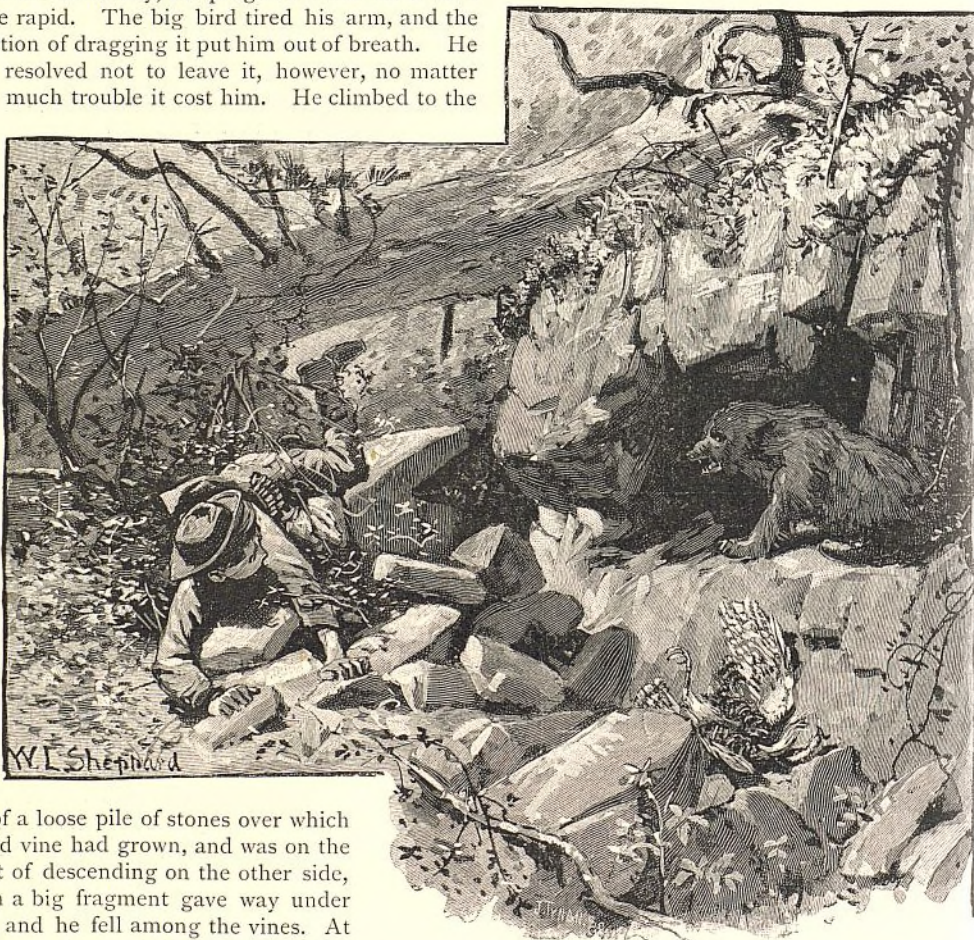
"Ah," thought he, "this is Bruin's path. No doubt he came down into the gulch for water. If only I had Samson's dog to start on the track! He would soon find the old fellow's den."

A little farther up he came to a place where a

pine-tree had tumbled into the ravine and lodged against a wild mass of stones directly across the path. At first it seemed impossible to get past this obstruction; but he soon saw where the path led under the log and over the stones. With great difficulty he crawled along, creeping under and over and around, as the tracks led. If it had not been for the turkey, his progress would have been more rapid. The big bird tired his arm, and the exertion of dragging it put him out of breath. He was resolved not to leave it, however, no matter how much trouble it cost him. He climbed to the

aroused from a quiet nap. And as the bear effectually barred his further progress, Neil ran back along the path he had been following, and at last climbed a tree to wait until help should come to him.

He had let go of his turkey when he fell over the stones, and he had not taken the trouble to pick it



top of a loose pile of stones over which a wild vine had grown, and was on the point of descending on the other side, when a big fragment gave way under him, and he fell among the vines. At the same time a hollow, hoarse snort or growl reached his ears, and even before he could scramble to his feet he saw, with consternation, a huge black animal sitting upon its haunches under a shelf of rock not twenty feet away from him.

It was a bear, and it was eying him savagely. To have stumbled upon a bear in that lonely ravine, and without his gun, was not a cheering experience to the young hunter, who did not waste any time examining old Bruin's premises. He only saw that the place was quite a comfortable den, and that Mr. Bruin sat there with half-open eyes and snarling mouth, as if greatly vexed at having been

"IT WAS A BEAR, AND IT WAS EYING HIM SAVAGELY."

up again, especially as it had tumbled down near to the bear's feet,—nearer than Neil cared to go.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEIL AND HIS BEAR.

WHEN Neil handed his gun to Hugh and started down into the ravine, Hugh saw a fox-squirrel some distance away. Now a fox-squirrel was an animal which Neil and he had been trying very hard to get as a specimen for their father's cabinet at home. But, as yet, they had failed.

He placed Neil's gun against a tree and went on a long, rambling chase after the little brown-bodied, black-headed, white-nosed animal whose great bushy tail kept waving in the distance ahead of him. He soon forgot Neil and the turkey and thought of nothing but of how he should manage to get a shot at the squirrel. After a vigorous and roundabout run through the woods, he at length saw his game run up a low, gnarled oak-tree that grew on a dry, stony ridge.

"Now," thought Hugh, "I shall get him at last!"

But to his chagrin, the next moment, with a guttural quack, the squirrel dived into a hole in a big knot about thirty feet from the ground.

Hugh kept quite still for, perhaps, half an hour, watching the hole to see if the little animal would not come out again; but it did not, and he turned away, and went immediately back to the road where the wagons were standing.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley were already there with two turkeys which they had killed.

"Where's Neil?" inquired Mr. Marvin, as Hugh came up.

"Why, I left him over yonder in a gulch," said Hugh. "He went down into it to get a turkey we killed, and I went on after a fox-squirrel."

They waited a long while, but Neil did not come. Uncle Charley wished to camp for the night beside a spring some miles distant, and there was no time to spare.

"What in the world can be keeping the boy!" exclaimed Uncle Charley rather impatiently, for he did not like to wait.

"If you'll go with me, Hugh, we'll see if we can find him," said Mr. Marvin. "Show me the way to the place where you killed your turkey."

Hugh readily assented, and they walked rapidly to the ravine.

"Here's his gun," said Hugh, "he has n't come out yet."

"Why, how did he ever get down into this ugly place?" queried Mr. Marvin.

"I—I—I don't know; I got after the squirrel and did n't watch him," said Hugh, going to the edge of the bluff and gazing down.

Mr. Marvin now called Neil in a loud voice. Almost immediately an answer came, as if from some point midway between them and the bottom of the ravine.

"Is that you, Mr. Marvin?"

"Yes; what are you doing?" replied Mr. Marvin.

"I'm up in a tree. There's a bear down here. I'm afraid to climb down." It was Neil's voice, but it sounded unnaturally. The poor boy had grown weary of waiting for them.

"What kind of a bear is it?" asked Mr. Marvin, in a doubting tone.

"Why, it's a black bear, and a big one, too," cried Neil, emphatically. "I ran almost against it, and it growled and snarled at me. Have you your gun?"

"Yes, my Winchester rifle; but how can I get down there?"

"I don't know, and I can't imagine how I am going to get out, either."

"Well, stay where you are for awhile, and I'll see what can be done. Are you really sure you saw a bear?"

"I tell you I *know* I did," answered Neil, positively. "It's right down here in its den now. If you'll come down, I'll show it to you."

Mr. Marvin turned to Hugh and said:

"Go back and tell your uncle to come, and to bring all the rope there is in the wagons. Be quick, now, and don't forget to tell him to fetch his rifle, too."

Hugh ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

Mr. Marvin's practiced eye had taken in the situation almost at a single glance. He saw that he must have a rope with which to lower himself into the bed of the ravine.

In a very short time, Uncle Charley and Hugh came with their guns and the ropes.

"What's up now?" demanded Uncle Charley.

"Nothing up," said Mr. Marvin, "but something down. Neil is in the ravine, and a bear has treed him, I guess."

The situation was soon explained to Uncle Charley, and it was decided that Mr. Marvin should be lowered into the ravine.

Two or three of the long, strong ropes used for tethering the horses were tied together and one end having been securely fastened to a tree at the edge of the cliff, the other end was flung below. Mr. Marvin then swung his gun on his back, and taking hold of the rope, climbed down without trouble by pressing his feet against the face of the rock.

"Where are you, Neil?" he cried as soon as he reached the ground.

"Here!" answered Neil, rapidly descending from his perch in a little tree. He was looking rather haggard and pale.

"Well, where is your bear?" said Mr. Marvin, with a touch of sarcasm in his tone.

"Now, Mr. Marvin, you are making fun of me," said Neil, in a half resentful tone, "but come with me and I'll show you." Saying this, he led the way to the bear-tracks.

"Look there! What do you say to that?" he asked, pointing them out to Mr. Marvin, who examined them carefully.

"They are genuine bear-tracks," said Mr. Marvin, "and fresh ones, too. Where did you see the bear himself?"

"Up yonder, farther," said Neil, pointing with his finger; "but I want my gun before I go."

Mr. Marvin now began to have some faith in the bear story, and he said they would go back and have Neil's gun lowered to him by the rope. This was done in a few moments, and at Neil's suggestion Uncle Charley and Hugh went around the head of the ravine to the other side and stationed themselves near the place where they supposed the bear might come out of the hollow.

"Now," said Mr. Marvin, as Neil loaded his gun with shells of heavy shot, "let's find your bear in short order; there's no time to lose."

"Well, come on," said Neil, leading the way.

They soon reached the little, crooked path. Mr. Marvin scrutinized this very closely before starting to follow it. The rough, vine-covered heap of stones and the fallen tree were just visible. Neil pointed them out to Mr. Marvin and said, almost in a whisper:

"The bear is right over on the other side of those stones under the edge of a projecting part of the cliff. He's a big one, too!"

Mr. Marvin started up the path and Neil followed him closely. Their progress was slow, owing to the steepness and narrowness of the way, but the distance was so short that they soon reached the pile of stones. Mr. Marvin noiselessly climbed up and peeped over. Neil was by his side in a moment.

The bear was now standing on its haunches, with its fore-feet lifted off the ground. It really was a monster in size, and appeared to be ready for a fight.

"Aim at his breast, Neil!" Mr. Marvin rapidly muttered.

The next instant the ravine shook with the reports of their guns. The bear was hit, but it did not fall, nor did it attack, as Mr. Marvin had feared it might, but ran, rather nimbly for so large an animal, up a ledge of the bluff a little to one side of its den.

"Look out above!" yelled Mr. Marvin. "Bear coming!"

"All right, let him come!" rang out Uncle Charley's clear voice.

Scarcely had the words been spoken, when "bang" went his gun and Hugh's. Uncle Charley fired his rifle three times, Hugh shot twice.

"Dead bear!" shouted Uncle Charley. "Come on!"

Mr. Marvin and Neil discovered that there was an easy and well-defined path out of the den, following which they soon emerged from the gulch and found themselves where Uncle Charley and Hugh were standing by the dead bear.

"He ran right at us!" cried Hugh, excitedly. "We did n't have much time, I tell you! Is n't he a big one?"

Neil was too much out of breath to speak. He stopped and gazed at the huge animal and felt truly thankful that he had escaped from its terrible claws.

"But where's your turkey, Neil?" asked Hugh.

