



BEGGAR BOYS AT PLAY.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER THE CELEBRATED PAINTING BY MURILLO.

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DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER I.

ROBERT DURHAM BEGINS HIS STORY.

"WHERE are the children?"

"They can't be far away," replied my wife, looking up from her preparations for supper. "Bobsey was here a moment ago. As soon as my back is turned he's out and away. I have n't seen Merton since he brought his books from school, and I suppose Winnie is upstairs in the Daggetts' apartment."

"I wish, my dear, you could keep the children at home more," I said, a little petulantly.

"I wish you would go and find them for me now, and to-morrow would take my place — for just one day," she replied.

"Well, well," I said, with a laugh that had no mirth in it; "only one of your wishes stands much chance of being carried out. I'll find the children now, if I can without the aid of the police. Mousie, do you feel stronger to-night?"

These words were spoken to a pale-faced girl of fourteen, who appeared to be scarcely more than twelve, so diminutive was her frame.

"Yes, Papa," she replied, a faint smile flitting like a ray of light across her features. She always said she was better, but still she was never well; and her quiet ways and tones had led to the household name of "Mousie."

As I was descending the narrow stair-way, I was almost overthrown by a torrent of children pouring down from the flats above. In the dim

light of a gas-burner I saw that Bobsey was one of the reckless atoms. He had not heard my voice in the uproar, and before I could reach him, he, with the others, had burst out at the street door and was dashing toward the nearest corner. It seemed that he had slipped away in order to take part in a race, and I found him "squaring off" at a bigger boy, who had tripped him up. Without a word I carried him home, followed by the jeers and laughter of the racers, the girls making their presence known, in the early December twilight, by the shrillness of their voices and by manners no gentler than those of the boys.

I put down the child — he was only seven years of age — in the middle of our general living-room, and looked at him. His little coat was split out in the back; one of his stockings, already well darned at the knees, was past remedy; his hands were black, and one was bleeding; his whole little body was throbbing from excitement, anger, and violent exercise. As I looked at him quietly, the defiant expression in his eyes began to give place to tears.

"There is no use in punishing him now," said my wife. "Please leave him to me and find the others."

"I was n't going to punish him," I said.

"What are you going to do? What makes you look at him so?" she asked.

"He's a problem I can't solve — with the given conditions," I replied.

"Oh, Robert! you drive me half wild. If the house were on fire, you'd stop to follow out some

train of thought about it. I'm tired to death. Do bring the children home. When we've put them to bed, you can figure on your problem, and I can sit down."

As I went up to the Daggetts' flat, I was dimly conscious of another problem. My wife was growing fretful and nervous. *Our* rooms would not have satisfied a Dutch housewife; but if "order is heaven's first law," a little of paradise was in them when compared with the Daggetts' apartments.

"Yes," I was told, in response to my inquiries; "Winnie is in the bedroom with Melissy."

The door was locked, and after some hesitation the girls opened it. As we were going down-stairs I caught a glimpse of a newspaper in my girl's pocket. She gave it to me reluctantly, and said "Melissy" had lent it to her. I told her to help her mother prepare supper while I went to find Merton. Opening the paper under a street-lamp, I found it to be a cheap, vile journal, full of the flashy pictures that so often offend the eye on news-stands. With a chill of fear, I thought: "Another problem." The Daggett children had been down with the scarlet fever a few months before. "But here's a worse infection," I reflected. "Thank heaven, Winnie is only a child, and can't understand these pictures;" and I tore up the paper, and threw it into its proper place—the gutter.

"Now," I muttered, "I've only to find Merton in mischief to make the evening's experience complete."

In mischief I did find him,—a very harmful kind of mischief, it appeared to me. Merton was little over fifteen, and he and two or three other lads were smoking cigarettes which, to judge by their odor, must certainly have been made from the sweepings of the manufacturer's floor.

"Can't you find anything better than that to do after school?" I asked, severely, as I called Merton to my side.

"Well, sir," was the sullen reply, "I'd like to know what there is for a boy to do in this street."

During the walk home, I tried to think of an answer to his implied question. What would I do if I were in Merton's place? I confess that I was

puzzled. After sitting in school all day, he must do something that the policeman would permit. There certainly seemed very little range of action for a growing boy. Should I take him out of school and put him into a shop or an office? If I did this, his education would be sadly limited. Moreover, he was tall and slender for his age, and upon his face there was a pallor which I dislike to see in a boy. Long hours of business would be very hard upon him, even if he could endure the strain at all. The problem which had been pressing on me for months—almost years—grew urgent.

With clouded brows we sat down to our modest little supper. Winifred, my wife, was hot and flushed from too near acquaintance with the stove, and wearied by a long day of toil in a room that would be the better for a gale of wind. Bobsey, as we called my little namesake, was absorbed—now that he was relieved from the fear of punishment—by the wish to "punch" the boy who had tripped him up. Winnie was watching me furtively, wondering what had become of the paper, and what I thought of it. Merton was somewhat sullen, and a little ashamed of himself. I felt my "problem" was to give these children something to do that would not harm them, for do *something* they certainly would. They were rapidly attaining that age when the shelter of a narrow city flat would not answer; when the influence of a crowded house and of the street might be greater than any we could bring to bear upon them.

I looked about upon the little group for whom I was responsible. My will was still law to them. While my wife had positive little ways of her own, she would agree to any decided course that I resolved upon. The children were yet under entire control, so that I sat at the head of the table, commander-in-chief of the little band.

We called the narrow flat we lived in "home!" The idea! with the Daggetts above and the Ricketts on the floor beneath! It was not a home, and was scarcely a fit camping-ground for such a family squad as ours; yet we had staid on for years in this long, narrow line of rooms, reaching from a crowded street to a little back-yard full of noisy children by day, and noisier cats by night. I had often thought of moving, but had failed to find a better shelter that was within my very limited means. The neighborhood was respectable, so far as a densely populated region can be. It was not far removed from my place of business, and my work often kept me so late at the office that we could not live in a suburb. The rent was moderate for New York, and left me some money, after food and clothing were provided, for occasional little outings and pleasures, which I believe to be needed by both body and mind.



MELISSA DAGGETT.

While the children were little — so long as they would "stay put" in the cradle or on the floor — we did not have much trouble. Fortunately, I had good health, and, as my wife said, was "handy with children." Therefore I could help her in the care of them at night, and she had kept much of her youthful bloom. Heaven had blessed us. We had met with no serious misfortunes, nor had any of our number been often prostrated by prolonged and dangerous illness. But during the last year my wife had been growing thin, and occasionally her voice had a sharpness which was new. Every month, Bobsey became more hard to manage. Our living-room was to him like a cage to a wild bird, and slip away he would, to his mother's alarm; for he was almost certain to get into mischief or trouble. The effort to perform her household tasks and watch over him was more wearing than it had been to rock him through long hours at night when he was a teething baby.

These details seem very homely, no doubt, yet such as these largely make up our lives. Comfort or discomfort, happiness or unhappiness, springs from them. There is no crop in the country so important as that of boys and girls. How could I manage my little home-garden in a flat?

I looked thoughtfully from one to another, as with children's appetites they became absorbed in one of the chief events of the day.

"Well," said my wife, querulously, "how are you getting on with your problem?"

"Take this extra bit of steak, and I'll tell you after the children are asleep," I said.

"I can't eat another mouthful," she exclaimed, pushing back her almost untasted supper. "Broiling the steak was enough for me."

"You are quite tired out, dear," I said, very gently.

Her face softened immediately at my tone, and tears came into her eyes.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," she faltered. "I am so nervous some days that I feel as if I should fly to pieces. I do try to be patient, but I know I'm growing cross."

"Oh, now, Mamma!" spoke up warm-hearted Merton. "The idea of your being cross!"

"She *is* cross," Bobsey cried; "she boxed my ears this very day."

"And you deserved it," was Merton's retort. "It's a pity they are not boxed oftener."

"Yes, Robert, I did," continued my wife, sorrowfully. "Bobsey ran away four times, and vexed me beyond endurance,—that is, such endurance as I have left,—which does n't seem to be very much."

"I understand, dear," I said. "You are a part of my problem, and you must help me solve it."

Then I changed the subject decidedly, and soon brought sunshine to our clouded household. Children's minds are easily diverted; and my wife, whom a few sharp words would have greatly irritated, was soothed, and her curiosity awakened as to the subject of my thoughts.

And think deeply I did while she and Winnie cleared away the dishes and put Bobsey into his little crib. I felt that the time for a decided change had come, and that it should be made before the evils of our lot brought sharp and real trouble.

How should I care for my household? If I had been living on a far frontier among hostile Indians, I should have known better how to protect them. I could build a house of heavy logs and keep my rifle always near while at work. But it seemed to me that Melissa Daggett and her kin with their flashy papers, and the influence of the street for Merton and Bobsey, involved more danger to my little band than all the scalping Modocs that ever whooped. The children could not step outside the door without danger of meeting some one who would do them harm. It is the curse of crowded city life that there is so little of a natural and attractive sort for a child to do, and so much of evil close at hand.

My wife asked me humorously for the news. She saw that I was not reading my paper, and my frowning brow and firm lips proved that my problem was not of a trifling nature. She suspected nothing more, however, than that I was thinking of taking rooms in some better locality, and she was wondering how I could do it; for she knew that my income now left but a small surplus above expenses.

At last Winnie too was ready to go to bed, and I said to her, gravely:

"Here is money to pay Melissa for that paper; it was only fit for the gutter, and in the gutter I put it. I wish you to promise me never to look at such pictures again, or you can never hope to grow up to be a lady like Mamma."

The child flushed deeply, and went tearful and penitent to bed; and Mousie also retired with a wistful look upon her face, for she saw that something of grave importance occupied my mind.

No matter how tired my wife might be, she was never satisfied to sit down until the room had been put in order, a green cloth spread upon the supper-table, and the student-lamp placed in its center.

Merton brought his school-books, my wife took up her mending, and we three sat down within the circle of light.

"Don't do any more work to-night," I said, looking into my wife's face, and noting for a few moments that it was losing its rounded lines.

Her hands dropped wearily into her lap, and she began, gratefully:

"I'm glad you speak so kindly to-night, Robert, for I am so nervous and out of sorts that I could n't have stood one bit of fault-finding,—I should have said things, and then have been sorry all day to-morrow. And I'm sure each day brings enough without carrying anything over. Come, read the paper to me, or tell me what you have been thinking about so deeply, if you don't mind Merton's hearing you. I wish to forget myself, and my work, and everything that worries me, for a little while."

"I'll read the paper first, and then, after Merton has learned his lessons, I will tell you my thoughts,—my purpose, I may almost say. Merton shall know about it soon, for he is becoming old enough to understand the 'why' of things. I hope, my boy, that your teacher lays a great deal of stress on the *why* in all your studies?"

"Oh, yes, after a fashion," said the boy.

"Well, so far as I am your teacher, Merton," I said, "I wish you always to think why you should do a thing or why you should n't, and to try not to be satisfied with any reason but a good one."

Then I gleaned from the paper such items as I thought would interest my wife. At last we were alone, with no sound in the room but the low roar of the city, a roar so deep as to make one think that the tides of life were breaking into waves. I was doing some figuring in a note-book when my wife asked:

"Robert, what is your problem to-night, and what part have I in it?"

"So important a part that I could n't solve it without you," I replied, smiling at her.

"Oh, come now!" she said, laughing slightly for the first time in the evening; "you always begin to flatter a little when you want to carry a point."

"Well, then, you are on your guard against my wiles. But believe me, Winifred, the problem on my mind is not like one of my ordinary brown studies,—in those I often try to get back to the wherefore of things, which people usually accept and do not bother about. The question I am now considering comes right home to us, and we must meet it. I have felt for some time that we could not put off action much longer, and to-night I am convinced of it."

Then I told her how I had found three of the children engaged that evening, concluding:

"The circumstances of their lot are more to blame than they themselves. And why should I find fault with you because you are nervous? You could no more help being nervous and a little impatient than you could prevent the heat of the lamp

from burning you, should you place your finger over it. I know the cause of it all. As for Mousie, she is growing paler and thinner every day. You know what my income is; we could not change things much for the better by taking other rooms in another part of the city, and we might find that we had changed for the worse. I propose that we go to the country and get our living out of the soil."

"Why, Robert! what do you know about farming or gardening?"

"Not very much, but I am not yet too old to learn; and there would be something for the children to do at once, pure air for them to breathe, and space for them to grow healthfully in body, mind, and soul. You know I have but little money laid by, and that I am not one of those smart men who can push their way. I don't know much besides book-keeping, and my employers think I am not remarkably quick at that. I can't seem to acquire the lightning speed with which things are done nowadays; and while I try to make up for speed by long hours and honesty, I don't believe I could ever earn much more than I am getting now, and you know it does n't leave a wide margin for sickness or misfortune of any kind. After all, what does my salary give us but food and clothing and shelter, such as they are, with a little to spare in some years? It sends a cold chill to my heart to think what would become of you and the children if I should be sick or anything should happen to me. Still, it is the present welfare of the children that weighs most on my mind, Winifred. They are no longer little things that you can keep in these rooms and watch over; there is danger for them just outside that door. It would n't be so if beyond the door lay a garden and fields and woods. You, my overtaxed wife, would n't worry about them the moment they were out of sight; and my work, instead of being away from them all day, could be with them. All could do something, even down to pale Mousie and little Bobsey. Outdoor life and pure air, instead of that breathed over and over, would bring quiet to your nerves and the roses back to your cheeks. The children would grow sturdy and strong; much of their work would be like play to them; they would n't be always in contact with other children that we know nothing about. I am aware that the country is n't Eden, as we have imagined it,—for I lived there as a boy,—but it seems like Eden compared to this place with its surroundings; and I feel as if I were being driven back to it by circumstances I can't control."

There is no need of dwelling further on the reasons for and against the step we proposed. We thought a great deal, talked it over several times,

and finally my wife agreed that the change would be wise and best for all. Then the children were taken into our confidence, and they became more delighted every day as the prospect grew clearer to them.

"We'll all be good soon, wont we?" said my youngest, who had a rather vivid sense of his own shortcomings, and kept those of the others in mind, as well.

"Why so, Bobsey?" I asked.

"'Cause Mamma says God put the first people in a garden and they were very good, better 'n any

So it was settled that we would leave our narrow suit of rooms, the Daggetts and Ricketts, and go to the country. To me naturally fell the task of finding the land flowing with milk and honey to which we should journey in the spring. Meantime, we were already emigrants at heart, full of the bustle and excitement of mental preparation.

I prided myself somewhat on my knowledge of human nature, which, in regard to children, conformed to comparatively simple laws. I knew that the change would involve plenty of hard work, self-denial, and careful managing, which nothing



"THE QUESTION WHERE WE SHOULD GO WAS THE CAUSE OF MUCH STUDYING OF MAPS."

folks afterward. God ought to know the best place for people."

Thus Bobsey gave a kind of divine sanction to our project. Of course, we had not taken so important a step without asking the great Father of all to guide us; for we felt that in the mystery of life, we, too, were but little children who knew not what should be on the morrow or how best to provide for it with any certainty. To our sanguine minds there was in Bobsey's words a hint of something more than permission to go up out of Egypt.

could redeem from prose; but I aimed to add to our exodus so far as possible the elements of adventure and mystery so dear to the hearts of children. The question where we should go was the cause of much discussion, the studying of maps, and the learning of not a little geography.

Merton's counsel was that we should seek a region abounding in Indians, bears, and "such big game." His advice made clear the nature of some of his recent reading. He proved, however, that he was not wanting in sense by his readi-

ness to give up these attractive features in the choice of locality.

Mousie's soft black eyes always lighted up at the prospect of a flower garden that should be as big as our sitting-room. Even in our city apart-

Melissa Daggett was of a very different type,—I could never see her without the word "sly" coming into my mind,—and her small mysteries awakened Winnie's curiosity. Now that the latter was promised chickens, ducks, and rambles in the



THE VISIT TO THE AGRICULTURAL STORE.

ments, poisoned by gas and devoid of sunlight, she usually managed to keep a little house plant in bloom, and the thought of placing seeds in the open ground, where, as she said, "the roots could go down to China if they wanted to," brought the first color I had seen in her face for many a day.

Winnie was our strongest child, and also the one who gave me the most anxiety. Impulsive, warm-hearted, restless, she always made me think of an overfull fountain. Her alert black eyes were as eager to see as was her inquisitive mind to pry into everything. For a girl she was sturdily built, and one of the severest punishments we could inflict was to place her in a chair and tell her not to move for an hour. We were beginning to learn that we could no more keep her in our sitting-room than we could restrain a mountain brook that foams into a rocky basin only to foam out again.

woods, Melissa and her secrets became insignificant, and a ready promise to keep aloof from her was given.

As for Bobsey, he should have a pig which he could name, and call his own; and for which he might pull weeds and pick up apples. We soon found that he was communing with that phantom pig in his dreams.

By the time Christmas week began, we all had agreed to do without candy, toys, and knick-knacks, and to buy books that would tell us how to live in the country. One happy evening we had an early supper and all went to a well-known agricultural store and publishing-house on Broadway, each child almost awed by the fact that I had fifteen dollars in my pocket which should be spent that very night in the purchase of books and papers. To the children the shop seemed like a place where tickets

direct to Eden were obtained, while the colored pictures of fruits and vegetables could only portray the products of Eden, so different were they in size and beauty from the specimens appearing in our market-stalls. Stuffed birds and animals were also on the shelves, and no epicure ever enjoyed the gamy flavor as did we. But when we came to examine the books, their plates exhibiting almost every phase of country work and production, we felt that a long vista leading toward our unknown home was opening before us, illumined by alluring pictures. To Winnie was given a book on poultry, and the cuts representing the various birds were even more to her taste than cuts from the fowls themselves at a Christmas dinner. The Nimrod instincts of the race were awakened in Merton, and I soon found that he had set his heart on a book that gave an account of game, fish, birds, and mam-

cut from the woods until you have earned money enough yourself to buy what you need."

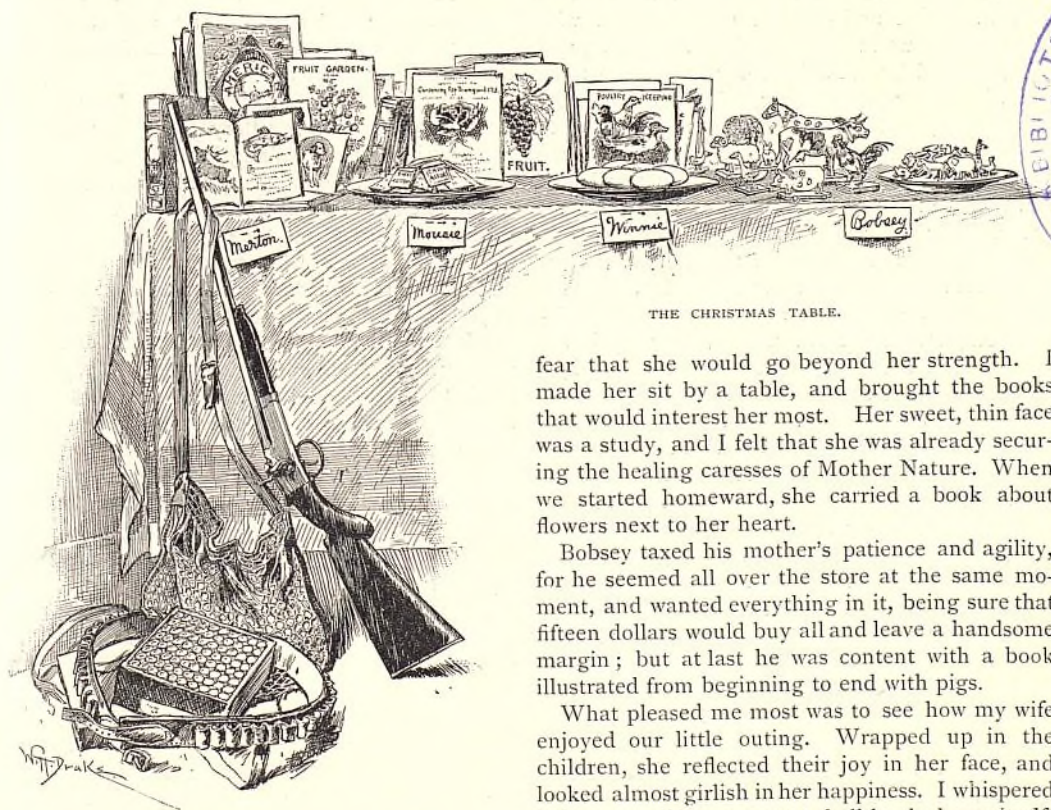
The boy was almost overwhelmed. He came to me and took my hand in both his own.

"Papa," he faltered, and his eyes were moist; "did you say a gun?"

"Yes, a breech-loading shot-gun, on one condition,—that you'll not smoke till after you are twenty-one. A growing boy can't smoke in safety."

He gave my hand a quick, strong pressure, and was immediately at the farther end of the store, blowing his nose suspiciously. I smiled contentedly and thought: "I want no better promise. A gun will cure him of cigarettes better than a tract would."

Mousie was quiet, as usual; but there was again a faint color in her cheeks, a soft luster in her eyes. I kept near my invalid child most of the time, for



THE CHRISTMAS TABLE.

fear that she would go beyond her strength. I made her sit by a table, and brought the books that would interest her most. Her sweet, thin face was a study, and I felt that she was already securing the healing caresses of Mother Nature. When we started homeward, she carried a book about flowers next to her heart.

Bobsey taxed his mother's patience and agility, for he seemed all over the store at the same moment, and wanted everything in it, being sure that fifteen dollars would buy all and leave a handsome margin; but at last he was content with a book illustrated from beginning to end with pigs.

What pleased me most was to see how my wife enjoyed our little outing. Wrapped up in the children, she reflected their joy in her face, and looked almost girlish in her happiness. I whispered in her ear: "Your present shall be the home itself, for I shall have the deed made out in your name, and then you can turn me out-of-doors as often as you please."

"Which will be every pleasant day after breakfast," she said, laughing. "You know you are very safe in giving things to me."

"Yes, Winifred," I replied, pressing her hand

mals,—a natural and wholesome longing. I myself had felt it keenly when a boy. Such country sport would bring sturdiness to his limbs and the right kind of color into his face.

"All right, Merton," I said; "you shall have the book and a breech-loading shot-gun also. As for fishing-tackle, you can manage with a pole

on the sly; "I have been finding that out ever since I gave myself to you."

I bought Henderson's *Gardening for Profit* and some other practical books. I also subscribed for a journal devoted to rural interests and giving simple directions for the work of each month. At last we returned. Never did a jollier little procession than ours march up Broadway. People were going to the opera and evening companies, and carriages rolled by filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen; but my wife remarked: "None of those people are as happy as we are, trudging in this roundabout way to our country home."

Her words suggested our course of action during the months which must intervene before it would be safe or wise for us to leave the city. Our thoughts, words, and actions were all a roundabout means to our cherished end, and yet the most direct way that we could take under the circumstances. Field and garden were covered with snow, the ground was granite-like from frost, and Winter's cold breath chilled our impatience to be gone, but so far as possible we lived in a country atmosphere, and amused ourselves by trying to conform to country ways in a city flat. Even Winnie declared she heard the cocks crowing at dawn, while Bobsey had a different kind of grunt or squeal for every pig in his book.

On Christmas morning we all brought out our purchases and arranged them on a table. Merton was almost wild when he found a bright single-barreled gun, with accouterments, standing in the corner. Even Mousie exclaimed with delight when she found some bright-colored papers of flower-seeds on her plate. To Winnie were given half a dozen china eggs, with which to lure the prospective "biddies" to lay in nests easily reached, and she tried to cackle over them in absurd imitation. Little Bobsey had to have some toys and candy, but they all presented to his eyes the natural inmates of the barn-yard. In the number of domestic animals he swallowed that day he equaled the little boy, in Hawthorne's story of the "House of the Seven Gables," who devoured a gingerbread caravan of camels and elephants purchased at Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon's shop. Our Christmas dinner consisted almost wholly of such vegetables as we proposed to raise the coming summer. Never before were such connoisseurs of carrots, beets, onions, parsnips, and so on, through almost the entire list of such winter stock as was to be obtained at our nearest green-grocery. We celebrated the day by nearly a dozen dishes which the children aided my wife in preparing. Then I had Merton figure out the cost of each, and we were surprised at the cheapness of much of country fare, even when retailed in very small quantities.

This brought up another phase of the problem. In many respects I was like the children, having almost as much to learn as they,—with the advantage, however, of being able to correct impressions by experience. In other words, I had more judgment; and, while I should certainly make mistakes, not many of them would be absurd or often repeated. I was aware that most of the homely kitchen vegetables cost comparatively little, even though (having no good place for storage in our flat) we had found it better to buy what we needed from day to day. It was therefore certain that, at wholesale in the country, they would often be exceedingly cheap. This fact would work both ways. Little money would purchase much food of certain kinds, and if we produced these articles of food, they would bring us little money.

I will pass briefly over the period that elapsed before it was time for us to depart, assured that the little people who are following this simple history are as eager to get away from the dusty city flat to the sunlight, breezy fields, brooks, and woods as were the children in my story. It is enough to say that, during all my waking hours not devoted to business, I read, thought, and studied on the problem of supporting my family in the country. I haunted Washington Market in the gray dawn, and learned from much inquiry what products found a ready and certain sale at some price, and what appeared to yield the best profits to the grower. There was much conflict of opinion, but I noted down and averaged the statements made to me. Many of the marketmen had hobbies, and told me how to make a fortune out of one or two articles; more gave careless, random, or ignorant answers; but here and there was a plain, honest, sensible fellow who showed me from his books what plain, honest, sensible producers in the country were doing. In a few weeks I dismissed finally the tendency to one blunder. A novice hears or reads of an acre of cabbages or strawberries producing so much. Then he figures, "If one acre yields so much, two acres will give twice as much," and so on. Inquiry and the experience of others showed me the utter folly of all this; and I came to the conclusion that I could give my family shelter, plain food, pure air, wholesome work and play in plenty, and that I could not for some time provide much else with certainty. I tried to stick closely to common sense,—and the humble circumstances of the vast majority living from the soil proved that there was in these pursuits no easy or speedy road to fortune. Therefore, we must part reluctantly with every penny, and let a dollar go for only the essentials to the modest success now accepted as all we could naturally expect.

We had explored the settled States, and even the Territories, in fancy; we had talked over nearly every industry, from cotton and sugar-cane planting to a sheep-ranch. I encouraged all this, for it was so much education out of school-hours; yet all, even Merton, eventually agreed with me that we'd better not go far away, but seek a place near schools, markets, and churches, and well inside of civilization.

"See here, youngsters, you forget the most

At last, in reply to my inquiries and my answers to advertisements, I received the following letter:

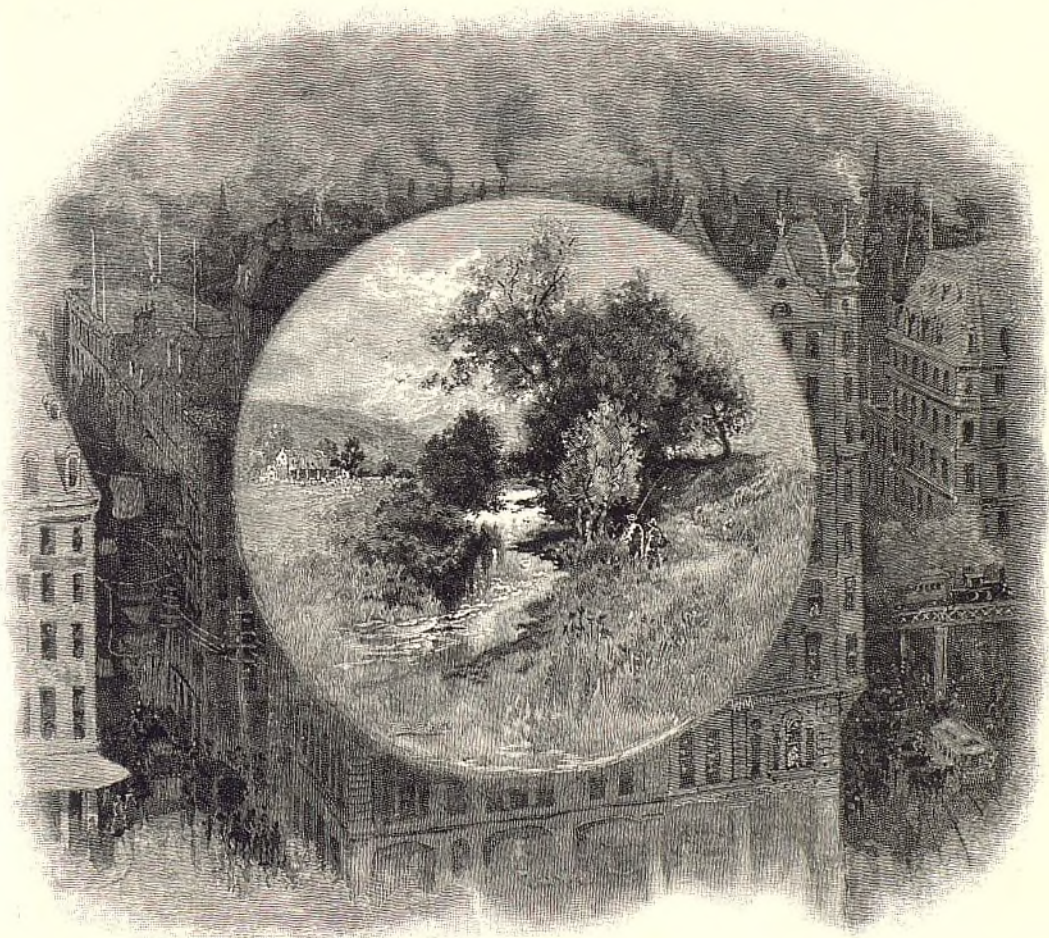
"MAIZEVILLE, N. Y., March 1st, 1884.

"ROBERT DURHAM, Esq.

"*Dear Sir:* I have a place that will suit you, I think. It can be bought for a sum inside the figure you name. Come and see it. I sha'n't crack it up, but want you to judge for yourself.

"JOHN JONES."

I had been to see two or three places that had been "cracked up" so highly that my wife thought it would be better to close a bargain at



important crop of all that I must cultivate," I said one evening.

"What is that?" they cried in chorus.

"A crop of boys and girls. You may think that my mind is chiefly on corn and potatoes. Not at all. It is chiefly on you; and for your sakes Mamma and I decided for the country."

once before some one else secured the prize,—and I had come back disgusted in each instance.

"The soul of wit"—which is brevity—was in John Jones's letter. There was also a downright directness which hit the mark, and I wrote that I would go to Maizeville in the course of the following week.

(To be continued.)



NO LONGER A BABY.

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN;

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

BY CHARLES E. CARRYL.

CHAPTER IX.

RIBSY.

THE road was very dreary and dusty, and wound in and out in the most tiresome way until it seemed to have no end to it, and Davy ran on and on, half-expecting at any moment to feel the Roc's great beak pecking at his back. Fortunately his legs carried him along so remarkably well that he felt he could run for a week; and indeed he might have done so if he had not, at a sharp turn in the

road, come suddenly upon a horse and cab. The horse was fast asleep when Davy dashed against him, but he woke up with a start, and, after whistling like a locomotive once or twice in a very alarming manner, went to sleep again. He was a very frowsy-looking horse with great lumps at his knees and a long, crooked neck like a camel's; but what attracted Davy's attention particularly was the word "RIBSY" painted in whitewash on his side in large letters. He was looking at this and wondering if it were the horse's name, when the door of the cab flew open and a man fell out, and

after rolling over in the dust, sat up in the middle of the road and began yawning. He was even a more ridiculous-looking object than the horse, being dressed in a clown's suit, with a morning gown over it by way of a top-coat, and a field-marshal's cocked hat. In fact, if he had not had a whip in his hand no one would ever have taken him for a cabman. After yawning heartily, he looked up at Davy and said drowsily: "Where?"

