

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

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No. 4.

## THE STORY OF A PARROT.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

SOME forty years ago, there lived in the quiet town of East Haverhill, Massachusetts, a much respected Quaker family by the name of Whittier. They were hard-working, thrifty farmers, and their home was known to all the poor in that section; no one was ever turned away from their door unprovided, unclothed, or unfed.

Even the Indians had respected Grandfather Whittier in the stormy times of the Indian war. His house had stood near a garrison, but he would accept of no protection from the soldiers. He did not believe in the use of weapons; he treated the savages kindly; they owed him no ill-will, and the benevolent old man tilled fields in safety, and feared no harm.

Among Mr. Whittier's children was a boy named John, who had a very feeling heart and a quick mind. He was a hard-working farmer lad, who knew more of the axe, the sickle and hoe than the playthings of childhood. Indeed, New England children had but a glimpse at the sunniness of youth in those hard times; no long daisied walks, stretching far into life, they could call their own.

His early education consisted of a few weeks' schooling for a number of winters in the district school. A queer sort of a school it was,—kept in a private house. The schoolmaster was a kind, good man, and he did not ply the birch very vigorously, like most of the schoolmasters in these old times. He was more like Oliver Goldsmith, who used to govern his school by giving the children sugar-plums and telling them wonderful stories.

John loved him, and spoke a kind word for him when he became a man.

In the library there is a beautiful poem called "Snow-Bound,"—a very good poem for good people to read. Now the boy lived in just such a home as is described in that poem, and his boyhood was passed among just such scenes as are pictured there. You may like to read it some day, so we need not try to tell what has been told so well.

He was a poet in boyhood. He did not know it. There are many poets who do not. He loved to love others and be loved; he could see things in nature that others could not see,—in the woods and fields; in the blue Merrimac; in the serene sky of the spring, and the tinges of the sunset. He had but few books,—perhaps no books of poetry, for music and poetry his father classed among the "vanities" which the Bible denounced. But there was much poetry in the Bible; his "Pilgrim's Progress" was almost a poem; and nature to him was like a book of poems, for there was poetry in his soul.

He used to express his feelings in rhyme; how could the boy help it? He one day wrote one of these poems on some coarse paper, and sent it privately to a paper called the *Free Press*, published in the neighboring town of Newburyport.

The editor of the paper, whose name was Garrison—William Lloyd Garrison, you may have heard the name before—found the poem tucked under the door of his office by the postman, and noticing that it was written in blue ink, was tempted





R.A. MULLER, SC.

THE MARMOSETS.  
[SEE PAGE 245.]

SIR L. LANDSEER, R.A. PINXT.

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to throw it into his waste-basket. But Mr. Garrison had a good, kind heart, and liked to give every one a chance in the world. He read the poem, saw there was true genius in it, and so he published it.

Happy was the Quaker farmer boy when he saw his verses in print. He felt that God had something in store in life for him—that he was called in some way to be good and useful to others. He wrote other poems, and sent them to Mr. Garrison.

They were full of beauties—these poems. Mr. Garrison one day asked the postman from what quarter they came.

"I am accustomed to deliver a package of papers to a farmer-boy in East Haverhill. I guess they come from him."

Mr. Garrison thought he must ride over to East Haverhill and see.

So he went one day, and found a slender, sweet-faced farmer-boy working with his plain, practical father on the farm. The boy modestly acknowledged that he had written the poems; at which his father did not seem over well pleased.

"You must send that boy to school, Friend Whittier," said Mr. Garrison.

Friend Whittier was not so sure; but the good counsel of the Newburyport editor, in the end, was decisive. The boy was sent to the academy.

John is an old man now, almost sixty years of age. He lives at Amesbury, near the beautiful Merrimac, that he loved in youth. Almost every boy and girl in the land can repeat some of the poems he has written.

He has no wife and children, yet his home is cheerful and social, and is open to the stranger, like his father's and grandfather's of old.

In common with most men of genius, he is very fond of pets, and, among these favorites, little animals and birds have their place. It is of one of these household pets that we have a story to tell.

She was a parrot, and she belonged to that respectable branch of the parrot family named Polly. Polly succeeded, among her master's favorites, a smart little bantam, who once had the freedom of the house, and who perished, we think, in an unequal contest with an evil-disposed cat.

Polly, too, had the freedom of the house at times, and used to sit on the back of the poet's chair at his meals, and the two sometimes held very profound and confidential conversations together.

The poet is a pious man. We have seen the little Quaker church to which he goes regularly on Sundays and Thursdays for silent worship; it is a quiet rural fane, and seems like a little school-house in the wood. Polly, who had been badly brought up, became demure and well-behaved

immediately after her adoption; so, for a time, the poet and Polly were in perfect sympathy.

One Sabbath day, Polly, who had doubtless heard much about large views from the poet's learned visitors, thought that she would take a somewhat larger view of the world. So, as the people were going to church, she climbed upon the top of the house, and sat upon the ridge-pole. It then occurred to her, that, having reached a more exalted sphere of thought and action, she would behave well no more. She had been in bad company before she had fallen in with her new friends, and her memory was very good.

So Polly began to denounce the people going to church in very shocking language. She was doing the poet great scandal, and exciting marked public attention, when her astonished master appeared, rake in hand, and proceeded at once to administer discipline by bringing her down from her high position and subjecting her to plain Quaker discipline.

Polly was in disgrace for a time, but she succeeded in re-establishing her character again, though it was not thought certain that her goodness would be able to withstand very grave temptation.

One day, Polly succeeded in reaching the house-top again, and began to congratulate herself on the recovery of her former high position and freedom. She reached the top of the chimney this time, and was seen tilting up and down and trying her wings, as though preparing to launch out into the air on a long voyage of discovery. Suddenly, she was gone. Where? No one had noticed which direction she had taken. No one had heard her shout of triumph in the glad, sunny air. But Polly was gone.

The news flew through the village that the parrot had left her home, and become a very stray bird. The children looked for her in the fields, and the farmers in the woods; every one tried to keep ears and eyes open day and night, but nothing of Polly was seen or heard. The poet's house was no longer filled with quiet gladness, for the inmates all pitied the bird when night came on, and imagined that she was far away in the woods, hungry and out in the cold. Two days passed and no tidings were brought of the wandering bird. The neighbors began to think that, like one of Shakespeare's heroes, she had died "and made no sign." On the third night, when two young persons, as we have heard the story, were sitting in one of the rooms in the cottage, they were startled by a sound, as though some evil-disposed intruder had concealed himself in the fire-place. An investigation was determined upon; the fire-place was opened, and lo! "Poor Polly!"



She was a very damaged bird. She had fallen down the chimney when just about to soar to the skies, and, landing in a very dark place, probably thought that there had been an eclipse of the sun, or that night had come on in some manner not accounted for in her limited astronomy. She maintained silence three days; she had nothing to say.

Polly's high aspirations were blighted from that hour. She was a discouraged, disappointed bird.

She grew silent and pined away, and, like other bold adventurers who have been brought plump down when just about to launch out on the breezes of fame, she died of her bruises and of a broken heart.

Her decline was marked with sincere regret, and there was a sorrowful tenderness in her master's tone, as he watched her in these adverse and altered days.

POOR POLLY!



## EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

### CHAPTER III.—UNCLES.

WHEN Rose woke next morning, she was not sure whether she had dreamed what occurred the night before, or whether it had actually happened. So she hopped up and dressed, although it was an hour earlier than she usually rose, for she could not sleep any more, being possessed with a strong desire to slip down and see if the big portmanteau and packing-cases were really in the hall. She seemed to remember tumbling over them when she went to bed, for the aunts had sent her off very punctually, because they wanted their pet nephew all to themselves.

The sun was shining, and Rose opened her window to let in the soft May air fresh from the sea. As she leaned over her little balcony, watching an early bird get the worm, and wondering how she should like Uncle Alec, she saw a man leap the

garden wall and come whistling up the path. At first she thought it was some trespasser, but a second look showed her that it was her uncle returning from an early dip into the sea. She had hardly dared to look at him the night before, because whenever she tried to do so she always found a pair of keen blue eyes looking at her. Now she could take a good stare at him as he lingered along, looking about him as if glad to see the old place again.

A brown, breezy man, in a blue jacket, with no hat on the curly head which he shook now and then like a water-dog; broad-shouldered, alert in his motions, and with a general air of strength and stability about him which pleased Rose, though she could not explain the feeling of comfort it gave her. She had just said to herself, with a sense of relief, "I guess I *shall* like him, though he looks as if he made people mind," when he lifted his eyes to



examine the budding horse-chestnut overhead, and saw the eager face peering down at him. He waved his hand to her, nodded, and called out in a bluff, cheery voice:

"You are on deck early, little niece."

"I got up to see if you had really come, uncle."

"Did you? Well, come down here and make sure of it."

"I'm not allowed to go out before breakfast, sir."

"Oh, indeed!" with a shrug. "Then I'll come aboard and salute," he added; and, to Rose's great amazement, Uncle Alec went up one of the pillars of the back piazza hand over hand, stepped across the roof, and swung himself into her balcony, saying, as he landed on the wide balustrade: "Have you any doubts about me now, ma'am?"

Rose was so taken aback, she could only answer with a smile as she went to meet him.

"How does my girl do this morning?" he asked, taking the little cold hand she gave him in both his big warm ones.

"Pretty well, thank you, sir."

"Ah, but it should be *very well*. Why is n't it?"

"I always wake up with a headache, and feel tired."

"Don't you sleep well?"

"I lie awake a long time, and then I dream, and my sleep does not seem to rest me much."

"What do you do all day?"

"Oh, I read, and sew a little, and take naps and sit with auntie."

"No running about out of doors, or house-work, or riding, hey?"

"Aunt Plenty says I'm not strong enough for much exercise. I drive out with her sometimes, but I don't care for it."

"I'm not surprised at that," said Uncle Alec, half to himself, adding, in his quick way: "Who have you had to play with?"

"No one but Ariadne Blish, and she was *such* a goose I could n't bear her. The boys came yesterday, and seemed rather nice; but, of course, I could n't play with them."

"Why not?"

"I'm too old to play with boys."

"Not a bit of it; that's just what you need, for you've been molly-coddled too much. They are good lads, and you'll be mixed up with them more or less for years to come, so you may as well be friends and playmates at once. I will look you up some girls also, if I can find a sensible one who is not spoilt by her nonsensical education."

"Phebe is sensible, I'm sure, and I like her, though I only saw her yesterday," cried Rose, waking up suddenly.

"And who is Phebe, if you please?"

Rose eagerly told all she knew, and Uncle Alec listened, with an odd smile lurking about his mouth, though his eyes were quite sober as he watched the face before him.

"I'm glad to see that you are not aristocratic in your tastes, but I don't quite make out why you like this young lady from the poor-house."

"You may laugh at me, but I do. I can't tell why, only she seems so happy and busy, and sings so beautifully, and is strong enough to scrub and sweep, and has n't any troubles to plague her," said Rose, making a funny jumble of reasons in her efforts to explain.

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I was telling her about mine, and asked if she had any, and she said, 'No, only I'd like to go to school, and I mean to some day.'"

"So she does n't call desertion, poverty, and hard work, troubles? She's a brave little girl, and I shall be proud to know her." And Uncle Alec gave an approving nod, that made Rose wish she had been the one to earn it.

"But what are these troubles of yours, child?" he asked, after a minute of silence.

"Please don't ask me, uncle."

"Can't you tell them to me as well as to Phebe?"

