

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

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No. 3.

## THE LITTLE MUSIC-KING.

BY EMILY NOYES.

IN the year 1761, any one looking into the sitting-room of the chapel-master of Saltzburgh might have seen a little figure bent over a table busily scratching away with pen and ink. The childish hand hardly knew how to hold the pen, but hurried along with marks and dots and strange-looking characters, smeared with ink, and now and then blackened with a huge blot as the pen dashed from ink to paper with trembling eagerness. The door opened, and the chapel-master entered with a friend, but the little curly head did not stir.

"What are you doing, my son?"

"I am composing a concerto for the harpsichord, papa. I have nearly finished the first part."

"Let me see."

"No, please; I have not yet finished."

The father took the paper, however, and showed it to his friend. They both laughed heartily at the scrawl; but on looking more attentively, the chapel-master said:

"See, it is really composed by rule; but it is too difficult; no one could play it."

"It must be well studied before it is played," said the boy. "See, this is the way it begins." And running to the harpsichord, he succeeded in playing enough of it to show what his idea was.

It was indeed a musical composition, correctly composed, but containing such great difficulties that an able musician would have found it impossible to execute it on the harpsichord.

The chapel-master was Leopold Mozart, and the little composer, only five years old, was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, afterward so celebrated in the musical world.

Two years before, he had stood listening at the fireside while his papa gave a music-lesson to his sister Anna.

"Thou teachest Nunnerl, papa; teach me too."

"But thou art a baby, Wolferl; wait, my little man."

But when the lesson was over, and papa gone, the little fellow went to the harpsichord, and, standing on tiptoe, groped among the keys, with his baby-fingers stretched wide apart, till he found and played a *perfect chord*. Papa's music-ear caught the sound, and he rushed back into the room to find that his baby had indeed, all alone, found his way into the beautiful tone-world.

After that, music-lessons were for him too, and he was never far away when Nunnerl was at the harpsichord, but, perched on his father's knee, followed every movement and tone, and often played the lesson after her from memory.

The next year the family removed to Munich, and the two children were presented at the Court, and played before Francis I., the Emperor, to the wonder and delight of all who heard them.

His father had only taught him on the harpsichord, but he had a little violin on which he played to amuse himself. Six trios composed by Wenzl were once brought to him to try his powers. Little Wolfgang begged that he might play the second violin part, and brought out his own instrument to play with the others. His father refused him, and bade him run away; but Schachtner, whose part it was, called him back, and said, "Never mind, little man; wipe away those tears, and stand by me." He did so, looking over the





MOZART,  
THE LITTLE MUSIC-KING.  
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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musician's shoulder; and soon Schachtner was surprised to hear a clear, clean-cut tone striking in with his. Gradually he heard the music distinctly played, and softening his own tones more and more, let the little fellow play on. Finally he ceased playing altogether, and Wolfgang played on without interruption through that trio and the next, and until the whole six had been performed. He had become absorbed in the music, and all unconsciously threw his whole soul into the performance, and, with flushed cheek and flashing eye, played on to the close, radiant with delight, while the tears rolled down the chapel-master's face as he listened to the boy.

He had never before heard him play on the violin, and was overwhelmed with astonishment and joy.

"Little music-king thou art, my Wolferl, and thou shalt reign over us all," he cried, as he clasped him in his arms.

Before Wolfgang was eight years old, and Anna twelve, they had performed at the Courts of Vienna, Paris, Munich and London. At Vienna they saw and played with the little Marie Antoinette, and Wolfgang shocked the fine Court ladies by jumping into the lap of the Empress for a kiss. He could play the works of Bach, Handel and other masters, and in England composed six sonatas, which he dedicated to the Queen.

Returning to France, they traveled about in that country and in Holland, and Wolfgang played on the organs of most of the churches and monasteries.

One evening, being caught in a thunder-storm, they took shelter in a monastery. The monks were at supper, and did not know of their guests' arrival. But soon, wonderful music began to steal into the hall from the chapel, sometimes sweet and sad, then wild and stormy; now a single voice with pleading tones, again a great chorus of response; now the rolling of the thunder and the booming of the wind, and, as these died away, a soft, clear, sunny strain, telling that the storm was over. The Fathers were in great affright; one and another stole into the dark chapel to listen, and they counted themselves over and over again to be sure they were all there. But at last a light was brought, the strangers were discovered, and Wolfgang greatly enjoyed their amazement, terror, and delight. They could not believe it was he who had played such music, so far beyond what even Brother Ambrose played—their fine musician. They thought it was a spell—an enchantment—a holy charm—a miracle. And when at last con-

vinced he was a true mortal boy, they lavished the kindest hospitality on the Mozarts, and bade them God-speed on the morrow with many a blessing.

At the consecration of a church belonging to the Orphans' Home in Vienna, Mozart composed the music for the occasion, and conducted it, although only twelve years of age. At thirteen, he went to Rome with his father, and there, in the Sistine Chapel, below the grand painting of "The Last Judgment," which Michael Angelo had painted three hundred years before, he heard the wonderful music of "The Miserere."

This is only performed in Holy Week by the Pope's choir, and no one has ever been allowed to have a copy of the music, or even to see it. But so astonishing was little Mozart's memory, that, on his return from the chapel, he not only wrote out the music correctly, but could also sing it perfectly,—a feat which made him the musical wonder of the age.

He was received with the greatest enthusiasm in Italy; made a Knight of the Golden Spur by the Pope; elected a member of the Philharmonic Academy, and had praises and honors heaped upon him in the very land of song and art.

At fifteen years of age he composed his first opera. But we must now take leave of the boy.

His works were numerous, and have made his name immortal. His life was not long; and at thirty-five he left to the world the rich inheritance of his musical compositions.

They are full of grace and beauty. Some of them are sad and mournful; some running over with fun and frolic; but sonatas, operas, and masses all speak the genius of the great musician.

His last work was a requiem, which a stranger came to him and ordered. Mozart began to write it, and was to have it finished in a month. But when the stranger returned it was not done.

"How much longer do you want?"

"Another month," replied Mozart.

He continued to work on it, but his health, already poor, began to fail, and he grew feebler each day. He often told his wife he was writing the requiem for himself, and his melancholy increased day by day. He fancied that the unknown person was a being from another world, and became convinced that he was sent to warn him of his own departure. Painfully he worked on with his failing strength, and at last the requiem was completed; but when the stranger called for it Mozart was dead, and the solemn requiem, written for another, was his own death-song.





# The Blessed Day.

WHAT shall little children bring  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?  
What shall little children bring  
On Christmas Day in the morning?

This shall little children bring  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:  
Love and joy for Christ, their king,  
On Christmas Day in the morning!

What shall little children sing  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?  
What shall little children sing  
On Christmas Day in the morning?

This grand old carol shall they sing  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
With all their hearts, their offering bring  
On Christmas Day in the morning,—

For Christ was born in Bethlehem  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
For Christ was born in Bethlehem  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

“And all the bells on earth shall ring  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
And all the bells on earth shall ring  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

“And all the angels in heaven shall sing  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
And all the angels in heaven shall sing  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

“And all the souls on earth shall sing  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
And all the souls on earth shall sing  
On Christmas Day in the morning.

“Then let us all rejoice amain  
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;  
Then let us all rejoice amain  
On Christmas Day in the morning.”

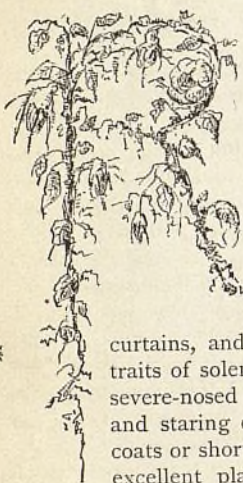


## EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

## CHAPTER I.

## TWO GIRLS.



✻

ROSE sat all alone in the big best parlor, with her little handkerchief laid ready to catch the first tear, for she was thinking of her troubles, and a shower was expected. She had retired to this room as a good place in which to be miserable; for it was dark and still, full of ancient furniture, sombre curtains, and hung all round with portraits of solemn old gentlemen in wigs, severe-nosed ladies in top-heavy caps, and staring children in little bob-tailed coats or short-waisted frocks. It was an excellent place for woe; and the fitful spring rain that pattered on the window-pane seemed to sob, "Cry away: I'm with you."

Rose really did have some cause to be sad; for she had no mother, and had lately lost her father also, which left her no home but this with her great aunts. She had only been with them a week, and though the dear old ladies had tried their best to make her happy they had not succeeded very well, for she was unlike any child they had ever seen, and they felt very much as if they had the care of a low-spirited butterfly.

They had given her the freedom of the house, and for a day or two she had amused herself roaming all over it, for it was a capital old mansion, and was full of all manner of odd nooks, charming rooms, and mysterious passages. Windows broke out in unexpected places, little balconies overhung the garden most romantically, and there was a long upper hall full of curiosities from all parts of the world; for the Campbells had been sea-captains for generations.

Aunt Plenty had even allowed Rose to rummage in her great china closet,—a spicy retreat, rich in all the "goodies" that children love; but Rose seemed to care little for these toothsome temptations; and when that hope failed, Aunt Plenty gave up in despair.

Gentle Aunt Peace had tried all sorts of pretty needlework, and planned a doll's wardrobe that would have won the heart of even an older child.

But Rose took little interest in pink satin hats and tiny hose, though she sewed dutifully till her aunt caught her wiping tears away with the train of a wedding-dress, and that discovery put an end to the sewing society.

Then both old ladies put their heads together and picked out the model child of the neighborhood to come and play with their niece. But Ariadne Blish was the worst failure of all, for Rose could not bear the sight of her, and said she was so like a wax doll she longed to give her a pinch and see if she would squeak. So prim little Ariadne was sent home, and the exhausted aunties left Rose to her own devices for a day or two.

Bad weather and a cold kept her indoors, and she spent most of her time in the library where her father's books were stored. Here she read a great deal, cried a little, and dreamed many of the innocent bright dreams in which imaginative children find such comfort and delight. This suited her better than anything else, but it was not good for her, and she grew pale, heavy-eyed and listless, though Aunt Plenty gave her iron enough to make a cooking-stove, and Aunt Peace petted her like a poodle.

Seeing this, the poor aunties racked their brains for a new amusement, and determined to venture a bold stroke, though not very hopeful of its success. They said nothing to Rose about their plan for this Saturday afternoon, but let her alone till the time came for the grand surprise, little dreaming that the odd child would find pleasure for herself in a most unexpected quarter.

Before she had time to squeeze out a single tear a sound broke the stillness, making her prick up her ears. It was only the soft twitter of a bird, but it seemed to be a peculiarly gifted bird, for while she listened the soft twitter changed to a lively whistle, then a trill, a coo, a chirp, and ended in a musical mixture of all the notes as if the bird burst out laughing. Rose laughed also, and, forgetting her woes, jumped up saying, eagerly:

"It is a mocking-bird. Where is it?"

Running down the long hall she peeped out at both doors, but saw nothing feathered except a drabble-tailed chicken under a burdock leaf. She listened again, and the sound seemed to be in the house. Away she went, much excited by the chase, and following the changeful song it led her to the china-closet door.

"In there? How funny!" she said. But when



she entered, not a bird appeared except the everlastingly kissing swallows on the Canton china that lined the shelves. All of a sudden Rose's face brightened, and softly opening the slide she peered into the kitchen. But the music had stopped, and all she saw was a girl in a blue apron scrubbing the hearth. Rose stared about her for a minute, and then asked abruptly:

"Did you hear that mocking-bird?"

"I should call it a phebe-bird," answered the girl, looking up with a twinkle in her black eyes.

"Where did it go?"

"It is here still."

"Where?"

"In my throat. Do you want to hear it?"

"Oh, yes! I'll come in." And Rose crept through the slide to the wide shelf on the other side, being too hurried and puzzled to go round by the door.

The girl wiped her hands, crossed her feet on the little island of carpet where she was stranded in a sea of soap-suds, and then, sure enough, out of her slender throat came the swallow's twitter, the robin's whistle, the blue-jay's call, the thrush's song, the wood-dove's coo, and many another familiar note, all ending as before with the musical ecstasy of a bobolink singing and swinging among the meadow grass on a bright June day.

Rose was so astonished that she nearly fell off her perch, and when the little concert was over clapped her hands delightedly.

"Oh, it was lovely! Who taught you?"

"The birds," answered the girl, with a smile, as she fell to work again.

"It is very wonderful! I can sing, but nothing half so fine as that. What is your name, please?"

"Phebe Moore."

"I've heard of phebe-birds, but I don't believe the real ones could do that," laughed Rose, adding, as she watched with interest the scattering of dabs of soft soap over the bricks: "May I stay and see you work? It is very lonely in the parlor."

"Yes, indeed, if you want to," answered Phebe, wringing out her cloth in a capable sort of way that impressed Rose very much.

"It must be fun to swash the water round and dig out the soap. I'd love to do it, only aunt would n't like it, I suppose," said Rose, quite taken with the new employment.

"You'd soon get tired, so you'd better keep tidy and look on."

"I suppose you help your mother a good deal."

"I have n't got any folks."

"Why, where do you live, then?"

"I'm going to live here, I hope. Debby wants some one to help round, and I've come to try for a week."

"I hope you *will* stay, for it is very dull," said Rose, who had taken a sudden fancy to this girl, who sung like a bird and worked like a woman.

"Hope I shall; for I'm fifteen now, and old enough to earn my own living. You have come to stay a spell, have n't you?" asked Phebe, looking up at her guest and wondering how life *could* be dull to a girl who wore a silk frock, a daintily frilled apron, a pretty locket, and had her hair tied up with a velvet snood.

"Yes, I shall stay till my uncle comes. He is my guardian now, and I don't know what he will do with me. Have you a guardian?"

"My sakes, no! I was left on the poor-house steps a little mite of a baby, and Miss Rogers took a liking to me, so I've been there ever since. But she is dead now, and I take care of myself."

"How interesting! It is like Arabella Montgomery in the 'Gypsy's Child.' Did you ever read that sweet story?" asked Rose, who was fond of tales of foundlings, and had read many.

"I don't have any books to read, and all the spare time I get I run off into the woods; that rests me better than stories," answered Phebe, as she finished one job and began on another.

Rose watched her as she got out a great pan of beans to look over, and wondered how it would seem to have life all work and no play. Presently Phebe seemed to think it was her turn to ask questions, and said, wistfully:

"You've had lots of schooling, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear me, yes! I've been at boarding-school nearly a year, and I'm almost dead with lessons. The more I got, the more Miss Power gave me, and I was so miserable I 'most cried my eyes out. Papa never gave me hard things to do, and he always taught me so pleasantly I loved to study. Oh, we were *so* happy and so fond of one another! But now he is gone, and I am left all alone."

The tear that would not come when Rose sat waiting for it came now of its own accord,—two of them in fact,—and rolled down her cheeks, telling the tale of love and sorrow better than any words could do it.

For a minute there was no sound in the kitchen but the little daughter's sobbing and the sympathetic patter of the rain. Phebe stopped rattling her beans from one pan to the other, and her eyes were full of pity as they rested on the curly head bent down on Rose's knee, for she saw that the heart under the pretty locket ached with its loss, and the dainty apron was used to dry sadder tears than any she had ever shed.

Somehow, she felt more contented with her brown calico gown and blue-checked pinafore; envy changed to compassion; and if she had dared



she would have gone and hugged her afflicted guest.

Fearing that might not be considered proper, she said, in her cheery voice:

"I'm sure you aint all alone with such a lot of folks belonging to you, and all so rich and clever. You'll be petted to pieces, Debby says, because you are the only girl in the family."

Phebe's last words made Rose smile in spite of her tears, and she looked out from behind her apron with an April face, saying in a tone of comic distress:

"That's one of my troubles! I've got six aunts, and they all want me, and I don't know any of them very well. Papa named this place the Aunt-hill, and now I see why."

Phebe laughed with her as she said encouragingly:

"Every one calls it so, and it's a real good name, for all the Mrs. Campbells live handy by, and keep coming up to see the old ladies."

"I could stand the aunts, but there are dozens of cousins, dreadful boys all of them, and I detest boys! Some of them came to see me last Wednesday, but I was lying down, and when Auntie came to call me I went under the quilt and pretended to be asleep. I shall *have* to see them sometime, but I do dread it so." And Rose gave a shudder, for, having lived alone with her invalid father, she knew nothing of boys, and considered them a species of wild animal.

"Oh, I guess you'll like 'em. I've seen 'em flying round when they come over from the Point, sometimes in their boats and sometimes on horse-back. If you like boats and horses you'll enjoy yourself first rate."

"But I don't! I'm afraid of horses, and boats make me ill, and I *hate* boys!" And poor Rose wrung her hands at the awful prospect before her. One of these horrors alone she could have borne, but all together were too much for her, and she began to think of a speedy return to the detested school.

Phebe laughed at her woe till the beans danced in the pan, but tried to comfort her by suggesting a means of relief.

"Perhaps your uncle will take you away where there aint any boys. Debby says he is a real kind man, and always brings heaps of nice things when he comes."

"Yes, but you see that is another trouble, for I don't know Uncle Alec at all. He hardly ever came to see us, though he sent me pretty things very often. Now I belong to him, and shall have to mind him till I am eighteen. I may not like him a bit, and I fret about it all the time."

"Well, I would n't borrow trouble, but have a

real good time. I'm sure I should think I was in clover if I had folks and money and nothing to do but enjoy myself," began Phebe, but got no further, for a sudden rush and rumble outside made them both jump.

"It's thunder," said Phebe.

"It's a circus!" cried Rose, who, from her elevated perch had caught glimpses of a gay cart of some sort and several ponies with flying manes and tails.

The sound died away, and the girls were about to continue their confidences when old Debby appeared, looking rather cross and sleepy after her nap.

"You are wanted in the parlor, Miss Rose."

"Has anybody come?"

"Little girls should n't ask questions, but do as they are bid," was all Debby would answer.

"I do hope it is n't Aunt Myra; she always scares me out of my wits asking how my cough is, and groaning over me as if I was going to die," said Rose, preparing to retire the way she came, for the slide, being cut for the admission of bounding Christmas turkeys and puddings, was plenty large enough for a slender girl.

"Guess you'll wish it *was* Aunt Myra when you see who has come. Don't never let me catch you coming into my kitchen that way again or I'll shut you up in the big biler," growled Debby, who thought it her duty to snub children on all occasions.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CLAN.

ROSE scrambled into the china-closet as rapidly as possible, and there refreshed herself by making faces at Debby, while she settled her plumage and screwed up her courage. Then she crept softly down the hall and peeped into the parlor. No one appeared, and all was so still she felt sure the company was up stairs. So she skipped boldly through the half-open folding-doors, to behold on the other side a sight that nearly took her breath away.

Seven boys stood in a row—all ages, all sizes, all yellow-haired and blue-eyed, all in full Scotch costume, and all smiling, nodding, and saying as with one voice: "How are you, cousin?"

Rose gave a little gasp and looked wildly about her as if ready to fly, for fear magnified the seven and the room seemed full of boys. Before she could run, however, the tallest had stepped out of the line, saying pleasantly:

"Don't be frightened. This is the clan come to welcome you; and I'm the chief, Archie Junior, at your service."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and Rose



timidly put her own into a brown paw, which closed over the white morsel and held it as the chief continued his introductions.

"We came in full rig, for we always turn out in style on grand occasions. Hope you like it. Now I'll tell you who these chaps are, and then we shall be all right. This big one is Prince Charlie, Aunt Clara's boy. She has but one, so he is an extra

At this command, to Rose's great dismay, six more hands were offered, and it was evident that she was expected to shake them *all*. It was a trying moment to the bashful child; but, remembering that they were her kinsmen come to welcome her, she tried her best to return the greeting cordially.

This impressive ceremony being over, the clan broke ranks, and both rooms instantly appeared to



"THIS IS THE CLAN, COME TO WELCOME YOU."

good one. This old fellow is Mac, the book-worm, called Worm for short. This sweet creature is Steve the Dandy. Look at his gloves and top-knot, if you please. They are Aunt Jane's lads, and a precious pair you'd better believe. These brats are my brothers, Geordie and Will, or Castor and Pollux, for they stick together like burrs; and Jamie the Baby. Now, my men, step out and show your manners."

be pervaded with boys. Rose hastily retired to the shelter of a big chair and sat there watching the invaders and wondering when her aunt would come and rescue her.

As if bound to do their duty manfully, yet rather oppressed by it, each lad paused beside her chair in his wanderings, made a brief remark, received a still briefer answer, and then sheered off with a relieved expression.



Archie came first, and, leaning over the chair back, observed in a paternal tone:

"I'm glad you've come, cousin, and I hope you'll find the Aunt-hill pretty jolly."

"I think I shall."

Mac shook his hair out of his eyes, stumbled over a stool, and asked abruptly:

"Did you bring any books with you?"

"Four boxes full. They are in the library."

Mac vanished from the room, and Steve, striking an attitude which displayed his costume effectively, said with an affable smile:

"We were sorry not to see you last Wednesday. I hope your cold is better."

"Yes, thank you." And a smile began to dimple about Rose's mouth as she remembered her retreat under the bed-cover.

Feeling that he had been received with distinguished marks of attention, Steve strolled away with his top-knot higher than ever, and Prince Charlie pranced across the room, saying in a free and easy tone:

"Mamma sent her love and hopes you will be well enough to come over for a day next week. It must be desperately dull here for a little thing like you."

"I'm thirteen and a-half, though I *do* look small," cried Rose, forgetting her shyness in indignation at this insult to her newly acquired teens.

"Beg pardon, ma'am; never should have guessed it." And Charlie went off with a laugh, glad to have struck a spark out of his meek cousin.

Geordie and Will came together, two sturdy eleven and twelve year olders, and, fixing their round blue eyes on Rose, fired off a question apiece as if it was a shooting match and she the target.

"Did you bring your monkey?"

"No; he is dead."

"Are you going to have a boat?"

"I hope not."

Here the two, with a right-about-face movement, abruptly marched away, and little Jamie demanded with childish frankness:

"Did you bring me anything nice?"

"Yes, lots of candy," answered Rose, whereupon Jamie ascended into her lap with a sounding kiss and the announcement that he liked her very much.

This proceeding rather startled Rose, for the other lads looked and laughed, and in her confusion she said hastily to the young usurper:

"Did you see the circus go by?"

"When? Where?" cried all the boys in great excitement at once.

"Just before you came. At least I thought it was a circus, for I saw a red and black sort of cart and ever so many little ponies, and —"

She got no farther, for a general shout made her

pause suddenly, as Archie explained the joke by saying in the middle of his laugh:

"It was our new dog-cart and the Shetland ponies. You'll never hear the last of your circus, cousin."

"But there were so many, and they went so fast, and the cart was so very red," began Rose, trying to explain her mistake.

"Come and see them all!" cried the Prince. And before she knew what was happening she was borne away to the barn and tumultuously introduced to three shaggy ponies and the gay new dog-cart.

She had never visited these regions before, and had her doubts as to the propriety of her being there now, but when she suggested that "Auntie might not like it," there was a general cry of:

"She told us to amuse you, and we can do it ever so much better out here than poking round in the house."

"I'm afraid I shall get cold without my sacque," began Rose, who wanted to stay, but felt rather out of her element.

"No you won't! We'll fix you," cried the lads, as one clapped his cap on her head, another tied a rough jacket round her neck by the sleeves, a third nearly smothered her in a carriage blanket, and a fourth threw open the door of the old barouche that stood there, saying with a flourish:

"Step in, ma'am, and make yourself comfortable while we show you some fun."

So Rose sat in state enjoying herself very much, for the lads proceeded to dance a Highland fling with a spirit and skill that made her clap her hands and laugh as she had not done for weeks.

"How is that, my lassie?" asked the Prince, coming up all flushed and breathless when the ballet was over.

"It was splendid! I never went to the theater but once, and the dancing was not half so pretty as this. What clever boys you must be," said Rose, smiling upon her kinsmen like a little queen upon her subjects.

"Ah, we're a fine lot, and that is only the beginning of our larks. We have n't got the pipes here or we'd sing for you—we'd play for you—a dulcy melody," answered Charlie, looking much elated at her praise.

"I did not know we were Scotch; papa never said anything about it or seemed to care about Scotland, except to have me sing the old ballads," said Rose, beginning to feel as if she had left America behind her somewhere.

"Neither did we till lately. We've been reading Scott's novels, and all of a sudden we remembered that our grandfather was a Scotchman. So we hunted up the old stories, got some pipes, put



on our plaids, and went in, heart and soul, for the glory of the clan. We've been at it some time now, and it's great fun. Our people like it, and I think we are a pretty canny set."

Archie said this from the other coach-step, where he had perched, while the rest climbed up before and behind to join in the chat as they rested.

"I'm Fitzjames and he's Roderick Dhu, and we'll give you the broadsword combat some day. It's a great thing, you'd better believe," added the Prince.

"Yes, and you should hear Steve play the pipes. He makes 'em skirl like a good one," cried Will from the box, eager to air the accomplishments of his race.

"Mac's the fellow to hunt up the old stories and tell us how to dress right, and pick out rousing bits for us to speak and sing," put in Geordie, saying a good word for the absent Worm.

"And what do you and Will do?" asked Rose of Jamie, who sat beside her as if bound to keep her in sight till the promised gift had been handed over.

"Oh, I'm the little foot-page, and do errands, and Will and Geordie are the troops when we march, and the stags when we hunt, and the traitors when we want to cut any heads off."

"They are very obliging, I'm sure," said Rose, whereat the "utility men" beamed with modest pride, and resolved to enact Wallace and Montrose as soon as possible for their cousin's special benefit.

"Let's have a game of tag," cried the Prince, swinging himself up to a beam with a sounding slap on Stevie's shoulder.

Regardless of his gloves, Dandy tore after him, and the rest swarmed in every direction as if bent on breaking their necks and dislocating their joints as rapidly as possible.

It was a new and astonishing spectacle to Rose, fresh from a prim boarding-school, and she watched the active lads with breathless interest, thinking their antics far superior to those of Mops, the dear departed monkey.

Will had just covered himself with glory by pitching off of a high loft head first and coming up all right, when Phebe appeared with a cloak, hood and rubbers, also a message from Aunt Plenty that "Miss Rose was to come in directly."

"All right; we'll bring her!" answered Archie, issuing some mysterious order, which was so promptly obeyed that, before Rose could get out of the carriage, the boys had caught hold of the pole and rattled her out of the barn, round the oval and up to the front door with a cheer that brought two caps to an upper window, and caused Debby to cry aloud from the back porch:

"Them harum-scarum boys will certainly be the death of that delicate little creter!"

But the "delicate little creter" seemed all the better for her trip, and ran up the steps looking rosy, gay and disheveled, to be received with lamentation by Aunt Plenty, who begged her to go and lie down at once.

"Oh, please don't! We have come to tea with our cousin and we'll be as good as gold if you'll let us stay, Auntie," clamored the boys, who not only approved of "our cousin," but had no mind to lose their tea, for Aunt Plenty's name but feebly expressed her bountiful nature.

"Well, dears, you can; only be quiet and let Rose go and take her iron and be made tidy, and then we will see what we can find for supper," said the old lady as she trotted away, followed by a volley of directions for the approaching feast.

"Marmalade for me, Auntie."

"Plenty of plum-cake, please."

"Tell Debby to trot out the baked pears."

"I'm your man for lemon-pie, ma'am."

"Do have fritters; Rose will like 'em."

"She'd rather have tarts, I know."

When Rose came down fifteen minutes later with every curl smoothed and her most beruffled apron on, she found the boys loafing about the long hall, and paused on the half-way landing to take an observation, for till now she had not really examined her new-found cousins.

There was a strong family resemblance among them, though some of the yellow heads were darker than others, some of the cheeks brown instead of rosy, and the ages varied all the way from sixteen-year-old Archie to Jamie, who was ten years younger. None of them were especially comely but the Prince, yet all were hearty, happy-looking lads, and Rose decided that boys were not as dreadful as she had expected to find them.

They were all so characteristically employed that she could not help smiling as she looked. Archie and Charlie, evidently great cronies, were pacing up and down, shoulder to shoulder, whistling "Bonnie Dundee." Mac was reading in a corner, with his book close to his near-sighted eyes. Dandy was arranging his hair before the oval glass in the hat-stand. Geordie and Will investigating the internal economy of the moon-faced clock, and Jamie lay kicking up his heels on the mat at the foot of the stairs, bent on demanding his sweeties the instant Rose appeared.

She guessed his intention and forestalled his demand by dropping a handful of sugar-plums down upon him.

At his cry of rapture the other lads looked up and smiled involuntarily, for the little kinswoman standing there above was a winsome sight with her shy, soft eyes, bright hair and laughing face. The black frock reminded them of her loss, and filled



the boyish hearts with a kindly desire to be good to "our cousin," who had no longer any home but this.

"There she is, as fine as you please," cried Steve, kissing his hand to her.

"Come on, Missy; tea is ready," added the Prince encouragingly.

"I shall take her in." And Archie offered his arm with great dignity, an honor that made Rose turn as red as a cherry and long to run up stairs again.

It was a merry supper, and the two elder boys added much to the fun by tormenting the rest with dark hints of some interesting event which was about to occur. Something uncommonly fine they declared it was, but enveloped in the deepest mystery for the present.

"Did I ever see it?" asked Jamie.

"No, but Mac and Steve have, and liked it immensely," answered Archie, thereby causing the two mentioned to neglect Debby's delectable fritters for several minutes, while they cudged their brains.

"Who will have it first?" asked Will, with his mouth full of marmalade.

"Aunt Plenty, I guess."

"When will she have it?" demanded Geordie, bouncing in his seat with impatience.

"Some time on Monday."

"Heart alive! what is the boy talking about?" cried the old lady from behind the tall urn, which left little to be seen but the topmost bow of her cap.

