

LINFANTE. MARGVERITE



THE INFANTA MARGUERITA MARIA—A SPANISH PRINCESS
OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ, NOW IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!



BY LUCY LARCOM.

"WE want to do something for Santa Claus,"
Two little children were saying;
"Let us go and find him, and thank him, be-
cause
He is always bringing us beautiful things.
Let us carry him something as nice as he
brings."
They laughed, and they went on playing.

"Oh, he lives away over the mountains of snow,"
Said the fair little maid named Lily,
"And the Northern Lights on his windows glow;
But the good Great Bear will show us the
way,
And will wrap us up in his fur robe gray,
If we find the journey chilly."

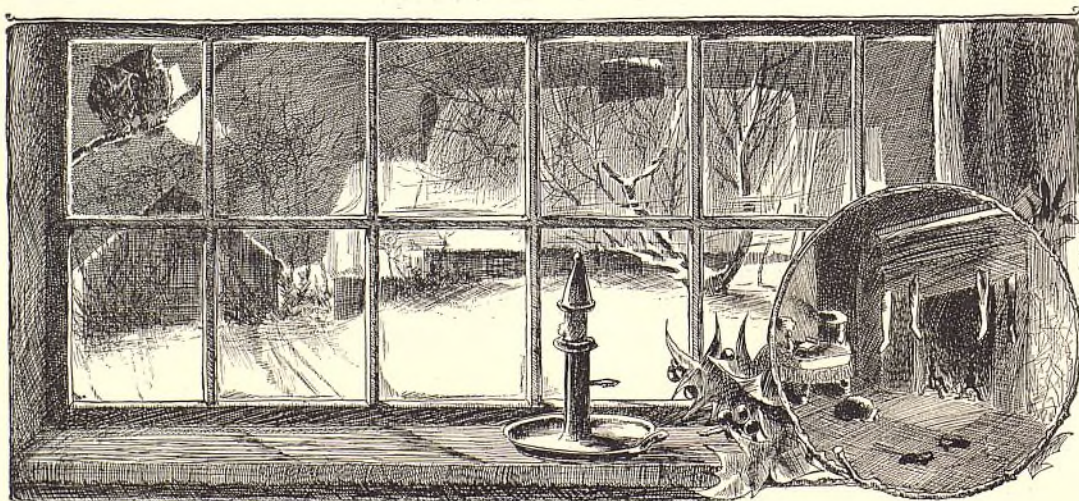
"Let us start in the morning," said Marjorie
(She was little White Lily's sister);

"By two o'clock, or at most by three,
The moon will be rising, and we will go
With our new red moccasins over the snow!"
And Lily said "Yes," and kissed her.

The children were tired, and they both slept
sound;

But, almost before they knew it,
They were tiptoeing over the frozen ground,
Over wide white fields where grew not a tree,—
Over the crust of the Polar Sea,—
You never would think they could do it!

"Are we almost there, dear Marjorie?"
Said the breathless little White Lily;
"I am cold and weary as I can be!
I wish we never had started at all!"
And she cuddled under her sister's shawl,
The air was so very chilly.



"Oh, yes; Oh, yes; we are almost there!
Don't you see the North Star shining?
And here is the house of the good Great Bear;
He will surely be kind to us, because
He is second cousin to Santa Claus;
See! he sits at his table, dining."

So the Great Bear asked the children in,
And made them sit down at his table!
A chain of stars hung under his chin,
And a jeweled pointer was in his hand,
By which all the pilgrims to North-Star-Land,
To keep the straight road are able.

"Will you show us the way to Santa Claus?"
They said, after eating and drinking.
"Oh, that is against the Christmas laws,
Which are strictly obeyed in North-Star-Land";
But the Great Bear leaned his head on his
hand,
And sat for a moment, thinking.

"He hung up his coat here, an hour ago—
There! drop down into the pocket!
I hear his sledge-bells over the snow;
Oh, don't be afraid! he will treat you well."
They heard a "Halloo!" and before they
could tell
How it was, they were off, like a rocket.

How the reindeer flew! how the stars whizzed
by!

But the children so close were hidden,
They scarcely could open the edge of an eye;
They could neither speak, nor wiggle, nor wink,
They could only breathe very softly, and think
Of the ride they were taking unbidden.

At last they arrived at Santa Claus' house,
And he, as he threw off his jacket,
Cried, "Wife! did you hear the squeak of a
mouse?"

For the children were frightened, and could not
keep still:

"Ho! ho! Mrs. Santa. look here, if you will!
Here's a new-fashioned Christmas packet!"

So Santa Claus' wife put her spectacles on,
And came and peeped over his shoulder,
For she thought that her husband clean daft
had gone,
His eyes grew so large in his shiny bald head.
"Please do not be vexed with us," Marjorie
said,
And Lily exclaimed, growing bolder:



"We wanted to see where you live, Santa Claus!
To thank you, and bring you a present;
But we could not find anything, sir, because—"
"Why, you've brought me yourselves, dears, and
now you must stay,
And make Mrs. Santa Claus merry and gay;
No home without children is pleasant."



The children, quite startled and sorely afraid,
A sob and a sigh tried to smother;
But good Mrs. Santa Claus came to their aid,
And said, "Santa, dear, now I can't have them
stay!

Such midgets would only be right in my way;
So please take them home to their mother!"

When the reindeer came, with a jingling din,
The children were hardly ready;
They were watching the Northern Lights be-
gin;

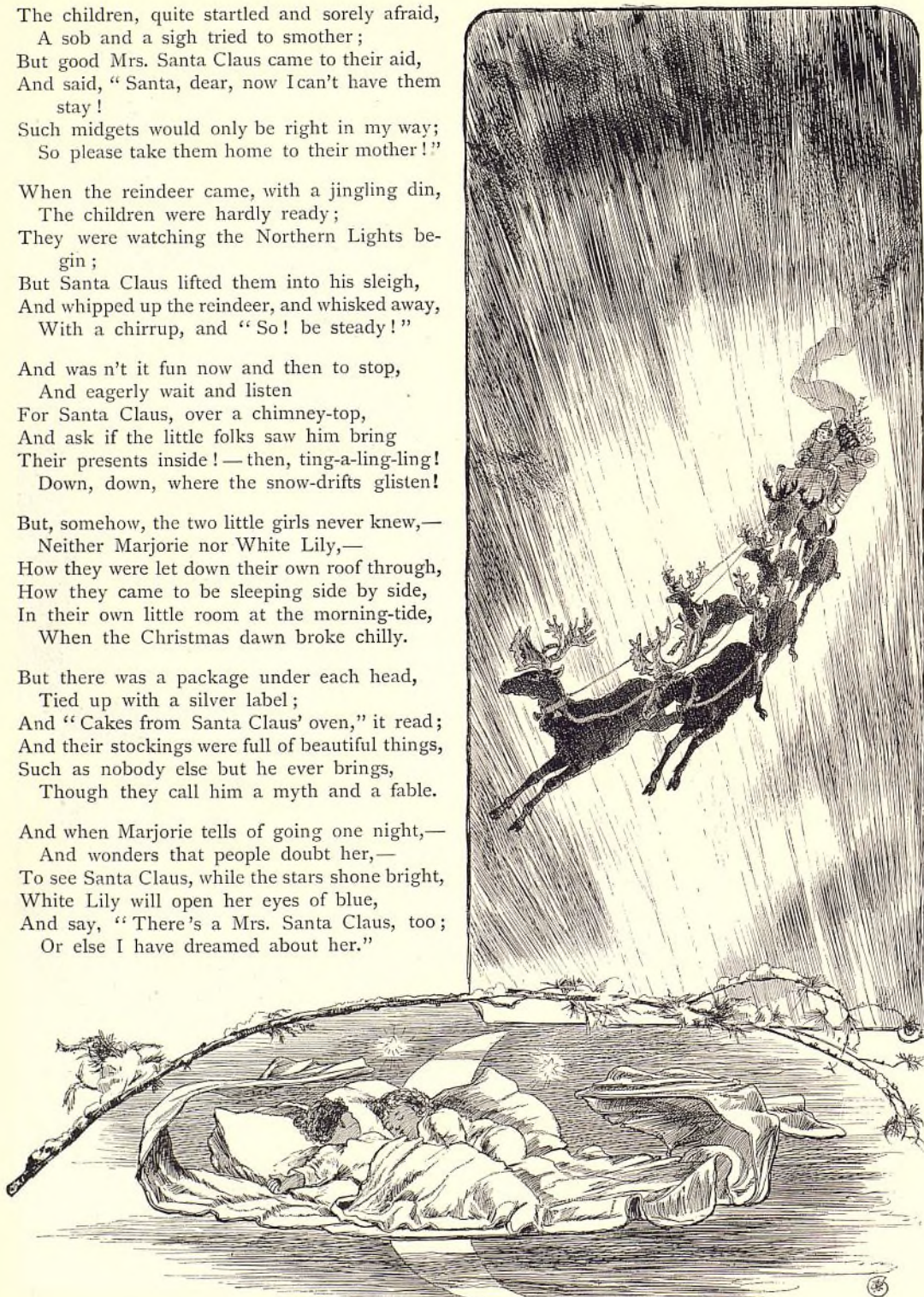
But Santa Claus lifted them into his sleigh,
And whipped up the reindeer, and whisked away,
With a chirrup, and "So! be steady!"

And was n't it fun now and then to stop,
And eagerly wait and listen
For Santa Claus, over a chimney-top,
And ask if the little folks saw him bring
Their presents inside!—then, ting-a-ling-ling!
Down, down, where the snow-drifts glisten!

But, somehow, the two little girls never knew,—
Neither Marjorie nor White Lily,—
How they were let down their own roof through,
How they came to be sleeping side by side,
In their own little room at the morning-tide,
When the Christmas dawn broke chilly.

But there was a package under each head,
Tied up with a silver label;
And "Cakes from Santa Claus' oven," it read;
And their stockings were full of beautiful things,
Such as nobody else but he ever brings,
Though they call him a myth and a fable.

And when Marjorie tells of going one night,—
And wonders that people doubt her,—
To see Santa Claus, while the stars shone bright,
White Lily will open her eyes of blue,
And say, "There's a Mrs. Santa Claus, too;
Or else I have dreamed about her."



A TALK ABOUT PAINTING.

BY ANNA LEA MERRITT.

DO YOU remember, dear reader of ST. NICHOLAS, your first paint-box—the very first? Oh, how well I remember mine, though it was so many years ago! One summer morning I and my doll were standing on a chair to look out of the parlor window, when my uncle came by—a merry young uncle just home from school. “Come with me to Grandma’s,” said he, “I’ve a new paint-box”; and with that he lifted me out of the window, and I ran along beside him to Grandma’s, wondering what a paint-box would be. I was a little more than three years old, and had never seen paints nor noticed pictures, excepting in some toy-books; and in those days toy picture-books were very ugly things, with glaring color and careless drawings.

When we arrived at the dear old house in Fourth street, my uncle put me on a high chair at the writing-table, in a quiet, sunny corner of the dining-room. Then he produced the paint-box and a large plate to rub the colors on, and some nice white paper. Then Uncle showed me how to dip a brush in water, and leave a little drop on the plate. Then a cake of paint was rubbed gently on the plate, just in the drop of water; and presently a beautiful patch of moist color would appear on the plate. The cake, carefully dried, was put back in its place in the box.

When we had every color on the plate, and dear Uncle had allowed me to rub some quite by myself, he asked me what pictures I would have, and he drew with a sharp outline anything for which I asked,—a little girl going out to walk, a little dog running after her, a gentleman on horseback, a horse galloping, a little boy, a house, a cow, an elephant. Then I dipped my little brush into water, and took a little paint on it, and very carefully filled up the outline. The elephant became brown, the cow red, the house a red house with green window-shutters of the old Philadelphia pattern; the little boy grew very red in the face, and black as to his coat; the horse was blue, because there was no other chance to use that favorite color; and the little girl and the dog were quite artistic and natural. Oh, how exciting and how difficult it was! though the chief difficulty seemed to be in keeping the colors from running together and smearing over the outline.

When dinner came I did not at all wish to stop for food, as it seemed to me that I was just beginning to improve. After dinner my uncle

drew some more outlines, and I even learned to draw a pretty face, but I could not so well copy anything else.

For many days the paint-box was my greatest interest and delight. My mother let me have bristol-board and paper in abundance, and when I began to go to school, by the time I was five years old, I had found that things much more wonderful than any I had imagined, could be done—even with black crayon.

A young artist, Mr. Furness, who painted many beautiful portraits before his early death, came to my father’s house to make a crayon portrait of my two little sisters. They were very young children, and he told them wonderful fairy tales, so that it was their great pleasure to go into the library where he was at work. I, too, was allowed to be in the room and to watch his drawing. I did not realize then how very kind he was. I did not know how troublesome it must be to an artist, with two restless children to draw, to have another child looking over his shoulder; but now I know how patient and kind he was, and that the crayon picture which I saw grow like magic under his hand was, indeed, no ordinary portrait. It was drawn on a warm gray paper; sometimes he used a delicate point of soft, black crayon, sometimes he put on the palest shadows with a stump (a short, thick roll of leather, or paper, cut to a point, and used for softening pencil or crayon marks). But whatever Mr. Furness did made the little faces more and more like my sisters. The drawing was as large as life, and therefore there was room to give every feature its exact form; and besides this, the expression of the faces was as if they would speak, and yet it was done without any colors, and merely by copying exactly the shape of every shadow.

First, Mr. Furness put in the general shadows over the whole of the eyes and hair, under the chin, nose, and mouth; then the darkest shadows in the nostrils, and under the eyelids; then the shape of the eyes and eyebrows, the shape of the lips; then the more delicate shadows that made the light softly melt into the shadows, but how he did it I could not discover. To see these shadows well, all the windows of the library had been darkened except one, so that light and shadow should come from one direction only. When I had noticed everything that Mr. Furness had in the way of materials, and watched with wonder the picture

grow under his hand, I resolved to make a trial. But it seemed very bold to attempt to do what he had done,—so bold that I wished to try without any one knowing about it. I knew it would be difficult, and that I could not make my drawing beautiful, as his was; but still I wished to try and to hide my effort carefully away, so that no one would laugh at me. I had some pennies in my money-jug, so I managed, when we were walking with our nurse, to get some paper of the right kind and some crayon at a little shop that we often passed. When my materials were safely in the school-room in my own special cupboard, then I had to find some one willing to be portrayed. There was our dear little sister Trudy, the youngest of us all, at that time about two years old! She was always willing to be my pet and to play that she was a doll, or to be put into the doll's bed. Trudy was generally awake very early in the morning, and she was quite pleased when I took her out of her crib, while nurse was still asleep, and carried her to the school-room. She sat on the table and was as good and still as a mouse for fear any one should hear us, and really I did make a beginning at the picture, though it was even more difficult than I had imagined. As soon as I heard the servants

tell the bigger girls. At last I thought the picture was as good as I could make it. It did look rather like Trudy, though the curls were a little like corkscrews, and the shadows were smeary here and there, and would not melt softly into the light as they ought to do. It was very disappointing, certainly; but still perhaps it was fit to show to Papa, so that he might tell me if I could be taught to do better.

Before he came to breakfast, my drawing was pinned on the door, and I was very happy to find that both Papa and Mamma were quite pleased with it, and knew at once that it was intended to look like Trudy. After a few days I heard that Mr. Furness had seen my drawing and that he would permit me to go to his studio twice a week for lessons. That was a happy winter for me, when I continued to learn from my kind friend. He set me to draw from casts. A hand was the first study, and then the head of the beautiful Clytie. Then the perception of beauty came upon me all at once. I longed to give my whole life to study it, to portray it. All other studies were to me quite unattractive. In my mind's eye were ever-changing pictures, which some day I would paint.

Mr. Furness soon went to Europe; and the time came when I was sent to a large school where I was ashamed to be behind in my classes, and it was as much as I could do to keep a middle place. On half-holidays I sometimes made a crayon drawing of one of the scholars, but never with the success that I longed for. All the time I used to keep saying in my heart, "Some day I shall get through with these lessons and begin to draw in earnest." At last, when I was twenty-one years old, I did begin, but that was very old to begin in earnest. Since then I have worked constantly. And still I love my paint-box better than I did that first day, and year by year I struggle to do better work.

Now that I have told you how I began to paint, I will tell you



"IF HE IS VERY LITTLE, WE GENERALLY MAKE BELIEVE THAT I AM A HORSE."

stirring about the house, I hid away my work, and we slipped back to bed so quietly that Nurse never knew we had been away. We had many of these stolen morning sittings, and Trudy was a dear, good little sister, as she has ever been. Though she was so tiny, she helped me all she could by being very quiet, and I tried to tell her some of the fairy tales that I had heard Mr. Furness

about children who come to my studio to have their portraits painted, and how we do it.

A great many little children come to my studio to have their portraits painted. If they are old enough to talk and ask questions, they wish to look at my easel and at my palette. The easel is a sort of standing frame, which has a movable shelf to hold the canvas on which the picture is painted,

and a crank, by turning which you can raise or lower the shelf.

Then the palette is a thin mahogany board with a hole for the thumb, so that I may hold it easily and a handful of brushes as well. On my palette I put fourteen colors, squeezing them out of little tin tubes, in which they are put up and sold to artists.

When the palette is ready and the canvas on the easel, I am ready to begin. At first, perhaps during all the first sitting, I only play with the little child, or get his little brother or sister to play with him until I see some natural and pretty movement that is picturesque. I like best to paint two children together, because that seems to me the most natural way. So soon as I have seen a position that I like, I persuade baby to sit in a little chair made fast on a table—a "throne" we painters call it—high enough for me to see his face opposite mine, while I stand and walk backward often, to get the right view of baby and of the picture. I have to keep two things in mind: first, to paint the portrait; secondly, how to amuse the baby. If he is very little, we generally make believe that I am a horse. I tie the reins around my waist and baby drives me. When I wish to see him laugh, I caper about like a very wild horse; sometimes I am an omnibus horse, and stop every minute to take up passengers, and whenever we stop I run to my canvas and try to put in a good touch. Sometimes, if baby will keep very still for two or three minutes, I reward him by being a saddle-horse, and take him on my back for a gallop about the studio. All this does not seem to leave much time to paint, and that is just the difficulty. If I made baby sit in his chair, tired and worried, he might look cross, and his Papa and Mamma would find my portrait ugly. They would say I had not "caught his sweet expression," and other people would not ask me to paint their children. That would be very bad for me; therefore, be it ever so difficult to romp and play and paint all at once, I have learned that with patience it can be done.

There was one dear little boy in America who found an ear of red Indian corn in my studio, and he was always quite happy for an hour to pick off with his tiny fingers one grain at a time, until his cap was full of corn; this he took into the street to throw to the "chickey birds." I took care to have a new ear ready for him whenever he came, and he was as quiet as a mouse with it. On page 90 is a sketch from his portrait. You see he is feeding pigeons. The pigeons had to come to my studio, too, and they were not much quieter than children, for I tried to catch their motions as they flew about.

The strangest models I ever had were a family

of rats. You all must know the story in Robert Browning's beautiful verses of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," and how the rats followed the piper into the river and all were drowned. Of course he after-



THE LITTLE WELSH CHILDREN.—"THEY WOULD STAND IN THE HEATHER AS STILL AS IF THEY WERE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED. (SEE PAGE 88.)"

ward piped away the children, and though I should have preferred to paint that scene, I felt that I had not the skill; so I began to paint a picture of the piper followed by rats.

Of course I could not paint a rat without seeing one. I found an old gypsy whose face was wild and queer, and I painted him as the piper. He liked the story much, and did not think it at all extraordinary that rats had followed the piper, but he felt sure that it was not the music that charmed them.

"I know the reason," said he; "the man put anise-seed oil on his shoes. Rats will run anywhere after that." As the old gypsy knew so much about rats, I asked him to bring me two alive, which he did. At first I kept them in a cage, and tamed them until they would eat from my fingers. They were very fond of sugar and candle-ends, biscuits and meat, and bird-seed, and for a special treat a drop of attar

of roses. Cheese they would never touch! Perhaps they had heard how traps are baited with it. Finally, when they seemed to have become friendly to me, I let one rat out of the cage, for I needed to see him run. All the rats in my picture were running. I had sketched in more than a hundred rats, all tearing, and jumping, and running, and some beckoning to other swarms of rats coming on after them, less distinctly seen. When, my tame rat was joyfully frisking about, I watched his movements, and carefully corrected each one of the rats in my painting to make them quite natural. I put my tame rat on a large table at a safe distance, but I did not know how rats can spring, and I was startled when he suddenly jumped upon my shoulder. I caught him by the neck and put him on the shelf of my easel. Then he ran along my mahl-stick to my palette and tasted some paint. Very bad for you, Mr. Rat! I never had such a sitter! He was always taking flying jumps of a few yards, or eating unwholesome things, or biting holes in the chair-covers, or else sneaking about the corners of the studio, where it was very difficult to find him. To me he was quite gentle, but I never returned his affection; to tell the truth, he was too ugly. When the picture was finished, I took the rats to a quiet corner, near a stable, and let them run away to take care of themselves.

Perhaps you think that artists ought to paint "out of their heads." No artist who does not paint "from life" (as painting from models is called) ever gives his pictures a look of reality. We may be able to paint a marble floor from a small piece of marble, or a brocade dress from a yard or two of the material; but even to do this we must have made studies of large surfaces of marble when opportunity has offered, and we must spend days in studying the folds of drapery in a dress worn by a living model before the special material of the brocade can be copied into it. If we wish to represent any material or substance well, we must at least have a piece of it before us, and, as the most important of all things we can paint are the faces of men and women and children, it follows that we must employ people to pose for us.

Here in London, where I am writing, there are several hundred people whose business it is to sit for artists. Some of them, who are particularly beautiful, are engaged every day in the year, and may earn from a dollar and a half to two dollars a day. They must keep still for hours, and often stand or kneel in tiresome positions. However, the models generally take a great interest in the pictures they sit for, and like to do their best for the artists who employ them.

Among the models are some very little children, who began to sit when they were mere babies. I have often wished that some rich children could see how patient these little ones can be, when they understand that they are earning money to buy food and clothes. I have tried for days to persuade a fine little boy, in smart silk stockings and fine shoes, to keep his feet still long enough for me to paint them; but at the end of two minutes his feet would skip away with his stockings and leave me in despair!

When I find that a child can not sit quietly to have his dress painted, I send for Georgie Munn. He is very proud to put on the beautiful stockings and shoes. I make a chalk mark on the throne where his little feet should go, and he will keep carefully on the mark. He has a few minutes for rest at intervals during each hour, and a long rest at dinner-time; but he will keep very quiet while we are working, and will not move without leave. He is a very little boy, so his mother keeps her arm around him to steady him, and talks to him in a whisper without disturbing me. She teaches him to count, or to sing little songs, or to spell. Every now and then he tries to guess what there will be for dinner. With so good a boy to help me, I can paint very quickly; and when little Master Restless comes next day to sit for his portrait, he is surprised to see the dress quite finished.

Last summer I was at Goodwick, on the coast of Wales. One day I had climbed far up a hill among wild fields of gorse and heather all golden and pink with flowers. Below the great cliffs lay the sparkling sea, and the rocky headlands of the coast, one beyond another, blue and faint, with shining bays between, stretched away to the north. My hill rose still above me, and there on its summit were the remains of a vast circle of great stones, rudely shaped, and placed there at least two thousand years ago to serve in the mysterious worship of the Druids. A little stone cottage was near them. Two little girls suddenly appeared coming up the steep hillside from the sea. They carried great tin cans; but when I asked what they had in them, they could not speak English nor understand any language but the strange and beautiful Welsh,—a language spoken in England before Romans, Danes, or Normans had set foot in the country, and now only remembered in these lonely Welsh hills. Since they could not understand, I looked into their cans and found them filled with water. The girls had evidently gone a mile down the cliff for water from the nearest spring, and were taking it to their home among the Druid stones. I liked them so much, as they stood smiling at me, that another day I brought my paints, and when they passed I sketched them. This pleased them very much,



THE GRANDCHILDREN OF LORD TENNYSON.

[See next page.]

and they would come with their water-cans and stand among the heather as still as if they were being photographed. By degrees I learned that their father was a sailor in a sailing-ship, and in another year would be coming back from South America.

Now, I must tell you of two English boys whose picture you have on page 89. You will like to see them because they are the grandchildren of the great poet Tennyson. Every child knows "The May Queen," and the lovely story of the "Sleep-

quite a Pegasus, for Charley declared it could fly away.*

Here are two more dear little friends of mine, Eustace and Percy Loraine. One day, when I had just begun this portrait, a beautiful pheasant was sent to me. The pheasant has feathers like burnished bronze, and a purple and green throat,—a most splendid bird, that English gentlemen raise with great care and expense in the spring and shoot in the autumn. Eustace wished to hold this bird, and little Percy stood on tiptoes to touch its soft



THE BOY WHO LIKED TO FEED THE PIGEONS.

ing Beauty," and knows that Tennyson, now Lord Tennyson, has long been the great poet of our day. These little boys, Alfred and Charles, often visit their grandfather in his peaceful country home. Lord Tennyson dedicated a collection of some of his latest poems to little Alfred in a verse beginning — "Golden-haired Ally whose name is one with mine." Alfred has hair of a rich golden shade, and Charley has dark eyes and hair like silver floss. I used to call him moonbeam and Alfred sunshine. Alfred loved to listen to stories one after another, as fast as they could be read to him. Charles liked to invent his stories, and told me the wonderful adventures of a sugar pig that came to live in his nursery. I think the pig was

breast, and both boys were sad to see it dead. The pheasant was so beautiful, and they looked so gentle holding it with pity, that I painted them as you see them in the engraving. The father of these children, Sir Lambton Loraine, is a brave captain in the English navy, and you American children must hear about him, so that you shall not forget the great service he did to some unfortunate Americans.

It was in the year 1873, when the Cubans were in insurrection against Spanish rule. Spanish ships were blockading the ports of Cuba to prevent the rebels from receiving arms or help from other countries. The "Virginus" was an American steamer, and had been suspected of running the blockade, but this had not been proved. It sailed

* For the story of "Pegasus," see ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1879.

from Kingston in Jamaica, pretending to go to Port Limon in Costa Rica, and had taken one hundred and fifty-five passengers on board. Four of these were leaders of the Cuban rebellion, but the rest were peaceable, innocent people, going to Costa Rica on business or to join their families, and who had no wish whatever to enter Cuba.

In spite of his agreement to land these passengers at Costa Rica, the captain of the "Virginus" contrived to get a cargo of arms, and then set sail direct for Cuba. The Spanish ships spied the "Virginus" as it neared land, chased it into the open sea, and captured it there, contrary to international law. When the "Virginus" was taken into Santiago di Cuba, the Spanish Governor declared all on board to be pirates, and had them tried by court-martial as fast as it could be done. The four rebel chiefs were shot first; and then thirty-seven of the crew, who were mostly English or United States citizens, were brutally shot to death. The court-martial sat all night, but, before they had time to shoot any more of the unfortunate people, the news of these butcheries reached Jamaica.

The English Governor immediately protested, and ordered the "Niobe," which was commanded by Sir Lambton Loraine, to sail at once for Santiago di Cuba.



EUSTACE AND PERCY LORAINÉ.

The Spaniards were amazed to see the "Niobe" steaming full speed into port without saluting. Before her anchor touched bottom, her brave commander was lowered in his gig, and on landing went directly to the governor, General Burriel. He was enraged that England should interfere. The "Virginius" was an American ship, and he claimed that it was no affair of England. Sir Lambton Loraine replied that, in the absence of a United States war-ship, he took the responsibility of protecting citizens of the United States, and upholding the honor of her flag, and that if any more innocent blood were shed he would sink whichever of the Spanish men-of-war should be nearest to the "Niobe." After that, General Burriel began to listen to reason. No more people were shot, and finally, when the American ship "Juniata" arrived at Santiago di Cuba, eighteen

days after the last executions, the "Virginius" and the surviving prisoners were surrendered to her in the presence of the "Niobe." All through the United States, from east to west, people were full of enthusiasm for the brave English commander, and for the friendly aid of England. I am sure you will like to see these very little boys, whose father you must not forget.

Now, boys and girls, I must stop talking, and wish you a merry Christmas. I wish that on this day you could see some of the glorious paintings which ancient artists, especially in Italy, have left us. They never wearied of painting the little Jesus in his Mother's arms, and sometimes with angels or saints or the wise men of the East coming to adore him, and they knew how to give these pictures the peace and beauty of another world.

[NOTE.—The children's portraits in this article are engraved from photographs of the original paintings by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, furnished by the artist with the kind consent of the Honorable Lionel Tennyson, and of Sir Lambton Loraine.—Ed.]

THE HAND-ORGAN MAN'S LITTLE GIRL.

BY H. H.

FROM nine in the morning till six at night—
A weary march for the strongest feet—
She trudges along, a pitiful sight,
To be seen every day in the city street.

She is tired, and hungry, and cold and wet;
She trembles with wretchedness where she stands;
But she knows if she falters a moment, she'll get
A cruel, hard blow from the cruel hands.

Her tambourine feels as heavy as lead;
She wearily shifts it from side to side;
Her poor little knuckles are bruised and red;
Her pale, sunken eyes show how much she has
cried.

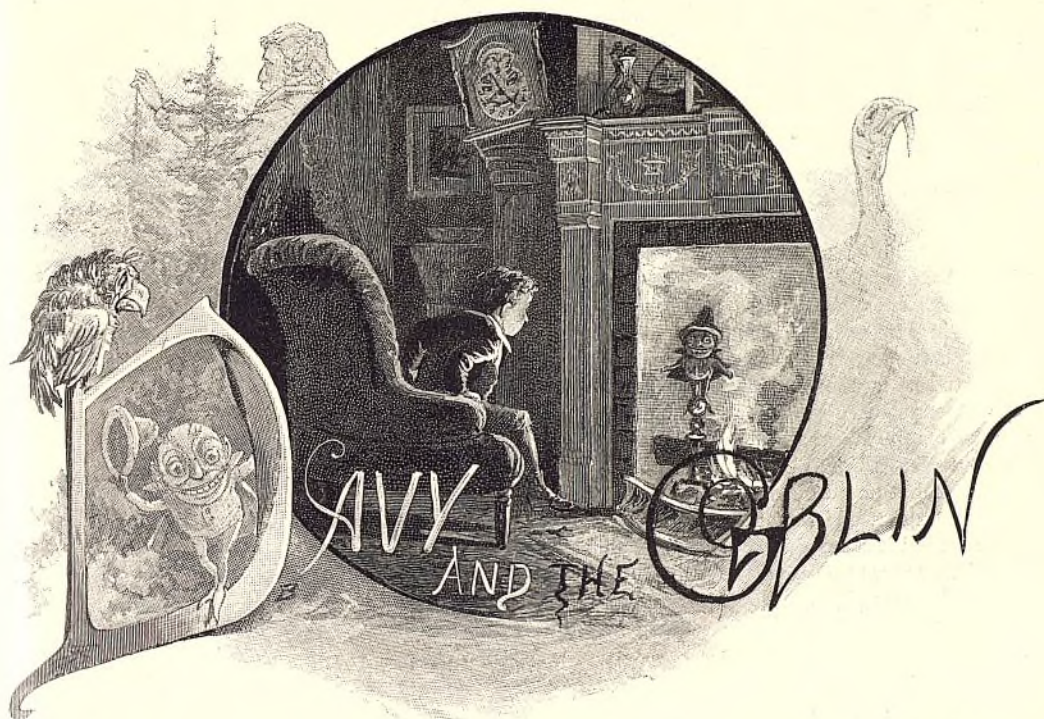
But she must keep step to the gayest tunes,
With merry, quick flings of her tambourine;
And watch for the crowds, in the late afternoons.
—How soon they forget the sad face they have seen!

Oh, how do you think she feels when she sees,
In the pleasant parks on a sunny day,
The rows of nurses, all taking their ease,
With children who've nothing to do but play?

"Who have nothing to do but play!"—The
thought!
She can not imagine it, if she tries;
Nor how such wonderful playthings are bought,—
The dolls that can walk and open their eyes!

"Who have nothing to do but play!" It seems
To her that such children in Heaven live.
Not all her wildest, most beautiful dreams
A happiness greater than that could give.

O children, who've nothing to do but play,
And are always happy, do not forget
The poor little children who work all day,
And are tired and hungry and cold and wet!



OR, WHAT FOLLOWED READING "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND."