Something in his tone made Rose feel that it would be better to speak out and be done with it, so she answered, with sudden color and averted eyes:

"The greatest one was losing dear papa."

As she said that, Uncle Alec's arm came gently round her, and he drew her to him, saying, in the voice so like papa's:

"That *is* a trouble which I cannot cure, my child; but I shall try to make you feel it less. What else, dear?"

"I am so tired and poorly all the time, I can't do anything I want to, and it makes me cross," sighed Rose, rubbing the aching head like a fretful child.

"That we *can* cure and we *will*," said her uncle, with a decided nod that made the curls bob on his head, so that Rose saw the gray ones underneath the brown.

"Aunt Myra says I have no constitution, and never shall be strong," observed Rose, in a pensive tone, as if it was rather a nice thing to be an invalid.

"Aunt Myra is a—ahem!—an excellent woman, but it is her hobby to believe that every one is tottering on the brink of the grave; and, upon my life, I believe she is offended if people don't fall into it! We will show her how to make constitutions and turn pale-faced little ghosts into rosy, hearty girls. That's my business, you know," he



added, more quietly, for his sudden outburst had rather startled Rose.

"I had forgotten you were a doctor. I'm glad of it, for I do want to be well, only I hope you won't give me much medicine, for I've taken quarts already, and it does me no good."

As she spoke, Rose pointed to a little table just inside the window, on which appeared a regiment of bottles.

"Ah, ha! Now we'll see what mischief these blessed women have been at." And, making a long arm, Dr. Alec set the bottles on the wide railing before him, examined each carefully, smiled over some, frowned over others, and said, as he put down the last: "Now I'll show you the best way to take these messes." And, as quick as a flash, he sent one after another smashing down into the posy-beds below.

"But Aunt Plenty won't like it; and Aunt Myra will be angry, for she sent most of them!" cried Rose, half-frightened and half-pleased at such energetic measures.

"You are my patient now, and I'll take the responsibility. My way of giving physic is evidently the best, for you look better already," he said, laughing so infectiously that Rose followed suit, saying, saucily:

"If I don't like your medicines any better than those, I shall throw them into the garden, and then what will you do?"

"When I prescribe such rubbish, I'll give you leave to pitch it overboard as soon as you like. Now what is the next trouble?"

"I hoped you would forget to ask."

"But how can I help you if I don't know them? Come, let us have No. 3."

"It is very wrong, I suppose, but I do sometimes wish I had not quite so many aunts. They are all very good to me, and I want to please them; but they are so different, I feel sort of pulled to pieces among them," said Rose, trying to express the emotions of a stray chicken with six hens all clucking over it at once.

Uncle Alec threw back his head and laughed like a boy, for he could entirely understand how the good ladies had each put in her oar and tried to paddle her own way, to the great disturbance of the waters and the entire bewilderment of poor Rose.

"I intend to try a course of uncles now, and see how that suits your constitution. I'm going to have you all to myself, and no one is to give a word of advice unless I ask it. There is no other way to keep order aboard, and I am captain of this little craft, for a time at least. What comes next?"

But Rose stuck there, and grew so red, her uncle guessed what that trouble was.

"I don't think I *can* tell this one. It would n't be polite, and I feel pretty sure that it is n't going to be a trouble any more."

As she blushed and stammered over these words, Dr. Alec turned his eyes away to the distant sea, and said so seriously, so tenderly, that she felt every word and long remembered them:

"My child, I don't expect you to love and trust me all at once, but I do want you to believe that I shall give my whole heart to this new duty; and if I make mistakes, as I probably shall, no one will grieve over them more bitterly than I. It is my fault that I am a stranger to you, when I want to be your best friend. That is one of my mistakes, and I never repented it more deeply than I do now. Your father and I had a trouble once, and I thought I never could forgive him; so I kept away for years. Thank God, we made it all up the last time I saw him, and he told me then, that if he was forced to leave her, he should bequeath his little girl to me as a token of his love. I can't fill his place, but I shall try to be a father to her; and if she learns to love me one half as well as she did the good one she has lost, I shall be a proud and happy man. Will she believe this and try?"

Something in Uncle Alec's face touched Rose to the heart, and when he held out his hand with that anxious, troubled look in his eyes, she was moved to put up her innocent lips and seal the contract with a confiding kiss. The strong arm held her close a minute, and she felt the broad chest heave once as if with a great sigh of relief; but not a word was spoken till a tap at the door made both start.

Rose popped her head through the window to say "come in," while Dr. Alec hastily rubbed the sleeve of his jacket across his eyes and began to whistle again.

Phebe appeared with a cup of coffee.

"Debby told me to bring this and help you get up," she said, opening her black eyes wide, as if she wondered how on earth "the sailor man" got there.

"I'm all dressed, so I don't need any help. I hope that is good and strong," added Rose, eyeing the steaming cup with an eager look.

But she did not get it, for a brown hand took possession of it as her uncle said, quickly:

"Hold hard, my lass, and let me overhaul that dose before you take it. Do you drink all this strong coffee every morning, Rose?"

"Yes, sir, and I like it. Auntie says it 'tones' me up, and I always feel better after it."

"This accounts for the sleepless nights, the flutter your heart gets into at the least start, and this is why that cheek of yours is pale yellow instead of rosy red. No more coffee for you, my dear, and



by and by you'll see that I am right. Any new milk down stairs, Phebe?"

"Yes, sir, plenty—right in from the barn."

"That's the drink for my patient. Go bring me a pitcherful, and another cup; I want a draught myself. This won't hurt the honeysuckles, for they have no nerves to speak of." And, to Rose's great discomfort, the coffee went after the medicine.

Dr. Alec saw the injured look she put on, but took no notice, and presently banished it by saying, pleasantly:

"I've got a capital little cup among my traps, and I'll give it to you to drink your milk in, as it is made of wood that is supposed to improve whatever is put into it—something like a quassia cup. That reminds me; one of the boxes Phebe wanted to lug upstairs last night is for you. Knowing that I was coming home to find a ready-made daughter, I picked up all sorts of odd and pretty trifles along the way, hoping she would be able to find something she liked among them all. Early to-morrow we'll have a grand rummage. Here's our milk! I propose the health of Miss Rose Campbell—and drink it with all my heart."

It was impossible for Rose to pout with the prospect of a delightful boxful of gifts dancing before her eyes; so, in spite of herself, she smiled as she drank her own health, and found that fresh milk was not a hard dose to take.

"Now I must be off, before I am caught again with my wig in a toss," said Dr. Alec, preparing to descend the way he came.

"Do you always go in and out like a cat, uncle?" asked Rose, much amused at his odd ways.

"I used to sneak out of my window when I was a boy, so I need not disturb the aunts, and now I rather like it, for it's the shortest road, and it keeps me limber when I have no rigging to climb. Good-by till breakfast." And away he went down the water-spout, over the roof, and vanished among the budding honeysuckles below.

"Aint he a funny guardeen?" exclaimed Phebe, as she went off with the cups.

"He is a very kind one, I think," answered Rose, following, to prow round the big boxes and try to guess which was hers.

When her uncle appeared at sound of the bell, he found her surveying with an anxious face a new dish that smoked upon the table.

"Got a fresh trouble, Rosy?" he asked, stroking her smooth head.

"Uncle, *are* you going to make me eat oatmeal?" asked Rose, in a tragic tone.

"Don't you like it?"

"I de-test it!" answered Rose, with all the emphasis which a turned-up nose, a shudder, and a groan could give to the three words.

"You are not a true Scotchwoman, if you don't like the 'parritch.' It's a pity, for I made it myself, and thought we'd have such a good time with all that cream to float it in: Well, never mind." And he sat down with a disappointed air.

Rose had made up her mind to be obstinate about it, because she did heartily "detest" the dish; but as Uncle Alec did not attempt to make her obey, she suddenly changed her mind and thought she would.

"I'll try to eat it to please you, uncle; but people are always saying how wholesome it is, and that makes me hate it," she said, half-ashamed at her silly excuse.

"I do want you to like it, because I wish my girl to be as well and strong as Jessie's boys, who are brought up on this in the good old fashion. No hot bread and fried stuff for them, and they are the biggest and bonniest lads of the lot. Bless you, auntie, and good morning!"

Dr. Alec turned to greet the old lady, and, with a firm resolve to eat or die in the attempt, Rose sat down.

In five minutes she forgot what she was eating, so interested was she in the chat that went on. It amused her very much to hear Aunt Plenty call her forty-year-old nephew, "my dear boy," and Uncle Alec was so full of lively gossip about all creation in general, and the Aunt-hill in particular, that the detested porridge vanished without a murmur.

"You will go to church with us, I hope, Alec, if you are not too tired," said the old lady, when breakfast was over.

"I came all the way from Calcutta for that express purpose, ma'am. Only I must send the sisters word of my arrival, for they don't expect me till to-morrow, you know, and there will be a row in church if those boys see me without warning."

"I'll send Ben up the hill, and you can step over to Myra's yourself; it will please her, and you will have plenty of time."

Dr. Alec was off at once, and they saw no more of him till the old barouche was at the door, and Aunt Plenty just rustling down stairs in her Sunday best, with Rose like a little black shadow behind her.

Away they drove in state, and all the way Uncle Alec's hat was more off his head than on, for every one they met smiled and bowed, and gave him as blithe a greeting as the day permitted.

It was evident that the warning had been a wise one, for, in spite of time and place, the lads were in such a ferment, that their elders sat in momentary dread of an unseemly outbreak somewhere. It was simply impossible to keep those fourteen eyes off Uncle Alec, and the dreadful



things that were done during sermon-time will hardly be believed.

Rose dared not look up after awhile, for these bad boys vented their emotions upon her, till she was ready to laugh and cry with mingled amusement and vexation. Charlie winked rapturously at her behind his mother's fan; Mac openly pointed to the tall figure beside her; Jamie stared fixedly over the back of his pew, till Rose thought his round eyes would drop out of his head; George fell over a stool and dropped three books, in his excitement; Will drew sailors and Chinamen on his clean cuffs, and displayed them, to Rose's great tribulation; Steve nearly upset the whole party by burning his nose with salts, as he pretended to be overcome by his joy; even dignified Archie disgraced himself by writing in his hymn-book, "Is n't he *blue* and *brown*?" and passing it politely to Rose.

Her only salvation was trying to fix her attention upon Uncle Mac—a portly, placid gentleman, who seemed entirely unconscious of the iniquities of the Clan, and dozed peacefully in his pew corner. This was the only uncle Rose had met for years, for Uncle Jem and Uncle Steve, the husbands of Aunt Jessie and Aunt Clara, were at sea, and Aunt Myra was a widow. Uncle Mac was a merchant, very rich and busy, and as quiet as a mouse at home, for he was in such a minority among the women folk, he dared not open his lips, and let his wife rule undisturbed.

Rose liked the big, kindly, silent man who came to her when papa died, was always sending her splendid boxes of goodies at school, and often invited her into his great warehouse, full of teas and spices, wines and all sorts of foreign fruits, there to eat and carry away whatever she liked. She had secretly regretted that he was not to be her guardian; but since she had seen Uncle Alec she felt better about it, for she did not particularly admire Aunt Jane.

When church was over, Dr. Alec got into the porch as quickly as possible, and there the young bears had a hug all round, while the sisters shook hands and welcomed him with bright faces and glad hearts. Rose was nearly crushed flat behind a door in that dangerous passage from pew to porch; but Uncle Mac rescued her, and put her into the carriage for safe keeping.