"Does n't Auntie know?" asked a chorus of voices.

"No; and that's the best of the joke, for she is desperately fond of it."

"What color is it?" asked Rose, joining in the fun.

"Blue and brown."

"Is it good to eat?" asked Jamie.

"Some people think so, but I should n't like to try it," answered Charlie, laughing so he spilt his tea.

"Who does it belong to?" put in Steve.

Archie and the Prince stared at one another rather blankly for a minute, then Archie answered with a twinkle of the eye that made Charlie explode again:

"To Grandfather Campbell."

This was a poser, and they gave up the puzzle, though Jamie confided to Rose that he did not think he could live till Monday without knowing what this remarkable thing was.

Soon after tea, the clan departed, singing "All the blue bonnets are over the border," at the tops of their voices.

"Well, dear, how do you like your cousins?" asked Aunt Plenty, as the last pony frisked round the corner and the din died away.

"Pretty well, ma'am; but I like Phebe better." An answer which caused Aunt Plenty to hold up her hands in despair and trot away to tell sister Peace that she never *should* understand that child, and it was a mercy Alec was coming soon to take the responsibility off their hands.

Fatigued by the unusual exertions of the afternoon, Rose curled herself up in the sofa corner to rest and think about the great mystery, little guessing that she was to know it first of all.

Right in the middle of her meditations, she fell asleep and dreamed she was at home again in her own little bed. She seemed to wake and see her father bending over her; to hear him say, "My little Rose;" to answer, "Yes, papa;" and then to feel him take her in his arms and kiss her tenderly. So sweet, so real was the dream, that she started up with a cry of joy to find herself in the arms of a brown, bearded man, who held her close and whispered, in a voice so like her father's that she clung to him involuntarily:

"This is my little girl, and I am Uncle Alec."

(To be continued.)

MERRY Christmas, dear Papa!

Merry Christmas, good Mamma!

Don't you hear me knocking?

Don't you know the morning's here?

Wake up, Papa! Mamma dear!

Oh! oh! see my stocking!





## ELSIE'S WINTER WALK.

By L. G. W.

THE spring before, Elsie had had a present of a vase. It was made of clouded glass, and shaped like a basket. From that day there were always fresh flowers or leaves or grasses on the little corner table in the parlor; for there was where the vase stood, and it was never empty.

So many beautiful things it had held; hepaticas and violets and apple-blossoms, and then the roses and wild honeysuckles of June, and then, as her own little garden grew to blossoming, sweet peas and geraniums and mignonnette. At last there were asters and golden-rod and brown ferns, and the fringed gentians from down by the brook under the hill—the dear good-by flowers that staid so late.

She used to get up early all the Summer mornings and have it freshly filled before breakfast. But now the mornings were short and dreary, the last of the tender ferns had dried away out of sight, and the little flower-bed was filled only with bare earth and patches of snow. The basket was empty at last, and looked lonely and forlorn. Elsie said this was too dreary; it would never do in the world.

But Fred said, a little teasingly, "Well, El, what are you going to do about it, I should like to know?"

"Going to walk; and you'll see if I don't find

something," said Elsie, with a sudden determination.

"But it's all snow," said Edgar. "What's the use?"

"Oh, we'll see. The sun shines; and I don't believe *every* thing's dead. Who'll go with me?"

"Not I," said Fred. "Better fun for me—going to get my skates newly strapped, ready for the pond. Who cares for green things! Besides, they're all gone, I know."

Edgar had some important whittling to keep him at home. But Ralph wanted to go, and was running off for his coat and cap, poor little fellow, with a hole in his boots. But Elsie could not take him, and so she consoled him with a big piece of paper and a pencil, and started off alone.

She went out through the north gate upon the road, and then close along by the fence down the hill. The snow was pretty thick and hard, but around every fence-post was a little green island. The sun was clear, and the air would have been almost warm if it could have blown over grass instead of snow. How pleasant it was, after all! And there, in one of the small green islands, was a clover-leaf, and, stooping to get it, she found another and another; real Spring clover-leaves, with little white marks in them, and fresh and sweet when they came to be lifted out of their cold bed and carried in her hand.

Her eyes were wide open now, and soon caught



a glimpse of something green and brown and glossy. It was a bunch of blackberry leaves, and, feeling for the stem and pulling hard, up came a long vine, delicate and fresh, and every leaf perfect. Then she found more, and the farther they had trailed off under the snow, the greener and more perfect they always were. "Could it be true that the cold snow has been keeping them warm?" Elsie said to herself, and her heart quite warmed up to the snow as she gathered the long, graceful vines and thought of the little basket waiting at home.

Then there was a wild rose-bush all bare of leaves; but what pretty yellow and red stems,—she had never noticed before,—and on the end of many of them a bright red berry. How bright they were in among the blackberry leaves!

Not many fence-posts farther on, a little brown and yellow bunch of yarrow leaves lay leaning over each other in a sleepy sort of way, but quite fresh, and those deepest down as green as Summer. So the feathery little things also went on in Elsie's hand. Wild strawberry leaves, green and brown and red, lay at almost every step; delicate grasses, bleached white, waved above the snow, making a faint fluttering sound; and soon she came upon something really wonderful. It seemed to be a bunch of white daisies, but, on looking closely, they proved to be the dry calyxes of some summer flowers, quite white and shining. Elsie laughed out for joy.

On she went, crossing the bridge at the foot of the hill, and then creeping through the bars into the winter-green lot. There she found treasures, indeed; great beds of partridge-berry vines under the snow, all bright with berries, and tufts of hardy ferns, and the glossy winter-green leaves. How *could* anybody want more? How little Fred knew about it all! He should go with her next time, and not pretend any longer that he did n't care for such things; for she knew it was only pretense. Her left hand ached, it was so full of beautiful things. Next time she would bring a big basket, and it should be next time very soon, for she had found out now what a dear secret the snow had been keeping from her. Thanks to that little empty vase of hers at home.

Just then such a soft bed of moss gleamed up before her out of the dazzling snow. She had to stop short. At first she thought she would not touch it,—it would be too bad to tear away the least bit,—but she wanted it so much she soon decided it

would be right, after all. So she laid down her treasures and began to dig with both hands, but, finding a whole family of bugs and worms packed away for the winter under its shelter, she laid it carefully back and tucked down the edges to keep them warm. "What a nice bed," she said, "only I'd rather have it under me than on top of me, I think."

Then she came to a stump, all covered with lichens and cup-moss and small clumps of scarlet-headed gray moss and, running all over the big roots, more of the partridge-berry vine, a little greener and finer and more abundant than what she had found before. Everything that grows in the woods seems to love old trees so. What a splendid tree that must have been, and when it had to be cut down, how lovely of all the little red and gray and green things to come and cover up the poor stump so as to make things less lonesome!

Elsie knew it was time to go home, but it was hard to get away. She liked to think of all the hepaticas and anemones asleep down just a little way in the ground under her feet, for here was where she always found the first Spring flowers. And down there, in the alders, how soon the birds would be building their nests again!

Fred was just passing by on his way back from the store as Elsie turned to go home. He stooped down out of sight to see how she would get through the fence with her load,—a great bunch of leaves in one hand, a handkerchief full of moss in the other, and long vines hanging over her left shoulder and down her back. A little mean of Fred not to try to help her; but he did so like to tease!

The first she knew of his presence she heard a voice behind her, as she trudged along, call out, "Stop thief!" When he caught up with her he said, very meekly, "Will you allow me the pleasure of carrying the winter-green lot for you, Miss?" But she could n't trust him with anything but the handkerchief.

So the little basket was full again; blackberry and partridge vines hanging off and running over the handle, and yarrow and ferns leaning out, and bright berries peeping up between, and the queer little snow-daisies, as Elsie called the calyxes, in a bunch on one side. And there was so much left that the pictures on the mantel were trimmed, and a flat dish was filled with moss for the big table, and everybody said it was about as good as Summer, after all.

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## JESSIE.

BY BRET HARTE.

JESSIE is both young and fair,  
 Dewy eyes and sunny hair;  
 Sunny hair and dewy eyes  
 Are not where her beauty lies.

Jessie is both fond and true,  
 Heart of gold and will of yew;  
 Will of yew and heart of gold—  
 Still her charms are scarcely told.

If she yet remain unsung,  
 Pretty, constant, docile, young,  
 What remains not here compiled?  
 Jessie is a little child!

## A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

BY FLORENCE SCANNELL.

It was Christmas Eve. The night was very dark and the snow falling fast, as Hermann, the charcoal-burner, drew his cloak tighter around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near, and was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and his four little children. He was thinking of them, when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have they left thee here all alone to face this cruel blast?"

The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou would'st be dead before the morning."

So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrap-

ping it in his cloak and warming its little cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut, he put down the child and tapped at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper," said he, leading in the little one, who held timidly to his finger with its tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said the wife. "Now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed round to welcome and gaze at the little new-comer. They showed him their pretty fir-tree, decorated with bright, colored lamps in honor of Christmas Eve, which the good mother had endeavored to make a *fête* for the children.

Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear, blue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a brighter light in the



little room; and as they gazed, it grew into a sort of halo round his head, and his eyes beamed with a heavenly luster. Soon two white wings appeared at his shoulders, and he seemed to grow larger and larger, and then the beautiful vision vanished,

place where he had found the fair child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers, with dark green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann plucked some, and carried them reverently home to his wife and children, who



HERMANN BRINGS HOME A CHRISTMAS GUEST.

spreading out his hands as in benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming, in awe-struck voices: "The holy Christ-child!" and then embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the Heavenly Guest.

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the

treasured the fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them Chrysanthemums; and every year, as the time came round, they put aside a portion of their feast and gave it to some poor little child, according to the words of the Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

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## JOKKOREE.

*(An Old-fashioned Fairy Tale.)*

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

ONCE upon a time there lived a miller by the name of Jok, and his wife's name was Ko, and his mare's name was Rik, and his dog's name was Ree, and his cat's name was Rorum. When his first child was born, and he found it was a girl, he called her Jokkorik; and when his second child was born, as it was a son, he called it Jokkoree. His wife complained very much of these names, saying that they were not fit to be given to children; but the miller, who was as whimsical as he was tyrannical, bade the good woman to hold her tongue, and declared if another child were born, be it boy or girl, he would name it Jokkororum.

The boy and the girl grew up, the girl being very beautiful and the boy very ugly. Jokkorik was tall and slender, with eyes of a violet blue, a pure red and white complexion, and long, golden hair. Jokkoree, on the contrary, was short, stout and muscular, with large feet and hands, steel-gray eyes, reddish-brown hair that was bushy and stiff, and a manner that was awkward and constrained. But if he was ungainly he was also active and fearless. There was not a horse, however wild, that he could not ride, nor a wild beast, however fierce, that he feared to meet; indeed, his father complained that he was fonder of riding and hunting than of attending to the mill. But Jokkoree did not neglect his duty. He rose early and toiled late, and whenever the great mill-wheel was turning he was busy. And he was as kind-hearted and frank and indifferent to praise or censure, as his sister was cruel and deceitful and vain. Yet, because Jokkoree was so very ugly and had a wide mouth and a big nose, his mother disliked and neglected him, and lavished all her love upon his sister; while his father only looked upon him as one who was strong enough to help him in the mill-work, and was easy to manage.

Out in the forest near the mill,—a forest which belonged to the Grand Duke of Kleinerberg, and where his Serene Highness and the nobles of the Court often came to hunt, there lived an old hermit with a beard as white as snow, and a body so thin that its owner looked like a living skeleton in a serge gown. To this hermit Jokkoree had always been kind when the old man came to the mill to beg a little flour, and in return the hermit taught him not only to read and write, but to do a great many other things. He showed him how to use a sword and handle a lance, for the hermit had been

a learned man as well as a knight of renown in his time. He grew kinder and kinder to the boy every day, and at length, finding death about to overtake him, gave him three things which he said might prove of use as he grew older: the Sword of Potency, the Staff of Extension, and the Shoes of Endurance. The sword would cut through anything, no matter how hard it might be; the staff, at the will of the wearer, would enlarge or diminish, or change itself into any article ever fashioned out of wood; and the shoes had this quality, that he who wore them was never tired, no matter how long he walked or how fast he might run, nor was he bent down no matter how heavy the burthen he might bear. Having explained all this, the hermit died, and Jokkoree buried him in his cave, in a spot which the hermit had hollowed out long before for this very purpose.

When Jokkorik was about ten years old, there was born a little sister, and the miller, according to his promise, named her Jokkororum. And the little girl grew up to be the most beautiful girl that was ever seen, and to be as amiable in disposition as she was lovely in person. But before she was quite sixteen years old, the father and mother both died within a month of each other, leaving their estate to Jokkorik and Jokkoree, and commending Jokkororum to the joint care of her brother and sister; and Jokkoree, a week after the death of his mother, leaving his share of the property for the support of his younger sister, took with him the sword and staff and shoes of the hermit, and mounting the best horse in the stable, went forth to seek his fortune.

So soon as he was gone, Jokkorik, who hated her younger sister because every one preferred her, insisted that Jokkororum should go into the kitchen, and become a scullion there, and Jokkororum had to submit. But, one day, the son of the Grand Duke, the Prince Prettyboi, fatigued with his hunting, stopped with his attendants at the mill, and asked for a glass of water. Jokkorik curtsied and blushed, and ordered Jokkororum to fetch it, which she did. Though the young girl was meanly clad, and marked with the tokens of her menial service, she was so beautiful and graceful, that when she had retired the Prince asked who she was.

"Only my scullion," answered Jokkorik.

Every day afterward the Prince came to hunt in the forest, and every day stopped to crave a drink



of water. Jokkorik thought that she had fascinated him by her own charms; but one day, when Jokkororum happened to be absent, the Prince inquired after her so very anxiously that the elder sister at once saw her error. After the Prince had gone, when Jokkororum returned, her sister met her with reproaches and abuse, and, after beating her, drove her from the house, and told her never

quired of the peasant with whom he had lodged what building that was.

"That," said his host, "is the castle of the giant Steelbody, the great enchanter. He is the terror of all Dunderland, and the King would share his kingdom with the man who would destroy him."

"Why has he not been killed before this, by some stout knight of the kingdom?"



THE HERMIT'S THREE GIFTS

to come back again. And when the Prince returned next day, and learned of this, he caused inquiries to be made, and found that the young girl, after being traced into the country of Dunderland, had entirely disappeared.

Wishing to fathom this mystery, and anxious again to see Jokkororum, whose true condition he now discovered, he left Court and set out all alone upon his travels.

Meanwhile, Jokkoree had gone from one country to another without meeting any remarkable adventures, and, finding his purse was getting lighter, had returned by a different way. When he was about two days' journey from Kleinerberg, he stopped for the night on the edge of a huge forest, at the cottage of a woodman. In the morning, as he was preparing to go, he looked upward and saw in the distance a high rock, on which stood a huge castle, with three slender towers in front, which glittered in the rays of the morning sun. He in-

"It is easy to see, young sir, that you are a stranger," replied the peasant. "Not only is the castle impregnable, and built on an inaccessible rock, but whoever ventures into the valley around it falls within the power of his sorcery, and is obliged to do his will. He pretends to treat them fairly too. It is said that he sets them three tasks, and if they do these, he will give them all his possessions; but if they fail, then he changes them to statues of brass, to adorn his great hall. Only the other day, a beautiful young girl, though she was meanly dressed, wandered there, and was changed to a statue; and when I described her to a young cavalier who stopped here, he went madly in pursuit of her, and perished too, doubtless, as nothing was seen of him afterward. The King's daughter once ventured there, or strayed there by some accident, but never returned."

"And did not the King send his soldiers to the castle to rescue her?"



"It would be useless, even if he came out to meet them. He has made his body, by magic, as hard as steel,—whence his name,—and swords and lances only shiver when they strike him."

"I will seek this giant, and destroy him," said Jokkoree.

The peasant endeavored to dissuade him, but in vain. The young man mounted his horse, and spurred on toward the castle, staff in hand, while his sword jingled at his side in the scabbard, as though it were calling him to the enterprise.

Jokkoree soon arrived at a high stone wall, along which he rode for some time without discovering any entrance. At last he came to a gap where the stones had fallen, and thus was enabled to pass. He found himself in a beautiful garden, filled with choice fruit-trees, parterres of flowers, and beautiful fountains. As he gazed around him, he saw a huge giant advancing, whom he rightly conjectured to be no other than Steelbody himself.

The giant, who was attended by a number of servants, put on a friendly air, and welcomed Jokkoree as though he were exceedingly pleased by his visit, inviting him to enter the castle.

"It shall not be my fault," said he, "if you do not stay with me a very long time."

Jokkoree understood the hidden meaning of these words, but he followed the giant to the rock, where a huge door opened of its own accord, and revealed a flight of stone steps, which they ascended, and which led them into the main hall of the castle.

The youth had never even dreamed of anything so splendid. The walls, the pillars that supported the roof, and the lofty ceiling were of ebony inlaid with gold, and studded with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones; and the floor was laid in agate and lapis lazuli. On either side of the hall were pedestals, each bearing a statue of bronze. In one of these Jokkoree recognized the figure of Jokkororum, and he started.

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The giant noticed his surprise, but mistook the cause. "Ah! I see you notice one vacant pedestal. It lacks one statue to complete the collection, but I expect to have that in three days."

He then led Jokkoree to the great banquetting-room, where they found a collation ready, which was served by numerous servants richly attired. When this was over, there was a concert of music; after which, Jokkoree was shown to a chamber of equal richness with the other apartments, and here, without any fear of harm, he went to sleep.

The next morning, after he had eaten breakfast, which was served to him in bed, and dressed himself, the giant entered the chamber.

"I hope you have been pleased at your entertainment," he said. Jokkoree bowed in reply.



JOKKOREE AND THE GIANT.

"There is a price to be paid for it," continued Steelbody. "I shall be compelled to ask you to do me three favors—to set three tasks for you, in



fact. If you succeed in all these, you are master of this castle and all it contains. If you fail in either, you will change into a statue of bronze, and stand upon the vacant pedestal."

"I am ready," answered Jokkoree.

"Come with me, then," said the giant, "to the valley below."

Jokkoree followed him, and when there the giant went on to say:

"Ten miles from this, on my grounds, are six stones, each as heavy as you can carry. You must go there and bring them, one by one, to this place, between now and sunset. The road is plain—the path is before you. I leave you to your labor, while I return to the castle. At sunset I will be here."

The giant left him, and Jokkoree, lacing the Shoes of Endurance tightly on his feet, ran directly on the path that stretched straight before him. He soon arrived where the stones lay, and grasping one, put it on his shoulder. It was certainly heavy, but the quality of the shoes he wore, as the hermit had told him, prevented fatigue, and he readily brought it to the foot of the rock, running all the way with the greatest ease. In this way he made six journeys to and fro, and it was not yet noon-day when he had completed his labor. When he had done it, he knocked loudly at the great door in the rock. As he did so, he heard a crash, and looking up he found that one of the three towers which made the front of the castle had fallen, and the fragments of stone had poured down on the very spot where he had stood a few moments before.

The giant made his appearance, with a vexed look.

"So you have completed your task early. That gives you a chance to do the second before the sun sets. You see yonder tree, with golden fruit in the upper branches? A basket hangs up there. You will be kind enough to get to the top, fill the basket with the fruit, and when you have brought it down carry it up to the great hall of the castle, where I shall await you."

So saying, the giant entered the portal, and the door closed.

Jokkoree looked at the tree, and found the trunk, which was slender and lofty, was studded thickly with bright steel points, as sharp as razors, extending in every direction, rendering it impossible to climb. But the youth was nowise daunted at that. He remembered his Staff of Extension. Placing that before him, he wished it to become a ladder long enough to reach to the first branch of the tree. The staff split in two, and went upward, rounds appearing between the two parts as it climbed, until it finally rested where desired. Up

this ladder Jokkoree ascended, and, taking the basket, speedily filled it with the golden fruit. Then he descended, the ladder shrank back again into a staff, and Jokkoree, with his basket on his arm, knocked at the great door in the rock, which opened as before. As it did this, there was a great crash, and a second tower of the castle fell.

The giant met him in the hall, and took the basket of fruit which Jokkoree offered. He was very pale, and said:

"You have performed two of the tasks; but the third is more difficult. Take the sword which I see you wear by your side, and strike off my head. If you fail in that, you are lost."

Jokkoree drew his sword, and the giant bent his head low that it might be reached, while a malignant twinkle in his eye showed his faith in the invulnerability of his body to all weapons. The youth trembled, for he remembered what the peasant had told him; but he also remembered what the hermit had said, and how the shoes and the staff had proved themselves. So he drew his sword and smote lustily.

There was a crash, and the last of the three towers fell, as the head of the giant rolled upon the floor. At the same moment the statues changed into living forms, stepped from their pedestals, and crowded around their deliverer. Jokkororum threw herself in the arms of her brother, while Prince Prettyboi gazed at her in admiration.

There were knights and dames, nobles and burghers, who pressed around to thank Jokkoree; and one of the ladies, whom the rest recognized and paid deference to, gave him her hand to kiss. This was the Princess Brytize, the only daughter of the puissant Woodenhed, King of all Dunderland. And the servants all hastened to acknowledge Jokkoree as their master, and as heir, by the terms of the three achieved tasks, to the titles and estate of Steelbody, Count of Aircastle and Lord Nozoo.

King Woodenhed fulfilled his promise, and gave over half of Dunderland to Jokkoree, who reigned as king there. But as the old king had no son, he made his co-king marry the Princess Brytize, that the whole realm might be kept in the family.

Jokkoree and Jokkororum, who was afterward married to Prince Prettyboi, forgave Jokkorik, and King Jokkoree invited her to his Court, where she married a great noble, Count Henpekt, with whom she became tolerably happy. At least, the noble Count seemed very proud of her; for he said she was of that amiable disposition that he did not believe there was any one in the world, excepting King Jokkoree, and the Crown Princess of Kleinerberg, and himself, whom she hated very intensely. Considering the former character of the Countess Jokkorik, this was very high praise indeed.



## A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

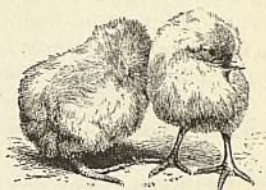
By A. S. W.

PEEPSY and Weepsy, after a pretty tough scramble, make their entrance into this big selfish world, and evidently wish they could go back again.

Weepsy's heart is filled with dismay; timid tears fill his eyes; he turns his little round fluffy back on the early worm, and feels inclined to give up.



THEY WISH THEY COULD GO BACK.



THE PROUD BLOOD STIRS IN PEEPSY.

They collect their scattered faculties, and put their heads together to consult as to what is best to be done about it.

Peepsy puts one tender claw around his neck, and wipes his weeping eyes, but cannot comfort him. Weepsy droops lower and lower and lower,



THEY PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.



WEEPSY DROOPS LOWER AND LOWER.

The proud blood of his forefathers stirs in Peepsy's breast. He plants his feet firmly on his native heath, blinks defiantly with his right eye, and thinks matters may not be so very bad. But

smiles faintly, his breast heaves with short sighs, and his little lamp of life goes out.

Poor Peepsy! Bereft, but plucky, he mournfully determines to "go it alone."

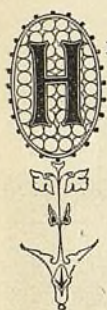


PEEPSY DETERMINES TO "GO IT ALONE."



## TOMMY, THE SOPRANO.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



HE was very small. Only ten years old, and just as tall as the top of the chancel rail. When he put on his white robes and stood up to sing, he looked like a young angel with blue eyes and very bright brown hair. He had no wings. This some people thought a pity. It was not, for then he might have flown away. Besides, a clever boy is better than two angels in a picture-book.

On this particular morning he had no white robe, and he did not feel much like singing. It was cold and stormy out of doors, and one could not be quite sure whether it was night or morning. The clock on the wall said five minutes past eleven, but that was a mistake. The clock had stopped. And the fire was out, and the water had frozen in the tea-kettle, and the cat was dead. Poor old blind pussy! She had just died. Tommy looked at the old cat stretched out beside the cold stove. He looked at the heavy frost on the windows. He looked at his hands, red with the cold, and he wondered what would happen next.

Far away over the snowy house tops came the sound of bells. The chimes! How merrily they rang! He listened to the jangling music. Such a queer old song! Tommy took up the tune and sang softly:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,  
Was born upon this day."

That was all he could sing; he let the bells say the rest.

He was not a very merry gentleman. The poor old cat was dead, and the fire had gone out. That was not all. There were no coals, nor any breakfast, and upstairs—ah! upstairs in the cold and the dark lay his mother, sick, feeble, poor and old before her time.

"Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour —"

How the chimes rang out on the frosty air! "It must be nearly time to go to church." Tommy looked at the clock. It only stared at him, with both hands lifted up in mute despair.

Tommy spread a rug over the poor old cat, and, putting on a cloth cap and a faded coat, he prepared to go out of doors.

He could do nothing more. The world seemed to be quite upside down, and Christmas Day all out of place, as if the year had stopped with the clock. He could do nothing more. The dispensary doctor said he would call soon. He would not wait for breakfast, for there was nothing to eat in the whole house. At least, he could get warm at the church, and, by the time the service was over, perhaps something would happen. Surely, if it were really and truly Christmas Day, something would happen. What might happen he could not guess. It would be something better, for things were quite as bad as they could be.

Ah! It was pleasant to get into the warm church out of the cold wind and the snow. The choir were nearly all there, and the service was about to begin. Tommy hung up his poor old hat and coat, and carefully crept into his white robe. One of the alto boys buttoned it up behind for him, and gave him his music-book. There was a little stir among the white-robed men and boys, and then they formed in a procession and marched two and two through a small door into the great church. How the loud organ pealed! The music seemed to thrill him through, and he took his seat in the choir with trembling knees. How full the church! Every seat seemed to be taken, and he looked around on the great company in a kind of dull surprise. It was in all the papers, but Tommy did not know it, that the famous boy soprano, Thomas Sterry, would sing that morning, and many had come to hear him. As for Tommy Sterry, he knew there was a solo somewhere in the service; he had studied it carefully, but now he almost forgot where it came or what it was about.

Small time for thought. The choir stood up, and in a moment away they went in the opening anthem. How Tommy's voice rolled out the sonorous Latin:

"Gloria in excelsis Deo!"

It was a delight to spring through the lively measures of Mozart's great Twelfth Mass, and Tommy took up the high sustained notes in the soprano part as if he were really an angel, after all. There was a great picture of an angel, standing on a gold cloud and with a trumpet in his hand, in one of the windows, and one lady in the congregation thought it looked just like Tommy. After the anthem, the service began and went on in the usual fashion. Tommy forgot all about the dead cat, and the



breakfast that he did not eat, and he almost forgot his mother. The music seemed to carry him away to another country, where there was no snow, nor sickness, nor poverty, nor tears. He thought how many months his mother had denied herself everything that he might learn to sing; and now that he could sing, perhaps the church people would give him a little something, for really he was so very, very poor! The church people were well able to pay something, and they ought to do it. He must speak to them on the morrow —

One of the singers whispered in his ear:

"Look out, Tommy! Here comes your solo."

How the organ caught up the brilliant music! He had hardly time to open his book and stand up before the symphony was over. How his silvery voice rang through the great church! The people listened in silence while he sang from old Handel's "Messiah":

"Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice greatly,  
O daughter of Zion!"

How like "a robin racing down a brook of music" he ran through the sparkling measures! The music seemed to spring in long roulades on the word "rejoice," as if it were too glad for words.

"O daughter of Zion!  
Rejoice greatly, shout,  
O daughter of Jerusalem!  
Behold thy King cometh unto thee."

Then it changed to smoother, sweeter measures:

"He is the righteous Saviour,  
And he shall speak peace."

How softly Tommy's limpid voice gave the words:

"Peace! And he shall speak — Peace!"

What was the matter? Had the organ stopped? The church seemed to swim round and round, and the angel in the window was dancing madly! What —

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do you feel better, Tommy?" asks a pretty lady bending over him.

"Better! Where is this?"

"This is my home. Do you feel better now?"  
Such a soft bed! And the room—it was so beautiful! And the lady! Who was she?

"Guess I'm dead. It's heaven, is n't it?"

The lady smiled. "No; it's only my house. You fainted away in the church, and I brought you here in my carriage."

"Oh! I remember. It's Christmas. Well, you see, I did n't have any breakfast, and the cat is dead, and mother's sick, and the church was so warm, and there was so much music, and I was tired, and —"

"We will not talk about that now. You will not sing in that church again."



"A PRETTY LADY BENDING OVER HIM."

"Why not? I like to sing."

"You are to sing in our church after this. I'm the organist's wife, and we are going to give you four hundred dollars a year, and —"

"Four hundred dollars! What an awful lot of money. Oh! now you're joking a fellow 'cause it's Christmas Day."

"Oh! Tommy's better, I'm sure. Come, my boy, sit up. There's your breakfast."

It was all a piece of magic. A girl brought in a tray with such a noble breakfast that Tommy did n't really know where to begin. The lady took the tray and the girl arranged the pillows, and the royal feast began.



The lady talked and even sang a Christmas song called :

"The boar is dead,  
Lo! here is his head."

Tommy laughed till he cried, for it was a most amusing song. But, in the midst of the festivity, he stopped abruptly.

"By cricky! I forgot. There's mother all this time, and she's had no breakfast."

"Such language, Tommy! I am surprised!"

"I forgot, ma'am. It slipped out 'fore I knew it. I don't use such words much; but, then, mother's sick, you know."

"No; I did n't know. Let us go home and see her."

So they did. They rode away in a beautiful covered sleigh, and soon reached Tommy's home. And they made a fire and thawed out the tea-kettle, and started the forlorn clock, and called a nurse

ing service every day in the year. He even paid Tommy a part of the salary in advance, that he might help his mother.

