

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

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No. I.

## TCHUMPIN.

*(From the Russian of Ivan Bestujev.)*

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

### I.

IN the military school at Cronstadt the cadets have a custom of calling for a story from the Colonel-superintendent, at Easter. Russian lads, it should be remarked, have not nearly so many story books as American boys. Hence, a story from the Colonel is highly prized; and as soon as the Easter festival comes they demand it clamorously, though at other times they would not think of addressing their superior officer, save in the most respectful manner. But at Easter there is great freedom. It will be remembered that in Russia all classes exchange the kiss of Christian greeting at Easter; and in the military schools the Czar himself kisses the cadets, in full uniform.

There are very many quaint and peculiar customs common to the Russians.

On the present occasion the lads who had called for the Easter story were all assembled in the right wing of the ordnance room. It was past three o'clock; they were in full dress. Colonel Demidoff passed down the forms, saluting each in turn, then took his seat on the platform, smiling under his grey mustaches.

"So then you want your story," said he, in his crisp, military tones. "A story it shall be. I will tell you of a Kalmuck boy who was once my horse-boy, and who has risen since then by his courage and energy to be a captain in the Kier regiment of Cossacks.

"I tell you of this boy because I want you to

see and to realize that a stout heart, a brave mind and an active body will always make their way in the world, even from the lowest ranks in life; and at the same time I wish you to remember that courage, good sense and bodily strength can each be cultivated, and are, to great extent, within the reach of every one of you.

"His name was Tchumpin.

"But first, I must tell you how this Kalmuck lad came to be my horse-boy. At that time I held the rank of major and was attached to the corps of mining engineers at Barnaoul, in South-west Siberia. Barnaoul is the head-quarters of the mining operations carried on in the Altai mountains. All the gold and silver which the Siberian mines yield belongs, as you well know, to His Majesty the Czar; and the mining engineers are as much in his service as are the military officers. Gold is obtained throughout a great extent of the Altai range. Every year new tracts and districts are explored and new mines, with their works, are established.

"On the first day of May of that year I was detailed, together with an assistant engineer and a guard of seven Cossacks, to explore one of the southerly spurs of the range, and examine the beds of the torrents, both those flowing into the Irtysh and those flowing southward into the great lake of Altin Kool. Our march would take us nearly eight hundred *versts*\* from Barnaoul. We were to be gone the whole summer. To carry our instruments and our provisions, which consisted

\* A verst is 3,501 ft.; about two-thirds of an English mile.



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simply of dried black bread, sugar, tea and *vodka*,\* we had a drove of twenty-four pack-horses. And as the journey was performed on horseback, we each had one saddle-horse, and the Cossacks were well mounted.

"The country through which we were to pass was a wild, unexplored region. Constant care would be needed to keep our animals and baggage from straying and getting lost in the forests or among the crags. I had given orders that drivers should be obtained; and I was much astonished to learn on the morning of our march that Lieut. Stephanish, my assistant, had hired but one boy for the whole management of the baggage. On expressing my surprise and displeasure, which I did in round terms, Lieut. Stephanish replied that he was a very active, hardy lad, and used to horses from his childhood. Even then I was but half satisfied, and wishing to see the boy, rode back to the rear of the column. There I espied him, perched on the pack of the hindmost horse. He instantly saw that I was observing him, but merely sat a little straighter and bore himself like a conscious soldier. You would have laughed to see him. He was not more than fourteen years old, and scarcely as tall as any of you at that age. But though not heavily built, he was supple and active as a lynx. His eyes were jet black and sparkled like stars. He had a high, round head with a single long tuft of crow-black hair hanging from the crown far down his back. His features wore a look of energy which was almost eagerness. There was that about the lad which inspired confidence, and I said no more to Lieut. Stephanish, though I still feared that he had trusted too much to a mere boy, even though he might prove smart for his years.

"All day we rode steadily southward, with the lofty blue peaks of the Altai towering to the east. The air was wonderfully clear. The clouds floated like silvery fleeces at vast heights. To the westward a great steppe was beginning to show green through its dun, dead mantle of the past year. In all the little thickets we could hear the *reptchecks*† calling softly to each other, while here and there a great *gluckaree*‡ sprang up from the larches with mighty flaps of its wings and soared splendidly away. Hares were constantly running before us; and shortly after noon we sighted five wolves a few hundred yards to the right of our course. They stood on the edge of a green birch thicket and eyed us sullenly, neither offering to attack us nor to run away. It was a wild country, and we were bound for still more savage solitudes, where aside from wild beasts, we should have to guard against the

attacks of robber-bands from the hordes of the Kirgis.

"On the second day we entered among the mountains, following the valley of the river Tchu-rish. The weather, which had been so fine when we left Barnaul, now changed. Dark and lowering masses of cloud hung over the mountains on both sides of the valley, and several times during the afternoon we heard the heavy rumble of thunder. That night we encamped on the north bank of the river in a wood of larches, surrounded by immense rocks and jagged crags.

"As it portended rain my tent was pitched against the trunks of three great larches growing close together, the foliage of which was so thick overhead that the Cossacks declared no rain would penetrate it. In front a great fire was kindled, about which tea was prepared and drank, and our evening rations eaten before darkness gathered in. Near by, the river roared and foamed over large rocks with a ponderous, plunging sound. The red glare from our fire was reflected on the torrent. It was a sheltered nook; but I saw that the blackening clouds were rolling down in somber masses, and the thunder still muttered hoarsely. The Cossacks had set up their tent near by; and the horses were tethered to the neighboring trees.

"Having written up my journal and placed my arms where they would be secure from the storm, which I felt sure would burst upon us before morning, I spread my *voilocks*§ upon boughs and before long fell asleep.

"A tremendous clap of thunder startled me on a sudden. I sat up and looked around. Lieut. Stephanish was still sleeping. The rain was pouring down. It beat into the tent in a thick mist. Immediately there came a second deafening crash, then others in quick succession. The storm was upon us. I took out my watch, and by a flash of the almost continuous lightning saw that it was nearly one o'clock. Outside, our fire was extinguished. The roar of the river was drowned in the roar of the storm, which was rushing down the valley, wrenching off branches and uprooting mighty trees in its course. The thunder grew still louder and heavier. Every flash seemed nearer. Those who have never witnessed the electric tempests of Siberia can have little idea of them. The clouds came overhead and hung there with one continuous blaze and roar. Stephanish roused up and stared about him. With the flashes we could see the clouds which seemed to rest in a black mass on the tree-tops.

"And now happened a most singular electric phenomenon, such as I have never witnessed in any

\* *Vodka*, the Russian whisky.

† *Reptchecks*, tree-partridges.

‡ *Gluckaree*, a kind of large black cock, often weighing thirty pounds.

§ *Voilocks*, blankets; woolen robes.



other country. The very trees seemed on fire. Blue and lambent flames tinged the boughs and played about the trunks. It was a cold, pale light, in which objects were shown in ghastly and unearthly guise. The Cossacks came crowding into my tent, muttering their prayers and devoutly crossing themselves. They shuddered and quaked with their fears. Little Tchumpin came in behind them. Thinking the boy must be greatly terrified, I called him to my side and bade him sit down by me on the voilocks. Judge, then, of my surprise, when in a lull of thunder, he said to me in low, yet resolute tones, 'Never mind it, *barin*.\* I've seen it worse than this!'

"I had thought him terrified, and here the little monkey was trying to encourage *me*!

"A moment later one of the horses broke loose, and began to run about, snorting loudly. Before I could prevent him, the boy rushed out and did not return till the horse was again securely haltered.

"For more than three hours the storm continued with its thickly-streaming fires and terrific thunder-peals, beneath which the earth trembled at every crash. Never shall I forget that night of tempest and flame, nor with it the dauntless little fellow who stood cool when strong men shuddered with terror. It was the first glimpse I had of his wonderful spirit and pluck. But I determined not to spoil the lad by making too much of him.

"The next day we went on up the valley of the Tchurish, crossed the dividing ridge which marks its head-springs, and thence descended upon a wide desert steppe, intersected by sterile, rocky ridges, which, like great sea-waves, succeeded each other for more than fifty versts.

"On these bare ridges we began to see serpents. They glided away from before us with angry hisses. They were of several varieties. The first we saw were of a slatey-grey color, two or three feet long, and rather sluggish. I do not think that these were poisonous. The horses did not shy from them as they often do from venomous snakes. We trod many under foot. But on one of the succeeding ridges we fell in with a larger species, jet black in color, more than a yard in length, and very active. These, however, ran swiftly away at our approach.

"Farther on, a different and very beautiful species began to rear their heads and hiss at our approach. They were of a pale green hue, clouded with black and had deep crimson spots on their sides. They were as large as the black variety, but not nearly so active. The horses shied slightly from these. Nevertheless, we made our way without hindrance, till on coming to the foot of an unusually high and stony ridge my horse suddenly stopped short,

snorting violently. In a second I saw the cause of its alarm. On a rock, half-a-dozen yards away, a much larger serpent lay coiled. It had seen us. Slowly it raised its head a foot or more. Its eyes were red, like live coals. Its tongue played and it began to hiss furiously. The Cossacks shouted to warn me that its bite was sure death. They knew it well and dared not go near it. I feared lest it might strike the legs of the horses, and drawing one of my pistols fired at its neck, but missed it. I was about to draw my other pistol, when little Tchumpin, who had slipped down from his horse, stole past my side, whip in hand.

"'I will soon kill it, *barin*,' he said.

"His air was so confident I determined to let him try. His whip was of the fashion in use with Tartar teamsters,—a heavy, ashen stock, to which is fastened a long lash, or thong, of leather. Carefully measuring the distance with his eye, the boy whirled the whip around his head in a circle, then struck out at the hissing reptile. The thong snapped almost as loudly as the pistol shot as the tip of it fell on the snake's crest, causing it to fall at full length off the rock. But it was only stunned. Before it could recover itself, however, Tchumpin took up a stone, and throwing it, made so deft a cast as to nearly sever its head from its body. Two of the Cossacks, who had dismounted, now assisted him to finish the reptile. On stretching out this serpent's body I found it to measure an inch over two yards in length, and its body was rather thick in proportion. It had two venomous fangs. Its color was a deep brown, with red and green spangles on its sides. I have since learned that the celebrated cobra of India is not more fatal in its bite than this parti-colored serpent of the steppes.

"After this adventure, Tchumpin went ahead with his whip for several versts, and killed several serpents of the same species, but none so large as the first.

"On the third day, after crossing this steppe and entering the mountains to the southward, we descended into the valley of another large stream which bears no name on the maps, but which I called 'Tchumpin,' from an exploit performed by our hardy little horse-boy. It is a very rapid river. On the night after reaching it in the afternoon, we encamped beside a roaring *parrock*.† The parrock was not far from two hundred yards in length, with a fall of fifty or sixty feet. Huge boulders and ledges rose here and there in the channel, while the water roared and foamed about the many sunken rocks, casting up white jets, and showing glassy, rushing currents, pouring with arrowy swift-ness, or whirling in fearful whirlpools. Bare, water-worn ledges overhung the torrent. As we

\* *Barin*, sir, or your honor.

† *Parrock*, a boiling rapid, or cascade.



stood on the overhanging ledges the roar was almost deafening.

"Early the next morning, while dressing, I heard the Cossacks shouting and laughing, and on going outside my tent, I saw little Tchumpin running along the ledges which overhung the parrock. He had taken off his clothes and the sun glistened on his fresh, naked body. The Cossacks stood together on a ledge watching him. After running up the bank a considerable distance, the boy poised himself for a moment on a projecting rock, then plunged head foremost into the rapid. I could scarcely believe my eyes. It seemed a leap to certain death. A second later his head popped up amid the foam, and he was swept down past me like a cork, but with his head well above water, and steering amid the rocks like a salmon. I expected to see him dashed on the jagged boulders, or drawn into the roaring eddies; but on he went, past them all, darting like an eel on the gleaming, black currents. The Cossacks ran along the ledges, but were soon left far behind. A moment more and he had disappeared far down the parrock. I had no thought that he would get out alive. It seemed impossible to pass through the rapid and live. But in less than a minute I saw him climb up on the rocks below, where he sat for a moment to rest. Then seeing me standing on the ledges he came running up, laughing and brushing the drops from his hair.

"Are you not afraid to risk your life thus?" I said, sternly. "Do you not know the danger?"

"The bold boy laughed, and his fearless eyes sparkled.

"*Eta nichevo, barin; ya ochin lubit!*"\* he replied.

"And before I could interpose to forbid it he darted off and again cast himself into the plunging waters. I saw him rise like a duck half out of the torrent, take a look ahead, and then he was whirled by us faster than any of the Cossacks could run. In less than a minute he had gone the whole length of the parrock, borne on the surface of the mighty flood. Once in the stiller waters below, he swam ashore and again came running up where I stood, laughing in the wild glee with which the adventure had inspired him.

"Truly," I said, "his safety is in his very fearlessness." But the Cossacks exclaimed that he was elf-possessed.

"After crossing the desert steppe where serpents so abounded, and after making our way over another ridge of the Altai, we descended into the grassy plains which border on the great river Irtysh. This was the country of the Kirgis, a pastoral, or nomadic, people of the Tartar race,

like the Kalmucks, but differing considerably in language and in customs. Some of these people are robbers, and live by plundering their more peaceful countrymen who, like the patriarchs of whom the priest read to us from the Bible this morning, have great herds of camels, horses, sheep and goats. These have no fixed place of residence, but wander through the vast plains wherever there is grass for their cattle.

"We had not proceeded more than a dozen versts across this plain before we discovered at a distance, broad, dark patches, which the Cossacks declared to be droves of horses. We were approaching the encampment of some Kirgis chief, or



TCHUMPIN'S PLUNGE INTO THE RAPIDS.

sultan, as he is called. (It is from this same race that the Turks, with their sultans, who now wrongfully rule Constantinople, are descended).

"Whether he would be friendly or hostile to us, we could not tell. Central Asia is a strange, barbarous land. From one chief the kindest hospitality will be received, while his next neighbor may very likely rob and murder you. Our arms were first carefully prepared; we then moved forward at a gallop, and were soon riding through flocks of sheep, tended by wild-looking herdsmen, dressed in gay-colored *kalats*† and caps of fox-skin. They regarded us keenly as we passed. No doubt they feared we were ourselves robbers, come to plunder and drive off their herds.

"A little farther on we came in sight of the encampment itself, located on the shores of a small bush-fringed lake in the midst of the plain. About

\* It is nothing, your honor; I love it dearly.

† Kalat, a kind of long frock.



it were hundreds of camels. Herds of dark bay horses neighed shrilly as we rode past them; and as we drew nearer packs of savage dogs came rushing forth, challenging loudly and uttering fierce growls. I feared lest they should even grapple with our horses and pull them down, like the wolves of the steppe, from which they have descended. But the lad, Tchumpin, gave them sounding strokes with his long whip, from which they sprang aside, yelping. One of the Cossacks had spent some years among the Kirgis and could speak their language. This man I now sent on to announce our arrival to the chief, or sultan, who immediately sent a dozen of their Kirgis servants to meet me and conduct me to his presence. These men were richly clad in beautiful silk kalats and broad trousers, and after saluting me with profound respect led the way to a large *yourt*,\* near which a long spear with a tuft of black horse-tail was planted in the ground. A tall, fine-featured old man was standing in the door, and as I drew rein he came forward and gave me his hand to assist me to dismount, then touched my breast, first with the fingers of his right hand, then with those of his left, and bade me welcome thrice.

"The Cossack told him that I was the servant of the great Czar of the West, the lord of all Northern Asia, and that I was come to explore the country.

"This sultan's name was Souk. He at once conducted me into the *yourt*. The servants spread a beautiful Bokarian carpet, on which I was invited to be seated. Tea was then brought in small Chinese bowls.

"Sultan Souk was about seventy years of age, stout and squarely built, with broad Tartar features and fine, flowing grey beard. He wore constantly a close-fitting cap of red silk, embroidered with silver. His dress was a long striped robe, or kalat, of crimson and yellow silk, with a white shawl about his waist. His boots were of red leather, with very high heels. His wife was a young and very handsome Kirgis woman, dressed in a black robe of Chinese satin, with a red silk shawl about her waist, and a white muslin turban, or cap. She and her two daughters were seated on *voilocks* on the farther side of the *yourt*.

"The furniture and household utensils of these *yourts* are very simple. The fire is made on the ground, and in the center of the *yourt*, while the smoke passes through a hole directly overhead. The carpets are spread opposite the door-way. Strong boxes, made of a dark, heavy wood, contain the family riches, which sometimes consist of great numbers of *ambas*, or silver bricks, from the Altai mines. There are rolls of rich carpeting from Bokhara, and silks from China

"On one side is the *koumis* vessel,—a large leathern sack, holding from one to two hogsheads. Into this mares' milk is poured each day in summer, where it soon ferments and turns to *koumis*, the drink so prized by the Kirgis. A bowl of this drink was offered me by Sultan Souk, and out of courtesy I drank a part of it; but I cannot say that I liked it. The *koumis* sack is never washed, nor even rinsed out. The Kirgis have a saying that to wash this vessel will not only spoil the *koumis*, but bring ill-luck to the family.

"I was shown the sultan's horse trappings. His saddle was a very fine one, decorated with silver inlaid on iron. The cushions were of velvet. The bridle was covered with small iron plates, inlaid in the same manner. These trappings cost their owner fifty horses, I was informed.

"The sultan's battle-axe was also a very rich and curious weapon. The handle was nearly five feet long, of heavy, dark wood, bound with silver rings, and the head was double-edged and very sharp. A thong through a ring in the end of the handle fastened it to his wrist when armed for battle.

"That evening three sheep were cooked in a great iron cauldron; and this boiled mutton, together with *koumis*, tea and sugar-candies, composed our supper. That night Lieut. Stephanish and myself slept on a carpet in the sultan's *yourt*. The Cossacks, with little Tchumpin, passed the night in an adjoining *yourt*; for the sultan's encampment consisted of not less than ten of these large lodges.

"In the morning we parted with friendly feelings.

"Our course was now toward the Irtish, the north banks of which we reached the next day. There are no bridges in these Tartar countries. The rivers must be forded or crossed in boats. At this point the Irtish is fully two hundred yards in width, and runs past in a swift, strong current. Not more than a verst below there was a considerable cataract, the roar of which was plainly audible from where we stood. There were no boats. The country was an uninhabited desert. How we were to cross so broad and so rapid a stream was a serious question with us. We spent the night in a willow copse on the bank.

"Very early the next morning, the lad Tchumpin pulled aside the flap of my tent, and bidding me good morning, told me that half a verst below our camp he had discovered a Kirgis canoe, made of a single log, drawn up on the opposite bank, and if it was my pleasure he would swim the river and paddle it across for our use.

"'But the current is swift,' I said. 'Are you not afraid?'

\* *Yourt*, a large lodge or tent of skins. Formerly these *yourts* were mounted on large wheeled platforms or carts.



"Oh, no!" he exclaimed, laughing; "it is nothing at all."

"I gave him leave; and in a moment he had thrown off his red frock and trousers and plunged in like a duck. To swim so rapid a stream and

paddle a clumsy log canoe across it are feats which few men could have accomplished. Yet to this daring lad these feats seemed but as play. In less than twenty minutes he had returned with the canoe, paddling it swiftly against the current.

(Conclusion next month.)

## THE WEDDING OF THE GOLD PEN AND THE INKSTAND.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS.

THE Gold Pen wooed the Inkstand.

The Inkstand was of crystal, with a carved silver top. It evidently came of an aristocratic family, and was therefore a fitting match for the Gold Pen, which also was an aristocrat and carried itself haughtily toward the Goose-quill and the Steel Pens, its poor relations.

The wedding was a splendid affair. All the inhabitants of the Table were invited, and the great Unabridged Dictionary—the true autocrat of the Writing-Table—gave away the bride, while the fat Pen-Wiper, in scarlet and black cashmere, sobbed audibly. (Not that there was anything to sob about, but she had heard that it was customary to cry at weddings.)

After the ceremony, "the happy pair received the congratulations of their large and distinguished circle of acquaintances," as the newspaper reporters say.

"Many happy returns," blundered the Goose-quill, claiming his privilege as a relation of kissing the bride. The Goose-quill had got itself a new nib for the occasion, and quite plumed itself on its appearance.

"Wish you joy!" said the Steel Pen, a brisk, business-like sort of fellow, leading forward the Pen-Wiper.

"Joy!" echoed the Pen-Wiper, with a fresh burst of sobs.

"May life's cares rest lightly upon you!" said the Paper-Weight.

"Stick to each other through thick and thin!" said the Mucilage-Bottle.

"May the impress of the beloved image be indelible in each heart!" exclaimed the phial of Marking-Fluid.

"I congratulate you, madame," said the quire of Legal-Cap. "The bridegroom is a distinguished

fellow—'*Stylus potentior quam gladius!*' Pardon the Latin; but we lawyers, you know, —. He! he!" And he retired with a smirk, quite satisfied with his display of erudition.

"Live ever in a Fool's Paradise!" growled the Foolscap, who was a disappointed old bachelor.

"May the Star of Love never set in the heaven of your happiness!" simpered the rose-tinted Note-Paper, who was always fearfully sentimental, and was rumored to be herself in love with the Violet Ink.

"Jove from your heads avert his awful wrath,  
And shower blessings on your future path!"

sighed the Violet Ink, who was said to have actually written poetry!

(At this the Note-Paper turned a shade rosier and murmured, "How sweet!")

"Come right up to the mark of duty," said the old Black-walnut Ruler, "and your line of life will never go crooked."

"May love be never erased from your hearts!" said the India-Rubber.

"And may nothing ever divide you!" said the Ivory Paper-Cutter.

"Let all your actions bear the right stamp; and above all, *never tell a lie!*" said the Postage-Stamp (which bore the portrait of George Washington, and must therefore be excused for introducing the latter remark).

"Don't let the little *rubs* of life wear out your mutual kindness, my dears!" said the matronly old Eraser.

"Hech, lad!" cried the little Scotch-plaid Index, which came tumbling out of a volume of Burns, "A lang life an' a happy one to you an' your bonny bride!"

"May you always be wrapped up in each other!"



said the package of Envelopes, who came up in a body.

"Though the Gordian Knot was cut," said the Penknife (a sharp chap), "may this True-Lover's Knot never be severed!"

"I hope you'll make your mark in life," said the blunt old Lead-Pencil.

"Look closely," said a Pocket-Microscope; "but for virtues—not for faults."

"May the remembrance of each unkind word or

deed be quickly blotted out!" exclaimed the Blotting-Pad.

"Bless ye, my children, bless ye! Be happy!" said the Big Dictionary, in the (theatrically) paternal manner.

The Gold Pen and the Inkstand did not make a wedding tour, but went to live immediately in a beautiful bronze stand-dish, in the center of the Writing-Table.

And there they are at this very moment.

## A LULLABY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

ROCKABY, lullaby, bees in the clover!—  
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low—  
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!

Down into wonderland—  
Down to the under-land—  
Go, oh go!

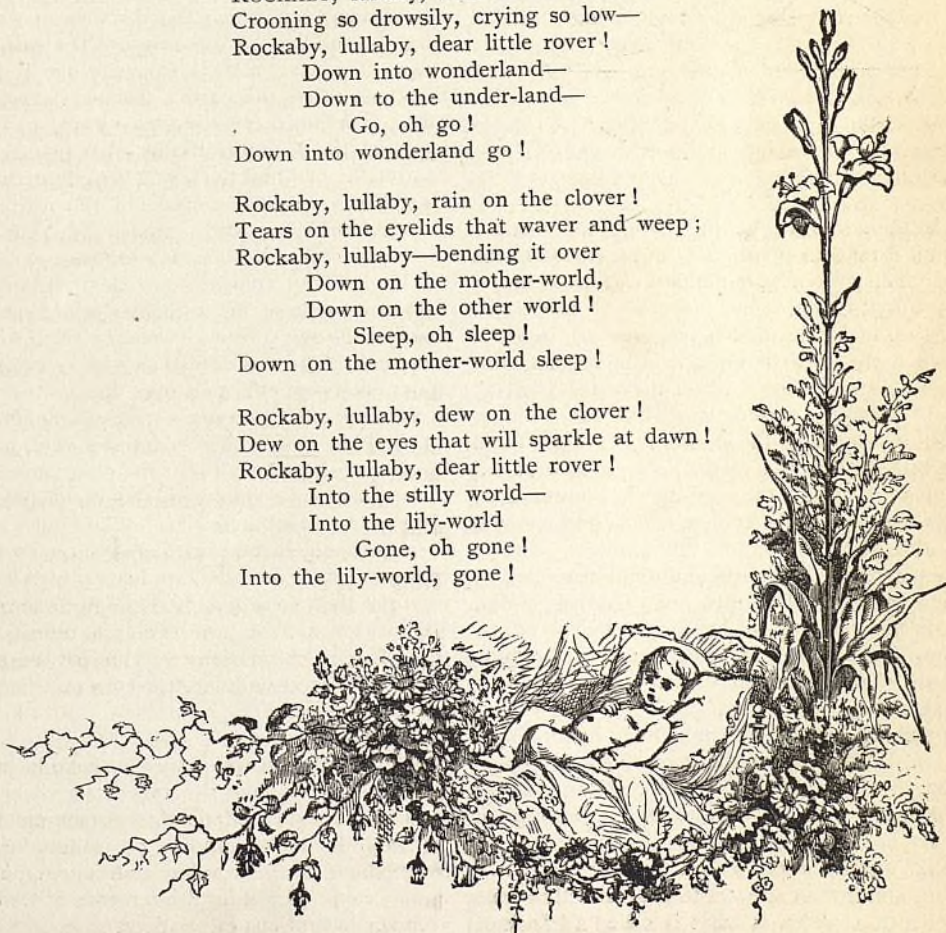
Down into wonderland go!

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover!  
Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep;  
Rockaby, lullaby—bending it over  
Down on the mother-world,  
Down on the other world!

Sleep, oh sleep!  
Down on the mother-world sleep!

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover!  
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!  
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!

Into the stilly world—  
Into the lily-world  
Gone, oh gone!  
Into the lily-world, gone!





## THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

BY PAMELIA T. SMILEY.

VERY much has been said and written during the last two years about the transit of Venus, which is to occur December 8, 1874. The interest which is so generally felt in regard to it has doubtless reached many of the readers of this magazine, and they very naturally begin to ask, "What is a transit of Venus, and why is it of so much importance?" This is what I will try to explain.