"Now, girls, I want you all to come and dine with Alec; Mac also, of course. But I cannot ask the boys, for we did not expect this dear fellow till to-morrow, you know, so I made no preparations. Send the lads home, and let them wait till Monday, for really I was shocked at their behavior in church," said Aunt Plenty, as she followed Rose.

In any other place the defrauded boys would have set up a howl; as it was, they growled and

protested till Dr. Alec settled the matter by saying:

"Never mind, old chaps, I'll make it up to you to-morrow, if you sheer off quietly; if you don't, not a blessed thing shall you have out of my big boxes."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### AUNTS.

ALL dinner-time Rose felt that she was going to be talked about, and afterward she was sure of it, for Aunt Plenty whispered to her as they went into the parlor:

"Run up and sit awhile with Sister Peace, my dear. She likes to have you read while she rests, and we are going to be busy."

Rose obeyed, and the quiet rooms above were so like a church that she soon composed her ruffled feelings, and was unconsciously a little minister of happiness to the sweet old lady, who for years had sat there patiently waiting to be set free from pain.

Rose knew the sad romance of her life, and it gave a certain tender charm to this great aunt of hers, whom she already loved. When Peace was twenty, she was about to be married; all was done, the wedding dress lay ready, the flowers were waiting to be put on, the happy hour at hand, when word came that the lover was dead. They thought that gentle Peace would die too; but she bore it bravely, put away her bridal gear, took up her life afresh, and lived on—a beautiful, meek woman, with hair as white as snow and cheeks that never bloomed again. She wore no black, but soft, pale colors, as if always ready for the marriage that had never come.

For thirty years she had lived on, fading slowly, but cheerful, busy, and full of interest in all that went on in the family; especially the joys and sorrows of the young girls growing up about her, and to them she was adviser, confidante and friend in all their tender trials and delights. A truly beautiful old maiden, with her silvery hair, tranquil face, and an atmosphere of repose about her that soothed whoever came to her!

Aunt Plenty was utterly dissimilar, being a stout, brisk old lady, with a sharp eye, a lively tongue, and a face like a winter-apple. Always trotting, chatting and bustling, she was a regular Martha, cumbered with the cares of this world and quite happy in them.

Rose was right; and while she softly read psalms to Aunt Peace, the other ladies were talking about her little self in the frankest manner.

"Well, Alec, how do you like your ward?" began Aunt Jane, as they all settled down, and Uncle



Mac deposited himself in a corner to finish his doze.

"I should like her better if I could have begun at the beginning, and so got a fair start. Poor George led such a solitary life that the child has suffered in many ways, and since he died she has been going on worse than ever, judging from the state I find her in."

"My dear boy, we did what we thought best while waiting for you to wind up your affairs and get home. I always told George he was wrong to bring her up as he did; but he never took my

about ever since she came. A most ruinous state of things for a morbid, spoilt girl like Rose," said Mrs. Jane, severely.

She had never forgiven the old ladies for yielding to Rose's pathetic petition that she might wait her guardian's arrival before beginning another term at the school, which was a regular Blimber hot-bed, and turned out many a feminine Toots.

"I never thought it the proper school for a child in good circumstances,—an heiress, in fact, as Rose is. It is all very well for girls who are to get their own living by teaching, and that sort of thing; but



ROSE AND HER AUNTS.

advice, and now here we are with this poor dear child upon our hands. I, for one, freely confess that I don't know what to do with her any more than if she was one of those strange, outlandish birds you used to bring home from foreign parts." And Aunt Plenty gave a perplexed shake of the head, which caused great commotion among the stiff loops of purple ribbon that bristled all over her cap like crocus buds.

"If my advice had been taken, she would have remained at the excellent school where I placed her. But our aunt thought best to remove her because she complained, and she has been dawdling

all she needs is a year or two at a fashionable finishing-school, so that at eighteen she can come out with *éclat*," put in Aunt Clara, who had been a beauty and a belle, and was still a handsome woman.

"Dear, dear! how short-sighted you all are to be discussing education and plans for the future, when this unhappy child is so plainly marked for the tomb," sighed Aunt Myra, with a lugubrious sniff and a solemn wag of the funereal bonnet, which she refused to remove, being afflicted with a chronic catarrh.

"Now, it is my opinion that the dear thing only



wants freedom, rest and care. There is a look in her eyes that goes to my heart, for it shows that she feels the need of what none of us can give her—a mother," said Aunt Jessie, with tears in her own bright eyes at the thought of her boys being left, as Rose was, to the care of others.

Uncle Alec, who had listened silently as each spoke, turned quickly toward the last sister, and said, with a decided nod of approval:

"You've got it, Jessie; and, with you to help me, I hope to make the child feel that she is not quite fatherless and motherless."

"I'll do my best, Alec; and I think you *will* need me, for, wise as you are, you cannot understand a tender, timid, little creature like Rose as a woman can," said Mrs. Jessie, smiling back at him with a heart full of motherly good-will.

"I cannot help feeling that I, who have had a daughter of my own, can best bring up a girl; and I am *very* much surprised that George did not intrust her to me," observed Aunt Myra, with an air of melancholy importance, for she was the only one who had given a daughter to the family, and she felt that she had distinguished herself, though ill-natured people said that she had dosed her darling to death.

"I never blamed him in the least, when I remember the perilous experiments you tried with poor Carrie," began Mrs. Jane, in her hard voice.

"Jane Campbell, I will *not* hear a word! My sainted Caroline is a sacred subject," cried Aunt Myra, rising as if to leave the room.

Dr. Alec detained her, feeling that he must define his position at once, and maintain it manfully, if he hoped to have any success in his new undertaking.

"Now, my dear souls, don't let us quarrel and make Rose a bone of contention—though, upon my word, she *is* almost a bone, poor little lass! You have had her among you for a year, and done what you liked. I cannot say that your success is great, but that is owing to too many fingers in the pie. Now, I intend to try my way for a year, and if at the end of it she is not in better trim than now, I'll give up the case, and hand her over to some one else. That's fair, I think."

"She will not be here a year hence, poor darling, so no one need dread future responsibility," said Aunt Myra, folding her black gloves as if all ready for the funeral.

"By Jupiter, Myra, you are enough to damp the ardor of a saint!" cried Dr. Alec, with a sudden spark in his eyes. "Your croaking will worry that child out of her wits, for she is an imaginative puss, and will fret and fancy untold horrors. You have put it into her head that she has no constitution, and she rather likes the idea. If she had not

had a pretty good one, she *would* have been 'marked for the tomb' by this time, at the rate you have been going on with her. I will not have any interference—please understand that; so just wash your hands of her, and let me manage till I want help, then I'll ask for it."

"Hear, hear!" came from the corner where Uncle Mac was apparently wrapt in slumber.

"You were appointed guardian, so we can do nothing. But I predict that the girl will be spoilt, utterly spoilt," answered Mrs. Jane, grimly.

"Thank you, sister. I have an idea that if a woman can bring up two boys as perfectly as you do yours, a man, if he devotes his whole mind to it, may at least attempt as much with one girl," replied Dr. Alec, with a humorous look that tickled the others immensely, for it was a well-known fact in the family that Jane's boys were more indulged than all the other lads put together.

"I am quite easy, for I really do think that Alec will improve the child's health; and by the time his year is out, it will be quite soon enough for her to go to Madame Roccabella's and be finished off," said Aunt Clara, settling her rings, and thinking, with languid satisfaction, of the time when she could bring out a pretty and accomplished niece.

"I suppose you will stay here in the old place, unless you think of marrying, and it's high time you did," put in Mrs. Jane, much nettled at her brother's last hit.

"No, thank you. Come and have a cigar, Mac," said Dr. Alec, abruptly.

"Don't worry; women enough in the family already," muttered Uncle Mac; and then the gentlemen hastily fled.

"Aunt Peace would like to see you all, she says," was the message Rose brought before the ladies could begin again.

"Hectic, hectic!—dear me, dear me!" murmured Aunt Myra, as the shadow of her gloomy bonnet fell upon Rose, and the stiff tips of a black glove touched the cheek where the color deepened under so many eyes.

"I am glad these pretty curls are natural; they will be invaluable by and by," said Aunt Clara, taking an observation with her head on one side.

"Now that your uncle has come, I no longer expect you to review the studies of the past year. I trust your time will not be *entirely* wasted in frivolous sports, however," added Aunt Jane, sailing out of the room with the air of a martyr.

Aunt Jessie said not a word, but kissed her little niece, with a look of tender sympathy that made Rose cling to her a minute, and follow her with grateful eyes as the door closed behind her.

After everybody had gone home, Dr. Alec paced up and down the lower hall in the twilight for an



hour, thinking so intently that sometimes he frowned, sometimes he smiled, and more than once he stood still in a brown study. All of a sudden he said, half aloud, as if he had made up his mind:

"I might as well begin at once, and give the child something new to think about, for Myra's dismals and Jane's lectures have made her as blue as a little indigo bag."

Diving into one of the trunks that stood in a corner, he brought up, after a brisk rummage, a silken cushion, prettily embroidered, and a quaint cup of dark carved wood.

"This will do for a start," he said, as he plumped up the cushion and dusted the cup. "It won't do to begin too energetically, or Rose will be frightened. I must beguile her gently and pleasantly along till I've won her confidence, and then she will be ready for anything."

Just then Phebe came out of the dining-room with a plate of brown bread, for Rose had been allowed no hot biscuit for tea.

"I'll relieve you of some of that," said Dr. Alec, and, helping himself to a generous slice, he retired to the study, leaving Phebe to wonder at his appetite.

She would have wondered still more if she had seen him making that brown bread into neat little pills, which he packed into an attractive ivory box, out of which he emptied his own bits of loveage.

"There! if they insist on medicine, I'll order these, and no harm will be done. I *will* have my own way, but I'll keep the peace, if possible, and confess the joke when my experiment has succeeded," he said to himself, looking very much like a mischievous boy, as he went off with his innocent prescriptions.

Rose was playing softly on the small organ that stood in the upper hall, so that Aunt Peace could enjoy it; and all the while he talked with the old ladies, Uncle Alec was listening to the fitful music of the child, and thinking of another Rose who used to play for him.

As the clock struck eight, he called out:

"Time for my girl to be abed, else she won't be up early, and I'm full of jolly plans for to-morrow. Come and see what I have found for you to begin upon."

Rose ran in and listened with bright, attentive face, while Dr. Alec said, impressively:

"In my wanderings over the face of the earth, I have picked up some excellent remedies, and as they are rather agreeable ones, I think you and I will try them. This is an herb-pillow, given to me by a wise old woman when I was ill in India. It is filled with saffron, poppies and other soothing plants; so lay your little head on it to-night, sleep sweetly without a dream, and wake to-morrow without a pain."

"Shall I really? How nice it smells." And Rose willingly received the pretty pillow, and stood enjoying its faint, sweet odor, as she listened to the Doctor's next remedy.

"This is the cup I told you of. Its virtue depends, they say, on the drinker filling it himself; so you must learn to milk. I'll teach you."

"I'm afraid I never can," said Rose; but she surveyed the cup with favor, for a funny little imp danced on the handle, as if all ready to take a header into the white sea below.

"Don't you think she ought to have something more strengthening than milk, Alec? I really shall feel anxious if she does not have a tonic of some sort," said Aunt Plenty, eyeing the new remedies suspiciously, for she had more faith in her old-fashioned doses than all the magic cups and poppy pillows of the East.

"Well, ma'am, I'm willing to give her a pill, if you think best. It is a very simple one, and very large quantities may be taken without harm. You know hasheesh is the extract of hemp? Well, this is a preparation of corn and rye, much used in old times, and I hope it will be again."

