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ST. NICHOLAS.

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SLANG.

BY LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE.

"FIVE cents fine, Master Jack!" shouted Kitty. "You said 'choused me out of my turn'; and 'choused' is slang."

"Nonsense, Kitty; 'choused' is a good dictionary word, I'm sure. Let's see if 't is n't."

The children dropped their mallets and rushed into the library to settle the question.

"What now, young whirlwinds?" asked Mr. May, looking up from his work.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Uncle Jack," said Kitty; "but we've such a habit of slang that we agreed to fine ourselves five cents every time we used it, to stop the habit; and I said 'chouse' was slang, and Jack said it was n't, and is n't it, Uncle Jack?"

"Well, it certainly *was* slang," said Uncle Jack, "but I suppose it is n't now, though Webster, I believe, calls it 'low.' When a word has been tolerated in a language for nearly three hundred years, and for half of that time, perhaps, has been seen in the good society of well-bred words, I think it deserves a place. There's an odd bit of history wrapped up in that word 'choused,' as there so often is in our rich English speech."

"Tell us about it, Uncle Jack."

"Well, you all know how alive England was in the reign of Elizabeth with the spirit of adventure and discovery. The finding of America was still a new wonder to be gossiped about. There were wars and expeditions on every side; and every plucky young Englishman wished to sail away to find a new inheritance with his ship, or conquer

an old one with his sword. A great many young fellows, with more ambition than money, offered their services to foreign powers. One of these soldiers of fortune, Sir Robert Shirley, was employed by the Grand Seigneur and King of Persia, and sent on various missions, the most important being a commercial embassy to England. By this time King James was on the throne, and anxious to encourage the trade with Turkey and the East, which Elizabeth's advisers had begun in a small way, about twenty-five years before. So this shrewd Sir Robert sent over a Turkish *chiaus*, or envoy, in advance of his own coming, to get the good-will of the London merchants in the Persian and Turkish trade. The enterprising *chiaus* exerted himself so successfully that he pocketed some four thousand pounds of their money (a large sum for that time), and ran away with it, leaving his master to stand the loss and the laugh against him, as best he could; for the tavern wits were as much delighted to get hold of a bit of new slang as you are, children, and they adopted 'chiaused' (now become 'choused') in the sense of 'defrauded,' just as you boys, Jack, would now say 'chiseled,' I suppose. You will find it in Ben Jonson and in Shirley as slang, and in Landor, two hundred years afterward, as good English. So you see, in the etymology of one little word you get a glimpse of English life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

"That's bully!—" began Jack.

"Five cents fine for you!" shouted Kitty.

"Oh, I know that's slang, and I'll pay up. But a chap can't break off all at once. I noticed you said 'plucky,' Uncle Jack, and we thought plucky was slang. I suppose we can use it now?"

Mr. May smiled. "Good English, my boy," he answered, "I take to be the English of the best usage. Thackeray was a master, and he used 'pluck' and 'plucky' constantly,—as why should n't he? If 'heart' and 'hearty' are good words, 'pluck' and 'plucky,' which come to us by the same road, certainly are. Pluck was butchers' slang once, but it proved too good a word to lose."

"It seems to me," said Kitty, doubtfully, "that you defend slang, Uncle Jack,—at least, ancient slang. And Mamma says it is so vulgar, and a sign of such mental poverty, that she had made us ashamed of it."

"It's like that old verse about treason, Kitty," observed young Jack.

"Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason."

Uncle Jack won't recognize new-comers, but when all the nobs take 'em up, he'll shake hands. I call that time-serving, myself. How do you know, Uncle Jack, that there may not be just as good fellows in our slang list as 'chouse' or 'plucky'?"

"I don't," said Mr. May. "But the fact that your slang so soon goes out of fashion is the chief argument against it. It's at least a year since I've heard you say 'that's the kind of hair-pin I am,' or 'how's that for high,' and perhaps twice as long since you've threatened to 'get up on your ear' or to 'put a head on' anybody. Some new flowers of speech have grown up in place of those forgotten ones, I dare say; but the chance is that they'll prove equally rootless."

"Well, they were a rum lot, that's a fact," remarked Jack, regretfully. "But I don't think the new ones are quite so flat."

"That's the mistake you youngsters make. You are taken in by a novelty. Now, it seems to me that 'money,' for example, is a good sonorous word, sufficient for its purpose, and with a pretty bit of history attached, for it comes from the Latin *moneta*, the adviser, a surname of Juno, in whose temple silver was first coined by the Romans, in the third century before Christ, about the time that Rome was making herself mistress of all Italy, and beginning to amuse her leisure with gladiatorial shows. And I can't truthfully say that any of the substitutes of which you and Kitty seem so fond, such as 'chink,' 'the rhino,' 'the ready,' 'the needful,' 'the tin,' 'spondoolicks,' and some half-dozen more, appear to me either so expressive,

or so poetical. It strikes me, also, that 'boy' or 'man' means as much as 'cove,' 'chap,' 'codger,' or 'duffer.'"

"Uncle Jack," said Kitty, "I've seen some of those very words in the stories in ST. NICHOLAS. Are they any better in print?"

"Not a bit, my dear. But if the story concerns a slangy boy, or a frontiersman, or hunter, or sailor, or persons in any region of country or walk of life which gives them a speech peculiar to themselves—characteristic, prevailing, what we call a dialect, in fact—then, you see, these people would n't be real people unless they spoke after their peculiar fashion. Their phrases must belong to their place in the world, and their occupation, as much as their clothes."

"I catch on," said the incorrigible Jack. "Go ahead, Uncle! just wax us!"

"I don't suppose you are unusually quarrelsome, Jack, but I have certainly heard you propose to 'whale,' 'lick,' 'larrup,' 'leather,' 'lay out,' 'tan,' 'whack,' 'wallop,' 'maul,' 'pummel,' 'pay out,' 'lash,' 'lam,' 'fix,' and 'whop' one or another of your fellow-beings. You both say 'grab' or 'prig' for 'take'; you say 'hook it,' or 'bolt,' or 'make tracks,' or 'mizzle,' or 'walk your chalks,' or 'absquatulate,' or 'cut sticks,' or 'vamose the ranch,' or 'leg it,' if you mean to go out or to run away. You call shoes 'brogans,' and watches 'tickers,' and clothes 'togs,' and food 'grub,' and feet 'trotters,' and talk 'gab,' and your house your 'diggins.' Anything fine or unusual you pronounce 'stunning'; to be rich or fashionable is to be 'swell' or 'nobby'; great people are 'swells' or 'nobs,' and to be poor or in trouble is to be 'down on your luck.' Now, these are mere random quotations from your every-day speech. If I should set myself to remember, I could doubtless repeat to you a hundred words and phrases still more senseless, if possible. Do you wonder that your mother thinks such a dialect vulgar and poverty-stricken?"

"Uncle Jack," said Kitty, eagerly, "it does sound shocking from you. But somehow it never did before. And slang is so much more exciting than dictionary words, you know, and it seems as if our talk would sound perfectly prim and starchy without it."

"Yes, Kitty, I dare say the real charm of slang to well-taught children, like you, is the sense of adventure and excitement you get with it. You are like those old borderers who had cattle enough of their own, but found the chief delight of life in making forays across their boundary to 'lift' the lean kine of their neighbors. We elders have outgrown the fun, if we ever appreciated it, and object to the theft. For you see, children, this

jargon of yours comes from the very lowest sources. It is the familiar speech of people too ignorant to express their few ideas in decent English. It's the contribution of tinkers, gypsies, stable-boys, track-layers, deck-hands, and roughs and rowdies in general."

"'Rough' and 'rowdy' sound slangy," said Kitty, reflectively.

"So they do, chick, and so they were," replied Uncle Jack. "They are two more examples of the *promoted* words; words so necessary to describe great modern classes that their low origin is forgotten in their usefulness. And slang, certainly, has this great value, that it shows you how language grows. The English tongue is so vigorous that it seizes whatever it needs for growth, just as it did in its infancy. At that period direct imitations of sounds were constantly made into words, just as you two young vandals to-day use 'chink' for 'money.' Farther on in the growth of the tongue, it took from ordinary speech these imitative words, and converted them to new uses, just as you say 'ticker' for 'watch,' and 'puff' for 'advertisement.' The contraction of words is another stage, as 'mob,' now perfectly good English, was at first merely slang for the Latin *mobile*, the fickle crowd, as 'cab' was slang for 'cabriolet,' and 'furlong' for 'furrow-long,' the length of a furrow, and as your favorite 'nob' is slang for 'nobility.' Then there's another tendency of the language which slang repeats, and that is an inclination in difficult sounds to get themselves altered to suit untaught ears. You think it fun, for example, to say 'jimmyjohn' for 'demijohn.' But demijohn itself is a corruption, slang in fact, for the Arabic *damagan*, itself changed from the name of the Persian glass-making town of Damaghan."

"I see," said Jack; "and we make words from men's names in the same way. I suppose 'boy-cotting' will be good English soon."

"Very likely, my boy," answered his uncle. "'Martinet,' which is indispensable, was the name of a historic general over-strict in discipline. 'Derrick' was a famous hangman of the seventeenth century, in honor of whom the roughs nicknamed the gallows-like hoisting apparatus; and these are two, only, out of scores of cases."

"Then you think, Uncle Jack, that if a word is a good one, and its ancestors were n't too low, we have a right to it?"

"I don't think the ancestry matters much, Kitty, *when* the word is a good one. But that is the question to settle. Many of the respectabilities of conversation were gutter-children. 'Drag,' for instance, was a thieves' word for carriage, and 'dragsmen' the particular variety of thieves who followed the carriage to cut away the luggage from the rack behind. But 'drag' is good English now for a private coach. 'Kidnap' was thieves' slang for child-stealing; that is, to 'nab a kid.' 'Tie,' for cravat, was as much the slang of low life as 'choker' is now. 'Conundrum,' and 'donkey,' and 'fun' were all slang words, though perhaps not so low. 'Bore' was slang, and so were 'waddle' and 'bother.'"

"Jack," said Kitty, "what a comfort this lecture is! We'll not have to turn our backs on the whole beloved family of slang terms, after all, but only pick and choose."

"Yes," said Uncle Jack. "I think that's a fair conclusion. It's useless to try to lock the doors against all new-comers, because they can't be kept out. On the other hand, why should you be more ready to adopt every new cant word that is knocking about the streets than you would be to make a comrade of the low ragamuffin who uses, if he did not invent it? Besides, the constant use of cheap language tends to cheapen your ideas. If you don't try to express yourselves in the most exact and vivid words, but adopt some ready-made phrase, you gradually lose both the power and the desire to talk well. I agree with you, Kitty, that an occasional slang word of the better sort, that is, of the sort that conveys a good idea, does give piquancy to conversation. But you can hardly be too sparing of that sort of condiment. You are fifteen years old now, and a hard student. You don't need to have me tell you, my dear, that a bright mind does n't require slang to express its thoughts brightly, and that a stupid one is sure to use it very stupidly."

"Well," said Kitty, ruefully, "it seems to me your consent is very much like mother's veto, after all. How long does it take slang, on the average, to become good English?"

"There's an old saying, my child," answered Mr. May, with twinkling eyes, "that it takes three generations to make a gentleman; and I think, *as a rule*, that's a fair probation for slang."



RESIGNED TO HIS FATE.

THE STORY OF KING RHOUD.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

NOTHING is really small. For shame or glory,
 For evil or for good,—
 All things have influence. Listen to my story,
 The story of King Rhoud.
 Enemies threatened; even in his palace,
 So it was darkly said,
 Were those who looked on him with hate and
 malice,
 And those who wished him dead.

Walking beneath the trees one fair spring
 morning,
 He and his chosen friend,
 Earl Reigin uttered troubled words of warning,
 Praying the King to send

Forth from the palace all who were suspected.
 Then the King smiled, and said:
 "By an Almighty Hand I am protected;
 It covereth my head."

"Truly," the Earl replied, "I well might covet
 Your faith in that High Power.
 But think: Your life—and surely you must
 love it—
 Is hazarded each hour."

"Ah!" said the King, "vain were all self-pro-
 tection
 Without that mighty Hand;
 But, with its comfort and its sure direction,
 Serenely I can stand."

Thus talking, through the forest-paths they
wandered

And by the laughing stream,
Till suddenly, as each in silence pondered,
They heard a piteous scream.

"It is a bird!" said Rhoud, intently listening.

"Stop! We can do no less
Than give it help. For hark!" (his kind
eyes glistening)

"'T is in some sore distress."

"Then let it scream!" said Reigin, with impa-
tience;

"For surely you must feel
That what concerns you now 's the weight of
nations,

Not that small creature's weal!"

"The nearest duty first, both now and ever,"

The King said, with a smile;

"I learned to climb enough for this endeavor
In my own native isle."

"But see, the trunk uprises like a tower,
Without a single branch!"

"I am but small—you surely have the power
To lift me, warrior stanch!"

"But you may fall—and would you have the
story

Through all your realm be heard
That the King parted with his life and glory
Just for a little bird?"

"Many have died for less," the King said sadly.

The Earl, unwillingly,
And urging still: "Why will you act so
madly?"

Helped him to climb the tree.

He came down safely, bearing in his bosom
A little wounded bird,—

A goldfinch, brighter than a tropic blossom,
Whose plaintive cry they 'd heard.

And to his little daughter home he bore it,
Trusting her loving care

To comfort the small prisoner, and restore it,
Healed, to the sunny air.

The courtiers sneered. "He plays the child,"
they muttered,

"And sees not what 's before.

In vain for *us* the finch had screamed and
fluttered,

With foes at every door."

Meanwhile the traitors planned. Within the
ceiling,

Above the good King's bed,
A heavy beam was loosened. "Past all healing
Will Rhoud be, soon," they said.

All was arranged. When the King, sorely tired,
From a long journey came,

Silently watched the traitor who aspired
To take his place and name.

But just as Rhoud had sunk in heavy slumber,
Unbroken by a dream,

And ere the clock the fatal hour could number,
Came the bird's piteous scream.

Forgotten by the careless little daughter

And by the weary King,
The little creature pined for food and water.
—"Oh, thou poor helpless thing!"

The King, remorseful, said: "I vowed to cherish
Thy feeble, failing breath;

And now I have come near to let thee perish
By a more cruel death."

He sprang to satisfy the starving creature,
And, as it hushed its scream,

A sudden horror froze his every feature—
Down rushed the loosened beam!

The warriors, wakened by the thunderous crash-
ing,

Rushed to the room, in fright;
The servants screamed with terror; lights came
flashing

Everywhere through the night.
"The King is killed! the King is slain!" Their
wailing

Resounded through the place.
And then they saw him, flushing first, then
paling,

A smile upon his face.

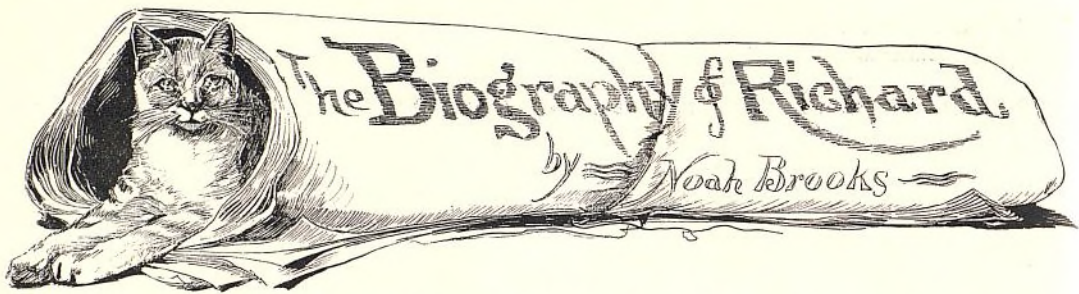
He raised the cage. "God's hand is still above
me!"

He reverently said.

"Give thanks, my people,—you who truly love
me.

Your King had now been dead,
But for the cry which broke my mortal slum-
ber;

'T was from this helpless thing.
Ah, the Almighty's forces who can number?
The bird has saved the King!"



I PURPOSE to write the brief history of one who was wise, discreet, and of a simple heart. Taking it for granted that the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS admire these qualities, I shall show how they may be exemplified in the biography of Richard. Now, Richard was a cat. He was born and reared in the studio of an eminent artist, whose favorite subjects are cats and kittens, dogs and puppies, and other domestic animals. It is hardly necessary to say that Richard, brought up amidst the surroundings of an artist's studio, was continually under the influence of an art atmosphere. In himself he was an object worthy of an artist's admiration, and from kittenhood to mature cat-hood he figured in many pictures that have become famous among men.

But Richard's attractiveness arose from his strongly individual character rather than from any artistic training. Indeed, his training was not in an esthetic direction at all. His master taught him to be neat, patient, and obedient. Richard also early learned several diverting tricks. He would lie down, at word of command, flat on the floor, stretched at full length, with his head thrown limply back, as if he were dead, and would jump up again, lithely, when permission was given, and not before; or, when placed behind the clasped hands of a person bending over him, he would leap over them, or would leap when shown a stick held horizontally and not too high. Sundry other amusing antics did this learned cat perform, to narrate all of which would be tedious.

In color, Richard was pure white as to his under parts, and of a bright brownish-yellow, beautifully mottled with tortoise-shell markings, as to the rest of the body. He was graceful in all his motions, and when he flew after a little ball of bread thrown for him (an amusement of which he was very fond), his tiger-like spring and quick recovery of the body were very charming to behold.

What we may call Richard's mental traits, however, chiefly commended him to his associates. When he was full-grown he was presented to the Lotos Club, an artistic and social organization, of which his master was a member. With him went a portrait in oils, an engraving of which is shown on page 914 of this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Richard's unfailing good-humor, his steadiness, and gravity of demeanor, and, above all, his discreet silence, made him at once an acceptable member of the Lotos Club. Before he had been in the house a month, he had won many friends, and was generally recognized as a privileged character. He never abused his privileges; but, if objection was made to his taking a leading part in anything that was going on, the merest hint was sufficient for him. He withdrew at the slightest suggestion that he was not wanted.

Whether it was a fault of his studio training or of his later experience in a club composed exclusively of men, I can not say, but it soon became evident that he did not like the society of ladies. It is the admirable custom of the Lotos Club at intervals to throw open their house, for an afternoon reception to ladies, who go to see the pictures and listen to the music performed for their benefit. On such occasions, Dick, as he was familiarly called, was greatly disquieted. He detected the preparations going on, and, having learned by experience what was about to happen, he fled to the garret, or to some other friendly shelter, and there remained hidden until the last of the (to him) objectionable visitors had gone. At that time, my private lodgings were in the club-house, and Richard often secured an entrance into my rooms before the company arrived, nor did he go out until the last silken rustle of feminine garments had ceased.

To test his powers of observation, I once took him out into the upper hall of the house, near the close of a ladies' reception. Released from my hands, Dick cautiously stole to the banisters, peered down the stair-way, sniffing the odor of fried oysters and other good things, and then, as if his keen senses noted a sound or smell, which my duller perceptions did not, he dashed back into the room, imploring me with his large and expressive eyes to close the door and keep him safe.

One strong trait was his sedateness. He never, except when accidentally hurt, uttered a cry. Such an expression as "m-e-ouw!" never passed his lips. Nor did he ever laugh or smile. His only speech was in his eyes, which were, at times,

truly eloquent. A comical sight or an amusing story never moved him from his beautiful gravity; but he sat and regarded the scene with a dignified demeanor, which, as many members have said, was a perpetual reproof of frivolity.

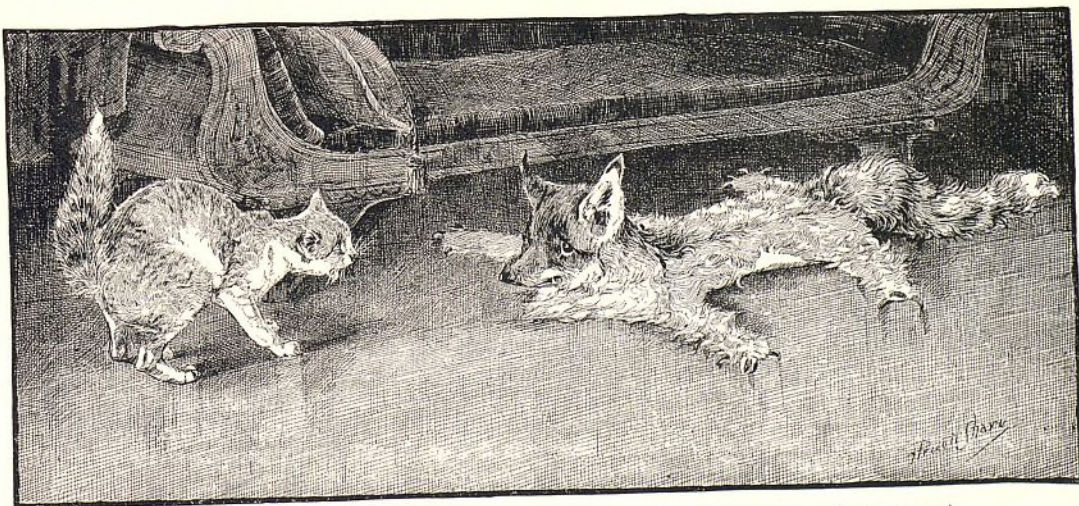
His friendship for men was very strong. Perhaps, like most human creatures, his selfish interests bounded his affections. Certainly, he did not like people who gave him no kindness. But, on the other hand, there were gentlemen who vainly tried to win him by showing him favors. By all the members of the club, however, he was highly esteemed and respected. If a gentleman desired to sit, and found Dick occupying the chair most convenient to him, he took some other seat, leaving Dick in possession. Once it was reported that a gentleman had turned Richard unceremoniously out of his favorite seat, to the great indignation of most of those who beheld it. But the offender was excused when it was found that he was a new member and unaccustomed to the usages of the club.

Possibly it was his consorting thus with men who live delicately that made Dick dainty and fastidious concerning his food. Under no circumstances or stress of hunger would he touch or taste any pork, bacon, ham, or other product of the American hog. All "made dishes" he despised. He retained a cat's fondness for fish, lobster being his

tected the odor of a canvas-back duck or quail in another part of the dining-room, he quit us as if we were strangers. Once, when he had been detained elsewhere until the dinner-hour was over, and nearly all the members had left the dining-room, Dick came in, apparently dejected by the loss of his dinner. A tender-hearted and enthusiastic friend of Richard, indignant at the neglect which the cat had seemed to suffer at the hands of the servants, sent an order to the kitchen and had a bird broiled and sent up for Dick's dinner. To his credit it should be said, that Richard always preferred a cooked bird to one uncooked.

As I usually breakfasted late, it was Dick's custom to wait about my chamber door, if he could not get in, until I was ready to descend. Then he loitered about the hall at my heels, and hung back until I was ready to sit down at table, when he stalked slowly in. His seat was in a chair at my left, and, with his large luminous eyes fixed on mine, he waited for an invitation to begin. If I had fruit before breakfast, as I almost invariably had, Dick gave one contemptuous look at the plate, and then, turning around, addressed himself to considering the street sights. Nor would he pay the least attention to any remark from me. By his actions he seemed to say:

"Baked apples! Who in the world eats baked apples? I have my opinion of the creature who



"A FOX-SKIN, WITH A STUFFED AND MOUNTED HEAD, WAS A TERROR TO RICHARD." (PAGE 915.)

special weakness, as it were. The predatory and sporting instincts of his race were displayed in his passionate appetite for game of every description. Usually he attended at the table where I dined with others, and it was supposed that he was permanently attached to our party. But if our table had only a roast of beef or chicken, and Dick de-

eats baked apples. How remarkable in a man of the pretensions that this fellow has!"

Presently, something else would come on the table. Dick's fine sense of smell would warn him of what had come; but, although his sensitive pink nose quivered with enjoyment, he gave no other sign. He seemed to say: "This fellow has got

a bird, as sure as I am a living cat! What shall I do about it? A bird? A *quail*, I guess."

Then suddenly turning around, he seemed to say: "Why, old fellow, how are you? I did n't notice you before. Nice day! What have you there—a bird? Well, if there is anything I like"—etcetera, etcetera.

Then, jumping down, he would caress my leg, throwing into his eyes as much fondness and

remainder of that morning. I have seen somewhere an account of a dog doing very much the same thing, which shows that animals have a sense of shame akin to that of the more sensitive human creature.

Richard's strong point, I may say, was his memory. He never forgot an injury, and never an unpleasant experience. One of the club members, who was my neighbor in the club lodgings,

was presented with a canary-bird, and, as Dick was a frequent visitor to his rooms, my friend was at a loss how to entertain the cat without sacrificing the bird. So, one day, having put the bird-cage where Dick was able to get at it, he heated a wire almost to a burning-point, and invited Dick to inspect the cage. The poor bird flew around its prison in terror as Dick, confi-



PORTRAIT OF RICHARD. ENGRAVED FROM A PORTRAIT IN OILS.

dent of game, pressed his nose against the bars. Just then, the master of the premises slid the hot wire down between those of the cage, and Dick, astounded at the sudden turn of affairs, sprang away in great alarm and fled the room. Although his opportunities were often good after that, Dick never could be tempted to go near that cage. He believed it to be red-hot; and he never forgot it.

One very cold winter morning, Dick came in late, and, from the far end of the parlors through which he approached the dining-room, he descried a row of plates put before the open fire to keep hot for expected breakfasters. Usually Richard's motions were very slow, sedate, and even ponderous. Although he was agile, he moved with the gravity of an elephant, except when he was in a hurry, as he was this time. As if saying, "My eye! what a fine spread is set out for me!" he darted to the plates before the fire. But when he saw that they were empty, his own foolishness dawned on him, and he turned and went out of the room, with his tail hanging down with mortified pride; nor did he come back during the

On another occasion, lounging around in my bedroom, as was his wont of a morning, he noticed that a drawer in the bureau was left open. Climbing in, he clawed the contents about until he had fixed a comfortable bed and cuddled down for a nap. When I was ready to leave the room, I said, "Come, Dick, I am going down to breakfast. If you want anything to eat, you 'd better get out of that."

But Master Richard shook his head. He was very well satisfied with his position. So, after vainly coaxing him, I closed the drawer and went to breakfast. When I returned, shortly afterward, having breakfasted, I remembered Dick and opened the drawer. He leaped out, with his tail moving angrily, darted out of the door, and under

no persuasion could he ever afterward be induced to get into a drawer of any kind.

His curiosity was something remarkable. Whenever a new member came into the club, Richard observed him at once. He would take up a position where he could see him, look him over, and, apparently, make up his mind what manner of man he was. A casual visitor Dick never noticed. In like manner, a new piece of furniture attracted his attention. He inspected it with great care, first with his nose and then with his paws, or, so to speak, his hands; for he managed his paws as though they were hands. His curiosity being satisfied, after a long and careful examination, he gave the subject no further thought.

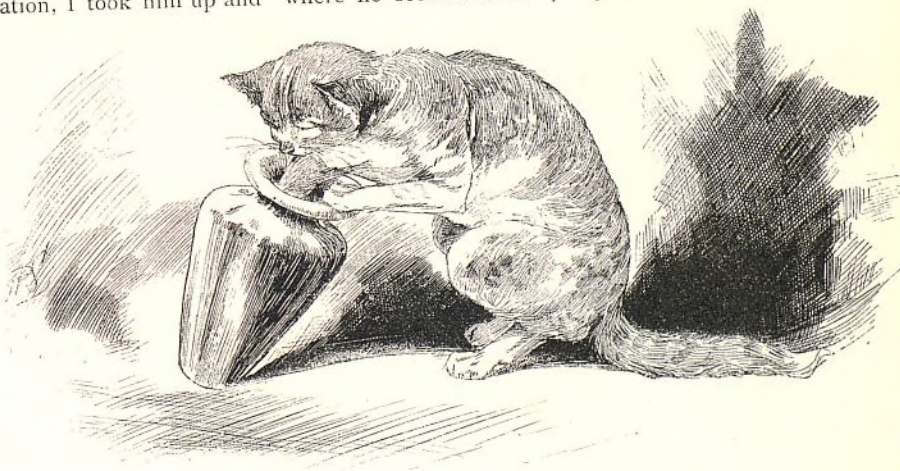
One day in spring, for the first time, he found no fire in the open grate, in which a coal fire usually burned, night and day. As if saying to himself, "This is mighty queer," he mounted the heap of unkindled coal, sniffed at it, peered up the chimney, inspected the fire-brick, jumped down, took in the general look of things, as if for future reference, and walked away, entirely at ease in his mind. Coming into my sitting-room one day in the autumn, when I had just laid down a new rug of skins, edged with red cloth, he walked apprehensively around it, sniffing at the cloth border very gingerly and discreetly. Observing his partly concealed agitation, I took him up and dropped him in the middle of the rug. He shivered with fright, and looked about for a means of escape. The rug was too big for him to clear it at one bound, and it was skins in every direction. Presently, finding that the thing was not alive, he grew more interested. Then he gently clawed it, without awaking any response. Finally, he laid down and rolled in an ecstasy of enjoyment, purring and clawing the skins with delight. The rug was ever after a source of great comfort to Richard.

A fox-skin, with a stuffed and mounted head, and glass eyes, used as a foot-mat by my neighbor, was an infinite terror to Richard. When it was first put down, Richard saw it facing him, with the glass eyes glaring at him. In an abject fright, he fled to the shelter of a table in an adjoining room, from which he could observe the monster.

It did not move, although Dick sat a long time waiting for it to show what it would do. Finally, his curiosity overcoming his fears, Master Richard crept stealthily toward the thing, and, planting himself on the floor, stretched out his head and scrutinized the tip of the tail of the skin. There was no motion, and Dick was about to enlarge his observations when the master of the premises took him and made him face the stuffed head. Dick gave one dark, despairing look, and, with a frightened dash past the creature's tail, bolted from the apartments. He never entered that room again as long as the frightful mat remained on the floor.

If he came home at any time, and found the outer door of the house closed, he made no ado, but silently sat and waited for some one to come and let him in. Often, returning to the club-house at a late hour of the night, I would discern Dick flying about in the gloom, like a fleeting ghost. Recognizing me long before I saw him, he would dash up the steps, as if in a tearing hurry to be let into the house. But, the door being fairly open before him, he dropped into his customary leisurely gait, and walked in as if determined to show that he knew how to enter with due dignity.

One summer day, when all the outer doors were open, Dick came in with a mouse which he had caught in the grass-plot in front of the house, where he seemed to keep a private stock. The



DICK TRIES TO CATCH THE MOUSE IN THE JAR.

feline instinct, long hidden under the guise of a club-cat, came out, and Master Dick cruelly amused himself with foiling the attempts of the poor persecuted and frightened mouse to escape. Dick was perfectly aware that the members in the parlor were watching him, and, with much agility, he kept up what he would probably have called "a regular circus." Finally, he dropped the mouse into a porcelain jar, and then made as if

he would conclude the fun by fishing the mouse out with his paw. But he could not catch him, being able to get only one paw inside the narrow neck of the jar. Baffled often, he finally sat down, with a shame-faced expression of countenance, and considered the situation. Then, as if a new light had dawned on him, he got up, placed his forepaws forcibly on the edge of the jar, tilted it over on its side, and deliberately drove out the mouse and dispatched him without more ado. It should be said that Dick, unless under great pressure of hunger, never ate a mouse. His was what may be called an educated appetite.

When a bit of bread rolled in a pellet was thrown, he caught it before it could reach the floor, no matter how far it was thrown; and if he could make a pass at it with his forepaw, he struck it



An Accident.

precisely as a base-ball player would. Having eaten the ball, he would come back and look eagerly for another; but under no circumstances did he ever eat bread as a portion of his provender. To eat the ball was to him a part of the game.

Sometimes, when longing for human society, Richard would come up to my apartments where I was busily writing, and, mounting the table with great deliberation, would sit down to watch the motions of the pen as it traveled across the paper. Writing he considered evidently a very queer business. After a while, weary of waiting for me to stop and talk with him, Master Richard would put out his paw and strike the pen; and, if that did not bring on a crisis, he drew his velvety foot along the line of writing yet wet with ink. Once he did that before I could see what he was about, and in my vexation I cuffed his ears vigorously. Greatly astonished and indignant at this unusual treatment, Richard bolted from the table, and, squatting on his haunches at a safe distance, regarded me with mild-eyed reproach. Then, turning over his foot stained with ink, he exhibited it to me, saying, as plain as a cat's eyes can say anything, "See what you have done!"

This pampered favorite of the Lotos club suffered many accidents, notwithstanding the ease and comfort of his position. Once, while repairs were going on in adjoining premises, he leaped ignorantly into a bed of mortar, and his legs, despite the tender care of the servants, were badly burned. The lime also destroyed the beauty of his fur for some time, and he kept himself secluded until the hair grew again. At another time, attempting to leap on a high and narrow table, slippery as to top, he lost his footing, scooted over the surface, and fell into a water-vessel on the other side. No persuasion, no temptation, could ever induce him to leap on that table again.

Finally, during the summer of 1883, while the club-house was being altered and repaired, Richard, who had been an inmate for five years, seemed to absorb particles of lime and mortar, or he was sickened by the smell of paint which pervaded the house. He gradually lost his hair; he refused to eat, and his general appearance was most dejected and melancholy. It was clear that he could not live long, and it was an act of mercy to spare him a lingering and hopeless sickness. I never knew how the decision of the house committee in his case was carried out, nor did I want to know. But his numerous friends were assured that he was humanely dealt with, and that his quietus was to him a peaceful deliverance.

THE DALZELLS OF DAISYDOWN.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.

PART III.

PEACE and harmony now reigned at Dalzell Hall. The four young people were inseparable, and for Houghton geologizing had lost its charm. Mr. Tripton Dalzell saw with satisfaction that his boys were becoming more refined, more thoughtful. There were long horseback scampers over the downs, sailing, fishing, and rowing without end, picnics on Bear Island, daily plunges in the surf, and evening "sings" in the long, cool parlor, when Mr. Tripton Dalzell would listen, in a retired nook with his hand over his eyes, to the fresh young voices.

Neither was the two weeks' yachting trip left out for the three lads. They all went, though Ranald heroically offered to stay at home with Molly, a sacrifice which she with equal heroism refused.

"I shall feel very lonesome while you're gone," she said, "but never mind; I shall ride and practice, and the time will soon pass. I would n't have you miss the trip for anything."

So Miss Peabody was brought up from Daisydown to sleep with Mrs. Merriam, and Peter removed from his stable-chamber to a room near the kitchen, because of the lonesomeness of the big house; for Mr. Tripton Dalzell was to accompany his boys. And off they went.

