



A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. II.

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IN SEPTEMBER.

BY ELIZABETH COLE.

MORNINGS frosty grow, and cold,
Brown the grass on hill and wold;
Crows are cawing sharp and clear
Where the rustling corn grows sear;
Mustering flocks of blackbirds call;
Here and there a few leaves fall,
In the meadows larks sing sweet,
Chirps the cricket at our feet,—
In September.

Noons are sunny, warm, and still;
A golden haze o'erhangs the hill,
Amber sunshine's on the floor
Just within the open door;
Still the crickets call and creak,—
Never found, though long we seek,—
Oft comes faint report of gun;
Busy flies buzz in the sun,—
In September.

Evenings chilly are, and damp,
Early lighted is the lamp;
Fire burns, and kettle sings,
Smoke ascends in thin blue rings;
On the rug the children lie;
In the west the soft lights die;
From the elms a robin's song
Rings out sweetly, lingers long,—
In September.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

SHEEP OR SILVER?

BY WILLIAM M. BAKER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRET OF THE GREAT CAÑON.



THE wedge-like ravine into which Uncle Cyrus and Waldo had entered ran down among the rocks to a little river which Waldo, as he thought of the dear home faces in the midst of all this dreariness, at once named the "Hessie," because, as he explained to his uncle, "it makes such a to-do,—dashing, bubbling, foaming, telling everybody everything it knows—for all the world like our Hessie—God bless her!"

Remembering Hungry Wolf's directions, they turned at the water's edge and toiled due north and north-west up the river's bed and bank. It was the hardest sort of traveling; now they would have to step from one slippery stone to another,—now to wade in the water, now to take to dry land on one side or the other as they were able,—for it was a very shallow stream. As they went, they carefully studied every inch of the rocky wall on either side, for they were penetrating into the very heart of the mountain, and were being walled in more and more at every step.

They had gone on in this way several hours, studying the bed of the creek and the pockets, or small cavities, in the granite walls, for indications of metal, when suddenly the cañon seemed to close in so completely as to stop all further advance.

"Trapped?" asked Waldo, with a glance up the pitiless walls of that terrible ravine.

"Dead tired, at any rate," said Uncle Cyrus; and with scarce a word to each other, they boiled their coffee, ate a few mouthfuls of supper, and crouching at the bottom of the cañon, fell asleep, and in that comfortless, forlorn, and forsaken spot they slept until morning.

"Well, Waldo," said Uncle Cyrus, trying, after breakfast was over, to put the best face possible on the matter, "all we can do now is to go back. Sheep-raising may be a slow business, but it is an easier one than this, and much more certain. I'm at the end of my rope. This was our last chance at Hungry Wolf's treasure, and it's as

deceptive as all the others. Come on, my lad; we have done our level best, and the back track is a long and tedious one—but it must be traveled."

Waldo battered with indignant desperation against the towering walls of the cañon, as if he would have beaten a way through.

"Wait, wait, Uncle!" he begged; "this can't be the end. Hold on a minute till I make one last attempt."

He ran to the farthest end of the ravine. Then suddenly he stopped.

"A break, a break!" he shouted. "Come along, Uncle!"

Uncle Cyrus hurried to the spot, but almost before he reached it, Waldo had disappeared into a hole in the stone wall, not much larger than a barrel, and as dark as pitch. Plunging in after his nephew, Uncle Cyrus followed him on hands and knees, as the tunnel turned now this way and now that.

"Light—light ahead!" at last cried Waldo, and as he spoke a glimmer did penetrate into this subterranean passage, which, after a half-hour's tedious crawling, opened out finally into quite a broad space.

But here the cañon had closed up in real earnest. This was the end. On the left there was, however, a kind of split in the rocks running upward.

There was nothing to do but to try it. Up and up and up the fissure ran, and up and up and up the two clambered through the close, hot heart of the rocks to air and daylight. At last they came out upon a plateau on the very top of the mountain. It was a tract of not more than six or eight acres, so walled in that no man could have reached it in any other way than by the subterranean passage, except by a series of ladders on the outer side.

Completely tired out by their toilsome tramp and climb, they threw themselves down on the rocks, enjoying the cloudless sky and the pure air that blew in their faces. Then gathering some of the dry moss that grew in the rocks, they made a fire and prepared their breakfast of coffee and jerked venison.

Mindful only of the grand view of the great Sierras that lay stretched before him, Waldo stood by the parapet of rock, silent and thoughtful, when he was startled by hearing Uncle Cyrus give so loud and so sudden a yell that he was certain a bear or an Apache was near at hand.

He looked around. Uncle Cyrus was sitting in a bed of black mold, and — actually crying!

"What is it, Uncle?" asked Waldo, running toward him. "A snake-bite?" And the whisky-flask was produced as an antidote. But Uncle Cyrus, pushing it away, began to take up handfuls of the black mold, and let it run through his fingers as children do sand on the sea-shore, while all the time the big tears ran down his cheeks, and he spoke not a word.

Waldo was puzzled. Then a terrible thought came to him. Had his uncle gone crazy through grief and disappointment?

"What shall I do?" he thought. "How shall I ever get him home — or anywhere?"

"You poor, dear Uncle," he said, patting him soothingly on the back as we sometimes do with people who are very weak. "Come, come with me."

"You young ignoramus!" broke out his uncle, almost indignantly, turning up his tear-stained face; "can't you understand? Feel that!" and he scooped up a great handful of the black dirt and thrust it into Waldo's palm. "Feel that, I say! We're rich! We're rich, boy! It's silver!"

That black dirt — silver! Waldo dropped on his knees by his uncle's side. It was only a black mud dried up into a kind of gritty dirt; and there were acres of it. Then he remembered to have heard that the effect of thousands of years of heat and cold and rain upon the silver-bearing rock was to pulverize it to coarse black dust, which only needed to be treated with acids to bring out of that filthy black mass the silver — pure, white, and beautiful. And when he, too, saw those acres of wealth all around them, and knew that their long months of striving had not been in vain, he flung his arms around his uncle's neck and cried too. Excess of joy often unmans the stoutest heart.

"But can this be Hungry Wolf's treasure, Uncle?" demanded Waldo, after the first transports of joy were past.

"Not a bit of it, Waldo," Uncle Cyrus replied. "How could an uneducated Indian know that this black dirt is full of silver? This is our own especial find; but I am confident, too, that Hungry Wolf's mine is not far away; and, as this claim is ours, we are now in a position to put the search for his treasure in competent hands, and share in the result — if a successful one is reached."

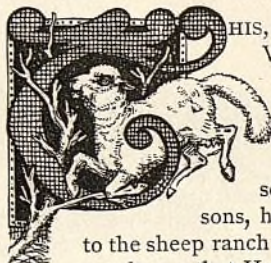
And this they did. By careful climbing and many, risky descents, they contrived to get down from their rock-circled plateau, dropping down on the outside of the mountain, instead of attempting the cañon and the tortuous under-ground passage.

They carefully located their claim, hurried down the mountains to Prescott, and took legal steps to secure their "find," carrying with them metal

enough for a satisfactory assay. Then they sold their claim to a San Francisco company of mining operators, reserving plenty of shares as their own property. In all these matters, Uncle Cyrus was in his element, demonstrating how readily the ore could be shot down the mountain in long flumes, entering into all the details of the scheme, driving a strict bargain with the San Francisco firm, arranging with other prospectors to make a thorough search for Hungry Wolf's treasure, and stipulating for a large share in the profits from this, if found. Then, when all was arranged fully and beyond any chance of loss or business treachery, he said to his nephew: "And now, Waldo, for the Lampasas and home."

CHAPTER VIII.

SHEARING-TIME.



THIS, of course, happened after Waldo and his uncle had been away a little more than a year; and now the Edwards household, at the earnest solicitation of the Frier-sons, had come to make a visit to the sheep ranch on the Lampasas. The result was that Harry Edwards became so enthusiastic a believer in sheep that he bought for his mother several thousand acres adjoining the Frier-sons', and he had long talks with Ruthven as to the best breeds and all the details of the business.

One day, early in May, after they all had been discussing the subject in the shade of a great live-oak near the house, and had been fully informed by Ruthven as to the relative value and relative increase in stock and wool and meat, they all accompanied him to the shearing-place on the creek, where the sheep were being washed and sheared.

It was but a rude affair. A hurdle-pen had been built, from which ran a kind of plank canal. Japero, the Mexican, stood waist-deep in the running water, catching, scrubbing, and rubbing each sheep as it was driven in to him by old Jock, who overlooked everything. In a shed on the bank were the professional shearers, who make it a regular business to go from ranch to ranch, and shear the sheep at the rate of from two to five cents for each sheep sheared. Seizing upon a sheep, the shearer laid its neck across his left knee, its right side against his body, the fore-legs held firmly beneath his arms. By a rapid movement the fleece was opened up and down the stomach, and the wool closely sheared away from the body and around as far as the hand could

go. The animal was then turned to the other side, which was sheared in the same manner, and the fleece laid upon the table. A second clipping is never made, as the value of the wool lies altogether in the length of the clip. With a quick movement, a boy at the shearing-table turned back upon itself first the tail and then the head of the fleece, then the flanks, and in a twinkling a new fleece was tied up and added to the pile.

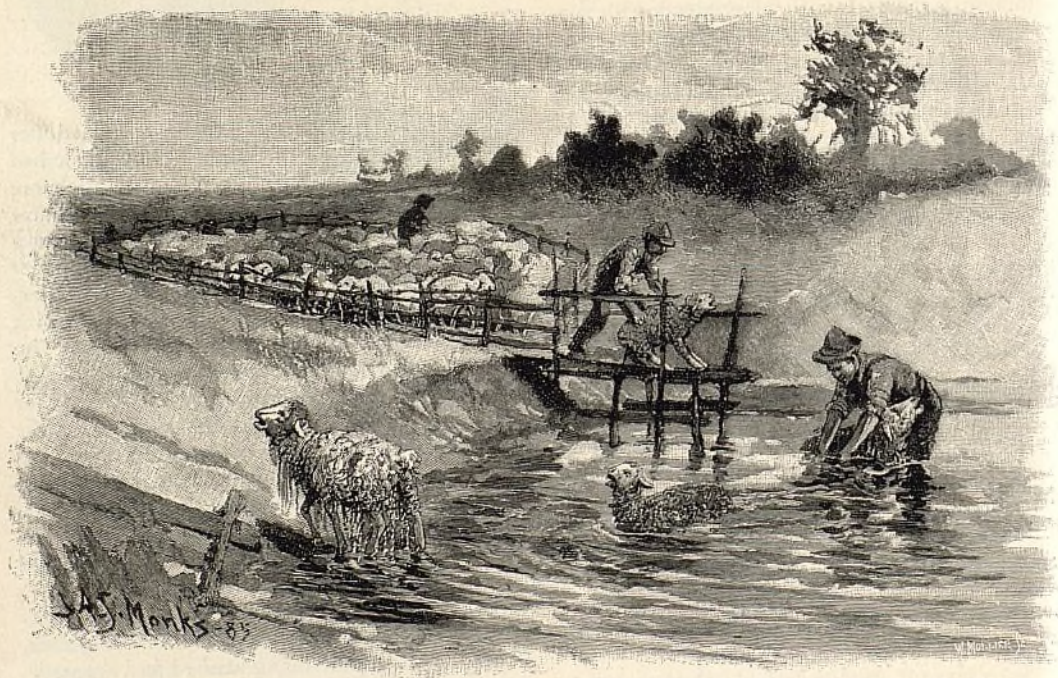
"Why, it is like working by machinery," exclaimed Madge Edwards. "How can they do it so fast?"

"Practice makes perfect," Ruthven explained.

"But how miserable the poor sheep look after they have had their jackets stripped off," Barbara

fair to tell you that there is almost as much trouble with sick sheep as with sick children. Jock has a perfect drug-store, with his ginger, gentian, castor-oil, aniseed, rhubarb, gin, laudanum, and linseed-oil. Sheep are really the feeblest of animals, and are subject to every disease you can think of. But Ruthven has proved them to be worth all the risk, and a sure and steady source of increase and profit."

Next day the entire household strolled out on the prairie, after dinner, to where old Jock was herding his newly shorn flock. Even Don Quixote had lost with his magnificent fleece part of his patriarchal bearing, but all were nibbling away with their customary haste, as if the sun would be down before they could get enough.



"JAPERO STOOD IN THE RUNNING WATER, CATCHING EACH SHEEP AS IT WAS DRIVEN DOWN TO HIM."

Edwards said, and then added, "and what do you do with the wool?"

"It goes through that hole in the floor," Ruthven replied, "and into a big sack. This sack, when filled, is sewed up and the wool is sent to market. When it reaches the hands of the manufacturers, it is carefully sorted over. One kind is used for blankets, another for shawls, a third for yarns, a fourth for flannels, and so on. It is astonishing how many different things are made of wool."

"But are your sheep all profit and no trouble?" Mrs. Edwards inquired.

"By no means," Mrs. Frierson said. "It is only

A more pastoral scene it was impossible to imagine. The air of the May evening was soft and balmy. The rim of hills, thirty or forty miles away, was now growing purple in the declining light. Except for a few flecks of fleecy white in the deep blue overhead, the sky was without a cloud; while the living green of the live-oaks and the cottonwood trees contrasted softly with the ever-varying and innumerable shades of verdure through which the grass changed in waving pulsations.

There was beauty, peace, stillness everywhere, and the grazing sheep only helped to complete the picture of rest and contentment. Suddenly the four girls, who were strolling on in advance of the

two mothers, saw riding swiftly toward them two ragged-looking men mounted on mustangs.



SHEARING THE SHEEP.

Accustomed as all were to seeing men in the roughest garb, these were so very uncouth and disreputable in appearance, from the floppy old hats on their heads to the well-worn boots on their feet, that the girls drew timidly back; but only for an instant. The next moment came a scream from Bessie, and flying forward, to the horror of all the rest, she rushed frantically up to one of the riders, who before they could interfere was bending down from his saddle, and actually hugging and kissing Bessie with all his might.

CHAPTER IX.

SHEEP — OR SILVER ?

WE of course know who the two strangers were; — Waldo and Uncle Cyrus, home again after their search for the hidden treasure.

"We had hoped to steal in without being seen," Uncle Cyrus apologized, "and to have fixed up at least a little before showing ourselves. If I can get Waldo out of this trap, we will do so yet."

Waldo, however, seemed fairly trapped in the embraces of mother and sisters, and forgetful of his forlorn appearance. So Uncle Cyrus, grown plumper and ruddier than ever, seized him about the waist, fairly lifted him from his feet, and bore him away toward the cabins. Hessie ran like the wind to tell Ruthven, while Mrs. Frierson and Bessie walked after the two returned prodigals in a tumult of joy.

Although it was lamb and beef instead of fatted

calf which was spread before them at supper, never were wanderers more joyously received. Everybody was talking and laughing; no one seemed to be listening, and it was some time before Waldo could get a fair hearing.

"Let us go out into the moonlight," he said, when the meal was at last ended. "Uncle Cyrus and I are not used to being boxed up in houses; nothing less than all out-of-doors will suit us. But you are sure," he said, pausing as he stood by the table, "that, poor, miserable, and unfortunate ne'er-do-wells as we two are — you are *sure* you are as glad to see us as if we had come back rich?"

If Uncle Cyrus had increased in breadth, Waldo

also had grown in stature and rugged health; and his mother and sisters looked at him in fond admiration.

"Poor as we are," he repeated, in pathetic tones, "willful spendthrifts, thrown back upon you as worthless idlers, you are sure you do not despise us?"

"O Waldo! how can you?" exclaimed his mother and sisters; and Ruthven grasped his brother's hand with so firm a grip that Waldo was compelled to draw it away in pretended pain.

Then out into the open air they all went, and while the moon shone brilliantly down upon the slope before the cabins, and the gentle breeze was heavy with the peculiar scent of the ocean of mesquit grass that stretched away to the south — Waldo, tall, vigorous, and earnest, told his story, while Uncle Cyrus added an occasional word, and all the company, even to old Jock, who, for this occasion only, had been lured away from his sheep, listened intently.

He told of their hopes and fears, of their labors and losses, of their wanderings, their deprivations, their discouragements, and their utter disgust with the slavish, feverish, peace-destroying life of a silver-hunter. Then of their last endeavor, of the awful cañon in the Cerbat hills, the under-ground passage and the high plateau, ending his story with the climax of Uncle Cyrus's apparent insanity, and the acres of black dirt that was full of purest silver, wealth, and victory.

And with this unexpected ending of the travelers' story, what a chorus of congratulations went up

from all the company! While Mrs. Frierson, through a mist of joyful tears, said to her son, as she folded him in her arms:

"Oh, my boy, my boy, you are better and dearer to me than all the silver of Arizona!"

"Yes, Bessie," said Uncle Cyrus, "it means victory for *us* at last, as I had hoped from the very first. But it means, too, a life of toil and disappointment that will wear out the stoutest heart. I tell you, good people," he added, with sudden energy, "the honest miller whose grist-mill clacks all day on a little stream in the obscurest country place among the hills, is a happier man, in his floury clothes, helping his neighbors put their meal-bags on their old horses, than the men who grind out gold and silver in a feverish, restless, too often rascally life. No son or brother of mine should go into it, so full of risk and demoralization is it. I know I have been in it, and so has Waldo, but—we've sworn off; have n't we, Waldo?"

"Well, *I* have, Uncle," said Waldo, "and so, you say, have you. Although I must say I should n't be surprised to see you try it again—when you

are rested, you know. Uncle Cyrus, ladies and gentlemen," he added, "is, as you all know, of a roving temperament; but, as you also know, I am of a quiet, stay-at-home, strictly domestic character,"—here everybody laughed. "Oh, you may laugh, but it's so! Uncle may go; I will not. Sheep forever for me—and my mother!"

"But you must not think," Uncle Cyrus said, after plans and purposes and the future had been talked over late into the night, and all were turned toward the house again, "you must not think that our discovery is any very great thing. We shall make some thousands out of it—not hundreds of thousands."

"We shall get as much as we need for our purposes," Waldo said. "At present *my* purpose is to stick as closely as I can to the Lampasas. Silver is very well in its way, but from this hour,—hear ye, O thou beautiful Moon and still more beautiful Mother!" he said in mock heroics, his hand in air,—"hear ye my vow! When it is a question of Sheep or Silver for me—I intend to make it *Sheep* forever!"

THE END.

THE DREAMLAND SHEEP: A CHARM.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

WHEN, tossing on your restless bed,
You can not fall asleep,
Just resolutely close your eyes,—
See a field-path before you rise,
And call the dreamland sheep.

They come, they come, a hurrying crowd,
Swift-bounding, one by one;
They reach the wall in eager chase;
The leader finds the lowest place;
They cross, and on they run.

Oh! many times on sleepless nights
I watch the endless throng,
Their pretty heads, their woolly backs,—
As crowding in each other's tracks
They press and race along.

At the wall-gap, each plants its feet
On one stone—standing still,—
Makes its small leap like those before,
Then with its mates, score after score,
Goes scampering down hill.

I try to count them, but, each time,
Lose reckoning at the wall.
They come from where the gray mists blend,—
In mist they vanish at the end,
With far, faint bleat and call.

Off drop the day-time cares. Away
The nervous fancies fall;
And peacefully I fall asleep,
Watching the pretty dreamland sheep
Crowd through the dreamland wall.

THE BATTLE OF THE THIRD COUSINS.

A Fanciful Tale.

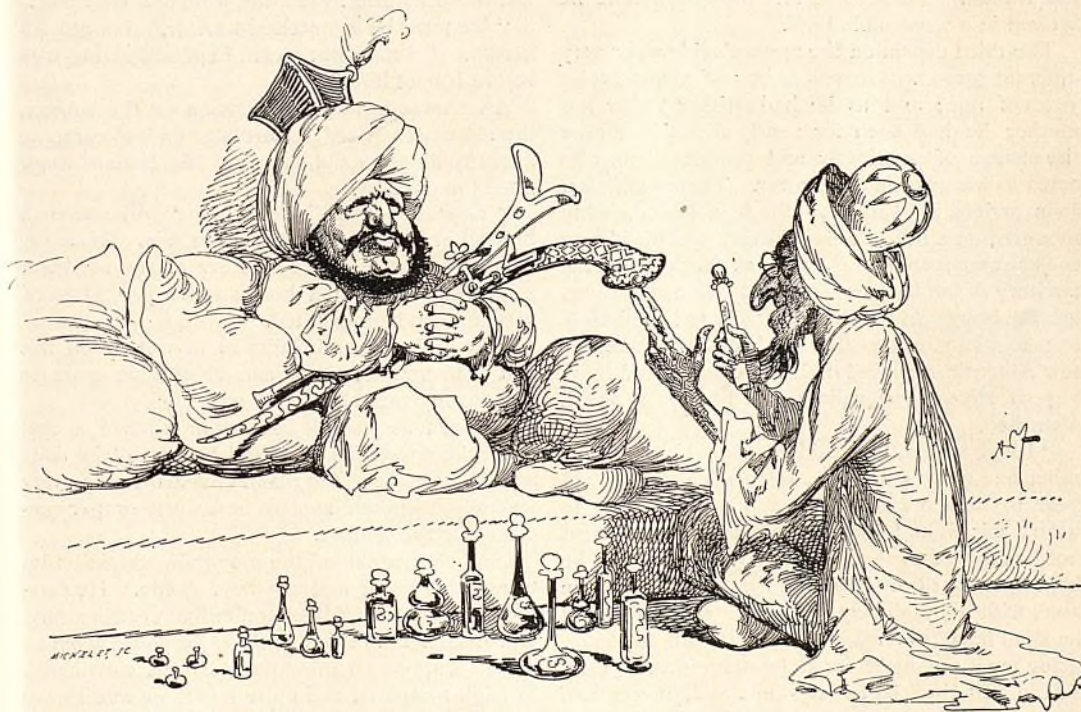
BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE were never many persons who could correctly bound the Autocracy of Mutjado. The reason for this was that the boundary line was not stationary. Whenever the Autocrat felt the need of money, he sent his tax-gatherers far and wide, and people who up to that time had no idea of such a thing found that they lived in the territory of

small. As none of these were of the slightest benefit, the learned doctor produced another kind of medicine which he highly extolled.

"Take a dose of this twice a day," said he, "and you will soon find ——"

"A new medicine?" interrupted the Autocrat, in disgust. "I will have none of it! These others



"THE LEARNED DOCTOR PRODUCED ANOTHER KIND OF MEDICINE."

Mutjado. But when times were ordinarily prosperous with him, and people in the outlying districts needed protection or public works, the dominion of the Autocrat became very much contracted.

In the course of time, the Autocrat of Mutjado fell into bad health and sent for his doctor. That learned man prescribed some medicine for him; and as this did him no good, he ordered another kind. He continued this method of treatment until the Autocrat had swallowed the contents of fifteen phials and flasks, some large and some

were bad enough, and rather than start with a new physic, I prefer to die. Take away your bottles, little and big, and send me my secretary."

When that officer arrived, the Autocrat informed him that he had determined to write his will, and that he should set about it at once.

The Autocrat of Mutjado had no son, and his nearest male relatives were a third cousin on his father's side, and another third cousin on his mother's side. Of course these persons were in nowise related to each other; and as they lived in

distant countries, he had never seen either of them. He had made up his mind to leave his throne and dominions to one of these persons, but he could not determine which of them should be his heir.

"One has as good a right as the other," he said to himself, "and I can't bother my brains settling the matter for them. Let them fight it out, and whoever conquers shall be Autocrat of Mutjado."

Having arranged the affair in this manner in his will, he signed it, and soon after died.

The Autocrat's third cousin on his father's side was a young man of about thirty, named Alberdin. He was a good horseman, and trained in the arts of warfare, and when he was informed of the terms of his distinguished relative's will, he declared himself perfectly willing to undertake the combat for the throne. He set out for Mutjado, where he arrived in a reasonable time.

The third cousin on the mother's side was a very different person. He was a boy of about twelve years of age; and as he had neither father nor mother he had been for nearly all his life under the charge of an elderly and prudent man, who acted as his guardian and tutor. These two, also, soon arrived in Mutjado,—the boy, Phedo, being mounted on a little donkey, which was his almost constant companion. As soon as they reached the territory of the late Autocrat, old Salim, the tutor, left the boy at an inn, and went forward by himself to take a look at the other third cousin. When he saw Alberdin mounted on his fine horse, and looking so strong and valiant, his heart was much disturbed.

"I had hoped," he said to himself, "that the other one was a small boy, but such does not appear to be the case. There is only one way to have a fair fight between these two. They must not be allowed to see each other. If they can be kept apart until my boy grows up, he will then be able, with the military education which I intend he shall have, to engage in combat with any man. They must not meet for at least seventeen years. Phedo will then be twenty-nine, and, more than that, the other man will be somewhat middle-aged, which may be an advantage to our side. To be sure, I am pretty old myself to undertake to superintend so long a delay, but I must do my best to keep well and strong, and to attain the greatest possible longevity."

Salim had always been in the habit of giving thirty-two bites to every mouthful of meat, and a proportionate number of bites to other articles of food; and had, so far, been very healthy. But he now determined to increase the number of bites to thirty-six, for it would be highly necessary for him to live until it was time for the battle between the third cousins to take place.

Having made up his mind on these points, the old tutor introduced himself to Alberdin, and told him that he had come to arrange the terms of combat.

"In the first place," said Alberdin, "I should like to know what sort of a person my opponent is."

"He is not a cavalryman like you," answered Salim; "he belongs to the heavy infantry."

At this, Alberdin looked grave. He knew very well that a stout and resolute man on foot had often the advantage of one who is mounted. He would have preferred meeting a horseman, and fighting on equal terms.

"Has he had much experience in war?" asked the young man.

"It is not long," answered the tutor, "since he was almost constantly in arms, winter and summer."

"He must be a practiced warrior," thought Alberdin. "I must put myself in good fighting-trim before I meet him."

After some further conversation on the subject, the old man advised Alberdin to go into camp on a beautiful plain not far from the base of a low line of mountains.

"Your opponent," said he, "will intrench himself in the valley on the other side. With the mountains between you, neither of you need fear a surprise; and when both are ready, a place of meeting can be appointed."

"Now, then," said Salim to himself when this had been settled; "if I can keep them apart for seventeen years, all may be well."

As soon as possible, Alberdin pitched a tent upon the appointed spot, and began to take daily warlike exercise in the plain, endeavoring in every way to put himself and his horse into proper condition for the combat.

On the other side of the mountain, old Salim intrenched himself and the boy, Phedo. He carefully studied several books on military engineering, and caused a fortified camp to be constructed on the most approved principles. It was surrounded by high ramparts, and outside of these was a moat filled with water. In the center of the camp was a neat little house which was well provided with books, provisions, and everything necessary for a prolonged stay. When the draw-bridge was up, it would be impossible for Alberdin to get inside of the camp; and, moreover, the ramparts were so high that he could not look over them to see what sort of antagonist he was to have. Old Salim did not tell the boy why he brought him here to live. It would be better to wait until he was older before informing him of the battle which had been decreed. He told Phedo that it was necessary for him to have a military education, which could very well be obtained in a place like this; and he was also

very careful to let him know that there was a terrible soldier in that part of the country who might at any time, if it were not for the intrenchments, pounce down upon him, and cut him to pieces. Every fine day, Phedo was allowed to take a ride on his donkey outside of the fortifications, but during this time, the old tutor kept a strict watch on the mountain; and if a horseman had made his appearance, little Phedo would have been whisked inside, and the draw-bridge would have been up in a twinkling.

After about two weeks of this life, it was dreadfully stupid to see no one but his old tutor, and never to go outside of these great ramparts except for donkey-rides, which were generally very short. Phedo therefore determined, late one moonlight night, to go out and take a ramble by himself. He was not afraid of the dreadful soldier of whom the old man had told him, because at that time of night this personage would, of course, be in bed and asleep. Considering these things, he quietly dressed himself, took down a great key from over his sleeping tutor's head, opened the heavy gate, let down the draw-bridge, mounted upon his donkey, which was glad, as was he, to go out, and rode forth upon the moonlit plain.

That night-ride was a very delightful one, and for a long time they rambled and ran; first going this way and then that, they gradually climbed the mountain, and, reaching the brow, they trotted about for a while, and then went down the other side. The boy had been so twisted and turned about that he did not notice that he was not descending toward his camp, and the donkey, whose instinct told it that it was not going the right way, was also told by its instinct that it did not wish to go the right way, and that the entrenchments offered it no temptation to return. When the morning dawned, Phedo perceived that he was really lost, and he began to be afraid that he might meet the terrible soldier. But, after a time, he saw riding toward him a very pleasant-looking young man on a handsome horse, and he immediately took courage.

"Now," said he to himself, "I am no longer in danger. If that horrible cut-throat should appear, this good gentleman will protect me."

Alberdin had not seen any one for a long time, and he was very glad to meet with so nice a little boy. When Phedo told him that he was lost, he invited him to come to his tent, near by, and have breakfast. While they were eating their meal, Alberdin asked the boy if in the course of his rambles he had met with a heavy infantry soldier, probably armed to the teeth, and very large and strong.

"Oh, I've heard of that dreadful man!" cried

Phedo, "and I am very glad that I did not meet him. If he comes, I hope you'll protect me from him."

"I will do that," said Alberdin; "but I'm afraid I shall not be able to help you find your way home, for in doing so I should throw myself off my guard, and might be set upon unexpectedly by this fellow, with whom I have a regular engagement to fight. There is to be a time fixed for the combat, for which I feel myself nearly ready, but I have no doubt that my enemy will be very glad to take me at a disadvantage if I give him a chance."

Phedo looked about him with an air of content. The tent was large and airy; there seemed to be plenty of good things to eat; the handsome horseman was certainly a very good-humored and agreeable gentleman; and, moreover, the tent was not shut in by high and gloomy ramparts.

"I do not think you need trouble yourself," said he to his host, "to help me to find my way home. I live with my tutor, and I am sure that when he knows I am gone he will begin to search for me, and after awhile he will find me. Until then, I can be very comfortable here."

For several days the two third cousins of the Autocrat lived together in the tent, and enjoyed each other's society very much. Then Alberdin began to grow a little impatient.

"If I'm to fight this heavy infantry man," he said; "I should like to do it at once. I am now quite ready, and I think he ought to be. I expected to hear from him before this time, and I think I shall start out and see if I can get any news of his intentions. I don't care about going over the mountain without giving him notice, but the capital city of Mutjado is only a day's ride to the west, and there I can cause inquiries to be made when he would like to meet me, and where."

"I will go with you," said Phedo, greatly delighted at the idea of visiting the city.

"Yes, I will take you," said Alberdin. "Your tutor don't seem inclined to come for you, and, of course, I can't leave you here."

The next day, Alberdin on his horse, and Phedo on his donkey, set out for the city, where they arrived late in the afternoon. After finding a comfortable lodging, Alberdin sent messengers to the other side of the mountain, where his opponent was supposed to be encamped, and gave them power to arrange with him for a meeting. He particularly urged them to try to see the old man who had come to him at first, and who had seemed to be a very fair-minded and sensible person. In two days, however, the messengers returned, stating that they had found what they supposed to be the intrenched camp of the heavy infantry man they had been sent in search of, but that it was en-

tirely deserted, and nobody could be seen anywhere near it.

"It is very likely," said Alberdin, "that he has watched my maneuvers and exercises from the top of the mountain, and has concluded to

known his plans to the lady, and hoped that she would consider it a good idea to marry him.

"I am sorry to interfere with any of your arrangements," said the Princess, "but as soon as I heard the terms of my father's will, I made up my mind to marry the victor in the contest. As I can not inherit the throne myself, the next best thing is to be the wife of the man who does. Go forth, then, and find your antagonist, and when you have conquered him, I will marry you."

"And if he conquers me, you will marry him?" said Alberdin.

"Yes, sir," answered the Princess, with a smile, and dismissed him.

It was plain enough that there was nothing for Alberdin to do but to go and look for the heavy infantry man. Phedo was very anxious to accompany him, and the two, mounted as before, set out from the city on their quest.



THE THIRD COUSIN ON THE FATHER'S SIDE.

run away. I shall give him a reasonable time to show himself, and then, if he does not come forward, I will consider him beaten, and claim the Autocracy."

"That is a good idea," said Phedo, "but I think, if you can, you ought to find him and kill him, or drive him out of the country. That's what I should do, if I were you."

"Of course I'll do that, if I can," said Alberdin; "but I could not be expected to wait for him forever."

When his intention had been proclaimed, Alberdin was informed of something which he did not know before, and that was that the late Autocrat had left an only daughter, a Princess about twenty-five years old. But although she was his daughter, she could not inherit his crown, for the country forbade that any woman should become Autocrat. A happy idea now struck Alberdin.

"I will marry the Princess," he said, "and then every one will think that it is the most suitable thing for me to become Autocrat."

