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THE PRINCESS'S HOLIDAY.

BY NORA PERRY.

UP from broidery frame and book
The Princess lifted a longing look.
Green were the fields that stretched before
The castle gate and the castle door;
And soft and clear the tinkling call
Of sheep-bells over the castle wall;
And sweetly, cheerily rose the song
Of the shepherd lad, as he strolled along
By his nibbling flocks:—"Come hither, come
hither,"
He lightly sang. "And whither, and whither
I wander, I wander, come follow, come follow!
Over the field and into the hollow!"

Down went broidery frame and book
From the Princess' hands; and "Look, oh,
look"—
She bitterly cried to her maidens there,—
"At the beautiful world, so fresh and fair,
From which we are shut out, day after day!
Oh, what would I give to go or stay,
Hither and thither, away at my will!
To follow and follow over the hill,
Where birds are singing, and sheep-bells ring-
ing,
And lambkins over the grass are springing!
"The meanest peasant may have his will,
To follow and follow over the hill;
But I, because I'm a Princess born,
In tiresome state from morn to morn

Must wait, before I can go or stay,
For lackey and guard to guide my way!
Oh, what would I give to have my will
For once, just once, and over the hill,
And through the long, sweet meadowy grass
To scamper, as free as a peasant lass!"

What was it?—Did somebody whisper there?
Or was it a bird that, skimming the air,
Wickedly dropped a secret word
That nobody but the Princess heard?
For up from broidery frame and book
She suddenly springs with a joyous look;
"And listen!" she cries, "Oh, listen to me!
This is a day of victory!
For this day year the good news came
That the brave French troops had put to shame
The Spanish foe, and I heard him say—
My father, the King—that on this day,
Sinner and saint, year after year,
Should wander free, with never a fear,
On the King's highway, till the sun had set."
She laughed a light, low laugh.—"T is yet
Two hours and more ere the sun goes down,
And the King comes back from the market-
town,
Where he went this morn;—two hours and more.
And the gate is wide at the castle door!"

They pranked themselves from head to foot
In gay disguise—a page's boot



Up from broidery frame and book
The Princess lifted a longing look.

And doublet fine to take the place
Of silken shoon and the flowing grace
Of a satin gown.— Then down they bore,
These maiden troops, to the castle door.

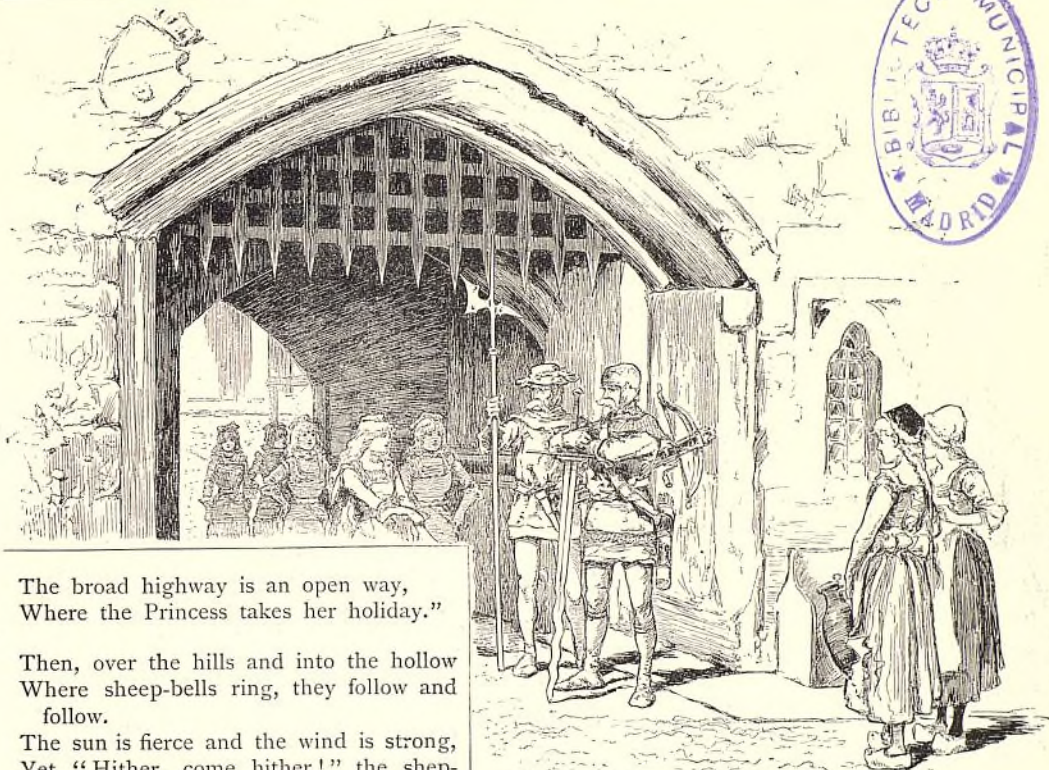
The grim old warders frowned and stared;
The pages laughed; the maids looked scared.
But the merry girl-troopers carried the day,
For who should say a Princess “Nay”?

“But what if the King should come?” one said,
Shaking her little golden head;
“What if the King should come, alack,
Before we are safely, snugly back?”

The Princess stopped in her merry race.—
“The King?” she cried, with an arch grimace,
“Let the King be told, if the King forgets,
That through this day, till the June sun sets,



“OVER THE HILL AND INTO THE HOLLOW.”



The broad highway is an open way,
Where the Princess takes her holiday."

Then, over the hills and into the hollow
Where sheep-bells ring, they follow and follow.

The sun is fierce and the wind is strong,
Yet "Hither, come hither!" the shepherd's song

Beckons and beckons, now low, now loud.
But the white dust blows in a swirling cloud,
And who would have thought the way so long
To follow and follow a shepherd's song?

For it looked so near, the way he went,
When one from a palace window leant,
So near, so near,—and now so far!
The palace window shines like a star;
And the meadowy grass that smelled so sweet,
How it trips and tangles the tender feet!
And the hills, that seemed so smooth, are set
With stubble and thorn that prick and fret.

"Heigho, and heigho!" the Princess cries,
As she brushes the blinding dust from her eyes,
"Suppose we turn on our homeward way;
It must be near to the set of day!"

Torn and draggled, the little pack
Of truant troopers wandered back—
Torn and draggled, weary and spent,
Older and wiser than when they went.

The Princess gained her chamber door,
And out of her window leaned once more.
"Heigho, and heigho!" she softly sighed,
"The world is fair and the world is wide
For peasant and prince; but let who will
Follow and follow over the hill,
I've had enough, for one long day,
Of my own sweet will and the King's highway!"



HIS ONE FAULT.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



"'WAL,' CONTINUED UNCLE GRAY, 'HOW WOULD YE LIKE THE FARM?'"

I.

"LET the boy come and live with me, and I will be a father to him," said Uncle Gray.

He was a hook-nosed, wiry man, with weather-beaten cheeks, and a voice cracked by asthma, and made still more harsh by driving slow oxen all his life. The cheeks twitched a little, however, and there was an unwonted softness in his tones, as he leaned back in his chair and addressed these words to the weeping woman on the sofa.

The weeping woman was his wife's brother's wife, or rather widow; for it was now nine days since Christopher Downimede, the village tinsmith, had scratched his thumb with a ragged-edged piece of metal, and three days since he had been carried to his grave, a victim of that mysterious and terrible disease, lockjaw.

The boy alluded to was his son Christopher, better known in the village by his nickname, Kit;

now sixteen years old, and capable, it was thought, of beginning to earn his own living.

This it seemed quite necessary that he should do; for the late Mr. Downimede, although a thrifty mechanic, had spent his earnings in the support of his family, and left but little property, except some stock-in-trade and the house they lived in.

"He can come and live with me," said Uncle Gray, "and be a farmer; I shall be glad enough to have somebody to shift the care and burden on in a few years. You can keep the younger childr'n in school, rent a part of your house, and take in a little sewin', and, I guess, get along. Here, Christopher! Christopher!"

Hearing his uncle call, Kit, who was outside, came into the house. He was a rather bashful boy, with plump, red cheeks, which showed a distressing tendency to blush on occasions of the least embarrassment, but which had been looking unusually colorless since the shocking calamity

that had bereft him of the kindest of fathers. He was a little awed at the sight of his mother in tears, and of his uncle's solemn visage, but he advanced manfully to hear the result of the consultation.

"I've be'n thinkin' o' your case, Christopher," said Uncle Gray, "and talkin' to your ma about you. What's your idee o' gettin' a livin'?"

Poor Kit had to confess that he had n't any ideas on the subject.

"You have n't any gre't hankerin' after an edecation, have ye?" said Uncle Gray.

"I don't know that I care to go to college," Kit replied. "Though if Pa had lived,"—he choked a little,—"*I suppose I should have kept on going to school two or three years longer.*"

"To be sure; if he had lived," Uncle Gray coughed to clear his throat. "But as 't is, it's time for you to be considerin' what you're a-goin' to make of yourself. Ye don't fancy his trade pa'tic'larly, do ye?"

"I don't fancy it at all," said Kit. "I don't care to be a tinner."

"So I thought. And I don't blame ye. Wal, now," continued Uncle Gray, "how would ye like the farm?"

"The farm?" said Kit. "What farm?"

"Wal, f'r instance, *my* farm. I've got a good place for ye there, if you'd like to come. We've no boys of our own, since Andy died,"—the harsh-toned voice softened again,—"*and your aunt Gray an' I have be'n thinkin' 't would be jest the thing fer ye to come and live with us, and be like our own son, and graj'ally slip yer neck into the yoke as mine slips out. How do ye think ye would like it?*"

Kit had pleasant recollections of the farm, from having visited it often in sugar-making time and huckleberry time, and enjoyed the hospitalities of Uncle and Aunt Gray.

"I think I should like it," he said, "only"—he caught his breath—"I don't want to leave Ma—just now."

"That's right, that's right," said Uncle Gray approvingly. "Glad to hear ye say that. But ye can't live tied to her apron-strings all your life. It's in the natur' of things that childr'n, 'specially boys, should strike out and do for themselves. Though yer livin' with me 'll be a'most like bein' 't home; you can come and see your ma, and your ma can come and see you, often enough. Think on 't, will ye? And le' me know to-morrow, when I'll be round ag'in."

Think of it Kit did, with many a pang of grief at the recollection of his father, who had been so much more to him than he had ever dreamed until he came to need his love and counsel.

"If he were only here to tell me what I'd better do!" he said to his mother, as they talked the

matter over that night, in the sad loneliness of their little home. "I can't make it seem that he never will be here any more. But I know I shall have to depend upon myself now."

"Yes, my son," said the widow in a stifled voice. "There never was a more upright man, nor a more generous man in his family, than your father, while he lived. But the prop of the house has been taken away. Heaven knows, I would gladly keep you with me, and do for you as he would have done, if it were in my power."

The mother and son sobbed softly together in the gloomy silence. Then Kit said:

"There's no use wishin' things could be different. I know I have got my living to work for, and I may as well work for it on Uncle Gray's farm as anywhere."

"Uncle and Aunt Gray have always been kind to you," suggested the widow.

"Yes, in their fashion," said Kit. "They're good-hearted folks. But a dollar looks pretty big to them. I believe the boy Uncle Gray is a *father to*," he added, after a little reflection, "*will have to earn every dollar he gets of him. He and Aunt Gray work hard themselves, and don't believe much in anybody's sitting around on the clover-banks, watching the bees and butterflies. Even when I've been visiting them, they have made me earn my board by doing lots of little chores. But I never much cared; I like the farm, and I've had good times out there. May be, I'd better go; for I don't know what else I can do. I shall be near you, and if I do well I can help you. Perhaps I can make a home for us all some day.*"

When Uncle Gray called the next morning, he was "rejoiced," as he said, to hear that Kit had come to so sensible a conclusion. The widow was anxious to know just what he proposed to do for her boy, in the way of being "a father to him"; but the worthy farmer was not prepared to meet that point.

"Wait till we see how he takes hold," he said. "If he does well by me, I'll do well by him; you may count on that. The only way will be for him to come and try it a few months; then we can settle the matter more definitely. We'll see how useful he makes himself."

The widow gave her boy much good advice when the time for parting with him arrived.

"You're a smart boy, Christopher, and you're a well-meaning boy. You're no shirk; and you're strong and active. But you have one fault, which I'm afraid will try your uncle's patience, as it has often tried your father's and mine—your heedlessness. Why is it you are sometimes so forgetful of things, right under your eyes, that you are expected to attend to?"

"I don't know," said Kit, ruefully. "But I seem to be thinking of something else."

"You must try not to be so absent-minded," the widow resumed, in a tone more of entreaty than of chiding. "Your uncle will not put up with your fault as your father and I have done. If you were a stupid boy, we should n't expect so much of you. But you're anything but stupid; you're one of the brightest boys I ever saw, when you have your wits about you."

Kit could not forbear a smile of gratification at this compliment, which was not ill-deserved. He had indeed a village reputation for his witty retorts. "Have you heard Kit's last joke?" was a common query among the East Adam boys, always sure to excite curiosity and provoke a laugh.

II.

It was corn-planting time, and Kit had a good chance, to begin with, to show his uncle how "useful" he could be on the farm. He took the place of one hired man at the start, and lamed his back and blistered his hands, and was homesick enough, during the first week.

He was a plucky lad, however; and when he went home on Sunday, he did not show his blisters, nor complain to his mother of the difference between living on the farm and visiting it occasionally. And when she said, with motherly concern, that she feared the work was too hard for him, he replied stoutly: "'It's pretty hard,' as the rat said of the old cheese-rind; 'but I guess I can stand it, if the cheese can.' I'm not like the boy who was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and, after blowing the bellows two days, said he was sorry he had learned the trade."

The widow was cheered to see her boy in such brave spirits, and told him, with an affectionate kiss, that he was the hope of her life.

Inwardly resolved that she should not be disappointed in him, he returned to the farm, and soon worked off the lameness of his back, his homesickness, and the tenderness of his palms. His muscles hardened, his joints grew strong, his hands became callous, and the longer he staid the better contented he was with the place.

His one serious fault clung to him, however, and sorely vexed Uncle Gray, who one day declared:

"You're as willin' a youngster as ever I saw; but the beatermost dunderpate in all creation. Now, there's that grass-hook; ye had it a-cutt'n' off the thistle-tops, and ye dropped it somewhere, and, like as not, we never shall see it again. Why can't ye take care o' things?"

"I don't know," Kit murmured penitently. "I forget."

"Ye forgit!" Uncle Gray repeated sternly. "Ye lost the whetstone afore that; and I should think I scolded ye enough fer 't, so ye'd 'a' be'n a little mite more careful."

"I should think so, too!" replied Christopher.

"And where, f'r instance, do you think I found the iron rake that disappeared so strangely? A-hangin' in the apple-tree, jest where you had used it last, a-pokin' at the worms' nests. It never 'll do in the world to go on at this rate! Graj'ally things 'll go, and I sha'n't have a tool to lay my hands on, next I know. Be ye asleep, or what is the matter?"

Kit smarted under these reproofs all the more because he felt they were deserved. He answered humbly:

"I don't suppose I am a downright fool; but I do believe there is a *fool-streak* in me. If I get my mind on one thing, I go off in a sort of dream, and mind nothing else. I'll try to do better."

"You must!" Uncle Gray insisted. "I want a boy I can depend on; and I never can depend on one that goes blunderin' through the world in this way. Now, take my advice, and mind what you're up to!"

Kit improved somewhat after this. Yet if a shovel was mislaid, or a heifer overlooked in the milking, or a calf left to bawl for its supper, Kit was always the culprit.

So anxious was he to correct his bad habit that he used often to ask himself in the evening if there was anything he had neglected during the day, and would punish himself by attending to it then, if it were not too late. In this way he reminded himself, one night as he was going to bed, that when he took care of the horse after his uncle drove home from the village, he had knocked the whip out of the wagon, and had forgotten to pick it up.

"I know just where it is," he said to himself; "and I'm not going to let Uncle Gray find it there in the morning and give me a scolding."

He had undressed and put out the light. But he pulled his clothes on again in the dark, and went softly down-stairs, not meaning to betray his blunder by disturbing the old folk, who had also retired.

He groped his way to the kitchen, and ran his fingers along the door-frame for the key of the stable, which was left there. He found it hanging securely on its nail; for if there was one thing which Uncle Gray would never trust to anybody else, but always looked after himself, it was the locking up, at bed-time, of his barn and dwelling.

The night was dark; for though there was a moon, according to the almanac, the sky threatened rain, and a few sprinkles fell on Kit's hand as

he reached out, feeling for the stable-door. This he unlocked, and passed on into the barn, where he felt the buggy all over, to make sure that he had not, in an absent-minded way, put the whip back into it. No; it must be on the grass outside where it fell.

He had kicked about in search of it as he approached the barn; but he now went out again and made a more thorough exploration with both feet and hands. He was rewarded after a little while by entangling his toes in the lash (he was barefoot); and with the comfortable consciousness of duty done, having put the whip in place, he groped his way back into the house.

As he was on his way to the chamber-stairs, his uncle called out to him: "'S that you, Christopher?"

"Yes, sir," Kit replied, and immediately turned to the water-pail, to provide himself with an excuse for his untimely movements.

"What are you prowling about the house after bed-time for?" Uncle Gray demanded.

"I'm getting a drink of water," Kit said, suiting the action to the word.

"Could n't you think of that afore you went to bed?" growled Uncle Gray. "I wonder what you will forgit next!"

Alas, what had not Kit already forgotten in his anxiety to find the whip and get back to bed without arousing the old folks! The morning was to show.

He was awakened shortly after day-break by his uncle pounding on the stairs with a cane, which he kept for the purpose, and calling, "Come, boy, time to be stirrin'! Goin' t' stay a-bed all day?"

Kit made a yawning answer, and was leisurely pulling on his trousers, when Uncle Gray came again to the stair-way, and the voice, rendered harsh by asthma and long experience in driving sluggish oxen, thundered forth:

"Where 's the key to the stable? D'ye know anything about it?"

"Is n't it there?" stammered the boy, remembering with consternation that he had used the key the night before, but utterly unable to remember what he had done with it.

"There? Where?" shouted the angry uncle.

"Hanging by the door," faltered Kit.

He fumbled in his pockets as he sat on the bed, frightened, half-dressed, his hair tumbled, a picture of comical dismay, which he perceived by the dim light when he raised his eyes to the looking-glass on the bare wall; although he did not notice anything very comical in it at the time.

"It *aint* hangin' by the door!" said Uncle Gray; "though I'm sure I put it there last night. Have you had it since?"

"I—I believe—I did take it," the guilty one confessed, appearing at the head of the gloomy stair-way, jacket in hand. "But I thought I put it back again."

"Thought ye put it back ag'in!" echoed Uncle Gray with savage sarcasm. "I wonder ye don't forgit to breathe some time. Look in yer pockets!"

Kit fumbled again helplessly.

"Ye did n't leave it in the stable-door, did ye?"

"I don't know. I can't remember. I'm afraid I did!" he miserably confessed.

"Don't know! can't remember! afraid ye did!" the ox-compelling voice repeated, yet in tones the laziest ox, or indeed any creature on that well-ordered farm, except "the beatermost dunderpate in all creation," had never yet called forth.

Uncle Gray withdrew, storming; and Kit, stooping on the topmost stair, hurriedly putting on his shoes, could trace him all the way through sitting-room and kitchen, in the direction of the stable, by the wrathful ejaculations he let fall, dying away like rattling thunder in the distance.

Kit followed without his hat, in the chill dawn, aware that retribution awaited him, but hoping that no serious harm had come of his neglect. That hope was quickly dispelled, however, as he approached the stable.

His uncle had found the door unlocked, with the key in it. He had entered in haste, and was now rushing out again, his eyes glaring excitedly, and his features in a snarl of terrible wrinkles.

"Now see what 's come o' your—" he began, but choked, or hesitated for a word weighty enough to express his wrath and alarm; then spluttered forth:

"PESKINESS!"

At the same time he pointed at an empty stall.

The guilty Christopher hurried forward and looked in. It was the stall of Dandy Jim, the one serviceable horse on the place; and the horse had vanished in the night.

III.

"HAS anything happened?" said Aunt Gray, a stoutish woman, with a large, round, kindly face, hooking her dress as she came out of the house, attracted by the little drama at the stable-door.

Instead of answering her, Uncle Gray turned with fresh indignation on Kit.

"What ever possessed ye to come out and unlock the barn after I had once locked it up for the night?"

Kit explained that it was to pick up and put away the whip.

"That was mighty important!" exclaimed Uncle Gray. "Would n't the whip stay where it was till mornin', and no gre't harm done?"

"I suppose so," replied Kit. "But I had made up my mind to take care of things the moment I thought of them; and I thought of that just as I was going to bed. I meant it for the best!" added the conscience-smitten boy.

"Meant it for the best! And so you saved the whip and let the horse be stole! I never!" And with a gesture of impatience Uncle Gray turned back into the barn.

"What!" ejaculated Aunt Gray, who had finished hooking her dress by this time,—a somewhat formidable operation,—“the hoss has n't been stole, has he?”

"I hope not; I don't see how he can have been," said Kit. "To think the thief should come just the very night when the door was left unlocked—I can't believe it!"

"You don't know how many times thieves may have come and found the door locked," said Aunt Gray. "Though it don't seem to me Dandy can be really stole! Pa!"—for so she called her husband,—“be ye sure?”

"Sure 's I want to be, and a good deal more so," he replied. "The mare is there, but the hoss is gone, stole or not; and the saddle and best bridle gone with him. A hundr'd and eighty dollars right out of my pocket, if it's a penny!"

He turned once more on Kit. "The idee of your comin' out here at nine o'clock, unlockin' the stable, and leavin' the key in the door, as if to invite tramps and vagabonds to walk in and help themselves! I've no patience with such stupidity!"

"Neither have I!" said Kit, with the candor of abject remorse. "But I don't know how I am to cure myself of it, unless I go and jump into the pond with a plowshare hitched to my neck. I did mean to do better!"

Seeing his tears begin to fall, Aunt Gray said, soothingly:

"Your comin' out here for the whip shows you did mean to, though to patch a little hole you spilt cloth that would have made a garment. You're like the man that went to stop a little leak o' cider, and burst the hoops off his barrel. But there's no use cryin' for spilt milk, nor scoldin' about it, neither. If the hoss is stole, the next thing to be done is to try to find him. Here's Abram; mebber he knows something that 'll clear up the mystery."

Abram was the hired man, who lived in his own home a mile away, and used to come up to the farm every morning. He was as much surprised as anybody to learn that Dandy Jim was gone, with saddle and bridle; and he had to go and look the stalls and pens all over before he would be convinced. Then he suddenly exclaimed: "Jingo!"

"What is it?" Uncle Gray asked eagerly.

"The hoss-tracks I see comin' up from the village! This accounts for 'em!"

"Did you see hoss-tracks?" Aunt Gray inquired; while Uncle Gray said frowningly that "hoss-tracks" were "plenty enough"; the roads were "full of 'em."

"But not such tracks as I saw this mornin'," replied Abram. "There was a light rain some time in the night, and these tracks were made afterward, as you could see plain enough. I come up the cow-lane, or I might, likely, have followed 'em to your front gate."

"Here they are!" cried Kit, who was already searching the drive-way which led from the barn, past the house, to the road. "Fresh tracks after the rain! There they go! there! there!"

He was off like a hound on a scent, following the tracks to the road. Uncle Gray went more slowly, scrutinizing them with a sight not so keen, and muttering discouragingly:

"I guess they're Dandy's tracks, sure enough; but what's the use of any more evidence that I've lost a hoss? I was sure on 't before."

"We can track him!" cried Kit earnestly.

"A sight of good that 'll do!" said Uncle Gray.

"You may track him a mile or so; but what 'll ye do, f'r instance, when ye find the roads full of all sorts of tracks, as they will be long 'fore you come in sight of the thief?"

"Here are a man's tracks, too!" exclaimed Kit. "He led Dandy past the gate; and here's where he mounted. I'm going to see which way he has gone, before it's too late. I wish the mare was fit to ride!"

"I would n't trust her with ye," was Uncle Gray's grim response; "such a blunderhead as you be!"

"But I am going, anyway!" Kit declared.

"Nobody 'll hinder ye," growled Uncle Gray. "Go, if ye wan' to; and I guess, on the whole, ye better not come back 'ithout the hoss."

"Well! I wont!" said Kit, desperately.

"Don't say that, Christopher!" interposed Aunt Gray. "Don't talk that way, Pa! you don't mean it."

"Yes, I do! I'm tired of the boy's blunderin', blunderin'! I don't want to see him ag'in 'ithout he brings back Dandy, which, I guess, he 'll do about next day after never."

"Christopher!" Aunt Gray called again, raising her voice to be heard in the distance; "wait for a mouthful of breakfast!"

"I don't want any breakfast," Kit answered, as he ran.

"Come back for your hat!" screamed Aunt Gray.

Kit did not hear; nor had he the least idea that he had started off on his hopeless chase after a tolerably well-mounted rogue, without a hat to his uncombed head.

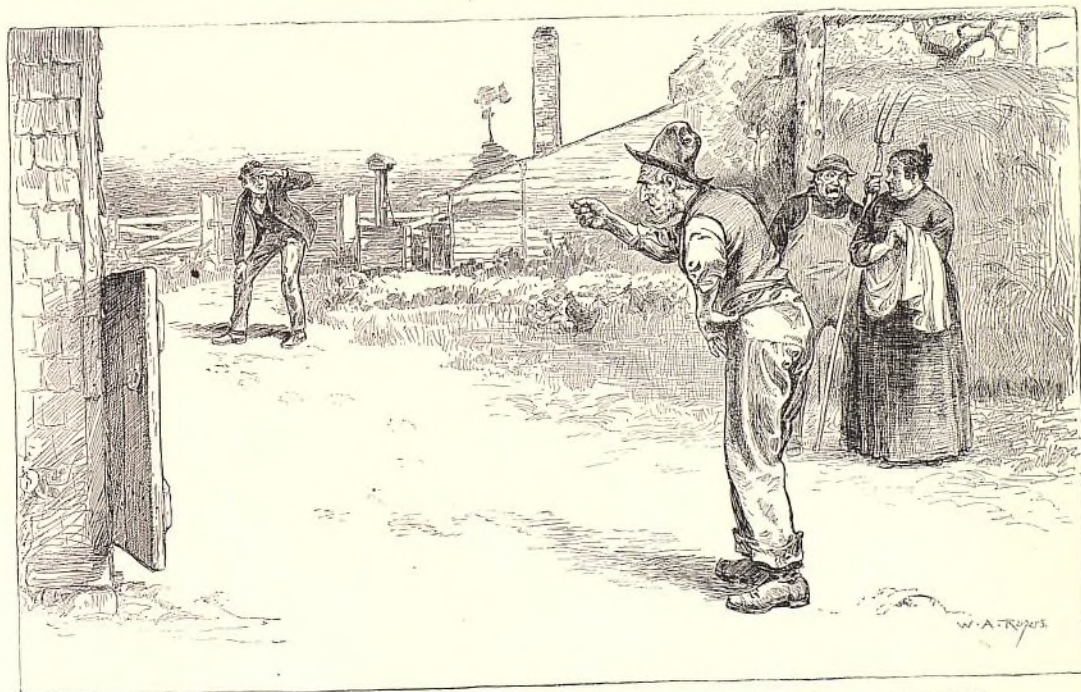
He scanned the tracks carefully as he went, noting the difference between those of the hind feet, which were shod, and those of the fore feet which were not, in places where fore foot and hind foot had left separate prints. He also observed that Dandy had started off evidently on a walk, then struck into a trot, and finally been urged to a gallop, when he had gone well out of hearing from the house; his strides growing

—he gasped for breath—“right by the house here. I am on his track.”

“My dear boy!” replied the widow, whose first concern was not for the loss of the horse, “you will kill yourself with running!”

“Never fear!” said Kit. “I am all right—only”—panting again—“I started off without my breakfast. Give me a doughnut or two to put in my pocket—to eat—when I have a chance.”

On his way to the village, he had had time to reflect that he very likely had an all-day's chase before him, and that his strength would not hold out without food. He had also discovered the



“‘GO, IF YE WAN’ TO,’ GROWLED UNCLE GRAY; ‘AND YE’D BETTER NOT COME BACK ‘ITHOUT THE HOSS.’”

longer, and his feet throwing up the dirt of the road-way more plentifully as his speed increased.

The widow Downimede had barely risen that morning, and her door was still unfastened, when it was shaken and pounded violently, and she heard a voice calling: “Hallo! Mother! Mother!”

“It is Christopher!” she exclaimed in very great astonishment, which was not lessened, be sure, when she hastened to open the door and saw him standing there, hatless, with wild eyes and hair, flushed with running, and out of breath.

“Why, my child!” she cried, “what *is* the matter?”

“Don’t be frightened,” he said. “Uncle’s horse has been stolen. The thief has ridden him”

absence of his hat, before reminded of it by his mother.

“Yes,” he said, putting up his hand to his tossed hair, “that’s one thing I stopped for—my base-ball cap. Where is it?” For, of course, so heedless a lad as Kit was careless of any of his things at home, and had to ask his mother for them.

“I’ll find it,” she replied. “But you must eat something—a bowl of bread and milk. Mr. Pierce has just left our pint. Take it all.”

The can was on the doorstep. Kit took it up and handed it to her, declaring at the same time that he could not stop to eat, nor even wait for his cap unless she could put her hand on it at once.

“For I must find that horse,” he said, “if such

a thing is possible. It was my fault that he was stolen, and I am not to go back to Uncle Gray's without him."

"Why! how did it happen?" asked his mother.

"I left the stable-door unlocked. Uncle Gray was mad as fury, and I don't blame him. I sometimes think I'm half a fool!" And poor Kit burst into tears of self-hatred and grief.

The widow tried to soothe him, as she urged him into the house and poured the milk into a bowl on the table before him; yet she could not help speaking reproachfully of his fault.

"I was afraid it would bring you into trouble; and I warned you,—don't you remember I warned you, Christopher? And now if your uncle has cast you off on account of it, I don't know what we are going to do. I'm so sorry, so sorry! for I don't see the least chance of your finding the horse, unless you have a still faster one to ride."

"Well, I have n't that, and I can't afford to hire one," said Kit, gulping down the milk, for he found that he was thirsty, if not hungry. "I'll take my chances; and if I don't have a horse to

ride, why, then I sha'n't be bothered with one. The thief is not many hours ahead of me, for he started after it stopped raining."

"It rained till two o'clock, and after," said the widow, stuffing his pockets with doubled slices of buttered bread. "I was awake; and I remember now, I heard a horse clattering fast along the street about then. I thought of your father's sudden illness, and wondered who was riding fast for the doctor. I think of your father so much, night and day, Christopher!"

Her mind was running off upon her great sorrow; but Kit could not stop to hear. He seized the cap which, with a housekeeper's instinct, she had found and handed him; clapped it on his frizzly pate, took another swallow of milk and a bite of bread, allowing her at the same time to drop some small change into his pocket,—all she had;—then he rushed out of the house.

The tracks were still traceable, and they led straight through the village; growing more and more indistinct beyond, however, as they mingled with other tracks made since the rain.

(To be continued.)



THE YOUNGEST GUEST AT THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.



ELEVENTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

A YOUNG girl in a little cap and a big apron sat poring over a cook-book, with a face full of the deepest anxiety. She had the kitchen to herself, for Mamma was out for the day, and cook was off duty. So Edith could fuss to her heart's content. She belonged to a cooking class, the members of which were to have a luncheon at two o'clock with the girl next door; and now the all-absorbing question was "What shall I make?" Turning the pages of the well-used book, she talked to herself as the various recipes met her eye.

"Lobster-salad and chicken-croquettes I've had, and neither were very good. Now, I want to distinguish myself by something very nice. I'd try a meat-porcupine or a mutton-duck if there were time; but they are fussy, and ought to be rehearsed before they are given to the class. Bavarian cream needs berries and whipped cream, and I will not tire my arms beating eggs. 'Apricots à la Neige' is an easy thing and wholesome, but the girls'll not like it, I know, as well as some rich thing that will make them ill, as Carrie's plum-pudding did. A little meat-dish is best for lunch. I'd try sweet-breads and bacon, if I did n't hate to burn my face and scent my clothes, frying. Birds are fine; let me see if I can do larded grouse. No, I don't like to touch that cold, fat stuff. Potted pigeons—the very thing! We had that in our last lesson, but the girls are all crazy about puff-paste, so they won't try

pigeons. Why did n't I think of it at once?—for we have them in the house, and don't want them to-day, Mamma being called away. All ready, too; so nice! I do detest to pick and clean birds. 'Simmer from one to three hours.' Plenty of time. I'll do it! La, la, la!"

And away skipped Edith in high spirits, for she did not like to cook, yet wished to stand well with the class, some members of which were very ambitious, and now and then succeeded with an elaborate dish, more by good luck than skill.

Six plump birds were laid out on a platter, with their legs folded in the most pathetic manner. These Edith bore away in triumph to the kitchen, and opening the book before her, she went to work energetically, resigning herself to frying the pork and cutting up the onion, which she had overlooked when hastily reading the recipe. In time they were stuffed, the legs tied down to the tails, the birds browned in the stew-pan, and put to simmer with a pinch of herbs.

"Now I can clear up, and rest a bit. If I ever have to work for a living, I'll not be a cook," said Edith, with a sigh of weariness, as she washed her dishes, wondering how there could be so many; for no careless Irish girl would have made a greater clutter over this small job than this young lady who had not yet learned one of the most important things that a cook should know.

The bell rang just as she finished and was

planning to lie and rest on the dining-room sofa till it was time to take up her pigeons.

"Please say that I'm engaged," she whispered, as the maid passed on her way to the door.

"It's your cousin, Miss, from the country, and she has a trunk with her. Of course she's to come in?" asked Maria, coming back in a moment.

