



"For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her." (Page 563.)

OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD.
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

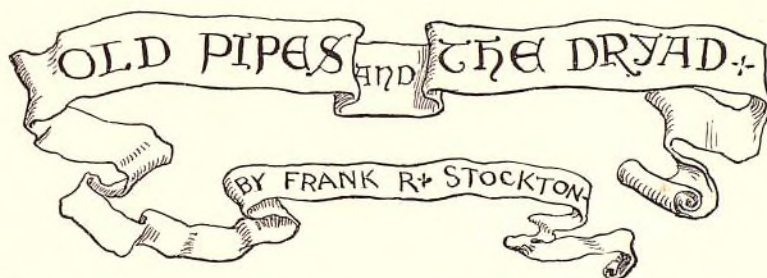
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A MOUNTAIN brook ran through a little village. Over the brook there was a narrow bridge, and from the bridge a foot-path led out from the village and up the hill-side, to the cottage of Old Pipes and his mother. For many, many years, Old Pipes had been employed by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills. Every afternoon, an hour before sunset, he would sit on a rock in front of his cottage and play on his pipes. Then all the flocks and herds that were grazing on the mountains would hear him, wherever they might happen to be, and would come down to the village—the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the steep and rocky ways that were hardest of all.

But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. It is true that every afternoon he sat upon the rock and played upon his good instrument; but the cattle did not hear him. He had grown old, and his breath was feeble. The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley, were heard no more; and twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. He had become somewhat deaf, and did not know that the sound of his pipes was so thin

and weak, and that the cattle did not hear him. The cows, the sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before, but this was because two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use, so they paid him his little salary every month, and said nothing about the two boys and a girl.

Old Pipes's mother was, of course, a great deal older than he was, and was as deaf as a gate,—posts, latch, hinges, and all,—and she never knew that the sound of her son's pipe did not spread over all the mountain-side, and echo back strong and clear from the opposite hills. She was very fond of Old Pipes, and proud of his piping; and as he was so much younger than she was, she never thought of him as being very old. She cooked for him, and made his bed, and mended his clothes; and they lived very comfortably on his little salary.

One afternoon, at the end of the month, as soon as Old Pipes had finished his piping, he took his stout staff and went down the hill to the village to receive the money for his month's work. The path seemed a great deal steeper and more difficult than it used to be; and for some time Old Pipes had been thinking that it must have been

washed by the rain and greatly damaged. He remembered it as a path that was quite easy to traverse either up or down. But Old Pipes had been a very active man, and as his mother was so much older than he was, he never thought of himself as aged and infirm.

When the Chief Villager had paid him, and he had talked a little with some of his friends, Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had crossed the bridge over the brook, and gone a short distance up the hill-side, he became very tired, and had to sit down upon a stone. He had not been sitting there half a minute, when along came two boys and a girl.

"Children," said Old Pipes, "I'm very tired to-night, and I don't believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you to help me."

"We will do that," said the boys and the girl, quite cheerfully; and one boy took him by the right hand, and the other by the left, while the girl pushed him in the back. In this way he went up the hill quite easily, and soon reached his cottage door. Old Pipes gave each of the three children a copper coin, and then they sat down for a few minutes' rest before starting back to the village.

"I'm sorry that I tired you so much," said Old Pipes.

"Oh, that would not have tired us," said one of the boys, "if we had not been so far to-day after the cows, the sheep, and the goats. They rambled high up on the mountain, and we never before had such a time in finding them."

"Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats!" exclaimed Old Pipes. "What do you mean by that?"

The girl, who stood behind the old man, shook her head, put her hand on her mouth, and made all sorts of signs to the boy to stop talking on this subject; but he did not notice her, and promptly answered Old Pipes.

"Why, you see, good sir," said he, "that as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening to drive them down from the mountain, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it. Generally it is not very hard work, but to-night the cattle had wandered far."

"How long have you been doing this?" asked the old man.

The girl shook her head and clapped her hand on her mouth more vigorously than before, but the boy went on.

"I think it is about a year now," he said, "since the people first felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes; and since then we've been driv-

ing them down. But we are rested now, and will go home. Good-night, sir."

The three children then went down the hill, the girl scolding the boy all the way home. Old Pipes stood silent a few moments, and then he went into his cottage.

"Mother," he shouted; "did you hear what those children said?"

"Children!" exclaimed the old woman; "I did not hear them. I did not know there were any children here."

Then Old Pipes told his mother, shouting very loudly to make her hear, how the two boys and the girl had helped him up the hill, and what he had heard about his piping and the cattle.

"They can't hear you?" cried his mother. "Why, what's the matter with the cattle?"

"Ah, me!" said Old Pipes; "I don't believe there's anything the matter with the cattle. It must be with me and my pipes that there is something the matter. But one thing is certain, if I do not earn the wages the Chief Villager pays me, I shall not take them. I shall go straight down to the village and give back the money I received to-day."

"Nonsense!" cried his mother. "I'm sure you've piped as well as you could, and no more can be expected. And what are we to do without the money?"

"I don't know," said Old Pipes; "but I'm going down to the village to pay it back."

The sun had now set; but the moon was shining very brightly on the hill-side, and Old Pipes could see his way very well. He did not take the same path by which he had gone before, but followed another, which led among the trees upon the hill-side, and, though longer, was not so steep.

Before he had gone half-way, the old man became very tired, and sat down to rest, leaning his back against a great sycamore-tree. As he did so, he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice distinctly said:

"Let me out! let me out!"

Old Pipes instantly forgot that he was tired, and sprang to his feet. "This must be a Dryad-tree!" he exclaimed. "If it is, I'll let her out."

Old Pipes had never, to his knowledge, seen a Dryad-tree, but he knew there were such trees on the hill-sides and the mountains, and that Dryads lived in them. He knew, too, that in the summer-time, on those days when the moon rose before the sun went down, a Dryad could come out of her tree if any one could find the key which locked her in, and turn it. Old Pipes closely examined the trunk of the tree, which stood in the full moonlight. "If I can see that key," he said, "I shall surely turn it." Before long he perceived a piece of bark

standing out from the tree, which appeared to him very much like the handle of a key. He took hold of it, and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so, a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open, and a beautiful Dryad stepped quickly out.

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her,—the tranquil valley, the hills, the forest, and the mountain-side, all lying in the soft clear light of the moon. "Oh, lovely! lovely!" she exclaimed. "How long it is since I have seen anything like this!" And then, turning to Old Pipes, she said: "How good of you to let me out! I am so happy and so thankful, that I must kiss you, you dear old man!" And she threw her arms around the neck of Old Pipes, and kissed him on both cheeks. "You don't know," she then went on to say, "how doleful it is to be shut up so long in a tree. I don't mind it in the winter, for then I am glad to be sheltered, but in summer it is dreadful not to be able to see all the beauties of the world. And it's ever so long since I've been let out. People so seldom come this way; and when they do come at the right time they either don't hear me, or they are frightened, and run away. But you, you dear old man, you were not frightened, and you looked and looked for the key, and you let me out, and now I shall not have to go back till winter has come, and the air grows cold. Oh, it is glorious! What can I do for you, to show you how grateful I am?"

"I am very glad," said Old Pipes, "that I let you out, since I see that it makes you so happy; but I must admit that I tried to find the key because I had a great desire to see a Dryad. But if you wish to do something for me, you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village."

"To the village!" exclaimed the Dryad. "Why, I will go anywhere for you, my kind old benefactor."

"Well, then," said Old Pipes, "I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Chief Villager and tell him that Old Pipes can not receive pay for services which he does not perform. It is now more than a year that I have not been able to make the cattle hear me, when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until to-night; but now that I know it, I can not keep the money, and so I send it back." And, handing the little bag to the Dryad, he bade her good-night, and turned toward his cottage.

"Good-night," said the Dryad. "And I thank you over, and over, and over again, you good old man!"

Old Pipes walked toward his home, very glad to be saved the fatigue of going all the way down to the village and back again. "To be sure," he

said to himself, "this path does not seem at all steep, and I can walk along it very easily; but it would have tired me dreadfully to come up all the way from the village, especially as I could not have expected those children to help me again." When he reached home, his mother was surprised to see him returning so soon.

"What!" she exclaimed; "have you already come back? What did the Chief Villager say? Did he take the money?"

Old Pipes was just about to tell her that he had sent the money to the village by a Dryad, when he suddenly reflected that his mother would be sure to disapprove such a proceeding, and so he merely said he had sent it by a person whom he had met.

"And how do you know that the person will ever take it to the Chief Villager?" cried his mother. "You will lose it, and the villagers will never get it. Oh, Pipes! Pipes! when will you be old enough to have ordinary common sense?"

Old Pipes considered that as he was already seventy years of age he could scarcely expect to grow any wiser, but he made no remark on this subject; and, saying that he doubted not that the money would go safely to its destination, he sat down to his supper. His mother scolded him roundly, but he did not mind it; and after supper he went out and sat on a rustic chair in front of the cottage to look at the moonlit village, and to wonder whether or not the Chief Villager really received the money. While he was doing these two things, he went fast asleep.

When Old Pipes left the Dryad, she did not go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand, and thought about what she had heard. "This is a good and honest old man," she said; "and it is a shame that he should lose this money. He looked as if he needed it, and I don't believe the people in the village will take it from one who has served them so long. Often, when in my tree, have I heard the sweet notes of his pipes. I am going to take the money back to him." She did not start immediately, because there were so many beautiful things to look at; but after a while she went up to the cottage, and, finding Old Pipes asleep in his chair, she slipped the little bag into his coat-pocket, and silently sped away.

The next day, Old Pipes told his mother that he would go up the mountain and cut some wood. He had a right to get wood from the mountain, but for a long time he had been content to pick up the dead branches which lay about his cottage. To-day, however, he felt so strong and vigorous that he thought he would go and cut some fuel that would be better than this. He worked all the morning, and when he came back he did not feel

at all tired, and he had a very good appetite for his dinner.

Now, Old Pipes knew a good deal about Dryads, but there was one thing which, although he had heard, he had forgotten. This was, that a kiss from a Dryad made a person ten years younger. The people thereabouts knew this, and they were very careful not to let any child of ten years, or younger, go into the woods where the Dryads were supposed to be; for, if they should chance to be kissed by one of these tree-nymphs, they would be set back so far that they would cease to exist. A story was told in the village that a very bad boy of eleven once ran away into the woods, and had an adventure of this kind; and when his mother found him he was a little baby of one year old. Taking advantage of her opportunity, she brought him up more carefully than she had done before; and he grew to be a very good boy indeed.

Now, Old Pipes had been kissed twice by the Dryad, once on each cheek, and he therefore felt as vigorous and active as when he was a hale man of fifty. His mother noticed how much work he was doing, and told him that he need n't try in that way to make up for the loss of his piping wages; for he would only tire himself out, and get sick. But her son answered that he had not felt so well for years, and that he was quite able to work.

In the course of the afternoon, Old Pipes, for the first time that day, put his hand in his coat-pocket, and there, to his amazement, he found the little bag of money. "Well, well!" he exclaimed, "I am stupid, indeed! I really thought that I had seen a Dryad; but when I sat down by that big sycamore-tree I must have gone to sleep and dreamed it all; and then I came home thinking I had given the money to a Dryad, when it was in my pocket all the time. But the Chief Villager shall have the money. I shall not take it to him to-day, but to-morrow I wish to go to the village to see some of my old friends; and then I shall give up the money."

Toward the close of the afternoon, Old Pipes, as had been his custom for so many years, took his pipes from the shelf on which they lay, and went out to the rock in front of the cottage.

"What are you going to do?" cried his mother. "If you will not consent to be paid, why do you pipe?"

"I am going to pipe for my own pleasure," said her son. "I am used to it, and I do not wish to give it up. It does not matter now whether the cattle hear me or not, and I am sure that my piping will injure no one."

When the good man began to play upon his favorite instrument he was astonished at the sound that came from it. The beautiful notes of the

pipes sounded clear and strong down into the valley, and spread over the hills, and up the sides of the mountain beyond, while, after a little interval, an echo came back from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "what has happened to my pipes? They must have been stopped up of late, but now they are as clear and good as ever."

Again the merry notes went sounding far and wide. The cattle on the mountain heard them, and those that were old enough remembered how these notes had called them from their pastures every evening, and so they started down the mountain-side, the others following.

The merry notes were heard in the village below, and the people were much astonished thereby. "Why, who can be blowing the pipes of Old Pipes?" they said. But, as they all were very busy, no one went up to see. One thing, however, was plain enough: the cattle were coming down the mountain. And so the two boys and the girl did not have to go after them, and had an hour for play, for which they were very glad.

The next morning Old Pipes started down to the village with his money, and on the way he met the Dryad. "Oh, ho!" he cried, "is that you? Why, I thought my letting you out of the tree was nothing but a dream."

"A dream!" cried the Dryad; "if you only knew how happy you have made me, you would not think it merely a dream. And has it not benefited you? Do you not feel happier? Yesterday I heard you playing beautifully on your pipes."

"Yes, yes," cried he. "I did not understand it before, but I see it all now. I have really grown younger. I thank you, I thank you, good Dryad, from the bottom of my heart. It was the finding of the money in my pocket that made me think it was a dream."

"Oh, I put it in when you were asleep," she said, laughing, "because I thought you ought to keep it. Good-bye, kind, honest man. May you live long, and be as happy as I am now."

Old Pipes was greatly delighted when he understood that he was really a younger man; but that made no difference about the money, and he kept on his way to the village. As soon as he reached it, he was eagerly questioned as to who had been playing his pipes the evening before, and when the people heard that it was himself, they were very much surprised. Thereupon, Old Pipes told what had happened to him, and then there was greater wonder, with hearty congratulations and handshakes; for Old Pipes was liked by every one. The Chief Villager refused to take his money, and, although Old Pipes said that he had not earned it,

every one present insisted that, as he would now play on his pipes as before, he should lose nothing, because, for a time, he was unable to perform his duty.

So Old Pipes was obliged to keep his money, and after an hour or two spent in conversation with his friends, he returned to his cottage.

There was one individual, however, who was not at all pleased with what had happened to Old Pipes. This was an Echo-dwarf, who lived on the hills on the other side of the valley, and whose duty it was to echo back the notes of the pipes whenever they could be heard. There were a great many other Echo-dwarfs on these hills, some of whom echoed back the songs of maidens, some the shouts of children, and others the music that was often heard in the village. But there was only one who could send back the strong notes of the pipes of Old Pipes, and this had been his only duty for many years. But when the old man grew feeble, and the notes of his pipes could not be heard on the opposite hills, this Echo-dwarf had nothing to do, and he spent his time in delightful idleness; and he slept so much and grew so fat that it made his companions laugh to see him walk.

On the afternoon on which, after so long an interval, the sound of the pipes was heard on the echo hills, this dwarf was fast asleep behind a rock. As soon as the first notes reached them, some of his companions ran to wake him. Rolling to his feet, he echoed back the merry tune of Old Pipes. Naturally, he was very much annoyed and indignant at being thus obliged to give up his life of comfortable leisure, and he hoped very much that this pipe-playing would not occur again. The next afternoon he was awake and listening, and, sure enough, at the usual hour, along came the notes of the pipes as clear and strong as they ever had been; and he was obliged to work as long as Old Pipes played. The Echo-dwarf was very angry. He had supposed, of course, that the pipe-playing had ceased forever, and he felt that he had a right to be indignant at being thus deceived. He was so much disturbed that he made up his mind to go and try to find out whether this was to be a temporary matter or not. He had plenty of time, as the pipes were played but once a day, and he set off early in the morning for the hill on which Old Pipes lived. It was hard work for the fat little fellow, and when he had crossed the valley and had gone some distance into the woods on the hill-side, he sat down to rest, and, in a few minutes, the Dryad came tripping along.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the dwarf; "what are you doing here? and how did you get out of your tree?"

"Doing!" cried the Dryad; "I am being happy; that's what I am doing. And I was let out of my tree by the good old man who plays the pipes to call the cattle down from the mountain. And it makes me happier to think that I have been of service to him. I gave him two kisses of gratitude, and now he is young enough to play his pipes as well as ever."

The Echo-dwarf arose to his feet, his face pale with passion. "Am I to believe," he said, "that you are the cause of this great evil that has come upon me? and that you are the wicked creature who has again started this old man upon his career of pipe-playing? What have I ever done to you that you should have condemned me for years and years to echo back the notes of those wretched pipes?"

At this the Dryad laughed loudly.

"What a funny little fellow you are!" she said. "Any one would think you had been condemned to toil from morning till night; while what you really have to do is merely to imitate for half an hour every day the merry notes of Old Pipes's piping. Fie upon you, Echo-dwarf! You are lazy and selfish; and that is what is the matter with you. Instead of grumbling at being obliged to do a little wholesome work, which is less, I am sure, than that of any other echo-dwarf upon the rocky hill-side, you should rejoice at the good fortune of the old man who has regained so much of his strength and vigor. Go home and learn to be just and generous; and then, perhaps, you may be happy. Good-bye."

"Insolent creature!" shouted the dwarf, as he shook his fat little fist at her. "I'll make you suffer for this. You shall find out what it is to heap injury and insult upon one like me, and to snatch from him the repose that he has earned by long years of toil." And, shaking his head savagely, he hurried back to the rocky hill-side.

Every afternoon the merry notes of the pipes of Old Pipes sounded down into the valley and over the hills and up the mountain-side; and every afternoon when he had echoed them back, the little dwarf grew more and more angry with the Dryad. Each day, from early morning till it was time for him to go back to his duties upon the rocky hill-side, he searched the woods for her. He intended, if he met her, to pretend to be very sorry for what he had said, and he thought he might be able to play a trick upon her which would avenge him well. One day, while thus wandering among the trees, he met Old Pipes. The Echo-dwarf did not generally care to see or speak to ordinary people; but now he was so anxious to find the object of his search, that he stopped and asked Old Pipes if he had seen the Dryad. The piper

had not noticed the little fellow, and he looked down on him with some surprise.

"No," he said; "I have not seen her, and I have been looking everywhere for her."

"You!" cried the dwarf, "what do you wish with her?"

Old Pipes then sat down on a stone, so that he should be nearer the ear of his small companion, and he told what the Dryad had done for him.

When the Echo-dwarf heard that this was the man whose pipes he was obliged to echo back every day, he would have slain him on the spot had he been able; but, as he was not able, he merely ground his teeth and listened to the rest of the story.

"I am looking for the Dryad now," Old Pipes continued, "on account of my aged mother. When I was old myself, I did not notice how very old my mother was; but now it shocks me to see how feeble and decrepit her years have caused her to become; and I am looking for the Dryad to ask her to make my mother younger, as she made me."

The eyes of the Echo-dwarf glistened. Here was a man who might help him in his plans.

"Your idea is a good one," he said to Old Pipes, "and it does you honor. But you should know that a Dryad can make no person younger but one who lets her out of her tree. However, you can manage the affair very easily. All you need do is to find the Dryad, tell her what you want, and request her to step into her tree and be shut up for a short time. Then you will go and bring your mother to the tree; she will open it, and everything will be as you wish. Is not this a good plan?"

"Excellent!" cried Old Pipes; "and I will go instantly and search more diligently for the Dryad."

"Take me with you," said the Echo-dwarf. "You can easily carry me on your strong shoulders; and I shall be glad to help you in any way that I can."

"Now, then," said the little fellow to himself, as Old Pipes carried him rapidly along, "if he persuades the Dryad to get into a tree,—and she is quite foolish enough to do it,—and then goes away to bring his mother, I shall take a stone or a club and I will break off the key of that tree, so that nobody can ever turn it again. Then Mistress Dryad will see what she has brought upon herself by her behavior to me."

Before long they came to the great sycamore-tree in which the Dryad had lived, and, at a distance, they saw that beautiful creature herself coming toward them.

"How excellently well everything happens!" said the dwarf. "Put me down, and I will go. Your business with the Dryad is more important

than mine; and you need not say anything about my having suggested your plan to you. I am willing that you should have all the credit of it yourself."

Old Pipes put the Echo-dwarf upon the ground, but the little rogue did not go away. He concealed himself between some low, mossy rocks, and he was so much of their color that you would not have noticed him if you had been looking straight at him.

When the Dryad came up, Old Pipes lost no time in telling her about his mother, and what he wished her to do. At first, the Dryad answered nothing, but stood looking very sadly at Old Pipes.

"Do you really wish me to go into my tree again?" she said. "I should dreadfully dislike to do it, for I don't know what might happen. It is not at all necessary, for I could make your mother younger at any time if she would give me the opportunity. I had already thought of making you still happier in this way, and several times I have waited about your cottage, hoping to meet your aged mother, but she never comes outside, and you know a Dryad can not enter a house. I can not imagine what put this idea into your head. Did you think of it yourself?"

"No, I can not say that I did," answered Old Pipes. "A little dwarf whom I met in the woods proposed it to me."

"Oh!" cried the Dryad; "now I see through it all. It is the scheme of that vile Echo-dwarf—your enemy and mine. Where is he? I should like to see him."

"I think he has gone," said Old Pipes.

"No, he has not," said the Dryad, whose quick eyes perceived the Echo-dwarf among the rocks. "There he is. Seize him and drag him out, I beg of you."

Old Pipes perceived the dwarf as soon as he was pointed out to him, and, running to the rocks, he caught the little fellow by the arm and pulled him out.

"Now, then," cried the Dryad, who had opened the door of the great sycamore, "just stick him in there, and we will shut him up. Then I shall be safe from his mischief for the rest of the time I am free."

Old Pipes thrust the Echo-dwarf into the tree; the Dryad pushed the door shut; there was a clicking sound of bark and wood, and no one would have noticed that the big sycamore had ever had an opening in it.

"There," said the Dryad; "now we need not be afraid of him. And I assure you, my good piper, that I shall be very glad to make your mother younger as soon as I can. Will you not ask her to come out and meet me?"

"Of course I will," cried Old Pipes; "and I will do it without delay."

And then, the Dryad by his side, he hurried to his cottage. But when he mentioned the matter to his mother, the old woman became very angry indeed. She did not believe in Dryads; and, if they really did exist, she knew they must be witches and sorceresses, and she would have nothing to do with them. If her son had ever allowed himself to be kissed by one of them, he ought to be ashamed of himself. As to its doing him the least bit of good, she did not believe a word of it. He felt better than he used to feel, but that was very common. She had sometimes felt that way herself, and she forbade him ever to mention a Dryad to her again.

That afternoon, Old Pipes, feeling very sad that his plan in regard to his mother had failed, sat down upon the rock and played upon his pipes. The pleasant sounds went down the valley and up the hills and mountain, but, to the great surprise of some persons who happened to notice the fact, the notes were not echoed back from the rocky hill-side, but from the woods on the side of the valley on which Old Pipes lived. The next day many of the villagers stopped in their work to listen to the echo of the pipes coming from the woods. The sound was not as clear and strong as it used to be when it was sent back from the rocky hill-side, but it certainly came from among the trees. Such a thing as an echo changing its place in this way had never been heard of before, and nobody was able to explain how it could have happened. Old Pipes, however, knew very well that the sound came from the Echo-dwarf shut up in the great sycamore. The sides of the tree were thin, and the sound of the pipes could be heard through them, and the dwarf was obliged by the laws of his being to echo back those notes whenever they came to him. But Old Pipes thought he might get the Dryad in trouble if he let any one know that the Echo-dwarf was shut up in the tree, and so he wisely said nothing about it.

One day the two boys and the girl who had helped Old Pipes up the hill were playing in the woods. Stopping near the great sycamore-tree, they heard a sound of knocking within it, and then a voice plainly said:

"Let me out! let me out!"

For a moment the children stood still in astonishment, and then one of the boys exclaimed:

"Oh, it is a Dryad, like the one Old Pipes found! Let's let her out!"

"What are you thinking of?" cried the girl. "I am the oldest of all, and I am only thirteen. Do you wish to be turned into crawling babies? Run! run! run!"

And the two boys and the girl dashed down into the valley as fast as their legs could carry them. There was no desire in their youthful hearts to be made younger than they were. And for fear that their parents might think it well that they should commence their careers anew, they never said a word about finding the Dryad-tree.

As the summer days went on, Old Pipes's mother grew feebler and feebler. One day when her son was away, for he now frequently went into the woods to hunt or fish, or down into the valley to work, she arose from her knitting to prepare the simple dinner. But she felt so weak and tired that she was not able to do the work to which she had been so long accustomed. "Alas! alas!" she said, "the time has come when I am too old to work. My son will have to hire some one to come here and cook his meals, make his bed, and mend his clothes. Alas! alas! I had hoped that as long as I lived I should be able to do these things. But it is not so. I have grown utterly worthless, and some one else must prepare the dinner for my son. I wonder where he is." And tottering to the door, she went outside to look for him. She did not feel able to stand, and reaching the rustic chair, she sank into it, quite exhausted, and soon fell asleep.

The Dryad, who had often come to the cottage to see if she could find an opportunity of carrying out Old Pipes's affectionate design, now happened by; and seeing that the much-desired occasion had come, she stepped up quietly behind the old woman and gently kissed her on each cheek, and then as quietly disappeared.

In a few minutes the mother of Old Pipes awoke, and looking up at the sun, she exclaimed: "Why, it is almost dinner-time! My son will be here directly, and I am not ready for him." And rising to her feet, she hurried into the house, made the fire, set the meat and vegetables to cook, laid the cloth, and by the time her son arrived the meal was on the table.

"How a little sleep does refresh one," she said to herself, as she was bustling about. She was a woman of very vigorous constitution, and at seventy-five had been a great deal stronger and more active than her son was at that age. The moment Old Pipes saw his mother, he knew that the Dryad had been there; but, while he felt as happy as a king, he was too wise to say anything about her.

"It is astonishing how well I feel to-day," said his mother; "and either my hearing has improved or you speak much more plainly than you have done of late."

The summer days went on and passed away, the leaves were falling from the trees, and the air was becoming cold.

"Nature has ceased to be lovely," said the Dryad, "and the night winds chill me. It is time for me to go back into my comfortable quarters in the great sycamore. But first I must pay another visit to the cottage of Old Pipes."

She found the piper and his mother sitting side by side on the rock in front of the door. The cattle were not to go to the mountain any more that season, and he was piping them down for the last time. Loud and merrily sounded the pipes of Old Pipes, and down the mountain-side came the cattle, the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the most difficult ones among the rocks; while from the great sycamore-tree were heard the echoes of the cheerful music.

"How happy they look, sitting there together," said the Dryad; "and I don't believe it will do them a bit of harm to be still younger." And moving quietly up behind them, she first kissed Old Pipes on his cheek and then his mother.

Old Pipes, who had stopped playing, knew what it was, but he did not move, and said nothing. His mother, thinking that her son had kissed her, turned to him with a smile and kissed him in return. And then she arose and went into the cottage, a vigorous woman of sixty, followed by her son, erect and happy, and twenty years younger than herself.

The Dryad sped away to the woods, shrugging her shoulders as she felt the cool evening wind.

When she reached the great sycamore, she turned the key and opened the door. "Come out," she said to the Echo-dwarf, who sat blinking within. "Winter is coming on, and I want the comfortable shelter of my tree for myself. The cattle have come down from the mountain for the last time this year, the pipes will no longer sound, and you can go to your rocks and have a holiday until next spring."

Upon hearing these words the dwarf skipped quickly out, and the Dryad entered the tree and pulled the door shut after her. "Now, then," she said to herself, "he can break off the key if he likes. It does not matter to me. Another will grow out next spring. And although the good piper made me no promise, I know that when the warm days arrive next year, he will come and let me out again."

The Echo-dwarf did not stop to break the key of the tree. He was too happy to be released to think of anything else, and he hastened as fast as he could to his home on the rocky hill-side.

The Dryad was not mistaken when she trusted in the piper. When the warm days came again he went to the sycamore-tree to let her out. But, to his sorrow and surprise, he found the great tree lying upon the ground. A winter storm had blown it down, and it lay with its trunk shattered and split. And what became of the Dryad, no one ever knew.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

BY ALICE BOISE WOOD.

YONDER sleep the lilies white
Through the starlit summer night:
Fitful breezes rise and fall;
Fire-flies flash, and wild birds call.

Here the river winds along,
Deep and silent, swift and strong:
Mighty river—toward the sea
Float my fancies forth with thee!

On the sea the white ships go,
Noiseless, wingéd, to and fro:
To and fro, and o'er and o'er,
Fancies float from shore to shore.

Happy fancies they, to know
Stars that shine and winds that blow,
Ships that sail, and seas that lie
Silent 'neath a silent sky.

DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

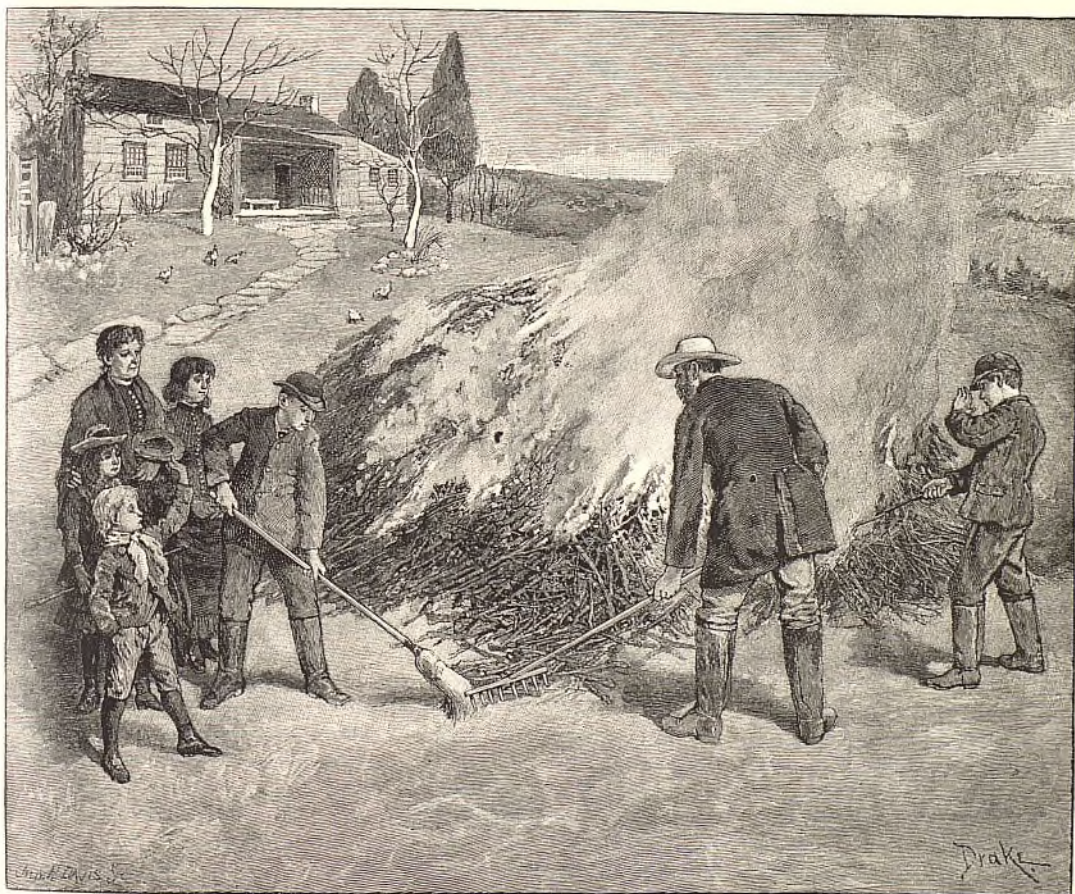
BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER V.

IT amused and interested me to see upon the children's faces such looks of eager expectancy as they impatiently devoured the midday meal. Nothing greater than a bonfire was in prospect,

and trample it down a little. It is too loose now. While we do this, Winnie and Bobsey can gather dry grass and weeds that will take fire quickly. Now, which way is the wind?"

"There is n't any wind, Papa," Merton replied. "Let us see. Put your forefingers in your



THE BRUSH-HEAP BONFIRE.

yet few costly pleasures could have afforded them more excitement. Winnie and Bobsey wished me to light the fire at once, but I said:

"No, not till Mamma and Mousie are ready to come out. You must stay and help them clear away the things. When all is ready, you two shall start the blaze."

Very soon we all were at the brush-pile, which towered above our heads, and I said:

"Merton, it will burn better if we climb over it

mouths, all of you, then hold them up and note which side feels the coolest."

"This side!" cried first one and then another.

"Yes: and this side is toward the west; therefore, Winnie, put the dry grass here on the western side of the heap, and what air is stirring will carry the blaze through the pile."

Little hands that trembled with eagerness soon held lighted matches to the dry grass; there was a yellow flicker in the sunshine, then a blaze, a

crackle, a devouring rush toward the center of the pile of flames that mounted higher and higher until, with the surrounding column of smoke, there was a conflagration which, at night, would have alarmed the country-side. The children at first gazed with awe upon the scene as they backed farther away from the increasing heat. Our beacon-fire drew Junior, who came bounding over the fences toward us; and soon he and Merton began to try how near they could dash in toward the blaze without being scorched. I soon stopped this.

"Show your courage, Merton, when there is need of it," I said. "Rash venturing is not bravery, but foolishness, and often costs people dear."

When the pile sank down into glowing embers, I turned to Bobsey, and added:

"I have let you light a fire under my direction. Never think of doing anything of the kind without my permission; for if you do, you will certainly sit in a chair, facing the wall, all day long, with nothing to cheer you but bread and water and a sound whipping. There is one thing which you children must learn from the start, and that is, you are not to play with fire except when I permit you."

At this direful threat Bobsey looked as grave as his round little face permitted, and, with the memory of his peril in the creek fresh in mind, was ready enough with the most solemn promises. A circle of unburned brush was left around the embers. This I raked in on the hot coals, and soon all was consumed, and eventually the ashes were spread far and wide.

Early the next morning, Mr. Jones arrived with his stout team, and, going twice in every furrow, he sunk his plow to the beam. We followed our neighbor for a few turns around the garden; then I went for a half-bushel of early potatoes, and Mr. Jones showed me how to cut them so as to leave at least two good "eyes" to each piece. I also varied my labor with lessons in plowing, for running in my head was an "old saw" to the effect that "He who would thrive must both hold the plow and drive."

The fine weather lasted long enough for us to plant our early potatoes in the most approved fashion, and then came a series of cold, wet days and frosty nights. Mr. Jones assured us that the vegetable seeds already in the ground would receive no harm. At such times as we could work we finished trimming and tying up the hardy raspberries, cleaning up the barn-yard, and carting all the fertilizers we could find to the land that we meant to cultivate.

One long, stormy day, I prepared an account-book. On its left-hand pages I entered the cost of the place and all expenses thus far incurred. The right-hand pages were for records of income, as yet small indeed. They consisted only of the

proceeds from the sale of the calf, the eggs that Winnie gathered, and the milk measured each day, all valued at the market price. I was resolved that there should be no blind drifting toward the breakers of failure—that at the end of the year we should know whether we had made progress, had stood still, or had gone backward. My system of keeping the accounts was so simple that I easily explained it to my wife, Merton, and Mousie; for I believed that, if they followed the effort at country living understandingly, they would be more willing to practice the self-denial necessary for success. Indeed, I had Merton write out most of the items.

My wife and Mousie also started another book of household expenses, and I assured them that, if we only kept up these records, we should always know just what our prospects were; that weeks would elapse before our place would be food-producing to any great extent; and that in the meantime we must draw chiefly on our capital in order to live.

