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and that he felt no pain, she gathered courage
enough to laugh at some merry remark the gen-
tleman made; and when he told her how all her
neighbors would envy her happiness, and wish
their little boys could have taken Giovanni's
place, why, what else could she do but believe
it, and begin to feel quite contented?

The fair city of Florence awoke early next day,
and every house and palace seemed to empty its
inmates into the street. Over many of the prin-
cipal thoroughfares great arches of antique and
elaborate design had been thrown, while pennons,
banners, and flags fluttered in silken folds on
every side. Rich carpets and wondrous pieces of
tapestry were flung over the balcony-railings and
drooped from the windows of many dwellings, and
everything was done that ingenuity could suggest to
give the city a festive appearance. For Lorenzo de
Medici, called the "*Magnifico*," or the "Magnifi-
cent," powerful and wealthy chief magistrate
of the city, had promised the people a "triumph,"
such as they had never before seen; and he had
expressed innumerable cavalcades,
mythological pageants, much
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on the shore of Britain, his soldiers around him, his war-galleys on the sea, the throngs of barbarians in front. In another, he rode his horse into the waters of the Rubicon; in another, he sat enthroned in the Roman senate. Twelve cavaliers, whose brilliant arms were enriched with gold, followed this car. Each cavalier carried a great lance, and was accompanied by his squire, who bore a torch in his right hand.

But now the crowd gazed in silent amazement, for approaching them was a car that excited their highest admiration and wonder. It was drawn by twelve winged horses. Their harnesses were gilded, as were their hoofs, while even their shoes were yellow with the precious metal. The sides of the car they drew were covered with elaborately carved figures, all overlaid with gold. Among others were four female figures representing Faith, Hope, Charity, and Humility. In the middle of the car was an immense golden globe, on the top of which was stretched the effigy of a knight clad in old and rusty armor. Close beside this, and as if issuing from it, the people saw a chubby boy, with his bare body gilded from head to foot. His hair, glistening with diamond dust, looked as if each thread were of spun gold; and, shining in the sunlight, it made a halo about his beautiful face. The little boy was full of life. He was constantly in motion, turning this way and that to gaze down on the crowd or up at the balconies. Often, in answer to some expression of admiration and endearment, his lips parted with a smile, displaying his pearly teeth. Several times he stretched out his hands to the crowd, with the grace that only childhood knows.

It was Giovanni.

And so the car rolled on; it was intended to symbolize that the Iron Age—the age of war, want, and ignorance—was dead, and that from its body had sprung the Golden Age—the age of peace, plenty, virtue, happiness, refinement, and learning.

But where was Giovanni's mother? She set out in the morning, determined to keep near her boy throughout the whole march. Indeed, it was only with this assurance that she succeeded in quieting his fears, and persuading him to remain on his elevated seat. For a while she found no difficulty in carrying out her purpose, and walked along with no little feeling of pride and pleasure as she saw how bravely Giovanni was playing his part, and what unfeigned admiration he excited. When, however, the long procession entered the chief thoroughfares, it passed through such dense masses of people that she found it impossible to advance a step. The crowd, pressed back against the houses, stood still, and there was nothing for

the poor woman to do but stand still also, until the whole pageant had gone far beyond her.

Once released, she sped on rapidly, though rudely jostled by the crowd, and becoming, as the day advanced, very foot-sore and weary. Once she missed her way altogether, by turning down a by-street in the direction in which she thought the procession was passing, but only to find, to her dismay, that it had taken an opposite course, and that all her labor was for nothing.

When at length she regained her place, a little incident occurred that amused her, in spite of her fatigues. She found the car brought to a stop, the winged horses pawing the ground impatiently. Giovanni, who till that time had borne up bravely, began to grow weary and impatient at such unaccustomed confinement in one spot, and not seeing his mother in the crowd or any friendly face he began to cry. So the car was stopped, and some one mounted to the top of the golden globe by means of a ladder, and tried to soothe him.

"What do you want, my child?" said the man.

"I want my Mamma," replied he, between his sobs.

"Well, don't cry; we'll take you to your Mamma as quickly as possible. Don't you want something to eat? Don't you want a piece of cake?"

"Yes," said the boy.

So the little Golden Age sat on his car with a huge piece of cake in his chubby hands, which he ate greedily, to the great diversion of the crowd.

The men laughed.

The women said, "Dear little fellow!" and wanted to kiss him.

The boys mimicked him.

"I want my Mamma!" bawled a great fellow, with legs as long and slim as a grasshopper's.

"Don't you want a piece of cake?" piped a shrill voice behind him.

"Yes," was the answer.

And, for several days after, the boys were heard calling thus to each other on the streets of Florence, until Lorenzo the Magnificent himself heard it, and laughed heartily when told what it meant.

At length the long day came to a close, and the weary and anxious mother clasped her boy to her heart.

"Now take off the gold, and let us go home," she cried. "Take it off! Take it off!" she reiterated vehemently.

But when the attempt was made, the work of removing the gold was found to be a difficult one. The child, already overtaken, could not or would not endure it. His restless efforts ended in frantic struggles to free himself; and at last the gentle-

man who had the matter in hand rose impatiently, saying: "Take him home, good woman. When he has rested, I'll come and remove the gold. Take him home; it is useless to think of removing it now."

So the mother took her boy in her arms and returned to her home.

All that night there was feasting and dancing in the Magnifico's palace. But in the humble home of Giovanni there was neither mirth nor joy. The little fellow was wakeful, and tossed about on his cot in feverish restlessness, calling repeatedly for a drink of water, and taking only a sip when it was offered him. And when the gentleman came, in accordance with his promise, though late in the day, the child was in a raging fever.

"He is sick with over-excitement and fatigue," said the gentleman, "and he will soon recover. But we can not remove the gold to-day; we must get him well first, then the other will be a matter of small concern."

But it was not a matter of small concern. For when the leech or doctor was called in he looked at the little Gilded Boy very seriously, knit his brows, shook his head, opened a vein in the chubby arm, and, administering some powders, promised to call the next day. But the next day was

too late. The gold-leaf that had shone so brightly all over the body of the little boy was really doing deadly work. It closed the pores or tiny openings of the skin, and, as all you young students of physiology know, these can not be closed without endangering health and life. As the gold could not be removed, the fever of the Florentine boy increased, and before many hours had passed poor little Giovanni died.

It was a sad ending to all the brilliancy and beauty of that grand procession in which the little fellow played so important a part; but in those old days human life was not held so highly as now, and one street boy the less made slight difference to the proud and ambitious rulers who studied only their own pleasure and desires. There were then no societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, such as we now have — societies that look after poor children, and protect and care for those who are exposed to ill-treatment. And although this Lorenzo de Medici, whom men called "the Magnificent," boasted that his was an age of prosperity and progress, we know how much better a day we live in, when no one, however rich or powerful he may be, would dare to do so cruel a thing as was done to the poor little Gilded Boy of Florence four hundred years ago.



THE CONSCIENTIOUS CAT.

BY AGNES A. SANDHAM.

IT was a curious place for a cat—the lonely “Hydraulic Mines,” on the crest of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. Where she came from, no one could tell. My acquaintance with her

which must be her only refuge. As I did so a dog’s head was thrust cautiously out—only the head—and then stopped. Round the corner of the hut dashed the flying cat, and, before the dog’s



HYDRAULIC MINING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA.

was made in a singular and altogether startling manner. It was in this wise: I was visiting the mines, and, under the guidance of the superintendent, had just passed over the brow of a great hill crowned with a thick growth of magnificent sugar pines, when suddenly we came upon the Hydraulic Mines—so lonely, so dreary, so utterly uninviting in appearance and situation, that I could not help asking, “Could anything but a gold-hunting man be induced to live in such a place?”

“Wait and see,” replied the superintendent as he walked in the direction of a rough shanty used by the miners as a place of shelter.

Just then I was startled at seeing a white cat come dashing toward us at full speed, her tail puffed out to an enormous size, and apparently pursued by a number of men armed with picks and crowbars.

Full of sympathy for the poor cat making such a wild race for her life, I glanced toward the shanty

head could be drawn in, there came a violent collision, and a perfect storm of howls and hisses which marked the meeting of the angry cat and the much astonished dog. In spite of my sympathy, I could not help laughing heartily at this ludicrous collision—and my laugh was echoed by the cruel men who, as I supposed, were chasing poor pussy with murderous designs. But my laughter was suddenly cut short as I saw what seemed to be the great mountain sliding directly upon me, and, following the example of the cat, I turned and fled for shelter to the hut, while the men redoubled their laughter.

“What under the sun is the matter?” I asked, perplexed alike by the cat, the rushing men, and the moving mountain.

And then, with many jokes and much laughter, the whole matter was explained.

It appears that one cold and stormy night,

about a year before my visit to the mines, the men were startled by a pitiful mewing outside the camp. One of the miners, following up the sound of distress, soon returned with a most forlorn and miserable-looking kitten, more dead than alive. How she came to that desolate camp and

late spot, brought back memories of their boyhood and the old homes far to the east in Maine woods or on New Hampshire hills, and called up, for all of them, a picture of the happy childhood days before the fever of adventure had led them so far from the dear old home in the mad race for gold.



"A WHITE CAT DASHED TOWARD US APPARENTLY PURSUED BY A NUMBER OF MEN."

where she came from was a mystery, but the miners, naturally tender-hearted, and welcoming anything that brought a change in the monotony of their daily life, took pity on the foundling and at once adopted her. Perhaps, too, the sight of such a home-body as a cat, away off in that deso-

Well, whatever their thoughts, they adopted the cat and made her so warm and comfortable, with plenty of milk to drink and a warm fire to curl before, that pussy was soon purring away as contentedly as if she had never been a homeless wanderer.

There is no such thing as stopping work in the

mines. Day and night the work goes on, and the men are divided into day and night gangs, each of which works for a certain length of time, reliev-

destination, pussy at once took up her position near her friend and carefully watched the proceedings.

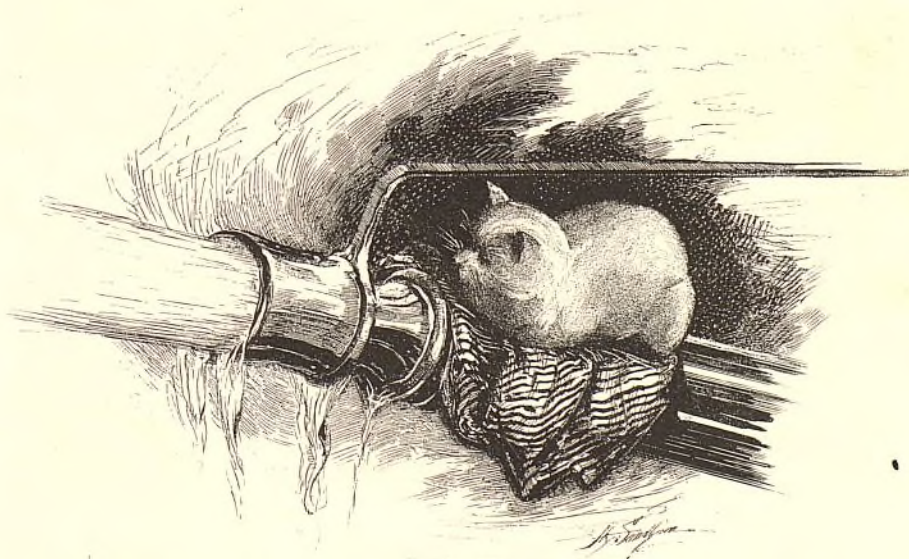
A hydraulic mine, my young readers must



THE "MONITOR" AT WORK.

ing the other at regular intervals. So it happened that pussy, dozing before the fire, was aroused by a stir in the room, and glancing up saw the miner who had rescued and cared for her

know, is one in which water is made to take the part of pick and shovel. A tremendous pressure forces the water through a great iron pipe three or four feet in diameter, and sends it in a torrent



"WHEN THERE WAS NO DANGER, PUSSY WOULD TAKE A COMFORTABLE NAP ON HER CUSHION."

preparing to go out to his work. Determined not to lose sight of her preserver, she jumped up and followed him. When the men arrived at their

against the bank of dirt in which the gold is hidden. This mighty stream of water washes away the bank and brings it caving and tumbling down,

while it separates the gold from the gravel, and with the occasional assistance of blasting powder does a vast amount of mining work.

It was at one of these hydraulic mines that the fugitive cat had found friends; and as after several visits she lay watching their operations, she



THE CONSCIENTIOUS CAT ON GUARD AT THE NOZZLE OF THE "MONITOR."

seemed to reason it all out in her own mind that as soon as the great dirt-bank opposite her showed signs of giving way under the action of the water forced against it, the men would rush for shelter to the shanty near by, to which, of course, she too would scamper to escape the falling earth. So, reasoned pussy, if these kind friends of mine are always in danger from these tumbling-down banks, why cannot I, in return for their kindness, watch the dirt-banks and give them proper warning?

Now, as you all know, there is nothing a cat dislikes so much as water; just watch your kitty shake her paws daintily when she steps into a puddle, and see how disgusted she is if a drop of water falls on her nose or back. But this Sierra

Nevada pussy was a most conscientious cat. She felt that it was her duty to make some sacrifice for her friends, and so, after thinking it all over, she took her place right on top of the nozzle of the "monitor" (as the big iron pipe through which the water is forced is called), and here, in spite of occasional and most unwelcome shower-baths, she would watch for the first movement of the falling bank, when away she would go like a flash with all the miners at her heels until they all reached the shelter of the hut. So faithfully did she perform her self-imposed task that, in a little while, the men gave up their precaution of keeping one eye on the dangerous slide and waited for puss to give the signal. As soon as they saw her spring down from the comfortable bed which the miners had made for her on the "monitor," they would all cry, "The cat; the cat!" and start on a run for the shanty. And it was at just such a moment that I came to the mine and encountered this most conscientious cat leading her friends to safety.

She soon learned also to distinguish between the various phases of hydraulic mining; and when the "monitor" was being used simply for washing the gold or for general "cleaning up" purposes, she knew that there was no danger, and would serenely close her eyes and take a comfortable nap on her cushion, regardless of what was going on around her, until by some strange instinct she knew that the "monitor" was turned upon the bank again, and was awake and watchful in an instant. Her very color, too, was a help to her friends, as, being a white cat, she served on dark nights as a guide to the men who came to relieve the gang to which pussy belonged, and which no consideration would induce her to desert.

Now, it happened that about the time of pussy's appearance at the mine a very unprepossessing mongrel pup had been left at the camp, as not worth taking away, and so he too was adopted by the kind-hearted miners. But alas! the dog proved as great a coward as the cat was a heroine. His only thought was to look out for number one, and he did that so thoroughly that when he too had learned that a sudden move on the part of the men meant danger, he would scud into the hut in an agony of fear, and, like the dastardly dog he was, retreat into the farthest corner with his tail between his legs. Evidently, when I first made his acquaintance, he had not heard them rushing toward the hut and had thus been caught napping, and hence the collision I had witnessed. He was such a good-for-nothing that the men called him "Tailings"—which also means the refuse gravel and dirt out of which every speck of gold has been taken. And in such awe did he stand of Pussy that, though they took their meals together, "Tailings" always waited

until pussy had finished before he presumed to take a bite, wagging his tail until the ground was swept clean, and whining meanwhile with hunger and impatience. Once, and once only, he endeavored to assert himself and take a bite before his betters. Pussy stopped eating, looked the culprit sternly in the eye, and then, slowly lifting her paw, brought it down with a sudden blow exactly in the center of the dog's nose. "Tailings" gave such a howl that the miners thought the whole mountain was caving in, and rushed out to see what was the matter. Pussy went on calmly finishing her dinner, and "Tailings" never again presumed to eat at the first table, to rebel against Pussy's rules.



You don't know, boys and girls, how greatly this story of the miners' cat pleased me. All my life I had been taught to look upon the dog as the type of nobility, faithfulness, and courage, from the big St. Bernard to the pet pug or poodle, almost too fat to waddle by his mistress's side. And I had always been told that the cat was the embodiment of treachery, selfishness, and cunning—although, between you and me, I had always really loved the cats the best. And here on the Sierra Nevada Mountains I had a new revelation, and I left the Hydraulic Mines well pleased with my visit, and especially pleased that my favorite animal had been so completely vindicated.

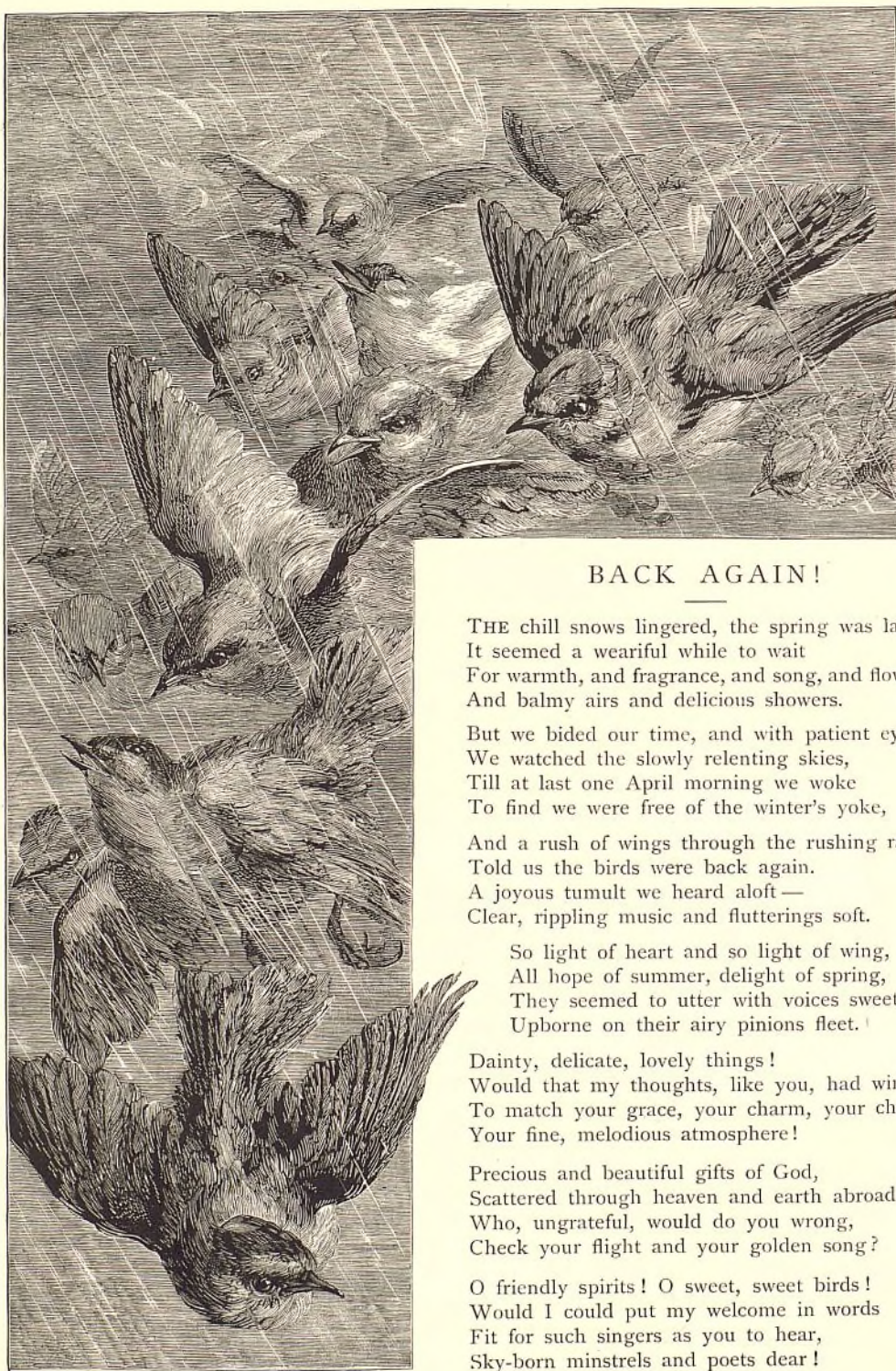


There was once a
little school-ma'am

who was terribly distressed
Because she could not quite decide
which pupil did the best
And whichever one received the prize
looked down on all the rest.
Said she "I cannot bear to see the
poor things look so sad!"—

So she gave a prize for something to every single lad,
And one— who never studied— took First Prize for Being Bad.





BACK AGAIN!

THE chill snows lingered, the spring was late,
It seemed a weariful while to wait
For warmth, and fragrance, and song, and flowers,
And balmy airs and delicious showers.

But we bided our time, and with patient eyes
We watched the slowly relenting skies,
Till at last one April morning we woke
To find we were free of the winter's yoke,

And a rush of wings through the rushing rain
Told us the birds were back again.

A joyous tumult we heard aloft —
Clear, rippling music and flutterings soft.

So light of heart and so light of wing,
All hope of summer, delight of spring,
They seemed to utter with voices sweet,
Upborne on their airy pinions fleet.

Dainty, delicate, lovely things!
Would that my thoughts, like you, had wings
To match your grace, your charm, your cheer,
Your fine, melodious atmosphere!

Precious and beautiful gifts of God,
Scattered through heaven and earth abroad!
Who, ungrateful, would do you wrong,
Check your flight and your golden song?

O friendly spirits! O sweet, sweet birds!
Would I could put my welcome in words
Fit for such singers as you to hear,
Sky-born minstrels and poets dear!

HIS ONE FAULT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

LATE to bed that night, the harassed and weary Christopher slept until a late hour the next morning; Aunt Gray thinking it best he should not be called.

"Let him sleep when he can," said that really pitying lady, adjusting her cap for the day. "He has trouble enough before him!"

"He, trouble! What do you think of *me*?" said Uncle Gray, wheezing with asthma over a narcotic weed he was burning in a saucer. "But let him sleep! I don't want anything more of the services of a boy like that! I should n't have this attack if it had n't been for —"

Wheeze! cough! A fresh attack stopped his speech; while the puffs of smoke curled upward, past the craggy brow and thickets of stiff iron-gray locks, filling the air with a bluish cloud and a pungent odor.

It must have been the odor which finally awakened Kit in his attic. He knew it meant asthma, or "azmy," as the old folks termed it; and he started up instantly with a guilty consciousness of his situation. Uncle Gray was always crabbed and exacting, as short of temper as he was short of breath, even on ordinary occasions of his attack; what then must he be after such a night as Kit had caused him to pass?

With sickening recollections of the strange horse in the barn, and misgivings as to the time of day, the boy got up, and, with gasps and tremors of anxiety, began to put on his clothes. He felt that he was an outcast wretch, no longer of any account in the household; not suspecting that it was partly owing to his aunt's kindness that he had not been called.

He was surprised at her gentle manner toward him when he appeared in the kitchen; telling him to sit down to his breakfast, taking it from the oven, where she had been keeping it warm.

"Abram has done the chores," she said, — a piece of news which did not much tend to lighten the weight of condemnation under which he felt himself bowed to the dust. The day was dull and foggy, and it was even later than he had surmised. "Your uncle is n't well this morning."

"I smelt the smoke," Kit murmured miserably. "It's all owing to last night, I suppose."

"Partly to that, I guess, and partly to the change in the weather. Mental trouble's often

wus for him than a damp air. But eat your breakfast, and don't worry," said Aunt Gray.

"I can't help worrying," said Kit, with starting tears at her kind words.

He had little appetite, yet he felt that he must eat for strength in the day's business before him. He must go and look at that horse first, however, a duty from which he shrank. It seemed to him that he could never look at a horse again without a spasm of conscience.

He went out heroically, however, and re-examined the beast by daylight, wondering more and more at himself for having mistaken him, even in his haste and in the dusk, for Dandy Jim. He watered and fed him, reviewing at the same time all the circumstances of the evening before, and then returned to the house, fully resolved upon what he was to do.

"Can I see Uncle?" he asked, after forcing himself to eat the breakfast awaiting him.

"I'm afraid 't wont be any great satisfaction to you," Aunt Gray replied, "but you can see him."

Kit knocked timidly at the bedroom door, and a gruff "Come in!" ushered him into a room full of smoke, in the midst of which sat his uncle at a light stand, burning his weed again, with his face over the saucer.

"Wal, f'r instance!" growled the old gentleman, barely giving him a glance through the thick cloud. "What do you think of yourself this mornin'?"

His voice ended in a cough, which tapered to a wheeze, made as deep and long-drawn and distressing as possible, in order to show Kit what suffering he had caused his poor old phthisicky uncle.

Kit made no direct reply to the question, but said humbly:

"I suppose that horse must go back."

"Go back! Of course he must go back. I wish he could stay! I want a hoss to — I hoped the weather w'd gra'jally clear up — so I could — ventur' out — hire a horse, and drive over tu — tu Peaceville — leadin' the one you —" Here his words were quite lost for a moment in the tumult of his broken breathing — "and see what I could hear of Dandy."

"It does n't look much like clearing up," Kit suggested.

"No," buzzed Uncle Gray, bending lower over the smoking saucer.

"It wont do to wait," Kit went on. "I meant

to have the horse half-way back there by this time, and I should if I had n't overslept myself."

"You!" said his uncle, scornfully.

"Yes, sir," said Kit, firmly. "I took the horse, and I ought to take him back. I can ride him, and maybe get Dandy yet."

"Nonsense!" hummed Uncle Gray. "I would n't trust you with —"

"You need n't trust me with anything," answered Kit, "unless it is a bridle. I can ride bare-back, if you are afraid to let me have the saddle."

The truth is, Uncle Gray had decided objections to letting the new horse go until the old one had come. It seemed a pretty good swap, but for the slight irregularity attending it, and he had been studying how it could be reconciled to right and conscience. He coughed noisily for some time over the problem, with his nose in the smoke; then, hearing Kit's hand on the latch, he snarled out,—

"Wal! it's a bad job! I s'pose the hoss has got to go. And I can't go with him to-day, as I see!"

Kit did not wait to hear more, but opened the door quickly, and shut it again after him, escaping at once from the smoke he disliked and the interview which was not, in a strict sense, delightful.

He had found the base-ball cap comfortable the day before; it was at hand as he went out through the kitchen, and he put it on. Then he curried and bridled the new horse, and led him from the stable.

He did not mean to take the saddle, not knowing what he should do with it if he did not have Dandy to ride home, a happiness he could hardly hope for; but he found himself so lame and sore when he came to mount, with only an old meal-bag between him and the equine back-bone, that he readily listened to Aunt Gray's earnest counsel.

"If you must go," she said, "don't think of riding without the saddle. It's of no great account, anyway, if it never comes back."

She also made Kit take a little of her own money for necessary expenses; and sent him off with her best wishes, and a strict charge not to "blunder into any more trouble."

The horse's walk was torture enough to Kit at first; and a trot was excruciating. But the lad forced himself to bear the exercise, and found his stiff joints limbering up to it before long.

He could not endure to have his mother see him, after the false good tidings he had brought her the night before; so he took another street through the village and, passing beyond, was soon retracing, with rather less of joy and triumph in his soul, the course of his recent moonlight ride from Peaceville.

The horse was quite as free as he wished him to be at first. But as the soreness of his own limbs wore off, the animal's paces began to relax, and

much clucking, and urging with heels and reins, at length became necessary.

The more he dreaded meeting the owner whose beast he had ridden off so unceremoniously, confessing his error, and suffering he knew not what reproaches and retribution, the more anxious Kit was to have it all over with; his conscience, which was strong, spurring his courage—which was by no means weak in serious things, timid and sensitive boy as he was.

He had made about half the distance, when he stopped to water the horse at a wayside trough. Near by grew a walnut-tree with boughs overhanging the pump, from the top of which he reached up and cut a stout twig, for use as a riding-whip in making the rest of the journey. Then, after stretching his legs a minute, he remounted, and went on at a quicker pace.

He had not gone far, however, when he discovered that he had, with his usual heedlessness, left his knife lying on the top of the pump. He was very much incensed with himself for falling into the same old fault, after all his recent lessons; and he hardly knew at first whether to suffer the loss of the knife or the pain and chagrin of riding back for it.

"It's a full half mile," he said, looking back, and miles were important to him just then. "If I was sure of coming this way with Dandy —"

But he felt the great uncertainty of his returning with Dandy either by that or any other way. He could not afford to lose so good a knife; and this was one that had been his father's.

"I'll go back!" he exclaimed, after a little reflection; "and then make up for lost time by riding faster."

It was the first knife he had ever been able to keep long in his possession; and he had even mislaid this one, two or three times. He resolved to recover it now, and then see if he could not carry it safely in his pocket at least as many months as his father had carried it years.

As he approached the trough, he noticed a light wagon coming down another road, which joined the one he was on at a point not far beyond. It carried two lads, who, looking across at him, touched up their horse.

Something in the excited looks they gave him made Kit almost wish he had not returned for his knife. The roads converged rapidly; and, when he reined up at the pump, the rattling wagon would not have been more than three or four rods away, if it had not already passed.

The faces in it looked back rather wildly at Kit; and, after taking his knife from the pump, without dismounting, he saw with growing alarm, as he turned about, that, instead of keeping the more direct road beyond the fork, the wagon made a short

turn into the road he was on, and was coming toward him.

He endeavored to act like the innocent boy he was, and began to ride away again, as if nothing uncommon was happening. But as the wagon followed with increasing racket, he could not forbear trying his new whip, and striking into a pace that might have kept those too-eager faces awhile longer at a distance, but for a startling circumstance.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEHIND a low wall, which bounded the upper side of the triangular field separating the forked roads, a sturdy youth was seen running. His parted lips and his crooked arms, flying quickly back and forth in time with his vibrating legs, indicated strenuous effort. He had evidently left the wagon just before Kit sighted it, and had struck across the lot in order to get behind Kit, while his companions at the same time whipped forward so to head off Kit in front.

He was himself heading him off now, since Kit had turned back from the pump. He leaped over into the road, and made a rush at his bridle-rein, while the wagon clattered close behind.

"What do you want of me?" Kit gasped out in some trepidation, no longer trying to escape.

"We'll show you what we want!" cried Lon, — for the seeming highwayman was none other than the eldest of the Benting boys.

He appeared very much excited, seizing Kit's leg with one hand, while he clung to the rein with the other.

"Get off your stolen horse!"

"Is this — your — horse?" inquired Kit.

"Rather!" said Lon, with wild glee. "Here, boys!"

Tom and Charley tumbled from the wagon; and Kit, half-paralyzed by the suddenness of the onset and the rude manner of his capture, was pulled to the ground before he fairly had time to dismount.

"Don't tie my hands!" he pleaded, as they whipped a halter out of the wagon and were proceeding to bind him with it in no gentle fashion. "I did n't steal him; I took him by mistake."

"Oh, yes!" said Lon, with gruff sarcasm. "No doubt!"

"That's what they all say," added Charley.

"Always a mistake!" exclaimed Tom.

"But it's so!" Kit insisted, with pale and trembling innocence, which appeared more like guilt to the elated Benting boys than guilt itself would probably have done. "I was taking him back to Peaceville."

"Of course!" said Lon.

"Which way is Peaceville?" cried Charley. "The way you were going when we first saw you, or the way you went after we got in ahead of you?"

Then Kit saw how unfortunate had proved the blunder of leaving his knife and having to go back for it. But for that, he might have passed out of sight before being descried by the boys from the other wall, and might have returned the horse to his shed at the cattle-show, in a manner which would have left no doubt as to his honest intentions; or, if overtaken, he would, at least, have been found on his way thither. Who would believe his story now?

Not the Benting boys, evidently. They tied his hands behind him, and hustled him into the wagon, Tom and Charley guarding him, seated between their knees on the wagon-bottom, as if he had been some desperate character (poor Kit!), while Lon mounted the recovered horse and rode near, ready to lend assistance in case the horse-thief, slipping his bonds, should attempt to overpower them and get away.

They had traced the little rider in the white cap but a short distance out of Peaceville, the night before, and had been all the morning scouring the country roads for news of him. No news had they been able to get; but here was something better still — the horse and the little chap himself!

Passing the pump and turning at the fork, they took the road by which they had come, talking hilariously of their good luck, and now and then questioning Kit, without, however, giving the least apparent credit to anything he had to say.

"Whose saddle and bridle are these?" Lon demanded, riding beside the wagon.

"They belong to my uncle," replied Kit.

"Uncle! Oh, yes!" exclaimed Lon, sarcastically.

"The horse I was after belongs to him, too," said Kit, from his ignominious seat on the wagon-bottom.

"No doubt of that, either!"

Lon did not have a bad heart, by any means; but he was young, and exhilarated by what seemed to him a great triumph, and he could not help showing his amused incredulity.

"Who was the other rogue in league with you when you stole this horse?"

"I tell you I did n't steal him," Kit insisted.

"And there was nobody in league with me."

"No use of your saying that," Tom retorted.

"He pretended somebody had stolen his saddle and bridle; but we found afterward you and he had been seen together, and that he helped you get away with our horse. What do you say to that?"

"I say what I've been trying to say all along, only you would n't hear me!"

Once more Kit endeavored to make it plain that there was but one rogue in the transaction, and that Branlow was the man. But his protestations fell on unbelieving ears. The evidence they had gathered, after Branlow left them outside the fair-grounds, that he was an associate of the little chap in the white cap, appeared to the boys so conclusive that they only laughed at their prisoner's indignant denials.

"I hope you caught him!" exclaimed Kit.

"Of course!" replied Tom, who thought it wise to pretend to have caught the supposed accomplice, in order to induce their captive to tell them all about himself.

"If he owned up everything, he told you the only stolen horse was the one he stole from my uncle,—the one I meant to take when he hurried me off with yours. If he told you that, he told the truth; if anything different, he told you what was false."

Kit spoke passionately, with swelling heart and starting tears.

"He won't dare to say anything else to my face!" he added, struggling in vain to bring up one of his tied hands to his filling eyes. "Where is he now?"