"Dear me, how singular!" said Aunt Plenty, bringing her spectacles to bear upon the pills, with a face so full of respectful interest that it was almost too much for Dr. Alec's gravity.

"Take one in the morning, and a good night to you, my dear," he said, dismissing his patient with a hearty kiss.

Then, as she vanished, he put both hands into his hair, exclaiming, with a comical mixture of anxiety and amusement:

"When I think what I have undertaken, I declare to you, aunt, I feel like running away and not coming back till Rose is eighteen!"

(To be continued.)



## CHIMNEY-SWEEPS, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

THE stranger in Charleston is sometimes startled by a long-drawn, plaintive cry that seems scarcely human. On cold wintry mornings, when the city is awaking, it is heard coming from the house-tops with strange distinctness. It sounds like the voice of some great bird hovering amid the curling smoke. "O weep, wee-e-ep, wee-e-e-ep, weep O!" And it is repeated several times before one can find out whence it comes. The people of the city pass on without heeding it, and only those to whom it is a novelty pause to gaze over the wide roofs of slate and iron, in search of the throat that utters it. Far above the street can be seen a negro boy, with a round little head and a pair of narrow shoulders, creeping out of a chimney into the sunlight, singing his wild song as he comes, and brandishing a black brush with frantic energy. It is the chimney-sweep, and, as soon as his song is done, he descends again into the opening, like a genie disappearing in the flame of a wonderful lamp at the call of his master, the magician.

Later in the day, you may see the same little fellow again, moving about among ordinary mortals, but looking all the more forlorn in contrast with the bright faces of the nicely dressed people, who gather in their proud skirts as they pass too near him on the street. He looks more like an imp from some country beneath the earth, than a living boy with warm blood coursing through his veins. Nature made him black, and his occupation has deepened the shade. The soot is thick upon him—over his hands, neck, face and clothes, and deep in the roots of his crisp, curly hair. All the white about him is in his rolling eye, which has a half-comical expression mingling with its queer pathos. Who would think of associating with him, I wonder, except another of his own sort? He is an absolute outcast, and as he slouches along, beating the pavement with his brush, few pitying glances are cast upon him. But he has friends of his own, comrades in his sooty trade, who love his society dearly and welcome the appearance of his dim face with a glad smile.

These three that you see in the picture are fellow-craftsmen of his, such as you may meet in Charles-

ton any day, though all are not so fat and happy. Perhaps they wanted to honor the occasion of their visit to the photographer's, and banqueted and wiped their faces with their sleeves beforehand.

Anthracite (or hard) coal makes little or no soot, and it is only where bituminous (or soft) coal is used that chimney-sweeps are needed. Soot, I must tell you furthermore, is simply condensed smoke, and is rich in valuable chemical substances. If it is allowed to accumulate, it is apt to take fire,



CHARLESTON SWEEPS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

and hence the necessity of keeping chimneys clear of it.

In Pittsburgh, and all through the far West, the chimneys have to be swept twice a year; but the sweeps do not ascend them. A stiff brush is thrust up instead, fastened to long poles, which fit into each other like the branches of a fishing-rod. The old custom was exceedingly cruel, and it has been done away with throughout America, except in Charleston and Philadelphia. A gentleman tells me that he saw an old man escorting some boy



chimney-sweeps through the streets of the latter city very lately, and he believes they are there still.

Twenty or thirty years ago, it was a common thing in New York to see mites of boys following their masters in the street, or issuing from the chimney-tops with their peculiar wail. Some of them were not more than ten years of age, and they looked so wretched that when a child was ill-behaved its mother or nurse would threaten to give it to the chimney-sweeps.

It was the worst use to which boys could be put, and was even more terrible in its results than coal-

mining. The soft, fine powder suffocated many to death, and planted the seeds of consumption in others. I found in an old book, the other day, an account of a little sweep who was driven up a hot chimney by his brutal master. He cried out that he was burning, but continued to ascend, until he reached a point where the heat was so intense that he could go no farther. Nor could he descend. He was caught in a turn of the chimney, and was slowly suffocated. Just before he died, his employer called to him, and asked him, with an oath, what he was doing. "All right, master," he answered faintly. "I am caught up here and can't get out; but don't mind me. I'm ready to die." When he was extricated, his body showed what he had endured, but his face gave no sign of suffering.

It was as a proof that they had gone the entire length of the chimney that the sweeps were required to utter their cry on reach-

ing the top. The hard masters who depended on their earnings were much relieved when, after a long silence, they heard the sad "weep! weep!" of their little slaves echoing over the roofs.

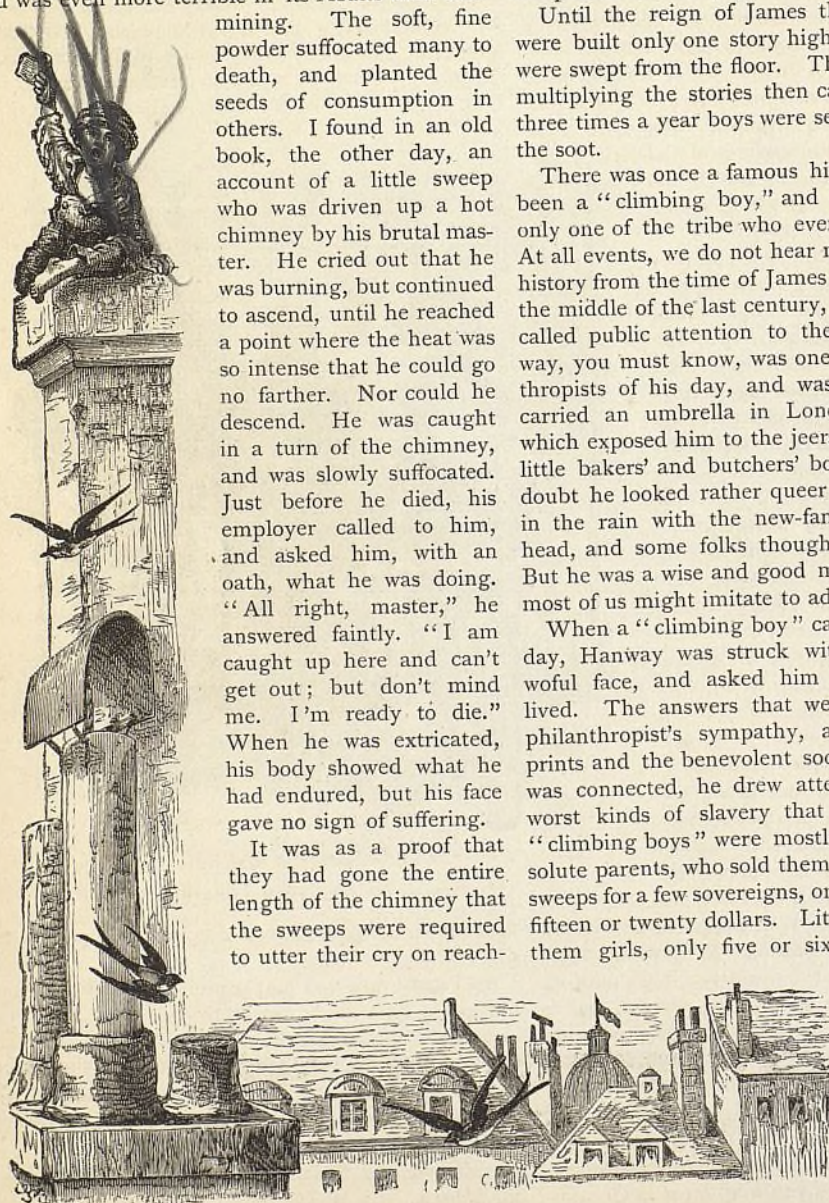
In Germany and France, small boys are still employed in cleaning chimneys. In Great Britain a law has been passed forbidding the practice; but less than fifteen years ago the sweeps, or "climbing boys," were very numerous; and I can remember seeing a bit of a lad crawling out of one of the tallest chimneys in London, such as you see in the picture on this page.

Until the reign of James the First, the houses were built only one story high, and the chimneys were swept from the floor. The Scotch fashion of multiplying the stories then came in, and twice or three times a year boys were sent up to sweep down the soot.

There was once a famous highwayman who had been a "climbing boy," and I think he was the only one of the tribe who ever became notorious. At all events, we do not hear more about them in history from the time of James the First until about the middle of the last century, when Jonas Hanway called public attention to their condition. Hanway, you must know, was one of the great philanthropists of his day, and was the man who first carried an umbrella in London, a performance which exposed him to the jeers of all the impudent little bakers' and butchers' boys in the city. No doubt he looked rather queer as he trotted along in the rain with the new-fangled thing over his head, and some folks thought him utterly crazy. But he was a wise and good man, living a life that most of us might imitate to advantage.

When a "climbing boy" came to his house, one day, Hanway was struck with the poor fellow's woful face, and asked him how and where he lived. The answers that were made excited the philanthropist's sympathy, and, through public prints and the benevolent societies with which he was connected, he drew attention to one of the worst kinds of slavery that ever existed. The "climbing boys" were mostly the children of dissolute parents, who sold them to the men chimney-sweeps for a few sovereigns, or, in American money, fifteen or twenty dollars. Little creatures, some of them girls, only five or six years of age, were

compelled to ascend chimneys—and, indeed, the smaller the child the more valuable he or she was, as some of the flues were less than a foot square. The traffic was so ex-





tensive that we wonder how the officers of the law never came to hear of it. Children who wandered away from their homes often were kidnapped and carried to a remote part of the country, where the robbers sold them into bondage. Their own clothes were taken from them, and some black rags thrown over them, so that when the soot was spread over their pretty little faces, no one could recognize them.

The novices had the greatest dread of ascending the chimney for the first time, and there are several instances, of undoubted truth, in which the little fellows were violently thrust in by their masters and driven up by a fire lighted under them. This seems too horrible for belief, but it was sworn to by a master chimney-sweep before a committee of the British House of Commons. The same man declared that he did not use his own apprentices in that manner, and that when the chimney was small and the boy hesitated about ascending, he simply used a stick or his fist!

Sometimes the beginner was instructed at the house of his master before real duty was required of him. An older boy would follow him up a chimney and teach him how to climb by pressing the knees and elbows against the sides of the flue. It was a most painful operation, and the skin would be torn from the child's arms and feet before he had nearly reached the top. By striving very hard he would probably succeed, but not until he had tumbled down several times and alighted on the shoulders of his stouter companion, who always kept himself firmly fixed in expectation of such a mishap. Every time he fell he had to begin anew, and, no matter how sore he was, his master forced him to reach the top.

The little chimney-sweeps of London were turned out of their straw beds and driven into the streets during the earliest hours of the morning. No warm breakfast was supplied to them; only a crust of stale bread. I remember reading in some book of two whom its author saw standing at the gate of a house at six o'clock one snowy morning. They were barefooted and shivering, and in vain they rang the bell to awake the occupants. The contrast between their sable hue and the yet unruffled snow that mantled the city streets was a more pathetic sight than the good author could endure, and he hurried away to his chambers, with tears in his eyes, after bestowing a sixpenny bit on each of them. I have often seen like unfortunates in the streets of Liverpool, and my heart has been filled with pity for them.