So Alberdin sent to the Princess to ask permission to speak with her, and was granted an audience. With much courtesy and politeness he made

When old Salim, the tutor of Phedo, awoke in the morning and found the boy gone, he immediately imagined that the youngster had run away to his old home; so he set forth with all possible speed, hoping to overtake him. But

when he reached the distant town where Phedo had lived, he found that the boy had not been there; and after taking some needful rest, he retraced his steps, crossed the mountains, and made his way toward the capital city, hoping to find news of him there. It was necessary for him to be very careful in his inquiries, for he wished no one to find out that the little boy he was looking for was the third cousin of the late Autocrat on the mother's side. He therefore disguised himself as a migratory medical man, and determined to use all possible caution. When he reached the camp of the young horseman, Alberdin, and found that personage gone, his suspicions became excited.

"If these two have run off together," he said to himself, "my task is indeed difficult. If the man discovers it is the boy he has to fight, my poor Phedo will be cut to pieces in a twinkling. I do not believe there has been any trouble yet, for the boy does not know that he is to be one of the combatants, and the man would not be likely to suspect it. Come what may, the fight must not take place for seventeen years. And in order that I may still better preserve my health and strength to avert the calamity during that period, I will increase

my number of bites to forty-two to each mouthful of meat."

When old Salim reached the city, he soon found that Alberdin and the boy had been there, and that they had gone away together.

"Nothing has happened so far," said the old man, with a sigh of relief; "and things may turn out all right yet. I'll follow them, but I must first find out what that cavalryman had to say to the Princess." For he had been told of the interview at the palace.

It was not long before the migratory medical man was brought to the Princess. There was nothing the matter with her, but she liked to meet with persons of skill and learning to hear what they had to say.

"Have you any specialty?" she asked of the old man.

"Yes," said he, "I am a germ-doctor."

"What is that?" asked the Princess.

"All diseases," replied the old man, "come from germs; generally very little ones. My business is to discover these, and find out all about them."

"Then I suppose," said the Princess, "you know how to cure the diseases?"

"You must not expect too much," answered the old man. "It ought to be a great satisfaction to us to know what sort of germ is at the bottom of our woes."

"I am very well, myself," said the Princess, "and, so far as I know, none of my household are troubled by germs. But there is something the matter with my mind which I wish you could relieve." She then told the old man how she had determined to marry the victor in the contest for her father's throne, and how she had seen one of the claimants whom she considered to be a very agreeable and deserving young man; while the other, she had heard, was a great, strong foot soldier, who was probably very disagreeable, and even horrid. If this one should prove the conqueror, she did not know what she should do. "You see, I am in a great deal of trouble," said she. "Can you do anything to help me?"

The pretended migratory medical man looked at her attentively for a few moments, and then he said:

"The reason why you intend to marry the victor in the coming contest, is that you wish to remain here in your father's palace, and to continue to enjoy the comforts and advantages to which you have been accustomed."

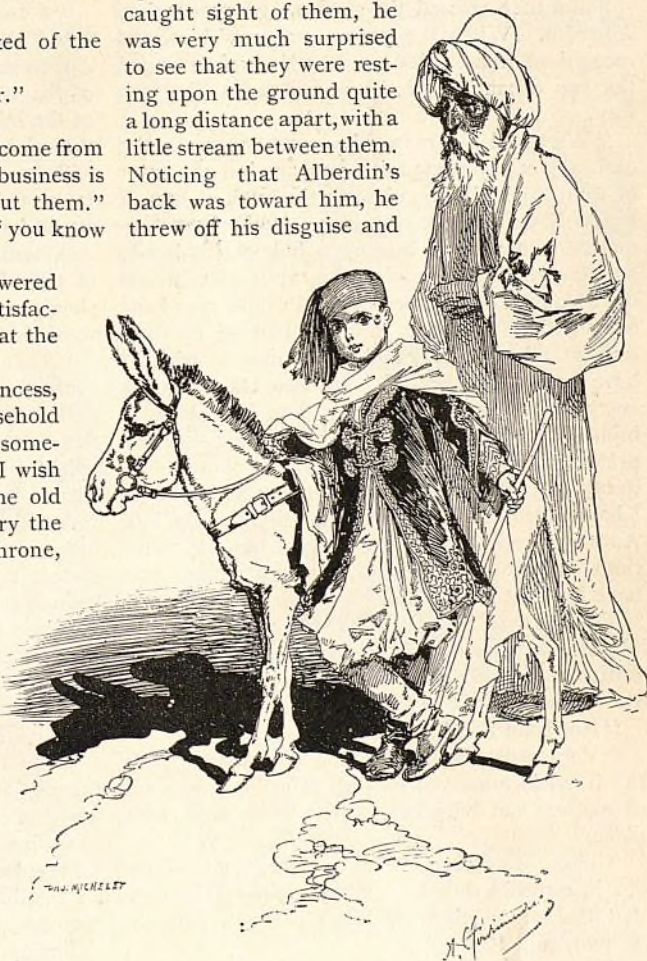
"Yes," said the Princess; "that is it."

"Well, having discovered the germ of your disorder," said the old man, "the great point is gained. I will see what I can do."

And with a respectful bow he left her presence.

"Well," said old Salim to himself, as he went away, "she can never marry my boy, for that is certainly out of the question; but now that I have found out her motive, I think I can arrange matters satisfactorily, so far as she is concerned. But to settle the affair between that young man and Phedo is immensely more difficult. The first thing is to find them."

Having learned the way they had gone, the old tutor traveled diligently, and in two days came up with Alberdin and Phedo. When he first caught sight of them, he was very much surprised to see that they were resting upon the ground quite a long distance apart, with a little stream between them. Noticing that Alberdin's back was toward him, he threw off his disguise and



THE THIRD COUSIN ON THE MOTHER'S SIDE.

hastened to Phedo. The boy received him with the greatest delight, and, after many embraces, they sat down to talk. Phedo told the old man all that had happened, and finished by relating

that, as they had that day stopped by this stream to rest, Alberdin had taken it into his head to inquire into the parentage of his young companion; and after many questions about his family, it had been made clear to both of them that they were the two third cousins who were to fight for the Autocracy of Mutjado.

"He is very angry," said the boy, "at the tricks that have been played upon him, and went off and left me. Is it true that I am to fight him? I don't want to do it, for I like him very much."

"It will be a long time before you are old enough to fight," said Salim; "so we need not consider that. You stay here, and I'll go over and talk to him."

Salim then crossed the stream, and approached Alberdin. When the young man saw him, and recognized him as the person who had arranged the two encampments, he turned upon him with fury.

"Wretched old man, who came to me as the emissary of my antagonist, you are but the tutor of that boy! If I had known the truth at first, I would have met him instantly; would have conquered him without hurting a hair on his head; and carrying him bound to the capital city, would have claimed the Autocracy, and would now have been sitting upon the throne. Instead of that, look at all the delay and annoyance to which I have been subjected. I have also taken such a fancy to the boy that rather than hurt him or injure his prospects, I would willingly resign my pretensions to the throne, and go back contentedly to my own city. But this can not now be done. I have fallen in love with the daughter of the late Autocrat, and she will marry none but the victorious claimant. Behold to what a condition you have brought me!"

The old man regarded him with attention.

"I wish very much," said he, "to defer the settlement of this matter for seventeen years. Are you willing to wait so long?"

"No, I am not," said Alberdin.

"Very well, then," said the old man, "each third cousin must retire to his camp, and as soon as matters can be arranged the battle must take place."

"There is nothing else to be done," said Alberdin in a troubled voice; "but I shall take care that the boy receives no injury if it can possibly be avoided."

The three now retraced their steps, and in a few days were settled down, Alberdin in his tent in the plain, and Salim and Phedo in their entrenchments on the other side of the low mountain. The old man now gave himself up to deep thought. He had discovered the germ of Alberdin's trouble;

and in a few days he had arranged his plans, and went over to see the young man.

"It has been determined," said he, "that a syndicate is to be formed to attend to this business for Phedo."

"A syndicate!" cried Alberdin. "What is that?"

"A syndic," answered Salim, "is a person who attends to business for others; and a syndicate is a body of men who are able to conduct certain affairs better than any individual can do it. In a week from to-day, Phedo's syndicate will meet you in the large plain outside of the capital city. There the contest will take place. Shall you be ready?"

"I don't exactly understand it," said Alberdin, "but I will be there."

General notice was given of the coming battle of the contestants for the throne, and thousands of the inhabitants of the Autocracy assembled on the plain on the appointed day. The Princess with her ladies was there; and as everybody was interested, everybody was anxious to see what would happen.

Alberdin rode into the open space in the center of the plain, and demanded that his antagonist should appear. Thereupon old Salim came forward, leading Phedo by the hand.

"This is the opposing heir," he said; "but as every one can see that he is too young to fight a battle, a syndicate has been appointed to attend to the matter for him; and there is nothing in the will of the late Autocrat which forbids this arrangement. The syndicate will now appear."

At this command there came into the arena a horseman heavily armed, a tall foot soldier completely equipped for action, an artilleryman with a small cannon on wheels, a sailor with a boarding-pike and a drawn cutlass, and a soldier with a revolving gun which discharged one hundred and twenty balls a minute.

"All being ready," exclaimed Salim; "the combat for the Autocracy will begin!"

Alberdin took a good long look at the syndicate ranged before him. Then he dismounted from his horse, drew his sword, and stuck it, point downward, into the sand.

"I surrender!" he said.

"So do I!" cried the Princess, running toward him, and throwing herself into his arms.

The eyes of Alberdin sparkled with joy.

"Let the Autocracy go!" he cried. "Now that I have my Princess, the throne and the crown are nothing to me."

"So long as I have you," returned the Princess, "I am content to resign all the comforts and advantages to which I have been accustomed."

Phedo, who had been earnestly talking with his tutor, now looked up.

"You won't resign anything!" he cried. "I adopt you both as my father and mother, and you shall live with me at the palace. Alberdin and my tutor shall run the government for me until I am grown up; and if I have to go to school for a few years, why, I suppose I must. And that is all there is about it!"

The syndicate was now ordered to retire and disband; the heralds proclaimed Phedo the conquering heir, and the people cheered and shouted with delight. All the virtues of the late Autocrat had come to him from his mother, and the citizens of Mutjado much preferred to have a new ruler from the mother's family.

"I hope you bear no grudge against me," said Salim to Alberdin; "but if you had been willing to wait for seventeen years, you and Phedo might have fought on equal terms. As it is now, it would have been as hard for him to conquer you, as for you to conquer the syndicate. The odds would have been quite as great."

"Don't mention it," said Alberdin. "I prefer things as they are. I should have hated to drive the

boy away, and deprive him of a position which the people wish him to have. Now we all are satisfied."

Phedo soon began to show signs that he would probably make a very good Autocrat. He declared that if he was to be assisted by ministers and cabinet officers when he came to the throne, he would like them to be persons who had been educated for their positions, just as he was to be educated for his own. Consequently he chose for the head of his cabinet a bright and sensible boy, and had him educated as a Minister of State. For Minister of Finance he chose another boy with a very honest countenance. For General Superintendent of Education he selected an intelligent girl, because he said that women thought very much about education, and were great on sending children, particularly boys, to school. He also said that he thought there ought to be another officer, one who would be a sort of Minister of General Comfort, who would keep an eye on the health and happiness of the subjects, and would also see that everything went all right in the palace, not only in regard to meals, but lots of other things. For this office he chose a bright young girl, and had her educated for the position.



PHEDO'S CABINET.



A GAME OF DOMINO-TEN-PINS. (SEE PAGE 874.)

BONNIE JEAN.

BY N. W.

It promised to be a rough night on the Scottish coast. All day long the wind had blown in fitful gusts; and now a furious north-west gale had set in from the sea. Down on the shore, the waves moaned and sighed uneasily, and out over the treacherous rocks the spray hung like a mist.

"I dinna like the look of the sea and the sky," little Jean Campbell said to herself, drawing closer under the shelter of the old boat, and pushing the curly yellow hair out of a pair of serious blue eyes. "I wish father was hame."

"Father" was Captain Campbell, of the "Eastern Star," which Jean firmly believed to be the largest and most beautiful vessel afloat. But now he was away on a long voyage,—and Jean did miss him so!

From the shore, where Jean stood, she could see, beyond the strip of sand and rocks and the short brown meadows, the little house where she lived with her grandmother; for Captain Campbell's wife

had died when Jean was but a baby, and he had brought the little lassie home to his mother.

It was very lonely sometimes, Jean thought. The nearest neighbor lived two miles away, over the moor; and two miles along the shore in another direction was the life-saving station. Jean knew all the men attached to it, particularly the one whose duty it was to patrol the coast between the station and her grandmother's cottage. They all were fond of the little ten-year-old lassie, and told her marvelous stories of strange adventures at sea, promising to watch carefully for the "Eastern Star" whenever it should sail past to Glasgow.

Little Jean, wrapped in her plaid, sat under the lee of the big boat on the shore, wondering about father, and watching the figure of the coast-guard pacing slowly toward her. He nodded to Jean, as he approached, stopping to raise his glass and look keenly out to sea, and then stepped behind her shelter out of the wind.

"It's a rough night for ye to be oot, my lassie," he said, kindly. "Ye'd best gang along hame before the storm comes."

"I'm no' afraid," Jean answered. "But I'll be gangin' hame now. Will it be an ower hard storm?"

"The Lord help the puir lads comin' on this coast the nicht," the coast-guard said. "It'll be the warst gale this year yet. Ye ken Donald Rae is sick, an' I maun take his watch as weel as my ane. So I'll no' be here but ance mair the nicht — at ten. Ye're aye thinkin' o' the 'Eastern Star,'" he added, seeing Jean look anxiously out at the tossing, furious sea. "Aweel, dinna worry your little head about her, my lassie. She'll no' be in for a week yet, and ye can trust her captain to keep off the coast, and the Captain up above to watch over her."

Then he went on, with a pleasant "Gude-nicht," and Jean hurried home just in time to es-

with tears at the thought of the brave sailors exposed to so fearful a danger, remembering the words of the old coast-guard, "It'll be the warst gale o' this year yet."

"May be the waves'll roll high over the Devil's Head, as Grandmother says they did one time when she was a wee bit lassie," Jean thought. "I'd like to see sic a grand sight."

The tall clock was striking eleven that night when Jean awoke, aroused by some sound, she hardly knew what. Slipping softly out of bed, she pushed aside the curtain and looked out, and saw that the rain had ceased to fall, though the wind still blew furiously. And there beyond the moor the sea roared and raged, a great, heaving, black waste of water, tossing white sheets of spray high over the rocks.

"I doubt not it's ower the Devil's Head," Jean said to herself, softly. "An' may be I'll never see it so again, if I dinna see it the nicht."



across the strip of meadow, though the wind almost took her off her feet at times; and in a few minutes she was at the shore.

Never in her life had the little Scotch girl seen a more fearful sea than that which now tossed and roared at her feet. The moon was up and, though covered by flying, ragged clouds, gave light enough to show the water flung high over the great rock known as "The Devil's Head." And somewhere out on that treacherous sea, the "Eastern Star" was sailing. Jean shivered to think of it. And as she crouched under a rock, out of the wind, the sound that had awakened her came again, and then again and again. It was a signal-gun from some ship, perhaps even then crushing and grinding to pieces on the rocks.

Jean leaned forward, eagerly listening, as a blue light flashed up from the water directly before her, followed by another. Fixing her eyes on the place where the rocket came from, she could dimly see the outline of a vessel which had drifted broadside upon the reef, and was being swept continually by the furious sea.

"They've run on the Siren!" Jean said, in an awestruck whisper. "The vera worst rock on a' the coast, Father says. They'll sure hear the guns at the station, and be here soon," she added, and looked along the shore, half expecting to see the men dragging the great life-boat to the rescue; but as for the Siren, she was soon to learn that it was a false alarm.

almost to her waist, and Jean, shrinking back, realized for the first time the danger of her position; but the thought of turning back never entered her brave little head.

"The captain may be has a little girl waitin' for him at hame. An' if I'm no' in time, he'll never come back to her. Father wad think I was right, I know," she said as she hurried on.

It was a pathetic sight, this little lonely figure, wet and tired, with yellow hair blown into the frightened, tear-stained eyes, stumbling wearily along through the storm on her errand of mercy. How she found her way, bewildered by the roar of the sea and the darkness, was known only to Him in whom the dear little lassie trusted to "take care o' Father at sea."

The lights of the station were in sight now, and the men just off watch sprang to their feet as brave little Jean, dripping and exhausted, came in.

"There's a ship aground—on the Siren. I kenned ye did not hear, an'—I came," she gasped breathlessly, then staggered and fell heavily forward, as the nearest man caught her in his arms.

"The brave, bonnie lassie!" the old coast-guards exclaimed, while they hurried to the boat.

Then came the words: "Now, my lads!" and away they rushed to the rescue.

Jean was kindly cared for by the men, who could hardly have believed the story of her dangerous walk, had it been told by another than Captain Bell's little lassie, and sitting wrapped in a blanket, by the fire, she was soon rested, and ready to return to the wreck.

When they were awa' when they a' come to the point where the wreck was, it was her faith that they had saved her. Two of the coast-guards, who had been looking for her carefully along the shore, saw her there, and she was taken to the station. The sea was ever rough, dangerous, and the point where the wreck was, was a terrible sight.

to show more of the wreck, the men went on, and the sea was ever rough, dangerous, and the point where the wreck was, was a terrible sight.

"The ship's

cruel she had the

glass in the

crowd, while the great boat came nearer, the crew pulling with long, steady strokes, and a little knot of bareheaded, blue-jacketed men in the stern. A few minutes, and a dozen eager fellows had rushed into the breakers and dragged the boat ashore, almost lifting the rescued sailors from it, cramped and stiff from their desperate struggle for life.

The captain of the wrecked vessel was the last man to leave the boat, and as he reached the shore, an eager little figure came flying across the sand.

"Father, Father!" Jean cried joyfully; then she was caught up in the arms of a tall, bronzed man, while a hearty cheer burst from the crowd, and proud voices told the story of little Jean's part in the rescue.

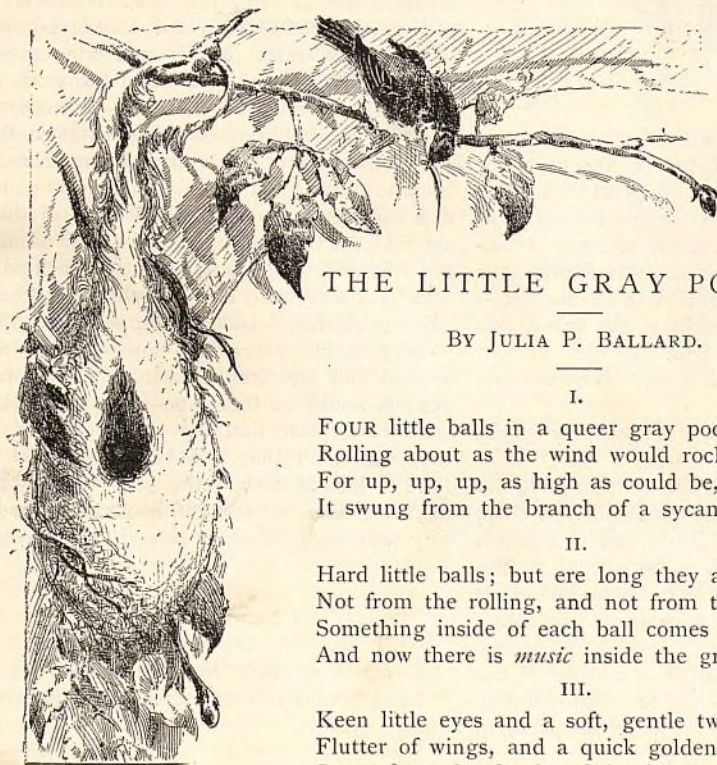
For, sure enough, it was Captain Campbell and his officers and crew; and the "Eastern Star" lay beating to pieces out on the rocks. They had arrived on the coast sooner than they were due, and

had hoped to reach Glasgow before the storm came on; but through an injury to the rudder, the ship had become unmanageable, and drifted hard and fast upon the Siren. It had been a bitter night for the captain as he stood helpless, expecting every moment to be drawn down into the angry black depths, while before his eyes was the cottage where, as he supposed, his little Jean was safely sleeping.

"If it hadna been for my brave, bonnie lassie, we should a' be coming ashore like that," Captain Campbell said, recognizing in a great spar just flung on the sand the one to which he had clung till rescued by the life-boat.

Then they went home to tell the wonderful story to Grandmother Campbell and busy Margery.

Captain Campbell sailed away on his next voyage as captain of a much larger and finer ship than the poor old "Eastern Star"; and in gold letters on its side could be read the name,— "The Bonnie Jean."



THE LITTLE GRAY POCKET.

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.

I.

FOUR little balls in a queer gray pocket,
Rolling about as the wind would rock it;
For up, up, up, as high as could be,
It swung from the branch of a sycamore-tree!

II.

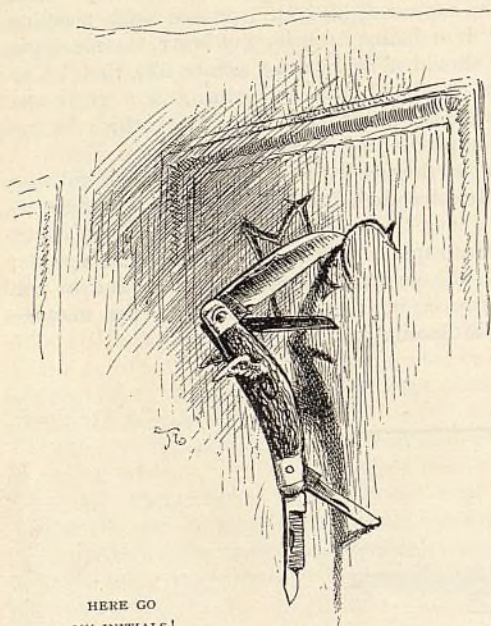
Hard little balls; but ere long they are breaking,—
Not from the rolling, and not from the shaking,—
Something inside of each ball comes to knock it;
And now there is *music* inside the gray pocket!

III.

Keen little eyes and a soft, gentle twitter,
Flutter of wings, and a quick golden glitter;—
Songs from the depths of the forest are ringing,
And empty and lone the gray pocket is swinging!

THE TERRIBLE JACK-KNIFE.

BY L. N. CHAPIN.



HERE GO
MY INITIALS!

ONCE upon a time there was a Jack-knife.

Now, there are good jack-knives, and there are bad jack-knives, just as there are good little boys, and bad little boys. There are a great many jack-knives that always seem anxious to make something useful, and there are a great many other jack-knives that always seem to be in mischief—cutting the furniture, scratching the doors, and doing other things that are bad.

This Jack-knife I am telling you about was one of the bad kind.

I never heard its name, but probably it was Sharpe.

Well, one day this Jack-knife went on a regular lark. Now, when a bad boy goes on a lark, there is sure to be some mischief done; and jack-knives are likely to act very much as boys act. So this Jack-knife, being, as I said, on a regular lark, went racing about, hunting for a chance to do something terrible. By and by it rushed out upon a piazza, where it thought no one could see it, but where there was a door—a clean, fresh-painted, brand-new door, that had never had a scratch on it.

Then this terrible Jack-knife whipped out one of its blades, and it said (that is, it would have said if it could talk), "Here's a good chance to cut and slash, and nobody 'll ever know who did it. I 'll just have a fine old time with this door. And s'pos'n' they find it out—what 'll they say? Well, who cares? Here go my initials." Now, initials are the first letters of anybody's name. And that makes me think this Jack-knife's name could n't have been Sharpe. For the first letter that it cut was a big M. Dear, dear, it was simply dreadful to see that nice door cut and hacked in that way. And I think the door felt terribly about it, too, for it just turned a kind of pale drab.

Well, when this terrible Jack-knife had cut and hacked out the M., then it began to cut a big C. Now, of course, its name could n't have been Sharpe, nor Steele, nor anything like them, for those names don't begin with an M. But it never finished the C. For just then somebody came along and frightened it away. Bad jack-knives are very easy to scare. But it had done enough to spoil the looks of the door; and the worst of it is that it can never, never be fixed—no, never.

Now, I have been thinking, suppose this old Jack-knife should some day be reformed, and become a real good Jack-knife, as I hope it will; and suppose that, instead of doing bad things, it should learn to do useful things—such as sharpening lead-pencils, making boats that will sail, and tops that will spin, and other things like that; suppose all this,—and then suppose that some day—may be fifty years from now—it should come around and just take a look at that door. Oh, yes; it would be there, no doubt, with the very same hack there that the Jack-knife had made. My, would n't that Jack-knife feel sad! Every time it looked toward the door it could n't see anything but those dreadful hacks that it had made fifty years ago. Sad? I should say it would feel sad!

MORAL.

Never do anything you may be sorry for.

N. B.—This is a true story, and was written by an eye-witness.

HIS ONE FAULT.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHILE Kit was getting his affairs into this fresh tangle, his mother was making a hurried journey on foot from East Adam village to Uncle Gray's farm.

She had seen nothing of her son since that moonlight glimpse of him, when he rode to her door on the false Dandy's back. She had grown anxious, waiting for him to come, as he had promised, to tell her the story of his wonderful adventure. And now rumors had reached her of the astounding error into which he had that night been betrayed, and of his starting off the next day, alone, to make such amends for it as he could to the owners of both horses.

In great distress of mind she trudged to the farm-house door. Her coming was observed; and with as cheerful a countenance as she could assume, but with apprehensions of an unpleasant scene, Aunt Gray admitted her brother's widow.

There was still a faint odor of burnt stramonium and saltpeter in the house, showing that Uncle Gray, despite the fine weather, had not yet fully recovered from his asthmatic attack.

"Marier! Why, how do you do?" said Aunt Gray, affecting pleasurable surprise at sight of the widow.

But poor Mrs. Downimede had neither time nor breath to waste in fine phrases.

"What is this strange thing I hear," she said, sinking upon a chair, "about my Christopher?"

"What! have you heard about that?" replied Aunt Gray, with a smile of broad pleasantry. "Well, he did make the funniest mistake! Do take off your things, wont you? And stop to tea."

But Kit's mother could not think of tea, nor of anything else, until she knew what had become of her boy. She sat, with her face sadly pale and worn in its frame of black crape, while Aunt Gray, dropping into an arm-chair opposite, proceeded, not without touches of humor, to describe Kit's curious misadventure.

"Just think of his comin' home here, proud as a kitten with her first mouse, and then findin', after all, that he 'd brought another man's loss! I declare it was too bad! and yet I could not help laughin' for the life of me when I come to think it over. But his uncle could not see anything comical in it. He took it about as hard as Christopher himself did. It went right to his bronchial tubes"

(Aunt Gray meant *bronchial* tubes, I suppose), "along with the night air; and he has been strainin' at gnats and swallerin' camels ever since."

"But where is he—where is Christopher?" the pale lips of the widow inquired, with deep concern.

"You need not be the least mite worried about Christopher," Aunt Gray replied, with an appearance of greater confidence than she perhaps felt. "I gave him money for his expenses, and he's a boy that can be trusted to take care of himself, for all his blunderin'."

"Take care of himself!" said a simmering voice; and Uncle Gray, hollow-chested and bent, with bristling iron-gray hair, and hooked, sallow nose, shuffled into the room. "If he can, I shall be glad to know it; for I'm confident that there's nothin' else under the canopy he can be trusted to take care on."

"I'm so sorry!" said the widow, wiping her eyes. "He is heedless at times, I know. But he has many good qualities; that you must allow. There never was a better boy to his mother than my Christopher. And I did hope—I did hope"—beginning to sob—"you would have had a little patience with him!"

"P-p-patience with him!" said Uncle Gray. "Job himself could not have patience—and contentment to have—with such a dunderpate! He would mislay the family Bible if he had the handle on 't; or the barn-door if 't was not on hinges. It's lucky his head is fast to his shoulders, or you might expect to see him go mopin' around without it some mornin', askin' if anybody 'd seen anythin' of his head!"

Uncle Gray ended with a hoarse sound that was intended for a sarcastic laugh.

"Well!" Aunt Gray interposed, soothingly, "it's a pretty good head, if it does blunder sometimes. And it's a still better heart the boy has; nobody can find any fault with that. Don't you begin to be discouraged about your son, Marier, for I'm not. He's pure gold all through; no gilt nor tinsel about him. And he'll turn out so, mark my word."

"I know what he is," said the widow. "I only wish I knew as well *where* he is at this moment, or that I had him back in our own little home once more. I never thought you would do such a thing as to let him go off alone, on a hunt for the stolen horse, in the first place. Still less would I have believed,—after your promise to be like a father to

him, if he would come and live with you!—still less did I imagine you could be so unfeeling as to tell him he need n't come back without Dandy."

She gave Uncle Gray a reproachful look through her tears. He paced excitedly to and fro, breathing sonorously.

"Wal, wal!" he said, "I was provoked to death! So would anybody 'a' been in my place. And, the fact is, I *can't* have a boy around that I can't rely on to look after things; that 's the long and the short on 't."

"I don't know what we're going to do," said the weeping widow. "And yet I do, too; Christopher must come back home,—if he ever comes back at all!—or find another place. And I can't bear—oh, I can't bear to have him go to strangers! What can we expect of them, since his own relatives are so hard upon him?"

"I never meant to be hard upon him, Sister Marier," replied Uncle Gray. "I *have* been kind to him, if I du say it! Leastwise, I meant to be."

"I suppose so. And yet I can't understand!" murmured the widow. "After he had been away once, and had had bad luck, and you had learned how little he was to be trusted, I wonder you should have let him start off again,—a mere boy so—to hunt for your horse, or even to return the one he had brought home."

"The truth is, I did n't know what I was about," replied Uncle Gray. "I was half crazy with the azmy. Otherwise, I'd no more 'a' done it than I'd —"

Uncle Gray, still pacing to and fro, with his head down, stopped, and lifting his eyes, looked through the window, as if in search of a metaphor strong enough for his purpose. But all at once he forgot that he wanted a metaphor; he forgot even to wheeze.

A two-seated, open buggy, containing three persons, was driving into the yard. Aunt Gray noticed the changed expression of her husband's face, and heard the sound of wheels; following his glance with her own, she saw a stout driver on the front seat and a young lady with a parasol behind.

"Why, they 're strangers!" she exclaimed, as soon as she had looked twice. "Gracious me! I must hurry and dress up a little."

Uncle Gray stared at the horse, and said hoarsely: "Dandy Jim! as I 'm a livin' bein'!"

The widow caught sight of a base-ball cap, and a smiling face partially eclipsed by the larger orb of Eli's cloudy countenance, and exclaimed joyfully: "Christopher! it's Christopher! it's my boy come back!"

Christopher it was, indeed, with the real Dandy, and Mr. Badger and Miss Badger; having accom-

plished at last, without guile, what he had once thought to do by artifice or stealth.

He had Lydia to thank for this happy result; as but for her timely interference Eli would certainly have turned back from the point where we left them, and driven home in an unreasoning rage.

Despite her lisp, and the cut of her flaxen hair, and other qualities which Kit did not particularly fancy, she had at that crisis shown herself possessed of more good sense and firmness of purpose than he had given her credit for, during their brief acquaintance.

By her influence over her father, which even his anger could not long resist, she had compelled him to halt and listen; then, encouraging Kit to remonstrate, she had helped him bring out the strong points in the case, and shake the resolution of the most obstinate of men.

If it were really a stolen horse he had bought, he could not expect to hold it, no matter how much money he had paid for it; and a lawsuit would only add to his loss. Did he doubt Kit's word, he could prove it true or false by finishing the journey, then more than half accomplished. This would be the best thing to do, under any circumstances; Kit agreeing that Eli should not be without a horse to drive home again, if he could help it.

Nor need he be so incensed with the boy, Lydia argued. It was not a very wicked stratagem he had used, and he had shown his honest intentions by confessing the truth about it before it was too late to turn back.

"If you had taken my money," he explained, "as I expected you would, when we started, I should have felt I was doing right. But the more I thought of it, the worse it seemed to take advantage of your kindness in that way. For you really have been kind!"

"We owed it to you, for latht night," said Lydia. "For though you wath hunting for your horth, you wath n't obliged to come and tell uth about the grape-thtealerth."

"I am as sorry as anybody can be," Kit added, "that you have bought a horse of a man who had no right to sell it, and I am sorry to lose your friendship."

"Oh, you wont loothe that!" exclaimed Lydia. "I think more of you than ever."

"But never set up any claim ag'in to not being smart enough!" said Eli, his growl beginning to soften. "For ther' is nothin' over 'n' above stupid about you!"

More conversation of the same sort had at length changed his determination; and here they were with Dandy at Uncle Gray's door.

"Wal, f'r instance!" said Uncle Gray, rushing out as Kit was getting down from the buggy. "You 've actually brought the right hoss this time! Wal! wal! it 's the beatermost thing you ever did yet!"