"Don't say anything more to him," spoke up Lon, who did not altogether approve of Tom's fiction.

Yet he himself had one more question to ask.

"You've been expecting to meet your pal somewhere this morning, have n't you?"

"If you mean the horse-thief," replied Kit, "he's the last person I've expected to meet; he will keep as far away from me as he can! Bring us together; that's all I ask. And let me know what became of his stolen horse. Have you got that, too?"

"I can't tell you now," Lon replied, trying to give his words a dark significance. "You'll find out all you want to know, and maybe a good deal more, when you are hauled up before the court. No more talk, boys; but come along!"

CHAPTER XV.

A RIDE of four or five miles brought the Benting boys and their captive in sight of a small maple-grove by the road-side and a large white farmhouse, gleaming behind the screen of foliage and the colonnades of gray trunks.

The grove was in place of the common country door-yard, and it was unfenced; a short drive-way among the trees led directly to the doors of the

house. One of these was open, and in it stood the most radiant figure Kit had ever beheld.

All the morning had been dull and overcast; but now the sunshine flashed through broken clouds, lighting up the maples variegated with the hues of early autumn, the house-front half in shadow (it stood back from the grove a little), and that figure in the door.

Charley, the youngest of the brothers, had exchanged his seat in the wagon for Lon's in the saddle, and he now rode forward under the trees, swinging his hat, and shouting:

"Good news! Good news, Elsie!"

This was in fact the home of the Bentings, which Elsie, with poetical school-girl fancy, had named "Maple Park." The figure in the door was Elsie herself, radiant with joy at sight of Charley on the recovered horse, and of the captive he pointed out, following with his brothers.

"Oh! you've got him, too?" she said. "So you have!" noticing the white cap, which had been much talked of as the distinguishing mark of the little rider last seen with the missing horse.

Rogue as they deemed him, the boys in the wagon had taken pity on Kit, in his painful posture, on the bottom-board, and had put him up on the seat between them; though they had not untied his hands. As they brought him to the door, Elsie's countenance lost something of its radiance, though nothing of its beauty. She was really a very pretty, fresh-complexioned blonde. She had the brightest, sweetest eyes poor Kit had ever seen, and now at sight of him, dejected, bound, and blushing in her presence, they began to deepen with compassionate concern.

"Where's father?" asked Lon, jumping from the wagon.

Mr. Benting had also been in quest of his horse that morning, and finding, on his return home an hour before, that the boys had not been heard from, he had started off again.

"Mamma went with him the last time," said Elsie. "He was going to town, to get notices in the papers, and offer a reward."

"That won't be necessary now," said Lon proudly. "How soon can we get a bite to eat?"

When told that dinner would be ready in half an hour, he exclaimed:

"We can't wait! Give us some bread and milk, cold meat, pie, and cheese; anything in the house! We are hungry as wolves, but we must be off again in five minutes."

Elsie could not keep her eyes away from the prisoner; her brow knitted with an expression of pity and dread, as she thought how young he was, and yet how wicked.

"Where are you going?" she inquired.

"To town, to get out a warrant and give our horse-stealer over to the constable," was the reply.

"Must you?" murmured Elsie, with another intensely serious glance at Kit in the wagon.

"Of course we must. What else can we do with him? Charley," cried Lon, "put the other seat

"Nonsense!" said Lon. "But if you'd like to ride him, all right. I was thinking of the saddle and bridle; they probably belong to somebody."

"You'll find they belong to somebody!" said Kit. "Talk about my stealing your horse! Look at your own selves; what are *you* doing?"

"Does he deny it?" Elsie whispered to Tom, in the hall-way.

"Of course he denies it! Do you suppose he is going to own up, like a good boy? See what a surly, hang-dog look he has!"

"He does n't look very amiable, to be sure," said Elsie. "I don't wonder he appears angry and ashamed! He has been crying, has n't he?" she added, as she noticed the streaks on Kit's face, where the dust of the road had settled on the tracks of tears he had been unable to wipe away.

"Yes; he cried, and pleaded, and told all sorts of stories, to make us let him off. But we don't go a-hunting such game every day in the year," said Tom; "do we, boys?"

"He must have been led into it by some older person," Elsie declared. "I expected to see a hardened wretch, with a bad, wicked face; and I never was more surprised! If he had n't been caught with the horse in his possession,



KIT SUFFERS HUMILIATION.

into the wagon, then we can all ride in that, and leave General at home."

"We'd better take General along," suggested Charley. "We may need him to put in the evidence."

I could n't believe that he had a hand in stealing him!"

"Of course you could n't!" said Tom, who had followed Elsie to the kitchen. "Girls don't know about such things, anyway. But now let's see what there is to eat."

He washed his soiled hands and dusty face at the sink; while Elsie, with the aid of a stout serving-woman, set out a hasty luncheon in the large middle room of the farm-house.

Tom, having made an imperfect toilet, was going out to stand guard over the prisoner and let his brothers come in, when his eye rested on the table, where Elsie was placing knives and forks and plates.

"Are you going to eat with us?" he asked.

"No, indeed!" she replied. "It is all I can think of doing to feed you."

"Then what is that for?"

He pointed at a fourth plate, arranged, with its knife and fork, at a discreet distance from the other three, on the end of the large table.

"You will give him something to eat, wont you?" said Elsie.

"If we do, it will be in the wagon," said Tom. "Do you suppose we are going to sit at the same table with a horse-stealer?"

"I will put his plate on the kitchen table, if you object to his company," said Elsie. "I think you ought to let him get out of the wagon; he looks very tired, sitting there, with his hands tied!"

"Well! he'll have to sit there, with his hands tied, looking tired, till we take him to Judge Sweet," muttered Tom.

Elsie said no more, but quietly removed the objectionable plate to the kitchen table, where she had it placed, flanked with the knife and fork, when Lon came in.

He, too, noticed it and frowned at her foolishness when told for whom it was designed. But he was older and more reasonable than Tom, and she had her little argument ready for him.

"Of course you will give him something to eat," she said. "You would n't wish to be cruel to him, if he was the worst person in the world; and anybody can see he isn't that. He isn't as old as Charley; I don't believe he is much older than I am! How absurd, to keep him tied there in the wagon, as if you were afraid of him; afraid he will knock you all down, and run away from you, I suppose—three great boys like my big brothers!"

Lon scowled again, but finally responded, rather ungraciously:

"Do as you please; I'm not afraid! only it will waste a little time. We can just as well watch him in here as out there."

Kit was accordingly brought into the kitchen, where, again seeing Elsie, he bashfully begged for permission to wash his hands at the sink, after Charley had got through with the basin.

"Of course you can!" cried Elsie, hastening to fill it with fresh water, while Lon reluctantly untied the prisoner's hands.

As he could not very well eat with them tied again, Tom thought they ought, at least, to bind his legs, and perhaps make him fast to the chair he sat on at table. But Elsie treated this proposal with merry scorn.

"What are you three great boys thinking of?" she whispered, behind Kit's back, as he bent over the wash-basin. "I believe I could keep him from running away, without help from either of you!"

"You don't know anything about the tricks of these rogues," replied Lon, who, however, relaxed his vigilance sufficiently to let the prisoner sit unlashd at the kitchen table, where the brothers, from their places in the next room, could watch him through the open door. They were ready to start up and spring upon him at the first movement he might make to escape; and Lon had a stout cane within reach.

Elsie went to and fro between the rooms, performing the office of table-girl with graceful alacrity, but stood, at last, watching with almost fascinated eyes the captive as he ate, or tried to eat.

A little soap and water, and a careless brushing back of the hair from the forehead with his wet fingers, had wonderfully improved Kit's appearance. He had a full, fair brow, a good nose, a chin with an interesting dimple, and ruddy, brown cheeks, which were blushing again with uneasy consciousness of a pure girl's searching gaze. He kept his eyes downcast, but she could see that they were full of gentle expression: and his sensitive lips were quivering in a way that excited her sympathy.

"You don't look like such a person!" she said, impulsively.

He forgot his bashfulness in a moment, and raised his eyes to her face with a look in which there was a gleam of proud defiance.

"Don't I?" he said. "Well, I am about as much *such a person* as your brothers are highway-men!"

(To be continued.)



Who's afraid in the dark?

"Not I!" said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And wiped his eye,
And fluffed his jowl.

"Tu whoo!"

Said the dog, "I bark
Out loud in the dark."

"Boo - oo!"

Said the cat, "Mi-iew!"

I'll scratch any who
Dare say that I do

Feel afraid."

"Mi-iew!"

"Afraid," said the mouse,

"Of the dark in a house?"

Hear me scatter

Whatever's the matter

Squeak!"

Then the toad in his hole,

And the bug in the ground,

They both shook their heads

And passed the word round

And the bird in the tree,

The fish, and the bee,

They declared, all three,

That you never did see

One of them afraid,

In the dark!



But the little boy who had gone to bed,
Just raised the bed clothes and covered his head.

J. J. N. S. C.

LITTLE SAILOR JACK IN ENGLAND.

BY W. THORNTON PARKER, M. D.

PERHAPS it may interest the readers of ST. NICHOLAS to read about a little American boy who visited England, and what he saw of ships and sailors while there.

In England it has for several years been the fashion for boys from five to thirteen years of age to wear *real* sailors' suits; that is, suits made at the naval outfitter's, just like those of the man-o'-war's men. These suits are made of the dark-blue royal naval serge, with broad collar, sailors' black silk handkerchief, and lanyard of snow-white braided cord attached to either whistle or knife. The breeches are very large about the feet, or else worn short, reaching only to the knee.

The cap is of dark-blue cloth. On hat or cap there is always a black silk ribbon bearing the name of some ship of Her Majesty's navy in gold letters. The name is selected according to choice, or by accident, though sometimes because the lad's father is or was attached to the ship bearing the name on the ribbon; and again, because the ship named was the one first visited by the wearer of the cap.

It is indeed a pretty sight at the sea-side towns and "resorts," to see so many of these little tars running about, rowing, sailing, etc., just like a ship's crew at play on shore. Many look and act as if they were indeed young sailors, and I am certain that many would, in fact, like to be members of the "Queen's navee."

Well, our little Jack, though an American boy, had to have his sailor-suit, and he first wore it at a summer resort on the beautiful Isle of Wight.

Although countless sail were in sight daily, and he could at any hour meet the vigilant coast-guardsmen on his rounds on the high cliffs, yet many weeks went by before Jack saw an armed ship of any kind.

The coast-guardsmen are excellent sailors, picked men, in fact, who have been long at sea. They are posted all along the English coast, and they carry powerful spy-glasses so as to spy out smugglers and vessels in distress. They are very kind-hearted and fond of children, and, I believe, especially of boys dressed, just like themselves, in man-o'-war costume. The coast-guardsmen has no ship's name on his hat-ribbon, but simply the words, "COAST-GUARD." Our little Jack made friends with some of them, and one day the sailors asked his papa to let them take the little sailor out to sea in their coast-guard boat, for a few hours,

to board a cutter. It was hard to decide what to do about it, but a reluctant consent was given, and off Jack started with his new-found friends.

The guardsmen had a fine large boat, painted black outside and oil-finished inside, with handsome brass fittings. They placed Jack in the stern, giving him the tiller-ropes to hold, then they shoved off, and were soon out of sight, the sailors rowing and little Jack steering as composedly and happily as if he actually belonged to the service.

After a long pull, they reached the cutter; and you can well believe that the crew on the cutter were surprised to find such a young coxswain in the guards' boat.

Many kind invitations were given to the little sailor to come on board and make the cruise of the English coast. But soon the business of the guards with the cutter was over, and, the transfers made, the boat steered back for Ventnor, where all arrived safely and where Jack found his papa waiting to welcome him after his voyage.

Jack left the island after a while for Southsea, which is a part of Portsmouth, a celebrated place for English ships and sailors. A fine beach and esplanade extend all the way from Southsea to Portsmouth, and between the two places is a great common, where reviews and parades take place frequently. Sometimes thousands of soldiers parade at once on this great common. It makes a fine play-ground for boys, and every afternoon you will find large crowds of them enjoying the games, or playing on the beach close by.

The harbor of Portsmouth is always full of ships, and many of them are war-ships and school-ships for young sailors. There is a famous dockyard where war-ships are built and repaired, and where are vast stores of shot and shell and cannon and arms of every description. In the channel are anchored several ships, among them the "Excellent," where sailors are taught all kinds of gunnery, and where they receive their certificates of proficiency in firing. Gun-boats and torpedo-boats practice nearly every day, in the lower harbor, at targets floating at regular distances. Below the "Excellent" is the great school-ship, "St. Vincent," where young English sailors learn the first principles of seamanship, and near by are other ships used as receiving-ships for sailors. In the harbor opposite the dock-yards are anchored two old-fashioned war-ships, the "Duke of Wellington" and the grand old "Victory." In the outer harbor are usually

more modern war-ships at anchor, like the "Minotaur," "Sultan," "Hercules," some of which distinguished themselves in the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. Very often great white troop-ships, like the "Malabar," will arrive loaded with soldiers coming home from the distant colonies.

One day, while we were at Portsmouth, Queen Victoria was expected to arrive from France in her

the sight as beautiful as possible for the beloved Queen. The crowds waited patiently some hours, and at last the signals from the high tower of the dock-yard announced the approach of the yacht. Slowly the "Victoria and Albert" moved to the dock, and then the Queen stepped on shore, under a pavilion of flags. An address was read to her, and then she entered her beautiful railway-carriage and started, amid cheers from the assembled crowds, for Windsor Castle.

Our Jack never wearied of visiting ships and sailors, and our first visit in Portsmouth harbor we decided should be paid to the old ship "Victory." How many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have read of that illustrious naval commander, Lord Nelson, and the remarkable battle of Trafalgar? Very many, I have no doubt; but I feel quite sure that few American boys have visited Lord Nelson's flag-ship in that famous battle, the glorious old "Victory," on whose deck the gallant admiral received his death-wound, October 21, 1805, in the Bay of Trafalgar. The "Victory" led the attack against the combined navies of France and Spain. It was Lord Nelson's mightiest victory, and the power of France on the ocean was destroyed. The good old ship still presents a fine appearance, and looks strong enough for another sea-fight. Few of her original timbers remain, however. The "Victory" floats high out of water, and her ports, from which the cannon have so often proclaimed England's victories, are mostly closed, and the few guns on board are used only for firing salutes. The British flag still waves from the mast and a small company of sailors guard the ship.

After coming on board, an escort is provided. Visitors are requested to register their names and contribute a trifle toward paying for this escort duty by the crew, whose chief employment is to show visitors the interesting places on board. We first went on to the main-deck. A brass plate set in one part of this deck is inscribed, "Here Nelson fell." Our guide said that "Lord Nelson had no right to stand near this spot," and



JACK, IN HIS SAILOR'S SUIT.

beautiful yacht, the "Victoria and Albert." Large crowds assembled all about the neighborhood of the dock-yard where the Queen was to land. The ships in the harbor were covered with flags from the water at the bow and over the high masts to the water under the stern; this is called "dressing ship." The yards were manned with sailors standing in line, and every one seemed anxious to make

that "he was killed by one of his own men, who shot him from the cross-trees"; but we did not care to listen to such a story, believing, rather, as indeed is the truth, that Nelson was killed by the enemy. His showy uniform made a brilliant target for their riflemen stationed aloft.

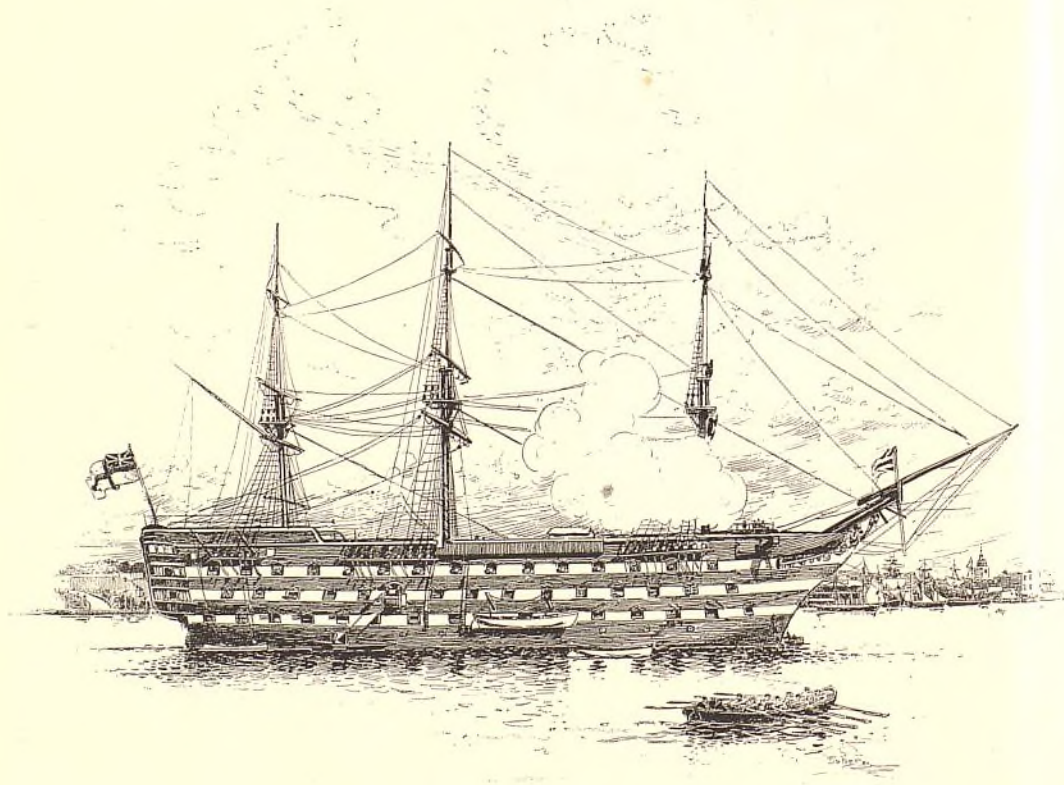
The great deck, as it now appears without a single gun, looked lonely enough, and we descended, by way of the decks between, to the cock-pit, where the gallant sailor died. It is a damp, gloomy, and silent place, where, on that eventful day, and at the close of Nelson's greatest battle, the great chief was tenderly carried. The gallant sailor had requested that a mantle be thrown over him, so that, as they passed through the decks, he might not be recognized, lest his crew should lose heart in the desperate struggle. Around him, in the moment of death and of victory, stood a few of his faithful officers waiting for his spirit to take its flight. It was at Southsea that the hero had embarked to fight the enemies of his country. The spot is now marked by one of the "Victory's" old anchors; and to the same spot, later, came the returning

boats in solemn procession, one of them bearing the remains of the hero of Trafalgar. What a contrast! England can well afford generous honors to such a naval chief.

Our Jack enjoyed with deep interest all he saw on the "Victory," and rowed back evidently much impressed. The next morning he came into his papa's bedroom, and had a great battle on the bed with his sleepy parent. English beds are very high, and in the midst of the frolic Jack fell off the bed and upon the floor, with a heavy thump. Of course, Papa was rather afraid that the little fellow might be hurt, but Jack scrambled quickly to his feet and said:

"Papa, please have a brass plate put in this floor to mark the spot where I fell, for it was a hard fall."

Many other ships-of-war our little six-year-old sailor visited, and many forts he built under the shadow of Southsea Castle; but, in spite of all these happy days, Grandpa's seemed the best place, after all, and his patriotism still insisted that "there is no place like America."



LORD NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP, THE "VICTORY."

DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

By E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER III.

GETTING TO RIGHTS.



ALL that the poets from the beginning of time have written about light, could not express my joy as I saw that welcome glimmer on the left. Before its advent I had been awed by the tempest as, benumbed with cold and shivering in my wet clothes, I had waited—a prey

to many terrible fears and surmises; but now I cried:

“Cheer up; here comes a light!” Then in my gladness I shouted the greeting that everywhere hailed Mr. Jones:

“How *are* you, JOHN?”

“Guess you did n’t know what had become of me?” was the reply.

“You’re right. Or what was to become of us, either. Are n’t we nearly home? We are all half frozen.”

“Just let mespy round a bit with the lantern, and I’ll soon tell you everything.” He bobbed back and forth for a moment or two like a will-o’-the-wisp. Then he said: “Now turn sharp to the left and follow the light.”

A great hope sprung up in my heart and I hushed Winnie’s and Bobsey’s crying by saying, “Listen, and you’ll soon hear some good news.”

Our wheels crunched through the deep snow for a few moments, and then suddenly I saw a gleam of ruddy light shining from the window of a dwelling. Then Mr. Jones shouted:

“Whoa! Light down, neighbors; you’re at your own door.”

There was a chorus of delighted cries. Merton

half tumbled over me in his eagerness to get out. A door opened, and out poured a cheerful glow. Oh! the delicious sense of safety and warmth given by that open door!

I caught Mousie in my arms, floundered knee-deep through the snow, and placed her in a big rocking-chair. Mr. Jones followed with Winnie, and Merton came in with Bobsey on his back. The little fellow was under such headway in crying that he could n’t stop at once, although his tears were rapidly giving place to laughter. I rushed back and carried in my wife, and then said, in a voice a little unsteady from deep feeling:

“Welcome home, one and all!”

Never did the word mean more to a half-frozen and badly frightened family. Safety, warmth, and comfort were, of course, uppermost in our thoughts, but as wraps were taken off and all gradually thawed out, eager-eyed curiosity began to explore. Taking Mousie on my lap and chafing her hands, I answered questions, and enjoyed to the full the exclamations of pleasure.

Mr. Jones lingered for a few moments, then gave one of his big guffaws by way of preface, and said:

“Well, you do look as if you were at home and meant to stay. This scene makes me homesick; so I’ll say good-night, and I’ll be over in the mornin’. There’s some lunch on the table, that my wife fixed up for you. I must go, for I hear John junior callin’ me.”

His only response to our profuse thanks was another laugh, which the wind swept away.

“Who is John junior?” asked Merton.

“Mr. Jones’s son, a boy of about your age,” I replied. “He was here, waiting for us and keeping the fire up. When we arrived he came out and took the horses, and so you did n’t see him. He’ll make a good playmate for you. His father says ‘he’s a fairish boy as boys go,’ and that, from John Jones, means that he’s a good fellow.”

Oh, what a happy group we were, as we gathered around the great, open fire, which I piled high with wood!

“Do you wish to look around a little?” I asked my wife.

“No,” she replied, leaning back in her rocking-chair. “Let me take this in first. Oh, Robert, I have such a sense of rest, quiet, comfort, and *home-iness* that I simply wish to sit still and enjoy it all. The howling of the storm only makes this place seem more like a refuge, and I’d rather hear it than

the Daggetts tramping overhead and the Ricketts children crying downstairs. Oh, is n't it nice to be by ourselves in this quaint old room? Turn

wished to let the picture sink deeply into my heart. At last my wife sprang up and said:

"I've been sentimental long enough. You're not

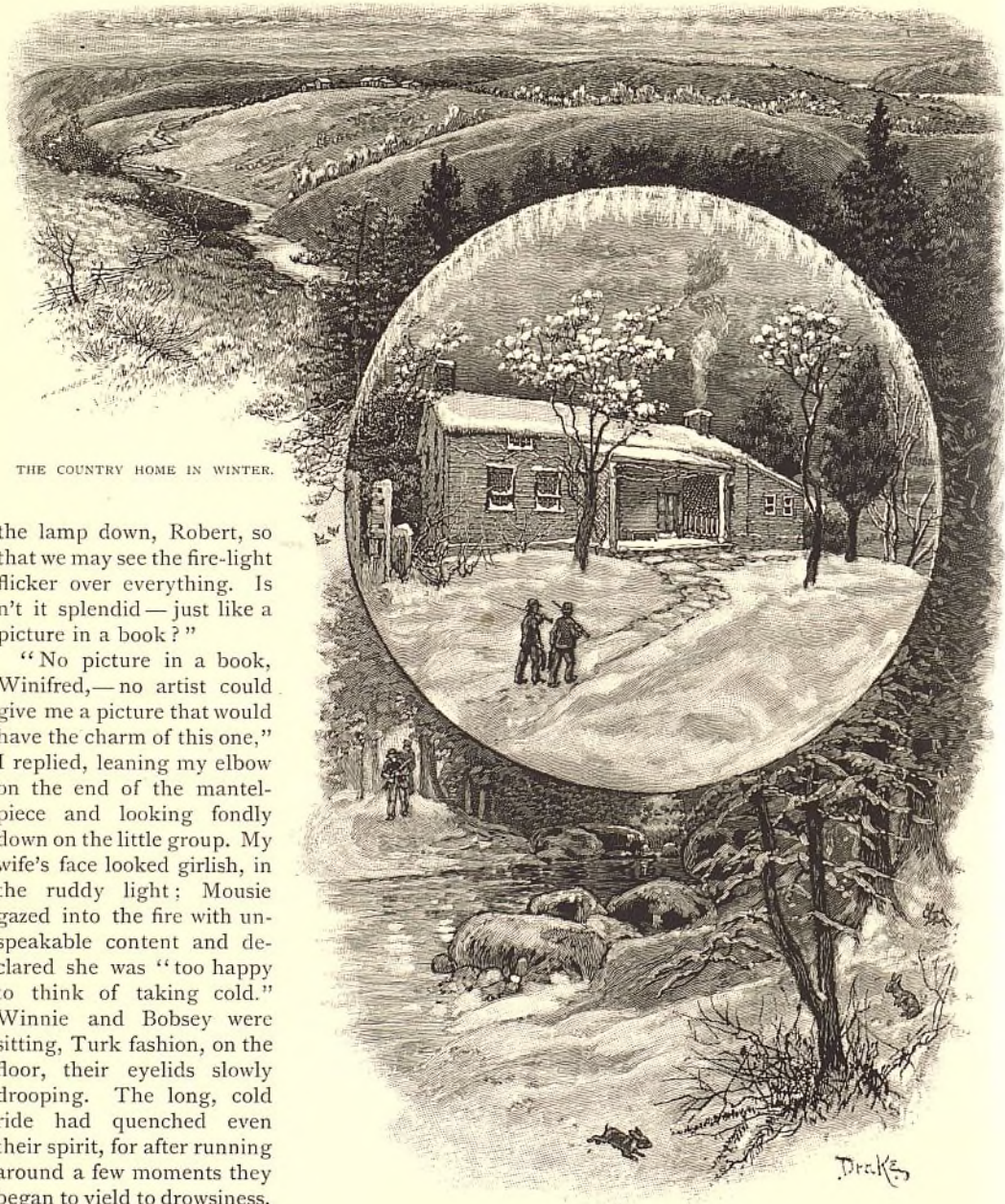
THE COUNTRY HOME IN WINTER.

the lamp down, Robert, so that we may see the fire-light flicker over everything. Is n't it splendid — just like a picture in a book?"

"No picture in a book, Winifred,—no artist could give me a picture that would have the charm of this one," I replied, leaning my elbow on the end of the mantelpiece and looking fondly down on the little group. My wife's face looked girlish, in the ruddy light; Mousie gazed into the fire with unspeakable content and declared she was "too happy to think of taking cold." Winnie and Bobsey were sitting, Turk fashion, on the floor, their eyelids slowly drooping. The long, cold ride had quenched even their spirit, for after running around a few moments they began to yield to drowsiness. Merton, with a boy's appetite, was casting sundry wistful glances at the table which held the bountiful lunch, of which roast chicken was the chief feature.

There seemed to be no occasion for haste, and I

of much account in the house, Robert," she said, with one of her brightest looks—"I must see to things, or Winnie and Bobsey will be asleep on the floor.



I feel as if I could sit here till morning; but I'll come back after the children are in bed. Come, show me my home, or, at least, enough of it to let me see where we are to sleep."

"We shall have to camp again to-night," I answered. "Mrs. Jones has made up the one bed left in the house, and you and Mousie shall have that. We'll fix Winnie and Bobsey on the lounge; and the youngsters can sleep in their clothes, just as soldiers do. Merton and I will doze in these chairs before the fire. To-morrow night we can all be very comfortable."

I took the lamp and led the way, my wife, Mousie, and Merton following, first across a little hall, from which one stair-way led to the upper chambers and another to the cellar. Opening a door opposite the living-room, I showed Winifred her parlor. It looked cozy and comfortable, even now, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Jones's kind offices. A morning-glory stove gave out abundant warmth and a ruddy light which blended genially with the red colors of the carpet.

"Oh, how pretty I can make this room look!" exclaimed my wife. "But there's no place to sleep here."

"Come to the room over this, warmed by a pipe from this stove," said I.

"Ah! this is capital!" she cried, looking around an apartment which Mrs. Jones had made comfortable. "Was n't I wise when I decided to come home? It's just as warm as toast. Now let the wind blow.—Why, I don't hear it any more."

"No, the gale has spent itself. But see, connected with this room is another, for Mousie and Winnie. By leaving open the door between, it will be warm enough for them. So, you see, this end of the house can be heated with but little trouble and expense. The open fire in the living-room is a luxury that we can afford, since there is plenty of wood on the place. On the other side of the hall there is a room for Merton. Now, do me a favor: don't look, or talk, or think any more to-night. It has been a long, hard day. Indeed," looking at my watch, "it is already to-morrow morning, and you know how much we shall have to do. Let us go back and get a little supper, and then take all the rest we can."

Winifred yielded, and at the word "supper," Bobsey and Winnie were awake at once. Then we knelt around our hearth and made it an altar to God, for I wished the children never to forget our need of His fatherly help and care.

"Now I will take the children upstairs to bed, and then I must come back, for I cannot leave this wood fire just yet," my wife remarked.

She soon joined me at the hearth again. Merton, meanwhile, had stretched himself on the

rag carpet with his overcoat for a pillow, and was in dreamless sleep. My wife's eyes were full of languor. She did not sit down, but stood beside me for a moment. Then, laying her head on my shoulder, she said softly:

"I can't give you any new theories or such things, but I will try to make you all happy here."

"Dear little wife," I laughed, "when has woman hit upon a higher or better wisdom than that of making all happy in her own home? And you half asleep, too."

"Then I'll bid you good-night at once, before I say something stupid."

Soon the old house was quiet. The wind had utterly ceased. I opened the door a moment and looked on the white, still world without. The stars glittered frostily through rifts in the clouds. Schunemunk mountain was a shadow along the western horizon, and the eastern highlands banked up and blended with the clouds.

I stole silently through the house. There, too, all seemed in accord with nature. The life of a good old man had quietly ceased in this home; new, hopeful life was beginning. Evil is everywhere in the world, but it seemed to me that we had as safe a nook as could be found.

I remember little that followed until I was startled out of my chair by a loud knocking. The sunlight was streaming in at the window and John Jones's voice was at the door.

"I think we have all overslept," I said, as I admitted him.

"Not a bit of it. Every wink you've had after such a day as yesterday is like money put in the bank. But the sleighing is better now than it will be later on," he said. "The sun'll be warm by noon, and the snow'll soon be slush. Now's your chance to get your traps up in a hurry. I can have a two-hoss sled ready in half an hour, and, if you say so, I can hire a big sleigh of a neighbor, and we'll have everything here by dinner-time. After you're fixed up to your satisfaction, you won't care if the bottom does fall out of the roads for a time. Well, you *have* had to rough it; Merton might have come and staid with us."

"Oh, I'm all right," said the boy, rubbing his eyes open as he rose from the floor, at the same time learning from stiff joints that a carpet is not a mattress.

"Nothing would suit me better, Mr. Jones, than your plan of prompt action," said I. "I'm the luckiest man in the world in having such a long-headed, fore-handed neighbor to start with. I know you'll make a good bargain for the other team, and before I sleep to-night I wish to square up for everything. I mean, at least, to begin business in this way at Maizeville."

"Oh, go slow, go slow!" said Mr. Jones. "The town will mob you if they find you have ready money in March. John junior will be over in a few minutes, with a pot of coffee and a jug of milk, and we'll be off sharp."

There was a patter of feet overhead, and soon Bobsey came tearing down, half wild with excitement over the novelty of everything. He started for the door as if he were going head first into the snow. I caught him, and said:

"Do you see that chair? Well, we all have a busy day before us. You can help a good deal, and play a little; but you must n't hinder and pester. You must either obey orders or else be put under arrest and tied in the chair."

To go into the chair then would have been torture indeed, and the little fellow sobered down at once.

The others soon joined us, eager to see everything by the broad light of day, and to enter upon the task of getting settled. We had scarcely come together before John junior appeared with the chief features of our breakfast. The children scanned this probable playmate very curiously, and some of us could hardly repress a smile at his appearance. He was even more sandy than his father. Indeed, his hair and eye-brows were nearly white, but out of his red and almost full-moon face his mother's black eyes twinkled shrewdly. They now expressed only good-will and bashfulness, and every one of us shook hands with him so cordially that his boy's heart was evidently won.

Merton, to break the ice more fully, offered to show him his gun, which he had kept within reach ever since we left the boat. It made him feel more like a pioneer, no doubt. As he took it from its stout cloth cover, I saw John junior's eyes sparkle. Evidently a sympathetic chord was touched. He said excitedly:

"To-day's your time to try it. A rabbit can't stir without leaving his tracks, and the snow is so deep and soft that he can't get away. There's lots of 'em right on your own place."

"O Papa!" cried my boy, fairly trembling with eagerness, "can't I go?"

"I need you very much this morning."

"But, Papa, others will be out before me and I may lose my chance!" and he was half ready to cry.

"Yes," I said, "there is a risk of that. Well, *you* shall decide in this case," I added, after a moment. "It is rarely best to put pleasure before business or prudence. If you go out into the snow with those boots, you will spoil them and very probably take a severe cold. Yet you may go if you will. If you will help me now, we can be back by ten o'clock, and I will get you a pair of rubber boots as we return."