"Oh, dear me! I forgot all about Patty. Mamma said any day this week, and this is the most inconvenient one of the seven. Of course she must come in. Go and tell her I'll be there in a minute," answered Edith, too well bred not to give even an unwelcome guest a kindly greeting.

Whisking off cap and apron, and taking a last look at the birds, just beginning to send forth a savory steam, she went to meet her cousin.

Patty was a rosy country lass of sixteen, plainly dressed and rather shy, but a sweet, sensible little body, with a fresh, rustic air which marked her for a field-flower at once.

"How do you do, dear? I'm so sorry Mamma is away; she was called to a sick friend in a hurry. But I'm here, and glad to see you. I've an engagement at two, and you shall go with me. It's only a lunch close by, with a party of girls; I'll tell you about it upstairs."

Chatting away, Edith led Patty up to the pretty room ready for her, and soon both were laughing over a lively account of the exploits of the cooking class. Suddenly, in the midst of the cream-pie which had been her great success, and almost the death of all who partook thereof, Edith paused, sniffed the air, and crying tragically, "They are burning! They are burning!" rushed down-stairs as if the house were on fire.

Much alarmed, Patty hurried after her, guided to the kitchen by the sound of lamentation. There she found Edith hanging over a stew-pan, with anguish in her face, and despair in her voice, as she breathlessly explained the cause of her flight.

"My pigeons! Are they burnt? After all my trouble—I shall be heart-broken if they are spoilt."

Reluctantly Patty owned that a slight flavor of scorch did pervade the air, but suggested that an additional mite of seasoning would conceal the sad fact.

"I'll try it. Do you love to cook? Don't you want to make something for the class? It would please the girls, and make up for my poor burnt pigeons," said Edith, as she skimmed the broth and added pepper and salt with a lavish hand.

"I don't know anything about pigeons, except how to feed and pet them," answered Patty. "We don't eat ours. I can cook plain dishes and make all kinds of bread. Would biscuit or tea-cake do?"

Patty looked so pleased at the idea of contributing to the feast, that Edith could not bear to tell her that hot biscuits and tea-cake were not just

"the thing" for a city lunch. She accepted the offer, and Patty fell to work so neatly and skillfully that, by the time the pigeons were done, two pans of delicious little biscuit were baked, and folded in a nice napkin ready to carry off in the porcelain plate with a wreath of roses painted on it.

In spite of all her flavoring, the burnt odor and taste still seemed to linger about Edith's dish; but fondly hoping that no one would perceive it, she dressed hastily, gave Patty a touch here and there, and set forth at the appointed time to Augusta's lunch.

Six girls belonged to this class, and the rule was for each to bring her contribution and set it on the table prepared to receive them all; then, when the number was complete, the covers were raised, the dishes examined, eaten (if possible), and pronounced upon, the prize being awarded to the best. The girl at whose house the lunch was given provided the prize, which was often both pretty and valuable.

On this occasion a rich bouquet of Jacqueminot roses in a lovely vase ornamented the middle of the table, and the eyes of all rested admiringly upon it, as the seven girls gathered around, after depositing their dishes.

Patty had been kindly welcomed, and soon forgot her shyness, in wonder at the handsome dresses, graceful manners, and lively gossip of the girls. A pleasant, merry set, all wearing the uniform of the class,—dainty white aprons, and coquettish caps with many-colored ribbons, like the maid-servants on the stage. At the sound of a silver bell, each took her place before the covered dish which bore her name, and when Augusta said, "Ladies, we will begin," off went napkins; silver covers, white paper, or whatever hid the contributions from longing eyes. A moment of deep silence, while quick glances took in the prospect, and then a unanimous explosion of laughter followed; for six platters of potted pigeons stood upon the board, with nothing but the flowers to break the ludicrous monotony of the scene!

How they laughed! For a time they could do nothing else; because if one tried to explain, she broke down and joined in the gale of merriment again quite helplessly. They made such a noise that Augusta's mamma peeped in to see what was the matter. Six agitated hands pointed to the comical sight on the table, which looked as if a flight of potted pigeons had alighted there, and six breathless voices cried in a chorus: "Is n't it funny? Don't tell!"

Much amused, the good lady retired to enjoy the joke alone, while the exhausted girls wiped their eyes and began to talk, all at once. Such a clatter! But out of it all, Patty evolved the fact

that each had meant to surprise the rest,—and certainly had succeeded.

"I tried puff-paste," said Augusta, fanning her hot face.

"So did I!" cried the others.

"And it was a dead failure."

"So was mine!" echoed the voices.

"Then I thought I'd make the other dish we had that day——"

"Just what I did!"

"Feeling sure you all would try the pastry, and perhaps get on better than I."

"Exactly like me!" and a fresh laugh ended this general confession.

"Now we must eat our pigeons, as we have nothing else, and it is against the rule to add from outside stores. I propose that each girl passes her dish around; then we all can criticise it, and so get some good out of this very funny lunch.

Augusta's plan was carried out; and all being hungry after their unusual exertions, the girls fell upon the unfortunate birds like so many famished creatures. The first one went very well, but when the dishes were passed again, each taster looked at it anxiously; for none were very good, there was nothing to fall back upon, and variety is the spice of life, as every one knows.

"Oh, for a slice of bread!" sighed one damsel.

"Why did n't we think of it?" asked another.

"I did; but we always have so much cake, I thought it was foolish to lay in rolls," exclaimed Augusta, rather mortified at the neglect.

"I expected to have to taste six pies, and one does n't want bread with pastry, you know."

As Edith spoke, she suddenly remembered Patty's biscuit, which had been left on the side-table by their modest maker, as there seemed to be no room for them.

Rejoicing now over the rather despised dish, Edith ran to get it, saying, as she set it in the middle, with a flourish:

"My cousin's contribution. She came so late, she only had time for that. I'm so glad I took the liberty of bringing her and them."

A murmur of welcome greeted the much-desired addition to the feast, which would have been a decided failure without it, and the pretty plate went briskly round, till nothing was left but the painted roses in it. With this help, the best of the potted pigeons were eaten, while a lively discussion went on about what they would have next time.

"Let us each tell our dish, and not change. We shall never learn if we don't keep to one thing till we do it well. I will choose mince-pie, and bring a good one, if it takes me all the week to do it," said Edith, heroically taking the hardest thing she could think of, to encourage the others.

Fired by this noble example, each girl pledged herself to do or die, and a fine list of rich dishes was made out by these ambitious young cooks. Then a vote of thanks to Patty was passed, her biscuit unanimously pronounced the most successful contribution, and the vase presented to the delighted girl, whose blushes were nearly as deep as the color of the flowers behind which she tried to hide them.

Soon after this ceremony the party broke up, and Edith went home to tell the merry story, proudly adding that the country cousin had won the prize.

"You rash child, to undertake mince-pie! It is one of the hardest things to make, and about the most unwholesome when eaten. Read the recipe and see what you have pledged yourself to do, my dear," said her mother, much amused at the haps and mishaps of the cooking class.

Edith opened her book and started bravely off at "Puff-paste"; but by the time she had come to the end of the three pages devoted to directions for the making of that indigestible delicacy, her face was very sober, and when she read aloud the following recipe for the mince-meat, despair slowly settled upon her like a cloud.

One cup chopped meat; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups raisins; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups currants; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups molasses; 3 cups chopped apples; 1 cup meat liquor; 2 tea-spoonfuls salt; 2 tea-spoonfuls cinnamon; $\frac{1}{2}$ tea-spoonful mace; $\frac{1}{2}$ tea-spoonful powdered cloves; 1 lemon, grated; $\frac{1}{4}$ piece citron, sliced; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup wine; 3 tea-spoonfuls rose-water.

"Oh, my, what a job! I shall have to work at it every day till next Saturday, for the paste alone will take all the wits I have. I *was* rash, but I spoke without thinking, and wanted to do something really fine. And now I must blunder along as well as I can," groaned Edith.

"I can help about the measuring and weighing and chopping. I always help mother at Thanksgiving time, and she makes delicious pies. We never have mince-pies at any other time, as she thinks it's bad for us," said Patty, full of sympathy and good-will.

"Patty, what are you to take to the lunch?" asked Edith's mother, smiling at her daughter's mournful face, bent over the fatal book full of dainty messes that had tempted the unwary learner to her doom.

"Only coffee," replied Patty. "I can't make fancy things, but my coffee is always good. They said they wanted it, so I offered."

"I shall have my pills and powders ready, for if you all go on at this rate, you will need a dose of some sort after your lunch. Give your orders, Edith, and devote your mind to the task. I wish you good luck and good digestion, my dears."

With that the mamma left the girls to cheer each other, and to make plans for a daily lesson till the perfect pie was made.

They certainly did their best, for they began on Monday, and each morning through the week went to the mighty task with daily increasing courage and skill. And they truly needed the former, for even good-natured Nancy became tired of having "the young ladies fussing round so much," and looked cross as the girls appeared in the kitchen.

Edith's brothers laughed at the various failures which appeared at table, and dear Mamma grew weary of tasting pastry and mince-meat in all stages of progression. But the undaunted damsels kept on till Saturday came, and then a very superior pie stood ready to be offered for the inspection of the class.

"I never want to see another," said Edith, as the girls dressed together, weary, but well satisfied with their labor; for the pie had been praised by all beholders, and the fragrance of Patty's coffee filled the house, as it stood ready to be poured, hot and clear, into the best silver pot at the last moment.

"Well, I feel as if I'd lived in a spice-mill this week, or a pastry-cook's kitchen; and I'm glad we are done. Your brothers won't get any pie for a long while, I guess, if it depends on you," laughed Patty, putting on the new ribbons her cousin had given her.

"When Florence's brothers were here last night, I heard those rascals making all sorts of fun of us, and Alf said we ought to let them come to lunch. I scorned the idea, and made their mouths water, by telling about the good things we were going to have," said Edith, exulting over the severe remarks she had made to these gluttonous young men, who adored pie and yet jeered at unfortunate cooks.

Florence, the lunch-giver of the week, had made her table pretty with a posy at each place, put the necessary roll in each artistically folded napkin, and hung the prize from the gas burner,—a large blue satin bag full of the most delicious bonbons money could buy. There was some delay about beginning, as one distracted cook sent word that her potato-puffs would n't brown, and begged them to wait for her. So they adjourned to the parlor, and talked till the flushed but triumphant Ella arrived with the puffs in fine order.

When all was ready and the covers were raised, another surprise awaited them; not a merry one, like the last, but a very serious affair, which produced domestic warfare in two houses at least. On each dish lay a card bearing a new name for its carefully prepared delicacies. The mince-pie was

re-christened "Nightmare," veal cutlets "Dyspepsia," escalloped lobster "Fits," lemon sherbet "Colic," coffee "Palpitation," and so on, even to the pretty sack of confectionery, which was labeled "Toothache."

Great was the indignation of the insulted cooks, and a general cry of "Who did it?" arose. The poor maid who waited on them declared with tears that not a soul had been in, and she herself absent only five minutes in getting the ice-water. Florence felt that her guests had been insulted, and promised to find out the wretch and punish him or her in the most terrible manner. So the irate young ladies ate their lunch before it cooled, but forgot to criticise the dishes, so full were they of wonder at this daring deed. They were just beginning to calm down, when a loud sneeze caused a general rush toward the sofa that stood in a recess of the dining-room. A small boy, nearly suffocated with suppressed laughter and dust, was dragged forth, and put on trial without a moment's delay. Florence was judge, the others jury, and the unhappy youth, being penned in a corner, was ordered to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, on penalty of a sound whipping with the big Japanese war-fan that hung on the wall over his head.

Vainly trying to suppress his giggles, Phil faced the seven ladies like a man, and told as little as possible, delighting to torment them, like a true boy.

"Do you know who put those cards there?" asked Florence, who conducted the examination of the culprit.

"Don't you wish *you* did?"

"Phil Gordon, answer at once."

"Yes, I do."

"Was it Alf? He's at home Saturdays, and it's just like a horrid Harvard soph to plague us so."

"It was—not."

"Did you see it done!"

"I did."

"Man, or woman? Mary fibs, and may have been bribed."

"Man," with a chuckle of great glee.

"Do I know him?"

"Oh, don't you!"

"Edith's brother Rex?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do be a good boy, and tell us! We won't scold, though it was a very, very rude thing to do."

"What will you give me?"

"Do you need to be bribed to do your duty?"

"Well, it's no fun to hide in that stuffy place, and sniff things good to eat, and see you make

way with them, without offering a fellow a taste. Give me a good trial at the lunch, and I'll see what I can do for you."

"Boys are such gluttons! Shall we, girls?" said Florence, turning to her guests.

"Yes, we *must* know," came the unanimous answer.

"Then go and eat, you bad boy; but we shall stand guard over you till you tell us who wrote and put those insulting cards here."

Florence let out the prisoner, and stood by him while he ate (in a surprisingly short time) the best of everything on the table, for he well knew that such a rare chance would not soon be his again.

"Now, give me some of that candy, and I'll tell," demanded the young Shylock, bound to make the best of his power while it lasted.

"Did you ever see such a little torment? I can't give the nice bonbons, because they're a prize, and we have n't decided who is to have them."

"Never mind. Pick out a few and get rid of him," cried the girls, hovering about their prisoner and longing to shake the truth out of him.

A handful of caramels was reluctantly bestowed, and then all waited for the name of the evil-doer with breathless interest.

"Well," began Phil, with exasperating slowness, "Alf wrote the cards, and gave me half a dollar to put 'em 'round. Made a nice thing of it, have n't I?" And before any of the girls could catch him, he had bolted from the room, with one hand full of candy, the other of mince-pie, and his face shining with the triumphant glee of a small boy who has teased seven big girls and got the better of them.

What went on just after that is not recorded, though Phil peeped in at the windows, hooted through the slide, and beat a tattoo on the various doors. The opportune arrival of his mother sent him whooping down the street, and the distressed damsels finished their lunch with what appetite they could muster.

Edith won the prize, for her pie was pronounced a grand success, and partaken of so heartily that several young ladies had reason to think it well named "Nightmare" by the derisive Alfred. Emboldened by her success, Edith invited them all to her house on the next Saturday, and suggested that she and her cousin provide the luncheon, as they had some new dishes to offer, not down in the recipe-book they had been studying all winter.

As the ardor of the young cooks was somewhat dampened by various failures, and the discovery that good cooking is an art not easily learned, anything in the way of novelty was welcome; and the girls gladly accepted the invitation, feeling a sense

of relief at the thought of not having any dish to worry about, though not one of them owned that she was tired of "mussing," as the disrespectful boys called it.

It was unanimously decided to wither with silent scorn the audacious Alfred and his ally, Rex, while Phil was to be snubbed by his sister till he had begged pardon for his share of the evil deed. Then, having sweetened their tongues and tempers with the delicious bonbons, the girls departed, feeling that the next lunch would be an event of unusual interest.

The idea of it originated in a dinner which Patty cooked one day when Nancy, who wanted a holiday, was unexpectedly called away to the funeral of a cousin,—the fifth relative who had died in a year, such was the mortality in the jovial old creature's family. Edith's mother was very busy with a dressmaker, and gladly accepted the offer the girls made to get dinner by themselves.

"No fancy dishes, if you please; the boys come in as hungry as hunters, and want a good solid meal; so have something wholesome and plain, and plenty of it," was the much-relieved lady's only suggestion, as she retired to the sewing-room and left the girls to keep house and prepare dinner in their own way.

"Now, Edie, you be the mistress and give your orders, and I'll be cook. Only have things that go well together,—not all baked or all boiled, because there is n't room enough on the range, you know," said Patty, putting on a big apron with an air of great satisfaction; for she was fond of cooking, and was tired of doing nothing.

"I'll watch all you do, and learn; so that the next time Nancy goes off in a hurry, I can take her place, and not have to give the boys what they hate,—a 'picked-up dinner,'" answered Edith, pleased with her part, yet a little mortified to find how few plain dishes she could make well.

"What do the boys like?" asked Patty, longing to please them, for they all liked her and were very kind to her.

"Roast beef and custard pudding, with two or three kinds of vegetables. Can we do all that?"

"Yes, indeed. I'll make the pudding right away, and have it baked before the meat goes in. I can cook as many vegetables as you please, and soup too."

So the order was given and all went well, if one might judge by the sounds of merriment in the kitchen. Patty made her best gingerbread, and cooked some apples with sugar and spice for tea, and at the stroke of two had a nice dinner smoking on the table, to the great contentment of the hungry boys, who did eat like hunters, and advised mamma to send old Nancy away and keep

Patty for cook; which complimentary but rash proposal pleased their cousin very much.

"Now, this is useful cookery, and well done, though it looks so simple," said Edith's mother. "Any girl can learn how, and so be independent of servants if need be. Drop your class, Edith, and take a few lessons of Patty. That would suit me better than French affairs that are neither economical nor wholesome."

"I will, Mamma, for I'm tired of creaming butter, larding things, and beating eggs. These dishes are not so elegant, but we must have them; so I may as well learn, if Patty will teach me."

grew the lunch which Edith proposed, and to the preparation of which went much thought and care; for the girls meant to have many samples of country fare, so that various tastes might be pleased. The plan gradually grew as they worked, and a little surprise was added, which was a great success.

When Saturday came, the younger boys were all packed off for a holiday in the country, that the coast might be clear.

"No hiding under sofas in my house, no meddling with dinner, if you please, gentlemen," said Edith, as she saw the small brothers safely off, and fell to work with Patty and the maid to



A MEETING OF THE COOKING CLASS—"LADIES, WE WILL BEGIN."

"With pleasure, all I know," replied her cousin. "Mother thinks it a very important part of a girl's education; for if you can't keep servants, you can do your own work well, and even if you are rich you are not so dependent as is one who is ignorant of these things. All kinds of useful sewing and housework come first with us, and the accomplishments afterward, as time and money allow."

"That sort of thing turns out the kind of girl I like, and so thinks every sensible fellow," exclaimed Rex. "Good luck to you, Cousin, and my best thanks for a capital dinner and a wise little lecture for dessert."

Rex made his best bow as he left the table, and Patty colored high with pleasure at the praise of the tall collegian.

Out of this, and the talk they had afterward,

arrange the dining-room to suit the feast about to be spread there.

As antique furniture is the fashion nowadays, it was easy to collect all the old tables, chairs, china, and ornaments in the house, and make a pleasant place of the sunny room, where a tall clock always stood, and damask hangings a century old added much to the effect. A massive mahogany table was set forth with ancient silver, glass, china, and all sorts of queer old salt-cellars, pepper-pots, pickle-dishes, knives, and spoons. High-backed chairs stood around it, and the guests were received by a very pretty old lady in plum-colored satin, with a muslin pelerine, and a large lace cap very becoming to the rosy face it surrounded. A fat watch ticked in the wide belt, mitts covered the plump hands, and a reticule

hung at the side. Madam's daughter, in a very short-waisted pink silk gown, muslin apron, and frill, was even prettier than her mother, for her dark, curly hair hung on her shoulders, and a little cap with long pink streamers was stuck on the top. Her mitts went to the elbow, and a pink sash was tied in a large bow behind. Black satin shoes covered her feet, and a necklace of gold beads was around her throat.

Great was the pleasure this little surprise gave the girls, and gay was the chatter that went on as they were welcomed by their hostesses, who constantly forgot their parts. Madam frisked now and then, and "pretty Peggy" was so anxious about dinner that she was not as devoted to her company as a well-bred young lady should be. But no one minded, and when the bell rang, all gathered about the table, eager to see what the feast was to be.

"Ladies, we have endeavored to give you a taste of some of the good old-style dishes rather out of fashion now," said Madam, standing at her place, with a napkin pinned over the purple dress, and a twinkle in the blue eyes under the wide cap-frills. "We thought it would be well to introduce some of them to the class and to our family cooks, who either scorn the plain dishes or don't know how to cook them *well*. There is a variety, and we hope all will find something to enjoy. Peggy, uncover, and let us begin."

At first the girls looked a little disappointed, for the dishes were not very new to them, but when they tasted a real "boiled dinner," and found how good it was; also baked beans, neither hard, greasy, nor burnt; beefsteak, tender, juicy, and well flavored; potatoes, mealy in spite of the season; Indian pudding, made as few modern cooks know how to make it; brown bread, with home-made butter; and pumpkin-pie that cut like wedges of vegetable gold,—they changed their minds, and began to eat with appetites that would have destroyed their reputations as delicate young ladies, if they had been seen. Tea in egg-shell cups, election-cake and cream-cheese, with fruit, ended the dinner; and as they sat admiring the tiny old spoons, the crisp cake, and the little cheeses like snow-balls, Edith said, in reply to various compliments paid her: "Let us give honor where honor is due. Patty suggested this, and did most of the cooking; so thank her, and borrow her recipe-book. It's very funny, ever so old, copied and tried by her grandmother, and full of directions for making quantities of nice things, from pie like this to a safe, sure wash for the complexion. May-dew, rose-leaves, and lavender,—does n't that sound lovely?"

"Oh, let me copy it!" was the simultaneous request of Ella and May, who were afflicted with freckles, and Laura, who was sallow from over-indulgence in coffee and confectionery.

"Yes, indeed. But I was about to say, as we have no prize to-day, we have prepared a little souvenir of our old-fashioned dinner for each of you. Bring them, Daughter; I hope the ladies will pardon the homeliness of the offering, and make use of the hint that accompanies each."

As Edith spoke, with a comical mingling of the merry girl and the stately old lady she was trying to personate, Patty brought from the sideboard, where it had stood in hiding, a silver salver, on which lay five dainty little loaves of bread. On the top of each loaf appeared a recipe for making it, nicely written on a colored card and held in place by a silver scarf-pin.

"How cunning!" "What lovely pins!" "I'll take the hint and learn to make good bread at once." "It smells as sweet as a nut, and is n't hard or heavy anywhere!" "Such a pretty idea, and so clever of you to carry it out so well!"

These remarks went on as the little loaves went around, each girl finding her pin well suited to her pet fancy or foible; for all were different, and all very pretty, whether the design was a palette, a pen, a racquet, a fan, or a bar of music.

Seeing that her dinner was a success in spite of its homeliness, Edith added the last surprise, which had also been one to Patty and herself when it arrived, just in time to be carried out. She forgot to be Madam now, and said with a face full of mingled merriment and satisfaction, as she pushed her cap askew and pulled off her mitts:

"Girls, the best joke of all is that Rex and Alf sent the pins, and made Phil bring them, with a most humble apology for their impertinence last week. A meeker boy I never saw, and for that we may thank Floy; but I think the dinner Pat and I cooked the other day won Rex's heart, so that he made Alf eat humble pie in this agreeable manner. We'll not say anything about it, but will all wear our pins, and show the boys that we can forgive and forget as 'sweet girls' should, though we do cook and have ideas of our own beyond looking pretty and minding our older brothers."

"We will!" cried the chorus with one voice, and Florence added: "I also propose that when we have learned to make something besides 'kick-shaws,' as the boys call our fancy dishes, we have a dinner like this, and invite those rascals to it; which will be heaping coals of fire on their heads, and will put a stop for evermore to their making jokes about our cooking class."

LORRAINE'S REASON.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

LORRAINE has wonderful, lustrous eyes,
Clear as the depths of a mountain lake,
Blue as the blue of morning skies
That frost and sunshine together make.

"Give me those beautiful eyes," I said,
"Those merry blue eyes of yours, Lorraine!"

The sunbeams danced on the golden head,
While into the eyes crept a look of pain.

"I tan't!" the little maid said, at last,
Her mind all free from the sudden doubt,
As over the lids her fingers passed.
"Dod put 'em in tight, and I tan't det 'em out!"

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

I.

THE ROMANS, BUT NOT ROME.

It is quite a common thing for persons traveling in Europe who are unacquainted with the countries they intend to visit, to form themselves into companies under the charge of a man who makes it his business to go with such parties and personally conduct them during the tours and journeys that may be agreed upon. Besides relieving travelers from the troubles and perplexities which often befall them in countries with the language and customs of which they are not well acquainted, the personal conductor is familiar with all the objects of interest in the various places visited, and is able to explain to those under his charge everything that they see.

It is my purpose to offer my services to you, boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS, to personally conduct you, in the pages of your magazine, to various interesting places in Europe. I do not propose to take you over all Europe, nor to stop at every well-known place upon our route, for to do this would require a long time. Of course, there are few places in the world which the ST. NICHOLAS young people have not read about; but every traveler sees something new, or sees old things in a new light, and when we visit great cities or noted localities, we shall not only try to enjoy what we have read of before, but to find out as much as possible for ourselves. I shall conduct you only over such ground as I myself have previously visited. And now, as we know what is to be done, we will set out.

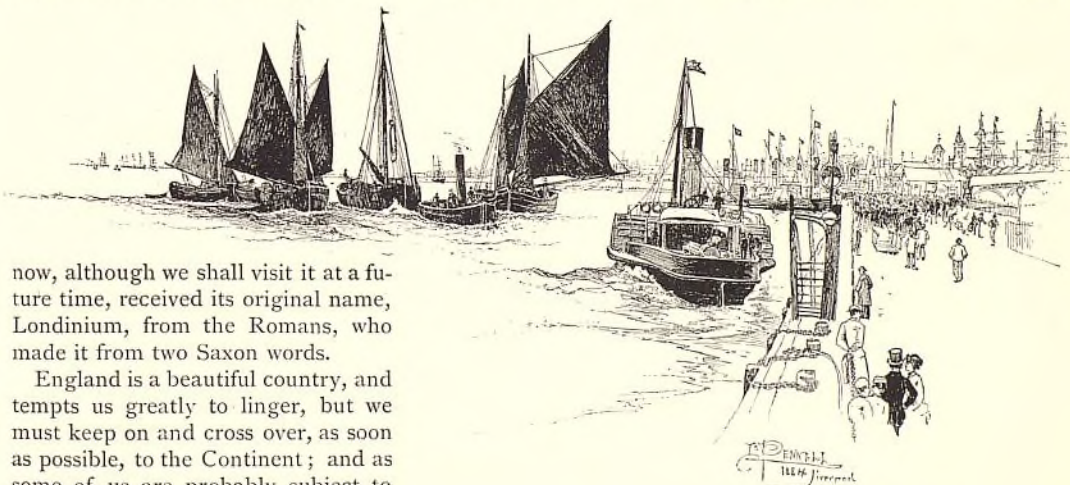
If we cross the Atlantic by one of the fast steamships, we shall make the voyage in about a week. But if we are going to Liverpool, to which port most of the steamers sail, we must not think that our journey is over at the end of the seventh day. At that time we have only reached Queenstown, Ireland. The time of steamers crossing the Atlantic is estimated by the number of days and hours occupied in going from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, or from Queenstown to Sandy Hook. It is true that, on arriving at Queenstown we have reached Europe, but we must go on for about a day more before we get to Liverpool, the end of our voyage; unless, indeed, we choose to stop for a time in Ireland, which many people do. We are landed at Liverpool by a little side-wheel steam-boat, which conveys us from the ocean steamer, anchored in mid-stream, to the "landing-stage" or floating dock.

And here I may as well state at once that we are on our way to the south of France and Italy, and that, therefore, we shall make short stops, at present, at intervening places, no matter how interesting they may be. For this reason we shall soon leave behind us Liverpool, with its magnificent stone docks, its seven miles of quays, and its enormous draught-horses, which bear the same relation to common horses that Jumbo bears to common elephants. Nor shall we stop very long at the queer old town of Chester, full of quaint and curious houses of the olden time, some with Scriptural texts upon their fronts, and which has a wall entirely around it, built by the Romans when these mighty people were masters of England. If there is in our company any boy or girl

who has studied ancient history so much that he or she is tired of hearing about the Romans, that member of our party must either turn back and go home, or else be prepared to exercise a great deal of resignation during the rest of our journeys. For, in traveling over civilized Europe, we might as well try to avoid English or American travelers (who are to be found everywhere) as to avoid the architectural remains of the Romans, who were as great in colonizing as they were in conquering, and who left marks of their enterprise from Africa to Scotland. If this energetic nation had known of the existence of a continent on the other side of the Atlantic, it is very likely that there would now be the remains of a Roman amphitheater on Coney Island, and a Roman wall around Burlington, New Jersey. Even London, the greatest city in the civilized world, where we shall not stop

but it is not our intention to stop here now, and so we keep on toward the south of France.

Our first actual visit will be made to the small but very old city of Avignon † on the River Rhone. This is a good place at which to begin our foreign life, for there are few towns in Europe which to an American boy or girl would seem more thoroughly foreign than Avignon. The town is surrounded by a high wall, with the battlements and towers almost as perfect as when they were built in the fourteenth century. Nearly all the streets are either narrow or crooked, and many are both, as streets used to be in the Middle Ages, and some of them are cut through solid rock, with queer old houses perched high overhead. But there are broad open spaces, and one straight wide street, which, with the handsome gate at the end of it, was formerly called the street and gate



THE LANDING-STAGE AT LIVERPOOL.

now, although we shall visit it at a future time, received its original name, Londinium, from the Romans, who made it from two Saxon words.

England is a beautiful country, and tempts us greatly to linger, but we must keep on and cross over, as soon as possible, to the Continent; and as some of us are probably subject to sea-sickness, we will choose the shortest sea route—that between Dover and Calais.* The English Channel is one of the worst places in the world for causing sea-sickness, and we shall take passage upon a very curious vessel, built for the purpose of preventing, so far as possible, the rolling, pitching, and tossing which cause many travelers to suffer more in a few hours' trip between England and France than they had suffered in their whole voyage across the wide Atlantic. This vessel is, in reality, two boats, placed side by side, and covered with one deck like the catamarans in use in the United States. It has a comparatively easy and steady motion, and it is quite a novel experience to go out to the forward rail, and see the bows of the two vessels in front of us plowing through the water, side by side, as if they were a pair of steam-boats running a very even race. From Calais we go by rail to Paris, the most beautiful of all the great cities of the world;

of Petrarch, after the famous poet who lived near Avignon. Lately, however, the French people have changed its name, and now it is called the street of the Republic. But with this exception there is nothing about Avignon that would remind us of any modern town. Everything we see—the houses, the streets, the churches—looks as if it had been in use for centuries.

In the year 1309 Avignon became a very important place in the eyes of Europe; for in that year the Pope of Rome came to live here, and made this little city the central seat of government of the Christian church. Civil wars in Italy made Rome a very unpleasant place for the popes to live in, and through the influence of the King of France, Pope Clement V. established himself at Avignon, and other popes succeeded him; and the fact that for nearly a hundred years the popes

* Pronounced: in English, *Kal'-is*,—in French, *Kal'ā*.

† Pronounced *A-veen'yong*.

lived at Avignon has given this little city an important place in history.

The massive palace in which the popes used to live still stands upon a hill called the Rocher des Doms, overlooking the town. This building, lofty in height and immense in extent, is now occupied as a military barracks, but visitors can walk through it and see many remains of its former grandeur. But in its lofty halls — (the walls of which were covered with fresco paintings by Italian masters) — rude soldiers now eat, drink, and sleep, where popes and cardinals once moved about in state.

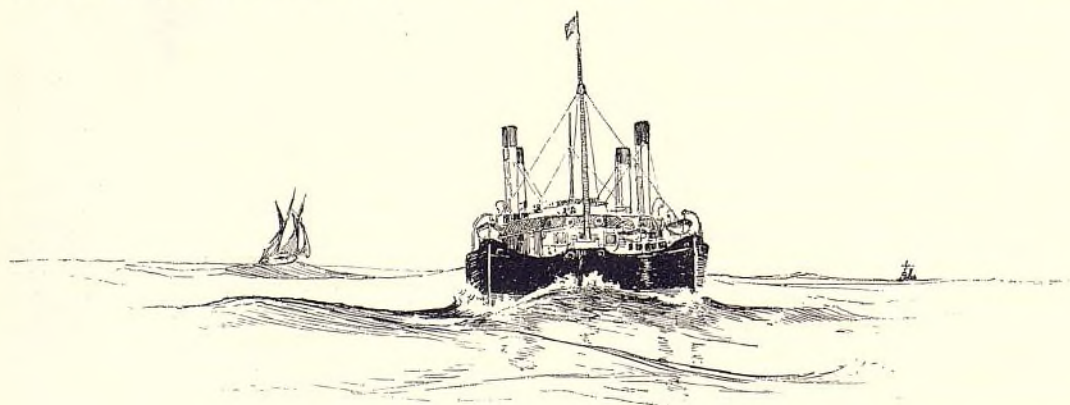
After a visit to the old cathedral near by, we go out upon the upper part of the hill, which is laid out as a pleasure-ground, with handsome walks and shrubbery. From a high point here we have one of the finest views in France. Far off to the eastward, with its white head against the deep blue sky, is a mountain, its top covered with perpetual snow. It is Mont Ventoux,* one of the Maritime Alps; and although we shall see much grander mountains, we shall not be likely to forget this one, on top of which is lying, perhaps, the first perpetual snow that some of us have ever seen. Far away on every side, we have beautiful views of the Rhone valley and the surrounding country with its dark masses of forest, its vast stretches of fields and groves of olive-trees, and its little white stone villages scattered about, here and there, upon the landscape. The river Rhone runs close to the foot of the Rocher des Doms; and looking across its two branches, which are here separated by a

New City; and the place with the walls around it is the ruins of the fortified Abbey of St. Andrew, which used to be a very important establishment in the time of the popes. Just beneath us there is a part of an ancient bridge which once stretched across the two branches of the river, and over the island, to the other side. The swift-flowing Rhone, however, has long since carried away nearly all of it, and there is nothing left but a small portion, with a little chapel standing on the outermost and broken end.

There is now a modern bridge over the river, and as I know we will all wish to examine the ruins of the abbey on the other side, we will cross over this; and we soon enter the town of Villeneuve, which I am sure is the saddest and most deserted-looking place that any of you ever saw in your lives.