Then they went to the piano and sang Christmas carols—"The Manger Throne," "I Saw Three Ships," "The Holly and Ivy," and many others quite as beautiful. Then they told Tommy how in England on Christmas Day the children, dressed in thick shoes and warm clothing, go from house to house and stand out in the snow singing carols; and how the good people open their doors and invite them in to partake of good cheer. Last of all, Tommy started to walk home alone. He had not gone far before the bells in St. Mary's—his church now—began to chime, and, with a happy heart, he sang aloud with them:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen."

Then he turned back softly till he came to the



CHILDREN SINGING CAROLS.

for Tommy's mother, and brought Christmas Day right into the wretched house. Tommy could n't believe it all. If it had not been for the poor, old cat folded up in her rug, Tommy could not have believed that he had passed through such a doleful experience that morning. All seemed so bright now, that the past was like a dream.

Then they made Mrs. Sterry comfortable, and the lady took Tommy away again in her sleigh. This time the organist was at home, and he then and there explained to Tommy how selfish the church people had been in refusing to pay him anything for singing so long, and that now it was all changed, and he was to be first soprano in the boys' choir at St. Mary's, and that they would pay him a fine salary, and that he was to sing at morn-

good organist's house, and there, all alone in the snowy street, he sang a good old Christmas carol, for his heart was full of peace and gratitude.

"God bless the master of this house,  
Likewise the mistress too,  
And all the little children  
That round the table go.

"And all your kin and kinsfolk  
That dwell both far and near,  
I wish you a merry Christmas  
And a happy New Year."

And the people in the houses round about heard the music in their dreams and said:

"Hark! The angels are singing!"

But the watchman in his big coat knew it was only Tommy, the soprano.



## THE HORNBILL.

BY FRED BEVERLEY.

It is not strange that Africa, the home of the gorilla and hippopotamus, should possess the most curious specimens of the great class of birds; for it has been found to contain within its tangled jungles the rarest and most grotesque forms of animal life, though we must except the island of Australia, where the laughing jackass and the kangaroo are found.

One of the most interesting and attractive families of birds is that of the hornbill, one species of which is shown in the illustration on the next page. Although this bird is found in India, it is much more abundant in Africa.

If we may believe report, the bill of the hornbill is nearly one-fourth the length of its body. The bill is very long, curved, deep and thin, and has a helmet upon its crown, of various shapes and sizes; and this helmet is used to give to many species their specific, or proper, names. Thus, there is the *Buceros bicornis*, or two-horned hornbill; the *Buceros rhinoceros*, or rhinoceros hornbill, so called from the immense helmet resembling the horn of a rhinoceros. *Buceros* is the generic name applied to them from some peculiarity they all possess in common; the *specific*, or individual, names being derived from the shapes of their helmets.

Though seemingly heavy and unwieldy, the bill of the hornbill is very light, being composed of light cellular tissue, resembling in this respect the skull of the elephant; and the walls of thin bone are so fragile, that in dried specimens it may be crushed in the hand. The edge of the mandibles, or beaks, are very sharp, frequently breaking off and being renewed. It is said that the age of the bird may be ascertained from the wrinkles on its bill, as the age of a cow is sometimes told from the wrinkles around her horns.

Before proceeding further, it may be well to notice a family of birds, inhabiting South America, often confounded with the hornbills, from their resemblance. These are the toucans. They are confined to the warmer portions of the New World, as the hornbills are to those of the Old. Their bills are large, of the same structure, but lack the helmet; they are brighter-colored and more gaudy of plumage. Their voices are loud and harsh, and can be heard a long way.

It is from the cry of the Brazilian species, "toucano," that they derive their name. When feeding, they post a sentinel. They have a habit of

sitting upon the topmost branches of trees, chattering, lifting their heads at regular intervals, clashing their bills together, and crying out so loudly as to be heard at the distance of a mile. From this the natives have given them the name of "preacher birds." They have great antipathy to any bird uglier than themselves, and will mob an owl with the zest of crows, nearly frightening the poor bird to death with their clashing beaks and loud cries.

To return to our friends, the hornbills. From the great size of their bills, they cannot walk easily upon the ground, but hop along awkwardly. The trees are their homes, and they hop from limb to limb with great ease, climbing to the tree-tops, where they remain for hours shouting gleefully in their bravest tones.

They feed upon pulpy fruits, small animals, reptiles and insects, and make their nests in hollow trees.

The largest species is the rhinoceros hornbill, which has a stretch of wing of about three feet, and a bill ten inches in length. The general color of this bird is black, the tail tipped with white. The bill is black at the base, reddish in the middle, and yellow tipped.

The most attractive species, as to plumage, is the crested hornbill, which has a crown of feathers, like the spread crest of a cockatoo, and a long, beautiful tail.

But the most interesting species is one noted, not for its plumage, but for a habit of nesting and living peculiarly its own. This is the red-billed hornbill, the *Buceros erythrorhynchus* of naturalists. We have been told by Livingstone, the African explorer, that this bird breeds, like the other members of its family, in hollow trees; that it makes its nest in holes in the trunks of these trees; that the female lines its nest with feathers from her own body, and lays four or five eggs, white, and of the size of pigeons' eggs.

In this there is nothing remarkably noteworthy; but we are astonished when we read further and find that, after the nest is prepared to the satisfaction of the female, she is shut up a close prisoner for weeks; that the entrance to the hole is plastered over with mud, until only a little slit is left, three or four inches long and half an inch wide—just large enough to admit the beak.

The male bird, who has walled up the hole, feeds the female through this slit until the young are



hatched and fledged—a period of eight or ten weeks. In this time the female has become very fat, and is often hunted out and eaten by the negroes of the country, who esteem her a great delicacy.

Sometimes the female hatches out two young ones, that are nearly able to fly before the other two appear. Then, with the two older birds, she leaves the nest and walls in the younger ones, which are

prison her, and becomes lean and emaciated in his labor of love, in procuring food for her and their little ones during those two long and weary months. It is more than probable that the object sought is to prevent the entrance of noxious reptiles, which could easily destroy mother and young, did not that formidable bill so effectually fill the hole. But one thing is certain, the mother hornbill is obliged



THE HORNBILL FEEDING HIS WIFE.

fed, through the slit, by their father and mother until able to take care of themselves.

Many writers have speculated upon the reason for this peculiar style of hatching out and bringing up the young hornbills; but, although they cannot tell exactly why the plan is adopted, there is no doubt but that the old birds know what they are about.

It is certainly not to prevent the escape of his mate that the male works so industriously to im-

prison her, and attend to her domestic duties; although she must be very different from almost any other bird if she does not, of her own free-will and desire, hatch out her little ones and take care of them until they can look out for themselves.

If we all attended to our duties as earnestly and conscientiously as mother-birds (and sometimes father-birds too) attend to theirs, it would be better for most of us.



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## THE FUNNY KINGS.

*(Some Christmas Stories of "Ye Olden Time.")*

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.



PROBABLY from very early times—we suspect even before “the golden prime of good Haroun al Raschid,” under whose delightful caliphate most of the wonderful things of which you read in the “Arabian Nights” are supposed to have taken place, or to have been first related—it has been all the fashion with story-tellers and ballad-makers to represent favorite kings as putting on various disguises, and playing clever, good-humored jokes on the humblest of their subjects. Nearly all of the English kings are so represented, and there were no stories that the people loved better to tell than these. They were the old Christmas stories, told by the Yule-log in the bleak old days of the English barons, when swords and helmets were thick and books were few. Thus we have the tales of King Henry VIII. and the Miller of Dee; of good Duke Philip of Burgundy and Sly the Tinker; of James I. and the Tinker; of William III. and the Forester, and so on all through the reigns of the Scottish James and English Georges. Some of these stories were fiction, like that of

“Old King Cole,  
That jolly old soul.”

But most of them were true. The wandering harpers used to relate them in verse; and as delightful as the bringing in of the Yule-log and the mistletoe, the fiery sport of “snap-dragon,” or the rollicking play of “blind man’s buff,” were the holiday tales of the funny doings of these merry old English kings.

One of the oldest of these ballad stories relates to

## KING HENRY AND THE MILLER,

and starts off briskly with:

“Henry, our royal king, would ride a-hunting  
To the green forests so pleasant and fair.”

The forest was Sherwood, where once lived Robin

Hood and his merry men. King Henry (Plantagenet) was young then, and he took with him a great retinue of young princes and nobles. So the horses cantered over the hills of Nottingham, and plume after plume danced out of sight among the green leaves. The King separated himself from the gay party, and dashed off with spirit into the heart of the forest.

At last the day began to decline, and the shadows grew long and thick in all the forest. The King blew his horn. There was no answer. He was lost.

He rode on. As the forest grew dark, he heard the flow of water, and discovered a cool stream just reflecting the light of the rising moon. Presently he heard a mill-wheel. Then his heart took courage. He soon reined his horse before the door of the mill.

“Good miller,” said the King, “is this the road to Nottingham?”

“I guess you know as well as I,” answered the miller. “You look as though you had been there before.”

“Who do you take me for?” asked the King in astonishment.

“For some gentleman thief or other; no honest man, sure.”

“But I must lodge with you to-night. I have gold at hand.”

At the word “gold” the miller began to prick up his ears. Just then the miller’s wife, a large, fat, brawling woman, looked over her husband’s shoulder. She too had heard the word “gold,” but was still cautious.

She delighted in the sweet name of Bymybroth. No one delights in that name now.

“Are you *sure* that you are no runaway?” piped Bymybroth.

“I am no runaway,” said the King.

“Then show us your passport,” said Bymybroth, who had a very logical turn of mind.

“From whom?”

“From the King!”

The King had no passport, and still finding Bymybroth suspicious and defiant, he began to flatter her, and he bowed so very politely that she was at last induced to say:

“You may come in.”

Bymybroth became very much pleased with the



King, so much so that she told him that, if he was tidy enough, he might sleep with her own son.

"If the King would never hear of it, I would get you some venison for supper," said Bymybroth.



"THE KING BOWED SO POLITELY.

"We do rob the King's forest of venison sometimes. Will you promise?"

"Yes, on my word," said the King; "*the King shall never know any more about it than he knows now.*"

The King was very hungry after his anxiety and long ride, and as his poor, weak human nature was quite like that of some other men whose heads were never topped with a crown, he made a large supper off of the unlawful venison.

"You will never tell about this?" said the cautious Bymybroth, looking keenly at her guest.

"The King shall be none the wiser for this from me," said the King, looking very profound.

With this strong assurance, Bymybroth slept very comfortably that night, but was awakened in the morning by a right royal retinue at the door. The miller and his wife then began "shaking and quaking," to use the graphic language of the old song, and the poor miller kneeled down and shut his eyes, we suppose, in order to decently make his last prayer. But—how charmingly it all ends! —the King,

"His kind courtesy for to requite,  
Gave him a living and dubbed him a knight."

The above story was in its day very popular, because the game laws of England at that time were very severe and very hard on the poor. It showed what the King himself would do when he was

hungry, and it seemed a concession to the cause of the suffering poor.

Next in order comes a very clever story of King John and

#### THE JOLLY OLD ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

The minstrels used to sing of the former as "Good King John," but the poets seem to be the only people who have had anything to say of King John's goodness. His forgiveness of the crafty old Abbot of Canterbury, we are sorry to note, is the only good thing we ever heard of him, and we are a little suspicious that this incident may be too good to be true.

The Abbot of Canterbury was a thrifty old prelate, a lover of good cheer, and he lived right sumptuously, as the old prelates were wont to live during the reign of the Plantagenet kings. King John heard of the Abbot's easy estate, and it made him very uneasy, for, being a sadly jealous man, he was always unhappy when he thought that another was better off than himself.

One day, there came to King John certain busy people, who said:

"Do you know how many servants the Abbot of Canterbury keeps in his house?"

"No."

"An hundred."

"That is more than I keep in a palace!"

"Do you know how many gold chains the Abbot has to hang over his coats of velvet?"

"No."

"Fifty."

"That is more than can be found among the jewels of the Crown! I will visit the Abbot of Canterbury. He has lived so long in luxury that he has lived long enough."

Then King John put on a terrible face, which must have been terrible indeed, for at the best he wore no merciful countenance, and he rode over to the grand old Abbey, and summoned before him the luxury-loving Abbot.

"How now, Father Abbot?" said the King sternly. "I hear that thou keepest a better house than I. That, sir, is treason—high treason against the crown."

"My liege," said the Abbot, "I never spend anything but what is my own. I trust that your Grace would do me no hurt for using for the comfort of others what I myself have earned."

"Yes, Father Abbot, thy offence is great. The safety of the kingdom demands thy death, and thou shalt die. Still, as thy learning is great, and as thou art esteemed a man of wit, I will give thee one chance of saving thy life."

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"When I come again to this place, and stand among my liegemen with my crown on my head, thou shalt answer me three questions."

"Name them, my liege."

"Thou shalt tell me, first, how much I am worth, and that to a single penny."

"Thou shalt tell me, secondly, how long a time it would require for me to ride around the whole world."

"Thou shalt tell me, thirdly, what I am thinking."

"O, these are hard questions—hard questions for my shallow wit," said the Abbot, with a fallen face. But if you will give me three weeks to consider them I think I may answer your Grace."

"I give thee three weeks' space; that is the longest thou hast to live. If then thou canst not answer well these questions three, thy lands and thy livings shall become the Crown's."

The King departed, and the poor Abbot sat down with a clouded brow and a heavy heart, and was at his wit's end.

At last, in utter despair of forming any answer himself, he ordered his horse, and rode over to Oxford and Cambridge to consult the doctors. Here he tarried many days, but

"Never a doctor was there so wise,  
That could with his learning an answer devise."

With a heart more heavy, and a brow more dark, then

"Home rode the Abbot of comfort so cold."

As he was riding slowly, near the grounds of the old, old abbey, and marked the golden crosses gleaming above the great shadows of the trees, and reflected that he soon would cease to enjoy the pleasures of the place, his head dropped upon his breast, and the tears wet his cheek. As he dismounted, he saw a jolly shepherd—one of his own servants—going to the fold.

"How now, my Lord Abbot?" said the shepherd; "right welcome you are home. What news do you bring from the King?"

"Sad, sad news, shepherd. I have but three days more to live, if I do not answer him questions three."

"And what are the questions three?"

"First, to tell him, as he stands in yon place among his liegemen with the gold crown on his head, what he is worth, and that to a single penny."

"Secondly, to tell him how long it would take him to ride around the world."

"Thirdly, to tell him what he is thinking."

"Then cheer up, cheer up, my Lord Abbot. Did you never hear that a wise man may learn wit of a fool? They say I much resemble you. Lend

me your gown and a horse and a serving-man, and I will stand in your place and will answer the King's questions."

The Abbot brightened a little at this, and answered:

"Horses and serving-men thou shalt have, and sumptuous apparel, with crozier and mitre, and rochet and cope, fit to appear before the Roman Pontiff himself."

The appointed day came, and the King stood in the appointed place with his golden crown on his head and a great retinue of nobles glittering around him. The supposed Abbot soon made his appearance, and took his position in the presence of the Court.

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," said the King.



"I WILL STAND IN YOUR PLACE."

"Thou dost faithfully keep the appointed day. Now answer correctly my questions three, and thou shalt save both thy life and thy livings."

"Well, my liege, but to answer correctly I must speak the truth."

"And that thou shalt. Now tell me what I am worth, and that within a single penny."

"Twenty-nine pence. Judas betrayed his Lord for thirty, and since thou art willing to betray the Church, I think that thou must be one penny the worse than he."

The King received the answer with unexpected good humor. He laughed heartily and exclaimed:

"Why, why, my Father Abbot, I did not think that I was worth so little!

"And now, jolly priest," he continued, "tell me just how long it would take me to ride around the world."



"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same until it riseth on the next morning, when you will have ridden the circuit of the world in just twenty-four hours."

The King laughed again, and said:

"I did not think I could do it so soon. But now comes the question that will put your wits to the test. What do I think?"

"You think I am the Abbot of Canterbury, but I am not. I am a poor shepherd, and that you may see (throwing off his cloak), and I have come to beg pardon for the Abbot and for myself."

Then the King laughed more heartily than ever, and he sent the jolly shepherd back to his master with a full and free pardon.

"Four nobles a week  
Will I give to thee,  
For this merry jest  
Thou hast shown unto me.  
And tell the old Abbot  
When thou com'st home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon  
From good King John."

Skipping over a dozen good stories of kings who played the part of a peasant in some generous way or other, we come to

#### "JAMIE THE SCOTCHMAN" AND THE TINKER.

In introducing this King, the old holiday ballad-singer used to say:

"A pleasanter monarch never was known."

He, too, went to hunt "the swift fallow deer," and, like other monarchs of old English history, he cast himself loose from the royal hunting party in search of an adventure. He at last came to an ale-house, in front of which was a tinker, doubtless mending a kettle."

"My good friend," said the King, "what is the news in these parts?"

"I know of no news, except that the King is hunting on the border."

"That is news, indeed," said the King.

"I wish I might be so happy as to see His Highness," said the tinker; "for though I've roamed the countries around for many years, I never saw a king in my life."

Then, as the old ballad runs,

"The King, with a hearty, brisk laughter, replied:  
'I tell thee, good fellow, if thou canst but ride,  
Thou shalt get up behind me, and I will thee bring  
To the presence of Jamie, thy sovereign King.'"

"But how shall I know him from the nobles who surround him?" asked the tinker.

"The King's head will be covered; the heads of the nobles will be bare."

Then the tinker mounted the horse,

"— and likewise his sack,  
His budget of leather and tools on his back,"

and rode away, greatly pleased with the idea that he was to see the King.

They came at last to a beautiful spot in the green wood, where the nobles were reclining after the chase. As soon as they made their appearance, the latter arose, and gathered around them with uncovered heads.

The tinker tapped the King on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear:

"They all look very gay; but which of them is the King?"

The King laughed most heartily again, and replied:

"The man who wears his hat." He then added, "Why, my good fellow, seeing that all the rest are uncovered, it must be you or I!"

There was a short silence. The poor tinker's heart quaked within him, and

"With his bag and his budget he fell to the ground."

He rose upon his knees at last, and begged the King for mercy.

"What is your name?" asked the King.

"John o' the Dale. I am a mender of kettles."

"Rise up, Sir John o' the Dale," said the King.

"I will make thee a knight." And

"Sir John o' the Dale, he has land, he has fee;  
At Court of the King who so happy as he?  
Yet still in his hall hangs the tinker's old sack,  
And the budget of tools he bore on his back."

There is another and more famous story of a monarch and a tinker. You may have heard of it, how Christopher Sly, as Shakespeare named this odd character in the introduction to "The Taming of the Shrew," woke one fine morning to find himself a grand gentleman. Here is the veritable account of

#### THE FROLICSOME DUKE AND SLY THE TINKER.

There was to be a grand ducal wedding in Bruges, in Burgundy, and the festivities were to last a week. Philip the Good was to marry Eleonora, sister to the King of Portugal.

Christopher Sly was a tinker; and a tinker was a man who used to "roam the countries around," crying "Old brass to mend?" and who repaired the good people's broken pots and kettles.

Christopher heard of the great wedding in his



travels, and came to Bruges to enjoy the merry-making with the rest.

He had only one pair of breeches, and they were made of leather. He deemed them suitable for all occasions. He had never arrived at the luxury of a coat, but in its place he wore a large leather apron, which covered his great shoulders like the armor of a knight.

Christopher had one bad habit. He loved ale

weather chilled not only his blood but his spirits. He wandered about in the storm, going from ale-house to ale-house, and receiving hospitality, until the town of Bruges seemed to revolve around him as its inhabitants around the Duke. Still he plodded away through the streets, longing to see the warm fires glow and the torches gleam in the ducal palace. When he had nearly reached the palace, the town began to spin and whirl around him at



"WITH HIS BAG AND HIS BUDGET HE FELL TO THE GROUND."

overmuch, and he used to drink so deeply on festive occasions as to affect the steadiness both of his mind and body.

Christopher enjoyed the gala days. He mingled in the gay processions that followed the ducal pair to the tournament; he gazed with loyal pride on the horses with their trappings of crimson and gold; he followed the falconers to the hunting parks, and listened to the sprightly music that led the dance at night in the torch-lit palace. Among the voices that cheered the glittering bride as she appeared on public occasions, no voice roared more lustily than Christopher Sly's.

The ducal wedding took place in the deep of winter, and one night soon after the joyful event, and while Bruges was yet given up to festivities, there fell a great snow-storm, blocking the streets and silencing the town.

Christopher's money was gone, and the falling

such a rate that presently he sank in the chilly snow and knew no more.

Philip the Good loved to roam about Bruges in disguise, and this night he started with a few of his confidential courtiers, also disguised, for a fun-seeking expedition about the city.

The party had not been out long when they came upon poor Sly.

"He will perish before morning," said the kind-hearted Duke.

"What is to be done with him?" asked a courtier.

"We will take him to the palace and have some sport with him. I will cause him to be washed and dressed and perfumed, and to be laid in a chamber of state. He will awake sober in the morning, when we will persuade him that *he* is the Duke, and that we are his attendants. To-morrow the whole Court of Burgundy shall serve a poor tinker!"



The attendants carried the unconscious tinker to the palace, where they washed him, and, putting upon him an elegant night-dress, laid him on a silk-curtained bed in a very gorgeous chamber.

The poor tinker, on waking in the morning, looked about the room in wonder. He concluded that he must be dreaming, or that he had become touched in mind, or that he had died the night before and had been so happy as to get to heaven.

At last, the Duke entered the apartment in the habit of the ducal chamberlain.

"What will your Worship have this morning?" asked the Duke.

The tinker stared.

"Has your Worship no commands?"

"I am Christopher Sly—Sly, the tinker. Call me not 'your Worship.'"

"You have not fully recovered yet, I see. But you will be yourself again soon. What suit will your Worship wear to-day? Which doublet, and what stockings and shoes?"

"I have no 'more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, and no more shoes than feet, and more feet than shoes sometimes.' I tell you I am Christopher Sly, and I am a tinker," was the puzzled reply.

But the ducal chamberlain only bowed the more.

Sly continued to look about him in amazement.

At last he said, with much hesitation:

"You may bring me my best suit. The day is pleasant—I will dress becomingly."

"Now you are yourself again. I must hasten to inform the Court of your recovery. I must fly to her Grace the Duchess, and say: 'The Duke, the Duke is himself again!'"

"The Duke! I tell you I am Christopher Sly,—old Sly's son, of Burton Heath,—by birth a peddler and by trade a tinker. Duke Sly! No. Duke Christopher! or, better, Duke Christophero! Marry, friend! would n't that sound well? It may be I am a duke, for all. Go ask Cicily Hackett, the buxom inn-keeper of Wincot, if she don't know Christopher Sly—Duke Christophero; and if she

say I do not owe her fourteen pence for small ale, then call me the biggest liar and knave in Christendom!"

The servants presently brought the poor tinker a silver basin, "full of rose-water and bestrewed with flowers." Then they brought him a suit of crimson, trimmed with lace and starred. The bewildered fellow stared awhile in silence; then he slowly put on the gorgeous apparel.

The tinker next was conducted to a magnificent banqueting-hall, where was spread a rich feast. The tables smoked with the venison and sparkled with the wine. He was led to a high seat beneath a canopy of silk and gold, the Duchess following, and seating herself by his side. Knights and ladies filled the tables, and the tinker began to feast and to sip wine like a duke indeed.

"I wish ——" said he, suddenly.

"What is your wish?" asked the Duchess.

"I wish that old Stephen Sly was here, and John Napes and Peter Turf, and my wife Joan, and Cicily Hackett,—would n't it be jolly?"

That night the reign of Duke Christopher came to a sudden end. But the Duke Philip kindly remembered him, and

"Thou shalt never," he said,  
"Range the countries around,  
Crying, 'Old brass to mend?'  
For I'll be thy good friend,  
And Joan, thy sweet wife,  
Shall the Duchess attend."

Those rude times, when acts of mercy and kindness on the part of a ruler were so rare and so dearly prized by the poor people, have changed now—faded and gone. The golden Christmases have brightened along the centuries, answering more and more that prayer of all good people: "Thy kingdom come." The Bethlehem story has more and more a sweeter meaning, and He whose lowly and gentle life mellowed even the hearts of kings and barons at the green Christmas-tides, more and more fills the earth with His law of love, which makes all men merciful, just and kind.



"THY KINGDOM COME."



## IN THE DORY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.



Now, if there's anything I hate,—  
And there is some, perhaps,—  
It's the way you have with you,  
You city chaps!

But, then, I did n't ask you out  
(You pull the dory round!)  
For a chance to blow you up;  
(She'll run aground!)

Because I think that would n't be—  
It's an idea I have—  
Just the way a gentleman  
Would like behave.

Fact is, I'd like to show you how,  
Before we're squared off quits,  
All the gentlemen aint grown  
In Boston streets.

But here! You called me that, just now,  
I've heard you say before  
This summer — (Look out there!  
You hug the shore!)

It's really more than I can stand—  
A pretty word! "Dock-rat!"  
Just because a fellow don't  
Wear such a hat.

And does n't wear a fancy shirt,  
With anchors to the sleeve;  
And don't wear his stockings weeks.  
You'd best believe

That all this living round the wharves,  
And picking drift-wood up,  
And such like vacation chores —  
(Just see that pup

Those there ladies took to bathe,  
With patent corks tied on!) —

I tell *you* this sort o' life  
Aint such a one

As needs be sarsed at specially  
To be uncomf'table,  
Though I like it, on the whole,  
Tolerable.

Perhaps the boarding-folks round here  
May have a sprucer look;  
May be, now, you Boston chaps  
Can read a book

That's bigger by an inch or so  
Than I can easy steer;  
You may clean up more than me—  
But now look here!

In all my life I never did—  
And I'm just square gone ten—  
Put the name of "Paddy" on  
To Irishmen.

Nor called a boy a "nigger," just  
Because his face was black;  
Nor I don't hail sailors round:  
"Oh, here you, Jack!"

If so a chap is not exact  
So nice or smart as I,  
I don't make an impudence  
To know him by.

Now, don't you see, this dory here  
Don't need to hold two men?  
Just duck *you* under! Who'd be  
The "dock-rat" then?

But, sir! I *asked* you out to row;  
Now tell me, if you can,  
Which of *us* two is most like  
A gentleman?



[Fac-simile of Original MS.]

## A visit from St. Nicholas

It was the night before Christmas, when all through  
the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

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## "A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS."

If any of us should happen to have an old friend whom we had never seen, we would be delighted to have his photograph, that we might know exactly how he looked.

On the opposite page is the likeness of an old friend—certainly an old friend to most of us. It is a *fac-simile*, or exact imitation, of the original manuscript of that familiar poem which is now as much a part of Christmas as the Christmas-tree or the roast turkey and mince-pies. No matter who writes poetry for the holidays, nor how new or popular the author of such poems may be, nearly everybody reads or repeats "T was the night before Christmas" when the holidays come round; and it is printed and published in all sorts of forms and styles, so that the new poems must stand aside when it is the season for this dear old friend.

Just think of it! Jolly old St. Nicholas, with his sleigh and his reindeer and his bags full of all sorts of good things, made his first appearance to many of us in this poem. Until we had heard or read this, we did n't know much about him, except that on Christmas Eve he shuffled down the chimney somehow, and filled our stockings.

Now here is a part of the poem,—as much as our page will hold,—exactly as the author, Mr. Clement C. Moore, wrote it. Here we see just how he dotted his i's and crossed his t's, and how he wrote some of his lines a little crookedly.

If we knew nothing about Mr. Moore but what we read in the biographical notices that have been written of him, we would never suppose that he troubled his brain about St. Nicholas and his merry doings, or thought of such things as reindeer and sleighs and wild gallops over house-tops. For he was a very able and learned man. He was the son of Bishop Benjamin Moore, and was born in New York, July 15, 1779. He was graduated at Columbia College (of which his father was at one time president). He was a fine Hebrew scholar, and published a Hebrew and English Lexicon and a Hebrew grammar. He was afterward Professor of Hebrew and Greek literature in the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in New York. He was a man of property, and had something of the St. Nicholas disposition in him, for he gave to this seminary the plot of ground on which its buildings now stand. Mr. Moore wrote many poems, which were collected and published in a book in 1844, and he did other good literary work; but he never wrote anything that will keep his memory green so long as that delightful poem on the opposite page.

The original manuscript of these famous verses is in the possession of the Hon. R. S. Chilton, United States Consul to Clifton, Canada, whose father was a personal friend of Mr. Moore, and who very kindly allowed us to make this *fac-simile* copy of a page of the manuscript for ST. NICHOLAS.



PUSSY'S LESSON. (DRAWN BY MISS SCANNELL.)





## THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

MORE than six hundred years ago, there began and ended a movement among the children of France and Germany, of which the world seems now to remember very little. It was a crusade to recover the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It is hard to understand in these days how an army of men could be raised for such a purpose. It is more difficult to explain why thousands of children, without arms, provisions or equipments for so long a journey, should leave their native land and try to reach far-off Palestine to rescue the tomb of Our Saviour from the hands of unbelievers. But this was attempted by the Children of the Crusade, in the year of Our Lord 1212.

The Saracens, under the Caliph Omar, took possession of the Holy Land, A. D. 637. Although the places held most sacred in the eyes of the Christians of that time thus passed into the possession of people of a hostile faith, devout pilgrims were still permitted to visit the spots made memorable by tradition. To worship at spots believed to be hallowed by Our Lord's birth, suffer-

ings and death, men journeyed across continents, suffered untold hardships, forsook home and friends, often lost their lives, and thus earned, as they thought, the especial favor of God and an abundant entrance into heaven.