You perhaps all know that Venus, the brightest of the planets, is not as far from the sun as the earth, and that it revolves round the sun in an orbit similar to the earth's orbit. In each revolution, therefore, Venus passes between the earth and sun,

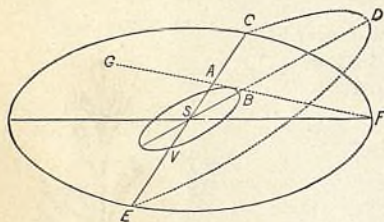


FIGURE 1.

and is then said to be in inferior conjunction. When it is on the opposite side of the sun from the earth it is in superior conjunction. Thus, in fig. 1, suppose E F C represents the orbit of the earth, A B V that of Venus, and S the sun. If Venus is at V when the earth is at E, it is in inferior conjunction. If it is at A when the earth is at E, it is in superior conjunction. But the orbit of Venus, as you see by the figure, is not in the same plane with that of the earth. Now if it were extended until it met the earth's orbit, it would be represented by the dotted line C D E, and it would cross the earth's orbit at the points E and C. These points, or the corresponding places A and V, in the real orbit of Venus, are called its nodes. Now, because of this inclination of the two orbits, the sun, Venus and the earth will be in the same line only when Venus is at, or near, one of its nodes at the time of conjunction. For, if Venus is at B when the earth is at F, it would be in inferior conjunction, because it is in that part of its orbit which is most directly between the earth and sun; but we should see it in the direction of G. If, however, it is at its node, V, at the time of conjunction, or when the earth is at E, we see it in the same line as the sun, and it then appears to pass directly across the sun's disc. This is what is called a transit of

Venus. Venus is opaque, like the earth, shining by the reflected light of the sun; therefore the bright side is toward the sun, and at the time of a transit it appears to us like a dark spot upon the sun's bright surface.

The transits of Venus happen only at rare intervals, because it is seldom that the three bodies are thus situated in reference to each other. They occur in pairs, eight years apart, and between the pairs are one hundred and five, or else one hundred and twenty-two years.

The fact that they so rarely happen occasions an interest in the transits; but this is by no means the only reason why they are so carefully watched. Their chief importance lies in this: By observing the path which the planet makes across the sun we obtain data from which the distance of the earth from the sun can be calculated. The *relative* distances of all the planets from the sun is known; therefore, when the earth's distance, expressed in miles, is obtained, we have, as it were, a yard-stick by which the distances of the other planets can be measured. To find the *exact* length of this yard-stick has long been considered the astronomer's grandest problem, and a transit of Venus gives the most accurate means of doing this.

The last two transits were in 1761 and 1769. Previous to these the estimates which had been made of the sun's distance from the earth were very incorrect. The earliest estimate on record made it about one-twentieth of its true distance; and even at the time of these transits it was too small by several million miles. These transits were, however, watched with great interest, the observations made of them carefully compared, and the distance computed to be about ninety-five million miles. Since then astronomers have calculated the sun's distance by several other methods, applying principles which were not then known, and, although these methods are inferior to that furnished by a transit, yet, as the different calculations very nearly agree, it is supposed they are not far from correct. They show the sun's distance to be a little over ninety-one million miles.

The instruments which we now have for measuring small angles, and the means for determining the latitude and longitude of places are much superior to those used a hundred years ago, hence the observations of the coming transit will be much more exact, and will furnish a means of testing the accuracy of previous calculations.



I will now tell you something of how the observations are taken, and of the preparations which have been made for this purpose.

The direct object is to obtain what is called the sun's parallax. The parallax of an object is its apparent displacement as seen from two different stations. In fig. 2, let the circle  $A B E$  represent a section of the earth. Two persons, one stationed

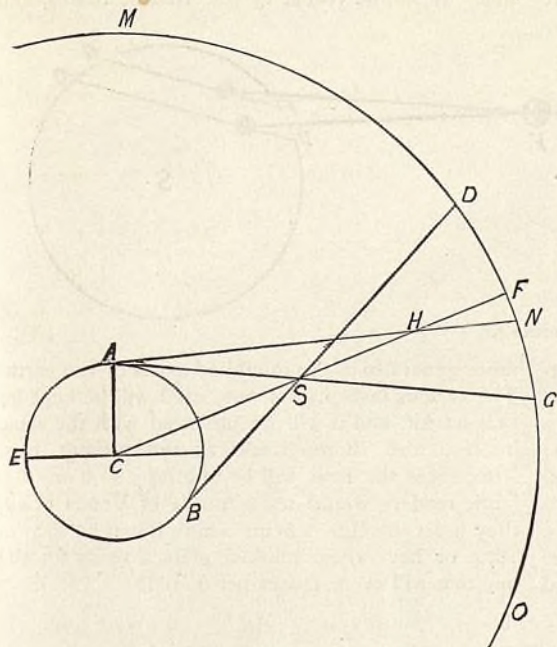


FIGURE 2.

at A, and another at B, are looking at the sun, S. The heavenly bodies, though at different distances from the earth, appear to us as if they were all situated in the same vaulted surface, represented by the curved line  $M G O$ . The person at A sees the sun as if it were at G, while the person at B sees it at D. Now, in making tables which shall give the position of the heavenly bodies, it is obvious that their places, as seen from any one station upon the earth, cannot be taken, for this would not be correct for any other station. The place given them, therefore, is that which they would appear to occupy if seen from the center of the earth, for this always remains the same. The true place of the sun, S, then, is at F, and its angular displacement, measured by the angle,  $B S C$ , or the arc,  $F D$ , is its parallax at the station B; the angle,  $A S C$ , or  $F G$ , its parallax at the station A.

The distance of a body affects its parallax; for it is plain that if the sun were at the more distant point H, its parallax,  $F N$ , as seen from A, is much less than if the sun is at the point S. Hence, when

the sun's true parallax is obtained, it gives an accurate means of calculating the sun's distance.

Now Venus is the planet nearest the earth, hence its parallax is larger than any other, and can be more easily measured. Moreover, Venus is much nearer the earth than the sun, and its parallax, of course, much greater. Because of this difference between the displacement of the two bodies, observers at different stations upon the earth will refer the planet to different points upon the sun's disc. Thus, in fig. 3 (on next page), let E, V and S represent the earth, Venus and the sun at the time of a transit. An observer at A would see the planet cross the sun in the line  $D C$ , while an observer on the other side of the earth, at B, would see it cross the sun in the line  $F G$ . These two lines are of unequal length, and the transit, to the observers, would be accomplished in unequal periods of time. By noting the exact time and duration of the transit at these two stations and afterward comparing them, the difference between the parallax of the sun and that of Venus can be obtained, and from this the parallax of the sun, and then the sun's distance from the earth. It is, of course, impossible to obtain stations on directly opposite sides of the earth, to watch the transit, yet places are selected as far apart as possible, and the necessary allowance made in the calculations.

It may at first seem a very easy thing to take these observations; but in reality it is very difficult to make them accurate. The instruments may not be exact in every particular, and a small error in measuring an angle at so great a distance as the sun, will make a great difference in the result. Clocks may differ by one or two seconds, and the state of our atmosphere will affect the distinctness with which the planet is seen. Then it is extremely difficult to tell the second when the edges of Venus and the sun meet, for, as they approach, the dark edge of the planet appears drawn out toward the sun before it really touches it; and the difference between the real and apparent contact may occasion a serious error. Hence the great importance that everything be prepared with the utmost care, and that so far as possible there be uniformity in the methods of observing at the different stations.

Another science aids the astronomer in this work by giving him a new method of measuring small angles in the heavens. It is that of photographing the object, and then making the desired measurement on the plate by an instrument called a micrometer. The sun has been photographed for the purpose of studying the solar spots, for many years, and the process has been perfected and used with



great success. It is thought that by this method a much more precise measurement can be obtained than by the simple eye-observations.

For the past two years preparations have been in progress for the coming transit. Our own Government has appropriated for this purpose one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Eight stations are to be occupied,—three northern and five southern. The northern stations are

longitude of the places determined, and every preparation thoroughly made.

Other nations, especially England, Russia and Germany, have made extensive preparations for observing the transit, choosing different stations favorable to the purpose.

Another transit of Venus will take place in 1882, which will be in some respects more favorable than this. It will be visible in the Atlantic States, and

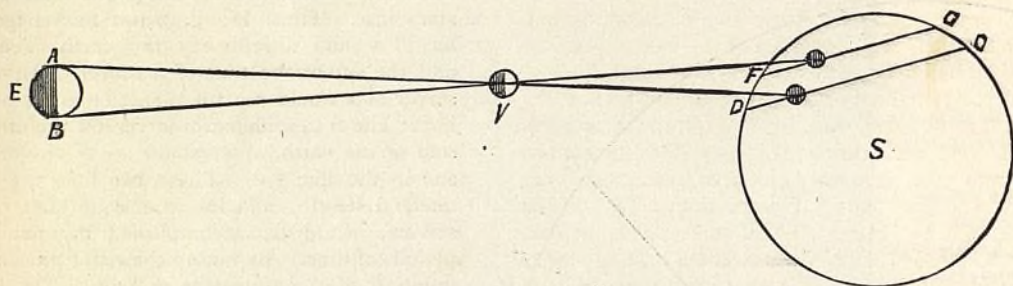


FIGURE 3.

near Pekin, Yeddo, and a place in the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea. The southern stations are upon the island of Mauritius; Kerguelan's Land; Hobart Town, southern part of Australia; some point in New Zealand; and Chatham Islands, east of New Zealand.

These stations are occupied several months before the transit, in order that the instruments may be well mounted and tested, and the latitude and

more generally in the inhabited parts of the earth. The various instruments now used will be kept for that transit, and it will be observed with the same interest and thoroughness as the present one. After these the next will be in 2004; so if my Atlantic readers would see a transit of Venus at all, they must travel to a point where it can be seen in 1874, or have their smoked glasses ready for the one that will occur December 6, 1882.



TAKING COMFORT IN ONE'S OWN HOUSE.



## HOW TROTTY WENT TO THE GREAT FUNERAL.

(A True Story.)

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

NOT a very great while ago, Trotty was staying in Worcester square.

Everybody may not know that Worcester square is in Boston; but Trotty knew it. One reason was that he had been there before.

Worcester square is at the south end of Boston; and Trotty knew that, too. Trotty knew a great deal. He knew that he had a very nice time when he went with his mother to visit at Cousin Ginevra's in Worcester square. Besides that, he knew that somebody was going to be buried to-day in Boston. He had heard them talking about it at the table. He did n't believe there were a great many boys of his size who knew that. He meant to ask those chaps who played out in the square with watchman's rattles. He did n't exactly know who it was; but that was a minor point, and did n't matter. He might have consulted his mother on it, however; but they had maple syrup on their buckwheats, and omelette with their muffins, for breakfast, and he forgot it.

He put on his cap and navy-blue coat after breakfast, and told his mother he was going out to play in the square. His mother said, "Very well," and buttoned his coat up in the throat, for it was a little chilly, and he had a slight cold; and she kissed him good-by, and told him to be in in good season to get washed and brushed before lunch. Trotty said, "Yes, um," and hopped along, down the steps on one foot, into the square.

There were n't any boys in the square just then, and Trotty played "menagerie" by himself for awhile, with the stone lions on the steps. He played "hand-organ," too, with a little cane he had for a birthday present. He beat time on the iron fence, and Cousin Ginevra threw him five cents and hired him—like many another organ-man—to go away.

Pretty soon the boys began to come into the square; all sorts of boys—pretty little boys from the neighboring houses, in seal-skin caps and nice boots; queer little boys from over by the hospital, with ragged jackets and no coats; pleasant little boys, quarrelsome little boys; clean boys, dirty boys. Trotty had seldom seen so many kinds of boys together. They ran and whooped up and down the square. The boys in the seal-skin caps did n't run much with the other boys. Trotty was n't particular; he liked them all; he wished

they had such funny boys at home. There was one little boy with red hair there, who was very friendly with Trotty. He showed him his jack-knife, and the boy said he wished he had one like it. He showed him his cane, too; the boy with red hair said it was a whacker.

"Oh," said a seal-skin boy, "that's nothing! I've got a cane twice as good!"

Trotty did n't like the seal-skin boy.

"Say," said he, "did you know there was a big funeral down-town to-day?" For he thought he would show the seal-skin boy how much he knew.

"Pooh!" said the seal-skin boy. "That's nothing either. I knew that a week ago. My father's gone to see it. It's an awful big funeral. All the women at our house are crying round."

"I don't know but I shall go down myself," said the boy with red hair.

"I don't care much about it," said the seal-skin boy, carelessly. "You get so used to processions and music in Boston."

Procession! Music! Trotty's eyes grew very big. How grand it seemed to be a Boston boy in a seal-skin cap and not care about processions and music!

The boys had all begun to cluster around the seal-skin boy and the boy with red hair. Trotty pressed into the middle of the group. Cousin Ginevra, glancing out of the window, saw them all standing in a heap, talking earnestly. Trotty had his cap pushed back, and his cheeks were red; he was talking too, very fast. Somebody called Cousin Ginevra away then, and she saw no more.

It came a little before lunch-time; but no Trotty. It came lunch-time itself; but no Trotty. Lunch was eaten and over, but Trotty had not come. His mother said she would go out and hunt him up; he was probably in the square, or in Chester park, having a good time somewhere. But he must learn to be punctual; she would bring him back, and he might go without his orange, for a punishment.

But she did not bring him back. He was not in the square. He was not in Chester park. All over Chester park, all over Chester square, through Worcester street, over on Harrison avenue, a little way down Washington street, a little way up Washington street, went Trotty's mother. But the only little boy she met was a little boy small



enough to go out with a nurse and to wear a white fur coat. The region seemed to be emptied of little boys. She went back to Cousin Ginevra's, thinking he must have crossed her and gone home.

"No," said Cousin Ginevra, carelessly; "but he'll turn up; boys always do in the city. He must learn to pick his way like the rest; he'll turn up in an hour or so."

But Trotty had not turned up in an hour or so. It came dinner-time, and he had not turned up. It was past dinner-time, and he had not turned up.

"Cousin Ginevra," said Trotty's mother, putting on her bonnet, "I can't stand this any longer. I am going to the police-station to get something done about Trotty. Something must have happened, or he would have been home to dinner. I can't wait another minute!"

"Well," said Cousin Ginevra, trying not to look anxious, "perhaps you'd better. I think I will go out to Jamaica Plains myself, and inquire at Uncle Burden's. The child may have gone out there, for aught you know; he has been often enough to know the way. One or the other of us will have got him safe before long, never fear!"

But Trotty's mother could no more help fearing than she could help hunting for Trotty. Such a little fellow! Such a little, helpless, foolish fellow, to be wandering about that great city—the terrible city that he knew no more about than most little country boys who come in on visits once in awhile! Oh! what would become of him? Where could he be?

"About so high?" said the policeman. "I wish he'd been a little higher or a little lower. There's so many of 'em about so high! Red hair, did you say, ma'am?"

"Chestnut hair! Beautiful, bright——"

"Blue coat?" interrupted the policeman, carelessly, evidently not regarding the superfluous adjectives of fond mammas as at all to the point in the official processes of identification.

"Yes, a little navy-blue coat, with brass buttons and a velvet collar."

"I'd have preferred some other color," said the policeman, discontentedly; "bottle-green, for instance, ma'am, would be a beautiful color for little boys. It's a grave matter, if parents was only aware of it, this dressing young uns all alike, and turning 'em adrift on a nofficer's penetration. Now, I had six navy-blue coats lost on my beat this last fortnight."

"And blue eyes," said Trotty's mother; "great blue eyes, like——"

"Yes, yes," said the policeman, "I know, I know. Blue eyes. One pair's like another pair.

Blue eyes. Very well. We'll do our best, ma'am; but you need n't be surprised if it's a matter of two or three days. We have so many blue eyes and blue coats and reddish hair, about so high!"

Two or three days! A matter of two or three days! What a dreadful matter!

Trotty's mother went home again; went out again; went home again; was in and out—could not rest.

It grew dark; no Trotty. Cousin Ginevra came home; no Trotty. He had never been at Jamaica Plains. Uncle Burden had not seen him. Uncle Burden came, too. He, too, went in and out—to the station and back again, up the square, down the square, into the park, over to the hospital, down to the wharves, over to the Small-pox Hospital. Perhaps Trotty had gone over to Pine Island to the Small-pox Hospital!

It grew darker.

Into Springfield street, into Brookline street, down into Union-park street, back to the City Hospital, over by the great Jesuit Orphan Asylum, where all sorts of little boys peeped through the windows and shook their heads, for they had n't seen him; over to the Medical School on the great empty lands, where there was such a chance to play if you felt like it, and where a gentleman student said he had n't seen such a boy, and a lady student said she thought she had, and then said No, she guessed it was an Irish boy, on the whole; back again to the orphan asylum, and this time, as they were going by, a little orphan with a great many freckles hammered on the window at them.

A sister in a white cap came to the window, too, and beckoned. Uncle Burden said they would stop, and they stopped. The sister threw up the sash.

"It is possible," she said, in rather a sweet voice, "that we have news of your child. Patrick, tell the gentlemen what you just told me."

"I seen a chap with a blue coat and brass buttons," said Patrick, hopefully. "I seen him go by with some other chaps. He had a cane."

"That sounds like it," said Uncle Burden. "How big was he?"

"That's well enough," said the policeman, "but when did you see him?"

"I seen him," said Patrick, thoughtfully, "about——" He paused—reflected—seemed to be anxiously trying to bring his important testimony down close to a matter of minutes or hours, at least. "I seen him—about—t'ree days and a-half ago!"

Down went the window. Away went the vision of the sweet-voiced sister and the freckled boy. On went Uncle Burden and the policeman, mu-



singly; and down sank the heart of Trotty's mother deeper than ever yet.

Supper-time; no Trotty. After supper; but no Trotty. Evening. Night. The dreadful night had come—the dreadful day was gone—but still no Trotty!

It was nine o'clock. Bed-time an hour and a half ago! What would Trotty do, with no "bed-

in a very muddy navy-blue coat; with chestnut hair—matted, heated, splashed; with blue eyes, heavy and sodden; without a cap, without a cane; and with a little face as white as death. He held a bunch of white flowers close to his side.

"O Trot-ty!"

There was a cry and a rush. Trotty stood it pretty well. He trembled, however, for he was



TROTTY'S RETURN.

time," no bed to have a "time" about? Where would he lay the little, naughty, foolish, chestnut head-to-night?

It was five minutes past nine. The door-bell rung.

"It is the policeman," said Trotty's mother. And she ran to the door herself.

It was not the policeman. It was a little figure

very weak; they almost knocked him over with the rush and cry.

"I have n't had any lunch," said the little figure, faintly. "Nor any dinner, either," after a pause. "Nor any supper, too!" gasped Trotty. "I have n't eatened a finge since my buckwheat breakfast!"

He thought he should cry; but he did n't.



Now, his mother thought: "Trotty has done very wrong, but he shall not be questioned or punished till he has had food."

So they took him down to supper, and nobody said anything. He ate and ate. They gave him milk, bread, crackers, cold turkey, figs, cookeys, a banana, and what was left of the squash pie. He ate them all. It seemed as if he would eat till to-morrow morning. He trembled while he ate, but he did not cry.

By and by, his lips began to quiver. They asked him what was the matter.

"I can't get down vat piece of sponge-cake," moaned Trotty, "and I've got to leave half my Albert biscuit!"

So they concluded that he had eaten enough to preserve life, and took him away upstairs and set him down in their midst, very silently—for because they were glad to see him, they could n't forget that he must have been naughty to run away—and the following dialogue took place:

"Now, Trotty, tell us where you've been."

"I've been to see the man laid down."

"The man?"

"Yes; the man folks are all crying about. The boys asked me to go and see him laid down."

"Laid down?"

"Yes; I went to see the man laid down. I heard his name, but I forget."

"Oh, the child has been to the funeral! Where did you get those flowers, Trotty?"

Trotty held up the flowers—a bouquet of rosebuds, camellias and violets, very large, very rich, sorely faded.

"Aint they pretty? I got 'em in the big buildin'."

"What big building?"

"The big building opposite the common."

"The State-House! Have you been 'way down to the State-House?"

"I went to the big buildin' opposite the common to see the man laid down. I've got a sore froat, besides."

"Who went with you?"

"The boys."

"What boys?"

"The boy with red hair, and some other boys. There was a boy with a fur cap, but he did n't go far. He turned back. Me and the other boy, and the other boys, went alone."

"Was there no big boy or grown person with you?"

"No, only me and the boys, and the boy with red hair."

"Did you ride?"

"No, we walked. We walked to the buildin' and went in. They had music and a procession.

It was bully. We all went in. Me and the red boy went in. I don't know 'bout the rest."

"But that is impossible! You could not have got into the State-House. They would not allow you."

"Yes, I did. I went in. I tagged a p'liceman's coat-tails. I went right in afterward with his coat-tails. I saw the inside. There was flowers all over it. I never saw so many flowers at home. It was bully! They played 'Yankee Doodle,' too."

"'Yankee Doodle?'"

"Yes, they did; I know 'Yankee Doodle.'"

"Where did you get your flowers?"

"I got 'em in the big buildin'. I picked 'em up. I'm going to dry 'em to keep; the other boys said they would. Then we came out."

"What did you do next?"

"I went to see him laid down. Everybody did. I went with the procession. I tried to cry; but I did n't very much."

"But the procession went to Mt. Auburn Cemetery! You've got it wrong, somehow, Trotty. Mt. Auburn is five miles from here. You could not have gone very far."

"Yes, I did. I went as far's anybody did. Me and the other boys went on ahead of the procession. The red boy said he guessed we'd see it out. We went over a bridge. There was a grave-yard, too. They laid the man down in the grave-yard; I mean the great man—him that they cried about."

"Walked to Mt. Auburn! It cannot be, Trotty! And you could n't have got in when you got there. You could n't have seen 'the great man' buried!"

"Yes, I did. I went over the bridge, and in at a gate. There was p'licemen there. I scud in under their arms. I don't think the other boys did. I thought I'd like to see what they did with him. Then I came back. We all came back."

"Walked!"

"Oh, yes; I walked! I got awful tired. I walked to Boudoin square. Then I took a horse-car."

"How did you pay for your ticket?"

"I had five cents from Cousin Ginevra for playing the hand-organ to her with my cane. I lost my cane. I lost my knife, too. But I don't want to tell who took 'em. I should n't wonder if it was vat red boy. I'd have been home before," concluded My Lord Trotty, carelessly, "but we made a mistake once. The procession went another way, and we went another way, and we had to turn back."

"But, Trotty, do you know that you have done a very dangerous thing?"

"Why, no!" said Trotty.

"And a very cruel thing?"

"A cruel fing!" said Trotty.



"And a very, very naughty thing—so naughty that mamma must punish you harder than you've been punished for a long time?"

"No," said Trotty, shaking his head stoutly, though the color came and went fast on his dirty little face. "I did n't know I was naughty, only once. I did n't fink. When vey played 'Yankee Doodle,' I thought I was a little naughty."

"When they played 'Yankee Doodle!'"

"Yes. It made me have a homesick feeling in the back of my neck. I did n't know, but I'd ought to have stayed at home. Then I forgot."

"But, Trotty, we have looked everywhere, and everywhere, and had the police out looking —"

"The police!" said Trotty. He looked quite pleased; he thought the seal-skin boys would think more of him, if the police had been called out on his account.

"And there is one of them now!"

True enough, there was one ringing the door-bell at that moment, and Trotty heard him telling them in the entry that he'd got a boy; he did n't know if it would answer—boys were a good deal alike, and this one'd lost his coat, and vowed he lived up to Hunneman street; it was n't the one, was it? He thought likely. He'd take him 'long to Hunneman, and see if he told a straight story; boys did n't generally.

"No," said Trotty, marching out into the hall, to look at the boy from Hunneman street; "that is n't me! I got home of my own account!"

"I'd rather not see any more Boston boys to-night," said Trotty, feebly, as the door closed on the policeman and the poor little supposed-to-be Trotty. "I'm tired of Boston boys. I'd rather go to sleep."

"But, Trotty," urged his mother, solemnly, "I want you to see what a cruel, naughty boy you've been!"

Cruel! Naughty! These were ugly words. Trotty hung his head.

"I thought you were lost," went on mamma. "I mourned, and hunted, and was frightened for my little boy. Why, Trotty, in all this great city, I did n't know where you were!"

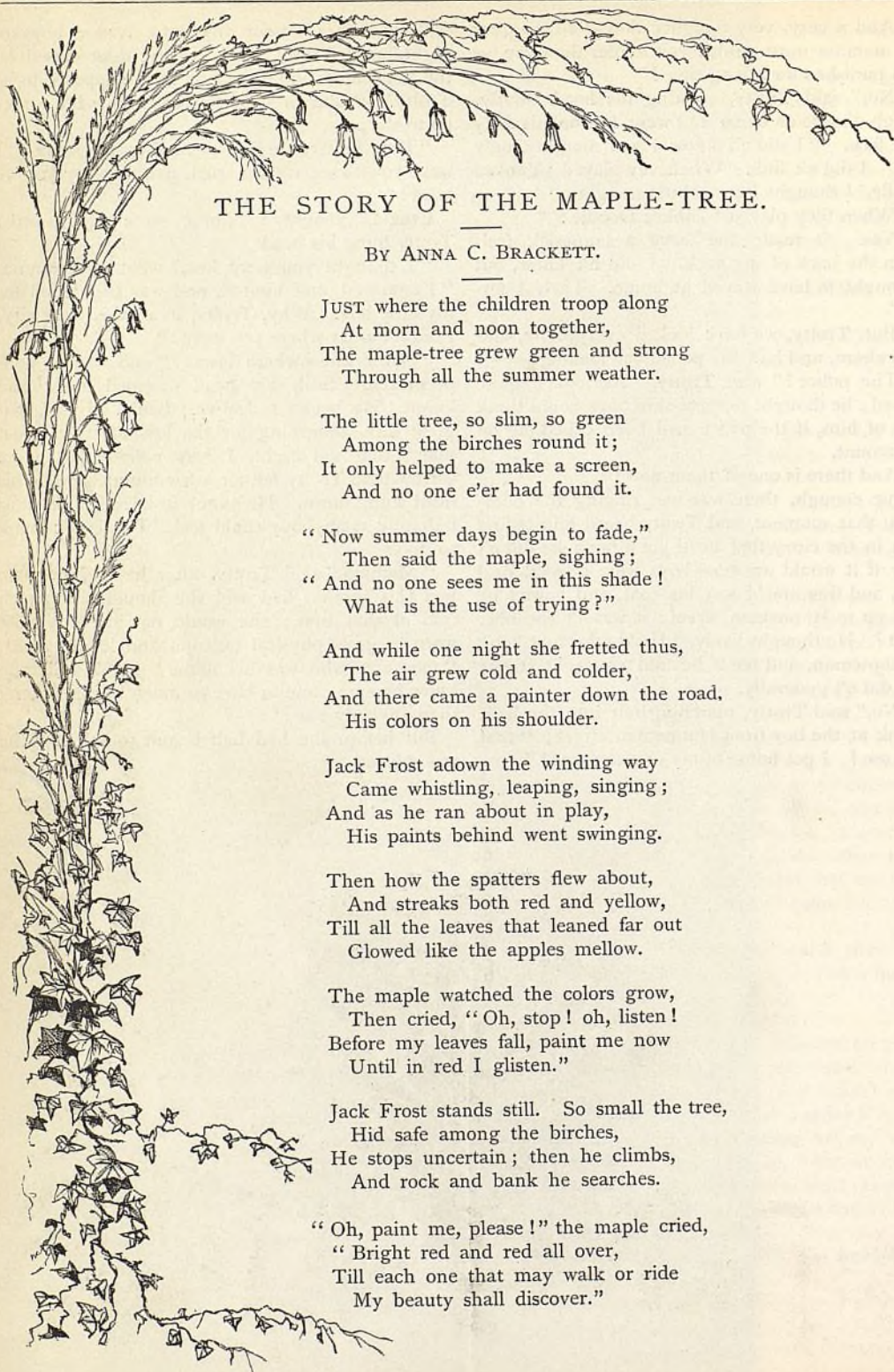
"But I knew where I was!" said Trotty, half-perplexed. Still, his head dropped lower and lower. He began to feel very badly. In all that great city, mourning for the loss of "the great man" that sad night, I *hope* nobody felt more sorrow than Trotty felt for a few minutes, while his head hung down. He ought to have felt about as unhappy as anybody could feel. Don't you think so, too?