"Why, I forgot it," said Neil, "it's down there in the bear's den, I suppose."

Uncle Charley went with them into the bear's den, where they found the turkey lying upon the bones of some small animal that the bear had eaten.

"It's a wonder he had n't made a luncheon of the turkey," said Hugh.

"He was n't hungry, perhaps," said Uncle Charley.

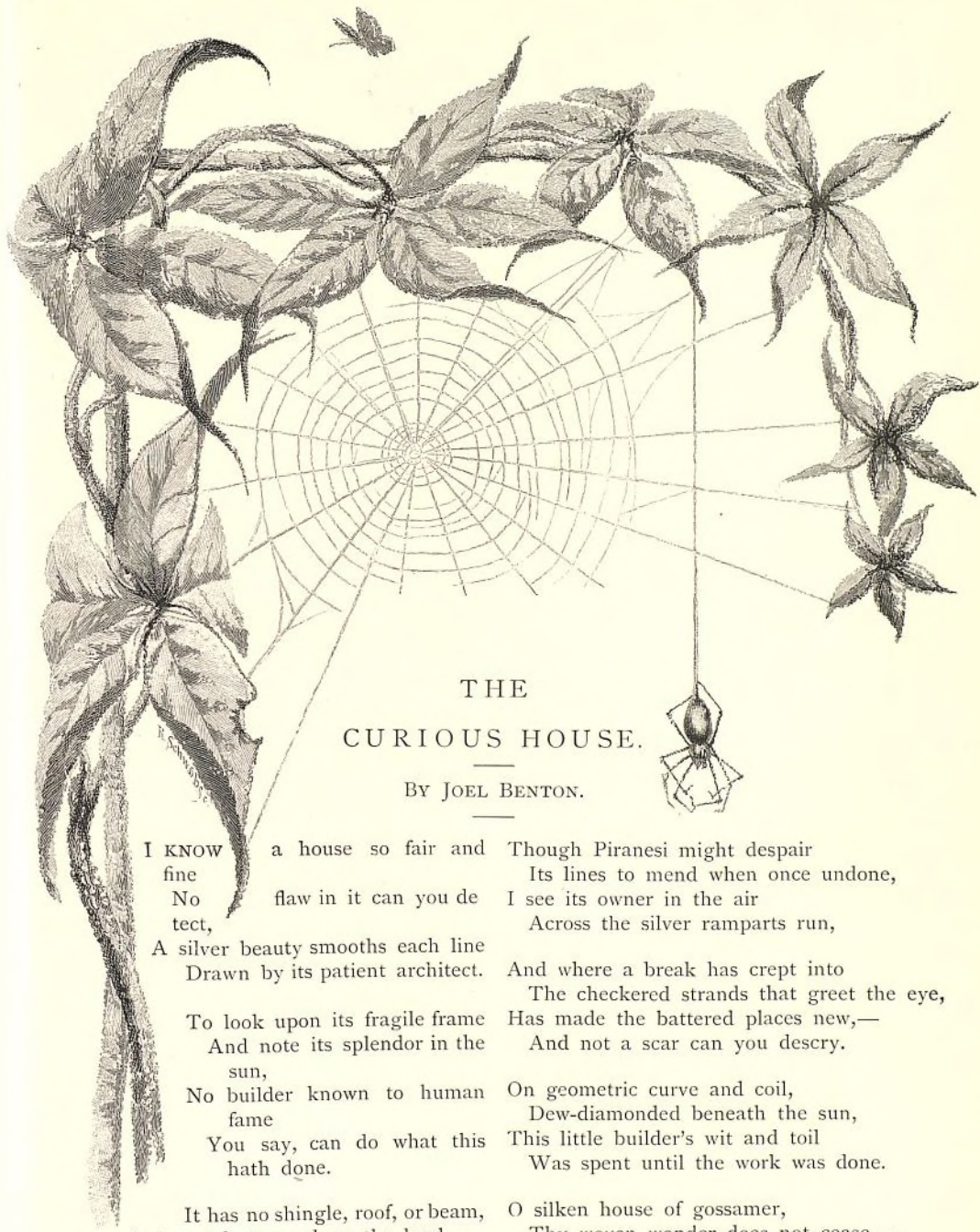
When Mr. Marvin had finished skinning the bear he hung the hide and hams across a long pole so that he and Uncle Charley could carry them to the wagons.

Samson and Judge opened their eyes very wide when they heard the story of Neil's adventure.

It was late at night when they reached the camping-place and they were all too tired and sleepy to talk much. The following day they reached Uncle Charley's house in time for supper.

Samson and Judge got all the negroes of the place around them and entertained them with highly colored accounts of the trip.

(To be continued.)



THE CURIOUS HOUSE.

BY JOEL BENTON.

I KNOW a house so fair and
fine
No flaw in it can you de-
tect,
A silver beauty smooths each line
Drawn by its patient architect.
To look upon its fragile frame
And note its splendor in the
sun,
No builder known to human
fame
You say, can do what this
hath done.

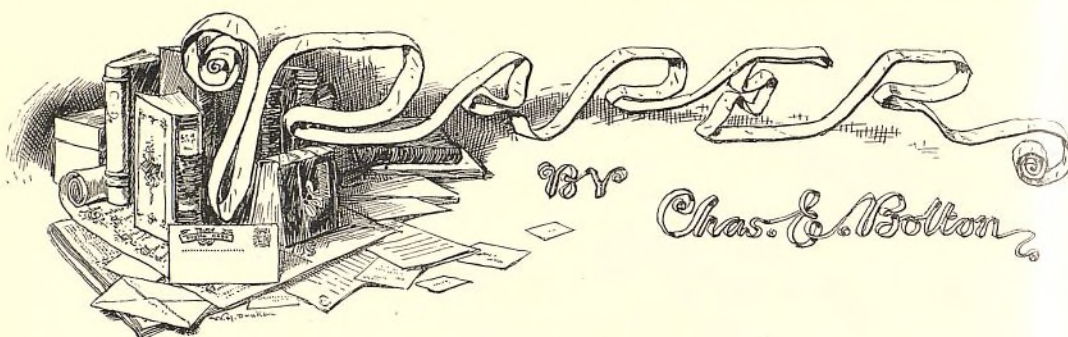
It has no shingle, roof, or beam,
It is not buttressed on the land,—
Its airy filagree and scheme
Seem products of a fairy's hand.

How swung aloft, how lightly stayed,
Without a window, board, or pane—
A dream in definite shape arrayed,
A castle from the realms of Spain!

Though Piranesi might despair
Its lines to mend when once undone,
I see its owner in the air
Across the silver ramparts run,
And where a break has crept into
The checkered strands that greet the eye,
Has made the battered places new,—
And not a scar can you descry.
On geometric curve and coil,
Dew-diamonded beneath the sun,
This little builder's wit and toil
Was spent until the work was done.

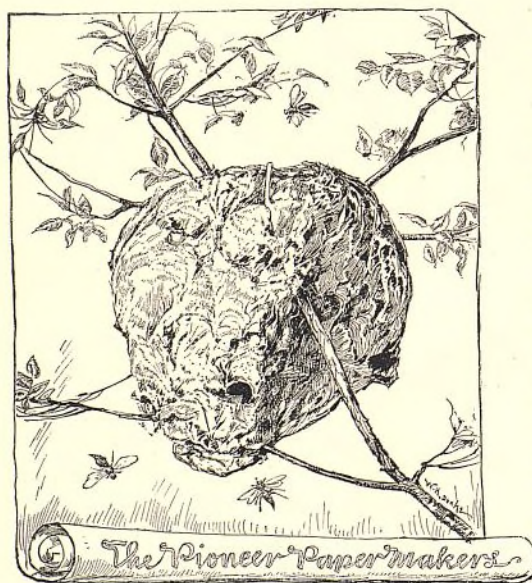
O silken house of gossamer,
Thy woven wonder does not cease,—
And yet thy blood-stained doors deter
Wayfarers fond of life and peace!

No revelers in those chambers meet,
No jocund footsteps jar the floor,—
For, they who step within retreat
At once, or leave it nevermore!



MY first day's work for others, when fourteen years old, was performed in a paper-mill in western Massachusetts, where I learned some Latin in spare moments, and saved enough money to prepare for college.

To give a complete history of paper would fill every number of the "ST. NICHOLAS" for a year. The hornet, whose sharp sting is the terror of children, is the recognized pioneer of paper-makers. His cellular nest, on trees and rocks, is built of material which resembles the most deli-



cate tissue-paper. Weaving must have been suggested by the intricate spider's web and the building of dams by the skillful beaver.

Man has always been slow to learn from Nature. Writing was first done on leaves and stones. In the libraries of London, Vienna, and Copenhagen are carefully treasured palm-leaf manuscripts written by the ancients. The innermost bark of

birch-trees answered for paper in India and Germany, and even to this day the Indians write upon the leaves of the mulberry, bamboo, and yucca.

Many centuries before Christ, Numa left writings upon the papyrus, whence our name, paper, is derived. This plant, which was revered as sacred by the old Egyptians, grows abundantly in shallow streams and marshes in upper Egypt and Syria. Bruce found it growing in the River Jordan, and noticed a curious fact, that it always presented the sharp, angular side of its pear-shaped stem to the swift current. The stem is eight or ten feet high, two inches in diameter, and crowned with a fringe of hair-like leaves, which circle a blossom of slender spikelets. Beneath the brown sheath which envelops the root-stalk of this dark-green plant lie other sheaths which are very transparent. These, when split into thin leaves and dried in the sun, were glued together, and formed the roll of papyrus, on which many of the ancient writings have come down to us. This paper was both flexible and durable. Specimens from Pompeii can be seen in the museum at Naples. In the fifth century papyrus paper, of which many varieties existed, was largely manufactured at Alexandria, and ranked high in the commerce of nations. Its use continued until about seven or eight centuries ago.

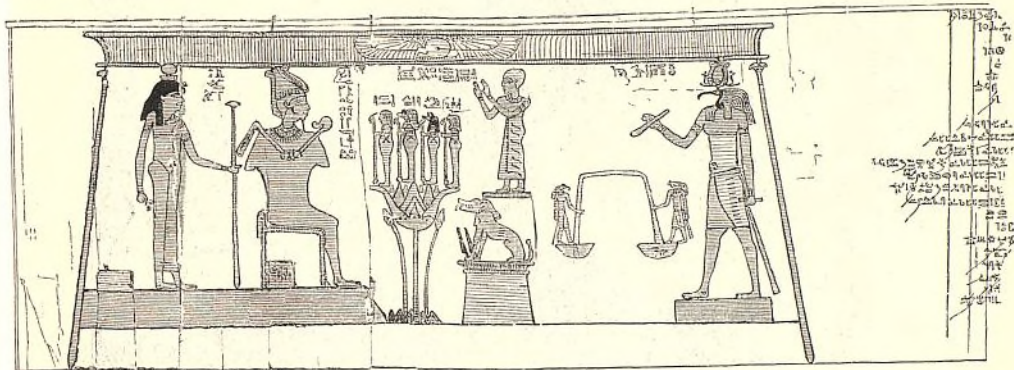
In China the "four most precious things" are the paper-plant, ink and its saucer, and the brush.