But, as the centuries moved on, the Saracen rulers were less favorably disposed toward the Christian pilgrims, who now were worried in various ways, were shamefully treated, and forbidden to keep the sacred places in repair. This ill news spread throughout Europe. In all the Roman Catholic courts there was much indignation. The Pope, then the great potentate of Christendom, was deeply stirred by the tidings brought him by returning pilgrims. Peter the Hermit, a zealous man, who had seen with his own eyes the indignities practiced by the Saracens, began to preach a crusade. He traversed many Christian kingdoms, calling on rulers and people to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of unbelievers. Urban II., then Pope of Rome, sanctioned the movement. The multitude took up the cause,



crying "God wills it! God wills it!" And thus the first crusade began.

Those who entered the enterprise wore a cross of cloth on the breast or shoulder. Bearing thus the sacred emblem, they became crusaders—cross-bearers.

Several hundred thousand people—nobles, knights and soldiers—finally marched upon the Holy Land in 1096. These were divided into four armies. They met with divers fortunes, and out of the vast body of crusaders, only 21,500 soldiers at last reached Jerusalem. The Holy City fell into their hands, and Godfrey of Bouillon was chosen head of the Latin kingdom of Palestine. This power melted away in the lapse of time, and in 1145 another crusade became necessary to restore the Holy Sepulcher to Christian keeping. This was begun in 1146. It was undertaken by France and Germany. It was unsuccessful, and a third crusade was soon after resolved upon. In this great movement all Christendom was engaged. Of those whose names are most prominent in the history of the time, Richard I., King of England, surnamed "The Lion-Hearted," has been longest remembered as a chivalric sovereign and a puissant crusader.

A fourth crusade was thought necessary in 1200, the victorious results of the third crusade having faded away by that time. In this the French, assisted by the Venetians, were chiefly concerned. The ultimate effects of a long campaign were not satisfactory. The Holy Land was overrun once more by the Mohammedans, and the new Turkish power became firmly established on the border of Europe in Asia Minor.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Europe was jarred by numerous wars; some of them were domestic, and others had been undertaken by royal or noble adventurers, greedy for conquest. Fire and the sword had passed from kingdom to kingdom; the people were impoverished and sick of violence and war. Civilization was at a low ebb, and men everywhere were weary of their long struggles for peace. Into this condition of society came wayworn pilgrims from the Holy Land, bringing tidings of the wretched plight of the shrines which Christian hands had reared, and telling harrowing tales of the indignities heaped on holy men who went to worship or pay their vows at the birthplace and sepulcher of Our Lord.

To these appeals for succor there was no response. The country was poor and the people tired of wars. We can suppose that the preaching of the excited pilgrims fell on the ears of men who sullenly asked themselves, "Will it pay?" There could be but one answer. Europe was filled with outlaws; the people were sore distressed; robber

barons dwelt in strongholds, whence they issued to ravage vast tracts of country; and only in the crowded, want-stricken cities was there any security for life and property. A crusade would not pay. The popular religion of the times was not much better than heathenism; and the threats and entreaties of priests were alike unheeded.

In the gloomy old town of Cloyes, situated in the part of France now known as the Department of Eure-et-Loire, in 1212, lived a young lad named Stephen. The scant history of the times tells us only that he was a shepherd boy, that he was about sixteen years old, and that he tended a flock on the hills of the Loire, which flows through the town. His family name is not recorded; he is known in history only as Stephen of Cloyes.

Stephen had heard the passionate appeals of the priests, and had seen the tears of returning pilgrims as they recounted the perils of the way to the Holy Land and pictured the sufferings which Our Lord had endured through his disciples at Jerusalem. His heart had been stirred within him as he saw that there was not one to help the distressed Church and her faithful cross-bearers. He had talked of these things in his rude companionship; he had mused over them in his solitude among the hills of the Loire. As he mused, the fire burned.

There to him appeared, one day, a strange man, who commended his zeal and pious tears. To the wonder-stricken, rapt youth he announced himself as Jesus Christ. He gave him a commission to preach a crusade to the children, promising that he should lead to Palestine an army that should occupy the land and restore the Holy Sepulcher. Into his hand he delivered a letter to the King of France, commanding the monarch to aid the Heaven-appointed apostle of the new crusade. Filled with rapture, Stephen flew to his parents, told his marvelous story, and exhibited his celestial letter to the king. The simple people listened with amazement and perplexity. They asked for the heavenly visitant; but he had disappeared as mysteriously as he came. We can only guess who and what he was. Probably, he was a priest of the neighborhood, who, hearing of Stephen's kindling enthusiasm, had disguised himself in pilgrim garb, and had thus visited and misled the simple boy.

Stephen soon proved how apt a pupil he was. Fired with strange ardor and gifted with great natural powers of oratory, the lad kindled innumerable hearts with burning zeal. Leaving Cloyes, he went to the city of St. Denys, then famous as the burial-place of the martyr Dionysius. Placing himself before the shrine of this early victim to the rage of the heathen, he addressed the multitudes who came thither to worship. In glow-



ing language, he pictured the desolation which the Moslems had wrought in the sacred city, and contrasted with it the comfort and ease with which his hearers were surrounded. Here were gilded shrines, costly vestments, and clouds of incense. Yet the person of Christ was once more wounded in the bodies of those who would bow at His manger; and no pious hand restored the ruin which wicked men had wrought upon His tomb. Men had failed, he said, to redeem Jerusalem. Proud barons and powerful kings had been defeated in their attempts to regain for Christendom the holy places. Now Christ had promised the children that they should recover the Holy Land and restore the Holy Sepulcher. The armies of the Lord, led by the power of kings and princes, had been overthrown by the Mohammedan. At last, out of the weakness of children, God had ordained strength.

The people heard with awe, not unmixed with doubt. The religion of the time was overlaid with much ridiculous superstition. Legends of heathen deities were intermingled with monkish tales and lies. Divine appearances and angelic visitations were believed to be common; and not a few were ready to accept Stephen as a divinely-appointed prophet. He is said to have healed the sick by his touch; and the fame of his youth, piety, and high mission spread far and wide. Nevertheless, there was no movement of the people toward his banner. Men were disturbed by the civil wars that then rent France. There were many rulers, and the fertile provinces of that beautiful land were trampled by hostile forces. But the children were caught up by this strange enthusiasm. Like a contagion, the crusading spirit spread from Brittany to the Rhine. Stephen traversed the country, speeding from city to city, and everywhere calling on the children to hear the voice of God commanding them to save the Holy City from the defilement of the Moslems.

The young apostle must have been a youth of rare power. His appearance was in all places hailed with wild enthusiasm. He fascinated the children and youth. Inspired by his words, these young people seemed to be transfused with an unaccountable zeal. They passed into a state of spiritual exaltation not now easily to be understood. Boys and girls, of ten or twelve years of age, left their games and toys, or their tasks and homes, and joined the three-pointed, blood-red banner of the young crusader. Here and there, minor prophets sprang up, preaching the sacred mission of Stephen and avowing him as their leader. Like a flame the movement spread, sweeping children of tender years, and even maturer youths, into the ranks of the augmenting army. Children escaped

from the confinement in which parents thought it necessary to put them; they were deaf to the voice of authority and the call of affection. They flew, they ran, they poured, they tumultuously streamed to the banner of the Children's Crusade, reëchoing once more the cry which had followed the fiery cross of Peter the Hermit, "God wills it! God wills it!"

The King of France was forced to turn his attention from his ambitious and selfish plans, and to regard attentively this phenomenon. Not daring to suppress a crusade, he asked the opinion of the University of Paris. The learned doctors of that conclave very sensibly, we must think, advised that the matter be stopped. This was not so easy. The infatuation had grown too strong in volume. The government was powerless against these elusive streams of singing, praying children. Like a rolling snowball, the vast mass grew as it moved, until countless numbers had poured into the columns of Stephen's army. People were aghast at their own inability to lay a straw in the way of this wonderful army. It was currently reported and believed to be the work of evil spirits in the guise of heavenly visitants. Some said that this was the result of a scheme of the King of the Mountains, a mysterious potentate who was believed to live somewhere in Syria. This person was supposed to be chief of the Assassins, a band of trained secret murderers, from whose name and occupation we derive our word "assassin." The credulous French common-people believed that the chief of the Assassins had instigated this movement in order to procure recruits for his service.

Yet, many grown people embraced the faith preached by Stephen; they fed his followers, encouraged their children in their resolution to join the crusade, and not a few followed the army. There were also abandoned and wicked persons who joined themselves to the host; they saw an opportunity to practice their vile arts, or they concealed themselves in the throng while they plundered the country through which the army passed. Their evil influence pervaded the ranks; many youths were ruined in body and soul; demoralization and discontent spread; and, before the throng was out of France, the seeds of destruction were terribly sown.

News of this strange uprising sped swiftly throughout Europe. Pilgrims returning to Germany from the sacred shrines of France, told the story of the boy prophet as they trudged wearily up the fertile lands of the Rhine. Near the old city of Cologne, where lie the fabled bones of the three wise men of the East, lived a boy named Nicholas. He was then ten years old. His family, like that of Stephen, was humble; and we only



know him now as Nicholas of Cologne. He heard of the great success of Stephen, and, incited by his father, who is said to have been a bad man, he began to preach in Germany the Children's Crusade. He also pretended to have a divine commission; and this, he related, came to him in a blazing picture in the sky, where he saw a fiery cross and a command to go and rescue the Holy Sepulcher.

His success was immediate and very great. Youths of all stations and ranks came at his call. Sons of nobles and high-born lads from the castles of knightly renown hastened to join his banner. Expostulation was in vain; and, as in France, the strange madness spread until Cologne was overflowing with an army, and tens of thousands were camped in the country outside the walls.

Early in the summer of 1212, Nicholas marshaled his army. It was twenty thousand strong; and on its skirts hung the dissolute and bad, who, as in France, were eager to embrace this opportunity to plunder, mislead, and corrupt. Heedless of these evil influences, the children,—gentle and simple, noble and serf-born,—ennobled by a common inspiration, formed themselves into three columns, and began their march to Palestine.

With banners fluttering in the soft summer air, songs joyfully ringing as they moved, and crosses borne aloft, they passed down the banks of the Rhine. These twenty thousand children could find no place large enough to lodge them; they had no stores of provisions, except where some of the sons and daughters of nobles had been provided with supplies and attendants by their parents. For the most part, therefore, they camped in forests, by running streams, or sought lodging in cattle-sheds and rude cottages by the way. They begged their scanty repast from the inhabitants of the country, fed on roots and berries, and often went forth hungry in the morning and lay down to sleep at night pursued by gnawing hunger. Many wasted away and fell among the rocky paths before they had left German soil. Others were received into houses on the route, and so roamed no more.

Passing into Switzerland, then a collection of little principalities without any central government, they were inhospitably received. Even Southern Germany was a rude country and sparsely peopled by half-savage men. But the country now called Switzerland was even less civilized. Moreover, the people who inhabited the valleys of the Alps (into which they now passed) were unfriendly toward the Germans. The land was full of savage beasts; wolves, bears, and other frightful creatures prowled along the margin of this moving human stream, snatching off the stragglers, picking up the

wounded, or dashing into the night encampment in pursuit of their prey.

Still, the devoted band pressed on toward Italy. Their songs were exchanged for sighs, but up the Alps they climbed. With wounded and bleeding feet, they crept over the rocky ledges or plunged into the icy torrents. At night, drenched with chilly rain, they lay down on stony pillows or sank upon the ground. Some who sought rest on these inhospitable couches never woke again, but slept away their hapless lives amidst Alpine snows. Others stripped themselves of their tattered garments to shelter a freezing brother, sister or companion, and so perished nakedly, the unnamed heroes of the Children's Crusade.

Singly or in straggling bands, many turned their faces homeward. But even these were too far spent to reach Germany again. They perished miserably in their feebleness; and the comfortable homes of Fatherland knew them no more. So great was the mortality among the children of the German nobility, that a century passed away before the effects of this great inroad upon the flower of the nation had ceased to be apparent.

At length, reaching the last declivity of the Alps, the German children beheld the superb city of Genoa. Its marble palaces and cathedral spires gleamed in the warm sunlight; around rolled the verdurous valleys and hill-sides; and beyond sparkled the blue Mediterranean. Filled with joy, they forgot their hardships and raised a song of triumph. Neglected banners were once more unfurled; crosses waved on high; and, renewed by the brightness of the moment, this strange inundation precipitated itself upon the plains of Italy.

Of the twenty thousand fair-haired youths who had left Germany, only seven thousand were left to knock at the gates of Genoa. The rest—well, we know how they had perished by the way. We can guess how, as their young lives went out, their sufferings must have pained the very ear of a merciful God. We can imagine the dreadful story of their woes as they sank beneath the afflictions of hunger, cold, and disease, along the paths which these seven thousand had threaded. The army of the crusaders has long since melted away. We know very little of the young enthusiasts, or even of the people who must have known them; but, while time endures, the pathetic story of their journey across the Alps shall be told with wonder and with tears.

Seven thousand German boys, the flower of the Rhine lands, rugged survivors of an army of children, demanded one day's rest in Genoa. On the morrow, they confidently said, God would open a path through the sea. They wanted neither arms nor transportation. They were on the way to



preach Christ to the Moslem. God had promised to cleave the waters of the Mediterranean for them, so that they might go over dry-shod to convert the cruel Saracen to the Christian faith. They were granted their request by the wondering senators. And the strange procession of ragged, shoeless and sun-browned children passed into Genoa, singing their wild crusading hymns.

The people were greatly moved, and knew not what to make of this strange spectacle. It was

by the shore, longing and expecting a marvelous deliverance. But it never came. The sun sank toward the horizon. Their brief allowance of time had passed; and, with weary steps and slow, they passed out of the city and gathered in the fields.

It was impossible to go back. It were better to die in Italy than to reascend the Alps. Some found homes in Genoa and thereabouts; but the main body passed along the sea toward Pisa, then one of the great free cities of Italy—rival of Genoa



THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE UNDER STEPHEN OF CLOYES.

feared that so many pilgrims would bring a famine into the city. The effect of their example was dreaded by parents of impressible children. Moreover, Genoa sided with the Pope, who was then at war with the Emperor of Germany, Otho the Superb. These children must not long stay in the city. On the morrow (Sunday, August 26, 1212), they rose in haste and rushed to the seaside. Alas! the tide rose and fell, lapping the marble walls and quays as before. There was no path through the sea. All day they waited, but no divine miracle came to relieve them. They sat down in groups

and Venice. Here they were doubtfully received; and a few, giving up their hope in a miraculous passage of the sea, accepted an offer to take ship to the Holy Land. We cannot follow these. It is believed that they finally reached Ptolemais, the only port in Asia Minor then in the hands of the Christians. They went no further. The city was beleaguered by the Moslems; and into the motley population of Ptolemais this detachment of the Children's Crusade melts away and is heard of no more.

The remnant of the army of Nicholas pursued

their way, being told by the Pope (Innocent III) to encourage them up their steps, saying that when they reached Jerusalem, they would be recommended to the Sultan of Egypt.

Here, they found a grim and ghastly glimpse of many children thrown into the sea, no more to be seen.

Another led by Nicholas, in numbers, previous planation of their land, a slightly censors; they also from they final that they port, at the they expected found me board several sailed away. We cannot and so were they were Their tragic of the past.

The French Stephen of Cloyes, part of June set out with enthusiasm begun the huzzas, some hopeful prayers.

There were their beseech whom they gay with h down the L.

Their route that had brought there were torrents to the mer of 1212. The fields were food was hard.



their way to Rome, the seat of the papal power being their only source of light and counsel. The Pope (Innocent) received them kindly, but without encouragement. He told them that they must give up their crusade; but, with curious hardness, he said that they were still bound to their vows, and when they had reached maturer years they must recommence the undertaking that he now declared futile.

Here, then, the last of the followers of Nicholas found rest. In Rome, where so many modern pilgrims have thought they gained their nearest glimpse of the glories of Heaven, the boys of Germany ended their crusade. They disappear in the thronging multitudes of the Eternal City, and find no more place on the pages of history.

Another body of German children followed that led by Nicholas. These were about ten thousand in number; but why they were not included in the previous army we cannot tell. There is no explanation of their course; no record of the names of their leaders. We only know that they pursued a slightly different course from that of their predecessors; that they met the same privations; suffered also from hunger, thirst and exposure; and that they finally reached Italy reduced in numbers, and that they rested at last at Brundisium. From this port, at the extreme edge of the Italian peninsula, they expected to cross to the Holy Land. They found means of transportation; and, embarking on board several ships that were offered them, they sailed away into oblivion. All trace of them is lost. We cannot tell whether they suffered shipwreck and so were swallowed up in the sea, or whether they were sold into slavery in distant pagan lands. Their tragical story has perished out of the records of the past.

The French children, under the leadership of Stephen of Cloyes, left Vendôme during the latter part of June, 1212. Thirty thousand, mostly boys, set out with the same demonstrations of joy and enthusiasm with which the German children had begun their march to Palestine. There were huzzas, songs of lofty cheer, anthems to God, and hopeful predictions of victory in the Holy Land. There were weeping mothers holding out in vain their beseeching hands to the departing children whom they should see no more. The procession, gay with banners and shouting with joy, passed down the Loire and so journeyed toward Marseilles.

Their route was not beset by the same hardships that had broken the ranks of the German children. There were no Alps for them to scale; no mountain torrents to chill their young blood. But the summer of 1212 was one of severe drought in France. The fields were parched, the streams were dry, and food was hard to get.

Nevertheless, the bulk of Stephen's army passed on undismayed. Stephen assumed the airs of a young king. He rode in a chariot adorned with gorgeous trappings, and surrounded himself with an armed body-guard. He was luxuriously clad, and his person was held so sacred that a touch from him was a priceless boon. His deluded followers paid him divine honors; when he spoke, they thronged about his chariot in such numbers that many of the weaker boys were trampled to death. He seems to have passed from a deluded victim of priestcraft into a wily, selfish impostor.

The terrible heat prostrated many. Their corpses strewed the way; and it is said that the country through which they passed was afflicted by the scourge their mortality inflicted. Barefoot, emaciated, and greatly reduced in numbers, the army reached Marseilles. Stephen's authority was gone, the crowd having long since refused to own him as their chief. They reached the sea at last, a demoralized and disorganized rabble.

Here the sight of the Mediterranean revived them, and they waited for the Lord of Hosts to open a path for them. In vain! Days and weeks passed and no relief came. The citizens of Marseilles grew weary of feeding them; and their prospects of reaching the Holy Land daily darkened. Thousands sought homes in the city or in the country round. Groups straggled off homeward, and a remnant only remained to wait.

Two merchants of Marseilles, when the number of the children was reduced to about five thousand, offered to carry them to the Holy Land. The offer was gladly accepted; and in seven small vessels the joyful young crusaders finally set sail. Two of these craft were cast on the rocky shores of the Isle of Falcons, a small island in the Mediterranean. All on board perished miserably, their comrades looking on in horror while the cruel sea swallowed up their forms forever.

The rest of the fleet sailed away. Their banners disappeared down the horizon, and for eighteen years they were lost to the world that had known them as the young crusaders. In due time, there came tidings—at first uncertain, then more positive—of the hapless boys. The two merchants of Marseilles—Porcus and Ferreus—were disguised slave-dealers; the young crusaders were carried to Bujeiah, an Algerine port, and there sold into pagan slavery. A few were taken to Alexandria, where they were bought by dealers from Bagdad, Cairo, and other Moslem cities. The children who had been born on the Seine, the Loire, or in the lovely valleys of Southern France, wore their lives away in the hot fields of Syria, Mesopotamia and Egypt. Cruel Algerines drove to their daily tasks the tender young ones of mothers who sorrowed in



distant homes for the children whose fate was unknown, and on whose dear faces they should look no more.

Centuries have gone since this strange crusade was preached. Kings and mighty men who then filled a great space in the world have gone their way. The little actors in this moving drama have long since become dust. Their burial-places, scattered from Central Europe to farther Asia, are unknown. In the crowded chapters of the history of humanity this doleful tragedy is but a little point.

Even we who read it wonder vaguely at the marvelous religious enthusiasm that awakened this mass of children; and we close the story with a sigh.

But God has doubtless wrought out some lesson from these pathetic events. So soon this dream was over; so soon this pitiful struggle was ended; so rapidly into the dim past melted the story of the Children's Crusade—who shall tell why it was ever begun so strangely, or why it ended in such a cloud of woe?

## SANTA CLAUS AND HIS MEN.

BY C. A. LYNDE.



A CURIOUS place is Old Santa Claus' den,  
All stor'd full of treasures; where queer little men,  
No larger than drumsticks, yet active and bright,  
Are busily working from morning till night.

These queer little fellows, these workmen so small,  
All answer with pleasure Old Santa Claus' call  
For "Fifty more bonbons, one hundred more toys!  
More names on my list of good girls and good boys!"

"Here, merrily ho!" he gleefully cries;

"My sled is all ready—make haste, the time flies!

My reindeer are prancing and pawing the snow;  
Make haste there, make haste, we're impatient to go!"

Soon the bundles are packed with the greatest of care,  
Then off spring the reindeer, on! on! thro' the air,  
Till they stop at some home, where snug in their bed  
Sleep Cora and Mabel, or Willie and Fred.

When the children awake at dawn's early light,  
And steal from their beds, how they'll scream with delight

On beholding their stockings, they hung on the wall,  
With treasures o'erflowing, and something for all.



## THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER I.

"NOTHING BUT A BOY."



YOUNG fellow in a light buggy, with a big black dog sitting composedly beside him, enjoying the ride, drove up, one summer afternoon, to the door of a log-house, in one of the early settlements of Northern Illinois.

A woman with lank features, in a soiled gown trailing its rags about her bare feet, came and stood in the doorway and stared at him.

"Does Mr. Wiggett live here?" he inquired.

"Wal, I reckon," said the woman.

"Is he at home?"

"Wal, I reckon."

"Can I see him?"

"I dunno noth'n' to hender. Yer, Sal! run up in the burnt lot and fetch your pap. Tell him a stranger. You've druv a good piece," the woman added, glancing at the buggy-wheels and the horse's white feet, stained with black prairie soil.

"I've driven over from North Mills," replied the young fellow, regarding her pleasantly, with bright, honest features, from under the shade of his hat brim.

"I 'lowed as much. Alight and come into the house. Old man 'll be yer in a minute."

He declined the invitation to enter; but, to rest his limbs, leaped down from the buggy. Thereupon the dog rose from his seat on the wagon-bottom, jumped down after him, and shook himself.

"All creation!" said the woman, "what a pup that ar is! Yer, you young uns! Put back into the house, and hide under the bed, or he 'll eat ye up like ye was so much cl'ar soap-grease!"

At that moment the dog stretched his great mouth open, with a formidable yawn. Panic seized the "young uns," and they scampered; their bare legs and exceedingly scanty attire (only three shirts and a-half to four little barbarians) seeming to offer the dog unusual facilities, had he chosen to regard them as soap-grease and to regale himself on that sort of diet. But he was too well-bred and good-natured an animal to think of snapping up a little Wiggett or two for his luncheon; and the fugitives, having first run under the bed and looked out, ventured back to the door, and peeped with scared faces from behind their mother's gown.

To hide his laughter, the young fellow stood patting and stroking his horse's neck until Sal returned with her "pap."

"Mr. Wiggett?" inquired the youth, seeing a tall, spare, rough old man approach.

"That's my name, stranger. What can I dew for ye to-day?"

"I've come to see what I can do for *you*, Mr. Wiggett. I believe you want your section corner looked up."

"That I dew, stranger. But I 'lowed 't would take a land-surveyor for that."

"I am a land-surveyor," said the young fellow, with a modest smile.

"A land-surveyor? Why, you're noth'n' but a boy!" And the tall old man, bending a little, and knitting his gray eyebrows, looked down upon his visitor with a sort of amused curiosity.

"That's so," replied the "boy," with a laugh and a blush. "But I think I can find your corner, if the bearings are all right."

"Whar's your instruments?" asked the old man, leaning over the buggy. "Them all? What's that gun to do with land-surveyin'?"

"Nothing; I brought that along, thinking I might get a shot at a rabbit or a prairie hen. But we shall need an axe and a shovel."

"I 'lowed your boss would come himself, in place of sendin' a boy!" muttered the old man, taking up the gun,—a light double-barreled fowling-piece,—sighting across it with an experienced eye, and laying it down again. "Sal, bring the axe; it's stickin' in the log thar by the wood-pile. Curi's thing, to lose my section corner, hey?"

"It's not a very uncommon thing," replied the young surveyor.

"Fact is," said the old man, "I never found it.



I bought of Seth Parkins's widder arter Seth died, and banged if I've ever been able to find the gov'ment stake."

"May be somebody pulled it up, or broke it off, to kill a rattlesnake with," suggested the young surveyor.

"Like enough," said the old man. "Can't say 't I blame him; though he might 'a' got a stick in the timber by walkin' a few rods. He could n't 'a' been so bad off as one o' you surveyor chaps was when the gov'ment survey went through. He was off on the Big Perairie, footin' it to his camp, when he comes to a rattler curled up in the grass, and shakin' his 'tarnal buzz-tail at him. He steps back, and casts about him for some sort of we'pon; he had n't a thing in his fist but a roll of paper, and if ever a chap hankered arter a stick or a stun, they say he did. But it was all jest perairie grass; nary rock nor a piece of timber within three mile. Snake seemed to 'preciate his advantage, and flattened his head and whirred his rattle sassier 'n ever. Surveyor chap could n't stan' that. So what does he dew, like a blamed fool, but jest off with his boot and hurl it, 'lowin' he could kill a rattler that way. He missed shot. Then, to git his boot, he had to pull off t' other, and tackle the snake with that. Lost that tew. Then he was in a perdickment; snake got both boots; curled up on tew 'em, ready to strike, and seemin' to say, 'If you've any more boots to spar', bring 'em on.' Surveyor chap had n't no more boots, to his sorrow; and, arter layin' siege to the critter till sun-down, hopin' he'd depart in peace and leave him his property, he guv it up as a bad job, and footed it to the camp in his stockin's, fancyin' he was treadin' among rattlers all the way."

The story was finished by the time the axe was brought; the old man picked up a rusty shovel lying by the house, and, getting into the buggy with his tools, he pointed out to his young companion a rough road leading through the timber.

This was a broad belt of woodland, skirting the eastern side of a wide, fertile river-bottom, and giving to the settlement the popular name of "Long Woods."

On the other side of the timber lay the high prairie region, covered with coarse wild grass, and spotted with flowers, without tree or shrub visible until another line of timber, miles away, marked the vicinity of another stream.

The young surveyor and the old man, in the jolting buggy, followed by the dog, left the log-house and the valley behind them; traversed the woods, through flickering sun and shade; and drove southward along the edge of the rolling prairie, until the old man said they had better stop and hitch.

"I don't hitch my horse," said the young surveyor. "The dog looks out for him. Here, old fellow, watch!"

"The section corner, I ca'c'late," said the old man, shouldering his axe, "is off on the perairie thar, some'er's. Come, and I'll show ye the trees."

"Is that big oak with the broken limb one of them?"

"Wal, now, how did ye come to guess that?—one tree out of a hundred ye might 'a' picked."

"It is a prominent tree," replied the youth, "and, if I had been the surveyor, I think I should have chosen it for one, to put my bearings on."

"Boy, you're right! But it took me tew days to decide even that. The underbrush has growed up around it, and the old scar has nigh about healed over."

The old man led the way through the thickets, and, reaching a small clear space at the foot of the great oak, pointed out the scar, where the trunk had been blazed by the axemen of the government survey. On a surface about six inches broad, hewed for the purpose, the distance and direction of the tree from the corner stake had, no doubt, been duly marked. But only a curiously shaped wound was left. The growth of the wood was rapid in that rich region, and, although the cut had been made but a few years before, a broad lip of smooth new bark had rolled up about it from the sides, and so nearly closed over it that only a narrow, perpendicular, dark slit remained.

"What do you make of that?" said Mr. Wiggett, putting his fingers at the opening, and looking down at his companion.

"I don't make much of it as it looks now," the young surveyor replied.

"Did n't I tell you 't would take an old head to find my corner? T' other tree is in a wus shape than this yer. Now I reckon you'll be satisfied to turn about and whip home, and tell your boss it's a job for him."

"Give me your axe," was the reply.

"Boy, take kere what you're about!"

"Oh, I will take care; don't be afraid." And, grasping the axe, the young surveyor began to cut away the folds of new wood which had formed over the scar.

"I see what you're up tew," said the old man, gaining confidence at every stroke. "Give me the axe; you aint tall enough to work handy." And with a few strokes, being a skillful chopper, he cleared the old blaze, and exposed the blackened tablet which nature had so nearly enclosed in her casket of living wood.

There, cut into the old hewed surface, were the



well-preserved marks of the government survey :

N.  $48^{\circ} 15'$  W.

18 R. 10 L.

"What does that mean?" asked the old man, as the youth made a copy of these marks in his note-book.

"It means that this tree is eighteen rods and ten links from your corner stake, in a direction forty-eight degrees and fifteen minutes west of north."

"I can understand your rods and links," said the old man; "for I know your surveyor's chain is four rods long, and has a hundred links. But banged if I know anything about your degrees and minutes."

"All that is just as simple," replied the young surveyor. "A circle is supposed to be divided into three hundred and sixty degrees. Each degree is divided into sixty minutes; and so forth. Now, if you stand looking directly north, then turn a quarter of the way round, and look straight west, you have turned a quarter of a circle, or ninety degrees; and the angle where you stand—where the north line and the west line meet—is called an angle of ninety degrees. Half as far is forty-five degrees. Seen from the corner stake, wherever it is, this tree bears a little more than forty-five degrees west of north; it is forty-eight degrees and a quarter. Where's the other tree?"