But Winifred and I resolved to meet this necessity in no careless way, feeling that not a penny should be spent which might be saved. The fact that I had only my family to support was greatly in our favor. There was no kitchen cabinet that ate much and wasted more, to satisfy. Therefore, our revenue of eggs and milk went a great way toward meeting the problem. We made out a list of cheap, yet wholesome, articles of food, and found that we could buy oatmeal at four cents per pound, Indian meal at two and a half cents, rice at eight cents, sump at four, mackerel at nine, pork at twelve, and ham at fifteen cents. The last two articles were used sparingly, and more as relishes and for flavoring than as food. Flour happened to be cheap at the time, the best costing but seven dollars a barrel; of vegetables, we had secured abundance at slight cost; and the apples still added the wholesome element of fruit. A butcher drove his wagon to our door three times a week and, for cash, would give us, at very reasonable rates, certain cuts of beef and mutton. These my wife conjured into appetizing dishes and delicious soups. Such details may appear to some very homely, yet our health and success depended largely upon careful and thoughtful attention to just such prosaic matters. The children were growing plump and ruddy at an expense less than that which would be incurred by one or two visits from a physician in the city.

In the matter of food, I gave more thought to my wife's time and strength than to the little people's wishes. We had variety and abundance, but we did not have many dishes at any one meal.

The wash-tub I forbade utterly, and the services of a stout Irishwoman were secured for one

day in the week. Thus, by a little management, no one of us was overtaxed. Mousie began to give Winnie and Bobsey daily lessons; for we had decided that the children should not go to school until the coming autumn. Early in April, therefore, our country life was passing into a quiet routine, not burdensome, at least, within doors; and I justly felt that, if all were well in the citadel of home, the chances of outdoor campaigning were greatly improved.

In the dawn of each morning, unless it were stormy, Merton patrolled the place with his gun, looking for hawks and other creatures which at this season he was permitted to shoot; and he looked quite as serious and important as if he were sallying forth to protect us from deadlier foes. For a time he saw nothing to fire at, since he had promised me not to shoot harmless birds. He always indulged himself, however, in one shot at a mark, and was becoming sure in his aim at stationary objects. One evening, however, when we were almost ready to retire, a strange sound startled us. At first it reminded me of the half-whining bark of a young dog; but the deep, guttural trill that followed convinced me that it was a screech-owl, for I remembered having heard them when a boy.

The moment I explained that it was an owl, Merton darted for his gun.

I disliked the uncanny sounds which the bird made, and was under the impression that all owls, like hawks, should be destroyed. Therefore, I followed Merton out, hoping that he would have a successful shot at the night prowler.

The moonlight illumined everything with a soft, mild radiance; and the trees, with their tracery of bough and twig, stood out distinctly. Before we could discover the creature, it flew with noiseless wing from a maple near the door to another perch up the lane, and again uttered its weird notes.

Merton was away like a swift shadow, and, screening himself behind the fence, stole upon his game. A moment later, the report rang out in the still night. It so happened that Merton had fired just as the bird was about to fly, and had only broken a wing. The owl fell to the ground, but led the boy a wild pursuit before it was captured, and Merton's hands were bleeding when he brought the creature in. Unless prevented, it would strike savagely with its beak, and the motions of its head were as quick as lightning. It was, indeed, a strange captive, and the children looked at it in wondering and rather fearful curiosity. I granted Merton's request that he might put it in a box and keep it alive for a while.

"In the morning," I said, "we all will read about it, and can examine it more carefully."

Among my purchases was a fresh work on natural history; but our minds had been engrossed with too many practical questions to give it much attention. The next morning we consulted it, and found our captive was variously called the little red owl, the mottled owl, or the screech-owl. Then followed an account of its character and habits. So far from being an ill-boding, harmful creature, we learned that it was a useful friend upon which we had made war. We were taught that this species was a destroyer of mice, beetles, and vermin, thus rendering the agriculturist great services which, however, are so little known that the bird is everywhere hunted down without mercy or justice.

"Surely, this is not true of all owls," I said, and by reading further we learned that the barred, or hoot owl, and the great horned-owl, were deserving of a surer aim of Merton's gun. They prey not only upon useful game, but also invade the poultry-yard, the horned species being especially destructive. Instances were given in which these freebooters had killed every chicken upon a farm. As they hunt only at night, they are hard to capture. Their notes and natures are said to be in keeping with their dark deeds; for their cry is wild, harsh, and unearthly, while in temper they are cowardly, savage, and untamable.

"The moral of this owl episode," I concluded, "is that we must learn to know our neighbors, be they birds, beasts or human beings, before we judge them. This book is not only full of knowledge, but of information that is practical and useful. I move that we read up about the creatures in our vicinity. Would n't it be well, Merton, to learn *what* to shoot as well as how to shoot?"

Protecting his hands with buckskin gloves, the boy applied mutton suet to our wounded owl's wing. It was eventually healed, and the bird was given its liberty. It gradually became sprightly and tame, and sociable in the evening, and afforded the children and Junior much amusement.

By the seventh of April there was a prospect of warmer and more settled weather, and Mr. Jones told us to lose no time in uncovering our Antwerp raspberries. They had been bent down close to the ground the previous winter and covered with earth. To remove this, without breaking the canes, required careful and skillful work. We soon acquired the knack, however, of pushing and throwing aside the soil, then lifting the canes gently through what remained and shaking them clear. "Be careful to level the ground evenly," said Jones, "for it wont do at all to leave hummocks of dirt around the hills." And we followed his instructions.

The canes were left until a heavy shower of rain washed them clean; then Winnie and Bobsey tied

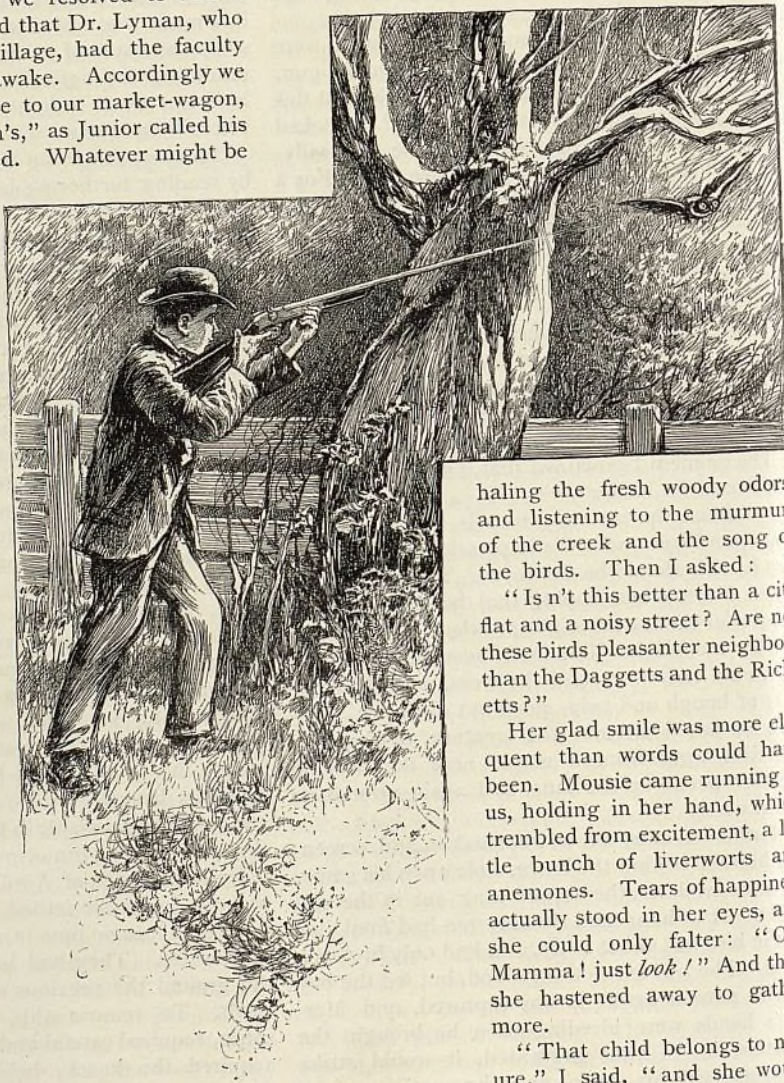
them up. We gave steady and careful attention to the Antwerps, since they would be our main dependence for income. I also raked in a liberal dressing of wood ashes around the hills of one row through the field, intending to note its effect.

Hitherto the Sundays had been stormy and the roads bad, and we had given the days to rest and family sociability. But, at last, there came a mild, sunny morning, and we resolved to find a church-home. I had heard that Dr. Lyman, who preached in the nearest village, had the faculty of keeping young people awake. Accordingly we harnessed the old bay horse to our market-wagon, donned our "go-to-meetin's," as Junior called his Sunday clothes, and started. Whatever might be the result of the sermon, the drive promised to do us good. The tender young grass by the roadside, and the swelling buds of trees, gave forth delicious odors; a spring haze softened the outline of the mountains, and made them almost as beautiful as if clothed with foliage; robins, song-sparrows, and other birds were so tuneful that Mousie said she wished they might form the choir at the church. Indeed, the glad spirit of Spring was abroad, and it found its way into our hearts. We soon learned that it entered largely also into Dr. Lyman's sermon. We were not treated as strangers and intruders, but welcomed and shown to a pew in a way that made us at home. I discovered that I, too, would be kept awake and given much to think about. We remained until

Sunday-school, which followed the service, was over, and then went home, feeling that life, both here and hereafter, was something to be thankful for. After dinner, without even taking the precaution of locking the door, we all strolled down the lane and the steeply sloping meadow to our

wood-lot and the banks of the Moodna Creek. My wife had never seen this portion of our place before, and she was delighted with its wild beauty and seclusion.

Junior soon joined us, and led the children to a sunny bank, from which soon came shouts of joy over the first wild-flowers of the season. I seated my wife on a rock, and we sat there quietly for a time, in-



MERTON BRINGS DOWN THE SCREECH-OWL.

haling the fresh woody odors, and listening to the murmurs of the creek and the song of the birds. Then I asked:

"Is n't this better than a city flat and a noisy street? Are not these birds pleasanter neighbors than the Daggetts and the Ricketts?"

Her glad smile was more eloquent than words could have been. Mousie came running to us, holding in her hand, which trembled from excitement, a little bunch of liverworts and anemones. Tears of happiness actually stood in her eyes, and she could only falter: "Oh, Mamma! just look!" And then she hastened away to gather more.

"That child belongs to nature," I said, "and she would always be an exile in the city."

How greatly she has improved in health already! The air grew damp and chill early, and we soon returned to the house. Monday, another fair day, found us again absorbed in our busy life, each one having good work to do. After it was safe to uncover the raspberries, Merton and I had not lost a moment

in the task. At the time of which I write, we put in stakes where they were missing, obtaining not a few of them from the wood-lot. We also made our second planting of potatoes and other hardy vegetables in the garden. The plants in the kitchen window were thriving, and during mild, still days we carried them to a sheltered place without, that they might become hardier and inured to the open air.

Winnie already had three hens sitting on their nests full of eggs, and she was counting the days until the three weeks should expire, when the little chicks would break their shells. One of the hens proved a fickle biddy, and left her nest, much to the child's anger and disgust. But the others were faithful, and one morning Winnie came bounding in, saying she had heard the first "peep." I told her to be patient and leave the brood until the following day, since I had read that the chicks were all stronger for not being taken from the nest too soon. She had treated the mother hens so kindly that they were tame, and permitted her to throw out the empty shells, and exult over each new-comer into its short-lived existence.

Our radishes had come up nicely; but no sooner had the first green leaves expanded than myriads of little flea-like beetles devoured them. A timely article in my horticultural paper explained that if little chickens were allowed to run in the garden they would soon destroy these and other insects. Accordingly, I improvised a coop by laying down a barrel near the radishes and by driving stakes in front of it to imprison the hen, which otherwise, with the best intentions, would have scratched up all my sprouting seeds. Hither we brought her the following day, with her downy brood of twelve, and they soon began to make themselves useful. Winnie fed them with Indian-meal and mashed potatoes, and watched over them with more than their mother's solicitude, while Merton renewed his vigilance against hawks and other enemies.

With the chicks to watch, and wild-flowers to gather, the tying up of raspberries became weary prose to Winnie and Bobsey; but I kept them at it during most of the forenoon of every pleasant day, and if they performed their task carelessly, I made them do it over. I knew that the time was coming when many kinds of work would cease to be play, to us all, and that we might as well face the fact first as last. After the morning duties were over and the afternoon lessons learned, there was plenty of time for play, and the two little people enjoyed it all the more.

Merton, also, had two afternoons in the week, and he and Junior began to bring home strings of little sunfish and winfish. Boys often become disgusted with country life because it is made hard and monotonous for them.

From the first, I had often thought that strawberries should form one of our chief crops. They promised well for several reasons, the main one being that they would afford a light and useful form of labor for all the children. Even Bobsey could pick the fruit almost as well as any of us, for he had no long back to ache in getting down to it. The crop, also, could be gathered and sold before the raspberry season began, and this was an important fact. We would also have another and earlier source of income. I had read a great deal about the cultivation of the strawberry, and I had visited a Maizeville neighbor who grew them on a large scale, and had obtained his views. To make my knowledge more complete, I wrote to my Washington Market friend, Mr. Bogart, and his prompt letter in reply was encouraging.

"Don't go into too many kinds," he advised; "and don't set too much ground. A few crates of fine berries will pay you better than bushels of small, soft, worthless trash. Steer clear of high-priced novelties and fancy sorts, and begin with only those known to pay well in your region. Try Wilsons (they're good to sell, if not to eat) and Duchess for early, and the Sharpless and Champion for late. Set the last two kinds out side by side, for the Champions won't bear alone. A customer of mine cultivates only these four sorts. He gives them high culture, and gets big crops and big berries, which pay big money. When you want crates, I can furnish them, and take my pay out of the sales of your fruit. Don't spend much money for plants. Buy a few of each kind, and set them in moist ground and let them run. By winter you will have enough plants to cover your farm."

I found that I could buy these standard varieties in the vicinity; and having made the lower part of the garden very rich, I procured, one cloudy day, two hundred plants of each kind and set them in rows, six feet apart, so that by a little watchfulness I could keep them separate. I obtained my whole stock for five dollars; therefore, even counting the value of time and everything, the cost of entering on strawberry culture was very slight indeed. A rainy night followed, and every plant started vigorously.

In spite of occasional frosts and cold rains, the days grew longer and warmer.

I proposed to extend my fruit area gradually, fearing, with good reason, that much hired help would leave small profits.

That very afternoon Mr. Jones, with his sharp steel plow, began turning over clean, deep, even furrows, for we had selected a plot for corn and potatoes, in view of the fact that it was not stony, as was the case with other portions of our little farm. When, at last, the ground was plowed, he

said: "We'd better get the potato ground ready and the rows furrowed out right off. Early plantin' is the best. How much will ye give to 'em?"

"Half the plot," I said.

"Why, Mr. Durham, that's a big plantin' for potatoes."

"Well, I've a plan about that. I think I can put Early Rose potatoes in now, and harvest them in July or early August; and then, if the books are right, I can set strong plants on enriched ground early in August and get a good crop next June. I shall have my young plants growing right here in my own garden. Merton and I can take them up in the cool of the evening and in wet weather, and they won't know they've been moved. I propose to get these early potatoes out of the ground as soon as possible, even if I have to sell part of them before they are fully ripe; then have the ground plowed deep and marked out for strawberries, put all the fertilizers I can scrape together in the rows, and set the plants as fast as possible. I've read again and again that many growers regard this method as one of the best."

Planting an acre of potatoes was no slight task for us, even after the ground was plowed and harrowed, and the furrows for the rows were marked out. I also had to make a half day's journey to the city of Newtown to buy more seed. But for a few days we worked like beavers. Even Winnie helped Merton to drop the seed; and in the evening we had regular potato-cutting "bees," Junior coming over to aid us, and my wife and Mousie helping too. Songs and stories enlivened these evening hours of labor. Indeed, my wife and Mousie performed, during the day, a large part of this task, and they soon learned to cut the tubers skillfully. I have since known this work to be done so carelessly that some pieces were cut without a single eye upon them. Of course, in such cases there is nothing to grow.

One Saturday night, the last of April, we exulted over the fact that our acre was planted and the seed well covered.

Many of the trees about the house, meanwhile, had clothed themselves with fragrant promises of fruit. All, especially Mousie, had been observant of the beautiful changes, and, busy as we had been, she, Winnie, and Bobsey had been given time to keep our table well supplied with wild flowers. Now that they had come in abundance, they seemed as essential as our daily food. To a limited extent I permitted blooming sprays to be taken from the fruit-trees, thinking, with Mousie, that cherry blossoms were "almost as sweet as cherries." Thus Nature graced our frugal board, and suggested that, as she accompanied her useful work with beauty and fragrance, so we also could

lift our toilsome lives above the coarse and sordid phase too common in country homes.

In early May the grass was growing lush and strong, and Brindle was driven down the lane to the meadow, full of thickets, which bordered on the creek. Here she could supply herself with food and water until the late autumn.

With the first days of the month we planted, on a part of the garden slope, where the soil was dry and warm, very early, dwarf sweet corn, a second early variety, Burr's Mammoth, and Stowell's Evergreen.

"When this planting is up a few inches high," I said, "we will make another; for, by so doing, my garden-book says, we may have this delicious vegetable till frost comes."

After reading and some inquiry during the winter I had decided to buy only McLean's gem peas for seed. This low-growing kind required no brush and, therefore, far less labor. We also planted early dwarf wax-beans, covering the seed, as directed, only two inches deep. It was my ambition to raise a large crop of Lima beans, having read that few vegetables yielded more food to a small area than they. So, armed with an axe and hatchet, Merton and I went into some young growth on the edge of our wood-lot and cut thirty poles, lopping off the branches so as to leave little crotches on which the vines could rest as a support. Having sharpened these poles we set them firmly in the garden. My book said that, if the earth were cold, wet, or heavy, the beans would decay instead of coming up. The tenth of the month being fine and promising, I pressed the eye or germ side of the beans into the soil and covered them only one inch deep. In the evening we set out our cabbage and cauliflower plants where they should be allowed to mature. The tomato plants, which were more tender than their other companions, had been started in the kitchen window, and I set them out about four inches apart in a sheltered place. We could thus cover them at night and protect them a little from the midday sun for a week or two longer.

Nor were Mousie's flowering-plants forgotten. She had watched over them from the seed with tireless care, and now we made a bed and helped the happy child to put her beloved little nurslings in the open ground where they were to bloom.

The next morning Merton and I began our great undertaking — the planting of the other acre of ground, next to the potatoes, with field corn. Mr. Jones had harrowed it comparatively smooth. I had a light plow with which to mark out the furrows four feet apart each way. At the intersection of these furrows the seed was to be dropped.

We kept to work manfully, although the day was warm, and by noon the plot was furrowed one

way. After dinner we took an hour's partial rest in shelling our corn, and then started in again, and in the same manner began furrowing at right angles with the first rows. Merton dropped the corn after we had run half a dozen furrows. The hills were thus about four feet apart each way.

"Drop five kernels," I said; for Mr. Jones had told us that "four stalks were enough and that three would do," but had added, "I plant five kernels, for some of 'em don't come up, and the crows and such varmints take some of the others. And if all of 'em grow, it's easier to pull up one stalk at the first hoeing than to plant over again."

We found that putting in the corn was a lighter task than planting the potatoes, even though we did our own furrowing; and by the middle of May we were complacent over the fact that we had succeeded with our general spring work far better than we had hoped, remembering that we were novices who had to take much counsel from books and from our kind, practical neighbor.

The foliage of the trees was now out in all its delicately shaded greenery, and midday often gave us a foretaste of summer heat. The slight blaze kindled in the old fire-place, after supper,

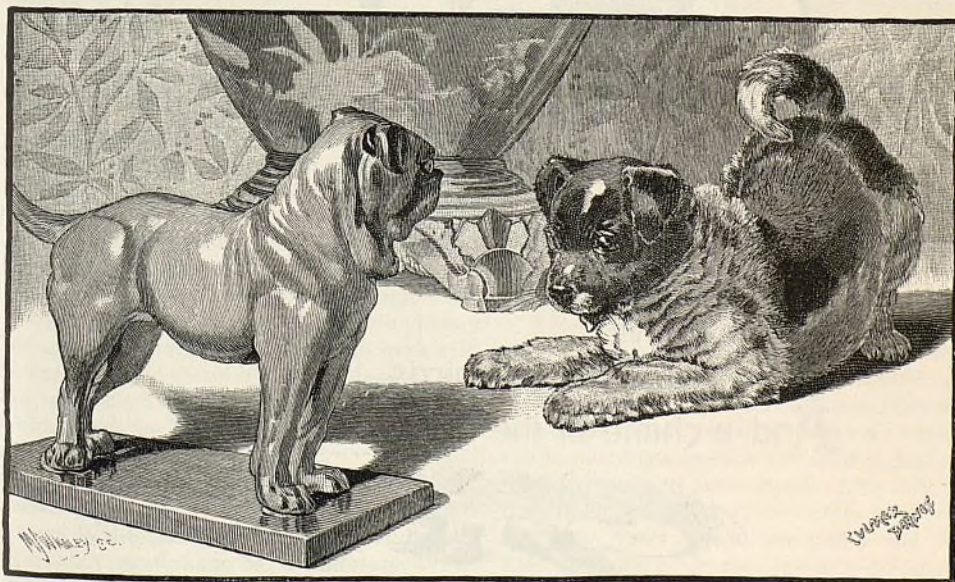
was more for the sake of good cheer than needed warmth, and at last it was dispensed with. Thrushes and other birds of richer and fuller song had come, and morning and evening we left the door open that we might enjoy the varied melody.

Our first plantings of potatoes and early vegetables were now up nicely, and a new phase of labor—that of cultivation—began. New broods of chickens were coming off, and Winnie had many families to look after. Nevertheless, although there was much to attend to, the season was bringing a brief breathing-spell, and I resolved to take advantage of it. So I said one Friday evening: "If to-morrow is fair, we'll take a vacation. What do you say to a day's fishing and sailing on the river?" A jubilant shout greeted this proposal, and when it had subsided, Mousie asked, "Can Junior go with us?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I'll go over right after supper, and make sure that his father consents."

Mr. Jones said "Yes," and Merton and Junior were soon busy with their preparations, which were continued until the long twilight deepened into dusk.

(To be continued.)



"HULLO, OLD STIFF-LEGS! COME DOWN OFF O' THAT, AND PLAY!"



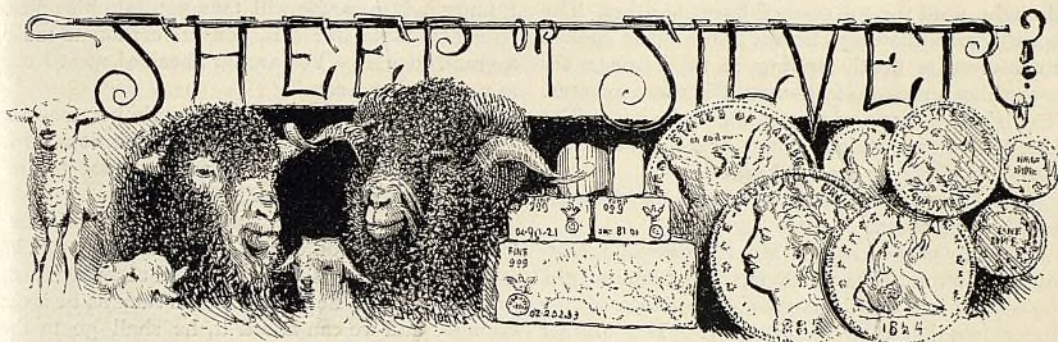
Grandpa's Old Slipper And Baby's New Shoe



Grandpa's old slipper and baby's new shoe
 Tripping lovingly onward together,
 Keeping time,
 To the rhyme
 Of the sea and the birds,
 And a chime of the bells in the heather.

E.W.





BY WILLIAM M. BAKER.

CHAPTER I.
THE FRIERSONS.

"YOU do not mean to say that Waldo and Ruthven are twins? It is impossible."

"Yes, sir; twin brothers. Are they more unlike than are their sisters, Hessie and Bessie? They are twins, also."

"Well, all I can say is, that I should never have believed it. What can poor Mrs. Frierson do with such a boy as Waldo? Ruthven is all right. You would think he was a grown man. But of all the wild, harum-scarum, rattle-brained boys I ever knew, Waldo Frierson is the worst. He is so bright and handsome a fellow, too. Ruthven will be a great help to his mother. And as for the girls—well, she can depend upon Bessie, but I am not so sure of Hessie; she is too much like her brother Waldo."

This was about the way people talked when the great calamity befell the Friersons. How that befell can be told in a few words. Years before, when living at the East, Mr. and Mrs. Frierson, then altogether too young and too poor to think of such a thing (so every one said), had fallen so much in love with each other as to rush into what was well considered "a very imprudent marriage." Being young and loving, they laughed at the gloomy forebodings of their friends, and went to work with a will, the young husband being half lawyer, half farmer, while his happy little wife economized and kept house with an energy which it did one good to see.

But "No, Bessie, we can't win the fight here," the husband was at length compelled to say to his wife, when Waldo and Ruthven were still babies. "There is but one thing to do. We must go West. The farm your grandfather left you in Texas is our best chance. As soon as you are strong enough, we will sell out here and emigrate. What do you say?"

As the young couple had but one heart between them, so they were always of but one mind. In fact, it was the wife who had long urged the Texas plan upon her husband, for she was, as every one acknowledged, the wiser of the two.

Thus it came to pass that by the time their boys were twelve years old, and their twin girls about two years younger, they had made for themselves a very comfortable home on the Texan farm. It was styled Manchac Springs, and was some twelve miles west of Austin, the capital of Texas, and on the road to San Marcos, New Braunfels, and San Antonio—a road which crossed the vast prairies that stretched away to the Rio Grande and Mexico. The house was a handsome one, upon an eminence well wooded with live-oaks, while the spring was a wonder to all who saw it, gushing out from beneath the hill, pure and abundant. By hard work, slow and steady increase, under the wise suggestion of the wife and the persistent energy of her husband, the horses, cows, sheep, and poultry had so thriven that the household were really very comfortable. "And the best of it is, our boys and girls have had such an out-of-door training in this glorious climate, that they can not fail to be strong and happy," the husband said one day.

"No, dear," his wife replied, "the very best thing of all is, that our breaking away from the East and our removal here have enabled us, their parents, to do so much more for them than we could have done had we remained where we were. If we can but continue to have the same peaceful, quiet life——" and here she stopped, with a little sigh, as if she feared something, she hardly knew what.

So the years passed pleasantly and happily, until the date of the opening of our story. Spring had begun early that year, and never had the prospects of a fine crop seemed so certain, when suddenly the grasshoppers smote the whole

region like an invading host. Then followed drought, until the soil seemed burnt to ashes. The spring ceased flowing. Scores of the cattle choked themselves to death striving, in their hunger for something green, to feed upon the thorny cactus. The sheep disappeared as into thin air. The best horses were stolen by men who had been rendered desperate by the hard times.

One has not the heart to tell all the disasters which befell them.

"It only needed *this*!" Mr. Frierson said, tossing a letter into his wife's lap as he entered the house one hot day in August. A glance at the letter told her of fresh calamity. Her brother Cyrus had failed in business, having made too hasty ventures. This meant ruin for the Friersons, because her husband had helped her brother by becoming responsible for a large amount of money which this failure would now compel him to pay. And she had hardly finished reading the letter when she saw her husband fall back upon the floor. A sunstroke had given the last blow to a man whose health, never very strong, had been steadily undermined by a slow succession of disasters.

For a time it seemed as if the widow would never recover from the shock of her husband's death, attended and followed by so many trials. But gradually her strength returned, and she grew able to take up her life again. By an admirable law of the State, the homestead could not be seized from her and her children; that and her two boys and her two girls were literally all that remained. "It is dreadful, dreadful," Waldo said to his brother every day. "It shatters all of our plans. For oh, *how* I had hoped! —"

The brothers were sixteen years old by this time. Waldo had long set his heart upon going to college. He had been at school in Austin, working hard to fit himself for Harvard. He was so bright, so ambitious, so eager to succeed, that his teachers prophesied brilliant things for him in college and in his after life. His father had been compelled to drop the law and give himself up wholly to the farm since he came to Texas, but he had not lost his old liking for the profession. Over and over again, when sitting out on the porch of an evening, he had told Waldo the story of his own youthful expectations.

"I had it all arranged," he would say to his favorite son, who would sit at his feet, listening eagerly, "to make a great name at the bar. Then I should do one of two things: either remain a lawyer and make a large fortune, or go into politics, and be sent to the legislature or to congress. People used to say I made splendid speeches, Waldo, my boy. Oh, well, I must live that life in you. Study hard; sweep everything before you when

you go to college. Then come back to Austin. I know a lawyer who will take you into his office. In a new State like this, you are certain to make a grand success. You are far ahead of what I was at your age, my son."

Mrs. Frierson remonstrated with her too-sanguine husband. "Waldo is over-ambitious as it is," she said; "you are but adding flame to fire. And you forget Ruthven."

"No, I don't, Bessie," answered Mr. Frierson. "But Ruthven is different. Sober old chap that he is, all he cares for is to be educated as a machinist, and a machinist he shall be. As soon as he is old enough, and we can afford it, he shall go to the Institute of Technology in Boston. And with Ruthven in Boston, and Waldo at Harvard, I shall have nothing left to wish for, unless it be to have them graduated and back here again, making fame and fortune for themselves!"

Neither of the parents had any fears as to Ruthven, but they always agreed that Waldo would make the more striking success of the two, *if—if—!* The boy was so full of his fun, so daring when it came to breaking a horse or roping a wild cow, so mischievous and fitful in his ways, that there was no telling what he might do.

But when the father, crushed beneath his quick-coming calamities, so suddenly died, all this planning seemed to have taken place ages before; and Waldo, when he saw his long and eagerly cherished hopes in life so quickly and so utterly overthrown, changed from a gay and talkative boy, and became as miserable as a broken-down old man of seventy. He would wander off across the prairie after supper, and, flinging himself on the ground, would lie there in the dark and weep and rave.

"I am almost afraid he cares more for the ruin of his hopes," his widowed mother said at last to her other son, "than he does for the death of his father."

"No, it is only for a little while," Ruthven replied. "Waldo is not selfish at heart. He is dreadfully cut up just now. But you will be astonished to see with what enthusiasm he will go into whatever he may determine to do. His suffering, like his enjoyment, always runs to extremes."

"He is your dear father over again," exclaimed his mother, who could only yield her hand to that of her son, while her eyes filled with tears. She needed to say no more. Ruthven understood her. From the beginning of their misfortunes, he had grown, it seemed, almost into a man, and all the more so since the death of his father. He did not say much, and he seemed never to leave his mother's side; yet, whenever needed, he would be here and there over the whole place, seeing to everything, attending, as the months rolled by,

to all the perplexing matters which had to be arranged; grave, quiet, efficient, never thinking of himself. Often, when his mother would lie at midnight weeping in her bed, she would be aware of some one kneeling by her side, whispering comfort to her. She did not need to be told it was Ruthven.

There was almost as great a difference between Mrs. Frierson's two daughters as between their brothers. HESSIE was black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, always having more to say, and upon every subject, than is common even to healthful and light-hearted girls; singing to herself, whistling, for that matter, like a blackbird. Bessie was of a heavier frame; her head set more solidly upon her shoulders; her eyes were gray and serious; she had less to say than HESSIE. In a word, she was the counterpart of Ruthven, fully as valuable in her way, her mother's trusted housekeeper.

"And yet, is it not strange!" Mrs. Frierson often thought to herself. "One would think that Bessie would be devoted to Ruthven, whereas Waldo is her idol; while laughing, mischief-loving HESSIE thinks there never was a son or brother like Ruthven."

As the sad months went slowly by, Mrs. Frierson gradually rallied her strength and could look more calmly at the family fortunes.

"It is very plain," Ruthven said to his mother, brother, and sisters, one morning after breakfast, "that we must look our position squarely in the face. We are deeply in debt. It is impossible to go on as we now are. A new course must be entered upon, if we are to better ourselves. The boys and girls of the family are brave and strong. There is but one desire among us. We must select wisely and deliberately what is best to be done, and do it. Now, what shall that be? Who can tell us?"

It seemed to be the oddest chance in the world; but just as he asked the question, the man of all men whom they least expected to see walked into the room,—the man to whom so much of their trouble was due,—their mother's only brother, Uncle Cyrus!

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE CYRUS AND THE PRINCE.

THE family group that fronted this unexpected visitor was a striking one.

In her favorite chair sat Mrs. Frierson, with her hair grown whiter by her recent sorrow, but with a new purity and refinement quite in keeping with it, which hushed her children into a deeper love and veneration for her. HESSIE and Bessie had risen and stood a little behind their mother, one on either side. HESSIE was a head taller than Bessie, slight of frame, quick-motivated,

with always an abundance to talk about or to laugh over, forever on her feet, eager to please those she liked, and by far the livelier and prettier of the two. Sober Bessie, not so agile, all the more home-like for her freckles and her motherly and domestic ways, seemed to be two years the older, and to be closely in accord with her mother in all her thoughts and ways. Ruthven was still seated at the breakfast-table, in what had been his father's chair; without a word said, he had taken the place of his father in that as in everything, so far as was possible to a son not yet seventeen years old. Waldo was on his feet and, in reply to Ruthven, was about to give his ideas of what everybody ought to do. He had no hesitation as to that; and he was very eager and enthusiastic in what he had to propose.

It was as earnest and united a family group as one could wish to see; but in an instant the same group was as disturbed as if Uncle Cyrus had been a live coal dropped into gunpowder. After a moment of blank astonishment at sight of him, Waldo sprang forward, red with anger, his hands clenched threateningly; even Ruthven became ashen, and compressed his lips; while the girls started forward to place themselves between their mother and this uncle whom they had at one time loved, but whom they could not forgive for all the loss and trouble his rash ventures had brought upon them. Certain it was, that their losses through him had been the finishing stroke of the many disasters that had caused their father's death and beggared them all.

Judged by his looks, he seemed fortunate enough. Not as tall as Waldo, he was almost as broad as both the boys rolled into one. He was robust and ruddy. Except a pair of side-whiskers, as red and bushy as his hair, he was closely shaven; well-featured and fair, you could not have desired to see a face more open and cheery. Any one would have taken him for a very prosperous and popular banker; and a smile came to one's face at the mere sight of him, so happy and free from care did he seem. For a moment only, as he stood in the doorway, his face flushed and grew pale. He knew the misery he had wrought—he could not help seeing in what light he was regarded.

Mrs. Frierson, though still pale and trembling, was the first to regain her composure, and sat awaiting in silence what her brother might have to say.

"My dear Bessie——" he began, and hesitated.

It required a strong will to do so when thus addressed, but Mrs. Frierson looked steadily at him. And, at the same time, she seemed to hush and control her children by the simple raising of her hand.

"Please hear me," said their visitor, in the deep silence which fell upon them. "Do you think that

I do not know all the dreadful work I have done? No more intending to do it, Bessie, than a baby — no more intending it — no more intending it!" he repeated, wiping his forehead with his white handkerchief. Somehow, there was the sincerity, too, of a child in what he said. "Yes, Heaven

visitor did not take his pleading eyes from hers as he spoke. "Here I am, not an old man, — young, strong, willing to work, eager to do all I can. Yes, and I can do more for you than you think I can. I know things you do not. I have a plan — a splendid plan —"



"PLEASE HEAR ME," SAID THEIR VISITOR.

knows how sorry I am — Heaven knows! Can you not see what I am here for? You have known me always, Bessie; you will understand what I suffer in coming here —"

"What do you come for?" Waldo broke out, refusing to look at his mother, his face flushed.