"To B. G.," said Davy, hastily referring to the Hole-keeper's letter.

"All right," said the cabman, yawning again. "Climb in, and don't put your feet on the cushions."

Now, this was a ridiculous thing for him to say, for when Davy stepped inside he found the only seats were some three-legged stools huddled together in the back part of the cab, all the rest of the space being taken up by a large bath-tub that ran across the front end of it. Davy turned on one of the faucets, but nothing came out except some dust and a few small bits of gravel, and he shut it off again, and sitting down on one of the little stools, waited patiently for the cab to start.

Just then the cabman put his head in at the window, and winking at him confidentially, said: "Can you tell me why this horse is like an umbrella?"

"No," said Davy.

"Because he's used up," said the cabman.

"I don't think that's a very good conundrum," said Davy.

"So do I," said the cabman. "But it's the best one I can make with this horse. Did you say N. B.?" he asked.

"No; I said B. G.," said Davy.

"All right," said the cabman again, and disappeared from the window. Presently there was a loud trampling overhead, and Davy, putting his head out at the window, saw that the cabman had climbed up on top of the cab and was throwing stones at the horse, which was still sleeping peacefully.

"Oh! don't do that," said Davy, anxiously. "I'd rather get out and walk."

"Well, I wish you would," said the cabman, in a tone of great relief. "This is a very valuable

stand, and I don't care to lose my place on it;" and Davy accordingly jumped out of the cab and walked away.

Presently there was a clattering of hoofs behind him, and Ribsy came galloping along the road with nothing on him but his collar. He was holding his big head high in the air, like a giraffe, and gazing proudly about him as he ran. He stopped short when he saw the little boy, and giving a triumphant whistle, said cheerfully: "How are you again?"

It seemed rather strange to be spoken to by a cab-horse, but Davy answered that he was feeling quite well.

"So am I," said Ribsy. "The fact is, that when it comes to beating a horse about the head with a three-legged stool, if that horse is going to leave at all, it's time he was off."

"I should think it was," said Davy, earnestly.

"You'll observe, of course, that I've kept on my shoes and my collar," said Ribsy. "It is n't genteel to go barefoot, and nothing makes



"THE CABMAN HAD CLIMBED UP ON TOP OF THE CAB AND WAS THROWING STONES AT THE HORSE."

a fellow look so untidy as going about without a collar. The truth is"—he continued, sitting down in the road on his hind legs, "the truth is, I'm not an ordinary horse by any means. I have a history, and I've arranged it in a popular form in six canters—I mean cantos," he added, hastily correcting himself.

"I'd like to hear it, if you please," said Davy, politely.

"Well, I'm a little hoarse—" began Ribsy.

"I think you're a very big horse," said Davy, in great surprise.

"I'm referring to my voice," said Ribsy, haughtily. "Be good enough not to interrupt me again;" and giving two or three preliminary whistles to clear his throat, he began:

*"It's very confining, this living in stables,
And passing one's time among wagons and
carts;
I much prefer dining at gentlemen's tables,
And living on turkeys and cranberry tarts."*

"That's rather a high-toned idea," said Ribsy, proudly.

"Oh! yes, indeed," said Davy, laughing; and Ribsy continued:

*"As spry as a kid and as trim as a spider
Was I in the days of the Turnip-top Hunt,
When I used to get rid of the weight of my
rider
And canter contentedly in at the front."*

"By the way, that trick led to my being sold to a circus," said Ribsy. "I suppose you've never been a circus-horse?"

"Never," said Davy.

"Then you don't know anything about it," said Ribsy. "Here we go again!"

*"It made me a wreck, with no hope of improve-
ment,
Too feeble to race with an invalid crab;
I'm wry in the neck, with a rickety movement
Peculiarly suited for drawing a cab."*

"I may as well say here," broke in Ribsy again, "that the price old Patsey Bolivar, the cabman, paid for me was simply ridiculous."

*"I find with surprise that I'm constantly sneez-
ing;
I'm stiff in the legs, and I'm often for
sale;
And the blue-bottle flies, with their tiresome
teasing,
Are quite out of reach of my weary old
tail."*

"I see them!" cried Davy eagerly.

"Thank you," said Ribsy, haughtily. "As the next verse is the last, you need n't trouble yourself to make any further observations.

*"I think my remarks will determine the question
Of why I am bony and thin as a rail;*

*I'm off for some larks to improve my diges-
tion,
And point the stern moral conveyed by my
tail."*

Here Ribsy got upon his legs again, and after a refreshing fillip with his heels, cantered off along the road, whistling as he went. Two large blue-bottle flies were on his back, and his tail was flying around with an angry whisk like a pin-wheel; but as he disappeared in the distance, the flies were still sitting calmly on the ridge of his spine, apparently enjoying the scenery.

Davy was about to start out again on his journey, when he heard a voice shouting "Hi! Hi!" and looking back, he saw the poor cabman coming along the road on a brisk trot, dragging his cab after him. He had on Ribsy's harness, and seemed to be in a state of tremendous excitement.

As he came up with Davy, the door of the cab flew open again, and the three-legged stools came tumbling out, followed by a dense cloud of dust.

"Get in! Get in!" shouted the cabman, excitedly. "Never mind the dust, I've turned it on to make believe we're going tremendously fast."

Davy hastily scrambled in, and the cabman started off again. The dust was pouring out of both faucets, and a heavy shower of gravel was rattling into the bath-tub; and, to make matters worse, the cabman was now going along at such an astonishing speed that the cab rocked violently from side to side, like a boat in a stormy sea. Davy made a frantic attempt to shut off the dust, but it seemed to come faster and faster, until he was almost choked. At this moment the cab came suddenly to a stop, and Davy, rushing to the window, found himself staring into a farm-yard, where a red cow stood gazing up at him.

CHAPTER X.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK'S FARM.

It was quite an ordinary-looking farm-yard and quite an ordinary-looking cow, but she stared so earnestly up at Davy that he felt positively certain she had something to say to him. "Every creature I meet *does* have something to say," he thought, "and I should really like to hear a cow—" and just at this moment the cab-door suddenly flew open and he pitched head-foremost out upon a pile of hay in the farm-yard and rolled from it off upon the ground. As he sat up, feeling exceedingly foolish, he looked anxiously at the cow, expecting to see her laughing at his misfortune, but she stood gazing at him with a very serious ex-

pression of countenance, solemnly chewing, and slowly swishing her tail from side to side. As Davy really did n't know how to begin a conversation with a cow, he waited for her to speak first, and there was consequently a long pause. Presently the Cow said, in a melancholy, lowing tone of voice:

"Are you a market-gardener?"

"No," said Davy.
"Why?"

"Because," said the Cow, mournfully, "there 's a feather-bed growing in the vegetable garden, and I thought you might explain how it came there."

"That 's very curious," said Davy.

"Curious, but comfortable for the pig," said the Cow. "He 's taken to sleeping there, lately. He calls it his quill pen."

"That 's a capital name for it," said Davy, laughing. "What else is there in the garden?"

"Nothing but the bean-stalk," said the Cow. "You 've heard of 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' have n't you?"

"Oh! yes, indeed!" said Davy, beginning to be very much interested. "I should like to see the bean-stalk."

"You can't *see* the beans talk," said the Cow, gravely. "You might *hear* them talk—that is, if they had anything to say, and you listened long enough. By the way, that 's the house that Jack built. Pretty, is n't it?"

Davy turned and looked up at the house. It certainly was a very pretty house, built of bright red brick with little gables, and dormer-windows in the roof, and with a trim little porch quite overgrown with climbing roses. But it had a very comical appearance, for all that, as the cab-door was standing wide open in the walk just a little above the porch. Suddenly an idea struck him, and he exclaimed:

"Then you must be the cow with a crumpled horn!"

"It 's not crumpled," said the Cow with great dignity. "There 's a slight crimp in it, to be sure, but nothing that can properly be called a crump."



MOTHER HUBBARD SINGS A SONG.

Then the story was all wrong about my tossing the dog. It was the cat that ate the malt. He was a Maltese cat, and his name was Flipme-gilder."

"Did you toss *him*?" inquired Davy.

"Certainly not," said the Cow, indignantly. "Who ever heard of a cow tossing a cat? The fact is, I've never had a fair chance to toss *anything*. As for the dog, Mother Hubbard never permitted any liberties to be taken with *him*."

"I'd dearly love to see Mother Hubbard," said Davy, eagerly.

"Well, you can," said the Cow, indifferently. "She is n't much to see. If you'll look in at the kitchen window, you'll probably find her performing on the piano and singing a song. She's always at it."

Davy stole softly to the kitchen window and peeped in, and, as the Cow had said, Mother Hubbard was there, sitting at the piano and evidently just preparing to sing. The piano was very remarkable, and Davy could not remember ever having seen one like it before. The top of it was arranged with shelves on which stood all the kitchen crockery, and in the under part of it, at one end, was an oven with glass doors, through which he could see several pies baking.

Mother Hubbard was dressed, just as he expected, in a very ornamental flowered gown with high-heeled shoes and buckles, and wore a tall pointed hat over her night-cap. She was so like the pictures Davy had seen of her that he thought he would have recognized her anywhere. She sang in a high key with a very quavering voice, and this was the song:

*"I had an educated pug,
His name was Tommy Jones;
He lived upon the parlor rug
Exclusively on bones.*

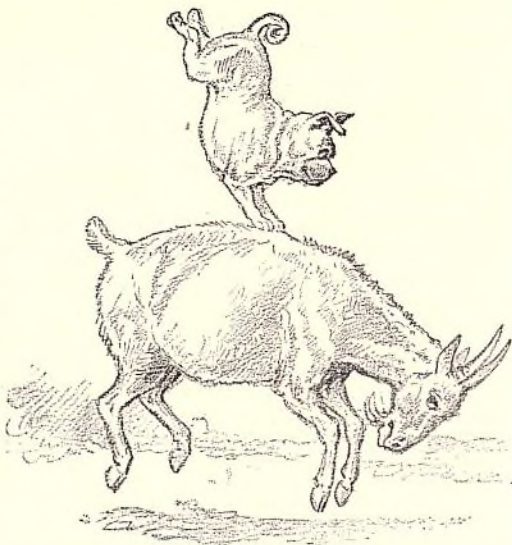
*"I went to a secluded room
To get one from a shelf;
It was n't there, and I presume
He'd gone and helped himself.*

*"He had an entertaining trick
Of feigning he was dead;
Then, with a re-assuring kick,
Would stand upon his head.*



*"I could not take the proper change
And go to buy him shoes,
But what he'd sit upon the range
And read the latest news.*

*"And when I ventured out one day
To order him a coat,
I found him, in his artless way,
Careering on a goat.*



*"I could not go to look at hats
But that, with childish glee,
He'd ask in all the neighbors' cats
To join him at his tea!"*

While Mother Hubbard was singing this song, little handfuls of gravel were constantly thrown at her through one of the kitchen windows, and by the time the song was finished, her lap was quite full of it.

"I'd just like to know who is throwing that gravel," said Davy, indignantly.

"It's Gobobbles," said the Cow, calmly. "You'll find him around at the front of the house. By the way, have you any chewing-gum about you?"

"No," said Davy, greatly surprised at the question.

"So I supposed," said the Cow. "It's precisely what I should expect of a person who would fall out of a cab."

"But I could n't help that," said Davy.

"Of course you could n't," said the Cow, yawning indolently. "It's precisely what I should expect of a person who had n't any chewing-gum." And with this the Cow walked gravely away, just as Mother Hubbard made her appearance at the window.

"Boy," said Mother Hubbard, beaming mildly upon Davy through her spectacles, "you should n't throw gravel."

"I have n't thrown any," said Davy.

"Fie!" said Mother Hubbard, shaking her head; "always speak the truth."

"I am speaking the truth," said Davy, indignantly. "It was Gobobbles."

"So I supposed," said Mother Hubbard, gently shaking her head again. "It would have been far better if he had been cooked last Christmas instead of being left over. Stuffing him and then letting him go has made a very proud creature of him. You should never be proud."

"I'm not proud," replied Davy, provoked at being mixed up with Gobobbles in this way.

"You may define the word *proud*, and give a few examples," continued Mother Hubbard, and Davy was just noticing with astonishment that she was beginning to look exactly like old Miss Peggs, his school-teacher, when a thumping sound was heard, and the next moment Gobobbles came tearing around the corner of the house, and Mother Hubbard threw up her hands with a little shriek and disappeared from the window.

Gobobbles proved to be a large and very bold-mannered turkey, with all his feathers taken off except a frowsy tuft about his neck. He was pounding his chest with his wings in a very disagreeable manner, and altogether his appearance was so formidable that Davy was half inclined to take to his heels at once; but Gobobbles stopped short upon seeing him, and, discontinuing his pounding, stared at him suspiciously for a moment, and then said:

"I can't abide boys!"

"Why not?" said Davy.

"Oh, they're so hungry!" said Gobobbles, passionately. "They're so everlastingly hungry. Now, don't deny that you're fond of turkey."

"Well, I *do* like turkey," said Davy, seeing no way out of the difficulty.

"Of course you do!" said Gobobbles, tossing his head. "Now, you might as well know," he continued, resuming his thumping with increased energy, "that I'm as hollow as a drum and as tough as a hat-box. Just mention that fact to any one you meet, will you? I suppose Christmas is coming, of course."

"Of course it is!" replied Davy.

"It's *always* coming!" said Gobobbles, angrily; and with this he strutted away, pounding himself like a bass-drum.

CHAPTER XI.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

"THIS is a very sloppy road," said Davy to himself, as he walked along in the direction taken

by the turkey; and it was, indeed, a *very* sloppy road. The dust had quite disappeared, and the sloppiness soon changed to such a degree of wetness that Davy presently found himself in water up to his ankles. He turned to go back, and saw, to his alarm, that the land in every direction seemed to be miles away, and the depth of the water increased so rapidly that, before he could make up his mind what to do, it had risen to his shoulders, and he was carried off his feet and found himself apparently drifting out to sea. The water, however, was warm and pleasant, and he discovered that instead of sinking he was floated gently along, slowly turning in the water like a float on a fishing-line. This was very agreeable, but he was, nevertheless, greatly relieved when a boat came in sight sailing toward him. As it came near, it proved to be the clock with a sail hoisted and the Goblin sitting complacently in the stern.

"How d'ye do, Gobsy?" said Davy.

"Prime!" said the Goblin, enthusiastically.

"Well, stop the clock," said Davy; "I want to get aboard."

"I have n't any board," said the Goblin, in great surprise.

"I mean I want to get into the clock," said Davy, laughing. "I don't think you're much of a sailor."

"I'm not," said the Goblin, as Davy climbed in. "I've been sailing one way for ever so long, because I don't know how to turn around. But there's a landing-place just ahead."

Davy looked over his shoulder and found that they were rapidly approaching a little wooden pier standing about a foot out of the water. Beyond it stretched a broad expanse of sandy beach.

"What place is it?" said Davy.

"It's called Hickory Dickory Dock," said the Goblin. "All the eight-day clocks stop here," and at this moment the clock struck against the timbers with a violent thump, and Davy was thrown out, heels over head, upon the dock. He scrambled upon his feet again as quickly as possible, and saw to his dismay that the clock had been turned completely around by the shock and was rapidly drifting out to sea again. The Goblin looked back despairingly, and Davy just caught the words, "I don't know how to turn around!" when the clock was carried out of hearing distance and soon disappeared on the horizon.

The beach was covered in every direction with little hills of sand, like hay-cocks, with scraggy bunches of sea-weed sticking out of the tops of them; and Davy was wondering how they came to be there, when he caught sight of a man walking along the edge of the water and now and then

stopping and gazing earnestly out to sea. As the man drew nearer, Davy saw that he was dressed in a suit of brown leather and wore a high-peaked hat, and that a little procession, consisting of a dog, a cat, and a goat, was following patiently at his heels, while a parrot was perched upon his shoulder. They all wore large standing linen collars and black cravats, which gave them a very serious appearance.

Davy was morally certain that the man was Robinson Crusoe. He carried an enormous gun, which he loaded from time to time, and then, aiming carefully at the sea, fired. There was nothing very alarming about this, for the gun, when fired, only gave a faint squeak, and the bullet, which was about the size of a small orange, dropped out quietly upon the sand. Robinson, for it was really he, always seemed to be greatly astonished at this result, peering long and anxiously out to sea, after every shot. His animal companions, however, seemed to be greatly alarmed whenever he pre-

pared to fire and handed him the Hole-keeper's letter. Robinson looked at him suspiciously as he took it, and the animals eyed him with evident distrust.

Robinson had some difficulty in opening the letter, which was sopping wet, and took a long time to read it, Davy meanwhile waiting patiently. Sometimes Robinson would scowl horribly as if puzzled, and then again he would chuckle to himself as if vastly amused with the contents; but as he turned the letter over in reading it, Davy could not help seeing that it was simply a blank sheet of paper with no writing whatever upon it except the address. This, however, was so like the Hole-keeper's way of doing things that Davy was not much surprised when Robinson remarked: "He has left out the greatest lot of comical things!" and stooping down, buried the letter in the sand. Then picking up his gun, he said: "You may walk about in the grove as long as you please, provided you don't pick anything."



"ROBINSON REMARKED: 'HE HAS LEFT OUT THE GREATEST LOT OF COMICAL THINGS!'"

pared to fire; and scampering off, hid behind the little hills of sand until the gun was discharged, when they would return, and after solemnly watching their master reload his piece, follow him along the beach as before. This was all so ridiculous that Davy had great difficulty in keeping a serious expression on his face as he walked up

"What grove?" said Davy, very much surprised.

"This one," said Robinson, proudly pointing out the tufts of sea-weed. "They're beach-trees, you know; I planted 'em myself. I had to have some place to go shooting in, of course."

"Can you shoot with *that* gun?" said Davy.



"IF THE ROADS ARE WET AND MUDDY, WE STAY AT HOME AND STUDY."

"Shoot? Why, it's a splendid gun!" said Robinson, gazing at it proudly. "I made it myself—out of a spy-glass."

"It does n't seem to go off," said Davy, doubtfully.

"That's the beauty of it!" exclaimed Robinson, with great enthusiasm. "Some guns go off, and you never see 'em again."

"But I mean that it does n't make any noise," persisted Davy.

"Of course it does n't," said Robinson. "That's because I load it with tooth-powder."

"But I don't see what you can shoot with it," said Davy, feeling that he was somehow getting the worst of the argument.

Robinson stood gazing thoughtfully at him for a moment, while the big bullet rolled out of the gun with a rumbling sound and fell into the sea.

"I see what you want," he said, at length.

"You're after my personal history. Just take a seat in the family circle and I'll give it to you."

Davy looked around and saw that the dog, the goat, and the cat were seated respectfully in a semicircle, with the parrot, which had dismounted, sitting beside the goat. He seated himself on the sand at the other end of the line, and Robinson began as follows:

*"The night was thick and hazy
When the 'Piccadilly Daisy'
Carried down the crew and captain in the sea ;*

*And I think the water drowned 'em,
For they never, never found 'em,
And I know they did n't come ashore with me.*

*" Oh! 't was very sad and lonely
When I found myself the only
Population on this cultivated shore ;
But I've made a little tavern
In a rocky little cavern,
And I sit and watch for people at the door.*

*" I spent no time in looking
For a girl to do my cooking,
As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews ;
But I had that fellow Friday,
Just to keep the tavern tidy
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.*

*" I have a little garden
That I'm cultivating lard in,
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry ;
For I live on toasted lizards,
Prickly pears and parrot gizzards,
And I'm really very fond of beetle pie.*

*" The clothes I had were furry,
And it made me fret and worry
When I found the moths were eating off the hair ;
And I had to scrape and sand 'em,
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,
'Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.*

*"I sometimes seek diversion
In a family excursion
With the few domestic animals you see;
And we take along a carrot
As refreshment for the parrot,
And a little can of jungleberry tea.*

*"Then we gather as we travel
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,
And we chip off little specimens of stone;
And we carry home as prizes
Funny bugs of handy sizes,
Just to give the day a scientific tone.*

*"If the roads are wet and muddy,
We remain at home and study,—
For the goat is very clever at a sum,—
And the dog, instead of fighting,
Studies ornamental writing,
While the cat is taking lessons on the drum.*

*"We retire at eleven,
And we rise again at seven,
And I wish to call attention as I close
To the fact that all the scholars
Are correct about their collars
And particular in turning out their toes."*

Here Robinson called out in a loud voice, "First class in arithmetic!" but the animals sat perfectly motionless, sedately staring at him.

"Oh! by the way," said Robinson, confidentially to Davy, "this is the first class in arithmetic. That's the reason they did n't move, you see. Now, then!" he continued sharply, addressing the class, "how many halves are there in a whole?"

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then the Cat said gravely, "What kind of a hole?"

"That has nothing to do with it," said Robinson, impatiently.

"Oh! has n't it though!" exclaimed the Dog, scornfully. "I should think a big hole could have more halves in it than a little one."

"Well, rather," put in the Parrot, contemptuously.

Here the Goat, who apparently had been carefully thinking the matter over, said in a low, quavering voice: "Must all the halves be of the same size?"

"Certainly not," said Robinson, promptly; then nudging Davy with his elbow, he whispered, "He's bringing his mind to bear on it. He's prodigious when he gets started!"

"Who taught him arithmetic?" said Davy, who was beginning to think Robinson did n't know much about it himself.

"Well, the fact is," said Robinson, confidentially, "he picked it up from an old adder that he met in the woods."

Here the Goat, who evidently was not yet quite started, inquired, "Must all the halves be of the same shape?"

"Not at all," said Robinson, cheerfully. "Have 'em any shape you like."

"Then I give it up," said the Goat.

"Well!" exclaimed Davy, quite out of patience. "You are certainly the stupidest lot of creatures I ever saw."

At this, the animals stared mournfully at him for a moment, and then rose up and walked gravely away.

"Now you've spoiled the exercises," said Robinson, peevishly. "I'm sorry I gave 'em such a staggerer to begin with."

"Pooh!" said Davy, contemptuously. "If they could n't do that sum, they could n't do anything."

Robinson gazed at him admiringly for a moment, and then, looking cautiously about him to make sure that the procession was out of hearing, said coaxingly:

"What's the right answer? Tell us, like a good fellow."

"Two, of course," said Davy.

"Is that all?" exclaimed Robinson, in a tone of great astonishment.

"Certainly," said Davy, who began to feel very proud of his learning. "Don't you know that when they divide a whole into four parts they call them fourths, and when they divide it into two parts they call them halves?"

"Why don't they call them toothths?" said Robinson, obstinately. "The fact is, they ought to call 'em teeth. That's what puzzled the Goat. Next time I'll say, 'How many teeth in a whole?'"

"Then the Cat will ask if it's a rat-hole," said Davy, laughing at the idea.

"You positively convulse me, you're so very humorous," said Robinson, without a vestige of a smile. "You're almost as droll as Friday was. He used to call the Goat 'Pat'; because he said he was a little butter. I told him that was altogether too funny for a lonely place like this, and he went away and joined the minstrels."

Here Robinson suddenly turned pale, and hastily reaching out for his gun, sprang to his feet.

Davy looked out to sea and saw that the clock, with the Goblin standing in the stern, had come in sight again, and was heading directly for the shore with tremendous speed. The poor Goblin, who had turned sea-green in color, was frantically waving his hands to and fro, as if motioning for the beach to get out of the way; and Davy

watched his approach with the greatest anxiety. Meanwhile, the animals had mounted on four sand-hills, and were solemnly looking on, while Robinson, who seemed to have run out of tooth-powder, was hurriedly loading his gun with sand. The next moment the clock struck the beach with

great force, and turning completely over on the sand, buried the Goblin beneath it. Robinson was just making a convulsive effort to fire off his gun when the clock began striking loudly, and he and the animals fled in all directions in the wildest dismay.

(To be continued.)



He came one blustering, snowy day
In February weather;
He carried on his dimpled arm
A portmanteau of leather.

He tapped against my window-pane;
He said: "You sly old fellow,
Come, tell me of that little maid
With curly head and yellow,

"The music of whose broken speech
A happy home rejoices;
Whose prattle has a sweeter sound
Than other people's voices."

I looked amazed, the saucy boy
Looked back at me with laughter.
He said: "My name is Cupid,—
And your Valentine I'm after!"

TYRANT TACY.

BY NORA PERRY.

A LITTLE yellow village-wagon was being pulled slowly over the cobble-stones near the bathing-houses at Newport by a fat and lazy black pony, urged on to its work by a young girl between fifteen and sixteen years of age.

"Come, hurry!" shouted a boy from the smooth, hard sand beyond. "Give him a whack with the whip-handle."

The girl in the wagon put down her head very much as her pony was doing, but not from the same motive. Tacy Blundel was not lazy at any moment—at this particular moment she was in any but a lazy mood—the little down-dropping of the chin signifying, instead, a sudden uprising of temper. A very small thing for a girl to become angry about, to be sure; but Tacy was constantly losing her temper over just such small things. With a sullen look on her face, and her chin crushing the ruffle of lace at her throat, Tacy drove her pony over the stones, with not an added jot of celerity, and without using her whip, much less the handle of it. Robert, or Bobby Blundel, as every one called him, had a mutinous expression on his jolly red face as she came up, but he did not say anything except to give a rather short demand to "heave out the things"—the "things" in question signifying his bathing-clothes. As he received the bundle, he reached forward to help the young girl who was sitting beside Tacy to alight. But the young girl smiled and shook her head.

"What! you are not going to bathe?" he asked.

"No, not to-day," said the girl.

"Why not?" said Bobby. "You've changed your mind rather suddenly, it seems to me."

The girl smiled and blushed uneasily. She was evidently embarrassed. Bobby glanced at his sister Tacy, inquiringly. Tacy knew what that glance meant, but did not respond to it; instead, her sullen expression deepened, and giving her pony a little flick with the point of the whip-lash, she drove off, leaving her brother standing on the beach-sand, where, in a moment, he was joined by the two other Blundel brothers—Jimmy and Charley.

"What's up?" inquired the two in a breath.

"Oh, Judy is n't going in, this morning," grumbled Bobby.

"Why not?" inquired the two others.

"I don't know; ask tyrant Tacy. Tacy is n't going, so she's managed that Judy sha'n't," replied Bobby. "She's wheedled her somehow."

"Bother! I won't stand it. Tacy!" and Jimmy Blundel shouted his sister's name lustily, and started to run after the yellow wagon. Bobby seized his brother's arm, and cried:

"No, no, don't. We shall get a good scolding at home if we provoke Tacy."

But Jimmy Blundel, too indignant to care for anything, but his one fixed idea, wrenched himself away, and tore after the little wagon, which was moving leisurely just then. Coming up to the wagon suddenly, he grabbed the fat pony's head before Tacy knew what had happened. She had dismissed her sullen looks, and was talking very pleasantly with her girl guest.

"I say," cried Jimmy, as he caught the pony's head, "why must Judy give up bathing because you've given it up, Tacy? Judy's going home next week, and she came here especially on account of the bathing; her father wanted her to bathe every day."

"She can go if she wants to," answered Tacy, all the old sullen looks coming back.

"Oh, no! I don't care—I just as lief not," hurriedly answered Judy, anxious to avert the storm.

"She *does* care," retorted Jimmy, regarding only his sister as he spoke. Then swiftly turning about and putting out his hand, he pounced upon Judy's bathing-suit at the bottom of the wagon. "There! that proves it!" he cried. "Come Judy, we all are waiting for you."

"No, no; I really can't. I don't—Oh, go away, Jimmy!"

Her distress was so genuine that Jimmy ceased his urging, but he turned like a tiger on his sister.

"It's all your doing; you're a perfect tyrant. I *will* say so, and you may have a dozen tantrums for all I care!" and flinging the bathing-suit back into the wagon, Jimmy let go the pony's head and started off.

"Well, you'll catch it," said Bobby, to whom he presently related his exploit.

"I don't care," doggedly replied Jimmy. "Tacy is a tyrant. When everything suits her to a T, she can be as pleasant as anybody; but the minute anybody criticises or opposes her, she gets her own way by falling back on that heart-disease of hers. I wish I had heart-disease! Jingo! I'd go off in a tantrum and get a bicycle quicker than a wink!"

Bobby smiled, then sobered a little, and said

generously: "Tacy is n't a bit mean and selfish in other ways. She'll give you anything she has. She gave me that jolly knife of hers with the pearl handle last week."

"Well, if she'd keep her temper, she might keep everything else," said the unpacified Jimmy.

"Tacy's been spoiled," put in Charley. "I heard Uncle Dick tell Mother so the other day, and Mother asked him what could be done when the doctor said, after she was so sick, that they must be careful and not let her get excited."

While the boys were thus discussing her, Tacy was driving along on the smooth, hard sand with her friend Judy. She was trying to act as if nothing were the matter, and talk to Judy pleasantly and politely of other things; but it was difficult work, for she knew, and she knew that Judy knew, that something very much was the matter. Deep down in her heart Tacy was perfectly aware that she had done a selfish thing in keeping Judy from bathing. It had happened that none of the family nor any of her cousins, who were generally glad to drive with her, were able to go that morning, and Tacy never could bear to go alone. The boys were off early, fishing; and she had engaged to meet them at the beach with their bathing-clothes. Suddenly it occurred to her, why should n't Judy for once drive with her, and not take a bath that day? The idea, once in her mind, took firm hold. She was proud of Judy,—Miss Julia Elwood, as society would know her some day,—for Judy was a great favorite and much sought after everywhere, and Judy was, moreover, a loving and sweet little body, with whom Tacy could always get on nicely. And this meant so much—so much even that Tacy herself did n't know. As her uncle Dick had said, Tacy had been spoiled by her invalidism—by knowing, as she could not help knowing from what she had heard so long, that she must always be considered and given way to for fear some excitement would injure her. That great illness of Tacy's had occurred when she was seven years old. She was a bright, promising child then, with a lovely fair complexion and golden hair. The illness had resulted from an accident. Some neighbors' children had enticed her over the lawn to play at fire-works one summer day. Her ignorant little hands had seized upon a toy cannon, and in one blinding flash there suddenly came an explosion that took away all those golden curls and ruined that lovely white and pink skin. The shock and suffering threw the child into a fever. It was thought a great mercy that her eye-sight was spared, and for a long time her mother was so thankful for this that she did not give much thought to anything else. But as the days and the months and the years went by, it was found that Tacy

would never again have her pretty, smooth complexion, and that her hair would never again grow with that soft, silken abundance. Her face was not seamed with scars, but there was a roughened, thicker look to the skin, and she was uniformly pale except when, at some emotion, an unbecoming reddish flush would spread all over cheeks and brow and nose. Before Tacy entered her fifteenth year, she was fully conscious of her looks,—that is, that there was something to mark her as odd and unlike other people, to make her unalterably plain. She was sensitive to beauty in others, and sensitive to the lack of it in herself. As time went on, from day to day she grew more and more sensitive, and this made her moody and shy and often irritable. She began at last to exaggerate her defects, and to be suspicious of criticism if people gave her more than a passing observation. All this produced a condition of mind that rendered her a very exacting and difficult person to live with. With some very generous and noble qualities, which, if cultivated or allowed full and free action, would have made her welcome and beloved by every one, the wild weeds of self-indulgence were fast overcoming her, and rendering her disagreeable and unwelcome.

