



FRIENDS OR FOES?

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## WAR WITH THE LITTLE "REDSKINS."

BY J. F. HERRICK.

"SUNSHINE COVE," the summer home of the Shortwells, was a charming spot on the shore of a clear and beautiful little lake. A pretty cottage, nestled in a grove of chestnut, oak, and walnut trees; its broad verandas were shaded by honeysuckles and Virginia creepers; and a bit of green lawn at one side was sprinkled with plots of bright flowers. A picturesque summer-house, perched on a bluff, overlooked the lake, where a flock of white swans were usually at play; a rustic boat-house and bath-house stood on the water's edge; a clump of vines among the trees had been trained to form an arbor; and a winding drive-way through the grove led to the barn and stable. "Sunshine Cove," though within an hour's ride from the city by rail, was surrounded by wooded hills; there were few houses within sight, and the railroad was so far away that no one thought of being annoyed by the whistling of the locomotives that dashed through the valley nearly every hour.

Mr. Shortwell's wife and four children spent their summers at the Cove, while he rode to and from the city daily, and spent in the country as much of his time as he could spare from his business. Next to his family, he thought more of "Sunshine Cove" than of anything else on earth. From the time that he built the cottage and laid out the grounds, he had watched the growth of every shrub and tree on the place with almost affectionate interest. His special delight was an orchard of young pear-trees, many of which had been set out by his own hands. Now, at the end of several

years, they were loaded with fruit; but Mr. Shortwell was not to reap the benefit of his work. As fast as each luscious pear mellowed in the August sun, some unknown enemy bit a hole in its side, stole the seeds and left it to rot on its stem or on the ground. It did not take long to discover that the "redskins," as the red squirrels that swarmed about the place were called, were the mischief-makers.

While the carpenters were at work finishing up the cottage two little red squirrels from the woods on the hills came to make a call, and whisked about in so neighborly and inoffensive a manner that they were encouraged to stay. They were fed and treated so well, indeed, that they forgot to go back to their old home. Their call was prolonged into a visit that lasted through the summer, and in the fall they laid up a hoard of nuts in a hollow oak-tree, and concluded to remain all winter.

The next summer there were four of the little "redskins" to meet the Shortwells when they came from the city, and in after years the increase was much more rapid. The squirrels were cunning little fellows, whisking about with funny antics and bright capers. It was very amusing to see their bushy red tails go bobbing across the lawn and to hear their chatter as they jumped from branch to branch while at play among the trees. But squirrels, like many children, seem to have a certain amount of naughtiness born in them which is bound to come out and make them disagreeable, sometimes. This was true of these "Sunshine Cove redskins,"

and their mischievous pranks, once considered so amusing, soon became unbearable through their frequent repetition. When a pair of the little rascals took possession of a pretty bird-house, pitilessly turning out two modest bluebirds, and filled the miniature dwelling with their own nest, the occurrence was looked upon as an interesting instance of squirrel enterprise. Such enterprise ceased to be entertaining, however, after the squirrels had established themselves in every bird-house on the place and frightened away nearly all the songsters that once made the grove so melodious. The appearance of a bird on the lawn was generally accepted as a challenge by some squirrel, which would dart down a tree and, with a spiteful bark, attack and drive away the feathered visitor. The chattering of the "redskins" was no adequate substitute for the twittering and singing of the birds, and the Shortwells heartily wished the four-legged invaders back in the woods.

The squirrels also caused serious annoyance by stripping the fibrous bark from the rustic cedar fence before the house, the bark making excellent nests for the little thieves. They seemed to know that they were doing wrong when they stole the bark, and never made their marauding excursions boldly, but by sneaking around behind trees and bushes. One day Mrs. Shortwell spied one of the little thieves on the fence in front of the cottage. He was sitting up on his hind legs and had a fine bunch of bark in his mouth; but when a sharp rap on the window showed him that he had been discovered, he dropped on all fours and scampered off at his fastest pace. One end of a piece of cord used in training vines on the fence had been caught in the bark, however, while the other end was fastened to the fence, and before Bunny had run three-lengths of his little body, he was brought up with a jerk that made him turn a complete somersault. He recovered himself quickly, looked around with a surprised and mortified air, tugged at the cord till it snapped, and then darted off with his plunder.

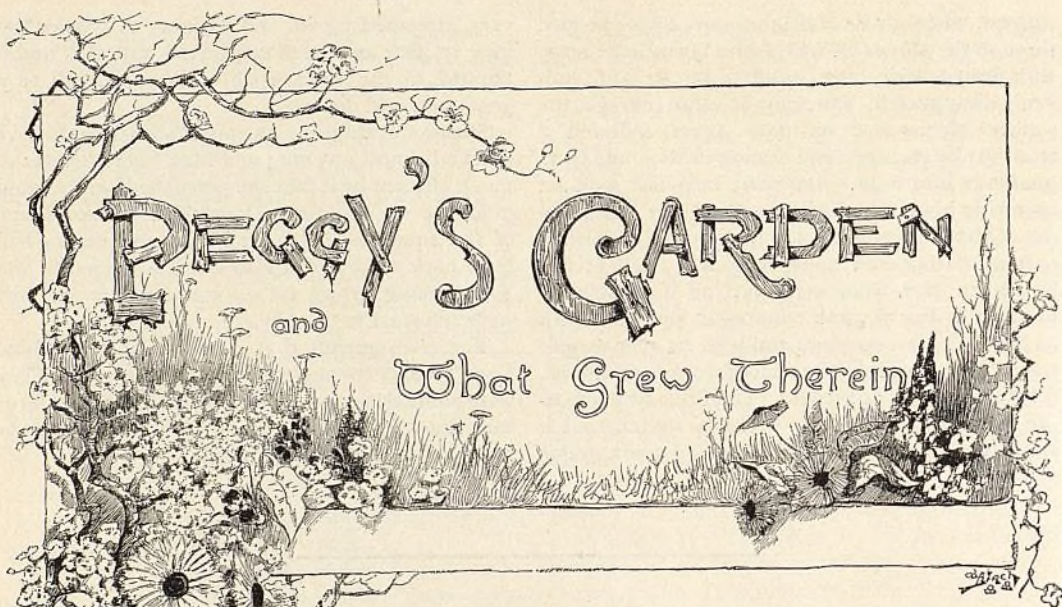
About this time, a visit to a rarely used attic chamber showed that the squirrels had been there, too, for nest-making materials. A mattress and several quilts had been torn to pieces, the little rascals having entered by a small hole gnawed through the roof near the chimney. From the attic the squirrels found their way also to other portions of the house. As the cook was finishing her work in the kitchen one evening, she felt a sharp tug at her skirt, and turned around just in time to see a bushy red tail disappearing through the pantry door, which was slightly ajar. An investigation showed that the squirrels had a passage-way from the garret down between the walls

and through a knot-hole into the pantry. A great many forays on the family larder, for which up to that time the rats and mice had been blamed, were in this way accounted for. The squirrels were also guilty of numerous smaller misdeeds, such as waking up the sleepers in the cottage by their gambols on the roof early in the morning and on moonlit nights, stealing the corn that had been stored in the barn for the chickens, and keeping up an incessant and spiteful scolding whenever any one left the cottage for a walk about the grounds. They were evidently trying to follow the example of the Arabian camel, which, being allowed to thrust its nose into its master's tent on a cold night, followed this by its whole head, then by its neck, and finally by its body, thus turning its master out of doors.

Mr. Shortwell, however, determined to keep possession of "Sunshine Cove," and to drive away or exterminate the "redskins." He was far too soft-hearted to go gunning for his former pets, so Quashee and Tab, mousers whom long service in his city warehouse had fitted for the savage work, were imported as executioners. They arrived one evening, and were shut up in the carriage-house for a day or two, till they had become accustomed to their new surroundings. When they were let out, consternation reigned among the squirrels, and also in Mr. Shortwell's breast for a brief period, for Tab, misunderstanding his mission, forayed the first day in a coop of choice chickens. However, a severe whipping corrected the cat's mistake in a measure, and temptation being removed by putting the chickens beyond his reach, Tab confined his attentions strictly to his legitimate game.

Just at this critical point in the lives of the "redskins," a little incident, in which one of them figured prominently, turned the tide in their favor and saved them from complete destruction. Several days after Tab and Quashee had begun their war on the squirrels, Mrs. Shortwell was sitting near an open window of her room, when she heard a scramble on the piazza-roof, and an agonized squeal. At almost the same moment, a squirrel darted through the window and buried itself in a mass of fancy work in Mrs. Shortwell's lap. The little fellow was not a second too soon, for close behind him in full chase was Quashee, with tail bristling and eyes flashing. Quashee stopped on the window-sill with a low growl of disappointment at the disappearance of his dinner, which had so mysteriously slipped through his claws; and then, wasting no time, jumped back upon the roof to search for other prey. Although startled, Mrs. Shortwell sat perfectly still. In a few moments there was a slight stir among the crewels in her lap, and then all was quiet again. Several more seconds





BY CELIA THAXTER.

"PEGGY!" "Peggy!" Who was calling Peggy? But the question seemed rather to be who was *not* calling her. From the corner by the low window came the grandmother's querulous voice, "Peggy, my dear, come and pick up my stitch! I've dropped a stitch, and my old eyes can't find it," and Peggy turned to her; but before she had straightened the knitting, a little voice rose in a wail from the door-step, where her small brother whittled a boat from a water-worn shingle, "O Peggy, I've cut my finger! Oh, come, Peggy, bring a rag and do it up!" and Mother by the cradle said, "Peggy, do take the baby a minute while I finish mixing the brown bread." Even outside the cottage door Father was saying, "Peggy, dear, bring me a drink of water," as he tinkered his dory close by. She took the baby from her mother's arms and went to the woful brother. "Don't cry, Willy, dear, run to Mother for a rag; wait a minute, please, Father," — and Willy having brought a little strip of cotton, she sat down on the door-step and proceeded to bind the wounded finger while the baby lay cooing on her knees. "Now run, and take some water to Father; there's a good boy," she said, as she wiped the tears away from two cheeks like apples, round and

rosy. And Willy scampered for the dipper, and carried it dripping to his father, and then returned to nestle close to his sister's side. The baby fretted a little, and Peggy gathered it up and laid its pretty head tenderly against her shoulder and crooned to it soft and low:

"There was a ship a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea,  
And oh! it was all laden with pretty things for thee!"

till it opened its large wise eyes and gazed out at the glitter and sparkle of the bright day and tried to find its mouth with its thumb in an aimless but contented fashion. "Sing the rest of it, Sister," begged Willy. There was a world of love in the little fellow's gesture as he slipped both hands around Peggy's arm and hugged it tight while she went on:

"There were comfits in the cabin and apples in the hold,  
The sails were made of silk and the masts were made of gold;  
The four-and-twenty sailors that walked about the decks  
Were four-and-twenty white mice with chains about their necks;  
The captain was a duck with a compass on his back,  
And when the ship began to sail, the captain cried, 'quack, quack!'"

"Now sing it all over again!" cried Willy, laying his cheek against the arm he was hugging; "do please sing it all over again!" And laughing, patient Peggy began it again.

There was a porch outside the door, and the shadow of its square roof fell on the wooden step where the children sat. There were vines of flowering-bean and morning-glory trained up at the sides, all blossoming in scarlet clusters and deep blue-bells.

It was a hot, bright July day. Before the cottage, stretched the level beach of purplish-gray, shimmering sand; and beyond it the summer sea, light turquoise blue and calm, lay smiling, streaked with lines of lazy foam from long-spent breakers far away. On a promontory reaching to the east, the large mass of the buildings of a great hotel basked in the heat, its warmly tinted walls and red roofs dimly beautiful in the soft haze of the distance. The pine woods were thick behind the cottage and stretched away to the south; near it a patch of earth was devoted to "garden stuff,"—potatoes, beans, and the like, and beyond this was a flower-garden, so luxuriant and splendid in color that one wondered at seeing it in so poor a place.

Peggy's childish voice was very pleasant to hear as she sang to the children.

Her father and mother had given her the sweet and stately name of Margaret, but her grandmother had adopted its old-fashioned abbreviation of Peggy, and it had grown dear in all ears where she was known. She was a girl of about thirteen, not tall for her age, but slender, with rich, red-gold hair, which was a great cross and affliction to her; for every one who spoke of it did so in a half-pitying way, as if it were to be deprecated at least, if not a thing of which to be thoroughly ashamed. Such vigorous, rebellious hair, too, thronging back from her honest forehead in richly waved, thick locks, which no combing would make straight and smooth. How she envied the sleek, satin sheen of the heads of the few girls she knew! Her eyes were clear and gray, her mouth large, with fine and noble curves and even, white teeth, and her fresh cheek was touched by many salutations of the sun. No one would ever have called her pretty,—the word could not apply to her,—but there was an indescribable air of modesty and sweet intelligence about her which at once attracted and charmed.

The sunshine flickered through the leaves and touched her bright head as she sat with the little ones in the porch. Inside, the mother's swift step went to and fro, about her work; by the open window the grandmother's knitting-needles clicked softly. Outside, there were the sounds of bees and early crickets, a bird's note now and then, the call of a sandpiper, the song of a sparrow, or a cry far aloft in the blue from a wandering gull afloat on white wings, ever the low, far murmuring of the sea, and again and again the dull strokes of the hammer with which the father was mending his boat. As he moved about, it was evident he was lame; a long sickness in the winter had left him "crippled," as his neighbors said, with rheumatism. He had a fine, intelligent face, and had not always lived the life which poverty now forced upon him. His eyes were sad and anxious, he

looked weather-beaten and worn, and his expression enlisted one's sympathies at once. He was fighting a hard fight to keep the wolf from his door; for his lameness made it extremely difficult to go fishing, like the rest of the folk living near. And now, since the attack of illness had exhausted every resource, very slender at the best, he was worn with anxiety for the coming winter's necessities. In summer it was well enough; they could make a shift to live from day to day; but when every force of nature should be marshaled against them in the bitter weather to come, how would they be able to endure it, and fight want away till another spring? He hardly dared to think of it.

Peggy adored her father. She was his chief and best joy in the world. When she saw him so full of care, and heard him with the good and patient mother discussing ways and means of getting bread, when they dreamed not she was listening, she would have given worlds to help them. Her whole mind was full of the problem. What could *she* do? Leave them and go away and try to earn something to help? But they would not listen to it; they could not live without her. She was their courage, their stay, their joy, and cheer, embodied. One winter's day, when her father was at his worst, and she felt as though despair were settling down upon them, she remembered the groups of idle pleasure-seekers she had seen wandering across the sands in summer days, from the great hotel on the Point. "How wonderful must be their lives, with no anxieties like ours!" she thought. As the picture of these loiterers lingered in her imagination, she remembered the flowers they wore, the button-hole bouquets of the men, and the nosegays of the maidens; and like a flash it came to Peggy what she might do. She might have a garden of her own, and sell flowers to these people at the hotel—why not? She would try, at least. She told her mother and father of her thought; but they did not give it much weight at first. Still she was not daunted. With a resolute energy she bent all powers to compass it. First, she chose a piece of ground wherein some former occupant of the place had raised vegetables; it was partly surrounded by a ruinous wall to keep out stray cattle, and was close under the southern windows of their rickety little cottage. There was not much snow upon the ground, and every day she went to the beach and brought basket after basket of kelp, which she spread upon the ground, till by patience and perseverance she had covered it all over. It was not an easy task, and she had driftwood to bring daily from the beach, beside. But she knew how much more hope of success she would have if only she could spread the sea-weed and leave it to impart its nourish-

ment to the sandy soil; and when it was done, she rejoiced in every rain that helped it to decay. The next thing was to get seeds for her garden. And when her father was better, so that she could be spared, she took long walks inland among their widely scattered neighbors to beg of each a few; for every house had its little flower-plot in summer; and the folk were kind and gave her all they could spare,—marigolds, larkspur, sweet peas and mignonette, sunflowers, nasturtiums, pansies and coreopsis—hardy, humble flowers, friendly and swift to grow.

"I'm sure you're welcome to 'em, child," Aunt Sally, the blacksmith's wife, had said, as she put the packet into Peggy's hand; "and I hope ye'll do all you're thinkin' to with 'em; but I calc'late ye have no idea what a job 't is to take care on 'em,"—a fact which Peggy did indeed discover in good time. "If ye'll come up in the spring, I'll give ye a root o' lad's love and lemon-balm; they smell very sweet an' pure, but they don't have any seeds to speak on," the old lady added.

With what anxious joy Peggy watched for the first signs of spring! As soon as the snow was melted, she began to work about her garden plot, every day a little, as long as she could be spared. With her strong young arms she brought stone by stone to the broken wall till she had made it whole again; but it was a work of days and weeks. Then little by little she raked away the kelp. But the most difficult part of the work was to come, to dig up the earth thoroughly—"could she do it?" she wondered! Here came an unexpected help. One day a neighbor with spritsail spread to the breeze, flying past at high tide, came so near that he made out what Peggy was trying to do in her walled inclosure. "Wal, if that don't beat all!" he said to himself; "if there is n't Maxwell's red-haired gal tryin' to dig a garden! Her father's laid up—blest if she has n't spunk!" That night, after supper, he walked down from "his place" and presented himself with a broad spade in his hand. "Why couldn't ye have asked some on us to help ye?" he cried, with rough kindness; and straightway set himself to work with such a will that before dark it was all done, nor would he listen to her thanks as he went off. "I wish ye good luck with your garden!" he said, and so departed, followed by Peggy's gratitude.

There was yet much work to be done, but she could do it all, she knew, and she toiled away with a light heart, till she had raked out every stone and laid the beds all straight and even, and planted every seed; and then she paused to rest. By this time her father was able to creep about a little, for the days were growing long, and he looked at Peggy's handiwork with tears in his eyes. He was

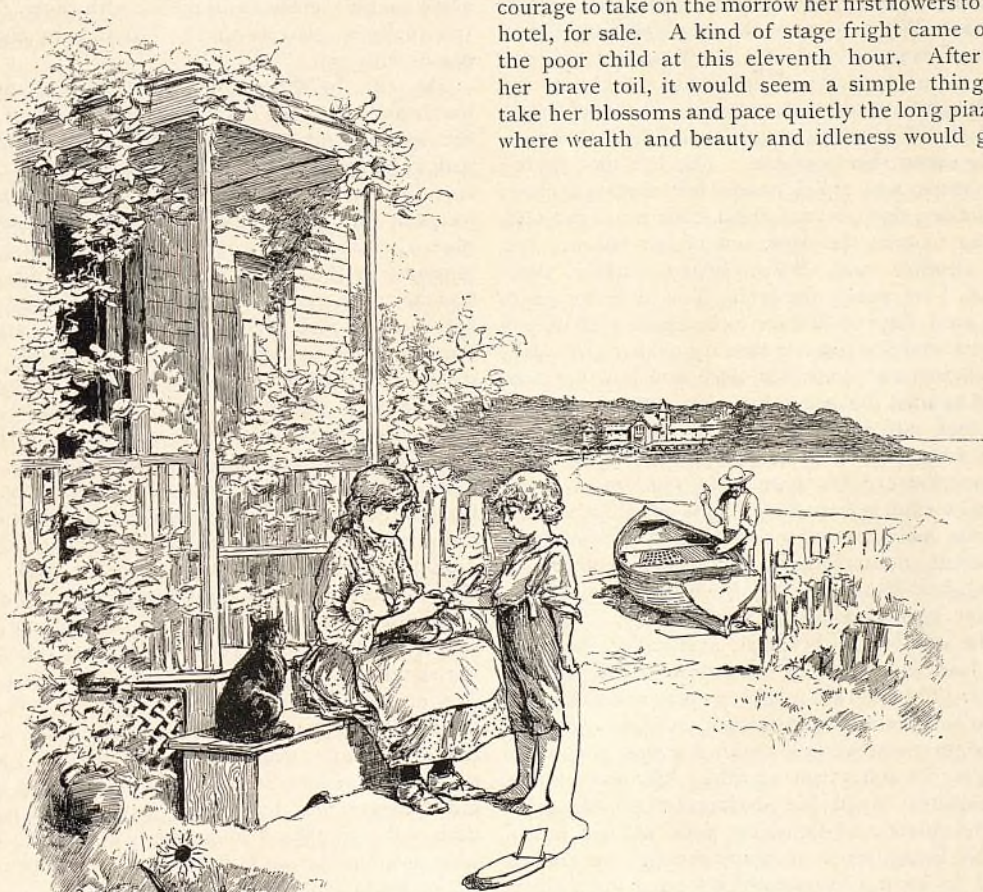
too helpless to do much to the little patch where every year he tried to raise a few vegetables, so Peggy put her young shoulder to that wheel also, and planted the beans and potatoes, and gave them all the care she could. Meantime she rejoiced in the fresh showers which fell to moisten the hidden flower-seeds, and the warm sun which would coax the green leaves from the dark earth. Every turn of weather had a new interest for her, every hour was bright with hope. "I declare," said the grandmother, "it does me good just to see the child; she's brighter than a summer mornin'!" Indeed she was, so full of cheer, so modest, dutiful and patient, the kindest little heart that ever beat in human breast, always ready to help and comfort wherever comfort was needed! Happy girl! Her gentle nature was a key that—all unconsciously to herself—opened for her rich treasures of love that should not fail.

One morning in the last week in May, small Willy came running in, quite breathless. "Peggy, come out and look! The seeds have come up all in a row, like little green so'diers!" And Peggy, with the baby on her arm, followed the delighted little fellow to the garden. It was true, at last; there were rows of corn-flowers and marigolds piercing the soil, the first and strongest of them all. And after them, day after day, came the rest in a swift procession, till it seemed as if a soft green veil were laid over the earth. Then began work indeed, for with the flowers had sprung ten thousand weeds more vigorous than they. But there is no saying truer than that "Where there's a will there's a way," and Peggy, not being able to get away from household cares during the day, would steal the hours from sleep to accomplish her object. It was light enough to see between three and four o'clock in the morning, and many and many a pink dawn found her kneeling on the dewy ground (whereon she had spread a bit of carpet, for she had been taught never to trifle with her health), weeding industriously, till there was not a green thing except the flowers to be seen in the whole place. No sooner were the weeds conquered, however, than they rose again, a second colony,—clover, quitch-grass, purslane, chick-weed, pig-weed, rag-weed and the rest, and when these had been exterminated, then came transplanting, separating the crowded plants, putting sticks and strings along the wall for the vines to climb, and a tiresome, daily system of watering to be carried on, without which the whole attempt would have been a failure. Fortunately there was a fine well near the house, and even little Willy could help, and father could stand and pump for them, and sometimes bring water, too; and so at last the reward of so much toil and care was

before them. The garden was truly a beautiful sight. Over the wall the nasturtiums ran like flame, and the sweet peas climbed, just breaking into white and pink and purple and wonderful scarlet, and the flowering-bean clusters were almost as red as pomegranate blossoms. There were

and fire colors, and the California poppies — cups of flaming gold, — and the pied pansies and crimson flax and pink mallows! Well might the whole family wonder and rejoice over Peggy's garden, and all the neighbors make pilgrimages to see it!

And now at last it was time for the great attempt, and she was trying to summon all her courage to take on the morrow her first flowers to the hotel, for sale. A kind of stage fright came over the poor child at this eleventh hour. After all her brave toil, it would seem a simple thing to take her blossoms and pace quietly the long piazzas where wealth and beauty and idleness would give



"PEGGY SAT DOWN ON THE DOOR-STEP AND PROCEEDED TO BIND THE WOUNDED FINGER."

ranks of corn-flowers in lovely, delicate rose and azure; there were marigolds and venidiums, whole solar systems of suns and stars; there were golden summer chrysanthemums and *Coreopsis coronata* superb to see, and phloxes that were like masses of rich velvet-scarlet, maroon and pink and crimson. There were others to come, asters and zinnias and sunflowers later; but the mignonette had begun, and spikes of larkspur, — burning, brilliant blue — set off the yellow

her the daily bread for herself and her dear ones in exchange. But the shy girl felt as if it were an absolute impossibility. Suddenly all her courage ebbed and left her in deep despondency. She sat by the little window in the grandmother's old chair; the wind that wandered through the beautiful summer twilight brought her the delicate sweet odors from her garden; their sweetness made her heart sink. She turned from the open casement. In the corner, by a dim little lamp, her mother was mending the worn sleeves of her father's coat. Peggy looked at her. How pale and patient she was! The cradle stood near, and her foot sought the rocker and stirred it gently

each time the baby nestled uneasily; in the arm-chair near, her father had fallen asleep, his fine pathetic face faintly touched by the feeble light. His thin hand lay on the arm of the chair. How thin it was, how sad his sleeping face! Not one of them had quite all they needed to eat on that day; and what for to-morrow? Then a feeling of shame at her own cowardice came to Peggy's rescue. What were ten thousand indifferent eyes, what if everybody should laugh at her red hair and mean apparel; if they only would buy her flowers, she would not care—no, she would *not*! She would be deaf, dumb, and blind to everything except her purpose. She left the window and came and stood beside her mother's chair. "Mother, dear, let me finish it for you," she said, trying to take the work out of her hands. But her mother said, "No, Peggy darling, don't mind, I've nearly finished. You'd better go to bed soon, for you'll have to be up very early, you know," and she put her arm around her girl's slender figure and drew her close and laid her tired head against the brave little heart that was beating fast with its struggles and hopes and fears. Her father opened his eyes upon the two,—all unconscious of his gaze. No one knew better than he what was passing in his daughter's mind. But he had no word with which to comfort her; he could only cling to her as her mother was doing, and bless her with all his soul, as she came to give him a good-night kiss.

She climbed to her little nest under the eaves and leaned out to look once more at the summer night. The calm sea mirrored every twinkling star. Here and there a light gleamed from some fishing-schooner anchored and rocking almost imperceptibly on the softly heaving tide. Afar on its lonely promontory stood the dark mass of the great hotel, ablaze and quivering with electric lights, like a living jewel of many facets. So great a hope, so great a fear trembled for her in its glitter and gleam! She was glad she could not hear the band that she knew must be playing for the gay, whirling dancers in the great hall. "I wonder if they all are wearing flowers from the city," she thought, "roses and delicate things so different from mine. I wonder if they will want mine when they see them! Perhaps, perhaps!" she sighed. Little Willy was asleep in the low cot; he half woke as she laid her head on the pillow, and possessed himself of her arm, hugging it again with both his. "Dear Peggy," he said, half asleep, "dear, dear, dear!"

The morning broke calm and clear. It was not four o'clock when she was stealing out in the freshening dawn to her garden-plot. The sky was one great flush of pink, and at the horizon crimson

and gold where the sun approached from the other side, and all the sea reflected the sky.

"Oh!" thought she, "the whole world looks like a rose!" as she pushed the gate and entered the path. How the birds were singing! "O song-sparrow!" she cried to the little brown creature that sat on the wall and poured forth such a strain of joy that it seemed to fill the air with cheer, "are you really so glad as that? I'd like to change places with you!"

She cut the flowers with swift and dexterous hands and filled her basket heaping full. And now the sun had risen in still magnificence, and touched with golden finger the sails of small fishing-craft, creeping out to the day's work, and the snowy wings of lazy gulls afloat overhead in the perfect blue, and made the bright hair of our Peggy as glorious as the marigolds she was tying into bunches as she sat on the little step with her basket and a spool of thread. Some dim artistic sense led her to mass each color separately; all the scarlet sweet peas she put together. So with the pink and the purple and the white; so with the red poppies, to which she added a few delicate grasses, and with the mignonette; but with the pale-yellow summer chrysanthemums she put a few orange marigolds, and made of their radiant disks a splendid conflagration of color. There were small and large bunches to be tied, and button-hole bouquets; and when all were done she put them into a wooden tub with a few inches of water, and left it in the cool dark of the cellar till she should be ready to take them away. But the slender breakfast was to be helped on and the family started for the day, before she could leave them. The baby, usually so good and quiet, *would* fret; it seemed to be out of sorts. "Poor little girl," Peggy said to herself, "you are hungry; that is the trouble, I know, for you are the best little sister in the world." The grandmother was full of aches and pains this morning, but she said, "I'll keep the baby, Peggy dear; you go and get ready before the sun grows so hot that you'll suffer going across the sands. Here's something to wear on your head, child," and she drew out of her pocket a nicely folded blue handkerchief; "it's better than nothing," she said, "though it's faded and old enough." Poor Peggy! She had no hat at all; the handkerchief was, as grandmother said, better than nothing,—that was all. "Go, now, and walk very slowly, dear," her mother said. She brought a long and broad shallow basket, into which they put the flowers, and over all laid lightly some newspapers, which were tucked carefully in around the edges, to save her treasures from wind and sun. She had but her one gown to wear, a dull, dark-blue cotton print, made in the

simplest fashion, with neither flower nor furbelow. She had no time for such, nor means if she had had time. Her thick, bright locks were plaited into one long, rich braid with the ends left loose, for she had not even a bit of ribbon wherewith to tie it. She knotted the blue kerchief under her chin, kissed them all as if she were bidding the family farewell for a month, and set off with her basket on her arm. Willy cried to go too, but it was too far for his little feet to trudge, or she would gladly have taken him. They watched her from the door till her figure lessened to a mere speck on the sand. How would she return to them,—with failure or success? They hardly dared to think!

Meantime, the little maid kept courageously on her way. The sun was high and hot, but a breath of coolness came from the waves which spilled themselves in long breakers of lazy brine along the edge of the sand. But she hardly noticed the heat, or the cool whispering water; her eyes were fixed on the great building before her, which began to grow more distinct every moment. Windows, doors, chimneys, roofs, gables, columns, gradually disentangled themselves; and she saw knots of people here and there, and a crowd scattered on the long piazza; and before the house on the level green, youths and maidens, gayly clad, were playing tennis, careless of the sun. Like a soldier marching to battle, Peggy walked past these, straight up to one of the three broad flights of steps,—the one at the left-hand entrance. She dared not look about her, for she felt many eyes upon her as she set her basket down on the lower step and took off the protecting newspapers, folding them for future use. She slipped the grandmother's old kerchief off her head, she was so warm, and began to climb the stairs slowly and with sinking heart. Several gentlemen were standing near, and as she passed them, not daring to lift her eyes, she heard them talking; their smooth and polished tones were like a strange language in her ears. "Ah," said one, "what have we here? A flower-girl, upon my word! Come, Willard, here's a subject for you; look at her! she might pose for the goddess Freya." Peggy felt her cheeks grow crimson; though she heard, she did not understand what he said, but moved away as quickly as she dared.

"What superb hair!" said the artist whom the first gentleman had called Willard.

"Magnificent!" returned the other. "But look at her movement, what fine simplicity and freedom; what a carriage of the head! Freya, did I say? Why, she is Freya and Minerva, combined! She has all the sweetness and freshness of the one and the noble dignity of the other. Where

on earth did she come from, I wonder?" and they strolled slowly up the walk, watching her.

Peggy was safely out of ear-shot, and would not have comprehended what was said even had she heard it, but she had an uncomfortable sense of being the subject of comment, and her embarrassment increased every moment. Poor child, she had no "pull-back," no ridiculous high heels in the middle of the soles of her shoes, no fashionable trammels of any kind, and walked as God meant she should, quite unconscious of resembling a goddess of any kind whatever! Her only thought was, "Will some one come and buy my flowers?" but she dared not ask. She stood still at last, with down-dropped eyes and blushing cheeks, feeling all the dreaded eyes upon her and wishing she were a plover, to fly home by the breakers' edge. Suddenly a child's voice at her side said, "Oh, look at the pretty flowers, Mamma! I want some; please buy some for me!" and a lovely lady in black spoke to her gently. Peggy started like a frightened sandpiper, though the lady only said, "How lovely your flowers are, my dear! May I have some? What is the price of this bunch of sweet peas?" and she drew a mass of fragrant scarlet flowers out of the basket, while the little girl who had begged stretched out both hands for them. "Wait a minute, Minnie. How much are they?" she asked of Peggy. "Twenty-five cents," Peggy ventured in answer, and the lady drew the coin from her purse and laid it in Peggy's happy palm. The contact seemed to give her new life, and her eyes grew moist with joy. She sent a swift glance out over the hot coast-line to where she knew her poor little home lay, a mere speck in the melting distance, but oh, how dear it seemed! And her hope grew strong and her fears less, and she held the precious piece of silver tight, lest it should take wings and fly away from her. The child ran dancing off down the long vista of loitering people, holding up its brilliant nosegay, and others drew near, among them the gentleman she had first noticed. Though they did not rudely stare at her, Peggy felt they were attentively observing her, and her red hair and poor gown and clumsy shoes came into her mind with bitter sadness, as a whole bevy of gay young girls approached her, laughing and talking. How wonderful they were, with their hair so nicely arranged, and their lovely dresses in delicate and charming colors, all so fresh and dainty, with ruche and ruffle and coquetry of ribbon and lace! It quite took away poor Peggy's breath. "Don't be afraid, child; we shan't hurt you," said a rather too loud, but seemingly good-natured voice, which jarred on the little flower-girl's ear. She looked up into the face of a tall, black-eyed, black-haired girl, extremely showy, with pink cheeks and



"DON'T BE AFRAID, CHILD."

the reddest lips thought Peggy that she had ever seen. She smiled and showed a row of brilliant teeth; at the first glance our little maid thought she was the handsomest creature possible. But in a mo-

ment she began to wonder what could be the matter with her face. How could she know, poor innocent, that it was pearl powder which had taken all the life out of the skin, and rouge, which, though ever so

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delicately applied, had touched lips and cheeks with a false and hateful brightness? She only realized that something dreadful was the matter with the young countenance, and that she would never care to look at it again.

"O girls!" cried this young person, "did you ever see anything so 'cute?'"

Now Peggy had never been to school, as had these charming young women; her father had taught her all he knew; but she could read and write, and knew enough of the English tongue to be assured of the fact that by no possible hallucination of the human imagination could her flowers be called "cute." The divine fitness of things was outraged by the word. Yet all the young ladies agreed that they were "cute," especially the little button-hole bouquets; those were "*perfectly* cute." Peggy looked up suddenly and caught the eye of the gentleman whom she had first heard speak; there was a comical gleam in his expression, as if he appreciated her wonder and perplexity. At that moment a tall young man sauntered toward them, dressed in the height of fashion and with an air of languid vacuity quite distressing to behold. The pearl-powdered young lady slipped around behind Peggy, saying in a half whisper, "Oh, dear, girls! there he comes again! He's been buzzing me all the morning! Really, I must get rid of him; I can't endure it any longer!" Totally bewildered, Peggy thought, "Is the gentleman a bumble-bee, that he has been 'buzzing'?" Without knowing exactly why, her whole soul revolted at the offenses against the "pure well of English undefiled" which were whispered across her basket; and soon this brilliant young person seemed odious to her. But the fashionable damsel was enthusiastic over the yellow and flame-colored flowers which Peggy held, and at once bought four bunches, putting a whole dollar into Peggy's hand. She knew they would be becoming to her "style," she said, and loosening their stems as she stood in the center of the group of girls, she spread the blossoms apart a little, and proceeded to pin them on with some long pins she took from her belt, against her black dress, till from zone to shoulder she was a mass of flowers. "There," she cried, at last, "Is n't that stunning!"

Certainly it was sufficiently brilliant and striking, "but oh," thought Peggy, "how ugly! One might as well make a door-mat of flowers." She could not bear to look at her marigolds with their heads crushed together in a solid mass; it seemed to her a wrong to the flowers and a discredit to the person who wore them; but she had to see it universally done the whole summer, for it was the "fashion"; and that was enough. No matter what sin against taste it involved, it was the "style" and

therefore the greater portion of the world would follow it, however ugly or absurd.

