



GATHERING AUTUMN LEAVES IN THE MOUNTAINS.



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XI.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

NO. 11.

[Copyright, 1884, by THE CENTURY CO.]

## THE LITTLE QUAKER SINNER.

BY LUCY LINCOLN MONTGOMERY.

A LITTLE Quaker maiden, with dimpled cheek and chin,  
Before an ancient mirror stood, and viewed her form within.  
She wore a gown of sober gray, a cape demure and prim,  
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat, and trim.  
Her bonnet, too, was gray and stiff; its only line of grace  
Was in the lace, so soft and white, shirred round her rosy face.

Quoth she: "Oh, how I hate this hat! I hate this gown and cape!  
I do wish all my clothes were not of such outlandish shape!  
The children passing by to school have ribbons on their hair;  
The little girl next door wears blue; oh, dear, if I could dare,  
I know what I should like to do!"—(The words were whispered low,  
Lest such tremendous heresy should reach her aunts below.)

Calmly reading in the parlor sat the good aunts, Faith and Peace,  
Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.  
All their prudent humble teaching willfully she cast aside,  
And, her mind now fully conquered by vanity and pride,  
She, with trembling heart and fingers, on a hassock sat her down,  
And this little Quaker sinner *sewed a tuck into her gown!*

"Little Patience, art thou ready? Fifth day-meeting time has come,  
Mercy Jones and Goodman Elder with his wife have left their home."  
'T was Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty little maid—  
Gliding down the dark old stair-way—hoped their notice to evade,  
Keeping shyly in their shadow as they went out at the door,  
Ah, never little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore!

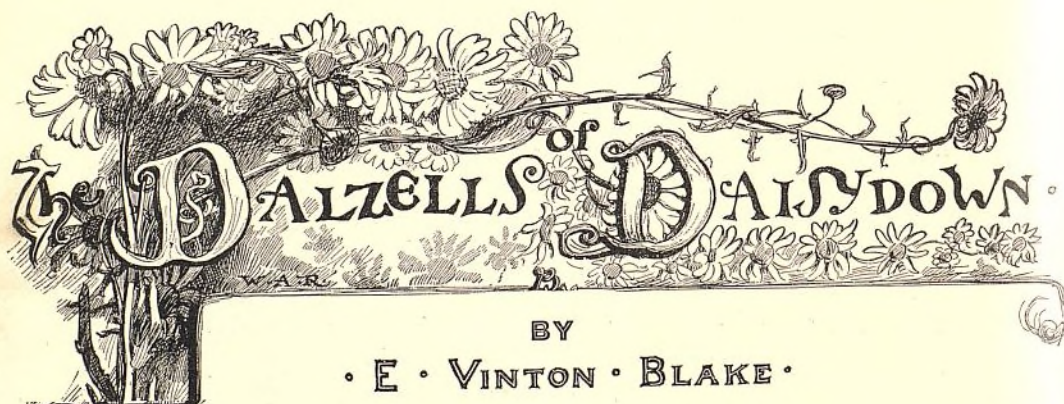
Dear Aunt Faith walked looking upward; all her thoughts were pure and holy;  
And Aunt Peace walked gazing downward, with a humble mind and lowly.  
But "tuck—tuck!" chirped the sparrows, at the little maiden's side;  
And, in passing Farmer Watson's, where the barn-door opened wide,



Every sound that issued from it, every grunt and every cluck,  
Seemed to her affrighted fancy like "a tuck!" "a tuck!" "a tuck!"

In meeting Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity,  
While all the Friends seemed looking round that dreadful tuck to see.  
How it swelled in its proportions, till it seemed to fill the air,  
And the heart of little Patience grew heavier with her care.  
Oh, the glad relief to her, when, prayers and exhortations ended,  
Behind her two good aunties her homeward way she wended!

The pomps and vanities of life she 'd seized with eager arms,  
And deeply she had tasted of the world's alluring charms,—  
Yea, to the dregs had drained them, and only this to find:  
All was vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind.  
So, repentant, saddened, humbled, on her hassock she sat down,  
And this little Quaker sinner *ripped the tuck out of her gown!*



**D**OU don't know Daisydown, do you say? It is six miles from Denham station, and three by boat from Hemingway, if you go inside Bear Island,—seven, if you go outside, over the bar. The village overflows, so to speak, from its hollow among the foot-hills, by one narrow picturesque street down to the pier at Daisydown Sands. It is scarcely more than a collection of quaint, grass-grown lanes and alleys, plentifully shaded by elms, willows, and silver-leaf poplars—dear, old-fashioned trees!—with houses dotted down here and there among them.

Daisydown is the most original place I ever saw; there is a strong flavor of individuality about every person and everything in it, from old Cap'n Azariah Thistle, who keeps the store by the pier, and who thinks it quite the proper thing to inquire your lineage, occupation, and circumstances, as

soon as he learns your name, to Miss Peabody at the extreme other end of Daisydown, who has such a mania for clean aprons that she keeps a drawer full of them, and in any unusual or exciting circumstances,—and for no earthly reason that any sane body can see,—makes haste to put one on.

Every one knows the Dalzells of Daisydown. From time immemorial the race have lived in Dalzell Hall, which was built before Revolutionary days by some dead-and-gone Dalzell, who had a righteous horror of going upstairs; for it is only a story-and-a-half high, with sixteen rooms on the ground floor, and all manner of angles; to say nothing of a court in the interior, of a delightful oriental style. The garret is without partition or plaster; a great mysterious barn of a place, full of bewitching dim light from the odd old dormer-windows, and only accessible from the tower stairs. Yes, there is a tower, too, some sixty feet high! The room under it, on the first floor, is



called the tower room; from it the stairs ascend, and above its ceiling they wind about the square walls to the top, with a queer little door in the second story, leading to the garret, in one corner of which the Dalzell boys have fitted up a good gymnasium.

Outwardly, Dalzell Hall is a mass of ivy and woodbine, Virginia creeper, and other vines, from end to end. From its hill it commands the blue sea to the east and south; to the west lies Daisydown in its hollows, and northward across the country you catch, on a clear day, the glimmer of Denham church-spires. The grounds are ample, but neglected, as every one says, since the present Mr. Dalzell's wife died. A quiet, proud man is Mr. Tripton Dalzell; absorbed in business in the city; running out to Denham by the cars, and down to Daisydown by carriage at all sorts of odd moments; apparently leaving his boys entirely to their own devices, but in reality keeping an eagle eye upon them and their doings. He can trust his housekeeper and servants; they all are middle-aged people, who have lived at the Hall before ever he married and brought his wife there.

If you happen to be on the pier at nine on a breezy June morning, when the tug "Orion" comes over from Hemingway, you probably will see on Miriconnet Head a gray horse bearing an agile young rider dressed in navy blue; and that rider will be Ranald Dalzell. Or if you choose to poke among the rocky glens and valleys south of Daisydown, you will probably happen upon a slender, black-eyed, fifteen-year-old chap, with a geologist's hammer and bag, who is sure to be Houghton Dalzell. And again, if you take a boat and skim out beyond the bar, in the quiet of a dull, bluish afternoon, with the sea like glass, and a yellow streak all along the horizon, you will certainly find a little dory lying, mast unshipped, at anchor, and a brown, wiry lad with a restless, alert eye, fishing over the stern. Whereupon, your boatman will remark:

"It's just Master Phil Dalzell, sir."

And by and by, between the flaws that presently come from the bluish-gray clouds, you will see the little dory, close-reefed, skimming away over the long waves for Daisydown pier.

"Drown him?" says your boatman; "you can't drown Master Phil, sir; he's the fishiest fish of 'em all."

Houghton and Phil are brothers; Phil is thirteen. Ranald is an orphan cousin who has grown up at Dalzell Hall, and might also be a brother for all the difference you can see. There is a strong affection between the lads. Ranald's is, by all odds, the most remarkable character. Gray alert eyes, red hair, and plentiful freckles, has

Ranald; a well-knit, supple, "stocky" figure for a fourteen-year-old boy; a quick temper kept under by a tremendous will; plenty of invention, tact, and self-assurance. Oh, Ranald is my favorite,—I own up to it. For the other two,—they are smart enough. You never saw a Dalzell of Daisydown that was n't smart,—a real boy or man, and quite up to his time.

But the glimpses of the Dalzells here presented are taken during the summer vacation, remember. With Daisydown in its winter aspect, we have nothing to do. The boys were back from Boston schools to the dear old delightful home nooks and occupations. What Boston schools did you say? Well, I shall keep the secret of Daisydown and my heroes, but I will just hint that Chauncy Hall may have known and held the Dalzells.

And now to my story.

It was in the breakfast-room at seven on a June morning that Mr. Tripton Dalzell sat at table with his three boys. There was always much lively talk at meal-times,—that is, among the boys. Mr. Tripton Dalzell had a way of encouraging people to talk, and saying next to nothing himself. In this way he knew his boys thoroughly. They never felt his presence to be a restraint, and yet, when he spoke, there was instant obedience. On that particular June morning, Phil, the youngest Dalzell, was in a very exuberant mood, and when Mrs. Merriam, the housekeeper, said to him: "Your father spoke to you, Master Phil," he was in the act of recovering himself from a dive under the table after Prince, that dog having feloniously appropriated a whole biscuit from the edge of the table beside Phil's plate.

"Put the dog out, Phil; I wish to speak to you," said Mr. Tripton Dalzell.

Phil obeyed. There was a business-like expression on his father's face which subdued all the boys into a feeling of expectancy.

"We are about to receive a new inmate into our house," said Mr. Dalzell, in a matter-of-fact way. "I think a day's notice will serve you,—for getting accustomed to the idea, I mean. I have a New York friend who has a daughter about Ranald's age. She left the city yesterday for the summer, and she will arrive here to-morrow. Mrs. Merriam will take charge of her, and I shall expect you three boys to make her vacation as agreeable as you can."

Silence and dismay reigned around the table. Was this the end of their delightful vacation plans? To be tied to a girl's apron-strings all summer? How about the long fishing trip in the big yacht with old Cap'n Azariah? How about the glorious geologizing trips on Daisydown



Ledges, and the wild gallops over "hill and holt, moor and fen?"

The Dalzells looked at one another; Mrs. Merriam's mouth twitched at the corners, but Mr. Tripton Dalzell was coolly impassive.

"Miss Molly Arnold is likely to arrive by any one of three routes," proceeded Mr. Dalzell, "consequently, to insure our meeting her, I must assign each of you to a special station.

The Dalzells opened their mouths simultaneously, as if in haste to speak; but closed them again, as Mr. Dalzell continued:

"Houghton, I desire you to take Judy and the open buggy and go to the Eastern station at Denham to meet the ten o'clock train to-morrow morning. Phil at the same hour must be at the Junction with Pat and the top buggy. Ranald can sail over to Hemingway by eight o'clock. He may use the 'Nocturne.'"

The boys' faces were a study. Mr. Tripton Dalzell had shrewdly mingled the bitter with the sweet. Judy and Pat were two fine, matched trotters that Mr. Dalzell rarely allowed the boys to touch. And Master Ranald, although he considered himself fully capable of it, was seldom permitted to handle alone the yacht "Nocturne."

Three tongues broke loose at once as Mr. Dalzell left the breakfast-room.

"There's a fine piece of luck for us!" declared Houghton, sarcastically, roused from his usual calm.

"A namby-pamby city-girl,—all dress and fine airs," sputtered Phil angrily.

"She wont take to me, that's one comfort," said Ranald with a good deal of philosophy. "She'll call me 'that red-headed boy,' and let me alone. Girls never do like me. She'll want to geologize with Houghton,—she'll get a hammer and bag the first day!" And he threw his head back and laughed.

"Indeed, she'll not!" declared Houghton; "or if she does, I'll lead her a chase over rocks and brambles that she wont take but once. Do you suppose I'll have my vacation spoiled?"

"Anybody coming with her?" asked Phil, as the housekeeper arose.

"Nobody," said Mrs. Merriam, quietly. "Her mother is a very fashionable woman, but her father insists upon bringing up the daughter according to his notions; so he has had her learn many things that her mother does n't fancy; and now, instead of sending her to Saratoga, he wishes her to come here for rest and quiet. The only thing she is instructed to 'keep up with' is her music."

The Dalzells were all musical, so the latter intelligence was well received.

"She'll be fashionable, though," said Phil,

with a groan. "Whoever saw a girl that did n't dote on dress?"

Mrs. Merriam smiled quietly,—she was always quiet,—and went away to her duties.

Groan as they would, the morrow came, and with it the hour of the expected arrival. Mr. Tripton Dalzell went away by an early train to his business; and at the proper hour, Phil and Houghton departed for their respective stations.

But early in the morning, before even Mr. Tripton was astir, Ranald came down in his blue boating suit, with his jacket over his arm. The housekeeper met him at the door.

"Here's your lunch, Master Ranald. There's cold chicken and ham sandwiches in the basket, and pie and jelly. Here's coffee in the bottle, and there's your jug of water."

"If she does n't come, I'm to have all these good things myself," said Ranald, laughing. "What a picnic I'll have!"

The housekeeper smiled gently, and said, "I think she'll come."

Ranald's countenance fell.

"And I think you'll like her, Master Ranald," added Mrs. Merriam.

But Ranald's mind immediately took a touch of boyish contrariness. He said to himself, "I wont like her."

Nevertheless he enjoyed the prospect of a sail in the "Nocturne."

Peter came from his early garden work to help carry down the things. They went down the rose-alley that led to the boat-houses and to Mr. Dalzell's private pier. The fragrant, dew-wet blossoms brushed Ranald's shoulder as he passed under the thickets; beneath, on the shady ground, were great beds of lily-of-the-valley. At the hedge-gate Ranald stopped and looked down the steep declivity, over the sands, and far out on the quiet morning sea. How still everything was! The sun was rising; the beautiful glow of golden pink flushed sea and sky. Peter had gone on before; Ranald heard the clank of the mooring chain as he unloosed the dory, and ran down to the boat-house to join him.

"The wind's fair—what there is of it," said Peter; "but ye'll have to beat back."

"I don't care," answered Ranald, as they pushed off.

"Mebbe the young leddy wont loike it," suggested Peter.

"She wont come by way of Hemingway," answered Ranald, with a laugh. "I'm safe enough—never fear. Here we are. Now then, hand over the things, Peter. Oh—hold up! Now I believe I've actually forgotten her name! Fancy going after a girl whose name you don't know!"



"It was Miss Molly Arnold, I'm thinkin'," responded Peter, with a sly smile on his weather-beaten face, as the dory fell off from the yacht's stern.

"So it was. All right, now! Good-bye, Peter," cried Ranald.

"Good luck to ye," answered the gardener, as the dory glided back over the smooth waters of the bay.

Left alone, Master Ranald had the sails up and the moorings cast off in a jiffy; and as the "Nocturne" rounded Miriconnet Head, she caught a puff from westward that made her bend to her work in gallant style, and set the ripple swirling about her bows.

But the wind came in variable puffs and flaws, and as Master Ranald chose to go outside Bear Island, it was half-past seven o'clock before the "Nocturne" glided gracefully alongside the pier at Hemingway, which was a fashionable shore resort.

"Now I suppose I'm to go to the station. Wonder how I'll know her, or what she's like," muttered Ranald, mightily discontented; and up to the station he went. A small multitude of girls thronged the station after the eight o'clock train came thundering in, but none of them seemed in need of his protection. So at half-past eight, seeing no signs of any possible Miss Molly Arnold, he departed lighter of heart, and wondering whether Houghton or Phil was to enjoy the society of the new-comer.

There was the usual fashionable crowd on the pier and promenade. The hotels had emptied themselves on the sands; everywhere people were bargaining with boatmen, and not a few cast envious eyes on the handsome "Nocturne." There was a crowd of ladies and gentlemen inspecting it. Ranald was rather pleased at this. As he untied the painter, drawing upon himself the attention of all, he felt a touch on his arm, and a voice said:

"I beg pardon, but are n't you one of the Dalzell boys?"

Ranald turned quite cold with the suddenness of the shock. He looked around into the face of a self-possessed damsel, not so tall as himself by two inches. His first impressions were of a pair of sharp hazel eyes and an inquisitive nose under a blue hat, a profusion of fluffy blonde hair, and a generally perplexing mingling of navy-blue flannel and garnet ribbon. He contrived to stammer out:

"Yes, I'm Ranald Dalzell."

"I thought you must be," said the self-possessed damsel. "I don't know why I thought so, either. I've waited for you this half-hour. Is this your yacht?"

"Yes."

"And are we going to Daisydown in it?"

"Yes."

"All right, I'll have my trunks brought down. I breakfasted at that hotel yonder," with a nod toward the Hemingway house on the landing, "and I saw you when you came down to the pier, but I was n't certain who you were. Wait a minute, please."

She was hastening away up the pier, at a rapid walk; and Ranald looked after her bewildered. He had not fully recovered himself when a porter wheeled down two big trunks and a queer large canvas bag, absurdly angular in shape. Ranald did n't really know how he finally stowed the luggage away, but after it was accomplished, he found Miss Molly seated calmly in the yacht, and could n't for the life of him remember helping her aboard.

He got up sail with expedition, conscious of Miss Molly's scrutinizing eyes. He could n't think of a thing to say to her.

"Oh, did I tell you my name?" remarked the damsel, as the yacht filled away on her course. "I suppose you know who I am, however."

Ranald looked around involuntarily; their eyes met. "I suppose you are Miss Molly Arnold," said he, and they both burst out laughing. This broke the ice a little.

"Yes; but really," said Miss Molly, "I ought to have introduced myself at first. But I forgot; Mamma says I always do forget. But I was so glad to find it was really you, and to get out of that poky old hotel, that I did n't stop for anything."

This reminded him of the lunch basket.

"Did you say you had breakfasted?" said he.

"Yes, thank you," she answered. "But I believe I always am hungry. Mamma says it's very vulgar, but I can't help it."

"I can," said Ranald, and began to lash the tiller, that he might go forward after the lunch-basket; but Miss Molly jumped up.

"Let me hold it," said she; "I do so want to learn to steer."

Ranald complied, but kept one eye on the tiller while diving into the cuddy.

Behold now Miss Molly, with foot braced manfully against the opposite seat, and both hands, slightly reddened, grasping the smooth handle. There is a brisk breeze now; the yacht, under all sail, "heels" (or leans) at an alarming rate, and Miss Molly, with ribbons flying and fluffy blonde hair blowing over her face, has her hands full. The "Nocturne" flies like a bird, and the sea is a mass of dark, ruffled blue. Ranald sets the lunch-basket incautiously down beside the center-board, and forgets all about it.



"Let me take the tiller again,—it's too hard work for you," he ventures to say at length, seeing Miss Molly's flushed face.

"Keep your head up, there!" pants Miss Molly, in reply, addressing the yacht, however, and not Ranald; and with a valiant tug and strain the yacht's bows point once more straight ahead, and her shaking sails fill again as flat as a board.

"You'll weary yourself completely, and blister your hands besides," remonstrates Ranald at length.

But Miss Molly sticks to it with steady persistence for three-quarters of an hour, occasionally conquered by the helm, but never failing to con-

quer his eyes when he sees Miriconnet Head looming on the port bow. Peter is waiting with the dory; the "Nocturne," with lowered sails, glides easily by the stake, and Molly fishes up the moorings with a boat-hook. Ranald acknowledges to himself that he has had a very good time.

## PART II.

"WHAT is she like?" asked Houghton.

"Like other girls, I believe," answered his cousin.

"Rigged to death, for I saw the red ribbons flying," said Phil, determined not to be pleased.



MISS MOLLY TAKES CHARGE OF THE TILLER.

quer in her turn. Then, as the boom swings over and the yacht heels on another tack,—for they are beating home,—there is an ominous slide and crash.

"Gracious!" says Ranald, with a spring, "I forgot the basket."

Miss Molly gives him the helm, takes the basket, and sits down with aching arms, and three separate blisters on each hand.

"Anything broken?" inquires Ranald.

"Only this jelly tumbler, I believe. Here,—I'll save some of the jelly with this cup! And I'll toss the glass overboard."

The lunch is duly appreciated. Somehow, the sail home is very short. Ranald can hardly believe

"I could n't describe her dress, to save me," replied Ranald, astonished at himself.

"I believe you like her, Ran!" cried Phil.

"May be I do, but I'm not sure," answered Ranald cautiously.

"What room is she to have?" asked Houghton.

"I've no idea," Ranald answered shortly.

"Father said any one she liked," Houghton went on; "and she'll not choose any in the north wing, for those rooms are unfurnished."

"Well, anyhow, what can we do? She can't swim, or row, or ride, of course,—on horseback, I mean; and she'll scream at Houghton's bug-collections, and she'll tear her red ribbons to bits on brambles if we take her down the glens, and I



don't see much pleasure ahead for vacation,—that's all!" Thus spoke Phil, gloomily.

He had an auditor. They stood in the ivy by the tower room windows. The windows were open; the long draperies within swept the floor. Just inside them stood Miss Molly, now tearful-eyed and reddened with anger. She had chosen the tower room as hers, because of its queer, winding stairs that led up, within a curtained recess, and its quaint old furnishing.

The boys walked away, and Miss Molly sat down to a good cry. Then she recovered herself and began to consider.

She could n't go home; her father was in the Adirondacks, her mother at Saratoga. Besides, pride forbade her going away at all. She said:

"I won't speak a single word to any of them,—so now!"

Reflection convinced her that this also was folly. Then Miss Molly's good sense and good temper came to her aid. She took a new and commendable resolution.

"They won't like me?" she exclaimed. "Very well, I'll make them! They shall see I'm not a baby, if I am a New Yorker."

Miss Molly's shrewd brain worked busily till tea time. Then she walked out in a plain blue muslin,—her simplest dress,—with all her lovely blonde hair in a long, thick braid that reached below her waist. She was very quiet, but her sharp eyes and keen brain took measure of Houghton and Phil. Ranald she liked best of all, despite the red hair.

The boys were very gentlemanly, however. They invited her to play croquet on the lawn after tea, and Ranald found Molly a strong ally against Houghton and Phil, who, within a half-hour, were ingloriously beaten.

"Was she pretty?" say my girl readers.

No, I don't think she was—really. Yet her expression of strong good sense,—a little brusqueness included,—her brisk little ways, and the piquant upward curve of her inquisitive little nose, made Miss Molly altogether rather refreshing. Her hair was her chief beauty, and her "style" was undeniable. So much for the new arrival.

When Houghton went up over the balustrade to the garret dormer-window in the gymnasium early next morning—as he must, perforce, since he could no longer go through the tower room—he was amazed to find Miss Molly in a pink flannel gymnasium suit, descending from a lofty bar, hand under hand, down a long rope. Plainly, she was no stranger to gymnastic feats, and her agility compelled his unwilling admiration. Yet Houghton was the most obstinate of the three, and he

supplemented his account of it, later, to the others, with the remark, "I hate a hoyden!"

Phil said nothing, but Ranald seemed inclined to take up the cudgel for Miss Molly.

"I don't know why we should hate Miss Molly Arnold," he said; "she's clear grit, or she never would have held on to the 'Nocturne' as she did yesterday. Her hands were blistered, but she never said a word about them."

At dinner Mr. Tripton Dalzell, who unexpectedly returned home, inquired where Houghton was.

"He has gone geologizing down the ledges," answered Ranald.

"And Phil?"

"He is fishing off the bar."

Mr. Tripton Dalzell's eyebrows contracted ominously, but he said nothing aloud. He only muttered to himself: "Ranald, then, is the only one who stands at his post."

"Why don't you take a ride this afternoon?" Mr. Dalzell said to Molly, as they left the dining-room.

"I could n't think of anything more enjoyable!" answered the girl, with a flash of delight.

"Well," said Mr. Dalzell, kindly, "you may have the brown mare at any time. She is perfectly safe and gentle. But how about a saddle?"

"Oh, I brought mine!" cried Molly, immediately. She was off at once, and soon returned dragging the big canvas bag.

"Whew!" whistled Ranald, as soon as it was opened. "How stylish we shall be! What a handsome saddle!"

"Of course it is,—and brand new," said Molly, with pardonable pride.

"All aboard!" exclaimed the lad. "I'll get the horses at once, and we'll go up the headland to see the afternoon boat come in. It's due in half an hour."

And he ran down to the barn, lugging the saddle and bridle, and dragging the bag behind him. Molly flew to her room to put on her habit. Mr. Tripton Dalzell, left alone, smiled an odd little smile and took a cigar.

It was barely ten minutes before Ranald was back again on his gray, leading the brown mare.

"Your 'noble steed' looks well in that rig," he said critically to Molly, noting the contrast between the russet leather and blue velvet, and the mare's dark glossy skin.

With a toss and spring from Mr. Dalzell's hand, Molly settles herself in the saddle, the reins are gathered up, and ho, now!—they are away with a flourish and prance, down the avenue, through the gate, and out upon the downs. The horses have not been out to-day, and are full of life; they go up the long turf slope with a scurry of hoofs, Miss



Molly's long braid and veil flying, and her eyes growing brighter and brighter every moment.

Now the summit of the headland rounds before them as they climb; it lowers gradually; they begin to see the horizon line, the blue expanse below, the smoke-trail of the coming "Orion," and sail-boats flitting hither and thither across the sea, the long sands and the big pier down below them.

"Not so near!" cries Ranald suddenly to Molly; "it caves down sometimes!"

Molly draws back the brown mare, which has dashed very near the verge. Ah-h-h, there! A shiver and crack in the turf widens under the beating, restless hoofs; the brown mare feels the ground give way, sees the horrid depth, and scrambles for dear life. There is a dull rumble, a great cloud of dust,—and then the mare, all a-tremble, recovers herself on the solid ground fifteen feet away, and Molly, very white, but quite cool, faces Ranald. She has not uttered a sound.

"Oh! — gracious!" cries Ranald, looking from the freshly caved declivity to Molly's face. He does not know what else to say.

"That was terribly close!" he exclaims, after a long pause. He looks at the verge again. Down below, people from the tug are going up the pier; he hears the murmur of voices, the sharp stroke of the bell, the beat of waves on the sand. Ranald is not more serious than most boys of his age, but the solemn verse from the burial service forces itself into his thoughts: "In the midst of life, we are in death."

However, Miss Molly is safe and sound on her horse, instead of being dashed to pieces down Miriconnet Head, and the color is coming back into her cheeks again. And now on they go down the turfy slope to the elm-shaded road below, and around by many a curve and willowy nook into Daisydown.

After that, Ranald was Molly's stanch ally. And it was not long before Master Phil himself went ingloriously over to the enemy.

It came about strangely. First, the absence of the garnet ribbons from the blue boating suit impressed him favorably; Molly with stern resolution having put away every one on the night of her arrival. Next, it happened on a warm June day, when Phil, in his red bathing suit, went diving off the pier, that he perceived at a distance Molly's long light braid floating on the waves, and caught a glimpse of her face upturned to the sky. He felt worried, and started seaward with alacrity.

"I hope she's not drowning. How did she ever get out there? I don't believe she can swim. Oh, there's a piece of drift-wood! Perhaps she floated out on that. Just like a girl to be so careless!"

All this was thought out by Phil while he was swimming for dear life.

"If she is drowning, I'm afraid she's gone down the third time. She's been up twice—I'm—sure!" thought the lad, as his vigorous strokes brought him near; there, as he feared, rose Molly's face and floating braid on the crest of a long wave. He seized the blonde hair, and at the same time shouted wildly for Houghton, whom he saw at the moment strolling down the Dalzells' pier.

Molly's face flashed into sudden energy; with a swift, graceful motion she turned and grasped Phil by the collar of his bathing suit.

"*She's drowning!*" } Grand duet!  
"*He's drowning!*" }

"No, I'm not drowning," said Phil, panting and provoked; "I thought *you* were!"

"I'd have you know I'm not, any more than you," answered Molly, brightly. "I was just floating to rest myself, and thinking I was comfortable enough to go to sleep!"

They stared at each other a moment, and then Molly began to shout with laughter, in which Phil was fain to join her.

"Well, I've had my swim all for nothing, then," said Phil presently.

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," said Molly, "and I'll race you back to the pier. Want to try?"

"Yes," returned Phil stoutly, confident in his powers. But Master Phil had caught a Tartar that time; Molly was no mean adversary, and he was somewhat blown.

Houghton, who had paused to discover whether his assistance would be required, concluded that matters were all right, as the brown head and the blonde drew nearer on the long waves. Still he waited with some curiosity to see the end of the race.

Nearer—nearer,—Molly's head just a foot in the rear; and Phil's knee grazed against a hidden rock he had forgotten in his excitement. There,—Molly was even with him; and both threw themselves on the sand, breathless from exertion.

Houghton laughed and walked away up the pier. Phil was won over; he felt a respect for the girl who was not a hoyden, but who could ride and swim, and was not fashionable nor a "muff."

"Do you ever fish?" he said, when he recovered his breath.

"Yes, when I can. I don't have very good luck, though," was Molly's reply.

"I'm going out on the bar this afternoon in the dory. Want to go? I'll show you how to fish."

"I'd be delighted, if I sha'n't be in your way," answered Molly soberly, but with sparkling eyes.



"Of course you wont," said Phil, with a great show of gruffness, but much internal satisfaction. "We'll go after two and 'say nothing to nobody.'"

Accordingly, at half-past two, Ranald and Houghton were electrified at beholding Phil's dory, with sail set and Molly at the tiller, skimming away below Bear Island.

But Houghton was harder to be won. He withdrew himself a great deal from the others' society; for Ranald and Phil now included Molly in every scheme of pleasure. Not that Houghton was ever rude; but Molly felt that her coming had made a difference among them, and the poor child shed many a tear in secret over Houghton's fancied dislike.

He did not really dislike her. But an undercurrent of stubbornness in his disposition made him hold out when often he would gladly have joined them.

Two weeks—three weeks passed. Then Molly's teacher from the Conservatory came out to Daisydown for a day or two to rest and look after his most promising pupil.

Molly's voice was, as her friends declared, "something wonderful for a young girl"; a pure, mellow contralto that bade fair to win its possessor fame in days to come.

The boys had never heard her sing, however, for Molly had carefully timed her practicing to hours when they were out of the house.

But to-day Houghton, oppressed by headache, occupied a sofa behind a screen in a darkened corner of the big, north parlor; the archway curtains were partly drawn because of the sunlight that flooded the long bay window in the other room. Molly supposed him off on some excursion,

and chatted frankly with the queer, long, lean, white-haired professor. Houghton turned uneasily and tried to stop his ears. He had too much honor to be a willing listener, but it seemed awkward to get up now and bolt out upon them.

He listened, however, when the Professor struck a soft chord or two, and Molly began to sing.

How the fresh young voice thrilled the willful lad through and through! "Could any lark sing clearer?" asked Houghton of himself. He was in real wonder now; he sat up behind the screen.

The song ceased; there was a grumbling comment of fault-finding from the exacting teacher, and a turning of music leaves. "Try this," said the professor, "it is simple and old, but it carries the expression you want."

Old, indeed; it was a lullaby that famous lips have sung; but to Houghton it only brought the memory of his mother's voice singing by his bedside the self-same melody for the last time. The hot tears gushed from his eyes, big boy as he was; and the last remnant of his wearisome pride faded out of his heart. An hour later, when Molly sat alone by the piano, Houghton came to her with his hands full of music.

"It was my mother's," he said simply; "she died when I was ten years old. Will you sing some of these?"

The hazel eyes looked for a moment into the black ones with the earnestness of real sympathy, and then without a word she complied.

When Ranald and Phil came back from Daisydown, the contralto and a clear boyish tenor were blending beautifully from the parlor. Houghton's better self had come back.

*(To be concluded.)*

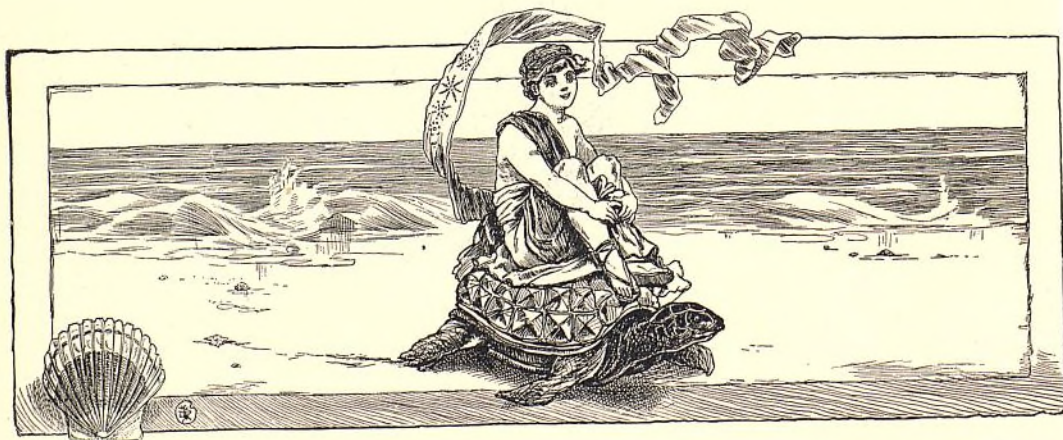




## AN OCEAN NOTION.

BY JOEL STACY.

WERE I old Neptune's son, you'd see  
How soon the waves would bow to me;  
And how the fish would gather 'round,  
And wag their tails with joy profound.  
I'd bid the sea-gulls tidings bring  
Of sunny lands where larks do sing;  
I'd roam the icebergs wild, and find  
A summer suited to my mind;  
Or in the gulf-stream warm I'd play  
So long as winter chose to stay;  
I'd turn the billows inside out;  
Play leap-frog with the water-spout;  
Swing on the cable, out of sight,  
Or leap with dolphins to the light.  
All this I'd do, and more beside,  
Were I old Neptune's joy and pride.  
His wreathéd horn I'd lightly blow,  
And swing his trident to and fro;  
And when I tired of ocean's roar,  
I'd take a little turn on shore.  
If Father feared to trust on land  
His fine aquatic four-in-hand,—  
Why, what of that? I'd laugh and go  
Upon a charger sure and slow—  
My turtle-steed so fine and grand  
Ready for trip on sea or land.  
Ah, but I'd have right lordly fun,  
If I were only Neptune's son!





## THE QUEEN'S MUSEUM.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE was once a Queen who founded, in her capital city, a grand museum. This institution was the pride of her heart, and she devoted nearly all her time to overseeing the collection of objects for it, and their arrangement in the spacious halls. This museum was intended to elevate the intelligence of her people, but the result was quite disappointing to the Queen. For some reason, and what it was she could not imagine, the people were not interested in her museum. She considered it the most delightful place in the world, and spent hours every day in examining and studying the thousands of objects it contained; but although here and there in the city there was a person who cared to visit the collection, the great body of the people found it impossible to feel the slightest interest in it. At first this grieved the Queen, and she tried to make her museum better; but as this did no good, she became very angry, and she issued a decree that all persons of mature age who were not interested in her museum should be sent to prison.

This decree produced a great sensation in the city. The people crowded to the building, and did their very best to be interested; but, in the majority of cases, the attempt was an utter failure. They could not feel any interest whatever. The consequence was that hundreds and thousands of the people were sent to prison, and as there was not room enough for them in the ordinary jails, large temporary prisons were erected in various parts of the city. Those who were actually needed for work or service which no one else could do were allowed to come out in the day-time on parole; but at night they had to return to their prisons.

