

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 2.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

BY ELIZA GREATOREX.

THE world has so long been in the habit of peopling mountains, streams, forests and oceans with imaginary deities, that it is not surprising that even in America we have some of these old ideas. Mr. William Cullen Bryant, in one of his charming poems, speaks of these as "faded fancies of an elder world." But they are not so faded, after all, and come very naturally to those who have read stories of Greek and Roman gods and heroes.

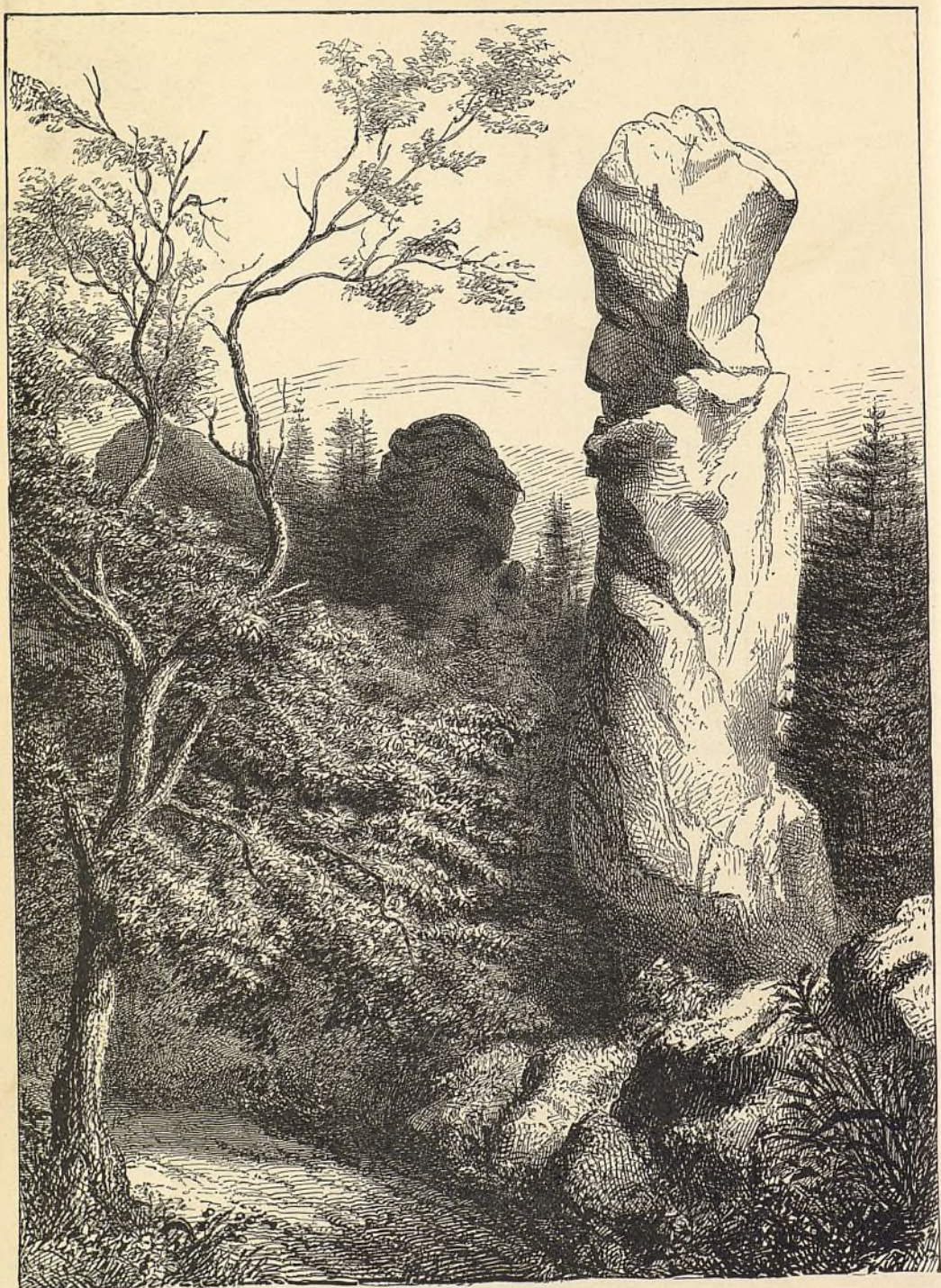
The delightful ancients, who seem as shadowy to us as their own legends, used to fancy that some of their deities lived in the streams; others—called "hamadryads"—were snugly shut up in the trunks of trees. In the musical gurgle of the waterfall they thought they heard the laughter and prattle of the naiads; and when the west wind rustled the leaves of the groves, they fancied they heard the dryads and hamadryads whispering to each other. The voice of the surf on the rocky shores and reefs was the roar and bellowings of tritons, who lived in the waves and played beneath the keels of ships. The shriek of the storm and the howl of the mountain blast were supposed to be the voices of other gods, who were often heard but never seen.

It is hard for us, who live in these days of railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, hard work and practical life, to see how it was ever possible for any people to hold such simple and childish beliefs. But, though we have learned of the true and only God who made heaven and earth and all that is therein, we like to keep alive the curious old traditions of the ancients. They are like the charming fairy tales that have come down to us from generation to generation. Nobody pretends that

they are true; but they are very good "make-believe."

If ever there was a place on earth where the gods of the Greeks and Romans may be supposed to have lived and had a good time, that place must have been in Colorado. Near the foot of the famous mountain known as Pike's Peak lies the "Garden of the Gods," a glimpse of which is given you in our frontispiece. It is a small valley, just on the edge of the Rocky Mountains, and is completely surrounded by a high perpendicular wall of white sandstone. There are two entrances through this wonderful wall; one of them—the larger—is called "The Beautiful Gate." It is a narrow gap in a mass of rock more than one hundred feet high. As you enter, you look over a valley fenced in on all sides with white sandstone; and, nearly opposite, at the top of a hill, is another smaller gateway, half-concealed by a huge rock about the size of an ordinary cottage. This mass of rock is so balanced on the edge of the slope that it looks as if it might jump off and go thundering down the hill while you look at it. But it has hung there many centuries, and, if you should feel inclined to wait to see it go, you might have to stay a great many more centuries before the fun would begin.

The Garden of the Gods abounds with beautiful trees and foliage, and, towering amidst this loveliness, are some of the most extraordinary, queer and fantastic shapes ever made out of rock. Ages ago, when this part of the world was in a state of terrible commotion, vast layers of rock were forced up out of the earth in all sorts of positions. Some



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were vertical, some slanting, and some were criss-cross and mixed up generally. Learned men say that was the way these layers of sandstone, which once were flat, got up edgewise and in all other ways. We must take their word for it. There was nobody there to see.

Trees and shrubs, after a time, grew up around, and the disturbed earth had peace. Then came the mountain winds and the long autumn rains. The wind blew the sand against the rocks, which are so soft that you could dig holes in them with a strong jack-knife. The wearing of the sand and wind and water against these stony surfaces carved them into all sorts of wild and funny shapes. Ages and ages passed away, probably, before these grotesque sculptures looked as they do now. We can imagine how patiently the fingers of the wind must have chiseled at the stone, flinging on the water and the sand before it gave us such a picture-puzzle as this which we show you. One of the figures shown below looks like one of the queer pictures you sometimes find in odd advertisements, where a man's cap makes a face on the back of his head. Then, on the left of the same rock is another face, the bottom of the cap forming the nose. This

a truthful sketch of a real scene. These rocks are twenty-five or thirty feet high. Others in the garden are yet higher; and all are of a soft red, very like the color of old bricks. The contrast between their rich tints and the green of the foliage is most charming. Here and there among the trees rise up fantastic shapes like spires, towers and steeples. Some of the fanciful names given these are "Montezuma's Cathedral," "Cleopatra's Needle," "Washington Monument," "The Cathedral Spires," and "Needle Rock."

But, of course, the half-human-looking objects that gave a name to this curious garden are most likely to attract attention. The names by which they are known are as fantastic as the shapes themselves. One, a figure of a woman, draped and standing mournfully alone, has many names. It is called "The Mourning Bride," "The Widow," "The Old Maid," and by other titles, any one of which may happen to stick to the pathetic figure, that might be called "Lot's Wife," only that it is a pillar of stone instead of a pillar of salt. Then there is a huge water-worn boulder, that looks for all the world like a gigantic frog in the act of getting ready to jump. You get tired looking at this



A NATURAL PUZZLE.

figure might be called Mr. Facing-both-ways, after a celebrated character in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

But, though this really looks like a picture-puzzle, such as you sometimes see in ST. NICHOLAS, it is

stony frog. He seems just about to leap, but he never does. He has been in that position for I don't know how many hundred years, and he has not jumped yet.

On one part of the wall, where the white sand-

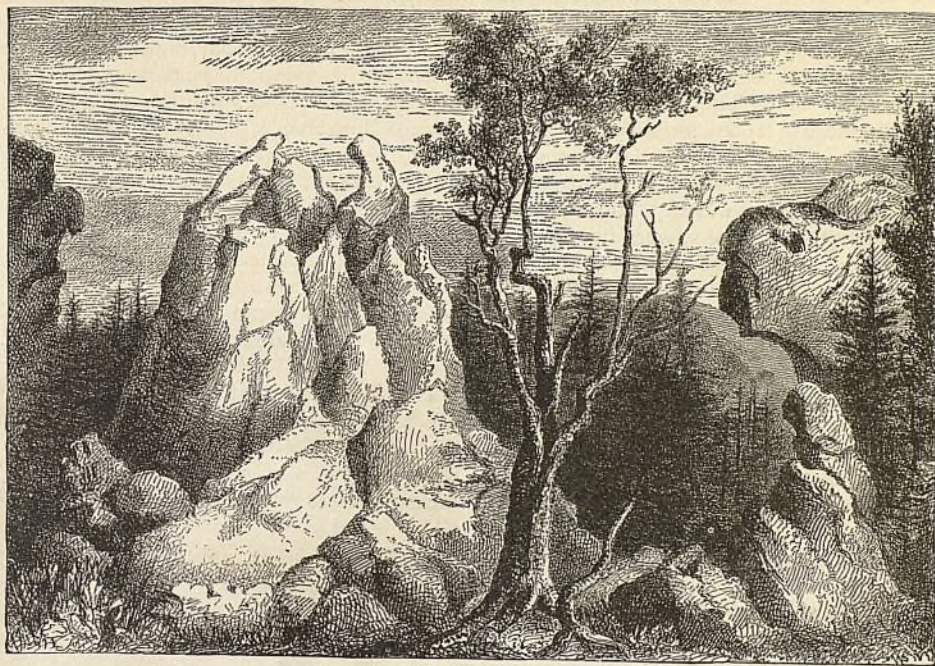
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stone is mixed with red, is a gigantic head of a buffalo. There it rests,—horns, ears, nostrils and all,—glowering down at you, just as if it were a

In fact, almost all of these wonders must be looked at from certain points or their particular likeness is not seen at all. Some of them are like the famous



THE NUN AND THE SEAL.

petrified mammoth buffalo's head stuck up there as a trophy, as the head and antlers of deer are sometimes hung up—trophies of the chase. Another singular group is "The Nun and the Seal." You will have no difficulty in making out this picture; and, as the seal is peering over the rock at the nun, who seems to have been at prayer, this group is sometimes called "Interrupted Meditation." If I may be allowed, I should say it might be called "The Height of Impudence." It is about fifty feet high.

This picture, however, shows you something of the general character of the wonderful place. The ground is thickly dotted with rocks, some of which take the most fantastic shapes as they peer up through the grass and bushes. One chunk of sandstone, from a little way off, looks precisely like a giant's face. The giant's arms are crossed on his tremendous stomach; a tree is growing out of his chest, and his enormous legs are stowed away in a ledge of rocks near by. You can fancy the squirrels having great larks darting in and out of his trousers-legs, if he has any. But, as you approach, the giant's nose turns into an Egyptian pyramid. What was his chin becomes a toadstool; his arms are only knobs without meaning, and his whole figure becomes a confused heap of nothingness.

"White Horse Ledge," near the White Mountains, New Hampshire. People stare and stare at the ledge across Conway Valley, utterly unable to make out the picture of the white horse. But, some day, when carelessly glancing at the rocky face, they see the figure of the horse "as plain as day," and wonder very much that they never found it before. Nevertheless, in the Garden of the Gods all of the shapes are curious and fantastic. Even if they bore no likeness to any living thing in the earth or in the waters under the earth, we should think them very wonderful.

Not far from the Garden of the Gods is Monument Park, an oval-shaped valley, fashioned like a basin. The formations are like those of the Garden in most respects, and the two groups are often included in the general title of "The Garden of the Gods." It would seem as if this name were particularly appropriate to the park. Many of the rocky shapes look precisely like immense beets, turnips or radishes, growing half out of the ground. The body of these queer vegetables is of yellowish-white sandstone, bulging out in the middle and tapering off above, where a reddish-brown layer spreads out just like the flat, leafy top of a "rutabaga" turnip. Nothing funnier than these rows of mammoth roots can be imagined. We can

easily fancy that they are growing in the vegetable garden of some Brobdingnagian gentleman. And we almost look about us for the tremendous caldron that would be necessary to boil such gigantic things.

When we look very closely into the formation of these shapes, we shall see that they are composed of two kinds of stone. They have frail, slender bodies and flat heads. Some are pillars supporting a slab; others are gigantic umbrellas, or they resemble nothing but prodigious mushrooms. Here and there are pinnacles wearing flat caps, with faces underneath them. Holes, worn by the action of sand, wind and water, answer very well for eyes; and gaping seams look so much like mouths that one almost shudders to see how human and how awful they look, sitting or standing there and solemnly gazing off into space.

The explanation of this curious freak of nature is that the top layer of stone is hard and ferruginous; that is to say, it has some iron in it. This enables it to withstand the wearing of the rain and wind, which gradually carve away the softer cream-colored rock below. So, as the slow ages pass, the lower stratum wastes and wastes, leaving the flat crown high up in the air on top of the frail support beneath. Here and there you will see pillars, not quite detached from each other, holding up a table of stone. Some of them lean over against each other; they have arms and elbows quite human in appearance, and, as they are jumbled together, they seem like a party of drunken men trying to hold up a flat roof or the top of a table. Some of these needle-spires are so frail that one is afraid to go very near them, lest their top-heavy roofs shall come rattling down while one is underneath. But they seem to be perfectly balanced, and, like the rocks in the Garden of the Gods, though they look as if they were just ready to fall, they somehow manage to stay. There they have stuck for we don't know how many centuries; and there they will be found, no doubt, long after this generation of boys and girls has passed away.

The artist drew these interesting pictures of the Garden of the Gods for the readers of ST. NICHOLAS while on a visit lately to that valley of wonders; therefore they may be relied on as exactly correct. Not many of our readers may be able to go to Colorado and see these sights for themselves; but, next to the pleasure of seeing them with one's own eyes, is that of looking at portraits of the curious stone images drawn on the spot.

The Indians have many traditions about these singular rock shapes; and it is not at all surprising that they were afraid to go into the enchanted garden. We can imagine that an ignorant and superstitious people would fancy that these huge images,

which look so much like heathen gods, were terrible creatures. Even white people, looking into the garden in a half-cloudy night, might feel rather shaky about the knees. The strange figures, seen by the misty light, are ghostly and uncanny. If they look human by day, much more must they when the darkness hides part and reveals part. You all know how a familiar object puts on a strange appearance by night; a pump becomes a giant, and a pile of barrels with an old carpet thrown over it looks like some kind of a monster. What would it be, do you suppose, to play hide-



A FAMILY GROUP.

and-seek by moonlight in the Garden of the Gods? It is not surprising, therefore, that people have a tradition that this valley was once filled with goblins who were left here to guard a precious treasure; how a certain magician came at last, with a powerful spell, and turned all the watchers into stone, and then carried off the treasure in triumph. And the legend goes on to say that, when the lucky magician got off with his plunder, he locked it in a cavern high up among the mountains, and that the genius of the place, missing his treasure, traced it to the hiding-place and thundered away in vain at the door of the cavern. It is even said that the gods, whose garden, filled with stone goblins, has

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thus been robbed, come up into the mountains every once in awhile and bang away savagely at the magician's storehouse.

But, as we said before, these are what may be called "faded fancies of an elder world," and we need not believe in them. What people might think the hammering of the gods up in the mountains is probably only the thunder booming among the peaks. And it must be confessed that the powers of the air do get into the mountain storehouse; for, after the hammering and booming have been kept up some time, the caverns in the

clouds are unlocked and down come the floods of water that have been stored there for use.

So, as the years roll on, the rains come in sheets and jets. Whirled by the winds, they leap from the clouds and mountains. They strike the rocks in the valleys below, and, like tools, they cut and carve, century after century, shaping strange forms and fantastic faces. Thus, while men live and die, they sculpture the statues in the Garden of the Gods, very much as our characters are formed by circumstances and influences of which the rest of the world takes little heed.

PRUE'S DOLLS.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THERE was once a little girl who did not own a doll—who never had owned one. Just think, what a condition for a modern child! At the same time, there were six or eight dolls that she called her own, that were hers to all intents and purposes, except that she had never held them in her arms, nor undressed them and tucked them into bed—the tasks so precious to little girls. Some of the dolls which Prue called her own were magnificent creatures, with cheeks as rosy as the dawn, with long curling wigs, and eyelids that fell bewitchingly over bright eyes; dolls with trained dresses and overskirts, with necklaces and earrings and fans—perfect dolls of the period; and there were others, little tots of things in china, which Prue longed to put into swaddling clothes and rock in the hollow of her hand.

You will laugh, perhaps, to know that she really played dolls with these, and had a name and history for each, though her only acquaintance with them was through the windows of the various toy-shops in the place where she lived.

Prue was a little chore-girl in a boarding-house; her business was to scour knives, wash dishes, answer the bell, and run of errands in hot or sloppy weather. She slept in a little dark closet, where she never saw the sun rise, though she was up early enough, indeed. She had her bread and butter and clothes for her services, and probably that was quite as much as she earned; naturally, there was nothing about dolls, and the things in which little folks delight, in the agreement. Nevertheless, Prue's real life was passed with her treas-

ures, though the window-panes between herself and them sometimes distorted their lovely features. She never dreamed of complaining, however. Every spare moment was devoted to them, no matter what the weather. Sometimes she was on the spot before the shopkeeper had taken down his blinds, and I regret to say that she often met with a rebuke for lingering on her errands.

Sometimes she would speak about her dolls to her few companions.

"And who gave *you* a doll?" they would ask.

"Nobody. I got them my own self. I found them; nobody else has ever played with them before."

"Let's see 'em!" demanded her listeners.

And then she would lead her playmates to the toy-shops and point out her favorites, and generously offer them the rest, and tell them that her Curlylocks was always looking out the window, because she had a husband at sea. One little girl got angry at what she believed to be a trick of Prue's to impose upon her.

"They are n't yours one bit," she cried out; "they all belong to the man inside, and it's just like stealing to play with other folks' dolls. So now!"

"No, it can't be stealing," Prue answered, thoughtfully. "I never touched one of them; I never took one away."

"But you would if you could!" said the other. "You covet 'em, and that's wicked,—the commandment says so."

"No," persisted Prue, "I would n't take one if

I could—I don't believe I would! I have n't got any place to keep it in but my closet, and that's too dark; and she'd get smutches and grease spots down in the kitchen. I guess I'd great deal rather have 'em stay here."

"I don't believe it!" answered the other.

Prue did not forget this conversation; it made a deep impression on her mind, and gave her a sense of uneasiness. Every time that she paid a visit to her doll-world, she repeated:

"I would n't take them if I could—would I?"

And then she told Curlylocks all about it, and how the cook scolded when she broke the handle off a cup, and sent her to bed without a candle, and how she spilled the pitcher of yeast; and Curlylocks comforted her with her perpetual smile, and sympathy seemed to shine out of her two beady eyes, like glow-worms in the dark. One of Prue's dolls was always going out to parties and balls, where they had frosted cake and fiddle-music; that was n't at all remarkable, because she was a walking-doll. There was a smaller one in pantalets, with a satchel, who went to school, but who never got beyond "twice twelve" and words of two syllables, her progress being limited by Prue's acquisitions. All her dolls behaved like the people she knew. They were ferruled at school and spelled above each other, and played truant; they quarreled and made-up like other children; they went shopping, and caught the measles. Whatever Prue had known, or heard of, or read about, was enacted in her doll-world. The children were naughty, and it was the cook who scolded; they had visits from Santa Claus and fairy god-mothers; they were sent to bed when it was dark under the table, or they were allowed to sit up half-an-hour after tea, if they would n't ask questions; they sat for their photographs, and they took pleasure in all the things which had been denied to Prue herself. Sometimes she dreamed that they all came trooping up the garret stairs into her dark closet, and, instead of being dark any longer, the walls and ceiling grew transparent, and sunbeams searched it till it was warm as summer. Whenever she felt unhappy, she had only to take a run to the nearest shop-window and say "good morning" to her friends, and their rosy contentment seemed catching, and their unfailing smiles warmed her small heart. When she had been a little naughty, she confided her sins to them, because the cook and the chambermaid failed to receive her confidences with kindness so real, and one always feels that a fault confessed is half-forgiven.

One day, a great happiness and a great misfortune happened to Prue. She was in the thick of a chat with Curlylocks, when the shopkeeper deliber-

ately took the beauty from the window, rolled her up in brown paper and gave her to a strange child, who toddled out of the store and dropped her on the pavement outside. Prue sprang to her rescue. Curlylocks was going to leave her for ever and ever, but she should have the happiness of embracing her—of holding her in her own arms one instant! But Prue hugged Curlylocks so affectionately, with the doll's cheek against her own, and the tears standing in her eyes, that the strange child began to whimper, thinking she had lost her new treasure, which brought the shopkeeper out to her help, who hastily accused poor Prue of wishing to take what did n't belong to her.

"I was only kissing her good-by," was Prue's defense. "I meant to give her right back; it only seemed a minute. I never would have taken her for my own."

"You would if you could," said the man, repeating the very words that had stung Prue once already.

She ran home to her dishes and duster, with the tears frozen in her eyes, asking herself if it was indeed true that she would have kept Curlylocks if she could, hardly daring to look into her own heart for an answer, wondering if it was really stealing a *little* to play with other people's dolls without leave. And with some dim idea in her child's mind, for which she had no words, that she ought to get over caring for the dolls that were n't her own, if, as everybody said, she would take them if she could, she bravely bade them all good-by one morning, since folks were n't likely to "take" the things they did n't care for any longer. After that, Prue always looked the other way when she passed her favorite trysts, hoping that her dolls did n't mind it so much as she did.

But, one day, when she could bear her solitude no longer, she borrowed needle and thread of the cook and fashioned herself a rag-baby, stuffed it with sawdust and dressed it in her own clothes,—which fitted loosely, to be sure,—and cradled it in her own bed; and if it was not as handsome as Curlylocks, Prue's closet was too dark to reveal the truth. You know there are curious fishes that have no eyes, because they live in dark caves where eyes are useless; and perhaps for the same reason Prue's rag-baby was without them; but though it was blind and had only a few stitches in the place of a nose, yet it was a great comfort to Prue. It was something to love, something that never answered her ill-humoredly, that never looked at Prue but with a smile on its face,—or so Prue fancied. It was something upon which she could lavish her best; if Duster, the chambermaid, gave her a cast-off ribbon, she hastened to adorn her rag-baby with the treasure. A bunch of dead violets which had

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been thrown out of the window, Prue picked up and laid as a votive offering upon her baby's bosom. She sang it asleep before she closed her own eyes, and waked in the morning with the blissful consciousness of possession. When things crossed her downstairs, and the cook scolded and the house-keeper threatened, she would steal up to her rag-baby and be consoled. They held long talks together about what would happen when Prue grew up, and the places they would go to see,—only Prue did all the talking herself, and the baby listened. She was the best listener in the world, and that was just what Prue needed.

One day, Duster discovered the rag-baby, and had a good laugh over it behind Prue's back; and taking pity, she good-naturedly popped it into the rag-bag, and put in its place a first cousin of Curlylocks which she bought from her own savings.

But when Prue waked next morning and found her child gone, not even the crockery eyes and flaxen tresses and rosebud mouth of Curlylocks' first-cousin could make up for the rag-baby's familiar and beloved ugliness; and Prue raised such a pitiful hue and cry that Duster was obliged to fish it out of the rag-bag.

"Whatever you can see in such a bundle of sawdust passes me," cried the provoked maid.

"Oh, Duster," answered Prue, hugging her darling, "it is *such* a comfort to have her again."

But Curlylocks' first-cousin was by no means to be despised. Prue could not help admiring her beauty. In fact the little lady smiled so sweetly and constantly upon Prue's best baby that soon Prue began to take a pride in her, and, as Duster often said, "it really did one's heart good to see the three together."

BOY AND LITTLE DOG "BOBBY."

Translated from the German of W. HEY by THEODORE FAY.



"COME, Bobby! School's open! Now mind! Sit up straight. Please study your lesson before it's too late."

"Oh! pray for awhile let these old lessons be;

For such a small dog they're too hard, don't you see!"

"No, no, Master Bobby! Begin your work now;

If you don't, be assured, you will never know how.

It's only the harder the longer you wait;

Be a good doggy, Bobby! Submit to your fate."

Little Bobby submitted, as not all dogs do—

(I know some young Bobbies who don't submit, too).

Thus Bob's education in earnest began;

On two legs he soon walked like an elegant man.

Upright he could sit in a drawing-room chair,—

Papa's hat on his head,—with a dignified air.

On his nose he could balance a penny so bright;

Toss up, at command, and then catch at a bite.

He could carry your basket, your letter, your cane;

And hold your umbrella (unless it should rain).

In short, almost everything Bobby could do;

It seemed there was nothing but what Bobby knew.

All this his young master beheld with delight;

Could he not himself learn, then, to read and to write?

Bob's example to imitate now he began,

And, in time, became also an elegant man.

TCHUMPIN.

(From the Russian of Ivan Bestujev.)

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

(Concluded.)

II.

THE next afternoon the cadets were early on the forms, and when Colonel Demidoff entered the room, they cried out all together: "Tell us more about Tchumpin, the brave Kalmuck lad, and of your journey in the Altai!" And having saluted each of them in turn, the officer resumed his narrative:

"You will remember we were about crossing the Irtysh river, which, with the invaluable aid of Tchumpin, had been rendered a possible performance. Our baggage had been carried over, load by load, in the canoe which the brave horse-boy had brought to us, and now the animals must be taken over.

"Directly after the noon meal, we formed in a circle about the horses, and with our whips and shouts drove them, though with difficulty, into the stream. As the last one entered the river, little Tchumpin plunged in after it, and, seizing hold of the animal's tail, climbed upon its back, flourishing his whip and yelling at the straggling drove,—for some of them were strongly minded to return to the bank, and all were carried fast down with the current. Indeed, they would many of them have been carried over the falls but for their energetic driver, who shouted and lashed them relentlessly. And so soon as one drifted below him and out of reach of his whip, he would slip off the back of the one he was bestriding, and, dropping down with the current, seize the delinquent by the tail, mount its back, and administer such blows as soon turned its head up stream again. In this way he drove them all across safely; though the last landed not a hundred yards above the cataract. We now crossed in the canoe, and, returning it to its moorings, resumed our march. But for little Tchumpin we should hardly have got over that day, and very likely not at all without the loss of some of the horses.