But now the contents of Peggy's basket began to disappear with surprising rapidity, faster and faster, till more than half her nosegays were sold, and she was quite breathless with joy. Nothing had ever looked so beautiful to her as the coins of silver she held in her hand, which soon grew too small to hold them all! They meant bread for her hungry dear ones; they meant joy for that little home saddened by poverty. She cared no more what people said, what they thought; she was sure of success for to-day; she held already help for to-morrow in her delighted hands.

"May I have this pansy for my button-hole?" said a fine deep voice at her ear.

She started and turned and gave the speaker the last little bunch she had left; it was Mr. Willard. He put the flowers in their place and took from the basket two bunches of white sweet peas and slipped the money into her hand.

"Tell me," he said, very gently, "who taught you to put the colors in masses like these? Why do you do it?"

"I don't know," she answered; "they are prettier so," and she shyly proceeded to re-arrange the nosegays she had left.

"Why do you put grass with the poppies?" he asked. "Did any one tell you to do it?"

"No," she said; "but don't you think they belong together?"

"Yes, they do," he said; "but who told you so?"

"No one—they told me, themselves," she answered, smiling a little.

"Fortunate child!" he said; "they don't tell every one, though it's an open secret."

He was moving away, with his hands full of sweet peas, when he seemed to remember something, and came back.

"Will you come with me," he said, "and bring your basket to a lady who is not strong enough to come so far down the piazza?"

Peggy followed silently, and in a sheltered corner, shaded carefully from the sun, she found one of the loveliest sights she had ever seen. A lady, sixty years old perhaps, was lying back in a reclining chair, and about her several people sat quietly chatting. The lady's face was as fair as lilies, with eyes clear, and undimmed by her sixty years. Her smile was sweeter than any smile Peggy had ever seen. Her hair was like silvered snow over her calm forehead, and she wore above this shining hair a little cap of lace as delicate as if woven of cobwebs and hoar-frost with a bit of white satin ribbon like a moon-beam folded on the top. "She is beautiful as my white sweet peas," thought

Peggy, as Mr. Willard put the flowers into her lovely hands; "they just suit her."

"I've brought you some posies, Mrs. Burton, as you see," said her friend; "and here is the little girl who knows all about them."

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried, Mrs. Burton, in a delightful, sympathetic voice; "a thousand thanks! And," turning to Peggy, "you brought them, my dear?" "Come nearer and let me see what else you have. Why, these are wonderful! Look at them, my daughter," she said to a sweet young girl who sat close beside her. "Why, Nelly, did you ever see anything like them! What color, what Oriental splendor! Where did you get them? tell me, my child! I must have them all, every one; let me see, here are eight bouquets, five large and three smaller; twenty-five cents, did you say? Here it is; just two dollars. What is it—these small bunches only ten? Oh, never mind, I'm sure they're worth quite as much as the large ones. There, Nelly dear, that's for you, and this for you, and you, and you," she said, laughing delightfully, as she gave one to each person about her. "There, now, we all are happy, are n't we? And next, I wish to know all about these extraordinary flowers; sit down here, my dear, and tell me."

Peggy did as she was bid, though she longed to fly home, since her task was done for that day, but the lady had been so kind she could not refuse; indeed, no one could ever refuse *that* lady anything! When, by gentle questioning, she had won from Peggy all her story, she laid her hand on the little girl's bright hair with a beautiful gesture of affectionate protection; but she made no comment, she asked only, "Are you coming to-morrow, my dear, to bring some more flowers? Don't fail, for we all want them."

With joy Peggy answered, "Yes, indeed, I will come!"

"Remember, I wish a fresh bouquet every morning and one for Nelly, too. Now, I know you're longing to get back, you shall go"; and Peggy took up her empty basket, her eyes bright with tears of delight.

"You dear child," said the sweet young lady whom her mother called Nelly; "did you wear no hat all that long way across the hot sand?"

"No," answered Peggy; "I did n't mind, I had my grandmother's kerchief; it did very well," and she took it out of her pocket to tie again over her rich hair.

The younger lady reached behind her mother's chair and took a straw hat from where it hung by its strings, and quietly placed it on Peggy's head. It was a broad-brimmed hat of beautiful braided white straw; simply trimmed with some soft, white mull, light as the foam of the sea. The child could

scarcely believe her ears when the lady said, "There, dear, it's for you. Don't come out in the sun without it again!" and kissed her cheek. "Now, good-bye. Don't say a word. Run home."

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" cried Peggy.

Run home? She did not run, she flew! She did not look behind her, she thought of nothing but the joy she was taking to those anxious hearts who were expecting her. As her swift steps covered the distance between her and that cottage of her love, she seemed to tread on air; she forgot she was hungry and hot and tired; she could not stop a moment to rest; while under the shade of the pretty hat her cheeks burned and eyes glistened with a joy too great to be told.

Meantime, the watchers in the cottage counted the moments of her absence; and when at last her slight figure became visible, yet a long, long way off, little Willy rushed forth to meet her. "Stop, Willy, wait for me," his father cried, moving slowly down the steps. "Take hold of my hand, Willy; we'll go together." But she came so fast that the two slow walkers had gone only a short way before she caught up to them, quite breathless, and flung her arms round her father's neck, and cried, "O Father, I sold them all!" throwing her empty basket as far as she could, till it rolled over and over on the sand, while she hugged him and kissed him again and again. And what a story she had to tell when in a few minutes they were all together again in the humble little room, and she spread out all her precious earnings on the table before them. There were eight dollars in silver pieces—it was incredible! What rejoicing, what happiness!

"O Mother!" cried Peggy, suddenly growing quite white, "I'm so hungry! Is there anything to eat?"

"My dear, my dear! Here is your bowl of porridge, the last oatmeal we have in the house. I saved it for you"; and she set it before the tired girl; for it was quite the middle of the afternoon, many hours since the scant breakfast. Well might she be faint with all she had gone through! "But, Mother dear, as soon as I rest a little, I'll go up to the village for what we need."

"No, indeed, my darling, I will go; you mind the baby and rest all you can. But where did you get the beautiful hat?" And Peggy told, and there were smiles and tears, and kisses, and congratulations afresh. "Here's your kerchief all safe, Grandmother dear," she said, taking it carefully out of her pocket.

"O Peggy, you're a blessing!" the old woman sighed; "I always said you were not born on Sunday for nothing. And you are going with your flowers again to the hotel, to-morrow?"

"Yes, going again to-morrow," Peggy cried, all her terrors blown to the winds.

"My Margaret, my little Peggy, my brave girl!" her father said, with tender pride.

The group she had left at the hotel had watched her depart with no common interest.

"What a really beautiful creature!" Mr. Willard had said when she was out of hearing.

"Yes, and what a beautiful soul!" cried the enthusiastic old lady. "Now, I am going to be that child's fairy godmother. That is settled! You shall see! She shall have everything she needs. She shall have all her people taken care of and put in the way of helping themselves, and she shall not be separated from them, for that would break her heart; but she shall have an education, and all her gifts and graces shall be cultivated for her own joy and the joy of all who come in contact with her!"

"I told her she was a fortunate child," said Mr. Willard, smiling, "but I hardly knew how fortunate; yet I think you are more fortunate in having the power to do these beautiful things."

"Why, what is the use of money but for such things?" she answered; "Of what good are my

thousands to me if I can not use them to make people better and happier?"

And so she did all she promised herself she would do for Peggy and Peggy's family. She allowed her to go on selling her flowers while they lasted, watching her daily, growing to love her more and more, and to admire and respect her, as did all who came near her. Before her garden was exhausted Peggy had made three hundred dollars for her father,—a fortune, it seemed to them all! No more fears for the winter now! At home they fairly worshiped her, and she was so happy that she no longer envied the song-sparrow as it sang on the garden wall, the only bird that stays to sing the summer through. "I'm just as glad as you are," she said, as she watched it and listened to its sweet warble; and it turned its pretty head and looked at her with bright black eyes, as much as to say, "I know it, merry comrade, and you deserve it, too!"

And this is what grew in Peggy's garden. She planted more than the flowers. She sowed seeds of patience and meekness and faithfulness, courage and hope and love,—and glorious was the blossoming thereof.

## JINGLES.

BY A. R. WELLS.

### THE LONELY LION.



THE lion was lonely;  
Said he, "There is only  
One way of driving this  
gloom from me:  
I must enter into society!"  
So he asked the beasts in  
a manner quite hearty

To come to his cave for a little party.

On the appointed day,

In a frightened way,

A parrot flew over his head to say  
That the beasts would be happy the lion to greet  
But they very much feared he was out of meat!  
"Alas!" the lion cried with a groan,  
"And must I then live forever alone?"

### THE ORACULAR OWL.



The oracular owl  
Is a very wise fowl.  
He sits on a limb  
By night and by day,  
And an eager assembly waits  
on him

To listen to what the wise bird may say.

I heard him discourse in the following way:

"The sun soon will set in the west."

"'T will be fair if the sky is not cloudy."

"If a hundred are good only one can be best."

"No gentleman's ever a rowdy."

"Ah! ah!" cry the birds, "What a marvelous  
fowl!

Oh, who could excel this oracular owl?"

## THE GRIFFIN AND THE MINOR CANON.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

OVER the great door of an old, old church which stood in a quiet town of a far-away land there was carved in stone the figure of a large griffin. The old-time sculptor had done his work with great care, but the image he had made was not a pleasant one to look at. It had a large head, with enormous open mouth and savage teeth; from its back arose great wings, armed with sharp hooks and prongs; it had stout legs in front, with projecting claws; but there were no legs behind,—the body running out into a long and powerful tail, finished off at the end with a barbed point. This tail was coiled up under him, the end sticking up just back of his wings.

The sculptor, or the people who had ordered this stone figure, had evidently been very much pleased with it, for little copies of it, also in stone, had been placed here and there along the sides of the church, not very far from the ground, so that people could easily look at them, and ponder on their curious forms. There were a great many other sculptures on the outside of this church,—saints, martyrs, grotesque heads of men, beasts, and birds, as well as those of other creatures which can not be named, because nobody knows exactly what they were; but none were so curious and interesting as the great griffin over the door, and the little griffins on the sides of the church.

A long, long distance from the town, in the midst of dreadful wilds scarcely known to man, there dwelt the Griffin whose image had been put up over the church-door. In some way or other, the old-time sculptor had seen him, and afterward, to the best of his memory, had copied his figure in stone. The Griffin had never known this, until, hundreds of years afterward, he heard from a bird, from a wild animal, or in some manner which it is not now easy to find out, that there was a likeness of him on the old church in the distant town. Now, this Griffin had no idea how he looked. He had never seen a mirror, and the streams where he lived were so turbulent and violent that a quiet piece of water, which would reflect the image of any thing looking into it, could not be found. Being, as far as could be ascertained, the very last of his race, he had never seen another griffin. Therefore it was, that, when he heard of this stone image of himself, he became very anxious to know what he looked like, and at last he determined to go to the old church, and see for himself what manner of being he was. So he started off from the dread-

ful wilds, and flew on and on until he came to the countries inhabited by men, where his appearance in the air created great consternation; but he alighted nowhere, keeping up a steady flight until he reached the suburbs of the town which had his image on its church. Here, late in the afternoon, he alighted in a green meadow by the side of a brook, and stretched himself on the grass to rest. His great wings were tired, for he had not made such a long flight in a century, or more.

The news of his coming spread quickly over the town, and the people, frightened nearly out of their wits by the arrival of so extraordinary a visitor, fled into their houses, and shut themselves up. The Griffin called loudly for some one to come to him, but the more he called, the more afraid the people were to show themselves. At length he saw two laborers hurrying to their homes through the fields, and in a terrible voice he commanded them to stop. Not daring to disobey, the men stood, trembling.

"What is the matter with you all?" cried the Griffin. "Is there not a man in your town who is brave enough to speak to me?"

"I think," said one of the laborers, his voice shaking so that his words could hardly be understood, "that—perhaps—the Minor Canon—would come."

"Go, call him, then!" said the Griffin; "I want to see him."

The Minor Canon, who filled a subordinate position in the old church, had just finished the afternoon services, and was coming out of a side door, with three aged women who had formed the weekday congregation. He was a young man of a kind disposition, and very anxious to do good to the people of the town. Apart from his duties in the church, where he conducted services every weekday, he visited the sick and the poor, counseled and assisted persons who were in trouble, and taught a school composed entirely of the bad children in the town with whom nobody else would have anything to do. Whenever the people wanted anything done for them, they always went to the Minor Canon. Thus it was that the laborer thought of the young priest when he found that some one must come and speak to the Griffin.

The Minor Canon had not heard of the strange event, which was known to the whole town except himself and the three old women, and when he was

informed of it, and was told that the Griffin had asked to see him, he was greatly amazed, and frightened.

"Me!" he exclaimed. "He has never heard of me! What should he want with *me*?"

"Oh! you must go instantly!" cried the two men. "He is very angry now because he has been

the people of the town because he was not brave enough to obey the summons of the Griffin. So, pale and frightened, he started off.

"Well," said the Griffin, as soon as the young man came near, "I am glad to see that there is some one who has the courage to come to me."



"THE GRIFFIN SETTLED DOWN BEFORE THE CHURCH AND GAZED EARNESTLY AT HIS SCULPTURED LIKENESS."

kept waiting so long; and nobody knows what will happen if you don't hurry to him."

The poor Minor Canon would rather have had his hand cut off than go out to meet an angry griffin; but he felt that it was his duty to go, for it would be a woful thing if injury should come to

The Minor Canon did not feel very courageous, but he bowed his head.

"Is this the town," said the Griffin, "where there is a church with a likeness of myself over one of the doors?"

The Minor Canon looked at the frightful figure



of the Griffin and saw that it was, without doubt, exactly like the stone image on the church. "Yes," he said, "you are right."

"Well, then," said the Griffin, "will you take me to it? I wish very much to see it."

The Minor Canon instantly thought that if the Griffin entered the town without the people knowing what he came for, some of them would probably be frightened to death, and so he sought to gain time to prepare their minds.

"It is growing dark, now," he said, very much afraid, as he spoke, that his words might enrage

The Minor Canon was glad enough to take his leave, and hurried into the town. In front of the church he found a great many people assembled to hear his report of his interview with the Griffin. When they found that he had not come to spread ruin and devastation, but simply to see his stony likeness on the church, they showed neither relief nor gratification, but began to upbraid the Minor Canon for consenting to conduct the creature into the town.

"What could I do?" cried the young man. "If I should not bring him he would come him-



"THE GRIFFIN'S APPEARANCE IN THE AIR CREATED GREAT CONSTERNATION."

the Griffin, "and objects on the front of the church cannot be seen clearly. It will be better to wait until morning, if you wish to get a good view of the stone image of yourself."

"That will suit me very well," said the Griffin. "I see that you are a man of good sense. I am tired, and I will take a nap here on this soft grass, while I cool my tail in the little stream that runs near me. The end of my tail gets red-hot when I am angry or excited, and it is quite warm now. So you may go, but be sure and come early tomorrow morning, and show me the way to the church."

self and, perhaps, end by setting fire to the town with his red-hot tail."

Still the people were not satisfied, and a great many plans were proposed to prevent the Griffin from coming into the town. Some elderly persons urged that the young men should go out and kill him; but the young men scoffed at such a ridiculous idea. Then some one said that it would be a good thing to destroy the stone image so that the Griffin would have no excuse for entering the town; and this idea was received with such favor that many of the people ran for hammers, chisels, and crowbars, with which to tear down and break

up the stone griffin. But the Minor Canon resisted this plan with all the strength of his mind and body. He assured the people that this action would enrage the Griffin beyond measure, for it would be impossible to conceal from him that his image had been destroyed during the night. But the people were so determined to break up the stone griffin that the Minor Canon saw that there was nothing for him to do but to stay there and protect it. All night he walked up and down in front of the church-door, keeping away the men who brought ladders, by which they might mount to the great stone griffin, and knock it to pieces with their hammers and crowbars. After many hours the people were obliged to give up their attempts, and went home to sleep; but the Minor Canon remained at his post till early morning, and then he hurried away to the field where he had left the Griffin.

The monster had just awakened, and rising to his fore-legs and shaking himself, he said that he was ready to go into the town. The Minor Canon, therefore, walked back, the Griffin flying slowly through the air, at a short distance above the head of his guide. Not a person was to be seen in the streets, and they proceeded directly to the front of the church, where the Minor Canon pointed out the stone griffin.

The real Griffin settled down in the little square before the church and gazed earnestly at his sculptured likeness. For a long time he looked at it. First he put his head on one side, and then he put it on the other; then he shut his right eye and gazed with his left, after which he shut his left eye and gazed with his right. Then he moved a little to one side and looked at the image, then he moved the other way. After a while he said to the Minor Canon, who had been standing by all this time:

"It is, it must be, an excellent likeness! That breadth between the eyes, that expansive forehead, those massive jaws! I feel that it must resemble me. If there is any fault to find with it, it is that the neck seems a little stiff. But that is nothing. It is an admirable likeness,—admirable!"

The Griffin sat looking at his image all the morning and all the afternoon. The Minor Canon had been afraid to go away and leave him, and had hoped all through the day that he would soon be satisfied with his inspection and fly away home. But by evening the poor young man was utterly exhausted, and felt that he must go away to eat and sleep. He frankly admitted this fact to the Griffin, and asked him if he would not like something to eat. He said this because he felt obliged in politeness to do so, but as soon as he had spoken the words, he was seized with dread lest the

monster should demand half a dozen babies, or some tempting repast of that kind.

"Oh, no," said the Griffin, "I never eat between the equinoxes. At the vernal and at the autumnal equinox I take a good meal, and that lasts me for half a year. I am extremely regular in my habits, and do not think it healthful to eat at odd times. But if you need food, go and get it, and I will return to the soft grass where I slept last night and take another nap."

The next day the Griffin came again to the little square before the church, and remained there until evening, steadfastly regarding the stone griffin over the door. The Minor Canon came once or twice to look at him, and the Griffin seemed very glad to see him; but the young clergymen could not stay as he had done before, for he had many duties to perform. Nobody went to the church, but the people came to the Minor Canon's house, and anxiously asked him how long the Griffin was going to stay.

"I do not know," he answered, "but I think he will soon be satisfied with regarding his stone likeness, and then he will go away."

But the Griffin did not go away. Morning after morning he came to the church, but after a time he did not stay there all day. He seemed to have taken a great fancy to the Minor Canon, and followed him about as he pursued his various avocations. He would wait for him at the side door of the church, for the Minor Canon held services every day, morning and evening, though nobody came now. "If any one *should* come," he said to himself, "I must be found at my post." When the young man came out, the Griffin would accompany him in his visits to the sick and the poor, and would often look into the windows of the school-house where the Minor Canon was teaching his unruly scholars. All the other schools were closed, but the parents of the Minor Canon's scholars forced them to go to school, because they were so bad they could not endure them all day at home,—griffin or no griffin. But it must be said they generally behaved very well when that great monster sat up on his tail and looked through the school-room window.

When it was perceived that the Griffin showed no sign of going away, all the people who were able to do so left the town. The canons and the higher officers of the church had fled away during the first day of the Griffin's visit, leaving behind only the Minor Canon and some of the men who opened the doors and swept the church. All the citizens who could afford it shut up their houses and traveled to distant parts, and only the working people and the poor were left behind. After a while these ventured to go about and attend to

their business, for if they did not work they would starve. They were getting a little used to seeing the Griffin, and having been told that he did not eat between equinoxes, they did not feel so much afraid of him as before.

Day by day the Griffin became more and more attached to the Minor Canon. He kept near him a great part of the time, and often spent the night in front of the little house where the young clergyman lived alone. This strange companionship was often burdensome to the Minor Canon; but, on the other hand, he could not deny that he derived a great deal of benefit and instruction from it. The Griffin had lived for hundreds of years, and had seen much; and he told the Minor Canon many wonderful things.

"It is like reading an old book," said the young clergyman to himself; "but how many books I would have had to read before I would have found out what the Griffin has told me about the earth, the air, the water, about minerals, and metals, and growing things, and all the wonders of the world!"

Thus the summer went on, and drew toward its close. And now the people of the town began to be very much troubled again.

"It will not be long," they said, "before the autumnal equinox is here, and then that monster will want to eat. He will be dreadfully hungry, for he has taken so much exercise since his last meal. He will devour our children. Without doubt, he will eat them all. What is to be done?"

To this question no one could give an answer, but all agreed that the Griffin must not be allowed to remain until the approaching equinox. After talking over the matter a great deal, a crowd of the people went to the Minor Canon, at a time when the Griffin was not with him.

"It is all your fault," they said, "that that monster is among us. You brought him here, and you ought to see that he goes away. It is only on your account that he stays here at all, for, although he visits his image every day, he is with you the greater part of the time. If you were not here, he would not stay. It is your duty to go away and then he will follow you, and we shall be free from the dreadful danger which hangs over us."

"Go away!" cried the Minor Canon, greatly grieved at being spoken to in such a way. "Where shall I go? If I go to some other town, shall I not take this trouble there? Have I a right to do that?"

"No," said the people, "you must not go to any other town. There is no town far enough away. You must go to the dreadful wilds where the Griffin lives; and then he will follow you and stay there."

They did not say whether they expected the

Minor Canon to stay there also, and he did not ask them anything about it. He bowed his head, and went into his house, to think. The more he thought, the more clear it became to his mind that it was his duty to go away, and thus free the town from the presence of the Griffin.

That evening he packed a leathern bag full of bread and meat, and early the next morning he set out on his journey to the dreadful wilds. It was a long, weary, and doleful journey, especially after he had gone beyond the habitations of men, but the Minor Canon kept on bravely, and never faltered. The way was longer than he had expected, and his provisions soon grew so scanty that he was obliged to eat but a little every day, but he kept up his courage, and pressed on, and, after many days of toilsome travel, he reached the dreadful wilds.

When the Griffin found that the Minor Canon had left the town he seemed sorry, but showed no disposition to go and look for him. After a few days had passed, he became much annoyed, and asked some of the people where the Minor Canon had gone. But, although the citizens had been so anxious that the young clergyman should go to the dreadful wilds, thinking that the Griffin would immediately follow him, they were now afraid to mention the Minor Canon's destination, for the monster seemed angry already, and, if he should suspect their trick he would, doubtless, become very much enraged. So every one said he did not know, and the Griffin wandered about disconsolately. One morning he looked into the Minor Canon's school-house, which was always empty now, and thought that it was a shame that everything should suffer on account of the young man's absence.

"It does not matter so much about the church," he said, "for nobody went there; but it is a pity about the school. I think I will teach it myself until he returns."

It was just about school-time, and the Griffin went inside and pulled the rope which rang the school-bell. Some of the children who heard the bell ran in to see what was the matter, supposing it to be a joke of some one of their companions; but when they saw the Griffin they stood astonished, and scared.

"Go tell the other scholars," said the monster, "that school is about to open, and that if they are not all here in ten minutes, I shall come after them."

In seven minutes every scholar was in place.

Never was seen such an orderly school. Not a boy or girl moved, or uttered a whisper. The Griffin climbed into the master's seat, his wide wings spread on each side of him, because he could not lean back in his chair while they stuck out behind, and his great tail coiled around, in front of the desk, the barbed end sticking up, ready to tap

any boy or girl who might misbehave. The Griffin now addressed the scholars, telling them that he intended to teach them while their master was away. In speaking he endeavored to imitate, as far as possible, the mild and gentle tones of the Minor Canon, but it must be admitted that in this he was not very successful. He had paid a good deal of attention to the studies of the school, and he now determined not to attempt to teach them anything new, but to review them in what they had been studying; so he called up the various classes, and questioned them upon their previous lessons. The children racked their

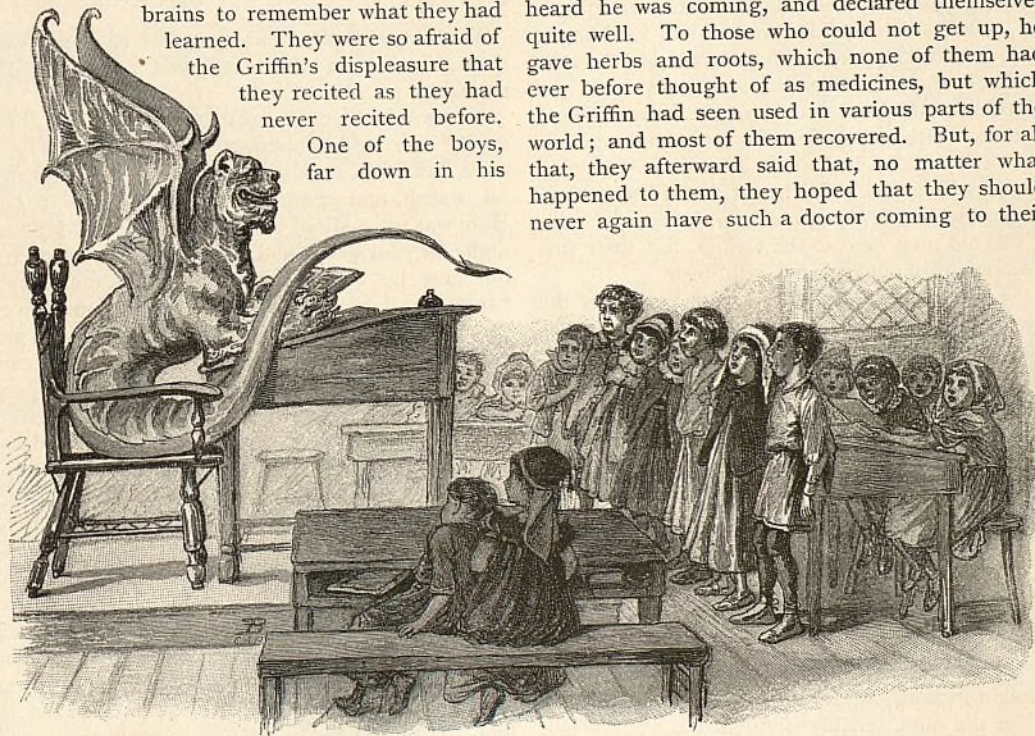
brains to remember what they had learned. They were so afraid of the Griffin's displeasure that they recited as they had never recited before.

One of the boys, far down in his

The next afternoon the boy was number one.

It was astonishing how much these children now learned of what they had been studying. It was as if they had been educated over again. The Griffin used no severity toward them, but there was a look about him which made them unwilling to go to bed until they were sure they knew their lessons for the next day.

The Griffin now thought that he ought to visit the sick and the poor; and he began to go about the town for this purpose. The effect upon the sick was miraculous. All, except those who were very ill indeed, jumped from their beds when they heard he was coming, and declared themselves quite well. To those who could not get up, he gave herbs and roots, which none of them had ever before thought of as medicines, but which the Griffin had seen used in various parts of the world; and most of them recovered. But, for all that, they afterward said that, no matter what happened to them, they hoped that they should never again have such a doctor coming to their



"THE GRIFFIN ADDRESSED THE SCHOLARS."

class, answered so well that the Griffin was astonished.

"I should think you would be at the head," said he. "I am sure you have never been in the habit of reciting so well. Why is this?"

"Because I did not choose to take the trouble," said the boy, trembling in his boots. He felt obliged to speak the truth, for all the children thought that the great eyes of the Griffin could see right through them, and that he would know when they told a falsehood.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the Griffin. "Go down to the very tail of the class, and if you are not at the head in two days, I shall know the reason why."

bed-sides, feeling their pulses and looking at their tongues.

As for the poor, they seemed to have utterly disappeared. All those who had depended upon charity for their daily bread were now at work in some way or other; many of them offering to do odd jobs for their neighbors just for the sake of their meals,—a thing which had been seldom heard of before in the town. The Griffin could find no one who needed his assistance.

The summer had now passed, and the autumnal equinox was rapidly approaching. The citizens were in a state of great alarm and anxiety. The Griffin showed no signs of going away, but seemed to have settled himself permanently among them.

In a short time, the day for his semi-annual meal would arrive, and then what would happen? The monster would certainly be very hungry, and would devour all their children.

Now they greatly regretted and lamented that they had sent away the Minor Canon; he was the only one on whom they could have depended in this trouble, for he could talk freely with the Griffin, and so find out what could be done. But it would not do to be inactive. Some step must be taken immediately. A meeting of the citizens was called, and two old men were appointed to go and talk to the Griffin. They were instructed to offer to prepare a splendid dinner for him on equinox day,—one which would entirely satisfy his hunger. They would offer him the fattest mutton, the most tender beef, fish, and game of various sorts, and anything of the kind that he might fancy. If none of these suited, they were to mention that there was an orphan asylum in the next town.

"Anything would be better," said the citizens, "than to have our dear children devoured."

The old men went to the Griffin, but their propositions were not received with favor.

"From what I have seen of the people of this town," said the monster, "I do not think I could relish anything that was ever prepared by them. They appear to be all cowards, and, therefore, mean and selfish. As for eating one of them, old or young, I could n't think of it for a moment. In fact, there was only one creature in the whole place for whom I could have had any appetite, and that is the Minor Canon, who has gone away. He was brave, and good, and honest, and I think I would have relished him."

"Ah!" said one of the old men very politely, "in that case I wish we had not sent him to the dreadful wilds!"

"What!" cried the Griffin. "What do you mean? Explain instantly what you are talking about!"

The old man, terribly frightened at what he had said, was obliged to tell how the Minor Canon had been sent away by the people, in the hope that the Griffin might be induced to follow him.

When the monster heard this, he became furiously angry. He dashed away from the old men and, spreading his wings, flew backward and forward over the town. He was so much excited that his tail became red-hot, and glowed like a meteor against the evening sky. When at last he settled down in the little field where he usually rested, and thrust his tail into the brook, the steam arose like a cloud, and the water of the stream ran hot through the town. The citizens were greatly frightened, and bitterly blamed the old man for telling about the Minor Canon.

"It is plain," they said, "that the Griffin intend-

ed at last to go and look for him, and we should have been saved. Now who can tell what misery you have brought upon us."

The Griffin did not remain long in the little field. As soon as his tail was cool he flew to the town-hall and rang the bell. The citizens knew that they were expected to come there, and although they were afraid to go, they were still more afraid to stay away; and they crowded into the hall. The Griffin was on the platform at one end, flapping his wings and walking up and down, and the end of his tail was still so warm that it slightly scorched the boards as he dragged it after him.

When everybody who was able to come was there, the Griffin stood still and addressed the meeting.

"I have had a contemptible opinion of you," he said, "ever since I discovered what cowards you were, but I had no idea that you were so ungrateful, selfish, and cruel, as I now find you to be. Here was your Minor Canon, who labored day and night for your good, and thought of nothing else but how he might benefit you and make you happy; and as soon as you imagine yourselves threatened with a danger,—for well I know you are dreadfully afraid of me,—you send him off, caring not whether he returns or perishes, hoping thereby to save yourselves. Now, I had conceived a great liking for that young man, and had intended, in a day or two, to go and look him up. But I have changed my mind about him. I shall go and find him, but I shall send him back here to live among you, and I intend that he shall enjoy the reward of his labor and his sacrifices. Go, some of you, to the officers of the church, who so cowardly ran away when I first came here, and tell them never to return to this town under penalty of death. And if, when your Minor Canon comes back to you, you do not bow yourselves before him, put him in the highest place among you, and serve and honor him all his life, beware of my terrible vengeance! There were only two good things in this town: the Minor Canon and the stone image of myself over your church-door. One of these you have sent away, and the other I shall carry away myself."

With these words he dismissed the meeting, and it was time, for the end of his tail had become so hot that there was danger of its setting fire to the building.

The next morning, the Griffin came to the church, and tearing the stone image of himself from its fastenings over the great door, he grasped it with his powerful fore-legs and flew up into the air. Then, after hovering over the town for a moment, he gave his tail an angry shake and took

up his flight to the dreadful wilds. When he reached this desolate region, he set the stone griffin upon a ledge of a rock which rose in front of the dismal cave he called his home. There the image occupied a position somewhat similar to that it had had over the church-door; and the Griffin, panting with the exertion of carrying such an enormous load to so great a distance, lay down upon the ground, and regarded it with much satisfaction. When he felt somewhat rested he went to look for the Minor Canon. He found the young man, weak and half starved, lying under the shadow of a rock. After picking him up and carrying him to his cave, the Griffin flew away to a distant marsh, where he procured some roots and herbs which he well knew were strengthening and beneficial to man, though he had never tasted them himself. After eating these the Minor Canon was greatly revived, and sat up and listened while the Griffin told him what had happened in the town.

"Do you know," said the monster, when he had finished, "that I have had, and still have, a great liking for you?"

"I am very glad to hear it," said the Minor Canon, with his usual politeness.

"I am not at all sure that you would be," said the Griffin, "if you thoroughly understood the state of the case, but we will not consider that now. If some things were different, other things would be otherwise. I have been so enraged by discovering the manner in which you have been treated that I have determined that you shall at last enjoy the rewards and honors to which you are entitled. Lie down and have a good sleep, and then I will take you back to the town."

As he heard these words, a look of trouble came over the young man's face.

"You need not give yourself any anxiety," said the Griffin, "about my return to the town. I shall not remain there. Now that I have that admirable likeness of myself in front of my cave, where I can sit at my leisure, and gaze upon its noble features and magnificent proportions, I have no wish to see that abode of cowardly and selfish people."

The Minor Canon, relieved from his fears, now

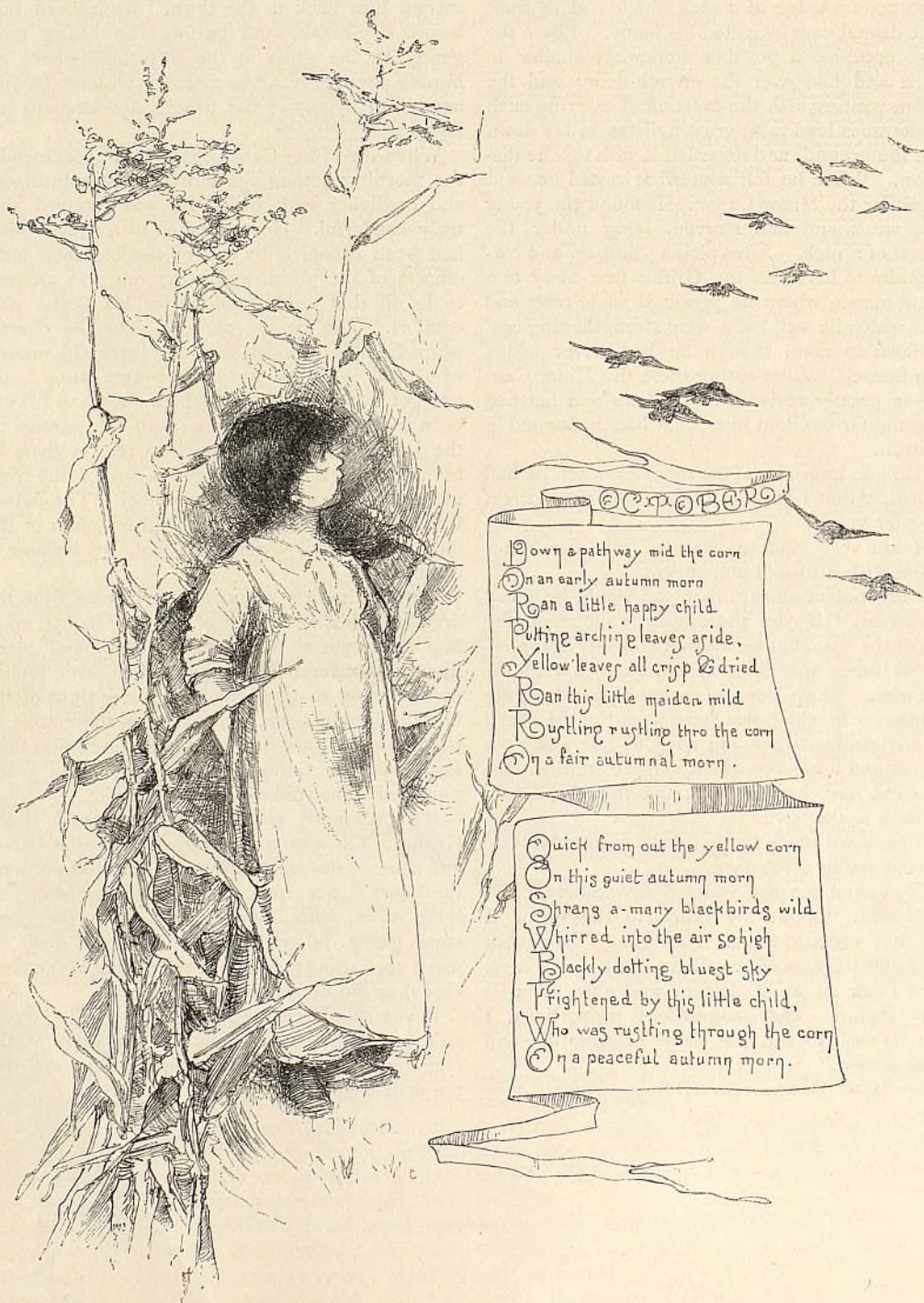
lay back, and dropped into a doze; and when he was sound asleep the Griffin took him up, and carried him back to the town. He arrived just before day-break, and putting the young man gently on the grass in the little field where he himself used to rest, the monster, without having been seen by any of the people, flew back to his home.

