



LITTLE DAME FORTUNE.

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LITTLE DAME FORTUNE.

BY RACHEL CAREW.

THE von Lyndons were a very "æsthetic" family. The Herr Baron had been wounded in the war with France, and had come home to Munich with a limp which was declared to be far more graceful than the ordinary gait of man, and this limp gave him an excuse for devoting his time to *bric-à-brac* and to his cabinets of rare old coins. He had a very pretty wife, who painted figures and flowers more or less true to nature; and a daughter, Gisela, four years old, in looks a rosy little angel, but with the record of needed chastisements which usually belongs to most maidens of four years.

In the year of grace 1884, the von Lyndons lived in a modern Munich house, a fine new building; but, nevertheless, the astonished stranger, upon entering their doors, was whisked back in a trice to sixteenth century days, the family being lovers of old-time objects in furniture and equipments. When this same stranger again appeared in the street and looked at the horse-cars, telephone-wires, and other modern contrivances, he was apt to feel like a guilty ghost of the past, who, instead of figuring in this nineteenth century, ought to be turning up stone toes in some dismal church as a sixteenth century carving, for travelers with guide-books to ponder over.

A boy in yellow stockings, knee-breeches, and a long-tailed blue coat, gathered full around the waist, opened the von Lyndons' door to visitors. Recovering from their astonishment at this boy's appearance, they were next confronted by verita-

ble suits of chain and plate armor, complete from jambes to casque, stuffed out with make-believe knights. On each side of the hall stood six of these knights with halberds in their steel-gloved hands, and with tattered banners hanging above their helmets. Huge clothes-presses, with brazen lions' feet, opened their heavily carved doors upon recesses big enough to take in the whole family. The inlaid floors were polished to a dangerous degree of brilliancy. The plate-glass in the windows had been replaced by dull little round panes not larger than an Albert biscuit, set in lead; this darkened the rooms considerably, but it gave them "such a deliciously mediæval look!" Faded, moth-ventilated tapestry hung on the walls, and old Venetian mirrors set deep in their crystal frames gleamed dimly among the shadows, like tiny dark pools peeping up from rocky banks.

Silver tankards, quaint old glassware and earthenware, and broken porcelain cleverly darned, or riveted, with wire, comprised the table-service of this consistently æsthetic family. They sat in solid wooden chairs, time-blackened, slippery as glass, with rigidly straight backs; and, to make these more forbidding, beasts' faces and claws started into rasping prominence from amid the other carving. These chairs had been coaxed from a private museum, and the price paid for them would have given satin-covered ease to the whole establishment; but anything so vulgarly modern as comfort was opposed to all the Baroness von

Lyndon's ideas. If she had any furniture or ornaments of a later date than the sixteenth century, she carefully concealed the disgraceful fact, and it was a great grief to her that her husband refused to eat saffron-cakes, lentils, and other dainties of the past, instead of the more prosaic but perhaps equally palatable modern dishes.

With this background of dingy relics of departed grandeur, mother and daughter made a very winsome picture in their fresh young beauty and their æsthetic costumes carefully copied from old pictures. The Baroness wore a clinging velvet skirt with long-pointed bodice and puffed satin sleeves of a different color from the dress, peaked satin shoes worked with gold thread, and perched on her blonde braids a coquettish little cap of white velvet thickly embroidered with pearl beads and gold thread, with a point over the brow and two gold discs above the ears. A chatelaine of beautifully wrought silver, studded with rough-cut turquoises and carbuncles, hung around her slim waist, and she carried one of the feather fans with handles a yard long, with which patrician ladies used to remind their daughters in days of yore.

At one time the Baroness gave away all her fashionable dresses, and began to wear her antique costumes in public. The result proved very unsatisfactory; she attracted far more attention at operas and concerts than the performers, an admiring crowd always assembled to watch her in and out of her carriage, and at the end of a few weeks she sent for her French dress-maker again, reserving her æsthetic robes for home wear only.

Gisela was a quaint little body in a blue velvet skirt hanging in straight folds down to her baby feet, a white apron closely plaited like a fan, wide insertions of lace, a pink satin bodice, sleeves puffed at the elbow, a carved and jeweled silver chain around her plump neck, and a white lace cap fitted closely over her head, leaving a little golden fringe of hair peeping out across the forehead and on her round, white neck.

She ate her bread-and-milk with an apostle-spoon, of which she had four, for her four birthdays; and, like a mediæval child, she was going to have the whole twelve toward her wedding outfit, if the stock at the antiquarian shops kept pace with her growing years. She danced grave minuets; with one chubby finger she played a tune on a crazy-legged spinet; and she could tell story after story about the pictures in heavy old books, studded with jewels and decorated with silver settings and clasps. Gisela's dolls were strictly sixteenth century in their dress and belongings; they slept in a canopied bed, and took the air on the balcony in a tiny white and gold coach with bunches of ostrich feathers on the top.

Hugh Balbirnie lived in a cheap, shabby quarter of the city, not very far distant from the von Lyndons' picturesque dwelling. He too was a lover of art, but he worshiped her in a different way, working hard at painting, and succeeding best with children's faces and figures, for whose rosy prettiness he had a keen eye and warm admiration. Like many other artists, he was very poor, the little sum of money which came to him from far-away Scotland barely meeting his few needs. He slept on a cot in his studio, ate the coarsest, scantiest food, and as for his clothes,—even among shabby, careless artists, he was noticeably threadbare and down-at-the-heel.

He had decided talent, and was very industrious, but success seemed as far away as when he came to the strange city a year ago, and all his heart for further effort often failed him. Then he would remember his invalid sister Bessie at home, dependent on him for support when the little money left them by their parents was gone, and he would stretch a fresh canvas and hope for better luck.

Hugh Balbirnie knew that his work was good; wise heads had assured him of that; but there was an army of talented young fellows contending with him for fame, and the chances for success in such a host is small when one has neither friends, money, nor influence. He hung his lovely child-faces in the exhibition-rooms; and they were nodded at approvingly by gorgeously dressed mammas, sometimes noticed in the journals, and then forgotten. No one knew anything of Hugh Balbirnie, and no one bought his pictures. If he could but find one patron among the rich nobles of the art-loving city, he knew that his fortunes would brighten from that moment.

He spoke very little German, and was shy and reticent with the other students, who left him alone to brood over his troubles much more than was good for him. He had debts, too, to torment him, not having paid for his last frame and a fresh lot of colors. As the weeks slipped away, leaving him as obscure and unknown as ever, he made this gloomy resolve,—he would sell his one valuable possession, a small collection of coins left him by his father, and send the money to Bessie. Poor Bessie, she would not be greatly enriched, for the dealers in old coins would give him a very niggardly price, and he knew no one to whom he might appeal for their real value. He would then put aside his love and talent for painting as a means of earning a living, would work his passage out to Australia, and there begin life over again as a common day-laborer.

In order to give himself one more chance, he would finish the picture he was engaged upon at the time—a ragged little orange-vender. If this

came back unsold, then farewell to fame forever, and he would try to forget that for six years he had toiled in vain to be an artist.

Full of such dismal thoughts, Hugh Balbirnie sat in his studio one bright May morning, waiting for his model, the little orange-girl, whom Felix, an acquaintance, had promised to send.

It was a charmingly fresh morning; the trees in the park were out in new spring suits, and they turned and twisted to see themselves in the lake, like any fashionable lady pluming herself before her mirror. Doors and windows were wide open everywhere to let in bird-music and the sweet breath of flowers. Gisela von Lyndon, having few springs to look back upon, remembered none so bewitching as this; she wished to go out alone into the brightness, and for days the naughty little maiden had tried to escape nurse Lina's vigilant eye and slip out of the house without any big brown hand holding hers. To-day the sly mouse managed to creep down the stairs and out of the big door-way unnoticed. She turned off the broad street where her father lived, and trotted complacently down a rough, rambling street which offered great attractions at its windows in the form of sugar cats and ginger-bread men and women with currant eyes.

People turned to look after the strange little figure in its antiquated dress, but Gisela was blissfully unconscious of anything unusual in her appearance. She returned their gaze with a friendly confidence in her blue eyes, and many a hard face grew softer in the warmth of her sunny smile.

In all the motley crowd of people, busy and idle, good and bad, she went her way unmolested, singing a quiet little tune to herself. A policeman, suspecting for a moment the truth about her,—that she was a little runaway, whose friends would soon be in search of her,—took her hand for a few paces. But she nodded and smiled up at him so sweetly, and seemed so sure of her way, that he concluded some of the painters in the artists' quarter were going to put her in a picture, and so he let her go again.

After a while, Gisela's feet in her embroidered satin shoes began to find the pavement very hard and hot, and she rather wished she might slide her hand into Lina's big strong fist. She was a plucky little midget, however, and she did n't mean to cry until affairs were very black indeed. Soon, at the



end of a dark stone court, the runaway baby saw bright green willow branches waving above an open door, with a room beyond, where somebody was whistling "Bonny Dundee." She went in without ceremony and trotted over to the window, where a pale young man with threadbare clothes and the kindest brown eyes in the world sat at an easel cleaning his brushes. Gisela had never seen Hugh Balbirnie before,—for it was he,—but she knew by childish intuition that in him she had found a

friend. Little did the struggling young artist realize that the goddess Fortune had come to him in this pink-cheeked lassie who seemed to have wandered back from the girlhood of three centuries ago!

Gisela climbed into his lap, laid her head confidently against his shoulder,—such a charming, ridiculous little head in its tight cap fringed around with baby curls,—and gave a comfortable sigh of relief at having found a resting-place at

Felix found you," said Hugh; and he began pulling his easel forward for a favorable light.

"I shall let my orange-girl wait for a while," he continued to himself, "and try a study of a patrician baby of the sixteenth century. I wonder who dressed her so carefully and correctly; her mother must belong to the theater. What is your name, little one?" Hugh's German sufficed him for this last question, and the child answered:

"Baroness Gisela von Lyndon."



A POLICEMAN TAKES THE LITTLE RUNAWAY'S HAND.

last. Hugh was used to little girls coming to his studio as models, but they were far less pretty than this one, and never so good-tempered and affectionate. A woman's eye would have seen at once that the dainty elegance of this child's clothing, the sheen of her hair, and the purity of her skin, were not to be found among poor people's children who were sent out to earn money as artists' models; but Hugh Balbirnie's eyes, though tender and sympathetic, lacked a woman's penetration.

"You are a decided improvement on the cabbage-woman's ragged daughter. I wonder where

"Some fellow has painted her under that name. A 'baroness,' indeed!" Hugh said to himself with a laugh. "I shall call her a baby Princess Mary, or something that shall be a tribute to Scotland. The child is strikingly picturesque, and I believe I can make a success of her. I'm very much obliged to Felix for sending her to me."

The two chattered together very amicably, one in English, the other in a jumble of French and German, and neither was in the least troubled that they did not understand each other.

Hugh had a collection of hideous rag dolls and

a squirming wooden alligator for the amusement of his youthful models; with these delights, some barley-sugar sticks, ginger-cakes, and a big red apple, Gisela sat down contentedly on a satin cushion, and Hugh began to paint her with enthusiastic energy. She was accustomed to sit for her mother's attempts at portraiture, so Hugh found her a docile-enough subject. Nor was she, like some models, inclined to criticise and comment on his work; she troubled her small head very little about what he was doing, and confined her attention exclusively to her rag family and her luncheon.

At the end of two hours, Hugh had made rapid strides with his picture; he had caught the child's unaffected, sweet expression with marvelous accuracy, and while she took a half-hour's nap he made a careful study of her costume.

When the little girl's face and attitude began to show signs of fatigue, Hugh unlocked his tin treasure-box to take out a silver piece as payment for the morning's sitting. He noticed that his stock of current coin was alarmingly low, there being little left in the box but his father's collection of old pieces. His funds at that moment, as he discovered soon afterward, were less even than he supposed.

He put a coin in Gisela's hand, with the injunction to keep tight hold of it, and take it and herself safely home to her mother, and to come to his studio at the same hour on the following day.

Baroness Gisela von Lyndon, with her first earnings clutched close in her fat little fist, trotted along the street again in the direction she believed led toward home. But she was mistaken; she wandered aimlessly about for half an hour or more, and then sat down on a door-step and began to cry. A policeman, more sharp-sighted than the last one, took her in his arms and carried her to the station-house, where lost children were cared for until claimed. The whole von Lyndon establishment, from the boy with the queer coat to the Herr Baron, had been scouring the city for Gisela since early morning; so after her appearance at the police-station her distracted friends were notified without delay.

The Baroness, in her delight at recovering her lost darling, as a matter of course forgot the list of dire punishments she had arranged for her.

"Here, Mamma, man said this was for you," the child said, opening her hand, which had so faithfully guarded her treasure.

"Why, Gisela, where did you get this?" said the Baroness, in astonishment. "An old coin, and of considerable value, I imagine."

"Nice man with funny alligator gave it to me, and he had dolls and ginger-bread with pink sugar on

it, and I went to sleep, and there was a big tree outside all full of birds."

This rather vague account was all the little runaway seemed able to give of her morning's adventure, and her friends were obliged to fill in the gaps in her story with whatever their imagination suggested.

"Look, Conrad, at the strange coin our naughty little runaway brought home with her," said her mother.

"It's a *hirschguld* of 1679! There are only nineteen of them extant, and I have thirteen. I wonder who was fool enough to give that baby such a prize? A mistake, probably, and I don't see how we are going to rectify it, Gisela's story is so untrustworthy. If the fellow turns up, he shall have his coin, or the value of it, refunded to him. In the meantime I'm very well pleased at this addition to my collection," said the Baron, unlocking his sixteenth century cabinet of ebony and silver.

A few months later, all the wealth and fashion of Munich were flocking to a great gallery to see the latest display of the new paintings. The Baroness von Lyndon, in mignonette satin and a Rembrandt hat weighed down with cream-tinted feathers, sat resting on a velvet sofa—perhaps not quite unconscious of the fact that she herself was a picture as charming as any in the gallery.

"Come with me a moment, Clara. I wish your opinion upon something in the next room," said the Baron, touching her on the shoulder.

For a minute the lady stood in speechless astonishment before the life-size painting of a little girl—a very pretty, winsome little girl, sitting on a satin cushion and ready to bury her pearly teeth in a big rosy apple. She wore a sixteenth century costume, a close-fitting lace cap, blue velvet petticoat, pink satin bodice brocaded in gold, a wrought silver chain round her soft, baby neck, and she had white satin shoes worked with gold.

In the catalogue she was called "Princess Mary of Scotland"; but she was Gisela von Lyndon, to the life.

"Well, dear, what do you think?" asked the Baron, who keenly enjoyed his wife's amazement.

"It is a marvelous likeness. Who can have painted Gisela's portrait so admirably from memory? It seems almost like witchcraft. Who is the artist?"

"Hugh Balbirnie is the name accompanying the picture. I think the mystery of the *hirschguld* is about to be explained. If I discover that this artist enticed my child away for the sake of stealing a sketch of her, Mr. Hugh Balbirnie will find that he cannot buy my forgiveness with an antique

coin. However, we will not give way to anger until we know the truth."

In this case, the truth was not hidden away in the bottom of a well, but easy of access at Hugh Balbirnie's studio, whither Baron von Lyndon betook himself that afternoon. Hugh's story was so straightforward, and his face so honest, that the Baron's suspicions were soon allayed, and before he left the studio he was ashamed of himself for having cherished them. Hugh was at the same time troubled lest he had annoyed the von Lyndons, and glad that he was likely to recover his coin, which he had missed soon after his little model had taken her departure.

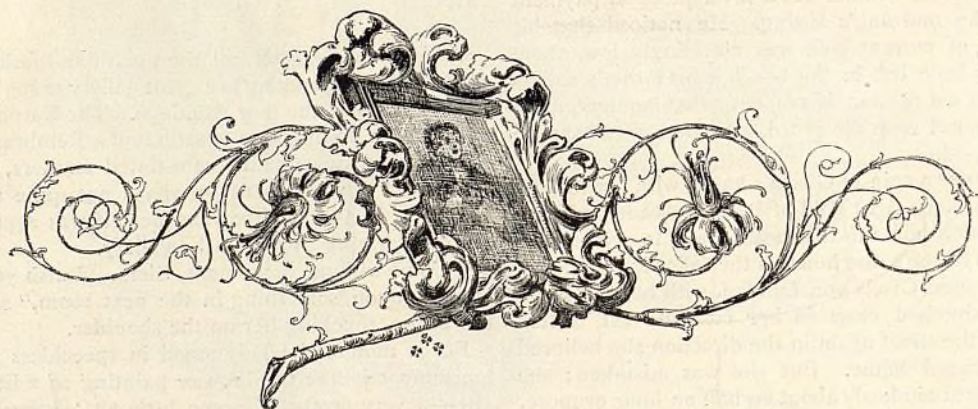
"I was in a rage at that little girl for not coming to me again; one sitting was hardly enough for what I wished to do. But I can understand now, that it was not surprising that she did not appear a second time," he said, with an amused smile.

Hugh and his visitor parted excellent friends, the Baron making the young artist promise to renew his acquaintance with "Princess Mary" the next day.

The picture soon found its way from the exhibition walls to the von Lyndon drawing-room, and the Baron sent Hugh a check which seemed fabulous wealth to the poor artist. Gisela von Lyndon's portrait became the talk and admiration of the fashionable world at Munich, and other paintings by Balbirnie, which had been passed by unnoticed, were now praised to the skies.

The Baron also bought Hugh's coins, for a sum so generous that the young man decided to send for Bessie.

And thus, thanks to Gisela,—who proved to be a veritable Little Dame Fortune,—friends, fame, and money, a goodly trio, had come to the poor artist, and the discouragements of the past were forgotten like the sufferings in a dream.



A STRING OF BIRDS' EGGS.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

WHO knows Hebrew? Who knows Greek?
Who the tongue the birdies speak?

Here 's a set of meanings hid
As records on a pyramid.

What is meant by all these freckles,
Bluish blotches, brownish speckles?

These are words, in cipher printed
On each egg-shell faintly tinted;

Changeless laws the birds must heed.
What if I should try to read?

On the Oriole's, scratched and scarred,
This to trace I find not hard:
"Breasted bright as trumpet-flower;
Builder of a swinging bower,
Ariest dwelling ever seen,
In the elm-tree's branches green
Careless caroler, shall be
The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On the Blue Jay's, greenish-gray,
 Dottings fine would seem to say:
 "Chattering braggart, crested thief,
 Jester to the woods in chief,
 Dandy gay in brilliant blue,
 Cruel glutton, coward too;
 Screaming, gleaming rogue shall be
 The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On Bob Lincoln's, brownly-white,
 This is writ, if I read right:
 "Gallant lover in the clover,
 With his gladness bubbling over;
 Waltzer, warbling liquid notes,—
 Yes, and one that hath two coats!
 Nimble, neat, and blithe shall be
 The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On the King-bird's, creamy-hued,
 Runs this legend: "Sulky, rude,
 Tiny tyrant, winged with black,
 Big of head and gray of back;
 Teaser of the hawk and crow,
 And of flies the deadly foe;
 Short and sharp of note shall be
 The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On the Mock-bird's, bluish-green,
 In spot and blot these words are seen:
 "Prince of singers, sober-clad,
 Wildly merry, wildly sad;
 Mocking all the feathered throng,
 Bettering still each bird's own song;
 Madcap masker he shall be,
 The little bird that sleeps in me!"



A "CONSTITUTIONAL" ON THE BEACH.

COASTING IN AUGUST.

BY MRS. FRANK M. GREGORY.



IT was on the afternoon of the very warmest day in August that the children came running to me and eagerly asked :

"May we go and slide down-hill with the other children, Mamma?"

Being very busy at the moment, I only half understood the request they were making, and replied, in a very absent-minded way :

"Yes, you may go."

But the next question recalled my wool-gathering wits, and brought me to my senses suddenly.

"Please may we have this candle-end? Harry says they have n't enough to go around, and Maggie will surely bring you fresh candles at dark."

"Why—children!" I exclaimed, "what are you talking about? Sliding down-hill in August! And what are you going to do with that candle?"

I presume my face must have expressed my utter amazement; for all the children began to laugh and shout: "What's the matter, Mamma? you look frightened."

When the merriment had subsided, my little son tried to explain :

"There are some boys and girls from the village out on the hill, and some from the hotel on the mountain, and they all have brought their sleds. Harry has brought his down from the attic, and he says he will take us down, because we have n't any sled. *He* wanted the candle-end."

"Take the candle, child; but what is Harry going to do with it?" I inquired.

"I don't know, Mamma. Come out on the balcony. Every one else is there," he cried.

It seemed such a puzzle to me, that I rose, put away the letters I was attempting to answer, and went out to see what was going on.

When I reached the spacious balcony, I was almost convinced that the whole valley had been bewitched.

There were gathered at least twenty children and half a dozen sleds. The boys were dragging the sleds up the steep slope of the hill-side that rose from the road in front of the house, while the girls followed after as well as they could.

It was not by any means an easy feat to climb this slope.

Though at a casual glance it seemed as soft and velvety as a well-kept lawn, it was to the unwary a delusion and a snare. The midsummer sun shines down upon the Adirondack mountains with as much ardor as on the city streets. Though the nights are cool, frequently even cold, there are no dews, and usually but little rain. So the short thick grass that grows abundantly upon the sides of the lesser mountains, or, more properly speaking, the foot-hills, becomes somewhat parched and smooth, and as slippery as ice. The children, then, had before them quite an amount of hard walking, but those children were like mountain-goats, hardy, willing, and able to climb anything.

I watched them with interest. At last the top was reached. Then, the sleds were turned upside down, and I discovered the mystery of the candle-end, for the runners were rubbed vigorously with *candles*; this completed, the sleds were put in proper position again, three children seated themselves upon each, and a gentle push started them down the slope.

How swiftly they came! The slope was steep but smooth; not a rock, stump, or stone on its surface; there was no danger, and the sleds stopped on the sandy road.

For two long hours this colony of children coasted—till the grass was worn almost to the roots, and the supply of tallow (which is indispensable for this midsummer coasting) was exhausted. They shouted themselves hoarse; they ran and tugged and climbed until they were tired out.

After all the little ones were weary, we older people joined in the fun. I own to having made the descent but once,—that was quite enough for me. We read of speed that “takes the breath away,” and of “going like the wind,” and the rate at which that sled came down that hill-side made me realize what those expressions mean.

I never before had heard of this novel amusement; but, startling as it seemed at first, the novelty soon wore away, and I became quite accustomed to the sight and sounds of coasting in midsummer.



THE LITTLE STAMP-COLLECTOR.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.



THREE months ago he did not know
 His lessons in geography;
 Though he could spell and read quite well,
 And cipher too, he could not tell
 The least thing in topography.

But what a change! How passing strange!
 This stamp-collecting passion
 Has roused his zeal, for woe or weal,
 And lists of names he now can reel
 Off, in amazing fashion.

I hear him speak of Mozambique,
 Heligoland, Bavaria,
 Cashmere, Japan, Tibet, Soudan,
 Sumatra, Spain, Waldeck, Kokan,
 Khaloon, Siam, Bulgaria,—

Schleswig-Holstein (oh! boy of mine,
 Genius without a teacher!),
 Wales, Panama, Scinde, Bolivar,
 Jelalabad and Kandahar,
 Cabul, Deccan, Helvetia.

And now he longs for more Hong-Kongs,
 A Rampour, a Mauritius,
 Greece, Borneo, Fernando Po,—
 And how much else no one can know;
 But be, kind fates, propitious!



MRS. GRIMALKIN AND THE LITTLE GRIMALKINS.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THIRD PAPER.

LITTLE PISA AND GREAT ROME.



LEAVING Genoa behind us, we will now pursue our journey into other parts of Italy; and in so doing we shall find that the various portions of this charming country differ greatly from one another. The reason for this variety in manners, customs, and even the appearance of people and cities, is easily understood when we remember that the great towns of Italy were once independent powers, each governing, not only the country around it, but often holding sway over large territories in other parts of the world. It is only in late years, indeed, that all the various portions of Italy have been united into one kingdom.

We are now going to Rome, but on the way we shall stop at Pisa, because every boy and girl who has ever studied geography will want to know if *it* is standing yet, and if there is likely to be a great tumble and crash while we are there. There is no need of mentioning what *it* is, for every one knows that there is nothing in the world so tall, which at the same time leans over so much. As the whale is the king of fishes, and the elephant the king of beasts, so is *it* the king of all things which threaten to fall over, and don't.

The scenery between Genoa and Pisa is very beautiful, lying along that lovely coast of the Mediterranean called the *Riviera di Levante*, but there are reasons why we shall not enjoy it as much as we would like. These reasons are eighty in number, and consist of tunnels, some long and some short, and all very unceremonious in the suddenness with which they cut off a view. As soon as we sight a queer old stone town, or a little village surrounded by lemon groves, or a stretch of blue sea at the foot of olive-covered mountains, everything is instantly extinguished, and we sit in the dark; then there is another view which is just as quickly cut off, and so this amusement goes on

for the whole distance, which is only a little over a hundred miles. There is an old story, once told to a story-loving king, about an immense barn, filled to the top with wheat, and a vast swarm of locusts. There was a little hole in the roof, and first one locust went in and took a grain of wheat, and then another took a grain, and after that another one took a grain, and then another locust took another grain, and then the next locust took a grain, and so on for ever so long; until the King jumped up in a passion and cried out:

"Stop that story! Take my daughter, and marry her, and let us hear no more of those dreadful locusts."

The tunnels on the road between Genoa and Pisa remind one very much of that locust story.

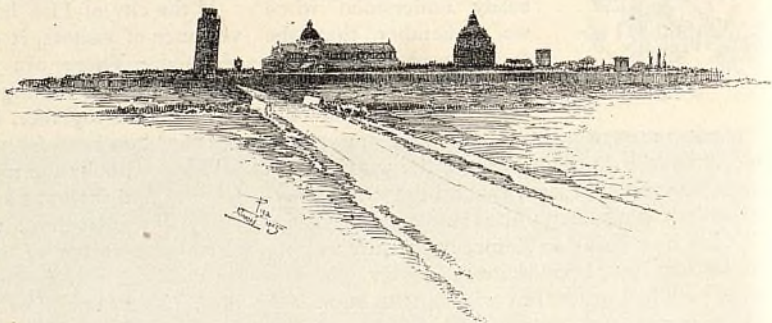
If the city of Pisa had been built for the convenience of visitors, it could not have been better planned. There are four things in the town that are worth coming to see, and these all are placed close together, in one corner, so that tourists can stop here for a few hours, see the Pisan wonders without the necessity of running all over town to find them, and then go on their way. Like every one else, then, we will go directly to the north-west corner of the city, and the first thing we shall see will be the great Leaning Tower of Pisa. Every one of us will admit, I am very sure, that it leans quite as much as we expected; and at first the girls will not wish to stand on that side of it where they can look up and see the tall structure leaning over them; but as the tower has stood there for over five hundred years without falling, we need not be afraid of it now. You all have seen pictures of it, and know how it looks, with its many circular galleries, one above another, each surrounded by a row of columns. But none of us have any idea what a queer thing it is to ascend this tower until we try it. Inside, a winding stone staircase leads to the top, and although the tower is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and there are two hundred and ninety-four steps, young legs will not hesitate to make the ascent. If there is any trouble, it will be with the heads; but as the stair-way is inclosed on each side, there is no danger. The steps wind, but they also incline quite a good deal, so that one always feels a slight disposition to slip to one side. At each story there is a door-way, so that we can go out upon the open galleries. Here there is danger, if

we are not careful. When we are on the upper side of the gallery, it is all very well, because the floor slants toward the building, and we can lean back and look about us quite comfortably. But when we go around to the lower side, we feel as if we were just about to slide off the smooth marble floor of the gallery, which is only a few feet wide, and that the whole concern would come down after us. Nervous people generally keep off the lower sides of the galleries, which have no protection except the pillars, and these do not stand very close together. This tall edifice was built for a *campanile*, or bell-tower, for the cathedral close by; and when we reach the top, we find the great bells hanging in their places. One of these is an enormous fellow weighing six tons, and you will notice that it is not hung on the lower or overhanging side of the tower, but well over on the other side, so as not to give the building any help in toppling over if it should feel more inclined to do so. The view from the top is an extended one, showing us a great deal of very beautiful Italian country; but the main object with most of us for climbing to the belfry is to have the novel experience of standing on a lofty tower which leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular. There is a railing up there, and we can safely look over. On the overhanging side we can see nothing below us but the ground. The bottom of the wall is not only far beneath us, but thirteen feet behind us. On the opposite, or higher, side we see the pillars and galleries sloping away beneath us. It was on the lower side of this belfry that Galileo carried on some of his experiments. There could not be a more capital place from which to hang a long pendulum. Many people think that the inclined position of this famous tower is due to accident, and that the foundations on one side have sunk. But others believe that it was built in this way, and I am inclined to agree with them. There are quite a number of leaning towers in Italy, the one in Bologna being a good deal higher than this of Pisa, although it leans only four feet. They all were probably constructed according to a whimsical architectural fashion of the time, for it is not likely that of all the buildings these towers only should have leaned over in this way, and that none of them should ever have settled so much as to fall.

The great white marble cathedral close by is

seven hundred years old. The front, or *façade*, is celebrated for its beautiful columns and galleries, and inside there are a great many interesting things to see—such as old paintings, mosaics, and carvings, and two rows of sixty-eight ancient Greek and Roman columns which support the roof, and were captured by the Pisans when they had a great fleet, and used to conquer other countries and carry away spoils. But there is one object here which has been of as much value to us, and to every one else in the world, as it ever was to the Italians. This is a hanging bronze lamp, suspended by a very long chain from the middle of the roof. It was the swinging of this very lamp which gave to Galileo the idea of the pendulum.

Near the cathedral stands the famous Baptistry, which is a circular building with two rows of columns supporting a beautiful dome, the top of which is higher than the great bell-tower. The two most notable things inside are the wonderful echo, which we all shall wish to hear, and a famous



A DISTANT VIEW OF PISA.

pulpit, covered with beautiful sculptures by the celebrated Niccolo Pisano, or Nicholas of Pisa, as we should call him.

The last one of this quartet of Pisan objects of interest is the Campo Santo, or cemetery. This is so entirely different from the one at Genoa that we shall take the greater interest in it from having seen that. The first was modern, and nearly all the statues were dressed in handsome clothes of late fashions; but here everything is very old, the great square building with an open space in the center having been finished six hundred years ago. The Crusaders who went from Pisa to the Holy Land hoped, when they died, to be buried in Palestine. But as the Crusades failed, they could not make a Campo Santo there, but they brought back with them fifty-three ship-loads of earth from Mount Calvary, and this they placed in their cemetery of Pisa, in order that they might, after

all, be buried in holy soil. And here they lie now. The inner walls of the great quadrangle, which is separated from the central space by open arches and columns, are covered with enormous paintings, very old and very queer, representing the Triumph of Death, the Last Judgment, and subjects of this kind, treated in the odd way which was the fashion among painters centuries ago. There are sculptures, ancient sarcophagi, and funeral tablets ranged along the walls, and the pavement on which we walk is covered with inscriptions showing what persons are buried beneath it. Many of these people bear to us in point of time the same relation that we shall bear to the boys and girls of the twenty-fifth century.

There is not much else to see in the city of Pisa. It is a quiet place, and nearly all the noise is made by the women, who walk about in their absurd shoes; these are slippers formed of a sole, a very high and hard heel, and a little place into which to slip the toes. Every time a woman makes a step the whole of her foot, except the ends of her toes, leaves the shoe, the heel of which comes clanking upon the pavement. How they manage to keep their shoes on, as they walk about, I can not imagine, and the continual clinking and clanking of the heels on the stone pavements make a very lively racket.

But there was a time when this city made a good deal more noise in the world than that produced by the shoes of its women. It was a powerful maritime power; its ships conquered the Saracens right and left; it took possession of Corsica, Sardinia, and other Mediterranean islands, and owned a large portion of the Italian coast, and played a very important part in the Crusades. But its power gradually declined, and in 1406 it was actually sold to the city of Florence, to which it belonged for a long, long time. What thing more humiliating could happen to a city than to be sold—houses, men, women, and children—to a master which it did not like!

There are no tunnels on the road between Pisa and Rome; but then, on the other hand, the scenery is not very interesting. The railroad follows very nearly the line of a road built by the Romans one hundred and nine years before the Christian era. It passes through the Maremma, or salt marshes, a vast extent of forest and swamp-land. It is so unhealthy in summer-time that it is deserted by all its inhabitants, who go off to the hills.

It is a nine-hours' trip from Pisa to Rome, for railroad trains in Italy are very slow, and it is dark when we reach that great and wonderful city. Not many years ago no railroad came into Rome, and visitors arrived in carriages and stage-coaches;

but now we roll into a long, glass-roofed station, and outside there are hotel omnibuses and carriages waiting for the passengers. The ideas which most of us have formed of the city of Romulus and Remus have no association with such a thing as a hotel omnibus; and as we roll away through street after street, lighted by occasional lamps, we see nothing through the omnibus windows which reminds us at all of Julius Cæsar or Cicero. But, as we turn a corner into a large, well-lighted space, we see something which we know, from pictures and descriptions, to belong in Rome, and nowhere else. It is the famous fountain of Trevi, built up high against the end of a palace, with its wide sparkling pond of water in front of it, its marble sea-horses with their struggling attendants, the great figure of Neptune sitting above all, and its many jets of water spouting in fountains and flowing in cascades. The fountain itself is not very ancient, but the water was conducted from a spring fourteen miles away to this spot by our friend Agrippa, who built the Pont du Gard, which we saw near Avignon. Now we feel that we are in Rome, in spite of the omnibus.