BY CHARLES CARRYL.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE GOBLIN CAME.

It happened one Christmas eve, when Davy was about eight years old, and this is the way it came about.

That particular Christmas eve was a snowy one and a blowy one, and one generally to be remembered. In the city, where Davy lived, the storm played all manner of pranks, swooping down upon unwary old gentlemen and turning their umbrellas wrong side out, and sometimes blowing their hats quite out of sight. And in the country, where Davy had come to pass Christmas with his dear old grandmother, things were not much better; but here people were very wise about the weather, and staid indoors, huddled around great blazing wood fires; and the storm, finding no live game, buried up the roads and the fences, and such small-fry of houses as could readily be put out of sight, and howled and roared over the fields and through the trees in a fashion not to be forgotten.

Davy, being of the opinion that a snow-storm

was a thing not to be wasted, had been out with his sled, trying to have a little fun with the weather; but presently, discovering that this particular storm was not friendly to little boys, he had retreated into the house, and having put his hat and his high shoes and his mittens by the kitchen fire to dry, he began to find his time hang heavily on his hands. He had wandered idly all over the house, and had tried how cold his nose could be made by holding it against the window-panes, and, I am sorry to say, had even been sliding down the balusters and teasing the cat; and at last, as evening was coming on, had curled himself up in the big easy-chair facing the fire, and had begun to read once more about the marvelous things that happened to little Alice in Wonderland. Then, as it grew darker, he laid aside the book and sat watching the blazing logs and listening to the solemn ticking of the high Dutch clock against the wall.

Then there stole in at the door a delicious odor of dinner cooking down-stairs—an odor so suggestive of roast chickens and baked potatoes and gravy and pie as to make any little boy's mouth

water; and presently Davy began softly telling himself what he would choose for his dinner. He had quite finished fancying the first part of his feast and was just coming, in his mind, to an extra-large slice of apple-pie well browned (staring meanwhile very hard at one of the brass knobs of the andirons to keep his thoughts from wandering), when he suddenly discovered a little man perched upon that identical knob and smiling at him with all his might.

This little man was a very curious-looking person indeed. He was only about a foot high, but his head was as big as a coconut, and he had great bulging eyes, like a frog, and a ridiculous turned-up nose. His legs were as slender as spindles, and he had long-pointed toes to his shoes, or rather to his stockings, or, for that matter, to his trousers,—for they were all of a piece—and bright scarlet in color, as were also his little coat and his high-pointed hat and a queer little cloak that hung over his shoulder. His mouth was so wide that when he smiled it seemed to go quite behind his ears, and there was no way of knowing where the smile ended, except by looking at it from behind—which Davy could n't do without getting into the fire.

Now, there's no use in denying that Davy was frightened. The fact is, he was frightened almost out of his wits, particularly when he saw that the little man, still smiling furiously, was carefully picking the hottest and reddest embers out of the fire, and, after cracking them like nuts with his teeth, eating them with great relish. Davy watched this alarming meal, expecting every moment to see the little man burst into a blaze and disappear, but he finished his coals in safety, and then nodding cheerfully at Davy, said:

"I know you!"

"Do you?" said Davy faintly.

"Oh, yes!" said the little man. "I know you perfectly well. You are the little boy who does n't believe in fairies, nor in giants, nor in goblins, nor in anything the story-books tell you."

Now, the truth was that Davy, having never met any giants when he was out walking, nor seen any fairies peeping out of the bushes, nor found any goblins about the house, had come to believe that all these kinds of people were purely imaginary beings, so that now he could do nothing but stare at the little man in a shamefaced sort of way and wonder what was coming next.

"Now all that,—" said the little man, shaking his finger at him in a reproving way, "all that is very foolish and very wrong. I'm a goblin myself,—a hob-goblin—and I've come to take you on a Believing Voyage."

"Oh, if you please, I can't go!" cried Davy, in

great alarm at this proposal, "I can't, indeed. I have n't permission."

"Rubbish!" said the Goblin. "Ask the Colonel."

Now, the Colonel was nothing more nor less than a silly-looking little man made of lead that stood on the mantel-shelf holding a clock in his arms. The clock never went, but, for that matter, the Colonel never went either, for he had been standing stock-still for years, and it seemed perfectly ridiculous to ask *him* anything about going anywhere, so Davy felt quite safe in looking up at him and asking permission to go on the Believing Voyage. To his dismay the Colonel nodded his head and cried out in a little cracked voice:

"Why, certainly!"

At this, the Goblin jumped down off the knob of the andiron, and skipping briskly across the room to the big Dutch clock, rapped sharply on the front of the case with his knuckles, when to Davy's amazement the great thing fell over on its face upon the floor as softly as if it had been a feather bed. Davy now saw that instead of being full of weights and brass wheels and curious works, as he had always supposed, the clock was really a sort of boat with a wide seat at each end; but before he had time to make any further discoveries, the Goblin, who had vanished for a moment, suddenly re-appeared, carrying two large sponge-cakes in his arms. Now, Davy was perfectly sure that he had seen his grandmother putting those very sponge-cakes into the oven to bake, but before he could utter a word of remonstrance the Goblin clapped one into each seat, and scrambling into the clock sat down upon the smaller one, merely remarking:

"They make prime cushions, you know."

For a moment, Davy had a wild idea of rushing out of the room and calling for help; but the Goblin seemed so pleased with the arrangements he had made and, moreover, was smiling so good-naturedly that the little boy thought better of it, and after a moment's hesitation climbed into the clock and took his seat upon the other cake. It was as warm and springy and fragrant as a day in May. Then there was a whizzing sound, like a lot of wheels spinning around, and the clock rose from the floor and made a great swoop toward the window.

"I'll steer," shouted the Goblin, "and do you look out sharp for light-houses!"

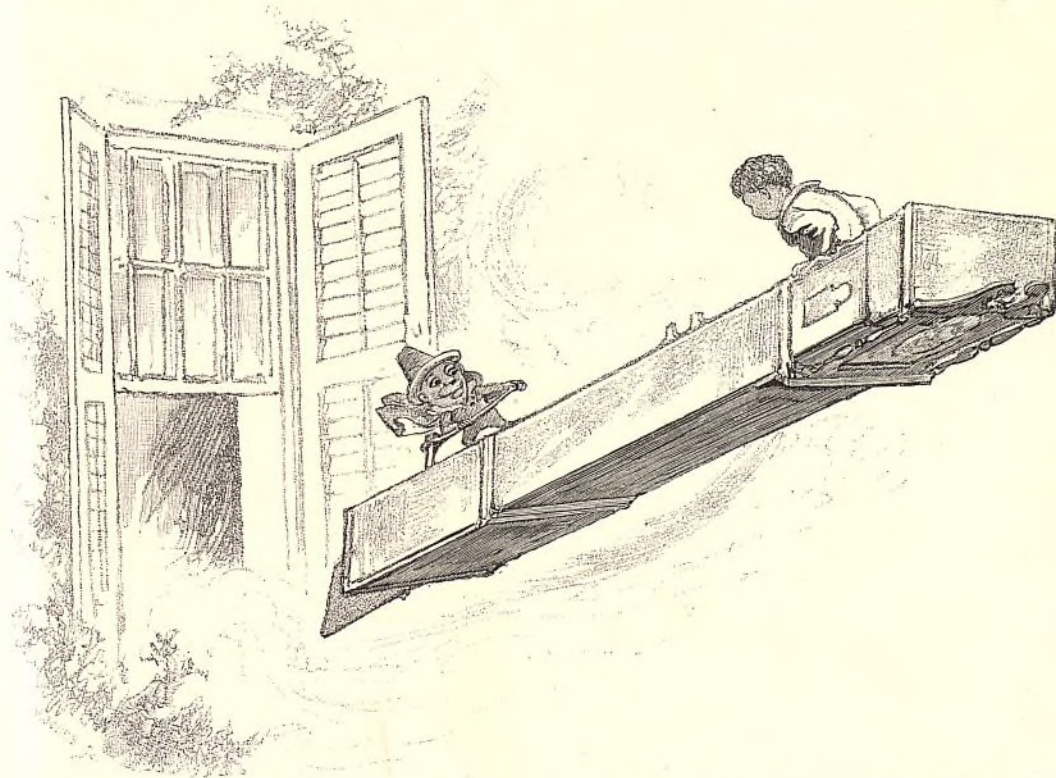
Davy had just time to notice that the Colonel was hastily scrambling down from the mantel-shelf with his beloved time-piece in his arms, when they, seated in the long Dutch clock, dashed through the window and out into the night.

CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNING OF THE BELIEVING VOYAGE.

THE first thought that came into Davy's mind when he found himself out-of-doors was that he had started off on his journey without his hat, and he was therefore exceedingly pleased to find that it had stopped snowing and that the air was quite still and delightfully balmy and soft. The moon was shining brightly, and as he looked back at the house he was surprised to see that the window through which they had come, and which he was

Sure enough, at this moment the Colonel's head appeared through the flaps. The clock was still in his arms, and he seemed to be having a great deal of trouble in getting it through, and his head kept coming into view and then disappearing again behind the flaps in so ridiculous a manner that Davy shouted with laughter, and the Goblin smiled harder than ever. Suddenly the poor little man made a desperate plunge and had almost made his way out when the flaps shut to with a loud snap and caught him about the waist. In his efforts to free himself, he dropped his clock to the ground outside, when it burst with a loud explosion and the house instantly disappeared.



quite sure had always been a straight-up-and-down, old-fashioned window, was now a round affair with flaps running to a point in the center, like the holes the harlequin jumps through in the pantomime.

"How did that window ever get changed into a round hole?" he asked the Goblin, pointing to it in great astonishment.

"Oh," said the Goblin, carelessly, "that's one of the circular singumstances that happen on a believing voyage. It's nothing to what you'll see before we come back again. Ah!" he added, "there comes the Colonel!"

This was so unexpected and seemed so serious a matter that Davy was much distressed, wondering what had become of his dear old grandmother and Mrs. Frump, the cook, and Mary Farina, the housemaid, and Solomon, the cat. However, before he had time to make any inquiries of the Goblin, his grandmother came dropping down through the air in her rocking-chair. She was quietly knitting, and her chair was gently rocking as she went by. Next came Mrs. Frump with her apron quite full of kettles and pots, and then Mary Farina, sitting on a step-ladder with the coal-scuttle in her lap. Solomon was nowhere

to be seen. Davy, looking over the side of the clock, saw them disappear, one after the other, in a large tree on the lawn; and the Goblin informed



"NEXT CAME MARY FARINA."

him that they had fallen into the kitchen of a witch-hazel tree and would be well taken care of. Indeed, as the clock sailed over the tree, Davy saw that the trunk of it was hollow and that a bright light was shining far under-ground; and to make the matter quite sure, a smell of cooking was coming up through the hole. On one of the top-most boughs of the tree was a nest with two sparrows in it, and he was much astonished at discovering that they were lying side by side, fast asleep, with one of his mittens spread over them for a coverlet.

"I suppose my shoes are somewhere about," he said, sadly. "Perhaps the squirrels are filling them with nuts."

"You're quite right," replied the Goblin, cheerfully; "and there's a rabbit over by the hedge putting dried leaves into your hat; I rather fancy he's about moving into it for the winter."

Davy was about to complain against such liberties being taken with his property, when the clock began rolling over in the air, and he had just time to grasp the sides of it to keep himself from falling out.

"Don't be afraid!" cried the Goblin, "she's only rolling a little," and as he said this, the clock steadied itself and sailed serenely away past the spire of the village church and off over the fields.

Davy now noticed that the Goblin was glowing with a bright, rosy light, as though a number of

candles were burning in his stomach and shining out through his scarlet clothes.

"That's the coals he had for his supper," thought Davy; but as the Goblin continued to smile complacently and seemed to be feeling quite comfortable, he did not venture to ask any questions, and went on with his thoughts. "I suppose he'll soon have smoke coming out of his nose, as if he were a stove. If it were a cold night I'd ask him to come and sit in my lap. I think he must be as warm as a piece of toast!" and the little boy was laughing softly to himself over this conceit, when the Goblin, who had been staring intently at the sky, suddenly ducked his head and cried "Barkers!"—and the next instant a shower of little blue woolly balls came tumbling into the clock. To Davy's alarm they proved to be alive, and immediately began scrambling about in all directions, and yelping so ferociously that he climbed up on his cake in dismay, while the Goblin, hastily pulling a large magnifying-glass out of his hat, began attentively examining these strange visitors.

"Bless me!" cried the Goblin, turning very pale, "they're sky-terriers. The dog-star must have turned upside-down."

"What shall we do?" said Davy, feeling that this was a very bad state of affairs.



THE RABBIT TAKES LIBERTIES WITH DAVY'S PROPERTY.

"The first thing to do," said the Goblin, "is to get away from these fellows before the solar sisters come after them. Here, jump into my hat!"

So many wonderful things had happened already that this seemed to Davy quite a natural and proper thing to do, and as the Goblin had already

seated himself upon the brim, he took his place opposite to him without hesitation. As they sailed away from the clock, it quietly rolled over once, spilling out the sponge-cakes and all the little dogs, and was then wafted off, gently rocking from side to side as it went.

Davy was much surprised at finding that the hat was as large as a clothes-hamper, with plenty of room for him to swing his legs about in the crown. It proved, however, to be a very unpleasant thing to travel in. It spun around like a top as it sailed through the air, until Davy began to feel uncomfortably dizzy, and the Goblin himself seemed to be far from well. He had stopped smiling, and the rosy light had all faded away, as though the candles inside of him had gone out. His clothes, too, had changed from bright scarlet to a dull ashen color, and he sat stupidly upon the brim of the hat as if he were going to sleep.

"If he goes to sleep, he will certainly fall overboard," thought Davy; and with a view to rousing the Goblin, he ventured to remark, "I had no idea your hat was so big."

"I can make it any size I please, from a thimble to a sentry-box," said the Goblin. "And speaking of sentry-boxes——" here he stopped and looked more stupid than ever.

"I verily believe he's absent-minded," said Davy to himself.

"I'm worse than that," said the Goblin, as if Davy had spoken aloud. "I'm absent-bodied," and with these words he fell out of the hat and instantly disappeared. Davy peered anxiously over the edge of the brim, but the Goblin was nowhere to be seen, and the little boy found himself quite alone.

Strange-looking birds now began to swoop up and chuckle at him, and others flew around him, as the hat spun along through the air, gravely staring him in the face for a while, and then sailed away, sadly bleating like sheep. Then a great creature with ruffled feathers perched upon the brim of the hat where the Goblin had been sitting, and after solemnly gazing at him for a few moments, softly murmured, "I'm a Cockalorum," and flew heavily away. All this was very sad and distressing, and Davy was mournfully wondering what would happen to him next, when it suddenly struck him that his legs were feeling very cold, and looking down at them he discovered to his great alarm that the crown of the Goblin's hat had entirely disappeared, leaving nothing but the brim upon which he was sitting. He hurriedly examined this and found that the hat was really nothing but an enormous skein of wool, which was rapidly unwinding as it spun along. Indeed, the brim was disappearing at such a rate that he had hardly

made this alarming discovery before the end of the skein was whisked away and he found himself falling through the air.

He was on the point of screaming out in his terror, when he discovered that he was falling very



"I'M A COCKALORUM," HE SOFTLY MURMURED.

slowly and gently swaying from side to side, like a toy-balloon. The next moment he struck something hard, which gave way with a sound like breaking glass and let him through, and he had just time to notice that the air had suddenly become deliciously scented with vanilla, when he fell crashing into the branches of a large tree.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE SUGAR-PLUM GARDEN.

THE bough upon which Davy had fallen bent far down with his weight, then sprang back, then bent again, and in this way fell into a sort of delightful up-and-down dipping motion, which he found very soothing and agreeable. Indeed, he was so pleased and comforted at finding himself near the ground once more that he lay back in a crotch between two branches, enjoying the rocking of the bough and lazily wondering what had become of the Goblin, and whether this was the end of the Believing Voyage, and a great many other things, until he chanced to wonder where he was. Then he sat up on the branch in great astonishment, for he saw that the tree was in full leaf and loaded with plums, and it flashed across his mind that the winter had disappeared very suddenly, and that he had fallen into a place where it was broad daylight.

The plum-tree was the most beautiful and wonderful thing he had ever seen, for the leaves were

perfectly white, and the plums, which looked extremely delicious, were of every imaginable color.

Now, it immediately occurred to Davy that he had never in his whole life had all the plums he wanted at any one time. Here was a rare chance for a feast, and he carefully selected the largest and most luscious-looking plum he could find, to begin with. To his disappointment it proved to be quite hard and as solid and heavy as a stone. He was looking at it in great perplexity, and punching it with his thumbs in the hope of finding a soft place in it, when he heard a rustling sound among the leaves, and looking up, he saw the Cockalorum perched upon the bough beside him. It was gazing sadly at the plum, and its feathers were more rumpled than ever. Presently it gave a long sigh and said, in its low, murmuring voice: "Perhaps it's a sugar-plum," and then flew clumsily away as before.

"Perhaps it is!" exclaimed Davy joyfully, taking a great bite of the plum. To his surprise and disgust, he found his mouth full of very bad-tasting soap, and at the same moment the white leaves of the plum-tree suddenly turned over and showed the words "APRIL FOOL" printed very distinctly on their under sides. To make the matter worse, the Cockalorum came back and flew slowly around the branches, laughing softly to itself with a sort of a chuckling sound, until Davy, almost crying with disappointment and mortification, scrambled down from the tree to the ground.

He found himself in a large garden planted with plum-trees, like the one he had fallen into, and with walks winding about among them in every direction. These walks were beautifully paved with sugar-almonds and bordered by long rows of many-colored motto-papers neatly planted in the ground. He was too much distressed, however, by what had happened in the plum-tree to be interested or pleased with this discovery, and was about walking away along one of the paths in the hope of finding his way out of the garden, when he suddenly caught sight of a small figure standing a little distance from him.

He was the strangest-looking creature Davy had ever seen, not even excepting the Goblin. In the first place, he was as flat as a pancake, and about as thick as one; and in the second place, he was so transparent that Davy could see through his head and his arms and his legs almost as clearly as though he had been made of glass. This was so surprising in itself that when Davy presently discovered that he was made of beautiful, clear lemon-candy, it seemed the most natural thing in the world, as explaining his transparency. He was neatly dressed in a sort of tunic of writing-paper,

with a cocked hat of the same material, and he had under his arm a large book with the words "HOLE-KEEPER'S VACUUM" printed on the cover. This curious-looking creature was standing before an



"THAT WAS THE SKY-LIGHT," SHRIEKED THE HOLE-KEEPER."

extremely high wall with his back to Davy, intently watching a large hole in the wall about a foot from the ground. There was nothing extraordinary about the appearance of the hole (except that the lower edge of it was curiously tied in a large bow-knot like a cravat), but Davy watched it carefully for a few moments, thinking that perhaps something marvelous would come out of it. Nothing appeared, however, and Davy, walking up close behind the candy man, said very politely, "If you please, sir, I dropped in here —"

Before he could finish the sentence, the Hole-keeper said snappishly, "Well, drop out again — quick!"

"But," pleaded Davy, "you can't drop out of a place, you know, unless the place should happen to turn upside down."

"I *don't* know anything about it," replied the Hole-keeper, without moving. "I never saw anything drop — except once. Then I saw a gum-drop. Are you a gum?" he added, suddenly turning around and staring at Davy.

"Of course I'm not," said Davy, indignantly. "If you'll only listen to me, you'll understand exactly how it happened."

"Well, go on," said the Hole-keeper, impatiently, "and don't be tiresome."

"I fell down ever so far," said Davy, beginning his story over again, "and at last I broke through something —"

"That was the sky-light!" shrieked the Hole-

keeper, dashing his book upon the ground in a fury. "That was the barley-sugar sky-light, and I shall certainly be boiled!"

This was such a shocking idea that Davy stood speechless, staring at the Hole-keeper, who rushed to and fro in a convulsion of distress.

"Now, see here," said the Hole-keeper, at length, coming up to him and speaking in a low, trembling voice. "This must be a private secret between us. Do you solemnsy promilse?"

"I prolemse," said Davy, earnestly. This was n't at all what he meant to say, and it sounded very ridiculous; but somehow the words *would n't* come straight. The Hole-keeper, however, seemed perfectly satisfied, and picking up his book, said: "Well, just wait till I can't find your name," and began hurriedly turning over the leaves.

Davy saw, to his astonishment, that there was nothing whatever in the book, all the leaves being perfectly blank, and he could n't help saying, rather contemptuously:

"How do you expect to find my name in *that* book? There's nothing in it."

"Ah! that's just it, you see," said the Hole-keeper, exultingly;

"I look in it for the names that ought to be out of it. It's the completest system that ever was invented. Oh! here you are n't!" he added, staring with great satisfaction at one of the blank pages. "Your name is Rupsy Frimbles."

"It's nothing of the sort," said Davy, indignantly.

"Tut! Tut!" said the Hole-keeper. "Don't stop to contradict or you'll be too late;" and Davy felt himself gently lifted off his

feet and pushed head-foremost into the hole. It was quite dark and rather sticky, and smelt strongly of burnt sugar, and Davy had a most unpleasant time of it crawling through on his hands and knees. To add to his distress, when he came out at the further end, instead of being, as he had hoped, in the open country, he found himself in a large room fairly swarming with creatures very like the Hole-keeper in appearance, but somewhat darker and denser in the way of complexion. The instant

Davy came out of the hole, a harsh voice called out:

"Bring Frungles this way," and the crowd gathered around him and began to rudely hustle him across the room.

"That's not my name!" cried Davy, struggling desperately to free himself. "It is n't even the name I came in with!"

"Tut! Tut!" said a trembling voice near him, and Davy caught sight of the Hole-keeper, also struggling in the midst of the crowd with his great book hugged tightly to his breast. The next moment he found himself before a low platform on which a crowned figure was sitting in a gorgeous tin chair, holding in his hand a long white wand with red lines running screw-wise around it, like a barber's pole.

"Who broke the barley-sugar sky-light?" said the figure, in a terrible voice.

The Hole-keeper began fumbling at the leaves of his book in great agitation, when the king, pointing at him with his wand, roared furiously: "Boil *him*, at all events!"

"Tut! Tut! your majesty——" began the Hole-



"THE CROWD BEGAN TO HUSTLE HIM ACROSS THE ROOM."

keeper confusedly, with his stiff little tunic fairly rustling with fright; but before he could utter another word he was dragged away, screaming with terror.

"Don't you go with them!" shouted Davy, made really desperate by the Hole-keeper's danger. "They're nothing but a lot of molasses candy!"

At this the king gave a frightful shriek, and aiming a furious blow at Davy with his wand,

rolled off the platform into the midst of the struggling crowd. The wand broke into a hundred pieces, and the air was instantly filled with a choking odor of peppermint; then everything was wrapped in darkness, and Davy felt himself being whirled along, heels over head, through the air. Then there came a confused sound of bells and voices, and he found himself running rapidly down a long street with the Goblin at his side.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BUTTERSCOTCHMEN.

BELLS were pealing and tolling in all directions, and the air was filled with the sound of distant shouts and cries.

"What were they?" asked Davy, breathlessly.

"Butterscotchmen," said the Goblin.

"And what makes you that color?" said Davy, suddenly noticing that the Goblin had changed his color to a beautiful blue.

"Trouble and worry," said the Goblin. "I always get blue when the Butterscotchmen are after me."

"Are they coming after us now?" inquired Davy in great alarm.

"Of course they are," said the Goblin. "But the best of it is, they can't run till they get warm, and they can't get warm without running, you see. But the worst of it is that *we* can't stop without sticking fast," he added, anxiously. "We must keep it up until we get to the Amuserum."

"What's that?" said Davy.

"It's a place they have to amuse themselves with," said the Goblin,—"curiosities, and all that sort of thing, you know. By the way, how much money have you? We have to pay to get in."

Davy began to feel in his pockets (which is a very difficult thing to do when you're running fast) and found, to his astonishment, that they were completely filled with a most extraordinary lot of rubbish. First, he pulled out what seemed to be an iron ball, but it proved to be a hard-boiled egg, without the shell, stuck full of small tacks. Then came two slices of toast firmly tied together with a green cord. Then came a curious little glass jar filled with large flies. As Davy took this out of his pocket, the cork came out with a loud "pop!" and the flies flew away in all directions. Then came, one after another, a tart filled with

gravel, two chicken bones, a bird's nest with some pieces of brown soap in it, some mustard in a pill-box and a cake of beeswax stuck full of caraway seeds. Davy remembered afterward that as he threw these things away they arranged themselves in a long row on the curb-stone of the street. The Goblin looked on with great interest as Davy fished



"BELLS WERE PEALING IN ALL DIRECTIONS."

them up out of his pockets, and finally said, enviously: "That's a splendid collection; where did they all come from?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Davy, in great bewilderment.

"And I'm sure I don't know," repeated the Goblin. "What else is there?"

Davy felt about in his pockets again and found what seemed to be a piece of money. On taking it out, however, he was mortified to find that it was nothing but an old button; but the Goblin exclaimed in a tone of great satisfaction, "Ah! hold on to that!" and ran on faster than ever.

The sound of the distant voices had grown fainter and fainter still, and Davy was just hoping that their long run was almost over, when the street came abruptly to an end at a brick wall, over the top of which he could see the branches of trees. There was a small round hole in the wall with the words "PAY HERE" printed above it, and the Goblin whispered to Davy to hand in the button through this hole. Davy did so, feeling very much ashamed of himself, when to his surprise instead of receiving tickets in return, he heard a loud exclamation behind the wall, followed by a confused sound of scuffling, and the hole suddenly disappeared. The next moment, a little bell tinkled and the wall rose slowly before them like a curtain, carrying the trees with it, apparently, and he

and the Goblin were left standing in a large open space paved with stone.

Davy was exceedingly alarmed at seeing a dense mass of Butterscotchmen in the center of the square, pushing and crowding one another in a very quarrelsome manner, and chattering like a flock of magpies, and he was just about to propose a hasty retreat, when a figure came hurrying through the square, carrying on a pole a large placard bearing the words:

"JUST RECEIVED!

THE GREAT FRUNGLES THING!

ON EXHIBITION IN THE PLUM-GARDEN!"

At the sight of these words, the mob set up a terrific shout, and began streaming out of the square after the pole-bearer, like a flock of sheep, jostling and shoving one another as they went, and leaving Davy and the Goblin quite alone.

"I verily believe they're gone to look at my button," cried Davy, beginning to laugh in spite of his fears. "They called *me* Frungles, you know."

"That's rather a nice name," said the Goblin, who had begun smiling again. "It's better than Snubgraddle, at all events. Let's have a look at the curiosities;" and here he walked boldly into the center of the square.

Davy followed close at his heels, and found to his astonishment and disappointment that the curiosities were simply the things that he had fished out of his pockets but a few minutes before, placed on little pedestals and carefully protected by transparent sugar shades. He was on the point of laughing outright at this ridiculous exhibition, when he saw that the Goblin had taken a large telescope out of his pocket and was examining the different objects with the closest attention, and muttering to himself, "Wonderful! wonderful!" as if he had never seen anything like them before.

"Pooh!" said Davy, contemptuously. "The only wonderful thing about them is how they ever came *here*."

At this remark the Goblin turned his telescope toward Davy and uttered a faint cry of surprise; and Davy, peering anxiously through the large end, saw him suddenly shrink to the size of a small beetle and then disappear altogether. Davy hastily reached out with his hands to grasp the telescope; but it, too, disappeared.

The next moment he felt something spring upon his back. Before he could cry out in his terror, a head was thrust forward over his shoulder, and

he found the Goblin, who was now of a bright purple color, staring him in the face and laughing with all his might.

CHAPTER V.

THE GIANT BADORFUL.

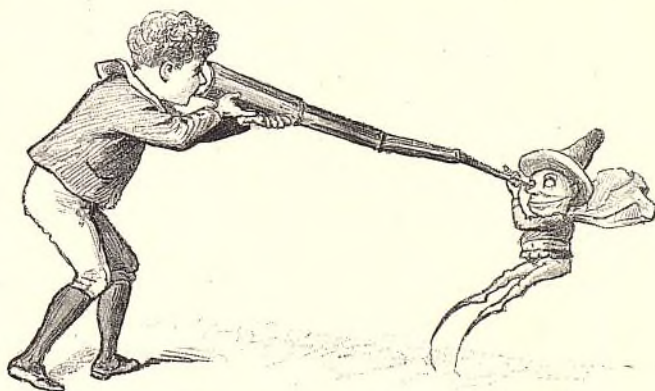
"GOBLIN," said Davy, very seriously, as the little man jumped down from off his back, "if you are going to play such tricks as *that* upon me, I should like to go home at once."

"Where's the harm?" said the Goblin, sitting down on the grass with his back against a wall and smiling contentedly.

"The harm is that I was frightened," said Davy, with great indignation. But as he spoke, a loud rumbling noise like distant thunder came from behind the wall against which the Goblin was leaning, followed by a tremendous sneeze that fairly shook the ground.

"What's that?" whispered Davy to the Goblin, in great alarm.

"It's only Badorful," said the Goblin, laughing. "He's always snoring and waking himself up, and I suppose it's sleeping on the ground that



"THE GOBLIN TURNED HIS TELESCOPE TOWARD DAVY."

makes him sneeze. Let's have a look at him," and the Goblin led the way along the wall to a large grating.

Davy looked through the grating and was much alarmed at seeing a giant, at least twenty feet in height, sitting on the ground, with his legs crossed under him like a tailor. He was dressed in a shabby suit of red velveteen, with a great leathern belt about his waist and enormous boots, and Davy thought he looked terribly ferocious. On the grass beside him lay a huge club, thickly studded at one end with great iron knobs; but Davy noticed to his great relief that some little creeping vines were twining themselves among



"JUST LISTEN TO THIS."

these knobs, and that moss was growing thickly upon one side of the club itself, as though it had been lying there untouched for a long time.

The giant was talking to himself in a low tone, and, after listening attentively at the grating for a moment, the Goblin shrieked:

"He's making poetry!" and throwing himself upon the ground kicked up his heels in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

"Oh, hush, hush!" cried Davy in terror. "Suppose he hears you!"

"Hears me!" said the Goblin, discontinuing his kicking and looking very much surprised. "What if he does?"

"Well, you know, he *might* not like being laughed at," said Davy, anxiously.

"There's something in that," said the Goblin, staring reflectively at the ground.

"And, you see," continued Davy, "a giant who does n't like what's going on must be a dreadful creature."

"Oh! there's no fear of *him*," said the Goblin, contemptuously, motioning with his head toward the giant. "He's too old. Why, I must have known him, off and on, for nearly two hundred years. Come in and see him."

"Will he do anything?" said Davy, anxiously.

"Bless you, no!" said the Goblin. "He's a perfect old kitten"; and with these words he pushed open the grating and passed through with Davy

following tremblingly at his heels. Badorful looked up with a feeble smile, and merely said, "Just listen to this":

*My age is three hundred and seventy-two,
And I think, with the deepest regret,
How I used to pick up and voraciously chew
The dear little boys whom I met.*

*I've eaten them raw in their holiday suits,
I've eaten them curried with rice,
I've eaten them baked in their jackets and boots,
And found them exceedingly nice.*

*But now that my jaws are too weak for such fare,
I think it excessively rude
To do such a thing, when I'm quite well aware
Little boys do not like to be chewed.*

*And so I contentedly live upon eels,
And try to do nothing amiss,
And I pass all the time I can spare from my meals
In innocent slumber—like this.*

Here Badorful rolled over upon his side, and was instantly fast asleep.

"You see," said the Goblin, picking up a large stone and thumping with it upon the giant's head, "you see, he's quite weak *here*. Otherwise, considering his age, he's a very capable giant."

At this moment a farmer with bright red hair

thrust his head in at the grating, and calling out, "Look out, there!" disappeared again. Davy and the Goblin rushed out and were just in time to see something go by like a flash with a crowd of people, armed with pitchforks, in hot pursuit. Davy and the Goblin were just setting off on a run to join in the chase, when a voice said, "Ahem!" and looking up, they saw Badorful staring at them over the top of the wall.

"How does this strike you?" he said, addressing himself to Davy:

*Although I am a giant of the exhibition size,
I've been nicely educated, and I notice with surprise,*

That the simplest rules of etiquette you don't pretend to keep,

For you skurry off to races while a gentleman's asleep.