"But his courage and daring were soon to stand us in still better stead. On the second night after crossing the Irtysh, we camped on the bare plain. Save grass and a few dry, shrubby bushes, we had no fuel. But the Cossacks collected a large pile of the brush, bringing all they could find over a wide area about our camp. The evening was slightly overcast and very dark and still. Our fire crackling was the only sound that broke the silence of the

desert. We had shot a number of snipe during the afternoon, and a very savory supper was at length prepared of these birds. The odor from the stew we were preparing spread far and wide, and, unluckily, attracted noses for which it was not intended. While we were sitting about our fire, feasting after our exhausting day's march, we heard, on a sudden, a distant howling. The Cossacks instantly started to their feet; and the boy Tchumpin sat motionless, with ear intent to catch the sound.

"It was repeated, though still at a great distance.

" 'The wolves are abroad, barin,' he said to me in a low tone. 'They are on our track. They are coming.'

"The Cossacks cried out in alarm at the same moment, that the wolves would devour both us and our horses.

"I at once gave orders to look to their arms and charge their guns with ball. At the same moment, the little horse-boy, who never needed to be told his duty, had run to secure the horses. He brought them two by two, and picketed them with their halters to the right of the fire, driving the iron stakes down firmly into the ground. Then, ere we had prepared our arms, he carried brush and kindled a second camp-fire on the other side of the animals, distant about a hundred yards from the other. The horses were thus tethered betwixt two brightly burning fires, which we hoped would frighten the wolves, or at least keep them aloof. We had seven muskets, besides my double-barreled gun and pistols. Before we had finished these preparations, I heard the howls of the rapacious brutes, not a verst away; and in less than five minutes we could distinguish the rush of many feet as they galloped toward us. They came up within a few hundred feet, and gave a long, savage howl, at sight of the fire. Even then our stock of brush was more than half expended. I told the men to let the fires burn low, but hold a fresh supply ready to throw on at a moment's notice. Six of the Cossacks, with their muskets, were sent to tend the fire on the right of the horses. The other, with Lieut. Stephanish and the boy Tchumpin, remained with me about our first fire.

"Though silent now, we knew that the fierce troop was watching us at no great distance; and,

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as the fire grew dim, we could make out their dusky forms and fiery eyes. At length, the blaze went out. Only the bed of red coals remained. In a few minutes, a low snarling began among the wolves, and I could see that they were creeping up toward us, growling and showing their white fangs. All this time the lad stood holding an armful of brush, with his keen, inquiring eyes on me, awaiting the signal to rekindle the blaze. Seeing that the wolves were gathering in, I determined to give them a lesson; and bidding the Lieutenant and the Cossack to be ready to shoot as soon as the blaze should disclose the forms of the wolves, I

they drew near, snarling and snapping their teeth, the frightened animals began to plunge and snort loudly. Soon they had crossed and tangled their long halters one with the other, and several were thrown down. Nor would our encouraging words in the least reassure them. Shouting to the six Cossacks to rekindle their blaze, I bade Tchumpin throw on the last of our brush. Then we all fired again. Loud, shrilly yelps rose, followed by a tremendous outburst of howling, as the wolves again ran off.

"This time their howls were answered at a distance by another pack, which soon came rushing



A NIGHT ATTACK BY WOLVES.

gave Tchumpin the word. Instantly he tossed on the grass and brush, and blew a bright flame. Three shots rang out at the same instant, and a horrible howling followed. The wolves ran, but not very far. We could hear them howling and snarling half-a-verst off. The Cossack said that they would soon return. As rapidly as possible, we recharged our guns. Tchumpin was preparing another armful of grass and sticks. There was scarcely enough left to make another fire. This gave me great anxiety, for none of us dared leave the fire to collect more fuel out on the steppe.

"Those were anxious moments. Soon we heard the wolves coming nearer again. This time they approached the horses, midway of the fires. As

up; and we heard a great snarling and fighting between the rival packs. Not long after, they again collected on the north side of our camp, and began to press closer. We had no more brush, and the fire, faint as it was, alone kept them from rushing upon our horses. I could plainly discern a long line of glaring eye-balls, held close to the ground. Our case was becoming desperate. In their fright, the Cossacks began firing without orders, and at random. The wolves retired a little, but were plainly coming to fear the discharges less and less. Tchumpin pulled my sleeve.

"If you will let me have the pistols, barin, I will fetch more bushes," he said.

"There are no bushes within less than a fur-

long,' I replied. 'The wolves would tear you in pieces!'

"There are no wolves on the south side,' said the boy.

"But how do you know that?' I objected.

"I see that there are none,' he said.

"I now perceived, what I previously thought I had observed, that this boy's eyes were far sharper than those of the rest of us, especially in the night-time. But I feared that the wolves would espy him and cut off his retreat to the fire; yet so desperate did our situation become, that a little later I gave him my pistols.

"Go,' said I; 'and may God protect you.'

"He put the pistols in his belt, and dropping on his hands and knees, stole off from the fire, crouching close to the earth. To distract the wolves, I now fired among them several shots. Some minutes passed. Straggling wolves, I was sure, had passed around to the south side of the camp. We could hear them coursing over the plain. Ordering the men to stand ready to shoot, I waited the bold lad's return in great anxiety.

"He is lost,' the Cossacks kept repeating.

"On a sudden, a pistol-shot cracked at a little distance. A howl followed it. Then a second shot rang out. Grasping our guns, we ran toward the sound, and a few yards off met the boy coming back with an enormous armful of brush, and eight or ten wolves at his heels! The volley which we poured into them caused them to retreat hastily into the darkness. A fresh blaze was kindled, in the light of which I saw the brave lad's face aglow with excitement and resolution. Catching our admiring glances, he laughed as gayly as when he had swum the parrock.

Aided by the light, a few better-directed volleys dispersed the wolves for the time. But they were loath to give up the horses, and, so soon as the blaze sank, they came back. Three times during that fearful night did the brave little Kalmuck creep forth after brush, always in deadly peril, but always managing to escape it. But for him we should hardly have saved our horses, and perhaps not our own lives. It was only at dawn that the ravenous brutes slunk away. It was some satisfaction to see nine of their number—gaunt, terrible creatures—stretched lifeless on the plain about our camp. Our bullets had not all gone wild."

III.

It was not till two afternoons later that Colonel Demidoff gained time from his duties to finish the story of Tchumpin and of the journey to the great lake, Altin Kool. This afternoon, after describing to the cadets in detail the processes by which gold and silver are mined in the Altai, he related many

interesting incidents of his tour, and of the singular country through which they passed.

"On one of the steppes to the south of the Irish," said he, "we crossed a desert tract which I named the 'Land of Spiders.' The only living creatures on it for a score of versts, were large, brown and black spiders, which are a species of Tarantula, and every whit as savage and venomous as those of Italy. The ground was covered with their webs and smooth round holes. Touch one of these webs with the lash of a whip and the spider would dart out from its den and fasten its fangs in the thong, to which it would cling with great tenacity till crushed. The Cossacks were in deadly fear of these spiders. Not one of them could be induced to dismount. They held the opinion that the spiders would spring a yard at one bound; though, in fact, they cannot jump more than three or four inches at once.

"It was here that we witnessed a curious phenomenon. Near the southern side of this tract we passed a Lerd of many hundred sheep, which belonged to a Kalkas village that we saw at a distance. What these sheep were so busily feeding upon, as we saw them while yet at a distance, was quite inexplicable to me. I wondered; for there was not a blade of grass, nor yet any green herb to be seen on this whole great plain. The Cossacks could not tell me.

"What are they eating, Tchumpin?' I called out to the boy.

"They eat the spiders, barin,' was his prompt answer. I could not credit it.

"Come and show me whether it is really so,' I said to him; and together we rode close to the long line of busy feeders. They were, indeed, catching and crunching the ugly insects with as great a relish as they might have eaten pods of sweet-peas. And it was an odd spectacle; for, as the line of sheep advanced and nosed the webs, the pugnacious tarantulas would dart out and strike the lips of their destroyers, when they would at once be licked up. Nor did the sheep seem in the least to mind the bites of the spiders, which are so fatal to man. Not a living tarantula did the herd leave behind it. So cleanly was the work done that the herdsmen were seen walking without precaution in the rear of the devouring line.

"It seemed a novel and not very proper food for sheep. Seeing my look of disgust, the sharp-witted lad guessed my thoughts.

"You loathe the spiders, barin,' he exclaimed. 'But the sheep eat them and you eat the sheep.' And he fell to laughing so heartily that I could not help joining him in his too true jest. After this, whenever we had obtained a sheep of the Kalkas, Tchumpin never forgot to call it spider-mutton.

"Two days beyond this plain, we crossed an elevated steppe, or plateau, and passed many great barrows, or tumuli, which are thought to be the tombs of ancient kings or heroes. Some of these are of enormous size and resemble hills in magnitude. I measured one which was three hundred and sixty-one feet in diameter and forty-seven feet high. The Kalkas and Kirgis tribes now living in the country know nothing of the origin of these mounds. They are the work of a people who lived and passed away thousands of years ago. The



ANCIENT BARROWS OR TUMULI.

Cossacks say that they are the work of demons, who built them as altars, upon which to sacrifice to their master, Satan.

"Descending from this plateau, we crossed a low plain where there were numerous morasses and small lakes, the waters of which were salt and sometimes exceedingly bitter. This plain was not less than a hundred versts in width, and covered in many places with a thick growth of high reeds, through which we had no light task to force our way and keep our course. Here were the lairs of many wild boars, some of which were very fierce and dangerous. Often we would hear them dashing through the thickets with loud grunts, either startled suddenly by our approach or in chase after rivals. Through these reedy tracts we most frequently rode in single file, the baggage animals in rear of the party, with little Tchumpin mounted on the hindmost to drive them on.

"On the second day we were startled by his shouts from behind. So thick was the jungle that we could see nothing of him; and it was not at once that our horses could be turned, or make their way back; but we could hear that a great commotion was going on; and a moment later a

terrible cry from one of the horses made my blood run chill. Putting spurs to my steed I crashed through the reeds and saw the boy on the ground, shouting and belaboring a huge boar that had thrown down one of the horses and was ripping open the poor animal's body with its fearful tusks. To draw one of my pistols and shoot the boar was the work of an instant; but as the savage creature felt the ball it dashed at the boy, and but for his marvelous agility in leaping aside it would have torn his body open. One of the Cossacks from behind me fired at almost the same second, and the boar fell with a bullet through its spine. It was a very large one. Its tusks were the size of a man's fingers, and strong and sharp as daggers. The horse lay weltering in its blood. The poor creature was fatally wounded; and out of mercy we at once killed it. The boar had rushed out of the reeds beside the trail without warning; and though the boy had instantly run to the rescue of the horse, yet his whip was of little avail against so formidable a foe.

"After this adventure, I determined to arm the lad with a musket. Great was his delight at being thus honored. A few hints as to the proper manner of loading it and of getting sight were all-sufficient with him; and I soon discovered, at the evening target-practice, that he was as good a shot as any of my Cossack soldiers. He shot at every boar his keen eyes discovered. On one occasion, he came past us at a gallop, in full pursuit of a large grizzled fellow, which was coursing along at great speed, scattering the foam-clots from its tusks. There was a lake near by. The boar was making for it. As the creature emerged on the sandy shore, Tchumpin fired over his horse's head, while riding at a headlong pace. The boar fell, and the horse leaped over its body; but the beast was wounded merely, and immediately scrambled to its feet and charged after the horse, clashing its tusks. It was now Tchumpin's turn to run, if he would save the horse's life and perhaps his own. Away they went along the water, the boar at the horse's heels, the boy glancing sharply backward over his shoulder as he galloped on. Presently a lucky thought seemed to occur to him. Tugging sharply at the rein, he turned the horse into the lake, with a great splash. The water was not very deep. The horse took several strides without losing his footing. Not so with the boar, which, after floundering for a moment out of its depth, beat a hasty retreat to the bank, where it stood whetting its tusks and casting up the earth. Seeing this, the lad pulled up, and, standing with the water about the horse's sides, coolly reloaded his gun, and taking careful aim, lodged his bullet in the boar's head just above its left eye. The creature fell with scarcely a kick.

"This reedy tract contained still other and more dangerous beasts. That same night, following Tchumpin's wild boar hunt, the horses started, violently snorting and plunging; and the Cossack on guard fired, rousing us all in an instant. The sentinel shouted that a tiger was near, and, seizing another musket, fired again into the darkness. Tigers do not unfrequently find their way into the Altai region from the jungles farther southward; yet I was much inclined to believe it a false alarm, though the fellow protested that he had seen a pair of fiery eyeballs glaring at him from out the depths of the thicket. The next morning, however, we found that some large animal had crept up, crushing the grass to within a dozen paces of where the outer horses were picketed.

"While eating our breakfast, a loud squealing was heard at the distance of a verst or more, which continued for some minutes; there was trouble among the wild boars. One of the Cossacks mounted, and, taking his musket, rode off to reconnoiter. He presently returned, saying that he had seen a bloody sight, and bade us follow him. Leaving four of the men to break up camp and saddle the baggage-horses, we mounted and rode after the Cossack to a place where the reeds were trampled down for a space of many rods around, and the soft black earth was seen to be covered with footprints and with gore, showing that a terrible conflict had taken place here. I at first believed that a couple of rival boars, or herds, had been fighting; but the Cossack pointed to certain large tracks, showing marks of claws, clearly cut in the mire. It was a tiger's foot! The boar had been killed and carried off; for, on looking about, we discovered the crimson trail where the fierce conqueror had dragged away its victim. This trail led toward a thicket of high, dank reeds, into which the tiger had carried its prey. A well-trodden path, or reedy tunnel, formed the approach to this lair, which was about a yard in width by four feet high, thickly matted over in an arch.

"The men drew back. They knew the tiger was in its den, at this very moment, perhaps, devouring its morning meal. None cared to disturb him at his bloody repast.

"The boy Tchumpin had followed after us. He approached nearer to the mouth of the lair than I wished to see him, peering wistfully into the dark hole, holding his musket cocked and half-raised; then, drawing back, he remarked to Lieut. Stephanish, that if he would lend him his sheath-knife he would 'take a look in there.'

"I at once called him away. I had no doubt that, at a word of encouragement, he would be quite ready to expose his life.

"On the 13th of June (O. S.) we arrived at Lake

Altin Kool, on the waters and shores of which we spent seven weeks. In all the Russias, and perhaps in all the world, there is no more singular lake than this. It is surrounded by lofty and picturesque mountains; and its shores are in great part perpendicular precipices, six and seven hundred feet in height, without a ledge to which a wrecked boatman might cling. These cliffs are of light blue and purplish slate-stone. A little back from the shores tremendous peaks and crags rise two, three, and even four thousand feet in height. The depth of the lake is correspondingly great; two thousand feet of line failed in many places to touch bottom. Large streams fall into it from the cliffs at a single plunge. Indeed, I can wish none of you who have eyes for the beautiful in nature better fortune than, at some future time, to be attached to an expedition to this beautiful lake.

"Once afloat on its waters, in the native log-canoes, we found but few beaches where we could land; and this circumstance, in consideration of the terrific storms which suddenly rush across the lake, renders boating not a little perilous. It was while coasting the eastern shore that the quick ear of our trusty little horse-boy stood us in good stead.

"It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. We had just passed a short stretch of sand-beach, lying at the foot of the shore-cliffs, and were distant from it not far from two versts. The whole coast ahead of us was a perpendicular wall, many hundred feet in height. Yet we had paddled forward, hoping to reach another landing-place which we knew of, fifteen versts to the northward. The men were talking, and in one of the canoes they were singing boat-songs. Quite on a sudden, little Tchumpin caught my arm.

"'Listen, barin!' he whispered.

"I could hear nothing.

"'Do you not hear it?' he exclaimed. 'It roars. It is coming!'

"'What is coming?' I said.

"'The tornado, barin! For the shore! For the shore!'

"I knew that his ear was quicker than mine, and instantly gave orders to turn the canoes and row for the sand-beach we had passed. The men, who feared nothing so much as a gale here, caught the alarm and pulled with all their might. We shot along at great speed. The boy's face was wrought by his anxiety. Presently I heard a low roar, and, looking behind us, saw a dark line sweeping down the lake. It was the tornado which he had heard while yet it was among the mountains on the western shore. It was coming like a locomotive in full career. Every arm and every nerve was strained now to the utmost. The roar behind us

grew louder each moment. The air near the water was white with the spray and mist. When within a hundred yards of the beach, I could see a long, white line of foam coming in our rear with the speed of a race-horse. The men pulled for life, and, when the canoe touched the beach, leaped out and carried it far back upon the sand. At the same moment, the blast swept us down at full length on the sand, and a great wave rolled almost up to where we lay. Had we been a minute later, or proceeded a hundred yards farther on our course, we should have been overwhelmed.

"On our return to Barnaul I procured admission for Tchumpin to the School of Mines, established there for the education of the Czar's mining

engineers. I was convinced that the lad would do good service for his Majesty in a higher station than that of horse-boy. Much of the success of my own expedition was really due to him. Afterward the boy studied at Ekaterinburg, and four years later was commissioned in the corps of Engineers. But his tastes led him rather to active service in the army proper; and, as I told you, he is now a captain in the Kiev regiment. Nor in the recent Khiva campaign did his Majesty possess a braver or more efficient officer of cavalry. For under the rigid and necessary discipline of our service, the bold and sometimes rash lad has grown to be a man of iron, whose steady courage no danger can daunt."

SEAS OF GRASS.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

OUR Western prairies, stretching as far as eye can reach, and covered with tall grass moving with a wavelike motion in the wind, have often been compared to seas. But our prairies do not deserve the name of seas of grass as well as do the great llanos, or grass plains, of South America.

The llanos of Venezuela occupy an area which Humboldt estimated at 153,000 square miles—a space equal to that occupied by the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania. These immense plains are as flat as the surface of the sea in a calm, and the whole weary level is covered with tall, rank grass.

We are told that one might travel over this dead plain for over eleven hundred miles, from the delta of the Orinoco River to the foot of the Andes of Pasto, and not encounter an eminence one foot in height. Yet there really is one slight inequality. This is called a *mesa*, and is a gentle knoll swelling very gradually to an elevation of a few yards. This slight elevation, rising so gradually that the eye does not perceive it, is the watershed which divides the water that falls during the rainy season, sending a part to the south-east to feed the Orinoco, and a part to the north-west to feed the streams flowing to the north.

During the rainy season, from April to the end of October, the great seas of grass become seas of shallow water. The tropical rains pour down in torrents, and the swollen rivers overflow their low

banks, sending their floods over hundreds of square miles of the vast plain. Great numbers of horses and cattle, which have not been able to escape to the slight elevation of the *mesa*, or water-shed, are drowned. When the waters subside, leaving behind a rich, fertilizing sediment, the great plains become beautiful with the tall, flowering grasses of the South American plains, while in the neighborhood of the rivers a few fan-palm trees wave their broad leaves, and delicate mimosas, or sensitive-plants, skirt the river shores.

This is the period during which the llanos deserve their name of seas of grass. Later in the season, when the thirsty earth and heated air have succeeded in drinking up the last remains of the overflow of water, the llanos might be called seas of dust, for the grass has been burnt to powder by the intense dry heat, and the air is filled with dust raised, says Mangim, in his "Desert World," by currents caused by local differences of temperature, even when there is no wind. The dust thus moved in stifling waves is sometimes still farther agitated by opposing winds. When these meet, the dust and sand are caught up into enormous pillars with broad tops spreading out like inverted pyramids, which whirl through the hot air like the sand-spouts of the Saharan Desert, or the water-spouts of the ocean.

The poor animals, which during the rainy season were in such peril of drowning, are now, after a short period of happiness, exposed to equal danger

and worse pain, from the dry waves of dust and an agonizing thirst. How eagerly, then, they listen for the first sounds of the distant thunder, heralding the welcome, life-restoring rain! It comes;

and for awhile, before the floods reach their height, the vast plains, covered with verdure and furnishing food to thousands of happy animals, become again the gently waving seas of grass.



BY A. M. MACHAR.

WHEN all the trees were clad in green,
And all the birds were singing,
And blossoms full of incense sweet
Their perfumes forth were flinging,—

One tree, amid the joyous scene,
Looked sad and discontented,
And to the gentle summer breeze
In whispering tones lamented.

It murmured to an oriole
That on a bough was swinging:
“Last eventide, in silvery strains,
I heard a poet singing

Of trees afar, with jewelled fruit,
In flashing diamonds shining;
These green leaves are so *commonplace*—
For jewels I am pining!”

The summer fled; the trees stood bare
Amid the wintry weather,
Until one night, when rain and frost
Came silently together,—

Then, when the dawn had ushered in
The rosy-fingered morning,
The tree rejoiced at its array
In new and strange adorning.

From every twig and bough there hung
A sparkling crystal pendant;
The proud tree glittered in the sun,
In jewelry resplendent.

But with the night there came a wind,
And with the wind came sorrow;
And then, alas! a piteous case
Was seen upon the morrow.

For when again the morning broke,
The hapless tree presented
A sight to warn all other trees
From being discontented.

The ground was strewn with glittering ice;
The stately boughs lay under;
Borne downward by its weight of gems,
The tree was snapped asunder!

THE CHICKADEES.

BY HARVEY WILDER.

"HULLO, Joe! What are you going to do with your gun?" cried Rufus Randolph, as he passed a neighbor's house on a wintry day, and saw one of his mates preparing to load an old fowling-piece.

"Come here, and you'll see," replied Joe, pouring a heavy charge of powder into the barrel. Then, ramming down a wad,—"See those birds? I'll pepper 'em!"

"Why, they're chickadees!" said Rufus. "You would n't shoot a chickadee! They're the dearest little birds!"

"But just see what they're about!" said Joe, with flashing eyes, as he dropped the rattling shot into the gun.

There was a large flock of these merry little creatures on the fruit-trees in Joe's yard, flitting from bough to bough, briskly seeking their food, and uttering from time to time their cheery "*Chickadee-dee-dee!*" Spring was at hand, but snow was still on the ground, and the blue-birds had not yet come; so that the presence of these bright winter songsters, in so numerous a flock, should have delighted the eye and the heart of any boy.

But what *were* they doing? Joe was not a bad fellow, and Rufus could not conceive of his killing these welcome visitors out of mere malice. He watched carefully, and saw that they were actually tearing open the fruit-buds! One would alight on a twig, hanging perhaps head downward, swing a moment, put his sharp little bill into a bud, then hop or dart to another with surprising skill and quickness.

"They're eating off all the buds, and we sha' n't have a mulberry or a cherry, at this rate!" said Joe, putting a cap on his gun.

"Don't shoot!" pleaded Rufus. "We can frighten them away. They may go to our orchard,—I don't believe father will care. Why, we feed them around the door every winter, and think so much of the dear little things! O, there goes Cousin Tim! he'll know if they do the trees any hurt."

An eager cry brought Cousin Tim to the spot. When he saw the birds, and heard what Joe proposed to do, he looked at him pleasantly, and said:

"Of course you wish to preserve your trees; that's natural."

"Course, I do!" said Joe. "I guess the fruit's of more consequence than the birds."

"You think they eat the buds?"

"I know they do! You can see them!"

"Yes, I see," said Cousin Tim, with a smile; "but, after all, they do not eat the buds."

"Don't—eat—the buds?" Joe stared. "What then do they eat?"

"Something in the buds," replied Cousin Tim. "Something that would do your trees a great deal more harm—a thousand times more harm—than the birds do. Every bud the chickadees pick open has in it an insect, or the germ of an insect. The perfect bud they do not touch. But watch them; it is n't the buds alone they are searching; see that one on the trunk of the tree. He is finding the eggs and grubs of insects in the crevices of the bark, where you would never think of looking for them. Save your trees? Why," cried Cousin Tim, "if you wish to destroy your trees,—if you wish to have them eaten up with caterpillars and canker-worms, and the fruit to be worm-eaten,—then, I say, kill off the birds."

Joe set the butt of his gun upon the ground, and looked bewildered. Rufus was delighted.

"Yes, it is the birds that preserve our orchards; and the bright little chickadee is among the most useful of his kind. Summer and winter he is at work for us. Nothing escapes his sharp little eye. He peeps under a leaf, and in an instant a cluster of eggs, that would have hatched a swarm of noxious insects, disappears down his throat. You may have some cause of complaint against the robin, the cherry-bird, the oriole, and some others of their tribe, that rob your cherry-trees, strawberry-beds, and patches of early peas—though the worst of them, I believe, do more good than harm; but don't accuse the chickadee, my boy; the only suspicious thing he does is the destruction of these buds, not one of which, probably, would produce sound fruit."

"If that's so, I won't shoot 'em," replied Joe. "I kind o' like to see 'em around. They're so chipper! It's fun to watch 'em in a snow-storm."

"But what becomes of them in summer?" Rufus asked. "I don't remember seeing much of them then."

"No; it is only in winter that they come much about the door. You will often see them in the orchard in summer; then they sing, '*Phebe-phebe*,' more plainly than the phebe-bird itself. They retire into the woods to lay their eggs and raise their little families. Two summers ago I discovered a chickadee's nest in Beman's Grove."

"A chickadee's nest? What did it look like?" inquired Joe, interested.

"That I can't exactly say; for I never saw it."

"Then how did you discover it?" said Rufus.

"By seeing a pair of chickadees go into and come out of a hole in an old birch-tree. I knew they must have a nest in there, and I felt a strong curiosity to see it, but I could n't have got at it without cutting a bigger hole, and that I could n't bear to do. It was only ten or twelve feet from the ground, and I climbed up to it. I tried to put my hand in, but the hole was too small; so I contented myself with blowing into it, and hearing the young



THE CHICKADEE FAMILY.

ones 'peep' inside, no doubt thinking the old birds were coming with food for them. It was very much like a woodpecker's hole, made in the soft wood of a decayed trunk.

"The old birds were very much disturbed by my presence; and out of pity to them I slipped to the ground, and went to a log a little way off, where I sat and watched them. It was some time before they ventured to go to their nest; they seemed to be afraid of showing me how to find it. They flew all around it, and finally darted near enough, I suppose, to hear the 'peeping' inside. At last, after I had waited a long time, one went in, and was gone several minutes, while the other kept guard

outside. I staid till they got used to seeing me there, and began, I hoped, to regard me as a friend. Two or three days after, I was there again; and on a third visit, I was delighted to see my two old birds feeding four young ones on the branch of a little birch-tree close by their home. They were about two-thirds grown,—just large enough to fly a little, but not to take care of themselves. And it was beautiful, I assure you, boys, to see the care the old ones took of their darlings. You would n't have thought those tiny breasts could hold so much tenderness and love. They were constantly flying to and fro, catching worms and caterpillars, bringing them to the branch, and dropping them into one of the little upstretched, open, hungry mouths. And when one of them attempted to fly, the mother flew with it, darting around and beneath it, as if to encourage it, and catch it if it should fall. The old birds were themselves so small, that this little family scene made a very charming picture, I assure you!"