Surprise and joy had caused him to forget both his asthma and his hat, and in his eagerness to look Dandy over, he paid very little heed to Kit's companions. He opened the horse's mouth, he patted its neck, he stroked its shanks; then, he ran his fingers through his own stiff upright forelock, and stood off a pace or two for a better view of Dandy, again exclaiming gleefully:

"Wal! wal! f'r instance!"

Meanwhile, somebody else was no less absorbed in Christopher, hugging and kissing him with laughter and tears, regardless of the eyes of strangers.

"This is my mother," said he, as soon as he could free himself, introducing her to Mr. and Miss Badger. "And this is my Aunt Gray. And Uncle Gray."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE next morning, Elsie Benting sat sewing and singing in the old farm-house at Maple Park, in Duckford, when the stout serving-woman from the kitchen looked in upon her.

"You don't wish any broken crockery mended, or tin pans soldered, do you? Or would you like to buy any patent solder or cement? A man here has some that he claims will do wonders."

"No," said Elsie, hardly looking up from her sewing. "You know I can't attend to anything of that kind when Mother's away."

"So I told him," replied the servant. "But he's very urgent; he wont take 'no' for an answer. He insists on seeing the lady of the house."

"I'm not the lady of the house, tell him!"

As she spoke, Elsie started up indignantly. The persistent peddler had followed the servant, and was already pushing into the room where the young girl was.

"You need not buy anything of me if you do not wish," he said, with polite effrontery. "But give me a broken plate, or a leaky pan, and let me show you in about a minute and a half what my solder and cement will do."

"We don't want anything of the kind," said Elsie, with spirit, wondering at the same time where she had seen that face and heard that voice.

"You can use the solder yourself," her visitor insisted, with brazen blandness. "Any child can use it to mend any sort of tin-ware; a very great convenience, as every housekeeper knows who has tried it. I am a plumber and tinner myself, and I

am aware that I am spoiling my own trade when I offer such an article for sale. But why have leaky basins and dippers, or why employ a mechanic, when you can do your own repairs at a trifling expense?"

"But when I tell you distinctly," said Elsie, rising, with sparkling eyes, "that we don't wish for anything——" Suddenly she stopped, as if interrupted by a bewildering thought.

"Or my patent cement," the fellow rattled on, showing packages which he produced from a bag he carried. "Think how often you fracture a bowl or a vase, and it must go into the waste-barrel for want of a slight outlay—a minute's work and a cent's worth of this truly magical substance which I offer for sale."

Elsie appeared mollified.

"Excuse me," she said. "Perhaps I will let you try your cement on—let me see—what have we, Dorothy? Sit down, if you please!"

The peddler smilingly seated himself, and glanced quickly about the room, while Elsie followed the servant to the kitchen.

"Anything!" whispered the girl, eagerly; "the dish-cover that had the knob broken off the other day—give him that. And any old plate. Keep him till I come back!"

She darted from the back door, and ran with slippers and bare head to the orchard, where the boys were gathering apples. Charley was on a wagon with some baskets under a tree, Lon was in the branches, and Tom up a ladder, when she appeared, breathless with running and excitement, and told them who was in the house.

"Are you sure?" cried Tom. "We don't wish to make another mistake."

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Elsie. "It's the right one, this time. I never shall forget that face! Come! Come, quickly as you can!"

She hurried back to the house, accompanied by Charley, while Tom slipped down the ladder and Lon dropped from the boughs.

The retailer of magical substances, adjusting the knob of the dish-cover, in the sitting-room where Elsie had left him, was somewhat disconcerted to see her return with Charley, followed immediately by Lon and Tom.

"Hello!" he said, looking up, while he pressed the knob in place.

"Hello!" Lon replied, advancing resolutely toward him. "I think I've seen you before."

"Great Scott!" said the tinker, with a laugh, "I believe you! How did you get out of that scrape? I've thought of it a hundred times, always regretting that I was obliged to leave you on the road-side, with your wagon and harness, minus a horse!"

He spoke with gay volubility; but his hand was unsteady, and the knob slipped from its place.

"No doubt you've found it very funny," said Lon, "but our recollections of you have n't been so pleasant."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the tinker, rising and casting a quick look behind him. "I hope you got your horse?"

"Oh, yes!" said Tom, walking around to the door on the other side of the room, beyond the visitor, "and the little fellow who took him."

"And now," added Lon, "we've got the big fellow who helped the little fellow who took him."

"You helped that boy off with our horse, and we have good reason to believe you had stolen his horse first. Your name is Branlow."

"That's my name, if I know myself," Cassius admitted. "But what you are talking about is more than I can comprehend."

"Go with us and you'll find out," said Tom.

"Go where?" inquired Branlow.

"To a justice of the peace."

"I'll go with you when you have an officer with a warrant to take me," said Branlow. "Till then, don't you dare lay hands on me—not one of you! I have n't stolen your horse, nor helped



"WAL, F'R INSTANCE!" SAID UNCLE GRAY. (SEE PAGE 823.)

"Oh! got two of them, have you?" the tinker retorted, with an effort at cheerfulness. "Glad to hear it. I give this up as a bad job, Miss," turning to Elsie. "You won't take any of my cement, I suppose? Sorry to have troubled you."

He returned his packages to the bag, which he shut, and started with it toward the door.

"It is a bad job—for you, I'm afraid," said Lon. "You'll find that we can stick to you, without cement!"

"Why, gentlemen," said the tinker, feigning astonishment, "what's your business with me?"

anybody steal it. Now, take my advice—mind your own business and let me alone."

He had a wicked look, evidently meaning to show fight if the boys did not let him pass. Elsie looked on in terror, half-regretting what she had done. Meanwhile, conscience was making a coward of Lon.

"I have been thinking, boys," he said; "that if our horse was taken by mistake, nobody stole him, and I don't know what charge we can bring against this fellow."

"And I've been thinking, too," said Tom,

"that his stealing the other horse is n't our affair. I suppose we shall have to let him go."

"That's where you're wise, gentlemen," remarked Branlow, grinning with a greenish-yellow face. "Thank you!" he added, with mock politeness, as Lon stepped aside for him. "Sorry I could n't trade with you to-day, Miss! Good-day!"

The Bentings all were so sure he was a rogue that Elsie was ready to cry with vexation (thinking, perhaps, of Kit's wrongs), and the boys were highly chagrined at their own unheroic conduct in letting him off so easily.

"If I'd been sure we had a right to take him, I would n't have minded his bluster," said Lon.

"Nor I," said Tom. "Our mistake the other day has made me think twice when I go catching horse-thieves."

"See the scamp swaggering along the road! laughing in his sleeve at us, I've no doubt!" exclaimed Charley.

"I wish I were certain we had the least claim on him," said Lon, his courage rising again.

"I'd like no better fun than to tackle him," muttered the ferocious Tom.

"I would n't have let him go!" declared Charley.

While they followed him thus courageously with their eyes, but not at all with their feet, Branlow was indeed laughing in his sleeve, and congratulating himself on his lucky escape.

"I thought 't was all up with me, for a minute," he said to himself. "How under the sun did it happen that I should come to the house of those fellows I saw at Peaceville? Well, they wont see me here again very soon."

He was walking away at a brisk pace, when something caused Elsie to think of her work-basket. She examined it hastily, and cried out:

"Oh, my thimble! he has taken my best thimble!"

Branlow had in fact practiced that light-fingered industry of his once too often. He was well aware of the unfortunate circumstance, when, casting furtive glances behind, he saw two of the brothers come out of the maple grove before the house and start toward him with an excitement of manner which did not seem to him of good augury.

"Hold on!" called Tom, beckoning him back, "if you want to sell some of your solder."

But Branlow was never in his life less anxious to make sales than at that moment. Instead of waiting for the boys to come up with him, he quickened his walk. At the same time he was seen to take something from his pocket and give it a little fling toward the road-side.

The two boys continued to call and beckon, to attract his attention; while the other and eldest

brother made a swift detour of the fields to head him off. Discovering this movement when Lon was nearly abreast of him, Branlow broke into a run.

An interesting race followed, Lon running in the field and Branlow in the road, while Tom followed at a distance. Cassius was fleet of foot, but he had his bag to bother him, and he soon perceived that in the kind of endurance denominated "wind," he was no match for the sturdy young farmers. He stopped, and turned defiantly.

"Well! what's the trouble now?" he demanded, as Lon leaped over the road-side wall.

"You've my sister's thimble," said Lon.

"It's a false charge," replied Branlow. "Don't you touch me!" He snatched something from his pocket, which flew open in his hand, and became a shining dirk.

"False or not," said Lon, "strike one of us with that knife and you will have a worse charge to answer."

Tom, at the same time, came rushing to the spot, and Charley was not far off. The Benting blood was up in all of them,—their courage no longer honeycombed with doubts as to their right to capture a scoundrel.

"If a thimble is all you want, you can search me," said Cassius; "but promise to let me go if you don't find it."

"Don't promise that," Tom cried breathlessly; "he threw something away when he saw us coming. Did you find it?" he shouted back at Charley, who had remained to search the road-side.

Charley held up something as he ran. It was not a thimble, but a pair of scissors.

"So he took her scissors, too!" said Tom. "Elsie did n't know that."

"You may as well give up, Branlow!" Lon said. "Put away your knife, and go with us peaceably, or you'll be knocked down and dragged." With these words, he took a step forward and stood sternly facing the coward.

For coward Cassius was, with all his recklessness and bluster. He dropped his hand to his side, still holding the open knife.

"Shut it, I say!" ordered Lon.

As Branlow still hesitated, backing off and remonstrating, Lon sprang upon him, seizing his arm before it could be raised to strike.

"Grip him, boys!" cried Lon, and in a moment Branlow was disarmed and a prisoner.

"Now, what do you want of me, my fine fellows?" he said, assuming an air of innocence. "Why do you accuse me about those scissors that you found back there? I thought it was a thimble that you said you wanted."

"That 's just what we do want," said Lon.

"Search me, then!" said Branlow.

"That, again, is precisely what we propose to do!" was the reply.

Cassius emptied his pockets for them, and they examined the contents of his bag. In it they found, in addition to his cement and solder, a pair of silver forks, a dessert-spoon, and three tea-spoons, but no thimble.

"You see, my friends," said Branlow, "you have no hold on me whatever. You don't claim that you've lost a pair of scissors; and I've no thimble. Now, my advice to you is, to save yourselves and me trouble by selecting any of these articles you like, accepting them with my compliments, and letting me proceed about my business."

"We don't care to accept stolen property, which I've no doubt this is," said Lon. "Give another look for the thimble, Charley, where you found the scissors. Here, Elsie!"

As the frightened girl advanced to meet her brothers returning with their prisoner, Lon held up something.

"Did you ever see these before?"

"They look like my scissors; they must be!" said Elsie; "though I had n't missed them."

"Go back and examine your work-basket, and make sure, please," said Lon.

She was gone but a few minutes, when she returned, exclaiming: "They have been taken! That pair must be mine!"

About the same time, Charley, after some further search in the road-side grass, cried, "Eureka!" He had found a thimble, which Elsie immediately identified.

"You see how it is, Mr. Branlow," said Tom, exultingly.

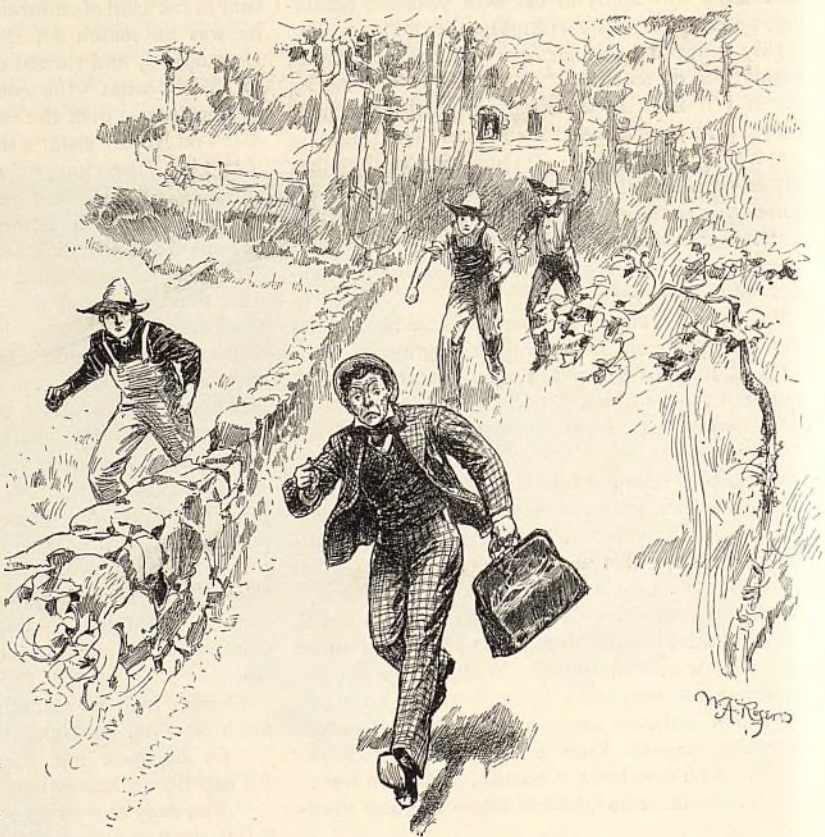
"I see how it is," replied Cassius, recklessly. "You've caught me! But you need n't hang on to my arm so hard; I'm not going to get away."

(To be continued.)

"I don't imagine you are!" laughed Lon.

"But *you're* going to take a sensible view of the situation,—are n't you?" said Branlow.

"You can't gain anything by keeping me; you've recovered your scissors and thimble. Now, if you object to receiving the trifles I have come by, in the way of business, take what money I have in



"BRANLOW BROKE INTO A RUN." (SEE PAGE 825.)

my pocket-book, call it an even thing, and say good-bye. How 's that for a fair proposal?"

"It's a proposal we can no more accept, than we can take your miscellaneous plunder!" said Lon. "Bring around the horse and wagon from the orchard, Charley, while Tom and I cultivate the acquaintance of this slippery gentleman."

The wagon was brought, the baskets of apples were taken out, and the seats put in; and in a few minutes the boys were ready to set off for town with their captive.

"I owe this to you, Miss! I shall remember the favor!" said Branlow, looking back with a malicious glance at Elsie standing in the door to see them start.

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

VI.—SCHUBERT.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT was born January 31, 1797, at Vienna.

His father supported himself by teaching. He appreciated the marvelous power of his little son, and did all he could to cultivate it, but his "all" was unfortunately very little. From his earliest years Franz's genius showed itself, and it reminds us of Mozart, whose infant triumphs were very similar. A young friend often took him to a pianoforte factory, where he practiced, and between this chance and what he could accomplish on an old piano at home, he taught himself the rudiments of his art. His brother Ignaz taught him the violin and clavier, but he soon outgrew his master, and was sent to Holzer, a choir-master, who instructed him in pianoforte and organ playing, and in singing. This teacher used to say with tears: "If ever I wished to teach him anything new, I found he had already mastered it."

At the age of eight, Schubert wrote his first pianoforte composition, and thus began his career. When eleven, he sang in the parish church, where his fine voice and beautiful style of singing attracted great attention. Soon after this, with several other candidates, he was examined for admittance into the Emperor's choir, a position which would entitle him to instruction in the Imperial school. The other boys were much amused at the lad's appearance, and, from his gray suit, thought he must be a miller's boy; but their laughter changed to admiration when they heard the child sing, and the committee was only too glad to secure his services. Schubert was now a good violinist, and was made a member of the school band, which studied the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. All these composers made a deep impression on him, especially Beethoven, whom he almost worshiped, and whom he always looked up to as his master.

When about thirteen, his longing to write overpowered him, and he shyly confided to his friends that he had already composed music, and could produce much more if only he could get more music-paper; his friends were sympathetic and appreciative, and whenever an opportunity arose would produce one of his works. Perhaps one of the greatest advantages that Schubert drew from the school was the intimacies he formed there with boys who were to be his truest friends

through life. One of them, Joseph Spaun, furnished him with music-paper as long as he was in the school, and was ever ready to give him money and appreciation.

Schubert now began to neglect everything for composition. We must remember that besides music, he received instruction in history, geography, mathematics, drawing, French, and Italian. During the first year, his progress in all these branches was excellent; but afterward music absorbed every thought and feeling he possessed. Schubert made weekly visits home, where his compositions were frequently played by the family. It is said that if Schubert's father made a mistake in playing, the boy, on the first occasion, would pass it over, but the second time, would say, very timidly: "Father, there must be a mistake somewhere"; and soon the mistake would be corrected.

Franz received little help in the art of composition from his school; his teacher, like Holzer, seems to have been awed by the boy's genius. His life at the school had its dark side; the practice-room was often too cold to sit in, and in a letter to his brother, he begs him to send him a roll or an apple, the meals were so wretched, and he had to wait eight hours between dinner and supper.

In 1813, he left the school and taught as his father's assistant for three long and weary years, composing constantly in addition to his regular duties. It was during this period that he met Salieri, who received him as a pupil, and took the greatest delight in teaching him. Schubert owed more to this man than to any of his instructors, and was always grateful for his interest.

In 1815, Schubert wrote nearly a hundred songs, besides his symphonies and other compositions. Everything he touched turned to music, from the most lovely poems to the most worthless verses; the text mattered little to him if only he could set it to music. It was during this year that he wrote the famous "Erl-king," through which he first became known to the public. "When I finish one song," he says, "I turn to the next." He wrote with the greatest ease, and never corrected his work. We are told that once, during a stroll through a little village, he happened to see a volume of Shakespeare, and on reading "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings," he said: "Oh, such a melody has come into my head; if only I had music-paper at hand!" Some one drew some staves on a bill of fare, and there, amid the noise and confusion of

an inn, he wrote the lovely song that bears that title. Schubert was obliged to support himself from his songs, and as few of them were ever published, it is a mystery how he ever managed to live.

The year 1822 was a memorable one to Schubert, for he then had an interview with Beethoven. We have already spoken of his enthusiasm for the great master. When poor Schubert stood in the presence of the man he had so long adored, every bit of courage forsook his gentle, sensitive spirit, and he was scarcely able to utter a word. It was not till long afterward that Beethoven knew Schubert's work. During his last illness, he read some of his songs, and expressed great surprise that he had not seen them before. Schubert visited him before he died, and was so overcome with grief at his illness, that he burst into tears and rushed from the room.

In 1823, Schubert wrote an opera, which was returned without examination; soon after this he wrote another, with the same result; a third one was performed, but proved a complete failure. Schubert was then completely discouraged and became very despondent.

Fortunately for him, he entered upon a trip through upper Austria with his friend, Franz Vogl. This man was a fine singer, and devoted to Schubert, who often played the accompaniments of his songs while Vogl sang them. It was mainly through Vogl's efforts that Schubert's songs became known to the public. Sometimes Schubert played alone, and in speaking of such a time he says:

"I felt that the keys under my hands sang like voices, which makes me very happy, for I can not endure that dreadful thumping, which even some great players adopt, but which pleases neither my ear nor my judgment."

This trip through the country did everything for

Schubert. Everywhere the minstrels were received by friends, who were entranced by their music. Schubert now set some songs from "The Lady of the Lake," all of which, especially the "Ave Maria," were greatly admired. Schubert delighted in the free country life and the beautiful scenery; every peak, every valley, every tree consoled and charmed him, and he returned home with his health restored.

For the next few years, Schubert's life was uneventful; he worked as industriously and ceaselessly as ever. In 1828, he was anxious to visit some friends in the country, but lack of money prevented him. Instead, he moved into a new house, which was still damp, and which probably caused his death. His health now began to fail; but after a while it improved, and among other places, he made a short journey to Eisenstadt, where he visited the grave of Haydn. On returning to Vienna, he became much worse, and at last he took to his bed. He does not seem to have endured any pain, but only to have suffered from low spirits and weakness. Poor, lonely, unappreciated, there seemed no joy for him in life. We have seen how completely his musical education was neglected. He never heard his most beautiful creations.

He died November 19, 1828. During his last illness he begged to be buried with Beethoven; and his poverty-stricken father and brother Ferdinand made every sacrifice in order to lay him near his master. Some friends raised a monument, on which is written:

"Music has here entombed a rich treasure,
But still fairer hopes."

How inadequate the tribute; and yet, what record of Schubert save his music could satisfy us?

MY SWEETHEART.

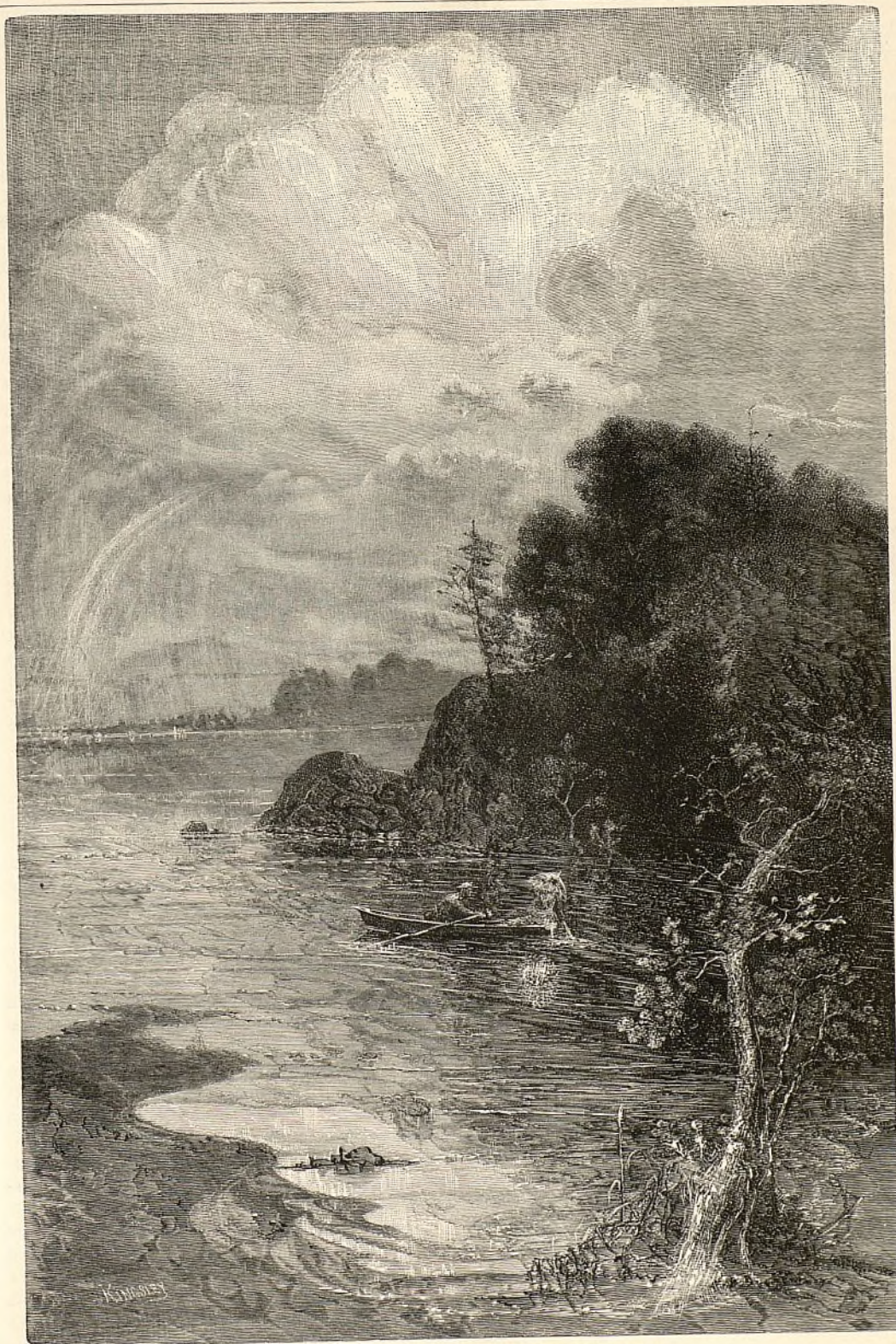
BY ALLEN G. BIGELOW.

I 'm in love with a fair little maiden —
With her eyes, with her lips, with her hands,
With her dozens of dear little dimples;—
And although she 's petite
On her sweet little feet,
'T is a wonder to me how she stands.

And she loves me, this dear little maiden;
And her hands, and her eyes, and her lips,
And her dimples, all giving me welcome—

In a sweet, artless way
Have their say, every day,
As to meet me she lovingly trips.

Will she wed me, this sweet little maiden?
— Bless you, no! That she never will do.
But, when I have told you the reason,
I have n't a fear
'T will appear to you queer;
For I 'm thirty— while she 's only two!



A SEPTEMBER DAY ON THE LAKE. (SEE PAGE 874.)



DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER VIII.—MIDSUMMER LABORS.

OUR house was far enough away from the barn to prevent the shock of the thunderbolt from disabling us for longer than a moment or two. Merton had fallen off his chair, but was on his feet almost instantly; the other children were soon sobbing and clinging to my wife and myself. In tones that I sought to render firm and quiet, I said:

"No more of this foolish fear. We are in God's hands, and He will take care of us. Winifred, you must rally and soothe the children, while Merton and I go out and save what we can. All danger to the house is now over, for the worst of the storm has passed."

In a moment my wife, although very pale, was re-assuring the younger children, and Merton and I hurried from the house.

"Lead the horse out of the basement of the barn, Merton," I cried, "and tie him securely behind the house. If he won't go readily, throw a blanket over his eyes."

I spoke these words as we ran through the torrents of rain that followed the tremendous concussion produced by the lightning.

I opened the barn doors and saw that the hay was on fire. There was not a second to lose, and excitement doubled my strength. The load of hay on the wagon had not yet caught. Although almost stifled with sulphurous smoke, I seized the

shafts and backed the wagon with its burden out into the rain. Then seizing a fork, I pushed and tossed off the load so that I could draw our useful market vehicle to a safe distance. There were a number of crates and baskets in the barn, also some tools, and so on. These I had to lose. Hastening to the basement, I found that Merton had succeeded in leading the horse away. There was still time to smash the window of the poultry-room and toss the chickens out into the rain. Our cow, fortunately, was in the meadow by the creek.

By this time, Mr. Jones and Junior were on the ground, and they were soon followed by Rollins, Bagley, and others. There was nothing to do now, however, but to stand aloof and witness the swift destruction. After the first great gust had passed, there was fortunately but little wind; and the flames were prevented from spreading by the heavy down-pour. In this we stood, scarcely heeding it in the excitement of the hour. After a few moments, I hastened to assure my trembling wife and crying children that the rain made the house perfectly safe, and that they were in no danger at all. Then I called to the neighbors to come and stand under the porch-roof.

From this point we saw a great pyramid of fire and smoke ascending into the black sky. The rain-drops glittered like fiery hail in the intense light of the fire and the still vivid flashes of lightning.

"This is hard luck, neighbor Durham," said Mr. Jones, with a long breath.

"My wife and children are safe," I replied, quietly.

Then we heard the horse neighing and tugging at its halter. Bagley had the good sense and will to pull off his coat, tie it around the animal's eyes, and lead it some distance away from the flames, with their fatal fascination.

In a very brief space of time, the whole structure, with my summer crop of hay, gathered with so much labor, sank down into glowing, hissing embers. I was glad to have the ordeal over, for I had feared that the wind might rise again. Now I was assured of the extent of our loss, as well as of its certainty.

"Well, well," said the warm-hearted and impulsive Rollins; "when you are ready to build again, your neighbors will give you a lift. By converting Bagley into a decent fellow, you've made all our barns safer, and we owe you a good turn. He was worse than lightning."

I expressed my thanks, adding, "This is n't so bad as you think; the barn was insured."

"Well, now, that's sensible," said Mr. Jones; "I'll sleep better for that fact, and so will you, Robert Durham. You were wise in time, and you'll make a go of it here yet. I'm sure o' that."

"I'm not in the least discouraged," I answered; "far worse things might have happened. I've noticed in my paper that a great many barns have been struck this summer, so my experience is not unusual. The only thing to do is to meet such things patiently and make the best of them. So long as the family is safe and well, outside matters can be remedied. Thank you, Mr. Bagley," I continued, addressing him, as he now led forward the horse. "You had your wits about you. The old horse will have to stand under the shed to-night."

"Well, Mr. Durham, the harness is still on him, all 'cept the head-stall; and he's quiet now."

"Yes," I replied, "in our haste we did n't throw off the harness before the shower, and it has turned out very well."

"I tell ye what it is, neighbors," said practical Mr. Jones; "'t is n't too late for Mr. Durham to plant a big lot of fodder-corn, and that's about as good as hay. We'll turn to and help him get in a lot."

This was agreed to heartily, and one after another they wrung my hand and departed, Bagley jogging in a companionable way down the road with Rollins, whose chickens he had stolen, but had already paid for. I looked after them and thought: "Well, I have not lost my barn in the way some thought at one time I might. As Rollins suggested, I'd rather take my chances with the lightning than with a vicious neighbor. Bagley acted the part of a good friend to-night."

Then seeing that we could do nothing more, Merton and I entered the house. I clapped the boy on the shoulder as I said:

"You acted like a man in the emergency, and I'm proud of you. To see a young fellow at his best is almost worth the cost of a barn."

My wife came and put her arm around my neck as she said:

"You bear up bravely, Robert, but I fear you are discouraged at heart. To think of such a loss, just as we were getting started!" and there were tears in her eyes.

"Yes," I replied, "it will be a heavy loss for us, and a great inconvenience, but it might have been much worse. Let us all sit down, and I'll tell you something. You see my training in business led me to think of the importance of insurance, and to know the best companies. As soon as the property became yours, Winifred, I insured the buildings for nearly all they were worth. The hay and the things in the barn at the time will prove a total loss; but it is a loss that we can stand and almost make good before winter. I tell you honestly that we have no reason to be discouraged. We shall soon have a better barn than the one lost; for, by good planning, a better one can be

built for the money that I shall receive. So we will thank God that we all are safe ourselves, and go quietly to sleep."

With the passing of the storm, the children had become quiet, and soon we lost in slumber all thought of danger and loss.

In the morning, the absence of the barn made a great gap in our familiar outlook, and brought many and serious thoughts; but with the light came renewed hopefulness. All the scene was flooded with glorious sunlight, and only the blackened ruins made the frightful storm of the previous evening seem possible. Nearly all the chickens came at Winnie's call, looking dragged and forlorn indeed, but practically unharmed and ready to resume their wonted cheerful clucking after an hour in the sunshine. We fitted up for them the old coop in the orchard, and a part of the ancient and dilapidated barn which was to have been used for corn-stalks only. The drenching rain had saved this and the adjoining shed from destruction, and now in our great emergency they proved useful indeed.

The trees around the site of the barn were blackened and their foliage burnt to a crisp. Within the stone foundations the smoke from the still smoldering *débris* rose sluggishly. I turned away from it all, saying:

"Let us worry no more over that spilled milk. Fortunately the greater part of our crates and baskets were under the shed. Take the children and pick over the raspberry patches carefully once more, while I go to work in the garden. That has been helped rather than injured by the storm, and, if we take good care of it, will give us plenty of food for the winter. Work there will revive my spirits."

The ground was too wet for the use of the hoe, but there was plenty of weeding to be done, while I answered the questions of neighbors who came to offer their sympathy. I also looked around to see what could be sold, feeling the need of securing every dollar possible. I found much that was hopeful and promising. The lima-bean vines had covered the poles, and toward their base the pods were filling out. The ears on our early corn were fit to pull, the beets and onions had attained a good size; the early peas had given place to turnips, winter cabbages and celery; there were plenty of green melons on the vines, and more cucumbers than we could use. The pods on the first-planting bush-beans were too mature for further use, and I resolved to let them stand till sufficiently dry to be gathered and spread in the attic. All that we had planted had done, or was doing, fairly well, for the season had been moist enough to insure a good growth. We had been using new potatoes

since the first of the month, and now I saw that the vines were so yellow that all in the garden could be dug at once and sold. They would bring in some ready money, and I learned from my garden book that I could still sow on the cleared spaces the strap-leaved turnips, and they would have time to mature.

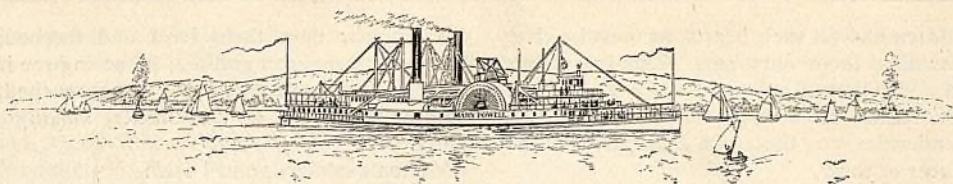
After all, my strawberry-beds gave me the most hope. There were hundreds of young plants already rooted, and still a greater number lying loosely on the ground; so I spent almost the whole morning in weeding these out and pressing the young plants on the ends of the runners into the moist soil, having learned that with such treatment they form roots and become established in a very few days.