Breakfast is late at Dalzell Hall on the morning of their return, about two weeks later. It is full half-past nine when they rise from table, —all but Mr. Tripton Dalzell, who, after a couple of hours' sleep in a chair, has taken an early train for town and business.

"Now, what shall we do?" says Molly.

"Go fox-hunting," answers Ranald. "Peter was telling me just now of a fox that Teddy Capen saw on the hills beyond the ledges. Let's take Prince and Poppy and hunt him up."

"We're not in England, my fine fellow, where the lords and ladies ride straight over everybody's land," objects Phil, while Houghton laughs. "But maybe we'll have some fun out of it. It's a nice cool day, and I'm in for the hunt if the rest are."

"Be careful, my dears," says Mrs. Merriam, with a shade of anxiety in her soft gray eyes. "No reckless riding, I beseech you. Look out for Molly."

"Indeed we will," answers Houghton, blithely, "as the apple of our eyes, I assure you. Come on, boys."

Off they go to the stable, to create a commotion among the horses, and drive Peter nearly out of his senses by twenty different questions and demands in a breath.

Mrs. Merriam, looking from her window as they prepare to start, says to herself that no brighter, finer-looking young people are to be found anywhere. Houghton, with his father's air of command, bestrides proudly that father's black mare, which neither of the other boys is allowed to touch. Phil's horse is a dapple chestnut; Ranald rides as if he and his gallant gray are one; and Molly, in her dark-blue habit with her brown mare and handsome equipments, makes a pretty picture. Two and two they canter down the drive, Houghton and Phil ahead, Ranald by Molly's side, with Prince, the hound, and Poppy, the Scotch collie, prancing and barking all about. The gate evergreens shut them from view, and Mrs. Merriam, with a little sigh, leaves her window.

What a fresh wind! And what a blue, tossing sea over yonder between the hills! What a rustle and sway in the old willow branches all along the road, and how the poplar leaves turn their silvery sides up! How glorious to feel your horse bound beneath you, and to sway lightly to his easy motion!

"A grand morning for a ride," says Houghton.

"I hope we'll find the fox," says Molly.

"We've about one chance in fifty!" exclaims Phil.

"Perhaps we'll strike the one chance," answers Ranald, gayly.

They turn from the village street to the quiet leafy lane that leads over beyond the ledges. Still further on they strike a cart-path that wanders under overhanging boughs into the very heart of Daisydown wood.

"Let's ride slower," says Ranald, removing his hat. "The fox'll keep, and I'm very warm."

They subside to a walk, and the boys begin to give Molly an account of divers stirring incidents connected with their yachting trip. This continues for a full half-hour, at the end of which they are nearly out of the wood, and through the sparse foliage they catch a view of the sweep of the long turfey downs that, with here and there a cart-track, extend for many a mile along the coast.

Suddenly both dogs give tongue at once, and before one can say "Jack Robinson," they have disappeared over the sloping crest before them, at the heels of a smaller, reddish-brown animal that

has unexpectedly started up from no one knows where.

"Oh, the fox! the fox!" shrieks Phil, and the next minute four astonished horses, urged by four excited young riders, are flying at a break-neck pace over the slope. There are no words wasted. Neck and neck the horses gallop over the turf, their riders straining eager eyes after the dogs. Ah,—there they are! Yes, it is surely a fox,—a rather rare animal around Daisydown, and it is heading straight over the downs for Denham wood, three miles away. The hound is close on its heels, the collie a little in the rear.

"Hurrah!" shouts Houghton, as the black mare

But Molly is a daring rider, and is excited now. She catches sight of the gully just in time; her whip descends with stinging emphasis on the brown mare's flank; the astonished and indignant animal "takes" the gully in gallant style, and, distancing Ranald, goes tearing over the turf. Ranald, indeed, pulls up for a look at Phil, whose dapple chestnut balks, refusing the leap.

"Give him the spur, Phil!" calls Ranald; "conquer him once for all, or he'll conquer you."

"I mean to," says Phil, setting his teeth hard as he fights the unruly steed. "He always bothers me about leaping. There now—go it!"



"BUT MOLLY IS A DARING RIDER, AND THE MARE 'TAKES' THE GULLY IN GALLANT STYLE."

leads up the next slope. "This *is* a fox-hunt, sure, Molly, and no mistake!"

The horses string out now; Houghton's is the best of the four, and Phil's dapple chestnut last of all. Ranald's gray is close up with Houghton, when they come unexpectedly to the brink of a narrow, deep gully at the crest of the slope. No time to stop; Houghton feels one little thrill of fear for Molly, not himself, as his mare takes the leap; Ranald follows after; and they both look over their shoulders rather anxiously to see how their girl friend will fare. They begin to think of Mrs. Merriam's warning.

He heads the chestnut once more for the gully, and, with a stinging blow and sharp thrust of the spur, enforces obedience. The horse, all in a fume, takes the gully in a vigorous leap and races by Ranald's side after the others.

Houghton, still ahead, with Molly a little distance behind him, catches sight of the fox again as the dogs close nearer upon it. He catches sight also of a woodchuck, that dives into the front door of its residence as the chase sweeps by.

The woodchuck's residence is at the right, out of Houghton's range, but quite within Molly's, who diverges for a shorter cut, as she sees the fox

in front sweep also to the right. The woodchuck has escaped her notice.

The brown mare, by this time as excited as her rider, obeys the touch of the rein, and clears the ground in splendid style. Unfortunately, while in full career, she sinks her right fore-leg into the woodchuck's hole; there is a stumble, and the next instant she rolls on the ground with a snort of pain that chills the blood in the veins of the four young riders who hear it. Molly, with a hasty clutch at the animal's mane that somewhat breaks the force of the fall, is flung forward and rolls on the ground some distance away. Albeit bruised and half stunned, she has yet sense enough to scramble, or roll, further away from the struggling, kicking animal. Ranald, white as a sheet, picks up the prostrate Molly; Houghton and Phil are at her side in a moment, the latter almost crying.

"Molly, you're not dead, are you? Molly, Molly, speak to us!" beseeches Ranald.

"No, oh, no!" gasps Molly faintly, shivering as the brown mare screams again. "Oh, the poor creature! She's got a bad sprain, Ranald. Oh, I can't bear to hear her!" and Molly clasps both trembling hands over her ears.

"But are you all safe; no bones broken? I can't believe it, Molly; you had an awful fall," says Houghton, passing his hand rapidly over her shoulders and arms.

"I'm stiff and sore, but I'm sure no bones are broken," says Molly, trying to stand alone, but not succeeding very well. "You see I clutched the mane when I felt her going, and it broke the force of the fall a little."

"The mare is badly hurt," says Phil, shuddering slightly at the pitiful cry of the disabled steed. "What can we do, Houghton?"

"There's only one thing to be done," answers Houghton. "We can't relieve the poor creature's suffering, and we must just let her wait here until Peter can bring some men and the horse-doctor, and some sort of a contrivance to carry her home in. I hope it's nothing more than a sprain, but the mare can't stand up, that's certain, much less walk all the way home. I'll stay here and watch her, and I'll trust you, Ranald, with the black mare, so that Molly can ride your gray to the nearest place where you can get a carriage for her. When you've seen her safely home, you'd better come back here. Phil, you must ride off, at once, to tell Peter about the accident, and get help for the mare. Be as quick as you can!"

PART IV.

"WELL, well, Miss Molly! and how do you feel to-night? Ranald tells me you have had a danger-

ous tumble. I am afraid my boys need some lessons on taking care of a young lady," said Mr. Tripton Dalzell on the evening of that eventful day of the fox-hunt.

"Oh, Mr. Dalzell!" cried Molly, choking a little, "if you knew how careless I've been, and how I feel about your mare;—when you've all been so kind to me, too. It almost broke my heart to hear her, and to see her in such pain."

"We are sorry she had to suffer, of course," said Mr. Dalzell kindly, "but our thankfulness for your own escape puts that quite out of mind. Don't let the animal worry you in the least. We hope she'll recover from the sprain in good time. You shall ride another horse which I shall have brought over from the farm for you,—on condition, however, that we shall have no more fox-hunts to imperil your precious neck."

"I feel as if I could never ride again. But Papa will pay you the value of the mare, if it does n't get well—I shall write to him," said Molly, eagerly.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Dalzell, good-naturedly, "have I not told you that is of no consequence? The fault rests with the boys, who should not have ridden so recklessly. I can not be too thankful that you are safe, for you have really had a narrow escape. But you will be just as ready to ride when your bruises are whole again."

So he passes it off, and is kindly solicitous for Molly's comfort, and even has the family doctor,—worthy soul,—to make sure that there are no sprains, dislocations, or what not, that will retard her full restoration to activity. And, indeed, for three good days Molly's chief occupation is to lie on the sofa and read, or play chess, dominoes, or backgammon with the boys, whose attentions are constant and devoted.

This trouble over, however, matters go on as happily as before at Dalzell Hall.

It is now August. The days would be sultry but for the ubiquitous sea-wind that always tempers the heat of the sun. August,—and September, close at hand, will bring Molly's father from the Adirondacks to Daisydown.

"How can I ever endure to go back to New York?" moans Molly to Mrs. Merriam at intervals. They can not bear to think of it!

"You will come out to us again, surely," answers the good lady, who is very loath to lose the bright girlish face from the quaint old house. "And besides, dear, it would n't seem like Dalzell Hall to you with the boys at school. They go, in September, you know."

But Molly shakes her head. It is not altogether the boys. The old hall has won a place in her heart, with its quaint, ivied walls, its gables and

nooks and rose-alleys, with its outlook over the sunny sea, and its wilderness of a garden, wherein grow all flowers that ever blossomed under the sun,—or so it seems to Molly.

But the afternoon boat is due soon, and she and the boys must go down and see it, and stop for a chat with old Cap'n Azariah, in his funny old store on the pier. So away with all sad thoughts, for this is the last week of her stay, and one must be happy when one can in this work-a-day world.

"Vacation's most out—hey?" says Cap'n Azariah, placing a chair for Miss Molly under the shadow of the morning-glory vines that shade the side of his little piazza.

"Yes,—we 're sorry to say," answers Phil, dolefully.

"Wall, now I s'pose ye mean to go back to the big city schools where ye be'n last year,—hey?"

"Yes, sir; to the same one."

"Wall, do ye *larn* anythin' there?—anythin', I mean, more worth while than ye could learn at the 'cademy here in Daisydown?"

"Why, of course," says Houghton, looking up in surprise into the shrewd, wrinkled face of his questioner. But Ranald smiled. He caught the drift of the question.

"We study all the common branches, and the higher ones, such as algebra, geometry, trigonometry, the languages, music,"—goes on Houghton, fluently.

"And do they put in 'longside o' all those fine extries, the larnin' to be a *man*, a ra'al honest, God-fearin' man, as wont ever knuckle under to temptation, ner turn his back on his brother, in a tight place?"

Houghton is silent, for a moment. Then he says:

"I suppose we could learn that in Daisydown."

"Jes' so; jes' so, my boy," says old Cap'n Azariah, heartily. "Not that I say a word agenst the big schools. The world's grown sence my day, and larnin' must grow with it. But I've b'en about a good deal, and I never found a place yit where ye could n't larn good or bad, jes' as ye've a min' to. It's all in the boy, Houghton. There's a many temptations in the big school, though, that ye wont find in the old Daisydown 'Cademy,—aren't there, now?"

Again Houghton is silent. Then he answers, "Yes, sir; there are."

"Wall," says the old Cap'n, "look out for your taups'les, then, all you boys, and jibe and tack right lively, or you'll be stove on the rocks. Keep your course clear, and yer eye on the compass. I've seen you chaps grow up, ye know, an' I take

nat'rally a sort 'o int'rest in ye. I've seen the world, too, and I thought seein' ye was goin' off so soon, a word from the old man would n't come amiss."

"Thank you for it, Cap'n," says Ranald, with an earnest look in his deep gray eyes; "we'll remember what you say."

"All right," says Cap'n Azariah, ambling off to attend to a customer.

And now—who is that tall, gray-whiskered gentleman with yellow traveling-bag, who walks up the pier, casting critical yet undecided glances on all his surroundings.

"Oh, Papa! Oh, Papa!" cries Molly, bounding from the piazza with a shout of delight.

The boys come upright from their lounging positions with expressions of dismay; the tall man gives Molly a hearty hand-shake and kiss, and then Ranald, the reserved, electrifies his cousins by stepping quietly forward with lifted cap. He says simply: "I want to ask the pleasure of being introduced to Molly's father."

The others are just behind him. After the introductions and cordial greetings,—for Mr. Arnold has never seen his friend's boys,—they all walk up over the turfy downs through the sunlight, the breeze, the fresh sea air, to Dalzell Hall. Mr. Arnold's admiration of it is sincere enough to satisfy even Molly, and Mrs. Merriam and the boys speedily make him welcome.

In the evening comes Mr. Tripton Dalzell, who is heartily glad to see his friend. And for the next few days a series of farewell rides, sails, and picnics, give Mr. Arnold a chance to know all the beauties and delights of Daisydown.

But the summer is ended, after all. Summers do not stay. Well for all of us who carry a perpetual summer in our hearts. And then it is not well for us always to lie in the roses; at least, the admonitory thorns may do us good. But, after all, the real work of life has to be done, and such summers are but resting-places on our journey.

So they part; Houghton, Ranald, and Phil to plunge into busy school-life again, with all its joys, trials, temptations; carrying with them the memory of the kindly eyes and shrewd smile of old Cap'n Azariah, and the honest, manly admonitions of Mr. Tripton Dalzell, who gives them always all the help that a father can. And Molly goes to her New York home to combat, as well as she may, her girlish faults, to rebel, often with reason, against the exactions of a too fashionable mother, and to train her young voice for the glorious future which her teacher predicts for it. Shall they ever again meet at Dalzell Hall? Who can tell?



"BRAIDING MOTHER'S HAIR."—DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

CORNY'S CATAMOUNT.—TENTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Two boys sat on the bars, one whittling, the other whistling,—not for want of thought, by any means, for his brow was knit in an anxious frown, and he paused now and then to thump the rail, with an impatient exclamation. The other lad appeared to be absorbed in shaping an arrow from the slender stick in his hand; but he watched his neighbor with a vexing smile, saying a few words occasionally, which seemed to add to the neighbor's irritation, though they were in a sympathizing tone.

"Oh, well, if a chap can't do a thing, he can't, and he'd better give up and say 'Beat,'" he asserted finally.

"But I won't give up, and I never say 'Beat.' I'm not going to be laughed out of it, and I'll do what I said I would, if it takes all summer, Chris Warner," was the answer he received.

"You'll have to be spry then, for there are only two more days in August," replied the whittler, shutting one eye to look along his arrow and see if its lines were "true."

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"I intend to be spry, and if you won't tell on me, I'll let you into a plan I made last night."

"I guess you can trust me. I've heard about a dozen plans of yours already, and never told one of 'em."

"They all failed, so there was nothing to tell. But this one is *not* going to fail, if I die for it. I feel that it's best to tell some one, because it is really dangerous; and if anything *should* happen to me, your knowing my plan would save time and trouble."

"I don't seem to feel anxious a mite. But I'll stand ready to pick up the pieces, if you come to grief."

"Now, Chris, it's mean of you to keep on making fun when I'm in dead earnest. You know I mean what I'm saying now, and this may be the last thing you can do for me."

"Wait till I get out my handkerchief; if you're going to be affectin' I may want it. Granite's cheap up here; just mention what you'd like on

your tombstone and I'll see that it gets there, if it takes my last cent."

The big boy in the blue overalls spoke with such a comical drawl that the slender city lad could not help laughing, till, with a slap that nearly sent his neighbor off his perch, Corny said good-naturedly:

"Come, now, stop joking and lend a hand, and I'll do anything I can for you. I've set my heart on shooting a wild cat, and I know I can if I once get a good chance. Mother'll not let me go off far enough, so of course I don't do it, and then you all jeer at me. To-morrow we are going up the mountain, and I'm set on trying again, for Abner says the big woods are the place to find the 'varmint.' Now, you hold your tongue, and let me slip away when I think we've hit the right spot. I'm not a bit afraid, and while the rest go poking to the top, I'll plunge into the woods and see what I can do."

"All right. Better take old Buff; he'll bring you home when you get lost, and keep puss from clawing you. You won't like that part of the fun as much as you expect to, may be," said Chris, with a sly twinkle of the eye, as he glanced at Corny and then away toward the vast forest that stretched far up the mighty mountain's side.

"No, I don't want any help, and Buff will betray me by barking; I prefer to go alone. I shall take some lunch and plenty of shot, and have a glorious time, even if I don't meet that confounded beast. I will keep dashing in and out of the woods as we go; then no one will miss me for a while, and when they do, you just say, 'Oh, he's all right,—he'll be along directly'; and go ahead, and let me alone."

Corny spoke so confidently, and looked so pleased with his plan, that honest Chris could not bear to tell him how much danger he would run in that pathless forest, where older hunters than he had been lost.

"I don't feel as if I cared to tell any lies about it, and I don't advise your goin'; but if you're mad for catamounts, I s'pose I must humor you and say nothin'. Only bear in mind, Abner and I will be along; and if you get into a scrape, just give a yell and we'll come."

"No fear of that; I've tramped around all summer, and I know my way like an Indian. Keep the girls quiet, and let me have a good lark. I'll turn up all right by sundown; so don't worry. Not a word to mother, or she won't let me go. I'll make things straight with her after the fun is over."

"That's not 'square,' Corny; but it's not my funeral, so I won't meddle. Hope you'll have first-rate sport, and bag a brace of cats. One thing you must mind,—don't get too near your game be-

fore you fire; and keep out of sight of the critters as much as you can."

Chris spoke in a deep whisper, looking so excited and impressed by the reckless courage of his mate that Corny felt himself a Leatherstocking, and went off to tea with his finger on his lips, full of boyish faith in his own powers. If he had seen Chris dart behind the barn, and there roll upon the grass in convulsions of laughter, he would have been both surprised and hurt.

No deacon could have been more sober than Chris, however, when they met next morning, while the party of summer boarders at the old farm-house were in a pleasant bustle of preparation for the long-expected day on the mountain. Three merry girls, a pair of small boys, two amiable mammas, Chris and Corny, made up the party, with Abner to drive the big wagon drawn by Milk and Molasses, the yellow span.

"All aboard!" shouted our young Nimrod, in a hurry to be off, as the lunch-basket was handed up, and the small boys sought the most uncomfortable corners, regardless of their arms and legs.

Away they rattled with a parting cheer, and peace fell upon the farm-house for a few hours, to the great contentment of the good people left behind. Corny's mother was one of them, and her last words were: "A pleasant day, dear. I wish you'd leave that gun at home; I'm so afraid you'll get hurt with it."

"There's no fun without it. Don't worry, Mamma; I'll be very careful."

"I'll see to him, ma'am," called Chris, as he hung on behind, and waved his old straw hat, with a steady, reliable sort of look, that made the anxious lady feel more comfortable.

"We are going to walk up the mountain, when we get to it, and leave the horses to rest; so I can choose my time. See? I've a bottle of cold tea in this pocket, and a lot of grub in the other. No danger of my starving, is there?" whispered Corny, as he leaned over to Chris, who sat, apparently on nothing, with his long legs dangling into space.

"Should n't wonder if you needed every mite of it. Hunting is hard work on a hot day, and this is going to be a blazer," answered Chris, pulling his big straw hat lower over his eyes.

As we intend to follow Corny's adventures, we need not pause to describe the drive, which was a merry one; with girls chattering, mammas holding on to excited small boys, in danger of flying out at every jolt, Abner joking till every one roared, Corny's dangerous evolutions with the beloved gun, and the gymnastic feats which Chris performed, jumping off to pick flowers for the ladies, and getting on again while Milk and Molasses tore up and down the rough road to the mountain as if they enjoyed it.

About ten o'clock they reached the foot of the mountain; and, after a short rest at the hotel, they began the three-mile ascent in high spirits. Abner was to follow later with the wagon, to bring the party down; so Chris was guide, as he knew the way well, and often came thither with people. The

gered in the rear, waiting for a good chance to "plunge."

He wanted to be off before Abner came, as he well knew that wise man and mighty hunter would never let him go alone.

"The very next path I see, I'll dive into the woods, and run; Chris can't leave the rest to follow me, and if I once get a good start, they won't catch me in a hurry," thought the boy, longing to be free and alone in the wild woods that tempted him on either hand.

Just as he was tightening his belt to be ready for the run, Mrs. Barker, the stout lady, called him; and being a well-bred lad, he hastened at once to see what she wanted, feeling that he was the only gallant in the party.

"Please give me your arm, dear; I'm getting very tired, and I fear I can't hold out to the top, without a little help," said the poor lady, red and panting with the heat and steepness of the road.

"Certainly, ma'am," answered Corny, obeying at once, and inwardly resolving to deposit his fair burden on the first fallen log they came to, and then make his escape.

But Mrs. Barker got on bravely, with the support of his strong arm, and chatted away so delightfully that Corny would really have enjoyed the walk, if his soul had not been yearning for catamounts. He did his best, but when they



"IN THE SAFE SHELTER OF THE FOREST, WHERE HUMAN FEET SO SELDOM CAME."

girls and younger boys hurried on, full of eagerness to reach the top. The ladies went more slowly, enjoying the grand beauty of the scene, while Chris carried the lunch-basket, and Corny lin-

passed opening after opening into the green recesses of the wood, and the granite boulders grew more and more plentiful, his patience gave out, and he began to plan what he could say to

excuse himself. Chris was behind, apparently deaf and blind to his calls and imploring glances, though he grinned cheerfully when poor Corny looked round and beckoned, as well as he could beckon with a gun on one arm and a stout lady on the other.

"The hardest part is coming now, and we'd better rest a moment. Here's a nice rock, and the last spring we are likely to see till we get to the top. Come on, Chris, and give us the dipper. Mrs. Barker wants a drink, and so do I," called the young hunter, driven to despair at last.

Up came Chris, and while he rummaged in the well-packed basket, Corny slipped into the wood, leaving the good lady, with her thanks half spoken, sitting on a warm stone beside a muddy little pool. A loud laugh followed him, as he scrambled through the tall ferns and went plunging down the steep mountain-side, eager to reach the lower woods.

"Let him laugh; it will be my turn when I go home, with a fine cat over my shoulder," thought Corny, tearing along, heedless of falls, scratches, and bruised knees.

At length he paused for breath, and looked about him well satisfied, for the spot was lonely and lovely enough to suit any hunter. The tallest pines he ever saw sighed far overhead; the ground was ankle-deep in moss, and gay with scarlet bunch-berries; every fallen log was veiled by sweet-scented *Linnea*, green vines, or nodding brakes; while hidden brooks sang musically, and the air was full of the soft flutter of leaves, the whirl of wings, the sound of birds gossiping sweetly in the safe shelter of the forest, where human feet so seldom came.

"I'll rest a bit, and then go along down, keeping a look out for puss by the way," thought Corny, feeling safe and free, and very happy, for he had his own way, at last, and a whole day in which to lead the life he loved.

So he bathed his hot face, took a cool drink, and lay on the moss, staring up into the green gloom of the pines, blissfully dreaming of the joys of a hunter's life,—till a peculiar cry startled him to his feet, and sent him creeping wearily toward the sound. Whether it was a new kind of bird, or a fox, or a bear, he did not know, but he fondly hoped it was a wild cat; though he was well aware that that crafty creature sleeps by day, and prowls by night. Abner had said that they purred and snarled and gave a mewling sort of cry; but which it was now he could not tell, having unfortunately been half asleep.

On he went, looking up into the trees for a furry bunch, behind every log, and in every rocky hole, longing and hoping to discover his heart's desire.

But a hawk was all he saw above, an ugly snake was the only living thing he found among the logs, and a fat woodchuck's hind legs vanished down the most attractive hole. He shot at all three and missed them, and pushed on, pretending that he did not care for such small game.

"Now, this is what I call fun," he said to himself, tramping gayly along, and at that moment he went splash into a mud-hole concealed under the grass. He sank up to his knees, and with great difficulty got out by clinging to the tussocks that grew near. In his struggles the lunch was lost, for the bottle broke and the pocket where the sandwiches were stored was full of mud. A woful spectacle was the trim lad as he emerged from the slough, black and dripping in front, well splattered behind, hatless, and with one shoe gone, it having been carelessly left unlaced in the ardor of his hunt.

"Here's a mess!" thought poor Corny, surveying himself with great disgust and feeling very helpless, as well as tired, hungry, and cross. "Luckily, my powder is dry and my gun safe; so my fun is n't spoiled, though I do look like a wallowing pig. I've heard of mud baths, but I never took one before, and I'll never do it again."

So he washed as well as he could, hoping the sun would dry him, picked out a few bits of bread unspoiled by the general wreck, and trudged on with less ardor, though by no means discouraged yet.

"I'm too high for any game but birds, and those I don't want. I'll go right down, and come out in the valley. Abner said any brook would show the way, and this brook that led me into a scrape shall lead me out," he said, as he followed the little stream that went tumbling over the stones, which increased in number as the ground sloped toward the deep ravine, where a water-fall shone like silver in the sun.

"I'll take a bath if the pool is big enough, and that will set me up. Should n't wonder if I've been poisoned a bit with some of the vines I've been tearing through. My hands smart like fury, and I guess the mosquitoes have about eaten my face up. I never saw such clouds of stingers before," muttered Corny, looking at his scratched hands, and rubbing his hot face in great discomfort,—for it was the gnat that drove the lion mad, you remember.

It was easy to say, "I'll follow the brook," but not so easy to do it; for the frolicsome stream went headlong over rocks, crept under fallen logs, and now and then hid itself so cleverly that one had to look and listen carefully to recover the trail. It was long past noon when Corny came out near the water-fall, so tired and hungry that he

heartily wished himself back among the party he had left, who, by this time, must have lunched well and who were now probably driving gayly homeward to a good supper.

No chance for a bath appeared, so he washed his burning face and took a rest, enjoying the splendid view far over valley and intervals through the gap in the mountain range. He was desperately tired with these hours of rough travel, and very hungry; but he would not own it, and he sat considering what to do next, for he saw by the sun that the afternoon was half over. There was time to go back by the way he had come, and by following the path down the hill he could reach the hotel and get supper and a bed, or be driven home. That was the wise thing to do, but his pride rebelled against returning empty-handed after all his plans and boasts of great exploits.

"I wont go home, to be laughed at by Chris and Abner. I'll shoot something, if I stay all night. Who cares for hunger and mosquito bites? Not I. Hunters can bear more than that, I guess. The next live thing I see I'll shoot it, and make a fire and have a jolly supper. Now, which way shall I go,—up or down? A pretty hard prospect, either way."

The sight of an eagle soaring above him seemed to answer his question, and fill him with new strength and ardor. To shoot the king of birds and take him home in triumph would cover the hunter with glory. It should be done! And away he went, climbing, tumbling, leaping from rock to rock, toward the place where the eagle had alighted. More cuts and bruises, more vain shots, and the sole reward of his eager struggles was a single feather that floated down as the great bird soared serenely away, leaving the boy exhausted and disappointed, in a wilderness of granite boulders, and with no sign of a path to show the way out.

As he leaned breathless and weary against the crag where he had fondly hoped to find the eagle's nest, he realized for the first time what a fool-hardy thing he had done. Here he was, alone, without a guide, in this wild region where there was neither food nor shelter, and night was coming on. Utterly used up, he could not get home now even if he knew the way; and suddenly all the tales he had ever heard of men lost in the mountains came into his head. If he had not been weak with hunger, he would have felt better able to bear it; but his legs trembled under him, his head ached with the glare of the sun, and a queer faintness came over him now and then. For, plucky as he was, the city lad was unused to exercise so violent.

"The only thing to do now is to get down to the valley, if I can, before dark. Abner said there was an old cabin, where the hunters used to sleep,

somewhere down there. I can try for it, and perhaps shoot something on the way. I may break my bones, but I can't sit and starve up here. I was a fool to come. I'll keep the feather, anyhow, to prove that I really saw an eagle; that's better than nothing."

Still bravely trying to affect the indifference to danger and fatigue which hunters are always described as possessing in such a remarkable degree, Corny slung the useless gun on his back and began the steep descent, discovering now the perils he had been too eager to see before. He was a good climber, but he was stiff with weariness, and his hands were already sore with scratches and poison; so he went slowly, feeling quite unfit for such hard work. Coming to the ravine, he found that the only road led down its precipitous side to the valley, that looked so safe and pleasant now. Stunted pines grew in the fissures of the rocks, and their strong roots helped the clinging hands and feet as the boy painfully climbed, slipped, and swung along, fearing every minute to come to some impassable barrier in the dangerous path.

But he got on wonderfully well, and was feeling much encouraged, when his foot slipped, the root he held gave way, and down he went, rolling and bumping on the rocks below, to his death, he thought, as a crash came, and he knew no more.

"Wonder if I'm dead?" was the first idea that occurred to him as he opened his eyes and saw a brilliant sky above him, all purple, gold, and red.

He seemed floating in the air; for he swayed to and fro on a soft bed, a pleasant murmur reached his ear, and when he glanced down he saw what looked like clouds, misty and white, below him. He lay a few minutes drowsily musing, for the fall had stunned him; then, as he moved his hand, something pricked it, and he felt pine-needles in the fingers that closed over them.

"Caught in a tree, as sure as fate!" he exclaimed, and all visions of heaven vanished in a breath, as he sat up and stared about him, wide-awake now, and conscious of many aching bones.

Yes, there he lay among the branches of one of the sturdy pines, into which he had fallen on his way down the precipice. Blessed helpful tree! set there to save a life, and to teach a lesson to a willful young heart that never forgot that hour.

Holding fast, lest a rash motion should set him bounding further down like a living ball, Corny took an observation as rapidly as possible, for the red light was fading, and the mist rising from the valley. All he could see was a narrow ledge where the tree stood; and, anxious to reach a safer bed for the night, he climbed cautiously down to drop on the rock, so full of gratitude for safety that he

could only lie still for a little while, thinking of his mother, and trying not to cry.

He was much shaken by the fall, his flesh bruised, his clothes torn, and his spirit cowed; for hunger, weariness, pain, and danger showed him what a very feeble creature he was, after all. He could do no more till morning, and he resigned himself to a night on the mountain-side, glad to be there alive, though doubtful what daylight would show him. Too tired to move, he lay watching the western sky, where the sun set gloriously behind the purple hills. All below was wrapt in mist, and not a sound reached him but the sigh of the pine, and the murmur of the water-fall.

"This is a first-class scrape. What a fool I was not to go back when I could, instead of blundering down here where no one can get at me. Now, as like as not, I can't get out alone! Gun smashed, too, in that ugly fall, so I can't even fire a shot to bring help. Nothing to eat or drink, and very likely a day or so to spend here till I'm found,—if I ever am. Chris said, 'Yell, if you want us.' Much good that would do now! I'll try, though." And getting up on his weary legs, Corny shouted till he was hoarse; but echo alone answered him, and after a few efforts he gave it up, trying to accept the situation like a man. As if kind Nature took pity on the poor boy, the little ledge was soft with lichens and thin grass, and here and there grew a sprig of checkerberry, sown by the wind, sheltered by the tree, and nourished by the moisture that trickled down the rock from some hidden spring. Eagerly Corny ate the sweet leaves to stay the pangs of hunger that gnawed him, and finished his meal with grass and pine-needles, calling himself a calf, and wishing his pasture were wider.

"The fellows we read about always come to grief in a place where they can shoot a bird, catch a fish, or knock over some handy beast for supper," he said, talking to himself. "I'm not lucky enough even to find a sassafras bush to chew, or a bird's egg to suck. My poor gun is broken, or I might bang away at a hawk, and cook him for supper, if the bog had n't spoiled my matches as it spoiled my lunch. Oh, well! I'll pull through, I guess, and when it's all over, it will be a right good story to tell."

Then, hoping to forget his woes in sleep, he nestled under the low-growing branches of the pine and lay blinking drowsily at the twilight world outside. A dream came, and he saw the old farm-house in sad confusion, caused by his absence,—the women crying, the men sober, all anxious, and all making ready to come and look for him. So vivid was it that he woke himself by crying out, "Here I am," and nearly went over the ledge, stretching out his arms to Abner.

The start and the scare made it hard to go to sleep again, and he sat looking at the solemn sky, full of stars that seemed watching over him alone there, like a poor, lost child on the great mountain's stony breast. He had never seen the world at that hour before, and it made a deep impression on him; for it was a vast, wild scene, full of gloomy shadows and unknown dangers. It gave him, too, a new sense of utter littleness and helplessness, which taught the boy human dependence upon heavenly love as no words, even from his mother's tender lips, could have taught it. Thoughts of the suffering his willfulness had given her wrung a few penitent tears from him, which he was not ashamed to shed, since only the kind stars saw them, and better still, he resolved to own the fault, to atone for it, and to learn wisdom from this lesson, which might yet prove to be a very bitter one.

He felt better after this little break-down, and presently his thoughts were turned from conscience to catamounts again; for sounds in the woods below led him to believe that the much-desired animal was on the prowl. His excited fancy painted dozens of them not far away, waiting to be shot, and there he was, cooped up on that narrow ledge, with a broken gun, unable even to get a look at them. He felt that it was a just punishment, and after the first regret he tried to comfort himself with the fact that he was much safer where he was than alone in the forest at that hour, for various nocturnal voices suggested restless and dangerous neighbors.

Presently his wakeful eyes saw lights twinkling far off on the opposite side of the ravine, and he imagined he heard shouts and shots. But the splash of the water-fall and the rush of the night wind deadened the sounds to his ear, and drowned his own reply.

"They are looking for me, and will never think of this strange place. I can't make them hear, and must wait till morning. Poor Chris will get a great scolding for letting me go. I don't believe he told a word till he had to. I'll make it up to him. Chris is a capital fellow, and I just wish I had him here to make things jolly," thought the lonely lad.

But soon the lights vanished, the sounds died away, and the silence of midnight brooded over the hills, seldom broken except by the soft cry of an owl, the rustle of the pine, or a louder gust of wind as it grew strong and cold. Corny kept awake as long as he could, fearing to dream and fall; but by and by he dropped off, and slept soundly till the chill of dawn waked him.

At any other time he would have heartily enjoyed the splendor of the eastern sky, as the red

glow spread and brightened, till the sun came dazzling through the gorge, making the wild solitude beautiful and grand.