"Why did n't you take me to see it?" said Rufus, regretfully.

"Because you were away at the mountains with your mother."

"And did n't you ever go there again?"

"Yes, two or three weeks afterward—it may have been a month. I was passing near, when I thought that, seeing the birds were hatched and flown, I would try to see what the nest was like. So I climbed up to the hole, carefully cut away a little of the soft wood around it with my knife, and put in my hand. It was larger inside, and reaching down about two-thirds the length of my forearm, I touched something soft. It was the nest, made of moss and hair. I was going to take it out and examine it, when, to my surprise, I made a discovery."

"What was it?" cried Rufus.

"That the bottom was half covered with eggs; there were five of them. As I had never seen a chickadee's egg, I took one out as carefully as I could; but, I am sorry to say, I broke it in doing so,—not so badly, though, but I could see what it was like. It was nearly round, a little more than half an inch in diameter, nearly white, with just the faintest reddish tinge, and little brown spots at the larger end. My dear little chickadees, having given one family a start in life, were going to raise a second brood the same season. I trust they did; and, boys, I hope you will not kill them."

Rufus smiled with bright eyes; and as Cousin Tim walked off, he could hear Joe mutter in a low voice:

"Come, Rufe! let's go out behind the barn and fire at a mark."

OUR DOGS.

BY S. S. COLT.



"I AM the Greyhound, so slim, you know;
I came from Asia long, long ago.
In Turkey, I'm called the 'dog of the street';
In Ireland, I the wolf can beat;
In Italy, I am a lady's pet;
All over the world my race is met."



"Shaggy, and gaunt, a Deerhound am I,
Chasing the deer with death in my eye.
Swift, steady and sure, I follow the trail;
I never tire and I never fail.
To the stately stag no mercy I show,
And little of friendship with man I know."



"I am the Bloodhound, and *man* is my game
As the Sleuth-hound of old I won my fame.
'Twixt England and Scotland I helped keep
order,
And many a thief have chased o'er the border.
I am known afar by my deep-toned bay,
And my terrible race is passing away."



"I was born in the Kingdom of Snow;
For my mistress deathless love I show.
I'm wayward, and *will* bark evermore,
When friend or foe knocks at the door.
There's fire and love in my soft, black eye,
The white and shaggy Spitz-dog am I."



"Behold *me* here—of the Bull-dog race,
With short, strong jaws and a surly face.
The mighty bull I venture to fight;
And even the lion dreads my bite.
But, as a breed, we're not very wise,
And not much soul looks out of our eyes."



"I am the Newfoundland, trusty and bold;
I love the water, and do as I'm told.
I am sometimes rough in my bounding play;
Please to excuse it—'tis only my way.
And many a life I've been known to save
From the cruel depth of the treach'rous wave."

"The Spaniel am I,—in Spain I was found,
But in every land I have been renowned.
I am always faithful, docile and wise;
I have silken hair and beautiful eyes.
You may treat me well, or treat me ill,
While I live, and you live, I'll love you still."



"Black and Tan Terrier! Yes, I am one,
Bold, handsome and faithful—brimful of fun!
A hundred rats lie slain in a day;
From earth-retreats I drive out my prey:
And so it happens, from *terra*, 'earth,'
(An old Latin word), my name has birth."



"I am the Mastiff—a watch-dog true;
Many a noble deed I do.
In England I'm yellow,—in Europe, white,
And my bay sounds far through the silent night.
I've fought the lion, and conquered the bear;
My friends I protect—let my foes beware."



"My name is Barry, of the St. Bernard;
When the snows drift deep and the wind blows
hard,
You may hear my bark, and see me flying,
To guide the lost and rescue the dying!
Although I wear no collar of gold,
All over the world my praise is told."



"I, the Irish Wolf-dog, next appear,
With my pointed nose and ears so queer.
I guard the meek sheep by hills and vales,
And keep them safe when the wolf assails;
As much as the shepherd's dog I know,
And I'm stronger far to fight the foe."



"I am the Dog of the Esquimaux,—
I drag their sledges over the snow;
I can run and leap—I laugh at the cold;
I'm kind and true, and I'm strong and bold.
In ice-bound huts with my masters I dwell;
I toil for them, and they love me well."



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A LITTLE GIRL'S STORY.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

MRS. PLUMMER, holding "Josephus," and Mr. Plummer and Grandma Plummer and Hiram take seats in the row and play they are little children, like the rest, waiting to hear the story. Hiram, sometimes called "the growler," sits on a cricket, his long legs reaching across a breadth and a-half of the carpet. Annetta seats herself in front of the row.

"Shall I make it up true or 'fictisher?'" she asks.

Annetta's true stories tell of things which have really happened. The "fictishers" are usually one solid mass of giants. In fact, her hearers have had so many and such very monstrous giants lately that they can't stand any more, and ask that Annetta shall "make it up true" this time; though, of course, what is true can't be made up.

"Well, if I make it up true," says Annetta, I shall make it about the Jimmyjohns." (The Jimmies, who are seated together in the row, look very smiling at this.) "All be very quiet," Annetta goes on, "and keep in the row. Mr. Growly must not interrupt so much as he does 'most every time, because it's every word true.

"Once there were two little twinnies named the Jimmyjohns; just as big as each other and just as old and just alike. And one day when Joey Moonbeam* was going to have a soap-bubble party Annetta (me; but I must n't say me, 'you know) Annetta wanted to make a pudding in her little pudding-pan, and her mother said she might. And her mother gave her some grease so it need n't stick on, and told how many tea-spoonfuls of sugar to take, and milk and cracker and twenty currants, because currants were smaller than raisins are, and one egg was too many for such a little one, and she could n't think what to tell about that, and Mr. Growly said humming-birds' eggs would be the right size for such a little one, and he asked the Jimmyjohns if they would chase some humming-birds home and get their eggs, and they said yes. But he was only funning with them. And he took a little red box, with white on top of it, that used to be a pill-box, out of Effie's basket—she let him—for them to put the eggs in when they found any, and put two white sugar-lumps in the box, and their mother said when they found the eggs they could eat the sugar-lumps up and put the eggs in there.

"And first they went behind the syringa bush; and when one came they said, "Sh!" and began

to crawl out; but Johnny tried to stop a sneeze's coming, and so that sneeze made a funny noise in his nose and scared it away.

"And first it went to the sweet peas, and then it flew to some wild rose-bushes over the fence, and then to some other places. And they chased it everywhere it went. And then it flew across a field where there was a swamp, and when they came to the swamp they could n't find it anywhere. And they saw a boy there, and that boy told them may be it flew over the hills. Then they went over the hills, and it took them a great while. And pretty soon there came along a little girl, and her name was Minnie Gray; and she came to pick flowers in a basket for another girl that was sick and could n't go out-doors to smell the sweet flowers. And she asked them where they were going, and they said to find humming-birds' eggs for Annetta to put in her pudding, because Joey Moonbeam was going to have a soap-bubble party. And they asked her if she knew where humming-birds laid their eggs, and she said she guessed in a lily; and they asked her where any lilies grew, and she said in her mother's front-yard; and they asked her if they might go into her mother's front-yard and look, and she said they might. Then they went over to Minnie Gray's house, and went into her mother's front-yard and looked in every one of the lilies, but could n't find one. And pretty soon they saw the funny man that mends umbrellas, coming out of a house with some umbrellas that he had to mend, and he asked them where they were going, and they said to find some humming-birds' eggs for Annetta to put in her pudding, because Joey Moonbeam was going to have a soap-bubble party. And they asked him if he knew where to look for them, and he said they better climb up in a tree and look. Then he went into another house, and then they climbed up into Mr. Bumpus's apple-tree and looked, and could n't find any; and Mr. Bumpus's shaggy dog came out and barked, and Mr. Bumpus's boy drove him away, and a limb broke with Johnny and so he fell down and it hurt him and made him cry.

"And Mr. Bumpus called the dog, and told them to never climb up there and break his limbs off any more. And then they went along, and pretty soon the funny man came out of another house, and asked them if they had found any humming-birds' eggs, and they said no. Then he

* A large rag-baby.

told them butterflies laid theirs on the backs of leaves, so they better go look on backs of leaves and see if humming-birds did so. So they went into a woman's flower-garden and turned some of the leaves over and looked on the backs of them, and a cross woman came out and told them to be off and not be stepping on her flower-roots. And the funny man was coming out of a house 'way 'long the road, and when they caught up to him he asked them if they found any, and they said no. Then he laughed, and he told them that mosquitoes stuck their eggs together and let them float on the water in a bunch together, and they better go over to the pond and look there. So they went over to the pond, and he sat down to wait. And they went and looked, and came right back again and said they did n't see any. Then he told them water-spiders laid theirs in water-bubbles under the water, and he said they better go back and look again. So they went back and paddled in the water, and could n't see any eggs in any of the bubbles, and got their shoes and stockings very muddy with wet mud. And when they went back there was another man talking with the funny man, and that other man told them that ostriches laid eggs in the ground for the sun to hatch them out, and they better go dig in the ground. The funny man and that other man laughed very much; and they went away after that. And then the Jimmies got over a fence into a garden, because the ground was very soft there, and began to dig in the ground; and when they had dug a great hole a man came up to them and scolded at them for digging that hole in his garden, and he made them dig it back again. And I've forgot where they went then. Oh, I know now."

"Up on the hill!" cry the Jimmies, both together.

"Oh, yes; I know now. Then they went up on the hill, and there was a boy up there, and that boy told them may be humming-birds had nests in the grass, just like ground-sparrows. But they could not find one; and when they were tired of looking they sat down on the top of the hill. And by and by Mr. Bumpus came along, and his wife,—that's Mrs. Bumpus,—and she asked them if they had seen Dan,—that's Dan Bumpus,—and they said no. Then she said she and Mr. Bumpus were going to a picnic, and Dan was going. And she said they were going by the new roadway; and she asked them if they would wait there till Dan came, and tell Dan to go by the new roadway. And they promised to wait and tell Dan. So they waited there a very long time, and did n't want to stay there any longer; but they did, so as to tell Dan what they said they would. And then it was most noon, and Johnny said he was hungry, and Jimmy

said he was too. The funny man saw them sitting up on top of the hill, and he went up softly and got behind some bushes when they did n't see him, and looked through. And one of them wanted to go home, and the other one said, 'T wont do, 'cause we must tell Dan what we said we would.' So they waited ever so long. And the one that had the red box took it out and opened it, and both of 'em looked in, and one of 'em asked the other one if he s'posed their mother would care if they ate up the sugar, and the other said mother told them they might eat the sugar-lumps when they found the eggs; so they did n't know what to do. And while they were looking at it they heard a great humming noise in among the bushes. Then they crawled along toward the bushes softly as they could to see what was humming there. And they did n't see anything at first, so they crawled along and peeped round on the other side, and there they saw something very strange. They saw an old, broken umbrella all spread open, and a green bush hanging down from it, and they saw the feet of a man under the bush; and the humming came from behind that umbrella. The funny man was behind there, humming, but they did n't know it; and he was looking through a hole. And when they crawled up a little bit nearer to see what made that humming noise he turned round so they could not see behind that umbrella. And every time they crawled another way he turned round so they could not see behind that umbrella. And when they began to cry, because they felt scared, he took down the umbrella, and that made them laugh.

"The baker was coming along the new road, and the funny man stopped him and bought two seedcakes of him for the Jimmies. And he told them they need n't wait any longer for Dan, for Dan had gone by another way, riding in a cart. When he came home with the Jimmyjohns, and when they got 'most to the barn, they saw me,—no, I mean saw a little girl named Annetta (but it was me, you know), and the funny man put up his old umbrella and began to hum; and he told her to hark and hear a great humming-bird hum, and that made me—no; made the little girl laugh. And she wanted him to keep humming; and she went in and told the folks to all come out and see a great big humming-bird. So the folks came out, and he kept moving the old umbrella, so they could n't see who was humming behind there. And when they tried to get behind him, so as to see who was humming there, he went backward up against the barn; but one of them went in the barn and poked a stick through a crack and tickled his neck, and that made him jump away. Then Annetta's father said he knew where there was a humming-bird's nest. Then they all went across

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a field to some high bushes, and Mr. Plummer lifted up the little children so we could look in, and there we saw two very, very, tiny, tiny white eggs, about as big as little white beans. The Jimmies wanted Annetta to take them to put in her pudding, but the funny man said they better not. He said

he read in a story-book that if you ate humming-birds' eggs you would have to hum all your life forever after. And so," said Annetta, looking at the row from one end to the other, "the pudding never got made in the pudding-pan for Joey Moonbeam's soap-bubble party."

LITTLE WHIMPY.

By M. M. D.

WHIMPY, little Whimpy,
Cried so much one day,
His grandma could n't stand it,
And his mother ran away;
His sister climbed the hay-mow,
His father went to town,
And cook flew to the neighbor's
In her shabby kitchen-gown.



Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Stood out in the sun,
And cried until the chickens
And the ducks began to run;
Old Towser in his kennel
Growled in an angry tone,
Then burst his chain, and Whimpy
Was left there, all alone.



Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Cried and cried and cried.
Soon the sunlight vanished,
Flowers began to hide;
Birdies stopped their singing,
Frogs began to croak.
Darkness came! and Whimpy
Found crying was no joke.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Never'll forget the day
When grandma could n't stand it,
And his mother ran away.
He was waiting by the window
When they all came home to tea,
And a gladder boy than Whimpy
You never need hope to see.

MABEL'S TROUBLES.

BY BENJAMIN E. WOOLF.

MABEL wanted very much to know all about it, and that is why she was so vexed that she could not get it into her head. If she had not cared for it, then it would have been quite another affair; but she did care, and that is where her troubles began. She knew she must learn to spell, and therefore tried her best to please her governess. But Miss Prim was so very thin; she had such a funny row of tight little curls on each side of her head; wore such big silver spectacles on the tip of her nose; and had such a very stiff way of sitting upright in her chair, with her lips sticking out, as if she was only waiting for a good chance to say "Pooh, pooh!" that Mabel felt herself obliged to study her governess all the time, instead of her book.

Mabel tried to study her spelling lessons very hard; but she grew to be so tired of saying the same thing over and over again; and there was no sense in it either. B-a, ba; B-e, be; B-i, bi; B-o, bo; B-u, bu,—and so on all through the alphabet,—was so slow and so awfully stupid! Now, thought Mabel, if it was B-a, ba, B-e, be, Baby, there would be something gained; but who ever says Babebibobu? If this were spelling, she would rather go out and play awhile. There *was* some sense in that.

Why, learning to spell was not half as jolly as learning the alphabet. There were pictures to

that, and poetry too. There was "A was an Archer, who Aimed high and low;" and "B was a Booby who could n't say 'Bo!'" There was "C was a Chicken who Clucked after Corn;" and "D was a Dog that the Draughtsman had Drawn." And lots more beside.

Mabel knew she would fall asleep in a few minutes if the lesson did not come to an end—she was so drowsy. The letters danced up and down the page in such a droll way that she could not see one of them plainly. P-a, pa, was somehow or another mixed up with N-o, no; and M-e, me, was trying to play at leap-frog with Y-u, yu.

"Miss Prim," said Mabel, covering the page with her hand, and shaking her head so earnestly that her yellow curls tumbled all over her face, "I can't say any more, please. I'm very stupid, I know, and I suppose I'm a bad little girl; but I can't help it."

Mabel was sitting on a stool at Miss Prim's feet, and her book was resting on Miss Prim's knees. She saw that her governess's lips stuck out more than ever, and felt sure that "pooh, pooh!" must come at last; but it did n't. Miss Prim only said: "Why, Mabel!" and stared through her spectacles till her blue eyes looked as large as willow-pattern saucers.

"Do *you* like all of this?" asked Mabel, pointing to her book.

"Of course I do, Mabel," answered Miss Prim, severely. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I don't," said Mabel, positively; "and what is more, I never shall."

"But, Mabel," said Miss Prim, frowning, "you will have to learn it if you ever hope to be able to read."

"But suppose I don't hope to be able to read?" asked Mabel. "Suppose I don't care anything about it?"

"But you must care something about it," insisted Miss Prim. "What will you do if you cannot read when you grow up to be a woman?"

"Get some one to read for me," said Mabel, and wondering how Miss Prim would get over *that*.

Miss Prim did not try to get over it, but looked at Mabel in astonishment.

"You can read for me, you know," continued Mabel, "and I can pay you for it. I can save up my pocket-money that papa gives me every week, and that will be enough. Don't you see?"

"But that will *never* do," said Miss Prim, shaking her head very angrily.

"Does Dora have to learn this too?" asked Mabel, after a pause.

"Certainly, miss! Everybody has to learn it," answered Miss Prim, "so go on with your lesson at once."

"Did ma and pa?" persisted Mabel, with tears in her eyes, and looking anxiously up to the face of her governess.

"I have said that everybody has to learn it, Mabel," said Miss Prim, solemnly.

"Well," replied Mabel, disappointed, "I think they might have found something better to do at their age."

"Come, come!" said Miss Prim, impatiently. "Let us have no more of this. Go on with your lesson."

"I can't, Miss Prim. I'm tired, please; and I'm so puzzled that I can't think any more. And if you will let me, I will go into the garden to get my face cool, and come back as soon as I feel rested. If mamma says anything, tell her I'm to blame, please. And I'm sorry, Miss Prim, I'm sure; but my head will not hold it all."

Mabel rose from her seat and went through the balcony window into the garden. It was a cool afternoon in summer, and hundreds of flowers were in bloom. The cypress vine, with its bright red flowers, twined and clambered up the pole to the little pigeon-house on its top; and the big bunches of green grapes that hung against the wall and peeped out from underneath the broad leaves, were just beginning to blush purple. The four-o'clocks, pansies, carnations and verbenas seemed so fresh and happy to Mabel, as they fluttered to and fro in

the soft breeze,—swaying first one way and then the other,—that she almost wished she were a flower too. Roses—red, white and pink—swarmed along the wall; and there were some that stood out on branches all alone, which bowed and nodded to her as she walked along the gravel-path toward the shady arbor at the foot of the garden, where she had left her doll and her hoop.

"Good-day!" she said to them, in return for their politeness. "I'm quite well, thank you. How are you?"

"They do not have to learn how to spell," she thought, as she passed on. "They would not look any prettier, or smell any sweeter, if they knew how to read all the books in the world. I don't believe they would be half so agreeable. I think Miss Prim would be handsomer if she did not know so much; and all the governesses I know are exactly like Miss Prim."

Mabel went on her way thinking of her troubles, and wishing that she could learn something, because Miss Prim took so much pains to teach her; and she supposed that it must be all right for her to study, or else her mother would not have asked Miss Prim to give her lessons.

She reached the arbor at last, and went in. It was a large shady place, covered all over with vines, and the leaves were so thick that the sunbeams only made their way through in little spots that speckled the ground, and, as the breeze fluttered the leaves, kept on changing their places like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. A bench ran all around the arbor, and lying on this in a corner Mabel saw her doll. It had bright golden hair, large blue eyes, and plump little cheeks, just like Mabel's; and its mouth was not a bit prettier than was hers, and it was not much smaller either.

"Did you think I was never coming, you poor, neglected Dolly?" she said, taking it up and smoothing its hair from its eyes. "It's all Miss Prim's fault, and, if you have any complaints to make, you must make them to her. You needn't pout at me in that naughty manner, miss! It is n't good for little girls to pout; and you'll grow so if you do not stop it at once. Sit there, please, till I get up on the bench too, and then I'll make it all up with you."

Mabel placed her doll on the bench, with its back against the trellis-work, and then climbed up herself, and sat by its side.

"O dear!" she said, sighing, as she took her doll again and held it in her lap. "I do wish people would not make benches so high; it is so hard to get up, and it makes me so out of breath! You're all right, Dolly, because I lift you up, and you don't scratch your legs as I do mine. Are you

sleepy? I am; but I don't want to go to sleep, because I must soon go back to Miss Prim."

The place was so quiet, and the air was so soft and warm, that Mabel grew more and more drowsy every moment. She could scarcely keep her eyes open, and her head felt so heavy that she had great trouble to hold it up. She would have fallen asleep in spite of herself if something had not attracted her attention all of a sudden. As she saw it, her eyes opened a little, then a little more, and then

the letters leaping, laughing, running, turning somersaults, and mixing themselves up in all sorts of ways. How they got out of the book without being discovered, Mabel could not conceive. Yet, there they were, having sports of every kind all by themselves, and seeming to enjoy them. Suddenly, and right in the middle of a game of blind-man's buff, Miss Prim darted in among them with a ruler, and set them scampering in every direction, striking at them right and left all around the



"HOW THEY GOT OUT OF THE BOOK WITHOUT BEING DISCOVERED, MABEL COULD NOT CONCEIVE."

wider still, until at last they were almost as large as Miss Prim's when she was astonished.

"Why, what is this?" said Mabel to herself. "Upon my word, these are pretty doings! All the letters of the alphabet have, somehow or another, got out of my book, and are running about here loose. There's 'A was an Archer' playing tag with 'H was a House;' and there's 'Q was a Queen' trying to get away from 'U was an Urn,' who is holding on to her skirt. Yes! and there is 'K was a King' trundling 'O was an Owl' along like a hoop. They are all there, every one of them."

Mabel could not make it out at all. There were

arbor. Mabel got down from the bench and ran to her governess.

"Don't frighten them, please, Miss Prim," she said. "They are only amusing themselves; and I don't wonder at it, after they have been shut up in a book so long."

But Miss Prim took no notice of Mabel, and kept chasing the letters about, till they hopped and skipped like so many fleas to get out of her way.

Some of them got under the bench to hide from her; but she went down on her hands and knees to stir them out. As she did so, the remainder of the letters jumped on her back and upset her; after

which, they tied her hands and feet, and made her incapable of further mischief.

"Ah!" said letter W, the biggest one of the lot, taking her ruler and standing guard over her with it; "so you are not satisfied with putting us in a book, but you try to cram us into people's heads too, do you? Suppose I was to cut your head off with this ruler, how could you put us in your head any more?"

Miss Prim kicked and struggled to get free, but she was not strong enough. W did not cut her head off, at which Mabel was very glad; but he called all the other letters to stand around Miss Prim while he made her say her letters over seventy-four times. He then gave her a spelling-lesson, and rapped her on the knuckles every time she said it correctly.

Mabel was sorry for Miss Prim; but she thought it served her right for interfering with the letters when they were doing no harm. She therefore did not make any objections; but when they got the poor lady into words of three syllables, Mabel could stand it no longer, for she thought that was nothing less than cruelty. So she went up to "W was a Wheel," and took hold of his arm.

"Please don't punish her any more," she said, "because it will make her head ache. Three syllables are too many for anybody. Let her go this time, because it is not gentlemanly to strike a lady."

"Well," said W, "it is n't gentlemanly for her to go and chase us around with a ruler, and try to hammer us into people's heads as if we were nails. I'll let her off this time, because you ask it; but if she ever comes here again, we'll give her words in a hundred syllables, and so she had better look out for herself."

They then untied Miss Prim, and let her go away.

"So you like Miss Prim," said A to Mabel. "If I was in your place, I would bother her, and stick pins into her."

Mabel was going to give him a pretty sharp answer, when she saw a hump-backed letter, that she did not recognize, coming toward her.

"How do you do?" he asked her. "Don't you remember me? Don't you recollect that you were introduced to me last Wednesday?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mabel. "You are Interrogation Mark. You always ask questions. Papa says it's wrong to ask too many questions!"

"What does he know about it?" inquired Interrogation Mark, with a sneer. "Is he any authority here?"

Mabel did not condescend to reply to him, but went to O, who seemed an easy, good-natured letter, and spoke to him.

"Tell me," she said, "how you all came to be here."

"I must n't do that," replied O, "because then you would know all about it."

"Oh!" said Mabel, disappointed. "I'm sure I did n't mean any harm."

"I know," answered O, "and I would tell you, but you see we are all afraid of Miss Prim. If she finds out how we do it, she will lock us up, and then we can't come here any more. When we amuse ourselves here, we are often quite rough, and some of us get hurt. There's X, who is limping along there, for example. He was an H once, but he fell down and broke his legs, and now he is knock-kneed, as you see him. V used to walk like A; but he was too fond of turning somersaults, and one day he only went half-way over, and stuck on his head. He has never been able to get back again."

Mabel was not surprised to hear all of this, for she had suspected something of the sort before, and was very glad to learn it was true.

"How old are you?" O suddenly inquired.

"Six," answered Mabel.

"You could be sixty if you wanted," O replied.

"How?" asked Mabel.

"By adding fifty-four to yourself," answered O, looking very seriously at her. "I would do it if I was in your place. It will save you the trouble of growing."

Mabel saw that it was true, but she did not know how to do it; and she was not exactly sure that she wanted to add fifty-four to herself, without thinking about it.

While she was turning it over in her mind, &c. came up to Mabel and shook hands with her. He seemed quite gloomy, and had a tired look that made her feel very sorry for him.

"Please, sir," said Mabel to him, kindly, "are you ill?"

"Yes!" answered &c., shedding tears and wiping his eyes on his cuff.

"Then you ought to take something for it," said Mabel.

"Take what?" asked &c., sighing.

"Take some medicine," returned Mabel.

"What should I take medicine for?" inquired &c., a little fiercely, as Mabel imagined.

"Dear me!" said Mabel to herself. "He asks almost as many questions as Interrogation Mark. Because you are ill," she said aloud, somewhat timidly.

"But I am not ill," said &c., very positively.

"You said you were, if you please," pleaded Mabel, almost crying with vexation at being so constantly contradicted.

"If I said it, I meant it," answered &c., growing

sad again. "And now I say I'm *not*, and I mean that too."

"Oh dear!" said Mabel, greatly puzzled. "What do you mean, for I can't make you out?"

"That's where it is," returned &c., bursting into tears. "I mean everything! A means something positive; I don't. B means something positive; I don't. I am not allowed to mean the same thing for two minutes. One moment I mean one thing, and the next moment I mean something quite different. And I never say what I mean, but leave everybody to guess it. It is too bad!"

Mabel felt a great deal of pity for him, as he stood there weeping and screwing his knuckles into his eyes. The tears fell so fast from him that his feet were in a puddle of water. Mabel thought he would catch cold, and was about to tell him so, but O winked his eye at her, and, tapping his forehead, shook his head.

"He is crazy," whispered O to Mabel. "Don't mind what he says. He does n't know what he means. Nobody could ever find out from him, because he leaves half of it unsaid, and you have to guess it like a riddle. He is very tiresome and disagreeable. Just ask him to explain himself, and you'll soon find out what sort of fellow *he* is."

Mabel did not like this hard-hearted way that O had of talking about &c., who was growing more tearful and more gloomy every moment. She really pitied the poor fellow, and told O as much; but he merely replied with contempt:

"Pshaw! he is only a foreigner, and has no business among us. If he does not like it, why does he stay here? What does a Latin person want to come mixing with us for? Besides, he is a dwarf, and is all out of shape at that. Look at his little head and his big body."