After dinner, Mr. Jones appeared with his team and heavy plow, and we selected an acre of upland meadow where the sod was light and thin.

"This will give a fair growth of young corn-leaves," he said, "by the middle of September. By that time you'll have a new barn up, I s'pose; and after you have cut and dried the corn, you can put a little of it into the mows in place of the hay. The greater part will keep better if stacked outdoors. A horse will thrive on such fodder almost as well as a cow, 'specially if ye cut it up and mix some bran-meal with it. We'll sow the corn in drills a foot apart, and you can spread a little manure over the top of the ground after the seed is in. This ground is a trifle thin; a top-dressin' will help it 'mazin'ly."

Merton succeeded in getting several crates of raspberries, but said that two or three more pickings would finish them. Since the time we had begun to go daily to the landing, we had sent the surplus of our vegetables to a village store, with the understanding that we could trade out the proceeds. We thus had accumulated a little balance in our favor against which we could draw in groceries and other requisites.

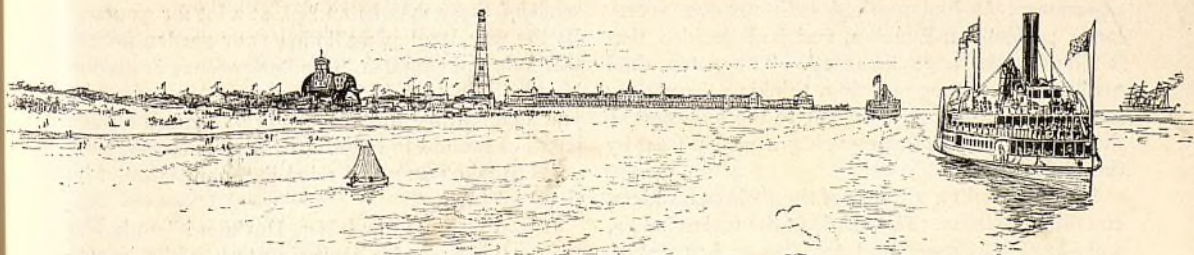
On the evening of this day I took the crates to the landing, and found a purchaser for my garden potatoes, at a dollar a bushel. I also made arrangements at a summer boarding-house for the sale of our spring chickens, our sweet corn, tomatoes, and some other vegetables, as fast as we had them to spare. Now that our income from raspberries was about to cease, it was essential to make the most of everything else on the place that would bring money, even if we had to deny ourselves. It would not do for us to say: "We can use this or that ourselves." The question to be decided was, whether, if such a thing were sold, the proceeds would not go further toward our support than the things themselves. If this should be true of sweet corn, lima-beans, and even the melons, on which



ON THE HUDSON RIVER.



THE DECK OF THE "MARY POWELL."



AT CONEY ISLAND.

the children had set their hearts, we must be chary in consuming them ourselves. This I explained in such a way that all except Bobsey saw the wisdom, or, rather, the necessity of it. As yet, Bobsey's tendencies were those of a consumer, and not a producer or saver.

Rollins and one or two others came the next day, and, with Bagley's help, the corn for fodder was soon in the ground.

I was now eager to begin the setting of the strawberry plants in the field where we had put potatoes, but the recent heavy shower had kept the latter still green and growing. During the first week in August, however, I found that they had attained a good size, and I then began to dig long rows on the upper side of the patch, selling in the village, each week, several barrels of potatoes.

We had now dispensed with Bagley's services, a good word from me having secured him work elsewhere. I found that I could not make arrangements for rebuilding the barn before the last of August, and we now began to take a little of the rest we so needed. Our noonings were two or three hours long. Merton and Junior had time for a good swim every day, while the younger children were never weary of wading in the shallows. I insisted, however, that they should never remain long in the water at any one time, and now and then we all took a grain or two of quinine to fortify our systems against any malarial influences that might be lurking about at this season.

The children were also permitted to make expeditions to the mountain-sides for huckleberries and blackberries; and as a result, we often had these wholesome fruits on the table, while my wife canned the surplus for winter use. A harvest apple-tree also began to be one of the most popular resorts, and delicious pies made the dinner-hour more welcome than ever. The greater part of the apples were sold, however, and this was true also of the lima-beans, sweet corn, and melons. My account-book showed that our income was still running well ahead of our expenses.

Bobsey and Winnie had to receive another touch of discipline, and learn another lesson from experience. I had marked with my eye a very large, perfect musk-melon, and had decided that it should be kept for seed. They, too, had marked it; and one morning, thinking themselves unobserved, they carried it off to the seclusion of the raspberry bushes, proposing a selfish feast by themselves.

Merton caught a glimpse of the little marauders, and followed them. They had cut the melon in two, and found it as green and tasteless as a pumpkin. He made me laugh as he described their dismay

and disgust, then their fears and forebodings. The latter were soon realized, for seeing me in the distance, he beckoned. As I approached, the children stole out of the bushes, looking very guilty.

Merton explained, and I said:

"Very well, you shall have your melon for dinner,—and nothing else. I intend you shall enjoy this melon fully. So sit down under yonder tree and each of you hold half the melon till I release you. You have already learned that you can feast your eyes only.

There they were kept, hour after hour, each holding a half of the green melon. The dinner-bell rang, and they knew that we had ripe melons and green corn; while nothing was given them but a little bread and water. Bobsey howled and Winnie sobbed, but my wife and I agreed that such tendencies toward dishonesty and selfishness merited a lasting lesson, and they received one. At supper they were as hungry as little wolves; and as I explained that the big melon had been kept for seed, and that if it had been left to ripen they should have had their share, they felt that they had cheated themselves completely.

"Don't you see, children," I concluded, "that to act honestly is not only right, but that it is always best for us in the end."

Then I asked: "Merton, what have the Bagley children been doing since they stopped picking raspberries for us?"

"I'm told they've been gathering blackberries and huckleberries in the mountains, and selling them."

"That's promising. Now I wish you to pick out a good-sized water-melon and half a dozen muskmelons, and I'll leave them at Bagley's cottage to-morrow night as I go down to the village. In old times they would have stolen our crop; now they shall share in it."

When I delivered the present the following evening, the children welcomed the gift with many exclamations of delight, and Bagley himself was touched.

"I hear good accounts of you and your children," I said, "and I'm glad of it. Save the seeds of these melons and plant a lot for yourself. By the way, Bagley, we'll plow your garden for you this fall, and you can put a better fence around it. If you'll do this, I'll share my garden seeds with you next spring, and you can raise enough on that patch of ground to help support your family."

"I'll take you up!" cried the man, "and I'm thankful to ye."

"God bless you and Mrs. Durham!" added his wife. "Now we're beginning to live like human beings."

The Moodna creek had now become very low, and not over half of its stony bed was covered with water. At many points, light, active feet could find their way across and not get wet. Junior now had a project on hand, of which he and Merton had often spoken of late. A holiday was given to the boys, and they went to work to construct an eel-weir and trap. With trousers well rolled up, they selected a point on one side of the creek where the water was deepest, and here they left an open passage-way for the current. On each side of this they began to roll large stones, and on these placed smaller stones, raising two long obstructions to the natural flow. These continuous obstructions slanted obliquely up-stream, directing the main current to the open passage, which was only about two feet wide, with two posts on each side narrowing it still more. In this they placed the trap, a long box made of lath, sufficiently open to let the water run through it, and having a peculiar opening at the upper end where the current began to rush down the narrow passage-way. The box rested closed on the gravelly bottom, and was fastened to the posts. Short, close-fitting slats from the bottom and top of the box, at its upper end, sloped inward, till they made a narrow opening. All its other parts were eel-tight. The eels coming down with the current which had been directed toward the entrance of the box, as has been explained, passed into it, and there they would remain. They never had the wit to find the narrow entrance by which they had entered. This turned out to be useful sport, for every morning the boys lifted their trap and took out a goodly number of eels; and when the squirmers were nicely dressed and browned, they proved delicious food.

In the comparative leisure which the children enjoyed during August, they felt amply repaid for the toil of the previous months. We also managed to secure two great gala-days. The first was a trip to the sea-shore; and this was a momentous event.

The "Mary Powell," a swift steamboat, touched every morning at the Maizeville landing. I learned that, from its wharf in New York, another steamboat started for Coney Island, and came back to the city in time for us to return on the "Mary Powell" on the same day. Thus we could secure a delightful sail down the river and bay, and also have several hours on the beach. My wife and I talked over this little outing, and found that by taking our lunch with us, it would be inexpensive. I saw Mr. Jones, and induced him and his wife, with Junior, to join us. Then the children were told of our plan, and their hurrahs made the old house ring. Now that we were in for it, we proposed no half-way measures. Four

plump spring chickens were killed and roasted, and to these were added such a quantity of ham-sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, that I declared that we were provisioned for a week. My wife nodded at Bobsey, and said:

"Wait and see!"

Whom do you think we employed to mount guard during our absence? None other than Mr. Bagley. Mr. Jones said that it was like asking a wolf to guard the flock, for his prejudices yielded slowly; but I felt sure that this proof of trust would do the man more good than a dozen sermons. Indeed, he did seem wonderfully pleased with his task, and said:

"Ye'll find I've 'arned my dollar when ye get back."

The children scarcely slept, in their glad anticipation, and were up with the sun. Mr. and Mrs. Jones drove down in their light wagon, while Junior joined our children in another straw-ride, packed in between the lunch-baskets. We had ample time after reaching the landing to put our horse and vehicle in a safe place, and then we watched for the "Mary Powell." Soon we saw her approaching Newtown, four miles above, then speed toward and round up to the wharf, with the ease and grace of a swan. We scrambled aboard, smiled at by all. I do not suppose we formed, with our lunch-baskets, a very stylish group; but that was the least of our troubles. I am confident that none of the elegant people we brushed against were half so happy as were we.

We stowed away our baskets and then gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the lovely Highland scenery, and to watching the various kinds of craft that we were constantly passing. Winnie and Bobsey had been placed under bonds for good behavior, and were given to understand that they must exercise the grace of keeping moderately still. The sail down the river and bay was a long, grateful rest to us older people, and I saw with pleasure that my wife was enjoying every moment and that the fresh sea breezes were fanning color into her cheeks. Plump Mrs. Jones dozed and smiled, and wondered at the objects we passed, for she had never been much of a traveler; while her husband's shrewd eyes took in everything, and he often made us laugh by his quaint comments. Junior and Merton were as alert as hawks. They early made the acquaintance of deck-hands who good-naturedly answered their numerous questions. I took the younger children on occasional exploring expeditions, but never allowed them to escape my reach, for I soon learned that Bobsey's promises sat lightly on his conscience.

At last we reached the great Iron Pier at Coney Island, which we all traversed, with wondering eyes. We established ourselves in a large pavilion, fit-

ted up for just such picnickers as ourselves. Beneath us stretched the sandy beach. We elderly people were glad enough to sit down and rest, but the children forgot even the lunch-baskets, in their eagerness to run upon the sand in search of shells.

All went well until an unusually high wave came rolling in. The children scrambled out of its way, with the exception of Bobsey, and he was caught, and tumbled over, and lay kicking in the white foam. In a moment I sprang down the steps, picked him up, and bore him to his mother.

His clothing had been deluged; and now what was to be done? After inquiry and consultation, I found that I could procure for him a little bathing-dress which would answer during the heat of the day, and an old colored woman promised to have his garments dry in an hour. So the one cloud on our pleasure proved to have a very bright lining, for Bobsey, since he was no longer afraid of the water, could roll in the sand and gentle surf to his heart's content.

Having devoured a few sandwiches to keep up our courage, we all procured bathing-dresses, even Mrs. Jones having been laughingly compelled by her husband to follow the general example. When we all gathered in the passage-way leading to the water, we were convulsed with laughter at our ridiculous appearance; but there were so many others in like plight that we were scarcely noticed. Mr. Jones remarked that if "we could take a stroll through Maizeville now, there would n't be a crow left in town."

Mrs. Jones could not be induced to go beyond a point where the water was over a foot or two deep, and the waves rolled her around like an amiable porpoise. Merton and Junior were soon swimming fearlessly, the latter wondering, meanwhile, at the buoyant quality of the salt water as compared with that of our creek. My wife, Mousie and Winnie allowed me to take them beyond the breakers, and soon grew confident. In fifteen minutes I sounded recall, and we all emerged, lank Mr. Jones now making, in very truth, an ideal scarecrow. Bobsey's dry clothes were brought, and half an hour later we all were clothed, and, as Mr. Jones remarked, "for a wonder, in our right minds."

In due time we arrived at home, tired, sleepy, yet content with the fact that we had filled one day with enjoyment and added to our stock of health.

The next morning proved that Bagley had kept his word. Everything was in order, and the amount of work accomplished in the garden showed that he had been on his mettle.

The month of August was now well advanced. We had been steadily digging the potatoes in the field and selling them in their unripened con-

dition, until half the acre had been cleared. The vines in the lower half of the patch were now growing very yellow, and I decided to leave them until the tubers had thoroughly ripened, for winter use. By the twentieth of the month we had all the space that had been cleared, half an acre—set in Dutchess and Wilson strawberries; and the plants first set were green and vigorous, showing a disposition to renew their running tendencies. But these runners were promptly cut off, so that the plants might grow strong enough to give a good crop of fruit the following June.

I now began to tighten the reins on the children, and we all put in longer hours of work.

During the month we gathered a few bushels of plums on the place. My wife preserved some, and the rest were sold at the boarding-houses and village stores; for Mr. Bogart had written that when I could find a home market for small quantities of produce, it would pay me better than sending it to the city. I kept myself informed as to city prices, and found that he had given me good and disinterested advice. Therefore, we managed to dispose of our small crop of early pears and peaches in the same manner as with the plums. Every day convinced me of the wisdom of buying a place already stocked with fruit; for although the first cost was greater, we had immediately secured an income which promised to leave a margin of profit after meeting all expenses.

During the last week of August the potatoes were fully ripe, and Merton, Winnie, Bobsey and I worked manfully, sorting the large from the small, as they were gathered. The crop turned out very well, especially on the lower side of the field, where the ground had been rather richer and moister than in the upper portion.

I permitted Merton to dig by spells only, for it was hard work for him; but he seemed to enjoy throwing out the smooth, great, white-coated fellows, and they made a pretty sight as they lay in thick rows behind us, drying, for a brief time, in the sun. They were picked up, put in barrels, drawn to the dry, cool shed, and well covered from the light. Mr. Jones had told me that as soon as potatoes had dried off after digging, they ought to be kept in the dark, as far as possible, since too much light made them tough and bitter. Now that they were ripe, it was important that they should be dug promptly, for I had read that a warm rain was apt to start the new potatoes growing, and this spoiled them for table use. So I said:

"We will stick to this task until it is finished, and then we shall have another outing. I am almost ready to begin rebuilding the barn; but before I do so, I wish to visit Houghton Farm, and shall take you all with me. I may obtain some



ideas which will be useful, even in my small outlay of money."

So we dug away at the potatoes, and gathered like ants until we had nearly a hundred bushels stored. As they were only fifty cents a bushel, I resolved to keep the rest of the crop and sell during the following winter and spring, when I might need money more than at present, and also get better prices.

Then, one day toward the end of August, we all started, after an early dinner, for the Farm, Junior going with us as usual.

Houghton Farm, distant a few miles, is a magnificent estate of about one thousand acres; and the outbuildings upon it are princely in comparison with anything I could erect. They had been constructed, however, on practical and scientific principles, and I hoped that a visit might suggest to me some useful hints. Sound principles might be applied, in a modest way, to even such a structure as would come within my means. At any rate, a visit to such a farm would be full of interest and pleasure.

We had been told that the large-minded and liberal owner of this model farm welcomed visitors, and so we had no doubts as to our reception. Nor were we disappointed when, having skirted broad, rich fields for some distance, we turned to the right, down a long, wide lane, bordered by beautiful shrubbery, to the great buildings, each one numbered conspicuously. We were met courteously by Major Alvord, the agent in charge of the entire estate; and when I had explained the object of my visit, he kindly gave us a few moments, showing us through the different barns and stables. Our eyes grew large with wonder as we saw the complete appliances for carrying on an immense stock-farm. The summer crops had been gathered, and we exclaimed at the hundreds of tons of hay, fodder, and straw stored in the mows.

When we came to look at the sleek Jersey cows and calves, with their fawn-like faces, our admiration knew no bounds. The children went into ecstasies over the pretty, innocent faces of the Jersey calves.

We next went to see a great Norman mare, and the large, clumsy colt at her side. Then we all admired beautiful stallions with fiery eyes and arching necks, the superb carriage-horses, and the sleek, strong work-animals and their stalls, finished in fine, hard wood. Soon afterward, Bobsey went wild over the fat little Essex pigs, black as coals.

"Possess your soul in patience, Bobsey," I said. "With our barn, I am going to make a sty, and then we shall begin to keep pigs."

I had had no good place for them thus far, and felt that we had attempted enough for beginners.

Moreover, I could not endure to keep pigs in the muddy, common pens in ordinary use, feeling that we could never eat the pork produced under such conditions.

After a visit to the sheep and poultry departments, each occupying a large farm by itself, we felt that we had seen much to think and talk over.

It was hard to get Winnie away from the poultry houses and yards, where each celebrated breed was kept scrupulously by itself. There were a thousand hens, besides innumerable young chickens. We were also shown incubators, which, in spring, hatch little chickens by hundreds.

A visit to "Crusoe Island" entertained the children more than anything else. A mountain stream had been dammed so as to make an island. On the surrounding waters floated fleets of water-fowl, ducks and geese of various breeds, and, chief in interest, a flock of Canada wild-geese, domesticated. Here we could look closely at these great wild migrants that, in spring and fall, pass and re-pass high up in the sky, in flocks, flying in the form of a harrow or the two sides of a triangle, meanwhile sending out cries that, in the distance, sound strange and weird.

Leaving my wife and children admiring these birds and their rustic houses on the island, I went with Major Alvord to his offices, and saw the fine scientific appliances for carrying on agricultural experiments designed to extend the range of accurate and practical knowledge. Not only was the great farm planted and reaped, the blooded stock grown and improved by careful breeding, but, accompanying all this labor, was maintained a careful system of experiments tending to develop and establish that supreme science,—the successful culture of the soil. Major Alvord evidently deserved his reputation for doing the work thoroughly and intelligently, and I was glad to think that there were men in the land, like the proprietor of Houghton Farm, who were willing to spend thousands annually in enriching the rural classes by bringing within their reach the knowledge that is power.

I was thoughtful as we drove home, and at last my wife slyly lifted a penny toward my face.

"No," I said, laughing, "my thoughts shall not cost you even a penny. What I have seen to-day has made clearer what I have believed before. There are two distinct ways of securing success in outdoor work. One is ours, and the other is after the plan of Houghton Farm. Ours is the only way possible for us—that of working a small place and performing the labor, so far as possible, within ourselves. If I had played 'boss,' as Bagley sometimes calls me, and hired the labor which we have done ourselves, the children meanwhile idle, we

should soon have come to a disastrous end in our country experiment. The fact that we all have worked hard, and wisely, too, in the main, and have employed extra help only when there was more than we could do, will explain the balance in our favor. I believe that one of the chief causes of failure on the part of people in our circumstances is that they employ help to do what they should have done themselves, and that it doesn't and can't pay small farmers and fruit-growers to attempt much beyond what they can take care of, most of the year, with their own hands. Then there's the other method,—that of large capital carrying on a farm as we have seen to-day. The farm then becomes like a great factory or mercantile house. There must be at the head of everything a large organizing brain capable of introducing and enforcing thorough system, and of skillfully directing labor and investment, so as to secure the most money from the least outlay. A farm such as we have just seen would be like a bottomless pit for money in bungling, careless hands."

(To be concluded.)

"I'm content with our own little place and modest ways," said my wife. "I never wish our affairs to grow so large that we can't talk them over every night, if so inclined."

"Well," I replied, "I never should have made a great merchant in town, and I am content to be a small farmer in the country. The insurance money will be available in a few days, and we shall begin building at once."

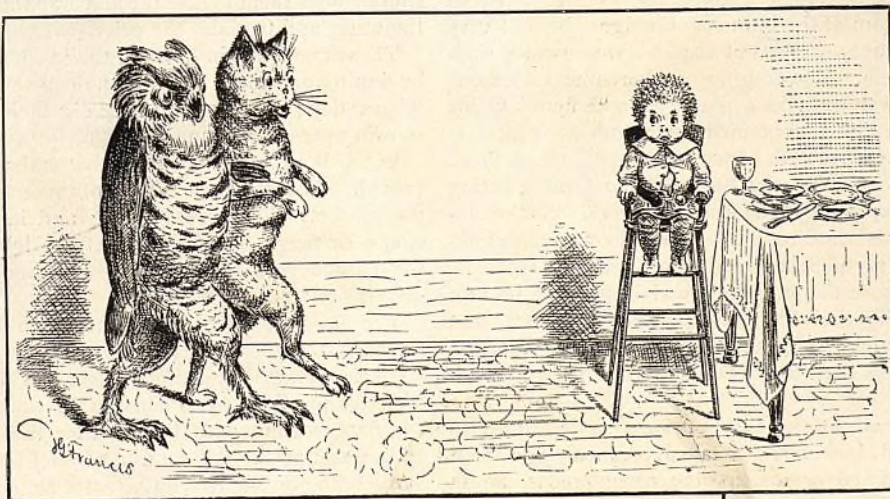
The next day, Merton and I cleared away the rest of the *débris* in and around the foundations of the barn; and before night the first load of lumber arrived from the carpenter who had taken the contract.

This forerunner of bustling workmen, and all the mystery of fashioning crude material into something looking like the plan over which we had all pored so often, was more interesting to the children than the construction of Solomon's temple.

"To-morrow the stone-masons come," I said at supper; "and we are promised a new barn, complete, by October."

THE OWL, THE PUSSY-CAT, AND THE LITTLE BOY.

By J. G. FRANCIS.



THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to see
A Boy of diminutive size,
Who was full of contrition, remorse, and crust
From lemon and gooseberry pies.
They lifted him up, and they cast him down,
And rolled him over the floor,
And the Boy resolved, when they vanished away,
That he'd sleep after dinner no more.

SPIDERS OF THE SEA.

BY C. F. HOLDER.



A BABY-CRAB.

QUITE a number of years ago an old gentleman, while walking through a large market in one of the southern cities, stopped before a booth bearing the sign, — "Shedders, Shrimps, and Hard-shells."

In a box, reposing on soft beds of seaweed, were layers of crabs all busily engaged, so it seemed, in

blowing bubbles that glistened in the sun with many rich tints and colors. Some of the hard-shells had numbers of eggs attached to them, and as the old gentleman stood looking at them, the thought entered his mind, "Why not start a crab-farm and save all the trouble of fishing for crabs?"

As he was a very enterprising old gentleman, the project was forthwith put into execution. An immense floating tank was built, through which the water was allowed to flow in and out; and in this hundreds of crabs carrying eggs were placed. An old colored man was engaged to attend to their wants, and in a short time he reported that the bottom of the tank contained numbers of very small empty shells, but that no young crabs were to be seen. The crab-farmer thereupon took some of the water out in a glass jar, and found to his surprise that it contained vast numbers of hideous little creatures with enormous horns. Here, then, was the trouble; the horned animals were eating the eggs, thought the old gentleman. So the colored man was directed to strain them out, and did so with such effect that they soon disappeared.

Not until the crab-farm had been given up as a failure by the old gentleman, did he learn that these same little horned animals that he had worked so hard to get rid of were the young crabs themselves.

He was not the only person that has been so deceived, however. Only half a century ago these little horned creatures were considered separate and distinct animals, until finally a naturalist made the discovery that they were the crabs themselves, in one of the curious early stages of their growth.

Soon after leaving the egg, the baby-crab, with its queer horns, is apparently seized with violent convulsions, and in a moment wriggles out of its skin and appears in an entirely new guise, called the "large-eyed" stage. The new shell hardens

at once, and a few moments later the crab may be seen swimming about as before. The eyes are still enormous, and what were swimming legs in the first stage are now assistants in preparing food, the horns having almost disappeared.

Soon other curious convulsions occur,—not, however, so violent as the first,—and the little animal slowly works itself out of its skin again, and sinks securely upon the bottom, where in two days a new shell has hardened, and its existence as a regular crab commences,—all the changes, in some species, having occurred during four days. Such is the babyhood of crabs in general throughout the world.

On the beaches of the Middle States the sand-crabs and "calling-crabs" are the most common, and in Normandy the sand-crabs are the means of great sport to the frequenters of the beach. A number are caught and decorated with the colors of their captors, who arrange them in a row, each keeping a finger on the back of his champion. At the word "Go," they release them, the entire body of crabs rushing down the beach in a headlong, or endwise, race to the sea, the owners following eagerly after them to note the first crab that reaches the water and to claim the prize.

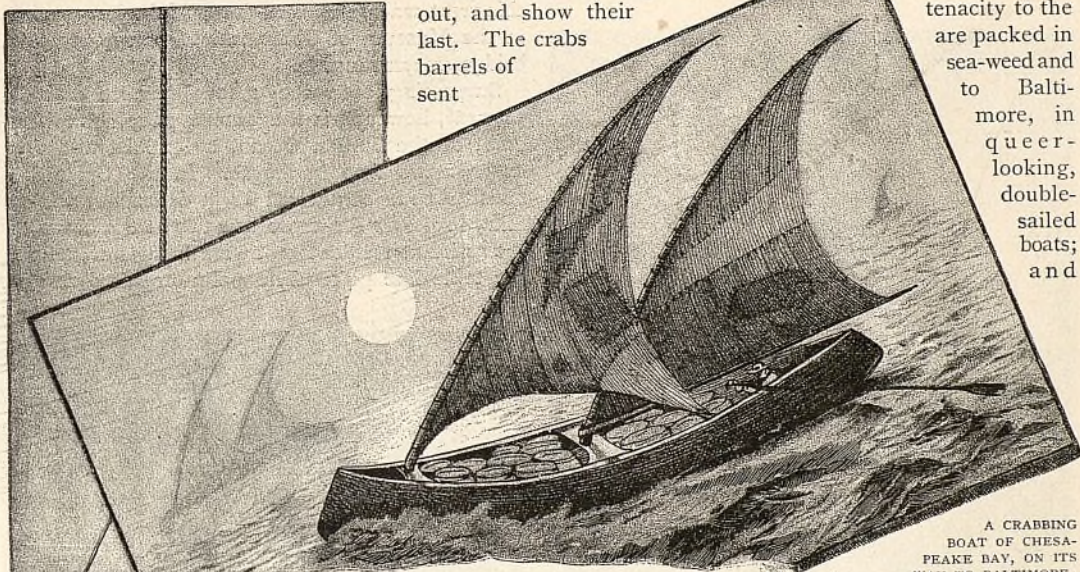
These crabs live in holes in the sand, and at the beginning of winter pass into a deep sleep, called hibernation; in the spring they dig their way out, showing great skill as miners.

But it is as articles of food that crabs are most valued. Thousands of barrels of them are sent to the markets of the great cities; and in southern countries they take the place of the lobster. In the United States the great green crab, hard or soft, is preferred for the table.

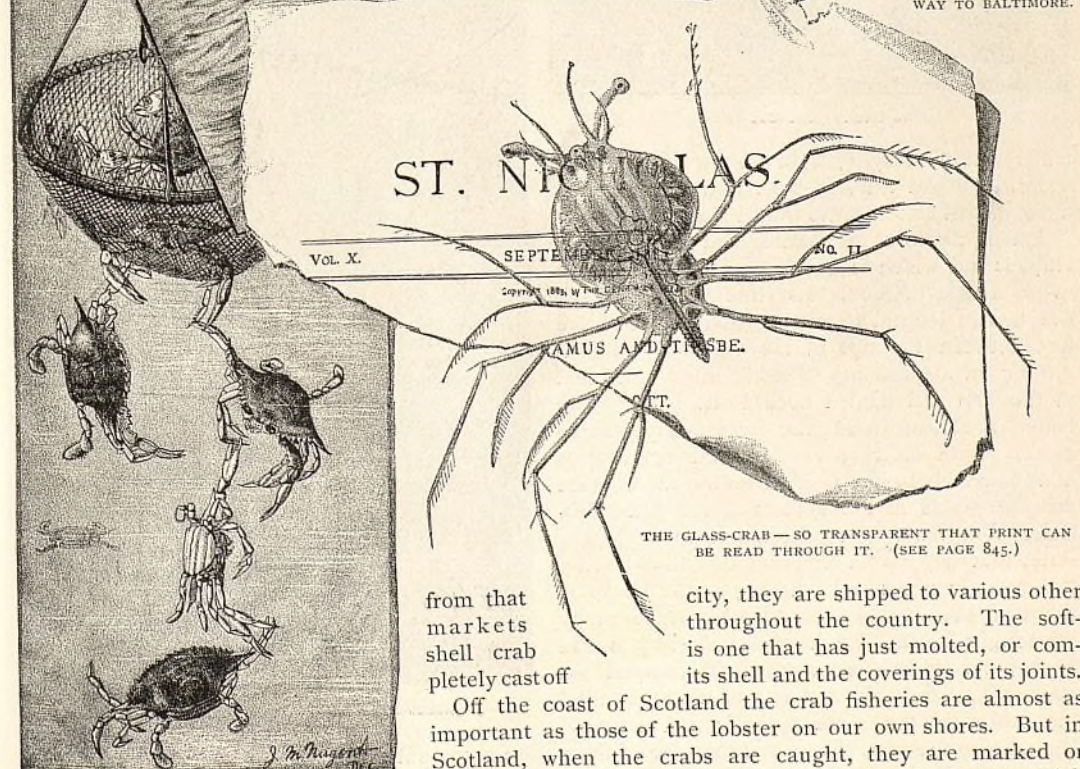
The most noted locality for catching them is the waters of Chesapeake Bay, in the extensive mud flats about the mouth of the James River. The process of "treading" for them consists in walking over the flats, feeling with bare feet for the soft-shell crabs; and as there is a strong belief among the darkies who do the treading, that a soft-shell crab is always guarded by a hard-shell mate, the walking is not free from suspense. The soft-shell is easily felt and lifted up by a dexterous movement of the toes, or by a scoop-net; but sometimes the inquisitive foot of the treader interrupts a meeting of hard-shells, and a few nips from these are enough to make the agonized treader hurry into his skiff as rapidly as possible.

The hard-shell crabs are caught in deeper and clearer water. An iron barrel-hoop with mosquito netting bound upon it constitutes the net, which, when baited and lowered into the water, is soon filled with the pugnacious fellows. When hauled in they cling to one another, those within the net refusing to re-out, and show their last. The crabs barrels of sent

another, those lease those with-tenacity to the are packed in sea-weed and to Baltimore, more, in queer-looking, double-sailed boats; and



A CRABING BOAT OF CHESAPEAKE BAY, ON ITS WAY TO BALTIMORE.



THE GLASS-CRAB—SO TRANSPARENT THAT PRINT CAN BE READ THROUGH IT. (SEE PAGE 845.)

from that markets shell crabpletely cast off

city, they are shipped to various other throughout the country. The soft-is one that has just molted, or com-its shell and the coverings of its joints.

Off the coast of Scotland the crab fisheries are almost as important as those of the lobster on our own shores. But in Scotland, when the crabs are caught, they are marked or branded by their owners and tossed into a single car, which when full is towed to the nearest market. By the upsetting of one of these cars, it was discovered that the crab had a decided love for home, or special localities. A car alongside the dock at Falmouth,

England, was broken up by a vessel, and all the marked crabs made their escape. A few days later, however, great numbers of them were retaken at Lizard Point, where they had been caught origi-



THE GREAT JAPANESE CRAB.

nally. After escaping from the car and into the water, they had traveled back to their sea-home, a distance of eleven miles from Falmouth.

Among the most remarkable and the largest of crabs is one which is highly esteemed in Japan as an article of food. Its chief claws are each five feet in length, measuring from ten to twelve feet between the tips of the nippers, and presenting an astonishing spectacle when entangled in the nets and hauled aboard the boats. The body is almost triangular and comparatively small. With their slow, measured movements and powerful weapons of defense, these crabs are the giants of the spiders of the sea. Professor Ward, who has collected them in Japan, states that they have a remarkable habit of leaving the water at night and crawling up the banks of the river, presumably to feed, and that there they are sought by the crab-hunters. A story is told of a party of fishermen who had camped out upon the river bank, and one of whom aroused the others in the night by yells and screams. Running to the spot, they found that one of these monster crabs in wandering over the flats had accidentally crawled over the prostrate fisherman. He awoke with the great claws moving about him,

and it would be hard to tell whether the man or the crab was the more terrified.

