



THE PET FAWN.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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A SCHOOL OF LONG AGO.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago, among the German settlers of Pennsylvania, there was a remarkable old school-master, whose name was Christopher Dock. For a long time he taught two little country schools. For three days he would teach school at a little place called Skip-pack, and then for the next three days he would teach at Salford. Every one who knew him called him "the pious school-master." They said that he never lost his temper, and one day a man who thought to try him, said many harsh and abusive words to him, and even cursed him; but the only reply of the school-master was:

"Friend, may the Lord have mercy on thee."

In the time in which Christopher Dock taught German children in Pennsylvania, all other school-masters, so far as we know, used to beat their scholars severely with whips or long switches. Some of us, whose heads are not yet white, can remember with sorrow the long beech switches of the school-masters of our childhood. But long before our time, School-master Dock, all by himself, had found out a better way.

When a child came to school for the first time, the other scholars were made, one after another, to give the new scholar welcome by shaking hands. Then the new boy or girl was told that this was not a harsh school, but a place for those who would behave, and that if a scholar were lazy, disobedient, or stubborn, the master would, in the presence of the whole school, pronounce such a one not fit for this school, but only for a harsh

school where children were flogged. The new scholar was asked to promise to obey and to be diligent, and then was shown to a seat.

"Now," the good master would say, when this was done, if the new scholar were a boy, "who will take this new scholar and help him to learn?"

If the scholar were a girl, the question would be asked of the girls. When the new boy or girl was clean and bright-looking, many would be willing to take charge of him or her. But there were few ready to teach a dirty, ragged-looking child. Sometimes no one would wish to do it. Then the master would offer to the one who would take such a child a reward of one of the beautiful texts of Scripture, which the school-masters of that time used to write or illuminate for the children, or one of the "birds" which he was accustomed to paint with his own hands. Mr. Samuel W. Pennypacker, of Philadelphia, who has translated all of Christopher Dock's writings, has a large book full of illuminations and painted birds made by the old Pennsylvania teachers; and some of these are really fine. On the next page is an engraving of one of these illuminations, which, though not the work of Christopher Dock, is a good specimen of the cards that were used in his day. The elaborate inscription, which begins with such a flourish and then dwindles into close-crowded writing, is a little sermon on the two virtues of patience and humility; and the tablets in the corners are interesting as showing queer costumes of the time.

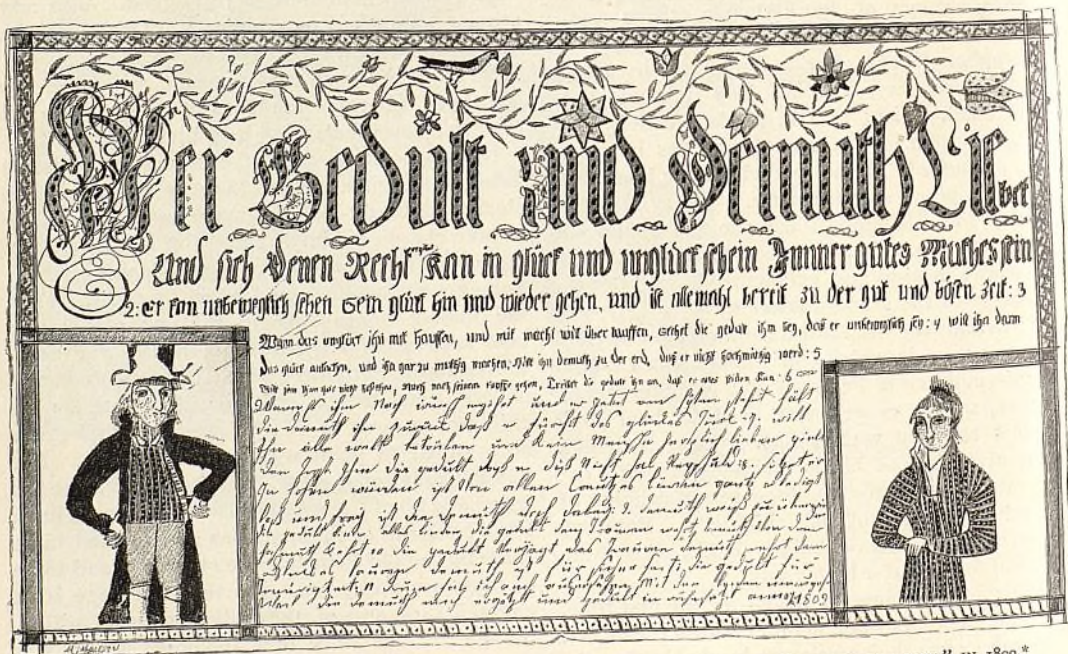
Whenever one of his younger scholars succeeded in learning his A B C, the good Christopher Dock required the father of his pupil to give his son a penny, and also asked his mother to cook two eggs for him as a treat in honor of his diligence. To poor children in a new country these were fine rewards; I am afraid that neither the penny nor the eggs would go far with those who read ST. NICHOLAS. But at various points in his progress, an industrious child in one of Dock's schools received a penny from his father and two eggs cooked by his mother. All this time he was not counted a member of the school, but only as on probation. The day on which a boy or girl began to read was the great day. If the pupil had been diligent in spelling, the master, on the morning after the first reading day, would give a ticket carefully written or illuminated with his own hand. This read: "Industrious — one penny." This showed that the scholar was now really received into the school. But if he should be idle or disobedient, the token would be taken away.

There were no clocks or watches; the children came to school one after another, taking their places near the master, who sat writing. They spent their time reading out of the Testament until all

Every "Lazy Scholar" had his name written on the blackboard. If a child at any time failed to read correctly, he was sent back to study his passage or verse of Scripture, and called again after a while. If he failed a second and a third time, all the school cried out "Lazy!" and then his name was written on the board. Immediately all the poor Lazy Scholar's friends went to work to teach him to read his lesson correctly, for if his name should not be rubbed off the board before school was dismissed, all the scholars might write it down and take it home with them. If, however, he should read well before school was out, the scholars, at the bidding of the master, called out, "Industrious!" and then his name was rubbed off the board.

The funniest of Dock's rewards was that which he gave to those who made no mistake in their lessons. He marked a large O with chalk on the hand of the perfect scholar. Fancy what a time the boys and girls must have had trying to go home without rubbing out this O!

If you had gone into this school some day, you might have seen a boy sitting on a "punishment bench" all alone. This fellow had told a lie, or



COPY OF AN ILLUMINATION PRESENTED BY A TEACHER TO ONE OF HIS PUPILS, AS A "REWARD-OF-MERIT," IN 1809.*

were there. But every one who succeeded in reading his verse without mistake stopped reading, and came and sat at the writing-table to write. The poor fellow who remained last on the bench was called a Lazy Scholar.

he used bad language; he was put there as implying that he was not fit to sit near anybody else. If he had committed the offense often, you would see a yoke around his neck — as though he were a brute. Sometimes, however, Christopher Dock would give

* For a translation of the text of this illumination, see page 714.

the scholars their choice of a blow on the hand, or a seat on the punishment bench; and usually they preferred the blow.

The scholars were allowed at certain times to study aloud. But at other times they were obliged to keep still, and a boy or girl was put up as a "watcher" to write down the names of those who talked in this time for quiet.

The old school-master of Skippack wrote for his scholars a hundred rules for good behavior, and this is said to be the first work on etiquette written in America. But rules of behavior for simple people living in houses of one or two rooms only were very different from those needed in our day.

"When you comb your hair, do not go out into the middle of the room," says the school-master. And this shows that families were accustomed to eat and sleep in one room.

"Do not eat your morning bread upon the road or in school," he tells them, "but ask your parents to give it you at home."

So the table manners of that time were very good, but very curious to us. He says: "Do not wobble with your stool"; because rough, home-made stools were the common chairs of the time; and the puncheon floors were so uneven that a noisy child could easily rock to and fro.

"Put your knife and fork upon the right, and your bread on the left side," he says; and he also tells them not to throw bones under the table. And when the child has finished eating, he is not

required to wait for the others, or to ask to be excused, but to "get up quietly, take your stool with you, wish a pleasant meal-time, and go to one



COPY OF ONE OF THE "REWARD-CARDS" PAINTED BY CHRISTOPHER DOCK FOR INDUSTRIOUS PUPILS.

side." And he is cautioned not to put the remaining bread in his pocket.

You may imagine that, as time passed on, Christopher Dock had many friends; for all his scholars of former years loved him. He lived to be very old, and taught his schools till the last. One evening he did not come home, and the people went to look for the beloved old man. He was found on his knees in the school-house, dead.

JINGLES.

BY A. R. WELLS.

THE GOOD GIRL.

SHE 's a good little girl,—“Good for what?” did you say?
Why, good as a kitten to purr and to play;
And good as a brooklet to sing on its way;
And good as the sunshine to brighten the day.
To what shall I liken the dear little elf?
She 's as good as—as good as—as good as—herself!

THE AMBITIOUS ANT.

THE ambitious ant would a-travelling go,
To see the pyramid's wonderful show.
He crossed a brook and a field of rye,
And came to the foot of a haystack high.
“Ah! wonderful pyramid!” then cried he;
“How glad I am that I crossed the sea!”

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

"OH, DEAR!"

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



TOTO was very disconsolate. He never staid indoors for an ordinary rain, but this was a real deluge; so he stood by the window and said, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!! Oh, DEAR!!!" as if he did not know how to say anything else. His good grandmother bore this quietly for some time; but at length she said:

"Toto, do you know what happened to the boy who said 'Oh, dear!' too many times?"

"No!" said Toto, brightening up at the prospect of a story. "What did happen to him? Tell me, Gran'ma, please!"

"Come and hold this skein of yarn for me, then!" replied the grandmother, "and I shall tell you as I wind it."

"Once upon a time there was a boy —"

"What was his name?" interrupted Toto.

"Chimborazo!" replied the grandmother. "I should have told you his real name in a moment, if you had not interrupted me, but now I shall call him Chimborazo, and that will be something for you to remember."

Toto blushed and hung his head.

"This boy," continued the grandmother, "invariably put the wrong foot out of bed first when he rose up in the morning, and consequently he was always unhappy."

Here Toto held up his hand without speaking.

"Yes, you may speak," said the old lady. "What is it?"

"Please, Gran'ma," said Toto, "Which *is* the wrong foot?"

"Do you know which your right foot is?" asked the grandmother. "And do you know the difference between right and wrong?"

"Why, yes, of course!" said Toto.

"Then," said the grandmother, "you know which the wrong foot is."

"As I was saying," she went on, "Chimborazo was a very unhappy boy. He pouted and sulked, and he said 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' until everybody was tired of hearing it."

'Chimborazo,' his mother would say; 'please don't say "Oh, dear!" any more. It is very annoying. Say something else.' But the boy would answer, 'Oh, dear! I can't! I don't know anything else to say!' At last his mother could bear it no longer, so, one day, she sent for his fairy godmother and told her all about it.

"'Humph!' said the fairy godmother. 'I shall see to it. Send the boy to me.' So Chimborazo was sent for, and came, hanging his head as usual. When he saw his fairy godmother, he said, 'Oh, dear!' for he was rather afraid of her.

"'Oh, dear, it is!' said the fairy godmother sharply; and she put on her spectacles and looked at him. 'Do you know what a bell-punch is?'

"'Oh, dear!' said Chimborazo. 'No, ma'am, I don't.'

"'Well,' said the godmother, 'I am going to give you one.'

"'Oh, dear!' said Chimborazo, 'I don't want one.'

"'Probably not,' replied she. 'But that does not make much difference. 'You have it now in your jacket pocket.' Chimborazo felt in his pocket, and took out a queer-looking instrument of shining metal.

"'Oh, dear!' he said.

"'Oh, dear, it is!' said the fairy godmother. 'Now,' she continued, 'listen to me, Chimborazo! I am going to put you on an allowance of "Oh, dears!" This is a self-acting bell-punch, and it will ring whenever you say "Oh, dear!" How many times do you think you say it in the course of the day?'

"'Oh, dear!' said Chimborazo. 'Oh, dear! I don't know.'

"'Ting! ting!' the bell-punch rang twice sharply; and, looking at it in dismay, he saw two little round holes punched in a long slip of pasteboard which was fastened to the instrument.

"'Exactly!' said the fairy. 'That is the way it works, and a very pretty way, too! Now, my boy, I am going to give you a very liberal allowance. You may say "Oh, dear," forty-five times a day! There's liberality for you!'

"'Oh, dear!' cried Chimborazo. 'I — Ting!' said the bell-punch.

"'You see?' observed the fairy. 'Nothing could be prettier. You have now had three of to-day's allowance. It is still some hours before noon, so I advise you to be careful. If you exceed

the allowance'—here she paused, and glowered through her spectacles in a very dreadful manner.

"'Oh, dear!' cried Chimborazo—and then he heard another *ting!* 'what will happen then?'

"'You will see!' said the fairy godmother with a nod. '*Something* will happen; you may be very sure of that! Good-bye,—remember, only forty-five!' and away she flew out of the window.

"'Oh, dear!' cried Chimborazo, bursting into tears. 'I don't want it! I won't have it! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!!!' *Ting! ting! ting-ting-ting!* rang the bell-punch; and now there were ten round holes in the strip of pasteboard. Chimborazo was now

"'Well, Chimbo,' said his father, after tea; 'I hear you have had a visit from your fairy godmother. What did she say to you, eh?'

"'Oh, dear!' said Chimborazo. 'She said—oh, dear! I've said it again!—'

"'She said: oh, dear! I've said it again!' repeated his father. 'What do you mean by that?'

"'Oh, dear! I did n't mean that!' cried Chimborazo, hastily; and again the inexorable bell rung, and he knew that another hole was punched in the fatal cardboard. He pressed his lips firmly together, and did not open them again, except to say good-night, until he was safe in his own room. There he hastily drew the hated bell-punch from



"DO YOU KNOW WHAT A BELL-PUNCH IS?" ASKED THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

really frightened. He was silent for some time; and when his mother called him to his lessons, he tried very hard not to say the dangerous words. But the habit was so strong that he said them unconsciously. By dinner-time there were twenty-five holes in the cardboard strip; by tea-time there were forty. Poor Chimborazo! he was afraid to open his lips; for, whenever he did, the words would slip out in spite of him.

his pocket, and counted the holes in the strip of cardboard—there were forty-three! 'Oh, dear!' cried the boy, forgetting himself again in his alarm. 'Only two more—Oh, DEAR! Oh, dear! I've done it again! Oh—' *Ting! TING!* went the bell-punch; and the cardboard was punched to the end. 'Oh, dear!' cried Chimborazo, now beside himself with terror. 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!! what will become of me?'

"A strange, whirring noise was heard; then a loud clang, and the next moment the bell-punch, as if it were alive, flew out of his hand, straight through the open window, and was gone!



"THE STRIP OF CARDBOARD WAS PUNCHED TO THE END!"

"Chimborazo stood breathless with terror for a little while, momentarily expecting that the roof would fall in on his head, or the floor blow up under his feet, or that some appalling catastrophe would follow; but nothing happened. Everything

"The next morning, soon after Chimborazo came downstairs, his father said in a kind voice: 'My boy, I am going to drive over to your grandfather's farm this morning; would you like to go with me?'

"A drive to the farm was one of the greatest pleasures Chimborazo had, so he answered promptly,

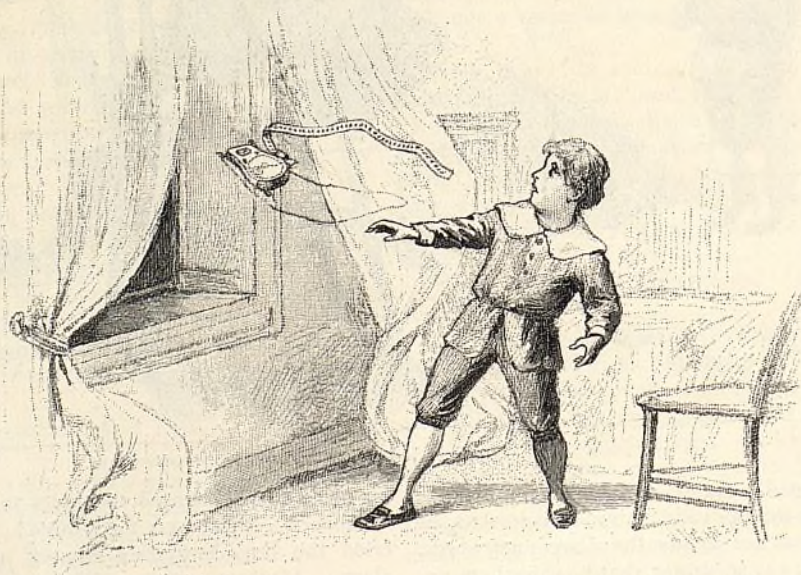
"Oh, dear!"

"Oh, very well!" said his father, looking much surprised, 'you need not go, my son, if you do not wish to. I shall take Robert instead.'

"Poor Chimborazo! he had opened his lips to say 'Thank you, Papa! I should like to go very much!' but, instead of those words, out had popped, in his most doleful tone, the now hated 'oh, dear!' He sat amazed, but was roused by his mother's calling him to breakfast. 'Come, Chimbo!' she said; 'here are sausages and scrambled eggs, and you are very fond of both; which will you have?' Chimborazo hastened to say, 'Sausages, please, Mamma!'—that is, he hastened to try to say it—but all his mother heard was 'Oh, dear!'

"His father looked much displeased. 'Give the boy some bread and water!' he said, sternly. 'If he can not answer properly, he must be taught. We have had enough of these "oh, dear" replies.'

"Poor Chimborazo! he saw plainly enough now what his punishment was to be, and the thought



"THE BELL-PUNCH FLEW OUT OF HIS HAND AND THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW!"

was quiet, and there seemed to be nothing to do but to go to bed; so to bed he went, and slept, only to dream that he was shot through the head with a bell-punch, and expired saying 'Oh, dear!' of it made him tremble. He tried to ask for some more bread, but only brought out his 'oh, dear!' in such a lamentable tone that his father ordered him to leave the room. He went out into the gar-

den, and there he met John, the gardener, carrying a basket of rosy apples. Oh! how delicious and tempting they looked!

"I am bringing some of the finest apples up to the house, little master," said John. "Will you have one to put in your pocket?"

"Oh, dear!" was all the poor boy could say, though he really wanted an apple very much! And when John heard those fretful words, he put the apple back in his basket, muttering something about ungrateful lads.

"Poor Chimborazo! I shall not give the whole history of that miserable day. A miserable day it was, from beginning to end. He fared no better at dinner than at breakfast; for at the second 'oh, dear!' his father sent him up to his room, 'to stay there until he knew how to take what was given him, and to be thankful for it.' He knew well enough by this time, but he could not tell his father how he suffered; and he went to his room and sat looking out of the window, a hungry and miserable boy. In the afternoon his Cousin Will came up to see him.

"Why, Chimbo!" he cried, "why do you sit moping here in the house when all the boys are out? Come and play marbles with me on the piazza. Ned and Harry are out there waiting for you. Come on!"

"Oh, dear!" said Chimborazo.

"What's the matter?" asked Will. "Have n't you any marbles? Never mind! I'll give you half of mine if you like. Come!"

"Oh, DEAR!" said Chimborazo.

"Well," said Will, "if that's all you have to say when I offer you marbles, I'll keep them myself. I suppose you expected me to give you all of them, did you? I never saw such a fellow!" and off he went in a huff.

"Well, Chimborazo," said the fairy godmother that evening; "what do you think of 'oh, dear!' now?" And poor Chimborazo looked at her beseechingly, but said nothing.

"Finding that forty-five times was not enough

for you yesterday, I thought I would let you have all you wanted to-day!" said the fairy godmother, slyly. "Are you satisfied with to-day's allowance?"



"GARDENER JOHN PUT THE APPLE BACK IN THE BASKET."

"The boy still looked imploringly at her, but did not open his lips.

"Well! well!" she said at last, touching his lips with her wand. "I think that you have had sufficient punishment, though I am sorry you broke the bell-punch. Good-bye! I don't believe you will say 'oh, dear!' any more."

"And he did n't."

OUR SECRET SOCIETY.

BY MARIA W. JONES.

WE were six school-girl friends and therefore inseparable—Kate and Maggie, Sadie and Emma, Flo and myself. We delighted in secrets and in mystery, and we had a post-office in Emma's father's cellar to give greater secrecy to our communications. The post-office itself was simply a pasteboard box, in which, through a convenient slit, our precious letters were deposited.

And just as the novelty of the post-office was wearing away, life received a new joy from the suggestion of our teacher, Mrs. Lindley, who showed us how we could employ and amuse ourselves out of school-hours. This was by no less an enterprise than making a cabinet and filling it with specimens and curiosities of our own collecting.

"And," she added, with wise forethought, "I advise you to do all the work yourselves, and to tell no one about it."

Is there anything more delightful, girls, than a secret? To be met some morning when you reach school with the exclamation from one of your "dearest" friends, "Oh, I'm so glad you've come. I've such a secret to tell you!" and then to hear this secret under the solemnly whispered pledge, "In deed and deed and double deed, I'll never, never tell as long as I live and breathe!"

Maggie, Sadie, and Emma each passed through this happy experience after Mrs. Lindley had talked with Kate, and Flo, and me about our cabinet. And so our Secret Society was fairly started.

We discussed badges and initiation fees, and many other features which were never accomplished, and we promised a great many curiosities that we failed to obtain; but then we had all the enjoyment of planning; and anticipation, you know, is the next best thing to realization.

Saturday was our day for collecting. Bugs, stones, shells, and all such things suddenly acquired new interest in our eyes; and we, who knew nothing about chloroforming butterflies, caused those unfortunate flutterers to lead a hard life, I fear, just before their death. But we talked wisely about the poor things, and called them martyrs to science, and so on.

It was on one of these Saturday excursions that Flo startled us with a shout of joyful surprise.

"Oh, girls!" she cried, "here's the very thing for our cabinet—a nice big toad! We'll catch it and——" Just then the toad gave a little hop,



THE POST-OFFICE.

and we all followed its example, but quite in the other direction.

After much talking and maneuvering, and by dint of much poking with sticks and "shooing" and dodging, the coveted treasure was finally caught in Flo's calico sun-bonnet, and we stood as exultant as a party of hunters around a captured wild beast.

But now who should carry it home? Each one declined in turn for good and sufficient reasons; but it was finally determined, after an animated discussion, that Flo should carry it the first part of the way, and then the rest of us would "take turns." Flo kept the sun-bonnet tightly closed, and we walked at a safe distance from it.

So the triumphal procession started for home; but just as Flo was climbing a rail-fence, a sudden leap from the dissatisfied toad in the sun-bonnet was too much for her excited nerves; she shook the bonnet with a little scream, and out

jumped Mr. Toad, in long leaps for freedom. We all pounced upon the escaped prisoner, and with chips and sticks, and many a start and shriek, endeavored to coax it into the bonnet again. While thus engaged, a gentleman passing by began, to our great mortification, to lecture us for cruelty to a poor defenseless toad. We wondered if devotion to science had ever before been so unappreciated.

He laughed so derisively when Kate, with great dignity, declared our purpose of putting the toad into a cabinet, that our cheeks fairly tingled with indignation. But somehow, after he had gone, our ardor cooled. First one and then another cast discredit upon our proposed specimen, and when, at last, Kate was obliged to confess that she knew nothing whatever of preparing toads for cabinets, we set our captive free, and Flo reluctantly put on her sun-bonnet.

Thenceforth we confined ourselves to inanimate



"OFF JUMPED MR. TOAD, IN LONG LEAPS FOR FREEDOM."

this thing and now that proved unattractive.

But while we were industriously collecting curiosities, we were as diligently preparing a place in which to put them. We had obtained a large but shallow dry-goods box, and by our united efforts had succeeded in tugging and rolling and dragging it into a shed joining my mother's kitchen,—a place at once convenient and retired,—where, with hatchets and a saw, boards and nails, we became six girl-carpenters. Not a boy, from first to last, was called to our assistance, for each of us laughed at the idea that she could not drive a nail or saw a board as well as any boy of her age; and



THE CABINET IS CONVEYED TO THE SCHOOL-HOUSE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

objects; but even with these we ranged from the heights of ecstasy to the depths of despair, as now so we hammered and sawed—sometimes our fingers and feet, but generally boards.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

All the time we could spare, and some, I fear, that we should not have devoted to it, was spent in that old shed. At first we purposed putting in five shelves, and making double doors; but this plan finally resolved itself into three shelves and no doors.

With each new addition to our collection our hopes grew brighter, and so did our day dreams. One especially interesting specimen set us to gravely discussing the propriety of giving a public exhibition of our cabinet when completed; and soon the day came when the last shelf was in. Twelve cents' worth of wall-paper completed the decorations, and the Secret Society stood surveying its cabinet with flushed cheeks and quickened pulses, seeing beauties in it that no one else could possibly have detected.

It was a blissful Saturday when, having borrowed a wheelbarrow, and placed our precious box thereon, we wheeled it up the hill and through the back alley to the school-house. We set it up in the play-room, and arranged our curiosities as artistically as possible. How we lingered and started and turned back again to take just one more look, or to bring into prominence some particularly engaging butterfly or curious stone! How

impatiently we waited for Monday morning! Of course, we six were first at school, and, with flushed faces, eager eyes, and heads fairly swimming with the rush of emotions, we watched for Mrs. Lindley's coming. It was a proud moment for us when she came; and, with two of us clasping her hands, and the rest clustering around, we escorted her to our cabinet. She praised and petted and laughed, as we pointed out the peculiar beauties and excellencies of different objects, and we felt amply rewarded for all our toil.

I don't remember much about it after that, but I know that the older girls disappointed us keenly by showing no interest in this tangible revelation of our wonderful secret; the mosses, lichens, and some other things soon fell out, and were tossed about the play-room, and finally were swept out as litter; and the double doors were never put on. All of which seems rather sad in the telling, but did not trouble us very much, I think. That state of affairs came about gradually, and not until we had derived very much pleasure from our cabinet; and I am sure that no summer of our childhood was happier than the one in which flourished "Our Secret Society."

THE LAND WITHOUT A NAME.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.



WHERE the Sun sails bold on the Sea of Gold
Past the Violet Islands fair,
And the ragged shapes of the Rosy Capes,
And the Castles of the Air,—
Can you call aright all that country bright,
That is washed by waves like flame?
'T is the coast admired, 't is the clime desired,
Of the Land Without a Name.

And the way to go, if you fain would know,
Is to charter the Crescent Ship,
All of silver pale, with a cobweb sail,—
And merrily does she dip!
There 's a crew of Hopes at her filmy ropes,
And on board that ship of fame
Many a longing Dream seeks the shores agleam
Of the Land Without a Name.

DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER VI.

WORK AND PLAY—OUTINGS AND ENEMIES.

THE day of our picnic proved to be all that we could desire. The children were up with the dawn, and Junior was not long in joining us. By eight o'clock we were through with breakfast and the morning work, our lunch-basket was packed, and the market wagon was at the door. Mr. Jones had good-naturedly promised to take an occasional look at the premises to see that all was right. I put but one seat in the wagon, for my wife and myself, since the young people had decided that a straw-ride to the river would be "more fun than a parlor-car."

My wife entered into the spirit of this little outing with a zest which gave me deep content. The robins, of which there seemed to be hundreds about the house, gave us a tuneful and hilarious send-off; the people and children whom we met smiled and cheered, following us with envious eyes. Each of our little people held a pole aloft, and Merton said that "the wagon looked as if our lima-bean patch was off on a visit."

In the village we increased our stock of lines and hooks, and bought a few corks for floats. Soon after, we reached the mouth of Moodna Creek, and a weather-beaten boat-house, with a stable adjoining in which old Bay could enjoy himself in his quiet, prosaic way. A comfortable boat was hired, and, as the tide was in, we decided to go up the creek as far as possible first and float down with the ebb. This, to the children, was like a voyage of discovery, and there was a general airing of geography, each little bay, point, and gulf receiving a noted name. At last we reached a deep, shaded pool, which was eventually dubbed "Bobsey's Luck," for he narrowly escaped falling into it in his eagerness to take off a minnow that had managed to fasten itself to his hook.

Merton and Junior, being more experienced anglers, went ashore to make some casts on the ripples and rapids of the stream above, and secured several fine "win-fish." The rest of us were content to take it easy in the shade, and hook an occasional cat-fish and sun-fish. At last the younger children wanted variety, so I permitted them to land on the wooded bank, kindle a little fire, and roast some clams that we had bought at the boat-house. The smoke and tempting odors lured

Merton and Junior, who soon proved that boys' appetites can always be depended upon.

Time passed rapidly, until I noticed that the tide had fallen to such a degree that I cried in alarm, "Come, youngsters, we must go back at once or we shall have to stay here till nearly night." They scrambled on board, and we started down-stream, but soon came to a place where the swift current and ripples proved how shallow was the water. A moment later we were hard aground. In vain we pushed with the oars; the boat would not budge. Then Junior sat down and coolly began to take off his shoes and stockings. In a flash Merton followed his example. There was no help for it, and we had no time to lose. Over they splashed, lightening the boat, and, taking the "painter," or tie-rope, at the bow, they pulled manfully. Slowly at first, but with increasing progress, the keel grated over the stones, and at last we were afloat again. A round of applause greeted the boys as they sprang back into the boat, and away we went, cautiously avoiding shoals and sand-bars, until we reached Plum Point, where we expected to spend the remainder of the day. Here, for a time, we had excellent sport, and pulled up sun-fish and white perch of a very fair size. Even Bobsey caught so many specimens of the former variety that he had provided himself with a supper equal even to his capacity.

The day ended in memories of unalloyed pleasure, and never had the old farm-house looked so like home as when it greeted us again in the evening glow of the late spring sun. Merton and Junior divided the captured fishes with mutual satisfaction, while Winnie and I visited the chicken-coops and found that there had been no mishaps during our absence. I told Merton that I would milk the cow while he cleaned the fish for supper, and when at last we sat down we formed a tired, happy, and hungry group. Surely, if fish were created to be eaten, our enjoyment of their browned sweetness must have rounded out their existence completely.

The beautiful transition period of spring passing into summer would have filled us with delight had we not found a hostile army advancing on us—the weeds. When we planted the garden, the soil was brown and clean. The early vegetables came up in well-defined green rows, the weeds appearing with them being too few and scattered to cause anxiety. Now all was changed. Weeds

seemed to spring up by magic in a night. The later-planted parts of the garden were becoming evenly green in all their spaces, and in some cases the vegetables could scarcely be distinguished from the ranker growth of crowding, unknown plants among and around them. I also saw that our corn and potato field would soon become, if left alone, as verdant as the meadow beyond. I began to fear that we could not cope with these myriads of foes, little enough now, but growing while we slept, and stealing a march on us at one part of the place while we destroyed them in another.

With a feeling of dismay I called Mr. Jones's attention to these silent forces invading, not only the garden and fields, but the raspberry plots, and, indeed, all the ground now devoted to fruit. He laughed and said:

"The Philistines are upon you, sure enough. I'm busy whacking them over myself, but I think I'll have to give you a lift, for you must get these weeds well under before haying and raspberry-picking time comes. It's warm to-day, and the ground's rather dry. I'll show you what can be done. Call the children and come with me to the garden."

We all were there soon, my wife, who shared my solicitude, also joining us.

"You see," resumed Mr. Jones, "that these weakly little rows of carrots, beets, and onions would soon be choked by these weeds, not an inch high yet. The same is true of the corn and peas and the rest. The potatoes are strong enough to take care of themselves for a time, but not for long. I see that you and Merton have been trying to weed and hoe them out at the same time. Well, you can't keep up with the work in that way. Now take this bed of beets; the weeds are gettin' even all over it, and they're thicker, if anywhere, right in the row, so that it takes a good eye to see the beets. But here they are, and here they run across the bed. Now look at me. One good showin' is worth all the tellin' and readin' from now to Christmas. You see, I begin with my two hands, and pull out all the weeds on each side of the little row, and I pull 'em away from the young beets so as not to disturb them, but to leave 'em standing straight. I drop the weeds right down here in the spaces between the rows, for the sun will dry 'em up before dinner-time. Now I'll take another row."

By this time Merton and I were following his example, and within a few moments parts of three more rows were being treated in the same way.

"There," said Mr. Jones, "now the weeds are all out of the rows that we've treated, and for a little space on each side of 'em. The beets have a chance to grow, unchoked, and to get ahead.

These other little green varmints in the ground, between the rows, are too small to do any harm yet. Practically, the beets are cleaned out, and will have to themselves all the ground they need for three or four days; but these weeds between the rows would soon swamp everything. Now, give me a hoe, and I'll attend to them."

And he drew the useful tool carefully and evenly through the spaces between the rows, and soon our enemies were lying on their sides ready to wither away in the morning sun.

"You see, after the rows are weeded out how quickly you can hoe the spaces between 'em," my neighbor concluded. "Now the children can do this weedin'. Your time and Merton's is too valuable. When weeds are pulled from right in and around vegetables, the last can stand without harm for a while, till you can come around with the hoe and cultivator. This weedin' out business is 'specially important in rainy weather, for it only hurts ground to hoe or work it in wet, showery days, and the weeds don't mind it a bit. On warm, sunny days, when the soil's a little dry, is the time to kill weeds. But you must be careful in weedin' then, or you'll so disturb the young, tender garden shoots that they'll dry up, too. I'll come over this afternoon with my cultivator, and we'll tackle the corn and potatoes, and make such a swath among these green Philistines that you'll sleep better to-night."

And he left us laughing and hopeful.

"Come, Winnie and Bobsey, start in here on each side of me. I'll show you our plan, this morning, and then I trust I can leave you to do the work carefully by yourselves to-morrow. Pressing as is the work, you shall have your afternoons until the berries are ripe."

"Can't I help, too?" asked Mousie.

I looked into her eager, wistful face, but said firmly:

"Not now, dear. The sun is too hot. Toward night, perhaps, I may let you do a little. By aiding Mamma in the house, you are doing your part."

We made good progress, and the two younger children soon learned the knack of working carefully, so as not to disturb the little vegetables. I soon found that weeding was back-aching work for me, and therefore "spared" myself by hoeing out the spaces between the rows. By the time the music of the dinner-bell was heard, hosts of our enemies were slain.