Eighteen hundred years ago, the Chinese, acting upon the wasp's suggestion, made paper from fibrous matter reduced to pulp. Now, each province makes its own peculiar variety from the innermost bark of different trees. The young bamboo, which grows six or eight inches in a single night, is whitened, reduced to pulp in a mortar, and sized with alum. From this pulp sheets of paper are made in a mold by hand. The celebrated Chinese rice paper, that so resembles woolen and silk fabrics, and on which are painted quaint birds and flowers, is manufactured from compressed pith, which is first cut spirally, by a keen knife, into thin

slices, six inches wide and twice as long. Immense quantities of paper are used by the Chinese for a great variety of purposes. Funeral papers, or paper imitations of earthly things which they desire to bestow on departed friends, are burned over their graves. They use paper window-frames, paper sliding-doors, and paper visiting-cards a yard long. It is related that when a distinguished representative of the British Government once visited Peking,

begun to make, is old-fashioned with them. The skill of the Japanese in handling long fibers without injury enables them to make their parchment-like paper very tenacious and durable.

It is claimed that the Mandarin Teailien invented rag paper. Whether this is true or not, the Chinese secret was early known in Persia and Arabia, and gradually the Europeans began and rapidly improved the art of manufacturing paper. Parch-

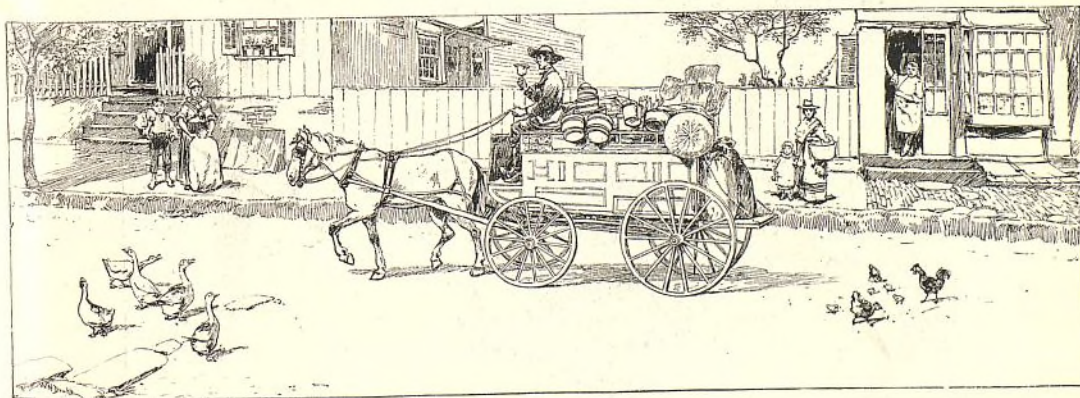


A PORTION OF A PAPYRUS SCROLL.

several servants brought him a huge roll, which, when spread out over the large floor, proved to be the visiting-card of the Chinese Emperor.

Early in the Christian era, the Japanese employed silk faced with linen, and also wood shavings, for writing material. In 610, A. D., they began to make paper from vegetable fiber, and their ingenuity is indeed marvelous. From several hundred varieties of paper they manufacture lanterns,

ment, prepared sheep-skin, and vellum, or clear calf-skin, were laid aside. Eight hundred years ago, Spain made paper from cotton, and in 1302 a finer quality from linen. In the fourteenth century, France, Germany, and Italy became quite skilled in the art. Queen Elizabeth knighted Spielman, a German, who established the first paper-mill in her kingdom. The business in England was greatly increased by the Huguenots



THE TIN-PEDDLER.—"NEW TINS FOR OLD RAGS!"

candle-wicks, hair-pins, umbrellas, artificial flowers, fans, handkerchiefs, hats, sword-proof helmets, telescope tubes, water-proof under-clothing, etc. A formal Japanese poet uses in writing, for poetry or songs, four distinct kinds of paper, specially designed. Imitation leather, which we have just

whom Louis XIV. drove out of France. The paper-mill built near Chester creek, in Delaware, in 1714, was probably the first paper-mill in the United States. The owner supplied paper to Benjamin Franklin. The old hand process can still be seen there.

Many years ago in New England, laws were made which required people to save carefully all exchanged for big sacks of odds and ends saved in scrap-bags. Many a successful merchant and banker



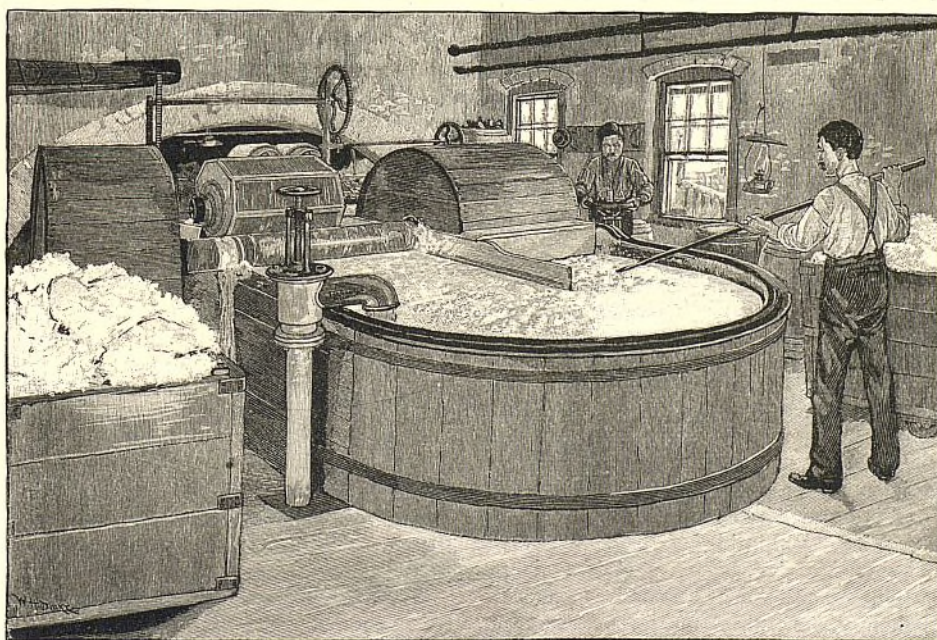
SCENE IN EGYPT,—SHOWING THE PAPYRUS PLANT.

paper material; and bell carts went through the cities ringing for rags. Yankee tin-peddlers drove their red wagons through village and town, loaded with pails, brooms, and shining tin-ware, which were was originally a keen-witted tin-peddler, who learned human nature in the homes of the people, and constantly viewed new scenes and gathered fresh experience as his old horse jogged along.



SORTING AND CUTTING THE RAGS.

Until 1750, paper material was reduced to tial principles were those of the modern paper-pulp in a crude mortar; but in that year this engine.



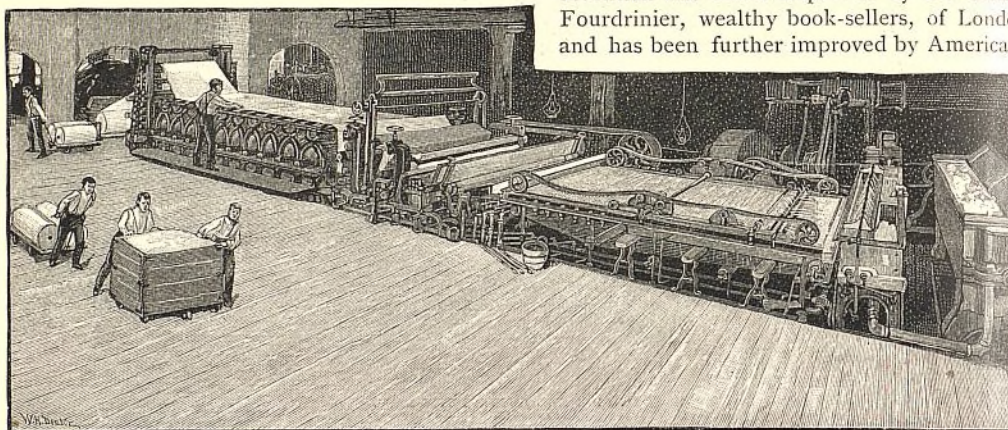
THE "ENGINE" WHICH BEATS AND GRINDS THE PULP.

tedious process was superseded by a machine In the paper-mills of to-day, we see scores of women and girls removing from the rags all hooks run by windmills, a Dutch invention. Its essen-

and eyes, buttons, pins, pieces of woolen and silk; and cutting the rags into narrow strips on sharp scythes fixed to tables. These strips are carefully sorted into three or more baskets. A revolving wire sieve removes the dust, and the rags are put into a huge iron or wooden boiler, with caustic soda and lime, which wash out the grease and dirt. In the case of print-papers or wood-chips, the ink is removed from one and the sap and resin from the other.

placed in a row, makes a very long machine. This paper-making machine is shown on this page, and the diagram below furnishes us with the names of the most important parts, viz.: The screen, vat, wire cloth, press or felt rollers, dryers, calenders, reels, and slitters.

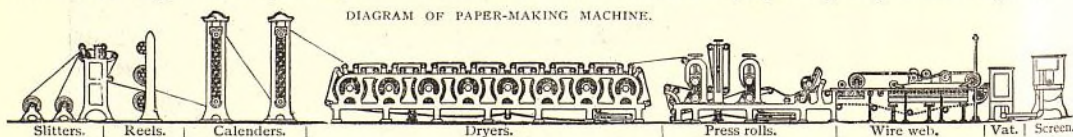
In 1798, Louis Robert, a Frenchman, substituted for the old-fashioned hand mold an endless wire web, by which paper of great width, length, and uniform thickness could be made. His valuable invention was much improved by the Messrs. Fourdrinier, wealthy book-sellers, of London, and has been further improved by Americans.



A PAPER-MAKING MACHINE.

The rags are then ready to be converted into pulp. The huge machine which is used is called an "engine," and was invented in Holland. It is quite unlike a stationary or railway engine. It is shown on the preceding page,—as an elliptical tub, separated by a partition into two chambers. Under the curved box-cover, a cylinder filled with over fifty dull steel blades, and attached to the shaft, revolves rapidly over a bed of steel bars. The blades draw out the fiber of the rags by a kind of shearing action. The first work or process of the engine is to partially reduce and wash

By the aid of the diagram, let us examine this "bird's-eye view" of a complete paper-making machine. The receiving-vat on the right of the machine is constantly supplied with prepared pulp by a pump, all imperfections being removed by the screen. A stop-cock or other arrangement regulates the supply of pulp, thus controlling the thickness of paper to be made. The pulp, diluted with water, flows over an apron upon an endless wire cloth, or web, which has from 3500 to 5000 holes to the square inch. As the water escapes through the wire cloth, the fibers of the pulp are gently shaken together.



clean the material, and requires from three to four hours. This cleansed material is called "half-stuff," and is emptied into vats, where it is bleached perfectly white by chloride of lime. Next, the beautiful snow-like, half-beaten stuff is again put into the engine, and slowly reduced to fine pulp, which, when mixed with water, resembles cream, the natural yellow color being changed to a bluish tint by the use of a very little ultramarine.

The pulp is now ready to be converted into paper by a series of ingenious contrivances, which,

A roller of fine wire-net-work imprints the water-marks which give the name "woven" paper; when the wires are stretched only one way, it is called "laid" paper. The imprint of a fool's cap and bell, much used formerly, gave the name "foolscap" paper.

The newly formed wide sheet of wet paper passes to an endless felt belt, by which it is conveyed between iron press rolls, around a dozen or more steam dryers, again around smooth calenders, and then upon the reels, finally through slitters, into a sticky liquid, and between knives; and, at last,

the long soft paper, freed from water, is smoothed, sized, and wound on reels.