Those of the ST. NICHOLAS readers who live in the vicinity of Boston will find a fine specimen of this great sea-spider, though not of the largest size, in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Surpassing even the great Japanese crab in strength, however, is the famous palm, or robber crab, of the Indian Ocean, a land hermit that exceeds two feet in length. In the Spice Islands they are considered great delicacies, and at Hila, Professor Bickmore saw two at the house of the assistant resident that were being fattened for the table like pigs. The palm-crab is found in



A ROBBER-CRAB LIFTS A GOAT FROM THE GROUND.

the cocoa-nut groves, living in holes beneath the trees and subsisting upon the fruit, tearing the husks from the nuts with its powerful claws and conveying it to its nest for use as a lining, or bed.

The nests are often pillaged by the Malays, who use the shreds of husks in calking their vessels and in the manufacture of mats and various articles. The palm-crabs possess no little intelligence, as they always open the end of the cocoa-nut that contains the eye-spots; shred by shred the husk is torn away, and finally, when the eyes appear, the crab hammers them repeatedly with its large claw until an opening is made. Sometimes the crab will secure so firm a hold upon the nut with its large claw that it can dash it against a rock until the nut-shell is broken.

The robber-crab of the Samoan Islands, called the "*Ou Ou*," adopts still another method.* It first ascends the tree and brings down the fruit; then, after husking it, the crab returns again to the tree and hurls or drops the nut to the ground until it is broken. One naturalist tells of a robber-crab that seized a goat by the ears as it was passing along under a tree, and fairly lifted it from the ground.

There is another crab which is equally powerful, and Captain Mosely informed the late Mr. Darwin, that upon confining one in a tin cracker-box, it forced down the edges of the metal, punching numerous holes through the tin, and ultimately escaped. In appearance they resemble huge spiders. They stand a foot or more from the ground, and brandish their enormous claws with a clattering noise as they move along, a warning to all intruders. They deposit their eggs in the sea.

The common hermit-crabs, to which the robber-crabs are related, are found both on land and in the sea, and I have frequently seen a large hermit-crab near Loggerhead Key, Florida, carrying about a heavy shell with perfect ease. In some places, the beach is almost entirely formed of shells, each the home of a land hermit-crab, and I have often watched the hermit-crabs of Bird Key during the breeding season of a sea-bird called the Noddy, when a continual struggle for food is carried on between them and the birds. The Noddy builds its nest upon the low bay-

cedars, the nest being merely a mass of dried twigs dropped upon the tree in the rudest manner possible.

When the young bird is hatched, it is kept well supplied with small fishes by the parent noddy;



PIRATE-CRABS STEALING A FISH FROM A YOUNG SEA-BIRD.

but the arrival of these luxuries is closely watched by a horde of pirate-crabs. The large purple-backed land-crab crawls from holes in the sand; the red-tinted fellow known as the *Grapsus* appears as if by magic, while innumerable hermit-crabs with shells of every conceivable pattern move onward toward the nest. Some climb neighboring bushes, or low trees, and drop down upon the baby-bird; others ascend the trunk of the

* On the authority of Mr. T. H. Hood, in his "Notes on a Cruise in H. M. S. 'Fawn' in the Western Pacific."

tree, until finally every branch and twig about the nest is occupied by a robber-crab, while the young bird, with wing erect, vainly endeavors to retain the fish. It is soon in the claws of the advancing

The purple, or land-crab, is found all over the world, and in the West India Islands they commit great ravages upon the plantations of sugar-cane. On some of the more unfrequented islands in May

or June, these crabs make a remarkable pilgrimage. They live for the greater part of the year upon the high lands several miles from the sea; but once a year, at the season named, they leave their holes, and move at night in vast columns, often three miles long and two hundred and fifty feet wide, to the sea, where they deposit their eggs.

Nothing seems to deter this great army; the march being kept up with an undaunted perseverance that overcomes all obstacles. At this time they are caught in large numbers for the table, as on the return march to the hills they are in poor condition, and soon undergo the molting process.

One of the most interesting examples of intelligence among the sea-crabs, is that of a hermit-crab, which seems to have a perfect understanding with a sea-anemone, that fastens itself upon its shell, and shares the food the crab may capture. This might be considered an accidental occurrence, were it not that the crab proves its friendship by assisting the anemone to move to its new shell, when, by reason of its growth, the crab has to change its quarters; and if the anemone is not satisfied with one shell, the crab tries others until its friend is suited.

A similar friendship exists between another hermit-crab, found in the Mediterranean Sea, and an anemone which accompanies it. In this case the friendship is not altogether disinterested, as the anemone is used as a decoy by the wily crab, which gives it board, lodging, and traveling accommodations, in return for its services.

The crabs, called by scientists *Dromia*, encourage the growth of various animals and plants upon their backs, and the spider-crab of our own shores known as the decorator, is invariably found bearing upon its back a thick growth of sea-weed, placed



THE LAND-CRABS' MARCH TO THE SEA.

throng, that, closing in from all sides, unites in a general battle, in which the piratical crabs fall in a shower to the ground, where the combat is renewed, and the largest crab finally bears away the game.

The *Grapsus* displays no fear of the young bird, and a well-known scientist once saw a crab of this kind capture and carry off the young noddy itself.

there by itself. Many crabs so resemble stones that other protection is unnecessary; the Mask-crab is so called because of certain markings on its back that cause it to resemble a human face;



HENSLOW'S CRAB CATCHING FISH.

while the Glass-crabs are so transparent that print can be read through them, and being thus difficult to detect, they readily escape the watchful eyes of hungry fishes.

In the selection of their homes, the crabs show curious characteristics. Some of the hermits burrow in the sand, arranging the opening so that the large claw fits it perfectly, forming an animated door that rises up to grasp any intruder that seeks entrance. Certain crabs travel about on the backs of turtles; there is one kind that lives in the interior of a sea-cucumber, while another crab is found living within a large Brazilian star-fish. One little fellow of the crab family lives in the folds of the jelly-fish, while another clings to the feathers of a certain sea-bird.

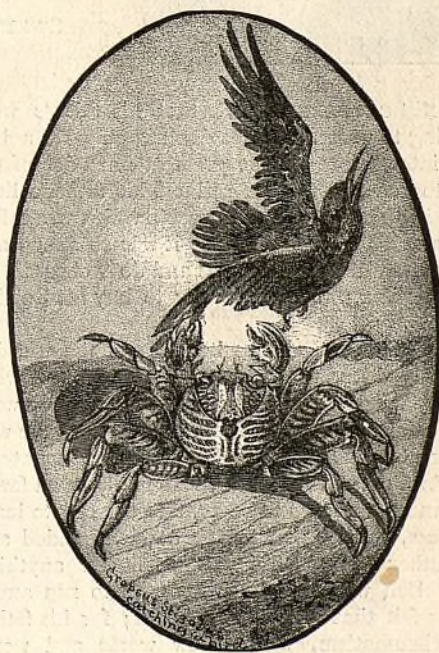
In the deep sea some crabs are blind, while others have wonderful phosphorescent eyes and are veritable lamps of that silent world. Equally curious are the surface-crabs, colored with wondrous tints and resembling sea-weeds so perfectly that the very birds and fishes fail to see them. Many crabs are famous swimmers, and the one known as

Henslow's swimming crab, often seen many miles from land, will dart into a school of herrings, seize a fish in its knife-like jaws, and cling to it until its victim floats dead upon the surface.

The crabs, or sea-spiders, purify the water by their habits as scavengers, as they prey upon



THE MASK-CRAB.



A CRAB CAPTURING A BIRD.

small sea-animals living and dead; but they become in turn victims themselves to the fishes of the deep sea.

A GREAT FINANCIAL SCHEME.



BY
SOPHIE
SWETT.

BEN SCATTERGOOD felt that his talents were running to waste. It was discouraging for a boy who intended to be the greatest financier of the age to have to till the soil on his father's little farm in that part of the township which was called "Pharaoh's Heart," because it was so stony, and to have to pick huckleberries and do "chores" for the neighbors, to earn money to buy his Sunday shoes.

He did not expect to burst upon the world a full-fledged Rothschild or Vanderbilt; but driving a plow, and digging turnips, and milking cows were occupations that did not seem even to pave the way to a great financial career; Ben was very discontented. And there was Tobias, who really loved farming, and yet he was to be sent to the city to learn business, because he was lame and left-handed and his father thought he was not fit for anything else. Ben was sometimes tempted to run away, but he felt that it would be mean; for his father had rheumatism, which grew worse and worse every year, and there was a brood of little ones, all younger than Ben, and going down as evenly as a flight of stairs until one came to the two pairs of twins, Jed and Jethro, and Mirandyo and Marosybo. Ben felt that he was needed at home.

Yet he also felt a daily-growing conviction that handling pumpkins and potatoes was a very tame occupation for a boy who wished to be handling stocks and bonds; and that keeping the twins

straightened out was but a paltry use for talents that might make their owner a power in Wall street.

When the weekly paper found its way to "Pharaoh's Heart," Ben always retired with it to the nearest available seclusion, generally the hay-loft, and eagerly scanned the financial column; and he thought he understood all about bulls and bears, and puts and calls, and margins and corners, as well as he understood when to plant corn, or when the trout in Stony Brook were most likely to bite.

But, alas! of what avail was such knowledge to a boy who had to work and spend his time on a stony little farm in Quebasket, where stocks and bonds were almost unknown?

Strangely enough, it was Tobias who suggested to Ben a great idea,—Tobias, who was the proud but embarrassed possessor of a dollar and nineteen cents, with which the speckled hen had come off triumphant after the vicissitudes of hatching and rearing a brood of ducklings. It was particularly gratifying, because the speckled hen had hitherto met with reverses in all her business undertakings, and Tobias had cherished gloomy forebodings that she would die in debt.

But even now perplexity was casting a shadow over Tobias's joy. "It's queer, but I declare I have not anything particular to do with that dollar 'n' nineteen cents!" he said, limping into the barn, where Ben sat on the meal-chest, moodily snapping corn at the cross old gander.

Ben stared at him in astonishment. This was an entirely new experience for one of the Scattergood family. To have a great many things to do with money, but no money, was their every-day condition.

Tobias might be slow, but he was not frivolous. "I might buy some turkeys' eggs and sell 'em," he said. "Turkeys are more excitin' than hens, but then they're more risky, too!"

"Turkeys! You tried that last year, and only five eggs hatched, out of a dozen, and the gander kicked one of the young ones to death, and one was drowned, trying to swim with the ducks, and

one ran its head into the rat-trap, and the horse stepped on one, and the other just up and died—because it was lonesome, I suppose. A great investment *that* was!” said Ben contemptuously.

“I suppose I had better put the money away,” said Tobias. “Eliakim Tuesley said, the other day, that he had thirteen dollars and ninety-one cents in an old stocking. There was a tin bank in our house—it would seem more appropri’t to put it in a bank than in an old stocking—but some of the twins hammered it all to pieces trying to get a copper cent out.”

“That is a great kind of a bank! If I were five years old, I might put my money down the chimney of a little tin house painted red,” said Ben, with withering scorn.

“I should just like to know what you would do with it!” said Tobias hotly. “It’s easy to tell a fellow what *is* n’t the best thing—”

“I should make it grow, just as I would corn,” said Ben, with an air of superiority. “If you could put it where it would double itself in a year, in ten years you’d have—let’s see how much,”—and Ben began to make calculations.

“I should like to know where I could make it double itself in a year,” said Tobias.

Ben was in a brown study.

“There ought to be a bank in Quebasket,” he said at length. “Tobe, I think I shall set up a bank!”

Tobias gazed at his brother in astonishment, not unmingled with admiration.

“It’s a pretty big undertaking, but if any boy can do it, you can, Ben,” he said.

“If I make it go,” said Ben, “you shall be the first depositor, and I’ll pay you ten per cent. for your dollar ‘n’ nineteen cents.”

Tobias was not equal to the task of computing his year’s interest without time and a pencil; but ten per cent. sounded well, and dazzling visions of wealth rose before his eyes.

“The old work-shop is n’t just what I should choose for a bank-building, but it will do,” said Ben. “It’s lucky that we happen to live on the main road; it would n’t look well to have a bank out in the field.” And then remembering that Tobias could paint letters of astonishing evenness, he said:

“You may paint the sign, Tobe, if you’d like to. I’ve thought of a name that will sound well,—The Quebasket Double-Penny Bank. Make the sign big and showy. We must make everything attractive! I’m going to talk to the fellows; and I say, Tobe, if it turns out well you shall be cashier,—no, you can’t reckon quickly enough for that, but you shall have some position.”

That had a very agreeable sound to Tobias’s

ears, and his faith in Ben was great; but, nevertheless, his prudent mind suggested a painful doubt.

“I s’pose I am slow, Ben,” he said: “but I can’t see how you are going to pay the interest, and salaries, and things. Money wont grow of itself in the old shop.”

“Well, I should think you were slow!” exclaimed Ben. “What do banks generally do with their money? I shall lend it.”

“Lend it!” Tobias actually turned pale at the thought of his “dollar ‘n’ nineteen cents.” “I guess you don’t know Quebasket boys so well as I do! There was Lem Rollins,—he went off to Boston with my jack-knife in his pocket; and Zach Halstead broke my musk-rat trap all to pieces and never offered to buy me another; and Tom Jenkins has owed me thirteen cents these two years; and when I ask him for it, he says times are very hard! Of course some boys would pay—”

“You must be clever to think I shall lend money without security! Of course boys can’t do things just as men do,—the fellows have n’t real estate,—but I shall take mortgages on personal property. Tom Jenkins’s gun is worth eight or nine dollars, and he’ll not borrow any money from my bank without giving a mortgage on the gun; and if he does n’t pay principal and interest when it is due, I shall foreclose,—that means take possession of the gun!”

Tobias’s doubts were swallowed up in admiration. His brother Ben was a wonderful boy, and the Quebasket Double-Penny Bank was the greatest financial scheme of the age!

Tobias hurried away in search of a smooth board and his father’s paint-pots, while Ben went to “talk to the fellows,” paying his first visit to Eliakim Tuesley, the greatest capitalist of his acquaintance.

Eliakim was strongly impressed with the importance and responsibility attending the possession of his wealth; but he was readily convinced that it would never double itself in the toe of the stocking, and that it *might* in the Double-Penny Bank. Ben’s task was much easier from the fact that his mathematical abilities were so highly regarded. If any boy could make a bank a success, it was Ben Scattergood; that was the universal opinion. Ben was “square,” too,—which in Quebasket vernacular meant honest,—it was safe to trust him with money.

Even Dan Vibbert, who worked in the clothespin factory, and supported his mother and little sister, and was as wise and prudent as if he were sixty instead of sixteen, agreed to save ten cents a week from his earnings, if possible, and deposit it in the bank; and he gave Ben, on the spot, fifty

cents which he had saved to buy a blue necktie with red dots.

Dick Malcolm, who was a rich man's son, but who spent all his money on caramels and cornballs, sternly resolved to forego these luxuries, and tried to sell his donkey and cart that he might deposit the proceeds in Ben's bank.

Arthur Wingate, who had saved seven dollars toward buying a bicycle, lent a willing ear to Ben's argument that money which was increasing every day was better than a bicycle which was wearing out; and Tommy Tripp sold his calico colt that he had meant to raise.

There was a great financial excitement in Quebasket. Ben came home in the evening and found that the sign, upon which Tobias had worked zealously all the afternoon, had "Quebasket Double-Penny Bank" on it, in dazzling white and yellow letters on a black ground bordered with red lines.

The office equipments were very primitive, and Ben resolved that the bank's first earnings should purchase a desk which was n't evolved from a trough, and a safe which would give a dignity to the establishment that was not to be imparted by an old tin coffee-canister and a cake-box.

But the coffee-canister and the cake-box had money in them, and so were more business-like than an empty safe; and with this reflection Ben consoled himself, even when some of the boys—who had no money to deposit—said they "could put their money into tin boxes at home without carryin' it up to Scattergood's ole work-shop."

Of course Ben knew that no one could expect to carry on so ambitious an enterprise without having some troubles; so he was not surprised when his sister Arethusia Ann sold her gold beads to a peddler for twenty-five cents, to put into the bank, and his mother sent him after the peddler in hot haste to get them back at any price, because they had belonged to their grandmother, and Ben had to give the peddler a dollar for them. He was not surprised, but he almost wished he had listened to Tobias, who said girls ought not to be allowed to deposit, because they would want to take their money out the very next day to buy candy or ribbons, or would be fussy and come every day to see if it were safe. But he was glad afterward that he had n't listened to Tobias, for some girl-friends brought money and seemed just as sensible about it as the boys, from Mary Jane Pemberly, who had earned seventy-five cents by knitting stockings, to Kitty Malcolm, who was saving up her allowance to buy a Shetland pony with a tail that touched the ground. Kitty had eleven dollars,—she was almost as wealthy as Eliakim Tuesley; and Ben, who believed in women's rights, had some idea of making her one of the

directors. But when he confided this idea to the boys, it was received with scorn and derision, and Ben abandoned it with the patient superiority of one who knows that his opinions are in advance of his age. He decided, soon after, that he would have no directors, but would himself be the sole manager of the institution, and this decision prevented impending hostilities between Eliakim Tuesley and Win Reeder, who intended to deposit fourteen dollars when his uncle came home.

Another trouble was that some of the depositors returned weeping, and demanded their money back, owing to the prejudice of their parents or guardians. But it happened that the larger capitalists had full control of their funds, so this was no serious drawback to the success of the bank. Ben's father seemed to regard the undertaking as sport, and said Ben had better be at work. But Ben thought he would soon be able to show people that his enterprise was something more than play; and that all the little trials incident to its beginning would be forgotten in the glory of its success.

But Ben's strong arguments had aroused such a zeal for saving money and putting it into the bank, that nobody seemed to think of borrowing any to spend.

Ben felt himself under the necessity of affixing to his sign the information that the bank would "loan money on personal property or any good security." He did n't like the looks of that notice; it detracted very much from the dignity of the bank; he wished people would understand, without that, how his bank must be managed; and he felt very much annoyed when Uncle Amri Treworgy, as he was driving by, stopped and laughed, and called out:

"Gone into the pawn-broker business, Ben? Where are your three gilt balls?"

Uncle Amri was a queer old fellow, who had amassed a considerable fortune by shrewd investments and speculations. He was called "Uncle" by everybody, and was in reality a great-uncle to Ben; and Ben had thought of asking his advice about the bank. He was glad now that he had n't.

But his wounded feelings were soothed by the immediate results of the notice. It was novel and exciting to be able to borrow money! There was a reaction from the severe self-denial that had made the taste of peanuts and taffy an almost forgotten delight to Quebasket boys, and some of the depositors were the first borrowers!

There was so great a demand for very small sums that Ben feared the labor of keeping the books would be too great, and he refused to lend any amount smaller than a quarter of a dollar. This caused great dismay among the smaller boys; and

the village confectioner, who had ordered a double quantity of peanuts and corn-balls in view of the unusual demand for them from young capitalists, was now left with the increased supply on his hands.



BEN LISTENS TO UNCLE AMRI'S "LECTURE." (SEE PAGE 851.)

The interest on loans was to be paid weekly, but Ben found it very difficult indeed to make his collections. The boy who borrowed a quarter thought three cents a week very little to pay for the use of it when he borrowed it, but

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three cents looked much bigger at the end of the week, and it increased rapidly to very astonishing proportions! At the end of three weeks it was nine cents, and it was often very inconvenient to pay it. And in how much worse condition was the boy who had borrowed a dollar!

Then, too, Ben found it difficult to be sufficiently hard-hearted to take possession of the mortgaged articles. But Tobias counseled firmness, and Ben at length felt obliged to take possession of several pocket-knives, a Guinea hen, a cage of white mice, a silver watch, a backgammon board, and a squirrel. The owners of most of these articles very soon appeared with the interest due and claimed their property, but one of the knives had been broken after it was mortgaged, and the gray squirrel slipped out through a hole in the hen-house, and probably rejoined its family in the woods; and its opinion undoubtedly was that the Quebasket Double-Penny Bank had done some good in the world. But Tobias, with a wrinkled brow and deep misgivings about his "dollar 'n' nineteen cents," charged the knife and the squirrel to the loss account of the bank. The Guinea hen, too, caused embarrassment by laying three eggs while imprisoned in the bank, which John Sylvester, her owner, claimed. And when he threatened to have a lawsuit if they were not returned to him, Ben felt obliged to give them up, because he thought an appeal to law would seriously interfere with the success of the bank. Poor Tobias spent half a day in calculating the profits that might have accrued to the bank from those three Guinea hen's eggs, and he never became reconciled to their loss.

Ben's strict measures produced two results: one was that the interest was paid much more promptly, but the other was that the boys became more shy of borrowing. The novelty had begun to wear off, too, and times were undeniably dull at the bank.

But one morning Quebasket awoke to find its fences and walls, and even its rocks and trees, adorned with flaming posters, which announced that the "Gigantic Royal Hippodrome and Stupendous European and Asiatic Menagerie, applauded by all the Crowned Heads of Europe, Great and Small, and considered by the Czar of Russia the Eighth Wonder of the World," would exhibit at the Stapleton Mills, a neighboring town, the next day. Every Quebasket boy knew very well that those lofty-sounding names meant simply that the circus had come! And the blissful news was shouted from one to another.

"Lively times to-day!" said Ben to Tobias, as they saw the bank-building fairly covered with the beguiling bills. "Crowds of boys will want to borrow money to go to the circus!"

And Ben was right. Before nine o'clock that morning the bank had more calls for money than it had had in any previous day of its existence; and it had queerer things offered for security than ever before (which is saying a great deal), from Billy Plumtre's recipe for educating rabbits, to the Corson boys' discovery of a fox's den in the woods; and Tobias felt obliged to nudge Ben's elbow continually to prevent him from accepting doubtful securities; for Ben was so elated with the renewed demands upon the bank as to be a little reckless. *More* than a little reckless he thought he had been, when, before noon, he discovered that there was only a dollar left in the bank! And just as he made the discovery, Derry Burroughs appeared, and wished to withdraw his deposit of a dollar and a half to take his sister and his cousin to the circus! And although Ben assured him that he would lose his whole quarter's interest by withdrawing the money then, Derry stood firm, and Ben handed him the dollar, making an apology for the half-dollar, though he tried not to reveal that the bank vaults—that is, the coffee-canister and the cake-box—were empty. But Derry was shrewd enough to understand the real state of the case, and it soon became apparent that he had not kept his discovery to himself. The depositors began to come in hot haste, by ones and by twos and by threes, all demanding their money!

Ben turned pale as he realized the awful fact that there was a run on the bank!

He closed and fastened the door against the angry crowd, and spoke to them through the window.

"Your money is all safe, and you shall have it as soon as I can get it," he said.

But this did not pacify them. There were angry growls and hisses, and even a cry of "swindler!" from some of the boys whom Ben had called his friends; and he was cut to the heart.

"You knew just how I was going to manage, and it's all lent on good security," he said.

"You said we could have it back at any time," cried a voice.

"I did n't suppose it would ever be all borrowed, and I did n't suppose you would be mean enough to come after it all at once," said Ben.

"It's our money, and we want it!" shouted a determined voice.

And there stood Mary Jane Pemberly on the edge of the crowd, weeping bitterly; that made Ben feel like a scoundrel.

"I'll do the best I can," said he. "Come here this afternoon at five, and I'll see what can be done towards paying everybody."

The crowd slowly and reluctantly dispersed.

They thought this might be only an excuse to get rid of them, but yet their faith in Ben was not wholly lost.

"I should like to know what you can do at five o'clock more 'n you can now," said Tobias, whose face was now fairly tied up into a hard knot with anxiety. "You can't get the money."

"But I'm going to try," said Ben. "I'm going to see Uncle Amri."

"You might as well tap an elm-tree for sap as try to get money out of him," said Tobias gloomily.

Ben himself had great doubts of his success. Uncle Amri was noted for being "close-fisted," but he had always been kind to Ben, and seemed to take an interest in him, and



Ben thought it was worth while to try.

Just as he was setting out, Kitty Malcolm appeared at the bank. She looked very bright and smiling and apparently had heard nothing of the run.

"Perhaps she had come to deposit more money!" thought Ben, with rising hope.

But her first words caused his hope to sink again.

"I have come for my money!—never mind about the interest!" said Kitty. "I am going to have my pony! Uncle Harry is going to add enough to my eleven dollars to buy one that the circus people have for sale. And Dick wants his money, too. I don't like to hurt your feelings, Ben, but Papa says he thinks that banking is hardly a business for boys; he is surprised that you should be in it, and he does n't care to have us have anything to do with it."

Ben thought that was the very worst moment he ever could have in his life.

Kitty's bright face clouded sadly when Ben had to tell her that he could not return her money, but she was very good about it. She said if he could get it that afternoon, it would be just as well as then, and if he could n't—well, some other time would do; "perhaps, after all, the pony might not be as pretty as it was represented to be."

Ben did n't let any grass grow under his feet on the way to Uncle Amri's.

He found the old man sitting on the fence of his back-yard, observing with satisfaction the growth of his mammoth pumpkins, and Ben poured forth the story of his troubles the more impetuously because it was so unpleasant to tell.

"Bank's bu'sted, has it?" said Uncle Amri, with a grim chuckle.

Ben felt that the word was very objectionable, and the chuckle could scarcely be understood to express sympathy; but there was an expression in the keen blue eyes that looked out of Uncle Amri's weather-beaten, baked-apple-like face which emboldened Ben to proffer his request. Uncle Amri's first remarks were not encouraging. He told Ben that if he expected to get his money back in any way from all those borrowers, he was a simpleton; and he entered upon quite a long conversation, in which Ben, leaning shamefacedly against the post of the kitchen steps, had to endure a great many uncomplimentary remarks. But at the close of his "leettle lecture," as Uncle Amri called it, he did lend to his downcast nephew the money he sought, with the agreement that Ben was to work for all that he could not repay in cash. Ben hated farm-work, and he knew that Uncle Amri would exact full measure; but he was so relieved to have the money in his pocket that he thought he should not find it a hardship to work it all out if he had to.

"You 'd better settle up your business and quit it," said Uncle Amri, as Ben left him. "Tradin' in money is risky business, and not fit for boys; and, anyhow, folks that gets or gives more 'n a fair price for anything are apt to come to grief in the long run!"

Ben meditated very seriously over Uncle Amri's advice, and Kitty Malcolm's remark that her father thought "banking was hardly a business for boys," rankled in his mind; but he believed that he should get most, if not all, of the money back, and he *did* want to show people that the bank could go on!

He had not decided what to do when he came in sight of home.

Tobias came limping to meet him.

"What do you think father 's been doing?" he cried. "He 's had Si Gilmore up to fix the new hen-house over into a granary, and he 's moved the hens into the old workshop! He did n't seem

to think the bank was of any consequence!—said he could n't let us have the place for a play house any longer!"

In silence Ben pushed open the door of the late bank. From a corner the cross gander hissed defiance at him, and, perched upon the desk, the pert little bantam rooster crowed shrilly, as if in triumph over the downfall of the great financial scheme.

But, after all, Ben felt a little relief. This was a good reason why the bank should close, and everybody would know it.

"Uncle Amri has lent me enough money to pay every one, Tobias!" he said exultantly, drawing from the desk the books of the firm—an old copy-book and a double slate—and reading the names of the depositors. Tobias drew himself up very erect, and looked very pale.

"Where 's my dollar 'n' nineteen cents?" he said, in an awful voice.

"I declare, Tobe, I forgot you!" exclaimed Ben. "You seemed like one of the firm, you know. But you shall have your money. If it does n't come in all right, I 'll work for Uncle Amri and earn it for you."

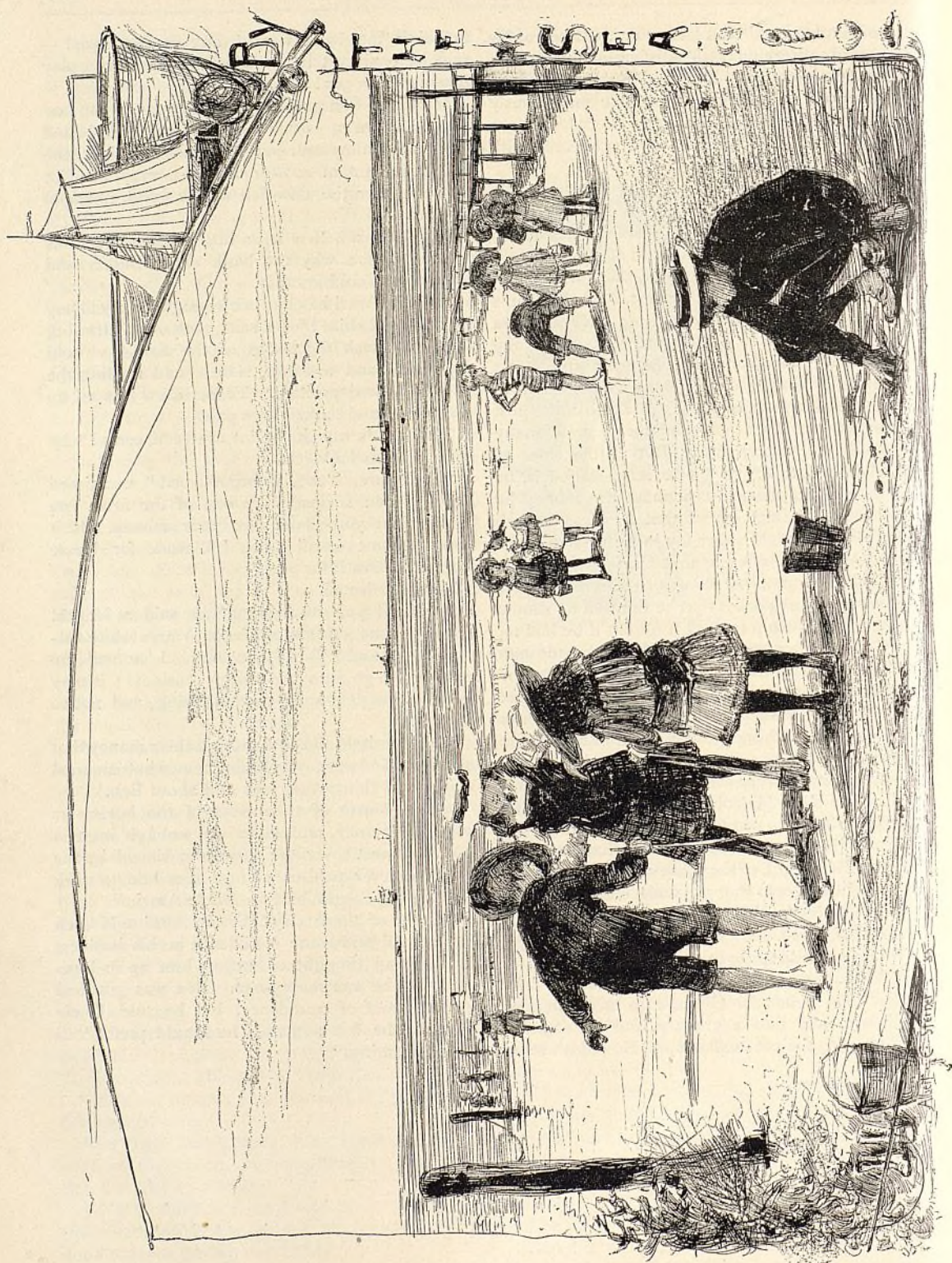
Tobias reflected.

"I 'll tell you what, Ben," he said at length. "You get me a dozen of Uncle Amri's white turkeys' eggs, and I 'll call it square. I 've made up my mind to go into the turkey business; it may be risky, but it 's safer than banking, and not so worrying."

The depositors all came and got their money that afternoon, and went away feeling somewhat ashamed of the hard things they had said about Ben.

In the course of time most of the borrowers paid their money, and there was enough interest paid to almost cover the losses occasioned by the few who never paid at all; so Ben had to work only two days and a half for Uncle Amri.

On one of those days, Uncle Amri told Ben that he had still some confidence in his business abilities, and thought of setting him up in business when he was twenty-one. Ben was gratified by this proof of confidence, but he told Uncle Amri that he felt now as if he should prefer "to stick to farming."



Ayuntamiento de Madrid

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SENATORIAL DECORUM.

OURS is a representative government,—a government which recognizes the rights of all classes of citizens—the rich as well as the poor, the unlearned as well as the learned, the rough and uncouth as well as the polished and refined; and if ignorance is displayed in our legislative halls, it is because an ignorant or thoughtless constituency has exercised its right of representation. If, therefore, you at any time hear of a member who apparently forgets, for a moment, the dignity that is expected of him as an American law-maker, you should blame the particular constituency that elected him, and not reflect upon the intelligence of the general public or the great principles of our government which render such a legislator possible.