A story is told, that a very small boy, not more than four years of age, was once sent up a chimney in a country-house at Bridlington, Yorkshire, and that he tumbled down and hurt himself so severely

that the young ladies of the house took him from his master and nursed him themselves. Some food was brought to him, and, seeing a silver fork, he was quite delighted, exclaiming, "Papa had such forks as those." He also said that the carpet in the drawing-room was like "papa's," and, when a silver watch was shown to him, he declared that "papa's" was a gold one. At night he would not go to bed until he had said the Lord's Prayer, which he knew perfectly, and he lay awake for some hours comparing the furniture in the room to that in his own home. When he was asked how he came to leave his papa, he said that he was gathering flowers in his mother's garden, and that



ON THE ROOF.

a woman came in and asked him if he liked riding. He said "yes," and she told him that he should ride with her. She put him on a horse in a lane near by, drove with him to the sea-side, and carried him on board a vessel.

The story does not tell what became of the little fellow afterward, and we can only hope that he was restored to his parents, or that the young ladies at the country-house adopted him.

The son of one of the noblest families in England was kidnapped by chimney-sweeps, and was restored to his home by an incident quite as romantic as any I have ever read of in novels. He was sold several times, and at last fell into the hands of a



man who was engaged to clean the chimneys of the house next door to that where his parents lived. He ascended one of the flues and reached the roof; but in descending he got into the wrong opening, and soon arrived in a magnificent bed-chamber of the adjoining house. The white sheets, the pillows trimmed with lace, and the splendid damask curtains, brought irresistible sleep into his eyes, and he threw himself upon the bed, forgetful of his tyrant master and the punishment that might be in store for him. While he dreamed there in blissful peace, looking like a bit of ebony inlaid in satin-wood, the housekeeper entered the room, and recognized him as the lost child of her lady and mistress.

During her life, his mother, the Honorable Mrs. Montague, celebrated each anniversary of his recovery by a grand dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, given to the "climbing boys" at her house in Portman Square. The little fellows were all well scrubbed and freshly dressed for the occasion, and each was presented with a shilling. But when she died the festival was no more observed, and the sweeps sadly missed her kind face and the annual dinner.

"And is all pity for the poor sweeps fled,  
Since Montague is numbered with the dead?  
She who did once the many sorrows weep,  
That met the wanderings of the woe-worn sweep;  
Who, once a year, bade all his griefs depart,  
On May-day's morn would doubly cheer his heart.  
Washed was his little form, his shirt was clean,  
On that one day his real face was seen;  
His shoeless feet now boasted pumps—and new,  
The brush and shovel gayly held to view!  
The table spread, his every sense was charmed,  
And every savory smell his bosom warmed;  
His light heart joyed to see such goodly cheer,  
And much he longed to see the mantling beer.  
His hunger o'er—the scene was little heaven!  
If riches thus can bless, what blessings might be given.  
But she is gone! None left to soothe their grief,  
Or, once a year, bestow their meed of beef!"

The organization of a society to suppress the use of "climbing boys" by master-sweeps was the result of Hanway's efforts, and an instrument called the "Sandiscope," for cleaning high chimneys, was

invented. The "Sandiscope" consisted of a large brush made of a number of small whalebone sticks, fastened into a round ball of wood. It was thrust up a chimney by means of hollow cylinders or tubes, with a long cord running through them; and it was worked up and down as each joint was added, until it reached the top. It was then shortened joint by joint, and again worked in a like manner. The master-sweeps refused to use it, however, and it was not until Parliament passed a law in 1829 that the little slaves were emancipated.

There are considerably over a thousand sweeps in London to-day, but they are all grown men and women, and the little fellows are no longer seen.

I ought, in conclusion, to mention James White, who was such another friend to the "climbing boys" as Mrs. Montague. Once a year, on St. Bartholomew's Day, he gathered together all the sootkins in London, and treated them to a dinner. Charles Lamb, the gifted essayist, knew him and loved him, and I will end this account by quoting his exquisite description of the feast:

"O, it was a pleasure to see the sable youngers lick in the unctuous meat, with his (White's) more unctuous sayings! How he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links of sausages for the seniors! How he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it 'must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating!' How he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony! How genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lips before drinking! Then we had our toasts—'The King,' 'The Cloth,' and, for a crowning sentiment, 'May the brush supersede the laurel!' All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon the tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a 'Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so,' which was a prodigious comfort to these young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savoriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

"James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world, at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed forever."



"SHIVERING AT THE GATE."



## KINGS OF FRANCE.

BY MARY W. LINCOLN.

THE first king was Pharamond; after him came  
The race Merovingian, unworthy of fame;

Then Pepin the Little, and Charlemagne, great;  
Victorious, kingly in Church and in State.

First Louis, Charles First, and then two Louis' more;  
Charles; Eudes, Count of Paris, whose reign was soon o'er;

Charles the Simple; Raoul de Bourgoyne, rarely known,—  
One after another ascended the throne.

Then Louis the Fourth, who was named "L'Outre Mer;"  
Then Louis the Sluggard came; after, Lothaire.

Hugh Capet, and Robert, and Henry then came;  
First Philip, two Louis', and Philip whose name

Was Augustus; then Louis the Lion, and one  
Called Louis the Saint, for the good he had done.

Two Philips, tenth Louis, fifth Philip came on;  
And then Charles the Fourth, the sixth Philip, and John;

Charles Fifth, Sixth and Seventh, when Joan d'Arc came  
To rescue the country from sorrow and shame.

Then Louis Eleventh—perfidious king;  
Charles Eighth, whose adventures let history sing;

Twelfth Louis, first Francis, and Henry then came;  
Then Francis, whose wife is so well known to fame

As Mary of Scotland; Charles Ninth, on whose head  
Is the blood of Bartholomew's Protestant dead.

Two Henrys, five Louis',—one, king but in name,  
For Terror was monarch till Bonaparte came.

Then Louis Eighteenth, and Charles Tenth, the grandson  
Of Louis Fifteenth, but his reign was soon done.

Then Louis Philippe, and Napoleon Third,  
Who, often successful, more frequently erred.

The throne is now vacant, and no one can tell  
The name of the next, so I'll bid you farewell.





## A FOX AND A RAVEN.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.



[A raven, sitting high up on a limb, had a fine piece of cheese. He was just going to enjoy it, when along came Mr. Fox. Now the fox wanted the cheese, and he knew he could not catch the raven. So he began to flatter the raven's croaking voice, and to beg the raven for one of his "sweet songs." At last the poor raven, silly with flattery, opened his mouth to sing—when lo! the cheese dropped to the ground, and off ran the wily fox with the stolen treasure in his mouth. The raven flew away, and never was heard of again.]

DONEE was a king's daughter. She had heard her father talk of the battles into which he had led his mighty warriors, and of how all the world that she knew had once been his, from the hills behind which the sun rose to the broad rushing river where it set. Now all of this account was strictly true.

But the king, as he talked, wore no clothes but a muddy pair of cotton trousers, and sat on a log in the sun, a pig rooting about his bare feet. Black Joe, going by, called him a lazy old red-skin; and that was true, too. But these differing accounts naturally confused Donee's mind. When the old chief was dead, however, there was an end of all talk of his warriors or battles. A large part of the land was left, though; a long stretch of river bottom and forests, with but very little swamp. Donee's brother, Oostogah, when he was in a good humor, planted and hoed a field of corn (as he had no wife to do it for him), and with a little fish and game, they managed to find enough to eat. Oostogah and the little girl lived in a hut built of logs and mud, and, as the floor of it never had been scrubbed, the grass actually began to grow out of

the dirt in the corners. There was a log smouldering on the hearth, where Donee baked cakes of pounded corn and beans in the ashes, and on the other side of the dark room was the heap of straw where she slept. Besides this, there were two hacked stumps of trees which served for chairs, and an iron pot out of which they ate; and there you have the royal plenishing of *that* palace.

All the other Indians had long ago gone West. Donee had nothing and nobody to play with. She was as easily scared as a rabbit; yet sometimes, when Oostogah was gone for days together, she was so lonely that she would venture down through the swamp to peep out at the water-mill and the two or three houses which the white people had built. The miller, of all the white people, was the one that she liked best to watch, he was so big and round, and jolly; and one day, when he had met her in the path, he did not call her "Injun," or "red nigger," as the others did, but had said: "Where's your brother, my dear?" just as if she were white. She saw, sometimes, his two little girls and boy playing about the mill-door, and they were round and fat, and jolly, just like their father.



At last, one day Oostogah went down to the mill, and Donee plucked up her courage and followed him. When she was there hiding close behind the trough in which the horses were watered, so that nobody could see her, she heard the miller say to her brother: "You ought to go to work to clear your land, my lad. In two years there will be hundreds of people moving in here, and you own the best part of the valley."

Oostogah nodded. "The whole country once belonged to my people."

"That's neither here nor there," said the miller. "Dead chickens don't count for hatching. You go to work now and clear your land, and you can sell it for enough to give you and this little girl behind the trough an education. Enough to give you both a chance equal to any white children."

Oostogah nodded again, but said nothing. He was shrewd enough, and could work, too, when he was in the humor. "Come, Donee," he said.

But the miller's little Thad. and Jenny had found Donee behind the trough, and the three were making a nettle basket together, and were very well acquainted already.

"Let the child stay till you come back from fishing, Oostogah," said the miller.

So Donee staid all the afternoon. Jenny and Betty rolled and shouted, and could not talk fast enough with delight because they had this new little girl to play with, and Thad. climbed all the trees, as Jenny said, to "show off," and Betty tumbled into the trough head over heels and was taken out dripping.

Donee was very quiet, but it was to her as if the end of the world had come, all this was so happy and wonderful. She never had had any body to play with before.

Then, when Betty was carried in to be dried and dressed, there was, too, the bright, cheerful room, with a lovely blue carpet on the floor, and a white spread on the bed with fringe, and red dahlias that shone in the sun, putting their heads in at the window. Betty's mother did not scold when she took her wet clothes off, but said some funny things which made them laugh. She looked at Donee now and then, standing with her little hands clasped behind her back.

"Does your mother *never* wash or dress you, Donee?" said Betty.

"She is dead," said Donee.

Betty's mother did not say any more funny things after that. When she had finished dressing Betty, to the tying of her shoes, she called the little Indian girl up to her.

"What can you do?" she said. "Sew? Make moccasins?"

She had the pleasantest voice Donee was not

at all afraid. "I can sew. I can make baskets," she said. "I am going to make a basket for every one of you."

"Very well. You can have a tea-party, Jenny, out of doors." Then she opened a cupboard. "Here are the dishes," taking out a little box. "And bread, jam, milk, sugar, and candy."

"Candy!" cried Betty, rushing out to tell Thad.

"Candy? Hooray!" shouted Thad.

For there are no shops out in that wild country where a boy can run for a stick of lemon or gum-drops every time he gets a penny. It was very seldom that Thad. or Betty could have a taste of those red and white "bull's eyes" which their mother now took out of the jar in the locked cupboard. They knew she brought it out to please the little Indian girl, whose own mother was dead.

Jenny set the table for the tea-party under a big oak. There was a flat place on one of the round roots that rose out of the moss, which was the very thing for a table. So there she spread the little white and gold plates and cups and saucers, with the meat dish (every bit as large as your hand), in the middle, full of candy. The milk, of course, was put in the pot for coffee, and set on three dead leaves to boil; and Jenny allowed Donee to fill the jam dishes herself, with her own hands. Donee could hardly get her breath as she did it.

When they were all ready they sat down. The sun shone, and the wind was blowing, and the water of the mill-race flashed and gurgled as it went by, and a song-sparrow perched himself on the fence close to them and sang, and sang, just as if he knew what was going on.

"*He* wants to come to the party!" said Betty, and then they all laughed. Donee laughed too.