It was during this deplorable state of affairs that a stranger entered the city one day. He was surprised at seeing so many prisons, and approaching the window in one of the prisons, behind the bars of which he saw a very respectable-looking citizen, he asked what all this meant. The citizen informed him how matters stood, and then, with tears mounting to his eyes, he added:

"Oh, sir, I have tried my best to be interested in that museum; but it is impossible; I can't get up the slightest interest in it. And, what is more, I know I never shall be able to do so; and I shall languish here for the rest of my days."

Passing on, the stranger met a mother coming out of her house. Her face was pale, and she was weeping bitterly. Filled with pity, he stopped and

asked her what was the matter. "Oh, sir," she said, "for a week I have been trying, for the sake of my dear children, to take an interest in that museum. For a time I thought I might do it, but the hopes proved false. It is impossible. I must leave my little ones, and go to prison."

The stranger was deeply affected by these cases and many others of a similar character, which he soon met with. "It is too bad! too bad!" he said to himself. "I never saw a city in so much trouble. There is scarcely a family, I am told, in which there is not some uninterested person—I must see the Queen and talk to her about it," and with this he wended his way to the palace.

He met the Queen just starting out on her morning visit to the museum. When he made it known that he was a stranger, and desired a short audience, she stopped and spoke to him.

"Have you visited my museum yet?" she said. "There is nothing in the city so well worth your attention as that. You should go there before seeing anything else. You have a high forehead, and an intelligent expression, and I have no doubt that it will interest you greatly. I am going there myself, and I shall be glad to see what effect that fine collection has upon a stranger."

This did not suit the stranger at all. From what he had heard he felt quite sure that if he went to the museum, he would soon be in jail; and so he hurried to propose a plan which had occurred to him while on his way to the palace.

"I came to see your Majesty on the subject of the museum," he said, "and to crave permission to contribute to the collection some objects which shall be interesting to every one. I understand that it is highly desirable that every one should be interested."

"Of course it is," said the Queen, "and although I think that there is not the slightest reason why every one should not feel the keenest interest in what the museum already contains, I am willing to add to it whatever may make it of greater value."

"In that case," said the stranger, "no time should be lost in securing what I wish to present."

"Go at once," said the Queen. "But how soon can you return?"

"It will take some days, at least," said the stranger.

"Give me your parole to return in a week," said the Queen, "and start immediately."

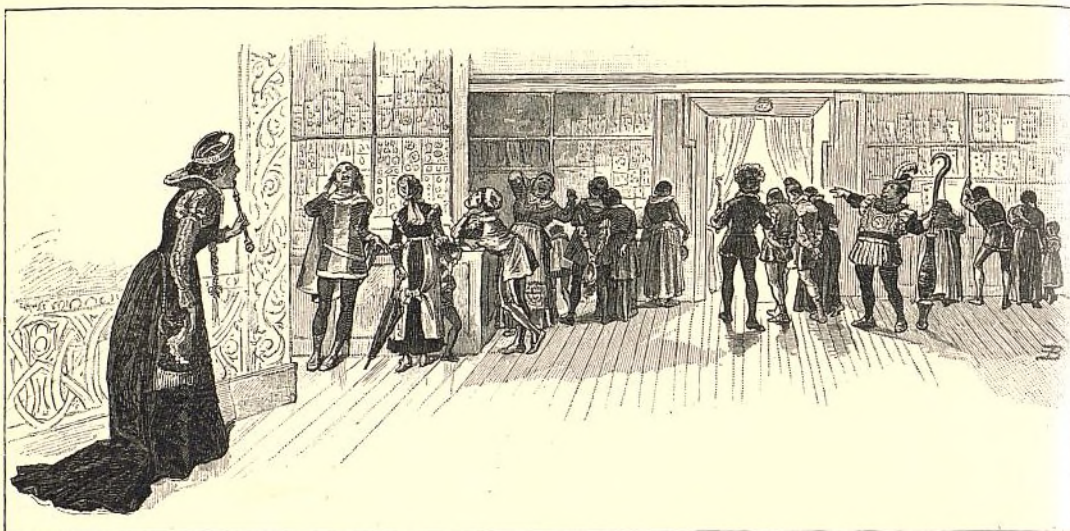
The stranger gave his parole and left the palace.



Having filled a leathern bag with provisions from a cook's shop, he went out of the city gates. As he walked into the open country, he said to himself:

"I have certainly undertaken a very difficult enterprise. Where I am to find anything that will

all of which would be tenanted if people only knew how improving and interesting it is to live apart from their fellow-men. But, so far as it can be done, I will help you in your quest, which I think is a worthy one. I can do nothing for you myself,



"THE PEOPLE WERE NOT INTERESTED IN HER MUSEUM."

interest all the people in that city, I am sure I do not know; but my heart is so filled with pity for the great number of unfortunate persons who are torn from their homes and shut up in prison, that I am determined to do something for them, if I possibly can. There must be some objects to be found in this vast country that will interest every one."

About noon he came to a great mountain-side covered with a forest. Thinking that he was as likely to find what he sought in one place as another, and preferring the shade to the sun, he entered the forest, and walked for some distance along a path which gradually led up the mountain. Having crossed a brook with its edges lined with water-cresses, he soon perceived a large cave, at the entrance of which sat an aged hermit. "Ah," said the stranger to himself, "this is indeed fortunate! This good and venerable man, who passes his life amid the secrets of nature, can surely tell me what I wish to know." Saluting the hermit he sat down and told the old man the object of his quest.

"I am afraid you are looking for what you will not find," said the hermit. "Most people are too silly to be truly interested in anything. They herd together like cattle, and do not know what is good for them. There are now on this mountain-side many commodious and comfortable caves,

but I have a pupil who is very much given to wandering about, and looking for curious things. He may tell you where you will be able to find something that will interest everybody, though I doubt it. You may go and see him, if you like, and I will excuse him from his studies for a time, so that he may aid you in your search."

The hermit then wrote an excuse upon a piece of parchment, and, giving it to the stranger, he directed him to the cave of his pupil.

This was situated at some distance, and higher up the mountain, and when the stranger reached it, he found the pupil fast asleep upon the ground. This individual was a long-legged youth, with long arms, long hair, a long nose, and a long face. When the stranger awakened him, told him why he had come, and gave him the hermit's excuse, the sleepy eyes of the pupil brightened, and his face grew less long.

"That's delightful!" he said, "to be let off on a Monday; for I generally have to be satisfied with a half-holiday, Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"Is the hermit very strict with you?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," said the pupil, "I have to stick closely to the cave; though I have been known to go fishing on days when there was no holiday. I have never seen the old man but once, and that was when he first took me. You know it would n't



do for us to be too sociable. That would n't be hermit-like. He comes up here on the afternoons I am out, and writes down what I am to do for the next half-week."

"And do you always do it?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, I get some of it done," said the pupil; "but there have been times when I have wondered whether it would n't have been better for me to have been something else. But I have chosen my profession, and I suppose I must be faithful to it. We will start immediately on our search; but first I must put the cave in order, for the old man will be sure to come up while I am gone."

So saying, the pupil opened an old parchment book at a marked page, and laid it on a flat stone, which served as a table.

The two now started off, the pupil first putting a line and hook in his pocket, and pulling out a fishing-rod from under some bushes.

"What do you want with that?" asked the stranger, "we are not going to fish!"

"Why not?" said the pupil; "if we come to a good place, we might catch something that would be a real curiosity."

Before long they came to a mountain brook, and here the pupil insisted on trying his luck. The stranger was a little tired and hungry, and so was quite willing to sit down for a time and eat some-

"I have found something that is truly astonishing! Come quickly!"

The stranger arose and hurried after the pupil, whose long legs carried him rapidly over the mountain-side. Reaching a large hole at the bottom of a precipitous rock, the pupil stopped, and exclaiming:

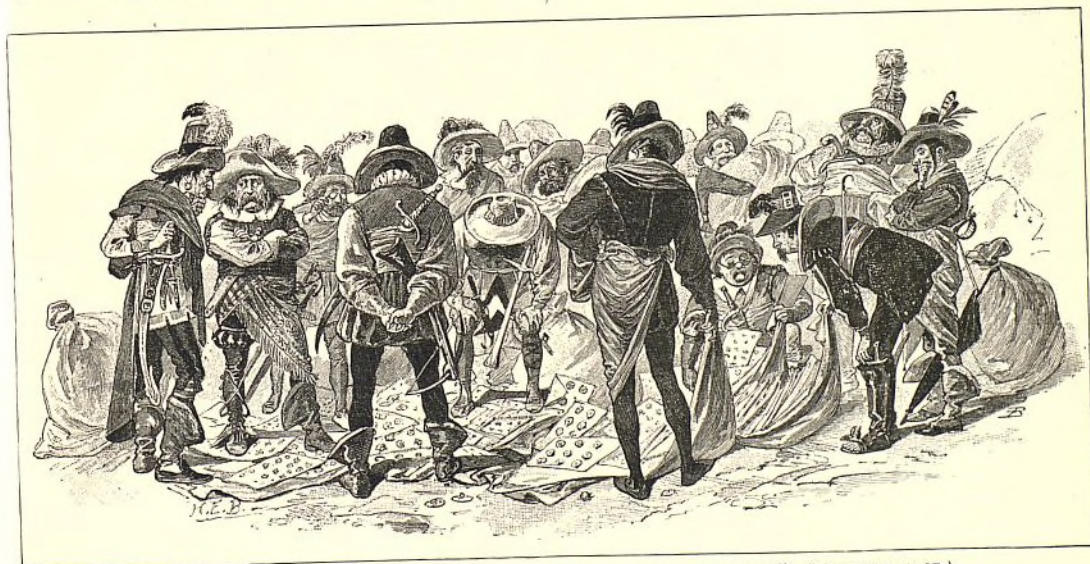
"Come in here and I will show you something that will amaze you!" he immediately entered the hole.

The stranger, who was very anxious to see what curiosity he had found, followed him some distance along a narrow and winding under-ground passage. The two suddenly emerged into a high and spacious cavern, which was lighted by openings in the roof; on the floor, in various places, were strongly fastened boxes, and packages of various sorts, bales and bundles of silks and rich cloths, with handsome caskets, and many other articles of value.

"What kind of place is this?" exclaimed the stranger, in great surprise.

"Don't you know?" cried the pupil, his eyes fairly sparkling with delight. "Why, it's a robber's den! Is n't it a great thing to find a place like this?"

"A robber's den!" exclaimed the stranger in great alarm; "let us get out of it as quickly as we



"THEY AROSE, LOOKING BLANKER AND MORE DISAPPOINTED THAN BEFORE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

thing from his bag. The pupil ran off to find some bait, and he staid away so long that the stranger had quite finished his meal before he returned. He came back at last, however, in a state of great excitement.

"Come with me! come with me!" he cried.

can, or the robbers will return, and we shall be cut to pieces."

"I don't believe they are coming back very soon," said the pupil, "and we ought to stop and take a look at some of these things."

"Fly, you foolish youth!" cried the stranger;



"you do not know what danger you are in." And, so saying, he turned to hasten away from the place.

But he was too late. At that moment the robber captain and his band entered the cave. When these men perceived the stranger and the hermit's pupil, they drew their swords and were about to rush upon them, when the pupil sprang forward and, throwing up his long arms, exclaimed:

"Stop! it is a mistake!"

At these words, the robber captain lowered his sword, and motioned to his men to halt. "A mistake!" he said; "what do you mean by that?"

"I mean," said the pupil, "that I was out looking for curiosities, and wandered into this place by accident. We have not taken a thing. You may count your goods, and you will find nothing missing. We have not even opened a box, although I very much wanted to see what was in some of them."

"Are his statements correct?" said the captain, turning to the stranger.

"Entirely so," was the answer.

"You have truthful features, and an honest expression," said the captain, "and I do not believe you would be so dishonorable as to creep in here during our absence and steal our possessions. Your lives shall be spared, but you will be obliged to remain with us; for we can not allow any one who knows our secret to leave us. You shall be treated well, and shall accompany us in our expeditions; and if your conduct merits it, you shall in time be made full members."

Bitterly the stranger now regretted his unfortunate position. He strode up and down one side of the cave, vowing inwardly that never again would he allow himself to be led by a hermit's pupil. That individual, however, was in a state of high delight. He ran about from box to bale, looking at the rare treasures which some of the robbers showed him.

The two captives were fed and lodged very well; and the next day the captain called them and the band together, and addressed them.

"We are now twenty-nine in number," he said; "twenty-seven full members, and two on probation. To-night we are about to undertake a very important expedition, in which we shall all join. We shall fasten up the door of the cave, and at the proper time I shall tell you to what place we are going."

An hour or two before midnight the band set out, accompanied by the stranger and the hermit's pupil; and when they had gone some miles the captain halted them to inform them of the object of the expedition. "We are going," he said, "to

rob the Queen's museum. It is the most important business we have ever undertaken."

At these words the stranger stepped forward and made a protest. "I left the city yesterday," he said, "commissioned by the Queen to obtain one or more objects of interest for her museum; and to return now to rob an institution which I have promised to enrich will be simply impossible."

"You are right," said the captain, after a moment's reflection, "such an action would be highly dishonorable on your part. If you will give me your word of honor that you will remain by this stone until our return, the expedition will proceed without you."

The stranger gave his word, and having been left sitting upon the stone, soon dropped asleep, and so remained until he was awakened by the return of the band, a little before daylight. They came slowly toiling along, each man carrying an enormous bundle upon his back. Near the end of the line was the hermit's pupil, carrying a load as heavy as any of the others. The stranger offered to relieve him for a time of his burden, but the pupil would not allow it.

"I don't wish these men to think I can't do as much as they can," he said. "You ought to have been along. We had a fine time. We swept that museum clean, I tell you. We did not leave a thing on a shelf or in a case."

"What sort of things were they," asked the stranger.

"I don't know," replied the pupil, "we did not have any light for fear people would see it, but the moon shone in bright enough for us to see all the shelves and the cases; and our orders were not to try and examine anything, but to take all that was there. The cases had great cloth covers on them, and we spread these on the floor and made bundles of the curiosities. We are going to examine them carefully as soon as we get to the den."

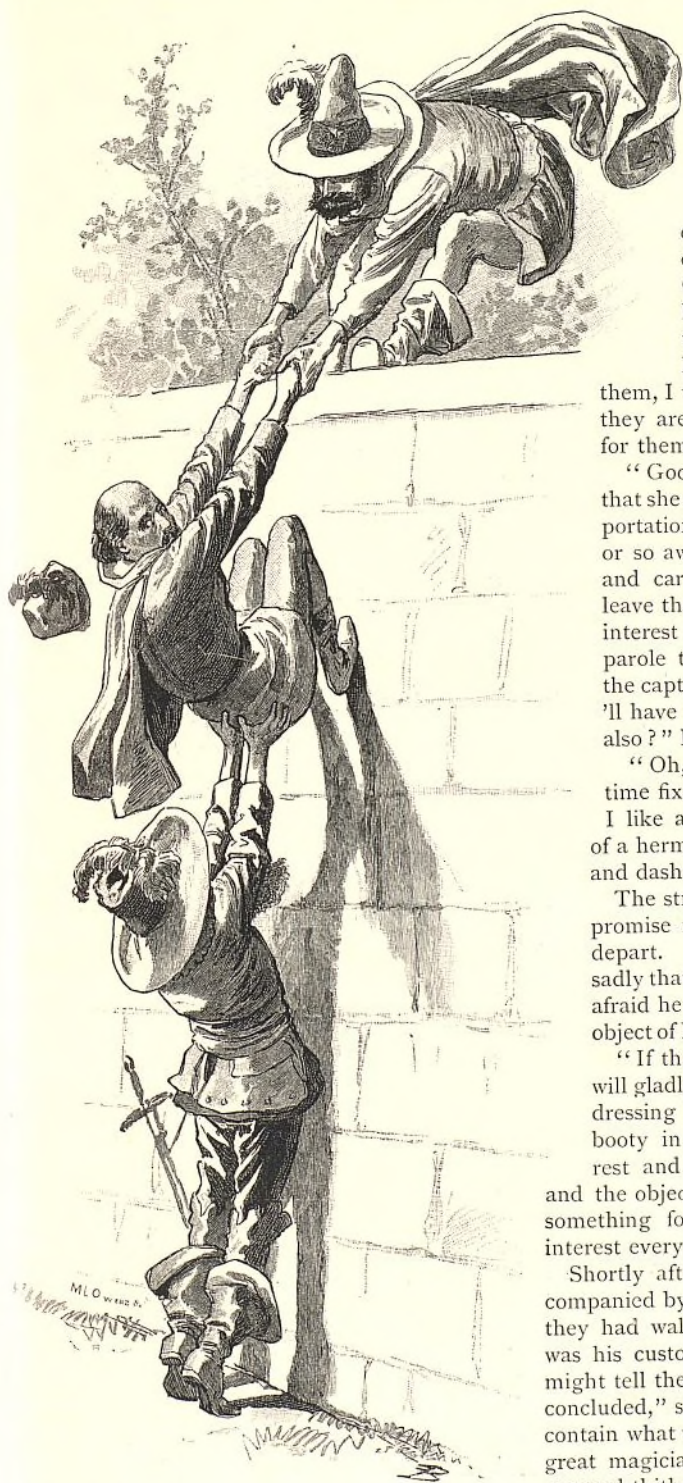
It was broad daylight when the robbers reached their cave. The bundles were laid in a great circle on the floor, and, at a given signal, each one of them was opened. For a moment each robber gazed blankly at the contents of his bundle, and then they all began to fumble and search among the piles of articles upon the cloths; but after a few minutes, they all arose, looking blanker and more disappointed than before.

"So far as I can see," said the captain, "there is nothing in the whole collection that I care for. I do not like a thing here!"

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" cried each one of his band.

"I suppose," said the captain, after musing for





THE STRANGER WAS NOT USED TO CLIMBING, AND HE HAD TO BE ASSISTED OVER THE WALL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

VOL. XI.—54.

a moment, "that as these things are of no use to us, we are bound in honor to take them back."

"Hold!" said the stranger, stepping forward; "do not be in too great a hurry to do that." He then told the captain of the state of affairs in the city, and explained in full the nature of the expedition he had undertaken for the Queen. "I think it would be better," he said, "if these things were not taken back for the present. If you have a safe place where you can put them, I will in due time tell the Queen where they are, and if she chooses she can send for them."

"Good!" said the captain, "it is but right that she should bear part of the labor of transportation. There is a disused cave, a mile or so away, and we will tie up these bundles and carry them there; and then we shall leave the matter to you. We take no further interest in it. And if you have given your parole to the Queen to return in a week," the captain further continued, "of course you'll have to keep it. Did you give your parole also?" he asked, turning to the pupil.

"Oh, no!" cried that youth; "there was no time fixed for my return. And I am sure that I like a robber's life much better than that of a hermit. There is ever so much more spice and dash in it."

The stranger was then told that if he would promise not to betray the robbers he might depart. He gave the promise; but added sadly that he had lost so much time that he was afraid he would not now be able to attain the object of his search and return within the week.

"If that is the case," said the captain, "we will gladly assist you. Comrades!" he cried, addressing his band, "after stowing this useless booty in the disused cave, and taking some rest and refreshment, we will set out again, and the object of our expedition shall be to obtain something for the Queen's museum which will interest every one."

Shortly after midnight the robbers set out, accompanied by the stranger and the pupil. When they had walked about an hour, the captain, as was his custom, brought them to a halt that he might tell them where they were going. "I have concluded," said he, "that no place is so likely to contain what we are looking for as the castle of the great magician, Alframedj. We will, therefore, proceed thither, and sack the castle."

"Will there not be great danger in attacking



the castle of a magician?" asked the stranger in somewhat anxious tones of the captain.

"Of course there will be," said the captain, "but we are not such cowards as to hesitate on account of *danger*. Forward, my men!" And on they all marched.

When they reached the magician's castle, the order was given to scale the outer walls. This the robbers did with great agility, and the hermit's pupil was among the first to surmount it. But the stranger was not used to climbing, and he had to be assisted over the wall. Inside the great court-yard they perceived numbers of Intangibles—strange shadowy creatures who gathered silently around them; but not in the least appalled, the robbers formed into a body, and marched into the castle, the door of which stood open. They now entered a great hall, having at one end a doorway before which hung a curtain. Following their captain, the robbers approached this curtain, and pushing it aside, entered the room beyond. There, behind a large table, sat the great magician, Alframedj, busy over his mystic studies, which he generally pursued in the dead hours of the night. Drawing their swords, the robbers rushed upon him.

"Surrender!" cried the captain, "and deliver to us the treasures of your castle."

The old magician raised his head from his book, and, pushing up his spectacles from his forehead, looked at them mildly, and said:

"Freeze!"

Instantly, they all froze as hard as ice, each man remaining in the position in which he was when the magical word was uttered. With uplifted swords and glaring eyes they stood, rigid and stiff, before the magician. After calmly surveying the group, the old man said:

"I see among you one who has an intelligent brow and truthful expression. His head may thaw sufficiently for him to tell me what means this untimely intrusion upon my studies."

The stranger now felt his head begin to thaw, and in a few moments he was able to speak. He then told the magician about the Queen's museum, and how it had happened that he had come there with the robbers.

"Your motive is a good one," said the magician, "though your actions are somewhat erratic; and I do not mind helping you to find what you wish. In what class of objects do the people of the city take the most interest?"

"Truly I do not know," said the stranger.

"This is indeed surprising!" exclaimed Alframedj. "How can you expect to obtain that which will interest every one, when you do not know what it is that every one takes an interest in? Go,

find out this, and then return to me, and I will see what can be done."

The magician then summoned his Intangibles and ordered them to carry the frozen visitors outside the castle walls. Each one of the rigid figures was then taken up by two Intangibles, who carried him out and stood him up in the road outside the castle. When all had been properly set up, with the captain at their head, the gates were shut, and the magician, still sitting at his table, uttered the word, "Thaw!"

Instantly, the whole band thawed and marched away. At day-break they halted, and considered how they should find out what all the people in the city took an interest in.

"One thing is certain," cried the hermit's pupil, "whatever it is, it is n't the same thing."

"Your remark is not well put together," said the stranger, "but I see the force of it. It is true that different people like different things. But how shall we find out what the different people like?"

"By asking them," said the pupil.

"Good!" cried the captain, who preferred action to words. "This night we will ask them."

He then drew upon the sand a plan of the city, —(with which he was quite familiar, having robbed it carefully for many years,)—and divided it into twenty-eight sections, each one of which was assigned to a man. "I omit you," the captain said to the stranger, "because I find that you are not expert at climbing." He then announced that at night the band would visit the city, and that each man should enter the houses in his district, and ask the people what it was in which they took the most interest.

They then proceeded to the cave for rest and refreshment; and a little before midnight they entered the city, and each member of the band, including the hermit's pupil, proceeded to attend to the business assigned to him. It was ordered that no one should disturb the Queen, for they knew that what she took most interest in was the museum. During the night nearly every person in the town was aroused by a black-bearded robber, who had climbed into one of the windows of the house, and who, instead of demanding money and jewels, simply asked what it was in which each took the greatest interest. Upon receiving an answer, the robber repeated it until he had learned it by heart, and then went to the next house. As so many of the citizens were confined in prisons, which the robbers easily entered, they transacted the business in much less time than they would otherwise have required.

The hermit's pupil was very active, climbing into and out of houses with great agility. He obtained his answers quite as easily as others, but when-



ever he left a house there was a shade of disappointment upon his features. Among the last places that he visited was a room in which two boys were sleeping. He awoke them and asked the usual question. While they were trembling in their bed, not knowing what to answer, the pupil drew his sword and exclaimed: "Come, now, no prevarication; you know it's fishing-tackle. Speak right out!" Each of the boys promptly declared it was fishing-tackle, and the pupil left, greatly gratified. "I was very much

mens of the various objects in my interminable vaults." He then called his Intangibles, and, giving one of them the tablets, told him to go with his companions into the vaults and gather enough of the things therein mentioned to fill a large museum. In half an hour the Intangibles returned and announced that the articles were ready in the great court-yard.

"Go, then," said the magician, "and assist these men to carry them to the Queen's museum."

The stranger then heartily thanked Alfarmmedj



"THE OLD MAGICIAN LOOKED AT THEM MILDLY, AND SAID: 'FREEZE!'"

afraid," he said to himself, "that not a person in my district would say fishing-tackle; and I am very glad to think that there were two boys who had sense enough to like something that is really interesting."

It was nearly daylight when the work was finished; and then the band gathered together in an appointed place on the outside of the city, where the stranger awaited them. Each of the men had an excellent memory, which was necessary in their profession, and they repeated to the stranger all the objects and subjects that had been mentioned to them, and he wrote them down upon tablets.

The next night, accompanied by the band, he proceeded to the castle of the magician, the great gate of which was silently opened for them by the Intangibles. When they were ushered into the magician's room, Alfarmmedj took the tablets from the stranger and examined them carefully.

"All these things should make a very complete collection," he said, "and I think I have speci-

for the assistance he had given; and the band, accompanied by a number of Intangibles, proceeded to carry the objects of interest to the Queen's museum. It was a strange procession. Half a dozen Intangibles carried a stuffed mammoth, followed by others bearing the skeleton of a whale, while the robbers and the rest of their queer helpers were loaded with everything relating to history, science, and art which ought to be in a really good museum. When the whole collection had been put in place upon the floors, the shelves, and in the cases, it was nearly morning. The robbers, with the hermit's pupil, retired to the cave; the Intangibles disappeared; while the stranger betook himself to the Queen's palace, where, as soon as the proper hour arrived, he requested an audience.

When he saw the Queen, he perceived that she was very pale and that her cheeks bore traces of recent tears. "You are back in good time," she said to him, "but it makes very little difference whether



you have succeeded in your mission or not. There is no longer any museum. There has been a great robbery, and the thieves have carried off the whole of the vast and valuable collection which I have been so long in making."

"I know of that affair," said the stranger, "and I have already placed in your museum-building the collection which I have obtained. If your Majesty pleases, I shall be glad to have you look at it. It may, in some degree, compensate for that which has been stolen."

"Compensate!" cried the Queen. "Nothing can compensate for it; I do not even wish to see what you have brought."

"Be that as your Majesty pleases," said the stranger; "but I will be so bold as to say that I have great hopes that the collection which I have obtained will interest the people. Will your Majesty graciously allow them to see it?"

"I have no objection to that," said the Queen; "and indeed I shall be very glad if they can be made to be interested in the museum. I will give orders that the prisons be opened, so that everybody can go to see what you have brought; and those who shall be interested in it may return to their homes. I did not release my obstinate subjects when the museum was robbed, because their fault then was just as great as it was before; and it would not be right that they should profit by my loss."

The Queen's proclamation was made, and for several days the museum was crowded with people moving from morning till night through the vast collection of stuffed animals, birds, and fishes; rare and brilliant insects; mineral and vegetable curiosities; beautiful works of art; and all the strange, valuable, and instructive objects which had been brought from the interminable vaults of the magician Alframedj. The Queen's officers, who had been sent to observe whether or not the people were interested, were in no doubt upon this point. Every eye sparkled with delight, for every one found something which was the very thing he wished to see; and in the throng was the hermit's pupil, standing in wrapt ecstasy before a large case containing all sorts of fishing-tackle, from the smallest hooks for little minnows to the great irons and spears used in capturing whales.

No one went back to prison, and the city was full of reunited households and happy homes. On the morning of the fourth day, a grand procession of citizens came to the palace to express to the Queen their delight and appreciation of her museum. The great happiness of her subjects could not but please the Queen. She called the stranger to her, and said to him:

"Tell me how you came to know what it was that would interest my people."

"I asked them," said the stranger. "That is to say, I arranged that they should be asked."

"That was well done," said the Queen; "but it is a great pity that my long labors in their behalf should have been lost. For many years I have been a collector of buttons and button-holes; and there was nothing valuable or rare in the line of my studies of which I had not an original specimen or a fac-simile. My agents brought me from foreign lands, even from the most distant islands of the sea, buttons and button-holes of every kind; those of precious metals and rare gems, which could not be obtained, were copied in gilt and glass. There was not a duplicate specimen in the whole collection; only one of each kind; nothing repeated. Never before was there such a museum. With all my power I strove to educate my people up to a love of buttons and button-holes; but, with the exception of a few tailors and seamstresses, nobody took the slightest interest in what I had provided for their benefit. I am glad that my people are happy, but I can not restrain a sigh for the failure of my efforts."

"The longer your Majesty lives," said the stranger, "the better will you understand that we can not make other people like a thing simply because we like it ourselves."

"Stranger," said the Queen, gazing upon him with admiration, "are you a king in disguise?"

"I am," he replied.

"I thought I perceived it," said the Queen, "and I wish to add that I believe you are far better able to govern this kingdom than I am. If you choose, I will resign it to you."

"Not so, your Majesty," said the other; "I would not deprive your Majesty of your royal position, but I would be happy to share it with you."

"That will answer very well," said the Queen. And turning to an attendant, she gave orders that preparations should be made for their marriage on the following day.

After the royal wedding, which was celebrated with great pomp and grandeur, the Queen paid a visit to the museum, and, much to her surprise, was greatly delighted and interested. The King then informed her that he happened to know where the robbers had stored her collection, which they could not sell or make use of, as there were no two buttons alike, and none of them of valuable material; and if she wished, he would regain the collection and put up a building for its reception.

"We will not do that at present," said the Queen. "When I shall have thoroughly examined and studied all these objects, most of which are entirely new to me, we will see about the buttons and the button-holes."

The hermit's pupil did not return to his cave.



He was greatly delighted with the spice and dash of a robber's life, so different from that of a hermit; and he determined, if possible, to change his business and enter the band. He had a conversation with the captain on the subject, and that individual encouraged him in his purpose.

"I am tired," the captain said, "of a robber's life. I have stolen so much, that I can not use what I have. I take no further interest in accumulating spoils. The quiet of a hermit's life attracts me; and, if you like, we will change places. I will become the pupil of your old master, and you shall be the captain of my band."

The change was made. The captain retired to the cave of the hermit's pupil, while the latter, with the hearty consent of all the men, took command of the band of robbers.

When the King heard of this change, he was not at all pleased, and he sent for the ex-pupil.

"I am willing to reward you," he said, "for assisting me in my recent undertaking; but I can not allow you to lead a band of robbers in my dominions."

A dark shade of disappointment passed over the ex-pupil's features, and his face lengthened visibly.

"It is too bad," he said, "to be thus cut short at the very outset of a brilliant career. I'll tell you what I'll do," he added suddenly, his face brightening, "if you'll let me keep on in my new

profession, I'll promise to do nothing but rob robbers."

"Very well," said the King, "if you will confine yourself to that, you may retain your position."

The members of the band were perfectly willing to rob in the new way, for it seemed quite novel and exciting to them. The first place they robbed was their own cave, and as they all had excellent memories, they knew from whom the various goods had been stolen, and everything was returned to its proper owner. The ex-pupil then led his band against the other dens of robbers in the kingdom, and his movements were conducted with such dash and vigor that the various hordes scattered in every direction, while the treasures in their dens were returned to the owners, or, if these could not be found, were given to the poor. In a short time every robber, except those led by the ex-pupil, had gone into some other business; and the victorious youth led his band into other kingdoms to continue the great work of robbing robbers.

The Queen never sent for the collection of curiosities which the robbers had stolen from her. She was so much interested in the new museum that she continually postponed the reestablishment of her old one; and, so far as can be known, the buttons and the button-holes are still in the cave where the robbers shut them up.

## A SMART BOY.

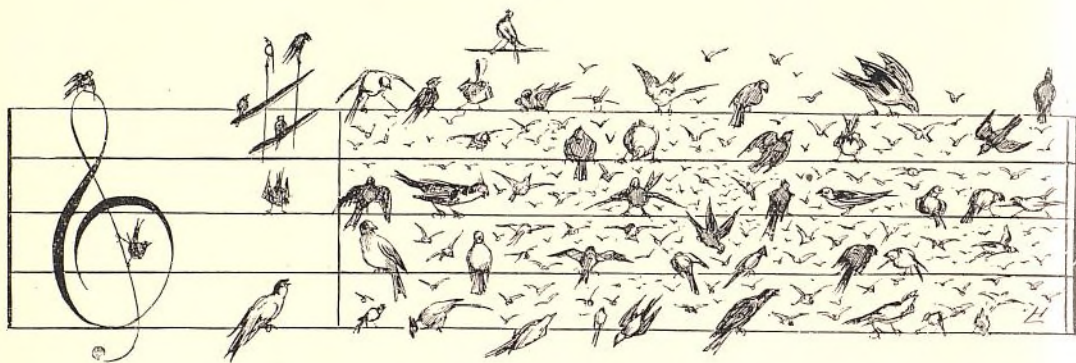


I'm glad I have a good-sized slate,  
With lots of room to calculate.  
Bring on your sums! I'm ready now;  
My slate is clean; and I know how.  
But don't you ask me to *subtract*,  
I like to have my slate well packed;  
And only two long rows, you know,  
Make such a miserable show;  
And, please, don't bring me sums to *add*;  
Well, *multiplying's* just as bad;  
And, say! I'd rather not *divide*—  
Bring me something I have n't tried!



## THE BIRD MATINÉE.

By W. C. E.



LET me tell you of a series of matinées I attended this summer, which were given at three o'clock in the morning.

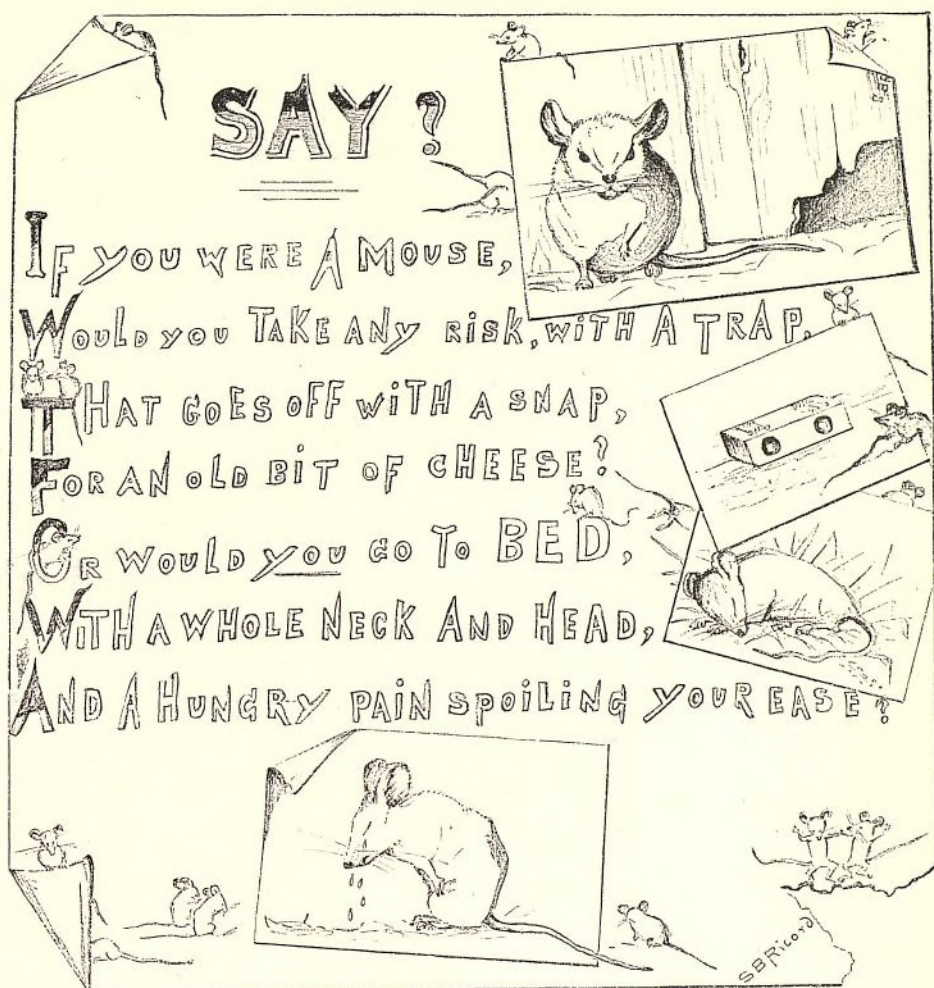
The windows of my bedroom opened toward the south on a beautiful lawn, bordered with elms. Year after year comes the golden, or Baltimore, oriole,—most delightful of singers. He loves best the swaying branches of the loftiest elm for his home, that old Dame Nature may rock the little ones to sleep with every breeze. Robin-Redbreast and Jenny Wren build lowlier homes in more accessible places. Then there is the linnnet, who years ago forsook us for a southern clime, but, perhaps alarmed by the noise of war, returned to her northern home. These were some of the singers who gave the three o'clock matinées. They continued for two or three months, from May nearly through July, and the programme each day, for the first month, seemed precisely the same.