"A dwarf!" said Mabel, astonished, because she saw that &c. was quite as big as the rest of them, and a great deal fatter.

"Well," said O, reading Mabel's thoughts, "he is an abbreviation, and that's the same thing."

"Is n't that Parenthesis I see over there?" said Mabel, pointing to a figure with bowed legs that was hobbling along.

"Yes, I feel very sorry for him," said O. "His parents did not take good care of him when he was young. They tried to make him walk too early, and his legs became crooked, as you see. Look at Bracket yonder. He is all right. His legs are as straight as an arrow. His nurse knew what she was about. I don't think Parenthesis is very long-lived. He is quite weak, and does but little work now. Bracket does most of it for him."

That disagreeable, ill-tempered and humpbacked

Interrogation Mark came toward Mabel again. "Well; and how do you like us all?" he asked, in his impudent, prying manner. Don't you think we are a jolly set of fellows?"

Mabel was going to tell him that she did not like him at all, and that she was very sorry she had made his acquaintance, when he said to her, with a spiteful grin on his face:

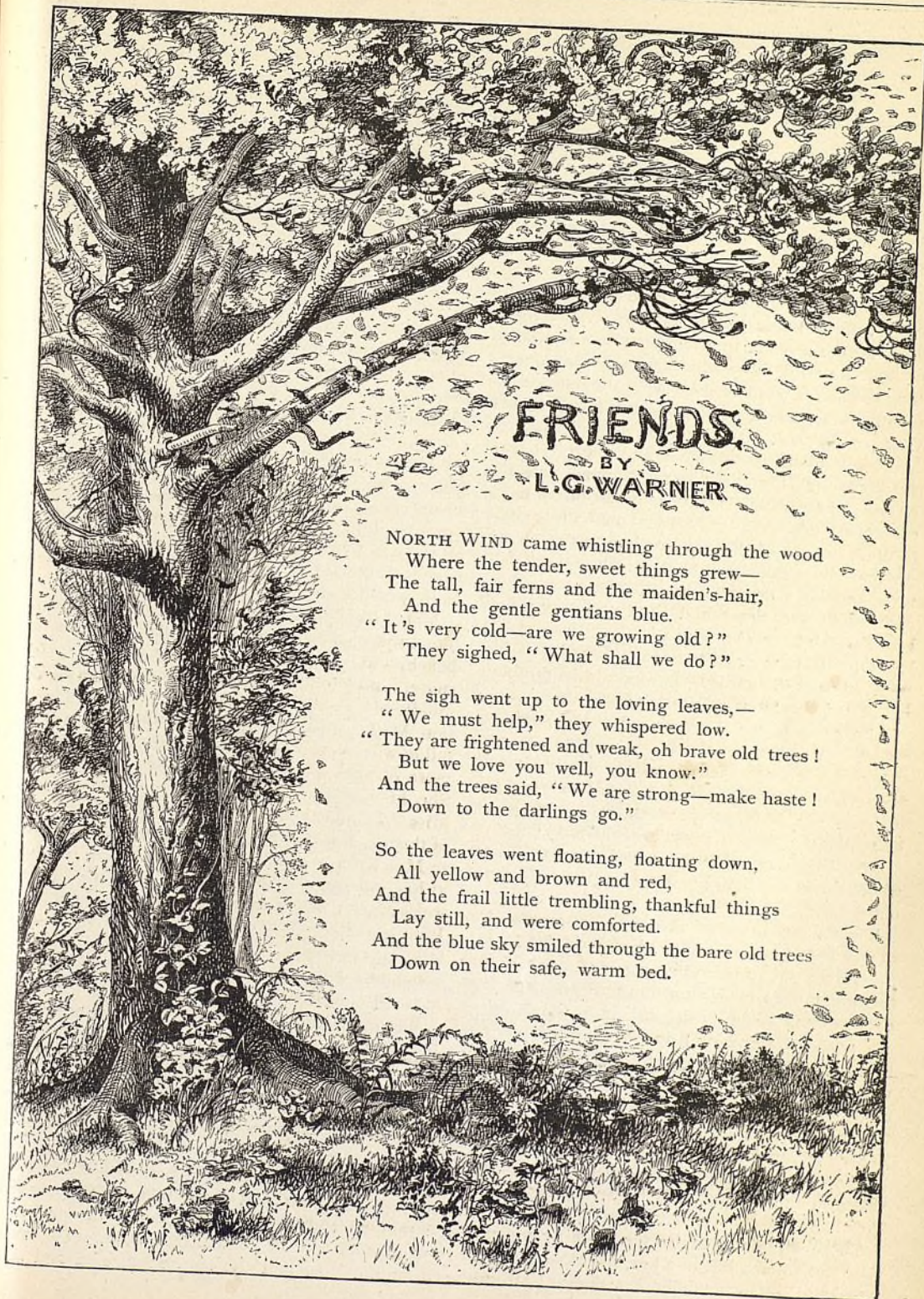
"You think you know us all, don't you? Are you aware that you have got to be introduced to our brothers Old English and Italics, to say nothing of Script?"

"I wish you would not tell me unpleasant things by asking me questions about them," said Mabel, growing angry with him.

Just at that moment Miss Prim darted in amongst them again with another ruler, and set them scampering in every direction once more. Even W was knocked over this time, and &c. received such a thump in his back that he forgot to cry, and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. When Miss Prim had beaten them as long as she could, she chased them before her with her apron as if they were a brood of chickens, and they all ran out of the arbor followed by her, tumbling over each other and picking themselves up as well as they could.

Mabel laughed so heartily that she almost cried. Then she suddenly found out she was sitting on the bench, and could not tell how she got there; because, a moment before, she was standing in the middle of the arbor talking with O and Interrogation Mark. She was greatly puzzled, but was so full of what she had seen that she did not think any more of how she came to be sitting down again. She hurried away to learn what had become of Miss Prim and the letters, but saw no trace of any of them. She then went into the house and spoke to Miss Prim about it, but her governess laughed at her and said she knew nothing about it. Mabel was sorry for that, because she did not think Miss Prim would be guilty of doing so mean a thing as telling a falsehood. If she would tell her a story about such a matter, how could she depend upon her in her spelling lessons?

Everybody told her that she had been dreaming; but she knew better than that, for she had spoken to them, especially O and &c. She found them all in her book again; but though she questioned them frequently, they took no notice of her. In spite of that, nothing could convince her that it had not all happened just as she told of it. But she never saw them again, though she often went into the arbor and waited for them to come. And this added to Mabel's troubles.



FRIENDS.

BY
L.G. WARNER

NORTH WIND came whistling through the wood
Where the tender, sweet things grew—
The tall, fair ferns and the maiden's-hair,
And the gentle gentians blue.
"It's very cold—are we growing old?"
They sighed, "What shall we do?"

The sigh went up to the loving leaves,—
"We must help," they whispered low.
"They are frightened and weak, oh brave old trees!
But we love you well, you know."
And the trees said, "We are strong—make haste!
Down to the darlings go."

So the leaves went floating, floating down,
All yellow and brown and red,
And the frail little trembling, thankful things
Lay still, and were comforted.
And the blue sky smiled through the bare old trees
Down on their safe, warm bed.

THE SONG OF THE CANARY.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

It was time to sow the seeds in the flower-garden. So the gardener brought out the seed-box and set it upon the grass-plot, while he put on his thinking-cap for a few minutes.

Each kind of seed lived in a little paper house by itself, with its name plainly printed on the front-door, for the seeds of one family are never allowed to associate with those of other families as long as they are nothing but seeds. After they grow to be plants and flowers it's quite another thing. Then they are old enough and big enough to choose their own companions, and if the poppies see fit to nod to the marigolds, and the morning glories to throw kisses to the geraniums, it is nobody's business but their own.

Well, in one of these paper houses (by the by, girls and boys call them small envelopes, but then girls and boys don't know what they're talking about half the time) had lived the lady-slipper seeds all the long, cheerless winter.

"Oh, dear, is n't this fine!" they all said to each other as the gardener, dropping his thinking-cap, lifted them out of the box, "is n't this fine! We're going to see the world at last." And they rolled over and over each other in perfect delight.

The gardener carried them to the nice, smooth flower-bed, tore off the roof of their house and laid it upon the fresh brown earth, while he began loosening the ground a little with his rake.

The lady-slipper seeds crowded to the place where the roof of their house used to be, and peeped out.

Then they all commenced whispering together as fast as they could: "Oh! how lovely! Here's everything the canary sung about this morning—the great trees nearly touching the sky, the tall green grass, the birds singing, and—(don't crowd and push so). And oh! oh! oh! are we going to live here always, and do nothing but lie in the warm sunshine and listen to the birds sing?—(don't crowd and push so)—and —"

Before they could say another word, the gardener took up the paper house, and, pouring some of the seeds into the palm of his hand, scattered them on the ground, and began raking the dirt over them.

Those left behind commenced talking again, this time not so fast, but in a low, frightened whisper: "O dear!"—(such a different "O dear!" from the

first one)—"what has he done with our brothers and sisters? Shall we never see them again? And will he cover us up in the ground too? It is dreadful to think of—better a thousand times be back in the seed-box, listening to the song of the canary."

"Be quiet a moment, do, dear ones," said a wee brown seed, "and listen to me. Have you all forgotten the last song we heard the canary sing?"

"First a seed so tiny,
Hidden from the sight;
Then two pretty leaflets
Struggling toward the light;
Soon a bud appearing,
Turns into a flower,
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,
Growing sweeter, sweeter,
Ev'ry happy hour!"

"Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,"

echoed the others. "That was the song, sure enough. Can we believe it?"

"The songs of the birds are *always* true," said the wee seed, "for they are taught to them by the angels."

"We do believe—we do believe," cried the others, hopefully. "We are no longer afraid, though the gardener *is* coming. He will put us in the dark ground, but we shall come up again, no longer seeds but green leaves, buds and flowers."

But one little seed that had said nothing all this time now hid itself away in a corner, saying: "I'm not going into the ground." And when the others rolled merrily out into the gardener's hand the paper house fluttered away with her in it to a short distance from the flower-bed, and fell on the ground between two cold grey stones.

Nearly two weeks went by, and the lonely seed, looking toward the spot where the lady-slippers had been sown, one warm summer morning, beheld rows on rows of bright green leaves peeping out of the ground and heard them saying gaily to each other: "Well met, brother." "Good day, sister." "How pleasant it is to be in the air and sunshine once more."

But no one saw or spoke to her, poor little thing! Time went on, and the plants grew larger and stronger, and at last came pretty, tender buds, which soon unfolded into fragrant flowers of every beautiful hue, and the sun, wind, rain and dew

loved them dearly, and the bees, birds and butterflies thought them the sweetest things on earth.

As for the lonely little seed, it lived a dreary, friendless life between the two cold grey stones, and every day it said to itself, over and over again:

"Oh! would that I, too, had had faith in the

song of the canary, then should I have been beautiful and beloved with my brothers and sisters—

'Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,
Growing sweeter—sweeter
Ev'ry happy hour!'

THE BOY ASTRONOMER.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

[Our readers, especially those who have read the article on the coming Transit of Venus, in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS, will, we think, be interested in the following true account of the boy astronomer who watched a transit of Venus just two hundred and thirty-five years ago.]

THE first transit of Venus ever seen by a human eye was predicted by a boy, and was observed by that boy just as he reached the age of manhood. His name was Jeremiah Horrox. We have a somewhat wonderful story to tell you about this boy.

He lived in an obscure village near Liverpool, England. He was a lover of books of science, and before he reached the age of eighteen he had mastered the astronomical knowledge of the day. He studied the problems of Kepler, and he made the discovery that the tables of Kepler indicated the near approach of the period of the transit of Venus across the sun's center. This was about the year 1635.

Often on midsummer nights the boy Horrox might have been seen in the fields watching the planet Venus. The desire sprung up within him to see the transit of the beautiful planet across the disc of the sun, for it was a sight that no eye had ever seen, and one that would tend to solve some of the greatest problems ever presented to the mind of an astronomer. So the boy began to examine the astronomical tables of Kepler, and by their aid endeavored to demonstrate at what time the next transit would occur. He found an error in the tables, and then he, being the first of all astronomers to make the precise calculation, discovered the exact date when the next transit would take place.

He told his secret to one intimate friend, a boy who, like himself, loved science. The young astronomer then awaited the event which he had predicted for a number of years, never seeing the loved planet in the shaded evening sky without dreaming

of the day when the transit should fulfill the beautiful vision he carried continually in his mind.

The memorable year came at last—1639. The predicted day of the transit came, too, at the end of the year. It was Sunday. It found Horrox, the boy astronomer, now just past twenty years of age, intently watching a sheet of paper in a private room, on which lay the sun's reflected image. Over this reflection of the sun's disc on the paper he expected, moment by moment, to see the planet pass like a moving spot or a shadow.

Suddenly, the church-bells rang. He was a very religious youth, and was accustomed to heed the church-bells as a call from Heaven. The paper still was spotless; no shadow broke the outer edge of the sun's luminous circle.

Still the church-bells rang. Should he go? A cloud might hide the sun before his return, and the expected disclosure be lost for a century.

But Horrox said to himself: "I must not neglect the worship of the Creator, to see the wonderful things the Creator has made."

So he left the reflected image of the sun on the paper, and went to the sanctuary.

When he returned from the service, he hurried to the room. The sun was still shining, and there, like a shadow on the bright circle on the paper, was the image of the planet Venus! It crept slowly along the bright center, like the finger of the Invisible. Then the boy astronomer knew that the great problems of astronomy were correct, and the thought filled his pure heart with religious joy.

Horrox died at the age of twenty-two. Nearly one hundred and thirty years afterward, Venus was again seen crossing the sun. The whole astronomical world was then interested in the event, and expeditions of observation were fitted out by the principal European Governments. It was observed in this country by David Rittenhouse, who fainted when he saw the vision.

THE COMANCHES' TRAIL.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH COZZENS.

"WHAT is it, Jim?" I inquired of our guide, whom I saw suddenly pause a short distance in advance of me, and then dismount from his horse, as if for the purpose of more thoroughly examining the ground.

"It's a fresh Comanche trail," replied Jim, "made since sunrise, and headed toward the river, too."

Riding up, I dismounted, and, kneeling upon

there? Now, if them spears of grass had been trod down afore sunrise, you'd a-found little particles of sand a-clingin' to 'em; but, yer see, they're as clean as a whistle, which shows that they was made after the dew dried off. As to their bein' Comanches, the print of this moccasin shows that plain enough; an' it's fair to reckon they're on the war-path, cause they haint got their families with 'em."



A COMANCHE FAMILY TRAVELING.

the ground, closely examined the tracks before me, while Jim continued, looking around him:

"They're on the war-path, too, sure's shootin'."

As I could discover nothing myself but the tracks made by a number of unshod horses' feet, which had apparently followed one another in single file over the prairie, leaving a long, sinuous, snake-like trail behind them, I said:

"I can certainly see the tracks plainly enough; but how do you know that they were made since sunrise by a party of Comanches who are on the war-path?"

"Yer see them spears of grass?" replied Jim. "Wall, there was a heavy dew last night, war n't

"But how do you know their families are not with them?" interrupted I.

"Because there a'nt no signs of their lodge-poles. Yer see," explained Jim, "Injuns alus carry their lodge-poles when their families travel with 'em; an' as they fasten 'em to the sides of their horses, the ends drag on the ground, leavin' a mark behind 'em; an' as there a'nt no mark here, it's plain they're travelin' without 'em, and that's a pretty sartin sign they're on the war-path."

"If such is the case, what had we better do, Jim?" inquired I.

"Do? Why, there a'nt but one thing to do,

an' that is to look out for 'em. If they surprise us now, 't will be our own fault," replied Jim.

"Can you tell how many there are in the party?" asked I.

"There's ten or a dozen of 'em, anyway," responded the guide, curtly.

"Then it's very evident we don't want to encounter them, and had better keep out of their sight," said I.

"Bless your soul," responded Jim, "do you suppose they a'nt seen us? Why, ten to one, they're lookin' at us this very minute, and know our movements as well as we do ourselves."

"How looking at us? There is n't a creature of any kind in sight except our own party," continued I, closely scanning the country with my glasses.

"Wal, we can see nobody, that's sartin; but for all that, you may depend upon it they've seen us, for the Comanches never travel without having some one on the watch. That's the reason Injun trails alwuz cross the highest ground, instead of followin' the valleys. Yer see this trail heads for that high mesa there; and more'n as likely as not, there's an Injun lyin' in the grass up there, a-watchin' ev'ry movement we make—or, at any rate, it's safe to calculate there is."

Now, this was anything but pleasant news for me, who had hoped to reach the Rio Grande, whither we were bound, without meeting any of the bands of hostile Indians with which Western Texas at that time swarmed.

I had been a resident of Texas some years, and had recently been induced by some newly-arrived friends from the East to embark with them in the enterprise of stocking a ranche situated upon the head-waters of the Guadalupe River; and, for the purpose of procuring the necessary animals to start it, we had decided upon a trip into Mexico, crossing the Rio Grande at or near Eagle Pass.

We had procured the services of Jim Davis, one of Ben McCullough's celebrated band of Texan rangers, to accompany us as scout or guide. We had left San Antonio five days before, and, at the time my story opens, were crossing the country lying between Fort Inge and the Rio Grande, still a four days' journey distant.

Being the only one of the party, except the guide, who had had any experience upon the plains, the information just received was anything but pleasant, for I felt a good deal of anxiety as to what might ensue if we were attacked.

The remainder of our party, with the pack-mules, having by this time overtaken us, Jim and myself rode along in silence, keeping a sharp lookout, but seeing nothing to alarm us.

We had left the recently-discovered trail far to

the south, and I was congratulating myself upon our fortunate escape, when, suddenly, Jim called my attention to a dark object upon the top of a hill some distance in advance of us.

I gave it a cursory glance, and said: "Well, what is it?"

"An Injun on hossback," was the short, positive answer.

I immediately brought my glasses to bear, and could distinctly see that it was indeed an Indian, sitting upon his horse as motionless as a statue.

"What can he be doing there?" was my inquiry.

"I reckon from the feller's position he wants us to understand he's friendly, and perhaps he wants to do a little beggin' on his own account, or may be he's a spy or a Lipan," replied Jim. "When we git near enough, I'll ask him who he is."

As we approached, the guide raised his hand, with the palm open outward, and moved it rapidly across and in front of his face several times. This signal was immediately responded to by the Indian, who made a peculiar motion with his hand, similar to that made by a snake in crawling through the grass.

"He's a Comanche," said the guide. "Yer see," continued he, "all the different tribes have a sign by which they're known. I asked him who he was, and his answer said 'Comanche,' which means 'snake,' and that wrigglin' motion is the sign of their tribe. I s'pose you call that telegraphin', don't yer?"

Immediately upon the Indian's noticing and answering Jim's signal, he started toward us at a furious pace.

"That does n't look very friendly, does it, Jim?" inquired I, placing my hand upon my revolver.

"Don't touch yer shootin' irons," said Jim; "that's alwuz their way of meetin' strangers."

By this time, the Indian, making a most graceful circuit, approached to within about thirty feet of us, and then suddenly reined in his horse, and halted.

The guide rode forward and shook hands with him, and, after a few moments' conversation, motioned for us to come forward, when a general handshaking ensued.

This ceremony completed, the guide informed us that the Indian was a messenger from "Chiquito," the chief of a small band of Comanches, now encamped upon the head-waters of the Leona, some four or five miles to the south, and that he professed to be a great friend of the whites, and was desirous that we should visit him at his camp.

I found that my friends were both inclined to go, and so informed the guide that we would be governed by his opinion in the matter.

"Wal," said Jim, "I reckon we may as well go; may be a visit will git the good-will of the old feller—an' it can't hurt us, no how."

*At a motion from the Indian, we started, and, after riding some distance, came to a magnificent grove of pecan-trees; passing through which, we came in sight of the camp, a group of conical huts (instead of the usual skin lodge), constructed of poles set in the ground and bent over to a common center at the top, which framework was wattled with bunches of long *tulle* and grass.

When we first saw them there appeared to be an angry discussion going on between a dozen or more of the Indians, one of whom, a large and powerfully-built Indian, about fifty years of age, the guide informed me, was Chiquito, their chief. He was dressed in a tight-fitting jacket, with leggings and moccasins, from each outer seam of which there was suspended a long, loose fringe. Upon his head was a close-fitting cap of bearskin, covered with a profusion of eagles' feathers, so arranged as to stand erect in a circle over the top of his head. His face, from which every particle of hair had been carefully eradicated, was striped in an odd and fantastic manner with different-colored pigments, in which white and yellow largely predominated; the place usually occupied by the eyebrows and lashes being painted a bright vermilion.

Around his neck hung two necklaces; one made of bears' toes, eagles' claws and deer hoofs; the other of brass balls, such as are sometimes used to tip the horns of cattle, and two similar ones hung pendent from his ears. Over his shoulders, and sweeping the ground, in regal style, was carelessly flung a large buffalo rug, gaudily painted and embroidered with beads and porcupine quills, while in a belt around his waist hung a singular-looking hatchet, or tomahawk. In his right hand he held the usual Comanche spear.

The balance of the group were also arrayed in gaudy rugs and fancy "stroudings," which, with their grotesquely-painted faces, gave them a most hideous appearance.

The entire party wore their hair long and flowing over their shoulders, while each carried in his hand an ugly-looking spear.

As we approached them Chiquito stepped for-

ward, and extending a hand ornamented with finger-nails an inch long, grunted out, in execrable Spanish, "*Mi Chiquito, bueno amigo*," or, "I am Chiquito, a good friend."

We all dismounted, and, after shaking hands with each one, seated ourselves upon the grass, and the guide then informed Chiquito that we had visited



THE CHIEF, CHIKUITO.

him at his request, and desired to know his pleasure. The chief gave us to understand that, notwithstanding he had always been friendly to the whites, he was very poor, and required many things to make him comfortable, such as blankets, tobacco, with fire-arms to shoot game, and particularly powder and shot, and anything else we had to spare.

While this modest demand was being made the braves gathered around us, persisting in making

the most minute examination of our dress, fire-arms, equipments and baggage, evincing their satisfaction at what they saw by a series of grunts, at the same time manifesting a decided disposition to appropriate any articles that particularly struck their fancy. They even cut some of the buttons off of poor Griffith's coat.

Jim informed Chiquito that we were a party traveling for pleasure, and had nothing whatever with us to spare, except powder and balls to our enemies; and as he utterly refused to present the chief with anything save one blanket, we all arose, and bidding the Indians "*buenos dias*," we made the best of our way out of camp.

Again on the road, I asked Jim if it was not singular that the Indians did not include whisky in their demands, and was told by him that the Comanches were an exceedingly temperate tribe, it being rare to find one of them who drank intoxicating liquor.

"We a'n't a-goin' to git off scot free though; see ef we do," remarked Jim. "We shall hev trouble with them varmints yet, sure's shootin'! Old Chiquito looked blacker'n a thunder-cloud when I told him we had n't got nothin' for him. Injuns is serpents, any how; and we shall see what we shall."

We encamped that night at Elm Creek, about half-way between Fort Inge and the Rio Grande, and had hardly been on the road a half hour the next morning when we discovered a party of Indians riding furiously toward us, evidently with hostile intent. We hastily rode to the summit of a small hill, and, dismounting, waited, rifles in hand, for the attack.

The country was an open, rolling prairie, especially well adapted for the manœuvring of their horses. As they approached we could count ten in the party, armed with bows and arrows, as well as spears; but as each of us was armed with a rifle, we felt that we need not fear their superiority of numbers.

I could not but admire the daring bravery with which they came thundering over the turf toward us, each man sitting erect and as firm in his saddle as though a part of the animal he rode. Their faces, breasts and arms were striped with yellow and black paint, presenting a singular contrast to the gaudy trappings of their horses and the bright colors of their "stroudings."

When within easy range, Jim gave the word, and the next instant four rifles belched forth their flame and smoke, when, as if by a stroke of a necromancer's wand, every Indian disappeared from our sight as the terrible Comanche war-whoop smote upon our ears, sounding like the yell of so many fiends, and, in spite of our best endeavors,

almost curdling the blood in our veins, while a flight of arrows fell around us, slightly wounding one of our horses. Another volley from our rifles, followed by another shower of arrows, accompanied by the most demoniacal yells and screeches, so startled and frightened our animals that it was with the greatest difficulty that we kept them from breaking loose and stampeding over the plain.

While the apparently riderless horses of the Comanches were circling around us, each circuit bringing them nearer and nearer, Jim raised his rifle and fired. I saw one of their horses stumble and fall to the ground, and a moment after, its rider leap hurriedly up and as suddenly disappear just as a third flight of arrows assailed us from beneath their horses' necks.

"Them's what they're after," said Jim; as, in spite of our best exertions, two of our animals succeeded in breaking loose and dashed madly over the plain, followed by the entire party of Comanches, yelling and screeching after them like so many demons.

"Wal," exclaimed the guide, "the Injuns is gone, an' so be the horses! We'll have ter ride an' tie between here an' the Grande, sure's shootin'."

"Can't we follow them and get the animals back?" asked Blossom.

"Foller 'em! We might as well foller a streak of greased lightnin'," said Jim. "We may thank our stars that we've got off as well as we have, and let well enough alone. I would n't 'a give five cents for our chance when I seed them fellers comin' down on us so; ten to four's a good many, when the four has their animals to look out for. I knew we could n't fight 'em on hossback, 'cause, yer see, them fellers is the best hossmen in the world. Did n't yer see how they dropped on to the sides of their hosses an' fired from under their necks? I've seen a dozen of 'em fight all day that way, and there's no way of touchin' 'em without fust killin' their hosses. Come, Jedge, let's go and look at that critter out there; I've a notion I've seen him afore."

We walked out to where the animal lay, and recognized it at once as the horse ridden by Chiquito's messenger, thus removing any doubts that might have existed relative to Chiquito's friendship for the whites.

We deemed it advisable to return to where we were encamped the night previous, as the loss of our animals would require us to travel so slowly it would be impossible to reach water that night. Before we had been in camp two hours we descried, slowly winding over the plain from the direction of the river, the white tops of six wagons, which proved to be a Government train in charge of

Lieut. Holabird, *en route* from Fort Duncan to Fort Inge for commissary stores. Of course we were greatly delighted to see the soldiers, for although we did not expect to be attacked again by Chiquito's Indians, it would be well for us to have a little military support if they should conclude to come after our two remaining horses.

The Lieutenant treated us very kindly, and, as he found he could spare a horse or two, he very generously loaned us a couple of animals to enable

us to resume our journey. After we had been thus reinforced and encouraged, we parted from our new-found friends and reached the Rio Grande on the afternoon of the second day.

Three weeks later, upon our return to the river from the interior with the stock we had purchased, we learned that Chiquito's braves had been severely punished by a party sent out from Fort Duncan for that purpose; news that we were not very sorry to hear.



BREAKFAST-TIME.

THE FOREST FAMILY.