We do not intend to see Rome according to any fixed plan founded on the study of history, art, or anything else. We shall take things as they come, see all we can, and enjoy the life of to-day as well as the ruins and the art treasures of bygone centuries. On rainy days we shall wander beneath good roofs in the palaces, the galleries, the churches of the middle ages and the present; and in fair weather we shall walk among the palaces and temples of the Cæsars, which have no roof at all.

There are three cities to be seen in Rome: the Rome of to-day, the Rome of the middle ages, and ancient Rome, each very distinct from the others, and yet all, in a measure, mingled together. I lived for some months in a portion of the city where the street was broad and well paved, with wide sidewalks; where the houses were tall and new, with handsome shops in many of them; where street-cars ran up and down every few minutes, and most of the passers-by wore hats, coats, and dresses, just like the people to whom I had always been accustomed, and this street continually reminded me of some of the new avenues in the upper part of New York. But if I went around a corner, and down a broad flight of steps, I saw before me a lofty marble column, nearly a hundred and fifty feet high, around which winds a long spiral procession of more than two thousand sculptured warriors, with their chariots and engines of war, and beneath which lies buried the great Emperor Trajan. There is nothing about that to remind any one of New York. Rome possesses but one of these broad, wide avenues, with horse-cars

running through it, and the greater part of the streets are as narrow and crooked as it was the fashion in mediæval times to make them. The ancient streets, within the city, are only to be seen where excavations have been made, for the Rome of to-day stands on many feet of soil which has accumulated over the city of the Cæsars.

these people would not encroach on the room required for the great number of attendants, gladiators, and all sorts of persons necessary to carry on the games. It was built in the early part of the Christian era, when Rome was still a pagan city. The opening performance was a grand one, lasting one hundred days, and I suppose that every Roman,



ON THE PINCIAN HILL. (SEE PAGE 740.)

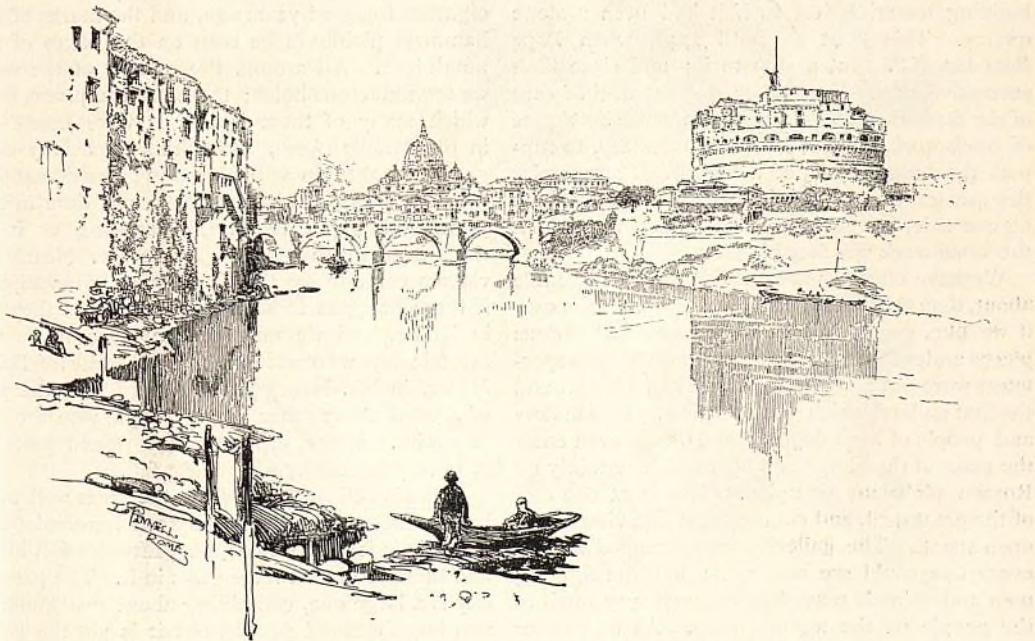
Nearly every one who comes to Rome wishes to go, as soon as possible, to the Colosseum, which is rightfully considered the greatest wonder of the city, and one of the greatest wonders of the world. Let us leave for a time the street-cars, the shops, and the life of modern Rome, and put ourselves in the places of the old patricians and plebeians, and try to get an idea of the sort of sport they used to have. We shall find a great part of the massive walls of this largest place of amusement ever built still standing. In fact, more than one-half of it is gone, but so much remains that we can scarcely understand that this is so. The form of the monster building is elliptical, and one side still reaches to its original height of four stories, and, even in its most broken parts, portions of the second stories remain. Thus we still see just what sort of building it was. It contained seats for eighty-seven thousand spectators. All the inhabitants of three cities of the present size of Pisa could congregate here, and yet there would be room enough left for the people of nine small towns of a thousand citizens each; and all

man, woman, and child, came to the Colosseum on at least one of these days, and very many of them probably attended every day. The greater part of the entertainment consisted of gladiatorial combats, in which these men fought not only each other, but wild beasts. I do not know how many gladiators lost their lives during the inauguration of the new building, but more than five thousand wild animals were killed in the hundred days. At that time hunters were always at work in Africa and Asia catching wild animals for the Colosseum. Lions, tigers and leopards, elephants, giraffes, and, after a time, even rhinoceroses were brought here to be fought and killed. Wild animals were much more plentiful then than they are now, when it is a very expensive and difficult thing to get up even a small menagerie. The arena where the games were held was a vast smooth space, surrounded by the great galleries, which rose in four tiers above it, the top being open to the sky. This space was temporarily planted by one of the emperors with hundreds of trees, so as to resemble a

small forest, and into this were let loose great numbers of deer, antelopes, hares, and game of that kind; and then the spectators were allowed to go down into the arena with their bows, arrows, and spears, to hunt the animals. At other times, the whole of the arena was flooded with water so as to make it into a lake, upon which were launched ships filled with soldiers, and naval contests took place. The Romans had grander ideas of amusements than any people before or since, and they stopped at no expense or trouble when they wished to organize a great show. Most of their entertainments were of a very cruel character, and we all know how thousands of Christian martyrs were sacrificed in this arena, and how thousands of gladiators who fought one another and wild beasts perished here simply to amuse the people.

When we enter upon this open arena, we see that nearly half of it has been excavated, exposing a great number of walls and arches, down into which

denly shot up out of a trap-door into the open air, where there was always something ready for them to do. In other places there are inclined planes, up which the animals came, and iron bars, still stout and strong, behind which they stood glaring until it was time for them to come out. There were great entrances for the Emperor and the nobles; and all around the outside there were eighty archways through which the people came in. Each of these entrances was numbered so that the people could easily find their way to the different portions of the galleries to which they had tickets. We can still plainly see the numbers from twenty-three to fifty-four. Many of the ancient staircases leading to the galleries yet exist, though they are very much worn and broken, and are not now used; but some of them have been restored to very nearly their former appearance, so that we can go up to the highest gallery. The poorer people sat in the topmost row, and long before we are up there, we shall feel sure



THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, FROM THE TIBER,—ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE.

we can look, as into deep cellars. These extend under the whole of the arena, and were not only used as passage-ways for men and wild beasts, but were necessary for the working of the machinery, the trap-doors, and other contrivances used in the games. In some places we can see the grooves in which a sort of elevator was worked. The savage beasts were driven through a narrow alley into the box of this elevator, then they were sud-

denly shot up out of a trap-door into the open air, where there was always something ready for them to do. The stair-ways in use among the Romans had very high steps, much higher than those in use in our day, and the restorations have been made as much like the old stairs as possible. Many of us will be surprised not to find the Colosseum a mass of ruins, incumbered with the rubbish and overgrown with vines and the moss of ages. Instead

of this, everything is in excellent order; the arena, where it has not been dug away, is smooth and clean, and the pieces of marble and broken columns are piled up neatly about the sides; the galleries are all clear and open to visitors; and there are railings where the parapets have been broken. We can fearlessly walk over all the parts that are left standing, and can pass through the great vaulted passages which extend behind the long tiers of seats, and then we can go out upon the open galleries.

The Colosseum does not owe its present state of partial ruin to the ravages of time. It was built to stand for very many centuries. In the Middle Ages it was used as a fortress, and was still strong and in comparatively good order in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Then the nobles of Rome began to tear it down and to use it as building material for their palaces. Some of the finest edifices in the city are built with stones taken from the poor old Colosseum, to which people came for building material, just as if it had been a stone quarry. This went on until 1740, when Pope Benedict XIV put a stop to it; and since then successive popes have taken a great deal of care of the famous ruins, putting up immense buttresses of brick-work, whenever it was necessary, to support the broken parts of the walls. Fortunately, the greater part of the demolition has been done on one side, but nearly all the marble with which the stone-work was faced is gone.

We have much greater privileges, as we ramble about, than the Roman populace ever had. We can, if we like, go down into the passages and curious places under the buildings, where the old-time spectators were not allowed to go; we can walk around the first gallery, which was occupied by the senators and people of high degree; and we can even enter the place of the Emperor's box, which certainly no Roman plebeians occupied. This is at one end of the great oval, and commands a fine view of the open space. The galleries were arranged so that every one could see very well; but the fighting men and animals must have seemed very small to the people on the topmost rows. As we wander about the lonely galleries and passages, we see many things that seem to bring the days of pagan Rome very near to us. Here are some loose bricks, larger and thinner than ours, and of a yellowish color; they look almost as good as new, and on one side are stamped the initials of the maker, as clean and sharp as if they had been made yesterday; here are great square holes down which the dust used to be swept after the performances were over; and here are many channels and openings ingeniously arranged to carry off the rain-water; all of which have a very recent look. On the

lower floor we go through the door-ways which lead into the arena and tread upon marble slabs worn by the feet of generations of gladiators, as well as of Christians and other prisoners, who stepped out here for their last fight. Under the Emperor's box is a passage made for the entrance of the elephants, and it is interesting to see the great beams which supported this floor; these are each formed of enormous stones, not fastened together in any way, but supporting each other by their wedge-like shape, and extending across the space in a horizontal beam, which five Jumbos, joined in one, could not break down.

Among the most interesting relics of Roman handiwork to be found here are the iron bars, as large as the rails on our railroads, and fifteen or twenty feet long, with which the immense stones in the lower part of the building were bound together. These are not old and rusty, but in good condition, with the spikes which held the ends together still firmly wedged in where they were driven eighteen hundred years ago, and the marks of the hammers plainly to be seen on the edges of the tough iron. All around the outside of the walls we see numerous holes; these are the places from which many of these iron rods were taken out in the Middle Ages, when iron, especially such good wrought iron as this, was in great demand.

But we must not spend too much time in this grand old place, because, interesting as it is, there is so much more for us to see. Nearly all visitors come to see the Colosseum by moonlight, if there happens to be a full moon while they are in Rome, and we may do the same if we are careful; but we must remember the fate of Daisy Miller, in Mr. Henry James's story, and the fate of a great many other young people who are not in stories. Rome, especially the ruined parts of it, is very unhealthy after night-fall.

Rome is still surrounded by the great wall built by the Emperor Aurelian, sixteen hundred years ago. It is fourteen miles long, fifty-five feet high, and there are now twelve gates in it. The present city is a large one, containing about two hundred and fifty thousand people, but it is not the great city it used to be. About two-thirds of the space inclosed by the walls is now covered by gardens, vineyards, and the ruins of the temples, palaces, and other grand edifices of ancient Rome. The river Tiber runs through the city, and is crossed by seven bridges.

One of the most lively parts of Rome is the Piazza di Spagna, which is a large open space, situated in what is called the Stranger's Quarter, because near it are many of the hotels frequented by visitors. Streets lined with shops lead into this piazza; the middle of the space is crowded with

carriages for hire (sixteen cents for a single drive for two persons); and on one side rises the famous Spanish Stairs. This is a series of one hundred and twenty-five stone steps, wide enough at the bottom for sixty or seventy boys and girls to go up abreast, and separating gracefully to the right and left at several platforms. These lead up to the celebrated Pincian Hill, and at the top of the stairs is the picturesque church of *Trinita de Monti*. On bright afternoons a lot of very queer people, who look as if they had been taken out of pictures, are to be seen sitting and standing on the steps of this great staircase. Many of them are children, and some are very old people. The boys wear bright-colored jackets, knee-breeches, and long stockings, and shoes made, each, of a square piece of sheep-skin, with holes in the edges by which it is laced to the foot by long colored strings which are crossed many times around the ankles; they wear very wide hats with peaked crowns, and often little colored waistcoats. The girls wear shoes like the boys, bright-colored skirts and bodices, gay striped aprons, and a head-dress composed of a flat, wide strip of white cloth covering the top of the head, and hanging far down behind. The women are dressed very much the same way in red, blue, yellow, and white. The men, some of whom have splendid white beards, are very fond of long cloaks with green linings, feathers in their hats, and bright sashes; and many of them wear sheep-skin breeches, with the wool outside. These people have not come out of pictures, but they all wish to go into them. They are artists' models, and sit here waiting for some painter to come along and take them to his studio, where he may put them and their fanciful costume into a picture. They are often very handsome, but they look better at a distance than when we are near them, for they are generally not quite as clean as a fresh-blown rose; but scattered over the Spanish Stairs in the bright sunlight, they make a very pleasing picture. The children occupy their spare time in selling flowers, and some of the little girls will never leave you until you have bought a tiny bunch of pansies or violets, which you can have for almost anything

you choose to give for it. If we are fortunate, we may see a company of these models dancing on one of the broad platforms of the stairs. One of them plays a tambourine, and the others dance gayly to its lively taps; sometimes a boy and girl slip in among the others, and these two look pret-



SOME OF THE MODELS WHO FREQUENT THE SPANISH STAIRS.

tier than all the others, although they run great risk of being crushed by their larger companions. There are many artists in Rome, because there is so very much here that is worth painting; and consequently there is a class of persons who do nothing else but sit or stand as models.

Many of these long stair-ways are to be found in the streets of Rome, for the city is built upon hills,

as we all know, and these flights of steps make short cuts for foot-passengers, while vehicles have often to go a long way around.

From the top of the Pincian Hill, a portion of which is laid out as a pleasure-ground, we have a view of a large part of the city, and, far off in the distance, we see a great dome rising against the sky. This is the dome of St. Peter's, the largest church in the world; and now we will go down into the piazza, take a carriage, and ride there. Most of us have seen pictures of the church, and are not surprised at the magnificent square in front of it, and the great pile of buildings on one side, called the Vatican, where the Pope lives. This palace contains eleven thousand halls and apartments, and there is a great deal in it that we must see, but we will go there some other time. I think that most of us will find the interior of St. Peter's even larger than we expected; and, indeed, it is so vast that it takes some time to understand how big it is. The great central space, or nave, is large enough for a public square or parade ground, while in the aisles on each side of it, in the various chapels, in the transepts, and in the choir or chancel, there is room enough for seven or eight ordinary city congregations to assemble without interfering with one another. There are pictures and statues, grand altars, gorgeous marbles, and a vast expanse of mosaic work in the dome and other places. But, after we have seen all these, the size of the church will still remain its most interesting feature. The interior is so big that it has an atmosphere of its own and at all seasons the temperature remains about the same. If you enter the church in the summer-time, you will find it pleasantly cool; and if you come in the winter-time it will be warm and comfortable. As a rule, the churches of Italy are cold and damp at all times, but this is not the case with St. Peter's. In regard to its permanent temperature, it resembles the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It ought to be a large church, for it took one hundred and seventy-six years to build it; and, although in that period the workmen took one good rest of fifty years, the building went on quite steadily the rest of the time.

An excellent way to get an idea of the size of St. Peter's is to walk around the outside of the church. The entrances to some of the great art galleries of the Vatican are only to be reached by going around the back of St. Peter's, and as the cabmen of Rome do not like to drive around there, our drivers will probably put us down at the front of the church if they think we do not know any better, and tell us they can not go any further, and that all we have to do is to just step around the building and we shall easily find the doors of

the gallery. But if we do this we shall step, and step, and step, under archways and through courtyards, and over an open square, and along a street, all the time walking upon small rough paving-stones, until we think there is no end to the circumference of St. Peter's. It is like walking around a good-sized village; and the next time we come, we will make the drivers take us all the way to the door of the galleries or they shall go without their fares.

If we happen to be at the church on Thursday morning, when the public is allowed to ascend to the roof and dome (or, if we have a written permission, any day will do), we will all make this ascent. A long series of very easy steps takes us to the roof, which is of great extent, and has on it small domes, and also houses in which workmen and other persons employed in the church have their homes. Above this roof the great dome rises to the immense height of three hundred and eight feet. Around the outside of it we see strong iron bands which were put there a hundred years ago, when it was feared that the dome might be cracked by its own enormous weight. There is an inner and an outer dome, and, between these, winding galleries and staircases, very hard on the legs, lead to the top, which is called the Lantern, where we can go out on the gallery and have a fine view of the country all around. Those of you who choose can go up some very narrow iron steps, only wide enough for one person at a time, and enter the hollow copper ball at the very top of everything. When we look at this ball from the ground it seems about the size of a big foot-ball, but it is large enough to hold sixteen persons at once. On our way down, before we reach the roof, we will step upon an inside gallery and look down into the church; and, as we see the little mites of people walking about on the marble floor so far beneath us, we may begin to wonder—that is to say, some of us—if those iron bands around the outside of the dome are really very strong; for if they should give way while we are up there— But, no matter, we will go down now.

In returning from St. Peter's, we pass an immense round building, like a fortress, which is now called the Castle of San Angelo, but was originally known as Hadrian's tomb. It was built by the Emperor Hadrian in the second century as a burial-place for himself and his successors. It is now used by the Italian government as a barracks and military prison. For hundreds of years it was occupied as a fortress. An old soldier will take us about and show us everything. But, just as we are about to start on our rounds, we are obliged to wait while a large body of soldiers march out; platoon after platoon, knapsack and gun on shoulder, they

march by, tramp, tramp, until we are tired of seeing them. At last they all are out, and then we go through the great building, with its many courts, staircases, and rooms. In the very center is the stone cell which was Hadrian's tomb. But he is not there now; long ago his body and his sarcophagus were removed, and the place for nine hundred years has been the abode of the living, and

not of the dead. What was built for a pagan tomb has been used for a citadel by every power which has since ruled Rome. When it was a tomb, the outside was covered with marble and statuary; now, it is only a tower of brick.

Here we must stop, for it will not do to tire ourselves, but in the next paper we shall continue our sight-seeing in Rome.



UP GOES THE EAGLE!

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

A PLEASANT WALK.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



"WHERE are you going, Miss Sophia?" asked Letty, leaning over the gate.

"I am going to walk," answered Miss Sophia. "Would you like to come with me, Letty?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Letty. "I should like to go very much indeed! Only wait, please, while I get my bonnet!" And Letty danced into the house and danced out again with her brown poke bonnet over her sunny hair. "Here I am, Miss Sophia!" she cried. "Now, where shall we go?"

"Down the lane," said Miss Sophia; "and through the orchard into the fields. Perhaps we may find some wild strawberries!"

So away they went, the young lady walking demurely along, while the little girl frolicked and skipped about, now in front, now behind. It was very pretty in the green lane; the ferns were so

soft and plummy, and the moss so firm and springy under their feet. The trees bent down and talked to the ferns, and told them stories about the birds that were building in their branches; and the ferns had stories, too, about the black velvet mole who lived under their roots, and who had a star on the end of his nose.

But Letty and Miss Sophia did not hear all this; they only heard a soft whispering, and never thought what it meant.

Presently they came out of the lane, and passed through the orchard, and then came out into the broad, sunny meadow.

"Now, Letty," said Miss Sophia, "use your bright eyes and see if you can find any strawberries. I shall sit under a tree and rest a little."

Away danced Letty, and soon she was peeping

and peering under every leaf and grass-blade; but no gleam of scarlet, no pretty clusters of red and white could she see. Evidently it was not a strawberry meadow. She came back to the tree, and said:

"There are no strawberries at all, Miss Sophia, not even *one*. But I have found something else; would n't you like to see it?—something very pretty."

"What is it, dear?" asked Miss Sophia. "A flower? I should like to see it, certainly."

"No, it is n't a flower," said Letty; "it's a cow."

"WHAT?" cried Miss Sophia, springing to her feet.

"A cow!" said Letty. "A pretty spotted cow. She's coming after me, I think."

Miss Sophia looked in the direction in which Letty pointed, and there, to be sure, was a cow, moving slowly toward them. She gave a shriek of terror; then, controlling herself, she threw her arms around Letty.

"Be calm, my child!" she said; "I will save you! Be calm!"

"Why, what is the matter, Miss Sophia?" cried Letty, in alarm.

Miss Sophia's face was very pale, and she trembled; but she seized Letty's arm and bade her walk as fast as she could.

"If we should run," she said, in a quivering

voice, "it would run after us, and then we could not possibly escape. Walk fast, my child! Don't scream! Try to keep calm!"

"Why, Miss Sophia!" cried the astonished child. "You don't think I'm afraid of that cow, do you? Why, it's —"

"Hush! hush!" whispered Miss Sophia, dragging her along. "You will only enrage the cow by speaking loud. I will save you, dear, if I can! See, we are getting near the fence. Can't you walk a little faster?"

"Moo-oo-ooo!" said the cow, which was now following them at a quicker pace.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Miss Sophia. "I shall faint! I know I shall! Letty, don't faint, too, dear! Let *one* of us escape. Courage, child! Be calm! Oh! there is the fence. Run, now—run, for your life!"

The next minute they both were over the fence. Letty stood panting, with eyes and mouth wide open; but Miss Sophia clasped her in her arms, and burst into tears.

"Safe!" she sobbed. "My dear, brave child! we are safe!"

"Yes, I suppose we are safe," said the bewildered Letty. "But what was the matter? it was Uncle George's cow, and she was coming home to be milked!"

"Moo-oo-ooo!" said Uncle George's cow, looking over the fence.

THE UNLUCKY URCHIN.

BY A. R. WELLS.

ON the shore of an island far away,
Stood a spirited youth, one summer day,
And thus he moaned to the moaning sea:

"Ah, sad is the fate that falls to me!
The cruel waves that around me roar,
They bind me down to this petty shore.
Oh, were I once on the other side,
I'd seek the lion, and tame his pride!
And after the royal beast was slain,
As King of the Beasts, in his place, I'd reign!"

Ah, sad is our lot when a cruel fate
Represses and chains the brave and great!"

SHEEP OR SILVER?

BY WILLIAM M. BAKER.



OLD JOCK AND HIS SHEEP—A NOONTIDE REST.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE LAMPASAS.

FOR weeks and months, affairs at the ranch on the Lampasas pursued the even tenor of their way, until, as Bessie declared one morning, it seemed as if they had always lived there; and she added: "If only Waldo and Uncle Cyrus were with us, I should not care if we never lived anywhere else for ever and ever!"

"What I like best," said Hessie, "is to go to bed so early as to be able to rise before the sun does. There never was anything, I am sure, so perfectly lovely as the breaking of the morning upon those green hills and these sea-like plains!"

But before even Hessie or Bessie were up of a morning, Old Jock was astir, and with his faithful collies, Scotty and Laddie, was far away with his flock upon the dewy hill-slopes. At noon the sheep would seek of themselves the shade of the live-oaks; and Jock, leaning against a broad tree-trunk, would drift into a waking dream of "bonnie

Scotland," while his dogs kept zealous watch and noted every prairie-hen, or prairie dog even, that dared to show itself. Long ago the rabbits had learned that they had nothing to fear from Laddie and Scotty. The dogs would prick up their ears at sight of these long-eared visitors, but would never stir—as if to say, "Oh, we *could* catch you, but we've no time to waste on such ninnies as you; our business is—sheep."

Toward four o'clock, the flock would be up and grazing again, nibbling away as if for dear life, in that hurried way of eating, peculiar to sheep. As night drew on, Old Jock trudged slowly in advance, the sheep following, the dogs in the rear or upon either flank, until home was reached and the flock was folded in for the night. There are scarcely any wolves in Texas, the miserable coyotes not being even worthy the name; and only an occasional eagle would pounce down from the blue sky upon some wandering lamb. So few were the foes of the flock, that its care was seemingly the easiest of tasks.

Ruthven was always busy. He, too, gave all

his energy to the mainstay of the ranch—sheep. Every day seemed to bring him some new duty. He paid a Mexican herder fifteen dollars a month to look after a little “bunch” of mares and colts he had out on the prairies. But he had to look sharply after the Mexican. Other people’s “brands” would become tangled among his cows and calves, and an unbranded colt or calf was very sure to be branded by unscrupulous neighbors; while to keep the run of the colts and calves was almost like counting the fish in the sea, so vast were the grazing-grounds. Ruthven had almost to live in his saddle, sleeping on the grass and in the open air night after night.

“But I am always ready for that,” he would reassure his mother. “I always carry my coffeepot along, and a little ham and bacon. If I am caught too far away to hope to get home, I jump

oatmeal all their meeserable lives. Eat, sleep, gamble, lie, steal—that’s a’ they can do. Hech, mon, gie me Scotland! If I can contrive to slip awa’ from that puir beastie o’ a Don Quixote, I’ll tak’ the neist ship for Glasgow. Texas is na’ the land for me. It’s a’ sun, till one’s vera banes an’ marrow are melted in it.”

But Jock was to have a new experience. One beautiful December day, he had gone further north with his flock than was his custom. The sky was cloudless. No wind was stirring. So sultry was it that the sheep lay down earlier than usual, and Jock dropped off into a sound nap after his noon-day lunch. Suddenly he was wakened by his dogs, which, without a command, had brought the sheep to their feet, and were running about, endeavoring to herd them homeward. Jock was enraged.

“That’s the one evil o’ the collies,” he said:



MAKING HOMEWARD BEFORE THE “NORTHER.” (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

down from my horse near some timber or water, stake the horse, boil a cup of coffee, broil a little bacon, lie down with my head on my saddle, my hat over my eyes, and sleep till the sun wakes me up.”

Old Jock still grumbled away at Texas weather and people.

“Look at the puir Mexicans!” he exclaimed, in much contempt. “What are they guid for but to eat red pepper and corn-cake, ne’er hearin’ o’

“they wull bunch the sheep too much. Come in, ye fules!” he cried to the dogs.

As he did so, he observed a small line of darkness upon the northern sky. A flock of wild geese went flying southward over his head, with warning calls. A second flock followed; a herd of cattle rushed past; and then a *caballado*, or drove of horses, tails in air, galloped toward the shelter of a southerly ravine.

Now, Jock had spent but one winter in Texas,

and that had been a remarkably mild one. Thinking only of an early return to Scotland, he had paid but little attention to instructions concerning a land he so despised. But he knew that cows, dogs, horses, every animal except sheep, were, in their way, wiser than men. The dark band upon the northern horizon grew still broader and darker; the lightning flashed out of it again and again, and from before it came an increasing roar, as from an advancing army. The air was very still, but growing cooler and cooler, as the sky grew darker and darker.

Jock grew uneasy at these new phases of Texas weather. Encouraging the dogs, he now set his face homeward, followed by the flock.

ing storm and spurred his mustang home. The storm was upon the Lampasas when he reached there, and Jock and the sheep were not yet in. Ruthven at once summoned Japero, the Mexican, saddled a fresh horse, begged his mother to keep a bright light in her window to the northward, and galloped out into the blackness.

The norther was at its height.

"It will kill those Spanish sheep!" said Ruthven again and again. "So old a man as Jock ought to have known that something was wrong. If we but escape loss this time —"

A sound broke in on his new resolutions,— the bark of a dog. Greatly relieved, Ruthven reined in his mustang, and, though unable to see anything



"HESSIE GROPED HER WAY THROUGH THE STORM WITH REFRESHMENT FOR THE WORKERS."

"Hech, sirs!" he exclaimed; "eh, my luckie! Who'd 'a' thocht it? And this is the 'norther' they've been din—din—dinnin' in ma ears. Ye'll be sune ower. Fast cauld, fast het; I ken ye! Tak' it out in howlin', will ye? Maist meeserable land! wi' naithin' steady aboot ye, save the sun and the weckedness of the folk!"

Suddenly, with a dense darkness of rain and sleet, and roaring wind, the norther burst upon him with full force. It was midwinter striking midsummer. At last Jock lost all idea of direction, and had to trust wholly to the instinct of his dogs.

Ruthven, riding back from Austin, where important business had taken him, saw the approach-

in the tempest, he could hear the sheep huddling past him.

Yelling to Jock that he was there, Ruthven shouted to Japero to go to the left of the flock while he hurried off to the right. The dogs gave a sharp bark of confidence, as if to say:

"Follow us, master! We're all right! We know the road, if you don't."

The cold, the sleet, the rushing of the wind, the torrent-like downfall of the rain increased at every step. The midnight darkness was like a stone wall about them. Ruthven feared lest Jock should drop behind and get lost. But the old man's blood was up. Except that the storms did not come quite

so suddenly and violently, this weather was more like Scotland than anything Jock had yet experienced. He almost enjoyed it.

At last, after it seemed to Ruthven as if they had been going for ages through the thick darkness, and when he had begun to fear that they might be on the wrong track, he saw lights twinkling through the storm. The dogs barked joyfully. The sheep seemed to understand, and moved more rapidly. Soon came the shelter, first of the timber, then of the houses, and last of the fold, and Ruthven uttered a fervent "Thank Heaven!" when the greatest danger was over.

But now the sheep needed instant care. For hours Ruthven, Jock, and Japero were working over them. Old Don Quixote seemed double his size, so caked was he with ice and sleet. He hung his head and was evidently tired as well as chilled.

Jock was in his element now, dosing his flock with warm mixtures, rubbing them down, feeding them with oil-cake. A few logs rolled to the windward of the fold, and far enough away to avoid danger, were set on fire, and the hot smoke and cheerful light helped to make an island of comfort in the tempest which roared around it.

Hessie groped her way through the storm with refreshment for the three workers,—an enormous pot of hot coffee and bread and meat,—and her cheery presence and lively ways came like sunshine through the gloom and blackness of the tempest.

It is doubtful if old Jock slept at all that night. When he went out at day-break next morning, the storm was still raging. But the old man's joy was complete—now that his flock was safe—when, on the fourth morning, he found all the world deep in snow, with a moist wind blowing from the south.

"Old Jock thinks that Texas has changed to Scotland," said Hessie.

After these three days of storm came three days of southerly wind, and at last Bessie said:

"Here is Texas back once more!"

The sun was shining in a cloudless sky, the prairies rolling off to the horizon all the greener for their drenching, the air almost as balmy as in August.

Jock had little to say, but everybody noticed that he did not, after this experience with a norther, go so far away from the ranch as before, and he had a trick of listening for the passage of wild geese, and of glancing now and then toward the north.

"Yes, I wull gang hame," he said. "No sic a country for me! Weenter at its wust wan day; summer at its hettest the neist. What day did you say the neist ship sails frae Galveston for Scotland, Meester Ruthven? It was gude for us the sheep

did na perish. But it 's na any mair northers I want. Nor what ye ca' blizzards, either. *Blizzards!* Wha iver heerd sic a word outside o' Texas? Maist meeserable country of a' iver made! What did ye say war the name o' the ship? Wednesday neist, war it? You and Japero must learn a' ye can about the sheep. I mun gang back hame."

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE WONDER-LAND.

AND while northers and sheep-farming were taxing all the time and attention of the ranchers on the Lampasas, away to the north-west the two wanderers from home were living among the marvels of that wonder-land of the world—the Sieras of Arizona.

The whole country is much like what astronomers tell us the moon must be—a wild region of barren plains, upon which it would seem as if no drop of rain had ever fallen or ever could fall; an expanse of coarse, burned-up sage-brush; the earth cracked with long baking; volcanic bowlders scattered about. These are the plains; but here, there, everywhere, run ranges of ragged rocks rolling up into irregular hills, crags, cliffs, mountains, and towering peaks topped with snow. There could be no more striking contrast than is all this to the verdant prairies and soft slopes of the Lampasas.

Uncle Cyrus had been searching for metal among the mountain ranges for weeks before Waldo joined him. When Waldo reached Arizona, the uncle and nephew struck off for themselves, and through several weary months had been trying, map in hand, to trace out the trail given to old Jock by Hungry Wolf.

Not that they did not find a hundred indications of precious metal.

"The whole country is chock-full of it," said Waldo; "but what good does that do us? We have n't the cash to develop it—to put up stamping-mills, smelting-furnaces, irrigating-works, or to sink shafts. It's the old story of the Ancient Mariner over again,

'Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink,'

only in this case the ocean is the desert. Never does a man so really die for want of money as in this horrible land, which is full of it."