"Mamma," said Trotty, after he had gone to bed (his mother had said she should not punish him at that time; she would not strike a child worn by great physical exertion and loss of food), "mamma, who was his name? and I'd like to know how he came to have so much bigger funeral than anybody else?"

But before she had half begun to tell him, he was asleep.







## THE STORY OF THE MAPLE-TREE.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

JUST where the children troop along  
At morn and noon together,  
The maple-tree grew green and strong  
Through all the summer weather.

The little tree, so slim, so green  
Among the birches round it;  
It only helped to make a screen,  
And no one e'er had found it.

"Now summer days begin to fade,"  
Then said the maple, sighing;  
"And no one sees me in this shade!  
What is the use of trying?"

And while one night she fretted thus,  
The air grew cold and colder,  
And there came a painter down the road,  
His colors on his shoulder.

Jack Frost adown the winding way  
Came whistling, leaping, singing;  
And as he ran about in play,  
His paints behind went swinging.

Then how the spatters flew about,  
And streaks both red and yellow,  
Till all the leaves that leaned far out  
Glowed like the apples mellow.

The maple watched the colors grow,  
Then cried, "Oh, stop! oh, listen!  
Before my leaves fall, paint me now  
Until in red I glisten."

Jack Frost stands still. So small the tree,  
Hid safe among the birches,  
He stops uncertain; then he climbs,  
And rock and bank he searches.

"Oh, paint me, please!" the maple cried,  
"Bright red and red all over,  
Till each one that may walk or ride  
My beauty shall discover."



No sooner said than done it is;  
The swift brush plies he singing,  
Then swings away, upon his back  
His brushes lightly slinging.

Adown the road the painter goes;  
In silent joy she watches,  
Till the far-off hills betray his path  
In red and purple blotches.

How splendid shines the maple-tree,  
With green around and under;  
The golden rods in all the place  
Bow down in reverent wonder.

And how she scorns the lady birch  
That stands so close beside her;  
Her head she tosses, waves her arms,  
And shakes her leaves out wider.

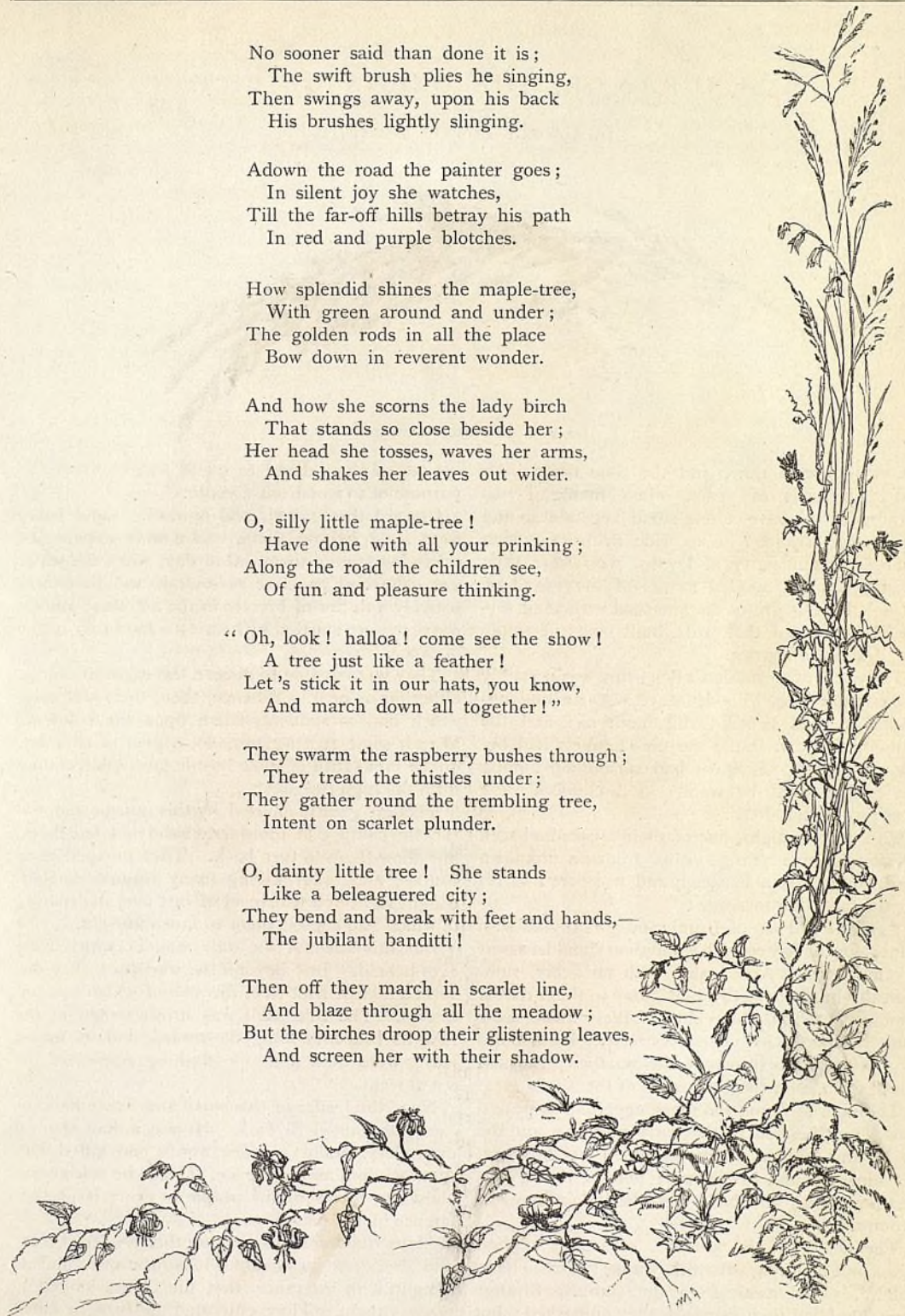
O, silly little maple-tree!  
Have done with all your prinking;  
Along the road the children see,  
Of fun and pleasure thinking.

"Oh, look! halloa! come see the show!  
A tree just like a feather!  
Let's stick it in our hats, you know,  
And march down all together!"

They swarm the raspberry bushes through;  
They tread the thistles under;  
They gather round the trembling tree,  
Intent on scarlet plunder.

O, dainty little tree! She stands  
Like a beleaguered city;  
They bend and break with feet and hands,—  
The jubilant banditti!

Then off they march in scarlet line,  
And blaze through all the meadow;  
But the birches droop their glistening leaves,  
And screen her with their shadow.





## SI JURA; OR, THE ORIGIN OF RICE.

BY GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.



SPRAY OF RICE—FROM NATURE.

ONCE upon a time, and the time dates back many hundreds of years, when mankind had nothing to eat save a few small vegetables, and when earth rejoiced in no wide fields of golden grain, a small party of Dyaks, who were then dwelling in the tangled forests of the island of Borneo, having grown discontented with their sorrowful lot, united their wits, built boats of ample size, and put off to sea.

The cause of so sudden a departure was certainly a reasonable one. Food, hitherto scarce and unrelishable, had become still more so; and the waters which ran in the narrow channels had become stagnant. Sickness had sprung up among the people, and the women and children were perishing by hundreds.

On a certain night, one of these Dyaks had seen a vision. Some strange visitor from an unknown land came to him in sleep, and whispered in his ear the following message:

"Arise! sad son of Bruni, and girt thyself with armor, for the day cometh when thou shouldst assert thy manhood. Arise! and, with no delay, summon thy brothers to thy side. Say to them that I, a messenger from the realms of Blessedness, have come to thee. Get yourselves ready; build boats large enough to transport the warriors; go, and tempt fortune on the fair bosom of the sea."

The man to whom the messenger had appeared arose from his bed in the early morning, and did as he was bidden. He assembled his brothers, his kinsmen and his people; told to them what had happened, and bade them be industrious and prompt.

The next day, the warriors, regardless of their wives and children, whom they were forced to leave behind, sailed away from the shore. Strange thoughts filled their minds as they embarked; but

not one of them dared to pause and question the purpose of so wondrous a venture.

Onward they sailed, and onward. Land faded from sight behind them, and a wide expanse of ocean lay around them. One day, when the water was calm and as clear as crystal, and there was scarcely a flutter of breezes in the air, these valiant warriors were startled by hearing a loud roar in the distance.

They were unable to discern the slightest object, either far or near. Whence, then, the awful noise which had so suddenly fallen upon the stillness? Was it some roaring tornado, a peal of thunder, or the rapid rush of some hostile power descending from the high heavens?

Though greatly amazed by this unexpected terror, the courage of the warriors did not fail them, nor allow them to turn back. They pursued their course; and, after sailing many leagues further, caught sight of a whirlpool of vast size, the roaring of which had caused them so much affright.

But this was not the only wonder which their eyes beheld. Just beyond the whirlpool, they discerned a large fruit-tree, the like of which was unknown. The tree itself was firmly rooted in the sky, its branches hung downward, and its lowest leaves were bathed in the flashing ripples of the sea-current.

Now, the leader of this small and brave band of men was named Si Jura. He was a man of most exemplary conduct, of few words, and gifted with great wisdom and prudence. Hence he was always chosen to represent his people at every large conference of the nation.

Many fruits were growing on this wonderful tree; and they were so beautiful in appearance, and so delightful in fragrance, that the Dyaks longed to possess them. They entreated Si Jura to climb



up into the tree, in order to secure some of the fruit. He yielded to this request, and straightway began the ascent.

But Si Jura, being of a very inquisitive mind, was not satisfied to merely possess some of the fruit. He wished to explore still farther, and to learn for himself why and how the tree had grown in so singular a manner. Indeed, he climbed so very high that his companions soon lost sight of him; and they, thinking that, perhaps, he had

Whilst he thus stood in silent admiration of the beautiful scenery which lay around him, and was contrasting it, in his own mind, with that of his own far-off land, he was suddenly accosted by a man of great and godlike stature. The name of this personage was Si Kira; and in the most friendly way he addressed Si Jura, and invited him to his house.

When the hour for dinner had come, both host and guest sat down to eat. The food chiefly con-



SI JURA CLIMBS THE TREE.

been ushered into another world, and not caring to await the issue, turned their boats about, laden with fruit, and sailed rapidly away.

Si Jura gazed down upon them from his lofty position, and sadly lamented his imprudent act. But, at last, he fell asleep from exhaustion.

When he awoke, he again looked round about him. He expected never to return home, and, wise man that he was, he believed that the best thing for him to do, under the circumstances, would be to keep on climbing!

Higher and higher he ascended; the sea vanished from his sight, and the roots of the tree were soon reached. Wondrous to relate, these roots were imbedded in a new soil, and Si Jura had come to a new country,—that of the Pleiades!

sisted of a mess of white grains boiled soft, the savor of which was tempting.

"You are my guest, friend," said Si Kira to Si Jura, "and it behooves me to offer to you my choicest food. Eat of this mess, I pray you."

"Horrors!" replied Si Jura. "Not all the powers in this new and strange land could urge me to eat that mess of boiled maggots!"

"They are not maggots," said Si Kira, with much surprise, "but the choicest of boiled rice."

The host then went on to explain the several processes of planting, weeding, reaping, pounding and boiling, which the grain must undergo before being ready to be eaten.

In the middle of the narrative, the wife of Si Kira left the room in order to procure some water.



During her absence, Si Jura leaned over from the table and peeped into a large jar which was standing close by. Lo! to his astonishment, he saw the house in which he used to live, and his aged parents, his wife and his children!

He saw all this, as if it were through a telescope; and the sight brought intense sadness into his heart, for he very much feared that he should never again assemble with them. Si Jura was sorrowful indeed; but he was speedily made glad by the promise of Si Kira to return him once more to earth.

After the dinner was over, Si Kira gave his guest seed of three different kinds; and, having repeated his former instructions, he conducted him quite a long distance from the house.

And then, by means of a long rope, Si Jura was again let down to earth, and very near to his own house. He lost no time before relating his wonderful adventure; taught his countrymen how to raise and gather in the rice; and therefore, to this very day, is Si Jura regarded in the East as the patron of Dyak husbandry.

## TATE'S DOLL'S WEDDING.

BY PENN SHIRLEY.

TATE BEDELL was going to have a birthday the next day. That, in itself, was something for a little girl to be proud of, who only had had eight birthdays in her life, and could n't remember half of those. But more than that, she was to give a party in honor of the occasion,—her mother had said she might,—and besides, and beyond, and above all, it was to be a wedding party, and Tate's doll—the open-and-shut-eyed Luella Viola—was to be the bride! And though that small lady could n't, by any manner of means, be married before to-morrow, because her bridegroom was n't expected till the morning train, she was already dressed for the ceremony in white muslin,—with *such* a trail!—and lay on the spare chamber bed, under a pillow-sham, face down, for fear of crushing her long veil and wreath of orange blossoms.

Tate herself was on her knees by the bureau, packing the bridal wardrobe into the japanned cake-box, leaving out the traveling-dress, of course, for Luella Viola to wear on her wedding journey.

Was there ever an outfit like it? Six complete suits; and by changing them about a little—putting the polonaise of one over the under-skirt of another, you know—you could make as many more; six hats, all of the latest styles; a handkerchief, bordered with real lace; besides two entire sets of underclothing that had been sewed by Tate, every stitch of them, without a thimble.

"Got the notes ready, Tate?"

That was Minty Mozier's voice in the hall, and that was Minty's happy little self clumping upstairs after the wedding invitations. She was to carry them around. Tate could n't, of course; for I forgot to say dear little Tate was lame, and not able to walk beyond the garden, even with her pretty

rose-wood crutch. And it was very stupid of me not to mention this before, since but for her lameness, and her sweet, patient way of bearing it, I suppose her mamma would never have taken the pains to plan the doll's wedding of which I'm telling you.

"Dear me! No, Minty!" said Tate, moving along to give Minty kneeling-room by the trunk. "Toney has n't printed 'em yet!"

"I say he's *poison* slow!" grumbled Minty, folding Luella Viola's balmoral into a neat bundle.

"And he's been teasing to take the invitations round himself. Do you care if I let him?"

"Pooh! not the least bit," said Minty.

"'Cause, you see, he thinks I'm real mean not to have boys at my party," said Tate, looking relieved; "and I ought to make it up to him somehow."

"As if you wanted to play with boys!" said Minty, indignantly.

"Oh, of course I don't *want* 'em!" said Tate, decidedly; "but Toney says 't wont be any kind of a wedding 'thout I have 'em, 'cause at grown-up weddings they always invite men."

"But then, men *behave*!" put in Minty. "Boys are horrid,—all but five or six, you know!"

"Well, I *can't* have 'em, anyway," said Tate, cheerfully. "Mamma says I'm not strong enough. But I can ask nine girls to my birthday, 'cause I shall be nine years old—and going on ten, just think!"

"Yes," said Minty, very meekly.

She was only seven and a-half, and it mortified her dreadfully. But she forgot this affliction before long, in helping Tate pack the trunk and buckle her mamma's shawl-strap about it; and when she



trudged home at noon, she was just as happy as a girl only seven and a-half years old could possibly be; for was n't she going to a wedding-party in her new pink sash and bronze boots? And *was n't* Toney coming that very afternoon to leave her a printed invitation? To be sure he was! She knew that as well as if Tate had said it!

Indeed, as it happened, Toney was rushing into Tate's house at precisely this minute with the notes he had just struck off on his little printing-press. They were the daintiest affairs in the world, printed on pink satin paper, and reading this way:

MISS TATE BEDELL  
Requests the pleasure of your presence at the Marriage of her Doll,  
LUELLA VIOLA BEDELL,  
TO  
CLARENCE OSBORNE,  
On Thursday, September 4th, 1873, at Three o'Clock.  
P. S.—Please bring all your dolls.

Toney had slightly objected to the postscript, but he finally added it to satisfy Tate. She had now only to double these sheets across the centre, and they filled their envelopes exactly: such pretty envelopes, with the monogram "B. O." embossed on them. That stood for Bedell and Osborne, of course.

Toney walked up and down the gravel-path, whistling, while Tate directed the envelopes to her nine little friends; and just before he lost his patience, she brought them out to him, in a neat willow basket, with a white satin bow perched on the top, to give it a bridal air. And then he carried round the notes, delivering a funny speech with each one.

But, alas! for poor Minty! There was none for her! From the back-door step, where she was amusing the bald-headed baby with tin muffin-rings, she saw Toney call at the door opposite and hand Jenny Gilson a note, and then walk straight on—never so much as looking at her house! No wonder Minty nearly cried her eyes out, and went to bed that night thinking this was a dreadful world for a little girl only seven and a-half years old to live in!

Papa Bedell came next day in the early train, right from New York, and brought with him Clarence Osborne, Luella Viola's bridegroom, a handsome young gentleman in a black broadcloth suit, with white gloves and waistcoat, and a watch no bigger than a buttercup. Tate took him up to the front chamber, to wait till it was time to hand Luella Viola down to the parlor; and there he had been standing in a corner, handkerchief in hand, fully five hours, for now it was quarter of three, and, as Tate said, "almost late enough for the wedding to begin."

She had got together all the old dolls she could

find about the house, and had just ranged them on the sofa, to represent Luella Viola's poor relatives come to see her married, when Jenny Gilson rushed in quite out of breath.

"O, Tate!" cried she; "did n't you mean to ask little Minty Mozier? She feels awfully, because you have n't sent her an invitation!"

"Why, Jenny Gilson! I *did* send her one—I *certain did!*" cried Tate, hopping about on her crutch in great excitement. "Toney must have lost it. O dear! what shall I do?"

"I'll carry her one, and tell her about it, sha' n't I?" said Jenny, eagerly. "I 'most knew it was a mistake."

"But they're all gone. Toney only printed nine!" said Tate, fairly crying.

"I'd write her one, right off quick, before the rest come," cried Jenny, who was a born peace-maker.

"But folks don't write wedding cards on just bare paper," sobbed Tate, dragging her writing-desk from beneath the what-not; "and I'm afraid Minty won't like it!"

"There's her invitation, this minute, I do believe!" shouted Jenny, joyfully, as Tate opened the desk. And there, to be sure, it was, half-hidden by a package of envelopes; but so plainly directed to Minty Mozier, that the postmaster himself might have read it.

Jenny darted off with it, and at the gate met the rest of the wedding guests, all dressed in white, who, of course, must know the whole story.

"Let's go with Jenny, and take Tate along!" they cried. And, in a twinkling, the two largest girls had joined hands and made a sedan-chair for Tate, and the entire party was hurrying on after Jenny.

It was amazing how Minty could have dressed herself so quickly! I think her mother must have helped her, for when the sedan-chair arrived at Mr. Mozier's door, she was all ready, even to her coral beads. Jenny and Lottie Prince would make a chair for her too; and the little white procession, on its way back, with Minty and Tate riding at its head, made such a gay appearance, that Bobby Wright got out his drum in great haste, and trotted behind it as fast as his chubby legs would carry him, having a misty notion that the Fourth of July had come again.

But this was small excitement beside the wedding which followed. Jenny Gilson played minister, in a water-proof cloak and white handkerchief necktie; and Tate had to make the responses for the bride and bridegroom, as Luella Viola could only say "papa" and "mamma," which would not have done at all on this occasion, and Clarence Osborne was too much stuffed to speak a word.



After the ceremony, Minty led each doll up in turn to kiss the bride and offer congratulations; and then Tate passed around a little waiter heaped with bride's cake, and slices of wedding-cake folded in white paper.

And all the while the wedding presents were lying in state on the chess-table. There were spoons, and knives and forks, and napkin-rings, and salvers, and card-receivers, and I can't begin to tell you how many other things, cut out of silver paper. The bride herself could n't stay to examine

them. She and her husband were whisked off on their wedding tour in a baby-carriage. Tate threw an old slipper after them for good luck, and then turned to kiss Minty for the sixth time.

"Oh, Minty, my wedding would have been spoilt if you had n't come!"

"I've had the *splendidest* time!" said Minty, swinging Jenny Gilson's hand; "and you made me, Jenny!"

And of them all, I think Jenny was the happiest girl at Tate's doll's wedding.

## HOW THE CARS STOPPED.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

I WAS waiting for the train to take me to the city. Very soon the engine appeared, far away up the line, and looking like a black speck in the distance. It grew bigger and bigger and came faster and faster toward us, so that I began to think it was an express train and did n't mean to stop. Just then the engineer began to blow off steam, and with a loud roar the engine swept past and the train came to a sudden stop.

"What lively brakemen they must have on this road!"

"Oh, no! We don't use brakemen. We have the vacuum-brake," said the man to whom I spoke. "There it is under the car."

I looked under one of the cars, and there I saw a round box, made of iron and rubber, and having creases on the sides, just like a bellows when it is shut up. As I looked at it, it seemed to swell out longer and longer, and the creases flattened out smooth, just like the leaves of an accordion when it is stretched out to its full length. There was an iron rod fastened to the end of the rubber box, and as the box spread open, the rod moved backward. This rod, I could see, was fastened to the chain that moved the brakes on the car wheels.

Just then the conductor cried, "All aboard!" and I was obliged to get in and take a seat. I thought no more of the vacuum-brake till we came to the next station, when I heard the roaring sound of the steam blowing off on the engine, and felt the brakes holding the train back. We slid softly into the station, and the cars came to a stop without any jar, and with none of that awkward start and jerk that we feel when the brakemen do not stop all the cars at once. At the next

station the same thing happened again. Certainly, the vacuum-brake was a very fine thing.

Let us see just how this contrivance works. Under each car is a bellows. These are joined together by pipes and rubber hose that stretch from car to car, and, finally, come up through the floor of the engine-cab. When the air is sucked out of the bellows, they shut up tight, and so pull the brake-chains. Most of you boys and girls understand this. You have heard about a vacuum in the philosophy class, and have seen the experiments with the air-pump in school. A rubber ball cut in halves is a capital thing to show what a vacuum is. Press one of the pieces on a board or the table, so as to squeeze all the air out, and see how it will stick to the table. All around us is the air in which we live and move. When it is pushed or sucked out of any place, it presses on the surface of whatever shuts it out, and thus becomes an actual weight upon it. Under our ball we have a vacuum. In the vacuum-brake they use this pressure of the air to pull the brake-chains, and so save the trouble of having a man on each car to turn the brake-wheels every time the train is to stop. In the philosophy class you have seen the teacher use an air-pump to obtain a vacuum; but I did not see how they could have an air-pump here to be worked by the engine. It would take up room and be in the way. Besides, our engine was coming into the station and about to stop, and when it stopped the pump must stop too, and then the brakes would not work.

Perhaps it would be a good idea to go forward and stand on the platform of the first car, where I could look into the engineer's cab. The wind



blew pretty strong, and the cinders flew about in a shower; but I could look right into the engine, and, really, I could n't see anything that looked like an air-pump. Just then a cloud of steam burst out of a small pipe on the top of the cab, and, with a deafening roar, the engine rolled into another station and came to a stop. As the cinders were pretty lively, I went back into the car and looked out through the glass door to see the train start.

Just then the train moved on, and the conductor came round for the tickets. As I gave him mine, I said:

"You use the vacuum-brake?"

"Yes, sir. It's a fine thing. It stops the cars quickly and without any bad jerks or strains."

"How do you obtain the vacuum?"

"Oh! The engineer does that."

"Well, how?"

"Oh! it's some kind of exhaust. Don't you hear the exhaust when she stops?"

"Then, it is not a pump?"

"Oh, no; it's an exhaust,—the exhaust from the engine."

"Not the waste steam from the engine? I thought that went up the smoke-stack."

"Well, no—you see—it's exhaust steam. The engineer—he—the fact is, I have n't looked into it. They get a vacuum with the exhaust,—I heard the engineer say so,—and that's all I know about it."

The next station was the end of the route; so I went forward and climbed up into the engine, where the engineer sat on his high seat reading the morning paper.

Now, railway engineers are generally pleasant people to meet. A trifle greasy and grimy, perhaps, but good-natured and sensible. They know everything about cars and engines, and are always ready to talk about their great machines, for they love their iron horses, and are always glad to show them off and to tell how they work.

As soon as I entered the cab, the engineer laid down his paper and very politely asked me what he could do for me.

"Tell me about the vacuum-brake, sir. Do you use a pump to obtain the vacuum?"

"Oh, no! We get it by a blast of steam from

the boiler. Those two brass pipes on each side of the boiler lead back under the tender and under the cars to the rubber boxes you see under each car. This iron pipe, that is joined to the brass pipe near the top of the boiler, comes from the boiler. When I turn this crank, the steam rushes through it and escapes out of the top of the cab."

"Is that the sound I heard when the train stopped?"

"Yes, sir. It sounds just like an exhaust-pipe, or the safety-valve. Well, as I was saying, it rushes out into the open air, and as it goes it sucks the air out of the brass pipes, and so makes a vacuum. You see it cannot get down the brass pipe, because it is full of air and closed up tight. It can get out through the top, and away it goes, and the air goes with it, and we get a first-rate vacuum in a jiffy. I tell you, sir, it's a neat thing, and works to a charm. I can stop any train they please to put behind my engine with just a turn of my finger."

"Then, when you have stopped the train, how do you let the air in again?"

"I shut off the steam and open this valve, and the air rushes down the pipe where the steam went out, and the boxes under the cars swell up again, just like a pair of bellows when the wind comes in again. Why, sir, it's just like a boy blowing over a key or a little vial. He blows across the mouth of the vial, and the water or dust or the air in it spurts up in his face. His breath rushing past the mouth, sucks the air out of the vial and makes a vacuum in it. If it is full of water, he can see just how it works, for the water will fly up in his face, just as the air flies out of these pipes when the steam blows past the end. Any boy can fill a key with water and see just how it works."