First came a loud, shrill, prolonged call, always repeated three times, which reminded me of a gong at a hotel. It was evidently intended for the rising-bell and for a call to order. After the last call came a feeble peep, as if one little fellow had managed to arouse himself just enough to answer. Then another replied a little louder, and another, until, in rapid succession, all the dwellers in the grove announced their presence, and answered to their names. Then followed a minute or two of entire silence; after which the prima donna, as it seemed to me, opened the concert. It was a loud,

clear, sweet strain, so unlike any heard in the day, that I can not tell what bird it was; I think only the oriole could pour forth that delightful music. It sang alone in a clear, ecstatic strain. At a certain part of the solo two other voices broke in as a trio, and at the end of the stanza all the voices joined in full jubilee chorus. This was repeated six times, so that I came to call it their hymn of praise in six stanzas. It was rendered every morning in exactly the same way. After it there was singing by the full choir, and it grew louder and more impassioned, as if each minstrel was inspired by the rest, like the singing of a vast concourse of people.

After this grand climax, the voices would die away, one after the other, and the principal concert was over. The parent birds went on their morning flight, and their birdies swung in their wind-rocked hammocks for another half-hour. At the expiration of this time came a call similar to the first, although by a different bird,—often a whip-poorwill. The summons was repeated thrice, then came a feeble little “peep, peep, twitter, twitter,” and the juveniles joined to the best of their ability. This concert was much shorter than that of their parents, as befitted their tender age, and their hunger on first awaking. But it was never omitted in rain or sunshine until the fierce midsummer heats, parental cares, or the absence of the principal singers, caused them to be given up for the rest of the season.





## SWORDSMEN OF THE DEEP.

By JOHN R. CORVELL.

IMAGINE whales fencing with one another for amusement!

It seems as if such a thing could not be; and yet there are whales of a certain species which not only fence with one another, but use their teeth for swords.

There are some whales that have no teeth at all, but in place of teeth have great sheets of whale-bone hanging down from the roof of the mouth on each side of the tongue. Other whales have their

great jaws filled with sharp and terrible teeth; and one kind, called the narwhal, has but two teeth.

It is the narwhal that fences. One of the teeth of the male narwhal always grows through the upper lip and stands out like a spear, straight in front of the animal. Occasionally both teeth grow out in this way, but that is a rather rare occurrence.

It seems as if all the material that should have gone to fill the narwhal's mouth with teeth had gone to the one tooth that grows out through the



lip; for sometimes this tooth is eight feet long. The animal itself, from head to tail, is seldom more than sixteen feet in length, so that such a tooth would be half as long as the whole body.

Of what use such an enormous tooth is to the narwhal no one knows. Some persons say it is used for spearing fish; others, that its use is to stir up the mud in the bottom of the ocean in order to scare out the fish that may be hiding there; and one man says the tooth is for the purpose of breaking holes in the ice in winter; for the narwhal, like all whales, is obliged to come to the surface at intervals to breathe.

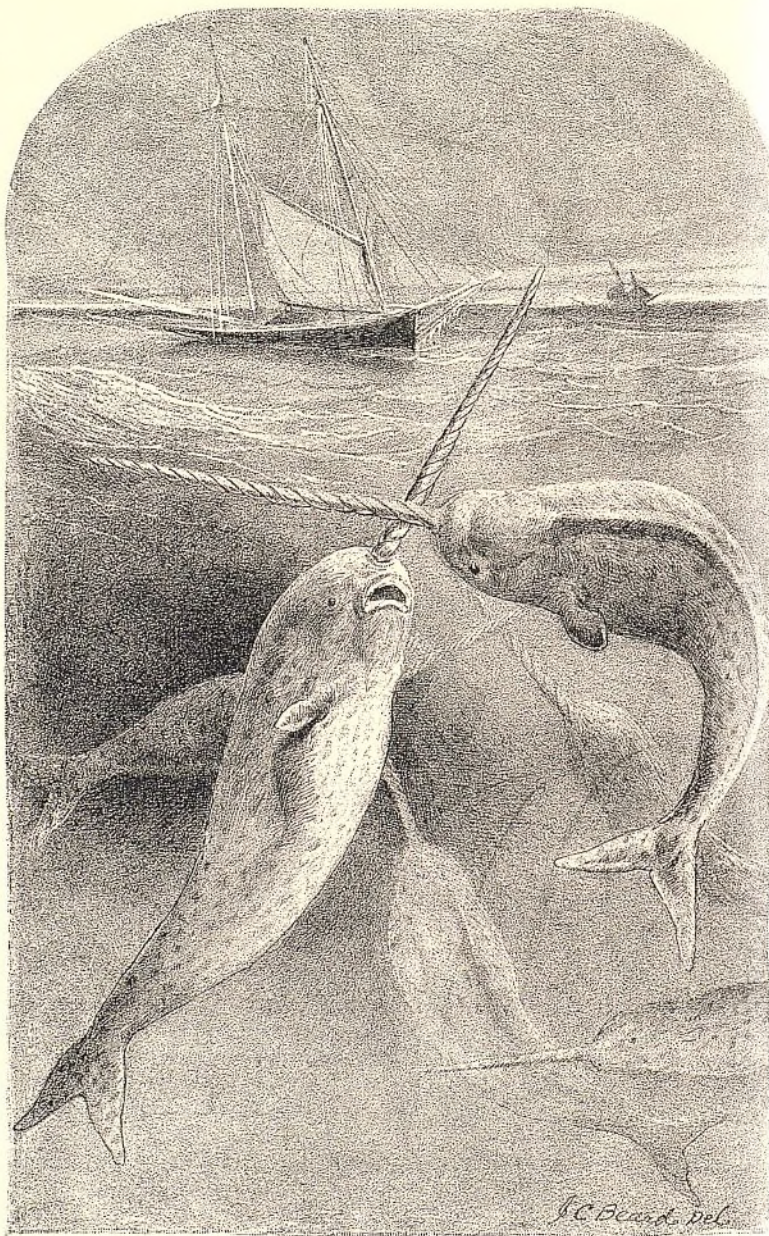
Whatever the tooth is intended to be used for, it is certain that when the narwhal wishes to play it finds another narwhal of a like mind, and away they charge at each other till the long tooth-swords clash together.

They are active as well as frolicsome, and sailors tell of seeing them crossing swords in this way, thrusting and parrying, and rolling and darting about with marvelous agility and grace, as if combining sword-play and acrobatics in the same game.

There is something very soldier-like, too, in their mode of traversing the ocean. They form in ranks, in good order; and with similar undulations of the body and sweeps of the tail, they proceed by the thousand together to the part of the ocean world that has been decided upon as a sojourning-place.

The narwhal is light gray in color, and covered with black spots. For a great many reasons it is valued by the Greenlanders. It furnishes a very

fine quality of oil, its flesh is used for food, and its skin, made into a jelly, and called *mattak*, is considered a dainty too choice for ordinary occasions.



NARWHALS FENCING.

This "swordsmen of the deep," as I have called him, is a warm-blooded animal, and must not be confounded with the saw-fish or the sword-fish, both of which are entirely different in their species and habits from the narwhal.





## POOR ROBINSON CRUSOE.

BY M. ELLA PRESTON.

POOR Robinson Crusoe!  
 What made the poor man do so?  
 He was a robin's son, I know,  
 But that's no reason he should crow.—  
 Pray, tell me why he crew so?

## LIVING CAMEOS AND BAS-RELIEFS.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

THIS fascinating entertainment can be prepared by children, at short notice, with very little trouble or expense. The articles required are two sheets of large card-board, two sheets of pink tissue-paper, and two sheets of white cotton wadding, one ball of white and one of pink velvet chalk, a lead-pencil, a pair of scissors, six yards of black cambric, a few tacks, and a little paste.

One sheet of card-board is fastened on the side wall of a darkened room, so that the shadow of the face of a person with large and regular features will fall upon the center of it when a lighted candle is held in front of the side of the face at a distance of three feet. A cup should be placed between the face and the card-board and kept in position by the pressure of the head, in order, so far as possible, to prevent any movement on the part of the sitter. The candle must be so placed that the shadow of profile is in the center of the card-board; the outlines are then to be traced with a pencil. The card-board can then be taken down and the profile carefully cut out; the back of the head usually being enlarged, so that various methods of dressing the hair may be permitted. This white card-board will be ready for the bas-relief after the outer edge has been cut into the form of a circle, and made thicker by several rings of pasteboard of the same diameter, but only three inches wide. When cameos are to be exhibited, the outer surface should be covered with pink tissue-paper.

A curtain of cheap black cambric or any plain-colored material, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, is then hung at a distance of about two feet from the back wall of the room where the exhibition is to take place. The card-board is fastened into a hole made in the curtain, so that the center of the opening is about six or seven feet from the floor,

and a chair or small table is placed close behind this curtain and another small piece of black cloth is tacked to the wall behind the opening.

The person whose face is to form the bas-relief stands upon a chair or table so that the head fits into the opening in the card-board, about one-half of it projecting in front of the surface of the frame thus formed. The side-face thus exposed is chalked and the hair is covered with white wadding, which conceals it, and also can be fastened in waves, plaits, or classic knots; for cameos, pink chalk, and tissue-paper take the place of the white. Very pretty art studies can thus be made by inexperienced persons.

When it is desired to show several of these art studies consecutively, it will be well to have a pink and a white frame placed side by side about one foot apart, as then they may be shown together or separately; the one not in use being covered with a little curtain of black cambric. Thus a pleasing variety can be produced by showing either a cameo or a bas-relief or both together. Faces of children or of grown people can be used as desired, as it is not absolutely necessary that the features should exactly fill the cut profiles in the card-board. The eyes are always closed, and a little chalk should be rubbed on the eyelids just before the face is shown to the spectators.

The frames may be placed between thick window-curtains draped above and below them; this will save the trouble of a black curtain, as the performers can stand in the window behind the curtain. The best manner of lighting them is from the top; and when the room has no chandelier, a lamp can be held at the left side as high as can be done conveniently by a person who stands upon a chair or short step-ladder.



## BENNY'S HORSE.

BY MARY CATHERINE LEE.

ONE day, when Benny was a very little boy, his mother went on a shopping excursion to New Haven, and left him in the rather slippery care of Florilla, her "help." That day made a very miscellaneous and highly-seasoned chapter in Benny's history. It began with a fine little conflagration, produced without much trouble by Benny himself, who took a box of matches into the wood-shed, while the worldly-minded Florilla had gone upstairs a minute to "do up" her hair and otherwise re-arrange her toilet, with a view of presenting a creditable appearance when 'Bijah should come in with the milk and vegetables which he brought over every day from Grandma Potter's farm. Florilla, smelling smoke, rushed down the dark, crooked back staircase, and fell into the kitchen with a sprained wrist and a painfully bruised head. 'Bijah, happily arriving at that extreme moment, hardly knew which to do first—spank Benny, pick up Florilla, or put out the fire. He began with the fire, however; and the Breese house was saved,—excepting the wood-shed,—Florilla was consoled, and Benny was put to bed, as the place most conducive to repentance, whence he made Florilla's aching head ring again with his roaring expostulations. It will hardly be believed that one day could hold so many disasters; but it is perfectly true that the same afternoon a furious thunder-storm came up, during which Florilla and Benny endured agonies of fear, the horse broke through the barn floor, and Mrs. Breese came home to find Florilla patiently and submissively expecting the end of the world to happen next.

"My land!" said Florilla, as she finished telling the story of the day to Mrs. Breese, "there has n't been such a time since the days of Pharo'. What-ever could 'a' made it come all at once?"

"I guess," said Benny, "God's gone to the city."

Mrs. Breese, with a mother's memory, laid up this little saying of Benny's, and was reminded of it at many a vexatious time as life went on.

One day, a year afterward, she felt especially inclined to think God must have gone to the city, for everything had gone wrong since the dawn, from her currant-jelly's determination not to "jell," and Florilla's having utterly demolished the alabaster Temple of Fame which glorified the parlor center-table, to Mr. Breese's coming home violently ill with malarial intermittent fever. It was also an hour past dinner-time and Benny had n't come.

"What could be the matter?" she wondered, as she stepped out on the piazza for the twentieth time, and gazed up the street in the hope of seeing her boy bounding along home. What she did really see was a boy shuffling and creeping along, with his head down, leading an animal of the horse species, whose head was still further down, and who looked very much inclined to go down altogether—universally—"right in his tracks," as she said to herself. As a prospective skeleton or a curiosity there was no fault to be found with him, but as a horse he had the faults of being lame and lean to a painful degree—of appearing, in short, to be entirely past his usefulness as a propelling power. What he seemed to want was to borrow some of that power, to get on with, and the boy who led him lent him that very freely, if frequent twitches at the halter were anything to the purpose.

"Hi! Git up! Come along there, you old thing!" shouted the boy, with plenty of twitches; and Mrs. Breese thought there was something familiar in those vociferous tones. Could it be her boy? *Could* it be—Yes, it was—Benny! Yet it did n't look like that blessed, ever-beaming boy. He had a singularly dubious and subdued expression; he manifested no delight whatever at the sight of his own mother, but, leading his remnant of a horse, he shuffled along into the yard, mutely protesting against association with the animal, and looking as if somebody was to blame for something.

"Why, whose old horse is that, Benny?" asked Mrs. Breese, with wonder and a desire for knowledge in every tone.

"He's mine," said Benny, not at all boastfully.

"Yours?"

"Yes, 'm."

"What *do* you mean, Benny?" she half gasped.

"Where did you get him?"

"I—I—bought him," said Benny, faintly, as if confessing his sins.

"*Bought* him!" repeated his mother. "What, that old rackabones! Bought him with what?"

"The money I was a-saving to buy the shot-gun," groaned Benny, the big tears starting to his eyes.

"Why, how much money did you have, pray?"

"Four dollars 'n' twenty-nine cents."

"And you bought a horse for *that*?"

"Bought him for three 'n' a half."

"But what *did* you want with such a poor, forlorn old thing, and what *are* you going to do with



him now you've got him?" asked Mrs. Breese, in a despairing tone.

"I *did* n't want him, 'n' I declare I don't know *what* to do with him," said Benny, weeping freely.

"Why, I don't understand you, Benny," said Mrs. Breese, so amazed that she sat down on the top step of the piazza, giving up the attempt to bear

her own weight and the weight of this great mystery at one and the same

time. There is n't room in our little barn for your horse. I should say, let him go and do what he pleases with himself,—only then he would suffer and be abused, I suppose, and he looks as if he had had enough of that, poor thing! We must manage to take care of him in some way until your father is well. But where *shall* we put him?"

"There's room enough in Grandma's barn, an' 'Bijah'd take care of him for me," said Benny.

"Well, hitch him to the old cherry-tree, give him something to eat, and come and get your own dinner. Oh, dear me! What *will* come next?"



BENNY'S HORSE.

time. "If you did n't want the creature, why *did* you buy him? *How* did you buy him?"

"I—I—I *bid* on him just for fun," said Benny, reluctantly, "a—and—and the man said he was mine."

"What man? Where is he?" inquired his mother, apparently indulging a wild hope that it might yet be possible to undo this fatal bargain.

"He was sellin' horses on the green; this was the last one he had. An' he's gone now—I—don't—know where."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what is to be done with the poor beast," said Mrs. Breese, with an accumulative sigh. "Here's your father sick. I can't say anything to *him* about it. *He'd* build a new barn for him, I suppose; the more woe-begone a creature is, the more worry he makes over it.

Benny hitched his property to an ancient cherry-tree that was a good match for him, and gave him some oats; and the way those oats were absorbed—the way that horse and those oats merged and blended and melted into each other—the way the horse went into the oats and the way the oats went into the horse—made Benny stand astonished.

When he and his own dinner had been similarly combined, Mrs. Breese said:

"Now, Benny, if you can get this animal over



to Grandma's, I think you'd better take him there and see if they'll keep him for you awhile, until Father's well and can dispose of him in some suitable way."

"Well," said Benny, "better put up plenty o' bread and butter for me, 'cause it'll be next week before I get to Grandma's with *him*."

"There 's nothing else to be done," said his mother; "and if you find it tedious, you'll be the more likely to keep away from horse auctions."

But when Benny unhitched his nag and started off with him, he found the oats had lent a small impetus, and the bundle of bones hipperty-hopped along about as fast as Benny wanted to walk, and they reached Grandma's in about fifty minutes. A mile in twenty-five minutes was a good record for that kind of a horse.

He heard a saw going "kzee-kzee-kzee-kzee-qrtrrrr," and concluded he should find 'Bijah officiating at the wood-pile, so he led his Rosinante around there, and came upon 'Bijah like a solemn vision. 'Bijah stopped his sawing with a jerk.

"Hullo!" said he; "whose racer hav' ye there, Benny?"

"He 's mine," said Benny. "I bought him at an auction."

He was n't going to let 'Bijah know how he had been taken in. He would put a bold face upon it, and let 'Bijah suppose that this particular horse was the very thing of all others in the world that he wanted.

"Sho!" said 'Bijah, looking the horse over with an eye partly shut, to get a very fine focus, and then looked Benny over with one of his noon-day smiles. "Why, it's very clever in ye, Benny, to stand there a-talkin' to *me*—you, the owner of a *hoss*. Mebby you've got money to lend?"

"No," said Benny, "I don't want to lend any money, but I'll lend you the horse."

"You *don't say!*" said 'Bijah, looking astounded and incredulous. "Why, you're *more 'n* clever, Benny!"

"Oh, I would n't lend him to every fellow, you know," said Benny, with a knowing grin. "But seein' it's you, 'Bijah, I'll let *you* have him for his keepin'."

'Bijah sat down on the saw-horse and roared with delight.

"Oh, dear me! You're a sharp un, Benny," he gasped. "You'll come out one o' those railroad chaps yet. What'd ye give for yer *hoss*?"

"I'm not going to tell what I gave for him," said Benny. "Where shall I put him, 'Bijah? I do n't know what to do with him, you see, an' I've *got* to keep him here."

"Oh, ho! that's a *hoss* of another color. Why, *we* have n't any place good enough for *him*,"

said 'Bijah, stepping up to the animal and making a critical examination of his "points"—(uncommonly sharp they were, and plenty of them). "He aint such an *old* *hoss* as he looks," he continued, examining his teeth. "Walk him round a little, Benny."

'Bijah watched the creature as he limped along, and then he lifted and examined one after another of the horse's feet.

"It's his off hind ankle," said he. "A sprain, I guess, an' he's got the scratches some; but ther's not so very much the matter with the beast, after all. Who under the canopy could have abused a *hoss* like that and let him run down so? Yes, I guess I'll take the loan of him, Benny, if your Grandma's willin'."

This was only a question of form, for Benny always did about as he pleased at Grandma's, and he and 'Bijah both knew very well that he could keep a four-in-hand turnout there if he chose. As a matter of course, therefore, Benny's horse was installed in the farm stable, and invited to a share of the oats and an interest in the pasture with the other horses—an invitation to which he responded with alacrity; and his interest in those things was so deep and vital as to make it a matter of positive indifference to him that those other horses laughed their derisive horse-laugh at his gaunt ugliness and ungainly gait. He sniffed a sniff of scorn with all the breath he could spare, and cared not a flip of his tail for social suffrage, but gave his whole undivided soul to oats and the juicy dainties of the pasture. 'Bijah, who, among other wonderful accomplishments, was a kind of horse-doctor, bathed his feet with a solution of copperas to cure the scratches, and bandaged his sprained ankle skillfully with wonderful liniment of his own manufacture, and the poor old horse sometimes felt like laughing himself; but he only smiled inwardly. It could n't exactly be said that he laughed in his sleeve, but he privately smiled at some things he knew which those other horses did n't know.

Benny, meantime, neither thought nor cared about the old nag. It was off his hands, and his interest, just then, was with Cap'n Gills's sloop, on which he was frequently invited to take a sail. All his spare time, therefore, was given to navigation. Mrs. Breese's anxiety about Mr. Breese made her also forget Benny's horse, but one morning she said:

"Your father's going to take a drive up to the farm this morning, Benny; he does n't feel very strong, and I guess you'd better drive for him. By the way, that old horse of yours is up there still; you'd better ask Father to look at him and see what it is best to do with him. It is really an imposition to have left him there all this while."



Mr. Breese also declared, when he heard about the horse, that his case must be attended to directly.

He and Benny drove into the barn when they reached Grandma's, and Benny called with a loud voice for 'Bijah; but no 'Bijah was to be found.

"The old horse 's here somewhere, I s'pose," said Benny, peering into the stalls, one after another. "No, he is n't, though. He 's out in the pasture, I guess."

"There 's an extra horse here, though," said Mr. Breese. "Here are Tom and Jim and Bill, and there 's another one besides. Is this your horse, Benny?"

"No, *sir*," said Benny; "my horse looked like that ladder there, stood up on pegs. This fellow 's a beauty—eh, Father?"

"Yes, he is a fine creature. But Grandma would scarcely buy a new horse, for she does n't need one. I wonder what he 's doing here?"

They found Grandma in her chintz-covered rocking-chair, just where Benny had always found her ever since he could remember, and she looked over the same silver-bowed spectacles, with the same serene smile, at "that boy Benny," who was never the same, but was bigger and louder and more out of bounds every time she saw him.

"I say, Grandma," began Benny, hardly waiting for the good-mornings and Grandma's kiss, "what horse is that out in the barn with your's?"

"Oh, it 's a horse we 're boarding for a friend of mine," said Grandma.

"What 's become of *my* old horse?" asked Benny, with a look of disgust; for, besides that beast's personal unloveliness, the thought of him always reminded Benny of the lost shot-gun.

"You 'll have to ask 'Bijah about him," said Grandma. "Ring the bell, and he 'll come."

Benny rang the bell with such vigor that 'Bijah came in breathless haste.

"Oh, it 's that hoss, is it?" said he, when Benny asked for his steed. "I thought it was fire, or tramps. Wall, Benny," he continued, with an anxious face, "I hope ye wont mourn much about that old hoss; he was n't very good-lookin', ye know, an' he was very lame."

"Oh, I don't care anything about him," said Benny, with a droll grimace, intended to express his low opinion of the animal. "If he 's dead, so much the better. Father said he was afraid he 'd have to be shot."

"But seein' that you want a hoss, Benny," pursued 'Bijah, "I 've got one that ye might like. Want to look at him?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," said Benny.

"I 'll bring him round to the south door; you wait there," said 'Bijah, taking Benny by the shoulders and turning him back to the house.

'Bijah went down to the barn, and returned leading a glossy chestnut animal, slender and clean-limbed, that carried his head complacently and pricked the turf daintily as he advanced. He looked like a lady's pet, and seemed as gentle as a kitten. To crown all, he was saddled with a fine new saddle. Benny's heart glowed with desire.

"Want to try him?" asked 'Bijah.

"Want to? *Want to?*" Benny's very soul leaped as he sprang into the saddle and moved off like a cavalier.

Mr. Breese came to the door and admired the horse and his boy. It was a fine sight to see them together. He felt that such a horse was made for such a boy. 'Bijah sustained his impression by saying:

"Jest the horse for Benny, eh?"

"Yes," said Mr. Breese, with a little sigh; "I wish I could afford such a horse as that for my boy."

Benny paused in his cantering and echoed the wish.

"Wall," said 'Bijah, answering Mr. Breese, "I reckon 't would n't be hard to buy him cheap. I heard the gentleman he belongs to sayin' he did n't care anythin' about him."

"Whom does he belong to?" asked Mr. Breese.

"A young man of the name of Benny Breese."

"What, *me?*" shouted Benny, catching his breath.

"How 's that?" asked Mr. Breese, in blank amazement.

"Why, you see," explained 'Bijah, "this Mr. Benny Breese brought a miser'ble, starved-to-death skeliton of a hoss here, so lame that every step was a miracle, an' he said we might have him for his keepin'."

"*This* is n't the horse?" exclaimed Mr. Breese, in a tone of astonishment.

"Wall, 't is an' 't is n't," said 'Bijah, with a discriminating squint. "I took the skeliton for a frame to start on, an' built up on it some, an' I think it looks consider'ble like a hoss now; don't it?"

"I should think so!" said Mr. Breese. "But, 'Bijah, the horse is yours. You 've built him up out of nothing."

"Sho!" said 'Bijah, with a modest wag of his head and a full blaze of smiling satisfaction on his honest face. "If that 's so, I 'll make a present of him to Benny."

Benny came down to the ground in a twinkling. "Oh, you dear old fellow, you!" said he, hugging 'Bijah around the waist. "But where 'd the saddle come from!"

"Oh, I brought it home to try," said 'Bijah. "I guess yer Pa 'n' yer Grandma 'll want you to hev a saddle."



Mr. Breese laughed, and said Benny must, of course, have a saddle.

"And the horse must have a name, I suppose," added he. "'Bijah, you ought to name your own work of art."

"I had to call him something," said 'Bijah. "I can't be a-talkin' to folks all the time and never call 'em by name, so I called him Gen'ral Putnam—Gen'ral Israel Putnam."

And General Israel Putnam he was from that day, and he and Benny Breese were the admired of all admirers as they pranced up and down the streets of Still Harbor. Every boy in town was devoured with envy, and every girl, when she read about "the princely youth" who, "just as the melancholy shades of eve were approaching," or "just as the rosy fingers of the dawn were about to gild the chambers of the east," was seen to "emerge from the gates of the castle seated upon a richly caparisoned palfrey," thought of Benny Breese.

When the morning of the Fourth of July arrived, it was thought to be very appropriate that General Israel Putnam should join in the celebration of the day. There was to be a gorgeous procession in the morning, a balloon ascension from the Green in the afternoon, and fire-works in the evening. The procession was decided to be the part of the programme in which General Putnam would figure best. Therefore, in due season, on the morning of the glorious day, the General—his mane garished with red, white, and blue ribbons, with bows of ribbons and knots and garlands of flowers bedecking him generally and profusely, and Benny Breese, in a brand-new jacket and trousers, with a button-hole bouquet and white cotton gloves—pranced down the street to the Green in a spirited way which thrilled every beholder, and took his place in the slowly forming procession as "The Spirit of 1876" (this was the centennial Fourth of July). The balance and offset to Benny was "The Spirit of 1776"—represented by a young farmer's boy, in cocked hat and knee-breeches, wearing the rusty sword with which one of his ancestors had cut down a British soldier in the Revolutionary battle of Still Harbor. These two were to ride side by side in the very head and front of the procession. An admiring crowd surrounded them. While the marshals of the day were getting into line the barouches bearing the dignitaries of the borough, and the chariots of school children, Benny sat looking about in a dignified way, accepting graciously the homage of all beholders. He noticed that that boy who was always getting above him in his class, who beat him at ball, and *owned a shot-gun*, stood in the dust at his feet. He observed that Miss Rose Roberts, who had a way of making him feel very clumsy

and low-spirited, was looking on from the piazza of her house, which stood on the Green. His father and mother, and especially his sister Fanny, would now see, he hoped, what a superior boy he was.

The files were formed, the marshals took their places beside the ranks, and the band started up.

The *band* started up, did I say? General Israel Putnam started up as well,—up, *up*, UP, on his hind legs, and Benny Breese went down, *down*, DOWN, and was soon keeping company in the dust with the unworthy boy who owned the shot-gun. A broad space soon cleared itself around General Putnam, who, greatly to the dishonor of his name, moved out of the procession, still on his hind legs, and began a regular motion, from side to side, forward and back, all the while gracefully waving his fore legs in the air, after the manner of the most approved trained circus horses. Benny arose and stood in the dust with the crowd.

Have you heard of the Spartan boy who, when a coal of fire dropped into his sleeve, let it remain there until it had burned a deep hole in his flesh, and made no sign, moved not a muscle? That boy had a rival in Benny as he stood and gazed on the General. Blank wonder kept him rooted in silence to the spot; but he was also a spunky boy, and clung to his dignity even when the owner of the shot-gun shouted, "The Down-spirit of '76!" Down he was, and somewhat down-spirited, too, but he held up his head and appeared to be the most absorbed and interested of all the spectators.

Apparently, General Putnam meant never to give up dancing until the band gave up playing. On, still on, went the jig, to the rare delight of every small boy and the amazement of their elders.

The procession moved on disregarded, but everybody elbowed and tiptoed, craned his neck or got up on a fence, to see the dancing horse.

Suddenly there was a misstep—an interference,—a something wrong,—and poor General Putnam reeled and came down with a gigantic flop upon the ground.

Then ensued confusion, made up of renewed efforts to see, shouts of derision, and exclamations of pity. The crowd closed around the poor horse until the sheriff made his appearance and drove it back, to let the animal get up if he could. With some help, he struggled to his feet, and stood there, the very picture of baffled ambition, of disgraceful failure—a meek and tousled-looking horse, at any rate. His knots and garlands gay were torn and awry. He was but the caricature of that noble steed which came caracoling and curveting down the street but an hour before.

Benny took him by his bridle, and led him limping slowly away.

The mystery of his former neglected condition



was explained. He had evidently been a part of some show, and when, from some cause or other, he had become unable to perform his feats without stumbling and failure, he had lost his value as a trained horse; his training made him unsafe for ordinary purposes; he was too "light" for a work-horse, and he had consequently been sold cheap to one person, and another, and had been variously neglected and abused, until he became the wreck of a horse that Benny "had bid on for fun."

Mrs. Breese declared that Benny should never ride that horse again—there was no knowing what the beast's immoral education would lead him to

do next. But Mr. Breese said, "Pshaw! nonsense! Benny must learn to stick to his horse, and keep away from the Still Harbor Brass Band."

Benny did learn to stick to his horse. I have seen him ride through the streets of Still Harbor standing as straight as a ramrod on that horse's back. It is generally believed that there is some mysterious, not to say uncanny, understanding between the two. They perform most wonderful maneuvers, but which really does the maneuvering nobody can find out. But Benny's neck is still unbroken, which is, and ever will be, the great Still Harbor mystery.



THE LITTLE BROTHER. —DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

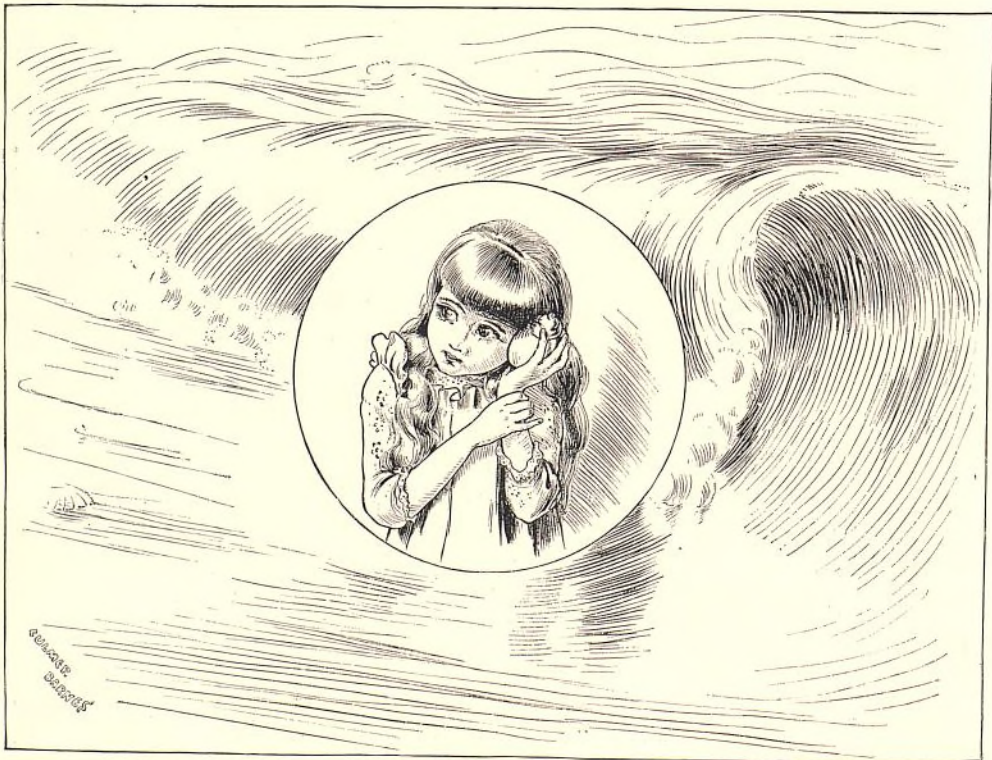


# "BOYS."

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

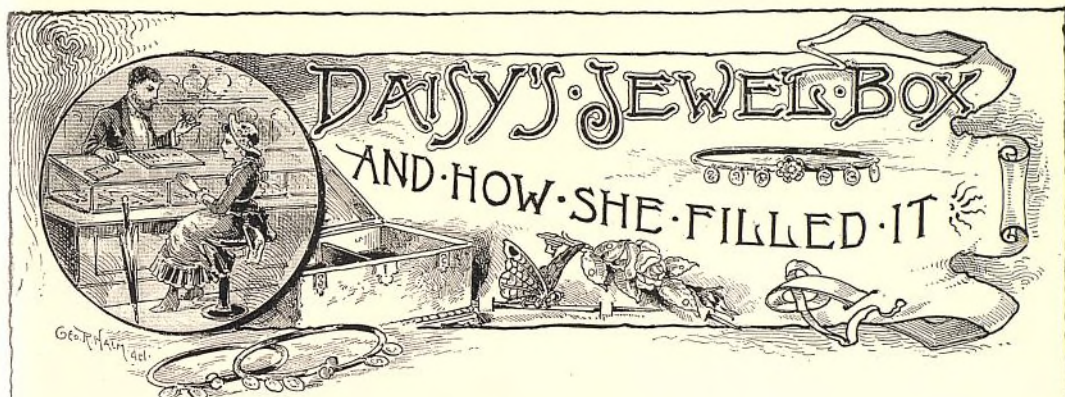
STURDY little farmer boy, tell me how you know When 't is time to plow the fields, and to reap and mow. Do the hens "with yellow legs" Scold you when you hunt for eggs? Do you drive the ducks to drink, waddling in a row? Do the pigs in concert squeal When you bring their evening meal? Tell me, little farmer boy, for I'd like to know.	Nimble little sailor boy, tell me how you know How to navigate your ship when the tempests blow. Do you find it pretty hard Clinging to the topsail yard? Don't you fear some stormy day overboard you'll go? Do they let you take a light- When you go aloft at night? Tell me, little sailor boy, for I'd like to know.
---	---

Little boys of every kind, tell me how you know  
That 't is time ere school begins rather ill to grow.  
Does the pain increase so fast  
That 't is terrible at last?  
Don't you quickly convalesce when too late to go?  
Do you think I am a dunce?  
Was n't I a school-boy once?  
Tell me, all you little boys, for I'd like to know.