Mr. Jones, true to his promise, was on hand at one o'clock with his cultivator, and he started in at the corn, which was now a few inches high. Merton and I followed with hoes, uncovering the tender shoots on which earth had been thrown, and dressing out the soil into clean flat hills.

Mr. Jones was not a man of half-way measures. He remained helping us, till he had gone through the corn, once each way, twice between the long rows of potatoes, then twice through all the raspberry rows, giving us full two days of his time altogether.

I handed him an extra dollar in addition to his charge, saying that I had never paid out money with greater satisfaction.

"Well," he said, with his short, dry laugh, "I'll take it this time, for my work is suffering at home, but I did n't want you to become discouraged. Now, keep the hoes flyin' and you'll keep ahead. Junior's at it early and late, I can tell you."

It was a winning fight with the weeds, but it was weary work. One hot afternoon, about three o'clock, I saw that Merton was growing pale, and beginning to lag, and I said decidedly:

"Do you see that tree there? Go and lie down under it till I call you."

"Oh, I can stand it till night," he began, his pride a little touched.

"Obey orders! I am captain," I commanded.

In five minutes he was fast asleep, and I threw my coat over him, and sat down, proposing to have a half-hour's rest myself. My wife came out with a pitcher of cool buttermilk and nodded her head approvingly at us.

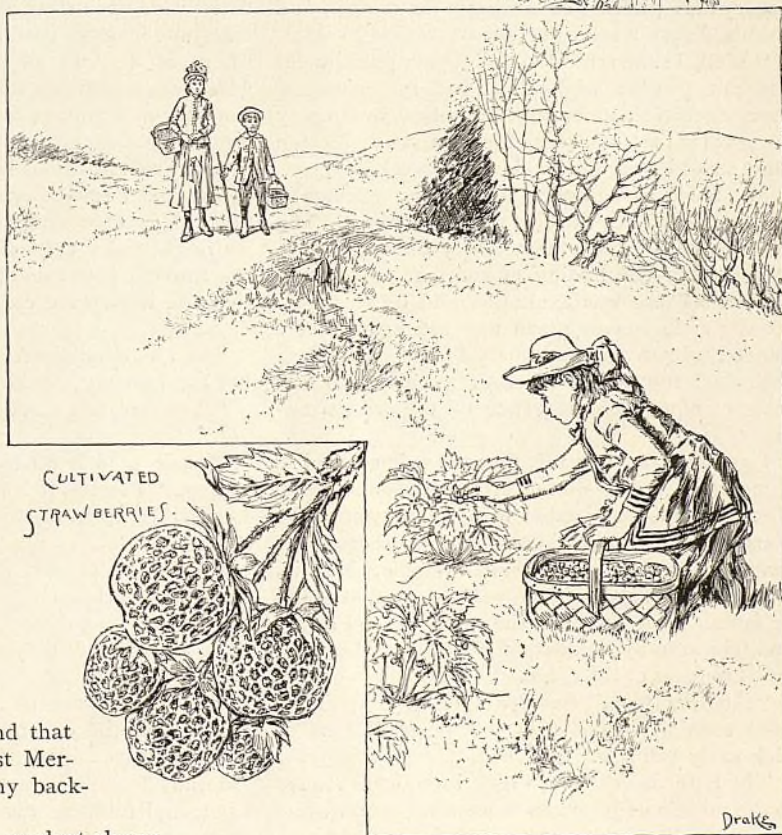
"Well, my thoughtful Eve," I said, "I find that our modern Eden will cost Merton and me a great many back-aches."

"If you will only be as prudent always as you try to be now, you may save me a heart-ache. Robert, you are ambitious, and unused to this kind of work. Please never be so foolish as to overrate the comparative value of corn and potatoes. I'd rather do with a few bushels less, than do without you and Merton." And she sat down and kept me idle for an hour.

Then Merton jumped up, saying that he felt as "fresh as if he had had a night's rest," and we ac-

complished more in the cool of the day than if we had kept doggedly at work.

I found that Winnie and Bobsey required rather different treatment. For a while they did very well, but one morning I set them at a bed of parsnips about which I was particular. In the middle of the forenoon I went to the garden to see how they were progressing. Shouts of laughter made me fear that all was not well, and I soon



"WINNIE, MOUSIE, AND BOBSEY GLEANED EVERY WILD BERRY THAT COULD BE FOUND." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

discovered that they were throwing lumps of earth at each other. So absorbed were they in their untimely and mischievous fun that I was not noticed until I found Bobsey sitting plump on the vegetables, and the rows behind both the children very shabbily cleaned, not a few of the little plants having been pulled up with the weeds.

Without a word I marched them into the house, and then said:

"You are under arrest till night. Winnie, go to your room. I shall strap Bobsey in his chair and put him in the parlor by himself."

The exchange of the hot garden for the cool rooms seemed rather an agreeable punishment at first, although Winnie felt the disgrace keenly. When, at dinner, only a cup of water and a piece of dry bread were taken to them, Bobsey began to cry, and Winnie to look as if the affair were growing serious. Late in the afternoon, when she found that she was not to gather the eggs nor feed her beloved chickens, she, too, broke down and sobbed that she "would n't do so any more." Bobsey also pleaded so piteously for release, and promised such a saint-like behavior, that I said:

"Well, I shall remit the rest of your punishment and put you on trial. You had no excuse for your mischief this morning, for I allow you to play the greater part of every afternoon, while Merton must stand by me the whole of the week."

My touch of discipline brought up effectually the *morale* of my little squad for a time. The next afternoon even the memory of trouble was banished by the finding of the first wild strawberries. There was exultation and universal interest as clusters of green and red berries were handed about to be smelled and examined. "Truly," my wife remarked, "even roses can scarcely equal the fragrance of the wild strawberry."

From that day forward, for weeks, it seemed as if we entered on a diet of strawberries and roses. The old-fashioned bushes of the latter, near the house, had been well trimmed, and in consequence gave large, fine buds, while Winnie, Mousie, and Bobsey gleaned every wild berry that could be found, beginning with the sunny upland slopes and following the aromatic fruit down to the cool, moist borders of the creek.

"Another year," I said, "I think you will be tired even of strawberries, for we shall have to pick early and late."

The Saturday evening which brought us almost to the middle of June was welcomed indeed. The days preceding had been filled with hard, yet successful, labor, and the weeds had been slaughtered by the million. The greater part of our crops had come up well and were growing nicely. In hoeing the corn, we had planted over the few missing hills, and now, like soldiers who had won the first great success of the campaign, we were in a mood to enjoy a rest to the utmost.

This rest seemed all the more delightful when, the following morning, we awoke to the soft patter of rain. The preceding days had been un-

usually dry and warm, and the grass and tender vegetables were beginning to suffer. I was also worrying about the raspberries, which were passing out of blossom. The cultivator had been through them, and Merton and I, only the evening before, had finished hoeing out the sprouting weeds and surplus suckers. I had observed, with dread, that just as the fruit was forming, the earth, especially around the hills, was becoming dry.

Now, looking out, I saw that the needful watering was not coming from a passing shower. The clouds were leaden from horizon to horizon; the rain fell with the gentle steadiness of a quiet summer storm, and had evidently been falling some hours already. The air was so fragrant that I threw wide open the door and windows. It was a true June incense, such as no art could distill; and when, at last, we all sat down to breakfast, of which crisp radishes taken a few moments before from our own garden formed a part, we felt that nature was carrying on our work of the past week in a way that filled our hearts with gratitude. The air was so warm that we did not fear the dampness. The door and windows were left open that we might enjoy the delicious odors and listen to the musical patter of the rain, which fell so softly that the birds were quite as tuneful as on other days.

The children joined me, and my wife, putting her hand on my shoulder, said laughingly:

"You are not through with July and August yet."

Mousie held her hands out in the warm rain, saying, "I feel as if it would make me grow, too. Look at the green cherries up there, bobbing as the drops hit them."

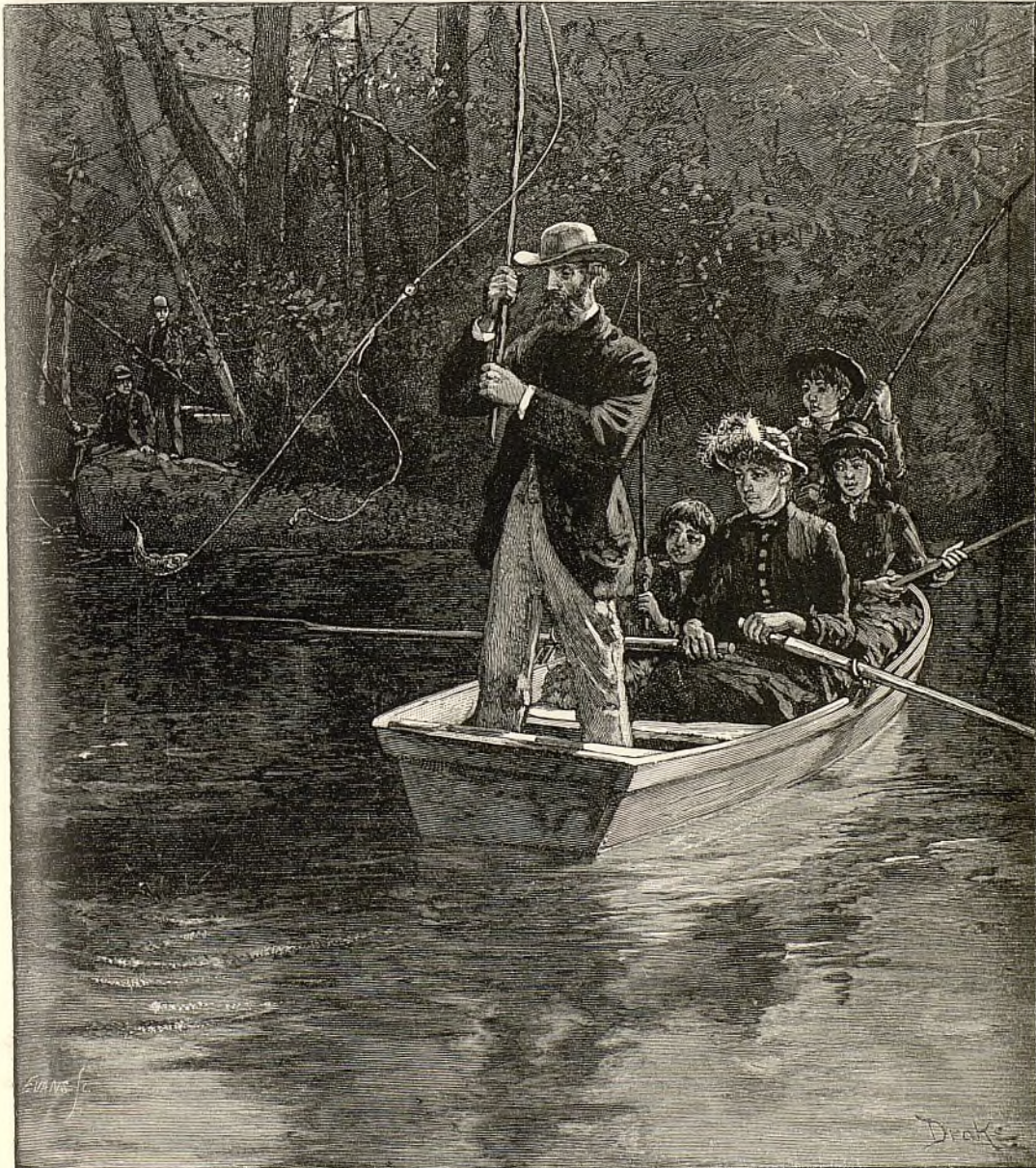
"Rain is n't good for chickens," Winnie remarked doubtfully.

"It won't hurt them," I replied, "for I have fed them so well that they need n't go out in the wet for food."

The clouds gave us a more and more copious downfall as the day advanced, and I sat on the porch resting, and watching with conscious gratitude how beautifully nature was furthering all our labor, and fulfilling our hopes. This rain would greatly increase the hay-crops for the old horse and the cow. It would carry my vegetables rapidly toward maturity; and, best of all, would soak the raspberry ground so thoroughly that the fruit would be almost safe. What was true of our little plot was equally so of neighbor Jones's farm, and thousands of others. My wife sat with me much of the day, and I truly think that our thoughts were acceptable worship. By four in the afternoon the western horizon lightened, the clouds soon broke away, and the sun shone out briefly in un-

diminished splendor, turning the countless rain-drops on foliage and grass literally into gems of the purest water. The bird-songs seemed almost

In spite of the muddy walks, we picked our way about the garden, exclaiming in pleased wonder at the growth made by our vegetable nurslings in



THE FISHING PARTY ON MOODNA CREEK.

ecstatic, and the voices of the children, permitted at last to go out-of-doors, vied with them in gladness.

"Let July and August—yes, and bleak January—bring what they may," I said to my wife, "nevertheless, this is Eden."

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a few brief hours, while, across the field, the corn and potato rows showed green, strong outlines.

I found that Brindle in the pasture had not minded the rain in the least, but only appeared the sleeker for it. When at last I came in to supper, I gave my wife a handful of berries, at which she and

the children exclaimed. I had permitted a dozen plants of each variety of my garden strawberries to bear, that I might get some idea of the fruit. The blossoms on the other plants had been picked off as soon as they appeared, so that all the strength might go toward forming new plants. I found that a few of the berries of the two early kinds were ripe, and also that the robins had been sampling them. In size, at least, they seemed wonderful, compared with the wild fruit from the field, and I said:

"There will be lively times for us when we must pick a dozen bushels of these a day, to send to Mr. Bogart."

But the children thought it would be the greatest fun in the world. By the time supper was over, Mr. Jones and Junior appeared, and my neighbor said in hearty good-will:

"You got your cultivatin' done in the nick o' time, Mr. Durham. This rain is a good hundred dollars in your pocket—and mine, too."

I soon perceived that our enemies, the weeds, had "millions in reserve," and on the Monday after the rain, with all the children helping, even Mousie part of the time, we went at the garden again. To Mousie, scarcely an invalid any longer, was given the pleasure of picking the first mess of green peas and shelling them for dinner.

As the ground dried after the rain, a slight crust formed on the surface, and in the wetter portions it was even inclined to bake or crack. I was surprised at the almost magical effect of breaking up the crust and making the soil loose and mellow by cultivation. The letting in of air and light caused the plants to grow with wonderful vigor.

One Wednesday morning Merton came running in, exclaiming, "O, Papa! there's a green worm eating all the leaves off the currant and gooseberry bushes."

I followed him hastily, and found that considerable mischief had been done already, and I went to one of my fruit-books in a hurry, to find out how to cope with this new enemy. As a result, I mixed a heaping table-spoonful of hellebore through the contents of a watering-can, on which I had painted the word "Poison." With this infusion I sprinkled thoroughly every bush on which I could find a worm, and the next morning we had the pleasure of finding most of the invaders dead. But either some escaped or new ones were hatched out, and we found that we could save our currants only by constant vigilance.

An evening or two after this, we were taught that not even in our retired nook had we escaped the dangers of city life. Winnie and Bobsey, in their rambles after strawberries, had met two other children, and, early in the acquaintance

fortunately, brought them to the house. The moment I saw the strange girl, I recognized a rural example of the Melissa Daggett type, while the urchin of Bobsey's age did not scruple to use vile language in my hearing. I doubt if the poor little savage had any better vernacular. I told them kindly but firmly that they must not come on the place again without my permission.

After supper I went over and asked Mr. Jones about these children, and he replied significantly, looking around first to make sure that no one heard him:

"Mr. Durham, steer clear of those people. You know there are certain varmints on a farm to which we give a wide berth, and kill 'em when we can. Of course we can't kill off this family, although a good contribution could be taken up any day to move 'em a hundred miles away. Still about everybody gives 'em a wide berth, and is civil to their faces. They'll rob you more or less, and you might as well make up your mind to it, and let 'em alone."

"Suppose I don't let them alone?" I asked.

"Well, there have been barns burned around here. Everybody's satisfied as to who set 'em afire, but nothin' can be proved. Your cow or horse, too, might suddenly die. There's no tellin' what might happen if you should get their ill-will."

"I can't take the course you suggest toward this family," I said, after a little thought. "It seems to me wrong on both sides. On one hand, they are treated as outlaws, and that would go far toward making them such; on the other, they are permitted to commit crime with impunity. Of course I must keep my children away from them; but, if the chance offers, I shall show the family kindness,—and if they molest me, I shall try to give them the law to the utmost."

"Well," concluded Mr. Jones, with a shrug, "I've warned you; if they get down on you, you'll find 'em snakes in the grass."

Returning home, I said nothing to Winnie and Bobsey against their recent companions, but told them that if they went with them again, or made the acquaintance of other strangers without permission, they would be put on bread and water for an entire day—that all such action was positively forbidden.

It was evident, however, that the Melissa Daggett element was present in the country, and in an aggravated form. The redeeming feature was, that it was not next door, or, rather in the next room. In the country, wide spaces usually separate us from evil association.

It must not be thought that my wife and children had no society except that afforded by Mr. Jones's family. On the contrary, they were gradually mak-

ing many pleasant and useful acquaintances, especially among the people we met at church; but as these people have no material part in this simple history, they are not mentioned.

The most important active operations of the season were now drawing very near. The cherries were swelling fast, the currants were growing red, and were already voted "nice for pies," and one morning Merton came rushing in with a red raspberry from the Highland Hardy variety. I was glad the time was at hand when I should begin to receive something besides advice from Mr. Bogart; for, careful as we had been, the drain on my capital had been long and steady, and we were eager for the turn of the tide.

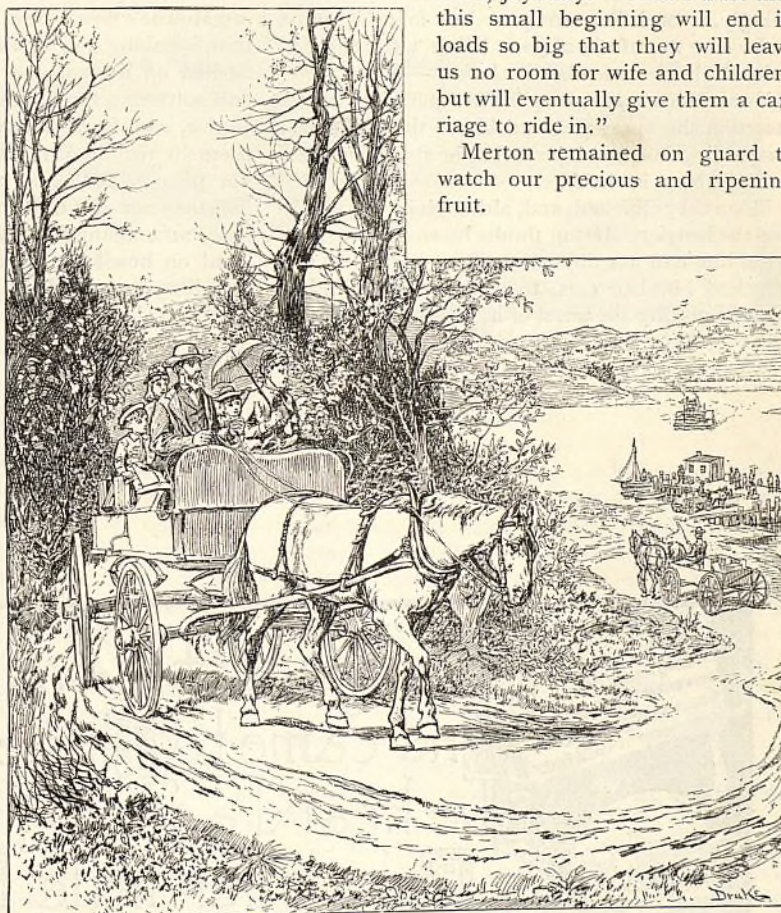
I had bought a number of old Mr. Jamison's crates, had painted out his name and replaced it with mine. I now wrote to Mr. Bogart, for packages best adapted for shipping cherries, currants, and raspberries. For the cherries, he sent me baskets that held about a peck. These baskets were so cheap that they could be sold with the fruit. For currants, crates containing twenty-four quart baskets, were forwarded. These, he wrote, would also do for blackcaps that season, and for strawberries the next year. For the red raspberries, he sent me quite different crates, filled with little baskets holding only half a pint of fruit. By the time when we had again cleared the corn and potatoes of weeds, some of our grass was fit to cut, the raspberries needed a careful picking over, and the cherries were ready for market.

I had long since decided not to attempt to carry on haying alone at this critical season, but during the last days of June had hired old Mr. Ferguson, who came at moderate wages, and put in his scythe on the uplands.

On the last day of June we gathered a crate of early raspberries and eight baskets of cherries. In the cool of the afternoon, these were placed in the wagon, and with my wife and the three younger children, I drove to the Maizeville landing with our first shipment to Mr. Bogart.

"We are 'p'o-ducers,' at last, as Bobsey said," I cried, joyously. "And I trust that this small beginning will end in loads so big that they will leave us no room for wife and children, but will eventually give them a carriage to ride in."

Merton remained on guard to watch our precious and ripening fruit.



"'P'O-DUCERS' AT LAST!"

After our departure, Merton began a vigilant patrol of the place, feeling much like a sentinel left on guard. About sundown, he told me, as he was passing through the raspberry field, he thought he caught a glimpse of an old straw hat dodging down behind the bushes. He bounded toward the spot, a moment later confronting three children with tin pails. The two younger proved to be Winnie's objectionable acquaintances that I had told to keep off the place. The eldest was a boy, not far from Merton's age, who had justly won the name of being the worst boy in the region. All were the children of the dan-

gerous neighbor against whom Mr. Jones had warned me.

The boy at first regarded Merton with a sullen, defiant look, while his brother and sister coolly continued to steal the fruit.

"Clear out!" cried Merton. "We'll have you put in jail if you come here again."

"You clear out yerself," said the boy, threateningly, "or I'll make ye. Yer folks 're away, and we 're not afraid of you. What 's more, we 're goin' ter have some cherries before ——"

Now, Merton had a quick temper, and, at this assertion, he sprang so quickly at the fellow who was adding insult to injury, that he struck the thief a severe blow in the face.

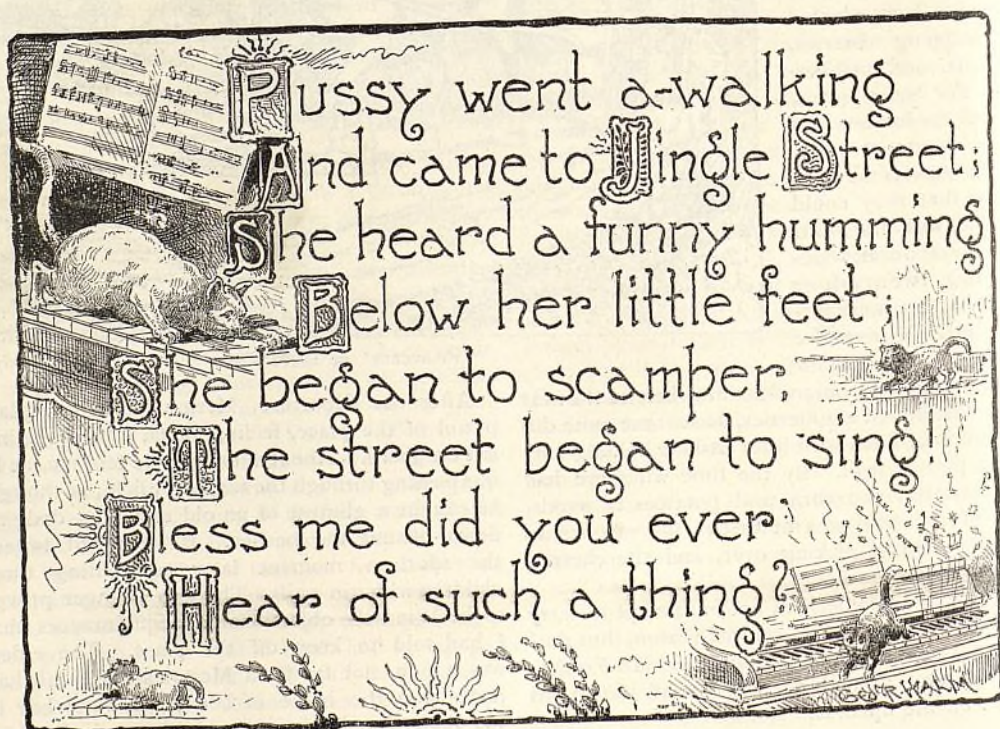
Then they clinched, and, although his antagonist was the heavier, Merton thinks he could have mastered him had not the two younger marauders also attacked him like cats, tooth and nail. Finding himself getting the worst of it, he instinctively sent

out a cry for his stanch friend Junior. Fortunately, Junior was coming along the road toward our house, and he gave an answering halloo.

The invaders, apparently, had a wholesome fear of John Jones, Junior; for, on hearing his voice, they beat a hurried retreat. But knowing that no one was at the house, in the spirit of revengeful mischief, they took their flight in that direction; seeing Mousie's flower-bed, they ran and jumped upon that, breaking down half the plants; and then they dashed off through the coops, releasing the hens, and scattering the broods of chickens. Merton and Junior, who for a few moments had lost sight of them in the thick raspberry bushes, were now in hot pursuit, and surely would have caught them, had they not just then spied a man coming up the lane, accompanied by a big dog. Junior laid a hand on headlong Merton, whose blood was now at boiling heat, and said quickly:

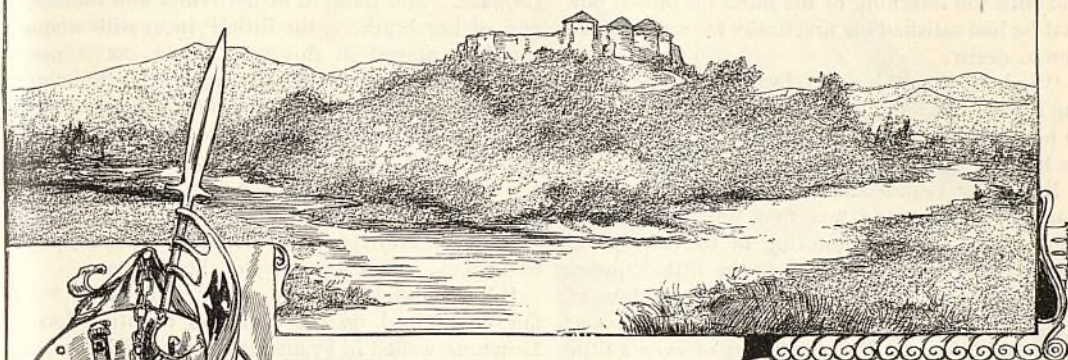
"Stop!"

(To be continued.)



Clotilda of Burgundy

The Girl of the French Vineyards



[Afterward known as "St. Clotilda," the first Queen of France.] A. D. 485.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

IT was just fourteen hundred years ago this very mid-summer, in the year of our Lord 485, that a little girl crouched, trembling

and terrified, at the feet of a pitying priest in the palace of the Kings of Burgundy. There has been many a sad little maid of ten, before and since the days of the fair-haired Princess Clotilda, but surely none had greater cause for terror and tears than she. For her cruel uncle, Gundebald, waging war against his brother Chilperic, the rightful King of Burgundy, had with a band of savage followers burst into his brother's palace and, after the fierce and relentless fashion of those cruel days, had murdered King Chilperic, the father of little Clotilda, the Queen, her mother, and the young Princes, her brothers; and was now searching for her and her sister Sedelenda, to kill them also.

Poor Sedelenda had hidden away in some other far-off corner; but even as Clotilda clung for protection to the robe of the good stranger-priest Ugo

of Rheims (whom the King, her father, had lodged in the palace, on his homeward journey from Jerusalem), the clash of steel drew nearer and nearer. Through the corridor came the rush of feet, the arras in the door-way was rudely flung aside, and the poor child's fierce pursuers, with her cruel uncle at their head, rushed into the room.

"Hollo! Here hides the game!" he cried in savage exultation. "Thrust her away, Sir Priest, or thou diest in her stead. Not one of the tyrant's brood shall live. I say it!"

"And who art thou to judge of life or death?" demanded the priest sternly, as he still shielded the trembling child.

"I am Gundebald, King of Burgundy by the grace of mine own good sword and the right of succession," was the reply. "Trifle not with me, Sir Priest, but thrust away the child. She is my lawful prize to do with as I will. Ho, Sigebert, drag her forth!"

Quick as a flash the brave priest stepped before the cowering child, and, with one hand still resting protectingly on the girl's fair hair, he raised the other in stern and fearless protest, and boldly faced the murderous throng.

"Back, men of blood!" he cried. "Back! Nor dare to lay hand on this young maid who hath here sought sanctuary!"*

Fierce and savage men always respect bravery

*Under the Goths and Franks the protection of churches and priests, when extended to persons in peril, was called the "right of sanctuary," and was respected even by the fiercest of pursuers.

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in others. There was something so courageous and heroic in the act of that single priest in thus facing a ferocious and determined band, in defense of a little girl,—for girls were but slightly regarded in those far-off days,—that it caught the savage fancy of the cruel King. And this, joined with his respect of the Church's right of sanctuary, and with the lessening of his thirst for blood, now that he had satisfied his first desire for revenge, led him to desist.

"So be it then," he said, lowering his threatening sword. "I yield her to thee, Sir Priest. Look to her welfare and thine own. Surely a girl can do no harm."

But King Gundebald and his house lived to learn how far wrong was that unguarded statement. For the very lowering of the murderous sword that thus brought life to the little Princess Clotilda meant the downfall of the kingdom of Burgundy and the rise of the great and victorious nation of France. The memories of even a little maid of ten are not easily blotted out.

Her sister, Sedelenda, had found refuge and safety in the convent of Ainay, near at hand, and there, too, Clotilda would have gone, but her uncle, the new King, said: "No, the maidens must be forever separated." He expressed a willingness, however, to have the Princess Clotilda brought up in his palace, which had been her father's, and requested the priest Ugo of Rheims to remain awhile, and look after the girl's education. In those days a king's request was a command, and the good Ugo, though stern and brave in the face of real danger, was shrewd enough to know that it was best for him to yield to the King's wishes. So he continued in the palace of the King, looking after the welfare of his little charge, until suddenly the girl took matters into her own hands, and decided his future and her own.

The kingdom of Burgundy, in the days of the Princess Clotilda, was a large tract of country now embraced by southern France and western Switzerland. It had been given over by the Romans to the Goths, who had invaded it in the year 413. It was a land of forest and vineyards, of fair valleys and sheltered hill-sides, and of busy cities that the fostering hand of Rome had beautified; while through its broad domain the Rhone, pure and sparkling, swept with a rapid current from Swiss lake and glacier, southward to the broad and beautiful Mediterranean. Lyons was its capital, and on the hill of Fourviere, overlooking the city below it, rose the marble palace of the Burgundian kings, near to the spot where, to-day, the ruined forum of the old Roman days is still shown to tourists.

It had been a palace for centuries. Roman

governors of "Imperial Gaul" had made it their head-quarters and their home; three Roman Emperors had cooed and cried as babies within its walls; and it had witnessed also many a feast and foray, and the changing fortunes of Roman, Gallic, and Burgundian conquerors and over-lords. But it was no longer "home" to the little Princess Clotilda. She thought of her father and mother, and of her brothers, the little Princes with whom she had played in this very palace, as it now seemed to her, so many years ago. And the more she feared her cruel uncle, the more did she desire to go far, far away from his presence. So, after thinking the whole matter over, as little girls of ten can sometimes think, she told her good friend Ugo, the priest, of her father's youngest brother Godegesil, who ruled the dependent principality of Geneva, far up the valley of the Rhone.

"Yes, child, I know the place," said Ugo. "A fair city indeed, on the blue and beautiful Lake Lemanus, walled in by mountains, and rich in corn and vineyards."

"Then let us fly thither," said the girl. "My uncle Godegesil I know will succor us, and I shall be freed from my fears of King Gundebald."

Though it seemed at first to the good priest only a child's desire he learned to think better of it when he saw how unhappy the poor girl was in the hated palace, and how slight were her chances for improvement. And so, one fair spring morning in the year 486, the two slipped quietly out of the palace; and by slow and cautious stages, with help from friendly priests and nuns, and frequent rides in the heavy ox-wagons that were the only means of transport other than horseback, they finally reached the old city of Geneva.