"And yet think what luck some people have had here!" said Uncle Cyrus. "Not ten miles from where we are at this minute, Don Rodrigo Gaudera, in the old Spanish days, found a solid lump of 'virgin' silver that weighed two thou-

sand eight hundred pounds and was worth half a million dollars."

"But that was away back in 1683, Uncle," said Waldo, who was well up in the history of the

of those miners at 'Tremendous Good Luck,' as they called their claim. What did they do but come upon a saddle-back plateau among the mountains where silver lay about loose in lumps, and so

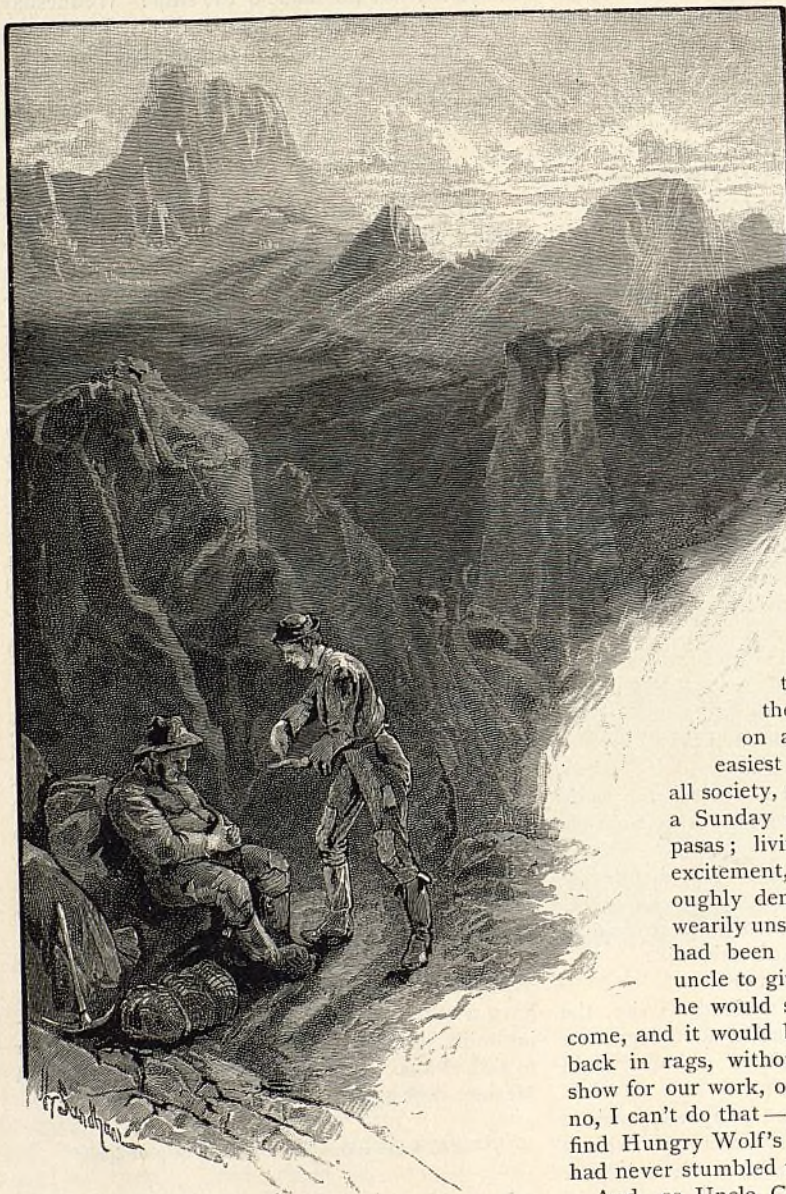
near the surface that they could grub them out with their hands or their bowie-knives as if they were potatoes. But all the same, Waldo, I wish I had n't led you away from the Lampasas on this regular wild-goose chase after silver."

"Oh, we must n't give up yet, Uncle," said the boy; "not a bit of it! We'll find Hungry Wolf's silver yet, even if we have had a terrible time in trying to find it."

It had been a terrible time, indeed. The mere work of climbing over rocks, trudging across cinder plains, and delving desperately whenever there were prosperous signs, working as day-laborers at the great mining-works when their money gave out, until they could earn enough to push on again,—these had been the easiest part of it all. Cut off from

all society, without a book, a church, or a Sunday rest since leaving the Lampasas; living in a perpetual fever of excitement, their life had been a thoroughly demoralized, unwholesome, and wearily unsettled one. Fifty times Waldo had been on the point of urging his uncle to give up and go home. But then he would say to himself: "We *would* come, and it would be like death to me to sneak back in rags, without even a silver sixpence to show for our work, or to take back to the girls—no, I can't do that—not now, at least. We may find Hungry Wolf's bonanza yet, but I wish we had never stumbled upon him."

And, as Uncle Cyrus said, the time had not been entirely lost. Waldo had vastly enlarged his knowledge of nature—the plants and animals of this wonderful district, the savage tribes that wander over it, and the remains of past civilizations—Spanish, Aztec, and even earlier dwellers and builders. Once he had narrowly escaped the clutch of a cinnamon bear, and once he had



"WE MUST N'T GIVE UP YET, UNCLE," SAID WALDO.

country; "and little enough good did his 'find' do the old Don, for the King of Spain coolly pocketed the lump, under the claim that all wonderful curiosities belonged to the crown."

"Well, come down to nowadays, then," said Uncle Cyrus. "Don't you remember the bonanza

caught a glimpse of a cougar, or California lion. He had visited the Zuñis in their own towns, and learned to like the kindly-faced and rapidly decreasing Navajos. But his greatest interest had been in the tribes of which he had heard that, making their villages in the depths of vast cañons, thousands of feet deep and many miles long, they had never as yet seen, or been seen by, a white man.

"I am writing this," he said, in one of his frequent home letters, "in the grand old cathedral of St. Xavier del Bec, ten miles south of Tucson. Here is a church one hundred and fifteen feet long by seventy broad, and built of stone and brick over a hundred years ago, full of beautiful statues and magnificent paintings, grandly gilded and dropped down here in this howling wilderness. It makes one feel almost as queerly as when among the ruins of the cities that had perished from the knowledge of men before Cortez came."

"All of which is very interesting," Ruthven had remarked at the time; "but that is not the silver Uncle Cyrus was to find for us. Thus far their trip has evidently been a dead failure—although they do not say so, of course. But theirs is no new experience. Of the hundreds of thousands that have gone on the same errand since the first gold fever of 1849, not one in ten thousand has done more than make his escape—a poorer and a wiser man."

And so the search for Hungry Wolf's treasure went on. Dispirited, but still hopeful, the two wanderers had pushed on until, almost destitute of everything, ragged and weary from months of hard labor and unavailing search,—they had penetrated to the wildest part of the Cerbat range of the great Sierras. They had seen the lakes whose shores are crusted salt, the limestone cliffs carved by centuries of tempests into arches and minarets, domes and towers; they had crossed the region of the hot springs, had camped for a night in the jasper forest of petrified trees, and had gazed upon, perhaps, the noblest sight of all, where, high above them, the peak of Mount San Francisco towered thirteen thousand feet in air.

But now they had arrived almost at the end of their patience, their pluck, and their resources.

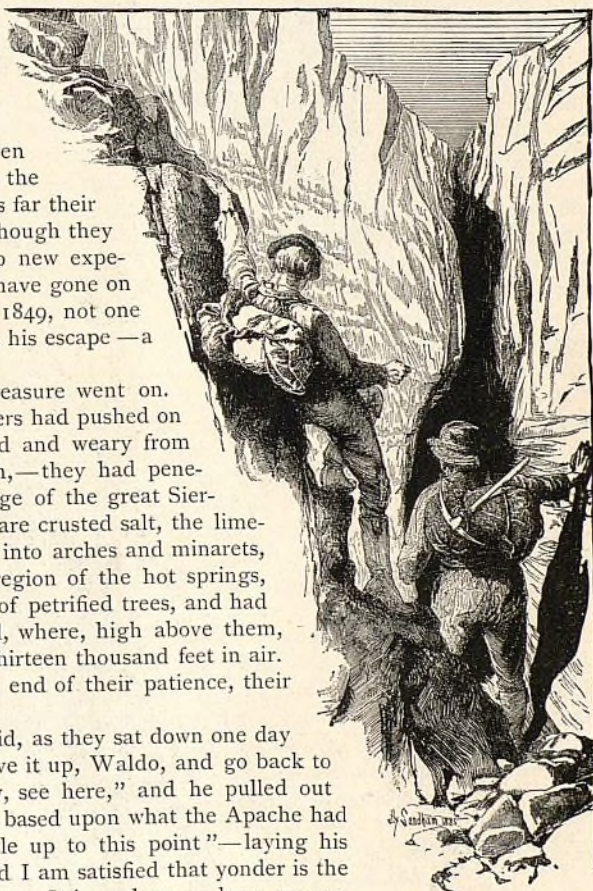
"If this last clew fails," Uncle Cyrus said, as they sat down one day in the heart of the Cerbat hills, "we'll give it up, Waldo, and go back to the ranch, or to the silver-mills. But now, see here," and he pulled out the worn and tattered map which had been based upon what the Apache had told Jock. "I have worked out this puzzle up to this point"—laying his finger on a certain spot on the map,— "and I am satisfied that yonder is the tunnel-like entrance to Hungry Wolf's cañon. It is so deep, so long, so narrow, so dark, so winding, I doubt if mortal man has ever explored it. No white man has, I am certain. As they say in 'hide and seek,' I am sure that this time we're 'hot.' Who knows but we may come upon one of those hidden Indian nations we have heard of; perhaps upon Hungry Wolf's bonanza itself? Come along, Waldo! It's now or never! Look closely to your steps, and have your revolver ready!"

They both were on their feet now, and nearing the great black mouth of the mysterious cañon.

"All right, Uncle; go ahead!" said Waldo. "I'm with you to the last."

The manifold needs he had for money crowded upon the lad's mind as he strode on after his rotund uncle—a complete freedom from all indebtedness for the family; a thorough education for Ruthven, his sisters, and himself; a whole flock of the very best imported stock for Ruthven and Uncle Cyrus, if they fancied having the best ranch in the State; above all, a comfortable home and entire freedom from all anxiety for his mother as long as she lived.

"Go ahead, Uncle Cyrus!" he shouted again, and still more cheerily, "I'm sure we shall find—something!"



"COME ALONG, WALDO! IT'S NOW OR NEVER."

(To be continued.)

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER VII.

DETERMINED ACTION.

JUNIOR had good reason for bringing Merton to a sudden halt in his impetuous and hostile advance. The man coming up the lane, with a savage dog, was the father of the ill-nurtured children. He had felt a little uneasy as to the results of their raid upon our fruit, and had walked across the fields to give them the encouragement of his presence, or to cover their retreat, which he now did effectually.

It took Junior but a moment to explain to my boy that they were no match "for the two brutes," as he expressed himself, adding: "The man is worse than the dog."

Merton, however, was almost reckless from anger and a sense of unprovoked wrong, and he darted into the house for his gun.

"See here, Merton," said Junior, firmly, "shoot the dog if they set him on us, but never fire at a human being. You'd better give me the gun; I am cooler than you are."

They had no occasion to use the weapon, however. The man shook his fist at them, while his children indulged in taunts and coarse derision. The dog, sharing their spirit and not their discretion, started for the boys, but was recalled, and our undesirable neighbors departed leisurely.

All this was related to me after night-fall, when I returned with my wife and younger children from the Maizeville landing. I confess that I fully shared Merton's anger, although I listened quietly.

"You grow white, Robert, when you are angry," said my wife. "I suppose that's the most dangerous kind of heat — white heat. Don't take the matter so to heart. We can't risk getting the ill-will of these ugly people. You know what Mr. Jones said about them."

"This question shall be settled in twenty-four hours!" I replied. "That man and his family are the pest of the neighborhood, and every one lives in a sort of abject dread of them. Now, the neighbors must say 'yes' or 'no' to the question whether we shall have decency, law, and order, or not. Merton, unharness the horse! Junior, come with me; I'm going to see your father."

I found Mr. Jones sleepy and about to retire, but his blue eyes were soon wide open, with an angry fire in them.

"You take the matter very quietly, Mr. Durham," he said; "more quietly than I could."

"I shall not fume about the affair a moment. I prefer to act. The only question for you and the other neighbors to decide is — will you act with me? I am going to this man Bagley's house to-morrow, to give him his choice. It's either decency and law-abiding on his part, now, or prosecution before the law on mine. You say that you are sure that he has burned barns, and made himself generally the terror of the region. Now, I won't live in a neighborhood infested by people little better than wild Indians. My feelings as a man will not permit me to submit to insult and injury. What's more, it's time the people about here abated this nuisance."

"You are right, Robert Durham!" said Mr. Jones, springing up and giving me his hand. "I've felt mean, and so have others, that we've allowed ourselves to be run over by this rascalion. If you go to-morrow, I'll go with you, and so will Rollins. His hen-roost was robbed t' other night, and he tracked the thieves straight toward Bagley's house. He says his patience has given out. It only needs a leader to rouse the neighborhood, but it is n't very creditable to us that we let a new-comer like you face the thing first."

"Very well," I said, "it's for you and your neighbors to show now how much grit and manhood you have. I shall start for Bagley's house at nine, to-morrow. Of course I shall be glad to have company, and if he sees that the people will not stand any more of his rascality, he'll be more apt to behave himself or else clear out."

"He'll have to do one or the other," said Mr. Jones grimly. "I'll go right down to Rollins's. Come, Junior, we may want you."

At eight o'clock the next morning, a dozen men, including the constable, were in our yard. My wife whispered: "Do be prudent, Robert." She was much re-assured, however, by the largeness of our force.

We soon reached the dilapidated hovel, and were so fortunate as to find Bagley and all his family at home. Although it was the busiest season, he was idle. As I led my forces straight toward his door, it was evident that he was surprised and disconcerted, in spite of his attempt to maintain a sullen and defiant aspect. I saw his evil eye resting on one and another of our group, as if he were storing up grudges to be well paid on future dark nights. His eldest son stood with the dog at the corner of the house, and as

I approached, the cur, set on by the boy, came toward me with a stealthy step. I carried a heavy cane, and just as the brute was about to take me by the leg, I struck him a blow on the head that sent him howling away.

The man, for a moment, acted almost as if he had been struck himself. His bloated visage became inflamed, and he sprang toward me.

"Stop!" I thundered. My neighbors closed around me, and he instinctively drew back.

"Bagley," I cried, "look me in the eye." And he fixed upon me a gaze full of impotent anger. "Now," I resumed, "I wish you and your family to understand that you've come to the end of your rope. You must become decent, law-abiding people, like the rest of us, or we shall put you where you can't harm us. I, for one, am going to give you a last chance. Your children were stealing my fruit last night, and acting shamefully afterward. You also trespassed, and you threatened these two boys; you are idle in the busiest time, and think you can live by plunder. Now, you and yours must turn the sharpest corner you ever saw. Your two eldest children can come and pick berries for me at the usual wages, if they obey my orders and behave themselves. One of the neighbors here says he'll give you work, if you try to do it well. If you accept these terms, I'll let the past go. If you don't, I'll have the constable arrest your boy at once, and I'll see that he gets the heaviest sentence the law allows, while if you or your children make any further trouble, I'll meet you promptly in every way the law permits. But, little as you deserve it, I am going to give you and your family one chance to reform, before proceeding against you. Only understand one thing, I am not afraid of you. I've had my say."

"I have n't had mine," said Rollins, stepping forward excitedly. "You, or your scapegrace boy there, robbed my hen-roost the other night, and you've robbed it before. There is n't a man in this region but believes that it was you who burned the barns and hay-stacks. We won't stand this nonsense another hour. You've got to come to my hay-fields and work out the price of those chickens, and after that I'll give you fair wages. But if there's any more trouble, we'll clean you out as we would a family of weasels."

"Yes, neighbor Bagley," added Mr. Jones, in his dry, caustic way, "think soberly. I hope you are sober. I'm not one of the threatenin', barkin' sort, but I've reached the p'int where I'll bite. The law will protect us an' the hull neighborhood has resolved, with Mr. Durham here, that you and your children shall make no more trouble than he and his children. See?"

"Look-a-here," began the man, blusteringly, "you need n't come threatenin' in this blood-and-thunder style. The law'll protect me as well as——"

Ominous murmurs were arising from all my neighbors, and Mr. Jones now came out strong.

"Neighbors," he said, "keep cool. The time to act has n't come yet. See here, Bagley, it's hayin' and harvest. Our time's vallyble, whether yours is or not. You kin have just three minutes to decide whether you'll take your oath to stop your maraudin' and that of your children;" and he pulled out his watch.

"Let me add my word," said a little man, stepping forward. "I own this house, and the rent is long overdue. Follow neighbor Jones's advice or we'll see that the sheriff puts your traps out in the middle of the road."

"Oh, of course," began Bagley. "What kin one feller do against a crowd?"

"Swar", as I told you," said Mr. Jones, sharply and emphatically. "What do you mean by hangin' fire so? Do you s'pose this is child's play and make-believe? Don't ye know that when quiet, peaceable neighbors git riled up to our pitch, that they mean what they say? Swar", as I said, and be mighty sudden about it."

"Don't be a dunce," added his wife, who stood trembling behind him. "Can't you see?"

"Very well, I swar' it," said the man, in some trepidation.

"Now, Bagley," said Mr. Jones, putting back his watch, "we want to convert you thoroughly this mornin'. The first bit of mischief that takes place in this borough will bring the weight of the law on you"; and, wheeling on his heel, he left the yard, followed by the others.

"Come in, Mr. Bagley," I said, "and bring the children. I want to talk with you all. Merton, you go home with Junior."

"But, Papa——" he objected.

"Do as I bid you," I said, firmly, and I entered the squalid abode.

The man and the children followed after me wonderingly. I sat down and looked the man steadily in the eye for a moment.

"Let us settle one thing first," I began. "Do you think I am afraid of you?"

"S'pose not, with sich backin' as yer got," was the somewhat nervous reply.

"I told Mr. Jones after I came home last night that I should fight this thing alone if no one stood by me. But you see that your neighbors have reached the limit of forbearance. Now, Mr. Bagley, I did n't remain to threaten you. There has been enough of that, and from very resolute, angry men, too. I wish to give you and yours a chance.

You 've come to a place where two roads branch ; you must take one or the other. You can't help yourself. You and your children wont be allowed to steal or prowl about any more. That 's settled. If you go away and begin the same wretched life

them up?—Take the road to the right. Do your level best, and I'll help you. I'll let bygones be bygones, and aid you in becoming a respectable citizen."

"Oh, Hank, do be a man, now that Mr. Dur-



BAGLEY BEGINS A NEW LIFE.

elsewhere, you'll soon reach the same result ; you and your son will be lodged in jail and put at hard labor. Would you not better make up your mind to work for yourself and family, like an honest man? Look at these children. How are you bringing

ham gives you a chance," sobbed his wife ; "you know we've been living badly."

"That 's it, Bagley. These are the questions you must decide. If you'll try to be a man, I'll give you my hand to stand by you. My religion,

such as it is, requires that I shall not let a man go wrong if I can help it. If you 'll take the road to the right and do your level best, there 's my hand."

The man showed his emotion by a slight tremor only, and after a moment's thoughtful hesitation he took my hand and said in a hoarse, choking voice: "You 've got a claim on me now which all the rest could n't git, even if they put a rope around my neck. I s'pose I have lived like a brute, but I 've been treated like one, too."

"If you 'll do as I say, I 'll guarantee that within six months you 'll be receiving all the kindness that a self-respecting man wants," I answered. Then turning to his wife, I asked:

"What have you in the house to eat?"

"Next to nothin'," she said, drying her eyes with her apron, and then throwing open their bare cupboard.

"Put on your coat, Bagley, and come with me," I said.

He and his wife began to be profuse with thanks.

"No, no!" I said, firmly. "I 'm not going to give you a penny's worth of anything while you are able to earn a living. You shall have food at once; but I shall expect you to pay for it in work. I am going to treat you like a man and a woman, and not like beggars."

A few minutes later, some of the neighbors were much surprised to see Bagley and myself going up the road together.

My wife, Merton, and tender-hearted Mousie were at the head of the lane watching for me. Re-assured, as we approached, they returned wonderingly to the house, and met us at the door.

"This is Mrs. Durham," I said. "My dear, please give Mr. Bagley ten pounds of flour and a piece of pork. After you 've had your dinner, Mr. Bagley, I shall expect you, as we 've agreed. And if you 'll chain up that dog of yours, or, better still, knock it on the head with an ax, Mrs. Durham will go down and see your wife about fixing up your children."

Winifred gave me a pleased, intelligent look, and said, "Come in, Mr. Bagley"; while Merton and I hastened away to catch up with neglected work.

"Your husband 's been good to me," said the man abruptly.

"That 's because he believes you are going to be good to yourself and your family," was her smiling reply.

"Will you come and see my wife?" he asked.

"Certainly, if I don't have to face your dog," replied Winifred.

"I 'll kill the critter soon 's I go home," muttered Bagley.

"It hardly pays to keep a big, useless dog," was my wife's practical comment.

In going to the cellar for the meat, she left him alone for a moment or two with Mousie; and he, under his new impulses, said:

"Little gal, ef my children hurt your flowers ag'in, let me know, and I 'll thrash 'em!"

The child stole to his side and gave him her hand, as she replied:

"Try being kind to them."

Bagley went home with some new ideas under his tattered old hat. At half-past twelve he was on hand, ready for work.

"That dog that tried to bite ye is dead and buried," he said, "and I hope I buried some of my dog natur' with 'im."

"You 've shown your good sense. But I have n't time to talk now. The old man has mown a good deal of grass. I want you to shake it out and, as soon as he says it 's dry enough, to rake it up. Toward night I 'll be out with the wagon, and we 'll stow all that 's fit into the barn. To-morrow, I want your two eldest children to come and pick berries."

"I 'm in fer it, Mr. Durham. You 've given me your hand, and I 'll show yer how that goes furdur with me than all the blood-and-thunder talk in Maizeville," said Bagley, with some feeling.

"Then you 'll show that you can be a man like the rest of us," I said, as I hastened to our early dinner.

My wife beamed and nodded at me. "I 'm not going to say anything to set you up too much," she said. "You are great on problems, and you are solving one even better than I hoped."

"It is n't solved yet," I replied. "We have only started Bagley and his people on the right road. It will require much patience and good management to keep them there. I rather think you 'll have the hardest part of the problem yet on your hands. I have little time for problems now, however, except that of making the most of this season of rapid growth and harvest. I declare I 'm almost bewildered when I see how much there is to be done on every side. Children, we all must act like soldiers in the middle of a fight. Every stroke must tell. Now, we 'll hold a council of war, so as to make the most of the afternoon's work. Merton, how are the raspberries?"

"There are more ripe, Papa, than I thought there would be."

"Then, Winnie, you and Bobsey must leave the weeding in the garden and help Merton pick berries, this afternoon."

"As soon as it gets cooler," said my wife, "Mousie and I are going to pick, also."

"Very well," I agreed. "You can give us raspberries and milk to-night, and so you will be getting supper at the same time. Until the hay is ready to come in, I shall continue hoeing in the garden, the weeds grow so rapidly. To-morrow will be a regular fruit day all around, for there are two more cherry-trees that need picking."

Our short nooning over, we all went to our several tasks. The children were made to feel that now was the chance to win our bread for months to come, and that there must be no shirking. Mousie promised to clear away the things while my wife, protected by a large sun-shade, walked slowly down to the Bagley cottage. Having seen that Merton and his little squad were filling the baskets with strawberries properly, I went to the garden and slaughtered the weeds where they threatened to do the most harm.

At last I became so hot and wearied that I thought I'd visit a distant part of the upland meadow, and see how Bagley was progressing. He was raking manfully, and had accomplished a fair amount of work, but it was evident that he was almost exhausted. He was not accustomed to hard work, and had rendered himself still more unfit for it by dissipation.

"See here, Bagley," I said, "you are doing well, but you will have to break yourself into harness gradually. I don't wish to be hard upon you. Lie down under this tree for half an hour and by that time I shall be out with the wagon."

"Mr. Durham, you have the feelin's of a man for a feller," said Bagley, gratefully. "I'll make up the time arter it gets cooler."

Returning to the raspberry patch, I found Bobsey almost asleep, the berries often falling from his nerveless hands. Merton, meanwhile, with something of the spirit of a martinet, was spurring him to his task. I remembered that the little fellow had been busy since breakfast, and decided that he also, of my forces, should have a rest. He started up when he saw me coming through the bushes, and tried to pick with vigor again. As I took him up in my arms, he began apprehensively:

"Papa, I will pick faster, but I'm so tired."

I re-assured him with a kiss which left a decided raspberry flavor on my lips, carried him into the barn and, tossing him on a heap of hay, said:

"Sleep there, my little man, till you are rested."

He was soon snoring blissfully, and when I reached the meadow with the wagon, Bagley was ready to help with the loading.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, "a little breathin'-spell does do a feller good on a hot day."

"No doubt about it," I said. "So long as you are on the right road, it does no harm to sit down

a bit, because when you start again, it's in the right direction."

After we had piled on as much of a load as the rude, extemporized rack on my market wagon could hold, I added:

"You need n't go to the barn with me, for I can pitch the hay into the mow. Rake up another load, if you feel able."

"Oh, I'm all right, now," he protested.

By the time I had unloaded the grass. I found that my wife and Mousie were among the raspberries, and that the number of full, fragrant, little baskets was increasing rapidly.

"Winifred, is n't this work, with your walk to the Bagley cottage, too much for you?"

"Oh, no," she replied, lightly. "An afternoon in idleness in a stifling city flat would have been more exhausting. It's growing cool now. What wretched, shiftless people those Bagleys are! But I have hopes for them. I'm glad Bobsey's having a nap."

"You shall tell me about your visit to-night. We are making good progress. Bagley is doing his best. Winnie," I called, "come here."

She brought her basket, nearly filled, and I saw that her eyes were heavy with weariness also.

"You've done well to-day, my child. Now go and look after your chickens, big and little. Then your day's work is done, and you can do what you please;" and I started for the meadow again.

By six o'clock, we had in the barn three loads of hay, and Merton had packed four crates of berries ready for market. Bobsey was now running about, as lively as a cricket, and Winnie, with a child's elasticity, was nearly as sportive. Bagley, after making up his half hour, came up the lane with a rake, instead of his ugly dog as on the evening before. A few moments later, he helped me lift the crates into the market wagon; and then, after a little awkward hesitation, began:

"I say, Mr. Durham, can't ye give a feller a job yerself? I declar' to you, I want to brace up; but I know how it'll be down at Rollins's. He'll be savage as a meat-ax to me, and his men will be a-gibin'. Give me a job yerself, and I'll save enough out o' my wages to pay for his chickens, or you kin' keep 'nuff back to pay for 'em."

I thought a moment, and then said promptly: "I'll agree to this if Rollins will. I'll see him to-night."

"Did yer wife go to see my wife?"

"Yes, and she says she has hopes for you all. You've earned your bread to-day as honestly as I have, and you've more than paid for what my wife gave you this morning. Here's a quarter to make the day square, and here's a couple of baskets of raspberries left over. Take them to the children."

"Well, yer bring me right to the mark," he said, emphasizing his words with a slap on his thigh. "I've got an uphill row to hoe, and it's good ter have some human critters around that 'll help a feller a bit."

I laughed as I clapped him on the shoulder, and said: "You're going to win the fight, Bagley. I'll see Rollins at once, for I find I shall need another man awhile."

"Give me the job, then," he said, eagerly, "and give me what you think I'm wuth," and he jogged off home with that leaven of all good in his heart—the hope of better things.

Raspberries and milk, with bread and butter and a cup of tea, made a supper that we all relished, and then Merton and I started for the boat-landing. I let the boy drive and deliver the crates to the freight agent, for I wished him to relieve me in this task occasionally. On our way to the landing I saw Rollins, who readily agreed to Bagley's wish, on condition that I guaranteed payment for the chickens. Stopping at the man's cottage farther on, I told him this, and he, in his emphatic way, declared:

"I vow ter you, Mr. Durham, ye sha'n't lose a feather's worth o' the chickens."

Returning home, poor Merton was so tired and drowsy that he nearly fell off the seat. Before long I took the reins from his hands, and he was asleep with his head on my shoulder. Winifred was dozing in her chair, but brightened up as we came in. A little judicious praise and a bowl of bread and milk strengthened the boy wonderfully. He saw the need of especial effort at this time, and also saw that he was not being driven unfeelingly.

As I sat alone with my wife, resting a few minutes before retiring, I said:

"Well, Winifred, it must be plain to you by this time that the summer campaign will be a hard one. How are we going to stand it?"

"I'll tell you next fall," she replied, with a laugh. "No problems to-night, thank you."

"I'm gathering a queer lot of helpers in my effort to live in the country," I continued. "There's old Mr. Ferguson, who is too aged to hold his own in other harvest-fields. Bagley and his tribe —"

"And a city wife and a lot of city children," she added.

"And a city green-horn of a man at the head of you all," I concluded.

"Well," she replied, rising with an odd little blending of laugh and yawn, "I'm not afraid but that we shall all earn our salt."

Thus came to an end the long, eventful day, which prepared the way for many others of similar

character, and suggested many of the conditions of our problem of country living.

Bagley appeared bright and early the following morning with his two elder children, and I was now confronted with the task of managing them and making them useful. Upon one thing I was certainly resolved—there should be no Quixotic sentiment in our relations, and no companionship between his children and mine. Therefore, I took him and his girl and boy aside, and said:

"I'm going to be simple and outspoken with you. Some of my neighbors think I'm a fool because I give you work when I can get others. I shall prove that I am not a fool, for the reason that I shall not permit any nonsense, and you can show that I am not a fool by doing your work well and quietly. Bagley, I want you to understand that your children do not come here to play with mine. No matter whom I employed, I should keep my children by themselves. Now, do you understand this?"

They nodded affirmatively.

"Are you all willing to take simple, straightforward directions, and do your best? I'm not asking what is unreasonable, for I shall not be more strict with you than with my own children."

"No use o' beatin' around the bush, Mr. Durham," said Bagley, good-naturedly; "we've come here to 'arn our livin', and to do as you say."

"I can get along with you, Bagley, but your children will find it hard to follow my rules, because they are children, and are not used to restraint. Yet they must do it, or there'll be trouble at once. They must work quietly and steadily while they do work, and when I am through with them, they must go straight home. They must n't lounge about the place. If they will do this, Mrs. Durham and I will be good friends to them, and by fall we will fix them up so that they can go to school."

The little arabs looked askance at me and made me think of two wild animals that had been caught, and were intelligent enough to understand that they must be tamed. They were submissive, but made no false pretenses of enjoying the prospect.

"I shall keep a gad handy," said their father, with a significant nod at them.

"Well, youngsters," I concluded, laughing, "perhaps you'll need it occasionally. I hope not, however. I shall keep no gad, but I shall have an eye on you when you least expect it; and if you go through the picking-season well, I shall have a nice present for you both. Now, you are to receive so much a basket, if the baskets are properly filled, and therefore it will depend on yourselves how much you earn. You shall be paid every day. So now for a good start toward becoming a man and a woman."

I led them to one side of the raspberry patch and put them under Merton's charge, saying:

"You must pick exactly as he directs."

Winnie and Bobsey were to pick in another part of the field, Mousie aiding until the sun grew too warm for the delicate child. Bagley was to divide his time between hoeing in the garden and spreading the grass after the scythe of old Mr. Ferguson. From my ladder against a cherry-tree, I was able to keep a general outlook over my motley forces, and we all made good progress till dinner, which, like the help we employed, we now had at twelve o'clock. Bagley and his children sat down to their lunch under the shade of an apple-tree at some distance, yet in plain view through our open door. Their repast must have been meager, judging from the time in which it was dispatched, and my wife said:

"Can't I send them something?"

"Certainly; what have you to send?"

"Well, I've made a cherry pudding; I don't suppose there is much more than enough for us, though."

"Children," I cried, "let's take a vote. Shall we share our cherry pudding with the Bagleys?"

"Yes," came the unanimous reply, although Bobsey's voice was rather faint.

Merton carried the delicacy to the group under the tree, and it was gratefully and speedily devoured.

"That is the way to the hearts of those children," said my wife, at the same time slyly slipping her portion of the pudding upon Bobsey's plate.

I appeared very blind, but asked her to get me something from the kitchen. While she was gone, I exchanged my plate of pudding, untouched as yet, for hers, and gave the children a wink. We all had a great laugh over Mamma's well-assumed surprise and perplexity. How a little fun will freshen up children, especially when, from necessity, their tasks are long and heavy!

We were startled from the table by a low mutter of thunder. Hastening out, I saw an ominous cloud in the west. My first thought was that all should go to the raspberries and pick till the rain drove us in; but Bagley now proved a useful friend, for he shambled up and said:

"If I were you, I'd have those cherries picked fust. You'll find that a thunder-shower 'll rot 'em in one night. The wet wont hurt the berries much."