"Will there be any chance after ten o'clock?" he asked quickly.

"Well," said John junior, in his matter-of-fact way, "that depends. As your pa says, there's a risk."

The temptation was too strong for the moment.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Merton; "I may never have so good a chance again. The snow will melt soon, and there may not be any more till next winter. I'll tie my trousers down around my boots, and I'll help all the rest of the day after I get back."

"Very well," I said quietly, and he began eating his breakfast—the abundant remains of our last night's lunch—very rapidly, while John junior started off to get his gun.

I saw that Merton was ill at ease, but I made a sign to his mother not to interfere. More and more slowly he finished his breakfast, then took his gun and went to the room that would be his, to load and prepare. At last he came down and went out by another door, evidently not wishing to encounter me. John junior met him, and the boys were starting, when John senior drove into the yard. Then I heard him call out:

"John junior, come here for a minute!"

The boy returned slowly, Merton following.

"You have n't said anything to me about going off with that gun," said Mr. Jones severely.

"Well, Merton's pa said he might go if he wanted to, and I had to go along to show him."

"That first shot was n't exactly straight, my young friend John," said I. "I told Merton that it was n't best to put pleasure before business, but that he could go if he would. I wished to let him choose to do right instead of making him do right."

"Oho, that's how the land lies, is it?" said John senior. "Well, John junior, you can have your choice too. You may go right on with your gun, but you know the length and weight of that strap at home. Now, will you help me, or will you go after rabbits?"

The boy grinned pleasantly and replied: "If you had said I could n't go, I would n't; but if it's choosin' between shootin' rabbits and a strap-pin' afterward,—come along, Merton!"

"Well, go along then," chuckled his father. "You've made your bargain square, and I'll keep my part of it."

"Oh—pshaw for the rabbits! You sha'n't have any strapping on my account," cried Merton; and he carried his gun resolutely to his room and locked the door on it.

John junior went quietly to the old barn and put away his gun.

"Guess I'll go with you, Pa," he said, joining us.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Jones. "It was

rather a poor bargain you made for yourself. Come, now, let's all be off as soon as possible. Neighbor Hollins down the road will join us as we pass."

"Merton," I said, "see if there is n't a barrel of apples in the cellar. If you find one, you can fill your pockets."

He soon returned with bulging pockets and a smiling face, feeling that such virtue as he had shown had soon brought reward. My wife said that, while we were gone, she and the children would explore the house and plan how to arrange everything. We started in good spirits.

"Here's where you thought you were cast away last night," Mr. Jones remarked, as we passed out of the lane.

The contrast made by a few short hours was indeed wonderful. Then, in dense obscurity, a tempest had howled and shrieked about us. Now, in the unclouded sunshine, a gemmed and sparkling world suggested beauty everywhere.

Merton munched his apples, but his eyes were busy, and I saw that he was impressed by winter scenery such as he had never before looked upon. Soon, however, he and John junior were deep in the game question, and I noted that the latter kept a sharp lookout along the roadside. Before long, while passing a thicket, he shouted, "Tracks! tracks!" and floundered out into the snow, Merton following.

The boy truly was showing good woodcraft. Restraining Merton, he cautiously approached the tracks, which, on account of the lightness and depth of the snow, were not very distinct.

"He can't be far away," said Junior, excitedly. "Don't go too fast till I see which way he was a-p'intin'. We don't want to follow the tracks back, but forward. See, he came out of that old wall there, he went to these bushes and nibbled some twigs, and here he went,—here he went,—here,—here,—yes, he went into the wall again just here. Now, Merton, watch this hole while I jump over the other side of the fence and see if he comes out again. If he makes a start, grab him."

John Jones and I were now almost as excited as the boys, and Mr. Hollins, the neighbor who was following us, was standing up in his sleigh to see the sport. It came quickly. As if by some instinct, the rabbit believed Junior to be the most dangerous, and made a break from the wall almost at Merton's feet, with such swiftness and power as to dash by him like a shot. The first force of its bound ended, it was caught by nature's trap,—snow too deep and soft to admit of rapid running.

John Jones soon proved that Junior came honestly by his passion for hunting. In a moment he was floundering through the bushes with his son

and Merton. In such pursuit of game my boy had the advantage, for he was as agile as a cat; but a moment or two elapsed before he caught up with the rabbit and threw himself upon it, then rose, white as a snow man, shouting triumphantly and holding the little creature aloft by its hind legs.

"Never rate Junior for hunting again," I said, laughingly, to Mr. Jones. "He's only a chip of the old block, it seems!"

"I rather guess he is," my neighbor acknowledged, with a grin. "I own up I used to be pretty hot on such larkin'. We all keep forgettin' we were boys once."

As we rode on, Merton was a picture of exultation, and Junior was on the sharp lookout again. His father turned on him and said, "Now, look-a-here, enough's as good as a feast. I'll blindfold you if you don't let the tracks alone. Mrs. Durham wants her things, so she can begin to live. Get up there!" and a crack of the whip ended all further hopes on the part of the boys. But they felt well repaid for coming, and Merton assured Junior that he deserved half the credit, for only he knew how to manage the hunt.

Before we reached the landing I had invested a goodly sum in four pairs of rubber boots, for I knew how hopeless it would be to try to keep Winnie and Bobsey indoors. As for Mousie, she would have to be prudent until the ground should become dry and warm.

There is no need of dwelling long on the bringing home of our effects and the getting to rights. We were back soon after ten, and found that Winnie and Bobsey, having exhausted the resources of the house, had been permitted to start at the front door, and, with an old fire-shovel and a piece of board, had well-nigh completed a path to the well, piling up the snow as they advanced, so that their overshoes were a sufficient protection.

After we had carried in the things, I interceded with Mr. Jones, and then told the boys that they could take their guns and be absent two or three hours if they would promise to help faithfully the rest of the day.

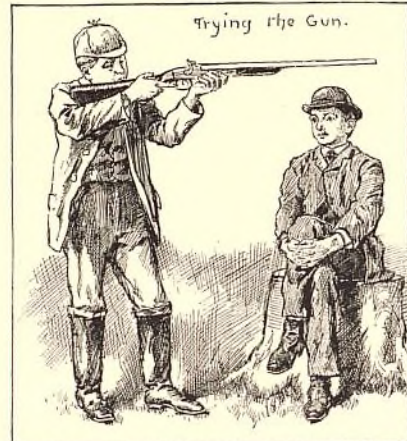
As I had bought at the Maizeville landing such provisions, tools, etc., as I should need immediately, I did not worry because the fickle March sky was clouding up again with the promise of rain. A heavy down-pour now with snow upon the ground, would cause almost a flood, but I felt that we could shut the door and find the old house a very comfortable ark.

"A smart warm rain would be just the best thing for you," said Mr. Jones, as he helped me carry in the furniture and put up the beds. "It would take the snow off. Nat'rally you want to get out on the bare ground, for there's always a

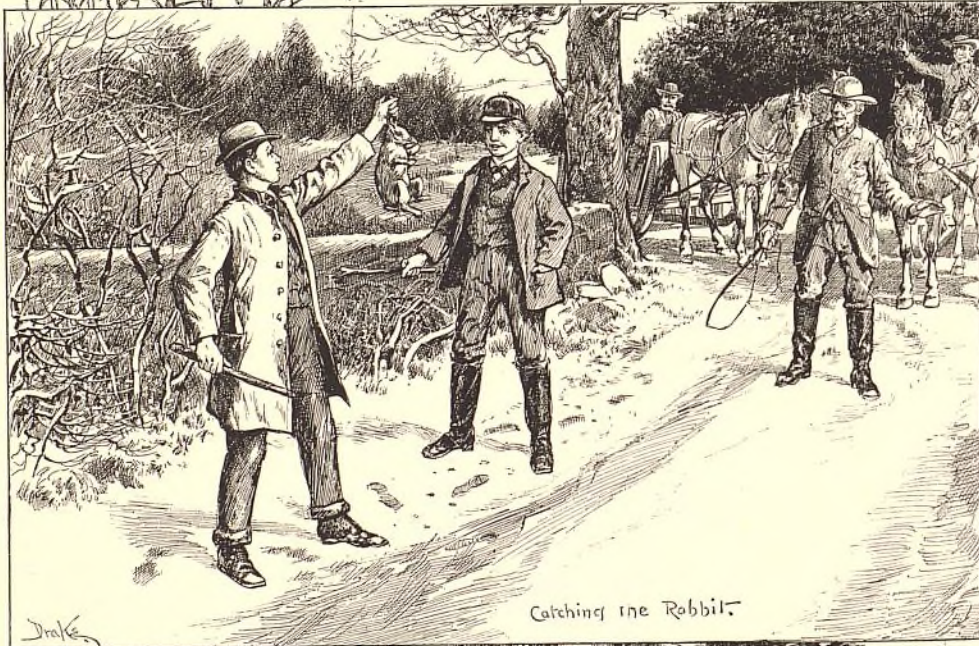
lot of clearin' up to be done in the spring; and old man Jamison was so unwell the last year that he could n't keep things up to the mark."

"Yes," I replied, "I am as eager to get to work outdoors as the boys were to go after rabbits. I believe I shall like the work; but that is not the question. I did not come to the country to amuse myself, like so many city people. I don't blame them. I wish I could afford farming for fun. I came to earn a living for my wife and children, and I am anxious to be about it.

I'll not appeal to you for anything except what you can easily give me—advice. I've



Trying the Gun.



Catching the Rabbit.



The Home of the Rabbit.

only had a city training, and my theories about farming are perhaps calculated to make you smile. But I've seen enough of you in these few days to feel that you are inclined to be kind and neighborly, and the best way to show this will be in helping me to good, sound, practical, common-sense

advice. But you must n't put on airs, or be impatient with me. Shrewd as you are, I could show you some things in the city."

"Oh! I'd be a sight queerer there than you here," said Mr. Jones. "I see your point, and if you'll ask my advice, I'll not let you make any blunders I would n't make myself,—though p'r'aps that is not saying a great deal."

By this time everything had been brought in and either put in place or stowed out of the way until my wife could decide where and how she would arrange things.

"Now," I concluded, as Mr. Jones drove off, "please carry out our agreement."

He gave me a wink and jingled away.

Our agreement was this: first, that he and Mr. Hollins, the owner of the other team, should be paid in full before night; and second, that Mrs. Jones should furnish us our dinner, in which the chief dish should be a pot-pie from the rabbit caught by Merton, and that Mr. Jones should bring everything over at 1 P. M.

My wife was so absorbed in unpacking her china, kitchen utensils, and groceries, that she was unaware of the flight of time; but at last she suddenly exclaimed:

"I declare it's dinner-time!"

"Not quite yet," I said; "dinner will be ready at one o'clock."

"It will? Oh, indeed! Since we are in the country, I suppose we are to pick up what we can, as the birds do. Perhaps you intend to invite us all down to the apple barrel."

"Certainly, whenever you wish to go; but we'll have a hot dinner at one o'clock, and a game dinner into the bargain."

"I've heard the boys' guns occasionally, but I have n't seen the game, and it's after twelve now."

"Papa has a secret—a surprise for us," cried Mousie. "I can see it in his eyes."

"Now, Robert," said my wife, "I know what you've been doing; you have asked Mrs. Jones to furnish a dinner. You are extravagant, for I could have picked up something that would have answered."

"No, I've been very prudent in saving your time and strength, and saving these is sometimes the best economy in the world," I replied. "Mousie is nearer right. The dinner is a secret, and it has been furnished chiefly by one of the family."

"Well, I'm too busy to guess riddles to-day," my wife replied; "but if my appetite is a guide, it is nearly time we had your secret."

Mr. and Mrs. Jamison had clung to their old-fashioned ways, and had done their cooking over the open fire, using the swinging crane, which is now employed chiefly in pictures. This, for the

sake of the picture it made, we proposed to keep as it had been left, although at times it might answer some more prosaic purpose.

At the eastern end of the house was a single room, added unknown years before, and designed to be a bedchamber. The room was quite large, having windows facing the east and south, and therefore it would be light and cheerful, as a kitchen ever should be, especially when the mistress of the house is cook. There Mr. Jones and I set up the excellent stove that I brought from New York—one to which my wife was accustomed.

"It cheers one up to enter a kitchen like this," she said.

"It is to be your garden for a time, also," I explained to Mousie. "By this last window I shall soon have a table with shallow boxes of earth, and in them you can plant some of your flower-seeds. I only ask that I may have two of the boxes for early cabbages, lettuce, tomatoes, etc. You and your plants can take a sun-bath every morning until it is warm enough to go out-of-doors; and you'll find the plants won't die here as they did in the dark, gas-poisoned city flat."

"I feel as if I were going to grow faster and stronger than the plants," cried the happy child.

Junior and Merton now appeared, each carrying a rabbit. My boy's face, however, was clouded, and he said a little despondingly:

"I can't shoot straight—missed every time, and Junior shot 'em after I had fired and missed."

"Pshaw," cried Junior, "Merton's got to learn to take a quick, steady sight, like every one else; he gets too excited, that's all."

"That's just it, my boy," I said. "You shall go down by the creek, Merton, and fire at a mark a few times every day, and you'll soon hit it every time. Junior's head is too level to think that anything can be done well without practice. Now, Junior," I added, "run over home and help your father bring us our dinner, and then you stay and help us eat it."

Father and son soon appeared, well laden. Winnie and Bobsey came in ravenous from their path-making, and all agreed that we had already grown one vigorous Maizeville crop,—an appetite.

The pot-pie was exulted over, the secret of its existence explained, and we all congratulated Merton as the one who had provided our first country dinner.

Before the meal was over I said, seriously, "Now, boys, there must be no more hunting until I find out about the game-laws. They should be obeyed, especially by sportsmen. I don't think that we are forbidden to kill rabbits on our own place when they threaten to be troublesome; and the hunt this morning was so unexpected that I

did not think of the law, which might be used to make us trouble. You killed the other rabbits on this place, Junior?"

"Yes, sir, both of 'em."

"Well, hereafter you must look after hawks and other enemies of poultry. Especially do I hope you will never fire at our useful song-birds. If boys throughout the country would band together to protect game when out of season, they would soon have fine sport in the autumn."

In the afternoon we let Winnie and Bobsey expend their energy in making paths and lanes in every direction through the snow, which was melting rapidly in the south wind. By three o'clock the rain began to fall, and when darkness set in there was a gurgling sound of water on every side. Our crackling fire made the warmth and comfort within seem tenfold more cheery.

A hearty supper, prepared in our own kitchen, made us feel that our home machinery had fairly started, and we knew that it would run more and more smoothly. March was keeping up its bad name for storm and change. The wind was again roaring, but laden now with rain, and in gusty sheets the heavy drops dashed against the windows. Our old ark of a house, however, kept us dry and safe, although it rocked a little in the blasts. They soon proved a lullaby for our second night at home.

After breakfast the following morning, with Merton, Winnie, and Bobsey, I started out to see if any damage had been done. The sky was still clouded, but the rain had ceased. Our rubber boots served us well, for the earth was like an overfull sponge, while down every little incline and hollow a stream was murmuring.

The old barn showed the need for many nails to be driven here and there, and no little repairing. That done, it would answer very well for corn-stalks and other coarse fodder. The new barn had been fairly built, and the interior was dry. It still contained as much hay as would be needed for the keeping of a horse and cow until the new crop should be harvested.

"Papa," cried Winnie, "where is the chicken place?"

"That is one of the questions we must settle at once!" I replied.

The new barn had been built on a side hill, and it had an ample basement, from which a room extending well into the bank had been partitioned. The entrance to this basement faced the east, and on either side of it was a window. To the right of the entrance were two cow-stalls, and to the left was an open space half full of mouldy corn-stalks and other rubbish.

"See here, Winnie and Merton," I said, after a little examination, "I think we could clear out

this space on the left, partition it off, make a door, and keep the chickens here. After that window is washed, a good deal of sunlight can come in. I've read that in cold weather poultry need warmth and light, and must be kept dry. We can soon secure all these conditions here. Having a home for ourselves, suppose we first set to work to make a home for the chickens."

This idea delighted Winnie and pleased Merton almost as much as hunting rabbits.

"Now," I resumed, "we will go to the house and get what we need for the work."

By eleven o'clock we had the basement cleaned, and Winnie had washed the windows. Then John Jones's thin figure darkened the door-way, and he cried:

"Hello, neighbor, what ye driving at?"

"Look around and see, and then tell us where to get a lot of chickens."

"Well, I declare!" said Mr. Jones. "How you've improved things! You're not goin' to scrub the dirt floor, are you? This looks like business—just the place for chickens. I wonder old man Jamison did n't keep 'em here; but he did n't care for fowls. Now I think of it, there is to be a vandoo next week, and there's a lot of chickens goin' to be sold at auction. I'll bid 'em in for you if they're a good lot. If you, a city chap, was to bid, some straw-bidder would be raisin' the price for you. I know what they're worth, and everybody there 'll know I do, and they 'll try no sharp games with me."

"That will suit me exactly, Mr. Jones," I replied.

"Have you looked into the root-cellar?" inquired my neighbor.

"Yes; we opened the door and looked in, but it was as dark as a pocket."

"Well, I don't b'lieve in matches round a barn, but it's damp as a well in that room. I'll show you something"; and he opened the door, struck a match, and, holding it aloft, revealed a heap of turnips, another of carrots, five barrels of potatoes and three of apples. The children pounced upon the last with appetites sharpened by their morning's work.

"You see," resumed Mr. Jones, "these were here when old man Jamison died. You can have the lot at a low figure" (which he named).

"I'll take them," I said promptly.

"The carrots make it look like a gold-mine," cried Merton.

"You're wise to take 'em," continued Mr. Jones. "You'll have to get a cow and a horse soon, and perhaps I can pick them for you too, at the vandoo. You can go along, and if anything strikes your fancy, I'll bid on it."

"Oh, Papa!" cried the children in chorus, "can we go with you to the vandoo? But what is it?"

I explained that a "vadoo," as Mr. Jones called it, was a "vendue," or auction sale of farm and household things, and I added: "Yes, I think you can go. When does it take place, Mr. Jones?"

"Next Tuesday. That's a good breed of potatoes. Jamison always had the best of everything. They'll furnish you with seed and supply your table till new ones come. I should n't wonder, too, if you could sell a barrel or so of apples at a rise."

"I've found a market for them already," said I. "Look at these children, and I'm good for a half a barrel myself if they don't decay too soon. Where could we find better or cheaper food? All the books say that apples are fattening."

"That's true of man and beast, if the books do say it. They'll keep in this cool, dark cellar longer than you'd think — longer than you'll let 'em, from the way they're disappearin'. I guess I'll try one."

"Certainly," I said; "help yourself."

"This is the kind of place for keeping apples cool," he remarked, as he munched the fruit with a relish; "dark, even temperature. Why, they're as crisp and juicy as if just off the trees. I came over to make a suggestion. There's a lot of sugar-maple trees on your place, down by the brook. Why not tap 'em and set a couple of pots bilin' over your open fire? You'd kill two birds with one stone. The fire'd keep you warm and make a lot of sugar in the bargain. I reckon, too, the children would like the fun."

They were already shouting over the idea, but I said, dubiously:

"How about the pails to catch the sap?"

"Well," said Mr. Jones, "I've thought of that. We've a lot of spare milk-pails and pans that we're not usin'. Junior understands the business, and, as we're not very busy, he can help you and take his pay in sugar."

The subject of poultry was forgotten, and the children scampered off to the house to tell of this new project.

Before Mr. Jones and I left the basement he said, "You don't want any partition here at present, only a few perches for the fowls. There's a fairish shed, you remember, in the upper barn-yard, and when it is not very cold or stormy, the cow will do well enough there till next winter. The weather'll be grow'n' milder 'most every day, and in rough spells you can put her in here. Chickens won't do her any harm. Law sakes! When the main conditions are right, what's the use of havin' everything just so? It's more important to save your time and strength and money. You'll find enough to do without one extra stroke." Thus John Jones fulfilled his office of mentor.

I restrained the children until after dinner, which

my wife hastened. By that time Junior was on hand with a small wagon-load of pails and pans.

"Oh, dear! I wanted you to help me this afternoon," my wife had said. But seeing the dismayed look on the children's faces, she had added, "Well, there's no hurry, I suppose. We are comfortable, and we shall have stormy days, when you can't all be out in the open air."

The horse was put in the barn, for he would have mired in the long spongy lane and the meadow which we must cross. So we decided to run the light wagon down by hand.

"I tapped the trees last year, as old Mr. Jamison did n't care about doin' it," said the boy, "an' I biled the pot of sap down in the grove; but that was slow, cold work. I saved the little wooden troughs I used last year, and they are in one of the pails. I brought over a big kettle, too, which mother let me have, and if we can keep this and yours a-goin', we'll soon have some sugar."

Away we went, down the lane, Junior and Merton in the shafts, playing horses. I pushed in some places and held back in others, while Winnie and Bobsey picked their way between puddles and quagmires. The snow was so nearly gone that it lay only on northern slopes. We had heard the deep roar of the Moodna creek all the morning, and had meant to go and see it right after breakfast; but providing a chicken home had proved a greater attraction to the children and a better investment of time for me. Now from the top of the last hill-side we saw a great flood rushing by, with a hoarse, surging noise.

"Winnie, Bobsey, if you go near that water without me, you march straight home," I cried.

They promised never to go, but I thought Bobsey protested a little too much. Away we went down the hill, skirting what was now a good-sized brook. I knew the trees, from a previous visit; and the maple, when once known, can be picked out anywhere, so genial, mellow, and generous an aspect has it, even when leafless.

The roar of the creek and the gurgle of the brook made genuine March music, and the children looked and acted as if there were nothing left to be desired; but when Junior showed them a tree that appeared to be growing directly out of a flat rock, they expressed a wonder which no town museum could have excited.

But scenery, and even rural marvels, could not keep their attention long. All were intent on sap and sugar, and Junior was speedily at work. The moment he broke the brittle, juicy bark, the sap began to flow.

As fast as he inserted his little wooden troughs into the trees, we placed pails and pans under them and began harvesting the first crop from our farm.

This was rather slow work, and to keep Winnie and Bobsey busy I told them they could gather sticks and leaves, pile them up at the foot of a rock on a dry hill-side and we would have a fire. Meanwhile I picked up the dead branches that strewed the ground, and with my axe trimmed them for use in summer when only a quick blaze would be needed to boil the supper kettle. To city-bred eyes wood seemed a rare luxury, and although there was enough lying about to supply us for a year, I could not get over the feeling that it must all be cared for.

There are few greater delights to children than that of building a fire in the woods, and on that cloudy, chilly day our blaze against the rock brought solid comfort to us all, even though the smoke did get into our eyes. Winnie and Bobsey, little bundles of energy that they were, seemed unwearied in feeding the flames, while Merton sought to hide his excitement by imitating Junior's stolid, business-like ways. Finding him alone once, I said:

"Merton, don't you remember saying to me once—'I'd like to know what there is for a boy to do in this street?' Don't you think there's something for a boy to do on this farm?"

"Oh, Papa!" he cried, "I'm just trying to hold in! So much has happened, and I've had such a good time, that it seems as if I had been here a month; then, again, the hours pass like minutes. See, the sun is low already."

"It's all new and exciting now, Merton, but there will be long hours,—yes, days and weeks,—when you'll have to act like a man and do the work because it must be done."

"So there would if we staid in town," he said.

But soon I decided that it was time for the younger children to return, for I meant to give my wife all the help I could before bed-time. We first hauled the wagon back, and then Merton said he would bring what sap had been caught. Junior had to go home for a time to do his evening chores, but he promised to return before dark and help carry in the sap.

"There'll be frost to-night, and we'll get the biggest run in the morning," was his encouraging remark, as he harnessed up and made ready to depart.

Mrs. Jones had been over to see my wife, and they bade fair to become good friends. I set to work putting things in better shape and bringing in a good pile of wood. Merton soon appeared with a brimming pail. A kettle was hung on the crane, but before the sap was placed over the fire all must taste it, just as it had been distilled by

nature. And all were quickly satisfied. Even Mousie said it was "too watery," and Winnie made a face as she exclaimed, "I declare, Merton, I believe you filled the pail from the brook!"

"Patience, youngsters; sap, as well as some other things, is better for boiling down."

By the time it was dark we had both the kettles boiling and bubbling over the fire, and fine music they made. With Junior for guest we greatly enjoyed our supper, which consisted principally of baked apples and milk.

When the meal was over, Junior went out on the porch, and returned with a mysterious sack.

"Butternuts!" he ejaculated.

Junior was winning his way truly, and in the children's eyes was already a good genius, as his father was in mine.

"O Papa," was the general cry, "can't we crack them on the hearth?"

"But you'll singe your very eyebrows off," I said.

"Mine are so white, 't would n't matter," said Junior; "nobody'd miss 'em. Give me a hammer, and I'll keep you goin'."

And so he did, on one of the stones of the hearth, with such a lively rat-tat-snap! that it seemed a regular rhythm.

"I've cracked well-nigh on to fifty bushel in my life, I guess," he explained, in answer to our wonder at his skill.

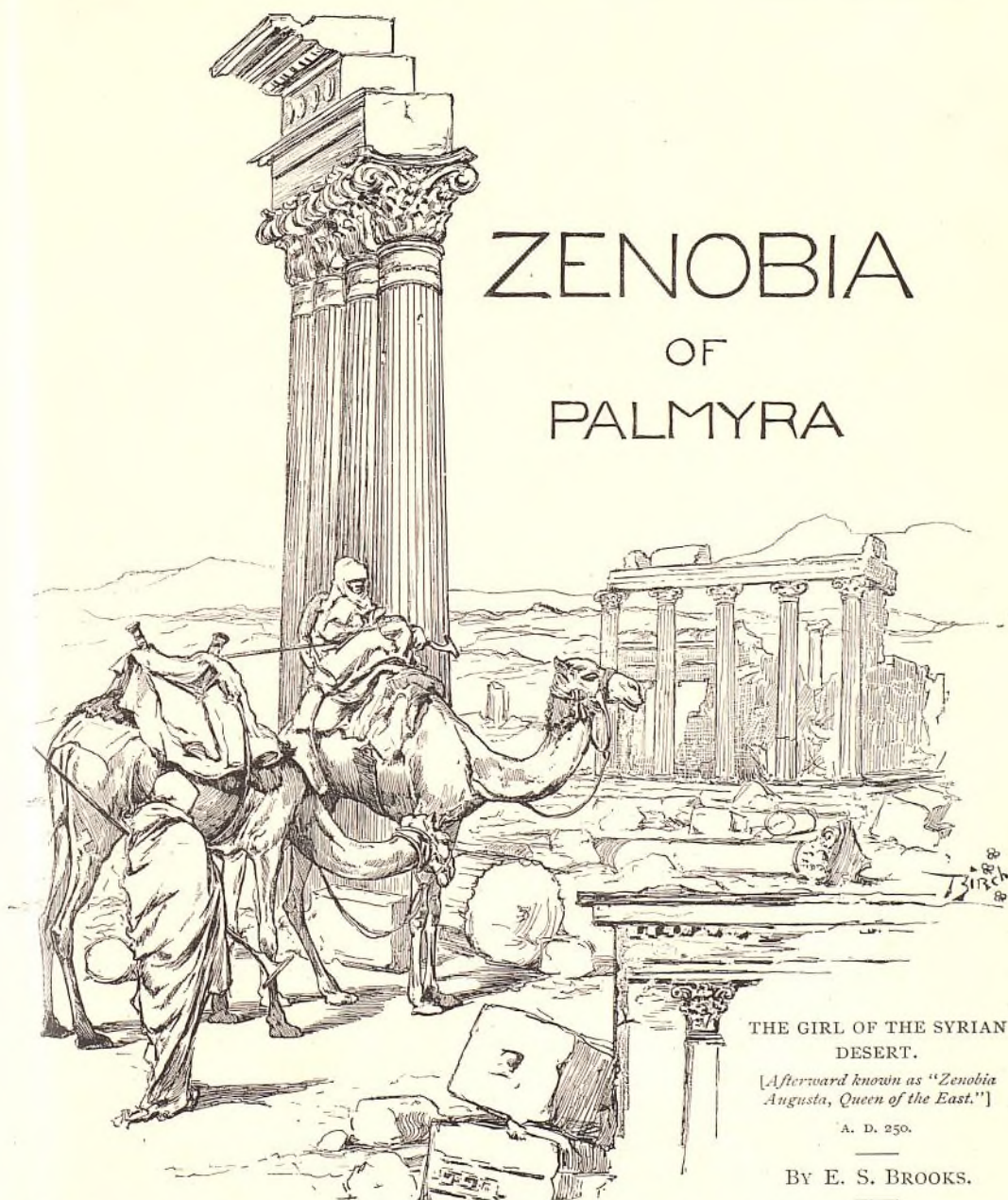
And so the evening passed around the genial old fire-place, and before the children retired they smacked their lips over syrup sweet enough to satisfy them.

The following morning—Saturday—I vibrated between the sugar-camp and the barn and other out-buildings, giving, however, most of the time to the help of my wife in getting the house more to her mind and in planning some work that would require a brief visit from a carpenter, for I felt that I must soon bestow nearly all my attention on the outdoor work. I managed to keep Bobsey under my eye for the most of the time, but in the afternoon I left him for a few moments only at the sugar-bush while I carried up some sap. A man called to see me on business and I was detained. Knowing the little fellow's proneness to mischief and forgetfulness of all commands, I at last hastened back, with a half-guilty, half-worried feeling.

I reached the brow of the hill just in time to see him throw a stick into the creek, lose his balance, and fall in.

With a terrified call, his own cry forming a faint echo, I sprang forward frantically, but the swift current caught and bore him away.

(To be continued.)



MANY and many miles and many days' journey toward the rising sun, over seas and mountains and deserts,—farther to the east than Rome, or Constantinople, or even Jerusalem and old Damascus,—stand the ruins of a once mighty city, scattered over a mountain-walled oasis of the great Syrian desert, thirteen hundred feet above the sea, and just across the northern border of Arabia. Look for it in your geographies. It is known as Pal-

myra. To-day the jackal prowls through its deserted streets and the lizard suns himself on its fallen columns, while thirty or forty miserable Arabian huts huddle together in a small corner of what was once the great court-yard of the magnificent Temple of the Sun.

And yet, sixteen centuries ago, Palmyra, or Tadmor as it was originally called, was one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Nature and

art combined to make it glorious. Like a glittering mirage out of the sand-swept desert arose its palaces and temples and grandly sculptured archways; aqueducts and monuments and gleaming porticoes; countless groves of palm-trees and gardens full of verdure; wells and fountains; market and circus; broad streets stretching away to the city gates and lined on either side with magnificent colonnades of rose-colored marble. Such was Palmyra in the year of our Lord 250, when, in the soft Syrian month of Nisan, or April, in an open portico in the great colonnade and screened from the sun by gayly colored awnings, two young people—a boy of sixteen and a girl of twelve—looked down upon the beautiful Street of the Thousand Columns, as lined with bazaars and thronged with merchants it stretched from the wonderful Temple of the Sun to the triple Gate-way of the Sepulchre, nearly a mile away.

Both were handsome and healthy—true children of old Tadmor, that glittering, fairy-like city which, Arabian legends say, was built by the genii for the great King Solomon ages and ages ago. Midway between the Mediterranean and the Euphrates it was the meeting-place for the caravans from the east and the wagon trains from the west, and it had thus become a city of merchant princes, a wealthy commercial republic, like Florence and Venice in the middle ages—the common toll-gate for both the East and West.

But, though a tributary colony of Rome, it was so remote a dependency of that mighty mistress of the world that the yoke of vassalage was but carelessly worn and lightly felt. The great merchants and chiefs of caravans who composed its senate and directed its affairs, and whose glittering statues lined the sculptured cornice of its marble colonnades, had more power and influence than the far-off Emperor at Rome, and but small heed was paid to the slender garrison that acted as guard of honor to the *strategi* or special officers who held the colony for Rome and received its yearly tribute. And yet so strong a force was Rome in the world that even this free-tempered desert city had gradually become Romanized in manners as in name, so that Tadmor had become first Adrianapolis and then Palmyra. And this influence had touched even those children in the portico. For their common ancestor—a wealthy merchant of a century before—had secured honor and rank from the Emperor Septimus Severus—the man who “walled in” England, and of whom it was said that “he never performed an act of humanity or forgave a fault.” Becoming, by the Emperor’s grace, a Roman citizen, this merchant of Palmyra, according to a custom of the time, took the name of his royal patron as that of his own “*fahdh*,” or

family, and the father of young Odhainat in the portico, as was Odhainat himself, was known as Septimus Odænathus, while the young girl found her Arabic name of Bath Zabbai, Latinized into that of Septima Zenobia.

But as, thinking nothing of all this, they looked lazily on the throng below, a sudden exclamation from the lad caused his companion to raise her flashing black eyes inquiringly to his face.

“What troubleth thee, my Odhainat?” she asked.

“There, there; look there, Bath Zabbai!” replied the boy excitedly; “coming through the Damascus arch, and we thought him to be in Emesa.”

The girl’s glance followed his guiding finger, but even as she looked a clear trumpet peal rose above the din of the city, while from beneath a sculptured archway that spanned a colonnaded cross-street the bright April sun gleamed down upon the standard of Rome with its eagle crest and its S. P. Q. R. design beneath. There is a second trumpet peal, and swinging into the great Street of the Thousand Columns, at the head of his light-armed legionaries, rides the centurion Rufinus, lately advanced to the rank of tribune of one of the chief Roman cohorts in Syria. His coming, as Odhainat and even the young Bath Zabbai knew, meant a stricter supervision of the city, a re-enforcement of its garrison, and the assertion of the mastership of Rome over this far eastern province on the Persian frontier.