In short, Tacy was a tyrant, as Jimmy had said, and it all had grown out of that long-ago accident which had placed her in the position of an invalid to whom all must defer, year after year. "Tacy must have this," and "Tacy must have that," and "Tacy must not be crossed or worried or troubled whatever happened," had been reiterated so many times that at last Tacy herself had formed the habit of expecting everything and everybody to give way to her. She meant to be good; she meant to be kind. She gave freely of her pocket-money, and bestowed her possessions generously when opportunity offered; but she never thought of giving up *herself*, her will, and her way. She criticised right and left with an unsparing tongue; but if some one happened to make a suggestion of criticism upon her, she resented it with instantaneous wrath. But she had become so used to the words, "poor Tacy," that she constantly thought that she was a little martyr to her misfortunes, and more sinned against than sinning, upon every occasion. Driving home that morning, after her encounter with her brother Jimmy, she was pricked by conscience deep down in her heart for keeping Judy from her bath; but she constantly excused herself at the same time by blaming her brothers for their selfishness.

There was extra company to luncheon that day, and the boys took an early dinner, and were away fishing until night, so that by the time Tacy met them again, which was at breakfast the next morn-

ing, something of the first freshness of the unpleasantness had worn off. Tacy, too, had been put in great good humor by the fact that she was to have her mother's special friend, lovely Mrs. Arkwright, to drive with her that morning, Judy and the boys going together in the omnibus, or drag. Tacy was a great admirer of Mrs. Arkwright, and well she might have been, for Mrs. Arkwright was full of the most gracious kindness and tact. And Mrs. Arkwright liked Tacy, though she knew Tacy through and through, as Tacy had no idea that she did. Every one in trouble found a friend in Mrs. Arkwright, and Tacy, as they drove on through the lovely Newport lanes and by-ways, began to pour out hers, and it was not long before her good friend had a very clear idea how affairs stood just then.

"Oh, it is such a pity!" thought Mrs. Arkwright. "No one has ever told Tacy—no one has had the courage or the tact to know how to tell her just how it is. If some one could tell her,—could open her eyes,—I'm sure it would n't do her any injury, but a great deal of good. Nothing can be so injurious as these constant quarrels and this morbid state of feeling that she has; and Tacy has really noble qualities,—so loving a heart!"

And thinking thus, Mrs. Arkwright looked around tenderly, pitifully, smilingly at Tacy, who was in the midst of her grievances. Tacy saw the look, and responded with a smile of her own, and presently broke out impulsively: "Oh, Mrs. Arkwright, you are so kind and good and sympathetic, I feel sure that you would always love me, whatever I might do!"

And then Mrs. Arkwright thought: "I wonder if I might not tell her some day. If the right time comes, I will."

The time came sooner than she anticipated. It came on the occasion of the lawn party that Tacy gave in honor of her friend Judy. Everything had gone on very smoothly in all the preparations, and Tacy was in high spirits, with not a flaw or ripple to disturb her serenity. But just before her guests began to arrive, as she was standing with Judy and her brothers by the great window that opened on the front lawn, she reached out her hand and pulled down a beautiful big bunch of scarlet kalmias which grew near. Judy had a knot of scarlet kalmias on her shoulder; why should n't she?

"Oh, don't, don't!" suddenly cried out Charley, who was the little artist of the family.

"Don't what?" asked Tacy, turning her eyes to him, as she thrust a long pin through the bit of grass that held the kalmias, and thus attached them to her shoulder, just at the left of her chin.

"Why, don't put on that scarlet," explained Charley. "It looks horrid!"

"But Judy has it, and you thought it lovely on Judy a moment ago."

"Well, I think so now; but you're not Judy. Judy has dark hair and eyes, and it somehow matches Judy; but it fades you all out, and makes your skin look yellow and bricky. Here, I'll get you something for a shoulder-knot," and the boy put out his hand to pluck some of the pale late roses that grew close to the kalmias.

In a moment, Tacy had flung down the kalmias, and in the next moment had cried:

"I don't want the roses; I won't have them!"

"But, Tacy, wait a minute," began Charley; "your hair and skin——"

"I can't help my hair and skin," sobbed Tacy.

"I was n't saying that you could," Charley hastened to say. "I did n't mean——"

"You meant to be rude; I do think my brothers are just the rudest boys in the world," she cried, turning to Judy. "They are always finding fault with me for what I can't help—always picking flaws and criticising me. I can not help my bad skin, nor my hair—I—I wish—I could. I wish—I could look like you, Judy, and then——"

"Oh, Tacy, Tacy, don't, don't cry! Charley only meant that you were blonde and I brunette. Oh, you must n't cry, you must n't, Tacy; for see, somebody is coming up the drive," said Judy.

But it was too late; the tempest of sobs already had the upper hand. Charley's words had touched the sorest and most sensitive spot in her nature, and Tacy could only fly frantically to her room to hide from her approaching guests her falling tears and struggling sobs.

Judy started to follow, but a gentle touch detained her, and a low voice whispered:

"I'll go, Judy."

It was Mrs. Arkwright, who had come into the back drawing-room a few minutes before and heard everything. She had come to matronize the party in place of Mrs. Blundel, who was ill with neuralgia. Going slowly up the stairs, Mrs. Arkwright waited a few minutes outside Tacy's door,—waited until the tempest of sobs had subsided a little,—then softly turning the knob, she went in. Tacy thought it was Judy and did n't move.

"Tacy," called Mrs. Arkwright's sweet voice.

Tacy sprang up from the bed, where she was lying face downward.

"Oh, Mrs. Arkwright, were you there, did you hear?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Arkwright calmly.

"Did you hear what Charley said about my skin?" asked Tacy.

"I heard it all, dear," said her friend.

"Oh, Mrs. Arkwright, you don't know what I suffer. It comes out everywhere—this misfortune

of mine. Strangers look at me and feel at once that I am ugly; but to think that my own brother —" and Tacy sobbed convulsively.

"Tacy, wait a moment. You think I love you, don't you?" asked Mrs. Arkwright.

"Oh, yes, yes; I hope you do, Mrs. Arkwright," Tacy answered, earnestly.

"I love you very dearly, Tacy," Mrs. Arkwright went on. "I lost a little girl once who would have been just your age if she had lived, and you look like her, Tacy."

"I?" asked Tacy, in surprise.

"Yes; she had blue eyes like yours, and there sometimes comes into your eyes an expression so like my Mary's that I want to take you in my arms and keep you for my very own," she continued.

Tacy forgot for the moment her own grievance in this wonderful fact that was being told her.

"I love you so much, Tacy, that I am going to talk to you, to tell you something just as I should my Mary if she were here and placed as you are."

Tacy laid her hand over her friend's without speaking.

"I not only love you, Tacy, but I admire very much certain qualities that you have."

"Oh, Mrs. Arkwright."

"You like to be loved, Tacy?"

"Better than anything, and nobody does love me, but Mamma and Papa and you; I am so — so hideous. It is pretty people who are loved by everybody."

"Not by any means. They attract at first, but they don't hold merely by beauty. The most popular persons whom I know, those who are best liked, are quite plain."

"But not disfigured — not like me."

"Tacy, dear, you think too much of yourself."

"I — I?"

"Yes. The way to be liked, to be loved, is to like — to love others, and wish to make *them* happy, not yourself. Tacy, if you would try to forget yourself, your disfigurement, as you call it, which you very greatly exaggerate, and not constantly make other people uncomfortable by taking offense at every slight thing that's said, — things that are never meant, — if you would put all this aside, and give up *your* way and *your* plans, and act as, — well, just as if you *were* the prettiest person in the world, — pleased, confident, and cheerful, — you would find yourself in a short time with more friends than any mere rosy beauty; for you have so much brightness, so much — what shall I call it? — magnetism, to attract and draw people. Why, Tacy, the other night at the concert at the Casino, you were listening with all your soul in your face; and Mrs. Bernard said to me, 'What

a fine, interesting face Miss Blundel has!' Tacy, you never look plain — hideous, as *you* call it — except when you are angry."

All the time that she was talking, Mrs. Arkwright had Tacy's hand in hers, and Tacy's head held against her breast. As she ended, she pressed her closer still, and said, softly:

"My Tacy is not going to be angry with me — with one who loves her so well that she wishes her to be thoroughly appreciated by other people, and happy, as she certainly can be."

Tacy drew a long, deep breath, and then lifted her head. There was a new look on her face — a look of wonder and timidity combined. As she met Mrs. Arkwright's eyes, she blushed, then said, with a noble candor that proved the existence of the generous qualities Mrs. Arkwright had discerned: "Nobody ever found fault with me like this before — nobody ever found fault with me at all, except the boys, and that was generally when they were angry. Oh, I have been like a silly baby! And now — you must be right, for you love me — and — I will try; I will try."

Mrs. Arkwright bent down and kissed her. "I knew that you could bear the truth, dear Tacy, and that is a great quality — few people can bear the truth when it is unflattering. Now come, let us go down."

Neither the boys nor Judy knew just when Tacy returned, for they were busy talking to the guests who had arrived; but they were one and all not a little surprised when they suddenly saw Tacy pleasantly chatting to a group of girls, with not a trace of her recent tempest of tears. Throughout the rest of the day it was the same, — Tacy was trying to conquer herself. It was no easy task. Now and then some one's will conflicted with hers. Once, it was Jimmy's, who had arranged a game of tennis, when *she* had planned to go rowing from the pier at the foot of the garden, for the Blundels' house was near the bay. At first, she began to speak in her old imperious fashion, then she recalled "Make *them* happy, not yourself; give up *your* way." She had promised to try; and in a moment she had gained a firm hold of herself, as it were, and was saying:

"Oh, if you had planned a tennis-game, it's all right. We will go rowing by and by, if you like."

Jimmy dropped his tennis-racket, and stared up in amazement at his sister. His action — his look — more than anything, conveyed to her some idea of what a tyrant she had been — of the fear in which they held her. So it went on; if she accepted any plan, or fell in with any opinion without resistance and objection, the boys and even Judy showed such visible amazement that it was embarrassing. It was not easy to meet all this, but it nevertheless opened her eyes.

That night, after all the guests were gone, Tacy went down to their own private pier at the foot of the garden, to think things over. Sitting there, in the shadow, quite unseen, she watched the boats in the harbor, and wondered if she had not, on the whole, been happier for her new efforts. Soon familiar voices struck upon her ear, and she saw a boat drifting toward their landing. The voices were those of Bobby and Jimmy. She was just about to speak to them as they rowed toward the stair-way, when she heard Jimmy say:

"If Tacy would be like that always, she'd be the nicest girl I know. I like her better than Judy, when she's in good humor, because she has so much 'go' in her."

Tacy held her breath with amazement. Better than Judy—pretty Judy!

"But was n't she angry though with Charley," he went on. "And Charley never meant what she thought he did. She's got it in her head she's a fright, and she's always thinking about it, and thinking other people are thinking about it. Almost conceited that is, I should say."

"Tacy looks well enough when she's pleasant. She looked very pretty to-day," put in Bobby.

"Yes, Tacy is lovely when she's in good humor. But when she's angry,—Oh, my!" and Jimmy stopped short, with an emphasis that spoke more than words.

Perhaps it needed just this comment to put the final proof before Tacy, and to show her that she was on the right track at last. Not all at once did she succeed in keeping on this right track; there were moments and hours when she faltered and slipped, but little by little her better judgment and her sense of justice got the upper hand, and little by little the boys forgot to be on the defensive, forgot the bitter title of "Tyrant Tacy," and her old ways in her new ways.

A few months ago there was another lawn party at the Blundels'. It was a much gayer and larger party than the one I have just spoken of, for Tacy was now eighteen. Tall, slender, and graceful, she stood, the center of an animated group, as Mrs. Arkwright came down the wide path toward her. Mrs. Arkwright had just returned from Europe, where she had been for a year, and she saw a great change in Tacy.

What was it? She had not grown to be a beauty by any means; she had the same pallid, uncertain-colored skin, but there was a different aspect about her altogether—a look of life and health and brightness. Mrs. Blundel joined Mrs. Arkwright as she paced slowly along.

"You are thinking how well Tacy is looking, Mrs. Arkwright, I know. She began to mend two years ago. You remember how irritable the

poor child used to be? I always said that it was her state of health, and you see I was right. She is very different now."

Tacy at this moment caught Mrs. Arkwright's glance. The next moment she had Mrs. Arkwright's hands in hers, and a moment later, she had turned from the animated group about her and was walking down the lawn with her friend.

"How well you look, Tacy!"

Tacy laughed.

"That was what Mamma was saying to you, Mrs. Arkwright; I knew by her glance. Dear Mamma! I feel like a fraud, Mrs. Arkwright."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Mamma thinks my better behavior is all the result of a sudden improvement in my health, when"—and Tacy laughed again, half sadly—"it is my better behavior that has improved my health. Oh, when I think of the hot rages I used to have over trifles! You opened my eyes, Mrs. Arkwright, and when I began to see myself as I really was, I hated myself, and when I began to mend those hot rages, my health mended."

"I have n't a doubt of it, Tacy; and you look so bright and happy now!"

The two walked down the garden together, and presently came upon Jimmy, now a tall lad of fifteen. He was at the awkward, "hobble-de-hoy" age, and shrank from parties. He was trying to escape from this one at that very moment, and Tacy knew it. But she said nothing about it; she only slipped her hand over his arm, and asked him about the new tennis-rackets.

"Jimmy has a genius for making improvements," she explained, "and he has made a great improvement on the ordinary racket."

Jimmy then felt called upon to explain also, and the next minute, they had come upon the tennis-ground, and almost before Jimmy knew it, he was sending the balls flying, and very soon after, he was playing a vigorous game with some young people, forgetting his hobble-de-hoy-hood and his dislike of parties. But as Tacy walked away, he looked over his shoulder, and called to her:

"Can't you stay, Tacy, and take a hand?"

"Not now, but I will by and by, Jimmy," she said pleasantly. And as Tacy walked away, Mrs. Arkwright noticed that it was like this with every one; Tacy was wanted to take a hand in everything that was going on.

When, at the end of the day, a very young, shy girl said to Mrs. Arkwright, "Tacy makes people so comfortable!" she had touched the secret spring of Tacy's popularity.

She made people comfortable, because she had learned a gracious tact through forgetting herself.

ENGLISH KINGS IN A NUTSHELL.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

TO "h,"

FOR WHOSE PLEASANCE THESE RHYMES WERE WRITTEN,
AND THROUGH HER GOOD WILL

TO

ALL THE LITTLE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET WHO ARE BATTLING WITH THEIR
ENGLISH KINGS IN OUR AMERICAN SCHOOLS

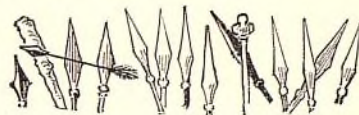
I DEDICATE,

WITHOUT PERMISSION, THESE AIDS TO MEMORY.

PART I.

WITH a Saxon King's word, and a Norman Duke's sword,
Came

William the
Conqueror,

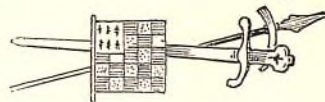


leading his horde,

(1066) In ten-sixty-six, twice crowned, to make sure,
To his son,



William Rufus,



his throne should inure —

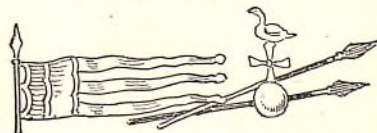
A soldier, a statesman, a ruffian, whom fate

In the New Forest slew by the hand of his mate ;

(1087) Brought to England a child, crowned in ten-eighty-seven,
(If Heaven save the mark!) arrow-sent into Heaven !

Next

Henry,



his brother,—husband, father, and son
Of Matilda, three women whose names were
but one ;

Called Beauclerc for his lore, yet at logical feud,
When not in alliance, with Anselm the Good.
He witnessed young Oxford fare forth to renown,

(1100) With the century's close receiving his crown —
But having no son, of his William bereft

By the waves, to his daughter his kingdom he left,

(1135) In the year thirty-five, as he fondly believed ;
But with all his fine learning, the King was deceived,
For sister Adela's son,



Henry I.



Queen Matilda.



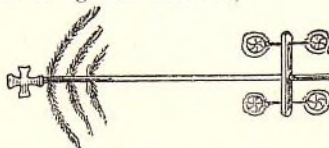
Stephen.

Stephen,

refused

To account himself other than very ill-used ;
And as England elected him, daughter Matilda
Found nothing but title-deeds whereon to build a

(1154) Firm throne for her race, through nineteen troubled years,
When Stephen, the winning but weak, calmed her fears



Arms of Stephen.

By departing this life; and her own boy was reckoned
The sole King of England, as



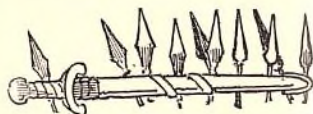
Henry II.

Henry the Second,

Of legal repute, with nothing to fleck it
But the ill-advised murder of Thomas à Becket.

His youngest son bad, and his oldest
departed,

(1189) In the year eighty-nine he sank down,
broken-hearted,
And



Queen Eleanor.



Richard I.

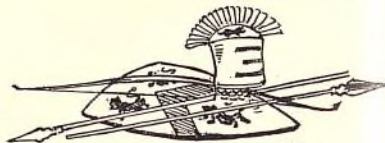
Richard,

(1189) his third son, rough, bluff absentee,
Came home twice to be crowned, then
roamed off over sea;

Crusader and captive, betrothed to young Alice —
But bold Berengaria shared his sea-palace —

Not only the Heart, but the head of a Lion —

He found, like his father, no home-throne to die on,
Whose death to his base brother



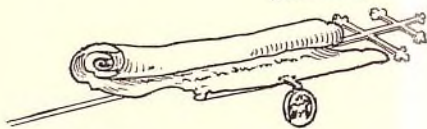
Queen Berengaria.



John.

John

power did bring,
(1199) Being thus, in ten years, third Plantagenet King;
Him his own barons forced, all our freedom to cede,
When he signed Magna Charta at green Runnymede;
(1216) But his fighting was stopped in twelve-hundred-sixteen,
And his small



Henry III.

Henry Third

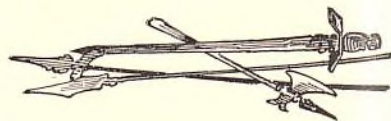
appeared on the scene.
Fierce quarrels with Leicester, his brother-in-law,
And prison and blood, his first forty years saw;
(1272) Then victorious peace until seventy-two,
When



Edward I.

Edward,

his son, came with all the ado
Of the warfares of Wallace, and Balliol, and Bruce,
With now and then, triumph, and now and then, truce,
(1307) Till the seventh year dawned of the centuries' teens, —
And his son



Edward II.

Edward Second,

on Isabel leans, —
A monarch most weak, but the curse of his life
Through his twenty years' reign was his Jezebel wife.



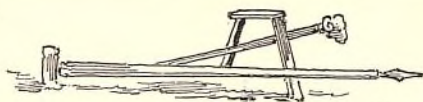
Then his son,



Edward III.

(1327)

Edward Third,



and Philippa the fair,

For fifty years fought at Crecy and Poitiers,
And o'er Balliol and Bruce,—nor before then nor since,



Queen Philippa.



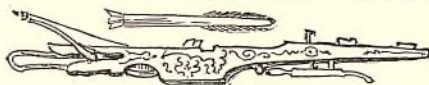
Black Prince.

(1377) Braver warrior was seen than their son, the Black Prince;
Whose son,



Richard II.

Richard Second,



a minor, the rout

Of Wat Tyler put down, but himself was put out
(1399) By his own cousin Hal, in thirteen ninety-nine,—
John of Gaunt's son, King



John of Gaunt.



Wat Tyler.

Henry the Fourth

of the line.

Fourteen years the old wars he fought in his turn,
And first gave the law that made heretics burn;
He built up the church, not for God, but himself,
And the Commons made strong, not for right, but for pelf.
Yet he pensioned old Chaucer, be sure to remember,
And died like a saint in Jerusalem Chamber.
His son,



Henry IV.

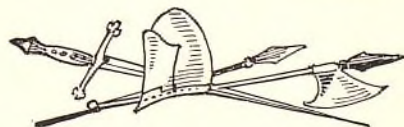


Chaucer.



Henry V.

Henry Fifth,



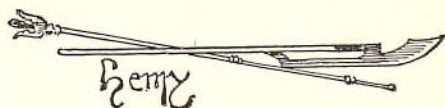
won at wild Agincourt—

Brave soldier, pure statesman, what would you have more?
His son,



Henry VI.

Henry Sixth



(1422)

(in fourteen twenty-two

An eight-months-old babe) took his wife from Anjou,
Marguerite, but lost France through Orleans' brave maid;
Fought rebellion at home, was defied by Jack Cade;
Now prisoner, now king, through the wars of the Roses—
A pure, gentle scholar, in cloud his life closes;
Last legal Lancastrian. Then to the throne
King



Marguerite.



Edward IV.

Edward the Fourth



bore the White Rose alone;

Son of Richard of York from third Edward descended,
But in twelve years he died and his kingly line ended

By the murder of



Edward V.

Edward the Fifth

in the Tower,
With his poor little brother in one midnight hour—
That



Richard III.

(1483)

Richard the Third,

in fourteen eighty-three,
Their uncle, assassin, base monarch might be;
Though in two years at Bosworth, his red sun went down,
And



Henry VII.

(1485)

Henry the Seventh

assumed England's crown;
A Welshman, a Tudor, an offshoot of Lancaster,
He flung off Bellona as far as man *can* cast her!
Piled up gold, wed the daughter of Edward the Fourth,
With his young Margaret bound King James of the North;
With his



Henry VIII.

Henry the Eighth,

White and Red Roses blended,
And thus to your joy my long ditty is ended.

PART II.

Not so fast! I am ordered again to the fore,
And when kings must be rhymed, there are kings in galore!
(1509) In fifteen and nine Henry Eighth brought the hope
Of peace, and wrenched England away from the Pope.
But fickle and savage and selfish, though able,
He slew his best friends, who ate salt at his table;
Killed two of six wives—if you think he was good,
With his loves and his murders—why, you have Mr. Froude!
His son,



Edward VI.

(1547)

Edward Sixth,

in fifteen forty-seven,
For six shining years rose, a star in our heaven;
Then glowered bloody

Mary

(1553)

—ill-nurtured, ill-mated
Learned, stupid, sincere, and right heartily hated,
(1558) Till the year fifty-eight,—when uprose in her glory



Elizabeth.

Elizabeth,

Queen of all art, song, and story.
Proud maiden, great monarch—ah! never a crown,
On the brow of a man, shone with brighter renown!
Strong-willed in the fire and the faults of her blood,
Old England yet knows her as Queen Bess the Good.



James I.

James First,

her successor, in sixteen and three,
Proved a Tudor diluted in Stuart to be,—
The rickety son of the Queen of the Scots,—
He escaped from Guy Fawkes and his gunpowder plots.
Forced our Pilgrims and Puritans homeless to flee,
From his bigoted tyranny, over the sea;
But when he expired, in sixteen twenty-five,
There were Puritans still left—at home and alive—
His son,



Mary Stuart.



Guy Fawkes.



Charles I.

Charles the First,

to the scaffold to bring;
Who lied like a Stuart, but died like a king,
In the year forty-nine, when forth with his sword
Came



Oliver Cromwell.

Oliver Cromwell,

“the Scourge of the Lord.”
Yet his country knows well that no king has bedecked her
With loftier bays than her sturdy Protector,—
Held her high for nine years; then the power he had won
Gave in death to the weak hand of



Richard Cromwell.

Richard,

his son,

(1658) Who cared not for honors, or army, or throne;
(1660) So, in sixteen and sixty, came back to his own,



Charles II.

Charles Second,

with welcome most loyal and glad,—
Kindly, careless, and witty, false, clever, and bad,
For twenty-five years, then died with urbanity;
And



James II.

James Second,

his brother, devoid of humanity,
Dull, dogged, and cruel, sent Jeffries to slaughter,—
Himself soon sent right about over the water.

(1688) Remember the year of sixteen eighty-eight,
When his good daughter,



Mary. William III.

Mary, and William

the Great
Of Orange, both Stuarts, born cousins, began
Fourteen years of freedom, which simple



Anne.

(1702)

Carried honestly on to a full
dozen years;
Until brave

Queen Anne

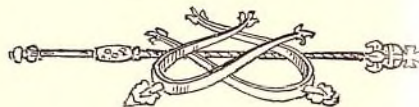


George I.

(1714)

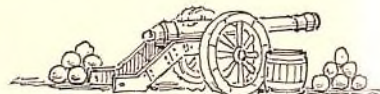
the Elector, appears
Not much of a king, but enough, it was granted,
To keep out the Stuarts—the only thing wanted.
Though the Stuart in Hanover blood was alone
The force that bore him to the proud island throne.
(1727) Thus from twenty-and-seven to seventeen-sixty,
His son,

George the First,



George II.

George the Second,
on the throne firmly fixed he;
Whose brave, stolid rule would have been far more sinister
If he had not been led by a wise wife and minister.
His grandson,

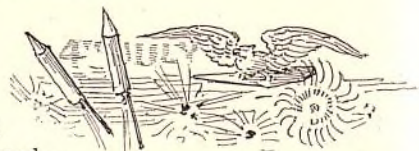


George III.

(1760)

the next sixty years stood
In royal estate, stubborn, honest, and good—
We *should* be ungrateful to pass coldly by
The dear King who gave us our Fourth of July!
Of his son,

George Third,



George IV.

(1820)

the less said the better:
For his reign of ten years is old England no debtor;
Nor can

George the Fourth,



William IV.

(1830)

be thought over-much given
To King-craft, though King until thirty-and-
seven.

William the Fourth





Then welcome

Victoria!



heir of each grace
And each virtue that marked all the Kings of her race;
Not alone in the East is she greatest and best,—
We own the sweet sway of Victoria West!
By her womanly worth, without contest or
cost,
She has won back the Empire her grand-
father lost.
Her white hand was peace when our trouble was sore;
By that sign, she is Queen of our hearts evermore.
The liegance of love sea nor sword shall dissever.—
God's blessing be on her forever and ever!



LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD AND THE FEBRUARY WOLF.



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to my grandmother's, sir," she said.

"Then I must eat you, my pretty maid."

"Certainly,—dear little boy!" she said.

HIS ONE FAULT.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

KIT'S heart almost jumped over the bars before him, in his exultation; but he managed to tumble along with it, and in a moment he was at the horse's head.

Dandy was not hitched, his bridle having been taken off with the saddle, and thrown over the boards separating that pen from the next. Kit examined the forelock and found it not braided, but crinkled, as the young farmer had described. He backed him around to the light and saw the mottles under his sides. He lifted his feet, one after another, and saw that he was shoeless before and shod behind.

Then he gave a chuckling, gleeful laugh, thrilled through and through with the delight of his discovery. It was no feverish dream; he had the stolen horse at last!

He dropped the topmost bar, and tumbling out again, saw Mr. Cassius Branlow hastening toward him.

"I've found him! I've found him!" said Kit, triumphantly, feeling amply repaid for all his pains and forgetting once more his hunger and fatigue.

"You don't say!" said Cassius. "Well, that's better luck than I expected. I had just discovered these wagons and was coming over to have a look myself. Is that the saddle?"

"That's the saddle, and that's the bridle. I've found everything but the thief. I'd give something now," said the exultant Christopher, "to set eyes on him!"

"What would you do?" Mr. Branlow inquired.

"I'd find the policeman I spoke to, and have the scoundrel arrested. I'd pay him for giving me all this trouble!"

"Yes, that would be fun, though you might be giving yourself a deal more trouble. I know how these things work; and I advise you, now you've found the horse, to secure it, and not mind much about the thief, who will be too shrewd to get caught. That is," added the friendly Cassius, "unless you care more for revenge than you do for your own convenience."

"I'd like to punish him!" said Kit, with sparkling eyes.

"In that case, we can leave the horse and go off one side and watch when he comes to take it," suggested Mr. Branlow. "We might lie in ambush under these sheds; but the trouble is, he is

probably watching us, and will keep out of the way."

"I wish it were n't quite so late," said Kit. "I'd like to take Dandy home to-night."

"To do that, you'll have to start at once; and I advise you not to lose time by stopping to punish anybody."

"He may have sold the horse," said Kit, growing thoughtful. "I think I'd better see the policeman I spoke to, anyhow. He was more interested in the racing than he was in my story; but he told me to look for the horse, and if I found him, to come back and let him know."

"Of course, you will act as you please," Mr. Branlow replied, discouragingly. "But I advise you to do nothing of the sort. Tell him you've found a stolen horse; and what will he say? He will say, 'Prove property, and take him.' But how can you prove property?"

"Why, I know Dandy, and Dandy knows me! You know me, too, Cash Branlow!"

"But the policeman does n't know you, nor me. I can swear I have known you three or four years, and believe you to be an honest boy. But how will he know I'm not a rogue myself? At such times the best men are likely to be suspected," argued Mr. Branlow.

"There's something in that," Kit admitted.

"Then if the thief comes forward, matters may become more mixed. Suppose he's an honest-appearing fellow, as many of these rascals are; swears up and down the horse belongs to him, and you are the rogue, trying to get it away? What'll be the result? You'll both be arrested, probably, and kept nobody knows how many days in the lock-up till your uncle and two or three witnesses can be sent for and the thing is at last straightened out."

"I had n't thought of all this," Kit replied.

"As a friend, let me think for you, and show you how to take advantage of the situation. Possession is nine points of the law. Here you are. Here's your horse. There's the saddle. Clap saddle on horse, pitch self on saddle, and off! Any complications regarding the thief, or any supposed new owner he may have been sold to, can best be settled after you have the horse safe in your uncle's stable at home."

"I see," said Kit, bewildered by this rapidly uttered advice.

"They are just calling another heat, over on

the trotting-ground," Mr. Cash Branlow continued. "Everybody is crowding to see it. The coast is clear. You've just time to run over to the pie-shop and get a bite for your journey. I'll have everything ready by the time you come back. Or will you start on an empty stomach?"

Kit felt that his stomach was almost too empty for that, and considered this counsel good.

up a complete description of him in making inquiries on the road."

"Indeed!" said Cassius, gayly. "That's lucky. Give us the points."

"Young fellow, not much over twenty," began Christopher.

"Good!" exclaimed Branlow, getting his fingers ready, and touching the tip of his left forefinger with the tip of his right. "Young fellow, not over twenty—"

"Sallow complexion," Kit went on. "Smooth face. Suit of dark, checked cloth. Narrow brimmed straw hat. Medium height."

"All right," said Branlow, having recited each item after Christopher, and tallied it duly on its particular digit. "Medium height," adding the thumb of his right hand to his little mnemonic system. "I have him! I should know him in the biggest crowd by such a description as that."

"Would you?" said Kit, wondering at this confidence. "I've been afraid I might pass him; so many men dress and look about alike."

"That's true. But it is n't probable any two men have all these six points," said Branlow, holding up his four fingers and two thumbs. "Now make tracks, fill your pockets, and be back here by the time I have put on the saddle and bridle. I'll stand guard."

It was a great satisfaction to Christopher to feel that he had a friend to aid and advise him in this difficulty. For all the trouble was not over, by any means, when he had found the horse; the next thing, he now saw, was to get safely away with it.

"How kind he was to offer me money!" he said to himself, as he hastened away toward the bakery which Branlow had pointed out. "I would n't have believed that I should ever be so glad to see



KIT GIVES BRANLOW A DESCRIPTION OF THE THIEF.

"Dandy was fed at noon; and now, if I am fed," said he, "we can make the home-stretch in a hurry!"

"Now you talk sensibly," replied Cassius. "It was lucky you came across me just as you did! Do you need any money?"—putting a hand into his pocket.

"No, thank you; I have some. Only look out for Dandy while I am gone; and for the thief, if he comes around," said Kit.

"How shall I know him?" asked Cassius.

"Have n't I told you?" said Kit. "I picked

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Cash Branlow. He must have changed a great deal since he worked in the shop."

That was not exactly years and years ago, as Mr. Branlow had said, in his extravagant way, but barely eighteen months. He had been a restless, untrustworthy fellow then. He was an apt mechanic, but inclined to slight his work; and he could never stick to it long at a time. When tired of staying in one place, and doing one thing, he would suddenly pack his little kit of tools, and set off on his travels, picking up a precarious living as an itinerant tinker.