The shining plates just fitted into the moss, and there was a little pitcher, the round-bellied part of which was covered with sand, while the handle and top were, Jenny said, of solid gold; that was put in the middle of all.

Donee did not think it was like fairy-land or heaven, because she had never in her life heard of fairy-land or heaven. She had never seen any thing but her own filthy hut, with its iron pot and wooden spoons.

When it was all over, the children's mother (Donee felt as if she was her mother too) called her in, and took out of that same cupboard a roll of the loveliest red calico.

"Now, Donee," she said, "if you can make yourself a dress of this I will give you this box," and she opened a box, just like Jenny's. Inside, packed in thin slips of paper, was a set of dishes! pure white, with the tiniest rose-bud in the middle of each! cups, saucers, meat-dish, coffee-pot, and



all; and, below all, a pitcher, with sand on the brown bottom, but the top and handle of solid gold!

Donee went back to the hut, trotting along beside Oostogah, her roll of calico under her arm. The next day she cut it out into a slip and began to sew. Oostogah was at work all day cutting down dead trees. When he came in at night, Donee said: "If you sold the land for much money, could we have a home like the miller's?"

Oostogah was as much astonished as if a chicken had asked him a question, but he said "Yes."

"Would I be like Jenny and Betty?"

"You're a chief's daughter," grunted Oostogah.

One day in the next week she went down to the river far in the woods, and took a bath, combing her long straight black hair down her shoulders. Then she put on her new dress, and went down to the miller's house. It was all very quiet, for the children were not there, but their mother came to the door. She laughed out loud with pleasure when she saw Donee. The red dress was just the right color for her to wear with her dark skin and black hair. Her eyes were soft and shy, and her bare feet and arms (like most Indian women's) pretty enough to be copied in marble.

"You are a good child—you're a very good child! Here are the dishes. I wish the children were at home. Sit right down on the step now and eat a piece of pie."

But Donee could not eat the pie, her heart was so full.

"Hillo!" called the miller, when he saw her. "Why, what a nice girl you are to-day, Dony! Your brother's hard at work, eh? It will all come right, then."

Donee stood around for a long time, afraid to say what she wanted.

"What is it?" asked the miller's wife.

Donee managed to whisper, if she were to have a party the next day, could the children come to it? and their mother said: "Certainly, in the evening."

When the little girl ran down the hill, the miller said: "Seems as if 't would be easy to make Christians out of them two."

"I'm going to do what I can for Donee," said the miller's wife.

It was not so easy for the little red-skinned girl to have a party, for she had neither jam nor bread, nor butter, not to mention candy. But she was up very early the next morning, and made tiny little cakes of corn, no bigger than your thumb-nail, and she went to a hollow tree she knew of and got a cupful of honey, and brought some red haws, and heaps of nuts, hickory and chestnuts. When Oostogah had gone, she set out her little dishes

under a big oak, and dressed herself in her lovely frock, though she knew the party could not begin for hours and hours. The brown cakes and honey, and scarlet haws, were in the white dishes, and the gold pitcher, with a big purple flower, was in the middle. Donee sat down and looked at it all. In a year or two Oostogah would build a house like the miller's, and she should have a blue carpet on the floor, and a white bed, and wear red frocks every day, like Betty.

Just then she heard voices talking. Oostogah had come back; he sat upon a log; and the trader, who came around once a year, stood beside him, a pack open at his feet. It was this peddler, Hawk, who was talking.

"I tell you, Oostogy, the miller's a fool. Ther's no new settlers coming here, and nobody wants your land. Ther's hundreds and thousands of acres beyond better than this. You'd better take my offer. Look at that suit!"

He held up short trousers of blue cloth worked with colored porcupine quills, and a scarlet mantle glittering with beads and gold fringe.

"I don't want it," grunted Oostogah. "Sell my land for big pile money."

"Oh, very well. I don't want to buy your land. There's thousands of acres to be had for the asking, but there's not such a dress as that in the United States. I had that dress made on purpose for you, Oostogy. I said: 'Make me a dress for the son of a great chief. The handsomest man' (eyeing the lad from head to foot) 'that lives this side of the great water.'"

Oostogah grunted, but his eyes began to sparkle.

"Here now, Oostogy, just try it on to please me. I'd like to see you dressed like a chief for once."

Oostogah, nothing loth, dropped his dirty blanket, and was soon rigged in the glittering finery, while Hawk nodded in rapt admiration.

"There's not a man in the country, red-skin or pale-face, but would know you for the son of the great Denomah. Go look down in the creek, Oostogy."

Oostogah went, and came back, walking more slowly. He began to take off the mantle.

"There's a deputation from these Northern tribes going this winter to see the Great Father at Washington. If Oostogah had a proper dress he could go. But shall the son of Denomah come before the Great Father in a torn horse-blanket?"

"Your words are too many," said Oostogah. "I have made up my mind. I will sell you the land for the clothes."

Donee came up then, and stood directly before him, looking up at him. But she said nothing. It



is not the habit of Indian women and children to speak concerning matters of importance.

Oostogah pushed her out of the way, and, with the trader, went into the hut to finish their bargain.

In an hour or two her brother came to Donee. He had his new clothes in a pack on his back. "Come," he said, pointing beyond the great river to the dark woods.

"We will come back here again, Oostogah?"

"No; we will never come back."

Donee went to the tree and looked down at the party she had made; at the little dishes with the rose on each. But she did not lift one of them up. She took off her pretty dress and laid it beside them, and, going to the hut, put on her old rags again. Then she came out and followed her brother, whose face was turned toward the great dark woods in the west.

When the miller's children came to the party that afternoon, a pig was lying on Donee's red dress, and the dishes were scattered and broken. But the hut was empty.

A year afterward, the miller came back from a long journey. After he had kissed and hugged

his wife and little ones, he said: "You remember, wife, how Hawk cheated that poor Indian lad out of his land?"

"Yes; I always said it was the old story of the fox and the foolish raven over again."

"It was the old story of the white and the red man over again. But out in an Indian village I found Donee sick and starving."

The miller's wife jumped to her feet. The tears rushed to her eyes. "What did you do? What did you do?"

"Well, there was n't but one thing to do, and I did that." He went out to the wagon and carried in the little Indian girl, and laid her on the bed.

"Poor child! Poor child! Where is Oostogah?"

The miller shook his head. "Don't ask any questions about him. The raven flew away to the woods, and was never heard of again. Better if that were the end of Oostogah."

Donee, opening her tired eyes, saw the blue carpet and the white bed where she lay, and the red dahlias shining in the sun and looking in at the window, and beside her were the children, and the children's mother smiling down on her with tears in her eyes.



A PRETTY SURE SHOT.



## THE COAL-IMP.

By C. P. CRANCH.



I WAS sitting one night by my fire—  
 'T was a fire of Westmoreland coal  
 With a mixture of coke, which I recommend  
 As a comfort for body and soul.

My chamber was cosey and warm;  
 The curtains were closed all around;  
 And the snow at the windows rattled away  
 With a soft and tinkling sound.

As I sat in my easy chair,  
 I think it had got to be late;  
 And over the top of my book I saw  
 A face in the glowing grate.

An ugly old face, too, it was—  
 With wings and a tail—I declare;  
 And the rest was ashes, and smoke, and flame,  
 And ended—I don't know where.

So odd were the features, I said  
 "I must put you on paper, my friend;"  
 And took my pen and jotted him down—  
 Face, wings, and wriggling end.

A queer old codger he seemed,  
 As vaguely he stared and shone;  
 But I fixed him in outline as well as I could,  
 And added a touch of my own.

He flapped his wings in the grate,  
 And struggled and puffed to be free,  
 And scowled with his blazing carbuncle eyes,  
 As if he appealed to *me*.

Then I said—but perhaps I dreamed—  
 "Old fellow—how came you there?"  
 "I'm not an old fellow"—the face replied,  
 "But a prisoned Imp of the air.

"In the shape of combustion and gas  
 My wings I begin to find out;  
 So I flap at the bars and grow red in the face,  
 And am ugly enough, no doubt.

"I am made for a much better lot;  
 But I cannot escape, as you see:  
 Blistered and burnt, and crammed in a grate,—  
 What *could* you expect of me?



"I once was a spirit of air,  
A delicate fairy page  
Long, long ago—in fact before  
The carboniferous age.

"For centuries I was kept  
Imprisoned in coal-beds fast.  
When you kindled your fire this evening,  
you see,  
I thought I was free at last.

"But it seems I am still to wait;  
No wonder I'm cross as a bear,

Make faces, and flutter my wings of flame,  
And struggle to reach the air."

"My ruby-faced friend," I said,  
"If you really wish to be free,  
Perhaps I can give you a lift or two.  
It's easy enough. We'll see."

Then, taking the poker, I punched  
A hole in the half-burnt mass—  
When the fire leaped up, and the Imp  
flew off  
In a laugh of flaming gas."

## THE PETERKINS' JOURNEY AGAIN POSTPONED.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

It was very difficult for the Peterkin family to decide where to go.

Mrs. Peterkin did not want to go to the sea-shore, as she was a little afraid of the sea.

Elizabeth Eliza had no desire to go to the mountains.

"It tires you so to go up," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"I suppose one sees a great deal," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I don't know," said Elizabeth Eliza, who had been up Sundown Hill, "because, on the way up, your back is to the view all the time."

"I know it," said Solomon John; "and when you are on top of the hill, you are too high up to see anything. You can't tell whether they are men or boys."

"And when you come down," continued Elizabeth Eliza, "you have to be looking at your feet all the time, to see where you are treading; so you don't get any view."

"I want to go where we shall really see something," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I should like to go up some of the burning mountains," said Agamemnon; "volcanoes,—I have read of them,—like Mount Ætna. I should like to go up one of those."

"I should rather come down," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"The ground is so hot," continued Agamemnon, "that you can roast eggs in it."

"That would be jolly," cried the little boys.

"It must make it inexpensive for fuel," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I suppose the inhabitants don't have to take in coal," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Let's go," cried the little boys.

"Only our India-rubber boots would stick," said one of them.

"But then the inhabitants get buried up now and then," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"Oh, that was a great while ago," said Agamemnon. "You know I read about their being dug out."

"Still, I should not like to be buried up," said Mrs. Peterkin, "even if I were dug out."

"I suppose, by this time," said Mr. Peterkin, "the top of the mountain must have pretty much all come down, all there is to come down—so many years!"

"It must be the mountain that came down to Mahomet," said Solomon John. "Somebody told me about his not being able to go to it, so it came to him."

"I would not like to go among the Mahometans," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Certainly not to the deserts of Arabia!" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

The little boys would like to see the "Arabian Nights."

"I don't think we want to journey as far as that," said Mr. Peterkin.

Agamemnon was annoyed. The family did not understand. These volcanoes were not so far off as Arabia. Still, they were over the sea, and they would hardly care to travel so far.

"Yet I think we want to see something more



than merely to go into the country," said Elizabeth Eliza.

Solomon John had been sitting in quiet for some time.

"What is it, Solomon John?" said Mr. Peterkin. "You have an idea——"

"Yes," said Solomon John, starting up and walking across the room, in excitement. "Why should not we go to—Philadelphia?"

"And see the place that the lady from Philadelphia came from," exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

"She is so wise," said Mrs. Peterkin; "she has had such opportunities."

"Let us go to-morrow; don't wait for the vacation," cried the little boys, in delight.

"It would be a very poor time to go now," said Mrs. Peterkin, "when the only person we should know, the lady from Philadelphia, is here."

"She could tell us how to go," said Solomon John.