This was so very simple, that I felt almost ashamed to think that I had not guessed just how it was as soon as I heard the roar of the steam whenever the train stopped.

The engineer then explained that the two brass pipes were simply to prevent accident. If one broke down he could use the other. I told the engineer what the conductor had said.

He laughed and said, "Law, sir, some folks would go round the world and never see a thing."



## A HALF-DOZEN YOUNG RASCALS.

BY NATHANIEL CHILDS.

IT was n't such a long time ago; and none of the half-dozen young mischief-makers have quite journeyed into the land of soberness or gained their title to respect and reverence by grey beards or bald heads. Every boy or girl who may read this true story, will know something about the scene of it. Why, it used to stare at me from my geography; used to come up to plague me out of my history; the teachers used to talk about it almost every day, and we scholars used to sing about it from our small green-covered singing-books.

The picture which used to stare at me always seemed like a mean sort of family portrait; for I could go to the scene itself, and my young eyes were practiced enough to see how bad the picture was. And yet it looked enough like Bunker Hill Monument to make me feel a little proud when I thought, "I live right side of it; and there are lots of fellows and girls who've never seen it at all." The geography used to read, "Charlestown is situated on a peninsula, immediately north of Boston, and is the seat of the Navy Yard and the celebrated Bunker Hill Monument,"—or something like that, as well as I can remember it; for I have not seen that old geography for over ten years. The history told us about the battle which had been fought near by, and we boys used to go and lie down on the grass behind the breast-works and shoot imaginary red-coats by the million with our bows and arrows, and then hunt for the lost arrows. Often we would sit down on the stone which bore the inscription, "Here fell Warren, &c.," and complacently eat apples, unmindful of the sacredness of the spot.

My story is about Bunker Hill Monument, and a half-dozen boys who went to school near by the tall granite shaft—boys who played ball in the streets which run alongside the green grounds upon which the shaft stands, or played "three holes" with marbles, or trundled hoops about the brown paths. Somehow, at recess one day, it came out that one of the boys had a family ticket which allowed him to climb up as often as he wished to the four windows, which seemed to open a whole world to our youthful minds, as we gazed out to sea, or toward hills and over cities. He was easily king among us then; for all the rest must pay to go up, and even "half-price for children" was a heavy draw upon our pocket-money. Could n't we be all cousins of his and go up on his ticket? He was good-natured in his kingship, and took three or

four of us up one day, and then increased the number on succeeding days, until it became a regular proceeding for some ten of us boys to trot up to the top of the monument each pleasant recess. Sight-seeing grew monotonous, and we must *do* something to hold our interest in going up. One day I dropped my hat out, and it sailed away so gracefully that other hats, almost of their own accord, followed mine and found a quiet rest in the grass below, until we could run down the stone stairs and regain our head-gear. After hats, in a few days, went jackets, and to see them spreading out to the breeze was lovely, we thought. Possibly some one of us would have jumped out at last, if a substitute had not suggested itself to our brilliantly-mischievous minds.

We were one whole week at work, and doubtless the one-armed custodian (I recollect I used to wonder if he had lost his arm in the Revolutionary



CARRYING UP THE STRAW-MAN.

war; he certainly looked old enough to me to have been a part of those stirring times) missed our regular tramp through his little office and up the stairs. Then it was ready. It was a wonderfully-constructed effigy. Tom had furnished trousers; Joe had supplied an old coat; Bill had brought a



hat; Jack gave the straw to stuff out the creature, and I had promised a pair of square-toed boots and the back-yard in which the man was to be constructed. We were pledged by some fearful pledge, such as boys manufacture on special occasions, not to reveal any of our proceedings, and I was held answerable for two small sisters who peered wonderingly out from the kitchen windows as we labored. The man was made, and oh! he was a fearful sight to behold. I could n't go to sleep from thinking of him down there in the yard, and almost believed he would come to life and would run and tell the "monument man" what we were going to do.

Next day was bright and pleasant. Before school we whispered it about that there would be fun at recess, and few lessons were well learned that day. Ours was a boys' and girls' school, and the girls were given the upper hall, which looked out in the monument grounds, for a play-room at recess. When the bell struck which released us for a half-hour, the girls all ran to the hall windows, and the boys all hurried to the monument grounds. The chief conspirators were soon dragging the effigy up the green slope, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the body was over the wire fence which bounded the monument's base. We did not wait to go through the office this time, but with a rush, were twenty steps up before the one-armed man could halloo to us to come back. We could n't think of coming back just then, and, with shouts and laughter, hastened to carry the effigy to the top of the monument. Each moment we thought we heard the old man calling to us and panting up behind us. There was no time to lose, and in a jiffy after we reached the top, out went a man, as it seemed, from the little square window. Boys shouted and girls shuddered. The boys knew what was sailing through the air; but the girls really thought one of us had fallen out. How grandly our man went down! What a magnificent crash he made as he struck the gravel of a walk below and spread out his finely-shaped limbs in the most life-like or lifeless manner. Then we rushed down again, and gave him a decent burial in a neighboring field. Recess being over, we went into school to receive five black marks each for disorderly con-

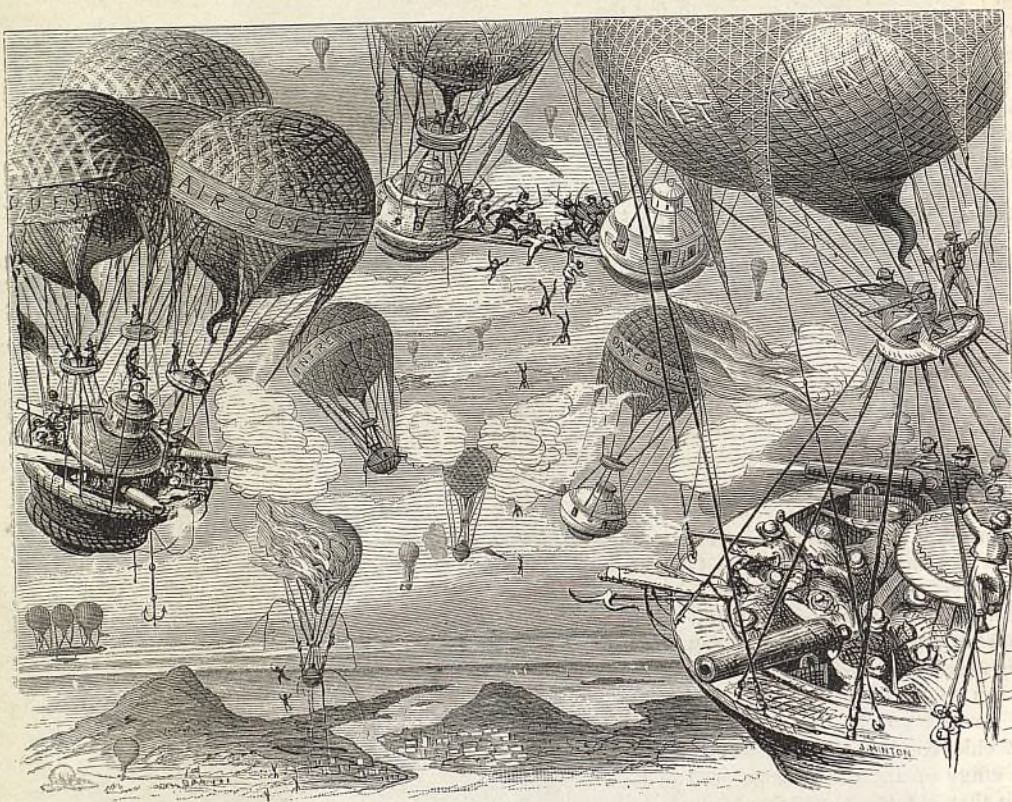


"HOW GRANDLY OUR MAN WENT DOWN!"

duct, our claim that we were only experimenting on the law of gravity, though upsetting the master's gravity, not doing much toward alleviating our punishment. One girl had fainted away during the scene. She thought it was Joe, she said, and she liked Joe ever so much.

She married Joe a year or two ago, and I happened to meet him last week, which reminded me of this freak of a half-dozen young rascals.





A BOY'S IDEA OF WARFARE IN 1974.  
(Drawn by Master Frederick W. Chapman.)

## LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY N. S. DODGE.

TRADITIONS, legends and superstitions, closely linked as they often are, remain very distinct in themselves and in their influence. A tradition may be true; a legend is not only untrue, but improbable; and a superstition is a foolish belief in the supernatural and impossible. The first two are apt to be full of interest and charm; the last is always a blight, wherever it may settle. The world abounds in wild and marvelous stories that are believed in by the uneducated. For instance, in almost every country there are legends about long-sleepers. According to them, Charlemagne sleeps in Hess, seated on his throne, with crown on head

and sword in hand, waiting till Antichrist shall come; the seven youths of Ephesus, who refused to bow down to the idol of the Emperor Decius, sleep on, their faces fresh as roses, till the resurrection-day; Epimenides slept fifty-seven years; a Christian priest sleeps in St. Sophia till the Turk shall be cast out; three Bohemian miners sleep in the heart of the Kuttenburg; and Rip Van Winkle slept twenty years in Kaatskills. In the great hills of Thuringia still sleep Frederic Barbarossa and his six knights. A shepherd once penetrated into a long winding cave in the heart of the mountain, and there found the seven all asleep, the emperor's



red beard having grown through the marble table. The noise of footsteps awakened him, and he asked:

"Do the ravens still fly over the mountains?"

"Yes," replied the shepherd; "they do."

"Then we must sleep another hundred years," answered the monarch; and turned again to rest.

In Switzerland three William Tells sleep in a cave. A brave boy once crept in.

"What o'clock is it?" asked the third Tell.

"Noon," replied the lad.

"O dear! the time has not yet come," said Tell; and lay down again.

There are many superstitions about the man in the moon, and almost every country in the world has a story about him. In New England the nurses tell the children that this man was found by Moses gathering sticks on a Sabbath, and that, for being so wicked, he was doomed to reside in the moon till the last day.

"If you don't believe it," they say, "look in the Bible. It is all told in the fifteenth chapter of Numbers."

The Germans have the tale this way. Ages ago there went one Sunday morning an old man into the forest to cut wood. When he had made a bundle he slung it on his staff, cast it over his shoulder, and started for home. On his way he met a minister, all in his bands and robes, who asked him:

"Don't you know, my friend, that it is Sunday on earth, when all must rest from their labors?"

"Sunday on earth, or Monday in heaven, it is all one to me!" laughed the woodman.

"Then bear your burden forever," said the priest; "and as you value not Sunday on earth, you shall have Monday in heaven till the great day."

Thereupon the speaker vanished, and the man was caught up, with cane and fagots, into the moon, where you can see him any clear night.

In Norway they think they see both a man and woman, and the story goes, that the former threw brambles at people going to church, and the latter made butter on Sunday. In the clear, cold nights of winter they will point out the man carrying his bundle of thorns, and the woman her butter-tub.

It is so with the Wandering Jew. There is no Christian country that has not this legend, and yet no two are alike. The great artist, Gustave Doré, represents him as standing at the door of his shop refusing to let the Savior rest, and laughing at the words, "WALK TILL I RETURN!" In another picture, he is a very old man, worn with toil, tired of travel, bent under the curse, but still trudging on. In a third, the last trump having sounded and

all the dead awakening, while every one else is shaking with fear, the weary man sits down, casts off his sandals, and rejoices to rest.

About three hundred years ago, Dr. Paul von Eitzen saw an old man, whose hair hung over his shoulders, standing barefoot while the service in church proceeded, and bowing reverently at every mention of the name of Jesus. The doctor sought him out and inquired who he was.

"A native of Jerusalem," he replied, "by name Ahasuerus, and a shoemaker by trade. I SAW CHRIST ON HIS CROSS."

"What!" exclaimed the good doctor, starting back in alarm.

"Yes," continued the Jew, "*I saw Christ on his cross.* As he was led by my door, where I was standing with my little boy, the Lord Jesus wanted to rest, but I would not permit it. 'Go on, King of the Jews,' I said. He gave me one sorrowful look, and said, 'GO YOU ALSO,' and from that hour, fifteen hundred years ago, I have walked the earth."

Dr. Eitzen said that the Jew never received alms, never laughed, appeared penitent, read God's word, spoke all languages, and convinced many of the truth of what he said. No doubt; for in those days people were credulous, and this most thrilling of all myths, believed to be countenanced in the 28th verse of Matthew xvi., took strong hold of the imagination. The man, beyond doubt, was an arrant impostor, and yet he left an impress in Germany that has never been effaced. In the powers of figures he took great pleasure, and many interesting mathematical problems which he propounded are remembered. For instance, the property of the number 9, is said to have been first pointed out by the Wandering Jew; *i. e.*, that when 9 is multiplied by 2, by 3, by 4, &c., the digits composing the product, when added together, give 9. Thus:

$$2 \times 9 = 18 \text{ and } 1 + 8 = 9$$

$$3 \times 9 = 27 \text{ " } 2 + 7 = 9$$

$$4 \times 9 = 36 \text{ " } 3 + 6 = 9$$

$$5 \times 9 = 45 \text{ " } 4 + 5 = 9$$

$$6 \times 9 = 54 \text{ " } 5 + 4 = 9$$

$$7 \times 9 = 63 \text{ " } 6 + 3 = 9$$

$$8 \times 9 = 72 \text{ " } 7 + 2 = 9$$

$$9 \times 9 = 81 \text{ " } 8 + 1 = 9$$

$$9 \times 10 = 90 \text{ " } 9 + 0 = 9$$

It will be noticed that  $9 \times 11 = 99$ , and that the sum of these digits is 18, but the sum of this sum,  $1 + 8 = 9$ .

$$9 \times 12 = 108 \text{ and } 1 + 0 + 8 = 9$$

$$9 \times 13 = 117 \text{ " } 1 + 1 + 7 = 9$$

$$9 \times 14 = 126 \text{ " } 1 + 2 + 6 = 9$$

and so on to any extent. The following, among



many other magical squares, is attributed to the Wandering Jew:

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

These nine figures added horizontally, perpendicularly, or diagonally, make 15.

These magical squares were used as amulets. Written on small pieces of parchment, embroidered on fine linen, graven over the entrance to a house, inscribed on the fly-leaf of a book, wrought into clothing, or stamped upon goods offered for sale, these magical squares were held during the middle ages to heal in sickness or to preserve in contagion. Albert Dürer, the great artist of his age, was not free from the superstition. Over the doorway of his house, where, under the bell, he had carved a most perfect figure of Melancholy, was inscribed the following magical square as a preservative against evils and mischief:

16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

These numbers, from one to sixteen, if added up and down, or from end to end, or corner-wise,

amount to thirty-four. Very ingenious, surely; but it is strange how wise and good men could have believed that mere combinations of figures, however curious, would prevent a house from taking fire, or doors from being broken open by robbers, or diseases from entering one's home.

All superstitions are foolish. To fasten a horse-shoe near the door to procure good-luck, or to throw salt over the shoulder to prevent ill; to be glad to have first seen a new moon over the right; or sad to be sitting thirteen at table; to turn twice around before setting out a second time, or to frame a mental wish after speaking simultaneously the same words with another, are practices unworthy of our day, making children of grown people and fools of boys and girls. To believe that the gift of a crooked sixpence betokens good fortune, or of a knife, bad; that killing a swallow will make cows give bloody milk, or that crossing your stockings before going to bed insures happy dreams; that beginning a work on Friday is unlucky, or a thrice-repeated dream a prediction, are each and all as silly as to lay food before an idol of wood or to bury bow and arrows with a dead Indian warrior.

Religion is one thing; superstition another. The two are opposite. The former pays honor to God; the latter does homage to Ignorance.

## A BILLY-GOAT SCHOOL-MASTER.

By J. R.

"C-A-P-R-I-C-I-O-U-S-N-E-S-S! That's a pretty word to put in a story-book for a little fellow like me! I wonder what it means, anyhow!"

Tommy always scolds a little when a hard word trips him up. He does n't like hard words. How can he find out what they mean, he says; and if he skips them, he never knows how much of the story he has missed. Besides, there's no use in skipping them, for they are sure to keep turning up; and a fellow might as well learn them first as last. Of course, it's a trouble to be asking some one, "What's this?" and "What's that?" every little while, especially when everybody is busy reading or working; and it is n't easy for a little fellow to be running to the dictionary every time he stumbles over a long word; still anything is better than skipping.

I can't help watching him with the corner of my

eye, as he stands with his elbows on the window-sill, resting his chubby cheek on his hand.

Presently a smile begins to flicker round Tommy's mouth; his eyes dance a little, and the ghost of a laugh ripples over his face, without making a bit of noise. He would n't laugh that way if we were in the woods!

"What is it?" I ask.

"Little Billy."

"What's happened to Billy?"

"Nothing, only he's trying to jump outside of himself, while his mother eats the posters off the wall, in spite of that boy with a stick. He's such a funny rascal! Do all goats act that way?"

"What way, Tommy?"

"Why, as Billy does. He's so comical! He'll be trotting along as sober as an old sheep and whisk! he'll go off at one side, rearing and bunt-



ing and flinging out his heels as though he'd swallowed a fire-cracker. You never can tell when he's going to cut up his monkey shines."

"That's a characteristic of goats, I believe."

"Just look at him now! Did you ever see anything so funny? It always makes me laugh to see him frisk about and flirt that ridiculous stump

"Certainly. Even the dictionary-makers have to admit it."

"Dictionary-makers! Do dictionaries tell anything about where our words come from?"

"Certainly; and capital stories you can make of them, too. Fetch me that big one there, on the lower shelf. Can you lift it?"

"Humph! Pity if I can't lift a book as big as that!"

"Here we are! Thank you. Now, let's look at *caper*. Here it is:

"CAPER.—(*L. Caper, a goat.*)"

"That '*L*' stands for *Latin*, the language the Romans used to talk. You'll hear enough about that before you are done going to school!

"The meaning of *caper*, you see, is, 'a skipping, leaping or jumping in frolicsome mood, *after the manner of a goat*,' and *To Caper*, means, 'to dance, skip or leap in a frolicsome manner.'"

"Dolly says, '*Quit your capering!*' sometimes when I'm

having a little fun, and make too much noise."

"And I've heard you say the same to Billy, when you wanted to lead him and he wanted to play. You know what it means.

"Here's another word of the same sort, which we likewise owe to Master Billy:

"CAPRICE.—A sudden start of the mind; a whim; a freak; a fancy."

"You've seen such actions, I dare say, in some of your playmates. You never can depend on them. One moment they want to play ball; before you can begin to play, they have changed their minds, and want to play horse, or tag, or something else. One moment they are very friendly, and the next they're off in a huff, without any reason for it. Such people are called *capricious*. Here's the word, a little further along."

"Why, that's the very word I could n't understand in my book!"

"Was it? Look."

"Oh, no! It's *capriciousness*. I know what that means now. But who'd have thought it had anything to do with a Billy-goat?"

"That's a wonderful book, that dictionary. It'll pay you to study it."



"WHILE HIS MOTHER EATS THE POSTERS OFF THE WALLS."

of a tail he has. It looks just as though it had been broken off and stuck on again the wrong way. There's a *caper* for you! Just look at him."

"Did you ever hear of the Romans, Tommy?"

"Romulus and Remus and Julius Cæsar, and all those old fellows that lived a long time ago? Of course I have."

"Don't you know that if Julius Cæsar had said, 'There's a *caper*,' he'd have meant simply, 'There's a goat?'"

"Would he? Why? *Caper* does n't mean *goat*, does it?"

"Not now, but it used to."

"And is that the reason why we call funny things that a fellow does when he feels good and does n't know what to do, *capers*?"

"Precisely. To *caper*, is to do odd things without any particular purpose, just as goats do."

"I never knew that words came about in that way."

"They do, very often. Don't you know how we call a greedy boy a *pig*, or one that goes bawling around for nothing a little *calf*?"

"Oh yes! And we call a fellow that is always bossing around, a *bully*?"



## THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

AT a fort in Florida, during the Seminole war, a man named Richard Blount lay wounded and dying. A keen observer might have discerned in the emaciated features, well covered by an iron-grey, untrimmed beard, traces of refinement—almost effaced, it is true, by the unmistakable marks of a turbulent, and perhaps criminal, career.

The surgeon in charge of the stockade seemed a man of warm heart and tender sympathies, which had not been blunted by familiarity with suffering. He carefully tended the dying soldier, doing all in his power, by words and actions, to soothe his last hours. This kindness was not without results. Impressed by attentions to which he had long been unaccustomed, Richard Blount—taciturn and reserved by habit, if not by nature—grew more communicative, and, at the last, made certain revelations concerning transactions of which no other living man had any knowledge.

One afternoon, as the sun was setting red and broad in a burning haze behind the motionless palmettoes, and the mocking-bird was pouring forth his wealth of music by the still bayous where the alligator basked unmolested, Richard, who was feeling stronger than usual, after a period of silence and mental struggle with himself, said :

“Doctor, you’ve been mighty good to me. You are the first person who has spoken a kind word to me for many years. I’ve led a hard life of it, and very likely don’t deserve any better than I’ve received, yet I can’t forget that I was once a better man and used to kind words from those who loved me. And now, although I am both poor and forsaken, yet believe me when I say that it is in my power to make you as wealthy as your wildest fancies could desire. I was born in England; I have not a single relation now living, and to you it can be of no consequence what were the circumstances of my early life. It is enough to say that I was the younger son of a good family, and was destined to the church, for which I was totally unfitted. I was sent to Oxford, but an insatiable thirst for adventure caused me to run away. After various fortunes in many parts of the world, in which the cards were generally against me, it was at last my luck to find myself shipped with the crew of a pirate schooner, and a motley set we were—Spaniards, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Yankees, Greeks—men of all races. Two or three years I sailed in her, boarding and burning vessels in the Spanish main. At length a rumor

reached the nest of pirates to which I belonged that the English Government was about to take vigorous measures to capture our vessels and destroy our rendezvous. As we had for a long time been very successful, without any serious molestation, there was all the more reason to believe the report. A council of war was called, in which words ran high. But it was decided that, as our rendezvous was well known and would most likely be attacked first and we should be unable to defend ourselves successfully against such forces as could be sent against us, we ought at once to remove our possessions and conceal them for awhile in some unknown hiding-place. With us to decide was to act, and without further delay the treasure, which was enormous, being the accumulated spoil of many hard fights and scuttled ships, was stowed in the holds of our vessels. (A little water, surgeon, if you’ll be so good.)

“So immense,” continued Richard, after a moment, “was the stock of dollars and doubloons and jewelry that no other ballast was needed for the schooners. When everything was on board we set fire to the cabins on shore, and by the glare of the burning houses dropped down the lagoon and made an offing. We headed for the coast of Florida, and, the moon being at the full, shoved the schooners into an inlet, whose whereabouts was known to one of our captains, a native of Florida, born at Key West, son of a wrecker, I think. It was a very quiet part of the country, without so many people as there are about it now; and they are n’t over thick even now. We had sent some men ashore in a boat in the morning to find the exact entrance, and after dark they lit a fire on the beach; so we knew just where to put the schooners. At daylight we sailed a long way up the bayou, winding about from bend to bend, with sweeps or tacking along the shore, and blazing the trees as we went along, until we came to a clearing in the woods, where the trees seemed to have been felled by a hurricane. It was gloomy and silent enough—a solitude which we disturbed perhaps for the first time. Here we made the vessels fast to the trees, and all hands went ashore. We made tents of old sails, and in a few hours, to see the smoke streaming up among the trees, and see the boys capering after squirrels and climbing after birds’ nests, or flinging sticks at the alligators, you would have thought it was an old settlement.”

After a brief interval of rest, Richard went on :



"When the provisions and everything else had been taken out of the schooners we hove out the ballast (you remember, it was dollars), and carried it into the middle of the clearing. Each man put his share into an earthen pot; his name, written on a bit of parchment, was placed inside, and his initials were scratched on the outside, and it was then sealed up carefully. The pots of gold and silver were then buried in a circle in holes dug tolerably deep in the ground, and every man planted a small tree over his treasure. Our common stock of treasures we next sealed up in a large jar, and buried this in the center of the circle and planted a good-sized tree over this also.

"After we had secured our valuables, as considerable time had been lost in doing all this, it was decided that the schooners should go off on another expedition at once, and they put to sea, leaving a few men under my charge to look after the camp and the treasure. Several weeks went by, and no news came from the absent schooners. Our stock of provisions began to run low, and it was impossible to get anything in that desolate maze of a morass, overgrown with tangled forests and cut up by muddy streams and bayous, especially as we had planted nothing in the clearing, and had not cleared any more of the land, as we expected that, of course, the schooners would soon return with a fresh stock. We had always been so lucky that not a soul of us dreamed of any trouble. Anyhow, the schooners never came back, nor did I ever afterward get any clue to their fate. They were probably captured and burned, or more likely foundered in a hurricane.

"The rainy season was coming on, and before long several of our number had fallen off with starvation and disease. My comrades and I talked over the situation, and finally concluded to look out for number one, and leave the treasure to take care of itself.

"Well, we had a ship's boat with us, and one day, after putting a few mouldy biscuits in our pockets, we took to our boat and followed the bayou until we came to the sea. Then we skirted the coast until we reached a settlement, and after that separated in different directions, for there was no tie of friendship to bind us, and we each had a sort of dread that the others might some way betray him. For years after I wandered about the country,—sometimes on the frontier,—until I enlisted in the army, not caring much what became of me, but half hoping that perhaps I should be sent to Florida, as turned out to be the case, to fight these Seminoles, and so perhaps catch a chance to look up the treasure we had buried in the forest. I never had had the ready money, nor, I'm not ashamed to say, the courage to go back alone to

that spot; but I got this shot in the leg, and here I am, and much good that treasure has done me! But it don't seem quite the thing, you see, that all that money and treasure should be buried there and be of no kind of use to anybody, and as you are the first and the last person that's been kind to me these many years, I'll trust to you to see that I have decent burial, and will tell you just how to go to find the treasure. It's all truth I've been telling you, and you need n't be afraid I'm spinning you a fore-castle yarn, but just do as I direct you to do, and it'll make you the richest man in the country; and I don't know who deserves it better."

Richard Blount, after this, gave the surgeon very minute directions as to how to go in quest of the treasure. On the next day the pirate died. As soon after this as the surgeon could get leave of absence, he made arrangements with a friend to go after the supposed mine of wealth concealed in the forests of Southern Florida. He could not quite believe the story, but the circumstances under which it had been disclosed and the fact that money had often been concealed by the freebooters of the sea, made it sufficiently probable to warrant chartering a small, light-draught schooner and engaging a crew of blacks able to work the vessel and willing to dig in the mud after gold. It was only by a very close and tedious observation of the coast that the mouth of the bayou was found. On entering it from the sea, the line of trees which had been blazed was also discovered with some difficulty and traced from bend to bend in the dusky light of the primeval forest.