Now, however, he would have given it all for a hot beefsteak and a cup of coffee, as he wet his lips with a few drops of ice-cold water, and browsed over his small pasture till not a green spire remained. He was stiff, and full of pain, but daylight and the hope of escape cheered him up, and gave him coolness and courage to see how best he could accomplish his end.

The wind soon blew away the mist and let him see that the dry bed of a stream lay just below. To reach it he must leap, at risk of his bones, or find some means to swing down ten or twelve feet. Once there, it was pretty certain that by following the rough road he would come into the valley, whence he could very easily find his way home. Much elated at this unexpected good fortune, he took the strap that had slung his gun, the leathern belt about his waist, and the strong cords of his pouch, and knotting them together, made a rope long enough to let him drop within two or three feet of the stones below. This he fastened firmly round the trunk of the pine, and finished his preparations by tying his handkerchief to one of the branches, that it might serve as a guide for him, a signal for others, and a trophy of his grand fall.

Then putting a little sprig of the evergreen tree in his jacket, with a grateful thought of all it had done for him, he swung himself off and landed safely below, not minding a few extra bumps, after his late exploits at tumbling.

Feeling like a prisoner set free, he hurried as fast as bare feet and stiff legs would carry him, along the bed of the stream, coming at last into the welcome shelter of the woods, which seemed more beautiful than ever after the bleak region of granite in which he had been all night.

Anxious to report himself alive, and relieve his mother's anxiety, he pressed on till he struck the path, and soon saw, not far away, the old cabin Abner had spoken of. Just before this happy moment he had heard a shot fired somewhere in the forest, and as he hurried toward the sound he saw an animal dart into the hut, as if for shelter.

Whether it was a rabbit, woodchuck, or dog, he had not seen, as a turn in the path prevented a clear view; and hoping it was old Buff looking for him, he ran in, to find himself face to face with a catamount at last!

There it was, the big, fierce cat, crouched in a corner, with fiery eyes, growling and spitting at sight of an enemy, but too badly wounded to fight, as the blood that dripped from its neck and the tremble of its limbs plainly showed.

"Now 's my chance! I don't care who shot it, I'll kill it, and own its skin, too, if I pay my last dollar for it," thought Corny; and catching up a stout bit of timber fallen from the old roof, he struck two quick, heavy blows, which finished poor puss, who gave up the ghost with a savage snarl, and a vain effort to pounce on him.

This achievement atoned for all the boy had gone through, and only waiting to be sure the catamount was quite dead and past clawing, he flung his prize over his shoulder, and with renewed strength and spirit trudged along the woodland road toward home, proudly imagining his triumphal entry upon the scene of suspense and alarm.

"I wish I did n't look so like a scarecrow; but perhaps my rags will add to the effect. Wont the girls laugh at my swelled face, and scream at the cat! Hope there 's a house not very far off, for I don't believe I can lug this cat much further, I'm so starved and shaky."

Just as he paused to take breath and shift his burden from one shoulder to the other, a loud shout startled him, and a moment later several men came bursting through the woods, cheering wildly as they approached.

It was Abner, Chris, and some of the neighbors, setting out again on their search, after a night of vain wandering. Corny could have hugged them all and cried like a girl; but pride kept him steady, though his face showed his joy as he nodded his hatless head with a cool "Hullo!"

Chris burst into his ringing laugh, and danced a sort of wild jig around his mate, as the only way in which he could fitly express his relief; for he had been bowed down with remorse at his imprudence in letting Corny go, and all night had rushed up and down seeking, calling, hoping, and fearing, till, almost exhausted, he looked nearly as dilapidated as Corny.

The tale was soon told, and received with the most flattering signs of interest, wonder, sympathy, and admiration.

"Why on earth did n't you tell me?—I'd a got up a hunt for you wuth havin'.—You ought n't to have gone off alone on a wild-goose chase like this. Never did see such a chap for gettin' inter scrapes, —and out of 'em too, I'm bound to own," growled Abner.

"That is n't a wild goose, is it?" proudly demanded Corny, pointing to the catamount, which now lay on the ground, while he leaned against a tree to hide his weariness; for he felt ready to drop, now all the excitement was over.

"No, it's not, and I congratulate you on a good job. Where did you shoot it?" asked Abner, stooping to examine the creature.

"I did n't shoot it; I broke my gun when I took

that header down the mountain. I hit the catamount a rap with a club, in the cabin where I found it," answered Corny, heartily wishing he need not share the prize with any one. But he was honest, and added at once, "Some one else had put a bullet into it; I only finished the fight."

"Chris shot it, then; he fired not long ago, and we saw the critter run, but we were too keen after you to stop for any other game. Guess you've had enough of catamounts for once, hey?" and Abner laughed as he looked at poor Corny, who was a more sorry spectacle than he knew,—ragged and rough, hatless and shoeless, his face red and swelled with the poisoning and bites, his eyes heavy with weariness, and in his mouth a bit of wild-cherry bark, which he chewed ravenously.

"No, I have n't! I want this one, and I'll buy it if Chris will let me. I said I'd kill one, and I did, and I want to keep the skin; for I ought to have something to show after all this knocking about and turning somersaults half a mile long," answered Corny stoutly, as he tried to shoulder his load again.

"Here, give me the varmint, and you hang on to Chris, my boy, or we'll have to cart you home. You've done well, and now you want a good meal to set you on your feet again. Right about face, neighbors, and home we go, to the tune of Hail Columby!"

As Abner spoke, the procession set forth. The tall, hearty man, with the dead animal at his back,

went first; then Corny, trying not to lean on the arm Chris put round him, but very glad of the support; next the good farmers, all talking at once; while old Buff soberly brought up the rear, with his eye constantly on the wild cat.

In this order they reached home, and Corny sought his mother's comforting care, and was seen no more for some hours. What went on in her room, no one knows; but when at last the hero emerged, refreshed by sleep and food, clad in clean clothes, his wounds bound up, and plantain-leaves dipped in cream spread upon his afflicted countenance, he received very meekly the congratulations showered upon him. He made no more boasts of skill and courage that summer, set out on no more wild hunts, and gave up his own wishes so cheerfully that it was evident something had worked a helpful change in willful Corny.

He liked to tell the story of that day and night, whenever his friends were recounting adventures by sea and land; but he never said much about the hours on the ledge, always owned that Chris shot the beast, and usually ended by sagely advising his hearers to let their mothers know when they wanted to go on a lark of that kind. Those who knew and loved him best observed that he was fonder than ever of nibbling checkerberry leaves, that he did n't mind being laughed at for liking to wear a bit of pine in his buttonhole, and that the skin of the catamount, so hardly won, lay before his study table till the moths ate it up.

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY M. H. F. LOVETT.

A FUNNY thing I heard to-day
I might as well relate.
Our Lil is six, and little May
Still lacks a month of eight.

And, through the open play-room door,
I heard the elder say:
"Lil, run down-stairs and get my doll.
Go quick, now,—right away!"

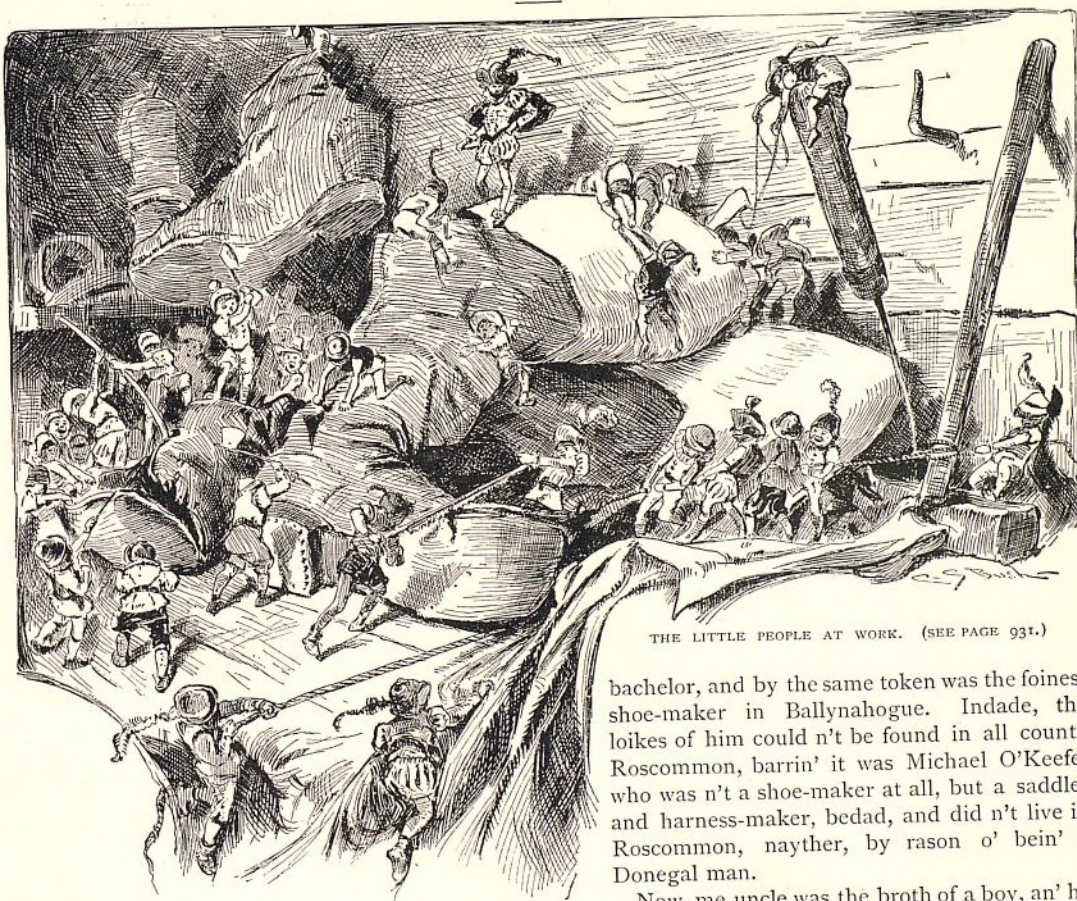
And Lillie said,—(and I agreed
That May was hardly fair):—
"You might say 'please,' or go yourself—
I did n't leave it there."

"But, Lillie," urged the elder one,
"Your little legs, you know,
Are youngerer than mine are, child,
And so you *ought* to go!"

LANTY O'HOO LAHAN AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

[Phelim Fagan's Fairy Tale.]

BY FREDERICK D. STORY.



THE LITTLE PEOPLE AT WORK. (SEE PAGE 931.)

ARRAH then, an' is it a fairy shtory ye'll be afther wantin' me to tell to yez? An' what 'll your papa be a-sayin' to me, if I do that same? "Sure," he'll say, "Phalim, it's a moighty foine gardener ye are, wastin' your toime tellin' fairy shtories to the childher instid of attendin' to your worruk." Though for the matter o' that, it's nothin' I could be doin' now, barrin' it's diggin' the praties which I finished yestherday, or weedin' the onion bed which wont be ready till the day afther to-morrow. So, as I have n't the toime to tell yez a reg'lar fairy shtory, I'll contint meself wid narratin' a quare adventure of an uncle o' mine, by the name o' Lanty O'Hoolahan, wid the Little People.

Now, you must know that me uncle was an old

bachelor, and by the same token was the foineest shoe-maker in Ballynahogue. Indade, the loikes of him could n't be found in all county Roscommon, barrin' it was Michael O'Keefe, who was n't a shoe-maker at all, but a saddler and harness-maker, bedad, and did n't live in Roscommon, nayther, by rason o' bein' a Donegal man.

Now, me uncle was the broth of a boy, an' he tuk measures for more ready-made shoes in a week than he could consttruct betune Michaelmas-day and St. Pathrick's. Sure, but he was the swate timpered sowl, as meek as milk, and as quioet as a pig, barrin' that he niver could bear conthradiction, and was moighty quick to take offinse, an' had a rough tongue of his own and a nimble shillaly, by rason of which he'd bate a man first, an' argue the quistion wid him p'aceable and frindly aftherwards.

Well, it happened one avenin' that Lanty was thraveling home to his cabin across the bog by the edge of Sheve-na-Cruish, in not the best timper in the worruld. An' moighty shmall blame to him for that same. For afther carryin' a perfectly illigant pair of brogues to a skinflint of an agent,

the ould miser tould him to take 'em back, beca'se they did n't fit, and hurted his feet in the bargain.

An' so poor Lanty had to thrudge home ag'in wid the brogues undher his arrum, and wid all the money the ould fellow paid him for thim, in an impty pocket. Now, as I was afther tellin' ye, he was walkin' across a piece av medder-land on the edge of the bog, an' bewailin' his bad luck, whin he had the misfortune to stub his fut agin a fairy ring by the side av the path, an' he fell at full length upon the flure. Av coorse ye know, me dears, what a fairy ring is? Then, faith, I need n't be tellin' ye that it 's the big tufts av grass in the medders that the Little People dance around on moonshiny nights. Whin Lanty got up ag'in, he was in a tearin' rage. "Bad luck to the Little People," says he, "a-puttin' the tricks on a dacent poor man that's goin' home wid a load o' throuble on his heart! I'd wring their



"BAD LUCK TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE!" SAYS LANTY.

necks for um," says he, "if I had um here betune me thumb an' forefinger." Well, afther a dale av mutterin' an' blatherin', Lanty got home to his cabin, an' was soon sound aslape, an' by the nixt mornin' was as merry as a fiddler at a wake, an' had forgotten all about his troubles an' difficulties. But, poor sowl, though he had forgotten, the Little People had n't; an' it was n't long afore the most perplexin' an' ixtroinary circumshtances in connixion wid his perfeshun began to deplate his trisury an' bewildher his narves, to sich an ixtint that, if it had n't 'a' bin for the comfort of the whiff

at his poipe, there 's no tellin' what he 'd 'a' been afther doin'.

"Lanty O'Hoolahan, ye vilyun," says one of his custhomers a day or two aftherwards, "what d' ye mane by sindin' home to me a pair av brogues like thim? They 're harder to kape thegither than a drove av pigs; an' I could niver ha' worn 'em here if I had n't 'a' carried 'em in me hands an' walked barefut. It 's meself that does n't know how sich tricherous brogues could ixist at all, onliss yez made 'em out av brown paper, an' shtuck 'em thegither wid pins."

"Arrah, be aisy, Patsy," says me uncle, "an' how could I be makin' a pair av *black* brogues out av *brown* paper? Sure, they 're cut from as foine a bit av English calfskin as ivver was tanned."

"Then, be the powers," says Patsy, "if it ivver rains in England, the calf that wore that skin for a coverin' caught his death o' cowld, for sorra bit of wather did it turn."

"An' what 's the matther wid 'em at all, at all?" says me uncle.

"Begorra, there 's not enough left av 'em to make matarial for ixamination, let alone discussion," says Patsy, "and that 's the throuble," says he. "Shame on ye, Lanty O'Hoolahan, for a de-savin' cratur!" says he.

An' its thrue for yez, them brogues wor a sight to behowld. The welts wor a-gapin' as though they had n't bin aslape for a fortnight, an' ivvery siperate bit av the uppers was as full av cracks as Tim Maguire's head afther a faction fight at Donnybrook fair.

Now, if ye 'll belave me, afore poor Lanty was over wid lamintin' the terrible misfortune that had befallen him, who should come in but Mr. Finnelay, the attorney, Colonel De Lacey's agint, a-lookin' moighty put out, an' as red as a beet.

"Lanty O'Hoolahan, ye spalpeen!" says he.

"Yer honor!" says Lanty, wid a gentale scrape. (He see throuble a-brewin', an' was bound to smooth it over wid perliteness; for it always tickles an agint to be called "yer honor.")

"How dare ye spile me best London-made shoes," says he, "by convartin' 'em into a botch like this?" An' he held up afore him a pair av walkin'-shoes, wid the sowls hangin' to 'em by a thread or two, an' the heels clane gone intirely.

"Musha, then," says me uncle, "but it 's the pathriotic sowls they are, to be sure. It 's ivident they dispise to be bound to the Saxon toyrant or anny of his worruks," says he. "Ould Oireland need n't despair av freedom, whin even inanimate nature rebels ag'in the furrin yoke. It on'y confurruns me opinion that there 's nothin' like leather."

"T is a true word ye 're spakin'," says Mистер Finnelay. "I 'll go bail," says he, "there 's

nothin' that 's annythin' at all like leather in them shoe-soles, more shame to ye, ye rogue."

"Hark to the improvin' discourse av him!" says



"HOW DARE YE SPILE ME BEST LONDON-MADE SHOES?" SAYS HE."

me uncle, admirin'ly. "See how he catches up me own words in a twinklin', an' bates me wid 'em. Sure 't is Parliament 's the place for a gintleman av ready spache like yer honor, an' its mesilf as would enj'y hearin' ye trate the Tories wid the rough edge o' yer tongue," says he.

"Git out wid yer blarneyin'" says the agint, but he was plazed, for all that. "But what ails ye, anyway?" says he.

"Sorrah bit do I know," says Lanty, "barrin' it is that ould Kitty Flanagan has been overlookin' me shoes in rivinge for the illigant batin' I gave her ould man, the toime he broke me head, an' laid me up for the winther," says he.

Howsomdever, afther this, things went from bad to worse wid him, so that he grew as thin as a shavin' off the hide av a skinned rabbit, an' as sad as a wathery pratie, until wan night, as he sat aslape in his cabin, a-watchin' the imbers av the pate fire, an' a-thinkin' over his desprit condition, he heard the quarest little "he-he" av a giggle that ivver a man clapt eyes on, comin' out av the other corner av the room. 'T was just as though a Jersey muskater had become a Christian, an' was thryin' his hand on an Irish laugh.

"The saints betune us an' all harrum!" says me

uncle to himself, but so low that he had to watch the movements av his mouth to tell what it was he was afther sayin',—"but that 's a strange soight, so it is," says he. An' he was just on the sthroke av jumpin' up an' hollerin' "murther an' thaves," whin he heard the laugh ag'in, an' lookin' beyant, where his bench stood, he saw a shmall head near the soize av a middlin' pratie (be way av makin' sure that the coast was clear) a-papin' out av the lig av one av Squire Kelly's new top boots, which Lanty was afther finishin' that avenin' ready for takin' to the Hall the nixt mornin'.

Whin the little man saw that all was quioiet an' shtill, "All right!" says he, an' quick as a wink, the binch an' the flure wor covered wid a hustlin' crowd av little people, as big as me hand or littler, barrin' the dirt, a-lapin an' tumblin' an' dancin' about like parched pays in a fryin'-pan, wid a shprinklin' av red-hot gunpowther thrown in to ballast 'em an' kape 'em stiddy. Some av 'em wor drissed in green, an' some in red, an' the lave av 'em had little chisels an' saws an' knoives in their hands, wid little baskets to hould the chips.

Prisintly one av 'em wid a big feather in his cap, an' a coat all ablaze wid gould an' di'monds, says: "Ordher," says he, an' at onct the little folks wor a-stannin in rows loike a corps av Fanians a-drillin' on the green.

"To worruk!" says he.



"BUT THAT'S A STRANGE SOIGHT, SO IT IS," SAYS HE."

An' at it they went, helter skelter, hammer an' tongs, wid chisels an' files, an' knoives an' spoke-shaves, butcherin' an' slahterin' the new top boots.

Two av 'em wid a shmall cheese-cutter were a-nickin' the sti'ches around the sowsls, while the others went to chisellin' grooves on the inside av the uppers, an' shavin' the leather so thin yez could see daylight through 'em down a coal-mine wid the lamps out.

An' all the toime me poor uncle was a-lookin' at the little felluhs, wid his eyes shut for fear they'd see him a-watchin' 'em, an' quakin' an' thrimblin, while the cowld sweat poured down his back till he had n't a dry rag on him, barrin' his night-cap, which was a-soakin' wid the lave av his linen in the tub ready ag'in the nixt wash-day.

"Bad luck to 'em!" says he. "There goes two pound an' the intherest for jiver! Be jabbers!" says he, "there's one comfort, the boots wont hould thegither long enough fur the squoire to kick me out o' the house when I take 'em home."

"Lanty O'Hoolahan," says he, still a-talkin' to hisself, "if it takes ye three days to mak them boots, lavin' out Sunday an' workin' two days more to even it, an' these thavin' little blagg-yuards desthroy thim in the coorse av an hour or so, how long will it be afore y' are clatterin' down the road to ruin, wid yer joints greased for the occasion, an' wid the help av a conveynient landshlip ordhered exprissly to expedite the ixcursion?"

"Wirra, wirra," says he, "what have I done to the Little People that they should thrate me so, wasthin' me substance, an' desthroyin' me carackther, an' wearin' out the ligimints av me heart wid grief!" When jist then he remembered the misfortune night when he shtumbled over the fairy ring, an' forgot his good manners, an' gave the Little People bad names, an' thritened their p'ace an' dignity. "That's it!" says he in terror. "'T is all over wid me!" says he. "If I come out av this shcraper wid me head on me showlders, it'll be by the mercy av Providence an' the help av me own wit, an' not from any good-will or lanience of the fairies."

Purty soon the Little People finished their job for the noight, an' wor packin' up their traps to be off, when Lanty could stan' it no longer; an' casthin' away all considherations av fear or danger, he le'pt into the middle av the flure an' made a grab fur the crowd. Sure, he might as well have clutched the slippery end av a moonbeam, for they slid through his fingers like a shtream av ice wather wid the chill off, an' were gone in a flash. But, as luck would have it, the little chap wid the feathers an' di'monds in makin' a spring fur the chimney shtumbled over a lump av cobbler's wax on the edge of the binch, an' went souse into a pot av glue that was simmerin' be the side av the foire. Afore he could gather hisself thegither fur anither lape, me uncle had him be the neck.

"I've got ye, at last!" says Lanty.

"Ye have," says the little chap.

"Good-avenin' to ye!" says me uncle, politely.

"Good-avenin'!" says the little chap.



"'I'VE GOT YE, AT LAST!' SAID LANTY."

"Ye dispicable scoundhrel!" says Lanty; "what d' ye mane be thryin' to ruin a dacent thradesman as nivver did ye anny harrum?"

"What did ye mane by thrampin' over my domain wid yer clumsy brogues, an' blatherin' an' threatenin' me paple afterwards?" says the little chap. "D' yez know who I am?" says he.

"Ye're a rogue that's jist rached the ind av a career av croime," says Lanty.

"I'm the king av the fairies," says the midget.

"An' I'm the king av the cobblers," says Lanty.

"An' when two kings come as close thegither as mesilf an' yersilf it's loike to be purty uncomfortable fur one av 'em."

"Sure, an' ye would n't demane yersilf be takin' the rivinge out o' me fur a harrumless joke!"

"Faith, an' the laugh that follows that joke 'll be mighty onpleasant," says Lanty, "an' amazin' unhealthy fur the throat," says he.

"What 'll ye be for doin'?" says the little chap.

"Wringin' yer neck!" says Lanty.

"We 'll l'ave ye alone for the future," says he.

"I 'll go bail that *one* av yez will," says Lanty.

"We 'll make ye rich," says the little chap.

"The man that has his hands on the neck av his worst enemy 'ud be grady to ask for betther fortune than that same," says Lanty.

"We 'll worruk for ye," says the little chap.

"Thru' for you," says Lanty. "'The dilicate attentions ye've paid to me worruk 'll recave in the past as in the future the grateful acknowledg-mint av me pathrons,' as Barney Muldoon, the milk dealer, said in his last circular to his customers,—more power to his pump!" says Lanty.

"I'm in airnest," says the little chap.

"Ye 'll be in glory in a few minnits," says Lanty.

Well, not to repate the whole av the conversation, by way av makin' a long shtory out av it, the discussion indid by the King av the Fairies promisin', in considheration av his relase, that his pable should do all Lanty's worruk for him, so that he cud live the loife av a jintleman. An' niver was bargain betther kipt. In the daytoime Lanty sat down at his aise an' tuk his measures, an' cut out his leather, an' ivvery noight a busy crew av fairy cobblers was sprawlin' all over his cabin flure, applyin' their elbows loike the drivin' rods av a stame-ngine, a-makin' Lanty's brogues and his fortune at the same toime. Afther a whoile, what wid the good-will av the fairies an' the increase av his business, Lanty kem to be the richest man in the

counthry, an' kep his carridge, an' had a change av brogues for ivvery day in the week, wid a pair av red morocco tops for Sundays an' saints' days. Sure, the pable kem from all over Oireland to settle in those parts, to be in the way av buyin' Lanty's wondherful brogues, ontill they ran rents up so high that the agint was obliged to go round collectin' em wid a laddher.

"Now," says you to me, "if yer uncle bekem so rich, Phalim, how is it that ye left sich prosperity as that, an' kem to Ameriky to be a gardener?" says you, "which, although it's a respectable an' gentale profeshun," says you, "is hardly commin-surate wid yer prospicsts as the relative av a jintleman av yer uncle's wealth an' importance."

An' it's precoisely the pint I'm in process av elucidatin'. Ye see, the family grew so powerful in riches an' infloence, an' so excited the mane invy an' jealousy av an illiterate an' onrasonable pesintry, that it wor thought betther that some av us should l'ave the counthry, temporarily, to aquilize the aquilibrium.

"An', in the nixt place," says me uncle to me, "Phalim," says he, "your janus is too ixpansive fur a conthtracted shpot like Oireland. Ameriky is the place for you, an' I 'll be buyin' you a steer-age ticket to go," says he. An', sure, I had to sell me pig and me bits av shticks av furniture to scrape thegither enough money to pay for it. "A steerage passage," says me uncle, "'ll tache ye aquality, an' instil raal ginuine Demmicratic senti-mints into ye," says he, "an' be the toime ye've bin in the Shtates long enough to be nathralized, they 'll be afther makin' a Prsident or a police capt'in out av ye!" says he.

THE ROMANCE OF A MENAGERIE.

By JOHN R. CORVELL.

QUEEN is an elephant in a menagerie. Every boy and girl in the land knows her, because she is the mother of that very remarkable creature, the baby elephant "Bridgeport." Before she was the mother of the baby elephant, however, she was no more famous than any other of the twenty or more elephants which belonged to the menagerie.

Why she was called Queen, I shall not pretend to explain, for I do not know. There is no knowledge that she ever, either wild or tame, held any rank which would entitle her to the name. Nor

did the keepers show her any especial respect because of her royal name.

How she did hate the trainer! and how much more fiercely she hated her keeper! If it had not been for the sharp-pointed iron prod, of which she was mortally afraid, she would have soon shown the puny human beings, who made her do such absurd things in the circus ring, that an elephant was above such antics. Indeed, the spirit of hatred was so strong in her that one day she could not resist an opportunity, when the keeper stood near

her without his iron prod, to curl her trunk suddenly around his waist and give him a toss against a wall a few yards away. The keeper was badly injured, and Queen received a severe punishment, but for that she was too much excited to care.

But if Queen hated her keeper, and indeed all the men about her, she had a soft place in her heart for Spot. He was an odd companion for Queen, for he was a dog; but they were sworn friends, and she was very lonely when he was away from her. Spot was on very friendly terms with all the elephants, but he realized Queen's special interest in him and always had an extra wag of the tail by way of greeting to her; while she showed her satisfaction in elephant language, which was by swaying her great body to and fro and emitting a prolonged rumbling sound from her capacious chest.

Some time before, Queen had had a camel for her intimate friend, but the owners of the menagerie, without the slightest regard for her feelings, had sold the camel to another showman. Queen had expressed her indignation at the time by trumpeting defiance to all mankind and attempting to push her head through the brick wall of the building she was in. She also refused to perform, but a battalion of men finally persuaded her to change her mind.

No doubt the experience with the camel made her suspicious, for if any length of time went by without a visit from Spot, she notified the other elephants, and together they made such a commotion that Spot would be immediately sent for. Once, when the menagerie was out West, Spot imprudently wandered too far away from the tents, and, being a good-looking dog, he was captured by some wicked person.

Queen was the first to notice his failure to appear, and, as before, she suspected the keepers of having sent him away. In a moment she had communicated the intelligence of his absence and her suspicions, and then began the commotion, of which the keepers now knew the meaning perfectly well.

High and low they searched for Spot, but, of course, he was not found. When performance time came, the elephants were marshaled out; but they said, as plainly as if they had used human language, "Bring back Spot, or we will not perform." Nor could any kind of force or persuasion induce them to yield. The next day and the next found them in the same obstinate mood, and it became perfectly evident that unless Spot could be restored to them, there would be no more performances with the elephants.

A reward was offered and Spot was recovered. You know a dog's way. He barked and jumped

and wagged his tail nearly off as soon as he caught sight of the circus tents. At the first faint bark, Queen's eyes lighted up, and she listened intently. Another bark, and she nodded her head as if to say—"He's coming!" and then began to rumble and sway. All the elephants rumbled and swayed; and when Spot dashed boisterously in among them and bounded up and down the line, the elephants bumped against one another in furious glee, rumbling out joyfully, "Here he is! Here he is; just look at the dear old fellow!" And of course the performances went on all right after that happy reunion.

But by and by, Spot, who was not a young dog, grew too old to live any longer, and one day he barked his final bark and wagged his tail for the last time. It took his big friends fully a week to realize that Spot was gone forever, and that week was devoted solely to mourning. To Queen, particularly, the blow was very severe, and it is said that, to this day, if the men snap their fingers and call for Spot, she will dolefully evince her sorrow for her lost friend.

No doubt Queen thought she never could be happy again, and if anybody had suggested to her that she could ever love anybody else as she had loved Spot, she doubtless would have been indignant indeed. But just about this time a new member joined the circus to which the menagerie belonged, who was destined to be the dearest friend Queen ever had or would have until little "Bridgeport" joined the menagerie.

Babies come to all sorts of queer places to light them up and fill them with joy; and right into the company of the careering horses, the shouting clowns, the tumbling acrobats, the giants, fat men, Zulus, dwarfs, and wild animals, came laughing little Donald Melville to begin his young life.

Little Don could not help laughing. That is what he seemed to have come for, else why all those dimples? He had dimples all over him; every little finger and every cunning little toe had its own dimple, and so Don was charming to look at, and everybody loved him.

Any other baby might have been afraid of all those fierce-looking animals in the cages; but Don was not. Why should he be? He meant them no harm! The very first time he was taken into the menagerie,—and he was not many months old then,—he tried as hard as he could to pat the great tiger, but, to his astonishment, he was snatched hurriedly away from the cage. All of the animals pleased him, and he crowed and laughed delightedly as he was carried from cage to cage; but the elephants were evidently the particular wonders which pleased and interested him most, for when

he was carried to them, he opened wide his big blue eyes and gave vent to his feelings in a long "Oo-o-o-o!" through his puckered red lips.

Queen was still nursing her sorrow for Spot when little Don, with his blue eyes, red lips, and dimpled

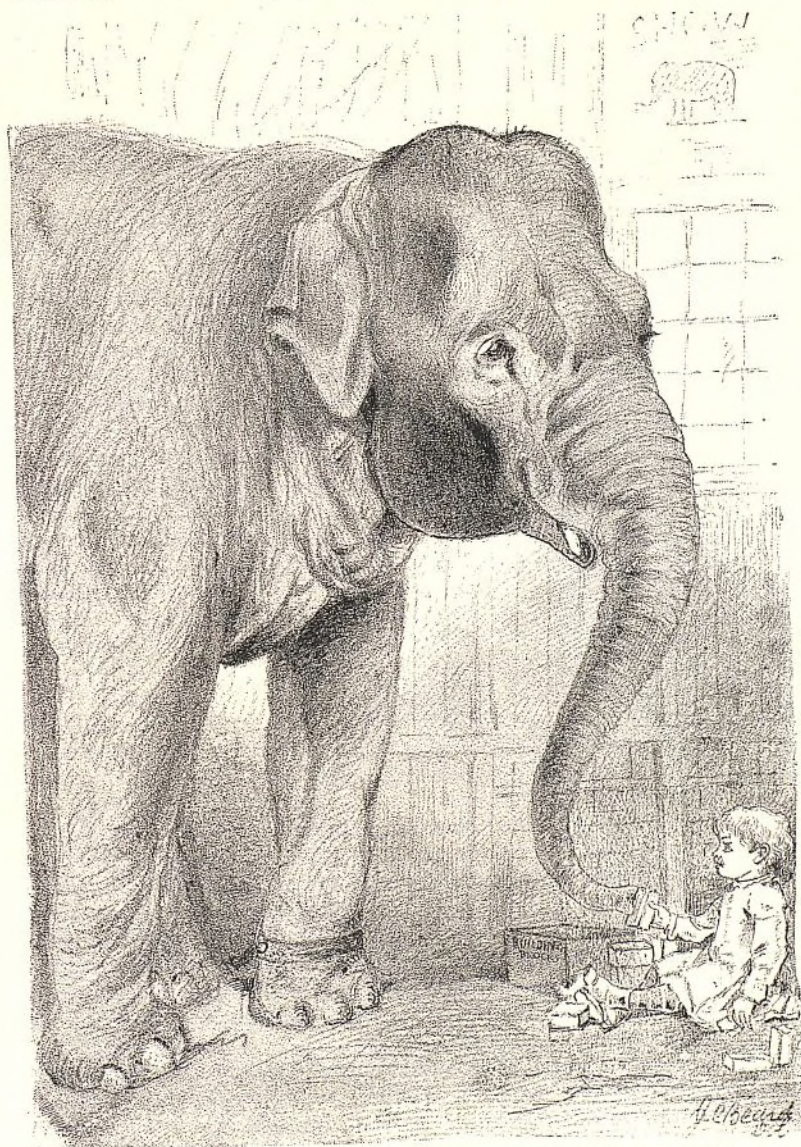
that sealed the compact. From that time forward Don and Queen were devoted to each other.

Many parents would have been afraid to trust their little child with Queen, knowing how she hated the men about her; but Don's papa and mamma were circus people, familiar with elephant ways, and they knew that Queen would far rather injure herself than allow the least harm to come to Don. No doubt Queen considered Don as a new species of being, entirely different from the mankind she hated so bitterly.

Every day, at least once, must Don be taken to Queen; and long before the baby boy could walk, he crawled about under the gigantic creature or rode on her back, with as much fearlessness as if she were made of wood. The first time he ever stood on his feet by himself was one day when he was playing about Queen. He caught hold of one of the huge legs, which he could not half encircle, and strained and tugged until he had gained his feet.

His triumphant "Oo-o-o-o!" was responded to by a prolonged rumble from Queen, who seemed quite as proud of Don's achievement as were the spectators. Nor could his own mother have been more tender of him. You might have tortured Queen, but she would not have moved a hair's-breadth carelessly when Don was playing about her feet.