LITTLE GIRL WITH THE SHELL: "WHY, IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE THE ROAR OF THE OCEAN!"





## NINTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"THERE'S plenty of time for another. Let the little folk go to bed, now that they've had their story, and then please bring out the next story, Auntie," cried Min, when all had listened with more interest than they would avow to the children's tale.

So the small people trotted off, much against their will, and this most obliging of aunts drew forth another manuscript, saying, as she glanced at several of her elder nieces, brave in the new trinkets Santa Claus had sent them:

"This is a story with a moral to it which the girls will understand; the boys can take naps while I read, for it will not interest them."

"If it shows up the girls, we shall like it," answered Geoff, as he composed himself to hear and enjoy the tale of

## DAISY'S JEWEL-BOX, AND HOW SHE FILLED IT.

"It would be perfectly delightful, and just what I long for, but I don't see how I *can* go with nothing fit to wear," said Daisy, looking up from the letter in her hand, with a face full of girlish eagerness and anxiety.

Mrs. Field set every fear at rest with a re-assuring smile, as she quietly made one of the sacrifices mothers think so small, when made for the dear creatures for whom they live.

"You shall go, dear; I have a little sum put by for an emergency. Twenty-five dollars will do a great deal, when tastes are simple and we do our own dress-making."

"But, Mother, that money was for your cloak. You need it so much I can't bear to have you give it up," said sober little Jane, the home-girl, who unlike her gay elder sister, never cared for visiting.

"Hush, dear; I can do very well with a shawl

over my old sack. Don't say a word to spoil Daisy's pleasure. She needs a change after this dull autumn, and she must be neat and nice."

Janey said no more, and fell to thinking what she had to offer Daisy; for both took great pride in the pretty girl, who was the queen among her young friends.

Daisy heard, but was so busy re-reading the letter that she took no notice then, though she recalled the words later.

"Come and pass the holidays with us. We all wish to see you, and Laura begs you will not disappoint her."

This was the invitation that came from Laura's mother; for the two girls had struck up a great friendship during the summer the city family passed in the little country town where Daisy lived. She had ardently hoped that Laura would not forget the charming plan, and now the cordial message came just when the season would be gayest in town.

"I suppose I must have the everlasting white muslin for a party dress, as that is the cheapest thing a girl can wear. A nun's-veiling is what I long for, but I'm afraid we can't afford it," she said, with a sigh, coming back from visions of city delights to the all-important question of dress.

"Yes, we can, and new ribbons, gloves, and slippers as well. You are so small that it does n't take much, and we can make it up ourselves. So run and collect all your little finery, while I go and do the shopping at once."

"You dearest of mothers! how you always manage to give me what I want, and smooth all my worries away. I'll be as good as gold, and bring you the best present I can find."



Daisy's grateful kiss warmed the dear woman's heart, and made her forget how shabby the old sack was, as she hastened away to spend the money carefully hoarded for the much-needed cloak.

Needles and fingers flew, and two days before Christmas, Daisy set out for the enchanted city, feeling very rich with the pretty new dress in her trunk and with five dollars for pocket money. It seemed a large sum to the country girl, and she planned to spend it all in gifts for mother and Janey, whose tired faces rather haunted her after she had caught the last glimpse of them.

Her reception was a warm one; for all the Vaughns were interested in the blooming little maiden they had found among the hills, and did their best to make her visit a pleasant one. The first day she was in a delightful sort of maze,—things were so splendid, gay and new; the second, she felt awkward and countrified, and wished she had not come. A letter from her mother on Christmas morning did her good, and gave her courage to bear the little trials that afflicted her.

"My clothes do look dowdy beside Laura's elegant costumes, though they seemed very nice at home; but my hair is n't red, and that's a comfort," she said to herself, as she dressed for the party that evening.

She could not help smiling at the bonny figure she saw in the long mirror, and wishing Mother and Janey could see the work of their hands in all its glory; for the simple white dress was very becoming, and her kind host had supplied her with lovely flowers for belt and bouquet.

But the smile faded as she took up her one ornament,—an antique necklace, given her by an old aunt. At home it was considered a very rare and beautiful thing, and Daisy had been rather proud of her old-fashioned chain till she saw Laura's collection of trinkets, the variety and brilliancy of which dazzled her eyes, and woke a burning desire in her to possess treasures of the same sort. It was some consolation to find that the most striking were not very expensive; and after poring over them with deep interest, Daisy privately resolved to buy as many as her five dollars would procure. These new ornaments could be worn during her visit, and serve as gifts when she went home; so the extravagance would not be so great as it seemed.

This purpose comforted her, as she put on the old necklace, which looked very dingy beside the Rhine-stones that flashed, the silver bangles that clashed, and the gilded butterflies, spiders, arrows, flowers, and daggers that shone on the young girls whom she met that evening. Their fine dresses she could not hope to imitate, but a pin and a pair of bracelets were possible, and she resolved to have them, if she had to borrow money to get home.

Her head was quite turned by this desire for the cheap trinkets which attract all feminine eyes nowadays; and when, among the pretty things that came to her from the Christmas-tree that night, she received a blue plush jewel-box, she felt that it was almost a duty to fill it as soon as possible.

"Is n't it a beauty? I never had one, and it is just what I wanted!" said Daisy, delightedly lifting the trayful of satin beds for pretty things, and pulling out the little drawer underneath, where the giver's card lay.

"I told papa a work-box or a fan would be better; but he liked this and he would buy it," explained Laura, who knew how useless it was to her friend.

"It was very kind of him, and I prefer the jewel-box to either of those. I've nothing but my old chain and a shabby little pin to put in it now, but I'll fill it in time," answered Daisy, whose eyes seemed to behold the unbought treasures already reposing on the dainty cushion.

"Real jewels are the best, my dear, for their worth and beauty are never lost. The tinsel that girls wear now is poor stuff, and money is thrown away in buying it," said Mrs. Vaughn, who overheard them and guessed the temptation which beset the young country girl.

Daisy looked conscious, but answered with a smile, and a hand on her necklace: "This old thing would n't look well in my pretty box, so I'll leave it empty till I can afford something better."

"But that antique chain is worth many mock diamonds; for it is genuine, and its age adds to its value. Lovers of such things would pay a good price for that and keep it carefully. So don't be ashamed of it, my dear,—though this pretty throat needs no ornament," added Mrs. Vaughn, hoping the girl would not forget the little lesson she was trying to give her.

Daisy did not; but when she went to bed, she set the jewel-box on the table where it would meet her eyes on her awakening in the morning, and then she fell asleep trying to decide that she would buy no baubles, since there were better things for which to spend her money.

Nothing more was said; but as the two girls went about the gay streets on various pleasant errands, Daisy never could pass the jewelers' windows without stopping to yearn over the trays full of enchanting ornaments. More than once, when alone, she went in to inquire the prices of these much-coveted trifles, and their cheapness made the temptation harder to resist. Certain things had a sort of fascination for her, and seemed to haunt her in an uncanny way, giving her no peace. A golden rose with a diamond drop of dew on its leaves bloomed in her very dreams; an en-



ameled butterfly flew before her as she walked, and a pair of silver bangles rattled in her ears like goblin castanets.

"I shall not be safe till I spend that money, so I might as well decide on something and be at peace," said poor Daisy, after some days of this girlish struggle; "I need n't buy anything for mother and Janey, for I can share my nice and useful presents with them; but I should like to be able to show the girls my lovely jewel-box with something pretty in it,—and I will! Laura need n't know anything about it, for I'm sure she'd think it silly, and so would her mother. I'll slip in now and buy that rose; it's only three dollars, and the other two will buy one *porte-bonheur*, or the dear butterfly."

Making her way through the crowd that always stood before the brilliant window, Daisy went in and demanded the rose; then, somewhat frightened by this reckless act, she paused, and decided to look farther before buying anything else. With a pleasant little flutter of the heart, as the pretty trinket was done up, she put her hand into her pocket to pay for it, and all the color died out of her cheeks when she found no purse there. In vain she pulled out handkerchief, keys, and pin-cushion; no sign of money was found but a ten-cent piece which had fallen out at some time. She looked so pale and dismayed that the shopman guessed her misfortune before she told it; but all the comfort he offered was the useless information that the crowded corner was a great place for pickpockets.

There was nothing to be done but to return the rose and go sadly home, feeling that fate was very cruel to snatch away this long-coveted happiness when so nearly won. Like the milk-maid who upset her pail while planning which ribbons would become her best, poor Daisy's dreams of splendor came to a sudden end; for instead of a golden rose, she was left with only ten cents, and not even a purse to put it in.

She went home angry, disappointed, and ashamed, but too proud to complain, though not able to keep the loss to herself; for it was a sad affair, and her face betrayed her in spite of her efforts to be gay.

"I know you were staring at the French diamonds in that corner store. I never can get you by there without a regular tug," cried Laura, when the tale was very briefly told.

"I can't help it; I'm perfectly fascinated by those foolish things, and I know I should have bought some; so it is as well that I lost my money, perhaps," answered Daisy, looking so innocently penitent and so frankly disappointed that Mr. Vaughn said kindly:

"So it is, for now I have a chance to complete my Christmas present. I was not sure it would suit, so I gave it empty. Please use this in buying some of the 'fascinating things' you like so well."

A bright ten-dollar gold piece was slipped into Daisy's hand, and she was obliged to keep it, in spite of all her protestations that she could live without trinkets, and did not need any money, as her ticket home was already bought. Mrs. Vaughn added a nice little purse, and Laura advised her to keep the lone ten-cent piece for a good-luck penny.

"Now I can do it with a free mind, and fill my box as Mr. Vaughn wishes me to. Wont it be fun?" thought Daisy, as she skipped upstairs after dinner, a load of care lifted from her spirits.

Laura was taking a music lesson, so her guest went to the sewing-room to mend the facing of her dress, which some one had stepped on while she stood in that fatal crowd. A seamstress was there, sewing as if for a wager, and while Daisy stitched her braid, she wondered if there were any need of such haste; for the young woman's fingers seemed to fly, a feverish color was in her cheeks, and now and then she sighed as if tired or worried.

"Let me help, if you are in a hurry, Miss White. I can sew fast, and know something of dress-making. Please let me. I'd love to do anything for Mrs. Vaughn, she is so kind to me," said Daisy, when her small job was done, lingering to make the offer, though an interesting book was waiting in her room.

"Thank you, I think I can get through by dark. I do want to finish, for my Mother is sick, and needs me as well as the money," answered the needle-woman, pausing to give the girl a grateful smile, then stitching away faster than ever.

"Then I must help. Give me that sleeve to sew up, and do you rest a little. You look dreadfully tired, and you've been working all day," insisted Daisy.

"That's very kind, and it would be a great help, if you really like it," answered Miss White, with a sigh of relief, as she handed over the sleeve, and saw how heartily and helpfully Daisy fell to work.

Of course, they talked; for the friendly act opened both hearts, and did both girls good. As the younger listened to the little story of love and labor, the gold burned in her pocket, and tinsel trinkets looked very poor beside the sacrifices so sweetly made by this good daughter for the feeble mother whose comfort and support she was.

"Our landlord has raised the rent, but I can't move now, for the cold and the worry would kill Mother; so I'm tugging away to pay the extra money, or he will turn us out, I'm afraid."

"Why don't you tell Mrs. Vaughn? She helps every one, and loves to do it."



"So she does, bless her! She has done a deal for us, and that's why I can't ask for more. I won't beg while I can work, but worry wears on me, and if I break down, what *will* become of Mother?"

Poor Mary shook the tears out of her eyes, for daylight was going, and she had no time to cry; but Daisy stopped to wonder how it would seem to be in her place, "tugging away" day after day to keep a roof over mother. It made her heart ache to think of it, and sent her hand to her pocket with a joyful sense of power; for alms-giving was a new pleasure, and Daisy felt very rich.

"I've had a present to-day, and I'd love dearly to share it with you, if you would n't mind. I shall only waste it, so do let me send it to your mother in any shape you like," she said, in a timid, but very earnest way.

"O Miss Field! I could n't do it! you are too kind; I never thought of hinting"—began Mary, quite overcome by this unexpected proposal.

Daisy settled the matter by running away to the study, where Mr. Vaughn was napping, to ask him if he would give her two fives for the gold piece.

"Ah! the fascination is at work, I see; and we can't wait till Monday to buy the pretty things. Girls will be girls, and must sow their innocent wild oats I suppose. Here, my dear; beware of pickpockets, and good luck to the shopping," said the old gentlemen, as he put two crisp bills into her hands, with a laugh.

"Pickpockets won't get this, and I *know* my shopping will prosper now," answered Daisy, in such a happy tone that Mr. Vaughn wondered what plan was in the girl's head to make her look so sweet and glad.

She went slowly upstairs, looking at the two bills, which did not seem half so precious as when in the shape of gold.

"I wonder if it would be very extravagant to give her all of it. I shall do some silly thing if I keep it. Her boots were very thin, and she coughs, and if she is sick it will be dreadful. Suppose I give her five for herself, and five for her mother. I'd love to feel rich and generous for once in my life, and give real help."

The house was very still, and Daisy paused at the head of the stairs to settle the point, little dreaming that Mrs. Vaughn had heard the talk in the sewing-room, and saw her as she stood thoughtfully staring at the two bits of paper in her hand.

"I should n't feel ashamed if Mrs. Vaughn found me out in this, but I should never dare to let her see my bangles and pins, if I should buy them. I know she thinks them silly, especially so for me. She said she hoped I'd set a good exam-

ple to Laura, in the way of simplicity and industry. I liked that, and Mother 'll like it, too. But then, my jewel-box! All empty, and such a pretty thing.—Oh, dear, I wish I could be wise and silly at the same time!"

Daisy sighed, and took a few more steps, then smiled, pulled out her purse, and taking the ten-cent piece, tossed it up, saying, "Heads, Mary; tails, myself."

Up flew the bright little coin, and down it came with the goddess of liberty uppermost.

"That settles it; she shall have the ten, and I'll be content with the old chain for all my jewelry," said Daisy aloud; and looking much relieved, she danced away, leaving the unsuspected observer to smile at her girlish mode of deciding the question, and to rejoice over the generous nature unspoiled as yet.

Mrs. Vaughn watched her young guest with new interest during the next few days; for certain fine plans were in her mind, and every trifle helped the decision for or against.

Mary White went smiling home that night to rejoice with her feeble mother over the help that came so opportunely and so kindly.

Daisy looked as if her shopping *had* prospered wonderfully, though the old necklace was the only ornament she wore; and those who saw her happy face at the merry-making thought that she needed no other. She danced as if her feet were as light as her heart, and enjoyed that party more than the first; for no envy spoiled her pleasure, and a secret content brightened all the world to her.

But the next day she discovered that temptation still had power over her, and she nearly spoiled her first self-conquest by the fall which is very apt to come after a triumph, as if to show us how hard it is to stand fast, even when small allurements get in our way.

She broke the clasp of the necklace, and Mrs. Vaughn directed her to a person who mended such things. The man examined it with interest, and asked its history. Daisy very willingly told all she knew, inquiring if it was really valuable.

"I'd give twenty-five dollars for it any time. I've been trying to get one to go with a pair of ear-rings I picked up, and this is just what I want. Of course, you don't care to sell it, miss?" he asked, glancing at Daisy's simple dress and rather excited face, for his offer had fairly startled her.

She was not sufficiently worldly-wise to see that the jeweler wanted it enough to give more for it, nor to make a good bargain for herself. Twenty-five dollars seemed a vast sum, and she only paused to collect her wits before she answered eagerly:

"Yes, I *should* like to sell it; I've had it so long, that I'm tired of it, and it's all out of fashion.



Mrs. Vaughn told me some people would be glad to get it, because it is genuine. Do you really think it is worth twenty-five dollars?"

"It's old, and I shall have to tinker it up; but it matches the ear-rings so well, I am willing to pay well for it. Will you take the money now, Miss, or think it over and call again?" asked the man, more respectfully, after hearing Mrs. Vaughn's name.

"I'll take it now, if you please. I shall leave town in a day or two, and may not have time to call again," said Daisy, taking a half-regretful look at the chain, as the man counted out the money.

Holding it fast, she went away, feeling that this unexpected fortune was a reward for the good use she had made of her gold piece.

"Now I can buy some really valuable ornament, and wear it without being ashamed. What shall it be? No tinsel for me this time;" and she walked by the attractive shop-window with an air of lofty indifference, for she really was getting over her first craze for that sort of thing.

Feeling as if she possessed the power to buy real diamonds, Daisy turned toward the great jewelers, pausing now and then to look for some pretty gift for Janey, to be bought with her own money.

"What can I get for Mother? She never owns that she needs anything, and goes shabby so I can be fine. I could get some of those fine, thick stockings; hers are all darns,—but they might not fit. Flannel is useful, but it is n't a pretty present. What *does* she need most?"

As Daisy stopped before a great window, full of all manner of comfortable garments, her eye fell on a fur-lined cloak marked "\$25." It seemed to answer her question like a voice, and as she looked at it she heard again the words:

"But, Mother, that money was for your cloak. You need it so much—"

"Hush, dear; I can do very well with a shawl over the old sack. Don't say a word to spoil Daisy's pleasure."

"How could I forget that! What a selfish girl I am, to be thinking of jewelry, when that dear, good Mother has n't a cloak to her back. Daisy Field, I'm ashamed of you! Go in and buy that nice warm one at once, and don't let me hear of that ridiculous box again."

After this little burst of remorse and self-reproach, Daisy took another look; and prudence suggested asking the advice of some more experienced shopper than herself, before making so important a purchase. As if the fates were interested in settling the matter at once, while she stood undecided Mary White came down the street, with a parcel of work in her hands.

"Just the person! The Vaughns need n't know anything about it; and Mary is a good judge."

It was pleasant to see the two faces brighten as the girls met; rather comical to watch the deep interest with which one listened and the other explained; and beautiful to hear the grateful eagerness in Mary's voice, as she answered cordially:

"Indeed, I will! You've been so kind to my Mother, there's nothing I would n't be glad to do for yours."

So in they went, and after due consideration, the cloak was bought and ordered home,—both girls feeling that it was a little ceremony full of love and good-will; for Mary's time was money, yet she gave it gladly, and Daisy's purse was left empty of all but the good-luck penny, which was to bring still greater happiness in unsuspected ways.

Another secret was put away in the empty jewel-box, and the cloak hidden in Daisy's trunk; for she felt shy of telling her little business transactions, lest the Vaughns should consider her extravagant. But the thought of her mother's surprise and pleasure warmed her heart, and made the last days of her visit the happiest. Being a mortal girl, she did give a sigh as she tied a bit of black velvet around her white throat, instead of the necklace, which seemed really a treasure now that it was gone; and she looked with great disfavor at the shabby little pin, worn where she had fondly hoped to see the golden rose. She put a real rose in its place, and never knew that her own fresh, happy face was as lovely; for the thought of the two mothers made comfortable by her was better than all the pearls and diamonds that fell from the lips of the good girl in the fairy tale.

"Let me help you pack your trunk; I love to cram things in, and dance on the lid when it wont shut," said Laura, joining her friend next day, just as she had well hidden the cloak-box under a layer of clothes.

"Thank you, I've almost finished, and rather like to fuss over my own things in my own way. You wont mind if I give this pretty box of handkerchiefs to Mother, will you, dear? I have so many things, I must go halves with some one. The muslin apron and box of bonbons are for Janey, because she can't wear the gloves, and this lovely *jabot* is too old for her," said Daisy, surveying her new possessions with girlish satisfaction.

"Do what you like with your own. Mamma has a box of presents for your mother and sister. She is packing it now, but I don't believe you can get it in; your trunk seems to be so full. This must go in a safe place, or your heart will break," and Laura took up the jewel-box, adding with a laugh, as she opened it, "you have n't filled it, after all! What did you do with papa's gold piece?"

"That's a secret. I'll tell some day, but not



yet," said Daisy, diving into her trunk to hide the color in her cheeks.

"Sly thing! I know you have silver spiders and filagree racquets, and Rhine-stone moons and stars stowed away somewhere and wont confess it. I wanted to fill this box, but Mamma said you'd do it better yourself, so I let it alone; but I was afraid you'd think I was very selfish to have a pin for every day in the month and never give you one," said Laura, as she looked at the single little brooch reposing on the satin cushion. "Where's your chain?" she added, before Daisy could speak.

"It is safe enough. I'm tired of it, and don't care if I never see it again." And Daisy packed away, and laughed as she smoothed the white dress in its tray, remembering that it was paid for by the sale of the old necklace.

"Give it to me, then. I like it immensely; it's so odd. I'll exchange for anything of mine you choose. Will you?" asked Laura, who seemed bent on asking inconvenient questions.

"I shall have to tell, or she will think me ungrateful," thought Daisy, not without a pang of regret even then, for Laura's offer was a generous one.

"Well, like George Washington, 'I can not tell a lie'; so I must confess that I sold it, and spent the money for something I wanted very much,—not jewelry, but something to give away," she said.

Daisy was spared further confessions by the entrance of Mrs. Vaughn, with a box in her hand.

"I have room for something more. Give me that, Laura, it will just fit in;" and taking the little jewel-box, she added, "Mary White wishes you to try on your dress, Laura. Go at once; I will help Daisy."

Laura went, and her mother stood looking down at the kneeling girl with an expression of affectionate satisfaction which would have puzzled Daisy, had she seen it.

"Has the visit been a pleasant one, my dear?"

"Oh, very! I can't thank you enough for the good it has done me. I hope I can pay a little of the debt next summer, if you come our way again," cried Daisy, looking up with a face full of gratitude.

"We shall probably go to Europe for the summer. Laura is of a good age for it now, and we all shall enjoy it."

"How delightful! We shall miss you very much, but I'm glad you are going, and I hope Laura will find time to write me now and then. I shall want to know how she likes the 'foreign parts' we've talked about so much."

"You *shall* know. We shall not forget you, my dear," and with a caressing touch on the smiling

yet wistful face upturned to hers, Mrs. Vaughn went away to pack the empty jewel-box, leaving Daisy to drop a few irrepressible tears on the new gown, over the downfall of her summer hopes, and the longings all girls feel for that enchanted world that lies beyond the sea.

"We shall see you before we go, so we wont gush now," said Laura, as she bade her friend good-bye, adding in a whisper, "Some folk can have secrets as well as other folk, and be as sly. So don't think you have all the fun to yourself, you dear, good, generous darling."

Daisy looked bewildered, and Mrs. Vaughn added to her surprise by kissing her very warmly as she said: "I wished to find a good friend for my spoiled girl, and I think I have succeeded."

There was no time for explanation, and all the way home Daisy kept wondering what they meant. But she forgot everything when she saw the dear faces beaming at the door, and ran straight into her mother's arms, while Janey hugged the trunk till her turn came for something better.

When the first raptures were over, out came the cloak; and Daisy was well repaid for her little trials and sacrifices when she was folded in it as her mother held her close, and thanked her as mothers only can. Sitting in its soft shelter, she told all about it, and coming to the end said, as she took up the jewel-box, unpacked with the other generous gifts: "I have n't a thing to put in it, but I shall value it because it taught me a lesson which I hope I never shall forget. See how pretty it is!" and opening it, Daisy gave a cry of surprise and joy, for there lay the golden rose, with Laura's name and "*Sub rosa*" on a slip of paper.

"The dear thing! she knew I wanted it, and that is what she meant by 'secrets.' I'll write and tell her mine to-morrow."

"Here is something more," said Janey, who had been lifting the tray while her sister examined the long-desired flower.

A pair of real gold bangles shone before her delighted eyes, and a card in Mr. Vaughn's handwriting bore these words: "Handcuffs for the thief who stole the pocket-book."

Daisy hardly had time to laugh gayly at the old gentleman's joke, when Janey cried out, as she opened the little drawer, "Here's another!"

It was a note from Mrs. Vaughn, but all thought it the greatest treasure of the three, for it read:

"DEAR DAISY,—Mary told me some of your secrets, and I found out the others. Forgive me and go to Europe with Laura, in May. Your visit was a little test. You stood it well, and we wish to know more of you. The little box is not quite empty, but the best jewels are the self-denial, sweet charity, and good sense you put in yourself.

"Your friend,

A. V."



## HISTORIC BOYS.\*

BY E. S. BROOKS.

## VIII.

BRIAN OF MUNSTER: THE BOY CHIEFTAIN.  
A. D. 927-1014.

[Afterward Brian Boru, King of Ireland.]



INTO that picturesque and legend-filled section of Ireland now known as the County Clare, where over rocks and boulders the Shannon, "noblest of Irish rivers," rushes down past Killaloe and Castle Connell to Limerick and the sea, there rode one fair summer morning, many, many years ago, a young Irish lad. The skirt of his parti-colored *lenn*, or kilt, was richly embroidered and fringed with gold; his *inar*, or jacket, close-fitting and silver-trimmed, was open at the throat, displaying the embroidered *lenn* and the twisted collar of gold about his sturdy neck, while a deep purple scarf, held the jacket at the waist. A gleaming, golden brooch secured the long plaid shawl, that drooped from his left shoulder; broad bracelets encircled his bare and curiously tattooed arms, and from an odd-looking golden spiral at the back of his head his thick and dark-red hair fell in flowing ringlets upon his broad shoulders. Raw-hide shoes covered his feet, and his bronze shield and short war-ax hung conveniently from his saddle of skins. A strong guard of pikemen and gallowglasses, or heavy-armed footmen, followed at his pony's heels, and seemed an escort worthy a king's son.

A strong-limbed, cleanly-built lad of fifteen was this sturdy young horseman, who now rode down to the Ath na Borumma, or Ford of the Tribute, just above the rapids of the Shannon, near the town of Killaloe. And as he reined in his pony, he turned and bade his herald, Cogoran, sound the trumpet-blast. It was to announce to the Clan of Cas the return, from his years of fosterage, of the young *flaith*, or chieftain, Brian, the son of Kennedy, King of Thomond.

But ere the strong-lunged Cogoran could wind his horn, the hearts of all the company grew numb

with fear as across the water the low, clear strains of a warning-song sounded from the haunted gray-stone,—the mystic rock of Carrick-lee, that overhung the tumbling rapids:

"Never yet for fear of foe,  
By the ford of Killaloe,  
Stooped the crests of heroes free—  
Sons of Cas by Carrick-lee.

"Falls the arm that smites the foe,  
By the ford of Killaloe;  
Chilled the heart that boundeth free,  
By the rock of Carrick-lee.

"He who knows not fear of foe,  
Fears the ford of Killaloe;  
Fears the voice that chants his dree,  
From the rock of Carrick-lee."

Young Brian was full of the superstition of his day—superstition that even yet lives amid the simple peasantry of Ireland, and peoples rocks, and woods, and streams with good and evil spirits, fairies, sprites, and banshees; and no real, native Irish lad could fail to tremble before the mysterious song. Sorely troubled, he turned to Cogoran inquiringly, and that faithful retainer said in a rather shaky voice:

"'T is your warning-song, O noble young chief! 't is the voice of the banshee of our clan—of Carrick-lee."

Just then from behind the haunted gray-rock a fair young girl appeared, tripping lightly across the large stepping-stones that furnished the only means of crossing the ford of Killaloe.

"See—see!" said Cogoran, grasping his young lord's arm; "she comes for thee. 'T is thy doom, O Master!"

"So fair a ghost should bring me naught of grief," said young Brian stoutly enough, though it must be confessed his heart beat fast and loud. "O Spirit of the Waters!" he exclaimed, "O banshee of Clan Cas! why thus early in his life dost thou come to summon the son of Kennedy the King?"

The young girl turned startled eyes upon the group of armed and warlike men, and grasping the skirt of her white and purple *lenn*, turned as if to flee,—when Cogoran, with a loud laugh, cried out:

"Now, fool and double fool am I,—fit brother to Sitric the blind! Why, 't is no banshee, O noble young chief, 't is but thy foster-sister, Eimer, the daughter of Conor, Eimer the golden-haired!"

\* Copyright, 1883, by E. S. Brooks. All rights reserved.



"Nay, is it so?" said Brian, greatly relieved. "Come to us, maiden; come to us," he said. "Fear nothing; 't is but Brian, thy foster-brother, returning to his father's home."

The girl swiftly crossed the ford and bowed her golden head in a vassal's welcome to the young lord.

"Welcome home, O brother," she said. "Even now, my lord, thy father awaits the sound of thy horn as he sits in the great seat beneath his kingly shield. And I——"

"And thou, maiden," said Brian, gayly, "thou

and the band of welcomers, headed by Mahon, Brian's eldest brother, rode out to greet the lad.

Nine hundred years ago the tribe of Cas was one of the most powerful of the many Irish clans. The whole of Thomond, or North Munster, was under their sway. When the clans of Munster gathered for battle, it was the right of the Clan of Cas to lead in the attack, and to guard the rear when returning from any invasion. It gave kings to the throne of Munster, and valiant leaders in warfare with the Danes who in the tenth century poured their hosts into Ireland, conquering and destroying. At the



BRIAN MEETS EIMER OF THE GOLDEN HAIR.

must needs lurk behind the haunted rock of Carrick-lee, to freeze the heart of young Brian at his home-coming, with thy banshee-song."

Eimer of the golden hair laughed a ringing laugh. "Say'st thou so, Brother?" she said. "Does the 'Scourge of the Danes' shrink thus at a maiden's voice?"

"Who calls me the 'Scourge of the Danes'?" asked Brian.

"So across the border do they say that the maidens of King Callaghan's court call the boy Brian, the son of Kennedy," the girl made answer.

"Who faces the Danes, my sister, faces no tender foe," said Brian, "and the court of the king of Cashel is no ladies' hall in these hard-striking times.—But wind thy horn, Cogoran, and cross we the ford to greet the king, my father."

Loud and clear the herald's call rose above the rush of the rapids, and as the boy and his followers crossed the ford, the gates of the palace, or *dun*, of King Kennedy of Thomond were flung open,

period to which our sketch refers, the head of this powerful clan was Cennedigh, or Kennedy, King of Thomond. His son Brian had, in accordance with an old Irish custom, passed his boyhood in "fosterage" at the Court of Callaghan, King of Cashel, in East Munster. Brought up amid warlike scenes, where battles with the Danish invaders were of frequent occurrence, young Brian had now at fifteen completed the years of his fosterage, and was a lad of strong and dauntless courage, cool and clear-headed, and a firm foe of Ireland's scourge—the Danes.

The feast of welcome was over. The bards had sung their heroic songs to the accompaniment of the *cruot*, or harp; the fool had played his pranks, and the juggler his tricks, and the chief bard, who was expected to be familiar with "more than seven times fifty stories great and small," had given the best from his list; and as they sat thus in the great hall of the long, low-roofed house of hewn oak that scarcely rose above the stout



earthen ramparts that defended it, swift messengers came bearing news of a great gathering of Danes for the ravaging of Munster and the plundering of the Clan of Cas.

"Thou hast come in right fitting time, O son!" said Kennedy the King. "Here is need of strong arms and stout hearts. How say ye, noble lords and worthy chieftain? Dare we face in fight this, so great a host?"

But as chiefs and counselors were discussing the king's question, advising fight or flight as they deemed wisest, young Brian sprang into the assembly, war-ax in hand.

"What, fathers of Clan Cas," he cried, all aflame with excitement, "will ye stoop to parley with hard-hearted pirates—ye, who never brooked injustice or tyranny from any king of all the kings of Erin—ye, who never yielded even the leveret of a hare in tribute to a Dane! 'Tis for the Clan of Cas to demand tribute,—not to pay it! Summon our vassals to war. Place me, O King, my father, here at the Ford of the Tribute and bid me make test of the lessons of my fostership. Know ye not how the boy champion, Cuchullin of Ulster, held the ford for five long days against all the hosts of Connaught? What boy hath done, boy may do. Death can come but once!"

The lad's impetuous words fired the whole assembly, the gillies and retainers caught up the cry and, with the wild enthusiasm that has marked the quick-hearted Irishman from Brian's day to this, "they all," so says the record, "kissed the ground and gave a terrible shout." Beacon fires blazed from cairn and hill-top, and from "the four points," from north and south and east and west, came the men of Thomond rallying around their chieftains on the banks of Shannon.

With terrible ferocity the Danish hosts fell upon Ireland. From Dublin to Cork the coast swarmed with their war-ships and the land echoed the tramp of their swordmen. Their chief blow was struck at "Broccan's Brake" in the County Meath, and "on that field," says the old Irish record, "fell the kings and chieftains, the heirs to the crown, and the royal princes of Erinn." There fell Kennedy the King and two of his stalwart sons. But at the Ford of the Tribute, Brian, the boy chieftain, kept his post and hurled back again and again the Danes of Limerick as they swarmed up the valley of the Shannon to support their countrymen on the plains of Meath.

The haunted gray-stone of Carrick-lee, from which Brian had heard the song of the supposed banshee, rose sharp and bold above the rushing waters; and against it and around it Brian and his followers stood at bay battling against the Danish hosts. "Ill-luck was it for the foreigner," says

the record, "when that youth was born—Brian, the son of Kennedy." In the midst of the fight at the ford, around from a jutting point of the rock of Carrick-lee, a light shallop came speeding down the rapids. In the prow stood a female figure, all in white, from the gleaming golden *lann*, or crescent, that held her flowing veil, to the hem of her gracefully falling *lenn*, or robe. And above the din of the strife a clear voice sang:

"First to face the foreign foe,  
First to strike the battle blow;  
Last to turn from triumph back,  
Last to leave the battle's wrack;  
Clan of Cas shall victors be  
When they fight at Carrick-lee,"

It was, of course, only the brave young Eimer of the golden hair bringing fresh arms in her shallop to Brian and his fighting-men; but as the sun, bursting through the clouds, flashed full upon the shining war-ax which she held aloft, the superstitious Danes saw in the floating figure the "White Lady of the Rapids," the banshee, the fairy guardian of the Clan of Cas. Believing, therefore, that they could not prevail against her powerful aid, they turned and fled in dismay from the river and the haunted rock.

But fast upon young Brian's victory came the tearful news of the battle of Broccan's Brake and the defeat of the Irish kings. Of all the brave lad's family only his eldest brother Mahon escaped from that fatal field; and now he reigned in place of Kennedy, his father, as King of Thomond. But the victorious Danes overran all southern Ireland, and the brothers Mahon and Brian found that they could not successfully face in open field the hosts of their invaders. So they left their mud-walled fortress-palace by the Shannon, and with "all their people and all their chattels" went deep into the forests of Cratloe and the rocky fastnesses of the County Clare; and there they lived the life of robber chieftains, harassing and plundering the Danes of Limerick and their recreant Irish allies, and guarding against frequent surprise and attack. But so hazardous and unsettled a life was terribly exhausting, and "at length each party of them became tired of the other," until finally King Mahon made peace and truce with the Danes of Limerick.

But "Brian the brave" would make no truce with a hated foe. "Tell my brother," he said, when messengers brought him word of Mahon's treaty, "that Brian, the son of Kennedy, knows no peace with foreign invaders, and though all others yield and are silent, yet will I never!"