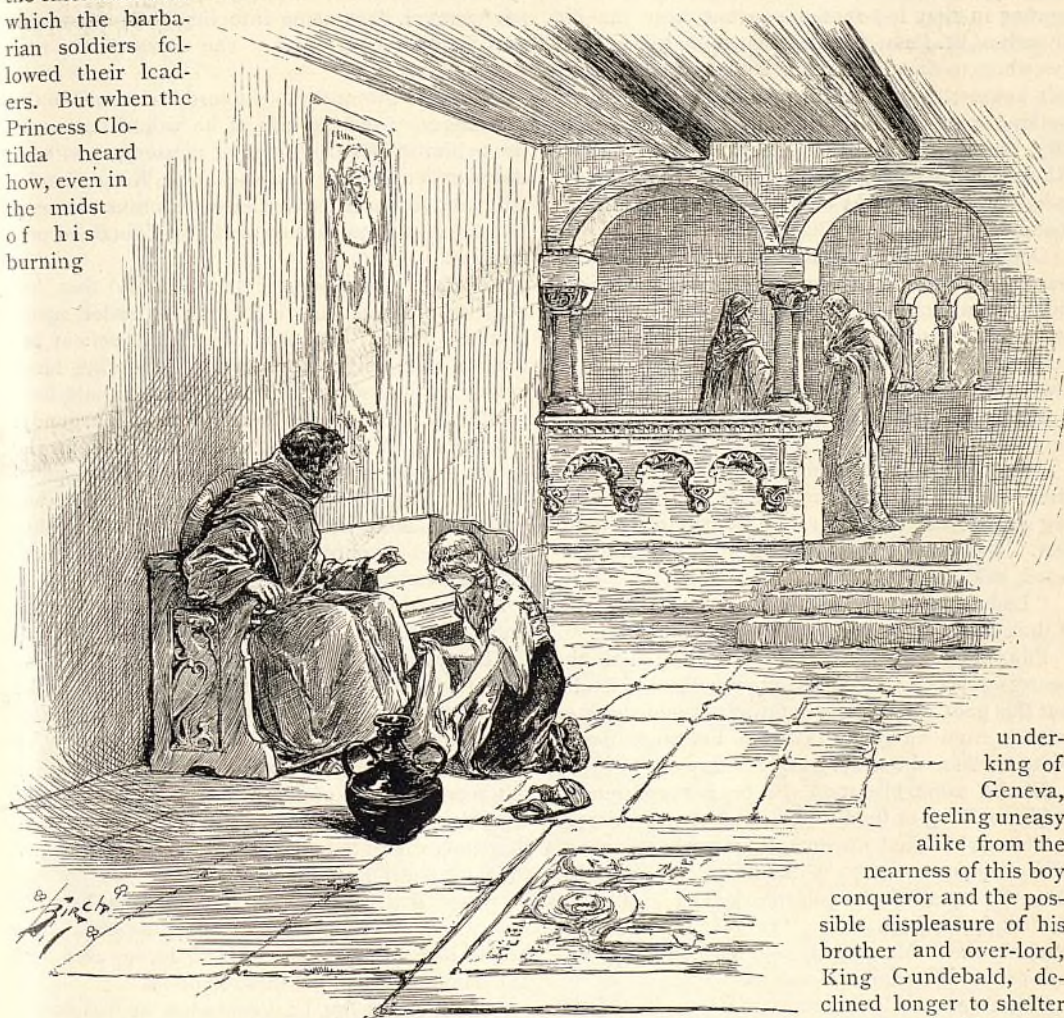
And on the journey, the good Ugo had made the road seem less weary, and the lumbering ox-wagons less jolty and painful, by telling his bright young charge of all the wonders and relics he had seen in his journeyings in the East; but especially did the girl love to hear him tell of the boy king of the Franks, Hlodowig, or Clovis, who lived in the priest's own boyhood home of Tournay, in far-off Belgium, and who, though so brave and daring, was still a pagan, when all the world was fast becoming Christian. And as Clotilda listened, she wished that she could turn this brave young chief away from his heathen deities, Thor and Odin, to the worship of the Christians' God; and, revolving strange fancies in her mind, she determined what she would do when she "grew up,"—as many a girl since her day has determined. But even as they reached the fair city of Geneva—then half Roman, half Gallic, in its buildings and its life—the wonderful news met them how this boy-king Clovis, sending a challenge to combat to

the prefect Syagrius, the last of the Roman governors, had defeated him in battle at Soissons, and broken forever the power of Rome in Gaul.

War, which is never anything but terrible, was doubly so in those savage days, and the plunder of the captured cities and homesteads was the chief return for which the barbarian soldiers followed their leaders. But when the Princess Clotilda heard how, even in the midst of his burning

on her enemies. Certainly, fourteen centuries of progress and education have made us more loving and less vindictive.

But now that the good priest Ugo of Rheims saw that his own homeland was in trouble, he felt that there lay his duty. And Godegisil, the



CLOTILDA AND THE PILGRIM. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and plundering, the young Frankish chief spared some of the fairest Christian churches, he became still more her hero; and again the desire to convert him from paganism and to revenge her father's murder took shape in her mind. For, devout and good though she was, this excellent little maiden of the year 485 was by no means the gentle-hearted girl of 1885, and, like most of the world about her, had but two desires: to become a good church-helper, and to be revenged

under-
king of
Geneva,
feeling uneasy
alike from the
nearness of this boy
conqueror and the pos-
sible displeasure of his
brother and over-lord,
King Gundebald, de-
clined longer to shelter
his niece in his palace
at Geneva.

"And why may I not go with you?" the girl asked of Ugo; but the good priest knew that a conquered and plundered land was no place to which to convey a young maid for safety, and the Princess, therefore, found refuge among the sisters of the Church of St. Peter in Geneva. And here she passed her girlhood, as the record says, "in works of piety and charity."

So four more years went by. In the north, the boy chieftain, reaching manhood, had been raised

aloft on the shields of his fair-haired and long-limbed followers, and with many a "haël!" and shout had been proclaimed "King of the Franks." In the south, the young Princess Clotilda, now nearly sixteen, had washed the feet of pilgrims, ministered to the poor, and, after the manner of her day, had proved herself a zealous church-worker in that low-roofed convent near the old church of St. Peter, high on that same hill in Geneva where to-day, hemmed in by narrow streets and tall houses, the cathedral of St. Peter, twice rebuilt since Clotilda's time, overlooks the quaint city, the beautiful lake of Geneva, and the rushing Rhone, and sees across the valley of the Arve the gray and barren rocks of the Petit Sélève and the distant snows of Mont Blanc.

One bright summer day, as the young Princess passed into the *hospitium*, or guest-room for poor pilgrims, attached to the convent, she saw there a stranger, dressed in rags. He had the wallet and staff of a mendicant, or begging pilgrim, and, coming toward her, he asked for "charity in the name of the blessed St. Peter, whose church thou servest."

The young girl brought the pilgrim food, and then, according to the custom of the day, kneeling on the earthen floor, she began to bathe his feet. But as she did so, the pilgrim, bending forward, said in a low voice:

"Lady, I have great matters to announce to thee, if thou deign to permit me to reveal them."

Pilgrims in those days were frequently made the bearers of special messages between distant friends; but this poor young orphan princess could think of no one from whom a message to her might come. Nevertheless, she simply said: "Say on."

In the same low tone the beggar continued: "Clovis, King of the Franks, sends thee greeting."

The girl looked up now, thoroughly surprised. This beggar must be a madman, she thought. But the eyes of the pilgrim looked at her reassuringly, and he said: "In token whereof, he sendeth thee this ring by me, his confidant and *comitatus*,* Aurelian of Soissons."

The Princess Clotilda took, as if in a dream, the ring of transparent jacinth set in solid gold, and asked quietly:

"What would the King of the Franks with me?"

"The King, my master, hath heard from the holy Bishop Remi and the good priest Ugo of thy beauty and discreteness," replied Aurelian; "and likewise of the sad condition of one who is the daughter of a royal line. He bade me use all my wit to come nigh to thee, and to say that, if it be

the will of the gods, he would fain raise thee to his rank by marriage."

Those were days of swift and sudden surprises, when kings made up their minds in royal haste, and princesses were not expected to be surprised at whatever they might hear. And so we must not feel surprised to learn that all the dreams of her younger days came into the girl's mind, and that, as the record states, "she accepted the ring with great joy."

"Return promptly to thy lord," she said to the messenger, "and bid him, if he would fain unite me to him in marriage, to send messengers without delay to demand me of mine uncle, King Gundebald, and let those same messengers take me away in haste, so soon as they shall have obtained permission."

For this wise young Princess knew that her uncle's word was not to be long depended upon, and she feared, too, that certain advisers at her uncle's court might counsel him to do her harm before the messengers of King Clovis could have conducted her beyond the borders of Burgundy.

Aurelian, still in his pilgrim's disguise, for he feared discovery in a hostile country, hastened back to King Clovis, who, the record says, was "pleased with his success and with Clotilda's notion, and at once sent a deputation to Gundebald to demand his niece in marriage."

As Clotilda foresaw, her uncle stood in too much dread of this fierce young conqueror of the North to say him nay. And soon, in the palace at Lyons, so full of terrible memories to this orphan girl, the courteous Aurelian, now no longer in beggar's rags, but gorgeous in white silk and a flowing *sagum*, or mantle of vermillion, publicly engaged himself, as the representative of King Clovis, to the Princess Clotilda; and, according to the curious custom of the time, cemented the engagement by giving to the young girl a *sou* and a *denier*.†

"Now deliver the Princess into our hand, O King," said the messenger, "that we may take her to King Clovis, who waiteth for us even now at Chalons to conclude these nuptials."

So, almost before he knew what he was doing, King Gundebald had bidden his niece farewell; and the Princess, with her escort of Frankish spears, was rumbling away in a clumsy *basterne*, or covered ox-wagon, toward the frontier of Burgundy.

But the slow-moving ox-wagon by no means suited the impatience of this shrewd young Princess. She knew her uncle, the King of Burgundy, too well. When once he was roused to action, he was fierce and furious.

"Good Aurelian," she said at length to the

* One of the King's special body-guard, from which comes the title *Compt* or Count.

† Two pieces of old French coin, equaling about a cent and a mill in American money.

King's ambassador, who rode by her side; "if that thou wouldst take me into the presence of thy lord, the King of the Franks, let me descend from this carriage, mount me on horseback, and let us speed

hence as fast as we may, for never in this carriage shall I reach the presence of my lord, the King."

And none too soon was her advice acted upon; for the counselors of King Gundebald, noticing Clotilda's anxiety to

If Clotilda become powerful, be sure she will avenge the wrong thou hast wrought her."

And forthwith the King sent off an armed band, with orders to bring back both the Princess and the treasure he had sent with her as her marriage portion. But already the Princess and her escort were safely across the Seine, where, in the Campania, or plain-country,—later known as the Province of Champagne,—she met the King of the Franks.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that the first recorded desire of this beautiful, brave, and devout young maiden, when she found herself safely among the fierce followers of King Clovis, was a request for vengeance. But we must remember, girls and boys, that this is a story of half-savage days when, as I have already said, the desire



PRINCESS CLOTILDA'S JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER OF BURGUNDY.

be gone, concluded that, after all, they had made a mistake in betrothing her to King Clovis.

"Thou shouldst have remembered, my lord," they said, "that thou didst slay Clotilda's father, her mother, and the young Princes, her brothers.

for revenge on one's enemies was common to all.

From the midst of his skin-clad and green-robed guards and nobles, young Clovis—in a dress of "crimson and gold, and milk-white silk," and with

his yellow hair coiled in a great top-knot on his uncovered head — advanced to meet his bride.

"My lord King," said Clotilda, "the bands of the King of Burgundy follow hard upon us to bear me off. Command, I pray thee, that these, my escort, scatter themselves right and left for two-score miles, and plunder and burn the lands of the King of Burgundy."

Probably in no other way could this wise young girl of seventeen have so thoroughly pleased the fierce and warlike young king. He gladly ordered her wishes to be carried out, and the plunderers forthwith departed to carry out the royal command.

So her troubles were ended, and this Prince and Princess,—Hlodowig, or Clovis (meaning the "warrior youth"), and Hlodowilde, or Clotilda (meaning the "brilliant and noble maid"),—in spite of the wicked uncle Gundebald, were married at Soissons, in the year 493, and, as the fairy stories say, "lived happily together ever after."

The record of their later years has no place in this sketch of the girlhood of Clotilda; but it is one of the most interesting and dramatic of the old-time historic stories. The dream of that sad little princess in the old convent at Geneva, "to make her boy-hero a Christian, and to be revenged on the murderer of her parents," was in time fulfilled. For on Christmas Day, in the year 493, the young King and three thousand of his followers were baptized amid gorgeous ceremonial in the great church of St. Martin at Rheims.

The story of the young Queen's revenge is not to be told in these pages. But, though terrible, it is

only one among the many tales of vengeance that show us what fierce and cruel folk our ancestors were, in the days when passion instead of love ruled the hearts of men and women, and of boys and girls as well; and how favored are we of this nineteenth century, in all the peace and prosperity and home happiness that surround us.

But from this conversion, as also from this revenge, came the great power of Clovis and Clotilda; for, ere his death, in the year 511, he brought all the land under his sway from the Rhine to the Rhone, the ocean and the Pyrenees; he was hailed by his people with the old Roman titles of Consul and Augustus, and reigned victorious as the first King of France. Clotilda, after years of wise counsel and charitable works, upon which her determination for revenge seems to be the only stain, died long after her husband, in the year 545, and to-day, in the city of Paris, which was even then the capital of new France, the church of St. Clotilda stands as her memorial, while her marble statue may be seen by the traveler in the great palace of the Luxembourg.

A typical girl of those harsh old days of long ago,—loving and generous toward her friends, unforgiving and revengeful to her enemies,—reared in the midst of cruelty and of charity, she did her duty according to the light given her, made France a Christian nation, and so helped on the progress of civilization. Certainly a place among the world's Historic Girls may rightly be accorded to this fair-haired young Princess of the summer-land of France, the beautiful Clotilda of Burgundy.

JOHNNY "INTERVIEWS" AN ANEMONE.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

"OH, dear!" sighed Johnny, as he threw himself down on the ground one Saturday morning, all out of breath after his long run to the woods, where he had gone to get rid of the very sight and sound of teachers and books. "How I wish I could camp out here for the summer, like that anemone over there; that is, as long as there is any blue sky."

"Is the sky blue?" asked a little voice near him, very plaintively.

It was the Anemone.

"Why, don't you see how blue it is?" answered Johnny.

"How can I see, when I have n't any eyes?"

"That's so! you have n't any eyes; I never thought of that. Still, it seems to me you have rather a nice thing of it out here, anyhow; plenty of cool air and shade, with just enough sunshine."

"Yes," said the little flower, wistfully; "it's very nice, all except the bears."

"Bears!" exclaimed Johnny. "Why, you're not afraid of a bear, are you? Bears don't care anything about anemones; no bear would run after you!"

"No; he would n't run *after* me, but he might run *over* me, you see; and that's why I'm afraid of them."

"But there are n't any bears here," said Johnny.

"How do you know that?" asked the Anemone.

"Why, I've read about bears in books, and my teachers have told me something about them, too. There are grizzly bears out in the Rocky mountains, and polar bears up in the Arctic regions; but there are n't any bears at all in these woods."

"Dear me!" said the Anemone. "How splendid it must be to be able to know things! If you only knew what a load you have taken off my mind! So your teacher told you that; do you suppose I could hire a teacher to come out here and teach me?"

"I don't know," answered Johnny, doubtfully. "I guess not; teachers have to be paid, you know, and you don't earn any money, I suppose?"

"No," said the little flower, ruefully. "I can't earn money; can you?"

"Yes, indeed! perfect heaps of it, shoveling snow and weeding the garden, and such things. But then I don't have to pay the teacher with that; Papa pays the teacher. I spend my money for candy and things. When I'm a man, I expect to earn money enough to have everything I want."

"Dear me! what would I not give for such a chance as yours," said the Anemone. "I should like so much to learn things; you don't happen to know any teacher who would come and teach me for nothing, do you?"

"No," said Johnny, decidedly. "I don't. But I'll tell you what I could do: I could bring some of the boys out here to tell you things."

"And do they know a great deal?"

"Well, we don't know as much as the teachers, of course; but we know more,"—Johnny hesitated a moment, trying to put the matter as delicately as possible,—"*we know more than some people.*"

"And do you learn something every day?"

"Yes," said Johnny, after a moment's reflection; "we learn something every day."

"Then by and by you'll know a lot?"

"Yes, indeed," asserted Johnny, more confidently this time. "When I'm a man, I shall probably know all there is to be known."

"Dear me! What a chance! But when will you bring the boys?"

"Next Saturday, perhaps."

"Next Saturday!" exclaimed the little flower in dismay. "Why I sha'n't be alive next Saturday! I only live twenty-four hours, you know. How many hours do you live?"

"Hours!" exclaimed Johnny. "Why, I hope to live seventy-five *years*, and may be I shall live longer than that."

"Seventy-five years to live to learn things in!—and a teacher too! Oh, what a chance!"

"Well, it's evident you ought to begin your education at once," said Johnny, with decision.

"As you have n't much time to spare, don't you think,"—again Johnny hesitated a moment; then he asked, a little doubtfully:

"Would you mind being picked?"

"Would I mind being picked!" shrieked the Anemone. "How would *you* like to have *your* head snapped off?"

"Not very well; but you seemed so anxious to learn —"

"That's very true," said the Anemone thoughtfully. "It's worth a good deal of a sacrifice. It was such a relief to know about the bears! and I suppose, if you could n't learn things any other way, *you* would be willing to have a leg or an arm cut off, would n't you?"

"Well," said Johnny, evading the question, "I was just thinking that if you did n't mind being picked, I could take you home to Mother; and just by hearing her talk, you would learn heaps of things."

"Mother?" asked the Anemone, lifting her little face eagerly. "What is a mother?"

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Johnny. "Not to know what a mother is! I'm sure I don't know how to tell you about her; you have to have a mother to know what she is. She's a dreadful thing not to have. I suppose you're like Topsy, and just 'growed'?"

"Is Topsy your sister?"

"No, indeed; Topsy is a story," explained Johnny.

"But how do you know stories?"

"Why, I read them," said Johnny.

"And do your teachers teach you to read?"

"Yes," said Johnny, reluctantly, conscious that he was confessing a great deal of indebtedness to the very teachers and books he had "just hated" so, that very morning.

"I think you may pick me," said the little Anemone softly. "It may hurt me some, but I would rather know something before I die. Please pick me right away, and take me home to your mother!"

"I'll tell you what I could do," suggested Johnny. "I could take you up, roots and all, without picking you off the stem, and carry you home in my basket. And if any one can make you live a little longer than twenty-four hours, Mother can."

"O, you dear, lovely boy!" said the grateful little Anemone, as Johnny lifted it carefully into his basket, roots and all. "Now you can talk to me all the way, and tell me things; for, as you say, I have n't any time to spare."

"Well," said Johnny as he trudged along, "I'm sure I did n't think I should ever be a

teacher. Do you know,"—he paused again, in his endeavor to speak very politely,—“do you know—*anything?*”

“Not much,” said the little flower humbly. “I only know what you’ve told me this morning.”

“Well, that’s something to begin with,” said Johnny, encouragingly. “I don’t always know what my teacher has told me in the morning. Dear me! that reminds me; he did tell me this morning that if I were going to the woods to-day, he wished I would bring him an anemone for his collection. Now, if you like, you can be pressed and put into a book, and have your name written under you, and be shown to lots and lots of chil-

dren; and then, don’t you see, *you*’ll be a teacher, too; and, between you and me, it’s a great deal better fun to teach than to learn!”

“Is it?” said the Anemone, eagerly. “I like learning so much, that it does n’t seem as if I could like teaching any better. But I think I shall let you press me and put me in the book!”

And when Johnny brought his teacher the Anemone, and told him about it, the teacher smiled, and wrote on the black-board as the day’s motto for all the children to learn by heart: “Remember, nothing is so insignificant but it may teach something, and no one so wise but he may learn something!”

A LULLABY.

BY IRENE PUTNAM.

NIGHT is here, night is here;
Lullaby, oh, baby dear.
Now the crickets carol shrill,
Fairies dance on moonlit hill,
In the forest dark and green
Merry elfins sport unseen.
Lullaby, oh, baby dear;
Night is here.

Singing low, singing low,
Little night-winds come and go;
Hear their footsteps as they pass
Softly o’er the dewy grass.
Nearer now, and now away
In the dusky trees at play,
Little night-winds come and go,
Singing low.

Hush, my love! hush, my love!
For the bright moon shines above;
Starlets blink their yellow eyes
All night long in peaceful skies;
All night long their watch they keep,—
Lullaby, oh, baby, sleep.
Now the bright moon shines above;
Hush, my love!

Angels white, angels white,
Guard my pretty babe to-night;
Softly o’er his cradle lean,
Tell him of your home unseen,
Where there is no night nor gloom,
Where unfading flowers bloom.
Guard my pretty babe to-night,
Angels white.



HIS ONE FAULT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXII.

ELI BADGER'S chief feeling, when he saw what he and his hickory cane had accomplished, was not pity for his victim,—whom he might have thought rightly served, whatever the result,—but alarm at his own share in the affair.

To be summoned before the court to answer the charge of soundly beating a boy caught pillaging his vines, was something he had generally thought he could stand, if the boy could. But breaking skulls, in punishment for the offense of stealing a few grapes, was quite another thing. And he was not certain that this boy had touched a cluster.

"Who are ye? Why don't ye speak?" he said, trying to get the boy into a sitting posture. "None of your make-believe with me!"

But the boy would not sit; and it was soon too painfully apparent that there was no "make-believe" in the business. Something warm and wet dropped from the still face upon his hand; and he was filled with consternation.

He lifted the limp and nerveless body, and was not relieved when he found what a mere lad he had set upon with his cruel bludgeon. If he had knocked down a man, like himself, it would n't have seemed quite so bad.

It was a sorry job for Eli, who foresaw that it might cost him much money and more trouble. But he was not so brutal a person as many believed. He had not intended to hurt the boy so badly, and he now carefully lifted the unconscious Christopher and carried him to the house.

Mrs. Eli Badger was washing the supper dishes at the kitchen sink, and Miss Lydia Badger (aged seventeen) was wiping them, by the light of a kerosene lamp, when the door was burst open, and in came the husband and father bearing his burden!

The shock of the spectacle, as the lamplight shone on Kit's insensible form, cost the family a plate, which escaped from Miss Lydia's hand and fell clattering to the floor. Mrs. Badger dropped her dish-rag and ejaculated:

"The land! What's the matter?"

"I've hit a boy I caught hookin' grapes," said Eli. "I'm 'fraid he's hurt. Make room on the lounge there!"

"Merthy thak'th! Who ith it?" said Lydia—a plump young lady with very light banged hair, a fair, full face, and a lisp.

"I have n't the least idee," said Eli. "Don't stan' starin', but bring your camfire-bottle, quick!"

This last remark was addressed to Mrs. Badger, as any one acquainted with the family might have known by the tone of voice. Eli had a mild way of speaking to his daughter, and a harsh way of addressing his wife, which revealed much concerning his domestic relations.

"Do you know him? I thought prob'bly you might."

This was uttered in the gentle voice, and Lydia answered accordingly:

"No, I don't believe I ever thaw him before. What made you thtrike him tho hard, Pa? He'th too nithe looking a boy to be thtealing grapeth!"

She was tenderly wiping the stains from Kit's face, when a faint voice, half-muffled by the wet napkin she was using, startled them, almost as if the dead had spoken.

"I was n't stealing grapes!"

It was the voice of Kit, reviving without the aid of the "camfire-bottle," which the frightened Mrs. Badger was just then hurriedly bringing. The wet napkin had quickened his breath and brought him out of his swoon.

Thereupon Eli forgot his terrors, and remembered his wrath.

"Wa'n't stealin' grapes!" he repeated, as soon as he saw by Kit's opening eyes that the worst danger was over. "What was ye at my trellises fur?"

Kit sat up with some difficulty, and lifted his hand with a vague and unhappy notion that the head on his shoulders belonged to somebody else, and that it was sadly in need of repairs. He dropped his arm quickly, however, with a twinge in the part that had come in contact with the Badger cudgel, and sat staring in a feeble and sickly way at Eli, on one stout knee before him, at Miss Badger with her sympathetic face and flaxen hair, and lastly at Mrs. Badger, thrusting an impertinent bottle at his nose.

Then he made a faint effort to explain.

"I was coming to find you,—if this is Mr. Badger,"—said Kit, judging by the square build of the man that it was indeed he. "Please don't!"

This querulous appeal was addressed to the holder of the bottle, as the powerful odor of the camphor gave his nostrils a most unpleasant surprise.

"That 's my name. What did you want of me, ef not grapes?" said Eli, incredulous.

Kit answered in broken sentences:

"I was at the oyster saloon. In the village. I heard some young fellows talk of robbing your trellises.—To-night.—I thought you ought to know."

So saying, he put up his hand again, still curious to know what there was so peculiar about the head he was carrying.

In answer to Eli's questions, he told all he could

He turned again to Christopher.

"What did you run fer, if you was comin' to see me?"

"You frightened me," said Kit. "Besides, I did n't know it was you. And I did n't know that you would know that I —"

Here he put up his hand again to that troublesome head of his.

"Where do you feel hurt?" asked the compassionate Lydia.

"My head. And my shoulder, I guess. And



"I'D LIKE TO TAKE BACK THAT LAST BLOW," SAID ELI."

remember, or had strength to repeat, of the conversation he had overheard.

"And you whacked him over the head when he wath comin' to give you warning!" exclaimed the excited Lydia. "If that it n't jutht too awful thad!"

"Of course, I took him for a thief, himself," said the father, in his mild voice — "comin' on to the premises that way!"

"What a dreffle mistake!" murmured Mrs. Badger.

"How do you know whether 't was a mistake or not?" growled the husband in his gruff voice. "I caught him at my grapes. And I struck him. Though I did n't mean ter strike him quite so hard. How do I know now but what he was helpin' himself, or goin' to?"

my — I don't know; I feel bad all over," murmured Kit, looking very pale, and sinking back on the lounge.

"Bathe his head in the camfire," suggested the wife.

"Why don't ye do it then, and not stan' talkin' o' doin' it?" cried the surly voice of Eli.

"Had n't we better thend for the doctor?" hinted the daughter.

"I'll see, bime-by; I guess he'll come out on 't; I hope he will," the amiable voice made answer. "If he was comin' to find me, why under the sun did n't he come in the front way?"

At that, Kit roused up again.

"I thought the lane was the front way. I did n't see any other. I never was here before."

Miss Lydia arranged a shawl under Kit's shoulders, and he lay on the lounge, tranquil but very pale, while Mrs. Badger bathed the rapidly swelling bunch she found on his organ of self-esteem.

"Where 's my cap?" he faintly inquired.

"Here 't ith," replied Lydia. "It dropped off when Pa wath bringing you into the houthie."

Eli had risen and was walking the room, while his wife and daughter attended the sufferer.

"If ye was re'ly comin' to give me warnin'," said he, "I'm sorry I was so hasty; I'd like to take back that last blow."

"I'd like to have you take 'em all back!" murmured Kit, with a pallid smile, his sense of the humorous asserting itself in the midst of his weakness and pain, "and keep 'em for those other fellows!"

"I've been pestered to death by boys hookin' my fruit," Eli went on, in self-defense. "You would n't wonder that I was mad sometimes! It's hard to catch 'em at it; and if I do once, they're full of their humbug excuses — innocent as babes! T' other evenin' one came walkin' right in among the vines where I was keepin' watch, and two others after him. I got right up from where I was hidin', and faced him. Did he run? Not a step! But jes' 's I was goin' to grab him, he looks me cool in the face and says, 'Good-evenin', Mr. Badger! We've called to see if you'll be willin' to sell us a few bushels of your nice grapes, when they git ripe; we don't suppose they're quite ripe enough to pick yit.' They'd have thought they were ripe enough if I had n't been there. But what could I do but give 'em a piece o' my mind? I've regretted ever since that I did n't give 'em a whalin'! Mebbe I gave it to the wrong one, when I give it to you," he said, pausing and looking down at Christopher. "But how do I know this story 'bout your comin' to warn me is n't of a piece with their pretense about wantin' to buy?"

Kit had experienced so much trouble lately in getting people to accept his explanations, that he had not heart to answer. He said, however, rather stolidly, after a pause:

"You need n't believe me; but if you find your grapes gone in the morning, perhaps you'll wish you had."

"I shall keep watch," said Eli, with a peculiarly grim expression of the square-set jaws. "Who are ye, anyway? Where do ye live?"

"My name is Christopher Downimede, and I live in East Adam."

"East Adam! That's a long way off! What's your business around here?"

"I'm on my way home from Peaceville," Kit

answered. He did not deem it a favorable moment to introduce the horse question.

"Been to the cattle show?" asked Eli.

"Yes, I have," replied Christopher.

"I was there yesterday," Mr. Badger resumed. "I had some grapes and pears on exhibition which had oughter take prizes. 'T aint much of a show; Fair's are all runnin' to hoss-racin' nowadays."

Lydia smiled to see her father so civil to the young stranger, whose hurts she was nursing. He was rarely so gracious to any one but her.

"Seems to me you came consider'bly out o' your way," he added.

"I had a little business this way," Kit replied.

"Did n't expect to get to East Adam to-night, did ye?" persisted Eli.

"No; I was going to stay in the village back here. But I thought I ought to come — and tell you — about the grape-thieves."

His voice faltered; he looked as if he were going to faint again. Miss Lydia regarded him with tender concern.

"He wont have to go away from here to-night, will he?" she appealed to her father. "I don't thee how he can!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

ELI BADGER was still averse to calling the doctor, but he did not see that he could do less for the boy to whom he had given so gratuitous a beating, than to put him to bed in his own house. The bed was accordingly prepared, and Kit was weary and weak enough to fall asleep almost as soon as Eli had helped him into it.

"He got a pooty hard hit, that's a fact!" said the dealer of the blows, as he returned to the kitchen.

"Ith he any worthe? Are you going for the doctor?" Lydia inquired, seeing her father put on his hat and button his coat.

"He does n't want a doctor," said the soft side of Eli. "I'm goin' for Mahoney."

Mahoney was his hired man, who lived a little farther up the road.

"To get him to watch with you?" Mrs. Badger meekly asked.

"What else do you s'pose I want him for, at this time o' night?" Eli's hard side sharply responded. "You go to bed, you two, and never mind about me. Have the lights out by nine o'clock, anyhow. There'll be fun by moonlight about 'leven, ef this boy tells the truth."

"Of courthe he tellth the truth; anybody can thee that," said Lydia. "I hope you wont whack the wrong perthons again."

"No danger this time!" replied the father.

And he went out of the house, and did not return to it until midnight.

Kit awoke the next morning with a sore head, a lame shoulder, and a stunned and dizzy feeling which recalled, disagreeably, his adventures of the night before. He lay thinking it over, and wondering what he should do about Dandy—at the same time gazing listlessly at the odd figures on the wall-paper of Mrs. Badger's best room—when Mr. Badger walked in.

That square-visaged, broad-backed worthy was in his most amiable frame of mind. He inquired after Kit's health, and said cheerily:

"Got along pretty well 'thout a doctor, hey? Wa' n't hurt so very bad, after all, was ye?"

"I should n't care to be hurt much worse, unless I wanted to put my friends to the trouble of a funeral," Kit replied, with a smile of feeble pleasantry.

"Wal!" said Eli, with a grin of satisfaction, "that 's a toler'ble stiff stick I thumped ye with, no mistake! You should 'a' come in t' other way. But ye meant it for a favor to me; and 't was a favor."

"Did they come for the grapes?" Kit asked, eagerly.

Eli Badger indulged in a sinister laugh.

"They did! They was true to their app'intment. They came with a one-hoss team and baskets and boxes, prepared to jest clean my vines out. But I was on hand, an' so was my man. We 'd been hid fur nigh two hours, an' had had a pretty lonesome time on 't too, when we heard somebody come 'round recon'n'iterin', an' bime-by a wagon stopped jest a little way down the road."

"Farther than the corner of the lane?" asked Kit.

"Yes; some rods. If it had stopped there, it would n't have got away; I was hid by the fence, on the watch for 't. As 't was, we gave our 'tention to the men; waited till the rascals were well started pickin', an' then rushed out on 'em." Eli chuckled grimly. "'T was moonlight. You should 'a' been there to see the fun! You 've no idee on 't!"

"Yes, I have," said Kit, remembering his share in some very similar fun a few hours earlier, and imagining the surprise it must have been to the rogues when the ponderous Eli made his onset.

"Did you catch anybody?"

"I knocked one down, and my Irishman grabbed him. Then I thumped another and grabbed him, and I might have disabled a third, if I had n't been afraid o' strikin' too hard with that stick; my overdoin' the thing with you had taught me a lesson! He drove away with the wagon. We did pretty well, though. We got two baskets and a bushel box, 'sides our prisoners; and I know who they all are."

"What did you do with the two you caught?" Kit asked.

"Marched 'em down to town, found a watchman, and had 'em locked up," said Eli. "I 'll have out warrants for the others this mornin', and make things lively for the hull lot. I 'm much obliged to you!" he added, with hearty emphasis.

"You are quite welcome, I am sure," murmured Kit.

Just then came a little rap at the door, and Miss Badger's lisp was heard.

"Breakfatht, Pa! Can he come? I 've got hith ham and eggth a-cookin'."

"Come, can't ye?" said Eli. "Ye 'll feel more chipper after ye 've got suthin' warm into yer stomach; don't ye b'leeve ye will? Guess ye will!"

"I hope so. I 'll try," Kit answered, bestirring himself.

He had already made two or three attempts to rise, but had sunk back again with a faint and giddy sensation. The stout-limbed Eli, full of kindly and hospitable feelings for his guest, now came to his assistance; and the boy, sitting up, put his bare feet upon the painted floor; then carefully rested his weight upon them.

"I shall be all right after a while," he said.

"Don't keep your breakfast waiting for me."

"It can wait as well as not," replied Eli.

"We 're in no hurry this mornin'. My Irishman, after bein' up half the night, wont be around for an hour or two. And I 've nothin' to do but to look after our grape-stealers. Can I do anything more for ye?"

"Nothing," said Kit, glad to be left alone.

He limped to the wash-stand, and felt refreshed after a free use of cold water about his head and neck. Then he stood before the little square looking-glass, by a small dressing-table covered with a white cloth, and with Mrs. Badger's best hair-brush and comb completed his toilet; wincing as he arranged the locks carefully about that part of his cranium which had been visited by the hickory stick.

He found the breakfast waiting for him, and sat down with the family, feeling already much more comfortable in body and cheerful in mind than when he awoke.

Two or three circumstances, however, interfered with his perfect enjoyment of a plain, substantial meal.

There were some not altogether agreeable things about the otherwise charming Lydia. She seemed to take her father's treatment of her mother as a matter of course, no doubt thinking it fully atoned for by his gentler manner toward herself. With her full, fair features and flaxen hair,—long and

flying behind, but combed straight down in front, and cut precisely from ear to ear across the eyebrows, completely concealing her forehead, if she had one,—she sat opposite their guest, and seemed

thieves, Eli relating over and over again how he had lain in ambush and rushed out upon them with his club, capturing or putting them to flight. At length, shoving back his chair, he remarked

that he must drive to the village and see about swearing out warrants for them, the first thing.

"You 'd better not be in a hurry about leavin' us," he said to the guest. "Stay and git recruited a little."

He put on his hat and was going to the barn, when Kit rose to follow him.

"I think I should like to— to go out— and look at your horses and stock," he said, glancing around, "if I could find my cap."

"Here 't ith!" said Lydia, bringing it with alacrity.

Eli waited for him to put it on, which Kit did cautiously, wearing it well on the back of his head to favor his painfully enlarged bump of self-esteem; and the two went out together.

"Now do you see how you blun-

dered?" said Mr. Badger, showing the lane and the way into the lower part of it from the back door of the house. "If you 'd come down further, you 'd 'a' been all right, though the front way 'd 'a' been better. The lane, ye see, goes straight to the cattle-yard."