There are few persons to be seen anywhere. We go up a long street with dead-looking houses on each side, and occasionally we see a magnificent stone portal with pillars and carved ornaments, which would seem to lead to some grand palace; but on looking through the gate-way we see nothing behind but a miserable little stone shanty, the palace having long ago gone to ruin. An imposing entrance of this kind, which leads to nothing of any consequence, reminds me of some people I have met.

I must say here, while speaking of the aspect of Villeneuve, that we must not allow ourselves to be depressed by the melancholy little villages we



THE TWIN STEAMER "CALAIS-DOUVRE" CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

large island, we see something that seems like a fortress. The four walls, inclosing a large square space, have battlements and towers, most of which are now broken down; but two fine old towers, with a gate-way between them, still stand up bold and high. Near these ruins is a long, straggling town, which is the very old town of Villeneuve,† or

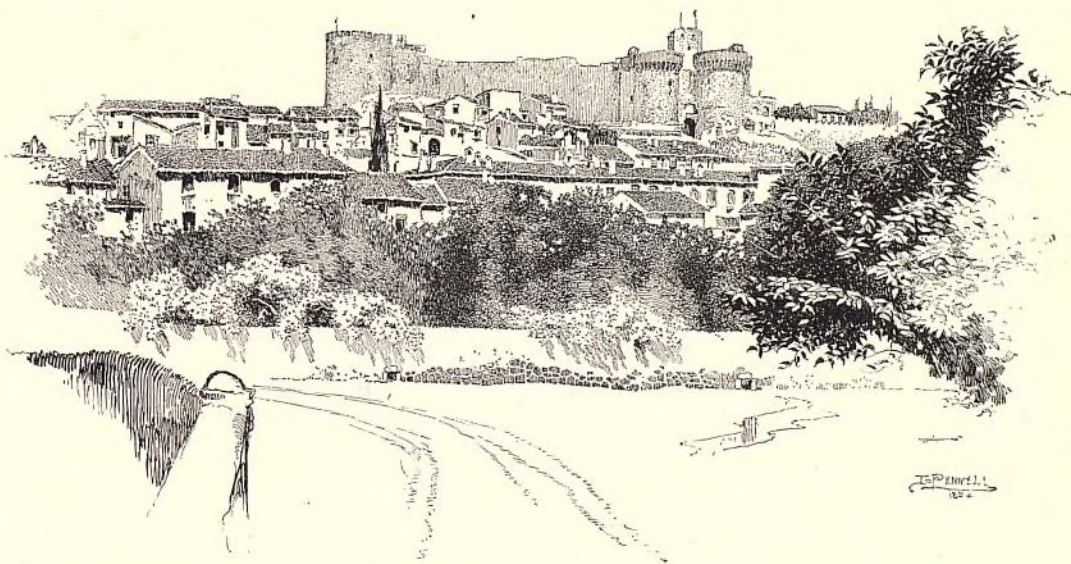
shall meet with in our travels in the southern part of Europe. We must not expect pretty houses, surrounded by shade-trees, fresh grass, and flower-beds, such as we see in country places at home. In England, and some parts of the Continent, many of the small country houses and villages are extremely picturesque and attractive, but in the

* Pronounced *Monk voo-foo* Ayuntamiento de Madrid

† Pronounced *Veel-nuv'*.

southern part of Europe, where the summers are long and hot, the houses in the villages are built of gray or whitish stone, with as few windows as possible, and are crowded close together. The narrow streets are hard and white, and look as if they were made of the same stone as the houses. The heat can not penetrate into these tomb-like

rooms of the two towers, which are connected, and which for centuries were used for prisons. In a small dark, stone cell there is an inscription stating that Gaston, brother of Louis XIV., was here confined. This was the "Man with the Iron Mask," who was, from time to time, shut up in various prisons of France. One of the large rooms has its stone



DISTANT VIEW OF THE OLD ABBEY OF ST. ANDREW, AT AVIGNON.

buildings, and they may be very cool and satisfactory to the people who live in them, but they have not a cheerful air. But we shall get used to this and many other things which are either better or worse than what we have left behind us at home; and the sooner we make up our minds to enjoy, so far as we can, whatever sights we see, without continually comparing them with things at home, the greater pleasure shall we take in our travels, and the greater advantage will they be to us.

When we have passed through the town and have reached the old abbey, we find a little man with a bunch of keys; he is called the *gardien*, and has the privilege of showing the place. Did any of you ever read "The Mysteries of Udolpho," by Mrs. Radcliffe? If you have, you will remember that the story is full of secret passages, concealed door-ways, trap-doors, and dungeons. The two great round towers which stand on each side of the main entrance to this abbey are very much like my idea of the Castle of Udolpho. We enter one of the towers by a little door on the ground, and find ourselves in a dark apartment; then we go up narrow, winding stone stairs, with a rope on one side to take hold of; and so visit, one after another, the various dungeons and

floor literally covered with inscriptions scratched or carved there by prisoners. Some of these were made as late as the great French Revolution, while others date back to the tenth century; some are very elaborate, and it must have taken the prisoners a long time to cut them out, but that was probably the only way they had of passing the time. In the upper part of one of the towers is the bakery, with immense ovens, still apparently in good order. Near by is the little cell where the baker, who was always a prisoner, was every night locked up. The *gardien* will point out to us trap-doors, on which we feel somewhat fearful to tread, and doors and dark passages which we should never be likely to find by ourselves. And, at last, we make our way down the stone stairs, which are worn by the steps of many generations of prisoners, guards, and jailors, and out into the great inclosed space surrounded by the abbey walls. There are other towers at the corners of these walls, but they are in a ruined condition. Almost in the center of the inclosure is a comparatively modern convent, with a wall around it. This is the only place within the bounds of the ancient abbey that is inhabited.

Ruins of this kind possess a historical interest,

and those who wish to understand the manners and customs of people of the Middle Ages should not fail to visit them, if it is in their power; but, after all, I think we shall feel relieved when we go away from this gloomy fortress and these melancholy dungeons, and prepare to visit something which is a relic of the past,—I may say of the very long, long past,—but which has no saddening traditions connected with it.

What we are now going to see is not at Avignon, but is distant about an hour's ride by rail. It is the Pont du Gard* (or "Bridge of the Gard"), a great bridge, or aqueduct, built here by the Romans at a time when this part of France was occupied by the soldiers and colonies of that people; and, next to the Colosseum at Rome, it is considered the grandest and most perfect piece of Roman architecture now standing in the world.

In order to properly see this great ruin, we shall give a day to the visit; and we shall take a morning train at the station at the end of the bridge opposite Avignon, and go to Remoulin,† a small village about two miles from the Pont du Gard. Then as many of us as can be accommodated will get into little carriages, each drawn by one horse with a high horn to his collar, on which hang bells, and driven by a man in a blue blouse, with a whip that cracks as merrily as the bells jingle; and the rest of us, I suppose, will have to walk. The most of our road is by the little river Gardon, usually called the Gard; and as we go along, we see French rural life much better than we can from the windows of a railway train. The road is smooth and hard, like those of our city parks. Of this kind, indeed, are nearly all the roads in France. When we have gone about two miles, we reach a valley formed by two rows of high hills, which rise on each side of the river; and at a turn in the road we suddenly see before us the great Pont du Gard. It is an immense stone bridge, rising high into the air and stretching across the whole valley. It consists of three rows of arches, one above the other. In the lower row there are six very large arches; above this is a longer row of eleven smaller arches; and over this, thirty-five arches still smaller. On the top of the upper row, and forming the summit of the bridge, is a covered aqueduct, or water-way. At a little distance this vast bridge seems almost as entire and perfect as when first built, and we can hardly realize the fact that it has stood there for nineteen centuries. The valley here is wild and almost desolate. There is a mill on one side of the river and a small house, nearly concealed by trees, on the other, and an occasional wagon may be seen moving slowly along the road, or crossing the river on a bridge, which was built in 1743 for

military purposes, close to the lower arches of the ancient structure and partly resting on them. Otherwise the place is quiet and deserted, as it probably always has been; and it seems strange that the Romans should have built such a stupendous and costly bridge in a spot like this. But it was not put here that people might cross the little river Gardon, which is spanned by a single one of the lower row of arches. There is a broad pavement of great slabs of stone on the top of this first row of arches, and on this persons could walk if there happened to be anybody who wanted to cross the river at this point, but vehicles could never go over the Pont du Gard. It was erected solely for the purpose of carrying water across the valley, and was part of an aqueduct, twenty-five miles long, constructed by the Romans to conduct the water of the springs of Airan to their town of Nemausus, now the French town of Nîmes.‡ Remains of this aqueduct may still be seen in various parts of the country between the springs and Nîmes.

We all stop for a few moments to gaze at this massive structure,—even now one of the greatest bridges in the world,—and then we hurry forward to take possession of it. This we may truly do for as long a time as we please, for there is no *gardien* here in charge of the bridge; there are no guides to take us about and explain everything, as if they were "saying a lesson" which they had learned years ago, and had repeated every day since; and it is very likely there are no tourists wandering up and down with red guide-books in their hands, for it is an out-of-the-way place. So we have the great bridge to ourselves, and can wander and climb about it as much as we like. We send the little carriages back to Remoulin, with orders to return for us in the afternoon, and give ourselves up to the pleasant occupation of finding out exactly what sort of a bridge the Romans constructed when they made up their minds to build a really good one. The first thing we do is to pass under some of the lower arches to the farther side; and this we can easily do, for, as I said before, the little river runs under but one of these arches, the others stretching over the rocks, the grass, and the road in the bottom of the valley. From the other side we get a view of the ancient bridge unobstructed by the modern one, which was built by a warrior duke for the purpose of getting his cannon and military wagons across the stream, and which is now a very good bridge for vehicles of the present day. As we gaze up at the old bridge, we see great stones projecting at regular intervals from its sides, from the bottom up to the top of the second row of arches. These

* Pronounced *PonÉ du Gar*.

† Pronounced *Reh-moo-Lay-K*.

‡ Pronounced *Nem*.

served as supports to the derricks and other machines by which the massive stones were raised as the building progressed; and when Agrippa (the son-in-law of Cæsar Augustus), who is believed to have built this bridge, had finished his great work, he did not think it necessary to make his workmen cut off these projecting stones, and thus we have an idea of one of the methods by which the Roman stone-masons worked. When we go up to the road which is on a level with the top of

we can look through the long covered water-way from one end to the other. But more than this, we can walk through it if we choose, and this we immediately prepare to do. This long passage, through which the water used to run, is several feet wide, and higher than a tall man, and in some places the broad slabs of stone which formed its roof are missing, so that it is now quite well lighted. There is no danger in walking through it, for there are no holes in the floor through which one might



"TOURISTS WANDERING UP AND DOWN, WITH RED GUIDE-BOOKS IN THEIR HANDS."

the first row of arches, we all cross the bridge on the broad pavement, which seems as smooth and solid as when it was laid down, before the beginning of the Christian era. The second row of arches rests upon this pavement, but there is plenty of room on the outside of them for us to walk, and if we keep on the side next to the modern bridge, there is no danger of falling off. When we step under the arches of this second row and look up, we see the square indentations in the stone-work which were made there to support the scaffolding of the Roman masons. The world has changed so much since those holes were made that it is almost like a new world; and if Agrippa, the famous aqueduct-builder, could come back to life, he would find a wonderfully different Rome and a wonderfully different Europe from those he used to know, but he would see the square holes in his arches exactly as he left them.

When we have examined the bridge as much as we wish to from this broad lower pavement, we make up our minds to go to the very top of it, and see what is to be seen there. The aqueduct, which rests on the upper row of arches, extends from the upper part of the hills on one side of the valley to the hills on the other, and we can reach it by climbing a steep path. When we get to the end of the path,—and those of you who are inclined to be fat, and also inclined to be in a hurry, must expect to puff a little at this point,—we find that

fall, and the walls of the aqueduct are still perfect. The bridge is very old, but it is solid enough to support all the people who may choose to walk through its water-way, and hundreds of years from now it will probably be as strong as it is to-day. There have been young men who have partly crossed this bridge by climbing on the roof of the water-way and walking on the top of the stone slabs. There is no railing there for any of them to catch hold of should they make a misstep, and, although it is quite wide enough to walk on, it is too high in the air to make it safe for a promenade. So the ST. NICHOLAS boys will keep off this roof, if they please, and walk in the narrow passage through which the water used to flow to the old Roman town.

When this water-way was built, it was lined with the famous Roman cement, through which water could not penetrate. The bottom, or floor, of the passage is now a good deal broken, and there are loose pieces of this plaster, about half an inch thick, lying here and there. I dare say many of the young people will pick up some of these, and carry them away as mementoes of mason-work which was comparatively new and fresh at the time when Mary and Joseph, with their little Child, took their flight into Egypt. It is not right to injure monuments or buildings, either ancient or modern, by carrying away pieces of them as relics, but there is no harm in taking a piece of plaster

which may be crushed by the first heavy heel that treads upon it. It is a queer sensation, walking through this long rectangular pipe, for it is nothing else, which is raised to such a great height in the air. When we arrive at about the middle, those of us who happen to think of the three rows of arches beneath us, and of the good old age to which they have arrived, may perhaps begin to feel a little nervous, but there is really no danger, and if you think you feel the bridge swerving from side to side, it is all imagination. It is certainly a very narrow bridge, considering its great height and length, but the storms of nineteen centuries have not moved it.

When we come to the other end of the bridge, we find that it is somewhat broken and does not reach the hill-top in front of it, but there are stones, like steps, by which we can make our way to a path which will take us down the hill to the valley. This valley is a delightful place for a picnic, and here we shall sit down and eat the lunches we have brought with us. In some places the ground is covered with beautiful green grass, shaded by trees; and near the bridge are many rocks which are pleasant to sit upon. Not far away is an olive orchard, and when I first visited this place many of the olives were ripe. I had never before seen ripe olives, which are of a dark purple, almost black, and look like little plums. I naturally wished to know how they tasted, and so I picked one and tried it. I do not believe the owner of the grove would object to the boys and girls picking as many ripe olives as they chose, provided they would give him a cent apiece for all they did not eat after tasting them. The foliage of olive-trees is of a dull grayish green, and although picturesque when seen in masses, and at a little distance with the sunlight upon it, is not of a cheerful hue. But an olive grove will always appear more cheerful to those who have not tasted the ripe fruit than to those who have. The olives which we use on our tables are picked green and pickled; those which ripen are used for oil.

We wander by the side of the little river, which sometimes spreads out to quite a width, overhung by trees, and then hurries between rocks toward the mill, where it spreads itself out again and falls gayly over a dam. Then we sit upon the rocks and the grass, and look through the great lower arches of the old bridge, and we see through each one a different picture; sometimes a bit of the river, the mill, and distant hills spotted with vil-

lages and steeples; sometimes the river, a grove, the bright green grass, and the deep blue sky; and then again a white road, with a queer old-fashioned wagon making its way slowly along; or high, rocky hills, and a mass of deep green foliage, with a bit of sky just visible at the top.

And, when we gaze upward, there is the bridge, wonderful in its size, its beauty, and enduring strength, and still more wonderful in the story it tells of that great nation which once spread itself over the known world, leaving everywhere monuments of its power and wealth. But, with one exception, none of its monuments which survive to-day are so vast and imposing as this immense bridge, built simply for the purpose of giving good pure water to the inhabitants of a little town. Nearly every one who sees the Pont du Gard makes the remark that it seems strange that such an enormous and expensive bridge should have been built just to carry water across that valley. Truly, the Romans were an energetic people.

The reason why the Pont du Gard is now so much more a perfect structure than that other great remaining work of the Roman architects, the Colosseum, is that it has always stood at a distance from towns and cities whose inhabitants might want its stones to build their palaces and their huts. It is not the hand of time that has, in most cases, destroyed the temples and other architectural works of the ancients, but the hand of man. They were built strongly and massively; but, although they could resist the storms of centuries, they could not resist the crow-bars of men who found it much easier to take away their stones, already cut and shaped, than to quarry building-material from the rocks. The world has now more respect for ancient remains than it used to have; and I feel sure that if ever a town arises near the Pont du Gard, the stones of the old bridge will not be taken to build its houses.

But now we hear jingling bells, and the crackling of whips, and here come the little carriages to take us back to Remoulin.

At Nîmes, and at some other places in the south of France, there are ruins of amphitheaters and other Roman buildings; but we shall not visit these now. After a while we wish to go to Rome, and if we see too many Roman ruins before we get there, it may take off a little of the edge of the keen pleasure we expect in the Eternal City.

But the Pont du Gard is something that is different from anything else in the world; it would not do to miss that.

[An illustration, showing the Pont du Gard, arrives too late for the present issue of ST. NICHOLAS. It will appear in the December number. — Ed.]

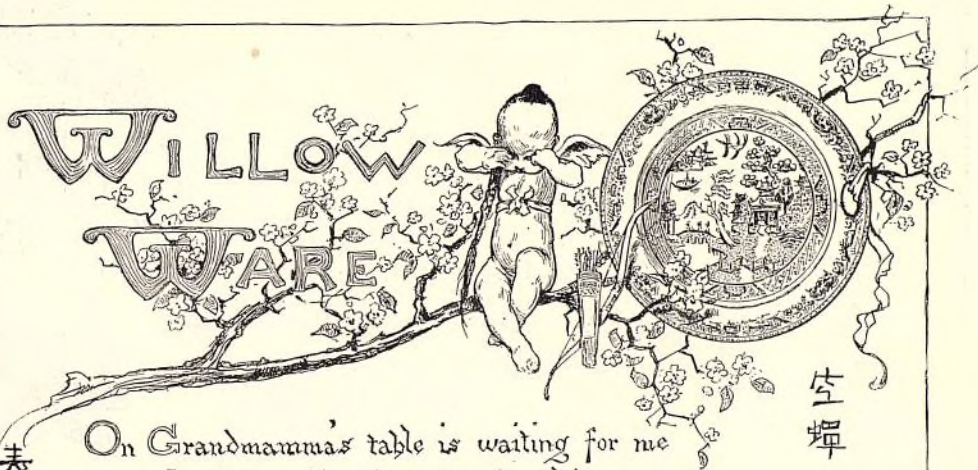


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On Grandmamma's table is waiting for me
A plate with gingerbread piled,—
Bread and milk, and berries and cream,
And the mug marked **F**or a **G**ood **C**hild."
And I eat my supper and wonder where
That wonderful land may be
Where the sky is white and the earth is blue,
That on my plate I see.



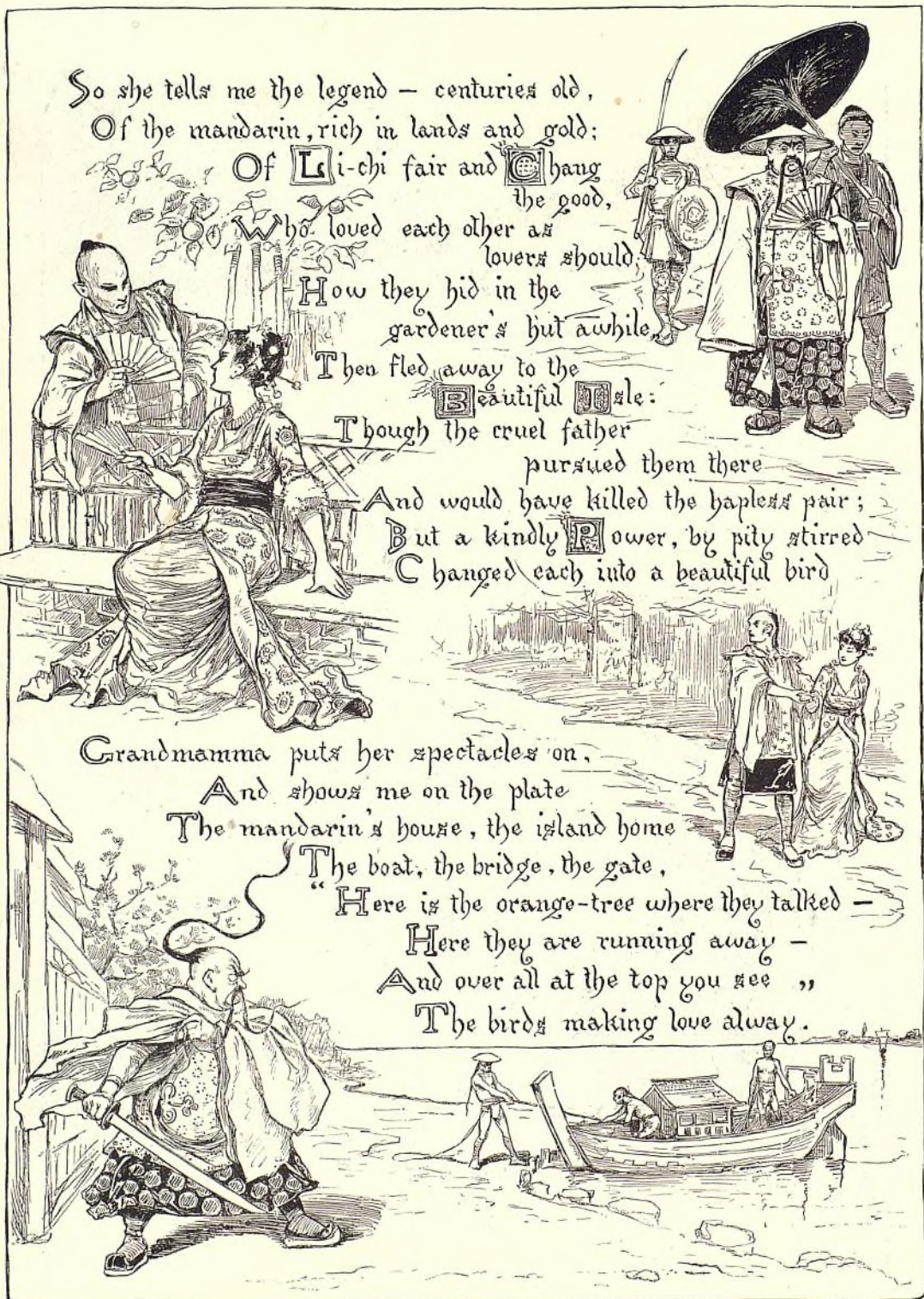
"Grandma, you know 'most everything—
Tell me the story about it all.
Do the long-tailed birds
know how to sing?
Did a prince~~ss~~ live in that
castle small?
The prince~~ss~~'s hair in a
fairy tale
Is generally gold, but this is blue
How does the boat go without
any sail?
Tell me the story,—
Grandmamma do."

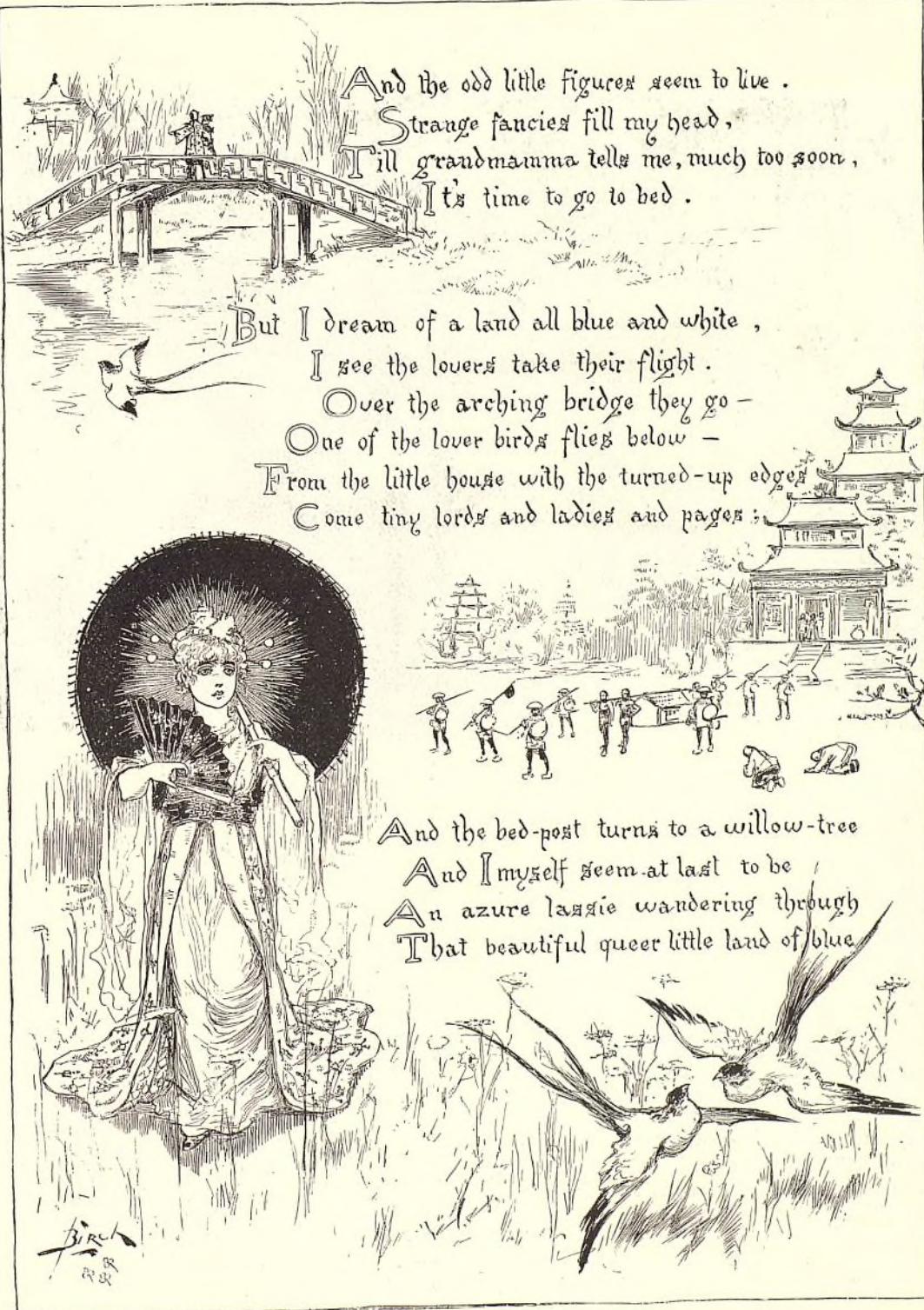
So she tells me the legend — centuries old,
 Of the mandarin, rich in lands and gold;
 Of **L**i-chi fair and **C**hang
 the good,
 Who loved each other as
 lovers should,
 How they hid in the
 gardener's hut awhile,
 Then fled away to the
Beautiful **I**le:

Though the cruel father
 pursued them there
 And would have killed the hapless pair;
 But a kindly **P**ower, by pity stirred
 Canged each into a beautiful bird

Grandmamma puts her spectacles on,
 And shows me on the plate
 The mandarin's house, the island home
 The boat, the bridge, the gate,

Here is the orange-tree where they talked —
 Here they are running away —
 And over all at the top you see
 The birds making love alway.





A STARTLING DISCOVERY.



MARY'S LITTLE LAMB: "BAA! THAT DOLL'S HAIR IS wool!"

MIKKEL.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

I.

HOW MIKKEL WAS FOUND.

YOU may find it hard to believe what I am going to tell you, but it is, nevertheless, strictly true. I knew the boy who is the hero of this story. His name was Thor Larsson, and a very clever boy he was. Still I don't think he would have amounted to much in the world, if it had not been for his friend Michael, or, as they write it in Norwegian, Mikkel. Mikkel, strange to say, was not a boy, but a fox. Thor caught him, when

he was a very small lad, in a den under the roots of a huge tree. It happened in this way. Thor and his elder brother, Lars, and still another boy, named Ole Thomlemo, were up in the woods gathering faggots, which they tied together in large bundles to carry home on their backs; for their parents were poor people, and had no money to buy wood with. The boys rather liked to be sent on errands of this kind, because delicious raspberries and blue-berries grew in great abundance in the woods, and gathering faggots was, after all, a much manlier occupation than staying at home minding the baby.

Thor's brother Lars and Ole Thomlemo were great friends, and they had a disagreeable way of always plotting and having secrets together and leaving Thor out of their councils. One of their favorite tricks, when they wished to get rid of him, was to pretend to play hide-and-seek; and when he had hidden himself, they would run away from him and make no effort to find him. It was this trick of theirs which led to the capture of Mikkel, and to many things besides.

It was on a glorious day in the early autumn that the three boys started out together, as frisky and gay as a company of squirrels. They had no lunch-con baskets with them, although they expected to be gone for the whole day; but they had hooks and lines in their pockets, and meant to have a famous dinner of brook-trout up in some mountain glen, where they could sit like pirates around a fire, conversing in mysterious language, while the fish was being fried upon a flat stone. Their *tolle* knives* were hanging, sheathed, from their girdles, and the two older ones carried, besides, little hatchets wherewith to cut off the dry twigs and branches. Lars and Ole Thomlemo, as usual, kept ahead and left Thor to pick his way over the steep and stony road as best he might; and when he caught up with them, they started to run, while he sat down panting on a stone. Thus several hours passed, until they came to a glen in which the blue-berries grew so thickly that you could not step without crushing a handful. The boys gave a shout of delight and flung themselves down, heedless of their clothes, and began to eat with boyish greed. As far as their eyes could reach between the mossy pine trunks, the ground was blue with berries, except where bunches of ferns or clusters of wild flowers intercepted the view. When they had dulled the edge of their hunger, they began to cut the branches from the trees which the lumbermen had felled, and Ole Thomlemo, who was clever with his hands, twisted withes, which they used instead of ropes for tying their bundles together. They had one bundle well secured and another under way, when Ole, with a mischievous expression, ran over to Lars and whispered something in his ear.

"Let us play hide-and-seek," said Lars aloud, glancing over toward his little brother, who was working like a Trojan, breaking the faggots so as to make them all the same length.

Thor, who in spite of many exasperating experiences had not yet learned to be suspicious, threw down an armful of dry boughs and answered: "Yes, let us, boys! I am in for anything."

"I'll blind first," cried Ole Thomlemo; "now, be quick and get yourselves hidden."

And off the two brothers ran, while Ole turned his face against a big tree and covered his eyes with his hands. But the very moment Thor was out of sight, Lars stole back again to his friend, and together they stepped away under cover of the bushes, until they reached the lower end of the glen. There, they pulled out their fish-lines, cut rods with their hatchets, and went down to the tarn, or brook, which was only a short distance off; the fishing was excellent, and when the large speckled trout began to leap out of the water to catch their flies, the two boys soon ceased to trouble themselves about little Thor, who, they supposed, was hiding under some bush and waiting to be discovered.

*In this supposition they were partly right and partly wrong.

No sooner had Ole Thomlemo given the signal for hiding, than Thor ran up the hill-side, stumbling over the moss-grown stones, pushing the underbrush aside with his hands, and looking eagerly for a place where he would be least likely to be found. He was full of the spirit of the game, and anticipated with joyous excitement the wonder of the boys when they should have to give up the search and call to him to reveal himself. While these thoughts were filling his brain, he caught sight of a huge old fir-tree, which was leaning down the mountain-side as if ready to fall. The wind had evidently given it a pull in the top, strong enough to loosen its hold on the ground, and yet not strong enough to overthrow it. On the upper side, for a dozen yards or more, the thick, twisted roots, with the soil and turf still clinging to them, had been lifted, so as to form a little den about two feet wide at the entrance. Here, thought Thor, was a wonderful hiding-place. Chuckling to himself at the discomfiture of his comrades, he threw himself down on his knees and thrust his head into the opening. To his surprise the bottom felt soft to his hands, as if it had been purposely covered with moss and a layer of feathers and eider-down. He did not take heed of the peculiar wild smell which greeted his nostrils, but fearlessly pressed on, until nearly his whole figure, with the exception of the heels of his boots, was hidden. Then a sharp little bark startled him, and raising his head he saw eight luminous eyes staring at him from a dark recess, a few feet beyond his nose. It is not to be denied that he was a little frightened; for it instantly occurred to him that he had unwittingly entered the den of some wild beast, and that, in case the old ones were at home, there was small

*The national knife of Norway. It has a round or oblong handle of wood, bone, or ivory, often beautifully carved, and a slightly curved, one-edged blade, with a sharp point.

chance of his escaping with a whole skin. It could hardly be a bear's den, for the entrance was not half big enough for a gentleman of Bruin's size. It might possibly be a wolf's premises he was trespassing upon, and the idea made his blood run cold. For Mr. Graylegs, as the Norwegians call the wolf, is not to be trifled with; and a small boy armed only with a knife was hardly a match for such an antagonist. Thor concluded, without much reflection, that his safest plan would be to beat a hasty retreat. Digging his hands into the mossy ground, he tried to push himself backward, but, to his unutterable dismay, he could not budge an inch. The feathers, interspersed with the smooth pine-needles, slipped under his fingers, and, moreover, the roots caught in his clothes and held him as in a vice. He tried to force his way, but the more he wriggled the more he realized how small was his chance of escape. To turn was impossible, and to pull off his coat and trousers was a scarcely less difficult task. It was fortunate that the four inhabitants of the den, to whom the glaring eyes belonged, seemed no less frightened than himself; for they remained huddled together in their corner, and showed no disposition to fight. They only stared wildly at the intruder, and seemed anxious to know what he intended to do next. And Thor stared at them in return, although the darkness was so dense that he could discern nothing except the eight luminous eyes, which were fixed upon him with an uncanny and highly uncomfortable expression. Unpleasant as the situation was, he began to grow accustomed to it, and he collected his scattered thoughts sufficiently to draw certain conclusions. The size of the den, as well as the feathers which everywhere met his fumbling hands, convinced him that his hosts were young foxes, and that probably their respected parents, for the moment, were on a raid in search of rabbits or stray poultry. That reflection comforted him, for he had never known a fox to use any other weapon of defense than its legs, unless it was caught in a trap and had to fight for bare life. He was just dismissing from his mind all thought of danger from that source, when a sudden sharp pain in his heel put an end to his reasoning. He gave a scream, at which the eight eyes leaped apart in pairs and distributed themselves in a row along the curving wall of the den. Another bite in his ankle convinced him that he was being attacked from behind, and he knew no other way of defense than to kick with all his might, screaming at the same time so as to attract the attention of the boys, who, he supposed, could hardly be far off. But his voice sounded choked and feeble in the close den, and he feared that no one would be able to hear it ten yards away. The strong odor, too,

began to stifle him, and a strange dizziness wrapped his senses, as it were, in a gray, translucent veil. He made three or four spasmodic efforts to rouse himself, screamed feebly and kicked; but probably he struck his wounded ankle against a root or a stone, for the pain shot up his leg and made him clench his teeth to keep the tears from starting. He thought of his poor mother, whom he feared he should never see again, and how she would watch for his return through the long night and cry for him, as it said in the Bible that Jacob cried over Joseph when he supposed that a wild beast had torn him to pieces and killed him. Curious lights, like shooting stars, began to move before his eyes; his tongue felt dry and parched, and his throat seemed burning hot. It occurred to him that certainly God saw his peril and might yet help him, if he only prayed for help; but the only prayer which he could remember was the one which the minister repeated every Sunday for "our most gracious sovereign, Charles XV., and the army and navy of the United Kingdoms." Next he stumbled upon "the clergy, and the congregations committed to their charge"; and he was about to finish with "sailors in distress at sea," when his words, like his thoughts, grew more and more hazy, and he drifted away into unconsciousness.