“But why should the coming of the Roman so trouble you, my Odhainat?” she asked. “We are neither Jew nor Christian that we should fear his wrath, but free Palmyreans who bend the knee neither to Roman nor Persian masters.”

“Who *will* bend the knee no longer, be it never so little, my cousin,” exclaimed the lad hotly, “as this very day would have shown had not this crafty Rufinus—may great Solomon’s genii dash him in the sea!—come with his cohort to mar our measures! Yet see—who cometh now?” he cried; and at once the attention of the young people was turned in the opposite direction as they saw, streaming out of the great fortress-like court-yard of the Temple of the Sun, another hurrying throng.

Then young Odhainat gave a cry of joy.

“See, Bath Zabbai; they come, they come!” he cried. “It is my father, Odhainat the *esarkos*,* with all the leaders and bowmen and spearmen of our *fahdh* armed and in readiness. This day will we fling off the Roman yoke and become the true and unconquered lords of Palmyra. And I, too, must join them,” he added.

But the young girl detained him. “Wait, cousin,” she said; “watch and wait. Our *fahdh*

* The “head-man,” or chief of the “*fahdh*” or family.

will scarce attempt so brave a deed to-day, with these new Roman soldiers in our gates. That were scarcely wise."

But the boy broke out again. "So; they have seen each other," he said; "both sides are pressing on!"

"True; and they will meet under this very portico," said Bath Zabbai, and moved both by interest and desire this dark-eyed Syrian girl, to whom fear was never known, standing by her cousin's side, looked down upon the tossing sea of spears and lances and glittering shields and helmets that swayed and surged in the street below.

"So, Odænathus!" said Rufinus, the tribune, reining in his horse and speaking in harsh and commanding tones, "What meaneth this array of armed followers?"

"Are the movements of Septimus Odænathus, the head-man, of such importance to the noble tribune that he must needs question a free merchant of Palmyra as to the number and manner of his servants?" asked Odænathus haughtily.

"Dog of a Palmyrean; slave of a camel-driver!" said the Roman angrily, "trifle not with me. Were you ten times the free merchant you claim you should not thus reply. Free, forsooth! None are free but Romans."

"Have a care, O Rufinus," said the Palmyrean boldly, "choose wiser words if you would have peaceful ways. Palmyra brooks no such slander of her foremost men."

"And Rome brooks no such men as you, traitor," said Rufinus. "Ay, traitor, I say!" he repeated, as Odænathus started at the word. "Think not to hide your plots to overthrow the Roman power in your city and hand the rule to the base Sapor of Persia. Everything is known to our great father the Emperor, and thus doth he reckon with traitors. Macrinus, strike!" and at his word the short Gallic sword in the ready hand of the big German foot-soldier went straight to its mark and Odænathus, the "head-man" of Palmyra, lay dead in the Street of the Thousand Columns.

So sudden and so unexpected was the blow that the Palmyreans stood as if stunned, unable to comprehend what had happened. But the Roman was swift to act.

"Sound, trumpets! Down, pikes!" he cried, and as the trumpet-peal rose loud and clear, fresh legionaries came hurrying through the Damascus arch, and the *pilum** and *spatha* of Rome bore back the bowmen and lancers of Palmyra.

But, before the lowered pikes could fully disperse the crowd, the throng parted and through

the swaying mob there burst a lithe and flying figure—a brown-skinned maid of twelve with streaming hair, loose robe, and angry, flashing eyes. Right under the lowered pikes she darted and, all flushed and panting, defiantly faced the astonished Rufinus. Close behind her came an equally excited lad who, when he saw the stricken body of his father on the marble street, flung himself weeping upon it. But Bath Zabbai's eyes flashed still more angrily:

"Assassin, murderer!" she cried; "you have slain my kinsman and Odhainat's father. How dare you; how dare you!" she repeated vehemently, and then, flushing with deeper scorn, she added, "Roman, I hate you! Would that I were a man. Then should all Palmyra know how —"

"Scourge these children home," broke in the stern Rufinus, "or fetch them by the ears to their nurses and their toys. Let the boys and girls of Palmyra beware how they mingle in the matters of their elders, or in the plots of their fathers. Men of Palmyra, you who to-day have dared to think of rebellion, look on your leader here and know how Rome deals with traitors. But, because the merchant Odænathus bore a Roman name, and was of Roman rank—ho, soldiers! bear him to his house, and let Palmyra pay such honor as befits his name and station."

The struggling children were half led, half carried into the sculptured *atrium*† of the palace of Odænathus which, embowered in palms and vines and wonderful Eastern plants, stood back from the marble colonnade on the Street of the Thousand Columns. And when in that same *atrium* the body of the dead merchant lay embalmed and draped for its "long home,"‡ there, kneeling by the stricken form of the murdered father and kinsman, and with uplifted hand, after the vindictive manner of these fierce old days of blood, Odænathus and Zenobia swore eternal hatred to Rome.

But how could a fatherless boy and girl, away off on the edge of an Arabian desert, hope to resist successfully the mighty power of Imperial Rome? The story of their lives will tell.

If there are some people who are patriots, there are others who are poltroons, and such a one was Hairan, the elder brother of young Odhainat, when, succeeding to his dead father's wealth and power, he thought less of Roman tyranny than of Roman gold.

"Revenge ourselves on their purses, my brother, and not on their pikes," he said. "'T is easier and more profitable to sap the Roman's gold than to shed the Roman's blood."

* The *pilum* was the Roman pike, and the *spatha* the long single-edged Roman sword.

† The large central "living-room" of a Roman palace.

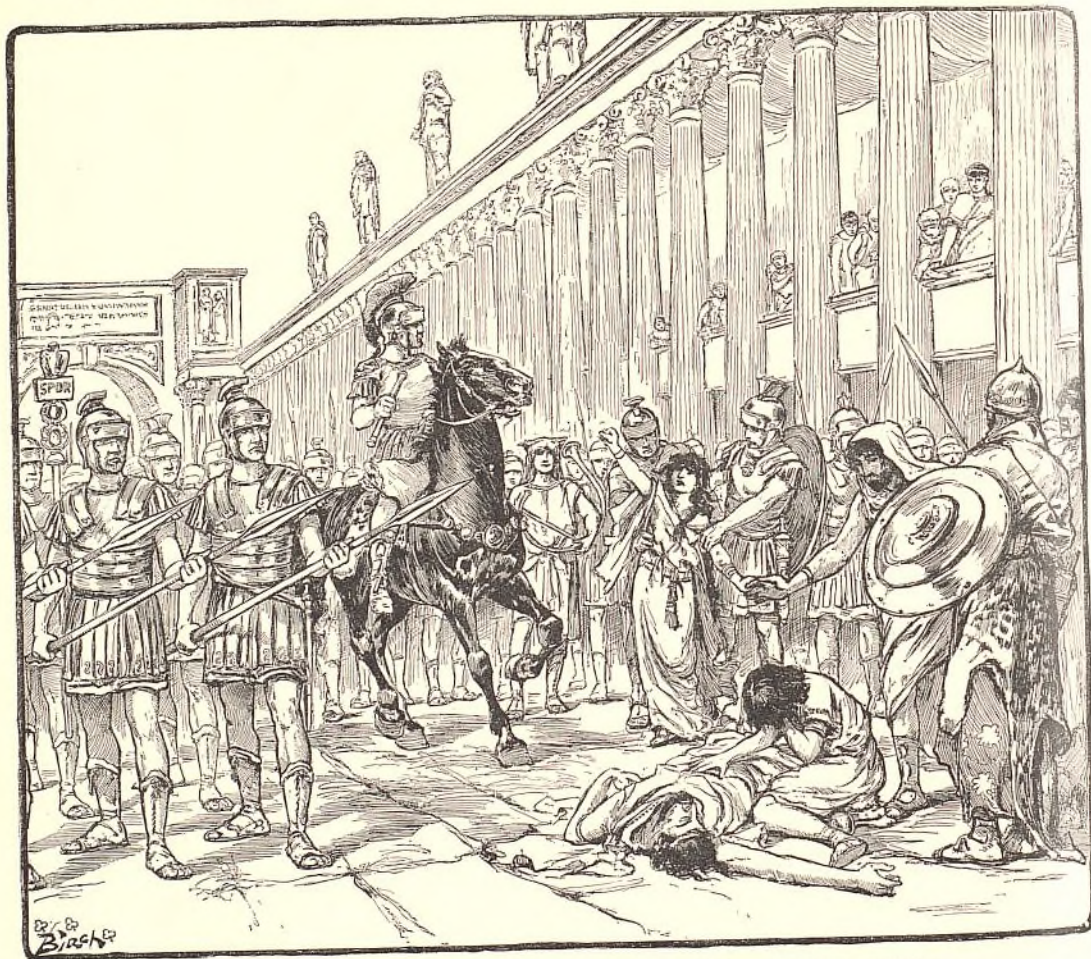
‡ The Palmyreans built great tower-tombs, beautiful in architecture and adornment, the ruins of which still stand on the hill slopes overlooking the old city. These they called their "long homes," and you will find the word used in the same sense in Ecclesiastes xii., 5.

But this submission to Rome only angered Odhainat, and to such a conflict of opinion did it lead that at last Hairan drove his younger brother from the home of his fathers, and the lad, "an Esau among the Jacobs of Tadmor," so the record tells us, spent his youth amid the roving Bedaween of the Arabian deserts and the mountaineers of the Armenian hills, waiting his time.

But, though a homeless exile, the dark-eyed

her mingled Arabic and Egyptian blood,—for she could trace her ancestry back to the free chiefs of the Arabian desert, and to the dauntless Cleopatra of Egypt,—she loved the excitement of the chase, and in the plains and mountains beyond the city she learned to ride and hunt with all the skill and daring of a young Diana.

And so it came to pass that when the Emperor Valerian sent an embassy from Rome to



ZENOBIA'S DEFIANCE OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNE IN THE STREET OF THE THOUSAND COLUMNS.

Bath Zabbai did not forget him. In the palace of another kinsman, Septimus Worod, the "lord of the markets," she gave herself up to careful study, and hoped for the day of Palmyra's freedom. As rich in powers of mind as in the graces of form and face, she soon became a wonderful scholar for those distant days—mistress of four languages: Coptic, Syriac, Latin, and Greek, while the fiery temper of the girl grew into the nobler ambitions of the maiden. But above all things, as became

Ctesiphon, bearing a message to the Great King, as Sapor, the Persian monarch, was called, the embassy halted in Palmyra, and Septimus Hairan, now the head-man of the city, ordered, "in the name of the senate and people of Palmyra," a grand *venatio*, or wild beast hunt, in the circus near the Street of the Thousand Columns, in honor of his Roman guests. And he dispatched his kinsman Septimus Zabbai, the soldier, to the Armenian hills to superintend the capture and

delivery of the wild game needed for the hunt. With a great following of slaves and huntsmen, Zabbai the soldier departed, and with him went his niece, Bath Zabbai, or Zenobia, now a fearless young huntress of fifteen. Space will not permit to tell of the wonders and excitement of that wild beast hunt—a hunt in which none must be killed but all must be captured without mar or wound. Such a trapping of wolves and bears and buffaloes was there, such a setting of nets and pitfalls for the mountain lion and the Syrian leopard, while the Arab hunters beat, and drove, and shouted, or lay in wait with net and blunted lance, that it was rare sport to the fearless Zenobia, who rode her fleet Arabian horse at the very head of the chase, and, with quick eye and practiced hand, helped largely to swell the trophies of the hunt. What girl of to-day, whom even the pretty little jumping-mouse of Syria would scare out of her wits, could be tempted to witness such a scene? And yet this young Palmyrean girl loved nothing better than the chase, and the records tell us that she was a "passionate hunter" and that "she pursued with ardor the wild beasts of the desert" and thought nothing of fatigue or peril.

So, through dense Armenian forests and along rugged mountain paths, down rock-strewn hillslopes and in green, low-lying valleys, the chase swept on: and one day, in one of the pleasant glades which, half-sun and half-shadow, stretch away to the Lebanon hills, young Bath Zabbai suddenly reined in her horse in full view of one of the typical hunting scenes of those old days. A young Arabian hunter had enticed a big mountain lion into one of the strong-meshed nets of stout palm fibers, then used for such purposes. His trained leopard or *cheetah* had drawn the beast from his lair, and by cunning devices had led him on until the unfortunate lion was half-entrapped. Just then, with a sudden swoop, a great golden eagle dashed down upon the preoccupied *cheetah*, and buried his talons in the leopard's head. But the weight of his victim was more than he had bargained for; the *cheetah* with a quick upward dash dislodged one of the great bird's talons, and, turning as quickly, caught the disengaged leg in his sharp teeth. At that instant the lion, springing at the struggling pair, started the fastenings of the net which, falling upon the group, held all three prisoners. The eagle and lion thus ensnared sought to release themselves, but only ensnared themselves the more, while the cunning *cheetah*, versed in the knowledge of the hunter's net, crept out from beneath the meshes as his master raised them slightly, and with bleeding head crawled to him for praise and relief.

Then the girl, flushed with delight at this double

capture, galloped to the spot, and in that instant she recognized in the successful hunter her cousin the exile.

"Well snared, my Odhainat," she said, as, the first exclamation of surprise over, she stood beside the brown-faced and sturdy young hunter. "The Palmyrean leopard hath bravely trapped both the Roman eagle and the Persian lion. See, is it not an omen from the gods? Face valor with valor and craft with craft, O Odhainat! Have you forgotten the vow in your father's palace full three years ago?"

Forgotten it? Not he. And then he told Bath Zabbai how in all his wanderings he had kept their vow in mind, and with that, too, her other words of counsel, "Watch and Wait." He told her that, far and wide, he was known to all the Arabs of the desert and the Armenians of the hills, and how, from sheikh to camel-boy, the tribes were ready to join with Palmyra against both Rome and Persia.

"Your time will indeed come, my Odhainat," said the fearless girl, with proud looks and ringing voice. "See, even thus our omen gives the proof," and she pointed to the net, beneath whose meshes both eagle and lion, fluttering and panting, lay wearied with their struggles while the *cheetah* kept watch above them. "Now make your peace with Hairan, your brother; return to Palmyra once again and still let us watch and wait."

THREE more years passed. Valerian, Emperor of Rome, leading his legions to a war with Sapor, whom men called the Great King, had fallen a victim to the treachery and traps of the Persian monarch, and was held a miserable prisoner in the Persian capital, where, richly robed in the purple of the Roman emperors and loaded with chains, he was used by the savage Persian tyrant as a living horse-block for the sport of an equally savage court. In Palmyra, Hairan was dead, and young Odhainat, his brother, was now Septimius Odænathus—"head-man" of the city, and to all appearances the firm friend of Rome.

There were great rejoicings in Palmyra when the wise Zenobia—still scarce more than a girl—and the fearless young "head-man" of the desert republic were married in the marble city of the palm-trees, and her shrewd counsels brought still greater triumphs to Odænathus and to Palmyra.

In the great market-place or forum, Odænathus and Zenobia awaited the return of their messengers to Sapor. For the "Great King," having killed and stuffed the captive Roman Emperor, now turned his arms against the Roman power in the east and, destroying both Antioch and Emesa, looked with an evil eye toward Palmyra. Zenobia,

remembering the omen of the eagle and the lion, repeated her counsel of facing craft with craft, and letters and gifts had been sent to Sapor, asking for peace and friendship. There is a hurried entrance through the eastern gate of the city, and the messengers from the Palmyrean senate rush into the market-place.

"Your presents to the Great King have been thrown into the river, O Odænathus," they reported, "and thus sayeth Sapor of Persia: 'Who is this Odænathus, that he should thus presume to write to his lord? If he would obtain mitigation of the punishment that awaits him, let him fall prostrate before the foot of our throne, with his hands bound behind his back. Unless he doeth this, he, his family, and his country shall surely perish!'"

Swift to wrath and swifter still to act, Zenobia sprang to her feet. "Face force with force, Odænathus. Be strong and sure, and Palmyra shall yet humble the Persian!"

Her advice was taken. Quickly collecting the troops of Palmyra and the Arabs and Armenians who were his allies, the fearless "head-man" fell upon the army of the haughty Persian king, defeated and despoiled it, and drove it back to Persia. As Gibbon, the historian, says: "The majesty of Rome, oppressed by a Persian, was protected by an Arab of Palmyra."

For this he was covered with favors by Rome; made supreme commander in the East, and, with Zenobia as his adviser and helper, each year made Palmyra stronger and more powerful.

Here, rightly, the story of the girl Zenobia ends. A woman now, her life fills one of the most brilliant pages of history. While her husband conquered for Rome in the north, she, in his absence, governed so wisely in the south as to insure the praise of all. And when the time was ripe, and Rome, ruled by weak emperors and harassed by wild barbarians, was in dire stress, the childish vow of the boy and girl made years before found fulfillment. Palmyra was suddenly declared free from the dominion of Rome, and Odænathus was acknowledged by senate and people as "Emperor and King of kings."

But the hand of an assassin struck down the son as it had stricken the father. Zenobia, ascend-

ing the throne of Palmyra, declared herself "Zenobia Augusta, the Empress of the East," and, after the manner of her time, extended her empire in every direction until, as the record says: "A small territory in the desert, under the government of a woman, extended its conquests over many rich countries and several states. Zenobia, lately confined to the barren plains about Palmyra, now held sway from Egypt, in the south, to the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, in the north."

But a new emperor ruled in Rome: Aurelian, soldier and statesman. "Rome," he said, "shall never lose a province." And then the struggle for dominion in the East began. The strength and power of Rome, directed by the Emperor himself, at last triumphed. Palmyra fell, and Zenobia, after a most heroic defense of her kingdom, was led a prisoner to Rome. Clad in magnificent robes, loaded with jewels and with heavy chains of gold, she walked, regal and undaunted still, in the great triumphal procession of her conqueror, and, disdainful to kill herself as did Cleopatra and Dido, she gave herself up to the nobler work of the education and culture of her children, and led for many years, in her villa at Tibur, the life of a noble Roman matron.

SUCH, in brief, is the story of Zenobia. You must read for yourselves the record of her later years, as it stands in history, if you would know more of her grandeur in her days of power, and her moral grandeur in her days of defeat.

And with Zenobia fell Palmyra. Centuries of ruin and neglect have passed over the once fairy-like city of the Syrian oasis. Her temples and colonnades, her monuments and archways and wonderful buildings are prostrate and decayed, and the site even of the glorious city has been known to the modern world only within the last century. But while time lasts and the record of heroic deeds survives, neither fallen column nor ruined arch nor all the destruction and neglect of modern barbarism can blot out the story of the life and worth of Bath Zabbai, the brave girl of the Syrian desert, whom all the world honors as the noblest woman of antiquity—Zenobia of Palmyra, the dauntless "Queen of the East."





FIVE little maids with hearts so light;
 Five little bowls with milk so white;
 Five little girls with an appetite;
 Five little bowls all empty, quite.

THE BOYS' CLUB.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

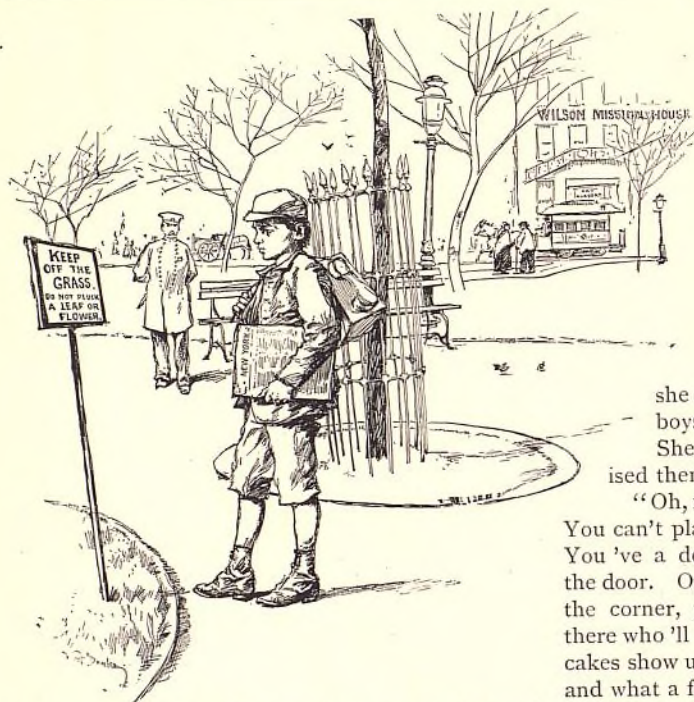
WHAT can an East-side fellow do with his spare time—that is, one who lives in the neighborhood of Tompkins Square in New York city? There is not a nut-tree there. Not an apple orchard nor a brook nor a good hill for coasting, nor even a barn where a fellow can play on rainy days. There does not seem to be any fun on the East side. There is the big square with its doleful signs, every one saying, as gruffly as you please, “DO NOT PLUCK A LEAF OR FLOWER,” and “KEEP OFF THE GRASS.” There are the hard, dull paths; they would be pleasant enough if they led anywhere in particular. There are trees; but there is that melancholy policeman. You can’t climb one of the trees if you wish to ever so much. It would n’t do any good if you did. They are only elms and maples, and not a chestnut or hickory among them all. If you do sit on the benches in the square there is nothing to be seen but the dreary houses. There is Central Park far away up town. How is a little fellow to tramp three miles to get to the entrance? How is a fellow to raise ten cents to ride up and back? There’s Rad Statfelder. He’s a rather small boy; he’s never been to the Central Park at all; he says he

does n’t believe there is any Park or anything else except the streets. What can a fellow do for fun in the streets? Nothing at all. Did the folks who invented cities forget all about boys?

Well, this is precisely what a certain excellent lady who lived, and still lives, in that very neighborhood asked herself. That is her house, the big brick one there looking out on Tompkins Square. There is a school in the building, a kind of little housekeepers’ school,* where girls learn the beautiful art of housekeeping and how to be ladies, even if you do make cakes and wait on the door, and shine silver, and all that. Somehow it seemed to the boys in the square as if the girls were having all the good times. There were no chances for the little fellows in the streets; and when the wind blew cold and it rained and mother was busy at home, what could a boy do? There was nothing but the street for him, and that horrid policeman always saying, “Come, move on; move on now!” A fellow would just like to know where he was to move to, any way.

One night a crowd of the boys gathered near the school. Evidently they seemed to think some-

*See articles entitled “Little Housemaids” and “Fraulein Smidt goes to School,” in *ST. NICHOLAS* for April, 1879, and September, 1884.



thing was wrong. They made a great noise, and some of them even threw stones and broke the windows. They did n't really mean any harm, but were dissatisfied with they knew not what.

Somehow the world was all upside down, and there was n't any fun—or anything that was pleasant and comfortable for street boys. Well, that crowd of boys began to look like a regular riot, and yet the big black building stood as grim and dark as ever. Surely the lady who lived there would get frightened soon and telegraph for the police. All of a sudden, and just in the midst of the row, the door opened and there stood the lady herself. Yes; and then

she came right out and spoke to the mob of boys. And what do you suppose she said?

She asked them to come in, and promised them coffee and cakes. Coffee and cakes!

"Oh, no! No, you don't! that's an old trick. You can't play that on wide-awake East-side boys. You've a dozen big policemen in there behind the door. Or if the policemen are all asleep 'round the corner, you've some dull chap or other in there who'll talk us to death before the coffee and cakes show up." All this is what the boys thought and what a few of them said.

"No, no police! No lecture!" replied the lady.

What! Only coffee and fun! Only a warm room out of the cold and the street! Coffee and cakes, and no lectures about bad boys!



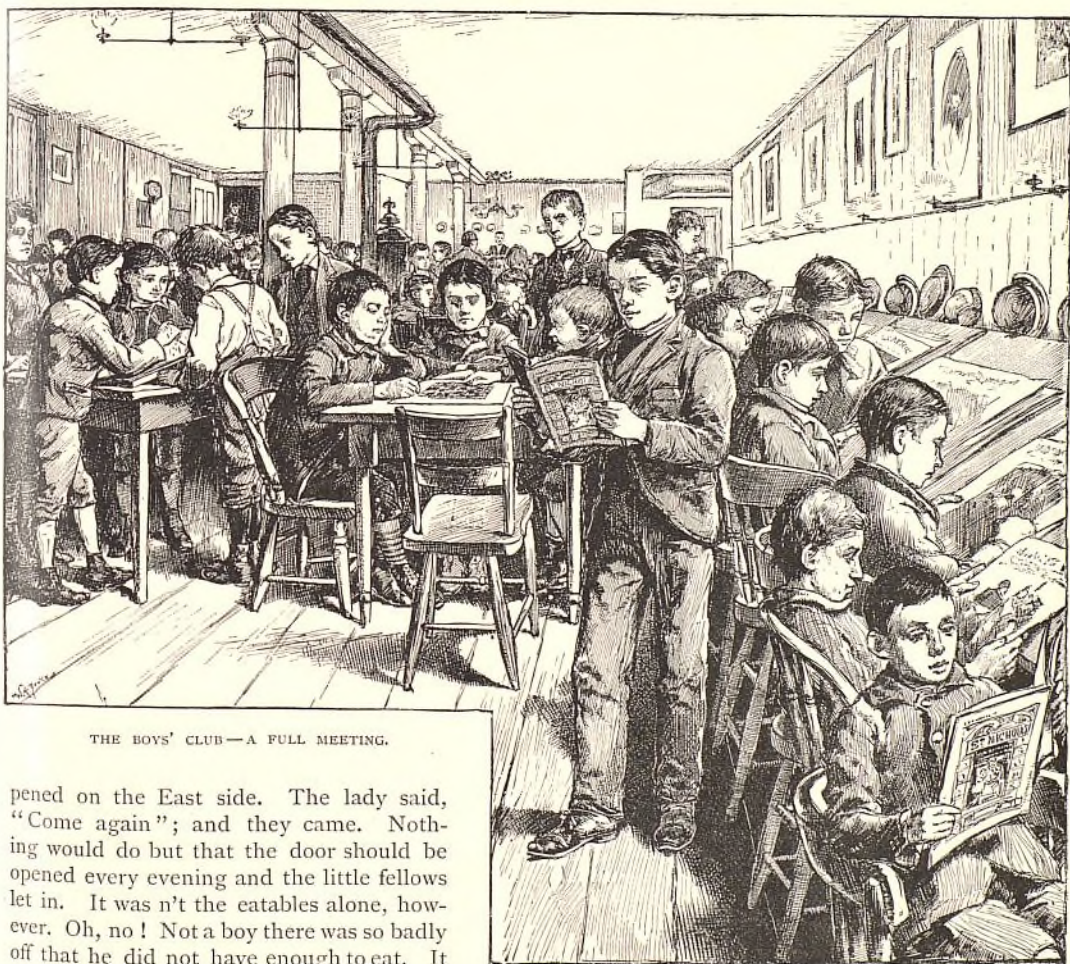
COFFEE AND CAKES, AND NO POLICE!

It was all true. The mob marched in, and sure enough there were the cakes.

The coffee, too, was delicious; and, after the fine feast, every fellow could go home if he wished. That was so strange that of course they wanted to stay. It was warm and light, and so nice and pleasant! If only a fellow had a game or two, or a book, or a picture-paper, he would stay and spend the evening and thank the lady kindly.

It was the most wonderful thing that ever hap-

After a while, other folks became interested in the good work and wished to assist in it. Certain young people who had happier homes than the East-side boys came in to help. They brought books and cards and picture-papers, and ST. NICHOLAS. They brought games, too, of all kinds; enough domino boxes to go around, checkers for every boy for the asking, and nothing to pay for anything. Some gentlemen who found out what was going on sent a full supply of comfortable chairs and tables. And soon



THE BOYS' CLUB—A FULL MEETING.

pened on the East side. The lady said, "Come again"; and they came. Nothing would do but that the door should be opened every evening and the little fellows let in. It was n't the eatables alone, however. Oh, no! Not a boy there was so badly off that he did not have enough to eat. It was not the coffee, though the lady's way of making that was much superior to the home way. It was something else. They could n't tell just what it was. Perhaps it was the lights and the warmth, the pleasant room, the pictures, and a happy escape from the street. There was a policeman inside now, but he sat very quiet and never said a word. He was evidently one of the good policemen who have n't forgotten when they were boys.

a superintendent was put in charge, but the boys could talk and laugh just as much as they pleased.

So it happened that they called it the Boys' Club. And that is the name it goes by now. It is not a school; it is not a lecture-room nor any kind of a meeting. It is only a club for the East-side boys, where every fellow can read, or play

games, or talk, or tell stories, or do anything that is regular out and out fun, and not mischief.

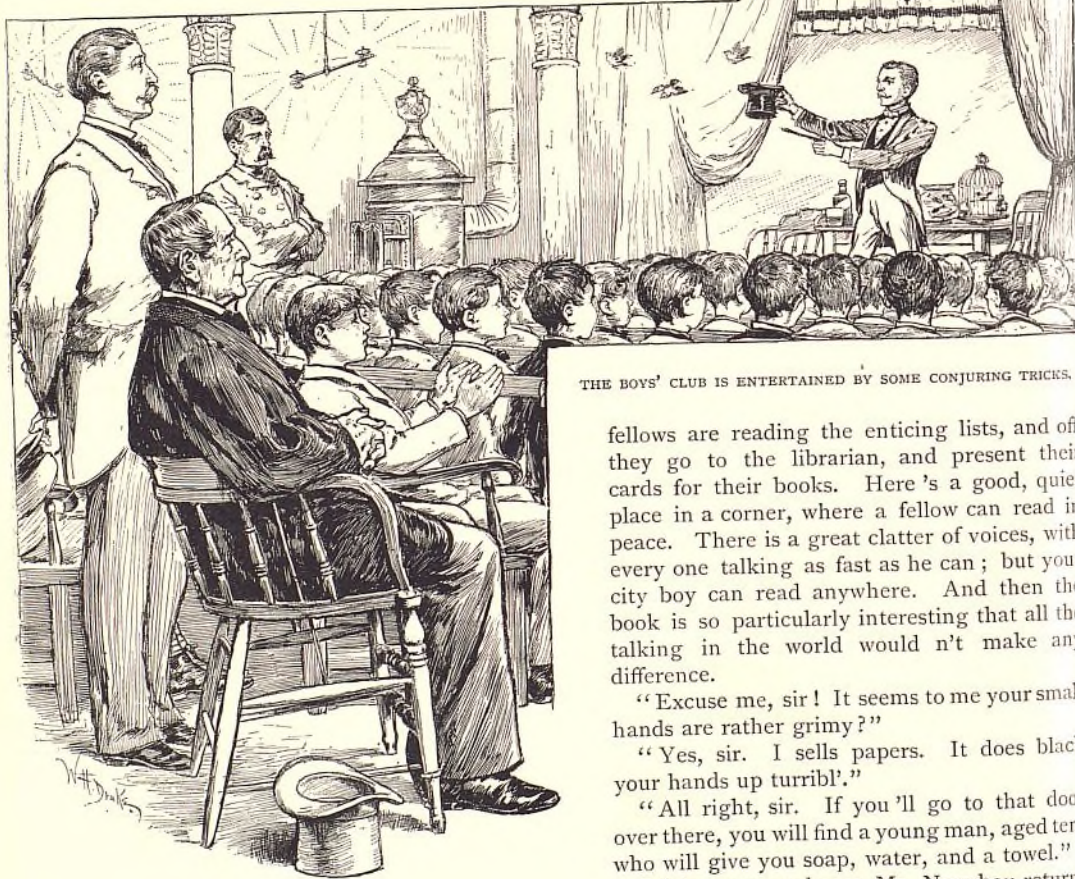
The superintendent has one or two boys to help him,—one to look after the hats and caps, another to keep an eye on the wash-room, and another to take charge of the drawing materials used by the boys who are busied with the study of drawing. These officers, if you have a mind to call them so, take turns, so that every young member of the Boys' Club has a chance to make himself useful, and may be promoted to the highest position if he shows himself fit for that honor.

Every night at half-past seven, excepting on

ticket to the librarian. He takes it and punches a hole in it, and keeps it while you have your game. Here are a table and five chairs.

"Hello, Rad Staffelder! Are you a club boy, too! Oh! there's Mike Cassady and Jack Stark-weather and Isaac Cohen. It's 'Go Bang,' eh? Will you join the game?" Well, well; quite an international East-side party at the club this evening.

On the walls of the room are posted the catalogues of the books in the library. Half a dozen little



THE BOYS' CLUB IS ENTERTAINED BY SOME CONJURING TRICKS.

fellows are reading the enticing lists, and off they go to the librarian, and present their cards for their books. Here's a good, quiet place in a corner, where a fellow can read in peace. There is a great clatter of voices, with every one talking as fast as he can; but your city boy can read anywhere. And then the book is so particularly interesting that all the talking in the world would n't make any difference.

"Excuse me, sir! It seems to me your small hands are rather grimy?"

"Yes, sir. I sells papers. It does black your hands up turribl'."

"All right, sir. If you'll go to that door over there, you will find a young man, aged ten, who will give you soap, water, and a towel."

Off he goes, and soon Mr. Newsboy returns looking quite the gentleman, with clean hands and a merry heart.

And so the superintendent looks after everything, and sees that all the fellows have a good time. Every boy can talk and laugh as freely as in his own home. Make all the noise you like, within reasonable bounds. It is good for the lungs. Who ever heard of a boy who could fold his arms and be truly good all the time. In the

Sundays, the doors are opened and the boys file in, down the stairs to the big basement where the club holds its jolly meetings. Show your ticket at the door, give up your hat to the gentlemanly usher, aged nine, and take a check for it. Will you read the picture-papers, sir, or play checkers? Will you read a story-book, or indulge in "Go Bang"? A game, eh? all right; show your



THE MODELING CLASS.