He was about twenty-six years old, though he appeared somewhat younger; and in the past four years he had come back twice to Mr. Downymede's shop, working for him a few months at a time in the intervals of his wanderings. Kit had a faint impression that he had been sent off the last time for some discreditable conduct, but he could not remember what it was.

"Mother never liked him," the boy thought; "but she will be glad to know he has done me this good turn."

Still, even with Cassius Branlow to stand guard over Dandy, Kit was unwilling to be out of sight of the horse many seconds; he looked back as he ran, and in a very short time might have been seen returning, his pockets bulging with oyster crackers, and a half-eaten wedge of pie in his hand.

Cassius advanced a few steps to meet him, beckoning impatiently.

"Stow the rest of that inside your coat," he said, alluding to the pie; "and tumble into that saddle as quickly as ever you can."

His hurried manner of speaking filled Kit with a kind of trepidation, though he could not see what fresh cause there was for alarm.

"The trotters are coming around in the last heat," Branlow muttered excitedly. "The races will be over in a minute. Then there'll be a rush! We must be out of this, you know, before the crowd comes."

"Have you saddled and bridled him?" said Kit, stopping at the bars which his friend had let down for him, and peering into the shed.

"He is all ready," said Branlow, following him in. "Foot in stirrup—there!" giving him a boost. "Don't hit your head! the roof is abominably low. How are the stirrups? I took 'em up a few holes by guess."

"They are all right," mumbled Kit, with the last of the pie-crumbs still obstructing his speech, while his pockets dropped oyster crackers with every motion he made. "Where do you live now, —if I should want to know?"

He had that day resolved and re-resolved that he would "think of things" in future; and he aft-

erward prided himself on having, in a moment of haste, considered a point which might prove important.

"Right here in the village; at work in the stove-store. Don't stop to thank me!" said Cash, with the utmost urgency, helping to get the reins into Kit's hands; for Kit was not much of a horseman, and the lowness of the shed-roof compelled him to bend forward awkwardly on the horse's neck.

"See who comes to take him; spot the thief if you can, and let us know!" mumbled Kit, with his mouth in the horse's mane.

"I'll spot him if he comes around," replied Branlow. "I have him on my fingers: dark complexion, checked shirt, and the rest."

"Sallow complexion, dark, checked suit," Kit corrected him, as he rode out from under the shed. "To be sure," cried Cassius. "I understand. Good-bye, and good luck to you!"

And having led the animal well over the bars, Branlow gave it a parting slap. It started away at a trot.

"Good-bye!" Kit called back across his shoulder.

And he was off.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE racing was over. The cheers for the victors swelled in the damp evening air, and died away. A thin mist, rising from the river and the shores, was mingling with the nimbus of dust above the trotting-course, and the black mass of humanity there against the twilight sky was breaking up into scattering throngs, when a boy, wearing a base-ball cap, mounted on a dark horse, rode out briskly from the fair-ground, passed beneath the huge symbol of an ox-yoke over the gate-way, amid a few dodging pedestrians, and disappeared down the dim street.

Kit knew there must be a nearer way home than the roundabout one by which he had come, and he found by inquiring that he had taken it on leaving the village. He watered his horse at a wayside trough, and was pleased to find him so spirited after his day's jaunt.

"But, of course," he thought, "it has not been so hard on Dandy as it has on me. He has fed and rested, and now he knows he is going home."

The short twilight of the fall equinox was deepening into night; and the moon would not be up for an hour. But with the plain road before him, Kit did not care for the gloomy prospect. His food refreshed him; he munched his crackers as he rode. The air was deliciously cool, and he found rest in the saddle after having been so long on his aching feet.

The horse needed little urging. His hard trotting shook Kit up badly; but his canter was not

so objectionable; and when tired of both canter and trot, Kit found him capable of a fast walk.

"You do well, Dandy, after your day's run with a thief!" he said cheerfully. "I did n't know there was so much go in you. I wish I could have found the rascal; and it seems as if I might have found him."

He was not at all satisfied with his failure in that particular; and now, with twinges of conscience, he reflected that Dandy might already have been sold to an innocent purchaser.

"It was almost like stealing my own horse!" he thought, with a troublesome sense of something wrong in the transaction. "I'm afraid I ought not to have been so ready to take Cash Branlow's advice. With him to help me, nobody could have taken Dandy away again. Though I might have been bothered a good deal, as he said; perhaps hindered a day or two, till Uncle Gray could be sent for."

Still he was haunted by an uneasy feeling that he had not pursued the most courageous and upright course, together with very disagreeable memories of things he had heard said of Mr. Cash Branlow in East Adam village.

"But he seems changed; he certainly was kind to me," Kit comforted himself with thinking. "Why should he have taken such pains to help me away with Dandy, if he had n't thought it was for the best? Anyhow, I have the horse! And Cash can attend to any one who comes to claim it, just as well as if I were there."

Meanwhile, the autumnal night had closed around him, damp and chill, with far-stretching shadows infolding farms and woods, and silence disturbed only by the thud of his horse's hoofs, and occasionally an insect's melancholy note. No light save that of the stars shining hazily overhead, and here and there a gleam in some wayside window as he passed.

But now the soft radiance of the rising moon began to brighten the east. It grew to a dome of fire, and rolled up, a vast burning ball, on the horizon, with an increasing light, which mingled silverly with the mist that mantled the earth. Then the shadows passed from Kit's mind, and he thought only of the triumph of taking Dandy home.

Unaccustomed to the saddle, he was tired enough of it before long. He made the horse trot, canter, and walk; he tried all possible positions, except riding backward, to ease his jolted body and sore limbs. He missed the way two or three times, and once went some distance out of it before he met a man who set him right.

At last he began to recognize familiar scenes, and knew the streets of his native village, which however, in the moonlight, appeared strange and

romantic to him, as he rode through. He remembered the anxious haste with which he traversed them on foot in the morning, which now seemed many days ago, and with a glad heart he patted his horse's neck.

The belfry clock was striking eleven as he approached his mother's house, and saw a lamp burning in the front window.

"She is sitting up for me!" he thought, with a thrill which sent quick tears into his dimming eyes. "My! but she'll be pleased!"

He rode up to the little gate. Before he could dismount, the maternal ears, intently listening within, caught the sound of halting hoof-beats, and a window was thrown open.

"Is that you, Christopher?" said the widow, putting out her head.

"Yes'm!" cried Kit, eagerly. "I've found the horse!"

"I'm thankful!" she exclaimed, devoutly, a great burden of anxiety lifted from her mind by that good news. "I did n't believe it possible! I have been concerned about you all day, and have blamed myself for letting you go away with so little money. How did you succeed? Your uncle has been here, and he said it was a wild-goose chase."

"So it was," cried the exultant Kit. "But I have caught the goose."

"Can't you come in and have some supper?" his mother asked.

"No, I'm not very hungry. I must hurry along and let Uncle Gray know. I'll see you, and tell you everything to-morrow," he added.

"You've had a hard time, I know!" said the sympathetic mother.

"Yes, but I have my pay; the nut's all the sweeter for the cracking," answered Kit, with a laugh. "I'm very glad I saw you. Now go to bed and sleep."

"Yes, I will. Bless you, my son! Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

And Kit rode away in the moonlight. The sound of the hoof-strokes could be heard long after horse and rider had disappeared up the half-moonlit, shadowy street; and it was not until they had died in the distance that the window was closed, and the widow turned away from fondly gazing and listening, murmuring, "Bless the dear boy!" with a sigh of grateful relief.

The lights were out in his uncle's house when he came in sight of it; nobody was sitting up for him there.

Yet good Uncle and Aunt Gray were not asleep. He was too conscientious a man to feel quite at ease about the boy he had parted with angrily in the morning, let alone the loss of the horse; and she

had flung out more than once her very positive opinions on that painful subject.

He had come home late from a harassing day's quest of both boy and horse; and, in his nervous state, he thought it too bad that instead of the sympathy he craved, she should bestow upon him so much superfluous good advice of the retrospective sort.

"There 's no use tellin' me over and over ag'in what I 'd better have done," he replied to one of her arguments, groaning and turning on his pillow. "Why can't ye tell me what to do now? You are so wise about things past and done for, I wish you could show half as much wisdom regardin' the present and futur'. Tell me how to find the hoss, for one thing."

"One would think your life was bound up in a hoss!" Aunt Gray replied. "I don't see as it's any very terrible calamity if we never see Dandy Jim again. You 've money enough to replace him without feeling it."

"I don't care about the hoss!" said Uncle Gray, impatiently.

"I wish you had been of that opinion in the morning," his wife answered quietly. "One would have thought you cared something about it by the way you took on. It seemed to me you cared more for it than you did for Christopher. The idee of your fairly sending the boy off your premises, and ordering him never to set foot on 'em again without the hoss!"

"There it is ag'in! I had no notion he would take me at my word," said Uncle Gray.

"Anybody who heard you would have thought a boy of spirit would take you at your word," Aunt Gray replied, with calm persistence. "And Christopher is a boy of spirit; you 'll admit that."

"Yes, he 's good enough in his way!" Uncle Gray grumbly admitted, "if 't was n't for his one fault."

"That 's nothing to be wondered at in a boy of his age. All boys are heedless. It is n't because he 's my nephew that I stand up for him," Aunt Gray continued; "I believe I should have just as much patience with him if he were yours; and I sometimes think you would have had a little more."

"That 's as unjust a charge as you ever made in your life, which is saying a good deal!" exclaimed Uncle Gray, resentfully. "I 'm sure I could n't have borne with him more if he 'd been my own son."

"I am glad you will have that thought to comfort you," she replied, in her cold, peculiar tone, which she could use with the most cutting effect; "though I can't help wondering a little if you would really have stood by and seen a boy of your own go off, as Christopher did this morning, and

not have called him back, even if you *had* been in a passion."

Another groan from Uncle Gray.

"I was in a passion; I 'll own that. I was out of all manner of patience with the boy. But I supposed he would just go off, mebbe an hour or two, lookin' for the hoss, and then come back, or at least go home to his mother. He 's probably there, abed and asleep, by this time,—as we ought to be here, 'stead of frettin' the blessed night away over what can't be helped."

"He was n't back there at eight o'clock, so Abram said. And now, if you can sleep, not knowing what has become of him, or whether you 'll ever see him again, all I can say is, I 'm glad you have so easy a conscience."

There was a silence of a few minutes, broken by Uncle Gray's restless sighing and turning; when suddenly Aunt Gray said,—"Hark!"

"What did you think, or imagine, you heard?" said Uncle Gray.

"A horse! And 't was n't imagination at all; I hear him now! *It's Christopher!*" And Aunt Gray started up.

"Can't be!" said Uncle Gray, hoping she would contradict him. "No such good news as that!"

"It is! The horse has stopped at the barn. He 'll find everything locked up."

She was up in a moment, lighting a lamp; then, her garments thrown loosely on, she hastened to undo the back door.

Some one was there before her. She slipped back the bolt and looked out. A boy, in a baseball cap, stood in the moonlight, with one foot on the step. It took her a moment to recognize him (she had never before seen him in that cap); then she exclaimed:

"Christopher! you have come!"

"Yes, Aunt," said Kit. "And I want the key of the stable."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Kit, after his day's tramp and his long night ride, dismounted in his uncle's yard, he could with difficulty stand upon his feet. He felt as if the body they bore belonged to some one else, and that it weighed a ton. He was so stiff and lame that when he had lifted one leg up over the door-step, he could hardly lift the other.

It was then and there he was met by Aunt Gray, whose second question was uttered with joyful eagerness as she peered out at him from the kitchen-door:—

"You have brought back Dandy?"

"I have brought back Dandy," Kit replied, with quiet exultation.

She was asking more questions, fumbling for the key on the door-post,—when a loud voice was heard, proceeding from the bedroom. It was Uncle Gray calling out excitedly to know if the comers were indeed Kit, and if he had really found Dandy.

"He won't believe it till he sees you and hears your story," said Aunt Gray. "So you may as well come in and give an account of yourself."

"I'll slip Dandy into the stable; then I'll come in and tell how it all happened," said Kit.

penders up on his shoulders as Kit entered the room, where the lamp was burning on the bureau. "How *did* you manage it?"

"I got on the trail, and stuck to it; and when I lost it, I looked till I found it again," said Kit; "for I was n't going to come back without the horse!"

"You must n't take what I said too much to heart," replied his uncle. "I spoke too hasty, and I did n't really mean what I said. Though the truth is, you had tried me dreadfully with your



"I WAS N'T GOING TO COME BACK WITHOUT THE HORSE," SAID KIT.

Elated by his aunt's surprise and joy over the success of his expedition, he took the key she gave him, and went limping vigorously to the stable, the door of which he threw open, leaving the reins on the horse's neck and waiting for it to walk in.

"Come, Dandy, are you, too, rusty in the hinges? Or don't you know your own stable when you come to it at this time o' night? Well, you're a stupid Dandy, I should say! Are you asleep?"

And taking the horse by the bridle, he led it into the dark stall. The mare in the stall beyond gave a whinny of welcome, but had no whinny in response from Dandy Jim.

Kit left the animal to stand with saddle and bridle on, while he went in to speak with his uncle and get a lantern.

"Wal, f'r instance; you've done it, Christopher!" said Uncle Gray, slipping his sus-

heedlessness; and when I found you'd left the stable-door unlocked, and Dandy was gone in consequence, that was the feather that broke the camel's back."

"I don't blame you a bit," said Kit with earnest frankness.

"Well, I'm rej'iced to hear you say that. And it's all right now you've brought Dandy back. But where in the world—how *did* you find him?" asked his uncle.

"At the cattle-show, over in Peaceville. I traced him there, and found him in a shed. There was nobody with him at the time, and I just took him and rode him home," answered Kit.

"Wal, you were smart, I must say!" ejaculated Uncle Gray. "And you did n't manage to get hold of the thief?"

"No; he was in the crowd watching the races, I suppose. I should have been glad enough to catch

him if I had had time, and could have been sure of doing it. But it was growing dark, and I thought Dandy was of the first importance."

"That 's right, that 's right," said Uncle Gray, approvingly. "You 've been smart, for once. Think of the fellow's surprise, comin' back, to find the hoss he had taken had been taken from him! A boy so, I don't know as you could 'a' done any better."

"All I was afraid of was that he had already sold Dandy to some one else," said Kit, glad to free his mind of the only doubts he felt regarding the transaction.

"I see," said Uncle Gray; "but you could n't well help that. The hoss is mine, and you had a right to take it, no matter whose hands it had fallen into. You 've brought it back, and that 's the main thing."

The worthy man chuckled with pleasure, so well satisfied with the said "main thing" that he could not think of criticising any part of Kit's conduct.

"I don't know that I should have got away so well, if it had n't been for Cassius Branlow," said Kit.

"That fellow!" said Uncle Gray. "Have you seen him?"

Kit explained briefly.

"Wal, f'r instance! I'm glad to know of his doing anybody a good turn. He owed it to you, for your pa's sake, if he did to anybody. Your pa befriended him, and tried to make something of him, long after most folks had given him up as a bad job. I don't know but he gave ye good advice, under the circumstances; but I hope he'll find out who went to claim the hoss, and let us know. Brought Dandy home in good condition, have ye?"

"I think so," said Kit. "You need n't put on your boots; I can attend to him. He 's been watered. He wont need anything but hay to-night, will he?"

"Mebbe not. I'll go out and see how he looks, after he 's cooled off a little; and see to lockin' up the barn ag'in," added Uncle Gray.

Meanwhile, Aunt Gray had lighted the lantern for her nephew, and left it waiting on a chair while she placed a little supper for him on the kitchen table.

"I'll go out and give Dandy some hay, and bed him down, before I eat anything," said Kit, "and see if I can't shut up the barn myself, for once, without leaving the key in the door."

He could afford to speak cheerfully now of his blunder of the previous night.

"There 's no need of Uncle's going out at all,"

he added, stepping with the lantern into the moon-lit space between house and barn.

The stable-door was in shadow; but the lantern lighted it up, and threw its glimmer into the stalls beyond. In the farther one, the mare, putting her nose around the edge of the partition over the manger, to sniff at her neighbor, just then gave a vicious squeal.

"What 's the matter with the vixen?" said Kit. "She 's the only creature on the premises that is n't glad to see you back again, old Dandy Jim!"

He hung his lantern on a hook designed for it, where it would partly light both barn and stalls. Then he went up into the loft and threw down some hay into Dandy's rack. Finally he came around, and slapped the sedate nag in a friendly way before removing the bit.

"I 'm pretty well, thank you; how are you, old boy?" he said, slipping the bridle off and the halter on, to the momentary annoyance of the animal, already nipping at the hay. "Seems to me you appear to feel strange!" he added, as he unbuckled the girth.

He took off the saddle and hung it in its place, and scattered straw for Dandy's bed. Then he brought the lantern and held it where he could look the horse carefully over and see what it was that did not appear just right about it.

Suddenly the solid globe seemed sinking away from beneath the feet of Master Christopher. He started back, then bent forward again with a cry, consternation freezing his soul. "O my life! O my life!" he moaned in a tremor of wild terror and dismay, which would have made even an enemy pity him.

Still a faint, ghastly hope struggled against his fear. It must be the long day's jaunt which had somehow wrought an astounding change in the horse. Kit looked more closely at its sides, where no mottles were to be seen; but that might be owing to the imperfect light. He pulled down the head, and held with shaking hand the lantern to the forelock, which had not the least appearance of ever having been braided; but it was just possible the night dews had straightened the crinkled locks.

Lastly he lifted one foot after another, and found them shod before and behind!

With horrible sickness of heart he leaned back against the side of the stable and tried to gather his wits together,—tried to remember how the mistake had happened, and think what was now to be done.

But to his scattered wits there was only one thing clear:

The horse he had brought home was not Dandy Jim!

(To be continued.)



THE LITTLE KNIGHT.

(A Valentine.)

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

THE knight of olden time, they say,
Went bravely out to battle,
And stood serene amid the strife,
The din and roar and rattle,
Because he carried on his arm
A ribbon or a glove,
And fought and won, or fought and fell,
All for his lady-love.

We boys may be like knights, they say,
Although our lives are quiet,
And though we may not ride to war,
With martial clank and riot,
Yet we may still be brave and true,
And fight against the wrong,
And, like the gallant knights of old,
Help other lives along.

So, Cousin Alice, you, I see,
Wear ribbons with your dresses;
Please, will you spare one pretty bow
From off your braided tresses,
Just to remind me, day by day,
I must be good and true,
A valiant knight to serve the right,
Because—I'm fond of you?

Then, Cousin Alice, let me wear
Your pretty colors gayly,
And they shall make me kind and true,
And brave and gentle, daily;
For, like the knights of olden time,
I promise, "honor bright,"
If you're my little Valentine,
To be your faithful Knight.

A QUEER PARTNERSHIP.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

AS MOST of my young readers are doubtless well aware, there is a continual warfare between the insects and the birds, the latter finding in the former their natural food. Knowing this, any exception we may find to the rule must seem very remarkable, especially when we see, as in the accompanying picture, a bird and a spider not only on terms of the closest friendship, but actually partners in house-building. The bird is the purple sun-bird named by naturalists *Nectarinia Asiatica*. It is common in many parts of India, where it flits among the trees in gorgeous garbs of deep purple-blue, flashing green, gold and yellow.

At the nest-building time, the sun-bird searches the woods until it finds the large shining web of a certain kind of spider. This it proceeds forthwith to appropriate without further ceremony, though we can well imagine that there has been some understanding between Messrs. Spider & Sun-bird.

The web is generally spun between two stout limbs, and upon this web the bird begins to place all sorts of rubbish, such as bits of grass or fiber, and pieces of paper and cloth picked up or stolen from some

neighboring camp. At first the spider must be somewhat astonished at the capacity of its net for catching such strange flies. But, curiously enough, as fast as the bird places these objects upon the



web, the spider secures them with its silk, spinning industriously and assisting its friend as much as possible. Finally, when the materials have accumulated until they reach the limb, they are fastened to it, and bound over and over, first by the bird and afterward by the spider. Now the nest begins to assume a definite shape; in appearance like a bottle, a flask, or a dome; the grass and twigs being generally wound in and out by the bird and then covered by the silk of the spider, both bird and insect working harmoniously, until they have made a perfect dome-shaped nest hanging in the midst of the web, partly supported by it and partly hanging from the limb. In some nests an entrance is left at the bottom; but usually it is at one side near the upper end, with a little platform

or awning built out over it by the bird, to keep out the rain.

The nest would now naturally be a very conspicuous object; but the spider's work is not yet done. It continues to spin its silken web around the nest, carrying the threads from one part to another, inward and outward, forward and back, until finally, after spinning miles and miles of silk, the nest is completely hidden behind a screen of web.

Here, together, the partners live; the spider rearing its young on the outside, and the sun-bird caring for its eggs and young within. In this queer partnership the spider is, evidently, not the loser, as it certainly gains peace and protection from the presence of its feathered friend.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE CITY OF THE BENDED KNEE.—(*Concluded.*)

THE Campo Santo is in some respects a peculiar cemetery. One thing which makes it very different from what we expect to see in a city dating from the Middle Ages, such as Genoa, is that there is nothing at all antiquated, or old-fashioned, about it. It will be to us a curiosity of modern times.

This Campo Santo is about a mile and a half from the city, and is built in the form of a vast square court, with the tombs of the rich in raised galleries on the four sides, and the graves of the poor in the flat ground in the middle. All the galleries are built of white marble, with roofs and long lines of pillars; and the tombs are generally placed along the inner side of the galleries, and the greater part of them are surmounted by groups of life-size statuary. It is these statues, all of them the work of famous modern Italian sculptors, which give to the place its queer and peculiar character. Many of the groups consist not only of statues of the persons buried in the tombs, but life-like figures of the surviving relatives dressed in modern clothes. In one place you will see a father on his death-bed, his wife, dressed in the fashion of the present day, sitting by his side, while his son, a young man in double-breasted sack coat and striped trousers, and a daughter, with a polonaise and pleated skirt,

stand at the foot of the couch. These figures are so well done that they almost seem to be alive; and as the members of the family come year after year to the cemetery, they must be content to see the clothes they were sculptured in getting more and more old-fashioned. Some of the designs are fine and artistic, although to our ideas very strange.

In one part of the grounds we perceive a young lady richly attired in a dress with a long train trimmed with a double row of ruffles and lace, and wearing a cape edged with scalloped lace, kneeling at the foot of her father's tomb, while a grand and beautiful figure of Christ rises out of some clouds just in front of her, and with one hand over the recumbent statue of her dead father, and one over her head, offers her consolation. In another place there is a group of two sisters, who are kneeling by the door of the tomb of a third sister; the door of the tomb is partly open, and the buried sister, in company with an angel who holds her by the hand, has just come out of it, and is rising toward the sky; as these figures are life-size, the effect is very striking. Close to this tomb is one which is planned upon an entirely different idea; a large old angel with a long beard and a very grim and severe countenance is sitting solemnly upon a closed tomb. His expression gives one the idea that he has looked around upon the young lady who

has been liberated by the angel, and that he has said to himself: "The person in the tomb on which I am sitting need not expect to get out until the proper time comes." There is no doubt that these groups are considered very appropriate monuments to deceased friends and relatives by those who have placed them there, but some of them can not fail to strike Americans as strange and odd. Some of the monuments, however, are very beautiful, without any of these queer fancies; and there are many portrait-statues of deceased persons. One of these is a figure of an old woman, exactly life-size, who was known in Genoa as a great friend of the poor. She used to carry them bread and other things which they needed, and she is here represented wearing the dress in which she walked about the town, and carrying a loaf of bread in her hand. The statue was ordered by her before her death, and she was very careful to have it made precisely like her; her gown, her stiffly-starched clean apron, her cap, and the material and pattern of her shawl and all her clothes are exactly imitated. Altogether, she is one of the most life-like old women in marble that you are ever likely to see. In contrast with this statue is a beautiful marble figure of a little child lightly dressed, who is stepping with an airy tread above a mass of flowers. The action is so free and graceful, and her expression so lovely and natural, that her parents, when they come here, must think they see their little daughter bounding out to meet them.

On the side of the great square opposite the entrance to the cemetery is a large circular chapel with a lofty dome. It is approached by a flight of steps, and presents an imposing appearance. The interior of this white marble edifice is very handsome, the dome being supported by great columns of black marble, each cut out of a single block. But the most charming thing in this building is a wonderful echo. The man who shows the place to visitors stands under the dome, and sings a few notes; in a moment these are repeated, clear and loud, from the expanse above. The effect is so fine that we make him go through the performance over and over again.

About five miles from the city is the celebrated Villa Pallavicini, which is considered one of the great sights of Genoa. We can go to the place by a line of horse-cars, which here have the English name of "tramways." In many parts of the continent of Europe, where horse-cars are now quite common, this English word has been adopted; and if it has no other good effect, it may teach the French the use of the letter W, which is not recognized in their language. The villa belongs to a rich and powerful Italian family, and visitors are allowed to see it. When we reach the great gate

we apply at the porter's lodge for a guide, for people are not permitted to go about the grounds alone. After walking up a broad avenue, we enter another gate, and soon come to the house, a beautiful and spacious edifice, with marble porticoes, and terraces. A few richly furnished rooms are shown, but as the Pallavicini family reside here part of the year, we can not see the whole of the house. But it is not this princely residence that we come to see; it is the extensive pleasure-grounds around the house, which are planned in a manner very different from anything to which we are accustomed. These grounds, which lie on a hill above the house, are very beautiful, and are crowded with all sorts of imitations of natural objects, with queer and ingenious devices of many kinds, as well as with most lovely groups of flowers and plants; while a great variety of evergreens and other trees are so arranged as to give the grounds the appearance of a wood, although they are placed with such skill that the sun is, by no means, always shut out. As we walk along the winding paths leading up the hill, we see great masses of camellias, oleanders, roses, azaleas, and other rich flowers; some of the camellias being as large as small trees. Plants from every part of the world are to be found here, coffee, tea, vanilla, sugar-cane, camphor, and even specimens of the cork-tree. But we shall see that the person who designed these grounds had an eye for the queer and surprising as well as for the beautiful.

The walk through the grounds will occupy us about two hours, and we shall see something novel at every turn. Speaking of turns, there are swings which revolve like great wheels instead of merely going backward and forward, and in which we can take a turn if we choose. Near these is a handsome little marble edifice, built on the occasion of a visit that the Empress Maria Theresa made to this villa.

When we get to the top of the hill, we see a castle, strongly fortified, but which appears to have been somewhat damaged. These damages are all artificial, and the castle was built to look as if it had sustained a siege. All about are evidences of the great fight which never took place. Near by are a number of graves which are intended to represent the resting-places of the men (who never existed) who fell during the siege. Among them is the handsome mausoleum of the imaginary commandant of the castle, who died an imaginary death during the imaginary conflict. The person who planned these make-believe vestiges of war, which cost a great deal of money, must have had an odd idea of making a place interesting. We can go into the castle, and from the tower we have a grand view of the sea and the country, as well

as of the extensive Pallavicini estate, which extends for a great distance.

Coming down the other side of the hill, we reach

them, a jet of water sends a fine shower all over us; in another place, in passing through an open path, and the sun shining brightly above us, we find our-

selves in a sudden shower of rain. This is occasioned by our stepping on a concealed spring in the path which immediately surrounds us with thin high jets of water, which fall in sparkling drops upon us. There are other tricks of this kind, and they must have been very amusing at first to the Pallavicinis, although I do not believe they asked the Empress Maria Theresa to sit down in one of the squirting swings. The large lake is very beautifully arranged, wide in some places, and narrow in others, with all sorts of curves and bends, and with pretty little bridges crossing it at different places. We can get into boats, and be rowed all over it, passing under the bridges, among little islands, and into the shade of the beautiful trees which line its banks, some of them drooping their graceful branches into the water. In some places the banks are rich with flowers, and everything is planned to look as natural as possible. In the center of the widest part of the lake stands an exquisite marble temple surrounded by columns, and containing a statue of the goddess Diana.



MEMORIAL STATUE OF A CHILD IN THE CAMPO SANTO, AT GENOA.

a grotto, which is entirely artificial, but with real stalactites and stalagmites, brought from real caverns, and all arranged in the most natural manner; with a subterranean lake, over which we are taken in boats. On this side of the hill is a wide and lovely landscape-garden containing several lakes, one of which is quite large. As we walk along, we see some ordinary swings, and if we sit down in one of

Some of you will think this Grecian temple the prettiest thing in the whole grounds.

We will now leave the Villa, with its beauties, its queer surprises, and its imitations; and we must also leave the bright, bustling, and interesting city of Genoa, with a hope that never again will it be obliged to bend the knee to a foreign foe or a domestic disturber of its peace and prosperity.

RALPH'S WINTER CARNIVAL.

BY GEORGE A. BUFFUM.



"HIS FIRST ATTEMPTS WERE RATHER DISASTROUS."

RALPH RODNEY's uncle lived in Montreal, and Montreal was to have a winter carnival. Naturally, Ralph Rodney's uncle invited Ralph's father and mother to visit Montreal during the carnival and to bring Ralph with them; and, naturally, also, when Ralph Rodney's father and mother accepted the invitation, Ralph was about the happiest boy in Boston.

Of course, most of the boys and girls know what a carnival is. It is a jolly good time out-of-doors in the warm Southern cities, like Florence and Rome and Naples in Italy or like New Orleans in our own land, where it is a sort of festival of fun and masquerade and fancy dresses during the four weeks just preceding Lent. But Montreal has n't a particularly "warm Southern climate," and the idea of a "winter" carnival rather sent the cold shivers through Ralph Rodney's anticipations. He had never been so far North before, and he had fears about freezing his ears and his nose.

"I wish my seal-skin cap was larger and that my ear-tabs were snugger," he confided to his mother; but she assured him that his aunt and his cousins in Canada would show him just how to protect himself from the cold, and that he need not borrow trouble.

Well, the longed-for time of departure arrived

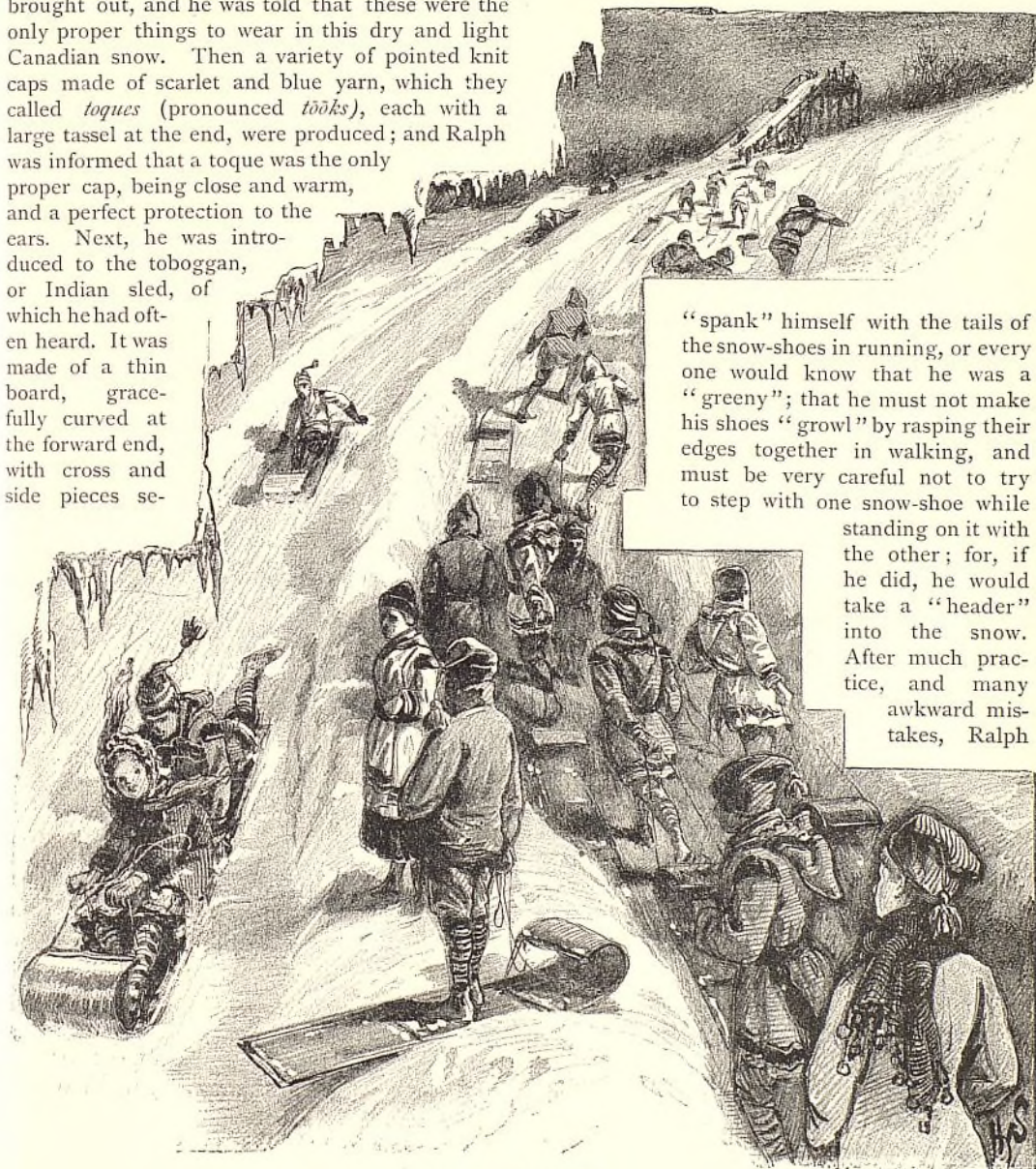
at last, and one crisp January evening Ralph Rodney, with his father and mother, took the night train on the Boston & Montreal Railroad, en route for the winter carnival.