"You know why I am here, Bessie!" — the

"That is what you told my poor father!" cried Waldo. "You had plans, great plans, glorious plans! It was impossible for you to fail! All you needed was a little money —"

"I know it, I know it!" Tears gathered in the uncle's eyes; his voice was pitiful to hear. "But why should I force myself on you? How easily I

could have kept myself far away! I can do you no further harm. Bear with me for a little while. I come only to do what I can to right things; and I can right them!"

"You can not bring my husband back," said his sister, with sad calmness.

"Oh, Mother! please, Mother!" It was Waldo who made the exclamation, his face dreadful to see, his lips drawn.

Uncle Cyrus did not take his eyes from the mother's. There was an almost infantile sincerity in the man, a pitiful pathos which not even Waldo could wholly resist. Ruthven was studying his uncle's face steadily, sternly. "Oh, if I only could make you believe in me!" he almost sobbed. "I have a plan to help you,—but I can't say anything about that now. You would not understand, would not trust——" Suddenly he grew grave and calm. "Believe me, Bessie," he said, "I can be of great help to you. Only try me."

"Why can you not go off somewhere and make some money, and send it back to us to help make up? Why do you wish to be *with* us? Why did you not *write* to Mother?" And yet Ruthven felt, as he angrily spoke, that—foolish, almost babyish for a man of forty, as was the course of the uncle—it was entirely characteristic of him. No other man would have come so unexpectedly upon them after all that had happened; but Uncle Cyrus's was a queer nature.

It was the first time Ruthven had spoken, but his uncle did not look from the mother to the son.

"I follow my heart," he said. "And I have reasons which some day you will be able to understand. *Can't* you comprehend that a man who has done the mischief I have done to those he loves, has to do something to atone for it? Do you suppose," he flashed out, with an angry glance at his nephews, "that a man of my age would bring himself to go down on his knees, to beg, to entreat, if I did not have good reason for doing so?"

It was an hour before they arrived at any result.

Mrs. Frierson was more perplexed when she went to her room that night than she had ever been before. When their visitor had gone to his room, she and her children talked over again the uncle's story—his earlier life, and how he had ruined them. There had been a time when the children had loved and believed in him almost as much as in their own parents. Their long affection for him before the mischief was done, the undoubted earnestness and sincerity of the man, their pressing need of one older than themselves—these all had a certain influence in his favor; and, in a few weeks, good-natured and now energetic Uncle Cyrus had tacitly assumed his position as a member of the household.

Ruthven did not work harder than he. Up as early in the morning as any one, the uncle fed the horses, turned the cows into the prairie, attended to hauling the wood, and did a dozen things before the welcome summons to breakfast came. For the present, Mrs. Frierson kept no servants. The family did not care to hire any help except a Swede occasionally to help in an emergency.

The girls could never get used to seeing their uncle milk the cows. Such a thing was not done by men in the South, but Uncle Cyrus, like his brother, was from the East, and he took a certain odd pleasure in doing again what he once had done when a boy. What made his dairy-man proclivities seem still more out of place was that, after a day of hard work, Uncle Cyrus was wont to slip upstairs, take a bath, and come down to supper dressed in his best; for he loved to loll back in an easy-chair in the hall or on the porch, listening to the playing and singing of his nieces, after the evening meal.

"Who would think that Uncle had been showing us how to break young steers all day?" Waldo whispered to Hessie, one evening. "There he sits in his clean linen and broadcloth, doing nothing, exactly like a bank president at home."

"But he is n't exactly what he used to be before all this happened," Hessie remarked. "He holds himself aloof from us sometimes."

"I am quite sure," Waldo replied, "that he has an idea of some kind that he is n't quite ready to tell us about yet. Like Bessie and yourself, and Mother, too, Ruthven and I are not as free with him as we used to be before Father died—how can we be? But, Hessie, I am coming, I'm afraid, to like him better than before. I've half a notion what his idea is, and it's *grand*!"

"Hark, Waldo! Who's there?"

There was a halloo at the gate opening on the white limestone highway, for it was now after dark. Waldo, silencing the dogs, went to see who it was, and came back with a tall man whom, as he loomed up through the night, Hessie knew to be Prince Braunfels. A live German prince in so thoroughly democratic a part of the world as Texas may seem almost an improbability. Yet such was the fact.

Not very long after Mr. Frierson had settled in Texas, a young prince from one of the smaller German principalities had bought a tract of land in the valley of the Guadalupe, and had emigrated thither with a colony of his subjects. The Prince had a dozen other names besides Braunfels, but that was as much of a name as a busy people generally could find time to apply to the settlement he made. Business at the Austin Land Office called the Prince very often to the capital, and he had long since grown into the habit of

stopping for the night at the comfortable house at Manchac Springs. Living as the Prince did, among his ignorant colonists, he became singularly fond of Mr. Frierson, who was almost the only educated gentleman within a very large extent of territory. Many an enormous meerschaum of tobacco had the good Prince smoked in the company of his American friend, upon whose hospitable veranda he often sat talking, in his broken English, far into the night.

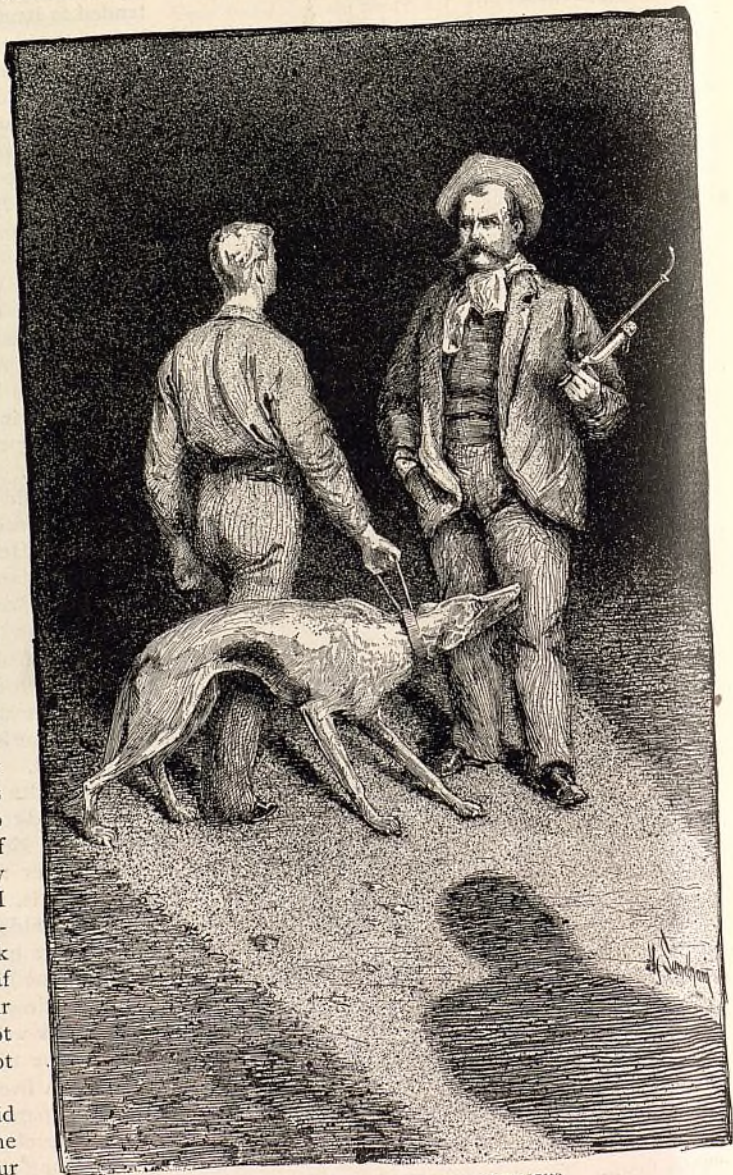
Rough, and often overbearing with others, the Prince had always cherished a great liking for the wife and children of his friend. He had attended the funeral of Mr. Frierson, had seemed to be deeply touched at the bereavement of the family, and had always, when passing, dropped in for an hour and often for the night.

"I wants to see your goot Mutter," he had told Waldo, as they now walked to the house. "I haf bizness mit her. How you vas grown! You know I go back to Schermanny; no? My foolish peoples—Oh, I tole your good Fader about it long times ago!—mine peoples is got too big for dere Prince. Dey haf become A-mer-ri-cans! Dey don't take off dere hats ven I rides by. Am I become A-mer-ri-can? No, mine poy! I go back to civilization! It is bizness I haf mit your Mutter. Tell your brudder to come in, too. Not your uncle—no! no uncle; not von leetle finger of him."

"Somehow," the mother said to her children at supper the next evening, "if we do our duty and put our trust in God, we may be sure that he will take care of us. Who would have dreamed of Prince Braunfels's proposition last night? Yet I can already see that what he proposes fits perfectly into our purpose to help us forward."

"And so, too, I hope," suggested Uncle Cyrus, modestly, "you will find it will be with my plan; when I am ready, that is, to suggest it. It wont interfere with the other."

Looking up, the mother saw how Waldo's face kindled with sudden light as his uncle spoke, and her heart sank as she recognized a likeness



PRINCE BRAUNFELS VISITS THE FRIERSONS.

between uncle and nephew that she had not observed before. Then her eyes sought Ruthven's, as he at that moment looked at her; and mother and son understood each other perfectly.

And now, what was the business which had brought the German Prince? Upon that turned the future of every one there.

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

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

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

III.—HAYDN.

OF all musicians who have been creators in their art, none were more original than Haydn. Unable to obtain any instruction in musical composition, he was almost entirely self-taught. This, which to an ordinary person would have been a serious drawback, proved highly favorable to Haydn's success. Thrown upon his own resources, he made his own style and wrought very great changes in instrumental music.

Joseph Haydn was born in the little village of Rohrau, Austria, on March 31, 1732. His father was a wheelwright, and Haydn's early days were passed in a peasant's cottage. His parents were simple, industrious people, who were determined that their children should, above all else, be industrious. The father had a tenor voice, often accompanying himself on the harp, though playing entirely by ear, and the family, after the German fashion, devoted their evenings to music. Soon Joseph astonished his parents by the accuracy with which he sang everything that he heard. Having seen the schoolmaster play the violin, it was his delight to imitate him with two pieces of wood for violin and bow. A cousin named Frankh was so delighted with one of the child's performances that he offered to give him a musical education. At first it was doubtful if the offer would be accepted, as the mother wished her son to be a priest or, at least, a schoolmaster. Finally, his father, who felt that he himself might have made a musician, determined that the child's talent should be cultivated; so to Hamburg little Haydn went, and found in Frankh an excellent though a severe teacher. Haydn said afterward, "At this time of my life, I got more flogging than food." He was, however, always grateful to his master for his severity, as it taught him to be a close student. Haydn now studied the violin and vocal music. "When I was six years old," he says, "I stood up like a man and sang masses in the church choir, and could play a little on the clavier and violin." The child was not old enough to take care of himself, and in after life he told how it distressed him at this time to find his clothes torn and soiled, and not know how to improve their appearance. There is a story that one day a drummer was wanted in a certain procession, and that though Haydn had received no instruction on this instrument, his master gave him

a few hints and forced him to join the band. The child was too small to carry the drum, so it was borne on the shoulders of a boy who marched in front of him, and an amusing sight the pair must have been. Haydn afterward became a fine performer on the drum, and it always remained one of his favorite instruments.

In 1740 he was made chorister at St. Stephen's, Vienna, which was a rare piece of fortune. He now learned singing, the clavier, and the violin from the best masters, besides some Latin, ciphering, and writing. He worked hard to improve his advantages, and he has said that from that time he did not pass even a day without practicing from sixteen to eighteen hours. He now began to be anxious to compose, and though he received no instruction in this important branch of music, he covered every sheet of paper he could find. "It must be all right," he would say, "if the paper is nice and full." One day he showed a composition to his master, who laughed at it, telling the boy he must study harmony. Haydn was too poor to pay a teacher, but he was not dismayed; he bought a second-hand book on composition, and in his cheerless attic, without fire, shivering and sleepy, he toiled over it till he mastered it.

Young Haydn's voice now began to change, and his prospects grew very black. One day his love of fun led him to clip the queue, or pigtail,—in which fashion the hair was then worn,—of one of his school-mates. The master threatened to flog the culprit, but Haydn preferred to leave. Thrust homeless upon the world, he was obliged to earn his own living. Friends advanced him money for his rent, and he received his food in exchange for lessons on the pianoforte. He now devoted himself to study and practice, paying especial attention to Emmanuel Bach. In after life, Bach declared that Haydn alone understood his works.

In 1761, Haydn was appointed capellmeister* to Prince Esterhazy, a wealthy Austrian noble. His patron owned a beautiful country-seat, which, in addition to its natural beauties, included two theaters for musical rehearsals, and so lovely was the spot that the Prince arrived there early in spring and staid until the end of autumn. It made the members of the orchestra very unhappy to be so long away from their families, and Haydn, who had plenty of leisure for composition and musicians enough to perform his works, was the only happy

* A capellmeister was the conductor of the private orchestra of a court or church.

one. He loved and sympathized with the men, and at last he wrote for them his "Farewell Symphony." They were very home-sick, and, as the Prince showed no signs of leaving, Haydn hit upon this novel plan to make him return. In this Farewell symphony the instruments, one by one, cease playing. At its performance in the Prince's theater, as soon as a musician stopped, he left the stage. The Prince showed his appreciation of the music and the joke by returning to Vienna and allowing the musicians to return to their homes.

In 1790 the Prince died, and Haydn determined to visit London. He spent his last day in Vienna with Mozart, whom he dearly loved, and to whom he was the truest of friends. Haydn was now nearly sixty. His face, though stern in repose, softened and mellowed in conversation, and his dark-gray eyes had a kindly glance for all. "Any one can see by the look of me," he used to say, "that I am a good-natured fellow." His manner was quiet and earnest, and, though a modest man, he was very sensitive, and enjoyed praise and honor.

Haydn made two trips to London, where he was very warmly received. There he wrote his "Surprise Symphony," so called because a number of soft passages are followed by a sudden explosive sound from the drums, which startles one unacquainted with the composition, which Haydn intended as a joke. When he returned to Austria he received a surprise of a far different kind. Some friends took him to Rohrau, where, to his astonishment, he saw a monument and bust of himself next to his birthplace. On entering the house his feelings so overcame him that he wept, and kissed the threshold. Pointing to the little bench by the stove, he said that there his musical education had begun.

When in London, Haydn heard the English national anthem, "God Save the King." He loved his country, and wished that his countrymen, too, might be able to express their patriotism in song. Accordingly, he wrote the "Emperor's Hymn," which always remained his favorite composition.

During his London visit he also attended a concert where Handel's music was sung. When the "Hallelujah Chorus" was given, Haydn broke down and wept like a child. He then determined to write an oratorio, and, after his return home, began his oratorio of the "Creation." He labored over it, and poured the greatest enthusiasm into it. He says: "I knelt down every day and prayed God to strengthen me for my work." He was so modest, that, though he felt the value of the

"Creation," he did not dare to think the public would, and said, on handing it to the publisher: "As for myself, now an old man, I only wish and hope that the critics may not handle my 'Creation' with too great severity." While people were still singing its melodies, Haydn reluctantly consented to write the oratorio of the "Seasons." Although at the time both oratorios were admired, the "Creation" is now by far the more popular of the two. Haydn overtaxed himself in writing the "Seasons," and his health was never good afterward.

The last years of his life were cheered by the kindness of friends and the attentions of artists, who loved to honor the great master. After a long retirement, he appeared once more in public at a performance of the "Creation." He was carried to the hall in a chair, but the excitement was too much for him; he became more and more agitated as the performance progressed, and it was found necessary to take him home. People thronged around his chair anxious for a word or look, Beethoven, who kissed him, being among the number. Five days before he died, Haydn was borne to the piano, when he played his "Emperor's Hymn" three times over. The end came on May 31, 1809.

Haydn was a man who made the most of his gifts. He was never satisfied, and always strove to reach a higher ideal. He once said: "I have only just learned in my old age to use the wind-instruments, and now that I do understand them I must leave the world." He composed so much that one would think he wrote quickly, but such was not the case. When an idea occurred to him, he would note it in a little book that he always carried with him, and afterward he would work it over with the greatest care. He felt his genius was a gift from God which he must use for the good of others. "God has given me talent," he said, "and I thank him for it. I think I have done my duty and have been of use in my generation." In writing for the pianoforte, he paid great attention to the melody, which renders his works equally interesting to young and old. They are always fresh and cheerful, and are often founded on some little romance or incident. Haydn did so much for musical composition, especially the symphony, and was so genial and kind to his fellow-musicians, and so fond of children, that in his later years he was always called "Papa Haydn." The name is still frequently used in referring to him. An account of one of Haydn's charming "Children's Symphonies" has already been given to the readers of this magazine, in *St. NICHOLAS* for May, 1874.

THE TRUANT KEYS.

BY SARAH A. PEPLE.

YES, we are the keys,
The mischievous keys,
Who love to do nothing but bother
and tease.

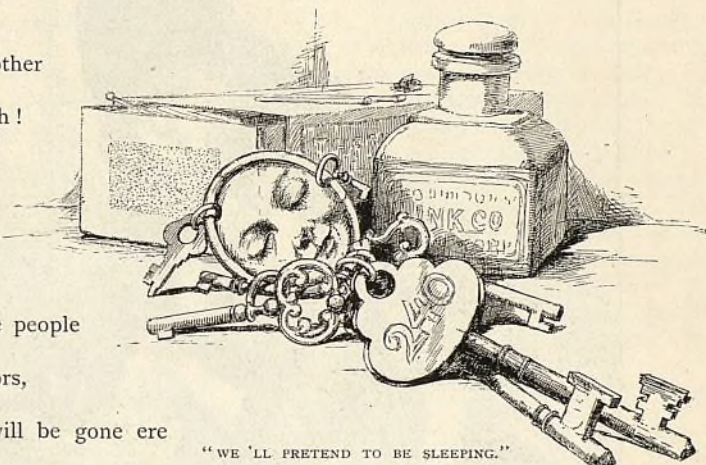
Now we 're off with a rush!
Don't tell on us!—Hush!
We mean to play truant as
long as we please.

Oh, wont it be fun,
When the search has
begun?
When up and down stairs all the people
will run?
They 'll rummage the floors,
The bureaus and doors,—
And their patience and breath will be gone ere
they 're done!



"NOW WE 'RE OFF WITH A RUSH!"

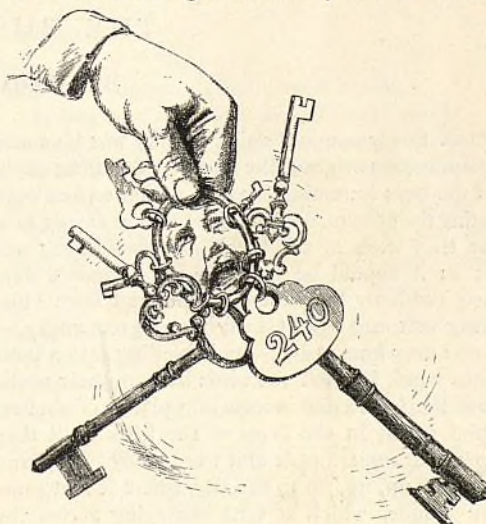
Not a sound or a jingle
Shall make their ears tingle,
Or give them a clew to our snug hiding-place;
We 'll pretend to be sleeping,
While slyly we 're peeping
To see all the wrath and dismay in each face.



"WE 'LL PRETEND TO BE SLEEPING."

The doors all are locked,
And the closet is stocked
With jam, and with pickles and other good things;
But they can't get a bite,
Until we come to light —
Who 'll say after this, now, that keys are not kings?

They 're coming quite near us,
We fear they will hear us.
Let 's keep very quiet until they have passed.
What a row they are making!
And, oh, what a shaking
We 're certain to get when they find us at last!



"AND, OH, WHAT A SHAKING!"



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

THE BUSY WORLD.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

ONE lovely summer's day the sky was blue and the sunbeams bright; the birds were singing gayly and the bees humming loudly; the butterflies were visiting the flowers, and the flowers were saying how glad they were to see them, and everything was just as it should be on a lovely summer's day, when suddenly the breeze, which had been whispering soft and low at early morn, grew angry,—no one ever knew why,—and, swelling into a boisterous wind, hurried the birds back to their nests, drove the frightened insects into places of shelter, puffed rudely in the faces of the lilies until they hung their sweet heads and were ready to cry, and then flew up, up, up to the sky, where it met some dark clouds, which it sent skurrying across the sun, and at last down came a heavy shower.

Well, when the breeze first changed its low murmur to a growl, the insects who were in the flower-garden fled to the grape-arbor and sheltered themselves beneath the spreading branches and broad leaves of the friendly grape-vines.

Here, for a moment or two, they all remained motionless and quiet—with the exception of a tiny Midge that could n't have kept still to have saved its life, and who whirled, and whirled, and whirled about in the air; and then an old Wasp, who had alighted on a dead, dry branch, began sawing off some of the fibers of the wood with her sharp teeth.

The Midge stopped whirling.

"Why do you eat wood, Wasp?" she asked.

"I'm not eating it," answered the Wasp, who, however, by this time was certainly chewing it.

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"What *are* you doing, then, if I may be so bold?" said the curious Midget.

"Making paper," was the reply.

"Making paper?" repeated the Midge. "How strange!"

"Not at all," said the Wasp. "Our family were the first paper-makers in the world."

"What for?" said the Midge.

"We build our nests of it," answered the Wasp.

"Oh! you build your nests of it? Dear, dear, is n't that queer?" and the Midge began to whirl around again.

Just then a large and handsome Bee, tired of being idle so long, spread its wings and hovered over some scarlet honeysuckles that had climbed up among the grape-vines.

"What are *you* going to do, Bee?" asked the Midge, pausing once more in her airy dance.

"Gather honey," replied the Bee.

"That 's jolly," said Midget. "I think, for myself, I'd like that better than paper-making."

"Our family," continued the Bee, "were the first, and, what 's more, are still the *only* honey-makers in the wide, wide world."

"How fortunate!" said the Midge.

"Extremely fortunate," said a rasping voice from the very top of the arbor, and, looking up, Midget and her companions beheld a brown-coated insect who, although shorter and stouter, strongly resembled the busy Bee, and who, comfortably stowed away between two bunches of young grapes, looked down upon them.

"I don't know when I have enjoyed myself as much as I have this last half-hour," he went on. "It has done my heart good to watch such cheerful industry. Not a moment has been lost since we were driven in here by the wind and rain. Idlers would have slept or gossiped till the storm had passed, but we, my friends, it appears, improve each cloudy as well as each shiny hour. The Wasp prepared for the building of the nest from which the dear young Wasplings are to take their first peep at life. The Bee gathered honey, and now only waits the sunshine to carry it to the hive. The tiny Midge scarce paused in the practicing of her steps, and when she did pause, it was to seek for useful knowledge. Now, all this is very, very pleasant, to be sure, and with what satisfaction we can all fly to the flower-garden again when the shower is over. Ah! there is a sunbeam. Let us go, happy in the thought that we have not wasted one precious minute while obliged to tarry here."

"We," repeated the Honey-Bee, with a scornful hum.

"Who is he?" whispered the Wasp.

"He never did an hour's work in his life," said the Bee, indignantly. "He has always been taken care of by the other bees. He 's eaten our honey and never helped us make it. He was driven from our house this very morning because we found it impossible to stand him any longer."

"But who is he?" again asked the Wasp.

"The biggest drone in the hive," answered the Bee, as she flew away.

FROM ZÜRICH TOWN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

In the dark, dull day, through Zürich Town
Glided the train from the station out,
The while from the window, up and down,
An eager traveler peered about.

Red-tiled roofs with their gables quaint,
Misty mountains, all dim and gray,
Glimpse of the lake's rare color faint,
Came and went as we steamed away.

Under the eaves at a casement queer,
Swung like a door, was a pleasant sight,
For a little Swiss maid, fair and dear,
Was scrubbing the small panes smooth and bright.

And with what purpose and cheer scrubbed she,
Turning the window this way and that,
Pushing it backward and forward, to see,
As perched on the low, broad sill she sat.

Little she knew, as, with such a will,
Toiling she put forth her cheerful might,
How a stranger admired her homely skill,
And her pretty self, as she passed from sight.

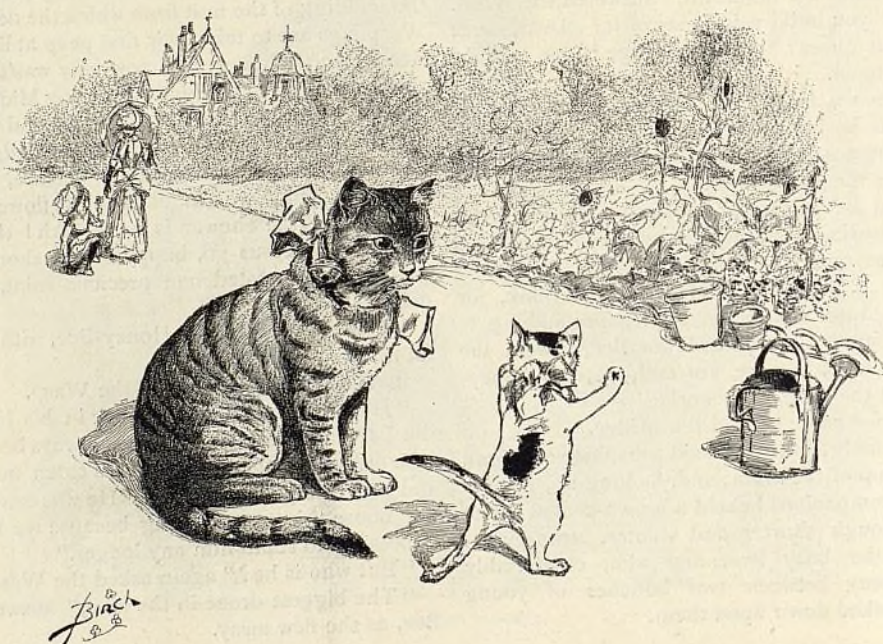
Now, when I remember quaint Zürich town,
There comes, like a picture before my eyes,
With her yellow hair and her homespun gown,
That little maid and her labor wise.

And, somehow, I think she will keep as clear
The window whence her soul must see
Life's various weather for many a year,
And watch with patience what there may be.

And if only the glass of the mind is clear,
She will see it is Light that casts the shade,
And pain less bitter, and joy more keen
By her cheerful spirit be surely made.

THE ÆSTHETES.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.



I.

THE wild young kitten aroused the cat,
 As dozing at ease in the path she sat.
 "Oh, Mother!" he cried, "I have just now seen
 A flower that suggested an Orient queen!
 'T is yonder by the nasturtion-vine —
 Barbaric and tropic and leonine —
 (I am not quite clear what these terms may mean,
 But they've something to do with the flower I've seen!)
 And the aim in life of a high-souled cat
 Is to gaze forever on flowers like that!"

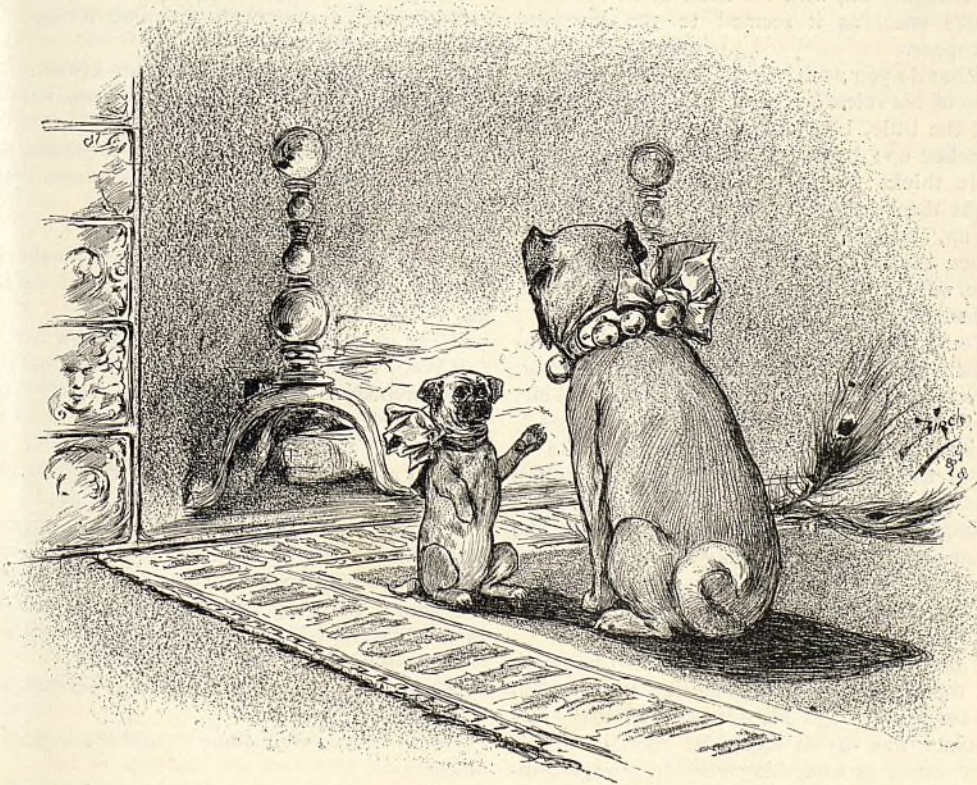
To the wild young kitten replied the cat,
 As blinking her eyes in the sun she sat:
 "I should hope I had known how sunflowers grow,
 I — could n't — count — *how* — many years ago!
 But they never caused in my well-poised mind
 Ideas of a dubious, dangerous kind!
 And your time henceforth — it's your Ma's advice —
 Will be spent in maturing your views on Mice!"

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II.

The wild young puppy disturbed the pug,
 As she drowsed in peace on the Persian rug.
 "Oh, Mother!" he cried, "I have just now seen
 A plume that suggested a rainbow's sheen!
 With a gorgeous eye of a dye divine,—
 Blue-green, iridescent, and berylline—
 (I am not quite clear what these terms may mean,
 But they've something to do with the thing I've seen!)
 And the only joy of a cultured pug
 Is to gaze on such in a graceful jug!"

To the wild young puppy replied the pug,
 Composing herself on the Persian rug:
 "I would blush with shame through my dusky tan
 If I raved at a piece of a peacock fan!
 'T would never have raised in my sober mind
 Ideas of a doubtful, delirious kind!
 I will see that henceforth your attention goes
 To perfecting the snub of your small black nose!"



HIS ONE FAULT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

KIT was by this time well on his way to Peaceville; and two hours later he might have been seen walking rapidly into the village, with his coat on his arm.

He was not on the road by which he had either entered or left Peaceville the day before, and on overtaking a little, bent old man, he inquired the way to the fair-grounds.

"The second turn to the left brings you in sight of the big ox-yoke," said the little, bent old man, whose gait was slow, and who was very deaf.

Kit hurried on, shifting the coat he carried from one tired arm to the other, and was just turning the corner indicated, when the little old man, now some distance in the rear, called to him.

"What is it?" cried Kit, turning and gazing.

The little old man made an odd gesture, and came trudging on, with his head down again, at a snail's pace, as it seemed to the hurrying Christopher.

"What do you want?" called the boy again, at the top of his voice.

But the little, bent old man neither answered nor looked up; he probably did not hear.

"He thinks I may take the wrong turn," thought the boy. "But I can't wait for him to come up, and I have n't time to go back."

When the little, bent old man did finally look up, he was surprised to find that the boy had vanished.

"Could n't he wait a minute?" he said, clinching his right hand and shaking it emphatically, while leaning with his left on a stout cane. "Well! it is of no consequence, I suppose."

Anxious, and not very hopeful, Kit came in sight of the great ox-yoke over the fair-ground entrance, which he seemed to have seen in some past stage of existence, — so long ago, and so like a dream, appeared his unlucky adventures of the day before. Had he really encountered Branlow and discovered Dandy Jim within that thronged inclosure?

He had, of course, no expectation of finding them there now; and remembering how he had let them slip through his hands when every circumstance was in his favor, he thought of his present quest as something very discouraging indeed.

The same gate-keeper of whom he had made

inquiries the day before was again on duty. He regarded Kit with no little surprise.

"Why!" said he, with lively interest, "you are the boy in the white cap who rode away on the Duckford horse last evening!"

"I'm the very boy," said Kit, putting on his coat. "And I want to find Mr. Knowles, the policeman."

"That will suit all 'round," said the gate-keeper; "for I've no doubt Mr. Knowles will be glad to find you. Knowles!" he called out.

The same officer whose acquaintance Kit had made the previous afternoon turned away from the race-course, around which the same trotters Kit had then seen (or so it seemed to him) were raising the same cloud of dust. Mr. Knowles leisurely approached the entrance, but he quickened his pace on seeing Kit, whom he likewise regarded with surprised curiosity.

"Where did you pick him up?" he said to the gate-keeper; and, quickly stepping forward, he seized Kit by the arm.

"He asked for you," said the gate-keeper.

"Asked for me? Well, what do you want of me, young man?"

Aware that he was viewed with suspicion, Kit, though prepared for the occasion, changed color, and stammered out:

"I want — I am after — that horse!"

"What horse? The one you stole, or the one you pretended was stolen, or some other?" added the officer.

"The one that was stolen —" began Kit.

"Well, I think you can tell us more about that than anybody else can! Do you know?" said Mr. Knowles, scrutinizing him sharply, "I have instructions to arrest you? You act as if you were n't aware of the fact, but you're the boy that took the Benting horse, as sure as you live!"

"Yes, I am," said Kit. He smiled, congratulating himself on his foresight in providing proof of his innocence for this very emergency. "I took the wrong horse by mistake — as you will see, as I will show you." He fumbled in his pockets.

"I have a paper — somewhere —"

His fumbling became hurried and nervous, and he suddenly turned pale.

"Now what's your game?" said the wondering officer.

"I have a paper," poor Kit repeated, in accents of alarm and distress — "or I had it — one that

Mr. Benting gave me." He pulled his pockets inside out and stared at them in blank dismay, exclaiming, "I've lost it!"

"What sort of a paper was it?" Mr. Knowles inquired.

"A sort of certificate," replied Kit, "saying that I had returned the horse which I had taken by mistake. Mr. Benting gave it to me, so that I should n't get into trouble on that account while trying again to find my uncle's horse."

The officer smiled incredulously. "You're a very sharp boy," he said, "but not quite sharp enough. I saw through your tricks yesterday, when it was a little too late; but I think I see through this one just in time. There are no more horses for you to ride away by mistake at this cattle show, and you may as well come along with me."

"Do you think," cried the astonished Christopher, "that if I had stolen a horse here yesterday I should be back here inquiring for you to-day?"

"I should n't suppose so," replied the officer; "but you seem to have done that very thing. Though why you should ask for me—a policeman—is a riddle I can't guess."

"It was because you *are* a policeman, and I wished to show you that paper and get your help," protested Christopher. "The Benting boys said you could tell me if anything had been heard of the man who sold the other horse,—my uncle's horse,—the horse I am looking for; and that perhaps you would know the man who bought it. I thought you might at least direct me to the grocery where the bill of sale was made out."

"I can do that," said Knowles, "when I'm satisfied you are telling me the truth. But what were you telling me yesterday?"

"The truth," declared Christopher.

"It did n't appear so," said the unbelieving officer. "If ever I was satisfied of anything, it was that you and the rogue you are inquiring for were accomplices. He and you had been seen together, to all appearances on friendly terms; and I have positive evidence that he helped you to ride away with the Benting horse."