(Adapted from the Swedish by SELMA BORG and MARIE A. BROWN, the translators of the "Schwartz" and "Topelius" novels.)

PERHAPS you think of a pretty wild pigeon with her young, an "ungrateful cuckoo" in his stolen nest, or a pair of nightingales, with their sons and daughters; or may be a profuse fern-family which spreads itself in all directions, seeming to say to the passer-by, "I am like a palm-tree—only handsomer. I have a crown at the top and a little 'fortune-teller' at the root. Look at me with reverence!"

No, my reader, I mean none of all these when I speak of my little family in the woods. It consisted of a poor peasant's widow, her four children and her old mother. Their log-cabin was built at the edge of the wood, and was small and unpretending, like most of such homes, only it had always been large enough to contain their happiness. But at the time I take you there it had a sombre appearance, though the sun shone through the low windows and nature all around was arrayed in blooming holiday attire. In the middle of the floor, on two wooden chairs, stood a coffin, in which the children's father had been laid to his last rest. The simple shroud was completely covered with flowers, made of gilt paper. Such productions figure on all solemn occasions in the country, though the ground may be strewn with most brilliant flowers.

"Mamsel," who lived at the great mansion, had worked all these paper flowers and given them to little Hanna, who would have run for miles in her bare feet to get them.

Hans Nilsson's limping horse, which was to draw the coffin to the church-yard, had not yet arrived; neither had Sven, the tailor; Ljung, the old corporal; and Korp Pelle, who were the three honored burial guests; so that the family would be a little while longer alone with the dead.

The old grandmother, who had been an invalid for many years, put out her wrinkled face between the threadbare curtains, and then drew it back again with a sigh. "Mother" herself went back and forth between the kitchen and the *stuga*, or common-room, busy with the "treats;" for the guests were to have what the house could afford, which was little enough. She did not weep, but one saw in her face that her heart had, as she herself said to grandmother, "got the crack."

At a short distance from the coffin stood the cradle, in which the baby, only a few months old, lay playing with two or three gilt flowers that had been left over from the funeral show.

The two boys—one ten and the other thirteen

years of age—presented a sadly comical appearance as they stood there in their borrowed clothes ready to go to the church-yard. The jacket-sleeves worn by one of them hung far down over his hands, while those of the other did not reach the wrist. Their trousers were rolled up high so as not to catch the dust on the road, and the shoes—stuffed at the toes with straw—threatened at every step to remain behind as a lost receipt for the borrowed apparel.

But then came the horse and the hay-wagon and the three funeral guests. Then all partook of refreshment, after which the coffin-cover was screwed on. Mother meanwhile turned her face toward the window, looking out on the meadow. Only a neighboring rose-bush saw her lonely tear.

The only person who sobbed aloud was little Hanna; and when the coffin was at last carried out she followed close at the heels of the brothers, now looking with tear-drowned eyes at the object of their sorrow, and then hiding her face in the little narrow hempen apron.

Grandmother drew the curtains together, and kept them so all that day, and "mother" seated herself in silence by the baby, leaning her pale face against the cradle. Not a word was exchanged between the two women during the two hours of the boys' absence. When the mother rose to meet them on their return a nervous quiver passed over her lips; but she was unable to speak. She could only put her hands on the heads of her sons.

"Father rests in peace," said the oldest. "The large chestnut-tree shades the grave."

This was like a greeting from the dead one; so it seemed to the mother. And for the first time she burst into tears.

"Don't cry so hard, mother," said Marten, in a comforting way. "Have you not me left? Don't you know that I'd rather perish than allow you to suffer for the want of anything? I tell you, mother, when the coffin was lowered into the grave I thought I had all at once become many years older, and it was as if I had heard father's own voice saying to me, 'Now, Marten, you shall take my place at home.'"

"And then you have me too!" joined in the younger boy, Nisse, straightening his figure. "I'll tell you, mother, that one day I beat Jon Persson's Ola so that every one of his joints cracked; and he is fourteen. Don't you believe that I can work? I tell you that I can."

"And I will pick berries, and sell them at the

great mansion," said little Hanna, peeping out with her tear-stained face. "You shall see, mother, that I will try to do something too!"

The mother's heart overflowed, but she did not do as many mothers would have done—fold the children in her arms and kiss them. She only looked at them mildly, and said:

"You mean it all; may God give you the strength."

The next morning at six o'clock, just as the servant-girls were the busiest in the kitchen of the great mansion, a little barefooted boy entered.

"Why, there is Löfhulta Nisse!" exclaimed the cook. "What do you want?"

"I wish to speak with the 'patron.'"

"He is n't up so early as this."

"May be you'll let me wait then?"

"Perhaps I can tell him what you want?" asked the housekeeper, in a friendly tone, as she happened to come into the kitchen just as Nisse was speaking.

"No, thank you," replied Nisse. "I've got to speak to him myself."

"It must be something very important," said the cook, in a joking way.

"Important enough for me," answered Nisse, who never seemed to lack a reply.

"Would you like to have something to eat while you wait?"

Nisse made a curious bow, and pushed back his hair from his brow, while his face lighted up amazingly. He had not tasted a mouthful of food that morning.

After a good meal, which relieved the long waiting, Nisse was permitted to go in to the "patron," who was quite a gracious gentleman.

"What is it you want with me, my little boy?"

"I came to ask you, sir, if you would please hire me to cut logs."

"You? Why, you are only a little nine-years old stripling!"

"Ten at next Michaelmas."

"Granted; but that work is a man's job."

"I mean to be a man," answered the boy; and looked the "patron" straight in the face.

"I must say — However, I will let you try to split rails."

"Kind 'patron,' please let me cut logs."

"Boy, you are out of your mind. You have not strength enough for such a job."

"Only let me try, sir."

"Why do you insist upon doing just that work?"

"Because I can earn more by it."

"Are you greedy too?"

"No, I don't think so; but father was buried yesterday, and Marten and I are now going to take care of the house."

The "patron" was silent for a moment. There was a slight quiver of his eyelashes and the corners of his mouth.

"Ah! you are Löfhulta Nisse; now I understand. You are of the right stock, my boy. Go and cut your logs, but don't cut off your feet, for that would be a great misfortune to you."

"Thanks a thousand times," replied Nisse in a breath, and made the best bow of which he was capable.

When the evening came, Nisse had cut, not a cord, but a large pile of wood, and he had done it well too. His face was beaming.

"Now, you see, sir, yourself," said he to the "patron."

"Yes, I see; but one fly does not make a summer. To-morrow you will be tired out, and unable to come back."

"You will see, sir," replied the boy.

"And you have not been cutting yourself?" inquired the "patron," patting him on the head.

"No, sir; my feet are yet in their place."

"And so is your head, I perceive. You are welcome back to-morrow, little 'family-father'!"

No king who has conquered an empire could feel the justifiable pride that Nisse experienced when he, with twelve shillings* in his hand—the fruit of his first day's labor—came running home, red with heat, to his mother's cottage.

"What did I tell you, mother?" was his greeting, as he held out to her the shining pieces.

The mother's eyes shone with a peculiar tenderness as she took the coin, and folding it carefully in a piece of paper, placed it on a little shelf, close by the hymn-book and the Sunday silk handkerchief, which last she had received as a present from her husband.

The next morning, and every following morning, precisely at five o'clock, Nisse stood in the yard of the great mansion and began his work.

The little "family-father" had steady employment from that time; so had his elder brother, who was engaged in another direction.

Every Monday morning Nisse brought a hare with him, which his brother had caught, and for which he was well paid.

"Your brother must be a splendid hunter," said the housekeeper to Nisse, one day.

"Not a man in the village can beat him," was Nisse's proud reply. "He never misses the mark!"

But the next winter Nisse had no longer any hares for sale.

"How is that?" inquired the housekeeper.

"Well, you see," answered Nisse, thoughtfully,

"he does n't shoot any now."

"But why does n't he shoot any?"

* Old Swedish pennies.

"Because Hanna thinks she is too big a girl to run dog."

"Run dog? What do you mean?"

"Well, you know, she has always acted as a

But man proposes and God disposes. One day the little cottage lay all in a heap of ashes. The accident occurred when Hanna went down to the creek. The baby had managed to play with the fire and had dropped a coal into the carded wool. Hanna came back just in time to save the old grandmother and the little incendiary, who had thus innocently caused the poor family so much trouble.

They were allowed to stay over a month in a vacant outhouse belonging to the "patron." This period was a great trial to the widow, as she received just at this juncture less assistance from her two sons, who, contrary to all former habit, now neglected their work. They began later in the morning, left work earlier in the evening, and even Hanna, who had always been obedience itself, began to run away, and was never at hand when she was most needed.

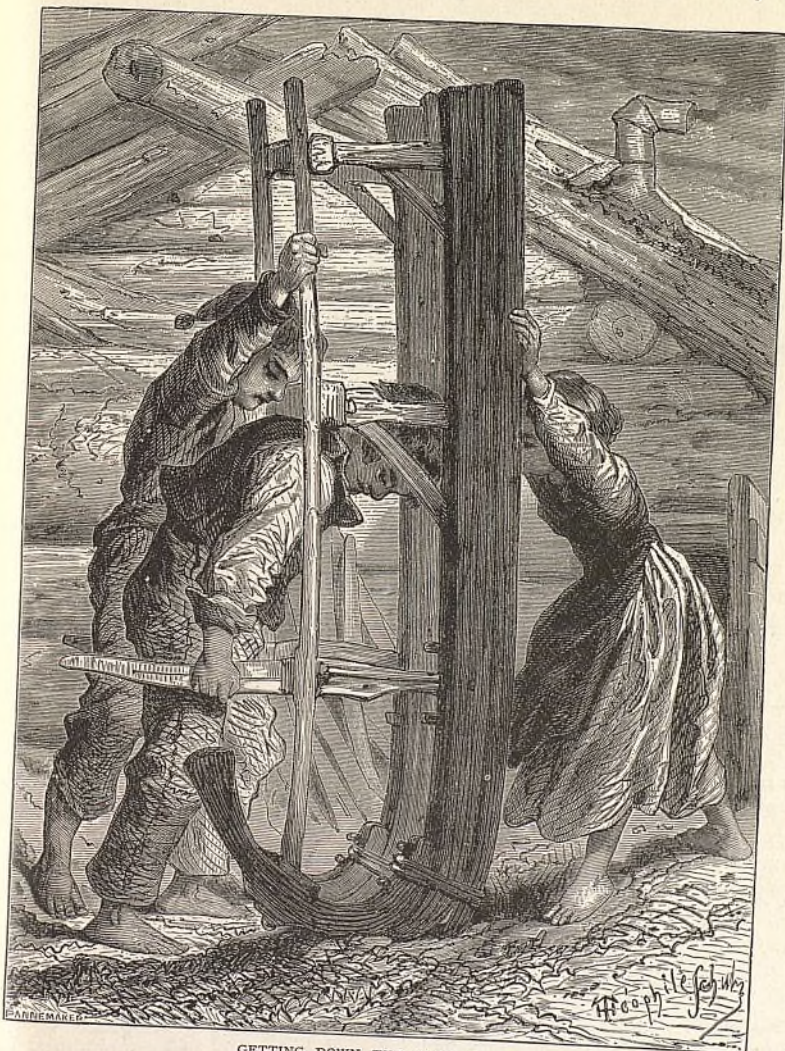
The mother worried first in silence, but at last she made up her mind to speak to her children about this after church the next Sunday.

When this time came, however, the oldest boy asked mother to go with them all to the place where their old cabin had stood.

Why should she not? She thought it providential that she could just on that

spot give vent to her heart's anxiety. But how is this? Does she dream, or is she actually awake? There stand the walls of another cottage, by no means a faultless structure, but in her eyes it seems a palace. In a flash her mother's heart tells her that it was on this work that her children had been spending the time they had apparently wasted. She stretched her hands toward the new cottage, and for the second time since her husband's death she wept, but this time in gladness.

"And you have done all this yourselves?" she finally asked.



GETTING DOWN THE WOOD-SLED.

hunting-dog for us. She barked, and in that way started the hare. We could n't afford to keep a real dog, of course."

And now the family got along quite nicely. The boys brought home their earnings every Saturday evening, and the mother went out to day's work, as she had done before her husband's death. Little Hanna had taken care alternately of grandmother and the baby; and if Hanna went out to earn money, mother could stay at home, rest, spin a little, and see the neighbors now and then, so that everything would be just about right.

"Mother, don't you remember what we promised you when father was buried?" asked Nisse, in an attitude of pride.

"But where did you get strength to do it?"

"A little at a time," explained Marten, brushing away his long light hair from his eyes. "The worst job was to drag the beams from the woods. I don't believe we could have done that if we had not borrowed old Jon's sled."

"And a nice time we had to get it down from behind his house," said Hanna. "Jon's boy had to take Nisse's place in moving the big thing."

"But we don't see where the hearth and the roof are to come from," added Nisse.

These additions were made in their turn, however; for when the "patron" heard what these poor children's love for their mother had inspired them to do, he immediately sent carpenters and masons to finish the cottage.

And here I end my narrative of the little forest-family. It is founded on fact. The restored cottage exists to this day, and the young people who built it are still living,—an honor to the class they belong to, and a life-long joy to their aged mother.

FOURTEEN MONKEYS.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

"WHAT do people do on board a man-of-war?"

"Don't you remember I told you the other day there was no more regular life in the world, and that every hour had its fixed employment? Now, for instance, one of mine for a long time, all the way indeed from Java to St. Helena, and a week or two on from the latter place, was to guard my belongings, to prevent their being torn up, cut, burned up, thrown overboard, or hung from the topmast. What do you think of your uncle's respectable trousers hanging from the tiptop of the mainmast?"

"You did n't put them there, Uncle Jack?"

"Do I look like it, Grace? Consider my two hundred pounds, and then ask if I could go up a hundred feet in the air to do any such thing. No, Gracie; Pedro was at the bottom of it all, though he had thirteen assistants in a good deal that he did."

"Now, Uncle Jack, tell the whole. Don't make me all aggravated. Who were the thirteen?"

"They could a tail unfold,—in fact, thirteen tails. In short, Grace, when we left the island of Java, where our ship touched for wood and water, we took with us one hundred and sixty-eight Java sparrows and fourteen monkeys. You know I was in China a year or more, and this was on the way home. Forty of these sparrows were mine, but they were no trouble to me, because my boy did all the care-taking. I had two of the monkeys too; little, delicate, mouse-colored ones, with soft, silky hair. One died very shortly, but the other lived several months, and clung to me like a baby. He would creep under my coat or into a pocket,

and be content to lie there all day if I would let him, and he played like a kitten. Then there was a little cinnamon-colored one which spent a great deal of time with him, and taught him all the wickedness he knew, and their antics together were funny beyond my telling. Poor Cinny came to an untimely end, and you shall hear how.

"You know the captain of a man-of-war messes, that is eats, alone, unless he invites some one specially to share his table, and the steward always takes great pride in having meals handsomely served. The monkeys made him a great deal of trouble, running away with bread, and so on, and generally, to prevent their getting in, he locked the door of the cabin till the captain came. This particular day, the captain had sat down to a beautiful little dinner, and was on the point of beginning when he was called away, and went, leaving the door open. Cinny was on the watch, and sped in, followed by a large black monkey full three feet high, who had had his head and face shaved by the sailors, leaving only mustache and side-whiskers. You can't think what a grim-looking creature it was, with these jet black ornaments against a snow white skin. It gave him a goblin-like, unearthly look. I should n't have cared to meet him in a dark night.

"Well, the two went in, as I said, velvet-footed and silent, and began operations. The lights were all open, as the day was hot, and they threw dish after dish out into the water. Then Cinny took the butter and oiled himself from head to foot, drawing what was left in streaks up and down the table-cloth. The black one in the meantime began

upon the dessert, and ate or threw it on the floor as the mood took him, and in the midst of all the captain returned to find Cinny emptying salt, mustard and so on from the castors into the soup-tureen. They went by him like lightning and up the mast, but this time there was no escape. The captain was furious, and, drawing a pistol, shot them both. They fell into the water,—drowned, of course; and so two ended.

"All sorts of things happened to the eleven survivors. There were two or three sheep on board, for the benefit of the sailors, and their lives were a burden to them. Their tails were pulled, and their wool, by that dreadful eleven; and one day two of the monkeys decided to ride them, and so pinched and kicked and tormented the poor creatures that they leaped from their pen, and then, frightened by the sailors, went over the ship's side, monkeys and all, and were drowned. The sailors wanted to lower a boat, for the poor monkeys swam and cried like children, but we were going too fast, and they were gone before a boat could have reached them.

"So only nine were left, and three of these got at the captain's liquors one day and drank so much wine that they never woke up from the sleep into which they fell.

"Still the six, headed by Pedro, accomplished a fair share of mischief, though he was the master spirit. Against my monkey he had some special grudge, and poor Tito had a hard time. Pedro was big and strong, and principally tail, which means that he could swing farther and from more unexpected places than all the rest put together. He delighted in claspings Tito in his arms, running to the topmast, and then swinging by his tail till Tito screamed. Sometimes he dropped him into the rigging, and Tito caught at ropes'-ends and saved himself, only to be whisked up and tortured again. At last I whipped Pedro whenever he came into my state-room, and it was this which made him hate me so. He would sit just where I could not reach him, and chatter and make faces, growing more and more angry if he thought I did not notice him. He stole my brushes, went off with pens and pencils, hung my clothes on the mainmast; and I declared he must and should be killed."

"Why did n't you kill him, then?" Gracie asked.

"Because he belonged to the first lieutenant, who was taking him home to his little girl. He knew a great many funny tricks, and was good enough with everybody but me; and I locked my door on going out, and guarded against him as well as I could.

"In course of time we came to St. Helena, and lay there for several days. The grave of the Emperor Napoleon is there, as jealously guarded still as if his dust could rise against his old enemies,

and we had some trouble in getting permission to visit it. It came at last though, and we spent a day in going over the old places where his restless soul fretted itself away. All around the grave is a shallow trench, in which the common horseshoe geranium grows profusely, and the sentinel gave us a quantity of slips, together with some from Napoleon's favorite willow. I had a large box filled with earth; planted my slips and made plans as to whom I should give them when I got home. They grew famously; and as we sailed on day after day, their bright, clear green was the most refreshing sight on board that big ship. We counted the weeks that must pass before seeing home,—counted them, and even marked off the days, as they say boarding-school girls do; but after a three years' cruise one gets a little light-headed at the last, and such doings are excusable. I thought how Walter and I would plant the willow and watch its growth; and a willow is very satisfactory in that way, it grows so swiftly.

"The days were burning hot. The sun poured down on the decks, and to breathe at all I had to leave door and port-hole both open. So it happened that one afternoon I went into the captain's room for a few minutes, without closing my door or even thinking of Pedro, who lay on a chair sound asleep. My movement wakened him; he saw his chance and darted in, and I went back to see the last one of those precious slips flying through the port-hole. Yes, Gracie, not one left!

"What did I do? What could I do, but go to the lieutenant and tell him somebody must shoot that monkey, and if he did n't I would? I cooled down after awhile, though. The worst he could do was done. He had a conscience too, such as it was, and never met my eye after that. And judgment overtook him at last. The steward had spread phosphorus paste, for killing roaches, on some bread and butter, and laid it about. Pedro at once lunched upon all he could find, and, before anybody knew what was the matter, died. Three of the little ones sickened, and, at last, when we came into port, only three of the fourteen remained.

"I went on shore with my forty sparrows and my Tito, and took a room at the Metropolitan for a few days. The sparrows proved such a nuisance that I sold all but two, and at last came very near getting rid of Tito. The chambermaid announced that the gentleman in "48" had a monkey, and every child in the hotel surrounded my door in the morning. He was a beauty, and I showed him off with great satisfaction.

"Then I started for Maine and home, but the journey was the most embarrassing one I ever took. People asked if I owned a menagerie, for I had added a cage of white mice for Walter. Tito went

wherever I did; and at the stations where we stopped ten minutes for refreshments, the whole business was suspended, while waiters and newsboys and baggagemen and even the engineer and firemen crowded around. To this day, he draws all the children of Farmington around your Aunt Mary's window. You'll see him this summer,

Grace, and then you'll fall in love too. I should be quite willing to have had him for an ancestor."

"I would n't," said Grace. "I heard you and papa talking, and I know better. 'Tis n't so at all. I guess God could make monkeys, and men too, and not have to have one grow out of the other. Now, Uncle Jack, let's go into the garden."

AFRICAN FASHIONS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

WHO would suppose that a wild African, whose only dress is a piece of skin, would trouble himself about fashions?

To be sure, he feels no interest in the style of coats or hats, but he is just as much absorbed in the great business of adorning himself as though he followed the fashions of Paris. Curious styles he has too, as a German traveler has lately told us.

To begin with, the hair is the object of his greatest care. Its training begins in the cradle,—or would if he had a cradle,—when it is tortured into some extraordinary form, and kept there by means of gum-arabic and ashes, till after long years it will retain the shape of itself. Sometimes it is like a cockscomb, and sometimes like a fan. One poor baby's hair will be trained, so that in time it will stand up in rolls over the head, like the ridges on a melon, while another's is taught to stand out like the rays of the sun, as usually represented in pictures. With some Africans, part of it hangs down in braids or twists, like the one in the picture, and the rest is laid up in monstrous puffs on each side of the head. But the drollest one of all is made to look like the glory around the head of a saint—in pictures. The hair is taken in single locks, stretched out to its greatest length, and fastened at the ends to a hoop. The hoop is held in place by strong wires, and its edge ornamented with small shells. The effect is very comical.

In most of these wonderful arrangements the hair is parted in the middle (I wonder if our young gentlemen imported that style from Africa), and is kept in place by plenty of gum and ashes, or clay.

All this elaborate hair-dressing is on the heads of the men. The women of the country wear their hair in the simplest manner, perhaps for the reason that the wife does the cooking, cultivates the land, adorns the body of her husband with paint, and

dresses his hair, which must be enough to keep her time well occupied.

His hair once dressed, this African dandy turns his mind to the further decoration of his body. First he rubs his shining skin with a mixture of grease and ashes, or powdered wood of a red color, puts on his one scanty garment, made of the skin of some animal, or of bark, occasionally trimmed with the long black tail of a monkey or other animal, and then he is ready for his ornaments.

Across his forehead, just under the edge of his hair, like a fringe, he hangs a string of teeth. They may be teeth of dogs, or other animals, or, if he is a great warrior, of his human victims.

Next he adorns his breast with an ornament made of ivory, cut to resemble lions' teeth, and spread out in star-shape. Around his neck he hangs several necklaces made of strips of skin cut from the hippopotamus, and finishes up with paint in various styles; dots, or stripes, or zigzags, squares like a checker-board, or marbled all over.

That is "full-dress" for a Niam-Niam in the centre of Africa.

The dress of the king is a little more elaborate. On the top of his wonderfully dressed hair he wears a hat, a foot and a-half high, made of reeds, shaped like a piece of stove-pipe, covered with red feathers, and finished off at top with plumes of the same. But of course that is not enough for a king's head; so he adds to it a great ornament of shining copper, which looks something like half a saucepan, and through a hole in each ear he thrusts a bar of copper as big as a cigar.

His bracelets and anklets, and necklaces of copper and hippopotamus hide, are too numerous to describe. Around his waist, over his bark garment,—as a sort of sash,—he wears a strip of buffalo hide, tied in large loops, and furnished with great

balls of copper at the ends. His most costly ornament is made of more than three hundred lions' fangs.

This king, by the way, is a very important personage. All that he has touched is sacred. No one can see him eat, nor touch anything he has left. It is high treason, punished with death, to light a pipe with coals from his fire.

The women of the Niám-Niam dress mostly in

her girdle. Her baby she carries in a scarf, which she wears around her waist; and her duties, as I said before, are very numerous.

There are other curious things about these people, besides their dress. Their houses have walls of clay or reeds, and sharp-pointed roofs of straw. The furniture consists mainly of wooden platters and stools, which are colored black by long burial in the mud, and their only light is a burning pine-knot.

Before the house is usually a post, on which are hung the trophies of the hunt, such as horns of antelopes, skulls of animals and men, and, horrible to say, dried hands and feet. These proclaim to the world how great a warrior is the owner, and, in part, answer the purposes that fine houses and clothes do with us.

When a Niam-Niam pays a visit to his neighbor he carries his own stool to sit on, and when he goes into mourning for a friend he shaves his head, and scatters his precious braids, twists and puffs to the wind, which certainly shows sincere grief on his part.

When two friends meet they do not shake hands, but they join their middle fingers in such a way that the joints crack, while they nod at each other, more as if in disgust—as it looks to a white man—than in friendly greeting.

If they find a hollow tree in which wild bees have laid up honey, they at once smoke the bees stupid, and eat honey, wax, bees, and all. Indeed they eat several things that we would not like. The children in some parts of Africa eat rats and field-mice, which they catch by means of baskets woven in the form of long tubes. They are laid flat on the ground, near the mouse-holes, and then the little savages begin a great noise of stamping, shouting and slapping of hands. The poor little animals are frightened, and run into the traps for safety, and are easily taken. They are then tied by the tails in bunches of a dozen or so, as you have seen children tie cherries, and bartered with each other as choice morsels. Sometimes they use them as baits to catch cats,—roast-cat being a favorite dish. They build small huts of twisted reeds, put the mice in, and cats are attracted to the trap, of course.

The grown people feast on still stranger diet,—such as the bodies of their enemies killed in battle, elephant-meat, dried till it looks like a log of wood, dogs and the termites, or white ants, of which you may have read, and whose immense cone-shaped houses are so common in Africa. You will see on the next page an African destroying one of these houses, no doubt with the purpose of feasting on its inhabitants.

Not only Africans eat those wingless ants, but



AN AFRICAN DANDY.

figured patterns made on the skin by a black liquid. There is no end to the variety of styles,—stars and crosses, bees and flowers, stripes and dots, squares and circles,—and at grand festivals there is great strife to get new and striking designs. A dress of this sort lasts three days, and is then rubbed off, and a new one put on. Her bracelets and anklets are usually made of twisted grass or reeds, though sometimes she will go to the extravagance of hanging the tail of a cow or some other animal to

even Europeans have been known to delight in them. They are roasted very much as coffee is with us, and considered quite delicious and wholesome. You will notice that these ant-houses are a great deal taller than the man who is attacking them. They are made of clay, every grain of which has been softened by the jaws of the "workers," as certain of the ants are called, and the walls have dried so hard and firm that men could climb over the house without breaking it down.

Our African may have some other feeling besides the hope of a good dinner, in attacking the termites, for he knows the mischief they are capable of doing; they will devour everything that comes in their way unless it is of stone or metal, and their bite often proves very poisonous.

They are so ravenous that if one of them were to fasten upon the naked body of this savage, it would suffer itself to be torn into pieces, rather than loosen its hold.

But he probably wears some "charm" as a protection; for the natives are very superstitious. Like all ignorant savages, they firmly believe in the Evil Eye, and in witches and goblins who live in the woods, and talk together in the rustling noise of the leaves.