Boys' Club every fellow can be as lively as he pleases, provided he does not interfere with any other boy's fun. Can they play "tag" and "follow my leader"? Well, no. Those are out-of-door games, and not fit for a young gentleman's club. Only house fun is in order; and, if any boy feels that he must race about the room, the fatherly policeman suddenly wakes up and Mr. Race-horse is invited into the street, where he can run to his heart's content. He can not come again to the club till he learns how young gentlemen behave in the house.



A BUSY YOUNG SCULPTOR.

Of course there are rules of some kind. To enter the club, the boy must apply for a ticket, and this ticket is only good for a month. If, during the month, a boy behaves badly in the club-room, he will lose his ticket, and, perhaps, not get another

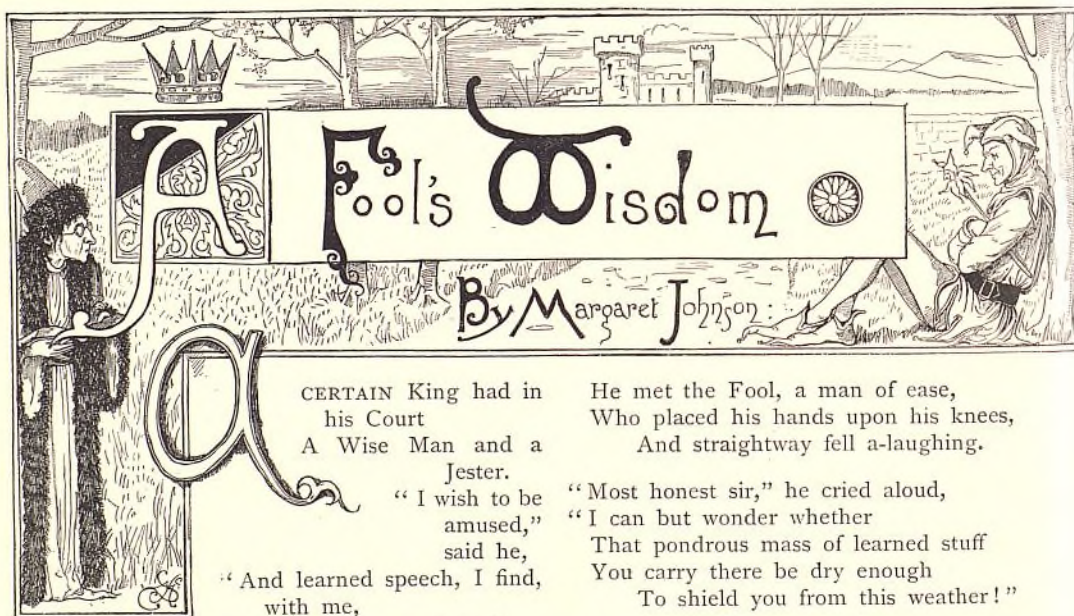
for a long time. All the boys who show that they wish to do the right thing, and treat the club and each other properly, have their tickets renewed every month. You see from this that, really, the club is practically free to any little East-side fellow who wishes to escape from the dismal streets, and is willing to behave himself for the sake of the good time the club affords him.

Of course it costs something to carry on the club. Certain good people of New York city help to pay the rent, the attendants, and to buy the books and papers, and to provide the gas and coal. A visiting committee of young men who are interested in the enterprise manages the business affairs. The boys pay nothing — and yet perhaps they do. They pay in happy faces, improved manners, and better lives when they grow up. Besides the people who support the club, there are others who go there once in a while and give the club a first-class entertainment. And if you could witness the breathless interest with which they follow the wonderful sleight of hand tricks of the gentleman who conjures a flock of pigeons out of the hat in which he has just cooked an omelette, and could hear the hearty applause with which they greet every new trick and every funny speech, you would say that the members of the Boys' Club are truly an appreciative set of fellows, and that the accommodating friends who provide the entertainment are themselves well repaid for their trouble and interest. On such nights every member of the club is on hand, you may be sure, and the hall is packed as full as it will hold.

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Then on other nights there are lessons given in drawing and modeling to those whose tastes run that way. There is a big room opening out of the club-room, and in there are a number of tables around which the young artists gather with paper and pencil and have a first-rate time studying how to use the pencil, while a lady from the Decorative Art Society helps them over the hard places, and a friendly sculptor guides them in their modeling. In fact, there is no end to the delights of this truly jolly club. Our pictures will tell all that has not here been set down.

Well, now, young reader of ST. NICHOLAS, what should you do? Have you any spare games and old but really good books? How would you like to send them to the Boys' Club for the use of the small fellows of the East side? Or perhaps you live in some other great city where hundreds of poor little men run about in the dreary streets because they have no club. Could n't you manage to get up a club in your city? How can you do it? Why, you must invent a plan just as do all good American children who firmly believe in the great human motto: "Where there 's a will there 's a way."



CERTAIN King had in
his Court
A Wise Man and a
Jester.

"I wish to be
amused,"
said he,

"And learned speech, I find,
with me,
Induces a siesta."

He met the Fool, a man of ease,
Who placed his hands upon his knees,
And straightway fell a-laughing.

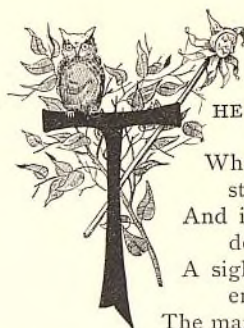
"Most honest sir," he cried aloud,
"I can but wonder whether
That pondrous mass of learned stuff
You carry there be dry enough
To shield you from this weather!"

"Peace, motley Fool!" the Sage replied.
"Men think you monstrous clever.
Would you were truly wise, like me!
Alack! I think you fain would be
A motley Fool forever!"

With book and scroll, the Sage walked out,
One damp and rainy morning.
About his heels his mantle flapped,
But all his soul in thought was wrapped,
The ills of weather scorning.

As thus his tranquil way he went,
The cup of knowledge quaffing,

"Now, by my bauble," cried the Fool,
"Thou man of melancholy,
Save for our differing dress and mien,
There 's not a man can judge between
Your learning and my folly!"



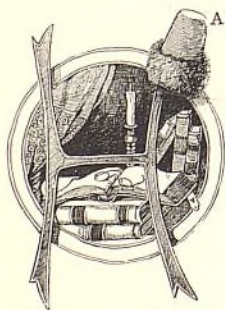
HE Sage raised eyes and hands to heaven;
When, as it chanced, he stumbled,
And in a muddy ditch, and deep,—
A sight to make the hardened weep!—
The man of learning tumbled.

"Now, faith," exclaimed the laughing Fool,
His bells, hilarious, tinkling,
"I'll prove my words are sound and true!
You shall be I, and I'll be you—
We'll fix it in a twinkling.

"Lend me your mud-bespattered gown,—
I never mind a wetting,—
And put you on this pretty suit,
My merry cap and bells, to boot,
'T will charm you out of fretting.

"You, sir, shall play the Fool to-day,
And I the learned miser.
We two will have some dainty sport,
And, take my word, in all the court,
No one will be the wiser!"





ALF-willingly the Sage arose
And donned the red and
yellow;
And down the street he
went apace,
With gaudy dress and
somber face,
A mirth-provoking
fellow.

From all the town the
merry folk
Who loved the Fool, ran after,
And hailed his maxims and his saws,
His arguments and learned laws
With clamorous shouts of laughter.

Before the jovial King he stood,
His vaunted powers displaying.
The courtiers laughed until they cried,
The monarch held his aching side,
And roared at each new saying.

"Good sirs," he murmured, spent with mirth,
"Give this rare Fool some money.
For, faith, and I can laugh no more.
In all my life, I ne'er before
Heard anything so funny!"

Abashed and mortified, the Sage
Drew back, with frown scholastic;
While still they took his mien severe
For some new quirk of humor queer,
Exquisitely fantastic.



MEANWHILE, the Fool dis-
coursed to those
Who used the Sage to
follow,
They heard, with nods
of wise assent,
His reasonings gravely
eloquent,
His sounding phra-
ses hollow.

With spectacles astride
his nose,
And air insinuating,
He urged and argued and explained,
And ever eager listeners gained,
To hear his solemn prating.



AT night he sought the van-
quished Sage,
Whose welcome was
but chilling.
"Well, sir," he cried,
with twinkling eye,
"Are you convinced?
Or shall we try
The game again?
—I'm willing!"

No answer did the Sage
vouchsafe,
But changed his clothes in
sorrow.

And from the grinning Fool he ran,
To rise again, a sadder man
But wiser, on the morrow.



The
end:

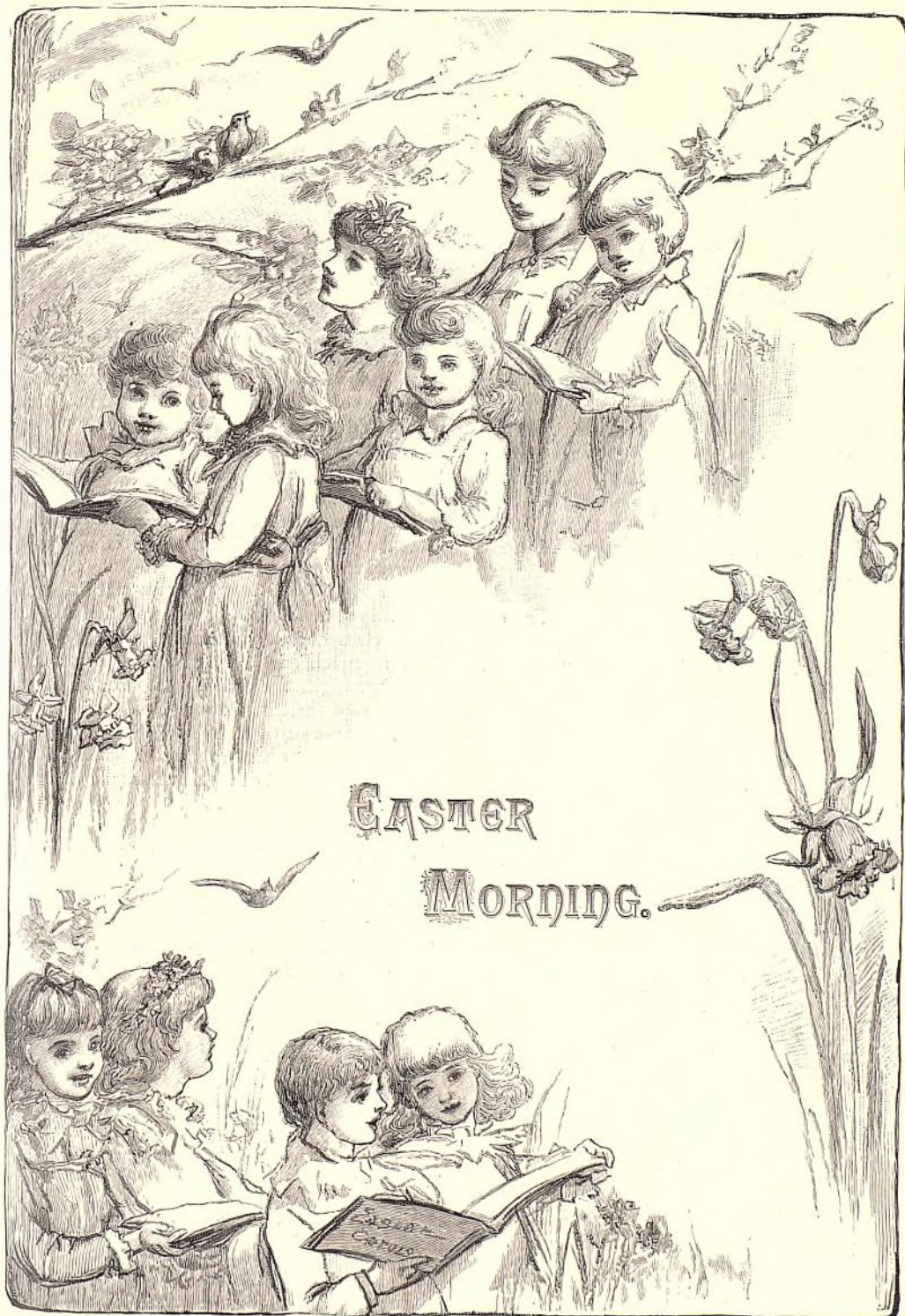


I HAVE a little laddie,—such a tiny little laddie!—
Yet he's vowed to me quite stoutly that he'll some day be a man.
And I've told him that I knew it,
And felt sure that he would do it;
But, really, he's so little that I don't see how he can!

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READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

II.—A PRACTICAL CHEMIST.

CURIOSITY has been called a "low vice," but it must be true that we owe a great deal of our knowledge of scientific matters to that very trait. Fancy the first man that ever closely examined a piece of coal. He picks it up from the ground, carefully looks at it, turns it over and over, breaks it with a stone, looks at the pieces, smells them, tastes them; he is curious to discover just what the substance is and what it is good for. He shows a piece to his neighbor, but the neighbor does not know any more about it than does he himself. Then he tries to boil a piece, but it will not boil; a portion is accidentally thrown into or near his wood fire, where it burns until it becomes red, when it throws out heat. Then—lo and behold! he has found a new kind of fuel, destined to be one of the most important and useful articles the world has ever seen. And all this, we will suppose, resulted from a man's curiosity—his desire to "find out." The curiosity of which the poet speaks as being a "low vice" is the inquisitiveness displayed by shallow-minded people who like to pry into the personal affairs of their friends and neighbors. When we come to pry into the mysteries which surround us in the natural world, it is a very different matter; then we are well employed, and are exercising our minds in the right direction. Suppose that the men and women of past ages had never taken any interest in the earth, the ocean, the mountains; had never sought for ores and minerals; had never studied improvements in navigation; had never, when sick, ascended from the valleys and tried the health-giving breezes of the hills above them,—would we be as happy and comfortable as we are to-day? No, indeed!

Now, the first analytical chemist must have been a man of some curiosity. Of course, he did not know very much, and he could not be compared with the chemists we have in these days; but he went to work to discover of what elements iron, coal, tin, zinc, copper, and many other things to be met with in our daily walks of life were composed. And work of that sort is precisely what is done by the analytical chemist of to-day.

You and I, when we look around the world, see hundreds—yes, thousands—of articles and substances the nature of which appears to us very

strange. And yet all these different articles are composed of one or more substances out of a list of sixty; and these substances are called, by the analytical chemist, "elements."

To illustrate: Suppose your father said to your elder sister, "Louise, you shall have a diamond ring for your birthday." She, I suppose, would say that he was very kind. But suppose, before the birthday came, he should get to talking some evening about having been unfortunate in business, and should express grave doubts as to whether he could keep his promise. Louise, like a good girl, would tell him not to worry on that account; that she could wait. Then perhaps the talk would turn on the value of diamonds, and Louise might say that there was nothing like them in the world. Her father would maintain that there was, and would tell her that, if she desired, he would bring her a substance which was composed of precisely the same simple element as a diamond, and weighing three times as much as the ring he had promised her. The next night her father would show her a ring roughly made out of charcoal, and tell her (what might perhaps be news to her) that chemists had discovered that a diamond and a piece of charcoal were composed of the same simple element—carbon.

There are two kinds of practical chemistry: one is *analytical* chemistry, and the other *synthetical* chemistry.

The business of an analytical chemist is the separating or resolving of compounds into their constituent elements. If you gave a mineral or a chemical to a chemist, he could separate them and tell you of what they were composed. Suppose you gave him a piece of gypsum, and asked him to tell you what it was. By certain methods known to the profession he would discover the sulphuric acid which it contained. Then he would find lime in it, and, finding no other substance in its composition, he would promptly tell you the piece was sulphate of lime, which is gypsum, or plaster of Paris.

A synthetical chemist is one who takes the elements of which I have spoken and from them, by various combinations, builds up different substances. For instance: while the analytical chemistry, as I have just explained, would separate gypsum into its elements,—sulphuric acid and

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lime,—synthetical chemistry would take sulphuric acid and lime, and, by adding them together in the proper proportions, would make sulphate of lime, the common name for which is plaster of Paris.

"Well," you may say, "suppose the chemist can do all this, of what use is it?" I will give you an instance of its usefulness. In the city where I live the young people were greatly agitated one summer on account of several persons having been poisoned by eating ice-cream. Now, the analytical chemist was at the bottom of this ice-cream scare. The Board of Health had asked him to analyze some of the same kind of cream eaten by the persons who had been made sick. He made his report, stating that the poison had been caused by the vessels in which the cream was made; and forthwith all the people, for a time, ceased eating ice-cream. Just so, on another occasion, with soda-water. He examined the soda-fountains in the drug stores, told the Board of Health that the pipes, as they were arranged, could not be kept clean, and that they were sure to develop a certain kind of poison. People stopped drinking soda-water, the druggists lost a great deal of money, and were obliged to adopt new methods of serving the beverage.

But let us see how useful is the work of the analytical chemist in other ways. He tells the iron-dealer how much iron there is in the ore he proposes to sell; and the same in regard to gold and silver ore. He tells you whether your coffee and your sugar are good or adulterated. The boards of health in the different cities frequently call upon him to report on the purity of the candy of which the American boys and girls are so very fond. All kinds of precious stones are subjects of his investigation. Almost all the chemicals used by the various manufacturers are sold upon the basis of their purity as determined by the chemist; and a certificate of an analytical chemist often is required by the buyer before he will make a purchase.

A boy who desires to enter this profession can, in the larger cities, get some knowledge of its general principles in the public schools. This, of course, must be followed by a technical training in a college or school where the subject is specially taught. Take, for instance, the School of Mines, in New York. A boy can not enter there until he is seventeen years of age. The course of instruction occupies four years. The instruction is given by lectures and recitations. During the first year the student makes experiments with simple chemicals in the laboratory, listens to lectures, of which he is obliged to take full notes, and goes through blackboard exercises and recitations. During the second and third years he analyzes more complex substances, and during the fourth year he devotes

his time to laboratory work. The annual tuition fees are about two hundred and fifty dollars. Board, including room-rent, fire and light, and washing, may be had in New York for from six dollars and fifty cents to thirteen dollars per week. The same general remarks will apply also to the great Institute of Technology in Boston.

And now a word or two about the chances of success in the profession. Analytical chemists are employed much more generally than they were years ago. Manufacturers are making more use of them. Most of the large chemical houses employ their own chemists. They are also employed at metallurgical and fertilizing works, in paint-houses, in oil-works, in sugar-refineries, in dye-works, in gold, silver, and iron works, in rolling-mills; and a great many railroads have chemists to analyze the iron or steel rails used for their roads.

Chemists as a rule receive from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars a year. This seems small when we consider to what expense a young man has been put to obtain the necessary education. Sometimes, however, in a manufacturing house where he has made himself particularly useful, a chemist may receive eighteen hundred or two thousand dollars, and, as superintendent of works, he might get five thousand or ten thousand dollars; but such cases are very exceptional. One reason why salaries are smaller in our large cities is said to be found in the number of competent chemists who have come from Germany, and who are willing to work for lower wages than their American brethren demand.

When a chemist has, after years of study and long practice, thoroughly qualified himself in his profession, he can give what is called "an expert opinion." This, as Sam Weller might say, "is an opinion as is much more valuable than an opinion as is not expert." In a lawsuit, for example, chemists would be employed by both sides, and an expert would receive from fifty dollars a day to twenty-five dollars an hour. If an expert examined a mine, made a report on the formation, gave his views on the likelihood of its paying the people who intended to purchase it, he would be paid perhaps five or six hundred dollars and all expenses. But, remember, there are very few "experts," and that those who enjoy that reputation have paid the price of long-continued study, of hard and enthusiastic labor, for the reputation they have made. A young man might obtain the best education to be afforded at a first-class college; he might open offices fitted up in the very best of style, and, sending out his cards, "Professor Jonas Quigley, Expert Analytical Chemist," might stand at his door on the tip-toe of expectation waiting for clients until he was old and gray, with-

out receiving a single call to exhibit his analytical ability. As I say, he must work long and hard, and have a real genius for his profession, before he can hope to become an expert.

In the Far West, where there are so many mines, an analytical chemist may gain both success and money in the examination of ores; but the great bulk of chemical work is done in the Eastern States, where there are so many manufacturing industries in which such services as he can give are in demand. The South is rich in phosphates and in metallurgical works; but, unless a young man has a promise of special employment, the Eastern States are considered the best. In the city of New York (where so many young men, in all businesses and professions, foolishly think fortunes are easily made), there is such a host of chemists, and such a constant struggle to get what work there is, that a beginner would probably meet with some discouragement. Some young men open offices, where they do a general business in assaying. They may previously have been employed in some old-established office having a large list of customers. Some of the clients of their old employer, seeing that the young men have started for themselves, may give them patronage, believing that they will thereby get the work done at a cheaper price.

One very important work performed by the analytical chemist—important for him on account of the pay he receives, and important for society in leading to the detection of a certain class of criminals—is the examination of the human stomach

after death, in cases of suspected poisoning. This doubtless seems like very gloomy and unpleasant work, but chemists say that practically there is nothing disagreeable about it. They usually receive five hundred dollars for such an analysis, and they are required to testify on the trial.

I have said that the pay of the analytical chemist, as a rule, is small; but, perhaps, his profession makes up in interest what it lacks in monetary reward. His work is in a laboratory. He is dealing with the secrets of nature. He is performing all manner of experiments—now blowing with a blow-pipe on a bit of metal to test its nature; now experimenting with acids; now weighing the tiniest amounts of matter on scales specially constructed for such work; and so the analytical chemist passes on from simple experiments to others more difficult, until, after long experience, he is able to work such wonders that to an outside observer he appears in his laboratory more like a wonderful magician than a professor working in accordance with certain known rules and laws.

In this, as in every other business, there are those who will achieve prominence as well as those who will only drudge. But let it be borne in mind that it is an occupation in which both fame and fortune have been attained, and in which any young man whose heart is really in his work may, with study and perseverance, advance not only his own interests but those also of the profession which he has chosen.

“LOVE IS BLIND.”

“MAMMY” is old and wrinkled and black,
With sooty, crinkly hair;
But just as dear to little Sue
As if she were young and fair.

And as I passed the nursery door,
The sweet child's voice I heard
Say, as she patted “Mammy's” cheek:
“Oo sweet 'ittle hummin'-bird!”



"UNCLE BEN."

BY MARY BRADLEY.

"Of all the disagreeable people, of all the horrible, cross old men That ever lived,"—said my angry Dolly,—“the very meanest is ‘Uncle Ben’! You need n’t look at me, I’m in earnest; just wait till I tell you what he said, And what *he did* to poor Rip Van Winkle; and see, then, whether you’ll shake your head! Horrid, *hateful*”—the naughty speeches came tumbling over each other so fast, That instead of shaking my head at Dolly, it was Dolly herself I shook at last!

"Don’t you know, oh, you little tempest! that ‘Uncle Ben’ has his work to do, And is bound himself by regulations which he has no right to break for you? He’s employed to keep the park in order, and dogs are never allowed, you know; So what can the poor man do, I wonder, when naughty children bother him so? You should n’t have taken Rip Van Winkle, and you are the one that is to blame." —“But *he* should n’t have kicked him!” sputtered Dolly. “He should n’t have called him a horrid name.”

All in the heat of her indignation, flushed and defiant Dolly stood, And Dolly’s mother was morally certain that scolding would do no sort of good. But Adam, the gardener gray and wrinkled, Adam the man whose words are wise, Looked up from the grape-vine he was pruning, with grave rebuke in his honest eyes. “We’re all poor creturs,” said he, “poor creturs! Accordin’ to Scriptor we’re prone to err; An’ Ben Bogardus is no exception. So mebbe Miss Dolly is right—*so fur*. But we ought n’t to be too quick in judgement until we know what a man’s been through:— You would n’t be quite so ready, I reckon, to rail at Ben, if you only knew.”

“Knew what?” cried Dolly. “It’s no use, Adam” (tossing her curls with a stubborn air), “To talk like that, for it does n’t matter. Whatever it is, I should n’t care. I think ‘Uncle Ben’ is perfectly horrid. I *always* shall, whatever you say; So you need n’t tell *me*!” But Adam, regardless, kept right on in his quiet way. —“You never heard tell of ‘The Swallow,’ did you? It’s nigh upon forty years ago, That she struck on a rock in the further channel, one night when the sky was thick with snow. There was n’t a chance to reach or help her, though the town-folk swarmed up here in the park, And we heard the screams, and the splitting timbers . . . awful sounds to hear in the dark! I’ll never forget ‘em,” said Adam, slowly, shaking his head with a look of pain. “Sometimes in the night, when I wake up sudden, it seems as if I heard ‘em again. An’ often enough I’ve dreamed about it—the pitiful sight I saw next day, When the poor drowned creturs drifting shoreward, in an’ out o’ the water lay. Men an’ women, an’ little children! I counted ‘em up to thirty-five, When we laid ‘em out in the town-hall yonder; and there was n’t a single soul alive. Mostly strangers they were, an’ traders, bound for York, an’ come from the West; But one was a neighbor—a little woman, with a bit of a baby hugged to her breast. I can see her still,” said the old man, gently (he glanced at Dolly and gravely smiled); “And I’ll never forget how I felt when I saw it was Ben Bogardus’s wife and child.”

“Oh, Adam! it was n’t! I can’t believe it!” My Dolly’s cheeks with her blushes flamed, And her quick tears sprang. “You want to tease me, and I think you ought to be ashamed!” But stern was the old man’s face, and solemn the look and tone with which he spoke. “It is n’t the sort of thing, Miss Dolly, that I’d be likely to say in joke. No, no—it was poor Ben’s wife and baby, just as I told you, that lay there dead. Poor little things!—you can’t much wonder the shock and the trouble turned Ben’s head.

I'm not denying he's cross and cranky; but he's lived a desolate sort of life,
And folks do say he's been kind o' crazy, more or less, since he lost his wife.
Mebbe it's true, an' mebbe it is n't; but this is the p'int I'm comin' to—
We ought n't to be too harsh in jedgin', until we know what a man's been through."

He turned him about, this wise old Adam, and clipped at the vines, and said no more.
My Dolly watched him, her bosom swelling with mingled feelings unknown before.
She pleated the ruffle of her apron with restless hands for a minute's space,
Then softly whispered, "*I'm sorry, Adam!*" and ran away with a crimson face.

A little later I saw her plucking out of her own small garden-bed
Pinks and pansies and ragged-robins, and tying them up with a ribbon red.



I never asked, and she never told me, who was to wear this posy sweet,
But I took a turn in the park that evening, and there "Uncle Ben" I chanced to meet.
A festive something in his appearance—a spicy odor that toward me stole—
Made me aware of Dolly's posy carefully pinned in his button-hole;
And from that time forth, I'm glad to tell you before my true little story ends,
My Dolly—(forgive her naughty tempers!)—and "Uncle Ben" were the best of friends.

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

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

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER X.

EXTRAVAGANZA.

AS THIS is the month ushered in by April Fools' Day, it will not be out of place to leave the more sober and imposing side of life among the law-makers and take a glimpse at some of the comicalities which we Senate pages enjoyed. Many of my companions were born actors, equally successful in both tragedy and comedy. One in particular, whom I will call "Tom," had an especial preference for the character in Shakespearean and other tragedies known as the "heavy villain," and he was usually encountered, cane in hand, wildly fencing the air with "two up, two down, and a lunge." One day, during an executive session of the Senate, we were all assembled in our favorite vestibule, when this page began declaiming in his usual high style and thrusting around at imaginary ghosts and foes. The door leading to the Chamber was shut, and he would occasionally make a violent charge at it. Having recited King Richard's famous nightmare and a few other choice selections (which we, standing in the marble niches, properly applauded), he cried out lustily:

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.

Just at this moment the door slowly opened from within. Tom, however, had hunched his back, and, with his eyes fiercely rolling and head downward, like a goat preparing to "butt," was altogether too excited to notice our "alarums"; and as he declaimed the famous line,

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

he made a leap, and, with a terrific dive of the cane, took a certain well-known senator, who shall here be nameless, full in his senatorial stomach!

There was, in truth, a decidedly hasty "retreat and flourish" on the part of the senatorial Richmond, but we did not wait for the curtain to fall. We made a stampede through the swinging doors and down the corridor, followed by Tom, who, reversing the proper order of affairs, still flourished his "cane" and shouted at the top of his voice:

Victorious friends, the day is ours!

One of our tragic recitations were too sacred for the profane eyes of "outsiders." Of the many

solemn councils held by us in the President's Room with closed doors; or of how we were surprised on several occasions by the unexpected arrival of President Grant; or how we fled through the open windows, retreated *via* the balcony and Marble Room, and appeared with innocent looks of wonder before the enraged group vainly trying to unlock the door, with the dead-latch down on the other side, I need not speak. These were trivial matters, although the President himself and Captain Bassett did not seem to take them as philosophically as we did. Few things could disturb our equanimity.

But, of course, we did not confine our acting to secret vestibules and dungeons. Our energy demanded still higher and more public stages of action; and even as the Senate throws aside its frigid dignity at night sessions, and everybody does about as he pleases, we also often found it impossible to curb our desire for a little more freedom of action than the rules allowed. Captain Bassett, however, did his best to prevent too much sacrilege in the day-time. His favorite amusement was to sit peacefully in his chair, and, when an erring page returned and sat down near the chair, to catch hold of the ear of that page and give it a gentle twist.

Senator Gorman, who was a distinguished figure in the last Presidential campaign, as manager of the Democratic interests, was formerly a page; and Captain Bassett once told me that he has many a time pulled the Honorable Gorman's ears as vigorously as he has pulled mine. I was glad to hear it.

In retaliation upon the Captain, I may state that there was one way in which we could appease him — by giving him peppermint lozenges or broken horehound candy. I always adopted that course. It was "fun" to see the Captain take a lozenge and convey it to his mouth, with his eyes turned heavenward and a demure expression on his countenance as though he were studying the curious pictures on the large glass blocks in the ceiling. Such is the man who pulled the ears of Senator Gorman and myself!

Hé has been in continuous service for more than fifty years. Next to him, in length of service and rank of office, comes equally good-natured James I. Christie, who is a sort of "Lieutenant," and, with the Sergeant-at-Arms, guards the Vice-Presi-

dent on his right. We pages considered that *we* ranked next. The Captain and Mr. Christie are the most highly valued officers of the Senate. I do not know what it would do without them. The Captain started in as a page. At that time there was but one in the Senate, and Daniel Webster wanted young Isaac Bassett appointed as an additional page. The other senators thought it a great extravagance—two pages for forty-eight senators! It was enough to bankrupt the Republic! Captain Bassett declares that there was a hot debate over the suggestion of Webster. However, Webster fought hard and, with his great eloquence, succeeded. So young Bassett was appointed. Although his hair is now as white as snow, he loves fun and is still as merry as a boy. Just think of it! He was a Senate officer when the Senate met in the old Chamber, now occupied by the Supreme Court; when the House met in their old Hall, now occupied by statuary donated by the States;* when the evening sessions of both Houses had to be illuminated by "tallow dips." He has heard Webster, Hayne, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Douglas, and he has seen—why, I believe he has seen nearly all the Presidents.

The Captain's recollection of the days when senators dressed in swallow-tailed coats causes him to shudder when "innovations" are suggested. But these "innovations" are constantly going on. It has for many years been the custom to write the name of each senator on a strip of ivory-white wood, and fasten it on his desk by way of identification, as "Mr. Sumner," "Mr. Cole," "Mr. Fenton." Last year these wooden labels were removed, and silver plates substituted, bearing simply the surname without the "Mr.," as "Bayard," "Edmunds," "Ransom." I understand the Captain has not yet recovered from this horrible act of vandalism.

THE PAGES AS MAKE-BELIEVE LAW-MAKERS.

ONE of our favorite performances, in the comedy line, was to caricature the proceedings of the Senate. Frequently, upon finishing our filing, in the morning, as we would have nothing else to do, one of us would take the Vice-President's chair and call the "Senate" to order in right Parliamentary fashion. The proceedings of such a session were sometimes eccentric, but of course conducted strictly according to the rules of Congressional procedure; for the pages of my day had really a good knowledge of Parliamentary law.

Most of our sessions were characterized by scenes of disorder that, as one member of our little company disrespectfully remarked, "were worthy of the Lower House." In fact, they almost invariably broke up amid the wildest confusion—generally, however, because we ran them too near the hour for the assembling of the real law-makers, and were forced to decamp. Senators, Representatives, House and Supreme Court pages, and other "stragglers" would come in during our debates, listen spell-bound to our wonderful oratory and keen logic, and admire the aptitude shown by our presiding officer in applying the rules of the Senate.

It was usual for us to parody the actual debates of Congress, and we would often take up copies of the *Globe* of the preceding day, distributed on the desks of senators, and follow the order of events there reported, with "variations" and other "improvements" in language and gestures. As it would be unfair to omit so historic a matter as a session for debate by these make-believe law-makers, I will give you a brief and mild specimen, and you may judge for yourselves in what respects such a "Senate" resembled or differed from its great prototype.

A MOCK SENATE, AS HELD BY THE PAGES.

(Actual names are used because of the senatorial seats occupied by the pages. The senators with whose names this liberty is taken should not bear improper odium on that account. The bracket remarks are such as would be used by official reporters.)

TOM (*assuming the chair, and giving a loud rap with the gavel*): The Senate will come to order, and the Secretary will read the journal of yesterday's proceedings.

DICK (*acting as Secretary, reading solemnly*): Oh, frubjous day! Calloo! Callay.—

HARRY (*rising from the seat of Senator Cameron*): Mr. President.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom, of course): The senator from Pennsylvania.

SENATOR CAMERON (Harry): I move that the reading of the journal be dispensed with.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: The senator from Pennsylvania moves that the reading of the journal be dispensed with. Is there objection? [*After a pause*:] The Chair hears none. The Chair will lay before the Senate a communication from the King of the Fiji Islands.