"It is very hot in Philadelphia in summer, I have heard," said Mr. Peterkin.

"That is why she comes away," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"It would be a pity to go when everybody is away," said Agamemnon.

"Everybody away!" exclaimed the little boys. "What fun! Then we could go into the shops and take what we wanted!"

"Don't be absurd," said Solomon John; "of course, the policemen stay."

"Why should not we go later?" said Agamemnon.

"Why not wait till the fall?" said Mr. Peterkin.

"We ought to go in the little boys' vacation," said Mrs. Peterkin.

The little boys thought this was no matter; they could do something else in the vacation.

"But, then, it would not be a summer journey," said Mrs. Peterkin.

But Elizabeth Eliza felt this was not a serious objection.

"We might wait till the Centennial," suggested Agamemnon. Mrs. Peterkin was firm against this.

"No, I am old enough now," she said. "If I were to wait till I'm a hundred, I should n't enjoy anything!"

"There must be enough to see there now," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Benjamin Franklin came from Philadelphia, or else he went to it," said Agamemnon.

"Oh yes, I know all about him," said Solomon John; "he made paint-brushes of his cat's tail!"

"Oh no, that was another Benjamin, I am pretty sure," said Agamemnon.

"I don't know about that," said Solomon John; "but he became a famous artist, and painted the King and Queen of England."

"You must have mixed up the Benjamins," said Agamemnon. "I will go and borrow an encyclopedia, and look them out."

"And we will make paint-brushes out of Elizabeth Eliza's cat," exclaimed the little boys; "and we will become famous, and paint the King and Queen of England."

"You must not use the whole cat," said Solomon John; "and there is no King of England now."

"And I cannot spare her tail," cried Elizabeth Eliza, starting up in agony for her cat.

"It is only Philadelphia cats that are used for paint-brushes," said Mr. Peterkin. "We will see about it when we go. I think it is a good plan to wait till autumn, and it will give us time to talk with the lady from Philadelphia and consult her about it."

The little boys were quite satisfied. "A vacation and a journey too!" It was raining a little; but they put on their India-rubber boots, and went out to chase some ducks from a neighboring mud-puddle.

## ANN'S ANSWER.

By E. S. F.

SAID the teacher to Ann: "I wish, if you can, You would give a more definite answer." And Ann at once said, with a toss of her head: "I do just the best that I can, sir! But why should I try? do please tell me why (I think it's no use—not a particle), For I hear every day the grammar-class say That *An's* an *in*-definite article!"



## THE STORY OF A BIRCH-BARK BOY.

BY ISABEL FRANCIS.



IN a large forest, once upon a time, grew a clump of birch-trees; noble great trees they were, and everybody felt sorry when some woodmen were sent to cut them down. Down they must come, though, for the men had their orders, and orders must be obeyed, or there is no getting along in this world. Thwack, thwack went the bright steel axes, and the trees came crashing to the ground until there was only one left standing. He was the handsomest of all, and report said that he was the great, great, great-grandfather of all the others. Dear me, how he did groan and crack when the men went to work, chopping, tearing and pulling him, till at last he fell to the earth with

a noise like thunder. His bark was beautiful, fine, soft and flexible, and looked so much more valuable than the rest after it was torn off, that they placed it in a little heap by itself. It was now quite late, and the men went away, not to return till the next morning but one, for the day following would be a holiday.

It rained in the night, and in the morning the drops glistened on the forlorn little pile of bark, making it look as if it were weeping at the sight of the great tree it had always shielded from wind and storm by its close and loving embrace, lying shorn of its graceful limbs, stripped, and soaked with the rain.

Toward evening a party of young men passed through the forest on their way home from the festival. Their ages might range from sixteen to nineteen years,—mere boys, you will say; but they knew better, for could they not drink their glass of wine with any man? They made the quiet forest resound with their boisterous shouts and ill-mannered jokes, and when one of them made a remark which the others considered especially brilliant, they slapped him on the back and cried, "Good! good! One can easily see that you are a man of the world."

There was one little fellow in particular, the youngest of the party, who wore his first long-tailed

coat, and in consequence talked faster and louder, and told more silly stories than any of his companions. It was to his foolishness we owe this story; for on perceiving the birch-bark shining in the soft afternoon light, he exclaimed:

"Oho! let us make a birch-bark boy!"

"What?" said the rest, who had heard of snowmen before, but never of birch-bark boys.

"I'll show you," answered this naughty boy; and without stopping to consider whether he had any right to meddle with the bark, he took a long, narrow strip of it, pinned it together so that it somewhat resembled a short stove-pipe, formed another in the same way, set them up upon two smaller rolls laid on the ground for feet, and the birch-bark boy was half done. He then doubled a large square piece, fastening it with long thorns, pins not being strong enough to hold, and after cutting two holes in the side, in which he placed two cylinders of bark for arms, he finished by setting a good-sized India-rubber football on top for a head, and chalking marks for eyes, nose and mouth. There stood the birch-bark boy, sure enough, and a frightful-looking object he was; his round white eyes and the long, grinning line of his mouth made him a very ghastly sight to come upon suddenly at night. Just then a rustling was heard in the bushes near them, and the boys, alarmed at being caught in such mischief, took to their heels as fast as they could, leaving their best football behind them (which, by the way, was of a beautiful light brown color, not unlike the birch-bark itself) staring into the night with its great round eyes. The noise proved to be only a rabbit, hopping about in search of tender leaves for a dinner-party he intended to give; but "the wicked flee when no man pursueth."

There the birch-boy stood leaning against a tree, glaring at nothing; and had not something very strange happened in the night the boys would have come the next day and taken their football, and the workmen would have pulled his body to pieces.

As it was, however, they *did* come, and were furious at finding nothing there; not the faintest vestige of the boy was to be seen far or near. The workmen-scolded about the loss of their bark, but the boys had to hold their tongues concerning the thing *they* wanted. They knew it served them right to lose their precious ball, though they liked it none the better for that.

This is what happened in the night.



About that time there were a great many souls of babies to be carried to the earth; a great many more than you can think or dream of; and the angels that have this charge were consequently very busy. This night in particular there were so many that the angel who has the chief care of all the cunning little spirits thought he never would be able to get them all down in time. So he looked around for help, and espied a new-comer standing by, gazing at him with great interest. The new angel looked as if he must have been very good indeed when he was on earth, for he had such a lovely face. So the chief angel called to him, and asked if he would be willing to carry an exceedingly nice little soul to the castle at the end of the forest. The new-comer replied that he would be delighted to do so; and away he flew with his precious burden.

Now the chief angel was so busy that he had not time to give the other very explicit directions, and he therefore alighted at the wrong end of the forest, where there was nothing but dry waste land, with no houses far or near. So the angel wandered into the forest, looking in vain for any sign of life, until he came to where the moonlight glanced through the leaves upon the head of the birch-bark boy.

Now whether the angel never had any babies of his own when he lived on earth, or whether he was a Chinese angel and thought everybody was of a dirty yellow color, I don't know; I only know that he said: "Ah! they have sent him out to meet me."

So with these words he allowed the soul to become gradually absorbed into the poor birch-bark body till it was all gone, and then flew back again, never dreaming what mischief he had done.

The soul expanded and expanded to fill the unusually large body in which it found itself, till it was about like the soul of a good-sized boy, and then the poor fellow tried to move; but he was stiff, of course, not having any knees or elbows. Just try to walk without bending your knees, children, and you will know with what a hop, skip and a jump our birch-bark boy moved. The only comfort he had was that he was so light that the least breath of air would waft him anywhere like a feather, and he could easily keep himself down by rolling a stone up his hollow arm.

I cannot begin to tell you his adventures for some years after he came to life; so, suffice it to say that he was very unhappy, and longed with all his might to be like other boys who could bend their knees and run and jump and laugh. One day when he felt even more melancholy than usual, lying on the grass in the very forest where he was made, wishing he had eyes were they only to weep

with, an old woman stood suddenly before him, and said:

"Are you a goblin?"

He had often been taken for a goblin before, and the question did not surprise him, so he answered meekly:

"No, ma'am; I only wish I were."

You will be surprised to learn that he could answer at all, but there was a small hole in the football near where the boy had drawn his mouth, and though I think no one but a fairy could have understood him, the old woman did well enough, because she *was* one, as perhaps you have guessed. To ordinary ears his voice sounded something like that of a dog, of course, for was he not made of bark?

"What do you mean by such a wish as that?" asked the old woman sternly. And our poor boy, too delighted at being understood and talked to at all to notice her severity, answered:

"Because I wish I were anything else than the thing I am. I would do anything in the world to get rid of this hateful birch-bark body, which prevents my walking and running, and makes other children afraid of me, and oh! I'm *so* unhappy; and please, ma'am, you are the only one who ever understood what I say, and can't you help me to turn into a real boy, or else let me die here?" And the poor fellow was so affected that a sort of dampness spread all over him, which was the best he could do in the way of tears.

"I," said the old woman, "am a fairy, and to help you is precisely the reason I am here; and I have been moved to do this, not only because you are so wretched, but because I think you are a very good boy indeed, and will make a very good man. I cannot, however, do much for you," continued she, raising her hand as she saw he was about to interrupt her (and you all know, children, how dreadful it is to interrupt older people when they are talking); "you will have to help yourself. Listen to these words: *When you make yourself as useful in the world as if you had a body like other boys, you will receive your reward.*"

With these words she vanished in a white mist, leaving the boy stunned with astonishment, and even more in despair than before, for did not every one fly at his approach, and how could he be useful to them if they did that? However, being a brave little soul, he finally rose, and for a week went from place to place trying to get near enough to any one to see if he could be of any use. But he was afraid of grown men and women; and the children all ran shrieking to their mothers whenever they saw him coming. One cheering thing he observed though, which was that if people would only lose their fear of him, it would be very easy indeed to



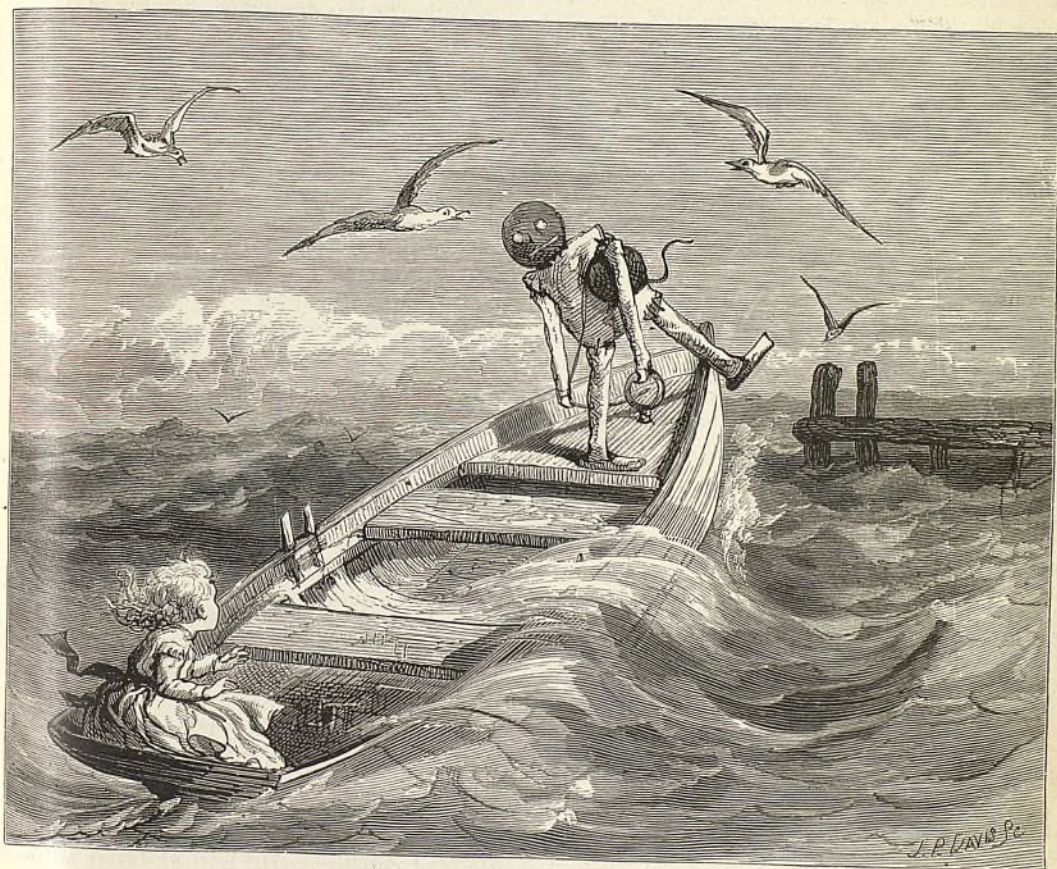
be as useful as most of the boys he saw, and he thought it very strange that big boys who were almost men should consider it necessary to pull their sisters' hair, or break their dolls' heads, or jump out of dark places suddenly to frighten them, or do a hundred other teasing things well known to suffering girls.