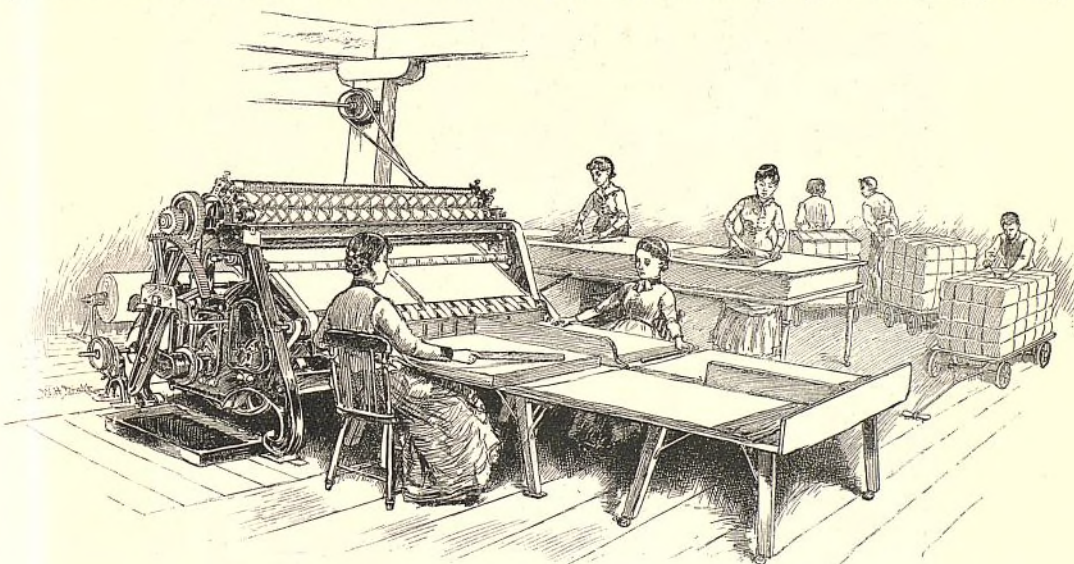
Paper is thus made so rapidly, that if the roll were allowed to run off from the machine in a continuous strip, a child could not keep up with a marked point on that strip, except by running. In the finishing-room the paper is again smoothed, cut into sheets, ruled, sorted, counted, folded, stamped, and put up in reams, quarter-reams, and half-reams, for book or letter use.

Coarse papers are made on a unique revolving cylinder, which gathers the pulp on its surface of wire work. It was invented in 1822, by Mr. John Ames, of Springfield, Mass. Formerly, several weeks were required to complete the slow hand process of changing crude material into finished

made in the United States by one thousand mills, each averaging two tons daily.

The four thousand paper-mills in the world make annually a million tons of paper—one third of which is used for newspapers.

Holyoke, on the Connecticut river, is called the "Paper City." It turns out daily one hundred two-horse wagon-loads of beautiful papers of varied tints. At Castleton, on the Hudson River, millions of postal-cards are made each year for the Government, out of wood-pulp. Paper has become as great a necessity as iron, and is employed in fully as many ways. Scores of railways use paper car-wheels. Stoves and chimneys, even, are made of paper. It is used for pencils, for lumber (in imitation of mahogany), for roof-tiling, jewelry,



THE FINISHING-ROOM.—CUTTING, COUNTING, AND PACKING THE PAPER.

paper. Now it can be accomplished in a single day, at one third the old-time cost.

Poplar, spruce, and basswood are used in immense quantities for making paper pulp. Even the banana and palmetto yield excellent fiber. Of late, a soft and transparent quality of paper has been made from common grasses. Bank-note paper is made from linen, silk fiber being introduced to prevent counterfeiting by making certain markings in the paper which can not easily be imitated. Many bank bills have red silk threads running along the edges and across the ends. Letter paper is made from linen and cotton mixed; printing paper chiefly from wood-pulp,—rags being added for book and magazine paper, like that used for St. NICHOLAS. Waste papers, straw, old ropes, jute, manilla, and like substances make common papers.

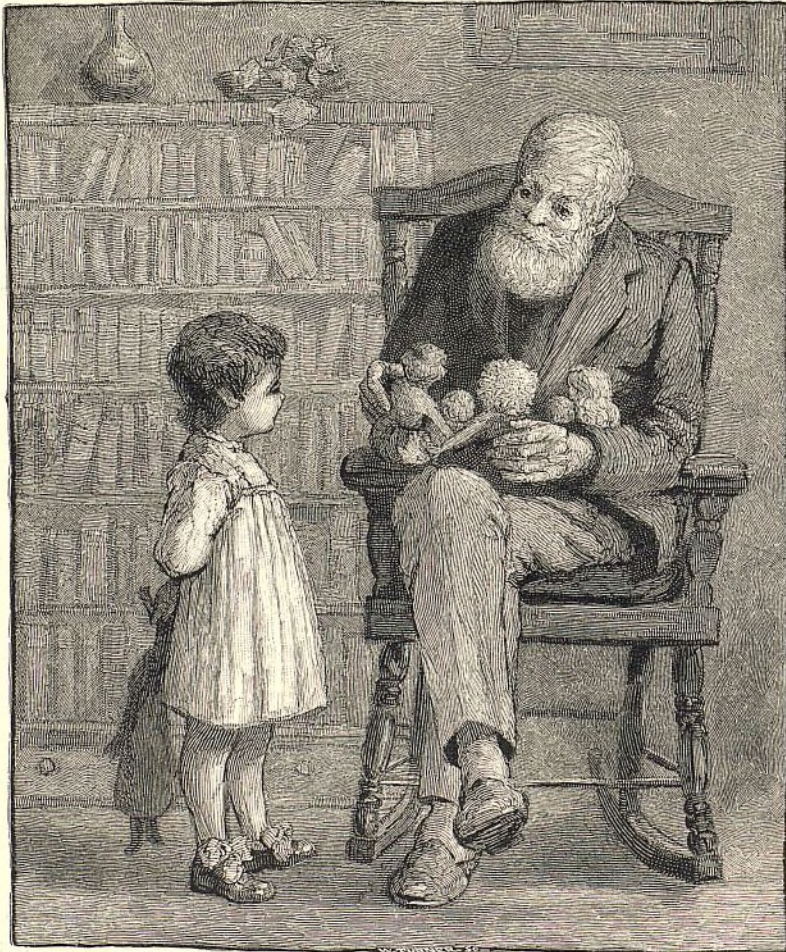
One third of the paper consumed in the world is

bronzes, false teeth, water-cans, row-boats, flour barrels, powder kegs, clothing, shoes, collars, blankets, and carpets. A fashionable New York lady once gave a party, at which the women wore paper dresses. A paper house was exhibited at the Sydney Exhibition, the doors, floors, and furniture being made from paper. In Sweden, paper thread is made. Thin silk paper, with tasteful designs painted in oil, pasted on common window-panes, makes an admirable imitation of stained glass. Paper dipped in chloride of cobalt makes the French "barometer flowers," which are blue in fair weather and change to pink on the approach of rain.

You will see, from all this, that a thorough knowledge of chemistry, and of the principles of mechanics, is necessary for the successful manufacture of paper, and that paper-making is one of the greatest industries of modern times.

LIT-TLE DOT.

BY MRS. M. B. BUTLER.



LIT-TLE Dot has eight dolls. Some of them have no arms or legs. These she loves the best. They are oft-en ver-y sick. One doll has no head. This one she al-ways says has the head-ache.

When her broth-er laughs, she says: "I dess your head would ache, too, if it were tut off."

Lit-tle Dot has a fun-ny grand-pa-pa. When grand-pa-pas are fun-ny, they are ver-y fun-ny in-deed.

Once, when he came for a vis-it, she got her new-est doll and set it on his knee. Then he trot-ted it up and down, and sang a lit-tle rhyme.

This pleased her so much that she brought one more doll, and then one more, un-til she had brought them all.

Grand-pa-pa sang a rhyme for each one. Here are the rhymes he sang:

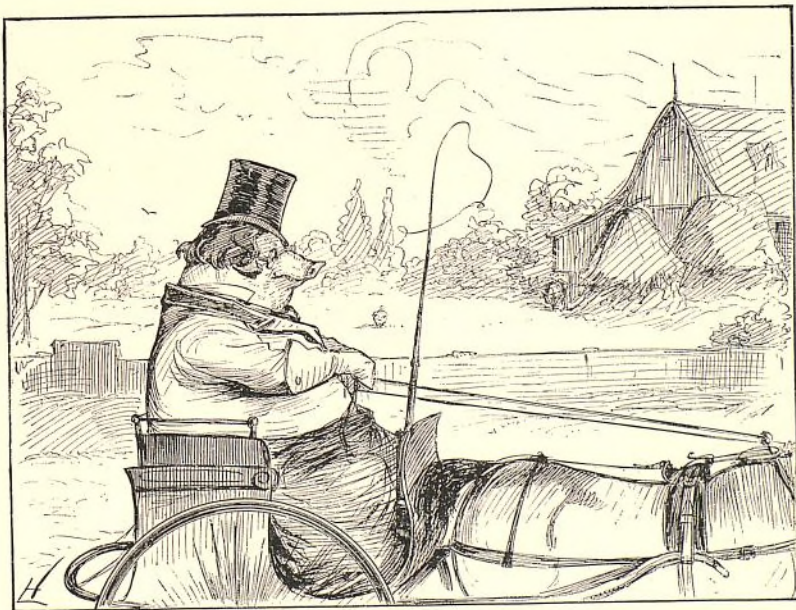
One doll-y, one ;
O, now we 'll have fun !
Two doll-ies, two ;
There 's room here for you.
Three doll-ies, three ;
Here, take t' oth-er knee.
Four doll-ies, four ;
Just room for one more.

Five doll-ies, five ;
O-ho ! sakes a-live !
Six doll-ies, six ;
Well, well ! *what* a fix !
Sev-en doll-ies, sev-en ;
Don't scare up e-lev-en.
Eight doll-ies, eight ;
Hi, hi ! you 're too late.

But no, — he made room on his knees for the last one, too ; and then he put his long arms a-round them all, and trot-ted with all his might, and sang :

O, the dolls of lit-tle Dot,—
What a fun-ny, bump-y lot !
Eyes of brown and eyes of blue,

Flax-en hair, and curl-y, too ;
O, how man-y dolls she 's got,—
Hap-py, lit-tle, dar-ling Dot !



THERE once was a ver-y rich pig,
Who wore spec-ta-cles, al-so a wig ;
And at last grew so stout
That, to trav-el a-bout,
He had to in-dulge in a gig.

8th
MONTH.

THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC

AUGUST,

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



ONCE a year the Sun goes courting,
Courting in the Sky;
When he meets the stately Virgo
With the sparkling eye.

| Day of Month. | Day of Week. | Moon's Age. | Moon's Place. | Sun on Noon Mark. | Holidays and Incidents. |
|---------------|--------------|-------------|---------------|-------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 | Fri. | 10 | Ophiuch | H. M. 12. 6 | Battle of the Nile, 1798. |
| 2 | Sat. | 11 | Sagit. | 12. 6 | Battle of Blenheim, 1704. |
| 3 | S | 12 | " | 12. 6 | 8th Sunday after Trinity. |
| 4 | Mon. | 13 | " | 12. 6 | Shelley, born 1792. |
| 5 | Tues. | 14 | Capri. | 12. 6 | Atlan. Cable, landed 1858. |
| 6 | Wed. | FULL | Aqua. | 12. 6 | Ben Jonson, died 1637. |
| 7 | Thur. | 16 | " | 12. 5 | H'y VI. of Germ'y, d. 1106. |
| 8 | Fri. | 17 | " | 12. 5 | Richelieu, died 1788. |
| 9 | Sat. | 18 | Pisces | 12. 5 | Isaac Walton, born 1593. |
| 10 | S | 19 | " | 12. 5 | 9th Sunday after Trinity. |
| 11 | Mon. | 20 | " | 12. 5 | Thos. Betterton, b. 1635. |
| 12 | Tues. | 21 | Aries | 12. 5 | Thos. Bewick, b. 1753. |
| 13 | Wed. | 22 | Taurus | 12. 4 | Tiberius II., died 582. |
| 14 | Thur. | 23 | " | 12. 4 | ☾ near Aldebaran. |
| 15 | Fri. | 24 | " | 12. 4 | ☾ near Saturn. |
| 16 | Sat. | 25 | Gemini | 12. 4 | Venus very brilliant. |
| 17 | S | 26 | " | 12. 4 | 10th Sunday after Trinity. |
| 18 | Mon. | 27 | " | 12. 3 | (17th) ☾ close to Venus. |
| 19 | Tues. | 28 | " | 12. 3 | Honoré de Balzac, d. 1850. |
| 20 | Wed. | NEW | " | 12. 3 | Robert Herrick, b. 1591. |
| 21 | Thur. | 1 | " | 12. 3 | Lady Montagu, died 1762. |
| 22 | Fri. | 2 | " | 12. 3 | John B. Gough, b. 1817. |
| 23 | Sat. | 3 | Virgo | 12. 2 | (24th) ☾ very close to Mars. |
| 24 | S | 4 | " | 12. 2 | 11th Sunday after Trinity. |
| 25 | Mon. | 5 | " | 12. 2 | James Watt, died 1819. |
| 26 | Tues. | 6 | Libra | 12. 1 | Prince Albert, born 1819. |
| 27 | Wed. | 7 | Scorpio | 12. 1 | Bat. of Long Island, 1776. |
| 28 | Thur. | 8 | " | 12. 1 | Leigh Hunt, died 1859. |
| 29 | Fri. | 9 | Ophiuch | 12. 1 | John Locke, born 1632. |
| 30 | Sat. | 10 | Sagit. | 12. | Mars near Spica sev'l days. |
| 31 | S | 11 | " | 12. | 12th Sunday after Trinity. |

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

IN the heat of the day,
When too hot to play,
How nice to go down to the river,
And swimming, and dashing,
And diving, and splashing,
To cool off ourselves to a shiver!

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

AUGUST 15th, 8.30 P.M.

VENUS, JUPITER, and SATURN are morning stars. MARS is just setting. We are now looking at a part of the sky in the south, which is not visited by any planet during the year except MERCURY, which is so difficult to find, on account of its closeness to the sun, that no attempt to point it out has been made in these accounts of our evening skies.

Spica is setting, and the red star Antares is twinkling in the south-west. Arcturus is high up in the west. Overhead burns Lyra, the beautiful star of *The Harp*. Near Lyra, to the east, is a large triangle of four stars in the constellation of *Cygnus*, or *The Swan*. The brightest of the four is Arides. Between Arcturus and Lyra is Alphecca, in the *Northern Crown*. High up in the south-east is a row of three stars. The center star is a very bright one we have not noticed before; it is Altair, in the constellation *Aquila*, or *The Eagle*. Notice how bright the Milky Way is near the triangle of *Cygnus*. Rising in the north-east are four bright stars in the form of a very large square. It is one of the most conspicuous objects in the heavens, and is called the Square of Pegasus. The right-hand star, the one leading the way, is Markab, which, with the next two, belongs to the constellation *Pegasus*, *The Flying Horse*. The fourth star of the square, the one farthest north, is Alpherat, in the constellation *Andromeda*.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE LOCUST.

"WHITHER away so fast?" said the Butterfly to the Locust, one warm morning.

"To take my place with the birds and the bees in the midsummer chorus," replied the Locust; "will you come, too?"

"No," said the Butterfly, "I don't sing. My beauty is what I travel on; my wings are very much admired, you must admit."

"Very true," said the Locust in reply, "but don't you know that handsome is that handsome does, and that looks are not everything?"

Just then a little girl made a sweep at the Butterfly with her net, and nearly caught him. "Well," said the Butterfly, "you may be right, but I think in my case looks came very near being too much, that time."

"Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z," said the Locust, as he went on his way.

*The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"Kiss me, Mother," said August, "and give me a hearty welcome; my love for you is so warm, and I'm so glad to get back again. I'm sure you need me, too. July has done all she could, and now it is my turn to help. See what lovely lilies I have brought you, fresh and dripping from the pool; they are my fairest flowers, and all others seem to wither at my touch. I am not a very good gardener, but I can put a blush on the cheek of the peach."

"Yes, indeed, my dear," said Nature, "and you must begin to mellow the apples. The pears, too, want that russet brown that you alone can give them; don't forget the melons, nor to pull out the silk tassels of the corn. But, my dear, you are sometimes a little too fierce and impetuous; be as moderate as you can."

"Indeed, I'll try, Mother," said August, kissing her warmly; "and now I must go to work, for I see Corn beckoning me with his green banners."

SONG OF THE SHELL-FISH.

LOBSTER, Lobster in the pot,
Prithce why so red?
Are you angry, that they took you
From your watery bed?
Will you, wont you, will you, wont you,
Say why this change occurs?
Pinching, flopping, jumping, hopping,
Lobby, Lobby-sters.

Pretty Shrimp, dressed all in pink,
I pray you leave your shell;
You are really so delicious,
We're sure to treat you well.
Will you, wont you, will you, wont you,
Wear your tail in crimp?
Skipping, shiny, slim, and tiny,
Shrimpy-impy Shrimp.

Clumsy Crab, in scarlet coat,
And waistcoat very white,
If I touch you, you must promise
Truly not to bite.
Will you, wont you, will you, wont you,
Promise not to grab?
Sideways crawling, ever sprawling,
Crabby-abby Crab.

Mrs. Clam, down in the mud,
Pray tell me what you sing?
I hear you when I walk the beach,
In summer, or in spring.
Will you, wont you, will you, wont you,
Please to tell me, ma'am?
Roasted, toasted, and much boasted,
Clammy-ammy Clam.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"WHEN the weather is wet,
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry,
We need not cry;
When the weather is cold,
No use to scold;
When the weather is warm,
We should not storm—
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather."

OH, THAT DAISY!

DEAR JACK: We examined a daisy yesterday through a microscope, and saw really over a hundred beautiful flowers in it; indeed, the entire yellow center proved to be nothing but flowers on the outer rows and buds in the middle. Several times since, I have said to myself—"Oh, that daisy,—how wonderful it was!"

Yours affectionately,

HATTIE SPEER C.

OVER FOUR HUNDRED FLOWERS IN A DAISY!

ALBANY, June 9th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the May number of your magazine I saw the query: "How many flowers in a daisy?" On looking this morning, I found to my great surprise that the flower-head of a daisy contained four hundred and sixty-seven perfect flowers! I suppose you know that each of these minute flowers had five sepals, petals, and stamens, and one simple pistil. I study botany and enjoy it very much.

Yours sincerely,

ANNA HOFFMAN G.

A WHITE RAINBOW.

I AM told that one morning—it was on the twenty-eighth of last November—a French astronomer saw in the sunny skies of France a pure white rainbow. The sun, by the way, happened to be very pale at the time, and the frosty air held aloft a light fog through which, opposite the sun, the snow-white rainbow softly curved itself.

As a rule, I prefer my rainbows colored, but this must have been a very lovely sight. The Little

School-ma'am assures me that Monsieur Cornu, as this astronomer is called, has sent a full account of the rainbow to the French Academy of Sciences. Now, this academy is n't a boys' and girls' school, pray understand, but an institution for grown people. The Deacon says it's an academy where the sciences themselves go to school, but that must be only his odd way of stating it.

ABOUT SLATE-PENCILS.

WELL, well, it's delightful to ask you young folk a question; for straightway your replies come pouring in! I wish you could read all the letters that came to settle the slate-pencil question; but as that is not practicable, I must be content with thanking the good writers thereof—one and all—and reading to you these two letters selected from the budget:

WAWARSING, N. Y., May 30, 1884.

DEAR JACK: In the June number of ST. NICHOLAS you asked where slate-pencils come from.

Slate-pencils are of two kinds—slate and soap-stone. Soap-stone, or steatite, is a variety of talc, which is a mineral of a light-green color, and greasy to the touch. It is used as a blackboard crayon.

The deposit of soap-stone from which our pencils come is at Castleton, Vermont. The mineral is worked immediately after it is quarried, as it would become hard and brittle from exposure to the air. The stone is split, and sawn into small pieces, and then split again into pieces about seven inches long by one wide, and one-third of an inch thick. After undergoing the successive operations of planing, rounding, sawing, and sharpening, about one one-hundredth of the original stone appears in the form of pencils. The waste is used in the manufacture of paper.

There is a variety of slate called "graphite slate," which is used for tracing lines, and when of sufficiently good quality, as a drawing crayon.

Respectfully,

NORMAN T. SAUNDERS.

DEAR MR. JACK: I would like to reply as briefly as I can to your query in the June ST. NICHOLAS regarding slate-pencils.

Broken refuse slate is used mostly in their manufacture. A large quantity is put into a huge mortar, and pounded into small particles. It next goes into the hopper of a mill: thence into a bolting-machine, from which it comes out as fine as flour. It is then mixed with a small quantity of pulverized soap-stone, and the whole is kneaded into a stiff dough, by passing it through rollers.

This dough is now made into charges—that is, short cylinders, four or five inches thick, and containing from eight to ten pounds each. Some of these are placed in a retort with a changeable nozzle, so as to regulate the size of the pencil, and subjected to tremendous pressure, which pushes the mixture through the nozzle in a long cord, like a slender snake, passing it over a table, slit at right angles with the cords, to give passage to a knife which cuts them into the proper lengths.

Next comes the drying, which occupies a few hours; and they are then ready for the baking process, after which they go to the finishing-room, where rapidly revolving emery wheels smooth and point them ready for use.

Yours truly,

E. M. C.

A STRANGE SEA VOYAGE.

MARCH 20, 1884.

DEAR JACK: ST. NICHOLAS told some funny stories about birds getting rides on the backs of fishes, and I saw a strange thing a few days ago. As the steamer Gate City was coming from Savannah, the captain thought he saw a wreck. He steered the ship over to it, and it proved to be a very large dead whale floating on the water, with its side high and dry, and on top of him was a big sea turtle stealing a ride. Did you ever hear of such a funny sea voyage?

Yours respectfully,

A. L. H.

A HEN CONQUERS A RAT.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6, '84.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Our daily paper contains this morning such an interesting account of a brave hen defending her chickens that I am going to copy part of the story, so that you may show it to all the other ST. NICHOLAS boys. The paper says it is a true story and that the hen is California born and bred, which of course pleases me, for I am a San Francisco boy.

"The hen," says our writer, "while scratching with her brood of chickens recently, was charged upon by a full-grown rat. She immediately gathered her flock and awaited the onslaught. The rat, somewhat checked by her bold front, crouched for a moment, and then made a dart for one of the chicks. In an instant the old hen flew at her enemy, and striking it with her bill, grabbed it by the back and threw it in the air. The rat came down with a thump upon the walk, but before it could regain its feet the hen repeated the performance, and kept it up until the rat was only able to crawl away a few feet and die. After contemplating her foe for a few moments, the old hen called her brood around her and walked off."