When the Minor Canon made his appearance in the morning among the citizens, the enthusiasm and cordiality with which he was received was truly wonderful. He was taken to a house which had been occupied by one of the banished high officers of the place, and every one was anxious to do all that could be done for his health and comfort. The people crowded into the church when he held services, and the three old women who used to be his week-day congregation could not get to the best seats, which they had always been in the habit of taking; and the parents of the bad children determined to reform them at home, in order that he might be spared the trouble of keeping up his former school. The Minor Canon was appointed to the highest office of the old church, and before he died, he became a bishop.

During the first years after his return from the dreadful wilds, the people of the town looked up to him as a man to whom they were bound to do honor and reverence; but they often, also, looked up to the sky to see if there were any signs of the Griffin coming back. However, in the course of time, they learned to honor and reverence their former Minor Canon without the fear of being punished if they did not do so.

But they need never have been afraid of the Griffin. The autumnal equinox day came round, and the monster ate nothing. If he could not have the Minor Canon, he did not care for anything. So, lying down, with his eyes fixed upon the great stone griffin, he gradually declined, and died. It was a good thing for some of the people of the town that they did not know this.

If you should ever visit the old town, you would still see the little griffins on the sides of the church; but the great stone griffin that was over the door is gone.



Down a pathway mid the corn  
 On an early autumn morn  
 Ran a little happy child  
 Putting arching leaves aside,  
 Yellow leaves all crisp & dried  
 Ran this little maiden mild  
 Rustling rustling thro the corn  
 On a fair autumnal morn.

Quick from out the yellow corn  
 On this quiet autumn morn  
 Sprang a-many blackbirds wild  
 Whirred into the air so high  
 Blackly dotting bluest sky  
 Frightened by this little child,  
 Who was rustling through the corn  
 On a peaceful autumn morn.

## HIS ONE FAULT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER witnessing the widow's reception of her son and the uncle's joy over the recovery of Dandy, Eli Badger must have given them all credit for very good acting, indeed, if he doubted for a moment the entire truth of Kit's story. Even the horse gave signs of feeling himself at home again and recognizing his master.

"Excuse me for not noticin' you before," said Uncle Gray, putting up a husky palm to shake hands with Mr. Badger in the wagon. "I was struck all in a heap at seein' my hoss ag'in."

Eli gave a not very good-natured grunt.

"If anybody's to be struck in a heap, seems 's if I'm the man," he said. "Your gain is my loss."

"How so? Where d' ye find him?" Uncle Gray said, turning upon Christopher. "How *did* ye bring it about?"

"It was Branlow who stole him," Kit explained, "and he sold him to Mr. Badger here for seventy dollars."

"Seventy gimcracks!" ejaculated Uncle Gray, aghast. "Any dunce might know he's worth twice that." He was thinking of Branlow, but Eli applied the remark to himself.

"I did know it," he growled. "That's why I bought him. And glad I am now, that I did n't pay any more."

"To be sure," said Uncle Gray. "But did n't it occur to you that no honest man would sell an honest hoss like that for any such price?"

"I did n't know," said Eli, groutily. "He told a pretty straight story. I was taken in, that's all."

"I should say so. Taken in!" exclaimed Uncle Gray. "I know the knave, and I'm amazed that any man with common sense and eyes in his head should n't a' seen through him."

"Mebby I've got no common sense, and mebby I've got no eyes in my head," Eli muttered, with dull fire in the place where eyes should have been, if he had had any. "But I did n't expect this."

Kit hastened to interpose between the two men.

"I got on Dandy's track again yesterday in Peaceville, and followed him last night to Mr. Badger's place in Southmere. And to-day—he has been very kind"—the boy's voice faltered a little—"he and Miss Badger have been so kind

as to bring me home with Dandy. And I'm ever so much obliged to them."

"Cert'inly! cert'inly! so am I," said Uncle Gray. "Ever so much obliged! I'm rej'iced to see the hoss ag'in, and you too, Christopher. You've done well, boy! you've done well. Come in, wont ye, all of ye?"

"We can't stop," grumbled Eli.

"We'd be delighted," exclaimed Lydia, hastening to soften his blunt refusal, "but we mutht be driving back home."

"Drivin'!" echoed Uncle Gray, with a jealous glance at Dandy Jim. "I don't see jest how you're going to do that."

Then Christopher spoke up. "I promised them;—I don't suppose they would have driven over to let you identify the horse if I had n't promised that they should have him to drive home again."

"You promised! By what right?" said Uncle Gray, staring at Kit.

"I thought it fair," Kit replied. "And it was certainly the easiest way to get the horse,—better than to have to take witnesses over there, or send an officer to seize him."

"Possibly! possibly!" mused Uncle Gray, in a half-relenting, half-reluctant tone.

"He can ride home with uth," said Lydia, "thpend the night, and bring the horth back here to-morrow."

"That's the plan we spoke of," added Christopher.

"And a very good plan it is," said Aunt Gray. "So now all come into the house. The teakettle's boilin', and I'll have a cup o' tea in a few minutes, and I've some new bread, baked to-day; not much in the way of supper, but with some slices of dried beef, and new honey, and pear-sass, it'll be better than nothin' fore ye start for your long ride home."

At the mention of the honey, Uncle Gray looked as if he hoped the invitation would be refused; and Eli was still glum. But Lydia stepped lightly from the buggy, reaching a hand down to Christopher, and saying:

"I only ask that you wont give yourself any trouble about the thupper, Mithuth Gray. If you'll promithe that, we'll thop. Come, Pa!"

Kit's mother thought she could not stay for Aunt Gray's tea. Her anxiety of mind regarding Chris-

topher having been so happily relieved, she felt that she must hasten back to her own little home in the village.

"If you go over, you will have to walk, and you won't gain anything," said Kit. "After supper you can ride with us."

So she consented to remain. And Kit was happy. Dandy was in his stall, Uncle Gray having thought it wise to take full possession of him, by detaching him from Eli's wagon before letting him go back to Southmere. The whole affair had been arranged quite to the boy's satisfaction, and but two or three things remained to trouble him.

There was that unpleasant business connected with the justice's court in Duckford; he could not forget that he had been committed to jail, and released only through the intervention of Elsie's father, who had given bonds for his appearance when wanted.

Then there was the question of his future home. He was not eager to go back and live with Uncle Gray, nor was he at all sure that Uncle Gray would want him again on any terms. Eli's offer did not enchant him, yet it was something which he was afraid he ought not to refuse before consulting his mother.

The last vestiges of Uncle Gray's asthmatic wheeze seemed to have yielded to the stimulus of joyful events; and at the tea-table he was in his best spirits. He made friends with Eli, and even asked Lydia to take a second dish of honey. He talked cheerfully of the little drama in which Dandy Jim had borne a part, and said that he now regretted only one thing—the escape of Branlow.

"I'd like to squeeze about seventy dollars out of him!" muttered Eli, when the thief's name was mentioned.

Kit, of course, had to tell of his Duckford adventure. His mother was frightened at the bare thought of his having been in the hands of a constable; but Uncle Gray was in a mood to be amused.

"The honestest boy in the county!" he declared, turning to the Badgers. "Whatever else I say of him, I'll say that. Taken for a hoss-thief! Wal, wal; f'r instance!"

"We all know he 'th honeth!" lisped Miss Lydia, giving Kit a significant smile, remembering how recently he had been mistaken for a thief of another sort. Kit blushed, and scowled deprecatingly in return, inwardly hoping that his last mishap would not be mentioned, at least, in his mother's presence.

"What's become of the saddle?" Aunt Gray inquired, her large face glowing with satisfaction over the tea-pot she was liberally tipping.

"I left that and the bridle with the Bentings,"

Kit replied. "It is my plan to go that way to-morrow with Dandy, and bring them home—I mean," he quickly corrected himself, "bring them *here*."

"Well!" said Aunt Gray, "what's the difference? This is your home, as it has been, and as we expect it'll continue to be in the future."

Kit did not cherish any very deep resentment against Uncle Gray; still he thought that worthy man had been quite as severe with him as circumstances required,—and he was glad to be able to say, independently:

"I don't know, Aunt. It may be I can be more useful somewhere else. I've had a good offer."

"An offer?" Uncle Gray lifted his hooked nose and bristling forelock with a quick, disturbed expression. "What's the meanin' o' that?"

"Pa would like to have him go and live with uth," said Miss Badger, while Mr. Badger was preparing to speak.

"We'll pay him well," said Eli.

"I have n't agreed to it yet," said Kit, "for I thought I ought to wait and see what my mother would say."

"Oh, Kit!" exclaimed the widow. "You know I could n't bear to have you go so far away."

"I thought of that," Kit replied. "Yet I knew you would think it better for me to be earning stated wages, than to do as I have been doing here. And since Uncle Gray is dissatisfied with me—as he has good reason to be—"

He hesitated, and Eli Badger struck in:

"I never saw a boy before that I thought I should like so well. I'm wantin' just such a boy."

"I have n't any brother," added Lydia, giving the widow a persuasive smile. "It would be tho nithe if he could come!"

Evidently the subject had been talked over by her and her father, before it was mentioned to Kit on the road. It was not an agreeable one to Uncle Gray. His hair seemed to grow more bristly, his countenance more and more alarmed. Even his "bronchial tubes" appeared again suddenly affected. He was beginning to wheeze.

"What does all this mean?" he frowningly inquired. "Christopher can't go to anybody else; he's engaged to me. I b'en thinkin' for some time o' payin' him somethin' regular; and I've made up my mind to allow him a hundred dollars this year, b'sides board and clothin'."

He gave the boy and his mother a heroic look, as if it had cost him a struggle to arrive at so liberal a resolution.

"No, I can't spare Christopher! I'm gettin' along in years," he added pathetically; "and my azmy's more terrible than ever. 'T won't be long 'fore I sh'll be slippin' my neck out o' the yoke,

while he slips his in, and hauls the load for me. He's got one fault, and it has giv'n us some trouble, but he's gra'jally outgrowin' it, and he's goin' to outgrow it altogether. He takes hold well; and I believe he's in the right place. Thought I might let him go and live with you, did ye?"—he continued, staring in amazement at Eli. "Wal, f'r instance!"

The widow's countenance shone with pleasure; while Kit could hardly keep from laughing outright as he left the room to go upstairs and make a change of clothing, before riding back to Southmere with the Badgers.

### CHAPTER XXX.

ELSIE BENTING made no reply to Branlow's sinister remark, but stood gazing after him, as he rode off with his captors, under the broad shadows of the autumn-tinted maples,—remembering, perhaps, with what different feelings she had lately watched the departure of her brothers with another prisoner,—when a well-dressed and tolerably good-looking boy on horseback might have been seen approaching from the opposite direction.

She did not notice him until, having watched the wagon out of sight, she turned to reënter the house. Just then he reined his slowly pacing horse up under the trees. She looked around, but failed to recognize him at first.

"You don't remember me," he said, with a smile.

The same smile with which he had bidden her good-bye beneath those very trees; yet not quite the same. In his best attire, having exchanged his every-day clothes for his Sunday suit, and his white base-ball cap for a neat brown-felt hat, likewise his mood of despair for one of hope and gladness, he appeared very much changed to her eyes. And yet she knew that smile.

In a moment she forgot the cause of her recent excitement, in this new and joyful surprise.

"Remember you? Of course I do!" was her reply to Kit's remark. She noticed that he was mounted on a dark-colored horse, which he rode with only a bridle and a blanket. "You have found your horse!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the blushing Christopher; "and I have come for the saddle and bridle."

"What good news!" She could hardly refrain from clapping her hands as she added: "Father and all will be so glad! But they are away. You must stay and see them."

"That will be very agreeable," said Kit, with bashful pleasure, as he slipped from the animal's blanketed back to the ground.

"I hope you have the right horse this time!"

said Elsie, archly. "How much I have thought of that strange mistake you made."

"Well, I have thought of it once or twice!" said Christopher, standing, halter and hat in hand, and answering her radiant laugh with a happy yet embarrassed smile. "It got me into scrapes enough! This is our Dandy; I must introduce him to you. Miss Benting, this is Dandy; Dandy, this is Miss Benting,—and she was my friend, when I thought I had n't another in the world."

He spoke gayly, yet with a tender emotion glistening in his honest blue eyes.

"Dandy, I'm delighted to make your acquaintance!" said Elsie, touched by Kit's grateful words, but hiding the quick feeling they called forth, in the gentle act of caressing the horse's head. Then turning again to Christopher, she inquired: "Where did you find him?"

Kit told how he had traced him to Southmere, and had engaged Mr. Badger to drive him over to East Adam, omitting from the narrative some unimportant particulars, such as the mishap of his head coming in contact with Eli's club.

"I rode back to Southmere with him last night," he added (omitting also all mention of Miss Badger, to whom he owed so much); "passed the night at Mr. Badger's, and started to ride over here as soon as I could conveniently get away this morning. The family were very kind to me, and would have kept me all day if they could."

"But you must spend the day with us!" Elsie declared. "Take your horse to the stable, wont you? I'll show you the way. But, oh!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "I've such a wonderful bit of news for you! When you've heard it, I'm afraid you will wish to ride on after my brothers, who have gone to the village with—you never can guess whom!"

Indeed, Kit was unable to make any guess at all; and he could hardly credit his bewildered wits when she told him of the capture of Branlow, but a half-hour before.

"Branlow! That fellow! Are you sure?"

He remembered that it was a world of blunders in which he had been moving for the past few days; and the tidings seemed to him quite too good to be true.

"I am perfectly sure," replied Elsie. "There can't possibly be any mistake about my brothers' having caught a *real* rogue—and *your* rogue—this time."

"Where's my saddle, please?" cried the excited Christopher.

A minute before, he thought only of the happiness that rose enticingly before him, when she suggested his spending the day at Maple Park. But the charming picture which filled his mind's eye

was dashed rudely into the background by this astonishing piece of news, and he hurriedly threw upon Dandy's back the saddle which Elsie showed him.

"You will come back here to dinner with my brothers?" she said, as he put foot in stirrup and mounted from the threshold of the barn.

"If you wish it, I shall be pleased to,—that is," he added, laughingly, "if you think they won't object to sitting at the same table with me!"

"Don't remember that!" she said. "They're dreadfully ashamed of it, and they'll be only too glad to have you stay. Good-bye,—till then!"

Waving his hand at her with a bright smile and a joyful promise, he was off.

even without his white cap; and they likewise knew the horse, which they had once had in their possession for a memorable quarter-of-an-hour, a very good match, they agreed, for the one Kit had ridden off in his place.

They greeted him joyfully, and if a doubt as to Kit's honesty lingered in their minds, it must have been quickly dispelled when they witnessed the meeting between him and his supposed accomplice.

"Cash Branlow!" cried Kit, eagerly, "I am glad to see you!"

Branlow, standing between his sturdy young guards, shrugged his shoulders and grinned, but said nothing.



"‘I HOPE YOU HAVE THE RIGHT HORSE, THIS TIME,’ SAID ELSIE.”

### CHAPTER XXXI.

THE Benting boys had taken their prisoner to the office of the Duckford justice, who was absent, and Charley had gone to hunt him up and find a constable, when Kit rode up to the door which he remembered so well.

Three faces, which he also remembered very well indeed, greeted him from within as he dismounted and stood holding Dandy's bridle on the doorstep, Lon's in the foreground, Tom's in the rear, and Branlow's sallow and cynical visage between.

The Bentings recognized him immediately,

"Do you pretend you don't know me? or that you never saw this horse before?" demanded the indignant Christopher.

"I know you very well," Branlow replied; "and I fancy I've seen that horse. They say I saddled the wrong one for you," and he could not help laughing maliciously at the merry recollection.

"You think you can make a joke of it, do you?" said Kit, with sparkling eyes.

"My dear boy, it's a joke already, without any help from me," replied Cassius. "Think of your looking me full in the face, and describing the person who had been seen with your horse, while

I took note of the particulars, ready to burst with laughter all the while! It's the richest joke of the season, and I hope you won't try to make anything else of it. A joke's a joke; let it pass, my boy!"

Kit regarded the "sallow complexion, dark, checked suit, and narrow-brimmed straw hat," of the "young fellow of medium height, not much over twenty," and blushed very red indeed, as he remembered how he had described Branlow to himself, while Branlow, reciting each item of the inventory after him, gravely checked himself off on his fingers!

But Christopher did not believe in jokes of that sort.

"I suppose," he said, "you thought that a joke, too, when you took this horse from my uncle's stable, rode him to Peaceville, and sold him to Eli Badger for seventy dollars! Where is all that money?"

Branlow shrugged again. "Not much of it has staid in my pockets," he said, which was true enough, he being one of that numerous class from whom, as the proverb says, their money is soon parted. It was, in fact, the loss of a large part of the price of Dandy which had caused him to take to the road again so soon, and so near the scene of his last exploit.

"You've knocked down the peg with the ball swinging the wrong way, in more senses than one," said Kit, remembering the little game he had seen Cassius practicing at the cattle show, and the high moral tone which that young gentleman had assumed with regard to such things being permitted by the managers of a county fair.

"A fellow can't always be in luck," was Branlow's reckless response.

"Luck!" exclaimed Christopher. "I don't believe a rogue can ever be in luck, no matter how well he seems to succeed for a time. Do you remember, Cassius Branlow, how my father talked to you once about being honest, and minding your obligations? I happened to overhear what he was saying, but I never understood the meaning of it till now."

"I remember something of the kind," replied Branlow, his sinister look giving place to a more sober expression. "Your father was a good man, and he gave me some good advice."

"I wish you had followed it!" Kit exclaimed, touched by this frankness.

"I should n't be here if I had," Branlow replied.

Kit remembered his own rough treatment when captured by the youthful Bentings, and noticed with a curious sensation that they had not taken the precaution to tie the real rogue's hands.

"You shouldn't be partial in bestowing your favors," he said, calling their attention to the circumstance.

"Oh, no," said Lon, carelessly. "We were green at the trade when we began with you. There's nothing like getting used to a new line of business."

Judge West presently arrived, having been found picking pears in his garden; and Branlow, arraigned on a charge of purloining Elsie's scissors and thimble, was committed to prison in default of bail, his examination being appointed for the following day.

On that occasion Kit and Eli Badger also appeared as witnesses against him, for appropriating and fraudulently selling Dandy Jim; and still other complaints were entered by people whose spoons had been found in his bag,—for all which offences he was brought to trial in December, and given seven years to think them over, in the place which the state provides for wrong-doers detected in such irregular ways.

The charge against Kit was dropped, of course.

And his one fault?

If he was not quite cured of that, we can at least say that it has not since caused him any serious mishap or inconvenience. At the same time he will tell you that the experience gained by the famous Dandy Jim adventure has been worth to him infinitely more than it cost.

He not only dined that day with the Bentings when Elsie invited him, but sat often at their table afterward, her brothers nowise objecting, they having become his ardent friends.

He went back to live with Uncle and Aunt Gray, but it was on new terms, and with new hopes; since his acquaintance with the family at Maple Park had enlarged his ideas of a farmer's life, quickened his aspirations, and filled his mind and heart with visions of a noble life and a happy future.

THE END.

## THE WISE OLD MAN.

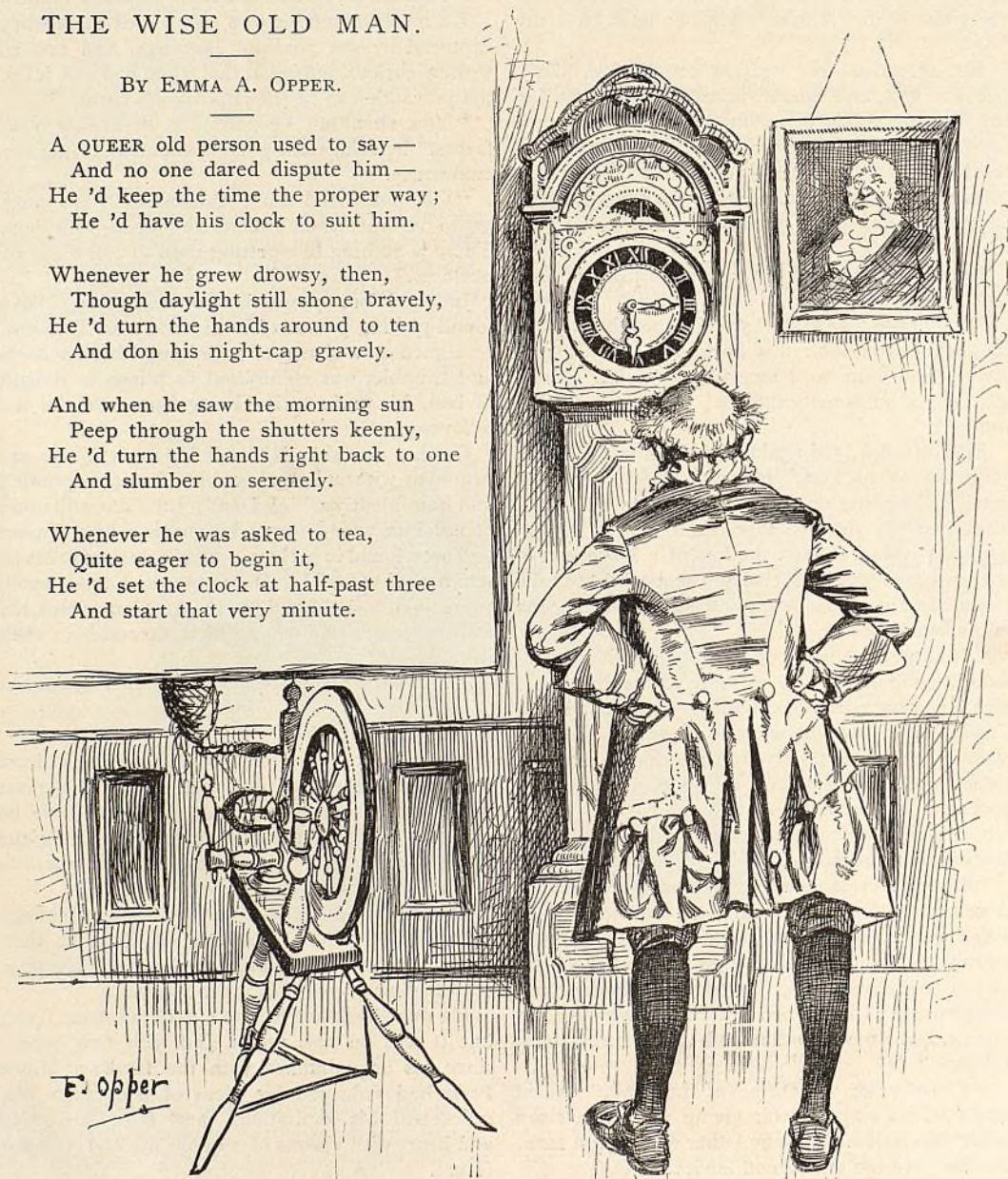
BY EMMA A. OPPER.

A QUEER old person used to say —  
 And no one dared dispute him —  
 He 'd keep the time the proper way;  
 He 'd have his clock to suit him.

Whenever he grew drowsy, then,  
 Though daylight still shone bravely,  
 He 'd turn the hands around to ten  
 And don his night-cap gravely.

And when he saw the morning sun  
 Peep through the shutters keenly,  
 He 'd turn the hands right back to one  
 And slumber on serenely.

Whenever he was asked to tea,  
 Quite eager to begin it,  
 He 'd set the clock at half-past three  
 And start that very minute.



THE WISE OLD MAN.

'T is said, moreover, when he found  
 His age increasing yearly,  
 He 'd turn the time-piece squarely round  
 And cease to wind it, merely.

'T is rumored, therefore, that, although  
 This very queer old party  
 Was born a hundred years ago,  
 He 's still quite hale and hearty!

## THE KNOWING LITTLE FISH.



"AHEM! now we are ready!" said a knowing city chap,

As he flung his hook, well baited, and heard it strike "ker-flap"!

"This cloudy day is just the one; the game is sure to bite.

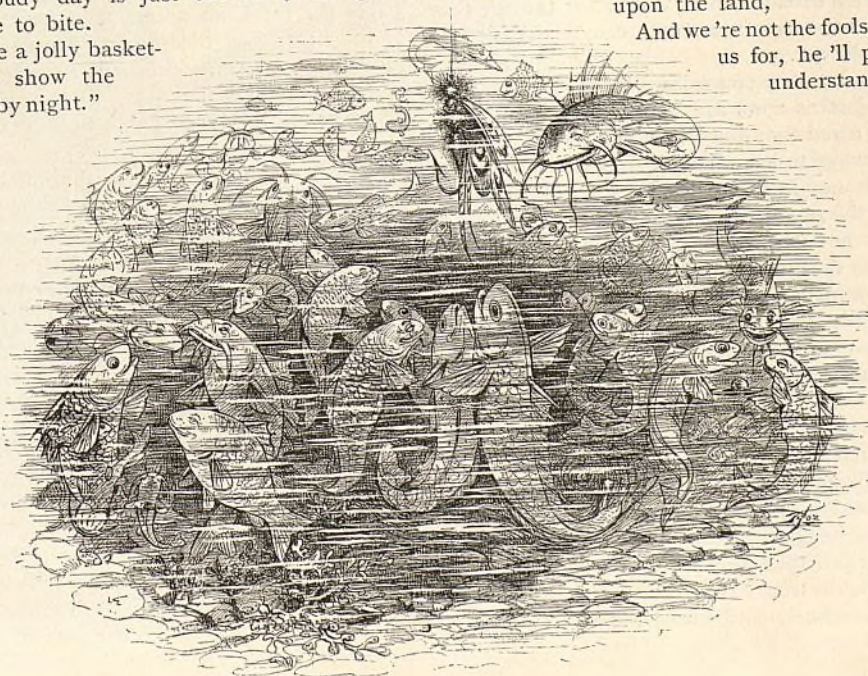
I'll have a jolly basketful to show the folks, by night."

And "Ha! ha! ha!" together laughed the happy little fish,

"Now we are just as safe and sound as any one could wish!

For we know about that funny thing that sits upon the land,

And we're not the fools he takes us for, he'll please to understand."



## HONEY-HUNTERS.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

POOR little bee! It spends its days in gathering nectar from the flowers to make into honey,—just to have some bigger and stronger creature come along and rob it of the fruits of its hard labor.

It is not only man who has a sweet tooth; a great many other animals are just as fond of honey as is he, and will do almost anything to obtain it; that is, anything but work for it. For I very much doubt if so much honey would be eaten if those who like it had to make it, even supposing that they knew how to make it.

Just think of it! Honey is chiefly sugar, and the nectar from over three million flower-tubes is required to make one pound of sugar. Or, suppose one very industrious little bee should decide to make enough honey to contain a pound of sugar. It would have to sip the nectar from fifty thousand heads of clover in order to obtain the necessary quantity.

And yet after a bee colony has taken an immense amount of trouble to lay away a goodly supply of sweets for the little bees, a great bear, perhaps, will thrust his shaggy paw into the nest and pull out layer after layer of the white comb, dripping with thick golden honey, and swallow them down, like the gluttonous fellow that he is. And in return the poor bees can only sting, which can not be any real satisfaction to them; for though they may hurt the creature stung, they end their own lives in the act.

In a great many countries, bees are kept for their honey, just as cows are kept for their milk, and are well cared for; but where people are too lazy or too savage to keep bees, it is usually the custom to steal honey from the wild bees and often to kill most of the poor little creatures at the same time. Usually, however, the bees are stupefied by the smoke, so that they will not sting while the honey is being removed.

Generally, wild honey-bees build their nests in the hollows of trees, but there is a species in India that builds great nests hanging from the branches of high trees. Some of these nests are so large that they can be seen more than a mile away. Of course such a nest has quantities of honey in it. Some of the natives of that part of the world live the whole year long upon the proceeds of honey stolen from these hanging hives. When a man discovers a nest, he provides himself with a smoking torch and climbs the tree. He stupefies some of the bees, suffocates others, and burns the rest. Then he

steals the honey-laden comb and lowers it by means of a cord to the ground.

In Africa the bees have a very hard time; for there man has a sharp-eyed, active little friend to help him find the carefully hidden honey. This little friend is a bird,—a rascally, shiftless fellow, that not only fails to build a home for its little ones, but even goes so far as to make other birds have all the trouble and worry of bringing up and feeding them. Like the cuckoo, it puts its eggs in the nests of other birds.

The "honey-guide," as it is called, is exceedingly fond of honey; or, if it can not have that, is very well satisfied with young bees. It is only about the size of a lark, and so is not specially fitted for encountering a swarm of bees fighting in defense of their home. Once in a while, it tries to rob a nest, but it is usually well punished for doing so. The little bees seem to know that their stings can not injure the feather-covered body of the bird, and accordingly they direct their attacks at the eyes of the robber; and if the bird does not escape in time, it will be blinded, and so perish of starvation.

However, the honey-guide is seldom so foolish as to run any such risk. It prefers to have some one else steal the honey, and is content with a small portion for its share. It is said sometimes to guide the ratel, an animal of the weasel family, to the nest; and it certainly often does wait near by, while the ratel, which is very fond of both bees and honey, rifles the nest. Before the honey is all gone, little Honey-guide usually contrives to have a taste.

Whether the bird guides the ratel or not, it unquestionably does guide men to the bees' nests. When it has found a nest, it darts away in search of a man. As soon as it sees one, it hovers over him, flies about his head, perches near him, or flutters here and there in front of him, all the time chattering vigorously. The native knows in a moment what the little bird means; and as he loves honey as a child does candy, only something that is very important will prevent his accepting the honey-guide's invitation. When he is ready to follow, he whistles; and the bird seems to understand the signal, for it at once flies on, for a short distance and waits till the man is near, and then flies on a few yards farther. In this way the bird leads the man until the nest is reached. Then it suddenly changes its twitter for a peculiar note, and either hovers over the nest for a moment,



AFRICAN AND AUSTRALIAN HONEY-HUNTERS.

or complacently sits down and lets the man find the nest, as best he can.

When it is found, the bees are smoked out with a torch or with a fire of leaves, according to the height of the nest from the ground. A small portion of the honey is given to the bird as its share of the plunder. If the little fellow has had honey enough, it disappears; but if, as is usually the case, it receives only enough to whet its appetite, it will lead to another nest, and sometimes even to a third.

Once in a while, a man who is running after the little bird finds himself suddenly face to face with a wild beast or serpent.

This is likely enough in a country that is so well supplied with both. But the natives say that the honey-guide is naturally wicked, and that it sometimes leads unsuspecting men into traps for the mere pleasure of villainy.

Careful observers, however, maintain that this is not true.

In Australia, where there is no little bird to find honey for him, the native adopts a very peculiar plan for discovering the hidden sweets. He knows that bees never wander very far from home, seldom more than two miles; and he also knows that when a bee is laden with honey it makes, as nearly as possible, a straight line for home. All that is necessary, then, is to find a bee that is well laden and follow it. But that is more easily said than done; for although it is quite easy to determine whether the bee has a full cargo, it is difficult to follow it. Any boy who has tried to follow the big and gay-colored bumble-bee to its nest knows how great a task it is. But that is a mere trifle to following the sober little honey-bee, which can be lost, like a dream, against

a gray-colored hill-side. Moreover, a half-dozen other bees may cross its path, and then you can imagine how difficult it would become to distinguish the homeward-bound bee from the others. That sort of a wild-bee chase would be little better than the traditional wild-goose chase.

In order to be followed, the bee must have a distinguishing mark that can be easily seen, and with such a badge, the Australian provides it. He simply gums a small tuft of white cotton to the bee's back, and is thus enabled to follow it with comparative ease. A bee carrying a load of honey, and with a miniature bale of cotton on its back, can not fly very swiftly.

But the question now comes up, how is the cotton to be put upon the bee's back? The gum is quickly found—it is on almost any tree; the cotton grows right at hand. The bee, too, is found in almost any sweet flower, buried head first in the dusty pollen, drinking in the nectar and showing quite plainly whether its honey-sac is full or empty. It moves a little in its eager haste to secure the delicious liquid, but perhaps a quick dab will fasten the cotton on its back.—Do not try it. As the little boy told his mother, the bee is a very "quick kicker."

Watch the Australian,—and he a very stupid fellow, too, in most things. He fills his mouth with water, has his snowy tuft of cotton ready gummed, finds his bee, gently drenches it with water spurted from his mouth, picks it up while it is still indignantly shaking itself free from the water which clogs its wings, and with a dexterous touch he affixes in a instant the tell-tale cotton.

Very much out of patience, no doubt, with the sudden and unexpected rain-storm, the bee rubs off the tiny drops from its wings, tries them, rubs again, and soon—buzz! buzz! away it goes, unconsciously leading destruction and pillage to its happy home;

for a few yards behind it runs the honey-hungry savage, his vigilant eye fixed on the moving white speck, which is to carry him to so sweet a destination.

We, who use millions of pounds of sugar and hundreds of thousands of pounds of honey every year, need not be surprised that the savage, who has only honey for sweetness, should be eager to use every effort to obtain it. The human family doubtless needs a great deal of sweetening, for vast quantities of honey and sugar are used all over the world.

In ancient times honey was almost the only sweetening substance used, and it was consequently very highly valued. The promised land was described to the Israelites as flowing with milk and honey, and that, to them, was as much as a land full of gold to the men of these times. And it was not merely what is called "a figure of speech" to say that Palestine flowed with milk and honey, for where cows thrive, bees thrive; and to this day there is no part of the world where honey is so plentiful as in Palestine.

In Judea, particularly, there are so many wild bees, that many of the inhabitants gain a livelihood simply by gathering honey from the crevices in rocks and hollows in trees. One traveler says that the trees in the forests in the Holy Land do, in truth, "flow" with honey, for the fat combs full of it hang from the trees on every hand.