Guided by this clue, often but faintly distinguishable, the treasure-seekers, after slowly sailing along the devious mazes of the silent waters of the wilderness until they almost despaired of reaching the end in view, at last burst suddenly upon a sort of clearing in the dense mass of vegetation, overgrown with trees of younger growth, arising from which a circle of larger trees could be distinctly traced, with a central shaft lifting its feathery tuft of foliage far up into the blue sky. Tent-stakes and other relics of extinct life were also visible amid the rank grass which overgrew the soil. Everything, thus far, had proved exactly as described by Richard Blount, and it was reasonable to suppose that, as the story had been found to tally in the minutest details with facts, it would continue consistent throughout. It was, therefore, with renewed zest and with the burning impatience which tortures the soul when one is confident of the result and sees the desired object almost in his grasp, that the doctor seized a pick-axe, and ordering his men to follow suit, broke ground in the last stage of the quest after a treasure which his fevered



fancy pictured as more and more colossal as the rapturous moment approached when it would be opened to view. Such was his impatience that he was the first to make a discovery. The point of the pick, after turning up the soft soil almost noiselessly for some anxious minutes, at last struck

jar, but on trying to raise it they found it was cracked in several pieces, and that the bottom had fallen out. What was more important, the jar was empty! Here was a disappointment, to be sure; but they would not yet give up heart; there were still many jars, and perhaps this one was only a



IN THE BAYOU.

something hard with a most decided click. The next stroke the sound was repeated and at the same time a bit of red pottery was thrown up. The doctor, perspiring with excitement, flung aside the pick-axe and, falling on his knees, began to draw out the earth with his hands, while everyone stopped his work and looked on with breathless expectation. It took but a minute to bring to light an earthen

"blind." But jar after jar was turned up and all were found more or less broken, and not a dollar did one of them contain. Last of all, the searchers cut down the central tree and unearthed the large jar over which it stood. This also, crowning disappointment of all, was in the same condition and contained only earth-worms. Baffled, but not quite disheartened, the treasure-seekers, as a last resort,



dug several feet below where the central jar had been. They did not find the treasure they sought, but they ascertained where it had gone.

They came to water, and thus discovered the solution of the mystery, and what had robbed them of the gold. They stood on a mere alluvial crust of oozy soil, under which the water percolated at some depth below. The moisture of the earth had softened the jars, and the weight of the treasure had carried away the bottoms and caused it gradually to sink lower and lower, as in a quicksand, until it had dropped into the water and, of course, out of sight.

There was nothing more to be done but to abandon further operations for the time, as such a result

had not been foreseen and the means for raising the money were not at hand. But the following year the doctor returned to the bayou with a pumping machine and ample apparatus for his purpose, and after much labor was partially rewarded for his trouble.

Doubloons and guineas, vases and caskets of precious metals elaborately chased, the handiwork of skilled artisans of various races and ages, and gems of price, which had long lain concealed in the slime of the forest, again flashed in the sunbeams. But all the lost treasure was not regained; some of it eluded the closest scrutiny of avarice or enterprise, and still lies buried forever under the waters and the sod of Florida.

## THE ANTS' MONDAY DINNER.

By H. H.

How did I know what the ants had for dinner last Monday? Ha, it is odd that I should have known, but I'll tell you how it happened.

I was sitting under a big pine-tree, high up on a high hill-side. The hill-side was more than seven thousand feet above the sea, and that is higher than many mountains which people travel hundreds of miles to look at. But this hill-side was in Colorado, so there was nothing wonderful in being so high up. I had been watching the great mountains with snow on them, and the great forests of pine-trees,—miles and miles of them,—so close together that it looks as if you could lie down on their tops and not fall through; and my eyes were tired with looking at such great, grand things, so many miles off; so I looked down on the ground where I was sitting, and watched the ants which were running about everywhere, as busy and restless as if they had the whole world on their shoulders.

Suddenly I saw, under a tuft of grass, a tiny yellow caterpillar, which seemed to be bounding along in a very strange way. In a second more, I saw an ant seize hold of him and begin to drag him off. The caterpillar was three times as long as the ant, and his body was more than twice as large round as the biggest part of the ant's body.

"Ho! ho! Mr. Ant," said I, "you need n't think you're going to be strong enough to drag that fellow very far."

Why, it was about the same thing as if you or I should drag off a heifer, kicking and struggling

for dear life all the time; only that the heifer has n't half so many legs to catch hold of things with as the caterpillar had. Poor caterpillar! how he did try to get away! But the ant never gave him a second's time to take a good grip of anything; and he was cunning enough, too, to drag him on his side, so that he could n't use his legs very well. Up and down, and under and over stones and sticks; in and out of tufts of grass; up to the very top of the tallest blades, and then down again; over gravel and sand, and across bridges of pine-needles from stone to stone; backward all the way,—but, for all I could see, just as swiftly as if he were going head-foremost,—ran that ant, dragging the caterpillar after him. I watched him very closely, thinking, of course, he must be making for his house. Presently, he darted up the trunk of the pine-tree.

"Dear me!" said I, "ants don't live in trees! What does this mean?"

The bark of the tree was all broken and jagged, and full of seams twenty times as deep as the height of the ant's body. But he did n't mind; down one side and up the other he went. They must have been awful chasms to him; and to the poor caterpillar too, for their sharp edges caught and tore his skin, and doubled him up a dozen ways in a minute. And yet the ant never once stopped or went a bit slower. I had to watch very closely, not to lose sight of him altogether. I began to think that he was merely trying to kill the



caterpillar; that, perhaps, he did n't mean to eat him, after all. Perhaps he was merely a gentlemanly sportsman ant, out on a frolic. How did I know but some ants might hunt caterpillars, just as some men hunt deer, for fun, and not at all because they need food? If I had been sure of this, I would have spoiled Mr. Ant's sport for him very soon, you may be sure, and set the poor caterpillar free. But I never heard of an ant's being cruel; and if it were really for dinner for his family that he was working so hard, I thought he ought to be helped and not hindered. Just then my attention was diverted from him by a sharp cry overhead. I looked up, and there was an enormous hawk, sailing round in circles, with two small birds flying after him, pouncing down on his head, and then darting away, and all the time making shrill cries of fright and hatred. I knew very well what that meant. Mr. Hawk also was out trying to do some marketing for his dinner; and he had had his eye on some little birds in their nest; and there were the father and mother birds driving him away. You would n't have believed two such little birds could have driven off such a big creature as the hawk, but they did. They seemed to fairly buzz round his head as flies do round a horse's head, and at last he just gave up and flew off so far that he vanished in the blue sky, and the little birds came skimming home again into the wood.

"Well, well," said I, "the little people are stronger than the big ones, after all! Where has my ant gone?"

Sure enough! It had n't been two minutes that I had been watching the hawk and the birds, but in that two minutes the ant and the caterpillar had disappeared. At last I found them—where do you think? In a fold of my water-proof cloak, on which I was sitting! The ant had let go of the caterpillar, and was running round and round him, perfectly bewildered; and the caterpillar was too near dead to stir. I shook the fold out, and as soon as the cloth lay straight and smooth, the ant fastened his nippers in the caterpillar again, and started off as fast as ever. I suppose if I could have seen his face, and had understood the language of ants' features, I should have seen plainly written there, "Dear me, what sort of a country was that I tumbled into, so frightfully black and smooth?" By this time the caterpillar had had the breath pretty well knocked out of his body, and was so limp and helpless that the ant was not afraid of his getting away from him. So he stopped a second now and

then to rest. Sometimes he would spring on the caterpillar's back, and stretch himself out there; sometimes he would stand still on one side and look at him sharply, keeping one nipper on his head. All the time, though, he was working steadily in one direction; he was headed for home now, I felt very certain. It astonished me very much at first, that none of the ants he met took any notice of him; they all went on their own way, and never took so much as a sniff at the caterpillar. But pretty soon I said to myself:

"You stupid woman, not to suppose that ants can be as well behaved as people! When you passed Mr. Jones yesterday, you did n't peep into his market-basket, nor touch the big cabbage he had under his arm."

Presently, the ant dropped the caterpillar, and ran on a few steps—I mean inches—to meet another ant who was coming toward him. They put their heads close together for a second. I could not hear what they said, but I could easily imagine, for they both ran quickly back to the caterpillar, and one took him by the head and the other by the tail, and then they lugged him along finely. It was only a few steps, however, to the ant's house; that was the reason he happened to meet this friend just coming out. The door was a round hole in the ground, about as big as my little finger. Several ants were standing in the door-way, watching these two come up with the caterpillar. They all took hold as soon as the caterpillar was on the door-step, and almost before I knew he was fairly there, they had tumbled him down, heels over head, into the ground, and that was the last I saw of him.

The oddest thing was, how the ants came running home from all directions. I don't believe there was any dinner-bell rung, though there might have been one too fine for my ears to hear; but in less than a minute, I had counted thirty-three ants running down that hole. I fancied they looked as hungry as wolves.

I had a great mind to dig down into the hole with a stick, and see what had become of the caterpillar. But I thought it was n't quite fair to take the roof off a man's house to find out how he cooks his beef for dinner; so I sat still awhile, and wondered whether they would lay him out straight on the floor, and all stand in rows each side of him and nibble across, and whether they would leave any for Tuesday; and then I went home to my own dinner.





## THE LARK'S NEST.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

ONCE was a meadow, where in the June weather  
Daisies and buttercups blossomed together.  
There came a field-lark and built her a nest,—  
Five speckled eggs she hid under her breast;  
Sitting alone, while afar and above her  
Rang the sweet song of her mate and true lover;  
While the brown bees all about her were humming,  
And the gay butterflies going and coming,  
Dear little mother-lark never grew weary,  
Never once found herself lonesome or dreary.  
Five baby-larks to be had for the hatching!  
*That*, she thought, paid for her waiting and watching.

When, by and by, came a creeping and cheeping,  
That told the young things from the egg-shells were peeping,—  
“Oh!” cried the mother-bird, chirping, caressing,  
“What have I done to deserve such a blessing  
Perfect in form, and delightful in features,  
Who could have dreamed of such exquisite creatures?”  
Day after day, in a rapture of pleasure,  
She fluttered and fidgeted over her treasure;  
Cuddled them, sang to them, morning and noon,  
Told all the sweet things that happen in June—  
How the red roses, and larkspur, and clover,  
Dressed in their jewels would sparkle all over;  
How, by and by,—and the lark gave a sigh,—  
All those poor blossoms would wither and die.  
But before snow came, or wintry wild weather,  
*They* would spread wing and fly south all together.

Once, with a tale on the tip of her tongue,  
Poor little mother-lark left it unsung;  
Over her frightened head, gleaming and ringing,  
Came a long scythe, through the meadow-grass swinging.  
Dear little lark, all a-tremble for breath,  
Covered her babies, and waited for death.  
But it flashed over her; then to the crisis  
Bravely she rose, with her ready devices;  
Wasted no time in complaint or repining,  
But plucked the dry grasses, and twisting and twining,  
Wove her a roof to arch over her nest,  
Nor stopped for a moment to idle or rest.  
Weaving it, one of the mowing-men found her,  
While the scythes glistened and whistled around her.  
Then he declared that on her and her brood,  
Danger nor terror again should intrude.  
So all the day, through the coming and going,  
Mother-lark sat undisturbed by the mowing;  
And long before winter, or stormy wild weather,  
All the young larks had gone flying together.







LILLY KNOWS IT'S TOM—BUT THEN IT'S "SO DREADFULLY, AWFULLY HORRIBLE!"

## THE COON'S MISTAKE.

BY ELLEN FRANCES TERRY.

Now I always said the coon was n't to blame, and I say so still. What do you think? There was nothing like a looking-glass to be had in that great, green parade-ground; not even a bit of still pool where one might trim whiskers or smooth rough locks. Could he imagine himself ugly enough to give the children fits?

He was a queer fellow, for all the world like a small round muff of stiff grey fur, into which had crept a tiny animal. From one opening of the muff peeped a sharp nose, while from the opposite end hung a round fuzzy tail, like a pussy-cat's. Now suppose he had known all this he might n't even then have thought himself a fright.

He may be in the fashion at some New South Wales of the animal kingdom.

This is all about it. The coon was out for a walk, the evening being fine. First he smelled about the back-yard, where there was a charming fragrance of chicken from day-before-yesterday's feathers.

Then he crossed the parade and inspected Post No. 2, where the sentinel was walking up and down on the dry spots of the pavement. Three steps to the right brought him in front of the Colonel's quarters—an old-fashioned brick house, full of win-

dows. It was just beginning to open one bright eye after another, as lamps were lit here and there.

Master Coon halted in front of the door, and just then Sylvia, the children's nurse, came out with a white pitcher in her hand to go for water to the street pump.

After Sylvia, poured a broad ribbon of red light into the grey twilight, and then came a puff of warm air, blown up the kitchen stairway, through the hall and out at the open door. That was a pleasant, coaxing little breeze! It wrapped about you gently, like a warm shawl, and brought such agreeable news from the kitchen, where Mamma Frances was getting tea! Each little gale came rushing out, brimful of its own secret; and the coon heard them all.

"Tea!" whispered one.

"Toast!" cried another.

And the third was bursting with "Stewed oysters!"

Oh, Sylvia! why did you stay so long at the pump? And why could n't you let the Hobson's Joe go home quietly with the family rolls? But then, to be sure, I should have had nothing to say.

Oh! it was dreadful to turn a virtuous nose and a deaf ear to the pleadings of those unprincipled



gusts of perfumed air who laughed together as they ran up stairs, and sang, over and over again, the same words, "Tea!" "Toast!" "Stewed oysters!"

At last! at last that chilly, shivery animal could bear it no longer. Sylvia came up the steps with the water-pitcher balanced on her head, and presto! Master Coon slipped into the hall before her and waited in a corner for further orders from his nose.

But alas! in the meantime somebody shut the door,—the kitchen door,—and though he could hear the wind moan and whine on the other side, there was that solid oak-plank between the sweet oyster fragrance and that long, sharp nose which could never creep into its muff.

Sylvia was in a terrible hurry, as usual; so, shutting the hall door and opening the door of the dining-room, she fell in with a sort of plunge, which was her custom. What a pleasant sight! Fire-lights, and little fair-haired children playing in the red and yellow glow. Master Coon crept timidly forward, but the burning logs shot a spiteful little arrow, and by its light the odd intruder was revealed to Harry, of all people.

He was tilted back in his chair, his hands clasped behind his head, lazily enjoying the agreeable dispatches that the kitchen was sending in by way of the dumb-waiter. But, half asleep as he seemed, no sooner did the coon appear than he sprang up with a bound and gave chase to the poor beast. Hurrah! Tally-ho! Crash went the chair; away flew Harry, and before him fled the terrified coon. Oh, where? Here! There! Everywhere! Upstairs—downstairs—down the passage—back again—now a cross-cut behind the wood-box—to the head of the stairs again—

Oh, cruel boy! Oh, innocent coon!

Harry had long legs; but the darkness was the coon's friend. At last both made a halt. Harry stopped half-way upstairs, listening in the dark for any soft, rustling noises, and, only two steps off, crouched the coon in a corner of the stairs, panting, trembling, in an agony of fear.

"I say, Sylvia! bring a light here!" shouted Harry.

Sylvia, forgetting tea, children,—everything,—fell upstairs with the kerosene lamp, which she hastily caught from the table. Here was a dreadful new enemy, with rows of white, shining teeth and heavy boots, which struck terror to the heart of the fugitive. Downstairs he flew, three steps at a time, while Sylvia was looking in all sorts of impossible places and Harry was moving out the wood-box to search behind it.

Meanwhile, as I said, the coon, passing them all unnoticed, flew down the stairs and sprang off the last three steps into the very face of little Julie!

Aunt Fanny was dressing in her room; mamma in the kitchen was consulting Aunt Frances about breakfast. Suddenly a piercing shriek rang through the house, then another in a different key.

"Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-w-w!"

"Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-h-h!"

Then came a duet.

"Ohow-owoh-owoh!"

Aunt Fanny threw her towel over her shoulders, unbolted the door and flew to the rescue. She had ears only for the "Ow-ow!" notes, which she knew to be the wail of her blue-eyed darling, Julie. Mamma, at the same moment, arrived breathless from the kitchen stairs, and above all the deafening din she heard only the screams of Goldilocks—Nell.

Can't you see the tableau on the winding staircase? Harry, greatly excited, but quite useless, because wedged in behind the wood-box; Sylvia on the landing holding the kerosene lamp as if it were a pistol, and showing all her great teeth like a healthy young cannibal; Aunt Fanny flying down with hair streaming, towel flapping and shawl dragging; mamma, at the foot of the stairs, angry, breathless, distressed; on the third step from the bottom Nelly, trembling with fright and screaming in concert with Julie on the fifth stair.

What it all meant nobody knew, least of all the agonized coon, who had taken refuge in the corner on the door-mat. One thing seemed clear—the babies were left to their fate in the lower hall alone, and the anger of mamma and aunty broke forth.

"Oh, Harry! how could you leave —"

"To think of these poor —"

"Any one with the least man —"

"The most cruel —"

"The darlings; I would n't!"

"Ow-ow!" "Oh-oh!"

"Owoh! ohow!"

The din was fearful, and the amazed Harry vainly tried to make himself heard.

"But, mamma, I did n't —"

"My darling Julie, I never —"

"Nelly, pet, did they leave —"

"I should think any boy —"

"The darlings! They shall never —"

But Harry, floundering in this sea of words determined to be heard, and putting together his closed fists, like a speaking-trumpet, roared, as a captain might call to his crew in a north-easter:

"But—I—did n't—do—anything—but—chase—the—coo-oon!"

Just at this moment papa opened the front-door and Master Coon ran through as if twenty boys were after him, to say nothing of cannibals with great, white teeth. He ran fast and faster, till he slipped into a hole under the wood-pile, and there



in the darkness he listened and trembled for a long, dismal hour. I need not tell you that he never visited the Colonel's quarters again; and if he saw Sylvia with the pitcher on her head, going to the pump, or heard Harry's whistle, he scudded away to that safe little hole, where he hid himself and his fears.

Nelly and Julie sobbed and cried, and were kissed and petted to their hearts' content. They were also consoled by cakes from the cupboard and gum-

drops from Aunt Fanny's pocket, and were wise enough not to be comforted so long as these good things lasted.

Of course everything was explained. Everybody proved to have been right and nobody in the wrong.

But it was a relief to find, after all, that one person could be scolded, and that was Sylvia, who certainly ought not to have left the door open. Now that is my moral.



### AT THE WINDOW.

IN and out, in and out,  
Through the clouds heaped about,  
Wanders the bright moon.

What she seeks, I do not know;  
Where it is, I cannot show.

I am but a little child,  
And the night is strange and wild.

In and out, in and out,  
Wanders the bright moon.  
In and out, in and out,  
She will find it soon.

There she comes! as clear as day,—  
Now the clouds are going away.  
She is smiling, I can see,  
And she's looking straight at me.

Pretty moon, so bright and round,  
Wont you tell me what you found?



## OLD PEANUTS' THANKSGIVING.

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

"HEY! old Peanuts! How much a pint?"

"Twelve cents," answered the old man who presided at the stand.

"But look here," said the ragged little questioner, "could n't you let 'em go for ten cents, seein' as I want to keep Thanksgivin' and have n't any more than this."

He held up a torn ten-cent stamp.

"That's no good," said the old man. "The Government don't take torn ones."

"There is quite a piece off it," said the boy, looking wistfully at the piles of peanuts, "but you could pass it. It was passed on me."

The old man shook his head. "Torn ones don't go," he answered.

"Gosh! That's so," said the boy. "I've tried it in three places. Can't keep Thanksgivin', I s'pose. Wish I war you."

"Do you?" asked the old man, smiling faintly. "But I am not keeping Thanksgiving either."

"I would, if I war you," said the boy. "I'd eat a whole quart."

"You would n't, if you had no teeth to eat 'em with," answered the old peanut seller, "and did n't like 'em. Once I cared for peanuts; but that's long ago."

"What do you keer for now?" asked the boy. "How do you like to keep Thanksgiving?"

"I should n't care to keep it at all," said the old man. "I used to keep it; but one day is like another now, and that is best for me. I have nothing to be particularly thankful for now-a-days, and I don't want to think of the old times."

"How were the old times?" asked the other leaning against the lamp-post close by.

"What'd be the use of telling you," grumbled the old man. "You could n't help me,—nobody could that I know of."

Yet he went on as if it relieved him to tell his troubles even to the small ragged boy beside him.

"My boy John went out West, and was scalped by the Injuns. I knew how it'd be. I wanted him to stay on the old farm with me; it was in Pennsylvania; but it was a small place, and half stones, and mortgaged for nearly all it was worth at that; so he would go to make his fortune, as he said. His wife that he left behind him till he cleared his claim fit for her to live on,—why, in less'n a year after he was dead, she married again, and they

took John's boy with 'em to New York. That's the last I heard of little Johnny."

"But did n't you come to New York to look after him?" asked the boy.

"Yes," answered the old man, "of course I did, or I would n't be on this Chatham street corner selling peanuts to-day. She promised to write, but she never did, so at last I could n't stand it any longer and I sold the old place and came to New York. I got partial track of 'em two or three times, but at last I had to give it up. Then my money was about gone, and I set up this stand and have sold peanuts ever since—that's five year. No, there's no Thanksgiving for me unless I find Johnny; and I never shall."

"Mebbe you will," said the boy. "Things tarn up sometimes when you aint a-lookin' fer 'em, like this ten-cent stamp. I did n't set any hopes on keepin' Thanksgivin'; but a man says to me, as I was a-standin' in Fulton market, 'Would you carry this turkey as far as the Third avenue cars?' So I did. But as sure as my name is Johnny Mooney I was cheated after all, unless you take it."

"Is your name Johnny?" asked the old man.

"Well, then, you shall keep Thanksgiving for me, for your name."

He poured a pint of peanuts in Johnny's hat. The boy held out the torn stamp.

"No, no," said the old man, "throw it in the gutter. I might pass it on somebody that'd go hungry on account of it. I don't want to be wicked, if I can't be thankful."

"Then here she goes," said Johnny, tossing the stamp into the gutter, "and thank you, Old Peanuts. But what makes the boys all call you 'Old Peanuts?'" he added, cracking a nut between his teeth; "or mebbe it's your name?"

"It's as good a name as any other," said the old man. "I have n't seemed to myself to be John Dorfling since that happened. So I'd rather be called Old Peanuts."

Johnny went down Chatham street crunching his peanuts and hopping in glee, and Old Peanuts leaned his wrinkled cheeks in his hands and sighed.

"May be worse things'll come upon me by my unthankfulness," he said to himself; "but I can't be thankful. But worse could not come. If I had only died long ago!"



Presently another small boy stopped in front of him,—ragged, shoeless and hatless, but with a clean, jolly-looking face.

"Five cents' worth of peanuts," he said, briskly.

Old Peanuts poured the peanuts into the boy's pocket, which he held open to receive them.

"And here's a ten," said the boy.

"A torn one again!" said the old man. "It looks like the very same one offered me just now. Where'd you get it?"

"Who won't let me in," he said, laughing and trying to disentangle the mass of brown hair on his head.

"Who won't let you in?" asked Old Peanuts.

"Why, the Mission," answered the boy. "And it's most time to be there."

"The stamp is n't good," said Old Peanuts, handing it back to the boy.

"Why, yes, it is," said the boy. "It's only dirty."



OLD PEANUTS INQUIRES AT THE MISSION-HOUSE.

"Out of the gutter down the street," said the boy.

"It must have gone floating down," said Old Peanuts. "Well, they say a bad penny always turns up again."

"Give me the five, quick," said the boy. "I want to buy some taffy with the rest."

"Going to keep Thanksgiving, too, I s'pose," said the old man, "though I'd like to know what you can have to be thankful for."

"Lots," said the boy. "Fustly, for this luck. I don't pick up ten-cent stamps every day."

"Well, and what else?" asked Old Peanuts.

"'Cause I'm going to get a splendid dinner. But I must give my hair a-pullin' out, or they

"But it's torn," said Old Peanuts. "I told a boy just now to fling it into the gutter."

"He must be a funny boy to fling stamps away," said the boy, laughing.

"No," said Old Peanuts; "not so funny as you think; he only went in for being fair. But I gave him a pint of peanuts because his name was Johnny."

"Then you ought to give me a pint," said the boy, laughing again, "for my name's Johnny, too."

"Don't stand there laughing at me and telling lies!" said the old man, impatiently.

"T aint lies," answered the boy. "My name is Johnny. There! I can prove it." He drew a



small thin card out of his jacket pocket and held it up. "Read that," he said, triumphantly.

It was a card of admission to the Mission-House dinner. The old man snatched it and read "John Dorfling."

"You!" he said. His hands shook so that the card slipped out of them. Just then there came a gust of wind and away went the card and the boy after it. The old man tried to call him back, but he was too much agitated to speak. He shook in every limb, but he started after the boy, running as fast as he could. But the boy ran twice as fast, and he disappeared around a corner. Then the old man raised a feeble cry, "Johnny! Johnny! Stop, Johnny!" He turned the corner, breathless, but the boy was no longer in sight. On went the old man, looking right and left, peering in the open door-ways and gazing wildly down the cross-streets. But suddenly he thought, "How silly I am! He has found his ticket and gone to the Mission dinner." So, with renewed hope, he turned his steps toward the Mission.

He explained his errand to the door-keeper, and was ushered into a large room where two hundred or more boys and girls sat at long tables laughing and talking merrily and devouring good things. Up and down the passages Old Peanuts walked, gazing at every brown-haired boy; but he did not see Johnny.

Then the children were appealed to. Silence was called for and the question asked, "Is John Dorfling here, or does any one here know him?" But all the children shook their heads. The superintendent then searched the books and found the name "John Dorfling," he said, "but no address. He probably did not know it. Many of the children cannot tell where they live."

"But I suppose he will come in again next Sunday," said Old Peanuts.

The superintendent shook his head.

"It is doubtful," he said. "You see a great many come in a week or two before Thanksgiving, because we give them all a good dinner. But only those who have been with us three months have tickets to the Christmas festival. Yet he may come next Sunday again. Drop in and see," he added, unwilling to send the old man away without any hope.

"Ah! if I had only staid at my stand," Old Peanuts thought, as he hurried along to the Chatham street corner. "He has the ten cents and the peanuts too, but if he is like his father he will come back." So he went to his stand, vaguely expecting to find his grandson there. But the other Johnny stood beside the stand instead.

"You ought not to leave your stand 'thout anybody to look after it," he said. "A lot of fellers

war agoin' to make off with your peanuts, but I happened up and hollered 'Perlice!' and they thought I owned the concern and took to their heels. The perlice did n't come, but I kept guard and sold five pints too. And there war a boy here as said he owed you five cents, and ——"

"Where is he?" cried the old man.