That's what I call pluck, for I can tell you it is not every hen that will face a full-grown rat. Rats steal chickens sometimes from right under their mothers' noses. If that hen had been born in ancient Rome instead of in California, I suppose we all should be learning the story from our Roman histories. The goose that saved the Capitol was n't a circumstance to her. Your admiring friend,
WALTER G. B.

OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

DEAR JACK: I read in *Cassell's Magazine* that a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Gordon, of Dundee, had invented a shell which would distribute a large quantity of oil over the sea, so as to calm the stormy waves. The writer goes on to say that this shell can be fired from a mortar, and that it is fitted with two fuses, which are set alight by the explosion in the gun, and burn although the shell is under water. On the bursting of the shell, the oil spreads over the surface, producing smooth water. The plan, he adds, was recently tried with success; the object being to still the sea between two ships in order to let a boat pass from one to the other.

Now, this idea seemed to me so excellent that I immediately proceeded to experiment for myself. I filled our bath-tub nearly full of water, and then, after lashing the miniature sea into fury, I poured a bottleful of oil upon it, and lo! the waves subsided beautifully.

So far, so good; but there was another storm raised in that otherwise happy home which I prefer not to describe in this letter.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN L.

P. S. How was I to know that olive oil costs like sixty?

THE BUSY BEE.

ONE of the girls of the Red School-house has had a present of an apron, I hear, and Deacon Green has written her a verse in honor of the occasion.

THE BUSY WASP.

TALKING of the busy bee, it seems that my friend Sir John Lubbock, the patient and painstaking British naturalist, has had the boldness to pry into certain personal matters of insect life. In short, he has been timing a bee and a wasp to find out which insect was the smartest; and lo, and behold! the wasp came out ahead—left the busy bee nowhere, in fact. You shall read the very account which has been sent to my pulpit:

"As regards the industry of wasps, Sir John Lubbock timed a bee and a wasp, for each of which he provided a store of honey, and he found that the wasp began earlier in the morning (at four A. M.) and worked on later in the day. This particular wasp began work at four in the morning, and went on without any rest or intermission till a quarter to eight in the evening, during which time she paid Sir John one hundred and sixteen visits."

A FEW SIMPLE GARDEN QUESTIONS.

WHAT very common and well-known leaf bears the letter V plainly marked in lighter green on its surface?

What leaf bears a mark resembling a horse-shoe?

What flower carries a well-formed lyre which can be discovered by gently pulling the flower apart?

What blue flower bears well-imitated bumble-bees?

What double flower seems formed of tiny dove-like things meeting their bills?

What graceful leaf grows its seed on its under surface?

Can any one find two blades of ribbon-grass exactly alike?

Please address "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in care of THE CENTURY COMPANY, 33 East Seventeenth street, New York.

Indeed, I always
imagined
I did as much
as a bee,
But to try to live
up to my apron,
Is a great deal
too hard for me!



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.

We trust that Mr. Bolton's article on "Paper" will so interest our readers that they will not fail to visit a paper-mill, if ever they have the opportunity. Mr. Bolton, in giving the history, has merely touched upon the general processes of paper-making, but these need to be seen to be fully understood. The illustrations to the article show some of the principal machinery, and it may interest our readers to know that the sketches were made at the mills which manufacture the paper on which ST. NICHOLAS is printed. Our thanks are due to the proprietors of these mills, Messrs. S. D. Warren & Co., of Boston, Mass., for courtesies extended to our artist.

OUR apologies are offered to Mr. William W. Kent, the artist who made the graceful drawing of "The Bashful Marguerite," on page 627 of the June ST. NICHOLAS. By a misprint, his name appears in the table of contents for that month as W. W. Kemble.

HERE are two interesting letters, which have come a long way, being both dated, as you will see, at Colombo, Ceylon:

COLOMBO, CEYLON, May 3, 1884.
TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS. MADAM: The inclosed verses were penned on the occasion of the departure for home of two young ladies (aged respectively eleven and nine) who had brightened our home by their presence for a few weeks. They made great pets of our dogs, and I am sure that the regret experienced by the animals at the departure of their two little friends has not been exaggerated in the accompanying lines.

Perhaps the poem may find favor with some of your readers.

Yours obediently,

"LORD HAMILTON."

Good Mother Towzer, sitting at her door,
Bade her puppies cease their play, and rest upon the floor;
Very sad, very sad, very sad was she,
And both her puppies wrung their paws
And wept in sympathy.

By came Mr. Toby,—"Have you heard the news?
Our two young ladies leave to-day—think what we shall lose!"
Very sad, very sad, very sad were they,
And each took out its handkerchief
And hid its little *nez*.

Mrs. Bonny creeping, creeping up the stairs,
Stretched herself upon the floor, and thus gave vent her cares:
"Deary me, deary me! alas, alack-a-day!
O, who will come and fondle me
When they have gone away?"

"Bow-wow," said Mr. Casar, appearing on the scene,
"We must not thus give way, my friends, though our anguish
be so keen!"

(But very hoarse, very hoarse, very hoarse was he;
For he 'd been howling all the night
In sheer despondency.)

Then down the road, with sprightly step, Miss Topsy came in view,
"Cheer up, my friends, they 'll come again when autumn skies are
blue!"

CHORUS.

"Come again, come again, yes, that's what they must do!
We may be happy yet, dear friends,
When autumn skies are blue!"

"LORD HAMILTON."

COLOMBO, CEYLON.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend of ours has just begun to take you in for us. We live in a pretty suburb of the capital, Colombo. It is very hot here, and is now the hottest season, so every one is going or gone up country to enjoy the cool mountain air, in place of Colombo heat and red dust, which is as dense as a London fog. Ceylon is a very nice place, though not so nice as our native England. In the Sanitarium, ice may be found on the water, nearly half an inch thick, but there is no snow, which is a great drawback, we think.

The natives are very funny people; most of them wear no clothes, tho' men and women wear a few garments, consisting of jackets, comboys and turbans. They are very fond of heat, and are never happy unless they are chewing betel, chunam, and tobacco. Betel is a leaf, from which a hot pepper is made; chunam is what they whitewash the walls with, something like lime. There are a great many different kinds of people here, Singhalese, Gamil, Turks, Indians, Cochin Gamils, Afghans, Arabs, Moormen, etc. There are many different kinds of religion—Roman Catholicism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, etc. Our coolie is a Buddhist, and will not kill any animal, for fear the spirit of his grandmother is in it.

Your grateful reader,

TRIXIE WALL.



HOW MANY COMPLETE FACES ARE SHOWN HERE?

3922 GIRARD AVENUE, PHILA.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I go to Belmont Girls' Grammar School, and am trying for the Normal School, so I have to work very hard. A question came up in class the other day, and though our kind teacher looked in all the books at her command, she could not find an answer for our question.

Now, I would like to know if any reader of your valuable magazine can give me the answer to this question. Why is the harbor of Constantinople, Turkey, called the "Golden Horn." The good reader

who can answer this will receive my warmest thanks, and you, dear St. NICHOLAS, for printing it for me.

From your affectionate reader,
Who will answer Miriam's question?

MIRIAM.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and live in this beautiful city. I think you are the nicest magazine, both for young and old, that I have ever read, seen, or heard of. I want to tell you and your readers of a reading-club that my mother got up for my benefit. We have thirteen members (we expect to have more), but still we have very pleasant times together. The exercises consist of reading and game-playing. I am Secretary, and have to write the minutes or pay a forfeit. I think it would be nice for some boys and girls of every city to get up a little club of that kind.

I hope you will print this, dear St. NICHOLAS, as I would be extremely proud to see it in the Letter-box.

Your friend,

PARK R. DAVIS.

C. W.—We can not explain the very great similarity of the verses on page 620 of our June number, to "Phil's Secret"—a little poem by Mrs. Laura E. Richards, published three years ago. Had we known of the resemblance sooner, we, of course, would not have printed the verses.

CARTHAGE, TENN., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother takes you for me. I think the Letter-box is a nice thing. I want to tell you about our red-bird. She plays dead; that is, she lies on her back and lets us push her about and she will not move anything but her eyes. I expect my brother will make a little wagon with wires and teach her to draw it.

I have six birds: two canaries, two mocking-birds, one red-bird, and one finch. Both of the mocking-birds sing beautifully, and one of the canaries sings well, but the other canary and the red-bird and the finch do not sing. The canaries and the finch stay in one cage. The red-bird's name is Meshak, but we call him Redman most.

If any of the readers of the St. NICHOLAS will write to me, I will tell them how to keep and train a red-bird. I am nine years old. When school closed, a few days before Christmas, last year, I got two prizes. I also got a prize in Sunday-school. My letter is so long, I am afraid you will not publish it, but I hope you will.

Good-bye,

JOSIE MYER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In August of last year, when I was visiting my grandfather, in Rutland, Vt., I resolved to go to the marble quarries, about three miles away, in the town of West Rutland. So I saddled Prince (my pony) and set out. When I arrived there, I hitched Prince to a post and went over to the quarries.

The first one I came to belonged to Sheldon and Sons; and of this one I made the most thorough examination. This quarry is a very long one, but not so deep as the others. Judging from the deepest one, it is somewhat over 220 feet deep. In the middle is a large arch of marble, called a pillar, that had not been cut away and which extended across—forming a brace to protect the workmen from being buried by the caving-in of the sides.

Down in the bottom there were steam-engines that kept moving backward and forward about five feet, and constantly cutting the marble on each side in succession, with broad steel drills. As soon as the blocks are cut out, they are hoisted up with derricks worked by steam. They are then put on stone-boats, drawn by oxen, and carried to the mill, where they are cut into different shapes in great gangs, in which are several saw-blades; not saws, as would be supposed, but simple blades of sheet-iron. When sand is thrown in, the saw-blades rub it back and forth on the marble, and the quick motion causes friction, which slowly cuts it. Then the marble is taken into another department, where it is washed and polished.

The next one is commonly called the covered quarry, being covered over by a platform. This is one of the smallest, but the deepest of them all, being about 275 feet deep (this a man told me)—over three times as deep as our school-building is high. It is very dark and gloomy in the bottom, caused by the walls being blackened by the smoke of the engines.

The next one was the Gilson and Woodfin quarry, into which I descended by some rudely erected steps. When I got down I found it was very different from what it appeared to be from the top; for, at one side, it was cut in horizontally forty or fifty feet, and the men had to wear small candles on their heads. It took me nearly a half-hour to climb up again. This quarry is next to the covered one in size.

In the quarries the men look like minute dwarfs in a cave.

Being well satisfied with my ramble, I set out to find Prince and go home. But when I came to where I had left him, there was the headstall hanging to the post, and Prince gone!

I looked round for awhile, and found him in another part of the marble-yard, cropping grass in a plot about five feet square, among great, heavy blocks of marble. Catching him by the fore-lock, I led him back and put on his headstall and rode home.

Prince is a Shetland pony. He is only ten hands high, although he is fifteen years old.

F. D. S.

HARTFORD, CONN., March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you and like you very much. Although I have taken you a long time, this is the first time I have written to you. In one of your numbers I saw the question, "How are rubber balls made?" I asked my cousin, who works in a rubber store, and he said, "They were made on a mold and joined in the middle. And in order to make them stay round, a little water is put in before they are joined. Then they are put in a hot place, and the water turns to steam, which expands the rubber. Then it is suddenly cooled, and the steam turns back to water. Then they make a hole and let the water out."

I remain yours truly,

GRACE M. H.