By and by Don grew older and could walk, and then what games they used to have together! Everybody in the show would gather around to see the two strange playfellows. When he could just toddle, Don would run up to Queen with a chuckle of delight, and putting his white, plump little arms around her great brown hairy trunk,



DON AND QUEEN PLAYING WITH THE BUILDING-BLOCKS. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

cheeks, was held up before her and laughed his way straight into her affection. Spot alive or not, Queen, in common with everybody else in the big tents, had to do homage to innocence and joy, and so she straightway declared her love by a tremendous rumble and sway, which so delighted Don that he replied with a cooing "Oo-o-o-o!"

would tug away with all his little strength, as if he believed he could pull that living mountain over.

And, strange to say, he actually accomplished his object, for Queen humored the little fellow's fancy. Swaying and rumbling with delight, she would gradually allow herself to come to her knees, and finally to fall over on her side. And it was touching to see how all the time she kept her eyes lovingly on the beautiful baby, taking care that no movement of hers should even disturb him!

When she was at last prostrate, Don would look around as if to say, "See what I can do!" Then he would imitate what he had seen the trainer perform. He would clamber and climb until he was on Queen's head, and there he would sit, with the air

one up in her trunk and put it in its place as carefully as if she had been used to the game all her life; and when Don would kick the house down, as he usually did when it was about half built, his merry laugh and her thunder-like rumble were something worth going miles to hear.

It never seemed to occur to Don that there was anything odd in his companionship with the gigantic creature; and had it entered his little head to do so, there is no doubt that he would have proposed a walk in the fields with her, with as much innocence as if she had been a small dog.

All this while there was no better-tempered elephant in the menagerie than Queen, who seemed to feel bound to act gently toward everybody in order to prove her right to the friendship of little Don. But one day a change came. A cloud fell upon the great show. Diphtheria, a cruel disease, took away the little baby boy. Sunshine gave place to gloom. The lightest-hearted, the most careless, the most reckless, mourned.

The sorrowful tidings found their way into the elephants' tent,—who can tell how! Nobody could doubt then the love that went out for little Don from the uncouth giants chained to the earth. They could not speak, they could not weep like their human masters; but their grief must find expression, and they acted as if crazed.

And Queen! She could not or would not realize that the men about her had had no part in her bereavement. She was filled with fury. Her other losses she could forgive, but never this one. Everything was done to pacify her, to subdue her, but in vain. They might kill her, quell her they could not. The other elephants after a week of grief resumed their accustomed duties, but Queen was immovable and even dangerous, and, therefore, she was sent from the Far West to Bridgeport in Connecticut, where the winter quarters of the elephants are.

For six months Queen remained in this condition of furious grief. Never before or since has there been such an instance among elephants of persistent affection. Queen has little "Bridgeport" now, and if one can judge by appearances, she is perfectly satisfied with him, for if ever mother doted on baby, she dotes on him; and though, no doubt, she has reserved one corner of her heart to the memory of Don, she has too much happiness to feel much sorrow.



THE TWO FRIENDS.

of a conqueror. He was quite likely to thrust his little fist into the elephant's eye or to swing his foot into her mouth, but not a motion would the patient creature make while he sat there, for she seemed to know that he was not very secure in his high perch.

Sometimes Don would carry his picture-blocks to Queen, and together they would build houses. Don would put on one block, and then Queen would take

LOST ON THE PLAINS.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

ONLY sixteen or seventeen miles a day. A long, creeping, creaking line of covered white ox-wagons, stretching away to the west across the vast and boundless brown plains. Not a house for thousands of miles, not a tree, not a shrub, not a single thing in sight, except now and then, dotted down here and there, a few great black spots in the boundless sea of brown.

That is the way it was when my parents took me, then only a lad, across the plains, more than thirty years ago. How different now, with the engines tearing, smoking, screeching and screaming across at the rate of five hundred miles or more a day!

There are many houses on the plains now. The pioneers have planted great forests of trees, and there are also vast corn-fields, and the song of happy harvesters is heard there. But the great black spots that dotted the boundless sea of brown are gone forever. Those dark spots were herds of countless bison, or buffalo — as they were more generally called.

One sultry morning in July, as the sun rose up and blazed with uncommon ardor, a herd of buffalo was seen grazing quietly close to our train, and some of the younger boys who had guns and pistols, and were "dying to kill a buffalo," begged their parents to let them ride out and take a shot.

As it was only a natural desire, and seemed a simple thing to do, a small party of boys was soon ready. The men were obliged to stay with the train and drive the oxen; for the tents had already been struck, and the long white line had begun to creep slowly away over the level brown sea toward the next water, a little blind stream that stole through the willows fifteen miles away to the west.

There were in our train two sons of a rich and rather important man. And they were now first in the saddle and ready to take the lead. But as they were vain and selfish, and had always had a big opinion of themselves, their father knew they had not learned much about anything else. There was also in the train a sad-faced, silent boy, barefooted and all in rags; for his parents had died with the cholera the day after we crossed the Missouri river, and he was left helpless and alone. He hardly ever spoke to any one. And as for the rich man's boys, they would sooner have thought of speaking to their negro cook than to him.

As the boys sat on their horses ready to go,

and the train of wagons rolled away, the rich man came up to the barefooted boy, and said:

"See here, 'Tatters,' go along with my boys and bring back the game."

"But I have no horse, sir," replied the sad-faced boy.

"Well, take mine," said the anxious father; "I will get in the wagon and ride there till you come back."

"But I have no gun, no pistols nor knife," added the boy.

"Here!" cried the rich man. "Jump on my horse 'Ginger,' and I'll fit you out."

When the barefooted boy had mounted the horse, the man buckled his own belt about the lad and swung his rifle over the saddle-bow.

How the boy's face lit up! His young heart was beating like a drum with delight as the party bounded away after the buffalo.

The wagons creaked and crawled away to the west over the great grassy plains; the herd of buffalo sniffed the young hunters, and lifting their shaggy heads, shook them angrily, and then turned away like a dark retreating tide of the sea, with the boys bounding after them in hot pursuit.

It was a long and exciting chase. "Tatters" soon passed the other boys, and pressing hard on the herd, after nearly an hour of wild and splendid riding, threw himself from the saddle and, taking aim, fired.

The brothers came up soon, and dismounting as fast as their less practiced limbs would let them, also fired at the retreating herd.

When the dust and smoke cleared away, a fine fat buffalo lay rolling in the grass before them. Following the example of "Tatters," they loaded their guns where they stood, as all cautious hunters do, and then went up to the game.

The barefooted boy at once laid his finger on a bullet hole near the region of the heart and looked up at the others.

"I aimed about there!" shouted one. "And so did I!" cried the other eagerly.

Without saying a word, but with a very significant look, the barefooted boy took out his knife, and, unobserved, pricked two holes with the point of it close by the bullet hole. Then he put his finger there and again looked up at the boys. They came down on their knees, wild with delight, in an instant.

They had really helped kill a buffalo! In fact,

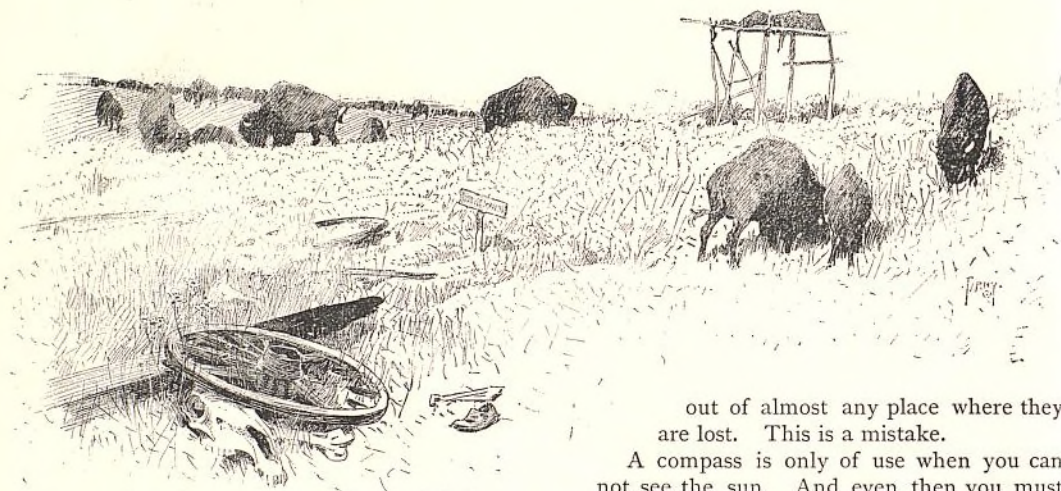
they had killed it! "For are not two bullets better than one!" they cried.

"'Tatters,' cut me off the tail," said one.

"And cut me off the mane; I want it to make a coat-collar for my father," shouted the other.

he wished to go. Then they talked a moment between themselves, and taking out their pocket compasses, pretended to look at them very knowingly.

Now, many people think a compass will lead them



out of almost any place where they are lost. This is a mistake.

A compass is only of use when you can not see the sun. And even then you must have coolness and patience and good sense to get on with it at all. It can at best only guide you from one object to another, and thus keep you in a straight line, and so prevent you from going around and around and around.

But when the plain is one vast level sea, without a single object rising up out of it as a guide, what is a boy to do? It takes a cool head, boy's or man's, to use a compass on the plains.

"Come on! that is right," cried the elder of the two hunters, and they darted away, with "Tatters" far in the rear. They rode hard and hot for a full hour, getting more frightened, and going faster at every jump. The sun was high in the heavens. Their horses were all in a foam.

"I see something at last," shouted the elder, as he stood up in his stirrups, and then settling back in his seat, he laid on whip and spur, and rode fast and furious straight for a dark object that lay there in the long brown grasses of the broad unbroken plains. Soon they came up to it. It was the dead buffalo! They knew now that they were lost on the plains. They had been riding in the fatal circle that means death if you do not break it and escape.

Very meek and very penitent felt the two boys as "Tatters" came riding up slowly after them. They were tired and thirsty. They seemed to themselves to have shrunk to about half their usual size.

Meekly they lifted their eyes to the despised boy, and pleaded silently and pitifully for help. Tears

Without a word, the boy did as he was bid, and then securely fastened the trophies on behind their saddles.

"Now let's overtake the train, and tell father all about killing our first buffalo," cried the elder of the two brothers.

"And wont he be delighted!" said the other, as he clambered up to the saddle, and turned his face in every direction, looking for the wagons.

"But where are they?" he cried.

At first the brothers laughed a little. Then they grew very sober.

"That is the way they went," said one, pointing off. "Ye-ye-yes, I think that's the way they went. But I wonder why we can't see the wagons?"

"We have galloped a long way; and then they have all the time been going in the other direction. If you go that way, you will be lost. When we started, I noticed that the train was moving toward sunset, and that the sun was over our left shoulder as we looked after the train. We must go in this direction, or we shall be lost," mildly and firmly said the barefooted boy, as he drew his belt tighter and prepared for work.

The other boys only looked disdainfully at the speaker as he sat his horse and, shading his eyes with his lifted hand, looked away in the direction

were in their eyes. Their chins and lips quivered, but they could not say one word.

"We must ride with the sun on the left shoulder, as I said, and with our faces all the time to the west. If we do not do that, we shall die. Now, come with me," said "Tatters" firmly, as he turned his horse and took the lead. And now meekly and patiently the others followed.

But the horses were broken in strength and spirit. The sun in mid-heaven poured its full force of heat upon the heads of the thirsty hunters, and they could hardly keep their seats in the hot saddles. The horses began to stumble and stagger as they walked.

And yet there was no sight or sound of anything at all, before, behind, or left or right. Nothing but the weary, dreary, eternal and unbroken sea of brown.

Away to the west, the bright blue sky shut down sharp and tight upon the brown and blazing plain. The tops of the long untrodden grass gleamed and shimmered with the heat. Yet not a sign of water could be anywhere discerned. Silence, vastness, voiceless as when the world came newly from the hand of God.

No one spoke. Steadily and quietly the young leader of the party led on. Now and then he would lift his eyes under his hat to the blazing sun over his left shoulder, and that was all.

There comes a time to us all, I believe, sooner or later, on the plains, in the valley, or on the

beyond them, a feeble, screeching cry that seemed to come out from the brown grass beneath them as they struggled on.

Then suddenly they came through and out of the tall brown grass into an open plain that looked like a plowed field. Only, all about the outer edge of the field were little hills or forts as high as a man's knee. On every one of these little forts stood a soldier-sentinel, high on his hind legs and barking with all his might.

The lost hunters had found a dog-town, the first they had ever seen.

Some owls flew lazily over the strange little city, close to the ground; and as they rode through the town, a rattlesnake now and then glided into the hole on the top of one of the ten thousand little forts. The prairie dogs, also, as the boys rode close upon them, would twinkle their heels in the air and disappear, head first, only to jump up, like a Jack-in-a-box, in another fort, almost instantly.

The party rode through the town and looked beyond. Nothing! Behind? Nothing! To the right? Nothing! To the left? Nothing; nothing but the great blue sky shut tight down against the boundless level sea of brown!

"Water," gasped one of the boys; "I am dying for water."

"Tatters" looked him in the face and saw that what he said was true. He reflected a moment, and then said, "Wait here for me." Then, leaving the others, he rode slowly and quietly around the



"HE RODE SLOWLY AND QUIETLY AROUND THE PRAIRIE-DOG CITY."

mountain, in the palace or cottage, when we too can only lift our eyes, silent and helpless, to something shining in heaven.

At last the silent little party heard a faint sound

prairie-dog city with his eyes closely scanning the ground. As he again neared the two boys waiting patiently for him, he uttered a cry of delight, and beckoned them to come.

"Look there! Do you see that little road there winding along through the thick grass? It is a dim and small road, not wider than your hand, but it means everything to us."

"Oh, I am dying of thirst!" exclaimed one of the brothers. "What does it mean?"

"It means water. Do you think a great city like that can get on without water? This is their road to water. Come! Let us follow this trail till we find it."

Saying this, "Tatters" led off at a lively pace, for the horses, cheered by the barking dogs, and somewhat rested, were in better spirits now. And then it is safe to say that they, too, saw and understood the meaning of the dim and dusty little road that wound along under their feet.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" Gallant "Tatters" turned in his saddle and shook his cap to cheer the poor boys behind, as he saw a long line of fresh green willows starting up out of the brown grass and moving in the wind before him.

And did n't the horses dip their noses deep in the water! And did n't the boys slide down from their saddles in a hurry and throw themselves beside it! That same morning, two of these young gentlemen would not have taken water out of the same cup with "Tatters." Now they were drinking with the horses. And happy to do it, too. So happy! Water was never, never so sweet to them before.

The boys all bathed their faces, and the horses began to nibble the grass, as the riders sat on the

bank and looked anxiously at the setting sun. Were they lost forever? Each one asked himself that question. Water was good; but they could not live on water.

"Stop here," said "Tatters," "and hold the horses till I come back."

He went down to the edge of the water and sat there watching the clear, swift little stream long and anxiously.

At last he sprang up, rolled his ragged pants above his knees, and dashed into the water. Clutching a little white object in his hands, he looked at it a second, and then with a beaming face hurried back to the boys:

"There! see that! a chip! They are camped up this stream somewhere, and they can't be very far away from here!"

Eagerly the boys mounted their horses, and pressed close on after "Tatters."

"And how do you know they are close by?" queried one.

"The chip was wet only on one side. It had not been ten minutes in the water." As "Tatters" said this, the boys exchanged glances. They were glad, so glad, to be nearing their father once more.

But it somehow began to dawn upon them very clearly that they did not know quite everything, even if their father was rich.

Soon, guns were heard firing for the lost party. And turning a corner in the willowy little river, they saw the tents pitched, the wagons in corral, and the oxen feeding peacefully beyond.

AUNT KITTY AND HER CANARIES,

[*And the Plantain Seed!*]

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

AUNT KITTY had a cageful of Canaries—that is, she had five. The children of the neighborhood were always running in to see them; and she would take the cage down, and answer all their questions—and you know what children are at asking questions, I suppose.

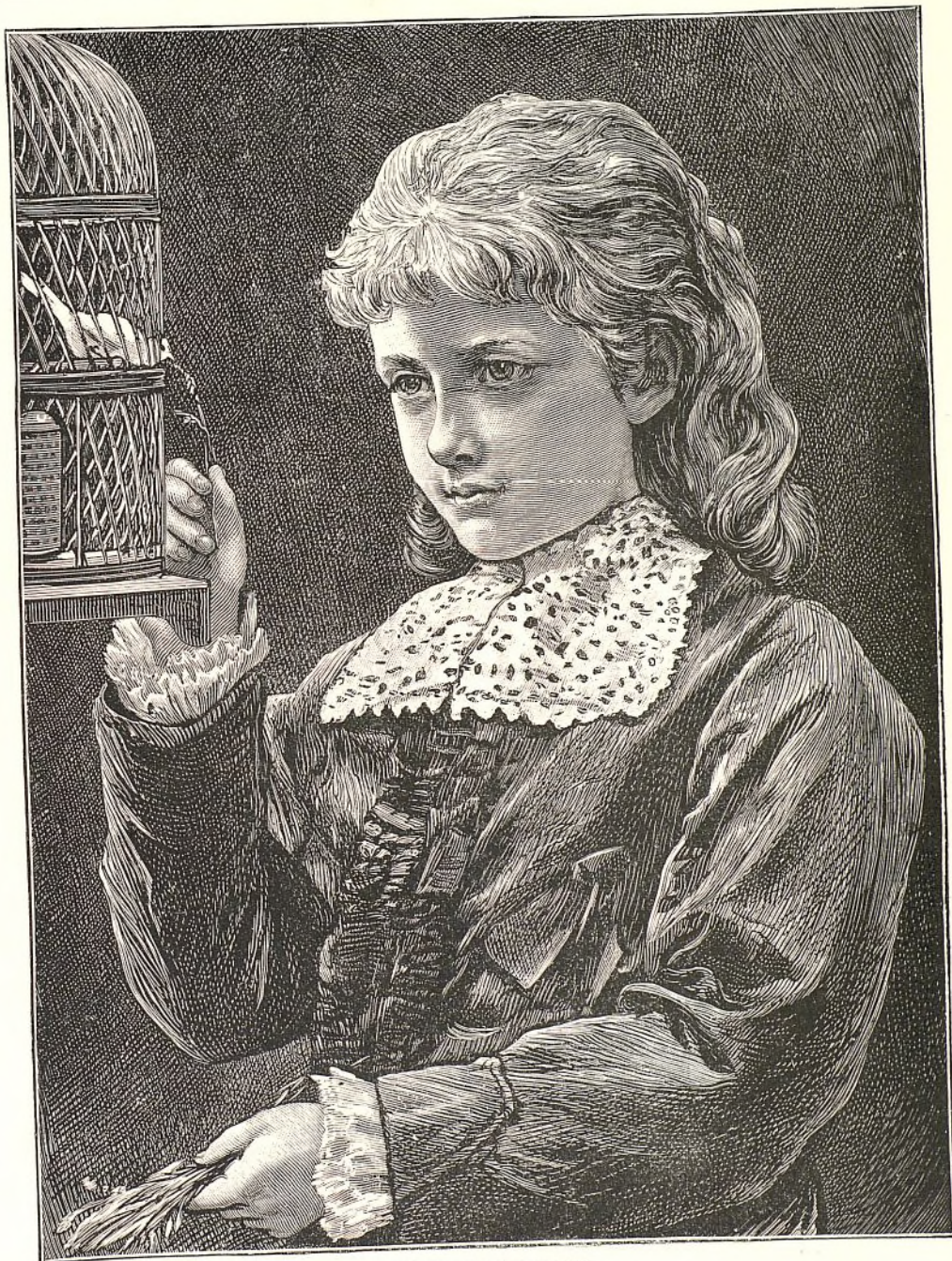
Well, the children wanted to know if the Canaries sang—how many of them sang—which ones sang—where they stayed nights, and if they sat in their swing.

And what did she give them to eat besides canary-seed? Well, she gave them tender cabbage-leaves in winter; and in summer, chick-weed.

So after that, the children used to come, bring-

ing such handfuls of chick-weed, that the birds were in danger of being buried alive by it.

They came so often that Aunt Kitty occasionally sighed at the entry of her clamorous visitors; but she was always glad to receive the daily call from pretty Nellie Jackson. Nellie came alone, and she was not a very inquisitive girl, and, indeed, she had past the age when little folk are continually asking questions; and, besides, she knew all about canaries, for had not her mother kept a pair of them, ever since she could remember, in the sunny window of their handsome city home? But Nellie's mother was ill now, and had gone far away to the South in the hope of regaining her health;



NELLIE AND THE CANARY.

and Nellie had come up to spend the weeks of waiting with an uncle of hers who was a near neighbor of Aunt Kitty. And what so natural as that Nellie ere long should run in to Aunt Kitty's cheery little house, every day, "just to say good-morning, and to take a peep at the

canaries." She would stand before the cage and gently thrust in a sprig of chick-weed, or smilingly tantalize an eager bird by holding the spray just beyond his reach for a moment, with a merry, "Don't you wish you may get it?" "They don't mind my teasing," she would add, the next

minute, as she pushed the dainty food through the bars; "they know I'm only in fun, and that I love them. They are so pretty, and they remind me of home."

Aunt Kitty used to say it did her heart good to see Nellie's happy face, as she stood by the cage and chatted with the birds; and I think she missed the visits of the quiet, sweet-natured girl, when Nellie at last went back to the city to meet the dear mother, and to play once more with her own canaries in the sunny window.

But there were all the other children! They had n't ceased coming, and they were just as inquisitive as ever. "And did n't Aunt Kitty ever give the canaries something else to eat," they asked, "besides the canary-seed, and the chickweed, and the cabbage leaves?"

"Oh, yes," answered Aunt Kitty, "a baked potato every morning; and they will eat it all out clean, and leave nothing but the skin; and sometimes, a fig; and a lump of sugar; and a bit of cracker; and a piece of apple; and, once in a while, lettuce-seed, and cabbage-seed, and turnip-seed, and mustard-seed."

And on one unlucky day, Aunt Kitty happened to add—"and *plantain*-seed!"

It was not many days later that she heard a very small rap at the door. It was *so* small that she could scarcely hear it at all. If she had not been near the door just then, she would not have heard it.

There were two little children on the door-step; and they had a great cotton bag between them, stuffed as full as it could hold, with something. She knew them. Their names were Teddy and Mattie. They lived a mile off, on the top of a high hill. And now, if you will believe it, they had picked that bag full of *plantain*-seed, and brought it all the way—it was not very heavy, because it is a light kind of seed—to sell to her for the birds!

Now, there was *plantain*-seed enough in that bag to have lasted those birds fifty years. But Aunt Kitty never would have been guilty of disappointing the children; so she took it, and paid them well, and they went off.

As for the birds, I don't suppose they ate a spoonful of it all that winter; for, to begin with, it was too dry; and then they were not *very* fond of it, at best.

Aunt Kitty put the *plantain*-seed on one of the high shelves in the store-room, and never thought of it again, till the time came for spring house-cleaning. On those occasions, she always looked into every box and bag and bundle in the house. When she came to the store-room, she climbed up on the step-ladder, and handed down the things,

one by one, to Mrs. Flanagan, the Irish woman who was helping her. Just as she was lifting the bag of *plantain*-seed, the string broke, and down it went in a shower all over Mrs. Flanagan. It is a wonder the woman escaped as she did. She usually had her mouth open, in the act of singing, or laughing, or talking; and if it had been open at this time, she would have been choked to death, or else she would have had her lungs ruined forever.

"Och! An' what shall I do with it?" cried Mrs. Flanagan.

"Shake it all off," said Aunt Kitty, "and sweep it up, and burn it. It is good for nothing."

That, she supposed, would be the end of it, and she thought no more about it. After the house-cleaning was done, she went away on a visit, and was gone all through the month of June; and when she came home, her brother Tom, who lived in New York City, but who always spent a week or two in summer at his sister's, came back with her.

Tom had been brought up a farmer's boy, and so whenever he found himself again in his old home he would go out and work in the garden, or off in the fields, because he liked it. He would trim trees, and hoe, and clear the garden of weeds. If there was anything he detested it was weeds, and there would not have been any if he had lived on the place all the time.

He put on an old coat and a pair of easy, old boots, which he kept there on purpose to work in, and went out as soon as he had eaten dinner. But in about five minutes he was back again.

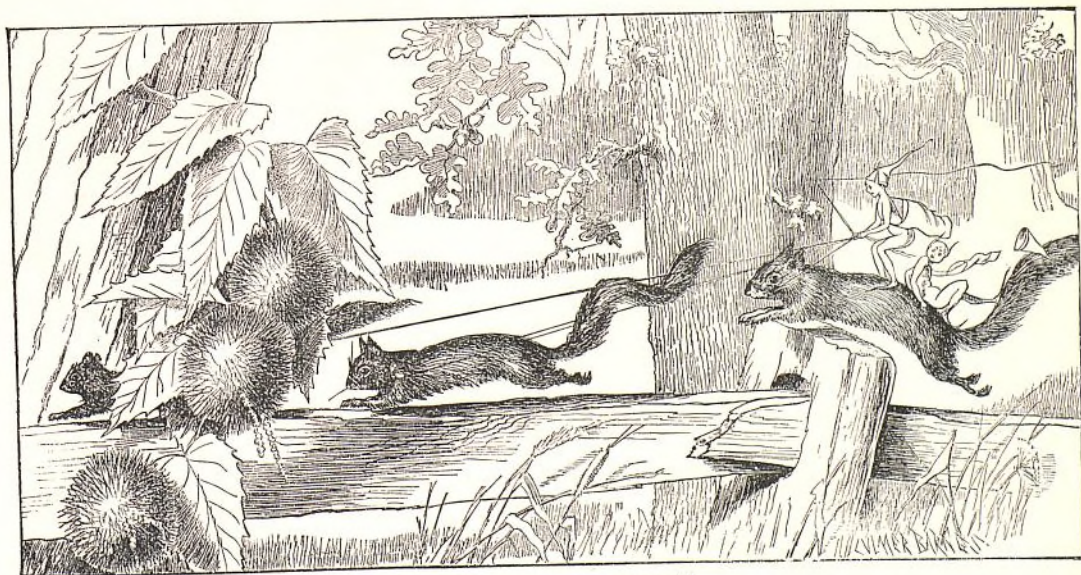
"Kitty!" said he, "I should like to ask what has been going on in the garden?"

"Ask *what*?"

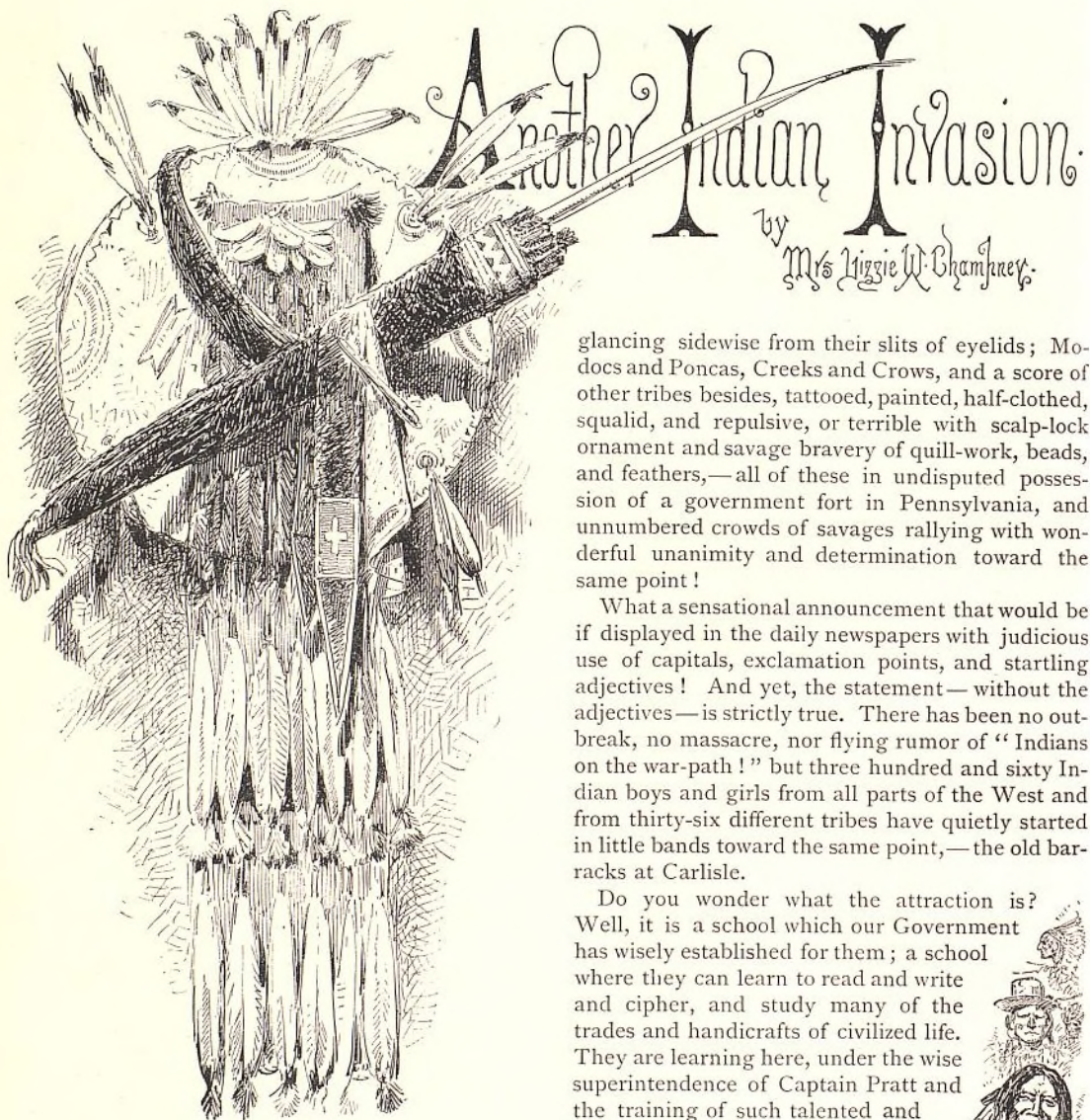
"Then you have n't seen it? Suppose you come out a minute! It beats *me*. Does it ever *rain* *plantain*-seeds, I wonder?"

You would have thought so. Mrs. Flanagan, instead of burning the seed, had carried it to the door and given it a toss; the wind had taken it, and scattered it broadcast over the garden, and all the rest of that spring had been sowing it; the sun and rain had nourished it—and as it is a plant that does not need much encouragement—well; words can't express it! There had been more seed than anybody ever saw before, or ever will again, and—in short, you ought to have seen that garden!

Tom grubbed away at the *plantains* during every spare moment, piled them in a wheel-barrow, and carried them down and threw them into the river. So they never will go to seed, you may be certain. As for Aunt Kitty, if you ask her about it now, she will tell you that her birds "*don't eat plantain*-seed!"



"HO, FOR THE NUTTING-GROUNDS!"

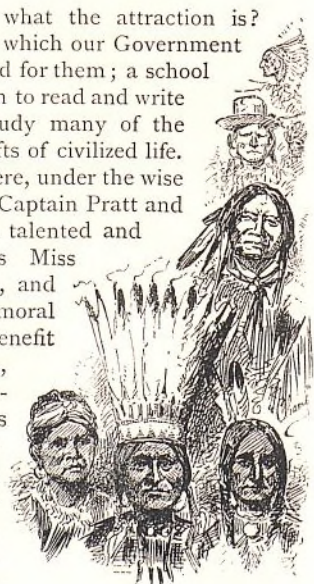


APACHES, stealthy and cunning; strong and cruel Arapahoes; fierce Cheyennes, with long reeded arrows tipped with deadly poison; little, revengeful Comanches; Pueblos, with something of the Mexican in their bold, black eyes and coarse hair bound with a bright handkerchief; Sioux, straight and taciturn, with high cheek-bones and aquiline noses that sniff the battle afar off; Navajoes, the gypsies of the Indians, in gayly striped and checkered blankets; degraded Diggers; blood-thirsty Pawnees; implacable Kiowas, with murderous, long-bladed knives thrust in their belts; gross-featured, thick-set Shoshones; Nez Percés,

glancing sidewise from their slits of eyelids; Modocs and Poncas, Creeks and Crows, and a score of other tribes besides, tattooed, painted, half-clothed, squalid, and repulsive, or terrible with scalp-lock ornament and savage bravery of quill-work, beads, and feathers,—all of these in undisputed possession of a government fort in Pennsylvania, and unnumbered crowds of savages rallying with wonderful unanimity and determination toward the same point!

What a sensational announcement that would be if displayed in the daily newspapers with judicious use of capitals, exclamation points, and startling adjectives! And yet, the statement—without the adjectives—is strictly true. There has been no outbreak, no massacre, nor flying rumor of “Indians on the war-path!” but three hundred and sixty Indian boys and girls from all parts of the West and from thirty-six different tribes have quietly started in little bands toward the same point,—the old barracks at Carlisle.

Do you wonder what the attraction is? Well, it is a school which our Government has wisely established for them; a school where they can learn to read and write and cipher, and study many of the trades and handicrafts of civilized life. They are learning here, under the wise superintendence of Captain Pratt and the training of such talented and devoted women as Miss Temple, Miss Hyde, and their assistants, the moral and intellectual benefit of civilization; while, under mechanical instructors, Indian boys are becoming blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, harness-makers, printers, shoemakers, tailors, painters, bakers, farmers, besides learn-





ing to drill as soldiers, and Indian girls are taught to be laundresses, dress-makers, cooks, school-teachers, nurses, and to fill many useful callings.

You should see the enthusiasm with which they enter upon these new occupations; how eager they are to learn and to follow "the white man's road!"

Our Government has not treated the Indians justly in time past. It has taken away their lands again and again, as they have become desirable, driving the Indians further West, and causing many to die. Certain good people have insisted that the treaties made with the Indians should be kept, and that settlers should be forbidden from encroaching on the Indian reservations; but some of those who live in the West have replied:

"That is impossible. Why should vast tracts of land be kept untilled, unmined, simply for savages and bison to range over? There is no room now for the savage in our country. He is ignorant, useless, cruel. Let the Government annihilate him."