Don't reply that I was drowsy, for my nap was but a kind

Of dramatic illustration of a peaceful frame of mind;

And you really might have waited till I woke again, instead

Of indelicately pounding, with a stone, upon my head.

Very probably you'll argue that our views do not agree,—

I've often found that little boys have disagreed with me;—

But I'm properly entitled, on the compensation plan,

To three times as much politeness as an ordinary man.

Davy was greatly distressed at having these severe remarks addressed to him.

"If you please, sir," he said earnestly, "I did n't pound you."

At this the giant glared savagely at the Goblin and continued:

My remarks have been directed at the one who, I supposed,

Had been violently thumping on my person while I dozed:

By a simple calculation you will find that there is due

Just six times as much politeness from a little chap like you.

"Oh! you make me ill!" said the Goblin, flippantly. "Go to sleep."

Badorful stared at him for a moment, and then with a sickly smile, murmured: "Good-after-noon," and disappeared behind the wall.

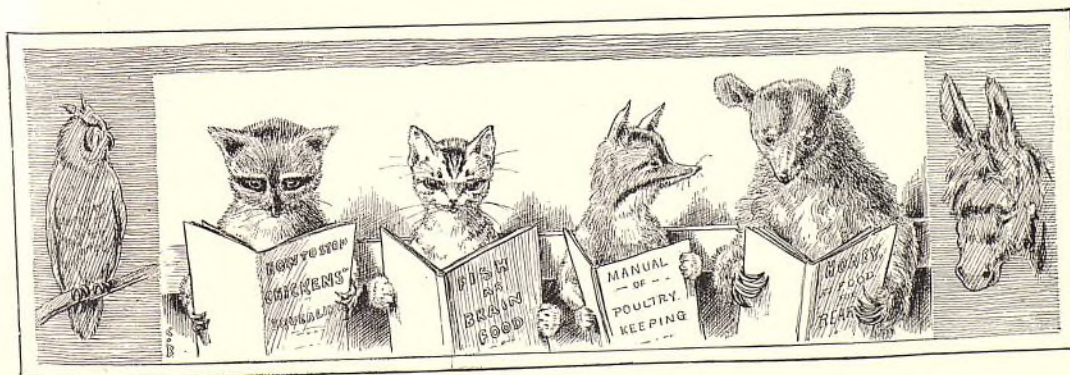
Davy and the Goblin now hurried off wildly to resume the chase, when the Goblin suddenly stopped, and by an ingenious twist of his body sat down on his long shoes or stockings, and began to rock to and fro like an animated little rocking-chair.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Davy, perfectly amazed, "I thought we were chasing something."

"Of course you did," said the Goblin, complacently; "but in this part of the world things very often turn out to be different from what they would have been if they had n't been otherwise than as you expected they were going to be."

"But you thought so yourself—" began Davy, when to his distress the Goblin suddenly faded into a dull pinkish color, and then disappeared altogether. Davy looked about him and found that he was quite alone in a dense wood.

(To be continued.)



A CLASS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

• SWEET MISS INDUSTRY •

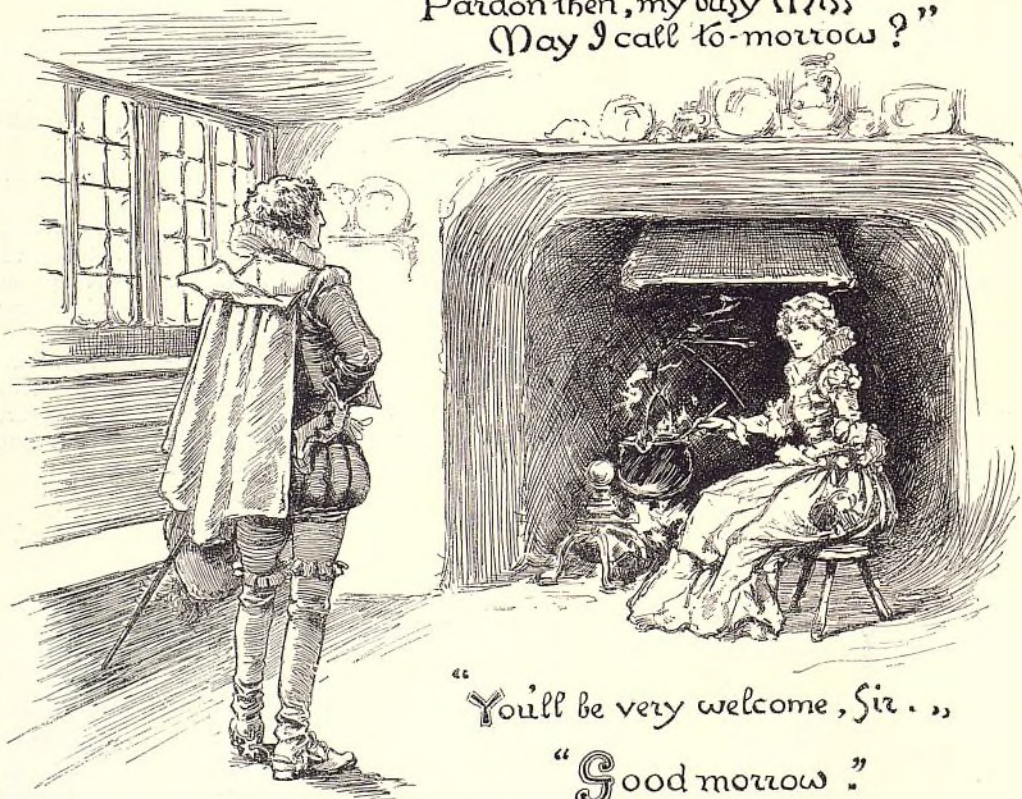
BY S. CONANT FOSTER



arkee, busy little Miss,
Come and walk with me;
There are prettier sights than this
Kitchen pottery. "

"Thankee kindly, gentle Sir,
But it may not be,
I must e'en the porridge stir
For my Granther's tea. "

"Pardon then, my busy Miss
May I call to-morrow?"



"You'll be very welcome, Sir. ,

"Good morrow."

"Good morrow."

"I have horses white as snow,
Sorel, black and bay,
Take your choice and let us go
Ride a while, I pray."

"Really, Sir, 'tis kind of you,
Yet I say you nay;
I have over-much to do,
It is washing day."



"Pardon then, my busy Miss,
May I call to-morrow?"

"You'll be welcome, gentle Sir."

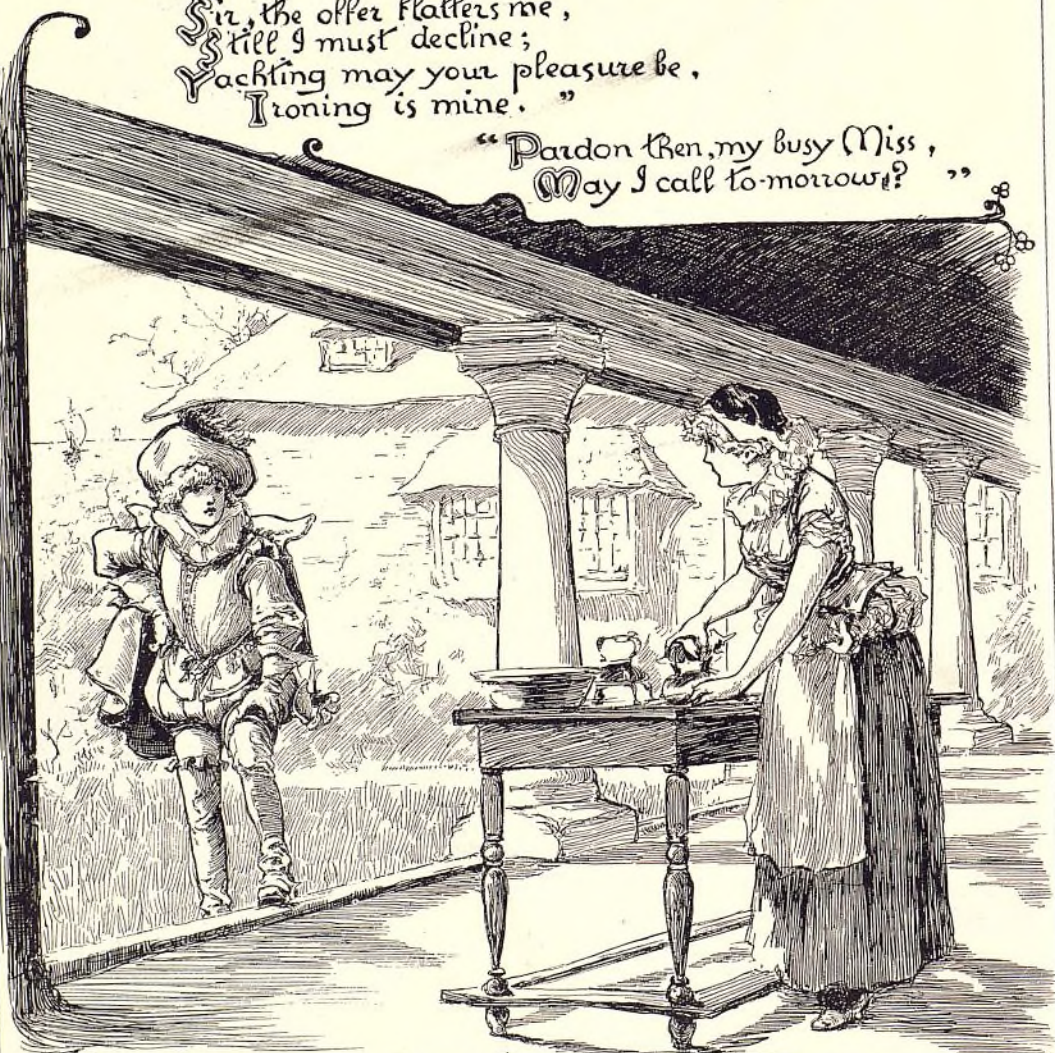
"Good morrow."

"Good mprrow."

"Yacht and crew are on the sea,
And the weather's fine,
Will you, little busy bee,
Be the freight divine?"

"Sir, the offer flatters me,
Still I must decline;
Yachting may your pleasure be,
Ironing is mine."

"Pardon then, my busy Miss,
May I call to-morrow?"



"You'll be very welcome, Sir."

"Good morrow."

"Good morrow."



"If you've time to answer, speak.
 Tell me true, I pray.
 Have you during all the week
 Any leisure day?"

"Answer, Sir, I quickly make:
 Seldom do I play;

Now I sew, and now I bake -

Now I rake the hay."

"Pardon then, my busy Miss,
 May I call to-morrow?"

"You'll be very welcome, Sir."

"Sood morrow."

"Sood morrow."

“ I have thought the matter o'er ,
 Sweet Miss Industry ;
 Busy maidens I adore ,
 Will you marry me ? ”

“ Marry, Sir ? I cannot say .
 If your wife I'd be ,
 Would I then have time to play ?
 Truly ?—Let me see :— ”

“ Ah, then set the wedding day ,
 Ere I bid goodmorrow ! ”

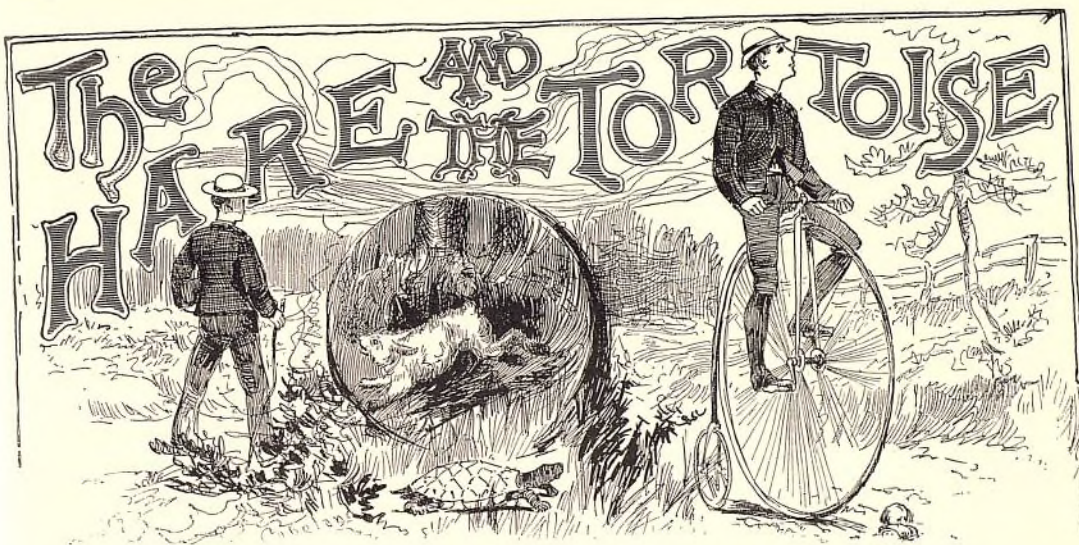


“ Oh, sweet Sir, excuse me, pray ! ”

“ Good morrow ! ”

“ Good morrow ! ”

BIRCH
 & &



TWELFTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"TRAMP,—tramp,—tramp!" That was the boys going down-stairs in a hurry.

"Bump,—bump!" That was the bicycle being zigzagged through the hall.

"Bang!" That was the front door slamming behind both boys and bicycle, leaving the house quiet for a time, though the sound of voices outside suggested that a lively discussion was going on.

The bicycle fever had reached Perryville and raged all summer. Now the town was very like a once tranquil pool infested with the long-legged water-bugs that go skating over its surface in all directions; for wheels of every kind darted to and fro, startling horses, running over small children, and pitching their riders headlong in the liveliest manner. Men left their business to see the lads try new wheels, women grew skillful in the binding of wounds and the mending of sorely rent garments, gay girls begged for rides, standing on the little step behind, and boys clamored for bicycles that they might join the army of martyrs to the latest craze.

Sidney West was the proud possessor of the best wheel in town, and displayed his treasure with immense satisfaction before the admiring eyes of his mates. He had learned to ride in a city rink, and he flattered himself that he knew all there was to learn, except such feats as only professional gymnasts acquire. He mounted with skillful agility, rode with as much grace as the tread-mill movements of the legs permit, and

managed to guide his tall steed without much danger to himself or others. The occasional headers he took, and the bruises which kept his manly limbs in a chronic state of mourning, he did not mention, but concealed his stiffness heroically, and bound his younger brother to eternal silence by the bribe of occasional rides on his old wheel.

Hugh was a loyal lad, and regarded his big brother as the most remarkable fellow in the world; so he forgave Sid's domineering ways, was a willing slave, a devoted admirer, and a faithful imitator of all the masculine virtues, airs, and graces of this elder brother. On one point only did they disagree, and that was Sid's refusal to give Hugh the old wheel when the new one came. Hugh had fondly hoped it would be his, hints to that effect having been dropped when Sid wanted an errand done, and for weeks the younger boy had waited and labored patiently, sure that his reward would be the small bicycle, on which he could proudly take his place as a member of the newly formed club; with them to set forth, in their blue uniform, with horns blowing, badges glittering, and legs flying, for a long spin,—to return after dark, a mysterious line of tall shadows, "with lanterns dimly burning," and warning whistles sounding as they went.

Great, therefore, was his disappointment and wrath when he discovered that Sid had agreed to sell the wheel to another fellow, if it suited him, leaving poor Hugh the only boy of his set with-

out a machine. Much as he loved Sid, he could not forgive this underhand and mercenary transaction. It seemed so unbrotherly to requite so long and willing a service, to dash hopes so ardent, to betray so blind a confidence, for filthy lucre; and when the deed was done, to laugh, and ride gayly away on the splendid British Challenge, the desire of all hearts and eyes.

One morning, Hugh had freely vented his outraged feelings, and Sid had tried to make light of the affair, though quite conscious that he had been both unkind and unfair. A bicycle tournament was to take place in the city, twenty miles away, and the members of the club were going. Sid, wishing to distinguish himself, intended to ride thither, and was preparing for the long trip with great care. Hugh was wild to go, but having spent his pocket-money and having been forbidden to borrow, he could not take the cars as the others had done. No horse was to be had, and their own steed consisted of an old donkey, that would have been hopeless even with the inducement offered in the immortal ditty:

"If I had a donkey that would n't go,
Do you think I'd whip him? Oh, no, no!
I'd take him to Jarley's Wax-work Show."

Therefore poor Hugh was in a desperate state of mind as he sat on the gate-post watching Sid make his pet's toilet, till every plated handle, rod, screw, and axle shone like silver.

"I know I could have ridden the Star if you had n't let Joe have it. I do think it was right down mean of you."

This was strong language for gentle Hugh, but he felt that he must vent his anguish.

Sid was whistling softly as he oiled and rubbed, but he was not feeling so easy as he looked, and heartily wished that he had not committed himself to Joe, for it would have been pleasant to take "the little chap," as he called the fourteen-year-old, along with him, and do the honors of the rink on this great occasion. Now it was too late; so he affected a careless air, and added insult to injury by answering his brother's reproaches in the joking spirit which is peculiarly exasperating at such moments.

"Children should n't play with matches, nor small boys with bicycles. I don't want to commit murder, and I certainly should if I let you try to ride twenty miles when you can't go one without nearly breaking your neck — or your knees," and Sid glanced with a smile at the neat darns which ornamented his brother's trousers over those portions of his long legs.

"How's a fellow going to learn, if he is n't allowed to try? Might as well tell me to keep

away from the water till I can swim. Just give me a chance and see if I can't ride as well as some older fellows who have been pitched 'round rather freely before they dared to try a twenty mile spin," answered Hugh, clapping both hands on his knees to hide the tell-tale darns.

"If Joe does n't want it, you can use the old wheel till I decide what to do with it. I suppose a man has a right to sell his own property, if he likes," said Sid, rather nettled at the allusion to his own tribulations in times past.

"Of course he has; but if he's promised to give a thing, he ought to do it, especially after he's had work done for him to pay for it. That's what makes me angry; for I believed you and depended on you, and it hurts me more to have you deceive me than it would to lose ten bicycles;" and Hugh choked a little at the thought, in spite of his attempt to look sternly indignant.

"You are welcome to your opinion. Take the cars, if you want to go so much, and stop bothering me," retorted Sid, getting cross because he was in the wrong and would n't own it.

"You know I can't! I've no money, and must n't borrow! What's the use of twitting a fellow in that style?" answered Hugh.

"Take Sancho, then; you might arrive before the fun was all over, if you carried whips and pins and crackers enough to keep the old boy going."

This allusion to the useless donkey was cruel, but Hugh held on to the last remnant of his temper, and made a wild proposal in the despair of the moment.

"See here, why can't we ride and tie? I've tried this wheel, and I can ride it well. You'd be along to see to me, and we'd take turns. Do, Sid! I just long to go, and if you will, please, I won't say another word about Joe."

But Sid only burst out laughing at the plan, in a thoroughly heartless manner.

"No, thank you. I don't mean to walk a step when I can ride, nor lend my new wheel to a chap who can hardly keep right side up on the old one."

"I hope I sha'n't be as selfish when I'm seventeen. I'll have a bicycle yet, — A, No. 1, — and then you'll see how I'll lend it, like a gentleman."

"Keep cool, my son. If you are so smart a lad, why don't you walk, since wheels and horses and donkeys fail. It's only twenty miles, — nothing to speak of, you know," replied Sid.

"Well, I could do it if I liked," said Hugh. "I've walked eighteen, and was n't half so tired as you were. Any one can get over the ground on a bicycle, but it takes strength and courage to keep it up on foot."

"You'd better try it," suggested Sid.

"I will, some day," spoke up Hugh; and fearing

he should kick over the tall bicycle that stood so temptingly near him, Hugh walked away, trying to whistle, though his lips were more inclined to tremble than to pucker.

"Just bring my lunch, will you? Auntie is putting it up; I must be off," called Sid, so used to giving orders that he did so even at this unpropitious moment.

"Get it yourself. I'm not going to do errands for you any longer," growled Hugh; for the trodden worm turned at last, as worms will.

This was open revolt, and Sid felt that things were in a bad way, but would not stop to mend them then.

"Whew! here 's a tempest in a tea-pot. Well, it is too bad; but I can't help it now. I'll make it all right to-morrow, and bring him round with a nice account of the fun," thought Sid. "Hullo, Bemis! going to town?" he called, as a neighbor came spinning noiselessly by.

"Part of the way," replied the wheelman. "I'll take the cars at Lawton. It 's hard riding over the hills, and a bother to steer a wheel through the streets. Come on, if you 're ready."

"All right;" and springing up, Sid was off, forgetting all about the lunch.

Hugh, dodging behind the lilac-bushes, heard what passed, and the moment they were gone ran to the gate to watch them out of sight with longing eyes. Then he turned away, listlessly wondering how he should spend the holiday his brother was going to enjoy so much.

At that moment Aunt Ruth hurried to the door, waving the leathern pouch well stored with cake and sandwiches, cold coffee and pie.

"Sid 's forgotten his bag. Run, call, stop him!" she cried, trotting down the walk with her cap-strings waving wildly in the fresh October wind.

For an instant Hugh hesitated, thinking sullenly, "Serves him right — I wont run after him"; then his kind heart got the better of his bad humor, and catching up the bag he raced down the road at his best pace, eager to heap coals of fire on Sid's proud head,—to say nothing of his own desire to see more of the riders.

"They will have to go slowly up the long hill, and I'll catch them then," he thought as he tore over the ground, for he was a good runner and prided himself on his strong legs.

Unfortunately for his amiable intentions, the boys had taken a short cut to avoid the hill, and were out of sight down a lane where Hugh never dreamed they would dare to go, so mounted.

"Well, they have done well to get over the hill at this rate. But they 'll not keep it up long,"

panted Hugh, stopping short when he saw no signs of the riders.

The road stretched invitingly before him, the race had restored his spirits, and curiosity to see what had become of his friends lured him to the hill-top, where temptation sat waiting for him. Up he trudged, finding the fresh air, the sunny sky, the path strewn with red and yellow leaves, and the sense of freedom so pleasant that when he reached the highest point and saw the world all before him, as it were, a daring project seemed to flash upon him, nearly taking his breath away with its manifold delights.

"Sid said, 'Walk,' and why not?—at least to Lawton, and take the cars from there, as Bemis means to do. Would n't the old fellows be surprised to see me turn up at the rink? It 's a quarter past eight now, and the fun begins at three; I could get there easily enough, and I will, too! I've a good lunch here, and money enough to pay car-fare from Lawton, I guess. If I have n't, I'll go a little further and take a horse-car. Here goes,"—and with a whoop of boyish delight at breaking bounds, away went Hugh down the long hill, like a colt escaped from its pasture.

The others were just ahead, but the windings of the road hid them from him; so all went on, unconscious of one another's proximity. Hugh's run gave him a good start, and he got over the ground famously for five or six miles; then he went more slowly, thinking he had plenty of time to catch a certain train. But he had no watch, and when he reached Lawton he had the pleasure of seeing the cars go out at one end of the station as he hurried in at the other.

"I'll not give it up, but just go on and do it afoot. That will be something to brag of when the other chaps tell big stories. I'll see how fast I can go, for I'm not tired, and can eat on the way. Much obliged to Sid for a nice lunch."

And chuckling over this piece of good luck, Hugh set out again, only pausing for a good drink at the town-pump. The thirteen miles did not seem very long when he thought of them, but as he walked them they appeared to grow longer and longer, till he felt as if he must have traveled about fifty. He was in good practice, and fortunately had on easy shoes; but he was in such a hurry to make good time that he allowed himself no rest, and jogged on, up hill and down, with the resolute air of one walking for a wager. There we will leave him, and see what had befallen Sid; for his adventures were more exciting than Hugh's, though all seemed plain sailing when he started.

(To be concluded.)

The Little Unknown:



BY CHARLES T. CONGDON

(To a stray photograph of a child.)



My little girl with curling hair,
And wondering look in either eye,—
I picked you up, I scarce know where,
And kept you, though I scarce know why!
In gayest Sunday garb arrayed,
Your plump feet in their Sunday shoes,
I know that you, my pretty maid,
Are some one's pet—no matter whose!

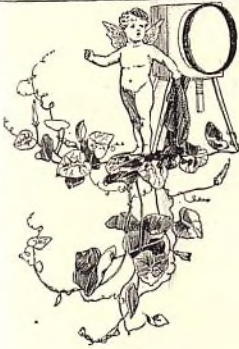
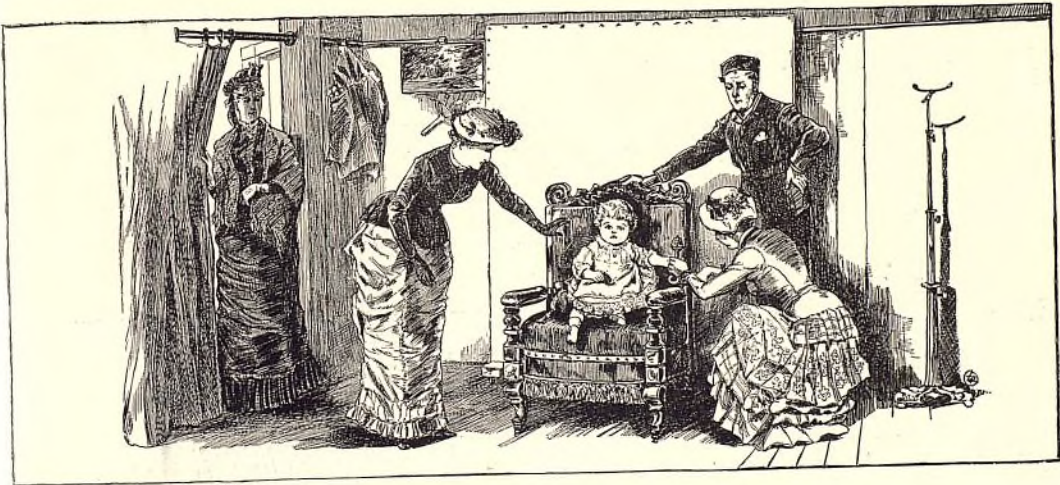
I see the soap upon your face,
The traces of the brush and comb,
Ribbon and ruffle in their place,—
The anxious care they took at home!
Dressed and undressed, and once more
dressed,
With doubts of blue and red and
green,—
Until at last they all confessed
A lovelier child was never seen.



Aunt, cousin, nurse, and grandmamma,
Mamma herself, pronounced you sweet;
Then, toward the sky-light glimmering far,
They led you toddling down the street.
While you—it was your first, my dear!—
With apprehension all alert,
Marched in a maze of fun and fear,
And wondered if the man would hurt.



That chair! That lofty, leathery chair
 Wherein they placed you mounted high;
 The Cyclops camera standing there,
 And staring with its great glass eye!
 They chang'd your legs, they changed the light;
 They posed you this way, posed you that;
 Until at last they got you right,
 And left you with a parting pat.



NE moment!—Ah!—What mischief wrought
 Within that moment's little term!
 The sunbeams sped as swift as thought,
 And registered—a fatal squirm!
 The man came back and shook his head;
 He dared not show Mamma that face.
 But "Better luck, next time!" he said,
 And fixed you once more in your place.

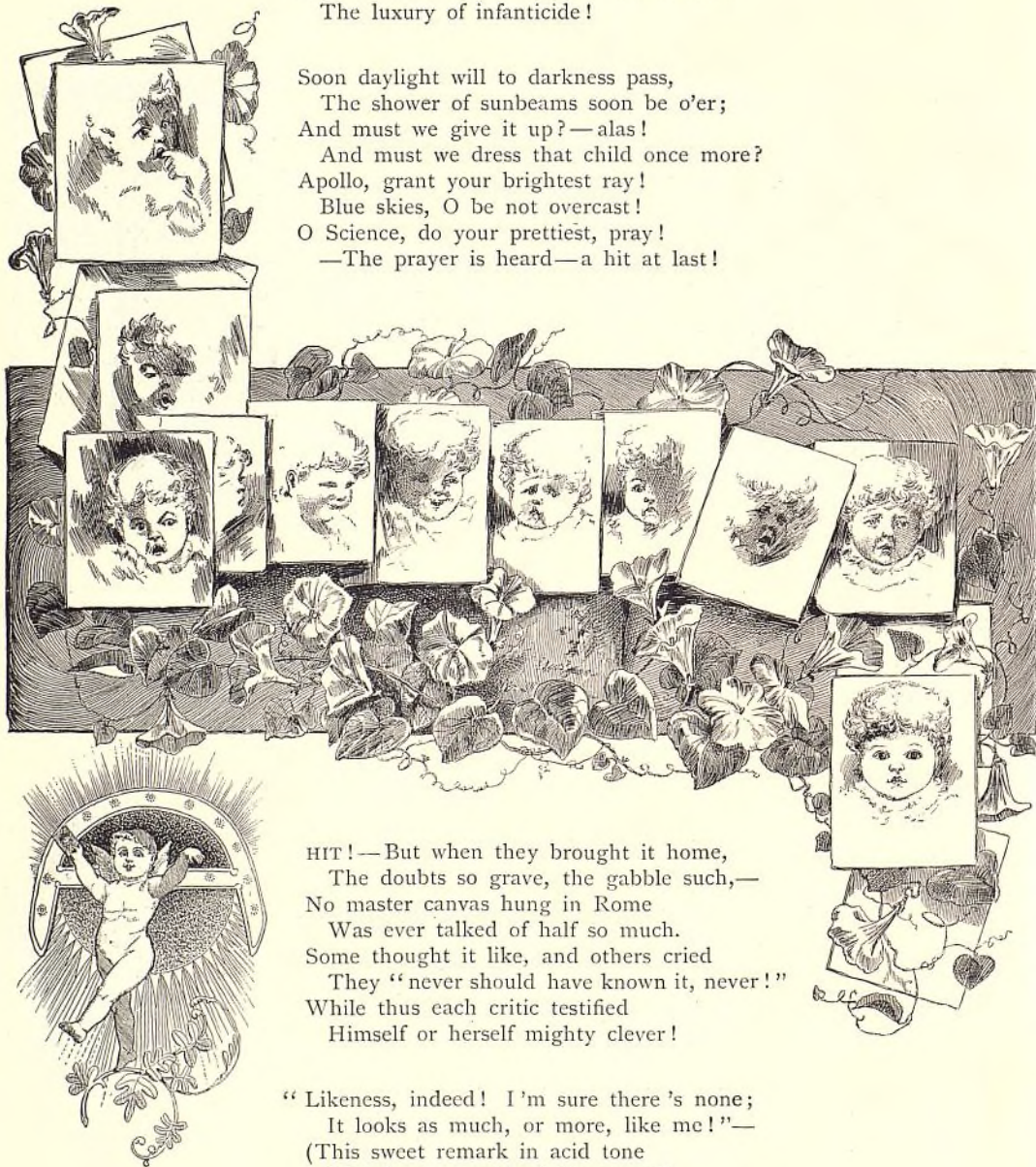
Next time, forsooth! a great success,—
 Except indeed no nose was there;
 Next time, a countenance to bless,—
 Only the eyes were not a pair!
 Next time, a perfect gem appears,—
 Save that the mouth gaped like a chasm,
 While dress and eyes and legs and ears
 Were mixed in one chaotic spasm.

Again, again, and still again
 The product hardly human seems!
 The brow of one besieged by pain
 That for her "soothing syrup" screams!—
 A sleeper's fear—a maniac's whim—
 Something to startle and enthral,
 Like sculptured faces fierce and grim
 On some cathedral's moldering wall.



Yet still he "took" and "took" anew,
 And bless'd King Herod's heavy hand,
 Which all the Hebrew babies slew
 Through all the weeping Hebrew land.
 With dreadful frown and eager haste,
 Fresh negatives he tried and tried;
 And wondered what 't would cost to taste
 The luxury of infanticide!