Lars and Ole Thomlemo in the meanwhile had enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent, and when they had caught a dozen trout, among which was one three-pounder, they reeled up their lines, threaded the fish on withes, and began to trudge leisurely up the glen. When they came to the place where they had left their bundles of faggots, they stopped to shout for Thor, and when they received no reply, they imagined that, being tired of waiting, he had gone home alone, or fallen in with some one who was on his way down to the valley. The only thing that troubled them was that Thor's bundle had not been touched since they left him, and they knew that the boy was not lazy, and that, moreover, he would be afraid to go home without the faggots. They therefore concluded to search the copse and the surrounding underbrush, as it was just possible that he might have fallen asleep in his hiding-place while waiting to be discovered.

"I think Thor is napping somewhere under the bushes," cried Ole Thomlemo, swinging his hatchet over his head like an Indian tomahawk. "We shall have to halloo pretty loud, for you know he sleeps like a top."

And they began scouring the underbrush, traversing it in all directions, and hallooming lustily, both singly and in chorus. They were just about giving up the quest, when Lars's attention was attracted by two foxes which, undismayed by the

noise, were running about a large fir-tree, barking in a way which betrayed anxiety, and stopping every minute to dig up the ground with their fore-paws. When the boys approached the tree, the foxes ran only a short distance, then stopped, ran back, and again fled, once more to return.

"Those fellows act very queerly," remarked Lars, eying the foxes curiously; "I'll wager there are young un's under the tree here, but"—Lars gasped for breath—"Ole—Ole—Oh, look! What is this?"

Lars had caught sight of a pair of heels, from which a little stream of blood had been trickling, coloring the stones and pine-needles. Ole Thomlemo, hearing his comrade's exclamation of fright, was on the spot in an instant, and he comprehended at once how everything had happened.

"Look here, Lars," he said resolutely, "this is no time for crying. If Thor is dead, it is we who have killed him; but if he is n't dead, we've got to save him."

"Oh, what shall we do, Ole?" sobbed Lars, while the tears rolled down over his cheeks, "what shall we do? I shall never dare go home again if he is dead. We have been so very bad to him!"

"We have got to save him, I tell you," repeated Ole, tearless and stern; "we must pull him out; and if we can't do that, we must cut through the roots of this fir-tree; then it'll plunge down the mountain-side, without hurting him. A few roots that have burrowed into the rocks are all that keep the tree standing. Now, act like a man. Take hold of him by one heel and I'll take the other."

Lars, who looked up to his friend as a kind of superior being, dried his tears and grasped his brother's foot, while Ole carefully handled the wounded ankle. But their combined efforts had no perceptible effect, except to show how inextricably the poor lad's clothes were intertangled with the tree-roots, which, growing all in one direction, made entrance easy, but exit impossible.

"That wont do," said Ole, after three vain trials. "We might injure him without knowing it, driving the sharp roots into his eyes and ears, as likely as not. We've got to use the hatchets. You cut that root and I'll manage this one."

Ole Thomlemo was a lumberman's son, and since he was old enough to walk had spent his life in the forest. He could calculate with great nicety how a tree would fall, if cut in a certain way, and his skill in this instance proved valuable. With six well-directed cuts he severed one big root, while Lars labored at a smaller one. Soon with a great crash the mighty tree fell down the mountain-side, crushing a dozen birches and

smaller pines under its weight. The moss-grown sod around about was torn up with the remaining roots, and three pretty little foxes, blinded and stunned by the rush of daylight, sprang out from their hole and stared in bewilderment at the sudden change of scene. Through the cloud of flying dust and feathers the boys discerned, too, Thor's insensible form, lying outstretched, torn and bleeding, his face resting upon his hands, as if he were asleep. With great gentleness they lifted him up, brushed the moss and earth from his face and clothes, and placed him upon the grass by the side of the brook which flowed through the bottom of the glen. Although his body was warm, they could hardly determine whether he was dead or alive, for he seemed scarcely to be breathing, and it was not until Ole put a feather before his mouth and perceived its faint inward and outward movement, that they felt reassured and began to take heart. They bathed his temples with the cool mountain water and rubbed and chafed his hands, until at last he opened his eyes wonderingly and moved his lips, as if endeavoring to speak.

"Where am I?" he whispered at last, after several vain efforts to make himself heard.

"Why, cheer up, old fellow," answered Ole, encouragingly; "you have had a little accident, that's all, but you'll be all right in a minute."

"Unbutton my vest," whispered Thor again; "there is something scratching me here."

He put his hand over his heart, and the boys quickly tore his waistcoat open, but to their unutterable astonishment a little fox, the image of the three that had escaped, put his head out and looked about him with his alert eyes, as if to say: "Here am I; how do you like me?" He evidently felt so comfortable where he was, that he had no desire to get away. No doubt the little creature, prompted either by his curiosity or a desire to escape from the den, had crept into Thor's bosom while he was insensible, and, finding his quarters quite to his taste, had concluded to remain. Lars picked him up, tied a string about his neck, and put him in the side-pocket of his jacket. Then, as it was growing late, Ole lifted Thor upon his back, and he and Lars took turns in carrying him down to the valley.

Thor's ankle gave him some trouble, as the wound was slow in healing. With that exception, he was soon himself again; and he and Mikkell (for that was the name he gave to the little fox) grew to be great friends and had many a frolic together.

But the little fox was not a model of deportment, as you will see when I tell you, in the next chapter, how Mikkell disgraced himself.

(To be continued.)

THE ISLE OF CONTENT.

BY S. CONANT FOSTER.

THERE'S a land in a latitude near to us all
Where each dweller may follow his bent;
It is under no monarch's tyrannical thrall,
And is known as the Isle of Content.

It's a wonderful spot: if you ask, it will bring
To you quickly whate'er you desire;
What it can not produce—(it's a singular thing),—
That is just what you never require.

By the balmiest zephyrs of Happiness fanned,
It is neither too cold nor too hot,
And the lassies and lads never care in this land
Whether school is in session or not.

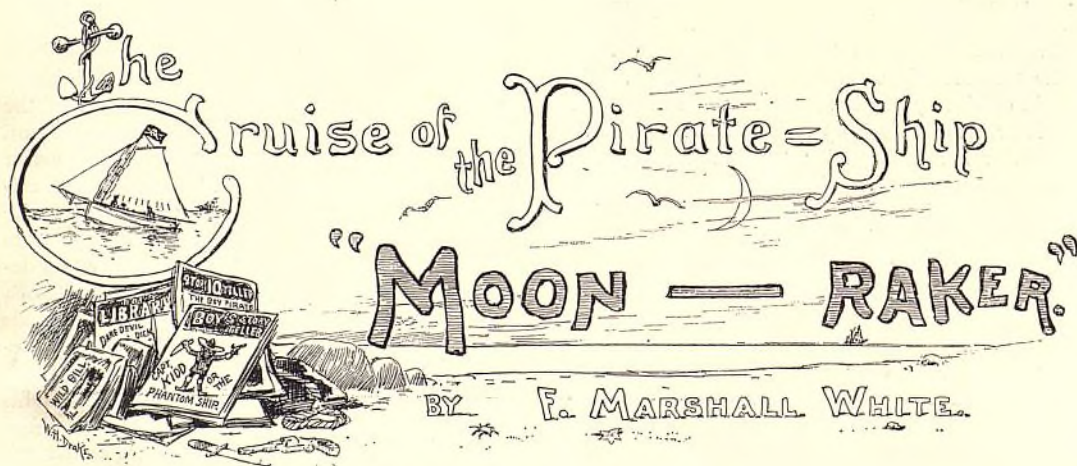
In Content, tho' but poor, yet you feel, ne'ertheless,
You are equal in wealth to a king,

While a tear in the trousers or darn in the dress
You consider a capital thing.

If you have n't the money to purchase a meal
(I have been in that strait once or twice),
Take a reef in your vest and you'll instantly feel
(If you live in Content) "very nice."

When I notice a lad with a bright, sunny smile
That extends for three inches, or more,
Then I nudge myself inwardly, thinking, the while,
"He's encamped on Content's happy shore."

I have dwelt on this beautiful island at times,
While inditing small verses for you,
And I often have wondered if, reading my rhymes,
You were there as a resident, too.



(Disrespectfully dedicated to young readers of trashy literature.)

I HAVE great difficulty at first in making any one believe that I am a detective, because I hav'n't a hooked nose, nor a fierce black mustache, nor a restless, penetrating gray eye. On the contrary, my nose is aquiline, I have no mustache at all, and my eyes are mild and blue. But this has nothing to do with the cruise of the pirate-ship "Moonraker."

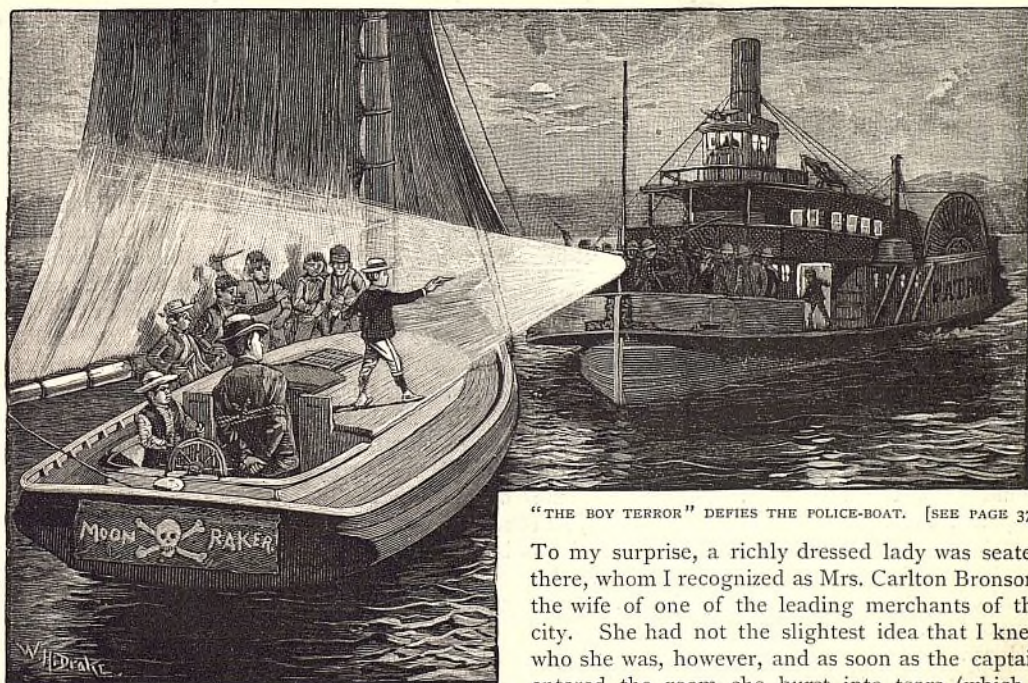
One afternoon in August—a hot, sultry after-

noon—I was idly resting at Police Station No. 1, and the reserve squad were sitting about the room, with their coats, vests, and collars off, trying to keep cool. We were discussing the adventures of a small boy who had run away from his home in the country a short time before, and had made an attempt to start for the West to be an Indian-fighter. I had caught him, while he was trying to buy a worn-out musket from a pawn-

broker. We found that his head had been turned by reading "flash," or trashy, stories, and we locked him up overnight and sent him back to his father, the homesickest, meekest, and worst-scared youth you ever saw. Well, as I said, we were talking over his case, and Officer Bounce was saying that if that boy were his son, he would keep him locked up in the smoke-house for a year, when suddenly the telegraph instrument began

Glenn," he said, turning to me, "come into my office. I have something else for you to do."

Now, you may believe that I was disappointed at this turn of affairs. I was expecting to have a stirring time with the men on the police-boat; for if a gang of roughs were really trying to burn up the city, it meant the liveliest kind of a row. However, I had to do as the captain said, and therefore I followed him rather sulkily into his office.



"THE BOY TERROR" DEFILES THE POLICE-BOAT. [SEE PAGE 37.]

to click "L. M.," which was the call for Station 1, concluding with "K.," which meant that it came from the sub-station on the river front.

The operator answered the call, and took down quite a long message. Then he gave a sharp whistle, and ran into the captain's office. A moment after, the captain rushed out, with the dispatch, which he read aloud:

"A gang of river roughs have stolen a yacht, and are sailing up the river,—setting fire to the shipping near Harbor street. The police-boat is getting up steam. I have sent the alarm of fire. Make the greatest haste."

"DALTON, Captain of Sub-station."

The men sprang to their feet, and the captain said quietly to the sergeant of the reserves, for there was no use in getting excited:

"Sergeant: Report with your men on the police-boat at once, and take what measures are necessary for the suppression of whatever lawlessness is going on. Telegraph if you need assistance. Mr.

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To my surprise, a richly dressed lady was seated there, whom I recognized as Mrs. Carlton Bronson, the wife of one of the leading merchants of the city. She had not the slightest idea that I knew who she was, however, and as soon as the captain entered the room she burst into tears (which I could see were not the first she had shed that afternoon), and exclaimed:

"Oh, Captain! My poor child! Have you learned anything about him? Can anything be done?"

The captain turned to me and said: "Glenn, go with this lady to her house. She'll tell you her story on the way, and you must do what you think best about it." And he winked with that eye which was concealed from Mrs. Bronson's vision, to let me know that the case was not as bad as she thought. Mrs. Bronson had risen from her seat before he could conclude his orders to me, and she said beseechingly:

"Oh, come at once, Mr. Glenn! There is not a moment to lose. My carriage is waiting at the door."

Surely enough, the carriage was waiting, and a number of small boys and two or three reporters were waiting also, astonished at the sight of the elegant equipage in that locality. One of the



reporters tried to button-hole me, but I got into the carriage safely with the lady, who called to the coachman: "Don't lose a moment. Get me home as quickly as possible." And we rolled away so rapidly that the reporters gave us up, and went into the station to make life miserable for the captain.

Mrs. Bronson told me that, while she was absent from home on a shopping expedition that morning, the house had been entered by burglars, who had stolen a great deal of the family silver and most of her own jewelry. But this was not the worst of their depredations, for they had kidnapped her youngest child, little Harry, aged twelve years; and at this point Mrs. Bronson wept again, and was unable to go on with her story until we reached the house. There she told me that Harry was a very quiet and studious boy, and spent most of his time reading in his room. It was quite impossible that he had gone out with any of his little friends without saying anything about it, for he was obedient and tractable, and never left the house without informing some one where he was going. I told Mrs. Bronson that it would be impossible for burglars to enter the house and carry away valuables in the middle of the day, especially as the servants were about at the time; but she was quite indignant that I should combat her theories. She showed me the places where the missing silver and jewelry had been kept; and I informed her that the articles had been stolen by some one familiar with the premises, at which she seemed inclined to send me back to the station.

However, when I asked to be shown her boy's room, she took me into a prettily furnished apartment, containing more appliances for the amusement of a boy of twelve, than I supposed had ever been invented. Connected with this room was a smaller sleeping-apartment, and at the sight of the little white bed, Mrs. Bronson went into a third fit of weeping. She seemed to forget my presence, and finally went to the little bureau and opened the drawers, one after the other, to gaze at the articles which had belonged to her lost boy. I was in no hurry, as I am paid by the year, and so I sat down in an easy-chair and tried to think out some theory for the disappearance of the silver and jewelry. I was sure that the boy had not been kidnapped. In the first place, he was too old; and then, too, he had been missed only a few hours, and had probably gone off to play with some of his friends.

While I was engaged in these reflections, a very "swell" young man, of about twenty-one years, entered the room—one of those young men who maintain an equilibrium by parting their hair in

the middle and wearing a watch in each side of the waistcoat. This particular young man further balanced a slender cane, which he carried in his right hand, by a yellow kid glove in the left. Mrs. Bronson fell on his neck and shed tears on his standing collar, which threatened to melt it down from its glossy altitude under his adolescent chin.

"Oh, my dearest Charles!" she exclaimed. "You are all I have left now. Your little brother Harry has been kidnapped by burglars!"

Charles looked as if he did not care very much, but he said:

"Aw, you don't mean it! But what *do* you think! Somebody has stolen my yacht, the 'Norseman.' Can't find her anywhere. Awful bore, you know, because I'd invited a party to go out this afternoon."

While they were talking, I caught a glimpse of a soiled, yellow-covered book in one of the bureau drawers. I took it up. It was *The Adventures of Wild Bill*; and scattered about the drawer were several others with similar titles, such as *Dare-devil Dick*, *the Terror of the Seas*, *The Boy Pirate*, *The Symbol of the Red Hand*, and *The Pirate's Bride*. The truth flashed upon me in a moment. The boy's mind had been poisoned by reading this trash, and he had stolen his mother's silver and his brother's yacht to go on a piratical cruise of his own. That might account, also, for the message which came to the police station, about roughs burning up the shipping. Possibly Harry, with some of his companions, had set fire to something, and the story had been exaggerated—as stories generally are before reaching the station.

I said nothing of my theories to Mrs. Bronson or her son; but merely informing her that I had a clew which I thought sufficient to work upon, and that I would guarantee to bring back her child before morning, I left the house and went directly to the station, where I laid my views before the captain. He told me that Mr. Bronson had been in since I left, and that he, knowing more of boy-nature than his wife, had an idea that his son might have run away, particularly as he had also taken a hint from the yellow-covered literature in Harry's room. The captain told me to go and look for the stolen yacht along the river front, and to take possession of it if I found it in charge of Harry and his companions,—for, of course, he had taken companions with him. Meantime, he would send Mr. Bronson on board the police-boat, and instruct his men to look for the yacht, up and down the river.

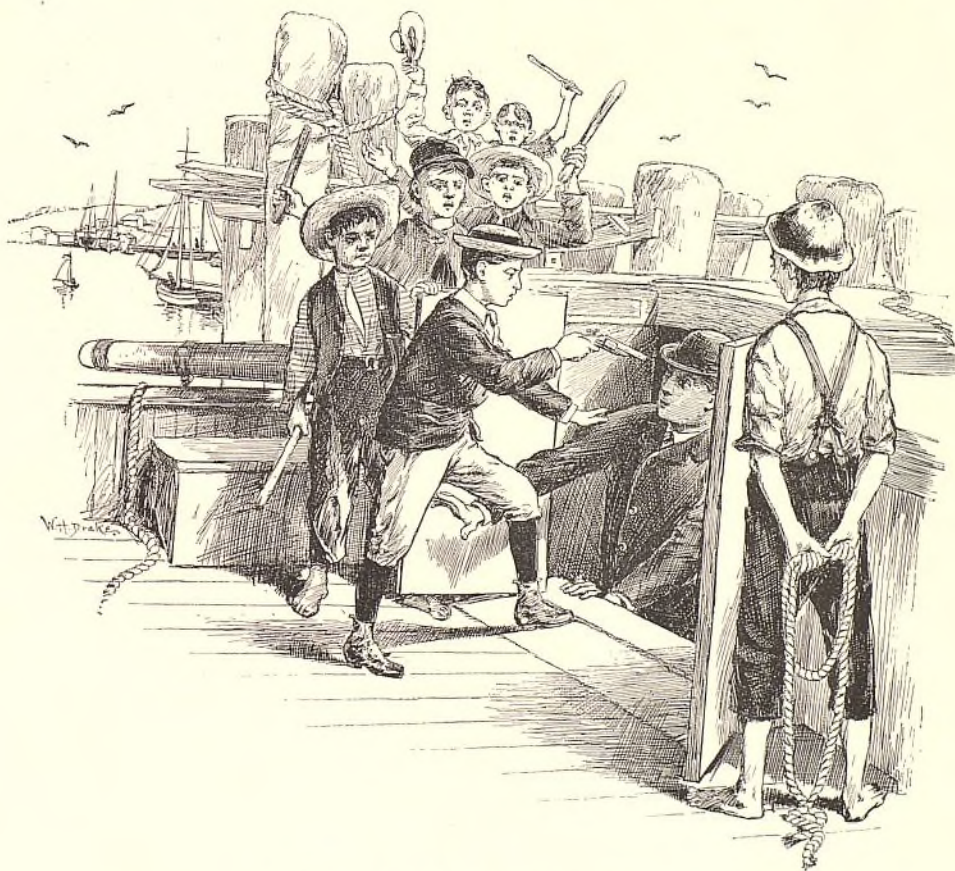
I knew the mooring-place of the "Norseman" in front of the boat-club houses, and I went, at once, to the spot. There I found additional indications that boys had been at work, for a bonfire had been kindled; and no boy ever started out on an adventure

of any kind that did n't include a fire. The flame had set fire to a boat-house, and had burned it to the ground, which had probably—as I surmised—started the rumor of roughs burning the shipping. I walked down the river until I had left the city a mile behind, and in a little bay I caught sight of a yacht moored to a wooden pier which had belonged to an old boat-house, now falling to decay. It was the "Norseman," but over the name on the stern a piece of coarse, brown packing-paper had been

jewelry-casket; but Harry and his companions were nowhere to be seen. I started to go up again, but just as my eyes rose to a level with the deck, a small hand seized my collar, and the touch of the cold steel of a revolver against my temple made me shiver, while a boy's voice screamed excitedly:

"Another step, you varlet, and I fire!"

Half a dozen boys, from ten to fifteen years of age, clustered around me. What could I do? Mrs. Bronson's beloved youngster was holding



"THE BOY TERROR" CAPTURES THE DETECTIVE.

tacked, which bore in rudely painted letters the words, "The Moonraker," and an attempt at a representation of a skull and cross-bones.

There were no boys to be seen on the deck of the yacht, and I concluded that they had left her and gone ashore on a foraging expedition. Accordingly, I went out on the end of the pier and jumped aboard. The yacht was a small vessel, about thirty feet in length, and it had a cabin amidships. Into this cabin I descended, and there, in a confused heap, was a pile of silver and Mrs. Bronson's

to my head a glistening seven-shooter, which carried a number thirty-two cartridge, as big as the end of my little finger, and a boy could pull that trigger with just as fatal results as a man. A boy of his age, too, would be just foolish enough never to give a thought to the fact that he was committing an act which would blight his whole life.

The only thing to do was to submit as gracefully as possible, and so those boys tied me hand and foot with heavy cord, which is always a part of the boy-adventurer's outfit. He may want it

to tie up Indians with, you know. I saw that Harry Bronson had for his companions a number of rough street-boys, some of whom were older than himself, and who had come on the trip merely for the fun of it. He had his father's revolver, however, and they stood in some awe of that and of his fine clothes. But this feeling would soon have worn off, and then they would have done as they pleased with him and the yacht. At present, however, he was commander, and he now gave orders to make sail. I was afraid the boys would be unable to run the yacht; but as there was a dead calm, I knew they could not get into danger.

Of course, Harry was unaware that I was a detective—my appearance being, this time, in my favor—and they had only captured me on the general principle that a pirate-ship is hardly a success without a few prisoners. Master Harry did me the honor to converse with me as I lay in the hot cabin. He told me that his name was "The Boy Terror," and seemed very much surprised when I told him what his name really was.

"I just left your mother," I said, "and if you knew how badly she felt, and could see her crying and sobbing because her son, whom she had always considered an honorable little gentleman, had actually become a thief, I think you'd be inclined to go back home, and leave these dirty little rascals you've picked out for companions."

Harry winced at the allusion to his mother's grief, which made me think that he was not a bad boy at heart, and I believe that in time I could have induced him to take the yacht back quietly, if one of the boys on deck had not called out:

"Hullo, Terror! Here comes a boat."

Harry bustled up on deck. I had no doubt that it was the police-boat, as no merchant vessels navigated that part of the river. But whatever it was, it did not come up to us, and a bend in the river soon hid us from sight. Ere long, "The Boy Terror" came into the cabin again, and the boys on deck had evidently talked him into carrying out his piratical designs. Nothing I could say moved him. He gave me the cheerful information that I was to be hanged at sunrise. I informed him that I was glad he had decided not to make me walk the plank, for I might have got my feet wet. Then I told him he ought to be ashamed to steal his brother's boat, especially as that young nobleman had invited some friends to go out in it that afternoon.

"Pooh!" said "The Boy Terror." "I asked Charlie if I could take the yacht this morning, and he stuck a one-barreled eye-glass in his eye—(he tries to be awfully English since he went abroad for three months, and he's practicing with that

eye-glass at home 'cause he's afraid to try it yet in the street)—and then he called me a 'nuisance.' I'm going to capture him, and not send him home until I get a ransom. I should n't think Papa would pay anything to get him back, though," he added, meditatively.

It grew late in the afternoon, and, as no wind sprang up, the yacht still lay in the little bay, near the old boat-house. When it began to grow dark in the cabin, I asked to be allowed to go on deck and see the sun set for the last time, as I was to be hanged in the morning. Accordingly, my feet were loosened enough for me to go upstairs, and I was permitted to lie down on the deck.

"Bo's'n!" called "The Boy Terror," "pipe all hands to supper."

And disappearing into the cabin, he brought up a square tin box, labeled in gilt letters "Cake." This was filled with nice fresh cakes, which he informed me, the cook had baked for him that morning; and he fed me one or two of them as I lay with my hands and feet tied.

We watched the sun go down into the river below us; and when the moon came up and fantastic shadows lengthened upon the water, and uncouth shapes were revealed in the shades upon the shore, "The Boy Terror" became remarkably quiet and subdued. To keep his courage up, he began to relate wonderful stories of the adventures of Captain Kidd and other pirates.

"I'm going to write a song like Captain Kidd's," he said. "I've begun it already:

"Oh, my name was The Boy Terror, as I sailed,
And many wicked things I did, as I sailed.
Oh, I murdered —"

"What's your name?" he asked, suddenly breaking off.

"John Flood," I said, giving a name I sometimes went by.

The Terror continued:

"Oh, I murdered John Flood, as I sailed,
And left him in his blood, as I sailed."

This was cheerful; but here he suddenly stopped, for the hoarse throbbing of a steamer sounded over the still waters, and soon a red eye of fire shot into the night from the river's bend. I divined at once that it was the powerful lantern of the police-boat, which, since it made directly toward us, had probably been directed to our location by some one who had seen the yacht from the shore.

The boys sprang to their feet in consternation as the vessel came up alongside, and turned full upon us a calcium light, which made everything as bright as day on board the yacht. I saw among the policemen on board the other boat, a well-

dressed gentleman, who carried a lithe and supple cane, and I knew it was Mr. Bronson, the father of "The Boy Terror." He caught sight of his son, and called out excitedly:

"There's the little rascal, now! What do you mean, sir, by running away from home and frightening your mother almost to death?"

At this moment the boats were close enough for the officers to jump from one to the other. But "The Boy Terror" suddenly remembered that he was a pirate, and he drew the revolver.

"You little idiot!" I cried. "Put that up, or you'll hurt somebody!" And the officers, who were preparing to jump aboard, shrank back.

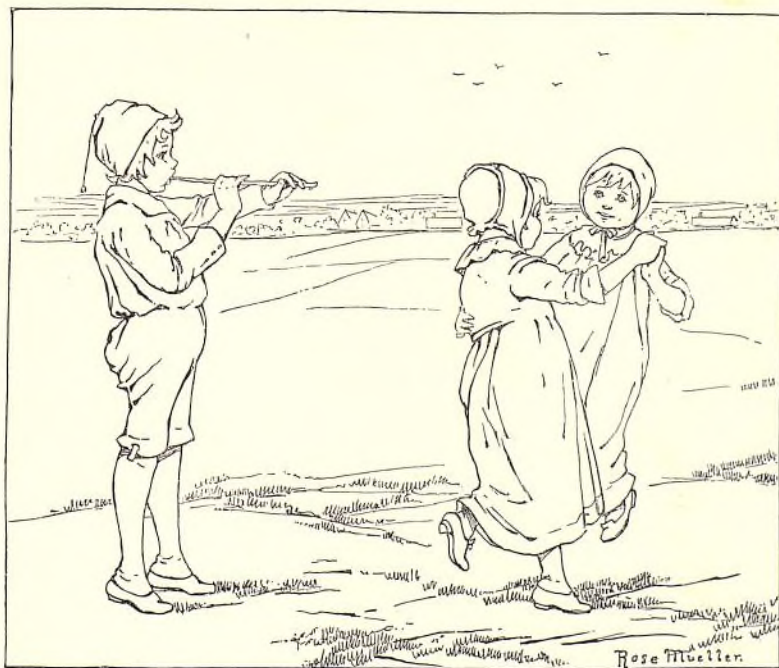
"Never mind that pop-gun!" shouted Mr. Bronson, furiously. "It is n't loaded, and never has been." And he suddenly jumped upon the deck, snatched the revolver from the Terror's grasp, threw it overboard, and began to wield that lithe and supple cane swiftly and fiercely over the unfortunate young pirate's back and shoulders. "The Boy Terror" screamed, begged, and implored; he promised to "be good" and "never to do so again," but his father did not cease plying

the cane until he was satisfied that the boy's punishment was complete.

"There, you young vagabond," he exclaimed, "that's the first whipping I ever gave you, but it will not be the last." And he took him by the collar upon the police-boat, where the vanquished pirate crept abjectly into a corner and wept with pain and mortification.

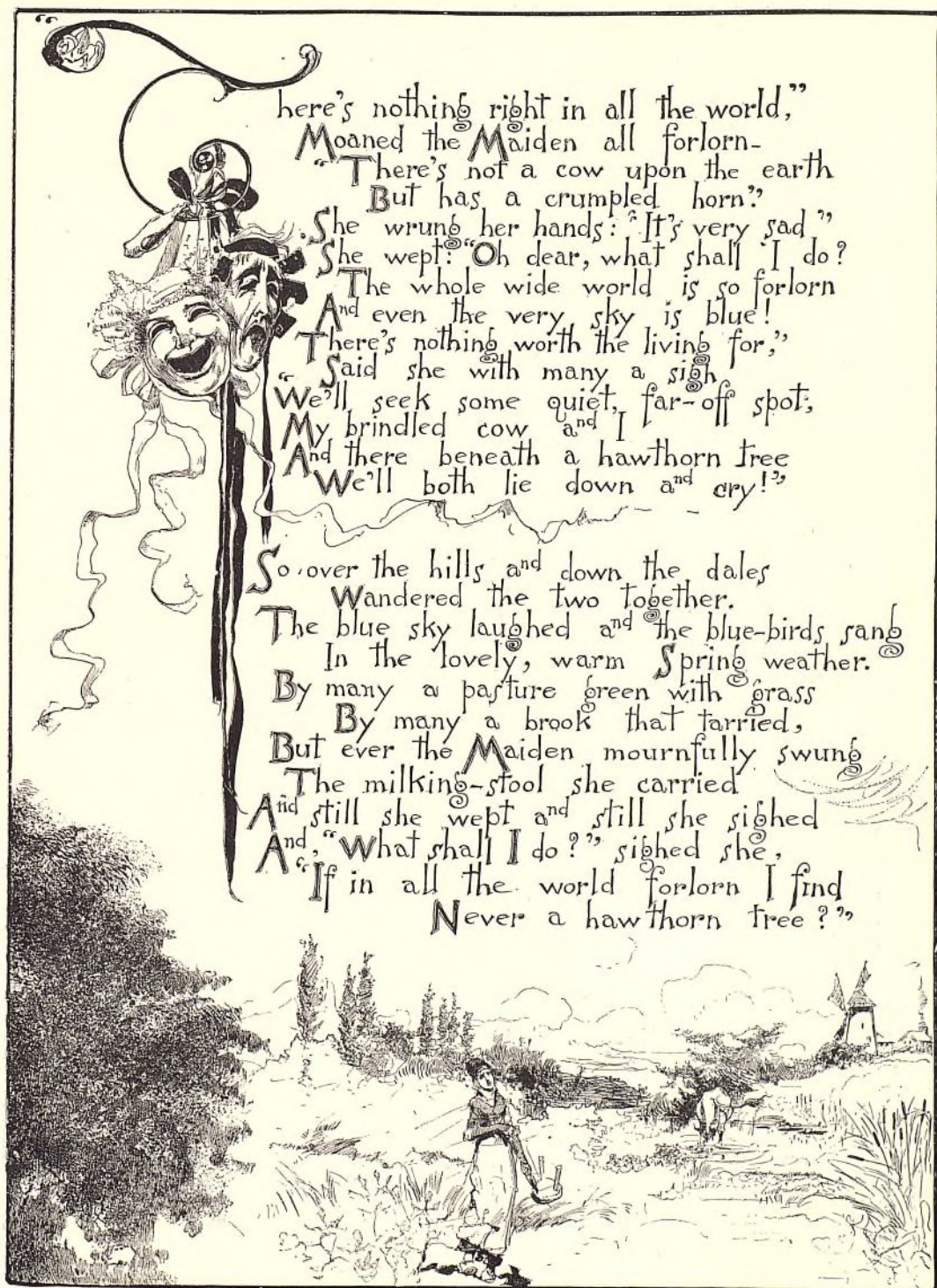
You should have seen the officers laugh when they found me tied hand and foot. They laugh about it to this day, and I probably never shall hear the last of it.