That was ten or eleven rods away, still in the edge of the timber; and it bore on its blazed trunk, facing the open prairie, the inscription—laid bare by the old man's ready axe—

N.  $82^{\circ} 27'$  W.

16 R. 29 L.

"Eighty-two degrees twenty-seven minutes west of north, and sixteen rods twenty-nine links, from your corner," the young surveyor read aloud, as he copied the marks into his note-book. "The other tree is so surrounded by undergrowth, it would take you and your axe an hour to cut a passage through so that I could run a line; and I am going to try running a line from this tree alone. Be cutting a few good stakes, while I go and bring up my horse and set him to eating grass."

## CHAPTER II.

### OLD WIGGETT'S SECTION CORNER.

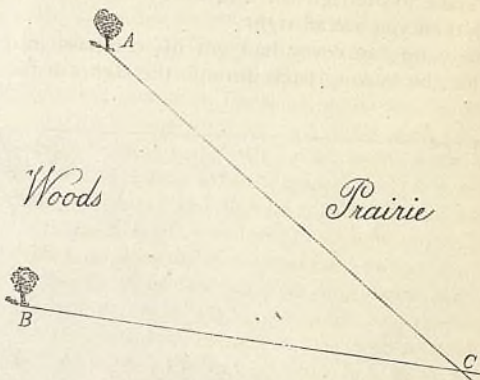
THE horse was driven to a good shady place on the edge of the woods, relieved of his bridle, and left in charge of the dog. In the meanwhile the old man cut a few oak saplings and hewed them into stakes.

"Now, I want ye to give me a notion of how you're gwine to work," he said, as the youth

brought his compass and set it up in its tripod at the foot of the tree. "For, otherwise, how am I to be sure of my corner, when you say you've found it?"

"O, I think we shall find something to convince you. However, look here, and I'll explain."

While waiting for the wavering needle to settle in its place, the youth made a hasty diagram in a page of his note-book.



"Here we are on the edge of the timber. *A* is your first tree. *B* is the one where we are. Now if the bearings are correct, and I run two lines accordingly, the place where they meet will be the place for your corner stake; say at *C*."

"That looks cute; I like the shape of that!" said the old man, interested.

"If the distance was short,—feet instead of rods,—all the instruments we should want," said the young surveyor, with his peculiarly bright smile, "would be a foot measure and two strings."

"How so?" said the old man, who could not believe that science was so simple a thing as that.

"Why, for instance, we will say the tree *A* is eighteen feet from the corner you want to find; *B*, sixteen feet. Now take a string eighteen feet long, and fasten the end of it by a nail to the center of the blazed trunk, *A*; fasten another sixteen feet long to *B*; then stretch out the loose ends of both until they just meet; and there is the place for your stake."

"I declar'!" exclaimed the old man. "That's the use of the tew trees. Banged if I dew see, though, how you're gwine to git along by runnin' a line from jest one."

"If I run two lines, as I have shown you, where they cross will be the point. Now if I run one line, and measure it, I shall find the point where the other line ought to cross. We'll see. Here on my compass is a circle and a scale of degrees, which shows me how to set it according to the bear-



ings. Now look through these sights, and you are looking straight in the direction of your section corner."

"Curi's, aint it?" grinned the old man. "'Cordin' to that, my corner is out on the perairie, jest over beyant that ar knoll."

"You're right. Now go forward to the top of it, while I sight you, and we'll set a stake there. As I signal with my hands this way, or this, move your stake to the right or left, till I make *this* motion; then you are all right."

The young surveyor had got his compass into position, by looking back through the sights at the

"But it's noth'n' but a bog this time o' year; ye can't navigate a boat thar. And it'll take till middle o' next week to build a brush road acrost. Guess we're up a stump now, hey?"

"O, no; stumps are not so plenty, where I undertake jobs! Let's have a stake down there, pretty near the *slew*; then we will measure our line, and see how much farther we have to go."

The old man helped bear the chain; and a careful measurement showed that the stake at the edge of the slough was still four rods and thirty links from the corner they sought.

"Banged if it don't come jest over on t'other



"AND SIGHTING FORWARD, DIRECTED THE OLD MAN WHERE TO SET HIS STAKES."

tree. He now placed himself between it and the tree, and, sighting forward, directed the old man, who went on over the knoll, where to set his stakes.

On the other side of the knoll, it was found that the line crossed a slough,—or "*slew*," as the old man termed it,—which lay in a long, winding hollow of the hills. This morass was partly filled with stagnant water; and the old man gave it a bad name.

"It's the wust slew in the hull country. I've lost tew cows in it. I would n't go through it for the price of my farm. Could n't git through; a man would sink intew it up tew his neck."

"Then we may have to get a boat to find your section corner," laughed the young surveyor.

side of the slew!" the old man exclaimed, computing the distance with his eye. "But we can't measure a rod furdur; and yer we be stuck."

"Not yet, old friend!" cried the young surveyor. "Since we can't cross, we'll measure the rest of our distance along on this shore."

The old man looked down upon him with indignation and amazement.

"Think I'm a dog-goned fool?" he cried. "The idee of turnin' from our course, and measurin' along by the slew! What's the good of that?"

Finding that the old man would not aid or abet what seemed to him such complete folly, the young surveyor made another little diagram in his note-



book, and explained: "Here is the end of our line running from the direction *B*,—theoretically a straight, horizontal line, though it curves over the knoll. You noticed how, coming down the slope ahead of you, I held my end of the chain up from the ground, to make it horizontal, and then with

sight across and stop you when I see you at *C*. There stick your last stake."

"Banged if that aint cute! Young man, what mout be your name?"

"I was only boy a few minutes ago," said the young surveyor, slyly. "Now, if you are ready, we'll set to work and carry out this plan."

The line from *D* to *E* was measured off. Then the youth set his compass to obtain the proper angle at *E*; while the old man, with his axe and a fresh stake, tramped around to the eastern side of the slough. Having got the range of the stakes, he was moving slowly back toward them, holding his stake before him, when the youth signaled him to stop just in the edge of the quagmire.

The new stake stuck, the young surveyor, taking up his tripod and compass, went round to him.

"That stake," said he, "is not far from your corner. Are there any signs?"

"I've been thinkin'," said the old man, "the 'arth yer looks like it had been disturbed some time; though it's all overgrown so with these clumps of slew-grass, ye can't tell what's a nat'ral hummock and what aint. Don't that look like a kind of a trench?"

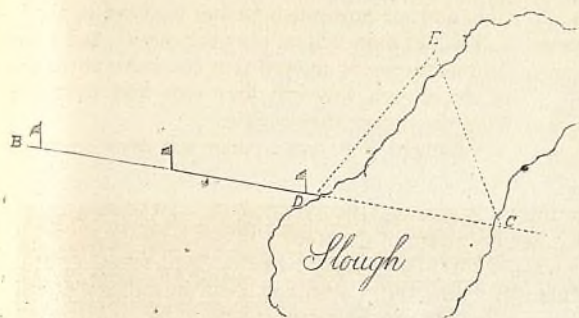
"Yes; and here's another at right angles with it. Surveyors cut such places on the prairies, pile up the sods inside the angle, and drive their corner stakes through them. But there must have been water here when this job was done, which accounts for its not being done better. We'll improve it. Go for the shovel. I'll get the bearings of those trees in the meanwhile, and see how far wrong they make us out to be."

When the old man returned with the shovel, he found his boy surveyor standing by the compass, with folded arms, looking over at the woodland with a smile of satisfaction.

Sighting the trees, the tall, straight stems of which were both visible over the knoll, he had found that their bearings corresponded closely with those copied in his note-book. This proved his work to his own mind; but the old man would not yet confess himself convinced.

"We may be somewhar *nigh* the spot, but I want to be sure of the *exact* spot," he insisted.

"That you can't be sure of; not even if the best surveyor in the world should come and get it from these bearings," replied the youth. "Probably the bearings themselves are not exact. The Government surveyors do their work in a hurry. The common compass they use does n't make as fine angles as the theodolite or transit instrument does; and then the chain varies a trifle in length with



my plumb-line found the corresponding point in the ground, to start fresh from. That was to get the measurement of a horizontal line; for if you measure all the ups and downs of hills and hollows, you'll find your surveying will come out in queer shape."

The old man scratched his bushy gray head, and said he had n't thought of that.

"Well," the young surveyor continued, "we are running our line off toward *C*, when we come to the slew. Our last stake is at *D*—say this little thing with a flag on it. Now, what is to be done? for we must measure four rods and thirty links farther. I measure that distance from *D* to *E*, along this shore, running my new line at an angle of sixty degrees from the true course. Then, with my compass at *E*, I sight another line at an angle of sixty degrees from my last. I am making what is called an equilateral triangle; that is, a triangle with equal sides and equal angles. Each angle must measure sixty degrees. With two angles and one side, we can always get the other two sides; and the other angle will be where those two sides meet. They will meet at *C*. Now, since the sides are of equal length, the distance from *D* to *C* is the same as from *D* to *E*—that is, four rods and thirty links, just the distance we wish to go; *C*, then, is the place for your corner stake."

"It looks very well on paper," said the old man, "but"—casting his eye across the bog—"how in the name of seven kingdoms are ye ever gwine to fix yer stake thar?"

"That is easy. Go round to the other side of the slew, get yourself in range with our line from the tree, by sighting across the stakes, and walk down toward the slew—that is, on this dotted line. Having got my angle of sixty degrees at *E*, I will



every variation of temperature; the metal contracts and expands, you know. Surveying, where the land is worth a dollar and a-quarter a foot, instead of a dollar and a-quarter an acre, is done more carefully. Yet I am positive, from the indications here, that we are within a few inches of your corner."

"A few inches, or a few feet, or a few rods!" muttered the old man crossly. "Seems like thar's a good deal of guess-work, arter all."

"I am sorry you think so," replied the young surveyor, quietly removing his tripod. "If, however, you are dissatisfied with my work, you can employ another surveyor; if he tells you I am far out of the way, why, then, you need n't pay me."

The old man made no reply, but, seizing the shovel, began to level the hummock a little, in order to prepare it for a pile of fresh sods. He was slashing away at it, with the air of a petulant man working off his discontent, when he struck something hard.

"What's that ar?" he growled. "Can't be a stone. Aint a rock as big as a hazel-nut this side the timber."

Digging round the obstacle, he soon exposed the splintered end of an upright piece of wood. He laid hold of it and tried to pull it up. The youth, with lively interest, took the shovel, and dug and pried. Suddenly up came the stick, and the old man went over backwards with it into the bog.

He scrambled to his feet, dripping with muddy water, and brandished his trophy, exclaiming:

"Dog my cats! if 't aint the eend of the ol' corner stake, left jest whar 't was broke off, when the rest was wanted to pry a wheel out o' the slew, or to kill a rattler with!"

He appeared jubilant over the discovery, while the young surveyor regarded it simply as a piece of good luck.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE HOMEWARD TRACK.

THE new stake having been stuck in the hole left by the point of the old one, and plenty of fresh turf piled up about it, the old man wiped his fingers on the dry prairie grass, thrust a hand into his pocket, and brought forth an ancient leather wallet.

"My friend," said he, "shall I settle with you or with your boss?"

"You may as well settle with me."

"Nuff said. What's yer tax?"

"Two dollars and a-half."

"Tew dollars and a—dog-gone-ation! You've been only tew hours and a-half about the job. I can hire a man all day for half-a-dollar."

"It is an afternoon's work for me," argued the young surveyor. "I've had a long way to drive.

Then, you must understand, we surveyors" (this was said with an air of importance) "don't get pay merely for the time we are employed, but also for our knowledge of the business, which it has taken us time to learn. If I had been obliged to hire the horse I drive, you see, I should n't have much left out of two dollars and a-half."

"Friend, you're right. Tew 'n' a-half is reasonable. And if I have another job of land-surveyin', you are the man for my money."

"A man, am I, now?" And with a laugh the young surveyor pocketed his fee.

"Good as a man, I allow, any time o' day. You've worked at this yer thing right smart, and I'll give ye the credit on 't. How long have ye been larnin' the trade?"

"O, two years, more or less, studying at odd spells. But I never made a business of it until I came to this new country."

"What State be ye from?"

"New York."

"York State! That's whar I hail from."

"One would n't think so; you have a good many Southern and Western words in your talk."

"I come by 'em honest," said the old man. "I run away from home when I was a boy, like a durned fool; I've lived a'most everywhar; and I've married four wives, and raised four craps of children. My fust wife I picked up in ol' Kaintuck. My next was an Arkansaw woman. My third was a Michigander. My present was born and raised in the South, but I married her in Southern Illinois. She's nigh on to forty year younger 'n I be, and smart as a steel trap, tell you! So you see we're kind of a mixed-up family. My fust and second broods of children's married off, or buried,—scattered to the four winds o' heaven! Tew boys o' the third brood, and that ar Sal, is with me yit. Some of the present brood you've seen. Thar's been twenty-one in all."

"Of the fourth brood?"

"No, of the lot. Whose hoss mout that be?"

"Mine; I brought him from the East with me."

"What do you have to pay for a beast like that, now, in York State?"

"I did n't pay anything for him."

"Somebody gi'n him tew ye?"

"Not exactly."

"Ye gambled for him?"

"No."

"Raised him from a colt, then?"

"No."

"Stole him?"

"Not much."

"Picked him up astray?"

The young surveyor, laughing, shook his head.

"Then how in the name o' seven kingdoms did



ye come by him, if ye did n't find him, nor steal him, nor raise him from a colt, nor buy him, nor have him gi'n tew ye?"

"I borrowed him of a neighbor, and drove him to a show, where the old elephant broke loose and had the handling of him for about a second and a-half. The owners of the elephant paid the damages; and I kept the horse. Nobody thought he would get well; but he is now scarcely lame at all. I can show you the scars where he was hurt."

The two had approached the wagon during this talk; and now the old man examined the horse with a good deal of curiosity.

"That your dog tew?"

"Yes, sir. Here, Lion!"

"Cost ye suth'n, did n't it, to bring your animals West with ye?"

"Not a great deal. When my friends wrote for me to come, they said good horses were scarce and high-priced out here, and advised me to bring mine. I could n't leave my dog behind,—could I, old Lion?"

"Who mout your friends be?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Lanman, at North Mills; and Mrs. Lanman's brother,—my boss, as you call him,—Mr. Felton, the surveyor. They came out last year; and last winter they wrote to me, offering me a good chance if I should come. It was in winter; I drove Snowfoot in a cutter, and crossed the Detroit River on the ice just before it broke up. There the sleighing left me; so I sold my cutter, bought a saddle, and made the rest of the journey on horseback. That was rather hard on the dog, but I got the stage-drivers to give him a lift once in awhile."

"What did you say your name was?" the old man inquired.

"I don't think I said. But I will say now. My name is Ragdon—Henry Ragdon. My friends call me Jack."

"And it aint yer name?"

"O, yes, it is, and yet it is n't. I was brought up to it, my friends like it, and so I keep it."\*

"Wal, Jack,—if you'll rank me with your friends, and le' me call ye so," said the old man, with a cordial grip of his great, flat hand,—“I s'pose we part yer, and say good-bye. I'll shoulder my tools, and take a cow-path through the woods; you'll find a better road than the one we come by, funder north. Jest keep along the edge of the prairie. I sha'n't forgit this job."

"Nor I," said the young surveyor, with a curious smile.

It was the first work of the kind he had undertaken on his own account, and without assistance;

for which reason he felt not a little proud of it. But he did not tell the old man so.

After parting company with him, he drove in the shade of the woods, along a track so little traveled that the marks of wheels looked like dark ruled lines in the half-trodden grass.

The pleasant summer afternoon was drawing to a close. The peculiar wild scent of the prairie, which seems to increase as the cool evening comes on, filled all the air. The shadows of the forest were stretching in a vast, uneven belt over summit and hollow; while far away beyond, in seemingly limitless expanse, swept the golden-green undulations of the sunlit hills.

Jack—for I trust we shall also be entitled to call him so—kept his eye out for game, as he drove leisurely along; stopped once or twice for a rabbit on the edge of the woods; and, finally, pulled up sharply, as a prairie hen shot whirring out, almost from under his wheels.

He sprang to his feet and faced about, raising his gun; but before he could take aim, the bird, at the end of a short, straight flight, dropped into the prairie grass a few rods away.

Jack followed on foot, holding his piece ready to fire. Knowing the shy habits of the bird, he trampled the grass about the spot where she had alighted, hoping to scare her up. He also sent his dog coursing about; but Lion, though an intelligent animal, had no scent for birds.

Suddenly, from the very ground between the hunter's feet, with a startling rush and thunder of wings, the hen rose. Up went gun to shoulder. But instantly the dog gave chase, and kept so exactly in the line of flight, that Jack durst not fire.

"You silly boy's dog!" he said; "don't you know better than that? You'll get a stray shot some day, if you run before my gun-barrels in that fashion. Now go to the horse, and stay."

The dog, who had fancied that he was doing good service, dropped ears and tail at this rebuke, and retired from the field.

Jack was continuing the hunt, when all at once a strange spell seemed to come over him. It found him on one foot, and he remained on one foot, poisoning the other behind him, for several seconds. Then, softly putting down the lifted leg, and lowering his gun, he stole swiftly back, in a crouching attitude, to his wagon by the woodside.

Taking his horse by the bridle, he led him down into a little hollow. Then, piercing the undergrowth, he hastened to a commanding position, where, himself hidden by the bushes, he could look off on the prairie.

His heart beat fast, and his hand shook, as he

\* See "Fast Friends;" also the previous volumes of this series—"Jack Hazard and His Fortunes," "A Chance for Himself," and "Doing His Best," which give a full account of the young surveyor's early life and adventures.



drew the bird-shot out of the two barrels of his fowling-piece, reloading one with buck-shot, the other with an ounce ball.

All the while his eye kept glancing from his gun to the shadowy slope of a distant hill, where were two objects which looked like a deer and a fawn feeding.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A DEER HUNT, AND HOW IT ENDED.

THEY were a long way off—more than half-a-mile, he thought. Evidently they had not seen him. Though marvelously quick to catch scent or sound, deer have not a fine sense of sight for distant objects.

"They have left the covert early, to go out and feed," thought he. "If not frightened, they will browse around in the hollows there until dark."

He was wondering how he should manage to creep near, and get a shot at the shy creatures, when the dog barked.

"That won't do!" he muttered; and, hurrying to silence Lion, he saw a stranger loitering along the prairie road.

Jack stepped out of the bushes into the hollow, and beckoned.

"I've sighted a couple of deer that I'm trying to get a shot at; if you go over the hill, you'll scare 'em."

The stranger—a slender youth in soiled shirt-sleeves, carrying a coat on his arm—looked at him saucily, with his head on one side and a quid turning in the cheek, and said:

"Well! and why should n't I scare 'em?"

"I can't hinder you, of course; but," said Jack, "if *you* were hunting, and *I* should be passing by, I should think it a matter of honor——"

"Honor is an egg that don't hatch in this country," interrupted the stranger; and the quid went into the other cheek, while the head went over on the other side, as if to balance it. "But never mind; 'taint my cut to interfere with another feller's luck. Show me your deer."

Jack took him through the thickets to his ambush. There were the deer still feeding; the old one lifting her head occasionally as if on the lookout for danger. They seemed to be moving slowly along the slope.

The dark eyes of the strange youth kindled; then he said, with a low laugh:

"I'd like a cut-bore rifle for them fellers! You never can get 'em with that pop-gun."

"I believe I can if you'll help me. You notice there's a range of hills between us and them; and they are on the north slope of one. I've been surveying a little of the country off south, and I

think you can get around the range that way, and come out beyond the deer, before they see you. There's everything in our favor. The wind blows to us from them. At the first alarm, they'll start for the woods; and they'll be pretty sure to keep along in the hollow. I'll watch here, and take them as they come in."

Quid and head rolled again; and the strange youth said jeeringly, with one eye half-closed, looking at Jack:

"So you expect me to travel a mile or two, and drive the deer in for you?" He then pulled down the nether lid of the half-closed eye, and inquired, somewhat irrelevantly, whether Jack saw anything green there. "Not by this light!" he answered his own question, as he let up his eyelid and snapped his thumb and finger. "Ye can't ketch old birds with chaff. I've been through the lot. Parley-voo frongsay?"

Jack regarded him with astonishment, declaring that there was no catch about it. "Only help me, and we will share the game together."

Still the fellow demurred. "I've walked my legs off to-day already; you'll find 'em back in the road here! Had nothing to eat since morning; wore myself down lean as a rail; felt for the last two hours as though there was nothing but my backbone between me and eternity! No, sir-ree! I would n't walk that fur out of my way for a herd of deer. If I had a horse to ride, I would n't mind."

Jack was greatly excited. He had never yet had a good shot at a deer; and if, at the end of his day's work, he could carry home a good fat doe, and perhaps a fawn, of his own shooting, it would be a triumph. So, without a moment's reflection, he said:

"You may ride mine. Then, if you don't want a share of the game, I'll pay you for your trouble."

The strange youth took time to shift his quid and balance it; then replied, in a manner which appeared provokingly cool to the fiery Jack:

"I'll look at him. Does he ride easy?"

"Yes. Hurry!"

Jack ran down to the horse, led him into the bushes, where the wagon could be left concealed, and had already taken him out of the shafts, before the stranger came lounging to the spot.

"Pull off the harness," said the latter, with the easy air of ordering a nag at a stable. "And give me that blanket out of the buggy. I don't ride bare-back for nobody."

Jack complied, though angry at the fellow for being so dilatory and fastidious at such a time. The strange youth then spread his coat over the blanket, laid his right hand on it, and his left on



bridle and mane, and with a leap from the ground threw himself astride the horse—a display of agility which took Jack by surprise.

"I see you have been on horseback before!"

"Never in my life," said the stranger, with a gleam in his dark eyes which belied his words. And now Jack noticed that he had a little switch in his hand.

"He wont need urging. Be sure and ride well beyond that highest hill before you turn; and then come quietly around, so as not to frighten the deer too much."

The fellow laughed. "I've seen a deer before

were hidden from view in a hollow. The stratagem had so far succeeded. They had started toward the woods.

Jack, in an ague of agitation, waited for the game to show itself again, and, by its movements, guide his own. At length, the fawn appeared on the summit of a low hill, and stopped. The doe came up and stopped too, with elevated nostrils, snuffing. For a rifle, in approved hands, there would have been a chance for a shot. But the game was far beyond the range of Jack's gun.

To try his nerve, however, he took aim; or, rather, attempted to take aim. His hands—if the truth must be confessed—shook so that he could not keep his piece steady for an instant. Cool fellow enough on ordinary occasions, he now had a violent attack of what is called the "buck fever."

Fortunately, the deer had not seen the horseman; and, while they were recovering from their first alarm, they gave the young hunter time to subdue, with resolute good sense, his terrible nervous agitation.

They did not stop to feed any more, but moved on, with occasional pauses, toward the woods; following the line of the hollows, as Jack had foreseen.

All this time the dog lay whining at his young master's heels. He knew instinctively that there was sport on foot, and could hardly be kept quiet.

The deer took another and final start, and came bounding along toward the spot where the wagon had stood. But for the excitement of the moment, Jack must have felt a touch of pity at sight of those two slender, beautiful creatures, so full of life, making for their covert in the cool woods. But

the hunter's spirit was uppermost. He took aim at the doe, followed her movements a moment with the moving gun, then fired. She plunged forward, and dropped dead.

The fawn, confused by the report and by the doe's sudden fall, stood for an instant quite still, then made a few bounds up toward the very spot where the young hunter was concealed. It stopped again, within twenty paces of the leveled gun. There it stood, its pretty spotted side turned toward him, so fair a mark, and so charming a picture, that for a moment, excited though he was, he could not have the heart to shoot. Ah! what is this spirit of destruction, which has come down to us from our barbarous forefathers, and which gives even good-hearted boys like Jack a wild joy in taking life?



"JACK NOTICED THAT HE HAD A LITTLE SWITCH IN HIS HAND."

to-day!" And, clapping heels to the horse's sides, he dashed through the bushes.

Jack followed a little way, and from his ambush saw him come out of the undergrowth, strike across the prairie, and disappear around the range of hills.

The deer were still in sight, stopping occasionally to feed, and then, with heads in air, moving a few paces along the slope. Jack waited with breathless anxiety to see his horseman emerge from among the hills beyond. Several minutes elapsed; then, though no horseman appeared, the old deer, startled by sound or scent of the enemy, threw high her head, and began to leap, with graceful, undulating movements, along the hillside.

The fawn darted after her, and for a minute they



The dog, rendered ungovernable by the firing of the gun, made a noise in the thicket. The fawn heard, and started to run away. The provocation was too great for our young hunter, and he sent a charge of buck-shot after it. The fawn did not fall.

"Take 'em, Lion!" shouted Jack; and out rushed the dog.

The poor thing had been wounded, and the dog soon brought it down. Jack ran after, to prevent a tearing of the hide and flesh. Then he set up a wild yell, which might have been heard a mile away on the prairie,—a call for his horseman, who had not yet reappeared.

Jack dragged the fawn and placed it beside its dam. There lay the two pretty creatures, slaughtered by his hand.

"It can't be helped," thought he. "If it is right to hunt game, it is right to kill it. If we eat flesh, we must take life."

So he tried to feel nothing but pure triumph at the sight. Yet I have heard him say, in relating the adventure, that he could never afterward think of the dead doe and pretty fawn, lying there side by side, without a pang.

He now backed his buggy out of the woods, set

the seat forward in order to make room for the deer behind, and waited for his horse.

"Where can that fellow have gone?" he muttered, with growing anxiety.

He went to a hill-top, to get a good view, and strained his vision, gazing over the prairie. The sun was almost set, and all the hills were darkening, save now and then one of the highest summits.

Over one of these Jack suddenly descried a distant object moving. It was no deer this time, but a horse and rider, far away, and going at a gallop—in the wrong direction.

He gazed until they disappeared over the crest, and the faint sundown glory faded from it, and he felt the lonesome night shutting down over the limitless expanse. Then he smote his hands together with fury and despair.

He knew that the horse was his own, and the rider the strange youth in whose hands he had so rashly intrusted him. And here he was, five miles from home, with the darkening forest on one side, and the vast prairie on the other; the dead doe and fawn lying down there on the dewy grass, the empty buggy and harness beside them; and only his dog to keep him company.

(To be continued.)

## THE DOMINO BRIDGE.

To build a bridge of this kind, you must begin by placing six dominoes flat on the table and four

the four center ones, and then the side ones; referring to Fig. 1 to see how to place them.

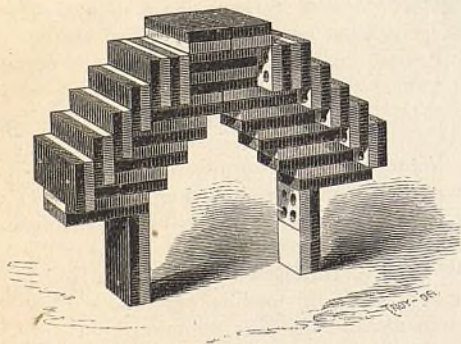


FIG. 1.—THE DOMINO BRIDGE

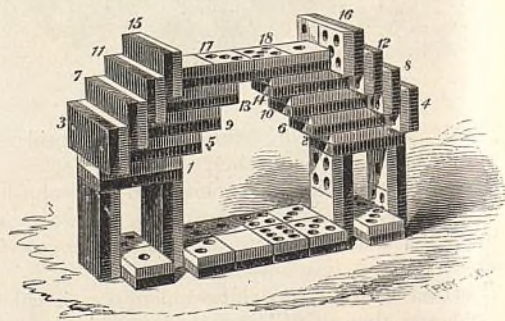


FIG. 2.—METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.

upright, as in Fig. 2. Take care to make a close joint, and to keep every piece exactly in line and center. Then lay the pieces in the order numbered, keeping each side equally advanced till they meet in the middle.

The dominoes in the base may now be elevated to the higher positions. First cautiously remove

Lastly, the whole is to be capped by the two outer uprights, and the structure should be so beautifully balanced that they may be gently slid from under, and laid side by side on the very top.

The bridge should be built of the ordinary dominoes, as expensive ones are apt to have a projecting point on the face.



## MAY'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"WHAT do you do on Christmas?" asked a pale-faced little girl in a black dress, of her cousin Jeanie.

"Christmas?" said Jeanie, with a puzzled look on her rosy face. "Why, nothing; only just not go to school."

"Nothing!" returned the first speaker, aghast. "Don't you have any Christmas-tree?"

"Christmas-tree! What's that?" asked Jeanie.

"Nor hang up your stocking?"

Jeanie shook her head.

"Nor have a single bit of a present?" May went on in utter amazement.

"What for?" asked Jeanie.

"Why, don't you know about Santa Claus, who comes down the chimney on Christmas Eve, and gives everybody a present?" said May, completely bewildered.

"Don't know nothing 'bout him," said Jeanie. "Don't b'lieve there's any such a person in Missouri."

May drew a long sigh. It was not the first time she had sighed since the jolting old wagon, called a stage, had landed her, two weeks before, at her uncle's home, a wretched, penniless orphan.

"What is a Christmas-tree, any way?" asked Jeanie, seeing that May was not going to speak.

"Oh, it's a beautiful green tree, covered with lights and presents and beautiful things! When mamma was alive we always had one on Christmas Eve."

"Does it grow so?" asked Jeanie, curiously.

"Of course not! what a question!" said May.

"Do you know what Christmas *is*, anyhow?" she added, with a quick flush of color.

"Of course I do," retorted Jeanie; "but *that* has n't anything to do with Christmas-trees."

"Yes it has," said May, earnestly, "a great deal to do with them, and with every way that we have for having everything just as sweet and lovely as we can on that day. Mother always said so."

Jeanie opened her eyes wider, and then asked softly:

"But what about the Christmas-tree, May?"