A ride of fifteen hours brought them in safety to Montreal. They crossed the great Victoria Bridge, and Ralph scarcely knew which was the greater wonder—the big bridge, or the broad St. Lawrence, white with its winter covering of ice and snow. Ralph's indefinite fears as to whether the custom-house officers would not arrest him as a smuggler, because he happened to be carrying a few presents to his Canadian cousins across the line, were speedily set at rest; and once out of the Montreal station, he enjoyed hugely the ride in the comfortable hack sleigh, almost smothered in great buffalo-robos. He was soon taken to his uncle's door. On the way there the sleigh passed the ice palace, erected for the carnival in Dominion Square, near the great Windsor Hotel. It was built of large cakes of ice, two feet thick, having a high central tower, and smaller towers at the four corners.* From the top of the towers waved the flags of different nations, and under the morning sun the glittering, dull blue structure looked more like a fairy creation than the result of three weeks' hard labor of men and horses.

* The ice palace is of a new architectural design each year.

Ralph's cousins, Charlie and Clara, were delighted to welcome him. Breakfast was hardly finished before they were initiating him into the mysteries of Canadian costumes and sports. Long knit stockings and deer-skin moccasins were brought out, and he was told that these were the only proper things to wear in this dry and light Canadian snow. Then a variety of pointed knit caps made of scarlet and blue yarn, which they called *toques* (pronounced *tōōks*), each with a large tassel at the end, were produced; and Ralph was informed that a *toque* was the only proper cap, being close and warm, and a perfect protection to the ears. Next, he was introduced to the toboggan, or Indian sled, of which he had often heard. It was made of a thin board, gracefully curved at the forward end, with cross and side pieces se-

of snow-shoes, and showed him how to fasten them upon his moccasined feet by a peculiar knot, which would not slip. Charlie gave him some indoor lessons, and told him that he must not



"spank" himself with the tails of the snow-shoes in running, or every one would know that he was a "greeny"; that he must not make his shoes "growl" by rasping their edges together in walking, and must be very careful not to try to step with one snow-shoe while standing on it with the other; for, if he did, he would take a "header" into the snow. After much practice, and many awkward mistakes, Ralph

THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

curiously bound to it by deer thongs or sinews, so as to make a light and strong flat sled. These varied in length from four to eight feet, and were generally covered with a carpet or cushion. Lastly, Ralph's cousins presented him with a new pair

concluded that he had got the peculiar "shack" movement necessary, and was anxious for the time to come, when he could prove to his cousins his apt scholarship.

Lunch over, a start was made for the tobogganing

slide. There are several of these slides at Montreal, on the mountain-sides, built and kept in order by clubs of young men, who are very fond of the sport. The winter is the dull business season in Montreal, as the great river is blocked with ice; and many who are exceedingly busy in the summer months have much spare time during the winter. But they are not idle; they play then about as hard as they work in summer, and chief among their sports is toboggan-sliding. The club dress is a very pretty one, made of white blanketting, one club being distinguished from another by the colors of the blanket-borders, and also by their sashes and *toques*.

When Ralph's party came in sight of the Mount Royal slide, it was crowded with club members, their friends, and spectators, and presented a very novel and picturesque appearance. Ralph had brought an extra toboggan with him with the intention of steering himself down the slide, but, when he saw toboggan after toboggan, loaded with two or more sliders, dash down the steep shoot of the starting platform, glide at railway speed along the icy incline, jump several inches into the air over the smooth bumper, or *cahot**, and then take a final plunge down the long slide between the great snow-banks, his confidence in himself rather gave way, and he concluded to postpone his experiments in steering until the slide was less steep or less crowded. But Charlie, who looked like a young Polar bear, in his white suit, was not to be put off. Ralph must slide and he would guide him. So, together, the two boys mounted the platform, Charlie carrying his toboggan upon his shoulder as a soldier would carry his musket. When they reached the top of the slide, Ralph looked down with fresh misgivings. The pitch was so steep and the toboggan which had just started went so swiftly, that he would gladly have backed out. But his pride and Charlie's "Oh, pshaw, there's nothing to be afraid of!" alike led him to take his place upon the toboggan, which Charlie was holding upon the shoot.

"Are you ready?" said Charlie.

"Yes," said Ralph, "as ready as I ever shall be."

"Well, then, hang on!" cried his cousin as he jumped on behind Ralph, sitting on sideways, with his left foot extended backward to serve as the rudder with which to steer their course. Away they shot down the steep declivity, with the wind rushing and whistling about Ralph's ears. As he approached the *cahot* he instinctively shut his eyes, and he did not need to be told to hold on, for the terrific pace and the bumping motion of the toboggan made him grasp the low side-piece in desperation. The *cahot* once safely passed, he began to enjoy his rapid slide, and he had just begun to wish it was

longer, when the toboggan in front of them slewed around and "spilled" its load off. Before Charlie could steer to one side, they too were upon the wreck, and were themselves "spilled." In an instant another toboggan came dashing among them, and thus three sled-loads were promiscuously mixed up upon the slide. Fortunately no one was badly hurt, for these toboggans are so light and elastic that the chances of injury are very much less than with our heavier steel-shod sleds, and in a few moments all were up again, laughing at their mishap and brushing off the dry snow. Ralph was initiated now, and as eager for another slide as his cousin could have wished him to be. He was sorry enough when his aunt summoned them home to dinner. On his way down the *Côte des Neiges* road he tried steering his own toboggan on the steep places, and soon found that it "answered the helm," as the sailors say, very readily. So he determined that the next day he would try the mountain slide alone, and soon show his cousin Clara that he could steer her down the shoot as well as her brother could. Under Charlie's supervision he also put his efforts in snow-shoe walking to a practical test, and though his first attempts were rather disastrous, he soon mastered the science and became really skillful with the snow-shoes.

Dinner was hardly over before it was time for them all to go down to Dominion Square to see the inauguration of the ice palace, and the torch-light procession of the snow-shoe clubs. Their first view of the palace on reaching the Square was enchanting. It was brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, which shone through its sides and gave it the appearance of a large structure of ground glass. A band of music was playing inside, and thousands of people in their warm furs and gayly colored head-dresses were crowding about it. A slight snow was falling, the air was cold, but dry, and the whole scene made Ralph think of pictures he had seen of winter sights in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Soon there was a cry of "Here they come," and then at the northern end of the Square the torches of the snow-shoe clubs were seen approaching. On they came, and after several hundred had filed by, and their torches had surrounded three sides of the Square with a line of light, at a given signal, a shower of rockets ascended from the middle of the Square, Roman-candles were let off from the whole line of snow-shoers, and the ice palace was brightly lighted with colored fires, one tower being red, another green, and another blue. The effect was almost magical. Ralph was well acquainted with Fourth of July fire-works (as what American boy is not?), but to see such effects in a snow-storm was novel indeed. He watched the whole parade—a

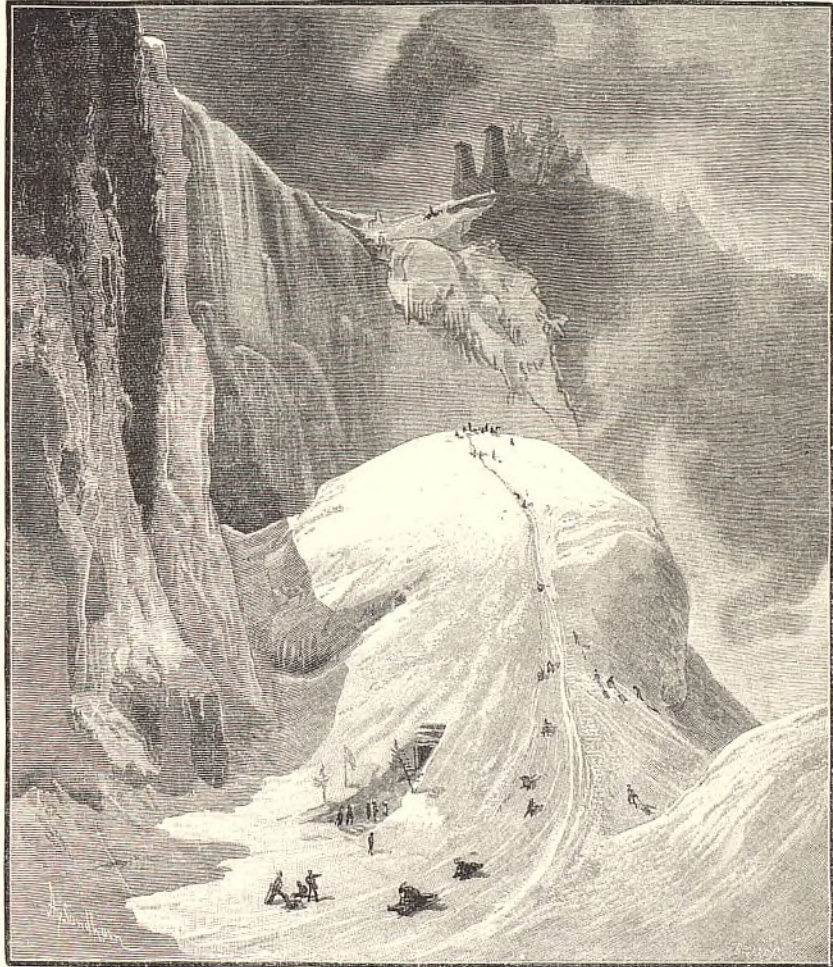
*A *cahot* is a hole worn in the slide by the frequent passage of the toboggans.

thousand snow-shoers in their picturesque white suits, and then returned home, and from the windows of his uncle's house he watched the line pass and repass across the top of the mountain and then wind down its side, doubling back and forth in the descent four or five times, until finally he saw it as it sank into

"the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of
fire-flies tangled in a
silver braid."

Ralph Rodney's first day at the carnival was but the beginning of a series of days that were filled with delight, and crowded with sights and scenes to be long remembered. He became an enthusiastic tobogganer, and was soon up in all the ways and talk of the noble ice-slide; while Charlie held his enraptured attention with an exciting account of how he had once gone tobogganing down the ice-cone of the Falls of Montmorenci, near Quebec—a great winter resort for Canadian tobogganists. Charlie told him how the ice-cone rose over a hundred feet high at the foot of the Falls, where it is made larger each day by the new spray that freezes upon it, and he told him of the great cavern in the cone, and of so many other wonders that Ralph was anxious to add Quebec, also, to his winter trip, and enjoy all the glory of tobogganing down the great shoot of the Montmorenci Falls. Space

does not permit to tell of his jolly snow-shoe trips over the mountain, or how he went to the fancy-dress skating carnival at the Victoria Rink, or how he watched the curling clubs at their exciting games upon the ice, but you may be sure that he consid-



THE ICE-CONE AT THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

ered his visit to Montreal a grand success, and his only regret is that Boston can not be moved to Montreal, so that he may have winters cold enough to afford more of sport than of slush, and more of downright winter fun than is possible amid the too-frequent dampness and the chilly east winds of the usual Boston winter.

FROWNS OR SMILES?

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

WHERE do they go, I wonder,
 The clouds on a cloudy day,
 When the shining sun comes peeping out
 And scatters them all away?
 I know!—They keep them and cut them down
 For cross little girls who want a frown.
 Frowns and wrinkles and pouts—oh, my!
 How many 't would make—one cloudy sky!

I think I should like it better
 A sunshiny day to take
 And cut it down for dimples and smiles,—
 What beautiful ones 't would make!
 Enough for all the dear little girls
 With pretty bright eyes and waving curls,
 To drive the scowls and frowns away,
 Just like the sun on a cloudy day.

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

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

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER V.

SECRET SESSIONS.

WHILE the chief business and object of Congress is legislation, each House possesses certain other functions and privileges of great consequence. After I had been in the Senate a few days, I became acquainted with one of the special powers belonging exclusively to that body.

The President of the United States is the head of the Government. He is the "Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the Militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States." He is charged with the execution of the laws at home

and the protection of our rights abroad. To properly perform this great trust, he has thousands of assistants,—cabinet ministers (or heads of departments); ambassadors, ministers, consuls, and other agents in foreign lands; judges, attorneys, and a variety of civil officers. The law-makers have provided, by statute, that he may appoint many of these minor assistants without consulting the Senate; the others, however, can only be appointed with the permission of a majority of the Senate, except during the recess of that body. For the welfare of the country and the advancement of its commercial and general interests in its intercourse with other nations, he has also authority, with the concurrence of two-thirds of the senators, to make treaties with foreign powers.†

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† The Constitution, Article II., Sec. 2, cl. 2, declares as follows: "He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States, whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law: but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments."

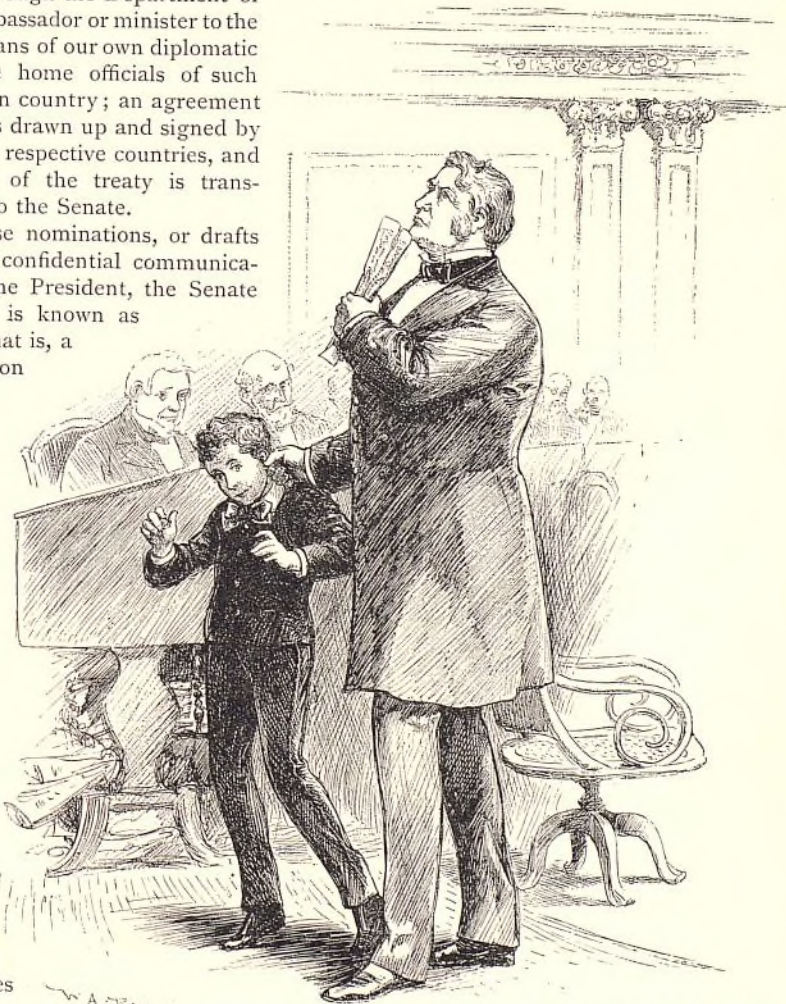
If he wishes to appoint a man to an important position in the Federal service, he so notifies the Senate, stating the name of the person and the office which he desires him to occupy. This "naming" of the person is termed a "nomination." As various official places are constantly becoming vacant by the death, resignation, or discharge of the people holding them, a great number of these nominations are annually sent in to the Senate by the President.

When it is found desirable to enter into a treaty, the President confers, through the Department of State, with the foreign ambassador or minister to the United States, or, by means of our own diplomatic agents abroad, with the home officials of such foreign power in their own country; an agreement satisfactory to each side is drawn up and signed by the representatives of the respective countries, and this agreement or draft of the treaty is transmitted by the President to the Senate.

Whenever any of these nominations, or drafts of treaties, or any other confidential communications are submitted by the President, the Senate considers them in what is known as "executive session,"—that is, a session devoted to action

upon messages from the President,—in which case the proceedings are secret, the galleries and floor being cleared of spectators, and the Senate sitting with "closed doors." Only a few officers in addition to the senators are allowed to remain in the Chamber. Even the pages are excluded. All the doors leading to the Senate are shut and, together with the gallery-stairs, securely guarded against intruders. Those highly valued and confidential officials, Captain Bassett and Mr. Christie, then, for the time being, took upon themselves our duties within the Chamber, conveying the messages to the various doors at which we were stationed in small relays. Instead of remaining at our proper posts, however, we were more likely to be wandering up on the dome or in some other far-away place quite out of reach. An executive session was, with us, what a recess is to a school-boy, and we varied

the monotony by promenading from door to door, changing stations with each other, racing up and down the corridors, catching ball on the portico, or doing such other things as might suggest themselves. My post was in the vestibule at the most important or main entrance, and we all used to delight to assemble in that small space—with only the wooden doors separating us from the Senate Chamber—and, standing up in the marble niches and on the floor, "make the welkin ring." More than half of Mr. Christie's duty seemed to be to



THE PAGE'S ADVENTURE WITH SENATOR SUMNER. (SEE P. 291.)

put his head through the door and tell us to keep quiet. I do not think our efforts were ever appreciated by the law-makers on the other side of the partition. In the goodness of our hearts, we had no other purpose than to give the senators a serenade.

These executive matters are referred to committees for examination in the same manner as legislative measures. For example—the nomination of a person as postmaster in a certain city, is referred to the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads; a nomination as judge, to the Committee on the Judiciary; the agreement or draft of a treaty to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The committees discuss the matter and report their views to the Senate in secret session. Some of the senators may not like the man nominated for a certain office and may oppose the “confirmation” of the nomination, as the approval or “advice and consent” of the Senate is styled. Then the friends and enemies of the man have a debate over the matter. Of course, outsiders are not supposed to know what they say, but it is presumed that the enemies tell everything they know or have heard against the man, to show that he is unfit to hold the proposed office; and his friends, as true friends should, show the falsity of the charges, or otherwise answer or dispose of them. A treaty goes through nearly the same course as a bill. A vote is then taken upon the confirmation of the nomination, or ratification of the treaty. If a majority vote in favor of the person, the President may appoint the man; otherwise not. If two-thirds so vote in favor of the treaty, the treaty is ratified by a “resolution of ratification,” and, when also ratified by the proper foreign authority with whom it is made, the ratifications are exchanged between the officials representing the two governments (either at Washington or such other place as may be named in the agreement), and the treaty becomes law, binding upon us and upon the other government.

One day, shortly after my appointment, I returned to the Senate Chamber, having been sent on a message to the House of Representatives. As

I entered, I heard a great deal of bustle, and, looking up toward the galleries, I saw all the people going out. I supposed that the Senate had adjourned, and at once rushed for my awl and tape, and began to do what is called “filing.”



THE CAPITOL, FROM PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE (WEST FRONT).

Every morning we distributed on the desks of the senators such bills, reports of committees, and other public documents as had been printed and received from the Government Printing-office. Having given the senators an opportunity to examine them (though few ever did so, after all our trouble), we joined these documents together with tape, arranged in their proper order, that each senator might have a complete set at his desk ready for use and reference. It was usual to attend to this every forenoon, filing the documents distributed the preceding day; but when the Senate adjourned early in the afternoon, we would do as much of the work as we could that day, in order to have more leisure time to ourselves the following morning.

It was my duty to attend to Senator Sumner's files, and so, kneeling on the carpet, beside his desk, I was soon busily engaged, and did not pay any attention to what was going on about me. I had been at work there, I do not know how long, when, all of a sudden I was startled by some one catching hold of my ear, and, glancing up, I saw Senator Sumner gazing at me with evident curiosity. I noticed that the galleries were entirely empty, and that the doors were closed. I then heard somebody talking, and realized that business was being transacted in the Senate. I could not understand it at all. The Senator continued to look quizzically at me, and finally asked what I was doing there. I told him. "Well," said he, "you'd better get out of this as soon as you can," and, lifting me gently (!!!) up by the ear, he exhibited me to the surrounding senators. I was so small and had been so quiet that none of them had seen me, and they all smiled when I bobbed up so unexpectedly, like a Jack-in-the-Box. There was something in the air, though, like the mystic whisper of a fairy, that advised me to take to my heels, and I ran for the nearest door. To my horror, it was locked! Then I ran to another, and found that also locked. I was a caged animal, and my fright increased every moment. Happily, I caught the eye of Captain Bassett, and he motioned toward a certain lobby door. I rushed; to my surprise it opened, like the entrance to the Robber's Cave, and I thanked my stars when I got out! Just beyond the lobby I found a group of people collected in the corridor who seemed to be amazed to see me appearing from that quarter. Then, for the first time, I was told what an Executive Session of the Senate was, and how awful were its deliberations. I was informed that it was a deadly crime for any one to listen to such proceedings, and for some time afterward I was in a state of terror, fearing that I should be arrested and punished. However, my fears were finally quieted by Senator Sumner, who explained the matter to me, and, saying that no harm had been done in that instance, advised me to be more careful in future. And I was — that is to say, I have many a time since then lain awake on one of the gallery-seats, and heard the senators discuss "secret" business with closed doors!

This incident apparently caused Senator Sumner to take quite an interest in me, and he seemed to acquire an especial fondness for catching me by the ears. Often have I attempted to pass the Senator, while he was walking to and fro on the floor of the Senate, only to have both my ears seized good-naturedly, and to be asked some kindly question. I shall always remember one of these adventures — for it *was* an adventure! He

had sent me on an errand. Having returned, reported to him the answer, and received his deep-voiced thanks, I started to move away, but he had caught me, and continued his slow march — I in front — Indian file. As he was a tall man and I a very small boy in comparison, I had to walk on tiptoe to ease the pain, and even then it seemed as if my ear would come off my head. The worst of it was that he at once became so lost in thought that he forgot he had hold of me, and mechanically paced up and down, with his long strides, while I danced a mild war-dance, for some minutes, — it seemed to me hours, — to the intense amusement of all who observed it. The more I struggled, the more did I increase the agony, but I at last managed to wriggle away from his grasp. The sudden "emptiness" of his hand caused him to realize the state of affairs, and he begged my pardon so energetically, and the spectators smiled so audibly, that the proceedings of the Senate were interrupted and Mr. Colfax actually had to tap with his gavel to restore order!

But it was, after all, an honor to be noticed, even in that fashion, by so distinguished a man as Senator Sumner. He had the widest reputation of any of the senators, and the first question most visitors to the Senate would ask was:

"Which is Charles Sumner?"

He was one of the greatest statesmen that have ever graced the halls of Congress, and I found him to be one of the kindest men in the world. He was an ideal American gentleman, was always polite to every one, and I never heard him utter a cross or hasty word. He had an extensive correspondence and received letters from all parts of the globe. At one time, while I was a page, I had a mania for gathering stamps, and as those on many of his letters were very rare, I asked the Senator if he would kindly put the envelopes in his desk, so that I could get them, instead of tearing and throwing them upon the floor. He said he would save them for me with pleasure, and, sure enough, the next day he came to the Senate with a large collar-box in his hand. He put this in the drawer of his desk, and whenever he opened an envelope with a foreign stamp attached, he would tear off the stamp and deposit it in the box. Several weeks afterward he called me to him and handed me the box, filled with the choicest and most curious collection, saying: "Now, if you will empty the box, I will fill it again for you." And he was true to his word. I have met hundreds of eminent men in my life; none, however, more prominent or with more cares to burden or distract their thoughts than this grand senator from Massachusetts; yet I think few of them would, under similar circumstances, have gone to so much trouble merely to humor the

whim of a boy. I might mention numerous other incidents of his extreme gentleness of disposition, but this will, I think, suffice to convince you that law-makers can have hearts as well as minds.

Secret sessions, by the way, are unpopular. There are some executive and legislative matters proper to be discussed only with closed doors, but, as a general thing, the people who employ these law-makers in Congress, demand the right to oversee them at their work. The members of the House, being directly under the control of the people, evidently fear them more than the senators. As a consequence, they hold secret sessions only on exceptional occasions. It was not until 1795—nearly six years after the meeting of the First Congress—that the Senate recognized the justice of the demand for open sessions on the part of the people. Before that time, all its sessions had been conducted with closed doors. Now, however, its debates and proceedings, like those of the House, are always open to the public, except when it is engaged upon executive or other peculiarly confidential affairs.

It is a breach of confidence for a member or an officer of the Senate to disclose the transactions of a secret session, until the removal of the injunction of secrecy by a formal resolution of that body.* Still, newspaper correspondents generally manage to find them out, in some way. So well known was their accomplishment in this direction, that senators would oftentimes go to the reporters for information as to what had been done in secret session, instead of the reporters to the senators! Once, a senator, going to the Senate rather late in the afternoon, met a correspondent coming from the Capitol. The law-maker asked what was being done in the Senate. "Oh, nothing important," was the answer. "They have just gone out of executive session and are now discussing the subject they had up yesterday." The senator was evidently interested in some nomination or other business, and so he persisted and asked the correspondent what action had been taken in executive session. The newspaper man coolly eyed the senator for a few moments, and then cautiously remarked: "Well, you Congressmen are getting to be such free talkers, I think I'd better not tell you!"

Whether or not the journalist was induced to tell the senator what had been done, I am uninformed. If not, it is the most remarkable case of

"golden silence" in the annals of the world. The general opinion of reporters and correspondents of the Press is that they are very clever and very wise. At the same time, some of them occasionally overstep the lines of propriety in their eager quest for news. The circulation of rumors and gossip is not apt to do good, but, on the contrary, generally results in harm. Newspapers, however, sometimes publish such rumors to "amuse" a certain class of readers who are equally talkative and regardless of domestic happiness and the rights of private character.

The American people want to keep informed in regard to the workings of their government and they are entitled to the information. But some of them are altogether too inquisitive, and think that, by virtue of their American citizenship, they are entitled to know, and to criticize as much as they please, whatever is going on in the boundless universe of space!

Now, I have abruptly drawn you to these subjects, in order to define briefly two sacred rights guaranteed by the Constitution, and of which you may have heard much said—"Freedom of Speech" and "Liberty of the Press."†

Freedom of Speech means the right of a full and candid expression of honest and honorable opinion. The Constitution allows you to protest against the hardships of the laws. It allows you to remonstrate against cruelty and injustice. It allows you to worship your Creator as you may see fit. The Constitution and the laws are based upon and recognize the precepts of Christianity,‡ and any rights secured by them must be exercised within the limits of decency and honor.

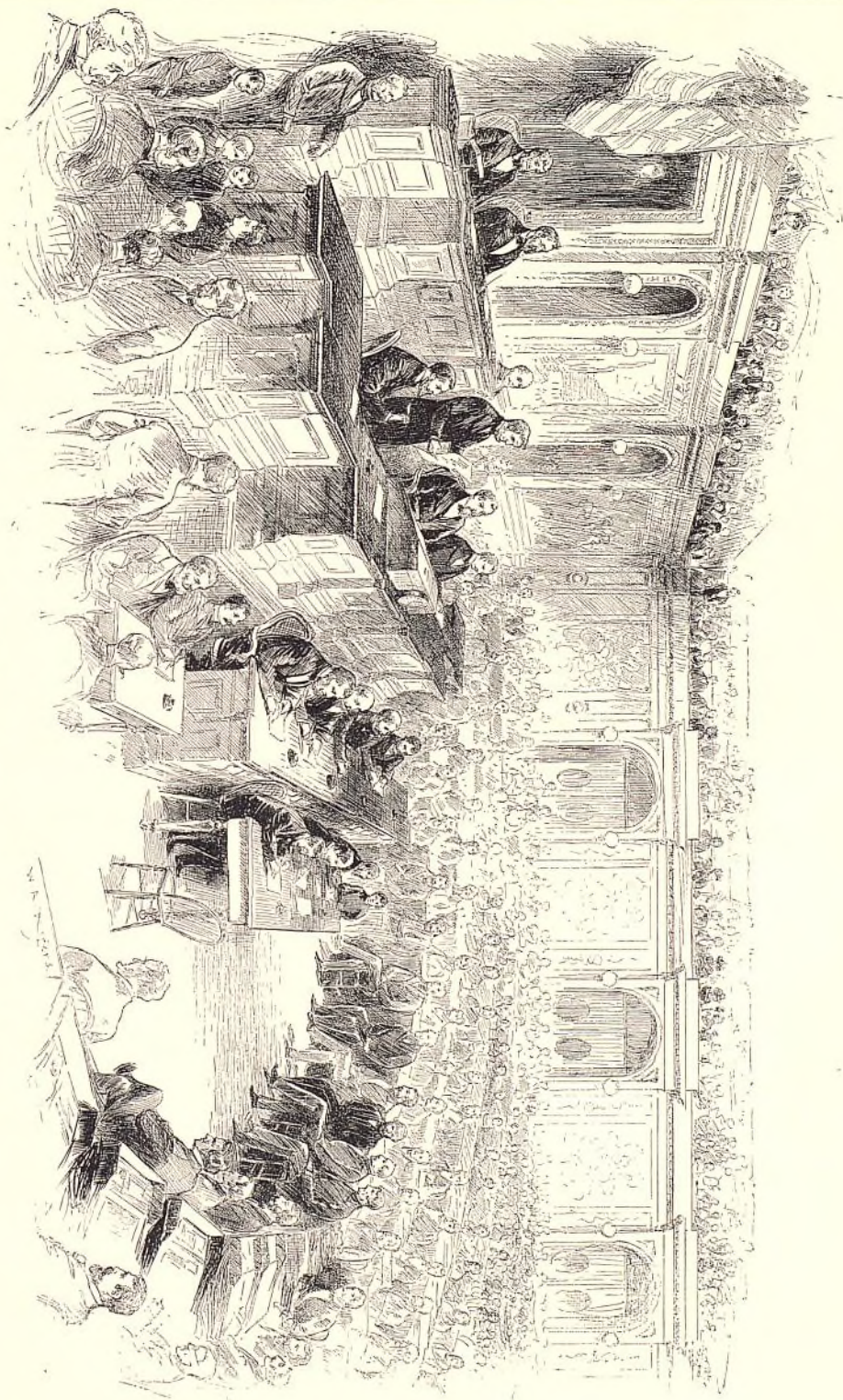
And the Liberty of the Press is still more important. It means: "The right to print and publish the truth, from good motives and for justifiable ends." That is all. "Where vituperation begins, the liberty of the press ends." For if it is wrong to give vent to spite and venom in conversations with a few, how much more criminal is it to put those thoughts into imperishable type, to be scattered among the masses of the present day, and to be perpetuated for years to come! The Constitution does not bestow upon these gentlemen of the pen the privilege to assault, either through malice or caprice, or as a source of profit, the faults of private life and character. That is not the Liberty of the Press! That is not the theory of the Constitution!