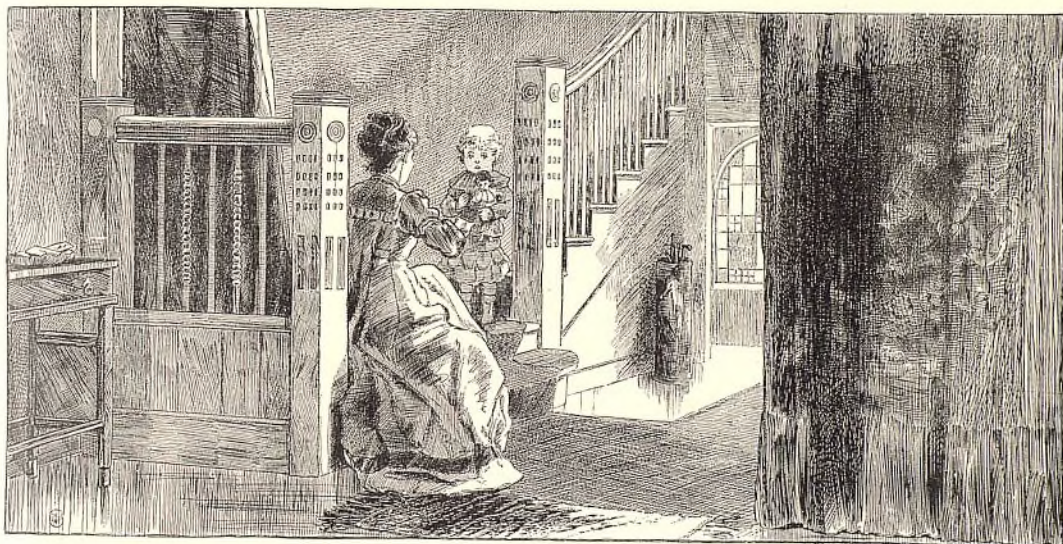
Soon daylight will to darkness pass,
 The shower of sunbeams soon be o'er;
 And must we give it up?—alas!
 And must we dress that child once more?
 Apollo, grant your brightest ray!
 Blue skies, O be not overcast!
 O Science, do your prettiest, pray!
 —The prayer is heard—a hit at last!



HIT!—But when they brought it home,
 The doubts so grave, the gabble such,—
 No master canvas hung in Rome
 Was ever talked of half so much.
 Some thought it like, and others cried
 They "never should have known it, never!"
 While thus each critic testified
 Himself or herself mighty clever!

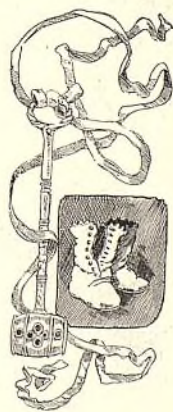
"Likeness, indeed! I'm sure there's none;
 It looks as much, or more, like me!"—
 (This sweet remark in acid tone
 Was from a maid of fifty-three!)
 "Too short!" said one; "too long!" another;
 "Too young!" a third; "too old!" the next;
 "Too pretty!" added to the bother;
 "Too plain!" the differing jury vexed.

Whatever merit it possessed,
 Whatever of perfection lacked,
 At last they placed you with the rest,
 Within the album broken-backed.
 Then in your pasteboard niche displayed,
 You slumber'd snug as snug could be,
 Till by some accident you strayed —
 Were lost, poor child! and found — by me!



WHAT doubts these pictured features bring
 Of all that makes life ill or good!
 Whether you passed away with spring,
 Or bloomed in perfect womanhood.
 Whether they saw you grow in grace,
 As girlhood's hour went winging by;
 Or on your quiet, marble face
 Dropped the hot tear, and sobbed "Good-
 bye!"

No! Let me think, the season o'er
 Of maiden joys and soft alarms,
 Mother and wife, you proudly bore
 Your own wee baby in your arms,
 That you, yourself in turn mamma,
 Made the new treasure bright and sweet;
 Then toward the sky-light glimmering far
 You led *her* toddling down the street.



THE SNOW-MAN.

BY GRACE F. COOLIDGE.

A SNOW-MAN stands in the moonlight-gold,
Smoking his pipe serenely.
For what cares he that the night is cold?
Though his coat is thin and his hat is old,
And the blustering wind blows keenly.

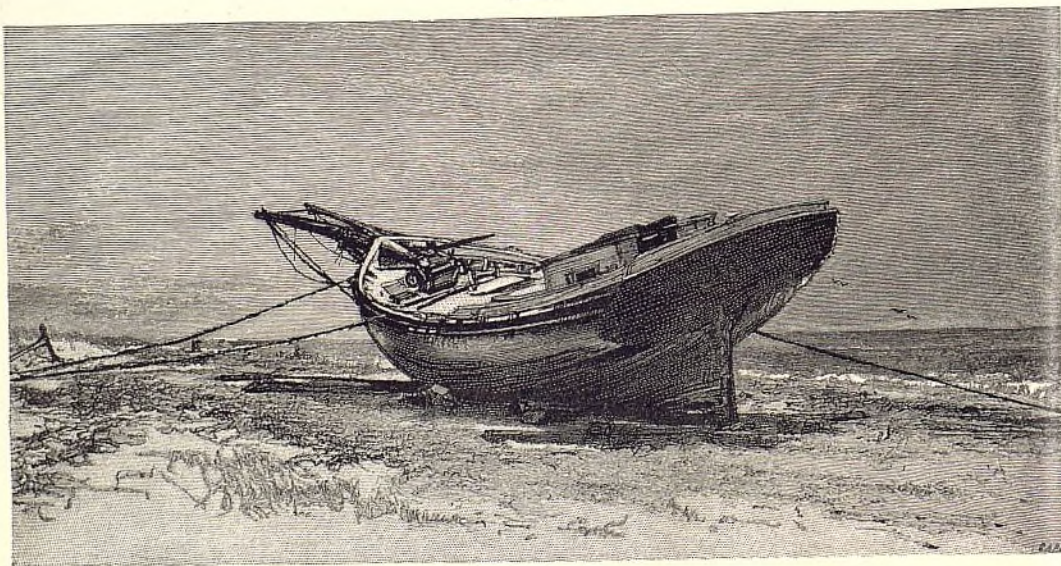
He has heard the children telling in glee
That Santa Claus would visit
This night their beautiful Christmas tree;
And it is not strange he should wish to see
How this can happen,—now is it?

He sees through the window the children bright,
And hears them merrily singing
Round the Christmas tree with its glory of light,—
When out from the chimney, in bear-skins white,
Comes good St. Nicholas springing!

And the Snow-man laughs so hard at that,
That when his laughter ceases,
A pipe, a coat, and an old straw hat,
Two lumps of coal and a flannel cravat,
Are all that is left of the pieces!

MENHADEN SKETCHES: SUMMER AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



MENHADEN is not to be found on any map of Long Island. It is so much like a number of other places, however, which *are* on the map, that it is easy to describe it to one who knows the Great South Beach. It is chiefly sand and sky and water, with a distance of marshes seen through the breaches the ocean has made in the sand dunes that line the coast.

In the summer one can know but little about the

ways of wind and water at Menhaden. The seven life-saving men, in the little house behind the sand dunes, could tell us something more about them; for they stay there all winter (when the cottages at Menhaden are as silent and lifeless as a row of snow-thatched bee-hives) to watch over those same wild ways, and to guard against the terrible mischief they can do. But in summer we only know that the wind is sweet and cool, and that the water is

the most beautiful thing on the face of the earth. Beautiful in motion or at rest, if it ever really is at rest; and with a voice that to hear once is to love and never to forget.

Menhaden is a good place for children, and for children's mothers who count that summer happy which has no history except the short and simple annals of good appetites, red cheeks, and sound

of baby-carriages, or bare-footed children, or slender-footed girls in tennis shoes. Only the big, far-apart tracks of booted men—the men from the life-saving station—who go plodding up and down, on their night marches, through the winter storms.

A young lady, whom the Gannet and Robinson children called Aunt Emily, spent part of one



PETER AND PETER'S CART.

slumbers. Like the sand, which is its portion, Menhaden is clean and quiet. But if it wishes to be gay, it has only to take the dummy-train across the marshes from its little hotel to the big one at Broad Beach. It may consider the sunset and the evening-colored ocean; it may dine sumptuously and listen to the music on the crowded piazzas of Broad Beach, and return at bed-time to find its babies asleep in the cool upper chambers of its cottages, with a mile or two of surf booming along the shore for a cradle-song.

The tram-road has a brief summer engagement with the hotel and the cottages. When that is over, its shrill, high-piping whistle ceases, and Menhaden is left to its water-paths and to the long path of the beach. But by this time there is no Menhaden to speak of. There are no babies to be wakened by the whistle; no papas to take the train. The great beach-path shows no tracks

summer at Menhaden with her sister, Mrs. Gannet. Mrs. Gannet had taken one of the cottages. Aunt Emily could draw a little, as many young ladies do. Not so very well, perhaps; but so well that her friends said she must "keep on."

She had brought her summer's sketches with her on her return to her home with the Robinsons, who lived in the country. The children found them on the table one evening during the Christmas holidays. They made a circle of heads and bright, bent faces around the lamp, and began turning over the drawings. "Is that all?" they said, when they had come to the last one. The children always expected more of Aunt Emily's pencil than it had ever been able to accomplish. Repeated disappointments had not taught them its shortcomings. Besides, children, as a rule, think in colors; when they imagine a place, they see the blue sky and the colors of the houses and the people's

clothes. The Menhaden sketches were in black and white. Aunt Emily felt obliged to do something to save the show from being a total failure. She took up the first sketch and tried to supply its deficiencies with words. The sandy road, which looked as if it were on its way across the marshes, went in reality only to the tram-way station. The man was Peter, and the cart, Peter's cart. His horse was called "Neighbor," and was a bright bay in color. The water-barrels were painted blue. Did n't they think blue was the very cleanest and

shall never know where they went to!" Could n't she ask some one? the children suggested. No, because some one would tell her they went to Hempstead or to Freeport. "When we go sailing in the meadows, we'll not go to Hempstead, will we, Lucy? and we'll not go 'outside' and fish for anything; and we'll not go ashore and creep about in the marshes and shoot at anything; we will just sail and sail, and if the wind stops we will stop——" "And eat our dinner in the boat," said Lucy. "A very good idea, too!" Aunt Emily agreed,



"THE LITTLE SUMMER PLAY WAS OVER. DOWN FALLS THE CURTAIN OF AUTUMN' FOGS."

best color for a water-barrel; could they think of any other color that held water better? The children were not disposed to dwell on this question. Were those Aunt Kate's black stockings? No, they were part of the Wetherels' clothes. They had so many! The Wetherel clothes-line always had its colors displayed. There were the ample garments of the papa and mamma, like the National Ensign, and there were the lively Union Jacks flying, the emblems of all the little Wetherels of various sizes. Those gray shadows on the side of the sand hills were in reality masses of a pink flower called the Sabatia. All the cottage parlors and dinner-tables were dressed with it while it was in blossom. And the sail-boats—"It gives me a pang when I think of the sail-boats," Aunt Emily said, "and those strips of water that went somewhere up through the salt meadows,—we never once followed them! I

and with that they turned to another sketch,—The foggy-day sketch, and the cottages, half-hidden by the slope of the beach. It was the last of September, Aunt Emily explained. Menhaden had begun to look lonesome, as if it were lost on that great stretch of barren beach. The hotel was closed, and the cottages,—all but four, and in two of these the people were packing their trunks. Hammocks had been taken down from the piazzas, and curtains from the windows. The ladies were saying good-bye to one another, and hoping to see one another next winter, in town, and saying what a happy summer it had been, and how well the children were, and what a pity it was to go away just as a fire on the hearth was so pleasant, and the marshes were getting such a color, and the sunsets were so perfectly wonderful! There were no more lawn-tennis and archery on the strip of

sunlit sand in front of the cottages; no white-armed girls, in bathing dresses, running across it to the surf; no troops of children clambering up the sand hills, or racing on the high board walks, or tending their dolls on the steps that lead down to the sand. The little summer play was over. Down falls the curtain of autumn fogs. Only one belated mamma, and one little lonesome child, left outside, as it were, between the drop-curtain and the footlights, which we might consider, if one chose to keep on with such fancies, the long, flashing lines of surf,—the one positive light in the gray, dull picture.

Ever so far down the shore some young fellows in knickerbockers, with low-pointed guns, are crouching along, trying to get a shot at the flocks of sandpipers. Out of the cottage called "Bright Light" comes a young girl in a dark dress, with braids of fair hair hanging down her back; she climbs the little slope and clasps the flag-pole with one arm, swinging slowly around and around it, and looking out toward the ocean. Perhaps she is bidding it good-bye. Now she leans away from the pole, at the length of her slender arm, and looks up at the sky, as a canary-bird will lean from its perch and peer upward toward the roof of its cage. Then she goes in the house, and the next figure that comes out against the fog-curtain is the pretty nurse-maid from cottage No. 5. She, too, is bare-headed and fair-haired, with a long, white apron blowing out from her neat waist, and a pair of solidly turned arms uncovered to the elbow. Her hands are pink, as if from washing. She is looking for the youngest child, whom they call "Babes." Babes is nowhere to be seen, and so she goes in. The fog grows thicker and darker. The cottages look like a procession of shadows. Aunt Emily's paper gets sticky, her india ink is full of sand, and a boy in jerseys comes prancing down the beach, and scatters a lot of sand over the sketch.

"That's me," says the unconcerned Alfred, Aunt Kate's eldest, who has come with Aunt Emily on a visit to his cousins.

"I wish 'me' would take his elbows out of my work-basket," the mother protests.

Alfred removes his elbows from the basket, and plants them contentedly on one of Aunt Emily's crayon drawings.

"This boy has more elbows," Aunt Emily says, taking his blonde, close-cropped head under her arm, "and more boot-heels than any boy I know!"

Alfred twists his head out of its yoke, and moves farther off.

"Why don't you tell about that walk?" he asks.

"What walk? There were so many."

"The one we took. Down to the old wreck."

"Well, then," Aunt Emily continued, "I sent Alfred up to the house with my things and walked on down the beach, and after a while he caught up with me——"

"After a while! It was n't two minutes."

"After two minutes, then, we were tramping together down the shore. It was low, low water; 'dead low water,' the fishermen say. The beach was broad, and it sloped like the deck of a ship. The sand was firm, and yet soft enough to give a little spring to the step. Alfred is now a very good height to walk with; his head comes nearly to my shoulder, and he can keep step, even when he is n't thinking about it. He does n't talk much, but that morning the waves broke softly, with little pauses, and we heard them saying 'Hush, hush, hush-s-s-sh!' all down the shore——"

"Aunt Emily!" said Alfred, the truth-teller, staring at the narrator when she made this extraordinary statement.

"Did n't you hear them, Alfred? You must have been thinking about the crab in your trousers pocket." (The children laughed at this—all except Alfred.) "For you know there are quiet days on the beach," Aunt Emily continued, "and there are talking and laughing and shouting days. This was n't one of the shouting days. When the tide is out and the beach is bare and the sun is hidden, so one can look about with eyes wide open, the shore is like a story-book. But it takes a wise reader to read that book; wiser than any of us, I'm afraid. Every little shell that leaves its print in the sand has its own story; its parents and its home and its queer, silent habits of life, as unchangeable as our own. Every dragged bit of sea-weed could tell us wonderful things about those floating gardens where it grew. The wave-marks tell how the waves pushed one another, and trod on one another, as they crowded up the beach; but all this pushing and hustling was done very smoothly and softly. The signs of it are not much like the foot-prints of a crowd of human feet trampling the sand; they are faint tracings making a continuous pattern in curves, like all the sea patterns—one curve interrupting another, or overlapping it. The beach looks like a perfect waste, strewn with tangles of cel-grass and sown with shells. But everything is done by law. The wind that piles up the sand into hills, and the waves that tear it down, even when they are doing their wildest work, work by law. The dunes on those south beaches grow higher and steeper from east to west, showing the direction of the heaviest winds. They fit the shore as your nose fits your face." (The children all look at one another's noses.) "However they may

be, you can not imagine them any different in that particular place. The beach-grass fits the sand it grows out of. Fancy those silky, dark-green meadow-grasses on top of the sand dunes. How

back. Dal, bring your specimens; perhaps you have captured one of their sisters or a cousin."

Dallas, a boy of thirteen, the eldest of the group, brought his latest entomological specimens,



THE WIDE VIEW OVER THE SAND DUNES.

foolish they would look, and how much less expression they would have in a high wind. Everything perfectly fits every other thing on the shore; but besides that beauty of harmony, there is the other, perhaps more thrilling, beauty of contrast. I used to think of that when we met the baby toddling over the sand. He is just beginning to walk, making little rushes, with both hands out, and then stopping and tottering on his feet a second, and sitting down very suddenly. His eyes are brown, and his hair is like thistle-down. His tracks in the sand are about so long! You never saw anything so lovely, and—so helpless, and so bravely unconscious of its own helplessness." Aunt Emily was talking now to the children's mamma, who smiled over her sewing, thinking not so much of contrasts as of the little nephew she had never seen, and how happy his mother must be with him.

"Could you think of anything more out of place on that bare, sand beach than a baby or a butterfly?" Aunt Emily continued. "We found two butterflies that day, dead, with their wings folded

pinned on the under side of a white paper-box cover. Aunt Emily recognized at once a relative of the ill-fated Menhaden butterflies. Its color was a deep orange-brown, veined with black, and spotted with white to make it more splendid. One of its fan-shaped wings would have made a gorgeous painted window for a fairy's palace. Dal informed the company that this was called the *Archippus* butterfly. The children protested against that name. They considered it too ugly for anything.

Mamma looked up from her work and wondered if it were not the children's bed-time.

There was a groan of remonstrance from the children.

"Let us finish the walk," Aunt Emily begged. "You know of course that butterflies do not live on beaches any more than babies do. They are waifs from the land. The land breeze blows them out to sea—the butterflies, not the babies—and they can not 'beat' back with their frail wings. The tide had carried our butterflies in. But when we saw them they were quite dry; their wings stirred

a little, as if there might be a flutter of life left. We found another messenger from the inland, a willow-leaf, turned a yellowish pink. The north wind had brought it to us, across the treeless marshes, to tell us summer was gone, and we too had better pack up and go; or perhaps to remind us that the woods would soon be as beautiful as the shore."

"And we saw the life-saving man's tracks," Alfred interrupted. "We went to see them drill one morning early. But they did not drill that time. Then another morning we went—but the drill did n't begin for ever so long. We found some flowers and a wild-bean vine, with little beans and blossoms on it, and some of those grasses with queer tops. But the mosquitoes were so thick in the marshes, we had to get out of there pretty quick. We climbed up on the sand hills where the wind blew. And we coasted down the steepest side——"

"But the drill, Alfred," interrupted Lucy.

"The drill was when they opened the big doors and ran out the surf-boat—three men on a side. Then they got hold of the ropes and dragged out the mortar-car."

"But you are not the only listener, Dal," Mamma said.

Aunt Emily explained to Lucy as well as she could how a ball, with a line fastened to it, is fired from the mortar out over the wrecked ship. The sailors on the ship seize the line, and by means of it they haul aboard the hawser which the surf-men send out to them, and make their end of it fast. They know just how to manage these ropes, because tied to the "whip-line" is a "tally-board," on which are printed directions in different languages for the handling of the ropes and the hauling-tackle. The men on the beach fasten their end of the hawser to the sand-anchor and tighten it, so there is no slack; then they prop it up high above the surf by means of a wooden crotch, so it makes a kind of rope bridge between the vessel and the shore. Then the surf-men send out the "breeches-buoy"—a pair of big canvas knee-breeches, made water-tight, and with an air-filled roll of canvas, which comes up under the arms and acts like a life-preserver.

"That is for old sailors," said Alfred. "They have a 'life-car' for the women and children." Aunt Emily remarked that the men went through



RESTING NEAR THE LONG WALK.

"Oh, I know all about that!" Dallas interjected. "I read about that in a magazine one winter. And there was a picture of the men drawing the mortar-car along the beach in a storm."

the drill with great deliberation. They did not make it in the least dramatic. But these same men, who lounged through the life-saving drill on a bright summer morning, with a group of

ladies and children looking on, would be the very ones to strain every nerve, on the winter beach, working for the crew of a ship ashore in the surf.

"The most beautiful place on the shore is just beyond the wreck," Aunt Emily went on. "The beach swings out in a great shining curve, shaped like the blade of a scythe, with the edge toward the water. And the waves topple over and fall in swaths of foamy ripples when they touch the beach. The curve runs out in a long, low sand-spit. Just behind it the sun sets, and the most wonderful skies lean down, so low, it seems as if the path of the beach led right into them. Going west, you feel as if you could walk forever, with that sky before you; but when you face the other way, suddenly you feel very far from home. The east is a cold dark-blue—an evening blue. The cottages, too, are so far away they look like a toy village some child has set up on the beach and left there, forgetting to put them back in their box. We never felt tired going west, so we always went too far. Then the tide would come in and drive us up the beach where the sand is soft, and we would fag along and stop sometimes to rest, and lie flat on the beach, and feel as if we were afloat between sky and water. It was hard to get up again and go on after those blissful rests. It was a kind of pilgrim's progress all the way home. And sometimes we met two 'shining ones' coming toward us to tell us we were late, and dinner was waiting."

"Now, tell 'em about the 'new wreck,'" Alfred said, in his character of assistant showman.

"Aunt Emily had better hire a hall," said Dallas, who was promptly reproved by his mamma.

"Well, about the last of July we had a 'dry south-wester.' They did not call it a storm. Your Uncle Walton said, 'You don't call this a wind! If it should start up now and *blow*, you could n't stand on this walk!' We did n't stand; we leaned, and held on to our hats. The sand was flying in a stinging shower. Everything seemed to have turned pale. The spray hung like a fog over the ocean, and as far as one could see, the water was in a gray tumult. The grasses on the sand dunes were blowing as if they were tearing themselves out by the roots. Everybody who had n't been driven indoors hunted for a 'lee.' We took it all as a kind of lark; I'm afraid we even wanted it to blow harder. About the time the ladies who had been taking naps began to dress for dinner, somebody discovered that bit of wreck—just a darker gray spot against the mist that hid the horizon. And then the whole place went wild. The beach is very shoal and the heaviest seas broke far out. The crew had been having their struggle for life out there in plain sight of the shore, while we all were looking

on as if it were a play. The boat had capsized, and the two men had been clinging to it and washing about there for hours. If it had been a larger vessel, and grounded farther out, there would have been a tragedy, very likely; for the life-saving station was not open then. It was a little fishing-sloop. As they drifted in, the mast broke off, and somehow the floating mast and the sail clinging to it helped them to keep the boat straight for the shore. They came up the beach into water waist deep. But once the people found out what was going on, they made the most of it. They were sure it was a genuine shipwreck. The hotel fairly emptied itself out on the beach,—first the big boys and men. There were n't many men, for the 'husbands' train' was not in yet. Then the ladies, with their bangs blowing straight out in front, and the waiters in their aprons,—the porters, the cooks, and the scullions,—and a few heavy-footed men, like fishermen, who followed along after the rest, and seemed to know that the real danger was over, and that the men would get ashore all right if only the crowd did n't suffocate them with their sympathy.

"The captain was a quiet, manly fellow. They tried to make a hero of him; but he was thinking of his boat more than of himself. He did not even come ashore at first, but stood in the surf doing what he could for the poor desperate thing. He would not take the brandy they offered him. He never had touched it, he said very pleasantly, and he did not need it then. But if brandy could have revived the wounded sloop, no doubt he would have accepted the 'last measure' of Menhaden's best. He was the guest of one of the cottages that night. Not a very lively guest, perhaps. He had escaped with his life, and no doubt he was thankful, as the bravest and most self-reliant men are not ashamed to be. But his boat was gone, and with it a good many years' work, and two or three hundred dollars besides, the price of his last cargo. The contrast must have been rather cruel between his own outlook and the easy, graceful, summer holiday life of his entertainers."

"I don't believe he was thinking about them at all, or troubling himself about comparisons," Mamma said. "He was probably thinking only about his people at home, and what he would do next. Your sloop captain was a man of action."

"All the same, I won't have my picturesque little situation spoiled. Can't you fancy him steering his way cautiously through the courses of the Maurins' dinner? And he must have worn some of Mr. Maurin's clothes."

"Ah, well, Lucy is sleepy. She does n't care about the captain, now we have him safe ashore."

"Lucy and Alfred must go to bed," said Mamma.

"—Are we tired of the captain, too?" Aunt Emily asked, when the children had gone.

"I think we could hear a little more about him, if you can," Mamma replied.

"They heard him about two o'clock next morning, tramping about in his room overhead. The gentlemen at Menhaden made up a handsome purse for him, but he would not take it. He had no family of his own, he said. His brothers did their share toward keeping a comfortable place for their mother and a sister who was lame. Perhaps he was a little ungracious, but then he had nothing left but his pride, and why should he take their money? When they urged it upon him, he only laughed and said: 'Keep it for my widow. I may not be so lucky next time.'

"The week after the wreck I spent elsewhere. When I came back, the captain's affairs had taken a turn. The boat, it seems, was not past mending. They had 'beached her,' and three or four 'longshore-men, friends of the captain, and captains or ex-captains themselves to a man, I've no doubt, were at work upon the boat, calking her seams, I believe. Whatever it was they were doing, they seemed to be taking their time about it. Every morning, when the children were running about in their night-gowns, trying not to get dressed for breakfast, they were on the watch for the 'boat captains,' as they called them. At this hour they were generally to be seen tramping over the sand from their camp on the inlet. Their long shadows reached before them a long way, like a path they were following. The boat was held down to the beach by hawsers. She leaned on her ways, and looked very despondent on those bright mornings. She grew to seem very human to us. The boat and the boat's captain were great favorites at Menhaden. The young fellows who ran about in their bathing-suits, showing their white, boyish muscles, could not help admiring this 'brown viking of the fishing-smack,' and remembered his pluck the night he came ashore.

The girls liked him for his misfortunes, which they probably exaggerated, for the captain had recov-

ered his spirits as soon as he went to work upon his boat. Perhaps they liked his looks, too. He had a



GOING OUT TO PLAY IN THE SAND.

fine profile, and quite a high-bred line from the back of his head to the nape of his neck."

"You seem to have looked at the captain," Mamma remarked.

"I look at everything; don't you? And I enjoy everything I look at, I'm happy to say, if it is only good of its kind.

"The captain, I am sure, was one of the cleanest, and bravest, and best of his kind. The girls would have made a pet of him, no doubt, as they did of his boat, but they were rather afraid of his short answers and long silences, and his way of not appearing to see them when they were around.

"After the boat was mended they waited weeks

before they could get her off through the surf. The wind was wrong, or the tide, or there was too much surf, or too much wind, or both. The children clambered over her all day, and in the evenings the young people took their turn. Not one of the cottage piazzas could make such a pretty show on moonlight nights as the sloop's deck. Every one missed her when at last they dragged her away over the sand on rollers and launched her in the inlet. So the captain had his summer at Menhaden with the rest of the cottagers, only he took his cottage away with him when he went.

THE MONGOL AND THE MAIDEN.

(A Bric-à-Brac Ballad.)

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.



AID the Greenaway girl at the stile,
Who has always an amiable smile,
To the ivory man who was brought from Japan
(He was sharpening a sword all the while):

"I can *not* understand why you frown!"
"I'm desirous of putting you down,"
He replied. "You're so new, and your frock is
so blue,
And your sisters are all over town!"

"I am ancient" (he stated his age),
"And am said to Exhibit a Stage;
See the tint of my flesh!" "My complexion's more fresh,"
Answered she, "and my manners engage!"

"I'm expensive" (he mentioned his price),
"While a dime, I suppose, would suffice
To obtain one of you! You'll excuse me—it's true!"
"Yes, I know," said the maid, "but I'm *nice*!"

And I heard them, and straightway decide,
Till the Mongol abandons his pride,
And the maiden reveres his position and years,
They shall stand on the shelf side by side.

OH LADY MOON,
YOUR HORNS POINT TOWARD THE EAST—
~~~~~SHINE ÷ BE INCREASED~~~~~



OH LADY MOON,  
YOUR HORNS POINT TOWARD THE WEST—  
~~~~~WANE ÷ BE AT REST~~~~~

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

MIKKEL.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

II.

HOW MIKKEL DISGRACED HIMSELF.

WHEN Thor was twelve years old, he had to go out into the world to make his own living; for his parents were poor, and they had half a dozen younger children, who also had to be fed and clothed. As it happened, Judge Nannestad, who lived on a large estate down at the fiord, wanted an office-boy, and as Thor was a bright and active lad, he had no difficulty in obtaining the situation. The only question was, how to dispose of Mikkel; for, to be frank, Mikkel (in spite of his many admirable traits) was not a general favorite, and Thor suspected that when his protector was away Mikkel would have a hard time of it. He well knew that Mikkel was of a peculiar temperament, which required to be studied in order to be appreciated, and as there was no one but himself who took this trouble, he did not wonder that his friend was generally misunderstood. Mikkel's was not a nature to invite confidences; he scrupulously kept his own counsel, and was always alert and on his guard. There was a bland expression on his face, a kind of lurking smile, which never varied, and which gave absolutely no clew to his thoughts. When

he had skimmed the cream off the milk-pans on the top shelf in the kitchen, he returned, licking his chops, with the same inscrutable smile, as if his conscience were as clean as a new-born babe's; and when he had slipped his collar over his head and dispatched the kitten, burying its remains in the back yard, he betrayed no more remorse than if he had been cracking a nut. Sultan, the dog, strange to say, had private reasons for being afraid of him, and always slunk away in a shamefaced manner whenever Mikkel gave him one of his quiet sidelong glances. And yet the same Mikkel would roll on his back and jump and play with the baby by the hour, seize her pudgy little hands gently with his teeth, never inflicting a bite or a scratch. He would nestle on Thor's bosom inside of his coat while Thor was learning his lesson, or he would sit on his shoulder and look down on the book with his superior smile. It was not to be denied that Mikkel had a curious character—an odd mixture of good and bad qualities; but as, in Thor's judgment, the good were by far the more prominent, he would not listen to his father's advice and leave his friend behind him when he went down to the judge's at the grand estate.

It was the day after New-year's that Thor left the cottage up under the mountain, and, putting

on his skees,* slid down the steep hill-side to the fiord. Mikkel was nestling, according to his wont, in the bosom of his master's coat, while his pretty head, with the clean dark snout and dark mustache, was sticking out above the boy's collar, just under his chin. Mikkel had never been so far away from home before, and he concluded that the world was a bigger affair than he had been aware of.

It was with a loudly thumping heart that Thor paused outside the door of the judge's office, for he greatly feared that the judge might share the general prejudice against Mikkel, and make difficulties about his board and lodgings. Instead of entering, he went to the pump in the yard and washed his friend's face carefully and combed his hair with the fragment of a comb with which his mother had presented him at parting. It was important that Mikkel should appear to advantage, so as to make a good impression upon the judge. And really he did look irresistible, Thor thought, with his bright, black eyes, his dainty paws, and his beautiful red skin. He felt satisfied that if the judge had not a heart of stone he could not help being captivated at the sight of so lovely a creature. Thor took courage and knocked at the door.

"Ah, you are our new office-boy," said the judge, as he entered; "but what is that you have under your coat?"

"It is Mikkel, sir, please your Honor," stammered Thor, putting the fox on the floor, so as to display his charms. But hardly had he taken his hands off him, when a sudden scrambling noise was heard in the adjoining office, and a large hound came bounding with wild eyes and drooping tongue through the open door. With lightning speed Mikkel leaped up on the judge's writing-desk, scattering his writing materials, upsetting an inkstand by an accidental whisk of his tail, bespattering the honorable gentleman's face and shirt-front with the black fluid. To perform a similar service on the next desk, where a clerk was writing, to jump from there to the shoulder of a marble bust, which fell from its pedestal down on the hound's head and broke into a dozen pieces, and to reach a place of safety on the top of a tall book-case were all a moment's work. The hound lay howling with a wounded nose on the floor. The judge stood scowling at his desk, rubbing the ink all over his face with his handkerchief, and Mikkel sat smiling on the top of the book-case, surveying calmly the ruin which he had wrought. But the most miserable creature in the room was neither the judge, with his black face,

nor the hound, with the bleeding nose; it was Thor, who stood trembling at the door, expecting that something still more terrible would happen. And knowing that after having caused such a commotion his place was forfeited, he held out his arms to Mikkel, who accepted the invitation, and with all speed at their disposal they rushed out through the door and away over the snowy fields, scarcely knowing whither their feet bore them.

After half an hour's run, when he had no more breath left, Thor seated himself on a tree-stump and tried to collect his thoughts. What should he now do? Where should he turn? Go home he could not; and if he did, it would be the end of Mikkel. The only thing he could think of was to go around in the parish, from farm to farm, until he found somebody who would give him something to do.

"I hope you will appreciate, my dear Mikkel," he said to his fox, "that it is on your account I have all this trouble. It was very naughty of you to behave so badly, and if you do it again I shall have to whip you! Do you understand that, Mikkel?"