In so large a collection of men as the House of Representatives, it is almost inevitable that there will be some members who are of an indiscreet or rash temperament. Scenes of disorder and confusion like those I have described are found in all popular assemblies throughout the civilized world; and in this respect, the House of Representatives compares favorably with the Chamber of Deputies of France, and the House of Commons of Great Britain.

But while I have seen many spirited scenes in the Senate, downright violations of order were of rare occurrence.

There is one great influence that prevents the senators from engaging in frenzied tumults—it is their veneration for the traditions of the Senate. There are many unwritten rules of senatorial courtesy and etiquette, the observance of which tends to preserve the peculiar dignity and exclusiveness of that body; and those rules are guarded by the senators with great care.

The decorum of the Senate was occasionally—in fact, frequently—disturbed by laughter, but I noticed that it was usually a mild, gentlemanly sort of laughter. There was nothing wrong about that, for things occurred which rendered laughter necessary;—it really would have been impolite not to laugh!

But, as a rule, the senators seek to avoid anything in their own deportment that is likely to

create disorder, and they also will not tolerate any acts of outsiders calculated to compromise the decorum and dignity of the Senate. I have often seen the galleries cleared and all the people ejected, simply because some of them had applauded too boisterously the remarks of a senator.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INVESTIGATIONS.

THE members of the House are very jealous of their “dignity.” They are often, as we have seen, careless enough about it themselves; but woe to any other person who may dare to defy their authority!

Not only has Congress the sole authority to make laws and grant supplies for the other departments of the government, but, as a part of its general functions, it has supervising power over the manner in which they perform their duties. It watches carefully all their doings. It is continually calling upon the President (either directly or through his Cabinet officers) for information concerning foreign or domestic affairs, and thus keeps properly informed in regard to our relations with other nations and all the special interests of the country. This surveillance, or watch, is established over all proceedings, both great and small, in which the republic is or may be interested.

When Congress hears of any official misconduct or questionable transaction, affecting our glory or our pockets, it at once institutes an inquiry into the matter. This power of Congressional Inquiry may be exercised by the Senate and the House, either jointly or independently, and, in important matters, special investigating committees are appointed. At about the time when I became a Senate-page, a great investigation was conducted into the career of the notorious “Ku Klux Klan,” and some of the costumes worn by members of that order were introduced in evidence, and remained in the possession of the sergeant-at-arms. These costumes we pages would delightedly don in our night-session pilgrimage, and wander, a silent but awful band, through the corridors and rooms of the Capitol, to the consternation of all visitors. If you have ever seen one of these weird, fantastic outfits, you can imagine the hideous spectacle we presented,—especially when we slid down the banis-

ters of the stone stairway that led down into the cellar, beneath the dome.

There are always Congressional committees at work investigating something or other, and much money is annually consumed in the pursuit of information. Sometimes the committees visit various places to take the testimony of witnesses; and, during the sessions of Congress, the sergeants-at-arms of both bodies, or their deputies, scour the country after unwilling witnesses, and bring them to Washington for examination before the committees.

To enable them to conduct these investigations as thoroughly as possible, these committees are empowered to summon, swear, and examine witnesses, and to require the production of books and papers, and, to this extent, they resemble judicial bodies.

To refuse to testify or produce papers, therefore, is to defy the authority of Congress; and for such a refusal—no matter on what ground it is based—a man summoned as a witness may be punished by a fine of one thousand dollars and imprisonment in a common jail for twelve months. That is the worst that can happen to him!*

But there is one great restriction to be noted. The law-makers cannot inflict the punishment; they must turn the matter over to the United States prosecuting attorney for the District of Columbia, and give the offender a trial by jury in a court. At least, so reads that law.

But while Congress knows very well that it can not try private citizens for misdemeanors, still it has frequently claimed the right to punish obstinate witnesses for "*contempt*" of its authority. And it has actually punished them! It is like the man of whom we have read. His lawyer called at the jail to see him, and heard his case. "Why, my dear fellow," said the lawyer, "they can't put you in jail for that!" "That may be," said the man, as he peered through the iron bars of his cell, "but—they *have* put me here for it!"

Now, with this explanation, you will better understand the important matter that came up in one of these investigations, and which finally resulted in settling the great question as to the power of Congress to punish for "*contempt*"—a proceeding which, in its very nature, is a judicial and not a legislative act.

A certain citizen of this country owed the Government some money, and a committee of the House of Representatives,† wishing to find out something about his financial condition, made an investigation. They summoned witnesses and questioned them. One of these witnesses, whom, for short, I shall call Mr. Blank, was a real-estate broker, and the committee commanded him to bring

the books of his business for examination. Mr. Blank thought that the committee had no right to inquire into his personal affairs, and he refused to answer its questions or to produce the books. The committee became very indignant, and reported the matter to the House. That body stood by its committee, and ordered its sergeant-at-arms to arrest Mr. Blank, the obstinate witness. The sergeant-at-arms did as he was commanded, and brought Mr. Blank before the bar of the House,



THE PAGES FROLIC IN WEIRD COSTUMES.

like a prisoner of state. The Speaker asked him if he was prepared to answer the questions and produce the books. Then Mr. Blank presented a written statement, giving his reasons for declining to obey the House. But the House was not satisfied with his explanation, and declared that he should be punished as guilty of contempt of its dignity and authority. It therefore ordered the sergeant-at-arms to keep him in custody in the common jail of the District of Columbia until he should notify the House of his readiness to comply with its demands. So he was marched off to prison and put into a cell. As he afterward said, it was not a very luxurious place of abode, but he "had a variety of scenery—toward the north and east were the swamps and marshes of the Potomac; to the south, the work-house, poor-house, and cemetery; and looking toward the west he could

* The least penalty is a fine of \$100 and imprisonment in jail.
† Forty-fourth Congress, first Session, 1876.

see the Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the Capitol, and occasionally get a glimpse of the Star-Spangled Banner, that grand emblem of the freedom of American citizens — floating from the top of the House of Representatives."

He had a good time, however, for a while. He regarded himself as a guest of the nation, and he used to order good dinners at the jail, and invite his friends to join him. But the House of Representatives heard of this; its members grew more indignant than ever, and directed that he should not be allowed anything beyond the ordinary prison fare of criminals. This was too much for Mr. Blank. He determined to get out of jail. He applied to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to protect him. A writ* was issued in his behalf, and he was brought before the court. After a long argument, the Chief-justice of the District decided that his imprisonment by the House of Representatives was an unlawful act, and ordered him to be set free. So after forty-five days of durance vile, Mr. Blank was allowed to return to his fireside and his business.

But the matter did not end there. Mr. Blank considered the action of the House an indignity, and he brought suit in the courts against the sergeant-at-arms, the Speaker, and the members of the House who had instigated the arrest, claiming damages in a large sum.

That case finally reached the Supreme Court of the United States, where it was at last decided that the House of Representatives had done wrong. The Court admitted that the House could exercise a few powers somewhat judicial in their nature, *under the express provisions of the Constitution*; but that there is not found in the Constitution of the United States any general power vested in either House to punish for "contempt."

And the decision went further than that. It declared that Congress has no right to inquire into the "private affairs" of a citizen, as it attempted to do, through its investigating committee, in order to find out something about the financial condition of a government debtor; that such an investigation is judicial in its character, not legislative, and therefore belongs to the courts — not to Congress.

The affair produced quite a sensation at the time, and many people thought that the members who instigated this attack on the rights of an American citizen should have been imprisoned instead of Mr. Blank. The Supreme Court, however, said that, — while the sergeant-at-arms was liable to a law-suit for the wrong which he had helped the Congressmen to commit, — *they* (the

members) could not be sued or punished, because of the provision of the Constitution to which I have already referred that exempts Congressmen from responsibility for anything said in debate.

So Mr. Blank's suit for damages to his business and reputation was continued as against the sergeant-at-arms; and after a number of verdicts and a number of arguments by a number of lawyers, a judgment was recently rendered against the sergeant-at-arms, for twenty thousand dollars and the costs of suit. Of course, that officer had simply obeyed the orders of the House in arresting and imprisoning Mr. Blank, and consequently it was supposed by the jury that whatever judgment they rendered against him Congress would appropriate the money for it. That is what every one else "supposed" too. And they were all correct in their conjectures, for, at the last session,† Congress made an appropriation covering the entire judgment and giving some money, besides, to the sergeant-at-arms and his lawyers, for their zeal and trouble in defending the "right" of the House! In all, the appropriation amounted to about thirty thousand dollars, and I presume Mr. Blank and the sergeant-at-arms are now good friends.

But the public treasury has had to pay for a congressional mistake.

CHAPTER XXV.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.

It was not at all strange that, after their sad experience under monarchical rule, the early Americans should have disliked everything that savored of royalty. Not only was this spirit shown in attacks made upon a peculiar courtliness of fashion affected by a portion of society, but it found expression in the Constitution itself. It was distinctly provided that

No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States; ‡

and an instance of the popular feeling on this subject and the peculiarities of the two Houses, is presented by the proceedings of the First American Congress.

The question was raised as to what

titles it will be proper to annex to the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States; if any other than those given in the Constitution?

and this matter was deemed of sufficient importance to receive the attention of a special joint committee of both Houses. This committee reported that the President should be addressed as "His

* Writ of *habeas corpus*, a process very important to imprisoned citizens. See Constitution, Art. I., Sec. IX, Cl. 2.

† March, 1885.

‡ Constitution, Art. I., Sec. IX., Cl. 8.

Excellency." The senators would not agree to the report. A Committee of Conference was then appointed, and reported

That, in the opinion of the committee, it will be proper thus to address the President: "His Highness, the President of the United States of America, and Protector of their liberties."

I think that was high-sounding enough to please the tastes of the senators. But the members of the House would consent to nothing of the kind. They did not believe it essential to the dignity of a free people that their Chief Officer should be laden down with anything more than a simple description of his office. The result of the whole matter is shown in the following resolution, passed by the Senate on the 14th of May, 1789:

From a decent respect for the opinion and practice of civilized nations, whether under monarchical or republican forms of government, whose custom it is to annex titles of respectability to the office of their chief magistrate, and that, on intercourse with foreign nations, a due respect for the majesty of the people of the United States may not be hazarded by an appearance of singularity, the Senate have been induced to be of opinion that it would be proper to annex a respectable title to the office of President of the United States; but the Senate, desirous of preserving harmony with the House of Representatives, where the practice lately observed in presenting an address to the President was without the addition of titles, think it proper, for the present, to act in conformity with the practice of that House.

Therefore:

Resolved, that the present address be: "To the President of the United States," without addition of title.

That resolution has never been disturbed, and there is no legislative authority for any other address than the one so adopted. That form of address is still observed in the relations between Congress and the President. High-sounding titles are hardly in good taste in a republic.

A somewhat similar dispute arose between the early Senate and House, when the currency measures were discussed, in regard to a design for an impression upon United States coins. The Senate proposed a representation of the President's head, but the House, thinking, no doubt, of the old Roman coins which bore the head of Cæsar,—and perhaps of some European pieces of money,—declared that this idea also inclined toward "royalty," and suggested that a representation of "Liberty" should be adopted. The Senate again conceded the point, and the design proposed by the House was accordingly agreed upon.

But while the action of Congress did not enlarge the title of the Executive, Washington thought that, such as it was, it was entitled to respect. In illustration of this fact, a story is told which, whether authentic or not, is good enough to be repeated. An English officer, it is said, having addressed a communication to our first President

as "George Washington, etc., etc.," Washington informed him that he was "President of the United States of America," and that he wished no "etcetera" after his name. "Oh, well!" exclaimed the officer, carelessly, "etcetera means everything." "Yes," rejoined Washington, with quiet firmness, "but it *may* mean anything!"

A provision of the Constitution relating to titles also declares that

"No person holding any office of profit or trust under the United States, shall, without the consent of Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title, of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign State."*

Frequently foreign potentates have desired to express in various ways their appreciation of the merit or friendly services of naval, military, or civil officers of this country, and Congress has seldom refused to grant the request of the American who has become the object of foreign appreciation. To do otherwise would be rather discourteous to the good-natured monarch or country proposing to do honor to an American citizen.

There are on the Congressional Statute Books many acts granting to American officers named in them the right to accept presents from foreign potentates. Among others, I find one in regard to certain presents from the King of Siam, consisting of "first, a portrait, in frame, of her Royal Highness the Princess of Siam; second, a silver enameled cigar-case; third, a match-box and tray of Siamese work," which, at the time of the passage of the Act, were deposited in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The mention of that Institution reminds me that I should not omit, in this very connection, a reference to the distinguished scientist who, until the time of his death, presided over its affairs. The renown of Professor Joseph Henry is worldwide. The following joint resolution of Congress, approved by President Grant on the 20th of April, 1871, merely illustrates the high esteem in which his memory is held:

JOINT RESOLUTION giving the consent of Congress to Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, to accept the title and regalia of a Commander of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, conferred upon him by the King of Sweden and Norway, Grand Master of said order.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the consent of Congress is hereby given to Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, to accept the title and regalia of a commander of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, conferred upon him for his distinguished scientific service and character by the King of Sweden and Norway, Grand Master of said order.

Of course, private individuals not in the employ of the Government, do not require the "consent" of Congress. It is pleasant to note that genius in

* So intense was the feeling on the subject that, in the year 1810, it was proposed to amend the Constitution, and make it a serious offense for *any* American to accept a foreign title.

the fields of letters and of science is not overlooked by foreign powers, even if unrecognized at home; and when reading such enactments as the above resolution, we pages used to confess to a presentiment of coming honors for ourselves. Could it be that the King of the Cannibal Islands had never heard of us!

The Constitutional requirement that Congress must give its consent to the acceptance of foreign presents or honors, is an evidence of what foreigners

officials. The people are not disposed to forget that *they* are the real sovereign. The officials are their agents and servants, subordinate not superior to them, and they require that the management of their affairs shall be open to inspection. The citizen from the backwoods of the West, and the citizen from the classic streets of Boston, may wander about the halls of government with equal freedom and impunity. The only restrictions are those of prudence or necessity. An American



AN UNPRETENTIOUS PRESIDENT. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

call our republican simplicity. This spirit of "simplicity" (to adopt that term), as I have said, pervades all our institutions. It allows of no distinctions of rank. It means absolute freedom — equality of rights before the law. I could give you innumerable instances of its workings; but it is sufficiently shown in the "accessibility" of public

should not complain because he is permitted to roam through the vaults of the Treasury only under the escort of a guide. If he wishes to hear the debates of Congress, a seat in the gallery is at his disposal.*

That we find "red tape" and excessive dignities in some of our official circles, I concede; but these

* An exception to this privilege should be noted. On the occasion of the dedication of the Washington monument in February last, the general public were excluded from the services in the House of Representatives, admission to the galleries being given only to the *personal* friends of Congressmen. But this exclusion, so plainly repugnant to the democratic spirit of our institutions, provoked severe condemnation by the press of the country.

are trifles as compared with the tedious formalities and pomp of other lands. Indeed, it is only by such comparison that you can really estimate at their proper worth these features of American equality.

Here we have no long line of servants in livery and soldiers in uniform parading within and without our public buildings. There is not a vestige of an army around the White House, and about the only livery the President sees is that worn by his coachman when driving through the streets of

Washington, in a very ordinary carriage, drawn by two very ordinary horses. I have seen President Grant gazing at the pictures in the Capitol, and sauntering up the Avenue with the crowd, quite unpretentious, and unconcerned—even stopping to inspect the articles in a show-window. And justices of the Supreme Court and Congressmen are as frequently encountered, and are as easy of address as the lads of the city, who, also, when school is out and their labor done, take their daily promenades on that great thoroughfare.

(To be continued.)

LADY GOLDEN-ROD.

BY CARRIE W. BRONSON.

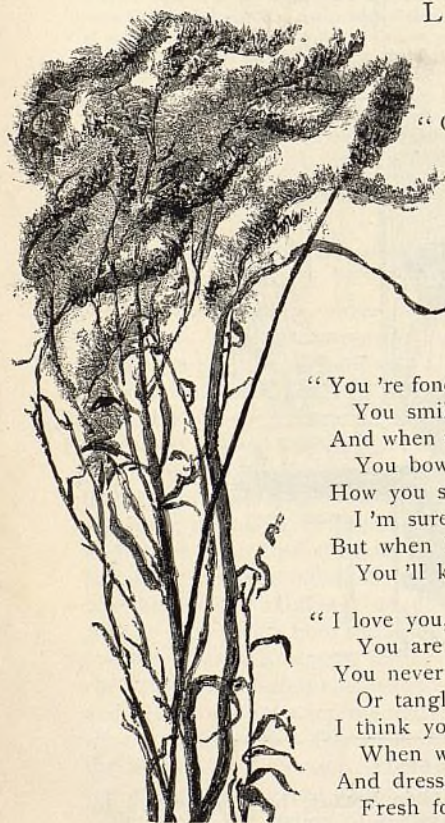
"O PRETTY Lady Golden-Rod,
I'm glad you've come to town!
I saw you standing by the gate,
All in your yellow gown.
No one was with me, and I
thought
You might be lonely, too;
And so I took my card-case
And came to visit you.

"You're fond of company, I know;
You smile so at the sun,
And when the winds go romping past,
You bow to every one.
How you should ever know them all,
I'm sure I can not tell;
But when I come again, I hope
You'll know me just as well.

"I love you, Lady Golden-Rod;
You are so bright and fine;
You never have a rumpled frock,
Or tangled hair like mine.
I think your mamma comes at night,
When we are all away,
And dresses you in green and gold,
Fresh for another day.

"How tall you are, dear Golden-Rod!
You're taller 'most than I;
I can not grow so very fast,
Although I try and try.
Oh, here's Mamma, dear Golden-Rod!
I'll ask her please to stop;
And she shall say which one of us
Comes highest at the top."

The lovely Lady Golden-Rod!
She surely understood;
For when wee Margie turned around,
She bent down all she could,
Until the fluffy yellow heads
Upon a level came,
And Margie's mother, smiling, said:
"Your heights are just the same!"



"OH, HERE 'S MAMMA!"

HOW PAUL CALLED OFF THE DOG.

BY LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

ON the margins of the beautiful winding streams and rivers of France washerwomen may often be seen at their work, presenting, under the leafy shade of the grand old trees, a very picturesque effect. No doubt you have seen pictures of these washing-places. They are furnished with a row of shallow, three-sided boxes, open toward the shore, and with the back resting on posts set in the water. Just below the surface of the water a smooth board slants downward, and the washerwoman, kneeling in the box, holds her piece of washing upon this slanting board with her left hand, while in her right she grasps a kind of paddle, with which she beats the linen, turning it again and again, until with the beating and the force of the running water it becomes entirely clean and white.

One summer day, many years ago, a washerwoman who was too fond a mother to leave her baby in any one else's care, brought it with her, and while at work, placed the child in the box where she was half kneeling, half sitting at her washing, and where she could occasionally bend down to fondle her darling baby. Suddenly, and without any warning, the child sprang from the mother's lap and slipped over the side of the washing-box into the bubbling river. The mother's shriek was echoed by the startled cries of the other washerwomen as the child was borne off by the current; and the poor mother was with difficulty restrained from leaping in after her child. At that moment, some one watching the tiny form perceived a dark object making its way from shore straight toward the drowning baby, still kept afloat by its clothing.

"A dog! it is a dog!" they cried. "See! he is swimming for the baby!"

The few seconds of suspense that followed seemed almost like hours. Then the watchers embraced the agonized mother, with words of cheer.

"He has her by her frock!" they cried. "See how he keeps the darling's head above the water! She is saved; yes, nearly saved!"

For a moment, the strong animal buffeted with the strong current and then struck out bravely,—but for the opposite shore. Then a new fear assailed the watchers, for that opposite shore was solitary and uninhabited; there were reports every season of prowling wolves that were seen there. What if this great creature were no dog, but a ferocious wolf that had saved the child only to devour it? And the dismayed women stepped

before the weeping mother, so that she might not see the other shore.

The four-footed swimmer reached the land; he laid the rescued child on the ground, shook the water from his heavy coat, and then—calmly stretched himself panting and watchful by the silent form.

A cry of relief came from the watchers, and with swift feet they hurried to the ferryman's hut, not far up the stream. They found the old ferryman sitting in his boat, mending a rowlock, and chatting with his nine-year-old grandson, little Paul Dericker, who was on a visit to his grandfather from his home near Peaolo, on the Rhine. As soon as he heard the story, the ferryman untied his boat and quickly landed the excited washerwomen on the opposite bank. First to spring ashore, little Paul darted to the spot where the baby lay, but was speedily back with the information that the child was alive, for he had seen it move its arms and kick up its little feet, but that the dog would not let him come near.

Here was a dilemma. The dog guarded his prize determinedly, rolling a pair of fiery eyeballs and snarling savagely at the intruders when they attempted to approach. In the intervals, he would lick the face and hands of the infant, now cooing contentedly, and would give it the most affectionate attention. But let one of the party advance a step, and it was the signal for him to turn on them and drive them back. No coaxing had the least effect; and when one of the women, remembering a lunch of bread and meat in her pocket, tried to win him with food, he scorned to look at it. Losing patience, the ferryman provided himself with a club, and thought to try what a show of force could do. This merely enraged the dog, who was more than a match even for an armed man. Very much in earnest, then, Paul's grandfather sent the boy to bring from the boat his duck gun, declaring that the dog must be shot.

Away flew Paul, while the women set up such a lamentation because of the necessity of killing the dog that had saved the baby from drowning, that the ferryman made them go some distance away, lest the dog, if only wounded, should spring upon them indiscriminately, at a time when he would have all he could do to defend himself. But the gun, too, was a failure. It was evident the dog understood a gun, but supposed that they intended to shoot the child; for he protected its body

so closely with his own, that to fire at one would be to fire at both. Completely baffled, the old man threw the weapon on the ground.

"Hold! Grandpa!" cried Paul, at his elbow, "I know what I can do!" And the swift feet were off toward the ferry once more.

"He is going to try a lasso on the beast—the way he caught the pig that broke out of the pen yesterday," said grandfather to himself; and then he shouted, but too late to be heard, "Don't take the rope that ties the boat, Paul! Don't let the boat loose!"

The women, waiting in terror for the report of the musket, saw Paul run past, and thought of him no more until three minutes later, when a cry for help attracted their attention, and Paul was seen to fall headlong over the boat's stern into the deep water. As he rose to the surface he grasped the rudder with one hand, but long before help could arrive, his hold slipped and he disappeared. The old man, running as fast as his stiff limbs could carry him, reached the boat at the same time as the women; but he was less frightened than they.

"Why—that chap can swim—like a duck," were his words, as he caught his breath. "He drowning?—I would n't—would n't have believed it!"

"He was frightened by the accident," some one remarked, while the old man worked at a disadvantage in getting off the boat, as he kept his eyes turned on the water.

"There! away yonder! so far down—oh!" came the cries from the shore, as the women, shielding their eyes from the sun with their hands, caught sight of the lad's head and shoulders above the surface, nearly opposite the point where the child had been landed. All felt that he was drowning, but none dared say so to the fond old grandfather. In the same breath Paul gave one last, long, piercing cry, and sank gradually amid the curling waves.

That call had an instant effect. True to his life-saving instincts, the great dog leaped into the river again, and swimming to the boy, drew him, a heavier burden than the baby, slowly ashore at the spot where the baby had lain. But the baby lay there no longer; for its mother, whom the shriek of distress had also aroused, had snatched it up, as the dog left it, and borne it away in joy and triumph. And as soon as Paul was on land, he stood up and hailed the boat, swinging his arms and shouting:

"All right, Grandpa. Carry over the women-folks, and when I'm ready presently, I'll walk across."

He broke into a laugh that startled the echoes, the merriest laugh, those who heard it said, that ever fell on their ears.

"The young rascal," cried his grandfather, gayly, while a tear of gratitude stole down his bronzed cheek, "to frighten and fool us so!"

"But how fine for him to have fooled the dog!" said the women.

The dog did not appear to take the loss of his former prize to heart, as he had now secured a larger and better. In a little while the boat was seen approaching. Paul stood up on his feet, patting the rather astonished dog upon the head, and the pair trotted along shore to meet the ferryman.

"We were just going to swim across for sport—can't we, Grandpa?" cried Paul.

But his grandfather thought there had been enough of that kind of sport for one day, and so the boy and his new playmate crossed in the boat.

Some hours later a sportsman fully equipped appeared at the ferry, inquiring for a dog answering the description of the one that now, hearing his master's voice, came rushing out of the ferryman's cottage. Both were glad to meet again, and the sportsman, when he had heard the story, expressed his delight that his noble runaway had so well employed his time.

THE JAUNTY JAY.



On my window-sill flirted a jaunty jay;
He chattered awhile, then he flew away.
He chattered a while, as if to say:
"Don't you wish you could live in the day,—in the day?
Don't you wish you were little enough to be gay?
Fly away! Fly away!"
Said the jubilant, jolly, and jaunty jay.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

NICKNAMES.

BY HENRY FREDERIC REDDALL.



THERE are, probably very few young people who have not, at one time or another, helped to christen some companion or acquaintance with a nickname.

You single out a peculiarity of person, or a hobby, or a habit, in your friend, and confer on him a nickname that may be absurd, satirical, or honorable and complimentary.

Now, this is exactly what your elders, who, as Dryden says, are only "children of a larger growth," have been doing in every period of the world's history. Nicknames applied in derision or affection hundreds of years ago are yet often heard, and are still full of meaning to us.

Nicknames are coined every day in the year, and I have no doubt that many of you can at once recall some nicknames that have been conferred on eminent men, and have accompanied them into history.

Let us together glance at a few historic nicknames.

Quite a number of eminent men are now familiar to us solely by a nickname that, in course of time, has taken the place of their rightful title. Thus, the proper designation of a painter now known as Guercino was Giovanni Francesco Barbieri. But on account of a defect in his sight, he was nicknamed Guercino; that is, "squint-eyed." One of the wickedest of the Roman emperors received from his soldiers a playful nickname on account of the boots he wore. They called him Caligula, "little boots," and by that title he figures in history. And the painter Tintoretto's baptismal name was Robusti; but his fellow-townsmen dub-

bed him Tintoretto "little dyer," because his father was a dyer, the Italian word for which is *tintore*. Many similar nicknames might be mentioned.

Of sarcastic nicknames there are scores of instances in history and biography. The eminent Doctor Abernethy, of London, wrote a book called "Surgical Observations," and from his invariable habit of advising his patients to read it, he became known as "Doctor My-Book." The brave English Commodore Byron, from the fact that stormy weather nearly always attended him on his voyages, was dubbed by his sailors "Foul-weather Jack"; and still another naval officer, Admiral Vernon, because of his custom of wearing a "Grogram" cloak in bad weather, was called "Old Grog." It was this same Admiral Vernon, by the way, who instituted the custom of serving out a mixture of spirits and water to the seamen of the royal navy, a beverage which they called "grog," in memory of its originator. Talleyrand, the French statesman, who was famed alike for his wit and his sarcasm, was at one time Bishop of Autun, and his many enemies jocularly spoke of him as "His Irreverent Reverence." A similar play on words occurs in the case of Lindley Murray, who has been facetiously called the "Ungrammatical Grammarian."

Several historical characters, because of the vigorous blows they dealt their foes, or on account of the energy with which they fought some real or fancied abuse, have been called "Hammers."

Judas Asmonæus, the Jewish patriot, better known as Judas Maccabæus, was the first to bear this surname. Maccabæus means "the Hammer."

The next personage to win this title was Charles, the great Frankish king, grandfather of Charlemagne, commonly called Charles Martel. Martel signifies "the Hammer;" and he gained the surname, because of the mighty blows he inflicted with his mace on the heads of the Saracen invaders at the battle of Tours. This victory saved Europe from the Mohammedan power.

And in the inscription on the tomb of Edward the First, in Westminster Abbey, he is called "the Hammer of the Scotch," in memory of his many victories over that people. This king in his lifetime was nicknamed "Longshanks."

Thomas Cromwell, the English statesman who flourished in the time of Henry the Eighth, was called the "Hammer of Monasteries." By a curious coincidence his illustrious namesake, Oliver

Cromwell, was, in the next century, nicknamed "the Hammer of Kings."

Military commanders have been the recipients of nicknames more generally than any other class.

The Duke of Wellington—the "Iron Duke"—was invariably alluded to by the troops of the line regiments as Nosey, on account of his enormous nasal feature; and even that stern martinet, Frederic the Great, delighted in the fact that his grim grenadiers called him Old Fritz. The soldiers of Napoleon manifested their regard for their leader by calling him, long after he had outstripped his humble rank, "the Little Corporal"; and Napoleon became the subject of a great many fanciful names and titles, such as: "The Soldier of Democracy"; "Heir of the Republic"; "The Man of Destiny"; "The Nightmare of Europe"; "The Child of the Revolution"; and "The Ogre of Corsica,"—all of which sufficiently explain themselves. The Abbé de Pradt dubbed him "Jupiter Scapin," or "A Scamp Jupiter," in allusion to the strange manner in which nobility and puerility, greed and power, were mingled in his mental make-up. Jupiter was the noblest figure in the old heathen mythology, while "Scapin" signifies cunning and knavery.

Coming to our own land, we find American life largely given to the coining of nicknames for public men. Every boy knows that General Putnam, the revolutionary hero, and General Jackson, the victor at New Orleans in the war of 1812, were called respectively "Old Put" and "Old Hickory,"—the latter having earned his nickname by subsisting unflinchingly on a diet of hickory nuts, to which his troops were at one time reduced during the campaign of 1813. John Randolph, for his haughty manners, was often called "the Lord of Roanoke"; Zachary Taylor was "Old Rough and Ready." Stephen A. Douglas was known as the "Little Giant," and his successful rival, the martyr Lincoln, earned the deserved title of "Honest Abe." And the American soldier is as ready as the European to adopt nicknames for those in authority over him. A recent article by Mr. George F. Williams, published in *The Century Magazine*, and entitled "Lights and Shadows of Army Life," mentions some nicknames of the Civil War. Almost every general of prominence, it says, had a nickname bestowed upon him by his troops. Some of these names were of a sarcastic nature, but usually they indicated the confidence of the men in their leaders or their admiration for them. General Grant was commonly known over the watch-fires in the Army of the Potomac as "Old United States," from the initials of his name; but sometimes he was called "Old Three Stars," that

number of stars on his epaulettes indicating his rank as lieutenant-general. McClellan was endeared to his army as "Little Mac." General Meade, who wore spectacles, was not displeased to learn that the soldiers had named him "Four-eyed George," for he knew it was not intended as a reproach. Burnside, the colonel of the First Rhode Island regiment, rose to the dignity of "Rhody" when he became a general. General Joseph E. Hooker was called "Fighting Joe." Sigel, the German general, was known in the other corps as "Dutchy." General Hancock won the brevet of "Superb," from a remark made by General Meade at Gettysburg, when the Second Corps repulsed a fierce attack upon it. Humphrey, being a distinguished engineer, was invariably styled "Old Mathematics." General Logan, with his long black hair and dark complexion, was "Black Jack" with his men. Sheridan, the cavalry leader, was "Little Phil," and the troops of General Sherman, whose full name is William Tecumseh Sherman—spoke of him as "Uncle Billy" or as "Old Tecumseh." The sterling nature and steadfast purpose of General George H. Thomas earned for him the significant and familiar name of "Old Reliable." The New York City regiments in the Fifth Corps called General Sykes, "Syksey"; and Rosecrans had his name shortened to "Rosey." One General was derisively nicknamed "Old Brains." General Lew Wallace was "Louisa" to the soldiers under his command; he was a great favorite for his fighting qualities, and the soldiers adopted that inappropriate name for want of a better. General Kearny, who had lost an arm in Mexico, was invariably known in the ranks as "One-armed Phil." General Butler was styled "Cockeye," for obvious reasons. General Kilpatrick was nicknamed "Kill," and General Custer was called "Ringlets," on account of his long, flowing curls; and so the catalogue might be prolonged indefinitely.

Among the Confederates, familiar nicknames were not so common as with the Federals. The soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia usually spoke of General Lee as "Bob Lee," and General Thos. J. Jackson will live in history as "Stonewall Jackson."

Finally, the custom of bestowing nicknames has entered even into the religious life of the world.

The famous mediæval scholar, Thomas Aquinas, when a student was called by his mates the Dumb Ox, because of his seeming dullness. His teacher, however, is said to have remarked: "If that ox should begin to bellow, the earth would resound with the noise!" The prediction came true; and in after life, when his talents and attainments spread his fame over all Europe, the offensive nickname was exchanged for such honorable

epithets as "The Eagle of Divines" and "The Angelic Doctor."

Nearly two thousand years ago, there came to the rich, beautiful, and cultured city of Antioch, in Syria, a band of travel-stained strangers, who had fled their houses to escape the clutches of persecuting enemies.