The cattle-yard surrounded the barn, and at the



"WOULD N'T YOU LIKE TO TAKE A RIDE?" ASKED MISS LYDIA." (SEE PAGE 675.)

much of the time quite oblivious of her breakfast, in the interest she took in his own. But Kit disliked being stared at when he was eating, especially by a young lady with banged hair.

Another thing tended to dampen the ardor of Kit's attack on the ham and eggs,—the thought of Dandy. There was much talk at table about the grape-

end of the barn was the stable, the door of which stood broadly open. Kit, as he entered with Eli, and heard the sound of horses champing in their stalls, felt his bosom swell with intense expectation.

"I lost a hoss a week ago," Mr. Badger remarked, taking a curry-comb from a corner brace of the building. "One of the best hosses I ever owned. He broke his leg by puttin' it through a hole in the bridge, an' so he had to be killed. Town 'll have to pay the damages, or I miss my calc'lation. Whoa! stan' 'round!"

He slapped the hip of the first horse with his comb, and passing into the stall, undid the halter.

"I bought a new one to take its place day 'fore yesterday. Had a chance to buy cheap, over at Peaceville, at the cattle show. Back, ye brute!"

Kit held his breath; it seemed to him that the slightest thing might burst his hope like a bubble, and awaken him from an illusion.

Eli tied the halter to a staple in the rear of the stalls, and began to curry the animal.

"'T was as good a trade as ever I made," he said, between strokes of the comb. "I thought at first there might be suthin' wrong about the hoss, it was offered so cheap. But I know a good hoss when I see one; and I know a broken-down, spavined, ring-boned beast when I see one. Nothin' wrong about this critter!"

"I—should—think—not," breathed Kit, almost too excited to speak above a whisper, and forgetting all his hurts and pains in the thrilling joy of the moment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I COULD N'T tell whether the critter balked or not till I tried him," Eli Badger went on, full of the satisfaction inspired by his excellent bargain. "But I can't find that he has that fault, either. Stan' 'round, you brute!"

The horse "stood around" again, turning toward Christopher, in the broad light of the open door, a peculiarly marked, mottled side.

"There might have been something wrong in the man's title to him," the boy suggested, with more confidence in his tones of voice.

"I thought of that," said Eli. "But he told a pretty straight story. He 'd had to take the hoss for a debt, and was obliged to turn him into money, 'T was a good chance, anyway; I wanted jest such a hoss, and I thought I 'd take the risk. If anybody has a better claim to this animal now than I have, he 'll have to prove it, that's all. Stan' round, will ye!"

Kit observed the crinkles that had not yet disappeared from the lately braided foretop, and said,

in as careless a tone as so deeply interested a boy could use:

"Suppose a man with a claim on the horse should—happen along?"

"What 'd I do?" said Eli. "What 'd any man, that *is* a man, do in my place? I 'd hold on to the beast as long as I could, sure as fate! Anybody who knows me 'll tell ye that."

"I suppose so," faltered Christopher. "But you might be putting yourself to a good deal of trouble and expense."

"Likely enough; but I 'd be puttin' the other fellow to a good deal of trouble and expense at the same time. That way I might force him to a compromise. 'Here,' I 'd say, 'is a hoss worth a hundred and forty dollars. You 've lost him; I 've bought him. Give me half that amount o' money and take him. I 'll git back what he cost *me*, anyhow, if an owner *does* come along and prove property,—which is n't at all likely," added Eli, plying his comb.

"Going to drive him this morning," Kit softly inquired.

"No; I drove him yis'day; guess I 'll drive t' other one this mornin'. Thought I 'd rub him down, though, and see how he looked. Stan' round, I say! Mighty likely hoss that, now," said Eli, "for seventy dollars!"

"I should think he was well worth twice that, as you say," replied Christopher.

"I b'lieve he is," said Mr. Badger, "if he 's worth a penny. Oh, I struck a good bargain when I bought him!"

The other horse was then curried and harnessed, and Eli, telling Kit to make himself at home and "get recruited," drove away to see about "fixin' the grape-thieves," leaving Dandy Jim in the stall.

Kit went out and looked about the place, trying to calm his excitement and determine what he should do. Then he went back and feasted his hungry eyes on Dandy Jim once more. There could not possibly be any mistake this time about the identity of the horse. It had all Dandy's characteristic marks; it carried itself like Dandy, it looked like him out of the eyes, and it was shod behind and not before.

The boy studied the horse a long while, then strolled up the lane, and looked off in the direction in which Eli had gone, all the while struggling with a great temptation.

He was startled from his reveries by a lisping voice in the vineyard.

"Don't you want to get thome grapeth? I think you detherve thome, after latht night!" And the face of the fair Lydia looked over at him sweetly from its frame of flaxen hair.

He accepted the invitation, but instead of climbing the fence, as on the night before, went around by the passage between the house and the cattle-yard. Lydia met him, and picked for him the finest clusters she could find. He thanked her, and, wishing to be alone, made off again toward the stable.

She followed him, however, with her hands full of lovely Delawares and Concords, which she ate herself, and continued to urge upon him.

"I gueth you're fond of hortheth!" she remarked, seeing how absent-mindedly he let his longing eyes wander in the direction of the stalls.

Kit confessed that circumstances had caused him lately to take a lively interest in those useful animals.

"My father bought a firht-rate one for a mere thong, two or three dayth ago," she said, plucking grapes one by one from a bunch. "Have you theen him?"

"Your father showed him to me," replied Kit. "It's a pretty fair-looking horse. Is he easy under the saddle?"

"I don't know," said Lydia. "I never ride horthback. do you?"

"Sometimes; once in a great while," Kit answered dryly.

"Do you like riding?" she asked, turning her beaming face full upon him, while she squeezed a plump Concord between her lips.

"Yes, if I don't have too much of it at once," he replied, negligently eating the last of his Delawares.

"Pa 'th got a thaddle thomewhere," she went on, as they stood in the stable door. "You can take a little ride, if you think you would fanthy it. Would n't you like to?"

Here was his temptation again, in a more terrible form even than at first. Once on Dandy's back, and starting off for a little ride,—with Miss Badger's smiling acquiescence,—would he be able to stop before he had ridden once more safely into Uncle Gray's front yard?

He saw himself riding triumphantly through East Adam village, waving his cap at his mother as she ran to the door or window in answer to his gleeful call; and finally astonishing Uncle and Aunt Gray, as he swung himself from Dandy's back at their door. And what was to prevent him from taking Duckford and Maple Park on his way?

But could he repay Miss Badger's kindness by such an act of seeming treachery? Strange as it may appear, her tempting proposal made it still more difficult for him to take possession of Dandy in an underhand way.

He had tried his hand once at stealing him,—for he remembered how much it had seemed like stealing when he was betrayed into acting against the dictates of his conscience by Branlow's persuasive cunning. Would it seem less like it now,—to secure his uncle's property by fraud or force, with or without Lydia's innocent coöperation?

He could imagine her parting smiles, as she saw him set off for his "little ride"; then the growing solicitude with which she would watch for his return,—her anxiety becoming alarm, as the conviction was gradually forced upon her mind that, if not a grape-thief, their youthful, honest-seeming guest was what was worse,—a horse-thief in disguise! Then he could foresee Eli's rage on coming home and learning what had been done in his absence.

"Thank you," said Kit, hesitatingly; "I don't think—I care—to ride."

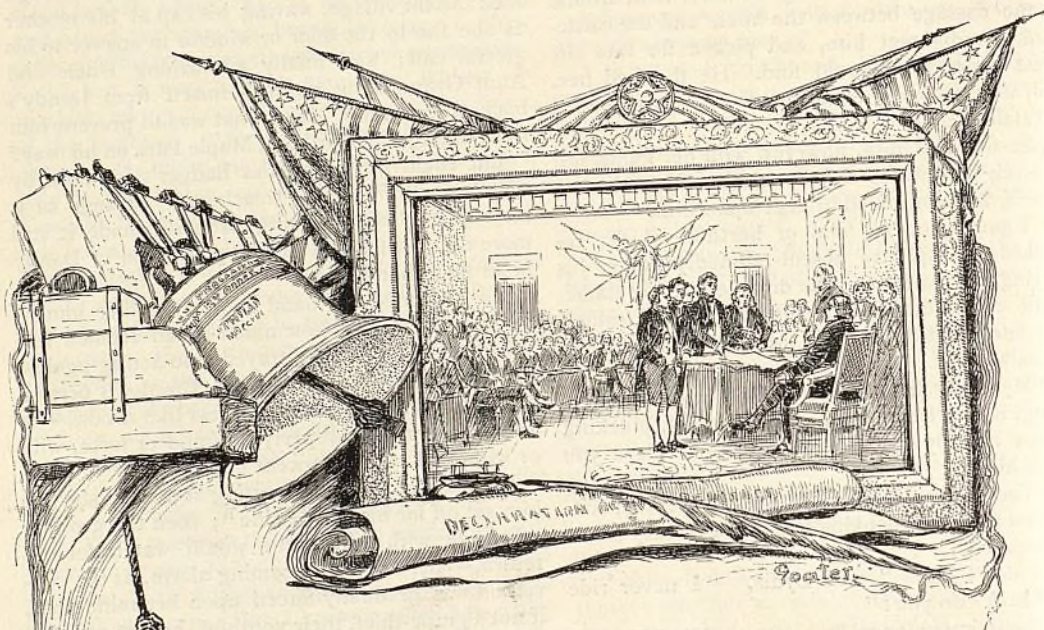
He had mastered the temptation in its most enticing shape. And surely the proposed exercise was not such a novelty to him just then that he should desire merely to be jounced up and down by a hard-trotting horse.

"I thuppothe you don't feel like it tho thoon, after latht night," said the sympathizing Lydia.

"I'm afraid it would be a little too much for my nerves" (meaning his good resolution), he replied, in a regretful tone.

"I'm thorry!" said Lydia, sweetly. "I'd be tho glad to thee you have a nithe ride!"

(To be continued.)



THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

I—PHILADELPHIA, 1776.

SQUARELY prim and stoutly built,
Free from glitter and from gilt,
Plain,—from lintel up to roof-tree and to belfry
bare and brown—

Stands the Hall that hot July,—
While the folk throng anxious by,—
Where the Continental Congress meets within
at side the Quaker town.

Hark! a stir, a sudden shout,
And a boy comes rushing out,
Signaling to where his grandsire in the belfry,
waiting, stands;—

“Ring!” he cries; “the deed is done!
Ring! they’ve signed, and freedom’s won!”
And the ringer grasps the bell-rope with his strong
and sturdy hands;

While the Bell, with joyous note
Clanging from its brazen throat,
Rings the tidings, all-exultant,—peals the news
to shore and sea:

“Man is man—a slave no longer;
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God! We’re free; we’re free!”

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II.—NEW ORLEANS, 1885.

TRIUMPH of the builder's art,
Tower and turret spring and start—
As if reared by mighty genii for some Prince of
Eastern land;

Where the Southern river flows,
And eternal summer glows,—
Dedicate to labor's grandeur, fair and vast the
arches stand.

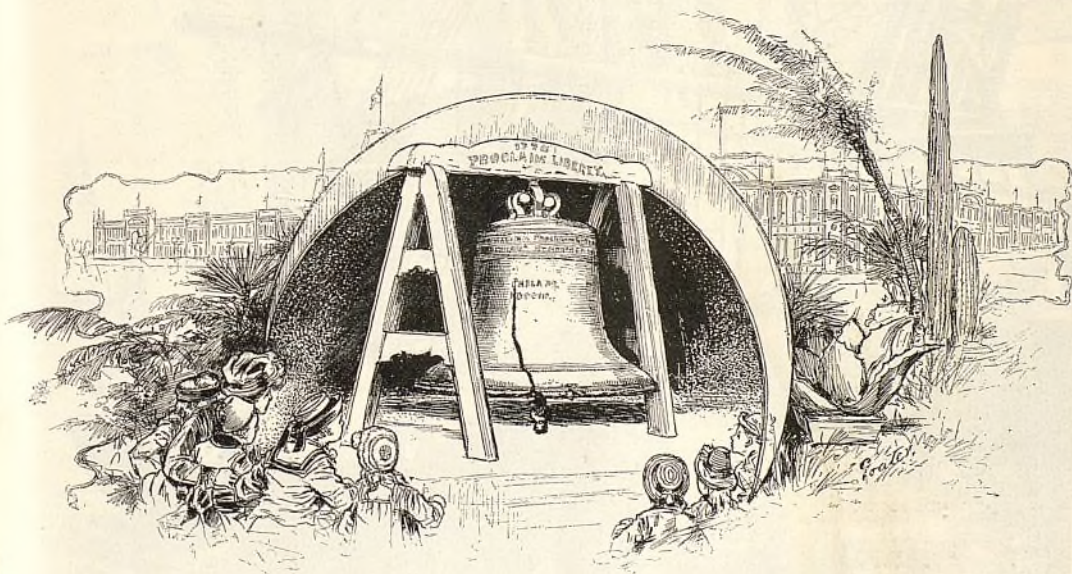
And, enshrined in royal guise,
Flower-bedecked 'neath sunny skies;
Old and time-stained, cracked and voiceless, but
where all may see it well;

III.

Prize the glorious relic then,
With its hundred years and ten,
By the Past a priceless heirloom to the Future
handed down.

Still its stirring story tell,
Till the children know it well,—
From the joyous Southern city to the Northern
Quaker town.

Time that heals all wounds and scars,
Time that ends all strifes and wars,
Time that turns all pains to pleasures, and can
make the cannon dumb,



Circled by the wealth and power
Of the great world's triumph-hour,—
Sacred to the cause of freedom, on its dais rests
the Bell.

And the children thronging near,
Yet again the story hear
Of the Bell that rang the message, pealing out
to land and sea:

*"Man is man—a slave no longer;
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"*

Still shall join in firmer grasp,
Still shall knit in friendlier clasp
North and South-land in the glory of the ages
yet to come.

And, though voiceless, still the Bell
Shall its glorious message tell,
Pealing loud o'er all the Nation, Lake to Gulf,
and Sea to Sea:

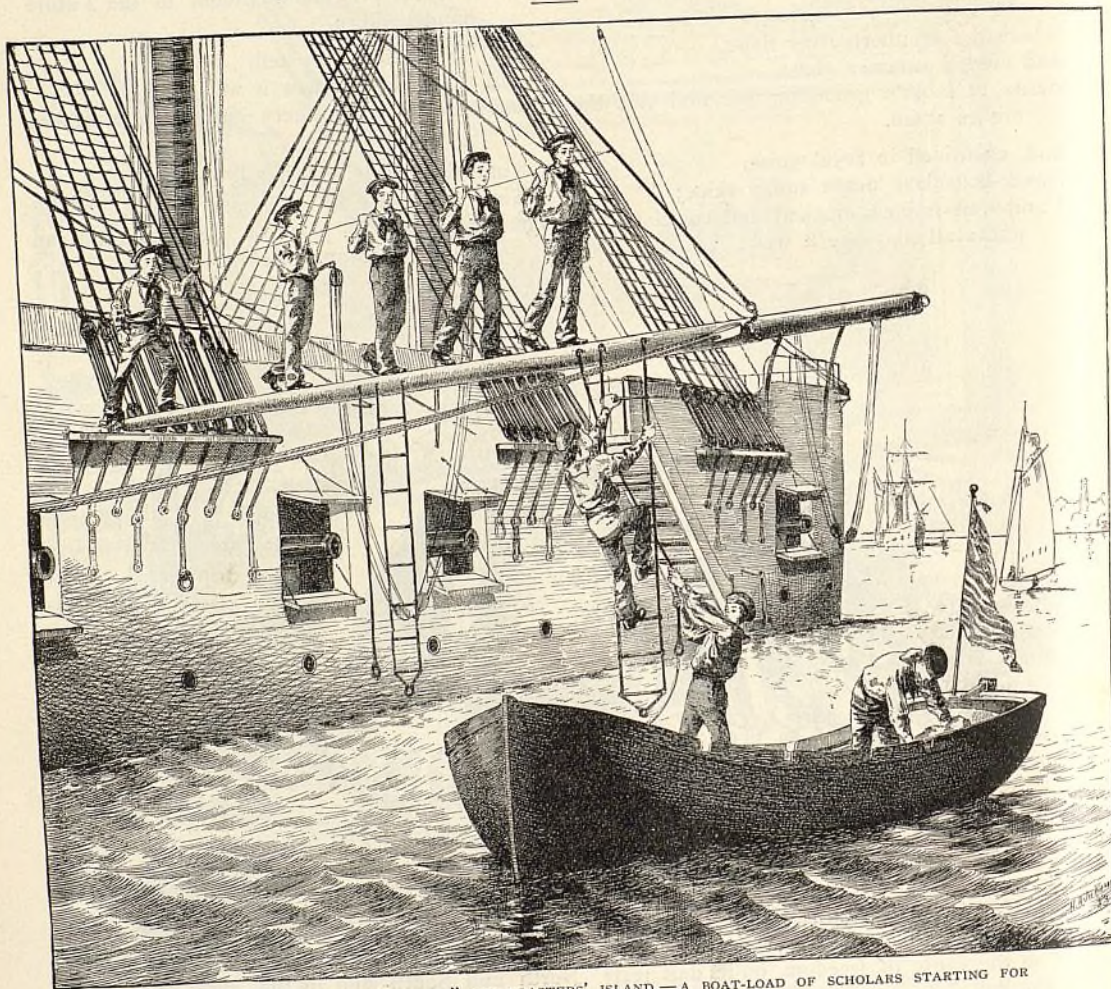
*"Man is man—a slave no longer;
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"*



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A SCHOOL AFLOAT.

BY JOHN H. GIBBONS, U. S. N., AND CHARLES BARNARD.



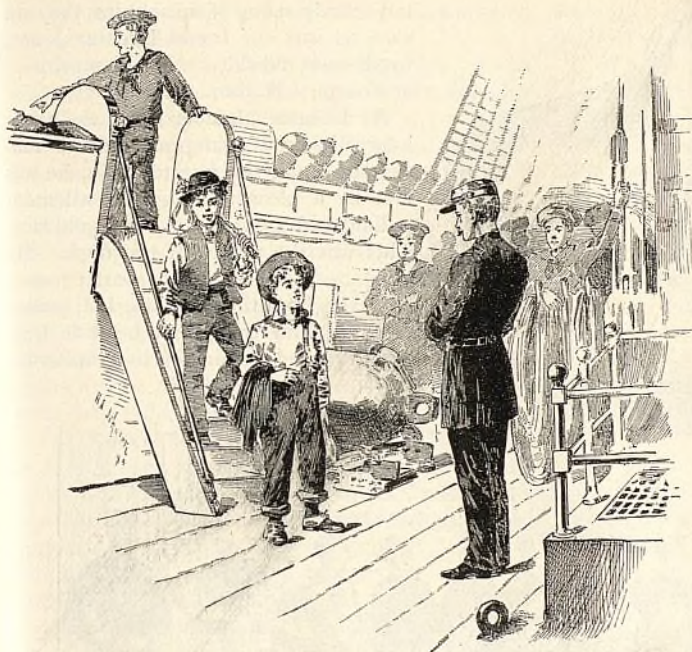
THE SCHOOL-SHIP "NEW HAMPSHIRE," OFF COASTERS' ISLAND.—A BOAT-LOAD OF SCHOLARS STARTING FOR A HOLIDAY ON SHORE. (SEE PAGE 684.)

LITTLE Decatur Jones had fully made up his mind that nothing but a sailor's life would satisfy him. The old sea-faring spirit of his forefathers was in the lad, and he chafed and fretted greatly under the restrictions of what he called his "humdrum" country life. His father was dead, and his mother could not procure an appointment for him to the naval academy at Annapolis. But when she learned through the village postmaster that the United States Navy offered just such boys as Decatur Jones a good home, fair wages, and the sea-life he desired, she decided, after long deliberation, to let the boy have his way.

And so it came about that, soon after her decision,

little Decatur stood on the pier at the foot of West Twenty-third street, New York, where a sea-soldier (called a "marine"), stood on guard at the landing and a little steam-launch bobbed against the pier waiting to take several boys out to the school-house. Think of starting for school in a steam launch!

The launch steamed out into the river and hauled alongside the steps of the school-house. And the school-house was a great war-ship. The boys climbed the high, black side of the ship and came out upon the shining white decks. There they found another marine on guard, while an officer and some young sailors were busy near at hand.



THE ARRIVAL OF SOME NEW SCHOLARS AT THE RECEIVING SHIP.

The admission to the school is simple enough. A boy must be of robust figure, intelligent, of a sound and healthy constitution, free from any physical defects or malformation; he must be able to read and write; and be of the standard height and measurement. All of these requirements our young Decatur could meet satisfactorily; yet it is a test which many boys fail to stand; for, at a recent examination in Boston, out of nearly one hundred applicants, only twenty-six succeeded in passing the requisite physical examination.

Then Decatur Jones signed his name to what are known as the "shipping articles," by which he agreed to serve continuously in the Navy of the United States until he was twenty-one years old; and, having exhibited a printed form signed by his mother, in which she gave her consent to the step he had taken, he was declared a voluntarily enlisted third-class boy in the

United States Navy, with the pay of \$9.50 per month, besides what is known as the navy "rations" of thirty cents per day.

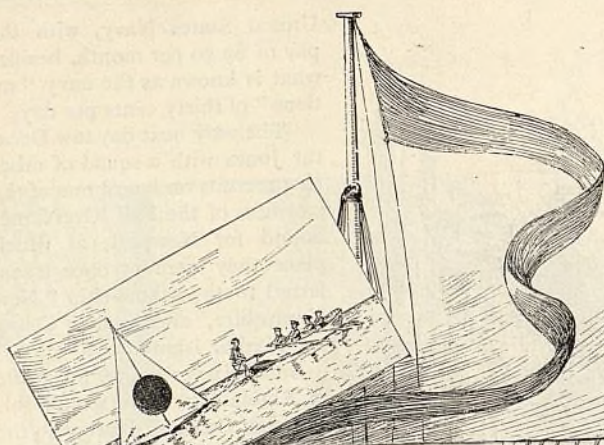
The very next day saw Decatur Jones with a squad of other new recruits on board one of the steamers of the Fall River Line, bound for Newport, at which place they were at once transferred to the school-ship "New Hampshire," anchored off Coasters' Harbor Island.

Some six years ago, the State of Rhode Island presented this island of Coasters' Harbor to the United States, with the understanding that it was to be used as a naval training station. It lies within a mile of the beautiful old city of Newport, and is separated from the main-land by a narrow strait spanned by a causeway. Anchored off this island lies the bluff-bowed old line-of-battle ship "New Hampshire," with numerous decks,

from the ports of which protrude the muzzles of ugly-looking guns. This is the cradle of the training fleet—the real school afloat. All the other

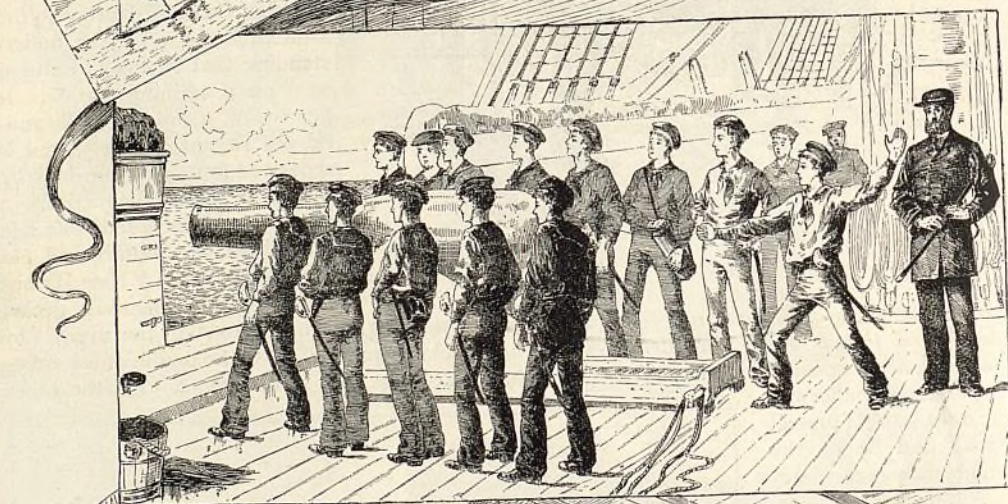


COURT AT THE MAST. (SEE PAGE 684.)



boys ready at any of these ships, they are sent, as was our friend Decatur Jones, to the stout old ship "New Hampshire," at Coasters' Harbor.

As Decatur clambered up the three long flights of gangway ladders and stepped upon the quarter-deck, he was met by a pleasant-looking gentleman, radiant with brass buttons and gold lace. This was the officer of the deck. He took Decatur's transfer papers from the trembling lad, looked him over from head to foot, and called for the master-at-arms.



DAILY EXERCISES: 1. TOWING THE TARGET INTO POSITION. 2. TARGET-PRACTICE WITH PIVOT-GUN—"READY!" 3. FENCING EXERCISES WITH SINGLE-STICK. 4. THE SEWING LESSON.

ships, at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and San Francisco are simply the entering, or receiving, ships. As often as there are twenty

The master-at-arms, whom Decatur soon learned to like, and to call, as did the other boys, from some as yet undiscovered reason, "Jimmy Legs,"

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doffed his cap and saluted the brass-buttoned officer of the deck.

"Master-at-arms," said that dignitary, "you will see that this boy has a bath and that his hair is cut; then take him down to the sick-bay to be vaccinated. After that, get him his bag and hammock; show him his 'swing' and how to 'lash and carry.'"

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded "Jimmy," briskly, although the order was rattled off at such a rate that poor Decatur had no idea what the gentleman in brass buttons was talking about. But "Jimmy Legs" did; and turning to Decatur, he said, "This way, lad," and led him at once into a large deck-house on the upper deck, where stand a dozen or more bath-tubs, beside the steam pump and boiler.

The bath was soon over, and then, on the deck next below, Decatur's abundant hair was neatly clipped down to the regulation "short cut" by a boy barber; after which he was taken to the hospital-room, known as the "sick-bay," upon a still lower deck, where he was vaccinated by the surgeon, a kind-looking old gentleman.

After this intimation that cleanliness and health are among the most important considerations in the school of the sailor, Decatur was left to himself and given a chance to look about him. He wandered through the great ship, gazed up at the tall masts and lofty spars with their masses of rigging, and felt certain that he would surely become dizzy were he to try to skip aloft, as could most of the five hundred boys who, in their natty blue uniforms, seemed to be in every part of the ship. He examined the great guns on the gun-deck, the ponderous capstans and heavy anchor-chains, the racks of burnished rifles and shining cutlasses, the brightly scoured mess-tables on the berth-deck, with their outfits of knives, forks, spoons, and pans shining like polished silver, until, tired and hungry, he began to wonder whether he was to have any supper and where he was to sleep.

Just at the right moment along came "Jimmy Legs" again. "Here's your station billet, my son," he said, handing the boy a small piece of printed paper. "Watch number, 22, port forecandle; that's your hammock number also. At quarters you go with number two's gun crew, first division. Then here you have your station given for all the exercises with sails and spars. You belong to the first cutter's crew—that's your boat, d'ye see? All the information in a nut-shell. There's the call for mess formation sounding now, so run along and join your crew—number two, first division."

"Dear me," thought Decatur, "I never can remember all that. Number two—first division; I wonder what it means?"

But in the midst of his wondering a manly-

looking boy, with two red chevrons on his arm, stepped up to him.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Jones?"

"Yes; Decatur Bainbridge Jones."

"Well, my name's Nelson, and I'm captain of your gun's crew—number two, first division," said the new-comer. "Follow me, and I'll show you where we fall in."

Decatur, greatly relieved, followed his new friend along the line of boys, and was properly placed with his own crew. Then, after muster, all the crew marched down to a supper of bread and milk, and Decatur picked up plenty of information.

"Who's Commodore Duff?" he asked, catching at the curious name as it passed among the boys. "Is he the head of the ship?"

"Well, we could n't get along without him very well," was the laughing reply. "Why, Duff's our caterer, you know. He's an Italian with a jaw-breaking name, and we call him Duff for short; and does n't he feed us well, though? You just ought to have seen our last Christmas dinner,"—and there sounded a chorus of appreciative smacks in recollection of that Christmas dinner.

Supper over, "Jimmy Legs" made his appearance again, loaded down with a hammock, mattress, blankets, a large black canvas bag, and a small square box.

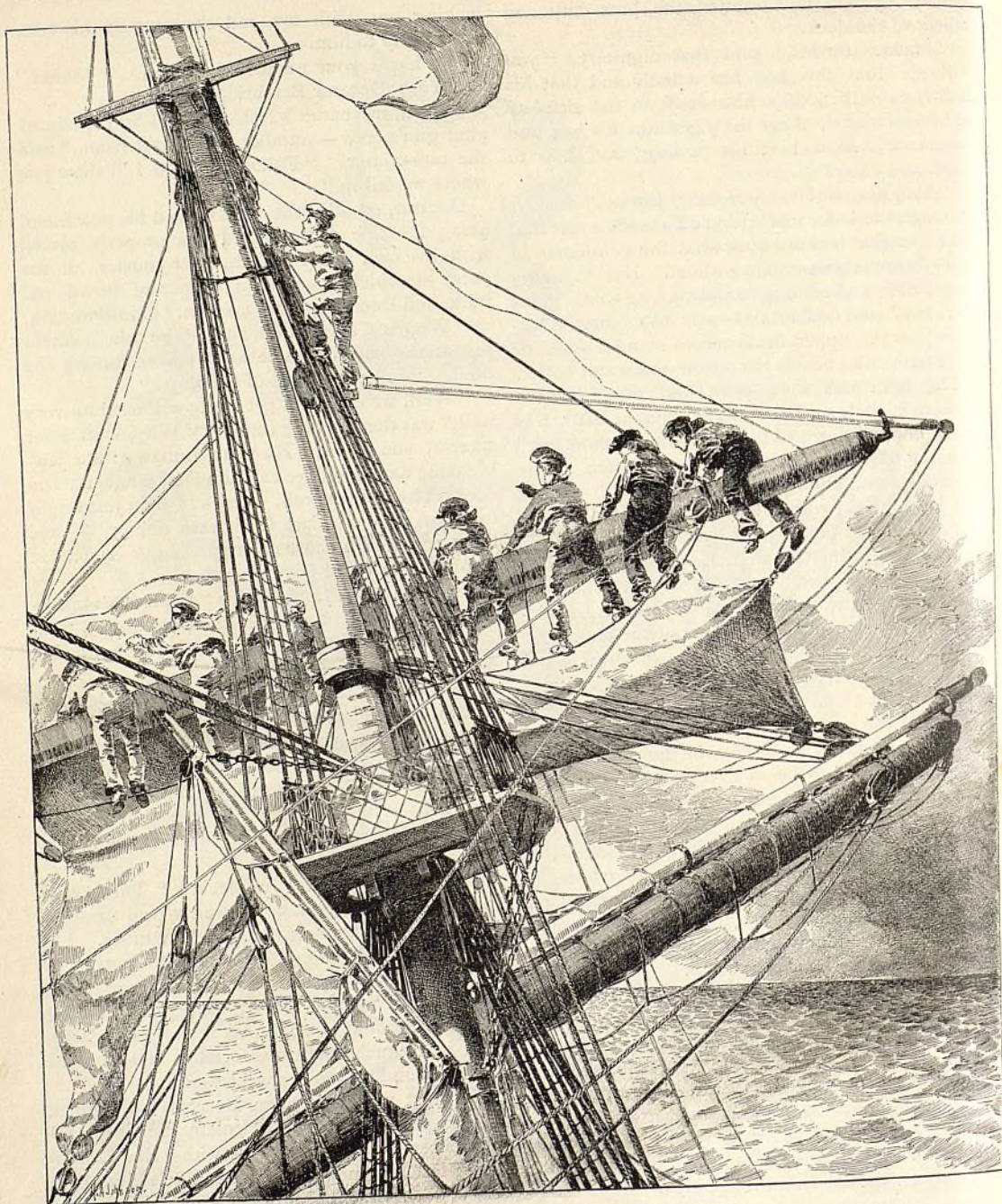
"This is your bed," he said to our friend Decatur, pointing to the hammock. "This is your clothes-bag, and this is your ditty-box for sewing gear, writing materials, and odds and ends. You will draw your clothing to-morrow, when the officer of your division has had a look at you. Now, come along and I'll show you where to swing your hammock."

He led the way to the gun-deck. "This is your berth," he said; "number twenty-two, same as your hammock number and watch number. I'll take care of your bag and box until to-morrow."

Then he put up the hammock, arranged the bedding, and trotted quietly away, while young Decatur, thoroughly tired out, found that a hammock is a much more comfortable bed than he imagined, and was soon sound asleep.

The next morning, when Decatur had donned his blue shirt with its rolling collar, the loosely fitting trousers, and the jaunty cap with "New Hampshire" lettered in gold upon it, he felt himself in reality "every inch a sailor." And as he now becomes one of the five hundred, and hence loses to a great degree his identity, we must leave him to share the fortunes of his comrades, while we take a more general look at what these fortunes are.