Mikkel looked sheepish, which plainly showed that he understood.

"Now, Mikkel," Thor continued, "we will go to the parson; perhaps he may have some use for us. What do you think of trying the parson?"

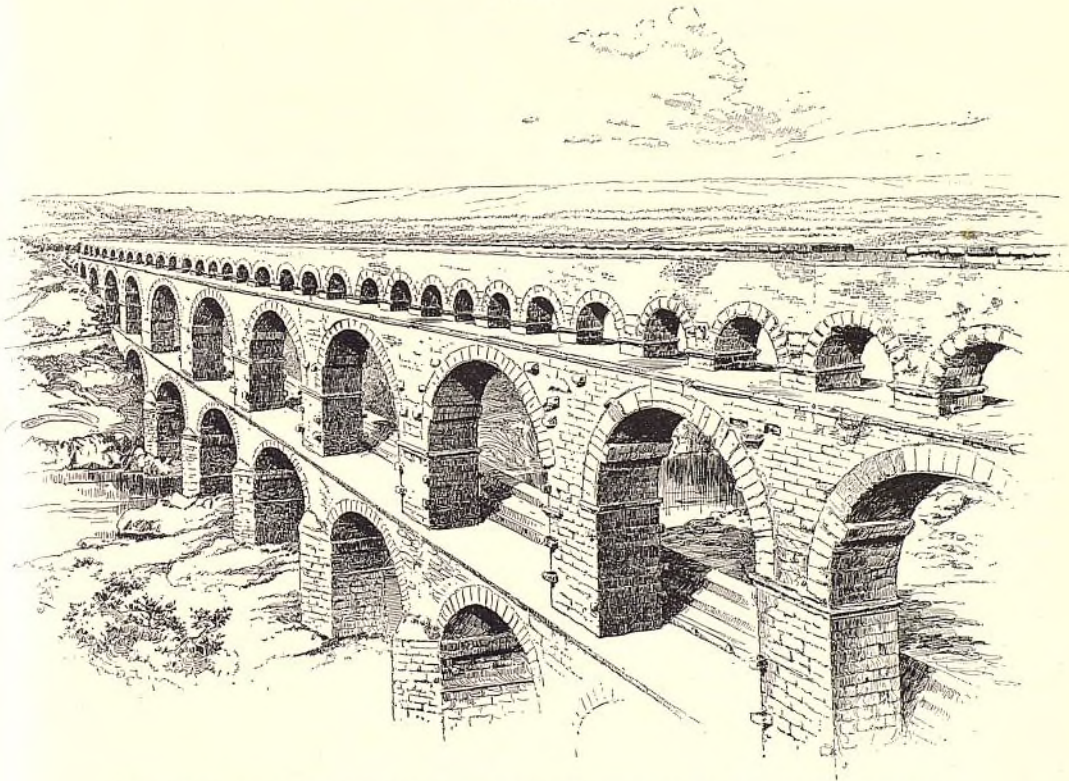
Mikkel apparently thought well of the parson, for he licked his master behind his ear and rubbed his snout against his cheek. Accordingly, by noon they reached the parsonage, and after a long parley with the pastor's wife, he was engaged as a sort of errand-boy, whose duty it should be to do odd jobs about the house. Mikkel was to have a kennel provided for him in the stable, but was under no circumstances to enter the house. Thor had to vouch for his good behavior, and the moment he made himself in any way obnoxious it was decided that he should be killed. Poor Thor had nominally to accept these hard conditions, but in his own mind he determined to run away with Mikkel the moment he was caught in any kind of mischief. It seemed very hard for Mikkel, too, who had been accustomed to sleep in Thor's arms in his warm bed, to be chained, and to spend the long, dark nights in the stable in a miserable kennel. Nevertheless, there was no help for it; so Thor went to work that same afternoon and made Mikkel as comfortable a kennel as he could, taking care to make the hole which served for entrance no bigger than it had to be, so that no dog or other enemy should be able to enter.

(To be concluded.)

* Norwegian snow-shoes, made to slide over the surface of the snow. They are nearly six feet long, about the breadth of the foot, and polished on the under side. In the middle there is a band for the foot, and sometimes a little knob to steady the heel. They have to be made of tough wood, well seasoned.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



THE PONT DU GARD—AN AQUEDUCT-BRIDGE BUILT BY THE ROMANS NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.*

SECOND PAPER.

THE CITY OF THE BENDED KNEE.

It is not by any means a humble city to which I am now about to conduct you; it is an old city, which from time to time has been as proud as any in the world; it is Genoa, called by the Italians *La Superba*, because of its many magnificent palaces, and because of its imposing appearance, as it rises in terraces above its bay on the side of a crescent-shaped hill. It was called Genoa, so say the people who make it their business to look into these things, from the Latin word *genu*, a knee; because at the place where the city stands, the land is bent around the water so as to give the latter the shape of a bended knee.

As I have said, Genoa has been a proud city. As far back as the days of the Romans it was an important sea-port. It was independent, and gov-

erned itself, and its power increased greatly. Other towns looked up to it for protection against the Saracen pirates; and it acquired possession, not only of islands in the Mediterranean, but of lands and ports in the East; its commerce was very extensive, and it took a prominent part in the crusades. It made war against Pisa, and utterly defeated the navy of that city; and there is reason to believe that the great tower of Pisa has never stood up straight since.

But, in spite of its wealth and its power, Genoa has been obliged to bend the knee about as often as any city that I know of. In the tenth century it knelt down to the Saracens, who captured it; and afterward it bent its knee to Venice, its great rival in commerce. For many years its nobles were arrayed against each other as Guelphs and Ghibellines, and whenever either party was defeated, it would call in some foreign power to help it; and in this way the city, at different times,

* For a description of the Pont du Gard, see the opening paper of this series in the last number of *ST. NICHOLAS*.

fell under the control of various kings and princes of Europe. The Turks took away its Eastern possessions, and long afterward it was captured by Germany, and was twice taken possession of by France. It now belongs to the United Kingdom of Italy. But, although it is no longer independent, Genoa stands up very erect in its own estimation; and it has a right to do so, for it is the first commercial city in Italy.

Genoa is a bright and lively place, where the people seem to keep awake all day, and there are a great many things to see there. An American boy or girl could not go into any part of the city without finding something interesting. We will first visit some of the palaces, and on our way we will pass through the street of the goldsmiths. Genoa is almost as much celebrated for a peculiar kind of gold and silver work as it is for its palaces, and we shall wish to stop and look at the shop windows in this busy little street. There are no sidewalks, but the whole street is a footway paved with large smooth flag-stones, and if a carriage or wagon appears in it, it moves slowly among the people. Nearly every little shop belongs to a goldsmith, as they are called, although they work more in silver than in gold, and the productions of these artisans consist almost entirely of small articles and ornaments made of fine silver wire, often gilded, and woven into the most delicate and beautiful shapes. Work like this is not to be seen in such perfection anywhere as in Genoa. Some of the shops are entirely open in front, so that you can stand in the street and look at the large cases filled with this fairy-like gold and silver work, and if you wish to buy some of the articles, you will find that they are not at all costly.

From this street we turn into another, with tall houses on each side, and shops and people everywhere. We soon pass an immense house which was once a palace, but is now used for other purposes. Looking up, we see that one of the great windows in the second story is open, and a lady is sitting at it. She is dressed in very bright, though somewhat old-fashioned, attire. Flowers and vines cluster inside the window, and there is a hanging cage with a bird. As we stop and look at her, the lady does not move, and in a few minutes we perceive that the window, the lady, the open shutters, the sash, the flowers, and the cage are all painted on the wall in a space where you would naturally expect to find a window. This used to be a favorite way of decorating houses in Italy, and in Genoa we shall frequently see these painted windows, some closed, and some partly open, some with one person looking out, some with two, and some with none. The lady at this window has sat and looked out on the street for hundreds of years. Under

her window, into the great entrance of the palace, used to pass nobles and princes. Now there are shops in the lower part of the palace, and you can have your shoes mended by a cobbler in the court-yard.

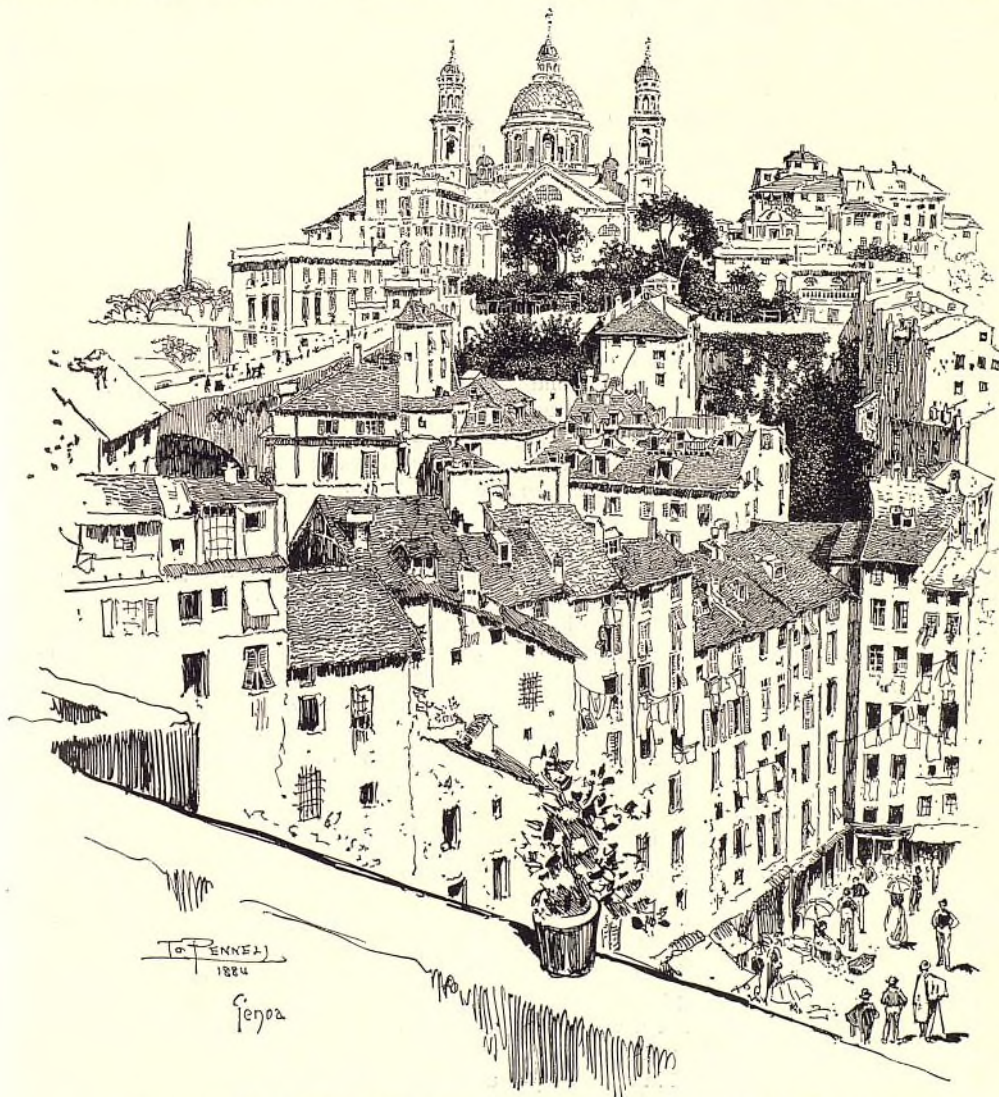
We soon reach the street which contains the greatest number of palaces, and which is now called the Via Garibaldi; and here we should stop to take a look at the outside of some of the palaces of the Middle Ages. They are but little injured by time, and look very much as they did when they were inhabited by the nobles of the sixteenth century. One of the first things which will strike some of us in regard to these palaces is the total absence of front doors, or doors opening on the street. It is not the custom in Europe to build houses of any pretension with doors on a public thoroughfare. These great Genoese palaces, often five or six stories high, are built around a central court, which is entered by an archway from the street. Carriages go through this archway, and people walk through it, and they find doors enough when they get into the court-yard, which is often large and handsome, and adorned with fountains and statuary. The ground floor is devoted to offices, and servants. On what we would consider the second story, but which in Europe is called the first floor, these palaces frequently contain great picture-galleries, consisting of long suites of rooms filled with valuable paintings; and in the third, fourth, and sometimes even in the fifth story, are the domestic apartments of the family. These palaces are as large as our great hotels, and there are no elevators to take people to the upper floors; but Europeans do not mind going upstairs; and the upper floors are often considered the most desirable of all.

The staircases, which sometimes open from the court and sometimes from the inside of the building, are great features of Genoese palaces, many of which are worth going to see simply on account of their grand and imposing stairways, which have been designed by celebrated architects. They are always of marble or stone, and this fashion prevails in large houses all over southern Europe. An Italian lady once said to me that she had heard a very strange thing about America, and that was that our staircases were built of wood; and when I told her that was the case, she said she did not see how we could ever be willing to go to sleep in a house with wooden stairways; for, if they were to take fire, how could we get out? Houses on the continent of Europe are much safer than ours in case of fire. In Italy it is seldom that a large dwelling is burned down; for as walls, floors, and stairs are

almost entirely stone or brick, there is very little to burn.

We can not go into all the palaces in this street; for, although it is quite short, it contains over a dozen of them. Some of the Genoese palaces are still occupied by members of the noble families for whom they were built in the sixteenth

tures, and find other floors, and seemingly endless suites of other rooms, many of them of much beauty and magnificence,—we wonder how one family could ever have needed so many rooms, and so grand a house that must have cost so much money. But we must remember that these nobles had great numbers of servants and adherents, who



VIEW OF A PORTION OF GENOA.—THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DI CARIGNANO AT THE SUMMIT.

century, but visitors are generally admitted to portions of all of them, especially the picture-galleries. As we walk through room after room of these immense edifices, the walls covered with valuable pictures and the ceilings painted by celebrated artists, and then mount grand stairways adorned with ancient and modern sculp-

all lived in the palace; and they entertained, besides, many visitors, so that their families were very much larger than any of those to which we are accustomed, even the very richest and most important of us. One of the grandest palaces in this street is now called the Palazzo del Municipio, for it belongs to the city. Another magnificent one

is the Palazzo Rosso, so called because it is built of red stone; and, nearly opposite, is the Palazzo Bianco, or white palace.

But the Via Garibaldi, called in old times the Via Nuova, or new street, does not contain, by any means, all the great palaces of Genoa. In the Via Balbi, near by, are many of these palatial buildings, and, among them, the Royal Palace, which is occupied by the King and Queen of Italy when they happen to be in Genoa. In the great entrance archway we see some soldiers and a porter, or custodian, dressed in uniform; and if we look as if we would give him a franc when we come out, this latter personage will conduct us through the palace, provided, of course, that the royal owners, who usually reside in Rome, are not there. We all wish to know how kings and queens live, and so we go through the rooms of this palace; the grand saloons, and the smaller ones, the dining-halls, the Queen's bed-chamber, and the King's bed-chamber. Here is the furniture they use, and the beds they sleep on. Everything is very sumptuous and handsome, but we notice that the King's bedstead, which is of iron, richly gilt, looks old, with some of the ornaments rubbed off. If King Humbert were one of our rich men, he would probably have a new bedstead; but, as he does not come very often to Genoa, he doubtless considers this good enough. I think you all will agree that in this palace, as well as in many others, there is nothing that seems to us very cozy, according to our ideas of such things. The floors are of rich marble, or tiles, and the furniture, though magnificent and costly, appears stiff and too orderly. But in winter carpets and rugs are laid down, no doubt; and when the King and Queen are here the tables and chairs are probably pulled around a little and things appear more homelike.

In the Pallavicini Palace, which is even finer than that of the King, after passing through a number of stately apartments, all cold and splendid, we are shown into a sitting-room, occupied by the family in the afternoons and evenings, which is carpeted, and looks almost as comfortable as some of our rooms at home. But among the ornaments and bric-à-brac in this apartment is a wonderful silver vase, by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, which is something not to be found in our sitting-rooms.

The last palace we shall visit is the Doria Palace, the most interesting in the city; and on our way there we meet a gentleman we know. Every one of us is acquainted with him, and we all feel under great obligations to him. He is very tall and pale, but his figure is grand and imposing, and he stands up high, where everybody can see him. It is Christopher Columbus,—and where should we

Americans have been without him! It gives us a strange sensation, in this Italian city, with its queer streets and tall palaces and its unfamiliar sights of every kind, to come upon this statue of good old Columbus, whom we have all known so well from our earliest childhood, and whom we have been accustomed to look upon somewhat in the light of the grandfather of our country. The Genoese think a great deal of Columbus, who was born in this neighborhood, you may remember, although they did not do much for him when he was alive. But there are always people who are willing to honor a successful man after some one else has given him a chance to show what he can do. At the foot of the statue is a kneeling figure representing our country thanking Columbus for having discovered her; and the whole stands in a beautiful open square. There are other mementos of Columbus in the city, and in the Municipal Palace two of his letters are preserved.

At a little distance stands the palace to which we are going, which was presented by the city, in the year 1522, to the famous Admiral Andrea Doria, who, by his naval victories, gave peace and safety to Genoa, and who was called the Father of his Country. The Admiral was not far from sixty years old when this grand palace was presented to him, and it might have been supposed that he would not have many years in which to enjoy it. But the situation seems to have agreed very well with him, for he lived to the age of ninety-five. This palace is somewhat different in plan from the others in Genoa; and we first enter a long portico, or *loggia*, which looks out upon an extensive and beautiful garden with summer-houses. Mounting to the first floor, we walk into the great entrance-hall, on the walls and ceiling of which are fresco-paintings by Del Vaga, a famous pupil of Raphael. We enter room after room, with the ceilings and walls covered with paintings and decorations; and one of these, a small apartment, is so painted as to give the idea that it is partly in ruins. There are vacant places in the ceiling from which stones seem to have tumbled out, vines creep through wide crevices, and on the top of broken places in the walls there sit owls and other birds. A person, not understanding the fancies and freaks of old-time architects and artists, might be a little startled on entering this room, and might imagine that if he shook the floor with his tread the walls and roof would come tumbling down upon him. In an apartment, called the Titan Hall, is a portrait of the old Admiral and his favorite cat, wherein the cat looks as if she enjoyed the palace quite as much as her master. Here, too, are the chairs in which Doria used to sit, and many other articles

of his furniture. On one side of the house is a long room, the outer wall of which is of glass. Here the old gentleman could walk up and down when the sun shone, and look out upon his great gardens and his villa, which stood upon a terraced hill opposite, as well as upon the beautiful harbor of Genoa, and—at the same time—be as comfortable as if he were sitting before the fire. This palace still belongs to members of the Admiral's family, but they live in a vast square palace in Rome.

Opening from one of the piazzas or squares, which are found everywhere in Genoa, is a little street called a *salita*, which is probably different from any street you ever saw before. It is but a few feet wide, and consists of a series of broad steps, paved with cobble-stones, which lead us downward for a long distance to a little piazza nearly surrounded by tall houses; on one side of which stands the small dark church of San Matteo. This is where old Admiral Doria used to go to church. Over the altar hangs the long sword he once wore, and in a vault below he is buried. The little church is filled with beautiful sculptures and works of art, and on the outside are many inscriptions relating to the Doria family, some of whom attended service here at least two centuries before the Admiral was born.

There are a good many churches in Genoa, and most of them are very different from this dark little building. One of them, the Cathedral, is a very large and old edifice, built of black and white marble, and in it, carefully guarded, is a cup or vase, said to be the Holy Grail, or the cup used by Christ and his disciples at the Last Supper. This was captured in the Holy Land, by the Genoese, during the Crusades. People who wish to believe that this cup is the Holy Grail, do so, and those who do not, do not. Another church, Santa Annunziata, which is now attended by the rich people of Genoa, is gorgeously ornamented, and has the greater portion of its ceiling covered with pure gold.

When we enter any of these churches we do not open a door, but are obliged to push aside a corner of a great heavy leathern curtain, which hangs in the door-way. There is always an old woman or a poor old man to pull aside this curtain for us, in exchange for a copper; and inside we find a sacristan, or sexton, fond of a little silver, who will show us everything in the church.

Genoa is, as I have said, the great commercial city of Italy, having now outstripped her former rival, Venice, in this respect; and the large harbor is a very lively and interesting place. In order to see it to the best advantage, we go upon a broad marble terrace, built high above the

crowded streets, and extending for half a mile along the harbor. This terrace, which was constructed for the purpose of giving the citizens a promenade by the water-front, where they would not be interfered with by the crowds of people and vehicles in that part of the town, is about forty feet wide, and the floor is very smooth, so that persons may often be seen here skating on roller-skates. It is a delightful place on which to enjoy the fresh sea air, and to look down on the harbor, stretching far out before us, crowded with steamers, sailing-vessels, and small boats, and shut in by long moles, or walls, with light-houses on them.

Any one who likes to see sailors can have a fine opportunity of seeing them in Genoa. In the busy streets near the harbor are to be found hundreds of mariners from every part of the world. Here they stand and sit about and talk and smoke, and some of the old fellows look as if they had lived nearly as long as the famous Admiral himself. These sailors, many of whom wear red woolen caps, and gay sashes around their waists, have often a piratical look; and it is said that it is not always safe for strangers to wander among them in certain parts of the town. But there are so many of us that we can go where we please.

There are plenty of youngsters, boys and girls, to be seen about the harbor, in which place the idea probably came into the head of the boy Columbus that he would like to be a sailor, and see what was to be seen in other parts of the world; and for aught we know, some of the rough-looking little fellows whom we see sitting on the posts, or running up and down the stone steps which, in some places, lead to the higher parts of the town, may yet turn out to be hardy navigators. But there are no more continents for them to discover,—unless, indeed, they go into the Arctic or Antarctic regions, where the climate, I fear, would not suit a Genoese.

Near the marble terrace, at one end, is an old building, which used to be considered one of the most important houses in the world. It was the bank of San Giorgio, a great banking-house of the Middle Ages. In the time of the Crusades it furnished money to the bold knights who went out to recover the Holy Land from the Saracens, and for centuries it was a most wealthy and powerful institution. No matter what happened to the Republic of Genoa, whether the Guelphs or the Ghibellines were uppermost, whether she was ruled by her own nobles, or Doges, or whether outside potentates were called in to take part in her government, the great bank of San Giorgio always stood firm. It owned large possessions in Corsica and other places, and there was a time when there was reason to believe that if it had

HIS ONE FAULT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE sun was just beginning to shine over the wooded hills and hazy pasture-land; for it was now September, the month of rapidly shortening days.

Kit found a few people astir in the village, and met two or three teams on the road; but no one had seen Dandy Jim and his rider. Then a milkman overtook him, and gave him a ride of a mile, but had to turn off on a by-road, while Kit followed the tracks. These were fast becoming obliterated; but by searching carefully at forks and crossings, he could still see enough of them to decide which direction the rogue had taken.

He got another ride in a farmer's wagon; and afterward hung on behind a carriage that was going his way; thus getting over much of the ground about as fast, he thought, as if he had a horse of his own. The morning was pleasant; the air cool and sweet after the shower; the roadsides were ornamented with golden-rods and asters; while here and there a sapling or sumach by the fences, or a trailing woodbine on the rough stone walls, touched the landscape with the first bright hues of autumn. But for the great anxiety attending it, Kit would have enjoyed his journey, on such a day, amid these smiling farms.

The road he was on was a great thoroughfare leading to Boston, forty miles away; and he was not long in making up his mind that the rogue had gone thither to dispose of the horse. It was a discouraging prospect for a boy of sixteen, with less than a dollar in his pocket, and with no friends, whose influence he could enlist in his behalf, on the way or in the city itself. But it would be something, at least, to know what course Dandy's rider had taken.

About four miles from home he came to a fork in the highway, and dropped off from behind the carriage (not without regret) to trace the tracks. They had quite disappeared, either obliterated by the increasing travel or, as Kit thought more probable, because the thief had turned off on the turf to baffle pursuit.

He was carefully looking for them in the sand and in the still wet grass, when a farm-boy came along, of whom he made the usual inquiry: "Have you seen anything of a man on a dark-brown horse, almost black, with a braided foretop?"

"The man almost black, with a braided foretop?" said the young fellow, with a grin.

"No; the horse. I can't describe the man," replied Kit, irritated by such untimely levity.

"I did n't know but you meant the man," said the fellow; "and I did n't want to answer your question unless I could do it straight and square. An almost black hoss, with a braided foretop, and a rider?"

"Yes; with little roundish mottles of a lighter brown, about as big as your thumb, along the under side of his body."

"The rider?" inquired the boy.

"No; the horse," said Kit, indignantly; though he had wit enough of his own to laugh at the fellow's drollery afterward.

"Was he trottin' or canterin'?—I mean the hoss," the wag added, as if anxious to avoid further misunderstanding.

Kit explained that Dandy was a trotter, being more accustomed to the harness than the saddle, but that he could gallop when urged.

"But, trotting or galloping," he demanded, "have you seen any horse at all?"

"Yes, I have."

"A dark-brown one?"

"Rather dark; though I did n't notice the braided foretop and the mottles."

"With a rider?" cried Kit, eagerly.

"No, he had n't any rider; he was one of a pair ahead of a two-hoss wagon," was the disappointing answer; and Kit turned again to look for the tracks, angrily resolved to waste no more words on so unpromising a subject.

"What have ye lost?" said the fellow. "Can I do anything for ye?"

"Not unless you answer my questions seriously, if you answer them at all. I have lost a horse; and I should think you might do as you would like to have me do by you, if you were in my place."

"Sho! Why did n't you say so before? I did n't know you'd lost a hoss!"

"You might have known; I was inquiring for him."

"Have you lost a rider, too? You was inquiren' for a rider with the hoss."

Kit changed the topic abruptly.

"Which of these two roads goes to Boston?" he asked.

"Don't neither on 'em go to Boston; they stay right where they be," said the funny boy.

"That's a pretty old joke," said Kit; "and unless you can think of a fresh one, you'd better not

try to joke at all. The thief is probably on his way to Boston, and I want to know which road to take to find him."

"Take either on 'em, and you 'll most likely find he 's taken t' other, for they are both roads to Boston," said the rural joker.

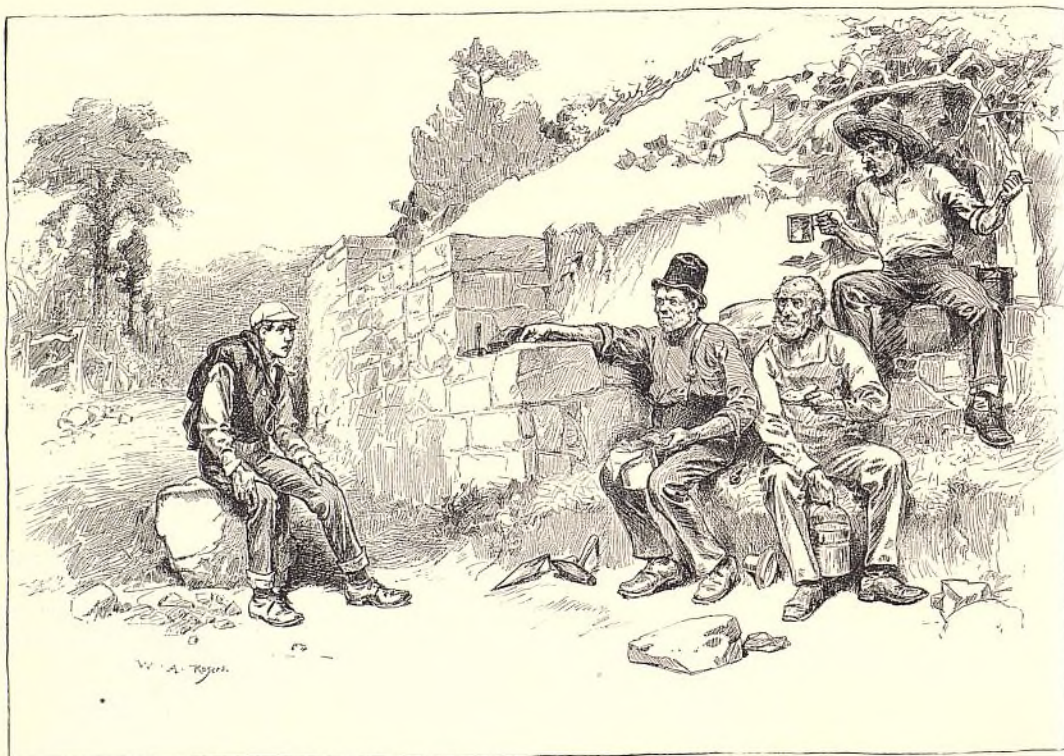
He was speaking the truth about the general direction of the roads, however; and he afterward atoned for his impertinence by joining in the search for Dandy's tracks.

"Here; what's this?" he cried. Kit hastened to see; and there, cutting through the thin

look for tracks at the crossings they passed. At one of these a drove of cattle had come into the highway,—as if they had been invented on purpose, Kit said, to follow and cover up all traces of the stolen horse. A mile or two farther on he descried a cloud of dust in the distance, and exclaimed:

"There 's the drove of cattle!" The man touched up his horse, and they soon came up with a drover, to whom, as he was urging on the laggards of the herd, Kit put his usual question.

"Yes; I 've seen sich a hoss—Whay! shoo!" said the drover, cracking his whip at a yearling by



"THAT IS THE GROVE, IN SIGHT, YONDER," SAID ONE OF THE STONE-LAYERS."

turf of the roadside into the brown sandy loam beneath, the prints of Dandy's hoofs re-appeared,—or some extremely like them.

"Thank you ever so much," exclaimed Kit, heartily forgiving the fellow's waggery. "This is the way he has gone!" And he was off again.

He next made inquiries and begged a ride of a man driving in a light carry-all; and he was encouraged on finding everybody so ready to help him when his story was told, even the roadside wag having hardly proved an exception.

The man in the carry-all agreed with him that the rogue had probably gone to Boston with the horse; nevertheless, he stopped to allow Kit to

the fence. "Jest after daylight this—go 'long there! will ye?"—(crack, crack!)—"this mornin'."

Kit's heart gave a leap of expectation, and he described more particularly Dandy's marks.

"It was skurcely light enough for me—whay there! ho! ho!—for me to notice the mottles on his sides; but I remember the—git along, now!—the braided foretop," the drover interruptedly explained.

"Where was he?" Kit eagerly asked.

"Six or eight miles back—Gee! git!" said the drover, impartially addressing Kit and the cattle.

"Before you struck this road?" put in the man in the carry-all.

"Long afore. We had jest got the drove started. Whoop! Jerusalem! Boys, look out for the gap in that fence!"

"What sort of a chap was riding him?" Kit asked, in a fever of excitement.

"A youngish chap, not much more 'n twenty, I should jedge—hillo! hillo!—A fair-spoken feller; nothin' partic'larly noticeable about him. He wanted to sell me the hoss, and turned and rode with me—hish! 'sh!—for half a mile or so. 'T wa' n't so dusty then as 't is now." (Crack, crack! went the drover's whip.)

"How was he dressed?" Kit continued.

"Re'ly, I can't tell: I did n't give much 'tention to him; but I kin' o' looked the hoss over,—whish! ho!—He offered him dog-cheap."

"How cheap!" cried Kit.

"He offered him for fifty dollars."

"Dandy Jim for fifty dollars!"

"I've got the chink right here in my pocket," said the drover, pausing to wipe away the dust under his black felt hat. "But I was jealous everything wa' n't jest ship-shape; feller stumpin' me for a trade that time in the mornin', an' offerin' a beast for less 'n half he 's wuth. Should n't wonder if you could overhaul him, for he 'll be offerin' his hoss along on the by-roads."

Kit had thought it a great good fortune to get a ride of two or three miles with the man in the carry-all; and indeed it was, for it had enabled him to obtain this positive information from the drover; but now he had to turn back on his course, which he hurriedly prepared to do, having asked a few more questions, and thanked both men for their assistance.

"You 're welcome, far 's I 'm concerned," said the drover, wielding his whip, and shouting again, "Ho! hillo! Whish! Jerusalem! git along there!" as he followed the cattle, and the cloud of dust.

"I'd like no better fun than to drive with you, and help run down the horse-thief, if I had time," said the man in the carry-all. "You 've only to follow back the cattle-tracks to the yard they left at day-break, and it wont be long before you hear of the rogue again. Good-bye! and luck to you!"