And with this defiance the boy chieftain and "the young champions of the tribe of Cas" went deeper into the woods and fastnesses of County



Clare, and for months kept up a fierce guerilla warfare. The Danish tyrants knew neither peace nor rest from his swift and sudden attacks. Much booty of "satins and silken cloths, both scarlet and green, pleasing jewels and saddles beautiful and foreign" did they lose to this active young chieftain, and much tribute of cows and hogs and other possessions did he force from them. So dauntless an outlaw did he become that his name struck terror from Galway Bay to the banks of Shannon and from Lough Derg to the Burren of Clare. To many an adventurous boy the free and successful outlaw life of this lad of nine centuries ago may seem alluring. But "life in the greenwood" had little romance for such old-time outlaws as Brian Boru and Robin Hood and their imitators. To them it was stern reality, and meant constant struggle and vigilance. They were outcasts and Ishmaels—"their hands against every man and every man's hand against them"—and though the pleasant summer weather brought many sunshiny days and starlit nights, the cold, damp, and dismal days took all the poetry out of this roving life, and sodden forests and relentless foes brought dreary and disheartening hours. Trust me, boys, this so-called "free and jolly life of the bold outlaw," which so many story-papers picture, whether it be in distant Ireland, nine hundred years ago, or in Sherwood Forest with Robin Hood, or with some "Buckeye Jim" on our own Montana hill-sides to-day, is not "what it is cracked up to be." Its attractiveness is found solely in those untruthful tales that give you only the little that seems to be sweet, but say nothing of the much that is so very, very harsh and bitter. Month by month the boy chieftain strove against fearful odds, day by day he saw his brave band grow less and less, dying under the un pitying swords of the Danes and the hardships of this wandering life, until of all the high-spirited and valiant comrades that had followed him into the hills of Clare only fifteen remained.

One chill April day, as Brian sat alone before the gloomy cave that had given him a winter shelter in the depths of the forests of Clare, his quick ear, well trained in wood-craft, caught the sound of a light step in the thicket. Snatching his ever-ready spear he stood on guard and demanded:

"Who is there?"

No answer followed his summons. But as he waited and listened, he heard the notes of a song, low and gentle, as if for his ear alone:

"Chieftain of the stainless shield,  
Prince who brooks no tribute fee;  
Ne'er shall he to pagan yield  
Who prevailed at Carrick-lee.  
Rouse thee, arm thee, hark and heed,  
Erin's strength in Erin's need."

"'Tis the banshee," was the youth's first thought. "The guardian of our clan urgeth me to speedier action."—And then he called aloud: "Who sings of triumph to Brian the heavy-hearted?"

"Be no longer Brian the heavy-hearted; be, as thou ever art, Brian the brave!" came the reply, and through the parting thicket appeared, not the dreamed vision of the banshee, but the fair young face of his foster-sister, Eimer of the golden hair.

"Better days await thee, Brian, my brother," she said; "Mahon the King bids thee meet him at Holy Isle. None dared bring his message for fear of the death-dealing Danes who have circled thee with their earth-lines. But what date not I do for so gallant a foster-brother?"

With the courtesy that marked the men of even those savage times, the boy chieftain knelt and kissed the hem of the daring little maiden's purple robe.

"And what wishes my brother, the king, O Eimer of the golden hair?" he said. "Knows he not that Brian has sworn never to bend his neck to the foreigner?"

"That does he know right well," replied the girl. "But his only words to me were: 'Bid Brian my brother take heart and keep this tryst with me, and the sons of Kennedy may still stand, unfettered, kings of Erin.'"

So Brian kept the tryst; and where near the southern shores of Lough Derg, the Holy Isle still lies all strewn with the ruins of the seven churches that gave it this name, the outlawed young chieftain met the king. Braving the dangers of Danish capture and death, he had come unattended to meet his brother.

"Where, O Brian, are thy followers?" King Mahon inquired.

"Save the fifteen faithful men that remain to me in the caves of Uin-Bloit," said the lad, "the bones of my followers rest on many a field from the mountains of Connaught to the gates of Limerick; for their chieftain, O my brother, makes no truce with the foe."

"Are there but fifteen left to thee!" said Mahon.

"Is it not the inheritance of the Clan of Cas to die for their honor and their homes?" demanded Brian. "So surely is it no honor in valorous men, my brother, to abandon without battle or conflict their father's inheritance to Danes and traitorous kings!"

The unyielding courage of the lad roused the elder brother to action, and, secretly but swiftly, he gathered the chiefs of the clan for council in the *dun* of King Mahon by the ford of Killaloe. "Freedom for Erin and death to the Danes!" cried they, as the voice of one man, says the record. Again the warning beacons flamed from cairn and



hill-top. In the shadow of the "Rock of Cashel" the banner of the ancient kings, the royal sunburst, was flung to the breeze, and clansmen and

the sharp ascent, there rode one day the herald of Ivar, the Danish king of Limerick. Through the gate-way of the palace he passed, and striding in-

to the audience-hall, spoke thus to Mahon the King :

"Hear, now, O King ! Ivar, the son of Sitric, King of Limerick and sole Over-lord of Munster, doth summon thee, his vassal, to give up to him this fortress of Cashel, to disperse thy followers, to send to him at Limerick, bounden with chains, the body of Brian the outlaw, and to render unto him tribute and hostage."

King Mahon glanced proudly out to where upon the ramparts fluttered the flag of Ireland.

"Say to Ivar, the son of Sitric," he said, "that Mahon, King of Thomond, spurns his summons, and will pay no tribute for his own inheritance. Tell thy master that the Clan of Cas defy his boastful words, and will show in battle which are lords of Erin."

"And tell thy master," said his brother, "that Brian the outlaw will come to Limerick not bound with chains, but to bind them."

The Danish power was strong and terrible, but the action of the two valiant brothers was swift and their example was inspiring. Clansmen and vassals flocked to their standard, and a great and warlike host gathered in old Cashel. Brian led them to battle, and near a willow forest, close to the present town of Tipperary, the opposing forces



"THE BOY CHIEFTAIN KNELT AND KISSED THE HEM OF THE MAIDEN'S ROBE."

vassals and allies rallied beneath its folds to strike one mighty blow for the redemption of Ireland.

In the county of Tipperary, in the midst of what is called "the golden valley," this remarkable "Rock of Cashel" looms up three hundred feet above the surrounding plain, its top, even now, crowned with the ruins of what were in Brian's day palace and chapel, turret and battlement and ancient tower. Beneath the rough archway of the triple ramparts at the foot of the rock, and up



met in a battle that lasted "from sunrise to mid-day." And the sun-burst streamed victorious over a conquered field, and the hosts of the Danes were routed. From Tipperary to Limerick, Brian pursued the flying enemy; and capturing Limerick, took therefrom great stores of booty and many prisoners.

And from the day of Limerick's downfall the star of Ireland brightened, as in battle after battle, Brian Boru,\* the wise and valiant young chieftain, was hailed as victor and deliverer from sea to sea.

But now he is a lad no longer, and the story of the boy chieftain gives place to the record of the valiant soldier and the able king. For upon the death of his brother Mahon, in the year 976, Brian became King of Thomond, of Munster, and Cashel. Then uniting the rival clans and tribes under his sovereign rule, he was crowned at Tara, in the year 1000, "Ard-righ," or "High King of Erinn." The reign of this great king of Ireland was peaceful and prosperous. He built churches, fostered learning, made bridges and causeways, and constructed a road around the coast of the whole kingdom. In his palace at Kincora, near the old *dun* of his father, King Kennedy, by the ford of Killaloe, he "dispensed a royal hospitality, administered a rigid and impartial justice, and so continued in prosperity for the rest of his reign, having been at his death thirty-eight years King of Munster and fifteen years sovereign of all Ireland."

So the boy chieftain came to be King of Ireland, and the story of his death is as full of interest and glory as the record of his boyish deeds. For

Brian grew to be an old, old man, and the Danes and some of the restless Irishmen whom he had brought under his sway revolted against his rule. So the "old king of nearly ninety years" led his armies out from the tree-shaded ramparts of royal Kincora, and meeting the enemy on the plains of Dublin, fought "his last and most terrible fight." It was a bloody day for Ireland; but though the aged king and four of his six sons, with eleven thousand of his followers, were slain on that fatal field, the Danes were utterly routed, and the battle of Clontarf freed Ireland forever from their invasions and tyrannies.

"Remember the glories of Brian the brave,  
Though the days of the hero are o'er;  
Though lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,  
He returns to Kincora no more!  
That star of the field, which so often has poured  
Its beam on the battle, is set;  
But enough of its glory remains on each sword  
To light us to victory yet!"

So sings Thomas Moore in one of his beautiful Irish melodies; and when hereafter you hear or read of Brian Boru, remember him not only as Ireland's greatest king, but also as the dauntless lad who held the ford at Killaloe, and preferred the privations of an outlaw's life to a disgraceful peace.

Kincora, the royal home of Brian the King, is now so lost in ruin that travelers can not tell the throne-room from the cow-house; Cashel's high rock is deserted and dismantled, and on the hill of Tara the palace of the ancient Irish kings is but a grass-grown mound. But time can not dim the shining record of the great king of Ireland, Brian Boru—Brian of Munster: the Boy Chieftain.

\* *Boru*, or *Borunha*, the tribute; therefore "Brian of the Tribute," or "of the Ford of the Tribute."

## FRÄULEIN MINA SMIDT GOES TO SCHOOL.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

FRÄULEIN MINA SMIDT was a good, sweet, and earnest-natured little girl. She lived in Tompkins Square, New York City, with her father and mother. She might have been called a learned girl, for she could speak German with her father and English with her playfellows and school-mates in the big breezy square, where she often went to play after school-hours. But she was not happy. Mina's mother kept house in the good old German way she had learned in Berlin before Mina was

born. Mina had helped her in various ways, yet she had never really kept house, nor had she so much as learned plain cooking. Her mother was very busy until late in the afternoon at a factory on Second Avenue, and, of course, her father was away all day at his work. Now, it happened occasionally that her mother was ill, and could not prepare the six o'clock dinner. Mina wished to do it, but really she did n't know how.

She tried to cook her father's dinner one day,



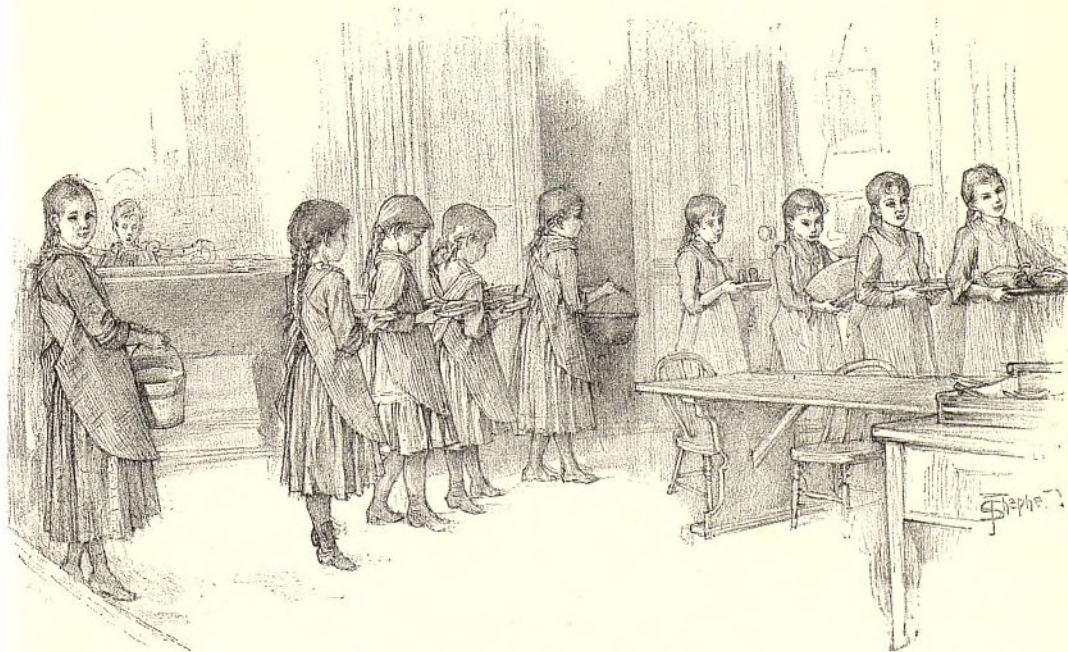
but it was a sorry affair. He did not say much about it. He only said that Mina was big enough "Have you been to the baker's?" asked Mina, rather dolefully, as Lizzy approached.



"SHE WENT OUT INTO THE PARK AND SAT DOWN TO CRY."

now to be a help to her mother. Feeling very badly about it, she went out in the park, and sat down upon one of the benches to cry. But

Lizzy smiled proudly, and answered: "Just feel of this bread. Look at the top crust and the bottom crust. I'd break off a piece for you,



THE MARCH INTO THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

in a few minutes another little girl, a friend of Mina's, named Lizzy Stoffholder, came hurrying along the broad walk. but I could n't break it till I've shown it to Mother."

"Much she will care to see it," laughed Mina.

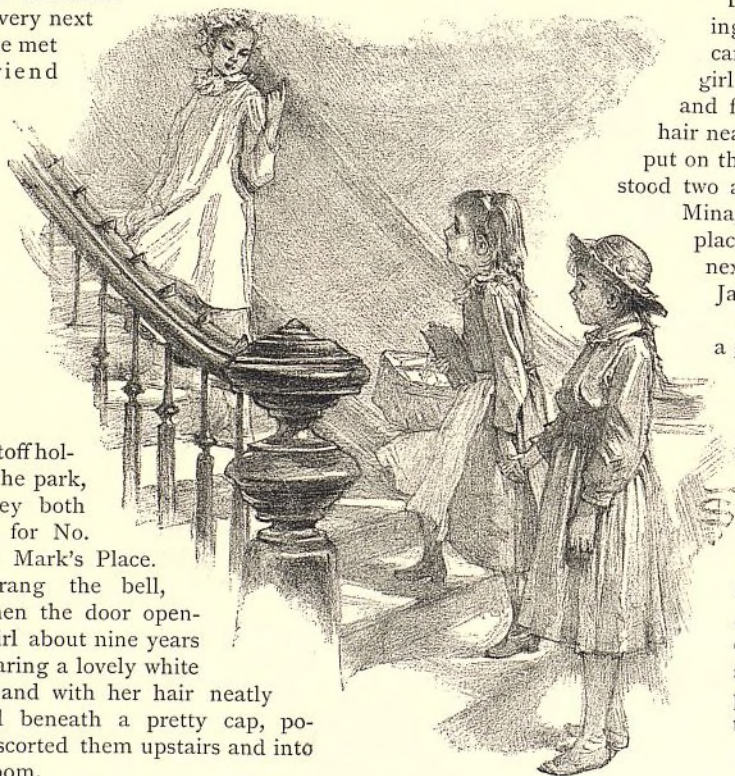


"She will; she will, indeed, for I made it, myself."

Lizzy Stoffholder could talk very rapidly, and in three minutes she had told Mina all about her making the bread, and about her having learned how to make it at a certain wonderful school near by.

"Oh, dear!" said Mina. "Do you suppose I could go to that school? Would they teach me, too? Would they let me join the class?"

—And that was how it came about that Mina Smidt went to school. For at a quarter past two, on the afternoon of the very next day, she met her friend



Lizzy Stoffholder in the park, and they both set out for No. 125 St. Mark's Place. They rang the bell, and when the door opened, a girl about nine years old, wearing a lovely white apron, and with her hair neatly brushed beneath a pretty cap, politely escorted them upstairs and into a big room.

"She is a kitchen-gardener," said Lizzy.

"Oh," said Mina. "She does n't really work in the garden, does she?"

"No," said Lizzy, in a superior way. "She's not that kind."

The fact is, Mina Smidt had been very unfortunate. She had never read ST. NICHOLAS, which must account for her very natural mistake.\*

The girl left them in the big room, and Mina asked Lizzy if they used books for studying in the school.

"No," said Lizzy; "only books in which they write down the bill of fare and the time-table."

"So? Are we going in the cars, or to a restaurant?"

"No, indeed. We generally eat up the lesson after it's done; only sometimes we take it home and eat it there. You'll see. It's just fun to go to this school."

At that moment, ten little girls came in, some fräuleins and some misses and some mademoiselles. They all seemed very happy about something, and they were talking as fast as they could to one another in English, German, and French. — "*Heute werden wir Fisch haben.*" "*Nous aurons du poisson aujourd'hui.*" "We shall have fish to-day."—That is what they were saying.

Then a young lady, wearing a large white apron, came in, and gave each girl an apron. With hands and faces perfectly clean, and hair neatly brushed, all the girls put on the aprons, and soon they stood two and two in a procession. Mina, being a new-comer, was placed at the end of the line next to Mademoiselle Louie Japeau, aged nine.

Hark! A piano playing a grand march—"Rory O' Moore," from the book of Irish songs. It was n't very appropriate, but it sounded quite well, and they all kept step and marched out into the hall and through a big door into the school-room. Around the room twice did they march, to the stirring piano accompaniment, until six of the girls stood behind one long table and six behind another, and then "Rory O'Moore" expired

in a solemn chord, and they all sat gravely down at the two long tables.

Such a queer, school-room as it was! There were three pleasant windows looking out on the park, pictures on the walls, and a nice stove with a tea-kettle singing on top. There was a big table at one end of the room and behind it sat the teacher. Mina looked at the teacher and wondered if she was good to poor little girls who did n't know anything. And the more she looked at the teacher, the more she felt sure she should love her. On each side stood the assistant teachers in their white aprons. Behind the teacher was a dresser filled

LIZZY AND MINA ARE SHOWN UPSTAIRS.

\* See article entitled "Little Housemaids," ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1879.



with cooking utensils. There were also plates and knives and forks on the tables, and on the long table before each girl was a knife and fork. But there was not a book or a slate to be seen. It was not like a school-room at all, except that there was a blackboard at one side in full view of the scholars.

Then one of the teachers gave each girl a big card on which was written a song. The piano struck up a tune, and they all began to sing. Mina being, as before remarked, a young person of many polite accomplishments, soon joined the merry chorus. She thought the song a very funny one. It was all about going a-shopping for ham and steak and fish and vegetables, with fine

by the time they reached the second verse, and before it ended she had "joined in" with her voice, although she had not learned the words.

We must prepare our bill of fare,  
Meet every taste, yet have no waste,  
Something for all, both great and small,  
And all bills pay on market-day.

Different kinds of meat we find  
All on a market-day;  
And many fishes of every kind;  
Which shall we have to-day?

Nice "roast beef" rare, choose it with care;  
And beefsteak, too, the whole year through;  
Chicken, remember, October, November;  
Cheap price you pay on a market-day.

Then the lesson began. The teacher had a large dish before her, and from it she lifted a fine mack-



GETTING READY FOR WORK.

"sentiments" about buying lamb chops in September and veal in November. Here is a part of this funny song:

MARKETING SONG.

Rise up early in the morning,  
All on a market-day;  
Stalls are filled before the dawn,  
And wagons on the way.

That is the way it began, and the girls sang it so heartily that Mina had almost learned the tune

erel, split quite in two, and just from the shop. "What is this?" said she, as she held it up.

"A fish," replied the class.

"What kind of a fish?"

"Mackerel!" said every girl in the class.

"Here's another.—A handsome fellow with a big mouth and sharp teeth. What is he?"

"A pike!" exclaimed several of the girls.

"And here is a pretty one with stripes?"

"A sea-bass!" came the answer promptly.



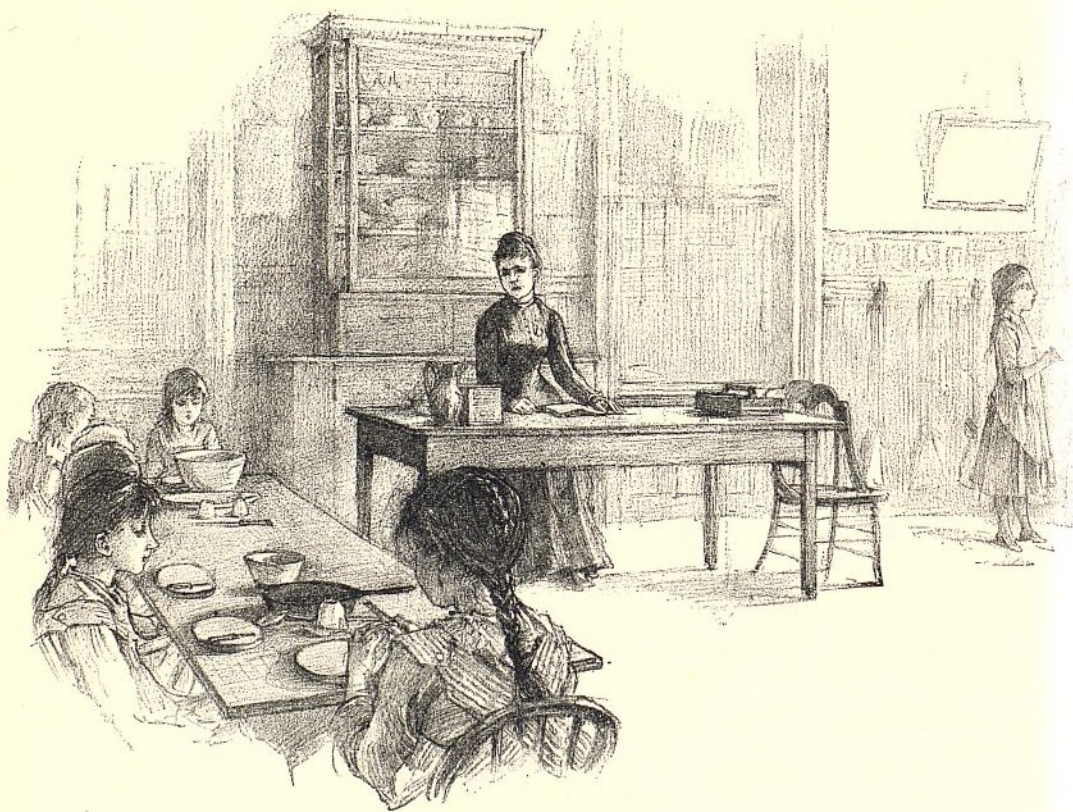
"And these pretty fellows?"

Everybody knew them, and the entire class said "*smelts*" in chorus.

Then the teacher pointed to the blackboard, and there on the board was the BILL OF FARE. The lists of fishes, with full directions for cooking them. At once the teacher read off the first direction for the mackerel, and then called on two of the girls to take the noble fish to their seats and to prepare it according to the directions. Then the other fishes were given out, one to each pair of

from table to table, helping and showing, but not doing the work. Each girl had to do just what was assigned to her. The girl on Mina's right was washing the pike with a damp cloth, and cleaning it in the deftest manner. Then she and the girl who was helping her bathed the lovely pike in vinegar to keep it from tumbling to pieces when it should come to be cooked in the oven.

Not far away was a girl slicing up some salt pork into beautiful little ribbons. "Oh, that's the way,



"IT WAS NOT LIKE A SCHOOL-ROOM, AT ALL."

girls. Then came butter and flour to be mixed for the sauce. Another girl was given an egg and told to put it in cold water and boil it half an hour on the stove, being very careful to note the time when she put it on, and to take it off at the right moment. Mina, being a new scholar, was given a plate of parsley and a knife with which to cut it up, so that it could be mixed with the egg-sauce. Every girl had something to do. Everybody could talk except when the teacher was explaining the work. The teacher and the two assistants went

is it?" said Mina to herself. One of the girls took Mr. Pike and made neat cuts in his glistening sides. And then Mina had a chance. The teacher gave her the ribbons of salt pork and showed her how to put them in the cut places in the fish. First, a long one near the head, then a little shorter one, and then a little shorter one still, and so on, clear down to the tail. And even the tail, too, was decorated in the most fishy way possible, by cutting into it with a pair of scissors, so that it looked as natural as could be, and quite artistic.



Then the pike was handed to some other girls, though Fräulein kept a sharp eye on it, to see what would be done next. In another week, it might be her turn to prepare a fish in just that way. The girls sprinkled the pike with salt, and then dredged it with flour, and put it in a big iron pan, with its pretty nose in one corner and its artistic tail in another. Lastly, they poured some water in the pan—just enough to cover the bottom. Then the whole school gathered around the big stove to see the pike put in the oven. They shut it in warm and snug, and they all looked at the clock, and said, in chorus,

“Bake twenty minutes!”

Every girl had a chance to do something. Even little Mademoiselle Louie Japeau helped sew up the sea-bass in the bag, when it was put into the hot water. There was big Miss Mahitable Susan Jones, the American girl, aged twelve, who fried the smelts. She said:

“She guessed the fire was pretty hot, and she would go and get a drink.”

How everybody did laugh! Go for a drink, and leave those beautiful smelts to burn to a crisp? What a strange girl Miss Mahitable Susan Jones must be! Even Fräulein Mina knew better than that.

How tell the wondrous tale? How tell all they did—those young disciples in the important art of



THE LITTLE COOKS AT WORK.

Fräulein wished she had twelve pairs of eyes, so that she could see every girl at once, for each one had something to do. She repeated over everything the teacher said, so that she might remember it. What a great deal to learn, to be sure! Only four kinds of fishes, and each kind cooked in a different way. The pike was baked, the mackerel broiled, the bass was sewed up in a bag and boiled, and the smelts were fried. Fräulein saw it all done. The chopping of the salt pork for the frying-pan, the making of the sauce, the broiling and frying.

cooking? Did they not also sing the most expressive songs while the pike and the sea-bass were cooking?

“All of us in this class wish to learn to cook  
That we may be comforts at home.”

That was the beginning of one of the songs, and Mina felt truly glad that she had come. Perhaps some day she, too, would be a real comfort to her father and mother at home. Once they tried another song, all about making bread. The teacher



called it the "Bread-makers' Song." Here is one verse :

"Now you place it in the bread-bowl  
A smooth and nice dough-ball,  
Last, a towel, and a cover,  
And at night that 's all.  
But when morning calls the sleeper  
From her little bed,  
She can make our breakfast biscuit  
From that batch of bread."

"And so I will," said Mina, with enthusiasm.  
"It's much better than the black bread of the



PUTTING THE FISH INTO THE OVEN.

grocery store." Everybody laughed, and Mina knew she had spoken right out in school.

Of course, as it was fish day, they had a fish song, and here is the first verse—an odd combination of rhyme and cookery wisdom :

"Our lesson is fish, and in every dish  
We would like to meet our teacher's wish.  
But many men have many minds,  
There are many fishes of many kinds;  
So we can only learn to boil and bake,  
To broil and fry, and make a fish-cake,  
And trust this knowledge will carry us through  
When other fishes we have to "do."

How the time flew! The hands of the clock seemed to race around the dial, and it was half-past three before they knew it. Each girl went in turn to the blackboard to make a copy of the bill of fare and the "time-table," or the directions for the time the fishes must stay on the fire. There is not space to tell all that happened on that eventful afternoon. Some of the pictures here presented will give you an idea of the way in which those delightful lessons were learned.

And when it all was over, the teachers passed plates to every pupil, and gave every one a slice of bread, and they cheerfully ate up the entire lesson, and left only the bones and the directions on the blackboard.

I have said that Mina Smidt might be called a learned girl. This was proved in a singular and startling manner, just ten weeks after that remarkable lesson on fish. Mina's father and mother knew that she went on two afternoons of each week to a certain school, but as she never brought home any exercises or books, they had an impression that she did not learn very much. However, sly Mina said nothing, but took a wonderful interest in her mother's work in the kitchen. Twice she suggested that the cooking could be done better in another way, and said that broiled steak was better than fried steak, and that home-made bread was better than the caraway-seed loaves from the grocery store. Fräulein's mother had her own notions about cooking. Had she not learned it all when she was a *fräulein* in Berlin? Let Mina make something for her father's dinner, or else say less about her own dear mother's excellent German cooking.

Fräulein was not at all alarmed. She only said she should need the kitchen to herself for the afternoon. It was not without a thought of how forward and self-confident children can be, that the good Frau Smidt turned over her kitchen to Mina and then went to the next room to reckon how much it would cost to go out to the queer little restaurant on the corner to get a dinner after Mina had spoiled everything in the house.

Five o'clock came, and the poor woman began to be nervous. Half-past five, and she went to the kitchen door and looked in, but Mina only waved a skillet in the air, and said :

"Shssss——"

Which being translated—if it can be—means "Wait a little longer."—Six o'clock. The mischief had been done. The dinner was surely ruined by this time.—Quarter past six. Mr. Smidt arrived, and his wife escorted him to the dining-room. The table was set, and in the center stood a covered dish. Mina was calm—quite calm.

They all sat solemnly down, and the dinner began.

"Nodings but berdaties?" asked Herr Smidt.

"Nothing but potatoes," said Mina calmly.

Her father gravely took a potato. He was a long-suffering man, accustomed to poor cooking, which fact is quite sufficient to account for his resignation. He gazed in a gloomy way upon the solitary potato, and his wife said she hoped it would be a lesson for the froward Mina, who presumed to





"ON A MARKET-DAY."

instruct her own mother, who had been cook in the Hotel Badescherhoff, in dear old Berlin, ten years before this silly American child had been born. It was sad to think good German children were being ruined by these New York schools. It was very —

"Hah!" Mr. Smidt had discovered something. The potato! His wife took one and hastily cut it, while poor Mina stuffed her apron in her mouth to keep from laughing.

Remarkable potatoes, truly! They were hollow inside and stuffed with the most fragrant and lovely sausage-meat Mein Herr ever tasted. Mina's father jumped up and kissed her, and her mother laughed till she cried, and Mina cried till she laughed, which made it very pleasant all around. Then she ran into the kitchen and brought in — oh, such a fine dinner! There was not, to be sure, a great variety of food, but it was prepared so well that it made a feast for that plain little family. To Mina, it was French cooking with a delicate American flavor, and dashed with a touch of the German style for the sake of the Fatherland.

This was the first dinner Mina prepared, but it was not the last. Many a day after that the good German and his frau enjoyed their simple well-cooked dinner all the more because of the bright eyes of their happy little cook. To be sure Frau Smidt felt it her duty at first to shrug her shoulders at some of Mina's "queer American ways" of preparing food; but she was as proud as Mein Herr of the clever little daughter who had learned so much in the school where there were no books.

Meantime the good work of the school went on — teaching and sending out dozens of little maids who could be "a comfort at home."

It is not all play — if it were, it would not bring about the desired results; but it is so like play that there is no sunnier school in New York than this same school in St. Mark's Place, where Miss Huntington and her willing helpers invite all poor little girls to come and be made happy and useful, able to help their parents, and ready, if need be, to earn their own living by and by.





## THE PLAYMATE HOURS.

BY MARY THACHER HIGGINSON.

DAWN lingers silent in the shade of night,  
 Till on the gloaming Baby's laughter rings.  
 Then smiling Day awakes, and open flings  
 Her golden doors, to speed the shining flight  
 Of restless hours, gay children of the light.  
 Each eager playfellow to Baby brings  
 Some separate gift; a flitting bird that sings  
 With her; a waving branch of berries bright;  
 A heap of rustling leaves; each trifle cheers  
 This joyous little life but just begun.  
 No weary hour to her brings sighs or tears;  
 And when the shadows warn the loitering sun,  
 With blossoms in her hands, untouched by fears,  
 She softly falls asleep, and day is done.

## A STORY OF A TREE-FROG.

BY T. LANCEY.

ONE sultry night, in Indiana, I sat busily writing upstairs close to an open window. The night was very dark, very still, and very hot. My lamp, placed upon my desk, attracted countless numbers of the insect world that come out to see their friends only after dark,—some with long wings, some with short; some with long and nimble legs that scurried over my papers as though afraid they would not have time for all their night's business; some with short legs, deliberate and slow, that seemed to carefully consider each inch of ground they traversed. Winged insects of all sorts and sizes kept coming and going; there was a constant buzz around the lamp, and many a scorched victim, falling on its back, vainly kicked its little legs in air.

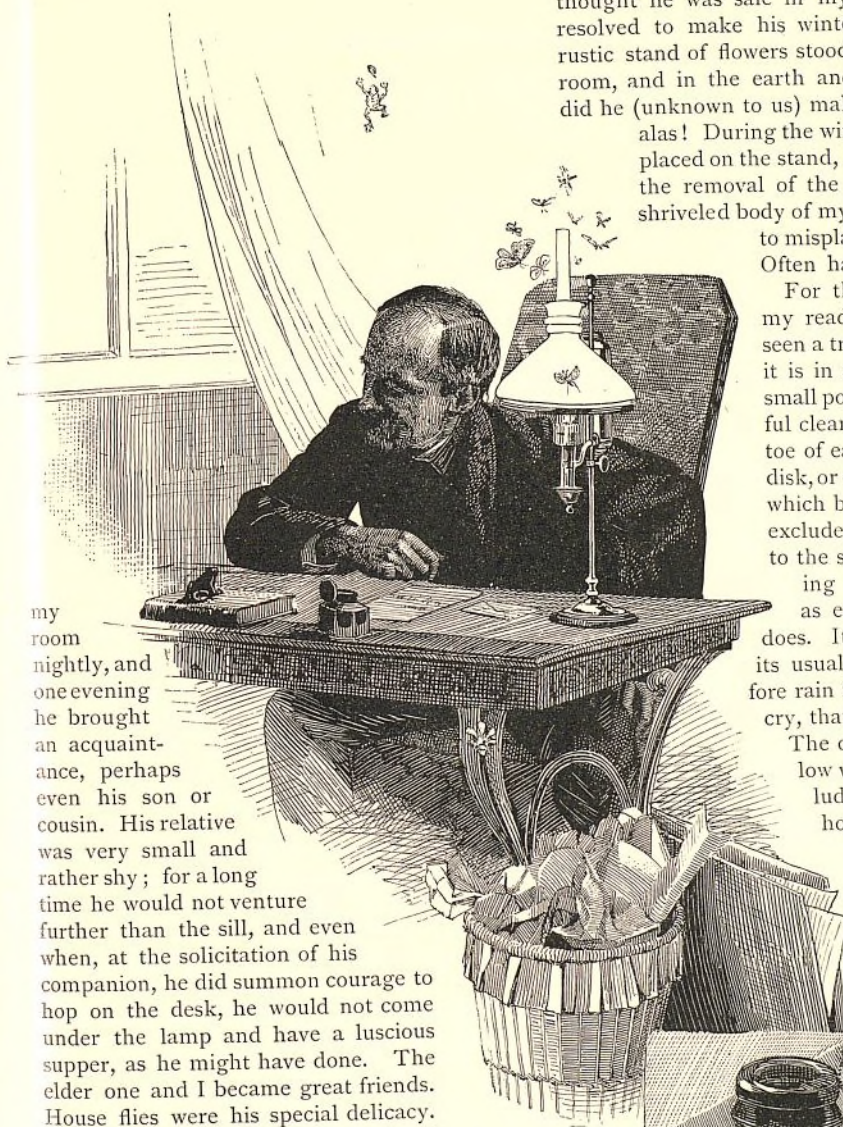
Suddenly a clear low whistle sounded from the window—a whistle somewhat like the sound made when a boy blows into the orifice of a trunk-key. Startled for a moment, I turned my chair and beheld on the window-sill a little tree-frog gravely looking at me. His skin—of an exquisite pale apple-green color—shone in the lamp-light. Fearful that I might frighten him away, I sat motionless in the chair,

watching him intently. Presently he gave another little whistle, as clear and sharp as a bird-note. He was evidently making up his mind that I was to be trusted (a confidence, alas! misplaced), and soon he gave an easy spring and was on the desk before me. I hardly dared to breathe, lest he should be alarmed. He looked at me carefully for a few minutes; and then, hopping under the lamp, he began a slaughter of the insect creation, such as I had never before witnessed. He captured in a flash any careless fly or moth that came near him, declining to touch the dead ones that had cremated themselves.