Never was a piratical cruise more thoroughly broken up. We took "The Boy Terror's" associates to the station, and scared them well by locking them up overnight. Young Harry Bronson fared worse; for his father restricted him to bread and water and one room, for a week. However, his "swell" brother, Charles, had compassion on him, and looked in upon him without the one-barreled eye-glass, and brought him *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Swiss Family Robinson*. Harry is a young man now, but he is said to still dislike to hear allusions to the cruise of the pirate-ship "Moonraker."



FOR SOME MUST PIPE WHILE OTHERS DANCE.—
"THUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY."





here's nothing right in all the world,"

Moaned the Maiden all forlorn—

"There's not a cow upon the earth
But has a crumpled horn?"

She wrung her hands: "It's very sad"

She wept: "Oh dear, what shall I do?"

The whole wide world is so forlorn

And even the very sky is blue!

"There's nothing worth the living for,"

Said she with many a sigh

"We'll seek some quiet, far-off spot;

My brindled cow and I

And there beneath a hawthorn tree

We'll both lie down and cry!"

So over the hills and down the dales

Wandered the two together.

The blue sky laughed and the blue-birds sang

In the lovely, warm Spring weather.

By many a pasture green with grass

By many a brook that tarried,

But ever the Maiden mournfully swung

The milking-stool she carried

And still she wept and still she sighed

And "What shall I do?" sighed she,

"If in all the world forlorn I find

Never a hawthorn tree?"



It was the Man all tattered and torn
 Who was hoeing away in a field of corn.
 His dinner-pail stood at the foot of the tree;
 His tattered old coat lay beside it while he
 Worked on at his row.

Then he saw the Maiden all forlorn
 Driving the Cow with the crumpled horn.
 He saw her weep, he heard her sigh
 For a far-off spot in which to cry,
 And he said "Pretty maiden, I'll go too
 To the hawthorn tree to cry with you!"

So over the hills and down the dales
 Wandered the three together
 Till they met, by the brook that rippling flows
 Over the grass where the spear-mint grows,
 The Old Man dressed in Leather.



"Good mornin'! Good mornin'! my mournful pair
 And where are you going?" quoth he;
 "We go," said the Man all tattered and torn,
 "We go," moaned the Maiden all forlorn,
 "To cry 'neath the hawthorn tree?"



"I've been gathering herbs the whole day long
 And I'm weary of life" quoth he;
 "So I'll go too along with you
 To cry 'neath the hawthorn tree?"

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

S
 o over the hills and down the dales
 Wandered the four together:
 The brindled Cow with the crumpled Horn,
 The Pretty Maiden all forlorn,
 The Man with his Coat all tattered and torn
 And the Old Man dressed in Leather;

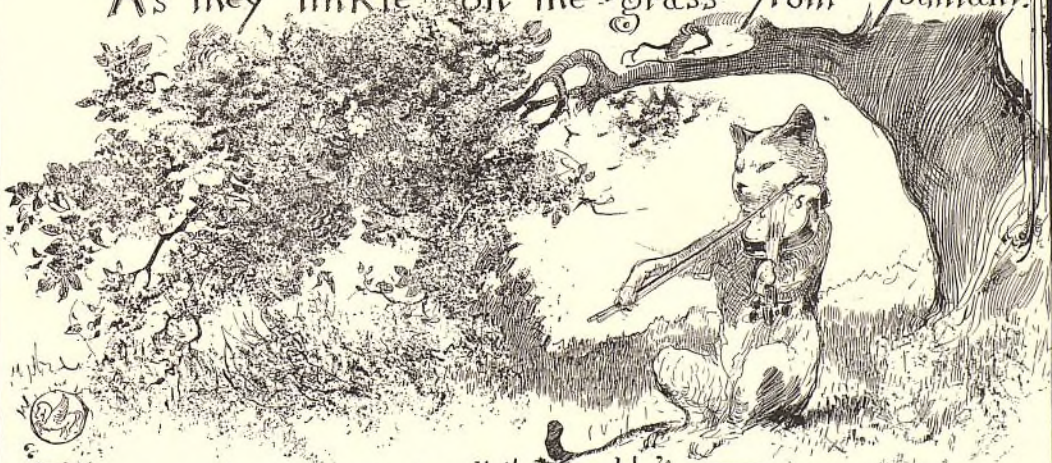
And they met, by the rock where the Columbines grow,
 Old Mother Hubbard
 With the key of her Cupboard
 Swinging it to and fro;
 While a lean yellow Dog that ran beside her
 Ever most sadly and wistfully eyed her.





There's nothing on earth to live for now,
Said Old Mother Hubbard dangling her key,
The one poor bone
In the cupboard is gone;
There's not a thing left for the Dog or for me!

Then over the hills and down the dales
Went all the six a-straying,
When they came on a Cat with a fiddle
Under an apple-tree, playing
Such a merry, merry tune
As the brooks in June
Sing, as they hurry down the mountain,
Or the bright drops play
On a sunny day
As they tinkle on the grass from the fountain.

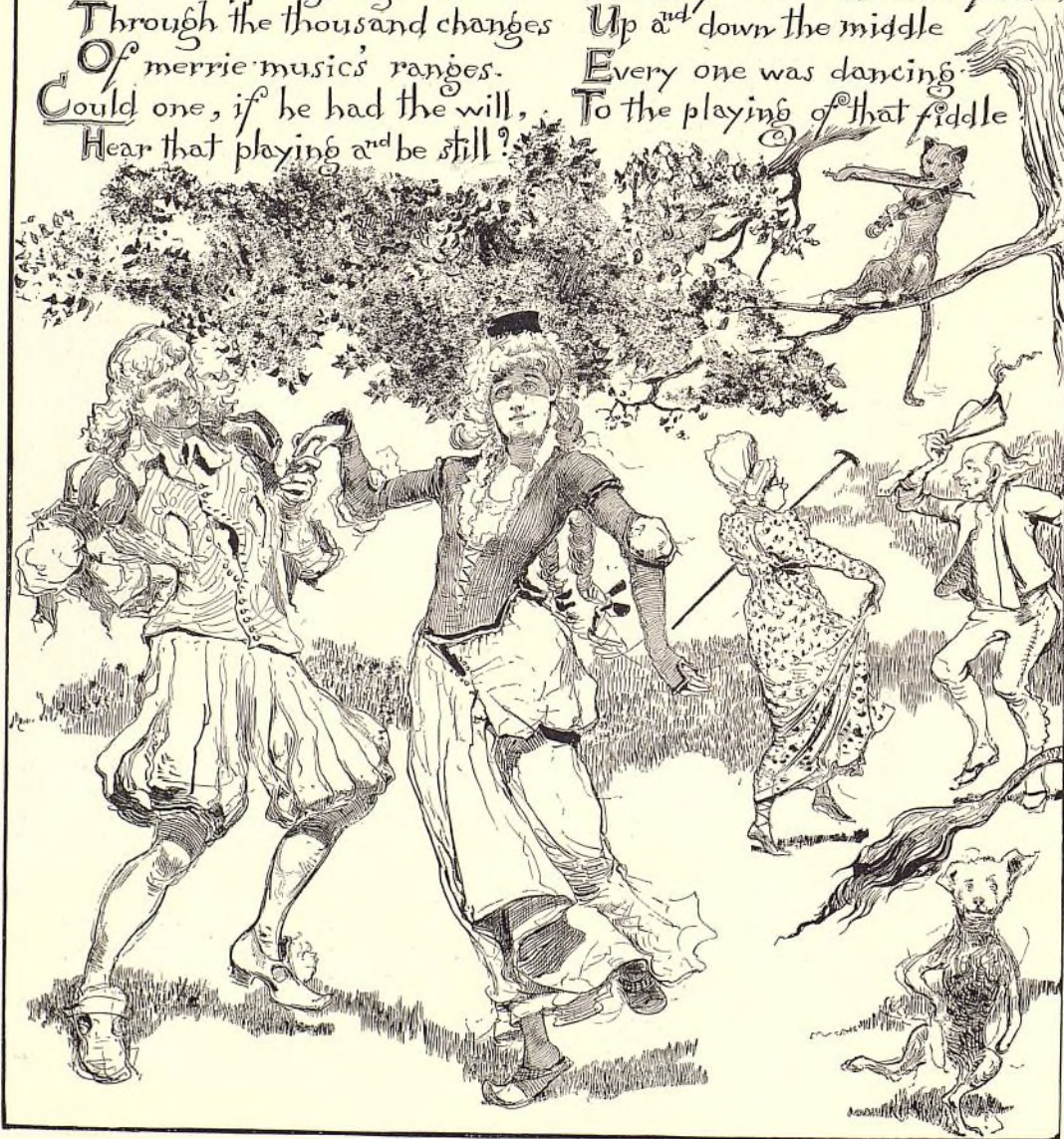


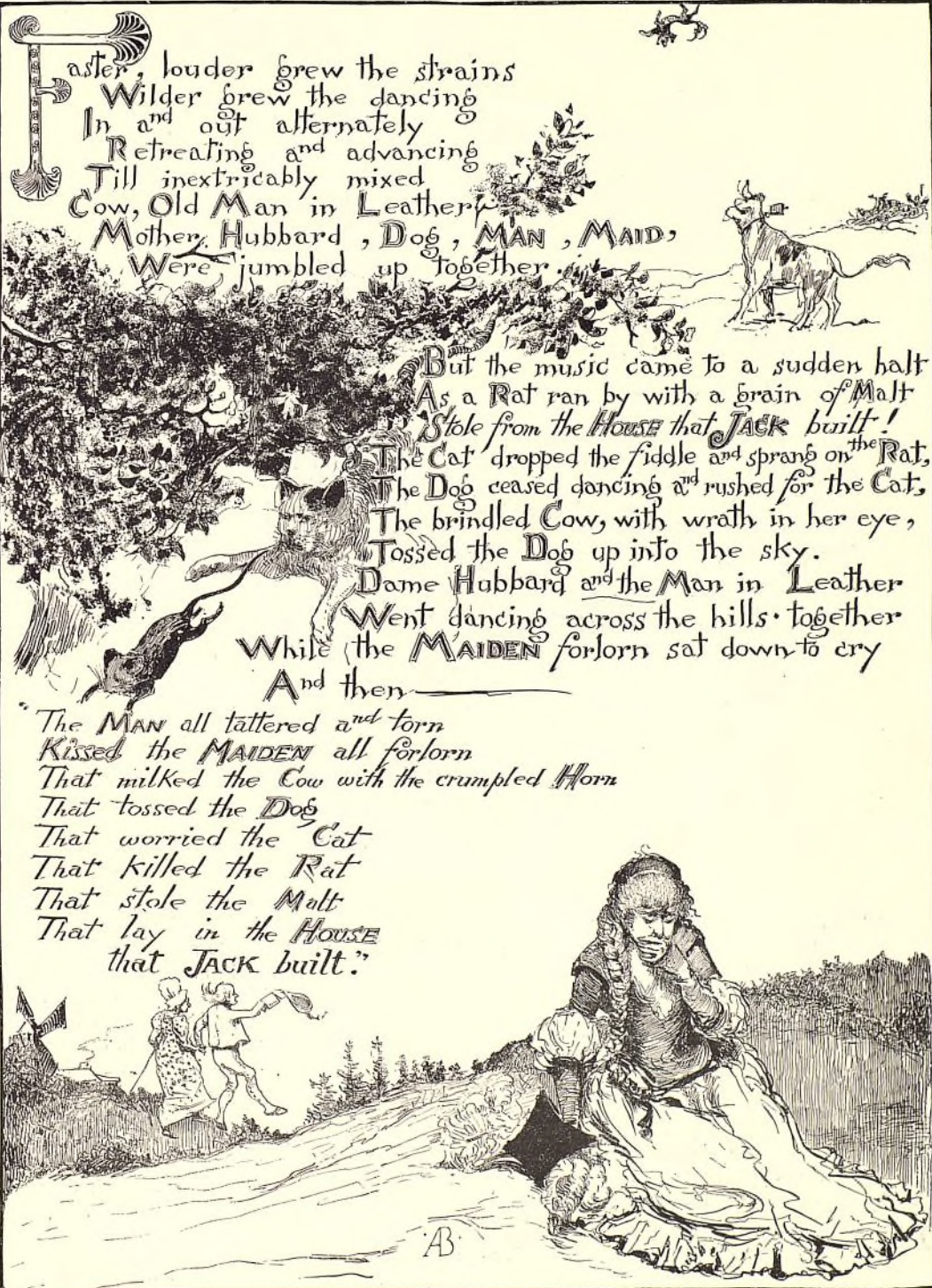
There's nothing wrong in all the world,
Played the fiddle gaily.
The sun-beams fall, the wild birds call
And new flowers blossom daily.
Dance the leaves on every tree
Dance the leaping shadows
Dance the merry brooks that run
Through the laughing meadows.
See the happy squirrels
Spring from bough to bough!
Hark the cat-bird's whistle
In the branches now!

When the fiddle struck a strain
So wonderfully jolly
Not a heart could hear it
And be melancholy.

For the happy air did run
With a rippling laugh adown
Through the thousand changes
Of merrie music's ranges.
Could one, if he had the will,
Hear that playing and be still?

When they heard that music first
All the six stopped crying.
When there came that joyous burst
Straight they ceased their sighing.
Ere they knew it, back and forth,
Up and down the middle
Every one was dancing
To the playing of that fiddle





A QUEER COASTING-PLACE.

BY E. GEORGE SQUIER.



THOUGH America was, in truth, a "new world" to Europeans when Columbus discovered it for them, it was no new world to many of the races and tribes which inhabited various parts of its vast surface. For three centuries before the time of Columbus, Peru, in South America, had been a great country, containing large cities and rich in gold and silver. It was ruled by kings, or chiefs, called Incas, and, as many of you know, the last Inca was the one who was captured by Francisco Pizarro, the Spaniard, who conquered Peru in 1532. From that time until about fifty years ago, when it revolted and became a republic, Peru was under the dominion of Spain.

Cuzco,* the ancient capital of the old Inca Empire of Peru, is situated high up among the Andes,

at a point so elevated that, although under the tropics, it has the climate and products of the temperate zone. It still has many remains of Inca architecture, distinguished for its massiveness, and these are likely to endure for centuries to come. On a hill nearly a thousand feet high, overlooking the present city of Cuzco, are the remains of the great Inca fortress of the Sac-sa-hua-man, in the storming of which, Juan Pizarro, the brother of the conqueror of Peru, was slain. This fortress was built of gigantic stones, or rather rocks, and their great size and the accuracy with which they are fitted together astonish all who see them.

In front of this fortress is a curious, dome-shaped mass of rock, called the Ro-da-dero, and sometimes also *La Piedra Lisa*, or "smooth rock,"

* Pronounced *Koes'ko*.
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

because its convex surface is grooved, as if the rock had been squeezed up, while in a plastic state, between irregular and unyielding walls, and then hardened into shape. A mass of dough, forced up under the outspread hands, would give something of the same appearance in miniature. But the hollows of the grooves on the Peruvian hill are smooth and glassy. It is said in the old chronicles and traditions, that the Inca youth, long years ago, amused themselves by coursing, or sliding, through these polished grooves on festival days and holy-days; and this custom is still practiced by the modern youth of Cuzco. It must have been an amusing sight to have seen the royal "Children of the Sun," as they called themselves, sitting on the cold rock, going at full speed, and full of fun, from top to bottom, down the hill. And if the customs and dress of the present Cuzco boys are like those of their ancient predecessors, three hundred years ago, we can form some idea of the scene.

There is one advantage, and it is a great one, too, which these boys possess over the northern boys, who live in the land of ice and snow, and that is, it is not necessary for them to toil up a long and slippery hill, dragging after them their heavy sleds, which grow heavier with every step they take, so that the longer they ride the harder work it is to get back to the starting-place. The Cuzco boy sits down at the top of the rock in one of the grooves, and, with a slight start, away he goes with all the

speed imaginable, until he reaches the bottom, landing in a soft bed of earth; then he picks himself up, runs around to an easy place of ascent, and is up again in a minute to repeat his ride. It no doubt occurs to many of you that there would be trouble in store for some of the youngsters on their arrival at home in the evening with their clothes torn and the heels and toes of their boots worn out. That no doubt would be the case if they lived in a country like ours; but in Peru it makes but little difference if a boy is well dressed or not; and as for shoes, he never wears them, but goes barefoot all the year round, and all through life.

On the summit of the rock is a series of broad seats, cut in the rock itself, rising one above the other, like a stair-way, and called "The Seats of the Inca." It is said the Incas, or Kings, themselves came here to watch the construction of the fortress. From these seats they could also watch the gay sports of the boys, and perhaps recall the happy time when they were boys themselves, just as the old boys of our land often do, when watching the sports of their descendants.

But the glory of Cuzco has gone, and the royal Incas are no more. The city that was once the seat of an advanced civilization and the home of great and powerful kings, is now in a state of decay, and the descendants of the Inca kings are but sorry specimens of humanity,—ignorant, ragged, dirty, poorly fed, and rapidly passing away.

LITTLE MISCHIEF.



PERHAPS I *am* little. But what of that?

I am big enough to find Charley's hat
He left it here with its queer little feather,
Lying right out in the wind and weather.
He's searching now; I can hear him call;—
Never thinking of me, because I am small.
He's shouting and calling to this one, and that,
"I say, have you seen my gray felt hat?"

Oh, yes, I've seen it! But *he* does n't know.
He thinks I am nothing but Baby Bo.
That's what they called me before I could walk;
And now I can run, and jump, and talk.
See him stooping and hunting out there in the hay!
He'd find it right off, if he'd just look this way.
Why does n't he see me? Oho! Oho!
He thinks I am nothing but Baby Bo!

ASKING A BLESSING.



THE BICYCLE BOYS.

BY JOEL STACY.

I.

Oh, the bicycle boys,
The bicycle boys!
They care not for tops
Or babyish toys;
They're done with their hobbies
And that sort of play,
As mounted on nothing
They're off, and away!

II.

Oh, the bicycle boys,
The bicycle boys!
They travel along
Without any noise.

They travel so softly,
They travel so fast,
They always get somewhere,
I'm told, at the last.

III.

They race with each other,
They race with a horse,
All sure they will beat
As a matter of course;
And often they win,
And often they fall;—
Then "down comes bicycle,
Boy, and all!"

READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

INTRODUCTION.

"The world was all before him where to choose."

LET us suppose that a boy has arrived at the age when he wants to answer for himself and friends the question: "What work shall I do? What occupation shall I follow in which I can make name and fame and money?" And the boy sometimes, nay oftentimes, ruminating on this all-important subject thinks, we will imagine, in this wise: "I'd like to be an architect or a house-builder. I wonder how I'd be pleased with such work? Wonder if it's hard? No; I'd rather be a sea-captain. But how do boys ever get to be sea-captains? To be a traveling salesman would be pleasant—to go all around the country and see the different cities, and stay only a little while here and a little while there. Yes, that would be fine; but how do boys get to be traveling salesmen, and is it really as agreeable an occupation as I think it is? Perhaps, to keep a store might be better. Really, I wish I did know what I would like to do best. I've asked Father; he's a lawyer, and though they say he's great on 'authorities,' he is no authority on this matter. He just says I must think of what I want to be, and then start out. I *do* think, and the

more I think, the less I am able to decide what I want. If I only knew some one who could give me an idea about the good and bad features of the different occupations that I think I should like, why, I could decide very soon which one to take."

If I am right in supposing there are a large number of boys who think as I have just suggested, the series of sketches, of which this is the first, will be found useful. My aim is to give in them what might be called an inside view of various trades and businesses which, as a rule, are attractive to youth, and to help the lad in either making his selection from a number of industries, or give him more light on the one which he feels sure will please him, but about the real nature of which he has probably only a cursory knowledge. In other words, the effort will be made to answer just such questions as a boy would naturally ask about an occupation while he was making up his mind as to whether or not he would like to enter it.

On the general topic of how to succeed in life, I shall in these articles have little to say. Scores of books have been written on success, and hundreds of men, some great, but many small, have endeavored to tell us the secret of success. I have read many of these works, and doubtless my young

readers have perused volumes of that kind; but I have failed to find any new or short road to that goal for which we all are striving.

And so, at the outset, let my young reader understand that I have no new or mysterious suggestions to make on *how* he can be successful. Let him remember that in each and all of the occupations of which I shall speak, he must, if he would reach a high place in the business, work hard and be attentive, always willing to learn, steady in his habits, that he must choose good associates, and must have within him a thorough determination to work up higher. Success in any calling, it seems to me, depends on a great many conditions, among which may be mentioned temperament, industry, quickness to learn from your own experience and the failures of those about you, and an ever-watchful eye for opportunities to reach a better position than the one you occupy.

I shall aim to make these articles thoroughly reliable. The facts in regard to each calling have been obtained, in personal interviews, from prominent and trustworthy persons engaged therein.

I.—A RETAIL DRUG STORE.

THERE have been two important changes in the drug business within the past few years. In the first place, the scope of the drug store has been enlarged. In old times the term "drug store" indicated an establishment where simply drugs were kept. Now you can go to many drug stores and purchase cigars, tobacco, canes, umbrellas, tea, coffee, stationery, confectionery, and many kinds of fancy articles. Some say that druggists have been forced into selling these goods on account of the competition they have had to contend against in the sale of patent medicines by dry-goods establishments and book stores, and because some of their own number sell the patent, or proprietary, medicines below the regular marked price. There is much truth in this statement, but I think there is another reason to account for the practice, and that is the increased rate of rent. In former times the item of rent was not so great as it is now, and the druggist could make a good living by confining himself to drugs proper. Now the expense for rent is a matter for serious financial consideration. It is true that the business yields a large percentage of profit, but the total sales are comparatively small. At one time, when the calling was confined to its legitimate sphere, the profit was fifty per cent. Now the average rate of profit is probably twenty-five or thirty per cent.

In the second place, the drug clerks of to-day are required to be better educated than those of former times. Many of the men—in fact, most of

the men who are the owners of drug stores now—learned the business simply by working with a druggist for a greater or less period, and "picked up" their knowledge from behind the counter and at the prescription desk. Literally, they have "grown up" in the business. Some got into it accidentally. As boys, they were looking for something to do, they found a situation in a drug store, staid there because they could not find any better place, gradually obtained a knowledge of the business, and have made it their life-work. At the present time, in most of the States, a drug clerk is either required to serve a certain period in a store, and to pass a satisfactory examination as to his qualifications before he can become a licensed druggist, or else he must be a graduate of a college of pharmacy.

In the allusion just made to the druggists who have not been compelled to comply with these conditions, I do not mean to be understood as stating that they are all incompetent druggists or pharmacists, for that would be untrue. Some men, under the most adverse circumstances, in any trade, business, or profession, will learn more and do better than others with every advantage. But it is not too much to affirm that, owing to this condition of affairs in the past, there are now many druggists and old clerks who have contented themselves with obtaining only a superficial knowledge of their calling, and have burdened themselves with no more than enough information to get along quietly and comfortably. Hence, the assertion can be safely made that there is room for thoroughly competent, well-qualified drug clerks and druggists.

Aside from the preliminary study required, it is not what may be called an easy business, at least in its early stages. It requires constant care, and, even with the best of care, money and reputation may be lost in a very short space of time, not through the fault of the druggist himself, but from the negligence, carelessness, dishonesty, or stupidity of his clerks. But such failures are rare, and only call for incidental mention.

Now, what will a boy do who wants to be a druggist? He should be an apt scholar, quick to learn, and should have what may be called a good technical memory; that is, the ability to keep in mind arbitrary terms and phrases. A knowledge of Latin, even of the rudimentary principles of that language, would be found very useful, while a taste for botany would be the very groundwork for love of the occupation, and an almost certain prophecy of success. He must have a good knowledge of the English branches, and, though he need not have a student's love for books, he must not be absolutely averse to study. These

preliminaries borne in mind, let him, not earlier than at the age of sixteen, enter a drug store, taking for wages any sum that is offered. It will be small, probably not more than two dollars a week, and he will have to board himself. But it is presumed that he lives at home, and that his parents or guardians are giving him his living while he is making his start in life. For a year or two he will do little more than open and sweep out the store, carry medicines to the homes of customers, learn to do up packages neatly, and, perchance, his professional acquirements will have grown so great that he can be trusted to sell a seidlitz powder or a small cake of Windsor soap. But, no matter what he is allowed to do, he must, within two years, if he is a bright, observing boy, have gathered considerable miscellaneous information about drugs and the drug business.

He is now prepared to enter a college of pharmacy. There are sixteen of these colleges, or schools, in the United States. There is a college of pharmacy at each of the following cities: Albany, New York; San Francisco, California; Chicago, Illinois; Cincinnati, Ohio; Louisville, Kentucky; Baltimore, Maryland; Boston, Massachusetts; New York City, New York; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; St. Louis, Missouri; Washington, D. C., and Iowa City, Iowa. And there are schools of pharmacy connected with the Michigan University, the University of Wisconsin, and the Vanderbilt University of Nashville, Tennessee.

It will not be necessary to speak of the method of instruction in each of these institutions. It is substantially the same in all. The plan pursued in the New York College will serve to show what is done in each. The full course extends over two years, and is divided into junior and senior classes. The instruction is by lectures and practical experiments. In the department of *materia medica*, all the parts of plants and animals that are used in medicine are described, the student being taught where they come from, how they are obtained, how they are used, and the proper doses to be given. In the chemical department, all the fundamental principles of chemistry are presented and the chief compounds carefully studied, with special reference to their mode of occurrence in nature, the methods employed in their preparation, their effects upon and with other substances, the methods for determining their purity, and their application in the arts. The great chemical operations are investigated, and the chemistry of the metals and organic chemistry studied in detail. Lectures are given on botany, illustrated by plates, diagrams, and plastic models. In the department of pharmacy the student is taught how to make the fin-

ished product from the organic vegetable, or chemical. Analytical chemistry is taught, and the chemical nature of poisons, their antidotes, and the methods for detecting them. The total charge for full courses in the various departments is sixty dollars. To those who comply with the rules, and who pass a satisfactory examination, diplomas, conferring the title of Graduate in Pharmacy (Ph. G.), are granted.

The student is now, or ought to be, a good pharmacist. He has had his early experience in the drug store; he has obtained a large amount of theoretical knowledge at the college, and has seen there many interesting experiments in the laboratory and the lecture-room while attending college. Possibly he has kept his position in the store, working during the evenings of the week, in which case he has had a great advantage, for he has had daily opportunity to make a practical use of some of the knowledge he has gained.

What does he do when he gets out of college? If he is favorably situated financially, and feels confident that he has the ability, he may open a store for himself, or enter into partnership in some concern already established. If neither of these conditions exists, he will get a clerkship in a store. Now he will receive say \$12 a week, or more, depending on the location of the store and the liberality of his employer; also upon whether he is in a large city, a good-sized town, or the country. But all the time the ambitious worker is looking forward to a store of his own. In this connection it may be well to give a list of the number of druggists in the United States. The following table is believed to be approximately correct. The number in some of the large cities is given, as well as the number in the State.

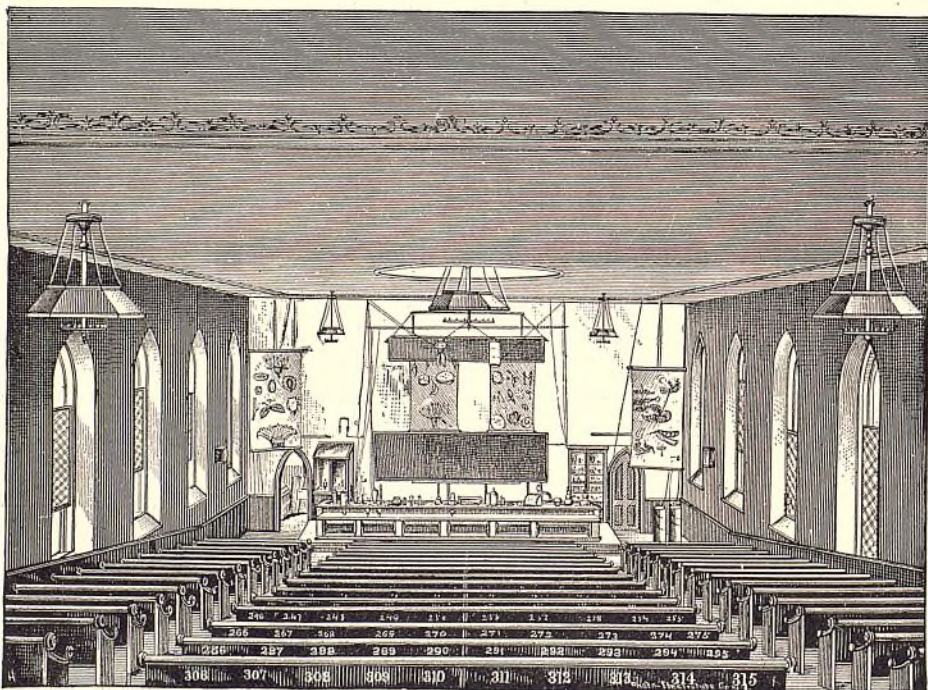
Alabama.....	265	Nebraska.....	321
Arkansas.....	305	Nevada.....	41
California.....	341	New Hampshire.....	161
San Francisco.....	117	New Jersey.....	538
Colorado.....	125	New York.....	1559
Connecticut.....	282	New York City.....	572
Delaware.....	75	Brooklyn.....	337
Florida.....	90	North Carolina.....	200
Georgia.....	278	Ohio.....	1400
Illinois.....	1819	Cincinnati.....	142
Chicago.....	290	Cleveland.....	100
Indiana.....	1386	Oregon.....	103
Iowa.....	1155	Pennsylvania.....	1320
Kansas.....	665	Philadelphia.....	464
Kentucky.....	666	Pittsburg.....	77
Louisiana.....	257	Rhode Island.....	112
Maine.....	282	South Carolina.....	163
Maryland.....	152	Tennessee.....	389
Baltimore.....	206	Texas.....	635
Massachusetts.....	735	Vermont.....	173
Boston.....	265	Virginia.....	273
Michigan.....	974	Washington, D. C.....	119
Minnesota.....	412	West Virginia.....	163
Mississippi.....	306	Wisconsin.....	559
Missouri.....	1236	Territories.....	205
St. Louis.....	164	Canada.....	927

Now, it would not seem probable that a drug clerk, without money of his own and with no

prospect of getting any by gift or inheritance, could become the owner of a store. And yet, by perseverance, ability, and energy, a great many do. The amount of capital required to start the business, of course, varies. The young apothecary might start a little store in a small town for \$500. But it would look very plain indeed. There would be very modest fixtures, common shelves, no inclosed cases bordering the side walls. One authority says that no one ought to start with less capital than from \$2000 to \$5000. Another thinks \$1000 or \$1500 would be sufficient. But no rule can be laid down on this point, except that it requires more money in large cities, less in smaller cities and towns, and still less in villages, where,

strange to the reader; it certainly seemed strange to me when I heard of it. But, after all, though the financial backer might lose his money, the young man has everything to gain by striving to be successful, and loses everything if he acts negligently or dishonestly.

Here is a true story, by way of illustration. A young drug clerk wrote from the Far West to a prominent pharmacist in New York, saying he would like to come to the city and enter a store. He came, but when the pharmacist questioned him personally he found that his visitor had never put up prescriptions written in Latin; consequently, he could not get a situation. He did not know a soul in the great city, not even the gentleman to whom



LECTURE-ROOM IN THE NEW-YORK COLLEGE OF PHARMACY.

by the way, the druggist often combines the functions of pharmacist and postmaster, or keeps a stock of newspapers and periodicals and a miscellaneous assortment of cheap fancy articles.

Clerks of real ability, who have not only gained the confidence of their employers, but have established a reputation on account of their attainments, their energy, and good management, can nearly always find some responsible person who will back them in starting a store. Sometimes a man will loan the necessary amount and take a mortgage on the business, but more often the mortgage is on the personal responsibility, the ability, and the character of the young man. This may seem a little

he had written (until he met him at his store). He sought in vain for a place, and finally found a subordinate position, where he was given five dollars a week and had to board himself. He was a studious, pushing, active young fellow, and soon managed to attend the lectures at the College of Pharmacy. The gentleman with whom he had corresponded took an interest in him, and invited him to come to his store and assist in the manufacturing of fluid extracts. Once he showed his employer what he could do in that line. The man was surprised. "Why can't you do something of that kind for me?" he asked. The clerk said he could, and his salary (which, in the meanwhile had been

slightly increased) was raised to very respectable proportions. He worked for a time in this way, eventually receiving a salary of \$50 a week; finally he opened a laboratory of his own, and to-day he employs forty or fifty "hands." And yet, when he arrived in New York he did not have a dollar, and was without influence and without friends.

The successful young druggist must be a good salesman. Many of the sales of medicines, especially in the city stores, are of the "patent," or proprietary, kind. Their name is legion. Most druggists keep a good-sized catalogue containing a list of the different varieties. Some of them are said to be good, and many of them are undoubtedly bad.

Care in compounding prescriptions is of great importance. Two druggists may put up the same prescription, and the prescriptions will look the same to an ordinary observer, but there will be a difference in the method of compounding them, noticeable at once to the eye of a physician. When a doctor finds a pharmacist who understands his business, he is pretty sure to take pains to recommend him to his patients. So the druggist gets a good reputation, becomes better known, and grows more prosperous from year to year.