Honey is good, but it is not safe to eat every kind of honey you may chance to find; for, honey made from poisonous flowers is usually poisonous also. This poisonous honey is found in all parts of the world, and accordingly, when you find a nest of wild bees, look carefully about and see if there are many poisonous flowers growing in the neighborhood. If so, be resolute, and abstain from eating the honey. For thus you will be good to yourself and to the hard-working bees, as well.

## WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

BY GRACE F. COOLIDGE.

WHEN Mamma was a little girl  
(Or so they say to me),  
She never used to romp and run,  
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,  
Nor climb an apple-tree.  
She always kept her hair in curl,—  
When Mamma was a little girl.

When Mamma was a little girl  
(It seems to her, you see),  
She never used to tumble down,  
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,  
Nor drink her papa's tea.  
She learned to knit, "plain," "seam," and "purl,"—  
When Mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says,—it must be true,—  
"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!  
Your Mamma, dear, was just like you,  
When she was grandma's little girl!"



[Afterward known as "Pulcheria Augusta, Empress of the East."] A. D. 413.

By E. S. BROOKS.

HERE was trouble and confusion in the Imperial Palace of Theodosius the Little, Emperor of the East. Now, this Theodosius was called "the Little" because, though he bore the name of his mighty grandfather, Theodosius the Great, emperor of both the east and west, he had as yet done nothing worthy any other title than that of "the Little," or "Child." For Theodosius, emperor though he was called, was only a boy of twelve and not a very bright boy, at that.

His father, Arcadius the Emperor, and his mother, Eudoxia the Empress, were dead; and in the great palace at Constantinople, in this year of grace, 413, Theodosius, the boy emperor, with his three sisters, Pulcheria, Marina, and Arcadia, alone were left to uphold the tottering dignity and the empty name of the once mighty Empire of the East, which their great ancestors, Constantine and Theodosius, had established and strengthened.

And now there was confusion in the imperial palace; for word came in haste from the Dacian border that Ruas, king of the Huns, sweeping down from the east, was ravaging the lands along the Upper Danube, and with his host of barbarous warriors was defeating the legions and devastating the lands of the empire.

The wise Anthemius, prefect of the east, and governor or guardian of the young emperor, was

greatly disturbed by the tidings of this new invasion. Already he had repelled at great cost the first advance of these terrible Huns and had quelled into a sort of half submission the less ferocious followers of Ulpin the Thracian; but now he knew that his armies along the Danube were in no condition to withstand the hordes of Huns, that, pouring in from distant Siberia, were following the lead of Ruas, their king, for plunder and booty, and were even now encamped scarce two hundred and fifty miles from the seven gates and the triple walls of splendid Constantinople.

Turbaned Turks, mosques and minarets, muftis and cadis, veiled eastern ladies, Mohammedans and muezzins, Arabian Nights and attar of roses, bazars, dogs and donkeys—these, I suppose, are what Constantinople suggests whenever its name is mentioned to any girl or boy of to-day,—the capital of modern Turkey, the city of the Sublime Porte. But the greatest glory of Constantinople was away back in the early days before the time of Mohammed, or of the Crusaders, when it was the center of the Christian religion, the chief and gorgeous capital of a Christian empire, and the residence of Christian emperors,—from the days of Constantine the conqueror to those of Justinian the Law-giver and of Irene the empress. It was the metropolis of the eastern half of the great Roman Empire, and during this period of over five hundred years all the wealth and treasure of the east poured into Constantinople, while all the glories of the empire, even the treasures of old Rome itself,

were drawn upon to adorn and beautify this rival city by the Golden Horn. And so in the days of Theodosius the Little, the court of Constantinople, although troubled with fear of barbarian invasion and attack, glittered with all the gorgeousness and display of the most magnificent empire in the world.

In the great *daphne*, or central space of the imperial palace, the prefect Anthemius, with the young emperor, the three princesses and their gorgeously arrayed nobles and attendants, awaited, one day, the envoys of Ruas the Hun, who sought lands and power within the limits of the empire.

They came, at last,—great, fierce-looking fellows, not at all pleasant to contemplate—big-boned, broad-shouldered, flat-nosed, swarthy and small-eyed, with shaggy skins, leathern armor, wolf-crowned helmets, and barbaric decorations, and the royal children shrunk from them in terror, even as they watched them with wondering curiosity. Imperial guards, gleaming in golden armor, accompanied them, while with the envoys came also a small retinue of Hunnish spearmen as escort. And in the company of these, the Princess Pulcheria noted a lad of ten or twelve years—short, swarthy, big-headed and flat-nosed like his brother barbarians, but with an air of open and hostile superiority that would not be moved even by all the glow and glitter of an imperial court.

Then Eslaw, the chief of the envoys of King Ruas the Hun, made known his master's demands: So much land, so much treasure, so much in the way of concession and power over the lands along the Danube, or Ruas the king would sweep down with his warriors and lay waste the cities and lands of the empire.

"These be bold words," said Anthemius the prefect. "And what if our lord the Emperor shall say thee nay?"

But ere the chief of the envoys could reply, the lad whose presence in the escort the Princess Pulcheria had noted, sprang into the circle before the throne, brandishing his long spear in hot defiance.

"Dogs and children of dogs, ye dare not say us nay!" he cried harshly. "Except we be made the friends and allies of the Emperor, and are given full store of southern gold and treasure, Ruas the king shall overturn these your palaces and make you all captives and slaves. It shall be war between you and us forever. Thus saith my spear!"

And as he spoke he dashed his long spear upon the floor, until the mosaic pavement rang again.

Boy emperor and princesses, prefect and nobles, and imperial guards sprang to their feet as the spear clashed on the pavement, and even the barbarian envoys, while they smiled grimly at their young comrade's energy, pulled him hastily back.

But ere the prefect Anthemius could sufficiently

master his astonishment to reply, the young Princess Pulcheria faced the savage envoys, and pointing to the cause of the disturbance, asked calmly:

"Who is this brawling boy, and what doth he here in the palace of the Emperor?"

And the boy made instant and defiant answer:

"I am Attila, the son of Mundzuk, kinsman to Ruas the king and deadly foe to Rome."

"Good Anthemius," said the clear, calm voice of the unterrified girl, "were it not wise to tell this wild young prince from the northern forest that the great Emperor hath gold for his friends, but only iron for his foes? 'Tis ever better to be friend than foe. Bid, I pray, that the arras of the Hippodrome be parted, and let our guests see the might and power of our arms."

With a look of pleased surprise at this bold stroke of the Princess, the prefect clapped his hands in command, and the heavily brocaded curtain that screened the gilded columns parted as if by unseen hands, and the Hunnish envoys, with a gaze of stolid wonder, looked down upon the great Hippodrome of Constantinople.

It was a vast inclosure, spacious enough for the marshaling of an army. Around its sides ran tiers of marble seats, and all about it rose gleaming statues of marble, of bronze, of silver and of gold—Augustus and the emperors, gods and goddesses of the old pagan days, heroes of the eastern and western empires. The bright oriental sun streamed down upon it and, as the trumpets sounded from beneath the imperial balcony, there filed into the arena the glittering troops of the empire, gorgeous in color and appointments, with lofty crests and gleaming armor, with shimmering spear-tips, prancing horses, towering elephants and mighty engines of war and siege, with archers and spearmen, with sounding trumpets and swaying standards and, high over all, the purple *labarum*, woven in gold and jewels,—the sacred banner of Constantine. Marching and counter-marching, around and around, and in and out until it seemed well-nigh endless, the martial procession passed before the eyes of the northern barbarians, watchful of every movement, eager as children to witness this royal review.

"These are but as a handful of dust amid the sands of the sea to the troops of the empire," said the prefect Anthemius, when the glittering rear-guard had passed from the Hippodrome. And the Princess Pulcheria added, "And these, O men from the north, are to help and succor the friends of the great Emperor even as they are for the terror and destruction of his foes. Bid the messengers from Ruas the king consider, good Anthemius, whether it were not wiser for their master to be the friend rather than the foe of the Emperor, and whether it

would not be in keeping with his valor and his might to be made one of the great captains of the empire, with a yearly stipend of many pounds of gold as the recompense of the Emperor for his service and his love."

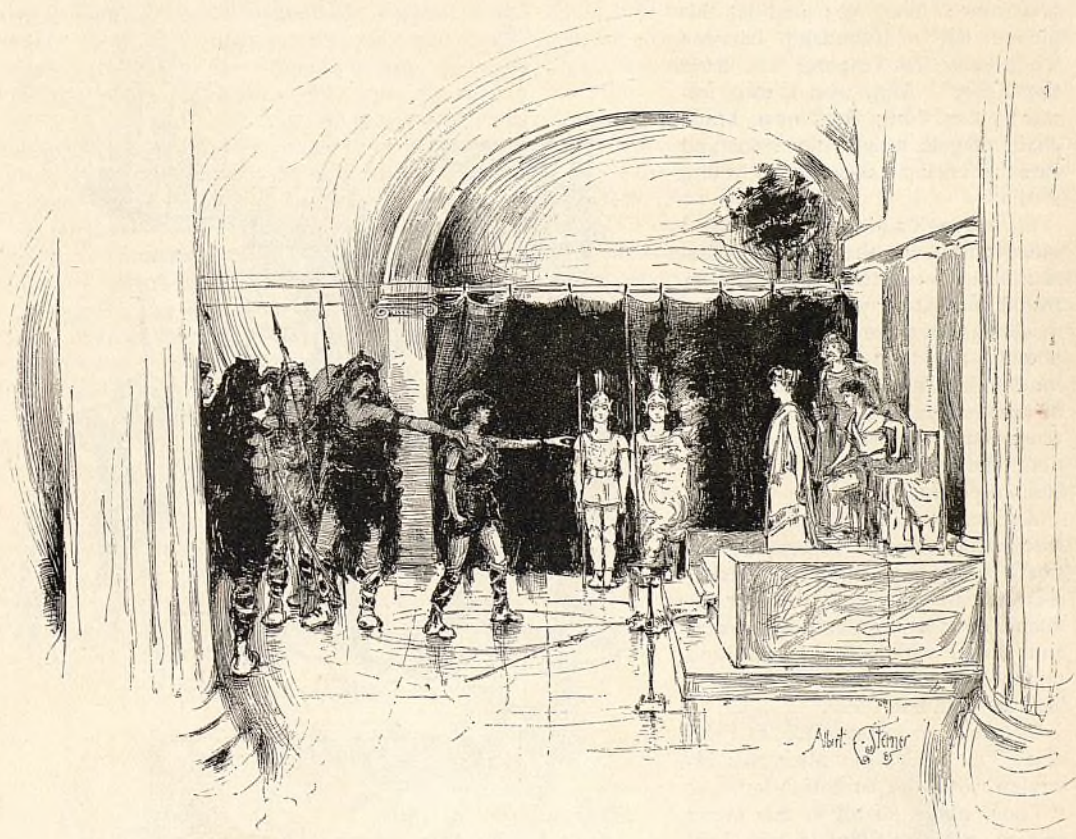
Again the Prefect looked with pleasure and surprise upon this wise young girl of fifteen, who had seen so shrewdly and so well the way to the hearts of these northern barbarians, to whom gold and warlike display were as meat and drink.

"You hear the words of this wise young maid,"

and fifty pounds of gold, good Anthemius, and let our guests bear to Ruas the king pledges and tokens of the Emperor's friendship."

"And bid, too, that they do leave yon barbarian boy at our court as hostage of their faith," demanded young Theodosius the Emperor, now speaking for the first time and making a most stupid blunder at a critical moment.

For, with a sudden start of revengeful indignation, young Attila the Hun turned to the boy Emperor: "I will be no man's hostage," he cried.



"IT SHALL BE WAR BETWEEN YOU AND US, FOREVER!" SAID ATTLA."

he said. "Would it not please Ruas the king to be the friend of the Emperor, a general of the Empire, and the acceptor, on each recurring season of the Circensian games, of full two hundred pounds of gold as recompense for service and friendship?"

"Say, rather, three hundred pounds," said Eslaw, the chief of the envoys, "and our master may, perchance, esteem it wise and fair."

"Nay, it is not for the great Emperor to chaffer with his friends," said Pulcheria, the princess. "Bid that the stipend be fixed at three hundred

"Freely I came, freely will I go! Come down from thy bauble of a chair and thou and I will try, even in your circus yonder, which is the better boy, and which should rightly be hostage for faith and promise given!"

"How now!" exclaimed the boy Emperor, altogether unused to such uncourtier-like language; "this to me!" And the hasty young Hun continued:

"Ay, this and more! I tell thee, boy, that were I Ruas the king, the grass should never grow where

the hoofs of my war-horse trod; Scythia should be mine; Persia should be mine; Rome should be mine. And look you, Sir Emperor, the time shall surely come when the king of the Huns shall be content not with paltry tribute and needless office, but with naught but Roman treasure and Roman slaves!"

But into this torrent of words came Pulcheria's calm voice again. "Nay, good Attila, and nay, my brother and my lord," she said. "'T were not between friends and allies to talk of tribute nor of slaves, nor yet of hostage. Freely you came; freely go; and let this pledge tell of friendship between Theodosius the Emperor and Ruas the King." And, with a step forward, she flung her own broad chain of gold around the stout and swarthy neck of the defiant young Attila.

So, through a girl's ready tact and quiet speech, was the terror of barbarian invasion averted. Ruas the Hun rested content for years with his annual salary of three hundred and fifty pounds of gold, or over seventy thousand dollars, and his title of General of the Empire; while not for twenty years did the hot-headed young Attila make good his threat against the Roman power.

Anthemius the prefect, like the wise man he was, recognized the worth of the young Princess Pulcheria; he saw how great was her influence over her brother the Emperor, and noted with astonishment and pleasure her words of wisdom and her rare common sense.

"Rule thou in my place, O Princess!" he said, soon after this interview with the barbarian envoys. "Thou, alone, of all in this broad empire, art best fitted to take lead and direction in the duties of its governing."

Pulcheria, though a wise young girl, was prudent and conscientious.

"Such high authority is not for a girl like me, good Anthemius," she replied. "Rather let me shape the ways and the growth of the Emperor my brother, and teach him how best to maintain himself in a deportment befitting his high estate, so that he may become a wise and just ruler; but do thou bear sway for him until such time as he may take the guidance on himself."

"Nay, not so, Princess," the old prefect said.

"She who can shape the ways of a boy may guide the will of an empire. Be thou, then, Regent and Augusta, and rule this empire as becometh the daughter of Arcadius and the granddaughter of the great Theodosius."

And as he desired, so it was decided. The Senate of the East decreed it and, in long procession, over flower-strewn pavements and through gorgeously decorated streets, with the trumpets sounding their loudest, with swaying standards, and rank upon rank of imperial troops, with great officers of the



"PULCHERIA AUGUSTA, REGENT OF THE EAST!"

government and throngs of palace attendants, this young girl of sixteen, on the fourth day of July, in the year 414, proceeded to the Church of the Holy Apostles, and was there publicly proclaimed *Pulcheria Augusta*, Regent of the East, solemnly accepting the trust as a sacred and patriotic duty.

And, not many days after, before the high altar of this same Church of the Holy Apostles, Pulcheria the princess stood with her younger sisters, Arcadia and Marina, and with all the impressive ceremonial of the Eastern Church, made a solemn

vow to devote their lives to the keeping of their father's heritage and the assistance of their only brother; to forswear the world and all its allurements; never to marry; and to be in all things faithful and constant to each other in this their promise and their pledge.

And they were faithful and constant. The story of those three determined young maidens, yet scarcely "in their teens," reads almost like a page from Tennyson's beautiful poem, "The Princess," with which many of my girl readers are doubtless familiar. The young Regent and her sisters, with their train of attendant maidens, renounced the vanity of dress,—wearing only plain and simple robes; they spent their time in making garments for the poor, and embroidered work for church decorations; and with song and prayer and frugal meals, interspersed with frequent fasts, they kept their vow "to forswear the world and its allurements" in an altogether strict and monotonous manner. Of course this style of living is no more to be recommended to healthy, hearty, fun-loving girls of fifteen than is its extreme of gayety and indulgence, but it had its effect in those bad old days of dissipation and excess, and the simplicity and soberness of this wise young girl's life in the very midst of so much power and luxury, made even the worst elements in the empire respect and honor her.

It would be interesting, did space permit, to sketch at length some of the devisings and doings of this girl regent of sixteen. "She superintended with extraordinary wisdom," says the old chronicler Sozemon, "the transactions of the Roman government," and "afforded the spectacle," says Ozanam, a later historian, "of a girlish princess of

sixteen, granddaughter and sole inheritor of the genius and courage of Theodosius the Great, governing the empires of the east and west, and being proclaimed on the death of her brother, *Augusta, Imperatrix*, and mistress of the world!"

This last event—the death of Theodosius the Younger—occurred in the year 449, and Pulcheria ascended the golden throne of Constantinople—the first woman that ever ruled as sole Empress of the Roman world.

She died July 18, 453. That same year saw the death of her youthful acquaintance, Attila the Hun, that fierce barbarian whom men had called the "Scourge of God." His mighty empire stretched from the great wall of China to the Western Alps; but, though he ravaged the lands of both eastern and western Rome, he seems to have been so managed or controlled by the wise and peaceful measures of the girl regent that his destroying hordes never troubled the splendid city by the Golden Horn which offered so rare and tempting a booty.

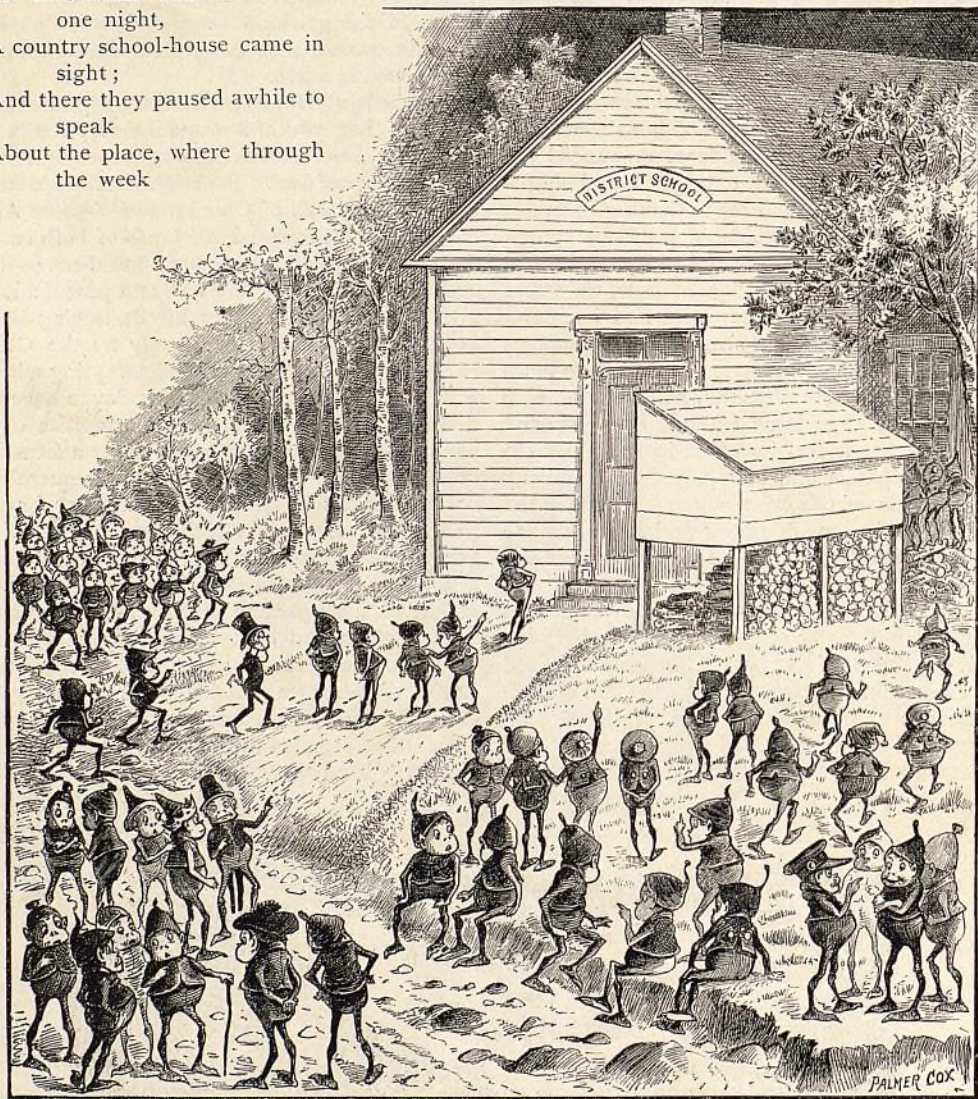
It is not given to the girls of to-day to have anything like the magnificent opportunities of the young Pulcheria. But duty in many a form faces them again and again, while not unfrequently the occasion comes for sacrifice of comfort or for devotion to a trust. To all such the example of this fair young princess of old Constantinople, who, fifteen centuries ago, saw her duty plainly and undertook it simply and without hesitation, comes to strengthen and incite; and the girl who feels herself overwhelmed by responsibility, or who is fearful of her own untried powers, may gather strength, courage, wisdom, and will from the story of this historic girl of the long ago—the wise young Regent of the East, Pulcheria of Constantinople.



## THE BROWNIES AT SCHOOL.

BY PALMER COX.

AS BROWNIES rambled round  
 one night,  
 A country school-house came in  
 sight;  
 And there they paused awhile to  
 speak  
 About the place, where through  
 the week



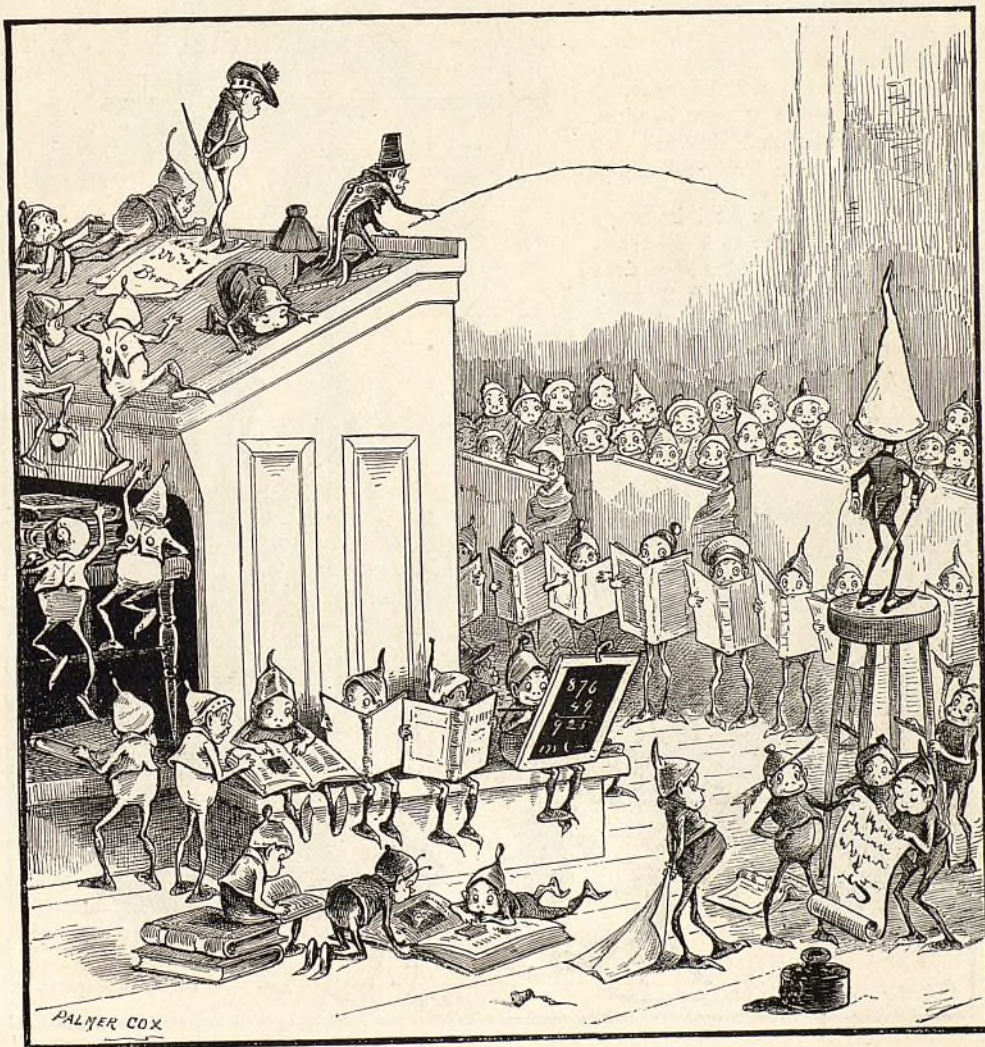
The scholars came, with smile or whine,  
 Each morning, at the stroke of nine.  
 "This is," said one, "the place, indeed,  
 Where children come to write and read.  
 'T is here, through rules and rods to suit,  
 The young idea learns to shoot;  
 And here the truant with a grin,  
 In nearest neighbor pokes the pin,

Or sighs to break his whittled slate  
 And spring at once to man's estate.  
 How oft from shades of yonder grove  
 I've viewed at eve the shouting drove,  
 As from the door they crowding broke  
 Like oxen from beneath the yoke,  
 When necks are galled and sides are sore  
 From treatment never known before."

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

Another spoke: "The teacher's chair,  
The ruler, pen, and birch are there;  
The blackboard hangs against the wall;  
The slates at hand, the books and all.  
We might go in to read and write  
And master sums like scholars bright."  
"I'll play," cried one, "the teacher's part;  
I know some lessons quite by heart,  
And every section of the land  
To me is plain as open hand."

And those who train the budding mind  
Should own a disposition kind.  
The rod looks better on the tree  
Than resting by the master's knee;  
I'll be the teacher, if you please;  
I know the rivers, lakes, and seas,  
And, like a banker's clerk, can throw  
The figures nimbly in a row.  
I have the patience, love, and grace,  
So requisite in such a case."



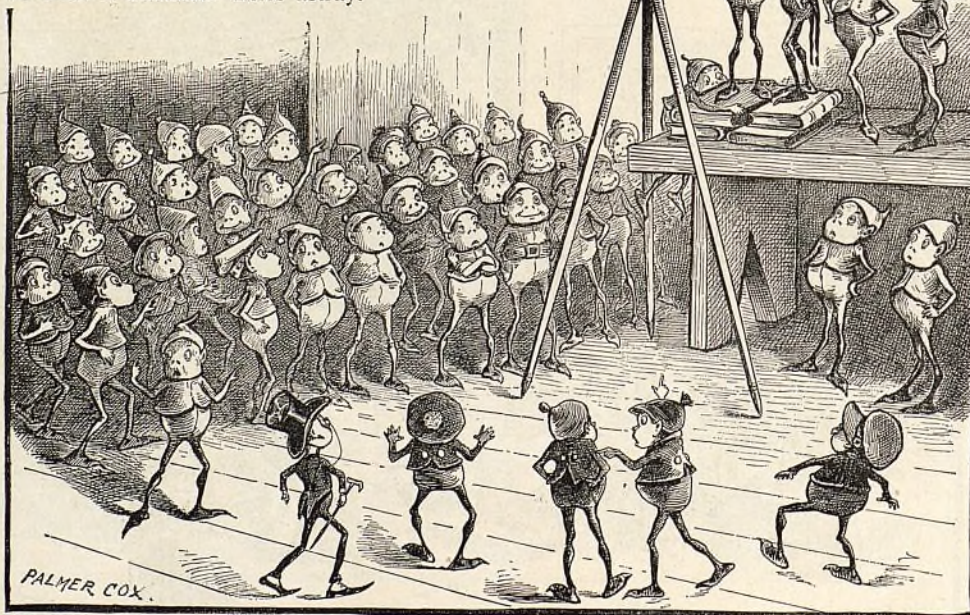
"With all respect, my friend, to you,"  
Another said, "that would not do.  
You're hardly fitted, sir, to rule;  
Your place should be the dunce's stool.  
You're not with great endowments blessed;  
Besides, your temper's not the best,

The more they talked, the stronger grew  
The wish to prove how much they knew.  
From page to page through books to pass  
And spell the words that tried the class;  
So through their skill they soon obtained  
Access to all the room contained.

Then desk and bench, on every side,  
Without delay were occupied;  
Some bent above a slate or book,  
And some at blackboards station took.  
They clustered round the globe with zeal,  
And kept it turning like a wheel;  
It seemed to yield them more delight  
Than aught they found throughout the  
night.

Said one, "I've often heard it said,  
The world is rounder than your head,  
And people all about it crawl,  
Like flies around a rubber ball.  
And here, indeed, we find it true,  
With both the poles at once in view,  
With latitudes and each degree  
All measured out on land and sea."

Another said, "I thought I knew  
The world from Maine to Timbuctoo,  
Or could, without a guide, have found  
My way from Cork to Puget Sound;  
But here so many things I find  
That never dawned upon my mind,  
On sundry points, I blush to say,  
I've been a thousand miles astray."

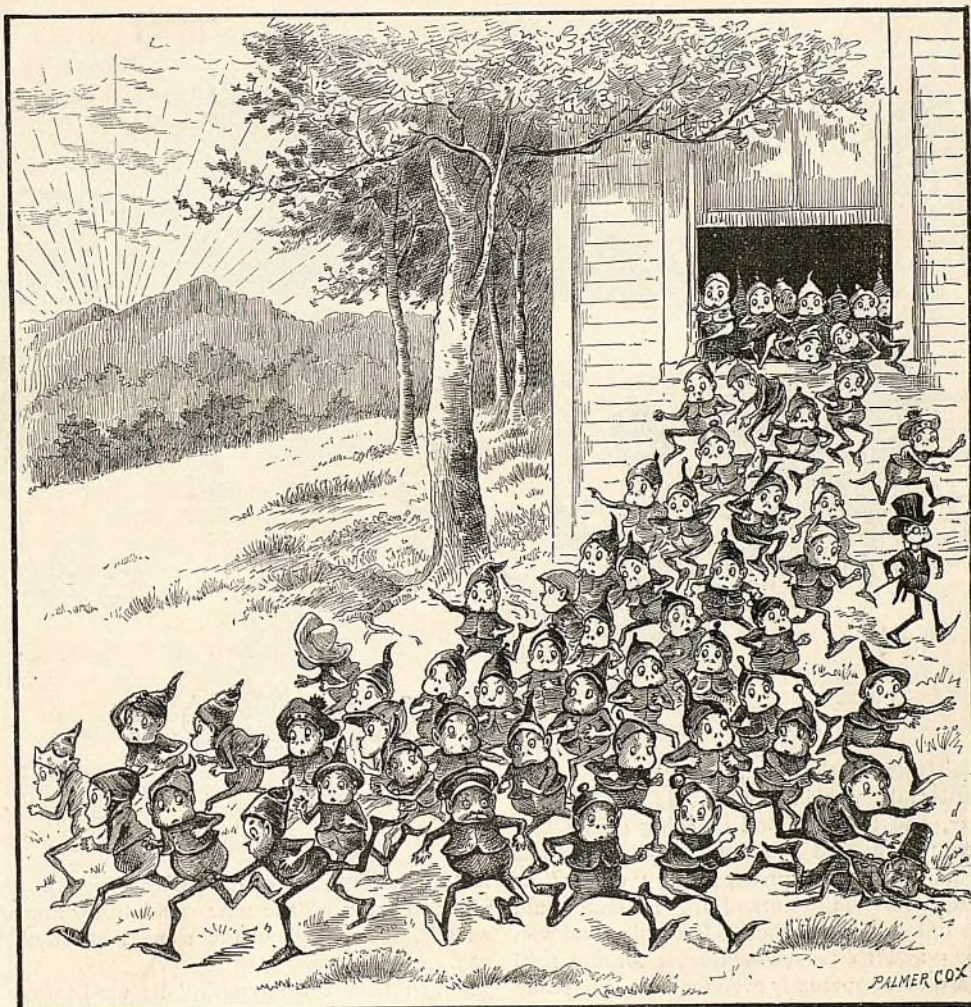


"'T is like an egg," another cried,  
"A little longer than it 's wide,  
With islands scattered through the seas  
Where savages may live at ease;  
And buried up in Polar snows  
You find the hardy Eskimos;  
While here and there some scorching spots

Are set apart for Hottentots.  
And see the rivers small and great,  
That drain a Province or a State;  
The name and shape of every nation;  
Their faith, extent, and population;

And whether governed by a king,  
A President, or Council ring."

While some with such expressions bold  
Surveyed the globe as round it rolled,  
Still others turned to ink and pen,  
And, spreading like a brooding hen,



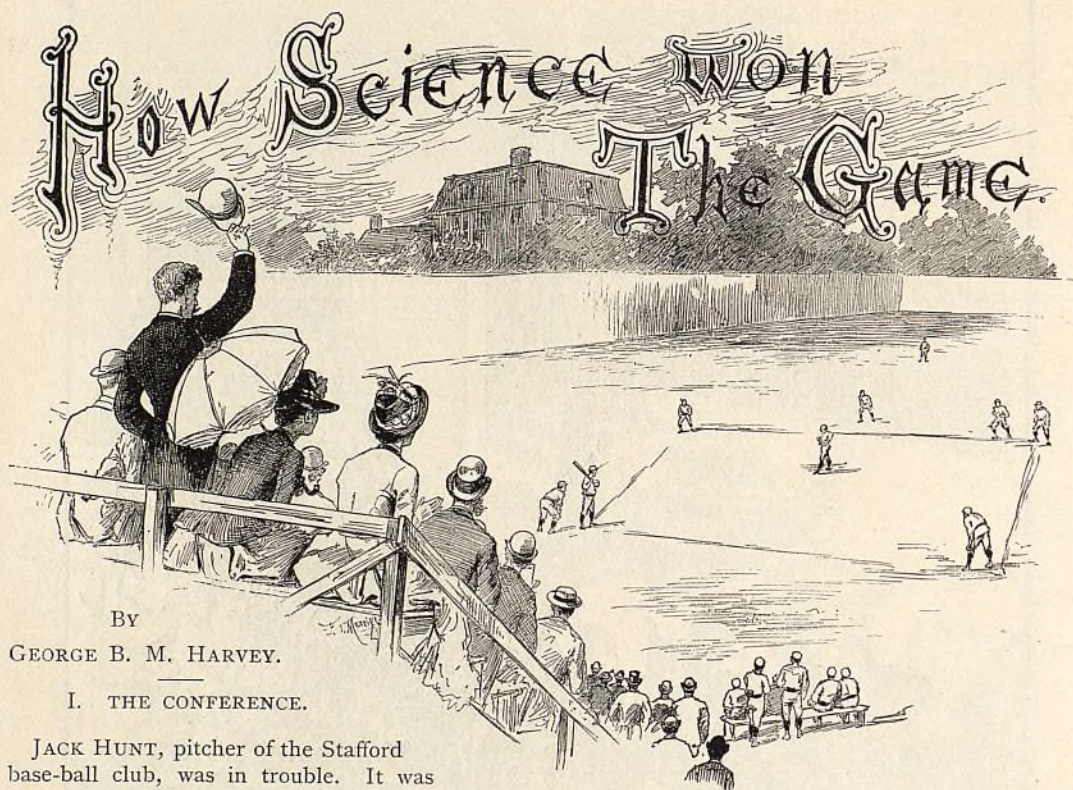
They scrawled a page to show the band  
Their special "style," or "business hand."

The teacher had enough to do,  
To act his part to nature true:  
He lectured well the infant squad;  
He rapped the desk and shook the rod,  
And stood the dunce upon the stool,  
A laughing-stock to all the school.  
But frequent changes please the crowd,  
So lengthy reign was not allowed;  
And when one master had his hour,  
Another took the rod of power;  
And thus they changed to suit the case,  
Till many filled the honored place.