"Why, he left the five and he went away," said the boy. "I don't know which way; I war n't looking."

"It was Johnny," said the old man, wringing his hands. "Now I shall never see him again." In a choked voice he told the story.

"Don't take on," said the boy. "Ef I'd a-knowned it I'd held ont'er him. Next time I will. I'll know him again."

"Ah!" said Old Peanuts, tears rolling down his cheeks, "I thought I could n't have more trouble; but to find him only to lose him again, it is more than I can bear. But he is a good, honest boy,—I knew he was."

"I'll look for him," said the boy. "I *was* agoing to the Central Park to see the animals; but never mind; and it's an awful ways to walk, so I don't keer much. And here's for the five pints."

"No; keep it for taking care of my stand," said Old Peanuts.

"No," said the boy. "The peanuts you gave me paid for that. I aint mean. Good-by. Don't fret. Mebbe I'll fetch him along afore you know it."

The old man sat down by his stand, but he could not rest.

"I'll look for him too," he said. "Ah! if I could only find him I would keep Thanksgiving. If God would only help me; but I have been so unthankful to Him I have no right to expect it."

He locked up his stand and went down toward the City Hall, then up Broadway and across Canal street, then down to Chatham street again, and through the dirty cross-streets and lanes,—up and down—up and down, until his feet were so tired that they slipped under him. At last when night came he went back to his stand, unlocked it and sat down on his stool. But he was worn out; and as he leaned his head against the pine-boards his eyes closed. Soon he was in dreamland. He was keeping Thanksgiving with his wife and his son and little Johnny. They were all at the village church, singing hymns, and then again at the old farm-house, eating their Thanksgiving dinner. Little Johnny climbed on his knee and kissed him, and then pulled his hair in fun.

"Don't pull so hard, Johnny," he said. And then he opened his eyes.

"Yes, I must pull, if you don't wake up," said a voice. "We tried ticklin' and everything. You sleep so sound."



Old Peanuts opened his eyes widely and rubbed them, but still he was afraid that he was asleep, for the two Johnnies stood beside him.

"Went to Central Park after all," said the first Johnny, "and found him looking at the animals. Thought mebbe I would."

"Are you my grandpop?" asked Johnny number two. "If you are, I'm glad, though you made me lose my dinner."

The old man drew the boy to him and held him closely in his arms as if he were afraid he would lose him again.

"And your mother?" he asked. "Will she let me have you?"

"She died," answered the boy; "died long ago—him too; and I take care of myself helping a junk man."

"And hereafter Grandpap will take care of you," the old man said. "Thank God, I have found you, and now we will eat our Thanksgiving dinner."

So, hand in hand, the three walked up the Bowery, and down a side street, to Old Peanuts' lodgings. He bought a cooked turkey and other good things on his way there, and at the door he stopped to ask a neighbor or two to "come up and help them be merry."

What a happy, blessed day they had, after all! How they talked and laughed, and how Old Peanuts leaned back in his chair and almost cried with

joy when Johnny sang a pretty song for them that he had learned at ragged-school!

For the first time in years, John Dorfling, when he sat down to the table, bowed his head in penitence and grateful prayer. But his thanksgiving did not end with that day, nor for many a day.



In fact, he is hale and hearty yet. This very year he and Johnny hope to keep "Thanksgiving" with the other Johnny; and after dinner they all are going to ride in the horse-cars to the Park to see the animals.

*Yusuf*

BY SARA KEABLES HUNT.

SOME time since there appeared in the columns of ST. NICHOLAS, an account of a Chinese boy named Joseph, or, as it is called in Chinese, Yasek, and it so reminded me of a little Arab boy in Egypt of the same name that I decided to tell you his story and show you the difference of the names in Chinese and Arabic.

In Egypt Joseph is pronounced Yusuf, and written as you see at the beginning of this sketch. You must commence at the right hand and read toward the left, which is the peculiarity of Arabic literature.

Little Yusuf was born on the shore of the Medi-

terranean sea, a few miles from the city of Alexandria. His home was a most cheerless place to civilized eyes; for it was a tent; not like the white, gaily-trimmed tents that dot the sea-shores of our summer resorts, but an old brown weather-beaten affair, patched all over and looking as if a strong gale of wind could easily blow it to pieces.

But here Yusuf spent his childhood; here he built his miniature houses in the sand, waded into the blue waves that curled on the shore, and sang away the long sunny days as happy a little fellow as ever lived.

That was a queer family to which he belonged.



The father was generally absent, for he was a camel-driver, and spent much time on his "ship of the desert," but the mother was always there; a brown-faced woman, her chin and forehead tattooed, and her hair, poor as she was, braided in long, broad plaits and ornamented with gold coins.

There was a sister two years older than Yusuf, but, like the Chinese, the Arabs care little for the girls of a family, and only rejoice when a boy is born; so Yusuf's sister was sadly neglected, as if a very insignificant specimen of humanity.

Then there were the goats (a most important part of the family), whose milk the mother sold. They were perfectly at home in the little tent, and ate and slept there without any hesitation or bashfulness. Many a time little Yusuf would fall asleep with the goats beside him.

The first money that Yusuf ever earned was by running out of the tent and begging every passer-by for "backshush" (a present). I think he really did earn those few pennies which were thrown to him, for he would stand out in the hot sun and shout "Baksees" till he was hoarse; and such a laughable appearance did he make in his one loose garment and fat little figure that many an amused traveler threw him a piastre (about 2½ cents) out of pure good-nature.

As Yusuf grew older, however, he began to realize that he could not spend his whole life begging from a tent-door, and the thought suddenly flashed across his mind, "What shall I do?"

At last he said, slowly, "I should like to be a donkey-boy." But to be a donkey-boy he must own a donkey, and how to buy one was the question.

Poor little Yusuf sat down in the sand and counted, for the fiftieth time, his tiny store of silver, and with a deep sigh finally put it away again, saying, with true Egyptian philosophy:

"Well, if the Lord wants me to have a donkey, he will give me one." And having arrived at this conclusion he went home with his usual contented countenance.

Leaving Yusuf for awhile, waiting like the immortal Mr. Micawber, for "something to turn up," let us see what class of boys is this which our little hero wishes to join.

The donkey is the great institution of Egypt. The long-eared creatures crowd the narrow streets of those far-off cities, ambling along sometimes with a fat Turk balancing himself with difficulty on the ungainly saddle. Again one paces along carrying an amused traveler intent on sight-seeing. And often, on the banks of the wondrous Nile, under the shadow of the palm-trees, beneath the golden light of the Egyptian skies, you may see one bearing a woman with a child clasped in her

arms, so like to that old familiar picture that you have looked upon many times, of Mary and the infant Jesus in their flight into Egypt! It is a more beautiful and touching sight than any other in that Eastern land.

I had almost compared the donkey-boys of Egypt to the news-boys of New York; and, indeed, I do believe them to possess many traits in common. Their rough, independent life, their intercourse with every class of humanity, their shrewd cunning, all may be found on this side the Atlantic in the streets of our own city.

They are quick to catch foreign phrases, and many of them can speak, though imperfectly, three or four languages.

When his passenger is mounted, the owner of the donkey—that is, the donkey-boy—always runs behind his property, urging him forward with a stick which he carries and with one magic word, well comprehended by the donkey, sounding like "Haa!" The boy will often run a long distance, apparently without fatigue, now and then breaking out into a wild kind of singing. They are the happiest race of boys in the world. What wonder Yusuf wished to join them!

And it was this class of boys that Yusuf was desirous of joining.

At present there was quite a band of them at every station in Ramlé,—the name of the settlement where he lived,—and when the train was due you could see them standing in waiting, with their keen eyes wide open, and all their energies awake, ready to spring upon the traveler like a cat upon a mouse.

"El barboor egy!" (the train comes) is their cry, as the iron horse comes snorting in at the depot. Then they all rush upon the first unfortunate man who alights, shouting:

"Tek dis donkey, howaga; he good donkey."

Another—"Coom here, mister; dat no good; mine de best."

A third—"Tally yu sitt, ente owes el harmai?" ("Come, lady; do you want a donkey?")

At last it is settled, and the riders go galloping across the plains. They pay the boys a few piastres for a short distance, and though they should surprise them with a double amount, the little ungrateful fellows will be sure to ask for more.

It was after watching these boys, and now and then rendering them some assistance, that Yusuf decided upon his vocation in life.

But time passed on in this strange monotonous land where the cold snows and frosts never come and the sun is ever shining. Still Yusuf seemed as far away from his desired hopes as when they first occurred to him.

One bright afternoon he was lying in the tent-



door half-asleep; the old mother sat busily making the coarse brown bread, which was to serve as their evening meal. The goats crouched in the sand in the shadow of the tent with their noses pointed to the sea, as if to sniff the fresh breeze that swept softly inland, shaking the loose sides of the tent till it sounded like the sails of a boat flapping in the wind.

The little girl had gone down to the water in an old woollen skirt that served as a bathing dress, and was far out in the waves, jumping up and down and pushing the crystal spray in every direction.

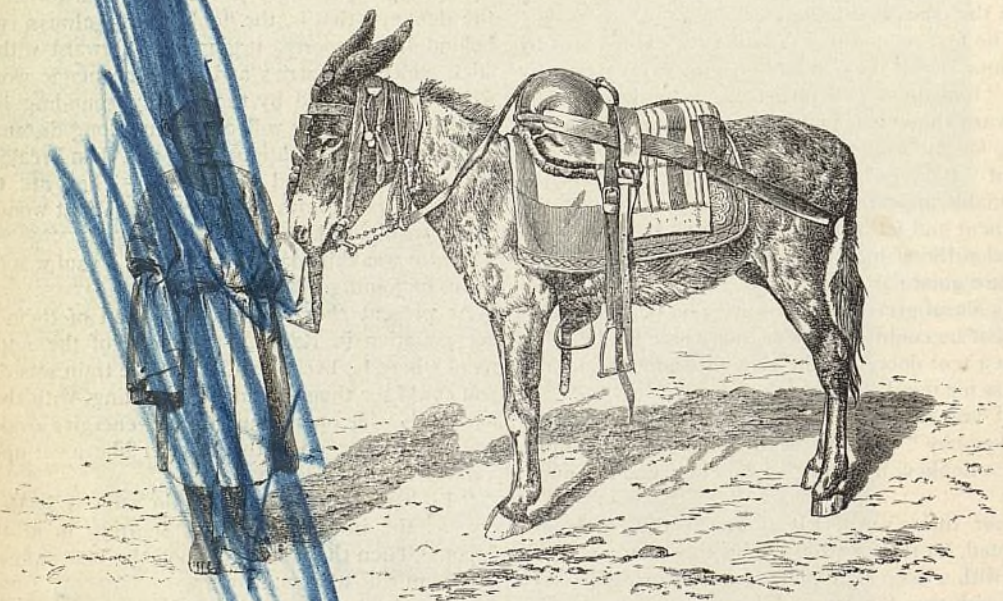
Suddenly there came a swift galloping from over the plains approaching every second nearer. Yu-

and may the good Allah grant thee success and favor."

So saying, he lifted the astonished boy into the saddle, and at a word the donkey was off with his delighted owner.

On, on, away over by the ruins of Cæsar's Camp; away on by the unfinished Palace of the Khedive, that building which superstition says will always remain uncompleted; for they say that the mother of His Highness dreamed once that when it should be finished her son would die. The workmen seem always busy, but the palace grows slowly; and now and then one part is torn down to be builded differently.

Yusuf began now to notice that the sun was very



YUSUF AND HIS DONKEY.

suf sprang up, and shading his eyes from the sun with his brown hand he looked in the direction of the sound. The mother paused in her efforts at bread-making, and put her tattooed face and torn dress outside the tent. The water grew very quiet around the little bather, yonder; she, too, was shading her eyes and looking eagerly; even the goats got up and came out of the shadow to see what was the matter.

"It is thy father, Yusuf," said the mother; "but he cometh sitting upon an ass."

As she thus spoke the father—for it was indeed he—alighted among them from a beautiful grey donkey, and throwing the bridle to Yusuf, he said:

"Take this gift, my son. I bestow it upon thee that thou mayest go out and seek thy fortune;

low; and, as the twilights are short in Egypt, he turned his face homeward that he might reach there before dark.

Ah! that was a happy night for Yusuf!

What visions of wealth flitted before his mind as he and his companion lay down to sleep after a good supper.

Yusuf dreamed that the donkey spoke to him, and that with every word pearls fell from his mouth.

But just as he was stooping to gather them up he was awakened by the loud braying of his new treasure, and springing up, he said:

"How now, my friend? Dost thou call me to arise? Good morning to thee—good morning."

So Yusuf has at last gained his desire, and now he is in the city of Cairo, among the donkey-boys



of that oriental place, fast learning their "tricks and their manners." But let us leave him on those far-off banks of the Nile as Moses' mother left her

babe in the bulrushes of the same mysterious river, hoping that some good hand will lift him up and save him from the dangers around.



## DICK HARDIN AT THE SEA-SHORE.

BY LUCY J. RIDER.

*Ocean Grove, N. J., July 29, 1874.*

DEAR MOTHER: I got here last night. Uncle Ben's folks live in a tent. We have lots of blackberries.

Willie has got a shovel to dig. He digs sand, and it feels nice to your feet. He goes barefoot, and I am going barefoot. All the boys go barefoot.

Please send me fifty cents, all together, and I will write the other letters pretty soon. I want it to buy a shovel, so I can dig too. Willie says he would not write a letter for the best ten cents that ever was born; but I told him a bargain's a bargain; and Uncle Ben said, "Stick to that, Mister Gritty."

I was 'most starving on the cars, and had to get some candy, and the boy said may be there was a gold watch or a gold ring in the candy; but there was n't; so please send me the fifty cents. Aunt Martha sleeps in a lounge that has a bed inside of it, and Willie and I sleep on the floor, on a bed.

In the morning, hers shuts right up and makes a lounge, and ours is put away, I think, for it is n't there; only the floor.

I guess I don't make much trouble yet. I got some candy on my shirt, and some sand, but I wiped it off with my handkerchief. We came in a stage from Long Branch. I saw the President's house and the ocean. It has some pine-trees before it. And I saw a man with a tall white hat on him and a real cigar, and it was the President.

I sat with the driver, and the horses stepped in the mud. It came on my face, and my handkerchief stuck, so the driver let me take his. It was the shirt that made it stick so.

There's lots of carriages here; and the driver is a black man, with white gloves and white pants and a tall white hat and tall shiney boots, and he sits up very straight; and a black coat, with two rows of gold buttons on the front side and tails.

The women look funny here. They have great big men's hats and blue glasses, and big umbrellas when it don't rain; and they walk round.

Willie goes in bathing 'most every day, and I am going this afternoon.—Your boy,

DICK HARDIN.

P. S.—How is the baby? Please don't forget to send the fifty cents. D. H.

*August 10, 1874.*

DEAR MOTHER: I got the fifty cents and your letter. I got a shovel. This letter makes twenty cents. There's a nawful big tent, and they are going to have a camp-meeting. They preach right outdoors on Sunday, only there's a little house with a bill on it where the preacher is.

They have Sunday-school in the big tent, and it's jolly. I go bathing every day. The men wear trousers, and the women wear trousers too, with little skirts and men's hats. Uncle Ben takes me



in, and when the breakers come he lifts me 'way up. The breakers are when the water is high up and foamy.

He made me float. You just lie down on your back, and he puts his hand under you.

I floated till I got some in my mouth. It's salt. It made me feel like castor oil.

You'd ought to see Uncle Ben float! He don't swallow any. The water comes right over his head and then it runs out of his nose and ears, and he don't care a bit. He can swim.

A woman's hat came off and she squealed, and he swam after it.

He says I can learn to swim. You just lie right down on your face and kick and paw, and don't get scared.

It makes your legs and arms look white in the water, and it looks like a big frog when you kick so hard. I wear one of Willie's suits, and it makes my arms long. A man called me "Hello, legs!" once. I think it is because the trousers are a little too short. They take out their teeth to go in bathing.

Something ails my shirts, they get dirty so fast. I tore a hole in my grey trousers; but 'most all the boys tear holes in their trousers; and Aunt Martha sewed it up.

Uncle Ben says there's big crabs in the sea, and once a crab caught his toes; but he kicked, and it let go. It did not hurt much. I aint afraid.

How is the baby?

D. HARDIN.

August 20, 1874.

DEAR MOTHER: I have lots of fun. When I get cold in the water I come out and sit on the hot sand. Sometimes I lie down in the sand, but then the sand sticks to my clothes and scratches.

There are little crabs in the sand. You can turn them up with your toes. They kick awfully, and dig right down in the sand again till you can't but just see their backs. They have little shells, and you can't tell which end is the head, because they have so many legs.

There's lots of other folks down on the beach; and a man goes round and sells newspapers. There was a big fat woman and she had a little boy. The boy was scared and screamed very loud, but she pulled him right in and churned him up and down in the water.

'Most all the babies cry when their mothers take them in, and the women and girls squeal and say "Oh!" and breathe hard; but the men don't do anything, but just walk right in. I don't do anything, but just walk right in. When a big wave comes, that is n't a breaker, you must jump up, and the wave carries you a little ways back and sets you on your feet, if it don't tip you over. I used to

breathe when my head got under water, but it did not feel good, so now I don't.

I stepped on a smooth thing that wiggled, and I got off. Uncle Ben said it was a lobster, and he said it was worse scared than I was.

I know how to row on the lake. Willie has a boat. I have earned six cents rowing.

I broke Willie's oar, and he cried, and I gave him my knife and a fish-hook. It had one blade gone. We go fishing sometimes, and have worms and grasshoppers for bait. Aunt Martha says worms and cookies ought not to go in a boy's pocket.

I got my shoe wet, and dried it in the oven. It puckered up some, and I can't pull it on. I guess it burned a little, for it smelled pretty bad. I like to go barefoot.

The arm-hole of my coat 'most came out, but Aunt M. fixed it in. M. stands for Martha; and the place she sewed in my trousers came open, so now I wear my black ones. This is thirty cents. How is the baby?

Your boy,

D. HARDIN.

P. S.—It was on the knee. I don't know what made it come open.



WHAT SHALL I WRITE NEXT?

September 1, 1874.

DEAR MOTHER: This is four letters, which is forty cents. I think I'll row and earn the other ten, for Uncle Ben is going away soon. I almost cried when the letter came. I don't want to go home in the day-time; but sometimes Willie kicks, and the sea makes a nawful noise in the night. He had the toothache last night, and cried, and kept us all awake. Aunt M. (for Martha) put on some pepper and salt, but it ached worse. Then she gave him some dysentery medicine, and so he went to sleep.



When a big breaker comes, sometimes it knocks folks over. I saw two girls; one had on a blue dress and a blue ribbon on her hat; the other had on a brindle dress and a shoe-string. The shoe-string was on her hat, to tie it down.

They walked right in, but a breaker knocked them over, and all the folks laughed. The brindle one rolled over and over like a log, but the blue

one went endways and turned three somersaults—I counted. The men ran and picked them up, and they coughed and sneezed. The blue one looked hoppin' mad, because the folks laughed; but the brindle one laughed too.

Uncle Ben got me a new pair of shoes. I have got a crab in a bottle of vinegar for the baby.

Your son,

DICKENSON H.

## VENUS OF MILO.

BY M. D. RUFF.

THE most beautiful lady I ever saw was born about two thousand years ago. In all that long time she has not once turned her head nor ever moved her lips to answer, though men and women everywhere have been her lovers; though artists have worshiped and poets have sung to her; though wise men have written learned treatises and searched mouldy records to discover her story.

She has no color in her face, nor in her eyes or hair. One cannot say that she is blonde or brunette. She stands quiet and majestic in a great room, with a soft, unchanging, lazy smile upon her face, reigning like a queen over many subjects, as cold and silent and colorless as she, but far less lovely. People who love beauty travel from all parts of the world, far and near, to look upon her; but from out this crowd of gazers no fairy-favored prince has ever stepped to give her that magic kiss which would start the blushes into the pale face and set the fair limbs free from the sleep which has bound them through the coming and going of ages.

But I can beguile you no longer with this semblance of an old fairy tale. My "Sleeping Beauty" will never stir; she is imprisoned in a block of defaced and discolored marble; my beautiful woman is only an antique statue, miraculously preserved for us from the days when the Greeks were masters of the world, and of all arts and knowledge as well.

This statue has been named "Venus of Milo." "Venus," because it is supposed to represent the Greek goddess Venus, and "of Milo," because it was found in a garden on the island of Melos, one of the many islands in the Grecian Archipelago.

The garden was probably part of the pleasure-grounds of a wealthy Greek. In the midst, on a little hill, he built his house of marble, and from the wide open porticoes around it on every side, he looked abroad upon terraces, fountains, marble

pavements and statues; upon green waving fields, long avenues of orange and lemon-trees laden with blossoms and fruit, filling the air with sweet odor, vines clustering on the sunny slopes, and the red grapes. In the distance he saw the purple sea forever curving and swelling around countless islands set like jewels in its bosom; he watched the ships dipping and rising before the light wind, stopping at this port, then at that; here unloading, there taking on their cargoes of sweet nuts, figs and wine. Farther beyond still was Athens itself, and the Acropolis shining white and sharp through the clear, luminous atmosphere, against the blue sky.

But these rare sights passed away; invasion and war left only a few broken shafts and columns; the beautiful vineyards ran to waste, the fountains were choked up, the statues crumbled or were carried off by the Turks in their many incursions into Greece and its islands. The garden lay thus despoiled and neglected for many years, till, in 1825, the owner of a bit of it began to clear a hill-side for the planting of a vineyard. At the foot of the hill he chanced to strike his shovel against this statue of a woman. It was imbedded in the earth, and had been entirely covered up by the crumbling and washing down of the soil above, and so had lain concealed for hundreds of years.

It was no uncommon thing at that time for workmen and peasants to turn up from the dark earth vases, trinkets, bits of sculpture, and many fragmentary relics of those ancient Greeks who, centuries before, lived and wrought so nobly here. To the present race these tokens had no value that could outweigh the price they would bring in the market; they were too poor to gratify expensive tastes, even if they had had them. Besides, they had grown out of the old faith, and they gave no divinity to the arms and legs and mutilated bodies of the gods and demigods with which their fathers



crowded the earth and air and sea. Yet I am sure the traditions of his pagan fathers must have stirred in the soul of the man who brought back to the light of day this matchless figure.

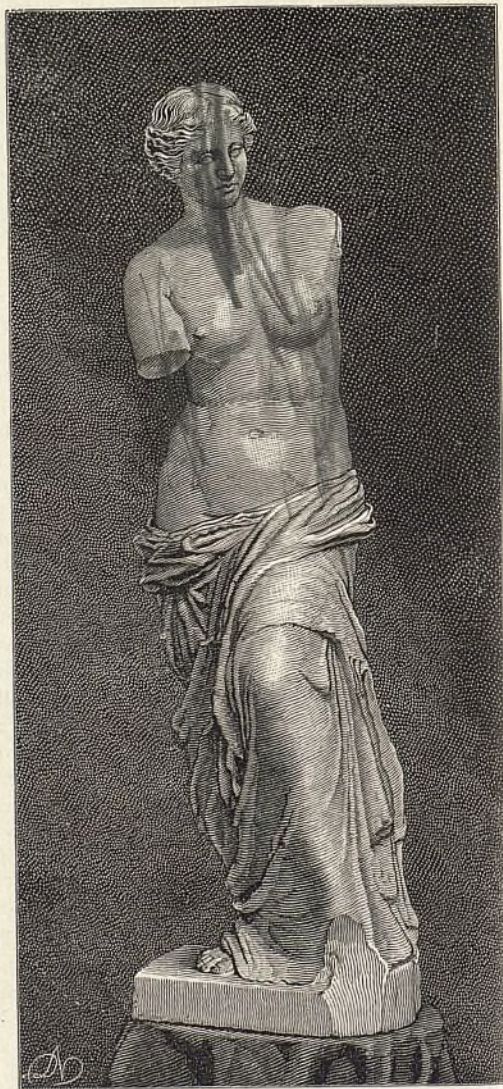
If he had such emotions at all, however, they were happily so slight that he was willing to sell the statue to Monsieur Brest, the French Consul, who, recognizing the value of the prize, bought it for five hundred dollars, and sent immediately for a vessel on which it could be shipped to France. Before this vessel arrived, the Turkish Government heard of the unearthing of the statue and hastily dispatched a vessel to bring it away, offering the owner five times more than the French price.

It was not in human nature to resist this. The Turks were given possession of the statue, and were embarking it on their vessel when the French ship arrived on the scene. A dispute and struggle arose, and later accounts say that the arms of the Venus, which had been detached for safer transportation, were seized by the Turks and are still in their possession. The first account was that the arms were gone when the figure was taken from the ground, also one foot broken off and several deep scratches about the shoulders and drapery. However this may be, the arms are still missing, and to this day the noble figure stands as you see in the picture.

It was placed in the Louvre, a magnificent art gallery in Paris, and at once called forth the profoundest admiration from artists and students and savans. Each one had some theory regarding the action of the figure, which the loss of the arms makes it impossible to determine. Some thought it was a Venus taking the apple designed "for the most beautiful;" others, that it was Venus embracing Mars; others, that it was a Venus coming from the bath with hair unbound and gathering her drapery around her, or Venus using a polished shield for a mirror; while others argued that it was no Venus, but the protecting nymph of the island of Melos, or the figure of a Victory resting a buckler upon her bended knee and inscribing upon it the name of a hero.

Of the genius who created this figure nothing certain is known, in spite of the research and skill of students. From the manner of workmanship it is concluded that he came after the time of Phidias,—whom you will hear named as the father of Greek sculpture,—and belonged to the later school of Lysippus, he who, pointing to the passers-by, said to his pupils, "There are your teachers." But when the Greeks themselves had such questions of doubtful authorship to settle they said that the statue fell from heaven; and we may be content to decide this question in the same way. The man who lived and died two thousand years ago is not likely to contradict us to-day.

But the adventures and perils of our fair lady are not yet over. During the late war between France and Germany, when Paris was besieged, and the shells were whizzing and flying over the walls, when women gathered their babies in their arms and ran



VENUS OF MILO.

shivering through the streets seeking safety, when strong men filled the air with shrieks and groans of death, then this lifeless, defaced statue was remembered and protected. It was put into an oaken chest, padded and cushioned, and at night a body of tried and faithful men bore it to a secret place in an underground cellar, known only to themselves. I have read furthermore that it was placed in a

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niche in an inner wall and built closely around with plaster and cement, so as to be not only safe from German shells, but hidden from German eyes and hands; for they would not have lost much time in bearing away the lovely figure to enrich their own capital of Berlin.