As the making up of prescriptions requires great care, a prescription clerk should be careful to have "all his wits" about him. He should not suffer any interruption or engage in conversation while he is at his work. In the handling of poisons, it is needless to say he should be exceedingly cautious, for one mistake in dealing them out might cost him his reputation for life. It is proper to add, however, that the cases of carelessness of drug clerks in this particular are yearly becoming more rare. In many drug stores all the poisons are kept on a shelf by themselves, each bottle being plainly marked. In stores where this is done, it is claimed that mistakes are less liable to occur than in places where the bottles are put on shelves in different parts of the establishment.

The young druggist will be just to his subordinates. Knowing that their work is hard, he will allow them to take respites when business is dull. He will "keep up" in his knowledge of pharmacy, by reading one or more of the journals devoted to the interests of druggists, and, having secured a good location, he will endeavor to keep it all his life, unless, for some very good reason, he believes a change would be greatly to his advantage.

A DOZEN LITTLE DOLLS.

BY ONE OF THEM.



A DOZEN little dolls are we as happy as the day,
Black and white, short and tall, grave and grand and gay,
A dozen dolls all waiting here. Who will come and play?
Come and take us, little maidens, ere we run away.

TEA-CUP LORE.

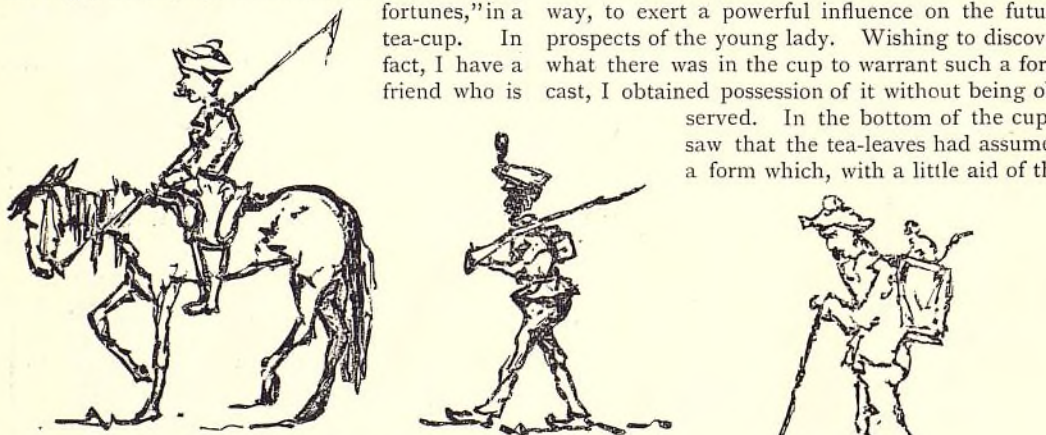
BY C. C. WARD.



PICTURES in a tea-cup? Well, the idea is not altogether a new one, and many of my little friends have, no doubt, tried the old-fashioned plan of making pictures, or, as I think it is called, "telling

fortunes," in a tea-cup. In fact, I have a friend who is

making it seemed to me to be very vague; but the gist of it all was, that in a short time a young gentleman of extremely prepossessing appearance would arrive, and that he was, in some unexplained way, to exert a powerful influence on the future prospects of the young lady. Wishing to discover what there was in the cup to warrant such a forecast, I obtained possession of it without being observed. In the bottom of the cup I saw that the tea-leaves had assumed a form which, with a little aid of the



quite renowned for her success as a fortune-teller through her skill in shaking and tapping a tea-cup until the grounds, or tea-leaves, in the bottom of the tea-cup assume, in a rude way, certain shapes

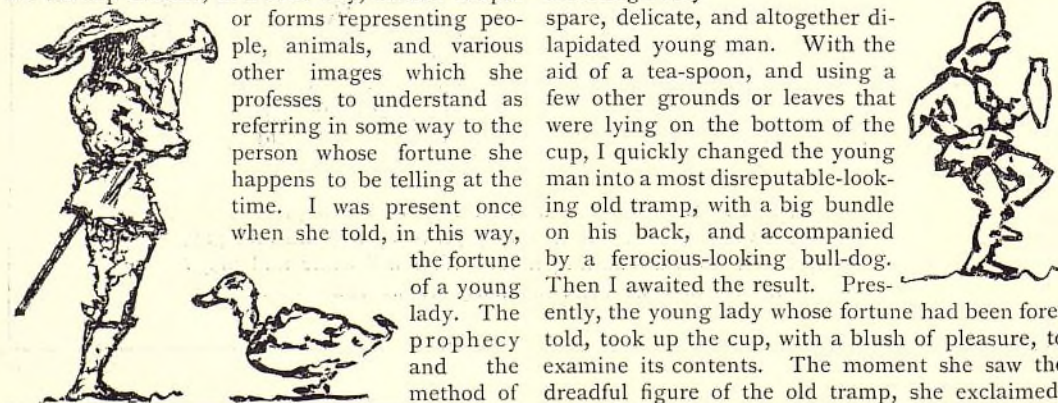
or forms representing people, animals, and various other images which she professes to understand as referring in some way to the person whose fortune she happens to be telling at the time. I was present once when she told, in this way,

the fortune of a young lady. The prophecy and the method of

imagination, might be accepted as resembling a very

spare, delicate, and altogether dilapidated young man. With the aid of a tea-spoon, and using a few other grounds or leaves that were lying on the bottom of the cup, I quickly changed the young man into a most disreputable-looking old tramp, with a big bundle on his back, and accompanied by a ferocious-looking bull-dog.

Then I awaited the result. Presently, the young lady whose fortune had been foretold, took up the cup, with a blush of pleasure, to examine its contents. The moment she saw the dreadful figure of the old tramp, she exclaimed,



"What a horrid old fright!" Then there was a great commotion, which was only quelled when I acknowledged my guilt. But I had learned something, which was that, with a little management, pictures of many kinds could be made in a tea-cup.



And now I will explain how the pictures are made. First drink or slowly pour out all the tea, which, by the way, should not have been too carefully strained, and then shake the cup and observe what forms the tea-leaves and sediment at the bottom have taken. In each case something will be suggested, either a figure, animal, bird, or groups suggesting all of these; but it will only be a suggestion for the imagination, not a perfect form. In order to make it more perfect, take a tea-spoon, and by adding more of the sediment and particles of leaves to some parts, and taking away from others, you will soon get the figure, or whatever is suggested, into proper shape, or "drawing" as artists say.

Now make a careful drawing on paper of what you have formed, preserving as nearly as possible the picture as it appears in the cup. Any one who has not tried to make pictures in this way will be surprised to find how easy



it is to form and draw them after a little practice. There is no limit to the number and variety of pictures that can be made, and it is really good

practice for any one, not only in the way of drawing, but also in cultivating the imagination. For instance, I give the cup a shake, and what do I see? Old Mother Hubbard and her dog, perhaps, or a hurdy-gurdy man tramping along with the hurdy-gurdy on his back; if he has a trained monkey with him, it will be or ought to be on the top of the hurdy-gurdy; if he has no monkey, a slight, dexterous handling of the tea-spoon, and a few bits of tea-leaves, will soon form the little animal.



Another shake, and I see a small girl feeding the chickens. Again, and I will see the suggestion of a historical character; perhaps some character

in a book — Rip Van Winkle, Barnaby Rudge, or The Marchioness. Then, again, it may be a dog, or a man on horseback. I may not be quite sure of the latter, but the spoon soon converts him into



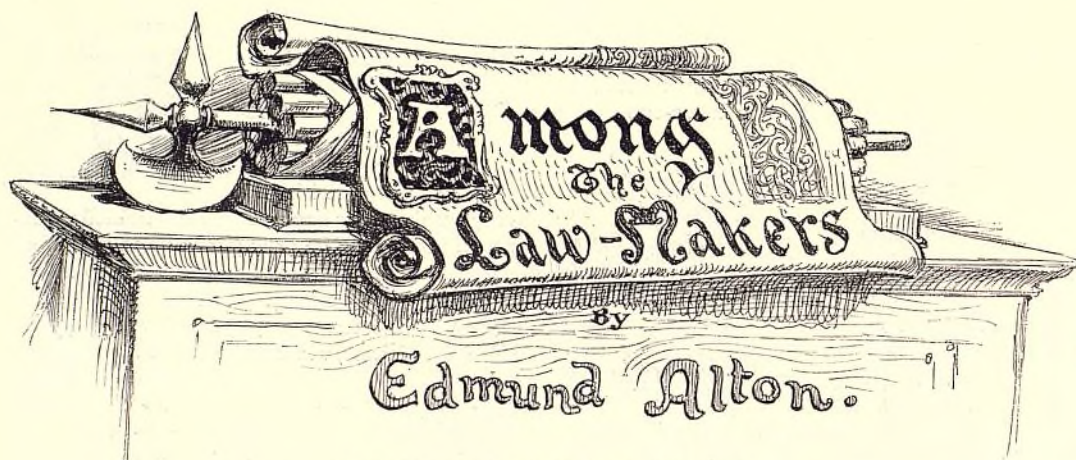
a Cossack soldier.

Another time it is three black objects, the spoon comes into play again, and then they are unmistakably bear cubs having a frolic.

The pictures can be made all black, like a silhouette, or they can be white in parts, by remov-



ing all of the sediment, and leaving the white of the cup for faces, hands, or other parts of the picture.



(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)

CHAPTER I.

THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

"THE Senate will come to order!" That is exactly what he said, and when he said it the wheels of legislation began once more to revolve. Probably you do not know what I am talking about. Well, I will tell you.

When I was about thirteen years of age I was appointed page to the Senate of the United States. And before I proceed any further,—as this story is a narrative of actual facts that I trust will furnish some instruction as well as amusement to my young readers,—it would be well to make sure that they understand me, at the outset, on a question of law.

I presume, however, that many of the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS know what a government is, what it is for, and in what important respect the government of the United States differs from those of other countries of the world.

Of course, governments are necessary for the protection of society, and the object of every government is, or ought to be, to give to every man, woman, and child, security as to life, liberty, and property. To afford this security, laws are made. But then laws are of no use unless there are some means to compel obedience to them. For example, there are laws in nearly every country against killing, stealing, and other wrongs to life and property; and to deter people from committing any of these wrongs, the laws provide for the imposition of penalties—from the severe penalty of death to that of imprisonment, or the payment of a fine, according to the gravity

of the offense. The system, or institution, which makes and enforces these laws constitutes a government. Every government, therefore, should possess three powers—first, the power to make laws; second, the power to execute them; and third, the power to administer justice, by the redress of grievances and the punishment of offenders, in accordance with the laws. These three powers are known respectively as the legislative, the executive, and the judicial powers of a government.

In some nations these powers reside in a single person, and such a government is called an absolute monarchy, or an autocracy. There is a government of this kind to-day in Russia. There, the sovereign or monarch can do as he pleases, having unlimited authority and control over the lives and property of his subjects. The great distinction between our government and that autocracy is this—that *here the people rule*. Every citizen of this vast republic is a sovereign, and has a voice in saying what laws shall be made, and who shall execute them. As most of the people, however, can not neglect their ordinary business affairs, they exercise their right of government through certain persons whom they elect to act for them. Every official in our government, from the highest to the lowest, derives his power from the people.

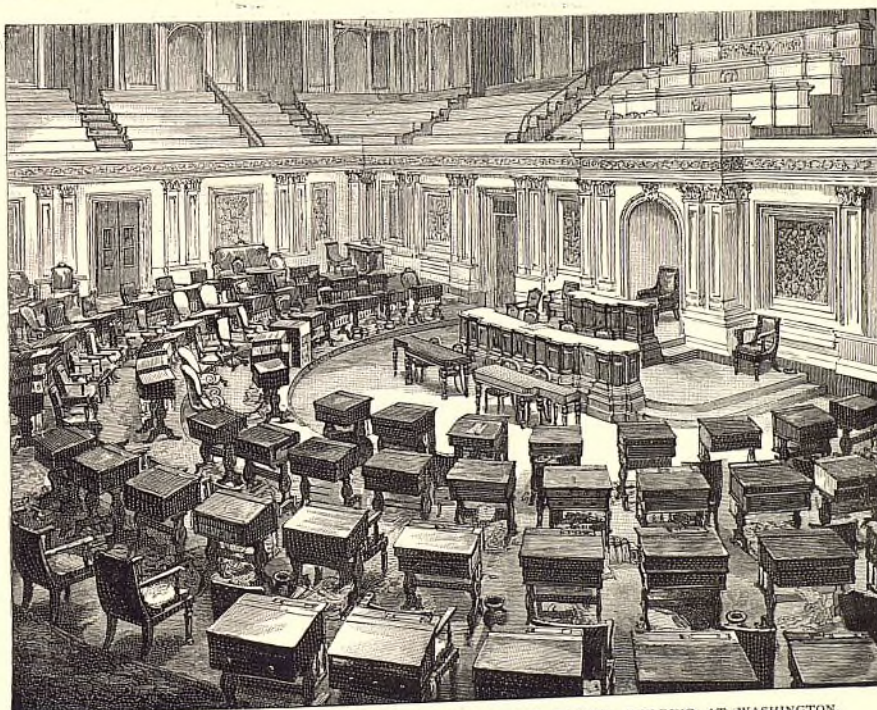
The manner in which the powers of government are distributed in the United States is declared in the great fundamental law of this country, called the *Constitution*, which perhaps some of you know by heart. This constitution was ratified, or agreed to, by the people of our republic nearly one hundred years ago, and it begins in these words:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, pro-

vide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Since the Constitution was established by our forefathers, the republic has extended its power and dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and it consists now of thirty-eight States, ten organized territories, the District of Columbia, and Alaska, containing in all 3,604,000 square miles, and fifty millions of people. But to-day, as then,

partment is that which makes the laws for the country, and is called Congress; and Congress is composed of two bodies of men, one being known as The Senate and the other as The House of Representatives. Each State of the Union sends two men (called Senators) to the Senate and a certain number of men (called Representatives) to the House of Representatives. The number of Representatives sent by each State depends upon the population of the State. And every Territory sends to the House one man, called a Delegate,



THE SENATE CHAMBER, IN THE NORTHERN WING OF THE CAPITOL BUILDING AT WASHINGTON.

the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, sacred to every American; and as you grow older and become more familiar with the history of humanity and civilization, you will learn to reverence and to love it, and be willing, as many have been in the past, to lose your lives, if necessary, in its defense.

You ought, therefore, to read every word of the Constitution, and to study it carefully, before you grow to be men and citizens of our republic. By the Constitution the government of the Union (styled the "general" or "federal" government, to distinguish it from the local governments of the States forming the Union) is divided into three separate and distinct branches—the legislative, the executive, and the judicial departments. The legislative de-

who may talk as much as he pleases, but is not allowed to vote in making laws. The District of Columbia, which is neither a State nor a Territory, has, like Alaska, no one to represent or to speak a kind word for it in Congress, although more people reside in the District than in some of the States and Territories that are represented. Of course, this is hardly right; but there are many imperfect features in our system of government that will, I have no doubt, be improved when the boys of the United States become old enough to take a hand in public affairs.

The manner in which the members of the House and Senate are chosen by the people, I will explain hereafter; but that you may realize what a great institution Congress, or the legisla-

tive department of the government, is, I will state that, at the time I was appointed page, there were seventy-four senators, and about three hundred members of the House of Representatives.

The executive department of the government consists of a great many officers, headed by the President of the United States, who is also chosen by the people, and is sometimes styled the Chief Magistrate of the country; and it is his duty, and the duty of his subordinate officers, to see that the laws which are made by Congress are executed—that is, carried into effect.

The judicial department of the government is vested in a great many courts, the principal one being the Supreme Court of the United States; and it is their duty to “administer” the laws. When appealed to, they should decide upon controversies involving the legal rights of parties, and dispense the relief or inflict the punishment prescribed by law. In adjusting differences, they are empowered to expound, or explain, the meaning of dubious legislation. For frequently Congress so mixes up the language of a law or statute, that it costs much time and money before the courts ascertain what Congress really intended when it enacted the law.

I have made this perhaps tedious explanation that you may know clearly what Congress is—that it is the department of the federal government which makes the laws. The members of Congress are, therefore, law-makers, and are called Congressmen; every senator is a Congressman, and so is every member of the House of Representatives. Before I conclude I shall endeavor to present to you a general idea of the proceedings of Congress in making laws, and of certain special prerogatives belonging to each “House” in addition to this law-making power. But you understand now what a law-maker is.

Well, the congressmen meet together or “assemble” in the city of Washington at noon, on the first Monday of each December, and they hold their meetings, or sessions, in the huge white building known as the Capitol, of which you have all seen pictures in your geographies. They talk and talk and legislate (which simply means to make laws for the people) for about three months in one year and about seven months the next year, and so on alternately, thus having more holidays than the boys and girls who go to school.

The senators meet in a large room in the northern wing of the Capitol, and the members of the House of Representatives meet in a still larger room in the opposite wing; and in going from one room to the other, you have to pass through the great rotunda of the building. This rotunda may be considered neutral space, separating the two

legislative halls, like the dividing line between two empires; and for one of the bodies to infringe upon the privilege of the other to control its particular wing of the Capitol-building would be as much an evidence of hostility as for the army of one nation to invade the domain of another.

While each House of Congress is independent of the other, so far as the conduct of its own proceedings and the management of its own affairs are concerned, yet the Senate is usually looked upon and spoken of by the people as the “Upper House.” It has been called “the grandest deliberative body the world has ever seen,” and the senators are supposed to be like the senators of Venice, whom Othello addressed as “most potent, grave, and reverend Seigneurs.” There is an iceberg dignity about the Senate that fills a spectator with awe, and that would almost freeze a smile before it could break into a laugh.

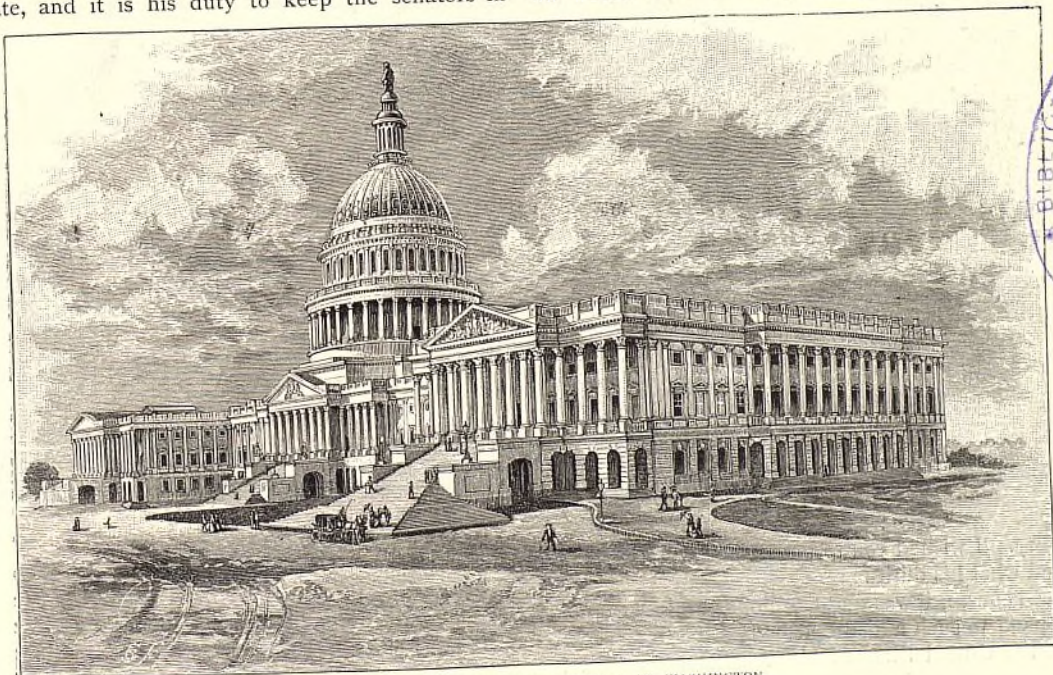
The senators are very courteous in their remarks, and you can almost hear a pin drop, at times, when a senator is speaking; whereas, there is so much confusion in the House that one might almost say that a thunderbolt falling through the roof would hardly cause an interruption in the proceedings. Of course, one of the reasons for the greater noise in the House is the much larger number of members as compared with the number of senators; and besides that, the senators, being generally older men, have more natural gravity of demeanor.

Now, the time of these senators is presumed to be very valuable; and as their thoughts ought not to be disturbed when they are engaged in making laws, only a certain number of persons are allowed to go upon the floor of the Senate when the senators are at work; and the other people, who wish to hear them talk or to look at them, must sit in the vast galleries which extend entirely around the room. The entrances leading into the room, which is called the senate chamber, are guarded by door-keepers, and only the certain select persons I have spoken of are permitted to pass. The senators naturally require a great many errands and services to be done for them; and, on this account, there are appointed fourteen boys, from twelve to sixteen years of age, who are termed “pages”—seven for the Democratic side, and seven for the Republican side. A Democrat is a man who thinks the country ought to be governed in a particular way, and a Republican is one who thinks the Democrats are always wrong, and therefore believes in governing the country in some other manner than the Democrats wish. That, in short, is what the distinction amounts to. The Democrats are called a “party,” and they always talk and vote the same

way on any question of a political character—that is, any question which affects their power as a party or any of the principles of government in which they believe. The Republicans are also a party, and they talk and vote on these political questions just the opposite way from that in which the Democrats talk and vote. For this reason, the Democrats and Republicans in Congress are almost constantly quarreling when they are in session, although when they are not in session they associate and talk and joke with one another as if they all belonged to the same party.

The senators sit at nice little rosewood desks, arranged in a semicircle and facing a pile of steps and tables where the clerks sit, and where, higher still, away up on top, sits the Vice-President of the United States (or whoever may act in his stead when he is absent), who is termed the "presiding officer" or "President" of the Senate, and it is his duty to keep the senators in

pointed, seven of the pages were to wait upon one half of the senators, while the other seven were to serve the other half. They were expected to sit on the lower steps around the big pile occupied by the Vice-President and clerks. Whenever a senator wanted an errand done he would clap his hands or beckon with his finger, and it was the duty of one of the pages on that side of the chamber to go to him and find out what he wished. After having performed the errand or attended to the wants of the senator, the page would return to his seat and wait until some other senator called. As a matter of fact, though, the pages would generally be flying about in all directions regardless of these rules—boys from the Democratic side would be running messages for the Republican side, and, as is said in Latin, *vice versa*. Sometimes the senators could not think of anything to send the pages for, and we would have an easy time; and, instead of



THE CAPITOL OF THE UNITED STATES AT WASHINGTON.

order, just like a big school-master, and not let more than one of them talk at once. The senators on the right of the Vice-President (that is, toward the south-west) are mostly Democrats; those on the other side (toward the south-east) are principally Republicans; and when I was there they had one or two independents,—men who talk and vote sometimes with the Democrats and sometimes with the Republicans, just as they wish,—and they sat wherever they could get good seats.

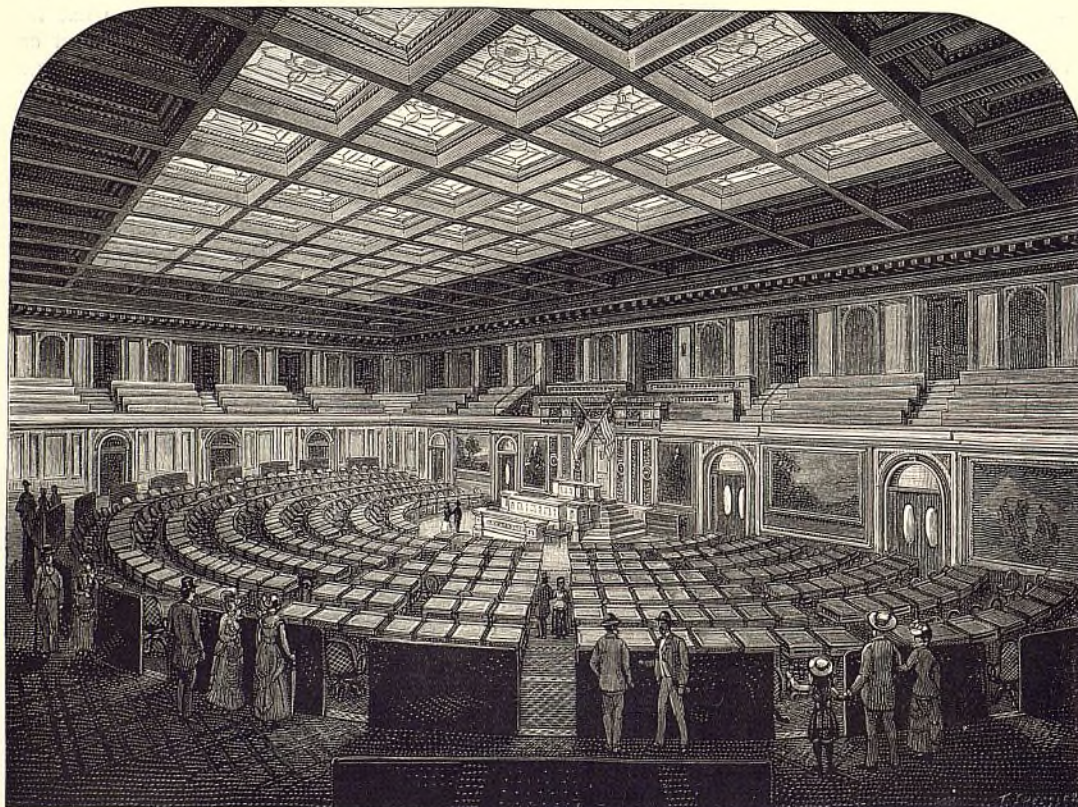
As I say, speaking of the time when I was ap-

sitting, as we ought, up in an erect and dignified position, we would kneel down upon the soft carpet and play marbles. I have often gone up on the Republican side to where the Vice-President sat, as on a throne, and played marbles with a page on the Democratic side, almost under the Vice-President's chair. It would make some of the senators angry to see us do this, especially Senator Anthony, who of late years has been called the "Father of the Senate"—because he served continuously for more years than any other senator,



his time of service dating back to 1859.* But most of the senators believed in letting us do whatever we pleased, so long as we kept still, while the young ladies in the gallery usually paid more attention to what we did than to what the law-makers were doing. I think it was this that used to annoy Senator Anthony. But I am running ahead of my

early as nine o'clock, and in about two hours the galleries were crowded and would hold no more. The ladies sat in the part of the gallery reserved for them on the Republican side of the room, and looked charming in their beautiful hats and garments of every color. Over on the opposite, or Democratic, side sat the men who were unaccom-



THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

story. I wished you to understand who a page is, and what his duties are.

Of course, it was quite an honor to be appointed a page to such a distinguished body as the Senate of the United States, and as I was accredited to the State of New York, I considered that I, as well as the two senators from that State, had the honor of the State to protect. I had heard so much about the awful solemnity and power of the Senate, that I was at first afraid to touch any of these great law-makers, for fear I should be paralyzed or sent to jail.

The first day I went to the Senate was the second of December, 1872. People who wished to see the great body called to order began to arrive as

panied by ladies. Then, directly over the Vice-President's chair, were the reporters for the newspapers—those industrious men who apparently never sleep, but who seem to be everywhere at once, and are always on hand whenever there is a fight or anything else of interest going on, ready to find out all about it (and more, too) and to telegraph it off, thousands of miles, to be printed in some great paper, the editor of which then preaches a sort of sermon about it, called an "editorial." Thus the people of the country are kept informed of what is happening throughout the world, and if it were not for these reporters, a great many of our public men never would be heard of outside the towns in which they live. But, as I was about to

* Since the writing of these pages this illustrious statesman has passed away. The esteem entertained for him by the people, and manifested at the funeral, was well deserved.

say, the reporters' gallery was filled with correspondents representing all classes of journals, from the powerful, thundering "organs" of New York, to the weekly publication of some little hamlet in the West.

At a few minutes before twelve o'clock, Captain Bassett, the venerable gentleman who has charge of the comfort of the senators, told me to go to the Vice-President's desk and put the gavel upon a certain spot on the table. The gavel is a small mallet of ivory with which the presiding officer of the Senate thumps upon his desk to command silence or attention, precisely as a school-teacher taps his bell or raps with the ruler against his table. In the House of Representatives, where the members do not behave as well as in the Senate, they have a wooden gavel with a long handle to it, like a hammer, that will make more noise, and sometimes it reminded me of a blacksmith at his anvil to see the presiding officer of the House (who is called The Speaker) pounding away for dear life, trying to make the Representatives be quiet. In fact, the Speaker's gavel is known in the official parlance of that body as the "hammer."

I placed the gavel near the edge of the desk,—in order that it could be reached conveniently by the Vice-President without destroying the impressiveness desired,—and hardly had I done so when, exactly at twelve o'clock, in walked two men through the door near me. They were Schuyler Colfax, the Vice-President of the United States, and Dr. Newman, the chaplain of the Senate. The Vice-President advanced to the side of his desk, took up the gavel, and gave one loud rap. At once the buzzing in the galleries and on the floor ceased; and, in perfect silence, Dr. Newman ascended the steps to the Vice-President's chair, and standing up, as he would in a pulpit, delivered a short prayer. I do not remember all that he said, but he offered thanks to God for his blessings upon the nation since the adjournment of Congress during the preceding summer, and prayed that the senators might be blessed with wisdom and goodness, and guided of Heaven in their deliberations throughout the session then begun.

The prayer was hardly finished when nearly all the senators began to clap their hands in every part of the chamber, making quite a racket. They had a habit of doing that immediately after the opening exercises, and, on one occasion, caused an old man in the gallery to exclaim, "Wall, I'll be hanged ef I saw anything pertikerlerly fine about that prayer!" But they were not applauding the prayer—they were merely calling for pages!

When the clapping commenced, the other pages started to run zigzag and in every direction, and at

first I became confused and did not know what to do. At last I saw one senator look at me and clap, and I walked toward him, but another page ran ahead of me. I was about the only new page, and more timid and modest than the other boys. They wished to "show off," and they ran as fast as they could every time; and as I was a little fellow, with short legs, of course they distanced me. I think I tried about a dozen times to answer calls, but was beaten by the other pages. The fact was, I was not only more modest, but more deliberate and deferential in my movements.

I think several of the senators must have observed my embarrassment, for after a while Senator Conkling beckoned me with the forefinger of his right hand,—that was the way he always called a page,—and I began to walk at a quick but respectful gait. The other pages, however, were all anxious to get the message, for it would cause people in the galleries to look at them, as Senator Conkling was one of the most conspicuous men in the Senate, and people watched everything he did. He was then standing behind his desk holding a letter, and a number of pages rushed and put up their hands and grabbed at the letter, and almost fought for it. The Senator made a gesture for them to go away, and when I came up he reached over their heads and gave the letter to me, with instructions as to what I should do with it. I felt that the people in the galleries saw it all,—and so they did, and every one on the floor saw it also,—and I was scarcely able to walk straight, so flurried was I, knowing that so many eyes were upon me. The other boys not only felt flurried, but looked sheepish, and did not understand the Senator's conduct. Neither did I, for that matter, but I thought and still think it was purely out of sympathy for me.

As Dr. Newman came down from the Vice-President's table, Vice-President Colfax mounted the steps and, in a very solemn manner, said: "The Senate will come to order!" and took his seat in the chair.

Then the secretary of the Senate called the roll of senators to see how many were present, after which Senator Conkling arose and offered a resolution, the object of which was to have the Vice-President appoint two senators to act as a committee to join a similar committee of the House of Representatives, and to call upon the President of the United States and notify him that Congress was in session, and ready to hear anything he might have to say.

Senator Anthony then submitted a resolution that the secretary of the Senate inform the House of Representatives that a quorum of the Senate had assembled (that is, a sufficient number of senators

to transact business, which must be a majority of the entire Senate), and that it was ready to proceed to business; and also another resolution, "That the hour of daily meeting of the Senate be twelve o'clock, noon, until otherwise ordered." Both these resolutions offered by Senator Anthony were adopted by the Senate, and, after brief proceedings about other matters, the resolution presented by Senator Conkling was also agreed to, and Senator Conkling and Senator Thurman were appointed as a committee, Senator Conkling being the chairman, or head of the committee. At this point, as the Senate had nothing else to do, a recess was taken for one hour. Instantly the people in the gallery began to buzz again, and the senators to talk among themselves and tell jokes and laugh, and a certain senator, who sat far over on the Democratic side, even amused himself by writing letters and soaring them away up into the air, and even against the ceiling of the room, and watching the pages attempt to catch them as they sailed down toward the floor. I think he could sail a letter better than any other senator. Of course, this was no great

achievement to boast about, but some of the senators sat through a whole session so quietly that they seemed never to do anything except to go to the Senate every day and sit still and vote. And I remember once a senator came into the chamber just as his name was reached by the clerk who was calling the roll on a vote. He looked around, and did not know what was going on or what he should do, and I pitied him and called out from behind him, "Vote 'No!'" And he did! Of course he thought it was some responsible senator speaking to him. But I had been in the Senate several days before I had enough courage to pretend to advise a senator.

Upon the Vice-President's calling the Senate to order after the recess, the clerk of the House of Representatives was announced, and he stated that

the House had assembled and was ready to proceed to business. These notifications from each Congressional body to the other, and from both to the President, are acts of courtesy that are always observed at the beginning and close of every session of Congress.

After the lapse of a few minutes Senators Conk-



PAGES AT MISCHIEF. (SEE PAGE 59.)

ling and Thurman returned from the White House, whither they had gone to see the President, and said that the committee appointed by the Senate had discharged its duty, and that the President had stated that he would communicate with the Senate at once in writing. In olden times, during the early days of our government, it was usual for the President to come to the Senate chamber in person, and, in the presence of the senators and members of the House, deliver whatever address he might desire to make. But this custom was abandoned when President Jefferson went into office, and communications from the President are now always put in writing and delivered by a messenger.