The blast of bugles and flare of drums at early daylight is the "reveille," warning the young apprentices that it is time to "turn out." Should



REAL SERVICE OUT AT SEA — REEFING THE TOP-SAIL.

they forget this fact, there are any number of petty officers ready to impress it upon them. Twelve minutes are allowed in which to turn out, dress, lash hammocks, carry them on deck, and stow them in the nettings provided for the purpose. The next step is to carry out the morning orders,

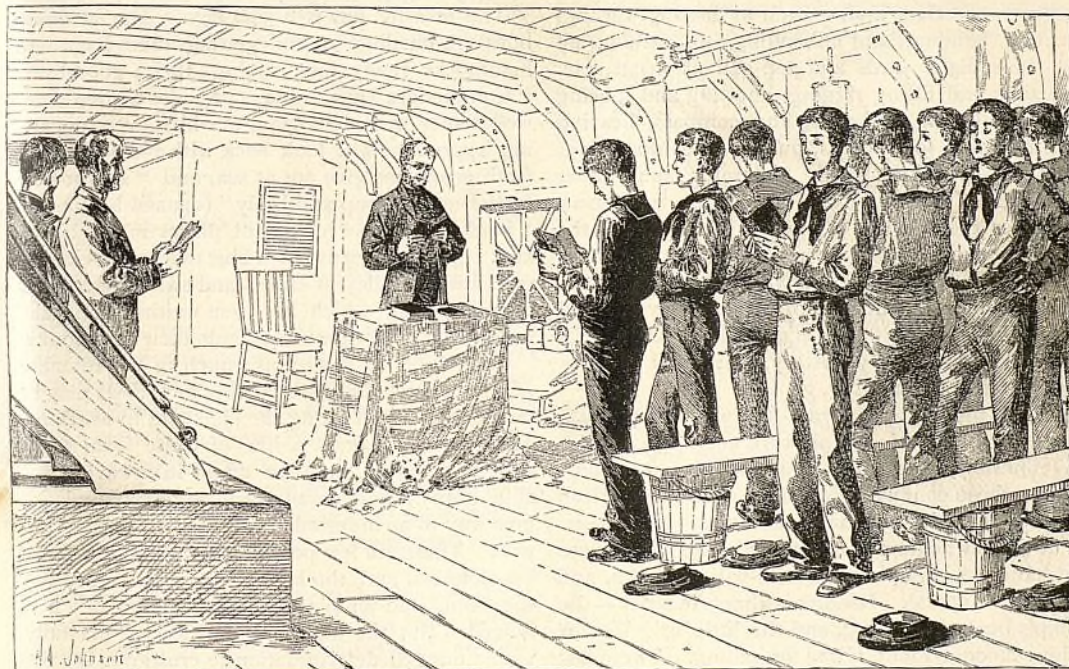
under the direction of the officer of the deck. The decks are swept clean, and the running rigging laid up neatly on the pins. The order is then passed to scrub and wash clothes. Each boy becomes for the moment his own washerman, and, brush in hand, goes heartily at this laundry work.

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Smirched clothing is never tolerated; so every day is wash-day, thereby giving all hands an opportunity to keep their clothing neat and clean.

The cleanliness of the ship itself is a matter considered equally as important as that of the crew. The boatswain's mates pipe "Wash down the decks," and the work begins. Buckets of water, hickory brooms, sand and holy-stones, squillgees and swabs — all are brought into use to drive every particle of dirt from the oak planks of the decks, which soon shine with a whiteness that any housewife would envy. Then the ship must be cleaned outside, and the copper sheathing scrubbed and

The great event of the forenoon is "quarters." All the crews assemble at their guns for muster, inspection, and drill. Four guns' crews, of seventeen boys each, make up a division, which is in charge of an officer. The drills are varied and interesting, and pertain more particularly to that part of the training which makes "fighting men." The boys are exercised in loading, pointing, and firing the heavy cannon which constitute the ship's battery. The target is towed out to the proper distance from the ship. There is about this gun-practice much "make-believe" — as the phrase goes — at first, but when the boys are thoroughly



AT CHURCH ON THE GUN-DECK.

oiled until it looks like a band of reddish gold above the water-line. The ship having received her share of attention, the boys are given a half-hour in which to prepare for "early inspection," at which the master-at-arms and a number of subordinates make a critical observation of the toilets.

Then comes breakfast, and, after that, more cleaning. There are no intervals of idleness. This time it is the guns that need care; their brass-work must be made to shine like a mirror in the sun. While this is going on, a bugle sounds sick-call, and all those who are too ill for the day's work flock down to the dispensary, where the old surgeon and his young assistant are busy feeling pulses, peering down throats, and prescribing generously for each patient.

posted in their duties, real powder and shell are brought in. The deafening reports are at first a sore trial to delicate nerves, but our young friends are soon able to stand unmoved while an eight-inch Dahlgren gun belches forth flame and smoke.

Broadsword and cutlass drills, under the supervision of an expert swordsman, and pistol, howitzer, and infantry drills form a part of the routine, which goes toward strengthening the youthful arm that may some day be raised in defense of our country's flag.

After quarters, exercises and studies, with an interval of one hour at noon for dinner, fill up the time until four o'clock. Evening quarters, for muster only, are at half-past four, and supper is at five. Hammocks are piped down early in the evening,

and every one must be turned in at nine o'clock, when silence fore and aft is the order of the night.

The school of instruction for the apprentices is divided into three departments, viz.: Seamanship Department, Gunnery Department, and Department of Studies. Each department is in charge of an officer, with several assistants. In seamanship, the boy is first taught the names of all the spars, ropes, and sails. He is then sent on the "monkey yard," which is slung a few feet above the deck, and there taught how to handle a small sail. Encouraged to take a run up the rigging every morning, the boy soon forgets his fear of falling, and is then allowed to take part in the regular exercises aloft—such as loosing, furling, reefing, bending, and unbending sails, sending up or down light yards and top-gallant masts, etc. Cutting and fitting rigging, knotting and splicing rope, sail-making, boxing the compass, heaving the lead and log signals, pulling oars, swimming, and the use of the diving apparatus come under this head. The course of instruction in gunnery includes the theory of gunnery, in addition to the practice mentioned in a preceding paragraph as divisional drills. The Department of Studies embraces the rudiments of an ordinary English education—reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, moral and religious instruction, and singing.

This, then, is the every-day work of the apprentices, but it is not all work and no play. On Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons, those whose conduct record may warrant are given liberty to visit the quaint old town of Newport. For those who do not care for this, the island close at hand is a rare place for base-ball, foot-ball, and other field sports. Boating is always in order—the ship's boats for rowing, and the little brig *Toy* or the schooner-yacht *Wave* for sailing. These last two, manned by the boys themselves, make pleasant cruises in Narragansett Bay, and often visit the surrounding towns. And it is a pretty sight on some breezy day to see the boys walk out on the long boom and drop into the cutter that bobs and dances alongside. In the pleasant summer evenings the band plays for "stag" dancing on board ship, and a singing-master leads the choruses, which make the air resound with "Nancy Lee," "Life on the Ocean Wave," and other songs of the sea. A library and reading-room are open during recreation hours. On Sunday mornings church service is conducted by the Chaplain on the gun-deck, when all are required to be present.

For the bad or unruly boy, or the one who lazily or willfully shirks his duty, there is first justice and then punishment. Such a boy is duly reported to the officer of the deck and the culprit is speedily

summoned to answer to the charges against him before a court composed of the captain, the executive officer and the chaplain. It is like a regular police court, too, in which if the boy can plead a good excuse or can prove by witnesses that no blame attaches to him he may do so. Everything is done according to exact justice, and punishment is only given when proven to be merited.

After a year on the ship, those boys who have advanced far enough in their profession to be considered available for sea are generally transferred to some of the cruising ships of the training squadron, when the fleet rendezvous at Newport in the early spring, preparatory to the summer cruise.

The transfer day is a gala day. The fortunate boys are bustling around getting their bags and hammocks ready and saying their good-byes. "Commodore Duff" always provides a grand farewell dinner on this occasion, to which every departing apprentice will look back with pleasure when fresh provisions give out at sea, and "salt horse" (salt beef), "soup and bully" (canned beef), and "hard-tack" have important places in the bill of fare. The draft turns out in blue mustering-clothes, and, amid a volley of cheers and swinging of caps, boards the tug, which has been waiting alongside, and are soon distributed among their new homes.

Once upon the high seas, much of the romance of the sailor's life fades quickly away. It may be pleasant to stroll along the cliffs and to watch the great waves break in a line of white foam and a shower of spray, but once afloat in a wave-tossed ship, many a young sailor has felt contemplation give way to an indescribable feeling of misery and woe. There are few people who are proof against sea-sickness, and the land-lubber who can endure the rolling and pitching without a qualm is a hero indeed. But the lad who "tackles it" manfully, with a dogged determination to crush out the first symptoms of weakness, generally conquers, and is soon able to laugh with the rest. One or two days is the average time allowed for getting one's "sea legs."

The coast-line soon fades away in a purple haze as the small fleet bowls along before the wind out into the broad Atlantic. The change is exhilarating. To many it is a new world—the blue above and the blue below. The weather is fair to-day, but to-morrow the clouds may bank up around the horizon in dark, foreboding masses, the gentle breeze may increase to a howling gale, and the speeding ship be stripped of her lofty canvas until she is left wallowing in a heavy sea and drifting bodily to leeward. It is then that the stout heart and the steady hand of the sailor boy stand him in good stead. There are to'-gallant sails and royals to be furled, the lofty yards of which sway

from side to side with the motion of the ship, making the dizzy height all the more perilous, and the youngsters must reef top-sails, working with their hands, and acquiring the knack of "hanging on" without the help of those useful members.

Day and night the watch is set, to pass four hours on deck ready to answer every call, whether it be to man the "jib down-haul" or "spanker brails"; then four hours below, with nothing to do. The "dog watches" of two hours each (from 4 to 6 P. M. and from 6 to 8 P. M.) break the continuity, and enable the watches to alternate, and thus secure eight hours below every other night.

Thus a year—several months of it spent in sea-voyaging—slips quickly by, and the young tar has advanced steadily in his calling. His fund of

general knowledge has been increased by visiting foreign countries. At no time has the training in the three departments of Seamanship, Gunnery, and Studies been lost sight of, although self-reliance has taken the place of that dependence upon others which is necessarily so common at first.

Upon attaining his majority, the apprentice is in every way fitted for general service as a man-of-war's-man, and may serve—according to his choice—in any squadron that stands in need of men. Whether he chooses the much-sought-for European squadron, or visits the celestials in China, or wanders in the Pacific or South Atlantic, let us hope that he will at all times prove himself worthy of his *alma mater*, and help to regenerate that fast-disappearing class—the American seaman.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST CORRESPONDENCE.

BY REV. HENRY AUGUSTUS ADAMS.

HERE are two letters that were written by two boys who became great and good men. Now, while we are about to commemorate the anniversary of our Nation's birth, it is pleasant to look back to the days when those two great patriots were only boys like the rest of us.

The first letter is from Richard Henry Lee, who spoke so boldly and acted so bravely for our country in the time of her great peril and need:

"Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elephants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elephant and a little Indian boy on his back like uncle * jo's sam pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let uncle jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me.

"RICHARD HENRY LEE."

To this letter Washington sent the following reply:

"Dear Dickey I thank you very much for the pretty picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word.

* Faithful old family slaves were called Uncle.

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Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I must n't tell you who wrote the poetry.

"G. W's. compliments to R. H. L.
And likes his book full well,
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may end."
"Your good friend,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it."

In less than half a century after writing this child-letter, this same George Washington stood before a vast assemblage of people, and, with his hand upon the Bible, took the oath as the first President of the United States.

"Long live George Washington, President of the United States," shouted one who stood near, and the people caught up and repeated the shout. But the first person to clasp Washington's hand was his life-long friend, Richard Henry Lee.

After all, boys are boys. If these two great men were once boys like us, why may not we some day become great men like them? To be *great*, one need not be famous.

DAUGHTER ITHA.

BY THE COUNTESS EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

ITHA lived with her father in a small German village. He was a very learned man, but very poor, and so he walked into the town, two leagues distant, every morning to give lessons to the young people of rich families; and in the evening he walked back to the village and took little Itha on his knee, and made her tell him what she had done with herself all the long day. And when they had eaten their supper, he would sometimes say:

"Now you shall hear a story about what happened when the world was young."

Many were the beautiful wonder-tales that he knew, but the one Itha liked best was the history of a fair and gentle lady who was borne away to the sunless kingdom of the dead; and so great was the grief of her husband that he went to seek her in that shadowy land, and by his sweet singing compelled her captors to yield her back to him. Itha was never tired of hearing this story.

At other times, the poor scholar would take down his favorite book and read aloud, in a rich, full voice, something that sounded like a great river rolling along. Itha would sit upon his knee all the while that he was reading, and one day she said to him:

"Let me read, too, in that book."

So he taught his little daughter how to read in the book, though it was written in Greek; for it was the book of a wonderful Greek poet who lived thousands of years ago, when the world was young. And it was the only book that Itha ever read, for her father had forgotten to teach her how to read German, which was her own language.

One December evening,—it was the eve of St. Nicholas's day,—as the poor scholar was trudging back from the town, he remembered that he had not been able to do anything with his little pupils all that day, because they were all whispering to each other guesses as to what St. Nicholas would put in their shoes next morning; for every German child, when he gets up from his bed on the sixth of December, expects to find a nice present in his shoes, and the nurse tells him St. Nicholas put it there. One of the scholar's pupils wished for a pair of skates; another hoped it would be a brand-new doll; a third wanted a box of sugar-plums, and the poor scholar thought:

"My little Itha will have no gift from St. Nicholas to-morrow morning."

And he sighed sadly. When he had gone a little farther, he met a peddler.

"Ah! surely," he cried, quite joyfully, "you must have something in your bag which will do to put in my little child's shoe."

"I have not such a thing with me," said the peddler; "I am sold out, excepting a few bone-handled knives and some tin-ware." He passed on, but in a minute he ran back and said: "I forgot a bit of a thing I picked up at a sale in an old country house a week ago—it might do for you, perhaps, but I can not tell."

He pulled out from the bottom of his sack—a little violin!

"What is your price?" cried the poor scholar, trembling with eagerness to secure the prize.

"Three florins," said the peddler.

He had just that in his pocket, and he brought it out, not thinking for a moment of how he had intended to buy himself a new hat with the money, because his pupil, little Master von Rebel, had secretly sat upon his old one and crushed in the crown, "just for fun!"

As for the peddler, he went on his way rejoicing, for he had bought the violin for one florin, so he had made a clear gain of two. He was not accustomed to deal in such things, and he did not in the least suspect that the little violin was worth much more than even the sum he sold it for; still, this was really the fact. Inside of it, almost marked out by age and dust, stood the name of Joseph Guarnerius, of Cremona, a great and famous maker.

Joseph Guarnerius was a strange man, and perhaps he made this particular little violin by way of a joke, for it was very small, and what is called the tail-piece had a carved head on it, the likeness of a curious, good-natured-looking little monster, something like the gargoyle heads you see in old churches. Or it may be that it was intended as a keepsake for his jailer's daughter, who was very kind when he was once in prison, and brought him the needful materials so that he might not have to leave off making violins. When the dust was rubbed off the case, it showed a bright amber color, which pleased the poor scholar as he sat that night rubbing it up to make it look as nice as possible; but he did not know its value any more than the peddler, and therefore he was not aware that it was one of the great secrets of the old makers how to give the instruments this glowing, yellow tint. When he had done polishing it, as it was too big to go into the shoe, he put the

shoe on the head of the little carved monster, and placed it silently by Itha's bed.

As soon as Itha woke in the morning, she saw the little violin, and she was very, very happy; she kissed it and kissed it, and could not kiss it enough. She wondered how it ever came to be in her shoe, but her father said, with a smile, "St. Nicholas put it there!" When she touched the strings, and when they went "twing, twing," she jumped for joy, she was so glad. After that, she drew the bow across the strings, and it made a sweet, long sound, and she could have cried with pleasure. You see, little Itha was not in the habit of having many pretty things given her, and so she thought all the more of this one. She asked her father what it should be called, for she wished to give it a name, and he told her to call it Psyche.

After that St. Nicholas day, whenever her father was away in the town, little Itha played on her violin. At first she only made different kinds of sounds, but she soon found out how to play the little tunes with which her mother had been used to sing her to sleep; and then she would make up tunes of her own to play, and discover all sorts of new ways in which to play the old ones. She would say softly, as she nursed her little violin in her lap, "There are three in the house now: Father, Itha, and Psyche!" She used to take Psyche to bed with her when it was cold weather.

But when the new year was half gone by, a great misfortune happened — the poor scholar lost his eyesight. Now he could no longer go into the town to earn money by teaching rich children, and every day there was less bread in the house. Little Itha was very happy that she could read to her father out of his dearly loved book; she sat on his knee, as in old times, and he held the book in his hands whilst she read. Every day she made him tell her how Homer, the great poet who wrote the book, was also blind and poor when he grew old, for the story seemed to be a comfort to him.

One day there was no food, and no money to get it with. The poor scholar said to himself, "If it was only I, I could starve; but the child must eat." He went to the shelf where his dear book lay, and he took it down and dusted it with his sleeve, and for a few moments he held it in his hands. Then he felt his way to the door, and walked out, with his stick, to a neighbor's house. For a minute he stood still; a thought struck him: "The violin would do as well — but no! It would break Itha's heart to part with it." He called to the neighbor:

"Neighbor, your son Hans is going to the town; will you let him sell this book and buy bread?"

In the afternoon, Hans came back with a loaf, and said "it was all right."

When they had done their supper, Itha went to the shelf, as usual.

"Father!" she cried out, "I cannot see Homer."

"He is sold to buy bread, my child," said the poor scholar.

Itha sat down on his knee, and all that evening they both cried. Next day two men came to the house, and the poor scholar gently bade Itha go out of the room while he spoke with them; but through the door she heard sounds of harsh voices and hard words, and when they had talked for some time, Itha's father came out to her and said:

"My child, you know we are very poor, and since my trouble I have not been able to pay my rent. I owe these gentlemen forty florins, and they are going to put me in prison till I can pay it. Good-bye, my little Itha."

Meanwhile, the two men looked around the house.

"These things wont fetch twenty pence, all put together," said one.

"What's this? A fiddle, I declare! That may be sold for a trifle, perhaps," said the other, roughly handling Psyche.

"Well, we can see about that, when we come back presently," rejoined the first speaker. "Little girl," he continued, with just the air of one who thinks he is doing a great favor, "we shall try and get you into the town orphan-house."

"I am not an orphan, and I will go with my father!" cried Itha, sobbing, and clinging to her father's neck.

"You're little better off than an orphan," muttered one of the men, and they forthwith led the poor scholar away and slammed the door on his little daughter. Itha wept bitterly when they were gone; but of a sudden she got up and took hold of her little violin, and said:

"Psyche, you and I must save father;" and she ran off as fast as she could. She did not go toward the town, for she knew the cruel men lived there, but right the other way, across the fields of barley and rye. That night she slept under a hedge, but the next day she came to a village, and she played her violin all along the village street. The people were pleased to hear the music, and threw out pence, and one gave her a piece of bread with some sausage. A good man let her sleep in some straw under his shed, and when morning came, she made her way to another village. Thus she went on, and on, from day to day, and she kept all the money she earned tied up in her pocket-handkerchief, till it got to be quite heavy with pence and small coins. Still, there were not nearly forty florins, and the life was a very hard one; but

Itha said, over and over again, "Psyche and I will save poor father," and that made her able to bear it all. When the winter began, it was terrible to have to wander about like this; yet, little Itha's heart was light, for her handkerchief grew weightier every day, and all the florins were there, save one! But her strength was almost gone, and as her shoes

chestnuts, had disappeared; there was nothing left of the ginger-bread man but his gilded toes; now came the supreme moment, when the Marzipan was put on the table. The musician stood up and said to his children:

"Once upon a time, in the month of March, there was a great siege, and nothing was left in the



"ITHA PLAYED HER VIOLIN ALONG THE VILLAGE STREET."

were worn out, she had to walk with bare feet. It was in this plight she reached the very old town of Nuremburg one cold December day.

They were keeping Christmas in the great musician's house. The roast goose, stuffed with

town but sugar. So the people boiled down all the sugar together, and ate it instead of bread. And the children thought it so good, that ever since, at Christmas, they have eaten the March-bread, such as you have before you to-day."

The children screamed with delight when the

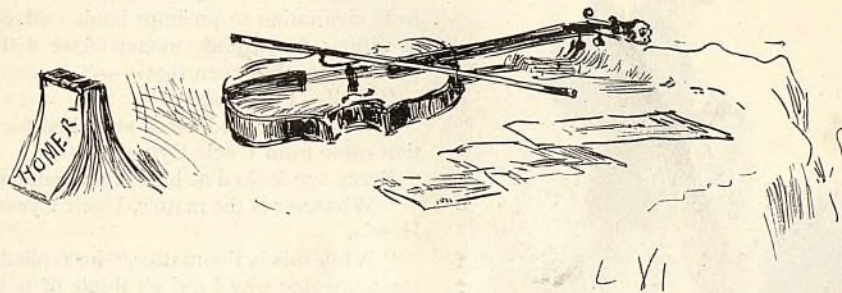
Marzipan was uncovered; it was big and round, and there were splendid figures on it in colored sugar.

Just then the musician's ear caught a little sound coming up from the square, and when he went to the window he saw a poor little ragged child playing the violin; and all along where she had trodden, there were stains of blood on the snow; for her naked feet were cut and frost-bitten.

"Keep quiet for a minute, children," said the musician to the merry band at the dinner-table. He listened and listened till the music stopped; then his face lit up brightly, as though with deep

joy, and he exclaimed: "Here is one who will become a great artist!"

So Itha's pilgrimage ended. The musician took her into his house and gave her good food and warm clothing. They started off together to free the poor scholar; and what was more, the musician did not rest until he had found the old copy of Homer and bought it back for him. Then Itha and her father went to Nuremberg, and Itha studied for some years and grew perfect in her art, and in time her name came to be known over all the world for her beautiful playing on the violin.



SHEEP OR SILVER?

BY WILLIAM M. BAKER.

CHAPTER III.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

As Prince Braunfels had intimated, he had determined to "go back to civilization,"—that is, to Germany. His own subjects had become Americanized, and no longer treated their Prince with the respect his rank demanded.

"Dey sits down in mine bresence, Madame," he complained to Mrs. Frierson, "unt mit dere hats on dere hets. Dey stops at mine gate unt shouts to me: 'I say, Brince, pring me *ein tassén vasser!*'" Houf! I dell you I must leaf dis hor-rid ccountree!"

In leaving, however, he needed to make satisfactory disposition of a valuable, full-blooded Merino ram that he had imported from Spain at a heavy expense, together with several Merino ewes. The Prince was enthusiastic on the subject of sheep-raising.

"But *ach!* Mein beoples!" he exclaimed; "dey are such foolish ones, dey would eat dese grand, dese noble sheep for mutton. Stupids!"

The Prince had formed a high opinion of the ex-

cellent sense of Ruthven; and the proposition which he made was that the Friersons should take his small but extremely valuable flock of Merinos in charge, paying him a fixed percentage upon the yearly returns and increase.

Ruthven and his mother hesitated at first. They had had some experience with the Mexican sheep of that region, but to undertake the care and raising of valuable, full-blooded stock was a very different matter.

"We have no inclosed pasturage large enough," objected Ruthven. "We are too near the public roads and the towns. Dogs will kill the sheep, or Mexicans will steal them. I know nothing about the diseases of sheep, nor about their housing and food. One week may sweep off every one of them; and these Merinos are delicate as well as valuable creatures."

"You forget what the Prince told us of old Jock, his Scotch shepherd, Ruthven," said Mrs. Frierson. "The old man brought these sheep across the Atlantic, you know, and has had charge of them ever since. He thoroughly understands sheep and has regular shepherd dogs."

"But, Mother, the Prince says that Jock has refused to stay in Texas," Ruthven replied. "The old Scotchman is as disgusted with the climate as the Prince is with the people. And more than all, Manchac Springs is no place for sheep. The Prince himself acknowledges that."

But while their minds were occupied with the proposition of Prince Braunfels and the question of what was the best course to be pursued, a train of emigrants from the North rested one day near the house, and refreshed themselves with the water of



OLD JOCK AND DON QUIXOTE.

Manchac Springs. Manchac, indeed, was famous throughout that section as a favorite resting-place with the scouts and guides who piloted the numerous emigrant trains over the Texas plains.

This special train consisted of three ambulances, six great road-wagons, several cows, and a score or so of negroes. Upon a mattress in the largest ambulance lay a sweet-faced woman in the earlier stages of consumption. She proved to be Mrs. Edwards, a widow of considerable wealth, accompanied by her son, Harry, and her two daughters, Barbara and Madge, all young people of about the ages of Mrs. Frierson's children.

"We have come to Texas," Harry told Mrs. Frierson, as he met her under the live-oaks before the house, "in the hope that the climate may benefit my mother. She is in raptures over your magnificent spring and the charming situation of your house. In fact," he added, "she is tired out, and is really crying like a child at the idea of leaving this bit of paradise for the hot, dusty road."

Mrs. Frierson's heart went out to this tired invalid searching for health. She walked down to see her, with kind words and kindly offices. The

Edwards train remained a week in camp near the springs; a mutual liking soon developed into a strong friendship between the two families, and finally the proposition came from Mrs. Edwards that Mrs. Frierson should lease Manchac Springs to her for three years.

"But where shall we go?" asked Mrs. Frierson, in some perplexity.

"You forget Prince Braunfels' Merinos, Mother," said Waldo.

"If we only had a suitable tract of land, we could accept both Prince Braunfels' proposition and that of Mrs. Edwards," said Ruthven, deep in thought. "We can not go far enough away from civilization to preëempt land. Mrs. Edwards is willing to advance money if we will lease the place to her, but even that——"

"Well—I'll be shot!"

This singular and most unlooked-for exclamation came from Uncle Cyrus.

Every one looked at him in amazement.

"Whatever is the matter, Uncle Cyrus?" asked Hessie.

"Why, this is the matter," he replied, "and I can't imagine why I did n't think of it before. I bought a land patent of old Jack Lubbock a dozen years ago to help him out of a tight scrape. I got it for a mere song—fifty dollars, I think,—and I've kept it clear of taxes ever since. It's a perfectly magnificent tract of land in the Lampasas region. Let us all go there. It's the very place for sheep; plenty of mesquit grass and running water—just the thing, Bessie; just the thing!"

And Uncle Cyrus's plan was "just the thing." It completed the chain of circumstances that was to lift the Friersons out of their debt and distress. Ruthven was full of plans and arrangements; Waldo was now the best of friends with Uncle Cyrus; and as for that gentleman, a cloud seemed to have rolled from his face.

"He never was cheerier in the old days," Waldo said to Bessie. "He insists on deeding the land to Mother, and begins to feel that he may yet undo the harm that he has done. It's a great plan, Bessie, but I know it is n't *the* plan he's been hinting at so long. I believe I have an idea of what that is, and if it's true—why, Bess, it'll be perfectly glorious for us all!"

So the great change came about, and it seemed, as Mrs. Frierson said, "as if all things worked together for good." Turning over Ruthven's carefully kept note-book, one sees that Uncle Cyrus made his unexpected appearance in the Frierson household on January 7; the Prince's proposition came on March 15; the Edwards family camped by Manchac Springs on March 20; on the 25th of March Uncle Cyrus so suddenly begged to be shot;

and the 30th of March saw Waldo and Uncle Cyrus on their way to prepare a place for the family as well as they could in the Lampasas, a hundred miles away, taking with them three Mexican laborers and an abundance of tools and weapons. Ruthven was to follow a month later with old Jock McGilveray, the Scotch shepherd of Prince Braunfels, driving the costly old Merino ram, Don Quixote, and the ewes.

It was toward the last of April that Ruthven and old Jock were approaching the creek which is known as the Lampasas, and which gives the name to the whole region around about. Jock, who had never been known to ride, was trudging sturdily along, driving the flock before him, while a little behind, rode Ruthven in an old ambulance containing the baggage and camp outfit. Suddenly the Lampasas, here some twenty yards wide, appeared before them, flowing silently along. Jock stared as he saw the bed of the creek, shining as if coated with silver; even the flock drew back in affright at the strange sight. Don Quixote how-

ever was thirsty, and in a moment stooped to drink, but only to draw back with a sudden spluttering and choking. It was the same with Ruthven's horses.

"Hech, mon! It is just like this most meeserable Texas," said Jock, indignantly; "and is it to pizen the sheep we have come hither?"

"It's only the sulphur, Jock," Ruthven explained. For he knew that the whole Lampasas region was full of medicinal springs, in which were all sorts of queer-tasting waters, sulphur being the strongest of all.

Several days passed before old Jock, his flock, or the horses could reconcile themselves to these waters. In less than a month, however, they all began to endure the horrid taste; in two months they drank the water with eagerness. Some day this Lampasas country will be as famous as Saratoga.

May was a busy month, both at the sheep ranch on the Lampasas and at the house at Manchac Springs. And on June 3, the whole family arrived at the new home, with their horses, cows, and a score or so of Mexican sheep. Only the most necessary housekeeping articles had been taken along, most of the household goods having been leased to the Edwards family.

The newness of everything, the change of air and scene, the perpetual pressure of "getting



RUTHVEN AND JOCK ARRIVE AT LAMPASAS CREEK.

settled" did them all good, and the young people had never been happier than during the weeks when they worked like Trojans, out in the pure air from dawn to dark.

"I never knew that food *could* taste so well," Hessie often declared; "and as to sleep—why, it is perfectly delicious to sleep as I do!"

It is hard to explain just what forms the singular charm of the Lampasas region—whether the rolling hills, deep with the sweetest of grass; the peculiar dark green of the groups of live-oaks, or the transparent purity of the air and the sky. The distant hills hang in the horizon like folds of emerald fleece, and there is a sort of velvety smoothness in the vast landscape, changing through all shades of verdure as the shadows of the clouds chase one another over the prairies.

The Fourth of July was celebrated with especial vigor by all, for it seemed a double holiday to this happy family, freed from the tyranny of debt and despondency.

"We are independent of the world!" cried Waldo, as he fired a great salute.

And he was right. For much had been accomplished. Upon the noble hill, in the center of its diadem of oaks, a four-room cedar cabin had been erected, a twelve-foot hall running through the center, and smaller shed-rooms in the rear,—the whole sweet with the fragrance of cypress clap-

He was over sixty—over seventy for all anybody knew—and as gray and craggy as one of his Scotch hills. Not Damon and Pythias were more inseparable than were Jock and Don Quixote, the big Merino ram whose horns swept back from his black nose, giving his kingly head the aspect of Gibraltar. By day-break the ram, the ewes, and their keeper were upon the sunny slopes; before dark, for fear of wolves, the same companions were together in the sheep-fold of wattled stakes, Jock sleeping in a long shed opening into the fold, his two shepherd collies, Laddie and Scotty, at his



DON QUIXOTE, THE MERINO RAM.

boards and cedar walls and floors. Near the cabin were a long stable, store-rooms for supplies and for the future fleece, and a kitchen-garden, planted with potatoes, onions, cabbage, and other needed vegetables. The Mexican laborers had a camp of their own, and Uncle Cyrus, slipping off before day with Waldo, would rarely return to a late breakfast without an abundance of large or small game.

"The only thing that keeps me uneasy, Jock," Mrs. Frierson often said to the old Scotchman, "is that you have to leave us so soon."

"Were ye iver in Scotland, mem?"

That was about the only reply Jock would ever make.

feet. The old man was almost as silent as his charges, and seemed to live but for two things: first, to get back to Scotland at the earliest possible moment; second, to secure Don Quixote, his ewes and lambs free from harm until he must leave them.

"He 'd know," said Waldo, "if a mouse ran through the fold. And when it is too dark to see the sheep, he goes among them to make sure by actual handling that they are all there."

"Jock and Don Quixote have never been separated since the old man went to Spain with Prince Brautfels to select the sheep," Ruthven explained, "and Jock believes that what the patriarch Abraham was to the children of Israel, Don Quixote is to be to all American sheep."

"I do love to see the old man," said Bessie, "out on the prairie, half lying on the grass, the sheep feeding around him, the dogs by his side. Every now and then he glances up from under his heavy eyebrows, says a word to Laddie and Scotty, and off they dash, rounding the sheep toward a fresh pasturage, Jock following on behind. If we can only make him like us, perhaps he will give up his dream of Scotland and be content to stay with us."

Just then, with the noise of shouting and singing, with loud laughter and hallooing, there dashed helter-skelter past the ranch a band of two or three hundred men, some in a sort of half uniform, some in red mining-shirts and all dusty, dirty, sunburned, and slouch-hatted. Mrs. Frierson would have been terrified had not the men lifted their hats to her as they rode by.

"They are Texas rangers!" cried Waldo excitedly. "They've been out fighting Apaches."

Then he disappeared and an hour after returned from a long talk with some of the rangers.

"I was right," he said. "They have been out fighting the Apaches. How I wish I could have gone with them! One of them gave me this handful of Indian arrows. They told me —"

It is unnecessary to repeat here what Waldo had been told. But the coming of this band of Texas rangers was to again change matters wonderfully in the Frierson household.

CHAPTER IV.

THE APACHE'S GIFT.

ON the Wednesday following the October Monday on which the rangers rode by, Waldo and his uncle were hunting along the trail upon which the rangers had come, some twelve miles north-west of the ranch on the Lampasas. Suddenly Waldo's quick eye, now trained to all signs of game, detected a bear on the prairie. The recognition was mutual. The bear made for a bayou thickly fringed with cotton-wood and pecan trees, Waldo hard after him. Reaching the deep ravine, the two hunters separated, Uncle Cyrus standing with gun in readiness, Waldo beating the underbrush below, with many a yell and shout. Soon Uncle Cyrus's gun rang out once, twice, and Waldo found the dying bear lying at the bottom of the ravine in a foot or two of muddy water.

"Stake the horses, Waldo, and fetch along the spare rope," said Uncle Cyrus. "We'll have to noose this old chap around the neck and drag him up the bank."

Waldo did as directed, and was returning with the rope, through the underbrush, when suddenly

he gave a yell and a leap in the air that brought his uncle to him, post-haste.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"There—look there!" Waldo replied, in open-eyed astonishment pointing to the ground at his feet.

Uncle Cyrus, too, stared in surprise; for there, just before them, stretched out by the water, lay an Indian, apparently dead. He was terribly emaciated, hideous with war-paint, his eyes closed, and his hands drawn together on his breast. What seemed especially strange was the absence of any weapon upon or near the body.

"Take care, Waldo!" cried Uncle Cyrus in warning. "An Apache is a dangerous customer!"

But Waldo was already bending over the Indian; and as he studied his face, he thought he detected a slight twitching in the left eyelid. Kneeling beside the poor fellow, the lad lifted the long and bony arm and disclosed a bullet-hole in the left side. Placing his ear close to the heart he listened a moment, and then crying out, "Oh, Uncle! he's alive!" Waldo ran to where the horses were staked and returned with a flask of whisky, always carried on these hunting expeditions for fear of snake-bites. After working over the Indian some time, Waldo and his uncle were rewarded by seeing the eyes slowly open. Then Waldo started back in terror, as, with a look of hatred and ferocity, the wounded man made a desperate struggle to rise, and fell back motionless.

"He's one of the rangers' wounded prisoners," Uncle Cyrus explained, "and a chief, doubtless, or they would not have tried to bring him in. He 'played dead,' and then crawled off here from their camp."