"He did," said Kit, once more trying to explain the complication to unbelieving ears. Again he searched his pockets and exclaimed, almost crying with vexation, "Oh, if I only had that paper! I am the most careless boy!"

"See here, my fine fellow!" remarked the astute officer, "I don't take much stock in that paper; and I believe it's my duty to hold you in custody."

By this time a small crowd had gathered about them. Just as Knowles was marching his prisoner off, up trudged the little, bent old man.

"Here, young man," he said; "is this yours?"

And his trembling fingers relaxed and disclosed a crumpled paper, which Kit snatched at eagerly.

"That's mine! that's it!" he exclaimed joyfully.

"Where did you find it, Mr. Graves?" asked the policeman, in a loud voice adapted to deaf ears.

"Back in the street, here," said the little old man. "I thought it dropped out of this boy's coat, which he had on his arm; and I called to him, but he did n't seem to know what he had lost. After I reached home, I put on my glasses and read it, and thinking it might be important, I followed him up here."

"You have done me a great favor, and I can't thank you enough for it!" said Kit with fervent gratitude.

He handed the paper to the policeman, who read as follows:

"To all whom it may concern:

"This is to certify that the bearer, Christopher Downmede, of East Adam, who took my horse from the Peaceville Fair Ground yesterday, mistaking it for one belonging to his uncle, has returned it to me this day in good condition, with a satisfactory explanation of the circumstances. And I hereby cordially commend him to all good citizens generally, and especially to Mr. Knowles, the officer on duty at the cattle show, who I am sure will be serving a good cause by assisting him in his search for his uncle's missing horse.

"David Benting, of Duckford."

"This puts a new face on the matter," said the policeman. "It is lucky for you, my boy, that this paper turned up in time!"

"As I carried my coat over my arm," Kit explained, "the opening of the pocket hung down; I never thought of what was in it. I am one of those boys," he added, with a cheerful gleam overspreading his troubled face, "who can never think of more than one thing at a time!"

"There's no great harm done in this case, thanks to Mr. Graves, here," said the officer; "though if it had not been for him, I rather think I should have had to lock you up till the Bentings could be sent for, in spite of your plausible story and honest face. Now let's see what can be done for you."

CHAPTER XX.

"I WANT to find my uncle's horse,—that's the principal thing," said Christopher. "At the same time I should like to see the rogue caught who stole him." And he repeated what the Benting boys had told him.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you much more," said Mr. Knowles; "except that the horse you say belongs to your uncle was sold to a man in Southmere; I forget his name — Baggage, Bradish, or something of that sort. The rogue slipped away before we came to the conclusion that he *was* a rogue — slipped away with an honest man's money, it seems."

"I was afraid of that," said Christopher. "Who is this Mr. Baggage, or Bradish?"

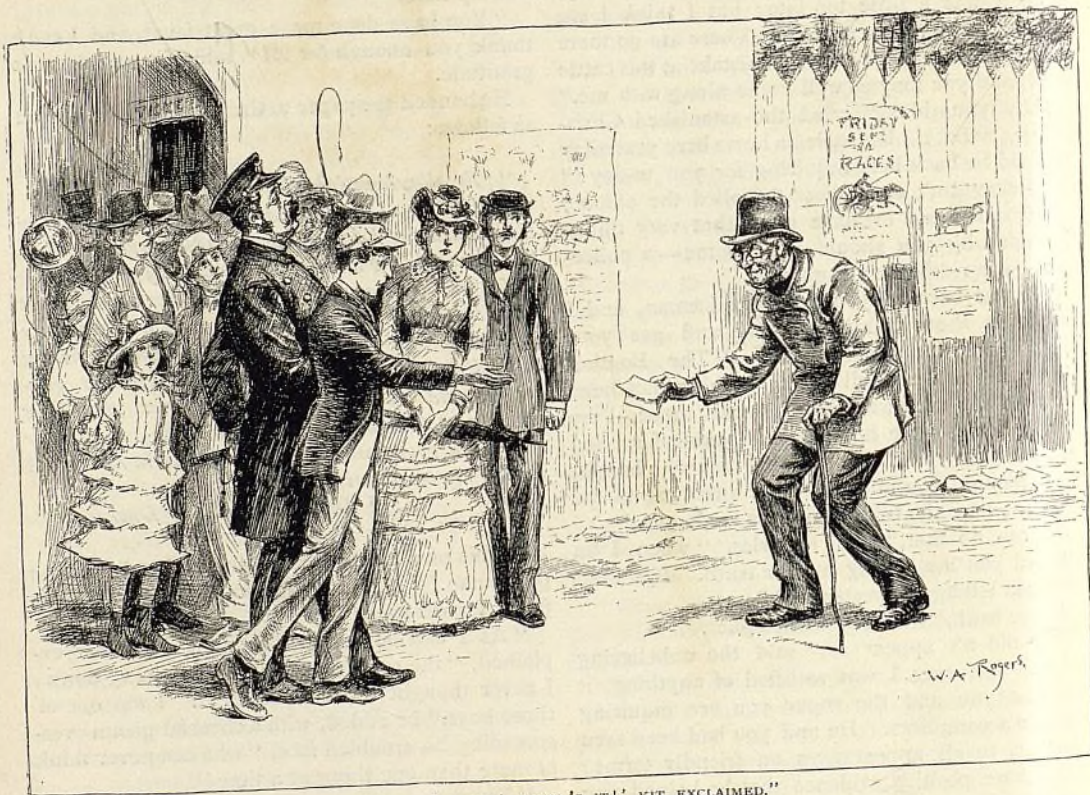
"Or Bradger; that's more like it," rejoined the officer. "All I know of him is that he's a farmer

The little old man nodded and started off. Kit turned to thank the policeman for his kindness.

"That's all right," said Knowles; "though it might have been all wrong if it had n't been for that paper, which I advise you not to lose a second time, for I'm not the only officer furnished with your description and instructions to arrest you."

"That's a pleasant thing to know," laughed Kit, rather uncomfortably, as he felt for the paper in his pocket. "But I think I can take care of myself now."

He left the separating crowd at the gate, and,



"THAT'S MINE! THAT'S IT!" KIT EXCLAIMED.

over in Southmere; and, from what I can hear, he's about as thick-set and stiff-necked and unaccommodating an old codger as any you'll be apt to run against. They can tell you more about him at Hines's grocery, where the bill of sale was made out."

"That's just the place I want to find!" said Kit.

"Mr. Graves is going within a stone's-throw of it. Mr. Graves!" The officer lowered his face and raised his voice, shouting in the ear of the little old gentleman: "Will you show this boy Hines's grocery?"

guided by Mr. Graves, soon found himself at the door of Hines's grocery. Again thanking the little old man for the very great favor he had done him, he took leave of him at the door, and entered the grocery with an anxious heart. He felt certain that he was once more on the track of Dandy Jim, which horse any but the most blundering boy in the world might now reasonably expect to find.

"Is Mr. Hines in?" he asked of a smooth-faced man behind the counter.

"That's my name," the smooth-faced man replied.

Kit drew a quick breath and continued:

"Mr. Knowles, the policeman, directed me to you, Mr. Hines." Mr. Hines bowed. "I wish to make some inquiries about two men who came here last night——"

"Oh, yes! I know!" interrupted the grocer, with a smile. "That horse business. You're not the first person who has come to inquire."

"Excuse me for troubling you further," said Kit; and he proceeded to explain the object of his visit.

"I think you will have little difficulty in finding your horse," said Mr. Hines. The boy's heart bounded exultantly. "But as to getting it—that's another thing."

"You know the man who bought it—Mr. Baggage, or Braggage?" queried Kit.

"Badger is his name; Eli Badger of Southmere," replied the grocer. "I know him very well; and I forewarn you that you won't find him a very pleasant customer to deal with."

"But if I can show that he has a horse that rightfully belongs to my uncle——" began Kit.

"If you can prove that, you can eventually recover your uncle's property, no doubt. I should n't like to say that Badger is a man who would buy a horse, knowing it to be stolen; but having one in his possession, and having paid for it—well," laughed Mr. Hines, "all I can say is, I should like to see the boy of your size who could take that horse away from Eli Badger of Southmere!"

"It will do no harm to try," replied Kit. "At any rate, it will be a point gained to find the horse in his possession. You speak as if you did not consider him a very just man."

"He may be a just man in his way," said Mr. Hines. "But of all the grasping, grudging, cross-grained people that I ever had any dealings with, Eli Badger of Southmere is the worst. I pity you, youngster, if you expect to get a horse away from him!"

"If I can't, may be somebody else can," said Kit, with a troubled yet resolute face. "About how far is it to the place where he lives?"

"It's a good six miles to Southmere village, and he lives somewhere beyond that," answered Mr. Hines. "He has a small farm, and raises a great quantity of grapes."

"I must try to get there to-night," said Kit, with an anxious glance at the grocer's clock. "But first I should like to ask about the man who sold him the horse."

Having received a very good description of his friend Cassius Branlow, he went out to make further inquiries concerning that uncertain individual, at the Peaceville stove-stores.

Branlow's story of his being employed in one of them turned out, naturally, to be a little fiction devised for hoodwinking poor Kit, who found no

Peaceville dealer in hardware or tinware who had ever heard of the itinerant tinker.

Having spent more time and strength than he could well afford in making these fruitless inquiries, Kit set off at last, footsore and weary, on the road to Southmere.

Late in the afternoon he entered the village, glad to know that the man he was in search of and, probably, the horse, also, were now not far off. Eli Badger was well known to several persons of whom he had latterly inquired the way; and each had added a stroke to the not very agreeable portrait that Mr. Hines had so broadly outlined.

"Not a very obliging man," one had said, in reply to Kit's questioning.

"Grouty," said another.

"Obstinate as a pig," declared a third.

Kit was not at all ambitious to encounter the original of this picture; but the now almost absolute certainty of discovering Dandy Jim cheered him on.

At dusk, the boy in the base-ball cap that had once been white, but which was beginning to show the effects of travel on dusty roads, paused doubtfully on a corner and looked about. Kit was tired, toil-stained, and hungry. He saw a man coming out of a summer restaurant, and accosted him.

"How far is it to Eli Badger's place?" he inquired.

"Badger? Eli Badger?" The man pointed. "He lives about a mile away, on this road."

Kit gave a weary sigh, and remembered wistfully the invitation Mr. Benting had given him to visit the family on his return.

"And Duckford," he said; "how far is it to Duckford?"

"To Duckford Centre"—the man pointed in another direction—"is about five miles."

Kit stood a moment longer in painful hesitation. What was the use of his going farther that night? It was not likely that he could even get a sight of Dandy Jim before morning. To make any attempt to gain possession of him before then, or to give notice of his uncle's claim on the horse, might prove a fatal blunder; and Kit was resolved to avoid blunders in the future.

"I wish Duckford were n't quite so far away," he said to himself. "I might go over to Maple Park, and perhaps get Mr. Benting to help me about Dandy in the morning."

And before the mind's eye of the harassed and lonesome boy arose the bright image of a young girl who had befriended him when he most needed a friend.

"If I only had Dandy to ride! or if I could hop on a wagon going in that direction!" he said to himself, as he cast longing eyes up the dim

Duckford road. Then he added, "I might walk it!" But he dismissed that notion quickly from his mind, and entered the restaurant to rest his lame feet and tired limbs, and study the situation over a clam chowder.

"I'll not do anything again in a hurry, nor anything particularly foolish, if I can help it," he said to himself, as he sat down and waited for his order.

It was a great satisfaction to feel that he had traced Dandy to the hands of a responsible farmer.

"It must be Dandy, and no mistake," he reasoned, recalling all the evidence he had obtained regarding Branlow's trade, and the descriptions of the horse Eli Badger had received of him and led away. "I'm sorry for the man who has been swindled out of his money; but he might have known there was something wrong about a horse that was offered at so cheap a price."

The chowder came, and while he was cooling it he perceived by the sound of voices that three or four persons were entering the next box. They laughed boisterously, and gave their orders in a manner that enabled him to label them in a word—

"Roughs!"

There was only a low partition between the boxes; and from the open space above he could hear much of their conversation, even when they suited their tones to the discussion of a business which demanded privacy. That business he was also soon enabled to characterize by a single word—

"Roguary!"

He sipped his chowder, and pondered his own plans, giving little heed to what was going on in the adjacent box, until his attention was arrested by a distinctly pronounced name—

"Eli Badger!"

Then Kit pricked up his ears.

"You and Mack must be on the spot," one was saying, "ready to give us the signal. If everything is all right, we'll stop our team at the corner of the lane on this side."

"At half-past ten," said another.

"That's too early,—hey, boys?" suggested a third.

"We'll know by the way things look," was the reply. "If the lights in the house are out at half-past nine, half-past ten will be late enough; they'll all be asleep by that time. Badger would n't spend money to keep a dog, and we shall make precious little noise."

"It's just the night for it," said one of the other speakers. "The moon'll be well up by that time. You can't do such a job in any kind of shape without a moon."

"If nothing happens, we'll strike a bonanza

to-night," was the rejoinder. "I went by there to-day, and the trellises were jost black with grapes."

Then another: "He's leaving 'em as long as he dares to, but he won't risk 'em many nights more for fear of frost. They're ripe enough for us, anyhow. It's to-night or never."

"Mostly Concords?" asked one.

"Concords and Delawares," said another. "We'll go for the Concords. They're easy to handle; bigger clusters; you can pick two bushels of Concords while you're picking one of Delawares."

"Take both kinds," was the chuckling response. "All we can get, or our team can carry; that's my principle."

"Don't talk so loud, boys!" said a more cautious whisper; "somebody'll hear us."

"Oh, nobody's nigh," replied another suppressed voice, the owner of which put his head out of the box and gave a wary glance about the restaurant.

"But half-past ten is too early," one of the conspirators insisted. "Folks may be going by."

Eleven was finally agreed upon. Then followed a discussion of the way the booty was to be disposed of, and other details of the enterprise, in the midst of which, without waiting to hear any further particulars, Kit slipped out of his box, paid for his chowder, and left the place.

CHAPTER XXI.

HE had about made up his mind to spend the night in the village and go on to Badger's farm in the morning. But now he said to himself:

"Those scamps mean to rob his grape-vines to-night. That'll make him anything but a good-natured man to-morrow. I wish I could manage somehow to let him know of their little scheme."

How thankful he himself would have been for information which might have prevented the stealing of his uncle's horse! He thought of that, and resolved that in this case he would do as he would be done by.

"I'll go on and tell him myself. That will make an excuse for calling on him. Then I will do what seems best about speaking of Dandy."

It can not be denied that in this affair Kit's motives were mixed, as are the motives of most of us. Christopher Downmide did not by any means forget his own interests when he resolved to do Eli Badger a favor. And yet, with his strong love of justice, he felt an unselfish desire to see even the disobliging Eli protect himself from the depredations of unscrupulous marauders.

He made inquiries of two or three persons on

the road for Badger's place, and was told that he would know it by the grape-vine trellises between the lane and the house.

It was a gloomy, anxious walk, after the fatigues of the last two days. Evening had come on, and the moon had not yet risen. There were few houses on that dreary road. The fields were lonely and open; the still stars looked down upon him; noc-

"I'll make it a real triumph before I am through," thought he, as he trudged on. "And Uncle and Aunt Gray—were they talking of him and his amazing heedlessness at that moment? And the Bentings!"

"If I get Dandy," he said to himself, "I'll ride him over to Maple Park bareback after the saddle."

And his bashful, boyish heart thrilled at the an-

anticipation of meeting a certain pair of sympathetic blue eyes.

His mind was recalled from its wanderings by the appearance of a house, set well back from the road.

"This must be Eli Badger's," he reflected. "Here is the lane, and the corner where those grape-thieves talked of stopping their horse; over there must be the trellises." But looking down upon them from the road, which was somewhat above the level of the garden, he could not make them out in the darkness. He had the idea fixed in his mind, from a description of the place some one had given him, that the lane formed the principal approach to the premises. It was open, and he walked into it, having no doubt that it would take him to the house, toward which he was



"IT WAS THE BLUNDERING CHRISTOPHER WHO HAD FALLEN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

turnal insects trilled in the wayside alders and wild cherries, the outlines of which were dimly defined against the western horizon.

He thought of his mother in that weary walk, and felt sure that she was thinking anxiously of him. Had she yet heard of his strange and ridiculous blunder in bringing home the wrong horse? Or was she even then waiting for him to come dashing in,—as he often did in the evening,—and tell her the whole story of his triumph in finding Dandy at the fair the day before?

drawn by two dimly lighted windows. He soon found, however, that he was leaving them on his right.

He supposed there must be a gate somewhere, which he had failed to find; and he walked back a little way, exploring the lane in search of it. But, as he could discover neither gate nor bars, he concluded to simplify matters by climbing the fence and crossing the yard to the house, which seemed very near.

He climbed over and was advancing carefully,

when an obstacle rose before him like another fence. This time it was a rather high obstacle; a grape-trellis, in fact. He was not sorry to make the discovery, for he was beginning to fear that he had mistaken another place for Badger's.

"Here are more trellises!" he said to himself; and he was groping to find a way around them, when a rustling noise caused him to stop in some alarm.

The gloom and strangeness of the place had excited his boyish imagination, and he was prepared for a good fright, when a dark object, in the direction of the noise, came out from the shadow of the heavily draped frames, and advanced toward him.

Not knowing whether it was man or beast, he recoiled instinctively and scrambled to the fence. Immediately the rustle became a rush, and with an appalling tramp of heavy feet, the creature plunged after him.

It was no beast,—perhaps the assertion should

be qualified by saying it was no dumb beast,—but broad-backed Eli Badger himself, who was out there, with a stout hickory stick, keeping guard over his vineyard. Vengeance for the misdeeds of many plundering youngsters animated the keen and watchful eyes, the heavily plunging legs, and the arm upraised to strike.

The arm descended, and the cudgel with it, just as poor Kit was climbing the fence.

Thwack! whack! crack! First a blow on the boy's back, then on his shoulder, then on that lamentably slight protection to his skull, the closely fitting base-ball cap; and a dark body, dreadfully limp and silent, fell prone at Eli Badger's feet.

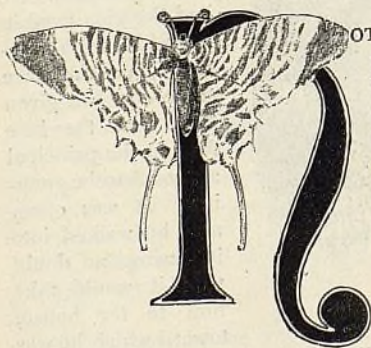
It was the blundering Christopher, who, with scarcely an outcry, had fallen at the third stroke; the case in which he carried those unlucky brains of his having proved no match for the Badger arm and club.

"I've done for him, sure as smoke!" said Eli, stooping to lift the limp form of the boy.

(To be continued.)

"PRINCESS PAPILLONES."

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.



NOT very many years ago, there lived a little Indian girl named Momo. Her home was many hundreds of miles from New York, in a land where the winter-time comes when our summer does, and where, when it does come, it rains instead of snows. At such times Momo would sit the whole day long in the door-way of her father's house, listening to the wailing of the wind and the roaring of the river as it tore great cavities in its banks, and brought tall trees tumbling headlong down to be swept away to the sea. She dared not venture out. She was so little, and the rain and wind were so strong that, if she had trusted herself to them, she too would probably have been swept away to the ocean, like a bruised

and battered leaf on the fierce tide. It was a dismal time for poor Momo, this rainy season, as it is called. Little by little the rain would eat its way through the thatch of palm branches that made a roof for the house, until the whole place was afloat and she could no more sleep in her little hammock than you could under a shower-bath. Then the store of bananas and of plantains, of parched corn, and of meat cut in long strips and dried in the sun, would give out, and they all would be hungry. Mawarri (that was the name of Momo's father) would then carry his old gun, with its barrel nearly as tall as himself, out into the storm; but more usually he would bring nothing back but himself and his long gun, for even the beasts and birds had hidden from the tempest.

But when it was not raining in Momo's country, it was very beautiful. The grass grew long and green, and the wind, as it rustled through the swaying blades, sang softly, like a nurse hushing the baby to sleep. Overhead the palm branches clashed like warriors' spears, and birds of gorgeous plumage uttered strange calls. Momo used to fancy

they were speaking to her, and she had invented quite a language of her own in which to answer them. Sometimes she sat for hours on the high bank of the river, which now went softly by, blazing in the sunlight like a stream of molten gold, and she would chatter till the noisy paroquets cocked their wise little heads to listen, and the timid humming-bird buzzed like a big bee so close to her harmless hand, that she might have grasped it if she wished.

Not that she did wish, for she had never willfully harmed a living thing. In this lonely place, with the great mountains all about, and her father away hunting the whole day long, while her mother hoed the corn-patch or searched for bananas in the canebrakes by the river, these busy creatures were the little girl's only companions, and she loved them. Even the iguanas, the great, fierce-looking lizards, with their spiny backs and snake-like tails, that were green in the grass and turned brown in the forest, feared her so little that they only blinked a sleepy eye when she passed them as they basked in the sun. The beetles drummed and the crickets chirped drowsily in the hot air, and paid no heed to her, as if they knew or had been told that she would not harm them. But most of all, she loved the butterflies.

There were legions of them about Momo's house, of all colors, forms, and sizes. Sometimes they made the air fairly glorious with their flitting tints, like the changing colors of a kaleidoscope. They came and went in unexpected fashions. Some days only white or yellow ones would be seen. Again, noble big fellows from the forest would appear, blazing with all the colors imaginable. And out of their coming and going, and all their inexplicable changes, an odd fancy brightened in the poor little Indian girl's mind.

She had never heard of fairies, but her father feared an evil spirit, a somber fiend that he believed went abroad in the darkness and the storm. At night, when a loon flew by, uttering its dismal call, Mawarri would waken with a start and say that Ukobo, the evil spirit, was on his wanderings. Now, the butterflies were bright and loved the sun. They made no melancholy noises. They had often brushed Momo's face and harmed her not, while the evil spirit, she was told, caught and devoured people. So Momo came to look upon the butterflies as good spirits, and in secret she begged them to be always kind and loving to her, as she would be to them. This supplication of a barbaric child became in time a formal prayer with her. And when she found one of her good spirits crushed and dead, she would bury it in a pleasant place where

the sun could reach it, and she would stamp down the earth above it to keep the ugly black ants at bay.

One day, strange people came to Momo's house, — not, low-voiced, slow-moving, listless, smooth-faced people with brown skins, like those who came to see her father; but men so strange that she was just a little frightened at them. They had white faces, and long shaggy hair and beards. They wore coverings on their heads and queer clothing on their bodies. They carried guns, and things somewhat like guns, but smaller, in leathern belts at their waists. They looked thin and tired, and one of them was so sick he had to be helped on as he walked; yet all, sick and well, laughed and spoke with loud voices in a harsh tongue. They had some Indians with them, who carried heavy packs. Their canoes in the river were deep-laden, too. The Indians spoke to Momo's father, as did also one of the strangers, who, the little girl wonderingly noticed, could speak her language and that of his own people too. Then they made a great fire in front of the house, and cooked and ate strange things from shining boxes, and drank from bottles. Momo picked up one of the boxes which had been thrown aside when emptied, and the man who had spoken to her father noticed it and called to her in her own language:

"Come here, little one."

He was a big man, with a great shaggy red beard; but he had bright blue eyes and a pleasant voice, and Momo did not fear him. He put his arm around her as he sat on the ground, and asked her why she had picked up the box.

"Because it is pretty," she replied.

He took a great round yellow thing from his pocket and showed it to her. "Is n't that prettier?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" said Momo, "it is smaller, and it does n't shine."

They all laughed at something the man said to them, and Momo became quite indignant, for she felt that they were laughing at her. But the stranger held her fast, and the next moment a swarm of butterflies came fluttering about her head. Most of the men uttered an exclamation of admiration. If Momo had understood their language, she would have heard them say:

"Beautiful! Splendid!"

"She is a little 'Princess Papillones,'"* said the big stranger in the same tongue. "And I must add some of her subjects to my collection," he continued.

"Why not ask her to do it, Professor?" asked the sick man. "The butterflies don't seem to fear her, and her little hands will not do them half the harm our nets will."

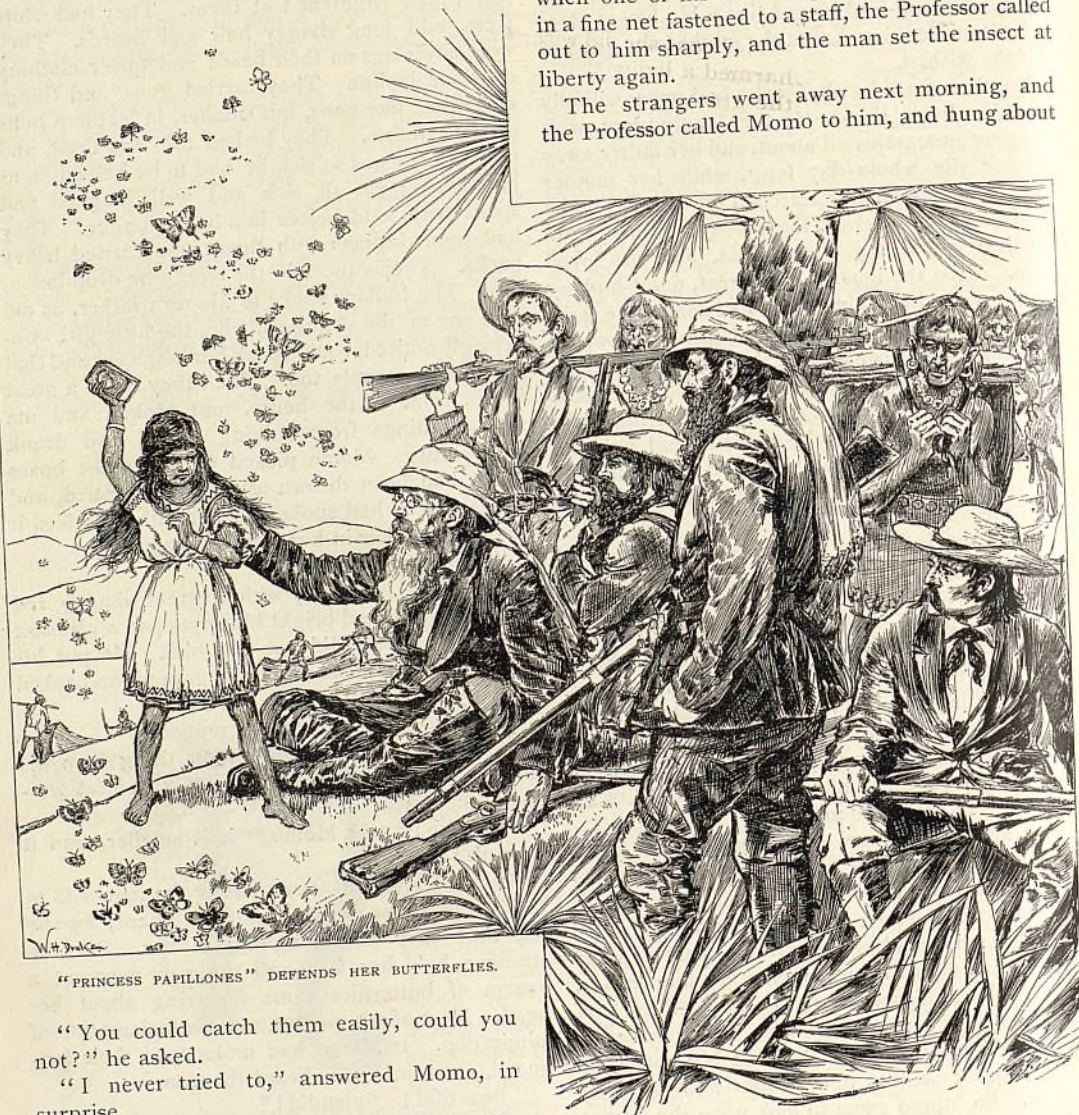
* *Papillones*, the feminine of *Papillon*, the French for butterfly. *Papilionidae* is the scientific name for a class or family of insects to which the butterfly belongs.

"A good idea," replied the man with the red beard, and, turning to Momo, he said in her own language: "The butterflies are not afraid of you, my little one?"

"Oh, no!" said Momo.

And while the red-bearded man still held her, and she struggled with puny rage to free herself, she spoke of her good friends the butterflies, and how they watched over and protected her. The man's face changed a little as she spoke, and when she had finished he let her go. That afternoon, when one of his men caught a splendid butterfly in a fine net fastened to a staff, the Professor called out to him sharply, and the man set the insect at liberty again.

The strangers went away next morning, and the Professor called Momo to him, and hung about



"PRINCESS PAPILLONES" DEFENDS HER BUTTERFLIES.

"You could catch them easily, could you not?" he asked.

"I never tried to," answered Momo, in surprise.

"Well, I want some of them now, and for every one you bring me you shall have a box like that you have in your hand. Do you understand?"

Momo did understand, and, with the hot, red blood darkening her brown cheeks, she flung the box down, angrily, and cried:

"Let me go! You must be Ukobo himself, but you can have none of my good spirits,—no, not one!"

her neck by a fine cord the round yellow thing she had thought was not as pretty as the box. There were plenty of boxes left, too, and Momo gathered them about her and sat on the verge of the bluff. She watched the boats vanish down the river, while the butterflies fluttered about her. The man with the red beard waved his hat to her, and

his big canoe rounded the bend, leaving a ripple on the water like a rope of gold.

The rains were on, and Costa Rica, from hill-tops to low levels, was swamped. In the drowned savannah of the Estrella river-mouth the Salamanca Exploring Expedition was killing time as best it could under shelter of the Old Harbor Rancho. For a wonder, the storm lifted on the afternoon of July 29, 1873. The sun came out in a vast blaze of tropical splendor, and the wet earth began to smoke as if it were burning incense. But the brief glory of the sunlight gilded a scene of melancholy ruin on the river bank—the wreck

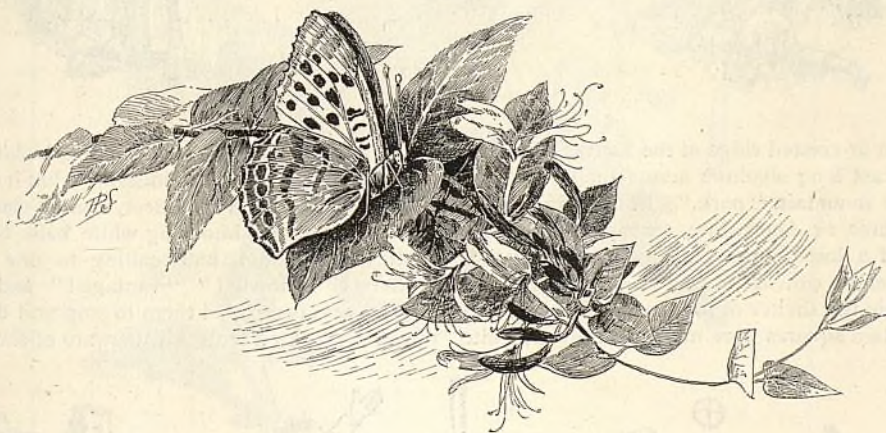
of many an Indian village swept away by the up-country freshets. Among some tangled grasses a portion of a thatched roof rose and fell softly on the tide. What first attracted our attention to it was a magnificent forest butterfly fluttering about it. The Professor sprang forward, eager to secure it, and then stopped short with a sudden cry.

Cradled on the sodden thatch, with a smile on her face, was the body of a little Indian girl, with a pierced ten-dollar gold piece hung about her neck.

And the butterfly, broken-winged and rain-drenched, still fluttered lamely over the still form. One of the subjects she had so bravely protected had been loyal to "Princess Papillones" to the last.

THE BUTTERFLIES.

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES.



LOOK at the butterflies! Purposeless things,—
How idly they float on their gossamer wings!
Over the poppies and over the grass,
Light as the down of a thistle they pass.

Where are they going, and why are they here
In the heat of the day and the noon of the year?
They flutter awhile in the brightness, and then
They are gone from our sight and they come
not again.

And we—we are wearied with fever and frost,
Whatever we do, it must be at a cost;
We hear, as we journey, the dropping of tears;
We bear on our foreheads the stamp of the years.

But look at the butterflies,—beautiful things,—
Before us and over us flashing their wings!
It may be the Maker who fashioned them thus,
Has sent the gay creatures on errands to us.

Perhaps we go slowly, when we should be swift
To follow the scent of the roses, that drift
Their pink snow about us; more oft we might play,
And yet finish our tasks by the end of the day.

Oh, blest are the eyes that are clear to behold
The wonderful glow of the butterflies' gold,
With leisure to follow their flight as they pass
So gracefully, silently, over the grass!

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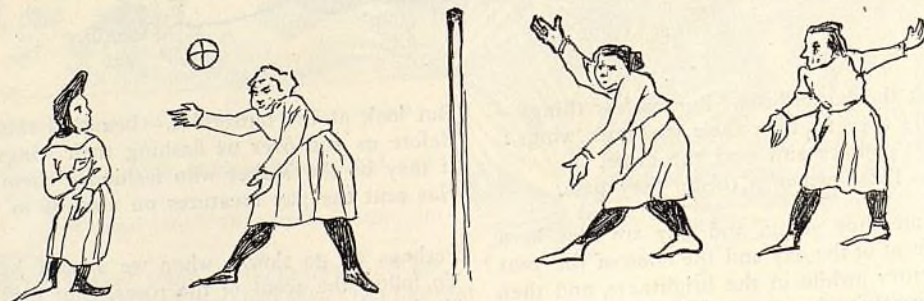
THE ROYAL GAME OF TENNIS.

BY CHARLES L. NORTON.



OVER a fir-crested ridge of the Sierras, the sinking sun cast long shadows across the level sward of a little mountain "park." In the edge of the timber three or four white tents were pitched, while half a dozen mules and horses were grazing near by, and a canvas-covered wagon stood at one side, within the shelter of the trees. On the green grass certain squares were marked in broad, white

the ridge from the other side and were looking down upon the little "park," wondering what it all could mean,—the net and the queer, flannel-clad figures that flitted about, knocking white balls back and forth over the net, and calling to one another "fifteen!" "thirty!" "vantage!" and so on, till darkness compelled them to stop and enter the pleasantly lighted tents, all unaware of the bright,



COPY OF AN OLD PICTURE SHOWING AN EARLY FORM OF TENNIS, IN WHICH THE HANDS WERE USED AS BATS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

lines, and across the squares a net was stretched between two stakes.