* Here is the rule on the subject: "Any senator or officer of the Senate who shall disclose the secret or confidential business or proceedings of the Senate shall be liable, if a senator, to suffer expulsion from the body; and if an officer, to dismissal from the service of the Senate, and to punishment for contempt."

† The first amendment to the Constitution is as follows: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

‡ "There never has been a period," said Professor Story, one of the greatest jurists of the land, "in which the common law did not recognize Christianity as lying at its foundation."

COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTES ON THE SECOND WEDNESDAY OF FEBRUARY, 1873. (SEE PAGE 295.)



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

CHAPTER VI.

COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTES.

THE secret sessions of the Senate were of common occurrence, that body devoting more or less time nearly every day to the consideration of Executive business. Frequently, upon motion of a senator, it would go into Executive session in the middle of the afternoon, after which the doors would be re-opened to the public and it would resume its legislative session. I became accustomed, therefore, to this proceeding in a very short time, but had scarcely concluded my investigations concerning this feature of senatorial power, when I was given a chance to witness a ceremony of equal interest.

The Constitution thus declares the qualifications of the President and Vice-President of the United States: "No person except a natural-born citizen * * * shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years, and been fourteen years a resident within the United States." And: "No person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice-President of the United States."

The manner in which they are chosen is rather bewildering: Each State appoints, every four years, in such manner as its Legislature may direct, a number of officers termed electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress. Those electors meet in their respective States and vote, by ballot, for President and Vice-President, "one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves," and they then make up distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they are required to sign and certify, and transmit, sealed, to the city of Washington (that being the seat of the Government of the United States), directed to the President of the Senate. Upon such a day as Congress may assign for that purpose, the President of the Senate, in the presence of both the Senate and the House of Representatives, opens all the certificates, and the votes are then counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for President, is declared President, if such number is a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and the same as to the Vice-President. In the event of no person having such majority, either for the office of President or Vice-President, the Constitution confers

upon the House of Representatives the power to choose the President, and upon the Senate the power to choose the Vice-President, under certain restrictions. Thus, we observe here another and highly important power belonging to each of the Houses of Congress.

This system of the indirect election of President and Vice-President has descended to us from the early days of the republic, when the country was in its infancy, and the population was scarcely one-twelfth its present size. Though the individual citizen does in effect vote for President and Vice-President when he casts his vote for what is termed the electoral ticket presented by his party convention, the plan by which these electors are themselves elected, and by which they, too, go through the show of a Presidential election before the final conclusion is given in the official canvass of the votes in Congress, is complicated, roundabout, and awkward. It would be altogether simpler for the people to choose these high officers of government directly, without the clumsy contrivance of the Electoral College. When you become law-makers of the country, I shall expect to see the Constitution amended in this respect. At any rate, please give the matter your thoughtful consideration.

The manner of opening and counting the votes will be found in what is known as the "Twenty-second Joint Rule" of the two Houses of Congress. That rule provides that the two Houses shall assemble in the Hall of the House of Representatives at the hour of one o'clock P. M., on the second Wednesday in the February next succeeding the meeting of the electors, and also provides the course of proceeding when so assembled.

As the constitutional terms of President Grant and Vice-President Colfax would expire on the 4th of March, 1873, electors had been duly chosen by the votes of the people in the month of November, 1872, and these electors had met and voted for a President and Vice-President of the United States for the succeeding period of four years, and the sealed certificates had been forwarded to Washington. Accordingly, on the second Wednesday (the 12th) of February, the certificates were to be opened and the counting of the electoral votes was to take place. When the day arrived, the Senate met at its usual hour and began to transact ordinary legislative business, in which, however, no one seemed to take much interest. The sight-seers crowded the galleries of the House of Representatives, the galleries of the Senate being almost deserted, only such persons occupying them as were probably unsuccessful in obtaining admission to the other House. After the transaction of some unimportant business, Senator Pratt arose and began an elaborate speech on

the Pension Laws. But everything had a holiday appearance. The senators, the pages, and the other "officials" felt like children about to go to a picnic, and were anxious for the hour of one o'clock to arrive and put an end to their agony of suspense.

The proceedings of each House of Congress are recorded by short-hand writers, the most eminent in their profession, everything said and done being actually reported and printed. The publication containing this report was then *The Congressional Globe*; since the 4th of March, 1873, it has been *The Congressional Record*. In order to be accurate, I have examined the pages of the *Globe*, and will quote from them occasionally in referring to the proceedings of Congress.

Right in the midst of Senator Pratt's speech, Mr. McPherson, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, appeared at the bar of the Senate (and by the "bar" I mean the end of the center aisle) and delivered the following message:

"Mr. President, I am directed to inform the Senate that the House of Representatives is now ready to receive the Senate, for the purpose of proceeding to open and count the votes of the electors of the several States for President and Vice-President of the United States."

Shortly afterward, the hour of one o'clock having arrived, the Vice-President said:

"The Senate, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, will now repair to the Hall of the House of Representatives."

Thereupon Mr. French, the genial Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, arose and walked toward the main door leading to the House, followed by the Vice-President and Secretary. Then the senators fell in line, two by two, and the procession began to move. Certain other officers of the Senate joined the ranks, and as nothing would be regular or complete, according to our notions, without the presence and co-operation of the pages, we went along as a matter of course, sandwiching ourselves in between the venerable Solons wherever we could find an aperture wide enough to accommodate our small bodies.

The line of march led us through the great rotunda of the Capitol, which was crowded with people who had gathered to see the novel and imposing sight. When we reached the House, our arrival was announced by an officer of that body; and as we entered, all the members and officers of the House rose to their feet to receive us, and remained standing while the senators were being seated in the chairs provided for them in the eastern section of the Hall near the Speaker's desk. The Vice-President, as the presiding officer of the joint convention of the two Houses, took his seat in the Speaker's chair, the Speaker, Hon. James G. Blaine, occupying a chair on his left. Senator

Sherman (who had been appointed by the Senate to act as a teller in counting the votes) and Representatives Dawes and Beck (the tellers on the part of the House) took their seats at the Clerk's desk, at which the Secretary of the Senate and Clerk of the House were also stationed.

After the confusion on the floor and in the galleries incident to our entrance had somewhat subsided, the Vice-President rose and stated:

"The Senate and House of Representatives having met under the provisions of the Constitution for the purpose of opening, determining, and declaring the votes cast for President and Vice-President of the United States for the term of four years commencing on the 4th of March next, and it being my duty, in the presence of both Houses thus convened, to open the votes, I now proceed to discharge that duty."

He then proceeded to open and hand to the tellers the votes of the several States for President and Vice-President, commencing with the State of Maine. Senator Sherman read in full the certificate of the vote of that State (and the certificate of the Governor as to the election of the electors), giving seven votes for Ulysses S. Grant, of Illinois, for President, and seven votes for Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President. Then Mr. Dawes read the certificate of the vote of the State of New Hampshire, and so they continued, each teller reading in turn. When the vote of the State of Mississippi was reached, Senator Trumble objected to its being counted, for the reason that the certificate did not show that the electors of that State had voted "by ballot" as required by the Constitution. Other objections being made, the Vice-President said:

"Three questions having arisen in regard to the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President, the Senate will now withdraw to their Chamber."

Thereupon we re-organized in procession and marched out of the Hall in as pompous a manner as we had entered it an hour previous. Upon reaching the Senate Chamber, the Vice-President called the senators to order, and they at once began to discuss the objections made, the House in the meantime, as soon as we had retired from its Hall, having begun to do the same thing. After discussion, and when the senators had passed resolutions setting forth their decisions upon the matters, the Secretary was notified to inform the House that the Senate was ready to proceed with the count. In a little while the Clerk of the House appeared and stated that the House had also reached a conclusion; whereupon we formed into line for a third time and re-entered the Hall of the House at thirty-five minutes past three o'clock. (I take this time-record from the *Globe*.)

The Vice-President resumed the chair, and announced the result—that both Houses agreed to the counting of the electoral votes of the State of

Mississippi, and that the same would be counted, but that as to the three votes of the State of Georgia there was a disagreement between the Houses, and that therefore those votes would not be counted.*

Then the tellers again went to work, but struck another point of dispute when the votes of Texas were announced. Objections being made, the Senate again retired in a body, reaching its Chamber at four o'clock and twenty-four minutes P. M. After discussion as before by both Houses, and a conclusion having been arrived at by each, in about half an hour we again, and for the fifth time, organized in procession and re-entered the Hall of the House. The Vice-President announced that both Houses had agreed to the counting of the votes of the State of Texas, and the same were accordingly counted. Then the tellers proceeded as before until objections were made to the electoral votes of Louisiana and Arkansas, when we again retired to the Senate Chamber, and entered into a discussion lasting about an hour and a half. Meanwhile, the shadows of night had begun to creep around the building, and, while we were straining our eyes in the gloaming, the Chamber was illuminated by a sudden flash from the electric wires above. Well, we finally came to a decision, and returned to the Hall (which, together with the rotunda, had also been lit up) "at seven o'clock and forty-five minutes P. M."

The Vice-President stated the decision. Both Houses having agreed to reject the votes of Louisiana, and there being a disagreement as to the votes of Arkansas, the electoral votes of the two States were not counted. All the certificates having been opened, the tellers were instructed by the Vice-President to announce the result of the vote. Senator Sherman complied with the direction of the Vice-President, reading in detail the votes as cast by the electors of each State that were ordered to be counted; after which the Vice-President announced:

"The whole number of electors to vote for President and Vice-President of the United States, as reported by the tellers, is 366, of which the majority is 184. Of these votes, 349 have been counted for President, and 352 for Vice-President of the United States. The

result of the vote for President of the United States, as reported by the tellers, is, for Ulysses S. Grant, of Illinois, 286 votes; for B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, 18 votes."

He stated other straggling votes for different persons for President, and the result of the vote, as reported by the tellers, for Vice-President,—Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, receiving 286 votes for Vice-President (the same number that General Grant had received for President), being more than the votes in favor of other persons for that office.

"Wherefore," continued the Vice-President, slowly and with great solemnity, "I do declare that Ulysses S. Grant, of the State of Illinois, having received a majority of the whole number of electoral votes, is duly elected President of the United States for four years, commencing on the 4th day of March, 1873; and that Henry Wilson, of the State of Massachusetts, having received a majority of the whole number of electoral votes for Vice-President of the United States, is duly elected Vice-President of the United States for four years, commencing on the 4th day of March, 1873."†

And then, after a pause, he added:

"The object for which the House and Senate have assembled in joint convention having been accomplished, the Senate will retire to its Chamber."‡

Thereupon, at about eight o'clock, amid a perfect thunder of applause and uproar, we slowly left the Hall. Cheer upon cheer for the men thus declared elected to the highest offices in the gift of the Republic, rent the air,—cheers in which all joined, senators, representatives, officers, and spectators. It needed only the firing of a hundred cannon, the blare of a brass band, and the "swish" of a few sky-rockets, to render the demonstration truly American.

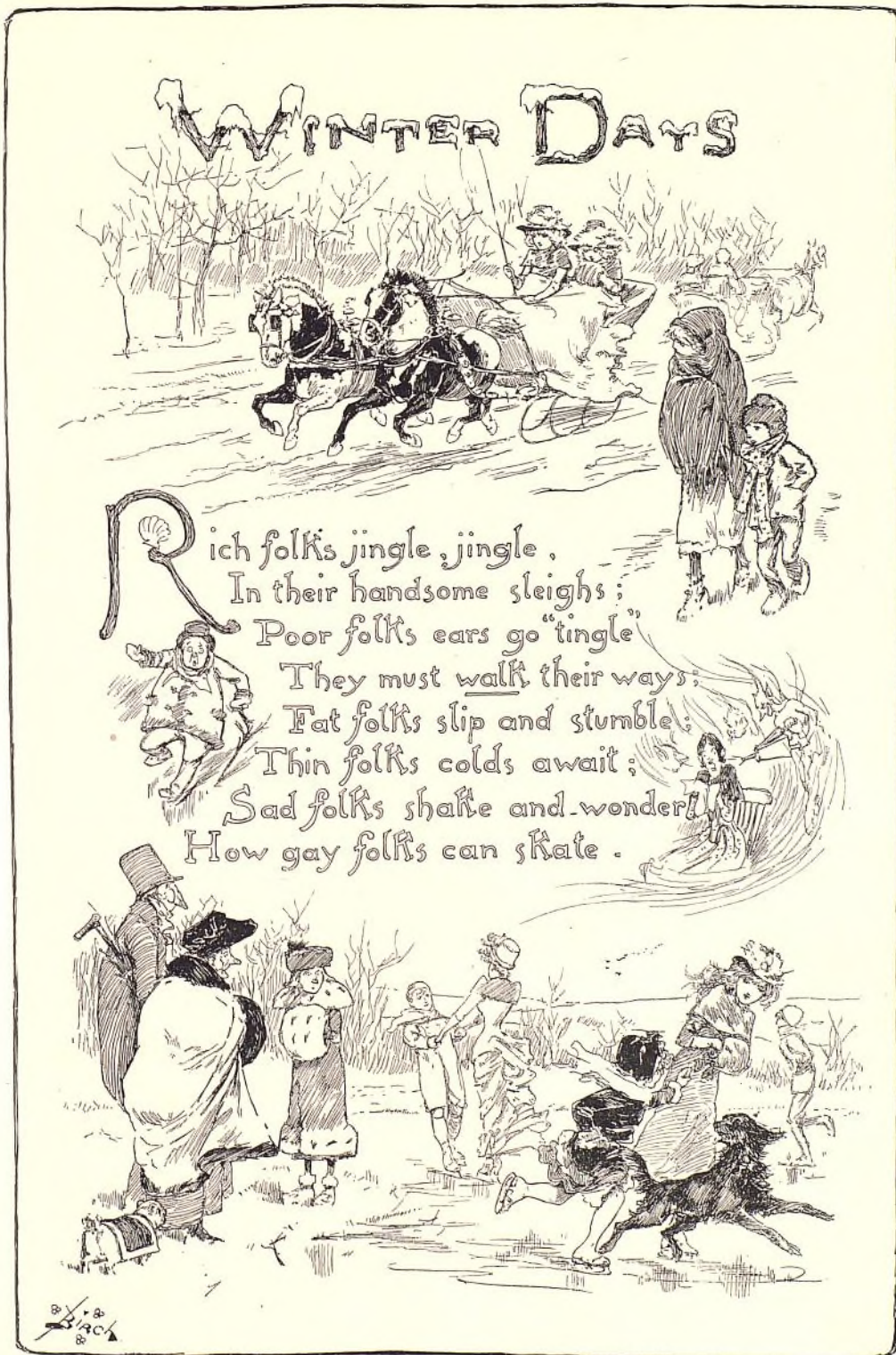
The Speaker resumed the chair, but the noise was so great that business was impossible, and, almost immediately, the House adjourned for the day. Upon returning to our deserted Chamber, a resolution was adopted by which Senator Sherman was appointed to join such committee as might be appointed by the House, to wait upon the gentlemen who had been elected President and Vice-President, and inform them of their election. Then, being too demoralized to transact further business, "at eight o'clock and seven minutes P. M. the Senate adjourned."

(To be continued.)

* The 22d Joint Rule provides: "No question shall be decided affirmatively, and no vote objected to shall be counted, except by the concurrent vote of the two Houses."

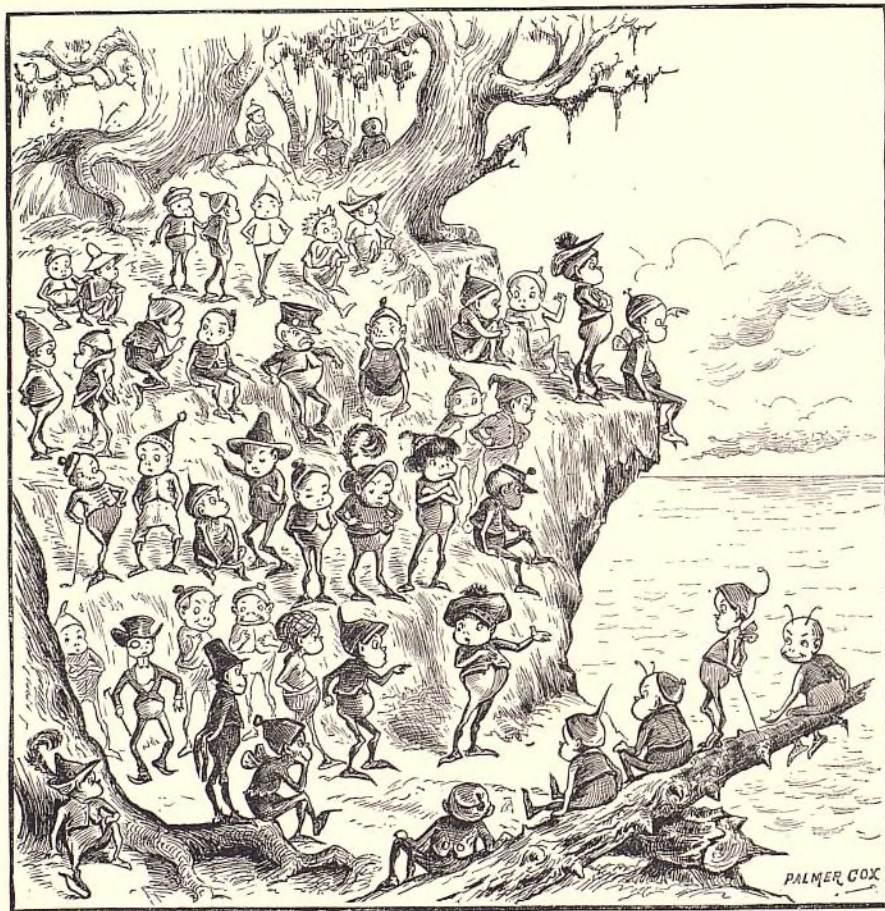
† The Joint Rule says: "The votes having been counted [by the tellers], the result of the same shall be delivered to the President of the Senate, who shall thereupon announce the state of the vote and the names of the persons, if any, elected; which announcement shall be deemed a sufficient declaration of the persons elected President and Vice-President of the United States, and, together with a list of the votes, be entered on the journals of the two Houses." If you watch the papers closely, you will see an account of a similar ceremony on the second Wednesday of February, 1885, to declare Grover Cleveland elected as our next President.

‡ To prevent either House from defeating the intentions of the Constitution, the Rule thus concludes: "Such joint meeting shall not be dissolved until the electoral votes are all counted and the result declared; and no recess shall be taken unless a question shall have arisen in regard to counting any of such votes; in which case it shall be competent for either House, acting separately, in the manner hereinbefore provided, to direct a recess, not beyond the next day at the hour of one o'clock P. M."



THE BROWNIES' RETURN.

BY PALMER COX.



ONCE while the Brownies lay at ease
 About the roots of rugged trees,
 And listened to the dreary moan
 Of tides around their island lone,
 Said one: "My friends, unhappy here,
 We spend our days from year to year.
 We're cornered in, and hardly boast
 A run of twenty leagues at most.
 You all remember well, I ween,
 The night we reached this island green,
 When flocks of fowl around us wailed,
 And followed till their pinions failed.
 And still our ship at every wave
 To sharks a creaking promise gave,
 Till half in sea, and half on rock,
 She shivered like an earthen crock,

And spilled us out in breakers white,
 To gain the land as best we might.
 Since then, how oft we've tried in vain
 To reach our native haunts again,
 Where roaming freely, unconfined,
 Would better suit our roving mind.
 But, hark! I have a plan will chase
 The cloud of gloom from every face.

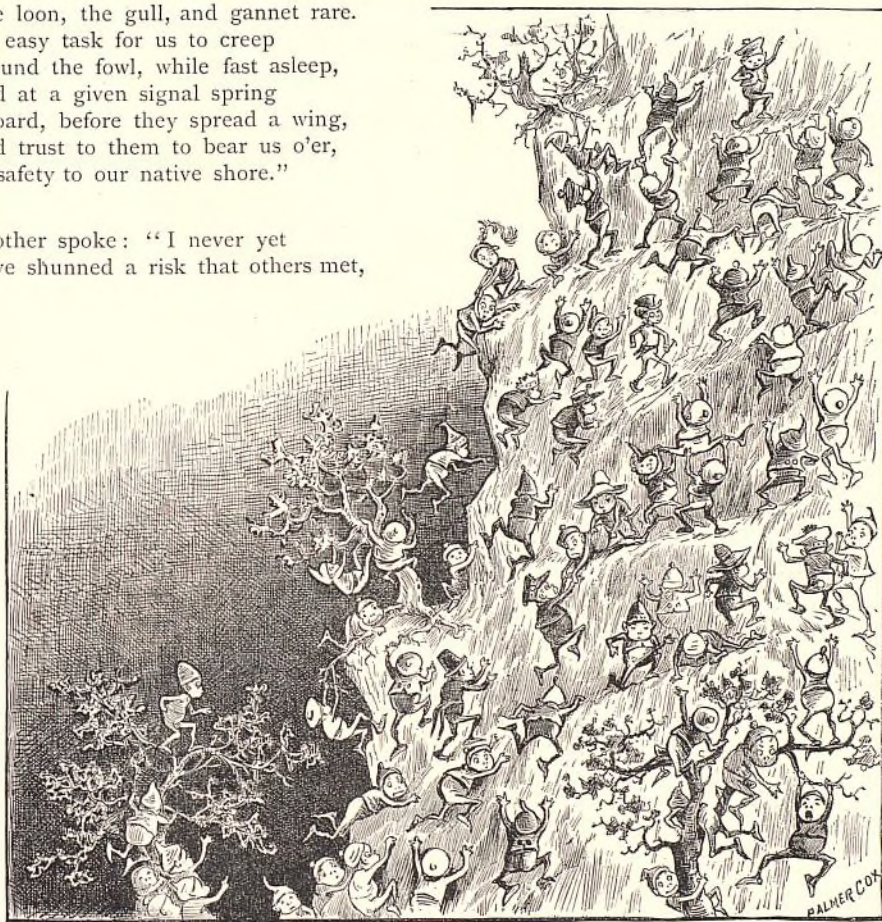
"To-night, while wandering by the sea,
 A novel scheme occurred to me,
 As I beheld in groups and rows
 The weary fowl in deep repose.
 They sat as motionless as though
 The life had left them years ago.

See "The Brownies' Voyage," in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1894.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

The albatross and crane are there,
The loon, the gull, and gannet rare.
An easy task for us to creep
Around the fowl, while fast asleep,
And at a given signal spring
Aboard, before they spread a wing,
And trust to them to bear us o'er,
In safety to our native shore."

Another spoke: "I never yet
Have shunned a risk that others met,



But here uncommon dangers lie,
Suppose the fowl should seaward fly,
And never landing, course about,
And drop us, where their wings gave out?"
The first surveyed, with wondering eye,
His doubting friend, then made reply:

"To shallow schemes that will not bring
A modest risk, let cowards cling!
A Brownie to advantage shows,
The best where dangers thickest close.
But, hear me out: by sea and land,
Their habits well I understand.
When rising first they circle wide,
As though the strength of wings they tried,
Then steering straight across the bay,
To yonder coast a visit pay.
But granting they for once should be
Inclined to strike for open sea,

The breeze that now is rising fast,
Will freshen to a whistling blast,
And landward sweeping, stronger still,
Will drive the fowl against their will."

Then no dissenting voice was raised,
But all the speaker's wisdom praised,
And at his heels, with willing feet,
They followed to the fowls' retreat.
'Twas hard to scale the rugged breast
Of crags, where birds took nightly rest.
But some on hands, and some on knees,
And more by vines or roots of trees,
From shelf to shelf untiring strained,
And soon the windy summit gained.
With bated breath, they gathered round.
They crawled with care along the ground.
By this, one paused, or that, one eyed;
Each chose the bird he wished to ride.



When all had done the best they could,
 And waiting for the signal stood,
 It hardly took a moment's space
 For each to scramble to his place.
 Some grabbed a neck and some a head,
 And some a wing, and more a shred
 Of tail, or aught that nearest lay,
 To help them mount without delay.
 Then rose the flaps and piercing screams,
 As sudden starting from their dreams
 The wondering fowl in sore dismay
 Began to bring their wings in play.
 Some felt the need of longer sleep,
 And hardly had the strength to cheep;
 While others seemed to find a store
 Of screams they never found before.
 It was, indeed, a daring feat
 To ride on such a dubious seat.

But off like leaves or flakes of snow
 Before the gale the Brownies go,
 Away, away, through spray or cloud
 As fancy led, or load allowed.
 Some birds to poor advantage showed,
 As, with an illy balanced load,
 Now right or left at random cast,
 They flew, the sport of every blast;
 While fish below had aching eyes
 With gazing upward at the prize.
 They followed still from mile to mile,
 Believing fortune yet would smile.
 But with no common joy, indeed,
 The Brownies saw the isle recede;
 While plainer still before them grew
 The hills and vales so well they knew.
 "I see," said one, who, from his post
 Between the wings, surveyed the coast,

"The lofty peaks we used to climb
To gaze upon the scene sublime."
A second cried: "And there's the bay
From which our vessel sailed away!"
"And I," another cried, "can see
The shady grove, the very tree
We met beneath the night we planned
To build a ship and leave the land!"

And others, still, could barely get
To where the land and water met.
Congratulations then began,
As here and there the Brownies ran,
To learn if all had held their grip
And kept aboard throughout the trip.
"And now," said one, "that all are o'er
In safety to our native shore,



Thus, while they talked, they quite forgot
The dangers of the time and spot,
Till, in confusion now at last,
The birds upon the shore were cast.
Some, crashing through the branches, fell
And spilled the load they bore so well.
Some, somersaulting to the ground,
Dispersed their riders all around;

Where pleasant grove and grassy lea
In grandeur spread from sea to sea,
Such wondrous works and actions bold,
As time may bring, no tongue has told.
But see, so wasted is the night,
Orion's torch is out of sight;
And ere the lamp of Venus fades
We all must reach the forest shades."

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.*—SIXTEENTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

MURILLO.

BARTOLOMÉ ESTEVAN MURILLO was the son of Gaspar Estevan and Maria Perez, and was called Murillo for his grandmother on his mother's side, as it was a custom in that section of Spain known as Andalusia to give children the family names of the mother's immediate or more remote ancestors. Murillo was born at Seville during the last days of the year 1617, and was baptized on New Year's Day, 1618. Thus, he was eighteen years younger than Velasquez, whom he outlived twenty-two years. He died in Seville, in 1682.

It has been said that the family of Murillo was once rich, though this was not the case when he was born. But though his parents were poor, they were respectably connected, and decided, when their son was still a child, to educate him for the church. This proved to be impossible, for when sent to school, he so neglected his books that he scarcely learned to read or write, though he could draw such pictures as showed that nature had made him an artist. Fortunately for the child, his uncle, Juan de Castillo, was one of the leading painters of Seville, and was only too happy to teach his nephew the pure and dignified art which he practiced. The aptness and industry of the boy soon made him a favorite pupil, and Castillo carefully taught him to prepare his canvas and his colors, and to do many things then necessary for an artist to know, but which are now done for them by other workmen.

Murillo's earliest pictures represented fruit, game, and various utensils; but before he left Castillo's studio he painted two Madonnas, which are still preserved in Seville. About 1640, Castillo removed to Cadiz, and Murillo was left penniless and alone; for his parents were probably dead, as nothing more is known of them, and the young artist seems to have had no assistance from any source.

In some respects the customs of the artists of Seville resembled those of the Greeks, who placed their pictures on exhibition in public places, where they could overhear the opinions expressed by those who saw them. It sometimes happened that a good work thus exposed brought an artist speedily to public notice; and in Seville the patronage of a wealthy noble, or of a cathedral chapter, might be gained

in this way. The weekly market of Seville, called the *Feria*, was held in front of the Church of All Saints. It was attended by hundreds of people of all conditions, from gypsies and country rustics to monks and well-to-do citizens. To the *Feria* flocked the poor artists, displaying their works, and, with brushes in hand, changing them to please the taste of chance customers, and receiving orders for still other pictures. Here Murillo worked about two years, during which time, having painted a great number of Madonnas, banners, flower-pieces, and the like, he sold them all to a ship-owner to be sent to Mexico or South America, and started for Madrid, filled with a desire to see better pictures than existed in Seville.

Doubtless, this determination to travel had largely grown from hearing the tales he had been told by Pedro de Moya, who had been his fellow-pupil under Castillo, but afterward had joined the Spanish infantry. After campaigning in Flanders, he had gone to London, and continued his art-studies under Vandyck. Moya never wearied of telling Murillo of all the wondrous pictures he had seen, and at last the latter could no longer endure the narrow boundaries of Seville, and the dreadful drudgery of the *Feria*. He went on foot across the grand old Sierras to Madrid, and arrived there without money or friends; but he had heard much of Velasquez, who was a Sevillian, like himself, and a favorite with the Spanish monarch. To this great man Murillo made his way, and asked for his advice and letters to his friends in Rome, for to that city the young painter wished to go. We can fancy the interview—the young man, all enthusiasm and ready to brave every hardship to see the world, and rise in his art; the elder one, more calm, and knowing how slowly one should make haste, yet interested from the first in his young countryman. They talked long and freely. Velasquez wished to hear of all that was being done in Seville, and Murillo opened his heart to the kind and patient listener he had found. The result was that Velasquez took the youth to his own house and gave him freedom to study in the galleries of Madrid.

In these galleries, therefore, Murillo worked early and late during almost three years. Velasquez was frequently absent on journeys with the King, but when he was in Madrid he freely gave his advice and assistance to the zealous pupil, and when the copies reached a certain excellence, he

generously brought them and their author to the notice of the sovereign.

At length Velasquez thought the time had come for Murillo to go to Rome, and offered him assistance for the journey. But Murillo had determined to return to Seville, and in 1645 he settled himself there, never leaving it again for any considerable time. The city of Seville had formerly been the capital of Spain, and was rich in historical associations, architectural beauties and treasures of many kinds. There were a hundred and sixty towers upon the old Saracenic walls of the city; the fair Guadalquivir was here bordered by gardens yielding luscious fruits, gorgeous flowers, and rich perfumes; the Moorish mosques were converted into churches, and upon one hundred and forty altars incense was ever burning. In Murillo's time, Seville was the richest city under the Spanish rule, and the Duke of Alcalá, who had great wealth, and was himself a scholar and painter, as well as a soldier, made his palace a home for those who loved art and letters.

The Franciscan monks of Seville had a fine convent ornamented with three hundred marble columns, and about the time of Murillo's return to his native city they had collected a sum of money for the decoration of its minor cloister. The price they offered for the work was too small to tempt such artists as had made their reputation, but it proved the key to fame and fortune to Murillo, who undertook the work. He painted eleven pictures, which occupied almost three years' time; but when they were completed, he held the first place among the artists of Seville. Nobles strove with one another for his pictures and to have their portraits from his hand, while monks and priests overwhelmed him with orders for altar-pieces. For one hundred and seventy years these pictures were the pride of Seville, until Marshal Soult carried all but one of them beyond the Pyrenees and scattered them throughout Europe. It makes this Marshal of France no less a robber than the result of this sacrilege was a blessing, but soon after he had stolen these paintings the convent was burned.