We are indebted to the following young friends for pleasant letters, which we should be glad to print if there were room. Laura Larimer, Ellie A. N., Marion F. S., "Pansy," Fannie Stetson, Ellen Blanford Hewitt, Clara M. Upton, Nellie B., Edith P. Palfrey, Alice A. Maynard, L. H. W., Bertie A. Page, Leonore R., C. Holcombe Bacon, Nellie McN. Suydam, Mamie King, A. L. Zecken-dorf, Anna B. Graff, Laura Taylor, Eric Boegle, Loy Lucas, Belle Cruise, Eloise Knapp, Ernest T. Mead, E. B. Ogden, C. McC.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTIETH REPORT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the summer is upon us, we have a long list of new and enthusiastic Chapters this month, and extend to one and all a hearty welcome.

THE CONVENTION.

The Philadelphia Chapters are taking hold of the work preparatory to our September meeting with a will, and have issued to each Chapter a formal invitation in a very tasteful and attractive form. Moreover, an interesting programme is in preparation—beginning with a reception in the evening of September 2d, at which we hope to meet as many of our friends as possible. We could not possibly have a meeting called under more favorable auspices, and if this one shall not prove a grand success, as we believe it will, it will be only because our members are too widely scattered to assemble in very large numbers.

LIST OF NEW CHAPTERS.

| No. | Name. | No. of Members. | Address. |
|-----|-----------------------------|-----------------|------------------------------------|
| 651 | Portland, Maine (A)..... | 4.. | W. H. Dow, 717 Congress St. |
| 652 | Dowagiac, Mich. (A)..... | 11.. | Frank Perry. |
| 653 | Providence, R. I. (C)..... | 4.. | F. S. Phillips, 65 John St. |
| 654 | Philadelphia, Pa. (V)..... | .. | Max Greenbaum, 433 Franklin. |
| 655 | New Lyme, O. (A)..... | 7.. | W. H. Cooke. |
| 656 | Moravia, N. Y. (A)..... | 6.. | F. S. Curtis. |
| 657 | Apponaug, R. I. (A)..... | 20.. | Miss Mamie E. Bissel. |
| 658 | Chicopee, Mass. (B)..... | .. | Miss Edith Bullens. |
| 659 | Williamsville, N. Y. (A)... | 6.. | H. E. Herr. |
| 660 | Louisville, Ky. (B)..... | 21.. | Miss Mary Sherrill, 1108 First St. |
| 661 | Wakefield, Mass. (A)..... | 4.. | Miss Helen Montgomery. |
| 662 | Keyport, N. J. (B)..... | 4.. | Miss Florence Arrowsmith, box 149. |

- 663 Chelsea, Mass. (A)..... 6.. H. B. Hastings, 13 George St.
 664 Holyoke, Mass. (A)..... 5.. R. S. Brooks, 184 Beech St.
 665 So. Framingham, Mass. (A) 4.. W. E. Harding, box 263.
 666 Ionia, Mich. (A)..... 4.. Archie L. Crinns.
 667 Biddeford, Me. (A)..... 15.. Luther Day, box 849.
 668 Brooklyn, N. Y. (I)..... 8.. Alice Colton, 136 Montague St.
 669 Salisbury, Mass. (A)..... 11.. Miss Helen Montgomery.

REORGANIZED.

- 62 Ypsilanti, Mich. 5.. Mrs. C. R. Whitman.
 158 Davenport, Iowa..... E. K. Putnam.

EXCHANGES.

Specimens from Yellowstone park.—W. J. Willard, Sec., Stockport, New York.

Eggs blown through one small hole in side, for same.—J. G. Parker, Jr., 3529 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Fine fossil shells.—A. A. Crane, Anoka, Minn.

Gold ore, quartz, and fossils, for silk-worms and cocoons.—C. F. McLean, Sec. 3120 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

A set or sets of four *Crioceris*, *twelve-punctata*, for sets of *Onus lejeanie*, Reich., or *O. Californicus*, Esch.—Edward McDowell, 264 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

Minerals, fossils, eggs, and woods.—L. W. Gunkel, Dayton, O. Silk cocoons, for eggs, if correctly named.—J. H. Earp, Greencastle, Indiana.

Insects, fossils, plants, minerals, eggs blown by small hole in side, for same.—W. M. Clute, Iowa City, Iowa.

The Secretary of Ch. 618 is Miss Minnie L. French, instead of Mr. E. M. Warner.

E. L. Douglas has been elected Pres. and Frank M. Elms Sec. of Newton, Mass., Ch. 481.

NOTES.

101. *Fossil coral*, in answer to W. D. Grier.—The fossil figured in June number is *Petraia Corniculum*. It is one of the conical corals of the Trenton limestone. The top is a cup, radiated with plates. When living it had, no doubt, many beautiful colors.—Charles Ennis, Pres. 563.

102. *Beetles on the beach*.—When at "Old Point," in April, I was astonished by the large number of insects I found washed up by the tide. Besides potato-bugs innumerable, I found weevils, tiger-beetles, "lady-birds," etc.; in all, 60 varieties.—Alonzo H. Stewart.

103. *Squirrel*.—My brother Fred saw a squirrel sitting on a broken maple limb, catching the dripping sap on its paw and licking it off.—Bertie Dennett.

104. *Ants' galleries*.—C. F. G. asks if there are galleries in the homes of ants. Yes. One day last spring I raised an old log that was lying by the sea-shore above high-water mark, and I found that a colony of ants had made their home beneath it. There were rooms and passages like a house, and in some places pieces of grass had been put across like rafters. I saw the nurseries, too, and when I raised the log, the ants began to carry the pupae into the lower rooms. I also saw the queen-ant. She had wings. One of the workers came and escorted her down into the lower part of their home.—X.

105. *Eleven-leaved clover*.—A lady of this village has found an eleven-leaved clover.—C. A. Jenkins, Sec. 447, Chittenango, N. Y.

106. *Pimpla tunator*.—Last fall I found *Pimpla tunator* in great numbers on an old maple log. Their ovipositors were buried in the wood. Opening the log, I found several borers, each with a small puncture in its back, which, however, extended only through the outer skin. Between this and the inner skin were a great number of tiny eggs.—F. L. Stephan.

107. *Chipmunks as builders*.—I was spending the summer at Lake Rousseau, Muskoka. While there I used to feed a pretty little chipmunk. He grew so tame that he would take a crumb from close beside me. He had several storehouses. One was in a rotten stump. One day I broke in the top of the stump to see what he had inside. I did not find his store, but a day or two afterward, when I went to look at it, I found that it had a new roof. It looked just as if it had never been broken. When I made a hole

in the new roof, I found it was an inch and a half thick, and made of scraps of the rotten wood. There seemed to be nothing to fasten it together, and nothing under it to support it. I think the chipmunk must have made it, yet I do not see how he could. Can any one explain it?—Willie Sheraton.

[Has any one else observed any such roof-building? Or are Canadian chipmunks more clever than ours?]

108. *Durable wood*.—The farmers here use the larger wood of the osage orange for fence-posts. I have seen some no larger than my wrist, that have been in the ground nineteen years, and are to all appearance as sound as ever. The farmers claim that it will "never rot."—W. H. Foote, Manito, Ill.

109. *Spider's web*.—How many yards of web can a spider spin in one season?—C. S. Lewis, Sec. 610.

110. *Attids, or jumping spiders*.—This family includes spiders conspicuous for the brilliancy and variety of their coloring, and also for the singularity of their forms. Making no webs, they are to be found upon leaves of trees and shrubs, and also on the ground or grass, or under dead leaves. "Crevices in rocks and walls and interstices among stones" are their common haunts, and when not wandering, they are to be found in silk bags. This group is more numerous in species than any other in the order Araneidans. In collecting, the sweep-net will be found useful. Place the specimens in alcohol, about 80%, not too many in the same bottle. The larger, soft-bodied specimens require considerable alcohol, and for these, after two or three days, a change of alcohol is desirable. Above are illustrations of several forms of jumping spiders that fairly well illustrate the family; the males are less common than the females, and hence, more important. See drawings for the differences between males and females. In collecting, twelve or fifteen specimens of the same species are not too many.—Geo. W. Peckham, Biological Laboratory, Milwaukee High School, Milwaukee, Wis.

111. *Wild birds*.—In answer to your question whether any one has seen a wild bird leave the egg, I will say that I have watched a young robin come from the egg, and have stood under a tree while a boy at the top described the movements of a young cooper's hawk that was just coming into the world.—R. B. Worthington.

112. *Dandelions*.—I have noticed with interest how beautifully dandelion stems accommodate themselves to the length of the grass they grow in. The flowers on a close-cut lawn never raise their heads high, but those in a meadow often have stems a foot long.—C.

113. *Chelifer*.—I found under the bark of pine a chelifer, one of the "false scorpions" (*pseudo-scorpiones*). I was told at the Agricultural Department that they had never before been found in pine. Does any one know to the contrary? Natural size, 1-15 inch.—G. W. Beatty, Washington, D. C.

114. *Dragon-fly*.—My little boy says there is a dragon-fly about one inch long, and of a dark-green color, that feeds on butterflies. It waits on a leaf near a flower, and when a butterfly approaches, seizes and devours it.—Mrs. R. L. Van Alstyn.

[Will some one tell us the name of this dragon-fly?]

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

The reports from the Chapters are uniformly encouraging. There have been none to give up, although a number have adjourned until September. Miss Lucy Parsons writes that 639 has held a successful entertainment to raise money for a club-room. 768 has prospered "far beyond our expectations," writes Jennie A. Doyle, and she adds: "On May 24th, all the Buffalo Chapters had an excursion to East Aurora. Ninety-eight tickets were sold; consequently, it was a decided success."

So, Williamstown, 617, has held regular fortnightly meetings, and very interesting reports have been read on botany, mineralogy, and ornithology. Secretary A. L. Bates adds: "Several of the faculty have joined us, and make it very interesting."

We trust none of our young friends will become discouraged at not seeing their reports in print. We print your letters as fast as practicable. As a general rule, those that are shortest, and that contain hints of your methods of work that may prove of practical use to others, have the best chance.

President's address:

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
 Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

HIDDEN FISHES.

If any clever fisherman these lines will disentangle,
Full two and thirty hidden fish he'll find for which to angle.

The boys had gone to view
The smack, ere leaving port.
Now, Hal, eager for sport,
The boat did shake, but soon looked blue,
For the skipper's word had a blow to match it—
"Don't make a muss, else you will catch it!"
Get up, Ike! do go down below,
Go, boy!" sternly he spoke, and low,
Isaac, lamenting, rued that day,
For he found the man had docked his pay.

The old gray linguist, somber amid his books,
Saw the ruddy, chubby child, and lost his carping looks;
For, oh! a cheerful word or smile
Will whisper cheer, and thoughts beguile.
It conjured up his melting mood,
It routed all his selfish code.
"Pluck me a jasmine now," he cries.
"Hark ye, and pick ere lights the bee."
His cup of sweets the fairies prize,
The fairies' almoner is he.
But, rob as slyly as they may,
Their best enchantments thrown away,
The bee leaves nought for man or fay;
And, hid in lily cup, or poised on clover,
Has hived a cell of sweets ere summer's over."

J. W. V.



The answer to the above rebus is an extract from "The Complete Angler," by Izaak Walton.

RIDDLE.

I AM composed of six letters.