And so it proved. For, as they learned afterward, this was none other than Hungry Wolf, a fierce Apache chief.

Somehow, between them, Waldo and Uncle Cyrus managed to bring this sorely-wounded savage to the ranch. And here a strange thing occurred. Old Jock took a deep interest in the wounded Apache, sharing his cabin with him, keeping him clean, dressing his wound, and cooking mutton broth for him.

Though he had been shot through the lungs, there was just a bare chance of the Indian's recovery; but for a long time it was an impossibility for him to move, much less to escape.

For weeks Hungry Wolf was almost literally a wolf—silent, sullen, enduring his agony without a groan, glancing at every one with eyes wherein venomous hatred slowly gave place to astonishment, and this, still more slowly, to gentleness.

"We must remember," Mrs. Frierson said, "that this man is not a savage merely. Many

generations of savagery are in his blood. Such things as pity, forgiveness, gratitude, love, or even kindness to any one, least of all to an enemy,—why really, my dears, a wolf is not more ignorant of such things than is he. And yet he is a human being, and we can only do our best for him."

So it became a regular thing for Hessie and Bessie to carry him appetizing food, and for Ruthven and Waldo to try to encourage him by gestures and smiles, tobacco. But seemed to take

"Did you see said one Jock reads to for hours, especially on Sunday, and from the Bible. Of course he must know that the Indian can't understand a word. Perhaps he thinks the very sound may do him good."

Perhaps it did. The poor wounded Apache would listen as if he did understand, and every one could see that he was growing gentler. Gradually he and Jock came to understand each other in one sense.

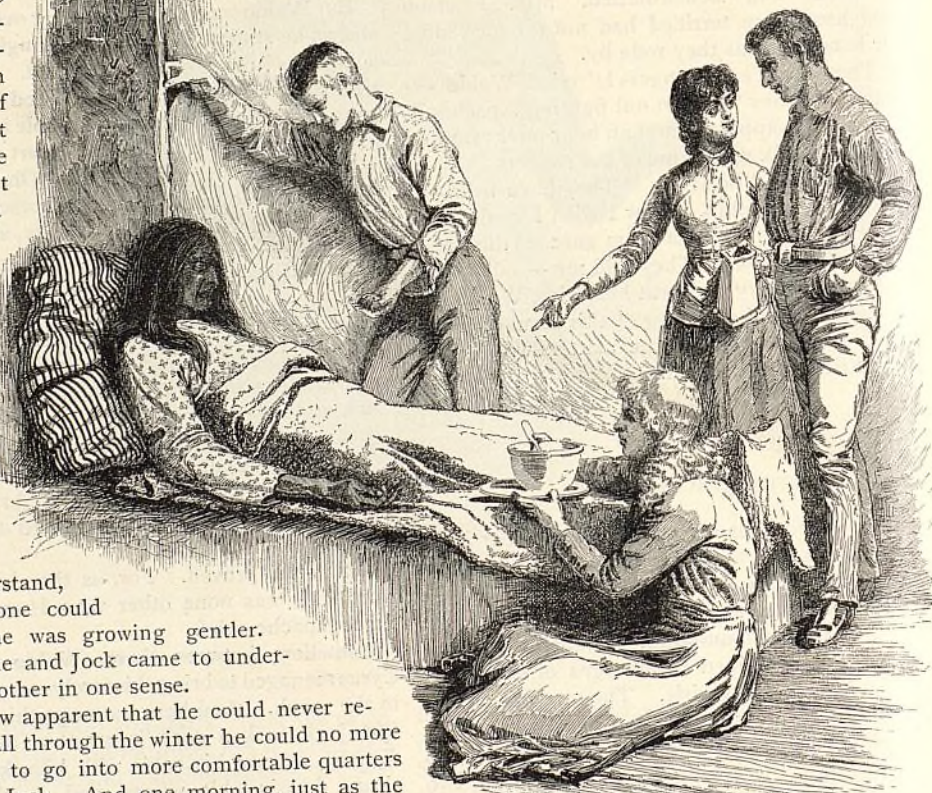
It was now apparent that he could never recover, but all through the winter he could no more be induced to go into more comfortable quarters than could Jock. And one morning, just as the winter closed with a very severe storm, Hungry Wolf was found in the cabin, dead.

It was not until he was buried and they all were speculating what he might have been had he grown well beneath their care and attention, that Uncle Cyrus made known a matter which had hitherto been a secret between old Jock and himself.

Very slowly the Apache chief had grown grateful for the astonishing kindness shown him. He must have known that he had not long to live; and one Sunday afternoon he suddenly arrested Jock's monotonous reading and began to tell,

in the sign language they had established, of a place in the Sierras, unknown to the whites, where silver could be found. Silver, he knew, meant wealth for the white man; and wealth for his kind friends, whom he had grown in his savage way to like, meant comfort and satisfaction. And so, before he died, he revealed the secret which, as Uncle Cyrus said, "was as strong as death to the Apaches; for to tell it was almost the same as betraying their mountain fastnesses to the whites."

It was wonderful how clearly in his sign language Hungry Wolf could locate the metal. Now he made motions as if ascending, then of descending; now, he seemed to be crawling on his hands and knees as if through the underbrush; now, as if



THE FRIERSON BOYS AND GIRLS MINISTER TO HUNGRY WOLF.

going up and down canyons, the sides of which he could almost touch with his extended hands; now, by a rapid motion of his fingers and a noise of his lips he intimated that water was flowing by. Old Jock contrived to take notes of it all, and when at the end of his imaginary travels Hungry Wolf threw up his hands and looked over his shoulder at the shepherd, old Jock exclaimed, "There 's wheer the siller is! Yes, I see! I see!"

Then Jock told Uncle Cyrus, and after many weeks of gestures and signs, and a frequent use of names and maps and savage localities, at last a rough map was draughted, upon which, at a seemingly clearly indicated point, according to Hungry Wolf's directions, silver would be found.

"And there, Bessie, you have my secret, my long cherished plan," Uncle Cyrus said to his sister. "You know I once spent a summer among those mountains, and I know that the country is full of gold and silver. I am of no use here; Ruthven is amply able to direct and care for everything, and we must make money faster. Before you know it, the girls and boys will be too old to go to school, and they are worthy something better than roughing their lives out on this ranch. Here is the chance for us to become independent and regain all you have lost. Here is wealth in our grasp. My plan has always been for Waldo and myself —"

"Never!" Mrs. Frierson broke in, indignantly; "never, so far as Waldo is concerned! If you tempt my boy to go off there with you, I tell you frankly, Cyrus, I shall never forgive you!"

And Uncle Cyrus knew that she was in earnest.

For a few days he seemed greatly cast down. He had shown the family the map made out in his conferences with old Jock and the Indian, and had been full of enthusiasm.

"Very well," he said at last, "Waldo shall not go with me. But go I must. There is nothing I can do here. I am as certain of finding silver as I am sure of my own existence. Let me succeed and you will forgive me. But go I must!"

And go he did. He joined a party of prospectors bound for some of the other mining districts in Arizona. But Waldo remained behind, almost desperate. He chafed and rebelled at what he called the uneventful monotony of his daily life.

"Another party of men is being made up to go," Ruthven told his mother. "I am afraid that Waldo will run away, if you do not let him join the party. Suppose we risk it and let him go. He will join Uncle Cyrus at once. There is not much danger, and he will never be content until he has made the experiment."

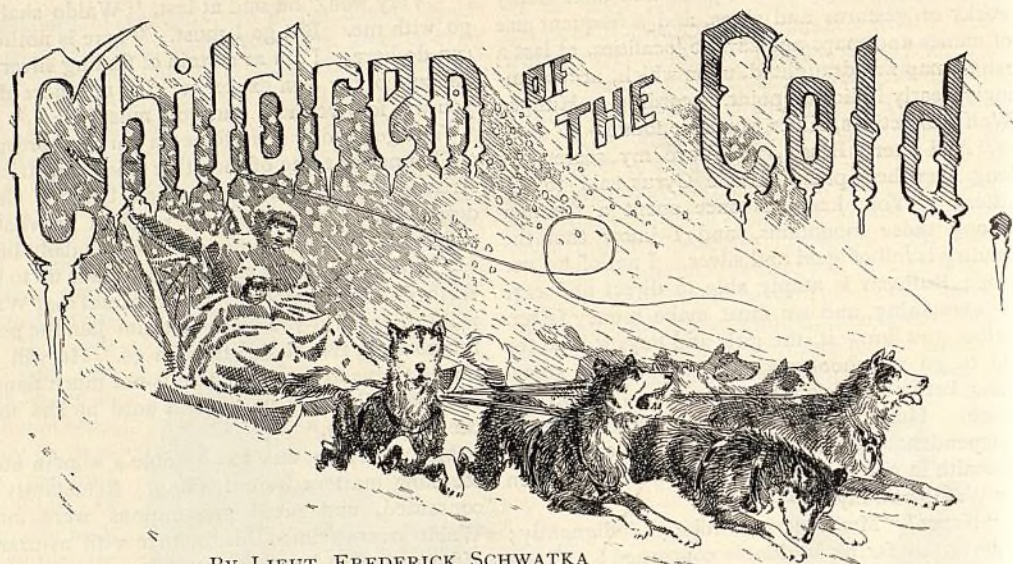
Mrs. Frierson was too sensible a woman not to see how matters were tending. Reluctantly she consented, and rapid preparations were made. Waldo overwhelmed his mother with assurances of how prudent he would be.

Almost before one could believe it, he was off, having joined a party of twenty men. And so the search for wealth began, and Hungry Wolf's silver mine among the mountains of Arizona was the secret magnet that drew both Waldo and his uncle Cyrus away from the comforts and home happiness of the ranch on the Lampasas.

(To be continued.)



A DUET.



BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA

FIFTH PAPER.

IN common with the children of workers all over the world, little Boreas must commence to take his share in the family toil as soon as he is old enough to learn and strong enough to do. Most of the sports of the boys are, in fact, such as will enable them to learn something that will be useful later in life, such as playing with the young dogs, harnessing and driving them, shooting with the bow and arrow, and throwing the lance at live animals. The girls, also, in making their dolls, learn to sew and to make coats and other garments of reindeer skin, and boots and shoes of sealskin leather.

When the men have very nearly finished building the *igloo*, the boys are expected to take the big, broad wooden shovel, described in my first article, and throw the loose snow against the sides of the *igloo*; for between the blocks of snow will be many "chinks" and crevices that would let in a great deal of cold air, if not stopped up. Besides throwing on this loose, soft snow about two feet deep, the boys have still another way of "chinking." Little Boreas, with the snow-knife in his right hand, cuts from the upper edge of the block, in the joint which is to be "chinked" a thin slice of snow, and with his left fist doubled up rams it into the joint between the blocks, his left fist keeping a constant punching as the knife runs slowly along the edge of the joint.

Of course, during the first three or four courses of blocks, the boys (and sometimes the girls) can

"chink" the joints while they are standing or kneeling on the ground; but after it gets above and beyond the reach of their arms, they have to crawl on top of the house, which looks so frail that you are almost certain the little fellows will tumble through the thin snow walls of the hut. But when it is completed and made of good snow, three or four big men can go on top of it, so much stronger is it than it appears to be. Sometimes, however, the boys are surprised and disappointed; for, when the snow is soft, or happens to be full of sand or little specks of ice, they come tumbling through the top of the *igloo*, generally on the heads of those who are making the bed or setting up the lamp inside of the house; and then the *igloo* has to be built all over again. Fortunately, however, these cases are of rare occurrence.

Sometimes, in very cold weather, the boys will both "chink" and "bank" the *igloo* (banking being the covering with loose snow), and then, with a small lamp, it is quite easy to heat up the little snow house to a comfortable temperature; but this, you remember, must never rise to the point where snow melts, or the house will come tumbling in on their heads. After Boreas's father has cut enough snow blocks to go two or three times around the *igloo*, if there is no other man in the party, he will tell Boreas to cut the rest; and the lad generally manages to furnish his father with enough blocks to complete the house.

After the *igloo* is finished, the bedding of reindeer skins is taken from the sledge; but before these go in-doors, the snow that has worked into them (especially if there has been a strong wind

during the day) must be beaten off with a snow-stick; and this comparatively light work generally falls to the children, unless there is a great hurry to get into shelter from some terrible wind, in which case all the party turn to and work with a will.

When the house is finished, Boreas must see that the dogs are unharnessed and turned loose. The seal-skin harness, which the dogs would eat if in their usual hungry condition, must be put inside the snow house or fastened to the top of a tall pole, stuck upright in the snow, so that the dogs can not reach it.

In the morning, when the dogs are needed for the day's work, the boys have to scamper around with two or three harnesses in their hands, catch and harness the dogs, hitch them to the sledge, and then start out after another lot. It frequently happens that some particular dog takes an especial delight in giving his catchers just as much trouble as he possibly can. As soon as he sees that the other dogs are being harnessed, he will trot away to the top of some high ridge, and coolly sitting down,

ways noticed that, like spoiled children, they invariably go from bad to worse, until finally their master becomes so angry that he ties one of the dog's fore-feet to its body every night, so that he will have no trouble in catching the would-be runaway on the next morning.

The dogs are also used in various ways in hunting. When the weather is so foggy that Boreas's father can not see very far, and there is consequently but little prospect of killing anything unless the hunter almost stumbles upon it, the father will take his bow and arrows, or his gun, if he be fortunate enough to own one, and giving the best-trained hunting-dog in charge of Boreas himself, they start out reindeer-hunting. Boreas puts a harness on the dog, ties the trace around his own waist, or holds it in his hands, and follows his father out into the fog.

Of course, the older Eskimo has some idea of where the reindeer will be grazing or resting, and he soon finds out which way the wind is blowing over the place where he suspects the reindeer to



ESKIMO BOYS CATCHING A RUNAWAY DOG.

will maliciously watch the efforts made to catch him. Of course, everybody now turns out, the dog is surrounded, and probably after he has broken through the circle thus formed around him two or three times, he is finally caught and receives a severe trouncing from a harness-trace in the hands of some angry young Eskimo; but this lesson seldom does the dogs much good, as I have al-

be. Then, with Boreas and the dog, he goes around in such a way that the game will not be disturbed, to some place where the wind blowing over the reindeer will come toward the hunters. As soon as this place is reached, the dog smells the reindeer, and commences sniffing the air as if anxious to go toward them. Boreas allows the dog to advance slowly, still holding on to the harness so

that it shall not run away. As soon as the dog scents the deer, it goes directly toward them, and when it is quite near, it grows excited, and commences to jump and to jerk the harness-trace by which Boreas is holding it; being a well-trained hunting-dog, however, it never barks so as to frighten the deer by the sound.

Boreas's father now knows from these excited actions of the dog that the reindeer must be close at hand, although he can not see them for the fog. So he tells Boreas to hold the dog and remain in that spot while he takes his bow or gun and crawls cautiously forward in the proper direction. Before he has gone far, probably not more than twenty or twenty-five yards away, the huge forms of two or three reindeer loom up through the fog. If he is a good hunter he will at least bring one down, and perhaps two or three of them, and so have something for supper. When there is snow on the ground, the boy will generally take two or three dogs along, and after a reindeer is killed, will use them to drag it into the snow house. As Boreas loves excitement, this is good sport, and in this way he soon learns to hunt quite well.

The ice on the ocean forms from six to ten feet thick, and through this deep ice the seals manage to scratch a hole to the top, and then form a little *igloo* in the foot or two of snow that usually covers the ice. In the top of this little snow dome is an opening as large as your two fingers; and to this

the dog will scent a seal-hole a hundred yards away, and will lead the hunter to it. As it is very uncertain just how long he will have to wait for the seals, the hunter proceeds at once to cut out two or three blocks of snow to make a comfortable seat on which to rest and wait. As I have already said, the seal breathes, or "blows," as it is called, every fifteen or twenty minutes; but oftentimes he is traveling, and each time comes up to a different hole to blow. It is possible, too, that he may hear or smell the hunter or his dog,—for seals are very timid animals,—in fact, there are many reasons why the hole may not be visited by a seal for a long time, and after watching for a whole day, the hunter may have to leave the place, unrewarded. Where the natives, as is often the case, have been almost starving, owing to the scarcity of seals and other game on which they live, the best and most patient seal-hunters have been known to sit *for two or three days at one hole* watching vigilantly for a seal's nose. But, however long it may be before "pussy" (as the seals are sometimes called) comes around to breathe a little whiff of fresh air, as soon as the first "blow" is heard by the hunter, who is, perhaps, half asleep, he is at once full of expectation and excitement. He places the point of his seal-spear close to the "blow-hole," and by the time "pussy" has taken two or three whiffs she is astonished by a sudden thrust of the spear crushing through the dome of snow; the cruel barb on



igloo the seal comes, about every quarter of an hour, to breathe. When he puts his nose close to the little hole at the top of the dome for some fresh air, he breathes in a series of short gasps that any one near the hole can readily hear. These holes are so small that even the close-observing Eskimo hunters, while walking over miles of ice-fields, could easily pass them by without observing them. But if there is a dog along, as in reindeer-hunting, and if the wind is in the right direction, and a seal has been breathing recently in the *igloo*,

the spear-point catches into her flesh underneath the skin, and the hunter draws her to the top of the ice, crushes in the snow with his heavy heel, and then kills the captured seal.

Sometimes the mother seal seeks a breathing-hole under the deepest snow and makes a much larger dome, so that the ice will form a shelf two or three feet in width. Here the little "kittens," or baby seals, spend their time until they are big enough to try to swim with their mother and learn to care for themselves. Here, too, she brings



ESKIMO BOYS SPEARING FISH IN THE RIVER-RAPIDS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

them food, and when disturbed, hurries away, leaving her kittens on their ice shelf, where they are safe from harm, because they are of the same color as the snow and, therefore, can not be seen by the wolf or bear who is out seal-hunting. The Eskimo, however, when he comes to one of these *igloos*, has an instrument like a long knitting needle, which he sticks in through the blow-hole, and, working it around, soon finds out whether any babies are to be kidnapped from Mother Seal's snow house.

After little Boreas's father has gone into camp, and while he is building his snow house, the boys of the party go to work to dig a hole through the ice on the fresh-water lake, near where the camp is built, in order to get fresh water, with which to cook supper. The first thing necessary is to select a good spot for the well, which is generally about a foot and a half or two feet in diameter, and from four to eight and ten feet deep, depending, of course, upon the thickness of the ice.

But, before they begin to dig, the boys fling themselves down on the ice, even flattening their noses hard against it, so as to bring their eyes as close to it as possible. From some peculiarity

in the color and appearance of the ice they can judge as to there being water underneath it, for there is nothing so disappointing, after having dug the well five or six feet down, as to find lumps of ice coming up full of mud or sand, showing that the bottom is dry. The boys, however, seldom make a mistake in their observations, although now and then they will get "fooled" about it, and will find that they have spent a quarter of an hour's hard work for nothing.

The deeper the snow has drifted on the ice the thinner the ice will be, as the snow protects it during the intense cold, just as in our climate the deep snow protects the delicate plants on the ground, and keeps them from being killed by the coldest weather. And as it is so much easier to shovel off the soft snow than to dig through the hard ice, the boys always look for a deep snow-drift very near to the spot where they have peered through the ice and seen clear water beneath. If they can get near a crack that extends entirely through the ice, it will also make it much easier to dig the well, as one side is thus already prepared for them.

Having selected as favorable a place as possible,

they commence their digging. The first instrument used is nothing more than a chisel, a bayonet, or a sharpened piece of iron, lashed on the end of a pole, ten or twelve feet long. With this they cut a circular hole in the ice of about two feet in diameter, and a foot deep. Then, when it becomes difficult to use the ice-chisel, they scoop out the accumulated pulverized ice with thin ladles made from musk-ox horn, of which I told you in a former paper. One of these ladles is also lashed to a long pole, and is used to dip the cut ice out of the well. And so the boys work away at their well, first cutting down a foot or so with their ice-chisels, and then scooping it out with their ladles, then cutting again, then scooping, until finally they have bored clear through, and the fresh water comes rushing up to the top, and all the thirsty people in camp, who have had no water all day,—as well as the dogs, which are equally thirsty,—get a good drink, and have plenty of water with which to prepare supper.

If the boys had not been successful in finding water, the girls would be obliged to collect a lot of ice or snow, and melt it in the stone kettles over the *igloo* lamps, and at least an hour would be wasted before their hot supper would be ready—and this is quite a serious affair, as in that terribly cold country, people want their supper just as soon as it can be made. Besides this, a great deal of oil would have had to be used in melting the ice and snow, and oil is very precious.

In digging the ice-well, the boys are careful to keep the hole the same diameter away down to the water, especially when they come near the bottom, for if there are any fish in the lake or river they will try to catch them through this hole in the ice. Most of the lakes and rivers of the Arctic regions of North America are full of delicious salmon, and the poor Eskimo who have to eat so much fishy seal meat and strong-tasting walrus flesh, appreciate these fine salmon much more than do we, with our great variety of food. Their fish-lines are made of reindeer sinew, and are much stronger than are our lines. The fish-hooks are simply bent pieces of sharpened iron or copper, and as they are not barbed at the end the native fisherman has to pull in very fast when he hooks his fish, or he will lose it, as every boy knows who has fished with a pin-hook.

If a lake is well stocked with fish, the natives will often camp by it for two or three days and dig a number of holes, so that the women, and every boy and girl as well, can be busy catching salmon while the hunters are roaming over the hills looking for reindeer and musk-oxen. Here they will sit, on a couple of snow-blocks, nearly all day long, holding the hook a couple of feet below the ice.

and bobbing it continually to attract the notice of the fish. Sometimes they attach small, polished ivory balls near the hook, to attract the fish, which seeing them, from a long distance, dancing up and down and glistening in the light, at once swim up and try to eat the reindeer bait on the bent hook, to their certain and speedy disgust. As a protection from the wind, the young fishers often build a sort of half *igloo*, and shelter themselves behind it. This also serves as a place to hide the fish that are caught; for there are always a crowd of half-starved dogs sneaking about, trying by hook or crook to steal a fish.

But this is not the only way that the Eskimo boys and girls have of catching fish. In the spring of their year, about the middle of our summer-time, when the ice is breaking up and running out of their rivers, they catch fish in great quantities at the rapids in the rivers, and store them away for use in the winter. For this purpose they use a curious spiked and barbed fish-spear, which is shown in the illustration on the preceding page.

When the fish are very numerous, the men and women, as well as the boys and girls, manage to get a footing on some rock in the rapids, where they can stand easily, and, as the fish rush by, they impale them on these spears until great quantities have been caught. The fish are then split open, and spread over double rows of strings stretched from rock to rock. Here they are left to dry, though in the cold, short arctic summer the fish only become about half as well dried, as they would in our climate. These dried fish are then stored in seal-skin bags and kept for future use; a great many are fed to the dogs to put them into good condition for the winter.

When the reindeer have been killed, their skins are stretched on the ground to dry, with the hairy side down, and although they may freeze as stiff as a board, in the course of a week or two the water will dry out of them. These skins are then taken and put through a process by means of which they are made as nice and soft as a piece of buckskin or chamois-skin,—or, if it be a fawn reindeer, as soft as a piece of kid. This is done by scraping them with a peculiarly shaped instrument which tears off all the flesh that may have adhered, and scrapes away the inner thick skin that makes the hide so stiff and unpliant. When the skins are thick and heavy, the men do the work, for it is then very difficult; but otherwise the women, and very often the little girls, scrape the skins and give the finishing touches, and then make them up into coats, dresses, stockings, slippers, and all sorts of clothing.

For cutting these reindeer skins into shapes for garments, a very queer kind of scissors is used.

It is, in fact, a kind of knife, and an odd knife at that. It looks very much like the knife that is used by saddlers and harness-makers; and when it is used in cutting, it is always shoved away from the person using it. This knife is used for everything that is to be done in the way of cutting, from seal and reindeer skin to the thinnest and most fragile strings. At meals, too, some one will put to his mouth a great piece of blubber or fish as big as your fist, seize as much as he can with his teeth, grasp the rest in his hand, and cut off a huge mouthful with this knife. If you were watching him, you would feel certain that he would slice off his nose in this awkward movement, but the Eskimo are so very dexterous

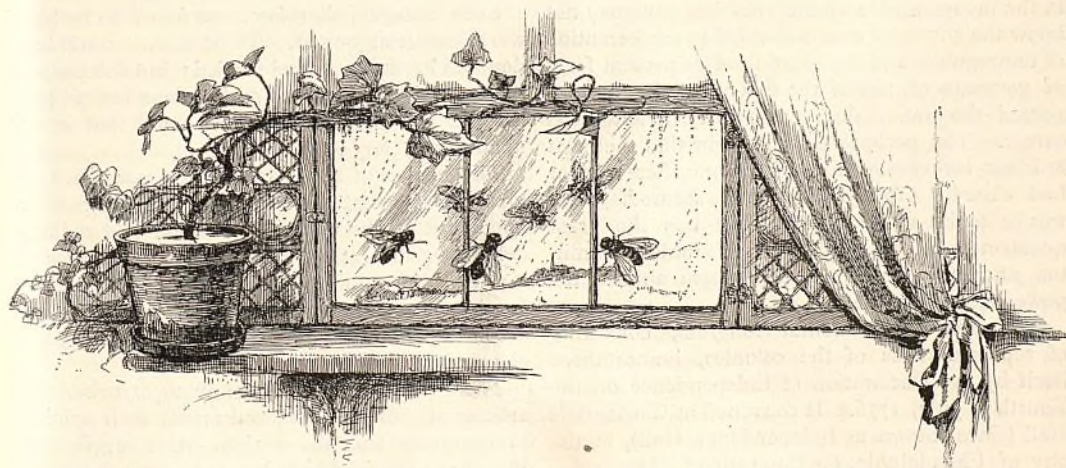
that there is not the slightest danger of such an accident.

When the reindeer skins have been dressed, and made up into garments, and these have been put on,—girls and boys, men and women, are dressed so nearly alike, that at any considerable distance you cannot tell them apart.

The Eskimo girl wears a long apron. And just over her shoulders, her coat-sleeves swell out into large pockets; and in her stockings, just above the outer part of the ankles, she also has pockets, in which she keeps her sewing, moss for lamp-wicking, a roll of sinew for thread, and any other similar article that she may need to carry with her.

THE SIX LITTLE FLIES.

By D. W. C. L.



THREE little flies in the room, on a pane —
Three little flies just outside, in the rain.

Said the three little flies as they hummed on
the pane,

To the three little flies who were out in the
rain:

"Don't you wish you were here on this side of
the pane,

Instead of out there in the cold and the rain?
And then we must tell you there's dinner
a-cooking,

Though, really and truly, we have n't been
looking."

Said the three little flies outside in the rain
To the three little flies inside on the pane:

"We think it's much nicer out here in the
rain

Than shut up where you are, inside on the
pane;

And then there's more fun than the boys
have at ball

In dodging the rain-drops as fast as they fall."

And now I am sure that my lesson is plain:
Whenever you feel there is cause to complain,
Remember the three little flies on the pane,
And the three little flies just outside in the rain.

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

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

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

AULD LANG SYNE.

AND now, in this month sacred to Independence Day, let us consider some of the memorable facts in regard to that great epoch in our national career.

Of course, every young patriot knows all about the origin of the Declaration of Independence; the struggles and privations endured and the obstacles overcome by our forefathers; the noble zeal of the statesmen representing the people in the Continental Congress; the achievements of our battle-heroes both on land and on sea. From Lexington to Yorktown, you can easily follow the path of war.

But though familiar with the causes that resulted in the independence of the colonies, you may not know the course of events that led to the formation of the republic and the creation of its present form of government, nor of the difficulties that accompanied the nation during the early period of its career. You perhaps do not know that the most arduous task remained to be done after the war had closed. Liberty had been secured. How was it to be maintained? That was the great question to which Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and other leaders of the people applied the power of their minds.

The great "Continental Congress," consisting of representatives of the colonies, immortalized itself by the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July, 1776. It convened at Carpenter's Hall (since known as Independence Hall), in the city of Philadelphia, on the 10th of May, 1775, and continued in session until 1781.

While the Declaration of Independence was still under consideration in Congress, but before final action upon it, a resolution was passed (June 11, 1776), appointing a committee

"To prepare the form of a confederation to be entered into between these colonies."

The committee performed the labors assigned to it, and on the 15th of November, 1777, "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union" were approved by Congress and submitted to the colonies for their adoption. Those Articles were agreed to

by all the colonies and signed by their authorized delegates in March, 1781. In the same month, the First Congress under the new arrangement convened.

To this confederacy, thus entered into, was given the name of "The United States of America," but the States comprising it were like so many empires. They did nothing more than enter into a friendly league or partnership, in which each State retained its "sovereignty, freedom, and power"—in other words, each State had supreme control over its own affairs, and the Congress itself could only meet and discuss what *ought* to be done, without having the power to say what *should* be done or to enforce obedience. Congress could give advice, but the States could follow it or disregard it, as they chose.

Such a league, therefore, was found to be but a worthless arrangement. To be sure, it could have done no harm, even had it tried; but the purpose in establishing it was to derive some benefit from it; and the people soon discovered that it was unable to do any work at all.

The upshot of the whole matter was that Congress advised that a convention of delegates, to be appointed by the States, should be held at Philadelphia on the 14th of May, 1787, to suggest some "remedy" (to quote the words of the resolution) for these "defects"; and the representatives were accordingly chosen, and assembled on the 25th—eleven days later than the time fixed.

These delegates were merely to "revise" the articles of confederation, and report their opinions to Congress and the various State legislatures. But after a brief deliberation, they came to the conclusion that it was better to construct an entirely new federation, vested with complete powers. In other words, they resolved, on the 29th of May, "That a *national government* ought to be established, consisting of a supreme government, legislative, executive, and judiciary."

With this in view, they began their work, and kept steadily at it until they had finished. It was a memorable event—that gathering of free and independent States, quietly arranging to merge their own sovereign rights into one mighty authority, protective, general, central, and supreme!—one of the grandest spectacles, as has been said, recorded in the annals of the world! And this,

boys and girls, is the wonderful story that is epitomized in the motto of our republic:

E PLURIBUS UNUM! — "One composed of many."

George Washington was chosen to preside over that great constitutional convention. Finally, on September 17, after a consultation of four months, it forwarded its report, and presented to the Congress of the Confederation the form of "a more perfect Union" and government for that Union. This was the *Constitution* — to which I have so frequently referred, and it was speedily transmitted by Congress to the various State legislatures, "in order to be submitted to a convention of delegates chosen in each State by the people thereof."

It is needless to dwell upon the ordeal of criticism that it underwent in the State conventions. Eleven of the thirteen States having given their assent, in the mode of formal ratification,* the new Union and government came into existence, and the First *Constitutional* Congress of the United States assembled in the city of New York on the 4th of March, 1789.

That Congress met in joint convention, and counted the electoral votes previously cast for President and Vice-President. This action resulted in declaring George Washington and John Adams duly elected to the respective offices for the first term. On the 21st of that month, Mr. Adams was, with proper courtesies, received by the Senate and "introduced to the chair"; and on the 30th, as I have already described, General Washington was inaugurated as President of the United States.

CHAPTER XVII.

GOVERNMENT.

HAVING thus recalled the several historic steps by which our Government was formed, let me now endeavor to help you to comprehend the theory as well as the workings of that Government. To properly understand the interests intrusted to the Federal law-makers, it is necessary to remember that at the time of the Revolution the people of this country were gathered into various "communities" or "societies," called "colonies," under a certain form of "government," which they found did not protect their interests as it should have done. They declared themselves "free and independent," and, in doing this, asserted, in the following words, the great principle which I have explained:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; † that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalien-

able Rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying the foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

So they threw off the government of the King of England, not only as a matter of "right," but as a matter of "duty" to themselves and children, and provided "new guards for their future security." Instead of "nations," they called their communities "states"; and the people of each State agreed upon a new arrangement, or government, and appointed the necessary officers to attend to the objects of that government.

But they all were engaged, during the Revolution, in fighting one great enemy. They had, therefore, a common interest; and so they said, "Let us join hands, and help one another." They did so, — and they won the fight.

But after they had won, the people of the various States found that they were not only likely to be attacked again by a common enemy, but that they were also likely to get into wrangles among themselves. The people of each State had declared themselves free and independent; they had had enough of fealty to a superior power; they resolved to be their own sovereigns and govern themselves, and thus "assume among the nations of the earth, that separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God" entitled them.

It was, therefore, but natural that they should have been disinclined to create and arm with wealth and power a general government, that might also be made to wield, some day, the scepter of tyranny and oppression, and crush out the independence of the States and the lives and liberties of the people. They had writhed under the lash of a king, and they did not wish to establish a "system" that might eventually become a worse despotism than that which they had escaped. So they said, "Let us enter into some sort of arrangement, and appoint some men to make certain rules, which shall be for our union and guidance. And they did. They entered into the "Articles of Confederation." But, as I have explained, this alliance of interests was found to be unsatisfactory. Once more the States counseled together, and through their representatives determined to make a wiser and more helpful arrangement, that, in the words of these representatives, should "*secure a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, pro-*

* The remaining States (North Carolina and Rhode Island) added theirs later on.

† That is, born to equal rights.

note the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity"; and they determined to appoint men enough and to give them power enough not only to prescribe, but to carry out the regulations necessary to these *common* and *general* needs.

Yet they made a very natural and proper condition. The people of New York, for instance, said: "Now, we have already a government and officers of our own. We have certain interests which do not affect the people of Virginia or the people of other States; and we should prefer that these officers should continue to attend to these *special* interests, because they are familiar with our local affairs and wants, and can assist us, in those matters, better than officers appointed from other States." And the people of Virginia and other States said: "That suits us; for we, too, have special interests and governments and officers of our own, and we prefer our local officers to attend to our special wants." And it was accordingly agreed that the people of the States should retain their various State governments, with the understanding, however, that the State officers should not meddle with things that concerned the people of other States, and that, on the other hand, the Federal Government and its officers should not interfere with the State governments or officers except in such matters as concerned the *general* and *common* interests of *all* the people, or about which there might be conflict or ill feeling between the people of two or more States.

This agreement and arrangement is the *Constitution*. The people of all the States thereupon became one great nation, with a great Federal Government; and the people of each State retained their local governments.