GEORGE (*from the place of Senator Carpenter*): I move that it be thrown into the waste-basket.

(*Motion carried.*)

SENATOR X. (Fred): (*standing in the aisle*): Mr. President.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: The senator from Nowhere. [*Applause.*]

SENATOR X.: Mr. President, I rise to a question of privilege. In yesterday's *Coyote*, a sheet that pretends to be a journal for the dissemination of news, there is an article seriously attacking my reputation, accusing me of bribery and other high crimes and misdemeanors. Ordinarily I would take no notice of such a thing, but as everybody seems to believe it, [Voices: "*We do, we do!*" "*Is n't it true?*" etc.], I consider that I owe it to this body, of which I have the honor to be a member, to ask for the appointment of a special Committee of Investigation.

* The old Hall of Representatives in the Capitol now goes by the name of "Statuary Hall," to which Congress has invited each State to contribute statues of her most eminent citizens. Some States have availed themselves of the privilege; many have not yet acted upon it.

SENATOR HAMLIN (Bob): I suggest that the matter lie on the table for the present. The House of Representatives has consumed nearly all the revenues of the country for investigating purposes. And I wish to find out whether there is enough money left in the Treasury to meet this proposed expense. [A voice: "Raise the Taxes!"] I think, however, that the reporter who inserted the article should be excluded from the privileges of the gallery.

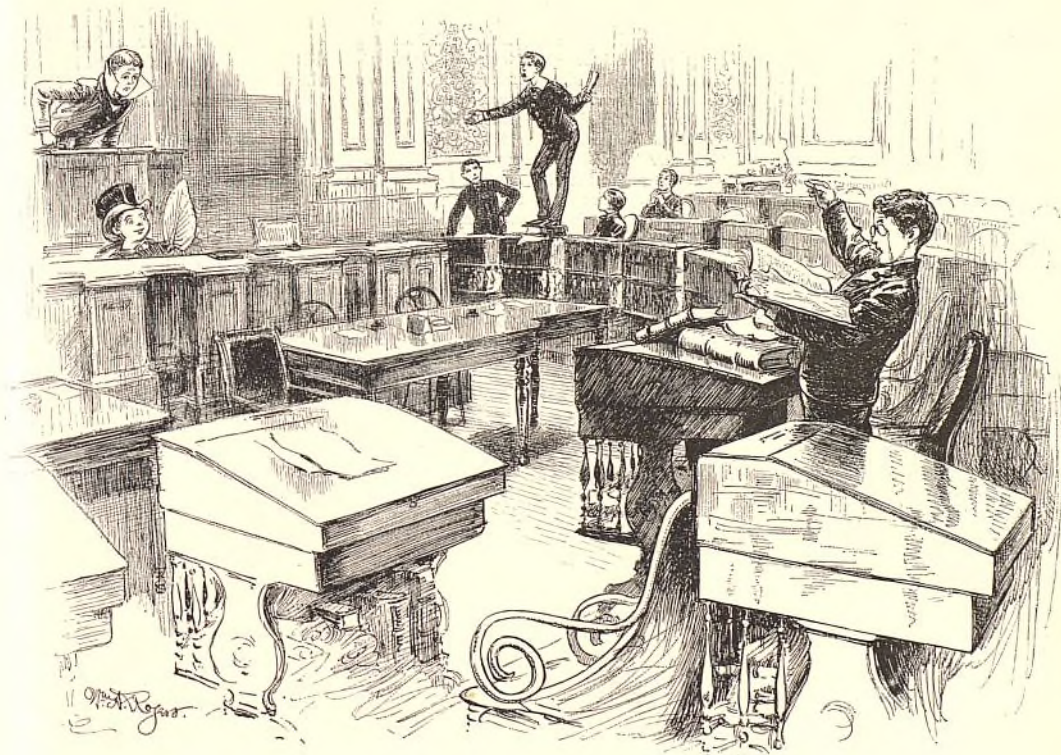
SENATOR X. (Fred): I am willing that the matter go over until to-morrow. [A general sigh of relief. Voice: "You'll never hear of that again!"]

of the subject I would like to ask him if he was not convicted of stealing from a sutler's wagon during the war of 1812. [Great confusion.]

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe) (*coolly, but with cutting irony*): Very likely; I was born in 1858! [Laughter and applause.]

SENATOR BAYARD (Jack): I meant no discourtesy. I merely asked for information. [Renewed laughter.]

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): I yield the floor to my friend, the senator from Nowhere (Fred), as he is under an important engagement to attend a base-ball match this afternoon.



THE PAGES AS MOCK-SENATORS.

VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom) (*striking with his gavel*): The morning hour having expired, the Chair lays before the Senate the unfinished business of yesterday. [The clerk reads the title of a bill to appropriate a million dollars for the purchase of the North Pole.]

Joe, as SENATOR EDMUNDS, is recognized by the Chair as having had the floor when the Senate adjourned the previous day.

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): Mr. President, when the Senate adjourned yesterday I was speaking of — [Several voices: "Oh, we remember where you left off." The mock-senator pays no heed to the interruption.] — the sacred trust reposed in us as the guardians of the public funds —

SENATOR CAMERON (Harry): Will the senator from Vermont permit me to ask him a question?

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom): Does the senator from Vermont yield to the senator from Pennsylvania?

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): No; I can not be disturbed. [To Senator Cameron (Harry):] You made your speech yesterday. Now, let me make mine.

SENATOR CAMERON (Harry): I would like to ask you if —

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe) (*emphatically*): Will you desist? — [Great laughter and applause. The senator continues, after restoration of order:] — and of the integrity and fidelity with which we should exercise that —

SENATOR BAYARD (Jack): Before the senator leaves that branch

SENATOR X. (Fred) having the floor, proceeds quietly to rub the intellectual part of his head with his handkerchief, brushes back his hair, adjusts his cravat, coughs, stretches his arms as if prepared for a "set speech," and at length begins: Mr. President — Mr. President — Mr. President — ahem! — achoo! — this here [hits the desk] — this question am one —

SENATOR CARPENTER (George): Mr. President, I rise to a Parliamentary inquiry!

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom): The senator will state it.

SENATOR CARPENTER (George): I wish to ask if the senator can massacre the English language with impunity.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom): Certainly. He not only can, but does! [Hands to the Clerk U. S. Constitution. Clerk reads Art. I., Sec. VI., Cl. 1.]

SENATOR CARPENTER: But under the second clause of the preceding section we have authority to control such matters by a rule.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: But there is no rule on the subject.

SENATOR CARPENTER (*taking his seat with a crestfallen air*): Well, there ought to be. It should be made a penitentiary offense.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: The senator from Nowhere will proceed.

SENATOR X. (Fred): I congratulate the senator from Wisconsin for his welcome suggest. I was hasty. I oughter know'd better. I will suspect the proprietaries of debate and be more carefuller in futuro. [Cries of "Keep to English." "Please let some kind of

language be left." Now, then, what were I saying when I left off?—[Prompted by a friend.]—Oh, yes. This question is one [Voice: "No, it is n't! It are two!"] who is likely to give large unsatisfaction to the sovereignty populace! [Smiles, as if he had produced a fine burst of eloquence. Waits for applause. It does not come. Appears dejected. Face suddenly lights up, as with a happy thought. Strikes the desk, waves his arms wildly about like those of a windmill, and yells:] Public extravagance, Mr. President,—[another slap],—public (thump) and private (thump) extravagance (heavy thump) caused the downfall of — of — [refers to a paper] of Rome [thump! thump!]—Page, bring me GIBBON'S HISTORY—. I will pass that portion of my remarks, Mr. President, for the present, until I have got the volume. Again, as the senator from Vermont so haply said, what is our responsibilities as legislators? Now, that there last idea [Voice: "Do you call that an idea!"] suggests another. The provisos of our glorious Constitution is too broad! [Strikes a pile of papers and sends several of them into the face of his neighbor. Leans over his desk to apologize and knocks off a volume upon the head of the mock-senator in front. Applause and cries of "Bravo!" "Encore!" etc.] It's unwise for to have this unlimited power over the public funds. There oughter to be some restrict put upon it, so as in order to prevent extravagance, and that there can't be no inadvantage taken! [Applause by an attentive rural constituent in the gallery, who thinks it is the Senate itself in session.]

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom) [rapping with his gavel and speaking fiercely]: The Chair desires to admonish those occupying seats in the galleries against further demonstrations. [Rural constituent gets scared and goes out. Other folks laugh at this; Vice-President continues to rap.]

SENATOR X.: Now, then,—

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom) [still rapping]: The senator will suspend until order is restored. [Rap! rap!! rap!!!—Here, two genuine senators enter, and pause to "take in the situation."] Gentlemen in the rear of the seats will please be seated [Rap! rap! rap!] The Chair requests senators to take their seats. [Rap! rap!!!] The senator from Nowhere will proceed.

SENATOR X. (Fred): Mr. President, from the way things are going, and the way things have went, we will soon be like unto Rome, and I shall now read from Gibbon, as the volume are here. [Opens a book and is about to read.]

SEVERAL MOCK-SENATORS [jumping to their feet and simultaneously exclaiming]: Mr. President, I rise to a point of order.

VICE-PRESIDENT [recognizing Senator Edmunds (Joe)]: The senator from Vermont will state his point of order.

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): My point of order is that the senator from Nowhere is out of order. He must speak to the bill. We can not waste our valuable time in listening to such trash.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom): The senator is himself out of order.

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): No, I'm not! [Excitement.]

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom): I tell you, you are! and I wont be answered back either! [Increased excitement.]

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe) [meekly]: Well, why am I?

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom) [recovering his dignity]: For using unparliamentary language. [Cries of "Let the words be taken down," "Make him apologize," etc.]

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): Well, I ask for a ruling on my point.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom): The point of order raised by the senator is well taken. The senator from Nowhere will proceed in order and confine his remarks to the subject under consideration.

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): Does the Chair sustain my point of order?

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: The point of order is sustained.

SENATOR EDMUNDS (Joe): I appeal from the decision of the Chair.

[Great uproar, cries of "Are you crazy?" A Supreme Court page sticks his head through the door and shouts out a disrespectful remark. Terrific hubbub, cries renewed: "Turn the rascal out!" Supreme Court page ejected.]

SENATOR X. (Fred): Mr. President, are it in order to move that the senator from Vermont be lynched? [Cries of "Treason!"]

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: It is not.

SENATOR X.: Then I make that motion. [Renewed uproar, and general confusion.]

VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom) [rapping and shouting]: The Chair wishes to remind senators that this is not the House of Representatives. [Instantaneous silence.]

SENATOR CARPENTER (George): As it is manifest that the Senate is not in a mood to listen to my friend from Nowhere, I ask that he yield for a motion to go into executive session.

SENATOR X.: Not by any means! I intend to finish this speech! [Cries of "Go on! Hear! hear!"]

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: The senator from Wisconsin moves that the Senate do now proceed to the consideration of executive business. Those in favor of that motion will say "aye" [shrieks]; those opposed will say "no" [louder shrieks]; the "ayes" have it. The sergeant-at-arms will clear the galleries and close the doors.

[One of the mock-senators converts himself into the sergeant-at-arms, and moves about as if requesting people to leave the chamber. SENATOR X. screams that the VICE PRESIDENT had no right to "entertain any motion" while he had the floor. THE VICE-PRESIDENT says he understood the senator to yield, and suggests that the senator hereafter get an "interpreter" to explain his peculiar jargon. This provokes the orator's wrath.]

SENATOR X. (Fred): I propose to be heard on this bill. I'll not be gagged. I want to say that I believe there is n't any pole at the North. I believe that this bill are a wasteless misuse of the people's money! a piece of robbery! a job! [Continued excitement.] Let us spend what money we have on that nav — [flourishing his arms, and looking straight at Senator CAMERON (Harry)].

SENATOR CAMERON (Harry) [indignantly]: Who's a knave?

SENATOR X. (Fred): Nobody.

SENATOR CAMERON [in an excited basso]: What did you look this way for, then?

SENATOR X. [baritone]: I was saying —

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (Tom) [rapping, and in a high tenor]: Senators will please address their remarks to the Chair!

SENATOR CAMERON (Harry) [in a shrill falsetto]: I'll not be insulted!

[The remainder of his speech is lost in the confusion. Senator X. manages to say something about "that navy of ours." Senator CAMERON (Harry) vociferates, and flourishes a paper-cutter as a weapon. More cries. All the mock-senators jump to their feet. Great excitement!]

The hand of the clock is not far from the hour of twelve. Captain Bassett hears the noise, rushes in from the lobby, and walks sternly toward our presiding officer (Tom).

A mock-senator on the floor rescues the dignity of the mock-senate by a motion to adjourn. And our presiding officer still has strength and pluck enough to put the question, give the table a soft blow with the gavel, and, amid general laughter and applause, announce an adjournment to the next day! EXEUNT!]

Soon the real Vice-President and the Chaplain appear; the Senate is called to order, and enters upon its dreary work; and the atmosphere again subsides into a lugubrious calm.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE LAW-MAKERS MARCHED UP THE HILL AND THEN MARCHED DOWN AGAIN.

DURING the fall of 1872, the country emerged from a presidential and congressional election, in which "economy in the administration of public affairs" had been a loud party cry. There is no doubt that there were abuses, and that there was room for retrenchment of expenses in certain features of the public service, and one of these abuses was what is termed the Franking Privilege. The Franking Privilege permitted congressmen and other officials to write their signatures on envelopes and other packages, and send letters and

documents through the mail without payment of postage. Such a signature was a "frank"; and some congressmen were rather careless and franked private matter of friends which ought to have paid postage, thus causing the Government to lose a great deal of money which the Post-office Department would otherwise have collected from the sale of stamps.

When the law-makers met in December, they set about correcting this abuse, and in January an act was passed, and became a law, utterly abolishing the franking privilege.

Now, General Benjamin F. Butler, who was then a member of the House, had an idea that, as congressmen were compelled, by the abolition of the Franking Privilege, to buy postage stamps, they ought to have their salaries increased. So, shortly after the passage of the Act, and on the 7th of February, 1873, he reported from the Committee on the Judiciary, a bill which was numbered H. R. 3852,* "to amend the salaries of the three Departments of the Government." It was read a first and second time and referred back to the Committee on the Judiciary. On the 10th of February, General Butler made a motion that the House suspend its rules in order to pass a resolution directing the Committee on Appropriations to include in the "Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill"† the provisions of Bill No. 3852. To suspend the rules requires a two-thirds vote, and, as the General did not succeed in getting that number, his motion failed.

On the 24th of that month, however, he saw his chance. It was night. The House had resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union‡ (Mr. Dawes occupying the Chair instead of Speaker Blaine), and was proceeding to consider the amendments of the Senate to the general appropriation bill, entitled: "A bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government for the year ending June thirtieth, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, and for other purposes." That bill had previously passed the House, and gone to the Senate. But the Senate had made numerous amendments to it, and had sent it back to the House. One of those amendments provided that the salary of a Senate Clerk should be raised from \$2592 to \$3600,

and the House Committee on Appropriations advised that the House concur in that amendment, with a further amendment increasing the salaries of a number of their own clerks.

That is where the snow-ball began. General Butler saw that a spirit of liberality had taken possession of some of the members, and he thereupon offered *as an amendment to the amendment of the Committee*, to be substituted for it, a long provision, which was almost word for word the language of Bill No. 3852, which he had previously tried to have passed, but without success. This amendment of General Butler's contained the salary-grab and back-pay provision. It provided that, on and after the 4th day of March, 1873, the pay of the President should be \$50,000 instead of \$25,000; that of the Chief-justice of the United States, \$10,500, and of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, \$10,000 each; that the Vice-President and Speaker of the House should receive \$10,000 each; that the Cabinet Officers should receive \$10,000 each, and three of the Assistant Secretaries, \$6,500 each; and that the salaries of the Senators, and Representatives, and Delegates should be increased from \$5000 to \$7500 a year each, and that the members of the Forty-second Congress should be paid at that rate, from the beginning of the Congress, two years before (thus giving to each congressman, as "back-pay," \$5000), and that \$1,200,000 should be appropriated to cover this "back-pay."

Immediately after the reading of the proposed amendment, it was subjected to a fusillade of "points of order." Under the rules, these "points of order," if "well taken," and sustained by the Chair, or by the Committee upon an appeal from the decision of the Chair, would have been fatal. A general appropriation bill is too important to be hindered and delayed by all sorts of new fancies, and, to secure its speedy passage, the rules do not favor amendments which embody the substance of other bills, or do not pertain directly to the subject under consideration. When an amendment not permitted by the rules is offered, a member has merely to make the "point of order" and show that fact, and the amendment is left out in the cold.

* The bills of each House are numbered in the order of introduction, the numbers beginning and ending with every Congress.

† I have already explained that an Appropriation Bill is one that decrees or sets apart, out of the Treasury, a certain sum of money to defray expenses, either general or special, in one, or all, of the various departments of the Government.

‡ The object of going into Committee of the Whole is to permit freer discussion, as the strict rules of the House do not then apply. When the House goes into Committee of the Whole, the Speaker leaves the Chair and designates a member to take it. All the other members thereupon constitute a "Committee" (instead of the "House"), and they address their presiding officer as "Mr. Chairman," instead of "Mr. Speaker." After transacting its work, the Committee "rises," the Speaker resumes the Chair, and the House receives the report of the Chairman just as if it were the report of any other committee. In the Senate this formality of going into Committee of the Whole is merely "assumed," the presiding officer being always "Mr. President," and the journal merely stating that the Senate *as in Committee of the Whole* did so and so. But, whatever action is taken "in Committee of the Whole," by either of the Congressional bodies, must be done over again *by the "House" or "Senate,"* in order to be of effect; otherwise it is of *no more value* "than the report of any other committee."

This measure, therefore, that was destined to raise so much dissatisfaction among the people, was met at the very threshold by objections. Dawes himself was opposed to it, but as Chairman he had to apply the rules impartially. As Chairman of the Committee of the Whole, he overruled the points of order made. Mr. Holman, as one of the "objectors," appealed from the decision of the Chair. But the committee voted to sustain the Chairman's ruling.

At last, after much debate, it came to a vote on the proposition. The committee divided. That is, those in favor of it stood up and were counted by the Chairman, who said there were 93; and then those in favor sat down, and those opposed stood up and were counted, and they numbered 71—in all 164. Thereupon Mr. Holman, who never knows when he is beaten, demanded tellers. So tellers were ordered and appointed,* and they shook hands and stood up in front of the Clerk's desk, and the committee again divided. That is, the "ayes" passed, one after another, between the two tellers, who touched each of them on the back as they passed through, and "counted" them. Then the "noes" passed through and were counted, and the tellers reported the result to the Chairman. There were 81 ayes and 66 noes—in all 147.

So the amendment proposed by General Butler was agreed upon, as well as the other amendments increasing the pay of officers and employees of Congress. When the committee had done this, a motion was made that it "rise," and, being agreed to, Mr. Dawes came down from the chair and the Speaker resumed it, and the House proper was again at work. Then Mr. Dawes stood in front of the Clerk's desk where the tellers had previously stood,—which space is called the "area of freedom,"—and went through the *formality* of reporting to the Speaker what had been done by the House while in Committee of the Whole, of which he had been Chairman. Thereupon the Speaker reported the information back to the members (who, of course, knew it quite as well as he did); and then the members agreed to the amendments again, thus making their adoption the action of the House, and so really passing the bill. And this explains to you the whole process of an action of the House "in Committee of the Whole."

From the House the bill went to the Senate, and then, after a long debate, the Senate asked for a Committee of Conference—that is, a committee composed of members of both Houses—to adjust the bill so that it should satisfy the majority in both Houses. Such a committee was ap-

pointed, and on Monday, the third of March, the Conference report came up for consideration in both the Senate and the House, and it was adopted, after a very exciting debate, by a vote of 36 to 27 in the Senate, and of 102 to 96 in the House, and the bill thus became an act. On the morning of March 4th the House, at 2:50 A. M., took a recess until half-past nine o'clock A. M.; and upon re-assembling, Mr. Buckley, from the Committee on Enrolled Bills, reported that the committee had examined the bill and found it duly enrolled.† It was then signed by the Speaker, and the Clerk brought it over to the Senate. Thereupon the parchment was signed by Vice-President Colfax, and I stood by the side of his chair and dried the ink of his signature with a blotter! That was the last I saw of it, but somehow it must have reached the President's room, for shortly afterward the President's private secretary appeared in the House and informed that body that the Act had been approved.

Within a few minutes after Mr. Babcock's announcement, the Speaker of the House declared the House of Representatives of the Forty-second Congress adjourned without day, and he and the other law-makers thereupon marched over to the Senate, as described last month, to attend the ceremony of the inauguration.

Such was the last memorable act of that Congress. If you want to find comments on it, pick up almost any newspaper of that year. If you want to see the law itself, you will find it in the *seventeenth* volume of the Statutes at Large, at page 485.

The people of the country were furious when they heard of the passage of this "salary-grab." The idea of the law-makers voting to themselves a million dollars just at the end of their terms, and then quietly dispersing, jingling the gold in their pockets! The more the people thought of it, the more indignant they became. There was one loud, prolonged outburst of wrath against the members of that Congress, which found vent in the newspapers, the "organs of public opinion," and which swept the country from one end to the other.

The fun of it all was yet to come. Many members had drawn their back-pay, including even those who had opposed the measure. As the storm of public condemnation increased in fury, those who had not drawn were afraid to touch the money, and those who had drawn began to feel uneasy and to wish they had not done it, and some even returned the money to the treasury.

Many of the representatives of the Forty-second Congress had not been re-elected at the election of

* Tellers are appointed by the Chairman, and it is the custom to appoint as the two tellers the member who has made the demand for them and his leading opponent.

† I have explained the enrolling of bills in a previous chapter.

1872, and never expected to be. These, of course, were not alarmed. But many members had been re-elected and wanted to be re-elected forever and forever, and they were very eager to do something to soften the wrath of their constituents. Their wild, anxious efforts at repentance were almost laughable. And I may as well remark here, that, notwithstanding all their efforts, many of them were never forgiven, but were put aside by the people of their districts at the very *next* election.

Let me show you the celerity with which the Congressmen acted upon that Salary bill, however, when they re-assembled. The first session of the Forty-third Congress began on Monday, the first day of December, 1873. On Thursday, the fourth, a resolution was offered, in the House, that the *repeal* of the "Salary bill," so called, should be taken into consideration.

That resolution was agreed to; and then was presented a pretty spectacle! Nearly every member seemed to have prepared a bill on the subject, and was anxious to gain the credit of having repealed the obnoxious law. But Mr. Hale, of Maine, was the victor, and, on the 8th of December, he introduced a bill providing for the repeal of the "Salary bill." It was referred to a committee, and was promptly reported to the House again, with a few changes, but really as a new bill; and then the discussion that ensued was very fierce and exciting. Some obstinate members spoke of the denunciation of the people as the outcry of a

lawless mob! Others spoke less defiantly. But when it came to voting, nearly all, General Butler included, voted for the passage of the resolution repealing the bill! It was wonderful. And the same is true of the Senate.

This act repealing the Salary bill was passed in the House of Representatives, on the 17th of December, 1873, by a vote of 122 to 74! On the 12th of January, 1874 (the holidays having intervened), the Senate passed it, with an amendment, by a vote of 50 to 8! and the title was amended so as to read: "A bill repealing the increase of salaries of members of Congress and other officers." As so amended, it provided that "the increase of the compensation of public officers and employees, whether members of Congress, delegates, or others, except the President of the United States and Justices of the Supreme Court," should be repealed, and the salaries fixed as before the passage of the Act of March 3, 1873.

The very next day after its passage by the Senate, it reached the House. The representatives promptly concurred in the amendment of the Senate by a vote of 225 to 25! and on the 20th (one week later) it was approved by the President.

And so the law-makers, after boldly marching up the hill, deemed discretion the better part of valor, and marched down again. Perhaps no better instance could be given of the statement made in a previous chapter that, "in this country, the people are the real rulers."

(To be continued.)

THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN.

BY GRACE F. COOLIDGE.

A PLUMP little robin flew down from a tree,
To hunt for a worm, which he happened to see;
A frisky young chicken came scampering by,
And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chick, "What a queer-looking chicken is that!
Its wings are so long and its body so fat!"
While the robin remarked, loud enough to be heard:
"Dear me! an exceedingly strange-looking bird!"

"Can you sing?" robin asked, and the chicken said, "No,"
But asked in his turn if the robin could crow.
So the bird sought a tree, and the chicken a wall,
And each thought the other knew nothing at all.

"THE GRAND PACIFIC."

(A True Incident.)

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

'T WAS a rather small engraving of a very large hotel
That little Grace was studying so earnestly and well;
And at last she softly murmured,—this funny little mouse,—
"So that big, 'normous building is Gran'pa Cific's house!"

"Who *are* the Cifics, anyway? Mamma, I want to know;
I 've heard so much about them—I 've never seen them, though.
And it 's always Gran'*pa* Cific. I think there ought to be
A dear old Gran'*ma* Cific that I might go and see."

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

(A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.)

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

INTRODUCTION.

OF the girls of our day, there are comparatively few who do not, as part of their education, give some study to the pianoforte; and of those so engaged, whether loving music or not, there are few who do not hate the drudgery of exercise and scale, and wish that the time devoted to them might be given to almost any other form of torture. It is so discouraging to play the same ancient exercise day after day, and still seem no nearer to Chopin or Wagner than six months before. You come to look upon the piano as a deadly enemy and to dislike it more than anything in the world unless it be those black notes on the paper before you, unmanageable as so many giants. You wish for some fairy godmother to suddenly lay a spell upon the keys so that they should play enchanting melodies under your touch; but alas! one might as well wish for the moon. There is no help for the toil; no one ever played without it, not even Mozart or Beethoven. But whatever one's work may be, there is everything in the feeling which one brings to it, and so, perhaps, you who are working at the piano would be glad of anything that could make practicing a little interesting and the piano your friend. Now, would it not encourage you if you could know that the greatest performers on the piano worked day after day as steadily as you do—indeed, much more steadily than you generally work? Would it not cheer you to hear that Mozart had

to play scales—which he afterward said should flow like oil—and that he had to go through exercises when he was a little boy, and that every performer, however great or humble, has plodded on just as you are plodding now? Anyhow, it is surely more interesting to play the music of a man whose life you know, and who seems to you like a friend, than that of one who is only a name to you. In a brief glance at the lives of some of these men, then, we shall see how they were trained to play or compose, how they felt when they made melody, whether they loved their art and were willing to drudge for it! Most of the men we shall read about were pianists, but as every one who plays should know the men who are first in every department of music, we shall also learn something of the genius who is greatest in oratorio and also of him who is supreme in opera.

I. JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

One of our greatest composers, and a man who, above all others, should be called the musicians' musician, is Johann Sebastian Bach, born at Eisenach in 1685. We might almost say that music was born again in Bach, so much does his art owe to this illustrious man. He inherited his genius, his family for generations before him having been musical. Indeed, to be born a Bach seemed to mean to be born a musician. More than fifty of this family were *great* in their art, but Sebastian is the one,

above all, to whom musicians have turned, and will always turn, as one of the founders of instrumental music.

Little is known of Bach's childhood, which was passed in the little Eisenach village, among a quiet, religious people, not far from Wartburgh,

fact that his atmosphere was so favorable to its cultivation, he did not acquire his art any too easily. He had only begun to receive instruction from his father on the violin when the latter died, leaving Sebastian an orphan in his tenth year. The child now went to live with his brother Johann



YOUNG BACH PLAYING UPON THE CLAVICHORD.

where Luther used to live. It was fortunate for the child that he was surrounded by many who were interested in music. It was in the air, and he must constantly have heard it, and have fed his love for it. Still, notwithstanding the boy's genius and the

Christoph, who was an organist at Ohrduff. He gave Sebastian lessons in singing, and clavichord* playing — the piano not then having been invented. The little pupil astonished his master by his progress, soon knowing his exercises by heart, and begging

*The clavichord was an old-fashioned stringed instrument, played with keys, something like the old-time harpsichord and spinet—all of them direct ancestors of the modern piano.

for something more difficult. For some strange reason his brother always denied this request. Christoph had a manuscript which contained the works of the celebrated clavichord composers of that day. Sebastian was not discouraged when his brother refused to lend him the score. Fired by his love for music, he managed to get the manuscript from the closet in which it was kept, and, child as he was, he copied it all. As he was allowed no candle, he could only write on moonlight nights, and it was six months before the work was finished. When his brother found the manuscript in his possession, he was cruel enough to take the child's precious copy from him.

In 1698, Christoph died, and our young musician was thrown upon the world at fourteen, with his own living to get. Through his beautiful voice he obtained a position as chorister at St. Michael's church, Lüneberg. This was a great advantage, for, besides his musical studies, he received an education, and also had opportunities to hear the best music. Bach felt how necessary it is for one who desires to progress in music to hear the best masters of his art. Just as we, who now study the piano or violin, attend philharmonic and symphony concerts, so Bach never missed a chance to hear the best performers of his day. He frequently trudged long distances to neighboring cities, often staying after his money was spent, toiling home hungry and forlorn, but with the memory of the music haunting and inspiring him.

In 1703 he was made organist at Arnstadt. While there he studied very diligently, drudging at the works of the great composers, and striving to perfect his execution. It is said that often during the service his musical fancies led him so far from the score that the choir found it almost impossible to sing with him; still the congregation were only too glad to have so fine an organist. In 1718 he removed to Weimar, where he staid for nine years. He had now become the first organist of the day. When playing at Dresden, on a certain occasion, one too ambitious man ventured to compete with him. This was a Frenchman named Marechaud, who had delighted the Dresden people with his playing. Marechaud was a conceited man, and doubtless pictured in his own mind an easy victory over his youthful rival. But when the time for trial came only Bach appeared. Marechaud had vanished from the city that morning. It is supposed that, having heard Bach play, he fled to avoid a failure after his previous triumphs.

Bach's improvisations on the pianoforte were marvelous. (By improvisations or improvising we

mean composing as one plays—or, as the phrase goes, "on the spur of the moment." The greatest pianoforte players have excelled at improvisation.) His manner at the instrument was beautifully quiet and subdued. One thought not of the man, but of the music. There was no need for gestures or motions of any kind; he could trust his music to express the emotions of his soul.

It may surprise some of us to hear that before Bach's time people fingered almost as they pleased, seldom using the thumb or little finger at all, a most convenient method for the performer. But we should have found Bach a strict teacher, for he not only refused a pupil unless he showed musical ability, but he only took a small number, so as to give the utmost attention to each. He insisted, as the best teachers now insist, on each finger being equally trained; and the hands must be held in such a position over the keys that each finger is ready to play. We have called him "the musicians' musician," and rightly, for he will always be studied by real students of music. Schumann tells young musicians to "make Bach their daily bread," and so Mozart, Beethoven, and all the masters have done. One could scarcely exhaust Bach's if he spent a life-time in studying him. We have no space in which to speak of his vocal compositions except to say that he revolutionized church music, and that his cantatas and oratorios are unsurpassed. This great genius and simple, modest man, who would have been received with honor by the world, seldom traveled, and passed a quiet life at home. Two of his rare trips he made to Halle, hoping to meet Handel, but each time he missed him. He devoted himself to his music and to the musical education of his son, remembering perhaps his own boyish struggles and rebuffs. His son Emanuel inherited great musical talent, and was the first to insist on a "singing" style of playing. He said the piano should sing the melody, and he set his face against all thumping and drumming. Bach manufactured and tuned his own instruments besides copying his own and other musical works. At last his eyes gave out under the long strain put upon them, and two years before his death, like the great Handel, he became totally blind. He died July 28, 1750, and was buried without a stone to mark his grave. Forty years afterward he was forgotten, and half his almost matchless compositions were lost. He was too great for his time, and not till the end of the eighteenth century, and then chiefly through the effort of Mendelssohn, were the great master's works brought before the public. Now every one who knows anything of music knows Bach's importance in the history of his art.

THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD.*

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

SECOND PAPER.

THE Eskimo children have but few toys, and these are only of the rudest kind. Yet it is surprising to see the amount of enjoyment they get from these trifling affairs, so easily are they amused.

of reindeer sinew about six inches long. The ivory or wooden pin is about as long as the forefinger, and its smaller end is sharpened to about the size of a knitting-needle. One end of the ivory "cup-ball" is bored as full of holes as possible, and the object of the game is simply to impale the "cup-



Walter Bell.

ESKIMO CHILDREN PLAYING WITH THE PIN AND CUP-BALL.