The first half of my letters, transposed, spells that which belongs to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. It has lightened the labors of mankind in all branches of industry for countless generations. It inspires the epicure with rapture and the invalid with loathing. Without its aid, the mechanic would be at a loss, and travelers' movements greatly retarded. It has formed the basis of speculations which have enriched and impoverished thousands. It is as intimately associated with the masterpieces of pictorial art as with the prosaic purposes of our own land and times. It is found in the

Arctic regions and in the torrid zone; in trees, and in the earth. Three of my letters spell an evil passion. Three of my letters spell a valuable product of the earth. Three of my letters signify fiction. Three of my letters spell the name of an animal. Three of my letters spell something pertaining to a fish. Three of my letters spell a chief ruler. Three of my letters spell to contend. Four of my letters spell to range. Four of my letters spell a character. Four of my letters spell above. Four of my letters spell to rend asunder. Four of my letters spell the surname of the hero of a poem by Robert Browning. Four of my letters spell fondness. Four of my letters spell a musical instrument. Four of my letters represent something, the taking of which implies the renunciation of all other earthly things; yet these same four letters, with a trifling difference of arrangement, spell that which is essentially vile. Cut off my tail, and I become a fruit. Cut off my head, and I become something whose aid is necessary for us to do that which is represented by cutting off both head and tail. Among my letters may be found those necessary to spell two well-known Scripture names, also an important river in France. My whole is the Christian name of a celebrated ruler. J. W. E.

PL.

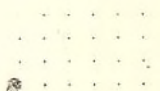
Fi ew hda on saltuf, ew oldsh keat on ulasepre ni kearmring
hoste fo steroh; fi ew dah on riped, ew loushd ton ervicepe ti ni
nearoth.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

In each of the following sentences a word of five letters is concealed. When these are found, transpose the letters of each word, making four new five-letter words. Syncopate the central letter of each of these words and transpose the remaining four letters so that they will form words which, when taken in the order here given, will form a word-square. The four syncopated letters, transposed, spell a serving-boy.

1. She says that grammar especially is very instructive. 2. Do not be so particular, George, about your food. 3. In Alabama, plenty of cotton is raised. 4. But it can not be said a less amount is raised in Mississippi. J. P. D.

OCTAGONS.



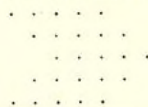
- I. 1. A sailor. 2. Impelled. 3. A trailing plant. 4. To excite.
5. Described. 6. To hinder. 7. A color.
II. 1. A covering for the head. 2. Household gods. 3. A poem set to music. 4. A mechanic. 5. A countryman. 6. To endure.
7. An insect. CYRIL DEANE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-seven letters, and form a couplet from a poem by Young.

My 3-45-25-6 is to beat. My 15-51-44-55-12-35-47 is unaffected. My 20-27-42-57-50-18 is covert. My 67-30-64-29-60 is to negotiate. My 32-62-17-41 is a garden vegetable. My 26-58-48-16-1 is the cry of a certain animal. My 22-2-40 is misery. My 49-56-36-63 is to angle. My 39-10-24-9 is a repast. My 46-5-14-31 is to throw out. My 19-37-59-61 is an open vessel. My 43-34-4-11-53-8 is undeviating. My 28-38-66-21-13-54 is powerful. My 23-65-33-52-7 is to boast. HELEN D.

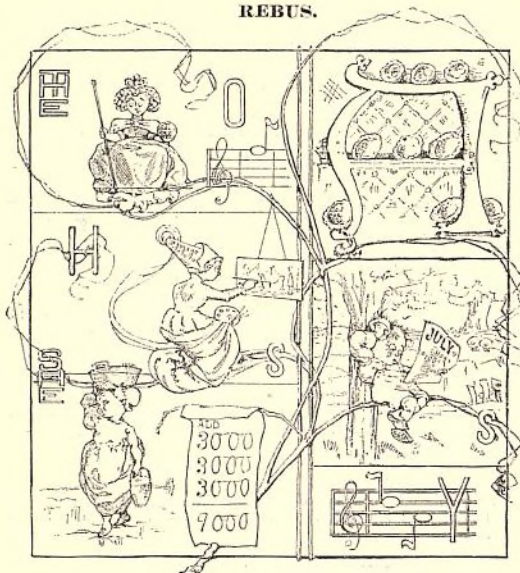
ARROW-HEAD.



ACROSS: 1. A tree which grows mostly in moist land. 2. Pertaining to a royal court. 3. A resin used in making varnishes. 4. A small wax candle. 5. One of the most beautiful women of antiquity.

DOWNWARD: 1 (two letters). An exclamation. 2 (four letters). Tardy. 3. Pertaining to a duke. 4. To run away. 5. To mature. 6. A vehicle. 7. A letter. "A. P. OWDER, JR."

REBUS.



The answer to the foregoing rebus is a quotation from Mother Goose.

METAMORPHOSES.

The problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word.

the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphoses may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but in other instances more moves are required.

EXAMPLE: Change LAMP to FIRE, in four moves. ANSWER, LAMP, LAME, FAME, FARE, FIRE.

1. Change BLACK to BROWN, in seven moves. 2. Change ROME to YORK, in five moves. 3. Change BASLE to PARIS, in six moves. 4. Change HOMER to BURNS, in seven moves. 5. Change BEAR to LION, in four moves. 6. Change BIRD to NEST, in five moves. 7. Change GIVE to TAKE, in four moves. 8. Change COLD to HEAT, in four moves. 9. Change RISE to FALL, in four moves. W.

CHARADE.

My first gathers lawyers and loafers;
My second's a queer kind of beast;
My third is the basis of whisky;
My fourth must be female at least.
My whole has no sense of propriety,
And sometimes eats folks—for variety.

W. H. A.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the second row of letters, reading downward, will spell a famous building of Athens, and the fourth row, a famous building of Rome.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Quickly. 2. A law, or rule. 3. To bore. 4. To condescend. 5. A large box. 6. Compact. 7. A scornful look. 8. A tribunal. 9. An adversary. F. A. W.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To leave. 2. One who prepares matter for publication. 3. A hook on which a rudder is hung to its post. 4. A famous king of the Huns. 5. Revolved. 6. Walks. C. F. HORNE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Bartholdi. 1. B-alms. 2. A-lone. 3. R-hone. 4. T-hose. 5. H-arks. 6. O-live. 7. L-abel. 8. D-over. 9. I-deal.

LIBERTY PUZZLE. 1. Boot, foot. 2. Hoes, toes. 3. Land, hand. 4. Mink, link. 5. Dyes, eyes. 6. Deck, neck. 7. Gate, date. 8. Rose, nose. 9. Vase, base. 10. Gold, fold. 11. Mace, face. 12. Pair, hair. 13. Jars, ears. 14. Crow, brow.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. 1. Florence. 2. May. 3. Nancy. 4. Sydney. 5. Charles. 6. George. 7. Nancy. 8. Black. 9. Shetland. 10. Prince Edward. 11. Skye. 12. Clear. 13. North. 14. May. 15. Horn. 16. Turkey. 17. Vienna. 18. Sandwiches. 19. Oranges. 20. Cork. 21. Worcestershire. 22. Oder. 23. Java. 24. Wind. 25. Rainy. 26. George. 27. Wight. 28. Red. 29. Ogeechee. 30. Onondaga. 31. Indian. 32. Long. 33. Yellow. 34. Canary. 35. Superior. 36. Fear. 37. Florence. 38. Farewell.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Agile. 2. Gates. 3. Items. 4. Lemma. 5. Essay.

CHARADE. Nose-gay.
FRAMED WORD-SQUARE. From 1 to 2, croystone; from 3 to 4, provisions; from 5 to 6, floroscope; from 7 to 8, browewood. Included word-square: 1. Spar. 2. Peri. 3. Aria. 4. Rial.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in July, from John, Lily, and Agnes, Cannes, France, 11. ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Paul Reese—S. R. T.—"H. and Co."—Maggie T. Turrill—"Captain Nemo"—Madeleine Vultee—"Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William"—Clara and Belle—"San Anselmo Valley"—"Shumway Hen and Chickens"—Eisseb—Lucy M. Bradley.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Hettie F. Mayer, 1—Louise O. Gregg, 2—C. S. Gore, 1—C. L. Holt, 1—Artie L. Zeckendorf, 1—C. H. Langdon, Jr., 1—Fannie Stetson, 2—R. McKean Barry, 4—Edith Leavitt, 4—Frank Brittingham, 1—Mabel B. Canon, 4—Birdie Kochler and Laura Levy, 5—"Navajo," 3—W. Powell Robbins, 1—J. B. Reynolds, 4—Dora H. H. Doscher, 1—Curtis Calver, 1—Ina D. Mercer, 3—Adelaide, 1—Addie Sheldon, 6—Corinne F. Hills, 1—Josephine R. Curtis, 1—Ellen Lindsay, 1—Fred A. Barnes, 1—H. B. Muckleston, 1—M. Jeanet Doig, 1—R. H., 1—Ruth and Marion, 1—G. Maude Fierd, 5—Helen M., 7—Lilian C. Carpenter, 1—W. K. Taylor, 1—Clara M. Upton, 4—Clarence F. Winans, 2—B. C., 3—"Rooster," 2—Oscar M. Steppacher, 1—Jennie and Birdie, 8—Emma Screws, 3—Florence R., 3—Frank B. Howard, 2—Minnie E. Patterson, 2—R. H. Mack, 1—Katherine Smith, 4—"Pepper and Maria," 7—S. E. S., 8—Jennie C. McBride, 3—Clare and Floy Hubert, 5—George Habenicht, 1—Martha S. Tracy, 1—T. and A., 2—Maggie and C. O'Neill, 3—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Arthur G. Lewis, 3—George C. Beebe and John C. Winne, 4—Grace Zublin, 3—Alex. Laidlaw, 6—"The Sintwisters," 4—Fred S. Kersey, 1—Ida and Walter, 2—Hessie D. Boylston, 5—"Warwick House," 5—Whm and Bbh, 1—Elizabeth H., 1—R. L. Spiller, 2—Inez T. Dane, 5—Edith M. Boyd, 1—M. Alice Barrett, 3—Leon Robbins, 1—Emmie B. Taylor, 3—Bertha Palmer, 2—Emma and Irene, 4—"Nemo and Nullus," 8—Bessie Burch, 7—Nellie and Daisy, 2—Chester Aldrich, 5—Canary Bird, 4—Edward Livingston Hunt, 3—Alice H. N., 2—Mary S. Hicks, 6—"Unknown," 6—Hattie Jamieson, 2—Le Bar Schoonover, 1—Nannie Duff, 5—Mary Lou, 8—"Hora," 1—Arthur J. Clark, 2—"Molly and Mouche," 8—F. Smyth, 6—E. Muriel, and Edith W. Grundy, 9—Ida and Edith Swanwick, 7—Eleanor and Maude Peart, 4—Hugh and Cis, 9—"Prue Dish," 8—"Timotheus Gibbs, Esq.," 5—Birdie Pierce, 2—Sallie Viles, 8—Mabel L. Haines, 8—E. P. Thomson, 6—A. V. Luther, 3—W. A., 2—M. H. Shaffner, 1—No name, 6—"North Star," 9—M. W. Aldrich, 5—Ida G., 2—F. Smith and F. Hoyt, 4—Marguerite Kyte, 2—Charles H. Kyte, 9—"Royal Tarr," 3—Edith H. Moss, 1—Hattie, Clara, and Mamma, 9—Nicoll and Mary Ludlow, 8—Eva Wade, 1—Appleton H., 5—Muriel, 6—A. E. Hyde, 4—Ed. Westervelt, 4—Annie M. Hirst, 7—Livingston Ham, 5—Jessie A. Platt, 9—"An Ocean," 9—Kittie Loper, 2—Hattie Dodd, 5—L. M. N. and E. L. D., 8—Jennie Balch, 6—Lida Bell, 2.

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