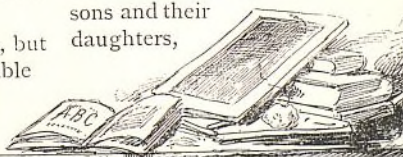
This does not seem kind, but the Westerner is right; the Indian ought not to claim the soil for his "hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too, have been created heirs of the earth and claim its division."

There is no longer any room for the *savage*, but there is plenty of space for industrious, capable American citizens; and Eastern people have discovered a way to satisfy the demands of the West,—to annihilate the savage and leave the man. The machine is a simple one, a school at Carlisle Barracks, into which wild Indians are being turned and

from which come self-supporting men and women, skilled and useful members of civilized society. When this plan was explained to the old chiefs, they approved of it gratefully. They said, through their interpreters, to the messengers sent to confer with them:

"We are too old to learn. We will hunt our bison, and move our wigwams further away from the white men. But the young men *must* learn. The white men are crowding in upon them on every side, and our young men must learn to mine, and farm, and live in towns by the side of white men, or they can not live at all."

The number for whom the Government had provided the means of education was quickly gathered into the school. But the news spread far and near, and other tribes brought their sons and their daughters,



beseeking that they, too, might be taken. It was hard to refuse them,—to tell them that they must be patient and wait their turn,—and some could not be persuaded to wait. They sent on their children to the school without permission, saying: "We will pay their expenses ourselves, if the great father at Washington can not afford to take more. Somehow we will raise the money, but the children must learn *now*."

I heard of one Pottawattomie boy of eighteen, who started from the Kaw Agency, Indian Territory, with two dollars and seventy-five cents, to come to Carlisle. His money brought him only across the Missouri, but by walking for days, and begging rides on the freight-trains, he reached his destination. He sold his Indian ornaments for two dollars and a quarter, and this was all he had by which to live, though charitable people occasionally gave him a meal. His moccasins wore out as he tramped through the snow, and he had to trade his blanket for a pair of shoes. When he arrived at the school, Captain Pratt, the officer in charge, could only tell him that the school was

have a brass band, the instruments for which were given them by a kind Boston lady; and it is doubtful whether the same amount of money ever gave more enjoyment. The leader of this band was at first a Mrs. Curtin, herself a skillful cornet player and daughter of the leader of a military band. She trained the boys with untiring patience and thoroughness, but finally resigned her position, which is now filled by a professional musician.



filled and that no provision had been made for uninvited guests. But the boy did not have to go back, for a Sunday-school in Philadelphia volunteered to defray his school expenses, and he is now studying with the others.

Three hundred and sixty-seven Indians—two hundred and forty boys and one hundred and twenty-seven girls—are now gathered at the school. The boys wear a neat uniform and go through the military drill with great spirit and exactness. They

Let me introduce to you the members of the band as they are grouped on the pretty octagonal band-stand in the center of the well-clipped lawn. None of these young men expect to make music their profession, and though they are enthusiastic in its study, they regard what some of our white boys would consider very serious work as only play. Amos Cloudshield, a Sioux, is a wagon-maker. Conrad Killsalve is also a Sioux, and in spite of his murderous name, when not at school

or puffing his favorite horn, takes his place on the tailor's bench. Silas Childers, a Creek, is a shoemaker. Little Joe Harris, the drummer, a Gros-Ventre, has no trade as yet other than peg-top and marbles. Solomon Chandler, one of the supposed untamable Comanches, is a carpenter. Joshua Gibbons, a Kiowa, is the school janitor. Luther Standing-Bear, the first cornet player, is a tinner. Lewis Brown, a Sioux, is a shoe-maker; as is also Luke Philips, a young Nez Percé. Elwood Dorian, an Iowa, and Edward McClosky, a Peoria Indian, are both carpenters. They play thirty-six different pieces,—martial marches, gay waltzes, sweetly solemn sacred music, and patriotic airs. "America" is a prime favorite. They inflate their lungs and cheeks to bursting, and pound the floor with unusual spirit while the grand pæan rings out its praise of the

"Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride."

"Do they think of the words?" you ask. Perhaps not; certainly, from their own experiences, some of them would never imagine our country a

"Sweet land of liberty."

But they are not sad nor morose. After the evening parade, the band plays merrily and the children frolic on the lawn until sunset, and they often show a spirit of mirthfulness and mischief quite foreign to our idea of the Indian character. They are taught, indeed, from early childhood, to conceal all emotion, whether of pleasure or pain, and it takes some time for them to unlearn these lessons, and to give free expression to their feelings.

As an example of their stoicism, it is said that during a fight with our troops, in the West, an Indian woman concealed her little girl in a barrel, telling her to remain perfectly quiet, whatever happened. After the battle the child was found with her arm shattered by a minie-ball,—but she had uttered no sound. Their distrust of the whites is as characteristic as their self-control. One of the little girls at the school, who retains her Indian name, Keseeta, bears frightful scars from wounds inflicted by her mother with a sharp stone. Their village had been taken by United States soldiers, and rather than have her child fall into the hands of the white men, the poor mother tried to kill her. Coming from such influences, it is surprising to note how quickly the young Indians show appreciation of what is done for them, and the intelligence and affection which light their great black eyes as they return the greetings of the noble women who teach them.

Many of the names of these children, especially of the girls, sound oddly, for it is common for them to choose Christian names of their own,

while retaining their fathers' names for the sake of family distinction. This gives rise to such queer combinations as Isabella Two-Dogs, Katy White-Bird, Maud Chief-Killer, Gertrude White-Cloud, Maggie American-Horse, Anna Laura Shooting-Cat, Alice Lone-Bear, Hattie Lone-Wolf, Stella Chasing-Hawk, and Ruth Big-Head. These girls are neat in their habits, bright, and imitative. Some of them have very pretty faces and could readily be mistaken for white children; the faces of others, newer arrivals, have a sadness and vacancy of expression due to privation and suffering. Yet these faces, we are told, are not so sad as were some others which now quiver with intelligence and feeling.

They are industrious and persevering. Nellie Cook, a Sioux, made thirty-six sheets in one day. Nellie Cary, an Apache, the tribe that the Western settlers describe in the same terms which St. Paul ascribes to the tongue—"For every kind of beasts hath been tamed of mankind, but the Apache can no man tame"—hemmed thirty-two sheets, and Ella Moore, a Creek, thirty.

They are observant, and quick to notice peculiarities and differences. We read in the *School News*, a paper edited by one of the Indian boys, a letter from a little Pueblo girl who attended Episcopal service for the first time, and was particularly struck by the choristers,—

"Six little singing boys, dear little souls,
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles."

Her great eyes followed them intently, and the kind lady who took her noticed how eagerly she listened to the young voices as they thrilled through the arches. "Mattie is profoundly impressed," she thought; "she will never forget this day." Mattie was indeed impressed, but it was by the externals only, and this is what she wrote to the *School News* that evening:

"This morning we went to church. It's other way they sing here. They lady are not sing, the boy he sing, and those boys are not wears coat, they wears white apron!"

One of the teachers has fitted up a pretty play-room for the girls, with a toy cooking-stove not too small to be really used, with a full set of tiny kitchen and laundry furniture, and a wee dining-table with bright turkey-red table-cloth and pretty tea-set, and other cunning baby-house things dear to the heart of every little girl. They meet here to make real biscuit, tea, and omelet, and in triumphal procession they carry lunches to their teachers.

A doll was once donated to this play-room, and there was much discussion as to the name to be given it. Some one finally read a list of names, with their significations, from the appendix to the

dictionary; and the girls decided upon Hephzibah, because it meant "My delight is in her."

Some of the girls during the vacations have worked in families and learned to be quite expert as cooks; to churn, to make bread and cake and jellies, and to preserve fruit. The bread for the entire school is baked by two boys, who rise every morning at two o'clock, without being called, to "mold it down," and not once have they failed nor has the bread been sour.

Their friends in the West are interested in their progress, and sometimes come to see them. Brave Big Horse writes his son:

"I am working on farm, and when you come back I hope you will find a different Indian from the one you left. I am doing this all for you. I was plowing yesterday afternoon till I gave out and stood in the field and thought of you—how, when you come back, you will be able to run the farm yourself and know more about it than I do."

Red Cloud, the well-known Sioux chief, visited the school and addressed them in his own language. A prize of three dollars was offered for the best translation

"You seem like my grandchildren; and now I went pass through the shops and saw what you can be done. I saw the shoe-maker, harness-maker, tailor, carpenter, tinner, blacksmiths, and they all

doing well. Here you see I wear a boots which is you make it. I was surprise that the blacksmith doing very good. Also the girls can washing clothes and sewing. Also I went pass through the school-rooms and I saw some of you can write very fast, and read, and I was glad. Now, this is the thing what we send you here for, to learn white men's way. There is two roads, one is good and one is what we call a devil road. Another thing is, you know, if who do nothing, just put his hand on his back and lie down, so any dime not come to in his pocket itself, so you must do something with your hands. Now you must not home-sick

any; but you must try to be good and happier."

The school has other visitors, too. The Society of Friends, true to the traditions of William Penn,



CAPTAIN PRATT, — THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE CARLISLE SCHOOL.



of this speech. We give a portion of the successful report, made by Luther Standing-Bear:

have been the faithful helpers of the red man. There are two representative Quaker women, the

Misses Longstreth, who have quietly and unostentatiously contributed to the Carlisle School and have induced others to aid it; nearly all the little comforts and many of the necessary supplies of the hospital have come through them. They inquire kindly, "Tell us what thee needs, and we will know where to ask for it. If dolls, we will get them ourselves; if wash-tubs, we know people who do not approve of dolls, but who will give wash-tubs."

It is very interesting to "went pass through the

some among us have our doubts whether it is greatly in advance of their native costume in point of picturesque effect. The boys take kindly to the change, however,—fourteen apprentices are stitching merrily away, putting frogs of scarlet braid on their uniforms and tracing curves in colored stitching on the linings of their jackets. One of the boys has fitted himself to a jacket, and, as it is not his time to be served, he wishes it reserved for him, and sews a label on the coveted garment with these words on it:

"Mr. C., please do not give to another boy this coat. I made it to myself."

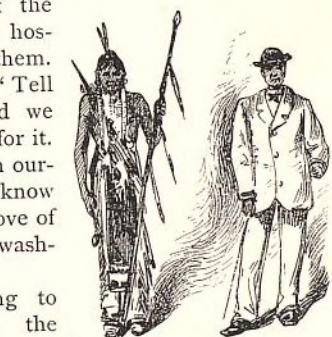
Another apprentice writes home:

"I am happy. I try to build coats and pants."

That they succeed in this style of architecture is demonstrated by the fact that Clarence Three-Stars made a pair of uniform trousers, with sergeants' stripes down

shops," as Red Cloud did.

There is the tailor's shop with boys working at the sewing-machines, ironing, making button-holes, and cutting out work. On the wall are tacked a number of fashion plates; and the boys study these different phases of civilized dress as they stitch away upon their uniforms, and it is evidently borne in upon them that the tailor has a great deal to do with making the man; that, somehow, clean white collars and cuffs, neatly fitting gloves, shining boots, and a scrupulous toilet generally are marks of a gentleman. The value of the lesson at this stage of their development can hardly be exaggerated. It is well, too, to make the garb of civilization as attractive as possible, for

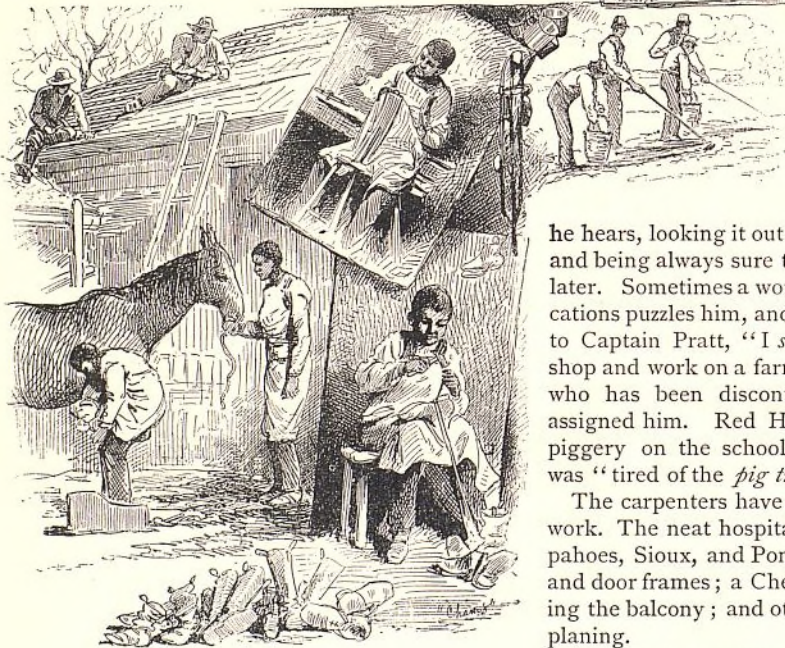


INDIAN GIRLS AND BOYS LEARNING THE "WHITE PEOPLE'S WAYS."

the legs, between eight and half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon of a single day.

In the harness-shop we find sixteen boys cutting strips of leather, sewing, and polishing. "They have not wasted a dollar's worth of material in three years," is the testimony of the superintendent.

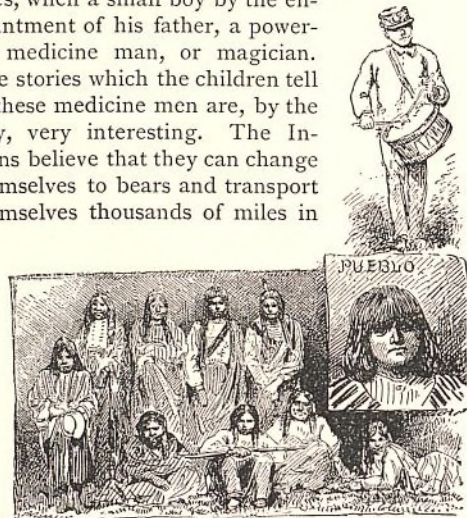
In the next room the shoe-makers are cobbling. There are twenty boys here, and some can make entire a very neat pair of shoes. Two hundred and fifty pairs are sent in per month from the school to be mended. We hear a great deal of the silent, moccasined foot-fall of the Indian; but, shod in durable, thick, solid calf-skin, and in time to the "step, step" of the corporal, the boys bring down their heels with audible emphasis. Their new shoes are highly admired. One scholar wrote to his father: "Yesterday eve I was very glad, he give me, Mr. C., one pair of boots and I am very warm inside my foot." Joseph Wisacoby, a Menomonee, writes home: "I like the shoe-maker trade as ever so much, and I will try the best I can to learn so I can go home and make shoes of myself, without anybody's help how to do it."



COBBLERS AND HARNESS-MAKERS.

In the tin-shop Henry C. Roman-Nose is perhaps the most expert. He is perfecting himself in his trade, and will soon take charge of a shop at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, Indian Territory. Frank Twist, a Sioux, says: "Sometimes I make some pint tin cups very well, and I make some of quart, and little pans I fix very nice together." Duke Windy made thirty tin cups in two

days; another Cheyenne boy made forty-six. White Buffalo, another tinman, although scarcely out of his teens, has gray hair. It was turned so, he relates, when a small boy by the enchantment of his father, a powerful medicine man, or magician. The stories which the children tell of these medicine men are, by the way, very interesting. The Indians believe that they can change themselves to bears and transport themselves thousands of miles in



an instant. They are believed to understand the language of birds.

White Buffalo is an earnest student and carries a little note-book, in which he writes each new word he hears, looking it out in the dictionary afterward, and being always sure to bring it into use sooner or later. Sometimes a word which has several significations puzzles him, and is misused, as when he said to Captain Pratt, "I *similar* to depart from tin-shop and work on a farm." He is not the only boy who has been discontented with the occupation assigned him. Red Hat, who had charge of the piggery on the school farm, complained that he was "tired of the *pig trade*."

The carpenters have done some especially good work. The neat hospital was built by them,—Arapahoes, Sioux, and Poncas sawing out the window and door frames; a Cheyenne and an Apache carving the balcony; and others shingling, nailing, and planing.

Among the painters, Robert American-Horse has decorated some wagons made at the school shop, and sent to Oregon and Washington Territory. He is a blacksmith also, and, with James Porter and Edgar Fire-Thunder, has made and put up two strong double-acting swings, which the girls enjoy greatly.

Ellis Childers and Charles Kihiga are printers; another is dealing out quinine under the physician, as hospital steward, and has aspirations

toward being a "white medicine man" one of these days. So the boys work, and we might lengthen the account with reports from the *School News* until it would be far too long for insertion in ST. NICHOLAS.

During the summer vacation the boys and girls find employment on farms and in families, many of them working so well that their employers dislike to give them up when school re-opens. They are very proud of being self-supporting and of costing the Government nothing during this season. It frequently happens, however, when the course of instruction is over, that they manifest great reluctance to return to the Indian reservations in the West; and whenever situations have opened for them in the East, and there has been no special family reason for their return, they have been allowed to remain. They have argued, with reason, that they have learned how to live and support themselves in a civilized community, but if they return to the Indian camps the conditions of life will be altered, and it will be almost impossible for them not to fall back into the old ways of savagery. It is an easy task to reclaim the individual and to have him continually improve under the stimulus of civilized surroundings, but it is rather unreasonable to send one or two to convert a tribe. If they have been educated to become useful members of society, they should be allowed to go and come and settle where they choose. If we can bear the negro, the ignorant immigrant, and the Chinese amongst us, there is no reason why the self-supporting Indians should be herded apart and maintained in pauperism at the public expense. The scholars who have gone back to the reservations have many of them done nobly, struggling against an almost overwhelming tide of opposition. Encouraging reports concerning them come in daily from the different Indian agents. "Chester A. Arthur" and Alfred Brown carry on the tailor's trade at the Cheyenne Agency; Thomas Bear-robe is making brick at Caldwell; Etahdleuh Doamoe is carpentering at the Kiowa, Comanche, and Wichita Agency; and many others are farming on their own lands, or working under Government employ at frontier posts. Etahdleuh's history is interesting. He was a prisoner in Florida, studied at Hampton, and was selected by Captain Pratt to visit with him the Indian tribes, and collect pupils for the Carlisle School. He was intelligent, sober, and industrious, deeply impressed with the grave problem before his people, and earnest in his endeavor to make the best of his own oppor-

tunities. After his return he assisted in drilling the boys, and continued improving himself in his trade and studies. One day he came to Captain Pratt, his serious face even graver than usual. "What is it, Etahdleuh?" asked the Captain.

"Captain Pratt," Etahdleuh replied, twirling his cap, "when I was in Florida, and the good ladies teach me, I think about what they say about trying to be good boy. I no think about girls. When I went to Hampton, I think about getting the good education. I no think about girls. When I go West with you, I think about getting scholars and persuading the Indians to follow the white man's



THE MISSES LONGSTRETH, THE INDIAN CHIEF, "SPOTTED TAIL," AND CAPTAIN PRATT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

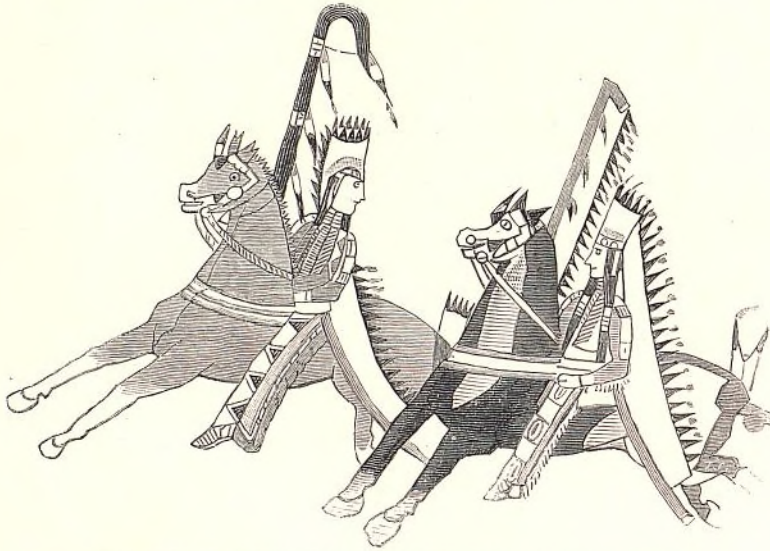
road. I get my sister, and Laura, and all my friends I can. I no think about girls. When I come back, I think about learning to be a carpenter, so I can support myself and be good citizen. I no think about girls.—*But Laura, she think.* And now Laura's father is dead, and Laura say, 'Who take care of Laura?' And I think I take care of Laura."

Etahdleuh was so honest in the matter, and his

answer to the question, Who is to take care of Laura? was so to the purpose that the wedding took place with the approval of the authorities, and to the great delight of the pupils, who were allowed to make a gala day of the occasion. Etahdleuh had earned two hundred and fifty dollars, and he took his bride back to the reser-

But General Sheridan gives a list of forts which are no longer of any practical use, and which he recommends should be turned into Indian schools. The Secretary of the Interior assures us that, "with twenty thousand or more Indian children properly selected in our schools, there will be no danger of Indian wars."

The cost of achieving this would be very trifling compared to the twenty-two millions of dollars which we have paid annually for the past ten years for military operations against the Indians! And as a result of these schools, the small remnant of the Indians will be gradually scattered among our millions of mixed population, their wild customs will be lost, and in a short time the wish of the Western settler will be gratified, the savage will be annihilated and a useful and educated class added to our American citizens. The process is being



COPY IN BLACK AND WHITE OF A COLOR-DRAWING BY AN INDIAN BOY.

vation, building a little house upon some land which had been assigned him by the Government.

The Secretary of the Interior, in his last report on Indian Education, says: "It is useless to attempt the civilization of the Indian through the agency of schools, unless a large number of children, certainly not less than one-half the total number, can have the benefit of such schools."

But, while all praise and thanks are due to such philanthropists, the chief need is for the Government to establish more Indian schools.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts."



COPY IN BLACK AND WHITE OF A COLOR-DRAWING BY AN INDIAN BOY.

MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PICKETS DRIVEN IN.

WHEN the panther screamed the second time after Neil and Hugh started to attack it, Mr. Marvin awoke, and was surprised to see that the young watchers were not at the fire, where they had been told to stay.

He sprang from his hammock, and slipping on his boots (he had not removed any other part of his attire), began to look about for the boys. It was a rather startling thought, but it at once rushed into his mind that they had gone on a hunt for the panther! He remembered having heard Hugh propose something of the sort while they were eating supper. He snatched up his rifle, and was on the point of going in search of them, when the four reports of their double shots rang out keen and clear on the still, night air, followed by an angry scream and the sound of scraping and scrambling feet.

Uncle Charley and Mr. Gomez were up and armed in a twinkling. Judge, too, sprang up in a dazed sort of way, for he was but half awake, and half aware that some very exciting event was happening. Catching sight of Hugh, as he rushed up to the fire, his frightened fancy imagined that some terrible beast was just behind him; and, snatching up his empty flint-lock, he hurled it frantically forward as the best effort at protection which his scattered wits were capable of making. The gun narrowly missed Hugh, and, as luck would have it, fell plump into the middle of the fire. Both the boys were too frightened to heed it, however, and by the time Judge discovered it and drew it from the fire, the stock of the gun was almost entirely consumed.

Meantime, Mr. Marvin's Winchester rifle cracked sharply, once,—twice,—three times, in quick succession.

"What has become of Neil?" Hugh asked himself, and turned about to look for him. But he was nowhere to be seen!

After the boys had fired at the panther, as described in the preceding chapter, they stood their ground long enough to see the savage animal come tearing down the tree, apparently badly wounded and infuriated; and then Hugh ran away as fast as he could. Until he reached the fire he had thought that Neil was close at his heels.

Meantime, the boys' shots had aroused the

camp, and soon the voice of Mr. Marvin, calling to Uncle Charley and Mr. Gomez, announced that the panther had been killed. Hugh, therefore, hurried back to the spot. The panther was lying dead not more than two rods from the tree, and the three men were standing around it. It was a huge beast, with massive, muscular legs and a long, lithe body. Its head was like a cat's head, and its teeth were long and sharp.

"Where is Neil?" inquired Hugh, suddenly perceiving that his brother was not present.

"Why! Where is he, indeed?" exclaimed Mr. Marvin, looking hurriedly around.

"Has he gone? Is n't he here?" cried Uncle Charley.

"Has n't he been seen?" added Mr. Gomez. "Who saw him last?"

Hugh felt a cold chill of fear and dread creep over him. He gazed anxiously in every direction; the streaks of moonlight and places of dark shade made the wood appear solemn and lonely.

"He was with me when I started to run to camp," said Hugh, "and I have n't seen him since. I thought he turned and ran just as I did."

"You had better call him, sir," suggested Mr. Gomez, speaking to Uncle Charley, who at once cried out: "Neil! Neil!" as loudly as he could.

But no answer came.

Uncle Charley called again. And, this time, they thought they heard an answer, but far away in the swamp.

Mr. Gomez, who had a strong, stentorian voice, now called out:

"Ho! Neil!"

"Whoope-e-e!" came the answer, apparently from the very middle of the swamp.

"That's Neil's voice!" exclaimed Hugh.

"But how did he ever get *there*?" demanded Mr. Marvin.

"It is very strange, certainly," said Uncle Charley.

They waited a few minutes, and then called again. The answer came quite promptly, but sounded no nearer. Mr. Marvin started in the direction whence the sound was heard, saying: "I'll go and bring in Neil, while you drag the panther up to the fire."

In about half an hour Mr. Marvin and Neil came up to the fire, Neil looking very weary and mud-bespattered. He could not explain how he came to be where he was found.

"After we shot at the panther," said he, "I turned and ran toward the fire, which I saw gleaming between the trees. I thought Hugh was following close after me, though I did not look back to see. The fire seemed to me to shift its position as I ran, so that I often had to change my course. Presently I discovered that Hugh was not with me. This frightened me and I ran still harder, thinking I would reach the fire and rouse the rest of you, and if Hugh did not come in immediately we would go out and hunt for him. But just then the fire began to look as if it was zigzagging about, now dancing here, now glimmering there, and I *could* not get any closer to it. I ran over bushes and stumbled against logs. At last I reached the edge of the water, where Mr. Marvin found me, and there I was horrified to see the light I had thought was our fire, hovering above the surface of the pond, where very soon it flickered and went out, leaving me quite bewildered and lost. I did not know what to do; I felt as if I were in some other and strange world; everything had so mysterious and vague a look about it. The dim moonlight and the ink-black shadows seemed to shift and waver. I was quite exhausted with my long hard run, so I sank down on the ground and gave up. When I heard the shooting, it did not sound as if it *could* be in the direction of our camp, but when you called me I knew your voices."

Hugh was as glad to see his brother as if Neil had returned from some long journey in foreign lands.

The panther lay stretched out by the fire, and Judge was dismally contemplating his ruined gun.

"This big fellow," said Mr. Marvin, touching the dead animal with his foot, "belongs to Neil and Hugh; for, although I finished it, their shots had mortally wounded it."

"That panther was a warrior," said Uncle Charley, "and he charged nobly."

"He druv in de pickets and scattered de scrimmagers," said Judge, grinning lugubriously.

The light that had led Neil astray could only be accounted for on the theory that it was a "will-o'-the-wisp" or "Jack-o'-lantern," one of those strange wandering luminous bubbles sometimes seen in swampy places. Neil had reached the other side of the swamp by running around it, in his pursuit of the flickering light.

CHAPTER XXV.

RULES FOR HANDLING THE GUN IN WING-SHOOTING.

MR. MARVIN gave Neil and Hugh a good scolding for having ventured to attack an animal so dangerous as a panther.

"What would your father say," he exclaimed, "if he thought that your uncle and I would permit you to take a risk so terrible? But for the chance fact that one of that panther's legs was broken by a shot, it would almost certainly have killed one or the other of you."

"Papa will not say anything about that when we send him the panther's skin," said Hugh. "He'll think that we've become better hunters than he expected."

Neil did not say anything. He felt the force of Mr. Marvin's remarks. The startling nature of the adventure, too, had impressed him strongly. Next morning he made a sketch of the panther's head. But he could not draw the will-o'-the-wisp.

They remained in camp at this spot for several days, during which time they made a fine collection of bird-skins to add to Mr. Marvin's stock. Some excellent shooting, too, they had at wood-duck and teal; but this was quite limited, as they would not kill a single bird that they did not need, either for food or as a specimen.

It was during their stay at this delightful place that Neil reduced to the shortest form Mr. Marvin's rules for wing-shooting with a shot gun. Here they are, just as he wrote them in one of his note-books:

Always bear in mind that it is the muzzle of a gun that is dangerous; therefore, never allow the muzzle to point toward yourself or any other person.

Never put your hand over the muzzle of a gun, nor allow another person to handle your gun while it is loaded.

Use a breech-loading gun with rebounding hammers. A muzzle-loading gun is both inconvenient and dangerous to load.

Hammerless guns are beautiful and convenient weapons, but they are not fit for boys to use, especially boys who are just beginning to shoot.

A sixteen-bore gun, with barrels of laminated or Damascus steel, horn or rubber breech-plate, rebounding hammers, and twenty-eight-inch length of barrels, top-snap action, left barrel choke-bored for long range, right barrel medium choke or cylinder bore—such is an outline from which any good gun-maker can build a boy's gun weighing about six and a half pounds.

Shells for such a gun should be loaded with three drams of powder and one ounce of shot. Put two thick wads on the powder and one on the shot.

For any game not larger than woodcock and quail, use No. 9 shot. For wood-duck, prairie-chicken, partridge, teal, and the like, No. 6 shot will be found best when the birds are old; but early in the season No. 7 will be better. For large water-fowl and wild turkey, No. 4 shot, as a rule, will be heavy enough. For deer, bear, and the like, you ought to have a gun specially

bored for shooting buck-shot, as it is sometimes dangerous to use shot so large in choked barrels.

In shooting at a flying bird, the first thing to know is that you must not aim directly at it unless it is flying straight and level away from you at about the height of your eye.

If a bird goes away with a rising line of flight, your aim must be a little *above* it, but if it flies level and above the line of your eye straight away, you must aim a little below it. If it flies to the left or to the right, you must aim a little ahead of

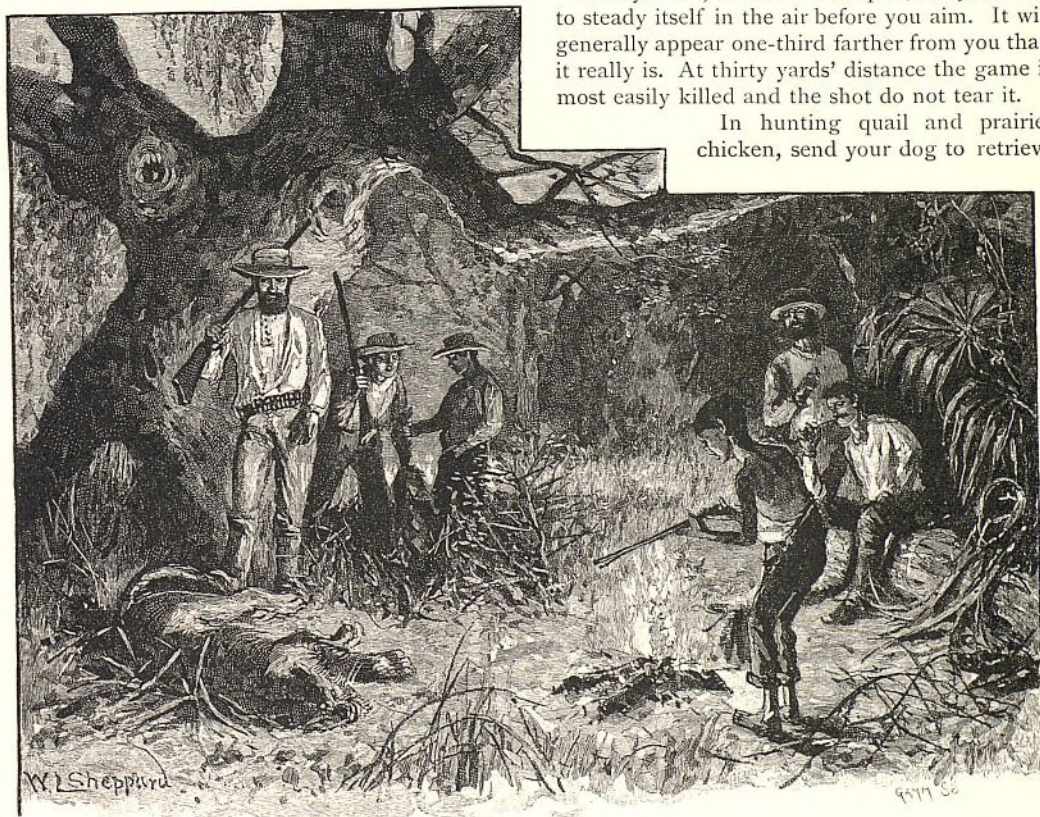
fire your second barrel, always shooting right and left.

When a dog "stands," or "points" game, you should not hurry to flush it. Be deliberate, always trying to drive your birds in the direction of light and low covert instead of that which is dense and high.

Most giddy-flying birds, like snipe and plover, will rise against the wind, so that the time to shoot them is just as they turn. To do this, hunt them down the wind if possible.

Always wait, if the field is open, for your bird to steady itself in the air before you aim. It will generally appear one-third farther from you than it really is. At thirty yards' distance the game is most easily killed and the shot do not tear it.

In hunting quail and prairie-chicken, send your dog to retrieve



"THE PANTHER LAY STRETCHED OUT BY THE FIRE."

it. In fact, the rule is to so fire that the bird's line of flight and the line of your shot will exactly intercept each other.

Always move your gun in the direction of the bird's flight, but do not "poke" or follow. Cover your point of aim by a quick and steady motion and press the trigger at once.

Shoot with both eyes open, so as to see whether you hit or miss. If you miss with your first barrel, recover your aim and fire the other, or if there are two or more birds flushed and you hit with your first barrel, instantly select another bird and

the game as soon as it falls, because, if you do not, a wounded bird may run off and be lost, to perish of its hurt. A true hunter is always anxious to prevent unnecessary cruelty. So long as we eat flesh, birds and animals must be killed for food, but we should avoid brutality in putting them to death.

Snap-shooting is done by raising the gun and firing it as soon as it can be leveled; a mode absolutely necessary in shooting woodcock and quail in high, close covert, where it often happens that the gunner merely gets a glimpse of his game and shoots by judging its position at the time of firing.