After the report of the committee, there was a pause in the proceedings, during which the people

resumed their conversations and whisperings. Very soon a gentleman entered the room through the door directly facing the Vice-President, carrying under his arm a package in a large white envelope fastened with a large red seal. As he entered every one became quiet again. Captain Bassett walked up the aisle in front of the Vice-President, and, when he reached the door, shook hands with the other gentleman, who proved to be Mr. Babcock, the private secretary to President Grant; and then this is what was said:

Captain Bassett: "A message from the President of the United States."

Mr. Babcock (bowing): "Mr. President."

The Vice-President (bowing): "Mr. Secretary."

Mr. Babcock: "I am directed by the President of the United States to deliver to the Senate a message in writing."

Thereupon, the President's secretary and the Vice-President exchanged bows again, and Mr. Babcock, giving the package to Captain Bassett, left the Senate and went to the House of Representatives to go through the same ceremony there.

Captain Bassett took the envelope to the Vice-President, who opened it, and said that he would lay before the Senate a message from the Presi-

dent of the United States. Then the secretary of the Senate began to read the message which the President had sent. It was a lengthy address, and the reading of it occupied an hour. It told how the country had prospered since the last session of Congress, and what laws ought to be enacted in order to make it more prosperous in the future. When it had been read through, Senator Anthony moved that it be laid upon the table and be printed, which was agreed to. To "lay upon the table" is what is known as a "parliamentary expression," and signifies that the Senate is not ready to consider or take action upon the message, bill, or whatever it may be, just then.

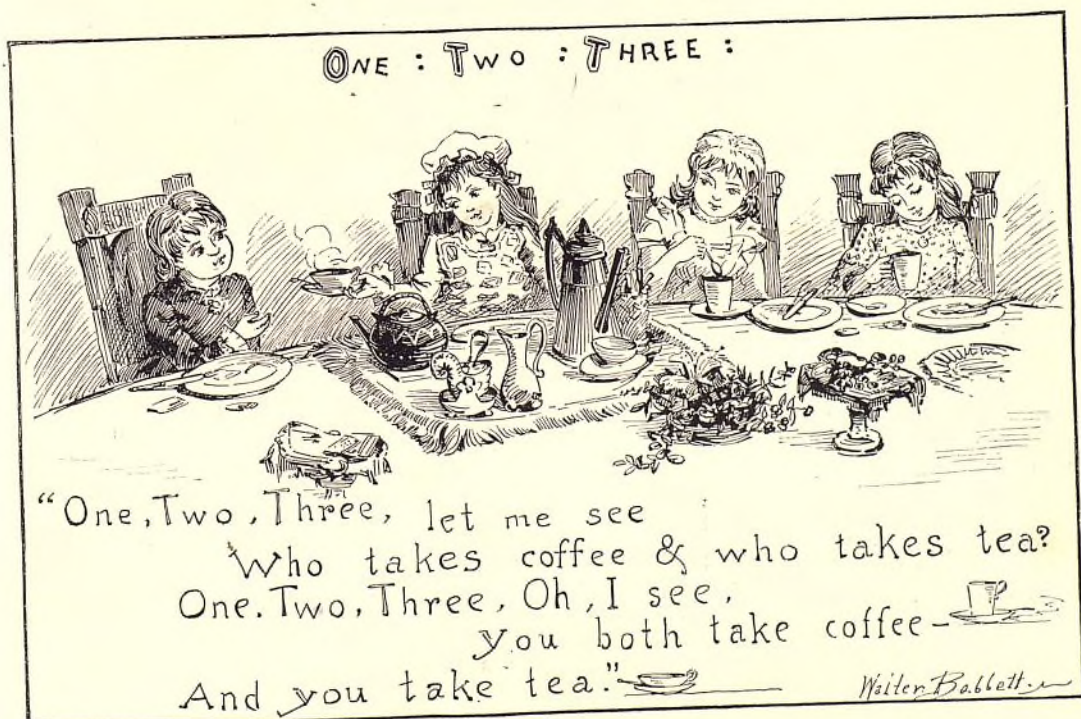
By this time we all were tired out, after keeping still and listening to the reading for so long, and shortly after Senator Edmunds arose and said:

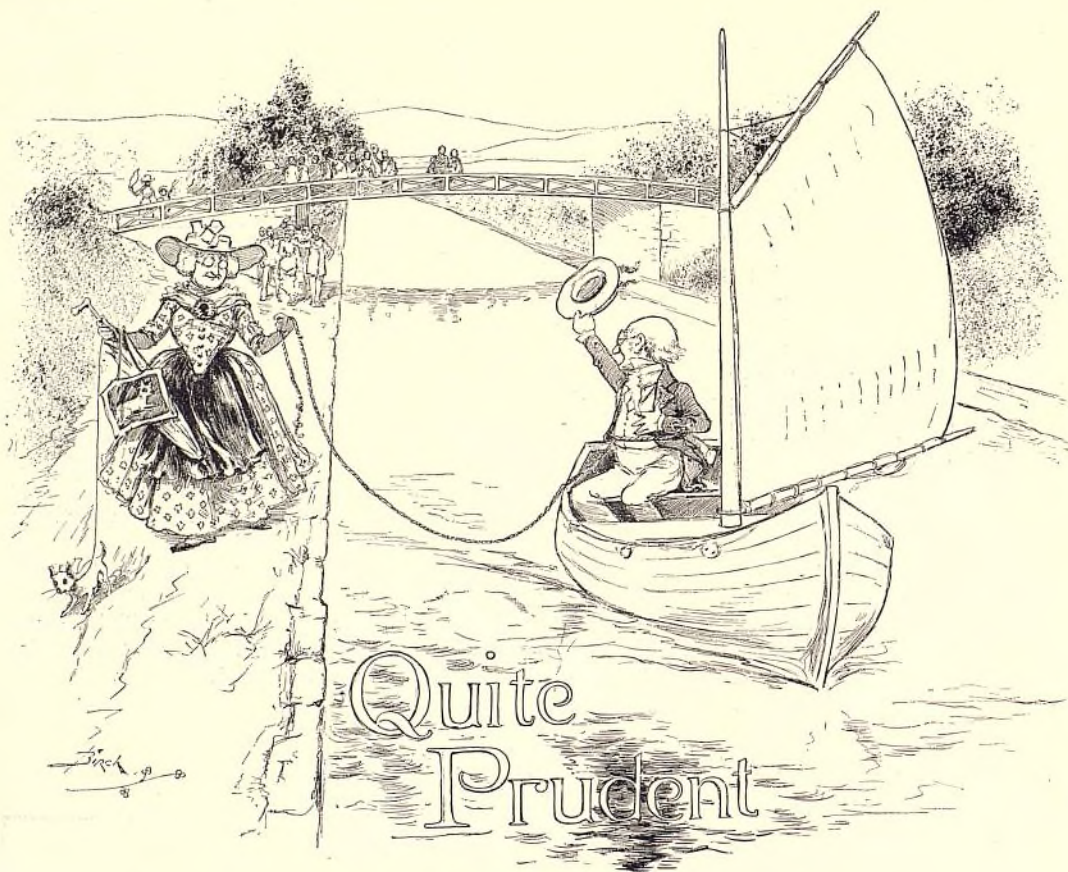
"I move that the Senate do now adjourn." Then everybody else began to move, and there was such a hubbub that all I could hear distinctly was the Vice-President saying:

"The motion is carried, and the Senate stands adjourned until to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

Then he gave another loud rap with his gavel, and the proceedings of the Senate for the first day of the session came to an end.

(To be continued.)





BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

It was n't until he had turned sixty-three
That a longing came o'er him to follow the sea;
But his dear little wife gave a shake of her
head,—

"I never could let you," she tenderly said.

"You were only in fun, I am sure, when you
spoke;

It would n't be safe, for you can't swim a stroke.
If you feel you must sail, why not try the
canal?"

And he said, in a weak little whisper, "I shall!"

So he put, with much practice, a roll in his walk,
And introduced nautical terms in his talk;
While the neat little suit that she made him
to wear

Had anchors, to give him a sailor-like air.

On a day that was marked by a fair wind and
sky,

His neighbors assembled to bid him good-bye;
And he sat in his boat while his little wife placed
A rope, with commendable care, round his waist.

"I'll hold, on the tow-path, one end in my hand,
And, if you should sink, I will pull you to land.
I think it's much safer," she uttered; "don't
you?"

And he said, in his weak little whisper, "I do!"

Then he hoisted his sail with a feeling of pride,
And gayly sped off, while she kept at his side;
So you'd better look out, for who knows but,
some day,

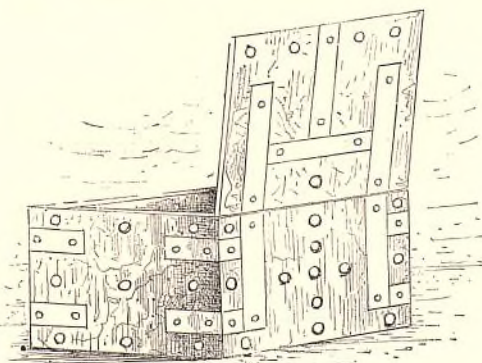
These queer little folk will be coming your
way?

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. NO. XIII. METALLIC BAND-WORK AND NAILS IN DECORATION.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

THERE are few places where strips of iron or other metal are not used to hoop barrels or bind boxes; and strips of brass or zinc, for the same purpose, are to be had of any dealer in sheet-metal. These seem at first sight to be little adapted to decorative art purposes; yet, precisely the same material was largely employed, and with very good effect, in the days of old—the times of gold—to ornament not only doors, but all kinds of furniture.

If we take a common oaken box, and place upon it strips and pieces of iron or brass hoop, cut to proper lengths, we have, of course, an iron or brass-banded chest. The strips must be fastened with large-headed iron nails, such as were used at



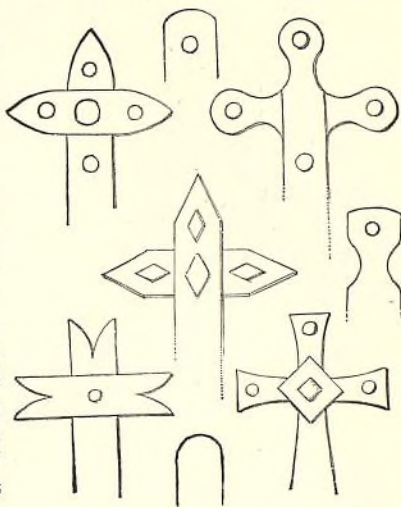
BOX ORNAMENTED WITH BANDS AND NAILS.

one time freely by trunk-makers, and which may still be found. But any smith will make them to order, with either round or square heads.

The ends of the hoops may be easily filed into shapes which will add greatly to the ornamental effect of the work. Thus, false hinges, in the shape of a cross, look very well with either rounded or pointed tips. A little study of the examples here given will readily suggest other forms to a person with any ingenuity. The file to be used for shaping these ends should be a very large one, and it will be advisable to have the iron screwed in a vise. There are several shapes which may be given to these ends, such, for instance, as the semicircle, the ball, the point, the heart-point,

and the notch. By repeating them in connection, very good effects may be obtained.

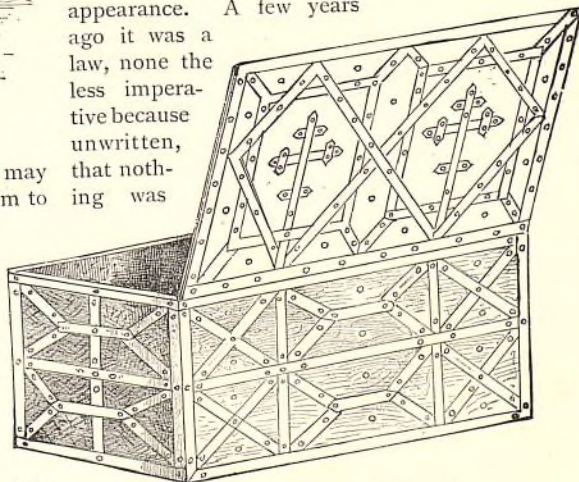
There are, of course, many other ends or points which will occur to the artist; but of all, the semicircle, the point, and the heart-point, or the ogive, will prove to be the easiest to make. The best effects will be seen when the end of a strip is made into a cross



SIMPLE PATTERNS FOR FALSE HINGES.

with another. By tasteful arrangement the simplest box or chest may be given a handsome appearance. A few years

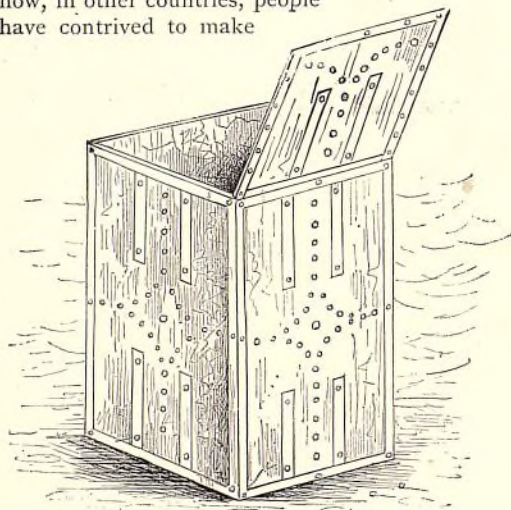
ago it was a law, none the less imperative because unwritten, that nothing was



ORNAMENTATION WITH BANDS OF BRASS.

worthy of very much admiration unless it was expensive and highly finished. The upholsterer

judged for everybody, and his taste served for the world. Consequently, the upholsterer, in his own interests, invariably declared that nothing cheap could be beautiful. Now that people are beginning to study decoration for themselves, and to have opinions of their own as to how their houses should be decorated, and are finding out how, in other countries, people have contrived to make



AN EASY PATTERN.

home beautiful without much money, the more ignorant upholsterer is losing his influence. He is no longer an oracle of taste. On the contrary, he stands directly in opposition to true knowledge and honest art, which proposes to teach people that they may still have beautifully decorated rooms though they may be altogether too poor to buy of the upholsterer.

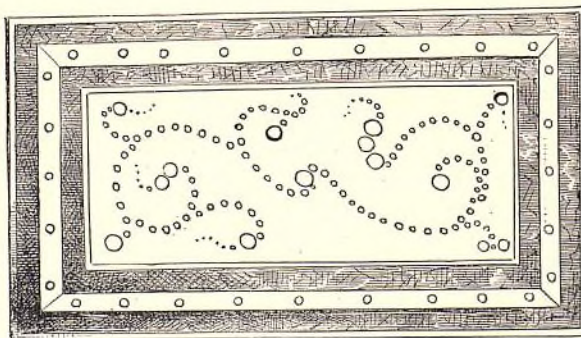
It was long since discovered that a hinge was not only useful as a means of holding a lid and enabling it to be lifted up and down, but that it strengthened it, prevented it from cracking, and might be so expanded as to materially aid in preventing a chest or coffer from being broken into. But as this latter purpose could be effected by a false hinge, false hinges came to be extensively made. The illustrations on page 65 show how they can be constructed from pieces of hoop-iron and similar strips of other metals.

These hinges need not be confined to chests or boxes. It is common enough to see in country cottages doors of plain plank or boards, made without panels; and it is needless to say that, though the easiest to make and the cheapest and strongest of all doors, they are invariably considered ugly. Yet one of these portals can be so hinged and barred with hoop-iron, and so studded with nails as

to look far better than the average machinery-made, saw-mill-paneled affair, which any boy of ten years could kick to pieces in ten minutes with a pair of stout boots.

Not less effective are bands of brass. These are made of every width, from half an inch to four or six inches, and sheets of brass may be had from six inches in width to any breadth whatever. Brass hoop has the great advantage that, when made up artistically, it may be carried out with the aid of nails with "fancy" heads of many beautiful forms, such as fleurs-de-lis, rosettes in great variety, eagles, horses' heads, and flowers. One has but to send to any dealer in hardware to obtain a catalogue containing representations of these nails. Many of them are used by harness-makers and upholsterers. Some are silver-plated or made of German silver.

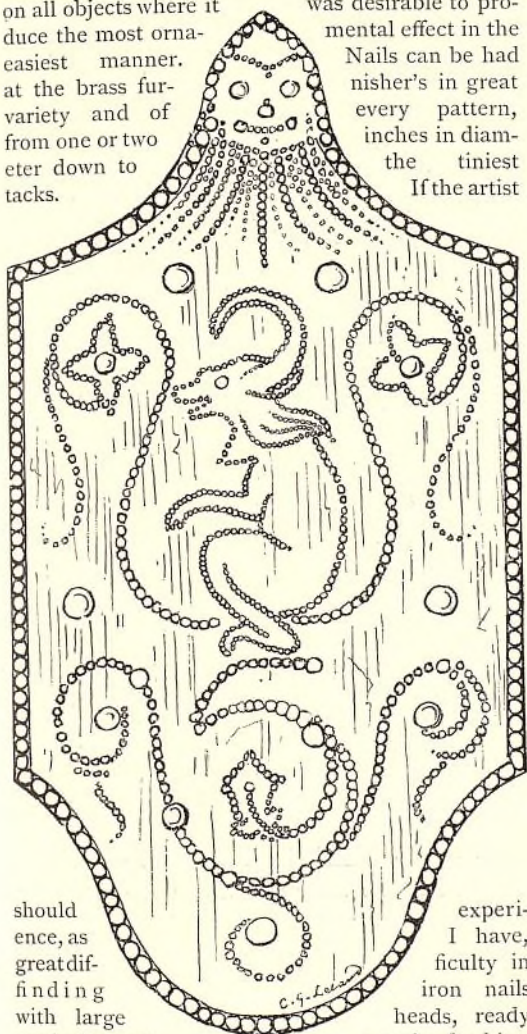
It may be observed that, apart from the iron or brass bands, these nails may of themselves be extensively used in decorating chests, etc. It is well known in repoussé or sheet-brass work that a very important point consists of introducing at regular intervals bosses, or round studs, of such a nature that they shall attract the eye by reflecting light. Thus, in the days when every room had its salvers and plates of hammered brass, favorite subjects were oranges, grapes, and other round fruits, whose hemispherical and rounded surface gave a brilliant reflect of light. Accordingly, a very favorite subject for a brass platter was the spies returning from Canaan, bearing between them an immense bunch of grapes. During three hundred years there were as many salvers made with this subject as all others combined. In fact, the em-



DESIGN FOR LID OR SIDE OF BOX.

ployment of the boss, or knob, or circle, in art is as old as art itself; it was common among the earliest races, and an article which I have read declares that the white dots in a blue ground which form the undying "polka-dot pattern" in cravats is a survival of the heads of the rivets in ancient armor. It is as curious as instructive to observe

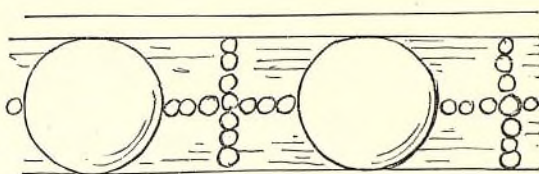
how, for instance in Romanesque dress, very good effects were produced by simple circlets, surrounded at times by dots. These are seen, too, not only on old Anglo-Saxon and Gaulish dresses, but on all objects where it was desirable to produce the most ornate in the easiest manner. at the brass furniture variety and of from one or two inches down to tacks.



should
ence, as
great dif-
finding
with large
made, he must
self a pattern
and have re-
ingenious black-
forge them for him by hand,—that is, if he
wants real nails that will hold. The
ornamental brass nails, of which I
have spoken, have gen-
erally only a thin
wire shank, and

DESIGN formed entirely of
brass-headed nails or
tacks of different sizes.
Suitable for a hanging-
box or for a chair-back.

experi-
I have,
ficulty in
iron nails
heads, ready
make for him-
in wax or wood
course to some
smith who can



DESIGN FOR BORDER OF CHEST. FORMED OF LARGE AND SMALL BRASS NAILS.

are only meant to be looked at, not subjected to any severe test. They can be plated to order with nickel, and then match well with polished brass or iron.

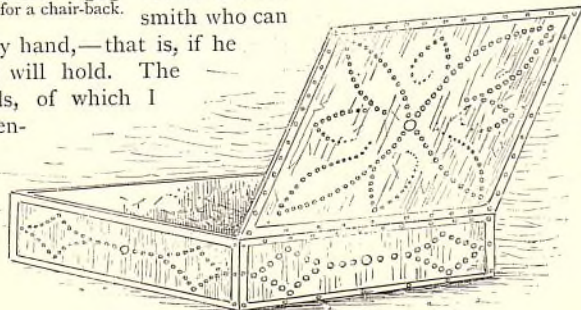
Iron and brass hoop can be applied to doors, to boxes, panels, chests, and many plane or flat surfaces in furniture, with admirable effect. Narrow brass or German silver strips are very well suited to the covers of books, albums, and portfolios. It is quite certain that, in the whole range of the minor, or decorative, arts, there is not one in which so much elegance and utility can be combined with so little expense, as in ornamenting, let us say for example, a plain oak chest with iron or brass bands and large-headed nails.

Common, small brass nails, such as were much used for trunks fifty years ago, are still popular among our Western Indians, who ornament whip-handles with them. These and larger round heads may be set together so as to form bunches of grapes. With the aid of carving and sheet-brass leaves, very striking effects may be obtained.

It is easy to make the holes in hoop-metal, through which the nails are driven. An excellent drill for the purpose is sold for fifty cents by most dealers in tools, or will be obtained by them to order. All dealers in brass or sheet-metals supply hoop of any width.

There are few boys, who are clever or ingenious enough to do any work at all, who can not ornament boxes in the manner here described, with hoop-metal and large nails. It may be observed that, when the work is thoroughly well done, the hoop should be sunk in the wood, either by hammering it well in, or by cutting grooves with a chisel.

As a distinct art or branch of work, the application of hoop-metal and nails to cas-kets, etc., was first practiced in the Public Industrial Art School of Philadelphia.



A PRIZE STORY FOR GIRLS, TO BE WRITTEN BY A GIRL.

IN pursuance of the announcement made last month, ST. NICHOLAS now invites all girls not younger than thirteen, nor older than seventeen years of age, to compete for the following prizes, amounting in all to One Hundred Dollars:

PRIZES.

For the best story for girls, under the conditions named below.....A prize of Forty Dollars.
 For the story ranking second in merit, under the conditions named below..A prize of Twenty Dollars.
 For the story ranking third " " " " " " " "A prize of Fifteen Dollars.
 For the story ranking fourth " " " " " " " "A prize of Ten Dollars.
 For the stories ranking fifth, sixth, and seventh " " " "A prize of Five Dollars, *each*.

CONDITIONS.

No story written by any one younger than thirteen or older than seventeen can enter into the competition. The story must be not less than 2000 nor more than 3000 words in length.

At the head of each MS., just above its title, must be written the words "Story for Prize Competition."

Initials *only*, must be signed to the MS. But the name and address of the writer, together with the title of the story, and postage and directions for the return of the MS. (in case it does not win a prize), must be sent in a sealed envelope with the MS.

In justice to all competitors, the sealed envelope must also contain a certificate signed by parent, teacher, or some adult friend, that the story is the original composition of the sender, and that her age is within the prescribed limits.

Let the sealed envelopes contain *only* the inclosures here requested. Letters concerning the stories can not be answered.

The sealed envelopes will not be opened until all the manuscripts have been read, and the prize stories selected.

No MS. will be returned that is unaccompanied by the requisite amount of postage-stamps inclosed in the sealed envelope.

Translations will not be considered. The stories must not be Burlesque, Fairy, Sensational, exclusively Religious, nor Love Stories: but in literary quality and moral influence they must be unobjectionable. The purpose of the competition is to obtain a good, wholesome, and interesting story for girls written by a girl.

Stories may be sent in until December 15, 1884. No story received after that date can enter into the competition.

The best story—and possibly one or more of the other prize stories—will be printed in ST. NICHOLAS.

If the Awarding Committee agree unanimously that no one of the stories sent in is, even by a generous construction, worthy to receive the first prize (\$40), that prize will not be awarded. But in that case, the remaining prizes will be assigned, relatively, to the best six stories received, beginning with the prize of twenty dollars.

Stories may be sent either by mail or express. Address all MSS. for this competition, to The Prize Story Committee, care of The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

THE FIRST CONVENTION OF THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION is now well known to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, as a national, and, indeed, international, union of local societies of young and old folk, for the purpose of studying natural objects by personal observation.

The first important public mention of the A. A. will be found in the number of ST. NICHOLAS, for November, 1880; and, since then, regular monthly reports of the progress of the Association

have appeared in the closing pages of this magazine. The files of the magazine will thus be found to contain a complete history of its work. The first general convention of the Agassiz Association was held at Philadelphia, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of September, 1884, by invitation of the Philadelphia Assembly, which is a society formed by the union of most of the chapters of the A. A. in or near Philadelphia.*

* The proceedings of the convention are printed in full, and may be had at cost price, on application to Mr. Robt. T. Taylor, 4701 Leiper street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the evening of Sept. 2d, an informal reception was held, during which the president of the A. A. and the officers of the Assembly had the pleasure of meeting about three hundred delegates from widely scattered chapters, States as far apart as Iowa and Maine being represented. The next morning, by special invitation, the convention visited the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, and spent several hours in examining the treasures of the wonderful collection.

In the afternoon, the first regular session was opened by prayer, at 2 o'clock, in the hall of the Franklin Institute. John Shallcross, Esq., President of the Assembly, gave a cordial address of welcome, to which President Harlan H. Ballard responded for the Agassiz Association. Then followed a series of excellent papers and discussions by various delegates. The exercises included the histories of several chapters; a stirring debate, "Eyes *versus* Books;" papers on "The A. A. in the Family" and "The A. A. in the Public School;" and essays on "Methods of Work."

In the evening, the Rev. Henry C. McCook delivered a lecture on "Ants and Their Architecture," which was highly entertaining, instructive, and suggestive of methods of observation.

On Thursday morning, the convention visited the Zoological Gardens, and were courteously received by Superintendent Brown, who guided them through the different buildings, where wild animals are kept in a condition of remarkable cleanliness.

The hard-wood floors of their cages shone like the floor of a dancing-hall. We were quite interested in an attempt that was being made to secure a photograph of a refractory old bison. Owing to his restlessness and ill-nature, the attempt was not successful, but the delegates grouped themselves in front of the lion and tiger house, and a picture of them was taken, which was perhaps quite as well.

In the afternoon came the second regular session at the Franklin Institute. A very important feature of the day was an address by Prof. James McAllister, superintendent of the public schools of Philadelphia. He spoke in the warmest terms of the excellent work and admirable methods of the Agassiz Association, and expressed the hope that a chapter might ultimately be formed in connection with every school in the United States; or, at least, in default of that, that the methods of the A. A. should be adopted in every school, so that young people should learn to use their own eyes

instead of blindly following the statements of their books. Next, special topics in the several branches of natural history were considered. Papers were read on "The Bluebird;" "The Fishes of Texas;" "Botany;" "Insect Transformation;" and "A Cruise Around Salt Lake."

Prof. Wm. R. Dudley, of Cornell University, gave a most helpful talk on "Preparing Plants for the Herbarium;" and, in passing, it must be said that no one thing gives the members greater encouragement than the aid so kindly extended to them by many eminent men of science. Of those who have helped the Association in years past, Prof. Dudley, Prof. G. Howard Parker, of Cambridge, and Prof. C. H. Fernald, of the Maine State College, were present at the sessions of the convention.

The president of the A. A. closed the exercises by an address on "Methods of Work," and the "Future of the Association." The applause that greeted his reference to "our most powerful patron and most faithful friend, the good ST. NICHOLAS," showed what a warm place the magazine holds in the hearts of all its members. After the address, Mr. Shallcross, in behalf of the assembly, presented to the president a beautiful gold-headed cane.

In the evening the delegates, by invitation, went in a body to the Electrical Exhibition. They were received in the lecture-room by Prof. Houston, who explained, in a short lecture, some of the more important pieces of electrical mechanism they were to see; and then they dispersed throughout the building, and spent a delightful evening among the wonders of the place.

The most marked feature of this convention was the feeling of friendly fellowship continually manifested. Not only was no word spoken that could cause regret, but everything was said and done that could minister to the happiness of each and all. There was no machinery of business to distract attention from the consideration of the various branches of natural science; and, thanks to the wise simplicity of the Constitution of the A. A., not a vote was called for, except a rising vote of thanks to the generous hosts and to the gentlemen who kindly addressed the convention.

The result of the first meeting has been a firm cementing of friendship, a great increase of enthusiasm, and a conviction that the Agassiz Association is certain to grow far more rapidly in the future than it has ever grown before. You are now invited to turn to the regular report of the A. A., on page 78 of this number.


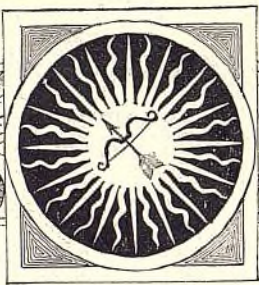

H. H. B.



Ha, ha, ha, off they go,
Charlie & Bêbe so merrily oh.
Knowing no fear,
no not they,
Away they fly so cheerily oh.



There's a log,
oh stop! but no —
Over they go, oh my, such a
throw!
Charlie exclaims! "Now here's a go!"
And dear little Bebe says, "oh! oh!"

11th MONTH.	THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC	NOVEMBER,
BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.		
		

SAGITTARIUS bends his bow,
That the Sun may hunting go.

He pursues the chase so far
That our skies quite gloomy are.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Sat.	14	Pisces	11.44	Benvenuto Cellini, b. 1500.
2	S	FULL	Aries	11.44	21st Sunday after Trinity.
3	Mon.	16	"	11.44	Mendelssohn, died 1847.
4	Tues.	17	Taurus	11.44	☿ very near Aldebaran.
5	Wed.	18	"	11.44	☾ near Saturn.
6	Thur.	19	Gemini	11.44	Gust's Adolphus, d. 1632.
7	Fri.	20	"	11.44	☾ bet. Procyon & Twins.
8	Sat.	21	Cancer	11.44	John Milton, died 1674.
9	S	22	Leo	11.44	22d Sunday after Trinity.
10	Mon.	23	Sextant	11.44	☾ near Regulus & Jupiter.
11	Tues.	24	Leo	11.44	King Canute, died 1035.
12	Wed.	25	Virgo	11.44	
13	Thur.	26	"	11.45	☾ near Venus.
14	Fri.	27	"	11.45	☾ near Spica.
15	Sat.	28		11.45	Gluck, died 1787.
16	S	29		11.45	23d Sunday after Trinity.
17	Mon.	NEW		11.45	Acc'n of Q. Eliz'th, 1558.
18	Tues.	1		11.46	Sir D. Wilkie, b. 1785.
19	Wed.	2		11.46	☾ near Mars.
20	Thur.	3	Sagitt.	11.46	Thos. Chatterton, b. 1752.
21	Fri.	4	"	11.46	Venus near Spica.
22	Sat.	5	"	11.47	Lord Clive, died 1774.
23	S	6	Capri.	11.47	24th Sunday after Trinity.
24	Mon.	7	"	11.47	Peace dec'd bet. G. Brit.
25	Tues.	8	Aqua.	11.47	[and America, 1814.
26	Wed.	9	"	11.48	Marshal Soult, died 1850.
27	Thur.	10	Pisces	11.48	Thanksgiving Day.
28	Fri.	11	"	11.48	Wash'n Irving, d. 1859.
29	Sat.	12	Aries	11.49	Horace Greeley, d. 1872.
30	S	13	"	11.49	Advent Sunday.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

Rosy are the apples that are crowding in the bin;
Golden is the grain, with the sunlight gathered in;
Ripe and rich the clusters that have swung in juicy prime;
But the rainfall of the nuts is the children's harvest-time.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

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

NOVEMBER 15th, 8.30 P. M.

SATURN is now very conspicuous in the east, and not far from him are our old acquaintances of last winter, Aldebaran and the Pleiades, the stars of *Taurus*, *The Bull*. Orion, too, is rising in the east. Altair is going down in the west, Lyra in the north-west. The Dipper of *The Great Bear* is now at its lowest point immediately under the North Star. *Cassiopeia*, The Lady in her Chair, is nearly overhead in the Milky Way. The Square of Pegasus is now upright, Markab and Scheat have passed an hour to the west, and now the other two stars of the square are exactly over our south mark. The upper one is Alpherat of the constellation *Andromeda*, the lower one is Algenib of the constellation *Pegasus*.

We have not traced the path of the sun since September. The two stars of Capricornus are still visible in the south-west; the sun passes from the point mentioned near them, which he occupies the 20th of January, to a point in a line with Alpherat and Algenib, and just as far below Algenib as that star is distant from Alpherat. This point is on the equinoctial line, and the sun reaches it on the 21st of March.

The *Milky Way* makes a complete arch from east to west. Notice that near the star Aridid in *Cygnus*, *The Swan*, the *Milky Way* divides into two branches, descending to the west. Altair is on the very edge of the south branch. Facing the west and looking upward at *Cygnus*, we now see that there are two other stars below Aridid, that with the other stars of the constellation form a large upright cross.

THE PEACOCK AND THE TURKEY.

"LOOK at me," said the Peacock, spreading his tail and strutting grandly about, "am I not handsome?"
"Yes," replied the Turkey, "in your own eyes; but I put up a perpetual thanksgiving that I was not hatched so vain as you."

"I should think thanksgiving was rather a tender subject for you," rejoined the Peacock, pluming himself.

"Not at all," said the Farmer, who had been listening to this interchange of civilities; "he is a tender subject for Thanksgiving!" And so saying he caught up the Turkey, and carried him off to market.

"Well, well!" said the Peacock, "I'm glad I'm too handsome to eat, and that fine feathers don't always make fine birds according to the cook."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

*The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.