After half an hour's enjoyment of this kind, my apple-green friend hopped rather lazily across the desk, repeated the whistle with which he had entered,—as if to say good-night,—and went out into the dark. I proceeded with my work and soon forgot my visitor. But judge my surprise when on the next night he again appeared, again signaled his coming with his musical cry, and again took up his position under my lamp.

For nearly three weeks did my small friend visit





my room nightly, and one evening he brought an acquaintance, perhaps even his son or cousin. His relative was very small and rather shy; for a long time he would not venture further than the sill, and even when, at the solicitation of his companion, he did summon courage to hop on the desk, he would not come under the lamp and have a luscious supper, as he might have done. The elder one and I became great friends. House flies were his special delicacy. Stealthily crawling up the painted wall, clinging to the smooth surface with the little disks, or suckers, on his feet, he would draw close up to his body first one hind leg and then the other, and when within proper distance, he would dart forward and, snatching the fly, would swing head downward, his hind feet firmly glued to the wall! Then, attaching his forefeet, he would move on in quest of another.

He never missed his aim, and he would quietly and calmly zigzag up and down the side-wall after every fly he saw there. He became quite accustomed to me, and would hop on my hand, and sit there looking at me with a grave composure ludicrous to behold.

The final days of summer came at last, however, and with them cool and frosty nights. He evidently

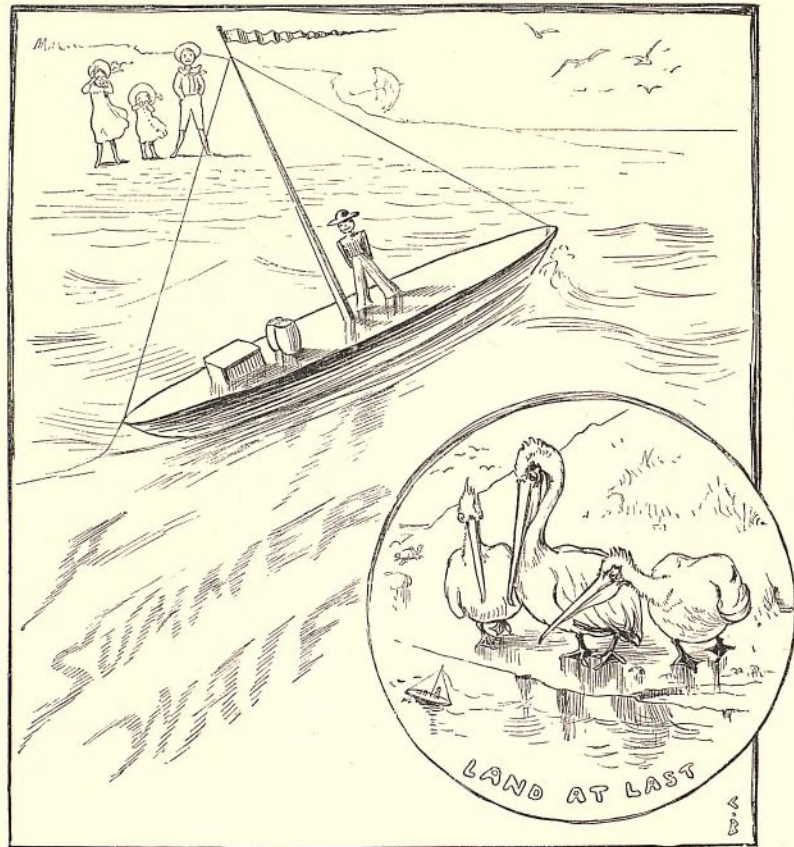
thought he was safe in my room, and therefore resolved to make his winter home with me. A rustic stand of flowers stood in one corner of the room, and in the earth and leaves which it held did he (unknown to us) make his little bed. Alas! alas! During the winter a heavy weight was placed on the stand, and in the spring, upon the removal of the weight, we found the shriveled body of my little friend—a victim to misplaced confidence in man. Often have I mourned his loss.

For the benefit of those of my readers who may not have seen a tree-frog, I may add that it is in appearance similar to a small pond-frog, but of a beautiful clear green color. On each toe of each foot there is a small disk, or cup-shaped sucker, from which by pressure it can at once exclude air, and so attach itself to the smoothest surface, walking calmly across a ceiling as easily as its prey, the fly, does. It has two cries. In trees, its usual haunt in summer, before rain it utters a shrill, piercing cry, that is harsh and deafening. The other cry is the bird-like, low whistle I have already alluded to. You may look for hours for him in a tree without success, as he lies motionless, his body flattened along a limb, his color identical with that of the bark or leaf on which he rests.



THE TREE-TOAD AFTER HIS PREY.





## FARMER NICK'S SCARECROW.

BY NORA E. CROSBY.

OUT in the corn field, grouped together,  
A flock of crows discussed the weather.

Observing them, thrifty farmer Nick  
Declared that the crows were "gettin' too thick."

"I must have a scarecrow—that is true:  
Now, would not that old umbrella do?"

So into the house the farmer went,  
And away to the field the umbrella sent.

One rainy day the farmer went out  
To view the corn fields lying about;

He neared the umbrella; looked inside;  
And what he saw, made him laugh till he cried!

For in there, out of the rainy weather,  
A dozen crows were huddled together!

So the farmer, laughing as farmers should,  
Said: "I fear my scarecrow did little good."



## MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.\*

By MAURICE THOMPSON.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## GETTING READY FOR FLORIDA.

UNCLE CHARLEY and Mr. Marvin spent the next two weeks in drilling the boys in the practice of wing-shooting; for, though Neil and Hugh had made great progress in the method of handling their guns, they had, as yet, scarcely learned the "A-B-C" of the theory and art of shooting. They had fallen into some faults, too, during the trip, and these were a great deal harder to get rid of than they had been to acquire.

During these two weeks, the following was the order of affairs each day: They arose in the morning in time for breakfast at six o'clock; after breakfast they had a drill in shooting till ten; then came two hours of study for the boys, while Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin rode over the plantation; dinner was served at one and lasted an hour, after which the boys were free for two hours; then came another hour of careful drill, followed by a light supper; then two hours of chatting or reading, and to bed at eight.

Mr. Marvin's method of drilling the boys was so simple that any one can follow it with very little trouble. He made a spring-trap of a flexible, elastic piece of wood, four feet long and three inches wide by a half inch thick, which he fastened at one end securely to a thick board, its middle resting firmly on a cleat, at an angle of about thirty degrees. Upon the upper or free end of this spring-piece he fastened a tin blacking-box, hollow side up. A notched trigger was fixed by a hinge to the board in such a way that, when the spring was bent downward over the cleat, the notch could be made to hold it in that position until it was released by pulling a long cord attached to the top end of the trigger. This trap was used as follows:

The elastic piece was bent down and made fast by the notch in the trigger. Any small object upon which shot would take effect was then placed in the box. The pulling-string being sixty feet long, when all was ready, the shooter stood eighteen yards from the trap, while the puller took up his position a little behind and to one side of him. When the shooter was ready, he said: "Pull!" and instantly the puller gently drew the string, which released the "bender" of the trap, and the small potato or block of wood, or whatever

formed the target, was thrown into the air, and shot at before it fell.

The wide board, which formed the base of the trap, was fastened firmly to the ground, by driving long stakes through holes made in it for the purpose.

Traps with steel springs, and hollow glass balls for targets, can be had of dealers in sportsmen's goods; but they are quite expensive, and Mr. Marvin's arrangement is just as good.

Neil and Hugh at first shot with a single trap; then two were used for practicing at double wing-shooting. Sometimes Mr. Marvin would have them turn their backs to the trap, with directions to wheel about and fire, at the word "pull." This drill was interspersed with some pleasant talk on shooting and on the habits of game-birds. Mr. Marvin himself sometimes took a gun and performed some quite wonderful feats of marksmanship. For instance, with his rifle he hit a potato twice before it could fall from the height of fifteen feet when thrown into the air. But the main thing that he sought to teach the boys was the habit of aiming correctly and of handling their guns carefully. Their next trip was to be a long one, in which Neil and Hugh would necessarily have to depend largely upon themselves, and it was Mr. Marvin's desire to have them so trained that no accident need be feared.

Uncle Charley had written to an old hunting friend who lived on the Gulf coast of Florida, to hire him a good stanch boat large enough for the whole party and their luggage, camp equipage, dogs, *et cetera*. The plan was to coast from St. Marks to some point on the lower part of the Florida peninsula, stopping wherever they pleased to go into camp and hunt; Mr. Marvin's object being to collect plumes for the market, and bird-skins and rare specimens of any kind for the Smithsonian Institute.

The thought of going away down to the haunts of the heron, the golden plover, the ibis, the spoon-bill, the crying-bird, the snake-bird, the alligator, and the panther, of seeing the orange groves, the palm-trees, the wild semi-tropical jungles, the mangrove islands, and the dreamy lagoons, and of coasting along the border of the Gulf Stream, under the fair southern sky, so charmed the boys that they could scarcely sleep or eat.

Samson said he did not care about going "down to dem yallergator swamps," and he "reckon'd he'd

\* Copyright, 1883, by Maurice Thompson.



stay at home"; but Judge wished to go wherever Neil and Hugh went, even if there was danger.

Neil sent for a new sketch-book and a diary, a supply of pencils and water-colors, and a hand-book of botanical drawing. He was resolved to spend more time than formerly in sketching; for it surprised him now to find how well some of his sketches looked.

It pleased the boys greatly when they saw an account of their bear adventure, filling almost a column of their home paper, *The Belair Bugle*. A reporter had obtained the particulars by interviewing their father, and had then dressed them up until the affair really had the ring of a thrilling encounter.

"What will Tom Dale and the rest of the boys think of that?" exclaimed Hugh delightedly. "Wont they wish they were along with us?"

"What will they say when they see that same bear's skin used by Papa for a lap-rug in his sleigh?" said Neil. "That 'll prove to them that the story is true."

"I mean to send Papa a panther's skin from Florida," said Hugh.

"And a fine collection of alligators' teeth," added Neil.

"And I'll kill a roseate spoon-bill and get Mr. Marvin to mount it, as he did the owl, and I'll send it to Tom Dale," said Hugh.

The evenings were now quite cold in Tennessee. There was a light fall of snow, and the wind was sharp and keen. Uncle Charley's sitting-room had a wide fire-place with tall brass andirons and a stone hearth. A big wood fire flamed and crackled there constantly, and the boys thought there were few things more enjoyable and comfortable than to sit before it in an arm-chair and listen to a good story read aloud.

Uncle Charley had but few books that would interest boys. He took all the magazines, however, and the *London Field* and several American journals devoted to shooting and fishing, so that Neil and Hugh found plenty of good reading matter quite suited to their prevailing line of thought. Then Mr. Marvin was generally ready with reminiscences of his hunting adventures, into which he always managed to insert some good advice, or some wise suggestions, intended for the benefit of the boys.

So the time passed, and at last the day of their departure for Florida arrived. Once more they were on the cars, flying southward at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour. We need not follow them step by step. Let us hurry to the warm, green gulf, and find them sailing over its bosom, their little vessel stanch and true, and all of them as joyous as the sweet sea-breeze itself.

## CHAPTER XX.

### DRIFTING ALONG THE COAST.

HAVE you ever sailed on the Gulf of Mexico? In winter the water near the west coast of the peninsula of Florida is usually as calm as an inland pond, so far as big waves are concerned, and the breezes seem specially designed to make sailing safe and enjoyable.

The boat that Uncle Charley had chartered was called the "Water-fowl," and was about thirty feet long, by ten or twelve feet wide, decked over for about half its length, and furnished with a supplementary canvas awning, which could be used or taken down at pleasure. It was rigged with a mainsail and jib, had a center-board, and was, in fact, a very stanch, if not a very fast or beautiful little craft.

Uncle Charley had hired the owner of the "Water-fowl," Andrea Gomez, to go along as sailing-master. He was of Spanish descent, about fifty years old, short, broad-shouldered, and very dark. He was a good sailor, and knew almost every island and reef and river on the Florida coast.

It would be difficult to exactly describe the sensations of Neil and Hugh, as they felt the sea palpitating under them, while the gentle breeze blew them along at the rate of four miles an hour.

Neil stood upon the little deck and gazed dreamily about him. What did he see? In one direction a low, dark shore of marsh-grass and tangled woods, with a border of shining white sand; in every other direction, a sheet of green-blue water, that met the sky and blended with it in a creamy line at the horizon. How very, very far away seemed his home at Belair, in cold and snowy Illinois!

The sun beamed down upon the deck with real summer fervor, but the breeze was cool and sweet. A few gulls, drifting here and there, flashed their wings in the light, and swarms of pelicans wheeled around the sandy bars along the shore. As the boat kept on its course, the outline of the shore seemed to break up into fragments, hundreds of small islands appearing along the coast. Now and then a picturesque grove of palmetto-trees stood up in clear relief from the sand ridges on the main-land. Some gulf-caps, those strange clouds of the southern sea, hovered in the far western horizon.

Mr. Gomez, the sailing-master, was a very quiet man, and sat by the tiller all day, smoking a short pipe most of the time.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley lounged in the after part of the boat, talking or reading. Judge



slept on his back in the warm sunshine, with his head bare and his face toward the sky.

When night fell, the sloop was run in among some shore islands to a shallow, sheltered spot, and anchored. There being no place to land, supper was cooked on board, and the whole party slept in the vessel.

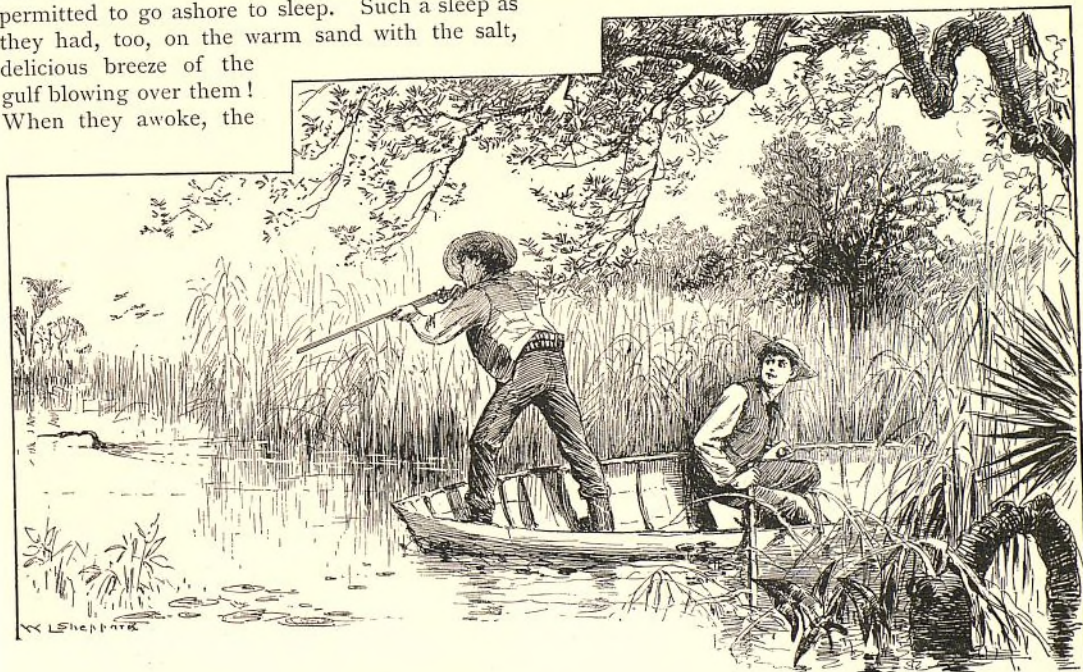
Next day the breeze was fresher, and the waves ran so high that Neil, Hugh, and Judge were seasick; but the sloop bowled steadily on, notwithstanding, and made many miles before night fell again. It was a terribly long day for the sick boys, and they were glad indeed when a landing was made on a dry, sandy island, and they were permitted to go ashore to sleep. Such a sleep as they had, too, on the warm sand with the salt, delicious breeze of the gulf blowing over them! When they awoke, the

somewhat like a small craw-fish, had become tangled in Judge's wool while he was bathing.

Judge put up his hand, and touched the squirming thing.

"Take 'im off! Take 'im off!" he shouted, prancing around on the sand, his wide-open eyes seeming almost twice their natural size.

Neil and Hugh held their sides and laughed as only merry boys can. No monkey ever went through more comical contortions of face and body than did Judge, as he danced frantically about in his fright. With his arms akimbo and his legs bowed outward, he "jumped up and down" on the beach, yelling at the top of his voice:



NEIL SHOTS A SNAKE-BIRD. (SEE PAGE 884.)

sun was almost an hour high, and Uncle Charley had been fishing with fine success, and had brought in several three-pound sheep's-head.

Mr. Marvin had been around the island with his gun, but had seen nothing worth shooting.

As for Mr. Gomez, he had made coffee and prepared an excellent breakfast.

Neil and Hugh and Judge ran down and bathed in the surf, and when they had dressed themselves, they felt as fresh and happy as if they had never heard of sea-sickness.

"Oh, look in Judge's hair!" cried Neil, as they started for the camp.

Hugh looked and began to laugh merrily. A "fiddler-crab," one of those funny little animals,

"It 'll bite me! Take 'im off, quick! Take 'im off, quick!"

Hugh had pity on him at last and brushed the fiddler off.

"I 'se not gwine inter dat water no more," Judge muttered, walking away indignantly.

When breakfast was over, they all went aboard of the "Water-fowl" and sailed away to the southward.

Two more days passed without any adventure of special interest. But the voyage grew more and more delightful and entertaining all the time. They saw vast numbers of aquatic birds hovering about strange islands or flying high overhead in long angular lines.



Neil sat upon the deck and wrote in his diary, or sketched whatever scenes he thought worth remembering.

One day as they were passing near an island they saw a number of snipe settle down on a marsh-meadow, and the boys asked the privilege of going ashore and shooting some. One of four folding canvas boats that Uncle Charley had provided was brought out and launched.

"Now," said Mr. Marvin, as the boys took their places in the little craft, with Neil at the oars, "don't kill more than twenty or thirty. That will be as many as we can use, and you know we have agreed not to destroy any birds for mere wantonness."

Neil promised that they would not transgress the rule, and then, bending to the oars, he pulled ashore. They found some difficulty in making a landing, the shore being very muddy, but at last they found firm footing. Back a few steps from the water the meadow was higher and the walking good. They separated a little, each sharply on the lookout for a first shot at the game. They had never hunted snipe, and, save such information as Neil had gathered from books, they were unacquainted with the bird's habits.

The sloop had come to anchor, and Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley watched from the deck as the boys proceeded to tramp over the meadow.

Presently two snipe sprang into the air in front of Hugh, with a little sharp cry that sounded like "'scape, 'scape," and they did escape. Their flight was like a corkscrew in its line. Hugh blazed away, but did not touch a feather. At the sound of his gun, several more birds took to wing, giving Neil and Judge a chance for a shot; but they did not do any better than Hugh. It was a case of clean missing for all of them.

Uncle Charley, who was watching through a strong field-glass, laughed heartily.

"The boys have met their match," he said to Mr. Marvin; "they don't know how to shoot snipe."

"Experience is the best master," replied Mr. Marvin; "they 'll soon discover how to aim. It bothers the best of shots, for a while, to become accustomed to a snipe's eccentric flight."

Judge's old flint-lock killed the first bird, but it was n't a snipe. It was a clapper-rail, called by the naturalists *Rallus crepitans*, which he flushed from some tall grass beside a little pond. This bird flew rather heavily, affording Judge a most excellent target.

Neil and Hugh fired shot after shot, but not a snipe fell.

"I don't believe these cartridges are good for anything," said Hugh in a hopeless tone.

"Oh, it's not the fault of the shells," responded Neil; "it's the wriggling way that these snipe have in flying; a fellow can't cover them. I wish Mr. Marvin would come over; he would show us how to hit them."

"Well, I'm not going to give it up," exclaimed Hugh. "I'll shoot as long as my shells hold out."

Judge kept banging away with his funny old gun, and when at last he did really kill a snipe, his joy had no limit. That he had bagged two birds before Neil or Hugh could kill one seemed to him a most glorious victory.

"Mebbe yo' wont call my gun a' ole blundybus no more!" he cried, holding up his game and making comical grimaces at the white boys.

At last Neil began to understand the spiral turns of the snipe's flight, and then the birds fell at nearly every shot he fired. Hugh, too, soon found the knack, so that the sport became very exciting.

Uncle Charley was delighted when, by the aid of his field-glass, he saw that the boys were mastering the difficulty.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed, "bravo! Neil is knocking them down beautifully now. He has caught the idea. There, Hugh killed one, too! Another one down for Neil,—another for Hugh. Why that's grand sport they're having over there, Marvin; we've missed a treat!"

"Yes; but I thought we'd better not go. We'd have killed all we needed before the boys could have got their hands in, and that would have cut them out," replied Mr. Marvin.

The three boy-hunters kept up a noisy fusillade across the broad marsh-meadow, and entirely forgot their promise, and no doubt would have killed a great many more than thirty, if Mr. Marvin had not blown the bugle-horn, which was the signal for them to return to the boat.

"Oh, but did n't I hate to quit!" exclaimed Hugh, as Neil was rowing them back. "I was just beginning to get the knack of it."

"Dat's jis me, zac'ly," said Judge. "I was a ketchin' onter dat whirlmegig ob a way dey has o' flyin', an' I could 'a' brought down heaps ob 'em, ef I 'd had a little mo' time."

When they all were aboard the sloop again the birds were counted, and the score stood as follows:

Neil .....	15
Hugh .....	10
Judge .....	3
Total .....	28

The clapper-rail that Judge had killed was not included in the count, because Mr. Marvin said it was so slow in its flight that it would not be fair to reckon it in a score where snipe-shooting had been the undertaking.



For the rest of the day they sailed before a light breeze, and at night they slept on deck.

Neil made some drawings of the rail and snipe, and put a description of the snipe-hunt in his diary.

They did not stop to shoot any more until they reached Tampa, a town far down the coast of the peninsula, where, as they had expected, letters and papers from home awaited them.

The orange-groves about Tampa were loaded with luscious oranges, and the bananas were ripe and mellow. Uncle Charley sent several large boxes of both kinds of fruit aboard the "Water-fowl."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A PICUS PRINCIPALIS.

AFTER a stay of two days in Tampa, in order to give Uncle Charley time to write some business letters, and to examine some real estate for a friend in Tennessee, our party sailed out of the beautiful bay of Tampa at sunrise, and turned southward down the long Sarasota river, or—more correctly speaking—bay, that extends along the peninsula between the coast islands on one hand, and the main-land on the other. In some places, owing to large reefs of oysters and mud-banks, the navigation of those waters is quite dangerous, but Mr. Gomez was so familiar with the channels that he kept the sloop clear of all obstructions.

Mr. Marvin desired to find the mouth of a certain large creek that empties into the gulf about twenty-five miles below the northern end of the bay, as he had been told that through it a fine region for plume-hunting could be reached. But it was no easy matter to discover which one of the many indentations of the shore was the entrance looked for.

It was ten o'clock at night, with the moon shining brightly somewhat down the western slope of the sky, when they anchored under a low bluff covered with cedar-trees. Here Neil and Hugh saw their first sharks. The huge fellows were chasing a swarm of mullet, and in their eagerness to capture them, would follow them into water so shoal that their broad black backs would break through the surface, while the mullet would leap bodily from the water, sometimes falling a short distance out upon the shells or sand of the shore. It was a strange sight, and the swashing sounds, as the sharks struggled back into the deeper part of the channel, broke upon the still, moonlit night with an effect not easy to describe.

Mr. Gomez went ashore and perched himself on the highest point of the bluff, where, as he sat smoking his pipe, he looked like a round-shouldered

silhouette against the shimmering sky. At first they could not understand why the old sailor had gone up there; but soon countless swarms of mosquitoes, from a low marsh astern of the boat, assailed them in a body. The wings of those legions of warlike insects filled the air with an unbearably irritating murmur, and the onslaught of their piercing bills was almost maddening.

"Here, this wont do!" ejaculated Mr. Marvin, at last. "We shall be eaten up by these mosquitoes. We must go ashore."

All hands assented. Neil and Hugh took their double hammock and swung it between two cedar-trees, where a strong current of the gulf breeze would blow upon it. And there they slept sweetly, entirely undisturbed by the mosquitoes.

Just before sunrise, Neil slipped out of the hammock, dressed himself, took his gun, and went for a short walk about the island. He found great numbers of deer-tracks leading into a dark, impenetrable cypress jungle, but no deer were visible. By the margin of a still, grass-fringed lagoon he flushed some small herons and one or two plover; but nothing worth firing at appeared until, in passing around an outlying spur of the swamp, he came suddenly upon a pair of snowy herons, that took to wing within thirty yards of him. The flash and flutter of their broad white wings startled him at first, but he raised his gun in time to get a good aim at one of them, and brought it down in fine style. He fired at the other, but it had gone too far, and he missed it. Neil's bird, named by the naturalists *Garzetta candidissima*, was in full plumage, and he held it up proudly for the rest of the party to look at, as he returned to camp just at breakfast-time. It measured thirty-nine inches from tip to tip of its wings. The plumes, so much prized as ornaments by ladies, lay loosely on its back, curling upward toward their lower ends, as white as snow and as soft as silk. Mr. Marvin pronounced it to be a perfect specimen of its kind, the finest, in fact, that he had ever seen; and he asked Neil to let him prepare its skin for mounting.

The next day they reached the creek for which they were looking, and after a great deal of trouble brought the sloop up to a good camping-place some miles inland from the bay. Here the tents were pitched on a mound, with a wide meadow on one hand and a dense forest on the other. The heron-roost was a mile distant up the creek, but shoal water and an immense stretch of saw-grass, lily-pads, and clumps of aquatic weeds prevented their taking the sloop any further in that direction.

The mound on which the tents were pitched was underlaid with a shell formation, and at a remote period had been occupied by some family, probably of Indians, as a home. The remnants of



an old palmetto hut were visible, and a few gnarled orange-trees and some guavas grew scattered about in the vicinity, while traces of a rude fence bordered the wood.

The boys were delighted to see flocks of snipe pitching down into the grass of the meadow, beyond which a small lake shone clear and bright, with a live-oak hummock on its further side, and a fringe of tall grass and rushes around its border. Far off in the south-east, a ridge of sand with a thin line of palmetto-trees on its summit was softly outlined against the sky.

Next morning all were up early. The night's sleep had been refreshing, and breakfast was eaten with vigorous appetites. Even while they were eating they saw several large flocks of water-fowl flying low across the meadow toward the lake. Other flocks passed almost overhead on their way up the creek to some lagoon or pond.

It was arranged that Mr. Gomez and Judge should stay at the camp, while the rest took the canvas boats and pulled up the creek in quest of herons.

Neil and Hugh occupied one of these boats together, while Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley took one each. The stream had not much current, so that they were not long in reaching the lake above, where the water was full of weeds, grass, lily-pads, and all manner of aquatic plants,—truly a heron's paradise.

While Neil was pulling the boat through a narrow water-lane between high walls of grass, Hugh secured a fine shot at a great blue heron, the *Ardea herodias* of our naturalists; but it was flying at a right angle with his line of sight, and he forgot to aim ahead of it. All large birds seem to fly much slower than they really do, and they also appear to be much nearer than they really are, consequently it is a common fault of young shooters in aiming at geese, herons, cranes, and ducks, not to allow for flight, and therefore to miss *behind* the game.

Hugh now took the oars, which he could do without changing his seat, the boat being a "double-ender," in order that Neil might try a shot at the next game they saw.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley were already among the birds, and their guns were roaring almost continually.

The boys did not understand the windings of the water-lanes, and in consequence they soon found themselves pulling along the shore under the boughs of some grand old live-oak trees.

Suddenly Hugh cried out: "Oh, look, Neil, look! There's a snake with wings! Quick, shoot it before it gets away!" He backed water as he spoke, and stopped the boat.

Neil looked, and saw a strange serpent-like neck, followed by a dark, winged body, wriggling along in the water; the head was above the surface, the rest of it below. It was a hideous object as it squirmed and writhed along toward a patch of grass and weeds, and Hugh really believed that it was a winged snake; but Neil had read descriptions of the snake-birds, and knew at once that this was one of them. He fired and killed it; and upon examination it was found to be far less hideous than they had thought. It had a long slender neck and a rather queer head, and its habit of swimming with its body under water and its head out had given it the appearance of a regular water-dragon. The boys threw it in the bottom of the boat, as Neil wished to make a sketch of it and skin it when he returned to camp.

From the rapid firing kept up by Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin, it was evident that they were making havoc among the herons; but the boys found none, though snake-birds, named *Platus ankinga* by ornithologists, were now seen in every direction; it was sometimes difficult to distinguish them from the mottled moccasin snakes so numerous in Florida.

At length, growing tired of the labor of rowing, and Neil wishing to gather some strange-looking flowers, they pulled the boat ashore at a dry point on the wooded side of the lake. While Neil was botanizing, Hugh went a short distance into the woods, hoping he might see a deer. The trees were mostly live-oaks and water-oaks of large size, with wide-spread tops and buttressed roots; some giant vines were knotted and linked from tree to tree, and the foliage was so thick that scarcely a ray of light could fall through. Hugh saw no game, but a dull thumping sound almost overhead and the falling of large fragments of bark and rotten wood attracted his attention to the top of a very tall dead tree, and there he discovered a bird of which he and Neil had talked a great deal, but which neither of them had ever seen—an ivory-billed woodpecker—the handsomest of all American birds. It was pounding away vigorously with its great white beak against the lower side of a rotten limb, about eighty feet from the ground, and its broad back was fully exposed to Hugh's aim. He fired, and it fell straight down almost at his feet. This was, indeed, a prize, for he knew how his father would value such a specimen. He picked it up and ran back to Neil, who exclaimed:

"A *Picus principalis*! Wont Mr. Marvin be glad! I heard him say that a gentleman in New York had offered him fifty dollars for the skin of one!"

"But I want to send this to Papa," said Hugh. "Oh, you can't do that without Mr. Marvin's



consent; for it was agreed that all valuable specimens, plumes, and eggs should belong to him!" responded Neil.

"That's so," assented Hugh; "and I suppose it's right, too, for Mr. Marvin has taught us a great deal."

They went back to their boat and pulled across the shallow lake in the direction of the heavy firing kept up by the other two hunters, but before they could join them, the shooting was over. Mr. Marvin had the bottom of his boat padded with tufts of snowy and ash-colored plumes which he had stripped from the birds killed by him and Uncle Charley. "Many a fine lady will wear these," he said, holding up some very long feathers. He was delighted when Hugh gave him the ivory-billed woodpecker.

Neil's good luck came as they were making their way back to camp. He killed a roseate spoon-bill—*Platalea ajaja*—by a splendid shot, that won the hearty applause of Mr. Marvin. It was quite sixty yards distant, and was flying straight across the direction in which the boat was moving.

The beautiful rose-colored wings, the long pale pink tuft of breast-plumes, and the brilliant carmine shoulder-feathers of this bird made it a prize almost equal in value to the *Picus principalis*.

"Very well for one day," said Mr. Marvin, in a satisfied tone.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

WHEN our plume-hunters reached camp again, Judge was found to be in a very excited state of mind. Great flocks of snipe had approached the edge of the meadow nearest the mound, and he had been impatiently waiting for Uncle Charley to return, as he had been ordered by him and Mr. Marvin not to leave camp before they came. He had heard the sound of the shooting up at Weed Lake, and that, together with the near approach of the snipe, had rendered him doubly restless. He had his old flint-lock across his lap, nursing it tenderly; his game-bag was at his side, and his shot-pouch and powder-flask slung in their places, ready for instant use.

"Nebber see folks stay so long, nowhere," he good-naturedly muttered; "seem like yo' not gwine t' come back at all. I's been mos' dead ter tackle dem whirlymegig birds down dar."

But the *Picus principalis* and the roseate spoon-bill had to be examined by him before he could go. Anything red charmed Judge, and the tall scarlet crest of the giant woodpecker and the dazzling

carmine shoulder-plumes of the spoon-bill put him into raptures.

Hugh could not resist the temptation of joining Judge in the snipe-shooting, so he presently snatched up his gun and went out upon the meadow. The grass grew in tufts, with a light trace of water or soft mud between. The birds usually rose singly, or in flocks of three or four, sometimes from near the feet of the hunter, flying low and dropping into the grass again after going not more than fifty yards.

Hugh soon began to flush them, and he aimed with great deliberation, reserving his fire until the game steadied itself after its first gyrations in the air. But he found it quite as difficult to hit them now as it had been on the island. He missed oftener than he hit, in spite of all his care. Suddenly he remembered that his shells were loaded with very large shot for heron-shooting. This accounted for his poor marksmanship. He went back to his tent and got some cartridges loaded with number ten shot, and when he resumed shooting, he could hit a great deal oftener. But by changing his cartridges Hugh lost a good opportunity. He had just reloaded his gun, after killing a snipe, when, happening to look up, he saw a scarlet ibis flying overhead at a height of about one hundred and fifty feet. Quick as thought, he aimed a little ahead of the bright-winged bird and fired. The shot failed. He fired again. Not a feather fell, and the ibis, "like a flake of flame," swept on toward the gulf. This was the only specimen they saw during their long ramblings in Florida. Hugh was very sorry he had not kept on using the large shot! It would have been better, he thought, to have killed fewer snipe and made sure of the scarlet ibis.

Judge did not stop shooting while there was daylight enough to see how to aim. He and Hugh together bagged twenty-five snipe. The score stood:

Hugh	16
Judge	9

That night it was discovered that Mr. Gomez was quite a musician. He played upon a flute until late bed-time, the mellow notes floating away to the haunts of the alligator and the dens of the bear and the panther. Neil and Hugh swung in their double hammock, with the cool night breeze blowing over them, and watched the brilliant Southern moon as it seemed to slip along under the almost purple sky. They fell asleep, Neil to dream of grand achievements and great fame as an artist, and Hugh to dream of happy adventures among the strange birds of those semi-tropical groves and plains.



They were startled from their sleep early next morning by loud voices and violent language; and hurrying on their clothes, they found that a party of very rough-looking men had come up the creek in a large boat, and were insisting upon taking possession of the mound for their camp. They claimed to have leased the hunting on a large area of ground about there from the owner.

"Show your lease," Uncle Charley was calmly saying, "and we will respect it, no matter what we may think of you."

"I don't believe you have any lease, and I think you are a set of impostors," said Mr. Marvin. "You had better take good advice and go back the way you came, and in short order."

"Joe Stout, I know *you*," said Mr. Gomez, stepping forward and addressing the fellow who appeared to be the leader of the intruders, "you never had money enough in all your life to lease a potato patch for fifteen minutes."

"Hello! Gomez, is that you, old man?" responded the ruffian, in a more pacific tone.

"You can see for yourself," answered Mr. Gomez; "and you know that when I camp at a place, I'm there to stay as long as I please."

The men in the boat now held a council in low tones, after which the leader said:

"Well, I guess you've got the right to the campin'-place, so we'll go away."

They then turned their boat about and pulled down the creek until they passed out of sight around a bend.

"They're a bad lot," said Mr. Gomez, when they were gone; "we shall be in danger so long as we stay in this vicinity. They won't tackle us together, but if they were to find one or two of us away from our party, they'd shoot us in a minute, on very little provocation."

"Where are they from?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Gomez, "but Joe Stout used to be a sponger up around Cedar Keys; I used to see him often in my coasting voyages."

"What is a sponger?" asked Hugh.