Teal and canvas-back duck are very fast flyers, often going at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. How far ahead of a green-winged teal, going at that rate across your line of sight, must you aim if the bird is forty yards distant, if your shot fly at the average rate of eight hundred feet per second?

Calculate as follows: It takes your shot, practically, one-sixth of a second to go forty yards. In one-sixth of a second your bird will fly, practically, fifteen and one-half feet, which is the distance you must aim ahead of the teal at forty yards. Of course this is not the exact calculation, but it is practically near enough. A few trials will familiarize the operation, and your eye will soon become trained in judging distances. Perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, at what *appears* to be forty yards, your aim ought to be about ten feet ahead of your bird, if it is flying straight across your line of sight,—and less if the flight is diagonal.

If your game is flying toward you, the best rule is to allow it to pass, so that you may turn about and shoot it going from you. This for several reasons: First, because the breast-feathers, of water-fowl especially, are very thick; secondly, because it is very difficult to allow for the flight of an incoming bird; and thirdly, because in shooting a bird from behind, you send your shot *between* its feathers, and your game is cleanly killed.

Always be sure that your line of sight is along the middle of the rib that joins the barrels.

In quail-shooting, bear in mind that you rarely kill your game at a longer range than thirty yards, and that, under ordinary circumstances, your aim, for a cross-flying bird, should be about three feet ahead of it,—though no fixed rule can be given.

If you are hunting in company with others, be careful and courteous, always refraining from shooting at birds that are flushed nearer to your companion than to you, and do not allow your gun, under any circumstances, to point at, or in the direction of, any human being.

Open your gun at the breech and take out both shells before climbing over a fence, getting into a wagon, going into a house, or handing the gun to a person not used to fire-arms.

Never drag a gun toward you, with the muzzle foremost.

Treat an unloaded gun with the same care that you would use in handling a loaded one. "I did not know it was loaded" has caused many terrible accidents.

It is best to thoroughly clean and dry a gun after it has been used all day, and when not in use it should be kept in a heavy woolen or leather case.

Never shoot at harmless and worthless birds "just to try your hand." Most small birds are

pretty, some of them sing sweetly, and nearly all of them are useful as insect-destroyers. It is brutal to kill them for any other than scientific or artistic purposes.

When out hunting, observe everything, so as to remember the minutest details of visible nature. Knowledge thus gathered is invaluable.

Boys, when hunting together, should be very cautious in thick covert; as there, one may be quite near another and not see him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW JUDGE'S NOSE WAS BITTEN.

It would take a long time and a great deal of writing to tell all that happened during the winter spent by our party in Southern Florida. We can not follow them, step by step, from one good hunting ground to another.

They tried alligator-shooting, but Neil and Hugh did not like it. The killing of a great big stupid animal, merely to get its teeth, seemed to them very poor sport; and besides, they found alligators much less dangerous than they had been led to believe them to be.

They killed some of the small, beautiful deer of the peninsula, and had some lively times with bear.

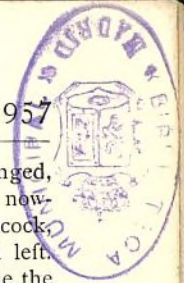
Rattlesnakes and moccasins were common in the woods and swamps, and quite frequently the warning whir or hiss startled them as they pushed through the brakes of cane and tangles of air-plant.

Neil made rapid progress in his free-hand sketching from nature, both with lead pencil and in colors. His sketch-books contained a wonderful variety of subjects, from strange insects to wild beasts, and from a small air-plant spike to a huge live-oak tree, draped in Spanish long-moss.

Heron-shooting was their principal business, and the amount of plumes collected was very large and valuable.

One day's woodcock-shooting, however, was more to the boys' taste than all the other sport they enjoyed during the whole winter. They found, one morning, a fine lot of these noble game-birds scattered over a thinly wooded tract, where clumps of bushes and tufts of wild grass grew in a rather firm black mud, just suited to the habits of woodcock. They did not need a dog. The birds flew but a short distance when flushed; and if missed, could be easily followed so as to be found again.

Neil and Hugh endeavored to observe every rule of shooting, and they did remarkably fine work. For a long while they kept exactly even in the number of birds killed, and the race grew very exciting.



It was while absorbed in this sport that Hugh, as he walked through a patch of saw-grass beside a little pool, stepped upon an enormous alligator. It was dead, but, feeling it under his foot, Hugh looked down and received a terrific scare. The reptile was fully twelve feet long, with a great rusty body and sprawling legs, and the hunter who had killed it had propped its terrible mouth open wide, so as to knock out its teeth when it had lain sufficiently long. Hugh jumped as high and as far as he could, and yelled with terror.

"Ugh! Oh! An alligator!" he cried.

Just then a woodcock rose and went straight

a bird, and Neil none; but the score soon changed, for Neil achieved a feat rarely accomplished nowadays. He made a "double shot" on woodcocks, killing the brace in perfect style, right and left. This put him ahead of the others and made the race grow interesting.

Judge next missed a fine strong bird that flew quartering to his right, and Hugh killed it at fifty yards with his left barrel.

"Dis 'ere gun shoot too quick," said Judge; "it make me dodge! I done miss dat bird 'fore I got ready."

The next flush was by Neil, who failed to kill on



"JUDGE FELL SPRAWLING ALONG ITS RUSTY BACK."

away, but Hugh was so frightened that he did not think to shoot, and Neil's record went one ahead. The shock of his fright unsettled Hugh's nerves, and so Neil beat him, though the contest was a very close one.

The boys went back to camp for a late dinner, and the sight of their fourteen woodcocks fairly dazzled Judge's eyes. As a special favor, Uncle Charley loaned Judge his little sixteen-bore double-barrel for the rest of the afternoon. This made the young negro very happy. His face shone like a lump of anthracite coal with two black diamonds in it. He took twenty shells and went with the boys when they returned to the woodcock grounds, which lay but a short distance from the camp.

"Now," said Hugh, "here goes for a fair match. Let's see who'll get the biggest bag of birds."

The challenge was quickly accepted by Neil and Judge, and so they began to quarter the ground, that is, they walked back and forth in diagonal lines across it.

In a very short time Hugh and Judge each had

account of an intervening bush. Hugh banged away and missed also; and so did Judge, who just then stumbled against the nose of the dead alligator and fell sprawling along its rusty back.

"Look out!" shouted Hugh, in a spirit of mischief. "It's an alligator!"

With a piercing shriek, Judge scrambled off on his hands and knees, screaming at the top of his voice. Then he jumped up, and leaving Uncle Charley's gun lying where he had dropped it when he fell, he started for camp as hard as he could run.

Neil picked up the gun, and seeing that it was growing late, he and Hugh followed after the flying negro.

When they reached camp, Judge was gesticulating and posturing and pointing in a vain effort to relate his terrible adventure to the men. The most realistic part of it was the fact that Judge had actually skinned his nose on the horny hide of the alligator, and that he persisted in asserting that he had been bitten!

"Dat beas' jis' kep' a-bitin' away, an' I tho't I done clean gone, fo' sho'!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOME AGAIN.

ALL things have an end, and so the time came at last for our little party to bid farewell to Florida.

The trip up the coast to Cedar Keys, and thence to St. Mark's, was performed in a leisurely way, the sloop anchoring for a day or two here and there, the boys seizing every opportunity to make a bag of snipe or shore birds, or to shoot herons for Mr. Marvin.

But the nearer they approached home, the more impatient at delay they all became, and it was with a sense of intense relief that they stood finally by the little railroad station at St. Mark's, ready to take the cars for the North, and home! They bade good-bye to Mr. Gomez with regret, for they had learned to like him very much during their long voyage.

At Tallahassee they took the dogs aboard. Don and Belt and Snip and Sly were the gladdest animals you ever saw, though they had been well kept and were as sleek as moles.

From Tallahassee Mr. Marvin shipped his plumes to New York, and his bird-skins to the Smithsonian Institute. He received orders here also, for it was now quite late in April, and the season for nest-hunting and egg-collecting was at hand, and some of his customers and patrons desired him to begin work for them in that line at once. So he had no time to lose. He could not even go so far as Uncle Charley's farm with Neil and Hugh, but had to part from them at Montgomery, Alabama, whence he went westward.

The boys both cried when he left them. He had seemed almost like an elder brother to them. But he promised to come and have a grouse-hunt with them in Illinois some time during the next season.

Samson was overjoyed when they reached Uncle Charley's home, and he asked hundreds of questions; and Judge told him some wonderful stories, that made his old eyes stare.

But Neil and Hugh were in a great hurry to return to Belair and see their father and talk with the boys. The very next day they left Tennessee, and in due time stepped off the train at the Belair station platform. Everything looked as natural as life, and the first person Hugh saw was Tom Dale.

"Hallo! Is this you, Hugh? and if there is n't old Neil! Why, how brown you are, boys! What a jolly time you two must have had!" cried Tom, in an ecstasy of delight.

Neil and Hugh jumped into a carriage and were driven straight home, while their "plunder" and luggage followed them in the village express wagon.

Mr. Burton was taken quite by surprise when his boys, all weather-browned and lusty, rushed into the library and fell upon him with their rousing caresses. They almost tumbled him out of his chair; his spectacles fell off, and his face was covered with kisses.

Of course the boys immediately began to tell him all about their wanderings and adventures, but it was many days before they had finished.

The news of the return of the boy hunters spread through Belair like a breeze.

Neil proposed to invite all their young friends to come to spend an evening with them, so that they might have a good time talking together over what had happened in Belair, as well as what had been done in the far Southern hunting-grounds, during the winter.

"That is just the thing," said Hugh, "and we'll hang up all your pictures and sketches in the parlor, and set up our stuffed birds, and display our collection of eggs. In fact, we'll have a genuine—what do you call it in French?—*salon*?"

"That would be interesting," assented Neil. "I think all the boys and girls would enjoy it. Suppose we do it?"

"Shall we invite the girls, too?" inquired Hugh.

"Certainly," said Neil; "girls like *fine* art quite as much as boys, you know."

He emphasized the word "*fine*," as if he meant to make fun of his sketches, but Hugh knew he was proud of them.

"What do you say, Papa?" said Hugh, turning to his father.

"I think the plan an excellent one," replied Mr. Burton. "I'll see that your guests have a good supper and the freedom of the house from six to eleven in the evening."

The boys were delighted, and went to work with a will, getting ready for what proved to be the happiest social event ever enjoyed by the boys and girls of Belair.

Mr. Burton's large parlor was profusely decorated with Neil's sketches and the many trophies of the two lads' prowess with the gun. More than fifty guests were present, and all were delighted.

It was Tom Dale who afterward suggested to the Belair boys that they should present Neil with a testimonial. Tom made the presentation speech in excellent style, on behalf of all the donors.

The gift was an easel, a palette, and a mahl-stick, with an alligator carved on

THE END.



"LITTLE GIRL IN THE GLASS, I THINK I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE!"

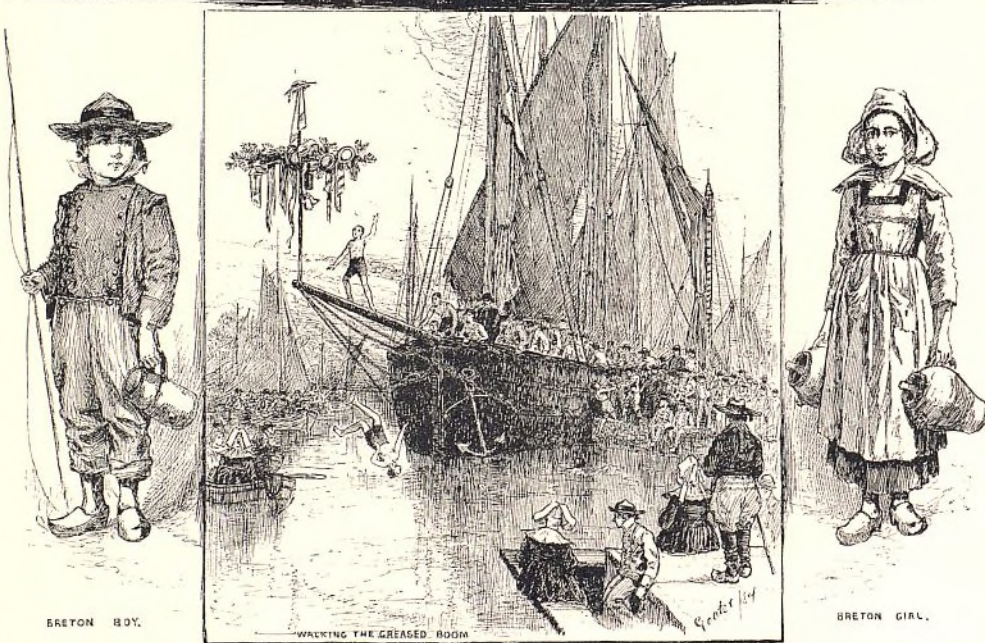
A FÊTE DAY IN BRITTANY.

By A. C. G.

EARLY on the morning of a bright September day, a certain little hotel in Brittany, where I happened to be sojourning, was all astir. It was evident, from the bustle going on, and the air of suppressed excitement among the usually listless inhabitants of the place, that some event of importance was at hand. I learned from our good landlady that the approaching celebration was the annual fête, or gala day, of the village, and she told me that if I wished to have a good view of the various performances, I should need to start early, as the festivities would begin promptly at ten.

As it was then nearly nine, my friend Tom Jackson and I hastened from the hotel and along one of the high-roads, in the direction in which the crowd was moving. On our way, we were overtaken by vehicles of every description, some very quaint and primitive, and almost all laden with peasants from the adjoining towns, gorgeous in their holiday attire. And among these was a great number of small boys, who evidently believed that the day had been instituted for their especial benefit.

As we neared the scene of the fête, the crowds



grew dense and more excited; men and boys were shouting wildly, and scores of people were hastily clambering upon two stone walls which lined the road. This road, it appeared, was to serve as a race-course. Having found a comfortable seat, we gave ourselves up to contemplating the odd crowd by which we were surrounded, and with patience awaited the start.

At last a wild shout arose, "Here they come!" Then dead silence fell over all, as dashing down the road came some six or eight horses, whose riders were urging them forward by every means possible.

The steeds were all without saddles, and they were supposed to have started at the same instant. But so anxious was each rider to get the lead that some had heard the word "go" a full minute before the others. As the clatter of hoofs was heard growing clearer and clearer, the greatest excitement prevailed in the crowd by which we were surrounded, and all were eager to see which of the riders would first reach the goal. All the burly men and the screaming boys prophesied that the winner would be a certain young man nicknamed Cayenne, because he had such a fiery temper. "No one *daves* beat him," piped a small boy at my elbow, "'cause Cayenne 's the fiercest man in Brittany!" And, sure enough, he soon came in view, the foremost in the race, with his red handkerchief flying in the air, and he was greeted with a loud shout from the assembled crowd.

This first contest was followed by others of a similar character, but ere long the races were finished. To us they were very tame performances, being nothing more than the galloping of a half-dozen plow-horses. But we derived much pleasure from watching the breathless and enthusiastic interest manifested by the simple people around us.

From the rude race-track, the crowds repaired to a large open space in one of the fields behind the school-house. Here a large circle had been marked off, and in the center stood a rather feeble-looking individual, bearing a long pole from which were suspended various prizes, consisting of gayly colored handkerchiefs, scarfs, wooden sabots, and other such trinkets.

Soon we perceived a small boy running around inside the ring, with his hand high up in the air; this was a challenge for any one outside the circle to come in and wrestle with the youthful athlete.

In a few moments the ring was completely filled with would-be wrestlers, who were struggling in each other's embrace in a lively fashion. Every now and then a man with a drum would commence to beat it in a deafening manner; this was to indicate that the contest between some pair of

wrestlers was at an end, and that a prize would be given to one of them.

In the meantime the bearer of the pole with the prizes had grown very weary, so that to hold the pole upright was too much for him, and down he fell, with the whole superstructure on top of him.

A wail of woe went up from all the valiant wrestlers, who immediately stopped in the midst of their combat to gather up the scattered prizes. And the old man having been set upon his feet, and a new prize-bearer put in his place, the business in hand was resumed.

It was curious to see the earnestness and yet the great good-nature with which the wrestlers contended. At one moment you would have thought they were mortal enemies engaged in deathly combat, with such fury did they come on to the assault; but the next moment the conflict would suddenly cease, while the combatants adjusted some article of clothing which had been torn or misplaced—smiling and chattering with each other meanwhile in the friendliest manner.

When the wrestling was concluded, the prizes were distributed, and then might be seen groups of happy swains, bearing themselves with all the airs of conquering heroes, and surrounded by admiring groups of relatives and friends, carefully examining the "elegant" prizes.

There was now an intermission of an hour or more, devoted to luncheon and to visiting the various shows which crowded the market-place. The most attractive of these seemed to be the "Merry-go-round." Not only the little folks, but the grown people also, would ride around and around in it, seemingly with the greatest enjoyment.

At two the drum sounded to recall all wanderers, and to make known to the boys that the hour had arrived for them to come forth and display their prowess in another contest, but of a different sort.

In front of the hotel had been erected a curious contrivance made of wood, consisting of two upright poles and a revolving cross-piece.

Now, the feat for each of the boys to perform, in turn, was to climb up one of the poles to the cross-piece, along which he was to crawl until he reached the opposite pole. If he accomplished this seemingly easy performance, he was to be allowed to choose one of many bright-colored handkerchiefs on a table near by; and if he failed, he would be sure only of being laughed at by the spectators, and of getting a tumble of some five or six feet.

The first lad who tried nimbly climbed the pole, and firmly planted himself on the cross-piece,—when lo! in an instant, before he had a chance to crawl a single inch, the thing revolved, depositing him on a bed of straw that had been spread under-

neath to prevent any contestant from being hurt by the fall. What ignominy for the lad, to be lying there on the ground, when it looked so easy to reach the other end of the cross-piece!

A second boy now made the attempt, and had crawled about half-way along the cross-piece when the thing gave a quick lurch, and left him hanging with head down and feet convulsively clinging to the rod, while he writhed and twisted to regain his hold, the crowd hooting and jeering derisively.

A third, nothing daunted by the failures of his rivals, nimbly sprang up the pole, cautiously crawled along the bar, and just as the lookers-on were about to cheer him for his success,—over he went, landing flat upon the ground!

But at last a boy was found who reached the other end of the cross-piece without any mishap; and loud and long was the applause that rewarded his efforts as he waved in the air the much-coveted green and red handkerchief.

For an hour or more this performance was kept up, only one in every ten being successful, however; for the cross-piece was so adjusted that unless the balance was kept perfectly even, it was sure either to tip or to revolve.

Again the drum beat, this time louder and longer than before, and soon we saw the crowds wending their way in the direction of the river. When we reached it, both banks were already filled, and it was with difficulty that we found a place where we could watch the proceedings.

Anchored in the stream was a good-sized boat, gayly decorated with bright-colored ribbons and flags. Here were seated the judges and others having the affair in charge, looking very wise and important indeed.

The boom of the boat projected some distance out over the water. It was a good-sized, substantial pole, and would not, ordinarily, have been very difficult to "walk"; but now it had been thoroughly oiled, and it fairly glistened in the sun.

On the end were trophies of victory of about the same value and description as those already distributed, and including many red shirts and scarfs.

The river was filled with small boats, in readiness to rescue from a watery grave any contestant who was not an expert swimmer.

By and by appeared the group of boys who were to attempt the feat,—numbering a dozen or more, all scantily clothed, as the occasion required, but looking very determined.

The first fellow stepped carefully on the greased pole, made one or two convulsive motions with his arms, and then quietly jumped into the river and swam for the shore. The second tripped lightly on the boom, and with great care managed to bal-

ance himself until he had reached the end, and all the beautiful prizes were within his grasp.

Which should he take? His fond father on the shore shouted "that beautiful red shirt"; his little brother cried out "that tin sword"; while he knew, in his heart, that his mother wanted a ribbon. That decided him; a ribbon it should be. But alas! he had already hesitated too long; he began to totter, and he made wild efforts to retain his footing. But in vain. The next moment he fell like a stone into the river, and he was picked up by one of the small boats.

But his ardor was not dampened; friends helped him to scramble up the bank, and in a few moments he was aboard the boat and trying again; but this time he was too excited, and he fell in the river almost at the first step.

Many others made the attempt, with the same ill success, and but few escaped a ducking. Still, they tried and tried again, to the intense delight of the spectators, until all the prizes had been claimed.

The next performance was the catching the ducks. And for this, the small boys came forth again in large numbers, ready to do their best.

A number of ducks with clipped wings were thrown into the river, and whoever succeeded in capturing one was entitled to possess it. Wild and frantic were the efforts made, but the ducks had a way of their own of escaping their pursuers. A boy would get so near he could touch the duck with his hand, but just as soon as he tried to hold him, the duck, like Paddy's flea, "was n't there." They would jump over the lads' heads and fly in their faces, meanwhile keeping up a terrible quacking; but their strength gave out after a while, and then they fell easy prey to the hands of their captors.

This brought the day's sports to a close. Evening was fast setting in, and from the market-place could be heard the strains of the bagpipe and bignion. This was what the young people had been waiting for. Couples appeared from every side and soon were flying through the "gavotte," the native dance. They would form in lines joining hands, and then with something like a hop, skip, and a jump, away they would go in a wild whirl.

The covered market-place was dimly lighted with candles, and it was a strange, weird sight to watch the white caps bobbing up and down, here, there, and everywhere.

By ten o'clock the little village was sound asleep, and, no doubt, the dreams of its boys and girls, that night, were of a very rosy hue, for to them the annual fête is the greatest occasion of the year.



MASTER Squirrel, blithe and gay,
 Come and live with me, I pray.
 Nuts have I for thee to crack;
 Gingerbread thou'lt never lack,
 Sugarplums and popcorn sweet
 For thy pleasance shalt thou eat;
 A gilded cage shall be thy nest,
 A bed of down thy place of rest,
 A life of ease thy lot shall be,
 If thou wilt come and live with me.

MAY, my winsome little MAID,
 I prefer the glen and glade.
 In the tree have I my home,
 Through the woods I'm free to roam;
 Nuts have I and eke to spare,
 Fruit and corn and berries rare.
 When the SPORTSMAN'S gun I hear,
 Many a hiding place is near.
 A GOLDEN CAGE and wealth to me
 Are no exchange for LIBERTY.

HISTORIC BOYS.*

By E. S. BROOKS.

IV.

LOUIS OF BOURBON: THE BOY KING.

1638-1715.

[*Louis XIV. of France; afterward known as the "Grand Monarque."*]

DID you ever hear or see a mob, boys and girls? Probably not; but ask father or mother, or uncle, or any one who remembers the draft riots of 1863 in our own New York, if there is any sound more terrifying than that threatening, far-away murmur that grows each second louder and more distinct until it swells and surges up and down the city streets—the hoarse, mad shouts of a mob. It was such a sound as this that on that dreary midnight of the tenth of February, 1651, filled the dark and narrow and dismal streets of old Paris, startling all the inmates of the Palais Royal, as under the palace windows rose the angry cry:

"The King! the King! Down with Mazarin!"

Two anxious-faced young persons, a girl and a boy of thirteen or thereabout, who were peeping out into the corridor, looked at one another inquiringly.

"Whatever is the matter, Count?" asked dainty little Olympia, the pretty niece of the Queen's prime minister, Mazarin.

For answer the light-hearted young Armand, Count of Guiche, whom even danger could not rob of gayety, replied: "Faith, mam'selle, 't is a trick that may set us all a livelier dance than your delightful *la brause*. The people are storming the palace to save the little king from my lord, your uncle. They say that the Queen will steal away to your uncle with his little Majesty, and so here come the people in fury to stay her purpose. Hark! there they go again!" and as, before the gates, rose the angry shouts, "the King! the King! Down with Mazarin!" these sprightly young people drew hastily back into the security of their own apartments.

"*Down with Mazarin!*" It was the rallying cry that stirred the excitable people of Paris to riot and violence in those old days of strife and civil war, over two hundred years ago,—the troublesome time of the Fronde. The Court of the Queen Regent Anne, the Parliament of Paris, and the great princes of France were struggling for the mastery, in a quarrel so foolish and unnecessary that history has called it "the war of the children,"

and its very nickname, "the Fronde," was taken from the *fronde*, or sling, which the mischievous boys of Paris used in their heedless street fights. Probably not one half of those who shouted so loudly "Down with Mazarin!" understood what the quarrel was about, nor just why they showed rage against the unpopular prime minister of the Queen Regent, the Italian Mazarin. But they had grown to believe that the scarcity of bread, the pinching pains of hunger, the poverty, and wretchedness which they all *did* understand were due, somehow, to this hated Mazarin, and they were therefore ready to flame up in an instant and to shout "Down with Mazarin!" until they were hoarse.

And now in the great palace all is confusion.

"The King! the King! We must see the King!" shout the swaying crowd. There is a dash against the trellised gates of the palace, a dash and then a mighty crash, and, as the outer gate falls before the people's assault, the great alarm bell of the palace booms out its note of danger. Then guards and gentlemen press hastily toward the royal apartments in defense of the queen and her sons, while ladies, and pages, and servants scatter and hide in terror.

But Anne, Queen Regent of France, was as brave as she was shrewd.

"What is the people's wish?" she demanded as the Duc de Beaufort entered her apartment.

"To see his Majesty with their own eyes, they say," was the reply.

"But can they not trust their queen, my lord?" she asked.

"Their queen, your Highness? Yes. But not Mazarin," said the blunt duke.

"Ho, there, d'Aumont," said the Queen to the captain of the palace guard, "bid that the portals be opened at once! Draw off your guard. And you, my lords, stand aside; we will show the king to our good people of Paris and defeat the plots of our enemies. Bid the people enter," and, unattended, save by M. de Villeroi, the king's governor, and two of her ladies-in-waiting, she passed quickly through the gallery that led to the magnificent bed-chamber of the little King Louis.

"What is this uproar, madame?" was the greeting she received from a handsome, auburn-haired boy of twelve, as she entered the apartment.

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"Lie down, my son," said the Queen, "and if ever you seemed to sleep, seem to do so now. Your safety, your crown, perhaps your life, depend upon this masking. The people are crowding the palace, demanding to see with their own eyes that I have not taken you away."

Young Louis of Bourbon flushed angrily. "The people!" he exclaimed. "How dare they? Why does not Villeroi order the Swiss guard to drive the ruffians out?"

"Hush, my Louis," his mother said. "You have other enemies than these barbarians of Paris. Your time has not yet come. Hark, they are here!"

The angry boy closed his eyes in pretended sleep, while his mother softly opened the door of the apartment, and faced the mob alone. For, obedient to her order, the great portals of the palace had been opened, and up the broad staircase now pushed and scrambled the successful mob. The people were in the palace of the king.

"Enter, my friends," said the intrepid Queen, as rough, disordered, and flushed with the novelty of success the eager crowd halted in presence of royalty. "Enter, my friends; but—softly! They said falsely who declared that I sought to steal the king from his faithful people of Paris. See for yourselves!" and she swung open the door of the chamber; "here lies your king!" With ready hand she parted the heavy curtains of the splendid bed, and, with finger on lip as if in caution, she beckoned the people to approach the bedside.

And then came a singular change. For, as they looked upon the flushed face and the long, disordered hair of that beautiful boy, whose regular breathing seemed to indicate the healthy sleep of childhood, the howling, rebellious rabble of the outer gates became a reverent and loyal throng, which quietly and almost noiselessly filed past the royal bed upon which that strong-willed boy of twelve lay in a "make-believe" sleep.

For two long midnight hours on that memorable tenth of February, 1651, did mother and son endure this trying ordeal. At length it was over. The last burgher had departed, the great gates were closed, the guards were replaced, and, as shouts of "*vive le roi*" came from the jubilant crowd without, the boy-king sprang from his splendid bed and, quivering with shame and rage, shook his little fist toward the cheering people. For, from boyhood, young Louis of Bourbon had been taught to regard himself as the most important lad in all the world. Think, then, what a terrible shock to his pride must have been this invasion of his palace by the people.

The angry quarrel of the Fronde raged high for full five months after this midnight reception in

the king's bed-chamber, but at last came the eventful day which was to fulfill the boy's oft-repeated wish—the day of his majority. For, according to a law of the realm, a king of France could be declared of age at thirteen; and young Louis of Bourbon, naturally a high-spirited lad, had been made even more proud and imperious by his surroundings and education. He chafed under the restraints of the regency, and hailed with delight the day that should set him free.

It was the seventh of August, 1651. Through the echoing streets of Paris wound a glittering cavalcade, gay with streaming banners and a wealth of gorgeous color. With trumpeters in blue velvet and heralds in complete armor, with princes and nobles and high officials mounted on horses gleaming in housings of silver and gold, with horse-guards and foot-guards, pages and attendants, in brilliant uniforms and liveries, rode young King Louis to proclaim himself absolute King of France. The glittering procession swept into the great hall of the palace and gathered around the throne. And there this boy of thirteen, with his plumed and jeweled cap on his head, while every one else remained uncovered, said, in a clear and steady voice: "Messieurs: I have summoned my Parliament to inform its members that, in accordance with the laws of my realm, it is my intention henceforth to assume the government of my kingdom." Then princes and lords, from little "Monsieur," the ten-year-old brother of the king, to the gray old marshals of France, bent the knee in allegiance, and back to the Palais Royal with his glittering procession, and amid the jubilant shouts of the people, rode the boy-king of France, Louis of Bourbon.

But alas for the ups and downs of life! This long-wished-for day of freedom did not bring to young Louis the absolute obedience he expected. The struggles of the Fronde still continued, and before the spring of the next year this same haughty young monarch who, in that gorgeous August pageant, had glittered "like a golden statue," found himself with his court, fugitives from Paris, and crowded into stuffy little rooms or uncomfortable old castles, fearful of capture, while not far away the cannons of the two great generals, Turenne and Condé, thundered at each other across the Loire, in all the fury of civil war. Something of a bully by nature, for all his blood and kingliness, young Louis seems to have taken a special delight, during these months of wandering, in tormenting his equally high-spirited brother, the little "Monsieur"; and there flashes across the years a very "realistic" picture of a narrow room in the old chateau of Corbeil, in which, upon a narrow bed, two angry boys are rolling and pulling and scratching in a bitter "pillow-fight,"

brought on by some piece of boyish tyranny. And these two boys are not the "frondeurs" of the Paris streets, but the highest dignitaries of France—her king and her royal prince. Boys will be boys, you see, whether princes or paupers.

But even intrigue and quarrel may wear themselves out. Court and people alike wearied of the foolish and ineffectual strivings of the Fronde, and so it was that in the fall of 1652, after a year of exile, the gates of Paris opened to the king, while the unpopular Mazarin, so long the object of public hatred, the man who had been exiled and outlawed, hunted and hounded for years, now returned to Paris as the chief adviser of the boy-king, with shouts of welcome filling the streets that for so many years had resounded with the cry of "*down with Mazarin!*"

And now the gay court of the young Louis blazed forth in all the brilliancy of pomp and pleasure. The boy, himself, as courageous in the trenches and on the battle-field as he was royal and imperious in his audience-chamber, became the hero and idol of the people. Life at his court was very joyous and delightful to the crowd of gay, fun-loving, and unthinking young courtiers who thronged around this powerful young king of fifteen, and not the least brilliant and lively in the royal train were Olympia Mancini and the young Count of Guiche, both proud of their prominence as favorites of the king.

One pleasant afternoon in the early autumn of 1653, a glittering company filled the little theater of the Hotel de Petit Bourbon, near to the Louvre. The curtain parted, and, now soft and sweet, now fast and furious, the music rose and fell, as the company of amateurs—young nobles and demoiselles of the court—danced, declaimed, and sang through all the mirth and action of a lively play. And, at one side of the stage, waiting their turn to appear, stood Olympia Mancini and young Count Armand. With a toss of her pretty head, she was saying: "And how can you know, Sir Count, that his Majesty does not mean truthfully all the pretty things he says to me? Ay, sir, and perhaps —"

"Well! perhaps what, Mam'selle?" Count Armand asked, as the imperious little lady hesitated in her speech.

"Perhaps—well—who knows? Perhaps, some day, Count Armand, you may rue on bended knee the sharp things you are now so fond of saying to me—to me, who may then be—Olympia, Queen of France!"

Armand laughed softly. "Ho, stands my lady there?" he said. "I kiss your Majesty's hand, and sue for pardon," and he bent in mock reverence. But, come, they are calling us," and, with

a gay song upon their gossipy lips, the merry pair danced in upon the stage, while a richly costumed Fury circled around them in a mad whirl. And amid the plaudits of the spectators the three bowed low in acknowledgment, but the Fury received by far the largest share of the applause—for you must know that the madly whirling Fury was none other than his gracious Majesty, Louis, King of France, who, passionately fond of amateur theatricals, sometimes appeared in four or five different characters in a single piece.

That very evening the most select of the court circle thronged the spacious apartments of the queen mother in attendance at the ball given to the widowed Queen of England, who, since the execution of her unfortunate husband, Charles the First, had found shelter at the court of her cousin Louis. And with her came her daughter, the little Princess Henrietta, a fair and timid child of eleven.

The violins sounded the call to places in the *brausle*, the favorite dance of the gay court, and Count Armand noted the smile of triumph which Mam'selle Olympia turned toward him, as King Louis solicited her hand for the dance. And yet she paused before accepting this invitation, for she knew that the honor of opening the dance with the king belonged to the little Henrietta, the guest of the evening. She was still halting between desire and decorum, when Anne, the queen mother, rising in evident surprise at this uncivil action of her son, stepped down from her seat and quietly withdrew the young girl's hand from that of the king.

"My Louis," she said, in a low voice, "this is but scant courtesy to your cousin and guest, the Princess of England."

The boy's face flushed indignantly at this interference with his wishes, and looking towards the timid Henrietta, he said, with singular rudeness: "'T is not my wish, madame, to dance with the Princess. I am not fond of little girls."

His mother looked at him in quick displeasure. And the Queen of England, who had also heard the ungallant reply, keenly felt her position of dependence on so ungracious a relative, as she hastened to say, "Pardon, dear cousin, but do not, I beg, constrain his Majesty to dance contrary to his wishes. The Princess Henrietta's ankle is somewhat sprained and she can dance but ill."

The imperious nature of Anne of Austria yielded neither to the wishes of a sulky boy nor to the plea of a sprained ankle. "Nay, your Majesty," she said, "I pray you let my desires rule. For, by my word, if the fair Princess of England must remain a simple looker-on at this, my ball, to-night, then, too, shall the King of France."