But you are not to look upon this Federal Government, or Republic, as a "club," or regard it as simply a sort of "constabulary," or "police force." It has a grander purpose than to lock people up, and preserve order in the streets. The United States is a mighty nation. It represents the "sovereignty" of fifty millions of people. The officers of government are but the agents appointed by the people; and the people have a right to remove those officers, whenever they desire other or better men to act for them. The government was created by the people, in the exercise of their own "sovereign authority"; it was established for their benefit and welfare; and it is managed by the people, through agents chosen and paid by them. And these three great facts are embraced in the memorable words of Presi-

dent Lincoln that I have taken all this space to bring to your attention, that the Government of the United States of America is:—

"A government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people."

And I have made this explanation that you may understand the important principles which were voiced by the very preamble of the Constitution, and which speak in all, our institutions and our laws!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THOSE WHO EXECUTE THE LAWS AND THOSE WHO INTERPRET THEM.

OUR first law-makers patriotically began at once to organize and equip the various branches of the governmental service, and otherwise meet the intentions and requirements of the Constitution.* They promptly arranged for defraying the expenses of the new government by the levying of taxes. Then followed various enactments, establishing certain executive departments, and furnishing them with clerks and other assistants. They also passed the important "Judiciary Act," which created a system of Federal courts, thus organizing the third "coördinate" branch of the government, and putting into operation the mighty machinery of national law and justice.

During their second and third sessions, moreover, the members of the First Congress established the permanent seat of government at Washington, D. C.;† attended to banking and currency questions; arranged for the payment of the public debt incurred prior to the new form of government in maintaining the interests of the people; and supplied other wants of the nation. Their labors have been continued by subsequent Congresses, so that now the Federal Government is a marvelous contrivance of thoroughness and order.

Let us look at the result of all this legislation of the law-makers, so far as it bears upon the general plan of the two other branches of the system,—the law-executors and law-interpreters.

The executive power is, by the Constitution, vested in the President;‡ but the business intrusted to the executive power is distributed, under the provisions of numerous enactments, among seven "established executive departments," as follows:

1. The Department of State.
2. The Department of War.
3. The Department of the Treasury.
4. The Department of Justice.
5. The Post-office Department.

* See Sec. VIII., Cl. 18.

† The struggle over this question had been started some years before, under the Confederation, and was fiercely continued by the First Congress, members from various sections contending for different localities. The present location was agreed upon as a "compromise," but actual possession of it by the Departments of Government was not taken until the autumn of the year 1800.

‡ Constitution, Art. II., Sec. I., Cl. 1.

6. The Department of the Navy.
7. The Department of the Interior.

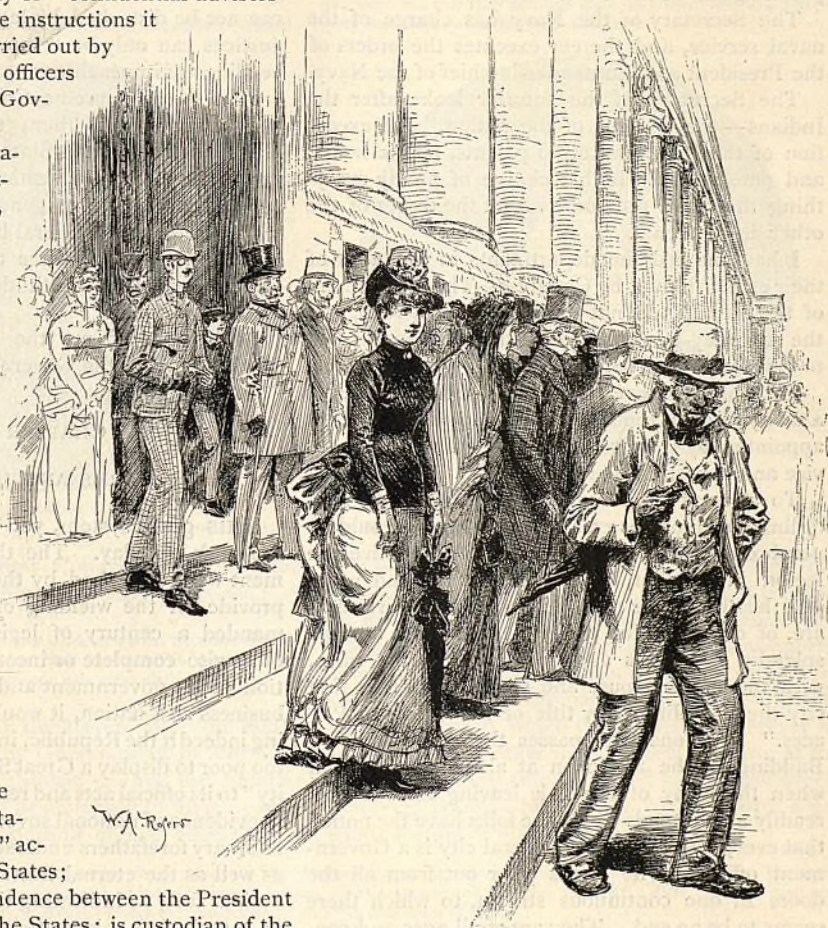
These departments are presided over by officers, styled "Heads of Department," and known respectively as the Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Secretary of the Treasury, Attorney-general, Postmaster-general, Secretary of the Navy, and Secretary of the Interior. Together, they form the "Cabinet," or body of "confidential advisers" of the President, whose instructions it is their duty to see carried out by the thousands of civil officers in the employ of the Government.

The duties of the various executive departments are, of course, almost infinite. The State Department was created on the 27th of July, 1789, by the name of "Department of Foreign Affairs;" but this name was changed within two months afterward. The Secretary of State is first in rank of all the members of the Cabinet. He is the "right-hand man" of the President; attends to "the foreign interests of the country, through its ambassadors, ministers, and other agents abroad, or through the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers" accredited to the United States; conducts the correspondence between the President and the governors of the States; is custodian of the great seal, and of the treaties and laws of the United States, and in other ways is a very prominent officer.

The Secretary of War has charge of the military service, and, in that department, executes the orders

of the President, who is, by the Constitution, Commander-in-chief of the Army.*

The Secretary of the Treasury superintends the national finances. He is the tax-gatherer and paymaster of the Government. From customs duties, internal revenue, and other sources, millions flow annually into the public vaults, the key to which is kept by the disbursing officer, or treasurer. The Secretary must not let any of these funds slip away without



TREASURY CLERKS LEAVING THE TREASURY BUILDING
AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY'S WORK.

permission of law, and every cent received and expended must be regularly accounted for.†

* Constitution, Art. II., Sec. II., Cl. 1.

† See Constitution, Art. I., Sec. IX., Cl. 7. The accounts of the government are stated by "fiscal" years, instead of by calendar years; that is, beginning on the 1st of July instead of the 1st of January. An idea may be formed of the magnitude of these financial operations from a few figures. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1884, the "net ordinary receipts" of the Government were \$348,519,869.92, and its "gross receipts," \$555,397,755.92; and during the same period, its "net ordinary expenditures" were \$189,547,865.85, and its "gross expenditures," \$504,646,934.83. And although up to the year 1861 neither the gross receipts nor the gross expenditures, in any one year, reached \$100,000,000.00, but, on the contrary, averaged far below, the total gross receipts of the Government from its beginning in 1789 to June 30, 1884, amount to \$21,078,087,835.31, and its gross expenditures to \$20,650,486,065.71.

The Attorney-general gives the President his opinion in regard to the meaning of congressional legislation and other matters of doubt, when called upon for legal advice, and represents the Government in all law-suits in which its interests are involved.

The Postmaster-general looks after the transmission of the mail, and, as his title implies, is chief of all the postmasters, mail-carriers, and postal agents in the United States.

The Secretary of the Navy has charge of the naval service, and therein executes the orders of the President as Commander-in-chief of the Navy.

The Secretary of the Interior looks after the Indians—the “wards of the nation,” the execution of the laws relating to patents, public lands, and pensions, and he has charge of nearly everything that does not come within the duties of the other departments.

I have named the departments in the order of their establishment by Congress. The Department of the Interior was not established until 1849, and the Attorney-general and Postmaster-general had to wait some years before becoming cabinet officers.

Each of these seven cabinet officers now receives a salary of eight thousand dollars a year. They are appointed by the President “by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.”

To attempt to give you an idea of all the subordinate civil offices created by Congress would be perplexing. The assistants to the Executive are legion in number, and scattered far and wide. The head-quarters of the Executive Departments are, of course, at the city of Washington, and the splendid structures assigned to their use have, with the White House and Capitol, given to that city the complimentary title of the “City of Palaces.” Any one who passes the great Treasury Building in the afternoon at about four o’clock, when the army of clerks is leaving for the day, readily understands why some folks have the notion that every resident in the Federal city is a Government officer. The clerks pour out from all the doors in one continuous stream, to which there seems to be no end. They are of all ages and conditions. An old colored man, who has picked cotton beneath the lash of slavery, comes merrily along, proud of the fact that he can now work for greenbacks and support his family in comfort. A pretty girl, thinking perhaps of a new hat or humming a tune from an opera; a gray-haired veteran, familiar with the secrets of many an administration of by-gone years; a middle-aged woman, with a face furrowed by the iron fingers of care, struggling to maintain her orphaned children; a happy-go-lucky, dandy-looking stripling, twirling his cane with one hand and gracefully twisting his mus-

tache with the other,—these are but a few specimens of those who follow in quick succession.

The judicial power of the Government is vested in the Supreme Court and a number of inferior tribunals.* The Supreme Court consists now of the Chief-justice of the United States, with a salary of \$10,500 a year, and eight Associate Justices, receiving \$10,000 each. They are appointed by the President, with the approval of the Senate. The existence of this, the highest court in the land, can not be disturbed by legislative power, and the justices can only be removed from office by proceedings of impeachment.

Next to the Supreme Court come the nine Circuit Courts and, then, the numerous District Courts of the United States, the judges of which are appointed in like fashion. The powers of these various courts are, in general, to decide all cases which involve any Federal law; and, to assist them in their work and enforce their mandates and decrees, there is a multitude of clerks, marshals, and other officers.

Such, in brief, are the Executive and Judicial Departments of the Government.

CHAPTER XIX.

ARMS AND INSIGNIA.

THIS great system, you will remember, is not the work of a day. The three powers of government were furnished by the Constitution; yet to provide for the wielding of those powers has demanded a century of legislation. But, however otherwise complete or incomplete in the organization of its government and its ability to transact business as a nation, it would have been humiliating indeed if the Republic, in its early days, had been too poor to display a Great Seal to give “authenticity” to its official acts and records, or to flourish a flag as evidence of national sovereignty! The old Revolutionary forefathers understood “the proprieties,” as well as the eternal fitness of things; and it is a curious fact, as indicating the importance attached to a seal, that this matter was considered by the Continental Congress on the very day on which the Declaration of Independence was read, and the separate existence of the States was proclaimed to the world. After the signing of the Declaration, on the 4th of July, 1776, and before the adjournment for the day, a committee was appointed—consisting of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson—“to prepare a device for a seal for the United States of America.” Although the committee made a report within a few weeks, no decisive action was taken for six years. On the 20th of June, 1782, however, the Congress of the

Confederation adopted a device for the Great Seal of the United States.

This device is shown by the accompanying illustrations.* It was used by the old General Congress; and by an Act of the First Congress under the Constitution (September 15, 1789), it was adopted as the Great Seal of the United States, to be kept by the Secretary of State, and affixed by him to proclamations and other executive instruments and acts.

The subject of a flag or standard was also consid-

led to the following enactment, which is yet in force, approved on the 4th of April, 1818.

AN ACT to establish the flag of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the 4th day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be twenty stars, white in a blue field.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July then next succeeding such admission.†



Obverse.



Reverse.

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

ered in the Continental Congress; and, on the 14th of June, 1777, this resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation.†

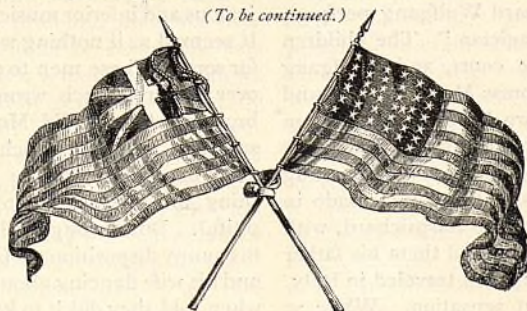
The admission into the Union, after the establishment of the present Government, of Vermont and Kentucky as new States, caused the number of stars and stripes to be increased to fifteen each; and the subsequent addition of five other States

Whenever, therefore, an American sees this glorious ensign of his country, the stripes recall to his mind the birth of the Republic, with the events that surrounded it; the stars suggest its wonderful development in size, in resources, and in power; and, in homage to the national grandeur and protective authority which it represents, wherever he beholds it,—whether in mid-ocean floating at the head of a passing ship, or waved aloft in the streets of foreign lands,—he lifts his hat to it with a patriotic feeling of filial love and pride.

* The eagle and arrows are familiar to all schoolboys. The "reverse," or unfinished pyramid is seldom if ever used. The motto "*E pluribus Unum*"—"one composed of many"—is well known. The mottoes on the reverse, "*Annuit Cœptis*" and "*Novus ordo Seclorum*," mean respectively, "Heaven favors the undertaking" and "A new order of things."

† For interesting particulars concerning the origin of this device see ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1883, p. 66.

(To be continued.)



OUR FLAG IN 1776 AND IN 1885.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

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

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

IV.—MOZART.

"THERE can be but one Mozart." How often have these words been repeated by all who are familiar with the music of this immortal master, the prince of melody! Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born at Salzburg, Austria, January 27, 1756. His musical career began in his infancy. His remarkable genius, together with his serious face, caused the fear that he would not live to grow up. His sister, Marianne, had considerable musical talent, and while her father was giving her lessons, Wolfgang would employ himself in picking out thirds. He soon received instruction with her on the clavier. He was a sweet, tractable child, applying himself to whatever was set for him to learn; but soon everything was given up for music. At the age of six, he composed a concerto for the piano, so difficult that his father could not play it, and Wolfgang was obliged to show him how it should go. Wolfgang then began to study the violin, and one day, when some musicians were practicing together at his father's house, he begged that he might join them. His father requested him to play very softly so as not to disturb the others; but he played so beautifully that the second violin, whom he accompanied, soon ceased and left Wolfgang to finish alone. The child was of a sunny and loving disposition, and would often say: "Next to God comes Papa." He wished he could "put his papa under a glass case, so that he could never escape from home," and once, when away from home, he "sends his mamma a hundred million kisses, and kisses Marianne's nose and mouth."

The father now determined to travel with his little prodigies, and in 1762 they visited Vienna, where they were enthusiastically received. The emperor, when he first heard Wolfgang perform, called him the "little magician." The children were petted by the whole court, and Wolfgang hugged and kissed the Empress Maria Theresa and the little Princesses; before leaving, the children were painted in full court costume. They next played in London and Paris, completely fascinating the public, and in Paris a painting was made in which we see Wolfgang at the harpsichord, with his sister by his side, and behind them his father playing on the violin. They next traveled in Italy, where they created a great sensation. While at

Rome they heard Allegri's "Miserere," at the Sistine chapel, a work so prized that people were forbidden to copy it; but Wolfgang took a few notes, and after reaching home, copied it all from memory. At Naples, the people thought his wonderful improvisations were due to the magic properties of a ring which he wore; but when he removed it, and still the enchanting sounds fell from his fingers, their admiration knew no bounds.

In 1773, the family returned to Salzburg, where young Mozart worked steadily until he was twenty-one. He was now anxious to travel and establish himself in his profession; and as his father was unable to leave his business, the mother accompanied her boy to Paris; but to part with Wolfgang was a severe trial to the father.

From that time on, misfortune seemed to pursue this gifted man. Thenceforth he was never free from trouble and sorrow. On arriving at Paris, he found that the public had forgotten the little boy who but a few years before had captured all their hearts; his efforts to support himself were unsuccessful, and it is pitiful to read of the slights he sometimes endured. In 1779 he returned to Salzburg unsuccessful and disheartened. He staid there until 1781, when he left for Vienna, which he made his home for life. He now began a steady battle against the poverty which was always threatening him. If he left the city, some creditor was the last person to bid him farewell, and some wretched debt was his first welcome on his return. His wife, Constance Weber, to whom he was married in 1782, though devoted to him, was unfortunately a poor manager; the young people constantly changed their lodgings, and the house was never in order. The Emperor, who could have relieved all Mozart's distresses by giving him a court position, was dissuaded from doing so by the jealous and inferior musicians who surrounded him. It seemed as if nothing were too petty nor too cruel for some of these men to do, and no other musician ever suffered such wrongs at the hands of his brother artists as did Mozart. He worked incessantly at anything which would bring in money, even to giving lessons; yet he never had anything, and his appeals to his friends for help were pitiful. But through all his troubles Mozart kept his sunny disposition; a friend who once found him and his wife dancing about the room was astonished when told they did it to keep warm, as there was no

wood in the house. In 1785, his father visited him, and was delighted to find his son's affairs in a better condition, and his position in the musical world very high. Haydn, who dined with them, said: "I recognize your son as the greatest composer I ever heard of." The friendship between Haydn and Mozart was strong and lasting; each loved and admired the other. In 1782 Mozart dedicated six quartets to his "dear Papa Haydn."

Shortly after his opera of "Figaro" had been successfully produced in May, 1786, Mozart gladly accepted an offer to play at Prague. On arriving, he found the streets ringing with his music. "Every one," he wrote home, "dances here to the music of 'Figaro'; nothing is sung but 'Figaro'; no opera so crowded as 'Figaro'; forever 'Figaro.'" Perhaps nowhere in Mozart's career did he meet with higher appreciation than during this visit.

In October, 1787, after his return to Vienna, Mozart produced his greatest opera, "Don Giovanni." As late as the night before the performance the overture had not been copied. Mozart wrote on until late into the night, and his wife could only keep him awake by telling him the old fairy tales, such as he loved when a child; at times he would break from laughter to tears, until, growing more and more weary, he fell asleep. At seven the next morning, he arose and finished the score, the ink in some parts being scarcely dry when the copies were placed on the musicians' desks. The musicians had to play the overture at sight, but its beauties aroused the greatest enthusiasm both in the players and the audience. Mozart superintended all the rehearsals, and inspired the singers with his own ideas and feelings. He taught the hero to dance a minuet, and when one of the singers failed to conquer his score, Mozart altered it on the spot. At last the Emperor bestowed a court position on Mozart, but the salary was so meager—it was less than \$500—that it was of little help to him, while his duty, to compose dance-music for the court, was humiliating. Well could he reply, when asked his income by the tax-gatherer, "Too much for what I do; too little for what I could do."

Handel's music had a profound influence over him, and on hearing a motet of Bach's, he was amazed, and said, "Here is a man from whom we can learn something," and he never ceased to study Bach as long as he lived. At last poverty, persecution, and misfortunes of all kinds began to tell upon Mozart, and his light spirits deserted him; he grew very gloomy, and felt that he had not long to live, nor did this feeling ever after forsake him. During 1789 Mozart was obliged to travel in order to eke out his income, and to procure the funds to start on his journey he pawned his

plate. No wonder that he felt saddened and depressed. When Haydn, before his London visit, said farewell to Mozart, the latter replied: "This is our last farewell in this life." Haydn, who was sixty years of age, thought Mozart referred to him, but it was his own fate that Mozart prophesied, and truly, for Mozart passed away while Haydn was yet in London. After Mozart returned to Vienna, he began to write the "Requiem." His melancholy increased, and, finally, his health broke down; he felt that he was writing his own requiem, and told his wife so; but he was, nevertheless, much absorbed in his work, often greatly tasking his strength. During his last illness, he asked some friends who had called upon him, to take the different parts of the "Requiem" and sing it with him; all went well till the "Lacrimosa" (a special section of the "Requiem" near the middle of the score), when he burst into tears, and was unable to proceed. His last words were an effort to tell where, in the "Requiem," the kettle-drums should play. He died on December 5, 1791. His wife was too poor to buy a grave for him, and, as in the case of Bach before him, no stone was placed to mark his grave; a furious storm raged during the funeral, and but a handful of men out of all the great city of Vienna followed him to the grave.

This same great city of Vienna, in which his laborious life was passed in so much poverty and distress, has just devoted \$50,000 dollars to raising a monument to his memory. This is more money than Mozart received for all the work of his life, and as a recent writer says: "It is a striking inconsistency of fortune that this tribute should be paid the great composer by the children of those who allowed his life to be cut short by penury, hardship and neglect."

Few are they who could follow the career of this gifted man without the deepest pity and sympathy. Fortunate, indeed, it was for him, that he had an ideal childhood, for his manhood was as great a contrast to it as is darkness to light. Nothing but his genius enabled him to bear up under the poverty and persecution which beset him at every step. No one less gifted could have lived on, pouring out strain after strain of deathless music. He could not help writing, and outward circumstances were nothing to him. He frequently worked out an idea in his head, and wrote it with the greatest ease, "as people write letters." He preferred to compose at night, and some of his loveliest creations were born with the morning light. His music always told the story of his heart, and so every one loves it. As long as music lives Mozart will live; his music is his monument.

HOW SPORT SAVED THE KITTENS.

ON a large farm, there was an old cat with five little kittens. One of the kittens was gray, like its mother; another was black, with one white paw; a third was black all over; while the other two looked just alike.

The mother cat told her kittens to be kind and polite to every one,—and to be very kind to dogs,—and each night, before going to sleep, she made them repeat these words: "Let dogs delight to bark and bite, but little kittens never."

One day, a big dog named Sport came to live on the farm. Sport was full of fun, and he thought that chasing cats was great fun. Near the barn in which the cat and kittens lived, grew five large apple-trees; and when Sport first saw the cat family, he thought what fun it would be to frighten the mother into the hay-mow, and chase each one of the five kittens up a tree.

So he gave a loud bark, and sprang in upon the happy brood. To his great surprise, the kittens, instead of arching their backs up to twice their size, and hissing in an ill-bred way, all sat quite still, and looked quietly at the stranger, to see what he was going to do next. Then there was a long pause, followed by two short paws which the gray kitten put out toward the dog, as though she would like to shake hands with him if she only knew how. This so amused Sport that he tapped the kitten very gently on the back, and then the cat, dog, and kittens were soon rolling and tumbling about the barn floor in a frolic. From that moment, Sport and the cat family were great friends.

Not many days after this, the five kittens were playing along the bank of a small river which ran behind the barn, and, spying a piece of board which lay with one end on the ground and the other in the water, they all jumped upon it. But they were no sooner upon it than the board broke loose from the shore, and started down the stream!

The kittens were badly frightened, and cried aloud for help, and though the old cat hurried out of the barn, she could not do anything for them. She could only rush up and down the bank, and she was afraid that all the kittens would be carried down to the mill-pond and over the dam. But suddenly she heard a well-known bark, and the next moment Sport—dear old Sport—was at her side! The good dog saw what the trouble was at once, and the thought came to him that, if he should bark just as loud as he could, some one might run down to the river to see what was

the matter, and then the kittens would be saved. So Sport began at once. How he did bark!

In less than two minutes, one of the men came running toward them.

It was the farmer himself. He thought from the great noise Sport was making that the dog must have found a family of wood-chucks, and so when he caught sight of the kittens he began to laugh.

But then he took a long pole, and very slowly and carefully pulled the kittens ashore. Then, he picked them up in his arms, and carried them toward the barn, while the old cat and Sport walked on behind.

That night, the old cat asked her kittens what or who had saved their lives that day.

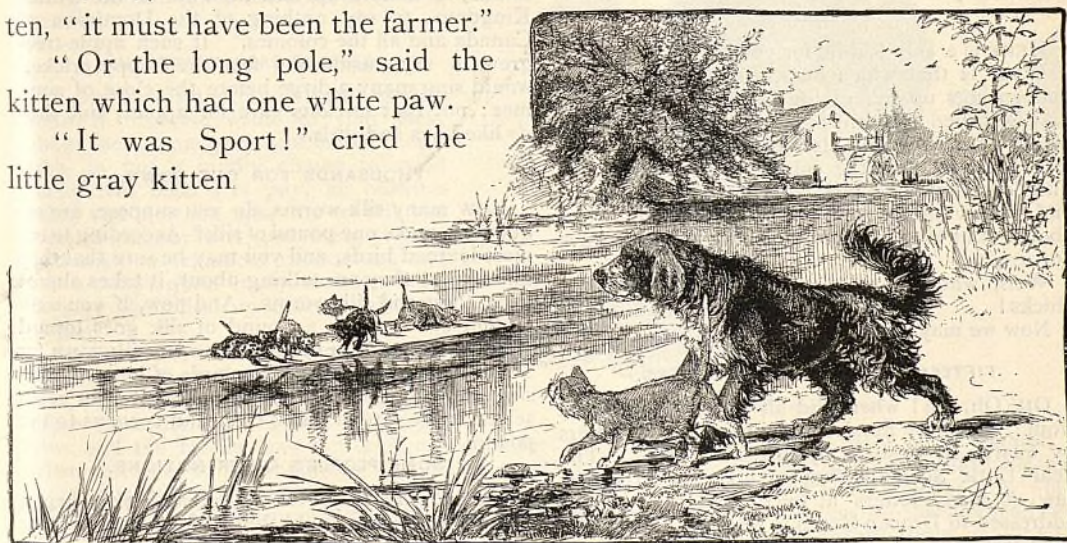
"And we must n't count you?" said two or three in one breath.

A smile lit up the face of the happy mother as her little ones said this, but she only said, quietly: "No; you need n't count me."

"Then," said the all-black kitten, "it must have been the farmer."

"Or the long pole," said the kitten which had one white paw.

"It was Sport!" cried the little gray kitten.



"We owe a great deal to Sport," said their mother; "but most of all to the fact that you have always tried to be polite and kind to every one about you. Sport would never have come to save you if you had been cross, ugly kittens, and I hope you will always remember the lesson of this day,—will you?"

"I will," said the one white-pawed black kitten. "I will," said the all-over black kitten. "We will remember," said the two that looked just alike. "I will re—mem—b" began the little gray kitten, but before she could finish the sentence she was sound asleep!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE is a July Riddle for you! What is that which bursts its tender coverings and springs up full of life before it is sown? It may be called a distant cousin of the artillery fern, which your Jack has already shown to you,* and it is sown all over the country this month by industrious boys and girls who love the pretty red and yellow things, and carry bunches of them about—but that is before the above incidents have occurred.

Well, who said it *was* a flower? Not I, my chicks!

Now we may discuss

FIFTEEN FEET AND THEIR OWNERS.

OH, Oh, Oh! where did all those letters come from? letters by hundreds, by thousands—letters by quarts, by bushels, by heaps and hills. The dear Little School-ma'am says she never before saw so many letters at once; and they all are addressed to Deacon Green in response to his message last month: FIFTEEN OWNERS WANTED. The little lady says he has been reading them from morning till night, day after day, but he has not yet been able to examine all that have come.

Aha! here is the Deacon himself, with his hands and pockets full of letters. His face is glowing with happy pride, and he says:

"Thank the youngsters for me, friend Jack, and tell them they shall hear from me next month."

AN APPLE-TREE INDEED.

SO FAR, it seems that not one of my chicks has been able to tell me, from personal observation, of the very, very oldest apple-tree; but here is something from a fourteen-year-old English boy:

"In answer to your question as to the oldest-known apple-tree, allow me, dear Jack," he writes,

"to send you the following account of a very noble tree, and an American apple-tree to boot. It was printed in last February's issue of *Young England*":

On the land of an old gentleman named Hotchkiss, living at Cheshire, Connecticut, is an apple-tree supposed to be, at the present time, no less than 186 years old. It is said to be the last of an orchard planted by the first settlers in that neighborhood. Mr. Hotchkiss is over eighty years of age, and he has known and owned this tree for nearly half a century. Some time ago, he informed a gentleman that, when he was a boy, he heard his grandmother say that she used to play in her early childhood under its then broad and sheltering branches. The body of the tree is four feet in diameter up to the point where the limbs branch out. There are five main branches, each of which is nearly two feet in diameter. Its height is sixty feet, and from its outermost branches, apples falling perpendicularly lie upon the ground thirty-three yards apart! Mr. Hotchkiss said that he had picked up and measured one hundred and twenty-five bushels of good sound apples out of one year's product of this tree, and he estimates that it has borne from ten to twelve thousand bushels from the date of its being planted up to the present time.

Well, I am astonished! Ten to twelve thousand bushels of fruit, and to think that all of these once were green apples! Enough, the Deacon remarks, to double up half the boys of the United Kingdom, to say nothing of the Dominion of Canada and all the colonies. If such apple-trees grew in my meadows I fear the happy crickets would sing many a dirge before the close of summer; not that crickets care for apples, but they *do* like boys and girls.

THOUSANDS FOR ONE GOWN.

How many silk-worms, do you suppose, are required to make one pound of silk? According to my most learned birds, and you may be sure that they know what they are talking about, it takes almost three thousand silk-worms. And now, if you wish to find out how far a pound of silk goes toward making one of you little girls a nice silk gown for Sundays, you can have some yards of honest dress-silk weighed, and so discover the matter for yourselves at the rate of three thousand cocoons to the pound.

SOME PEOPLE'S QUEER NOTIONS.

THE wearing of jewels of gold and silver began with savages, who could think of no more secure way of keeping their valuables than hanging them in their ears, noses, lips, cheeks, or around their necks or arms. After a while they seemed to forget that security had been the object in thus disfiguring themselves, and from being pleased at seeing their treasures so conspicuously and safely displayed, they actually began to fancy that the effect not only pleased every one else, but that they themselves presented a very attractive appearance.

Think of a person being attractive with a hole in the end of the nose and a gold ring hanging there! Or with the cheek pierced by a large pin! I am told that not only savages, but persons who call themselves civilized, actually pierce holes in their own ears and hang gold and jewels through them! This, however, seems too strange to believe, and I'd thank you all to look sharply at the ears of

any civilized person you may meet, and tell your Jack whether the strange story is true or not.

Of one thing I am sure: the dear Little School-ma'am, bless her! and Deacon Green are quite civilized, and *they* do not hang jewels from their ears.

At all events, very odd things are done by mortals to aid or improve upon nature, and some of these things, the Little School-ma'am says, are as horrid as they are odd; while others, she maintains, are full of a grace and poetry which please the eye and delight the imagination.

Japanese maidens, who are pretty enough naturally, I am told, daub their faces liberally with red and white paint, and put a dab of bronze on the lips. Chinamen sometimes allow their finger-nails to grow as long as six inches. Chinese girls glory in deformed feet. A tribe of South American Indians bore a hole in the lower lip and force in there a wooden plug larger than a silver dollar, making the lip look like a shelf! Can it be true that all over the world men and women are busy disfiguring themselves in the hope of looking handsome?

BUTTERFLY HEAD-DRESSES.

A GOOD friend of ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. John R. Coryell, wrote to your Jack, about these same queer notions of people who, to put it mildly, choose to make themselves objects of pity, for beauty's sake, and now he asks me to tell you some pleasanter facts concerning persons who wish to ornament themselves, and yet are not quite ready to bore holes through their flesh in order to shine in society.

For instance, he says there are Cuban women who fasten huge fire-flies in their hair, and let them shine there like stars taken from the sky. This is a beautiful idea, and the fire-fly does not seem to object, for when released, it flies home as if it had a good store of adventures to relate to its waiting friends.

There are many other such graceful fancies, he says, but of them all, none is so fantastically beautiful as that in vogue among the Darnley Islanders, who, in truth, are the last persons one would suspect of any such thing. They live on an island in Torres Straits, between New Guinea and Australia, and are not only ugly looking, but are more than suspected of being cannibals.

On Darnley Island, it appears, there is a kind of very large and most beautiful butterfly called *Papilio poseidon*. It is marked in brown, black, and bright-red colors, and measures seven inches across the wings. This gorgeous creature is captured by the Islanders bent on decoration; a tough but delicate vegetable fiber, in lieu of a thread of cotton, is tied about its large body, and the end of the fiber secured in the man's hair. A half-dozen butterflies will be tethered in this way to the man, and as they soon become reconciled to cap-

tivity, their graceful flutterings about the unhand-some head of the man produce an effect difficult to describe and hardly to be imagined.

THOSE PET BEETLES.

THESE Darnley Islanders with their living head ornaments remind me of pet beetles. You all remember the picture which your Jack showed you last winter, in which a lady was decorated with a living beetle, tethered to her dress and doing his best to act the part of a jewel. A little New Yorker, Grace I. S., now sends a message to you about similar insects. "Last summer," her letter says, "my sister had three brown beetles from Cuba



A BUTTERFLY HEAD-DRESS.

given her, looking like those once pictured in ST. NICHOLAS." After dark she would take them out of the box, give them a bath, when they would show bright spots like eyes on the forehead, and a broad band of fire under the wings, making the water a lovely greenish yellow. She fed them with sugar and water, then let them run over the carpet. They trotted like little slowing trains of cars showing bright head-lights.

ILLUMINATED FROGS.

MARIETTA, OHIO, March 31, 1885.

DEAR JACK: The illuminated frog or toad described in a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS is not new to me.

If any of your readers who live in the region of fire-flies will catch a toad and put him under a glass and feed him with fire-flies, they will soon have a luminous frog.

One evening, two or three years ago, I gave a few live fire-flies to a frog for the benefit of a cousin of mine who never had seen a fire-fly. It afforded much amusement to us, though I fear it was poor fun for the fire-flies. But they had a gay time after they were swallowed, if one could judge by the sudden way in which the frog was lighted up from the inside.

In this way you can have an illuminated frog as long as the animal's appetite lasts.

Hoping for the continued success of ST. NICHOLAS,

I am yours truly, CHAS. HALL.

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.

We are indebted to Mr. Samuel W. Pennypacker, of Philadelphia, for permission to copy two of the illuminations, or "reward-cards," in his collection, as illustrations to Dr. Eggleston's article in this number on "A School of Long Ago." Mr. Pennypacker has also kindly furnished the following translation in verse of the curious inscription which appears in the engraving on page 644:

Who is humble when successful,
Who is patient when distressful,
Fears not fortune's fickle changes—
Him no ill fate e'er deranges.

He unharmed can have fate grieve him,
See luck come and see it leave him,
Ever ready he for all things,
For the great and for the small things.