Hardly were these hunted ones settled in the city before they began to teach and to preach; and though of different races, they all delivered the same glad message, and revered the same Name. Numbers of the townsmen forsook their faith in the heathen divinities of Greece and Rome, and followed the heavenly precepts of the new-comers.

The men of Antioch were famed for their ready wit in bestowing appropriate nicknames; even the Emperor Julian was not secure from their jests; and the philosopher Apollonius was driven from the city by the merciless raillery of the inhabitants. It would have been strange, then, if a name had not been found to fling at those of the new belief. So, thoughtlessly enough, and half in ridicule, half in contempt, the volatile populace called the new community "Christians," after Him in whose

name they taught and performed works of mercy. But ere many years passed, the epithet that was at first intended as a term of reproach became a name full of glorious and joyful meaning to the world.

And here is one more instance, showing how powerful for good a mere nickname may become.

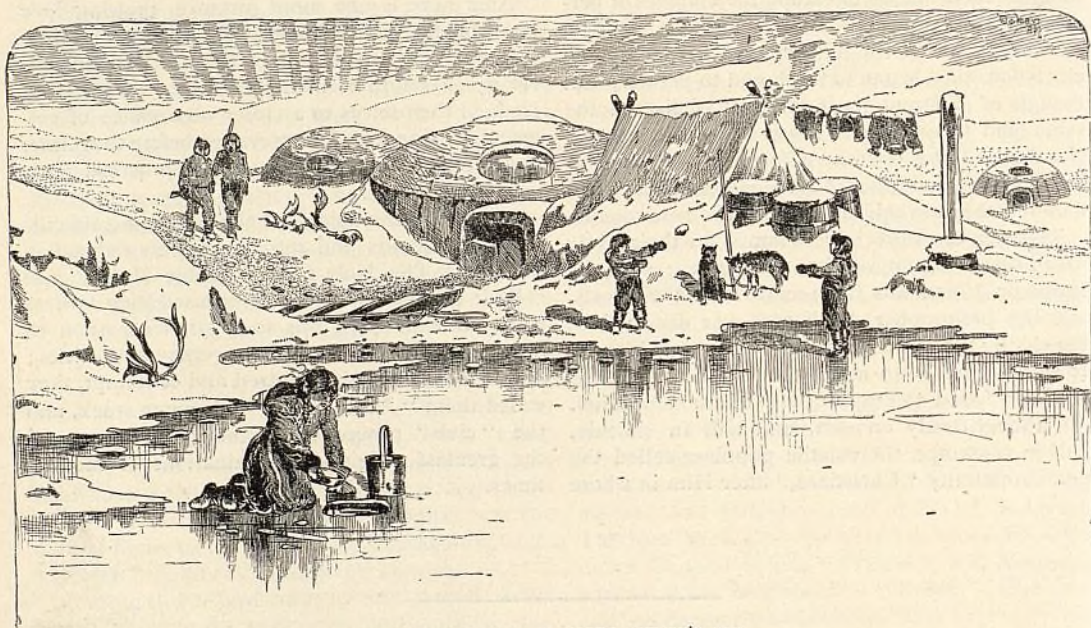
In 1739, a few students in the old English university of Oxford formed themselves into a club, pledged themselves to a closer observance of college discipline than had prevailed before that time, and afterward united in works of practical piety and benevolence.

They were the objects of the unsparing ridicule of both students and tutors, and were dubbed in derision "The Holy Club," "Bible Moths," and "Bible Bigots." But what incensed their lawless fellow-students most was their strict attention to the rules laid down by the university authorities; and so, to express their hatred and contempt, they called them "*Methodists*." This name stuck, and the "club" proved to be the germ of one of the greatest religious denominations of modern times.



THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD.*

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.



THE WINTER CAMP IN NORTH HUDSON'S BAY.

SEVENTH PAPER.

WE have spoken of all the games and sports, the troubles and labors of the little ones of far-away Eskimo land, and even chronicled some of the doings of the small boys who had had interesting adventures of their own, and now, I suppose, you might like to hear how we white men lived in the Arctic regions, when with all these Eskimo people and their children, and, especially, how we passed the winter with them.

I have already told you how they built their curious little houses of snow for winter dwellings, and how much they looked like the half of a huge egg-shell resting on the side of a hill covered with snow. Now, in order to make these houses of snow,—*igloos*, as the makers call them,—the snow must be of a certain hardness and texture, so that the blocks—or huge snow-bricks, if you would so call them—will hold together when handling them, and after they are in the walls of the white building. It must have been quite cold so as to freeze the snow into a sort of homogeneous mass, and it must have been packed down by the wind a good deal to make it compact and solid. The first snow of the coming winter does not make good strong snow-blocks for the *igloos*, however

deep it may fall, and from the time there is enough of it, the Eskimo often have to wait three or four weeks before it is fit for building. As it gets too cold in their summer sealskin tents before this time comes, the natives generally build preliminary houses of ice, which, singular as it may seem, are much warmer than the tents, but not as comfortable as the houses of snow. When the ice has formed to about six inches in thickness on some lake close by, they cut out their big slabs of ice for the sides of the house. Imagine an ordinary-sized house-door to be a slab of ice about six inches thick; then take a half-dozen to a dozen of these doors, and place them in a circle, joining them edge to edge, but leaning in slightly, and you will have formed your curious house of ice. Over this circular pen of ice—which you can imitate on a small scale with a circular row of upright dominoes on their ends and joined edge to edge—the summer sealskin tent is lashed across poles for a roof, and the ice-house is complete. By and by, this roof, sagging with snow, may be taken off and a dome of snow put on, which gives more height and consequently more comfort.

In the picture at top of this page, which represents our first winter camp in North Hudson's Bay, the houses of ice-slabs surmounted by a dome

of snow, are shown, and the little circular windows you see are also thin sheets of ice, which let in the light quite as well as our own at home, although not nearly so much light, because they are very much smaller than our windows.

Before these houses get covered inside with the black soot from the burning lamps, and before the snow outside has drifted up level with the roof, a night scene in a village of ice, and especially if the village be a large one and all the lamps be burning brilliantly, is one of the prettiest views a stranger can find in that desolate land. If you could behold a village of cabins suddenly transformed into houses of glass, and filled with burning lamps, it might represent an Eskimo ice-village at night.

As you will see by the picture, we took our sum-

lumps of it from the top of the barrel, and brought it in and put it over the fire, where it soon melted, so that we could use it. One day he left the hatchet on the frozen syrup, and when he needed it a few hours later, it was gone. Its disappearance was a great mystery, as the Eskimo never stole, and could not get into the tent in any case. The mystery, however, was cleared up the next day, when an iron bar with which he had been splintering off some of the frozen mass was left in the barrel, and we found that it sank in the frozen syrup until only the end stuck out. And when we had cut it all out, we found the hatchet below, at the bottom. It seemed as absurd as to leave an axe on a frozen lake and to see it slowly sink through three or four feet of ice to the bottom.

We built no other house for ourselves than this



THE WHALERS' CAMP AT MARBLE ISLAND.

mer tent, and, pitching it right against our house of ice, used it as a storage-room. Here we put our provisions, our barrels of bread and molasses; and one story I must tell you about the latter. When the bitter cold weather came on, and the molasses was frozen as hard as ice, the cook used to get ours in the same way that he would obtain so much ice; that is, he took a hatchet and chopped out

mixture of ice-walls and snow-roof, though all the Eskimo built regular *igloos* of snow as soon as that material was in good condition; and when the bitter days of winter came on they always complained of cold when they came into our house.

The reason why we did not build a warmer house of snow was that we had planned to leave our home in North Hudson's Bay, and to pay a

long visit to some whale-ships that were frozen in a harbor about a hundred miles farther south. There were four of these ships in a safe little harbor jutting into the shore of Marble Island, and the way they prepare themselves for the long Arctic winter is shown in the picture on page 865. In the fall of the year, just before it gets so cold that the ice forms, they huddle together, as you see them in the illustration, and each ship puts down two anchors, one at the bow and one at the stern, and these hold them from striking against the shore or one another until the ice forms around them and freezes them in solidly. Then the anchors and rudders are taken up, and, with lumber which they have brought from home, the whalers build a rude but substantial house over the ship, as you see in the picture. Then they get the Eskimo to build a sort of snow-house or *igloo* over the wooden house again, and, so, with all this covering to protect them, they manage to keep warm and comfortable with very little fire, however cold it may be out-of-doors. Sometimes they put in double windows, the inside ones of glass, as usual, and the outside ones being made of slabs of ice, like the curious windows of the *igloos*. The white men do not live in the temporary houses you see, built on top of the ships, but in the cabin and fore-castle, just as if they were cruising out to sea. The house is simply put over the ship to keep the real places warm, and right well it does its work. This "house," however, is very useful as a place for taking exercise, for ship-carpentering work, and for any small jobs that may be necessary. The

Eskimo also congregate there, especially about meal-time; and the more generous whalers feed them with a little hard sea-bread and weak tea well sweetened with molasses, and for this the natives supply them with reindeer and walrus meat, and build the snow-houses over their ships.

But you must not think that all ships in the Arctic winters fare so well as those I have just described. The whalers visit the polar regions nearly every winter, and know by experience how to be comfortable when there. Where they find whales they almost always find Eskimo, and the natives are of great assistance to them, as I have said. Many explorers, however, push beyond these limits, and we are constantly reading of their useless sufferings while in winter-quarters from not knowing how to properly shield and maintain themselves.

While in the fall, the whalers patiently wait for the ice to form, so as to house themselves in, they do not in the spring wait for the ice to melt before getting to work at catching whales that are sporting on the outside of the still frozen harbors; so they cut a channel, wide enough for the ship, through the ice from the open water to alongside the vessel, and she is then floated out. In the harbor at Marble Island, the channel, through ice five or six feet thick, came up between the four ships where you see the sledge-track in the picture. The work of cutting a channel only half a mile long, occupied three weeks, each crew working six hours, night and day. But, as you probably know already, the night is as light as the day, in the Arctic spring.

THE INVENTOR'S HEAD.

ON the opposite page is a copy of a curious drawing which will interest young folk of a mechanical turn of mind; and it has, moreover, a bit of a story connected with it. Sixty years ago a young draughtsman in Philadelphia, who devoted himself entirely to making drawings to accompany applications for patents, wished for something besides his small sign, to attract the attention of inventors to his office. So he drew a strange combination of the mechanical contrivances of that day, in a form to represent a human head, and gave it the inscription: "The Inventor's Head." This drawing, neatly executed in India ink, the young artist placed in his office win-

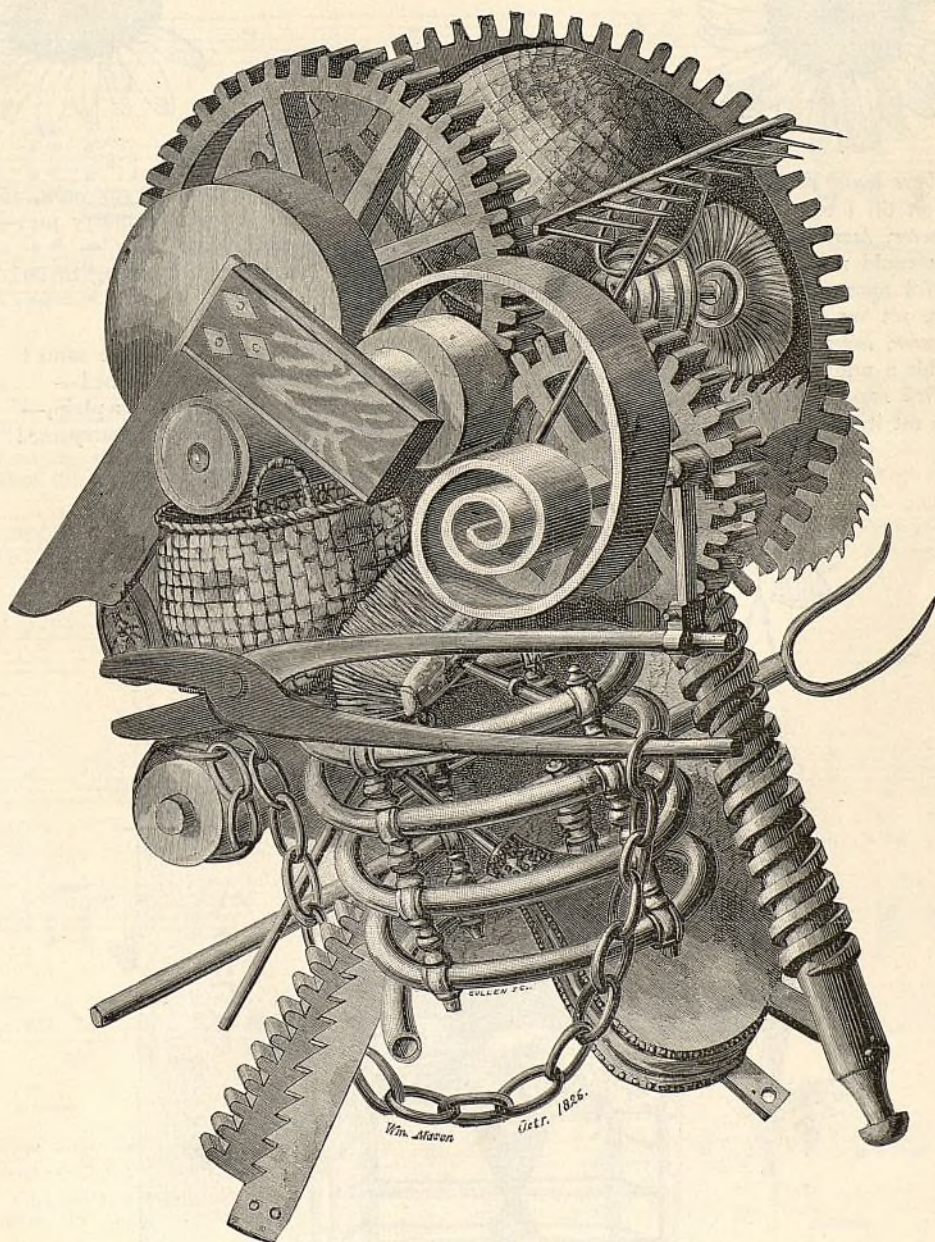
dow, with the words, "Drawings and Specifications for Patents," printed in bold, large letters beneath it.

The figure here shown is an exact copy of the drawing, and the following is a list of the articles that compose the Inventor's Head:

The nose is a carpenter's try-square; the cheek, a basket; the jaw, a blacksmith's tongs; the chin, the end of a shaft; the forehead, a roll, which, working against another in the temple, produces a scroll of iron for the ear; the brain, or knowledge-box, is as old as the world, and so that is, as you see, a globe; the ruffled shirt-bosom is made of a jig-saw and a pinion-rack; the still-worm makes

the neck, and the handles of the rake and fork are the cravat-tie; the bellows are the lungs; the screw is the cue at that time largely worn; brushes, cog-

look at the picture with half-closed eyes, the profile of the head will grow more distinct. Indeed, the "Inventor's Head" proved to be a profitable



teeth, and circular saws represent the hair; and the tines of the fork are the tie of the cue.

If you will hold the page at arm's length, and

as well as a clever thought in the young draughtsman, whose name you will see, with the date of the drawing, at the bottom of the picture.



DAISIES.

By D. C. W.

“ ‘WICH man, poor man, beggar man, sief’—
 Wait till I tell ’ou what ’ou ’ll be;—
 ‘Doctor, lawyer, Inzun shief’—
 ’Ou could n’t be zat one, don’t you see?
 ‘Wich man, poor man, beggar man, sief’—
 Are n’t ’ou glad it is n’t zat one?
 ‘Doctor, lawyer, Inzun shief’—
 Wait a minute, I ’se almost done.
 ‘Wich man’—zat ’s the lastest one,
 So zat it what ’ou ’s doing to be.

‘Wich man, poor man, beggar man, sief’—
 I dess I must see who ’ll marry me.—
 ‘Doctor, lawyer, Inzun shief’—
 Who do ’ou s’pose it ’s going to be?

“ ‘Wich man’—why, it tums ze same!
 I does n’t see how zat can be!—
 O ess, I does—it ’s dest as plain,—
 O’ course it means ’ou ’ll marry me!”



LITTLE PEEK-A-BOO.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY WADE WHIPPLE.

Moderato.

1. Peek - a - boo! Peek - a - boo!
2. Peek - a - boo! Peek - a - boo!

mf. *Fine. p*

Look-ing your way from the door-way, Peek - a - boo! Peek - a - boo! See lit - tle eyes of
Thro' those lash-es eye - light flash-es, Peek - a - boo! Peek - a - boo! Dear lit - tle heart shines

blue, Voice quite like to a chirp - ing bird, Tongue quite tied with a ba - by word.
thro'; Head bobs out, and the head bobs in, Red lips part 'bove a white, white chin,

ritard.

a tempo. *ritard.*

Oh! what a white one, and such a bright one! That's my own lit - tle Peek - a - boo!
Then in a twin - kle comes like a tin - kle, That sweet call from my Peek - a - boo!

a tempo. *ritard.* *D. C. al Fine.*



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

PIERRE TYLER, a little nine-year-old boy, sends the answer to your Jack's July riddle, "What is it that bursts its tender covering and springs up, etc.?" He says, "It's fire-crackers!" Those in favor of Pierre's motion please say "Aye!" Contraries, "No!"—

The "Ayes" have it.

Now you shall hear about

MOON RAINBOWS AND ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

OAKLAND, ALAMEDA CO., CAL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: About that lunar rainbow which your friend the farmer described in June, lunar bows are not uncommon here. We often see them when the moon shines and the fog drifts over. The bow is a ring, sometimes white, but oftener showing two, three, or four colors.

But I wish especially to tell you about what we saw two years ago on May-day, in Amador Co. (that's in the Sierra Nevada foot-hills). It had been showery, and about one o'clock, the sun shone out bright, the sky being a deep, dark blue, and we saw three rings, or circular bows, and three sun-dogs. I never saw anything so glorious, and since then no rainbow seems bright enough. We have mirages, too, here, almost every day, in the late summer. Once we saw a schooner in the sky, right over the center of the Golden Gate, and from Grandmamma's ranch in Sacramento Valley, we sometimes see Sacramento lifted up in the air and upside down, and sometimes doubled at that! This is at sunrise or sunset; but on the bay, you see boats in the sky at different hours, and the shores are beautiful cities of the olden time, with towers and castles; and there are streets of gold, too. Then I wish to say that all the humming-birds sing in California. Don't they everywhere? Is n't it because the song is like a faint Chinese tune,

that every one does not recognize it as bird music? They sing on the perch, and it sounds like a distant bag-pipe or Chinese fiddle.

On the ranches around Grandmamma's place, everybody has a reservoir for irrigating. They dig out a foot or two of earth from, say, a half-acre, and use this earth for a bank, then from bored wells about twenty feet deep they pump water with windmills to fill these. In from one to two years, willows, cat-tails, water-grass, and fresh-water clams begin to grow in these ponds. Where do they come from? There were none for miles around till the reservoirs were built, and none are planted. The seeds could be there in the ground, I suppose,—but the clams? Please explain, and oblige,

Yours, R. L. F.

Who *can* explain? and who can explain "Sun-dogs?"

OTHER LUNAR RAINBOWS.

FARMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

DEAR JACK: I must tell you what I saw several years ago. Some cousins of mine and I were going home from a "singing-school." It was a moon-light night. When we neared a small creek, we saw a heavy white bow across the creek. We called it a fog-bow. It lasted as long as we were near it, which must have been ten minutes. I never heard whether any one else ever saw one there. It was witnessed by three other persons who are now living in the same county where it happened. Yours truly, LU. N. SUYDAM.

LAWRENCE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I saw in the June number of the ST. NICHOLAS an account of a moon rainbow, and I thought I would write and tell you of one I saw here. It had been a cloudy and rainy afternoon. About nine o'clock I went out on a balcony in the second story, from which we have a beautiful view of the ocean. As I looked toward the east, I saw the moon shining through the clouds, and above it was a beautiful bow. It was of a silvery white, and was visible for a few minutes only, and then it entirely disappeared. It was the only one I had ever seen or heard of.

Truly yours,

ANITA NEILSON.

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

ST. PAUL, MINN., June 6, 1885.

DEAR JACK: I wish to ask your birds a question: Do any of them know what kind of a bug it is that flies around the electric lights? I never saw one until we began to have electric lights here. They are gray, and about an inch and a half long, and they fly around the lights at night. Good-bye, with love to the Little School-ma'am.

I remain, your loving friend,
MAUDE CULLEN.

HOW THE TURTLE WINKS.

RED HOOK.

DEAR JACK: I should like to tell you how a turtle winks, if you do not know already. I observed one to-day, and to my astonishment he raised his under lid instead of lowering the upper one. He also shut one eye and kept the other open, thus giving himself a very comical appearance. Do all tortoises wink upward, or is this only the case with

this species — the common land turtle? Just ask the boys and girls for me, and oblige,
Your constant listener,

J. L. S.

A GOOD BOOK.

THE Little School-ma'am wishes me to recommend to all of you who love to read about natural history, a new book which has interested her very much. It is called *Tenants of an Old Farm*, and it is written by Dr. Henry C. McCook; and the Little School-ma'am says you can now find it in almost any bookstore.

So far as I am concerned, I am quite willing you should read this book, provided you read also, with sharp eyes and close attention, the larger volume that Nature spreads before you every day in the year, wherever you may be, and which is newer than the newest, and older than the oldest.



HEMIPTERA HOMOPTERA.

IT'S a serious thing, my children, when Latin things get into bushes and trees, as you'll learn by these verses, written by Delpino, a friend of ST. NICHOLAS. But fortunately the gardener generally has a little good, strong English at hand, and that saves the plant from further injury. A little mite of a vine grew once close to my pulpit, and enjoyed itself wonderfully for such a midget, until a monster known to the dear Little School-

ma'am and her scientific friends as the *Doryphora decem-lineata* happened to spy it, and that little vine never again cast its sweet speck of a shadow on the grass. Only the day before a pair of fine honest oxen had walked close by the place and my vine just looked at me and winked as they passed. It was so glad it was insignificant! But Latin spares neither great nor small.

"WHAT is it ails my little tree?

It grew so green, and stretched so far
Its waving arms! — But, look and see!
Its leaves now curl unhealthily."

The gardener looked; "It is," said he,
"*Hemiptera homoptera*."

"Ah, yes!" I cried, in haste to speak:

"I see! The boughs all covered are
With tiny ants! Can things so weak
And small such direful mischief wreak?"

"The ants," he said, "but come to seek
"*Hemiptera homoptera*."

"You speak in mystic phrase!" I cried,
"Then show me where the spoilers are!"
"In the curled leaves they safely bide:
And on the stems there, side by side,
So small they scarcely need to hide,—
"*Hemiptera homoptera*."

"If you would save your little tree,
Some strong soap-suds or gas of tar"—
"Aha, that's English! It shall be
Forthcoming," said I; "then we'll see
What havoc we can make with the
"*Hemiptera homoptera*."

LIT-TLE RED HEN.

(The Good Old Story of "the Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat," told in verse.)

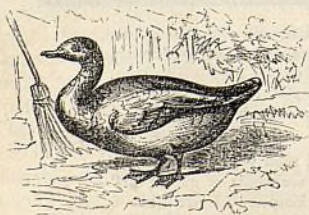
BY EUDORA M. BUMSTEAD.



LIT-TLE RED HEN looked bus-i-ly round
 In search of a bit to eat,
 Till, hid in the straw and chaff, she found
 A plump lit-tle grain of wheat.
 "Now, who will plant this wheat?" she cried.
 "Not I!" the goose and the duck re-plied;
 "Not I!" said the dog and the cat;
 "Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.

"Oh, I will, then!" said Lit-tle Red Hen,
 And scratched with her quick lit-tle feet
 Till a hole she dug, and cov-ered it snug,
 And so she plant-ed the wheat.

Lit-tle Red Hen gave ten-der care,
 The rain and the shine came down,
 And the wheat grew green and tall and fair,
 Then turned to a gold-en brown.
 "Now, who will reap this wheat?" she cried.
 "Not I!" the goose and the duck re-plied;
 "Not I!" said the dog and the cat;
 "Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.
 "Oh, I will, then!" said Lit-tle Red Hen;
 And, brav-ing the mid-sum-mer heat,
 She cut it at will with her trim lit-tle bill,
 And so she reaped the wheat.



Lit-tle Red Hen peeped sly-ly about
 From her snug lit-tle nest in the hay;
 If only that wheat were all threshed out,
 And fit to be stored a-way.
 "Now, who will thresh this wheat?" she cried.
 "Not I!" the goose and the duck re-plied;
 "Not I!" said the dog and the cat;
 "Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



"Oh, I will, then!" said Lit-tle Red Hen;
And, hav-ing no flail, she beat
With her wings of red on the grain, in-stead,
And so she threshed the wheat.

Lit-tle Red Hen had still no rest,
Al-though she had worked so well;
She thought of the chicks in her snug lit-tle nest
How soon they would peep in the shell.

"Now, who will go to the
mill?" she cried.

"Not I!" the goose and
the duck re-plied;

"Not I!" said the dog and the cat;

"Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.

"Oh, I will, then!" said Lit-tle Red Hen,
And fashioned a sack so neat,

With corn-silk thread and a corn-husk red,
In which she car-ried the wheat.



Lit-tle Red Hen then made some bread
That was white and light and sweet,
And, when it was
done, she smiled,
and said,

"We'll see who is will-ing to eat.

"Now, who will eat this loaf?" she cried.

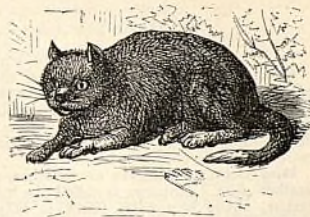
"I will!" the goose and the duck re-plied;

"I will!" said the dog and the cat;

"I will!" said the mouse and the rat.

"No doubt!" said the hen, "if you get it!" and then
(How the lazy rogues longed for the treat!)

She clucked to her chicks—she was moth-er of six;
And that was the end of the wheat.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

MANY of our readers will remember a paper which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1884, entitled "An Engraver on Wheels," and which gave an account of Mr. Elbridge Kingsley, a

leading wood-engraver, who often goes about the hills and woods in a little wagon-car, taking views of the country,—for all the world like an old-time photographer, except that he makes his pictures by cutting them into the surface of solid wood-blocks. The article concerning Mr. Kingsley was accompanied by a full-page engraving, entitled "A Winter's Night"; and on page 829 of this number we present another engraving by Mr. Kingsley of a summer landscape, which he calls "A September Day on the Lake." By referring to the paper we have mentioned, our young readers can refresh their memories with regard to Mr. Kingsley's methods of work, and thus better understand the merits of the engraving.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, July 1, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long thought I would write, and tell you how much my brother and I love you, and how long you have been like "best friend" to us. We began taking you in 1875, in far away Wisconsin, and now down here in Southern Texas, among the fragrant Cape Jasmynes and Magnolias. We enjoy and love you more and more each year.

Miss Alcott's stories are my favorites, and I hope she will begin another soon. Houston is called the "Magnolia City," and Galveston, about fifty miles south, is called the "Oleander City," because its streets are lined with beautiful oleander trees. We often go down and enjoy a day on the beach and a dip in the surf. Are any of your readers interested in the military contests now going on? We are very proud of our Houston Light Guard, who took first prize at each interstate drill held at Houston, Mobile, and New Orleans. They are now in Philadelphia, and we hope they may return victorious. We are not a day's ride by rail from Lampasas, spoken of in "Sheep or Silver?" It is now called the Saratoga of the South.

Hope you will find room for this, I am, your devoted reader,
BELLE T.

A new story by Miss Alcott will appear in either the November or the December number of ST. NICHOLAS.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps those of your readers who were interested in "A School of Long Ago," will be glad of this bit of information, which I quote from the *Hartford Courant*:

"Fifty years ago school-masters had no clocks or watches, but told the time of day by a mark on the floor, or, if cloudy, guessed at noon." It was also "a common custom to rent stoves out to those who were not able to purchase, the rent being twenty-five cents per month. Dr. Catlin, of Litchfield, had quite a number rented, and we well remember seeing him on his rounds collecting his stove rent."

This was one hundred years later than Christopher Dock lived.
Yours truly, A. B. R.

A GAME OF DOMINO-TEN-PINS.

NEW YORK, June, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Cousin Clara and I want to tell you about a new game we got up one rainy day, not long ago. We were playing in the nursery and grew tired of all our old games, so we thought we would try what fun we could have with Jack's marbles; but we soon found that we could n't do anything with regular marbles, so we tried dominoes. But we soon grew tired of them, too; and I suppose if it had n't been for mamma's lap-board, we would never have thought of our new game. But the lap-board was leaning against a chair, and as I passed it, I happened to have a marble in my hand and I let it slide down the board, and it knocked over two of the dominoes as it rolled across the floor. This made me think, "Why not play ten-pins with dominoes and marbles?" So we did, and we had real fun at it.

We made up a way of scoring by letting each marble count as many as the dots on the dominoes that it knocked over. I scored thirty-two with one marble, once.

Mamma has a friend who is an artist, and he drew a picture of us playing our domino-ten-pins game. We send it to you, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Please print it.

Your loving readers, CLARA AND JOSIE M.

The picture of the girls playing their game appears on page 816 of this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. I have taken you for almost two years, and like you better and better.

I have a younger sister who likes you very much, too. I think Frank Stockton's stories are real nice; "The Tricycle of the Future" is the best. I liked his last, "Old Pipes and the Dryad," too. I think "His One Fault" is nice, but I do so pity poor Kit; he is always getting into such trouble! The "Brownies" are very funny. I think. When you come, I always rush to see if the Brownies are there, and so does Mamma and my older sister, for they like them, too. We always look for the dude, the policeman, and the one with the Tam o' Shanter. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your loving little reader, ELLA F.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A DOLL.

By LOUISA SHAW ALBEE.

(Age 15.)

ONE day I heard my doll Jane telling the story of her life to my doll Daisy. And this is what she said:

"The first thing I remember is living in a toy-store with other dolls. One day Jessie Harlow, a little nine-year-old girl who was walking with her nurse, spied me out and wanted me immediately. So they purchased me, and carried me home to have my clothes made. They named me Jane; why, I do not know; I can not say I admired their taste.

"A few days after my arrival, I heard the children talking very eagerly in the nursery, and I discovered they were going to the sea-shore, and were deciding what toys to take with them. Harry, their brother, advised them not to take me, as I would surely be broken on the rocks; but I was the newest thing they had, and Jessie said I must go in bathing. So I was packed up with some other playthings, and off to the sea-shore we went.

"After we had been there a few days, I was carried down to the beach and taken in bathing; this seemed to please them; and so for several days I was bathed and ducked, till I thought I should freeze.

"There was a grand picnic on an island in the harbor, and I went along. A string was tied around my neck, and all the way I was dragged through the water; this proceeding did not please me at all; but I little knew of the acquaintance I should soon be forced to make with the deep, cold sea.

"They had a splendid time at the picnic. I enjoyed myself, too, but all the while I was dreading the ride home, for I was afraid I should be dragged through the water. However, when the time came for returning, Jessie laid me in her lap, and I began to think my fears were needless.

"Now I am coming to the part of my story that makes me shudder. It was growing dark as they pushed the boat off; it tipped slightly and frightened Jessie, who jumped up, forgetting I was in her lap—and I fell overboard. We were not far from shore, as I knew that I fell but a short distance; but as I struck the bottom, my right arm broke. I could still hear them talking in the boat, though I could not distinguish what was said, and soon they were gone, and I was left alone. After a while I went to sleep. When I awoke I found myself lying on the sand; I suppose the motion of the water had

moved me. I did not take a very gloomy view of my situation; for although I would rather a thousand times have been at home with Jessie, still I thought I might be found in time. I kept wondering if I should ever be on land again. I knew that in time the paint must wear off my face, this troubled me, for I had a very pretty face. Yet, I still kept up a brave heart and awaited my fate.

"Before long, some fish swam up to me, but after looking at me for some time, and concluding that I was not good to eat, they went away. I had one consolation; for the first few days I suffered from cold, but now I did not mind it at all.

"I had lain here about two weeks, when one day I saw coming toward me a queer-looking thing, very beautiful, and with long hair. This, as I afterward learned, was a mermaid. She looked at me curiously for a few minutes, then, stooping down, she picked me up and carried me far out into the sea to her home. This was a strange-looking place, and not a bit like the brick houses in the city. It was all white, with a great many little windows. On the front were lovely red and white decorations; and the interior was still more beautiful.

"On a kind of throne sat an old man with a long white beard, and a crown upon his head. Meriam, the young mermaid girl, swam up to her father and showed him what she had found. He smiled and, examining me, asked if there had been a wreck. Meriam then explained to him how she had found me.

"From that time I became her constant companion, and I was perfectly happy in the water.