With a face still full of anger Louis turned away,

and when the music again played the opening measures, a weeping little princess and a sulky young king danced in the place of honor. For the poor Henrietta had also overheard the rude words of her mighty cousin of France.

As, after the ball, the king and his mother parted for the night, Anne said to her son: "My dear Louis, what evil spirit of discourtesy led you to so ungallant an action towards your guest, this night? Never again, I beg, let me have need openly to correct so grave a fault."

"Madame," said Louis, turning hotly towards his mother, "who is the lord of France—Louis the King or Anne of Austria?"

The Queen started in wonder and indignation at this outburst; but the boy's proud spirit was up, and he continued, despite her protests.

"Too long," he said, "have I been guided by your leading-strings. Henceforth I will be my own master, and do not you, madame, trouble yourself to criticise or correct me. I am the king."

And thus the mother who had sacrificed and suffered so much for the son she idolized found herself overruled by the haughty and arrogant nature she had, herself, done so much to foster. For, from that tearful evening of the Queen's ball to the day of his death, sixty-one years after, Louis of Bourbon, called the Great, ruled as absolute lord over his kingdom of France, and the boy who could say so defiantly: "Henceforth I will be my own master," was fully equal to that other famous declaration of arrogant authority made, years after, in the full tide of his power: "I am the state!"

On the afternoon of an April day in the year 1654, a brilliant company gathered within the old chateau of Vincennes, for the royal hunt which was to take place on the morrow. In the great hall all was mirth and fun, as around the room raced king and courtiers in a royal game of "clignemusette"—"hoodman blind" or "blindman's buff," as we now know it. Suddenly the blindfolded king felt his arm seized, and the young Count of Guiche, who had just entered, whispered, "Sire, here is word from Fouquet that the parliament have moved to reconsider the registry of your decree."

The boy-king tore the bandage from his eyes in a tempest of anger.

"How dare they?" he said; "how dare they question my demands!"

Now, it seems that this decree looked to the raising of money for the pleasures of the king, by M. Fouquet, the royal Minister of Finance, and so anxious had Louis been to secure it that he had attended the parliament himself, to see that his

decree received prompt registry. How dared they then think twice as to the king's wishes?

"Ride you to Paris straight, De Guiche," he said, "and, in the King's name, order that parliament re-assemble to-morrow. I will attend their session, and then let them reconsider my decree if they dare!"

Olympia Mancini heard the command of the King. "To-morrow? Oh, sire!" she said; "to-morrow is the royal hunt. How can we spare your Majesty? How can we give up our sport?"

"Have no fear, mam'selle," said the King, "I will meet my parliament to-morrow, but this trivial business shall not mar our royal hunt. Together will we ride down the stag."

At nine o'clock the next morning parliament re-assembled as ordered by the king, and the representatives of the people were thunderstruck to see the king enter the great hall of the palace in full hunting costume of scarlet coat, high boots, and plumed gray beaver. Behind him came a long train of nobles in hunting suits also. Whip in hand and hat on head, this self-willed boy of sixteen faced his wondering parliament, and said:

"Messieurs: It has been told me that it is the intention of some members of your body to oppose the registration of my edicts as ordered yesterday. Know now that it is my desire and my will that in future all my edicts shall be registered at once and not discussed. Look you to this; for, should you at any time go contrary to my wish, by my faith, I will come here and enforce obedience!"

Before this bold assertion of mastership the great parliament of Paris bent in passive submission. The money was forthcoming, and in less than an hour the boy-king and his nobles were galloping back to Vincennes, and the royal hunt soon swept through the royal forest.

Thus, we see, nothing was permitted to stay the tide of pleasure. Even the battle-field and the siege were turned into spectacles, and, by day and night, the gay court rang with mirth and folly.

In the great space between the Louvre and the Tuileries, since known as the Place de Carrousel, the summer sky of 1654 arched over a gorgeous pageant. The trumpets of the heralds sounded, and into the lists, with pages and attendants, gallant in liveries of every hue, rode the gay young nobles of the court, gleaming in brilliant costume and device, like knights of old, ready to join in the games of the mock tournament. But the center of every game, the victor in all the feats of skill and strength, was the boy-king, Louis of Bourbon, as in a picturesque suit of scarlet and gold he rode his splendid charger like a statue. And as the spectators noted the white and scarlet scarf that fell from the kingly shoulder in a great

band, and the scarlet hat with snow-white plume, they saw, by looking at the fair young "queen of beauty," Olympia Mancini, in her drapery of scarlet damask and white, that King Louis wore her colors, and thus announced himself as her champion in the lists.

And Count Armand could see by the look of triumph and satisfaction in Olympia's pretty face, as she ruled queen of the revels, that already she felt herself not far from the pinnacle of her ambition, and saw herself in the not distant future as Olympia, Queen of France!

But alas for girlish fancies! Louis, the King, was as fickle in his affections as he was unyielding in his mastership.

"Sire," said the Count de Guiche, as the next day a gay throng rode from the mock tournament to another great hunt in the forest of Vincennes, "why does not the fair Olympia ride with the hunt to-day?"

"Ah, the saucy Mazarinette," the King said, surlily, using the popular nickname given to the nieces of his minister, "she played me a pretty trick last night, and I will have none of her, I say"; and then he told the condoling count, who, however, was in the secret, how at the great ball after the tournament, the maiden, whose colors he had worn, had exchanged suits with his brother, the little "Monsieur," and so cleverly was the masquerading done, that he, the great King Louis, was surprised by the laughing Olympia, making sweet speeches to his own brother, thinking that he was talking to the mischievous maiden.

This was too much even for the young courtier, and he burst out a-laughing. But the King was sulky. For Louis of Bourbon, like many a less-titled lad, could enjoy any joke save one played upon himself, and the mischievous Olympia lived to regret her joking of a king. Once at odds with her, the King's fancies flew from one fair damsel to another, finally culminating when, in 1660, he married, for state reasons only, in the splendid palace on the Isle of Pheasants, reared specially for the occasion, the young Princess Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain, and daughter of his uncle, King Philip the Fourth.

From here the boy merges into the man, and we must leave him. Strong of purpose, clear-headed and masterful, Louis the Fourteenth ruled as King of France for seventy-two years—the most powerful monarch in Christendom. Handsome in person, majestic in bearing, dignified,

lavish, and proud; ruling France in one of the most splendid periods of its history—a period styled "the Augustan age" of France; flattered, feared, and absolutely obeyed, one would think, boys and girls, that so powerful a monarch must have been a happy man. But he was not. He lived to see children and grandchildren die around him, to see the armies of France, which he thought invincible, yield again and again to the superior generalship of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and to regret with deep remorse the follies and extravagance of his early days. "My child," he said to his great-grandson and heir, the little five-year-old Louis, "you are about to become a great king; do not imitate me either in my taste for building, or in my love of war. Endeavor, on the contrary, to live in peace with the neighboring nations; render to God all that you owe him, and cause his name to be honored by your subjects. Strive to relieve the burdens of your people, as I, alas! have failed to do."

It is for us to remember that kings and conquerors are often unable to achieve the grandest success of life,—the ruling of themselves,—and that flattery and fear are not the true indications of greatness or of glory. No sadder instance of this in all history is to be found than in the life-story of this cold-hearted, successful, loveless, imperious, all-supreme, and yet friendless old man—one of the world's most powerful monarchs, Louis of Bourbon, Louis the *grand monarque*, Louis the worn-out old man of Versailles.

FROM the patrician emperor of old Rome to the patrician citizen of modern America these sketches of historic boys have extended. They represent but a few from that long list of remarkable boys, who, through the ages, have left their mark upon their times,—lads who, even had they died in their "teens" would still have been worthy of record as "historic boys." The lessons of their lives are manifold. They tell of pride and selfishness, of tyranny and wasted power, of self-reliance and courage, of patience and manliness. History is but the record of opportunities for action, and opportunities are never wanting. They exist to-day in the cities of the New World, even as they did ages ago in the valley of Elah and in the Forum of Rome.

"STOP!"

To little Children and dear these from one A Brennan

hys

mark



VOL. XI.—62.

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK.

an announcement.

In this department, next month, St. Nicholas will make offer of One Hundred Dollars in prizes for the best Short Story for Girls, written by a Girl. Full particulars will be given in the November issue.

ON TEACHING THE EYE TO KNOW WHAT IT SEES.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

ONE of the most experienced artists in New York remarked recently that he believed the time would come when schools would be established to teach the eye how to see, just as schools are formed now to educate the voice. Such schools undoubtedly are needed. Many of my young readers have heard or read about *optical illusions*, — the curious mistakes which the eye sometimes makes concerning an object at which it is looking; but few of us know how frequently we ourselves are the victims of optical illusions of one sort or another. The fact is, we see nearly as much with our experience as we see with our eyes. We know an object to be of a certain form in one position, and of a certain color in one light; and we are too apt to fancy that we see it of that form and color in all positions and lights, regardless of the fact that, seen from another stand-point, the contour of it may appear entirely different, and that a different light may totally change the color of it. We all know that the actual color of clean boots is black, and a beginner in painting almost always paints them perfectly black, whereas the direct rays of the sun or of an artificial light may make them appear nearly white in parts; while if they be placed near some bright substance, such as a piece of orange-peel, or a crimson scarf, they will

reflect the color of that object, and so become orange or red in parts, and an expert painter would so represent them. We hear people speak of "the white of the eye," and beginners with the brush often give a very ghastly expression to their attempts at portraiture by painting the white of the eye pure white; whereas, owing to the projection of the brows, the lids, and the lashes, it is often thrown into deep shade, and may be even darker than some of the flesh tints. Now, if their eyes were trained like those of a skilled artist, they would know the true color of all objects they beheld. But this is the very hardest thing an artist has to learn, namely, to know really what he does see.

In coloring, almost everything depends upon the nature of the light. A white handkerchief is black in a dark room.

An excellent aid to the study of color is to take a white card, and with your paints try to match on it some tint in any oil-painting, chromo, or even colored fabric which you may have. Then cut a small hole in the card adjoining your tint, and place the card over the tint you have copied, so that you can see it through the hole, side by side with your own attempt. Then you will see at once how nearly you have matched the tint.

Some people, as we know, are color-blind, or unable to distinguish one color from another; while some races, particularly the people of India, its details may appear dimmed; or, to attain the same effect, a piece of gauze may be held before the eyes. And while suggesting expedients, I

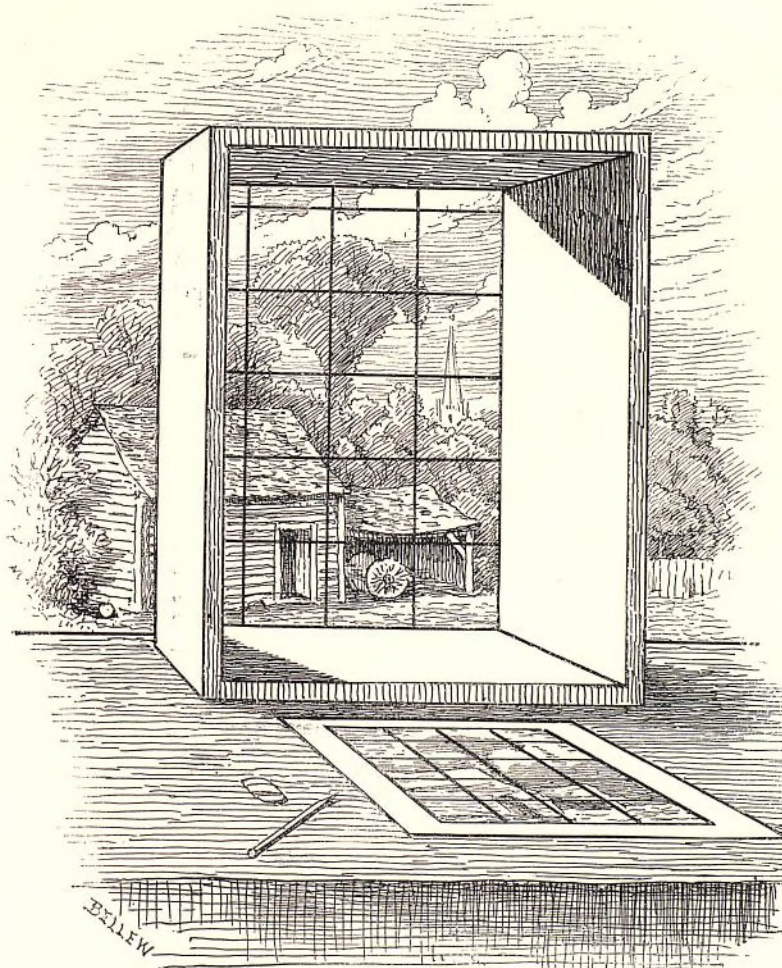


FIG. 1.—A MECHANICAL AID TO DRAWING.

can perceive a great variety of shades, which the most cultivated European eye fails to distinguish.

But if color is deceptive, so are form and size; and, as to these, we see, even more than in the case of color, with our experience rather than with our eyes. If it were possible for a person who had been born blind to be suddenly endowed with sight, and with the faculty of drawing, I have little doubt that he would delineate objects presented to him more correctly than one who had always had the use of his eyes. It is good practice for beginners in drawing to make strenuous efforts to look at all objects as merely masses of light and shade. To this end it is well to look at the thing to be delineated, with half-closed eyes, so that

may mention that you can make for yourself a capital mechanical aid to accurate drawing by taking a hollow frame,—a box with the bottom removed is the best,—and dividing one of the open ends into squares by means of threads placed cross-wise and perpendicularly, as shown in the illustration. Set up this frame at a distance of several feet from your eye, between you and the object you wish to draw, so that you see the object and its surroundings (or the piece of landscape) *through* the frame, divided into squares by the threads. Then divide your paper into similar squares with pencil lines corresponding to the threads, and, guided by the threads and the lines, you have only to copy the picture that is framed by the box.

As an illustration of our natural tendency to see with our experience, rather than with our eyes, observe how children when they first begin to draw generally represent the nose of a full face, in profile,—and put a full-face eye into a profile face, as represented in Figures 2 and 3.

In his first attempts, too, the school-boy pictures the feet invariably in profile, and the hands flat,



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

as if spread out on a table. To put either a hand or foot in any other position utterly baffles him. But hands and feet are the most difficult things

the experiment of trying to indicate the supposed height of a silk hat. It is probably familiar to most of you. Ask any one who has not tried it, to indicate on the wall, with the point of a cane, the level to which he thinks a gentleman's silk hat would reach if placed upon the floor. In nine cases out of ten, the person asked will touch the wall at a height of from ten to twelve inches above the floor, whereas a silk hat is rarely more than six inches high. How deceptive, too, is the length of a horse's head. It seems almost incredible that it should be as long as a flour-barrel; yet such is the fact. Thorough-bred steeds have smaller heads than ordinary horses; but I find that the head of a certain famous racer measures two feet and two inches in length, while the height of a flour-barrel is but two feet four inches.

There are few things so puzzling to estimate correctly, at sight, as the size and form of objects seen "in perspective," as the artists say. To illustrate this: Look at the

which even the artist finds to draw. Look at these two black forms, Figures 4 and 5. Would you think that they represented the outlines of a

triangle shown in Figure 8. That little triangle would hardly suggest, to the unpracticed eye, the rails of several miles of railway; yet two lines of

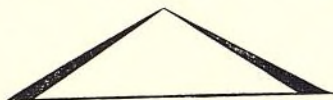


FIG. 8.

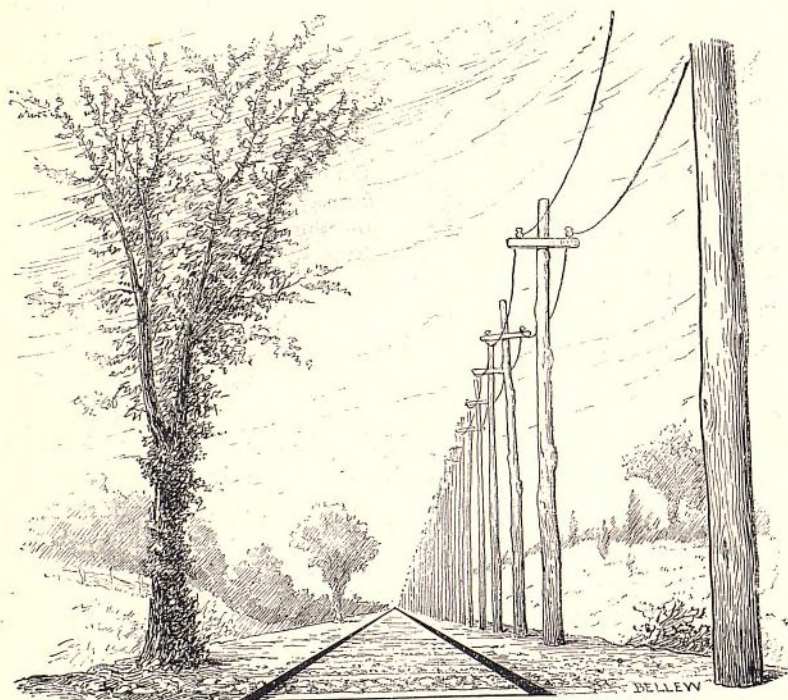


FIG. 9.



FIG. 4.

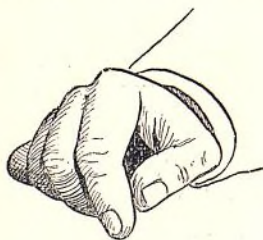


FIG. 6.



FIG. 5.



FIG. 7.

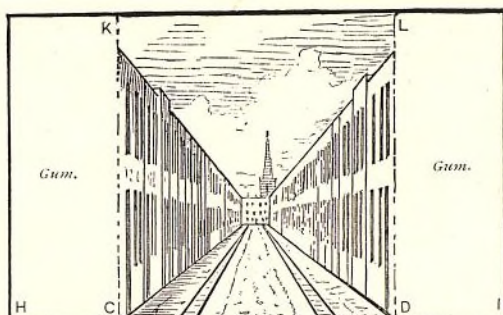
hand and a foot? Yet a glance at the annexed diagrams, Figures 6 and 7, will show you that the hand and the foot very often assume the forms which are outlined, respectively, in the two silhouettes.

The extent to which form will influence and pervert our perception of size is well illustrated in

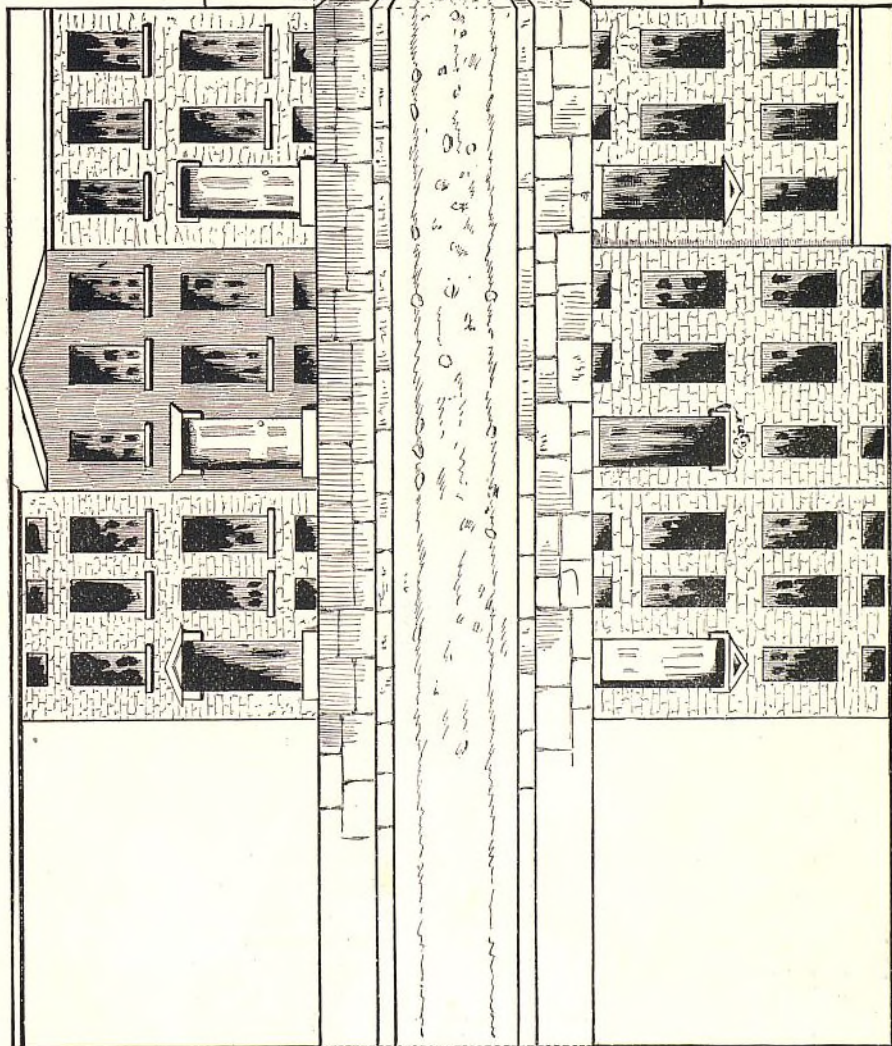
the same triangle appear, as the rails, in the sketch above (Fig. 9), wherein the track is seen "in perspective."

As a simple aid to the study of perspective, I have devised a little instrument, which may be improved into a pretty and amusing toy, as well as an instructive one.

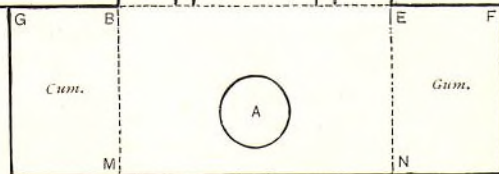
Take a sheet of card-board about eight inches high and five inches wide,



board all around, down to the outterule. Then, turning your card on its face, lay a flat ruler across it from M to K, and with the point of a sharp penknife cut a line *into* the card-board (but not *through* it) between these points, so



and on it trace a copy of the diagram shown on this page. Cut a round hole at A, and cut away the corners of the card-



that the side will easily bend squarely up, along the line of the cutting. Do the same from L to N and from G to F

and from H to I. Cut *entirely through* the cardboard, however, from G to B, from F to E, from H to C, and from I to D. Now fold the four sides of the diagram up into the form of a box, and paste the corners of the ends (marked "Gum") to the outside of the sides.

Now, if you look through the round hole, A, you will see a very long street, the roadway of the greater part of which will be formed by the little triangle, which looks so insignificant in the drawing.

Of course, the effect will be improved if you are enough of an artist to make the drawing upon a larger scale than that of the one here shown, — or if some friend will make an enlarged drawing for you. In that case a good way to make the model is to draw your diagram on paper and then paste its parts on the inside of a long box. The boxes in which ladies' corsets are packed are admirably suited for the purpose. By this means you get a stronger and stiffer model, although you may find a little trouble in pasting the drawing neatly and accurately inside the box.

By coloring the houses red, and brown, and white, and the sky blue, the effect will be very much improved.

From a careful study of this model, you will get

a very good idea of the first principles of perspective, which are very difficult to acquire from any kind of written explanation. Your eye will thus be taught to know what it sees when it views forms "in perspective," and you will realize that you have not before understood many of the reports of your own eyesight.

I do not know how useful this education of the eye might be to the world at large, except on the general principle that, in all things, accuracy is preferable to inaccuracy; but for all persons who are destined to be engaged in works of skill, from the mechanic to the artist, the training would undoubtedly be of great benefit.

In the present day, accuracy of eye is necessary in a great variety of callings, not only for the mechanic, in the production of manufactures, and the merchant, who must judge of the products, but for the thousands of employees on railroads, steamboats, and ferries, where the safety of life and property often depends, in great degree, upon this accuracy.

With the artist, the training of his eye to know what it sees should precede all other studies, or, at least, should keep step with every advance which he makes in the skill and dexterity belonging to his art.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BY R. W. LOWRIE.

OUR Bessie drew something, quite quickly and well,
But what was intended, could nobody tell;
It was not a dog, and it was not a cat,
So she gave it a tail and she called it a rat.

But the tail was so funny, we all had to laugh,
Then she rubbed it all out, and she next drew a calf.

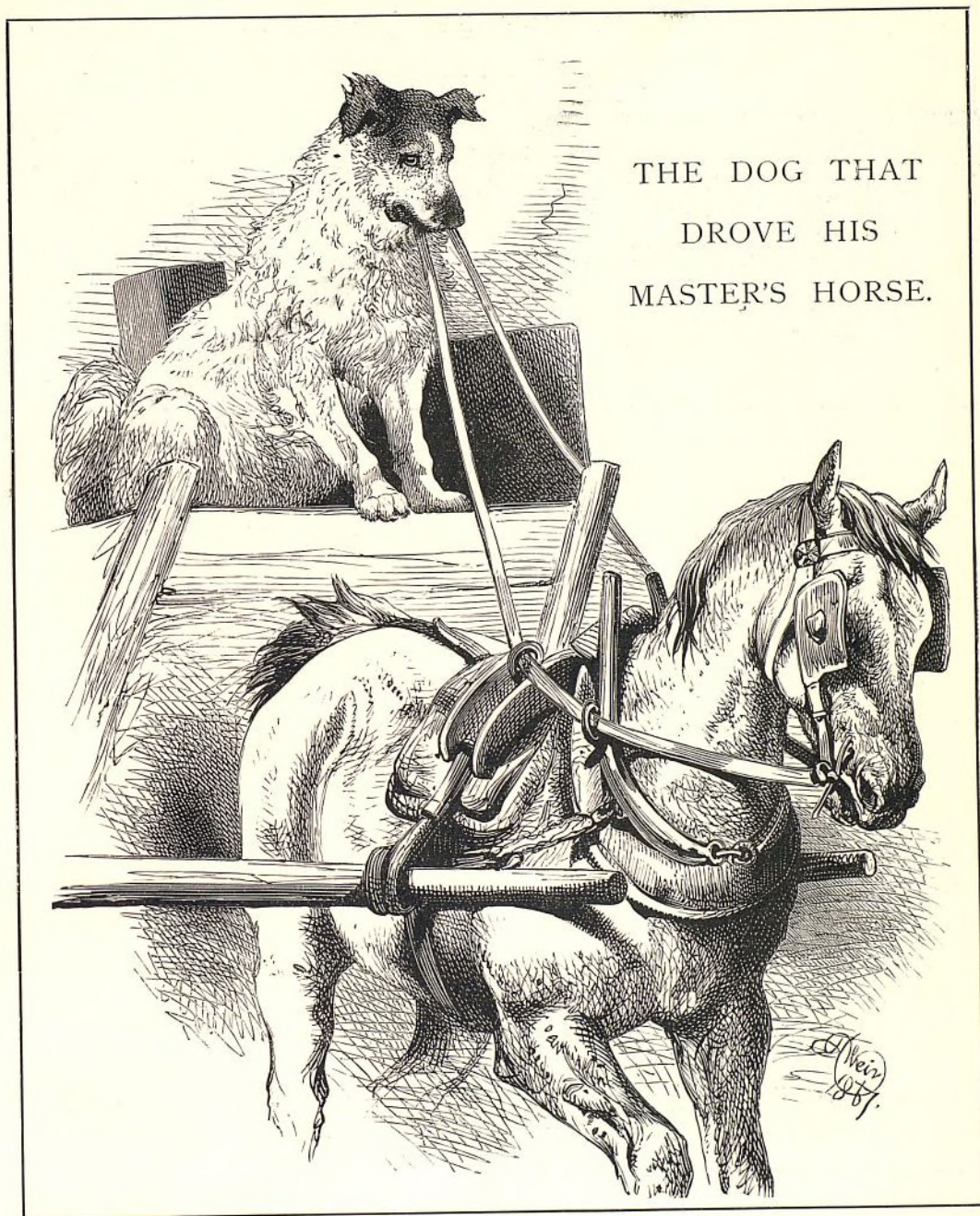
The calf, we all told her, was much like a sheep,
Or a pig half awake, or a goat half asleep.

And never was artist in greater distress,
Nor more persevering than poor little Bess.
Her fence was too crooked, her trees were too straight;

Her house always toppled half over the gate;
Her windows were never alike in their size,—
She could n't see right for the tears in her eyes.

But Uncle and Auntie soon bought her a rule,
And a book and a pencil, and sent her to school.
And the dear little artist is learning so well,
That her pigs from her cows you can easily tell.





WATCH is a good dog. His master has a cart full of new potatoes. Watch holds the reins in his mouth, and drives the gentle old horse while his master goes along the sidewalk, from house to house, saying: "New po-ta-toes! Want to buy any fine new potatoes to-day, ma'am?"

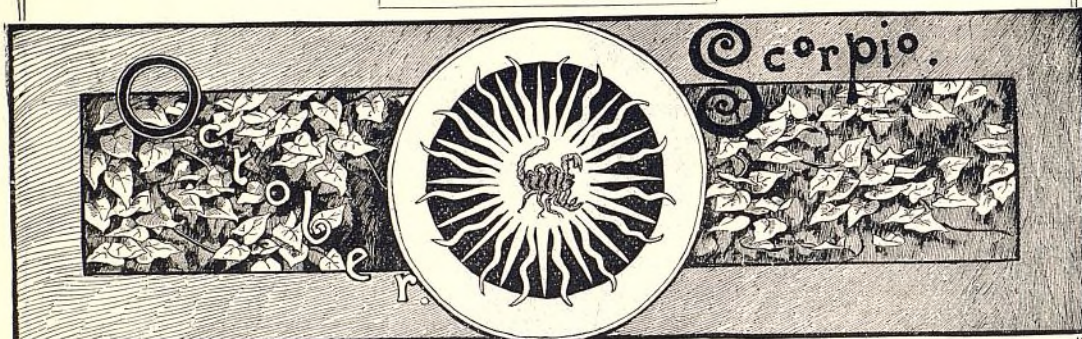
Watch and Old Steady, the horse, are great friends.

10th
MONTH.

THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC

OCTOBER,

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.

OCTOBER now invites the Sun
A Scorpion chase to try,And so he leaves us for a while
To sweep the southern sky.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Wed.	12	Aqua.	H. M. 11.49	
2	Thur.	13	Pisces	11.49	André executed, 1780.
3	Fri.	14	"	11.49	
4	Sat.	FULL	"	11.49	☾ eclipsed in rising.
5	S	16	Aries	11.48	17th Sunday after Trinity.
6	Mon.	17	"	11.48	Venus and Jup. nr. Reg.
7	Tues.	18	Taurus	11.48	Jupiter very close to Reg.
8	Wed.	19	"	11.47	Alfieri, died 1803.
9	Thur.	20	Orion	11.47	☾ near Saturn.
10	Fri.	21	Gemini	11.47	Benjamin West, born 1738.
11	Sat.	22	Cancer	11.47	America discovered, 1492.
12	S	23	"	11.46	18th Sunday after Trinity.
13	Mon.	24	Leo	11.46	
14	Tues.	25	Sextant	11.46	☾ nr. Venus and Jupiter.
15	Wed.	26	Leo	11.46	
16	Thur.	27		11.45	Kosciusko, died 1817.
17	Fri.	28		11.45	Burgoyne surrend' d 1777.
18	Sat.	NEW		11.45	
19	S	1		11.45	19th Sunday after Trinity.
20	Mon.	2		11.45	Moon near Mars.
21	Tues.	3	Scorpio	11.45	Battle of Trafalgar, 1805.
22	Wed.	4	Ophiuch	11.44	
23	Thur.	5	Sagit.	11.44	Marshal Junot, born 1771.
24	Fri.	6	"	11.44	Daniel Webster, died 1852.
25	Sat.	7	"	11.44	(26) ☾ p. ov. star 9.15 P.M.
26	S	8	Capri.	11.44	20th Sunday after Trinity.
27	Mon.	9	Aqua.	11.44	Capt. J. Cook, born 1728
28	Tues.	10	"	11.44	Cuba discovered, 1492.
29	Wed.	11	"	11.44	Metz surrendered, 1870.
30	Thur.	12	Pisces	11.44	R. B. Sheridan, born 1751.
31	Fri.	13	"	11.44	All Hallow E'en.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

PARTRIDGE in the fields are drumming.
Hark! The hunters now are coming.
Now each boy gets out his gun,
And with hope for sportsman's fun
Speeds away, away, away,
To the woods so brown and gay.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

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

OCTOBER 15th, 8.30 P. M.

SATURN is just on the eastern horizon and will be a fine object in the eastern sky about eleven o'clock. Aldebaran in *Taurus*, which we saw near SATURN in January is not very far off, for SATURN moves so slowly among the stars that it takes him thirty years to make that circuit of the zodiac constellations which the sun appears to, and the earth really does, make in one year, and the moon makes in less than a month. In fact, the moon changes her place among the stars more in a single day than SATURN does in a whole year.

Low down in the south is the most southern of the bright stars we see during the year. It is Fomalhaut. To persons living at the Cape of Good Hope or in Chili in South America this star passes overhead, just as Lyra does with us.

The Square of Pegasus is now nearly upright, and the first two stars, Markab the lower one and Sheat the upper one, are within less than an hour of being over our south mark.

High up in the east below the W of the constellation of *Cassiopeia*, is the constellation *Perseus*. It lies mostly along the *Milky Way* to the east of Capella. Its most prominent star, the highest on the edge of the *Milky Way*, is Miraf. The other bright star to the south of it is the remarkable variable star Algol, which fades and brightens again very mysteriously, once in every period of about two days and twenty-one hours.

Don't forget the occultation, as it is called, of Beta Capri by the moon, on the evening of the 26th, and the near approach of VENUS and JUPITER to the star Regulus, before dawn, on the morning of the 6th.

THE BEAR AND THE RABBIT.

"How is your October ale?" said the Rabbit to a big black Bear. "I heard you were *bruin*, so I thought I would step round and bring you some hops."

"Glad you did!" said the big black Bear, as he gobbled him up; "I have been waiting for a *rare-bit* for some time."

"Mercy!" said the rest of the Rabbit family, who had been watching at a safe distance. "Guess we 'd better go home without the ale, or something will ail us." So saying, they turned around and hopped off.

* The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"WINE will be plenty this year!" cried October, staggering in under a great load of vines. "I shall have about all I can do to attend to these, Mother, and I'm afraid the trees will not be so brilliant as usual this year, for I don't see how I shall get time to dye them, and you know there is plenty of other work to be done."