"Well, it's cut down and brought into the house, and all the things put on before you see it, and when it's all ready the folding-doors are opened, and—oh! it's beautiful!" May added in ecstasy. "Last Christmas I had such lovely things,—the prettiest blue dress you ever saw—I've got a piece of it in my trunk—and new clothes for my doll; oh, such

nice ones! a whole suit with overskirt, and all in the fashion; and a cornucopia of candies and a box of nuts and raisins and—— Oh, I can't think of half the things," added May, brightly, yet half ready to cry.

"I wish I could see one," said Jeanie; "but we don't have such things here. Ma has n't got time, nor anybody."

"I'll tell you what we can do, I guess," said May, who had been revolving an idea in her mind; "we might get up one ourselves,—you could; of course it would n't be so nice as mamma's, but it would be better than none."

"Well, let's!" said Jeanie, "and not tell a single one till it's all done."

"Where can we have it? We need a fire and a door that'll lock," said May.

"Oh, Pa'll let me have the out-room, I know, if I coax him," said Jeanie, "and we can put a nail over the latch to fasten the door."

The out-room, you must know, was a roughly built room, a little apart from the house. It had a big open fire-place and a huge kettle, and when there was any big work, like making up the year's soap, or putting down the year's supply of salt pork, a great fire was built there and the out-room came into use.

"Well," said May, reflectively, "I guess we can do it; we can trim it up, you know."

"How?" asked Jeanie, to whom all Christmas ways were unknown mysteries.

"Oh, I'll show you. We can get evergreens in the woods, and oh, some of that lovely bitter-sweet, and I can make paper flowers," May went on enthusiastically, as ideas rushed into her mind. "We can have it real pretty; but don't let's tell anybody a thing about it."

The next week was a very busy one to the two plotters. Every moment, when out of school, they were whispering in corners, or engaged in some mysterious work, which they would hide if any one came near.

Mrs. Stanley was glad to see the first cheerful look on the face of the orphan, and did not interfere so long as the girls kept out of her way. The boys—of whom there were two younger and one older than Jeanie—were very curious, and Will—the older one—rather teasing about it; but on the whole May and Jeanie succeeded very well in keeping their secret.

Two days before Christmas, Jeanie followed her



father as he started off in the morning to the barn to feed the cattle. How she managed her teasing I cannot say, but in a short time she came into the house, radiant, gave a mysterious nod to May, and they at once disappeared upstairs.

Soon they stole down the back way, armed themselves with brooms, materials for a fire, and a big nail with which to lock the door, and slipped into the out-room.

It was not a promising-looking place, but they were young and enthusiastic; so Jeanie went to work to build up a roaring fire, and May began with the broom.

Well, they worked all day, harder than ever before in their lives, and all the next day, and when at last the room was ready for company, it really looked very pretty.

The bare walls were ornamented with wreaths of the gay bitter-sweet, and evergreen boughs, brightened by an occasional rose or lily neatly made by May, of thin white paper. The big kettle was transformed into a table by means of a board or two across the top, and a white sheet spread over all. The two windows were curtained with old newspapers, concealed by branches of evergreen. In the center of the room stood a tub, and braced up in it by stones and sticks of wood, hidden by sprays of green, stood a very pretty evergreen-tree. There were no candles on it, for the united wisdom of the two workers had not been able to compass that. But the bright flickering light of the fire was enough, and in fact made just the right effect, as it did not reveal too much.

On the tree were hung bits of bright ribbon and other pretty things out of May's trunk,—keepsakes from her old playmates. These were used just for decoration. There were long strings of popped corn besides. There were festoons about the branches, and among them a present for each one of the family.

All this time, one of the girls had been obliged to stay in the out-room every moment to keep the

door locked, for the boys were just wild to find out the mystery. Mrs. Stanley had stopped in her dreary round of drudgery—for this home, you must know, was the temple of work—to ask what all the fuss was about. But Jeanie told her that her father said she might use the out-room; and she was too busy and tired to feel much interest,—so she said, “well, she did n't care so's they did n't do any mischief.”

On the eventful night, when called to supper, May went into the family-room, for Jeanie could



MAY'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

not tear herself away from contemplation of the wonderful tree. To her it was the embodiment of everything beautiful and enchanting in the world. With no books but school-books, no pictures, no papers, nothing beautiful to be seen in that little grinding prairie home, she had never even conceived of anything so lovely.

When at last they rose from the table, May stopped at the door.

“Aunt,” she began timidly,—for she was rather afraid of the hard-working woman, whose sharp gray eyes seemed to look through her, and whose thin lips never opened but to make some practical remark,—“will you come over with uncle and see our Christmas-tree? Come, boys.” And she started off.



"So that's what the young ones have been up to, is it?" said Mr. Stanley, lighting his pipe. "Come, mother, let's go over and see what they've got. That May's the beater for plans if ever I see one."

"Wall," said Mrs. Stanley, pushing back the table that she had already cleared, "I don't mind if I step over a minute before I get out my dish-water. I never see Jane so took up as she has been this week."

They went over to the out-room. The boys were already there staring in a bewilderment of wonder. May leaned against the unique table, very tired, but happy, and Jeanie fairly danced around with delight.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Stanley, "this looks something like, now! Why, this carries me back to when I was a boy, away down in York State. I'd never 'a' thought you two little gals could fix this old room up so pretty; would you now, mother?"

"Mother" did n't say anything. There was a sort of a choke in her throat, and something suspiciously like a tear in her eye, as she looked at the bright, happy faces of her children—faces such as she had never seen since they were babies, before they were initiated into the regular family grind.

After a moment she recovered herself, went up to May, and, to her utter amazement, gave her a warm kiss, and said:

"It's beautiful, dear, and I thank you for it." And then she looked a few minutes, and said she must go. But Jeanie sprang up.

"Wait, ma; the presents are coming yet."

"Presents!" said Mr. Stanley, "are these presents, then?"

"Oh, of course!" said May, "else how could it be a Christmas-tree?"

"Sure enough!" said Mr. Stanley.

May now went up to the tree and took down first a pretty necktie for Will, made out of some of her bits of silk.

"Why, that's just the very thing I want," said Will, amazed. "How did you know that, you witch? and who made it?"

"Jeanie and I," said May.

"No, May made it 'most every bit," said Jeanie. "I don't know how."

Next came a pair of warm red mittens for Harry.

"Jeanie made these," said May. "I can't knit."

Well, so they went on. Mrs. Stanley had a pretty pin-cushion for her bureau; Mr. Stanley a neat bag for his tobacco; Johnny a pair of wristlets to keep his wrists warm. Each of the children had a little bag of nicely cracked hickory-nuts, a beautiful red apple and a few sticks of molasses candy.

The girls had nothing; they had been so busy they never thought of themselves.

When the presents were all distributed, and the children were busy eating nuts and candy, and having a merry time naming apple seeds, and doing other things that May taught them, Mrs. Stanley stole out, and went back to the kitchen to her dish-washing. But something was the matter, for she moved more slowly than ever before; she let the water run over, put the soap into the milk-cup, and made various other blunders. She was thinking.

And when all the family were in bed that night, and she and Mr. Stanley were sitting alone by the fire, she spoke her thoughts.

"John, that tree has set me a-thinking. We aint doing just right by our children. It's all work and no play, and they're growing old and sober before their time. We're forehanded enough now to let up on them a little."

"You're right, mother," said Mr. Stanley. "I've been thinking the same thing myself. That little gal, with her pretty, lady-like ways, does make me think so much of her mother, only 't wa' n't natural to her to be so downhearted as the little one has been. But see her to-night! I declare I'd do anything a'most to keep that happy face on her. What shall we do, Sally?"

"Well," said Mrs. Stanley, her face unwontedly bright with new thoughts, "it is n't eight o'clock yet, and I've been thinking if you'd go to the village and buy a few things to put by their beds for Christmas it would be good. Children think so much of such things," she added, half apologetically.

"So it would! and I'll do it, wife," said Mr. Stanley, taking his boots out of the corner, and hastening to put them on. "Make out your list, and I'll go down to Kenedy's. He don't shut up till nine."

Kenedy's was a country store, where you could buy everything, from a needle to a thrashing-machine, and about nine o'clock Mr. Stanley came home with a market-basket full of things. There was a gay merino dress for Jeanie, a pair of skates for May, a new knife for Will, a sled and a picture-book for each of the boys.

There was, besides these, a package of real store candy, some raisins, and, down under the whole, where Mrs. Stanley could not see it, a neat dark dress for her, which Mr. Stanley had bought to surprise her.

Well, everybody *was* surprised the next morning, you may be sure, and after the breakfast—of which little was eaten—Will went out and killed a turkey. Jeanie and May put on big aprons and helped; Will chopped stuffing and suet; and, for



the first time in their lives, the children had a real Christmas dinner—plum-pudding and all.

That was the beginning of a new life in the plain farm-house. Little by little, books found their way to the table, an easy-chair or two stole into the rooms, pictures made their appearance on the walls, and in time a wing was added to the house! After awhile a neat-handed farmer's daughter came to help Mrs. Stanley. Shrubbery came up in the yard, vines began to grow over the windows, and

the fence had a new coat of paint. Now that she was not always tired out, Mrs. Stanley began to go out among her neighbors; friendly visits succeeded, then a tea-party. Will joined the book club in the village, and Mrs. Stanley invited them to meet at her house in turn, and, in fact, some innocent pleasures came into these hard-working lives, and all owing, as Mr. Stanley would say, holding the bright, happy May on his knee, "to this little girl's Christmas-tree."

## THE DWARF'S MIRROR.

BY W. N. MEEKS.



THOMAS and Hannah lived quite alone in a little house in the middle of a great forest. Their father was an under-forester, and all day long, in good weather and bad, he had to watch or else shoot birds and hares for the prince's table.

Their mother was dead, and nobody was at home in the little house with the children but their old grandmother, who was almost blind and could hardly hear. When she was not asleep, or hobbling around the kitchen to cook the children's dinner, she sat by the fire and spun. Weeks sometimes passed without anybody visiting the forester's hut; but in summer the children did not care about this, because they went day after day to the village to school, and that was a great pleasure. But in winter it was very gloomy and tedious. Then the snow was deep in the forest, and the children had to keep in the house, like two little mice in a hole. The father had to go out often, and always took Watch, the great spaniel and their only playfellow, with him. The old grandmother used to tell fairy-tales, but now she had almost forgotten them all, and spoke to hardly anybody but herself. Little Hannah sat at her grandmother's side spinning, but it was a tiresome work in the silence. Thomas tried to carve figures of dogs and rabbits out of wood; but they never turned out well, and he cut his fingers so often that he became impatient, and gave up the business as a bad one. He often used to say:

"Ah, how nice the rich children have it. I'd like to be the young lord that I once saw drive in his carriage through the village, or one of the steward's children, who can eat as often as they

want to, or one of the gypsy boys, who can go out whenever they like."

One evening, not long before Christmas, it was particularly quiet and gloomy. The lamp oil, which the grandmother made of beech-nuts, had come to an end; the way to the village was so full of snow that Liese had not been able to come to them. So they were there without any oil, and could not light the lamp. Fortunately the clear moon shone into the room; but the children were half afraid of the deep shadows which lay upon the bright floor.

Little Hannah nestled closely at her grandmother's side, and Thomas stood beside her, and screamed in her ear:

"Grandmother, now tell us only once more a little story. Don't you know any more?"

"Not un, Bubby, not un; f'rgotten all," mumbled the old woman.

"But only one, grandmother; only one about the little dwarf in the quarry."

"In the quarry? Yes; wait, Bubby, let me think and see if I know it." Then she added very quickly, and in her old distinct way:

"Where the quarry is, down there in the glen, long, long ago, the rocks stood fast and just like a wall. There was n't a single stone broken off, and before the rocks was a green, fresh place. Under that the dwarfs used to live. They used to carry things down there to the dwarf-queen's palace, and had a merry little town below. There were not yet any hunters, nor stone-cutters, nor wood-choppers in the still forest. Ah, no; then on sunny days all the little dwarfs came out and sunned themselves on the green moss, and played and danced and were right merry. At last, people who lived on the plain outside of the forest be-



gan to build houses, and they came into the forest and chopped down trees and carried away great stones. The dwarfs became very much frightened, and feared that their beautiful rocky wall, their dancing-green, and their little city would be ruined. So to stop the people from cutting away the stone from their rock, they went by night into the forest and dug up big stones, and rolled them with all their might to the edge of the forest. But the people were not satisfied. They found the beautiful rocky wall, and dug stones from it. The great heavy stones fell upon the dancing-green. Then the little city was destroyed, and there was loud wailing among the dwarfs.

"The dwarfs, who were not killed, dug themselves a way far into the forest. Where they live now, or whether they have built themselves another little town, nobody knows. Ever since then they have, in the night, rolled out many stones, but new ones always fall in again, and every year, on St. Thomas' night, they come to see if so many stones still lie on the ground; and if anybody should roll out three stones on that night, the dwarfs would grant him any wish that he might ask."

That is what the grandmother said. She had not said so much for a long time, and was therefore quite tired. Little Hannah became afraid even of herself, and nestled up more closely to her grandmother; but Thomas, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, wondered if the little dwarfs yet came. Just then they heard Watch barking outside, and the father stalked in, cross and chilled. He sought in the dark for something to eat, for, as usual, the old grandmother had forgotten to keep any supper for him. He found nothing, and so went hungry to bed.

This night Thomas could hardly sleep. He had heard the story more than once, but what the grandmother had said about the dwarfs being able still to come, that he had not known. Now his heart beat wildly with pleasure, as he thought how he could brighten up the melancholy loneliness of their forest life with the treasures of the dwarf world, especially now, while there were yet only two days before St. Thomas' night.

On St. Thomas' night the father came home early, and before the grandmother had put out the lamp he was fast asleep. Thomas waited until Hannah was asleep. He had told her nothing, for he knew she would not go. As for his grandmother, she could not hear him even if she were awake. Soon everything was quiet. He had not undressed himself, so that he had only to draw his fur cap over his ears, and then he slipped out.

The moon shone clearly, and it was so death-like still in the forest that Thomas shuddered at first; but he soon grew brave again, and went

softly but quickly over the well-known road to the quarry. Not even a mouse stirred as he came down into the glen. Hardly a moonbeam shone on the broken stone, which looked really very dreadful. With timid steps, he crept softly to the place where the dwarfs' dancing-green had been, and where yet a great number of large and little stones lay. With trembling hands he grasped the largest ones that he could handle and dragged them away. Just as he had rolled away the third, a thin, little voice called out:

"Who's there?" And on the only spot in the glen where the moonlight fell, stood a mite of a man in green clothing. It was he who had asked the question.

"Thomas, the under-forester's son," answered the boy, very much frightened, and at the same time respectfully taking off his cap.

"What do you want there?"

"Only to take away stones, so that the little gentlemen can come back again."

"That wont help much," said the dwarf, sadly; "but it is very good in you, and you shall not do it for nothing. What do you wish?"

Thomas could not decide upon anything, and yet he knew of so many things that he wished. He thought of a horse, so that he could ride to school; of a whole cask full of oil, so that the little lamp might not go out any more; of a bag full of apples and nuts,—but they were all hardly worth the trouble. At last he stammered out:

"A big purse full of money."

"So," said the dwarf, "do you know the use of that already? What will you do with the money?"

"Oh, lots of things. Instead of our hut, I'll build a great, great house, larger than the forester's house in the village," continued Thomas, somewhat encouraged, "and a stable full of beautiful horses, so that I may ride when it snows, and buy a new cloak for Hannah, and a whole cask full of oil, that we may not be in the dark."

"Ei, ei; what else?" laughed the dwarf. "The house, you shall build, but not in the dark forest. You shall also go out into the world, but you don't need a horse for that. Hannah can get a new cloak without you; and you can get oil enough yourself. If you will come with your little basket to the quarry, you will always find beech-nuts enough to fill your little lamp with oil for two years. So I think that you do not need the purse of money yet awhile. You are too young for it."

"Ah," said Thomas, low-spiritedly, "if it were only not so gloomy and tiresome in the long winter,—if we had only a pretty picture-book while the evenings are so long."

"Now," said the dwarf, "that is better. Only go home and believe what I say, and after Christ-



mas I will come to you and take care that the time shall never be so long in winter. Be only content; the little dwarfs do not forget to reward those who help them."

The dwarf disappeared. Thomas shivered, and went home more quickly and with a lighter heart than he had come. He opened the door, slipped into the house, into the little chamber, and into his warm bed without being seen or heard. All night long he dreamed of the dwarfs. He made up his mind not to tell little Hannah his secret, but to wait quietly until Christmas.

Christmas came, and there was joy even in the

him to drive away the tediousness of the gloomy winter, suddenly he heard a light knock on the house door. His heart beat quickly, and with trembling hands he lifted the latch. In stepped the little man in green clothes. He brought nothing but a small piece of colored glass.

"Lead me to your room!" said he, and stepped quickly and yet more softly than Thomas could into the little bedroom. By the light that came from his little glass, he looked around the room. There was not much to see; the old bedstead, a rickety table with three legs, and a couple of chairs. The greatest piece of furniture in the room was a large



little hut. The father brought from the village as many nuts and apples as he could carry. The head forester's maid, who was the children's godmother, brought them two magnificent gingerbread hearts, and gave to Hannah a beautiful new cloak, and to Thomas a good warm jacket. The father spent the day at home, and himself dressed a hare for supper. They had not eaten anything so good for a long time. But Thomas could not enjoy himself so much as he might have done. He thought all the while of something better that was yet to come.

It was night again. Everybody but Thomas was fast asleep. As he sat with his clothes on, wide awake, wondering what his new friend would bring

chest, black with age, which was fastened in the wall, and which often served the children as a hiding-place when they played "hide-and-seek." In the front of this chest was a large round hole, that always seemed frightful to Hannah as often as she saw it, because it looked so black. The dwarf seemed to have perceived it. He slipped into the chest, and after a little hammering: "So," said he, as he came out, "now the tediousness is cared for. Little one, if time becomes long again, then look at the round hole in your chest. Look only mornings and evenings when you are alone. Good night, my boy. God take care of you!" And before Thomas knew what had happened, the dwarf was gone. The boy hardly understood what



it all meant, and not daring to look into the chest immediately, he lay down beside his father. While he wondered whether the dwarf had spoken in jest or in earnest, he fell fast asleep.

The next morning the father went out early. Thomas could not keep his secret any longer, so he whispered the whole story to his sister as she sat and spun beside her deaf grandmother. She listened to it half laughing, half afraid, and told him that he must have dreamt it all. However, he persuaded her to make the first trial that evening. That day was very long to the children, who waited impatiently for the evening. The father was still away in the evening, and the grandmother nodded in her chair. Then the children went timidly but eagerly to the chest, and lifted the lid. Thomas, the bolder-hearted, was the first to look at the hole, where now shone brightly the glass which the dwarf had put in. What a beautiful sight met his eyes! He drew the trembling Hannah down to his side, for the opening was large enough for both to look through at the same time. It was splendid! The children could hardly resist screaming with wonder and delight. They saw a long, wide parlor that was magnificently lighted by golden lights, but mostly by a high, richly decorated Christmas-tree, from which the light of many hundred colored tapers streamed. The table before the tree was covered with beautiful toys—play-soldiers, cavalry and infantry—whole regiments of them, with cannon and wagons; there was a complete royal stable full of all sorts of little horses; there were pretty picture-books, and a multitude of playthings such as the poor little forest children had never before seen, among which were a pair of silver spurs and a horse-whip, a gun and sword, a complete boy-uniform trimmed with gold. All these fine things were neatly arranged on the table, and with them little baskets and plates of the choicest confectionery.

"Oh, dear, who'll get all that?" sighed the children.

Just then the door opened, and a thin, pale boy of ten years stepped into the parlor. Behind him came beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen. Thomas and Hannah expected that a whole band of children must come to share these splendid presents, and looked for the others. But there was only the one boy. He smiled faintly, and did not seem surprised as he glanced at the beautiful things, and hardly noticed them, while Thomas and Hannah pressed their glowing faces against the glass and almost devoured the splendor with their eyes.

"Where are you, children?" now called the voice of the grandmother. Startled, they drew their heads back, and everything was as dark as

before. The old chest looked as if nothing at all had happened. They were as if in a dream when they came back to the light of the little oil-lamp and sat again in the old sooty room.

"Ah, how well off the young lord is," they often said. "Oh, if we only had what he has," they sighed, even when sleep closed their eyes to show them the splendor yet once more in their dreams.

Before it was yet quite day, Hannah glided into the bedroom. This time the father had not come home, so that they could so much more safely look into the wonderful chest. They wished very much to see again the beautiful parlor. Sure enough, there it was in clear daylight, almost as beautiful as by the light of the festal candles. There were all the fine playthings, but better arranged. The boy who had been there yesterday was lying in a silk dressing-gown upon the sofa. A number of pretty books were scattered around him. He seemed tired and restless. As the children were looking and wondering how any one could not be pleased and happy with such beautiful things, one of the doors opened and an old gentleman came in. The children could hear him say, as if he were far away, but yet distinctly:

"What! already wearied, dear prince? And yet you have so many things that would make other children happy."

"What other children?" asked the prince. "Other children are not alone. I have already seen all of my things. I wish I could go out like other children. I'd like to go out alone, and go where I choose. I'd rather be a gypsy boy than a prince."

Before the astounded children could hear any more, the grandmother called them, and they hastily dropped the lid.

Full of joy and expectation, they chattered all day long, and could hardly wait until evening before their little faces were pressed against the glass. This time they did not see the parlor, but a forest, quite like that in which they lived. They saw a large open place in this forest. In the middle was a cheerful fire, before which some fine game was roasting. Near by sat a number of browned and ragged people, several of whom were playing a lively tune on instruments of music, to which a band of joyful children sprang and danced around.

A young gypsy came with a bag full of dried fruits. The children received him with shouts of joy. He emptied the bag on the ground. The children fell greedily upon the fruits, and, scrambling for them like little pigs, feasted to their hearts' delight, after which they began again all sorts of merry wild games, so that Thomas wished very much to spring in among them, and was quite provoked when his father just then came home and called loudly from the kitchen.



Early the next morning, before his father was awake, he looked at the glass, without waiting for Hannah, who came in lightly after awhile.

Yes, there was once more the open place in the forest, but it did not seem to be so cheerful. It was morning. The fire was out. There was a wild, anxious running hither and thither among the gypsies. Presently the children saw soldiers coming near, and soon after, in the great tumult that still continued, the poor gypsies were captured and led away, because they had been accused of robbery and theft. The children would see no more of it, and turned away from the glass.

That evening the children went to the wonderful chest, and they saw a very handsome room,—not so elegant as the prince's parlor, but, yet much more beautiful than their godmother's room,—with brightly colored tapestry and pretty pictures on the walls. It was full of playthings for boys and girls. There was a fine baby-house, with little ladies and gentlemen dressed in handsome clothes and sitting on little sofas and chairs in the parlor. There was a little kitchen full of white china tea services, and more little plates and pitchers than all the crockery and tinware in the old grandmother's kitchen put together. There were dolls, big and little,—some almost as large as Hannah herself,—cradles, little chairs and carriages. On the other side of the room stood a fortress with soldiers; a store well provided with raisins, almonds, sugar and figs; a carrier's wagon with trunks and valises; a pile of picture-books,—in short, almost as much as the prince had. The children were full of admiration and joy. Suddenly the possessors of all these elegant things—two girls and a boy—entered. Evidently they had just returned from a walk. The girls went immediately to the baby-house, and the boy to the store. One of the girls went with bright new pennies to exchange them with her brother for candies, and the other began to dress her dolls out of a little chest full of pretty dresses and hats.

Ah, how sorry were Thomas and Hannah as just then their grandmother called them to supper.

Sleeping and waking, they still dreamed of what they had seen, and hastened early the next morning to see the lucky children again.

The room did not look as beautiful as before. The dolls lay upon the floor, and one of the little girls stood crying and screaming beside them. The evening before she had left them on the floor and the room door open. The cat had come in and had played with the painted dolls, had torn their silk dresses and scratched their pretty faces.

"You're to blame for it," said one of the children. "You left them lying here."

"No, it was you," cried the other.

Then they began to dispute about a little sugar-

loaf that one of the girls had in her kitchen, and which the boy claimed as belonging to his store. In their quarrel the girl pushed against the store, so that many of the little glasses fell down and were broken. In anger and spite, the boy jumped upon the little kitchen and kicked it about, so that all the crockery and tinware were broken to pieces. Then followed such screaming and crying and yelling and quarreling, that the forest children ran gladly away, not wishing to see any more.

"Now what do you think, Thomas," asked Hannah, "that all the children in the world are unhappy?"

"No, indeed," replied he eagerly, "that cannot be; for if the little prince had not been quite alone —"

"And," interrupted Hannah, "the gypsy children had only had good fathers and mothers, and the three children had not been so quarrelsome. Yes, see, when people are good and contented and happy and well and love one another, then they can be happy."

"Even if they are so poor and lonely as we are?" asked Thomas.

Hannah could not really say yes.

That evening the grandmother fell asleep very early. They almost feared to look at the glass again, for everything came to such a sorry ending. However, they made up their minds to try it once more. As they put their faces to the glass they almost screamed out aloud:

"There is our kitchen and our own selves!"

So, in truth, it was—only the room looked lighter and pleasanter than usual. It was much cleaner and in good order. The window-panes were so clean and clear that they shone. On the window-seat stood some forest flowers that looked beautifully green against the snow outside. In a willow cage, such as Thomas had often seen the farmer-boys make, hopped a little bird, that seemed to be better in the warm kitchen than in the snow, for it sang and whistled so sweetly that it was a pleasure to hear it. And there, at her little spinning-wheel, sat the old grandmother, and by her side was Hannah, and Thomas was not far away, but neither was so tired and sorrowful as before. They heard themselves singing a pretty little song which they had already learned at school, but which it had never before occurred to them to sing at home. It sounded lovely, and the old grandmother seemed very much pleased with it, for she kept time by nodding her head in a friendly manner. After they had finished the song, then the Thomas that they saw through the glass reached up to the shelf over grandmother's bed and took down a large old book that had long lain there, covered with dust, ever since she had been unable to read even with



spectacles. The children were astonished. They had learned to read well, but had never thought of such a thing as reading at home. The Thomas in the glass began to read aloud, so loudly that the grandmother could hear. At first he did not read any more distinctly than the real Thomas could have done, but the reading soon became better. He read the story of Joseph, which the children had already heard, but so long ago that it sounded so new and beautiful that they listened eagerly to the Thomas in the glass until they heard a dog bark. That was also just like Watch's bark. Then the Hannah in the glass rose quickly, placed a pair of old shoes near the fire and hung her father's house-coat before it. Soon the father entered with Watch. Thomas drew off his wet coat and carried away his gun, and Hannah brought the warm shoes and dry coat.

The children gazed with surprise at their busy images. Hitherto they had always let their father come and go, and had never even thought that one could care for him also. The father in the picture looked surprised at the little services of his children, and was much more friendly than the real father generally was. He seated himself at the table, and Hannah had a good, warm supper for him, which formerly had generally been forgotten, because the grandmother could never remember to save it. The father patted Hannah on the shoulders, which he had never done before, and began to talk about their saintly mother, who had also cared so kindly for him; and that was so remarkable to the children that they would not have come away from the glass if the grandmother had not called them to go to bed.

The next morning a new life entered into the children. Hannah turned and cleaned the furniture, washed the windows and cleared up the room so thoroughly that the grandmother, as in a dream, asked, "Is it a feast-day?"

There was not time to plant flowers, but Thomas brought a couple of pine branches from the forest, with which they neatly dressed the room. Then they helped the grandmother to prepare the breakfast. Formerly she had always had that trouble alone. It was quite good, and tasted much better to them than ever before. Then Hannah sat down with her grandmother to spin, and Thomas climbed up on a chair and brought the Bible, which was just as dusty as in the picture, and began to spell out the words. The grandmother listened very at-

tentively. As the reading became more and more distinct, and as, for the first time in many years that she had not been able to go to church or even to read at home, she heard from her little grandson's lips the beloved word of God, her old heart became full of joy, she folded her hands on her lap and nodded approvingly, while bright tears gathered in her eyes. He was quite pleased to see what effect his reading had, and read on more earnestly.

Hannah listened and spun, not noticing how the morning passed, until the grandmother arose to cook the potatoes. Thomas immediately sprang up and said, "Wait, Granny; I'll help you." They fetched water from the little well in the yard, washed the potatoes and stirred up the fire. It was a perfect pleasure. The grandmother clasped her hands in wonder. Such potatoes they had never before eaten. In the afternoon, it occurred to them to sing. They tried it at first in a low voice, but soon they sang more heartily and clearly, and the grandmother listened as if dreaming, and smiled more than she had for years. How they enjoyed themselves when the father came home! How astonished he was at the loving attentions of his children, which no one had shown him since his good wife had been carried to her grave. Everything came to pass as in the mirror. His heart warmed under the warm house-coat and from the kindness of his children.

"You must see how beautifully Thomas reads," the grandmother said, and brought her old prayer-book. The father, who for so many years had forgotten the prayers, heard, with pride and joy how well his boy read. As the holy words fell from his child's lips they sank deep into his heart.

The children had never before gone to bed feeling so happy as on this evening.

Now every day did not continue so new and fresh as this, but the children continued to work with heartfelt joy. The angel of prayer was drawn in and made this quiet forest-hut a little church full of peace and love. The children took less pleasure now in the wonderful mirror. They felt that it could not show them anything better than their own dear home, especially when the joyful spring came; and they already thought of how they could make their little house pleasant and cheerful for the next winter.

All of us have our house, or cottage, or little room. Shall we not seek to make it as bright and happy as did the forest children their lonely hut?



## BY THE HEARTH.

BY CARRIE GERRISH.