His words reminded me of what I had seen when a boy,—a tree full of split, half-decayed cherries,—and I told him to go to picking at once. I also sent his eldest boy and Merton into the trees. Old Ferguson was told to get the grass

he had cut into as good shape as possible before the shower. My wife and Mousie left the table standing, and, hastening to the raspberry field, helped Winnie and Bobsey and the other Bagley child to pick the ripest berries. We all worked like beavers till the vivid flashes and great drops drove us to shelter.

Fortunately, the shower came up slowly, and we nearly stripped the cherry-trees, carrying the fruit into the house, there to be arranged for market in the neat peck-baskets with coarse bagging covers which Mr. Bogart had sent me. The little baskets of raspberries almost covered the barn floor by the time the rain began, but they were safe. At first, the children were almost terrified by the vivid thunder and lightning, but this phase of the storm soon passed, and the clouds seemed to settle down for a steady rain.

"'T is n't goin' to let up," said Bagley, after a while. "We might as well jog home now as any time."

"But you 'll get wet," I objected.

"It wont be the fust time," answered Bagley.

"The children don't mind it any more 'n ducks."

"Well, let's settle, then," I said. "You need some money to buy food at once."

"I reckon I do," was the earnest reply.

"There's a dollar for your day's work, and here is what your children have earned. Are you satisfied?" I asked.

"I be, and I thank you, sir. I'll go down to the store this ev'nin'," he added.

"And buy food only," I said, with a meaning look.

"Flour and pork only, sir. I've given you my hand on 't;" and away they all jogged through the thick-falling drops.

We packed our fruit for market, and looked vainly for clearing skies in the west.

"There's no help for it," I said. "The sooner I start for the landing the better, so that I can return before it becomes very dark."

My wife exclaimed against this, but I added:

"Think a moment, my dear. By good management we have here, safe and in good order, thirty dollars' worth of fruit, at least. Shall I lose it because I am afraid of a summer shower? Facing the weather is a part of my business; and I'd face a storm any day in the year if I could make thirty dollars."

Merton wished to go also, but I said:

"No. There must be no risks of illness that can possibly be avoided."

I did not find it a dreary expedition, after all, for I solaced myself with thoughts like these:

"Thirty dollars, under my wife's good management, will go far toward providing warm winter

clothing, or paying the interest, or something else."

Then the rain was just what was needed to increase and prolong the yield of the raspberry bushes, on which there were still myriads of immature berries and even blossoms. Abundant moisture would perfect these into plump fruit; and upon this crop rested our main hope.

From the experiences just related, it can be seen how largely the stress and strain of the year centered in the month of July. Nearly all our garden crops needed attention; the grass of the meadow had to be cured into hay, the currants and cherries to be picked, and fall crops, like winter cabbages, turnips, and celery, to be put in the ground. Of the latter vegetable, I set out only a few short rows, regarding it as a delicious luxury to which not very much time could be given.

Mr. Jones and Junior, indeed all our neighbors, were working early and late, like ourselves. Barns were being filled, conical hay-stacks were rising in distant meadows, and every one was busy in gathering nature's bounty.

We were not able to make much of the Fourth of July. Bobsey and Winnie had some fire-crackers, and, in the evening, Merton and Junior set off a few rockets, and we all said, "Ah!" appreciatively, as they sped their brief fiery course; but the greater part of the day had to be spent in gathering the ripening black-caps and raspberries. By some management, however, I arranged that Merton and Junior should have a fine swim in the creek, by Brittle Rock, while Mousie, Winnie, and Bobsey waded in sandy shallows, farther down the stream. They all were promised holidays after the fruit season was over, and they submitted to the necessity of almost constant work with fairly good grace.

The results of our labor were cheering. Our table was supplied with delicious vegetables, which, in the main, it was Mousie's task to gather and prepare. The children were as brown as little Indians, and we daily thanked God for health. Checks from Mr. Bogart came regularly, the fruit bringing a fair price under his good management. The outlook for the future grew brighter with the beginning of each week; for on Monday he made his returns and sent me the proceeds of the fruit shipped previously. I was able to pay all outstanding accounts for what had been bought to stock the place, and I also induced Mr. Jones to receive the interest in advance on the mortgage he held. Then we began to hoard for winter.

The Bagleys did as well as we could expect, I suppose. The children did need the "gad" occasionally, and the father indulged in a few idle, surly, drinking days; but, convinced that the man

was honestly trying, I found that a little tact and kindness always brought him around to renewed endeavor. To expect immediate reform and unvaried well-doing was asking too much of such human nature as theirs.

As July drew to a close, my wife and I felt that we were succeeding better than we had had reason to expect. In the height of the season we had to employ more children in gathering the raspberries, and I saw that I could increase the yield in coming years, as I learned the secrets of cultivation. I also decided to increase the area in this fruit by a fall-planting of some varieties that ripened earlier and later, thus extending the season and giving me a chance to ship to market for weeks instead of days. My strawberry plants were sending out a fine lot of new runners, and our hopes for the future were turning largely toward the cultivation of this delicious fruit.

Old Ferguson had plodded faithfully over the meadow with his scythe, and the barn was now so well filled that I felt our bay horse and brindle cow were provided for during the months when fields are bare or snowy.

Late one afternoon, he was helping me gather up almost the last load down by the creek, when the heavy roll of thunder warned us to hasten. As we came up to the high ground near the house, we were both impressed by the ominous blackness of a cloud rising in the west. I felt that the only thing to do was to act like the captain of a vessel before a storm, and make everything "snug and tight." The load of hay was run in upon the barn floor, and the old horse led with the harness on him to the stall below. Bagley and the children, with old Ferguson, were started off so as to be at home before the shower, doors and windows were fastened, and all was made as secure as possible.

Then we gathered in our sitting-room, where Mousie and my wife had prepared supper; but we all were too oppressed with awe of the coming tempest to sit down quietly, as usual. There was a death-like stillness in the sultry air, broken only at intervals by the heavy rumble of thunder. The strange, dim twilight soon passed into the murkiest gloom, and we had to light the lamp far earlier than customary. I never saw the children so affected before. Winnie and Bobsey even began to cry with fear, while Mousie was pale and trembling. Of course, we laughed at, and tried to cheer them; but even my wife was nervously apprehensive, and I admit that I felt a disquietude hard to combat.

Slowly and remorselessly the cloud approached, until it began to pass over us. The thunder and lightning were simply terrific. Supper remained untasted on the table, and I said:

"Patience and courage! A few moments more and the worst will be over!"

But my words were scarcely heard, so violent was the gust that burst upon us. For a few moments it seemed as if everything would go down before it, but the old house only shook and rocked a little.

"Hurrah!" I cried. "The bulk of the gust has gone by, and now we are all right!"

At that instant a blinding gleam and instantaneous crash left us stunned and bewildered. But as I recovered my senses, I saw flames bursting from the roof of our barn.

(To be continued.)



WHAT THE FLOWERS SAID.

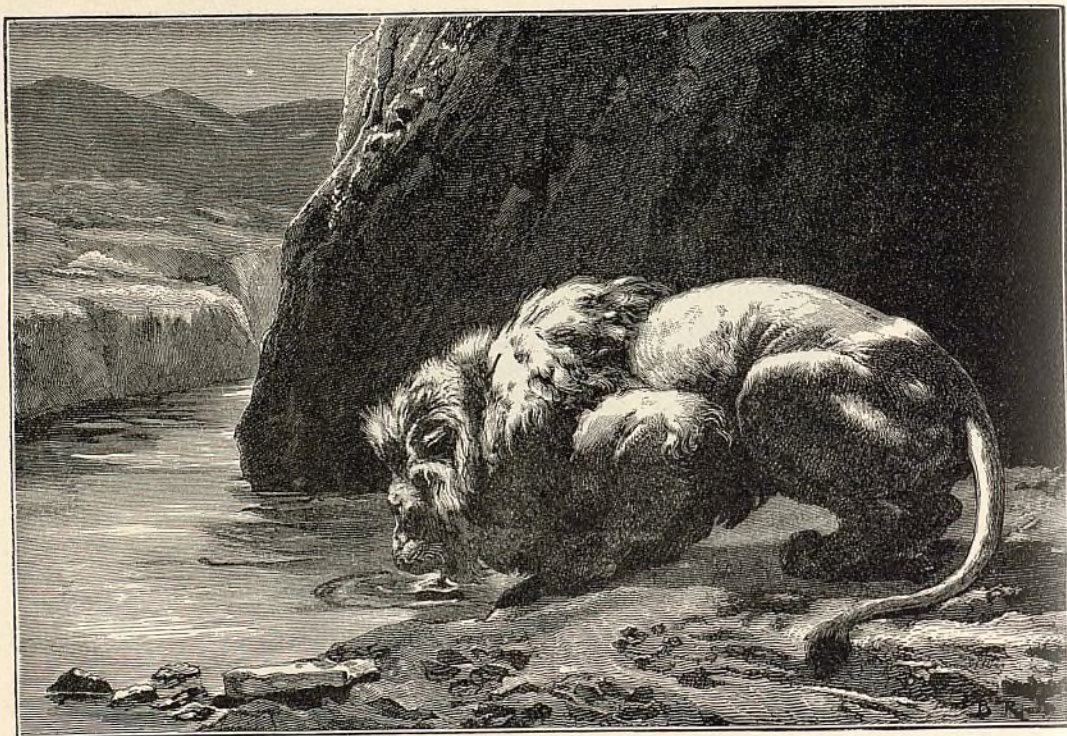
BY GRACE F. PENNYPACKER.

"HEY willow-waly! I wish I were a daisy,
A merry, laughing daisy," a little maiden sighed.
"Then hey willow-waly! when life is bright or hazy,
Keep a cheerful spirit," the daisy gay replied.

"Hey willow-waly! a buttercup I'd like to be,
A bright, golden buttercup," the little maiden sighed.
"Then hey willow-waly! little maiden, draw to thee
Life's golden sunshine," the buttercup replied.

"Hey willow-waly! that I could be a clover,
A sweet, crimson clover," the little maiden sighed.
"Then hey willow-waly! ere thy youth is over,
Treasure all its honey," the clover sweet replied.

"Hey willow-waly! if only I could be a rose,
A dainty, pretty, wild rose," the little maiden sighed.
"Then hey willow-waly! every little maid knows
How to be a rosebud," the dainty rose replied.



THE KING DRINKS.

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

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

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

V.—BEETHOVEN.

IN studying the lives of the various musicians included in this series, the musical work of each succeeding one seems richer and rarer than the last, so that each time we are tempted to exclaim anew, "Here is the noblest musician of them all." But if we were to explore the whole realm of music, we should always return to Beethoven as the greatest of the masters, the one supreme genius who has created the sublimest strains which have ever stirred the soul.

The early life of this great man, like that of so many geniuses, was far from happy. So obscure was his family that it was with some difficulty that the date of his birth could be ascertained. On December 16, 1770, Ludwig van Beethoven was born in the little village of Bonn, Germany. The

family were very poor, and the father, a cruel, dissipated man, was only anxious to make money out of his son's extraordinary power. When Ludwig was a very little boy, he always lingered by the piano when his father played, and his greatest happiness was to be taken on his father's lap and to be allowed to pick out a melody on the piano. When a little older and obliged to practice, he often worked, as so many of us have toiled, with tears in his eyes, and frequently had to be driven to the piano. The child's dislike to the instrument was probably owing to his father's unreasonable treatment, for in after-life no trouble nor care was too great for the master to spend over his beloved art.

Beethoven was sent for a time to a school, where he received instruction in Latin and some of the more common branches, but before long he gave

his whole attention to music. When at school he was very shy, making few friends, and always leaving them at a chance to hear a strain of music. Soon his gifts attracted the attention of Van den Eeden, organist to the court, who, out of love for his art, offered to teach the child. He laid the foundation of Beethoven's musical education by drilling him in the works of Sebastian Bach. The young pupil made marvelous progress on the organ and piano; in his eleventh year he could play Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier" with a power and ease beyond many of the first pianists. He had begun to compose when only nine, and in his fifteenth year he was appointed organist to the electoral chapel.

In 1787 Beethoven met Mozart at Vienna. After hearing the boy improvise, Mozart said: "Pay attention to him; he will make a noise in the world some day." At this time it needed no urging to induce Beethoven to play, but in after-life it was almost impossible in society to drive him to the piano.

In 1792 Beethoven again went to Vienna, then the center of all the musical culture in the German-speaking world; Mozart's influence still lived with the people; Haydn himself gave Beethoven instruction; and Mozart, Glück, Haydn and Bach were the idols of the nation. It was music, music, everywhere; it was part of the a-b-c of every one's education, and to hear the best music was almost as necessary to the cultivated people of that day as was a knowledge of the alphabet.

To Vienna, then, Beethoven traveled, there to perfect himself, and to win bread and fame. He left very warm friends in Bonn, who predicted the greatest success for their favorite. They even expected him to outshine Haydn and Mozart, so strongly had he inspired them with belief in his power. On arriving at Vienna, he placed himself under the tuition of Haydn, who set him to studying Bach's style, whom he calls the "patriarch of harmony."

Beethoven was, of course, very poor when he began his career in Vienna; but, though he lived in a wretched little garret, he soon attracted the attention of the most powerful people in the city. He had the most wonderful faculty for drawing people to him. It was something more than his music; for, as has been said, he was very reluctant to play for people; it was not owing to any charm of manner, as he was eccentric, and his behavior was often brusque even to rudeness. Yet he fascinated almost every one he met. Every one wished to be his friend and to remain his friend, in spite of any differences which might arise between them. His face, though full of strength and spirit, could not be called pleasing; he paid little attention to his

dress and outward appearance; he was extremely awkward in all his movements; yet he had the aristocracy of Vienna at his feet. Until now, an artist had been held by the nobility as little better than a servant, but Beethoven treated the peer and the peasant with equal ceremony, and by his course made it impossible for any artist to ever suffer such insolence from those above him in rank as musicians before his time had been compelled to bear.

In 1816 Beethoven began to keep house, and a sad kind of home he had. He was like a child in the hands of servants and landlords, and rarely found himself at peace with either. He constantly changed his lodgings, and seldom had time to get things settled in a house before it was necessary to move again. It was seldom that a servant staid more than a few weeks, and the house frequently took care of itself. His room was generally a model of confusion. Letters strewed the floor, and the remains of his last meal, sketches of his music, books and pictures covered the chairs and tables. Sometimes it would be weeks before he could discover a manuscript which he sorely needed. He broke nearly everything he touched, and sometimes upset the ink in the piano. He loved to bathe, and frequently would stand pouring water over his hands, shouting his music; if any musical idea occurred, he would rush to the table and note it down, splashing the water over everything in the room. Every day, whatever the weather, Beethoven took a long walk; he had his favorite haunts around the city, and nearly all his musical ideas came to him in the woods or meadows, amid the trees, the rocks and the flowers. He was never without a little book in which he wrote down any thought which seized him; and then at home the thought would grow into a song or a symphony. He thought no labor too great to spend on his art; from day-break till dinner at two o'clock, he worked steadily, always giving every care to the smallest detail; some one has said his symphonies arose like a plant or like a tree, and we think so ourselves when we find it was a common thing for him to rewrite a bar a dozen times, and in some instances altering it as many as eighteen times. After he had once finished a work, however, he could not be induced to change it. This is what might be called hard work, and when we remember that he supported himself by playing and giving lessons, we can see that his was a busy life. In his improvisations, he touched the deepest emotions of the heart. Czerny tells us that he drew tears from people, often forcing them to sob aloud. This power, he says, was due even more to his marvelous expression than to his ideas. What a picture he must have been when at dusk—his favorite hour

for playing—he flooded his little room with music; his face aglow with love of the strains which possessed him, his small body growing larger and larger till it seemed to match the size of the giant spirit within! He passionately loved everything connected with his art; the very instrument on which he played was sacred. In dedicating his many works, we never find him inscribing them with empty compliments to King or Prince, in order to receive position or money; he had consecrated himself to his art, and all his compositions were dedicated to loving friends or to lovers of music. With Beethoven, it was all for love.

Perhaps much of the effect he produced was due to his smooth, or *legato*, style of playing. He disliked the disconnected, or *staccato*, playing, which he called “finger dancing,” and said that only by *legato*-playing could the piano be made to sing. He always obliged his pupils to so place their hands on the key-board, that the fingers were raised as little as possible. His own fingers were broad at the ends, from long practicing. He was quiet and rapt when at the piano, rarely making a motion; but we are told that when conducting an orchestra, his movements were violent. At the *diminuendo* he would gradually crouch lower and lower, till he dropped entirely out of sight, rising slowly during the *crescendo*, when he would almost jump into the air. With his pupils he had the sweetest patience, repeating a correction over and over again; he would always forgive a wrong note, but woe to the unlucky pupil who failed to give the right expression to a phrase or bar, for this the master thought indicated a lack of soul, and this he would not forgive. He sometimes said that music would not make the true musician weep; it should strike *fire* from his eyes rather than tears; and surely it burned with unquenchable flame in his own fiery soul.

Early in his career he felt a terrible shadow creeping over his life, and at last he was forced to recognize that no help could avail to lighten it. A cruel and pathetic fate was now his, for he slowly found it more and more difficult to hear, until, in the year 1800, he became quite deaf. For a long time he struggled against his doom, keeping out of society, and growing more despondent. His anguish was so keen that he almost despaired; he would allow people to think he was rude or absent-minded, rather than ask them to repeat a remark. All through his later life he carried an ear-trumpet and a book and pencil. This affliction made it much less easy for people to talk with him, and drove him more and more to seek entire solitude. This, though the great, was by no means the only trouble that came upon him. He adopted a nephew

as his son, and made great sacrifices for his support and education; but the young man grew up ungrateful and dissipated, and was a source of sorrow to his benefactor as long as Beethoven lived. The deceptions practiced on him by this boy made him suspicious of others; and so we find him in constant difficulties with his friends. Knowing how true and loyal the master was at heart, they often endured much, rather than break with him; but sometimes the most loving could endure his treatment no longer, and withdrew their friendship. When he realized that he was in the wrong, Beethoven would overwhelm himself with reproaches, and make the most generous atonement for the mistakes he had made. He also suffered during his later years from a lack of appreciation, some of his works being played to empty houses; indeed, nothing seemed to go smoothly with him.

On the second of December, 1826, he rode with his nephew in an open carriage during a severe storm, and took a heavy cold. The youth was sent for a doctor, but, owing to the neglect of the wretched boy, the doctor did not arrive until some days after lung fever had set in, and it was too late to cure the patient. He died in much pain, while a furious storm was raging throughout the city. Schubert was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral.

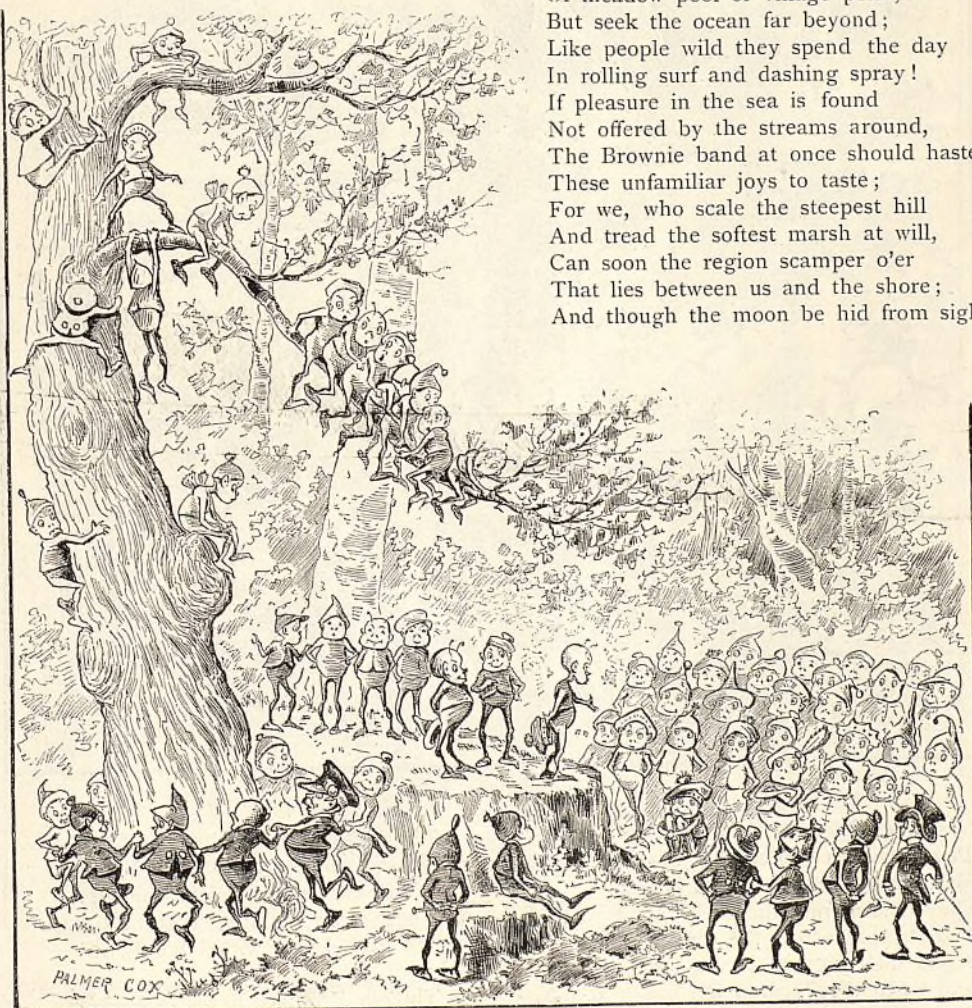
Few have been truer to an ideal than Beethoven. “Nothing is good,” he says, “but to have a beautiful, good soul which one recognizes in all things, and before which one need not hide oneself. One must be something if one would appear something.” His modesty equaled his genius. In dedicating his beautiful “Adelaide,” to the author of the poem, he begs to be forgiven for attempting to set such beautiful words to music, only wishing that he had the power to give a worthy frame to such poetry. He writes, shortly before his death: “I feel as if I had written scarcely more than a few notes;” and again he says: “I hope still to bring a few great works into the world.” This was worthy of the author of the nine eternal symphonies; eternal, for as long as music lives, so long the creations of Beethoven live. No school nor fashion can disturb their sway. He spoke to the heart; he *felt* from the heart; his sufferings sound in his music; it was necessary that he should suffer, or he could not have touched, as he has touched, every thought and emotion that can be expressed in music. Shut off from people, alone with his own suffering, sensitive spirit, he wrote the divine strains which have in them more of heaven than earth. Beethoven is to music what Michel Angelo is to sculpture, or what Shakespeare is to literature.

THE BROWNIES AT THE SEA-SIDE.

BY PALMER COX.

WITHIN a forest dark and wide,
Some distance from the ocean side,
A band of Brownies played around
On mossy stone or grassy mound,
Or, climbing through the branching tree,
Performed their antics wild and free.
When one, arising in his place
With sparkling eyes and beaming face,
Soon won attention from the rest,
And thus the listening throng addressed:

The saplings which we used to bend
Now like a schooner's masts ascend.
Yet here we live, content to ride
A springing bough with childish pride,
Content to bathe in brook or bog
Along with lizard, leech, and frog;
We're far behind the age you'll find
If once you note the human kind.
The modern youths no longer lave
Their limbs beneath the muddy wave
Of meadow pool or village pond,
But seek the ocean far beyond;
Like people wild they spend the day
In rolling surf and dashing spray!
If pleasure in the sea is found
Not offered by the streams around,
The Brownie band at once should haste
These unfamiliar joys to taste;
For we, who scale the steepest hill
And tread the softest marsh at will,
Can soon the region scamper o'er
That lies between us and the shore;
And though the moon be hid from sight



"For years and years, through heat and cold,
Our home has been this forest old;

And not a star adorn the night,
No torch nor lantern's ray we'll need,

To show our path o'er dewy mead,
The ponds and pitfalls in the swale,
The open ditch, the slivered rail,
The poison vine and thistle high
Are never hidden from our eye."

"And now," said one with active mind,
"What proper garments can we find?
In bathing costume, as you know,
The people in the ocean go."
Another spoke, "For such demands,



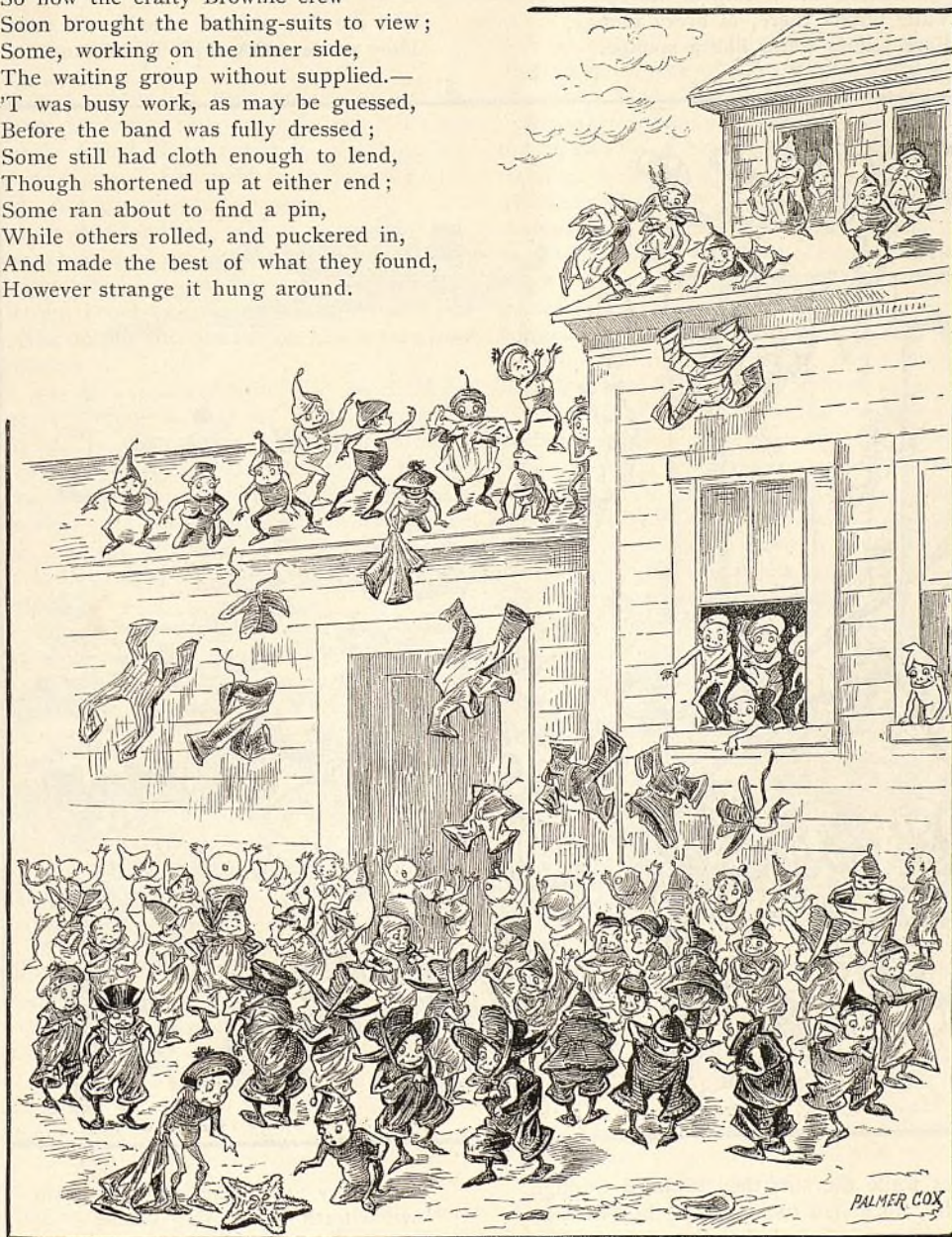
Next evening, as their plan they'd laid,
The Brownies gathered in the shade,
All clustered like a swarm of bees
They darted from the sheltering trees;
And straight across the country wide
Began their journey to the tide.
And when they neared the beach at last,—
The stout, the lean, the slow, the fast,—
'T was hard to say, of all the lot,
Who foremost reached the famous spot.

The building large that yonder stands,
As one can see on passing by,
Is full of garments clean and dry.
There every fashion, loose or tight,
We may secure with labor light."

Though Brownies never carry keys,
They find an entrance where they please;
And never do they chuckle more
Than when some miser bars his door;

For well they know that, spite of locks,
Of rings and staples, bolts and blocks,
Were they inclined to play such prank
He'd find at morn an empty bank.
So now the crafty Brownie crew
Soon brought the bathing-suits to view;
Some, working on the inner side,
The waiting group without supplied.—
'T was busy work, as may be guessed,
Before the band was fully dressed;
Some still had cloth enough to lend,
Though shortened up at either end;
Some ran about to find a pin,
While others rolled, and puckered in,
And made the best of what they found,
However strange it hung around.

A few began from piers to leap
And plunge at once in water deep,
But more to shiver, shrink, and shout
As, step by step, they ventured out;



Then, when a boat was manned with care
To watch for daring swimmers there,—
Lest some should venture, over-bold,
And fall a prey to cramp and cold,—

While others were content to stay
In shallow surf, to duck and play
Along the lines that people laid
To give the weak and timid aid.

It was a sight one should behold,
When o'er the crowd the breakers
rolled;—

One took a header through the wave,
One floated like a chip or stave,
While others there, at every plunge,
Were taking water like a sponge.

And well may Brownies bear in mind
The hills and vales they leave behind,
When far from native haunts they run,
As oft they do, in quest of fun.

But, ere they turned to leave the strand,
They made a vow with lifted hand



But while the surf they tumbled through,
They reckoned moments as they flew,
And kept in mind their homeward race
Before the sun would show his face.
For sad and painful is the fate
Of those who roam abroad too late;

That every year, when ripened grain
Invited forth the sighing swain,
And Autumn's sun with burning glow
Had warmed the ocean spread below,
They'd journey far from grove and glen
To sport in rolling surf again.

HIS ONE FAULT.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXV.

THOUGH much had been gained by the discovery of Dandy in responsible hands, Kit could not easily forego the satisfaction of taking him home, and saving his uncle much future trouble and loss in recovering his property.

Having abandoned the idea of "stealing" him, Kit began to meditate a different and hardly less audacious plan of accomplishing his purpose without letting Dandy go out of his sight. This he proceeded to put into practice on Eli's return from the village.

Eli was in excellent spirits,—in much better humor, Kit thought, than he would have maintained had he come home to find that his visitor had galloped away on his new horse. He had secured evidence corroborating Kit's story of the presence of the fruit-thieves in the oyster-saloon the evening before; all had been identified, and warrants were out for those not already in custody.

Mr. Badger, therefore, appeared well disposed toward one who had done him so important a service, and had been soundly cudged by him in the performance of it. So Kit found it easy to say:

"Don't you want to harness up your other horse this afternoon and take me home?"

"Must ye be goin'?" said Eli.

"I think so. But I'm not able to walk very far. I'll willingly pay you for your trouble."

"Since 't was my business that brought ye here, and my stick that welcomed ye," said Eli, with a grin, "I s'pose I can afford to carry ye home for nothin'. I reckon I ought to, under the succumstances."

Lydia was disappointed to learn that their guest was to leave them so soon.

"Though, if he mutht go," she said, approvingly, to her papa, "of courthe you ought to harness up and take him home."

Kit trembled lest Mrs. Badger should also approve of the plan, and so turn her husband against it. But having lately received some harsh rebuffs from the surly side of his nature, she fortunately kept quiet.

The boy still had doubts about the right horse being chosen for the expedition; and after dinner he went out to watch the harnessing, with the greatest solicitude. Lydia came tripping after,

and whispered something in her father's ear. The paternal part of him uttered a gentle growl of assent, and she ran back into the house.

Kit was too deeply absorbed in the horse question to give much heed to her at the time, notwithstanding the significant nod and sweet smile with which she favored him, glancing over her plump shoulder as she retired. He hardly dared utter a word until assured by Eli's movements that Dandy was to be driven that afternoon. Nor did he volunteer any remarks even then, being fearful of betraying his unbounded satisfaction.

He noticed that Mr. Badger put a second seat into the open buggy, as if it were necessary for a man of his bulk to have the forward seat entirely to himself. Kit's eyes took the measure of the broad back, and was carrying it along for comparison with the capacity of the seat, when the meaning of Lydia's secret errand and parting smile suddenly dawned upon him.

His conjecture was confirmed when he saw her presently come out of the house, in hat and mantilla, with a parasol under her arm, and drawing on a torn kid glove.

"I'm going with you; did you know it?" she said, with a happy glance at Christopher. "I thuppothe you wont object."

"Why should I?" replied Kit.

He was not, however, supremely delighted with the arrangement; not for any reason personally uncomplimentary to the fair Lydia, but because he deemed it just possible that, if Eli drove Dandy Jim to his uncle's premises, his friend might not have the horse to drive home again. In that case, Miss Badger's presence in the wagon, at the farther end of the journey, might add to Mr. Badger's embarrassment, and prove a fruitful source of unpleasantness.

He would have been glad to say good-bye to Mrs. Badger, who had been kind to him, and for whom, in her down-trodden state, he felt much sympathy. But as he was starting toward the house for that purpose, Eli called him back.