"A man who fishes for sponges," replied Neil. "A great many sponges are found in the Gulf off the west coast of Florida."

"Well," said Uncle Charley, decidedly, "you all may get ready to move at once. I'm not down here on a fighting expedition. Strike the tents and move everything aboard as quickly as possible."

There was no room for objections or suggestions when Uncle Charley gave an order, so without a word all hands fell to work, and in less than half an hour the sloop was heading down the creek toward the gulf. The wind was favorable, but they often had to use the oars, as the stream was

very crooked. They passed the boat of their late visitors about half a mile from the camp. There was but one man in it; the others having probably gone ashore to hunt. The man in the boat stared at our friends as they sailed past, but he did not say a word. The bay was reached about noon, and Uncle Charley ordered Mr. Gomez to steer for Casey's Pass, which is the south-west outlet to the bay.

"We will run down to Charlotte Harbor," he said, "where game of every kind is more plentiful, and where there will be no one to molest us."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### UP THE CALOOSAHATCHEE. A PANTHER.

IN due time our friends reached Punta Rassa, a small village, and waited there several days for a breeze that would help them up the Caloosahatchee river.

From Punta Rassa to Fort Myers, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles up the river, was the next run. The first part was through a rough and dangerous channel, choked with oyster bars and mud shallows; but when at last they were fairly in the Caloosahatchee, it was found to be a grand and beautiful river, with high banks upon which grew noble forests of pine and oak. They passed Fort Myers just after night-fall, but the moon was shining brilliantly, showing the place to be a forlorn-looking little village. Three or four miles beyond, they anchored near a small mud island, and slept well, despite some trouble with mosquitoes.

Neil and Hugh heard big alligators booming about in the lagoons and mud flats, and a strange sense of remoteness and isolation stole over them. They began to feel as if they were getting into a country where large and dangerous animals roamed at will, and where strange trees and unknown plants and flowers might be found. They knew, too, that not far eastward of them lay that mysterious island lake called Okeechobee, around the borders of which still dwelt, in their own wild way, the last remnant of Osceola's once famous Indian warriors. Neil had read translations of the old Spanish accounts of this region, clothed in the fascinating mists of romance, and of the old inexplicable mounds, fortifications, and canals discovered by the early explorers, and he hoped that it might turn out that he should be able to find the wonderful pearl-fisheries of the savages.

When morning came, they made haste to work the boat past some ugly mud islands, through shallow, treacherous channels. This took till



nearly noon, the sloop going aground quite often on hidden bars of black mud.

And now they began to get glimpses of alligators,—huge, hideous creatures,—sliding into the water of the dark lagoons on either side of the river.

In many places the banks of the stream were very low, and our friends, standing on the deck of the "Water-fowl," could see far along natural openings in the woods to where green savannas, those beautiful southern prairies, shone in the sunlight.

Now and then a small sleek deer would bound away into the thicket or brakes, or stand and gaze wildly at the sloop as she slowly swept by.

Water-birds seemed almost to fill the air and to cover the stream in places,—the sound of their wings and their harsh cries filling the air, as though bedlam had been let loose.

Neil and Hugh were very anxious to shoot at some of these many wild things, but Uncle Charley had forbidden them, as he did not wish to stop to collect the game they killed, and he did not approve of shooting merely for fun.

Uncle Charley, Mr. Marvin, and Mr. Gomez had to resort to the oars, and Neil to the pushing-pole, in order to help the sloop along, whenever the wind fell. The progress was slow, and Hugh grew very impatient, especially when he saw a raft of wood-duck swimming about on a little estuary, under the richly variegated pendants of air-plants, that swung from the boughs of overhanging trees. He could not help aiming his gun at them, although he did not shoot.

"Hugh," said Mr. Marvin, "you might get out your tackle and catch us some fish as we go along. Put a spinning-spoon on the line and troll it astern." The suggestion was a happy one. Hugh went to his box and took out a strong jointed bass-rod, fitted with a reel and two hundred feet of strong line. He adjusted a trolling-spoon, and when all was ready, he cast astern and awaited the result. It was not a minute before something struck the spinner, and his rod was bent almost double in a trice.

"Oh, Neil, Uncle Charley, Mr. Marvin! It will pull me in! Come quick!" he cried, holding on manfully, with his feet braced and his shoulders raised.

"Loose your reel! Give it line! Let it run!" cried Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley in a breath, as they dropped their oars and sprang to Hugh's assistance.

Uncle Charley stood ready, but he did not wish to interfere unless it became absolutely necessary. Hugh pressed the spring, and the fish ran off with fifty feet of line at a single rush. Then began a

desperate struggle. This way and that, and around and around, the strong, gamy victim sped, making the line sing keenly, while the reel spun like a top. Uncle Charley acted as general, directing Hugh in his movements with such words as "Give it a little more line—check it now—reel up fast or it'll foul the line in those bushes—hold, it's sulking; jerk it a little!"

Every one on board was excited, and watched the fight with great interest. Hugh's arms and hands became very tired, but he was too plucky to give up. He set his lips firmly and kept steadily to his work.

"You'll conquer it directly," said Mr. Marvin; "watch it closely; don't let it have any slack; keep it fighting; it'll soon tire."

Hugh felt the importance of his position, and redoubled his efforts. Suddenly the fish rose to the surface and "somersaulted" clean out of the water.

"My! what a big fellow it is!" cried Neil.

Judge was stupefied with amazement. He had never before seen so large a fish hooked.

This last maneuver of the fish was very trying on the tackle, but it stood the strain, and Hugh promptly gave out some line as another surge followed. Some wide circles were now run by the game at lower speed, and then Hugh felt the strain grow less.

"Now give him the butt!" cried Uncle Charley.

Hugh checked the line suddenly and firmly, and finding no more fight at the end of it, reeled it up slowly until the fish was drawn to the surface close to the boat.

Mr. Marvin had the gaff ready, and leaning over the gunwale, hooked the big fish and lifted it aboard.

It was a cavalli of seven or eight pounds weight. That night they anchored under a bluff and went ashore to cook their supper. There being no danger of rain, and the mosquitoes being troublesome on the water, they hung their hammocks on the highest ground they could find. Here the wood was thin and the trees small, though at a few rods distance began a densely timbered swamp that looked impenetrable. They had eaten nothing but a cold luncheon since an early breakfast, and all were very hungry. It was while they were sipping their hot coffee, and talking over the day's experience by a dim little fire, that they first heard a peculiar cry, or wail, coming out of the swamp. Uncle Charley stopped in the midst of a sip; Mr. Marvin turned his head to one side to listen intently; and Mr. Gomez said:

"A panther!"

Judge jumped as if something had bitten him. "Ugh! Laws o' massy! What we gwine do?" he cried, for he was badly frightened.



"Let's go and kill it," said Hugh.

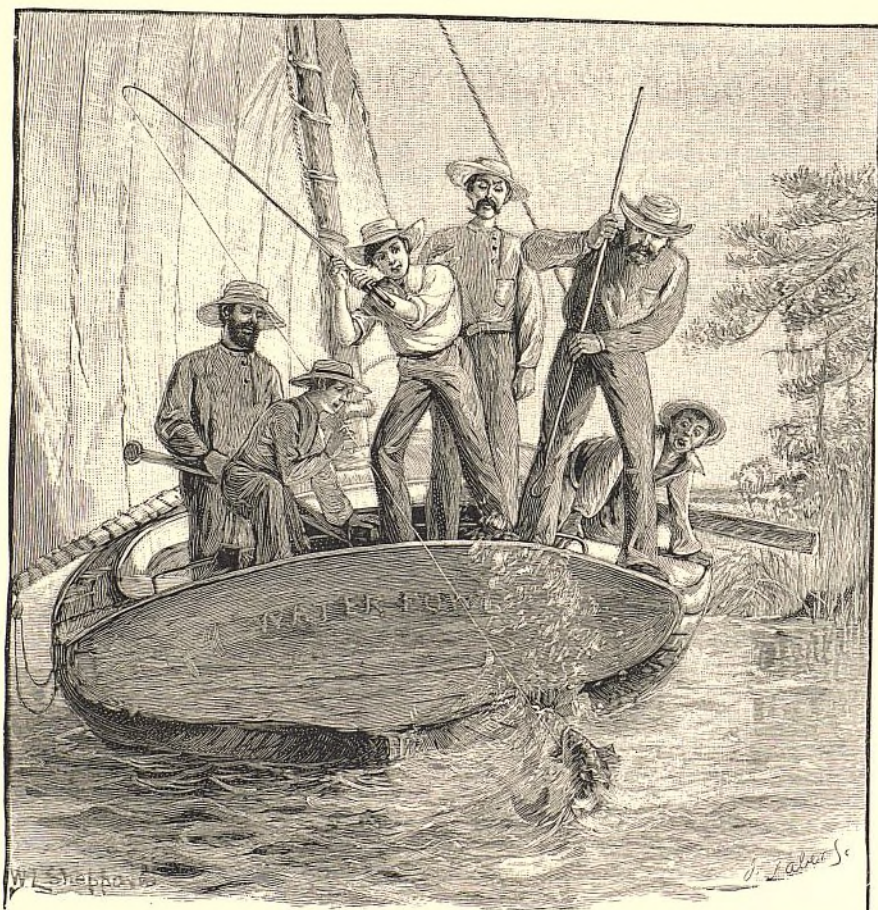
"How far away do you think it is?" Neil inquired of Uncle Charley, as they heard it scream again.

"It's right down there in the swamp; it can not be very far away," replied Uncle Charley.

"I thought I heard dogs barking awhile ago," remarked Mr. Gomez. "I think the Indians are

Arrangements were accordingly made to divide the night into watches. Neil and Hugh were to sit up until twelve o'clock, after which Mr. Marvin and Mr. Gomez were to divide the rest of the night, allowing Uncle Charley, who had suffered all day with headache, to get undisturbed rest.

A sufficient supply of dry wood had been gathered, so that a fire could be kept burning all night.



"NOW GIVE HIM THE BUTT!" CRIED UNCLE CHARLEY."

on a big hunt. Perhaps they have driven the panther into this little hummock."

"Dem good-fur-nuffin Injuns 'll jes' scalp us for sho'," muttered Judge.

The boys looked at each other a little uneasily. It was not very pleasant to think of being surrounded by savages and having a panther prowling about close to their unprotected camp.

"Oh, the Indians are harmless," said Mr. Gomez, "but we'll have to look out for that panther; for, if it has been chased for a day or two, it may be desperate and dangerous."

The moon did not rise until about ten o'clock; but when its light began to fall across the landscape, the swamp in which the panther seemed to be roaming looked doubly wild and weird.

Hugh and Neil kept close to the fire, with their guns resting across their knees, ready for any emergency.

At last, near eleven o'clock, the occasional screams of the panther suddenly ceased, and more than half an hour passed before anything further was heard; then all at once Neil saw a large animal run up a tree and take a cat-like position



on a limb about forty feet from the ground. The moonlight fell upon it from such a direction that its outlines were strongly marked against some masses of dark foliage. Neil touched Hugh's arm and whispered: "Yonder it is, see!" and he pointed toward it with his finger.

Hugh's gaze discovered it very quickly. Both boys felt a strange thrill at sight of the beast. They clutched their guns and regarded each other for a moment in silence. Neil was the first to speak.

"Are you afraid, Hugh?" he whispered. "Shall we call Uncle Charley and the rest?"

Hugh caught a meaning in Neil's words not directly expressed by them, and at once he replied:

"No; let's kill the panther ourselves. My gun is loaded with nine buckshot in each barrel."

"So is mine," said Neil. "How many shells have you?"

"Ten, answered Hugh," after counting them.

"I have eight," said Neil.

"Well," asked Hugh, "what do you say?"

"Let's try it by ourselves," was Neil's reply.

"All right."

They both rose and stood for a moment hesitating.

"We must have some plan of action," said Neil.

"Let's slip down close to the tree, take good aim at the beast, fire both barrels at it, and run back here," answered Hugh.

"Thirty-six buckshot ought to kill it," said Neil.

"Why, of course!" exclaimed Hugh.

"We must be sure not to miss," cautioned Neil;

"and to aim at its shoulder," he added.

"Yes," answered Hugh. "How proud Uncle Charlie will be, if we get that panther's skin!"

The tree, upon a limb of which the panther had stationed itself, was about two hundred yards distant from the fire.

"Come on," said Neil, "and keep cool."

Side by side the boys walked slowly and cautiously toward the tree.

The panther saw them, no doubt; for it crouched flat on the limb, and gave forth a low, tremulous scream.

Hugh halted involuntarily, but Neil touched his arm and whispered:

"Come on."

The panther screamed again almost immediately, this time much louder than before. It required all the courage the boys could command to march straight on toward the ferocious beast; but Neil would never turn back when once he had started, and Hugh was too proud to abandon his brother in the face of danger. They went on until they were within fifty feet of the tree. The panther had turned its face in their direction, and its eyes glared savagely at them.

"Ready, now," whispered Neil.

"Yes, ready," answered Hugh.

"When I say 'fire,'—blaze away!" added Neil.

"All right," said Hugh.

They raised their guns and aimed as steadily as they could.

"Fire!" exclaimed Neil, and the woods fairly shook with the roar of their guns.

(To be continued.)



THE PET SWAN.





Dear Steenie :

I hope you'll be a boy;  
 You've e-joy to me;

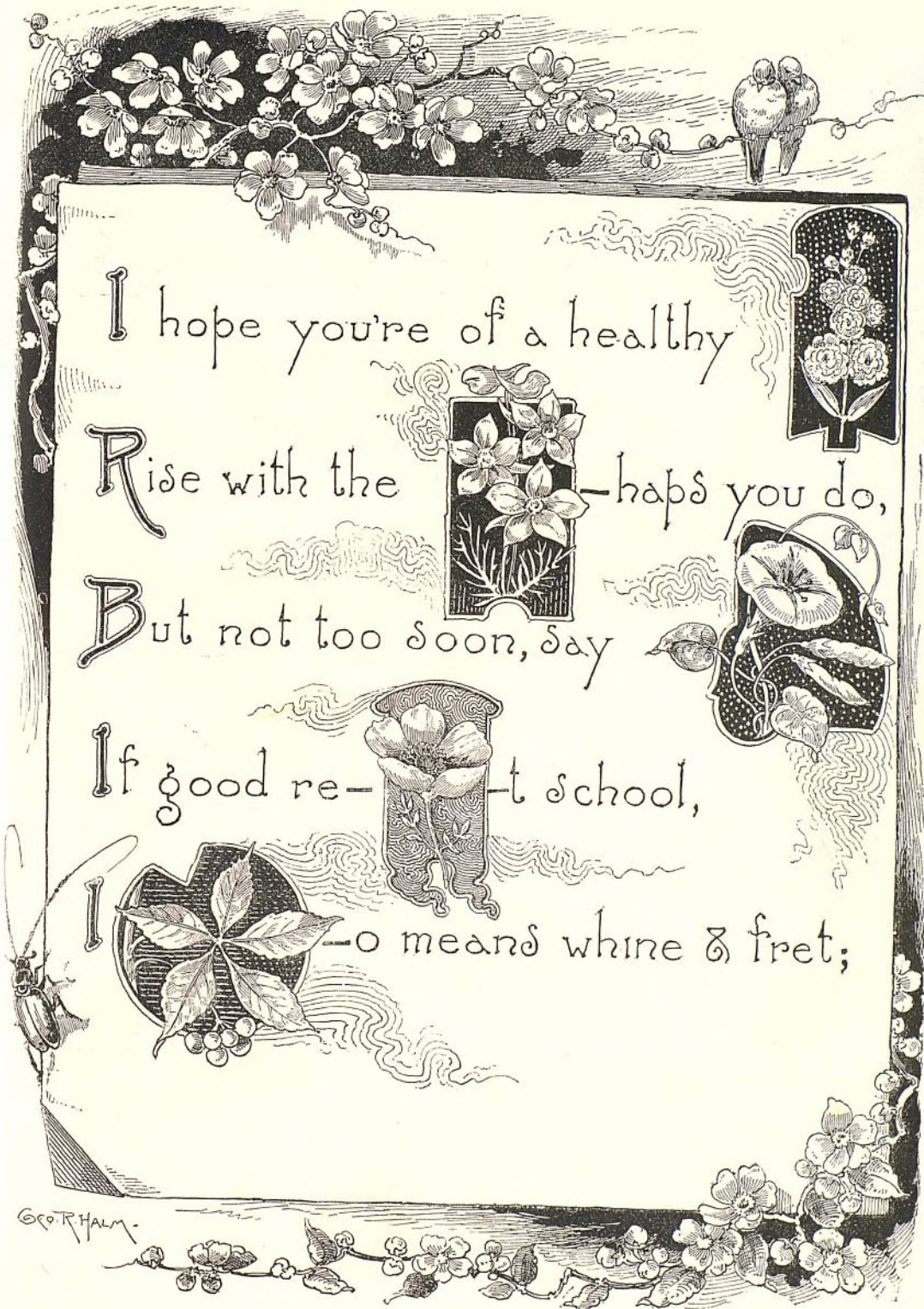
Your principles dont

-ling man you then will be.

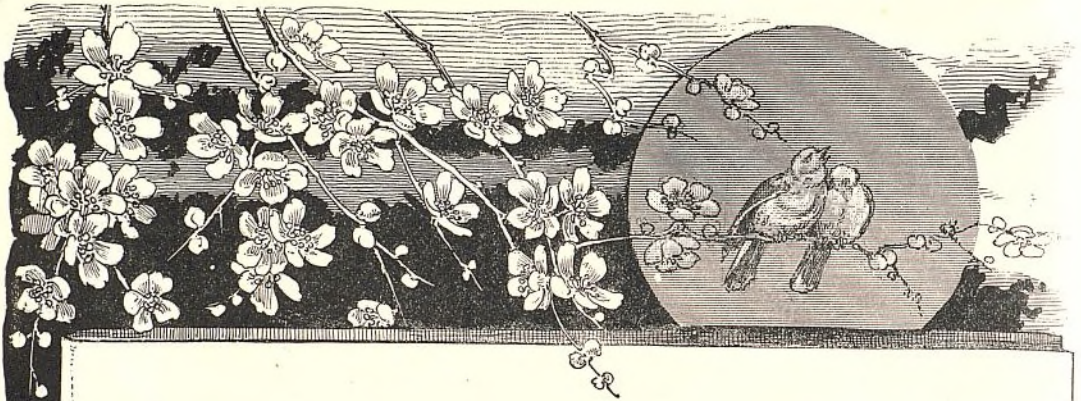
As puny boys make

\* See Letter-Box.









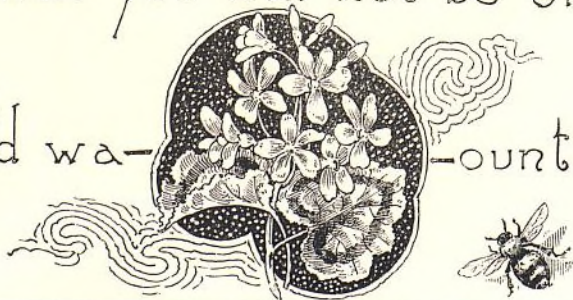
But courage take & say to Sloth:  
 "Wretch! I'll conquer yet!"

Some folks there are who


And with a peculiar ease;

That you will not be one of them

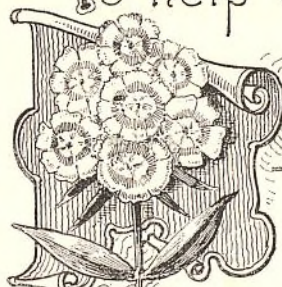
I'd wa- -ount you please!






Be sure you don't re--aid

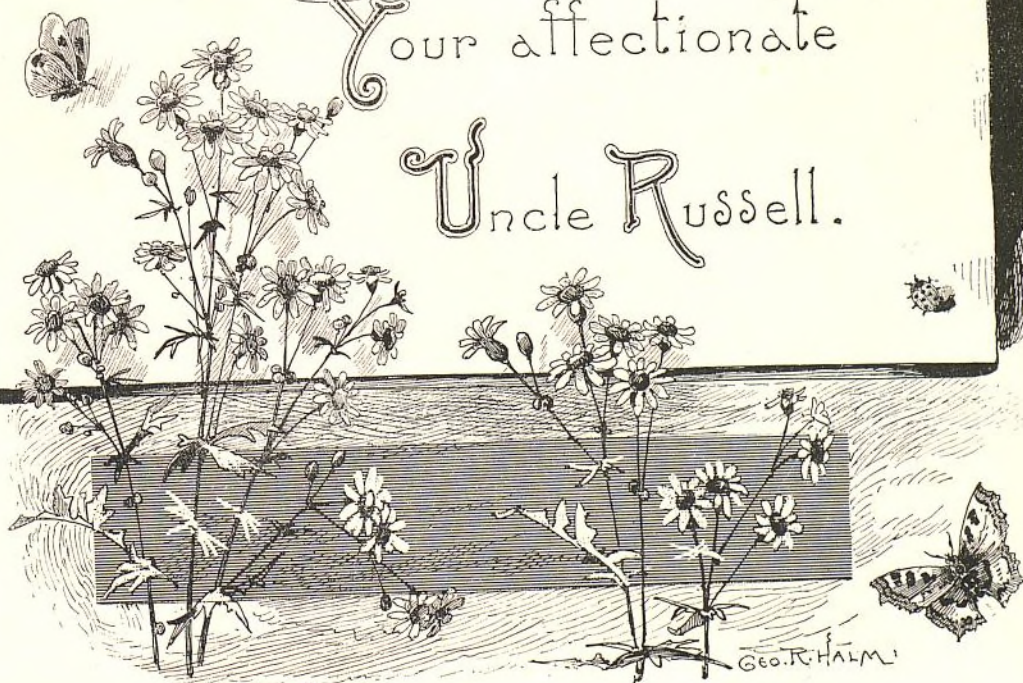
To help a fellow-man's hard lot,

-emories ever be;

And now, good bye,-

Your affectionate

Uncle Russell.





## LITTLE BERTIE.

BY BESSIE HILL.



ONE day little Bertie Green came running in from the fields. She carried something in her apron, but no one could see what it was. She went up to her mother's room. Her mother was very tired, and was resting in the big easy-chair.

"Oh, Mamma," said Bertie, "let's play three wishes! Play you're a poor woman and I'm a be-yoo-tiful fairy. Will you, Mamma?"

Mamma laughed, and said she would try.

"Good!" said Bertie, "you'll see what a lovely game it is, Mam-



ma. Now, shut your eyes tight, 'cause we 're going to begin! I'm a fairy, and I'll grant you three wishes. There's something in my apron, you know, Mamma, but it's a secret. Now, WISH!"

"Well," said mamma, closing her eyes, "let me think of something to wish for."

"That's right, Mamma; wish for something very nice—a flower, or a cherry, or anything!"

"I wish for a—flower," said her mamma, very slowly.

"Here it is!" cried Bertie, laughing with joy, and handing her mamma a lovely rose. "Now wish again, Mamma."

"Let—me—think," said mamma again; "now what SHALL I wish for?"

"Something to eat!" the fairy hinted.

"Oh, yes, something to eat!" mamma said; "well, I wish—I wish for two nice cherries!"

"Good! good!" shouted Bertie, giving mamma a bright little red bunch. "How DID you know? Are they sweet?"

"Yes, indeed," said mamma, "and I thank you very much, good fairy! But there were to be three wishes. I can have another wish, you know!"

"Y-e-s!" said Bertie, looking troubled, and letting go of the little empty apron; "only, I don't know how to play any more wishes."

"I do!" said mamma; "I wish for a kiss!" Then you should have seen the happy fairy climb up, throw her little arms around mamma's neck and kiss her again and again!

"That was the very best wish of all," said mamma.



9th  
MONTH.

## THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC

SEPTEMBER,

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



PHOEBUS now drives into the Scales,  
His skyward course descending,

And tips the beam, and gets a fall,  
Just as the summer's ending.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Mon.	12	Capri.	H. M.	Louis XIV. France, d. 1715
2	Tues.	13	Aqua.	12.	Gen. Moreau, died 1813.
3	Wed.	14	"	11.59	Oliver Cromwell, d. 1658.
4	Thur.	FULL	"	11.59	Chateaubriand, born 1768.
5	Fri.	16	Pisces	11.58	Richelieu, born 1585.
6	Sat.	17	"	11.58	
7	S	18	"	11.58	13th Sunday after Trinity.
8	Mon.	19	Aries	11.57	Capture Sebastopol, 1855.
9	Tues.	20	"	11.57	James IV. Scot'd, d. 1513.
10	Wed.	21	Taurus	11.57	☾ near Aldebaran.
11	Thur.	22	"	11.56	☾ " "
12	Fri.	23	Orion	11.56	☾ " Saturn.
13	Sat.	24	Gemini	11.56	Gen. James Wolfe, d. 1759.
14	S	25	Cancer	11.55	14th Sunday after Trinity.
15	Mon.	26	"	11.55	☾ near Venus.
16	Tues.	27	Leo	11.55	☾ " Jupiter.
17	Wed.	28	"	11.54	Philip IV. Spain, d. 1665.
18	Thur.	29	"	11.54	
19	Fri.	NEW	"	11.53	Pres. Garfield, died 1881.
20	Sat.	1	"	11.53	Alex. the Great, b. 356 B.C.
21	S	2	"	11.53	15th Sunday after Trinity.
22	Mon.	3	Libra	11.52	☾ near Mars.
23	Tues.	4	"	11.52	Capture of André, 1780.
24	Wed.	5	Ophiuch	11.52	
25	Thur.	6	"	11.51	
26	Fri.	7	Sagit.	11.51	Daniel Boone, died 1820.
27	Sat.	8	"	11.51	Louis XIII. France, b. 1601
28	S	9	"	11.50	16th Sunday after Trinity.
29	Mon.	10	Capri.	11.50	Admiral Nelson, b. 1758.
30	Tues.	11	Aqua.	11.50	

## SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

HERE and there, on brook and river,  
Where the shadows float and quiver,  
Pushing gayly from the shore,  
Merry rowers ply the oar.

## EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

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

SEPTEMBER 15th, 8.30 P. M.

If you want to see VENUS, JUPITER, or SATURN, you must take a peep out of an eastern window about four o'clock in the morning.

Altair is now slightly to the west of our south mark. Near it, but a trifle to the east, is a pretty little diamond-shaped group of stars, often called Job's Coffin. These are in the constellation of *The Dolphin*. Exactly in the south, at some distance below Altair, and pointing to that star, are two stars quite near together that mark the Zodiac constellation *Capricornus*, or *The Goat*. The upper one of the two has a faint star close to it. The lower one, called Beta Capricorni, is remarkable this year from the fact that it is covered by the moon once in the course of each month. Whenever the place of the moon is marked in the Almanac as being in *Capricornus*, you will see her not far from this star, generally to the east or west of it. But in October, the occultation (as the passage of the moon over a star is called) will occur at an hour when we can observe it.

The Square of *Pegasus* is now high up in the east. The great Dipper is low down in the north-west. Lyra, the Beautiful, has passed to the west of our south mark, and *The Swan*, with its leading brilliant Arcturus, has crept nearly to the point overhead. Antares, the red star of the *Scorpion*, is setting in the south-west. The bright star rising in the far north-east is Capella in *Auriga*, the *Charioteer*.

We can now trace another step in the course of the sun. From the point we noted last month which he occupies on the 22d of November, he passes through the constellation of *Sagittarius*, *The Archer*, during December, and reaches a point some distance below Beta Capricorni on the 21st of January.

## THE WHIRLWIND AND THE ZEPHYR.

"WHY are you so fierce?" said a gentle Zephyr, that had been blowing over rose-gardens and was laden with fragrance, to a Whirlwind that was dashing furiously around.

"Oh!" said the Whirlwind, "I'm not fierce; that's energy! I'm only a good healthy Whirlwind, that's all. You—poor little Zephyr, will die some time for lack of breath;" and so saying, he seized a rose-bush and almost tore it up by the roots, scattering the rose-leaves far and wide.

"Alas!" said the Zephyr, as she hovered tenderly over the rose-bush, and tried weakly to gather up the fallen petals, "you're not healthy for others, my friend, and you do not seem to know that might does not make right; as for me, I think a kiss is better than a blow."

\* The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



1884.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

30  
DAYS.

"HARVEST-HOME! Harvest-home!" cried September, bursting in gayly. "You have done pretty well, Mother, after all, have n't you? Seems to me I never before had so many apples and melons to touch up, and the vines are fairly groaning. I don't know as I shall have purple enough to give all the grapes a good rich color. I think I ought to be the happiest month of all the twelve; for while my brothers and sisters work, I only have to reap the fruit of their labors. I suppose I must put the tips of my fingers on some of the trees, and begin to turn their lovely green to yellow and red; but I leave all I can of that work to October, who knows more about it than I do. What shall I take hold of first? Shall I call a little breeze, and bid it shake the apples down? It is time they were falling."

"Yes," said Dame Nature; "and don't forget to shine a little on your marigolds; and remember you are the Midas who turns the pumpkins to pure gold."

## PRESERVING-TIME.

SAID Mr. Baldwin Apple  
To Mrs. Bartlett Pear:  
"You're growing very plump, Madame,  
And also very fair."

"And there is Mrs. Clingstone Peach,  
So mellowed by the heat,  
Upon my word, she really looks  
Quite good enough to eat."

"And all the Misses Crab-apple  
Have blushed so rosy red  
That very soon the Farmer's wife  
To pluck them will be led."

"Just see the Isabellas,  
They're growing so apace,  
That they really are beginning  
To get purple in the face."

"Our happy time is over,  
For Mrs. Green Gage Plum

Says she knows unto her sorrow,  
Preserving-time has come."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Bartlett Pear,  
"Our day is almost o'er,  
And soon we shall be smothering  
In syrup by the score."

And before the month was ended,  
The fruits that looked so fair,  
Had vanished from among the leaves,  
And the trees were stripped and bare.

They were all of them in pickle,  
Or in some dreadful scrape;  
"I'm cider!" sighed the Apple;  
"I'm jelly!" cried the Grape.

They were all in jars and bottles,  
Upon the shelf arrayed;  
And in their midst poor Mrs. Quince  
Was turned to marmalade.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE nightingale by moonlight clear  
So sweetly sang, all came to hear.  
The raven said: "I'd like to see  
So many listening to me,  
And when the nightingale is through  
I'll show the world what I can do."  
The nightingale was hardly done,  
Before the raven had begun,  
But as the people heard his lay,  
They stopped their ears and ran away.

The raven slowly shook his head;  
"O nightingale," he sadly said,  
"The difference I can not see,—  
They list to you; they run from me.  
I wish I knew the reason why!  
You sang your song, and so did I."  
The nightingale made soft reply:  
"Was anybody listening there?  
I did not know; I do not care.  
My mate is sitting on her nest  
To guard the eggs beneath her breast;  
As in the thicket she must hide,  
She can not see the moon outside.  
To her I sing with all my might  
The beauty of the glorious night,  
And can not tell it half, although  
I love it so! I love it so!"

This pretty song-story by Selma W. Paine, a friend of my birds, is as true of people as it is of birds. There are raven-folk and nightingale-folk among young and old, Deacon Green says, and you meet them every day, in one way or another.

Think about it, each one of you, dearly beloveds,

and see whether you belong to the ravens or the nightingales.

## A NEW WORD-GAME.

HERE is something a little out of my line. But as the Little School-ma'am hands it in, and begs me to show it to you, I can only say, "Certainly I will!" The little lady says it will amuse you and your elders, in or out of doors, and that it comes to her from a friend of ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. George B. Bartlett.

Here it is; but don't all play it at once, my chicks, or my birds will think there's a battle raging between the crows and the katydid. It is called by a big name, too; but the Little School-ma'am assures me that it is perfectly harmless. Let me know how you like it, please.

## MENTAL WORD CULTURE.

At last, by a change of rule and method, the good old game of word-making can be played without printed cards or letters, by the summer moonlight or winter fireside. The memory will be greatly strengthened by this new and fascinating amusement, which will also cultivate correct spelling and bring to notice many curious words. Any number of players may join. The first in line mentions any word of two or three letters, and the one who sits next makes another word of it by adding one or more letters. The third player does the same in his turn; and so on, until a word is made to which no one can add; and this completed word belongs to the player who finished it. This player then starts another, which goes on in the same way until finished, and the player who first secures five words wins the game, which is subject to the following rules:

No proper names can be used.

No word can be changed unless at least one letter is added, and the new word is of different meaning from the one before it.

No plural or change of tense can be used to make a word.

Before starting a new word, the player must call out in order the words he has already secured, which can be taken away at this time by any player who can add to any of them, or combine any of them into other words by adding one or more letters.

If any player discovers an error of spelling in any word given out, he can claim it for his own by giving the correct spelling.

Any player may call on another for the definition of any of his words, and if the spelling be not correct for the word of that meaning, he can claim it, although correctly spelled for another meaning.

No unreasonable delay is permitted, as the player next in turn can play if he has waited three minutes, which he can compute by counting slowly the numbers to one hundred and eighty.

Here are a few specimen words and changes:

Am, ram, ream, cream, scream.

At, cat, cart, cater, canter, decanter.

Wig, twig, twinge.

He, hem, helm, helmet.

## WHAT NOISE DOES THE BEAVER MAKE?

SEVERAL months ago, I'm told, ST. NICHOLAS asked you this question, and out of many letters of reply that came, only a few were based on actual observation by the writers. These answers you shall hear now:

Bertha M. S. describes a pet beaver that had been given to a member of her family. She says the noise it made was exactly like the cry of a very young baby in distress.

John T. McS. says, "It's a soft splash, that you hear only once, just as the beaver turns from the dam it is building."

And Edgar G. B., a twelve-year-old boy, living in Urbana, Ohio, writes: "I want to tell you about the noise the beaver makes. He makes it with his tail, in using it as a trowel when he builds his dam. It sounds like clapping your hand on a board or piece of hard earth."



## A CRAB-BAROMETER.

WELL, what shall I hear next? This very day, I have heard somebody tell the dear Little School-ma'am about a kind of crab that is used by the natives of the Chiloe Islands as a natural barometer. It appears that the shell of this sensitive little kicker is nearly white in dry weather, but whenever it is exposed to moisture, little red spots appear. These deepen and thicken according to the degree of dampness to which the shell is exposed, until finally, in the rainy season, it becomes red all over.

Have any of you been to the Chiloe Islands, and have you ever seen this particular sort of crab? Is it a land-crab? I suppose it is; for a water-crab, sensitive to dampness, would n't make a very satisfactory barometer, I fancy. Or is it only a sort of posthumous crab, whose real life of usefulness, so to speak, begins after his death? Who knows?

## WHY TUMBLER.

VINCENTOWN, July 2d.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think I have found an answer to your July question: Certain drinking-vessels, one or two centuries ago, were called tumblers, because they had a pointed or round base, and could not be set down with any liquor in them, thus compelling the drinker to finish his measure. Hoping this may be the correct answer, I remain your constant reader,

EMMA CARMAN.

Other young friends write that, according to some dictionaries, a tumbler is a drinking-vessel without

a foot; and one grown-up correspondent, curiously enough, says that a tumbler should be called stumbler, for it takes its name from the word stumble, as it is "a glass without a foot," which could only be set down empty, as it was sure to spill any fluid left in it.

A little maiden of Birmingham, England, after explaining that tumblers originally were made pointed, so writes:

"I really think that ST. NICHOLAS is the nicest magazine that was ever printed. Miss Alcott deserves a vote of thanks for her delightful 'Spinning-wheel Stories.' I am also very much interested in 'Historic Boys,' and was so pleased to see our Prince Harry of Monmouth among the number.