It all looked very mysterious to Spotted Crow, an Indian brave, and to his two brown-skinned sons, who, attracted by voices, had stealthily climbed

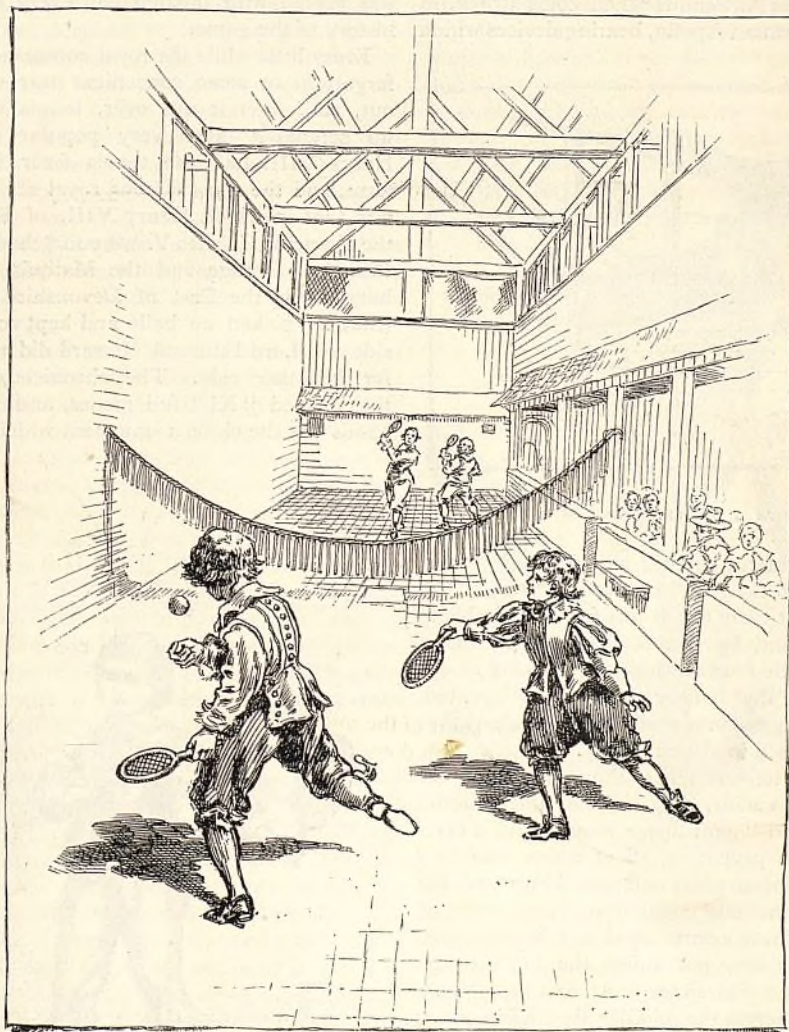
wild eyes that had been curiously watching their game.

The sun wended his way, as is his custom, across the shining Pacific and was presently looking down upon a very different scene in far-off Japan. Two

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native girls in their quaint costumes were taking a promenade near a Japanese town. In the distance loomed up the snow-clad cone of Fusi-yama, the sacred mountain. The girls drew near a low house with wide verandas, which had a lawn in front; and on the lawn were similar white squares, and just such

But the sun was well used to this sort of thing. There was never a continent that he looked down upon as the round earth daily turned its different hemispheres upward for his inspection, where he did not see tennis nets and hear those familiar cries. He knew that the racket and the net were always



A TENNIS COURT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

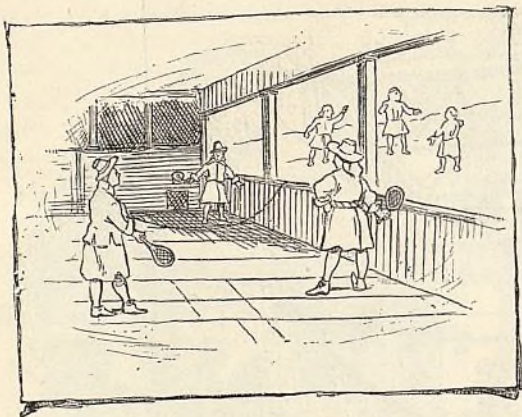
a net as Spotted Crow and his sons had marveled at a few hours before, as they peered through the tree-tops of the American mountains, six thousand miles away. The two Japanese girls stopped and looked over the hedge. Some young English folk were knocking balls to and fro over the net, and crying out, "fifteen!" "forty!" "deuce all!" "game!" and the rest, just as their American cousins had done on the other side of the wide Pacific.

in use somewhere; that the empire of lawn tennis circled the earth quite as completely as does the boasted roll of British drums.

Ages ago the sun had seen the beginnings of this game. It is not quite certain whether it was on the banks of the Nile or the Ganges, or at Nineveh; but somewhere this same sun saw a group of half-naked, bronze-limbed youngsters throwing balls or dried gourds back and forth, using their hands for bats, and doubtless having quite as

much fun, after a barbarous fashion, as we have nowadays with cork-handled Franklin rackets, regulation balls, and a set of printed rules.

Generations rolled by, however, before the pioneers of tennis had themselves carved on stone slabs, and still other ages before Gordian III. and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus * had coins struck, in honor of the Pythian Apollo, bearing devices which



TENNIS WITH A STRING INSTEAD OF A NET.

represented athletes serving and returning balls, and using their hands as rackets.

Even at that early day it was found desirable to protect the hand by means of gauntlets, but it was not until the fourteenth century, so far as can be ascertained, that bats or rackets were invented, and the game grew into something not altogether unlike that which is played to-day.

The regular tennis court of the middle ages was a very elaborate affair, with divisions and galleries and railings and "pent-house roofs," and a carefully laid stone pavement, all of which made it a very costly game to play, and only kings and the richest of the nobility could have tennis courts of their own. These courts need not be described here, but they were not unlike the lawn courts of to-day in size and shape. At first there was a line stretched across the middle; then a fringe was added to this line, and by the beginning of the last century (A. D. 1700) the net was adopted much as at present used.

The method of counting, too, was not unlike that followed in our modern lawn tennis, but it was loaded down with rules that must have made a mediæval game quite a good exercise in mental arithmetic—for the marker, at least—as the princes and lordlings, who alone played tennis in those days, did not keep their own scores, but had attendants to look after this part of the game for them.

It was, indeed, a royal game; so very royal that

Edward III. (1365) decided that no one but kings and their associates should be allowed to play it at all, and his example was followed by Henry IV., Henry VIII., and other reigning sovereigns of England and France. It kept gaining in popularity, however, and some sort of outdoor tennis was played with inflated balls very early in the history of the game.

Every little while the royal commands would be forgotten, or some convenient war would break out, and, after it was over, tennis would "bob up serenely," as a very popular amusement. Henry VIII. had the tennis fever in a violent form, and the most famous royal set ever played was that in which Henry VIII. of England and the Emperor Charles V. were matched against the Prince of Orange and the Marquis of Brandenburg, while the Earl of Devonshire "stopped" (that is, picked up balls and kept count) for one side and Lord Edmund Howard did a like service for the other side. The chronicle relates that they played "XI" full games, and were "even hands" at the close, a statement which has puzzled



YOUNG PRINCE JAMES OF YORK AS A TENNIS PLAYER.
(FROM AN OLD PICTURE.)

the critics, who can only infer that the historian made a mistake of one in his figures.

At last, the kings gave up the vain attempt to

* See a description of the game of *tennis* in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1884, in the series of "Historic Boys."

keep so capital a game to themselves, and graciously vouchsafed it to their loyal subjects, simply because they could no longer prevent their playing. Of course, there still remained the difficulties arising from the great costliness of regular courts, but these could not interfere with out-of-door tennis. This was, however, a very unscientific sport, and was, of course, despised by the gentry who could afford to play the court game. In the illustration taken from an old wood-cut, some out-of-door tennis players are seen in the distance.

In fact, it was not until a very few years ago that the play-loving English public awoke to the fact that some one had reduced out-of-door tennis to a science; that something very like court tennis could be played on the lawn, under the blue sky; and that "pent-house roofs" and galleries, railings, tambours, chases, and the rest were relics of the dark ages.

Just about that time, too, England had passed through just such a roller-skating fever as we had in America last winter. And there were the empty rinks all ready to be marked off for tennis, so that during the occasional spells of bad weather with which our English cousins are afflicted, the game could be played under cover.

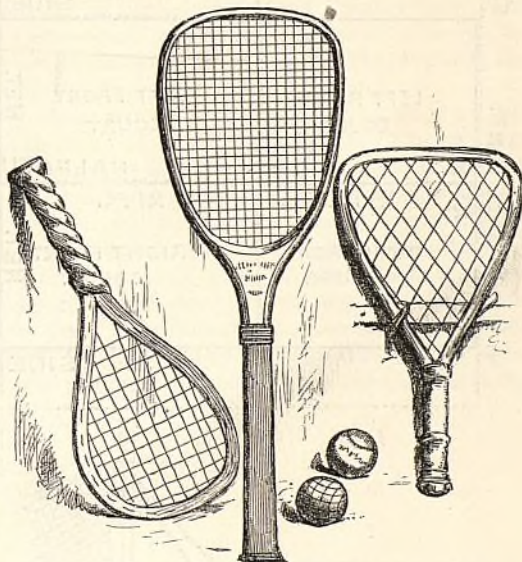
A great deal of tennis was played last winter in this country in rinks, and armories, and gymnasiums, and it is now, no doubt, fairly established among indoor winter sports, but the true Court of Prince Tennis is the smooth lawn, with its springy turf, or, where turf can not be had in full perfection, the beach, or such smooth surface as the average orchard or home-lot can afford.

The advantages of the game are that it can be played by two, three, or four persons, and keep them all on the alert from the word "Play!" As an exercise it may be as gentle or as energetic as the player chooses. It is so easily learned that even a beginner very soon cherishes hopes of success, and yet so worthy of effort that it fascinates the finest athletes. Moreover, it is not ruinously costly in outfit, and one of its best qualities is that it is very entertaining for spectators, who quickly learn enough of the game to watch its progress with interest, and are not in the least danger from iron-hard missiles, as in the case of cricket and baseball. The boy or girl who is an interested spectator will presently long to send those fascinating white balls flying over the net, and very soon Prince Tennis has another courtier in his train.

THE MODERN GAME.

THE necessary equipment includes at least four balls, a racket for each player, and a net fitted with posts and lines so that it can be set up as directed.

The rackets should be, for the use of an average player, of medium size and weight, say, thirteen ounces. The balls must be of india-rubber, not less than two and fifteen thirty-seconds inches, nor more than two and a half inches, in diameter, and weigh not less than one and fifteen sixteenths ounces, nor more than two ounces; these being the dimensions and weights prescribed by the National Lawn Tennis Association. The net is three feet wide and thirty-three feet long, with meshes of such a size that the ball can not pass through. When in position, its lower edge swings just clear of the ground in the middle and its upper edge is three feet from the ground. At the posts the upper edges are three feet six inches from the



RACKETS AND BALLS.

ground. A perfect court is an absolutely level lawn of smoothly clipped turf, seventy-eight feet long and twenty-seven feet wide; but by far the greater number of courts are somewhat short of this perfection. (See diagram on next page.)

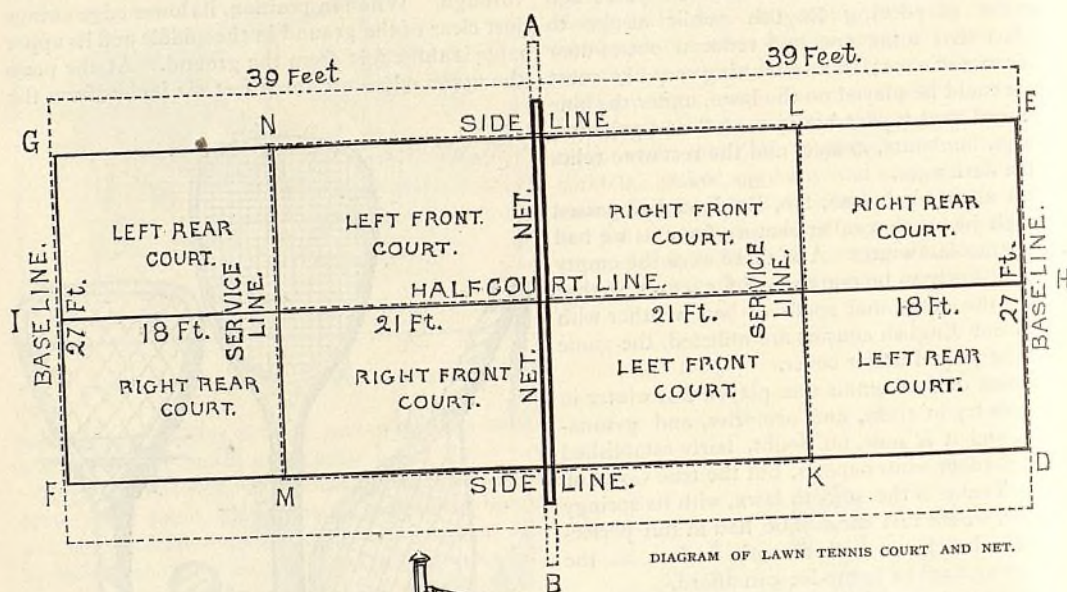
The net is stretched between the posts A and B, which are driven into the ground and held firmly upright by means of guys, as shown. Parallel with it, and thirty-nine feet distant, are drawn the base-lines D, E and F, G; and these, in turn, are connected by the side-lines D, F and E, G. Midway between the side-lines and parallel with them is the half-court-line H, I, and on each side of the net, parallel with it, and twenty-one feet distant, are the service-lines K, L and M, N. The net, it will be seen, extends three feet beyond each of the side-lines.

After the court has been accurately laid out and small stakes set up for guidance, the lines may

be marked on the grass with a paint-brush dipped in whitewash or marble-dust.*

Complete directions for playing the game can not be attempted here. The rules are published in a little pamphlet issued by the Association, and may be had of all dealers. Let us suppose, however, that the court is complete, and that two players are ready to begin a game. They stand on opposite sides of the net. The one who delivers the first stroke — this having been decided by lot — is

boundaries of the front court, diagonally opposite that from which the service is delivered. Should he not succeed in his first attempt, it is called a "fault," and he is allowed another trial. A second failure scores in favor of his opponent. Should the ball when in service strike the net in going over, it is called a "let." Such a ball may not be returned, and the server is allowed another trial. But after a ball is "in play," its touching the net does not constitute a "let."



The striker-out lets the ball take the ground before attempting to return it across the net. On its first rebound, he gives it a return strike with his racket, aiming to send it over the net somewhere within the side and base-lines of the court, and then the ball is "in play." A "liner," or ball striking one of the white lines, is considered as within the court bounded by that line.

These limitations as to the first rebound only apply to the first stroke of the server-out. After that has been delivered, the ball may be "volleyed," — that is, struck on the "fly," — or "half-volleyed" — taken at the first bound, — and the return is a fair one if the ball strikes the ground anywhere within the side and base-lines of the server's court.

In like manner the server makes his return, and so the ball flies to and fro over the net until one of

* A very excellent marking-machine may be had of the dealers, or a very satisfactory stencil-board may be made by nailing cleats across two light boards so as to leave a space of about two inches between their straight edges. These are then laid on the ground and the whitewash sprinkled between them, the stencil-board being raised and moved along from place to place until the lines are completed.

the players misses it or makes a "fault," which consists in failing to return the ball into the opposite court, whereupon the other player scores "ace"—that is, fifteen.

The server now changes to the base-line of his own left court, and serves the ball as before, but into the left front court of the striker-out. The next stroke, if won by the previous winner, raises his score to thirty, the next to forty, and the fourth is "game." But the other player may have won sundry strokes, and the two may have forty at the same time. The score in such case stands, "deuce all." The next stroke won scores "vantage" for its player—"vantage in" when in favor of the server, "vantage out" when in favor of the striker-out; but if the next falls to his opponent the score returns to "deuce," and so on, returning to "deuce," until one of the players wins two strokes in succession. This ends the first game.

The second is opened by the striker-out of the first, who becomes server, and so alternately in the successive games. A "set" consists of eleven games. Therefore, the player who first scores six games wins the set. If both players win five games, the score is called "games all," and the winner of the next game scores "vantage game." If he lose the next game thereafter, the score goes back to "games all," and so on until one or the other wins two games in succession.

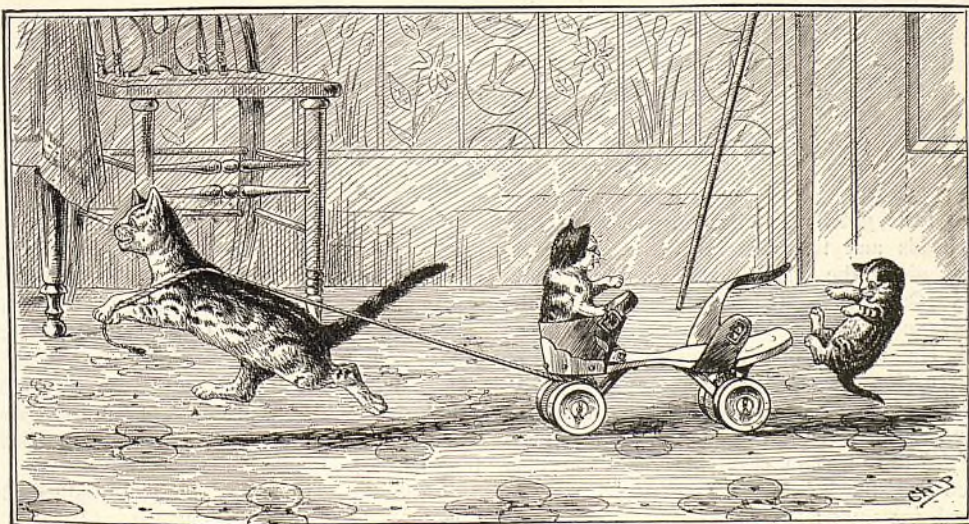
In three and four-handed tennis the court is of the same length (seventy-eight feet), but is thirty-six feet wide, and the net should, therefore, be forty-

two feet long, so as to extend beyond the side-lines, as in the case of the smaller court. The dotted lines in diagram show the plan of the large court.

The same general rules of play apply, but with a few necessary changes. Suppose, for instance, that the four distinguished personages mentioned in the famous royal game referred to, were to undertake a set at modern tennis: Charles V. and Henry VIII. against the Prince of Orange and the Marquis of Brandenburg. Charles would serve the first game; Orange, the second; Henry, the third, and Brandenburg, the fourth. The two not serving or striking-out would act as "fielders," watching for unexpected strokes, or trying to make good the failures of their respective partners.

If it were a three-handed set, as, for instance, Henry against Orange and Brandenburg, then Henry would serve the first game; Orange, the second; Henry, the third, and Brandenburg, the fourth; Henry, the fifth, and so on.

There are scores of "tricks and customs" that can only be learned by experience. The ball may be tossed or sent straight and swift over the net, or "cut," that is, given a rotary motion, so that its rebound will be at a perplexing angle. Every player has individual peculiarities, and almost all have some weak point of play which the keen server or observer soon finds out. It is impossible to describe all these here; but enough has been said to enable any one to begin his tennis practice with some understanding of the fine qualities of this truly royal game.



Ayuntamiento de Madrid



"SUMMER 'S COMING!"

A BERRY AND FISH STORY.

BY LIZZIE CHASE DEERING.

Two little girls, with checked sun-bonnets on their heads and tin pails in their hands, were walking along the sidewalk of a certain town in Maine. One was named Lizzie Pulsifer, and the other Hannah Cooke. Lizzie was eight years old; so was Hannah. I would mention the name of the town, but they are both women now, with little girls of their own, and they might not like to be laughed at. Did I tell you it was a spring morning? Well, it was in early May. When they reached Fred Starke's house, Fred, who was out in the yard, screamed:

"Good-morning, girls! where are you going?"
 "We're going blueberrying," said Hannah.
 "Ha! ha! ha!" was Fred's reply. "I hope you'll get your pails full. Blueberrying! Ha! ha! ha!"
 "Well, I think we shall," replied Lizzie. "I know where they used to be very thick."

"You do!" said Fred. "I hope they will be thick *now*. You'd better go fishing. That's what I'm going to do." And he turned away, still laughing heartily.

When they left Fred, the girls walked along quietly again until they reached the railroad.

"We shall have to walk along on the track a little way," said Hannah; "but we can watch for trains."

They walked for some time, stepping from sleeper to sleeper, until Lizzie saw smoke in the distance. Hannah said it was a train coming, and that they must hurry off the track as fast as they could. So, long before the train arrived, they had climbed a fence and were in a pretty pasture on the edge of the woods.

There they looked around for blueberries. They found plenty of lovely pink-and-white arbutus (or, as they called them, May-flowers), and great bunches of purple violets, and white houstonias with their yellow eyes, and ground-nut blossoms; and on bushes which looked, Hannah said, very much like blueberry bushes, they found pretty, white, bell-shaped flowers, just tinted with pink, but they could n't find any blueberries. They picked the young checkerberry leaves which were just peeping out of the ground; and, at last, getting bolder, they strayed a little way into the woods and gathered some lovely ferns. But not a blueberry was to be seen.

"It's queer," said Hannah. "I wonder where the blueberries are. I know this is the place where they used to be so thick, 'cause that's the very stump Mother climbed over. She could n't climb the fence anywhere else, you know, 'cause 't was so high. But we'll keep on searching."

Just then the town-clock, in the distance, struck.

"Oh! it's eleven o'clock," exclaimed Hannah, who had counted each stroke aloud, "and Mother told us to be home at twelve. We shall have to start, and we have n't got a single blueberry. What do you s'pose made your Aunt Sarah laugh so, when I asked her if we could stay till we got our pails full?"

"I don't know," said Lizzie, thoughtfully; "and Fred laughed, too, when we told him we were going blueberrying. What was *he* laughing at?"

"Oh! I don't know, I'm sure," said Hannah; "he's always laughing. But I don't care. We've had a good time, any way."

They climbed the fence again, and found themselves close to the ditch by the side of the railroad. The spring rains had filled it with water. They could not resist the temptation to take off their shoes and stockings and wade in it. They were having the best time of all then, when Lizzie exclaimed:

"Hannie, we might catch some fish. See! there's one. Let's try."

"We have n't any hooks," objected Hannah.

"Well, we might hold our pails and catch some";

and Lizzie held hers against the running water, and, sure enough, she caught a little one that was coming down with the current. "Oh, Hannie! perhaps we can get enough to fry for dinner!" she cried.

She put her fish up on the bank in a safe place, and then she and Hannah went to fishing in good earnest.

It was rather slow work after that; but, when Hannah had caught three and Lizzie three, they heard the clock striking twelve.

So, with their bunches of flowers, ferns, and checkerberry leaves, and their pails of fish, they started for home. Their dresses were dragged and spattered with muddy water, and they carried their shoes and stockings in their hands. They did not dare to take time to put them on, lest the fish could not be fried for dinner.

"How many blueberries have you picked?" shouted Fred, who was on the lookout for them.

"We could n't find the place," said Hannah; "so we thought we'd go fishing, and we've had good luck. Lizzie caught three and I caught three."

"What kind are they?—trout?"

"Yes, I think so," said Hannah, as she lifted her pail-cover cautiously, for him to peep in.

Fred was well acquainted with the different kinds of fish in the neighboring streams, but, when he saw Hannah's three, he gave a roar of laughter.

"Oh, my!" he screamed. "Trout! What beauties! They'll do to go with the blueberries you did n't get. Oh, dear! that's too rich! Hurry home, girls, or you can't get 'em fried for dinner."

The girls went on, wondering what pleased Fred so much. As Lizzie went up the hill to her uncle's house, she thought she heard a loud laugh from Hannah's father. As she went in at the back door, she met her Uncle James, who was just coming out.

"I never saw such a laughing time as this is!" said Hannah to him, with a rather resentful pout. "But I don't care. We've caught some trout for dinner. There are three—one for you, one for Aunt Sarah, and a little one for me. It won't take long to fry 'em, will it?"

"No, I guess not," said Uncle James. "Let's see," and he opened the pail.

Then he laughed boisterously.

"Here, Sarah," said he, as soon as he could speak, "put on the frying-pan—Lizzie's been fishing."

Aunt Sarah took the pail and looked into it.

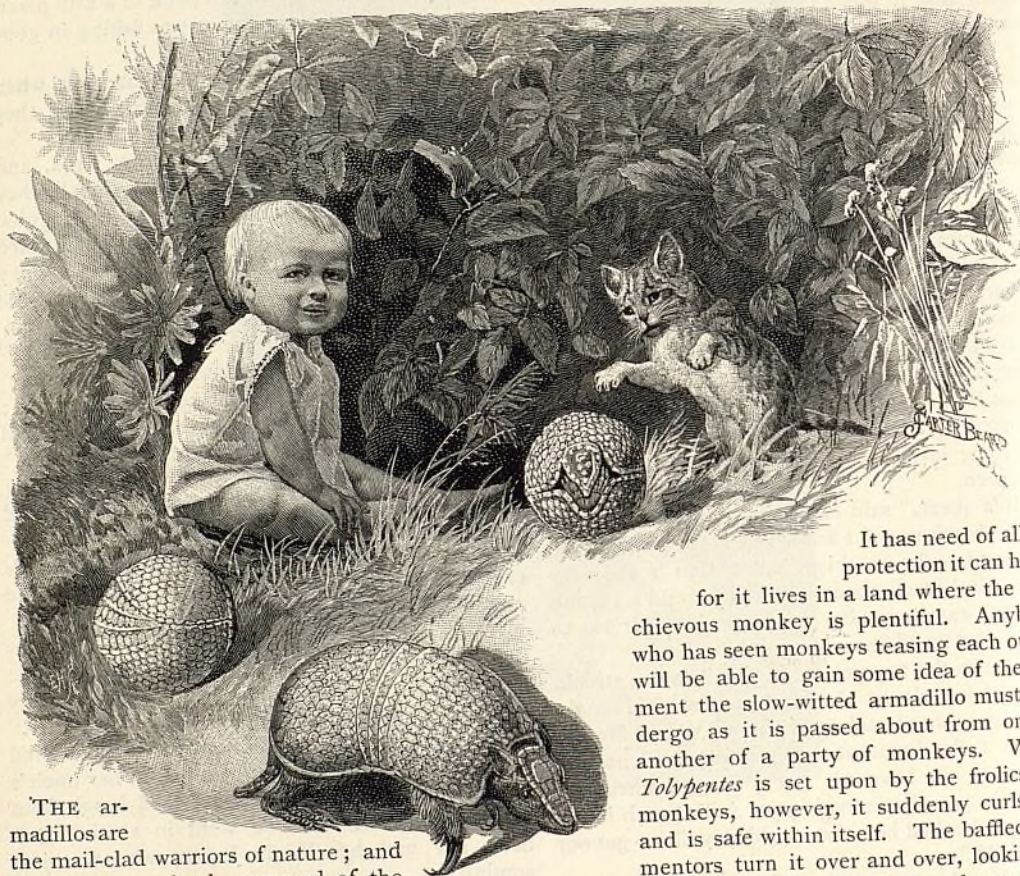
"*Polliwogs!*" said she, contemptuously.

"POLLIWOGS?" said Lizzie, inquiringly.

"POLLIWOGS!" said Uncle James, emphatically.

CASED IN ARMOR.

By JOHN R. CORVELL.



THE armadillos are the mail-clad warriors of nature; and the most completely armored of the whole odd family of armadillos is a beautifully ornamented little fellow called by the naturalists *Tolypentes*, and, by the Brazilians, "bolita." "Bolita" means "little ball," and the armadillo was so named because it has the power of rolling itself up into the shape of a ball. Its various shields are so arranged that when the bolita rolls itself up, it makes a perfect ball of hard shell.

A traveler in Brazil tells of watching some little children at play tossing a large ball, about the size of a foot-ball. When they were tired of the game they threw the ball on the ground, and to his surprise it turned into an animal, and ran hastily away. It was one of these little armadillos.

The same traveler says that he has seen these animated balls used by a little child in playing with a kitten. The game may have annoyed the bolita, but it could not have caused it any injury, because of the perfect protection afforded by its armor.

It has need of all the protection it can have, for it lives in a land where the mischievous monkey is plentiful. Anybody who has seen monkeys teasing each other, will be able to gain some idea of the torment the slow-witted armadillo must undergo as it is passed about from one to another of a party of monkeys. When *Tolypentes* is set upon by the frolicsome monkeys, however, it suddenly curls up, and is safe within itself. The baffled tormentors turn it over and over, looking in great astonishment for the tail they know must be there. If *Tolypentes* had any sense of humor he would certainly laugh heartily within his shell at the chattering, grinning crowd gathered about him.

As the bolita, like the other armadillos, burrows in the earth, it has forefeet suitable for that work. Its toes are armed with long and hard claws, which enable it to dig with wonderful quickness. Instead of walking upon the flat part of its front feet, the bolita walks upon the tips of its toes, and in doing so looks comically dainty and mincing. At the same time it can move with much more swiftness than would be supposed.

The armadillos live only in South America, and are all small in size compared to the gigantic armadillo that lived ages ago. The largest now living is not more than three feet long, while that of former ages was as large as a big dining-table.

FIVE LITTLE WHITE HEADS.

BY WALTER LEARNED.

FIVE little white heads peeped out of the mold,
 When the dew was damp and the night was cold;
 And they crowded their way through the soil with pride.
 "Hurrah! We are going to be mushrooms!" they cried.

But the sun came up, and the sun shone down,
 And the little white heads were shriveled and brown;
 Long were their faces, their pride had a fall—
 They were nothing but toad-stools, after all.



HELEN'S PRIZE DINNER.

*(A Story for Girls written by a Girl.)**

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

"OH, Helen, I have good news for you! Mother has just received a letter from your guardian, and he says he's coming to see you on Thursday."

Helen looked up from the plaque which she was painting. She did not quite agree with her cousin Bert in thinking that he brought good news. She had seen her guardian but once, and that was when he had left her with her aunt, more than a year before.

"What makes you look so frightened?" asked Bert. "One would think he was an ogre coming to devour you. I'll tell you, Helen, you might offer up that plaque that you are painting as a sacrifice to his ogreship; its beauty would surely propitiate him. Oh, how I do love the fragile and beautiful sunflower!" he added, in a lackadaisical tone, and in exact imitation of his cousin's manner.

"Go away, you horrid boy!" exclaimed Helen. "You need n't make fun of my painting; and sunflowers are beautiful, even if you don't think so."

"Dear me; is that so? Well, there's nothing

like being an artist,—is there, Helen?" said Bert. And away he went, whistling, downstairs.

Helen, meanwhile, had lapsed into a brown study, dreaming, and building air-castles, thinking that some day she would be a great artist and paint wonderful pictures. That was her ambition, and, as she was rather proud of her artistic tastes, she painted away vigorously.

Her aunt Jane, to whose care she had been left by her dead mother, worried a great deal about her. Aunt Jane was very practical, and thought Helen's ideas about art nonsensical. But as she would not force her to do what was distasteful to her, the girl was generally left her to her own devices.

Her boy cousins, however, teased her unmercifully, especially Bert, the younger, who delighted in shocking her.

"He is really dreadful!" she said once in confidence to a girl friend. "He loves onions and squashes, and all those horrid things, and he doesn't know a pretty thing when he sees it. One night

he actually ate eleven biscuit for tea, and then boasted of it afterward, as if it were a thing to be proud of!"

Thursday came, and with it Helen's guardian. He arrived in the morning; and by dinner-time, Helen, whose reserve had worn off, had told him all her ambitions; that she wished to be a great artist, and to study in Europe. Her guardian, Mr. Douglas, seemed rather amused than otherwise, and at the dinner-table he suddenly turned the conversation by asking Helen if she could cook and sew, as he thought all girls should first learn the household arts.

Helen did not know what to say. She did not know a thing about housekeeping, and rather looked down upon it. Her embarrassment was further increased by Bert, who was nudging her under the table, and fairly choking with fun.

Mr. Douglas merely added that he would like to have a little talk with her on the subject after dinner. Nothing more was said about it during the meal; but Bert, at intervals, would incoherently mutter something about sunflowers, which made Helen turn very red.

After dinner, Helen and Mr. Douglas had a long talk. He did not disapprove of Helen's tastes, but he wished her to first learn that which was useful; and he therefore made a proposition which nearly took her breath away.

"I will take you to Europe," he said "and let you study art there, on one condition, and that is, that the next time I come you will have a dinner prepared for me, cooked entirely by yourself. We shall let Aunt Jane into the secret, and she will be a very good teacher in that branch of the fine arts. What do you say, little girl?" he added, with a laugh.

"But, Mr. Douglas, it is so great a reward for so little a task," said Helen.

"You will not find that it is so little a task as you think," was Mr. Douglas's reply. "Remember, everything must be exactly right, even to the seasoning; in the meanwhile, I think that, if I were you, I should paint but little, and should give my attention to this one thing."

Helen promised.

She was eager to begin her lessons, and the next day, after Mr. Douglas had gone, she went to work in earnest, much to the satisfaction of her aunt.

Bert and Rob hung about the kitchen, criticising her every effort. She did very well, however, and under her aunt's tuition she improved rapidly.

Bert was her greatest drawback; he would pretend to help her, and then would do just the opposite. One day, when the minister was coming to tea, her aunt was taken with a severe headache, and the cook took sudden leave. So Helen coaxed her aunt to let her make the cake. Bert, apparently

all ardor and devotion, begged to help her, and asked her to let him read the recipe for her, while she gathered the ingredients together.

Helen agreed to this, and Bert sat down and read off the recipe; but, oh, deplorable wickedness! he read most of the quantities wrong!

The cake was made, and it looked very tempting, indeed; but when it was cut at table, it was found to be as hard and as heavy as lead. The poor minister had indigestion for weeks, and Bert was ignominiously expelled from the kitchen.

At last, after several months, Helen received a letter from Mr. Douglas, saying that he was coming to spend a day with her, and that he hoped his "little girl" would have an excellent dinner prepared for him.

Helen was delighted. She determined to have a "course" dinner—soup, fish, a roast and vegetables, and finally dessert, with fruit and coffee.

She was very busy making her preparations, going herself to market, and giving her orders with a very important air.

Meanwhile, Bert was concocting a scheme of his own. The affair with the cake had not taught him a lesson. The spirit of mischief was strong within him. He heard that his cousin was going to prepare a dinner for her guardian, and his chief desire now was to spoil it. Helen had behaved rather coolly toward him since the cake episode; and, as he was really fond of her, this did not please him. So, before the day appointed for the dinner, he set himself to plan what he would do. "She will be so watchful that it will be hard to play the old worn-out tricks of putting salt for sugar, or sugar for salt, or of having the cream sour, or the butter bad. It really is very perplexing," he thought. "Ah, I have it! the clock;—the clock's the thing! I'll set the kitchen clock ahead when she is out of the way for a minute, and she'll be governed by it, and never notice the change; she is so absent-minded. Good idea! I'll have things overdone or underdone, to suit my fancy."

"I say, Helen! Would n't you like to have me help you?" said Bert, as he peered through the kitchen window, and saw Helen, with flushed face, vigorously beating eggs.

"No, thank you! Of course not. I am to do this all myself; and even if I were n't, I fear I should n't let *you* help me!"—this last with a decided emphasis on the "you."

Bert said nothing, but turned away, whistling, and started as if he were going down-town; but, instead, he stole around the house, and climbed upon the roof of a small shed, where he could see Helen's every movement, but where she could not see him.

How important she looked as she bustled around, tasting one thing, seasoning another!—very pretty, too, Bert thought, with a big pink gingham apron tied up close to her chin, her cheeks flushed, and her dark eyes bright with excitement.

Indeed, he almost relented, as he saw her put the meat into the oven; and heard her say, "Now, if it only turns out well, I shall be happy."

The vegetables and the pudding soon followed; and now Bert began to watch his chance to run in and set the clock ahead. He was beginning to think that the time would never come; but at last he saw his cousin drop the cabbage-leaf which she was using as a fan, and run down the cellar-stairs.

"Now's my chance," he muttered, as he slid off the roof, and hurried into the kitchen. It was but the work of a moment to put the clock ahead twenty-five minutes; and then, his cousin not appearing, he looked around to see what else he could do. A box of what looked like cayenne pepper stood on the table, and he hastily emptied about a table-spoonful of it into the soup; and then, hearing his cousin's steps on the stairs, he retreated, hoping no one had seen him. No one had. Helen had banished Aunt Jane to the parlor, Rob was down-town, and the cook was away on a holiday.

Helen emerged from the cellar and glanced at the clock. "My! How long I've been down there!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if that old clock is fast again! It's nearly time for the meat to come out! I'll just run and take a look at the table, to see if the flowers are all right. There's the door-bell. That must be Mr. Douglas. What an odd old gentleman he is, to be sure, to think of taking me to Europe just for this little job of cooking him a dinner!"