"It does seem as if all the odds and ends of the year were left for you, my dear," said Mother Nature, "and I know you have a busy time of it. But I should miss my pretty scarlet leaves and berries so much! You must ripen the nuts, and, if possible, give a bit of frost before you go, to open the burs a little; the squirrels are growing impatient, to say nothing of the children. You ought to get the robins started, too, on their way to the South."

"Well," said October, "I have a sunny temper, and I'll be as lively as I can; I suppose I must do what I can for the cider, too."

THE GOSSIP OF THE NUTS.

SAID the Shagbark to the Chestnut,
"Is it time to leave the burr?"
"I don't know," replied the Chestnut,
"There's Hazel Nut—ask her."

"I don't dare to pop my nose out,
Till Jack Frost unlocks the door,
Besides, I'm in no hurry
To increase the squirrels' store."

"A telegram from Peanut says
That she is on the way;
And the Pecan Nuts are ripening,
In Texas, so they say."

Just here the little Beech Nut,
In his three-cornered hat,
Remarked in tiny piping voice:
"I'm glad to hear of that;

"For then my charming cousin,
So very much like me,

Miss Chinquapin will come with them,
And happy I shall be."

Then Butternut spoke up and said:
"T will not be long before
I'll have to move my quarters
To the farmer's garret floor;

"With Hickory and Walnut,
Good company I'll keep,
And there, until Thanksgiving,
Together we shall sleep."

Said the Shagbark: "I am tired
Of being cooped up here;
I want to go to see the world;
Pray, what is there to fear?"

"I'll stay up here no longer;
I'll just go pouncing down.
So good-bye, Sister Chestnut!
We'll meet again in town."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"ST. NICHOLAS" is eleven years old this month, and a fine, lusty young magazine as one could expect to find in a century of Octobers.

Bless him, my girls; throw up your caps for him, my boys; and one and all give him three hearty cheers. Let everybody come to his Birthday Party, here on my meadow, next month.

Now I'll read you a letter about

"GARDEN QUESTIONS" ANSWERED.

HERE is the first correct set of answers to "A Few Simple Garden Questions":

DEAR JACK: I read in the August number of ST. NICHOLAS your few simple garden questions, and thought I would try to answer some.

The leaf that bears the letter V is the clover; the leaf that bears a mark resembling a horse-shoe is the geranium. If you pull the Star of Bethlehem to pieces, the stamens and pistils will form a lyre. In the larkspur, which is a double flower, are very pretty doves. The fern grows its seed under its surface. I have never found two pieces of ribbon-grass exactly alike. From a constant reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

L. E. M.

The dear Little School-ma'am, who says that L. E. M. has not found the best lyre, asks me to show him this old "jingle" by the editor:

"I know where there's a beautiful shoe—
Tiny and fair and ready for you;
It hides away in the balsam-flower,
But I'll find you a pair in less than an hour.

"Thank you my laddie; now this I'll do,
I'll pluck a heart-flower* just for you.
The hearts hang close on a bending spray;
And every heart hides a lyre away.

"How shall you find it? I'll tell you true:
You gently sunder the heart in two,
And, under the color, as white as milk,
You'll find the lyre with its strings of silk."

* *Dicentra cucullaria*.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE DOG.

MADISON, WIS., August 9, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I want to tell you a little story about something that happened in the park here. There are lots of little gray squirrels in the park. One day a dog began chasing one of them; the squirrel ran up a tree, and the dog began barking at him. The squirrel began chuckling back to the dog as much as to say to him, you're a great deal bigger than I am, but you can't climb a tree though. After the squirrel thought he had teased the dog enough, he jumped from the tree right upon the dog's back, and began scratching him. The dog ran howling away. The squirrel ran back up the tree in great glee. From your affectionate little reader,

KATIE M. THOMPSON.

VENERABLE DOGS AND HORSES.

YOU probably remember, my attentive friends, that in July last we read a great many replies to the question I had asked you in April concerning the ages attained by horses and dogs.

As I asked only for replies based upon personal knowledge, it was surprising to see how many authentic instances were then made known of dogs living over fourteen, and horses over thirty years of age. Well, they were not all. Many letters were laid over for the personal consideration of the Deacon and the dear Little School-ma'am; and now I am requested by those two very good and honored friends of yours to complete the record. So here is the pith of the most interesting replies:

ALBERT W. C., of Brooklyn, sends authentic account of "Sorrel," a horse of thirty-five years now living, and adds: "His owner keeps him more for what he has been than for what he is now."

WALTHAM.

We have a neighbor whose horse is known to be thirty-six years old. It may interest your readers to know that I had a canary-bird that lived to the age of thirteen years. Your friend, JOSIE FORD.

STREATHAM, S. W., ENGLAND.

We had a gray and black Pomeranian dog, called "Rab," which was fifteen years old when he died, last July. ETHEL M. M.

NELLIE PHELPS, of Cuba, knows two dogs which are past eighteen years of age. M. C. G. says that his friend B. S. Gifford, of Westport, Mass., owned a black-and-tan dog that lived to be seventeen years old, and was then killed by an accident. L. M. D., of California, writes that he has a dog "twenty-one years of age, and alive yet." H. F., of Govanstown, Md., sent a fine photograph of "Old Sam," a favorite horse of Gen. Berry, of Baltimore; also an account in a local newspaper of the death of this noble animal—"a bob-tailed bright bay, having reached the remarkable age of thirty-nine years, eleven months, and seventeen days." This veteran horse would have been forty years old had he lived fourteen days longer.

RUTLAND, VT.

My uncle, who lives in Burlington, Vt., used to own a horse that is now thirty-one years old, and shows no sign of dying yet.

My cousin had a dog that lived to be nearly sixteen years old, and then did not die a natural death, but was shot.

My father once had a pony that lived over thirty-four years.

C. W. ALLEN.

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

My grandmother had a horse that lived to be forty-one years old. Grandmamma has now in use a horse thirty-three years of age. Mr. B., a friend of ours, owns one which has lived twenty-seven years, and is as spry as one of six.

Then, I knew personally of a Newfoundland dog sixteen years old.

Yours truly,

JOHN H. C.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

Our neighbor had a dog which was bought for his eighteen-year-old son, when a baby. They kept him until last fall, when he had to be destroyed, for he had the rheumatism, and suffered dreadfully. I mean the dog, of course.

Ever your ardent admirer,

GRACE MILDRED B.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

I think it may interest you and the readers of ST. NICHOLAS to hear about a little dog of my uncle's. It is now sixteen years old, and is so small that my uncle has carried it all over Europe with him in his pocket. It is a very valuable species of black-and-tan. It was named after some great Russian general. I believe it is Von Moltke

Your friend,

L. F. H.

OFFICE OF CHIEF OF POLICE, CITY HALL, }
PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 28, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have gathered the following facts in relation to our fourfooted companions, viz., dogs, from the owners personally; the following-named persons have dogs over fourteen:

Sylvester L. Ripley, Chatham Street, Newfoundland, aged fifteen.
Ellery Sears, hotel, Canal Street, skye terrier, sixteen years old.
Michael Cummings, Broadway, yellow terrier, eighteen years old.
Peleg A. James, Chalkstone Avenue, Newfoundland, aged fifteen.
Wm. H. Fenner, 133 Fountain Street, Scotch terrier, aged fifteen.
Thomas Lincoln, Providence, black-and-tan, fifteen years old.
Edwin Gorham, Providence, greyhound, fifteen years old.
Samuel M. Noyes, of this city, has an Esquimaux dog that is in the neighborhood of fifteen years of age, the dog invariably comes with Mr. Noyes to my office, and sits up on his haunches near me while I make out the necessary paper to ensure his longevity.

After making out the license, I give it to the dog, who carries it to his master, and then returns to me with money to pay for it. He evinces his pleasure after paying by sundry short barks and a continual wagging of his tail, and a knowing look as he passes out can be construed that he knows he is all right for one more year. And, as far as the license paper is concerned, he is.

One gentleman in this city owns a fine coach dog, well known by all his neighbors, and they are in the habit of giving the dog pen-

A BRAVE CAT-FISH MOTHER.

It is rarely that the fishes, with their staring eyes that can neither open nor shut, and expressionless faces, make any great display of their likes and dislikes, but when they do, they are very apt to astonish us. Can it be possible, we say, that a fish has any power of feeling emotion? But hear what my friend Mr. Holder tells me. He says that Dr. C. C. Abbott, the well-known naturalist, or some one whom Dr. Abbott knew, once saw a young brood of cat-fish (or kitten-fish, whichever you please) following their mother in a creek; and, securing them with a net, he placed them all in a glass globe two feet from the water. The mother fish seemed to know at once that something unusual had happened, and swam about for some time, evidently observing her babies alive and well, though not able to understand it. Several times she approached near the globe, then swam back as if undetermined; but finally she swam into shallow water, and using her side, or pectoral, fins as feet, fairly wriggled on dry land to the base of the globe. Here their captor carefully liberated



nies, which he takes to his master, a trick taught him by a former owner, and being rewarded by a soda-cracker. The gentleman informed me that during one year the dog collected nineteen dollars and eighty-five cents. The animal will take nothing but a penny, refusing nickels and silver. He is a great friend of the children, and many a penny teased from indulgent fathers, which otherwise would be spent for candy, goes into the dog's mouth.

Yours truly,

S. F. BLANDING.

WESSINGTON, DAKOTA.

I have seen a horse that was thirty-five; and then he did not die a natural death, but fell from a cliff.

At the place where we boarded when I was a little girl, they had a dog that was eighteen years old.

I have always kept at a respectful distance from mules, and so can tell you nothing about them. Yours truly, FANNY SHANNON.

the young fishes, when, to use his language, "they immediately clustered about her, and followed her into deep water." Now, you see this cat-fish not only showed a motherly anxiety for the fate of her young, but she was willing to do a difficult and very dangerous act in order to go to them. She bore the severe suffering of being out of the water, and braved all the pain and unusual strain upon her fins in crawling upon the ground after her little ones. After this I shall have more respect for even the minnows that sport in the little brook running near my pulpit.

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR frontispiece this month, drawn by Mr. George F. Barnes, almost tells its own story. The court jester, weary of his quips and cranks, has sought a few moments' respite from the scenes of royal pomp or pastime. In this secluded corner, he has thrown down the monk-like hood, or cap, such as nearly all court jesters wore in the olden time, and he has been thinking, perhaps, the serious thoughts that even jesters must sometimes know. Or perhaps he has been laboriously devising some new joke with which to make the castle ring, or sharpening a shaft of wit which shall pierce some pert upstart of the royal company or at least please his rather tedious Majesty, the King. When, suddenly,—just as he is looking grave and even care-worn (for what task can be more difficult than that of always trying to be funny?)—his face lights up with a surprised smile. Somebody actually is amusing the jester himself! It is the little prince, who, in his wanderings about the castle, has come upon the weary man, and in a spirit of fun has donned the jester's cap, making its bells jingle cheerily with every saucy shake of his young head. His little Highness is quick and imitative. Already he has upon his lips some witty taunt, for that is what he has heard most often from the jester himself.

Here we shall leave them, content to feel that the sober-minded merry-maker and the happy but royalty-trammeled boy may at least have a few moments of mutual enjoyment, and perhaps of friendly talk,—who knows? It is not easy to deceive a bright little boy, prince or no prince, and he may ask a question or two that will give the jester the comfort of saying, with a sigh: "Go to, Little Master! One who must jest for others in order to live and to dress in fine motley, must sometimes sigh and weep for himself." "Nay, then, I'll be thy little Fool, and cheer thee," says the prince, softly. "Give me thy bauble!"

WILLOW HILL.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Some of us girls are greatly interested lately in the question of *slang*. We have acquired the habit of using it, and it has grown on us until people are beginning to shake their heads at us, and we get hints from all sides that it is not a lady-like accomplishment; but it is so hard to give it up. However, although we use it, that we are very loath to give it up. However, although we are a pretty gay set of girls, we do want to be considered *ladies*, and we would endeavor to break ourselves of the habit if we really believed it to be "rough" and vulgar, as some people have rather broadly hinted to us. Now, wont you please let us bother you,—or the dear, patient Little School-ma'am,—by asking what you think about it? It seems to us as if our conversation would sound extremely *prim* and starchy if we were prohibited from indulging in *slang*—of a mild type. But we will abide by your decision in the matter, and wait anxiously for your reply.

Yours devotedly, *for slang*,

NELL.

You and the other girls, friend Nell, will, we feel confident, be much interested in the paper on "Slang" in the present number of ST. NICHOLAS. Indeed, your own letter furnished the text for Mrs. Runkle's admirable article, which we heartily commend to all our readers, old and young.

Perhaps you could have answered your own question about the propriety of using slang, had you stopped to consider what slang is. Broadly speaking, it is the colloquial tongue, the familiar speech, of the lower classes; of people too ignorant and too indolent to express their ideas in correct English. Should you not say, then, that the constant use of this makeshift must tend to blunt the faculty of expression? If you use slang freely, just notice your own speech, and you will observe that you do not try to convey your thought, whatever that may be, in the most exact and vivid words, but that you adopt some ready-made phrase, more or less inappropriate. As a lady, you would be ashamed to wear tasteless, flashy, and ill-fitting gowns. Ought you to be less fastidious about the clothing of your thoughts, "the immortal part of you"? As a studious school-girl, Nell, remember that, next to developing ideas, it is the business of your education to develop fit and refined forms of utterance for those ideas. And if, as your letter implies, you fear that a state of semi-speechlessness will follow your rejection of slang, you may be sure (you and the other girls who are "devoted" to that low-bred intruder) that your dependence on it is already hazardous, and that your ideas stand in danger of becoming as limited as their forms of expression.

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS has written for "The Letter-Box" this harrowing ballad, which he calls

REMORED.

By S. CONANT FOSTER.

ONCE a sweet little boy sat and swung on a limb,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee;
On the ground stood a sparrow-bird looking at him,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.
Now, the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad;
So it shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
And it killed the poor boy, and the sparrow was glad.
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee;
"Tell me where is my little boy, sparrow-bird, please,"
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.
"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird said,
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee;
But it was n't by me that the story was fixed,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.
'T was a dream a boy had after killing a bird,
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.

OCEANIC, N. J., July, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma suggested last winter that on rainy days we should spend our time in making fancy articles, and she promised, that if we finished what we began and succeeded in getting together enough articles to hold a fair, we should have one on our lawn during the summer.

With the help of little friends, we had our fair on the 5th of July, when we made \$150.00 for the Fresh Air Fund. This goes to show how much little girls can do, after all.

We are city children, but enjoy our summers in the country so much that we were anxious to make other children as happy as ourselves.

LULU, BERTHA, AND ISABEL.

ST. GENEVIEVE CO., MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brothers and I have been taking your magazine for two years, and we like it very much. Its pleasant face stopped coming a few months ago, and I now write to renew our subscription again, as we are quite lost without it. My brother Joseph likes best to read such pieces as the "Brooklyn Bridge," the "Obelisk," and the "Telescope," but I must confess I like "Grandmother's Pearls" much better.

During the long evenings last winter, Mamma read aloud to us the "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill," Papa listening with the rest. We all thought it splendid. Mr. Trowbridge is such a good writer. We live in the country, seven miles from St. Mary with two other Sunday, as papa was coming home from St. Mary with two other gentlemen, and as they were crossing the Big Salim Bridge, just as they came near the middle pier, with a loud crash it gave way beneath them, precipitating horses and riders a distance of about twenty-five feet into the deep muddy waters below. Papa escaped with some severe bruises, but one of the gentlemen was very badly hurt in the head, and is now very sick. Papa was riding a nice big horse we call "Jeff," who got fast in the heavy timber and came near being drowned, staying in the water about an hour, until assistance came. With the aid of a skiff and an axe, he was finally secured, with but few scratches.

This is a very long letter for a little girl, so I will stop writing.
Your constant reader, LOUISE A. P.

LOUISE A. P. and her brothers will be glad to learn that Mr. Trowbridge has written another long story, which will appear in ST. NICHOLAS next year.

In connection with Mrs. Champney's paper on the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa.,—printed in this number,—the following letter from an Indian girl in the far West will interest our readers:

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, May, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of the Indian school-girls at St. John's Boarding-School. I am twelve years old. Five years ago I did not know a word of English nor a figure. In one number of St. NICHOLAS I read a story of an Indian boy named Onawandah. I like Jack-in-the-Pulpit best. We had "The Three Sombre Young Men" on Christmas. The girls sang the part that went to the tune of "Lightly Row," and a gentleman sang Santa Claus's part. He was so little that Mr. Kinney had to put pillows in his buffalo overcoat to make him big enough. He had a belt with little bells on it, and while we were singing "Hark! How Clear," he shook himself till the bells all rang.

Now, I must tell you a little about the fruits. We have more buffalo-berries and wild grapes than cherries or plums. The buffalo-berries are as large as cherry-stones, and they are bright red. To gather them we put sheets on the ground, cut branches, and hit them with a stick to shake off the berries. It is pretty hard work to pick them, but they make nice jelly.

Yours truly,

LOUISE C.

190 NUNANU AVE., HONOLULU, H. I., June, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write this letter hoping that it will be printed and put into the Letter-box. I am an American girl, nine years old, living out in the Sandwich Islands. I have taken you for a great many years, and I think you are the best magazine I ever read. I like the story of the "Philopena" very much indeed.

MADGE K. W.

FORT CUMMINGS, N. M., July, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for a long time, ever since 1880, and I like you very much. I am very much interested in "Marvin and his Boy Hunters," and I am very sorry that

"The Scarlet Tanager" is ended. I have a little white mule named "Tom," and I hope he will live to be as old as that one of Professor Mapes's. This is a very queer old place; there is an old fort here. The officers and their families used to live inside the walls of the old fort at the time when the Indians were so bad, three years ago. I would like very much to see my letter in print, as it is the first I have ever written.

Yours truly,

G. O.

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little lame girl, and I live in New Orleans. I have a lovely pony; it is pure white, and I have a little phaeton. I go out driving nearly every evening. My pony is named "St. Nicholas." Oh! I do love that magazine so much. Miss Alcott's stories are lovely. Please print this letter. I am eight years old. I wrote this letter all by myself, but sister told me how to spell a few words.

Your constant reader,

MAY.

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR, DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We read the "S. F. B. P." in the August number, and find that with misspelling two words George could have had the whole alphabet engraved on the shield and translated it: Alice Benedict Could Divulge Exciting Facts. George Himself Inwardly Judged Kind Little Maiden Naughty. "Oh, Pretty Quaint Rosy Sister, Tell Us Veraciously!" "What, Xplain Yourself Zoon." As this may interest some of your numerous readers, will you not print it and oblige your admirers, Prue, Fanny, Carrie, Nan, Mark, Hugh, Harry, Frank, Jack, and "the twins," Madge and Connell.

We are sorry to disappoint so many of our young friends by not being able to print their pleasant letters to us, but there is space for only a small number. Our thanks are due especially to: John F. Kaufman, Anna Tidball, X. Y. Z., Hester M. F. Powell, Bertha E. Firth, Marion M. De Vere, "Bessie B.," Hattie B. Knox, Bluetie and Blanchette Durval, Allie B. M., H. H. Eastburn, Annie F. Talbot, and "S. K."

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-SECOND REPORT.

On returning home from a delightful vacation by the sea, we find a deskfull of pleasant letters from old and new friends of the Association, all expressing earnest interest, and many breathing real enthusiasm. We note first the following

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
684	Gilbertsville, N. Y. (A)....	7..Miss Katherine Gilbert.	
685	Michigan City, Ind. (A)....	8..J. F. Clearwater.	
686	Lunenburg, Mass. (A).....	5..James S. Pray.	
687	Adrian, Mich. (A).....	10..Arthur P. Lewis, Lock-box 296.	
688	Landis Valley, Pa. (A)....	4..H. K. Landis (Lancaster Co.)	
689	Coldwater, Mich. (A).....	12..Miss Bertha Rose.	
690	Butler, Missouri (A).....	4..Harvey Clark (Bates Co.)	
691	Red Bank, N. J. (A).....	7..P. B. Sickels, Box 277.	

REORGANIZED.

174	Easton, Pa. (B).....	7..Thomas S. March.
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DISSOLVED.

147 and 466.

EXCHANGES.

Correspondence desired in regard to exchanging insects.—Geo. W. Dunbar, Jr., Williamsville, N. Y.
Soil of Pennsylvania or New Jersey, for that of any other State.—Alden March, care Prof. F. A. March, Easton, Penn.
Skins of small animals. Western correspondents preferred.—W. B. Olney, East Providence, R. I.
Crinoid stems and zoophytes, for a medium-sized, live horned toad.—E. M. Traber, box 161, Hamilton, Ohio.
Pressed ferns (maiden-hair), for birds' eggs.—Miss Mabel Foye, Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., California.

Petrified wood, mosses, and ferns, for a second-hand Packard's Geology.—Miss Fannie Staples, Linden, California.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

The present Secretary of Plantsville, Ct., B. No. 257, is Albert L. Ely. [It is very important that the office of Secretary be permanent, unless quite impossible.]

Frederick H. Scott, of Westfield, Mass., asks whether chipmunks eat fish, and, if so, whether they take them from the water.

Philadelphia, H. 198, has "a library of 145 books, and a reading-room, which is open once a week."

Since our organization, April 18th, this year, we have held regular meetings every week. Although we have few specimens as yet, we intend to enlarge our collection rapidly. We have not been idle, but have had quite a number of essays read, and our President, W. C. Watts, delivered three lectures on the "Construction of Plants," which were very interesting. Members of our Chapter were very much pleased with the new hand-books, and their interest in the study of nature is doubled. All agree that since we joined the "A. A." we have seen and learned more of the things around us than we ever dreamed of before.—Frank M. Davis, Sec. Chapter D, No. 638, of St. Louis, Mo.

SAN FRANCISCO.

I send you our report of work done during the last three months. We took the course of botany recommended in St. NICHOLAS, and found it very interesting and instructive. We bring in reports regularly on optional subjects, or such as may be selected by the President. We have had one debate, which was fair, considering that it was our first attempt. Since our admission we have elected three new members, making a total of nine. We have a cabinet, which contains many valuable things, including minerals, coins, birds' eggs, and shells. We meet every Friday evening. When we have money enough we intend to buy a microscope.—Yours sincerely, N. Sinclair, Sec. Chap. G, No. 527, No. 633 Tyler St., San Francisco, Cal.

The Secretary from Pomfret Center, A., writes: "I can not tell you the delight we have in belonging to the Association. A walk has new meaning to us because of it."

Dorchester, Mass., No. 429: "The meetings are much more interesting, and better order is preserved than last year."

Peru, Mass., 492: "We have held meetings at the school-house on Friday afternoons, and various papers have been presented instead of rhetorical. These papers have been on familiar topics, as spiders, butterflies, house flies, etc., and all statements given are the result of actual observation. The very minutest details are called for. This teaches the value of accurate description, and illustrates our motto, 'The wise man's eyes are in his head, but the fool walketh in darkness.'"—H. Ada Stowell.

We are continually surprised and gratified by the ingenuity of our Chapters in devising new plans and methods. See the following bright letter from No. 87:

The last two months have been two of unusual activity in our Chapter. What with preparations for our entertainment and the work of the Chapter we have had our hands full. Our entertainment was, in all respects, a success, netting us the handsome sum of \$51.00; which was a very good result, as our expenses were not light (\$27.00). We have had a discussion of "Birds and their Habits," and lectures on "Glaciers, Chemistry," etc. Our cabinet is constantly receiving new and rare additions, our library is increasing, and everything seems to prosper. Our anniversary and exhibition will soon take place. Your kind answers to our reports always give us new encouragement, and we think that the more interest we take the more it will please you, and tend to elevate the already good standard of the Association.—Yours respectfully, Frederic Schneider.

Here follows an admirable plan for supplying the Chapter cabinet with specimens:

Our Chapter has added four members to the four with which it started, and we have very interesting meetings. We have a club-room, which was given to us by the father of one of our members, and the college has given us a cabinet, the shelves of which are filled with a fine collection of minerals, given to us by the President of our Chapter, from whom we have received many of our specimens. In one of the drawers are kept about fifty eggs, most of which were collected by the members last season. In another drawer we keep our bird-skins. Many of these are rare, and they all were collected by the members. This collection is fast increasing, and next summer we hope to add many more. In the rest of the drawers are shells, the larger part of which were presented by our President. We have also two cases of insects. We have been accustomed to have "excursions," as we call them. We spend a morning or afternoon out in the fields or woods getting what specimens we can. Every specimen we get on these "excursions" is for the cabinet of the Chapter. In this way we have got many of our finest specimens. Our favorite books are "Macalister's Zoology of Invertebrates and Vertebrates," in two volumes; "A. S. Packard's Briefer Course in Zoology," and "Miss Buckley's Fairy-land of Science."—Yours very truly, Charles W. Spencer, Waterville, Me.

Seewickley, Pa., No. 532, writes: "Since our last report our Chapter has been very active. We have found a great many fossils on the banks of the Ohio. We have found great difficulty in getting them out whole, having tried a great many instruments. We split them very often. Will some one please tell us a way to get them out?"—B. H. Christy, Sec., box 41.

[If any one can send this information to the President it will be of general interest.]

523, Baltimore, G, writes: "We have one Saturday in each month, when we give all the specimens we get to the Chapter museum."

SANDUSKY, O., Aug. 4, 1884.
"Progressing finely. Great enthusiasm shown by all members. We have two hundred fossils. Expect to give an entertainment soon. Every two months every member brings in a new book, so we are getting quite a library."—J. Youngs, Jr., Ch. 650.

The following wide-awake letter is the type of scores that we constantly receive, and that as constantly rejoice our hearts:

I suppose you almost imagine that our Chapter must by this time be dead and gone, because we have never once written; but, on the contrary, it is not dead, nor has it any consumptive symptom. It has all the youth and strength of a vigorous growth. I had a few spare moments now, and so I thought I would let you know of our existence.

Since the genesis of our Chapter we have had a somewhat slow, but, at the same time, steady growth. What meetings have been held have been at my "study," and without a single exception have been well attended and full of interest. We have principally confined our "talks" and subjects to entomology, and have found an abundance to interest and instruct in this one branch. We

already have a "cabinet" and some cases of insects grouped and classified. There is a promise of good times and evenings well-spent for the coming winter. We have read with a great interest "our" department in ST. NICHOLAS every month.

But this was to be only a note, as I know you have plenty to do with all your time.—Wishing success on our common brotherhood, I am truly yours, S. D. Sammis, Sec. N. Y., N.

The plan of electing members shown by the next letter is worth considering by other Chapters. The tree-idea is also new, ingenious, and pretty:

BARABOO, WIS.

I am happy at last to be able to thank you for your kindness in writing to me while I could not see. The sight has almost all returned to one of my eyes, and the other is improving quite fast.

Our Chapter now numbers thirteen members, and there are several who wish to join, but we try to get only those that are interested, and have adopted a new way of finding out; we let any wishing to join come to two meetings before voting on their names, then if they still wish to join and have shown interest in the work they will be admitted.

We all have silver engraved badges, and were pleasantly surprised when we received them to find them much prettier than we had expected. A short time ago we had Prof. Butler from Madison, Wis., to lecture for us. We have rented a room which opens into the room which the Art Association of Baraboo occupy. I think that art and nature are very good companions. Don't you? Our Chapter intends to hold meetings once a month to which visitors will be invited.

Our collection of bird's-nests and eggs is quite large, and we have arranged them in the branch of a tree that is fastened in the corner of the room and spreads on each side about six or eight feet; to the top branches we fasten wasps' nests, etc.; at the foot the ground-bird's-nests are arranged among grasses, ferns, and mosses. We make a rule that the nests must not be robbed of all the eggs, or the nest taken until after the birds have left it.

In answer to some of the questions in May number of ST. NICHOLAS, I think that toads are useful in destroying insects that are injurious to vegetation. Flies are useful as scavengers. Squirrels do drink water when they are caged, and I suppose they do when free. I have heard that prairie-dogs, unless in the vicinity of a stream or lake, get water by digging wells. I have two prairie-dogs, and they drink a great deal of water. They were very wild when I received them about a week ago, but now they are as tame as my Guinea-pigs, with which they are quite friendly. One or two of the girls with myself have begun an herbarium.—Yours respectfully, Marie MacKenna.

Every young botanist will be stimulated by this report from Wilmington:

My father is a florist and botanist, so I have a fine chance to study botany. Last summer I examined about four hundred flowers, and I am going to begin again as soon as spring comes. Papa has a collection of over three thousand plants, which he says he will give to me if I make a botanist of myself.

I have a great many minerals; I wish I knew more about them. I have also a collection of butterflies and moths, and some cocoons, which I am keeping until the insects come out. Last summer and the summer before I caught caterpillars and kept them in a box, and fed them until they spun their cocoons. They did not burst until May or June of the next year. I have one butterfly very much like the "Papilio Asterias" in form, but the fore-wings are velvety, black, and without spots, slightly greenish near the hind border; the hind wings are peacock-blue, very glossy, with five small, irregular, white crescents, instead of the blue and yellow spots on the "Asterias." I have seen but one like it. I keep my butterflies in a large pine box; on the bottom I spread insect powder, and laid over it a sheet of white paper. I have never seen any signs of insect pests.—Yours truly, Mary H. Tatnall, Wilmington, Del.

NORTH GRANVILLE, N. Y.

I have the honor to submit to you the first bi-monthly report of the Granville A. Chapter 594, of the "A. A." Our number has increased from nine to thirteen. We have a room in which weekly meetings are held, and also a cabinet and some specimens. All have been greatly benefited by the formation of a Chapter.—Yours respectfully, James E. Rice.

At the time of going to press it is too early to give any account of the meeting in Philadelphia.

President's address:

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy,
Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

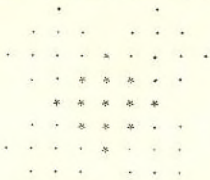
DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

THE diagonals, reading downward, from left to right, and from right to left, each form a word meaning genuine.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Torn. 2. A graceful plant. 3. Belonging to two. 4. Pernicious.

HELEN R. D.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In miser. 2. The juice of plants. 3. A city in New England. 4. An inclosed seat in a church. 5. In miser.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In miser. 2. A sailor. 3. A manufacturer. 4. A color. 5. In miser.

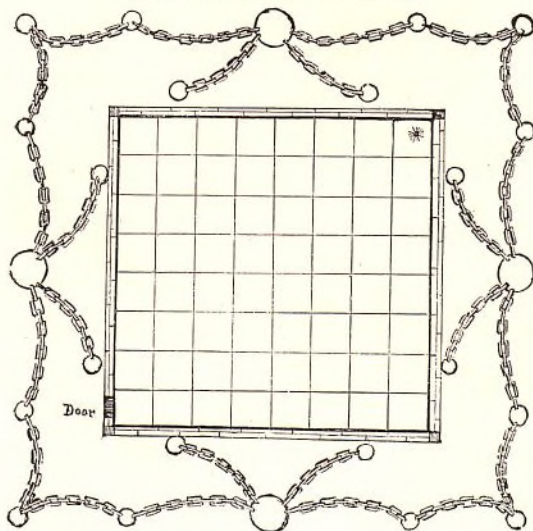
III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In miser. 2. Conflict. 3. The chief magistrate of a city. 4. To decay. 5. In miser.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In miser. 2. To obstruct. 3. The land belonging to a nobleman. 4. Sixteen and a half feet. 5. In miser.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In miser. 2. A point. 3. One who is carried. 4. A powerful weapon when skillfully wielded. 5. In miser.

JOHN K. MILES.

THE PRISONER'S PUZZLE.



EACH of these sixty-four squares represents a prisoner's cell. There are four doors in each cell,—one on each side. There are supposed to be no doors in the *edge* of the diagram, beside the one indicated. In the cell indicated by a star is a prisoner, who has been told he may have his liberty if he can reach the entrance marked "door," and not go through any cell twice excepting his own. He must, however, go through *every* cell. Show the path by which the prisoner reached the door.

WALTER C.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-nine letters, and am a couplet written by Herrick.

My 45-26-13 is to enumerate. My 56-65-30-7 is a suggestion. My 33-27-15-47-52-21 is something very inflammable. My 61-18-25 is a bog. My 29-53-68-40-9-50-11-54 is the relation in which Queen Victoria stands to Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of

George III. My 64-35-8 is a very small spot. My 48-67-34-12-20-69 is a covering for the head. My 36-49-51-41-59-4 is a scuffle. My 1-3-66-46-14-55-23-38-19-10 is engaging. My 32-30-63-16 is a uniting tie. My 22-44-31-2-42 is closes. My 5-62-17-28-43-57 is a very small fresh-water fish. My 6-37-58-24-60 is a small glass bottle.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARES.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence.

I. 1. Sister Anna directed the workmen where to go. 2. We went to Balmoral one day to view the castle. 3. Why does your kitten, Tabby, doze nearly all the time? 4. The miner threw the money down carelessly. 5. He pays his rent so promptly, he is considered a good tenant.

II. 1. Be careful not to rub lancets of such fine make with so rough a stone. 2. Has Ella borrowed your ball? 3. I want to borrow a bat Ed promised to loan to me. 4. It is no test of strength to merely lift an Indian club. 5. Shall Alec rest under your tree while I return to the cottage?

"ALMA" AND "HARRY."

CHARADE.

My *first* is a band of brothers,
A noble band, and strong,
Who spend their lives in doing good
And striking out the wrong.

My *whole* must be my *second*,
My *second* my *whole* may be,
Or ne'er to my *first* be admitted,
For such is the decree.

M. C. D.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.

FIND the names of the authors of the following quotations. Then take the fourth letter of the name of the author of the first quotation, the second letter of the second name, the fourth letter of the third name, the first letter of the fourth name, the fifth letter of the fifth name, the fourth letter of the sixth name, the third letter of the seventh name, the third letter of the eighth name, the seventh letter of the ninth name, and the first letter of the tenth. The letters thus obtained will form a poet's name:

1. Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.
2. No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.
3. Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers.
4. Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
5. The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.
6. True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
7. Where go the poet's lines?
Answer, ye evening tapers
Ye anburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!
8. He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.
9. Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'T is only noble to be good.
10. The primal duties shine aloft like stars:
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Manlike flowers.

EVERELD SIMPSON.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. The water-rat. 2. Alien. 3. Oblong pulpits in the early Christian churches. 4. A half or short boot. 5. Pertaining to a mountain in Sicily. 6. To take ill.

"REX FORD."