"Sayin' good-bye to *her* is n't of any consequence," he grumbled, in something like his marital tone of voice. "We must be off. It's a long drive to your place," he added, arranging the reins, as Kit helped Lydia into the buggy.

"Jump in," said Eli, seeing Kit hesitate. "Better take the hind seat with Liddy; there'll be more room."

"Ith n't it jutht thplendid!" she laughed, opening her parasol as Kit took his seat beside her.

"It suits *me*!" he replied, with a rather stern smile, thinking of the glory of returning to his uncle's house behind the stolen horse, after all his blunders and tribulations.

Then, as the vineyard was passed, where he had met with his latest mishaps, and the homeward road was struck at a brisk trot, he could hardly keep from laughing at the grouchy and unobliging Eli himself being induced to go with him and drive Dandy home to his lawful owner.

Lydia chatted and lisped vivaciously, as they rode along the country highways in the mild September weather. Eli bragged of his new horse, and named extravagant prices for him, increasing his figures as Dandy quickened his paces; the horse appearing to be aware of Kit's presence and of the fact that he was headed for home.

"If a horse could speak," thought Kit, "he might have spoilt my fun by neighing out when he first saw me this morning: 'Hello! Is that you, Kit? Where did you come from?'"

As it was, how little did Eli suspect the familiar acquaintance of boy and horse, or dream of the disagreeable surprise in store for him!

Kit had not, from the first, been quite at ease in his mind regarding the deception he was practicing. And we have seen how Miss Badger's proposal to add her plumpness to the load had cast an equivalent weight upon his conscience. But once on his way home, he silenced his scruples and indulged in jubilant thoughts of his well-earned triumph.

"I am not going home without Dandy Jim, after all! Once there, I'll leave Eli Badger and Uncle Gray to settle the matter of possession. Wont it be fun to stand by and see two such men glare at each other and contradict and fling adjectives over Dandy's back! Uncle's a match for Eli at that business; and he'll have the inside track,—his own horse on his own ground, and plenty of witnesses to prove property."

Kit chuckled at his own shrewdness, which he flattered himself was sufficient to atone for many blunders. Instead of the bungling operation of carrying evidence to Southmere and securing Dandy by legal process, here was the horse itself trotting comfortably back to East Adam and the premises where he belonged, from which not even Eli could venture to take him by violence after the owner's claim was duly shown.

Who could say that it was not a justifiable stratagem? Yet the more certain it seemed of success, the more seriously Kit began to consider the other side of the question. If it would have been wrong to ride Dandy off surreptitiously in the morning,

as he had been tempted to do, could the device he was now employing be altogether right?

"Eli will be mad enough to finish what the stick left of me last night," he thought. "And Lydia! What a traitor I shall appear in her eyes; taking advantage of their kindness in this way!"

For he felt that they had been really kind; nor could he pretend that all they were doing for him was justly his due for the blows of the hickory club the night before; remembering that it was quite as much to serve his own purpose as to befriend Eli, that he blundered into the vineyard to his hurt.

"I shall feel better," he reasoned, "if he will take pay for carrying me now. That would make it seem more like a fair transaction. He can't say then that he walked into my trap simply by way of doing me a favor. If I hire him, there's no favor about it; it's just a matter of business."

He waited for a good chance to introduce the subject; then, putting his hand into his pocket, he remarked:

"You have n't yet told me, Mr. Badger, what I am to pay you for this ride."

"What you're to pay?" said Eli. "Yes, I've told ye. Noth'n'. That's what I said, wa' n't it?"

"Thertainly it wath," declared Lydia. "Put up your money! Do, pleathe!"

"But I can't let you —" Kit began to remonstrate.

"You'll have to let me," said Eli. "What I say I stick to. What I'm doin' for you now, I'm doin' for no money. I'm doin' it coz you did me a good turn, and coz I've taken a notion to ye."

Kit still insisted, but he found Eli Badger as obstinate in the performance of a friendly action as he had the reputation of being in the more selfish concerns of life. The boy was at length obliged to put up his money, which, however, burned in his pocket, and proved an added burden to his soul.

Was it not, after all, a mean sort of trick he had resorted to, and would not an open, honest course have been better? What a return for Eli's goodness in carrying him home, to take away his horse when they should arrive there!

"As if the loss of the money he has paid for him would n't be enough," thought Christopher, "without so much extra trouble!"

He was not a boy to regard a matter of this sort very long from an exclusively selfish point of view. He had the spirit to perceive that Eli, too, had a claim, and that there was a medium ground of honor and justice. He was fearful of committing another blunder in the business, which had been too fruitful of blunders already; and yet it seemed to him,

before they had made half the journey, that he ought to tell Eli what was before him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

KIT grew strangely absent-minded, in the midst of Lydia's pleasant chatter, and at last she became silent. Then Eli remarked:

to know! Did n't see me there the first day, did ye?"

Kit could not remember that he had enjoyed that pleasure.

"Wal, I was off the last half of the afternoon," Eli resumed, "raisin' money to pay for this nag. I came near missin' my chance o' buyin' him, after all. It's lucky I did n't! How d' ye like the way he gets over the road? G'lang!" cracking his whip.



"'IS THIS THE HOSS?' DEMANDED ELI."

"It seems to me you took a deal of pains to go to the cattle-show, considerin' that there's no railroad direct from your place."

"Yes, I did; pains enough!" assented Christopher. "I don't think I should care to go again, in just the same way."

"It's a long jaunt," said Eli, "for a boy like you. Did n't walk all the way, did ye?"

"I walked, when I was n't lucky enough to get rides," replied Kit.

"I should think 't would have taken ye about all day to get over there and back to my place, let alone seein' the show," Mr. Badger remarked.

"I did n't — see much of it — the second day," faltered Kit.

"What! do ye mean to say ye were there both days?" said Eli, turning half around, and showing his square-built visage, in some surprise. "I want

"There's nothin' very bad about him, is there?"

"I have n't seen a horse lately that I'd rather be riding after," replied Christopher.

"Nor I!" chuckled Eli. "I did n't get back to the show till 't was just breakin' up, after the racin' was over; the feller that I'd bargained with had got tired o' waitin', and had harnessed the hoss into a wagon in place o' somebody's hoss that had been stolen. Ye might 'a' heard about that if you'd staid late enough. Some Duckford boys had lost their animal, and they made a great pow-wow about it."

"I must have left the ground just before the 'pow-wow,' as you call it," suggested Kit.

"They wanted me to lend 'em this hoss, to follow up their own; but I wanted to be gettin' home, to look after my grapes," said Eli. "I had him out of their harness in about forty winks, and

left 'em to shift for themselves. 'T was none o' my business to hunt for their lost hoss. Some said a little fellow in a white cap had just gone off with him."

Kit, in his base-ball cap, which had once been white, sat silent, thinking Eli might at any moment look around again and connect him with the adventure he was relating. Lydia was smiling upon him, as unsuspicious of his secret as if she had been accustomed to seeing such caps every day.

"Where did ye stop overnight?" Eli inquired.

"I went home to my uncle's to spend the night," Kit replied.

"Home to East Adam?" exclaimed Mr. Badger. "You don't say! I can't see why you did that if you wanted to be at the cattle-show the second day."

"I had a chance to ride," Kit explained, thinking what a ride it was, on the wrong horse! "And I thought my uncle's folks—for some reasons—would be anxious to see me."

He could hardly resist the impulse he felt to relate then and there the whole story of the horse which the unconscious Eli was driving with such unalloyed satisfaction. But while he was considering how to begin, Lydia changed the subject by inquiring, "What mak'th you live with your uncle'th folkth? Ith it a good home?"

"As good as I deserve, I suppose," said Kit, with rueful recollections of his recent troubles. "I have to work for my living, and I may as well do it there as anywhere. Though I'm not sure I shall stay much longer."

"Why tho?" Lydia inquired.

Not knowing just what his uncle's final intentions would be regarding him, Kit answered cautiously that he had some intention of looking for a place that might suit him better.

"How would our plathe thuit you?" she asked. "I've heard Pa thay many a time that he would like to engage a good thmart boy—young perthon," she corrected herself, with an admiring look at Christopher.

The thought of working for a man like Eli, of sitting daily at table with the Badger family and witnessing poor Mrs. Badger's martyrdom, he did not find enticing. But he answered diplomatically:

"I don't believe I am clever enough for him; I'm a very stupid fellow!"

"You—thtupid!" laughed the incredulous Lydia. "I gueth not! Ith he, Pa?"

"I calculate he's smart enough for me," said Eli. "I've been thinkin' about it myself. I want jus' such a boy; and if you'll come and try it with me for a while, and we both like it, I'll pay you good wages."

"Oh, wont that be thplendid!" cried the enthusiastic Lydia.

Thinking it might be useful to hold this proposal in reserve, Kit answered discreetly:

"You're very kind, considering how little you know of me. But, of course, I can't say what I can do, until I have talked with my mother and my uncle."

Lydia said: "I'm thertain we know you well enough!" while Eli meditated some moments before speaking what was in his mind. Then he said:

"I'd like to have you come, first-rate. But how is it? Seems to me there can't be much work to do at your home, or else your uncle's an indulgent sort of man, to let you go to the cattle-show twice within two days."

The moment for freeing his mind and setting himself right with those whom he had so deceived,—that fatal moment seemed to Christopher to have arrived; and he answered unhesitatingly:

"I had business in Peaceville, or I should n't have gone."

"Business?" queried Eli; "to take ye there two days hand-runnin'?"

"Yes," said Kit, "since I did n't quite succeed in it the first day."

"Your folks did n't have anything on exhibition, did they?" asked Eli; "you're in another county."

"We did n't exhibit anything; and yet"—Kit's voice trembled a little—"we had a horse there."

"How was that?" said Eli.

"I have n't told you," replied Kit, after a long breath, "that we—that my uncle—had a horse stolen, and I was in search of it."

Eli started. "A hoss stolen?" he asked, giving a quick backward glance at the boy behind him.

"I traced it to Peaceville," Kit continued, in a voice which his utmost resolution failed to keep steady. "I found it under one of the cattle-sheds at the fair. But when I went to take it, I—I took another horse by mistake."

Eli now turned completely about, and gave Kit and his base-ball cap an astonished look.

"You!" he exclaimed. "It can't be that you're the little fellow in the white cap I heard 'em tellin' about!"

"I suppose I am," said Kit, losing color, but speaking firmly. "They thought I meant to steal the horse I took. But I did n't; and I took it back to Mr. Benting, in Duckford, yesterday, as I can show by a paper in Mr. Benting's own handwriting."

"That's a strange story!" growled Eli Badger.

"It'th a perfect romanthe!" exclaimed Lydia, who did not yet see the full significance of it, as it dawned upon the dull paternal mind.

"What became of the hoss you were after?"

Eli demanded, in the tone he was accustomed to use in addressing the miserable Mrs. Badger at home.

"I hope you found it!" said the sympathizing Miss Lydia.

"Hold your tongue! you don't know what you're talking about!" cried her father, forgetting, for once, to change the stop of his vocal organ, and turn on the sweet sounds she usually called forth. Then, facing squarely about and glowering on Christopher, he said: "Tell me 'bout that hoss!"

"I got on his track again yesterday," Kit answered, not a little scared, but resolute still. "That, to be frank, Mr. Badger, was the business that took me so far out of the direct way home. The scamp had sold the horse to a man in your town, and I —"

Eli suddenly pulled rein.

"See here!" he exclaimed. "No nonsense with me! What sort of a hoss was he?"

Kit felt that the crisis had come. He answered with a frightened smile:

"Very much such a horse as you are driving, Mr. Badger."

Eli stopped Dandy short and poised his whip.

"Is this the hoss?" he demanded.

"The very horse!" replied Christopher.

"Goodneth grathiouth me!" almost shrieked the bewildered Lydia. "What a thingular coincidence!"

"Singular!" snarled Eli. "Why did n't ye tell me this before?" he exclaimed, looking savagely at Christopher, as if he would like to follow up with his whip (as poor Kit had anticipated) the little job his hickory stick had left incomplete the evening before.

"I ought to have done it," the boy began in some trepidation to explain. "But you gave me such a clubbing last night,—and told me this morning that you meant to keep the horse, in spite of anybody,—I did n't believe—I knew I could

n't get it; and I thought the best way would be to get you—to hire you—for I wanted to pay you, you know—to drive it over to my uncle's."

"Offered to pay me!" thundered Eli. "And did n't I refuse to take yer money?"

"You did," said Kit. "And that decided me to tell you the truth before you went any farther."

"I'm thertain that wath real honorable!" interposed Lydia.

"Real fiddlededee!" said her father. He reached back as if to clutch the boy who had so imposed upon his good-nature, muttering: "I've a notion to pitch you heels over head out of this buggy!"

"Let me get out and save you the trouble," Kit responded, promptly.

"No, no!" pleaded Lydia, clasping his arm; "thit thtill! If he throwth you out, I'll get out, too!"

"Let him stay, then, if he wants to!" said Eli, facing forward again, and seizing whip and reins.

"What are you going to do, Pa?" screamed Lydia.

"I'm going to drive back home, as fast as ever this hoss can snake us over the road," said Eli, backing and cramping the buggy toward the wayside fence.

"O Pa!" she persisted, "can't you listen to reathon?"

"Reason! Who has any?" retorted Mr. Badger.

"I'll settle this little difficulty!" cried Kit, preparing to jump out.

"O Pa!" still pleaded Lydia, "thtop jutht a minute, for my thake! wont you? You'll be thorry if you don't! You know he ith n't able to walk!"

And detaining Christopher with the hand which held her parasol, she reached over with the other and made a snatch at the reins.

Eli stopped.

(To be continued.)

THE JAPANESE CREEPING BABY.

BY DEWITT CLINTON LOCKWOOD.

OF STORIES TOLD
EITHER NEW OR OLD
ABOUT PERSONS AND THINGS, NOW MAYBE
YOU NEVER HAVE HEARD
OR READ A WORD
OF THE JAPANESE CREEPING BABY.

O-HO WAS HIS NAME
AND GREAT WAS HIS FAME
FROM SI-RO CLEAR DOWN TO KAT-SU;
FOR HE'D RATHER BE CREEPING
THAN EATING OR SLEEPING
OR ROLLING ABOUT IN HIS CAR OF BAMBOO.

BEFORE HE COULD TALK
OR BEGAN TO WALK
HE CREPT ALL THE WAY TO WO-SA-KI;
AND ONCE, IT IS SAID,
WHILE ALL WERE IN BED
HE WENT FROM U-GO TO I-WA-KI.

NOW THIS IS MOST STRANGE
IF INDEED IT IS TRUE,
YET I KNOW VERY WELL
YOUR MAMMA COULD TELL
JUST AS QUEER AND REMARKABLE THINGS
ABOUT YOU.

READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

NO. III.—A HOUSE-BUILDER.

I THINK the clothier is largely responsible for keeping our American boys from choosing the calling of an artisan. Years ago it was not uncommon to see a lad with a patch on his clothes, but nowadays, not even poor boys wear patched clothing. An outfit is so cheap, compared with former times, and our enterprising clothing merchants keep their wares so persistently and temptingly before the public, that a boy demands a change of raiment quite as often as does his father.

The boy who wishes to be a house-builder can not, while he works, wear fine clothes; he can not carry a cane and be a little dandy. He may not, in the first years of his work, look as attractive as a dry-goods clerk or a book-keeper,—that is, from a clothes-horse point of view,—but I think that in his old age, if he has been found fitted for his task, and has worked hard at it, not only his clothes, but his whole surroundings would appear so prosperous as to surprise the clerk or book-keeper he may have envied in his early days. This matter of clothes seems to be the only objection I can find against a boy's learning to be a house-builder. And so, at the outset, if he wishes to enter that occupation, let him brush this objection aside. Let him make up his mind not to heed the laughter and sneers of his foolish young friends, as they comment on his overalls and his dinner-pail, or twit him with "learning a trade." Let him, in fact, keep one thought in view,—his determination to be a house-builder; and let all his energies be bent toward its accomplishment.

If you wish to be a house-builder, you must learn one of two trades—you must be a mason or a carpenter. Let us suppose you start as a mason. This should not be later than your seventeenth year. You must have a good constitution, and be able to endure fatigue and exposure. Great strength is not such a requisite as good general health and the ability to bear climatic changes. The best workmen are those who have begun young. To be a successful builder, you must work in or near some large city. You might succeed by "jobbing," and occasionally have better work than that in the country; but the best place for a mason is where the people and the houses are. And you

must, for the term of four years, be apprenticed to the man with whom you are to learn the trade. You will be required to sign a document called an "Apprentice's Indenture." This paper, so important to all parties concerned, binds the young apprentice to faithfully serve his employer for a specified term of years, to be honest, industrious, careful, and obedient, and to hold himself subject to his employer's orders and wishes; it binds the employer to teach or instruct the apprentice in all the "mysteries of the craft," to provide board, lodging, and medical attendance, and to furnish a written certificate of character and ability at the close of such apprenticeship.

This paper, or "Indenture," must be signed by the employer, the apprentice, and the apprentice's parent or legal guardian.

In former times apprentices were, I believe, occasionally treated rather roughly, but all that is changed now. Indeed, the system is not in vogue in some sections of the country; and where it is enforced it is on account of the trades-unions, which insist that each one who enters the craft shall be thoroughly instructed. But it will take the same length of time to learn the trade, whether you are apprenticed or not.

The young mason starts, trowel in hand,—his first effort being to "fill in" between the front and back rows of brick. This, of course, is quite easy, and in a few weeks he will be able to "back up" or lay brick on the back row. After learning that, he will be allowed to work on the front row. The more difficult parts of the mason's trade are the doing of fancy brick-work on the fronts of buildings, the "carrying up" of the corners, and bad angles. It will be some years before a young man is fully competent in all these branches. Then, as he grows older (having in mind all the time that he wishes to be a builder), the apprentice will make himself competent to lay out work from the plans of the architect. This requires a practical knowledge of arithmetic. A friend of mine is a very prosperous builder. He had only an ordinary school education, and, like many boys, carried away but few of the rules of arithmetic. When he became a "boss" builder, however, he was obliged continually to make calculations on the cost of work, on the price of material,

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and the expense attendant on great amounts of labor. He told me he could work out all the problems, in his own "common-sense way," as he called it, on half the amount of paper that his son would require, and in a much shorter space of time. His son had graduated at a public school and was considered particularly well qualified in mathematics. Now, I do not mean to give my boy readers the impression that their school arithmetic should be neglected, but rather to suggest that they should often put their school-book knowledge of that science to a *practical* test, so that if they become builders, or engage in any other calling where such knowledge is requisite, they will be able to easily and quickly solve such problems as may arise.

After the apprentice has served his four years (having, if possible, learned, in addition to the regular trade, how to set stone), he should strive to become a foreman for some large builder. In that position he will have charge of the men, see that they do their work according to the directions laid down, and he must keep their "time." Sometimes, when the gang of men employed is small, he himself might be obliged to help in the more difficult work. It would be an advantage to hold such a position for four or five years, for during that time he would be engaged in large enterprises and continually learning something, while he would also be making acquaintances with architects who might some day, when he comes to be a contractor, be of great service to him. As an apprentice he will have been receiving \$4.00 a week during the first year, and \$6.00 a week during the second. The wages during the last two years of apprenticeship are a matter of agreement between employer and apprentice—during the third year the rate would probably be \$1.75 a day, and during the fourth year \$2.00 a day. A journeyman mason's wages in the vicinity of New York City are \$4.00 a day.

And now he is ready to be a contracting house-builder; that is, when bids are asked from builders for the construction of any building, he can send in his bid, and take his chances with others in getting the job. The contract is usually awarded to the lowest bidder.

Here is the method, in detail, of building a house: A man owns a piece of ground and desires to erect one or more buildings. He goes to an architect, who draws up a plan and specifications. The plan is a diagram, showing the positions and sizes of the various rooms; the specifications describe minutely the quality of all the materials to be used, from the cellar to the top story. Then a "contract," or legal agreement, is drawn, to be signed by the contractor; and this being shown to

such contractors as desire to compete for the work, the one who makes the lowest bid, agreeing that he will supply the material and do the work according to the contract, usually gets the job. Then the contractor (perhaps our young mason who has now served his time and is at last a boss builder) makes sub-contracts with other men; he contracts with one for excavating the cellar, with another for blue-stone, with another for brown-stone, with another for iron-work, with others for mantels, heaters, ranges, furnaces, and other things, all of which come under the mason's contract.

Another contract is given to the carpenter, who has his branch of the work to attend to. The original contractors—the mason and the carpenter—pursue the same course that was taken with them: they give the sub-contract to the lowest bidder. Then the work is begun.

And here you will notice the value of the experience which the young mason will have acquired during those four or five years he has been acting as foreman. If, as masons very often take large contracts, he now has a host of men under him, he must see that they do their work properly; that they furnish good materials, and in the proper quantity. If he has worked as foreman for an employer, on big jobs, he has been obliged to take this same oversight. Now that he is his own "boss," he has confidence in his own judgment, because it is founded on *experience*; and experience, you know, is said to be the best teacher.

There is little more to be said about the mason. It may interest you to know, however, that by this time he has cast off his overalls and ceased to carry a dinner-pail. He dresses and acts like any ordinary business man. He may have an office on a business street, or he may simply have a sign on his house, giving his name, and stating that he is a house-builder. What he has to do now is—to get contracts. He will not get them by sitting still and waiting. He must make acquaintances, keep informed concerning new buildings that are to be erected in his neighborhood, "drop in" occasionally on the architects with whom he has become acquainted, and "see what is going on," and, above all, he must keep himself thoroughly informed as to the price of labor and the cost of the various materials and articles which enter into his contracts, so that he will always be able, at almost a moment's notice, to give an estimate for any work he may be asked to do.

Boys who wish to learn the carpenter's trade are seldom apprenticed, but they are "bound," which is about the same thing. They begin at about the age of seventeen, and work three years with their employer. The first year they do not learn

much more than how to use the tools; and it is needless to say that a boy, to succeed as a carpenter, must have a taste for mechanical pursuits, and possess considerable bodily strength. As for work, during the first year the young carpenter might have to put up fences, set partitions, and do other rough work. In the second year he will do finer work, such as putting up trimmings. In the third year he completes the technical part of the knowledge required. It is much easier to learn the trade than formerly, because so many articles used in building are now manufactured, and can be bought ready-made. The work is not as heavy as it used to be, and therefore less strength is required.

After his three years' service, the carpenter becomes a journeyman; that is, he works for "boss" builders. When he has had three or four years of such experience, he will probably wish to start for himself as a "boss" carpenter. Then he will gain considerable knowledge of the building art, and will soon be able to take contracts for building. He will commence at first on small houses and dwellings; then gradually, as his reputation for good work becomes known, he will obtain large contracts. Having once obtained a good reputation, his road to fortune is almost certain. There is one advantage that the carpenter has over the mason: he can have his shop, and be sure of a steady income all the time from job-work. On the other hand, the "boss" masons, though they do not do any "jobbing," as a rule, get larger contracts. Sometimes a contract for the whole work is given to the mason, and he employs all the help needed, including the carpenter; sometimes the carpenter gets the contract, and employs the mason. In large buildings two contracts are generally made, —one by the mason for his part of the work, and the other by the carpenter for his part.

The wages of a boy learning the trade are, during the first year, \$4.00 a week; \$5.00 a week during the second, and \$6.00 a week during the third year. The wages of journeymen carpenters fluctuate. At the present time they are from \$3.00 to \$3.50 a day. During the past ten years they have ranged from \$2.50 to \$3.50. There is always plenty of work for skilled workmen. I know of men who have worked at the trade for fifteen years, and during that time have never lost a day except from sickness.

I said that a mason should learn his trade in the city. In the case of a carpenter, he can learn his calling in the country, and it will be no disadvantage to him. Let him not, however, stay there more than three years; he should then come to "town" to learn the finer branches of his craft. If

he wishes to be a house-builder on a large scale, he must, of course, live in a large town or city.

It might seem possible that in cities the business of house-building would soon cease to be profitable, on account of the rapidity with which the vacant spaces are built upon. But that is not the fact. In the first place, there is always a great deal of building in the outlying districts. No American city is yet so large that it has not a vast amount of territory still to be covered with buildings. Then, again, old buildings in the thickly settled parts of the town are continually being torn down, and new ones put up in their places. Warehouses that, ten or fifteen years ago, were considered quite grand, and which show no signs of decay, are ruthlessly demolished and replaced with huge structures of marble or granite, to meet the increasing demands of trade. So a good house-builder usually finds enough to do in any large city.

One word of suggestion to the house-builder, whether he be a mason or a carpenter: let him, in money matters, be a man of his word. If he is asked to pay a bill, let him never say that he will pay it next week when he knows he can not pay it until the week after. In other words, let him be slow to make promises, but, when he does make them, let him keep them to the letter.

The trades in our country, of late years, have been almost monopolized by foreigners. The American boy, however, when he does take a trade, goes straight on to the top of the ladder. Yet the majority of successful house-builders here are foreigners, simply because so large a number of them become masons and carpenters. It seems as if American boys would rather be fourth-rate lawyers, or physicians, than earn their living by working with their hands. Only the other day I read in a New York newspaper of a young lawyer in a distant city, whom I knew some years ago when I resided in that section of the country, who literally starved to death. He made scarcely any money, was too proud to tell of his want, lived as long as he could on crackers and water, and was found one day in his office, dead from lack of nourishment. He should never have entered the legal profession, for he had no ability in that direction. As a farmer or a mechanic he might have lived a long, useful, and successful life.

No boy, of course, should enter a trade unless he feels himself fitted for it; but, on the other hand, he should not, it seems to me, let the false pride against manual labor, which now prevails to such a wide extent in our country, prevent him from endeavoring to do better work with his hands than in his inmost thoughts he knows that he can do with his head.

The Great Blue Heron

(A Warning)



by
Celia
Thaxter.

THE Great Blue Heron stood all alone
By the edge of the solemn sea,
On a broken boulder of gray trap-stone
He was lost in a reverie.

And when I climbed over the low rough wall
At the top of the sloping beach,
To gather the drift-wood great and small
Left scattered to dry and to bleach,

I saw, as if carved from the broken block
On which he was standing, the bird,
Like a part of the boulder of blue-gray rock;
For never a feather he stirred.

I paused to watch him. Below my breath,
"O beautiful creature!" I cried,
"Do you know you are standing here close to
your death,
By the brink of the quiet tide?"

"You can not have heard of the being called
Man —
The lord of creation is he;
And he slays earth's creatures wherever he
can,
In the air or the land or the sea.

"He's not a true friend of your race! If he sees
Some beautiful, wonderful thing

That runs in the woodland, or floats in the
breeze
On the banner-like breadth of its wing,

"Straight he goes for his gun, its sweet life to
destroy,
For mere pleasure of killing alone.
He will ruin its beauty and quench all its joy,
Though 't is useless to him as a stone."

Then I cried aloud: "Fly! before over the sand
This lord of creation arrives
With his powder and shot, and his gun in his
hand
For the spoiling of innocent lives!"

Oh, stately and graceful and slender and tall,
The Heron stood silent and still,
As if careless of warning and deaf to my call,
Unconscious of danger or ill.

"Fly! fly to some lonelier place, and fly fast!
To the very north pole! Anywhere!"
Then he rose and soared high and swept east-
ward at last,
Trailing long legs and wings in the air.

"Now perhaps you may live and be happy," I said;
"Fly, Heron, as fast as you can!
Put the width of the earth and the breadth of
the sea
Betwixt you and the being called Man!"

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

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

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER XX.

RESTRAINT.

ANY boy who has been connected with a debating society, either, at school or among his home associates, knows how necessary to the proper government of such a society are the rules of order and debate which are known as parliamentary rules or procedure. That men are but children of a larger growth is recognized by both bodies of Congress, as is shown by the numerous guards which they have established against disorder. The rules of the Senate, regulating decorum and debate, provide that—

The Presiding Officer shall name the senator who is to speak, and in all cases the senator who shall first rise and address the Chair shall speak first.

To prevent confusion and altercations, it is required that—

Every senator, when he speaks, shall address the Chair, *standing in his place*.

And that—

No senator shall speak to or interrupt another senator in debate without his consent; and to obtain such consent he shall first address the Chair.

If any senator, *in speaking or otherwise*, transgress the rules of the Senate, the Presiding Officer *shall*, or any senator *may*, call him to order.

And, in the event of a senator being called to order for transgressing the rules of the Senate, it is emphatically stated that—

He shall sit down, and shall not proceed without leave of the Senate, which leave, if granted, shall be upon motion that he be *allowed to proceed in order*; which motion shall then be in order and be determined without debate.†

And, finally:

No senator shall speak *more than twice* upon any one question in debate on the same day without leave of the Senate, which shall be determined without debate.

Such are the provisions of four standing rules of the Senate, which, for convenience, I have dissected and transposed. The standing regulations of the House of Representatives on this subject are embodied in one long rule, which reads as follows:

RULE XIV.

OF DECORUM AND DEBATE.

1. When any member desires to speak or deliver any matter to the House, he shall rise and respectfully address himself to "Mr. Speaker," and, on being recognized, may address the House *from*

any place on the floor or from the Clerk's desk, and shall confine himself to the question under debate, avoiding personality.

2. When two or more members rise at once, the Speaker shall name the member who is first to speak; and no member shall occupy *more than one hour* in debate on any question in the House or in committee, except as further provided in this rule. * * *

4. If any member, *in speaking or otherwise*, transgress the rules of the House, the Speaker *shall*, or any member *may*, call him to order; in which case he shall *immediately sit down*, unless permitted, on motion of another member, to explain, and the House shall, if appealed to, decide on the case, without debate; if the decision is in favor of the member called to order, he shall be at liberty to proceed, but not otherwise; and, *if the case require it, he shall be liable to censure or such punishment as the House may deem proper.*

5. If a member is called to order for words spoken in debate, the member calling him to order shall indicate the words excepted to, and they shall be taken down in writing at the Clerk's desk and read aloud to the House. * * *

6. No member shall speak *more than once* to the same question without leave of the House, unless he shall be the mover, proposer, or introducer of the matter pending, in which case he shall be permitted to speak in reply, but not until every member choosing to speak shall have spoken.

7. While the Speaker is putting a question or addressing the House *no member shall walk out of or across the hall*, nor, when a member is speaking, *pass between him and the Chair*; and during the session of the House *no member shall wear his hat, or remain by the Clerk's desk during the call of the roll or the counting of ballots, or smoke upon the floor of the House*; and the sergeant-at-arms and doorkeeper are charged with the strict enforcement of this clause.

You can not fail to notice how much more strict are the rules of the House than those established by the Senate. The latter body apparently is unwilling to assume that it is *possible* for a senator to be guilty of wearing his hat or smoking upon the floor of the Chamber, and it therefore makes no express provision on that subject; and, as a matter of fact, they always do retire to the cloak-rooms when they wish to smoke.

One provision common to both bodies is generally enforced. It is made the imperative duty of the presiding officer to call a senator or representative to order when guilty of a transgression of the rules. Of course, many things might occur which would be contrary to decorous notions, and yet for which the standing rules fail to provide. In such cases, each House tacitly recognizes the right of its presiding officer to apply the general principles which regulate the proceedings of parliament and obtain in other deliberative assemblies. These unwritten rules declare it to be a violation of order for a member of one branch of Congress to refer to any action in the other branch, or to address a fellow-member by name, and the slightest

† That is, must be voted upon at once, without being spoken for or against, by either side.

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tendency toward their infringement is, I may say, instantly checked by the President of the Senate.

But while it is also improper, according to parliamentary decisions, to walk across the room, "or to walk up and down, or to take books or papers from the table, or write there," these injunctions are not, as a rule, enforced.

The most noticeable difference between the standing rules of the two Houses is the limitation upon debate. In the Senate, there is only one restriction—a senator shall not, without leave, speak on any one question in debate *more than twice on the same day*. Having obtained the floor, however, he might continue speaking as long as he pleased.

The rule of the House is positive and emphatic—no member (subject to the "exceptions" noted) shall, without leave, speak *more than once to the same question*, nor shall he *occupy more than one hour*. Some such restriction is absolutely necessary in so large a body; for, if each member were to speak one whole day on the same subject, the House would be obliged to sit every day in the year, in order to pass a single bill!

But there is another feature of still more importance,—a feature not existing in the Senate, but greatly valued by the majority in the House. I mean the *previous question*. Upon a call for the *previous question*, all discussion and amendments are instantaneously ended, and, if ordered by a majority of the members present, the House is brought at once to a vote on the "main question," which is pending. It will thus be seen that the *previous question* enables a majority at any time to "put the minority to silence by a prompt and final vote on the main question." This power of the majority, therefore, may seriously interfere with the "rights" of the minority, of which I shall speak in the following chapter.

It is admitted, on every side, that the rules of the House in regard to the transaction of business often hinder rather than aid legislation, and the number of "points of order" that may be raised under these rules is really bewildering. Since this story was begun, and while in Washington in search of some statistics, I met a certain official reporter of debates, who, from his long experience, is very good authority. We chanced to mention some of the rules of the House, when he suddenly said to me: "Let me tell you something. *Two-thirds* of the time of the House is consumed in the discussion of *points of order*! Note that in your series." It is noted.