Not long after the painting of these Franciscan pictures, Murillo was married to a maiden of Pilas. He was painting an altar-piece, in this village, when he first saw Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor. She was of a high family and had a fortune, and from the time of their marriage Murillo's house was one of the most agreeable in Seville, and his position in society was elevated and secured by the associations and influence of his wife as it could have been by no patronage or friendships. Thenceforth the domestic life of the great painter was peaceful and happy, and the

management of his household was dignified and prudent. History does not give us any special account of Doña Beatriz, neither is there any picture which is known to be her portrait; but a resemblance in the faces of several of Murillo's Madonnas indicates that they were painted from one model, and this has led to the belief that they preserve the likeness of his wife. It is certain that his boys, Gaspar and Gabriel, were models for his pictures of the Infant Jesus and St. John; and it is said that some of his most beautiful representations of the Virgin were portraits of his daughter Francesca.

From the time of his marriage, the history of his pictures made the story of his life, which was varied only by his association with the Academy of Seville. But what a volume could his pictures tell of thought and of work, numbering, as they do, three hundred and eighty! How many days and hours of intense labor do they represent, and what a noble monument they are to his genius and his industry! It is probable, too, that since his death more money has been paid for a single picture of his than he received for the entire work of his life. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars were paid for Murillo's painting called "The Immaculate Conception" now in the Louvre. It was bought from the Soult collection; and at the time of its sale this was believed to be the largest price ever paid for a single picture.

Murillo painted in three distinct manners, and it is customary to divide his career as an artist into periods agreeing with his change of style in the treatment of his subjects. His first manner is called *frio*, or cold, and extended to about 1649. A study of his pictures gives the impression that during this period he was more or less influenced by the manner of the various masters whose works he had copied, and was in reality establishing a manner of his own. This he soon did; for his artistic powers were too strong to allow him to remain an imitator, even of the best painters of the world.

His second manner, called *cálido*, or warm, extended over about twenty years and was never entirely given up; for after he adopted his third manner, called *vaporoso*, or vapory, he still painted pictures in his second style. For this reason there is a marked difference in the works of his latter years, and some critics insist that his three manners should not be attributed to different periods of time, saying rather that he used them for different subjects—that is, the cold, or *frio*, for gypsies and beggar-boys; the warm, or *cálido*, for saints; and the vapory, or *vaporoso*, for religious subjects. But it is more intelligible to follow the usual method and speak of the different periods

when each manner seems to have ruled his work for the time.

The most important pictures of his first period were those of the Franciscan convent; but the studies of beggar-boys, which belonged to this time, are very celebrated works. It is a curious fact that not one of these treasures remains in Spain—though they are seen in galleries in various other countries of Europe. Nothing can be truer to nature than these pictures of Spanish boys; they are marvelous in design and execution. To this earliest period, also, belongs the portrait of the artist which is most admired; Murillo kept it as long as he lived, and it then remained in his family. It is now in the Louvre, and several engravings have been made from it; it is so painted that it appears to be drawn on one stone slab which rests on a second slab, on which Murillo's name is inscribed.

After the first period in his painting, Murillo's art was almost entirely devoted to the representations of religious subjects; he was the painter of the church as truly as Velasquez was the painter of the court; indeed, some writer has called Velasquez the painter of Earth, and Murillo of Heaven.

At the beginning of his second period, his fame was so great that he could not accept all the orders that were given him. Large, grand works were rapidly sent out from his studio, to be the pride of churches and convents. A remarkable work in his second, or "warm," style was "The Infant Christ appearing to St. Anthony of Padua." The Divine Child is represented as descending in a flood of glory, surrounded by a band of cherubs. The saint, who is kneeling, regards the vision with a rapturous expression and stretches his arms toward it. On a table at the side is a vase of white lilies, and we are told that birds have been known to peck at them as they did at the grapes painted by Zeuxis.

It is said that the Duke of Wellington offered the canons of the Seville cathedral as many gold pieces as could be laid upon the two hundred and twenty-five square feet of this picture, if they would sell it; it would amount to \$240,000, but this did not tempt the chapter of the cathedral to part with their gem. In 1874, the figure of St. Anthony was cut out of this picture and brought to America. It was offered for sale to Mr. Schaus, of New York, by two men; he bought it for \$250, and through the Spanish consul it was restored to Seville and replaced in the picture.

A picture of "St. Thomas of Villanueva distributing alms," now in the Museum of Seville, is thought by some to be the best work by Murillo; others prefer "*El Tinoso*," or "Queen Elizabeth (of Hungary) washing the head of a Leprous Boy." This is in the Academy of St. Fer-

nando of Madrid. These titles give an idea of one kind of subject of which this great master painted many pictures. He received commissions for them from hospitals and religious brotherhoods that placed them where they would teach charity and good works to the hundreds who saw them. Few of these now remain in their original places, but they are the gems of the various galleries to which they now belong, that of Seville being richer than all others in the works of Murillo.

Murillo had always cherished a wish to have an Academy of Art in his native city, but one circumstance after another had made it impossible to establish one. In 1658, however, he had overcome the opposition which certain prominent artists had made to it, and was happy in seeing that before long his wishes would be realized. He used all his influence, and worked hard to make the necessary plans and arrangements, and on New Year's Day, 1660, when he was forty-two years old, the first class in this Academy met, Murillo being at its head. He remained in this responsible position two years, during which time a constitution had been adopted and such rules made as assured its success. From this time Murillo was less prominent in the Academy, but he never lost his interest in it, for through its aid he hoped that young artists would escape such hardships as he had suffered in his youth, and would be properly instructed in a worthy school.

We can not trace Murillo's work step by step. His fame became so great that an envoy was sent from Madrid to ask him to enter the royal service; he declined this honor, but some of his works had been sent to the capital and had there won for him the admiration of Italians as well as of his own countrymen. He was called a second Paul Veronese. During his later life he lived in much comfort in a beautiful house near the Moorish wall of the city, and not far from the church of Santa Cruz. This house is still preserved and can be visited by travelers; it was here that he died.

Murillo's life had always been pure and good; and in his later years he became very devout in his religion; he spent much time in prayer, and would often remain in church from midday to twilight,—forgetting all the outer world with its cares and labors. He was also very charitable, and gave away so much that when he died he had but seventy crowns in money. He painted his splendid pictures of saints and beggars to earn money to give to the living poor and worthy ones who were always about him. His life seemed to be a complete illustration of the words which were placed upon his tombstone, "Live as one who is about to die."

When we understand that this was his habit of

life and thought, we can see why the pictures that he painted during the last twelve years of his life helped so to make people religious, and seemed to be so full of the spirit of the subjects he painted. These great works were done for the Hospital of St. George, called La Caridad, and for the Capuchin church just beyond the walls of Seville. Even in the present time La Caridad is a

The eight pictures he painted here include the noblest of his works. Three only of them remain in their places, the others having been stolen by Marshal Soult. Two of the three represent "Moses Striking the Rock" and the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes."

The pictures which were carried away were "The

Queen Elizabeth washing the head of the Leprous Boy," "Abraham receiving the Angels," "The Prodigal's Return," "The Healing of the Paralytic," and "The Release of St. Peter." The "Queen Elizabeth," now in the Madrid Academy, shows that saintly sovereign in her crown and veil, surrounded by diseased beggars and the brilliant ladies of her court, who watch the queen while she cares for the suffering boy with her own hands. Few pictures in the world have been praised as this has been. It has been said that the boy is worthy of the brush of Paul Veronese, an old woman near by, of that of Velasquez, and the queen herself, of that of Vandyck. The next three works in the above list were sold by Marshal Soult to the Duke of Sutherland, and are now in Stafford House, London. "The Healing of the Paralytic" is also owned in London, and Soult received thirty-two thousand dollars for it.



MURILLO.—FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

great blessing to the poor. The inscription above its entrance says: "This house will stand as long as God shall be feared in it, and Jesus Christ be served in the persons of His poor. Whoever enters here must leave at the door both avarice and pride." There is still in the archives of this hospital an autograph letter from Murillo, in which he asks to be admitted a member of the brotherhood which bore the cares of this house.

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When painting the pictures for the Capuchins, Murillo dwelt in their convent nearly three years, it is said, without once leaving it. He painted for these monks twenty pictures with life-size figures, and several smaller works. Seventeen of these are now in the Museum of Seville, for the monks had the wisdom to send their pictures to Cadiz for safe-keeping before the "Plunder-master-general of Napoleon," as Soult has been called, could reach

them. When the French wars were ended, the pictures were returned to Seville. I can not speak of them separately, but will say that the Madonna called "*La Virgen de la Servilleta*," or the Virgin of the Napkin, now in the Museum, has this pretty story connected with it. The legend is that the cook of the convent grew very fond of Murillo during his long service to the artist, and when the time came for them to be separated, the cook begged the painter for a keepsake. The painter said he had no canvas left; the cook quickly gave him a napkin and asked him to use that; with his usual good-nature, Murillo assented, and soon painted this picture, which is now one of the famous art treasures of the world. It is not large, and represents the Virgin with the Child Jesus, who leans forward, almost out of the picture, as if to welcome any one who approaches it. It has a brilliant color, and so affects one that it is not easy to turn away from it.

During the later years of his life Murillo painted many other important works, most of them in the *vaporoso* manner. He also painted two portraits of himself. One of these has a careworn, weary look; the other, in which he holds a crayon in one hand, and a drawing in the other, has a happier face.

Six years before his death Murillo saw his only daughter, Francesca, bid farewell to the world, and enter a convent. It is said that he had represented her face more than once in the pictures of the Madonna. His son Gaspar was a canon at Seville, and Gabriel, also a priest, had gone to America, where all traces of him were lost. Gabriel was a good painter, and imitated the style of his father, but made no reputation as an artist.

So it happened that in his last days Murillo was left alone with his art and his religion to a quiet, peaceful life, interrupted only by orders for new pictures, and occasional honorable reminders that his fame was growing greater and extending itself more and more. When his end came, he was employed on an altar-piece for the cathedral of Cadiz. While on a scaffolding, before this picture, he fell and so injured himself that he lived but a short time. He made his will, but grew worse so rapidly that he could not sign it, and he died in the arms of his friends, with his son Gaspar by his side.

His funeral was attended with great pomp. Two marquises and four knights bore his bier, and a procession of true mourners followed him to his grave. He had requested that he might be buried in a chapel of the church of Santa Cruz, beneath Campaña's picture of the "Descent from the Cross," a spot where in life he had often knelt to pray. The French destroyed this church, but the

tablet which is placed in a wall near by points out the place of Murillo's burial. In the Plaza del Museo, near the gallery in which so many of his works now hang, the city of Seville has erected a stately bronze statue of Murillo.

It is a singular fact that both the church of Santa Cruz and that of San Juan, at Madrid, in which Velasquez was buried, should have been destroyed. From this coincidence we are led to think of the very many points of similarity in the characters and the lives of these two artists. Each had an admirable character, and each met the recognition which his virtues merited. Velasquez was much associated with royal personages and lived a life which made him prominent among men; but though Murillo put aside a court life by his own choice, he received many flattering acknowledgments of his genius, and was also much considered by those of high rank in the church—an equal honor in Spain with court prestige.

Another point of resemblance between these two great Spaniards was their desire to help others; for, to individuals and to all that led to the advancement of art, they were equally generous and unselfish. It chanced, singularly enough, that their two slaves and color-grinders became painters, and were treated with equal kindness by their owners. The slave of Velasquez was Juan de Pareja, a native of Spanish America. He secretly practiced painting, and on one occasion, when King Philip visited the studio of his master, Pareja showed the king a picture which he had finished, and throwing himself on his knees, begged his majesty's pardon for his audacity. Philip and Velasquez treated him with kindness, and gave him his freedom, but he served his master as long as he lived. The works of Pareja are not numerous; a few are seen in the Spanish galleries, and there is one in the Hermitage, in St. Petersburg.

The slave of Murillo was a mulatto, named Sebastian Gomez. He painted in secret until he ventured to finish a head which Murillo had sketched and left on his easel. An account of this incident has already appeared in *ST. NICHOLAS*.^{*} The master did not resent this freedom, but was happy to have made Gomez an artist. The works of Gomez are full of faults, but their color is much like that of Murillo. He died soon after his master, and but few of his pictures are known.

As artists, Velasquez and Murillo each had a large following of personal friends, and exercised a great influence upon the art of their country. Another characteristic which they had in common was versatility of talents; for it is true of Murillo, as of Velasquez, that he painted all sorts of subjects, and his landscapes were inferior to those of

^{*} See "Murillo's Mulatto," *ST. NICHOLAS* for November, 1881.

no Spanish painter except Velasquez himself. This variety in his art is in danger of being forgotten when we speak of Murillo, because his fame rests so largely upon his religious works. It is none the less true that the few portraits which he painted are above praise, and in England and other countries he was first famous for his beggar-boys and kindred subjects, painted in his early days and in his first manner.

The color of his pictures is remarkable, and his power of representing the beauty of childhood, youth, and womanhood gives him the same place among Spanish painters that Correggio holds among those of Italy. Perhaps, after all, the quality of Murillo which has gained the truest admiration for him is his ability to make the loftiest subjects plain to the uneducated mind. To sum up all, whether we regard him as an artist or as a man, we can use no words but those of praise.

ALONSO CANO.

THIS artist is sometimes called the "Michael Angelo of Spain," because he was an architect, sculptor, and painter. He was born at Granada in 1601, and died in 1667. He studied painting under Pacheco, Herrera the elder, and Castillo, the same masters who instructed Velasquez and Murillo. As a sculptor, Cano was the pupil of Montañes, a famous artist. His architectural work was principally confined to retables, or altarscreens, and these he finished with heavy ornamentation. Some fine architectural drawings from his hand are in the Louvre, and are simple and elegant in style.

His versatile talents secured him a high rank among artists, and his turbulent temper made others unwilling to interfere with him, as he hesitated at nothing when angry. In 1637, he fought a duel and fled to Madrid, where Velasquez treated him with great kindness. In 1644, Cano's wife was found murdered in her bed, and he was suspected of the crime; but though he was put to the torture, he made no confession, and was released as an innocent man. He still held his office as one of the painters of the king, was drawing-master to Don Carlos, and had employment on important works; but he decided to give up all these advantages and go to Granada. Here his fiery temper led him into more difficulties; but he was repeatedly employed by wealthy persons and by religious bodies, though he gave away so much money in charity that his purse was often empty.

When this was the case, and he wished to do a kindness, he would go into a shop and beg for pen and paper; he would then make a drawing, and mark a price upon it; this he would give to the needy person, with directions as to where a purchaser could be found. Large numbers of these charitable art-works were collected after his death.

He was determined to be well paid for his work; and on one occasion when he had made an image for an auditor in chancery, in Granada, his price was disputed. Cano demanded one hundred doubloons. The auditor asked how much time had been spent in making the image; Cano replied:

"Some five and twenty days."

"Ah!" said the auditor, "you demand four doubloons a day."

"You are wrong," replied Cano; "for I have spent fifty years in learning to carve such an image in these few days."

"Very well," answered the auditor; "I have spent my life in fitting myself for a higher profession than yours, and now am satisfied if I get one doubloon a day."

At this Cano flew into a passion, exclaiming:

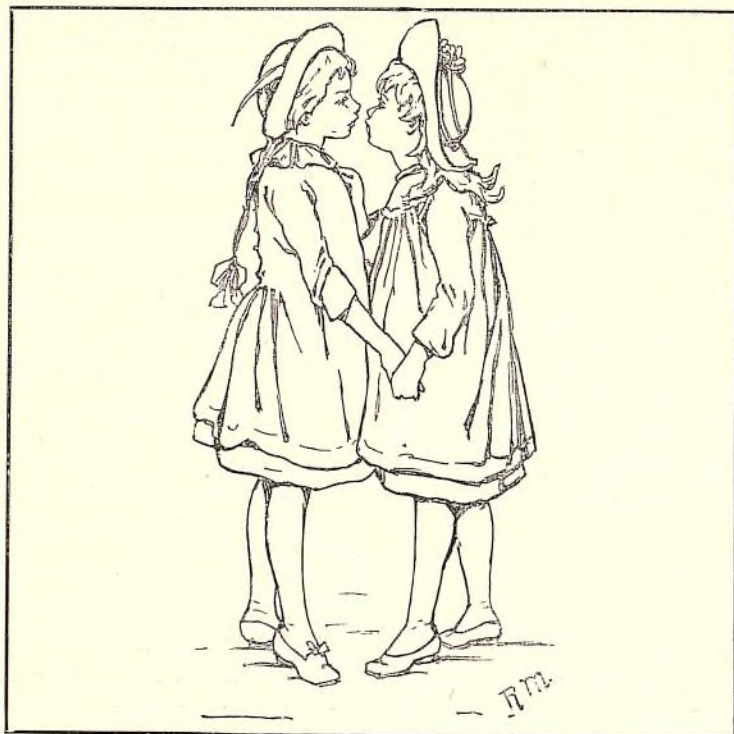
"A higher profession, indeed! The king can make judges out of the dust of the earth, but God alone can make an Alonso Cano!"

And he dashed the image upon the pavement, where it fell with such force that the auditor ran as fast as he could, fearing that Cano might throw him down next.

Cano loved sculpture better than painting, and when weary of his brush he often took up his chisel for rest.

Very little can be known of the sculpture of Cano except by going to Spain. It is very beautiful, and some of his work has been compared favorably with that of Benvenuto Cellini. His masterpiece in carving is in the sacristy of the cathedral of Granada, and is a statue of the Virgin, about a foot in height; but wherever his sculpture is seen in the churches of Spain it commands admiration.

There are portraits of Cano in the galleries of Madrid and in the Louvre. His pictures are not numerous, and are mostly in Spain, though a few which were carried off by Soult are seen in other countries. One of his latest works was a Madonna, which now hangs in a chapel of the cathedral of Seville, and is lighted only by votive tapers. It is finished with great care and is a worthy crown to the many labors of his stormy but benevolent life.



"MAKING UP."

CIRCE'S AUCTION.

BY WILLIAM M. BAKER,

Author of "His Majesty Myself," etc.

[By the ransom and disenchantment of the juvenile victims, this little "miracle-play" may be made the means, at sociables or church fairs, of raising money for whatever happens to be the object in hand. And as the half-dozen ransoms here arranged, if made by individuals, can scarcely result in any considerable amount, the returns and the fun may be considerably increased by allowing the spectators to make "clubs" or combinations to raise the amount of ransom demanded by *Circe* for each victim of her spells. *Circe*, in every case, may state the sum she must have,—to be devoted to some definite object,—and the friends or admirers of each victim can canvass for the same, thus creating mingled amusement and profit.]

The costuming can be left entirely to the taste or discretion of those in charge. Costume always improves a performance; but in such a one as this, much may, of course, be left to the imagination. Posture and pantomime frequently make up for the deficiencies of toilet. Masks representing the head of nearly every animal mentioned are easily procured, and appropriate drapery

can supply the rest. The disguises, when dropped, can be laid at *Circe's* feet.

Open stage. Scene—a forest or grassy plain. *CIRCE*, in old Grecian costume, comes forward, wand in hand.

CIRCE. My name is *CIRCE*, and the foam
Of ocean breaks about my home.
An island 't is, *Ægea* named,
And all around the world I 'm famed
For turning people—never doubt!
And by a touch, sirs—inside out.

Now this explains it:
How do we know the folks we meet?
It is not by their hands, or feet,
Or eyes, or nose, or ears, or hair,
Complexion dark, or red, or fair.
No, 't is by what each person is—
Their character, both hers and his—
The vain, the mean, the good, the proud,

The cross, the sweet, the low, the loud,
The sorrowful, the full of fun,
The stingy or the generous one.

Now there remains it
This to add: when least expected,
Each sort of person is reflected,
As in a mirror, by some thing
Which creeps, or crawls, or flies on wing—
By dog or fox, by snake or deer,
By mouse, or frog, or chanticler.
Some are exactly like an ox,
Some are twin brother to the fox;
Some look like mice, some like the cat,
Some have the features of a rat.
You see a man who's harsh and rough,
Forever growling, "Sure enough!"
You cry, "They are a perfect pair;
This gruff Sir Surly and a *bear*—
And each to each so seems to suit;
'Tis hard to tell, if you're put to 't,
Which is the man and which the brute."

Now, I'm a sorceress, 't is true,
Yet this, in truth, is all I do:
Whenever boy or girl I find
With character too deeply lined,
To something wrong too much inclined,
I change them by a sudden touch
(The change does not amount to much)
Into such of the forest host
As that one doth resemble most;
And with me now I bring a few,
To show you, sirs, what I can do.

Scene opens, and discovers a group of those thus transformed into peacocks, frogs, owls, foxes, swine, roosters, rabbits, lions, parrots, snakes, magpies, etc., etc.

[A PEACOCK comes forward and speaks.

Behold in me a little girl, and guess
What was my fault?—too great a love of dress!
Instead of art, and decorating vases,
Music or French, I worshiped frills and laces,
Rings, charms, and bangles, more than girlish
graces.
My study was to catch the latest fashion,
And style and fit were my absorbing passion.
No other thought had I, until—Oh, mercy!—
One day I found that into *this* by Circe
Was I transformed. "Since that is all you care
for,"
Dame Circe said,—“Mere outward show,—why,
therefore,
A peacock be, and learn, my lassie, whether
The joy you seek lies all in dye and feather!”
Release me, O my friends! and I will never
Devote myself again to dress forever!

[Walks up and down, displaying her feathers.

I certainly am very grand. Observe
How gorgeously my splendid colors serve
To call attention to each rainbow curve;
And yet (boo-hoo!), how awfully absurd
To be (boo-hoo!) at best a horrid bird!

[While she walks to and fro, CIRCE comes forward, and says:

Since, then, Miss Peacock has a lesson learned,
She has, I think, by sad experience earned
Change to her former self—from false to true;
And so, friends all, this chance I offer you.
If, for love of the cause, there is any one here,
Or any to whom this poor peacock is dear,
Or a madam or miss, who, while trembling for fear,
Says, "Bless me! for this very thing who can say,
To a peacock *I*, too, may be turned any day,"
If there's such a one here who will handsomely pay
For a touch of my wand, why, then, lo and behold!
Miss Peacock's a lassie again, as of old.

[The ransom being duly paid, CIRCE touches the fowl with her wand, saying:

By the power which can constrain
Dust to flowers, and dust again,
Wiser than you were before,
Be a darling girl once more!

[The PEACOCK drops her disguise at CIRCE's feet, exclaiming:

On your head rain richest blessing!
I have done with foolish dressing!

[A MONKEY skips forward, and says:

There's many a thing which people care for:
Some love dress and some love honey,
Some love pleasure, some love money;
The only thing on earth *I* cared for

Was to be funny.
Now fun is good; but then, please hark ye,
Too much even of fun there may be.
A boy's a boy, but not a baby.
Now that was my defect, for, mark ye,

I was a gaby—
That is, I was forever joking.
I felt that I would surely die, sir,
If, at least, I did not try, sir,

A laugh provoking
By puns, jeers, cranks, or broad grimaces,
Quips, shrugs, contortions, gesture,
In every way to test your
Solemnity of faces.

When, lo! Dame Circe touched me, saying.
“Be Punch's flunky;

Go on forever playing,
And *be* a monkey!"

You see, dear friends, my sad condition,—
Ape, baboon, and chimpanzee,—
A worse ye surely may not see;
In view of such profound contrition
Will not some friend my ransom be,
And take me from this sad position?

[The ransom is paid as before, and CIRCE touches the MONKEY with her wand, saying:

By the power which can constrain
Showers to seas and seas to rain,
Wiser than you were before,
Be a happy boy once more!

[The MONKEY throws off his disguise, exclaiming:

On your head be benedictions!
I am through with contradictions—
Half a boy, and half a jack.
From this hour I will not lack
Manly sense, and, with my fun,
Still be steady as the sun.

[An OWL comes forward.

If you think because I'm wise
I am in this horrid guise,
You're mistaken. Would you think,
As I sit here,—blink, blink, blink,—
Once a little girl I was?
Changed to this, alas! because,
When I could not have my way,
I would go aside and stay
In some corner, very mad,
Sulky, silent, glum, and sad,
Hateful as a little lout—
Doing naught but pout, and pout.
While the more they begged and plead,
I was blue and dull as lead.
Till one day, said Mrs. Circe:
"Well! poor child, 't would be a mercy,
Since you wear that wicked scowl,
Just to make you all an owl!"
Now you see what she has done,—
In good earnest I *am* one!
How—to-whoo, to-whoo, to-whit!—
Of this form can I be quit?
Whom—to-whit, to-whit, to-whoo!—
Shall I owe my rescue to?
Oh! release me, please, and I
Will be—yes, I'll truly try—
Sweetest girl beneath the sky.

[The ransom is paid, and CIRCE touches the OWL with her wand, saying:

By the power which can constrain
Flowers to frost and back again,

Wiser than you were before,
Be a darling girl once more!

[The OWL throws off her disguise, exclaiming:

On your head be blessings ever!
Owl again will I be never.
Of all joyous girls the queen,
Brighter child shall not be seen!

[A FROG comes forward and speaks.

There was an old woman, and what do you think,
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman could never be quiet.
Not an old woman, Oh, no, sir, I'm not;
Nor even a girl. A boy am I.
Like corn in a shovel when heated red-hot,—
The why and the wherefore, I can not tell what,—
But I never am still while a moment goes by.
I sit, and I stand, run, tumble, and jump,
Head foremost down-stairs, with many a bump.
Leap, wriggle, and hop,—north, east, west, and
south,—
Till people exclaim, with a shriek and a thrill,
"What was that? Goodness gracious! My
heart's in my mouth!
Oh, can't you, oh, can't you, oh, *can't* you keep
still!"

Had Dame Circe but made me a snail or a clam,
In my shell I could hide; but just see what I am!
I would not have cared had it been, say, a
dog;
But oh, the disgrace, sir, of being a frog!
I can not sit still, not a bit can I stop—
But forever and ever go hoppety hop!
Oh, help me, please—somebody; help, for I
dread
If I hop on much longer, I'll hop myself
dead!
Restore me, restore me, and call me a dunce
If I learn not, at least, to be quiet for once.

[Continues to hop about with despairing gestures of entreaty. The ransom paid, CIRCE comes forward, touches him with her wand, and says:

By the power which can constrain
Pain to joy, and back again,
Wiser than you were before,
Be an earnest boy once more!

[FROG throws off his disguise, exclaiming:

Thank you kindly, friends. Behold me!
Now no more shall people scold me,
From henceforth I'll sit quite still—
Sure as you're alive, I will!

No more frogs for me, I thank you.
Frogs, henceforth I will outrank you;
If enchantment still is legal,
Let me, Circe, be an eagle.

[A PIG runs forward with importunate grunts:

Stop! please stop! don't leave me out
Just for this degrading snout;
The more my hoofs you do despise,
These hairy ears, these greedy eyes,
So much the more, oh, heed my cries!
And rid me of this swinish guise.
Your heart is neither stone nor steel,
Then listen to my piteous squeal.
I was *not* greedy. Hear me state
How very few the things I ate:
Four slices were the most that I
Demanded of a cake or pie;
Beyond six saucers of ice-cream—
That is, at once—I'd never dream.
Or, when my appetite is fickle,
Two plates of chow-chow or of pickle;
A pan of doughnuts, say some twenty
Of figs or cookies, are a plenty;
A peck or so of ginger-snaps;
A quart of pea-nuts as it haps.
I'm never helped to pudding thrice—
That is, unless it's very nice;
The float and jelly never count.
Nuts? raisins?—they to naught amount.
Release me, and I'll never eat
Oatmeal or gruel, bread or meat,
Nor anything except what's sweet.

[CIRCE comes forward and speaks:

To you, Sir Pig, no change I fetch;
I leave you to yourself—poor wretch!
I wrong you not: your nature's such
You are beyond my feeble touch.
Your only change, as you grow big:—
To be so much the more a pig!

The PIG runs grunting back, and a LITTLE GIRL,
changed into a sparrow, hops forward.

Tweet-y-tweet, and twitter, twitter!
Oh, my doom is really bitter!
Though I'm nothing but a sparrow,
Dreading boys with bow and arrow.
Once I was a girl like you, dear,
And—oh! what then did I do, dear?
Nothing—only—simply this—
I could never gossip miss.
On the street and at the table,
Tittle tattle, fact and fable,—
Circe said made such a Babel
With my chatter, chatter, chatter,

And my everlasting clatter
Over every little matter—
Peep, peep, peep! and tweet, tweet, tweet!
Whomsoever I did meet—
That she changed me to a sparrow
Does it not your bosoms harrow?
Curdle, friends, your very marrow?
Since it makes you weep, I pray you,
Since my woe must sore dismay you,
Hasten!—Neither stop nor stay you,
Till you rid me altogether
Of this horrid beak and feather.
Free me, and no more I gabble.
Talk, of course, but never babble.
Laugh in glee, but never titter,
Be what to a girl is fitter.
Please release me—twitter, twitter!

[Breaks from her disguise as she sees the ransom
paid, and follows the sway of CIRCE's wand, and
stands forth as a lovely little girl once more.

Thanks, a thousand thanks, dear friends;
Here my woful bondage ends;
This for all my grief amends.
High in air let sparrows soar,
I'm a little girl once more.

[Other transformations may be arranged as may appear fit or desirable, and then CIRCE steps to the front.

CIRCE.

Thus it is that Circe tries you,
Thus in form can she disguise you—
Ever since the long ago,
When Ulysses' folks, you know,
She transformed to grunting swine,
As you've read in Homer's line.
Every boy or girl she turns,
For deliverance quickly yearns.
But the power which can constrain
Hurt to health and back again,
Can not change their natures till
Each one helps by worth or will.
When in nature and in heart,
From their hated robes they part,
Then their false disguises all
At Dame Circe's bidding fall
At her feet, unused to lie,
Till still other children try
To degrade their natures, when
Circe charms them on again.
For the happiness you've made,
For the ransoms you have paid,
Circe thanks you with delight—
Bids you, each and all, Good-night!

THE WINDMILL.



SAID a hazy little, mazy little, lazy little boy:
"To see the windmill working so must every one annoy;
It can be stopped, I'm sure it can, and so I'd like to know,
What in the world can ever make a windmill want to go?"



Said a quizzzy little, frizzy little, busy little girl:
"What can be more delightful than to see a windmill whirl?
It loves to go, I'm sure it does, and hates to hang ker-flop;
Now, what on earth can ever make a windmill want to stop?"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my Valentines! There is so much to say to you this month that I hardly know where to begin. I *did* intend to show you some letters about the Golden Horn, but Deacon Green says the Golden Horn will "keep" (I should think so; it has kept some hundreds of years already!), and so we will save that subject for March. Meantime, here is something about

THE SEA AS A POSTMAN.

YOU, all, will be interested in this letter from two young Chicago friends:

Last June we were going to Havre on the steamer "St. Laurent." I had read "The Castaways," by Jules Verne, and we thought we would write a letter, too, and throw it overboard. So we wrote one, and asked whoever found it to please write and tell us when and where he picked it up. Then we put it into a bottle, which we corked and sealed with sealing-wax, and threw into the ocean two days before we arrived at Havre, June 13, 1884. We returned home the 27th of August, and on the 6th of November we received a letter from a man saying that he had found the bottle on the shore of Tralee Bay, County Kerry, Ireland, on the 1st of September, 1884.

Papa wrote to the man, to thank him, and he came and brought back the letters, which he had brought with him to this country. They were stained and partly rubbed out on account of the wine left in the bottle. It had been out eighty-one days, and been carried over two hundred miles. Yours truly, E. AND E. McC.

A PAIR OF GROSBEAKS.

THERE are bird watchers and bird teasers. This little Baltimore boy is a bird watcher of the right kind, you may be sure.

BALTIMORE, December 1, 1884.