No important thing is begun without consulting certain signs to see if it will be successful. Some of these are very curious. One is to put a few drops of water on a smooth-topped stool, then take a smooth block and rub it across the stool as though to plane it off. If the block moves easily the sign is good; if hard, the sign is bad.

Another trial is to dose some unfortunate hen with a certain greasy liquid. If she dies the sign is bad; if she gets well it is good.

But the hens are not the only sufferers. Another way to try one's luck is to seize a wretched cock, duck him under water many times till he is stiff and senseless, and then leave him alone. The fate

is decided by his recovering or dying. The guilt of any one accused or suspected of crime is tried in the same way, and no one dreams of suspecting one whose signs have shown favorably.

To protect themselves from the danger and loss of fires, they provide no fire-engines and insurance companies, as we do, but hang an amulet made—for those who are Mohammedans—of a few verses of the Khoran, or Mohammedan bible, wrapped in



A NATIVE AFRICAN DESTROYING THE HOUSE OF THE TERMITES, OR WHITE ANTS.

skin, over the door, which must be admitted is a much simpler and cheaper way than ours.

If a horse or donkey is ill he is dosed with raw pork, but a human being has for medicine a few verses of the Khoran, made soft in water.

If a tribe wants to declare war against another, there are suspended on a tree near the borders of their land an ear of corn, a feather from a fowl, and an arrow. The meaning of these dreadful symbols is that whoever touches their corn or poultry will be punished by arrows.

I don't suppose you feel much admiration for these savages, but the opinion is fully returned, for

neither do they think much of you. They believe that if one of their race is unfortunate enough to go into the country of the white men, he is at once caught, put into a cage, and fed like an animal. What do you suppose for? Why, for the sake of his fat, which is used to make a most dreadful poison. I'm really afraid that they judge of our

actions by what they would like to do to us, for alas! many of them are cannibals and quite used to the idea of killing and cooking their fellow-men.

Let us hope that this dreadful state of things will pass away, and that before long they may be taught the error of their ways, and also have good reason to think better of the white man.

FLOWER-GIRLS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

O my little sea-side girl,
What is in your garden growing?
"Rock-weeds and tangle-grass,
With the slow tide coming, going;
Samphire and marsh-rosemary,
All along the wet shore creeping;
Sandwort, beach-peas, pimpernel,
Out of nooks and corners peeping."

O my little prairie girl,
What's in bloom among your grasses?
"Spring-beauties, painted-cups,
Flushing when the south wind passes;
Beds of rose-pink centaury;
Compass-flowers to northward turning;
Larkspur, orange-gold puccoon;
Leagues of lilies flame-red burning."

O my little mountain girl,
Have you anything to gather?
"White everlasting-bloom,
Not afraid of wind or weather;
Sweet-brier, leaning on the crag
That the lady-fern hides under;
Harebells, violets white and blue;
Who has sweeter flowers, I wonder?"

O my little maidens three,
I will lay your pretty posies—
Sea-scented, cloud-bedewed,
Prairie grasses, mountain roses—
On a bed of shells and moss.
Come and bend your bright heads nearer!
Though so fair your blossoms are,
You three human flowers are dearer.

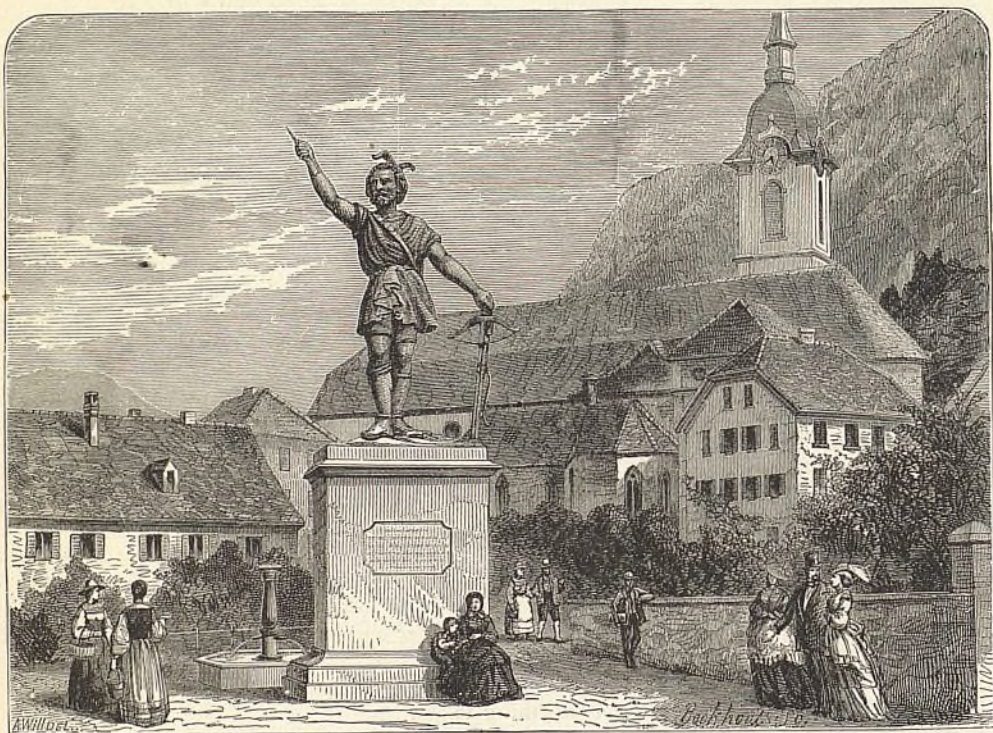
ALTORF AND WILLIAM TELL.

BY EMMA D. SOUTHWICK.

HAVE all the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls heard of William Tell? And if they have, do they know where he lived when he shot the apple from his son's head? Perhaps some of you are ready to exclaim, "Oh yes! we know it was in Switzerland;" but yet you may not know much about it, after all.

triot, and loved his liberty and that of his country better than anything else.

The Swiss were then under the rule of Austria; and Rudolph of Hapsburg, the German Emperor, aimed to bring all Europe under his own control. Through him and his sons, fighting was kept up



STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL AT ALTORF. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Now if you will come with me to Lake Lucerne, we will visit the very place where he played, as a boy, over 500 years ago; and first, at Burglen, about two and a-half miles from the lower end of the lake, we find the spot where he was born. If we go into the little chapel there, known as Tell's Chapel, we shall see rude pictures of scenes in his career, which keep his memory alive among the people. When you are told that he was a farmer, and had charge of the lands connected with a rich abbey, you will no doubt wonder how it happened that one leading such a quiet life should become so famous that people to this day should read about him with interest. It is because he was a true pa-

triot, and loved his liberty and that of his country better than anything else. The Swiss were then under the rule of Austria; and Rudolph of Hapsburg, the German Emperor, aimed to bring all Europe under his own control. Through him and his sons, fighting was kept up for 200 years with Switzerland, in the hope to make it a part of Austria; but the Swiss had determined to become free; and as Tell had married a daughter of Walter Furst, who was a true patriot, he joined with others in opposing Gessler, a tyrant who was placed over them as a Governor, and who, knowing that the people hated Austria, caused poles to be raised in the principal towns, and the Ducal hat of Austria to be hung upon them, commanding that every person who passed should uncover the head, in token of respect for their Governor.

So it happened that one of these poles was planted in Altorf, only a short distance from Tell's home; and going into town one day to market, he passed

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the hat without noticing it. This was enough. Tell was arrested and taken before Gessler, who, at first, condemned him to death, but on hearing that he was skillful with his bow, ordered that, to redeem his life, he should shoot an apple from his son's head in the public square of Altorf.

This was a dreadful thing for Tell to attempt, for he might kill his dear little boy; and he begged to be released from it; but there was no escape. Gessler would not change the form of punishment; so at the appointed time Tell stood on the very spot now occupied by the statue which you see in the picture, while, about forty rods from him, the boy was tied to a lime-tree, and the apple placed upon his head.

We are told that the little fellow was so brave and so confident of his father's skill that he inspired him with courage. Then, asking God to direct the arrow for his son's safety, Tell let it fly. Seeing that it pierced the apple, and that his boy was unhurt, he ran to him, caught him in his arms, and in his joy forgot a concealed arrow which he had taken with him, determined to shoot Gessler if the boy fell. When this arrow was seen, and Tell confessed what he had intended to do with it, he was placed in chains, and taken to Flulen (two miles from Altorf), where Gessler's boat lay on the lake. Into this boat the tyrant forced his prisoner, intending to shut him up in the prison-castle of Kusnacht, but they had not gone far when a sudden storm came on, which so startled Gessler that he ordered Tell's chains to be taken off, so that he might manage the boat and take them safely to the shore.

Tell seized the rudder; but for himself, not Gessler; for as the boat neared a projecting head-land he sprang ashore and pushed it off into the surf again, then rushing on, he hid in a ravine through which Gessler had to pass on his way to Kusnacht, and shot him with the very arrow that he had set apart for the deed. The spot on the lake shore where he landed is marked by a small chapel, which was consecrated to his memory in 1388, thirty-four years after his death. It is said that one hundred and fourteen persons who knew him were present on the occasion, although some writers are trying to prove now that there never was such a person as William Tell, and that the story of the apple is all a fable. However that may be, the Swiss peasants love the name of Tell so much that they have many statues of him in many of their villages.

Not far from Tell's Chapel, and near the opposite shore, a grand pyramid of rock rises straight from the water. This natural monument has been dedi-

cated by the Swiss to the memory of the German poet Schiller, who wrote a play founded upon the life of William Tell. The rock bears this inscription, in large gilded letters:

DEM SÄNGER TELLS,
FRIEDRICH SCHILLER,
DIE URKANTONE,
1860.

and travelers who visit the spot are impressed with the beautiful thought of these people who grasped this everlasting outgrowth of nature and consecrated it to their hero and his poet.

Every year, the first Sunday after Ascension, the people from all the towns around come to Tell's Chapel in steamers gayly decorated and multitudes of small boats with all the Swiss flags flying. Their bright Swiss costumes and the gay music make it a lively scene indeed. The bishops and priests come too, and spend some time in services here.

Then they go on a little farther, and stop at Rütli, on the opposite shore—a pretty green meadow enclosed, except on the water side, by a steep mountain, which rises nearly seven hundred feet above the lake; for here, one dark night in November, 1307, thirty-three men, real patriots, met, and bound themselves by an oath to fight for the freedom of their native land. Three fountains now mark the places where they believe the leaders stood. Here the peasants gather and “drink healths” from the waters, and towards night go on to Altorf, where the people are ready to receive them with streamers and mottoes waving from their windows; arches and wreaths span the streets, and young people in groups sing songs of welcome. Ah! such crowds as fill this little ancient town on that day! Why, they really seem to bring the queer old houses and narrow streets to life. And around this great statue, which was presented to Altorf by the riflemen of Zurich, they hold their grand festivities, while in the church which you see near by, masses are said. Here the people attend in vast crowds. They do not forget, either, the spot where the boy stood. Although the lime-tree died long ago, a fountain stands in its place. An old tower near by bears on its sides paintings of the “Flight of the Arrow,” “Tell's Leap from the Boat,” and the “Death of Gessler.” Here fathers and mothers tell the old story again and again to their little ones. My story is growing long, but I think I hear some bright boy saying, “Please don't stop till you tell us if the Swiss patriots *did* make their country free.” And I answer, yes. Two hundred years after the meeting at Rütli the whole of Switzerland was independent of Germany, and free it has been ever since.



TO OBLIGE A FRIEND.

DID you ever hear this old story?
There was a monkey and a cat; and the cat was
kind and the monkey was cunning.

"Madam," said the monkey, one day, "do you
notice those chestnuts that have been left wasting
on the fire?"

"Yes, I see them," said the cat.

"Don't you like chestnuts?" asked the monkey.

"Never eat 'em," replied Mrs. Cat.

"Curious!" remarked the monkey, "very curious; for I dote on them. I wish I could get one or two of those. They are just done. See how beautifully they have cracked open! The two or three on the coals in front, I mean. Would you mind handing them to me?"

"Of course I would n't," said the cat, "if they were not on the fire."

"Oh! If you are going to be disagreeable about it," said the monkey, "I don't want to say anything more on the subject."

"I did n't intend to be disagreeable at all," said the cat. "I only did not want to burn my paws."

"I suppose you would rather I would burn mine," said the monkey.

"Not at all," said the cat. "I don't want to disoblige you, I'm sure. Perhaps I can get one or two for you without burning myself."

"Oh, no matter!" said the monkey, with a careless wave of his paw. "No matter! I don't want you to put yourself to any inconvenience."

"It's no inconvenience at all," said the cat, "if I can do it."

So saying, she approached the hearth, and cautiously stretched out one paw until she reached a chestnut, and then she jerked it toward her.

"Whew!" she said. "It's hot as fire."

"I guess they're not so very hot," said the monkey, blowing on the one that the cat had pulled from the fire.

"At any rate, it burned my paw," said the cat.

"Pshaw!" said the monkey, as he picked up the chestnut, after a few minutes had elapsed. "They're not hot. I can handle them easily. And this one is delicious."

"I'm glad you enjoy it," said the cat. "Perhaps I was mistaken about their being so very hot. I'll see if I can get you another."

This time the cat pulled out two at once, and they burned her so that she yelled like a good fellow.

"If you're going to scream that way," said the monkey, "you'll soon have everybody in here, and then there's an end to all our fun."

"Fun!" said the cat. "It's no fun to me."

"That's because you are so dreadfully particular," said the monkey, munching his chestnuts.

This hurt the cat's feelings, and she got up to leave the room.

There were quite a number of splendidly roasted chestnuts yet on the fire, and the monkey was very much annoyed.

"It's just the way with you cats," he said. "You're so deceitful. Just when you might be of the greatest use to your friends you get up and go away."

"What sort of a friend do you call yourself?" said the cat, whose spirit was now thoroughly aroused.

"A very good sort of a friend," said the monkey, nibbling at a chestnut shell. "If it had n't been for me, you would never have known how to get chestnuts out of the fire."

THE WAY THEY COME.

By M. H. B.

ONCE a little body was buried alive;
He did n't like this, and so began to strive.
When they were not watching, he popped out his head—
"Sakes alive! What's happened?" the old farmer said.
"What shall we do? for he must n't run away."
Why, find a young birch-tree, and cut it down this day;
Then trim you off the boughs and put it by his side,
He will likely run around it till he is satisfied:
Round it and round it, quite up to the top,—
When he gets there, he'll come to a stop;
Then he'll make blossoms, and soon by this means
We'll gather in a crop of little baby beans.

HOLIDAY HARBOR.

BY S. B. C. SAMUELS.

"FRED," exclaimed Lillie, running in from school, "there's to be an industrial fair here, at the town-hall, week after next. I'm going to make moss-baskets and fill them with wild-flowers. Why don't you send in your card-city?"

Now, Fred's card-city—"Christmas City," described in *ST. NICHOLAS* for May, 1874—was the light of his eyes.

It was the fruit of his own ingenuity and industry. People had come to the house purposely to see it. Every one had admired it, and, as you know, a story had been written about it.

At earliest dawn of day, Fred would be at his

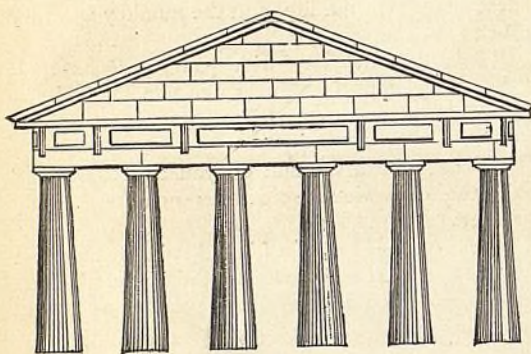


Fig. 1. Portico.

desk studying his books of architecture for new models; and late into the night, unless his mother interfered and sent him to bed, one would find him

No wonder that the city thrived and grew. There were boxes innumerable about the house filled with houses, stores, churches, bridges, and the like; and



Fig. 2. Front of Custom-House.

Mrs. Atherton was amazed at the quantity of pins which disappeared from her cushions to be used by the young builder for various purposes.

Now Lillie's idea gave him a new impulse. He thought that he could arrange his city to the best advantage on a frame large enough to contain all the buildings and his railroad and harbor. But first he must have a few new buildings, so he began at once upon the model of a custom-house.

Fig. 2 is the front of the building. He first cut two plain sides and a back of the same size as this front, and then pasted all together with cleats at the four corners inside. This formed the body of the building. Next he attached a flat roof, allowing it to overlap the front about half-an-inch. To the edge of this the portico (Fig. 1) was fastened. This gave the effect of a deep piazza, and made a very pretty building.

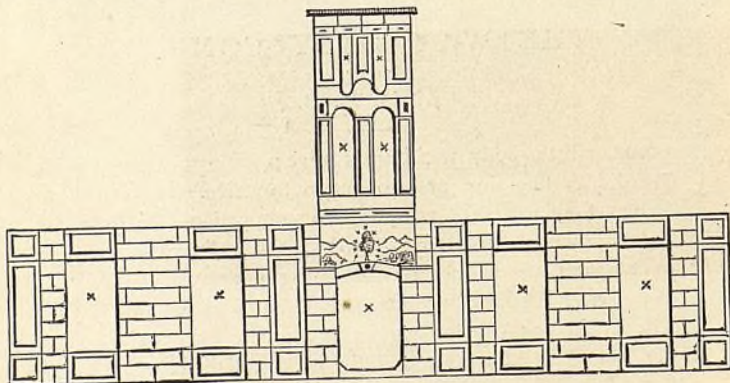


Fig. 3. Front of Court-house.

working away by the dim light of a safety-lamp—never satisfied with work achieved; always striving to make something better.

A court-house was the next building modeled. The back of this building was shaped exactly like the front (Fig. 3), except that it had no tower.

Fig. 4 shows one side; the other was exactly like it. All the places marked X Fred cut out and pasted strips of thin paper across the windows, inside, for sashes. One side of the tower is repre-

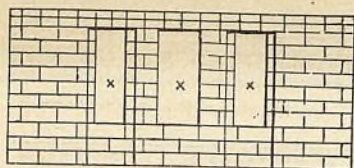


Fig. 4. Side of Court-house.

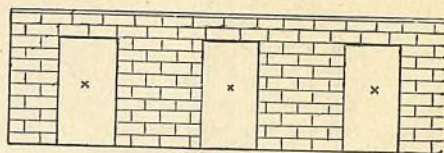


Fig. 11. Side of Freight-house.

sented by Fig. 5. The other side was like it, and the back was of the same size, but plain. Fig. 6 is the top of the tower. The roof of this building was a Mansard. Two pieces like Fig. 7, two like Fig. 8, and one like Fig. 9, were cut out and

a large building, but others like it might easily be erected as the business of the town increased.

In this the back and front (Fig. 12) were alike. The two sides, one of which is shown (Fig. 11), also correspond. The roof (Fig. 13), composed of

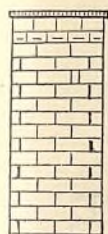


Fig. 5. Side of Tower.



Fig. 6. Top of Tower.



Fig. 7. Half of Front of Mansard Roof.



Fig. 8. Side of Mansard Roof.



Fig. 9. Back of Mansard Roof.

covered with black paper. These were then pasted together at the four sloping corners, so that the two straight ends came on each side of the tower. Figure 10 shows the top, which was made of black paper, and was secured to the roof before it was placed upon the building.

two straight strips, was of card-board joined at the top and covered with black paper. A narrow strip of paper, put on like the saddle-board of a pitch-roofed house, completed this building.

But Fred's greatest work in this connection was a mammoth train-house, or railroad depot. This was one of the most imposing buildings in his city,

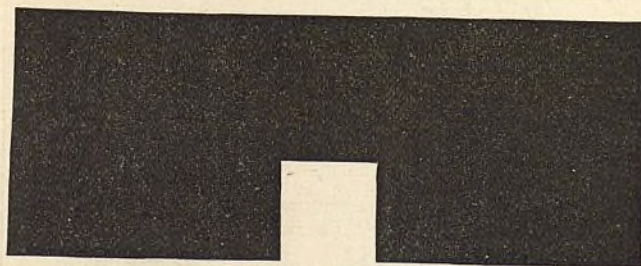


Fig. 10. Top of Mansard Roof.

Fig. 12.
Front of Freight-house.

paste, and attached the roof; and, when all was done, it made quite an imposing hall of justice.

A railroad has been already referred to; for Fred considered that it would be very poor policy to have a city without adequate means of railroad communication. Consequently he determined to erect the

and he was anxious to make it very attractive to the traveling public. In its architectural features it was almost equal to the Grand Central Depot in New York city. It had a fine tower, a magnificent front for the use of passengers, and a very convenient back portal, through which the trains were to

enter and depart. The drawings for this building were made with great care, especially for the front and sides, where the windows and doors required

back of the depot, and Fig. 16 one side. Both sides are alike. When the sides and front and back had been drawn and cut out, they were pasted

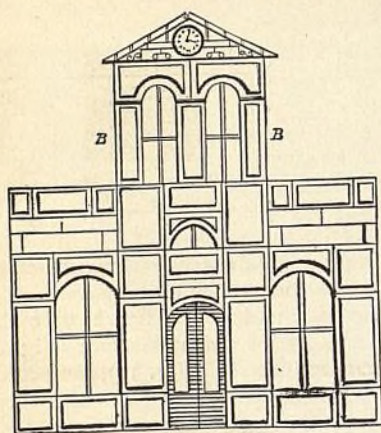


Fig. 14. Front of Depot.



Fig. 13. Half of Roof of Freight-house.

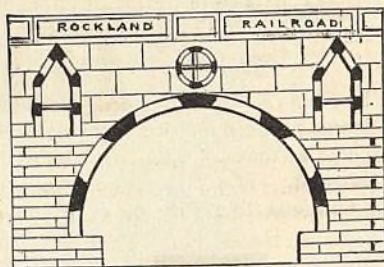


Fig. 15. Back of Depot, or Train-house.

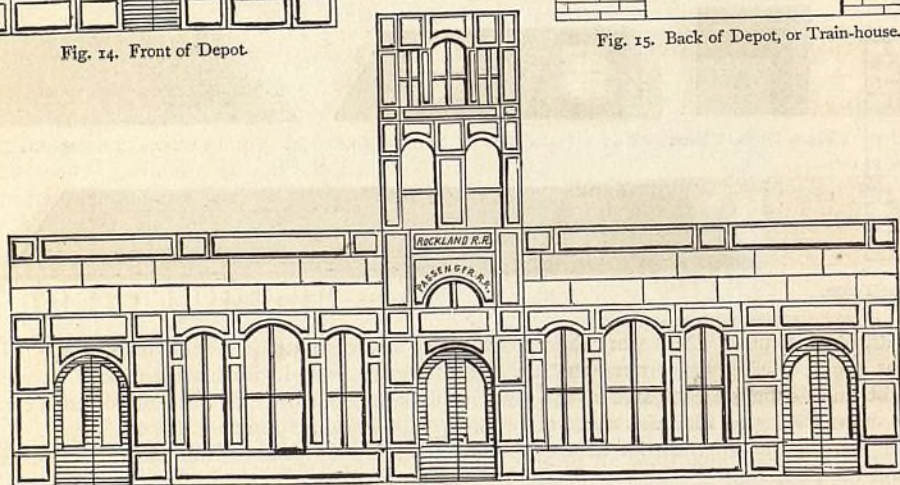


Fig. 16. Side of Depot

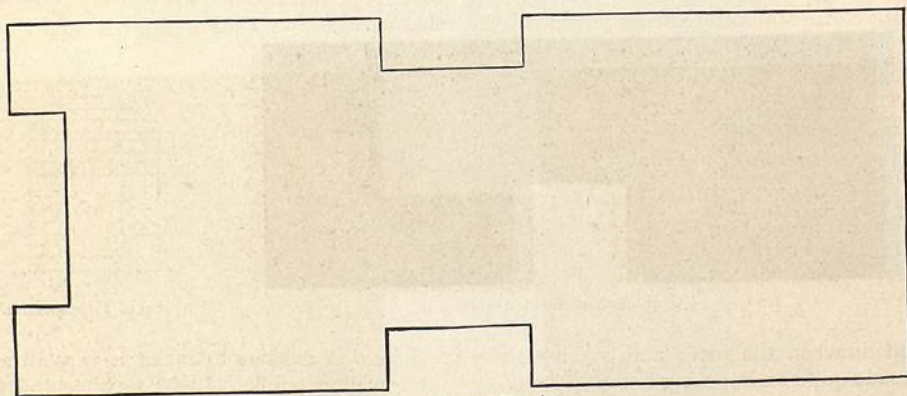


Fig. 17. Mansard Flooring.

nice clean work. He was very careful, too, in making the lettering where it was needed.

Figs. 14 and 15 represent respectively the front and

together with cleats, at the corners, inside; and then the Mansard flooring was laid on, and pasted in place.

Next the tower was put together. Six pieces, like Fig. 18, were used for the two sides and backs

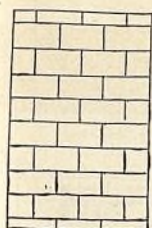


Fig. 18. Side of Tower.



Fig. 19. Mansard Floor of Tower.



Fig. 20. Front of Mansard Roof.

of both towers; and two pieces, like Fig. 19, for the Mansard flooring at the tops of the towers. There were eight pieces, like Fig. 20, for the two towers, to form the Mansard roof. These were pasted at



Fig. 21. Front of Mansard Roof.

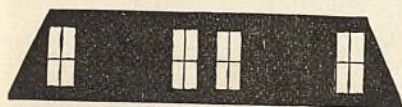


Fig. 22. Back of Mansard Roof.



Fig. 23. Half of Side of Mansard Roof.

the four sloping corners, and then all around the bottom edge, and set upon the flat top, or Mansard flooring (Fig. 19).

The front of the Mansard roof was pierced by the

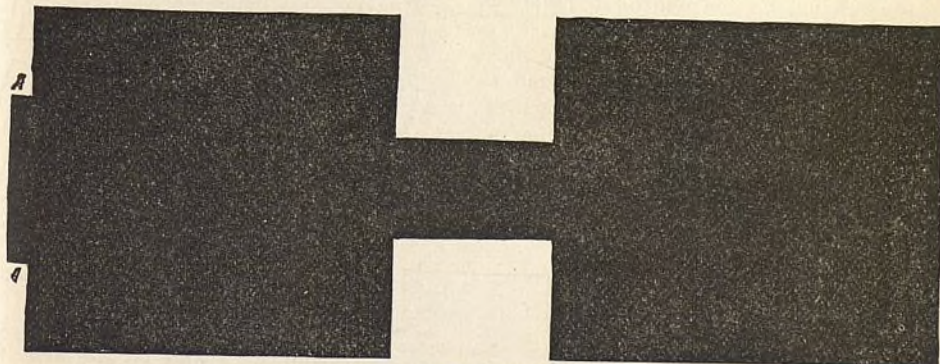


Fig. 24. Top of Mansard Roof.

tower. These were first cut out and covered with paper, and then the front was attached to the two half-sides, and the back to the other two half-sides. When these were dry, the top (Fig. 24) was pasted on, with the end marked *a* on the clock-tower.