When misfortunes crowd about him,
When they overwhelming cloud him,
Patience is his sole reliance—
He may bid them all defiance.

When good fortune smiles and blesses,
Wooes him with her soft caresses,
Then Humility can save him
From the pride that would enslave him.

If his work is not assuring—
What he does has no enduring—
Patience will help him to bear it,
Soothe his trouble and will share it.

If he meets with prosperous breezes
And has all things as he pleases,
No Humility can hurt him—
For his fortune may desert him.

If he meet with sore affliction,
Having no man's benediction,
Needing much commiseration,
Patience is his consolation.

If he far aloft is lifted,
If his burdens all are shifted,
This may only be to try him—
Let Humility sit by him.

Humbleness can all things cower;
Patience has the greatest power;
Patience saves from every sorrow;
Pride humility should borrow.

Patience is for time of mourning;
Humbleness when fate is scorning;
Sweet Humility assures us;
Patience from our ills secures us.

Both these virtues then I cherish,—
Without either would I perish;
Much of comfort have they for me,
Rest and quiet they restore me.

Our readers will be interested in the letters written by George Washington and Richard Henry Lee, while boys, which are to be found on page 685 of this number. They originally appeared in a volume entitled "Mt. Vernon, the Home of Washington," by Benson J. Lossing, published in this country by Messrs. John C. Yorston & Co., of Cincinnati, and in England by Messrs. Ward, Locke & Co., London. Our thanks are due to those publishers for permission to reprint the letters in St. NICHOLAS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A very dear aunt of ours in America kindly sends us your interesting magazine every month, for we live in Italy, where there are no English magazines published, so far as we know.

I have a little brother and sister here, and a sister and a brother in heaven. Our parents are Americans, but we were all born in Florence and have never seen America. We hope, however, to go there before long, as we have a grandfather, grandmother, aunts, uncles, and cousins, whom we long to see.

We live in a very pleasant part of the city and have beautiful views in every direction. We are right in front of a large square with a pretty fountain in the center, and I can see from our windows the great cathedral, or "Duomo," so much admired, the Palazzo Vecchio, the Campanile, and a large part of the Viale dei Colli, which is considered one of the most beautiful drives in Europe. From the back of our house we can see Fiesole, which is called "the Mother of Florence," and many little villages. We have plants, flowers, gold-fishes, birds, two doves, and a little one, two and a half days old, besides a little kitten that we took to catch mice.

FLORENCE L. H.

NO. EASTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear how highly favored the children of this town (Easton) are. A rich man residing here has had the St. NICHOLAS sent free into every family from which a child attends any of our public schools. The rich and poor are all used alike; and when the mail arrives which brings this bright and pretty book, you will see the children in crowds waiting anxiously around the post-office to receive the magazine so kindly

given them. Or in the evening, if you should go into any house in town, you would find the little ones gathered around the table looking at the pretty pictures or reading the stories it contains. I do not believe there is another town in the country so blessed in this way.

L.

LAKE GEORGE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old, and I have a dear, good grandma, three sisters, and two little brothers. My oldest sister has a pony and a dog. We have two peacocks. They have no name, but my little brother calls them Jenny and Rose. Our house is called Sunnyside. My little sister has two dolls. Their names are Bell and Dinah. One morning our man killed a big hedgehog, which was covered with quills two or three inches long. We have a farm-house, and an apple-orchard, to which we like to row over and get the apples. I hope you will print this for me, as it is the first letter I have written to you, and I like the St. NICHOLAS very much.

Your little reader,

EDITH K.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. My sister and I collect worms, moths, and butterflies; it is great fun, I think. We find the worms and put them under wire cases on straw-berry boxes, which we fill with earth and leaves, while with others we only put leaves. We have a net each, and one or two extra, so if any friends make us a visit and want to hunt butterflies with us they can. We go to Wickford in the summer; there are a great many butterflies at Wickford, and so we get a good many. We have collected more than a year and enjoy it very much. The

moths we catch at night, as there is but one that flies in the day, and that is the humming-bird moth. I like the *imperialis* best of all the moths. By what I saw of it in a picture, I think that you can tell moths from butterflies, because their antennæ are so much larger, and besides, the butterflies' antennæ are clubbed. I think that they are much handsomer than the moths, at least most of them. The worms make cocoons in the autumn, and you have to keep them all through the winter, as they don't come out till spring; you have to water them once or twice, so that they think it is raining. I found a cocoon this winter; it was a *cecropia*. There are a good many of the *polyphemus* and *saturnia* in Wickford, but *saturnia* are poisonous; they are covered with fuzzy stuff, and if you touch it it makes your hand sting like everything. I was stung by one once, and I hope I never will be again. There is a southern butterfly in Wickford, only one or two. We only saw two of them, but we could not catch either of them. My papa saw a perfect one and I saw an imperfect one, but, of course, it was Sunday when papa saw the perfect one and a week day when I saw the imperfect one; but we caught a good many other kinds, as I said before. The sulphur and the white ones (I don't know the name of them) are the commonest; the archippus, Camberwell beauty, black swallow-tail, yellow swallow-tail, and the tortoise-shell are quite common, but they all have their time. The silver-moon is a very odd kind, it has a little silver crescent on the back of each wing. I found two worms in the early summer, and they came in the silver-moon time. My brother, myself, and a few others went on an expedition after butterflies, when my brother happened to go into some bushes when out came two *prometheus* moths; they had taken refuge in the bushes for the day; we caught them both, but one was imperfect, so we let him go. The luna is a very uncommon moth, and is one of the largest and prettiest, it is of a light-green color, and has a white body, the wings ending in tails. The most scarce of all northern moths is the "hickory devil," and if you should happen to find one it is most likely to die, it is so sensitive, but some of them live, though it is very hard to take care of them; they are the terror of the negroes at the South, though they are harmless. I was very glad to see letters about worms and moths, because it shows that some one else is enjoying finding them.

HELEN.

HOTEL METROPOLE, GENEVA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you since last January, 1884. My dear Mamma gave you to me as a birthday present. I enjoy you very much. I watch for you every month. I am nine years old, and my birthday comes on the 26th of January. I have a little sister named Grace, and a brother named Allan. I often read you to them, and they like you very much. Allan is eight and Grace is six. I read the letters and like them too. I am in Europe and am having a very nice time. I stay in Geneva. And I lived in a little country place named Summit, New Jersey. And I came over here with Papa and my little brother, and came to see my cousin Marie, and I am with my dear Grandmamma, and left my little sister with my other Grandmamma. Grandmamma reads you to me very often, and I like the funny little pieces of poetry she reads to me.

Yours truly,

LULA T.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

READING, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I visited Mt. Vernon recently, and I am now going to tell you about the principal things I saw there. Before entering the mansion of Mt. Vernon, we paused to take a view of Washington's tomb. All members of Washington's family are buried in lots fenced off around the tomb. Washington and his wife are buried inside the tomb, behind a heavy iron door. But outside of this door, in another division of this tomb, behind the grated iron door at the entrance, are two marble coffins. One of them has the name of George Washington and the coat-of-arms of the United States upon it. The other has the name of his wife upon it. This is all of the new tomb, except that the key has been thrown into the Potomac. The old tomb is just a common brick structure. We then had our photographs taken on the piazza of the mansion. The piazza is paved with stones taken from the Isle of Wight. We then entered the mansion. The first room we came to was the state dining-hall. In this hall there is a picture of Washington, on a white horse, surrounded by his officers. It represents a scene before Yorktown. Washington is in the act of reproving the chief engineer for some misdoing. Then there is a finely carved mantel, made of marble, and sent as a present to Washington from abroad, and upon it is a sea-fan placed there by Washington himself. And upon a table in this room is a miniature cut of the Bastille in a glass case. And in different rooms are the harpsichord presented to Eleanor Custis by Washington as a wedding present; the flute on which Washington once played; the field-glass belonging to Washington still hanging where he hung it himself; the chair which came over in the "Mayflower," and which I had the pleasure of taking a seat in; the bed in which Lafayette once slept; the bed in which the Father of his Country died; also that in which Martha Washington died. A British field-ensign, which is said to have been captured by Wash-

ington on the field of battle, is also in one of the rooms. Now, I would like you to publish this, for it may interest some of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Yours truly,

A. L. F.

In the number for July, 1880, ST. NICHOLAS published an article entitled "Two Gunpowder Stories," one of which told how Elizabeth Zane, a brave girl, at one of the border forts during the Revolution, faced death from the rifles and arrows of the besieging Indians, in her endeavor to secure fresh powder for the men who were defending the fort, when she knew that every man was needed. A friend and contributor, Mr. John S. Adams, now sends to the LETTER-BOX these verses commemorating the heroic deed of the girl who risked her life to save the garrison.

ELIZABETH ZANE.

THIS dauntless pioneer maiden's name
Is inscribed in gold on the scroll of Fame;
She was the lassie who knew no fear
When the tomahawk gleamed on the far frontier.
If deeds of daring should win renown,
Let us honor this damsel of Wheeling town,
Who braved the savage with deep disdain,—
Bright-eyed, buxom, Elizabeth Zane.

'T was more than a hundred years ago,
They were close beset by the dusky foe;
They had spent of powder their scanty store,
And who the gauntlet should run for more?
She sprang to the portal and shouted, "I;
'T is better a girl than a man should die!
My loss would be but the garrison's gain.
Unbar the gate!" said Elizabeth Zane.

The powder was sixty yards away,
Around her the foemen in ambush lay;
As she darted from shelter they gazed with awe,
Then wildly shouted, "A squaw!" "A squaw!"
She neither swerved to the left or right,
Swift as an antelope's was her flight.
'Quick! Open the door!" she cried, amain,
"For a hope forlorn! 'T is Elizabeth Zane!"

No time had she to waver or wait,
Back she must go ere it be too late;
She snatched from the table its cloth in haste
And knotted it deftly about her waist,
Then filled it with powder—never, I ween,
Had powder so lovely a magazine;
Then, scorning the bullets, a deadly rain,
Like a startled fawn, fled Elizabeth Zane.

She gained the fort with her precious freight;
Strong hands fastened the oaken gate;
Brave men's eyes were suffused with tears
That had there been strangers for many years.
From flint-lock rifles again there sped
'Gainst the skulking redskins a storm of lead,
And the war-whoop sounded that day in vain,
Thanks to the deed of Elizabeth Zane.

Talk not to me of Paul Revere,
A man, on horseback, with naught to fear;
Nor of old John Burns, with his bell-crowned hat—
He'd an army to back him, so what of that?
Here 's to the heroine, plump and brown,
Who ran the gauntlet in Wheeling town!
Hers is a record without a stain,—
Beautiful, buxom, Elizabeth Zane.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you five years, and I think very much of you. I am always happy if I can sit down with a copy of ST. NICHOLAS and read your interesting stories. I always turn the pages to the Letter-Box as soon as I get you. I like to read the letters of those who value ST. NICHOLAS as I do.

Your loving reader,

BERTHA H.

P. S. Would you please tell me how long the ST. NICHOLAS has been published?—B. H.

Since November, 1873.

Will the young friends whose names here follow please accept our thanks for their very pleasant letters, and our regrets that we have not room to publish them all: Julia Carr, Cora A. Knight,

Israel N. Breslau, Lily Agnes Stevens Brown, Louis S. Darling, Lilian B., Blanche Lawrence, John Stebbins E. M. T., Hubert E. V., C. F. Grim, Eddie Collins, S. A. W., Jennie J. Duxbury, Gold H. Wheeler, Madge Galloway, "A Faithful Reader," Dick F. F., Hortie O. M., E. B. B., Marie Louise Cooper, F. B. G., Bessie B., Marian Louise W., Charlotte Morton, Jessie Ryan, Anna Lister,

Amy Whedon, M. L. W., N. H., Willie D. Rhea, Pansy T. Kirkwood, May, Bertha V. Stevens, Elizabeth Lovitt, "Two School-girls," Kittie Clover, William Wirt Leggett, Ellie Kendall, M. L. C., Edith and Alice Hooke, Mary P. Sheppard, Marion Gertrude Smith, Loretta, Violet, Lily, and Pansy, Flossie, Nellie and Reggie, Mildred Cox.



CAUTION.

WE are advised that under various pretexts our Chapters have been solicited to patronize various new papers or magazines, which are stated to be published "in the interests of" the A. A., and our Secretaries are kindly requested to "send in their reports" and "contributions," and otherwise to "aid in making this a helpful medium of inter-communication," etc.

It would seem unnecessary to state that all of these publications, without exception, are issued without any authority or sanction from the Editors or Publishers of ST. NICHOLAS, or from the President or projectors of the Agassiz Association. We should not refer to this had we not observed that a few of our Chapters already have been led to send reports, etc., to these periodicals, evidently supposing that they were in some way regularly connected with our Society.

We may repeat, once for all, as is distinctly affirmed in our Constitution, that ST. NICHOLAS is the official organ of communication between members and Chapters of the Association.

For the fifty-first time, the President of the A. A. has the pleasure of extending to each Chapter the right hand of fellowship, and to each member a hearty greeting. By an error in a recent report April 28 was mentioned as Agassiz's birthday, instead of the well-known 28th of May. If any of our newer Chapters, misled by this, were beguiled into the rural districts a month too soon, we shall feel guilty of Pneumonia in the third degree!

LICHENS.

A LETTER asking for aid in the study of lichens fell into our box one day, closely followed by the following appropriate neighbor:

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MR. H. H. BALLARD:

MY DEAR SIR: I should like to offer assistance to beginners in the study of lichens. I will cheerfully name specimens as far as I am able, and advise as to methods of study. I shall also be glad to make exchanges. Yours truly,

FRED'K LEROY SARGENT, President, Chapter No. 686.
Address 415 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

A COURSE IN ENTOMOLOGY.

PROF. A. W. PUTMAN-CRAMER, the President of the Brooklyn, N.Y., Entomological Society, in addition to the kind invitation printed in our latest report, has volunteered to conduct a class through a somewhat extended course of original observation and field-work in entomology. It is proposed that the course consist of 20 lessons, and be freely open to every one, whether a member of the A. A. or not. To indicate somewhat the nature and scope of these lessons, we print the first lessons here. It will evidently be impracticable to print the course in ST. NICHOLAS, and we have decided to issue the lessons in the form of leaflets, which will be forwarded to students as rapidly as required. To help meet the expense of printing and mailing the twenty lessons, a nominal fee of one dollar for the course will be charged.

All who desire to avail themselves of this opportunity may send their names at once to Mr. John B. Smith, Editor of *Entomologica Americana*, 290 Third Av., Brooklyn, N. Y. If fifty names be received before Aug. 1, the course will be carried on. Every student who shall satisfactorily conclude the twenty lessons will receive a handsome certificate, signed by the Instructor, and countersigned by the President of the A. A.

LESSON 1. HOW TO STUDY A BUTTERFLY.

Select any large butterfly — *Danaus Archippus*, for example. 1st. Make as neat and accurate a pencil-drawing of it as you can. No matter if you have never drawn a line before. Do your best. If you have a box of paints, you may color your sketch, but this is not essential.

2nd. With pen and ink on note-paper, write a careful description of the insect, noting the following points in order:

a. Measurements from tip of antennæ to tip of abdomen, and from tip to tip of extended wings.

b. The principal, or ground, color, whether brown, yellow, black, etc.

c. Describe any lines or spots you may observe, and state as nearly as you can on what portion of the wings or body they are found. Do this for the under as well as for the upper side.

d. Break the wings from one side, lay them flat on a piece of glass, and with a small camel's-hair brush, clean and dry, gently rub the color from them. Examine this colored dust carefully with a magnifying glass or microscope, and draw portions of it as it appears thus enlarged. To what can you compare the little particles? How are they arranged on the wing? Are they all of the same size and shape?

e. Carefully remove all the color from the wings, and examine the frame-work that remains. What color is it? What does it look like? Do you notice any device for imparting strength or rigidity to the wing? Describe it. Make a careful drawing of a wing after the color is removed; do not draw the veins or ribs at random, but count them, and follow their true direction, for their number and course aid in determining the name of the butterfly.

f. Break off the feelers or antennæ from the head. Look at them through your glass. Draw and describe them, making particular note of the shape of the club at the tip.

What device do you observe, by which the antennæ are enabled to bend freely in every direction, and yet be rendered rigid at the will of the insect?

g. Describe the head. State whether it is hairy or not; whether it is broad or narrow, long or short. Observe whether the eyes bulge out distinctly like a bead, or whether they are nearly flat. State also whether the antennæ, at their junction with the head, are far apart, or almost in contact with each other. This is also a point toward the naming of the insect. You should find attached to the head in front, two other appendages, called palpi, or lip-feelers. Describe them; and state whether they grow below, above, or between the antennæ. At the lower side of the head you should see a small coil, like a watch-spring. This is the tongue. It is not easily examined in a dry insect, but you may note its color, and anything else you may observe.

h. Look, now, at the thorax, as the division of the body behind the head is called. What parts do you find attached to the thorax? How many legs on each side? How many wings? Break off the legs from one side, and carefully draw and describe them. Be especially careful with the one nearest the head. Is it longer or shorter than the others? More or less hairy? Has it the same number of joints? The joint nearest the body is the femur; the next is the tibia. The last is the foot, or tarsus. The plural of tibia is tibiae, and of tarsus, tarsi. How many joints has the foot? Examine closely whether every leg has a foot. Which foot, if any, has fewer joints than the others? How many has it? If the legs are so thickly clothed with hairs that you can not see these parts, lay them on a piece of glass, and place a drop of carbolic acid on each. After half an hour, soak up the acid with blotting paper. You can then easily remove all the hairs with a stiff brush, and can see the joints perfectly.

i. Finally, look your butterfly over again, state anything you know of its habits; where and how and when you got it, and any other facts regarding it that occur to you.

Then carefully wrap up your drawings and descriptions, and mail them to the Brooklyn Entomological Society, to Mr. John B. Smith, 290 Third Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE A. A. IN CANADA.

ONE of our largest and strongest Chapters is No. 395, Montreal, Canada. It has more than fifty members, and has made its influence felt in the city for several years.

Heretofore, our Association has not spread in the "Dominion" with anything like the rapidity of its extension in the United States. It has occurred to the Montreal Chapter that an impulse may be given to the work from that city.

We have, therefore, authorized Mr. W. D. Shaw, Secretary of Chapter 395, to act as our Canadian Secretary. Mr. Shaw will devote himself to the task of extending a knowledge of the A. A. in Canada, and he will receive and classify our Canadian correspondence, and regularly transmit the same to the President.

Hereafter, therefore, until further notice, all residents of Canada who desire information regarding our Association may address Mr. Shaw, at 34 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

NINE SNAKES AND A SKELETON.

Spearfish, Dakota. I have never seen anything about rattlesnakes in St. Nicholas but once, but to me they are very curious. I don't mind if they are dangerous. I killed nine rattlesnakes last sum-

mer. One of these had fifteen rattles. I killed them coiled, so as to study their exact position. Then I boiled their heads, to examine the structure. My pet rabbit was bitten by one, and I watched the effect of the poison. I am getting a whole skeleton of a man,—I think he was an Indian, for I found it in an Indian burying-ground,—in a bag. My little sister called it my "bag of bones," and would not go near it. No one knows how hard I have worked to put this skeleton together, gluing bones together, etc., but I have learned a great deal about human anatomy. With many good wishes for the A. A.—Jeannie Cowgill, Corresponding Member.

[Is there another girl in the world who has killed nine rattlesnakes and jointed a skeleton?]

682, *Philadelphia (W.).*—We have lectures on zoölogy at each meeting. A course on physiology was commenced last week.—James E. Brooks, Sec.

WHAT IS THE USE OF THE A. A.?

[For obvious reasons, we withhold the name of the writer of the following letter, which is a sample of many that cause our hearts to overflow with gratitude. One such letter is ample compensation for all the time and labor given to our work. The writer is one of the gentlemen who have volunteered their kind assistance.]

I have received many letters from Chapters relative to their work, all showing the Chapters to be in sober earnest. In all the history of the Chapter in this place, there has never been a brighter outlook than now. At the last meeting there was an attendance of eighteen, with very many visitors. Two or three members are added each week. One thing which has served in great measure to further the cause has been the regular publication of extended reports of these meetings in our local papers. I am informed by the editor of one of these papers, that these reports are copied by the journals all through the State, and that the formation of similar Chapters in every town is strongly urged. Among those who have joined the Chapter here, are many young men who were just at the age when they began to have the sole charge of their own characters, and who have been benefited beyond measure by the Agassiz Association, and its influences. I could now enumerate twenty-five who have been saved to good and useful manhood through nothing but the ennobling effect of having this love of Nature grafted upon them. If this has been the result in this one town in five years, what must it be in the country in entirety? And what will it be in the future? Pardon the length of this letter. I have been so in earnest as to forget myself.

Yours in all sincerity,

EXCHANGES.

Minerals, eggs, insects. Correspondence.—Louis W. Wheelock, 2017 N. 17th St., Philadelphia. (Curator, Ch. 556.)

Texas wild flowers and beautiful varieties of cactus, for eggs, minerals, insects, or back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS.—Chesley Alexander, Abilene, Texas.

Aragonite, selenite, and other good minerals. Correspondence.—E. E. Amory, 3525 Grand Boulevard, Chicago.

Mica schist and gneiss, for fossils.—J. McFarland, Ch. 58, 1314 Franklin St., Philadelphia.

Foreign and Canadian insects, birds, reptiles, and minerals. Correspondence.—W. D. Shaw, 34 St. Peter St., Montreal.

A complete collection of unmounted pressed ferns from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for a complete collection of same from Hartford, Conn., or Gainesville, Florida. Write first.—G. Van Duzen, 81 Carroll St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Lizards (salamander, erythronota, and bilineata). G. A. Grove, Fayetteville, N. Y.

Sea-urchins with or without spines, and from one-half inch to three inches in diameter, for eggs, or minerals. Chapter 256, Box 81, Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

Burrs of the long-leaved pine, for minerals and seaside curiosities.—R. S. Cross, Sec., Ch. 601, Purvis, Miss.

Starfish, horseshoe crabs, and Atlantic shells, for tin ore, asbestos, or agates.—Parker C. Newbegin, Defiance, Ohio.

Eggs.—S. Linton, 1243 Dorchester St., Montreal.

Bird-skins, for same. Minerals for minerals.—Miss S. H. Montgomery, Box 764, Wakefield, Mass.

Questions.

Is there any such thing as a "hoop-snake"? A school-mate says 'No,' and brings a clipping from *Forest and Stream* to prove it; while a teacher of the High School names persons that have seen them!

[We will gladly publish the direct testimony of any one that has seen a hoop-snake with his own eyes.]

How does the common fresh-water snail support itself on the surface of the water with the ventral surface uppermost, and how does it propel itself when in that position? G. Van Duzen.

If our atmosphere were removed, would another form?

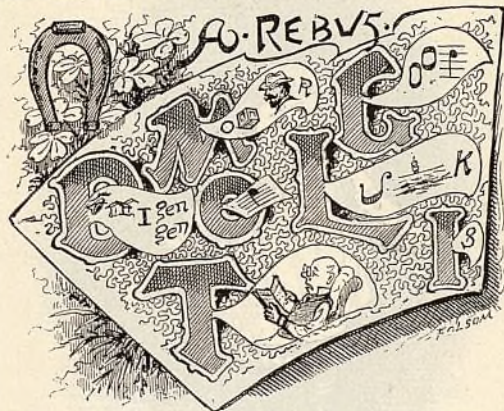
What may be called impurities of the atmosphere?

Why do dark objects sink into snow more rapidly than light ones?

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in Ohio; my second, in Pennsylvania; my third, in Indiana; my fourth, in Vermont; my fifth, in New Hampshire; my sixth, in Kentucky; my seventh, in Maine; my eighth, in Florida; my ninth, in Nebraska; my tenth, in California; my eleventh, in Michigan; my twelfth, in New York. My whole is what our forefathers fought for.

F. A. W.



EACH of the seven letters in the above rebus has an addition, which, when read in connection with the letter, makes a word. When properly arranged, these seven words will form a maxim of Poor Richard's.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail egg-shaped, and leave a tank.
2. Behead and curtail to venerate, and leave always.
3. Behead and curtail a Mohammedan nymph, and leave a possessive pronoun.
4. Behead

and curtail a surly look, and leave an uproar. 5. Behead and curtail high in situation, and leave to arrange. 6. Behead and curtail a French coin, and leave hastened. 7. Behead and curtail a straggler, and leave an ancient engine of war. 8. Behead and curtail a girl's name, and leave a useful article. 9. Behead and curtail a speech, and leave proportion. 10. Behead and curtail a Scotch landholder, and leave a tune. 11. Behead and curtail to long, and leave a part of the head. 12. Behead and curtail custom, and leave to bend for want of support.

The beheaded letters, when transposed, will spell a national holiday; and the curtailed letters, when transposed, will spell what it celebrates.

PAUL REESE.

REVERSIBLE DIAGONAL.

1
2
3
4
5

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A sheltered place; reversed, a long, snake-like fish. 2. Moisture; reversed, to marry. 3. The juice of plants; reversed, a step. 4. A snare; reversed, a number. 5. To scour; reversed, the prickly envelope of a seed.

Diagonals, from 1 to 5, a person afflicted with a certain incurable disease; from 5 to 1, to drive back.

"ALCIBIADES."

BEHEADINGS.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters; and the beheaded letters, when read in the order here given, will spell the name of a very prominent person.

1. Behead one, and leave the egg of an insect.
2. Behead a fine fabric, and leave a single point.
3. Behead a measure of time, and leave something which contains a drum.
4. Behead active, and leave to meddle.
5. Behead to dispatch, and leave to terminate.
6. Behead to discover, and leave an emissary.
7. Behead to barter, and leave a measure.
8. Behead a sheet of canvas, and leave to be ill.
9. Behead harness, and leave part of the head.
10. Behead to rave, and leave a small insect.
11. Behead to assist, and leave a wager.
12. Behead exact, and leave a summer luxury.
13. Behead recited, and leave ancient.

"THE CARTERS."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

- PUZZLER'S CROSS. Upper Diamond: 1. P. 2. Cam. 3. Josos. 4. Console. 5. Passerine. 6. Mooring. 7. Sling. 8. Eng. 9. E. Right-hand Diamond: 1. R. 2. Res. 3. Sects. 4. Retreat. 5. Recreates. 6. Steamed. 7. Sates. 8. Ted. 9. S. Lower Diamond: 1. R. 2. Bud. 3. Prier. 4. Brannew. 5. Ruination. 6. Dentine. 7. Reins. 8. Woe. 9. N. Left-hand Diamond: 1. N. 2. Mew. 3. Dices. 4. Mistake. 5. Nectarine. 6. Wearing. 7. Skins. 8. Eng. 9. E. Central Square: 1. Sleet. 2. Leave. 3. Eager. 4. Evens. 5. Terse.
- HEXAGONS ACROSS. 1. W. 2. Sop. 3. Stray. 4. Porte. 5. Aries. 6. Ken. 7. D. II. 1. R. 2. Cam. 3. Laved. 4. Edile. 5. Tenon. 6. Ten. 7. S.
- HALF-SQUARE. 1. Tunes. 2. Utah. 3. Nap. 4. Eh. 5. S. AN HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE. Centrals. Cross-words: 1. Baseviols. 2. Heralds. 3. Maces. 4. Man. 5. T. 6. Lid. 7. Smoke. 8. Oranges. 9. Footsteps.

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

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from William H. Donohoe, 1—E. M. and L. Peart and J. Spiller, England, 5.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before MAY 20 from Paul Reese—"The Carters"—S. R. T.—Arthur Grice—Maggie and May Turrill—F. W. N. and Co.—Tiny Puss, Mitz, and Muff—Bessie V.—M. M. M.—Carey E. Melville—"Clifford and Coco"—Willie Serrell and Friends—Jennie R. Miller—Alice and Lizzie Pendleton—Fred, Ellist, and A. B. S.—John True Sumner—Helen J. Sproat—Aunt Henrietta, and Lillie, Olive, and Ida Gibson—San Anselmo Valley—Francis W. Islip—"Edipus."

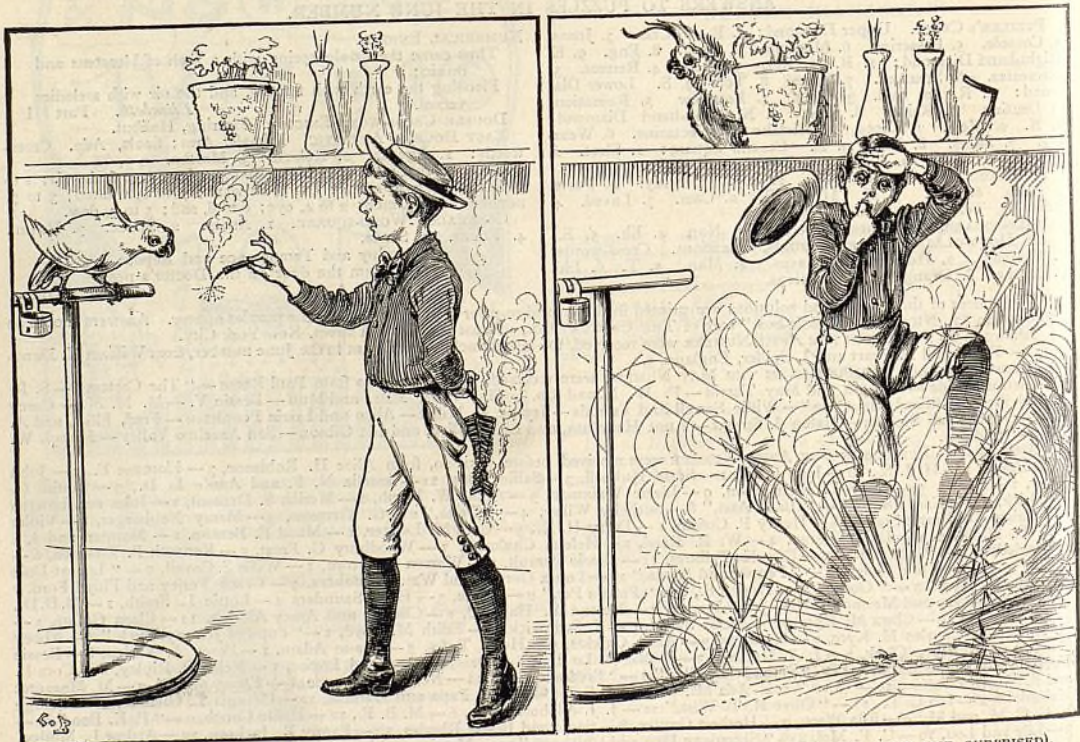
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Alice H. Robinson, 3—Florence E., 1—John K. Ricketts, 1—H. I. S., 10—Jean B. G., 1—Susie Hubbell, 3—Sallie Viles, 11—Amelia N. F. and Annie L. D., 3—Louise G. Isley, 1—Y. E., 3—Mary L. Richardson, 9—Lizzie Wainman, 3—Annie W. North, 1—Merion S. Dumont, 1—John and Lawton Kendrick, 6—"Can. Dan," 8—"Lady Ann," 8—Sutheby Wilby, 4—"Delta," 2—G. Timpson, 3—Mamy Neuburger, 1—Violet and Daisy, 9—Frank Smyth, 8—Henry P. Cofran, 1—Daisy H. K., 3—Cora M. Ledger, 1—Maud E. Benson, 2—Mamma and I, 1—R. O. Haubold, 1—Daisy Burns, 4—W. B. Read, 1—Helena Chalmers, 1—Woodbury G. Frost, 5—Kenneth B. Emerson, 8—"Pogledly," 8—"The Trio," 3—Effie K. Talboys, 11—Bessie Perault, 7—Warren D. Brown, 1—Willis S. Covell, 2—"Locust Dale Folks," 9—Bessie and Helen, 3—"Pepper and Maria," 11—Laura Gordon and Wm. A. Bokers, 9—Grace Perley and Floyd Ford, 7—Arthur E. Hyde, 5—"Goose," 1—L. and S., 6—"Papa's Pet," 2—Sylvia, 3—H. B. Saunders 4—Lottie L. Smith, 1—M.D.D., 2—"Chimpanzee and Marmoset," 8—J. D. Haney, 2—Helena E. Haubold, 1—Chester and Amey Aldrich, 11—Clara Gallup, 1—Isabel Warwick, 5—Clara M. Upton, 7—Stella Sweet, 9—E. Sedgwick, 2—Edith M. Boyd, 1—"Pupil of Johnny Duck," 1—Abbey A. Howe, 3—Charles H. Kyte, 2—K. Grigs, 3—Anna Calkins, 5—Helen Tufts, 5—Bessie Adam, 1—Percy A. Varian, 8—Bessie Burch, 10—Florence Clark, 3—J. A. Halsted, 3—Willie B. La Bar, 8—Daisy, Helen, and Louise, 1—Nellie B. Ripley, 8—Cora L. Kenyon, 2—Genie and Meg, 8—"Sinbad the Sailor," 7—"Fred and Gill," 12—Nellie and Reggie, 8—Fanny and Di, 7—M. Margaret and E. Muriel Grundy, 10—"Puz," 12—Ada M., 9—Maud S., 11—R. H., Papa and Mamma, 12—Georgia L. Gilmore, 11—George Habenicht, 1—Ida C. L., 11—"Olive R. T. Wist," 11—J. J. Nicholson, Jr., 6—M. B. F., 12—Hallie Couch, 9—"P. K. Boo," 11—E. C. M. and M., 9—Ella Ware, 7—Herbert Gaytes, 8—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 12—Fanny R. Jackson, 12—Arthur L. Mudge, 3—Lily and Lou, 10—C. F. Mel, 4—"Shumway Hen and Chickens," 10—Mertice and Ina, 11—B. V. Y., 12—"Pernie," 11—Edith L. Young and Jennie L. Dupuis, 11—Mary P. Stockett, 10—Jennie Balch, 10—C. Wolfe, 1—M. C. Washburn, 1—E. M. and L. Peart, and Edith Mason, 9—J. B. Sheffield, 4—Goldwin G. Goldsmith, 9.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



BESSIE: "OH, AN ORANGE!"

— (IT WAS A LEMON).



"POLLY WANT A CRACKER?"

— (YES; BUT POLLY IS NOT THE ONLY ONE SURPRISED).