DEAR JACK: I thought I would write you a little letter on the cardinal grosbeak. I saw a pair of these birds once fly to a tall cedar-tree, each with a straw in its beak, and after a while they came out again

and flew to the woods, and came back again to the tree; and I knew then that they were building a nest. I did not disturb them, but in about two weeks I went back again to the tree and found a nest with two eggs in it. Although the books say that the cardinal grosbeak is of a bright vermillion red, the color of *these* birds was a dusky red with a black stripe under the eye, and they had a crest on the top of their head; their bills were thick and strong. The color of the egg is a bluish-white, spotted amber brown, more thickly toward the large end; and sometimes the egg is almost covered with brown. The length of the birds I saw was about seven inches. Yours truly, EDWIN L. T.

The Little School-ma'am tells me that many of these beautiful birds have been carried to Europe, and that in England they are called Virginia nightingales, on account of their clear and musical notes.

Look out for them, my young Southern friends. They are not merely pleasant-day birds. The wetter and gloomier the weather, the livelier their song; and that reminds me of the dear Little School-ma'am, bless her cheery heart!

Well, it's a free country. We all may copy this little trait of the cardinal grosbeak, if we feel like doing so.

WHO CAN ANSWER?

EFFINGHAM, ILLINOIS, Sept. 29, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS answer me this question? How and when did our forefathers receive their surnames? Suppose our great-grandfather was a Mr. Brown, his father was a Mr. Brown, and, of course, *his* father was a Mr. Brown, and so on back to Adam and Eve. Now, please tell me how so many families received their surname.

Your faithful reader,

HAZEL MCC.

PERSONAL OBSERVATION.

HERE is a terse, practical letter sent by a little friend in answer to G. M. B.'s November question—"Do Ants Bury their Dead?"

SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO, Dec. 12, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have tried it, to see if it would come true. I took a dead ant and put it in front of a living ant; it took it and carried it into the hole. H. B.

But still the doubt remains. Was it an honorable burial, H. B., or was there afterward a feast in the ants' home too dreadful to contemplate?

A SQUIRREL ORCHESTRA.

DEACON GREEN once went to a grand show of birds and various animals. The birds sat on green boughs, or upon dry, mossy stumps, and the animals stood around, looking, so the Deacon said, as if each one owned the show. But for my part I suspect they did not feel anything like that at all;—it is only the Deacon's pleasant way of putting it, for these birds and animals were stuffed, and if anything on earth can feel meaner than a stuffed animal, I'd like to know it. Still, the Deacon insists that he saw some who really seemed to be enjoying themselves. These were a half dozen squirrels arranged in a group, and each holding a

musical instrument, upon which he appeared to be playing. Dear, dear,—what a doleful thing! Oh, no!—I forget—the Deacon said it was quite lively! Here is a picture of the scene, drawn by an artist who knows every animal by heart. Well, well, look at the harpist! and the banjo-boy! and the one with the great fiddle; and the middle one playing the flute! I suppose I ought to be delighted, but I am not, and if a taxidermist, as animal-stuffers are called, ever comes my way, I'll give him a piece of my mind, or my name is n't Jack. The Deacon tells me that taxidermy, or animal-stuffing, is really a very useful art. When you think the matter out for yourselves, you possibly will find that the Deacon is right,—but I am

alive and as well as ever. Papa says that this undoubtedly is a true story, for he has known of similar instances.

A FAITHFUL READER.

This tortoise was rather severely punished for being too slow in his movements, but he certainly was more fortunate than the poor whale of which you read in the December ST. NICHOLAS.

A HERRING FEAST.

TALKING of whales, Deacon Green tells me that a party of fishermen lately witnessed a strange sight at Cape Flattery, which, as you all undoubtedly know, juts into the Pacific from Washington Territory. A school of about thirty or forty large



A SQUIRREL ORCHESTRA.

only a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and I feel like saying to these spurious stuffed squirrels what a live one once said to the mountain:

"Neither can you crack a nut."

A LONG FREEZE.

STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR JACK: My brother and I read in our paper last night about a tortoise that became inclosed in a solid block of ice last winter. He was cut out of his cold prison in the spring, and, after a brief exposure to the sun, he revived, and actually began to move about,

whales, says the Deacon, some of them 100 feet long, were having a herring feast. The little herrings, which were there in great numbers, became easy victims to the whales. The huge creatures, after plunging deep into the sea, would come up under the herrings, open-mouthed, swallowing their victims by the hundreds.

Poor little herrings! But for the cruel monsters that thus persecuted them, they might be living to this day, happily eating all the still smaller fish that might come in their way!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"OLD Subscriber": The Spinning-wheel Stories are not supposed to have been written many years ago, but the occurrences narrated are supposed to have taken place many years ago.

It should have been stated in the Table of Contents of the December number that the picture illustrating Mr. Douglass's verses, "A Dear Little School-ma'am," was drawn by Mr. D. Clinton Peters.

THE portrait of Murillo on page 305 of this number of *ST. NICHOLAS* is reprinted from *The Magazine of American History* by kind permission of its editor, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.

By a misprint, the name of the author of the "Pop-corn Dance," printed on page 149 of our December number, appears in the Table of Contents as James C. Jackson. It should have been J. C. Johnson.

"S. Hen and Chickens": It is not necessary to fill out every item in the answers.

THE LETTER-BOX.

A FRIENDLY correspondent sends us the following true incident, which will be sure to amuse our readers:

Little E—, a small boy recently emancipated from kilts, walked into the nursery one morning, and was quite disgusted upon finding it had not been put in order for the day (one of the rules of the house being that no playthings should be brought out until the sweeping was done). He left the room for a short time, and finding matters no better upon his return, exclaimed impatiently: "Well! has n't this room been swept yet?" "Why, E—," said his mother, "do you think that is good grammar?" "Oh, well, then," said he, "has it been *swoopen*?"

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., November 18, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a little letter, and tell you that I like you so much that I do not know how I could get along without you. I have learned a great many things from your delightful pages. Your book is instructive, as well as entertaining and amusing. A little boy goes to our school who also takes ST. NICHOLAS. His grandmother teaches our department. I get poetry from the pages of ST. NICHOLAS to recite to her every Friday evening, and she likes it very much.

I am eagerly looking forward to the coming of the December number of ST. NICHOLAS, for it is always crammed full of good things, just like old Santa Claus's pockets; and I have come to look upon it as an important part of Christmas.

Your little reader,

ETHEL M. S.

HARRISBURG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for two years, and like you very much. My greatest pleasure is to read the "Art" stories, and the puzzles. I have just read Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt's story, and have started to work again. There is no chapter of the Agassiz Association in our neighborhood, and so I content myself by keeping collections of my own, and now I must say good-bye and not take any more of your valuable space.

Yours truly,
"THE KID."

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just let me tell you something I thought very funny. In our kitchen there is a shelf about three feet above the stove. On it there stood a candle, and when looking at it to-day, I found that the heat had drawn it down to this position. I never saw anything like that before, and it surprised and amused me. Like some other persons, I grow older every day; but I do not think I shall ever grow too old for you to come here every month and make your welcome visit. When I said I grow older like *some* people, I had in my mind's eye some who either grow one year in every five, do not grow at all, or else grow younger.

Yours truly, HARRY B. S. (14½ yrs).

ST. JOSEPH, LA., October, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written you three letters, none of which I have had the pleasure of seeing in print; but (being of those who "never say die") I shall try again. I have something

to tell you that I thought touching. I once had a beautiful cat; she was named "Jet," and one day she (for the first and last time) found herself the happy mother of five lovely kittens, and when the kits were a month old, one morning Jet brought one of them and laid it at mamma's feet and sat mewing, till she took it in her lap; then, after one more look at "kittie," she went out as if satisfied, and presently returned with another and went through the same maneuver, until mamma had all the kittens. Then she, Jet, jumped up too, and after licking all five, she put her forepaws on mamma's shoulder and softly rubbed her head up and down her cheek, and then ran out of the room; when we saw her again, ten minutes after, she was lying in her babies' old bed,—dead. Good-bye.

From your loving reader, MOINA M. S.

LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO, October 13, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I live out West here, and I suppose it may almost be called out of the world. Some of us have formed a club to stop using slang. When we say a slang word, we drive a nail in a post, and if we say a sentence without a slang word, we take a nail out of the post. I have not much time to write this time.

Your affectionate reader, AGNES M.

HERE are some verses written and illustrated by a little girl:



In a silver cradle rocking
There lies a baby fair,
Smiling and dimpled and happy,
With long, soft, golden hair.

But now a strange thing happened,—
Happened very soon;
The cradle held the baby
Became a "gold balloon."

Baby became a jolly man,
And sailed the gold balloon;
And children looking upward cried:
"See the man in the moon."

WYNNIE KENNEDY.

OMAHA, NEB., 1884.



THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-SIXTH REPORT.

MIDWINTER is not commonly considered to be the most favorable time for beginning the study of Nature, yet the following list of newly formed Chapters is longer than any we have been able to report for several months. In fact, it is now precisely the time to form Chapters, so that the organization may be perfected, the room and cabinet secured, and everything arranged for the reception and study of the first flowers and insects of the Spring.

While the AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION seeks no notoriety, but prefers to do its quiet work in a quiet way, it is nevertheless pleasant and encouraging to feel that it often is recognized as useful by those whose approval is most desirable and whose judgment must command respect.

That the members of our 754 Chapters may share with us this satisfaction, we shall quote a few paragraphs for the quickening of their zeal.

The *Critic* says: "This good work is not only instructing children in practical things, but is teaching them to find their amusement in wise and simple ways. The good it is doing is incalculable, and we heartily wish it God-speed."

The *Boston Advertiser* says: "Such an association as the A. A. should organize local branches with schools, public and private, wherever their influence can reach."

The next is from the *Dial*:

"The career of the 'Agassiz Association' is full of interest. Its object was the study of Natural History, and its work was so pleasant and profitable that in 1880 the president published in the 'ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE' an invitation to the young people all over the United States to form classes or local 'chapters,' bearing the name and having the purposes of the original society. Within three years and a half, more than seven thousand students, young and old, were poring over the pages of Nature in accordance with a systematic plan. * * * By uniting so many thousands of young people in one common healthful and beneficent occupation, he has set in train a multitude of saving, joyous influences, which will affect them to the end of their lives. Happy are the children who are enrolled as members of the 'Agassiz Association.'"

We quote from *Science*: "The benefit accruing to science from the humble work of those who endeavor faithfully to popularize its teachings is not always recognized by the investigator. Yet such work is worthy of no doubtful recognition. An excellent example, perhaps second to none in this country for its success and beneficial results, is the founding and conduct of the 'Agassiz Association.'"

The conductors of this enterprise have done something permanent and effectual toward spreading a taste for self-culture in an almost new sense, as far as the majority of the people are concerned. They have taught thousands how to work with whatever means were at hand, not only for their own intellectual improvement, but for that of their children and neighbors. This must eventually affect the curriculum of the public schools through the creation of a demand for better and more natural methods of instruction."

The *Herald and Prexyter* says: "Agassiz has been honored by the Society."

Nature, the leading scientific magazine of England, in a long and friendly review of our work, says that our method "should be of much utility to those who desire to train up the young with a love for Nature, and a desire to study her products and ways." It adds that the history of the A. A., on the whole, is "a very gratifying story of successful and voluntary effort."

Our good friends need have no fear that their kind encouragement will have any other effect than to lead us, in all humility, to devote still more anxious thought to our work, that the A. A. may become more and more worthy of their favor. By ourselves we can do little, but if all who are interested in this method of education will continue to extend their generous aid, we believe that in a few years our Association may attain to a degree of usefulness toward which it has, as yet, taken but a few halting steps.

By way of further encouragement, we print the following voluntary offer of assistance from Professor Thomas Egleston, of the School of Mines, Columbia College, New York:

"Mr. H. H. BALLARD.

"My Dear Sir: In the last number of *Science*, I find a notice of the 'Agassiz Association,' about which I was very much inter-

ested in the spring, when you described its work to me, and had intended to write to you, but my illness and the pressure of other things while I was in Europe drove it out of my memory.

"It occurred to me then, and seems to me now, that I might perhaps be of use and help your Association very much by exchange of minerals.

"We have at the School of Mines a very large number of duplicates. I am not at liberty to give them away, but I can exchange them for other minerals, and should be very glad indeed to do so.

"Among our duplicates are many species, some of which are rare, others more common. If I could, in this way or any other, help the Association, I should be glad.

"Yours truly,

"THOMAS EGLESTON."

[Prof. Egleston's offer will be widely accepted, and may undoubtedly be construed to include a willingness to aid students in the determination of specimens, provided the rules for such correspondence, as detailed in the "Hand-book," be strictly observed.]

CAN WE HAVE A CHEMIST?

ON the list of the scientists, whose assistance is one of the most valuable advantages of the A. A., no chemist's name appears, and some of our members write that "we do wish there were some one to whom we might feel at liberty to refer our puzzling questions in the study of chemistry." Should this appeal fall under the benevolent eye of some philanthropic chemist, we are confident that he will volunteer his services to aid the rising generation.

And, by the way, will not some scientific friend suggest a simple course of observations in mineralogy (or any other science) that our young friends can pursue at home, with such occasional direction as he may have time and disposition to give by mail?

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
731	Baird's Mills, Tenn. (A)...	4..	Harry P. Bond.
732	Brookline, Mass. (B).....	20..	Miss Bessie P. Noyes.
733	Detroit, Mich. (D).....	5..	W. A. Johnson, 70 Fort Street, W.
734	Detroit, Mich. (E).....	14..	Frank Van Tuyl, 136 Selden Avenue.
735	New York, N. Y. (R)....	8..	Miss Jessie Andresen, 109 W. 43d Street.
736	Gilman, Ill. (A).....	5..	Willie Crooks.
737	Polo, Ill. (A).....	4..	Henri N. Barber.
738	Mt. Gilead, O. (A).....	11..	F. B. McMillin.
739	Ledyard, Conn. (A).....	7..	Edwin Gray.
740	New York, N. Y. (S).....	6..	H. P. Beach, 2039 7th Avenue.
741	Meadville, Pa. (C).....	6..	Ward Sackett.
742	Jefferson, O. (B).....	4..	A. E. Warren.
743	Detroit, Mich. (F).....	30..	Geo. P. Codd (High School).
744	E. Providence Centre (A).....	15..	S. W. Bridgham.
745	Carlisle, Pa. (A).....	8..	S. W. Haverstick, Box 522.
746	Helena, Montana (A).....	10..	S. H. Hefner, Box 566.
747	Lexington, Ill. (A).....	4..	W. B. Merrill, Box 213.
748	Wilmington, Del. (D).....	11..	Miss Anna V. Swift, 1309 Del. Avenue.
749	Philadelphia, Pa. (C).....	6..	A. W. Billstein, 627 N. 6th.
750	Sioux Falls, Dakota (A).....	10..	Sioux K. Grigsby.
751	Plymouth, N. H. (A).....	6..	Wm. P. Ladd (Holderness School).
752	Cincinnati, O. (C).....	5..	Miss Nellie Furness, 582 McMillan Street.
753	Springfield, Mass. (A).....	4..	Harry A. Wright, 54 Bowdoin Street.
754	Paxton, Mass.	4..	F. L. Bill.

COMBINED.

679	De Pere, Wis. (E), has joined	148,	De Pere, Wis. (B).
630	New York, N. Y. (Q), has joined	87,	New York (B).
373	Beverly, N. J. (B), has joined	372,	Beverly, N. J. (A).

DISSOLVED.

665	So. Framingham, Mass.	4..	W. E. Harding.
164	Jackson, Mich. (B).....	4..	Mrs. Noah Gridley.
367	Boston, Mass. (C).....	6..	Miss Annie Darling.

REORGANIZED.

331	New Orleans, La. (A).....	4..	Percy L. Benedict, 1243 St. Charles Street.
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EXCHANGES.

Galena lead ore, for sand from the shore of any lake except Lake Michigan.—Ephie Klotz, Sec. A. A., Bloomington, Illinois.

Fine gold, silver, and iron ores.—E. Y. Gibson, Jackson, Mich.

Butterflies, moths, and cocoons, for same.—Malcolm MacLean,

417 Washington Street, Wilmington, Del.

A collection of three hundred and fifty shells, one hundred species, all labeled, for rare minerals, lepidoptera, or ten dollars' cash.—E. Hamilton, 96 Fountain Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Minerals and fossils, mounted insects, mounted objects for the microscope. Also wanted, correspondence in West and South-west.—E. P. Boynton, Sec. Ch. 64, 303 3d Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Lepidoptera and Coleoptera. Write first.—G. M. Edwards, 1205 Dorchester Street, Montreal, Canada.

Iceland spar, asphaltum, geodes, agates, salt crystals, oolitic sand, and thirty other labeled minerals, for fossils and minerals.—Arthur G. Leonard, Salt Lake City, Utah, Box 1086.

My collection of insects for exchange is exhausted. To any one that has not received the promised box of insects, I will either send back the stamps or a collection of eight species of beautiful mosses.—E. L. Stephan, Pine City, Minnesota.

Mica crystals and star-fishes, for Florida moss, sponges, or sea-beans.—Miss Lunette E. Lamprey, Concord, N. H.

Samia cynthia cocoons, for those of Luna and Maia. Other offers of Pupae and Coleoptera entertained.—A. C. Weeks, Counselor-at-law, 120 Broadway, New York.

Orange-blossoms and leaves, pieces of the banana or leaves, Spanish long moss, Mississippi river sand, cotton in pod, alligators' teeth, and leaves of the Japan plum, for bird-skins.—Percy S. Benedict, Sec. 331, 1243 St. Charles Street, New Orleans, La.

Minerals and cocoons of Polyphemus, for cocoons of Atacus Cynthia and Attacus Luna.—Wm. P. Cook, Ashland Avenue and Fuller Street, Chicago.

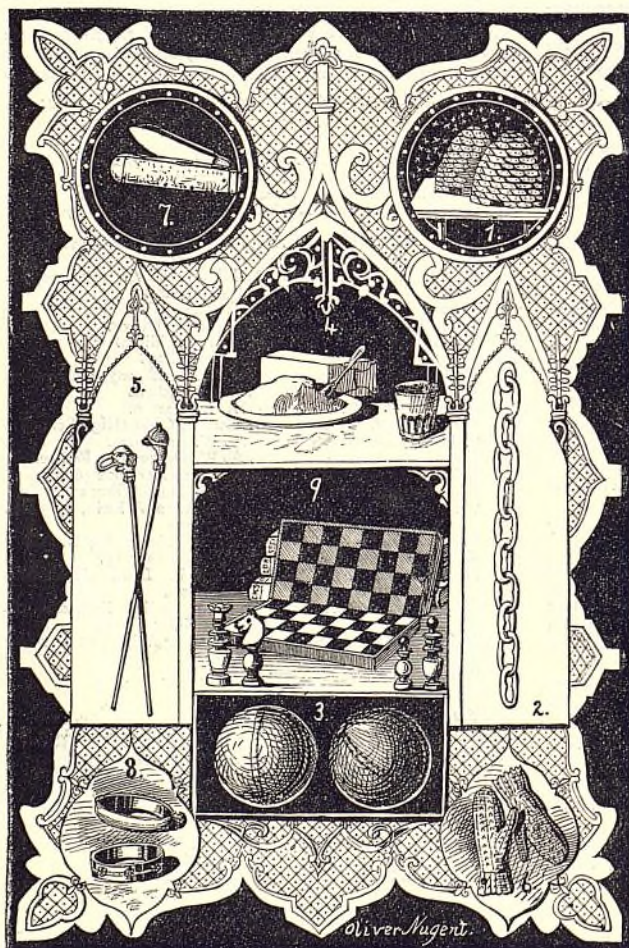
Eggs blown through one side hole, for same.—J. G. Parker Jr., 3529 Grand Boulevard, Chicago.

Trap rock, Concord granite, quartz crystals, jasper, iron ore, fossils, etc., for minerals. Write first.—Brian C. Roberts, 107 N. State Street, Concord, N. H.

REPORTS.

714, Concord, N. H. (B). Our Chapter has thirty-two members. Our address is 107 N. State Street, instead of 76 Rumford, as last December. We have talked about fleshy fruits. The berry is fleshy throughout. The pepo is fleshy within, but has a hard rind. The melon is a pepo. The apple is a pome. It grows from a compound pistil, which forms the seed-cells, and the calyx grows thick around it and forms the part that we eat.—Brian C. Roberts, Sec.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



A FEBRUARY PUZZLE.

EACH of the nine small pictures may be described by a word of five letters. When the words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a familiar object.

MONUMENT PUZZLE.

	3	
1	.	5
.	.	.
.	.	.
.	.	.
.	.	.
2	4	6

FROM 1 to 2, a testator; from 3 to 4, named for an appointment or an office; from 5 to 6, softens in temper.

Cross-words: 1. A consonant. 2. A wand. 3. To delay. 4. To cut off or suppress, as a syllable. 5. Mercenary. 6. An effigy. 7. The chief of the fallen angels. 8. Open to view. 9. Is conveyed.

"ALCIBIADES."

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Extensive. 2. A kind of musical composition. 3. To enrich. 4. To reverence. 5. A citadel.

MABEL T.

CHARADE.

My first asserts your power to do;
My second, that you've done it;
Pray be my whole, and tell me now
The answer, if you've won it.
"MYRTLE."

AN "AGED" PUZZLE.

EXAMPLE: The age of watching. Answer, espionage. The age of weakness. Answer, dotage.

1. The age of learning. 2. The age of servitude. 3. The age of method. 4. The age of submission. 5. The age of favors. 6. The age of commissions. 7. The age of examination. 8. The age of security. 9. The age of thievery. 10. The age of equality. 11. The age of cultivation. 12. The age of diminution. 13. The age of reproach. 14. The age of plenty.

M. A. P.

HOOR-GLASS.

CENTRALS, reading downward, a watering-place of New Jersey.
 Cross-words: 1. Sometimes on the dinner-table. 2. To construct. 3. To mimic. 4. In definite. 5. A girl's name. 6. To adorn. 7. Petitions. LOU.

COMBINATION ACROSTIC.

1 . . . 5 . . . 9
 2 . . . 6 . . . 10
 3 . . . 7 . . . 11
 4 . . . 8 . . . 12

FROM 1 to 5, a portion of food; from 2 to 6, a stronghold; from 3 to 7, a small Turkish coin; from 4 to 8, a species of salmon; from 5 to 9, a wise man; from 6 to 10, harmony; from 7 to 11, competent; from 8 to 12, tumult; from 1 to 9, a communication; from 2 to 10, luck; from 3 to 11, a fable; from 4 to 12, a state carriage.

The letters represented by the letters from 5 to 8 may be transposed to form words meaning sailors, small quadrupeds, artificers, and a luminous body. DYCIE.

BEHEADINGS.

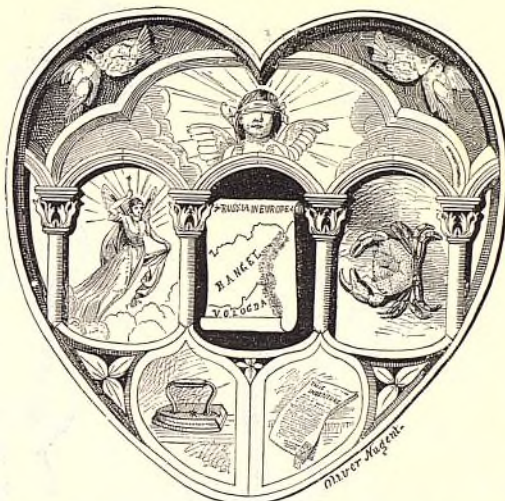
1. BEHEAD a large flat-bottomed boat, and leave an animal. 2. Behead an agreement, and leave to perform. 3. Behead to discover, and leave an emissary. 4. Behead dainty, and leave something gathered in winter. 5. Behead to examine with care, and leave a cup for liquids. 6. Behead an office in the king's household where they take care of the linen for the king's table, and leave distorted. 7. Behead to stagger, and leave a snake-like fish. The beheaded letters will spell the name of an English poet much admired but seldom read. JOHN BLACK.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in Punch, but not in Judy;
 My second in brisk, but not in moody;
 My third and my fourth you can find if you strive
 In knitting and flitting; my next, number five,
 Is in singular, strange, and is found in amusing;
 My sixth, in abuse as well as abusing;
 My next is in urgent, in urchin, in hurry,
 And if you look farther you'll find it in flurry;
 My eighth is in grass-plot, but not in a lawn;
 My ninth is in morning, but not in the dawn;
 My tenth is in hurt, in head, and in hand,

And more than this surely you can not demand.
 My whole is a town in the old Keystone State,
 And its name—but I'll leave that for you to relate.
 "NIP AND TUCK."

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



THE primals name a mischievous elf who "looks not with the eyes, but with the mind," and the finals, a supposed affliction of his. Each of the five small pictures represents a cross-word, and may be described by a word of four letters.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

THE diagonals, from left to right, reading downward, spell a small anchor having several flukes; from right to left, insnared.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Courageous. 2. To make ready. 3. One of the Southern States. 4. To offer for consideration. 5. Relies upon. 6. Resolute. 7. To pillage. F. S. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. First line, Whittier; third line, Browning.
 1. WiGht. 2. HeNce. 3. Idiot. 4. TiNge. 5. ToWel. 6. IrOns. 7. ErRor. 8. ReBel. CHARADE. Cur-tail.
 CONCEALED LETTERS. E, F, H, I, K, L, M, N, T, V, X, Y, Z.
 SYNCOPIATIONS. Rainbow. 1. g-R-ape. 2. bre-A-d. 3. bra-I-d.
 4. bri-N-g. 5. ta-B-le. 6. fo-und. 7. s-W-ing.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;

His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.

PL. Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
 Some better at a distance, others near;
 Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,
 And boldly challenge the most piercing eye;
 Some please for once, some will forever please.

EASY ANAGRAMS. 1. Paris. 2. London. 3. Rome. 4. Berlin.
 5. Madrid. 6. Lisbon. 7. New York. 8. Madras. 9. Liverpool.
 10. Denver. 11. Austin. 12. Calcutta.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Epiphany. 2. Pamlico. 3. Immure. 4. Plume. 5. Hire. 6. Acc. 7. No. 8. Y.

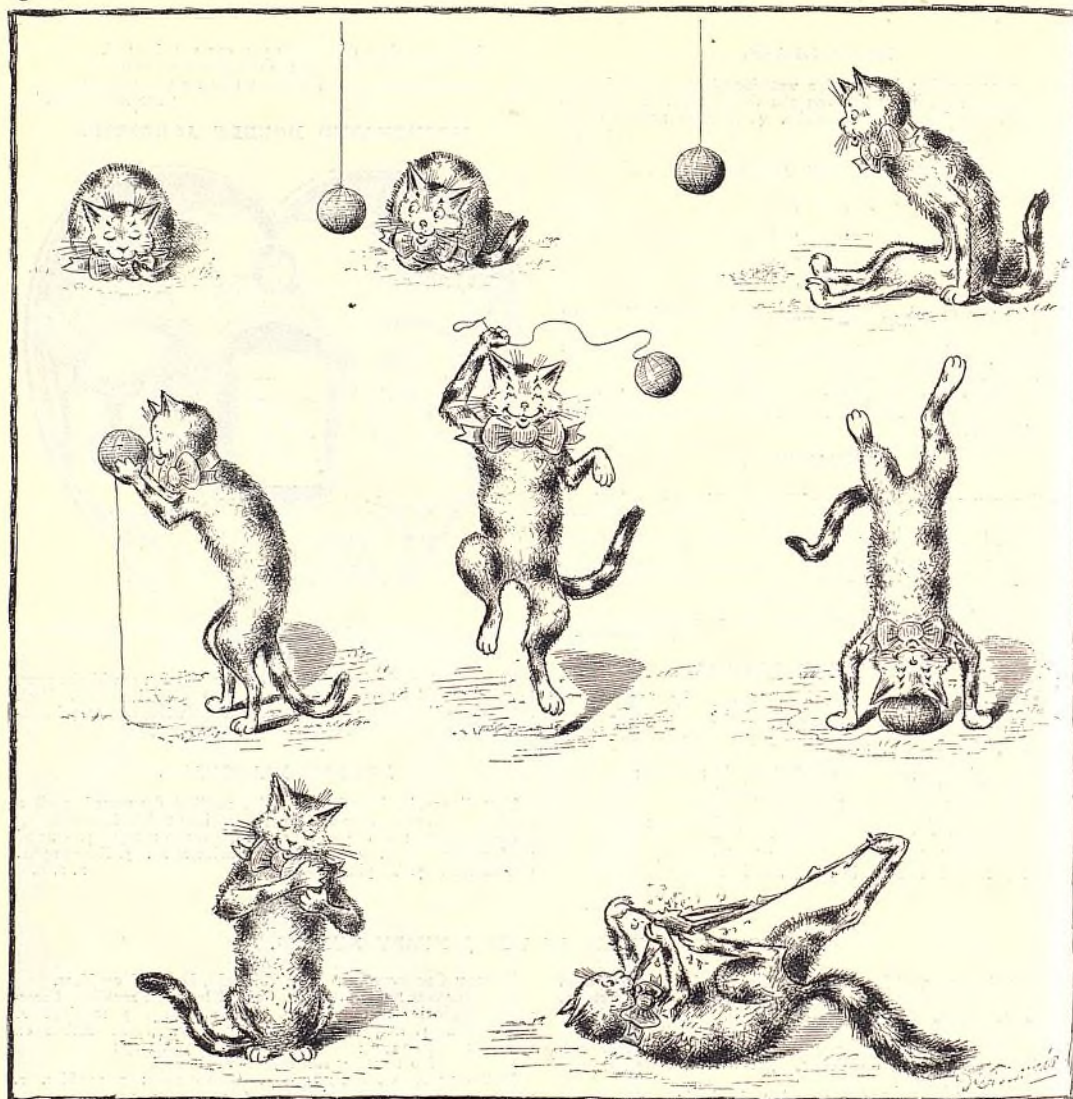
THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO. 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the December number, from Maud I. Mudon, London, 1.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from Paul Reese—"Navajo"—Frederick Winthrop Faxon—"Pepper and Maria"—Maggie T. Turrill—Clara Louise Burt—Harry M. Wheelock—"R. E. Buss"—Ida C. L.—Tiny Fuss, Mitzi and Muff—Trebtor Treblig—Gertrude and Papa—"Shumway Hen and Chickens"—"One from 1873"—Arthur Gride—Emily M. Craft—Henrietta V. C.—Eric Palmer—Little Mary B.—Hallie Pearce—Ruby R. Radcliffe—Ethel W. Marsh—Bertha M. Clarke—Arthur Marsh—Upton Lindsay—Lindsay McCandlish—Walter Mathews—Archie W. Thomson—Robert James King—Lily R. B.—Ella Bisell—Mamie Young—Lide Blaisdell—Annabella and Georgealice Schley—Maud I. Mudon—R. D. Smith—A. Lincoln Fisher—Mary and Margaret Houston—Maude K.—Helen Porter—Pearl M. Steele—Alice D. Heustis.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from "Man in the Moon," 3—Lily Wells, 2—Annabella and Georgealice Schley, 1—Alice R. Douglass, 3—Emma Findlay, 1—Elise Ripley, 1—Emma and Willie H., 2—May and Julia, 1—Morris D. Sample, 8—Lilly M. Topeka, 1—Ethel Rhoads, 1—Edith M. Boyd, 1—"Loemo," 2—Godfrey Pretz, 5—Rob't J. Harrison, 5—Lettie and Edith Sands, 2—Josephine Casey, 1—Arthur Mudge, 2—Mabel D. Smith, 1—Eddie K. Talboys, 5—George Habenicht, 1—Herbert Gaytes, 6—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 6—Henry V. Hubbard, 1—Maud Green, 1—Josie Wilhelm, 1—L. G., 8—Margaret and E. Muriel Grundy, 8—Willie Sheraton, 3—F. L. Watson, 1—Edith L. Young, 4—Genevieve, 4—Mary P. Stockett, 6.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



PUSSY AND THE CAT-NIP BALL.