With hopes stronger than ever, if not of overhauling the thief, at least of finding where he disposed of the horse, Kit set off on a run to return to the cross-road. He had slackened his speed to a walk long before he reached it, and he followed it more and more wearily until noon.

Beyond the yard where the cattle had been penned for the night, he thought he could make out Dandy's hoof-prints again; but they were bafflingly uncertain, and he soon gave up trying to trace them. Nor could he by inquiring hear anything of the horse or its rider.

"I suppose people along here were hardly stirring when he passed," thought he, as he kept on, still without losing hope. "Or may be he wished to go farther away before offering to sell Dandy to anybody but a passing drover."

He turned off at forks and crossings look for tracks and make inquiries, but always came back to the road he was following, after losing time and strength and patience in these fruitless excursions. He was growing quite disheartened and bewildered, when he came to some stone-layers eating their dinner beside an unfinished bank wall.

"We have been at work here since half-past six this morning," said one of them, "and we have seen no man on horseback."

Kit sat down on a stone with a weary sigh.

"What could have become of him?" he said, thinking aloud rather than addressing the men. "It must have been near six when he left the drover; and I don't believe Dandy could have traveled so far as this in half an hour. I don't know what to do!"

He had eaten his bread and butter while driving with the man in the carry-all; and now he could not help looking wistfully at the boiled eggs the men cracked on the edges of their dinner-pails. He was glad, however, they did not offer him what he would have been ashamed to accept, and yet might not have had the resolution to refuse.

"I tell you what I think," said one, at last; "I think I have seen your man."

"When? Where?" Kit asked quickly.

"You know, boys, when I went for the drill. Coming through Hillard's grove, I was near stumbling over a man stretched out fast asleep on the ground, while a hoss was grazing in a grassy hollow. I think that was your man, and I think that was your hoss."

Kit thought so, too, so surely that he forgot all about his hunger and weariness and waning hopes, and was on his feet again in an instant plying the stone-layer with questions.

"He sat up, and put on his hat, which had fallen off where he slept, and looked at me saucy-like; but as I said nothing to him he said nothing to me. Yes, it was a darkish hoss, with a saddle, and his bridle was slipped back on his neck, with the reins made fast to a loose branch on the ground, to keep him from walking away. It was about three hours ago, and that is the grove, in sight, yonder; you 've just come past it."

The speaker had not noticed Dandy's distinguishing marks; but there could not be much doubt that the horse he had seen was Dandy himself. He told Kit how to find a grass-grown wagon-track leading into the woods, and the grassy hollow where he had seen the grazing animal and the sleeping man.

(To be continued.)

THE KING'S FEAST IN RUFUS'S HALL.

BY REV. HENRY AUGUSTUS ADAMS.

IN the good old days of merry England the Yule-tide festivities greatly surpassed our present Christmas celebrations in splendor.

We all have read about the wild ringing of the bells, the troupes of singers caroling in the crisp night air their quaint old Christmas ballads; about the sumptuous feasting, the ceremony of bringing in the boar's head, and the mystic spell of the mistletoe bough.

But now let me show you how the glad Christmas merry-making went on in the king's palace.

Close by Westminster Abbey, where all of the English sovereigns are crowned, and where many of them lie buried, there stands a grand old building known as Westminster Hall. It now forms a part of the Parliament Houses; but it is nearly five hundred years older than any other part of the buildings.

In the olden times the king's palace was at Westminster, and it was for this reason that William Rufus, the son of William the Conqueror, here built his great banqueting-hall in the year 1097, which was known as "Rufus's Roaring Hall," and later, "Westminster Hall."

It is an immense stone-floored room stretching—when you stand in its center,—away from you, above you, around you on every side, until you feel quite lost in wonder.

The old roof, with its great rafters of timber, reaching, unsupported by pillars, entirely over the hall, is the second largest in the world.

What strange sights that old roof has looked down upon! How many sounds have echoed through those vaults!

If we could have peeped in there on Christmas night six hundred and seventy years ago, we should have seen the old hall crowded with knights and ladies, pages, courtiers, and minstrels. Down the center stretched the great oaken table, groaning with good things; while at the upper end, in all his royal attire, sat the king. And the merry laugh went round, and the joy was unbounded; and so was the king's bounty,—for the poor, as well as the rich, had enough and to spare that night.

And yet this king was not a good king: King John, the brother of Richard the Lion-hearted, was a very bad man.

King Henry III. used to have his great Christmas dinners in Rufus's Roaring Hall; and once, when he himself was at his other palace, at Win-

chester, he did not forget the poor, but directed his treasurer to fill the great hall for one week from Christmas-day with poor people, and feast them there."

The next king, Edward I., continued the Christmas feasting at Westminster Hall. His son—who was the first Prince of Wales—used to enjoy these merry times.

King Edward III. was called a "right royal provider of Christmas cheer." If this meant that he was even more generous than his father, lavish, indeed, must those feasts have been. In fact, we still read of the rich "soups of the brawn of capons;" of blanc-manges, tarts, and pies, and countless other good things, in the preparation of which his cooks excelled. But the years 1358 and 1362 were especially blessed with festivities. The Christmas dinner in Rufus's Hall, on the former of these two years, was graced by the presence of three great kings. At the end sat the English monarch, with his crown upon his head; on his right, the captive King of France; on his left, King David of Scotland.

At the next great feast these were joined by the King of Cyprus. The cooks did their best; jellies of all colors, and in all shapes, of flowers, trees, beasts, fruit, fish, and fowl; confections of cinnamon and ginger, and "grains of paradise," for dessert,—these, and other delicacies, did the king's grace (and the king's cooks) provide.

But still greater feasts were coming; for when King Richard II. ascended the throne, he outdid all his predecessors in his Christmas hospitality.

The old hall had fallen into a very dilapidated state, and Richard rebuilt it, and there it stands to-day just as he finished it.

An old chronicler tells us, that when the king completed the new hall he determined to give "a house-warming"; from all accounts it must have been a heart-warming to many a poor soul.

Two thousand cooks prepared the feast, which ten thousand of the king's subjects were bidden to enjoy. The good king was attired in cloth-of-gold garnished with pearls and precious stones.

The feasting, hospitality, and rejoicing continued throughout the entire week. It was a season of universal merriment and good-will.

There is no palace at Westminster now, and there are no more banquets in the old hall. It was not until the times of Good Queen Bess that the Westminster celebrations came to an end.

Each king strove to be merrier and more charitable than the last; but times have changed. This year, when the deep-toned Westminster clock

Has the world forgotten that Christ was born? Have kings forgotten the poor? No. In *every* home there is to be a feast. The poor have Christ



THE KING'S FEAST.—BRINGING IN THE VIANDS.

peals out the advent of the glad Christmas-day, it is dark in the banqueting hall. There are shadows only on the old, old roof; shadows on the old stone floor. The old kings are sleeping in the neighboring abbey. The voice of the minstrels is no longer heard.

and Christmas in their own houses now. In the morning the church bells will ring. Millions of happy voices will call, "Merry Christmas!" Twice as many million twinkling eyes will peer into half as many million well-filled stockings. No need for kings and cooks to make us happy!

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

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

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAJESTY OF A SENATE PAGE.

THE second day of the session I began to feel at home, and in the course of a week considered myself qualified to do anything required. I had to become familiar with all the various rooms and nooks and corners of the Capitol, and learn exactly where to go when sent upon a message. It became necessary for me to acquaint myself with every senator and officer of the Senate, and this of itself was quite an undertaking. There were the Secretary of the Senate and a number of gentlemen who attended to the clerical duties in connection with the proceedings of that body. Then there was the Sergeant-at-Arms, whose duty it was to execute the commands of the Senate in preserving order and punishing offenses, and he had quite a corps of assistants, among whom we pages counted ourselves not the least by any means. More formidable in numbers was the House of Representatives. I had to be about as well posted in regard to the members and officers of that body as of the Senate itself, because the senators were constantly writing notes to the representatives, and sending us on other messages to the other wing of the Capitol. And, furthermore, there was a large army of dignitaries, public officials, and prominent citizens, who were constantly coming to the Capitol to visit or confer with congressmen, and it was useful to know the names and faces of as many of these as possible.

The senators would send us on every conceivable sort of errand, and I found my store of information rapidly increasing each day. Occasionally, however, I would be puzzled. Some of the senators were rather reckless in their chirography, and frequently one of them would simply hand to me a letter or a scrap of paper with some writing on it, without saying anything at all, expecting me to understand what he wished. I would turn these notes upside down, sideways, and cornerways, and could hardly tell from the hieroglyphics whether the words were good old Anglo-Saxon or Hebrew. If a fly had fallen into an ink-bottle, and, after being extricated, had walked over the paper on which such scrawls were written, dragging the ink after it, the tracks on its line of march could have been almost as

readily translated into the English language. But, though I was very young and not especially precocious, I studied these various eccentricities, or styles—I was about to say “systems”—of legislative handwriting with such ardor, that I finally became able to read them all. So well known did this accomplishment of mine become, that I was frequently appealed to by persons about the Capitol to decipher writings of other people, and, strange as it may seem, senators have actually asked me to read their own marks which they themselves have been unable to recognize after making. I joked a senator about this one day, and told him I thought it was curious he could not read his own handwriting. He did not like to acknowledge this fact, and declared that he could.

“Well,” said I, picking up a letter which he had just written and which lay upon his desk, “I’ll wager, sir, you can’t tell what word that is,” and I put my two hands upon the sheet of paper so as to cover all of the writing except that particular word.

“Oh,” he exclaimed, as if I were doing an unreasonable thing in covering up the other words, “take your hands away!”



WHAT A PAGE
MADE OUT
OF THE AU-
TOGRAPH.

But then he could not make out the word, even by the help of the others or the context of the letter, and laughingly admitted that he had forgotten what the scratches were intended for. At another time, I saw on a desk a piece of paper that had on it a comical likeness or image of a human skeleton in miniature—a profile view of the skull, the ribs, and the other bones, even to the foot. I wondered who the senatorial artist was, and in handling the paper I chanced to turn it another way. And what do you think it was? It was n't meant for a skeleton, after all. It was nothing else than a very hasty autograph of Senator George F. Edmunds.

But even if the handwriting had been legible, the meaning of the inscriptions was frequently bewildering. For example, how in the name of common sense was an ordinary mortal (and espe-

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cially a young mortal, fresh from the pages of Shakspeare and Scott) to know that the memorandum "H. 432" meant that the senator wanted "House of Representatives Bill, No. 432"? Yet that was an easy enigma compared with some others.

One useful rule of conduct, however, I learned at the very beginning of my experience—I never betrayed my ignorance to a senator. Had I done so, he might not have had sufficient confidence in my ability to entrust me with an important message, and might have called another page. If, there-

But I always succeeded in doing it, and without waste of time on my part. Only once, during the whole term of four years that I was in the Senate, did a senator ever feel provoked at the manner in which I executed any order given to me. It was a memorable day. He was making a very important argument, the galleries were packed, and every one was listening intently to what he was saying. In the course of his speech he had occasion to refer to a certain book, and, searching through the pile he had upon his table, found that the one he needed was not there. I was standing at the end of the clerk's desk, and, looking straight at me, he called out:

"Bring me the third volume of the *Trial of Queen Caroline*."

I supposed that he would not be able to proceed with his speech without the book, and I felt very anxious to bring it to him as quickly as possible. I knew the book very well, having had occasion to get it before, and that it was in the Law Library on the floor below, underneath the room occupied by the Supreme Court. It was quite a distance, but I had my slippers on, and I almost flew through the marble corridors, going down the winding stair-way in a manner that must have astonished people who saw me. Rushing into

the room, gasping for breath, I said to the librarian:

"Senator—— wants the third volume of the *Trial of Queen Caroline*, please."

It was a book that he could have found and given to me in a very few moments, but for some reason or other he did not seem inclined to rise out of the chair in which he was sitting. After waiting a short while and realizing that every moment's delay detracted from my glory, I again appealed to him:

"Wont you please get me the book? The senator is in the midst of a speech, and is waiting for it." But the librarian answered: "Well, he can wait." And then he continued to sit there,



W.A. Rogers.

THE LADY FINDS IN THE PAGE AN INFLUENTIAL FRIEND. (SEE P. 141.)

fore, a senator asked me to carry a dispatch to the House of Representatives and hand it to a certain member, I would undertake the charge with perfect self-possession, and if I did not know the member, I would manage to find him by inquiry after I got to the House. Sometimes I would be sent for a certain book, and I would hardly know where to go for it—whether to the Senate Library, where are kept books only of a particular class, or to the Law Library, which contains works on purely legal subjects, or to the immense Congressional Library, including hundreds of thousands of volumes; and sometimes I would have to try each of these libraries before I could get the book.

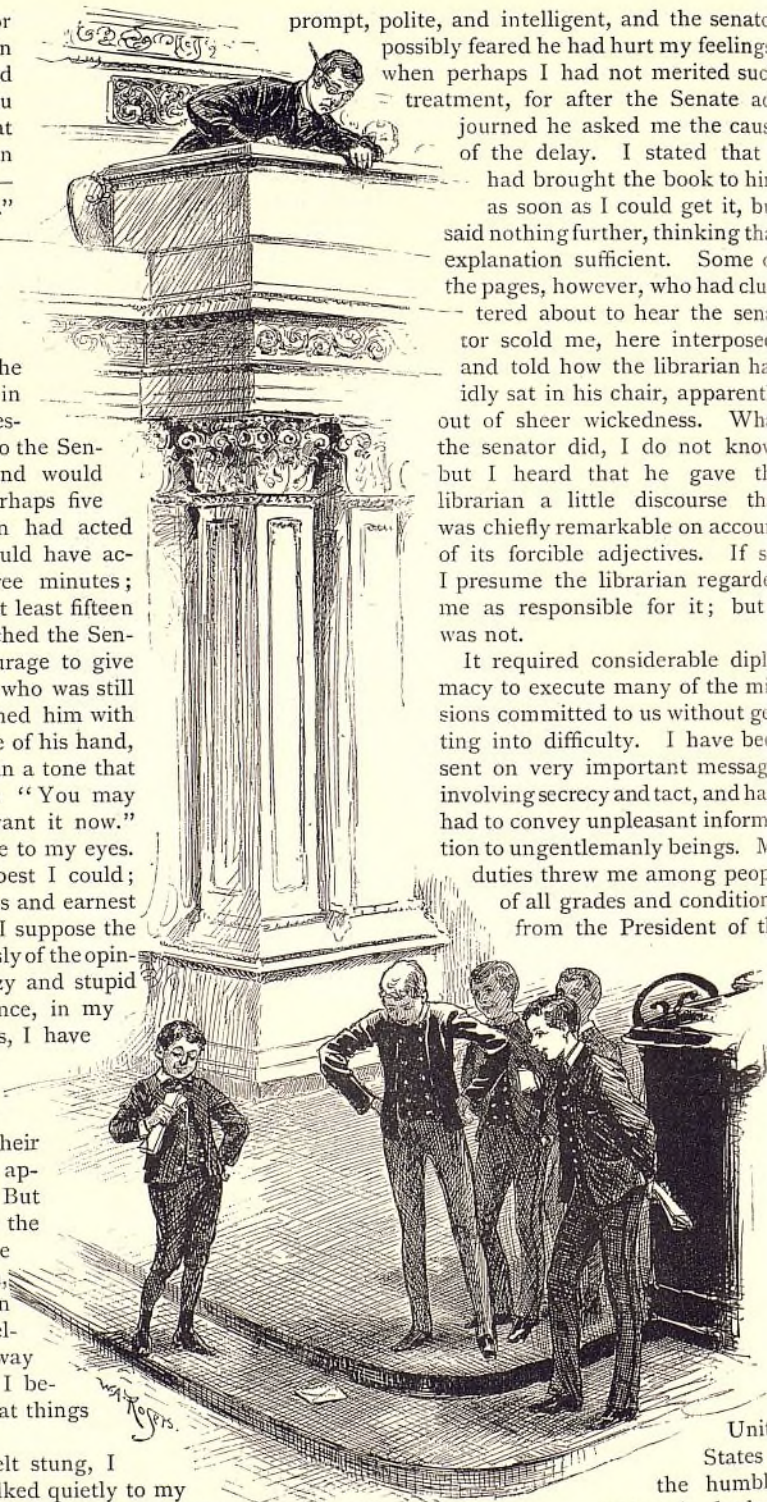
perfectly unconcerned, for fully five minutes. Soon, in came a page, who shouted to me very excitedly: "You'd better hurry up with that book!" And the librarian merely smiled sardonically—"but never a word spake he."

Two or three minutes later another page entered, more excited than the first, and I really believe that, before the librarian condescended to get the book, nearly every page in the Senate was there to escort me back in disgrace to the Senate Chamber. The errand would ordinarily have taken perhaps five minutes; if the librarian had acted promptly, I believe I would have accomplished it within three minutes; as it was, the delay was at least fifteen minutes, and when I reached the Senate, I hardly had the courage to give the book to the senator, who was still speaking. As I approached him with it, he gave a majestic wave of his hand, saying very sharply and in a tone that was heard by every one: "You may take it back. I don't want it now." This made the tears come to my eyes. I knew I had done the best I could; yet all my good intentions and earnest effort went for naught. I suppose the spectators were unanimously of the opinion that I was a very lazy and stupid boy. Since that occurrence, in my battle with worldly affairs, I have frequently been unjustly suspected and accused by people who knew nothing of the facts, but based their judgment merely upon appearances, as in this case. But people who do not know the facts in any matter have hardly the right to form, much less to express, an unfavorable opinion of a fellow-man. That is the way I have always felt since I became old enough to look at things philosophically.

And so, although I felt stung, I gritted my teeth and walked quietly to my place. I had made quite a reputation for being

prompt, polite, and intelligent, and the senator possibly feared he had hurt my feelings, when perhaps I had not merited such treatment, for after the Senate adjourned he asked me the cause of the delay. I stated that I had brought the book to him as soon as I could get it, but said nothing further, thinking that explanation sufficient. Some of the pages, however, who had clustered about to hear the senator scold me, here interposed, and told how the librarian had idly sat in his chair, apparently out of sheer wickedness. What the senator did, I do not know, but I heard that he gave the librarian a little discourse that was chiefly remarkable on account of its forcible adjectives. If so, I presume the librarian regarded me as responsible for it; but I was not.

It required considerable diplomacy to execute many of the missions committed to us without getting into difficulty. I have been sent on very important messages involving secrecy and tact, and have had to convey unpleasant information to ungentlemanly beings. My duties threw me among people of all grades and conditions, from the President of the



United States to the humblest person in the land.

THE PAGES TANTALIZE THE REPORTER.

People would come to the Senate and send in their cards to senators who did not wish to see them. Many of these were "bores," and we can not blame the legislators for declining to be bothered. But, on the contrary, I have often seen poor men and women haunting the doors of the Senate day after day, beseeching just one moment's interview, with an earnestness that always aroused my sympathy.

Some of the senators, not knowing these people or not wishing to be troubled at the time, would give various excuses for not coming out. On one occasion a very pleasant-looking lady, who evidently wished assistance in some matter of great importance to her, asked me to hand her card to a senator, whose name I shall not mention, and I did as she requested. The senator looked at the card, and at once said: "Tell the lady I am very busy, and must ask her to excuse me."

I accordingly gave the message to the lady. "But," I added, "if there is anything you desire to say to him, I shall be very glad to carry the message." She then explained that her husband was an invalid soldier and had what is known as a "pension claim" against the Government, and that, as a law of Congress was necessary before the claim could be paid, she wished some senator to introduce a "bill" (which is the first step toward a "law," as I will hereafter explain), in order that her family might get the money and relieve their urgent wants. She further stated that she was not acquainted with any members of the Senate or House, but had presumed to apply to this senator, as he was from her State. I then told her that I did not think he would be likely to trouble himself much about the matter, but that, if she desired, I would speak to Senator Pratt, who was Chairman of the Committee on Pensions of the Senate, and that as he was a very kind-hearted man I was sure he would assist her, although he was not one of the two senators from her State. She said that she would be grateful if I would help her in any way, as she did not know what to do. I took her papers and went to Senator Pratt, told him all about the case, and asked him if he would not do what he could. He said, "Where is the lady?" I told him she was waiting in the reception-room, and he replied, "Well, take me to her," which I did. The result was that the senator introduced the bill for her, and that it passed through both Houses of Congress, was approved by the President, became a law, and she got her money within a few weeks.

It was thus very often in our power to aid strangers and others. I have many a time spoken with senators who refused to see deserving people

seeking interviews, telling them that the applicants were old or delicate or some other facts to excite their interest, and the senators as often would change their minds and go out and see the persons.

But while the pages could be considerate and obliging, they could also be otherwise, if their dignity were involved. We could be as "aggravating" as any boys can be, when we wished, and some folks must have thought us little demons. While we were employed to wait upon the senators, "outsiders" would encroach upon our good-nature and ask us to do things which they could do as well themselves, and when, perhaps, we had our hands full of other work. We always refused to attend to these matters, if they were put in the shape of a demand instead of a request. There were several newspaper reporters in the gallery over the Vice-President's chair, to which I have referred, who frequently ignored our rights. A reporter would wish to ask a question of a senator, and, not caring particularly to come down the stairs and send in his card, would drop a note from the gallery, expecting one of us to pick it up and hand it to the senator to whom it was addressed. This was a rather officious request sometimes, as we were tired and worn out from excessive running, and would hardly feel like going up to where the reporter was, in the roundabout way in which we should have had to go, to deliver him the information called for, and then come all the way back. But, whether we were tired or full of activity, we did not like the matter-of-course manner in which some of the reporters had demanded our services; and we would often let the note remain where it had fallen on the carpet. Sometimes, out of pugnacity, we would surround the paper and walk around it, gazing at it apparently with great curiosity, but evincing no inclination to touch it. Finally, when the reporter would lean over the edge of the gallery, and, in a very obsequious manner, would bow his head and smile and go through a lot of gymnastics to indicate to everybody else in the galleries that the "squib" would not "go off," and that he would be exceedingly obliged if one of our excellencies would graciously convey the paper to its desired destination, one of us would pick it up; but not until then.

In addition to the duties belonging to the position of page, I soon became competent to assist officers of the Senate in various ways; at one time, relieving a door-keeper at his post; at another, acting as a scribe, or private secretary, to a senator. But the honor or privilege that I particularly enjoyed was that of hauling up the flag. Every day, when the Senate met, a flag would be hoisted to the top of the staff on the roof

of the Senate, to notify people of that fact, and it would so remain until the Senate adjourned for the day, when it would be lowered. The same thing was done as regards the sessions of the House.

The man who had charge of the Senate flag, not caring about the trouble of ascending the tedious stairs leading to the roof, finally permitted me to act for him. Accordingly, every day, a little before the time for the meeting of the Senate, I would get the keys and go aloft, and, having arranged the flag and halyards, would wait there with the rope in my hand, ready to act. When the steam-whistles all over the city began to blow, announcing twelve o'clock, I would haul away until the flag reached the top of the pole, and, after fastening the rope near the bottom, I would descend to the Senate Chamber, with a profound conviction that I was, after all, a very important personage. Sometimes I would have so many other matters to attend to, that I would forget to haul the flag up for several hours after the meeting of the Senate; and then sometimes I would go home after the Senate adjourned, forgetting to lower it, and it would remain there during the entire night. But no great harm resulted from these omissions, except that occasionally senators, not observing the flag, would stay at home when they should have been at the Senate, or, seeing it waving, would trudge to the Capitol only to find that the Senate had adjourned and that they could return whence they came.

That flag, although to me an object of devotion, gave me more or less annoyance. Frequently, at such a height, the wind blows with considerable violence, and, in a stiff breeze, after hauling the flag to the top, I would attempt to fasten the halyards, and not be aware, until some one mentioned the fact long afterward, that I had left the flag at half-mast. This was caused by the rope slipping while I was fastening it at the bottom. Of course, the flag at half-mast being an indication that a senator or some other great functionary of the Government was dead, this state of affairs was somewhat embarrassing. But I capped the climax one day. The Senate had been in session for several hours, when in came a senator who had just arrived at the Capitol, and inquired of a group of fellow law-makers what the Senate was in distress about. He thereupon narrated something

that caused them to chuckle as if it were a good joke; and after they had enjoyed themselves for a while in this way, one of them sent for Captain Bassett, and spoke to him. The Captain then came to me and told me to go up to the roof and see if the flag were all right. I could not imagine what could be the matter with it, but when I stepped on the roof I at once beheld the cause of the mirth. In raising the flag I had hauled away on the wrong rope, and there was the grand ensign of our Republic floating serenely in the breeze—upside down!

Of course, during the few days that it took me to become familiar with my duties, the Senate continued its sessions. That is, it did not suspend them on my account; but nothing extraordinary happened until the twentieth of December, when both Houses of Congress adjourned to the sixth of January. As neither body can adjourn for a longer period than three days without the consent of the other, it became necessary for both Houses to agree to this, which was done by means of a Joint Resolution. Not much business is transacted by Congress during the month of December. The Congressmen hardly arrive in Washington and unpack their trunks before they begin to think about Christmas and New Year's, and wish to depart for their far-away homes to enjoy the accustomed festivities about their own firesides. Upon re-assembling in January, both bodies applied themselves to work in good earnest, and my labors increased in proportion.

But while attending to the duties demanded of me, I was very observant of the manner in which the law-makers attended to their own. Having become connected with the Senate and introduced to it, as I have described, and feeling, with the natural conceit of an American boy, that I thereby became a part of the Legislative Department of the Government, I considered that I ought to inform myself thoroughly about the powers of Congress, and therefore resolved to watch closely the proceedings of each body in the great business of legislation. As some of you may wish to know the result of my observations, I will endeavor to state briefly the course pursued in the enactment of a law, giving you, however, fair warning to arm yourselves with dictionaries. And in this connection I will redeem my promise to explain the mode of electing Congressmen.

(To be continued.)

IMPRISONED IN AN ICEBERG.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

"SAIL ahoy!" came a shrill hail from the foretop of the trim bark "Laughing Polly," as it bowled along in the latitude and near vicinity of the South Shetland Islands.

"Where away?" answered a tall man with a tremendous voice, who was pacing up and down the quarter-deck, muffled in a great pea-jacket.

"Dead ahead!" came the voice of the lookout, who was the captain's son. He had taken the watch so as to be the first to sight land after the long run to the south.

The captain swung himself into the rigging, gave a glance at the supposed vessel, and then dropped to the deck again with a loud laugh. "Your ship is an iceberg," he called out. "A pretty sailor-man you are," he added, "not to tell an iceberg from a whaler."

"I can see her spars," shouted back the boy, who would not acknowledge his mistake; and indeed the nearer they approached, the more the object appeared like a vessel on the same course as themselves. It seemed a veritable ship, careening slightly in the brisk breeze. There were the white top-sails, with the shadows on them distinctly visible, and Ned — for that was our look out's name — almost thought he made out a pennant at her mizzen-peak. So remarkable was the sight that the sailors all gathered in a group forward, and watched the strange sail. But on getting within a mile of it, they plainly discerned that it was an iceberg of enormous dimensions, and which even, at that distance, seemed to tower above them. Its resemblance to a ship was quickly lost, and it loomed up a great mountain of blue ice, momentarily changing its shape and color.

The captain had just given orders to shift the course of the vessel, when a cry of astonishment rose from the crew, who were still watching the distant berg. The captain and mate rushed forward, and saw the cause of the excitement. The ice-mountain had changed its position, and instead of being upright was heeling over. Faster it moved, until finally, fairly overbalanced, it fell over in the water with a mighty crash, hurling into the air great waves three times as high as their mast-head, and sending out huge rollers on either side, while vast blocks of ice seemed to break off and float away.

"It's gone," shouted Ned excitedly.

"No, it is n't," said his father. "Just keep your eyes on it."

The words were hardly spoken by the captain

before a still more remarkable phenomenon occurred; the iceberg appeared gradually rising from the sea, slowly resuming its original shape, like an island of ice being forced above the surface by some invisible power. Slowly but perceptibly it rose, until finally the astonished sailors saw the gigantic berg, almost as large as before, rocking and oscillating, again upright upon the surface.

In the meantime a series of waves from the scene of action had reached them, and Ned was nearly thrown from the foretopgallant-top, where he was still clinging. The ship pitched so violently that it seemed almost as if they had experienced a series of tidal waves.

"It's only an upset," said the captain, as Ned rejoined him on deck. "You see, one of these great bergs floats about until it gets top-heavy, which is occasioned by the lower portion, a thousand or fifteen hundred feet below, striking, perhaps, a warm current that melts it away, until finally the exposed portion overbalances the base, and over it goes with a thundering crash, as we have seen."

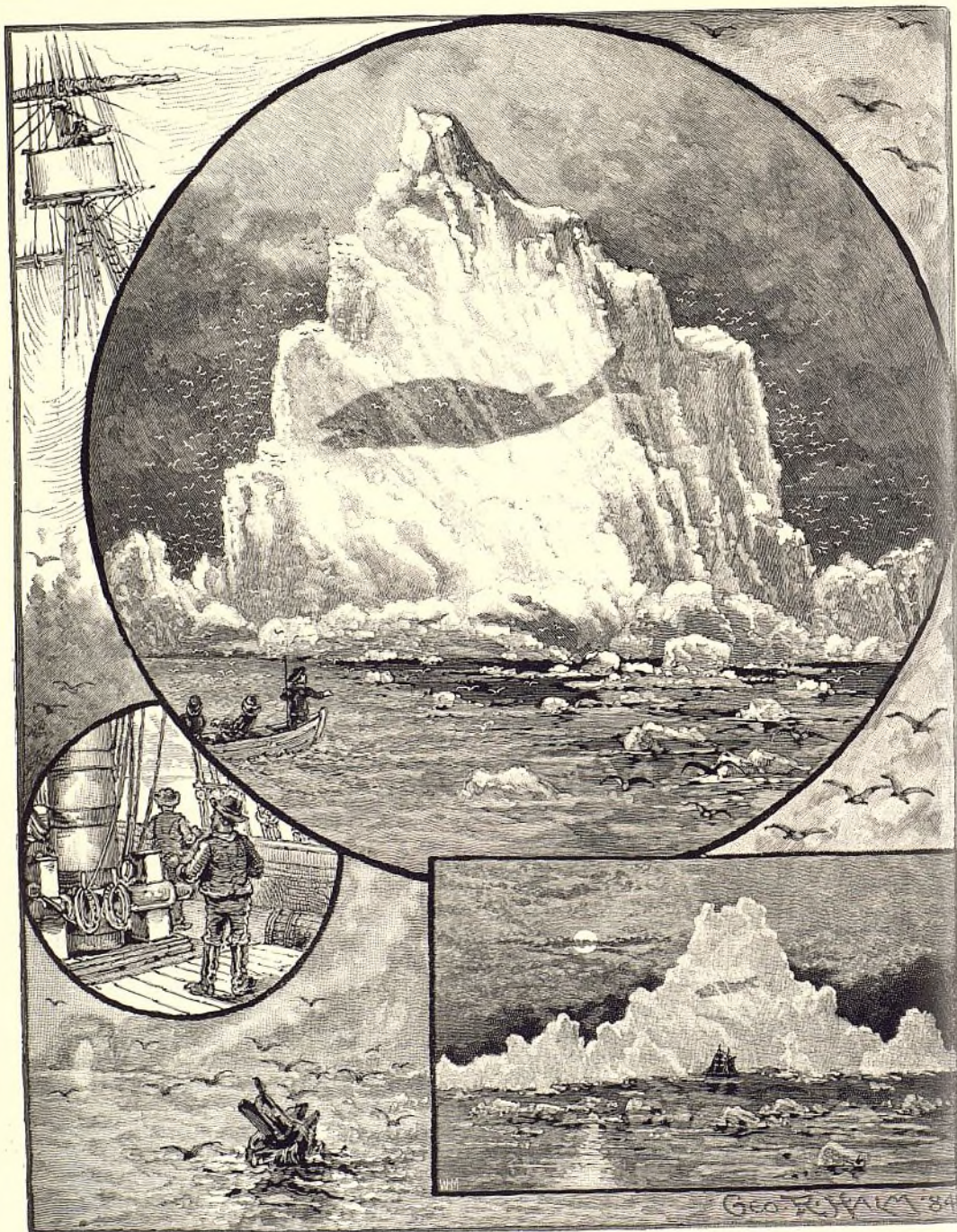
"I had no idea a berg as large as that could tip over," said the young sailor.