So taken up was every mind  
With fun and study well combined,  
They noticed not the hours depart,  
Until the sun commenced to dart

A sheaf of lances, long and bright,  
Above the distant mountain height;  
Then from the school-room, in a heap,  
They jumped and tumbled, twenty-deep,  
In eager haste to disappear  
In deepest shade of forests near.

When next the children gathered there,  
With wondering faces fresh and fair,  
It took an hour of morning prime,  
According to the teacher's time,  
To get the books in place once more,  
And order to the room restore.  
So great had been the haste to hide,  
The windows were left open wide;  
While over slates and books and walls  
Remained the pen and pencil scrawls;—  
And scholars knew, without a doubt,  
That cunning Brownies were about.



BY

GEORGE B. M. HARVEY.

## I. THE CONFERENCE.

JACK HUNT, pitcher of the Stafford base-ball club, was in trouble. It was Monday, and the final and deciding game between the Stafford and the Danville clubs was called for the next Saturday; and "unless," as Jack said, something "turned up," his club would be sure to lose "the rubber." Each nine had won a game; and so they would meet for the final struggle on an apparently even footing. But really the chances greatly favored the Danville club, which had recently taken in some older players, who greatly strengthened their nine. They were all lusty young fellows. Not one was under eighteen years of age, and several were out of their teens. But Sanborn, the Stafford's first baseman and captain, was barely eighteen, and the ages of his men ranged from fifteen to seventeen.

Jack Hunt was a well-built lad of sixteen, which was also the age of Winfield Scott Hancock Bliss, the Stafford catcher.

And I must say a word also, at the outset, about Win. He was a Boston boy, spending his summer on the farm belonging to Jack's father, who happened to be his uncle. He was of a rather short and thick-set figure, with big black eyes that glowed like coals of fire when he was excited. Win had made good use of the gymnasium at school in the city and was really quite an athlete. He could jump two feet farther and nearly three

feet higher than any of his Stafford friends. Any other member of the nine could throw him in a wrestle, but not one of them could knock off his cap.

"You have the strength," he used to say to them, "but I tell you 'science' is the thing that wins!"

After supper, that Monday, Jack and Win started together for the village, where a conference of the nine was to be held on the piazza of the main store. The pitcher's face was still gloomy, for he knew from sad experience that the Danville fellows asked no better sport than to bat his pitching. The other players were less downcast, but all looked serious. The whole club was on hand in answer to the call. Besides the pitcher and catcher, there was Captain Sanborn, first baseman; Abe Blanchard, second baseman; Will Bailey, third baseman; Harley Esden, short-stop; Jack Steele, left-field; Am Ricker, center; and Sim Clarke, right.

The dignified captain called the meeting to order.

"I have asked for this meeting," he said, clearing his throat, "to see what was best to be done—

about the Danville game. We all know that we've only a small prospect of winning. We play just as good a game in the field as the Danville fellows, but we can't begin to equal them at the bat. I went to see them play the Barnets on Saturday, and I tell you they hit very hard. Besides, they have a new pitcher, and he throws like lightning."

"Then we might just as well give it up in advance," said Jack, whose small amount of courage had already slowly oozed away.

"No, sir, we're going to play 'em, anyhow," responded the resolute captain. "And we have just one chance of beating them; and that is to break up their batting."

"You'll have to put in a new pitcher, then," returned Jack.

"Nonsense. There is no use in talking about that," said Captain Sanborn. "You're the best pitcher in the nine, Jack,—by all odds the best. I do wish, though——"

"Well, what?" said Jack, as the captain hesitated.

"I wish you could learn to curve 'em. Don't you suppose you could?"

"I know I can't," was Jack's despondent answer. "I've tried, and tried, but can not get the trick of it."

There was silence for a moment, and then began a long discussion, in which his fellow-players sought both to cheer Jack's drooping spirits and to devise some plan of action that should promise to bring them success in the great game to be played on Saturday.

"Well, boys," said the captain, finally, "let every man do the best he can—that's all. We must keep our courage up. We've beaten them once and we may beat again. And if not, we'll make them earn the victory, at any rate."

So the sober conference was ended and the boys walked slowly to their homes. Late in the night Win heard Jack mutter in his sleep, "If I only could curve 'em!"

## II.—THE CURVES.

"WAKE up, Jack! Wake up, quick!" screamed Win in the ear of the sleepy pitcher the next morning. "I have an idea—a great scheme! Come, come!"

"What's the row?" grunted Jack, rubbing his eyes.

"Did you see that tall fellow, in the checked suit, at the hotel last night?" asked Win.

Jack nodded sleepily.

"Well, sir, he is the base-ball editor of the Boston *Trumpet*. I'm sure of it. I knew I'd

seen him before, and it just flashed upon me where. He is just the man we want. Hurry, or he'll have gone!"

"What if he has? he can't play for us," said Jack.

"I know that. But don't you understand? Are you asleep yet? He'll show you *how to curve!*"

"W-h-a-t!" Jack was wide awake now.

"Curves, curves,—don't you see? He knows all about 'em," said Win, eagerly. "Come on!"

It took Jack just ten minutes, by Win's watch, to dress, breakfast, and start on the run for the summer hotel.

When they sent up their names, they received in answer the message that "the gentleman was not up yet, but would they not wait?"

"Wait! well, I should say so!" replied Jack, with unnecessary energy.

An hour later, a tall, pleasant-looking young man sauntered into the office from the breakfast-room. It was the base-ball editor of the *Trumpet*, just arrived to spend a short vacation among the Green Mountains.

Win was nervous, as he advanced to meet them.

"Is this—the—*Trumpet*?" he finally burst out.

"What did you say?" inquired the young man.

"I mean," corrected the stammering catcher, "is this the base-ball editor of the *Trumpet*?"

The young man finished lighting a cigar, blew a whiff of smoke, and acknowledged his identity with a nod.

"Well, sir, we want the 'curves,' please," said eager Win.

"The *what*?" asked the young man wonderingly, while Jack sidled toward the door.

"It seems to me I never was so stupid!" replied Win, hastily. "Why, we came to ask if you would n't show our pitcher how to curve 'em. We're to play a match game next Saturday, and we've got to do something desperate or we'll get beaten out of our boots. Can't you show him how to curve?"

The now enlightened base-ball editor smiled, blew another whiff of smoke, winked, and asked, "Where is he?"

"Who?" inquired Win.

"Your pitcher, of course. You don't want the right fielder to curve, do you?"

"Of course not," said Win, laughing. "Here's our pitcher. Jack, this is the base-ball editor of the *Trumpet*."

Jack bowed and the base-ball editor held out his hand and looked carefully at Jack's.

"Are you strong in the wrist?" he finally asked.

"Yes, sir, I think so," said Jack.

"Let me feel your arm."

Jack extended it toward him, saying: "I ought to have *some* muscle; I've worked on the farm all summer."

"You did n't get that bunch there, in working on the farm," observed the base-ball editor, pressing the muscle on the outside of Jack's fore-arm, near the elbow.

"No, sir, I did n't," said Jack, in a surprised tone.

"You got that by pitching," continued the young man. "You must have pitched a good while, for a youngster."

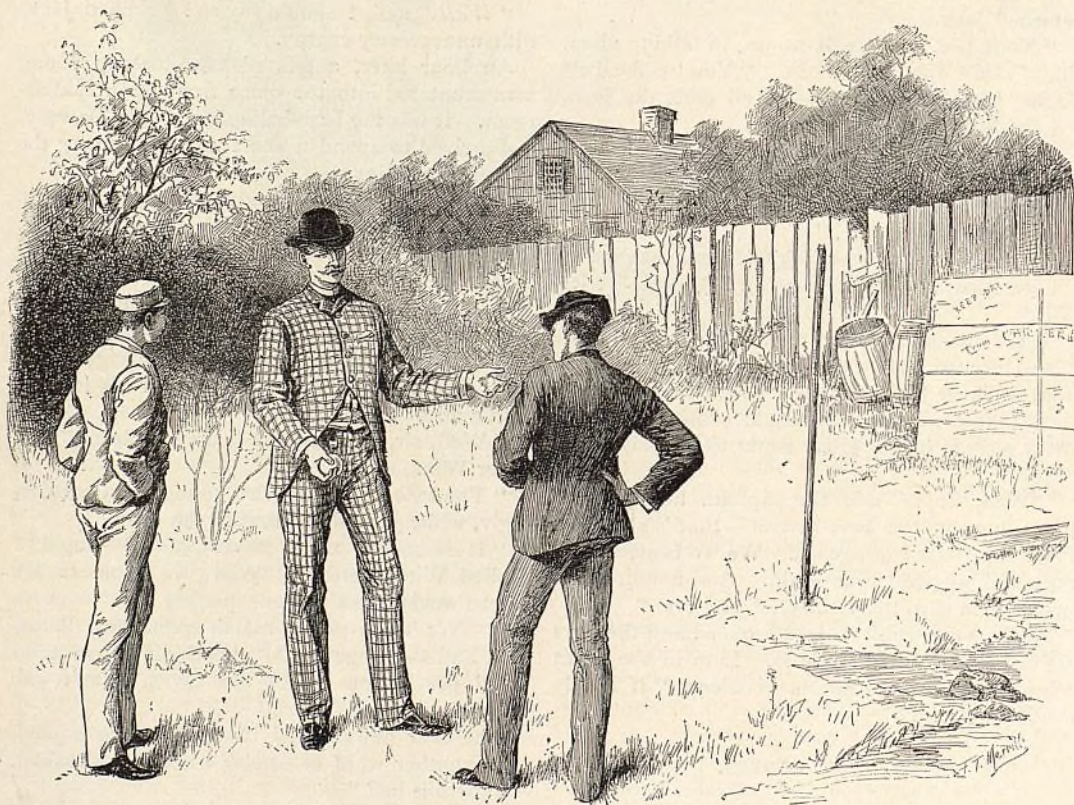
"Yes, sir," responded Jack, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Well, my young friends," said the base-ball

my cigar, and will come out and see if we can meet the emergency."

Fifteen minutes later, the two eager boys, having carried out the young man's directions, saw the tall form of their new friend emerge from the back doorway of the hotel.

"Now that piano box," remarked the base-ball editor, taking a league ball from his pocket, "we'll say, is resting on the home base. This spot, fifty feet away, is the pitcher's place. I will stand here facing the box and hold out my arm (with the ball in my hand) at right angles with a line running straight from here to the box. Now, one of you stand here behind me and take a squint over the ball, with the stake as a 'sight,' and let the other



THE BOYS ARE INSTRUCTED IN THE ART OF "CURVING."

editor, after smoking for a minute in silence, "I take you to be in earnest, and I'll tell you what I'll do. Out behind the hotel is an empty piano box. I saw it from my window, this morning. Go and prop that up on its sides, measure off fifty feet from it and mark the spot. Then, at about half-way between the box and the marked spot, drive a stake five or six feet high into the ground. By the time you shall have done that, I'll have finished

mark the place on the box, which the 'squinter' says is in a straight line from the ball, as I am holding it."

Win "squinted," and Jack made a straight mark, toward the ground, on the piano box. Both boys were decidedly mystified.

"Now," asked the base-ball editor, "a ball going straight from my hand and just missing the stake will hit the chalk-mark on the box; will it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Win, promptly.

"Then, if it strikes to the left of the mark, it will have to curve; will it?" was the next question.

"Yes, sir," answered Win, again.

"Then, here goes!" said the base-ball editor; and taking the ball in his right hand, he pressed it an instant with his left, and then threw it sharply. The ball passed about six inches to the right of the stake, and yet struck the box two or three inches to the left of the chalk mark.

"It must have curved eight inches," observed Win with "scientific" accuracy.

Jack tossed back the ball, and the young man threw again. This time the ball just missed the stake on the right, and struck at least a foot to the left of the mark.

"That was better," remarked the base-ball editor, in a satisfied tone. "Now, come here, Mr. Young Pitcher, and I'll show you how to do it."

"I don't believe I ever can," responded Jack, but with a face as eager as a child's.

"Oh, yes, you can!" said the young man. "There's nothing like knowing how. First, take the ball between your thumb and forefinger. Don't let your other fingers touch it. There, that's right! Now, press it down so it will just touch the cord connecting your thumb and finger. Correct! Now, pinch it *tight* with the end of your thumb and throw from your hip."

The ball struck to the right of the mark.

"No curve to that," said the instructor. "Pinch tighter and give a sharp, quick jerk when you throw."

The ball struck the mark.

"That's better," was the encouraging comment. "Try again and don't hurry about it! Keep cool!"

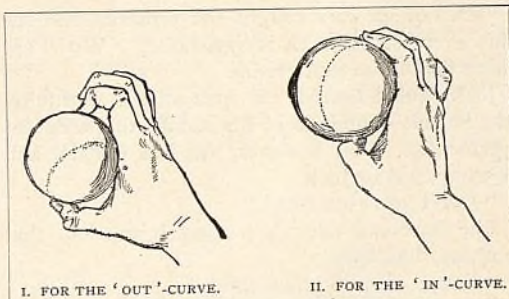
Jack had now almost overcome his nervousness and did as he was told. The ball just missed the stake and struck the box six inches to the left of the mark.

"Hurrah! You've caught the trick!" cried Win, throwing up his cap.

Jack tried again and again, finally making the ball strike nearly as far from the chalk-line as his teacher had sent it.

"Very good, indeed, for a beginner!" said the base-ball editor, heartily. "That is called the 'out' curve. Now we'll try the 'in' curve. You'll find it harder to manage. Bend your thumb at the first joint, place the ball on your knuckle and hold it firmly with your first two fingers. Don't let your other fingers touch it. Throw from near your knee, at first, and on the left side of the stake."

Jack threw swiftly, and the ball struck the mark.



I. FOR THE 'OUT'-CURVE.

II. FOR THE 'IN'-CURVE.

DIAGRAMS SHOWING HOW TO HOLD THE BALL FOR "CURVING."

"Now again, and pinch tight," was the command.

Again Jack threw, and this time he made the ball strike two or three inches to the right of the mark.

"That is much better than I expected," said the base-ball editor. "Why, you're a natural pitcher! Now all you want is practice. Use the stake awhile and then pitch over a base. Practice as much as you can without laming your arm. There are other curves, the 'up,' and the 'down,' besides what is called the 'shoot,' but these two will be enough for you to learn between now and Saturday."

"I'm everlastingly obliged," said Jack, warmly.

"You need n't thank me," responded the base-ball editor. "But I shall be interested in your work on Saturday. Will you let me know the result of the game when you come back?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Jack, heartily, and the two boys bade a grateful adieu to the young man, and went gayly off to the base-ball grounds for further practice.

"I tell you, Jack," said Win, as they walked rapidly along, "science is the thing that wins."

### III.—THE GAME.



SOMEWHAT to Win's surprise, the great day arrived on time. And so did the rickety old country stage, as it drew up with a flourish at the Danville ball-ground, and was greeted with a cheer. Out clambered the Stafford nine. They looked very neat in their bright new uniforms; but the spectators could not help remarking the physical superiority of the Danville players.

"We're going to have a perfect 'walk-over,'" remarked one of the Danville nine, lazily twirling a bat, as the Stafford boys threw off their coats.

Jack's quick ears caught the remarks, and his blue eyes flashed with indignation. "We'll see about that!" he muttered.

Jack had followed his instructions faithfully, and he felt confident of his ability to puzzle his opponents. Win, however, was less certain, and he whispered to Jack:

"Don't lose your head."

The base-ball editor's parting injunction, that morning, had been:

"Keep cool and pinch tight."

Captain Sanborn of the Staffords won the toss and chose the field. The boys scattered quickly to their various positions, and the ball was thrown to the pitcher. But no sooner had Jack received the signal to play than he had an attack of "stage-fright." His nerves tingled, and his knees shook. It was really not to be wondered at, for he had never pitched before so large a crowd, and he could not help feeling that the game depended on him. It was a trying position for any lad, and especially so for Jack, who, as Win said, was apt to "lose his head."

"Low ball!" called the umpire.

Jack threw quickly, and the ball whizzed away over the striker's head, striking the catcher's fence. A titter ran through the opposing nine. This bit of discourtesy was too much for Jack in his nervous condition. He threw wildly again, and became first excited and then reckless. Two men went to first base on called balls, and five made safe hits. When the wretched inning was finally ended, the Danvilles had scored five runs. Jack did not try to conceal his mortification.

Abe Blanchard was the first Stafford batsman. He was considered a good hitter, but he retired on three strikes, saying that the pitching was too swift for him.

Steele sent an easy fly to the second baseman, was caught out, and Win stepped to the plate. He was not embarrassed or nervous, and he hit a sharp grounder between the short stop and the third baseman. The left fielder was over-confident and let it pass him, and Win made two bases.

"Hunt to bat!" called the scorer.

Jack's face still burned, but his teeth were clenched. He struck the first ball pitched with all his strength and sent a fly just over the center fielder. Win got in and saved a whitewash. The next striker was put out, but the cheering of the crowd brought Jack to his senses. He walked steadily to the pitcher's box, perfectly cool and collected.

"Play!" called the umpire.

Jack pressed the ball into his right hand, pinched it tight, took a deliberate step forward and threw it. The batsman struck at it, but the

ball passed at least six inches from the end of his bat. Win smiled. Another ball followed, with the same result. Jack's confidence had now returned, and Win's black eyes flashed reassuringly behind the catcher's mask. The next ball started directly toward the striker, who stepped quickly back to avoid being hit. But his act was unnecessary. The ball curved neatly over the base and lodged safely in Win's hands.

"Three strikes, and out!" cried the pleased umpire.

The batsman was puzzled. He looked at the umpire, at his bat, and finally at Jack. But Win understood. It was the "out"-curve.

"Science is the thing that wins," the catcher whispered softly to himself.

Two more strikers were retired in quick order, one having struck a foul ball, which was easily caught by Win. It was a whitewash for the Danvilles. Not a man had reached the first base or had even left the home base. What could it mean? The Danville players looked at each other wonderingly, and the audience smiled and concluded that it might be an interesting game, after all.

From that time on, the Staffords steadily won. The swift pitching was hard to hit, but they had regained their courage and they did very well. The Danvilles soon saw how the balls were curving from them and they batted more prudently. Then Jack tried the "in"-curve. But they would hit even his curves occasionally, and in trying to vary his delivery, he let two or three strikers take bases on called balls. The game became interesting. At the end of the eighth inning the score stood twelve to eleven in favor of the Danvilles. They went to the bat for the last time, and Jack was on his mettle. The strikers retired in one,—two,—three order.

The Staffords came in to close the inning. But the history of that half-inning was best told by Jack to his friend, the base-ball editor, late that night.

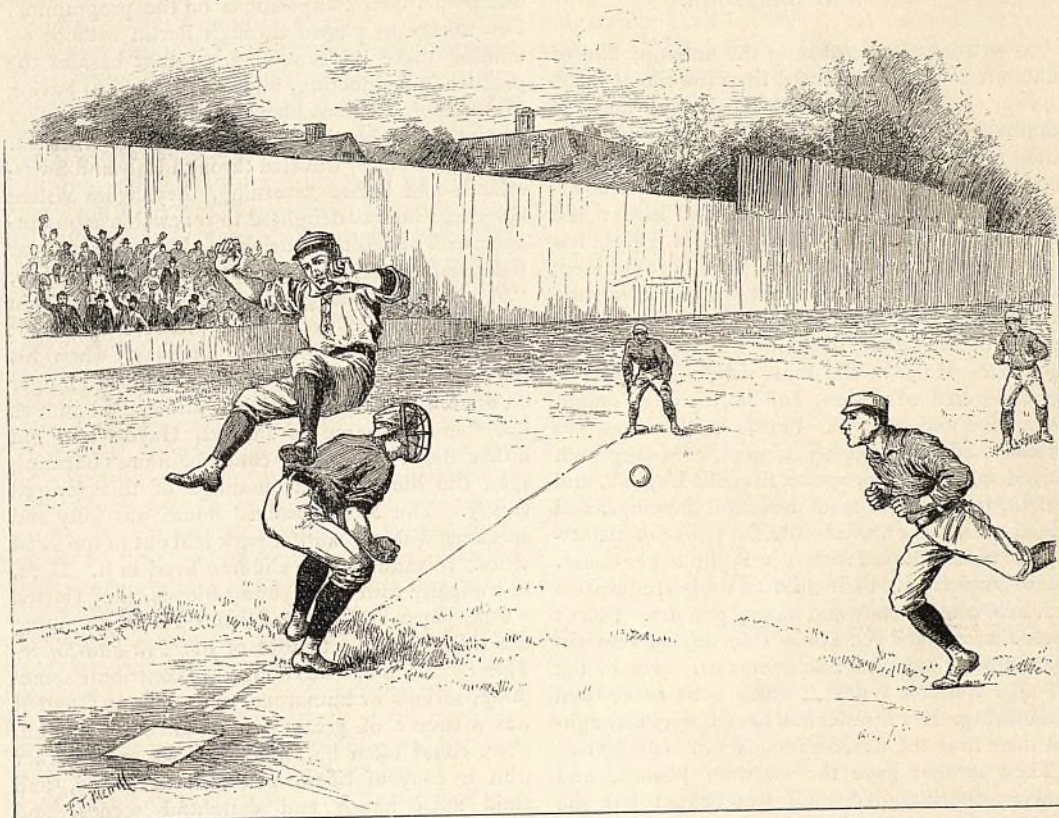
"Well," began Jack, when he reached this point in his narrative, "Am Ricker went up first for us, and he was so flustered, he struck out. Abe Blanchard hit a good grounder to third, but the ball got to first before he did. Then Steele went in and was given his base on called balls. And there we were! If they whitewashed us, we were beaten, but if we could get in one run, we should tie 'em; and two runs would give us the game. Win was next, and he never fails. He made a "daisy" hit. It was a liner just over the short-stop's head, and the left fielder fumbled again, so Win got his second. Then it was my turn. Well, sir, it was so still when I stepped to the plate that I honestly believe you could have

heard a pin drop on the grass. But I was just as cool as a cucumber. I'd mastered all my nonsensical nervousness.

"Well, I waited till I got a ball that just suited me, and then I sent it right down by the first base. The baseman did n't capture it, though;

reached around instantly to touch Win. But he didn't touch him. For, just as he stooped, Win made one of his famous jumps, and went clear over the catcher's back, striking both feet on the home base!

"Well, sir, you should have seen that catcher's face when he turned round and saw Win behind



"WIN MADE ONE OF HIS FAMOUS JUMPS AND WENT OVER THE CATCHER'S BACK."

and Steele came in from third and Win started from second. I never once thought of his trying to get home, for the right fielder had the ball in quick time, though I was safe on first. But, sir, Win never stopped at third; and jiminy!—how he did run! The catcher saw him coming and yelled for the ball. He was a short fellow, that catcher, but he was so afraid that Win would slide under him that he stood right in the line about three feet from the home base. The right-fielder had thrown the ball to the second-baseman, and he threw it home when he heard the catcher call for it. The ball came right to the catcher's knees; he stooped and caught it, and

him. I just lay down on the grass, and kicked my feet in the air and screamed! And the crowd, didn't they cheer! I never heard such a noise on the Fourth of July, or at any other time, and I never saw Win's eyes so big and bright. But all he'd say was what he always says: 'I tell you, boys, science is the thing that wins!' Oh! you ought to have been there!"

"I wish I had been there, I'm sure," said the base-ball editor, regretfully. "But I'll tell you what I am going to do.—I'm going to write out a report of that game."

And he did. This is it.

## FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

*A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.*

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

## VII.—MENDELSSOHN.

NO STRONGER contrast to the unhappy fate of Schubert could be presented than the life of Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, born at Hamburg, February 3, 1809. He was one of a gifted family, every member of which was lovable and interesting. His grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn, was a man great in mind and heart; and Abraham Mendelssohn, the father of Felix, was a man of power and character. He never attained, however, the fame of his father nor of his son, and he used to say in his later life: "Formerly I was the son of my father, and now I am the father of my son." He gave the most careful attention to his children's education, and they always sought his advice and counsel. Felix's mother, too, was an able and accomplished woman, who sang well, played on the piano, spoke French, English, and Italian, read Greek, made beautiful drawings, and added to all these attainments the power of attracting the most cultured society in Berlin to her house. These parents gave their children the best education that love could dictate and money procure. Felix's sister Fanny, four years older than he, had remarkable musical talent. She composed some of the "Songs Without Words," which Felix never tired of admiring. Her brother and herself were throughout their lives the dearest friends and confidants.

Their mother gave the children lessons, and always superintended their practicing; but she soon felt their need of a professional teacher, and Zelter, an enthusiastic disciple of Bach, undertook the children's musical education.

The children worked very hard at their music, rising at five to practice; nor was their general education neglected, for they had the best masters in every department. When Felix was eleven years old, he and his music teacher visited Goethe, the great German author, who loved to hear the little genius extemporize. Sir Julius Benedict, who met him at this time, says, "I shall never forget the impression of that day on beholding the beautiful youth, with his auburn hair clustering in ringlets round his shoulders, the ingenuous expression of his clear eyes, and the smile of innocence and candor on his lips."

Felix now worked very steadily at his music, and in 1818 a series of matinees were inaugurated, at which he conducted an orchestra, always placing

one of his own compositions on the programme. Few musicians passed through Berlin without attending these performances, so that besides the practice in conducting, and the pleasure of having his own compositions played, Felix had the further advantage of hearing the best musical criticism. In 1822 the family traveled through Italy and Switzerland, and before returning, they again visited Goethe, who was delighted to renew his acquaintance with the little musician. He loved to hear Felix improvise, and said to the lad's mother, "A charming, delightful boy; send him again soon, that I may get all the pleasure I can out of him." On his fifteenth birthday, when his health was proposed, Zelter said he was no longer an apprentice, but a musician, and hailed him as one "in the name of Mozart, Haydn and old father Bach." Nothing could be more charming than the life and surroundings of this favored family. The Mendelssohns' house was lofty and spacious, with a beautiful park laid out in trees and vines. In summer, the children lived in it. Here, in company with some young friends, they started a little paper called the *Garden-Times*, changing the title in winter to that of the *Tea-and-Snow-Times*. Each one was obliged to contribute something, serious or humorous, to its columns, and it was a source of great amusement to them all. Felix could often be found in some snug corner with a copy of Shakespeare in his hand, and amid such happy and delightful scenes, and while reading the comedy, Mendelssohn really wrote his "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, which he copied twenty years afterward without changing a note. In 1829, the Bach Passion Music was given, chiefly through his efforts; he always considered Bach his master, and said that he was the source of all that was most needful in music. During that year, Felix left home for a season of travel; the journey was undertaken not merely to study his art and to win reputation, but, what was just now far more important to him, to see places and people; in short, for general as well as for musical culture. His absence left a blank at home, which was felt by no one more than Fanny; but they were all somewhat consoled by the affectionate and interesting letters he sent them. In London he was entertained by Moscheles, and enthusiastically received by the public; his intellectual and social gifts were only less rare than his

musical genius. At the end of the season, Felix made a tour through Scotland, where he met Sir Walter Scott. He delighted also in the air and scenery, and his letters are filled with charming descriptions of his tour. On returning to England, he staid for some time at Chester, where he was entertained by a Mr. Taylor. We have in Mendelssohn's letters a beautiful picture of the simple out-of-door life he led there, and we are impressed by his high spirits, and his entire freedom from conceit. He loved afterward to tell of the charm which the meadow and brook, the trees and grass had for him there. He spent much time in sketching and painting; but his head was full of music, and everything suggested a musical idea to him. He was very fond of carnations, and he set a bunch of them to music in the album of a daughter of his host, with a drawing of the flowers over the notes; not forgetting to set some delicate arpeggios in the music for the scent of the flowers. On seeing the younger sister with some bell-shaped flowers in her hair, he said that the fairies might dance on the trumpets, and he set them to a capriccio. He never tired of merry-making, and one afternoon toward dusk, he, with a number of young people, was one of a happy young company that was picnicking in a thicket. Some one gayly proposed a fire; and all began to drag the boughs and twigs into place, so that soon they had a fine bonfire. While still lingering around it, Mendelssohn began to ask for some music, but nothing could be found save a worn-out fiddle of the gardener's. Mendelssohn, all undismayed, began to play, shouting with laughter at his performance; but soon there was a hush in the chat and sport, and the whole party sat spell-bound at the lovely music which he drew from even that despised fiddle. He would sit for hours, improvising dance-tunes, and liked nothing better than to entertain his friends with his music. He always looked back on his visit to Chester as one of the brightest spots in a bright life.

Such a youth was Mendelssohn at twenty,—simple, lovable, and gifted. He had beautiful dark-brown eyes and fine wavy hair, and a delicate mouth. Fascinating in face, in disposition, and in attainments, what wonder that all hearts were drawn to him, and that everybody loved him? It is said that, when improvising, his hands seemed almost like living creatures; his eyes glowed and seemed to become larger and larger; but his whole manner was very quiet and unassuming. Some-

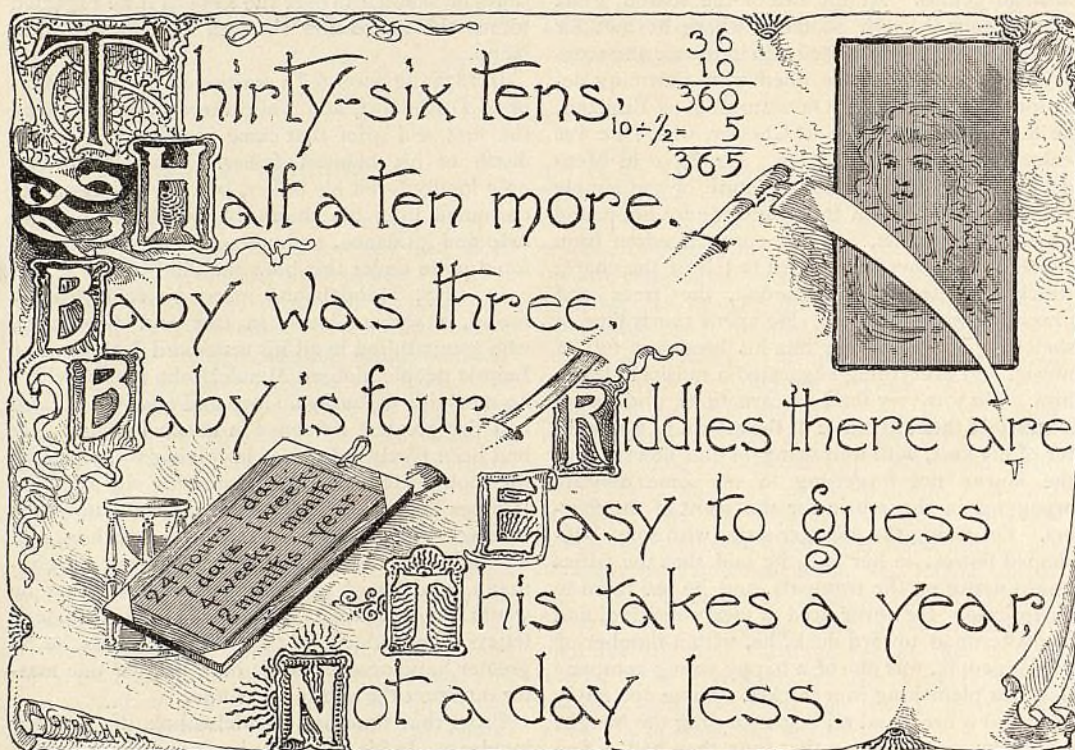
times he would lean over the keys as if he expected to see the music flow through his fingers to the piano.

In 1833, he accepted a position as musical director at Dusseldorf, and while there he experienced the first real grief that came into his life, in the death of his beloved father. Mendelssohn not only fondly loved his father, but he had been accustomed from his childhood to look to him for help and guidance, and not one of the family suffered more under this blow than did he.

In 1837, Mendelssohn married Cécile Jeanneaud, a woman lovely in face and disposition, who sympathized in all his tastes and desires. The Leipzig people idolized Mendelssohn; everywhere he met with enthusiastic love and admiration, and had the greatest influence in musical affairs. He had been partly influenced in coming to Leipzig by the thought that he would live in the city sacred to "father Bach"; once settled there, he determined to erect some kind of a monument to him, and for this object he gave an organ concert. Schumann, who heard the performance, said that he would love to write of the evening in "golden letters," and added that for him there can be no greater happiness in music than to hear one master interpret the works of another.

From that time on, Mendelssohn's life had few incidents. In his last years he overworked himself in his zeal for his art, and became melancholy and low-spirited, his sadness increasing, till he died, Nov. 4, 1847. His death was deeply mourned not only throughout Germany, but in England, where he had many dear personal friends. With him the greatest light of the Mendelssohn family went out.

To few men has it been given to have so happy or so accomplished a life as to Felix Mendelssohn. Music was much, very much to him, but it was not all. If he had never played a note of music, he could have made a fine painter; if he had neither played nor painted, he was so full of intellectual resources, he could have led a broad, useful life, attracting the rarest spirits to himself. But he had all these, and it is a marvel that he could find time for all he did and all he was. His published letters show the completeness of his character and his life. He was a happy musician, and his life is reflected in his music. It is a relief sometimes to turn from the deep, passionate strains wrung from the aching heart of Schubert or Mozart to the sweet, delicate, beautiful music of Mendelssohn.



## DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

AS WAS stated early in this simple history, the original barn was built on a side-hill, the rear facing the south; and, since the foundations were still in fair condition and the site convenient, I determined to build on the same spot, at the same time modifying the old plan somewhat.

I had decided that the poultry-house and pigsty should form an extension to the barn and that both should be built in the side of the bank also. The poultry-house, between the barn and sty, was to be built so that its side facing the southeast should be chiefly of glass, and so constructed as to secure the greatest amount of light and warmth. Eggs in winter form the most profitable item in poultry keeping.

It did not take the masons long to point up and strengthen the old foundations, and early in September everything was under full headway, the sound of hammer, saw, and plane resounding all day long. It was Winnie's and Bobsey's task to gather up the shavings and refuse bits of lumber and carry them to the wood-house.

"The ease and quickness with which we can build fires next winter," I said, "is a pleasant thing to think of."

Meanwhile the garden was not neglected. The early flight of summer-boarders had greatly reduced the demand for vegetables, and now we began to hoard for our own use. The lima-beans were allowed to dry on the vines, the matured pods of the bush-beans were spread in the attic, and thither also the ripened onions were brought and placed in shallow boxes. As far as possible we had saved our own seed. I had made a box and had cov-

ered it with tin so as to be mouse-proof, and in this we placed the different varieties, carefully labeled. Although it was not an apple year, quite a number of our trees were in bearing. Twice in each week, the best of the wind-falls were picked up and sent to the village, with the tomatoes and such other vegetables as were in demand. As fast as crops matured, the ground was cleared, and all of the refuse that contained no injurious seeds was saved as a winter covering for the strawberry plants.

Our main labor, however, after digging the rest of the potatoes, was the setting of that half acre in the later varieties of the strawberry. Although the early part of September was very dry and warm, we managed to set out two or three rows nearly every afternoon. The nights had now grown so long and cool that one thorough watering seemed to establish the plants. Near the middle of the month, there came a fine rain, and we set the remainder of the ground in one day, all the children aiding me in the task. Those first planted were now strong, splendid plants, with a bunch of foliage six inches in diameter.

Thus, between helping in the work on the new barn and other labors, September saw a renewal of our early summer activity.