There now remained the addition of the top pieces (Fig. 25) to the Mansards of the towers, for which two pieces were required; and then the final touch,—the brackets (Fig. 26). These were placed on each side of the clock-tower, where



Fig. 25. Top of Mansard Roof of Tower.



Fig. 26. Bracket.

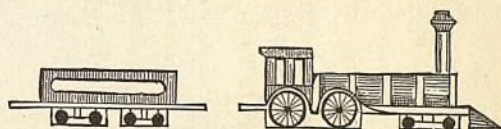


Fig. 27. Engine and Tender.

the letters *b b* occur, between the clock-tower and the round windows.

The cars and engines were cut from soft pine, and painted, and were easily made. Where the wheels occur the wood was not cut out, but left in its nat-

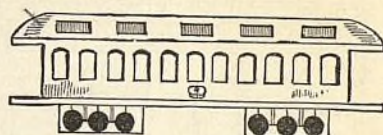


Fig. 28. Passenger Car.

ural color, and the wheels were painted on. The drive-wheels of the engine were painted on paper, and pasted in place, as the lines were rather delicate. The smoke-stack was cut out separately, and sharpened at the bottom end. A slight gash was

then cut in the engine where the smoke-stack belonged, and it was fitted in place and securely glued.

The shackles were made of narrow strips of cardboard, glued on to the upper and under side of the platforms; these were pierced with needle-holes.



Fig. 29. Shackle.



Fig. 30. Shackles fitted.

A pin was then filed in halves, and the upper half inserted in the needle-holes. This not only made a good shackle, but looked like a brake-wheel. The way in which the shackles fitted together is illustrated in Fig. 30.

Freight and truck cars were easily made, and were so simple that there is no need of showing models.

The "Rob Roy" was the first steamer afloat in Holiday Harbor. She was cut from soft pine, and

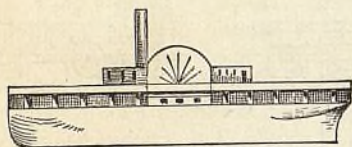


Fig. 31. Passenger Steamer "Rob Roy."

painted. Her smoke-stack was put in like that of the engine in Fig. 27. Next in turn was the schooner "Jack Hazard." The masts were made of pins, run directly through the body of the vessel from the keel. The bowsprit was a pin also.

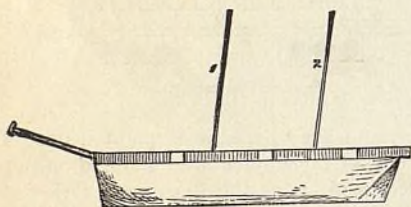


Fig. 32. Schooner "Jack Hazard."

These masts were found to be particularly fitted for rigging sails (Fig. 33), as all that was necessary was to slip the points of the masts into the sails where the dots occur on the straight lines, 1 and 2.

Two more of Fred's models are given in Figs. 34 and 35. These two vessels were the admiration of

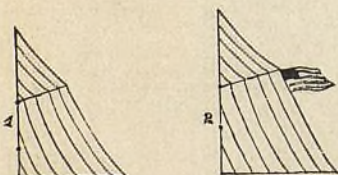


Fig. 33. Mainsail and Foresail of Schooner.

all Fred's boy friends. The full complement of sails used by the "Harry Loudon" is shown in

Fig. 36. The mainsail was cut apart at the lines marked *a*; and the dots show where the pin pierced the paper. The "St. Nicholas" was rigged with

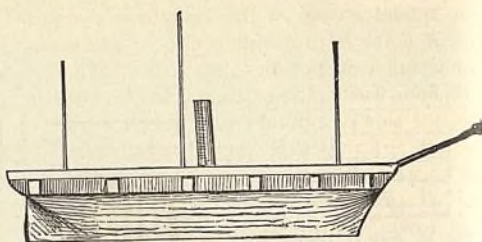


Fig. 34. Propeller "Harry Loudon."

the foresail and foretopsail (*b*), and the spanker and mizentopsail (*c*).

The arrangement of Holiday Harbor was an affair of vast importance to Fred. He decided to consult his mother about it. Mrs. Atherton at once remembered an old looking-glass frame in the

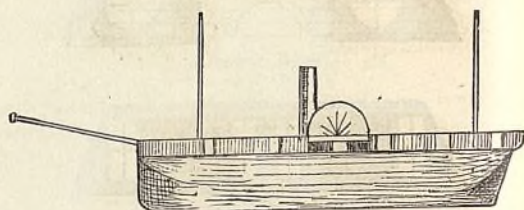
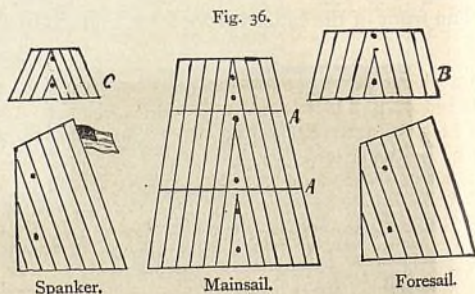


Fig. 35. Paddle Steamer "St. Nicholas."

attic. This she brought to Fred. A piece of glass, half a foot square, still remained in the frame. It was bright and clear. The back-board also was there.

"Now," said Mrs. Atherton, "your harbor lies before you. First select such buildings as you wish



to put here. Then bring your bottle of mucilage, some moss, and some house-sand."

"Yes, ma'am," said Fred. "You're a great contriver, mamma." And off he went for the things required. Mrs. Atherton showed him how to arrange them. The back-board of the frame was covered with mucilage, and moss was put all

around the broken edges of the glass to hide them. Then white sand was shaken over the rest of the board, and little tufts of moss set here and there, between which Fred arranged his bridges.

A model of one of the bridges is given in Fig. 37. *A* is the bottom side of the floor of the bridge. The cleats were put on to make it strong. The floor was made of thick card-board. *B* is one side of a pillar; four pieces were needed, and they were pasted together at the corners, then the cap (*C*) was fitted on. *E* is one side, and *D* one end of the stone-work. Two pieces of each were necessary for a support. These were pasted together at the corners. Fred could make as many of these sections as he chose, and could lengthen or shorten the bridge at pleasure. Fig. 38 is one side of a culvert.

After his bridges were satisfactorily placed, Fred

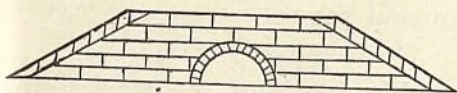


Fig. 38. Culvert.

arranged some houses, stores, &c.; then his depots were placed in convenient positions; his freight-

houses close at hand; the custom-house was put by the water's edge; the vessels were placed in the harbor, and the trains of cars on the railroads; while the little people he had made stood around on the different streets and wharves, looking intensely pleased; at least, so they seemed.

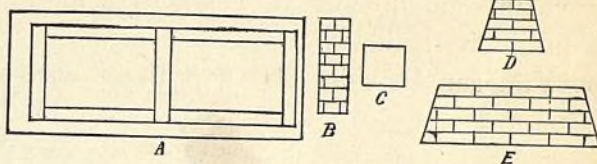


Fig. 37. Sections of Bridge.

Some trees were scattered about, and made a pretty effect. These trees were Lillie's idea. She brought in a handful of little hemlock cones. Through the hearts of these she stuck long pins, points downward, and painted the cones green and the pins brown. Wherever Fred wanted a tree he stuck one of these. The point of the pin entering the back-board of the frame held it fast, and the trees stood firm.

Next day, at the fair, Christmas City and Holiday Harbor took a prize and a diploma, and attracted a great deal of attention.

Machen.

Von Frau B. S. Phillips.

Früh, wenn es Tag macht, macht sich der Bauer aus seinem Bett heraus. Er macht die Kammerthür auf, und macht sie wieder zu, um sich an das Tagewerk zu machen, dessen Anfang damit gemacht wird, daß man Feuer macht, um, vor allen Dingen, Kaffee zu machen. Das Weib macht indessen die Stube rein, und macht Ordnung, und macht sich die Haare.

Wenn sie lange macht, macht ihr der Mann ein fin-

stres Gesicht. Daraus macht sie sich freilich nicht viel, aber gutes Blut macht es doch auch nicht, wenn einem immer die Bemerkung gemacht wird: „Mache, daß du dich fertig machst, ich kann vor Aerger nichts machen.“ Als er sich endlich auf den Weg machen will, um auf den Jahrmarkt zu machen, macht es ein so gräuliches Schneewetter, daß er nicht weiß, was er machen soll. u.s.w., u.s.w.

This little German sketch—of which we shall be glad to have translations—is a series of plays upon the German word “Machen,” which means to make, to effect, to do, to produce, to form, to cause, to bring about, to act, &c. &c. &c.

TRANSLATIONS OF “LE PETIT PARESSEUX” have been received from: Mary L. Robinson, M. F. T., Nettie C. P., M. E. L. W., Charles H. Payne, Marion Azubah, David W. Lane, “Plymouth Rock,” E. L. B., Laura E. Tomkins, Ada F., Frank E. Camp, Grace G. Heier, “Cupid and Chow-chow,” Nelly McDowell, Carrie Huse, L. E. H., Fannie A. Freeman, Agnes L. Pollard, Susie Elliott, Rosa W. Raymond, Harry Neill, E. J. F., and Augustus Nickerson.

GRANDMA'S NAP.

ONE day, Grand-ma went to sleep in her chair, and it near-ly turned the town up-side down. It was only a lit-tle bit of a nap, but oh! how much trou-ble it made!

You see, be-sides the nap, there was a lit-tle boy in the house. This

lit-tle boy's name was Rob, and Rob was so hard to watch that when his Mam-ma went out she used to say:

"Grand-ma, *do* you think you can watch Rob while I go to mar-ket?"

Then Grand-ma would give a lit-tle jump and say:

"O! of course I can."

So this day Mam-ma went to mar-ket, and Grand-ma watched Rob as hard as she could till the NAP came!



As soon as Rob saw the nap, he knew he was free; and off he ran. In a mo-ment Grand-ma woke up and saw the emp-ty room.

"Sake's a-live!" she cried, as she ran out in-to the hall. "Where is that child?"

He was not in the hall, nor in the yard, nor any-where a-bout the house. Oh! oh! oh! where could he be!

The poor old la-dy was sure she nev-er would see the dear boy a-gain. In her fright she looked in the beds, un-der the beds, in the pan-try, in the coal-scut-tle, in the ice-pitch-er, and even in the crack-er-box. Then she ran out to a po-lice-man, and told him all a-bout it.



"Mad-am," said the po-lice-man, "it is not like-ly he can be found. I think he is gone for good; but we'll send a cri-er all over the town."

So the cri-er went all over the town with a big bell, scream-ing:



"Hear! hear! Boy lost, named Rob,—black eyes, pug nose. Boy lost! boy lost!" (Ding, dong.) "Boy lost, three years old!" (Ding, dong.)

The cri-er made such a noise that if Rob had screamed out "Here I am!" right un-der his nose, he would not have heard it; or if all the men on the street had called, "Stop that bell—here's Rob, safe and sound," it would have been just the same. He would have gone on ring-ing the bell and scream-ing at the top of his voice, "Boy lost! boy lost!"

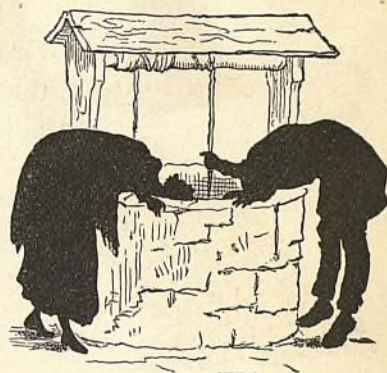


But Rob was not un-der the boy's nose at all. Where was he?

Poor Grand-ma was al-most cra-zy by this time. She ran in-to the yard with a kind man and looked down the well.

"Rob-by! Rob-by, my dar-ling! are you there? Come to Grand-ma, my pet. Oh! oh!"

Then she ran back in-to the street, and there he was with an or-gan man!



Grand-ma was sure it was Rob, from the way he hopped a-bout. But no. When she put on her glass-es it was not Rob at all—only a mon-key.



By this time near-ly the whole town knew that Rob was lost. Such a time you nev-er heard. All the grand-mas cried and said it was very wrong to take a nap when you were watch-ing a child like that; and all the lit-tle boys thought how nice it would be to live with Rob's grand-ma. The pa-pas went

to the sta-tion-house to in-quire; the mam-mas ran to mar-ket to tell Rob's mam-ma; and the news-boys ran all o-ver town with "ex-tras," cry-ing, "Boy lost! boy lost!"

When Rob's mam-ma heard the bad news, she ran home as fast as she could go.

"Rob-by! Rob-by!" she called, up and down the house. "Rob-by! Rob-by!" But no one an-swered. Then she turned pale, and Grand-ma said, "Don't faint; that's a good child," when all at once the poor



Mam-ma clasped her hands and said: "He must be killed! If he were a-live he would hear me. I know he must be dead, or else—or else—he is eat-ing jam!"



She flew to the cel-lar where all the good things were kept. Grand-ma hob-bled after her, quite tired out; then fol-lowed the po-lice-man, the cri-er, and the cook; and there, down in the cel-lar, just as hap-py as he could be, sat Rob—eat-ing jam.

He was so hap-py that he did not know that his Grand-ma was a-wake; and Grand-ma was so glad that she went up-stairs and took the nicest lit-tle nap she ev-er had in all her life.

FREDDY.

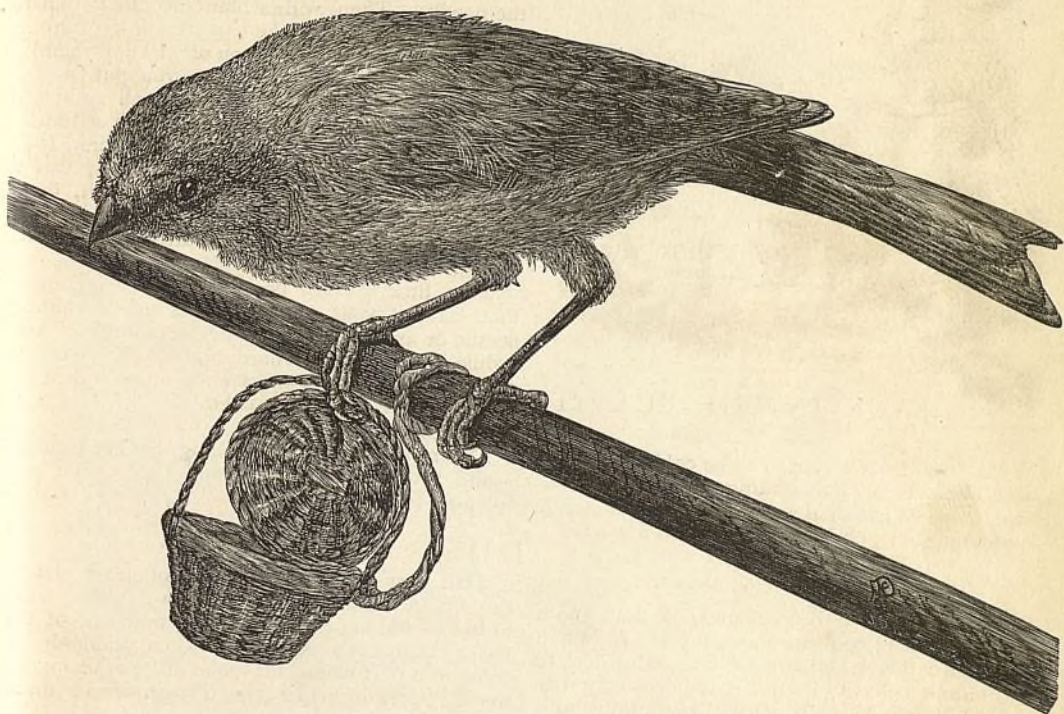
BY ANNIE E. McDONALD.

FRED-DY is our pet, and one of the bright-est lit-tle ca-na-ries ev-er seen. He came from Bel-gi-um. His bod-y is of a deep yel-low col-or, and his head and wings are pret-ti-ly marked with grey and black. When giv-en to us he was quite a young bird, and scarce-ly knew how to do any-thing; but he soon be-gan to learn ma-n-y lit-tle tricks.

The pict-ure shows him just pull-ing up his bas-ket. When we put food in-to it, we shut the cov-er down, and hang it by a string to his perch; and he al-ways pulls it up at once, lifts the cov-er and helps him-self. Oft-en, when his bas-ket is emp-ty, he a-mus-es him-self by try-ing to pick it to pie-ces.

Fred-dy did not e-ven know how to bathe when we first had him, and we were told to put him in-to the wa-ter once or twice a week, so that he could learn; but the poor lit-tle bird cried so pit-i-ful-ly, that af-ter one or two tri-als we gave it up. He has since found out for him-self how to jump in-to his lit-tle bath-tub and splash a-bout; and he en-joys it ver-y much, es-pe-cial-ly when he can dry him-self in the sun. Then is the time to hear him sing! His voice is so sweet, his eyes are so bright, and his lit-tle heart is so full of joy, that he makes ev-er-y one hap-py who hears

him. Then he has such a fun-ny, brisk way of hop-ping a-bout and crack-ing his seed, and he sharp-ens his bill on the cut-tle-fish bone as though he had twen-ty pairs of bills to sharp-en in-stead of one.



But his song is not his on-ly mu-sic. Fred-dy has al-so a lit-tle bell, which he rings to ac-com-pa-ny the Grace Church chimes; for this lit-tle bird

“—— dwells
With-in sight of its walls,
With-in sound of its bells.”

VER-Y use-ful and ver-y slim;
Ver-y tidy and ver-y trim.
Once a week they make a dis-play;
Aft-er that they are hid-den a-way.
Two long legs and a ver-y small head;
If you can guess it, e-nough has been said.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WELL, well! It's getting to be cold weather at last. There'll be fine skating on the meadow before long. What shall we begin with this month—something new, eh? Very well. We'll have

SEA-SHELLS IN THE ANDES.

SEA-SHELLS have been found in the Andes mountains full 15,000 feet above the sea! When I first heard this I had *almost* a mind to declare that I did n't believe it. But it is never very wise to say that one does n't believe anything that's wonderful, without stopping to inquire further; there are so many wonderful real things that are true.

And this is true. My friend Hawk tells me that the great traveler and naturalist, Humboldt, picked up some sea-shells at that great height on top of the Andes. How did they get there? It is not probable that the ocean waters ever rose to such a height, but it is quite likely that the now magnificent Andes were once very low ridges beneath the sea, and that the great fires which are always burning in the heart of the earth and raging to get out, once raised up by a mighty effort the whole long and grand range of Andean mountains. So the sea-shells were carried up with the mountains high and dry as they are to-day, and the poor shell-animals wondered at the dreadful change, and sickened and died in the bitter, dry mountain air long, long ages ago.

THE WORLD ON A MOCK-ORANGE.

Now, my busy young friends, in case any of you should come across a nice round, yellow mock-orange, I'll tell you what to do with it—provided your grandmother already has a good one in her stocking-basket. If not, you should give it to her, and get yourself another one. A canary-bird told

me that the way old ladies darned stockings was to put a big yellow ball in them, and then pick at them with a queer sort of a shiny steel bill; and though his description was n't clear, I knew what he meant. Well, you take your round mock-orange, and force a knitting-needle clear through it from the stem end, so that it will turn evenly on the needle. Then, with a blunt needle, you mark the grand divisions of the earth upon it—Europe, Asia, Africa and America (you see, I know them)—in just the right shape, and then you put in your oceans and islands, and what not, all complete. Next you go over all the markings with a camel's-hair brush dipped in red ink, or violet ink, India ink, or any water-color you choose, taking care to wipe the orange off instantly with a soft, damp cloth. The color will sink into the markings and leave the surface of the mock-orange clean. Then you have your globe complete. And you can make a little wooden prop, if you are ingenious, that will let your globe revolve on its knitting-needle or axis, at precisely the right angle. After awhile it gets dry and hard, and if you please you can go over the markings once more with a fine pen dipped in the proper color.

How did I know all this?

I heard a dear little girl telling another little girl—and “you can't think,” said she, “what real, splendid fun it is.”

JACK IS PUZZLED.

THIS very day the pretty schoolma'am was sitting on the stump in the meadow, reading aloud to two of the big girls something from one of Professor Doremus's addresses, when suddenly she came to a part where he spoke of “parallelogrammatic pieces of paper tinted with the hydrated sesquioxide of chromium.”

I heard no more. Fortunately, one of my birds came along just then and fanned me with his wing. I have n't seen the pretty schoolma'am since.

Now what in the world are parallelogrammatic pieces of paper tinted with the hydrated sesquioxide of chromium?

If they're nothing but oblong, squarish bits of yellow paper, I sha'n't mind it so much.

PREFERRED A FEATHER BED.

YOU know that the barn-swallows build their nests under the eaves, or sometimes among the rafters of barns. These nests are always built of mud, and, usually, neatly lined with fine hay or straw. But it seems that some swallows prefer a lining of feathers. A bird friend of mine found an empty nest, beautifully lined with fine white chicken feathers. Thinking the nest a curiosity, and not being a swallow himself, he pulled it carefully down. (He thought it was n't cruel to do this, because no eggs had yet been laid, but he was mistaken.) In a few days, he found that the swallows had built another nest in the same spot, and also lined with the same sort of feathers. So it is evident that at least this pair of swallows preferred a feather bed to a straw bed.

A GREAT SPREAD.

THE greatest show is not always the most substance. Of course, every one of us took great interest in the big comet that rushed past the earth in June and July last, flourishing a tail that astronomers say is millions of miles long. *Millions of miles!* Only think of it! And our little world is but a small matter of twenty-five thousand miles or so around!

Yet the great Humboldt tells you (I heard the schoolmistress reading it aloud) that the mass or substance of a comet probably in no case exceeds the five-thousandth part of the mass or substance of the earth,—that is, if the substance of comets were packed as closely together as that of the earth.

GIRL-STARS.

SPEAKING of comets, we inhabitants of the earth don't see so very many of them. Probably not more than one hundred and fifty have ever visited our world; but a great astronomer named Kepler once said that there are more comets in space than there are fishes in the sea!

I heard a little boy say, the other day, that comets were girl-stars, because they had long hair! I thought it was such a comical idea that I must repeat it. At the same time, the little boy ought to be told that all comets do not have long hair, or whatever else we choose to call the great cloud of vapor that streams from the comet's head.

The comet which we have all been admiring this summer was, as you know, a long-haired comet, or, as astronomers say, it had a very long, straight tail; but sometimes the tails are curved to one side or the other. There are a few comets that have two tails—or “brushes,” as the Chinese call them; and some have had even more.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

AND speaking of China, I may as well tell you at once all I have found out about comets. Who do you think were the first to take observations of the comet's courses?

My friend Macaw assures me that it was no other than the “Heathen Chinees.”

Long ago, when so-called civilized nations were frightened at every appearance of comets, thinking that they were only omens of woe and disaster, the diligent and learned Chinese astronomers declared that comets were another sort of star, and only came in sight of the earth when on their periodical journeys. These astronomers observed nature carefully, and recorded accurately what they saw, so that some of their notices, made five hundred years before the Christian era, are still found to be of value in astronomical observations.

ALMONDS AND PEACHES.

WHAT a difference education can make, to be sure! Not but that an almond is just as fine in its way as a peach, but then it is n't the same thing by a good deal.

That is, it is n't and it is.

The schoolmistress has been reading aloud out of a book written by a celebrated naturalist, in

which he plainly says that the peach-tree has been educated out of the almond-tree.

In the almond the large, sweet kernel, in its soft, smooth shell, is covered with a thin, dry, tough flesh that is not good for food. In the peach the small, bitter kernel, in a hard, rough shell, is covered with the thick, soft, juicy flesh, which you boys and girls think so delicious. And it is only education, or culture, or training with a view to improvement, that has made all the difference. Astonishing; is n't it?

Some almonds are most excellent, and I think you girls and boys would not like to see them all turned into peaches. You need not feel uneasy, however; the peach-almond at the start was a very bitter affair; miserable for an almond and worse for a peach. It needed all the bringing up it has had, to make it worth anything.

BONNET-PIECES.

THE other day, little Wallie Graham (a great favorite of mine) came skipping along among the trees, half-singing, half-saying:

My purse with bonnet-pieces store;
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.

I wondered what Wallie could mean, but I soon found out. It seems that he was reading the “Lady of the Lake.”

“It's just the nicest story-poem you ever saw!” he said to a boy who was with him. “I wish I was a Highland chief and had a big brave clan like Clan Alpine! *Would n't I fight King James, though?*”

Of course I did n't even then know what Wallie was talking of, but after he had told his friend a good deal about it I became almost as much interested as himself in the story-poem, which he said was written by the great Sir Walter Scott.

“But,” said Wallie, “there are ever so many things in the poem that I don't understand. Now, for instance, what are ‘bonnet-pieces?’ I know I would n't care to swim the length of a bow-shot in the face of enemies and loose a shallop (that's a sort of boat) for the sake of a purse full of pieces of old bonnets. Would you, now?”

The other little chap told him that he did n't think he would, but that he did n't believe real pieces of bonnets were what Earl Somebody meant when he offered as a reward a purse full of “bonnet-pieces.”

The little fellows puzzled a good deal over this as they trudged along; but I've since found out that a bonnet-piece was a valuable coin, stamped on one side with a portrait of James V. of Scotland wearing a “bonnet”—not a lady's bonnet, but a nearly flat Scotch cap made of cloth. These were called bonnets, and were worn a century ago by every Scotchman, and are still worn by some of them. The cap which was pictured on the bonnet-piece being a royal cap, had a jeweled circle around the head. The coins were large and of very pure gold, so that a purse full of them was a large reward.

THE LAZY LITTLE BOY.

(Translation of French Story in October Number.)

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who was very lazy, and consequently very ignorant, whose faults it seemed impossible to correct. Instead of going to school, where his parents used to send him every day, he would loiter about the streets, with his hands in his pockets, his eyes staring vacantly at the empty air, or clapping his hands, whistling, and making a good deal of noise, without rhyme or reason. Or else, when he was compelled to go straight to school, he would yawn awhile over his books, without making the least effort to learn anything, and then, folding his arms on his desk for a pillow, he would lay his head down and sleep during the whole lesson.

One day, however, as he was squandering away his time in his usual fashion, an old sage found him, took him by the hand and led him into a large room, quite empty of furniture or ornament. The little sluggard was afraid at first that he was about to receive some punishment for his laziness; but the old man looked so kind that he gained confidence, and when he saw him smile he dreaded him no longer.

When they had entered the room, the wise man shut the door; then, turning to the little boy, who was very much surprised at all this, he said:

"Tell me, my child, if you can, what is *nothing*?"

The little fellow opened his eyes very wide, but did not answer.

"If you do not understand me," then said the wise man, "perhaps you can tell me *where* nothing is?"

"Where is it?" repeated the little boy, astonished at this question. "Why, it is here, is it not? There is nothing in this room besides ourselves."

"Think again," replied the sage. "I do not think you have answered wisely."