"I have seen larger ones than that roll," replied the captain. "There seems to be no limit to their size. An iceberg was observed some years ago, not four hundred miles from here, that was two and a half miles long, over two miles broad, and a hundred and fifty feet high, and it must have weighed fifteen hundred million tons. Yet that was by no means a large one. I have seen them off Cape Horn nearly eight hundred feet high; and a mass of icebergs was once seen sixty miles long by forty broad, and three hundred feet high. As only one-tenth of the whole mass rises above the water, the higher out of water, the larger they are, and one which exposes two hundred feet would probably have eighteen hundred feet under water."

The conversation was here interrupted by a hail always welcome on a whaler. Whether it was "There she blows!" or "Whale o'!" they could not make out; but seeing the lookout pointing toward the floating island, they turned that way.

The vessel had suddenly passed a projection of the berg that showed them its broad side and snowy peak looming three hundred feet into the air, and near the top, frozen in the icy block, was the black body of an immense whale.

"Never mind the boats," said the captain, re-



THE WHALE WITHIN THE ICEBERG.

covering from his astonishment, and recalling an order which he had given upon hearing the hail. "Well, that beats all my experience in thirty years' whaling," he continued. "A fin-back in an iceberg!"

"A frozen whale in command of a ship of ice," said Ned. "And to think that we saw it rise three hundred feet from the water!"

"It's the greatest leap on record," exclaimed his father, "and as such jumps don't occur every

day, we may as well have a nearer view"; and, instructing the helmsman, the whaler was hauled a point or so on the wind. It was soon found, however, that a nearer view of the whale would involve being becalmed in the lee of the berg, so the boat was lowered, and the captain and Ned were soon being pulled toward the huge prisoner of the ice-island.

As they approached, the sight became still more remarkable and impressive. The sight was very tantalizing to the whalers, as there above their reach was the game they were in search of, but it was out of their power to dislodge it from its bed of ice, and they reluctantly rowed back under the shadow of the berg. Looking up at the imprisoned whale, they saw that it was a rorqual nearly one hundred feet in length—the largest of living animals.

As the wind had died down, they could not leave, and so they witnessed the effect of sunset on the ice-island. The tall peak was flooded with golden lights; dark shadows crept up its sides, gradually changing the golden radiance to gleaming silver, then to gray, which was in turn lost in the approaching gloom. But soon the moon appeared, bathing the berg with its silvery light and bringing out with startling distinctness the frozen giant.

Late into the night the sailors watched the island of ice, fearing that perhaps the surface current might bring them dangerously near it, but finally the wind sprang up, the sails filled, and the frozen whale was soon lost in the distance.

Upon the return of the whaler, two years later, the story was told, and it was found that several sea-captains had observed similar sights. One had

seen a polar bear so imprisoned, while others told of enormous rocks and bowlders that the bergs lifted from the sea. The presence of the whale in the berg was explained in a remarkable way. The huge animal was not entombed at sea, but it had been washed upon the thick ice-sheet in the lee of some antarctic island (these sheets sometimes extend many miles from shore); the snow from the shore had blown over it year after year, melting and freezing, until finally it was surrounded by hard, clear ice; the weight, ever increasing, forced the sheet under water, and as the snow was continually piling up on the top and changing to ice, the great mass with the imprisoned whale finally projected far out under the sea. The snow continued still melting and freezing, but piling upward. And then its weight, or perhaps a heavy gale, detached the mass from the field, and it floated away, an island of ice, bearing the captured whale beneath the sea.

As we have seen, the warmer currents wear away the submerged portion until the berg became top-heavy and overturned, bringing the long-imprisoned monster high up in air.

Sometimes, instead of being frozen in and carried to sea, whales are forced far inland. Captain Pendleton, who accompanied one of the United States expeditions to the Antarctic Sea, saw a whale two hundred and eighty feet from the surface of the water, in an ice-cliff eight hundred feet high. Whales and their skeletons have not only been found above the level of the sea at South Shetland, but a mile and a half inland away from the shore—wonderful examples of the power of frozen snow and water.

WHAT THE PHILOSOPHER SAID ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

BY MRS. W. H. DANIELS.

THE Philosopher lay on the soft fur rug, with his toe in his mouth, thinking.

Though not remarkably large in any other respect, he was a very great philosopher. Indeed, his entire life had been spent in profound cogitation upon most important subjects. He had reflected and experimented upon the phenomena of light and sound, with gravity so undisturbed and interest so absorbed as to draw upon him the admiring observation of all who knew him.

The Philosopher was bald-headed! Philosophers are apt to be. Arduous and protracted mental effort is said to result frequently in the removal of nature's beautiful covering from "The wondrous

cage of thought." But in the case of this particular philosopher, the danger of overtaking the brain had become earlier apparent: his hair had never grown at all! The round head, which held such remarkable ideas, had always been bald!

The Philosopher was also toothless! Was he, then, so very aged?

Being constantly absorbed in the consideration of matters of so much greater importance, he had given little heed to the passage of time; and, perhaps for that reason, he could not have told you his own age; but he was certainly of the opinion that he had lived very long indeed. A settled dignity and calm was expressed upon his counte-

nance, as of one too long familiar with events to be disturbed by their changes. Indeed, he could not remember when he had *not* been alive; which would seem to imply that he had always lived.

He did not object to being without teeth. He thought that, in the nature of things, bones ought to be covered with warm, rosy flesh. His own were; and he did not care to make an exception in favor of teeth. They might as well stay where they were; he had a conviction that this would save him a great deal of trouble.

Besides, it left more room to put his toe in his mouth.

The Philosopher believed that he had discovered the true design and purpose of the human toe. He observed that the community at large seemed to suppose that it was intended to be tied in clumsy leathern bags and to be walked upon. This the Philosopher felt to be an error. He did not propose to walk. Why should he give himself so much needless trouble? People knew where he wished to go, and what he liked to have; and it was not only their obvious duty, but their highest pleasure, to carry out his desires. The Grand Turk himself was not more serenely sure of being carefully and devotedly served. Then, if that soft, dimpled foot was not meant for walking, for what was it intended?

Upon this problem the Philosopher had expended much thought, while holding that chubby member in both hands and scrutinizing it closely. Usually he looked at it after the manner of ordinary mortals; but sometimes, when his interest was most absorbing and the question what to do with it especially perplexing, he would look on the left side of his foot with his right eye, and on the right side of it with his left eye,—the method by which all great metaphysicians endeavor to examine both sides of a subject.

It was in one of these rapt moments that an inspiration came to him: the object of the toe was—to *complete the circuit!* Quicker than thought he popped it into his mouth. The experiment abundantly justified his conclusions: he had undoubtedly discovered the chief end of man. From that hour, whenever he wished to indulge in deep and continuous thinking, he was careful first to arrange this return circuit for the current of thought.

The Philosopher had his own revered divinity, and his religious beliefs were at once strong and steadfast. The divinity of life and love which he worshiped was embodied in a female form.

She often appeared to his delighted vision, coming from he knew not where, in the immensities of space; but never failing to bend over him, with

heaven shining in her eyes, and smiling on her lips. His faith in her was boundless; he trusted her love more fully than his own wisdom or strength; and he knew that in her tender care were perfect safety and happiness.

The Philosopher never gave utterance to the thoughts which thrilled his being. He knew the power of silence,—the mighty influence of a nature strong enough to repress at will all expression of itself. In vain had proud friends and admiring followers besought him for a single word. In vain they said to each other, "What *do* you suppose he is thinking about?" He only turned his large blue eyes upon them in a silence the mystery of which shut them out from all communication with the wonders of his inner life. They might observe him, and, if they were wise enough, read the processes of his mind from results; but he never deigned further to enlighten them.

Not that he did not desire to speak; of course he did. Sometimes a thought arose so grand and strong as almost to lift his soul away from its clay; or a loving feeling, so sweet and tender as to bring heaven's angels down to his side. At such times his heart overflowed with longing to tell his happiness; but he was aware that "The wine of thought should have ample time to settle and clear, before being drawn off into flasks of speech"; in accordance with which decision, he would thrust his rosy fist into his mouth, as a stopper to keep the words back.

It was on Christmas-day that he lay on the rug, thinking. And he was thinking of Christmas,—of all the love and blessedness it holds; all the forgetfulness of self and thought for others which it means.

At this moment his beloved divinity bent over him; and as he looked up into her beautiful face she said, in the language which such divinities oftenest use, "What was him finkin' about, old Pessus? Was it Kissmus? So it was; what does him fink about it?" and with that she pulled the little rosy connecting link of thought from his mouth.

That was too much for even his powers of repression. He had to speak then. All his love and his deep comprehension of the truest wisdom found voice in a moment.

The Philosopher smiled as he gave utterance, for the first time, to his opinions concerning Christmas. And the Philosopher said:

"Ah-h, Goo-oo-oo-o!"

Philosophers need not necessarily speak the English language. Indeed, it has long been considered essential that the profoundest thought should not be too easily understood.

NICHOLAS ALEXANDROVITCH, CROWN PRINCE OF RUSSIA.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.



THE Boy-prince whose portrait is here given, and who may one day rule the Russian Empire, is the Grand-duke Nicholas, eldest son of the Emperor Alexander III. and Princess Maria Dagmar (Day-dawn), of Denmark, now the Empress Maria Feodorovna. His distinctive title, as eldest son and heir, is *the Czarevitch*, which means the son of the Czar. All Russian boys and girls are designated as sons and daughters of their father. The Russian termination *evitch* or *ovitch* means son of; *evna* or *ovna*, daughter of; Alexandrovitch is son of Alexander; Alexandrovna, daughter of

Alexander. The younger sons of the Czar would be George or Michael Alexandrovitch, but only the eldest is spoken of as Czarevitch. The name which the Empress took when she was admitted to the Russian Church signifies the daughter of Feodor (Theodore), this being one of the names of her father, King Christian of Denmark.

Grand-duke Nicholas was born May 18, 1868, at Czarskoe Selo (Czar's village), an imperial summer palace, fifteen miles south of St. Petersburg. This spacious palace stands upon the Neva bank, over two hundred feet above the water,

and is surrounded by extensive grounds so perfectly kept that you can hardly find even a dead leaf upon the lawns. The interior is adorned with precious marbles and mosaics, costly bronzes, tapestries from the Gobelin looms, and all that the Empress Catharine II., who completed it, could bring together to add to its beauty and grandeur. It has always been a favorite residence of the imperial family, and its park an attractive resort for the people. The first railway in Russia was built from St. Petersburg to Czarskoe Selo.

Crown princes have so much to learn that they must begin early and lose no time. Until his ninth year the education of the young Grand-duke was superintended by Madame de Flotow, one of the ladies of honor who had followed the Princess Dagmar from Denmark to Russia. In 1877 the charge was given to Lieutenant-General Danilovitch, who has arranged the Prince's hours of instruction in accordance with those of the military gymnasiums. His regular lessons are from eight in the morning till three in the afternoon, but with such intermissions that they never exceed five hours a day. His afternoons are spent in walks with the Emperor, or in outdoor sports,—riding, swimming, fishing, fencing, gymnastics,—of all of which he is very fond; and his evenings are devoted to preparing for next day's lessons, reading, and keeping a diary. He is an excellent scholar and linguist; enters into his studies with much spirit, and speaks fluently Russian, Danish, French, German, and English. The crown princes of England and Germany may study if they like at the universities, but the heir of Russia must be educated by private tutors.

Last May, upon his sixteenth birthday, the day on which the Prince became of age, he renewed his oath of adherence to the orthodox church, the ceremonies taking place in the chapel of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. As heir to the Russian throne, he accompanied the Emperor and Empress to their recent meeting with the sovereigns of Germany and Austria.

In person the Prince is slight and delicately formed, with fair complexion and auburn hair; and he usually wears a sailor costume, which suits his slender figure. He is a member of the Preobrajensky (Transfiguration) Guard, the famous regiment founded by Peter the Great; and by

birth he is Attaman (chief) of all the Cossacks of the empire. It is his privilege to wear the uniform of any regiment he pleases. This in which he is pictured is that of the Hussars.

Neither for crown princes in Europe, nor for boys and girls in America, can we predict what the rolling years will bring; but we will all give our best wishes to

THE CZAREVITCH.

Son of the dauntless sea-kings,
Heir of the mighty Czars,
What stately crowns his brow may wear,
His breast what jeweled stars!
All night the red auroras flamed
Down from the ice-fields lorn,
And the winds blew swift from the southern
steppes
To greet his natal morn;
The guns of the Fortress thundered;
The church-bells thrilled the air;
Te Deums glorious stole to heaven
By many an altar fair;
A thousand thousand prayers went up
That the Lord might guard and guide
The boy who lay in his mother's arms
By Neva's brimming tide.

God help the lad whose words may bless
Or blight where'er they fall,
From woods Carpathians' winds have stirred,
To China's winding wall;
And from Solovetsk, whose crosses gleam
Athwart the Frozen seas,
To soft Crimean vales that dream
In balm and summer ease!
God grant that the Russian peasant
The Khivan by the border,
The roving Kalmuck of the steppe,
The valiant Cossack warder,
The Pole by broad-armed Vistula,
The Tartar by the sea,
And all the countless clans and tribes
Swayed by the Czar's decree,
May find that might and right are one
Within the vast domain,
And dwell in peace and loyalty
When he shall come to reign!



The Pop-corn Dance

The way to dance the Pop-corn dance is to dance one step every time you say POP and to jump as high as you can when you say JUMP.

Lively.

Pret-ty lit-tle pop-corns, toasting by the fire,

Pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop!

(Here begin to dance.)

Pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop!

Pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop!

(Dance forward.) (Dance backward.)

Pret-ty lit-tle pop-corns, toasting by the fire: I

do not think they could jump much high-er.

(At the word JUMP, jump as high as you can.)









12th
MONTH.THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC
BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.

DECEMBER,



| Day of Month. | Day of Week. | Moon's Age. | Moon's Place. | Sun on Noon Mark. | Holidays and Incidents. |
|---------------|--------------|-------------|---------------|-------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 | Mon. | 14 | Taurus | H. M. 11.50 | |
| 2 | Tues. | FULL. | " | 11.50 | ☾ near Saturn. |
| 3 | Wed. | 16 | Orion | 11.50 | John Flaxman, died 1826. |
| 4 | Thur. | 17 | Gemini | 11.51 | Thos. Carlyle, b. 1795. |
| 5 | Fri. | 18 | Cancer | 11.51 | Alex. Dumas, died 1870. |
| 6 | Sat. | 19 | " | 11.52 | (7th) ☾ near Regulus. |
| 7 | S | 20 | Leo | 11.52 | 2d Sunday in Advent. |
| 8 | Mon. | 21 | " | 11.52 | ☾ near Jupiter. |
| 9 | Tues. | 22 | Virgo | 11.53 | John Milton, born 1608. |
| 10 | Wed. | 23 | " | 11.53 | |
| 11 | Thur. | 24 | " | 11.54 | ☾ near Spica. |
| 12 | Fri. | 25 | " | 11.54 | |
| 13 | Sat. | 26 | Libra. | 11.55 | (14th) ☾ near Venus. |
| 14 | S | 27 | " | 11.55 | 3d Sunday in Advent. |
| 15 | Mon. | 28 | | 11.56 | Louis Agassiz, d. 1873. |
| 16 | Tues. | 29 | | 11.56 | Jane Austen, died 1775. |
| 17 | Wed. | NEW | | 11.57 | Beethoven, born 1770. |
| 18 | Thur. | 1 | | 11.57 | Samuel Rogers, died 1855. |
| 19 | Fri. | 2 | | 11.58 | Turner (painter), d. 1851. |
| 20 | Sat. | 3 | Capri. | 11.58 | Shortest day in the year. |
| 21 | S | 4 | Aqua. | 11.59 | 4th Sunday in Advent. |
| 22 | Mon. | 5 | " | 11.59 | Geo. Eliot, died 1881. |
| 23 | Tues. | 6 | " | 12.00 | Washington, resig'd 1783. |
| 24 | Wed. | 7 | Pisces | 12.00 | Vasco de Gama, d. 1525. |
| 25 | Thur. | 8 | " | 12.01 | Christmas-day. |
| 26 | Fri. | 9 | " | 12.01 | Thos. Gray, born 1716. |
| 27 | Sat. | 10 | Aries | 12.02 | Chas. Lamb, died 1834. |
| 28 | S | 11 | " | 12.02 | 1st Sunday after Christmas |
| 29 | Mon. | 12 | Taurus | 12.03 | ☾ close to Aldebaran. |
| 30 | Tues. | 13 | " | 12.03 | ☾ near Saturn. |
| 31 | Wed. | 14 | Gemini | 12.04 | Beaconsfield, born 1805. |

THE sun, as he's nearing the end of his course,
Now drives with the goat in the traces;
And Santa Claus' reindeer are close to him now,
As on toward Christmas he races.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

CLEAR the track! Quick, turn back!
Here come the sleds with the boys!
Rosy cheeks! Funny freaks!
And never-ceasing noise.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

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

DECEMBER 15th, 8.30 P. M.

SATURN is still our only evening star; he is now at his brightest and is still in the constellation *Taurus*. We have now many of the constellations and stars in view that we began the year with. Not only *Taurus* but *Orion* is fully above the horizon. In the east is *Procyon* of *Canis Minor*, *The Little Dog*, an hour high. This name *Procyon* means Before the Dog, because it always rises a little before *Sirius*, the Dogstar, which we can see just above the horizon in the south-east. The *Twins* *Castor* and *Pollux* are in the east also, but without *JUPITER*, their brilliant guest of last spring. Above them is *Capella* in *Auriga*, *The Charioteer*. *Lyra* is low down in the far north-west, and when it sets will remain below the horizon but a few hours. The *Square* of *Pegasus* and *Andromeda* have passed to the west of our south mark. The most conspicuous star over our mark is *Hamal*, sometimes called *Arietis*. It is in the constellation of *Aries*, *The Ram*, one of the constellations of the *Zodiac*. The sun is some distance below this star on the 20th of April, and passes between *The Pleiades* and *Aldebaran* on the 21st of May, as mentioned in "The Skies" for January.

THE OLD OAK AND THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

"It's very cold this morning," said a little Christmas-tree out in the forest, one windy December day; "though I'm fir from head to foot, I am all in a shiver."

"You'll be warm enough before long," said the Old Oak, "I've seen the woodman looking at you several times lately."

"I know I've branched out a good deal for myself the past year," said the little Tree proudly, "and I should not wonder if Santa Claus were very well satisfied with me, when I come to be all dressed up for a Christmas party."

"Ho-ho-ho!" laughed the Old Oak, "you and your family are too green; you should have put on brown, dingy jackets like the rest of us, and then you might live to a green old age, as I shall."

Just then the Woodman appeared.

"Well!" cried the little Christmas-tree, as the woodman bore it away, "it's a great honor to be chosen, and Christmas comes but once a year."

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

1884.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

31
DAYS.

"SNOW! Blow! Chill! Thrill! That's the way I come, Mother, but I'm a jolly, cheery fellow for all that," cries December; "and I'm going to wrap you right up in a mantle of royal ermine, and make a real Queen of you, with a crown of my own diamonds, and give you a long rest from your labors. We are going to have gay times; there are so many Christmas-trees which I have to attend to, that I expect to be busy with Santa Claus every spare moment. I must drape the forest trees with snow; and there's a deal of freezing to do: I can't have the brooks and streams running around so. I must put a stop to that right away. And then, such festoons of icicles as I have to hang here and there."

"Well, my dear," said Nature, "you are a jolly and cheery fellow, sure enough, and I shall be very glad to have my robe of ermine, for it is getting cold."

SANTA CLAUS.

OH, Santa Claus is a merry Prince,
He rules o'er the Christmas-tree!
His castle is built in fairy-land
On the topmost peak of Glee.

The name of the castle is Joyousness,
And down through its gardens gay
Run Happy River and Merry Brook
To Laughing Sea away.

The frisky leaves blow here and there
In the sweet little dancing breeze,
And fairy birds frolic the livelong day
Through the beautiful wind-swept trees.

And here in the gardens are growing the toys
That ripen for Christmas-day,

And our merry Prince has to tell the time
When they're ready to garner away.

And how, do you ask, does he bring them to earth?
—In a beautiful fairy boat,
That sails along through a white-cloud sea,
Like a graceful swan afloat.

And when he draws near to the frozen earth,
He leaps to his loaded sleigh,
He dons his furs and grasps the reins.—
Then, "Hurrah! away, away!"

Now, if you can peep beyond the clouds
On some wonderful Christmas-eve,
I'm sure you will see him sailing down,
His beautiful gifts to leave.

MADIE'S CHRISTMAS.

MADIE is a very happy little girl; and this is why her smile is so bright. She is called the middle child of the family, because she has a brother Joe, who is older, and a brother Benny, who is younger than she is. The boys are playing horse now, for I can hear Joe saying: "G-e-t up!" But Madie does not like to play horse. She would rather run about in the snow with Trip, her dear little black and white dog.



Now I will tell you about Madie's Christmas, just one year ago. She and Joe and Benny were very happy on that day, for they had a Christmas-tree full of bright little candles, all lighted, and pretty presents which their Papa soon handed them from its branches. Madie put hers in a nice pile, all but the best doll. She carried that in her arms nearly all day, and said, "I love her, oh, ever so much already!"—Joe liked his Punch-and-Judy show very much, and said it was by far the best thing on the beautiful tree; and baby Benny was made very happy by a lovely silver rattle. This was a year ago, you know, when Benny was only fifteen months old.



Well, once during the day, Madie was not glad, and her smiles went quite away. I'll tell you how it was: She dressed herself in her Mamma's elegant silk skirt, for fun, and with her doll in her arms knocked at her Papa's door.

"I'll play I am a big how surprised Papa will

But Papa wanted to he made believe that he Madie knocked and knock-through the door; at last might come in. Madie did knocked and pushed so think?—The door flew



lady" she said; "and, oh, be to see me!"

have some fun, too. So could not open the door. ed, and Papa talked to her he stepped back so that she not know this; and she hard, that—what *do* you open, and Madie fell down.



flat, and bumped poor dolly's head upon the floor! Ah, how badly she felt! She forgot to be good, and cried, and stamped her little feet. She even threw off the long skirt that had made her look so fine, and wrapped dolly up in it, and told her, crossly, to "lie there." Papa, to make Madie laugh, got down on his knees

and begged his little girl to forgive him. But she frowned and turned her back. Then he went softly away, and when Madie turned to forgive him, she saw that she was all





alone. "O! Papa! Papa!" she cried, as she ran up stairs. "Come back—I'll forgive you!"

He ran into a room and shut the door; and when she knocked and begged him to let her in, he made believe cry. "Go away!"



he said just as Madie had said it when she was naughty. "But I'm good, now!" begged Madie, want *you*!" sobbed Papa in fun. again with her little girl." So put on the skirt as fast as she doll on her arm she met Papa in



laughing. "I don't "I want the fine lady Madie ran down and could, and then with her the hall.

"Good-day, sir!" said she very sweetly; "I've brought my little girl to see you, and we wish you a merry Christmas, sir."

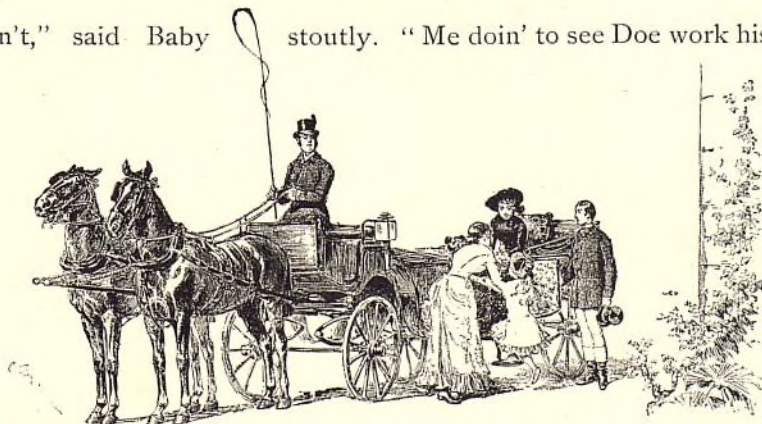
"The same to you," said Papa with a bow, as he caught his little girl in his arms and kissed her,—*"and now take off your finery, and put on your white fur coat, for you are to go in the carriage with Mamma, to bring your cousins. We all shall have a happy Christmas dinner together!"*



"Oh, oh, how lovely!" cried Madie, laughing with joy; and Benny clapped his little hands, while Joe held him up to the window to see the horses come prancing to the house.

"Joe!" called Madie from the steps—"Mamma says you and Benny may come, too!"

"Me tan't," said Baby stoutly. "Me doin' to see Doe work his Punce-and-Doody!"





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year; but it strikes me that it comes uncommonly early sometimes, that is, for Jack-in-the-Pulpits, who, so to speak, are cultivated by ST. NICHOLAS. Here my birds have hardly finished picking up the crumbs from Thanksgiving feasts, when, lo! a sound of joy is heard, the East is aglow with a new light, and little "Merry Christmases" begin to tingle and sparkle deep in everybody's heart, ready to spread and grow until, on the blessed day, they leap forth in happy speech and great love for all the world in general, and every one in particular!

I can see that you already are conscious of this same Christmas something—

Ha! Ho! I feel the glow,
But what it is I hardly know;
It must be Christmas coming, O!

Bless me! what a grand thing it is to be able to make other folk happy,—rich folk, poor folk (most especially poor folk), young folk, old folk, sick folk, well folk,—to start a summer in their souls right in the middle of winter—a summer of roses, lollipops and trumpets and drums! God bless you, my beloved, and keep you in peace and goodness and joy till Jack says "Merry Christmas" to you again!

Now for business. What matter shall we dispose of first? It shall be the letters. Here is one from Angie:

WHO CAN EXPLAIN?

NEWBURG, June 7, 1884.

MY DEAR JACK: This afternoon as I was sitting on the back piazza watching a thunder-storm come up the river, I seemed to see clouds, or, rather, quite a few miniature feathers, about as large as a pencil-dot floating through the air, when I looked across the river or at the sky. It never happened to me before, or, at least, I think it never did, although it may have done so. Perhaps, this is quite common, but, if it is not too much trouble, will you print this note, and let the dear Little School-ma'am's scholars give me an answer? Your constant reader,

ANGIE M. MYERS.

The Little School-ma'am says that Angie's experience is not an uncommon one. She thinks that she may have been watching the lightning, or else the sun as it was being alternately hidden and revealed by the clouds.

But why should watching either the lightning or the sun make Angie's eyes act in this remarkable manner? Have any of my boys and girls any explanation to offer?

A GOOD MAN'S ADVICE.

HERE is a letter from the Deacon:

DEAR JACK: Let me show your youngsters some words that a good and gifted man once wrote in the fly-leaf of a new book. The book had been bought by a young Boston mother for her only boy, and she was in the cars on her way home from New York, when she was joined by Wendell Phillips, who chanced to be on the same train. They were old friends, and the mother soon showed Mr. Phillips the book, which was entitled, *Spectacles for Young Eyes*. He glanced over it, and then, taking a pencil from his pocket, rapidly wrote these few lines on the fly-leaf:

"Frank
Better loves to read
Than to play;
Hear him with mother plead,
'Bring me a book from far away.'
Books,
The mind's food,
Are good;
But never clutch
Too much.
Good soul, sound stomach, strong brain,—
These are the chain
Which hold the world in your hand
And govern the land.
These serve God the best,
'Till he gives you rest.
If you 'd fill life with true joy,
My boy,
While you use these 'SPECTACLES
FOR YOUNG EYES,'
Remember to get strong
As well as wise.
"Wendell Phillips."

This was some years ago. Frank, who is now a man and well worthy of his noble old friend, lately showed me the book. I begged him to let me copy the lines for your young folk.

Yours truly, SILAS GREEN.

A BIRD WITH AN OVERCOAT.

HERE is a picture of a curious and sedate old fellow, who not only seems to have on an overcoat, but one that apparently belonged to his great-great-grandfather. It is long in the sleeves, high in the neck, and seems to be a little narrow in the back. In fact, this overcoat is such a close fit that it never comes off, as it is the peculiar marking of the bird, and is made of curious feathers that appear almost like scales.

If our comical-looking friend could talk, he would tell you that this picture was taken while he was on a visit to Her Majesty the Queen of England, and was boarding at the London Zoölogical Gardens, and that he belongs to the exalted order of *Spensci*. Between you and me this high-sounding word only means that he is a penguin, who lives in some of the Queen's dominions in the Antarctic regions, and, like all the feathered inhabitants of out-of-the-way countries, he seems very strange and curious and not at all bird-like. Note how far back his feet are; how erect he stands; how long his arms are, and how much

like fins they look. You would almost think him a fish, and should you see him in the water you would be sure of it, for there he dives along just like one, and experts have taken his brothers and cousins for small porpoises as they jumped from wave to wave, using their long wings just like fins. On shore they stand upright, and march along in great bodies, so that from a distance they have been taken for soldiers.

Our friend in London, as I am told by C. F. Holder, the naturalist, is the representative of a

is the nursery where the mothers and young live, curious little fellows covered with wool. If any of your friends, dear Jack, should go on a hunt after penguin eggs they would be awfully puzzled, as perhaps after seeing an egg from a distance, when they got to the spot they would find no egg there, while the old bird would protest with its 'urr-urr-urr' that it knew nothing about it. Old sailors used to say that the birds carried their great eggs under their arms, but that was a mistake. The missing egg will be found in a pouch right between the bird's broad-webbed feet. So you see some of the penguins not only have overcoats, but pockets in which the egg is carried about on land and kept warm, and is the only nest the penguin has. Some of the penguins, as the jackass of the Cape of Good Hope, build a nest near the shore; and what a nest it is! Perhaps there will be a collection of pebbles, then a covering of the white and blue shells of a goose barnacle; then some sea-weed, and then,

in the case I have in view, half a dozen rusty nails, a piece of wood from a wreck, the nozzle of an old glass bottle, and the cover of a tin can—curious material, your children will say, for a nursery! Such a nest was found in the Falkland Islands, and the objects were taken from a hut deserted by whalers. Several of the birds had taken possession of the hut and built their nests on the floor, and made violent objection when the rightful owners returned."

All these facts, you must understand, are taken down from my friend Holder's personal information, and my birds assure me that he knows a great deal about birds and beasts, and all manner of living things.

A LETTER FROM A BIG DOG.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,
Oct. 2d, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I was lying at my master's feet the other evening when his sister was reading to him out of St. NICHOLAS (which they think very much of, by the way) about the advanced ages of dogs and other animals, so I thought that I would get her to write to you and tell you about a dog that is *big* if he is n't old.

I was given to my little master on his twelfth birthday, and I think everything of him, and he thinks just as much of me, you may be sure.

I am a full-blooded Newfoundland dog of the St. John's breed; I am one year old, my weight is 145 pounds, my height, 33 inches, my length, from tip of nose to tip of tail, is 70 inches, and what is more, dear Jack, I am still growing.

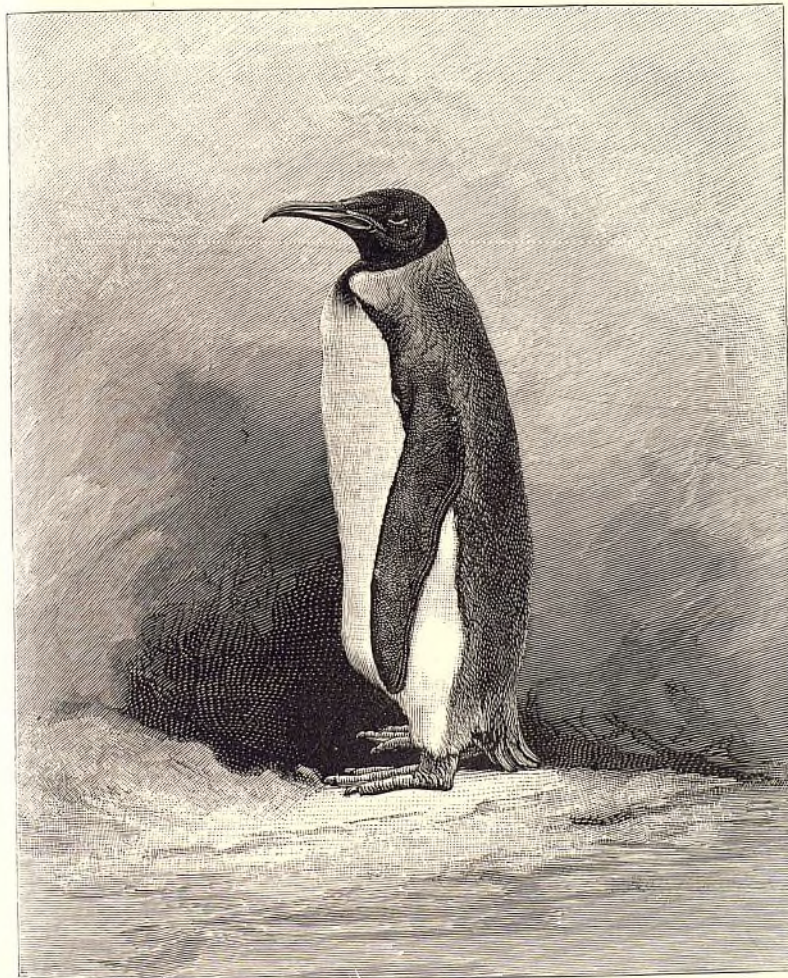
Every day I go with my master to a restaurant to get my meat, and I carry the basket in my mouth there and back.