So she soliloquized, as she bustled about and made her final preparations.

"Dear me, I'm so nervous about that seasoning, for if it is n't just right, it will spoil the whole thing. I do hope the meat is as well done as it looks," she added, carefully drawing it from the oven. "Now I'll 'dish up,' as Bridget says, and I'd better call Anne to carry in the things, while I fix myself for dinner—*my* dinner," she said, gleefully, as she buttered the peas, and arranged the corn in an artistic pyramid. "There, now, Anne, all is ready, and you may ring the bell"; and away she went, singing, upstairs.

Bert, after a while, had begun to feel slightly uneasy. He did not know that a trip to Europe depended upon that dinner, but he did know that Helen had cooked it to please her guardian, and he began to think that he might have gone a little too far. "I'm always plaguing her, and now she'll dislike me worse than ever," he said. "True,

she's acted very coolly toward me lately, but I deserved it. Well, now I've done it, and I'm going to make the best of it—that's all."

"Hello, Bert, what makes you look so gloomy? How's my lady? I hope you have n't been teasing her this morning," said Rob, as he entered the door. "Really," continued he, "you tease her entirely too much. Mother thinks so. Helen is a fine girl, and I am sure she has a right to her little whims. Come along; there's the dinner-bell."

Bert arose and followed his brother. It had been long since he had felt so remorseful about anything. Helen was seated by Mr. Douglas, looking very happy, and talking to him gayly about her experiences during the last few months.

The soup was served first.

Bert, who was in a brown study, was suddenly aroused by hearing Mr. Douglas say, "The soup is excellent, my dear. It really does you great credit."

If a cannon-ball had struck Bert, he could hardly have been more surprised.

He stared at Mr. Douglas with open mouth. "Why, how can that be?" he said to himself, in a bewildered way. "I must have put nearly an ounce of red pepper into it."

Then he tasted it himself; it was excellent, and the seasoning was perfect.

Soon the meat and vegetables were brought on.

Bert watched both anxiously. But the meat was done to a turn, and, as in a dream, he heard Mr. Douglas saying that it was one of the best dinners he had ever eaten.

"I really don't understand it," thought Bert. "I set that clock ahead nearly half an hour, and the things ought all to be dreadfully underdone."

"What's the matter, Bert?" said Helen: "are you afraid to eat your dinner?"

Then he began to feel that he was hungry, and, putting aside his feelings, he did ample justice to Helen's dinner.

A very good dessert followed the dinner; but by that time Bert was rather annoyed.

"Well, that is a good joke on me," he decided; "and I've made myself miserable for nothing; bother the whole thing, anyhow!"

He kept out of the way that afternoon, but toward evening went for a walk. He went farther than he intended, and then he stopped to see a friend, and staid to supper.

It was moonlight when he came home, and as he was going through the garden he heard a voice say: "Why, Bert."

Turning around, he saw Helen, looking very pretty in the moonlight, with her white dress, and the roses at her waist.

"You bad boy, why have n't you come to con-

gratulate me? Where have you been hiding yourself?" she cried.

"Your dinner was a great success, Helen, if that is what you mean," he answered.

"No, I mean my going to Europe!" she said.

"Going to Europe? Why, what under the sun do you mean?"

"I forgot,—of course you did n't know"; and then she told him of her guardian's offer, and how the trip depended on the success of the dinner.

"Oh, Helen, I'm so sorry I did n't know that," said Bert, involuntarily.

"Why so very sorry?" queried his cousin.

"Did n't you go by the kitchen clock when you cooked the dinner this morning?" answered Bert.

"By that old thing? No, indeed, I did n't! It's almost worthless. I went by the watch Aunt gave me at Christmas time. But why do you ask?"

Bert could hardly speak for laughing; and then he told her all.

Helen gave a ringing laugh.

"Oh, you naughty boy!" she said. "To think that you could have done such a thing! But the joke was decidedly on you. I don't yet understand about that pepper, though. Where did you get it?"

"It was in a red tin box on the table, and——"

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Helen. "You dear old goose, that was a kind of preparation that comes for soups! Aunt always uses it. I was n't going to put any in, but now I see you did it for me."

"Well," said Bert, "I am very glad it ended so, and I'll never tease you again, Helen."

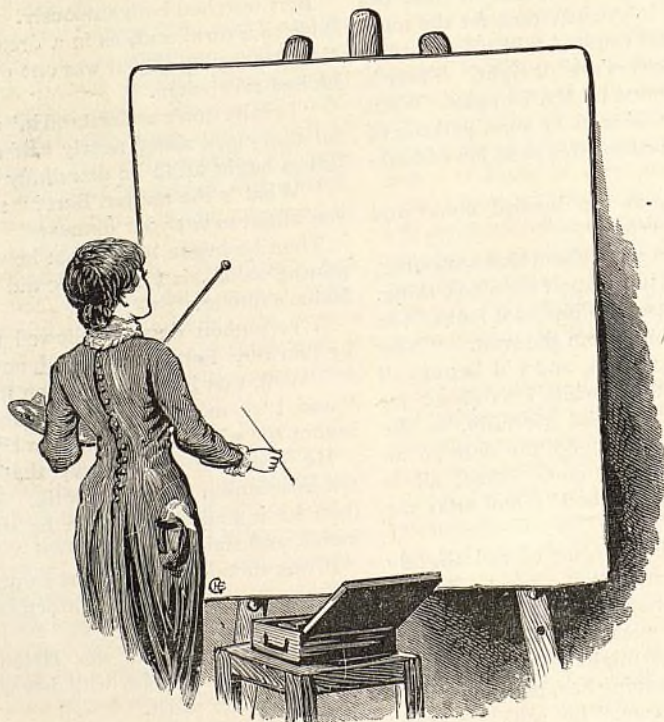
"Well, if you keep that promise, I'll never tell any one about this affair, and we'll have the joke all to ourselves. Come, let us go in now, for it is growing late."

Helen went to Europe, and studied art there for a long time. She never was called a great artist, but she was certainly a very good one.

A picture by her, exhibited at the Royal Academy, in London, represented a little girl, standing in an old-fashioned kitchen, with a flushed, important face, beating something in a bowl; while through the open window there leaned a boy with brown, sunburnt face and laughing eyes, looking in at the little maiden.

It excited much admiration, for it was beautifully done. But it was not for sale; and after it had been exhibited Helen took it away and sent it to Bert, who had become a minister, and had the charge of a large parish.

And it hangs in his study to this day.



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

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

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR.

THE first regular session of the Forty-third Congress lasted until the twenty-third day of June, 1874. Both Houses then adjourned *sine die*, and met again on the seventh of the following December for a second session. That Congress came to an end on the fourth of March, 1875, and with it, as usual, the terms of the representatives and many of the senators. A special session of the Senate was then called by President Grant. This began on the fifth of March and terminated on the twenty-fourth of that month. The first regular session of the Forty-fourth Congress began on the sixth of December, 1875, and adjourned on the fifteenth day of August, 1876. With that session I gave up my position as a page, having served through four regular and two special sessions of the Senate, extending over portions of three Congresses.

During that period, the ordinary routine of legislation went on with general smoothness; and, apart from a few novelties, we need not follow in detail the proceedings of each session. I shall therefore sum up my experiences, and treat the subject in a general way, without regard to the strict order of events.

It is scarcely necessary to state that we pages made the most of our leisure time during a session. Nearly every morning in fair weather we played match games of base-ball with the House pages, in the large plaza east of the Capitol. Frequently the stroke of twelve from the clock would stop us in the midst of a game, and we would rush into the Senate Chamber just in time to hear the words, "the Senate will come to order." We were absolutely indispensable during the morning hour, carrying up to the Clerk's desk petitions, bills, and other papers. It required a large amount of will-power for a troop of boys to leave an exciting game of ball and, within an instant, change to the hard mental work of legislation! But we did it. This shows the versatility of our talents. Frequently a senator, about to enter the Capitol, would pause for a short time to take part in our game; and it was no uncommon sight to see a dignified law-maker jumping from his feet to catch a ball flying above his head, while it was

even less uncommon to see him "muff" or miss it altogether. Still, they were merely a little out of practice,—so they said,—and they enjoyed the sport as much as we did.

On summer evenings we would frequently go boating upon the beautiful Potomac, and prove on the water as well as on the land our superiority over our rivals of the Lower House. On one occasion four of us put off in a row-boat,—a delicate outrigger,—and pulled up the Potomac as far as the rapids, and then we turned about. On the homeward trip we had a pleasant time for a while—now singing a choice selection from an opera, now quietly gliding along, with no sound but that made by our oars. But as we neared the city the other pleasure parties gradually retired, and



A CONGRESSIONAL PAGE ON DUTY.

the river was left entirely to us. Having no one else to bother, we had but one recourse for excitement—to row a race between ourselves. As we were all in the same boat, this feat may seem to the average intelligence quite impossible. But here we manifested our genius. Two of us pulled

one way and two the other! It was an interesting tug of war. For some time the little craft remained almost motionless in the stream; but finally, as in the old-time wagers of battle, *might* prevailed, and the shoreward oars won the victory.

The House pages lost what prestige they may ever have had as oarsmen by one disaster. Not many years ago a canal flowed through the streets of Washington — (that is, if such thick and sluggish waters as it contained can be properly said to “flow”). It was a useless disfigurement to the city; but it was near the Capitol, and it served the purposes of the pages.

One morning about fifteen of the boys — all pages of the House — decided to while away an hour or two upon the “placid bosom” of this canal. Finding a rickety and abandoned raft, they boarded it and poled their way along with piratical enthusiasm. They had not gone far, when they observed the flag floating from the Capitol, announcing that the House had convened for the day. Applying their united

wretched-looking objects imaginable. Their uniforms were completely spoiled.

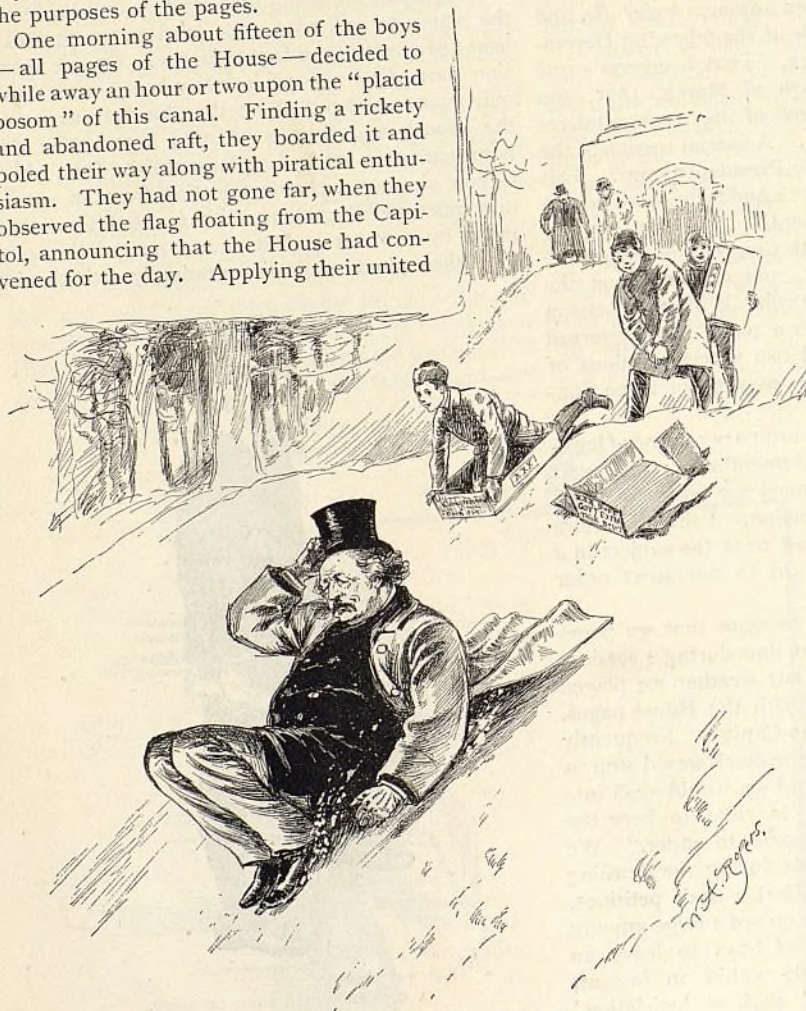
Disastrous calamities and desperate exploits were not confined, however, to the pages; and I might mention several “legends” told of certain Congressmen. But as the design of this story is not to tell you everything that everybody did, but merely to give you “samples” of Congressional life, one instance will suffice.

When I first went to Washington, the western approach to the Capitol, before the pending “improvements” were commenced, was through a fine

old park, the heavy foliage of which in spring concealed much of the Capitol from view. The approach then led up two steep parallel terraces, which extended the whole length of the building. The pages, in winter-time, took advantage of these declivities for coasting. Instead of sleds, however, they used certain large paste-board envelope-boxes, which they obtained from the folding-rooms.

One day, the terraces and park grounds were covered with a thick, hard coat of sleet; so the envelope-boxes were brought out, and the lively tobogganing began. In the midst of the sport, General Benjamin F. Butler, accompanied by a few other representatives, came along, and stopped on the parapet to witness the fun. As he seemed to enjoy the sight, one of the pages asked him if he would take a ride. After a brief deliberation, the General remarked: “Well, I think I will.”

In a moment, a box was placed at his disposal near the edge of the parapet, or upper terrace. In this, with considerable difficulty, the portly representative ensconced himself, and soon he stated that he was “ready.” At the word, the pages gave



THE CONGRESSMAN'S TOBOGGAN BREAKS.

strength, they attempted, with one herculean shove, to send the raft to land. But, alas, their effort was too great. The raft capsized, and in an instant the shipwrecked mariners were struggling with the “waves!” When fished out, they were the most

him a vigorous shove, and down he went with lightning swiftness, to the great delight of the assembled spectators. As with increased momentum he struck the second terrace, the box parted, and, with terrific speed, he finished the trip, "*all by himself.*" And he was still going when lost in the distance of the park!

As we pages shared with the law-makers the onerous work of legislation, it was but fair that we should share the legislative pleasures. "Partakers in every peril,—in the glory we were entitled to participate." The justice of this principle was never disputed; and accordingly, whenever or wherever senatorial ceremonies or festivities were under way, we were to be found in the company of the senators.

During my last session as a Senate page, I took part in two gala frolics. Of course, you all know of the great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. While the buildings were being erected, the citizens of Philadelphia invited the members of the Senate and House, together with the President, Judges of the Supreme Court, and certain other Government officials, to visit that city and see how the work was progressing. The invitation was accepted. Quite a number of pages went along, and this holiday journey did not cost any of us a cent. A special train was provided for the accommodation of the guests, and on Friday, December 17, 1875, we said *au revoir* to Washington and started on our journey to the Quaker City. We reached the station in West Philadelphia in the evening. Carriages were in waiting, and the members of the visiting party were driven to hotels, and, on the morrow, to the Exposition grounds.

Arriving at the grounds, we were shown various buildings and sights, and then taken to Horticultural Hall, where the festivities were to culminate in a grand banquet. Great preparations had been made. In the center of the large room were thirteen long tables, and all around us were exotics and choice plants and flowers. President Grant was given the seat of honor at the middle table, and the other guests were distributed about miscellaneously, we pages being placed together at one table, where we could have a good time and enjoy the feast undisturbed.

When all the guests at the other tables had done justice to the viands, the remainder of the time was devoted to speech-making. But the fact that we pages were still busily engaged in satisfying the lusty appetites of boys is my excuse for not giving you a more detailed description of the proceedings of our seniors.

Later on, we made another journey to Philadelphia. The members of Congress received an invi-

tation to attend the opening of the Exposition, and, as before, the pages went, too. On May 9, 1876, cars were placed at the senators' disposal, and most of the pages left on the early train. We had to take a roundabout journey this time by the way of York, Pennsylvania; but we enjoyed it. Whenever the cars stopped, if only for an instant, we would spring to the ground and then jump back again. I suppose many people wondered at the meaning of this. Our object, however, was to be able to say that we had honored the soil of that particular place by touching it. As we crossed the Susquehanna River, the train "slowed-up," and we at once alighted upon the long bridge and began to admire the river. Some of the pages came from the rear car, and so lost in their study of the scenery did they become that they only recovered their wits in time to see the train darting through the town of Columbia, half a mile away from them. It was fortunate that it was the first section of the Congressional train. After waiting for several hours, they boarded the second section; but I think the little episode of the bridge caused them to take no further interest in the scenery during the remainder of the trip.

On the next day the great International Exhibition was to be formally opened, and the city was literally overcrowded with visitors. A large stand had been erected on the grounds, just outside the main building, and reserved for distinguished guests. To reach it the guests were obliged to enter a certain gate and pass through the main building, to the rear of the stand. After a sumptuous breakfast, one of the pages went to the entrance and told the gate-keeper that he was one of the invited guests. The official wished to see the page's invitation, but he replied that he was in the company of Senator ———, who had the invitation. As an evidence that he was not an impostor, he presented his railroad pass, which indicated who he was. But this did not satisfy the gate-keeper, however, and he would not permit the page to enter. But a page is not easily baffled. He took a carriage and rode all the way down-town to the hotel at which Senator ——— was registered, only to find that the senator was not there. Of course, it would have been useless to search for him. There was nothing for the page to do, therefore, but to return to the Exhibition. The streets were crowded with people and vehicles, and he feared he would not be able to arrive in time to join in the opening ceremonies. Finally, however, he reached the main building again, and went to the gate, expecting to meet some of the senators who would vouch for him. He waited a long while, but no senators came. Then, for the first and last time in his life, the page had occasion to make use of a member

of the House. For, at that moment, he saw Mr. Williams—a well-known representative from the State of Indiana—about to present his card of invitation. Mr. Williams did not know the page at all, but the latter stepped up to him and said: “Mr. Williams, I am with Senator —, but as I can not find him, and as he has the invitations, will you kindly pass me in on yours?” The representative paused and stammered, as much as to say that he would like to oblige his young friend, but did not know whether he had a right to do so. The page, however, was burdened with no doubts on the subject, and just as Mr. Williams was passing through the gate, the page squeezed in ahead, and very complacently went on his way. He reached his destination, and, as usual, took his place among some of the highest people in the land.

And on the next day the Congressional train carried back to Washington a goodly company of law-makers, among whom none were more tired and weary from the unusual exertions of the great ceremonial than the Senate pages.

CHAPTER XIV.

NIGHT-SESSION INFORMALITIES.

SO FAR as the personal preferences of the pages were concerned, night sessions were our “happy hours.” It was then that our propensities for mischief obtained full play. During the dying days of a Congress, when resort was had to evening work, as previously described, it was customary for the Senate late in the afternoon to take a recess for an hour or two, in order to afford its members and officers an opportunity to take their dinners and enjoy a temporary rest.

Upon re-assembling after this recess, the Senate would proceed with its ordinary business of legislation, and for the first few hours everything would proceed in excellent order. If, as was probable, the House was in session also, the whole Capitol would be illuminated, a brilliant light being placed in the dome to indicate that Congress was in session, as people, of course, could not see the flags. This was a grand sight to a person at a distance. The huge edifice loomed boldly against the evening sky, and shone out in the darkness like a celestial castle, with a splendor that could be seen for miles around. And within the building the scene was still more beautiful—it was brilliant—yes, enchanting, and reminded me of the scenes in fairy-land of which I had read so much in my younger days.

For the first few hours, every one realized the

romantic beauty of the occasion. Visitors, attracted by curiosity or bent on amusement, crowded the great building, and the senators, feeling the influence of the scene, would move about the Chamber with a remarkable buoyancy of step, and seem, for the time being, to have regained the activity of youth.

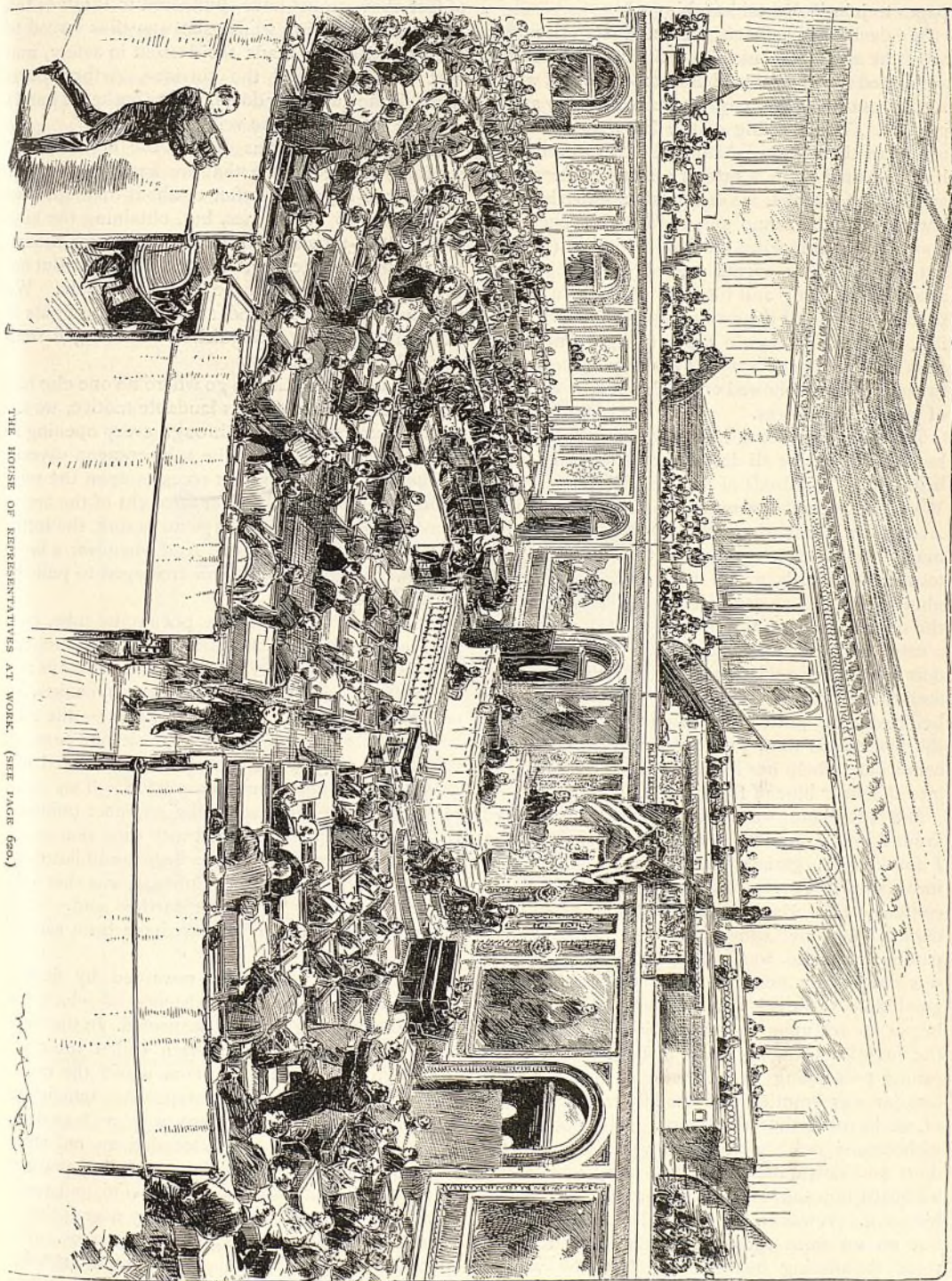
By midnight, however, there would come a change—a change more to our fancy. The visitors, having “seen the show,” would return to their homes and leave the galleries to a few idle “owls,” as we called the late stayers. The senators would gradually grow more and more drowsy, and retire one by one to the cloak-rooms, committee-rooms, or wherever else they could find unoccupied sofas, in the effort to catch a moment's rest. From this time forward, our principal work was to seek out, rouse, and summon the senators when wanted.

As the night advanced, we began our practical jokes, of which we had a choice assortment. When the House also was in session, we combined our ingenious talents with those of the House pages, and roamed the Capitol from one end to the other in search of prey. Although, ordinarily, we looked upon one another as enemies, whenever it came down to mischief or fun-making, we were the warmest friends.

Most of our pranks, however, were mild. If we put torpedoes under the gavel, they had no other effect than to make the Vice-President jump, and if we “inadvertently” dropped salt instead of sugar into a glass of lemonade, the senator for whom it was intended did not, as a rule, discover the fact until he had drained the glass to the dregs and the page had disappeared from sight.

There was one page, named Arthur, who hailed from the same State as myself, and was known as my “colleague.” He was of a rather romantic disposition, and thought that it would be an adventure worth boasting of to spend a night on the dome of the Capitol. So one warm day in summer, he came to me and broached his plans. But there was one difficulty in the way of their accomplishment that seemed almost insurmountable. The doors leading to the dome were locked every evening (the police having first required all visitors to descend), and they were not re-opened until the morning of the next day.

When I told Arthur that I could obtain the keys, he was so delighted that he said: “Well, if you will get them, I will set up a banquet fit for a king.” Then, after a pause, as if he had received a sudden inspiration, he exclaimed: “Yes; we shall have a banquet, and eat it on the dome! The very thing!” And he went into raptures over the prospects, and urged me to go about the matter at



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WORK. (SEE PAGE 600.)

once, and also to invite a reasonable number of pages to join in our undertaking.

We decided to have our banquet that same night, after the adjournment of the Senate; and at the appointed time I appeared at the rendezvous, where Arthur and the other pages were impatiently awaiting me. The jingling of the keys sounded like music to their ears. Arthur, in the mean time, had procured from a caterer a sumptuous repast; and, thus equipped, we cautiously approached the entrance to the dome and soon had opened the door. Without locking the door behind us (a fortunate oversight, as events proved!), we began the ascent of the long and intricate stairs in a joyous procession. I led the way to open the doors, holding, besides the keys, a taper to light our path; then came Arthur, carrying a heavy basket, while the other pages followed on, each with his arms full of precious packages.

Reaching the dome in safety, we deposited our bundles, and were all duly impressed by the scene before us. Hundreds of feet below lay the city of Washington, with its myriad of twinkling lights. Around its boundaries ran the waters of the Potomac, forming a silvery path that led our eyes toward the South, where the eye could catch the glimmer of the ancient village of Alexandria and the dark outlines of the hills of Maryland. It was a calm, pleasant, beautiful night! The stars were doing as well as could be expected of such tiny things, and the moon was riding through the heavens with her customary grace—now hiding behind one of the few clouds that, with the best intentions, had come out to help her in her vigil,—now emerging into the clear blue of the sky like—like —

But just here we missed Arthur. I walked around to the opposite side of the dome, and there I found him, gazing into vacancy—by which I mean, gazing heavenward with a look of profound contemplation worthy of an æsthetic. I did not disturb him, but came back and told my companions that he was safe. Then George, who was chronically hungry, remarked that it was a good time to attack the hampers. We instantly began to act upon the suggestion, and devoured the luxuries with marvelous avidity. This interesting proceeding lasted quite a time. As the last jar was emptied and the last crumb disposed of, we heard Arthur's footsteps. Without a word, without a signal, we instinctively fled through the door and down the stairs, and in a few moments we heard him following us, screaming at the top of his voice. It was an exciting and dangerous flight; but on we went through the darkness, the iron steps thundering beneath our feet, the vaulted passages echoing the noise, and the vast rotunda hurling it back with tenfold rage and horror, until

the Goddess of Liberty upon the dome, hundreds of feet above, must have shuddered to think of the pandemonium over which she was thus forced to preside. But we made the descent in safety, and just as we reached the corridor, Arthur burst through the quivering doors, empty basket in hand! — Here let us draw the veil!

It was by no means during the actual night sessions of the Senate that we had our fun. If the Senate adjourned after or about midnight, we did not go to our homes, but, obtaining the keys to the cloak-rooms or to several committee-rooms, we remained at the Capitol until morning. But not to sleep. That would have been impossible. We were veritable owls; and as soon as the lights in the building were extinguished we emerged from our hiding-places.

We had an ambition to go where no one else had ever been; and, with this laudable motive, we extended our explorations through every opening in the building, whether in the subterranean caverns far below, or in any secret recesses upon the roof, which the genius and tender foresight of the architect had left sufficiently large to permit the introduction of a human head. And whenever a boy's head went through, he soon managed to pull the body after it.

Once we crawled into the pneumatic tube, constructed for the purpose of transmitting documents to the Congressional printing-office, a half mile distant; and having crept like an army of snakes, for several hundred feet, backed out again,—the tube being hardly wide enough to permit our passage, much less our turning around. We derived immense satisfaction from this exploit. This satisfaction was increased when the engineer informed us, as we emerged begrimed with dirt, that in another instant we should have been annihilated by the ball that, filled with documents, was shot with lightning velocity from the farther end. This may have been true, or it may have been said to "scare" us.

Our roving were often rewarded by finding rooms and articles, the existence of which few about the building knew or suspected. In the large room of pillars, which is often called the crypt (although it is really the room above the crypt, where it was intended to entomb the remains of General Washington), there was a trap-door. Once, opening this, we descended an old stone staircase, and, reaching the bottom, soon found ourselves in a circular room, damp and cold, and nearly filled with broken statuary of every description—the statesmen, griffins, lions, and other images. The flickerings of our lights against these marble figures produced a ghastly effect that threw us into an ecstasy of bliss.

CHAPTER XV.

INTO THE HURLY-BURLY.

BUT the most interesting excursions, after all, were those to the "Cave of the Winds," where the waves of sound roar and rumble and dash against one another like the breakers of the sea, and where the moving stalagmites and eyeless fish — What's that you say? You do not know where it is?

heavy atmosphere of philosophy, generally make a brief visit to the Senate, and, after thus preparing themselves, drop into the Supreme Court room and gratify their philosophic desires to their hearts' content. There they will sit for hours and listen to the black-gowned judges and black-letter lawyers discussing grave questions of Constitutional law and the weighty problems of human government and civil liberty.

But such as retain their youthful love of enter-



"WHEN THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS CARRIES THE MACE, EVERY ONE RETREATS BEFORE THAT ENSIGN OF AUTHORITY."

Why, I am surprised! No, it is not down in your geographies. The "Cave of the Winds" is one of the titles by which the House of Representatives is known. Perhaps it is irreverent to speak of it in that way; but I may say with truth that while the House of Representatives is undoubtedly a very important assembly, it is also a very noisy body. This, however, constitutes its chief charm to a great many sight-seers.

Visitors to Washington who like to inhale the

tainment go to the House of Representatives. There is something captivating about the continuous buzz-buzz-buzz that distinguishes that body, in so marked a manner, from the Senate.

The babel of voices in the House is really perplexing to one accustomed to the serenity of the Senate. There is as much difference between the two bodies of Congress in this respect as there is between the quiet of a country church and the turmoil of a city. If you wish to test the matter,

when in Washington, let me tell you how to do it: First, go to the Senate, then walk right across to the House. Another good plan is to go to the House just as it is called to order. I tried the experiment last session. When the Speaker brought down his gavel, there was instantaneous silence. The members rose to their feet, and the chaplain offered a prayer. After that, the noise broke out. Then I tried to analyze it. I did not succeed very well; but there was in it a little of everything that makes a noise, from the little fly to the raging ocean. It was a buzzing, gurgling, and roaring, all combined in one general noise!

How far the title of "Cave of the Winds" is due to the acoustic properties of the hall, I do not know. But I know one thing:—the sound waves could not clash unless put in motion. Now, who puts them in motion? I shall tell you:

The galleries contribute somewhat to this noise, but the members are principally responsible for it. They gather around the desks or stand in the narrow aisles or in the area behind the outer row of seats, and discuss, in knots of from three to a dozen or more, some interesting question of politics, or possibly narrate funny anecdotes. And it is a very usual sight to see one of the representatives making a "spread-eagle" speech, beating the air with his arms, and shouting away vehemently, and not one of his three hundred and twenty-four associates showing the least interest in what he is saying. Of course, everything that is said by such a speaker is taken down by the reporters, so that the other members do not lose anything by not listening. Frequently a Congressman does not go to the trouble of delivering a speech, but writes it out and then obtains leave of the House to have it printed in the *Record*, where it can be seen by those who may be sufficiently interested to read it.

Sometimes, however, a member thinks that he would at least like the privilege of hearing himself talk, and becomes annoyed by the excessive confusion in the hall. Then the Speaker will command order and exert all the muscles of his good right arm in beating with his gavel. But often the other members persist in their conversation, notwithstanding the Speaker's cry of "order," each group of culprits feeling that it is not making much noise and ignoring the fact that every whisper adds to the objectionable disturbance. Under these circumstances, it often becomes necessary for the Speaker to take extreme measures; and the most effective way to secure quiet is for him to sus-

pend the proceedings and direct the Sergeant-at-arms to take the mace and force the members to take their seats. The mace is a sort of scepter, surmounted by a silver eagle, which, guarded by the Sergeant-at-arms, rests on a marble stand at the right of the Speaker.* This the Sergeant-at-arms carries in front of him when so directed by the Speaker, and, as he walks about the room, every one retreats before this ensign of authority, and retires to his proper place. To face it would be to oppose the power of the House of Representatives. Silence being thus restored, the proceedings are resumed. It frequently happens, however, that before you can say "Jack Robinson" most of the members are "at it again," engaged as deeply as ever in conversation, and violating the injunction of their presiding officer. It is almost an impossibility to make three hundred men fold their arms like school-boys, and sometimes the Speaker can hardly do more than preserve sufficient order to enable the reporters to hear what is being said.

If an entertaining speaker obtains the floor, the members will cluster around his chair and clog the aisles and the area of freedom—only to be driven back to their seats by the Sergeant-at-arms. I have seen such a crowd dispersed by the Speaker half a dozen times in an hour—but back they were sure to come. They are as curious as boys, and fully as impetuous.

Even when it comes to the important question of voting, the members do not keep silence. If a "division" or "rising" vote is ordered, you will hear them shout, "Up! up!" or "Down! down!" as the case may be, to warn their friends what to do; and on nearly every roll-call of the yeas and nays the Speaker is compelled to suspend proceedings and compel members to be seated, in order that the Clerk may hear the responses of the voters.

Such a state of affairs does not always exist. I have seen the House of Representatives almost as quiet as the Senate. But that was late at night, when most of the members were asleep, or when there was some august ceremony going on—such as the counting of the electoral votes, at which time the Senate and House met in joint convention.

But I will tell you more in regard to the differences between the two Houses anon. The design of this chapter was merely to point out one feature of dissimilarity—the noise and hubbub of the House of Representatives as compared with the quiet dignity of the Senate.

(To be continued.)

*When the House goes into Committee of the Whole, the mace is taken down, and not replaced until the committee rises and the Speaker, as the presiding officer of the House, resumes the chair.

A TERRIBLE GYMNAST.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.



DAVID and Roderick Kingsley were in training for the championship of the Flushing High School Gymnasium. That is to say, David was; but his cousin Roderick, confident of his superior prowess, was careless of his training, and exercised in the gymnasium hall so irregularly that his special partisans at last called him to account.

"If you don't look out, Rod, you 'll miss the prize," said Jack Dinsmore. "Dave is in the Gym mornings and evenings, as regular as clock-work. He does n't like to be beaten even at leap-frog, you know, and I tell you, you 'll have to practice if you mean to be captain. Is n't that so, boys?"

The boys thus appealed to echoed Jack's sentiments, and Dennis Moore added:

"What you need, Rod, is to learn some new tricks on the bars or the trapeze, so that Dave can't get ahead of you."