Altogether, there is no particular danger to the republic because speeches by members of the House are limited to one hour.

CHAPTER XXI.

OBSTRUCTION.

IN the government of all enlightened nations, there are numerous restrictions upon the power of superior numbers, who, without these restraints, might utterly disregard the rights of their weaker opponents. These checks are not based upon mere sentiments of chivalry and magnanimity—they are founded upon the loftier rule of justice. Their object is to protect "the rights of minorities," and this protection is, in one important regard, clearly secured by the Constitution of the United States.

The fifty millions of people who constitute this nation are people of all classes and conditions, and with varied and (in many respects) conflicting interests and views; and it is but proper, and in accordance with our republican system, that these various classes shall be represented in the administration of their common government. It is because there is *not* perfect agreement of interests and views upon the part of the people that differences and dissensions occur among their representatives in Congress.

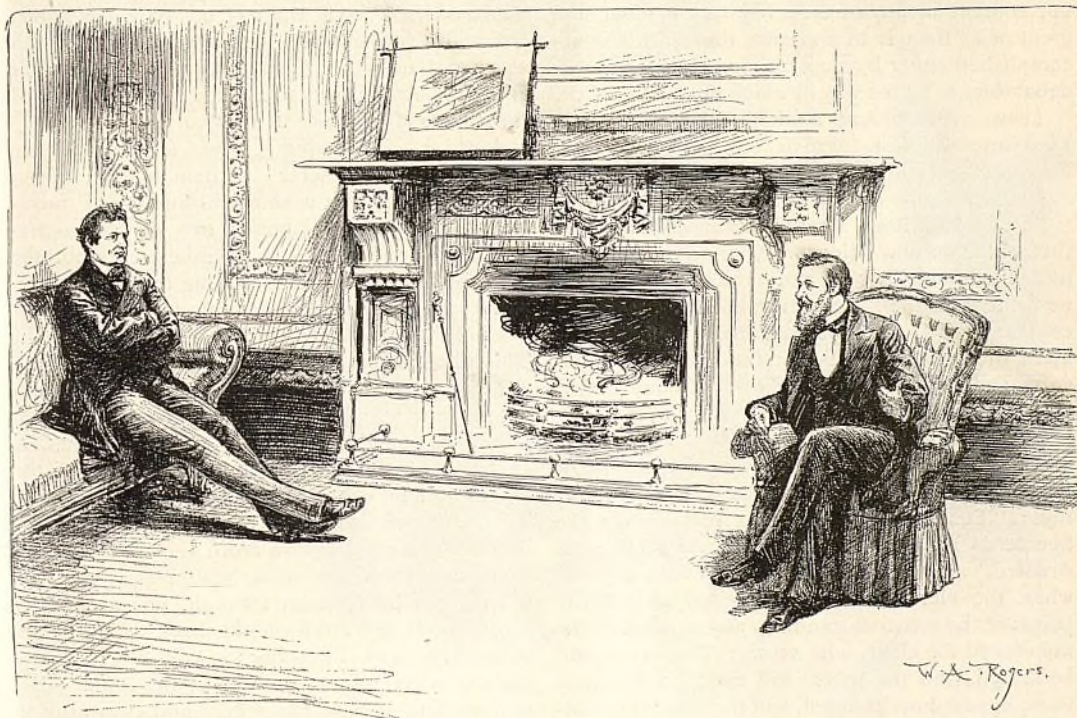
There is no absolute protection for the minority in mere "rules of proceedings," for rules can be suspended, modified, or amended at any time by the majority of the body that has established them, and thus a large majority might ride rough-shod over the interests of the minority. Although the standing rules of each House provide for the expression of all shades of opinion concerning a matter under discussion, the majority of each House, when pressed for time, or in other emergencies, and when deemed expedient in order to insure or facilitate the legislation which they desire enacted, destroy even these "standing rules" by enacting certain *temporary* orders. In such a predicament, when a measure objectionable to the minority is brought forward and is attempted to be put through by the majority in power, the minority have but one recourse—to fight it by motions and arguments intended solely to cause delay and consume time, and by thus reducing the struggle to a question of mere physical endurance, to wear out their opponents and force them to abandon the attempt, or continue the fight until the hour of twelve o'clock strikes on the 4th of March and sounds the death-knell of the Congress and of all the measures which belonged to it. These dilatory tactics are known in the technical language (or rather "slang") of parliamentary procedure as "filibustering."

When the "filibusters," or, as they are styled by their more dignified antagonists, "obstructionists," think proper to adopt this line of action, resort is had to various devices to consume time.

The chief rules that are singled out and utilized for filibustering purposes, are those respecting adjournment. Naturally, the primary object of a filibustering movement, if it is evident that the majority intend to push the measure to a final vote, is to terminate the proceedings by an adjournment for the day, and then do the same thing over again should the effort be continued upon re-assembling. Now, it is manifestly proper that the *majority* should always have it within *their* power to terminate their sessions whenever they see fit, as otherwise they would be at the mercy of the *minority*.

"to take a recess," "to proceed to the consideration of executive business," "to lay on the table," etc. The way these motions are used in filibustering would be somewhat as follows:

Suppose it is five o'clock on Monday afternoon, and that filibustering is going on in the Senate. A senator belonging to the minority moves to adjourn. The majority, of course, are bent on reaching a final vote on the pending question, and are determined to "sit it out." By force of greater numbers, they promptly defeat the motion. Then the same or another obstructionist moves to take a recess until



ONE OF THE CORNERS OF THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES: A GOOD PLACE FOR A QUIET CHAT.

Hence it is that the motion to adjourn takes precedence over all other motions, and is always in order; except, of course, when a vote is being taken or when a speaker has the floor and refuses to be interrupted, in which two cases *no* motion can be entertained. But if a motion is made to adjourn and is defeated, "some other business must intervene" before it can be renewed. Next to a motion "to adjourn" in order of precedence, during the pendency of a question, come motions

seven o'clock. This is also defeated. Then the minority move again to adjourn. Also defeated.

Then a motion is made to do something else,—perhaps to go into executive session (although there may not be any executive business on hand!) or to adjourn to Wednesday, or take a recess until eight o'clock that evening.* Any or all of these motions are made and defeated. The motion to adjourn is renewed with the same result, then comes the motion for recess (lost), then to adjourn,

* They had an unusual amount of filibustering in the House of Representatives last session, wasting day after day of valuable time. Both parties were very stubborn, but the minority finally prolonged the matter so near to the 4th of March that the majority had to "give in." One evening, among a goodly number of other filibustering motions, it was moved to take a recess until a certain hour that night—say twelve o'clock. The "call of the House" for a quorum, or some other matter that intervened, consumed nearly the whole of the night without a vote being taken on the motion, and the curious spectacle was presented of the members of the House, at *two* (2) o'clock in the morning deliberating whether they should adjourn at *twelve* (12) o'clock that night,—that is, *go back* and adjourn, *two hours before!*

(also lost), to take a recess, to adjourn, to take a recess, to adjourn, to take a recess, to adjourn,—that is the way it goes, and that's *filibustering*!

A motion to adjourn, or to take a recess, or to proceed to executive business, or to lay a matter on the table is not debatable. Accordingly, when such a motion is made, a vote must be taken upon it at once; and, if decided by a simple *viva voce* vote, which does not take a minute, no advantage is gained, and the minority would soon tire *themselves* instead of their opponents by making motions every other minute or so. This would never do, of course, for, if the majority will not consent to any of these dilatory motions, the great point then is to consume time. This is accomplished either by making some motion that is debatable, or by the way in which the vote is taken.

There are different modes of taking a vote. First and simplest, there is the *viva voce* vote. Suppose a motion is made to adjourn, the presiding officer stands up and puts the question thus: "The senator from North Carolina moves that the Senate do now adjourn. Those in favor of the motion will say 'aye';" and then he pauses for a moment while the minority respond, after which he continues: "Those opposed will say 'no,'" whereupon the majority instantly thunder forth their vote, and the presiding officer, without taking breath, concludes: "The noes have it, and the Senate refuses to adjourn."

A second way of voting is by "division" or "count," and if demanded, the presiding officer says: "Senators in favor of the motion that the Senate do now adjourn, will rise and stand until counted," and then he takes his seat for a moment while the clerk takes a lead-pencil and slowly points at the senators standing, and announces the number to the chair, who says: "The 'ayes' will be seated, and the 'noes' will rise." Thereupon those opposed are counted, and the vote is then announced. In the House, the Speaker does the counting. He grasps the mallet-end of his gavel, and rapidly shakes the handle at the throng. It used to delight me to watch Speaker Blaine go through that performance. He could move the gavel as fast as a sleight-of-hand man. Of course the Speaker endeavors to count only members of the House, but in the confusion and rapid counting, he is liable to count other persons whom he observes standing, without looking to see who they are, and we pages took advantage of such times to distinguish ourselves. I have often been in the

House, with a troop of Senate pages, all bent upon fun or mischief; and during a count, when everything was in disorder, we would jump up on vacant chairs or other articles of furniture to render us as tall as men, and thus insure our being counted in the vote. I have no doubt I have thus helped to decide many important questions of interest to the American people. I may also add that we also often voted in the Senate. When the Senate had been in session until late at night, or even during the afternoon when we were tired out, we have many a time voted "aye" on a *viva voce* vote to adjourn and thus increase the noise. And we considered such conduct not only justifiable, but really praiseworthy, believing that, inasmuch as by parliamentary rule a motion to adjourn was always *in order*, it necessarily and logically followed that it was always *time* to adjourn.

A third way of voting, often followed in the House, is by "tellers." A demand for tellers, being supported by a sufficient number of members, the Speaker appoints two of the representatives (generally the member making the demand and the member leading the opposition), and they walk from their seats to the "area of freedom" in front of the desk and shake hands. This hand-shaking is always gone through with, although a few moments before the members designated for it may have been rather angry at each other. Then the Speaker notifies the members in favor of the motion to "pass between the tellers and be counted;" whereupon the minority (for I am assuming that all this voting is pure filibustering) swarm down the aisles leading from their seats and mass themselves around the tellers, who hurry them through, one at a time, giving each one a tap on the back as he passes through, by way of keeping the tally, the members passing between them surging up the center aisle, or crowding around the tellers and returning to their seats the shortest way. Then those opposed to the motion pass between and are counted, and the tellers report the result to the Speaker, who in turn announces it to the House.

The first two of these methods are common to both bodies,* and the third is peculiar to the House alone. This last mode necessarily consumes considerable time, but the other methods are comparatively brief. But the Constitution puts into the hands of the filibusters still another formidable weapon,—“the demand for the yeas and nays!”†

* Another way of voting is by "ballot," but it is resorted to only on exceptional occasions, such as in choosing a President *pro tempore* of the Senate, etc. When this is done in the Senate, Captain Bassett takes a ballot-box that is kept under the Vice-President's desk, and passes it around among the senators sitting in their seats, each of whom deposits in it a little folded slip of paper on which he has written the name of the nominee of his choice.

† "The yeas and nays of the members of either House on any question shall, at the desire of one-fifth of those present, be entered on the Journal." Constitution, art. I, sec. V., cl. 3.

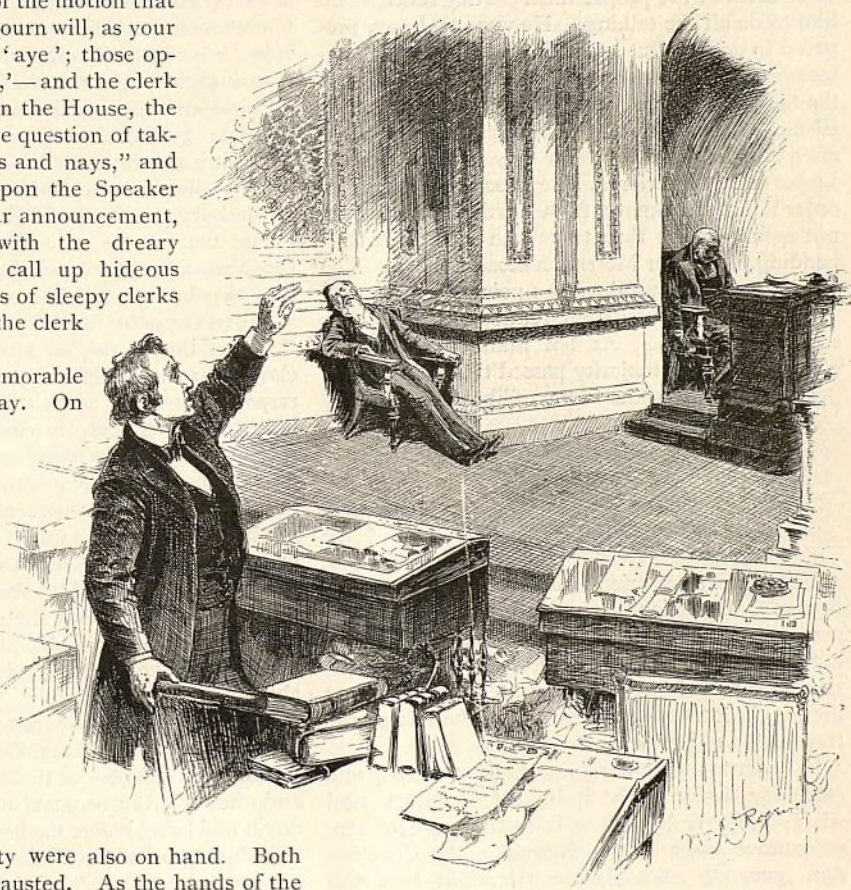
When the "yeas and nays" are demanded, the presiding officer of the Senate generally says: "The yeas and nays are demanded; is there a second?" and the senators as a rule raise their hands in such numbers that the Chair goes on to say: "The yeas and nays are ordered." Then he rises from his seat and says: "Senators, those of you who are in favor of the motion that the Senate do now adjourn will, as your names are called, say 'aye'; those opposed will answer 'no,'—and the clerk will call the roll." In the House, the members rise upon the question of taking the vote by "yeas and nays," and are counted; whereupon the Speaker goes through a similar announcement, always concluding with the dreary words—words that call up hideous visions before the eyes of sleepy clerks and pages!—"And the clerk will call the roll!"

We had some memorable filibustering in my day. On the night of May 22, 1874, a great contest, in the Senate, over a certain bill, culminated in twenty hours of work! The majority had determined that they would "sit the bill" out that night. So they assembled in force, ready to pass it whenever they might see their chance. The minority were also on hand. Both sides were nearly exhausted. As the hands of the clock approached the hour of midnight, there was scarcely a senator in the room. I remember that Senator Merriman led the minority; Senator Logan "watched" for the majority. Senator Merriman had the floor, with the unlimited privilege of continuous debate permitted by the rules, and he seemed prepared to talk forever. But occasionally he paused to allow another member of the minority to make a motion to adjourn, upon which the "yeas and nays" would be ordered—"And the clerk will call the roll!"

Those words were the signal for action. "Call up the senators!" cried Senator Logan; "Call up the senators!" came from Senator Merriman; and off we went. Well, we called them up,—and

they voted! Then Senator Merriman resumed his speech. After talking for a while, to give his opponents time to disappear and get to sleep, he stopped speaking, and yielded to another of the minority to move an adjournment.

"Call up the senators!" shouted both sides;—"Call up the senators!" echoed Captain Bassett.



AN ENERGETIC FILIBUSTER.

This is how we pages called them. Each of us would rush around through the various rooms, and give one of these sleeping senators a little tap, shouting, "Yeas and Nays!" and dart away to find another. Sometimes a dozen pages would waken the same senator. In fact, we usually ran in a line—all together.

Soon the sleepy legislators could be seen creeping into the chamber from all directions, half awake, with disheveled hair, and presenting a woe-begone appearance generally. They would mechanically cast their votes, the motion to adjourn would be lost, Senator Merriman would resume

his speech, and the other senators, except the "watchers," would again vanish as mysteriously and as noiselessly as the soldiers of Roderick Dhu.

During all this speech-making, most of the minority were asleep. They depended upon Senator Merriman (as most of the majority depended upon Senator Logan and their other leaders) to wake them at the proper time. They relied upon him to do all the talking. He was, as I say, prepared to do it. But he made a mistake. He remembered the courtesy, but he forgot the rules of the Senate. He had been yielding the floor to his friends whenever he saw fit, and resuming it again after they had said whatever they wished. Senator Logan at last interfered. He raised the "point of order" that the senator from North Carolina could not speak "more than twice" on the matter then pending. Senator Merriman stood aghast! The presiding officer sustained the point of order.

That is where the demoralization of the minority seemed to begin. At ten minutes past seven o'clock A. M. the majority passed the bill!

How would you like to be a filibuster?

CHAPTER XXII.

CONFUSION.

WE have thus briefly reviewed the chief features of Congressional practice established for the preservation of decorum and the regulation of debate; and we have also seen how the strict application of some of these rules, intended to protect the public interests, hinders rather than helps the transaction of business.

In order to secure to Congress the authority and efficiency designed for it by the founders, and which properly belong to it as the supreme representative body in the Republic, the Constitution gave to each House the right to determine the rules of its proceedings; and that its dignity should not be molested by rash and thoughtless men, it also gave to each House the right to "punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member." * These general provisions conferring the right carry with them full power to enforce these rights, as either House may deem proper.

By the possession of this right to "punish members for disorderly behavior," therefore, it will be seen that, *to that extent*, each body of Congress is vested with judicial power. With the exercise of that right,—however extreme the rules or proceedings established or taken by either House in such exercise,—no tribunal or officer in the other departments of the government can interfere. But

were Congress to attempt to enlarge this authority so as to inflict a punishment upon private citizens (except under peculiar circumstances, as will be hereafter explained), it would be usurping the functions confided to the Judicial Department of the government, and would be checked by the courts.

The power in regard to compelling "the attendance of absent members, in such manner and under such penalties as each House may provide," † is constantly employed. Especially is this true at night-sessions in the House. Although no business can be done in either body without the presence of a "quorum," or a majority of the members, ‡ it is extremely difficult on ordinary occasions to secure the necessary number without resort to this compulsory power; in which case the Senate or House may direct its sergeant-at-arms to arrest the absent senators or representatives wherever they may be found and escort them to the House.

When the point of "no quorum" is raised, a "call of the House" is usually ordered, and the clerk calls the roll of members, and those present respond "present," as their names are read. Having finished the first call, the clerk reads the names of those who did not respond on the first reading, to give those a chance to answer who may have been in the lobbies or elsewhere about the House, but not in the room at the exact moment when their names were called. When this second call of the roll is completed,—if it shows that there is not a quorum present,—all the doors but one leading into the Hall are closed and locked, and at that one door a guard is stationed to prevent any of the absentees from entering.

When the doors are closed, the names of the absentees are read, those who are old or infirm or detained by sickness in their families are excused, and after this the sergeant-at-arms is directed to arrest and bring before the bar of the House any of the absentees he can find—excepting those who are away by "leave" of the House first duly obtained. Then the *fun* begins. While waiting for the sergeant-at-arms to execute his orders, the members inside the Hall amuse themselves in many ways and laugh in anticipation of the *further* enjoyment they will have upon the appearance of their remiss associates. As no work can be done, of course, *play* should not be prohibited. After a time the sergeant-at-arms appears with a batch of arrested absentees, and taking them before the Speaker's desk, the name of each is called, and he is then permitted to explain his non-attendance. These explanations are the most amusing features of the whole performance. All sorts of excuses are given, but most of the members, as a rule, plead various forms of sickness—from paralysis to a toothache! Of course, during the delivery of these

* Constitution, art. I., sec. V., cl. 2.

† Constitution, art. I., sec. V., cl. 1.

‡ Constitution, art. I., sec. V., cl. 1.

excuses the other members jokingly applaud and laugh. While the prisoners may, under the rules, be fined for their absence, still, when the House is in good humor (as it generally is under these circumstances — for who *could* preserve his gravity while that delightful comedy is being performed?) it merely laughs again and makes fun at their expense, and teases and tries to scare them by fierce motions to “dispose” of them in various ways, — and then excuses their neglect and allows them to take their seats. And so this performance goes on, the sergeant-at-arms continuing to bring in his little groups of absentees, until, having captured them all, or a quorum having appeared, “all further proceedings under the call” are ordered to be dispensed with, and the House proceeds with its legislative work.

The power to punish for disorderly behavior is not very *frequently* invoked by the House, — it is *seldom* invoked by the Senate. You will readily understand, from what I have said, that congressmen are but men, and that the slightest remark or affront may give rise to great excitement.

It is the first step toward misconduct that must be checked if one would avert still greater trouble, and, whether with congressmen or collegians, this rule holds good. As Vice-President Fillmore, in remarking upon the “dignity and decorum” of the Senate, and the “powers and duties of the Chair,” in 1850, declared: “How important it is that the *first departure* from the strict rule of parliamentary decorum should be checked, as a slight attack, or even insinuation, of a personal character often provokes a more severe retort, which brings out a more disorderly reply, each senator feeling a justification in the previous aggression.” So you see it is with the law-makers precisely as it is with boys and girls — one word leads to another, the members becoming angrier and angrier as the discussion proceeds, until, finally, the proprieties of debate may easily be forgotten.

I have seen the proceedings apparently going on smoothly, when one member would “catch the Speaker’s eye.” To “catch the Speaker’s eye” means that a member is “recognized” by the

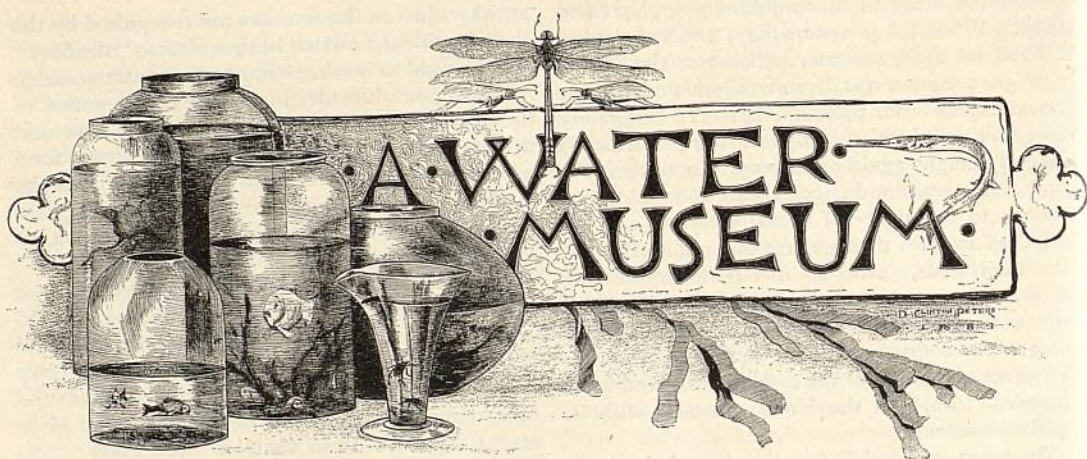
Speaker, just as the senators are recognized by the Vice-President, and that he thus obtains “the floor” and the right to speak. — Some representatives seem to have great difficulty in getting the attention of the Speaker. One of them is reported to have said that he had served as a member of the House for a number of years and caught the malaria and the measles and the mumps and nearly everything else that was to be caught in Washington, but that he had never yet caught the Speaker’s eye.

Well, the member who has the floor may be a fiery, forcible talker, and, beginning his speech, gradually warms up with his subject and gradually rouses his antagonists. Suddenly he gives one blast of scathing eloquence; and then the other congressmen spring to their feet and glare at the orator. Then there is “confusion,” for, of course, the members whom he has assailed are all eager to reply to him, and all leap to their feet at once.

But these simoons of passion are not generally of long duration. The Speaker, with the assistance of his mace of authority and the sergeant-at-arms, eventually succeeds in bringing the unruly members to a stand-still. Then if, in the excitement, they have gone too far, they are required to do penance. Under the Constitution a member of Congress can abuse, with perfect impunity, any “outsider” under the sun. He can not be punished for slander or in any other way held to answer for it by the courts. This is known as the Constitutional “Freedom of Debate.”* It is a very important privilege. The object of it is to allow members to express, without fear, their honest opinions about men and things. But they are not expected to abuse each other, and when a member does that or says anything else that is offensive to good taste, — in other words, “uses unparliamentary language,” — it is regarded as an insult to the House, and he is required to retract the words and apologize, and in aggravated cases he is even brought before the bar, in custody of the sergeant-at-arms, where the Speaker pronounces upon his head the solemn *censure* of the House. Nothing less than this would appease the wounded dignity of that mighty body.

* Constitution, art. I., sec. VI., cl. 1.

(To be continued.)



BY G. E. CHANNING.

A WATER-MUSEUM consists of glass vessels containing fish, mollusks, larvæ, and such other creatures as will live in the small quantity of water these vessels hold. The great advantage that the water-museum has over an aquarium is, that while the latter is bulky and has many dark corners in which you can see only with difficulty, if at all, the jars of the museum can be easily carried about and held to the light, so that you can readily observe the smallest movements of your specimens. Besides, in an aquarium you can have but one kind of water at a time, either salt or fresh, and you can keep only those specimens that will live together peaceably; but in a water-museum one may have both sorts of water (in different vessels), and both marine and fresh-water specimens. This museum, or water-cabinet, too, costs very little, while an aquarium is not only expensive but troublesome.

Before giving an account of my own experiences with a water-museum, I will first let my readers into the secret of making a small museum without much trouble or expense.

We must first make sure of a sunny window, where the museum will be out of the way, and where there is room for a small table. Then we must forage for the vessels in the glassware shops, or at the dealers in chemical apparatus. I have often been able to pick up confectionery jars which I got cheaply because their tops were broken, which, of course, made no difference to me. I

consider these the best for our purpose, in size from four inches diameter by six in height to seven inches in diameter and nine in height. We shall presently see that a bell-glass, such as gardeners use, will render good service in the museum. The jars must be placed on the table in the sunny window, so that they will all get plenty of light, as this is necessary to most forms of life. The bell-glass will stand if its knob is stuck in a box of sand or a block of wood. One or two of the larger jars had best be used for fish, and to make them attractive their bottoms should be covered with clean river sand and pebbles, or fragments of rock in the shape of grottoes, as the fish like to rest on these and to eat the almost invisible weeds that grow upon them. Of course, all the vessels must be filled with water and sprigs of aquatic plants, such as water-cress, vallisneria, or duck-weed, placed in them to keep the water pure.* Many kinds of water insects are carnivorous, or prey upon the weaker species. Of course, it won't do to keep these in the same jar with their victims. To find out which kinds agree, we can mix them in the clear, shallow bell-glass, where we can easily observe the peculiarities of each.

Now comes the great question: How are we to obtain our specimens? Easily enough. I believe that there is hardly a ditch, brook, or pond where you would not find plenty of material for the museum. If you know of some convenient shallow pond or ditch, go there some pleasant day, at any

* The office of these weeds is interesting. In a vessel containing fish, for instance, where the water has been necessarily changed once a day, by throwing in a few water-plants, a change once a week, or often once a month, will answer. For when the weeds are added, a new set of chemical operations begin. As the water passes through the gills of the fish, they absorb what oxygen it contains, allowing carbonic acid to pass out in its place, so that the water would soon become poisonous if it were not for the weeds that absorb the carbonic acid and use the carbon in making vegetable tissue, giving out in return pure oxygen (that may be seen on the leaves and stems of the plants in bright bubbles), which is to the fish like so much pure air to us.

season of the year, when it is free from ice, carrying with you a couple of preserve jars and a net made of a double thickness of mosquito netting fastened to a stout wire hoop, that in turn is attached to a long handle. Look around for some shallow spot you can reach from shore that is covered with mud and leaves, then scoop the net quickly around in the water two or three times, taking in some of the mud and leaves, for in these the insects, and sometimes the fish, hide. After you have thus scooped a while, search the contents of your net very carefully and save whatever looks like a bug, a fish, or a mollusk, and put it in the jars. I have never failed to find in this way minnow, bream, dace, beetles, water-scorpions, tadpoles, snails, and many other specimens.

There are a few simple rules that, in keeping a water-museum, must be strictly observed. In the first place, never overstock your vessels, or your specimens will die of suffocation. Never allow the water to become warmer than 65 degrees by Fahrenheit thermometer, for a higher temperature than that is fatal to most of your specimens. Never let decayed bread, meat, or any dead matter stay in the jars, for this poisons the water. Use a syphon to draw off the water from the jars, and always pour the fresh water gently in.

With these few rules and with your own powers of observation, you will get on well enough. The intelligent museum-keeper will carefully study the habits of his specimens and adapt his means to their needs and peculiarities. For instance, the caddis-worms need a supply of small sticks and grasses to keep their houses in repair, and the water-scorpion dreads the sunlight, and must be kept out of it, or else he will die; in short, almost every species has its peculiar wants.

My water-museum began modestly with two jars and a gold-fish globe. In two hours spent at a small pond near my house I found enough material to fill all these, if I except a venerable gold-fish who was an old family friend. In my pet jar, which was three-fourths full of water, I placed the gold-fish, a pair of small bream, another of dace, four minnow, six snails, two caddis-worms, and a larvæ of dragon-fly, besides a few sprigs of a fine water-grass and cress to keep the water pure. The gold-fish immediately assumed the head of affairs, and struck up an intimacy with the sober-sided dace. The minnow were the life of the establishment, their graceful bodies flashing with all the colors of the rainbow as they swam gayly about, or jumped out of the water to snatch a few crumbs with which I fed them weekly. While they lived at the top of the water the jolly little

bream, whose funny faces seemed always laughing, kept near the bottom, or among the pebbles there. The caddis-worms in their odd little houses of sticks, stones, and shells were always up to mischief; sometimes one would catch hold of a patient snail and try to glue it to his house, and after a struggle, in which the strong snail would manage to get away, Mr. Caddis would hide his head in the grass and keep still, as if he felt very foolish and ashamed. At other times they would have a wrestling match, and we would heartily laugh to see them push and tug one another about. The dragon-fly was sulky and savage, and ate up whatever came in his way. With my magnifying-glass I could see his heart beat. The snails were the domestics, and kept the glass clean by eating off the green scum of minute plants, called *confervæ*, that grew upon it. I scarcely had them a week before I saw what looked like small patches of jelly on the sides of the jars. With my hand-lens I saw that these masses were laid by my snails, and that they contained hundreds of little snails a deal smaller than the head of a pin. These grew very perceptibly from week to week, and soon in the place of my half-dozen original snails I had an immense force at work cleaning the glass. Altogether, I had a very happy and interesting family in the jar, which gave me only the trouble of occasionally changing the water and adding a few weeds. Only twice, indeed, did I draw off the water entirely, and then it was for the purpose of washing the sand and pebbles from the accumulation of crumbs that threatened to poison the water.

Toward spring my caddis-worms became very quiet, and wove little silken veils over the doors of their houses. One morning two of these houses were unoccupied, and, looking around my room, I saw two beautiful caddis-flies fluttering about trying their new-found wings. But the dragon-fly, when he came out from his winter coat, was the sensation of the hour, with his slender blue body and dainty wings; how reluctant I was to open the window and to let him fly off in the June breeze!

When the warm weather came, and vacation time with it, I restored all my specimens to the pond, that they might not die by neglect, for it is very cruel to allow even the tiniest creature to suffer when its life is in our keeping.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure I got from my museum was by looking up the peculiarities of my specimens in books and observing them in the living form. This habit gave me an interest in natural history that has never abated, and that has enabled me to see many things in nature that otherwise I never should have noticed.

THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD.*

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

SIXTH PAPER.

THE four Eskimo children with whom I became best acquainted during my arctic trip were in my sledge-party in a journey from North Hudson's Bay to King William's Land and back again, which occupied nearly a year. Their names were Ahwanak, Koo-man-ah, I-yawk-a-wak, and Koodleuk.

Ahwanak was a boy of about fourteen or fifteen, Koomanah a boy of from twelve to thirteen, Iyawkawak was my driver's little two-year-old baby boy, and Koodleuk was a bright little three-year-old girl. Ahwanak and Koomanah, of course, were good-sized boys, and able to do considerable work for us, on even so hard a trip as was ours. These boys walked nearly the entire distance, but the babies Iyawkawak and Koodleuk, when they were not in their mothers' hoods, always rode on the sledges that their fathers managed. Their place upon the sledges was near the front of the load, close to their fathers, who, as dog-drivers, managed their sledges from this place, and could thus easily watch their little children, and see that they did not tumble off when riding over rough or steep places.

In lashing on the loads, a nice sort of a place would be fixed, where the two babies could cuddle in and rest as comfortably as if they were in a baby-carriage. Here they would ride nearly the whole day, excepting at such times as their mothers would take them into their hoods; and despite the bumpings of the sledge or the raw cold weather, they would be pleasant and jolly enough to make a civilized baby ashamed of itself. Sometimes, however, the babies would cry with the cold, and have to be put in their mothers' warm hoods to keep them from freezing; but the amount of cold they would stand without complaining was really remarkable. And, notwithstanding the bitter exposure they undergo, such a thing as a "cold" is almost unknown among Eskimo children.