I am the biggest dog in this city, and I heard a lady say one day that when I growl it shakes the house. I expect that you will think me a very self-conceited dog; but everybody tells me that I am noble and handsome, so I begin to think that it is so.

Yours truly,
LIONEL LOVERING.

P. S. Lionel is my real name, but every one in the family calls me Lion for short.

L. L.



"THE BIRD WITH AN OVERCOAT."—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. BRIGGS AND SON, LONDON.)

large tribe, all looking in general alike, but having certain differences, so that they form various families.

"Some," Mr. Holder's letter says, "are king penguins; others are jackass penguins, while others, again, are called rockhoppers. They are all confined to the Antarctic regions, and live in rookeries on the desert islands in such vast numbers that no one could count them. They live in regular cities of grass, divided off into streets, alleys, and lanes, along which the penguin families pass just as people do in their own homes. The king penguins divide their settlement into two portions: a larger and a smaller, and the latter

THE LETTER-BOX.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The principal of our Sunday-school is going to get up a "Children's Christmas Club," like the one you told about, so that we may give presents to all the poor little children. I think it will be lovely to see them made so happy. We have to pay ten cents to enter, and ten cents every month. This money must be earned, not exactly by work, but by some self-denial or something like that. I have a lovely Sunday-school teacher, who will help our class to dress dolls and make pretty things. We used to have a dog, a cat and little kittens, three cows, a great number of chickens and ducks, and two horses. But we moved and left them all with my grandfather. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever so long, and like it very much. The account of the Portland "Christmas Club" in ST. NICHOLAS for last December gave us the idea of getting up one.

Your friend, EUGENIE L.

"An admiring friend, M. D.," will please accept our thanks for the compliment of the following lines which he kindly sends to the Letter-Box:

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

(New version.)

It was time he should come, and I thought he might be
In the package the postman had handed to me;
I tore off the wrapper incredibly quick,
And saw "in a moment that it was ST. NICK,"—
Not he whose one visit occurs in December,
Whom all little ones by his gifts can remember,
But dear old ST. NICK, with its goodness and cheer
That brighten our household each month of the year!

WELLSBORO, PA., September, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and we have taken you eleven years, so I have had the ST. NICHOLAS all my life. You don't know how glad we are when a new number of you comes. There is a scramble and a rush, for we all try to get a look at it first. I say "all," for there are a good many of us—five girls and two boys besides me.

I read "Marvin and his Boy Hunters," and wished it was longer; and the "Spinning-wheel Stories" are splendid! We have an old dog named Towzer. He is a very good dog, but rather hard on cats. Whenever he sees one, he'll chase it till it runs up a tree. But still he never hurts them. One day he saw a little kitten drowning in a stream, and he just put his nose in and lifted it out, and let it run away without chasing it. Wasn't he good? There's ever so much more to say; but as I don't want to fill up any more room in your precious magazine, I'll stop.

Your loving reader, FRANCES P.

KINCARDINE, ONT., February, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Canadian girl, living on the shores of Lake Huron. I want to tell you about the range of ice hills which are formed along the lake shore every winter, and which have the appearance of a range of miniature mountain-peaks, rising sometimes to a height of twenty or thirty feet. Some of these are hollow, with an opening leading to the water, and each wave as it surges into the opening sends forth a jet of spray and pieces of ice from the summit like a real volcano. It is a splendid sight to see a range of ice mountains stretching for miles along the shore, most of them snowy white and others of a mottled appearance, owing to the sand thrown up by the waves. The ice during the winter season stretches out as far as the horizon, but it is often taken nearly all away by the wind.

From your true friend,
AGNES MAY R.

KANSAS CITY, MO., October, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have intended for some time to write to you, but have put it off, as little folks are very apt to do, and, Mamma says, big folks, too! But now I have something that I must tell you. I have had a real Jumbo day, just as big in pleasure as Jumbo is as an elephant, and with Jumbo, too. Barnum's circus has been here, with Jumbo and Queen and the Baby, and I enjoyed seeing Queen and the Baby so much after reading the October ST. NICHOLAS. Queen looks so gentle and quiet, it does not seem as if she ever could be in such a rage. Of course, in a large city like this, it is difficult to find vacant ground for the large tents, and it happened that the place finally chosen was very near where I live, only half a block from the back of our yard. There were thirty elephants with the circus, but the ones which interested me most were the three I first mentioned, and which have become so well known to all of us children who read the ST. NICHOLAS, as

I do. While the parade was going through the streets in the morning, the keepers brought those three elephants to the hydrant near us and gave them their bath. You never saw anything so funny as Jumbo was; he would fill his trunk with water and throw it first over the left side of his body, then the right side, then over his back, and next under him on his stomach. Sometimes he would lift one ear and throw the water in there. Several times the keeper took hold of his trunk and led him away to give Queen and the Baby a chance to get near the tub, but before he could fairly turn around, Jumbo's trunk was over his head and into the tub again. Sometimes he threw the water over the Baby, who seemed to enjoy it very much. Again, late in the afternoon, they brought these three out to the hydrant, and my papa took me out close to them. I did enjoy it all so much, and I wished all the little children could have had such a day with Jumbo as I had. I watch for ST. NICHOLAS every month, and think I like best the articles that tell about circuses and cats.

Your constant reader, SARAH C.

AFTON HOUSE, AFTON, NELSON CO., VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nearly ten years old, and am spending some time with my grandma and aunt in the mountains of Virginia. We are all natives of New Orleans, La. This is the first letter I ever wrote to you, and I hope you will not throw it in the scrap-basket. My mamma, who is in Montgomery, Ala., wrote me that my little sister, who is only eighteen months old, said one night, when she was sleepy, "Mamma, my eyes are gone." I thought the remark so original I would write it to you.

I am so delighted with ST. NICHOLAS, and, although not a subscriber, I have been taking all the numbers for the past three or four years, and have three or four volumes. The stories are all so pretty I can't say which I like best.

I would like to write of the lovely scenery around here, but I won't tire you any more; so I remain, your new and admiring little friend,
EDITH C.

BESSIE H., Brooklyn: Concord, Mass.

BEIRUT, SYRIA, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A young girl and her little brother were out on a boating expedition with some friends. The little boy asked his sister to throw a wet handkerchief on the top of the water, in such a way as to make it puff out like a balloon. She replied that she could n't do it then with her gloves on, and told him to wait. He said nothing more about it until they had landed, and then he repeated his request. She again told him that he must wait until they reached home, and then remarked to one of the party that her little brother seemed to think that it was a great attainment to be able to make a balloon out of a handkerchief.

Was that a correct use of the word "attainment," or would it have been better to say "accomplishment"?

We have been having quite a little controversy as to whether or not it was making a right use of the word, and so I thought I would ask you to settle the question for us, and we will agree on whatever you decide.

Yours truly, ALFREDA P.

It was an allowable use of the word *attainment*, but *accomplishment* would have been a better word in that special instance.

HAZLETON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine for eight years, and like it very much. I like Miss Alcott's and Frank R. Stockton's stories very much.

The town in which I live is all undermined by coal-mines, and sometimes parts of the town sink down, and the outskirts of the town are all full of mine-holes. I am thirteen years old, and I don't think I shall ever be too old to read you. Yours, etc., F. C. L.

We heartily thank the following young friends for the very pleasant letters we have received from them: Stephanie Marie Coster, Georgie and Lucy, Victorin, A. McClees, Maybell E. H., Kate, "Edie," Clifton D. Pettis, "Papa and I," Christine M., Gettie Nagel, Meredith Hanna, A. E. C., May Bell Mayer, Florence P. Bossé, Stanley J. T. Platts, Mabel H. Chase, C. Higbe, Reid Simpson, Blanche McC., Flora Gros, Mabel Pollard, P. W. S., Louise Adele Ken, George Walkem, Norah Hamilton, M. E. K., L. I., Gussie, Benny, and "Skye," Mary B., L. F. L., Kittie Greenwood A., Geo. W. Stearns, A. Lincoln Fisher, K. Emmet, W. B., Lillie, Virginia D'Orfeuille Start.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-FOURTH REPORT.

TO ALL the members and friends of the Agassiz Association we wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Although the summer has its advantages in affording objects for collection, and warm days that invite us out-of-doors, yet the winter is, after all, quite as friendly to our work, for we all are quietly at home or at school, and have leisure for that patient study of our specimens which is our real purpose.

The most prominent feature noticeable this month in the progress of our Association is the greater earnestness of the members and the more substantial character of the work reported.

Superintendents of schools are coming to take an interest in the A. A., and they see in it a practical solution of the problem of introducing the study of Nature into the public schools.

The effect of our Convention is apparent in the formation of new Chapters, and in the stimulus received by old Chapters.

The Chapters of Iowa have formed a State Assembly, like the city Assemblies of Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, etc., and the invitations to their next annual meeting, in August, 1885, are already issued. It will not be long before all our larger cities will have these valuable and powerful Assemblies.

Let each one do his utmost to raise the standard of the work done in his Chapter, and to extend the knowledge and influence of the general Association. By the way, there is properly only *one* "Agassiz Association," consisting of many local Societies. It is not right, therefore, to speak of the "Blanktown Agassiz Association," but rather of the "Blanktown Chapter of the St. NICHOLAS AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION." Any other form leads to confusion. The new Chapters of the month are as follows:

NEW CHAPTERS.

| No. | Name. | No. of Members. | Address. |
|-----|--------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------------------|
| 703 | Philadelphia (X)..... | 12. | S. K. Biddle, 449 W. 2d St. |
| 704 | Canastota, N. Y..... | 5. | Chas. E. Beebe. |
| 705 | Philadelphia (Y)..... | 9. | Miss Edith Earpe, 641 N. 43d St. |
| 706 | Canandaigua, N. Y..... | 12. | Lansing Burnett. |
| 707 | Spenceville, Cal..... | 14. | Miss Maude M. Smith. |
| 708 | Poughkeepsie, N. Y..... | 4. | P. T. Bourne. |
| 709 | Philadelphia (Z)..... | 11. | H. D. Allen, 2305 St. Albans Place. |
| 710 | San Bernardino, Cal..... | 20. | A. S. Guthrie. |
| 711 | Glens Falls, N. Y..... | 5. | E. R. Wait. |
| 712 | Brooklyn, N. Y. (I)..... | 4. | I. E. Underhill, 227 Raymond St. |
| 713 | Old Chatham, N. Y..... | 12. | R. W. Morey. |
| 714 | Concord, N. H..... | 6. | Brian C. Roberts, 76 Rumford St. |
| 715 | Bloomington, Ill..... | 4. | Spencer Ewing. |

DISCONTINUED.

| | | |
|-----|-----------------------|--------------|
| 545 | Fall River, Mass..... | O. K. Hawes. |
|-----|-----------------------|--------------|

EXCHANGES.

The Lenox Chapter has for exchange, geodes and various fine mineral specimens, mounted woods (labeled), birds' eggs, and Central American ferns. Address for particulars, William Andrews, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

The Sec. of Salisbury, Mass. (A), is Ralph Halley, instead of Miss Helen Montgomery.

Minerals, insects, and birds, for large and rare insects, or other specimens in general.—G. W. Altman, 534 Clinton St., Buffalo, N. Y.

I should like to correspond with Edgar G. Banta. His name is almost like mine.—Edward G. Banta, Osceola, Iowa.

Perfect *Argynnis Cybele*, *Argynnis Bellona*, and *Vanessa Cordui*, for other butterflies.—Miss McFarland, 1727 F. St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

NOTES.

138. *Swarms of Butterflies*.—We have had a swarm of thousands of golden-brown butterflies on our maples.—E. G. Banta, Osceola, Iowa.

139. *Cardinal Head* (?).—I found near Long Branch, in a clump of elder, the nest of a large bird. The bird is black, and has a cardinal head. The nest was fully five inches in length and three in width, and was fastened by four corners to the branch. The eggs,

three or four in number, were of a lilac tinge, with irregular black marks at the larger end. I should like to know what bird it is.—Mary H. Tatnall.

142. *Insects in Snow*.—August 5, I was coming down one of the highest mountains of Colorado—Grey's Peak. Near the summit was a large snow-bank, far above timber-line. In this snow was a large number of *living* insects, flies, mosquitoes, and bugs. Without moving I counted over twelve different kinds. They were burrowing in the snow and traveling around in their little caves. Perhaps the banks are the breeding-places for the mountain insects, as ponds are the homes of the insects lower down.

It will be worth while for the members of the clubs near the mountains to study the snow-banks and note down what they see.—Rev. W. D. Westervelt, Denver, Colorado.

143. *Cynthia Huntera*.—This butterfly, hitherto very rare, has this year been quite abundant here. I found the larvae on the "Dusty Miller." They are black at first and covered with spines, but become light gray as they grow older. There were three broods this season.—Eugene H. Horne, Stratham, N. Y.

144. *Katydid*.—"When a boy I lived in Kentucky. Black locust-trees surrounded our house. When the katydids began to sing in the evening, we children used to go out into the yard and touch tree after tree with our fingers. No matter how light the touch, it caused the singing to cease, and a moment or two after our fingers were removed it would recommence. Sometimes there would be as many as ten katydids on a single tree, and no matter how close we approached, or how near we placed our fingers to the tree, the music would continue; but the *lightest* touch would cause it to stop instantaneously. At the time, I did this for mere amusement; but, in thinking of it in later years, I am puzzled to account for it." Such is the singular story told me by a gentleman in whom I have the utmost confidence. Have others of the A. A. had any similar experience, or will any one give an explanation of this strange fact?—Frank M. Davis, St. Louis, Mo.

145. "*Wheelbug*."—I noticed in the June St. NICHOLAS your question in regard to the so-called "wheelbug."

Its scientific name is *Reduvius notonotus* say; *Prionotus cristatus* (Linn.); the eggs are of a square-flasked shape, and are deposited in a hexagonal mass, containing seventy or more. The young larvae are blood-red, with black markings. The larvæ, pupæ, and perfect insects feed on any insects they can overpower, not sparing one of their own kind. The imago is a singular insect, of slow motions when undisturbed, and has on the back of the thorax a wheel-like crest, having from eight to thirteen prongs, which is not possessed by the larvæ and pupæ.—Yours truly, Alonzo H. Stewart, Chapter 275 (E), No. 204 Fourth St., S. E. Washington, D. C.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

WILMINGTON, DEL., October, 1884.

Dear Sir: This Friday we will commence a new year of hard study of natural history. Last year we collected a great many natural objects, but I think that this year there will be more work done than before. Hoping that it will be of more interest to us, I remain, yours, etc., A. E. Keigwin, Sec.

691, Red Bank, N. J. This is our first report, and we have little matter yet to present beyond the fact of our organization. The suggestions given in the hand-book were found very helpful; and, with their assistance, we experienced no difficulty in drafting a constitution and putting ourselves into working order.

Our first need being a cabinet, it was agreed that each member should be his own judge as to form and material. To one, it proved to be a set of shelves; to another, a series of drawers; while, for the general collection, we constructed a larger cabinet, toward which each one is to contribute.

Our attention has been confined this summer mostly to the gathering of sea-shells, birds' eggs, and different varieties of leaves, to the arranging of which we purpose devoting our winter evenings.

Thanks to St. NICHOLAS for pointing out to us the way to convert work into play, and to mingle so admirably pleasure and instruction.—Persie B. Sickels, Sec.

256, Newton Upper Falls. Chapter 256, A. A., is still advancing. We have added two new members. One of them is a girl who is very much interested in natural history, especially entomology. She is a very pleasant girl, and one whom we all like, but is very unfortunate in one respect. For a long time her eyes have troubled her, and now the doctors tell her that her eyesight will never be stronger, and that eventually she will be blind. So for her the Agassiz Association is a help,—one thing in which she can interest herself.

In our study we have dropped all other departments of science, and give our whole attention to birds. We find it very fascinating, and some of our members are growing to be quite expert in distinguishing the numerous birds, and in describing their nests and eggs. One member reports finding bluebirds' eggs the 9th of March,

which is earlier than ornithologists give the time. One question that perplexes us, and upon which we desire more knowledge, is, Do robins and other birds, if their nests are troubled and some of the eggs taken, eat the remaining eggs, or otherwise destroy them; and if not, what does become of the other eggs? For often they are gone when it is almost certain that no one has approached the nest since some were taken. One member insists that the birds eat their own eggs. Some of the A. A. are probably wise enough to know. — Sincerely yours, Josie M. Hopkins, Sec.

47, Hazleton, Luzerne Co., Pa. Harlan H. Ballard. *Dear Sir:* I submit to you our third report. Our membership has increased to eight, and we expect soon to give an entertainment. Have our cabinet full to overflowing, and will soon get a show-case.

In answer to the question in report 42,—how to get fossils from the rock,—the slate in which the fossils here (carboniferous age) are found has a great cleavage, and even in impressions, and more so in fossils, will crack open at the specimen. The fossils generally have a thin covering of glossy coal, which preserves the form and perhaps makes them easier to get out.—Yours very truly, Thos. F. McNair.

696, Lunenburg, Mass. Our days of infancy are being passed quietly, but we feel that we are growing. We number seven active and three honorary members.

We have met regularly every other Saturday but one since our organization. As a safeguard against the admission of any but workers to active membership, we have introduced the custom of making the acceptance of an election consist in reading a paper before the Chapter, and we find that this regulation works very well.

Each member is expected once in two months to read a paper or give a talk before the Chapter on some subject which he has been especially working up.

The chief difficulty we have to contend with is a hanging back in this matter of writing essays; in this difficulty we presume we are not alone.—J. S. Pray.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

We conclude this report by giving you the following very kind offer of Professor A. Ramsay, of London:

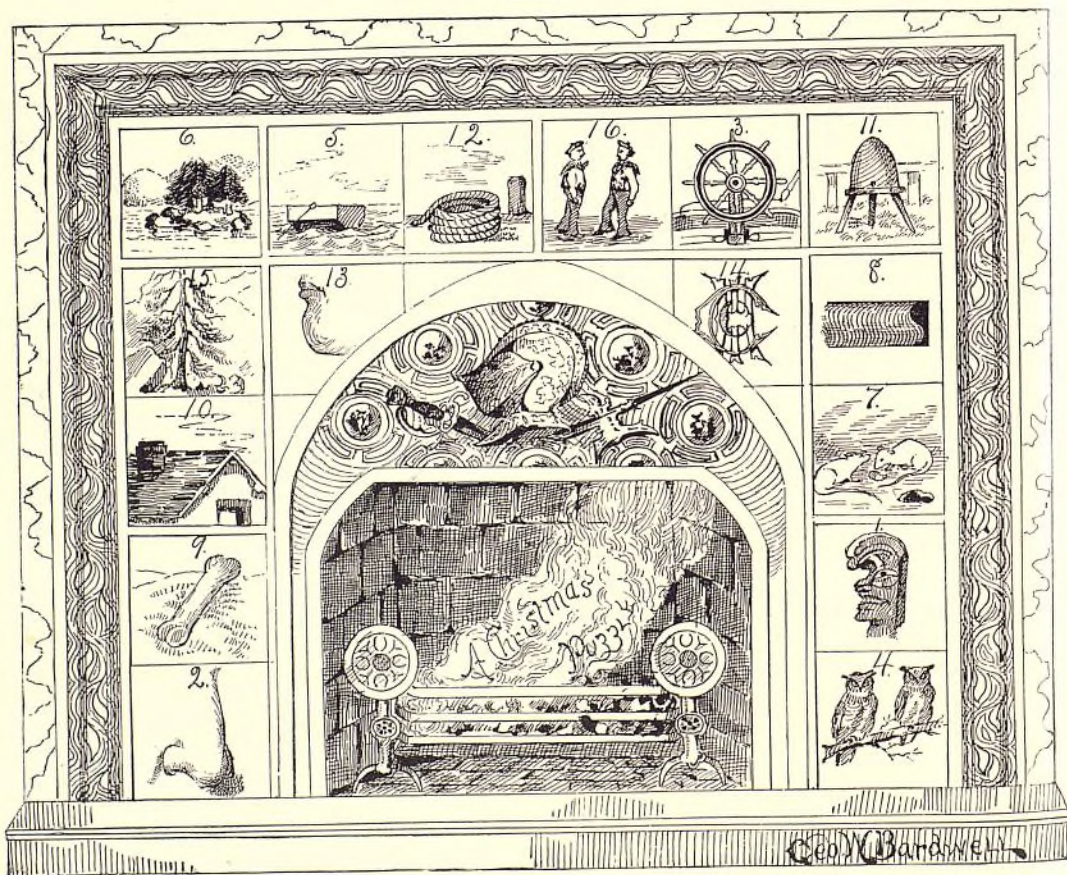
"Although I live a long way off, I should like to be allowed to show my appreciation of your work by offering to help in any way I can."

"This, I am well aware, does not amount to much, because my time is so fully occupied with scientific matters in this country; but whatever I may want in this respect shall, I hope, be made up in willingness. I will volunteer to do what I can to answer questions in Physical Geography.—Yours faithfully, A. Ramsay, 4 Cooper Road, Acton, London, W."

[Will the Secretaries of Chapters kindly be punctual in sending in their bi-monthly reports?]

President's address: Mr. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy,
Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



EACH of the sixteen small pictures in the above illustration may be described by a word of four letters. Take the first letter of the first four words, the second of the second four, the third letter of the third four, and the last letter of the last four words. These sixteen letters will form a Latin quotation that is always associated with the Emperor Constantine.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

This differs from the ordinary cross-word enigma, by requiring two answers instead of one. The first letter of each answer is "in noisy, not in still," the second "in slaughter, not in kill," and so on until the two words have been spelled. One of these words is a name for Christmas Day; the other, a name for the season.

In noisy, not in still;
In slaughter, not in kill;
In trammel, not in hook;
In viewing, not in look;
In rivet, not in wed;
In living, not in dead;
In trident, not in prong;
In yearning, not in long.

FRANK SNELLING.

PECULIAR ACROSTICS.

Each of the words described contains eight letters. When rightly selected and placed one below the other in the order here given, the third row of letters (reading downward) will spell a festive season; and the sixth row, a parasitic growth much in use at that season.

Cross-words: 1. Appeased. 2. Acting. 3. Fondled. 4. Archbishops. 5. Assaulted. 6. Those who provide food. 7. One who reckons. 8. Soldiers trained to serve either on horseback or on foot. 9. Those who examine metallic ores.

CYRIL DEANE.

CHARADE.

My first was so dense that second lost my way. "Oh, third!" said second, "this first is enough to whole anybody." MAX.

SYNCPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a blemish from to fail of the intended effect, and leave muddy. 2. Syncopate a limb of a man from heating, and leave a limb of a fowl. 3. Syncopate a little demon from artlessly, and leave artful. 4. Syncopate a negative from to imply, and leave the fruit of the pine. 5. Syncopate a label from the childishness of old age, and leave a deer. 6. Syncopate a pony from the weight of goods carried in a ship, and leave sound. 7. Syncopate a tavern from a small fish, and leave to cut grass. 8. Syncopate the oily part of milk from shrieking, and leave to utter melodious sounds. 9. Syncopate a possessive pronoun from at what place, and leave a personal pronoun. 10. Syncopate a sign from an instant, and leave a familiar abbreviation. 11. Syncopate to cut off from muddy, and leave an

emissary. 12. Syncopate an emmet from a closet, and leave to inspect closely. 13. Syncopate to work for from cautious, and leave a color.

The initials of the syncopated words, arranged in the order here given, will spell the name of an ancient bishop whose feast is celebrated in December.

PAUL REESE.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. NOT liberal toward the opinion of others. 2. Reflected. 3. Measured. 4. An architectural embellishment. 5. A boy's nickname. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In emend. FRANK.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD an exclamation, and leave to need. 2. Behead a shelf, and leave a margin. 3. Behead a summary of Christian belief, and leave a pastoral pipe. 4. Behead oxygen in a condensed form, and leave a belt. 5. Behead a pronoun, and leave an inheritor. 6. Behead a hard blow, and leave a bunch.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a well-known writer.

IDA G.

DIAMOND.

1. In diamond. 2. A title. 3. Lakes. 4. Chooses. 5. Guidance. 6. To correct. 7. Inflexible. 8. A kind of sauce for fish. 9. In diamond. "NAVAJO."

DIAGONALS.

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The diagonals, beginning at the top, spell the name of a plant sometimes called the Christmas-flower.

Cross-words: 1. An evergreen. 2. To break. 3. A military salute. 4. To pace. 5. A strong rope. 6. A manufacturing town of England. 7. An inundation. 8. A subterranean chapel. 9. To elevate. DYCIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

REBUS. "Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Praise Him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner floor;
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss."

CHARADE.

Sea-man-ship.
INVERTED PYRAMID. ACROSS: 1. Barbarian. 2. Sealion. 3. Drips. 4. Eve. 5. E.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Sarcastic. 2. Aversion. 3. Relapse. 4. Graves. 5. Aspen. 6. Siss. 7. Toe. 8. In. 9. C.

PECULIAR ACROSTICS. Fourth line, Thanksgiving; sixth line Proclamation. Cross-words: 1. multiPlex. 2. cipHeRing. 3. belAbOred. 4. barNaCles. 5. sacKcLoth. 6. conStAble. 7. triCaMous. 8. digItAled. 9. priVaTion. 10. declsIons. 11. chNcOugh. 12. conGeNial.

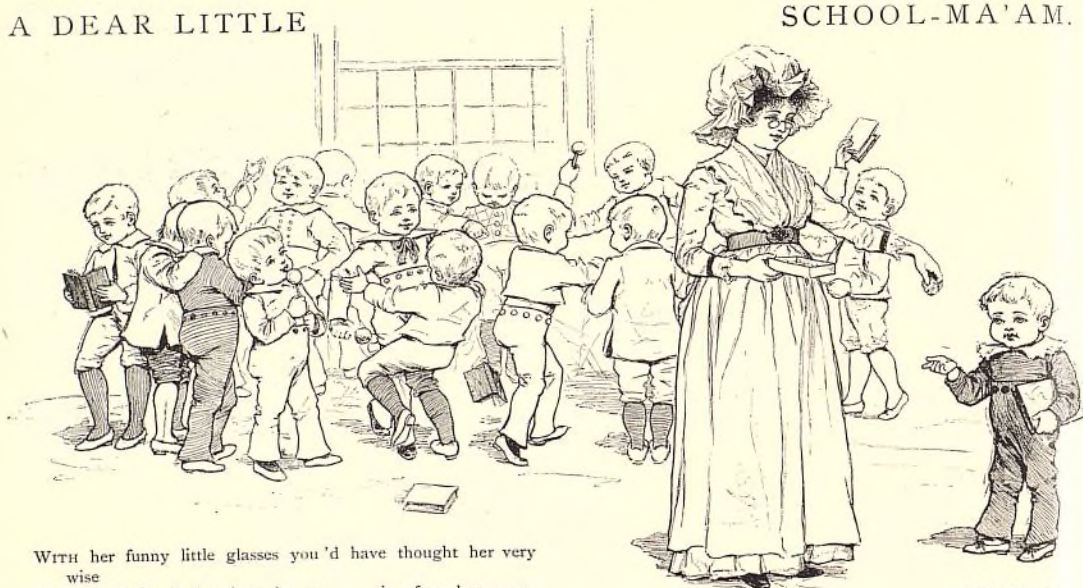
The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from Arthur Grise—Blanche Sherry—Maggie T. Turill—Francis W. Islip—Hugh and Cis—"Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William"—Harry Wheelock.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from Mabel L. and Florence E., 1—Paul Reese, 10—"Onlagiskit," 7—Louise D. Pitkin, 1—Alice R. Douglass, 3—"Navajo," 7—"No name, New York, 1—"Luck," 8—Harry Creed, 1—Albert Casey, 1—May Lanahan, 3—Hallie Woods, 1—"Pepper and Maria," 9—M. Simpkins, 5—Clare and Constance Hubert, 5—M. Barnett and M. Gown, 1—W. Davis, 1—G. F. F., 1—D. C., 3—Claire Starkey, 1—Pearl W., 1—Victor, 1—Ida Maude Preston, 7—Mabel and Frankie, 3—Lilian Osborne, 1—Mabel C., 1—Ella Vivian, 5—Lidie Le Maistre, 1—Johnny Duck, 11—Cora Felson and Theresa Scott, 2—L. E. M., 1—Bob Howard, 2—Harry J. Light, 5—"Robin Hood," 7—Louise, Addie, and Eleanor, 6—Alma Hoffman, 2—Effie K. Talboys, 6—Jennie E. Denman, 1—C. M. L., 9—Walter Kinsey, 1—H. H. C., 1—Maude Bugbee, 5—S. R. T., 12—E. M. Lewis, 8—Blanche McC., 1—"Tweedledum and Tweedledee," 4—L. H. B., 2—Tiny Puss, Mitz and Muff, 10—S. H. Hepner, 1—"Pencroft," 4—May Warren, 3—Blanche Sherry, "Grantham," London, 6—Herbert Gaytes, 5—Alex. Laidlaw, 4—Maggie Ware, 1—Pliny O. Dorman, 1—Emma A. Warner, 8—Marian C. Hatch, 5—L. I., 9—Alice M. Burbank, 1—Miles Turpin, 8—Olive, Ida, and Lillie G., 4—Lulu Fargo, 3—Edith L. Young, 3—T. R. and E. R. S., 12—E. G. C. and H. E. B., 6—"Shumway Hen and Chickens," 10—"Two Cousins," 6—S. and S., 8—Clara and Mamma, 12—Jennie L. Dupuis, 3—"I, Me, and Myself," 2—Ida and Edith Swanwick, 6—"Captain Nemo," 4—E. Muriel Grundy, 8—"Jimmy Jones," 4—Harry S. Adams, 3—Daisy, 7—Papa, Eleanor, and Maude Peart, and J. Spiller, 7—Marjorie L., 3—G. and A. Cooley, 3—Mabel Cholwell Miller, 10—George Habenicht, 2—Petsy and Beatie, 2—Mary P. Stockett, 8—Hessie D. Boylston, 2—Tom and George, 4.

A DEAR LITTLE

SCHOOL-MA'AM.



WITH her funny little glasses you'd have thought her very wise
If it was n't for the laughter that was peeping from her eyes;
Just the queerest and the dearest little school-ma'am ever known,
Whose way of teaching boys and girls was certainly her own.

"I give my brightest pupil," in a pleasant tone she said,
"A little corner by himself to show that he is head,
And, to spare the tender feelings of the dullest boy, I put
All the others in a circle so you can't tell which is foot.

"Whenever any pupil in his lessons does n't miss,
I encourage his endeavors with a penny sugar-kiss;
And, since this slight upon the rest might too severely fall,
I take the box of kisses and I hand 'em round to all.

"I've asked them what they'd like to be a dozen times or more,
And each, I find, intends when grown to keep a candy store;

So, thinking that they ought to have some knowledge of their trade,
I've put a little stove in, just to show them how it's made.

"Enthusiastic? Bless you, it is wonderful to see
How interested in such things a little child can be;
And, from their tempting taffy and their luscious lollipops,
I'm sure they'll do me credit when they come to open shops."

And, with a nod that plainly showed how free she was from doubt,

She deftly smoothed the wrinkles of her snowy apron out—
Just the queerest and the dearest little school-ma'am ever known,
Whose way of teaching boys and girls was really her own!

By MALCOLM DOUGLAS.



A "GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE" RACE.

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