"And here comes the very fellow that can put you up to a thing or two in that line," said Nappy Scruggs, pointing in the direction of the village street.

"Quelipeg? That's so!" said Tommy Hicks, as the boys glanced at the gaunt figure approaching them, and Roderick recalled the injunction of his father to have nothing whatever to do with Quelipeg.

But the criticisms of the boys had roused Roderick's determination, and as the objectionable Quelipeg, with his sharp-ribbed terrier, was slouching by, he called out: "Hey, Quelipeg, show us your flying leap and somersault on our trapeze,—wont you?"

The new-comer, nothing loath, swaggered into the school gymnasium with the crowd of boys, and was soon whirling and turning in what he called the "Giant's Spring."

For Quelipeg was a helper and hanger-on of the circus company which had gone into winter-quarters on the outskirts of the village, and he had gained notoriety not only as a scape-grace, but as a daring and excellent gymnast.

So the boys admired and applauded his agility,

and then, just in the midst of his remarkable "Giant's Spring," the door opened and David Kingsley entered.

"How did that fellow happen to come in here?" he asked of Roderick.

"We asked him in, that's how he came," curtly replied his cousin.

"Don't you think Uncle Roderick might object to his being here?" said David, calmly. "You know what he told us about him."

"Well, I don't think he 's likely to know anything about it," replied Roderick; "unless——"

David finished the sentence. "Unless I tell tales out of school, I suppose you mean."

Roderick flushed, but said, laughingly, "I say, Dave, if one of the fellows should take lessons from Quelipeg, you and I might give up all hopes of the championship, eh?"

"Likely enough," answered David; "but I 'd give up my chance of being captain if I had to owe it to his teaching."

"Well, I 'm glad I 'm not so particular as all that," said Roderick, with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

"Why, you don't mean to say you 're going to take lessons from him, Rod?" asked David, quickly. "If you 've any respect for yourself, you 'll keep clear of him. You know that such a scamp is not a fit companion for you."

Low as the words were spoken, Quelipeg heard them. He was at David's elbow in an instant.

"Take that back," he said, threateningly, "or I 'll make ye"; and he threw himself into the regulation boxing attitude.

David faced him quietly. "Thank you," he said, coolly, "I do not care to box this afternoon."

"Ho, you 're afraid, I see!" said Quelipeg.

There was not a Flushingtonian who did not understand the forbearance of David Kingsley as he straightened himself and eying Quelipeg, said:

"You heard me say that I did not care to box with you."

Quelipeg caught up a piece of chalk from the scoring-board and drew a glistening white circle around the calm-faced lad.

"Ef you 'll jest step across that line," he said, "I 'll show you who 's who."

David Kingsley took one step forward. In another instant he was across the chalk line and grappling with his foe.

The Flushingtonians were quite as much sur-

prised at the onslaught as was Quelipeg. For David Kingsley was not reckoned among the school fighters, though he was known to be absolutely fearless.

The struggle was brief, but determined. David's course of training for the championship stood him in good stead, and almost before the boys could form a ring about the combatants, Quelipeg was flat on his back.

The spectators set up a ringing cheer over the victory of their comrade, but David, staggering to his feet, gave his cousin a look full of meaning and passed out of the hall.

Roderick, however, paid no heed to his cousin's glance, and, indeed, as if David's exhibition of prowess had but roused him to deeper determination, that very evening he arranged with Quelipeg, who was still chafing over his defeat, to meet him at the circus encampment on the following afternoon to take acrobatic lessons in the great trapeze in the practice hall.

Punctually at the time appointed, Roderick arrived at the encampment. But he found Quelipeg in a high state of excitement. Things had gone wrong because of his absence at feeding-time the day before, as many of the company were away giving winter evening exhibitions on their own account, and the force was short-handed. The elephant and the big Bengal tiger, thus delayed in their customary meal, had come in collision; the elephant had charged on the tiger's cage and overturned it; the tiger, in return, had given a savage scratch to the elephant's trunk, and was vicious, red-eyed, and ferocious. Since then the tiger had grown calmer, but was still sullen, and Quelipeg fed it with trepidation, hoping all the while that the cage was tight. The men had gone to town after feeding the animals, and Quelipeg was left in charge, with strict orders to see that nothing was disturbed.

"Hey, Quelipeg," said Roderick, as he entered the practice hall; "I hope you're out of the sulks now."

Quelipeg scowled, "Out of 'em? Oh, yes," he said, "till my time comes."

Roderick laughed. "Nonsense," he said, "you should n't bear a grudge against Dave. But, I say,—show me the Bengal tiger,—wont you?"

"No, Sir," said Quelipeg. "I've strict orders not to meddle with the beasts."

"Oh, pshaw," said Roderick. "All the men are gone. Come on, take me around and let's end up with the tiger."

Quelipeg assented at last. He did not often have so fine a visitor, and he could not resist the opportunity to play the part of showman.

They finished their tour of inspection, and

entered the tiger's division as noiselessly as possible. But the beast heard them and was on the alert at once. As they approached, it raised its great head and showed its teeth, growling. Roderick laughed and moved closer. The tiger leaped to its feet, and as the foolish youth flitted his handkerchief at it, the great brute sprang forward, with a savage roar, and shook the iron bars furiously.

Quelipeg caught Roderick's arm. "Come away!" he shouted. "If he smashes those bars, we're lost!"

Terrified for once, Roderick obeyed, but when Quelipeg had drawn him into the practice hall, and barred the door, the fool-hardiness returned. He insisted on unbarring the door and taking another peep at his tigership. Quelipeg, who was putting on his gymnasium suit, begged him to come away.

"Pshaw, Quelipeg," said Roderick, dropping the bar, "I thought you were braver."

"I know it's best not to anger that beast," said Quelipeg, climbing into a trapeze. "So you'd better let him alone and come and'tend to business."

"All right," said Roderick, leaving the door, and proceeding to don his practice suit.

In a moment or two he was ready. "Shall I come up there where you are?" he asked.

Quelipeg made no reply. The face that was looking down upon Roderick suddenly grew white and ashen. His staring eyes were fixed on the door leading to the tiger's cage.

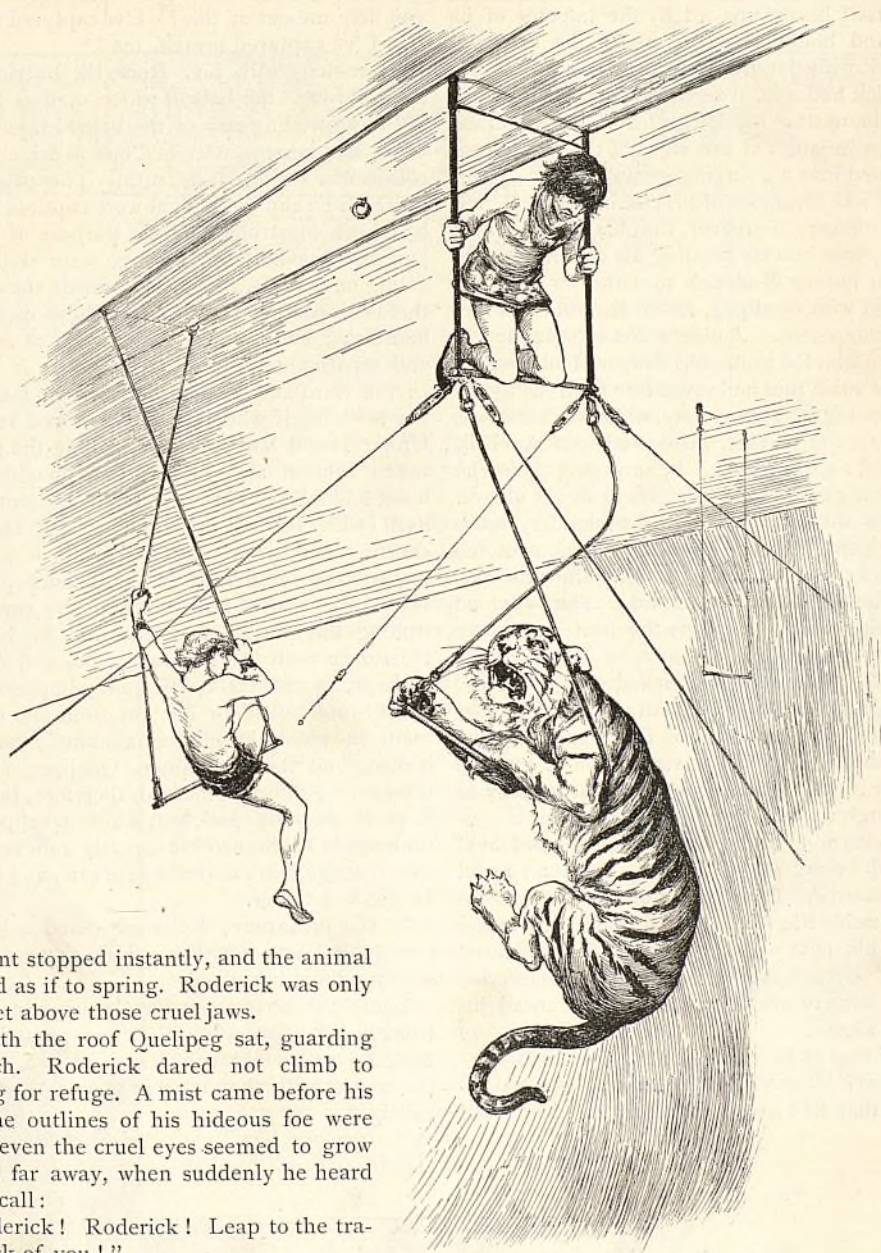
"The tiger! The tiger!" he cried.

Roderick gave one terrified look toward the door. He thought he had latched it, but it was ajar now, and through the crack a pair of fiery eyeballs were blazing. The latch had only partly caught, and was but feebly resisting the tiger's weight. Roderick knew that it could not long hold.

A cold sweat started from all his pores, as, blinded and sick, he heavily drew himself up until he grasped Quelipeg's trapeze. This touch roused Quelipeg, who, as if spell-bound, had been watching the deadly persistence of the tiger. For an instant he glared at Roderick, as though he would thrust him off to meet his fate. Then a sinister smile distorted his face.

"Well," he said in a harsh whisper, "you may have this trapeze. I'll take the one above; only don't you come up there, or I'll —"

The threat was cut short, and his movement upward accelerated by the crashing in of the door. The tiger was in the room! Roderick drew himself up into the deserted trapeze, and clung there, watching the beast, as it advanced leisurely along the hall, lashing its sides. All too soon the blazing eyes were lifted to him. The creeping, sinuous



movement stopped instantly, and the animal crouched as if to spring. Roderick was only a few feet above those cruel jaws.

Beneath the roof Quelipeg sat, guarding his perch. Roderick dared not climb to Quelipeg for refuge. A mist came before his eyes; the outlines of his hideous foe were vague; even the cruel eyes seemed to grow dim and far away, when suddenly he heard a sharp call:

"Roderick! Roderick! Leap to the trapeze back of you!"

The command reached the youth's fainting senses. Summoning his suspended energies he whirled over, giving his swing the pendulum sweep. The tiger was evidently non-plussed, and at a loss as to the direction in which to spring. Its brawny neck and shoulders swayed to and fro, following the motions of the young gymnast.

But only for a moment. Then it gathered itself together, and made its leap into the air! In the

"RODERICK HAD MADE A DESPERATE SPRING, AND HAD CAUGHT THE OTHER TRAPEZE."

same instant, however, Roderick had made a desperate spring, and had caught the other trapeze hanging some distance beyond.

So true had been the aim of the tiger that, as the deserted swing whirled back, its bar passed quite underneath the slender, striped body launched against it. Caught thus in its own toils, the beast,

feeling itself borne upward by the impetus of its weight and bound, doubled about the bar, and clutched it with the grasp of desperation.

Roderick had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and even in the midst of his danger he had an hysterical inclination to laugh at this sight of the royal beast transformed into a swinging gymnast!

But he was conscious of his continued peril, and he was conscious, moreover, that his cousin, David Kingsley, was bravely periling his own life to save him. To induce Roderick to withdraw from his association with Quelipeg, David had followed him to the encampment. A glance through the window had shown him the imminent danger of his cousin. It was his voice that had saved him from the tiger's claw. Seizing his opportunity, when the beast was hanging to the trapeze, he darted into the hall, and passed swiftly through it, springing upon the step of an empty cage that stood in an alcove. The tiger was attracted by the slender figure speeding past him, and as the oscillations of the swing slackened, the big cat dropped from the bar, and noiselessly crept toward David. The boy stood still, keeping his brave eye on the brute as it drew closer and closer.

Presently the creature crouched for a spring. David turned swiftly, and with a bound passed through the entrance into the lion's cage, on the step of which he had been standing. It was the work of a second for the furious beast of prey to leap through the still-open door, in pursuit!

Suspended from his trapeze, Roderick saw David enter and bound out of sight. Then an awful silence followed. Oh, could nothing be done to save the noble life whose sacrifice would lie at the door of his own willfulness and disobedience! Animated by a faint hope, Roderick descended from the trapeze and courageously advanced toward the alcove.

After a step or two, he stopped, transfixed.

"Roderick!" at the same instant called a ringing voice that had a note of triumph in it, "can't

you help me out of this? I've captured the tiger! But I've captured myself, too!"

Tremulous with joy, Roderick hurried to the cage, through the bars of which, almost alongside of the protruding paw of the baffled tiger, David's brave hands were stretched out to him. For his cousin was captured, in truth. The prison-house in which he and the Bengal were captives together, had been constructed for the purpose of taming a lion and lioness. In the cage were sliding bars, acting on springs, intended to divide the cage into three compartments. Two of these divisions the lion-tamer had used for the purpose of separating and separately subduing the animals in his care. In the third and smaller chamber, he found security for himself when his beasts proved refractory. Hither David had retreated, sliding the panel between himself and his insatiate pursuer. The beast had followed in hot pursuit, but only to hurl itself with baffled rage against the stout bars, shutting it from its prey, and while it was vainly tearing and scratching at the barrier protecting David, the youth had touched the spring controlling the first division panel, as he had more than once seen the lion-tamer do, and the panel had sprung into place, effectually imprisoning the great brute. A door led out from the compartment in which David was confined; but it was locked, and the lion-tamer, Quelipeg said, had the key. Nothing remained, therefore, but for the boys to exercise patience, while Quelipeg, now thoroughly frightened but greatly relieved, made sure that the other animals were safe, and then ran for the lion-tamer.

In the meantime, the cousins had a long and confidential talk together, whilst those fiery eyes watched them ceaselessly.

There was no contest for the captaincy in the Flushing gymnasium that year; but Roderick Kingsley never forgot the lesson he had learned in the contest with that terrible gymnast—the Bengal tiger.

HURRY AND WORRY.

By C. C. S.

HURRY and Worry were two busy men;
They worked at the desk till the clock struck ten.
They gained high station, power, and wealth,
And lost youth, happiness, and health.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Children of the Cold.

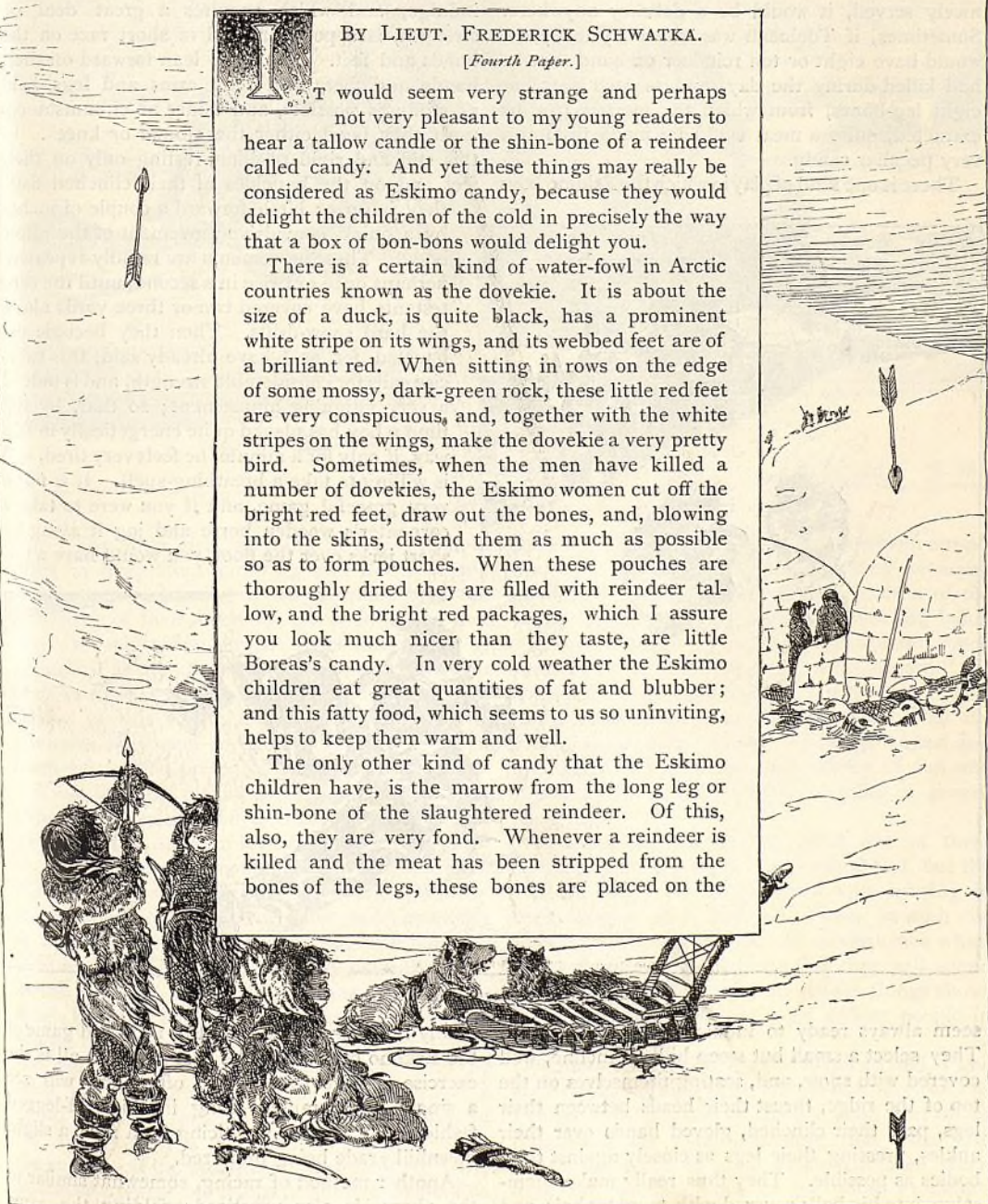
BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

[Fourth Paper.]

IT would seem very strange and perhaps not very pleasant to my young readers to hear a tallow candle or the shin-bone of a reindeer called candy. And yet these things may really be considered as Eskimo candy, because they would delight the children of the cold in precisely the way that a box of bon-bons would delight you.

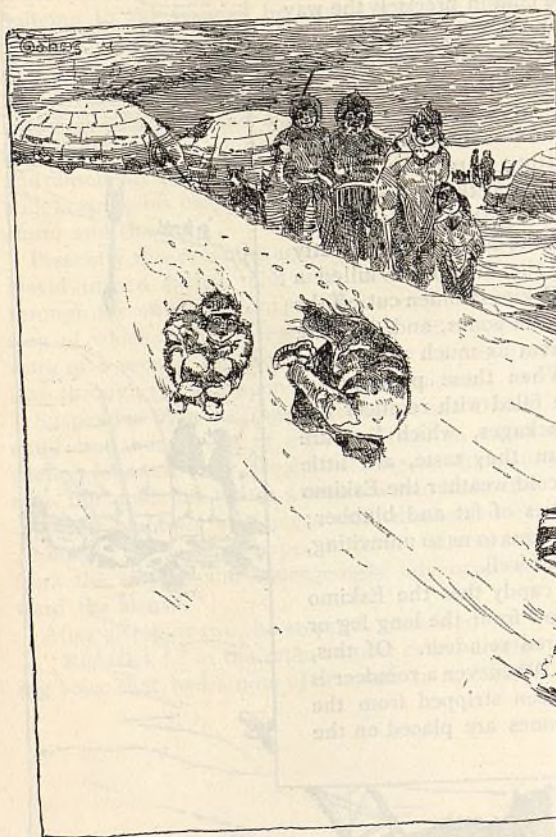
There is a certain kind of water-fowl in Arctic countries known as the dovekie. It is about the size of a duck, is quite black, has a prominent white stripe on its wings, and its webbed feet are of a brilliant red. When sitting in rows on the edge of some mossy, dark-green rock, these little red feet are very conspicuous, and, together with the white stripes on the wings, make the dovekie a very pretty bird. Sometimes, when the men have killed a number of dovekies, the Eskimo women cut off the bright red feet, draw out the bones, and, blowing into the skins, distend them as much as possible so as to form pouches. When these pouches are thoroughly dried they are filled with reindeer tallow, and the bright red packages, which I assure you look much nicer than they taste, are little Boreas's candy. In very cold weather the Eskimo children eat great quantities of fat and blubber; and this fatty food, which seems to us so uninviting, helps to keep them warm and well.

The only other kind of candy that the Eskimo children have, is the marrow from the long leg or shin-bone of the slaughtered reindeer. Of this, also, they are very fond. Whenever a reindeer is killed and the meat has been stripped from the bones of the legs, these bones are placed on the



floor of the *igloo* and cracked with a hatchet until the marrow is exposed. The bones are then forced apart with the hands, and the marrow is dug out of the ends with a long, sharp, and narrow spoon made from a walrus's tusk. I have eaten this reindeer marrow frozen and cooked; and after one becomes accustomed to eating frozen meat raw, it is really an acceptable tid-bit; while cooked and nicely served, it would be a delicacy anywhere. Sometimes, if Toolooah was unusually lucky, he would have eight or ten reindeer on hand that he had killed during the day, and as each deer has eight leg-bones, from which the marrow can be extracted, quite a meal could be made from this very peculiar candy.

There is one kind of play in which the Eskimo boys



ESKIMO BOYS ROLLING DOWN A HILL.

seem always ready to indulge—a roll downhill. They select a small but steep hill, or incline, well covered with snow, and, seating themselves on the top of the ridge, thrust their heads between their legs, pass their clinched, gloved hands over their ankles, pressing their legs as closely against their bodies as possible. They thus really make themselves into big balls covered with reindeer hair, and

then away they go on a rolling race downhill, suddenly spreading themselves out at full length, and stopping instantly at the bottom of the hill. Every now and then when a playful mood strikes a boy, he will double himself up and roll downhill without waiting for the rivalry of a race, but it is violent exercise, and it bumps the little urchin severely.

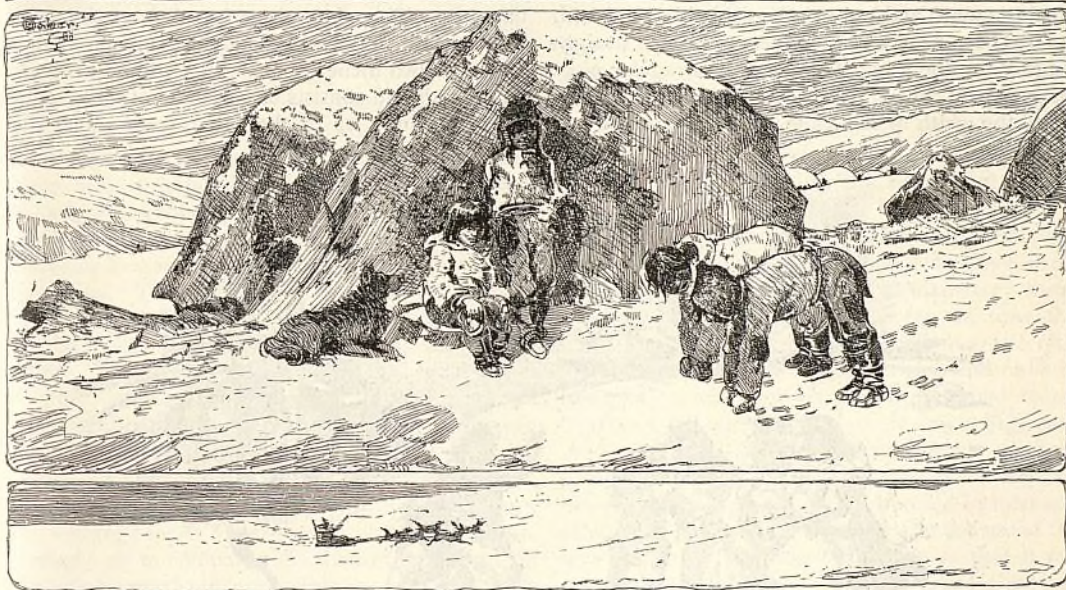
Another athletic amusement in which the boys indulge, and which requires a great deal of strength, is a peculiar kind of short race on the hands and feet. The boys lean forward on their hands and feet, with their arms and legs held as stiffly as possible, and under no circumstances must they bend either the elbows or knees. In this stiff and rigid position, resting only on their feet and on the knuckles of their clinched fists, they jump or hitch forward a couple of inches by a quick, convulsive movement of the whole body. These movements are rapidly repeated, perhaps once or twice in a second, until the contestants have covered two or three yards along the hard snow-drifts. Then they become exhausted, for, as I have already said, this exercise calls for considerable strength, and is indeed a very fatiguing amusement; so that, by the time a boy has played quite energetically in this way, if only for a minute, he feels very tired, and is willing to take a breathing-spell. It is not a very graceful game, and if you were to take a carpenter's wooden horse and jog it along by short jerks over the floor, you would have a tol-

erably fair representation of this awkward game of the Eskimo children. The best part of it all is the exercise it gives them, and often one will see a single boy jumping along in this stiff-legged fashion as if he were practicing for a race, a slight downhill grade being preferred.

Another method of racing, somewhat similar to the above, is also practiced; folding the arms

across the breast, and holding the knees firmly rigid, with the feet close together, the contestants paddle along as fast as possible by short jumps of an inch or two. It is a severe strain on the feet, and one can not go very far in so awkward a

exercise. Whenever the ball drops to the ground, or the players fail to keep it flying, it is a signal for a rest. Simple as is the game, the little Eskimo manage to gain much fun and excitement from it, and whenever you hear an unusual amount of



A RACE ON HANDS AND FEET.

way. The little girls, standing in a row of from three to five, often jump up and down in the same manner, keeping a sort of time with the thumping of their heels to the rude songs that they are spluttering out in jerks and gasps as unmusical as the hammering of their heels. A lot of these little damsels would favor us with a short version of this stiff-jumping, spluttering melody whenever they were particularly grateful for some small gift we had presented to them.

A capital game played by the little girls, and by some of the smaller boys, is a rude sort of ball-game. Thick sealskin leather is made into a ball about the size of our common base-ball, and then filled about two-thirds full with sand. If completely filled, it would be as hard and unyielding as a stone, and the singular *sliding* way it has of yielding because of its being only partially filled, makes it much harder to catch and retain in the hands than our common ball. The game is a very simple one, much like our play with bean-bags, and consists simply in striking at the ball with the open palm of the hand, and, when there is a crowd of players, in keeping the ball constantly in the air. This is a favorite summer game when the snow is off the ground and the people are living in sealskin tents. No doubt it affords considerable

shouting and loud and boisterous merriment out-of-doors, you may be almost certain of finding, when you go to your tent door, that all the children of the village are engaged in a game of "sand-bag ball."

Another Eskimo out-of-door amusement much resembles the old Indian game of "Lacrosse." It is played on the smooth lake ice, with three or four small round balls of quartz or granite, about the size of an English walnut. These are kicked and knocked about the lake, with plenty of fun and shouting, but utterly without any rules to govern the game.

It takes a long time to grind one of these irregular pieces of stone into a round ball, but the Eskimo people are very patient and untiring in their routine work, and with them, as with the Indians, time is of hardly any consequence whatever. The number of years that they will spend in plodding away at the most simple things shows them to be probably the most patient people in the world.

When we were near King William's Land, I saw an Eskimo working upon a knife that, as nearly as I could ascertain, had engaged a good part of his time some six years preceding that date. He had a flat piece of iron, which had been taken from the wreck of one of Sir John Franklin's

ships, and from this he was endeavoring to make a knife-blade, which, when completed, would be about twelve inches long. In cutting it from this iron plate he was using for a chisel an old file, found on one of the ships, which it had taken him two or three years to sharpen by rubbing its edge against stones and rocks. His cold-chisel finished, he had been nearly as many years cutting a straight edge along the ragged sides of the irregular piece of iron, and when I discovered him he had outlined the width of his knife on the plate and was

the same purpose. We had with us a great number of glovers' needles, and these we traded for the iron ones, which to us were great curiosities. The women do some wonderfully neat sewing with these needles, considering the nature of the implements and the coarse thread of reindeer sinew which they use. This sinew is stripped from the reindeer's back in flat pieces about eighteen inches long and two inches wide. The Eskimo woman's spool of thread consists of a bundle of these strips of sinew, hung up in the igloo, from which she



ESKIMO BOYS PLAYING "SAND-BAG BALL."

cutting away at it. It would probably have taken him two years to cut out this piece, and two more to fashion the knife into shape and usefulness.

The file which he had made into a cold-chisel was such a proof of labor and patience that it was a great curiosity to me, and I gave him a butcher's knife in exchange for it. Thus almost the very thing he had been so long trying to make he now unexpectedly found in his possession. When I told him that our factories (or "big igloos," as I called them for his easier understanding) could make more than he could carry of such butcher-knives during the time we had spent in talking about his, he expressed his great surprise in prolonged gasps of breath at this manifest superiority of the *Kod-loou-sah*, as the Eskimo call the white men.

Among the women of this same tribe I found a number of square iron needles that they had taken months to make, slowly filing them on rough, rusty iron plates and occasionally using stones for

strips a thread whenever she needs one. It is very strong, and will cut through the flesh of one's fingers before it can be broken. The Eskimo braid it into fish-lines, bow-strings, whip-cord, and nearly always have a ball of it on hand in the house braided up and ready for use.

Before the Eskimo became acquainted with white men, and learned to use their better implements, many household articles were made from bone and the ivory walrus tusks. Among these were forks, spoons, and even knives, of which a few designs are shown on the next page. Very few are in existence now, but some of them were much more ornamental than those in the illustration, for, as I have said, the northern natives do not hesitate to begin anything for want of time in which to complete it; and if they only have the ingenuity to manufacture odd or pretty designs, they have plenty of leisure and plenty of patience to carve them out.

Many of the smaller and odd pieces left from the tusk are carved into figures of birds and animals.

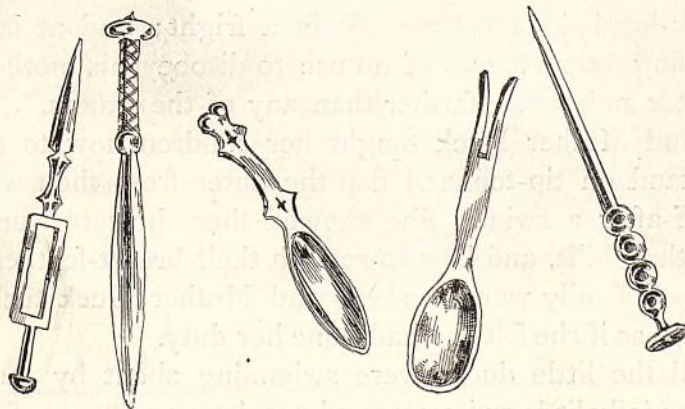
Occasionally you will see some old woman of the tribe with quite a bagful of ivory dogs, ducks, bears, swans, walrus, seals, and every living thing with the form of which they are familiar. They will make rude dominoes and sit and play with them for hours at a time during their long winter evenings. And not toys only, but many articles of utility also are thus carved from the ivory taken from the tusks of the walrus. Walrus and seal spear-heads, and the sharpened head of the lances they used in killing the musk-ox and polar bear, were formerly thus made. In fact, it would have been almost impossible for the Eskimo to exist without this valuable portion of the walrus, before an acquaintance with the white men enabled them to secure iron and guns to replace their own rude implements. The principal use now made of the tusks is to trade them in quantities to the whalers, who pay for them in such merchandise as the natives need.

The Eskimo have no money of any sort, and know nothing of its use. In fact, they know very little about the true value of any one thing as compared with others; and if they desire a needle, or any other small article, they are ready to give in exchange for it a garment or object which you, brought up to compare the values of things, would know to be worth ten, or possibly one hundred, times as much. The poor creatures are thus often badly cheated by unprincipled persons who take advantage of this trait of their character, and they frequently receive little or nothing for things which in our own country are very valuable. I once saw such a man give twenty-five musket-caps to an Eskimo boy for five pretty, white fox skins, which, at that rate, would have been one cent of our money for three fox skins; and the skins could readily be sold for five dollars when he reached the United States.

A favorite Eskimo amusement is one which both the white and Indian boys sometimes play with the bow and arrow. It is to see how many arrows can be kept in the air at one time. The Eskimo boy, with his quiver pulled around over his shoulders so that he can get the arrows quickly and readily, commences shooting them straight up into the air, and when the first arrow thus shot up strikes the ground, he must at once stop. The number of arrows he has shot indicates his score, which he will compare with that made by the other boys. Sometimes they will only count those that in descending stand upright in the snow, and in this case they will shoot all that are in their quivers.

At another time they will count only those that stick upright within a certain area, generally a circle of from twenty to thirty yards in diameter; these must all be shot from the bow by the time the first arrow strikes within the space marked out, and in this case considerable precision and rapidity in shooting are required to make a good score. The boys will often shoot a single arrow high into the air and try to intercept it with another one sent straight horizontally above the ground as the first one rapidly descends. The Eskimo and Indians and other savage tribes who are skilled in the use of the bow and arrow, can shoot an arrow so that it will go somewhat *sidewise*. They practice this way of shooting when trying to hit a descending arrow, or one stuck upright in the ground. It must, however, be remembered that the Eskimo are not as good bowmen as are many of the other savage tribes, who gain a part or all of their living by this instrument; the Eskimo use spears and lances much more frequently, and where accuracy is especially needed, bows are seldom employed. With those Eskimo who come into frequent contact with white men, guns have now altogether taken the place of bows and arrows.

(To be continued.)



ESKIMO KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS CARVED OUT OF IVORY.

MOTHER DUCK.

BY BESSIE PARKER.

ONE day, as the swans were swimming about the duck-pond, and the two gray ducks with black heads were keeping out of the swans' way, a pretty cream-colored duck, with ten yellow, downy ducklings, came waddling down from the duck-house. She showed her babies to the swans, but drove the black-headed ducks away when they came near her ducklings. At first the little ducklings kept very close to their mother, and paddled up and down the pond with her. But before they were ten days old, they grew very greedy and unkind. They would peck at one another, and I am sorry to say that Mother Duck did not try to teach them good manners.

But when they were big enough, she did teach them to swim. She called them to her and said, "Quack, quack!" which meant "Attention, children!" and then she put her head far down under water. After she came up, the ducklings put their heads under water, in the same way. Then she took a deep dive, and swam a little under water, but only one duckling was brave enough to do that. So they both tried it again, and the duckling who could dive was so proud of what he could do that he kept diving all the time, and helped his mother very much in teaching the others.

By and by, all the little ducklings had learned to dive and swim under water, except the very biggest one. But his mother would not let him stop learning. She chased him all about the pond, flapping and quacking, while all the little ducklings quacked, and even the swans became excited, and the black-headed ducks ran off in a fright; and at last, when the naughty duckling found it was of no use to disobey his mother, he flopped under the water and swam farther than any of the others. Then all was quiet again, and Mother Duck taught her children how to stretch themselves, and stand on tip-toe, and flap the water from their wings, and dry themselves off after a swim. She showed them how to comb out their feathers with their bills, and how to smooth their breast-feathers. After the lesson, the whole family went to sleep, and Mother Duck tucked her head under her wing, as if she felt she had done her duty.