"The winds are whispering of winter in the trees," I said to the children, "and all thrifty creatures, ants, bees, and squirrels, are laying up their stores. So must we."

I had watched our ripening corn with great satisfaction. For a long time Merton could walk through it without his straw hat being seen above the nodding tassels. But one day, Mr. Jones came over with some bundles of long rye-straw in his wagon and said:

"You can't guess what these are for."

"Some useful purpose, or you wouldn't have brought them," I replied.

"We'll see. Come with me to the corn patch."

As we started, he took a bundle under his arm, and I saw that he had a tool called a corn-knife in his hand. Going through the rows, he occasionally stripped down the husks from an ear and then said:

"Yes, it's ready. Don't you see that the kernels are plump and glazed? Junior and I are going to tackle our corn to-morrow, and, says I to myself, if ours is ready to cut, so is neighbor Durham's. The sooner it's cut after it's ready, the better. The stalks are worth more for fodder, and you run no risk from an early frost, which would spoil it all. You and Merton must pitch in as you usually do. And now I'll show you how to work at it."

Gathering the stalks together above the ears with his left hand, he cut the entire hill off with one blow of the corn-knife within six inches of the

ground, and then leaned the stalks against those of an uncut hill. This he continued to do until he had made what he called a "stout," or a bunch of stalks about as large as he could conveniently encircle with his arms, the uncut hill of stalks forming a support in the center. Then he took a wisp of the rye-straw, divided it evenly, and putting the two ends together, twisted it speedily into a sort of a rope. With this he bound the stout tightly above the ears by a simple method which one lesson made plain to me.

"Well, you are a good neighbor!" I exclaimed.

"Pshaw! What does this amount to?" he replied. "You forget that I've sold you a lot of rye-straw, and so have the best of you, after all."

"I don't forget anything, Mr. Jones. As you say, I believe we shall 'make a go' of it here, but we always remember how much we owe to you and Junior. You've let me pay for some things in a way that saved my self-respect, and made me feel that I could go to you as often as I wished, but you have never taken advantage of me, and you have kept smart people from doing it. Do you know, Mr. Jones, that in every country village there are weasel-like people who encourage new-comers by bleeding their pocket-books at every chance? In securing you as a neighbor, our battle was half won, for no one needs a good, practical friend more than a city man beginning life in the country."

"Jerusalem! how you talk! I'm goin' right home and tell my wife to call me 'Saint Jones.' Then I'll get a tin halo and wear it, for my straw hat is about played out," and away he went, chuckling over his odd conceits, but pleased, as all men are, when their good-will is appreciated. One kind of meanness that disgusts human nature, is a selfish, unthankful reception of kindness.

After an early supper I drove to the village with what I had to sell, and returned with two corn-hooks. And by night of the following day, Bagley and I had the corn cut and tied up.

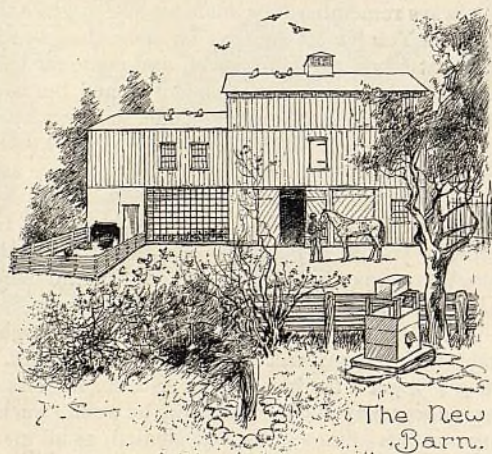
On the next afternoon I helped Bagley sharpen the hooks and we began to cut the fodder-corn which now stood, green and succulent, averaging two feet in height throughout the field.

The barn was now up and the carpenters were roofing it in, while two days more of work would complete the pig-sty and poultry-house. Every stroke of the hammer told rapidly, and we all exulted over our new and better appliances for carrying out our plan of country life. Since the work was being done by contract, I contented myself by seeing that it was done thoroughly. Meanwhile, Merton was busy with the cart drawing rich earth from the banks of the creek. The proper use of fertilizers had given such a marked increase to our crops that it became clear that our best

prospect of growing rich was to make the land rich.

During the last week of September the nights were so cool as to suggest frost, and I said to Mousie:

"I think we'd better take up your geraniums and other window plants and put them in pots and boxes. We can then stand them under a tree, which would shelter them from a slight frost. Should there be serious danger, it would take us but a few minutes to bring them into the house. You have taken such care of them all summer that I do not intend that you shall lose them now. Refer to your flower-book, and read what kind of soil they grow best in during the winter, and then Merton can help you gather it."



The child was all solicitude about her pets, and after dinner she and Merton, the latter trundling a wheelbarrow, went down to the creek and obtained a lot of fine sand and some leaf-mold from under the trees in the woods. These ingredients we carefully mixed with rich soil from the flower bed, and put it in the pots and boxes around the roots of as many plants as there was room for on the table by the sunny kitchen window. Having watered them thoroughly, we stood them under a tree, there to remain until a certain sharpness in the air should warn us to carry them to their winter quarters.

The lima-beans, as fast as the pods grew dry, or even yellow, were picked and spread in the attic. They could be shelled at our leisure on stormy winter days.

Early in September my wife had begun to give Mousie, Winnie, and Bobsey their lessons again. Since we were at some distance from a school-house, we decided to continue this arrangement for the

winter, with the three younger children. Merton, however, was to begin school as soon as possible, but he pleaded hard for a reprieve until the last of October, saying that he did not wish to begin before Junior. As we still had a great deal to do, and as the boy had set his heart on some fall shooting, I yielded, and he promised to study all the harder when he began. I added, however:

"The evenings have grown so long that you can write for half-an-hour after supper, and then we will review your arithmetic together. It will benefit me as well as you."

During the ensuing weeks we carried out this plan after a fashion, but at the close of a busy day in the open air, we were apt to nod over our tasks. We were both taught the soundness of the rule that brain-work should precede physical exercise.

The first day of October was bright, clear, and mild, and we gladly welcomed the true beginning of fall in our latitude. This month competes with May in its ideal country life. The children voted it first of all the months, feeling that a vista of unalloyed delights was opening before them. Already the butternuts were falling from several large trees on the place, and the burrs on the chestnuts were plump with their well-shielded treasures. Winnie and Bobsey had begun to gather some of these burrs from the lower limbs of an immense tree, twenty-four feet in circumference, and to stamp out the half-brown nuts within.

"One or two frosts will ripen them and open the burrs," I said, and then the children began to long for the frost, which I dreaded.

While I still kept the younger children busy in the garden, for a few hours on every clear morning and especially at clipping the runners from the strawberry plants in the field, they were given ample time to gather their winter hoard of nuts. This prospect seemed to afford them endless items for talk, Bobsey modestly assuring us that he alone would gather about a million bushels of butternuts and almost as many chestnuts and walnuts.

"What will the squirrels do then?" I asked.

"They must do as I do," he cried: "pick up and carry off as fast as they can. They'll have a better chance than I'll have, too, for they can gather all day long. The little scamps are already taking the nuts off the trees. I've seen 'em, and I wish Merton would shoot 'em all."

"Well, Merton," said I, laughing, "I suppose that squirrels are proper game for you, but I hope you and Junior will not shoot many robins. They are too useful to be killed wantonly, and I feel grateful for all the music they've given us during the past summer. I know the law permits you to shoot them now, but you and Junior should be more civilized than such a law."

"If we don't get 'em, everybody else will, and we might as well have our share," he replied.

"Well, then," I continued, "I have a proposition to make to you and Junior. I'd like you both to promise not to shoot robins except on the wing. That will teach you to be expert and quick-eyed. A true sportsman is not one who tries to kill as much game as possible, but to shoot scientifically, skillfully. There is more pleasure in giving your game a chance, and in bringing it down with a fine long shot, than in slaughtering the poor creatures like chickens in a coop. Anybody can shoot a robin sitting on a bough a few yards off, but to bring one down when in rapid flight is the work of a sportsman. And for my part I had rather live on pork than on robins or any useful birds."

He readily agreed not to fire at robins except when flying, and to induce Junior to do likewise, and I was satisfied that not many of my little favorites would suffer.

"Very well," I said, "I'll coax Mr. Jones to let Junior off to-morrow, and you can have the entire day for hunting. This evening you can go down to the village and get a stock of ammunition."

The boy went to his work happy and contented.

Now Bobsey had a little wagon, and having finished his morning stint of work, he, with Mousie and Winnie, started off to the nearest butternut-tree, and during the remainder of the day, except during the time occupied with lessons, they were busily gathering the nuts. By night they had at least one of the "million" bushels spread out, and drying.

As they brought in their last load about five o'clock in the afternoon, I said to them:

"Come and see what I have here."

I led the way to the sty, where were grunting three half-grown pigs. Having learned from Rollins that he was willing to sell some of his stock, I had bought three pigs and put them into the new sty as soon as it was ready.

The children welcomed the new-comers with shouts, but I said, "That won't do; you'll frighten them so that they'll try to jump out of the pen. Run now and pick up a load of apples in your wagon and throw them to the pigs; they'll understand and like such a welcoming better."

At supper I added: "Children, picking up apples, which was such fun this afternoon, will be part of your regular morning work, for a while. In the room over the sty is a bin which must be filled with the fallen apples before any nuts can be gathered."

Even Bobsey laughed at the idea that this was work, but I knew that it would soon become so.

"I have good news about the Bagley children," said my wife. "I was down there to-day, and all the children begin school next Monday. Between

clothes which our children have outgrown and what Mrs. Bagley has been able to buy and make, all three of the young Bagleys present a very respectable appearance. I took it upon myself to tell the children that, if they went to school regularly, we would make them nice Christmas presents."

"And I confirm the bargain heartily," I cried, "Merton, look out for yourself or the Bagley boy will get ahead of you at school."

He laughed and started for the village, with Junior, who now appeared, to get their powder and shot.

The next morning, after loading up a good lot of cartridges before breakfast, the two boys started, and having all day before them, took their lunches, with the intention of exploring Schunnemunk mountain. The squirrels, birds, and rabbits near home were reserved for odd times when they could slip away for a few hours only.

Our new barn, now about completed, gave as much pleasure to my wife and myself as the nuts and game afforded the children. I went through it, adding here and there some finishing touches and little conveniences, a painter meanwhile giving it a final coat of dark, cheap wash. Our poultry-house was now ready for use and I said to Winnie:

"To-night we will catch the chickens and put them in it."

The old horse had already been established in the stable, and I resolved that the cow also should come in, at night. In the afternoon, I began turning over the fodder-corn, and saw that a very few more days would cure it. Toward night, I examined the apples, and resolved to adopt old Mr. Jamison's plan of picking the largest and ripest at once, leaving the smaller and greener fruit to mature until the last of the month. The dark apple-and-root cellar was already half filled with potatoes, but the space left for such apples as we should keep was ready. From time to time, when returning from the village, I had brought empty barrels, and in some of these, earlier apples, like fall pippins and greenings, had already been packed and shipped to Mr. Bogart. By his advice I had resolved to store the later and good keeping varieties, and dispose of them gradually to the best advantage. I resolved that the morrow should see the beginning of our chief labor in the orchard. I had sold a number of barrels of wind-falls, but they brought a price that barely repaid us. My examination of the trees now proved that there should be no more delay in taking off the large, and fine-looking fruit.

With the setting sun, Merton and Junior appeared, scarcely able to drag their weary feet down the lane. Nevertheless their fatigue was

caused by efforts entirely after their own hearts, and they declared that they had had a "splendid time." Then they emptied their game-bags. Each of the boys had a partridge, Merton one rabbit, and Junior two. Merton kept up his prestige by showing two gray squirrels to Junior's one. Red squirrels abounded, and there were a few robins, brought down on the wing, as the boys had promised.

What interested me most was the rattles of the deadly snake which Junior had nearly stepped on, and then had shot.

"Schunnemunk is full of rattlers," he said.

"Please don't hunt there any more, then," I replied.

"No, we'll go into the main Highlands to the east'rd next time."

Merton had also brought down a chicken hawk, and the game, spread out on the kitchen table, suggested much interesting wild life, about which I said we should read during the coming winter, adding, "Well, boys, you have more than earned your salt in your sport to-day, for each of you have supplied two game dinners."

Merton was allowed to sleep late the next morning, and was then set to work in the orchard, while I divided my time between aiding in picking the apples and turning over the fodder-corn.

"You can climb like a squirrel, Merton," said I, "and I must depend on you chiefly for gathering the apples. Handle them like eggs, so as not to bruise them and then they will keep better. After we have been over the trees once and have stacked the fodder-corn, you shall have a good time with your gun."

For the next few days we worked hard, and nearly finished the first picking of the apples and getting into shocks the greater part of the corn. Then came a storm of wind and rain, and the best apples on one tree, not picked over, were soon lying on the ground bruised and unfit for winter keeping.

"You see, Merton," I said, "that we must manage to get over the trees earlier next year. Live and learn."

The wind came out of the north the day after the storm, and Mr. Jones shouted, as he passed down the road, "We'll have frost to-night."

Then, indeed, we bestirred ourselves. Mousie's flowers were carried in; the lima-bean poles, still hanging full of green pods more or less filled out, were pulled up and stacked together under a tree; and some tomato vines, with their green and partially ripe fruit, were taken up by the roots and hung under the shed.

"We may thus keep a supply of this wholesome vegetable some weeks longer," I said.

Everything that we could protect was looked

after, but our main task was the gathering of all the grapes except those hanging against the sides of the house. These, I believed, would be so sheltered as to escape injury. We had been enjoying this delicious fruit for some time, carrying out our plan, however, of reserving the best for the market. The berries on the small clusters were just as sweet and luscious, and the children were content. Sure enough, on the following morning white hoar-frost covered the grass and leaves.

"No matter," cried Winnie, at the breakfast table, "the chestnut burrs are opening!"

By frequent stirring the rest of the corn-fodder was soon dried out again, and stacked. Then we took up the beets and carrots and stored them also in the root cellar.

We had frost now almost every night, and the trees were gorgeous in their various hues, while others were already losing their foliage.

The days were filled with delight for the children. The younger ones were up with the sun to gather the nuts that had fallen during the night, Merton accompanying them with his gun, and bringing in squirrels daily, and now and then a robin, shot on the wing. His chief exploit, however, was the bagging of half a dozen quails that unwarily chose the lower part of our meadow as a resort. Then he and Junior took several long outings in the Highlands with fair success, for the boys had become decidedly expert.

"If we only had a dog," cried Merton, "we could do wonders."

"Save your money next summer and buy one," I replied; "I'll give you a chance, Merton."

By the middle of October, the weather became dry and warm, and the mountains were almost hidden by the Indian summer haze.

"Now for the corn-husking," I said, "and the planting of the ground in raspberries, and then we shall be through with our chief labors for the year."

Merton helped me at the husking, but I allowed him to keep his gun near, and he obtained an occasional shot, which enlivened his toil. Two great bins over the sty and poultry-house received the yellow ears, the longest and fairest being stored in one, and in the other the "nubbins." Part of the stalks were tied up and put in the old "corn-stalk barn," as we called it, and the remainder stacked near. Our cow certainly was provided for.

Having removed the corn, Mr. Jones plowed the field deeply, and then Merton and I set out the varieties of raspberries which promised best in our locality, making the hills four feet apart in the row, and the rows five feet from each other. I followed the instructions of my fruit-book closely,

and cut back the canes of the plants to six inches, sunk the roots so deeply as to leave about four inches of soil above them, putting two or three plants in the hill. Then, over and about the hills, on the surface of the ground, we put two shovelfuls of compost, finally covering the plants beneath a slight mound of earth. This would protect them from the severe frost of winter.

These labors and the final picking of the apples brought us to the last week of the month. Of the smaller fruit, kept clean and sound for the purpose, we reserved enough to make two barrels of

ior were given one more day's outing in the mountains with their guns. On the following Monday they trudged off to the nearest public school, feeling that they had been treated liberally and that brain-work must now begin in earnest. Indeed, for months from that time, school and lessons took precedence of everything else, and the proper growth of our boys and girls was the prominent thought.

November weather was occasionally so blustering and stormy that I turned school-master now and then, to relieve my wife. During the month,



AT WORK IN THE ORCHARD.

cider, of which one should go into vinegar and the other be kept sweet, to be drunk at our nut-crackings around the winter fire. Bobsey's dream of "millions of bushels" of butter and other nuts had not been realized; yet, enough had been dried and stored away to satisfy even his eyes. Not far away an old cider-mill was running steadily, and we soon had the barrels of russet nectar in our cellar. Then came Saturday, and Merton and Jun-

however, there were bright genial days and others softened by a smoky haze, which gave me opportunity to gather and store a large crop of turnips, to trench in my celery on a dry knoll, and to bury, with their heads downward, all the cabbages for which I could not find a good market. The children still gave me some assistance, but, lessons over, they were usually permitted to amuse themselves in their own way. Winnie, however, did not lose

her interest in the poultry, and Merton regularly aided in the care of the stock and in looking after the evening supply of fire-wood.

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated with due observance. In the morning we all heard Dr. Lyman preach, and came home with the feeling that neither we, nor the country at large, were going to the bad. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, with Junior, dined with us in great state, and we had our first four-course dinner since arriving in Maizeville, and at the fashionable hour of six in the evening. Our feast was a very informal affair, seasoned with mirth and spiced with hunger. My wife looked after the transfers from the kitchen at critical moments, while Winnie and Mousie were our waitresses. A royal blaze crackled in the open fire-place, and seemed to share in the sparkle of our rustic wit and unforced mirth, which kept plump Mrs. Jones in a perpetual quiver of delight. Her husband came out strong in his comical summary of the past year's experience, concluding:

"Well, we owe you and Mrs. Durham a vote of thanks for reforming the Bagley tribe. That appears to me an orthodox case of conversion. First we gave them the terrors of the law. I tell you we were smoking in wrath around him that mornin', like Mount Sinai, and you had the sense to bring, in the nick of time, the gospel of 'givin' a feller a chance.'"

"Well," I replied, becoming thoughtful for a moment with boyish memories, "my good old mother taught me that it was God's plan to give us a chance, and help us make the most of it."

I remembered the Bagleys to-day," Mrs. Jones remarked, nodding to my wife. "We felt that they might be encouraged."

"So did we," my wife replied.

It was afterward learned that, out of good-will, the neighbors had provisioned the Bagleys for nearly a month.

By eight o'clock everything was cleared away, and then we all gathered around the glowing hearth, Junior's rat-a-tat-snap! proving that our final course of nuts and cider would be provided at the usual time.

How homely it all was, how free from any attempt at display or style, yet equally free from any trace of coarseness, vulgarity, or ill-natured gossip! Mousie had added grace to the table with her blooming plants and dried grasses, and although the dishes had been set on the table by my wife's and the children's hands, they were daintily ornamented and inviting. All had been within our means and within ourselves, and the following morning brought no regretful thoughts. Our helpful friends went home, feeling that they had not bestowed their kindness on unthankful

people whose scheme of life was to get and take, but not to return.

Well, our first year was drawing to a close. The first of December was celebrated by an event no less momentous than the killing of our pigs, to Winnie's and Bobsey's intense excitement. In this affair my wife and I were almost helpless; but Mr. Jones and Bagley were on hand, and proved themselves veterans.

I next gave all my attention, when the weather permitted, to the proper winter covering of all the strawberries, and to the cutting and carting home of dead and dying trees from the wood-lot.

The increasing cold brought new and welcome pleasures to the children. There was ice on the neighboring ponds, and skates were bought as premature Christmas presents. New sleds, also, were forthcoming, and the first fall of snow enabled Merton and Junior to track some rabbits that, until then, had eluded their search.

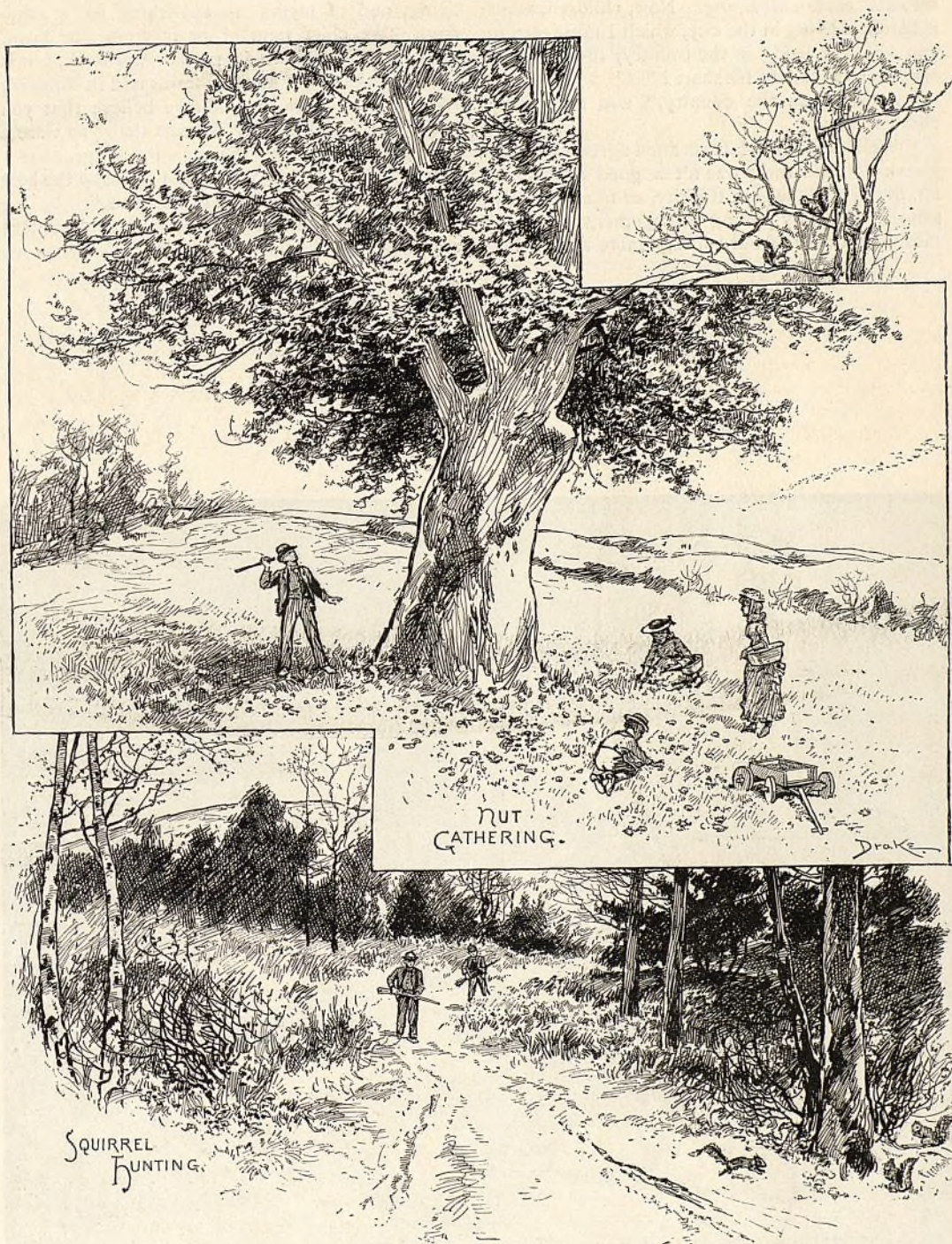
By the middle of December we realized that winter had begun in all its rather stern reality, but we were sheltered and provided for. We had so far imitated the ants, that we had abundant stores until the flinty earth should again yield its bounty.

Christmas brought us more than its wonted joy, and a fulfillment of the hopes and anticipations which we had cherished on the same day of the previous year. We were far from regretting our flight to the country, although it had involved hard toil and many anxieties. My wife was greatly pleased by my many hours of rest at the fireside in her companionship, caused by days too cold and wintry for outdoor work; but our deepest and most abiding content was expressed one evening, as we sat alone after the children were asleep.

"You have solved the problem, Robert, that was troubling you. There is space here for the children to grow, and the Daggetts and the Ricketts and their kind are not so near as to make them grow wrong almost in spite of us. A year ago we felt that we were virtually being driven to the country. I now feel as if we had been led by a kindly and Divine hand."

I said to the whole family, at breakfast, next day: "On New Year's morning, I will tell you all the result of our first year's effort, according to my account-book."

So, on that day, after our greetings and good wishes for the New Year, they all looked expectantly at me as I opened our financial record. As carefully and clearly as possible, so that even Winnie might understand, in part, I went over the different items and the expense and proceeds of the different crops, so far as I was able to separate them. Bobsey's attention soon wandered,—he had an abiding faith that breakfast, dinner and



supper would follow the sun, and that was enough for him; but the other children were pleased with my confidence in them, and tried to understand.

"To sum everything up," I said, finally, "we have done, by working all together, what I alone would probably have accomplished in the city—

*we have made our living.* Now, children, which is better, a living in the city, which I must earn for you all, or a living in the country, toward which even Bobsey can do his share?"

"A living in the country," was the prompt chorus.

"Well, children, Mamma and I agree with you," I said. "And there was n't a good opportunity for me to get ahead in the city, or to earn a large salary. Here, by pulling all together, there is almost a certainty of our earning more than a bare

living, and of laying up something for a rainy day. The chief item of profit from our farm, however, is not down in my account-book, but is to be found in your sturdier forms and in Mousie's red cheeks. More than all, we believe that you are better and healthier at heart than you were a year ago.

"Now for the New Year! Let us make the best and most of it, and ask God to help us."

And so my simple history ends in glad content and hope.

THE END.



TEACHING TABBY AND THE KITTENS HOW TO PLAY CAT'S CRADLE.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

## THOSE CLEVER GREEKS.

BY ARLO BATES.

If you turn a book upside down and look at the letters, every s will seem much smaller at the bottom than at the top, although, when the book is properly held, both halves appear the same size to the eye. The long vertical lines in Figure 1

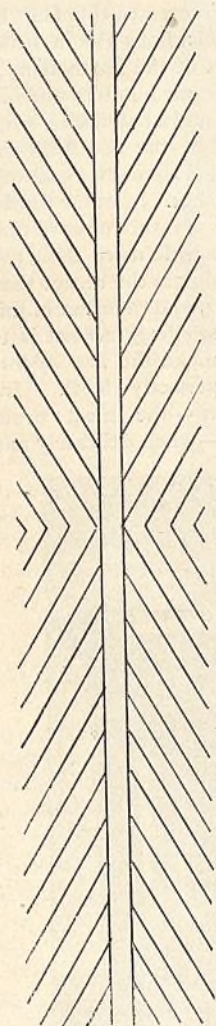


FIG. 1.

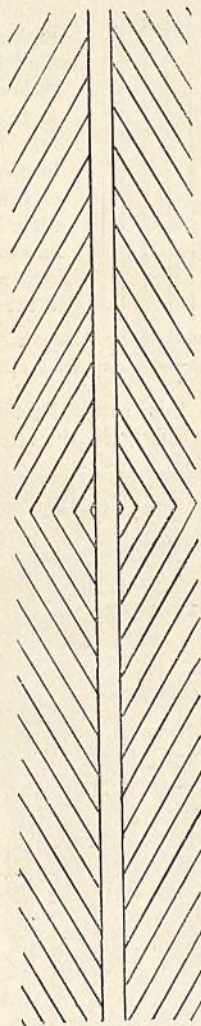


FIG. 2.

are really parallel and just the same distance apart as those in Figure 2; yet in the one case they appear to spread apart at the center, and in the other to come together. The line A B, in Figure 3, is of the same length as C D, in Figure 4;

yet, on looking at it, almost any one would call the former line the longer.

I might go on to give many more instances of the way in which the eye deceives the brain, but these examples will show what is meant by optical illusion, or optical deception; it is when our eyes see things as different from what they really are. The upper part of the type that prints the letter s is

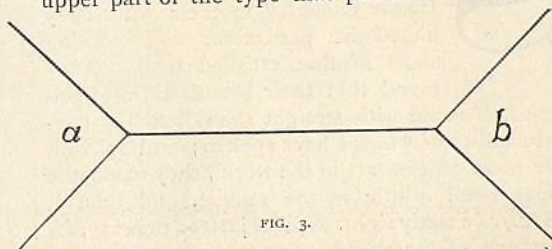


FIG. 3.

made smaller than the lower half to correct the fault of the eye, which always slightly exaggerates the former. When the letter is turned over, as in Figure 5, this same trick of the sight makes the difference seem greater than it really is; and, of course, were it of the same width all the way, it would still look uneven.

In greater matters, the false report of the eye is greater. If a tapering monument, like that on Bunker Hill or like the Obelisk in Central Park, were made with perfectly straight sides, it would

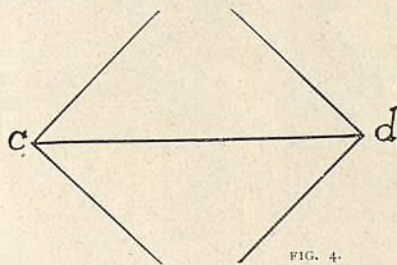


FIG. 4.

look to us—for, you see, we really can not trust our own eyes—as if it were hollowed in a little; or, as we should say in more scientific language, its sides would appear concave. You can understand therefore that if an architect wished his building to have a certain appearance, he might be forced to build it according to lines that differed from those of his completed drawing; for if it were built exactly as he wished it to appear, it would not, when finished, present that desired appearance. If he wished a pillar to look straight, he must not make it perfectly true,

or it would have the effect of being concave; and similarly, for other shapes and parts I might mention; so that the problem of having buildings look

as they should is a far more puzzling matter than one might at first suppose.

**S** Those clever Greeks, who did so many marvelous things in art, thought all this out, and made their architecture upon principles so subtle and so comprehensive that we have never been able to improve on them since. Their senses were so well trained, and their taste so perfect, that they would have everything exactly right. There was no "near enough" in their art. They aimed at perfection, and nothing short of that satisfied them. They found that their beautiful Doric columns,

if made with straight sides, had the concave effect of which I have spoken; and so, with the most delicate art in the world, they made the pillar swell a little at the middle, and then it *appeared* exactly right. A pillar instead of being, for instance, of the shape it was to appear, as shown by the *solid* lines of Figure 6, would really be more like the form indicated by the *dotted* lines, — only that I have greatly exaggerated the difference, in order to make it plain.

This swelling of the column at its *middle* was

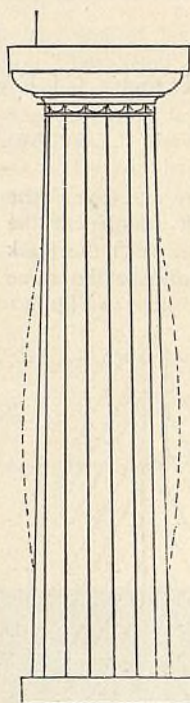


FIG. 6.

slight that it can only be detected by delicate measurements; but it added greatly to the beauty of the columns and to their effectiveness.

Then the lines which were to look horizontal had to receive attention. If you look at a long, perfectly level line, as the edge of a roof, for instance, it has the appearance of sagging toward the middle. The Greek architect corrected this fault by making his lines rise a little. The front of the Parthenon, at Athens, is one hundred and one feet three and a half inches long, and, in this, the rise from the horizontal is about two and one eighth inches. In other words, there is a curvature upward that makes it a little more than two inches higher in the center than at the ends, and the effect of this

swelling upward is to make the line *appear* perfectly level. In-

deed, this same Parthenon, — the most beautiful building in the world, — when delicately and



RUINS OF THE PARTHENON — WEST FRONT.

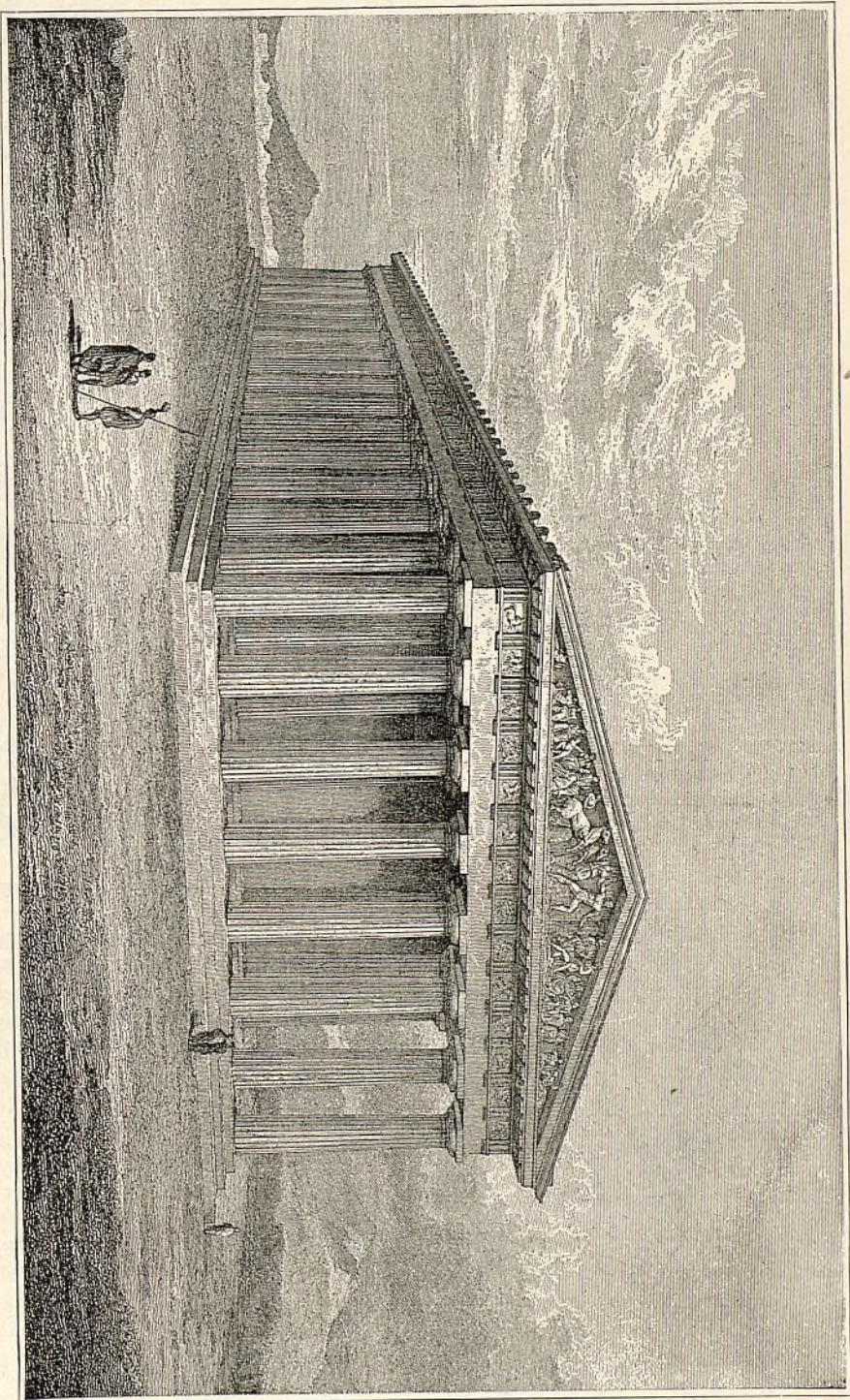
called *entasis*. Of course it had to be calculated with the greatest nicety, and was actually so very

carefully measured was found to be everywhere made a little incorrect, so that it may *appear* right, which

is certainly what may be called an architectural paradox. The graceful columns, which seem to stand so straight, are made to lean inward a little, since, if they were perfectly true and plumb, they would have the effect of leaning outward. The pillars at the corners slant inward more than the others, and everywhere the corners are made to look square by being in truth a little broader angled, and lines are curved in order that they shall appear straight to the eye.