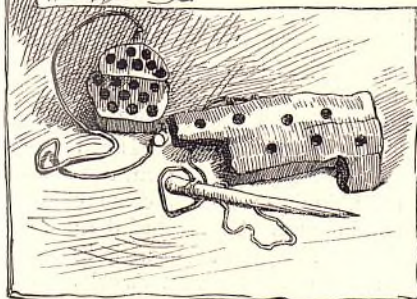


FIG. 1.—THE PIN AND CUP-BALL.

glook-tahk, or, as it might be called in our language, "Pin and Cup-ball." In Fig. 1 is seen an end and side view of the toy. It consists of two pieces, generally of walrus ivory, united by a string

One of the most common toys that I found in use among them was called *neo-glook-took* or *neo-glook-tahk*, or, as it might be called in our language, "Pin and Cup-ball." In Fig. 1 is seen an end and side view of the toy. It consists of two pieces, generally of walrus ivory, united by a string

ball" on the pin by thrusting the latter in one of the holes. This is done, as shown in the illustration, by swinging the "cup-ball" backward and forward once or twice and then bringing it around with a gentle sweep, the end containing the holes being turned toward the pin. Simple as this little toy is, it requires considerable dexterity and skill to make the run of a number of successful points, which is often accomplished by a little Eskimo. Sometimes he will swing it completely around two or three times, alternating on different sides of the hand, and an expert player will in this manner swing it so rapidly that it looks like a revolving buzz-saw, and will then, with a sharp crack, impale it on the pin. I remember

that I tried it once, and brought the heavy ivory ball so sharply against the end of my thumb-nail that it stung for half an hour after. The most expert, however, will always succeed in sticking it on the pin, or in catching it on the pin's point between the holes, so that the ball will bounce back. A number of holes are also cut obliquely in the sides

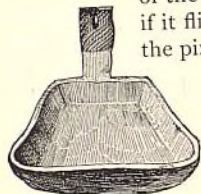


FIG. 2.—A MUSK-OX CUP.

of the ball, as shown in Fig. 1, so that if it flies sidewise it may be caught by the pin through one of these; and, in fact, those who desire to show unusual skill try to impale the ball on one of these side holes. Should they fail in this endeavor, the thumb-nail or thumb-joint usually gets a whack that makes the player squirm for some time; but, with that indifference to bodily pain so characteristic of savages, they go right on with their play, notwithstanding the hurt. In a village of half a dozen families, you will nearly always see a group of little children, especially the girls, twirling away at this game. As soon as one misses they pass it on to the next, the number of successful catches showing who is victor for that particular round.

Another childish amusement is to take one of the musk-ox cups, shown in Fig. 2, and, partially filling it with soup or stew, whirl it around on a board or flat rock in the center of a group collected to play the game; the person to whom the handle of the cup points when it has stopped turning is the victor, and can appropriate the contents of the cup. This game is not so much played by the children as by the old women of the tribe, and I am sorry to say that this simple game is often used by them as a means of gambling. When the person to whom the handle has pointed has taken out the article placed in the cup (or alongside it, if it be too large), some other article must be placed in it or alongside it, and a brisk twirl is then given it that sends it spinning around again for four or five times before it settles to a rest and the handle designates the new victor. I have said this is a kind of gambling, because the lucky one often puts in the musk-ox horn cup things much more valuable than are taken out, the only idea of value among the Eskimo being the present necessity for an article. A needle that is wanted for use immediately is more valuable in their eyes than the horn cup which holds it, although it may have taken them a month to make the cup.

The making of these curious cups of musk-ox horn is worth relating. If my readers will look in some well-illustrated book on natural history, they will see that the horn of a musk-ox, as it ap-

proaches his head, commences to flatten out in a wide plate that is crimped at the edges. The Eskimo take this widened base of the musk-oxen's horn, boil it in their kettles, and then scrape it with knives to get it to the proper thickness, after which it is bent in the shape seen in Fig. 2, and is then left to dry. Little toy ones are often made for the babies to play with, but most of them are large and hold from a pint to a couple of quarts. The little girls often play with the *im-moo-sik*, as they call this cup, the victor's winnings being a little bit of soup poured into the cup.

Another game, also called *nao-glook-took*, is played by the men and boys. A piece of walrus ivory, about as long as the forefinger and probably a little larger in diameter, is pierced near the middle with holes running entirely through, and as thickly placed as can be without cutting it in two. Through each extremity is passed a stout sinew string, one end of which holds it fast to the roof of the *igloo*, or tent, while the other is tied to some heavy object, as a walrus's skull or a stone, which acts as a weight and keeps both strings taut.

Some member of the playing party then puts up something as a prize—a pair of walrus's tusks, or, perhaps, a reindeer coat. The players, who stand in a circle around the perforated ivory cylinder, arm themselves with long, sharpened sticks, with points small enough to enter the holes (such as seal-spears with the barbs removed, or iron ramrods), and are then ready to commence; and as the prize-giver gives a sudden shout of "Yi! Yi!" they all begin jabbing at the holes. Finally, some lucky fellow succeeds in thrusting the point of his stick, spear, or ramrod through one of the holes, when he loudly shouts "Yi! Yi!" and pushes the cylinder aside to show that he is winner, and the jabbing ceases. The victor now puts up some new prize,—a musk-ox robe, or a sledge dog, or a sealskin line,—and the game goes on as usual until all are ready to stop. This is a favorite game during the long winter evenings when food is plentiful and everybody is merry.

Many of the little Eskimo girls have dolls, dressed very much like themselves, and made entirely by their own hands. The face is of tanned sealskin, about as black as their own, two round beads being sewed in for eyes and a couple of long ones for nose and mouth. The rest of the doll is clothed in reindeer skin, the same as is its little mistress when she is out in the winter's cold. The little Eskimo girls do not seem to take as kindly to their dolls or to derive as much amusement from their assumed care and trouble with them as do our little girls of the temperate zone. They seem to prefer other and rougher enjoyments.

I give here a picture of a doll, which was given

me by a little Eskimo girl, in return for a present that I had made her, as is the usual Eskimo custom; and I think my little girl readers, when they see its hideous countenance, with its glistening bead eyes and straight bead nose, and especially the fierce grimace of its straight bead mouth, will cease to wonder why their Eskimo sisters do not grow enthusiastic over their dolls. In fact, I can readily

Eskimo; and most of their amusements, as I have said, are confined to their simple games. If you should wish to make a toy sledge, you, of course, would need to have some wood to build it from. In my first article, I told you of the scarcity of wood among the Eskimo, and what funny notions some of them have about timber growing on the bottom of the sea and the drifting ice break-



"NOO-GLOOK-TOOK," AS PLAYED BY MEN AND BOYS.

imagine that most of you will say that you don't see how in the world they can like them at all.

The face of the doll's hood is trimmed with black fur, taken from the back of the reindeer. The rest of the dress, except a little trimming around the bottom of the coat, is made of white reindeer-fur, taken from the flanks of the animal. The belt is of black sealskin, secured by a brass-headed tack, and the gloves of dark-colored reindeer-fur. The stockings are made from the flat glossy fur taken from the legs of a young reindeer, and many of these show very creditable ornamentation, considering the limited display of colors to be found on a single reindeer skin. Over the feet are drawn sealskin leather slippers, securely fastened by a puckering string, drawn tight and tied. These prevent the water from getting at the reindeer stockings, the fur of which would be spoiled by the moisture. Except for its hideous face, the Eskimo doll, queer as it looks to you, is generally a very good miniature representation of the Eskimo girl.

The number of toys that represent articles of daily use, and which are so common among us, such as toy wagons, toy sleds, toy railroad trains, and a hundred others, are very limited among the

ing it off. Well, since wood is so scarce that all they can get must be utilized to make their real sleds, harpoon and spear shafts, etc., leaving none or very little to be made into toy representations of these things, little Boreas looks elsewhere for material for his coasting sled; and he makes it of—what do you think?—the very funniest material imaginable—*pure ice* cut from the nearest lake or river.

If the sleds of ice, judging from the one in the illustration, seem rather bulky, they are much stronger than you would imagine, and the boys can coast downhill without breaking them, provided the changes in the slope are gradual and there are no stones or ice-hummocks protruding through



AN ESKIMO DOLL.

the snow. Even the grown people occasionally use these primitive sledges when dragging their effects over the smooth salt-water ice near the shore line of the sea. The snow-knife, which I represented among the tools that are used to build the *igloo*, or native snow house, is the implement employed to cut or chip out the ice-sledge. There is one advantage to be found in this kind of a sledge that partially compensates for its

pletely frozen, the next operation is to put on the ice itself. This is done by the sledgeman taking a big mouthful of water and, while he works the palm of his hand backward and forward very rapidly, slowly spurting the water over the frozen, slushy snow; this distributes the water evenly and smoothly, and the watery spray freezes almost as soon as it strikes the cold runner. Thus iced, it is really wonderful how much easier the sledge will run than when it is not so treated. My largest sledge was so heavy, even when unloaded, that I could hardly turn it over sidewise; yet, when Toolooah, my sledgeman, had carefully iced it, I could with one hand take this ponderous affair, weighing nearly half a ton, and slide it backward and forward a distance of two or three feet without any unusual effort. If Toolooah iced the sledge on the side of a hill, and, thoughtlessly turning it over, allowed it to point downhill, away it would go like a frightened horse,



A SLED MADE OF ICE.

great weight: the bottoms of the sledge-runners are always perfectly smooth and slippery, being of pure ice; and when the sledge party is on hard and level snow, but little pulling is required—much less, in fact, than one would think—to make rapid progress with such a bulky and cumbersome vehicle.

So much easier will a sledge pull when it has runners of ice, that, in the Eskimo country, the ordinary wooden sledges always have the bottoms of their runners iced before they start on a day's sledge journey. First, the sledge runner is shod with a strip of bone cut from the lower jaw of a whale into a long, thin piece, like a batten, or small board, and a trifle wider than the runner. This is made fast to the runner by thin thongs of whalebone. The sledge is thrown on its back, the slats being down, and the native sledgeman prepares the runners for the journey, by carefully icing them. He has a small bucket or musk-ox ladle full of water, and, picking up a piece of snow about as big as his fist, he dips it in the water to render it soft and slushy, and then presses the slushy mass over the bone shoe of the runner with the open palm of the hand until it is completely covered around and along the whole length of both runners. The open hand is kept working backward and forward over two or three feet of the runner's length, smoothing and leveling this opaque mass until it is frozen hard (a process which generally takes only about half a minute in cold weather); then the operation is renewed farther on along the runner. The slushy snow being com-

unless it was stopped.

Our worst luck would be to have some half-hidden stone tear the ice from one of the runners, when it would drag as if a treble-sized load had been added. But whether little Boreas's sled be made of ice or wood, he is nearly as fond of a sled-ride as the little boys in better climates, and probably would be found as often in the week enjoying one, if his winter time were as short; but as his winter is three or four times as long as ours, he grows tired of the sport, in time.

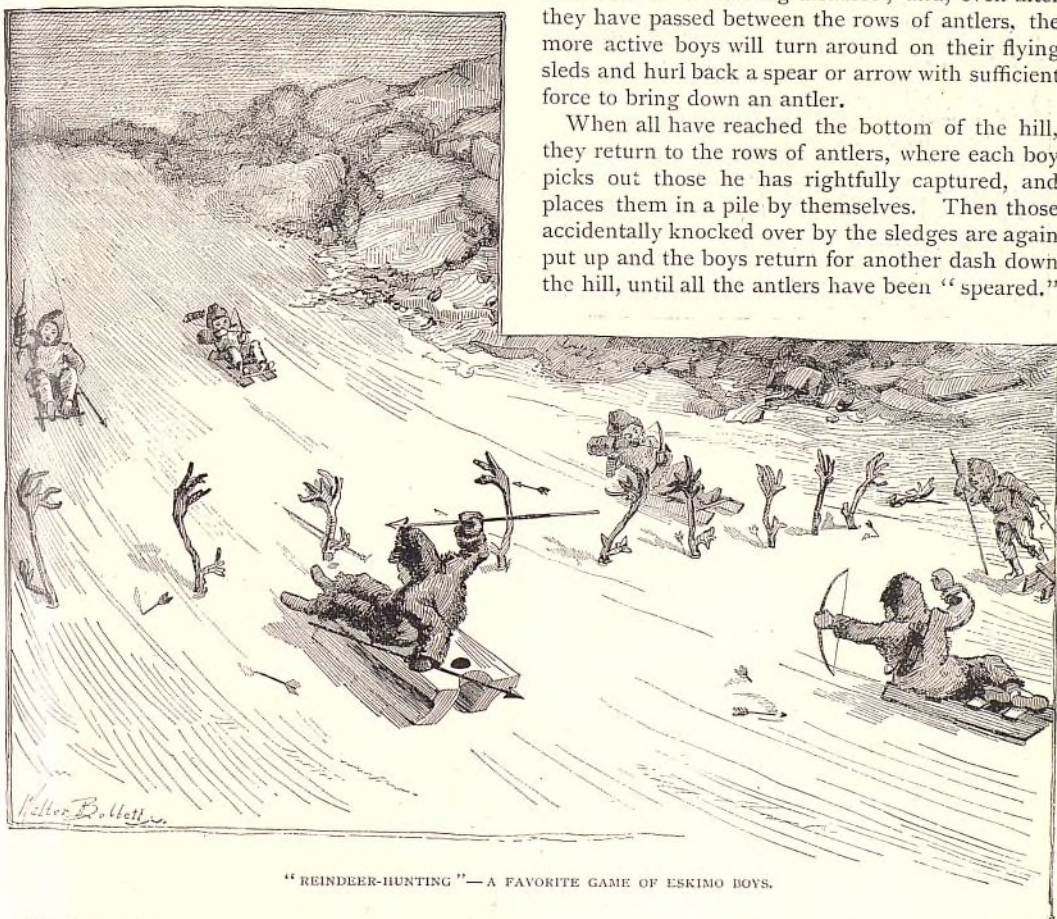
Most of the sled-rides of our boys are on some of the nice sloping side-hills, while nearly all of those of little Boreas are behind well-trained dogs, which carry him along as fast as a pair of good horses. They go "coasting" quite often, however, if they can find a good hill for the purpose, which they can not always find, because most of the tops and ridges of the hills in their country are kept clear of the snow by the terrible gales of wind that they have so often.

One sport that amuses the Eskimo boys very much would probably be called in our language "reindeer hunting." Having found a long and gentle slope on a side-hill, they place along the bottom of the hill a number of reindeer antlers, or, as we sometimes incorrectly call them, deer-horns (for you boys must not forget that the antlers of a deer are not horn at all, but bone). These antlers of the reindeer are stuck upright in the snow, singly or in groups, in such a manner that a sled, when well guided, can be run between them without knocking any of them down, the number

of open spaces between the groups being equal to at least the number of sleds. The quantity of reindeer antlers they can thus arrange will, of course, depend upon their fathers' success the autumn before in reindeer hunting; but there are nearly always enough antlers to give two or three, and sometimes five or six, to each fearless young coaster.

You can see that, in such a case, the slower they go when they are passing the antlers the better. They must knock over the antlers with their spears or arrows only, as those thrown down by the sledge or with the bow or spear in the hand do not count. They begin to shoot their arrows and throw their spears as soon as they can get within effective shooting distance; and, even after they have passed between the rows of antlers, the more active boys will turn around on their flying sleds and hurl back a spear or arrow with sufficient force to bring down an antler.

When all have reached the bottom of the hill, they return to the rows of antlers, where each boy picks out those he has rightfully captured, and places them in a pile by themselves. Then those accidentally knocked over by the sledges are again put up and the boys return for another dash down the hill, until all the antlers have been "speared."



"REINDEER-HUNTING"—A FAVORITE GAME OF ESKIMO BOYS.

The boys with their sleds, numbering from four to six in a fair-sized village, gather on the top of the hill, each boy having with him two or three spears, or a bow with as many arrows. They start together, each boy's object being to knock down as many antlers as possible and not be the first to reach the bottom of the hill.

Sometimes there is but one antler left, and when there are five or six contesting sleds the race becomes very exciting, for then speed counts in reaching the antler first. When all are down, the boys count their winnings, and the victor is, of course, the one who has obtained the greatest number of antlers.

(To be continued.)



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE comes April, laughing brightly!
Bless me! No. She's weeping slightly;—
Now, she laughs! Can I be dreaming?
See, with tears her face is streaming!
Dry your eyes, dear April, do;—
Happy eyes so bright and blue!—
Pretty April, does it strike you,
That the children are just like you?

A BIG DRINK FOR SO LITTLE A FELLOW.

"THE ants here," a young Sandwich Islander writes me from Kohala, Hawaii, "kill flies by clinging to them, as was mentioned in a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS. One day, noticing a row of ants drinking at some water spilled on a marble slab, I watched them. They would drink from five to ten minutes, and gradually their bodies would swell until they were at least twice the usual size, and a good-sized drop of water showed plainly when they were between me and the light. Often one would start to go away, but return and take a little more."

"Why did they take so much?" he asks. "Are they like camels, and can they drink water enough at one time to last them several days, or do they, in some way, feed it to their grubs?"
Who knows?

THE LADY-APPLES HEARD FROM!

THE lady-apples have been heard from. Grace J. G., of Portchester, N. Y., sends word that every autumn Jack Frost shakes down large quantities of the lovely fruit from a lady-apple tree on her father's lawn; and Lizzie M. D., a little Jersey girl, says that "no tree but a lady-apple tree can bear lady-apples," and the little beauties are never found growing on the same trees with ordinary apples.

E. R. B., whose uncle in the town of Fall River, Mass., has a number of lady-apple trees, says "they grow just like any other apple, only they are so pretty!"

Another little girl, who lives in Morrow, Ohio, writes that, like the Little School-ma'am, she has some lady-apples growing, and has gathered them. "We have five large trees in our garden," she adds, "that my grandpapa planted for my mamma, a long time ago, and they bear a great many apples. If any of your little readers will send me ten cents in stamps, I will send them some cuttings off of the trees. I will send you a few apples, dear Jack. Please be sure to taste them, that you may see how good they are."

You will be glad to know, my chicks, that the lady-apples came safely, and were much enjoyed by the Deacon, the Little School-ma'am, and by "Jack himself," though few of my family indulge in such luxuries.

A FUNNY FOSTER-MOTHER.

ITHACA, N. Y., December 30, 1884.

"I WANT to tell you, dear Jack," writes a young girl, "something interesting about squirrels. A boy went out shooting, and, seeing a squirrel in a tree, shot at it and killed it. It stuck in one of the branches, and he climbed up the tree to get it. He heard a queer noise in a hole in the tree. He looked in and found two baby squirrels, which he took home. He had a pet cat, and she seemed to take a great fancy to the squirrels. She let them go in the same basket with her kittens, and it was a funny sight to see her wash their faces. They soon learned to love her, and played like kittens, and would run after a string, or chase a ball. One of them was given to me, and I never had a more knowing or interesting pet. The lively little fellow ran all about my room; and every night he went to sleep in a leather bag which hung in my closet. But as he grew older he began to get destructive, and finally I was obliged to let him go. Once, as I was walking in the woods, I heard a chattering above my head. I looked up, and there was Bunny. I called him by name, and he came down, sat on my shoulder a minute, and then was gone. I have never seen him since. I live in Ithaca, on Cayuga Lake. It is a beautiful place, and I would not like to go back to the city.

Your constant reader,

KATHARINE SAGE.

Give my love to the Little School-ma'am."

AN ILLUMINATED FROG.

THE letter here shown you must tell its own story, my friends. If any of you can throw any outside light on this remarkable frog, or offer any other explanation than that given by Mr. Carlyle, I shall be pleased.

The fact is, I never saw an illuminated frog myself, nor do I well understand how Mr. Fire-fly managed to light up his enemy, so to speak, from the interior. Still, a frog's skin is very thin and

transparent; and, as the Deacon says, strange things *do* happen. Our dear Little School-ma'am has the real name and address of the writer, who vouches for the truth of his narrative.

DEAR CHILDREN: "What is an illuminated frog?" I think I hear you and our good friend Jack-in-the-Pulpit ask.

Now, an illuminated house is a house that has lights in all the windows; and when all the houses in a large city are thus illuminated,

Southern States call them, lightning-bugs. While I was engaged in such a chase one evening, a little fellow suddenly flashed his tiny dark-lantern almost in my face, and the stroke which I made with my cap in his direction resulted in bringing him to the ground in front of a large frog that was sitting quietly waiting for whatever might come along for his supper.

The fire-fly apparently and unfortunately struck a light on the gravel of the walk to see what he had fallen upon. The old toad nodded his head quickly toward him, as if to say, "Good-evening!"—and the little fly disappeared on the instant. At the same time, the toad straightened himself up and puffed out his white vest,



AN ILLUMINATED FROG.

as sometimes happens on great public occasions, it is a grand spectacle indeed. No boy or girl who has ever seen such a sight is likely to forget it; and so I never shall forget seeing an illuminated frog when I was a little boy, although the occasion was so strictly private that no one saw it but myself. In all my life I have never heard or read of any one else having witnessed a like exhibition.

It happened a great many years ago, away down in the South, where frogs are so numerous that you can count dozens of them hopping about the garden-walks, in the twilight, at any time after a recent summer rain has enticed them from their holes. At such times, in warm climates, the air is filled with insects of many kinds, and the frogs scramble out from their queer little houses, not for the purpose of enjoying the scenery, or the exercise they get in their sudden and vigorous journeys from one spot to another, but to hunt the insects which form their favorite food.

I was very fond of catching fire-flies, or, as the children of the

as much as to say, "Do you think I would swallow such a thing as a fly, or a streak of lightning, or anything of that sort?" and in the self-same instant I saw — an illuminated frog!

The frog had swallowed the fire-fly, for all his innocent looks to the contrary; and the poor little victim, finding himself suddenly transferred into such a new and dark and close place, had flashed his ever-ready lantern to discover what manner of living prison he had fallen into! The flash was produced only twice while I was looking on in wonder and amazement, and at each such flash I saw in the darkness the strange spectacle of a luminous frog, with every line on his queerly marked hide brought out into plain and bright relief.

With the second flash the light of the little prisoner went out, the toad hopped into the grass, and I hastened into the house to tell the assembled family of my first discovery in natural history.

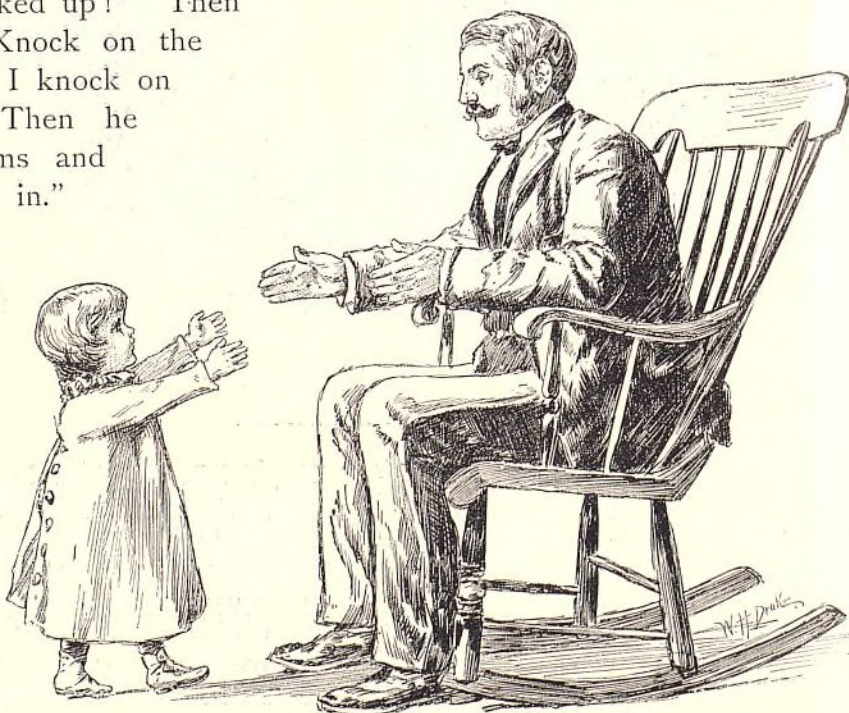
M. CARLYLE.

MY LITTLE HOUSE.

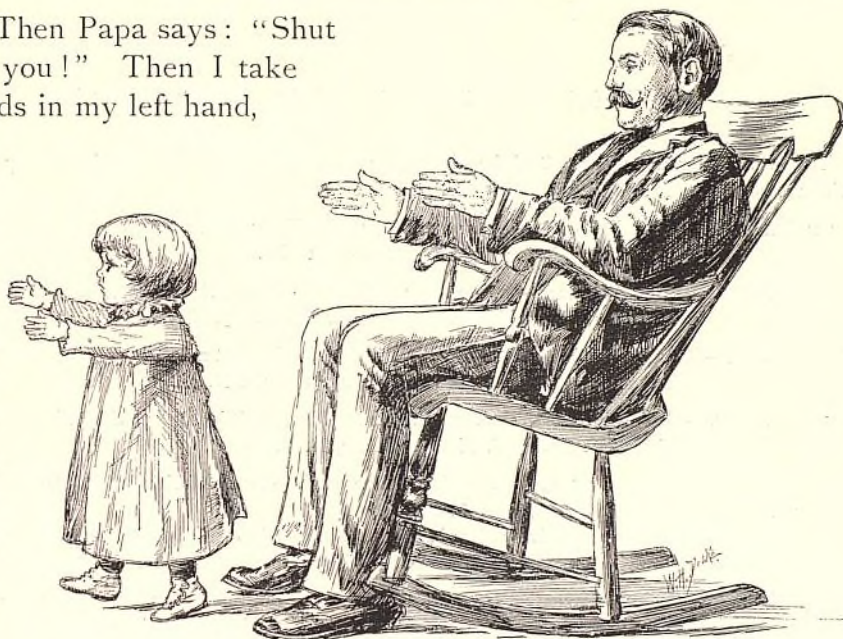
DEAR little boys and girls about as old as I am, —(I am nineteen; but it is months),— I want to tell you about a little game I can play with my Papa.

Papa holds out his arms as if he were going to take me; but his hands are clasped tight shut, so I can not run in. Then he says, "Come into your little house!" Then I say, "All locked up!" Then Papa says, "Knock on the door!" Then I knock on his fingers. Then he opens his arms and says, "Come in." Then I run in, and he hugs me up tight, and gives me a kiss.

Then I say, "Knock out!" and I turn around and knock on the door again. Then he opens his arms and



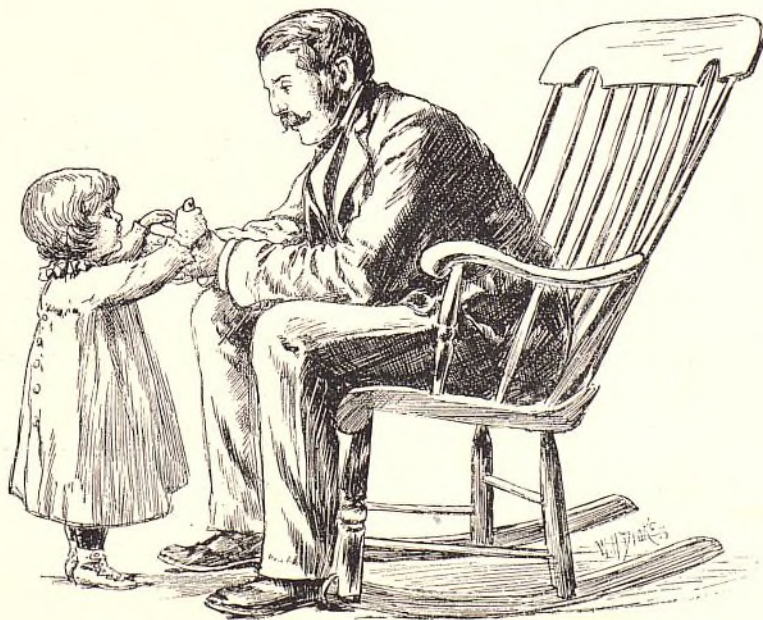
so I run out. Then Papa says: "Shut the door after you!" Then I take one of his hands in my left hand, and one of his hands in my right hand, and shut them up tight. Then he always has one of his thumbs standing straight up; and he says, "Lock the door!" Then I take the thumb that



is standing up, and tuck it down in his hand. I like to come into my little house. Any little boy can play this game with his Papa.

'Feck-shuntly, Hy.

Hy is my little name. My other name is Hahdy Bahdy; and my big name is Hah-lin-H-Bah-lid-Ju-ner-Mas-sa-too-sitts.



THE PRIZE STORIES FOR GIRLS.

THE prizes offered on page 68 of the November number of ST. NICHOLAS, for a story for girls written by a girl, have been awarded by the Committee, as follows:

FIRST PRIZE.—Forty Dollars—to the story entitled "Myself, or Another?"

Written by: Marion Satterlee, New York City.

SECOND PRIZE.—Twenty Dollars—to the story entitled "Helen's Prize Dinner."

Written by: Anna McClure Sholl, New Brunswick, N. J.

THIRD PRIZE.—Fifteen Dollars—to the story entitled "Nothing but a Girl."

Written by: Sallie Whittier Hovey, Portsmouth, N. H.

FOURTH PRIZE.—Ten Dollars—to the story entitled "What a Little Bird Told Me."

Written by: Helen V. Pierce, Albany, N. Y.

FIFTH, SIXTH, AND SEVENTH PRIZES.—Five Dollars each—to the stories entitled "Mrs. Lafferty's Discovery," "The Mysterious Wardrobe," and "Marjorie's Ball."

Written (respectively) by: Carrie C. Peddle, Terre Haute, Indiana; Clara Belle Cahill, Lansing, Michigan; Mamie Magovern, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Committee desires to state that the stories entitled "What Susub Found," "How She Was Cured," "Nell's Decision," "Kate's Discipline," "The Queen of the School," and "Bridget" are deserving of especial notice and praise, though under all the conditions of the competition they did not win prizes. And if space permitted, the Committee would be glad also to add a list of forty or fifty stories which came next to those named above in order of merit, and were well worthy of commendation as the efforts of young writers.

The Committee, in the name of the magazine, sincerely thanks the hundreds of young friends who so promptly and heartily entered into the spirit of ST. NICHOLAS's effort to obtain a good short story for girls written by a girl.

The stories which won the first and second prizes are to be printed in the next two numbers of ST. NICHOLAS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN connection with the story of "Zenobia," which appears in this number, due credit for certain information, hitherto unrecorded and first used in this paper, should be given to Dr. Robertson Smith's article on "Palmyra," in the new Vol. XVIII. of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, advanced sheets of which were kindly placed at the service of the author of "Historic Girls," by the Messrs. Black of Edinburgh, and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons of New York.

Old Palmyrean coins, containing the heads of Odenathus and Aurelian, Odenathus and Zenobia, and Zenobia and her son, the boy-emperor Wahballath, are still to be found in some of the coin collections of to-day, though very rare. Has any boy or girl reader of ST. NICHOLAS ever seen one of them?

Rev. William Ware's story of "Zenobia" will be found very interesting by the older ST. NICHOLAS readers, although recent discoveries have materially changed some of the data on which his story is based.

MISS HUNTINGTON has just issued a new edition of her "Kitchen-Garden Book," at a reduced price. It contains some new songs and games. Our readers will doubtless remember the article on Miss Huntington's Kitchen-Garden School, which appeared in the number for April, 1879, and also another paper entitled "Fräulein Mina Smidt goes to School," which was printed in the number for September, 1884.

A FRIENDLY correspondent has sent us the following verses, inscribed to the little Infanta Marguerita, whose portrait, copied from Velasquez's painting, it will be remembered, formed the frontispiece of our December number:

THE INFANTA MARGUERITA.

DEAR little maid of two centuries past,
As we look to-day on your sunny face,
We thank you for standing stately and prim,
Dressed in your satin gown, velvets, and lace.

Marguerita, Princess Infanta of Spain,
With pretty round cheeks so rosy and fair,
Did you long to run in the fields and play?
Did your little feet weary of standing there?

Of what were you thinking, dear little maid?
Did you watch your face on the canvas grow,
While ladies amused you with stories quaint
Or played on the mandolin soft and low?

There's a happy look in your bright black eyes
As you stand so sweetly before us here,
Coming from out of the great long-ago,
To bring us a greeting on our New Year.

RHODA.

THE LETTER-BOX.

NO. EASTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Many children like to read about cats, and perhaps they would like to hear about my cat, whose name is Barkis. He is now nearly seven years old. The Old Colony Railroad passes at the foot of our garden. One day in the summertime, when Barkis was about a year old, we saw from our back door a cat all covered with mud, crawling along by the side of the railroad track. It looked so pitiful and in such an awful condition that we went out and brought it into the house. At first we could not believe that it was Barkis, he was in such a terrible condition; all covered with mud and dirt. Oh, how we pitied the poor kitty! We washed him and made a nice soft bed for him; and folks said, "Oh, get some one to shoot him!" We could n't bear to do that, so we took the best of care of him, and, strange to tell, he got well again, and is now not lame at all; but he could never after sing or purr. We suppose he was on the track when the train came along, and was struck by the "cow-catcher" and thrown into the air, coming down into a mud puddle. If he could talk he would probably have had quite a story to tell of his adventures that day. I will tell you how he came to get the strange name he goes by. When he was quite young we taught him to roll over and then stand up on his hind feet whenever we said to him, "If you want a piece of meat, roll over." We would never deceive him, and he is always willing. Father was always a great lover of Dickens' writings, and one day when he saw kitty minding so readily, he said, "Barkis is willin'," call him Barkis." We all laughed, and ever after called him by that name. Your friend and reader, L.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN., Jan., 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for eleven years, but I have never written to you before.

I have a pair of skates, and I can skate a little. I have three card albums, and I like to arrange the cards in them. I got nineteen new cards for Christmas. I enjoy reading you very much indeed. I like Frank Stockton's stories about the best of any. I am thirteen years old. Your friend, BETTIE B.

PEKING, CHINA, Nov. 30, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you ever since I was two years old, and now I am almost seven, but I have never written to you before. I like to read the letters the little children write you, because I have no brothers or sisters of my own, and I get lonely sometimes, and like to hear what other children are doing. I have never had as many pets as they all have, because I have gone about too much to keep them, but I have three birds now: two of them are brown, with white spots like snow-flakes all over them, and red bills. They sit close together, and love each other all day. All the Chinese children walk about the streets carrying birds on sticks; they are so tame they would not fly away. They have tame crickets in cages, too, that sing, and they put whistles on the pigeons' tails that make a sad moan when they fly; they think it sounds pretty, and then it keeps the hawks from them. They use the pigeons for messenger boys, and tie letters around their necks. The men here carry hawks on their shoulders, and when they fly off, they call, and they come back. The streets are very dirty and full of holes, so the foreigners here used to walk on the city wall; now they won't let them, so we go about either in carts without springs, or in chairs carried by coolies. I think I ought to know something about geography by this time. I was born in Maryland, and we lived three years in New Mexico and Colorado, then three years in Europe, and last summer we left Switzerland for China, coming by America, and we were three months traveling. I hope my letter is not too long. A certain old body is writing for me.