The little boy thought for several minutes; and then he said, with an air of confidence:

"There is nothing here besides ourselves; I am sure of it."

Without replying, the old man waved his hand. "What do you feel now?" he asked.

"Oh, I feel the wind," replied the little boy, laughing.

"That is to say," replied the wise man, "you feel the *air*. Now listen to what I am going to tell you. This air that you feel envelops or surrounds the whole earth. There is no place where it does not enter; for it is found everywhere. You see, then, that there can be no such thing as *nothing* in the whole world, since every place, and all the room, is filled up with something. It is the same throughout the universe. You will nowhere be able to find *nothing*; it is to be found only in one place. Do you know where that is?"

"Why, no," replied the little boy. "If it is not to be found in the world, I don't know, I am sure, where to look for it."

"Well, I will tell you. What were you thinking of before I spoke to you?"

"Why, nothing."

"Nothing! and why? Is it not, my child, because you know nothing to think about? because your head is empty? Oh, how many children are like you! Know, my son, that *nothing*, properly speaking, is only found in the brains of fools and the hearts of infidels? And since God has so well filled the world that there is no place where we may not find something good or beautiful, are you not ashamed to think that in your mind alone there is an empty space?"

The little boy did not reply, but he blushed for shame. He thought seriously about the matter; and from that day he ceased to be indolent or careless. He set to work studying with so much energy and perseverance that he became at last the most industrious and well-informed scholar in his class.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Sharon, Ct., Sept. 20.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: Is it wicked to kill snakes? Because I hope you'll say it isn't! In our back porch a pair of robins have for two or three years built their nest on a bracket near the top of one of the pillars. In this pillar, right over the robin's nest, there was a hole that looked as if it might have been gnawed through by a squirrel.

Every year we have watched the old birds feed the young ones, and have enjoyed the good times they seemed to have. And every year we have, one day, heard the old birds cry and fly about in great distress, and when we have rushed out we have found all the young birds gone.

Now, this year the robins built their nest and hatched the little ones just as usual. One day, our grandma was sitting out on the porch asleep in her chair, when she was waked by hearing the old birds cry and flutter about as if they had gone distracted. She looked up, and there was a great ugly black snake, with his head out of the hole in the pillar, just swallowing whole the last one of the little birds. Then

he drew his hateful flat head in, and that was the last seen of him. Father had the pillar taken down the next day, and a new one put in its place. The old one was found to be hollow all the way through, so that the snake must have come up from the ground through the hollow; but we could not find anything of him.

If I ever come across that snake, I think it would not be wicked to kill him. Would it? The poor old birds feel dreadful, you know.

Ever yours,

RICHARD B—.

We think the vote of the Letter-Box would be in favor of killing this particular snake, for the sake of all future young robins who may be born near Richard's home. But we would not endorse the common belief that every snake must be killed, as a matter of course. Some snakes are perfectly harmless, and it is no more than fair to let them glide along their peaceful way, if only as an example to their brothers.

Washington, Oct. 1st, 1874.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to answer some of Jack's queries in the October number. In the first place, about October being the eighth month. It was so, I think, with the Romans, who began their New Year on the first of March.

And I also feel certain that the "Scotch Pig" spoken of is a kind of iron called "pig-iron." It is "carboniferous formation," and is exported to the United States in quantities.

Enclosed you will find a little "word hunt," I call it. I have succeeded in finding in the word CARPET eighty-four words, all in common use in the English language. I would like to see if any of your boys and girls can make more.

I love your magazine as much as ever, and about the sixteenth of every month I begin inquiring for it, and when I get it, it is the happiest hour of the day.

I am going round this afternoon to get a small list of Bird-defenders for you if I can, for I do not know very many children. I will send it the next time I write.

Your loving and sincere friend,

FLORENCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will some of my fellow-readers please tell me how to make an aquarium? I would like to have it about twenty-eight inches long and eighteen high.

CHARLES S. MASON.

F. E. BASKS wishes to know "what occasions the formation of the small bubbles which may be observed on the inside of a glass in which water has been standing for some time." Who can tell him?

CHARLES COREY, of Washington, D. C., asks: "Why will paper when placed near fire turn brown and curl up?"

ONE AND ALL!—Somebody was born in Litchfield, England, September 18, 1709. He received his early education from one Hunter, of whom he said, "He beat me well." In 1737 he went to London, and wrote for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This, however, brought him but a small sum. One of his books was written to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. To use his own words, "It was written in the evenings of a week." He was very fond of his cat, Hodge, and would go out every day to buy oysters for it. Among other eccentric ways, he had a trick of touching the posts as he walked, and a mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel.

Both generous and benevolent, he made a rule to do some good every day. Among the many amusing stories related of him, we find that having been invited to a dinner-party, he failed to make his appearance until the party were about to sit down at the table, when he appeared at the great gate, contemplated it, and at length climbed it. When asked if he had forgotten that the gate could be opened, he said, "No; but I had a mind to try if I could climb a gate now as I used to do." From an entry made in his diary we find he read one book of the *Æneid* in an evening, and knew the Eclogues by heart.

He died Dec. 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Who was he?

As some of our Boston friends have found fault with the article on "Ice in India," in the October number, we shall have something to say on the subject in our next Letter-Box.

THE verses on page 73 are from the German of the poet Hey, whose fables are familiarly known throughout the provinces of Germany, and are often recited by the Prussian children. He was born at Gotha in 1789, and died there in 1854.

K. B.—Thanks for the pretty jasmine. Your story with a long name, though fair for a first effort, is not suitable for publication in ST. NICHOLAS. It is rather too strained in style. In writing, first decide in your mind what you wish to say, and then say it as simply and clearly as possible.

W. F. writes: "I am at boarding-school, and my room-mate is rapidly going wrong. He has been drunk several times, and drinks in his room on the sly. How can I stop him? He does n't pay any attention when I speak to him about it. Had I better tell the principal and run the risk of having him expelled, or write to his parents? In either case I should feel like a sneak. I wish I could think of some better plan still."

"Another thing, I should like to ask. A boy borrowed my society

badge (worth \$10) last week, to wear for a little while, and lost it. Is it right to allow him to pay me all the money, as he proposes to do, or only part of it, and so share the loss with him? I know what I expect to do, but I would like to have your views, to see whether my idea is right or not."

We can hardly advise you with respect to your room-mate, excepting to say that if you believe it your duty to act in the matter at all, you will do wisely to choose that plan of action which will be the least likely to injure his self-respect, and that you communicate your intention, whatever it may be, to him, when you find him in one of his best moods, before you proceed with it. If you tell him firmly, respectfully and kindly what you are about to do, the necessity for you to act at all in so delicate a matter may be obviated by his reformation.

About the badge, we think the better course will be for you to tell the young gentleman who lost it that you prefer to halve the loss with him. It is etiquette amongst grown people, as you know, to overlook a loss incurred in this way, but between two boys the plan we recommend we believe to be preferable. It appears certainly so in this case.

MAMIE N. F.—Your letter has interested us very much, and we should depart from our custom and send you a full reply by post, had not a wise and good-hearted woman already written just the thing that you, and all children who feel as you do, should read. It fits your case exactly, dear little friend, though you may not think so at first:

SUPPOSE!

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Suppose, my little lady,
 Your doll should break her head,
 Could you make it whole by crying
 Till your eyes and nose were red?
 And would n't it be pleasanter
 To treat it as a joke;
 And say you're glad 't was dolly's,
 And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
 And the rain comes pouring down,
 Will it clear off any sooner
 Because you scold and frown?
 And would n't it be nicer
 For you to smile than pout,
 And so make sunshine in the house
 When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
 Is very hard to get,
 Will it make it any easier
 For you to sit and fret?
 And would n't it be wiser,
 Than waiting like a dunce,
 To go to work in earnest
 And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
 And some a coach and pair,
 Will it tire you less while walking
 To say "It isn't fair?"
 And would n't it be nobler
 To keep your temper sweet,
 And in your heart be thankful
 You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world does n't please you,
 Nor the way some people do,
 Do you think the whole creation
 Will be altered just for you?
 And is n't it, my boy or girl,
 The wisest, bravest plan,
 Whatsoever comes, or does n't come,
 To do the best you can?

C. L.—Your verses are quite good considering your age. Beware of being too sentimental. God gives us some thoughts to hold and to live with, not to spin out in labored rhymes. That these thoughts will sometimes flash out, of themselves, in a true poet's verse makes them all the more sacred. Never start out to write about them.

OUR Doré picture on page 110 is from Cassell, Petter and Galpin's splendid edition of La Fontaine's Fables.

HELEN AND CHARLIE F. write: "We have a lovely head of Clytie on our parlor mantel-piece, and every now and then a dispute arises as to how the young lady's name should be pronounced. Will you please tell us?"

It is a matter of taste whether to anglicize the "young lady's" name, as very many well educated persons do, and call her *Cly-tee*, or to give it the proper Greek pronunciation, as if written, *Clish-i-a*. The rule for the pronunciation of Greek and Latin consonants is not hard to understand, and can readily be applied in this case. We give it in full:

Each of the three consonants, *c*, *s* and *t*, when preceded immediately by the accent, or itself ending an accented syllable, and followed by *ia*, *ie*, *ii*, *io* or *in*, commonly has the sound of *sh*, as Portia, Clytie, Horatii, Phocion, Cassius. *C* has the same sound when following an accented vowel and standing before *en* and *yo*; as Menœ-ceus, Lycion, pronounced Menesheus, Lishyon.

Exception: When *st*, immediately preceded by an accented vowel, is followed by a vowel, the *s* takes the sound of *sh*; as Hesiod, pronounced Heshiod.

T, when preceded by another *t*, and commonly in the termination *tion*, has its proper sound; as in Brutii, Metion, pronounced Brutii, Me-ti-on.

Z. J. J. AND OTHERS.—We do not expect each puzzle-solver to send answers to all the problems in the month's Riddle-Box. Henceforth, when any one succeeds in doing this correctly, we shall state the fact.

WORD-MAKING.

EDWARD DUDLEY TIBBITS sends us thirty-four words, in common use, made out of the word ENLIGHTEN, and challenges the boys and girls to find more.

IRVING W. JAMES wishes to know if any one can make more than one hundred and five words and proper names out of the word PERPENDICULAR. His own list, of 105 words, is correct.

JAMIE S. NEWTON makes two hundred and eight English words (no proper nouns) out of the letters in PERAMBULATIONS, and Minnie E. Stewart makes 235 English words out of the letters in CUMBERLAND using no letter more than once in the same word.

JOSEPH MORSE, JR., inspired by Arthur J. Burdick's "340 English words made out of the word METROPOLITAN," tried his hand, and now, out of the same word, sends us a neatly written list of 400 words, with an extra list of twelve words, from which we can draw, in case we find any in his long list unsatisfactory. He invites Arthur to "see if he can get any more."

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Hartford, Ct., September 14, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here are some more Bird-defenders who wish to join Mr. Haskins' army. Will you please to call us the Company "B," if that letter is not already taken? And oblige two constant readers of the ST. NICHOLAS.

LIZZIE M. KNAPP.

EMILY M. BULLARD.

GIRLS.—Emily M. Bullard, Lizzie M. Knapp, Mary C. Knapp, Frances E. Weidman, Ella Holcomb, Hattie Chapman, Lizzie C. Young, Jennie A. Sunderland, Annie W. Lester, Edith A. Lutz, Belle L. Lathrop, Carrie E. Brainard, Ida L. Thompson, Minnie B. Welch, Mabel Bundy, Lottie E. Smith, Louisa E. Heine, M. Annie Bostwick, Adelle T. Peck, Jennie C. Gale, Nellie Costello, Hattie Bill, Jennie L. Penfield, Clara Pratt, Sarah Goldsmith, Annie Riley, Mary Welles, Lizzie C. Wright, Jennie T. Pelton, Huldah H. Knoll, Julia E. Heublein, Prudence V. Townsend, Cora I. Nott, Hattie A. McKay, Mary J. Martin, Jennie R. Wade, Litta R. Heussler, Carrie Lillian Sykes, Lizzie O. Hatch, Florence Peltier, Carrie A. Humphrey, Lizzie E. Ranney.

BOYS.—William M. Smith, Frank I. Prentice, Leviat S. Knoll, Fred H. Williams, Moses J. White, Royal T. G. Brown, A. E. Richardson, Alfred Clay, Willis G. Braley, Harry W. Cushman, Charles H. Willard, Wilbur Hale, W. Goodrich, W. Poll, William Dunbar, Frank Forbes, Louis H. Hutchinson, Lewis Pease, George Senk, Edward Clay, Frederick E. Cook, Nathaniel K. Morgan, Albert N. Daniels, George C. Bill, Robert R. Henderson, Gussie H. Bullard, Frankie F. Clapp.

C. C. HASKINS sends the names of three more Bird-defenders—"a part of the Indiana Legion:"

Charles W. Winstandley, Chester Winstandley and Hallie C. Parker.

SATIE SATTERTHWAITE, of Union Springs, sends the following names of friends who promise to be Bird-defenders

Winnie Pierson, Emma Alverson, Minnie Durkee, Ellis Pierson,

Jeffie Catlin, Fred Chase, Therese Dulon, Estella Satterthwaite, Helen Ludlow, Lena Robinson, Anna Allen, Minnie Brando, Minnie Sutton, Eddie Yawger, Jimmie Hammond, Tommy Hammond, Mary Utt, Nellie Tompkins, Anna Mosher, Frankie Everett, Nellie Larmon, Belle Connor, Emma Howland, Nellie Shank, Dannie Catlin, Willie Yawger, E. Strawn, Willard Hoff.

CLARA T. FOSS sends the following list:

Mattie B. Locke, Eddie J. Thuring, Arthur R. Colby, C. P. M. Colby, Freddie M. Sawyer, Jerry O'Brien, John McDonald, Willie Dunn, A. E. Porter, Samuel Blake, Tracey Getchel, Charles Morrill, Robt. S. Fielden, H. W. Batchelder, Allen Risteene, G. C. Dearborn, Henry True, Mikel Quinn, Frank Dennett, Frank Lee, Eddie Clin, Eddie Duckworth, Willie Chase, H. L. Bailey, Olive B. Sanborn, Mary Brown, Flory E. Rose, Annie L. Bailey, Annie S. Bahan, Carrie Dennett, Mary Hessian, May W. Felch, Ida F. Tibbets, Adie Rand, Millie A. Williams, Anna R. Carswell, Katie Hassett, Mary A. Learner, Nellie E. Jaques, Mary Cummings, Ellie Menen, Bridget Lanner, Barbara H. Pow, Laura Aldrich, Effie Lane, Lena Livingston, Nettie Morrill, Mary McNalty, Hannah Burk, Charles Nichols, Charles H. Miler, John Cullenane, Oliver W. Titcomb, George Lee, Willie Brooks, Mary L. Heritage, Carrie C. Chase, Lizzie E. Chase, Nellie H. Rowed, Winnie Cadieu, Etta R. Woodman, Jennie F. Jaques, Nellie Maloney, Hannah Maloney, Mary Hoggan, Susie M. Batchelder, Susie W. Brown, Susie E. Bagley, Mamie L. Tucker, Cora L. Godsoe, Mary McDonnell, Susie A. Osgood, Mary J. O'Leary, Susie H. Brown, Clara T. Foss, Carrie J. Greeves, Ann O. Conner, Maggie E. Connor, Delia Kline, Willie Locke.

ANNIE DE WAELE HANKS sends the following list:

Josie E. Purdy, R. A. Van Voorhis, Katie A. Demarest, Fannie M. Losee, Sarah Hill, Jeannette Seymour, Ella J. Rollins, Ida Vanhouten, Rebecca Tracy, Etie C. Burge, Sarah E. Mott, Mary Conner, Gussie Bartholomew, Maggie Conner, Tillie Delacroix, Josie Watson, Lessie Curman, Addie Young, Julia Henderson, Annie E. Hanks, Cornelia V. Deal, M. H. Ganse, Bessie P. Ganse, Memie P. C. Stover, Jennie Stoppini, Josie R. Halsey, Electa H. Spader, Florence H. Farrell, Josie Finkenaur, Geo. H. Bell, C. R. Burke, Walter Wright, H. W. Dunshie, Walter B. Styles, Frank Yeury, Jas. W. Campbell, Nicholas Schultz, Alexander Clark, Alexander Martin, Edwin J. Hanks, William D. Koster, James L. Hewlett, Joseph B. Carss, Charles H. Styles, Andrew De Wilde, William Purdy, John Purdy, T. H. Cleverley, F. W. Ganse and Fred H. Ganse.

LILY F. CONKEY, of Chicago, sends the following list:

Alice E. Bates, Anna E. Ayres, K. L. Meech, M. A. Conkey, Nellie French, Mary Felton, Lilla Toscott, J. F. Brace, Grace Douglas, Mary L. Banks, Hattie A. Montgomery, S. B. Hambleton, Annie Scantlebury and Mary V. Edwards.

EDWIN S. BELKNAP sends these eight names:

Minnie Bunner, Maude Estes, Mattie Cole, Gussie Cole, Etta Cole, Lulu Carmen, Lulu Perry and Frank Carmen.

Besides the above, the following names have been received:

Eddie Aston, Laura E. Tomkins, Dwight Tomkins, George P. Way, Jr., Hannah J. Powell, Burritt J. May, Valeria F. Penrose, C. Finley Hersman, Clifton B. Dare, Augusta L. De Vinne, May L. Corsa, Grace Lurena, Jennie French, Lizzie French, F. O. Newton, Lizzie Laning, Fannie H. Smith, Charles E. Bush, Lillie D. Howe, Edith Howe, Winnie D. Wheeler, Hattie V. Wheeler, Emma G. Wheeler, Carrie A. Dana, Laura A. Wilson, Lillie J. Studbaker, Albert Rundell, Charlie Heller, Carrie Heller and Lulu Woodberry.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Hazel-Blossoms, by John Greenleaf Whittier. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Fast Friends, by J. T. Trowbridge. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

What Might Have Been Expected, by Frank R. Stockton. Dodd & Mead, N. Y.

Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and Others in Neither, by Olive Thorne. Dustin, Gilman & Co., Hartford, Ct.

Grim's Fairy Tales (Chandos edition). London: Warne & Co.; New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

A new translation, by Mrs. Paull, specially adapted and arranged for young people.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales (Chandos edition). Same publishers. Translated and arranged for children by Mrs. Paull.

Heirs of the Kingdom, by Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith. Published by A. H. Redford, Nashville, Tenn.

Antony Brade, by Robert Lowell. Robert Bros., Boston.

The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines, by Mary Cowden Clarke. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

Moon Folk, by Jane G. Austin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

Roddy's Romance, by Helen Kendrick Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

Risen from the Ranks; or, Harry Walton's Success, by Horatio Alger, jr. Published by Loring, Boston.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

LOGOGRAPH.

I AM composed of six letters. Unmutilated I give the name of a city famous for fruits—grapes especially. If you cut off my head, I express the language of a sailor when approaching land. Cut off also my tail, and I sound like the French word for an entrance. Cut off my head and tail once more, and I am French gold; then again my tail, and nothing remains; yet I utter a cry, though I never spoke a word in my life. F. R. F.

DOUBLE PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.



ANAGRAMS.

I.—ON OCCUPATIONS.—1. Rome shakes. 2. Our hats. 3. Ten pairs. 4. The races. 5. Come plain. 6. To ride.

II.—ON FLOWERS.—1. Name one. 2. Sour beets. 3. Ah, Lida. 4. Use margin. 5. Daniel nods. 6. I call. 7. Thy chains. 8. Ben raves.

III.—ON FRUITS.—1. Carts run. 2. A negro. 3. Pepin leaps. 4. 'Tis a crop. 5. We learn most.

IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.—1. You name us still. 2. Sister, you could. 3. I depart on time. 4. Our frog-den. 5. Is to linger. 6. Ma's own kin.

C. D., P. V. and R. G.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A form of the verb *to be*. 3. In advance. 4. Disloyalty. 5. One of the senses. 6. A deer. 7. A consonant.

H. C. G.

DECAPITATIONS.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded.

1. HE lost his — in trying to catch the —. 2. There is not a — on the whole —. 3. It was while trying to — that he broke his —. 4. HE went to the — and — it up. NIP.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

WITH a city, a lake and a cape, form a word-square containing only one vowel and two consonants. S. T. N.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen letters. My 14, 3, 12, 8 is part of a ship; my 10, 2, 11, 14 is a mate; my 7, 4, 15, 1, 9 is to find out; my 13, 6, 16, 9 is a stone; my 5, 3, 11, 4, 9, 5 is a tree. My whole is a well-known actress. S. M. G.

THE DAY IN THE GROVE.—A Geographical Puzzle.

A PARTY of young ladies were seated in a shady (island in Mediterranean sea) grove. Presently they saw a man coming toward them, whom one, named (a city in Italy), recognized as her cousin (a river in North America).

(The river in North America) said he hoped this circle of charming and superior young ladies would allow him to join them. They assented to his proposal, but said that he must cease his (cape on Pacific coast of North America); and (one of the Southern States) saying he certainly needed refreshment, carried him a cup of hot (one of the East Indies) coffee, (a river in Africa), and (one of a group of islands west of North America).

When he had eaten, he began to tell a story of how he had been chased by a (lake in British America), at which the (city in Italy) was so frightened that she finally fainted away.

Then there was great confusion, and (cape on eastern coast of United States) in the company. But a young girl named (a city in Australia), sprinkled her poor friend with (a city in Prussia), while she told the others to keep up (a cape of Southern Africa).

It was not long before the (city in Italy) recovered, when (the Southern State) exclaimed, "How pale you look, my (river in Australia)!" And the (river in North America) begged her to take a little (river in South America) wine.

Very soon they all started for home, and on the way (the river in North America) tried to caress a large (island east of Canada) dog, who was following them, but so full of (islands east of Australia) was he to his young mistress (a lake in Central Europe), that he would allow no one to pet him but her.

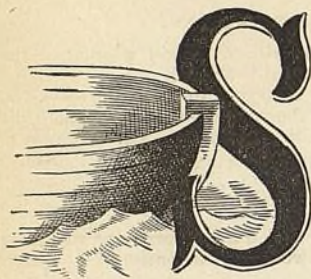
Soon after, as they were going over some (mountains in North America) ground, (a river in Siberia), a little sister of (the city in Italy), fell down and cried loudly. (The Southern State) called her (a city in Hungary), but the (lake in Central Europe) comforted her, and promised to give her a (sea in Australia) necklace on her birthday.

Here (the city in Australia) drew her shawl tighter round her, complaining that she felt (a country in South America). They soon reached home, however, and having taken (a cape on coast of Greenland) of each other, and saying they had had a pleasant day, they returned to their several homes in (a city in New Hampshire) and peace.

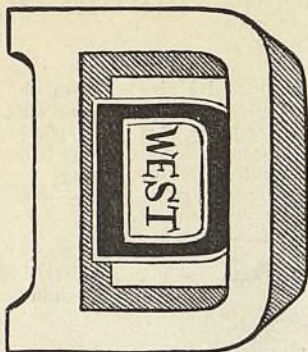
M. F.

EASY REBUSES.

1



2



3



TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. THE ancient — were not always — as
consulters wished. 2. A gate — has no — in
purity. 3. He — that the artist — about beauty.
4. Charles Lamb loved to praise the — of a —.
5. A wise man will keep — from —. 6. —
thou for a writer who so — to pride as to — his
manuscript because he will have no — of — between
his lines? 7. I hope his — will — — serv-
ice. J. P. B.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following for
their signification, and get a complete square-word: 1. Anger. 2. A bet or pledge. 3. To pilfer. F. A. M.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD.

My first are in pear, but not in fig;
My next are in coil, but not in wig;
My third are in nose, but not in chin;
My fourth are in sleek, but not in thin.
Poets have oft made me their theme,
Lovely and sweet as an artist's dream. A. S.

EASY METAGRAMS.

FIRST I am an animal. Change my head, and I am
a promise; again, and I am part of a vessel; again,
and I am an adverb; again, and I tell what tugs do.
Change my head and curtail, and I am a river. Behead
me, and I am an exclamation. S. C.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—One story is good, till another is told.
BEHEADED RHYMES.—Amusing, musing, using, sing.
REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

S
TEN
MILES
PIT
M

CURTAILMENTS.—1. Twine—twin. 2. Avert—aver. 3. Babel—
babe. 4. Aha!—ah! 5. Airy—air. 6. Ward—war. 7. Want—
wan. 8. Wage—wag.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.—Sun-set.—

S — afe — S
U — nfortunat — E
N — c — T

HISTORICAL CHARADE.—Earl of Bothwell, Mary Queen of Scots.
A RIDDLE.—Queue, cue, Q.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.—Santa Claus.

S — pecifi — C
A — borigina — L
N — apth — A
T — — U
A — corn — S

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Herring—Scorpio.—

H E B R E W S
D E R R I C K
P U R L O I N
C H A R I T Y
R E P R I S E
M I N U E N D
O P E N I N G

SUBSTITUTIONS.—1. Bruin—brain. 2. Trice—trace. 3. Hut—
hit—hat. 4. Dally—daily. 5. Delay—decay. 6. Stare—store. 7.
Put—pat—pet. 8. Concert—convert. 9. Him—ham.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUM PICTURE.—We shall print next month a report of the answers sent in, with award of prizes.

- | | | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Calves | 17. Dog's ears | 33. 'T is distance lends enchant- | 48. Sheep's heads |
| 2. Buoy (boy) | 18. You (ewe) | ment to the view.—THOS. | 49. Joint |
| 3. Two feet (two-thirds of a | 19. Lashes | CAMPBELL | 50. Pupils and Irises |
| yard) | 20. The Hidden Hand | 34. Bear skin (bare skin) | 51. Lamb |
| 4. Land | 21. Eyes and noses (eyes and | 35. Limbs | 52. Rest |
| 5. Pants | nose) | 36. Ram | 53. Tales (tails) |
| 6. Heel (heel) | 22. Band (on hat) | 37. Arms | 54. General wool |
| 7. Horn | 23. Fleece | 38. Sleepers | 55. Tulips |
| 8. Re-pose | 24. Skye (sky) | 39. Mussel (muscle) | 56. Teeth |
| 9. Sole | 25. Nails | 40. Pear (pair of trees) | 57. Neck |
| 10. Bank | 26. Nap (Napoleon) | 41. Knees | 58. Ears |
| 11. Pause (parus) | 27. Patch (Sam Patch) | 42. Temples | 59. Locke (lock of hair) |
| 12. Grazing | 28. Blades (of grass) | 43. Shade | 60. Bow (bow on hat) |
| 13. Cheek | 29. Hill | 44. Mouth | 61. Eyes |
| 14. Hide | 30. Back | 45. Crown | 62. Grass ("All flesh is grass") |
| 15. Hares (hairs) | 31. Ate sheep (8 sheep) | 46. Face | 63. Lying creatures |
| 16. Crook | 32. A dog | 47. Black legs | |

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER have been received from Allie Neill, Lily F. Conkey, Minnie Thomas, Laura E. Tomkins, Russell F., Mary H. Wilson, Fannie H. Smith, and Louise F. Olmstead.