This is rather a hard subject to explain simply, but if I have succeeded in making it plain to you, it will give you an idea of the wonderful skill and art of the Greek builders. It is hardly possible to conceive anything more perfect and careful than their work; and the more closely one studies into their art, the more ready is he to wonder at the wisdom and skill of those clever Greeks.

THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.



## THE RACE.

By C. L. D.

TIPTOE, dainty fine!  
 When you are caught, I will make  
 you mine!  
 But till you are caught, I must  
 follow;  
 And after your tiny, dancing feet.



And your gay, shy smile so soncy sweet,  
 Up hill and over hollow,  
 With a call and a cry, don't doubt but I  
 Shall fly,—like the swift-winged swallow!



Tiptoe, dainty fine!  
 Now you are caught, and you are mine!  
 My little lass—I've caught her!  
 She laughs and pouts and hides her face,  
 She springs away with an agile grace  
 The darting birds have taught her!  
 But I must not miss my hard-earned kiss,  
 Like this!—my bonnie daughter!

Oh, ay! Away, away!  
 What can the panting mother say?  
 Why,—“now she is fast, and I hold her!  
 I kiss her blue eyes and sunny hair,  
 Her dimpled arm and her cheek so fair;  
 To my loving heart I fold her!  
 And then I swing the captured thing,  
 With a ‘swing!—swong!—swing!’ to my  
 shoulder!”

## AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.\*

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

BY EDMUND ALTON.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## COURTESIES—NATIONAL AND PERSONAL.

WHILE our "simplicity" and certain other phases of our national life provoke from foreign powers a kindly smile, we take the criticisms in the spirit in which they are offered—and go serenely on our way. If, occasionally, we feel inclined to smile at them, we should always do it with good humor. They all have confidence in our honor and integrity. Let us repay, with international courtesy, the compliment of esteem.

The cordial relations which subsist between these foreign governments and our own, require no proof. Not only has our government acted as a mediator to settle the conflicting claims of rival powers, but they have also done the same for us. I have now before me a curious instance of this fact. When, many years ago, a controversy arose between Great Britain and the United States concerning the meaning of the first article in the Treaty of Ghent, Alexander I., "Emperor of all the Russias," responded to the wishes of both governments and interposed his influence and good graces in bringing about an amicable adjustment of the difficulty. An absolute monarch acted as mediator between a limited monarchy and a republic.

This Treaty of Ghent (as every young student of our history knows) terminated the war of 1812 waged by our country against Great Britain. †

This "Treaty of Peace and Amity" (otherwise known as the "Treaty of Ghent") was concluded in 1813; and during the same year, it was "ratified and confirmed by and with the consent of the Senate." It begins thus:

His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America, desirous of terminating the war which has unhappily subsisted between the two countries, and of restoring, upon principles of perfect reciprocity,

† As you may never have seen so terrible a document as a Declaration of War, I will give you, as another specimen of legislative action, the formal recognition by Congress of the hostilities out of which the war of 1812 arose:

*An Act declaring War between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dependencies thereof and the United States of America and their Territories.*

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That war be and the same is hereby declared to exist between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dependencies thereof, and the United States of America and their territories; and that the Presi-*

peace, friendship, and good understanding between them, have, for that purpose, appointed their respective plenipotentiaries, that is to say:

And then it proceeds to give the names of the diplomatic officers representing Great Britain and the United States in drawing up the treaty, after which follow eleven distinct articles of agreement, each one of which is signed and sealed by the plenipotentiaries, or duly empowered agents, of both governments.

It was to decide upon the meaning of the first article of this treaty that the good offices of the Emperor of Russia were requested. It was rather strange that two English-speaking countries could not understand their own tongue, yet that is exactly what it amounted to,—a different understanding of the meaning of a few simple words;—and they were compelled to call in the aid of a Muscovite to construe the Anglo-Saxon language!

Well, the Emperor kindly acceded to their request and undertook to assist them to draw up a treaty that should carry his decision into effect.

He, accordingly, constituted and appointed two plenipotentiaries, "to treat, adjust, and conclude, such articles of Agreement as may tend to the attainment of the above-mentioned end, with the plenipotentiaries of the United States and of His Britannic Majesty." I presume no one will object if I give the names of the plenipotentiaries. The agreement was drawn up in English and French (the latter being the "diplomatic" or "court" language of Europe), so I will use both.

The envoys appointed by the Emperor were:

*"Charles Robert Count Nesselrode, His Imperial Majesty's Privy Councillor, member of the Council of State, Secretary of State directing the Imperial Department of Foreign Affairs, Chamberlain, Knight of the order of Saint Alexander Nevsky, Grand Cross of the order of Saint Vladimir of the first class, Knight of that of the White Eagle of Poland, Grand Cross of the order of St. Stephen of Hungary, of the Black and of the Red Eagle of Prussia, of the Legion of Honor of France, of Charles III. of Spain, of St.*

the United States is hereby authorized to use the whole land and naval force of the United States to carry the same into effect, and to issue to private armed vessels of the United States commission or letters of marque and general reprisal, in such form as he shall think proper, and under the seal of the United States against the vessels, goods, and effects of the government of the said United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the subjects thereof. Approved June 18, 1812.

That is a Declaration of War! Congress has not often found it necessary to exercise the power confided to it by the Constitution: ‡ it is to be hoped it will never be required to use it in the future.

‡ Constitution, art. I. sec. VIII. cl. 11 (eleven).

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Ferdinand and of Merit of Naples, of the Annunciation of Sardinia, of the Polar Star of Sweden, of the Elephant of Denmark, of the Golden Eagle of Wirtemberg, of Fidelity of Baden, of St. Constantine of Parma, and of Guelph of Hanover."

Count Nesselrode was the first. The second was like unto him, "with a few variations":

"*Jean, le Comte Capodistrias*, son Conseiller privé et Secrétaire d'Etat, Chevalier de l'ordre de St. Alexandre Nevsky, Grand' Croix de l'ordre de St. Wladimir de la 1<sup>re</sup> classe, Chevalier de celui de l'Aigle Blanc de Pologne, Grand' Croix de l'ordre de St. Etienne de Hongrie, de l'Aigle Noir et de l'Aigle Rouge de Prusse, de la Légion d'Honneur de France, de Charles III. d'Espagne, de St. Ferdinand et du Mérite de Naples, de Sts. Maurice et Lazare de Sardaigne, de l'Eléphant de Dannemarc, de la Fidélité et du Lion de Zahringen de Bade, Bourgeois du Canton de Vaud, ainsi que du Canton et de la République de Genève."

(That is a good lesson in French!)

The plenipotentiary on the part of "His Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," was:

"The Right Honourable Sir *Charles Bagot*, one of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight Grand Cross of the most honourable Order of the Bath, and His Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary, and Plenipotentiary to his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias."

The plenipotentiary "on the part of the United States, with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof," was—

"*Henry Middleton*, a citizen of the United States, and their Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias."

The Agreement, after reciting these names, says:

"And the said plenipotentiaries, after a reciprocal communication of their respective full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed upon the following articles," etc.

Now you know something about diplomacy!

But while thinking of names and titles, you ought to read "A Treaty of Peace, Friendship, and Commerce," which was concluded at Antananarivo, on the 13th of May (17th of Alakaosy), 1881, between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Madagascar. Her Majesty Ranavalomanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, was represented by Ravoninahitriniarivo, who signs his Malagasy title thus: "15 Voninahitra, Off. D. P. Lehiben ny Mpanao Raharaha amy ny Vahiny" (which means, I suppose, "15th Honor, Officer of the Palace, Chief Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs"), and by a man of the name of Ramaniraka, whose title I forget. The titles are modest, but the Madagascar notables make up for the deficiency in the length of their names!

The Khedive of Egypt not long ago gave us an obelisk, and Congress formally attested our gratitude. As a piece of "legislation," it ought to be noted:

JOINT RESOLUTION tendering the thanks of the people of the United States to His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, for the gift of an ancient obelisk.

Whereas, The Khedive of Egypt presented to the United States, the ancient Egyptian obelisk, known as "Cleopatra's needle," which

has been removed and re-erected in the City of New York, thus placing in the possession of the people of the United States one of the most famous monuments of the Old World, and one of the earliest records of civilization; be it therefore,

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the thanks of the people of the United States are hereby tendered to His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, for a gift which only the oldest of nations could make, and the youngest can most highly prize.—Approved January 12, 1882.

What our friends the people of France think of us, is evidenced by their generous gift of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

The mention of France reminds me, too, of the ovation which we gave to Lafayette. In 1824, Congress asked the President to invite Lafayette to visit us, and the President did so, offering to bring over the Marquis in a "ship of the line." He accepted the invitation, but declined the ship. When he landed, "his progress through the country resembled a continuous triumphal procession"; and Congress, "in consideration of his important services and expenditures during the American Revolution," voted him a grant of two hundred thousand dollars and a township of land, which fact was gracefully communicated to him by a committee appointed for that purpose. Upon his death, Congress further testified to the esteem in which his memory was held, and the affection of the American people for him, by passing eloquent resolutions of eulogy.

In 1851, another celebrated man visited us. He was Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. The exiled chieftain was tendered a formal reception by each House of Congress on separate days, and the crowd was so great in the Senate Chamber (now the Supreme Court room), that the newspaper reporters voluntarily relinquished their seats in order to make room for the ladies. This act of gallantry was deemed so remarkable that special mention was made of it in the official record of debates.

The Congressmen also gave Kossuth an elegant banquet, at which General Cass, Daniel Webster and other distinguished statesmen made addresses. It was at this banquet that Kossuth delivered the speech which opened with the famous parallel between the Senate of Rome and the American Congress. As one of the highest tributes ever paid to our Republic, I shall quote the lines:

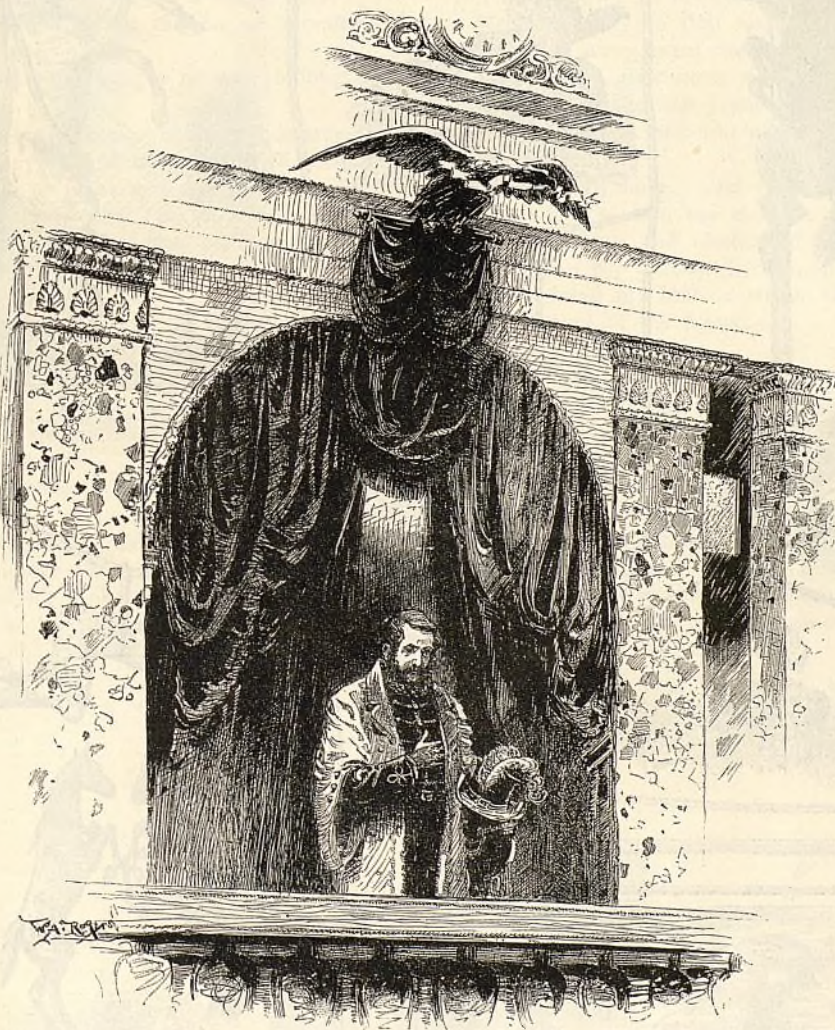
Sir: As once Cineas, the Epirote, stood among the senators of Rome who, with a word of self-conscious majesty, arrested kings in their ambitious march, thus, full of admiration and of reverence, I stand among you, legislators of the new capitol, that glorious hall of your people's collective majesty. The capitol of old yet stands, but the spirit has departed from it, and is come over to yours, purified by the air of liberty. The old stands, a mournful monument of the fragility of human things; yours, as a sanctuary of eternal right. The old beamed with the red luster of conquest, now darkened by the gloom of oppression; yours is bright with freedom. At the view of the old, nations trembled; at the view of yours, humanity hopes.

To the old, misfortune was introduced with fettered hands to kneel at triumphant conquerors' feet; to yours, the triumph of introduction

is granted to unfortunate exiles, who are invited to the honor of a seat. And, where kings and Cæsars never will be hailed for their power and wealth, there the persecuted chief of a down-trodden nation is welcomed, as your great Republic's guest, because he is persecuted, helpless, and poor. There sat men boasting that their will was sovereign of the earth; here sit men whose glory it is to acknowledge 'the laws of nature and of nature's God,' and to do what their sovereign, the people, wills."

No further instances are perhaps necessary to show the cordial relations existing between our

King of the Hawaiian Islands visited this country. The dominion of that monarch is not very extensive; still he was regarded as a distinguished personage. When he came to Washington, both Houses resolved to accord him a reception. It was not so very much of a ceremony, but in one respect it was entirely novel. According to the remarks of Speaker Blaine, King Kalakaua was the first reigning monarch that ever had set foot upon our shores; hence



LOUIS KOSSUTH, AS HE APPEARED IN A BALCONY OF THE OLD SENATE CHAMBER.

government and the other nations of the world; but, as I was present in the House of Representatives on the occasion of the welcome to a foreign guest, and this time not an exile, but a King, I may briefly add one more instance. In 1874 the

his arrival created quite a stir. A year or so later, the Emperor of Brazil paid us a visit; and since that time we have opened the doors of hospitality to other titled folk. But King Kalakaua is entitled to the credit of having set them an example.

(To be continued.)



## THE CIRCUS CLOWN'S DREAM.

BY JOEL STACY.

A CIRCUS CLOWN dreamed a dream, one night,  
That wakened him with laughing;  
And when he told it in high delight,  
Of how he dreamed of a circus horse  
That flew through the air as a matter of  
course,  
His comrades thought he was chaffing.

"Not so," he declared. "I say 't is true";  
And they opened their eyes with wonder.  
"I saw him as plain as I now see you;  
That horse swung, too, on a high trapeze,—  
And he lifted me up from my hands and knees  
Till gayly I swung under.

"He slid down the pole like a two-ton cat,  
And swung by a rope, my cronies.  
Then he vaulted and climbed like an acrobat;  
He lay on his back, spun a ball with his feet,—  
And his spring-board leaping was quite com-  
plete;—  
Why, he leaped over three fat ponies!

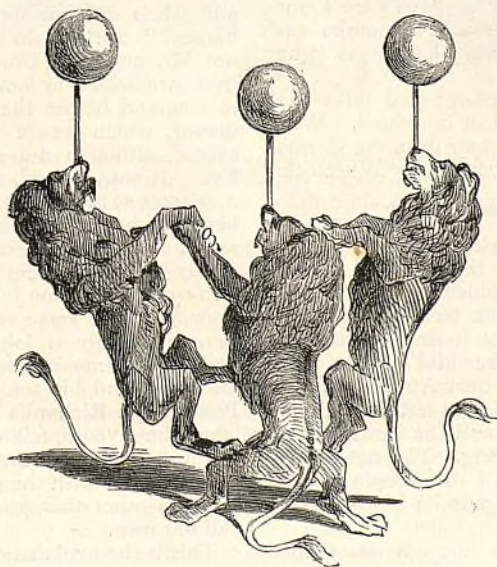
"What's more, he did the aquarium act,  
Staid under water among the fishes;  
You need n't wink,—it's a solemn fact!  
Then as 'the Great Professor Equine

And his Wonderful Sons,' O friends of mine!  
He exceeded my proudest wishes.

"But that was n't all of my wondrous dream,  
Nor half of it, for that matter.  
You should have heard the spectators scream  
When three great lions, with grace and ease,  
Began to juggle like Japanese  
With stick and ball and platter.

"Then my turn came," said the circus clown,  
"For I had to earn my money;  
So I ambled up, and nimbled down,  
And gave my liveliest tricks and jokes,—  
I was doing my best to amuse the folks  
As funniest of the funny,—

"When all the people burst out crying,  
And begged me hard to stop my trying.  
In vain I gave my comical blink  
And changed my costumes, quick as a wink;  
You never heard such wails and weeping.  
This put a sudden end to my sleeping;  
I woke to learn, though strange it may seem,  
They had wept because it was only a dream!  
Poor things! I must try with might and main,  
For their sakes, to dream it all over again."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

*Ting-a-ling, ling! sounds the school-bell chorus,  
Now for the happy weeks before us;  
Five days, study; one day, play;  
So shall the school time pass away.*

*Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling! take your places,  
Restless forms and sun-burned faces;  
The road to learning is long, they say,  
And we'll take up our march this very day.*

So sung the children of the red school-house, on the first day of ruddy-russet October, or thereabouts—and so in one way or another sing my boys and girls all over the land; and a beautiful cheery song it is, the dear Little School-ma'am says, though I'll confess that for my own part I enjoy the closed school-house for a few months each year—not for my own sake, O studious young folk! but for yours.

However, our happy meetings and talks shall take place as before, school or no school. We'll open this time with a little story from the German language, sent in by your friend Lucy Wheelock.

"DEAR APPLE,—WAKE UP!"

HIGH in the apple-tree slept a beautiful large apple; it was rocked by the breezes, and its cheeks grew redder and redder every day.

A little girl stood under the tree and wanted to see the apple wake up; but it slept on and on. The time seemed long to the child and she called to the sleeper: "Wake up, dear Apple, and come down to me"; but the apple did not hear.

Then she asked the sun and the birds to help her, and they were very willing. The sun sent its beams right into the face of the sleeping apple, and the birds sang loud songs to it; but it took no notice of all this.

Suddenly Mr. Wind ran through the garden

and said kindly to the child: "Wait, dear little one, I will wake the apple for you."

She held out her apron, and the wind began to blow against the apple so hard that it woke up in a real fright, and quickly sprang down into the child's apron.

She took the beautiful red-cheeked apple, and called to her helper: "Thank you, kindly, Mr. Wind."

#### BABY LIONS AND CATS.

THERE'S a time in the life of every lion, my friends, when, as I am told, this king of the forest is only a little prince, and no bigger than a good-sized cat, but with this difference: a baby lion always is heavier than a cat of the same size. His bones are larger in proportion than a cat's, and his muscles are more solid. Doubtless, too, his little roar is heavier than a mere me-ow; but I suppose that does n't count.

#### HOW SOME BEES WERE DECEIVED.

##### SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR JACK: It was asked in the April number if insects could be attracted by artificial flowers. One day last summer we found bees in my mamma's room; we opened the window and tried to drive them out, but we found that they came in faster than we could dispose of them. At last we found they had swarmed in the chimney. A lady in the room had on a black hat with large red poppies, and all the bees flew for it, so that she had to drive them off, and at last she had to leave the room.

Your constant reader,

MAMIE.

#### MORE ABOUT SURNAMES.

NO; HAZEL MCC. must have been wrong when she supposed that Mr. Brown's great-grandfather was a Mr. Brown, and that *his* father was a Mr. Brown, "and so on back to Adam and Eve." At least, all my chicks who have answered the question which Hazel asked them last spring: "How and when did our forefathers receive their surnames?" are certain that Adam and Eve were not Mr. and Mrs. Brown. In fact, they tell me that surnames—or family names—were not in use in England before the time of William the Conqueror, which was a good many years ago, of course, although not so far back as Adam and Eve. It was, indeed, somewhere about the year A.D. 1000, so my chicks say, that these family names began to be used. The man who had lived in a wood, and had been called Samuel of the Wood, finally became Samuel Wood; John the smith (or iron-worker) became John Smith, and his son who grew up in the same village was known as John's son, and finally as Johnson. Poor Richard, who had not a penny in his purse, at last became Richard Poor, and his son's name would, perhaps, be Poor, if not Richard's son or Dick's son. Then, when these young fellows went off and set up families and houses for themselves, they carried these family names with them, and from these and thousands of other changes came the surnames we now call our own.

This is the explanation your Jack received from

quite a number of bright young people, who seem to have made a study of the matter, including: Henry C. R., of Locust Dale, Va.; S. H. M., of Gormantown, Pa.; M. C. S., Baltimore; Alice R. D., Devon, Pa.; Irene A. Hackett, Brooklyn; L. W., Cleveland; Adelaide W., Chicago; Maria J. Hickman, Grace, and N. J. R. and Adda Warder.

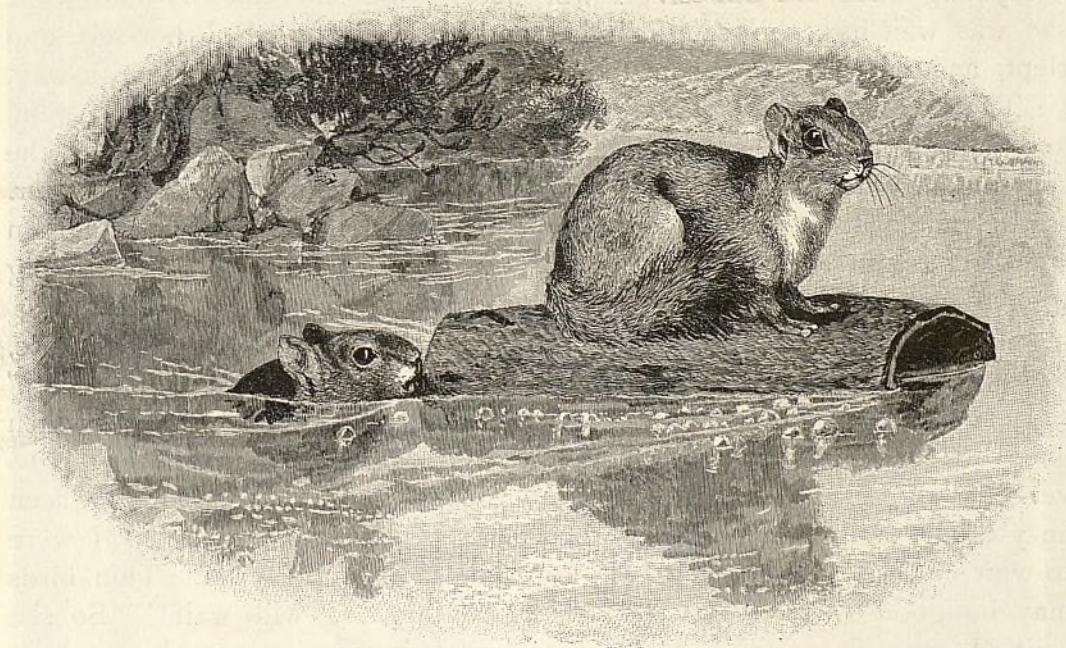
#### WHAT A SQUIRREL MOTHER DID.

"DEAR JACK," writes Jeanette C. W., "may I tell your children what a squirrel did?"

"She invented a boat to carry her babies in. At all events, a gentleman writing to a paper called the *Toledo Blade* says he saw her do it, and I believe him, for even animal mothers will do wonderful things when their babies are in question.

little boat. They stepped on board very timidly and snuggled closely together. The little mother then pushed the boat into the stream, and taking hold of it with her teeth, swam behind it until it touched the opposite bank, when the babies scampered nimbly ashore, delighted to know that their mother was placidly following them."

This story is all very well and very true, but I have one to match it. One day the dear Little School-ma'am saw a squirrel sailing on the creek that runs by the red school-house. To be sure, there was no sail to the boat, and there was no boat either, for that matter. The squirrel was seated high and dry on a big piece of bark and another squirrel was swimming behind and steadily pushing the barque (as the deacon calls it).



"They were on their way to a new part of the country in Ohio, and in the course of their travels they came to a creek. Mother squirrel tried to induce the babies to swim across the stream, but—bless their little hearts!—they were afraid, and could not pluck up courage even with mother to help them.

"The squirrel mother was very much distressed at this, and for a few moments seemed at a loss what to do. There was the creek, and it must be crossed. Pretty soon a bright idea struck her, and she ran briskly up and down the bank of the stream until she found a piece of wood about a foot long and half a foot wide.

"She dragged that to the edge of the stream and pushed it into the water until only one end of the piece of wood rested lightly on the bank.

"Then she coaxed the babies to walk out on the

Whether the furry passenger was timid, or merely lazy, I can not say, but probably she was the mother of the family and she was used to being waited upon.

#### WHAT ABOUT THIS?

GRANVILLE, O., Jan. 29, 1885.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Will you, or the dear Little School-ma'am, tell me if this story is true? I am told that if you capture a nestful of young mocking-birds, you can easily rear them in the house; but that if you hang them in a cage outdoors where the old birds can find them, the old birds will feed the young something poisonous, and so kill them. Several have positively assured me that this is true.

I do not believe that birds could do such an unnatural thing.

A LOVER OF BIRDS.

## THE PATIENT CAT.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

WHEN the spot-ted cat first found the nest, there was noth-ing in it, for it was on-ly just fin-ished. So she said, "I will wait!" for she was a pa-tient cat, and the whole sum-mer was be-fore her.

She wait-ed a week, and then she climbed up a-gain to the top of the tree, and peeped in-to the nest. There lay two love-ly blue eggs, smooth and shin-ing! But the spot-ted cat said: "Eggs may be good, but young birds are bet-ter. I will wait!" So she wait-ed; and while she was wait-ing, she caught mice and rats, and washed her-self, and slept, and did all that a spot-ted cat should do to pass the time a-way.

Then when an-oth-er week had passed, she climbed the tree a-gain, and peeped in-to the nest. This time there were five eggs! But the spot-ted cat said a-gain: "Eggs may be good, but young birds are bet-ter. I will wait a lit-tle long-er!" So she wait-ed a lit-tle long-er, and then went up a-gain to look. Ah! there were five lit-tle, ti-ny birds, with big eyes and long necks, and yel-low beaks wide o-pen.

Then the spot-ted cat sat down on the branch, and licked her nose, and purred, for she was ver-y hap-py. "It is worth while to be pa-tient!" she said. But when she looked a-gain at the young birds, to see which one she should take first, she saw that they were ver-y thin. Oh, so ver-y, *ver-y*, VER-Y thin they were! the spot-ted cat had nev-er seen an-y-thing so thin in her life. "Now," she said to her-self, "if I were to wait on-ly a few days long-er, they would grow ver-y fat. Thin birds may be good, but fat birds are much bet-ter. I will wait!" So she wait-ed; and she watched the fa-ther bird bring-ing worms all day long to the nest, and said: "A-ha! they must be fat-ten-ing ver-y fast! they will soon be as fat as I wish them to be! A-ha! What a good thing it is to be pa-tient!" At last, one day she thought: "Sure-ly now they must be fat e-nough! I will not wait an-oth-er day. A-ha! how good they will be!" So she climbed up the tree, lick-ing her chops all the way, and think-ing of the fat young birds. And when she reached the top, and looked in-to the nest—it was emp-ty!!

Then the spot-ted cat sat down on the branch, and spoke thus: "Well, of all the hor-rid, mean, *un-grate-ful* creat-ures I *ev-er* saw, those birds are the hor-rid-est, and the mean-est, and the most un-grate-ful!

"MI-A-U-OW!!!!"

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

ON many of the great English estates, large numbers of deer are kept,—“preserved,” as it is called; and so strict is the English law against the destruction of game that these great “preserves” are not fenced in as are smaller deer parks, but the deer roam over them unmolested and frequently become very tame. They are, however, suspicious of danger and ready to gallop away at the first sign of its approach. The engraving of Mr. Morris’s beautiful picture, which forms the frontispiece of this number of ST. NICHOLAS, shows us two little girls who, searching for flowers, have strayed far into one of these deer parks and have come suddenly upon a herd of deer. The children and the animals appear equally startled. The big bucks toss up their antlers at a distance and regard the small intruders with suspicion; the does also stand aloof; but the little fawns are very inquisitive, and half inclined to be friendly,—while

the children, not at all happy in their strange surroundings, are considerably disturbed as they seek the shelter of a sturdy tree-trunk, where the older child stands in an attitude of mingled protection and timidity that is charmingly expressed.

Many of our readers will remember an article which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS, one year ago, entitled “On Teaching the Eye to Know what it Sees”; and all who were interested in that paper will be glad to read Mr. Arlo Bates’s article in the present number, in which he shows how “Those Clever Greeks” adapted their architecture to the peculiarities of the human vision, and made even their finest building geometrically incorrect in its details in order that it might have the right appearance to the eye when seen in its completeness.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

GARRETTVILLE, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading so many children’s letters has made me try to write my experience in chestnutting. Some high rocky ground across from our house they call Chestnut Ridge. It is quite thickly dotted with the trees, and some of them hang over the road. When you go up to the top of the ridge you can see a great deal of country, around the hill a circular valley. On the other side of the valley it is also dotted with chestnut trees. Then fields and woods beyond, turned red and yellow, make a fine view. But instead of telling about nutting I am describing the country.

We have been watching the chestnuts ever since they bloomed in July, but they can’t be gathered till the frost opens the burrs. We children watched pretty closely for the earliest of them, and to get the plump and shiniest that are bitten off by the squirrels or rattled down by the blue jays. This bird is very fond of chestnuts. It finds the burrs that have opened first, and nearly every burr has two or three chestnuts in it. The bird picks out one, and the others fall to the ground for us. The birds keep busily at work, and so the nuts keep falling through the day. But early in the morning we find them most plentiful, as the birds begin their work the earliest, and have quite a good many ready for us; but we catch up and wait for them to send down more, though we don’t get all the birds shell out, for the chipmunks are there running around for their share. When the burrs all open, we start out to do better; when we find a tree that suits the climber, he goes up with a long pole and whips the full limbs, and the nuts come showering down so thick and fast that we have to stand from under the tree until the nut storm is over, when we rush around to pick them up, and when we get home and measure them we sometimes find we have a half-bushel, and sometimes a bushel.

Your friend,

STELLA T.

ST. FRANCIS BARRACKS, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old. We came to this place the first of June. I have two sisters and one brother. We jump into the salt water every day. I am learning to swim.

It is very hot here. We had a terrible thunder-storm, every day in July. It looks very strange to me, to see oranges and bananas growing, as I have never seen south before. Our band plays every afternoon, and a great many people come from town to hear it. There is a big light-house opposite our house.

We went into the old Spanish Fort the other day, and into the dungeons; where so many years ago people were shut up until they died for want of food and air. My mamma would not go in the dungeons; she was afraid.

Your little reader,

AMY S.

YOUNG FOLKS MORRISANIA MUSEUM, July, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am the President of the Young Folks Morrisania Museum of Natural History, of Morrisania, of N. Y.

We formed our museum last year and have tried to succeed; the museum consists of six members all of whom are over ten and under twelve.

I like to study natural history very much.

One day last week, my brother, a member and myself were catch-

ing dragon-flies in a field of high grass when we noticed some black birds acting very funny; all at once we saw the male and female birds alight and then we heard a dreadful screaming and we thought we had discovered a nest, Ed. (the member) and I rushed down (Ed. first) to the spot where we had seen the birds alight, and Ed. reached down to the supposed nest, and there to his astonishment about three inches from his hand was a snake stretched out; he was so frightened at his discovery that he jumped up and said, “Hurry up, Bra., a snake! a snake!” I took to my heels lively, I can tell you, and did not stop till we had reached a rock of safety; we then got over our fright and marched out as brave as lions (with stones in our hands) to defend the birds, but the snake had run away before we reached there, and so we missed our prize.

Your constant reader,

BRAINERD F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While reading the poem in ST. NICHOLAS for July, entitled “Elizabeth Zane,” I thought it might interest your young readers to know that the identical fort which was saved from the Indians by the heroism of Elizabeth Zane, is still in existence. While visiting Wheeling, W. Va., this spring, the Rev. Frank S. de Hass, D. D., called at my mother’s home, corner of Zane and Front streets. While chatting pleasantly upon many subjects he asked: “Do you know that right opposite this house stands the identical fort that Elizabeth Zane’s courage saved from destruction?” Of course none present was aware of the fact, and the Rev. gentleman informed us that when the march of improvement rendered it necessary to destroy the old fort, the logs were brought over to “The Island,” and were used in the erection of a house now owned by Mrs. Berger, N. W. corner Zane and Front streets. The logs have been covered by weather-boards, and form the back building of Mrs. Berger’s spacious old-fashioned residence. When I was a little girl, the spot on which the fort stood to stand was occupied by the house of one of the Zanes; it stood high above the street, and was surrounded by a stone wall, and I used always to be fearful of Indians jumping out at me and dragging me off, or scalping me, although I really knew that the Indians had been driven from that part of the country years before. “The Zane’s house” has long ago disappeared, the stone wall removed, and the lots graded down to the level of the street, and nothing remains of outward tangible proof of Elizabeth’s heroic deed but a few logs covered by boards. Even so have small envious minds striven to cover her fame with a hard coating of skepticism. But they have not succeeded.

C. W. P.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother, who is sixteen, went to Nebraska two months ago, and one of the first things he asked before he went was that we should send the ST. NICHOLAS to him.

I must tell you about a prairie-hen of which he wrote in a letter to Mamma. He says there is one which has a nest a short distance from the house where he lives; and though the chicken is as large as a domestic one, its egg is smaller than the smallest bantam egg. He says she will sit on her nest and let him throw corn to her.

One day, when he was planting corn with the spade, he forgot about the nest and came near hitting her, when instantly she flew off of her nest, and instead of flying away or hovering about it, she ran along the ground and tried to get him to follow. This she con-

tinued until she had led him a little distance from the nest, when she flew away.

When he went back he found her quietly sitting on her nest.  
Was not that strange? Your faithful friend,

LOUISE M. L.

COLUMBIA, D. T., July, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading some of the letters in ST. NICHOLAS, so I thought I would write one, too. I live in Dakota, on a farm, where I have wild strawberries every day. I have a dog and a bird and a horse, and take long rides over the prairie. I have eleven dolls, and do most everything for them. I have, too, a great many books, but like you best of all.

LOUISE HOUGHTON.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long wanted to write and thank you as a dear friend, to whom we are all indebted both old and young; and I am especially grateful at this time for your interesting and instructive article, "Among the Law-makers." I do hope all of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will study it carefully.

I have saved up for you some anecdotes of little friends of mine, thinking they might amuse your little readers, and knowing how much children enjoy true stories.

One little three-year-old golden-hair always called his father Mr. Hay, and his mother Miss Hay. When he had been naughty, and his mother began to talk soberly to him, he would say in his most coaxing tones—"Now, Miss Hay, don't be angry to me! be pleasant at me!"

I was a guest at his father's house, and upon my return after a few days' absence, he said to me, "Ah! Miss Mary, I was a naughty boy while you was gone away—I killed a fly and sent it to Heaven!"