Your loving little friend,

DOLLIE ROCKHILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will some of the little folks who read your "Letter-box" try to make out lists of words having the same termination? How long a list can they make of words ending in *ing*, *ess*, *en*, *gs*, etc.? How long a list of words ending in *tion*? To give an illustration:—The Reed cousins had their occasional family gatherings, and at these reunions papers previously prepared by some of the cousins were collected into what they called "The Miscellany," and read for the amusement or improvement of all. At one of these meetings the following paper was read, prepared by Mary McCord, of Wassaie, Dutchess County, New York, who died July 18, 1883. It is here given as a sort of verbal curiosity:

A CONGLOMERATION.

THE Miscellany, friends, has a vast circulation, Though only a semi-occasional publication. This, of course, is a great aggravation To all of literary reputation.

However, we hope, with its solid foundation, With an editor of so much education, And correspondents of every station, We'll soon be spread over all creation. For it's a magazine of wondrous diction: It contains in its columns both truth and fiction. Wit and wisdom are there. Without exaggeration, You'll find it brilliant beyond imagination. My esteem for The Miscellany 'tis proper here to mention, And also for a moment to invite your kind attention To a fact that's quite important if viewed in this connection, And which rightly may tax your most earnest reflection. As I was standing wrapt in meditation, Upon a subject of some consideration, The Editor stepped up with great deliberation, And made this astounding proclamation. Said he: "I came to make the proposition That you would better, in addition To your former *miscellaneous* production, Write still another for our instruction. For on Thanksgiving Eve,—'t is a family invention,— To assemble the cousins is our intention. The Miscellany, then, of high commendation, Must be read in their hearing for their edification. To give us something, then, you must form a resolution: So we'll look to you for a contribution. To puns or conundrums we have no objection: As to poetry—we'd like a bit in that direction." Now, this was the very first information That I had received of a determination On the part of the Editor—with some reservation— To collect together his beloved relation. True, among the Reeds for a generation It has been a custom of great veneration To meet together for joy and exultation On this great day of feasting and libation. But now there is such a multiplication Of uncles, aunts, and cousins without limitation, That of late there seems to be no inclination On the part of many for its perpetuation. So, although by this unexpected declaration He rather aroused my consternation, Yet I attempted, without procrastination, To get up something for their information. Now, I really had the expectation That writing would be a mere recreation; But I'm obliged to say, on retrospection, That that idea doth need correction. For, after a deal of cogitation, There seemed to my thoughts no concentration. I began to be in mighty frustration! Why, it almost stopped my respiration! Then I rushed to my room to make preparation; I rocked to and fro in great agitation; I seized my pen with some exasperation And tried to arouse my imagination. I thought of every land and nation, And tried to write about civilization. I looked in vain and with lamentation To find a fit subject for contemplation! How I deplored my inanition, And lack of skill at composition! I groaned aloud in desperation, I thought of politics and legislation, Of tariff laws and of inflation, Of science, too, and conservation. But to my troubles came no cessation, Nor any theme worth commendation! And there I continued in uneasy position— Can you imagine my sad condition? But all for naught. 'T is my solemn conviction, To the flow of ideas there's wondrous restriction. My brain was blank—without habitation; Not a thought was there, to my indignation; I waited and waited for inspiration, But it would not come at my invitation. So, at last, with the utmost resignation, I gave it up as a plague and vexation, For by this time I was in great tribulation, And my brain in the greatest fermentation. And, oh! my dear friends, have some commiseration For the feelings of one in this situation. 'T is so dreadful to find, on examination, That you can't say a thing to create a sensation. I've tried to give you a brief presentation

Of my trials in composing this concatenation;
But pray excuse me if you've any realization
Of the difficulty I've had in its compilation.
If you see in these lines too much repetition,
I confess to a failure of my ambition.
But learn from this the application,
Not to write lines with the same termination.
Now, I know you'll decide, without hesitation,
That writing is not my forte or vocation;
But let me tell you, as my only justification,
For the lack of ideas there is no compensation.

NOTE.—There are 100 lines in the above, every line ending in
tion, and no word is repeated. Yours truly, W. H.

PESCADERO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old; I live on
a ranch, and I can see the light-house from here. We are only
about three miles from the beach. There is a small island about
half a mile from the shore, and there is a fog-horn on it, which
whistles every time it is foggy. I am learning to read music by
note. My brother and cousin are getting a collection of birds'
eggs and butterflies. I like ST. NICHOLAS very much indeed.

CLARA S.

LONDON, ENGLAND, December, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I always look forward to the end of
every month, when Papa brings you. A little time ago I played the
"Cuckoo" in a toy symphony. We had great fun, and were twelve
children, altogether. I have several little friends who take you, and
like you quite as much as I do myself. Your constant little reader,
M. L.

SCRANTON, PA., Dec., '84.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and I
think you are the best of all magazines. In one of the ST. NICHOLAS
issues there was a receipt in the Letter-box that a little girl wrote; it
was how to make a vase with a tumbler with salt and water. I
tried it, and it was quite a success. I suppose some of your other
boys and girls read ST. NICHOLAS, and I hope they will try it. I
am ten years old.

Your faithful reader, CLARE.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of interesting letters from
the young friends whose names are given herewith: G. M. M.,
Josephine Battey, Elma Dame, Alice V. Cary, Edward S. Sears,
L. M. Holly, Josie, Mary L. Steinfert, W. S., Emma Taylor, Bessie
E. Simpson, Birdie E. S. S., Julian W. Cheners, Elden Shaw, Edie
W. Longfellow, M. Carrie Rives, Ned Selkregg, A. M. Sanborn,
Benjie N. Butcher, Emma H., Ada H., Susie F., I. H. F., R.
Earle Olwine, Fannie L. Morey, Maud Guild, Hattie Figley, James
Woolfenden, Horty O. M., H. A. G., M. G. & A. V., Carrie
Barney, Joe Howells, Jr., A Royal Mosnat, Arthur S., Bianca
Noa, Lib, Frank G. Mellen, Minnie Anderson, R. E. H., J. C. T.,
Bertie J. Brush, May E. R., Claribel, P. J. G., Nellie L. B. Hill,
Mary Armstrong, Eddie St. John, Graham Shaw, Ethel B. Sterne,
May, Alice Burr, Emmie B. Taylor, Margaret S. L., Adele, L.
Maude Westphal, Wager Fisher, Alan W. R., Vincent J. Walsh,
Grace M. Searles, Mabel Bosworth, Charley Parsons, W. G. R.,
J. T. Wagner, Louise G. B., E. M. Gillingham, S. V., S. R. &
M. D. S., Jessica, Mattie P. Williams, John Gird, Caroline
Newcombe.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-NINTH REPORT.

THE following letters, in response to our request that some Chemist
would volunteer his aid to members of the "A. A.," bring us
fresh gratitude and hope.

13 BROAD ST., BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 26, 1885.

DEAR SIR: In answer to your question, "Can we have a Chemist?"
I will reply, Yes; I will be happy to assist you in any way in my
power and to answer, as best I can, any questions that the members
may wish to ask, provided they have not a commercial bearing; so
long as the questions are strictly scientific, I will answer them with
pleasure.

I have taken much interest in the Association from the start. Pro-
fessor Agassiz was one of my teachers.

S. P. SHARPLES (State Assayer).

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1424 11TH ST., N. W.

DEAR SIR: In the last report of the Agassiz Association, I find a
request for a chemist. If my services will be of any use to you, you
are welcome to them, for the work of the Association, in the success
of which I am much interested.

Yours truly,

WM. H. SEAMAN, M. D., etc.

(For ten years Professor of Chemistry at Harvard University Medical
College.)

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL, BOSTON, January 29, 1885.

DEAR SIR: If I can render any service to the beginners in chem-
istry of the Agassiz Association in helping them over the difficulties
they may meet, I gladly volunteer it. In making this tender, I am
far from asserting my ability to answer any question I may be asked,
neither would I wish to render what may be styled strictly profes-
sional assistance.

But if any student of your Association who desires assistance in
his amateur studies in chemistry will write me a note stating his
difficulties and inclosing a stamp for reply, he shall receive what at-
tention I may be able to give. Yours very truly, C. J. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 28, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR: In the ST. NICHOLAS for February I see a desire
expressed on the part of the Agassiz Association for a "Chemist,"
and I shall be happy to serve the members of the Association in such

capacity, in case you shall not have already secured the service of
another. I have for years past been actively engaged in interesting
my young friends in such matters, and shall be glad of the larger
opportunity which this organization of young naturalists offers.

Sincerely yours,

PETER COLLIER.

308 WALNUT STREET, CHICAGO, ILL., January 29, 1885.

DEAR SIR: In the February ST. NICHOLAS the inquiry was made
for a chemist, to whom "puzzling questions" might be referred.
I will volunteer my services, and will devote what time I can to
the work.

Yours, etc.,

A. J. SHERMAN.

LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY, LAKE FOREST, ILL., February 2.

DEAR SIR: If any of the members of the Agassiz Association desire
to consult me upon questions pertaining to physics or chemistry, I
shall be glad to aid them. Of course, many of the boys and girls
may ask questions that I can not answer fully, but then I can
always give the scientists' answer, *I don't know*. Yours,

LE ROY F. GRIFFIN, Professor Natural Science.

STATE COLLEGE, ORONO, MAINE, February 4, 1885.

DEAR SIR: I shall be pleased to assist the members of the Agassiz
Association in chemistry as well as in hemiptera. The one is my
business, the other my recreation. Yours very truly,

HENRY L. FERNALD.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONVENTION.

THE Philadelphia Assembly of the A. A. is now issuing a com-
plete report of the proceedings of the late Convention of the Associa-
tion held in Philadelphia. It will contain all papers and speeches in
full. A limited edition is published at 25 cents a copy, postage
paid. This will not cover cost of printing. The Assembly, however,
"thinking that it would be a great loss to the A. A. at large not to
have the proceedings published," has most generously advanced
the money.

For all members of the A. A., these books will contain much in-
teresting material pertaining to the Natural History papers and

discussions of the best methods of Chapter work. Those that have not already secured copies may address Philadelphia Assembly of the A. A., P. O. Box 259, Philadelphia, Pa.

A SUBJECT FOR INVESTIGATION.

PROFESSOR W. H. SEAMAN hopes to enlist the co-operation of many of our members in a series of simple observations. He writes:

During the past year there have been several articles on the value of rings in the trunks of trees as a means of determining the age of the tree. It has occurred to me that the A. A. might contribute valuable information, and I suggest the following:

Does the number of rings of growth in a tree-trunk agree with the number of years the tree has lived?

Every Agassiz member who knows of a tree being cut down whose age is *certainly* known, is invited to send answers to the following questions to Wm. H. Seaman, 1424 11th St., Washington, D. C. The results of the answers will be published. Put the number of each question before the answer, but do not write the question.

1. What is the exact locality of the tree?
2. When was it planted, or when was it first noticed, and how do you know this time?
3. How many complete rings and how many partial rings in its trunk?
4. Give name of tree (*i. e.*, oak, apple, etc.)

WM. H. SEAMAN.

NOTES.

163. *Colors of Flowers.*—I have been reading *The Colors of Flowers*, by Grant Allen. If color is so very important a factor in attracting insects, why can no insect be induced to visit artificial flowers? Is it clearly proved that insects can not be so induced?

I have tried it myself unsuccessfully, and have never heard of a successful case; but I wish that other members would try also.—C.

164. *Phytocollite.*—One of my latest specimens is phytocollite. It now resembles jet, but when taken from the ground, where it formed layers with a clayey soil, it looked like a black jelly. It burns slowly in a Bunsen burner, but after hardening in the air, burns readily with a clear yellow flame, then leaves a light, white ash, and has the odor of bituminous coal. It has a conchoidal fracture, and a resinous luster. It comes from Scranton, Pa.

I find the study more and more interesting.—Ellen C. Wood.

165. *Flying Squirrels.*—I am positive that some flying squirrels do not hibernate; I keep mine in an old chicken-house, with only wire screens over the windows, and in the coldest weather (about 30°) they were as lively as ever.—Mark Manley.

166. *Squirrels in Winter.*—For water in winter, wild squirrels eat snow, and gnaw ice that has formed in the crevices of trees. I have seen gray squirrels gnaw off small twigs and lap up the sap that flowed from the wounds.—Mark Manley.

167. *Caterpillars in Ice.*—While skating, a great many caterpillars were observed on the ice. One was secured that was about half an inch in the ice. It was an inch long, black, with light spots on sides, and was rather lively. Is this common?—Curator, Ch. 20, Fairfield, Iowa.

EXCHANGES.

Birds' eggs.—Wm. Monk, 1225 Dorchester Street, Montreal, Canada.

Polyphemus cocoons, moths, eggs, and minerals, for minerals.—F. V. Corregan, 47 E. 7th Street, Oswego, N. Y.

Pipestone, for minerals.—Sioux K. Grigsby, Sec. 750, Sioux Falls, Dakota.

Chinese nuts, agatized wood and ores from California, for eggs, star-fishes, etc.—Geo. S. Eddy, Leavenworth, Ks.

Birds' eggs blown through one small hole in side, for same. Correspondence desired.—Frank W. Wentworth, 161 York Street, New Haven, Conn.

Birds' eggs (side blown).—Geo. H. Lorimer, 120 York Street, New Haven, Conn.

Slate, in natural state, for minerals or plants. Write first.—Chapter 731, box No. 1, Baird's Mills, Tennessee.

A small stone from California for one from any country in Eastern Hemisphere. Please label distinctly.—Linta Booth, Piedmont, Oakland, Alameda Co., Cal.

Butterflies, moths, cocoons, for entomological specimens. Cocoons and pupae specially desired.—H. W. Furniss, 327 W. North Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Minerals and insects.—E. R. Larned, 2546 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Miscellaneous specimens.—Miss MacFarland, 1727 F. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Amazon stone—smoky topaz, petrified leaves, etc. Please write.—Walter D. Burnham, 338 S. 15th Street, Denver, Col.

Correspondence with view to exchange.—Howard Crawley, Sec. Ch. 8, 307 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Minerals and shells. Correspondence with Southern and Western

Chapters.—H. E. Sawyer, Curator Ch. 112, 37 Gates Street, South Boston, Mass.

Shells from W. Indies, Spanish moss, and fossil coral for minerals, etc.—S. A. Howes, Battle Creek, Mich.

Tertiary fossils for gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc ores.—F. L. Yoakum, Palestine, Texas.

Feldspar, Iceland spar, green calcite, and iron pyrites, for butterflies—moths or cocoons.—Malcolm MacLean, 417 Washington Street, Wilmington, Del.

Silver and gold ores, iron and copper pyrites, for birds' eggs.—Henri N. Barber, Polo, Ogle Co., Ill.

Good specimens of Lepidoptera for same.—W. P. Cook, Fuller Street, and Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Correspondence for Ch. 135 should be addressed to E. T. Gibson, Jackson, Mich.

REPORTS.

587. Concord, N. H., January, 21, 1885. For the last month we have had very interesting and profitable meetings, considering the size of our Chapter.

We have been reading up about different kinds of precious stones and about star-fishes, sea-anemones, and such sea-side curiosities. We read articles about whatever subject interests us, and take notes, which are copied into a book. One good source of material is the *Popular Science Monthly*, and most of our articles lately have been taken from that.

735, N. Y. R. We have decided to take up one of the kingdoms every two months, and have lectures delivered on it. Last month we studied butterflies; we are now looking up minerals. The Society seems to get on very well, and all seem glad to come. As we had very little money in the treasury, we started a paper, which has already brought us in about five dollars. We hope soon to increase its circulation. This money is to be used for buying books; that is, some mentioned in the Hand-book. We wish to exchange a specimen of copper ore from Lake Superior for a specimen of tin.—Jessie P. Andresen, Sec.

708, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Two months have passed and our Chapter is getting along nicely.

We have now twenty active and six honorary members.

Twelve meetings have been held, and twenty-one essays read.

We have a cabinet and have three hundred specimens in it.

We are now preparing a play which we are to have soon for the benefit of our Chapter.—Yours truly, Peter T. Bourne, Sec.

688, Landis Valley, Pa. We are getting along slowly, but surely. At present our library numbers 82 volumes, among which are the *Geological Survey*, by Powell (U. S.); 19 Agricultural Reports from '63 to '83; 64 reports on fisheries, ordinance Smithsonian Reports, etc. The 82 volumes did not cost us a cent; some of them will be very useful to us, especially the reports on Entomology in U. S. Agricultural Reports.

Our Chapter has the use of a small printing-press, with which we print our blanks, etc.

As I write I see a domestic fly on the window; these I noticed all winter, and on parting the leaves of tobacco I noticed many of them beside a wasp, and a few varieties of spiders in a sort of stupor beneath the leaves. Our relic collector goes by signs; when he sees small chips of flint, quartz, etc., on the ground, there he is sure of finding some Indian implements.—H. K. Landis, Sec.

87, N. Y. B. It gives me the greatest pleasure to record so eventful a year in the annals of New York B. Our Chapter has made an immense stride in the past year. Better organization, increased interest, sounder finances, mark every step. Several notable events in the year stand out in bold relief. The adoption of the new Constitution of the A. A.; the A. A. convention in Philadelphia; and the adoption of the new Constitution and By-Laws by the Chapter. The Convention of the A. A. will forever be a source of pride to the members of our Chapter in general and to the delegates in particular; and will do much to effect public recognition of its excellent work. The voluntary lectures and essays by members mark a great advance upon the almost compulsory delivery of former years. The library is increasing and shows many valuable acquisitions. We have at present 71 volumes treating of the various branches of science; 581 magazines, and 61 essays written by members. It has been more diligently patronized than in former years. The treasury is in excellent condition; we have \$123.95 in cash. The expenses of the year amounted to \$85.24. We have had 18 discussions on various subjects. The Curators' Committee did fine work in exhibiting selections from the cabinet. This makes the members acquainted with the cabinet, which, being in a private house, is necessarily more or less inaccessible to them. The evening entertainment, although successful beyond expectation, was not as representative of our work as the annual exhibition held upon Prof. Agassiz's birthday, which gained us many friends. We have had two excursions,—one to South Orange and one to Rockland Lake,—which, with the moth-hunts in East New York, gave the members an excellent chance to combine pleasure with work. The thanks of every individual member are due to the friends to whose disinterested encouragement we are indebted for our existence, our continuance; their kindness being the bond of union which unites our small efforts. Let us work as good and true young men, appreciative of the good that we are receiving.—Frederic Schneider, Rec. Sec.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
761	Paterson, N. J. (A).....	4..Mrs. T. H. Crosby, 289 Broadway.	
762	Baltimore, Md. (J).....	6..W. H. Hugg, 90 North Paca Street.	
763	Newton Centre, Mass. (B) 8..	Ernest Nickerson, Box 188.	
764	Baltimore, Md. (K).....	W. E. Moffett, 27 1st Street.	
765	Detroit, Mich. (G).....	10..Wm. W. Bishop, 74 Pitcher St.	
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771	Sloatsburg, N. Y. (A).....	6..W. W. Allen, Box 12.	
772	Vineland, N. J. (A).....	5..John S. Gage, Box A.	
773	Baltimore, Md. (L).....	6..Miss E. O. Williams, 167 Park Avenue.	
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775	Effingham, Ill. (A).....	4..Homer Clark, Box 109.	
776	Oakland, Cal. (C).....	4..S. R. Wood, 2018 Telegraph Avenue.	

777	Seneca Falls, N. Y. (A)...	8..Claude Christopher.
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780	Jamestown, D. T.	6..Frederick Lyon.
781	Brooklyn, N. Y. (K).....	4..C. H. Town, 3 Montague Terrace.
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785	Champaign, Illinois (A)...	7..Willie Scott.

DISSOLVED.

710	San Bernardino, Cal.	20..A. S. Guthrie.
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REORGANIZED.

275	Washington, D. C. (E)....	12..Alonzo H. Stewart, 204 4th Street, S. E.
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Address all communications for this department to the President of the Association,

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, LENOX, MASS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

FOR OLDER PUZZLERS.

I AM composed of seventy letters, and form a couplet by Shakespeare.

"14-27-70-24-30-33 and ministers of grace defend us!"
 "For stony 29-26-37-11-57-22 can not hold love out."
 "I do beseech you to 43-4-9-63-20-46-51-28-60-19 my purposes aright."
 "Or like a 1-41-45-18-61? Very like a 1-41-45-18-61."
 "The lady 47-16-55-44-21-46-66-23 too much, methinks."
 "An old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his 54-52-8-40-58 an inland man."
 "So 1-17-34-31-21-49-12-25 and so wild in 66-38-3-59-35 attire."
 "Still 2-39-6-10-32-69-70 on my daughter."
 "Slaying is the word; it is a deed in 53-39-22-67-68-7-27."
 "—That quench the fire of your pernicious rage with 42-56-64-15-18-61 fountains issuing from your veins—."
 "I do not set my life at a 5-50-69-23 fee."
 "There's a 13-48-62-36-4-36-40-65 that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will." F. A. W.

HOUR-GLASS.

THE centrals, reading downward, spell a name famous in history. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Wept noisily. 2. Pertaining to a canon. 3. Beloved by good housewives. 4. A mariner. 5. In trepidation. 6. What worth is said to make. 7. An assembly. 8. A vessel used by soldiers for carrying liquor for drink. 9. Buying provisions. C. G. B.

CUBE.

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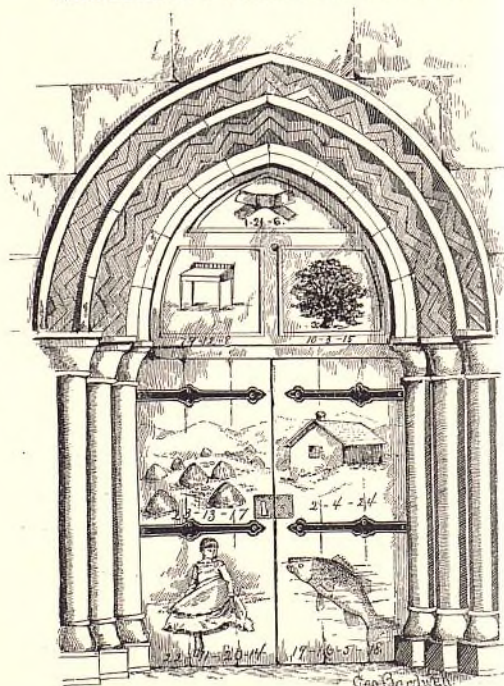
FROM 1 to 2, cheated; from 2 to 6, forces along; from 5 to 6, escapes by stratagem; from 1 to 5, an instrument of correction; from 3 to 4, to clothe; from 4 to 8, eaten away; from 7 to 8, guarded; from 3 to 7, to accompany; from 1 to 3, compensation for services; from 2 to 4, to color; from 6 to 8, dismal; from 5 to 7, to consume. IDA G.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals name two very famous writers born in April. CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. An exhibition. 2. A nimbus.

3. To affirm. 4. Species. 5. Huge bodies of water. 6. The forepart of a ship. 7. A river of Spain. 8. In the distance. 9. A float. 10. A distributive adjective pronoun. DWIE."

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer is a maxim of "Poor Richard's," commending industry.

CHARADE.

OFT, with my second nestling near,
 While under foot my whole you press,
 You by my first are borne along.
 (—When safe at home my riddle guess.) "CEDIPUS."

PI.

In what poem by John G. Whittier do the lines occur from which the following "pi" is made?

Fro weske het doucls dah kedra eth shill,
Nad vedex het laves twih arinnig,
Adn lal eth wsodo weer ads with simt,
Nad lla het broskol palincomig.

SADIE M. W.

MONUMENT PUZZLE.

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The central letters (indicated by stars), when read downward, spell the name of a brave general in the Revolutionary War.

Cross-words: 1. In Clinton. 2. A reptile. 3. An antique vessel. 4. The foot of beasts of prey having claws. 5. A number. 6. A beverage. 7. A monkey. 8. A young animal. 9. Devoured. 10. Imagination. 11. Certain shell-fish. 12. Apparel.

"ROBIN HOOD."

HALF-SQUARE.

1. Of the same country. 2. The surname of a prominent character in the play, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." 3. A salt con-

sisting of meconic acid and a base. 4. To attain. 5. Earthnuts. 6. Rends. 7. Rank. 8. A cold substance. 9. An exclamation. 10. In elevate. "ROYAL TARR."

INVERTED PYRAMID.

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ACROSS: 1. Of the nature of a parasite. 2. A series of violent declamations. 3. Became dim. 4. The cry of a certain animal. 5. In pyramid.

DOWNWARD: 1. In pyramid. 2. A preposition. 3. To tear. 4. The nationality of Mohammed. 5. An Eastern salutation. 6. A notion. 7. A boy's nickname. 8. A verb. 9. In Alcibiades.

"LYON HART."

DIAMOND.

1. In debate. 2. An abbreviation of the name of a month. 3. Fretted. 4. Allured. 5. A girl's nickname. 6. The governor of Algiers. 7. In debate. CHARLOTTE.

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON.

In each of these examples, the problem is to arrange the grouped letters so that they will form a word agreeing with the accompanying definition.

1. LAMNEEEOSRYV. Relating to charity.
2. TAAVIEELL. To mitigate.
3. BLATTEEDDIL. Weakened.
4. CONIIPPAARTT. The act of sharing in common with others.
5. SCATLLIHNN. The act of emitting sparks. MARION V. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

CONCEALED PROVERB. A rolling stone gathers no moss.

BEHEADINGS. Mayne Reid. 1. M-eat. 2. A-rid. 3. Y-ore. 4. N-ear. 5. E-den. 6. R-acc. 7. E-spy. 8. I-bid. 9. D-ale.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. P. 2. Par. 3. Paris. 4. Parabol. 5. Risen. 6. Son. 7. L. II. 1. L. 2. Pip. 3. Petal. 4. Literal. 5. Pared. 6. Lad. 7. L. III. 1. L. 2. Nap. 3. Natal. 4. Lateral. 5. Pared. 6. Lad. 7. L. IV. 1. L. 2. Lip. 3. Libel. 4. Liberal. 5. Perry. 6. Lay. 7. L. V. 1. L. 2. Dab. 3. Debar. 4. Labored. 5. Bared. 6. Red. 7. D.

ANAGRAMS. Authoress, Harriet Beecher Stowe. 1. Uncle Tom's Cabin. 2. Little Foxes. 3. The Minister's Wooing. 4. Oldtown Folks.

DOUBLE DIAMOND. ACROSS: 1. C. 2. Rat. 3. Lines. 4. Men. 5. S. DOWNWARD: 1. L. 2. Rim. 3. Canes. 4. Ten. 5. S.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Michel; finals, Angelo. Cross-

words: 1. ManiA. 2. IntroductionN. 3. CraG. 4. HingE. 5. EqualL. 6. LoO.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, ferocious; 2 to 6, suspense; 5 to 6, sparable; 1 to 5, fabulous; 3 to 4, trailing; 4 to 8, garrison; 7 to 8, shagreen; 3 to 7, theatres; 1 to 3, faint; 2 to 4, shrug; 6 to 8, consumed; 5 to 7, shuts.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Baton. 2. Atone. 3. Toads. 4. On dit. 5. Nests. II. 1. Rouge. 2. Owner. 3. Under. 4. Geese. 5. Erred.

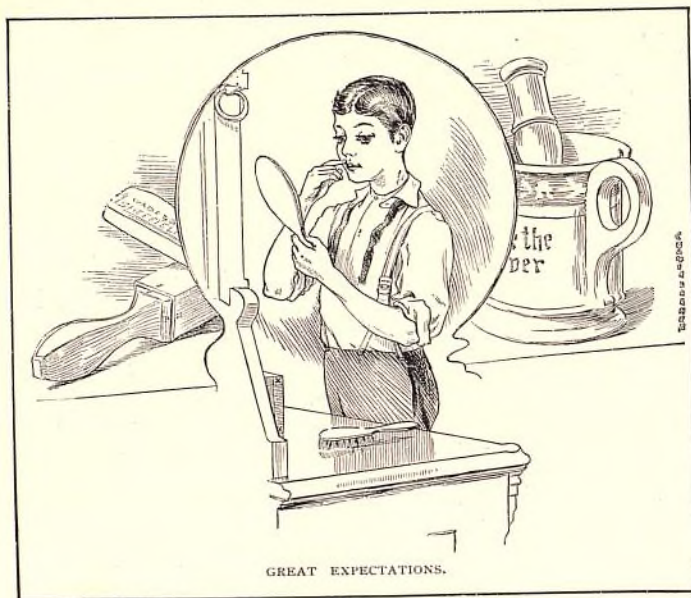
NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A dry and cold March never begs its bread.

A LETTER PUZZLE. Start at the letter "i" in "price." Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.

AN OCTAGON. 1. Nap. 2. Forum. 3. Nostril. 4. Artiste. 5. Pursued. 6. Mites. 7. Led.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before FEBRUARY 20, from "Navajo"—Paul Reese—Maggie and May Turrill—Clara and Mamma—"Judith"—"Cedipus"—J. N. W.—Dorie and May Higgs—Archie and Thirza—Ernest B. Cooper—"Pepper and Maria"—Dora Chase Congdon—Mamie Hitchcock—Trebore Treblig—Hugh and Cis—Willie Serrell and friends—Paddy and Joe—"St. Paul"—Lucy M. Bradley—Ida C. L.—Francis W. Islip—"Shumway Hen and Chickens"—Marion Stuart Smith—Harry M. Wheelock—Bessie Yates.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before FEBRUARY 20, from M. R. Bailhache, 1—W. A. Pickell, 1—E. A. Patchen, 1—M. Reynolds, 2—F. E. Loeb, 1—H. L. Haughton, 1—C. Langstroth, 1—C. and A. Loeb, 1—S. Seabury, 1—T. S. Y. L. A. M., 1—Robert McK. Barry, 2—M. D. Bush, 1—L. S., 2—Ada M. Smith, 2—N. Lewis, 1—M. F. F., 3—George W. Chandler, 2—A. B. Corbin, 1—S. E. Day, 1—Bessie Packard and Ethel Saltus, 3—E. and J. Rhoads, 1—J. Foote, 1—M. Bloomfield, 1—"Sparta," 1—B. Everly, 1—"Socks," 2—Laura E. Maas, 2—L. Wells, 1—H. H. Tryon, 1—M. Rogers, 1—A. E. Hartman, 1—Amelia Norris Frink, 2—Harry G. H., 1—M. L. R. Satterlee, 1—"Two Sisters," 2—J. O. Starkweather, 1—C. D. Mason, 1—Ferd. G., 1—Emma L. Gilbert, 7—H. W. P., 3—H. Figley, 1—Mayme C., 1—L. Wippert, 1—M. Cassler, 1—Julius L. Troy, 1—"Psyche," 6—C. Clark, 1—Manny Neuburger, 2—Frank M., 1—"Marguerite," 1—Lulu Philibert, 2—A. Neuburger, 1—"Midget and Brownie," 3—S. R. Bent, 1—Willie S. Covell, 2—P. G. Peltret, 1—A. Morgenthau, 1—H. H. C., 1—"Puss," 3—M. E. Dickman, 1—Carrie Barney, 2—Prof. Plunkett, 1—A. L. Zeckendorf, 1—Anna E. Ross, 2—"My Sister," 1—"Sinbad the Sailor," 5—Florence Abbie Clarke, 6—Percy Varian, 7—E. Hoffman, 1—"Oakland Crowd," 5—F. G. Mellen, 1—Genieve Alling, 2—"You B.," 1—Ham-burg, 1—Morris D. Sample, 9—Emma Findlay, 2—Flora McDonald, 3—B. J. Brush, 1—Laura Smith, 1—J. L. Kendrick, 1—M. Mebs, 1—Ben. Ives Gilman, 8—M. A. Granger, 1—Edith and Lawrence Butler, 3—"Pyramid and Thisbe," 4—Lou Henry, 2—Helen C. S., 1—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 9—H. L. Stebbins, 1—J. W. Stebbins, 1—F. A. Foster, 1—Carrie C., 1—K. Jordan, 1—G. Goldsmith, 4—K. E. Chulow, 1—Edith L. Granger, 3—J. S. H., 1—Fred B. Defrees, 2—Annie Pierce, 3—Nellie E. Miner, 3—E. B. Haggin, 1—H. Payne, 1—N. M. Suydam, 1—A. Lehow, 1—M. W. Nicholas, 1—Ellie and Susie, 2—Edith and Myra, 6—H. P. Cofran, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Susie E. Hepner, 4—E. C. Brownell, 1—S. Symington, 1—Gertrude Perkins, 3—Rose and Roger Perkins, 9—L. Kendrick, 1—"Penetrator," 3—"Puz," 7—C. Powers, 1—T. Snell, 1—Herbert Gaytes, 10—"Jamie" and Mamma, 5—"Phil O. Sophy," 8—"R. I. Chard," 10—Emmie B. Taylor, 2—L. Jay, 1—"S. O. Theytelling," 3—Fanny R. Jackson, 9—Edith Y. and Jennie D., 4—Willie Sheraton, 3—Harry and Hallie C., 2—Jessie L. Frost, 2—F. B. Buckwalter, 1—Lulu M. B., 1—E. and M. Peart and J. Spiller, 5—Sallie Viles, 9—"Snipe," 2—Pernie, 8—Bijou, 2.



"HURRAY! AFTER THE RAIN COMES THE 'shine'!"

PRIL.

ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

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PART II., MAY, 1885, TO OCTOBER, 1885.

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PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1885, TO OCTOBER, 1885.

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