I like to think of these brave Frenchmen, so devoted and true to art. I believe they would have laid down their lives in this cause, knowing that France had many other brave men to fill their places, but that in all the world there could never again be such a work as this lovely "Lady of Milo."

She lay in the dark and damp, through all the rack and ruin of those fearful summer days; she escaped the bursting shells and the communists' fires, and when the danger was past and men's thoughts turned again toward beauty and grace she was replaced in the Louvre, and stands there now as serene and gracious as ever, the most perfect type of that pure Greek art which all the world studies, but cannot reproduce.

Do you wonder why? It would make a very long story to give you all the reasons. But one great reason is that our artists and sculptors despair of finding any living models, either of men or women, so noble and natural and simple as those which the Greeks saw around them everywhere. For they made it the business of their lives to grow sleek and blooming; from beautiful children to beautiful men and women, and so on to a happy, vigorous old age.

In that olden time "a child was taught to read, write and cipher; to play the lyre and chant the national odes, celebrating brave deeds and great victories; to wrestle and to perform all other bodily exercises." Youths and maidens went daily to the gymnasium, and there were practiced in running, leaping, throwing the lance and discus, and in every other exercise which could make them strong, healthy and agile. Then the wise were strong

and the learned beautiful. There were no narrow chests and stooped shoulders; no pale faces and blinking eyes from desk and study and school-room; no warped muscles from work-bench and loom. Artisans, philosophers, poets, rich and poor, went alike through a daily course of training, ate sparingly, and lived through all seasons in the open air. "For there is no winter in this land. Evergreen oaks, the olive, the lemon, the orange and cypress form in the valleys and on the hillsides an eternal summer landscape; they even extend down to the margin of the sea, and in February, at certain places, oranges drop from their stems and fall into the water." In this mild and balmy atmosphere they required scant clothing and light diet. They had neither cold nor heat to guard against; the kindly fruits of the earth were all they needed to keep them in health and courage.

Now look carefully at the picture of the Venus, always remembering that it is a copy from a plaster cast, a copy of a copy, and therefore imperfect. It will serve only to introduce you to the statue; then if you are in New York, Philadelphia or Boston, go to the Academy of Fine Arts and see the life-size cast. You will hardly like it at first, but look more than once; study it; insist upon liking it; for by your admiration of this you may measure your power to appreciate any other work of true art. Venus stands, you see, simply and easily, without affectation or weariness. If she could come out of that marble stillness and walk across the room you would know what is meant by the "poetry of motion." I saw it the other day in an Indian woman. She was wrapped close in a dingy, dirty red blanket, and her face showed nothing but brutal, low instincts, but she walked through the staring crowds on the streets with such dignity and directness, such an erect and pliant figure, such a full and perfect play of muscles that I said to myself, "So the Venus of Milo would walk if she were wakened from her long sleep in the marble."



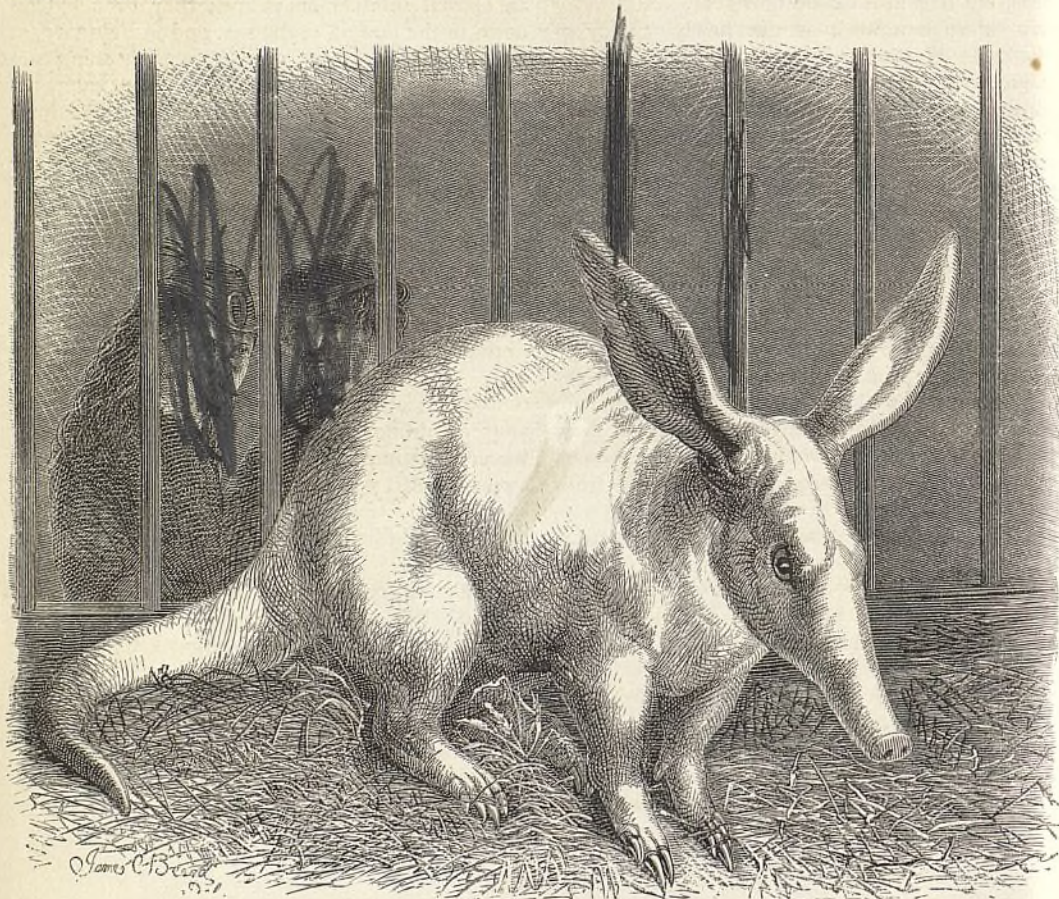


## THE AARD-VARK.

BY JAS. C. BEARD.

OF the tribe of animals to which the strange creature represented in the accompanying illustrations belongs, none have traveled so far or seen so much of the great world as this particular one,

rabbit and the pig. It has a long, irregular head; short limbs, ending in large flat feet; a tail, in which the whole bulk of the animal tapers gradually to a point; and enormous claws.



THE AARD-VARK AT CENTRAL PARK.

whose portrait was taken for ST. NICHOLAS while it was on a temporary visit to Central Park.

Even the great Zoological Garden in London, which forms the largest collection of living animals in the world, does not contain a specimen. In fact, it is very difficult to capture this animal alive, as it is extremely timid and wary, and with its great claws can burrow out of sight in a few minutes. Its home is in Africa, and its name Aard-vark, which means earth-pig. At first sight, its singular form seems a sort of compromise between that of the

Along the wide stretches of sand in Africa are to be seen great mounds, very similar in shape and appearance to the huts of the black men, but much more strongly built, consisting of mud which has hardened almost into stone in the heat of the sun.

These buildings, which are far superior to the houses constructed by the human beings who people the country, are erected by small insects called termites, or white ants, and are, in proportion to their builders, larger than any edifice ever constructed by man.

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In this region, as evening advances, numerous stealthy creatures, never seen by day, creep forth from their hiding-places in the jungle in search of food, and among them are the Aard-varks; their long snouts projected in every direction, their brilliant black eyes wide open and their great ears thrown forward on the alert.

If the coast is clear, an animal of this kind—perhaps a mamma, followed by a couple of the queerest little babies imaginable—makes her way up to the nearest ant-hill, and, sitting upon her haunches, tears it to pieces without loss of time, breaking up the stony walls with perfect ease, and bringing dismay and death to the inmates, to whom, instead of the timid creature she appears to us, she is a terrible, devouring monster. So rapidly does she sweep the insects into her mouth by the swift movement of her long tongue, which is covered with a thick, sticky substance to which the ants adhere, that soon, of all the bewildered multitude which filled that great mound, not one is left to behold and mourn over the destruction of its little world.

There are animals closely related to the Aard-vark, which are covered with large horny scales instead of hair; and which, besides indulging in other strange habits, generally

sleep rolled up in the shape of a ball. But the Aard-vark, in endeavoring to follow so laudable a custom, only succeeds in standing on the top of its head, in which position it seems to sleep very com-



THE AARD-VARK ASLEEP.

fortably—so comfortably, indeed, that it afforded, as you see, a capital chance for a second portrait.

## THE GHOST THAT LUCY SAW.

BY MARIA W. JONES.

ALL at once, right in the middle of the night, Martha wakened wide up. And no wonder, for the bed-clothes were drawn up over her face so that she could hardly breathe. She threw her arm over on Lucy's pillow, but instead of the curly head there was only a big round ball, made by that same curly head having the covering all tightly pulled up over and drawn down under it. The instant Martha's hand touched the big round ball, it shrieked out, "O! O!" as if somebody had taken it for a foot-ball and given it a kick.

Then Martha sat up and commenced vigorously pulling the sheet and counterpane away from the

little clinging hands that were holding them down so tightly, exclaiming as she tugged and pulled:

"Why, Lucy, what *is* the matter? What *have* you got your head all rolled up this way for? You almost smothered us!"

"O Martha!" piped the little girl's trembling voice, as she cuddled closer to her sister, "I am so glad you're awake. But don't speak so loud; there's something in the room!" And down went the little head under the covers again, and the little hands, by this time clinging around Martha's neck, pulled her head under too, while Lucy continued in an awful whisper:



"I thought, when I felt your hand, that *it* had flopped right down on my head, and I did n't know but that I was going to die right straight off, without ever bidding anybody good-by, and, oh! I had such dreadful thoughts, all in a flash."

"Why, Lucy, child," said Martha (Martha was eleven years old, and Lucy was ten), "you have been having bad dreams. Why did n't you call me?"

"I was afraid *it* would hear," she whispered back. "Please, Martha, don't speak so loud. Indeed there *is* something in the room."

"Of course," said Martha, sitting up in bed again and speaking louder than ever, "of course, we are here."

"Oh, don't, Martha; do lie down," entreated poor Lucy, almost beside herself with terror. "I've been watching it ever so long, and it gets bigger and bigger. It's just down there in the corner of the room, near the foot of the bed."

"Where?" said Martha, anxiously, opening her eyes wide and straining them hard to see in the faint moonlight.

"Down there; I dare n't look again. Last time it seemed like it nodded to me and got nearer this way."

"Lucy Brown, I don't see one single solitary thing that I have n't seen a hundred times before," said Martha, in loud emphatic tones. And her voice was so hearty, and her manner so fearless, that Lucy herself began to feel differently and less afraid of the terrible *something*, which she somehow still thought must be there, and which it seemed very strange to her that Martha could not see.

Once more she whispered, half interrogatively:

"Something tall and dark, with a white head," and then, in a sudden burst of confidence, "O Martha, I think—I thought—I did n't know, but may be it was a ghost."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Martha, loud enough and merrily enough to have made a ghost itself laugh, if there ever could possibly be such a thing, but as there was not, nor could not be, the laugh did some good, anyway, as every honest and merry laugh always does.

It put to rout Lucy's shadowy fears, and brought her sitting bolt upright in bed, but not by the side of Martha, for that merry little girl was flitting around the room, touching first one object and then another, shouting out, "Am I hot or cold?" in a vain attempt to find the ghost.

Lucy actually laughed aloud at this new way and time for playing "hot butter-beans please to come to supper," and it was not long after that that she grew so bold as to herself run up to the ghost and take off its white head, which, after all, was nothing but her own little white sailor-waist hanging upon the high back of an arm-chair. So that put an end to the ghost. But a new fear rose—Martha would tell "the boys," and she'd "never hear the last of it."

But Martha promised she would do no such dreadful thing; so Lucy in turn was very ready to promise that she would never be so foolish again, and to declare she knew that there were no such things as ghosts, and that if there were, they could n't possibly want anything from her, and that the very next time and every time she was frightened she would not wait a minute, nor half of a minute, but march right up and see what it was. And she always has kept her promise. To this day she has never found a ghost,—for a very good reason, which I am sure you will think of,—nor has she ever found a trouble of any kind that did not either disappear altogether or grow considerably smaller when she "marched right up to it" and saw what it really was.

## EAST INDIAN TOYS.

BY ALICE DONLEVY.

### THE DOLL.

THE favorite playthings among East Indian girls are their dolls, which, although very different from any dolls made or sold in our country, are very precious to their owners. The East Indian dolls are made of light wood, painted in various colors, and they all look like our picture, varying only in size; the smallest is six inches, the largest two or three feet high. They are not jointed, and their little

Indian mothers cannot dress and undress them, or have the fun of making their clothes. The only thing that will "come off" is the head, which is secured by a peg fitting into a hole in the body. The feet are firmly fastened to a wooden stand and to the solid body of the doll.

Perhaps some of you children may like to make these East Indian dollies as curious Christmas gifts for your young friends. It will not be difficult to

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get some one, with this picture at hand for a model, to cut the form for you out of soft wood, if you cannot do it yourselves; and for the rest you have only to paint the forms with bright colors (as I shall describe) and to gum on a bit of gilt paper carefully here and there, according to directions.



THE DOLL.

The baby, or smallest doll, has a yellow dress, spotted with black, trimmed with a blue belt with white spots, and bands of red spotted with white around the neck and sleeves. The border of the baby's skirt consists of a narrow blue band spotted with white, and edged with yellow-grey, marked by a few black lines.

The big doll has heeled shoes striped with black, blue anklets spotted with white, and wears a solid, beautiful crimson skirt, ornamented by golden stripes and short bars. The curving line and leaf-pattern in front is also gold. On each side of this are two stripes of dark blue spotted with white; the border of the skirt is the same—blue with white spots; the bodice and part of the sleeves are of a

dull yellow-grey—the same color as the baby's skirt-border and the doll's shoes and legs. The upper part of the dress is dark blue, ornamented with yellow dots, arranged like stars, and trimmed with bands of white spots on red. Her bracelets (for, like the women of India, she wears many) are crimson and gold. The tall head-dress is painted yellow with black stripes, or blue with white dots, and red. Her front hair is ornamented with a gold band, also trimmed with white spots. The long black hair hangs from the back of her head in one long, tapering braid. This is painted on and extends below the waist, which is dotted with white spots arranged differently in groups in the center and in a line at each side of the braid. The face is very peculiar, as you see. The ears are crimson and

gold; the eyes, eyebrows, eyelashes and the ornament at the side of her nose is black; not only are her lips red, but the tip of her nose and one of the spots between the eyebrows; the other spot is green. One more green spot on her pointed chin completes her toilet.

#### THE COW.

The favorite plaything among the boys is the elephant, made of all sizes, and looking very much like the animals that stand on our toy-shop shelves. The boys play feeding their elephants with rice, etc., and giving them pails of water, just as regularly as some girls sing their dolls to sleep and put them to bed. The cow is a very funny toy, and comes next to the elephant in popularity.



THE COW.

All the real cows in India are white; but the toy cows are usually crimson and gold, and dotted with yellow—with blue stripes, dotted with white. The feet and tail are dashed with black, like the eyes and nose. The ears can be taken off, for they have little pegs that fit in a hole in the cow's head. In both these toys the colors are so arranged that the whole effect is pleasing. You can learn from these playthings, almost as well as from a thousand-dollar shawl, the Oriental rule for color, which is: Always separate different colors by lines of white, or black, or gold.

WHETHER fair, whether foul,  
Be it wet or dry,  
Cloudy-time or shiny-time,  
The sun's in the sky.

Gloomy night, sparkle night,  
Be it glad or dread,  
Cloudy-time or shiny-time,  
Stars are overhead.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE we are again, dear young folks, and this time on the very threshold of a new volume. Good! We shall be old friends soon. Meantime, it's the same old Jack who speaks to you, though the editors say they've a better picture of me this time than they had before. Well, well—whether it's the born, living image of me or not, I'll say this: I'm your own faithful, loving, Jack-in-the-Pulpit,—in rain or shine, yours to command, and may we honor and help one another to the end!

What shall we begin with to-day? Ah! I know:

## TROWBRIDGE AND THE DROWNING BOY.

DID you ever hear about it, my children? The little bird who told me said he was sure Mr. Trowbridge would n't be willing to have it mentioned, but I can't help that. He had no business to do it, then. Besides, the boys and girls will forgive him, if he is so very much ashamed of it.

You see, the boy had broken through the ice, where the river (the Mystic River, in Connecticut) was sixty feet deep and the current fearfully strong. Men and boys stood at a safe distance looking on; but what could they do? The ice would n't hold, and there were no boats at hand. Trowbridge—"Jack Hazard" Trowbridge—heard the boy's terrified screams, and ran to the spot. He saw the little head bob under, saw it come up again, heard one shriek from the poor boy, and that was enough. With a couple of light boards torn from an old fence, he went out after him. But the ice was so thin that it sank beneath him, boards and all. The crowd shouted to him to come back; and he did.

But he brought the boy with him, safe and sound, and then went home and put on dry clothes.

The Massachusetts Humane Society awarded Mr. Trowbridge a large silver medal for this brave act; but, though he no doubt appreciated their motives

in doing him this honor, I'll warrant you the sight of that rosy little chap, running about alive and well, was worth more to him than all the medals in the world.

## THE TORRICELLIAN TUBE.

THE pretty schoolmistress, in talking to the deacon the other day in our meadow, looked up at the cloudy sky and quoted a verse of poetry—something about something

"—from scale to scale,  
Mounting amidst the Torricellian tube."

Now, what *did* she mean, my children? What is a Torricellian tube, and how did any tube ever get such a name as that?

## THE WHISTLING-TREE.

DID ever you hear of such a tree? I have, for the birds tell me everything:

The whistling-tree is found in Africa. It is a strange-looking object, with branches white as chalk. It has long thorns, the inside of which is the favorite home of some tiny insect. When this creature crawls out to see the world, he of course leaves the door open behind him—that is to say, a small hole, through which he crawled. Now, the wind blowing through the tree when the leaves are off, makes a musical noise in these hollow thorns, so that it sometimes sounds like thousands of flutes playing at once. The natives call it the whistling-tree.

We've a whistling-tree in our meadow, but it is n't of the African kind. It bears boys, with cheeks as red as peaches. I've heard half-a-dozen of them whistling in it at a time. And they come down out of it with their hats full of wild cherries.

## GOURDS AND PUMPKINS.

TO-NIGHT I counted five sorts of gourds that I've heard about. Mock-oranges, bottle-gourds (a sort that is turned to many useful purposes, and that you country children like to use for play-things), summer and winter squashes, and pumpkins. Did you ever think when you were tasting a nice baked squash or delicious pumpkin pie, that squashes and pumpkins were a sort of gourd?

## AN IRON-CLAD RAT'S NEST.

THE pretty schoolmistress stopped by the stump and read a very wonderful thing, one fine day in July, to the children who were going with her to look for cresses at the brook—so wonderful that I'm going to ask the editors to get the same magazine and copy the story out for you. The story was told by Professor Silliman, and it came to him in a private letter from a friend. This friend was part owner of some property on the Oregon coast containing a saw-mill which had never been set fairly at work. Close by was a dwelling-house for the hands, and when they cleared out for lack of work, a quantity of things were stored there—tools, packing for the engine, six or seven kegs of large spikes, besides, knives, forks, spoons, etc., in the

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closets, and a great stove in one of the rooms. (Now the editors will please add the rest of the story; and you, my dears, will please bear in mind that the writer is talking about the California wood-rat):

"This house," he says, "was left uninhabited for two years, and being at some distance from the little settlement, it was frequently broken into by tramps who sought a shelter for the night. When I entered this house I was astonished to see an immense rat's nest on the empty stove. On examining this nest, which was about five feet in height, and occupied the whole top of the stove (a large range), I found the outside to be composed entirely of *spikes*, all laid with symmetry so as to present the points of the nails outward. In the center of this mass was the nest, composed of finely-divided fibers of the hemp packing. Interlaced with the spikes, we found the following: About three dozen knives, forks and spoons; all the butcher-knives, three in number; a large carving-knife, fork and steel; several large plugs of tobacco; the outside casing of a silver watch, disposed of in one part of the pile, the glass of the same watch in another, and the works in still another; an old purse containing some silver, matches and tobacco; nearly all the small tools from the tool-closets, among them several large augers. Altogether, it was a very curious mixture of different articles, all of which must have been transported some distance, as they were originally stored in different parts of the house.

"The ingenuity and skill displayed in the construction of this nest, and the curious taste for articles of iron, many of them heavy, for component parts, struck me with surprise. The articles of value were, I think, stolen from the men who had broken into the house for temporary lodging. I have preserved a sketch of this *iron-clad* nest, which I think unique in natural history."

#### TURNING A DESERT INTO AN OCEAN.

WHAT'S this the bees are buzzing about? It can't be true, and yet if my senses did n't deceive me, I heard one of them telling it to the clover this very morning. It was quite lost on the clover. He ought to have told it to the Ethiopian Calla in the garden. She would have appreciated it. The fact is, there's a rumor that the great African desert of Sahara is about to be turned into an ocean—that is, not right away, but as soon as matters can be settled in regard to it. I don't know exactly *why* they want to do this, but there's some good reason for it, you may depend. The French engineers have been holding counsel on the matter, and they say the thing can be done.

Just look into this business, my dears. Ask your fathers and mothers about it. Such things don't happen every day.

#### COULD IT OR NOT?

"It could n't do it, I tell you," said the man.

He and his companion had been walking briskly across my meadow; now they paused directly in front of me.

"But, my dear fellow," said the other, raising his voice, "I ought to know, for it sprang at me—don't you understand?"

"Yes, yes," answered the "dear fellow," "and so I should hardly blame you, my boy, if you thought the creature leaped sixty feet in the air and came down like a rocket-stick; but, you see, the thing's impossible; a rattlesnake never springs further than the length of its own body—you may bet your life on it. The end of the tail acts as a sort of pivot. They lie curled up like a spring, with head raised from the center. When the head shoots forward to strike, it goes exactly as far as the snake's length—no further. I've seen 'em dozens of times, and poked at 'em with a pole from

a safe distance. When they're not disturbed, they lie in the sun, limp and amiable as you please; but just touch them, and presto! comes the rattle, the warning and the spring, before you can say Jack Rob—"

"Ned," said the other, shaking his head as they passed on, "that's all true enough, but I tell you the fellow sprang more than twice his own length when he made for me."

"All right," laughed Ned, silenced but not convinced, "and I'll warrant you sprang six times your own length."

Now, setting good manners aside, which of these two was right?

#### BEWARE OF THE JINNEE!

A TRAVELED bird has told me about the Jinnee of Eastern mythology. It is a sort of genius, or demon, or sprite, among the Mohammedans, and it is said to have a transparent body, and to possess the power of assuming various forms.

Not a very pleasant individual to have around, I should say; and yet, now I think of it, it seems to me that we have something very like the Jinnee in this country. It gets into boys and girls sometimes, and puts on all sorts of shapes. It has various names, I understand, such as Affectionation, Humbug, Hypocrisy, etc., and people *always* can see through it. Dear me! I don't like to think of this Mohammedan myth being so near home. Let's get rid of it! Let's scatter its thin body to the four winds! Let's all draw a good, honest breath, and blow it higher than a kite!

#### SOMETHING FOR THE BIG FOLKS.

THE other day, the minister came through the meadow. Of course his wife was with him, for they take a walk together every day. Nearly always, as I have already told the children, they sit down to rest on the big stump at the left, and then he generally reads her something. This time he took out a little scrap of printed paper, and after putting on his glasses, said:

"Here's an extract from a letter, Sarah, that I thought would please you. It was written by Dr. Channing in his old age to a dear friend in England—and, do you know, it quite reconciles me to growing old?"

"Read it, dear," said Mrs. Sarah.

And he read:

I rejoice with you in your improved health and spirits. Both of us, I suppose, are doomed to find the body more or less a burden to the end of our journey. But I repine not at the doom. What remains to me of strength becomes more precious for what is lost. I have lost one ear, but was never so alive to sweet sounds as now. My sight is so far impaired that the brightness in which nature was revealed to me in my youth is dimmed, but I never looked on nature with such pure joy as now. My limbs soon tire, but I never felt it such a privilege to move about in the open air, under the sky, in sight of the infinity of creation, as at this moment. I almost think that my simple food, eaten by rule, was never relished so well. I am grateful, then, for my earthly tabernacle, though it does creak and shake not a little. \* \* \* \* \* The habit which I have of looking at what is interesting and great in human nature has no small influence in brightening my life.

The sun was setting as the minister put up the paper; so, nodding cheerily to his wife, he proposed that they should "move on."



## MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

(Arranged for parlor representation by G. B. BARTLETT.)

Four *tableaux vivants* and two pantomimic scenes accompany the reading of the piece by a concealed person.

## CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, ETC.

THE MISTRESS, in neat and tasteful home-dress.

KITTY, calico skirt, rather short; loose, short sacque; sleeves rolled up to elbow; very large, heavy shoes; apron.

FING WING, short full trousers, white stockings, black short frock, very long cue, face stained with ochre, long pointed pasteboard toes sewed on to slippers. His finger-nails can be lengthened by means of tinted tissue paper pasted on.

GROCER'S BOY, straw hat, trousers rolled up slightly, vest and shirt-sleeves.

Table, three chairs, clothes in basket, table-cloth, ironing blanket, iron-holder, market-basket, three paper packages, brown paper, box, pan, mop, dish of apples, knife, two trays, and a quantity of cracked and broken china for the "crash" in scene ii.

(R stands for right side; L for left side.)

## MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.\*

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' did n't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the



day I iver left the owld country! to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listenin' than drawin' your remarks) an' is it mysel', with five good characters, from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlover about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any

other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, is n't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says, kind o' shcared, "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yellor it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trousers and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hanging down from it behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was upstairs afore you could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythens and taich 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I could n't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up 'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, an' he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoo!, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick. I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin' wid drum-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I cud die. An' did n't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a-foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirty baste! But the worst of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtacted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' my shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the prairies or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven could n't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I did n't. Did n't he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cudden be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a-spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands

\* Originally published in "Etchings" in *Scribner's Monthly* for January, 1871.



fornest her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name ner any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You wont," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she gave me such sass as I cud dent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the door.

As the concealed person who reads the above, aloud, goes on with-out interruption, each scene must be arranged in time to allow the curtain to rise and fall at the words designated. Of course, these scenes may be varied according to the wit and discretion of the actors as far as the allowed time will permit; but the following directions, after having been practically tested, are offered as a guide.

SCENE I. (*tableau vivant*) opens at "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty!" Mistress stands at center pointing out Fing Wing (R) to Kitty, who is washing dishes at table (L). She holds up her hands in horror. Closes at "Set eyes on."

SCENE II. opens at "Imitating that sharp." Kitty enters at L with a trayful of crockery, Fing Wing following at a short distance behind, laden in the same manner. He imitates her gait as nearly as he can, and when she stumbles and drops her china, he does the same immediately. Closes at "Bad luck to him."