1884.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

30
DAYS.

"WHERE are my bow and arrows, and my buskins, Mother?" cried November, slipping in on a little bit of thin ice. "I want to go a-hunting. I can't do very much for you in your garden, and I must look after the deer and the rabbit."

"Oh, but my lad!" cried Dame Nature, "there are late pears and apples awaiting you, and the squashes and pumpkins must be gathered, or we shall not be ready for Thanksgiving. You must begin to nip the vines and leaves and late flowers, for there is much clearing up to be done. You are quite enough of an executioner, November, without going after game."

"Well, well!" said November, rather cross and surly, "if I must, I must; but if I could only have my own way a little, I would be a great deal more agreeable. How can you expect me to be very bright and sunny when I have to do so much ungracious work?"

FALLING LEAVES.

BY AGNES L. CARTER.

WHAT will become of the trees, Mamma?
The leaves are falling, one by one.
Colder it blows;
Soon come the snows.
What will become of the trees, Mamma,
The bare, brown trees, when all is done?

Will not the trees be cold, Mamma,
When all the leaves are blown away?
When nights are long,
And winds are strong,
Will not the trees be cold, Mamma,
On many a cold and wintry day?

What will become of the leaves, Mamma?
Away before the wind they fled;
After their play,
Hurried away.
What will become of the leaves, Mamma?
I can not think that they are dead.

Poor little leaves! It is sad, Mamma.
If I run after them, will they mind?
Now for a race!
Now for a chase!
I will bring you some pretty leaves, Mamma;
Some tired leaves that are left behind.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY to you, one and all, my friends! It is delightful to meet this time, in bright, bracing, grateful November, and to shake hands, so to speak, at the very threshold of a new volume of ST. NICHOLAS.

Now, what shall we take up first? The letters? Very well; the letters it shall be.

Here is one sent by a little girl across the Atlantic to tell

HOW THE SWALLOWS PUNISHED THE SPARROWS.

OEDENBURG, VIA VIENNA, HUNGARY, July 19, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I always find great interest in the information you give, and especially in that which relates to natural history; and as I think that some of your little readers will have the same interest, I want to tell you a very wonderful incident about birds, which I hope will amuse them. Here, at Oedenburg, at the back of the theater, there was an empty swallow's nest, of which a pair of lazy sparrows took possession. They made themselves quite at home, laid their eggs in it, and hatched out their young ones. After a while the swallows came back and were not at all pleased to see their nest occupied, but they were seen flying quietly away. Soon they came back, accompanied by ten or twenty other swallows, carrying in their bills mud and building materials. These actually began to work at shutting up the nest, so that the poor little guiltless sparrows had to die of hunger. The sparrow-papa was killed a short distance from his nest, and the poor little mamma was left to watch and wail over her unhappiness. Did you know that dear little swallows could be so cruel in their wrath? This is a true story, and I have seen the nest myself. It will soon be taken to the museum at Pesh. Ever your constant reader, TILDI M. RIPP.

This letter will make a sensation among my birds if they happen to hear of it. The swallows will deny its accuracy, and the sparrows will indignantly insist that the story is an invention; but all the other birds will say, as I do, that it is true. It is not the first time that swallows have acted in this way, and I am very sure it is not the last time that sparrows will get into difficulty. What we want is a bird-college, where the feathered students can study moral philosophy. Don't you notice how good and fair and forgiving human beings

are? And don't they study moral philosophy? Great allowance should be made for the poor ignorant birds.

Then, again, there sometimes may be other extenuating circumstances, as in the following history of

A CAT PUNISHED BY ROBINS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: While I was visiting my Eastern cousins, this summer, we saw a great big cat running as hard as she could from half a dozen robins. But she could not escape them, for they flew after her, and pecked at her head as if they were determined to kill her. Finally, they seemed to think she had been punished enough, and they withdrew from the attack and settled down on the ground in a queer jerky way, as if to say, "There, we'll teach those cats that they must not trouble us!"

Now, this cat had the reputation in my cousins' neighborhood of being a great bird-killer; and undoubtedly the angry robins had seen her trying to attack some of their nests—may be she had even killed their young birds.

M. E. R.

THE "SPOUTING ROCK" AT NEWPORT.

A LITTLE girl of twelve summers, whose parents lately moved from Kansas to Boston, has written the Little School-ma'am a letter, telling of "trips along the Atlantic coast." "Of course," she says, "you know about the wonderful spouting rock at Newport, Rhode Island?"

"It usually spouts during a storm, when people dare not go out on the rocks, and then the grand scene is lost. But we saw it at its best, when it was spouting higher than it had spouted for years. We had to climb up on some massive rocks, and there we stood and gazed.

"Far out on a rocky ledge great waves were breaking and dashing furiously about the rocks, forming a magnificent picture. But most interesting of all was the spouting rock. It has an opening in it about three feet across, where the water rushes through, and in coming out is thrown many feet into the air, making a natural fountain of pure white foam.

"Cousin Harry, who was with us, is of an inventive turn of mind, with a natural liking for investigation; so he walked as near the edge of the rocks as possible. But that was not enough. Oh, no! he must look into the opening. So he clambered down the rocks cautiously, went up to the very edge, took a peep, and then, in his anxiety to 'see how it worked,' stood with his head over the opening and—up it came! Harry walked off into the sun to dry, feeling, perhaps, that he had been reproved for trying to pry into Nature's unpatented inventions.

"A man who was there said that when he was a boy the opening was much smaller and the water spouted much higher, but that it is being gradually worn away by the waves."

A QUERY CONCERNING ANTS.

DANVILLE, ILL., May 22, '84.

DEAR JACK: Are ants in the habit of caring for the remains of their dead? A few days since, my brother and I saw an ant carrying one as large as itself, which was dead. It took the little body up a step eight inches high, and about ten feet on the stone wall, where it disappeared with its burden.

Ever yours gratefully,
G. M. B.

Who can answer G. M. B.?

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

PECULIAR ACROSTICS.

EACH of the words described contains nine letters. When rightly selected and placed one below the other in the order here given, the fourth row of letters (reading downward) will spell an act of expressing gratitude, and the sixth row, a publication by authority. These two lines, read in connection, name an important document which is issued annually.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Manifold. 2. Practicing arithmetic. 3. Thumped soundly. 4. Shells which adhere to rocks and timbers. 5. A coarse texture worn as a mark of mourning. 6. An officer of the peace. 7. Having three sorts of flowers in the same head. 8. Having several leaflets arranged like the fingers of the hand, at the extremity of a stem. 9. Need. 10. Determinations. 11. The whooping-cough. 12. Of the same nature or disposition.

CYRIL DEANE.

CUBE.

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1 . . . . . 2
. . . . .
3 . . . . . 4 .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. 5 . . . . . 6
. . . . .
7 . . . . . 8

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FROM 1 to 2, a rogue; from 2 to 6, foliage; from 5 to 6, utensils; from 1 to 5, bordered; from 3 to 4, a titmouse; from 4 to 8, to tie; from 7 to 8, one who tans; from 3 to 7, a disturbance; from 1 to 3, a small animal; from 2 to 4, illuminated; from 6 to 8, a title; from 5 to 7, a small spot.

FRED.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. In each of the following sentences a cross-word is concealed, the definition of which is given in the same sentence.

1. Can Ella give me a pretty name for a pretty girl? 2. It will

teach Edwin not to row so far, if he would avoid the pain in his wrists. 3. The psalm is solemn, if I do not err. 4. I gave Elsie a long squirming fish.

The initials (which mean a cognomen) and the finals (meaning smaller) may both be found in the following

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA:

In knoll, not in mound;
In lake, not in ground;
In homes, not in land;
In heads, not in hands;
You'll find the answer rather tame,
As for it I can find no name.

GILBERT FORRESTER.

METAMORPHOSES.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphoses may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but in other instances more moves are required.

EXAMPLE: Change LAMP to FIRE, in four moves. ANSWER, LAMP, LAME, FAME, FARE, FIRE.

1. Change ONE to TWO, in ten moves. 2. Change FISH to BIRD, in five moves. 3. Change NORTH to SOUTH, in twelve moves. 4. Change EARTH to WATER, in eleven moves. 5. Change EAST to WEST, in three moves. 6. Change CALF to VEAL, in five moves. 7. Change PINK to BLUE, in eleven moves. 8. Change LION to BEAR, in seven moves.

F. W.

PI.

IN what poem by William Cullen Bryant do the following lines occur?

Soulriog rea het swodo ni rethi stealt dolg dan scrimno,
Tey rou luf-veadle swollwi ear ni reith sthefes nereg.
Cush a kyliind muntau, os luciferlym leandig
Hitw eth storghw fo musern, I renve tey heav nese.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Nadir. 2. Alone. 3. Dozen. 4. Inert. 5. Rents. II. 1. Blanc. 2. Labor. 3. Abate. 4. Notes. 5. Crest. — CHARADE. Clergy-man.

QUOTATION PUZZLE. Longfellow. 1. SheLley. 2. Goldsmith. 3. BurNs. 4. Gray. 5. LongFellow. 6. PopE. 7. HoLmes. 8. CoLeridge. 9. TennySOn. 10. Wordsworth.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Craber. 2. Remote. 3. Ambons. 4. Bootee. 5. Enean. 6. Resent.

AN OPEN LETTER.

A letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection;

And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the soldier.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Wellington. 1. W-hen. 2. E-ton. 3. L-ash. 4. L-ark. 5. I-van. 6. N-ape. 7. G-one. 8. T-our. 9. O-men. 10. N-ail.

PI.

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;

The most are gone now; here and there one lingers;

Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,

Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

T. B. Aldrich, in "Maple Leaves."

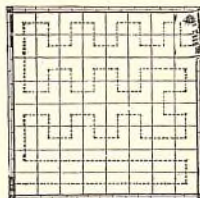
ANAGRAMS. 1. Jack the Giant-killer. 2. The Sleeping Beauty. 3. Jack and the Bean-stalk. 4. Little Red Riding-hood. 5. Beauty and the Beast. 6. Cinderella.

DOUBLE FINAL ACROSTICS. Talent, sports. Cross-words: 1. SUITS. 2. STRAP. 3. ROLLO. 4. latER. 5. stINT. 6. goaTS.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Real, true. Cross-words: 1. RenT. 2. FERn. 3. dUAL. 4. EviL.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. S. 2. Sap. 3. Salem. 4. Pew. 5. M. II. 1. M. 2. Tar. 3. Maker. 4. Red. 5. R. III. 1. M. 2. War. 3. Mayor. 4. Rot. 5. R. IV. 1. M. 2. Bar. 3. Manor. 4. Rod. 5. R. V. 1. R. 2. Tip. 3. Rider. 4. Pen. 5. R.

THE PRISONER'S PUZZLE.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Attempt the end, and never stand in doubt;

Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the October number, from John, Lily, and Agnes Warburg, London, 8—Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 5—Carl and Norris, Ayr, Scotland, 2.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from "Cousins"—Paul Reese—Bertha Feldwisch—Hattie B. Badeau—E. H. H., H. S., and A. W.—S. R. T.—Maggie T. Turrill—"Shumway Hen and Chickens"—"Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William"—Clara and Mamma—Johnny Duck—"Unknown to History"—T. R. S. and E. R. S.—Harry W. Wheelock—Francis W. Islip—Hugh and Cis.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 20, from Maude, 1—Grace Zublin, 1—Lillie R. B., 1—Elmer Haynes, 1—S. H. Hepner, 1—Daisy H. R., 2—"Lucretia" and "Minnehaha," 1—M. Alice Barrett, 1—C. L. Weir, 3—Ellie and Susie, 1—Clara L. Powers, 1—G. R. and J. N., 1—Albert G. Whitney, 2—Tiny Puss, Mitz, and Muff, 13—Agnes and Emma, 6—M. F. Pemberton, 1—Lena Smith and Nannie Rogers, 1—E. M. Lewis, 4—"Pepper and Maria," 13—Geo. C. Beebe, 1—C. S. and G. B., 2—"Aunt Hélène," 1—Effie K. Talboys, 5—Frank Smyth, 4—Alex. H. Laidlaw, 7—J. Webb Parker, 6—Dollie Palmer, 4—Helen Du Barry, 2—Ida C. Lusk, 13—Hamilton E. Field, 1—Kenneth B. Emerson, 7—George Habenicht, 1—Kittie Greenwood A., 2—Edith and Lawrence Butler, 2—Flossie L. N., 1—Miles Turpin, 5—Gertrude and Harry, 9—Charles H. Kye, 11—E. Muriel Grundy, 8—Louis Schuman, 1—Cora Achor and Nettie Taylor, 7—"Sairy Gamp and Betsy Prig," 5—Edith Swanwick, 9—Elizabeth B. R. H., 1—Edith Valeydy, 8—Miss Spiller and Eleanor and Maude Peart, 5—"In the Glen," 8—Jennie Balch, 3—Carrie and Bess, 4—"Papa and I," 8—Grace Zublin, 1—Mary P. Stockett, 4—Lulu and Ida Newman, 10.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OWING to an oversight, the translation of "The Floral Letter" which appeared in the September number of ST. NICHOLAS was omitted from the October number. It is therefore printed here. The correct reading of the letter is as follows:

"DEAR STEENIE:

"I hope you'll be a 'daisy' boy;
You've ever been a joy to me;
Your principles don't violate,
A sterling man you then will be.
As puny boys make sickly men,
I hope you're of a healthy stock.
Rise with the larks, perhaps you do,
But not too soon;—say four o'clock.
If good report you lack at school,
I would by no means whine and fret;
But courage take and say to Sloth:
'Be gone, you wretch! I'll conquer yet!'
Some folks there are who lie like time,
And with a sweet peculiar ease:

That you will not be one of them
I'd wager any amount you please!
Be sure you don't refuse your aid
To help a fellow-man's hard lot.
Sweet will your memories ever be;
And now, good-bye,—forget me not.

"Your affectionate "UNCLE RUSSELL."

The flowers mentioned in the letter are respectively: daisy, verbena, violet, aster, cyclamen, stock, larkspur, four-o'clock, portulaca, woodbine, begonia, lilac, thyme, sweet-pea, geranium, fuchsia, sweet-william, and forget-me-not.

Boys and girls who like to make with their own hands some of the Christmas gifts which they present to their friends will appreciate Mr. Leland's article on Metalic Band and Nail Work on page 65. They may also be glad to refer to Mr. Leland's papers on Brass-work (ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1883), and Modern Leather-work (ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1884).

THE LETTER-BOX.

AYR, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are spending our summer holidays here in the "Land of Burns," and often go on our tricycles to visit the cottage where the poet was born. One sees there some of the original furniture, also some of his own handwriting in his poems and letters. In the visitors' book at the cottage we noticed that many of the names were those of Americans. Near by is the monument to Burns's memory. It is placed in a beautiful garden. From the top of the monument one has a fine view of the "Auld Brig o'Doon," where Tam o' Shanter was supposed to have crossed when chased by the witches. Alloway Kirk is close by. Burns's father is buried in the church-yard.

I remain, yours truly, CARL N. STOCKWELL.

BUFFALO, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had a great deal of fun one day repeating some of the well-known alliterations, such as "Peter Piper," "Five Brave Maids," etc. We came across a few new ones, among which were "She sells sea-shells" and "Sweet sleek sheep sleep." Please let your young readers know about them. I think they will find it rather difficult to say the sentences rapidly.

Your constant reader, ELIZABETH T. SMITH.

GREENVILLE, S. C., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your article on "Old Shep and the Central Park Sheep," in the August number, is most interesting to me, as my father has lately given me a full-blooded Collie, which I am anxious to teach several tricks. I write to ask some of your readers to tell me how I can train or teach my little pet. Its name is Cleopatra, but we call it "Cleo," which we think pretty. I wish "Cleo" to perform as many tricks as I can succeed in teaching her.

Trusting that my letter is not too long and to see several letters on this subject from some of your many readers.

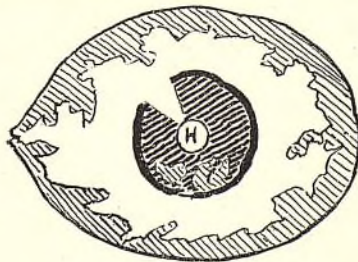
Your constant reader, LALLA E. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I hope no boy or girl will try the trick here to be described on any very nervous person. But to those who will promise to be good, and not scare anybody, I will tell all about it.

Take the two half shells of an English walnut, as large as can be held between the brow and cheek, and in the middle of each bore a hole a little larger than the pupil of your eye. The shell is soft enough to cut with a penknife. A gimlet would crack it.

Care should be taken to thoroughly clean the inside of the shells. Now paint, over all, a coat of white paint. You need not be very particular, because if it *does* go thin in places it will only help the weird effect. And you may use either oil or water-colors. The oil is most permanent and effective, but the water-color dries right off; and, as a piece of fun is most fun when done most quickly, we suppose the latter method is the better.

Around the pupil-hole paint the iris a dark dull green. Let the size of it be somewhat larger than the natural eye. If you have no artistic friend at hand to guide you, you can get the color near enough by mixing blue with a little yellow and a little red. Do not paint the color all round, but leave a small space of white on the upper left-hand side. Be careful to keep this on the same side of each, as it represents the glare of sunlight on the eye, and so should



come from the same direction. In arranging them for painting, it is best to place them on the table in position, with the pointed ends of the shells toward each other. And it is better to leave the light in the white, which is already on the shell, than to paint the iris all round and then try to put the white light on. The effect is heightened by painting a thick black line round the outer edge of the iris.

Finally, with a bright vermilion, daub irregular blotches of color all around the edge of the shells and a few irregular blobs in the lower part of the iris, and you will have a pair of the most astonishing eyes you can imagine. The diagram above will help you in coloring—the dark lines representing the green and the light ones the red.

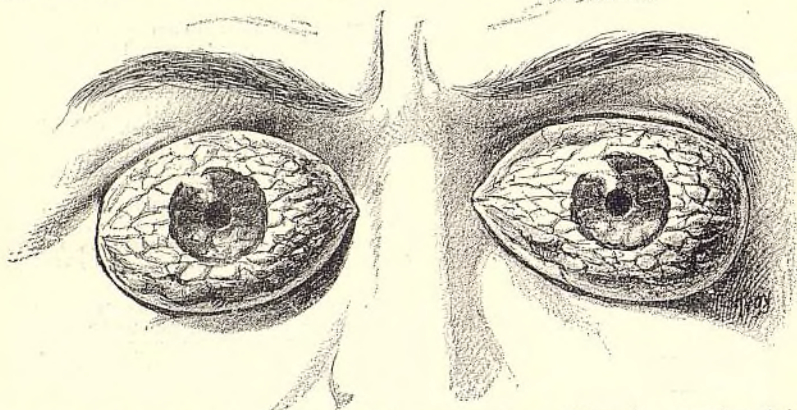
To fit on the eyes, hold one in each hand, taking care that the points are toward each other and that the lights will appear on top when in position. Then open your eyes and raise your eyebrows as high as you possibly can; and putting both shells up at once, set them so that each completely covers one eye. You will find that the

edges of the shells, even when the eyes are fully distended, press safely between the upper lid and the fleshy under-part of the brow and in the hollow between the lower lid and the cheek; and that there is plenty of room inside the shell even for the eyelashes to

Two other stories, "Jack and Jill" and "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," I thought were splendid. Stonington is on Long Island Sound, and is an old sea-port. In the summer it is quite a resort by the British ship *Terror* and for city people. It was attacked

and on the ninth of August we celebrated the battle. The two old eighteen-pounders which defended this place in the battle stand uncovered out on the Common, in front of our house, and often you may see strangers stop and look at them. I have just received the August number of the splendid magazine, and I am enjoying reading it.

Your friend,
O. B. B.



play, and so there can be no danger of injury to the eye. Feeling secure of this, and adjusting the shells till you feel they are in the best position for holding, let your eyes and brows fall to their natural position, and you will find your false eyes lightly but sufficiently held. Adjust both at once; for if you try to put them in one at a time, the effort to unduly expand one eye will disturb the other.

Of course, you set them privately. And then you need make no other demonstration in going into the presence of your victims. Just go quietly and look at them.

HENRY W. TROY.

STONINGTON, CT., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a subscriber to you quite long, and always am glad when I go to the post-office and find you in the box. I like Miss Alcott's "Spinning-wheel Stories" very much.

We remain, your ardent admirers,
P. S.—Marion is eleven years old and I am thirteen.

JENNIE AND MARION.

THE number of letters received from our young correspondents is greater than we can make room for in our "Letter-box," but we wish especially to thank the following boys and girls for their pleasant letters: Leon A. Mitchell, May McLoughlin, Maud McQuaid, A. G. K., Fanny Hope, Richard H., Evelyn D., Jean B. G., Anna P. A., Genevieve A. Farnell, Nan, Nellie Nottingham, Hattie A. Homer, Blanche A. Tuck, Mamie A. Cramer, Nina Nicholas, Hallie, Josie H. Barrett, Lillie F. C., George C. Gale, and Beatrice Hartford.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-THIRD REPORT.

AN INVITATION.

"HERE beginneth" the fifth year of the ST. NICHOLAS Agassiz Association. It is no longer an experiment, but it is an assured success. Our records show that over seven hundred local branches have been formed, most of which are still flourishing, and that we have enrolled more than eight thousand members. We will not now repeat the history of the society, but refer the thousands of young people who begin their acquaintance with ST. NICHOLAS with this new volume to the reports that have regularly appeared here since November, 1880, and to a brief account of our late delightful convention, which will be found on page 68. We wish now to renew to you all our hearty invitation to join our Association. There are thousands who read our reports and take a lively interest in our work who have not yet sent in their names as active members of the A. A. It is a good time to do this at the opening of a new year. You will find little difficulty in finding three besides yourself, and we will recognize four as a "Chapter." There are Father and Mother and Brother John at once; so you need not delay. There is no charge for the admission of a Chapter, although it is necessary that you have a copy of our hand-book, giving complete history, rules, etc. This costs fifty-four cents, and beyond this there will be no expense, nor are there any yearly dues. If you can not form a Chapter, you can join by yourself as a corresponding member of the original Association at Lenox, Mass. For this there is a nominal entrance fee of fifty cents, but no further dues. The advantages that you may expect have been detailed often in these reports, and are briefly these:

1st. Free communication, correspondence, and exchange with thousands of naturalists, young and old, in nearly all portions of the world.

2d. The privilege of receiving free assistance, in whatever department you select, from a scientist who is an authority in that department.

3d. The occasional notice of your desire to exchange or correspond, in the columns of ST. NICHOLAS.

4th. The privilege of attending any of the conventions of the Association.

5th. The opportunity of aiding and interesting all the others by a record of your own observations and methods of work.

There is no reason why there should not be a Chapter of the A. A. in every town—in *your* town. The name of each new Chapter, with the address of its permanent secretary, is regularly printed in ST. NICHOLAS and in the hand-book.

Our badge is a Swiss cross, of gold or silver, chosen because Professor Agassiz was a native of Switzerland.

It is not required that every member be a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS, although as this magazine is the official organ of the Association and contains our monthly reports, the advantage of access to its pages is self-evident. All are welcome.

The youngest child need not hesitate to write. Our youngest member is four years old, and our eldest is more than eighty. Every letter is answered, provided it contains the full address of the writer and a postal-card or stamped envelope.

Many persons wonder how we can find time to do this, and we could not unless we felt a deep personal interest in every member of the Association. As it is, we are compelled to answer by printed circular oftener than we could wish; but our correspondents may be sure that every letter that comes is read by the president and carefully considered. The letters printed here from month to month may fairly be taken as models, both as to style and length.

NEW CHAPTERS:

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
692	Saegertown, Pa. (A).....	6..Miss Lizzie Apple, 45 Main St.	
693	Fort Union, N. Mex. (A)...	6..Jos. Drum, care Lieut. Jno. Drum.	
694	Orange, Cal. (A).....	7..Miss Julia Squires.	
695	Wellington, Canada (A)....	12..W. R. Garratt.	
696	Manhattanville, N. Y. (A).	5..Miss Carmen Rosado, Convent of the Sacred Heart.	
697	Baltimore, Md. (I).....	7..Oliver W. Cook, 63 German St.	
698	Middleport, N. Y. (A).....	6..J. W. Hickley.	
699	Odin, Pa. (A).....	4..Victor L. Beebe.	
700	Mt. Pleasant, Iowa (A)....	4..Paul B. Woolson.	
701	Stockton, California (A)...	4..Miss Hattie Hedges.	
702	Kingston, N. Y. (A).....	4..W. D. Newman.	

DISCONTINUED.

559 Bath, N. Y. Percy C. Meserve.

REORGANIZED.

203 Framingham, Mass. (A) ... 4..F. P. Valentine.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

677, Milwaukee, C., one of our latest Chapters, writes: "We are progressing nicely, have a fine herbarium, a good collection of minerals, and many scientific books, which we read and discuss with the most animated interest. Our secretary found a tarantula in a bunch of bananas. I should like to correspond with other Chapters. — Miss Lizzie G. Jordan, 142 3d St.

555, Olympia, Washington T'y. "Had a meeting in the Tacoma of this city. Our cabinet was hung on the wall, and other specimens arranged on tables. We are now trying to build a room."

[We have no doubt you will succeed with your room; but what is a Tacoma?]

106, Lebanon, N. Y., has been exploring a cave to the depth of 70 feet.

655, New Lyme, O. The members of this Chapter live at quite a distance from one another, coming even from several different towns; nevertheless, the work "proves interesting and instructive."

[This is an example of rare earnestness.]

158, Davenport, Iowa. Miss Sarah G. Foote, Sec., writes: "Questions are presented at every meeting for consideration during the week by every member. We frequently have several visitors."

642, Florence, Mass.; A. T. Bliss, Sec. "Progressing splendidly. We now have 31 members. About a month ago we began to be interested in insects."

508, Middlebury, Vt. Miss May A. Bolton writes: "I trust you will hear of good work done by us. Botany is our special branch, but we keep our eyes open for anything that is interesting."

A young lady of California says: "My knowledge on these subjects is not of books as yet, but as I begin to read I find numerous confirmations of things I've seen, as I've always been given more or less to 'peering,' and finding things 'a-purpose.'"

645, Bath, N. Y., B. "Two active and two honorary members have been added, and six others are to be balloted for at next meeting. The librarian takes great interest in the A. A. and helps us very much."—Charles Kingsley.

576, Hadley, Mass. "We are going to have a new member and a paper. We have a P. O. box now, so that we can change our Secretary when we want to. The address now stands like this: Sec. of Ch. 576 of the A. A., box 241, Hadley, Mass."

[This report has been crowded out for some time, but is too good to omit for that reason.]

289. Our Chapter has been removed from Cambria Station to Longport, N. J., where we have a cottage. We are in a very thriving condition.

Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer continues President and I Secretary. We have several learned naturalists as members, and hold interesting meetings weekly.

We have 40 members, most of whom add greatly to the interest of our meetings. Among our prominent members are Professors J. P. Remington, Eugene Aaron, and Grace Anna Lewis, the last two being members of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.—Very cordially, Ellis P. Oberholtzer, Secretary.

NOTES.

129. *Imperial Moth*.—I found a caterpillar of the Imperial Moth feeding on maple. I had supposed this larva fed only on pine.—F. H. Foster, Sec. 440.

130. *Alligator*.—I saw a note in St. N. to the effect that Alligators live only in fresh water. In Florida I have frequently seen them in a salt-water bay, a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the river. I had supposed that the Nile and the Ganges, in which crocodiles abound, are entirely fresh water.—Ellen C. Wood.

131. *Surfeited Bees*.—I have noticed a glutinous substance on the leaves and smaller twigs of soft maple. Bees swarm around it, and some get so full that they fall to the ground. Can any one tell whence, what, and why it is?—C. S. L.

132. *Parasites*.—I have found minute parasites on the under side of a live stag-beetle.—C. S. L.

133. *Laurel-fertilization*.—I noticed with admiration the pretty way in which the stamens of mountain laurel are caught down in the flower. Ten little pockets in the corolla keep them in place until some prying insect touches one, when it flies up with a jerk and dusts him well with pollen. The grains were connected by threads like those of the azalea.—C.

134. *Spiders*.—I found, under a stone, a large brown spider, with her family on her back. The little fellows were about as large as very small ants. I could almost imagine them playing "hide and seek" on their walking combination of mother, nursery, and play-ground.—Wm. E. McHenry.

135. *Tree-toad*.—Why will a tree-toad or a katydid stop singing when you touch the tree on which it is? You may put your finger within one-sixteenth of an inch of the tree, and the music continues, but at the slightest touch it stops.—Frank M. Davis, Sec., St. Louis, D.

[Let us hear from others regarding this, that we may know whether it is a general fact.]

136. *Apple-blossoms*.—I heard it said by an aged lady that pink apple-blossoms produce red apples, and white blossoms yellow apples. Is it so?—L. M. Howe.

137. *Violets and Asters*.—While walking in the woods this fall I found a number of common violets. Close by bloomed the purple aster. It seemed strange that those two flowers, emblems of spring and fall, should blossom side by side. Is it a common occurrence?—R. H. Weld, Boston, Mass.

EXCHANGES.

Cactus.—Jeannie Cowgill, Spearfish, Dakota T'y.
Phaneus carmifex, ♀, for Dytiscus emarginatus or Prionus brevicornis. A cicada for Lucanus dama, or Cotalpa lanigera.—F. W. Seabury, 51 Duke St., Norfolk, Va.

Minerals, fine specimens, including Brucite, spodumene, and Franklinitite.—C. A. Quintard, Norwalk, Conn.

Petrified wood, mosses, and ferns for an old "Packard's Geology."—Fannie Staples, Linden, California.

Perfect eggs, with data.—L. B. Fontaine, Augusta, Ga.

Pressed flowers (Write).—Mrs. F. W. Baldwin, Santa Cruz, Cal.

A choice collection of one hundred minerals and one hundred fossils, for meteorites and very rare fossils.—E. D. Walker, 357 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Productus giganteus, and crinoid stems, for Mississippi sands.—S. C. Durst, box 293, Hamilton, Ohio.

To any one sending me four 2-cent stamps, to pay postage and packing, I will send, free of charge, a box of fine insects.—Ernest Stephan, Pine City, Minnesota.

SNOW-CRYSTAL PRIZE.

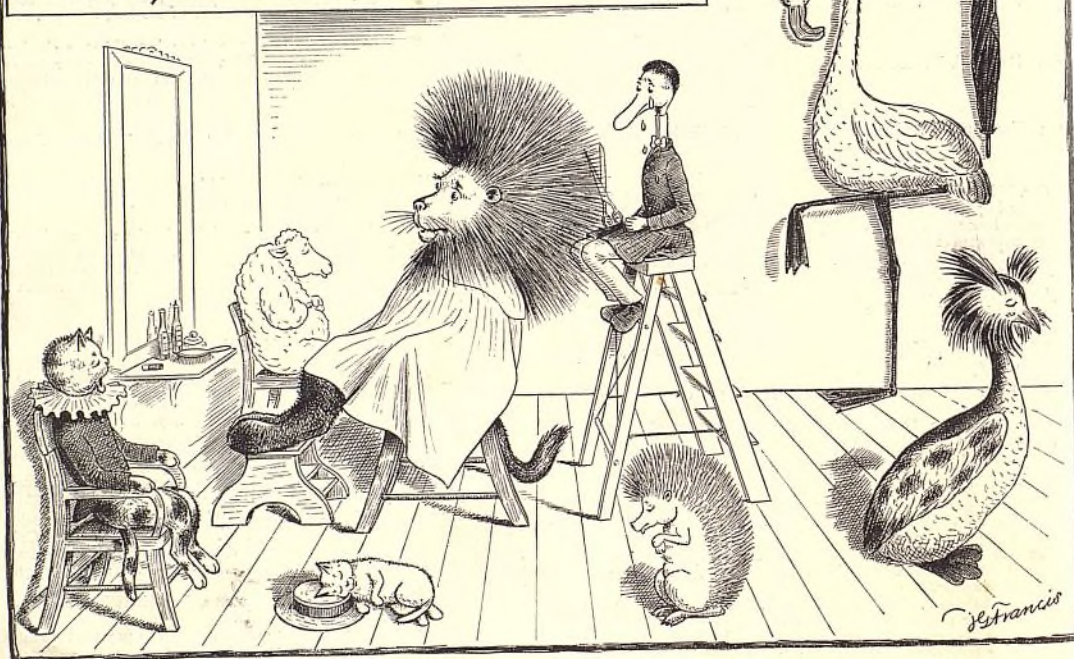
It is now time for our Association to do some earnest work in the collection of drawings of snow-crystals. We have already done something, but not with sufficient care. Among the drawings sent me have been many with four, five, and seven points, although I am assured by eminent scientists that they never can be formed with any other number than three or a multiple of three. Who is right?

I wish that I might receive this winter a set of at least six careful drawings from each Chapter or individual member north of the snow-line; and to stimulate effort a bit, I will send to the person forwarding me before April 1, 1885, the best collection of such drawings a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS; for the second best set, that beautiful book of Prof. Winchell, "Sparks from a Geologist's Hammer"; for the third best, "Wonders of Plant Life"; for the fourth best, "The Botanical Collector's Hand-book," price, \$1.50; and for each of the three sets next in rank, a copy of the hand-book of the Agassiz Association. All drawings must be made on cards the size of a postal-card, six crystals on each card; and each drawing should be accompanied by the following data: 1st. Locality; 2d. Temperature; 3d. Force of wind; 4th. Collector's name. The crystals may be caught on black cloth and observed with a glass or without. "The pencil is the best microscope."

Address all communications for this department to the President of the A. A.,

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy,
Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

A Lion emerged from his lair
 For a short summer cut to his hair.
 But the Barber he wept;
 While his customers slept
 As they waited their turn in the chair.



When the Barber at last shut his shop,
 From the clouds a Bald Eagle did drop,
 To purchase a lotion,
 A brush, or some "notion"
 To make the hair grow
 on his top.