"I have in preparation a 'salt tumbler' (such as you described in July), and I hope it will turn out a success.

"I do not see many letters from English girls, but several of my little friends take your beautiful magazine, and love it dearly.

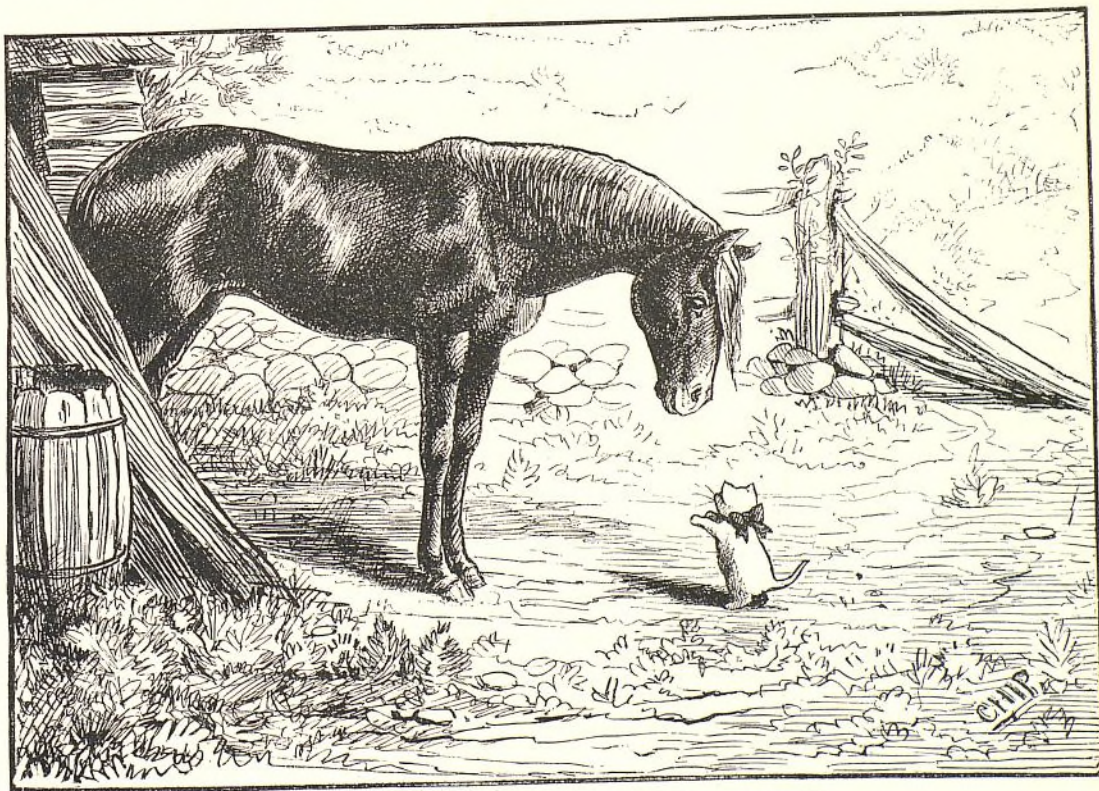
"Now, good-bye. With love to 'Deacon Green' and the 'Little School-ma'am,'

I am, your little friend,

"ADA."

## THOSE AGED ANIMALS!

THERE, our time is up for this month, and I have not shown you, as I intended to do, more of the many interesting letters that have been coming in ever since I asked for facts from personal knowledge about the ages of horses and dogs. But you shall see them some time; and, by the way, here is something quite appropriate:



PUSSY: "ARE YOU THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM'S OTHER PET?"



## 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.

THE Floral Letter printed on pages 890-894 of this number will, we are sure, interest all flower-lovers among our readers. It is copied from a genuine letter written by a gentleman to his little nephew, and though somewhat in the nature of a puzzle, it will be found to convey in its "flower-language" some excellent hints. As the flowers represented are nearly all of common varieties, we think our readers will have no difficulty in deciphering the Floral Letter, since by substituting the name of each flower for the picture of it, the sense and meaning will be evident at once. However, for the benefit of those who may not care to study out the letter for themselves, we shall print in next month's Letter-box a key to it, which can then be compared with the original.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am now visiting the beautiful city of Paris. There are so many things of interest here! I have been to the Palace of Versailles, which is beautiful; saw the bed which Louis XIV. died on, and Napoleon's carriage. We also saw a pretty chateau which Marie Antoinette built, her chapel, and a tree which she and Louis XIV. planted. I have also visited the old city of Rouen, which is very interesting; and I saw the spot where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. I have to wait so long before you come that it seems as if I'll not receive you. I would like to write more, but I am afraid I shall not have my letter printed.

Your faithful reader,

MADGE M.—

PLIMPTON HOUSE, WATCH HILL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the July number a letter from Charlie Delany, telling how the Chinese imitated the plate that the gentleman sent so exactly. When I showed it to my cousin, she said that some one had told her that a gentleman sent a pair of pantaloons to a Chinaman to have another pair made like them. Unfortunately the old pair had a patch in one of the knees, and when the Chinaman made the new pair, he cut a hole in the same knee in which it had been in the old pair, and patched it.

Sincerely yours,

HELEN E.—

BROOKLYN, July 1, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about a society a friend of mine belongs to. It is called "The Charity Society." The reason they call it "Charity" is because whenever any member says anything untrue or anything she would be unwilling to repeat to the person spoken of she is fined one cent, and when they have a large amount they use it for the benefit of some poor person.

J. L.

J. L.'s account of the "Charity Society" will remind many of our readers of the story entitled "The S. F. B. P.," printed in our last number.

17 BAYSWATER TERRACE, LONDON.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have no doubt that some of your readers have "viper's-grass" in their gardens. It generally flowers in June or July, and grows best in chalky soil. The seed somewhat resembles the head of a viper, and it was from this arose the idea that it was a cure for the bite of that reptile.

I believe it is also known as the "Ox-tongue," and in France it is called the *réveille-matin* ["the morning call" or "alarm-clock"]. The other day I read a little legend concerning this flower which I send you, thinking that perhaps it may interest some of your numerous readers.

One day St. Nicholas met a little maiden weeping bitterly on her way to school, and touched by the sight of the child's grief, he stopped her and inquired the cause of her tears. "Why do you cry, little one?" And the little girl answered, "Because I am late again this morning for school, and when I get there the teacher will scold me and say I am lazy, but I know that it is really not my fault, for I can not prevent myself from waking up late, much as

I would wish to do so." Upon this, St. Nicholas placed his hands on the child's golden hair, and said, "Do not weep, you will not be scolded this morning; for I will put back the hands of the school-house clock and all the other clocks in the village; but this is for to-day only. Take this flower, and for the future place it at the head of your bed and you will wake early every morning." And so saying, St. Nicholas broke off a branch of the viper's-grass and gave it to his little friend, and went away. After this the little girl was never late at school, and it soon became known that she was always the first to arrive there. On her telling the villagers, they nicknamed the flower the "morning call." And to this day, when the villagers of Flanders wish to wake early in the morning, they place a branch of the "morning call" by their bedsides.

I much enjoy reading your delightful paper, dear ST. NICHOLAS; and hoping this letter will find a corner in your Letter-box, as it is the first I have yet written to you, believe me, your admiring reader,

VIOLET M. C.—

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but to-day I thought I would, and ask you a question. We live in a boarding-house, and a boy rooms just across the hall. The other day the boy came in and asked me to come and see an "experiment" of his; he got his idea from a story in ST. NICHOLAS of a boy who burnt bark in a tea-kettle to make gas.

He had taken an old glass ink-bottle, filled it with scraps of paper and bits of wood, and set it on the coals in a grate; soon a sort of smoke came, which he lighted, and it had been burning nearly half an hour when I saw it. It went out soon after, and when we took the bottle from the grate, the bottom was melted out. We filled another bottle with paper alone, and it burnt, too. Now, was that gas that came from the mouth of the bottle? If so, what kind, and how can paper make gas? Your admiring reader,

BLANCHE C. LEGGETT.

P. S.—The paper was not consumed, but burnt after we took the bottle from the grate.

WHEN any material, be it wood, paper, coal, or anything that will burn, is exposed to great heat, gases of various kinds are evolved, and these, if mingled with air, will burn. If the air has access to the material, the material itself will appear to burn, yet, in reality, only the gas burns. If the material is inclosed in some vessel, so that the air can not get to it, and the gases are led away in a pipe, they will burn, even if quite cold, the moment they meet the air and a flame. (A good way to try the experiment is to fill the bowl of a tobacco-pipe with dry sawdust, cover the top of the bowl with clay or plaster of Paris, and to thrust the bowl of the pipe in the coals of a fire, and leave the stem projecting from the stove. Soon a yellow smoke will escape from the pipe, and, if touched with flame, will burn as a tiny gas flame. On breaking open the bowl of the pipe the wood will be found reduced to charcoal. The charcoal will burn, but with a pale flame, showing that a part of the gas has been extracted. Such an experiment is called "destructive distillation," because the gas and some other products are distilled out of the wood in a retort, and the wood is destroyed in the process.)

PARIS, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and tell you about my dolls and cats. I have a great many of them. I will tell you their names. My littlest is the baby doll; her name is Mary Anderson, and I have two more; one is named Queen Victoria. She is my finest doll, and I have another which is named Emma Abbot. Then I have two cats, which are named Hamlet and Still Bill. I am nine years old, and I like your magazine very much.

Yours truly, A. J.—

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., June 29, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters from Southern California in the ST. NICK, so I thought I would write one and see if it would be printed.

We are having very pleasant weather here, and everything is



green and fresh. I think the "Scarlet Tanager" and "Marvin and his Boy Hunters" are just splendid.

Your faithful reader,

CLARENCE H. R.

COLLEGE AVE., No. 26.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two girls who think the St. NICHOLAS the best magazine to be found, and enjoy every story in it, but Miss Alcott's most of all. We think her "Spinning-wheel Story" for this month the best one yet; for we both are very fond of boarding-school stories, and this is made more interesting to us by the fact that Miss Orne in the story greatly resembles, both in looks and character, a very dear teacher of our own, which makes it seem more real; and also, because we go to boarding-school ourselves, but board at home, which is not nearly so nice. It is very lonesome here now that school has closed, and as we have never written a letter to you before, nor seen one in the "Letter-box" from this part of the country, we thought we would write to you and would like very much to see this in print.

Your Western friends,

HELEN AND MINNIE.

BEDFORD PARK, ENGLAND, June 23.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have two years of my St. NICHOLAS bound: one is red and one blue. I like the fairy-stories and poetry very much.

I knew a donkey called Sam. He liked apples, but they grew too high for him; so a tall horse, named Trooper, pulled the boughs down with his mouth for Sam to pick them. I shall be six next month, and I shall have a party.

From your friend,

HUBERT C—.

We thank our girl and boy friends, whose names are here given, for the pleasant letters we have received from them. We would be glad to publish their letters if there were room. At it is, we can only acknowledge them by name: Corinne F. Hill, Mertie M. Reed, Ida G., H. H. C., A. M. N., J. L. S., Lilian E. Ostrander, Elizabeth Alling, Florence C. D., Miriam McGaw, Louise Joynes, J. C. W., Nellie W., Cherry Wood, Vivia Blair, Hattie S. Mason, Gertrude Hofford.

## AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-FIRST REPORT.

THERE should be a flavor of salt in our report this month, for it is developing in the sea-side laboratory of the Boston Society of Natural History, in close companionship with lobsters, crabs, hydroids, sea-urchins, and star-fish, in view of rolling waves, and amid the whisperings of an ocean breeze. A company of earnest students are at work at the various tables, and among them we note with pleasure the former secretary of Gloucester, A. Mr. R. S. Tarr.

It may be useful to mention a plan of work, that as followed here yields the most gratifying results. This is the careful and exhaustive study of a very few typical forms. One student, for example, has spent a month of constant study on the lobster, noting carefully its various parts and characteristics, with the aid of some such book as Huxley and Martin's *Practical Biology*, or W. K. Brooks's *Hand-book of Invertebrate Zoology*. All the parts, as described by these authors, are found in the specimens in hand, drawn, and carefully contrasted and compared. Those who have more time carry their studies deeper, and trace the growth of some animal from the egg through all its different stages, until the adult form is reached, making successive drawings and continual notes, and in this way working up a complete "life history" of the creature. This kind of work can be done anywhere, but the marine forms, being larger and, at the same time, of less complex organization, afford the best material for beginners. We advise any of our friends who may have the opportunity to attend a laboratory, and do practical work under competent supervision, by no means to let it pass unimproved.

It is with great pleasure that we lay before the A. A. the following generous offers from Profs. Jordan and Grinnell:

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA.

DEAR SIR: In St. NICHOLAS for June, page 661, I notice a call for a "specialist on fish."

I am such a person, and I shall be very glad to answer any questions on fishes (and reptiles or birds) that any of your young correspondents may ask.

Yours very truly,

DAVID S. JORDAN.

39 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, June 30, 1884.

DEAR SIR: Your interesting little hand-book of the Agassiz Association has just fallen into my hands. The subject is so interesting, and the objects of the Association appeal so strongly to every student of science, that I feel that it is unnecessary for me to apologize to you for offering my most cordial congratulations to you as the originator of the grand idea. It must always be a source of our greatest congratulation to you to feel that you have in this way helped to broaden out the lives of so many of the children of our country. And no doubt among those belonging to your association there will be many who will do good work for science in the years that are to come. After attentively reading your hand-book, it has occurred to me that perhaps some one who has a general knowledge of North American birds might be of assistance to some of your members. General North American ornithology is my specialty, and I should

be happy to identify any specimens that may be sent to me by any members of the A. A., or to be of service to them in any other way. Should any of them require help about our birds, pray do not hesitate to call upon me. Yours respectfully,

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL, Ph. D.

### THE CONVENTION.

THE Secretary of the Philadelphia Assembly reports that a very large number of Chapters have signified their intention of sending a delegate or delegates to the convention on September 2. Among the topics that will be discussed in the meeting are: Methods of work; histories of Chapters; the use of the microscope; practical work in zoology, conchology, ornithology, and entomology. We gladly insert the following cordial letter of invitation from the Philadelphia Assembly of the A. A.:

PHILADELPHIA, July 21, 1884.

Although special invitations have been sent to all the Chapters of the Agassiz Association for the convention to be held in Philadelphia this September, we think it well to also extend an invitation through St. NICHOLAS.

We therefore cordially invite all members of the Agassiz Association to attend the convention, which will be held on September 2d, 3d, and 4th, 1884.

On Tuesday, September 2d, at 8 P. M., a reception will be given to the members; on Wednesday and Thursday mornings, visits will be made to the Academy of Natural Sciences and the Zoological Gardens; on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, sessions of the convention will be held; on Wednesday evening a lecture will be delivered by Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D.; and on Thursday evening a visit will probably be made to the Electrical Exhibition.

Chapters or members of the A. A. and other parties are desired to read at the sessions or send to the Secretary of the Assembly notes of personal observations or other papers of scientific interest. Persons unconnected with the A. A. who are interested in its work are invited to be present at the sessions.

The reception will be held at 1418 Chestnut street, second floor; sessions of the convention and Dr. McCook's lecture at Lecture-Room of Franklin Institute, 15 South Seventh street; hotel accommodations for visiting members (at \$2.50 per day) at West End Hotel, 1524 Chestnut street; head-quarters of the convention, on and after September 1st, at West End Hotel. All members are requested to call at head-quarters as soon as possible after their arrival in the city, and obtain tickets for the reception, lectures, etc.

A circular giving particulars for obtaining reduced railroad rates and hotel accommodations has been issued. This has been sent to all Chapters answering our first circular, and will be mailed to others upon application.

Yours truly,

ROBERT T. TAYLOR,  
Sec'y Philadelphia Assembly.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Address communications to P. O. Box 259, Philadelphia, Pa.

The warm months of summer do not bring the usual decrease in the number of new Chapters formed.



## NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
670	Wright's Grove, Ill.	4.	Myron Hunt (care Miller and Hunt).
671	Lyndon, Vt.	12.	Miss Alice F. Hall.
672	Chicago (W)	16.	Noble M. Eberhart, 161 La Salle St., Room 75.
673	Milwaukee, Wis. (B)	9.	Mrs. F. L. Atkins.
674	Washington, D. C. (I)	5.	Spencer A. Searle.
675	Newport, R. I. (D)	4.	Henry M. Soonper, 169 Broadway.
676	Burlington, N. J. (B)	4.	C. P. Smith, Jr., Box 232.
677	Milwaukee, Wis. (C)	4.	Miss Lizzie Jordan, 142 3d St.
678	Taunton, Mass. (C)	5.	Daniel J. Mehegan.
679	De Pere, Wis. (E)	10.	Barton L. Parker.
680	Peoria, Ill. (E)	4.	Gustav Kleene, 210 Fourth St.
681	Garden City, L. I., N. Y. (B)	5.	C. W. Clark.
682	Philadelphia, Pa. (W)	5.	James E. Brooks, 1865 North 24th St.
683	Louisville, Ky. (C)	4.	Will C. Cope, 1818 Barret Ave.

## REORGANIZED.

346	Toronto, Canada (A)	7.	David Howell, 57 Gloucester St.
-----	---------------------	----	---------------------------------

## DISSOLVED.

144	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.		
-----	-------------------	--	--

## NOTES.

115. *Frogs raining down*.—The phenomenon is thus explained by Prof. Wood, in "Common Objects of the Country": The frog showers, of which we so often hear, are occasioned, not by the actual descent of frogs from the clouds, but, probably, from the genial influence of the moisture on the young frogs that have been already hatched and developed, and have been biding their time before daring to venture abroad.

116. *Attacus Cynthia*.—In answer to "X," *Attacus Cynthia* is a moth of the *Attacus* group of the family *Lepidoptera*. It is more properly called *Samia Cynthia*. The cocoon of this moth is used for the manufacture of silk, which is of good quality. The moth can be raised in this country in the open air. It feeds on the *ailanthus*. J. R. Boardman, Augusta, Me.

117. *Bohemian chatterer*.—Hearing the note of a Bohemian chatterer, I determined, if possible, to find out what it was doing away from its companions. It soon flew from the tree on which it had alighted, and before long a whole flock of the birds came to the same tree and began eating the berries. This seems to show that the birds, having nearly stripped one tree of its fruit, had sent this bird to find a new feeding-place.—Chas. Keeler.

118. *Cow-bird*.—In St. Nicholas for March is a communication from a member of the A. A., stating that four eggs of the cow-bird were found in a nest of the wood-thrush, and asking if any parallel case has been noted. In the summer of 1881, I found a yellow warbler's nest of six eggs, two of the warbler and four of the cow-bird. I took the nest. About two weeks later I found another nest of the warbler, not ten feet from the first one. In it were two eggs of the cow-bird and one of the warbler. I took only the former. A few days later I found another cow-bird's egg in the same nest, and removed it. The next time I obtained two more. It was becoming interesting. Next day, to my surprise, I found the nest empty, and much torn. The warbler's eggs were on the ground beneath it, and each one had a hole picked in it. I concluded that the cow-bird had avenged her wrongs.—H. H. Birney, Bethlehem, Pa.

119. *Promethea*.—The *Attacus promethea* (Harris), or *Callosia Promethea* (Saunders), is the most common of the large moths here. Its cocoons are found in numbers on magnolia-trees in gardens. I wish that members of the A. A. in different places would tell us how the number of these moths compares with that of others, like the *Polyphemus* and *Cecropia*, for example.—C. M. Hewins, Hartford, Conn.

120. *Slate*.—While exploring a slate ledge for pyrites, I found a place where the slate seemed to have undergone a curious change. Pieces could be broken off in the same rectangular form as usual; but instead of being hard and brittle, it was very soft and slightly moist. Will some one tell me if this decomposition of slate is a common occurrence, as I can not find any mention of it in my mineralogy. I have specimens of it to exchange for labeled fossils.—R. W. Wood, Jr., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

121. *Danaids*.—I have found *Danaids archippus* on locust. There were no milkweeds anywhere near that the larvæ could have crawled from before changing to the chrysalis. Can any one tell me where to send for "Morris's Synopsis of the Lepidoptera of N. A." issued by the Smithsonian Inst.—E. H. Pierce, Auburn, N. Y.

122. *What is it?*—I am too young to belong to the A. A., but I like to watch bugs and insects. I can print quite well, but I get Papa to write what I want to tell and ask you. I found on a leaf of a morning-glory a little winged bug, shaped like the common

lady-bug. It was of the most brilliant gold color, looking like a drop of pure gold. The tips of its feet were like Etruscan gold. Around the border of its back, overlapping the body, was a thin film that looked like glass. Around its sides there seemed to be a row of beading, or little dents into the golden edge. I put it into a clear glass bottle. After a little time its color began to change until it was a dark brick red, with three black spots on each wing. I then got a leaf like the one on which I had found it, and put it into the bottle. It immediately crawled on it, and soon its color changed back to the bright gold. The black spots went away. Is this a lady-bug? Margie T. Kitchel, Hamilton, Texas.

123. *Cecropia*.—I have found out why the cocoons of *Attacus cecropia* often have slits in the side. The sapsucker makes them in order to reach the pupæ, which it eats. I happened to catch him at it.—Bradley M. Davis.

124. *Crows*.—One fact that struck me particularly was that their leader was larger than the others, and seemed to have greater power of flight. He generally kept at the head of the flock, but once he turned, and soaring above the rest flew to the rear; then turning back, he out-flew the others, and again reached the head of the moving company.—L. M. H.

125. *Musk-rat*.—We saw a musk-rat go through a hole in the ice, and soon return with a clam. It pried the shell open, and ate the clam. It did this about ten times in succession. Once it got one too big to open, and threw it back into the water.—W. M. Clute.

126. *Cricket*.—While walking one day, I came across one cricket burying another. I removed it about three feet from the dead one, but it came directly back. Is it common for crickets to bury each other?—W. H. White, St. Johnland, N. Y.

127. *Evening primrose*.—I have had an opportunity of seeing this month some evening primroses—curious flowers that open at twilight. They unfolded in a series of jerks, and the great yellow flower gave off a strong perfume, that seemed intoxicating to a number of humming-bird moths that hovered about, and let themselves be easily caught in the hand. After dark I passed by again, and found the uncanny flowers plainly swaying about in the darkness, while all about them were perfectly still. Of course I should have examined the way they were attached, but I am sorry to say that I did not.—C.

128. [In answer to the question, "What causes, and what's, the blue part of the flame next to the gas-jet?" It is the reacting flame, and in it the carbon and hydrogen of the flame are in a high state of ignition, and are inclosed from the atmosphere by the surrounding flame.]

## EXCHANGES.

Water-snails, petrified moss, and fossil shells.—Barton L. Parker, De Pere, Wis.

Birds' eggs.—H. W. Davis, North Granville, N. Y., and W. V. Abell, Easthampton, Ct.

Cotton-plant with cotton-moth, for iron or sea-weed.—R. S. Cross, West Point, Mississippi.

Garnets, clays, and marble, for eggs and minerals of the West.—D. W. Rice, Brandon, Vt.

Minerals and insects, for eggs and silk-worm eggs.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood Ave., Jackson, Mich.

Birds' eggs.—Harry U. Bailey, Princeton, Illinois.

Caddis-fly cases. Write first. Harry B. Hinnan, Chase's Lake, Lewis Co., N. Y.

Drawings of moths, butterflies, etc.—W. E. Watts, 3346 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo.

Missouri granite. Write first. Frank M. Davis, 3857 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Correspondence with distant Chapters, with a view to exchanges.—Max Greenbaum, Sec. Ch. 654, 433 Franklin St., Phila. Pa.

## QUERIES.

What causes the light in a fire-fly?

What is the largest flower in the world?—Sec. 601.

A large number of interesting Chapter reports must go over until next month. We must, however, insert this one:

REPORT OF THE ROSEVILLE AGASSIZ CHAPTER, June 24, 1884.

Although it is a long time since our club has sent a report, it has been struggling on and doing some work. We have not accomplished all we had hoped to do, but our number has increased to thirty-two members. We have a regular place of meeting, have had many new contributions to our cabinet, have purchased a Polyopticon, the latest edition of "Chambers's Encyclopedia," with cuts and engravings, and have formed the nucleus for a circulating library. Besides our regular fortnightly meetings, we have had two lectures and a very fine microscopic exhibition, with a lecture on the laws of light—Sara Dorrach, Sec.

Address all communications to the president,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,

Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A chariot of war. 3. A thin board upon which a picture is painted. 4. A species of lynx. 5. Extravagant in opinions. 6. Repeated. 7. Plaited strings. 8. A boy. 9. A consonant.

"LYON HART."

## ANAGRAMS.

THE works of a famous English novelist:

1. Ohi Vane.
2. The Kira Owl.
3. Art in the Quay.
4. Leon Huett's Offering.
5. Dolly Ottarim.
6. Rutlend Gate.
7. The Tar's Money. DAISY.

## ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains six letters. The zigzag begins at the upper left-hand corner and names a famous stone.

The first letter of the fifth word, the sixth letter of the seventh word, the first letter of the ninth word, and the first and fourth letters of the twelfth word will spell the name of the country from which it came.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous Egyptian pyramid. 2. Not singular. 3. A wind. 4. Sullen. 5. A division of the globe. 6. A riddle. 7. Hatred. 8. A bird which is often kept for a pet. 9. Freely. 10. Sacred songs. 11. A halo. 12. An instrument for pounding substances in a mortar. 13. Corrects. 14. A seat to be placed on a horse's back. 15. A puzzle. 16. Injury.

"ALCIBIADES."

## PI.

SPOUSEP flie notsed sleepa ouy  
Orn het ayw mose opleep od,—  
Od ouy ktinh eth lowhe raticone  
Liwl eb dreattle stuj orf ouy?  
Nad stin ti, ym oby ro liry,  
Eth tinces, stabvre lanp,  
Teavrhew secom ro nestdo moce  
Ot od eth sebt ouy nac?

FRANK.

## CUBE.

2	+	+	+	3
.	.	.	.	.
.	.	.	.	.
4	+	+	+	5
1	.	.	.	.
.	.	.	.	.
6	+	+	+	7

THE same letter may replace every figure in the diagram. From 2 to 3, the last part of an ode; from 4 to 5, to evade; from 6 to 7, a rapacious bird; from 3 to 5, a margin; from 2 to 4, a lake of North America; from 1 to 6, pertaining to the ancient inhabitants of Scotland; from 4 to 6, to invest; from 5 to 7, to obliterate; from 2 to 1, to run away.

DYCHIE.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS: How many perished on this famous field,  
FINALS: That this proud despot might be forced to yield.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. This god in Scandinavian myth we find,  
And one day of the week keeps him in mind.
2. The Taj Mahal we in this city see,  
A wonder of the world, as all agree.
3. The prudent Dutchman, in the days of yore,  
On this gay blossom squandered all his store.
4. This nymph in rocks, in caves or hills we seek;  
We never see her, but we hear her speak.

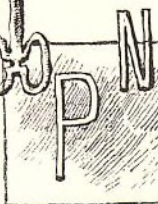
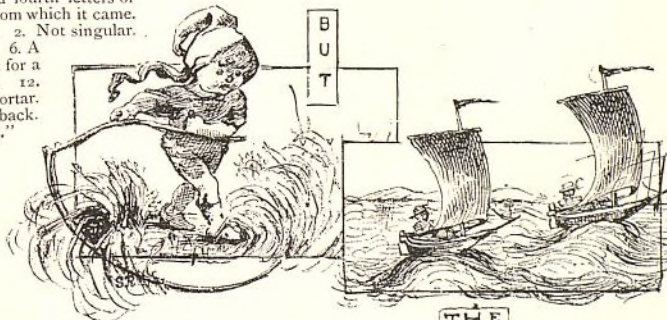
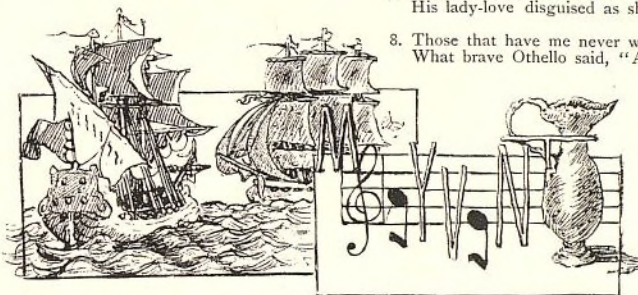
5. Greatest of painters! glorious was his fame!  
He early died, but left a deathless name.

6. This gallant Frenchman, noble, young, and brave,  
Gave us his help, our liberties to save.

7. In Arden's pleasant wood he found his joy,—  
His lady-love disguised as shepherd-boy.

8. Those that have me never will be forlorn,—  
What brave Othello said, "Alas, was gone!"

B.



## REBUS.

THE answer to the above rebus is one of "Poor Richard's" maxims, addressed to those who are inclined to be too venturesome.

## HALF-SQUARE.

1. A fugitive. 2. Harmony. 3. A cavity. 4. Of a whitish-gray color. 5. Deep dejection. 6. A useful article. 7. In Assyrian.

GEORGE F. S.

## DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

THE diagonals (reading downward) from left to right form a word meaning pertaining to a common metal; from right to left, a word meaning pertaining to a valuable metal.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Affectionate. 2. Any phenomenon in the atmosphere. 3. Loyalty. 4. Wet and miry. 5. Yeast. 6. A people.

"SUMMER BOARDER."



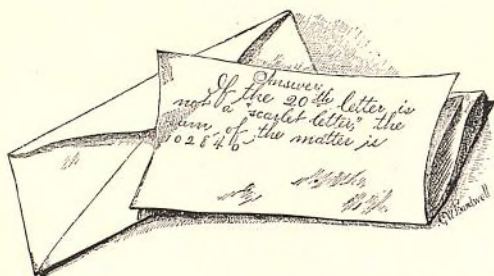
## HOUR-GLASS.

The central letters, read downward, will spell the name of a Shakespearean hero.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A learned man. 2. To take captive. 3. A pronoun. 4. In summer. 5. To employ with diligence. 6. Mild. 7. To write on the back of.

EMMA AND ADA.

## "TEA" PUZZLE.



If tea is not ready, when you call in response to an invitation to tea, what ought you to do? The problem is to decipher the answer given in the foregoing illustration.

G. W. B.

## WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Syncopate a small boy from an illness, and leave a mouth of blossoms. ANSWER: Ma-lad-y.

1. Syncopate to bind from a person under medical treatment, and leave to gasp. 2. Syncopate a pronoun from in what place, and leave a pronoun. 3. Syncopate a part of the head from closest, and leave a certain habitation. 4. Syncopate an offer from prohibiting,

and leave wading. 5. Syncopate an article of food from entreated, and leave the bottom of a stream. 6. Syncopate amount from recommenced, and leave a pastoral pipe.

The initial letters of the syncopated words spell the name of the capital of Boeotia, in ancient Greece.

BELLE.

## TRIANGLE.

1  
2 9  
3 10  
4 11  
5 12  
6 13  
7 14  
8 15

1. In fringe; 2, 9, a note in music; from 3 to 10, cunning; from 4 to 11, a rapid outflowing; 5 to 12, a Shakespearean hero; from 6 to 13, to declare positively; from 7 to 14, a person designated by another; from 8 to 15, afflicted; from 1 to 8, atrocious; from 1 to 15, penetrated.

F. S. F.

## PROGRESSIVE DIAMONDS.

1  
1 2 3  
1 2 3 4 5  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7  
3 4 5 6 7  
5 6 7  
7

I. 1. In opened. 2. A cade lamb. 3. Part of a flower. 4. Having petals. 5. A kind of habit worn by the Jews. 6. Conducted. 7. In opened.

II. 1. In opened. 2. A step. 3. Dough. 4. Part of a horse's leg. 5. Austere. 6. The name by which the sea-eagle, or osprey, is known in Scotland. 7. In opened.

"REX FORD."

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

HIDDEN FISHES. 1. Shad. 2. Mackerel. 3. Whale. 4. Hake. 5. Blue. 6. Sword. 7. Mussel. 8. Cat. 9. Pike. 10. Dog. 11. Oyster. 12. Clam. 13. Haddock. 14. Grayling. 15. Bream. 16. Rudd. 17. Chubb. 18. Carp. 19. Roach. 20. Perch. 21. Smelt. 22. Trout. 23. Cod. 24. Shark. 25. Pickerel. 26. Scup. 27. Salmon. 28. Bass. 29. Tench. 30. Eel. 31. Porpoise. 32. Dace.

AN EXTRACT FROM IZAAK WALTON. "As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler."

RIDDLE. Oliver (Cromwell). Oil, ire, ore, lie, roe, roe, roi, vie, rove, role, over, rive, Riel, love, viol, veil, evil, olive, liver, live, Eli, Levi, Loire.

PI. "If we had no faults, we should take no pleasure in remarking those of others; if we had no pride, we should not perceive it in another."

ROCHEFOUCAULD.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. 1. Mares, smear, arms. 2. Large, lager, real. 3. Maple, ample, male. 4. Dales, leads, sled. 5. Syncopated letters, transposed, page.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Depart. 2. Editor. 3. Pintle. 4. Attila. 5. Rolled. 6. Treads.

The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the August number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 7—"Three Sunflowers," London, England, 2—No Name, 7—Francis W. Islip, Leicester, England, 10—Willie Sheraton, 6—"Eggs," London, England, 11.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Maggie T. Turrill—Frederick Winthrop Faxon—"Shumway Hen and Chickens."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Sam and Alice, 1—P. Bayard Veiller, 2—Mary K. Jennings, 1—"Navajo," 5—"Spider and Fly," 4—D. Sargent, 1—Inez T. Dale, 6—A. and B., 3—Florence E., 1—May Bradley, 1—Fred. S. Kersey, 2—E. S. B., Jr., 1—Paul Reese, 8—Lillie Fleetwood, 1—Mattie Fleetwood, 1—"Man in the Moon," 4—Tallac, 3—J. L., 1—Tillie Mosley, 1—Helen DuBarry, 1—Lillian E. Ostrander, 1—E. M. Lewis and J. B. Hodgskin, 6—Effie K. Talboys, 5—Chester Aldrich, 6—Kitty Clover, 1—Helen W. Gardner, 1—"Two Jerseys," 6—Anna D. Mills, 1—R. H., Uncle George, and Mamma, 2—Gertrude and Bessie, 3—"Pepper and Maria," 11—Vivia Blair, 1—Cabell Chadwick, 1—"Kansas Boy," 2—Dycie, 7—Emma G. Cosgrave, 7—Alice T. Palfrey, 1—Mouche and Mere, 9—Arthur E. Hyde, 5—Mary P. Stockett, 10—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 7—Johnny Duck, 11—Frank Smyth, 3—Jessie A. Platt, 11—Hattie Clara, and Mamma, 11—"Unknown to History," 5—Alex. Laidlaw, 7—Cora and Nettie, 1—George Habenicht, 1—Grace and Percy Owen, 7—Bertie, 3—Mary, Effie, and James Lamb, 1—Louise M. Lorey, 1—Bessie A. Jackson, 4—E. Muriel Grundy, 9—Charles H. Kyte, 11—No Name, 9—"B. Kelly," 4—Hattie, Daisy, and Auntie, 4—G. C. T., 3—Olive, Ida, Lillie, and Aunt Angie, 5—Lillian and Logere, 4—Francis W. Islip, 10—"Puss in Boots," 8—Emily Danzel, 1—Hugh and Cis, 10—Willie B. La Bar, 3—Harry Tremaine, 1—Katie Orr, 7.