Every hour or two, according as the pulling was hard or the load heavy, the sledge would stop for ten or fifteen minutes to give the dogs and every one else a good rest. The two babies would then be taken from the sledge, and allowed to run about and exercise until the sledge would start again.

However much they might tumble over the hard snow, there was but little danger of their hurting themselves, so heavily were they clothed in their

dressings of reindeer skin, looking, for all the world, like great big balls of fur running about. After the party had gone into camp, the little babies played about among the sleeping dogs or whatever attracted their attention, until the reindeer bedding was arranged inside the *igloo*, when the little people were undressed and put to bed.

After the lamp has been burning until the small snow house is about as warm as is advisable, the babies crawl out and play about on the bed. Iyawkawak and Koodleuk had such unpronounceable names that they were hard to remember; and so the men of our party called the boy "Jack," and the girl "Rosy," on account of her rosy red cheeks. Most of the Eskimo children have red cheeks, despite the dark hue of their faces, and though they are rarely free from dirt. Yet, the children's faces are generally neater than those of the "grown-up" people, many of whom look really horrible, as they never wash their faces.

The wives of Toolooah and Ikquiesek both were very particular with their children, and little "Jack" and "Rosy" were as neat Eskimo children as you could possibly find.

The two boys, Ahwanak and Koomanah, had a great deal of work to do about the camp, much of which has already been described in former articles. They had been through some curious adventures even before I met them.

At one time, when he was about ten years old, Koomanah was walking, with his little sister and brother, on the salt-water ice that forms for two or three miles wide along the shores of Hudson's Bay, when they were greatly terrified to find that the great field of ice on which they were walking had separated from the firm shore-ice, and was drifting out to sea. A great lane of water which lay between them and their homes was every minute growing wider; and worse than all, a storm was coming up, which would make it still harder to escape. Before long, their situation became known, and many a brave man started out in the rough waters in his little frail sealskin canoe, or *kiak*, to do his best to rescue the children. In a little while, Koomanah saw their rescuers; but the storm had made the waves so heavy that the edges of the ice-field were broken into a thousand floating cakes, many of them as big as small houses, which turned and tumbled over one another in a way to appall even the stoutest heart. But brave young

* Copyright, by Frederick Schwatka, 1885.

Koomanah was equal to the emergency, and, fearful as it seemed, he knew he must cross that wide space of rolling, heaving, tumbling blocks of ice before he could reach the skin canoes of the rescuers, who, of course, picked out the best place possible to accomplish their daring attempts.

of the bay that surrounded them, and all hope of seeing land until the gale subsided was given up.

Besides the two men and Ahwanak, there were a sledge and four or five dogs on the ice-raft. Taking things rather coolly, after they had recovered from their surprise and disappointment, they



THE BABY'S PLACE UPON THE SLEDGE.

At last, Koomanah found a suitable place, and taking advantage of an apparent lull in the storm, without hesitation he started across the pack with his brother's and sister's hands in his; and knowing that their lives depended on his judgment, he carefully picked his way from block to block. A dozen times, either he or the children slipped on the dancing ice, and once a great block near them rolled completely over, deluging them with water and blinding Koomanah with the spray. Recovering himself, he still splashed and struggled on like a little hero. At last one block, on which they stopped a moment, tilted on its side, and threw them in a heap. Here one of the little children was crushed between two great grinding cakes of ice, and sunk out of sight in the tossing, foaming water. Koomanah grasped the other child in his arms, and, staggering and plunging over the ice, the tossing and turning of which grew worse as he neared its outer edge, he managed to throw the baby he had saved close to a *kiak*, and then threw himself after it. Both were picked up and were soon safe in their home, which, though made desolate by the loss of one little one, had still two left, one of whom would be acknowledged as a little hero the world over.

Ahwanak's adventure was even more exciting, though he had no little children in his charge.

He had gone with his big brother Iquiesek and with Nannook, a splendid hunter of the village, on a walrus hunt. The three were caught on an ice-floe, or solid field of ice, which suddenly separated, and the piece on which they stood was blown straight out to sea. It sailed on until, in the drifting storm, nothing was to be seen but the waters

went to work and built a good strong *igloo* to protect them from the storm. Presently a walrus crawled up to ride on their ship of ice; they killed it, and, dragging its carcass up to their snow house, made a lamp out of the thick hide, prepared some lamp-wicking from pieces of cloth, cut a quantity of blubber from the walrus, and in a little while had their *igloo* about as warm as one regularly constructed on the land, and had, at the same time, plenty of meat for themselves and their few dogs. If they had only been provided with bedding, they could have safely remained on the island of ice all winter, so far as any fear of starvation was concerned. As it was, they drew their arms out of their coat-sleeves, and went to sleep in their clothes, as do all Eskimo when without bedding.

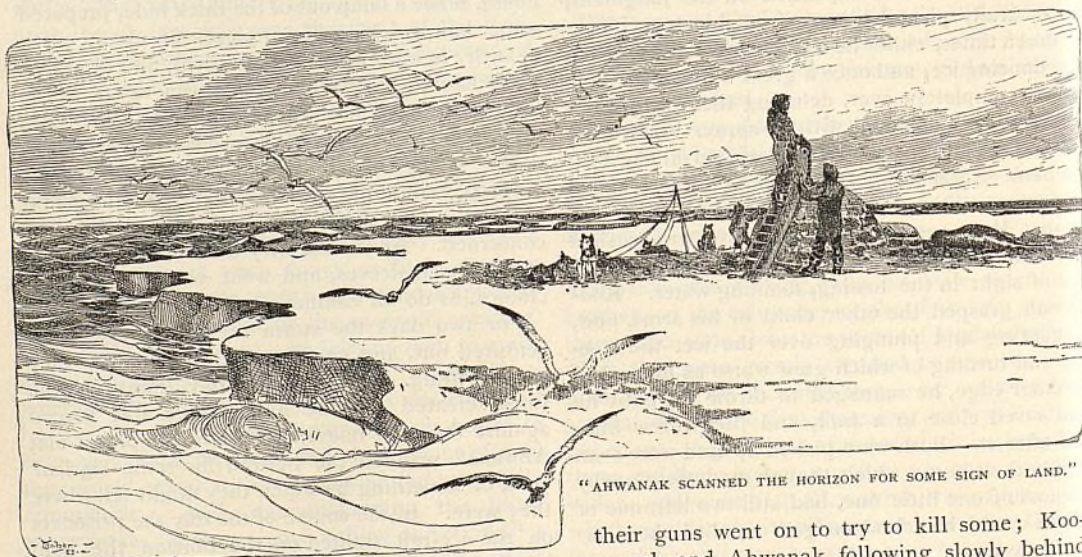
For two days the storm raged. They seldom ventured out, and could not tell which way they were drifting. On the third day, however, the storm cleared up, the long sledge was placed against the snow house, and from its topmost slat Ahwanak scanned the horizon for some sign of land, or something by which they might tell where they were. In the course of the day the prisoners on the ice-raft sighted on the horizon the bold headland of Poillon Point, and by night-time the tide and current had set them in so close to the land that they were able to reach the firm ice along-shore, where they soon hitched up their dogs and rode home as fast as they could over the twenty miles that intervened—greatly astonishing and delighting their anxious friends. These driftings out to sea on great cakes of ice, however, are rather common adventures, and nearly every hunter has had one or two such experiences in his life-time.

But to return to Ahwanak and Koomanah. When we left our morning's camp for our day's journey, the two boys would walk along, with but little to do; but if reindeer were seen grazing on the distant hills, Ahwanak and Koomanah would take charge of two of the sledges, while the men seized their guns and tried to kill some of the deer. If the reindeer were directly in our path, the dogs and sledges halted, and the two boys had only to stand guard; but if they were off our track, then the sledges kept on their way, some man taking the foremost sledge, and the boys easily driving the dogs, which very willingly follow a sledge-track in front of them. In case the party halted, the boys would watch the hunters from the top of a loaded sledge, and if they saw one come to the top of a ridge or on a hill, and with one arm extended, swing his body from a perpendicular nearly to the ground, they knew a reindeer had been killed, and that two or three of the dogs were needed to drag off the body. Then they would unhitch these from the team, and take them over to the hunter, who would fasten their traces around the reindeer's horns, and drag it to the sledge. Occasionally the two boys would try a reindeer hunt on their own hook, and although they were seldom success-

manah use this dwarf gun, as the boy could easily fire it from his shoulder. This, of course, increased its accuracy of aim, as it could be held much steadier. It held six cartridges, and could, therefore, be fired six times without reloading. As so wonderful a gun in so young a person's possession was never before known among these simple people, Koomanah was greatly elevated in their estimation, and felt very proud and elated over his fine weapon.

As I have said, the two boys seldom interfered with the hunting of the men, and when they took their guns (for Ahwanak had a musket that he greatly prized) and went away from the sledges, it was nearly always to go far to the right or left and hide behind some ridge. Here they would wait to see if the reindeer ran in that direction after the men had fired at them, in which case they might get a running shot as they passed. The farther north we penetrated, the more stupid were the reindeer; and having never before heard a shot fired, they would run about in a frightened and aimless way, thus giving the boys a much better chance at them.

One day, while going through a narrow valley between steep hills, reindeer were reported ahead. The sledges were stopped, and the hunters with



"AHWANAK SCANNED THE HORIZON FOR SOME SIGN OF LAND."

ful, not daring to frighten the deer from the men who were better hunters, yet once in a while they were rewarded, and then their eyes would fairly glisten with joy and pride.

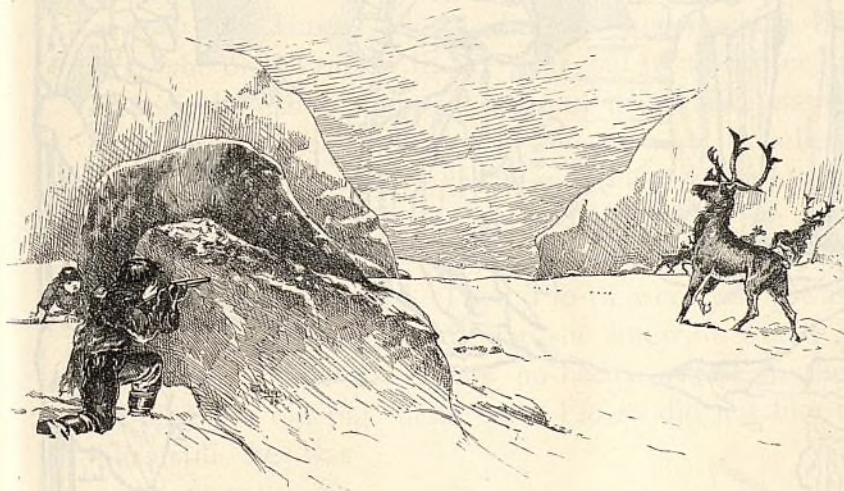
Colonel Gilder, of our party, was very kind to little Koomanah, and becoming tired of carrying his revolver, he took off the ordinary wooden pistol-butt and put in a longer one, more like a gunstock, and roughly made of walnut. He let Koo-

manah and Ahwanak following slowly behind with their guns to see if they could possibly get a shot. Seeing a small break or pass in the steep hills to their left, the boys entered it to go into the next valley, hoping the deer might cross their path. They were nearly through, when they heard shots, and, keeping a short distance apart, they concealed themselves as well as they could by lying behind some stones, and awaited results.

The reindeer, frightened by the rapid shooting,

broke in a circle around the hunters, and were rushing down the valley, when they saw the dogs and sledges. Quick as a flash, they turned up the pass the boys had entered. When the deer came trotting along, and were within about a hundred yards of Koomanah, they turned suddenly around and stopped, and, with eyes dilating and ears pricked up, they looked backward through the pass, watching for danger, but never dreaming of that directly ahead of them in the shape of two small boys.

This stoppage gave Koomanah a splendid shot, but a long one; and with his heart in his mouth, for fear of missing, he took a broadside aim at a big buck, over the stone behind which he was hid-



"KOOMANAH TOOK A BROADSIDE AIM AT A BIG BUCK."

den. "Bang!" went Koomanah's pistol-gun, and away went the deer like arrows. But they had not gone a score of yards before the big buck commenced to stumble, and in a little while rolled over on its side and commenced kicking in the air. Koomanah's shot had been much better than he thought when he saw them all start away together. Of course, Koomanah had a right to be proud now over this big reindeer, that would have taken a half a dozen boys of his size to pack into camp, and he was highly praised for his sportsmanship.

During the whole trip Koomanah killed ten reindeer and Ahwanak six. There were two shot-guns with the party, and as none of the hunters seemed to monopolize the smaller game as they did the reindeer and seal, the two boys had great

sport with the small game, and we were constantly regaled with the ducks, geese, and ptarmigan that they brought in.

One of the special duties of the boys was to look after duck-eggs when in season. At this they were very successful, for during the summer the eider-ducks swarm in countless numbers to the island of King William's Land, where they hatch and rear their young disturbed by but few of their enemies,—the wolves, wolverines, and foxes. Many a nice dish of eggs did we have through the vigilance and energy of Koomanah and Ahwanak. As we were then living on nothing but seal and reindeer meat, these eggs were considered a great luxury. After the small ducks had grown large enough

to be eatable, the two boys killed a great number,—Ahwanak securing over fifty in one day. The Eskimo boys are excellent stone-throwers. It is no uncommon thing for them to kill a ptarmigan or a duck in this manner, as well as the little ground-squirrel (or marmot), common in that country, and bring it in to be eaten. As is the case with most savages, the Eskimo

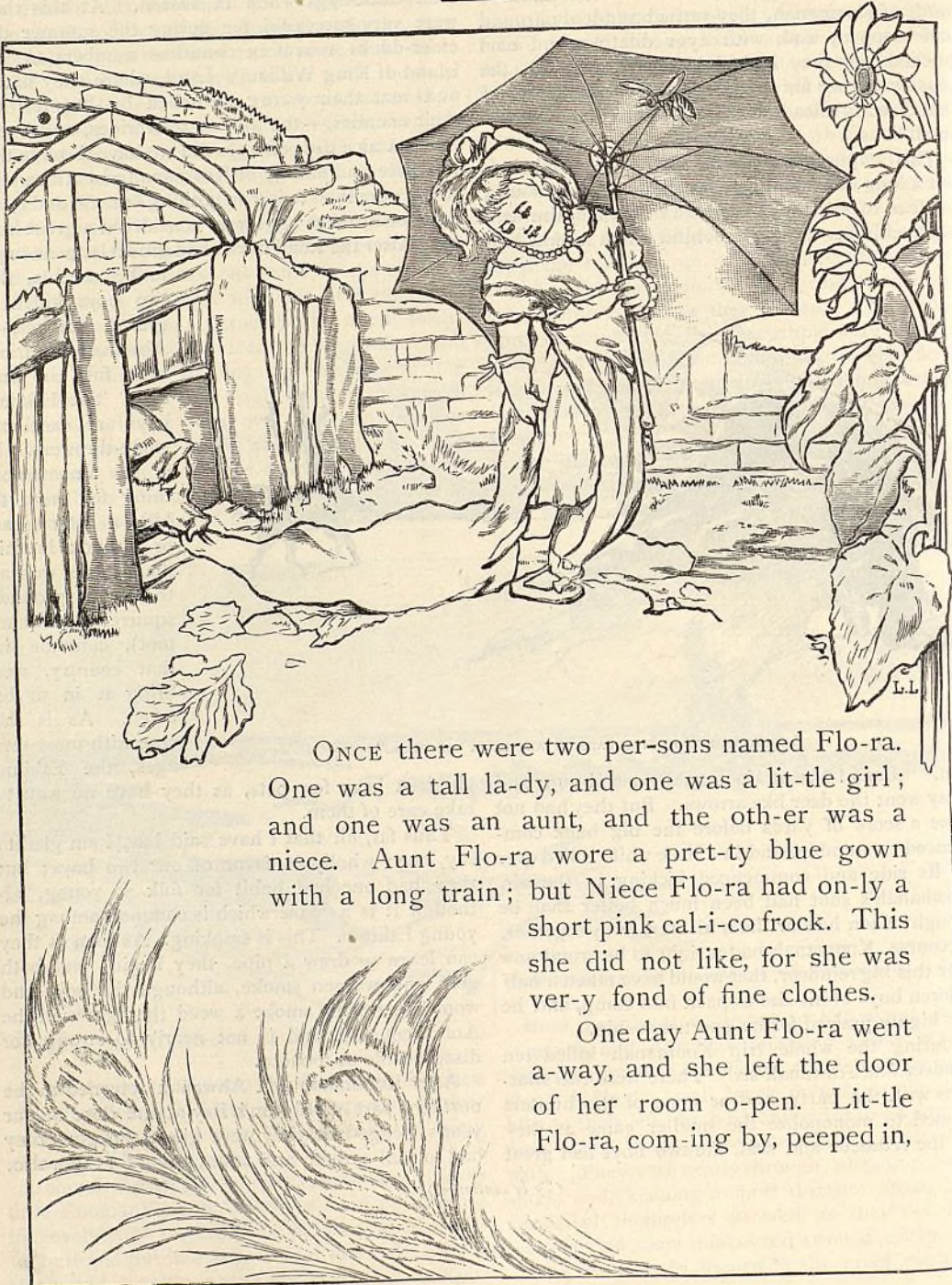
children have few pets, as they have no way to take care of them.

Thus far, all that I have said has, I am glad to say, been wholly in favor of our two boys; but they had one bad habit for folk so young, although it is a habit which is common among the young Eskimo. This is smoking. As soon as they can learn to draw a pipe, they begin; and both men and women smoke, although the boys and women generally smoke a weed that grows in the Arctic country, and is not nearly so strong nor disagreeable as tobacco.

After Koomanah and Ahwanak returned to the northern part of Hudson's Bay at the close of our year's sledge-trip, they were given the guns they had so well earned, and ammunition for them also.

(To be continued.)

THE LONG TRAIN.



ONCE there were two per-sons named Flo-ra. One was a tall la-dy, and one was a lit-tle girl; and one was an aunt, and the oth-er was a niece. Aunt Flo-ra wore a pret-ty blue gown with a long train; but Niece Flo-ra had on-ly a short pink cal-i-co frock. This she did not like, for she was ver-y fond of fine clothes.

One day Aunt Flo-ra went a-way, and she left the door of her room o-pen. Lit-tle Flo-ra, com-ing by, peeped in,

and see-ing some things ly-ing on the bed, she went in to ex-am-ine them. There was a long blue shawl, just the col-or of Aunt Flo-ra's dress; and a white bon-net with blue feath-ers and a long red par-a-sol. Flo-ra took up the pret-ty bon-net and looked at it. Then she saw a lit-tle girl in the big look-ing-glass,—a lit-tle girl in a pink cal-i-co frock. Then Flo-ra put the bon-net on, and the lit-tle girl put on one ex-act-ly like it. How pret-ty she looked! But what was the use of a bon-net, with-out a long dress? That shawl, now, would make a very nice train. Flo-ra did not know which thought of it first, she or the oth-er lit-tle girl; but in an-oth-er min-ute each had a blue shawl pinned a-round her waist, mak-ing a ver-y long train in-deed. "Now for the par-a-sol!" smiled the oth-er lit-tle girl. Flo-ra was quite sure that she spoke this time, so up went two red par-a-sols. "How pret-ty we do look!" said Flora. "But it is sil-ly to car-ry par-a-sols in the house. I must go out-of-doors." Then Flo-ra went out toward the barn to see James the farm-boy, for she knew he would ad-mire her fine dress. But there was no-bod-y at all in the barn-yard ex-cept the old pig in the sty. Flo-ra did not like the old pig, but still he was SOME-BOD-Y. So she said: "Pig, see my long train! don't you wish you had one? Well, I don't be-lieve you ev-er *will* have one; so *there!*"



This was rude, and the pig was dis-pleased, for he knew what man-ners were, al-though he was un-ti-dy in his hab-its. So as Flo-ra swept by, he poked his head out and caught hold of the long train. "Hunk!" said the pig, and he gave it a great jerk. "Oh! oh!" cried Flo-ra, and down she fell in-to a mud-pud-dle. The fine bon-net, the blue train, and the red par-a-sol, all were spoiled. Poor Flo-ra cried; but the old pig smiled.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

FIRST and foremost this month, my friends, you shall hear the Deacon's report on the prize contest, FIFTEEN OWNERS WANTED, which was opened in May* last. Only fifteen nameless feet and legs, and fully four thousand two hundred and sixty-nine girls and boys who want to name them! My, what a busy time Deacon Green has had reading all those lists of names! And what hosts of different animals must have legs exactly alike, if all the answers are correct! But let us hear what the Deacon himself has to say:

"My dear 4269 children:

I thank you all for your hearty response to my request for a neat, brief, and correct list of the owners of the fifteen legs of which Mr. Dan Beard showed you pictures in the May St. NICHOLAS.

"It has been very hard to decide among all these answers which three were the very best, as so many of the lists were almost exactly right and almost exactly alike.

"Yet, strangely enough, there was just one list that had the names precisely, word for word, as Mr. Beard gave them to me.

"The Little School-ma'am says that some of the legs would do quite as well for some other animals; yet it seems but right, in view of such uniformity of excellence, to give the first prize to the one sending the names of the very animals from which the leg-pictures were drawn. And I am sure that the 3974 American contestants will rejoice with the 295 foreign contestants that, in accordance with this decision, the first prize is won by a little ten-and-a-half-year-old Scotch cousin, named John H. Deans, who lives near the famous city of Edinburgh. This is his list:

"1, Human foot; 2, Dog; 3, Stork; 4, Tiger; 5, Rat; 6, Cat; 7, Deer; 8, Crow; 9, Child; 10, Cock; 11, Duck; 12, Rabbit; 13, Horse; 14, Monkey; 15, Cow.

* See St. NICHOLAS for May, page 551.

"The second and third prizes were still harder to decide upon; but taking all the conditions into consideration, together with the advice of the Little School-ma'am and Mr. Beard, we found John Easter of Maryland (aged nine years) most fairly entitled to the second prize, and Bessie Thrall of Indiana to the third.

"How near all the following girls and boys came to being prize-winners, they can see by referring to John H. Deans's list.

Your faithful friend,

SILAS GREEN.

ROLL OF HONOR.

R. W. Meade, Jr.—Jenny W. Noble—Edna Carey—J. M. Mitcheson—K. C. Rockwood—Charles Crawford—W. T. Cottrell—Ellicott R. Colson—Agnes Thompson—N. W. Dorsey—Thekla Gottesleben—Kate H. Spalding—Mary A. Forse—O. L. Hall—Fred. Fralick—Menie Deans—Arthur Strang—John A. Johnston, Jr.—Louis Dickson—Paul Loving—Edith P. Thomson—Geo. C. Willson—Mamie James—Augustus M. Stillman—Edith M. Hart—David Ericson—Lizzie Smith—Daisy B. King—Will Smiley—Marjorie R. Anthony—Dora Bennett—Alice W. Brown—Allie A. Milliken—Florence Smith—Theodore Kelsey—Mary Brotherton—Edna Dickerson—Willard E. Aikman—Jessie L. Mitchell—Mabel and Edith—F. C. Lyon—K. S. Burchell—Charley Gerry—Silas B. Brower—Lorrie Andrews—Grace Hickox—Helen Crane—Betsy Miller—Florence Nichol—E. T. Adney—Bessie Harlow—Mattie Hebersmith—Muriel J. Armstrong—Thatcher W. Hoyt—May Farnam—Sarah C. Neely—Emma Weighell—Susie E. Mason—Bessie Burch—Bertha Cist—George Watson—Geo. Easton—Sammie T. Birmingham—Grant Francis—Arthur W. Bingham—Blanche Huntington Stanley—Harry Bradford—Horatio Knight Bradford—Irene Ackley—Lulu A. Barnes—J. Mercer Garnett, Jr.—Louise H. Selden—Isabelle T. Moore—Anna K. Foulkrod—Anna Holmes Banks—Lizzie Lineaweaver—Addie Johnson—Alice Stevens—K. D. Quay—Annie K. Lemoyne—Margaret Edson—Mabel L. Hastings—Winifred Norwood—Bertie Vail—Julia M. Sickels—Charles C. Helmick—Maggie Cole—Frank P. Smith—Rosalind Richards—May Mazel—Floyd Frazier—Nora Sissons—Annie Elizabeth Butchard—Arthur P. Stone—Jane Douglas Butchard—S. Livingston—Edward W. Goodwin—Clark Holbrook—Charles Cune, Jr.—Walter T. K. Brown—Bessie S. Adams—E. S. Perkins—William F. Patten—Robert R. Dearden, Jr.—N. H. Burdick—Frederick Dabney—Ida Fairoute—Laura M. Smith—Minnie Zeamer—F. L. Burns—Clara L. H.—L. Anderson—Gertrude Floyd—Margaret Blair Goodyear—G. W. C. Noble—Peter G. Peltret—Carrie S. Many—Daisy Sharpe—William S. Beaumont—A. F. Reddie—Mamie Higbee—

THE ILLUMINATED FROGS AGAIN.

LITTLE Carrie S. of La Porte, Indiana, writes that she does not see "how the fire-fly could throw a light so that it could shine through a frog's skin"; but, on the other hand, a little girl of Pomeroy, Ohio, sends this letter:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Two years ago last summer, I was visiting a cousin at Marietta, Ohio, and one evening we saw a very dignified old toad come out near the porch. Cousin Helen and myself thought we would give him a fire-fly that we had caught. We fed it to him, and it illuminated his stomach. Truly, your young friend,

EUNICE GROW.

AN ILLUMINATED FISH.

CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND, April 6, 1885.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read your story of the illuminated frog in the April St. NICHOLAS, and can tell one to match it. Last summer our family was spending some time at Lake George, and we fished a great deal. One night I caught a fire-fly, and put it on a fish-hook, and dropped it into the lake. A fish swallowed the bait, and when I pulled it out of the water, we were

For the rest of the Roll of Honor, see "Letter-box," page 795.

greatly surprised to find the fish illuminated, and when the fly fluttered in the fish it lighted him up. This continued for several minutes, and a number of people at the hotel came down to see it.

Your little friend,

NELLIE MORTON JOHNSTON.

A TAMED WELSH RABBIT!

LONDON, S. W.

DEAR JACK: Knowing your affection for animals, I thought you might like to hear of our wild rabbit, which we caught nearly two years ago in Wales; so you see there is such a thing as a live *Welsh rabbit*.

He was then little more than a month old, and could sit with ease on a lady's hand. He is now exceedingly tame, and delights in being petted and stroked; sometimes when I call him he will come and sit up on his hind legs and try to kiss me. Our home is in London, and he lives in a hutch in the conservatory; but he gets plenty of exercise, for he has at least two runs a day either in the school-room or drawing-room. At one time we used to allow him to run up and down stairs, which he could do with great ease; but that was before we had a dog. He is very inquisitive, and will hop upon the table, and if he sees a pen or a pencil, will pick it up in his mouth and throw it on the floor. He likes warm milk, which he will drink out of a cup, though he prefers the saucer. Have any of your readers ever kept an ordinary warren rabbit? I have never known or heard of another one tamed. Your constant reader,

HELENA L. C.

WHITE SQUIRRELS.

A GOOD friend of mine, who lives in New Hampshire, and who loves to watch squirrels and

birds and all creatures of the woods and fields, has sent you this true story:

One day last summer I saw a lively red squirrel running along the fence, followed by what I at first thought to be a very light-colored rat. The little thing seemed quite feeble, and crawled slowly along, while the squirrel ran back and forth, apparently coaxing it forward. At last, becoming alarmed by some noise, the squirrel picked the invalid up in her mouth and ran with it to the nearest tree. I was convinced that it must be a young squirrel, either an albino or a cross between the red and gray. Whatever it was, the litter was all alike, for I saw three or four afterward, all of this very light-gray color. One was caught and tamed, but unfortunately it did not survive many weeks. It continued the same color on the back, but the nose, tail, and paws grew a trifle more reddish. The last time I saw one of them it was nearly full-grown, and only a careful observer would have noticed any red about it. They all appeared, while young, much tamer than the mother, but as they grew larger no difference was seen in this re-



"SHIP AHOY!"

spect. The one which was brought up in the house was very affectionate and interesting. Its owner decided that it could see for only a short distance, for when called it would run first in one direction and then in another, but when within a foot or so of its master would seem to perceive him for the first time. This, however, may be a common failing in young squirrels. I should be glad to know if Deacon Green or the Little School-ma'am can furnish a parallel for this red mother of a white family.

Yes, the dear Little School-ma'am found a young *white* sparrow last winter. I will ask her soon to tell you all about it, my children. This little white sparrow had a curious history.

THE LETTER-BOX.

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.

COOKTOWN, QUEENSLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been looking through the "Letter-box," and only once have seen a letter from Australia. We live on the coast of North Queensland. This is a lovely place, almost surrounded with mountains, and we have a fine view of the sea. We have a number of ponies, and often go for rides.

We like all your stories very much, especially Louisa M. Alcott's "Spinning-wheel Stories." Hoping to see this in the "Letter-box."

We are your admiring readers,
JULIET AND NELLIE.

HANOVER, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought, perhaps, you would like to hear from a little girl far over the sea. I have been intending to write to you all this winter, but never have had time. When you go to school in Germany, you do not have time to do anything. Not that they give hard lessons, but you have to stay in school such a long time, and go at such an unearthly hour. At eight o'clock in winter, and seven in summer. Just outside the city is "Herrenhausen," the beautiful palace of the Kings of Hanover. It is several hundred acres in extent. There is a palm-house and a lovely out-of-doors theater.

I am going to tell you a little story that a German lady told me the other day. On her farm near Bremen, there was a family of storks. A boy took one of the young storks, put a ring around its neck, and attached to it a message, bearing his name, address, and greetings to the person who should find it. The next spring it came back again, with another message on it, in a language that they could not read. They took it to some learned man, who read it for them in Arabic, and gave them a good deal of money for it. If it had been mine, I would not have sold such a curiosity. This is the seventh year I have taken ST. NICHOLAS, and I think it is splendid. Now I must say good-bye.

Your loving friend and reader,
NELLIE G. P.

SAVANNAH, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you a funny story about a black cat of ours. We put a box of bird-seed in a closet, and the next day, when the servant went to get the seed for the birds, she found that some mice had eaten it all up. And that night we set a trap to catch them. In the morning we opened the door, and the black cat sprang at the dead mouse in the trap, and ran into the next room, with trap and all in his mouth. My sister ran after him with the tongs, but the cat still held on; at last he pulled the mouse out of the trap and ate it up; but we took the other mouse in the trap away from him, and sent him out of the room.

Your devoted reader,
EDITH O'D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you about a funny little cow we have. Papa wanted the grass for the cow, so he had to put the calf into a hired pasture, and when the man took her, — would you believe it? — the very next night, about eleven o'clock, she came home; and then when he took her again, he went in the wagon and tied her to it, so as not to let her smell along the road, and that very night we were sitting on the porch wondering whether she would come back, and my sister said: "There she is down on the lawn!" And while she was coming up she did not stop to eat any grass, she was so glad to be at home. The first time, the man took her two or three miles away; but the second time, he took her still farther. Her name is Daisy.

From your friend,
CLARA T. C.

GLENBROOK, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am four years old. I send my love. I used to live in Woodland. I have sixteen kittens, and lots of scrap cats, too. My sister's name is Rosa. When Papa sees my name in the magazine, he will say, "Why, one of the children has written!"

OSCAR T.

Will Oscar please tell us what sort of a cat a "scrap cat" is?

LONDON, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if you have forgotten your English admirer whose letter you so kindly printed. In that letter, you may remember, I said that I wanted to taste pop-corn. You

will be glad to hear that an American friend of mine sent me some, and that at last I had my wish granted after waiting fifteen years! Lots of love to Jack-in-the-Pulpit, the Little School-marm, and yourself.

I remain, your loving reader,
F. A.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an old lady. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since it was first issued, for my nieces, Hattie and Mabel. They are now young ladies, but think they can not do without their delightful old friend.

I myself am very fond of your visits, bringing so much that is "useful and beautiful and true."

We all love you, the old as well as the young, and bid you welcome and God speed.

Please tell Mr. Palmer Cox that we think his "Brownies" are the funniest little creatures that ever appeared to us mortals. The dude with his eye-glass, and all of the solemn, comical little faces, are perfectly irresistible.

H. D.

ROCK FERRY, NEAR LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for five years, and we like you better than any other magazine. We think the pictures are splendid, and my grandfather says he never saw a children's book with better engravings. In the first part of "Personally Conducted," we liked to see the picture of Liverpool Landing Stage, because we land there every day, having to cross the Mersey on the way to school, and we think that paddle-boat is the one we cross in. We like the stories of historic boys and girls; and — was it not queer? — last month there was a sketch of "Zenobia of Palmyra," and only the month before her portrait was in our sketch-book. Perhaps your readers would like to know about it. The sketching-club was started about three years ago, and there are eight members. Every month we choose a subject, and then all draw illustrations of that subject. The secretary pastes them in a book, and an artist friend criticises them. Then each member criticises and votes for the four she likes best. When the book is full, the one who has the most votes keeps the books. All our friends think it a good idea, and we all know it has done us good. I think if you let your children know of this plan, they will like it. We should like to say something else, but this letter is long enough already. We have never written to you before.