"One day she dressed me in a walking-suit, consisting of brown sea-weed trimmed with coral, and an umbrella-shell for a hat. She told me we were going to see an old witch who lived quite a distance from our house. We went a long way, and at last arrived at a horrid little hut. A cross-looking woman was sitting in front of it; she smiled, however, when she saw Meriam. After we had been there a few minutes, the old lady asked her to go out into her garden. While Meriam was gone, the witch quietly slipped me into her pocket. When it was time to go, Meriam discovered that I was not on the table where she had laid me. Then she began to search for me, but, of course, could not find me. She suspected the old witch, yet dared not say anything. When she was gone, the witch drew me out of her pocket, and looked curiously at me, then threw me aside, and I lay unnoticed for several days.

"One afternoon she came in, looking greatly disturbed, and I saw a paper in her hand. She sat down, and calling her little slave boy, she told him that she had stolen a plaything from the Princess, in expectation of receiving a reward on returning it to the palace. But she had received a message from the King that he knew that she had taken it from his daughter, and wanted it immediately. Then turning to the boy, she ordered him to take me away to the shore. He took me up and carried me out. I wondered what good it would do her to send me away, when, suddenly looking up, I saw Meriam approaching us. The boy bowed and put me in his pocket. She talked with him a few minutes, then passed on. Oh, how I longed to ask her to take me back with her! but I could not, and we passed on.

"The boy buried me in the sand, and there I lay, I think it must have been for years. But one day I felt the sand move over my head, and something struck me. I was triumphantly lifted out of the sand by two little girls who were playing there. I was carried to their home, and amused them for some time, when suddenly I was cast aside, and here, I suppose, I shall remain for another age. I do wish I was in the sea again!"

Here I must have fallen asleep, for I can not remember any more of the doll's story. When I awoke next morning, I thought I must have been dreaming; yet, thinking it over, it seemed so real, I can not now believe it was all a dream. As I had left off playing with dolls, I threw Jane into the sea, where she wished to be, in hopes that she would soon find Meriam, and be happy the rest of her life, which I hope she is now enjoying.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have an uncle, who lives a long way from us, and he sends the St. NICHOLAS to us every year. I like very much to read the letters from your little friends. And I thought I would write you about my father's ranch in Kansas. The ranch is on the south side of the Arkansas, and because there is no bridge, we ford the river. One time, when papa, my cousin and I were going to cross the river, we met a man who was going to cross at the same place with us who had a lot of sheep and lambs, that he was taking across to winter. As he drove the sheep and lambs

into the water, many of the lambs got stuck in the mud because they were too weak to wade.

When papa and Cousin Rob were helping the man with the sheep, I pulled out of the mud fifteen little lambs, and put them into the wagon to let them ride home.

T. B. R.

MAROON, QUEENSLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year and four months, and I like you very much, and so does my sister Dolly. I like best the "Spinning-wheel Stories" and Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's, especially "His One Fault." But Dolly likes "Davy and the Goblin" best. This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I am a little Australian girl, living up in the bush, seventy-five miles from Brisbane. Mother likes you very much, too.

I remain your affectionate reader,

M. A. M. P.

WE gladly put before our readers this clever verse—sent to us as the composition of a little girl eleven years old:

A maiden and a knight one eve
Were wand'ring through a wood;
Her name was May, and she was fair,
And he was brave and good.
It was the month of love, you know,
The moon shed down her light;
He said, "Oh, what a lovely May!"
She said, "A charming (k)night!"

URSULA S. ARNOLD.

SUISUN, CAL., 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you since 1882. Your stories are very interesting and useful, for they show where so many people fail in doing what is right, for if some one laughs at them, they will try to please them instead of doing what they know is right. "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill" shows, if you do what you think is right, you will win in the end; the "Moonraker" shows what comes of reading bad books, and "His One Fault" shows that if you are forgetful you must always get into trouble. I am always impatient for the end of each month to come, so that I can have you to read.

Yours truly, ZAIDE.

LIZA.

By JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

LIZA was a little maid,
Born within the woodland shade,
Where the ferns and lichens grow,
Where the maples bud and blow.
Orange dress, with spots of brown,
Was the maiden's only gown;
Not a wrinkle here nor there,
Not an inch of stuff to spare.

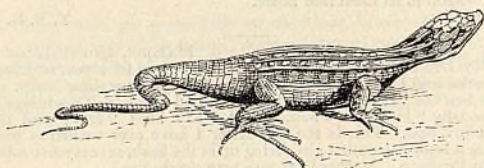
She was happy and content,
Where her early days were spent,
Though her wardrobe's only store
Was the simple gown she wore.
For the woods were her delight,
From the dewy dawn till night,
Where the sunshine seldom strayed
To disturb the peaceful shade.

But one day, alas! alas!
Some rude stranger chanced to pass
By the place where Liza stood
In the shadow of the wood.
He admired, first, her gown—
Orange 't was, with spots of brown—
And declared it was a dress
Suited to her loveliness.

"Christopher!" he loudly swore,
As away the child he bore:
"He who first the nymph describes
Is entitled to the prize!"
All at once the little elf
Seemed of hope and life bereft,
And she felt her skimpy gown
Was not suited to the town.

Pretty house with front of glass,
Dainty dishes for the lass,
Curious looks,—ne'er made amends
For this exile from her friends;

So one day the stranger took
Liza to the very nook
Whence he stole her. Don't you laugh
When you see her photograph!



PARANÁ, ENTRE RIOS, March 22, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you since I began taking you, which was in 1876, and for three or four years I have intended to write to you, to let you know how much I enjoy reading you. I also have had the two first volumes, for they were given to my brother. When we first got you I could only look at the pictures, but each year I loved you more, and now I watch every mail till you come.

I am a long distance from home, which is in Pennsylvania. I am going to the best and largest normal school in the republic, and it has seven hundred and fifty pupils, in which Spanish is the language used, but English and French are taught as accomplishments. The customs of the people here are very different from ours. One of them is to take maté. It is a kind of tea made of an herb of Paraguay. The cup from which it is taken is a small species of gourd, and the maté is drawn through a silver tube. The fashion is to pass it around to the friends who come to call. I think it is horrid. Good-bye. From your loving reader,

E. B. E.

Paraná, Argentine Republic, S. A.

WE must thank the following young friends for their pleasant letters: James and Arthur Kingdon, Lily R. B., Florence C. B., Elaina Thayer, "Ethel Rivers," Lottie W., "Bessie Percival," Lily Wells, Christine R., Edith M. Rawson, Tom Sabin, Ada C. C., Helen, Sue Pendleton, Adele Morgenthau, "Abby and Cassy," C. D. Hinkly, "Julius and Vincent," Bertie Robinson, A. Nelson, Daniel K. S., Violet Campbell, Josie L., Annie Smith, C. Ingling, Lucy N. B., Clara W., Rita Morris, F. F. A., Willie H. Powell, Frankie Holland, Mollie Allison, Grace Searles, Bessie M., Alice W. Cogden, Robert L. Raymond, Hortie O., and Anna Brendel.



A WORD TO MINERALOGISTS.

SINCE the organization of the Agassiz Association, one of its most unexpected results has been the marked influence exerted on the methods of instruction and the course of study in many public and private schools. It has been demonstrated that there is a wide-spread desire on the part of the young to acquire a practical knowledge of natural science.

This Association gives great aid to all such persons, but from the nature of the case, the A. A. must operate more in the way of stimulating and encouraging students, and inciting schools to give better scientific instruction, than by actual direct teaching. Probably it would be a very moderate estimate to suppose that the study of plants, insects, and birds has been introduced into more than a hundred institutions during the last five years through the agency of our Society. But in the department of mineralogy the case seems to be different. The desire of learning is quite as strong and general as in any of the other branches, but the number of competent instructors is greatly less. Probably ten teachers feel able to teach the elements of botany from the specimens, for every one who dares attempt practical work in mineralogy. The growing demand for instruction will eventually cause an increase in the number of good teachers; but in the meanwhile, has not our Association, in this branch of study, a very important field for its special work of assistance and encouragement? An enthusiastic mineralogist could easily arrange and conduct through these pages a short course in mineral observation and analysis, sufficiently extended, to awaken through-

out the whole country in the minds of young and old a strong desire and determination to learn about mineral formations, and also to illustrate, for the benefit of all, the right methods of study and of teaching.

The president of the A. A., not being a practical mineralogist, hesitates about preparing such a course himself, and hereby invites any philanthropic specialist in this department, or in its kindred branch, geology, to volunteer to conduct a course of easy lessons in the observation of minerals.

CONCHOLOGY.

Mr. Harry E. Dore, whose generous offer appeared in our latest report, sends this additional word of explanation:

"128 HALL STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON.

"I will return shells sent by competing and non-successful Chapters, provided stamps for such return are sent. Perhaps it will be hard to determine which Chapter was successful, unless the *quality* as well as the number of specimens is to be considered. I feel that it is just as wrong to collect young and undeveloped shells as for a sportsman to catch three-inch trout. I never take any but adult mollusks, except for study; and with land-shells this is highly important, as the young ones never have perfectly formed lips. Last week, a ramble of three hours, within three miles from my home, repaid me with over forty examples, all living, of five species of land-shells, and one fresh-water species, all found within thirty feet of one another, and each living in a different condition from all the rest.

"*Arianta fidelis*, climbing on the trees; *Zonites arborea*, hidden away under the bark of decayed trees; *Mesodon Columbianus*, living

in moss; and *Macrocyclus Vanconverensis*, in marshy ground near a small brook which contained numbers of *Goniobasis plicifera*.
I am always ready to help the members of the A. A., either individually or collectively."

DRAWING.

The following very practical offer of aid should be generally and thankfully accepted:

26 GREENWOOD STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MR. H. H. BALLARD:

DEAR SIR: I should like to offer my assistance to members of the A. A. who wish to make drawings of such things as they collect.

By making a set of working copies of some insect, flower, or other specimen, in progressive stages from outline to color, I could show them how to make drawings for themselves.

I should only request that a few postage stamps might be sent to pay return postage on the specimens and copies.—E. T. FRITSCH, Designer.

NOTES.

180. *A Snail's eggs*. I have dissected, among other mollusks, a snail that I take to be a *Paludina decisa*. It is about an inch long; aperture dextral operculated; whorls spiral; fresh water; burrows in mud. I was surprised to find inside of its shell, wrapped up in the folds of its flesh, a large number of small shells, only about four times as big as a pin's head.

Now, what I wish to know is, do the eggs of this snail hatch before they are laid? And is it, then, viviparous? Or is it oviparous, like other snails; and if so, how did the small shells get in there?—F. S. Arnold, Poughkeepsie.

181. *Water*. In answer to the question: "Is water a mineral?" I say, it is, since it is an oxide of hydrogen.—Gilbert Van Ingen.

182. *Hoop-snake*. (a) There are hoop-snakes; I have seen several.—Ambrose S. Wight, Milan, Mich.

(b) I have seen only one hoop-snake, but there are many of them both in Tennessee and Kentucky. Two years ago one was killed near our house. A gentleman coming to our home first saw it rolling like a hoop along the lane ahead of him. He killed it, and we brought it to the house and examined it closely. It was three feet long, and half an inch in diameter. Body round and tapering from middle toward both head and tail. At the end of the tail was a sharp little horn shaped something like this >. In this was a poisoned sting. These snakes roll toward an object when angered, and, just before reaching it, unfasten the head and tail, and strike, causing almost instant death. The color is dark, much like a rattlesnake's. I knew of one that rolled and tried to strike a cow. The cow ran out of reach, and the snake struck a small sapling, which afterward died. I am only twelve years old, so I have not described the snake very well; but there is certainly such a thing as a hoop-snake, both my father and his father having seen many of them.—Chesley Alexander, Abilene, Texas.

[In sending such accounts as this, our friends can not be too careful to adhere closely to the facts that have come under their own personal observation. What A. has heard B. say that C. has seen, is generally of little scientific value.

All that Master Alexander seems to have seen, is a snake three feet long, half an inch in diameter, tapering both ways, of a dark color, and tipped at the tail with a sharp, horny point. That this creature was a "hoop-snake," that it "rolled," struck at objects, had a poisoned sting, and was capable of causing instant death to animals and perhaps to trees, may be true, but can not yet be accepted as certain. Now, let us hear from every one who has ever seen a hoop-snake with his own eyes. Let each member who is interested in the question ask his or her acquaintances. Let us gather all the testimony possible.]

CHAPTER REPORTS.

789. *Kioto, Japan*. We now number 21 active members, and one honorary. I am afraid some do not understand that, in order to follow out your suggestion on p. 50, and the 1st condition of correspondence, on p. 65 of the *Handbook of the A. A.*, U. S. stamps must be used in writing to this Chapter, and not postal cards.—C. M. Cady, Sec.

100. *Hartford, Conn.*, (B) Kindly change the address of this Chapter to Box 637. We have had this year, readings from Kingsley's "Madam How and Lady Why," Torrey's "Birds in the Bush," McCook's "Tenants of an Old Farm," and Abbott's "Rambles of a Naturalist about Home." We have egg and insect collections, and some of the children have found salamanders. We belong to the corps of observers of the migrations of birds, and are trying to become familiar with the notes and habits of those of the Connecticut Valley.—C. M. Hewins.

339. *Salt Lake City, (A)* The time for our annual report is at hand, and you have not heard from us since the middle of last October. This negligence has not been owing to a falling off in interest, or to the absence of anything to report; for, with the exception of a few set-backs, this has been our most prosperous year by far.

On November 1, our botanist sent to Professor E. L. French, at Aurora, N. Y., a set of 278 plants, which secured the first of the prizes offered by him in August of last year. About the middle of the same month we purchased a \$150 microscope of the best English make. This has been of very great assistance to us in original investigation, and in the preparation of talks for meetings.

During the winter, the geologist was busily engaged determining, arranging, and cataloguing the specimens contained in his cabinet. This is six feet high, four feet wide, and has five shelves. The entomologist, C. A. Rand, was studying, classifying, and mounting the insects caught during the spring and summer.

The botanist found enough to occupy his attention in analyzing his plants, sorting out and mounting a sample set, and preparing for exchanges. The three other members, Walter H. Nichols, Fred. Browning, and Wesley Browning, were not so steadily occupied in scientific pursuits; for, after the first enthusiasm, their interest in the objects of the Association had been gradually lessening, until, on May 6 of this year, they withdrew from the Chapter. The remaining three kept up the meetings till Mr. Rand went north, prospecting. Then we stopped them, but shall begin again as soon as he returns, early in the fall. We hope to add fresh recruits before long. The season, this spring, was backward, and the flowers did not appear before the middle of April; so the botanist, during March, collected beetles and cocoons for exchanging with a member of the Brooklyn Entomological Society. In the neighborhood of the city there is a moth, *Samia gloveri*, similar to *Cecropia* in size and general markings, and easily mistaken for it by the ordinary observer. The cocoons vary from two to three inches in length, and from one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter at the largest portion. The outer coat is coarse and woven of dirty gray and brown threads, closely resembling dried fibers of trees or shrubs. The inner coat is of soft brown silk. On March 24th, on stumpy willows lining the banks of Jordan River, I found 120 good cocoons. Some were five or six feet above the ground, but the majority were among the roots and lower parts of stems, concealed from all but scientific eyes. For the purpose of raising these I made a light frame, three feet by two by one, covered it with mosquito bar, and suspended it in the garret. The top was made so as to be raised or lowered at pleasure. Besides these cocoons, I obtained by exchange those of *Polyphemus*, *Promethea*, *Cecropia*, and *Cynthia* moths. The first *Gloverie* appeared April 29, and the last, May 15; *Cecropia*, from May 13 to June 1; *Cynthia*, from June 18 to July 6; the first *Polyphemus* appeared May 21, and the first *Promethea*, June 24. I have also raised a number of butterflies and moths from the caterpillars. A good cabinet for insects was made by taking a sound dry-goods box, filling cracks with putty and listing, and putting on a tight-fitting door. The boxes, setting-boards, bottles, etc., are laid on a few shelves made for this purpose; and if tobacco, open bottles of benzine, camphor, and disinfecting cones are placed around freely, the dermestes will probably keep away. The cabinet should be hung up a foot or two from the floor. We have found it very helpful and interesting to keep journals of tramps, observations, and captures. By so doing, one learns to write more freely and will observe more closely.

The geologist has in his cabinet some specimens with which members of eastern Chapters are, perhaps, unfamiliar. So-called "hell-fire rock" is a dirty white sandstone, which, when scratched in the dark with a sharp tool, gives out a bright red streak, as a match does when rubbed on a rough surface. Cubic crystals of bisulphuret of iron were found imbedded in schist on Fremont and Carrington Islands, in Great Salt Lake. He devoted some time to egg-collecting, this spring, and has twenty varieties, including those of the Californian gull, white pelican, great blue heron, American coot, yellow-headed blackbird, vireos of different kinds, etc. A five days trip on the lake in June of this year was very successful. I wish we could tell you more of our walks, and what we see and learn in this interesting region, but have only time to say that my brother has taken sixteen trips already this year, and I have taken thirty-two. I can not tell anything in particular about Mr. Rand, who is in Idaho, except that he has been studying and collecting all his spare time. Reading such books as Agassiz's *Journey in Brazil*, Darwin's *Voyage of a Naturalist*, and Bates's *Naturalist on the River Amazon* and the study of Chadbourne's *Natural Theology* have increased our enthusiasm and taught us how and what to observe.—Very truly yours, Fred. E. Leonard, P. O. Box 265.

EXCHANGES.

A piece of money from Feejee Islands, and eye-stones from Sandwich Islands, for pieces of petrified leaves.—L. Van Ness, 1020 Green street, San Francisco, Cal.

Pressed, unmounted specimens of red variety of *Daucus carota*.—G. van Ingen, 81 Carrol street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Pentremites, crinoid stems, and oolitic lime-stone, for asbestos, etc. Write first.—John Durkee, Jr., Bowling Green, Ky.

Beetles.—Wm. D. Richardson, Fredericksburg, Va.
Soil from Georgia and New York, *cognina*, and various Florida specimens, for soil from other States, and a star-fish.—Edith C. Holmes, 14 Grover street, Auburn, N. Y.

Insects.—Write first.—Stewart E. White, 2 Waverly Place, Grand Rapids, Mich.

White holly, fossils, or minerals, for minerals.—Selden Smyser, Windsor, Ill. Box 140.

Pale blue and moss agates, for South American and African shells.—Roy Hopping, Elizabeth, N. J.

A magic lantern and outfit, including 12 colored and ground glass slides; also 12 extra fine slides; also a large list of articles, among which are minerals, fossils, curiosities, coins, Chinese curiosities, books, natural history papers, cards, ores, stones, etc.; also many other articles,—for a good microscope and outfit, of high magnifying power; a telescope, or a photographic camera and outfit, or any other optical or scientific instrument. All letters, postals, etc., answered. Please send for list of articles.—Kurt Kleinschmidt, Box 292, Helena, Montana.

Shells, mica, and Chinese nuts, for insects, shells, or minerals.—Morgan Backus, 2119 Buchanan street, San Francisco, Cal.

Minerals, for first-class eggs, with data. Send stamp for list. No postal cards wanted.—W. C. Talmadge, Plymouth, Conn.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
869	Bayonne, N. J. (A)	5..	W. H. Simmons, Box 138.
870	North Adams, Mass. (B) 4..	W. W. Darby.	
871	Staunton, Va. (A)	4..	A. E. Dabney (Academy).
872	Cleveland, O. (D)	6..	Miss J. C. Haserot, 91 State St.
873	Pamapo, N. J. (A)	6..	G. Foster.
874	Lee, Mass. (A)	12..	Edward C. Bradley, Box 126.
875	New London, Ct. (B)	10..	James N. Sterry.
876	Philadelphia (G1)	5..	Geo. R. Newbold, Chestnut Hill.
877	East Saginaw, Mich. (A) ..	6..	Sam. F. Owen, Box 527.
878	Woodbridge, N. J. (A) ..	25..	Miss R. Anna Miller.
879	Poughkeepsie, N. Y. (B) ..	12..	A. N. Thurston, 24 Washington Street.
880	Grand Rapids, Mich. (C) ..	4..	Stewart E. White, 2 Waverly Pl.
881	Englewood, N. J. (A)	6..	Miss Nellie Chater, Box 91.

Address all communications for this department to the President,

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,

Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A fowl with a white body, and a crest on the head.
2. The material of old ropes untwisted and pulled into loose hemp.
3. The higher of the two kinds of masculine voices. 4. A town of Palestine. 5. A portable chair.

DOWNWARD: 1. In cane. 2. To depart. 3. An animal. 4. Increases. 5. A kingdom of Northern Africa. 6. Manner. 7. A wand. 8. Two-thirds of a small horse. 9. In cane.

"A. P. OWDER, JR."

THE LAMP PUZZLE.



Reading across: 1. A tribe of Indians. 2. Bashful. 3. A beverage. 4. To imitate. 5. Domestic animals. 6. Dividing. 7. Parted. 8. The art of discerning character from the features of the face. 9. A beverage. 10. A cave. 11. Inhuman. 12. A familiar school-study. 13. The science of sound. 14. Relevant. 15. A fence. 16. Forever. 17. To crawl. 18. A boat with two masts. 19. Like a scholar. 20. Inclination. The central letters reading downward, will spell the source from which much oil is obtained.

WALLACE COSGRAVE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-nine letters, and embody in a familiar couplet the same idea that is conveyed in the following quotation from Horace:

"Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem."

My 5-31-20-40 is part of a fork. My 36-24-48-4-11 are garden vegetables. My 18-42-2-22 is to fade. My 30-26-6-37 is a stately

flower. My 45-33-15-8-27-38-17-25-34 is the name of an English poet born in 1714. My 23-29-41-13 is felled. My 43-39-19-47-14 are imitations. My 49-12-32-46-9-28 is the name of a wise and prudent king of Pylas and Messenia. My 35-3-16-44 is to partake of the principal meal in the day. My 21-7-1-10 is an ecclesiastical dignitary.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

REVERSIBLE DIAMONDS.

1. In Podsnap. 2. To imitate. 3. Velocity. 4. A kind of fish. 5. In Podsnap.

REVERSED: 1. In Podsnap. 2. A sheltered place. 3. Seas. 4. Three-fifths of a word meaning a division of the calyx. 5. In Podsnap.

M. C. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell the name of a well-known Indian chief; my finals, a word meaning feeble.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Conceited. 2. Arrange. 3. Unjust. 4. That which is hard to bear. 5. Belonging to armor or to the escutcheon of a family. 6. To permit. 7. Disturb. 8. Closeness.

IDA G.

CHARADE.

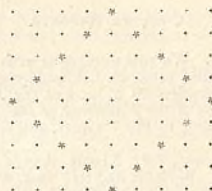
My *first* is heard in mercantile resorts,
And royalty my *second* brings to mind;
My *whole*, a word that's very often heard,
Yet seldom is pronounced, as you will find.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Violent passion. 2. A tendon. 3. To sigh heavily. 4. To slip away. 5. To restore.

B. T.

INCLOSED DIAMOND.

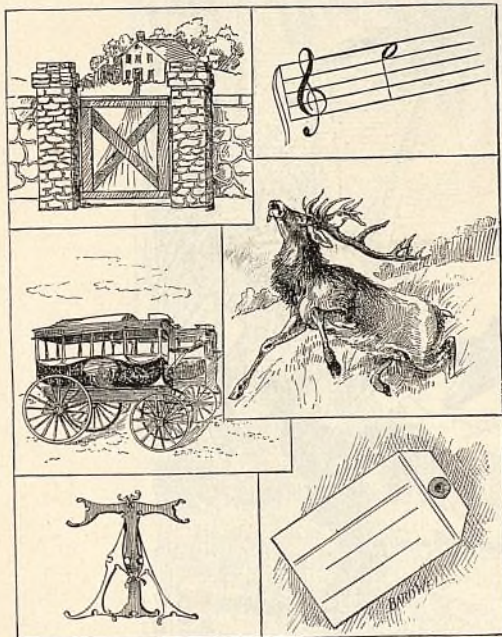


ACROSS: 1. An edifice. 2. Penetrates. 3. Fruitfulness. 4. The sky or heavens. 5. Similar. 6. A council of syndics. 7. A bicarbonate of potash. 8. A tomb. 9. Glittering.

The letters represented by stars will, when properly re-arranged, spell a word meaning according to circumstances.

"SMALL POTATOES."

ILLUSTRATED WORD-DWINDLE.



FIND a word of six letters that will rightly describe one of the six objects here pictured. Remove one letter and transpose the remaining letters and the name of another object will be formed, and so on till only a single letter remains.

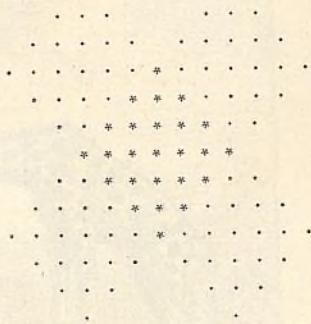
SINGLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters, and the central letters, reading upward, spell what an Irishman said the coast of Ireland was red with.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A scriptural name. 2. A long strip. 3. Snow with a mixture of rain. 4. A glossy fabric. 5. A hollow dish for holding water. 6. Part of the arm. 7. Exhibits. 8. Firm.

MARION W.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



- I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mad. 2. A deep hole. 3. Pertaining to the Carthaginians. 4. The least quantity possible. 5. One who regulates. 6. A dog. 7. In mad.
 II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mad. 2. Obscure. 3. Valleys. 4. A body of citizens enrolled for military exercise. 5. A measure. 6. The title of a baronet. 7. In mad.
 III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In mad. 2. An engine of war used for battering. 3. Vexes. 4. Bad air. 5. To deserve. 6. To hold a session. 7. In mad.
 IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mad. 2. The name of Mr. Pickwick's servant. 3. Wise men. 4. A village of Palestine. 5. Farinaceous. 6. Cunning. 7. In mad.
 V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mad. 2. A number. 3. A province of Austria. 4. Combined with carbonic acid. 5. Famed. 6. Directed. 7. In mad.

"ALCIBIADES."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Gold is the dust that blinds all eyes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Waverley Novels; finals, Sir Walter Scott. CROSS-WORDS: 1. WingS. 2. Alibl. 3. VapoR. 4. EndoW. 5. RegmA. 6. LeveL. 7. EdicT. 8. YaqueE. 9. NeveR. 10. OathS. 11. VareC. 12. EratO. 13. LimiT. 14. SporT.

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE. Half-square. Across: 1. no-Dated. 2. oPENed. 3. DEVON. 4. aNON. 5. teN. 6. Ed. 7. d.

BEHEADINGS. Trowbridge. Across: 1. T-aunt. 2. R-over. 3. O-live. 4. W-rath. 5. B-roil. 6. R-hone. 7. I-deal. 8. D-rill. 9. G-lass. 10. E-vent.

DIAMONDS. I. 1. C. 2. Cut. 3. Cured. 4. Curtain. 5. Tease. 6. Die. 7. N. II. 1. M. 2. Pop. 3. Panel. 4. Monitor. 5. Petit. 6. Lot. 7. R.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, codfish. Cross-words: 1. perChes. 2. prOve. 3. oDe. 4. F. 5. kld. 6. roSin. 7. batHers.

WORD-SQUARES. 1. Burns. 2. Union. 3. Rinse. 4. Nosle. 5. Sneer. II. 1. Glass. 2. Light. 3. Agree. 4. Sheer. 5. Stern.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, devolve; 2 to 6, endures; 5 to 6, newness; 1 to 5, diction; 3 to 4, rectify; 4 to 8, younger; 7 to 8, empower; 3 to 7, revolve; 1 to 3, deer; 2 to 4, eddy; 6 to 8, soar; 5 to 7, name.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. From 1 to 3, frontiers; from 4 to 6, toadstool. CROSS-WORDS: 1. raFTer. 2. chROme. 3. grOAns. 4. caNDid. 5. ouTSet. 6. trITon. 7. odeONs. 8. heROic. 9. miSLed.

LETTER PUZZLES. 1. On-ta-rio. 2. Under-t-one-s. NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Quotation from Seneca: "He who is his own friend is a friend to all men." Quotation from Shakespeare: "To thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

ILLUSTRATED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Chin. 2. Hone. 3. Inks. 4. Nest. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Napoleon.

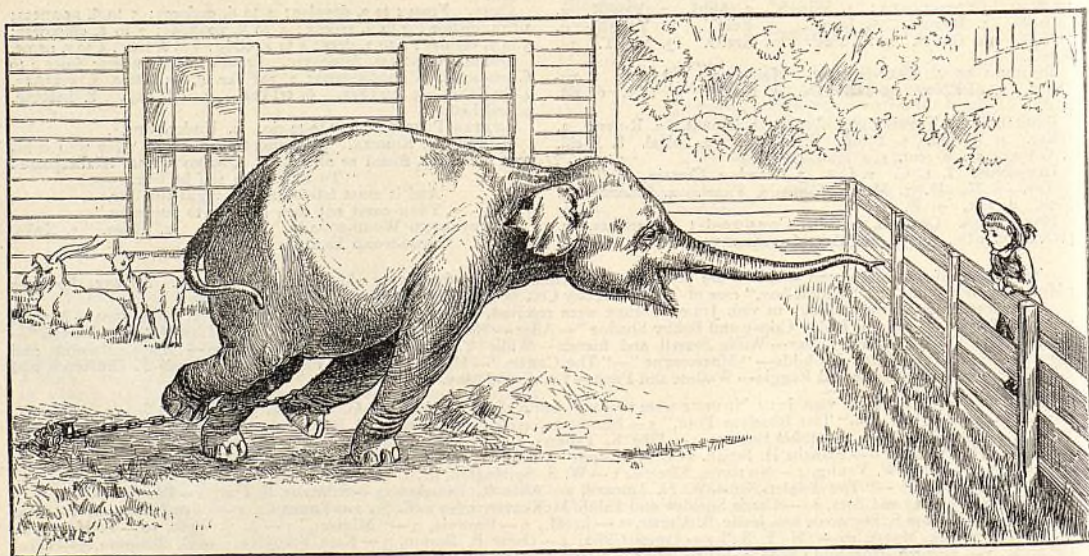
The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before JULY 20, from "Bugaboo Bill" and Papa—Maggie and May Turrill—"Joe and Paddy Crips and Bobby Shaftoe"—Alice—Maude S.—"Betsy Trotwood"—"Live Oak"—"Eureka"—San Anselmo Valley—"John Cutler"—Willie Serrell and friends—Willie T. Harris—Mary L. Richardson—"Papa, Mamma, and Jamie"—Ida C. L.—Harry J. Childs—"Mnemosyne"—"The Carters"—Herbert Gaytes—Paul Reese—Mamie P. Hitchcock and Edith L. Hunnewell—Nellie and Reggie—Wallace and Papa—Laurie and May.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from R. O. Haulold, 3—Lilly Wells, 3—Annie W. North, 1—Arthur Haas, 1—"The Hazelton Four," 5—Elizabeth Saville, 1—Margaret C. Raymond, 11—Maude D. D., 1—Maggie Tulliver, 2—Harrison Allen, 1—Ethel Bennett, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Newton Tebow, 4—J. A. Westervelt Clark, 1—Clara Conover, 7—C. H. Urnston, 6—Blanche H. Smith, 2—"Marmoset," 1—Susie Talbot, 1—Adele Neuburger, 1—Horace R. Parker, 10—Lucy Cross, 7—Jared W. Young, 1—No name, Elberon, 1—W. S. Symington, jr., 1—Ernestine and Myra, 9—Eddie and Otis, 3—Grace M. McDonald, 2—"The Triplets," 1—W. H. Lamson, 2—Alice R. Douglass, 3—Schuyler E. Day, 2—Beatrice Atkins, 1—Ellie Mamie Blun, 2—Sara and Zara, 10—Carrie Speiden and Edith McKeever, 10—S. E. S., 7—Emma C., 1—Clive Newcome, 1—Ellie and Susie, 5—George S. Seymour, 2—Jessie B. Carter, 1—L. H., 9—Brownie, 3—"Mignon," 1—A. J. Wells, 10—E. H. and T. A., 3—Richard D. Marsh, 10—"H. I. S.," 7—James Gillin, 4—Oscar B. Burton, 3—Kate Franklyn, 3—G. Timpson, 3—Ethel Daymude, 7—Mamma, Nora and Carrie, 7—J. S. H., 2—Carrie V. Howard, 9—Edna Dougherty, 1—Llewellyn Lloyd, 1—"Judith," 10—Mamie L. Mensch, 7—Blanche Powers, 1—"Squirrel" and Leu, 4—"Chingackgook," 4.



PEDLAR: "WELL, WHAT DO *YOU* WANT?—A HIGH COLLAR OR A SHOULDER-BRACE?"



A GREAT BUT MODEST BEGGAR: "GIVE US A PEANUT,—THAT'S A GOOD FELLOW!"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