SCENE III. opens at "And did n't the crayture offer to help." Fing Wing at the ironing-table (R), folding down the table-cloths "as innocent as a baby." Kitty (L) is watching him with intense disgust.

SCENE IV. opens at "Tinder feet." Fing Wing sits on table center peeling apples, his feet, from which he has taken off his shoes, are in a chair in front of him. Closes at "Paytin' anything."

SCENE V. opens at "Saturday mornin'." The mistress stands at center, Kitty at L, with broom; and the action must be in unison with the reading. Enter Grocer's Boy with basket (R). Fing Wing enters (L). At a motion from the mistress he takes basket from the boy, carries it to table (L of center), and, taking a little very cautiously from each paper, wraps up the groceries, which he slyly conceals under the blanket after filling "the bit of a box" with them. Kitty seizes the box; a struggle ensues, which the mistress interrupts; both gesticulate according to the text. Then the mistress points to the door, through which Kitty, after hurriedly and angrily making up her bundles, and seizing her bonnet from a peg and putting it on, marches out with great dignity. Fing Wing stands (L) in attitude of triumph, with his arms and hands outspread, as the curtain falls.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

DR. HOLLAND's beautiful lullaby, in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, is printed with the author's permission from the advance sheets of his new book, "The Mistress of the Manse," soon to be published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., of New York.

"ORIOLE."—You and all other young folks are welcome to write to the Letter-Box, whether subscribing to ST. NICHOLAS or not. We look upon every boy and girl who can read English, or look at a picture, as belonging in some way to ST. NICHOLAS. Yes, you may join the army of Bird-defenders, too, provided you are resolved to keep the requisite pledge, even though you never expect to buy a copy of the magazine.

As for printing your letters, that is another thing. One entire number of the magazine scarcely would hold half the letters that come to us every month. We therefore must, as far as practicable, select those of the most general interest; but we make no distinction between the writers who "subscribe" and those who do not.

M. C. P.—Your "Return of Spring" might be worse, and it might be very much better, without making it specially conspicuous as a poetical production. "The Heir at Law" was written by Coleman. The "History of England" is Macaulay's only large historical work.

New York, August 18, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Over the signature of "Aldebaran," in the September ST. NICHOLAS, I find a very clear and complete description of diamond puzzles. But "Aldebaran" errs a little in crediting. His second example was not invented by "Ernestus," but is after the manner of "diamonds" that were in use long before "Ernestus" even thought of that career in which he subsequently won so many admiring disciples. The puzzle in question was sent to a contemporary publication, more as a protest against the then prevalent (but incorrect), and what "Aldebaran" calls the simple way of making "diamonds" than as any new or original idea.

"Aldebaran's" third way is original with an equally well-known puzzler, "Rusticus," a friend of "Ernestus."

The fourth and best style, the "double-reversible" ("Aldebaran's" own), is certainly very unique and ingenious.

May I ask the pleasure of his acquaintance. And also may I make your handsome and interesting magazine the medium of re-linking the broken chain of past friendships with all my old puzzle-friends? Please say yes.

With many cordial wishes for ST. NICHOLAS' welfare,—I remain, yours sincerely,

"COLLEGE."

LEO C. B.—The novels of which you speak are popular; but in reply to your inquiry whether or not they are good for a boy of fourteen to read, we answer, they are not. Their humor is not refined, and their atmosphere throughout is feverish. You will be glad to find a story by C. A. Stephens, running through this and the December number of ST. NICHOLAS.

N. P., who may or may not be bribed by an association of doctors and dentists, sends the following recipe for making sugar-candy. His excuse is that the result of trying it will be a candy far better, purer, cheaper and healthier than that which is often purchased in the stores. Our excuse is that it may afford the boys and girls a candy-making frolic or two on winter evenings, and enable them practically to taste the satisfaction of doing something for themselves.

SUGAR-CANDY.—One and a-half cups granulated sugar, one cup of water, tea-spoonful of vinegar. Boil gently over a steady fire, without stirring, removing the scum which rises. Try it in a cup of cold water to see if it becomes brittle as it cools. When this occurs remove it from the fire, add the juice of lemon, or any essence to flavor it, and pour into buttered pans to cool. Stick into the candy while cooling English walnuts, neatly taken from their shell. Roasted raisins, or the meat of any kind of nut may be used instead of the English walnuts.

The candy can be pulled if desired. If stirred while boiling it will harden into sugar, like the frosting of cake.

LULU CONRAD and others, who ask questions concerning Mr. Trowbridge, and "want to know just how he looks," will be glad to learn that *Scribner's Monthly* for November contains a portrait of their favorite, and a brief account of his life up to the present day.

To-day, as you all know, Mr. Trowbridge is writing a grand new serial for you, to begin in the January number, while Miss Alcott is as busily writing a beautiful serial story, which will also begin with the new year.

### FOOLSCAP PAPER.

HARRY D.—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Here are various replies to your query in our September Letter-Box:

DEAR EDITOR: In answer to Harry D.—'s question, I send the following, which I have copied from a book of Anecdotes, compiled by Henry Hupfield:

"Foolscap."—The origin of this term, as applied to a certain size of



writing-paper, came about in this way: When Oliver Cromwell became Protector he caused the stamp of the 'Cap of Liberty' to be placed upon the paper used by the Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., he—the king—had occasion to write certain dispatches, and some of the Government paper was brought to him. On looking at it and discovering the stamp, he said, 'Take it away; I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap.'

I have often observed on a certain kind of foolscap a head crowned with a "liberty cap," and I think that probably it is much like the one mentioned here.

H. C.

Cambridge, September 5, 1874.  
DEAR EDITOR OF THE ST. NICHOLAS: Harry D. wanted to know the meaning and origin of the term "Foolscap Paper." I think I can tell him.

In Queen Anne's reign, certain duties were imposed on all imported paper. Among the various kinds was mentioned the Genoa "foolscap." The word is a corruption of the Italian *foglio capo*, meaning a full-sized sheet of paper. *Foglio* (leaf) is from the Latin *folium*. It appears in the French as *feuille*. My information is taken from Graham's "Book about Words."

ALICE M. W.

LURA FREEMAN, MINNIE WATKINS and CARRY MELVIN send substantially the same answer to Harry.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: In a very useful book called "Fireside Philosophy" may be found the following:

"It is said that the term 'Foolscap' is derived from the fact that Charles I. granted to certain parties a monopoly of the manufacture of paper, and every sheet bore in water-mark the royal arms. But the Parliament under Cromwell made jests of this in every conceivable manner, and ordered the royal arms to be removed from the paper and the fool's cap and bells substituted. Of course these were removed after the Restoration; but paper of the size of the Parliament journals always retained the name of 'foolscap.'—Yours,

HENRY SHERRING.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD, LIZZIE LANING, GRACE WINANS, LYDIA W. C., JOHN W. P., WALTER C. PIERCE and "LITTLE PIP" agree with Henry Sherring; and LOUISE F. OLMSTEAD explains that "the water-mark in paper is produced by wires bent into the shape of the required letter or device, and secured to the surface of the mould."

Now who can tell why it is called a *water mark*?

"NIMFO."—Yes, the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS will put your name on their Roll of Honor, if you send them subscribers. They consider every boy and girl who helps ST. NICHOLAS now, in the early part of its existence, as one of the "Founders of the Magazine."

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRLS: Bertie L. and Louise L. S., M. A. F. and others who ask for a "good piece to speak in school."—How will this true story by J. Bellamy answer your purpose? We find it in Sheldon's Fourth Reader:

#### THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

A man once built a light-house,  
And he built it on a rock,  
And he boasted it should bear unscathed  
The storm's severest shock;  
"Of engineers I'll be," quoth he,  
"The proudest and the first;  
There stands my work, and it shall stand—  
The waves may do their worst."

And stand it did, amid the sea,  
Amid the shifting sand;  
A fairer work to look upon  
Ne'er came from mortal hand.  
Forth went the world! the winds arose,  
The waves came thundering on,  
At sundown it was standing—  
The day broke—it was gone!

Another engineer then came,  
A wiser, humbler man,  
One who revered his Maker's word,  
And loved His works to scan;  
He stood before a forest oak,  
And marked its structure well;  
He saw its slowly tapering height,  
Its bold descending swell.

He gave it thought, he gathered hope,  
And, like a brave man there,  
Felt it no shame to bow his heart  
In thankfulness and prayer.  
To work he went, and this he graved  
Upon the first-laid stone,  
"Man may build up; the strength to stand  
Must come from God alone."

Slow rose the work, but safely slow,  
Firm as the rooted oak;  
Day after day, storm after storm  
Above that light-house broke;  
At last came one, and seamen said,  
While yet they saw it loom,  
"If it stands this, why, it will stand  
Until the day of doom."

The storm passed on, long years are gone,  
The engineer sleeps well,  
And still around that light-house tower,  
The eddying billows swell;  
And many a tar, from many a land,  
Through many a stormy night,  
Still breathes a prayer for him that reared  
That heaven-protected light.

Nebraska City, August 2, 1874.

DEAR BOY WHO WANTED TO KNOW HOW TO MAKE ONE: I am now prepared to answer your question, "How to Make a Man-Kite?" I will describe it as given some time ago by our friend Mr. Haskins in the *Hearth and Home*. I also send a careful copy of his picture. To make a kite four feet high it takes three sticks,—one four feet long, set upright to reach from the bottom of the jacket to the top of the hat, and two crossed so as to go from each shoulder to the corners below the vest pockets. You then put your string around the whole by securing it to the ends of these sticks, and the frame is made. Now cover with thin cloth,—or paper-muslin is the best,—and almost any body will paint an old man's head and body for you, if you're a little boy. Next make the legs and arms of bunting. Bunting, you know, is the loosely-woven material that flags are made of, and is very light and open. These legs and arms are open at the place where the hoops on which they are made join the kite, and when up will be filled out with air. His legs should be fastened to the bottom of the kite, and his arms at each side.

Now I guess the boys can make one for themselves with the help of this picture.

CARLOS E. SWEET.



The answer to Henry Steussi's puzzle was crowded out of the October Letter-Box. It is: The two trains will meet exactly at noon half-way between the two stations. Leonard M. Daggett, Irving W. James, Edward W. Robinson, E. W. D., F. O. Marsh, R. B. C., D. P. L. Postell and G. Edmund Waring have answered the puzzle correctly.

#### TO CLEAN SHELLS.

EDWIN S. BELKNAP's query, as to how he should polish his shells, is answered by many readers. Minnie Russell advises him to rub them with diluted muriatic acid. "Subscriber" says, "Soak them in nitric acid and then rub them with a cloth dipped in the same substance" (but he warns Edwin that the strong acid is poisonous, and is liable to take the skin off of one's fingers). Wilford L. W. gives the following simple suggestions:

First boil them in a pot of weak lye, say five minutes. Rinse them in cold water; then rub them well with a dry cloth; afterward polish them with a woolen cloth and emery till they present a glossy appearance.

AND MILLY R. writes:

ST. NICHOLAS: I read in your September number that Edwin Belknap would like to know how to clean shells. I send you this that I have copied from an old book:

"To Polish Shells.—Many species of marine and fresh-water shells are composed of mother-of-pearl, covered with a strong epider-



mis. When it is wished to exhibit the internal structure of the shells, this epidermis is removed and the outer testaceous coatings polished down until the pearly structure becomes visible. It has been a common practice to remove the thick epidermis of shells by means of strong acids, but this is a very hazardous and tedious mode of operation. The best plan is to put the shells into a pan of cold water, with a quantity of quick-lime, and boil them from two to four hours, according to the thickness of the epidermis. The shells should be afterward gradually cooled, and then some diluted muriatic acid applied carefully to the epidermis, which it will dislodge so that it may be easily peeled off. Two hours are quite sufficient for such shells as the common mussel to boil. After this they must be polished with rotten stone and oil, put on a piece of chamois leather, and then rubbed with a flannel or nail-brush. After the operation of polishing and washing with acids, a little Florence oil should be rubbed over to bring out the colors and destroy the influence of the acid, should any remain on the shell; it also tends to preserve the shell from decay. The muriatic acid should be applied to the epidermis by means of a feather, and it should not be suffered to remain on the outside of the shell for more than a minute or two, and the greatest care should be used to keep the acid from touching, and consequently destroying, the enameled surface of the inside; indeed, some persons coat the parts of the shell which they wish to preserve from the effects of the acid with beeswax. Some conchologists prefer laying white of egg on the shell with a small camels'-hair brush to rubbing them with Florence oil."

MILLY R.

THE following names were crowded out of the list of translators of "Le Singe Favouri," given in the October number: May Stirling, Margaret Christina Ward, Sally Gantt, Agnes Lyman Pollard, C. H. Anderson, Harry Neill, Minnie Pope, M. H. McElroy, Susie Elliott and George W. S. Howson.

"GENEVIEVE" would like to know how the game of Jack-stones originated.

MARY E. BALDWIN, GEORGE H. FULLER, LESLIE RICHARDSON, ROBERT W., HENRY C. S., "HIGH-SCHOOL BOY" and many others. —If it were possible either to print or to answer everything that is sent to the Letter-Box, you should find special notes for each of you in these pages; but, as it is, the editor can only thank you for your kind, cheering words, and assure you that your various requests shall be complied with as far as may be right and practicable. Not a word in your kind letters passes unheeded. We wish ST. NICHOLAS could double its number of pages; but, even then, we fear we could hardly do full justice to our eager, hearty crowd of girls and boys.

## THE BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Hundreds and hundreds of young folks have already joined the ST. NICHOLAS army of Bird-defenders, and every day fresh names come

pouring in. New readers and old, boys and girls all over the land, whether subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS or not, are earnestly invited to join the ranks. As we do not wish any to pledge themselves to this cause without fully understanding it, we refer all who wish further information to Mr. Haskins' plea for the birds on p. 72 of ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1873, and to all back numbers of the Letter-Box. Meantime, we heartily welcome the following recruits:

Trenton, N. J., August 14, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please put my name and that of my little brother on your roll of Bird-defenders. We love the birds, and have a pet pigeon who had his wing cut off, but is now able again to fly. There are many robins and sparrows around our house, and we love to watch them and to hear them chirp and sing even if they do waken us very early in the morning. My brother's name is Elliott Verne Richardson, and mine is—Your friend,

KLYDA RICHARDSON.

Lynchburg, Va., July 31, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I approve of Mr. Haskins' pledge about the wild birds being defended. I have two little sisters, who say they will join this army. Fanny and Rosa Marrell are their names.—Your friend,

GEO. R. MARRELL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please add these names to the Bird-Defenders. Long may they wave!

BOYS.—William H. Terry, George E. Carpenter, Lines Groo, Jock Swezy, James Newkirk, Willie L. Cox, David C. Winfield, Harry C. Loveland, Eddie Jessup, Eddie Boyd, William H. Bell, Charles Winfield, H. Wiggins, Richard Abbot, Robert F. Brown, Harry Ogden, Edward Dekay, Lewis Stivers, John Stivers, John Cowin, William Mullock, Squire Woodward, Ashabel Prentk, Willie Henry, Willie Steveson, George Bull.

GIRLS.—Fannie P. Cowin, Laura Adams, Jennie Gaudener, Jennie Duryea, Ella Quick, Fannie Graves, Fannie Beyea, Allie Wickham, Mary Rogers, Eva Brett, Prue March, Flora Palmer, Katie Bell, Sadie Banker, Etta Sweet, Emma Miller, Millie Miller, Jennie Lord, Mimi Wickham, Jessie Harney, Birdie Harney, and all the girls in Middletown.

These names were gathered in two hours by me. My name is not in this list, but I am a Defender.—Affectionately yours,

Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.

JAMES B. COX.

AND here are more names:

Jake and May Bockee, Clifton B. Dare, Arthur L. Raymond, Isabel D. Raymond, Helen W. Raymond, Win. F. Raymond, Fred G. Raymond, Bertie S. Raymond, Alma G. Raymond, Ethel F. Austin, Harry N. Austin, Louie E. Austin, Allie G. Raymond, C. Finley Hersman, Emma Wetmore, William H. Wetmore, Hallie H. Boardman, Mary Louise Webster, Mary Ella Ritter, C. V. Bunner, and Lizzie Laning.

A great many more new names are in type, but are crowded out this month.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-one letters. My 26, 20, 27, 9, 11, 2, 16, 19 are marks or badges; my 11, 6, 18, 14 is a metal; my 4, 28, 12, 20, 24 is often thrown away, and yet it may cost thousands of dollars; my 15, 13, 1, 5, 23 is a bone; my 22, 29, 25, 8 was a politician of old; my 31, 29, 30, 17 is a toy; my 7, 21, 19, 2 is a color; my 23, 1, 7, 10, 3 is an animal. My whole is a proverb.

A. S.

## BEHEADED RHYMES.

A CHILD at play, himself —  
A youthful dreamer, idly —  
All his powers in labor —  
The life of man I —

H. B. F.

## REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A number. 3. Measures of distance. 4. An abyss. 5. A consonant.  
Reversed: 1. A consonant. 2. A snare. 3. A name. 4. The point of anything small. 5. A consonant.

## CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a twist, and leave one of two of the same age. 2. Curtail to turn aside, and leave to affirm. 3. Curtail a confusion, and leave an infant. 4. Curtail one exclamation, and leave another. 5. Curtail unsubstantial, and leave to ventilate. 6. Curtail custody, and leave to contend. 7. Curtail necessity, and leave pale. 8. Curtail to hazard, and leave a wit.

W. H. G.

## PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.





## A CONUNDRUM PICTURE.



To each of the first three girls or boys who send the Riddle-Box the right answers to these sixty-three conundrums, before November 15th, we will present a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS. If none answer ALL correctly, we will send a book to each of the three who send the best three sets of answers—a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS to the one of these three who sends the best set. Please write on one side of the paper only. Number your answers, and give your full address. Send your answers to "Riddle-Box," ST. NICHOLAS, Scribner & Co., New York.

All of the following may be found in the above scene:

1. Two domestic animals, neither dogs nor sheep.
2. Something used for the safety of vessels.
3. Two-thirds of a measure in common use.
4. What Columbus decided to do when he discovered America.
5. Very short breathings.
6. What a doctor should do.
7. Something that Robin Hood carried.
8. What a photographer should do to his sitter when he spoils his picture by moving.
9. A flat fish.
10. A money-raising establishment.
11. Something that is often the best part of an oration.
12. Something between hitting the mark and missing.
13. A slang word for boldness.
14. Something that magpies often do.
15. A number of small swift-footed animals.
16. A prominent part of Shakespeare's "Richard III."
17. Something too often found in children's books.
18. What I would be if I were in your place.
19. Something lately abolished in the British navy.
20. Name of a popular modern novel.
21. An important part of the proceedings of Congress.
22. Something always present at a military parade.
23. A verb involving the idea of plunder.
24. An island off the coast of Scotland.
25. Something that every carpenter uses.
26. Nickname of a famous French general.
27. The last name of a great jumper.
28. Parts of cutting implements.
29. A president of Harvard University.
30. Where you come on your return.
31. What the man did who dined on mutton.
32. An implement used by shipbuilders.
33. A lender made famous by a modern English poet.
34. Something often used as a sleigh-robe

35. Par  
36. A k  
37. We  
38. Par  
39. An  
40. A c  
41. Par  
42. Sac  
43. A g  
44. A p

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Mars—  
DECA  
SYNCC  
4. Shave  
REBU  
CROSS  
PUZZL  
MUSIC  
3. Parep  
6. Hayo

ANSW  
"Typo,  
liam, A  
Brayton  
Rose Ro  
"Subscr  
R. B. C



35. Parts of a tree.
36. A kind of butter.
37. Weapons.
38. Part of a railway.
39. An edible mollusk.
40. A delicious fruit.
41. Parts of a ship.
42. Sacred buildings.
43. A ghost.
44. A part of every river.

45. A symbol of royalty.
46. Part of a clock.
47. Gamblers.
48. A number of fish.
49. Something for dinner.
50. Scholars and flowers.
51. A favorite essayist.
52. A term used in music.
53. A collection of stories.
54. A noted American general.

55. A common garden flower.
56. Part of a carpenter's tool.
57. A projecting tract of land.
58. Parts of an American cereal.
59. A celebrated metaphysical writer.
60. An instrument used in shooting.
61. Something often found in a paper of needles.
62. All flesh.
63. Annanias and Saphira.

### PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.



### DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

THE diagonals of the square form respectively, a kind of sea-fish and a constellation.

1. A book of the Bible.
2. A mechanical contrivance.
3. To steal.
4. Love.
5. To recompense.
6. An arithmetical term.
7. An aperture.

TYPO.

### HISTORICAL CHARADE.

I CONTAIN only two syllables. Of these, my first implies plurality; my second sound health; and my whole is the name of a profligate earl, who was the third consort of a queen noted alike for her beauty and her misfortunes. He died insane, and in exile; and the beautiful queen, after being queen-consort of one country, and reigning sovereign of another, spent nineteen years in captivity, and was finally beheaded on the 8th of February, 1587. What was the earl's name, and of what queen was he the husband?

F. R. F.

### A RIDDLE.

IN the days of the immortal George,  
At Lexington and Valley Forge,  
I hung behind.  
But now, in modern feats of arms,  
The swiftest ball brings no alarms;  
And though my stroke no brother harms,  
I victory find.  
In fact, the game is up without me  
(That's one thing curious about me);  
But then, dear reader, it is true  
I venture nowhere without you.

J. S. STACY.

### SUBSTITUTIONS.

THE second (and third) omitted word in each sentence is formed from the first by changing the middle letter.

1. As — came running toward me, I shot him through the —.
2. In a — every — of emotion disappeared.
3. As he stepped out of the — a bullet — his —.
4. Let us not — with our — temptations.
5. — in the sale of fruit is dangerous, as — soon renders it worthless.
6. Do not — so at the — windows.
7. — down your hand and — the — dog.
8. The selections from "Lohengrin," at the —, did almost — me to Wagner's theory of music.
9. I gave — some of the — for breakfast.

CHARL.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

RIDDLE.—Thief.

ENIGMA.—Chrysanthemum.

ANAGRAMMATICAL BLANKS—Glade, edge, gale, lagged, glad, dale, led, dell, all.

REBUS No. 1.—One ought always with zeal to undertake to improve, and to form or acquire just and excellent habits.

CLASSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Charon—anchor. 2. Zeus—Suez. 3. Typhon—Python. 4. Diana—naiad. 5. Pan—nap. 6. Mars—arms. 7. Shade—Hades.

DECAPITATED RHYMES.—Pirate, irate, rate, ate.

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. They—thy. 2. Rule—rue. 3. Spite—site. 4. Shaved—saved. 5. Glory—gory.

REBUS No. 2.—The vacant stare bespeaks a mind unhinged.

CROSS-WORD.—Stormy petrel.

PUZZLE.—Ham, Shem, Seth, Heth.

MUSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Genius—Seguin. 2. Drive—Verdi. 3. Parepa—appear. 4. Brignoli—broiling. 5. Braham—Brahma. 6. Haydn—handy.

### PICTURE PUZZLE.—



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER have been received previous to September 18 from Minnie Thomas, Lydia W. Conklin, "Typo," A. P. Folwell, C. W. R., Mary S. Morrill, Marshall F. Wyman, Mamie L. Leithead, Willie L. Tiernan, Gertie Bradley, "Guilham," A. M. K., Thomas P. Sanborn, Valeria F. Penrose, Jessie Foster, Edward W. Robinson, Elvira Reumont, Archie Reumont, Katie Brayton, Maria Peckham, Mary E. Turner, M. D. C., Lulie M. French, Charles J. Gayler, Louise F. Olmstead, Wilford L. W., W. D. T., Rose Roberts, Bertha E. Saltmarsh, James J. Ormsbee, "Neno and Nimpo," Minnie Watkins, G. E. M., Grace Winans, Alice G. Bull, "Subscriber," D. W. Kirk, Minnie T. Allen, Sallie Bush, "Alice," Arthur T. Randall, E. Marshall, Ray F. Dyer, Fannie D. Musgove, R. B. C., Willie R. Brown, Carrie Melvin, Julia Dean Hunter.



## THE JAPANESE MAMMA AND BABY.

THIS is the way they carry the baby in Japan. The mother, or older sister, or nurse, holds him on her back, or ties him on with straps. They call him "ko," which means



child or baby. Isn't he fat? Almost all the Japanese babies are fat and rosy. Somebody has called Japan the Paradise of Babies. Do you see how his hair is cut? His little head is shaved in front, except one wide lock, which is "banged." His eyes are looking right at you. He seems to think: "Why, what a funny-looking baby you are! You're not a Japanese 'ko,' are you?"

## HOW THE STRANGER BOUGHT A COW FOR TWO HENS.

"OH! oh! my old hens are dead," cried old Mrs. Jollypole, "and what shall I do? I shall have no eggs to make custard, no eggs to boil for our supper."

Her little grandson Rey looked up and said, "No eggs; but we'll have bread and milk, and that's good, gran'ma."

"Yes, but eggs are better," said Grandma Jollypole, and then she put on her sun-bonnet, to carry some socks she



had knitted to Deacon Dean's wife. Little Rey sat in the door-way and watched for her return. A man came along with a wagon-load of hens and roosters in coops.

"Can you give me a drink?" said the driver to Rey.

"Yes, sir," said Rey; and he brought out a bowlful of milk. The man drank every drop of it, and then he asked,

"Well, what shall I give you for it? A penny?"

"My gran'ma wants two hens, for hers are dead," said Rey. "I'd like the hens 'stead of the penny, though gran'ma never takes anything."

"Well," said the man, "I'd give you two hens instead of the penny, but hens cost a good many pennies. What else could you give me for them beside the milk?"



"Well," said Rey, "there's Whitey, the cow." He pointed to a white cow eating grass by the wayside. "I'll be solly to have her go away," he said, "because she eats out of my hand; but gran'ma says eggs are better than milk."

The man laughed, and then set down a coop with two nice hens in it at Rey's feet; and he said, "Let's shake hands, little man, on our bargain."

Rey shook hands, and then he went and patted the cow.



"Good-by, Whitey," he said; "I like you better 'n eggs!" But the man had mounted his wagon.

"Wont you take her with you now?" asked Rey.

"I'll come back when I want her," answered the man; and then he drove away.

It was not long before old Mrs. Jollypole came home.

"Oh, see!" cried Rey. "A man gave me these two nice hens for the cow, and now you can have eggs, gran'ma!"

"What!" cried his grandma, ready to faint at the bad news. But the smiles came back to her face when she saw Whitey chewing her cud just back of the cottage.

"He is coming for her when he wants her," said Rey. But the man never came again.



Ride a cock-horse  
To Banbury Cross,  
To see a fine lady  
Upon a white horse.

Rings on her fingers,  
And bells on her toes,  
She shall have music  
Wherever she goes.