EVELINE AND WINIFRED.

WAVERLEY HOUSE, HALIFAX, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine for four years, and like it very much. We are staying here for a few weeks. Mabel and I love to go down to the sea-shore and watch the ships come in. There are four war ships in the harbor. I have been on the admiral's ship "Northampton"; it's a large ship; I wish all the little boys that read ST. NICHOLAS could see it. There are nine forts here, and a good many English soldiers, besides the volunteers; it looks pretty to see the red-coats on the street. Some of the soldiers have been ordered off to the North-west.

I am ten years old, and Mabel is seven. If you would like to hear more about Halifax, I will write again.

Yours truly,
GEORGE N. C.

COVINGTON, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've no doubt that there are a great many little girls and boys who have never noticed the different characters of the "Brownies," which appear on the pages of the ST. NICHOLAS.

In every picture of those funny little men may be traced the same amusing characters. For instance, we will mention the Dude, who is never engaged in employment of any description, while all the rest of the "Brownies" are working as though their very existence depended upon it. But our aristocratic dude (as we might say) walks around with as much dignity as though he was a gentleman of leisure. He may always be known by his eye-glass, walking-cane, and silk hat.

Then we have the Irishman, who takes quite a prominent part in the pictures, has on a very funny little sugar-loaf hat, and can certainly be known by his turned up nose and smiling countenance.

In the April number of the ST. NICHOLAS may be seen the all-important little Dutchman, who, with his large hat, is busily engaged in carrying some branches up the hill.

We have also the court jester, and a great many other characters which I will let the children trace out themselves.

I hope that my little friends, since I have drawn their attention to these wee "Brownies," may amuse themselves by looking over the different pictures, and seeing how many queer, tiny men there are.

Very truly, T. P. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have taken you for a long time, and have never written to you before, I just want to tell how very fond of you I am, and how glad I am when the 25th of every month comes, so that I may get you, come home and curl myself up in a corner, and read your splendid stories until tea-time, for

Dear old St. Nick,
I do love you so, I really don't know
Whatever I should do
If I could not have you.

I remain, your affectionate reader, V. S.

DEACON GREEN'S ROLL OF HONOR (continued).

(DEAR EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: If any of the names on my Roll of Honor in the "Fifteen Owners" competition should be unavoidably crowded out of "Jack's" pages, will you please find space for them in The Letter-Box, and oblige

Your obedient servant, SILAS GREEN.)

Edith Higbee—Loena Mekeel—Josie Leavitt—Genie Gillett—Louise Thompson—Annie Rice—Alex. E. Wight—James S. King—M. Robbins—Eda L. Baldwin—J. Roper—Florence Fargo—Juliette K. Jackson—Isabelle Z. Plume—Willie Mossman—Helen L. Tracy—Lilian G. Bates—Bessie S. Green—Alice Gouvy—Margaret B. Miller—Henry A. Truslow—Howard Emerson—Nora Glenn—May Latrobe—Franklin Blake Morse—Jennie M. Dodge—May A. Brown—Alice Peirson—Roland Lindsay—Corina A. Shattuck—L. C. Connolly—Laura Ricketts—Fred. Snyder—Edward F. Burke—Clifford McBride—Margaretta Spear—Lynton Foshay—Clarence H. Robison—Richard E. Vose—Josie Bochman—Arthur D. Smith—Abbie F. Brown—Alice Austen—W. J. Bower—Mary E. Hotchkiss—Edhel Grimley—Frank H. Lowe—C. Hull—Lilian Lloyd—Willie H. Tomlinson—Catherine Harris—Josephine Currier—Mattie Wetherbee—Louis Irving Reichner—Madge K. Lothrop—Helen L. Barker—Clarence P. Franklin—Katherine T. Sprague—E. G. R.—Anna E. Storrs—Minnie E. Platt—Mabel T. Duncan—Hattie B. Sylvester—Fred N. Reed—Leroy Chamberlin—F. M. Wilkins—Emilie Doyle—May Peabody—Emily Latrobe—Martha Allison—R. Kehroth—Rodney L. Fletcher—George H. Warren—H. Stanley Todd—Helen P. Smith—Sarah L. Meeks—Oscar M. Chase—W. T. Davis—Myra Matteson—Walter J. Osborne—Ellen Newbold Lamont—Richard D. Schmidt—Carrie I. Coppins—Amelia Richards—Mary McKenzie—Clara Hawes—Amey Thurber—Helen M. Fairchild—Elmer C. Griffith—Bobbie Douglas—Lois M. Thresher—Eugene W. Leighton—Eva Jones—Minnie Miller—Florence B. Jacobs—F. P. Cooke—Jacob E. Ridgway—Robert H. Fernald—Alice N. Cane—Bessie Wall—Zoë Atkinson—Alice Wiswall—Nellie La Porte—Mary L. Wood—C. Mabel Beaman—E. Maude Quiggle—Mary W. Atwater—Edith C. Clagett—Esther L. Caswell—Phillips Bourne—Frank R. Blake—Austin B. Caswell—Mary de Klenck—Edgar C. Plummer—May Robertson—Winnie Loscombe—Godfrey S. Beaumont—Florence Dillingham—Walter Washabaugh—Guy W. McElvaney—F. V. A. Brower—Frank Weakley—Sadie J. Kimball—D. C. Chafee—Alice S. Wales—Emma D. Osgood—Russell Hoadley—Mabel Horn—R. Percy Vivian—Percy Mummery—Charlie Fred Stuart—William Lippert—Edgar Clifford Fry—Helen A. Fowler—Anna Farquhar—Lulu M. Houser—Florence A. Wood.

CUBA, April 17, 1885.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Many times have I thought I would write and tell you about the exciting times we had about robbers here.

These robbers were the terror of all people living outside of the cities. Perhaps some of your readers saw in the American newspapers how a gentleman was carried off by them, and his wife was forced to pay \$5000 hostage for him. I know this to be true, as I am personally acquainted with both the gentleman and his wife. I will tell you a little adventure of mine with the robbers. One night I and two lady friends and a brother started out for a neighboring estate to dine. This estate was about three miles off. We told our friends we would return at six p. m. surely. But something delayed us, and we did not start for home till seven p. m. We had only gone a mile and a half, when suddenly my friend Miss G— grasped my arm and said, "Look!" I did, and saw something that made my heart jump into my mouth. Drawn up in line in the road were three men on horseback. We could not say a thing, but watched them

with breathless fear as we approached them. As we came up, the light of the lantern one of them held fell on his face, and who should it be but one of the negroes on our estate! The other two men we also knew. You cannot imagine the relief it was to us. Our friends had become anxious because we had not returned at six p. m., and knowing that the robbers were in the wood we had to pass through, had sent the men to find us, fearing that the robbers might have taken us.

Good-bye. From your devoted admirer and reader, E. L. B.

6 BONNINGTON TERRACE,
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was a wee, wee girl, mother read you to me. I have a beautifully bound volume of you, and I take you every month now for my very own. I like "Historic Girls" and "Driven Back to Eden" very much. In our last house, the nursery window overlooked Edinburgh Castle, and we could see from it the window from which James VI. was let down when he was a baby, and the soldiers carried him off to Stirling Castle. My sister Evelyn and my wee brother Bertie and I used to let our dolls down in a basket from our nursery window in the very same way, and sometimes they fell over the edge and broke their little necks. I am nine years old, and I hope to take you ever so many years. I have told many of my little friends about you, and some of them take you, too. I don't see how any little girl can get on without you. I know I can't.

Your little reader, LINA R. T.

CHICAGO, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and enjoy very much the lovely, lovely stories in you.

I go to Miss Grant's school, and take a good many lessons. My teacher is very pleasant indeed. I went to New Orleans not long ago, and saw the great Exposition, and I never saw anything I liked better; of course, I have not seen much, but papa also said he had never seen anything he liked so much. The wonderful machinery and all the machines ever invented were in miniature under a large glass case. They have little ships and houses meant to represent different hospitals, and, oh! so many things that it would take hours to write you all about them.

I am reading all the continued stories in you all at once, and it is rather hard to remember all I read. I like "His One Fault" especially; but just as it gets very interesting, the author suddenly stops, and then it is all I can do to keep from trying to guess what is to come, which I especially do not want to do, because I want each St. NICHOLAS to be a perfect surprise to your loving reader,

HELEN P. S.

PARIS, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you, and think you are nicer than any other magazine I have ever taken. I have two bound volumes of you, and they are just lovely. I can hardly wait, when one number comes of you, for the next. I have written one letter to you before this, and hope you will print this. Your faithful reader,

JUNE A. J.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three little girls; we are eight, seven, and four years of age. We are each going to write a little bit to you.

I am Frances, and I like the "Brownies" so much, and I like the little dude the best of all. I have a pony, but I have not named him yet.

I am Janet. I like the St. NICHOLAS very much. I think "Davy and the Goblin" is one of the best stories in the St. NICHOLAS. I have a pony; it is called Dot.

I am Edith. I have a dog; it is a blue sky-terrier; he can sit up on his hind legs, and he can walk on them. My dog's name is Mop. And I have got also a pony; it is named Dimple; it will eat sugar out of my hand.

We have the ugliest dog ever looked at; his name is Tiger. He came from England, and he is a bull-dog.

You came to us for one of our Christmas presents, and we hope you will come next year.

Good-bye. From EDITH (8), JANET (7), and FRANCES (4).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in a pretty country place near Boston. We have lots of animals. Our horses' names are Dan and Nora; our cows' Cecilia and Peggy, and we have two pigs called Paul and Elsie. Can any of your little readers tell what is good for a sick cat? Our big cat Alfred is very sick. My big brother Leo hit him with a bat six months ago, and he has never got well. Do ask your readers if they know anything that will make him well, for we love him so much. I hope you will print this and make us so happy.

Your friends,

JELLY T. U., ALICIA C. O., DOTTY C. H.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I never wrote a letter to you before, but I thought you might be pleased to know this incident about my little sister.

This spring, for the first time in her life, she saw some young chickens. She was so much delighted with the little beauties, that one morning at the breakfast-table she astonished us all by saying: "Oh, Grandma! please save all these egg-shells, and I'll borrow Mrs. Lee's old hen, and we can have some little chicks, too."

Your loving reader,

PRICE O.

WAVELAND, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For almost a year I have been gladdened by your monthly visits, and no other visitor is so welcome; and after reading, I have laid you carefully away, intending some time to have your volumes bound.

We came here to this beautiful Indian River almost six years ago, and have nearly all kinds of tropical fruits growing. Flowers bloom and birds sing here all the year round, and we are lulled to sleep at night by the "murmuring sea." Often we sail across Indian River, and there is the ocean beach strewn with all kinds of lovely shells and bright mosses, and I gather a great many of both. These are some of the pleasures of Florida life. I send many boxes off to girls and boys in other States less favored than this, and if your readers would like some, I will send some to them if they will write to me and send stamps to pay postage.

Str. NICHOLAS, here is a health to you, and may you live forever.

LILY B.

MERIDEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the November number of 1881, E. H. S. gave plans for a house made of burnt matches. My brother George,

aged fifteen, made one just like it; he gave it a river scene, placing the house on a high bluff, with a gravel walk and steps leading to the sandy beach below, where were moored a yacht and row-boat. At one side of the house was an old-fashioned well and well-sweep. The trees were bits of evergreen, and the shrubbery, rosemary, which we got last summer at the shore; the grass was a piece of green plush, and the water a piece of looking-glass. He made it for Papa's birthday present. It was admired so much, that Papa sent it to Southington (Conn.) Fair, where it took the first premium. I like Str. NICHOLAS very much, and I sometimes take it to school Friday afternoon, and our teacher kindly reads a story to us.

LILLIAN E. J.

We have received pleasant letters from the young friends whose names we give herewith. We ask them to accept our thanks and our regrets that we can not make room for them all in the "Letter-box." Mary W. Davidson, Isabelle W. H., Clarita B. M., Marie V., Em. mie and Bessie, Laura Davidson, Bennie James, "Four-in-Hand," George Justice Ewing, J. O. W. and R. W. O., Arthur B. Whitney, Vivis D., M. A. S., Fanny S. Stewart, Bennie H. Denison, Helen Smith, Anne H., Miss M. A. S., Ilione Hurlbut, Annie Ellis, Rose Morse, Ethel Smith, Ruth Emerson, Jay H. Sypher, Mabel G. Thelwall, Willie, Susie, Franke, Exie, Bennie, Dorothy, Maggie, Anna and Lizzie, Georgiana Emery, Tello d'Sperry, J. C. Stevenson, A. W. Bonie, James B. C., O. S., Lucy Webbing, Daisy Bay, Carrie Gernand, Johnny A. Tillinghast, H. F. M., J. Kimball, Alice Grey, Lulu P. M., Lulu Chevallier, Justia B., Laura and Lottie, Fannie Chandler, H. A. D., Alice K., "Laurence Halstead," Bob and Ted, Alex. Douglas, and Mary Ludlow.



AUGUST is at the very height of the collecting season. Free from the restraints of school, and in large measure emancipated from the restrictions of the city, our 9391 members are exploring rock-vein and tide-pool, forest and stream, and securing material to work upon during the coming months of winter. No two studies are more appropriate for the short cold days than chemistry and mineralogy.

We hope by and by to be able to offer our friends a free course of simple studies in minerals; but, meanwhile, we are glad to present a second course in entomology, for those who can not undertake the lessons of the Brooklyn Club announced last month, as well as those who would like to do more than that.

This course will be entirely free, and is under the care of Mr. G. Howard Parker, Academy of Sciences, 19th and Race streets, Phila., Pa. Five monthly papers will be expected from each member of the class. As to the preparation of these papers, Mr. Parker writes as follows:

SHORT BIOLOGICAL STUDIES IN THE BUTTERFLIES.

In these short studies it is desirable to collect the material for winter work at once. This should consist of about a dozen specimens of each species chosen for study. They should be collected fresh in the field, and placed while alive in 70% alcohol, which kills them in a very short time. Then put them in a wide-mouthed bottle with similar alcohol, and cork tightly, standing it aside for future use.

The forms to be collected and studied, with the times at which the papers on them will be expected, are as follows: 1. On any common swallow-tail. One species will do as well as another. The commonest in the Eastern United States are described by Harris in *Insects Injurious to Vegetation*, pp. 263 to 269. Paper due Sept. 30. 2. On any common white or sulphur yellow. See Harris, pp. 269 to 273. October 31. 3. On one of our common blue or red hair-streaks, preferably *Lycena Americana*. See Harris, pp. 273 to 279. December 31. 4. On one of the great family of four-footed butterflies, meadow-browns, wood nymphs, etc., especially *Danaus Archippus*. Harris, pp. 279 to 306. February 28, 1886. 5. On a common skipper, such as *Eudamus Tityrus*. Harris, pp. 307 to 318. April 30, 1886. During the summer of 1886 it is proposed to carefully study the life histories of three of the forms of which the structure has been made out during the winter. This will be considered in due time.

The following is an outline of our method of study:

Describe, with pencil sketches, carefully drawn,

1. The head—eyes, antennae, or feelers, the tongue, with labial palpi on either side, etc.
2. The thorax—1st segment, bearing 1st pair of legs. 2d segment, bearing 2d pair of legs and 1st pair of wings. Note the number of joints in the legs, and distribution of the veins in the wings. The same for the third segment. Which segments bear breathing-pores on their sides?
3. The abdomen—number of segments, breathing-pores, etc. In all cases describe and figure what you see; do not be particular about giving the technical names of parts; these will come with practice. Papers corrected will be returned to those inclosing the necessary postage.

CHEMISTRY.

FRANK W. TRAPHAGEN, Ph. D., of Staunton, Va., kindly adds his name to the list of chemists willing to aid any of the A. A. in their study of chemistry.

CONCHOLOGY.

MR. HARRY E. DORE, of 128 Hall street, Portland, Oregon, renews his offer of assistance in conchology, and offers to the chapter sending him the largest number of species most accurately named, before October 1, a box containing fifty species (from 3 to 5 of each) of West Coast shells, all properly classified and ready for the cabinet. Mr. Dore can not promise to make a return to all unsuccessful candidates, but where any shells are received in a condition sufficiently good to warrant a return, he will render an equivalent.

NOTES.

168. *Peaches*. I have observed that the down on later peaches is heavier than that on the earlier varieties. I think it is to protect them from the frost.—Miss Tina E. Nash.

169. *Fishes in rapids*. In the Niagara River, above Lewiston, where the current is so strong that a rock at the least a foot in diameter was whirled along like a pebble, and where the water runs at the rate of nine miles an hour, I found fishes swimming.—Frank O. Ehrlich.

170. *Late flowers*. In November, 1884, I found in one little grove six varieties of plants in blossom: witch-hazel, violet, aster, dandelion, yarrow, and rudbeckia.—E. G. Freeman.

171. *A shrewd wren*. I found on Strawberry Island, Niagara River, a marsh-wren, which had cunningly built two nests, one as a decoy. The latter, situated about fifty yards from the true nest, was made of grass. When the wren saw us, she rose from her nest, and flew over and around the decoy, to deceive us, and draw our attention from her real home.—E. A. S.

[This note illustrates the danger of abandoning fact for theory. The facts seem to be that a wren was seen to fly from her nest over and around another one. There is nothing strange in this. That she built the other one is not clear. That her motive was deception, is wholly theoretical.]

172. *Diatoms*. I noticed the rapid increase of diatoms. I had a bottle of water, in which I could find perhaps one diatom in each drop, under the glass. A short time after, they had increased to such an extent that I could find fifteen in a drop, and many different shapes.—T. E. Schlegel.

173. *A voracious crow*. I shot eleven blackbirds, cut off their heads, and threw their bodies into the cage of a tame crow. Next morning, incredible as it may seem, I found that the bird had eaten them all. Nothing but feathers remained.—E. L. D.

[Here again the chain of evidence is not complete. Rats or cats may have intervened. A jury would hardly hang the crow on the sole evidence of the feathers.]

174. *Bluebirds in winter*. At Bristol, Pa., bluebirds can be seen almost any bright day in midwinter. I have repeatedly seen them in December and January, clinging to the vines that overhang our library windows. In Pennsylvania the bluebird is not migratory.—Joseph de Benneville Abbott.

[Let us hear the observations of others during the next winter.]

175. *A battle of ants*. I witnessed a battle between two tribes of ants. The battle-ground was a cleared space, about a foot square. The contestants were large black and small red ants. The smaller ants were victorious, as the larger ones retreated in disorder. The field was strewn with dead and dying.—Fred. V. Corregan, Oswego, N. Y.

176. *A pickerel captures a frog*. I picked up a small frog and pitched it into the water to see it swim. It suddenly disappeared with a great splash. When the water became smooth, there at the bottom of the creek lay a pickerel with the frog in its mouth.—F. V. C.

177. *Woodpeckers eat ants*. I shot a *Picus pileatus*, and found nearly half a pound of great oak-ants (*Formica quercina*) in its crop.—Ernest L. Stephan.

178. *A bright-eyed cat*. December 6, 1884, I saw a pure white cat, whose right eye was a bright yellowish green, and whose left eye was bright blue.—Willie Sheraton, Wycliffe College, Toronto.

179. *Hepatica*. I have noticed in three flowers, a stamen bent over until its anther touched one of the stigmas. Is this the way the pollen reaches the ovary, or was it an accident?—Mary H. Tatnall.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

823. *Farmdale, Ky.* We have a flourishing Chapter of 18 members. We have made our hall into a reading-room, and we go there

and read the magazines and papers, and sometimes hold debates between the regular meetings.—Sam. H. Owen, Sec.

813. *Waupaca, Wis.* One very curious thing we have found is a piece of pottery, from a Wisconsin mound, which indicates the marks of the lathe. As this is uncommon, it seems as if it were worth the attention of members of the A. A. having pottery in their collection.—Richard M. Gibson, Sec.

366. *Webster Groves, Mo.* Our Chapter still lives. We have seen here an instance where knowledge first awakened by the A. A. has developed into an enterprise of practical and financial value.

742. *Jefferson, O.* We take tramps along the creek after *algæ* for the microscope, or fishes for our aquarium, and have lots of fun besides. We found a little pool in which were countless millions of *Volvox globator*. If any Chapter can tell us of a medium for mounting *algæ*, and other delicate vegetable tissue, that will not cause the cell-tissues to contract, we shall be happy.—A. E. Warren, Sec.

687. *Adrian, Mich.* We have our rooms with the Adrian Scientific Society, and have good collections. Among our books is Langille's *Birds and their Haunts*, which we think is the best. Dr. Griffith, of Palmyra, Mich., has given us a very rare collection of entomological specimens.—Geo. W. Tripp.

817. *Philadelphia (F.)* We have not a member who is not an enthusiast. At each meeting a paper is read by one member, and questions are distributed, to be answered at the next meeting.—W. P. Cresson, Jr.

700. *Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.* We began with 3, and now have 16, and two more will soon join, when our number will be completed, as we are limited to 18 until we can secure larger rooms. We should like to correspond with any Chapter that can give us any hints regarding the improvement of our Chapter.—Ollie Cole.

555. *Olympia, Washington T'y.* We now have a room of our own. It is a house that we have built with the help of our many friends. We hope to improve it as we are able. We all are little boys but one, and he works with us just like any other boy. Our library has grown so that we have many valuable books. We have about 200 plants, all named, and many other specimens. We are to have monthly public meetings and lectures. We have printed our own tickets, and one of our honorary members has printed and illustrated our posters. He did it all with a pen, but he put in the most beautiful butterflies and birds. We are now about a year old, and feel just ready to begin work. We have raised and expended about \$100, and we thank you for suggesting to us so good a way of spending our money and our time.—Robert L. Blankenship.

261. *Boston, Mass.* We are taking up a new course of study which promises to be very useful and exceedingly interesting. As we live in the city, we think we can do most by taking a regular course of geology from text-books, aided by what specimens we can obtain. We have purchased the book called *The Foundation of the Earth*, by Agnes Giberne, and have chapters read aloud at our meetings. We also purchased Prof. Shaler's new book, *First Lessons in Geology*. This is very clear and easy to understand.—Ruth A. Odiome.

776. *Oakland, Cal.* We are progressing very well. A member assigns a subject at each meeting. It is then the duty of each member to study on that subject and find out all he or she can about it. Such subjects as "Grasses," "Clovers," "Barks," "Bees," etc., have been assigned. We have collected several specimens for our cabinet. The meetings are held every Thursday night. We now number six. Some of the members are very active. We intend to take up, in connection with our meetings, the study of "Silk-worms, their culture, etc."—S. R. Wood, Sec.

NEW CHAPTERS.

| No. | Name. | No. of Members. | Address. |
|-----|----------------------------|-----------------|---|
| 853 | Fort Bliss (A) | 6. | Walter F. Drum, El Paso, Texas. |
| 854 | Riverside, Ill. (A) | 45. | Albert L. Murray, Cook Co. |
| 855 | Berkley, Cal. (A) | 20. | Miss Gertrude Wheeler. |
| 856 | Brock, Nebraska (A) ... | 12. | Miss Mary Aldrich. |
| 857 | St. Stephen, N. B. (A) ... | 21. | Miss Todd, Box 30. |
| 858 | Yonkers, N. Y. (A) | 5. | Arthur E. Hyde, Nepperhan Avenue. |
| 859 | Little Rock, Ark. (A) | 4. | Ashley Cockrill, 911 Scott St. |
| 860 | Peru, Florida (A) | 4. | S. B. Mays, Hillsboro Co. |
| 861 | Turlington, Neb. (A) | 4. | T. W. Harvey, Otoe Co. |
| 862 | New York, N. Y. (W) | 12. | Miss Lillie March, 122 E. 15th Street. |
| 863 | Providence, R. I. (E) | 6. | F. P. Gorham, 103 Knight St. |
| 864 | Littleton, N. H. (A) | 8. | Miss N. I. Sanger. |
| 865 | Detroit, Mich. (H) | 6. | Mrs. Richard Macauley, 61 Edmund Pl. |
| 866 | Cleveland, O. (C) | 8. | Ch. H. Lewis, 902 Fairmount. |
| 867 | Fulton, N. Y. (B) | 12. | W. R. Wright, Box 564. |
| 868 | Columbia, S. C. (B) | 9. | A. G. La Motte. |

DISSOLVED.

| | | |
|-----|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 592 | New York (P) | Chas. Elsberg. |
| 732 | Brookline, Mass. | Miss Elsie Mills. |

EXCHANGES.

A buffalo's tooth, for a second-hand Tenney's *Zoölogy*.—Jessie Sharpnack, St. Thomas, Dakota.
 Butterflies, for shells and sea-mosses.—E. M. La Motte, Glen Ellen, Sonoma Co., Cal.
Lepidoptera and birds' eggs (one hole), for same.—Chas. A. Wiley, Detroit, Mich.
 Rocky Mountain minerals and curiosities.—Ernest L. Roberts, Sec. Chap. 262, 414 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado.
 Correspondence with view to exchange.—Henry A. Stewart, Gettysburg, Pa.
 Agates from Lake Superior and other minerals, for insects.—C. F. McLean, 3120 Calumet Av., Chicago.
 Gray's *Botany* (in good order), for a stamp-album.—Sioux K. Grigsby, Box 455, Sioux Falls, Dakota.
 Horned toads, Texas eggs, Mexican resurrection-plants, etc.—E. G. Murphy, 413 St. Mary's St., San Antonio, Texas.

Minerals, fossils, and birds' eggs.—Harry Casebolt, Box 233, Wyandotte, Kansas.
 Eggs, insects, and fine fossils, for same.—Harry M. Minn, 211 N. 13th St., Richmond, Va.

CHANGED ADDRESSES.

Chapter 527, Harry Rhine, 612 Van Ness Av., San Francisco.
 " 798, L. D. Smith, Cedar Falls, Iowa.
 " 820, Thomas Pay, 8 No. Grove St., Boston.

Hereafter, mere requests for correspondence will not be noticed in our exchange list, for all Chapters are supposed to be glad to correspond with one another.

Address all communications for this department to
 MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
 Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

This differs from the ordinary numerical enigma, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty letters, forms a proverb.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My Primals name a collection of books, and my finals name the author (born August 15, 1771) and his title.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Flies. 2. A legal term used when a prisoner can prove his absence from the place where a crime is committed. 3. Mist. 4. To settle an income upon. 5. A botanical term meaning a kind of dry fruit, consisting of three or more cells, each of which, from its own elasticity, bursts from the axis into two valves. 6. Even. 7. A manifesto. 8. A mountain-peak and two rivers of Hayti. 9. Not at any time. 10. Solemn affirmations. 11. Kelp, or incinerated sea-weed. 12. The muse who presided over lyric poetry. 13. Boundary. 14. Diversion.

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE.

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HALF-SQUARE. Across: 1. Knotted. 2. Disclosed to view. 3. A county in England. 4. Soon. 5. A number. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In deed.

INCLUDED DIAMOND. 1. In deed. 2. To write. 3. A county in England. 4. A prefix meaning "not." 5. In dent.

CYRIL DEANE.

BEHEADINGS.

THE beheaded letters, read in the order here given, will spell the surname of a popular author.

1. Behead to revile, and leave a female relative. 2. Behead a wanderer, and leave above. 3. Behead a fruit, and leave to subsist. 4.



Behead anger, and leave early. 5. Behead to cook upon a gridiron, and leave to render turbid. 6. Behead a river of Europe, and leave a stone for sharpening instruments. 7. Behead fanciful, and leave a portion. 8. Behead to train in the military art, and leave a brook. 9. Behead a familiar substance, and leave a girl. 10. Behead an occurrence, and leave an opening. "VICI."

DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In nectarine. 2. Divided. 3. Remedied. 4. A portière. 5. To annoy. 6. To perish. 7. In nectarine. II. 1. In reprimand. 2. A small, sharp report. 3. Part of a door. 4. An iron-clad war-vessel having a revolving turret. 5. Small. 6. A separate part. 7. In reprimand.
 EDITH LEAVITT AND
 "IRON DUKE."

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. The surname of a poet. 2. Junction. 3. To cleanse by washing. 4. A nozzle. 5. To scoff. II. 1. A brittle, transparent substance. 2. Airy. 3. To coincide. 4. Straight up and down. 5. Severe.
 "ANNETTE" AND R. F. D.

CUBE.

1 2

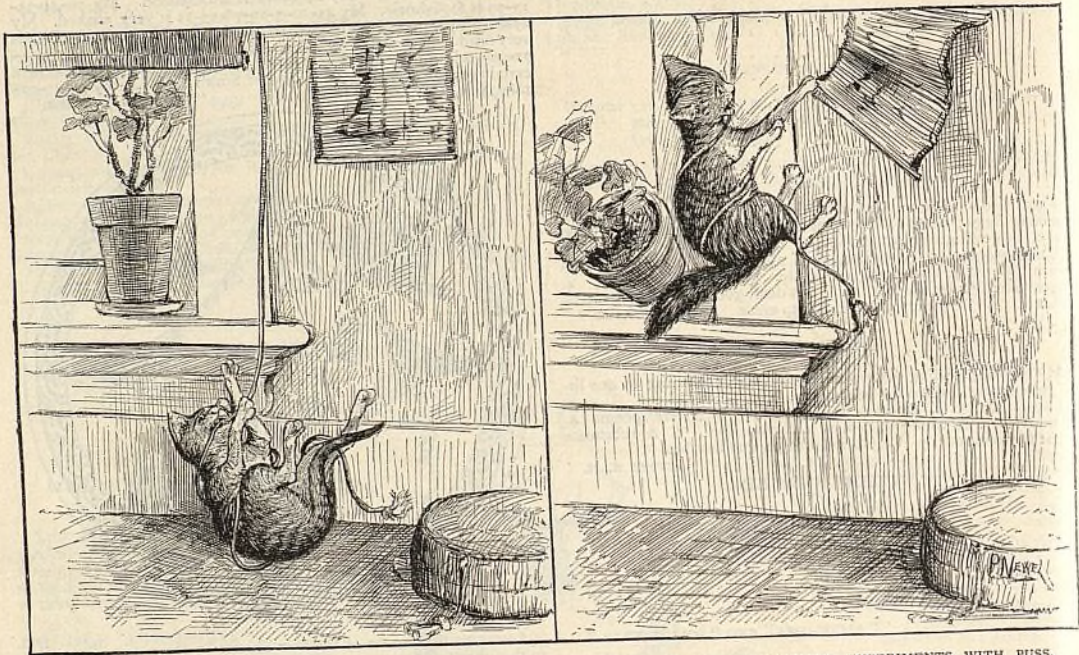
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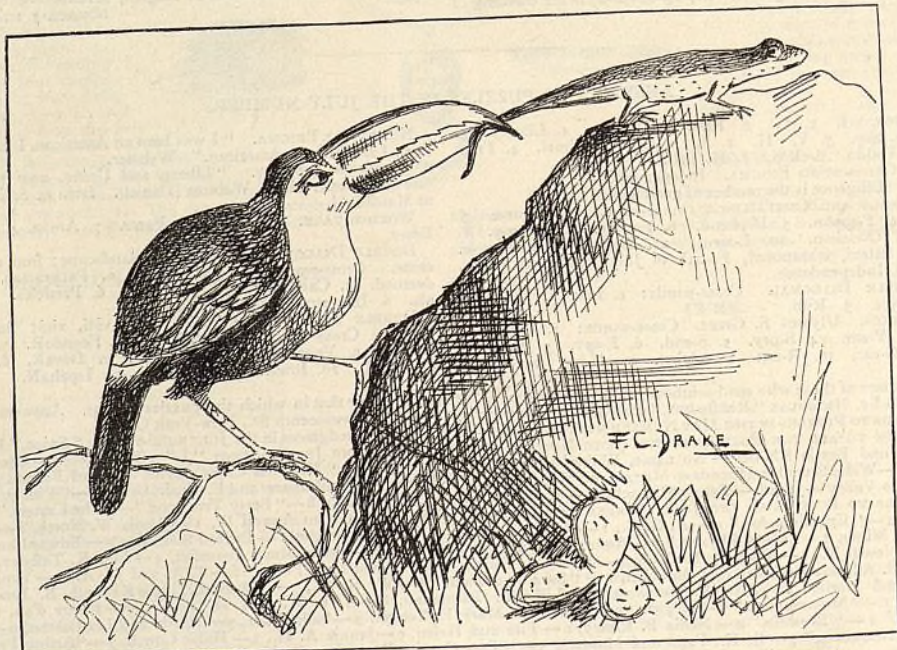
FROM 1 to 2, to fall by succession; from 2 to 6, bears; from 5 to 6, novelty; from 1 to 5, style of language; from 3 to 4, to amend; from 4 to 8, more youthful; from 7 to 8, to authorize; from 3 to 7, to perform a revolution; from 1 to 3, an animal; from 2 to 4, a small whirlpool; from 6 to 8, to fly; from 5 to 7, appellation.

MARY B. B.



PUSS EXPERIMENTS WITH THE PATENT WINDOW-SHADE.

THE PATENT WINDOW-SHADE EXPERIMENTS WITH PUSS.



TOUCAN: "I SAY, WAIT A MINUTE, PLEASE. I 'VE A LITTLE BILL AGAINST YOU!"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