Next day all the little ducks were swimming about by themselves, and now they are as jolly little swimmers and quackers as you can find anywhere.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A BRIGHT June welcome to you, my friends!
And now for

THE INK-PLANT.

My birds tell me of a curious thing known as the ink-plant. It grows somewhere in South America (who knows exactly where?), and the juice can be used for ink as soon as it is squeezed from the plant. Perhaps some of the young folks living in South America will tell us something about this wonderful vegetable production.

A MOON-RAINBOW.

DEAR JACK: Will you please ask your congregation if any of them ever saw a rainbow in the night?

A year ago last October, a friend and I went to spend the evening at a neighbor's house. While we were there a heavy rain-storm, with wind and lightning, came on, and lasted till nearly eleven o'clock. It was still raining slightly when we started home, but the heaviest of the clouds had just passed over to the east when the moon, which was nearly full, suddenly came out in plain view low in the west, and then we saw a beautiful rainbow! It was of a brilliant white, and it lasted a minute or more, till a cloud drifted over the moon and ended the show.

I have never seen nor read of another moon-rainbow, and I think they must be very rare.

AN IOWA FARMER.

MORE ABOUT ANTS.

YONKERS, N. Y., March 10, 1885.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read ST. NICHOLAS every month, and think it very nice. I saw a question in it (in February or November, I think) about ants. Last summer we had an ant city (size about sixty square feet) in one of our garden terraces. It was burrowed all over, and looked like an immense honey-comb. We tried everything we could think of to kill them. Kerosene oil did it, and millions were killed every day.

We wondered what they did with their dead, so we watched.

The live ones would take two dead ones each, and drag them up the steps to the next to the top, leave the dead ones there, and go back for more. When the step was nearly full they would stop. Then they would get some grains of sand and put them on top of the dead ones till they were all covered. Then they would fill the next step, and so on. This they kept up for two or three weeks, and then they stopped, until we put more kerosene on; then they would go to work again.

Some of the ants got food for the others while they were working.
I remain, W. G. S., Jr.

February 20, 1885.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I hope it is not too late to write concerning the ants G. M. B. asks about. My mother and I have seen two ants, each three-fourths of an inch long, carrying a dead ant between them. I do not know what they did with it, but I do know that I once watched an ant eat another one, and I have seen them eat bees of all kinds.

Your constant reader,

H. C. WILLIAMS.

WHY GOLDEN GATE.

"HOW MANY hundred answers to the Golden Gate question have you received?" asks Bertha Rowell, in her letter on the subject. Well, really, Bertha, your Jack can't say. He has "lost count"; but certainly, if old King Solomon was correct when he said, "In a multitude of counselors there is safety," then Jack should be as wise on this San Francisco question as good King Solomon himself, or as all the owls that ever blinked. It is almost as hard to fit a key to the Golden Gate as it was to wind the right note on the Golden Horn. But here is what some of this multitude of counselors say.

Of course, the California boys and girls ought to be the best authority on this question; and, as Sidney P., who writes from San Francisco, says, "The California boys' chance to 'come out strong' has arrived." So California shall lead off in the answers. Bertha L. Rowell explains that "the Golden Gate is a beautiful strait, about a mile wide, connecting the Bay of San Francisco with the Pacific Ocean. At the right of the entrance is Point Lobos, and at the left Point Bonita. These points are familiarly known as 'the Heads.' This strait derived its name of the Golden Gate from the fact that it is the entrance to the 'land of gold,'—the El Dorado,—as it was through this gate-way that the gold-seekers, in 1849, entered the harbor of San Francisco from the sea." Sidney P. says much the same, and adds that "the strait is about a mile and a half wide, and every evening it is beautifully tinged with the golden rays of the sun, which sets in the ocean directly behind it." Sidney declares that he once heard some New York people ask, when they first saw this channel, "Where is the gate?" and he says that he really hopes "none of the ST. NICHOLAS readers imagine there is a gate to open and shut!"

Alice M. Rambo's letter says: "Many persons think the Golden Gate is so called because it is the entrance to the 'Golden State' of California, but it is not so. Long years ago, when the Spaniards first came to California, as they sailed through the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco, they looked back through the narrow passage and saw the beautiful, golden-hued sunset in the Pacific Ocean. And they called the passage-way the Golden Gate." Isabel Clarke, who is eleven this month, sends both the explanations already given, and says that the ST. NICHOLAS readers may

choose the one they think the more probable. Ernestine S. Haskell says the Golden Gate is an every-day sight to her, and that the reason generally given for its name is because it is the entrance to the land of gold — now the land of golden grain. She says: "It was through this gate that I watched the 'Jeannette' sail to its fate, and saw the 'Tokio' bringing home General Grant from his tour around the world."

These are all San Francisco boys and girls; and here is James Alexander Barclay, of Merced, Cal., who says that the name was given because of the great wealth of the State to which it was the sea-entrance.

Going as far in the other direction for an answer, here is H. von Sobbe, of Liverpool, England, who says that "the Bay of San Francisco is generally called the most beautiful bay in the world. It faces the west and receives the glory of the setting sun, and hence the entrance is called the Golden Gate." Violet Campbell, who is ten years old, writes from Kingston, Canada, to say that "the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco is between two big rocks, and as the sun sets just opposite these rocks, the reflection makes the water between these rocks look just like gold. It is not a real gate, though it is called the Golden Gate." Susy Lewis, of Hyde Park, Ill., says "it is called a gate because it affords safe passage for ships, and is called golden because the setting sun, seen between the hills on either side, looks like a golden ball." Clarence A. C., of Mount Hope, N. Y., says that as the narrow passage into the Bay of San Francisco is "the only opening on the western side of the United States and leads in among the

gold regions, it is called the Golden Gate." Emily S. Walker, of Hinsdale, Mass., who is twelve years old, grows poetical on the subject and gives her answer in this wise to Jane's question:

"Dear Jane: Your question has troubled me of late,
To find what is called the Golden Gate.
On the coast of California State
San Francisco is situate.
To reach its harbor you pass through a strait,
And that is called the Golden Gate."

Hattie V. Woodard, of Osage, Iowa, thinks that the entrance to San Francisco harbor is called the Golden Gate because it is shaped like a gate-way, and because it is the most western part of the United States; and she adds that "in one of Whittier's poems it is spoken of as the 'Golden Gate of Sunset.'"

These replies show you what most of the boys and girls have to say about the Golden Gate. Of course Jack can't begin to publish all the answers, so he lets you see these, and thanks all those who have written him in reply to Jane Elva B.'s question, including: Agnes M. Bristow, Harry J. Childs, Sam Bissell, "Violet," Willie E. Caveny, Mary McLean, Lotta B., F. T., Helen M. Dudley, Walter I. Cooper, W. T., A. B. Linch, Mamie Dudley, J. A. C., Virginia Holbrook, Geo. Willis Cummings, Nena C. A., W. S. Johnson, Ellie and Susie, C. E. S., Alice E. Hubbard, Stuart M. Beard, Schuyler E. Day, Nannie Duff, Fred. H. H., Carrie L. Land, Harry Taylor, Helen L. D., Karl S. Harbaugh, H. E. B., Minnie May, Anna Hammond, and George S. Strong, David Foster, Emily A. Whiston, and very many others.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

OUR thanks are due to the proprietors of *The Field*, 346 Strand, London, England, for their kind permission to reproduce in ST. NICHOLAS the pictures which form the illustrations to "The Royal Game of Tennis," in this number.

"HELEN'S Prize Dinner," the story which won the second prize in the recent competition for the best story for girls written by a girl, appears in this number, beginning on page 609.

THE LETTER-BOX.

FLORIDA, Mar., '85.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a long time, but have never written to you before; so I hope you will find room for my letter. I have a great many little chickens, which I feed with bread and milk and hard-boiled eggs while they are very small. When they were first hatched I tied little ribbons around their necks, and they did not mind, but some larger chickens tried to pick them off. It was very cunning. It is very warm here now.

Your loving reader,

RITIE.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 9, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell the boys about something I play nearly every day. I take a long piece of fine wood and whittle it into a sword; I then take off my shoes and put on a pair of overalls over my trousers and stockings, put on a pair of stockings, roll them down to my ankles, put a pair of slippers on, put a strap around my waist for a belt, put my sword in this belt, and play I am a knight of old.

Your faithful reader,

GEORGE A.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for more than two years, and I like it very much. I have a sister older than myself, and two younger sisters. My elder sister, Ida, and I attend the Normal school. I have two grandpas, and they both have farms in the country. Every summer I go out in the country to spend my vacation. We generally have ten weeks' vacation, and I divide the time equally between the two places. I ride horseback a great deal and use the saddle Mamma had when she was a little girl. Ida is thirteen, I am eleven, Jessie is eight, and Georgiana is three. I have an Aunt Carrie; she lives in the country; she is fourteen years old. Last summer, when I was out in the country, we all went down the lane and took some lunch with us and built a little stove out of bricks, and baked some potatoes and apples, and ate our dinner there; we had a very nice time. I expect to go there again this summer, and I suppose I will have fun, as I always do. Good-bye.

From your friend,

HELEN B. J.

CAIRO, ILL., Feb. 17, '85.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you all about my happiness. I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS for over a year and found it very interesting. St. Valentine's was my birthday; I was fifteen years old, and what do you suppose was my present? My kind papa and mamma had the numbers of ST. NICHOLAS bound into a book, and a handsome one it is. My favorite stories are: "Davy and the Goblin" and "His One Fault."

Yours,

RONALD W.

STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a goat, and her name is Nancy. She is very intelligent. Once when I was hitching her up to my wagon I felt something pulling my dress, and when I looked around I found that Nancy had been chewing on my dress. Perhaps you think I'm a boy, but I'm not; I'm a girl, and my name is

KITTIE.

DUNELLUN-BROOKVILLE, ST. JOHN, N. B., Feb. 8, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought, as so many wrote to you, that you could find room for my letter. I live five miles out from the city; it is pleasant here all the year round. We have a great many picnics in the summer, and we go boating and bathing, and have splendid fun. I have a dog that came from the Highlands of Scotland. I have been to England and Scotland, and have found both beautiful. We visited Ayr, and went to see Burns's cottage; it was so very small the windows were only a foot square. There is a beautiful monument, which was put up in memory of the great poet, in the lower part. They sell little wooden things made of the wood which grew on the banks of the Doon.

I remain, yours truthfully,

ETHEL K. M.

INDEPENDENCE, MO., Feb. 5, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read you whenever I can, in the evenings after school, on Saturdays, and on Sundays. At school I am in the next highest room, and am trying to fit myself for college when I get through the public schools. I read every word in you, and am very fond of you. Your best stories are, I think, "Davy and the Goblin" and "His One Fault." I was so sorry that Cassius Brantley took Dandy Jim away and changed him for another horse.

HICKMAN P.

CHICAGO, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and like your stories very much. I was very much interested in Miss Alcott's "Spinning-wheel Stories." At school we read in you instead of a reader, and my teacher likes you ever so much.

Your admirer,

RUTH J. B.

LANCASTER, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have intended to write before, but I have not had time, as I go to school. There was a funny thing happened not very far from our house on a farm; there was a white cat and it had some white kittens, there was also a hen sitting on some eggs; they were both in the barn. So one morning when one of the family went out to see the kittens, what should they see but the hen on the kittens and the cat on the eggs. That day they did not disturb them, but went back to the house. The next day they found them the same. And the next day they went out and took the old hen off the kittens and they found them most dead. They took the cat and put her on the kittens. And I guess she saw her mistake, for she never left them again. Perhaps some may not believe this story true, but it is. I remain ever your constant reader and friend,

ESTELLE H.

RUSSELL, SHELL RIVER, MANITOBA, Feb. 7, '85.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I dare say you will be surprised to find that the ST. NICHOLAS magazine has found its way up to "the wild North-West," "the Great Lone Land" (by the by, it is not such a very lonely place). We live quite close to a little village called Russell. I am very much interested in the story by J. T. Trowbridge, "His One Fault." I intend to make a salt crystal glass. I half made

one, but it was so cold I had to keep it under the stove; but it was a bother, and I must wait till the summer. And now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, hoping that you will put this in, as it is my first letter, I am your loving little reader,

ELLEN.

ENTERPRISE, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here comes a Jayhawker to have a little chat with you and the circle. I have always lived in sunny Kansas, on a farm. I live about eighteen miles from the exact center of the United States. The prairies, in spring, look most beautiful, the grass so green, and so many pretty flowers, of so many colors. Blue and white daisies come first, and they are eagerly hunted for by us children, as we go to school. We keep our teacher's desk well supplied with bouquets. I like to go to school, and I like to read better. I like the stories, "His One Fault," "Driven Back to Eden," and I don't know what I don't like in them. I am eleven years old. I have three sisters and two brothers. One day at school the teacher asked a boy in my class what they made out of ivory, and he said ivory soap. My teacher is the best teacher I ever went to. I never wrote a letter to a paper or a magazine before. I will stop. Well, good-bye to the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS. I send my love to all, from one who would read all the time if she could.

GRACE L.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO, Jan. 27, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was a little girl we used to sing our multiplication table, the States and their capitals, and the kings and queens of England. Gail Hamilton's charming versification this month brought the old rhymes and tunes to my mind again. I wish I could give you the tune, but here is the old rhyming list which we sang, as we stood, hand in hand, before our old teacher, swaying back and forth as we sang.

Very truly your devoted admirer, L. F.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

First William the Norman,
Then William, his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
And Richard and John.
Then Henry the Third,
Edwards one, two, and three,
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew;
But received after Cromwell
Another Charles too.
James, Second, the Stuart, ascended the throne;
And William and Mary together came on.
Queen Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William, all past,
God sent us Victoria, may she long be the last.

BOSTON, Feb. 15, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little sisters, and our home is in the Far West. We are spending the winter in Boston. Our aunt is very kind; yet we miss our mother, and the rambling life we have heretofore led, so different from the life one leads in the East. Auntie takes the ST. NICHOLAS, and we sit in the parlor and pore over it in the long winter evenings. We hope you will print this, as it is our first letter.

Your ever admiring friends,

WILHELMINA AND AMELIA L.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In one number of ST. NICHOLAS you printed a story called "Margaret's Favor Book," and some of us little girls got up a society called the "F. B. S." (Favor Book Society), and we each had a little book, in which we wrote, every night, the favors we had received during the day. We each had a motto which we wrote on the first page of our book, and badges. We had a meeting every Saturday, and the president read aloud all the favors which had been received during the week. But we had to give the society up a little while ago, because most of the members moved away. I thought, perhaps, some of your readers would like to have such a society. I remain your faithful reader,

BLANCHE D.

ADRIAN, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen any letters from Adrian, I thought I would write one. I am a little girl, only nine years old, so you must not expect a very good letter from me. I think Louisa Alcott's tales are lovely, and Frank Stockton's are per-

fectly magnificent; for instance, "The Philopena," "The Queen's Museum," "The Magician's Daughter," and "The Floating Prince." I am very sorry "The Spinning-wheel" stories have come to an end. "What Wakes the Flowers?" in the March number, is very pretty. I am going to speak it in school.

Ever your constant reader,

ELIZABETH C.

EAST AURORA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, and I hope to see it printed. We have taken you for six years, and I think you are very nice. I have never read much of you until lately. The stories and pictures of the "Brownies" I think are very funny. I noticed in every one of them a dude and a policeman.

Yours truly,

MARY B.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A literal translation of George W. Stearns's letter, in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, is:

There was a man in the city, and he was very wise, and rushing into thorns, he was deprived of his eyes. I will say that, when he perceived himself to be blind, rushing into other thorns he got his eyes. A free translation is the nursery rhyme:

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise," etc.

Yours truly,

GEO. H. S.

CHENANGO FORKS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote these verses when I was nine years old. I was herding fifty cows in the corn-stalks, out in Nebraska, when I thought them out. I am ten now. We children have taken ST. NICHOLAS for four years, and we think it splendid.

Your friend,

CHAUNCEY C.

THE BRAVE SOLDIER.

The cows were grazing in the field,—
A soldier crouched behind a shield,—
When suddenly an arrow flew,
And split the largest cow in two.

The other cows were awful mad,
And said it really was too bad;
The soldier hid behind a stone,
For cows' horns are made of bone.

CATSKILL, April 1, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am having lots of fun, fooling people. I told my little sister this morning to say to Papa: "Look on the wall; is not that a funny shadow?—April fool!" When Papa came in, she cried, "Aper foo!" which made us all laugh. Three years ago, when we were in Gardiner, Maine, Papa said one morning: "See the boats on the river!" We looked, but did not see any boats. Then Papa said, "April fool!" "It is the 31st of March," said Mamma, as she looked at the calendar.

I love you so much, dear ST. NICHOLAS. I run for you the minute you come.

Your devoted reader,

G. H. C.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you these lines, which I cut from the *Congregationalist*, hoping that you would print them, as I thought they would interest many of your readers. I have taken you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, ever since you were born, and I am only four years older than you are.

Your constant reader,

LIZZIE C. B.

"Everybody who sings or hears sung Burns's pretty song of 'Coming Through the Rye' is apt to picture to himself a field of this grain through which the lassies are seen coming. This conception is now said to be incorrect, the reference being to a small stream in Ayrshire called the Rye. It was easily waded, but the lassies in going across would have to hold up the skirts of their dresses. While in this attitude, mischievous lads like Robbie Burns would wade out and snatch a kiss, which the lassies would be obliged to allow, or else let their skirts fall into the water."

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Falls City in the Letter-box, and hope that this one may find a place there.

Louisville, which claims to have about 120,000 inhabitants, is a very pretty town, situated on one of the widest parts of the Ohio River. We have here the Southern Exposition, which is said to be one of the largest in the world. I am very much interested in all your stories, and wait impatiently for the 26th of each month, which is my "St. Nicholas Day."

I wonder if any of your readers have ever ridden on a tandem tricycle. I guess the Prince of Naples, the Crown Prince of Russia,

and many of your European friends have. I have, at least, and had quite a nice time. As it was my first attempt, I had to learn to keep my feet on the pedals, which seemed quite hard at first.

Your constant reader and faithful friend,

MARY S.

TOPSFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you five or six years, and like you better every year. Last summer I called on Mr. Whittier, and asked him to write in my autograph album. He was in his study, which opens from the dining-room by folding-doors. There was a fine picture of Mr. Longfellow on the wall, and a desk, at which, I suppose, Mr. Whittier writes some of his poems.

I am thirteen years old. I have a pug dog, of which I am very fond.

Your constant reader,

A. E. J.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking your magazine for three years, and have found it the best for young folk. There are three of us reading your ST. NICHOLAS, and when it arrives we have quite a hard time in deciding which is to have it first.

We remain, your dear readers,

FRED AND WILL K.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL, 3 RUE CASTIGLIONE, }
PARIS, FRANCE.

MY DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for nearly seven years, but have never given myself the pleasure of writing to you. I am a little American girl of thirteen. I have been living in Switzerland for the last three years. I speak French better than English, but I am very glad to say that I am on my way home. I am now staying in the beautiful city of Paris. I have already seen

lots of old churches and palaces six or seven hundred years old. The other day we went to see a palace which was built by King Louis IX. in the thirteenth century, now the Palais de Justice. Attached to it is La Sainte Chapelle, still the most beautiful in Paris. The windows in it are made of gorgeous colorings, and the floor is made of mosaic, with the emblems of France and Spain on it (*le fleur de lis*). I also saw Napoleon's tomb at the Hotel des Invalides. I have been to a great many other places, which I should like to tell you about, but it would take up too much of your precious space, so I must say good-bye. The May number of your dear magazine I hope to read in my native land.

Always your affectionate reader,

MARIE L. C.

We can only acknowledge the receipt of the pleasant letters sent us by the following young friends: Lu H., Laura Larimer, Pet Kinneand Teenie S. Haskell, Robert R. Peebles, Tony T., Ernest B., "Goldilocks," Maud, Frousie, Julia Mintzer, Clara E. Veader, Maggie M. Murray, Ellie T. Hitchcock, Mary M. B., J. Alice Gernaud and Roberta Owens, Florence Willard, Louise M. Johnson, H. E. C., Rose, George Nicholas, Thomas Hill, Emily, Elsie H., Oman Ramsden, Bertha Cross, Willie and James Armstrong, Amos P. Fisk, Ethel M., Valliant Turner, Louise Joynes, E. M. T., Charlie Leonard, Grace E. Chambers, Mary Brotherton, "Janet," Lottie G. Day, Josie B. Eryav, Maud H. and Nellie R., G. Beyer, Amy F. C., Lousia Kausch, Sidney M. Hauptman, Charlie Faulkner, Grace Williams, Blanche and Lotta, E. Hagemann, Mable Harvey, Milton Frank, Maria Sykes, G. E. M., Lizzie Parks, Ella Brookings, Ora H. King, M. J. E., Lilian Trask, Will Smiley, Fred. H. D., Gracie I., Clemence Frank, Ethel Watts, and Rex Dickinson.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FIFTY-FIRST REPORT.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

THE contest for the prizes offered last November for the best drawings of snow-crystals has not been so spirited as we hoped. Still, some very excellent work has been done, and some very beautiful forms observed. The first prize was easily taken by Chapter 742, Jefferson, Ohio, A. E. Warren, Secretary. We may give engravings of these drawings at a later day.

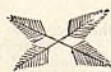
The second prize was awarded to Miss L. V. Makrille, of Washington, D. C.

Mr. R. H. Keep, of Norwich, Conn., won the third prize, and Mr. C. H. Paddock, of Chapter 613, Winooski, Vt., the fourth. The next five sets were so nearly equal in merit, that it was decided to rank them all alike, and to award a prize of equal value to each one of the five. The names of the successful five, arranged alphabetically, are:

Miss Julia Dwight, President of Chapter 579, Hadley, Mass.; Miss Edith C. Hohnes (a corresponding member of the Central Association of Lenox), Auburn, N. Y.; Miss Alice Heustis, of Chapter 729, Boston, Mass.; Henry A. Stewart, of Chapter 489, Gettysburg, Pa.; Theodore G. White, New-York City.

A study of the drawings received tends to confirm the statement of the books that water crystallizes in six-pointed figures, or at the least, in stars

having each either three points or a multiple of three. Still (as was the case last year) a few drawings showing four and five pointed crystals were sent in, and a very few showing seven and eight angles. The four-pointed figures are readily accounted for, on the supposition that two rays have been broken off. Here is one (Fig. 1.), for example, in which



1

all these exceptional forms occurred in the sets that were most carelessly drawn.

The only approach to irregularity that occurs in a prize set is that shown in Figure 4, and found



4

"In regard to this snow-crystal drawing, don't you think it impossible to make a fair drawing by just looking at the object, and then putting it down from memory? By doing so, one could fix up



2



3

an extremely fascinating little picture, because he would be led on from making a little touch here to adding another there, till he thought there could not have been any more lines, and then he has an exaggerated, and almost half "made-up" picture. Merely to catch a glimpse of one of these frail forms before it melts, and then to try to picture it accurately, is more or less unsatisfactory, so far as truth goes. It was very cold sitting outdoors before breakfast, drawing these crystals, but I did not see any other honest way out of it. So I can say truthfully, they are as nearly natural as they could be made by a fellow holding his pencil with almost numb fingers, and a mitten on at that."

Now that boy has the true scientific spirit, and the hearty love for truth that must characterize every earnest student.

It will not do for us to leave the question thus. Next winter we must try once more—all of us. We must get a thousand sketches and lay them side by side. We must have them all made as conscientiously as possible, and that, too, not for the sake of a prize, but from that anxiety to learn the exact truth with regard to a crystal of water, which must be finding its way by this time into the mind of every member of the A. A. who has the least inclination toward mineralogy. By the way, this question was sent in a few days ago: "Is water a mineral?"

What do you think about it?

Before giving a summary of Chapter reports, we have the pleasure of offering an extract from a letter of Professor H. T. Cresson, 224 South Broad street, Philadelphia; who has aided us in the department of Ethnology:

"I do not consider it any trouble to answer questions that may be directed to me; on the contrary, it affords me great pleasure. The thought occurs to me that some of our friends in the Indian districts could send us valuable information about that much-neglected branch of ethnology, *Indian music, both vocal and instrumental*. With best wishes for the success of the Association,

"H. T. CRESSON."

Read also this from Professor Putman-Cramer, of Brooklyn:

"You are, perhaps, aware that we have here an Entomological Society, boasting some forty members, among them some prominent entomologists. As president of that society for the current year, I express, I am sure, the opinions of the society when I say that we should be glad to see any member or members of the A. A. at our monthly meetings, which are held on the first Tuesday of each month in the Polytechnic Institute, Livingstone street, near Court street, at 8 P. M."

This invitation is one that no member of the A. A. interested in entomology, and able to accept, can afford to slight. Even if one is not a student of insect life he can learn much about methods of work, and the ways of conducting scientific meetings, by observing how these things are done by experts.

In addition to the chemists whose offers of aid have already appeared in ST. NICHOLAS, we are pleased to give the address of Mr. Charles P. Worcester, Newtonville, Mass., who will cheerfully answer such questions as may be sent him.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

275, *Washington, D. C. (E)*. I saw a wasp and a Hessian fly fighting. The fly killed the wasp. At another time I saw a fly, with red eyes and an abdomen checked with green, attack and kill a good-sized dragon-fly. The electric lights on the dome of the Capitol attract many insects. Our rarest specimens have been caught there. The large water-beetle (*Dynasticus marginatus*) has been found in large numbers. This is rather high for them. I once saw it stated as a rare incident that one had been found on a two-story house about thirty feet high. I have found as many as twenty-five in one morning at least three hundred and forty-five feet from the ground. Water-scorpions, wheel-bugs and other hemiptera, bees, flies, various neuroptera, and all kinds of nocturnal lepidoptera are found there.—Alonso H. Stewart, Sec.

286, *Stockport, N. Y.* One of our members has seen red squirrels and chipmunks swimming.—W. J. Fisher, Sec.

56, *St. Johnsbury, Vt.* We have been slowly growing since we began with four members, until now we have twenty-four, all active workers. The principal of our academy has given us a fine cabinet, of which we are very proud.—Thornton B. Penfield, Sec.

638, *St. Louis (D)*. Our members are exceptionally united in study. We have raised our initiation fee to one dollar, so that we may be sure of obtaining members who take a live interest in nature. During less than a year more than fifty essays have been read, seven lectures delivered, and we have had two select readings at each meeting.—Frank M. Davis, Sec.

485, *Brooklyn, Ohio*. We have now twenty-six members. We are fortunate in having among us a few who have studied special branches, and also in having near us professors who are interested in our work. We are studying zoology. We began with Protozoans, and are taking each of the sub-kingdoms in order. For particular work, our affections are divided between entomology and botany.—F. H. Pelton.

556, *Philadelphia (R)*. I have used the following arrangement for cultivating molds: I take a glazed stone jar, and fill it with rich earth, which must be kept slightly damp. On this I place the "bait"—cheese or bread, or some substance that will mold. This I cover with a small flower-pot. Then I set the whole in a warm place for a few days. Such beauties as some of the common molds appear under the microscope truly make one forget time, place, hunger, and cold. Some which I found growing on blackberry jam were especially beautiful, resembling tea-roses scattered through brown moss.—Wm. E. McHenry, Sec.

600, *Galveston, Texas*. We have entered upon a new year with new hopes. During the last three months we have had twelve very interesting papers and six select readings.—Philip C. Tucker, Jr., Sec.

480, *Baltimore, Md. (F)*. Professor Riley, the entomologist of the Agricultural Department, had kindly promised to show us some part of his collection of insects. It is hard to say which gave us the more pleasure—recognizing old friends among the moths and beetles, or the sight of strange tropical insects, with gaudy wings and monstrous forms. When I remind you that this is a chapter of girls, you will not be surprised to learn that there was a constant chorus of "oh!s."—Miss R. Jones, Sec.

449, *Keene, N. H.* We have ten moth-proof boxes for insects; also, a compound microscope and an aquarium. We go out on the hills hunting moths and cocoons. The latter we found most easily when snow was on the ground, as the leaves were off the bushes.—Frank H. Foster, Sec.

136, *Columbia, Pa.* Our room is large, and there are blackboards on two sides of it. On these our botanists illustrate their topics by drawings. Our specimens are placed on printed cards. The reports in ST. NICHOLAS stimulate chapters to renewed energy in hope of seeing their own reports there.—James C. Meyers, Sec.

EXCHANGES.

We wish to exchange soil of N. Y. or N. J. for any other.—W. W. Allen, Sec. 771. Box 12, Sloatsburg, N. Y.

Will some one exchange dried ferns with me?—Wm. Wardrop, Gowan Cottage, Linlithgow, Scotland.

Copper ore, for fossils and insects.—C. F. McLean, 3120 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in botany and geology, and should like to correspond with some one who would have patience with a beginner who is also an invalid.—Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 13 Gorham street, Madison, Wis.

Alligators' teeth, banana leaves, orange blossoms, Spanish moss, etc., for bird skins or eggs.—Percy S. Benedict, Sec. 331, 1243 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, La.

Correspondence with distant chapters.—Wm. H. Plank, Wyandotte, Kans.

A fine specimen of fossil coral, 3 in. x 1 in., and pieces of petrified leaves and wood.—C. A. Jenkins, Sec. 447, Chittenango, N. Y.

We desire to correspond with Western chapters.—James S. Pray, Sec. 686, Lunenburg, Mass.

Marine shells of Northern New England, for those of Southern or Western coast, or for minerals.—H. E. Sawyer, Sec. 112, 37 Gates street, So. Boston, Mass.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
799	Fayetteville, N. Y. (A).....	13..	C. W. Austin.
800	Bryn Mawr, Pa. (A).....	6..	W. H. Miller.
801	Norristown, Pa. (B).....	6..	H. A. Fulmer, Box 20 (Fulmer).
802	Brooklyn, N. Y. (L).....	8..	J. R. Sweeney, 88 Middagh St.
803	Wyandotte, Kans. (A).....	10..	W. H. Plank.
804	Richmond, Ind. (A).....	6..	Jessie S. Reeves, 222 N. 10th St.
805	Philadelphia, Pa. (E).....	5..	C. E. Oram, 1620 Brown St.
806	Morristown, N. J. (A).....	7..	James Chambers, Box 69.
807	Burlington, Iowa (A).....	4..	Cary Carper, 815 N. 7th St.
808	Lisbon Center, Me. (A).....	6..	Wilbur Ham.
809	Milwaukee, Wis. (F).....	16..	Miss Louise Jones, 816 Marshall St.
810	Orchard Park, N. Y. (A).....	30..	Mrs. E. M. Husted.
811	Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y. (A).....	7..	C. S. Brownell.
812	Davenport, Iowa, (C).....	24..	Amos Spencer, 14th and Farnam Sts.
813	Waupaca, Wis. (A).....	5..	Richard M. Gibson.
814	Roxbury, Mass. (A).....	4..	Frank Hersey, 3088 Washington St.
815	Brooklyn, N. Y. (M).....	4..	H. S. Hadden, 69 Remsen St.
816	Cambridge, Mass. (A).....	5..	Robert L. Raymond, 5 Lee St.
817	Philadelphia, Pa. (F).....	8..	W. P. Cresson, Jr., 224 S. Broad St.
818	Newark, N. J. (D).....	8..	Pennington Satterthwaite, 2 West Park St.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
819	Hinsdale, Ill. (A).....	10..	Fred. A. Menge, (Du Page Co.)
820	Boston, Mass. (G).....	4..	T. H. Fay, Box 60.
821	New Bedford, Mass. (A).....	5..	Frederick, 247 Fourth St.
822	Ogden, Ohio, (A).....	5..	Cliff Hale.
823	Farmdale, Ky. (A).....	15..	Farmdale Chapter of the A. A., Box 58, K. M. I.
824	Fall River, Mass. (B).....	4..	J. B. Richards, 8 Barnaby St.
825	Greensburg, Pa. (A).....	30..	J. K. Johnston.
826	Newark, California (A).....	30..	Miss Ollie Jarvis.

REORGANIZED.

374	Brooklyn, N. Y. (E).....	11..	A. D. Phillips, 167 S. 2d St.
752	Cincinnati, O. (C).....		Has joined 561, Cin., O. (B) Alphonse Heuck, Sec., care Heuck's Opera House.

DISSOLVED.

557	Philadelphia, Pa. (S).....	3..	W. E. Walter.
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Present Secretary of 556 is Wm. E. McHenry, 1713 Oxford street, Philadelphia, Pa.; and of 793, is Elmer Stoll, Box 454, Ashland, Ohio.

Address all communications for this department to

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy,
Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PI.

WHAT famous poet translated from the German the lines from which this "pi" is made?

Ojy dan prenematec nad sporec
Smal het odor no eth codrot's oten.

E. M. S. AND B. H. P.

PUZZLERS' CROSS.



THE above cross consists of four nine-letter diamonds, connected in the center by a five-letter word-square. The letter of each of the four diamonds which is nearest to the square helps to form the middle word of the square.

UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In "A. P. Ower, Jr." 2. A projecting part of a wheel. 3. Small fishes of the gudgeon kind. 4. To comfort. 5. Pertaining to sparrows. 6. The act of confining a ship to a particular place by means of anchors, etc. 7. A familiar contrivance for throwing stones. 8. An abbreviation for a certain country. 9. In "Cyril Deane."

RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In "Royal Tarr." 2. The plural of the syllable representing the second tone in the gamut. 3. Denominations. 4. Asylum. 5. Refreshes. 6. Fumed. 7. Surfeits. 8. To scatter. 9. In "Alcibiades."

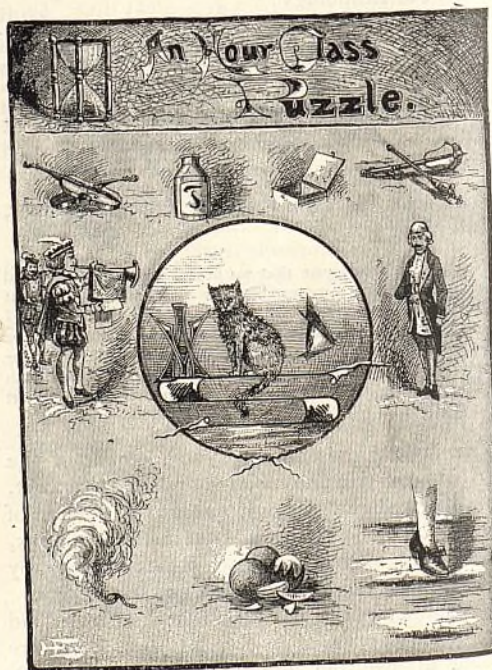
LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In "Rex Ford." 2. An undeveloped

flower. 3. One who inquires narrowly. 4. Quite new. 5. Demolition. 6. The bony part of the teeth directly beneath the enamel. 7. Restrains. 8. Misery. 9. In "Lyon Hart."

LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In "Hyperion." 2. The cry of a cat. 3. Plays with dice. 4. An error. 5. A variety of the peach, with a smooth rind. 6. Having on. 7. Peels. 8. An abbreviation for a certain country. 9. In "Dycie."

CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A fall of hail or snow mingled with rain. 2. To depart. 3. Impetuous. 4. Levels. 5. Concise.

"NAVAJO."



THE central picture is a rebus, and represents a word of nine letters. This forms the central word of the hour-glass. The cross-words are pictured around the rebus.



THE GOOD BOY BRIGADE.