WELL, boys, what are you looking at so eagerly? Only a piece of coal, do you say, Charlie? I should n't suppose you could find anything worth looking at in a smutty piece of coal. Ah, well! I am glad my boys have found that only a piece of coal, as Charlie calls it, is worth looking at.

I think I can tell you something about it that will make you open your eyes wider still. You know how astonished and puzzled you were the other night at the tricks of the "magic-man," who turned beans into sugar-plums, and did all sorts of wonderful things before your very eyes. Now this piece of coal is the most wonderful piece of magic in the world. Suppose I tell you that this hard black lump once had life. Yes, it did, Ned, though you need n't look as if you expected it to walk off now. It would n't have done that when it was alive. It grew and moved, yet was not an animal.

Can you guess what it was? That's right; it was a plant—a beautiful green plant. Yes, I'm in earnest. That black lump is really one of the most wonderful things in the world. It was once a delicate little plant, turning ever to the sun, and bending and nodding with every breeze. It is almost beyond belief, and I don't wonder that you shake your heads. Many people older than you would do the same if told that the coal, to which they owe so much, and which they use quite as a matter of course, once made up great forests which covered vast areas. They know it comes somehow out of the earth, and as long as it continues to come, and does n't cost more than so much a ton, they don't bother themselves with questions as to what it is. I have no doubt many regard it as a peculiar kind of rock. I want my boys to know better, and so let us see if we can't explain the mystery about it.

Well, then, in the first place, plants are composed principally of two gases and a substance called carbon. The gases are oxygen and hydrogen. You can easily remember the word carbon. Now when a plant begins to decay, these two gases escape into the air, while the carbon stays and forms coal. So remember that coal is chiefly carbon, and it gets the carbon from plants.

You think, Charlie, that if plants make coal there must be a good lot of it in our big forests? Well, here is another strange thing. You see how one wonderful thing leads to another. You would

find scarcely any coal in those big forests; yet there are tons upon tons of leaves that fall to the ground every year, and I have just said they were precisely what coal comes from. How am I going to explain that? Listen.

I said that coal was formed from vegetable matter. I did n't say that all vegetable matter formed coal. It does so only under certain conditions. As the leaves and plants fall to the ground, they lie exposed to the air, and decay, when the two gases—oxygen and hydrogen—escape. The carbon goes too, so that nothing is left for coal. You don't see, then, how coal ever was made? I am going to tell you.

Since it has been proved that coal does come from plants, and that our vegetation nowadays makes little or no coal, we know that when the great beds of coal were formed everything must have been specially arranged for it. The world was n't then as it is now. It was just sky and water, with here and there patches of land. There were great marshes everywhere. Sometimes these would dry up and become dry land. Then again the sea would come rushing in over the land, and form new marshes. There were no birds in the air; no people upon the land. Only reptiles and marsh-loving beasts roamed around in the soft clay. All was quiet and desolate, yet it was not a dreary time. In the marshes and on the land grew beautiful trees. Plants ran wild everywhere. It was a world of living green. Now, it was simply on account of the marshy land that this vegetation made coal, while our own does not.

I told you that a time was specially planned for coal-making. As the plants and leaves decayed, they fell into the water. The gases could still escape, but the carbon, being covered from the action of the air, was left. This is the simple explanation. Silently, and with no human eye to see, the work went on year after year, century after century.

A few of the plants in those days of gigantic forests were like what we have—beautiful ferns as large as many trees. Such now grow only in the tropics. "Horse-tails," as you call them, which are now seldom over two feet high, grew then as high as twenty feet. Conifers, like our firs and pines and cedars, were very abundant. But the two most important trees in coal-making have entirely disappeared from our forests. One of these



had no branches, but was covered with leaves and crowned with a cluster at the top. Sometimes they were sixty feet high.

But you don't see how we know that trees did make coal? There are several reasons. If you should put a piece of coal under a microscope, and examine it carefully, you would see the vegetable fibers in it. It is the best proof we could have. Then, besides, in many places stems and leaves are found in the coal, and sometimes trunks of trees are standing in the beds. Again, wood contains silica or sand, and this is found also in coal. You

don't understand it as well as I hope you will when you are older; but you can believe it now, and some day prove it for yourselves.

I want you to look at this bright, beautiful diamond. Put that black, smutty piece of coal by the side of it. Would n't you think they had about as little in common as any two things in the world? Yet they are made of the same substance—carbon. And although diamonds are the most valuable of gems, and eagerly sought after, the world could get along without them much better than without their black and often despised relation.



## BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

In the multitude of books for young folks, nowadays, there are so many that are foolish or harmful, it is pleasant to find a really capital and healthy story. Such a story is *Antony Brade*, by Robert Lowell; published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Mr. Lowell, as some of our young readers may know, wrote a book for grown-up folks some time ago, with the title of *The New Priest in Conception Bay*. That book was very much liked; but *Antony Brade*, we should say, has more heart in it, and it must be a great favorite with the boys. Indeed, Mr. Lowell must have thought so, or he would not have said, as he does at the beginning of his book, that it was written lovingly for those who have been boys, or are boys, or like boys. The story is one of school-days; and the hearty out-door life, the hockey-playing, the trapping and the school-boy quarrels, are just enough seasoned with study and book-learning to make the picture of young life all the more real. There is a harmless little mystery in the story, and a good deal of fun; and if anybody, man or boy, can read the account of the disaster on the ice-pond without some springing of moisture in the eyes, we should not like to make his acquaintance. There ought to be more such bright, fascinating and wholesome books as *Antony Brade*.

The multitude of St. NICHOLAS readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Trowbridge's story of *Fast Friends*

has been issued in book form by J. R. Osgood & Co. of Boston. It makes a very enticing volume of 282 pages, with many illustrations. This story, as most of our young friends will agree, is one of the very best Mr. Trowbridge ever wrote. It reads like a chapter out of real life; and the reader is led on from page to page, with an affectionate interest in the fortunes of the two lads who were trying their desperate fortunes in a great city. There are a great many young chaps like Jack and George making their way in New York; and it really seems a pity that the tale of their trials and triumphs, sorrows and fun, could not have so delightful a historian as the author of *Fast Friends*.

*Hazel Blossoms*, by John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.—The true poet is always young at heart, and so this book, though written for grown men and women, will have a charm for you all. Such poems as "Conductor Bradley," "Summer," and "The Prayer of Agassiz" hardly can fail to stir young souls and bring out the best bravery of boyhood and girlhood. Three-fourths of this volume are filled with Mr. Whittier's recent productions, and the remainder with the poems of his sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier. Of these last, you will be interested, we think, in the lines entitled, "Dr. Kane in Cuba," especially after reading Mr. Whittier's preface.



*Mischief's Thanksgiving, and other Stories.* By Susan Coolidge. Illustrated by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Bros.—Now and then, girls, comes a story-book that once read becomes a part of our lives. Such an one is this by Susan Coolidge. When we have said that it is fresh, cheery, bracing, fragrant and clear, we have only told you of the atmosphere that hangs about its living scenes and events. *Mischief*, *Little Roger*, *Ellie*, and *Ricket*, in these stories are real children, almost as real as little *Fredrika Bremer*, *Jeanette Berglind*, and other "Girls of the Far North," of whom our author gives you delightful sketches in this same volume.

*The Hanging of the Crane.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.—This is not the pathetic story of a poor crane that came to his death by hanging. Not at all. In the days when great chimney-places and open wood fires were in fashion, a swinging iron crane stretched forth from the inner side of the fire-place, like an arm, ready to hold pot or tea-kettle over the blaze. So it came to be understood that to hang the crane in a new house was really to turn the house into a home, and to offer a fit occasion for merry-making and congratulations. Therefore is "The Hanging of the Crane" sung by our great poet Longfellow; and that his verse may have a worthy setting, the publishers have made a superb book filled with such pictures as America has hardly produced before—exquisite in art and beautiful as can be conceived. The artists, *Thomas Moran* and *Mary A. Hallock*, are well known to you by their work in *St. Nicholas*, and we heartily congratulate them upon their great success in illustrating Mr. Longfellow's latest poem.

*More Bed-time Stories.* By Louise Chandler Moulton. Illustrated by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Bros.—We can speak as heartily of this volume as we did of the first "Bed-time Stories," which is saying a good deal. "Against Wind and Tide" and "Blue Sky and White Clouds" are good stories charmingly told, but, like the others in this volume, they end too soon. Mrs. Moulton could have made two books out of her material.

*Lolly Dink's Doings.* By his mother, old Mrs. Dinks (alias Elizabeth Stoddard). Boston: William F. Gill & Co.—Mrs. Stoddard is one of the strongest and best of American novelists, although she does not by any means confine herself to pleasant, heartsome incidents, and model men and women. Therefore, when the same lady writes a book about Lolly Dinks, we do not expect to find a model little boy; and a model boy Lolly Dinks certainly is not. He is simply his own startling little self, bewitching sometimes in his baby way, but not to be imitated on any account. In short, if ever a naughty darling stood glorified in the light of mother-love—if ever a sweet little ruffian wore bright fancies and tender thoughts as naturally as other babies wear pinafores, that naughty darling and sweet little ruffian is Lolly Dinks.

Another new book which boys and girls will welcome is one by our beloved contributor, *Olive Thorne*, entitled *Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and Others in Neither*, and published by *Dustin, Gilman & Co.*, of Hartford, Conn. It tells all about a great many of the wonderful little creatures in the world, and in the fresh, clear, simple way that has made its author a favorite among young readers. It has also a large number of interesting illustrations that will help you to remember what you read. We recommend this handsome book, and advise all the boys and girls who want to become acquainted with its "little folks"—and what boy or girl does not?—to read and study it.

*Moonfolk*, by Jane G. Austin (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is one of those stories of the curious adventures of a little girl in Fairy-land, which would be very interesting and original if *Alice in Wonderland* had never been written. Little Rhoda meets with "The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe," with "Sinbad the Sailor," with "Margery Daw," and a great many other good folks from Mother Goose, and she has pretty much the same sort of a time with them that Alice had with her friends in "Wonderland." The illustrations to this book are by Mr. Linton, the famous engraver, and they are most excellent; just as quaint and delicate in the drawing and exquisite in the engraving as they can be.

*Risen from the Ranks* is the seventh of the "Luck and Pluck Series," written by Mr. Horatio Alger, and published by Mr. Loring of Boston. Like the other books of the series, this is a story of an ambitious and straightforward boy, who, after some hard struggles, became a man of influence and importance. Harry Walton's example will fire the heart of many a young reader, who will see how it is possible to achieve a great success in life after a very small beginning. The book is one that can be honestly commended to young folks, though we do really think that Mr. Alger ought to explain to us how Oscar's father, who begins the story as an India merchant, ends it as a Boston editor.

To *Brave and Bold*, another of Mr. Alger's stories, we cannot award like praise. The story is of the "sensational" order, while the characters are such as we do not meet in real life—and we are very glad that we don't meet them. The book appears more hurriedly composed than some of the author's other works, and this may account for its deficiencies.

All children, who are good children, love Hans Christian Andersen, and they will therefore be glad to hear that Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have recently issued an excellent edition of *Andersen's Fairy Tales*. The fairy tales written by the German brothers Grimm have also been issued by the same house. These tales have long been deservedly popular, and this collection, as well as that of the Andersen stories, has been edited and arranged for children by Mrs. Paull.

*Childhood Songs.* By Lucy Larcom. (Illustrated.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.—Our *St. Nicholas* readers need only to be told of a book, written from beginning to end by Lucy Larcom, to be anxious to see it—and a lovely book this is. "Prince Hal and little Queen Maude," to whom it is dedicated, must be very happy little ones with these delightful poems and bright pictures before them. And how fine it is that other wee princes and queens, and all who love little children, may share their enjoyment! Well may their poet say:

"And I, for one, would much rather,  
Could I merit so sweet a thing,  
Be the poet of little children  
Than the laureate of a king."

G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued the first series of *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, by Mary Cowden Clarke—a book which ought to be welcome wherever it goes. The young can gain from it a true appreciation of the great master's works; and older people who have read the plays hardly can find a safer guide than this noted student of Shakespeare in the delightful study of tracing the characters, whose after-life he describes, back to their early beginnings in childhood. The book affords many instructive glimpses into the life and customs of the times, and the stories will interest everybody.



## THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

(Arranged for Parlor Representation as a Ballad with Living Pictures.)

THE well-known story of "Ginevra," as told in Rogers' poem of "Italy," and in the ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough," is very suitable for parlor representation, especially during the Christmas holidays. To give it with the best effect, a temporary stage and drop-curtain are needed; better still if the curtain be hung at the wide opening between two rooms. As an expedient, two large clothes-horses, draped and stood so as to form the back and sides of the stage—thus, answer the purpose admirably. The flooring of the stage should, if practicable, be raised about fourteen inches. A large pine frame covered with gilt or "black walnut" paper, if placed close to the stage so as to form a picture-frame to each scene, will add very much to the illusion; and the effect will be still finer if a very thin black gauze or tarlatan be stretched across the back of the frame over the entire opening. But both the frame and gauze may be dispensed with if they involve too much painstaking. In any case, a sliding curtain can be hung on a wire stretched across the front, and so arranged as to be drawn back, when necessary, by persons concealed at each side of the screen. A space can be left in the rear, between the two clothes-horses, where the actors, by parting the draperies, may go in and out. Somebody behind the screen recites or sings the ballad, which at proper intervals is illustrated by *tableaux vivants*. Everything must be arranged in advance, and the actors dressed ready to appear. A large wooden chest should be at hand. It may stand in the rear of the stage in the first scene, concealed by gay draperies or the wedding guests. A capital chest may be made of large sheets of pasteboard sewed together and covered with oak wall-paper. Great iron hinges and locks should be painted upon it. The lid, bent down around the edge, can be tied on at the back, so as to open and shut. The mistletoe bough and holly, if necessary, can be made of green paper; or almost any green boughs with small leaves will answer the purpose. The costumes, which in detail may be left to the taste of the performers, should have an old-time effect and be in harmony with each other. The chief requirements are powdered heads, knee-breeches, and great shoe-buckles for the gentlemen; high-heeled and rosetted slippers, farthingales, trains, puffed, curled and powdered heads, with flowers, wreaths and showy jewelry for the ladies. Twenty-five cents' worth of tinsel paper, crinkled and creased, will greatly assist in the jewelry and shoe-buckle effects, when better things are not at hand. Old chintz curtains for the guests, and muslin or lace curtains for the bride, will make capital trains and mantles; white wool-wadding and horse-hair will serve for the ladies' and gentlemen's wigs, when powder is not used, and knee-breeches may be easily produced by cutting the bottoms off of old trousers, lapping them tightly at the knee, and concealing the lap by a rosette. Two persons may be required to represent Lovel—one as a young, the other as an old man. For the latter part, a long white beard may be made of goats-hair fringe or white wool-wadding. A few charcoal shadows about the face (studied from nature) will produce the look of old age. In the last scene, the wedding guests, with a few slight changes of costume, and with charcoal shadows on some of the faces, will serve as the old man's friends. Children can personate all the characters as easily as grown persons. A spinning-wheel and a few old-style pieces of furniture will be found useful.

Very pleasing results, however, can be secured with far less preparation than we have suggested. The main thing is to try for harmonious effects of color and grouping, and the proper lighting up of the tableaux. All the lights should be in front of the performers, and hidden from the spectators. If the scenes are carefully rehearsed, there will be no difficulty in arranging each tableau silently and swiftly in its proper succession. Actual experiment will be the best guide in deciding at which points the curtain is to be raised and lowered. When practicable, the singing or reciting of each stanza should accompany its tableau to the fall of the curtain, and the musical accompaniment can run on between the stanzas during the brief time allowed for arranging each scene.

## TABLEAU I.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,  
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;  
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,  
And keeping their Christmas holiday.  
The baron beheld with a father's pride  
His beautiful daughter, young Lovel's bride,  
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be  
The star of that goodly company.

Oh! the mistletoe bough!

Oh! the mistletoe bough!

*Tableau. Scene.*—The castle hall. The happy old baron and baroness are seated in state; the bride and

groom, with the wedding guests, may be represented as dancing, or in the act of playing some merry game.

## TABLEAU II.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;  
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll hide!  
And Lovel be sure thou'rt the first to trace  
The clue to my secret lurking-place."  
Away she ran, and her friends began  
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;  
And young Lovel cried, "Oh, where dost thou hide?  
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."  
Oh! the mistletoe, &c., &c.

*Tableau. Curtain rises at "Away she ran." Scene.*—A dim old garret. When there are no painted scenes, this effect is produced by lowering the lights and displaying dimly a few old chairs, garments, and stray articles, crowded together at one side; while at the other, nearer to the center, stands the large open chest. The floor should be of dark boards or covered with some dull material. Ginevra, drawing her wedding drapery around her, and looking merrily back, is about stepping into the chest. The light should be arranged so as to fall only upon the form of Ginevra.

## TABLEAU III.

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,  
And they sought her in vain when a week pass'd away;  
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,  
Young Lovel sought wildly, but found her not.  
And years flew by, and their grief at last  
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;  
And when Lovel appeared, the children cried:  
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride!"  
Oh! the mistletoe, &c., &c.

*Pantomime. Curtain rises at "And years flew by." An out-of-door scene. (If the trunk and various articles are pushed back and covered with green baize, and groups of children, with hats on, are arranged to partially conceal the background, a painted scene can be dispensed with.)* Lovel, now an old man with long white beard, with cocked hat, and big cane, is seen walking slowly across the stage from L. His head is bowed and his manner very sad. The children, looking pityingly at him, whisper together, and, finally, two or three steal up to him, as if to attract his attention, as the curtain falls.

## TABLEAU IV.

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,  
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,  
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,  
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!  
Oh! sad was her fate! in sportive jest  
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.  
It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom  
Lay withering there in a living tomb!  
Oh! the mistletoe, &c., &c.

*Tableau. Curtain rises at "Sad was her fate." Scene.*—The garret as before. Lovel, the old man, stands near the open chest, grief-stricken, with a necklace in his hand. A group of friends stand by in amazement and pity. One young girl has her arm on Lovel's shoulder, as if to gently draw him away. (*Curtain falls while the music is playing.*)



## THE BELL-RINGERS.



DING-DONG ! ding-dong ! ding !

The bell-ring-ers in the pict-ure are re-al cats. Their names are Jet, Blanche, Tom, Mop and Tib. Jet is all black ; Blanche is white as snow ; Tom stands in the mid-dle ; Mop is next ; and Tib, who has the small-est bell, has to reach high-est to ring it.

Like the Bright-on cats of which we once told you, these pus-sies have

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been trained to do won-der-ful tricks. They can stand up and beg like dogs; they can lie down and play that they are fast a-sleep; they can march in a row like sol-diers; more than all, they can ring the bells in good time, so soft-ly and sweet-ly that the music is pret-ty e-nough for Christ-mas chimes.

Mr. Bow-en tells a-bout them in a Lon-don book called "The Children's Friend." He says the mas-ter who taught them to ring the bells was al-ways ver-y kind and gen-tle. They knew that he loved them, and that when-ev-er they tried to learn their les-son well, he would give them a nice meal of fish.

Cats like fish as well as you like can-dy,—bet-ter than you like a can-dy fish; so you see they must have felt, when they gave the ropes a good pull, that, some-how, they were ring-ing their own din-ner-bell. At first the pus-sies found it ver-y hard to catch hold of the bell-rope; but when their mas-ter put soft bunch-es of wool up-on the cord, so that the pus-sies could fast-en their sharp lit-tle claws in-to it, they took hold with a good will.

"Ding-dong! Thank you, Mas-ter," they seemed to say. "This is some-thing like!"

Some-times the pus-sies would not a-gree ver-y well. Tib would get tired of her short rope, and try to get hold of Jet's. Then Blanche and Tom would join in the fight; the ropes would get twisted; all the bells would ring out of tune, and Mop would "me-ouw" with all her might. But the dread-ful noise would soon bring them to their senses; and the mo-ment they were good, the sweet mu-sic would come a-gain and make them hap-py.

When the pus-sies were not do-ing their fun-ny tricks, they would walk a-bout just like any oth-er cats, or lie down on the rug and doze. Some-times, in their sleep, they would wave their tails slow-ly, and then their mas-ter would say:

"Bless 'em! They are dream-ing of the bells."

If he called to them, they would spring to his side and rub their cool noses a-gainst his hand, or, jump-ing up-on his knee, they would look up in-to his face, as if to say:

"Good mas-ter! you look tired. Poor dear! you are on-ly a man. But you may de-pend up-on our help. We know ver-y well that if it were not for us cats there would be no bells rung in the world."

The mas-ter would smile at this, and stroke them fond-ly; then the fire-light would play a-bout their forms as, one by one, they would set-tle soft-ly up-on the rug for an-oth-er nap.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A MERRY Christmas and a glad New Year to you, my darlings! And may nothing check your daily growth in kindness, strength and love, in all sweet and holy ways throughout this new year 1875! Now to business. Here, to begin with, is

## A TELEGRAM TO JACK.

North Pole, December 20th, 1874.

To JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Expect me very soon. Important business. If any of your young breezes wish to have their own way, send them here; no rival societies. Have only one opposition firm. A. Borealis & Co. Will outdo them yet. They only care for brilliant display, while I believe in trumpeting. They are as silent as the ice itself.

Any foolish young greens trying to grow in your vicinity? I'll soon stop that. Business is not at all dull. There is much work to be done, and sending out of iceberg agents. Magnificent display of ice in our warerooms. Unequaled this side the equator.

I must get away for a tour among your pines; their backs need bending a trifle. Will give you a call if you are "at home."—Yours, N. W. WIND.

## THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THEY have sweet Christmas music in Norway—Norway, that far-off country, with the steel-blue sky and frozen sea. It is a song in the air. The simple peasants make the birds that inhabit those rude coasts and icy valleys so very happy on this one day of the year that they sing of their own accord a glad carol on Christmas morning, and all the people come out of their houses and rejoice to hear it.

On Christmas Eve, after the birds have sought shelter from the north wind, and the still night is bright with stars, the good people bring from their store-houses sheaves of corn and wheat, and, tying them to slender poles, raise them from every spire, barn, gate-post and gable. Then when, after the long night, the Christmas sun arises, crowning the mountains with splendor, every spire and gable bursts into sudden song.

The children run out to near the old church-spire singing; the older people follow; the air is

filled with the flutter of wings and alive with carols of gladness. The song of the birds fills every village with happiness, and to this living, grateful anthem the people respond in their hearts, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good-will to men."

## CARELESS ENGLISH.

A LADY and gentleman were crossing our meadow one cloudy day, when suddenly it began to rain.

"Wont you be kind enough to hoist my umbrella?" said the lady.

"Certainly," said the gentleman.

I was astonished at this, for if "wont" means anything at all it means will not; and therefore, according to my translation, the gentleman really had told the lady that certainly he *would not be kind enough to hoist her umbrella!*

But no. Even while he spoke he opened that useful article and held it gracefully over his companion.

"Thank you!" said she earnestly.

"Not at all," said he still more earnestly. And on they went.

"Why, the fellow flatly contradicted the lady," said I to myself. "How outrageous!"

But no, again, for they were on the best of terms, and the lady smiled sweetly at his words.

Yet the birds tell me that this sort of talk is quite usual among genteel human beings.

## JACK AS A POSTMAN.

A LETTER FROM OUR TRAILING ARBUTUS TO THE SCOTCH HEATHER.

YOU remember, my dears, how, last spring, the bonny blue Scotch Heather sent a letter through your Jack to our own Trailing Arbutus. Well, Arbutus has sent an answer to that letter, and I take this way of forwarding it to Scotland. ST. NICHOLAS goes there regularly every month, I'm happy to say. It's a pretty compliment to the Heather for the answer to be in Scotch, is n't it? By the way, I'm quite sure, from what T. A. says in a message to me, that you need n't mind reading the letter, though it's not worth while to mention its contents out of the family.

New England, Autumn of 1874.

DEAR CAPE HEATH: Ye bonny purple blooms, a' oor herts gae out in answer to yer frien'ly letter, an' since a' oor simmer wark is done—ilka wee bud tucked tenderly awa', an' a' oor roots taught how to tak' firm hold o' Mither Earth's warm han's—we ha'e the time to sen' ye greetin' before the winter snaws mak' oor beds.

Oor winsome wee daughters will na open their een afore May, an' lest ye should grow tired waitin', we, their carefu' mither, sen' ye a letter. We learned yer ain sweet mither-tongue lang years ago, frae Highland lads an' lassies wha come here to live. Indeed we think a' floors maun use the sweet soundin' words, for they are purer and easier-like for flower-lips to utter than any other.

Of course, Sir Heather, ye never meant yer letter to be a luv-letter, sae ye will be as glad to hae it answered by Mistress Arbutus as by her lassies; besides, ye will ken yersel that nae discreet lass wad be writin' to lads far ower the sea.

An' noo we maun tell ye a' about oor life an' wark in this country. A' simmer we are busy, as we told ye, wi' oor bairnies, an' ilka fall the trees aboon us—wha seem to ha'e kind herts—throw down their wee bit plaids o' green an' gold an' scarlet to cover us warmly frae auld Winter's cruel winds. Ye may be sure we gi'e them kin'ly welcome.

It is wonnerfu'—the great hert o' kin'ness which lies under a' things, like a wheel aye turnin' an' turnin', an' at ilka turn throwin' up glimmerin' bits o' spray, white an' pure, an' destined to water some droopin' thing. Sae it seems oor seasons are turnin' round for aye, and forever tossin' some treasure to ilka created thing. Ye can a' maist see the hert-beats in streams wha run down the burnies, and in the gentle clouds wha wander owerhead.



Sometimes the braw auld Sun himsel' seems but a smile o' kin'ness, an' a'ft at evenin' time the moon an' stars are smilin' too. We can only offer sma' payment by pourin' out oor sweetness an' showin' oor color, which we maun mak' as rich an' delicate as possible, an' sae we are busy frae year's end to year's end weavin' brightness an' distillin' sweet incense. We a'maist envy the birdies their thankful voices. The marvel o' the world, as made known to flower-herts, is the deep, aye lastin' luvie which has provided a' things needfu' for ilka livin' creature.

We shake yer han's, dear Heather, an' we wish for ye a' noble things o' which yer life is capable. May a' yer bloomings content ye!

If ye will convey oor warmest luvie to ilka spray o' heather in auld Scotland, an' to a' growin' in Ireland an' on rugged German mountains as weel, ye will confer a favor upon—Your lovin' frinds,  
THE WHOLE CLAN O' TRAILING ARBUTUS.

#### CRABS IN OYSTERS.

I SAW an oyster once—about as flabby and limp a fellow as one could wish to meet. To be sure he had just been turned out of house and home, poor thing, and the spirit was pretty well out of him! But that's nothing here nor there. I'm told that oysters often are found with tiny crabs in their houses. How can this be? and how does the case stand? Does the crab go in to catch the oyster, or does the oyster catch the crab? Is it a peculiar kind of crab warranted never to grow big, or, if not, what happens? That is to say, if it's only a baby crab of the ordinary sort, what becomes of that oyster when the crab grows up? Which encompasses the other?

I'm a stay-at-home body, so I hope you children will please find out all you can on this crab-and-oyster business, and let your Jack know the facts of the case.

#### LITTLE TRUTHFUL.

YOU'VE all read "Grimm's Fairy Tales," or, if not, you'll be pretty sure to read them before you are much older. They are very apt to be found in Christmas stockings, and being the production of two German brothers, who know well how to delight young folk, they are always very welcome. Jack heard the pretty schoolma'am one day repeat to her out-door class a pretty story that old Jacob Grimm, the brother who put these stories in a book, tells about one of his little readers.

He was told one fine morning that a little girl wished to see him in his reception-room, as she had something to say to "Herr Professor."

Stepping down to the room, he found a little miss, looking very grave and very wise.

"Is it thou," she said, "who hast written these fine fairy tales?"

"Yes, my dear; my brother and I have written them."

"Then the tale of the clever little tailor is thine; and it says at the end that he who will not believe it must pay a thaler (a German dollar)."

"Yes, I have written that too."

"Well, sir, I do not believe it."

"Ah!"

"Here, sir, is a quarter of a thaler. It is all I have now, but I will call and leave the rest at some other time."

The kind old man laughed, and declined the quarter-thaler. He offered, however, to see the honest little one home, and I have no doubt that the two became in time the best of friends.

AND now since it's holiday times, and we are speaking of the great tellers of fairy tales, you shall hear about

#### THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK THAT THE CHICKENS DROVE AWAY.

YOU have read about it, perhaps? But did you ever know that that "ugly little duck" was dear old Hans Andersen himself?

Well, it was. I have just heard all about it.

He was born in a poor little hut, on the windswept Island of Odense, one of the possessions of Denmark. He was a neglected child; his father made shoes, and could not attend to him; his mother left him to follow his own will, and the little children laughed at him, and said that he was a fool, "just like his grandfather."

Hans' only comfort was to build castles in the air. He fancied he was a prince, who had been changed at his birth, and that the angels came and talked with him in the garden. He was almost, but not quite, right, and yet most people in his neighborhood agreed with the children that he was a "fool, just like his grandfather."

One day he said:

"Mother, I am going to Copenhagen, and shall become famous."

"But, Hans, what will you do?"

"Suffer adversity till I become famous." And the "ugly little duck" waddled away to the bleak open sea, and when he came back he was the famous Hans Christian Andersen! He was indeed born a prince, and good angels talked with him.

You must read the "ugly duck" again.

#### ANCIENT HOUSES IN COLORADO.

How's this, my children? I've always had an idea that if ever there was a new country it was Colorado, here in America, and now, if they're not finding antiquities in it,—the remains of good two-story stone houses, away down in its deep ravines; not one house, but groups of houses, towers and temples, and other signs that there were civilized settlements there long before the days of Indians and wigwams! I must see the birds about it. Meantime, you may ask your fathers and mothers, who read the newspapers, for further particulars. This is a great country, my dears, and the half has not yet been told. It's Jack's opinion that, as a country, America is young-looking for her age.