He evidently shared with me my desire for letters, as he would climb upon the gate when he saw his father returning from the Post Office, and call out, "O say, Mr. Hay, has the mail-train come in yet?"

For some reason he always cried when he came to the table, and found the blessing had been asked. I remember upon one of these occasions his father said to him, "Now, Philip, if you will be a good boy and not cry, you may ask the blessing yourself." With that he climbed into his high chair, folded his hands, and reverently bowing his head, and closing his eyes, fervently ejaculated—"Oh, Lord, bless the ladies! Amen!"

M. B.

HOLLIDAYSBURG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is only the second year I have been taking you, so I have not written before: but I think you are splendid! I tried to make a salt crystal glass, and it seemed to be getting along very nicely, but I had it on the window-sill, and one day when I went to open the shutters, I knocked it out, and the glass broke all to pieces. A little friend of mine tried it too, and she put indigo in to make it blue; but we were both surprised when it turned pinkish instead of blue, after growing a little while. Hoping there will be room to print this, I remain, your faithful reader,

LETTY L.

BROOKLYN, JULY 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—I thought I would write and tell you that I made one of those tents mentioned in the May number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and instead of small sticks, I used clothes pins to fasten the string down, which is a good deal easier to procure. The morning glories are growing nicely, and everyone thinks the tent is lovely. Mamma says she can never get anything out of me when I am reading ST. NICHOLAS.

I remain, very sincerely,

ANNA M. T.

PAPPENHEIM IN BAVARIA, GERMANY, June 22, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have always liked you better than any other book, but since I have been in Germany and Mamma doesn't let me read any other English book, I like you ten times better. I have seen that several children have written from abroad, so I

thought I would, too. Papa, Mamma, and I have been wandering about Europe five months. We have seen London, Chester, Leipzig, Dresden, and Nuremberg, very thoroughly. A good part of the time this spring we have been wandering about Saxony on foot. I think that it is very much nicer than the railroad. We are now in Pappenheim, a very pretty town that few Americans have heard of. It is in a very pretty valley, and has a high, rocky hill in the middle on which stands a lovely ruined castle, belonging to the Count of Pappenheim. The castle was made a ruin by the Swedes in the thirty years' war that began in 1633. Inside the castle walls is a tower ninety-four feet high. It was built by the Romans in the second century! Four miles from here are the celebrated quarries of Solenhofen, from which lithographic stones are sent to all parts of the world. The old Romans used to work these quarries. A gentleman here, named Mr. Haerberlein, showed us a beautiful collection of fossils. Professor Agassiz bought one of his collections, and it is now at the University at Cambridge, Mass. I have found some petrified snails here, too. I am only ten years old, so not too old to be pleased if you will print my letter.

Your devoted reader,

H. L. D.



In connection with the base-ball story, "How Science Won the Game," printed in this number, we are glad to give to the readers of "The Letter-Box," the above base-ball jingle, written and illustrated by two friends of ST. NICHOLAS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, twelve years old. I live in Washington in the winter-time, and, in the summer, stay with my aunt on a farm about two miles above Georgetown.

We have a beautiful view of the city and of Washington monument from the front lawn. The house stands on a high hill and is surrounded with large oaks and beautiful evergreens.

The lawn is even with the Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the Capitol. A very dear friend of mine gives me, for a birthday present, your very interesting magazine, and I take great pleasure in reading it.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH S.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only been taking you this year, but I like you very much. The Pacific Ocean is six miles from our house. We walked out there last week, and had great fun collecting sea-weed. When I would be just about to pick up one that was in the shallow water, a large wave would come up, and I had to get out of its way, or else it would go right over my head. I found some very pretty sea-mosses, which I dried and put in a frame. I found a very large shell out there. Wild strawberries grow all over the beach in abundance. They are much sweeter than the cultivated ones. We gathered a lot of them, and took them home. I was very tired after I walked home, but I like to walk to places better than to ride in the cars. It is not very warm here now, although it is June. Last summer it was much warmer. I have only seen snow once, but it was only a few inches deep. I would like to live in a place where snow does fall, as we had great fun when it came here. Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, please print this letter,

From your new reader,

AGNES K.

PINEY POINT, MD., 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, though we have been taking you quite a number of years, so I thought I would write to you to-day and tell you how much I enjoy reading you.

There are no children of my own age in this neighborhood, so I have no one to play with but my sister Nellie, and she is fifteen years old.

My sister and myself do all the housework ourselves, but there is not much to do, as our family is very small.

For pets we have a cat, a little kitten, a dog, and a dear little colt three months old.

We live on the shore of the Potomac, and we have a beautiful view of the river from our house. We have a great many cherry-trees on our place, and we are now busy drying the fruit for winter use. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will close.

Hoping you will print this, I am, as ever,  
Your constant little reader,

SADIE A. I.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JULY, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—I have lived in the country all my life until I came to St. Louis, about half a month ago. I think St. Louis is a splendid place.

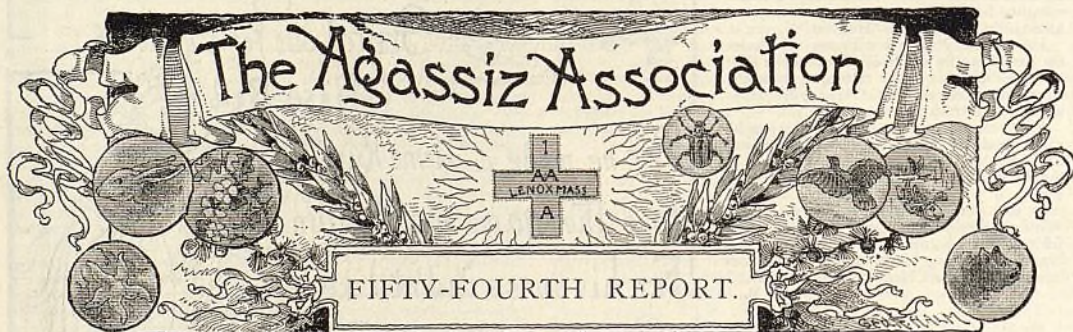
I have visited Houston, Texas, twice (I've a very dear Auntie Bess down there), and last time I was there I was presented with a little horned toad, just as cunning as he could be. I feed him on cornmeal, and he likes it ever so much. He also likes to have the top of his funny little head scratched.

Your faithful reader,

BESSIE C.

We heartily thank the young friends whose names are here given for their pleasant letters, which we have not room to print:

Jessie Holland, "Lady of the Lake," Elma Tuthill, Alex. Douglas, James M. Walsh, Mary and Reba, M. F. F., Jenny W., Emma and Nellie, Carl G., Bessie Bates, Lewis E. D., Alfred Wright, Edna Hayes, Lizzie E. Crowell, Mabel Cilley, Blanche Vars, H. L. B., F. V. E., Willie R., Fritzie Allen, S. C., Rose Mayberry, M. B. A., Emma R., Constance Lodge Ethel, Mabel T. D.



We shall retain the floor this month only long enough to congratulate you on a happy summer, and a pleasant return to the duties of the school and of the Association, and wish for one and all a most prosperous and happy fall and winter.

## A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

I HAVE been giving my attention to the growth of several of the amphibia (*Triton cristatus*, *Lisso triton punctatus*, etc.), but chiefly the common frog. With regard to the frog, I should like to ask the members of the A. A. a question, which seems to be as yet unsettled. Do the hind-legs or the fore-legs appear first as the tadpole develops into the frog? My own opinion is that the fore-legs are formed first, but remain for some time closely tucked up to the body, and that in the meantime the hind-legs appear, and are almost at once visible to the naked eye.

I send you rules to make sensitive paper to use in taking impressions of leaves, ferns, etc. Take a sheet of unglazed letter-paper, and wash it over, in the dark, with a strong solution of potassium bi-chromate and let it dry carefully. The paper will then be ready for use, and can be kept for some time (in the dark) without spoiling. Lay whatever you wish to copy on the sensitive side of your paper, and on that a piece of clean plate-glass. Put a piece of board, of the same size as the glass, under your paper, and bind all together with two strong rubber bands. Now expose to strong sunlight for ten minutes or three-quarters of an hour in diffused daylight, and you will have a picture of your fern, white on a dark background. To fix it, wash it carefully in cold water for a minute. I shall be pleased to send specimens to any members who would like them. Believe me, yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM L. TORRANCE,  
Oldfield Lodge, Altrincham, England.

## REPORTS.

818, Newark, N. J. (D). Our number has increased to eleven active and seven honorary members. Our cabinet contains about thirty stuffed birds, a monkey, and two squirrels, besides minerals, eggs, shells, and pressed flowers. We hope to give a prize soon to the member who has made the best collection during the season.—Pennington Satterthwaite, Sec.

823, Farmdale, Ky. (A). We have a good hall, containing a great many books, specimens, etc. Every Saturday night, at least one member is required to read an original essay on a subject selected by himself. After the essays, we have discussions. At the meetings each one reports what he has done during the week.—Sam'l F. Owen, Sec.

470, Nicotlet, Wis. (B). We have a busy working Chapter of twenty-five. The interest all the time since our organization in 1882 has been very good, and the attendance large. Our plan of work is varied. For a time, subjects were chosen on which essays were read, followed by a talk. At another time, we took three topics at a time: birds, flowers, and rocks. Again, each member selected a subject and gave a little talk about it. Now we are doing more in the way of direct observation of the nest-building of birds, the growth of birds, and the miracle of the butterfly. We have a room fitted up in the high school, and have about 450 specimens.—Sara Ritchie, Sec.

757, Akron, Ohio, (A). The subject of our last meeting was the Diamond. It proved the most interesting yet chosen. Father has just returned from Europe, and has brought us some very valuable specimens and a microscope, which we value greatly.—Pauline E. Lane, Sec.

692, Sagerstown, Pa. (A). We have bought Dana's *Manual of Mineralogy and Geology*, and an eighty-five Queen's microscope, and have a balance of \$13.52 in the treasury. We have 201 mounted

objects now, and intend to mount more soon. One of our members can mount specimens very nicely, and as we have the use of a steam printing-press, we print the labels for the slides. We now have 685 specimens in our herbarium, 784 minerals, 557 shells, and 471 geological examples, besides miscellaneous curiosities, which we keep in a separate case. We have 204 volumes in our library. I received the student's collection of minerals from Denver, Col., and I must say they are real beauties. One of our members comes six miles to our meetings.—Miss Lizzie Apple, Sec.

97, *St. Croix Falls, Wis. (A.)* We are progressing admirably. All our members are very much interested in the work, and much knowledge has been gained by the constant notes taken. We have a beautiful cabinet nearly filled with fine minerals. We have made very strict laws to prevent robbing birds' nests. No member shall take more than one egg from a nest, and he must make a mark on the tree or near the nest, so that no other person may take another.—Ray S. Baker, Sec.

746, *Helena, Montana (A.)* At our meetings we have had chemical and electrical experiments, discourses on bees, ants, foxes, birds, and raccoons; and reports on various objects found. S. H. Hepner, Sec.

[We insert the following letter to show the delightful manner in which applications for membership in the A. A. come to us, as it gradually extends itself over the land.]

#### RIVERDALE RANCH, MONTANA.

We wish to form a new Chapter, and join the rest who are at work under the competent instruction of the A. A. We are living on a stock ranch, over fifteen miles from town.

It is one of nature's most beautiful spots. A rushing musical river winding in graceful curves shows the course of the valley, and the mountains are magnificent, and present views of which we never tire. With no society beyond our own two families, with a river of life, a valley of botany, and mountains of geology, is it any wonder we wish to study?—Mrs. F. A. Reynolds (now Sec. Ch. 852).

807, *Burlington, Iowa (A.)* We have about five hundred mineralogical specimens. We have not yet taken a regular course of study, but we intend to do so during the coming winter.—Carrie Carper, Box 571, Sec.

561, *Cincinnati, O. (B.)* Our membership has increased to twenty. We have had two microscopical exhibitions, and at each of the other meetings interesting papers have been read.—David P. Schorr, Sec.

851, *Cambria Station, Pa. (B.)* With your approval, my little school desires to form a Chapter of the A. A. \*\*\* Last week we organized, and, already noting the zeal with which the children take hold of the work mapped out for next meeting, I am surprised at myself for having been so slow to commence the work.—Miss Fanny M. Stetler.

687, *Adrian, Mich.* In reading one of the late numbers of the *St. Nicholas*, I noticed in the Agassiz report a question as to whether there exists such a thing as a hoop-snake. Enclosed is a clipping from a New Orleans paper, I thought might be of interest, inasmuch as it declares that there is such a snake.—F. B., Pres.

(The following is a copy of the newspaper item.)

"Mr. W. H. Inloes, of Asheville, N. C., writes to the *Baltimore Sun* to correct a statement from Mr. Rheim, of the Smithsonian Institute, to the effect that there is no such thing as a hoop-snake. Mr. Inloes says: 'Two years ago I was staying at the Black Rock Springs, Augusta County, Va., when a young man named Eagle shot a snake and brought it to springs, where it was examined by at least fifty of us. The mountaineers said it was a "horn" or "hoop-snake." It was four and one-half feet long, white, with black rings and had two horns at the end of its tail. Mr. Eagle took a stick and pressed the end of the tail, when two horns came out and emitted what seemed to be a poisonous matter. It is said that the snake assumes the shape of a hoop in making its attack, and that the only safety from it is to get behind a tree.'"

712, *Brooklyn (I.)* Our list of members has increased to six. The state of our finances is good, but above all, we feel the benefit we have derived from the many pleasant hours we have spent in one another's company.—Edw. J. Sheridan, 181 Raymond St., Sec.

413, *Denver, Col.* Essays have been read on the white crowned sparrow and house-finch, sets of eggs being brought to the meeting, and skins of the sparrow. Also, essays on shore and meadow larks, crow, ptarmigan, magpie, snowbird, cowbunting, and red-shafted flicker. Skins of these were brought to the meeting. Then we had an extemporaneous debate. "Resolved, that warblers are of more benefit to vegetation than fly-catchers." One meeting was almost wholly devoted to the dissection of specimens.—Horace G. Smith, Jr., Sec.

860, *Peru, Fla. (A.)* Our Chapter has been off on a holiday excursion, and we were gone more than a week. We visited a mound composed entirely of shells. It was about thirty feet high, and a quarter of a mile long. It is on the shore of Tampa Bay. It has several trees on it, and is covered with *Salvia*, which, at our old home in Carolina, was prized as a hot-house flower. Two of our party found a boat adrift, and felt quite proud when they succeeded in securing it. We killed a small alligator, and one of the boys caught a drumfish that weighed about forty pounds.—A. J. Mays, Sec.

674, *Washington, D. C. (I.)* Our prospects are very favorable. We have about \$4.00 in the treasury, and are going to give an entertainment so as to add to this sum. We have about 50 specimens, all labeled and catalogued.—Spencer A. Searle, Sec.

609, *Brooklyn (H.)* We have added three new members to our Chapter. We have a cabinet, and are getting specimens for it. We have been studying the three great kingdoms of Nature, and the sub-kingdoms of the animal division from our specimens: First, we studied the zoöphytes, from the sponge and different kinds of coral; then the radiates, from the echinus and asterias; then mollusks, from an oyster and a hard and soft clam; and now we have taken up articulates, viz., the crab and lobster.—Philip Van Ingen, Sec.

698, *Middleport, N. Y. (A.)* We have increased our membership to 46, and we enjoy the A. A. very much. We are to hold a picnic tomorrow in Mr. Freeman's grove, about two miles south, and we are all going. We have been obliged to give up our drama, and we had it all learned, but the fifth act, as one of the boys backed out at the last minute, and said he would not play his part, and he had four of the acts already learned, and we have all the boys that belong to the Society take part, so there are none left to take his place. I think he served us a very mean trick. At our last meeting we debated this question, "Is the Common Crow a Detriment to the Country?" and after some good debating, it was decided that the crow was a detriment. As it is time to go to bed, to get a good night's rest, to be prepared for our picnic, I must close.—J. W. Hinchey, Sec.

767, *Chicago (X.)* We are getting along finely. Our meetings are growing longer, and a great deal more interesting as we grow older. We have a room, and hope to secure a cabinet soon.—John Cook, Sec.

448, *Washington (G.)* We have been very happy since I last wrote, spending our money. Our new cabinet cost only the price of the materials, as it was built after school hours by our librarian. It has been a great pleasure to select our new books, guided by the invaluable *Hand-book*. Many presents have been given us lately: specimen boxes, and labeled bottles, pamphlets, and fine official note-paper.

I think we deserve our good fortune, for we are really a devoted little Chapter. The children are interested, and their reports are interesting as ever.—Miss Isabelle McFarland, Sec.

482, *Buckingham, Pa. (A.)* We have noticed that the 17-year locust makes its song, by means of two little accordion-like organs under the wings.—Mary J. Atkinson, Sec.

[Is not the insect probably a cicada? And does not a "song" require to be made by the voice?]

709, *Phila. (Z.)* We have appointed a business committee of five, to which are referred all matters of a business nature; thus, at our meetings, our whole attention is given to science.

This has proved a successful plan, and we commend it to other Chapters.—Josiah H. Penniman, Sec.

678, *Taunton, Mass.* All our 7 members take great interest in their work. Our cabinet is 4½ feet high, and has four shelves and four drawers for birds' eggs, insects, etc., and one large drawer for botanical specimens. Are members of the A. A. allowed to collect bird's eggs?

[This question is frequently asked us, and we will say that the members of the A. A. are not entitled, as members, to any peculiar license in this or any other matter. The laws of the different States vary, and you should consult a lawyer, or the authorities of your own town.]

743, *Detroit, Mich. (F.)* Our meetings are held every week in the High School. We have the use of microscopes, and the help of some of our honorary members. We have started a library. Our courses of study are planned by the Executive Committee, composed of the officers. Essays and extracts from the note-books which we all keep, are read at our meetings. Our excursions out of the city are also very interesting and instructive.

We now have 20 active and 8 honorary members.—Henry G. Field, Sec.

472, *Hazleton, Pa. (A.)* Have purchased a compound microscope and have prepared some slides for it. Have just returned from a camping expedition laden with specimens, and have welcomed one new member.—Thos. McNair, Sec.

758, *Binghamton, N. Y. (A.)* We have all been greatly benefited thus far, and pleased by our progress.

Most of us are studying by ourselves since we stopped our meetings for the vacation.—Ch. F. Hotchkiss, Sec.

699, *Odin, Pa. (A.)* We have been keeping pond snails and freshwater clams in aquaria made by setting tin pans in the edge of a spring. Have also caged various species of land-snails in boxes and pens, where we have watched their habits. Would be very glad to correspond with any Chapter that has studied snails.—Victor L. Beebe, Sec.

[In all such cases, the secretary should report not merely the fact that certain observations have been made, but particularly what has been learned by the observations.]

409, *Sag Harbor, N. Y.* During the summer, our President has appointed committees to collect specimens. They have had special field-days, and at the next meeting have brought in the specimens collected and told what they had found out about them. We have subscribed for an excellent scientific paper, and shall hereafter keep a catalogue of all books and papers.—*Cornelius R. Sleight, Sec.*

839, *Bolton, England.* We are taking botany as our chief subject. We keep a list of the various flowers we find, the time of flowering, the place where found, and the natural order to which they belong.—*R. Ainsworth, Sec.*

804, *Richmond, Ind.* Our room is now the workshop of a taxidermist, the father of one of us. He has 200 or 300 kinds of birds constantly on hand, and is always sending them away and receiving new ones. We have the rare privilege of examining these birds, and also have access to his ornithological library, which is quite extensive. Richmond is quite noted for its fossils, and we wish to exchange with a few good Chapters. Each of us is required to keep a note-book of the things he has seen.—*R. H. Webb, Sec.*

## EXCHANGES.

Canadian Lepidoptera.—*E. C. Trenholme, Cote St. Antoine, Montreal, Canada.*

Lepidoptera and Coleoptera.—*G. M. Edwards, Cote St. Antoine, Montreal, Canada.*

Ferns, grasses, and snails from valley of the Hudson River, for snails from any other locality, and for minerals.—*F. S. Arnold, Box 1064, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

For 10 two-cent stamps I will mail, post-paid, a fine cabinet photograph of snow crystals and description.—*W. B. Merrill, Box 213, Lexington, Ill. (Sec. Ch. 747).*

Minerals and woods.—*Wm. Andrus, Lenox, Mass.*

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
882	Arlington, Mass.	6.	F. E. Stanton. Box 32.

## REORGANIZED.

424	Decorah, Ia. (A)	6.	M. R. Steele.
519	Lawrence, Kan. (A)	6.	Fred Borgholthaus.
339	Salt Lake, Utah (A)	6.	Arthur Webb, 446 E. 3d, South.

## DISSOLVED.

613 Winooski, Vt. (A)..... 4. S. G. Ayres (nearly all the members have moved from the town).

Address all communications for this department to the President,  
MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## BURIED GULFS AND BAYS.

1. Is carbon, Avis, taken from the earth? 2. Suppose we, for fun, dye the horse blue. 3. I have seen Booth, I am sure, in Hamlet. 4. You can stamp a piece of canvas for a tidy. 5. When gold is at par I am going to make a fortune. 6. You may put in the pan a mass of flour, and I will add milk and eggs. 7. I must take a nap lest I fall asleep on the journey. 8. Let us play one game more. 9. A glove nicely cut always fits well. 10. Well done, gallant soldiers! 11. Can you see Ben gallop toward us on his pony? 12. Apollo belongs to Greek mythology.

FRANK.

## HEXAGONS.

I. ACROSS: 1. In clothe. 2. The juice of plants. 3. Steam. 4. Occupying the axis of anything. 5. Famous. 6. A slight bow. 7. In clothe. DOWNWARD: 1. The front of an army. 2. A native of Saxony. 3. The edifice occupied by the Congress of the United States. 4. Impelled by poles. 5. A color.

II. ACROSS: 1. In clothe. 2. A familiar game. 3. Blunders or contradictions. 4. A simpleton. 5. Stylish. 6. To regret. 7. In clothe. DOWNWARD: 1. A place to store grain. 2. A surname of a line of English kings. 3. A large fish. 4. A spherical body. 5. A pen.

H. H. D.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in bad, but not in good;  
My second in turban, but not in hood;  
My third is in town, but not in village;  
My fourth is in thief, but not in pillage;  
My fifth is in earl, but not in count;  
My sixth is in stream, but not in fount;  
My seventh in cat, but not in dog;  
My eighth is in cloud, but not in fog;  
My ninth is in loop, but not in ring;  
My whole is a flower that comes in spring.

LILY WELLS.

## DIAMOND.

1. In pickerel. 2. A porker. 3. A tinker. 4. The reports of proceedings in the British Parliament. 5. A poisonous trailing plant. 6. Sumptuously. 7. Comical. 8. Twenty-four hours. 9. In pickerel. "NAVAJO."

## HALF-SQUARE.

1. A COVERING for the floor. 2. An Arabian prince, or military commander. 3. A break. 4. A fondling. 5. Two-thirds of a possessive pronoun. 6. In tents.

FRANK CHASE.

## ILLUSTRATED

## NUMERICAL

## ENIGMA.



This differs from the ordinary numerical enigma, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of sixty-five letters, is a couplet by Herrick, and embodies the same idea as the Latin quotation given on the pictured book.

## EASY TRANSPOSITIONS.

I. TRANSPOSE a word meaning parsimonious, and have a word meaning diminishes little by little; transpose again, and have fruits; again, and have an instrument of warfare; again, and have to describe grammatically; again, and have gathers.

II. TRANSPOSE a word meaning small spiders, and have to strike; transpose again, and have articles; again, and have sends forth; again, and have a daily paper.

HARRY B. SPARKS.

## HOUR-GLASS.



ACROSS: 1. Having the quality of a director. 2. To do anything off-hand. 3. Leaping. 4. To writhe. 5. To disclose. 6. In party. 7. To fondle. 8. In music; a direction equivalent to "very." 9. Jamaica pepper. 10. A stretching. 11. Continues anew.

Centrals, reading downward, omnipresent; from 1 to 2, deviations from the natural shape or position; from 3 to 4, in every writing-desk.

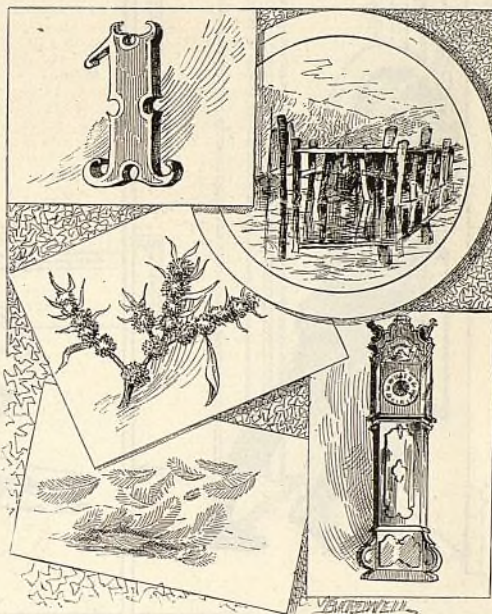
## WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. To furnish with a second mast. 2. One who makes proud. 3. A Jewish critical work. 4. Made amends. 5. Calm. 6. Barbers.

II. 1. The snake-bird. 2. Opposed to. 3. Sets anew. 4. A weaver's cutting instrument. 5. Rank. 6. To force back against the current.

H. H. M.

## ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.



THIS puzzle is based upon one of the Mother Goose rhymes. The pictures represent the last words of each of the five lines of the verse. What is the verse?

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN

## THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

RHOMBIC. 1. Egret. 2. Oakum. 3. Tenor. 4. Sidon. 5. Sedan.

LAMP PUZZLE. Central letters, reading downward, The Petroleum Oil Wells. Cross-words: 1. uTe. 2. sHy. 3. tEa. 4. aPe. 5. shEep. 6. parTing. 7. sepaRatEd. 8. physiOgnomy. 9. aLe. 10. dEn. 11. crUel. 12. graMMar. 13. phonOlogy. 14. pertInent. 15. railIng. 16. alWay. 17. crEep. 18. shaLlop. 19. schoLarLy. 20. dispoSition.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Quotation from Horace: "Mingle a little folly with your wisdom." Quotation (author unknown):

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men."

REVERSIBLE DIAMONDS: 1. S. 2. Ape. 3. Speed. 4. Eel. 5. D. Reversed: 1. D. 2. Lee. 3. Deeps. 4. Epa (sepal). 5. S.

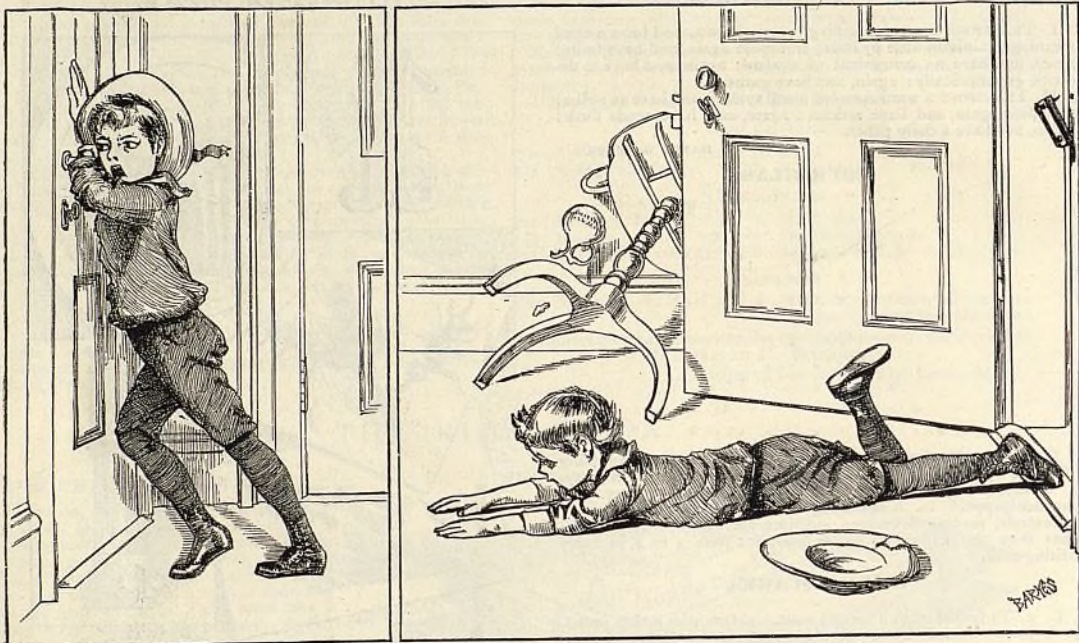
DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Powhatan; finals, helpless. Cross-words: 1. Priggish. 2. Organize. 3. Wrongful. 4. Hardship. 5. Armorial. 6. Tolerant. 7. Agitate. 8. Nearest.

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 St., New-York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the SEPTEMBER number, from Nellie B. Ripley, 11—W. R. M., 10—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 11—"Mithridates," 9—Jennie P. Miller, 11—Dorrie and Gretchen, 11—H. B. Saunders, 4—Ada M. Towle, 2—E. N. B. and C. B., 11—Marian and Eleanor, 3—"Arthur Pendennis," 8—Bessie Burch, 9—"Jack Spratt," 7—"Two Cousins," 9—Severance Burrage, 11—"Duke," 4—Mamma, Papa, and Herman, 7—Grace Cooper, 1—Hallie Couch, 10—Francis W. Islip, 11—Geo. Habenicht, 4—Pernie, 10—Marion W. Anderson, 10—C. M. P., 2—"Della Ware," 2—Jennie Balch, 8—Emily Danzel, 3—Hattie, Lillie, Ida, and Aunt Henrietta, 11—Lulu, 11—U. B. Thomas and Father, 5—K. Wentzel, 1—Maud, Laura, and Bessie, 10—Mary F. Davenport, 2—R. K., Papa, and Mamma, 9—"P. K. Boo," 11—Fanny, Diana, and Uncle Joe, 10—Edith L. Young and Jennie L. Dupuis, 11—Bessie S., 11—S. A. M., 11—Eleanor and Maude Peart, 4.

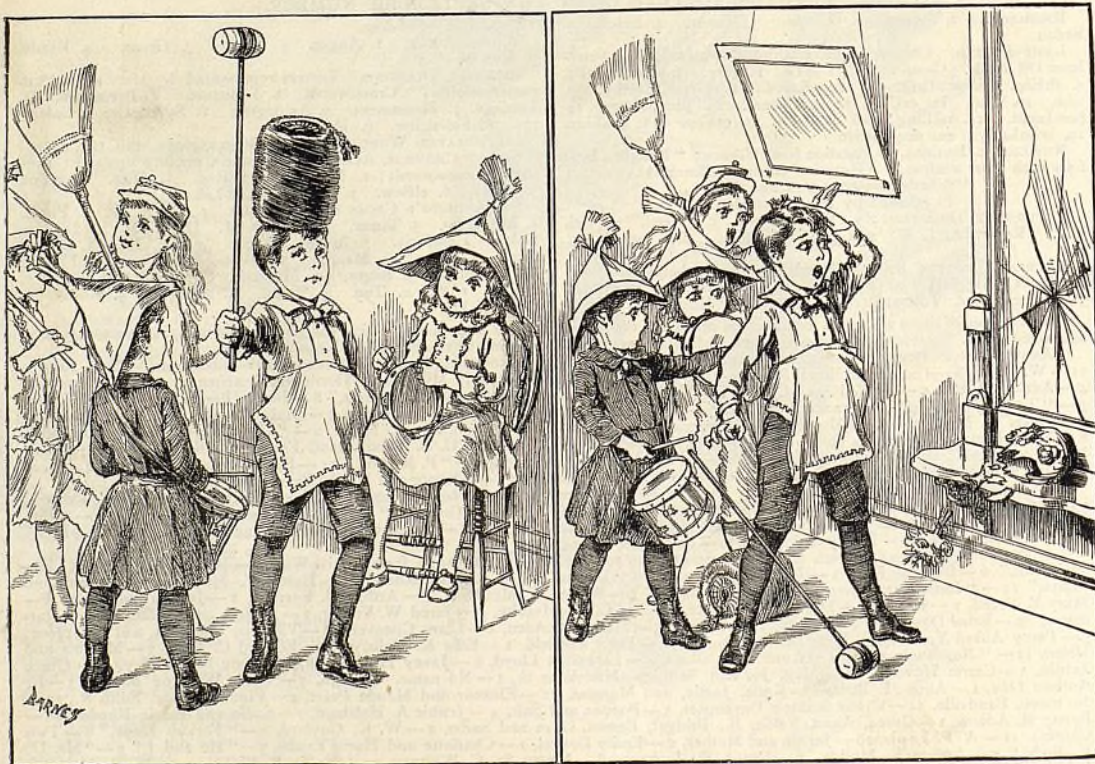
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Arthur Gride—Paul Reese—Chester and Amey Aldrich—"Eureka"—Maggie and May Turrill—Albert S. Gould—"San Anselmo Valley"—The Carters—"Buttons," and "Lady Teazle"—Willard Reed and Winthrop Greene—"Homer"—Willie Serrell and friends—"Sandsides"—F. W. Islip—Mollie and Kate—Betsey and the Boys—Severance Burrage.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Louise Weir, 5—Russell Miller, 7—"Chingachgook," 6—Blanche Erdt, 1—Adele Neuburger, 1—"Islam," 2—G. and E. Rhoads, 1—Hettie F. Mayer, 2—"Pepper and Maria," 12—"Impatient Youngster," 2—"Humbug," 1—Walter G. Muirheid, 4—Arthur B. Spencer, 1—Jennie and Nellie, 6—Mary E. Breed, 1—L. H., 7—David H. Webster, 1—W. G. McMurchy, 5—Jared W. Young, 1—Reggie and Nellie, 12—"Marmoset," 5—Ethel Daymude, 6—Clarence H. Woods, 9—Henry McAden, 1—Clara Conover, 12—Virginia, Margaret, and Josephine, 5—Percy Alfred Varian, 3—Mary A. Pennington, 2—Faun Penfield, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Edward C. Hall, 3—Mamma and Helen, 11—"Nezahualcoyotl," 1—Anna M. Calkins, 4—Llewellyn Lloyd, 2—Janey Hutchinson, 2—Lucy M. Bradley, 12—Grace Zublin, 1—Carrie Howard, 10—Meg, Jo, and Beth, 5—Madeleine S., 1—No name, Chicago, 7—Uncle Will and Mammie, 5—C. Anthon Day, 1—Alice M. Burr, 1—Katie, Jamie, and Mamma, 12—Eleanor and Maude Peart, 4—Vinton H. and Edith N., 12—No name, Readville, 12—Grace Stanton Davenport, 5—Pepper and Salt, 4—Jennie A. Halstead, 7—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 10—Bessie B. Adams, 1—Grace, Anna, Nellie, B., Bridget, Bertha, Clara and Sadie, 1—W. K. Gaylord, 5—"Forlorn Hope," 8—Two Cousins, 11—A. F. Lewis, 10—Jennie and Mother, 2—Emily Danzel, 1—Charlotte and Harry Evans, 3—"He and I," 5—"Mr. U. E. Bode," 7—Arthur L. Mudge, 1—Fanny R. Jackson, 8—Emma St. C. Whitney, 10—Nellie B. Ripley, 12—W. R. M., 10—"Arthur Pendennis," 3—Helen E. Howell, 3—Lillie, Ida, and Olive Gibson, 8—Judith 11—"Clive Newcome," 1—Helen E. Nelson, 1—"P. K. Boo," 8.



"LET ME IN, I SAY!"

IN!



AYRICK'S COSTUME BEFORE DESTRUCTION.