#### A NEW YEAR'S VERSE.

LEARN these lines, my boys and girls, on New Year's Day, and carry them with you all the rest of your lives. They are very, very old, but not so old as the truth they tell:

"Devoutly look, and naught  
But wonders shall pass by thee;  
Devoutly read, and then  
All books shall edify thee;  
Devoutly speak, and men  
Devoutly listen to thee;  
Devoutly act, and then  
The strength of God acts through thee."



## THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE come some verses from E. S. F., floating so lightly and brightly toward the Letter-Box that we must not turn them away.

## SOAP-BUBBLES.

I blew bubbles once for Kitty.  
As they sailed about,  
Kitty cried, "They are so pretty  
Don't let them go out!"

Then I tossed them hither, yonder,  
Low, high, every way;  
Kitty's eyes grew wide with wonder:  
"Mamma, make them stay!"

"Let me catch one!" she entreated,  
As they flitted past;  
"Let me have one!" she repeated:  
"I will hold it fast!"

So I tossed a bubble at her;  
Light it touched her hands,  
Broke, and left a soapy splatter;  
All abashed she stands.

Said I, "What is it that troubles  
Mamma's darling pet?"  
Cried she, "Wish you'd wipe these bubbles,  
So they *won't* be wet!"

WILLIAM B. S.—If you send your monthly copies of the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS—all in good order—to Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y., and send also one dollar to pay for binding, you will receive, by express or mail, the beautiful bound volume for 1874. You must pay the express charges on the numbers you send, and on the volume when you receive it; or, if you wish the volume sent by mail, you must send thirty-two cents to pay postage on it.

HOSTS of our boys and girls will be glad to know that Mr. Stockton's delightful story, "WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED," with all its pictures, has just been published in book form by Dodd & Mead, of New York, and that it already has had a very large sale. We are proud to think that this noble story, with its wealth of incident and pure, true spirit, entered the world through the pages of ST. NICHOLAS; and we are sure it will be good news to you all that Mr. Stockton has promised to write as much as he can for this magazine during the coming year.

## TURTLE-CLOVES.—Alice Donlevy writes:

"Turtle-cloves are funny little fellows that may be placed with fine effect on Christmas sugar-cakes, or set down beside each plate at the Christmas dinner. And this is the way to make them. Take for each turtle-clove a large, plump raisin and six cloves. Push a clove



in the end of the raisin until but little more than the bud is seen; this forms the head of this turtle-like object. Two cloves on each side form the feet. For the tail, fasten the bud part of the clove in the under side of the raisin, letting only the tapering end of the clove be seen."

A NEW GAME.—J. S. S. offers an original fireside game to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. He calls it "Rhymes and Trades." Any number may play. No. 1 starts a line, which he says aloud, such as "The mason builds." No. 2 must rhyme it with a similar remark concerning some other tradesman; for instance, "The gilder gilds." No. 3 in turn must give a new trade and rhyme if he can. If not,

he starts a fresh line, such as, "The binder folds." No. 4 follows with "The sculptor molds," or "The lawyer scolds," or whatever fitting line may occur to him, and so the game goes on. Anyone failing to give a rhyme, or, if the latest couplet is complete, a fresh line, when his or her turn comes, must pay a forfeit. It is considered a good point to keep up the same rhyme as long as possible, and in the effort to do this the comical or extravagant rhymes suggested will make a good deal of fun.

"It is surprising," says J. S. S., "how easy the game is when once it is fairly started. Fitting rhymes seem to spring naturally from the trades and professions: The miller grinds, the gleaner binds, the hunter finds; the barber shaves, the doctor saves, the beggar craves; the cobbler mends, the broker lends; the surgeon hurts; the fireman squirts; and so on.

JOHN SCOTT, R. L. M. and "CATO" ask for a "good, short speaking-piece." Try "Conductor Bradley," by John Greenleaf Whitier. You will find it in his latest book, *Hazel Blossoms*.

WILLIE and CHARLIE, who send a double letter from Brinn, Moravia, and who "find the monthly visits of ST. NICHOLAS a great compensation for being so far from home," write:

"A fortnight before Christmas, one sees in the windows here, and also being carefully carried in the streets, a curious figure of an old man in long, flowing robes, who looks kindly at the children. He is supposed to be St. Nicholas, a friend of all good young folks, and well supplied with candies for their benefit; but following closely behind him is a gloomy figure in black, bearing a bundle of sticks with which to flog the bad boys and girls; and naughty children are quite sure that he will find them out. All through the country St. Nicholas Day is observed religiously, and great preparations are made for its celebration."

We find that our article in the October number, describing the shipment of ice from Boston to India, did not state the matter altogether correctly. Great quantities of ice are sent from Boston to India, but it is not cut on Lake Ontario, but from the ponds around Boston. We here give a short account, kindly sent us by a Boston ice-merchant, of the manner in which the ice is obtained from these ponds:

"The ponds from which the ice is cut lie within twenty-five miles of the city. The process of cutting may be briefly described. When clear ice of sufficient depth—say fourteen inches—is formed, all snow-ice, which is opaque and of inferior value, with what snow there may be upon the ice, is removed by scrapers drawn by horses. The surface which is to be cut is then marked out by cutting long grooves with a "hand-plow." A horse-plow follows, cutting the grooves deeper, and at the same time, by a guide-marker, marking a second line parallel to the first, and twenty-two inches from it. This is in turn deepened, and a third groove cut, until the entire field is marked out into twenty-two inch squares. Cutters with longer and stronger teeth, and finally saws, cut the ice into rafts. It is then ready to be housed. The ice nearest the houses being taken out first, an open space is formed over which the rest is floated, and thus through channels and over the miniature ponds the blocks and rafts are conducted to elevators of various kinds, which carry them up to the doors, through which they are pushed into the ice-house until the last is stored."

From these houses the ice is taken to the ships at the wharves, and in them carried to India, where, as the writer says, it "sends a chill of gratitude through the community."

JESSIE F. D.—The sketch you send us is taken from an old print, a copy of which is given here for the benefit of all who are interested in the good saint after whom this magazine is named.

St. Nicholas lived over 1400 years ago in the city of Patara, in Asia Minor. He is said to have been from the first a wonderfully saintly child, and when he became a man, though he was but a simple citizen, he rose, through his active piety, to be Bishop of Myra. Wonderful stories are related of his good deeds, and some of them are commemorated to this day in the various churches of Europe. Over the altar in the Church of St. Nicholas at Ghent, is a large painting of the very scene shown in this old wood-engraving.

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A wealthy gentleman in Asia, the story runs, sent his two sons to Athens to be educated. He charged the boys at parting to stop at Myra on their way and pay their respects to his reverence, the bishop. The boys reached the city at night, and took lodgings in an inn, intending to make the promised call in the morning.

Now the landlord was a very wicked man, and when he saw the boys' rich store of baggage he resolved to rob and murder them. So when the poor boys were asleep, he crept up to their room and dispatched them, and, to conceal his terrible deed, he cut up their bodies and packed them in a pickling-tub with some pork, intending to sell the whole to some ship in the Adriatic.

Now good St. Nicholas that night saw it all in a dream, and in the morning he put on his pontifical robes (for he was now an archbishop), and, with his crozier in his hand, went in holy indignation to the inn.

The landlord was greatly frightened when he saw the archbishop, and on being accused, fell upon his knees and confessed his crime.

St. Nicholas next went to the tub in all his pontificals, and he passed his hands over the boys, who at once hopped up out of the pickled pork alive and whole. The happy fellows began to sing praises to

saint St. Nicholas was, and what a pity he died so long ago! After awhile, the Saint visited the nobleman's premises again, and did the same mysterious kindness to the second daughter. The nobleman now began to keep watch at night, in order to discover whence his sudden good fortune came. As good St. Nicholas was about to throw another rounded purse at the feet of the third daughter, he was discovered by the grateful father, who threw himself at his feet, saying: "O St. Nicholas, servant of God, why seek to hide thyself?"

St. Nicholas made the nobleman promise never to tell the discovery he had made; but the secret escaped in some unaccountable way; and after St. Nicholas died, the nuns of the convents in the East used to imitate him on certain holidays in making secret gifts to their friends. They used to put silk stockings at the door of the abbess at night, and label them with a paper invoking the liberal aid of good St. Nicholas. In the morning the stocking would be found full of presents.

In time, as you know, children began to imitate this custom, especially at Christmas.

St. Nicholas used annually to be honored in the old English churches by the election of a boy-bishop, whom the whole church were accustomed to obey for a short time, because St. Nicholas was the patron of boys. He is still honored with a grand festival at Bari on the Adriatic, is the patron saint of Russia, and of the mariners on the great winter seas, and his name is borne by the Russian czars. He also is the patron saint of New York city, which, you know, was settled by the Dutch, and of all saints he is most revered in Holland. But there the young folks do him honor on St. Nicholas day, which comes on the 6th of November, keeping it very much as we do the Christmas holidays.

ELLA and EDWARD C.—Osgood & Co., of Boston, are about to publish a little play, written by Mrs. Geo. L. Chaney, from the "William-Henry" books, by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, whose stories in the ST. NICHOLAS have delighted you so much. The play probably will be just the thing you need for parlor representation, and, if we are rightly informed, it will be out very soon.

JANE H. (AND OTHERS).—In making up your club for a premium, the names of old subscribers will count the same as new ones.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Please, can any one tell me who wrote the following lines:

"T is midnight; and the setting sun  
Rises in the far glorious West;  
The rapid rivers slowly run,  
The frog is on his downy nest;  
The pensive goat and sportive cow,  
Hilarious hop from bough to bough?"

They have amused me ever since I can remember.

ALICE M. W.

JULIA T. F., of California, sends the following to the Letter-Box. It was circulated last Christmas among the boys and girls at a San Francisco Sunday-school, and was written, she believes, by the teacher. She thinks it will be new, as well as useful, to hundreds of her ST. NICHOLAS friends:

#### THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW and MARK and LUKE and JOHN the Holy Gospels wrote, The Saviour's life and death they tell, and all that they denote;  
ACTS proves how God the Apostles owned with signs in every place,  
St. Paul in ROMANS teaches us how man is saved by grace;  
The Apostle in CORINTHIANS instructs, exhorts, reproves,  
GALATIANS shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves;  
EPHESIANS and PHILIPPIANS tell what Christians ought to be,  
COLOSSIANS bids us live to God, and for eternity;  
In THESSALONIANS we are taught the Lord will come from Heaven,  
In TIMOTHY and TITUS a bishop's rule is given;  
PHILEMON marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know,  
HEBREWS reveals the Gospel prefigured by the law;  
JAMES teaches, without holiness faith is but vain and dead,  
St. PETER points the narrow way in which the saints are led;  
JOHN, in his three EPISTLES, on love delights to dwell,  
St. JUDE gives awful warnings of judgment, wrath and hell;  
The REVELATION prophesies of that tremendous day  
When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be the trembling sinner's stay.



St. Nicholas, but he, good soul, would not listen to it. He told them to worship none but God. The boys, at once recovering their possessions, went on their way rejoicing, and St. Nicholas was regarded as the special protector of boys and students from that hour.

Most of the old pictures represent three boys in the pickling-tub, all with uplifted hands, praising good St. Nicholas. We suspect that three boys in the tub, instead of two, better suited the fancy of the old artists. It did not make a great deal of difference in point of fact, and it certainly made a better picture.

"But how came St. Nicholas to be the patron of Christmas gifts and the particular saint of the Christmas holidays?"

After St. Nicholas was made archbishop at Myra, he became very rich, and because he despised money for his own sake, he spent a good portion of his time in giving away his money to others, and in such a way that none should know from whom it came. It chanced that there was a very poor nobleman in Myra, who had three lovely daughters. Knowing that they could have no marriage portion, St. Nicholas, considerate soul, felt pity for them, and one moonlight night he took a purse, round as a ball with gold, and, throwing it into the open window at the feet of the eldest daughter, he hid himself from view. The eldest daughter could now marry. What a good



MR. EDITOR: Papa helped me to find out about "the Torricellian tube" mentioned by Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit. It's a barometer. Papa showed me the quotation the pretty schoolma'am used. It was from some verses written by the Rev. Gilbert White in his book about the "Natural History of Selborne." It's a little piece with a great long name.

EDDIE BLACK.

DEAR EDITOR: Please tell Jack-in-the-Pulpit that "the Torricellian tube" is named after the inventor, Torricelli, an Italian philosopher and mathematician, who discovered the principle on which the barometer is constructed.

Will the Editors of the ST. NICHOLAS please inform me by what author, and from what poem, the line "Piping on hollow reeds to his spent sheep" is taken? And the origin of the quotation, "The brook that brawls along the wood?"

F. O. M.

The second quotation you mention is from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 1. It is part of a beautiful speech by one of the lords resident with the banished duke in the forest of Arden, and has reference to the "melancholy Jaques," who, he says:

"— lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood."

You do not quote it exactly, and this makes us think that perhaps your first quotation is hardly accurate. We know of no passage approaching it more nearly than one in the first stanza of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar."

GRACE ETHEL.—We cannot put you down as a Bird-defender, as you do not send your full name.

LUCY WILLIAMS sends the following list of Bird-defenders: Jessie Cook, Bessie Gilbert, Maggie Gilbert, Sadie Gilbert, Josie Gilbert,

Clara Gilbert, Fannie Prouty, Lizzie Welch, Mary Welch, Pollie Hackett, Ida Spence, Mary Bardwell, Lucinda Bardwell, Judea Bardwell, Lillie Meramvill, and Lucy Williams.

The following new names of Bird-defenders have also been received since our last issue: May Ogden, John F. Ogden, Fannie M. Griswold, Florence Peltier, Anna M. Glover, Maggie Detrick, Jimmie H. Detrick, Hattie Carman, Charlie Carman, Johnnie Carman, Jennie Carman, Lizzie Park, Alice I. Paine, Katie R. Paine, Eny E. Paine, Mary C. Paine, Fannie D. Murden, Maude Cheney, Alice Angell, Eva Dodds, Bennie Stockdale, Willie C. N. Bond, Arthur H. Clarke, Arthur L. Gilman, William F. Darrah, Rufus E. Darrah, Robert Staigg, Chas. T. Griffith, B. C. Weaver, Bessie Severance, Mary Severance, John Severance, Allen Severance, Annie Severance, Julia Severance, Bertha Hunt, Grace Murray, Fannie Laurie, John F. Hays, Herbert Shaw Forman, Lulu F. Potter, Tony Foot, and Thomas P. Sanborn.

Fayette, Howard Co., Mo., Oct. 14, 1874.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER & Co., New York.

GENTLEMEN: I enclose you \$3.00 for ST. NICHOLAS for 1875. My little son and daughter have made the money themselves. I live on a farm; and Ethelbert plowed one day instead of going to the circus, so as to save his show-money to help pay for your magazine. So you can see that it is highly appreciated.—Yours, &c., THOMAS W.

MINNIE THOMAS sends a batch of riddles which she "found in an old book, and thought might be new to many readers." We select a few:

"What is that which, by losing one eye, has only a nose left?"

Ans.—A noise.  
"My first some men will often take  
Entirely for my second's sake;  
But very few indeed there are  
Who both together well can bear."

Ans.—Misfortune.  
"In my first my second sat; my third and fourth I ate. Ans.  
Insatiate."

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.



A PLUM PUDDING.

OUR Christmas would certainly be incomplete Without a plum-pudding, rich, juicy and sweet; The recipe you will demand, I dare say— I'll give it at once in a fanciful way:

- (1) Take a thousand and one, in proportions to suit,  
And sprinkle it carefully over the fruit;
- (2) Now a daisy or rose, and (3) one hundred with  
love,
- (4) The east and the west winds in conflict above;
- (5) A Seneca chief taking supper at e'en,
- (6) Two tools and some ice, with a small pea between;
- (7) And now from Missouri get two pretty girls,  
Bright, sparkling and lively, blue eyes and soft  
curls;
- (8) A frank kind of fruit with the sound of a bell,  
And all these ingredients together mix well;
- (9) Now please add two verbs of an opposite meaning;
- (10) What the writer of this did at supper this evening;  
Add milk, eggs and raisins, stir well, and I ween,  
You'll have a plum-pudding that's fit for a queen.

AUNT SUE.

### ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-eight letters: My 30, 4, 21, 5, 24, 38 is a city in the United States. My 1, 22, 9 is a domestic animal. My 6, 34, 19, 13 is the name of a month. My 14, 17, 31 is an insect. My 6, 7, 28, 33, 35, 21 are employed in court. My 29, 18, 20, 12, 5 is one of the five senses. My 23, 36, 28, 25, 32, 27, 18, 20, 12, 11 is a number. My 26, 33, 35, 29, 10 is a useful animal. My 30, 2, 37 is a weapon used by the Indians. My 15, 3, 8, 34, 16 is to endow. My whole is an old saying.

C. A. B.



## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. THE subject of your thoughts I tell.
2. A word that speaks a long farewell.
3. A native of a distant land.
4. I mean, to seize with sudden hand.
5. And I, to take with trust the true.
6. In Italy, my home, I grew.
7. Me, before all, should men pursue.

## INITIALS.

Never found on land or sea;  
But in mid-air look for me.

## FINALS.

Piercing darkness, golden bright,  
Giving life, and shedding light.

CHARL.

REVERSIBLE  
DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT.
2. A kind of tumor or swelling.
3. To repulse or drive back.
4. A boy's nickname.
5. A consonant.

REVERSED: 1. A letter. 2. Novel or fresh. 3. A sufferer often mentioned in Scripture. 4. A retreat used for shelter or concealment. 5. A letter.

ANNIE SAVINNE.

## RIDDLE.

TAKE the name of a useful animal, insert a consonant, and find the name of a celebrated mountain; then insert a vowel, and find a confection.

R. G.

GEOGRAPHICAL  
ACROSTIC.

1. A FAMOUS watering-place.
2. A fresh-water lake in Central Africa that Livingstone investigated.
3. One of the oldest cities in Asia.
4. A large island in the Northern Ocean, famous for its boiling springs and subterranean fires.
5. An empire that has four hundred millions of inhabitants, and the oldest government now in existence.
6. A range of mountains whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, and the country all around covered with perpetual verdure.
7. A river and gulf of Siberia.
8. A frozen northern country.
9. A land you and I love.
10. The country where Scott and Burns were born. The initials of the above will give the name of one whom we hope you are glad to see.

F. R. F.

## BEHEADED RHYMES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word; the second, by the same word minus its first letter; the third, by original word minus first two letters; and in like manner the lines of the second stanza:

I.

The princess who once tried to —  
Her fair hand wounded with the —  
A magic sleep, she then fell —  
And thus for years she lay;

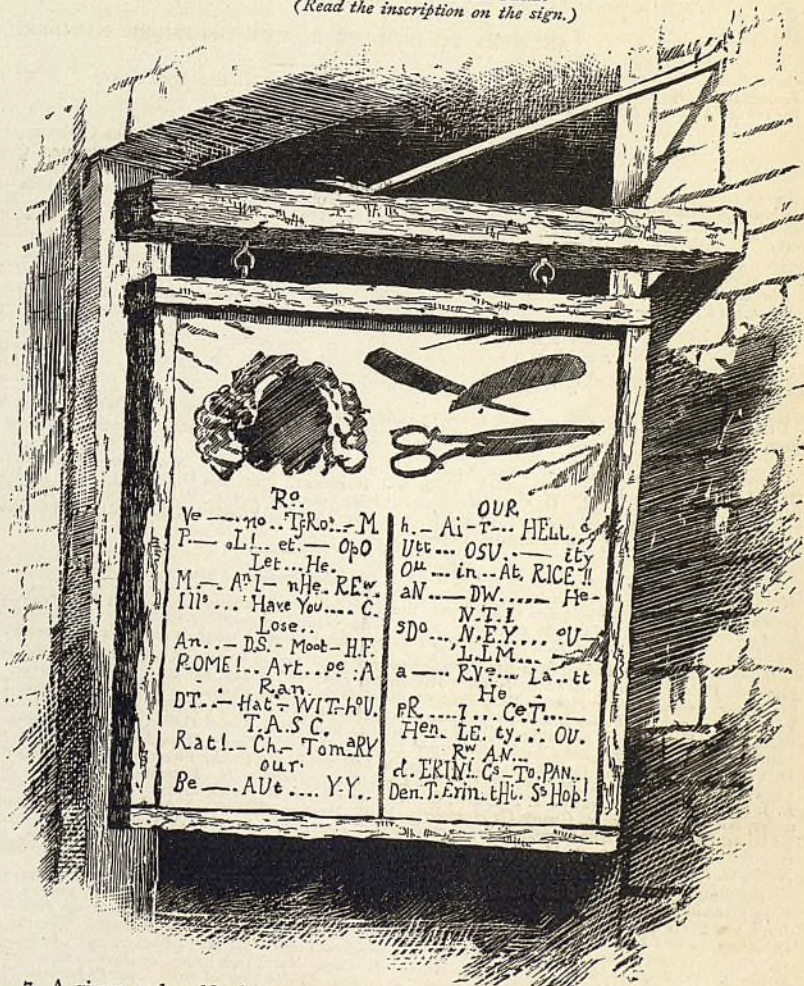
II.

Until, to break the slumber —  
Ere her sweet soul by it were —  
A noble knight, by true love —  
Kissed all the spell away.

LAURA D. NICHOLS.

## A PUZZLE-PICTURE.

(Read the inscription on the sign.)



## EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A VOWEL.
2. The organ of hearing.
3. A wooden frame for holding pictures.
4. A color.
5. A consonant.

IRON DUKE.



## AN ENTERTAINMENT.

THE blanks in each sentence are to be filled by one word or phrase and its transpositions:

Once — rooms, and — some guests, who — my door with pleasure.

My — was that I could at one — twenty, for which number —. Of plates I placed — my — table.

A —, which held four more, seemed a —, relieving a fear — more than I could seat. Each — dish — the different taste of guests. Some prefer — cooked by —. One guest, named —, never —, but is fond of broiled —. Another, who — as a Turk, eschews —. One dish of vegetables being passed to him, he exclaimed, "— occasion, ever touch an —!" A gentleman named —, near a dish of — potatoes,

of which he was very fond. Another moved that each man who in market —, — classed with those who make — their sole diet. A servant, taken up with this gentleman's —, placed two — — pair of china tureens! At this I was so — that I — to smile yet, whenever I think of it, and, in fact, it — all merry.

Two gentlemen, a little — from the rest — only, for dessert. One friend made — complimentary of my —. I should have given them preserved —, but they were burned — in the preparation.

My pudding of — before the —. Then one gentleman, not firm of —, called for —, but was rudely interrupted by the remark that they only turned men into —!

We then — for the drawing-room, and I think all — that the dinner was a success. J. P. B.

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

LOGOGRAPH.—Oporto—Port O!—Port(e)—Or—O.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Leap-frog.

L — ca — F  
E — xecution — R  
A — lt — O  
P — e — G

ANAGRAMS.—I.—1. Shoemakers. 2. Authors. 3. Painters. 4. Teachers. 5. Policeman. 6. Editor. II.—1. Anemone. 2. Tuberoses. 3. Dahlia. 4. Geraniums. 5. Dandelions. 6. Lilac. 7. Hyacinths. 8. Verbenas. III.—1. Currants. 2. Orange. 3. Pineapples. 4. Apricots. 5. Water-melons. IV.—1. Simultaneously. 2. Discourteously. 3. Premeditation. 4. Foreground. 5. Loiterings. 6. Kinswoman.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

T  
A R T  
A H E A D  
T R E A S O N  
T A S T E  
D O E  
N

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Cape, ape. 2. Blot, lot. 3. Climb, limb. 4. Store, tore.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—

A V A  
V A N  
A N N

ENIGMA.—Charlotte Cushman.

THE DAY IN THE GROVE.—Cyprus (cypress)—Florence—James—James—Flattery—Virginia—Java—Orange—Sandwich—Great Bear—Florence—Fear—Adelaide—Cologne—Good Hope—Florence—Virginia—Darling—James—Madeira—James—Newfoundland—Loyalty—Constance—Rocky—Lena—Florence—Virginia—Pesth (pest)—Constance—Coral—Adelaide—Chili—Farewell—Concord.

EASY REBUSES.—1. Prowess. 2. West Indies. 3. Belief.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. Oracles—so clear. 2. All pearl—parallel. 3. Avers—raves. 4. Felicity—city life. 5. Aloof—a fool. 6. Carest—caters—recast—traces—carets. 7. Indenture—end in true.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

W—rat—h  
W—age—r  
S—tea—l

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD.—Rose and Pink.

EASY METAGRAMS.—Cow, vow, bow, now (or how), tow, Po, O!

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to November 18th, from Constant E. Jones, L. W. Jones, D. P. L. P., Helen B. Fanchard, Charlié N. Thompson, Eugenia C. Pratt, Ida H. Jenkins, Mary H. Wilson, Thornton M. Ware, Herbert R. Palmer, Georgia C. Bosher, Mary H. Rochester, C. Bacheiler, George F. Pease, Alexander Noyes, J. Bryan, James S. Rogers, Jr., Louise F. Olmstead, Ida P. Williams, Bessie H. Van Cleef, Charlie Woodbury, Sarah Havens, Carrie Simpson, Florrie Kronau, Lulu Habishshory, Belle Hooper, and Thomas F. Sanborn.

## A CONUNDRUM PICTURE.

The three prizes for the best sets of answers to the sixty-three conundrums contained in this puzzle, published in the November number, were awarded to M. E. WALKER, 20 Cottage Street, Utica, Onondaga County, New York; JOSIE McLAUGHLIN, Montclair, New Jersey; and TINTY WATSON, Orange, New Jersey; and a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS has been sent to each.

The sets of answers received from the following named boys and girls were so admirable that the senders deserve honorable mention: Ednah B. Hale, Nelly E. Sherwood, Norman Henderson, Elsie and Frank Du Pont, Thomas Turner, Alice W. Ives, M. T. Pitman, Adelaide Long, Elsa and Grace Hobart, Richmond W. R. Jaffray, Bessie Thomas, Ethel Oliver, Hattie F. Johnson, George Aston, Charles Brooks Stevens, Mary F. Sinclair, Annie Young, Gertie Baylor, Walter Austin, Jamie J. Ormsbee, Jenny Almy, Jennie D. V. Brown, J. A. Lighthipe, "Beau K," "The Little Gallaudets," Sarah E. Shankland, Grace Gilbert, Nellie W. Banks, Alexis J. Du P. Coleman, S. W. Lambert, Evy and Fanny, Lulu Wright, Frank and Edgar Lethbridge, Emily Shaw Sargent, M. Joe Shotwell, Harry G. Andress, Bessie H. Van Cleef, Fannie M. Hall, Minnie L. Welles, Robert De Wolfe Duck, Florence Worthington, William Loving, Jr., Hannah Clark, Elwood C. Lufkin, Eddie B. Van Vleck, Julia V. Laquerenne, Herman N. Tiemann, Harmon W. Marsh, Lulu Bull, Anna M. Glover, L. J. McMullen, Ed. T. Okells, T. L. Davis, Constant and Louis W. Jones, Henry F. Guy, Emily O. Post, Ida H. Jenkins, Frank Alexander, Nicholas Brewer, Jr., George G. Humphrey, D. W. Murther, Willie O. Tremaine, Grace M. Thirkal, Mabel Moore, Horace S. Dodd, Le Baron Hathaway, Carrie Crawford, Jack and Carrie, "The Butties Children," Henry C. White, Fred W. Porter, Ellie Turner, "Grandmamma" (answers in verse), M. W. Collet, Robert Edwin Withers, Annie May Keith, Charles A. Rossiter, Emily Van Zandt, Kate N. Noble, G. E. Rogers, Harry H. Wyman, Carrie R. Lord, Minnie Batcham.

For the satisfaction of all those who have sent in sets of answers, we give the following list of special answers that, though not the same as those given in our December number, were good enough to be considered correct, viz.: For answer 3. *Two feet, 2/3 of a yard*, we allowed Bush, two-thirds of a bushel. 7. *Horn—Bow*; Robin Hood was skillful with the long bow. 14. *Hide—Hook (to steal)*. 16. *Crook—Back*, shoulders. 20. *The Hidden Hand*—"Blade o' Grass," "Fast Friends," "On Guard," "On the Heights." 22. *Band—Staff*, arms. 23. *Fleece—Hook, pocket*. 25. *Nails—Plane*. 28. *Blades—Teeth*. 29. *Hill—Walker*. 37. *Arms—Spears*. 40. *Pear—Apple* (the same as pupil). 41. *Knees—Sides*. 44. *Mouth—Head*. 46. *Face—Hand* (not hands, as there is only one in the picture). 47. *Black Legs—Lamb* (gambolers). 48. *Sheep's Heads—Soles*. 49. *Joint—Mutton*, leg of lamb. 50. *Pupils and Tulips*—Pupils and irises. 52. *Ret—Lamb* (gambolers). 54. *Wool—Banks, Lee, Mead, Greene*. 55. *Tulips—Irises, phlox*. 56. *Teeth—Blade*. 57. *Neck—Hendland*. Staff, paws (pause), a minor.

As some of those sending answers from distant States, such as California and Nebraska, have complained that they did not have sufficient time, it may be well to state that the last-named of the three winners, though living within a few miles of New York, was among the very latest to send in her answers, so that if those received from the distant subscribers had been as correct they still would have been first in point of time. Indeed, a set of answers was received from Scotland before the expiration of the time allowed. A "grandmamma" sent an excellent set of answers, embodied in graceful rhyme, which perhaps may find a place in our next number.