One day he was sitting disconsolately on the seashore, when he heard a faint cry. When I say *heard*, I do not mean heard as you hear, for you

only come and save her." And from appearances it was highly probable that she never would. How pretty she was, with her golden curls all tossed and tumbled by the wind, her great blue eyes filled with tears, and her dear little underlip quivering!

The dreadful danger that she was in touched the heart of our boy deeply, or rather the place where his heart ought to be, and yet "If it had been anything but this," the poor fellow thought.

I have not told you the sad fact that water was



THE BIRCH-BARK BOY TO THE RESCUE.

know he did n't have any real ears, but the birch-bark was so thin that his soul understood things and felt them in a mysterious way, without his knowing exactly how. At any rate I will use plain language and say that he *heard* a faint cry, and looking up saw a small row-boat slowly gliding past him out to sea, with no one in it but a little girl. She it was who had uttered the cry. Poor little thing! There she was drifting out to the wide ocean all alone, and crying piteously, and saying, between her sobs, that she "never, never would run away to play in a boat again if some one would

death to him. To get wet would indeed put a stop to all his hopes of ever being like other boys, for the dampness would penetrate through and through him, and he would then flatten and come apart. At one time he would not have cared, but now when his hopes were raised so high, could he dash them to the ground with one ruthless blow? Moreover, it was exceedingly painful to him, or he would have been tempted long ago to stand out in a hard shower and thus put an end to his wearisome existence. Then it was more than probable that his labor would be useless, for he would be wet through



before he reached her, and even if he were not, how could he be of any assistance? He hesitated, looked, and hesitated again, when he heard a sob, fainter than any before. A plan occurred to him, by which he thought he might possibly save her, and he sprang to his feet resolved to do and die.

"Her life is worth more than mine ever could be," he sighed; and instantly he began what looked like a species of gymnastic exercises in the air. The wind was blowing directly toward the sea, and he wanted to go inland, but he had learned to regulate his singularly formed body in such a manner that he could go in whatever direction he wished with the greatest rapidity, no matter from what quarter the wind blew. I don't pretend to know how he did it, but I suppose it was upon something the same principle as a schooner tacking. At all events he was at a store in the town in less than five seconds; all the people screamed, and tumbled over one another in their eagerness to get out of the way, but he, unheeding them, rolled a ball of strong twine up his arm with great dexterity, and sped away till he reached the boat, now quite a distance from land. The poor little girl shrieked with horror when she perceived him, which sent a pang through him, but he quietly dropped the ball of twine into the boat, and tried to tie the end of it to the ring in the bow. I do not know how many hours it would have taken him to accomplish this, or even if he could have succeeded at all, had not the little girl, whose name was Mabel, seen what he was endeavoring to do, and taking heart, tied the string quickly in a strong, hard knot. After this he had little difficulty in making her understand also that the other end was to be fastened round his body. Now began the "tug of war," for how was this poor little weak boy to tow a row-boat to land, over heavy swells, and with the wind dead against him? How he *did* do it he never knew, but his strength just lasted long enough to reach one of the huge piles of an unfinished wharf, to fly several times round it in order to secure the boat, and he fell, fainting, into the water. He felt himself slowly flattening, but before he quite lost consciousness he heard the voices of the men who were carrying home little Mabel.

He did not die, though; of course he did not; but was washed ashore, where he had a peaceful sleep, and awoke with the most singular sensation of weighing four or five hundred pounds. He thought too he heard a voice say:

"Because you hesitated, the deed was not complete; therefore the cure cannot be complete. But cheer up! You have done nobly, and in due time shall receive your reward."

He roused himself on hearing these words in order to see who spoke, but he could perceive

nothing save a white mist in the distance, which vanished immediately; and was it *he* who heard those words, or another boy—a real boy—who was sitting on the beach, gazing around in astonishment? No; it was himself, for there was his skin of birch-bark, only much softer and more delicate than before, stretched over as handsome and as solid a body as you would care to see. He could still hear and see a little by the same mysterious method I spoke of, but he was perfectly dumb; not a sound could he utter. The most remarkable of all was that he was dressed in a full suit of clothes; very nice clothes they were too, and so our boy thought till he discovered one defect that the fairy (not being used to boys) thought he would not perceive. *There was not a sign of a pocket anywhere about them.* I don't know how he found out this fatal fact so soon, for, never having been able to wear any clothes before, naturally one might suppose that he would not feel the want of pockets so keenly as boys who have had them all their lives. He seemed to know all about them, however, by instinct, and it would have melted a heart of stone to see him sitting mournfully on the beach, clapping his hands first to one side of his trousers and then to the other, and searching in all parts of his jacket and vest, once even looking up his sleeve to find some traces of the catch-alls, without which it would hardly seem necessary for boys to have clothes at all. The kind fairy knew too much, however, to risk his life for a few moments' gratification; for she had read in the newspapers what things go into boys' pockets, and knew that a huge jack-knife is the first requisite. Now if this boy's skin, being yet made of birch-bark, should be cut by accident, no matter how slightly, it never would heal, and she wished to avoid all accidents of that kind. She accordingly provided him with a little cottage just outside the town, and at meal-times a nice breakfast, dinner or supper, as the case might be, was set before him. I am grieved to say that he was obliged to eat with his fingers, his guardian not even allowing him to use a table-knife lest it should slip and cut him. He learned better afterward, however.

He soon became accustomed to his new mode of life, and often wandered round the town in search of some one to whom he could render assistance; also he wanted to see little Mabel again. Day after day passed, and though he stared at the people in the carriages and on the sidewalks, in stores and in houses, he did not see her. He had a pretty hard time of it besides. The rude boys in the streets hooted at him, and called him "Heathen Chinese" and "Mummy," and asked him "Who tanned him last?"

All these remarks made him feel very unhappy,



and discouraged him very much; and one day when he had been treated worse than usual, having had a narrow escape from a sharp stone thrown at him, he sat down in his little house the picture of despair. As he was gloomily looking out of the window at the setting sun slowly sinking behind the dark hills, he thought he discerned a faint light reddening the sky in another direction. He ascended to the roof to see what it meant, and perceived that a large house in the heart of the town was on fire. This made him still more melancholy than before, for any approach to flame cracked his brittle skin in a hundred places, so that the fairy had even to heat his cottage by steam.

"Alas!" cried he, "I might be of some use now, if it were not for my unfortunate skin. I will go, though, and watch for my chance, and perhaps I may be able to assist the sufferers after they are removed from the scorching heat."

So he went into the town, and followed the crowd of people, hustling and jostling one another, all running in one direction, not more than half of them knowing why or where they were going.

Our boy found that as soon as he came near enough to the fire to feel the heat, his skin began to crack, and to become exceedingly painful; so he ensconced himself on the top of a high building, behind a damp blanket, where he could see everything that went on, without being near enough to injure himself. The fire raged furiously, but though it was impossible to save the burning mansion, the surrounding houses stood in no danger, as they were separated by a small park. It was now quite late, and would have been very dark were it not for the glare of the flames, darting upward like gigantic tongues, roaring, and making the very air around to sing with the intense heat. One part of the building was nearly burned, and with a crash the side wall fell to the ground; but what was it that sent such a thrill through the heart of the boy, making him start to his feet, with every nerve quivering beneath his brown skin? Nothing but the shrill shriek of a child sounding distinctly above the din of falling walls and the rush of the flames. He had heard that voice before, and if it was Mabel within those burning ruins, crying for help, she *must* be saved.

Taking no thought of his own peril, he dashed out into the street and straight toward the flaming house like a whirlwind. Over the red-hot embers he flew, suffering the most frightful tortures, only thinking of Mabel and hoping to be able to reach her before he died. She was in a part of the house that had caught last; and was now standing at the window before a wild background of flames, calling for help with all the energy of mortal terror. Her father was miles away, and knew nothing of

the fire. Her poor mother, who had supposed her to be at the house of a friend, was running backward and forward, wringing her hands and offering enormous rewards to any one who would venture to save her darling. Just at that moment there appeared another form in the casement. A cry of hope resounded through the crowd as our boy unrolled a coil of rope he had snatched from one of the firemen as he passed. It was the work of a moment to fasten it securely around Mabel's body, and prepare to lower her to the ground, which was fortunately quite free from embers directly under the window. A man rushed forward to receive her, and our boy, with supernatural strength, lowered her gently till she was in the arms of the man, who lifted her high in the air, amid the shouts and applause of the crowd. The applause, however, soon changed to groans, for hardly had the child been restored to the embraces of her mother when the whole interior of the house in the part where our hero was standing gave way with a frightful crash, and, with one whirr-r-r bang, this world was over for the birch-bark boy.

The next morning the father returned to town, and found his home in ruins. But he soon placed Mabel and her mother in comfortable rooms, where they could stay until their new home could be made ready. Hardly had the little family assembled when the door-bell rang. An old woman wished to see them on important business. They were all three rather surprised when they saw their strange-looking visitor; but having been brought up in the best manner, they did not manifest their astonishment by either look or word until the old woman said:

"Would you not like to see the boy that saved your little girl's life?"

"Indeed we would," exclaimed all three together. "But we thought he was killed and buried in the ruins. How is he? Where is he? Who found him?"

"But is he really alive?" cried little Mabel, her blue eyes dilating. "Ah! no, he cannot be; he must be dead, and you are cruel to come here and tell stories." And with these words her tears and sobs broke forth afresh.

"Hush, Mabel!" said her mother quickly, for something in the old woman's look or manner impressed her she could hardly tell how, though she did not know their visitor was a fairy.

"Never mind, n-e-v-e-r mind," answered the fairy soothingly. "I like her the better for being fond of the boy who twice preserved her life; but I can assure you he is alive and well, as you shall see for yourself if you will come to the cottage just outside the town at three o'clock this afternoon. I saved him from the fire myself, for I am his guardian."



With these words she vanished in a mist, leaving them in a state of astonishment not to be described.

Our story is all told, as much as any story can be told. Of course Mabel and her parents went to the cottage outside of the town; of course they found there a beautiful youth,—birch-bark boy no longer, but as fine a young fellow as one could wish to see,—who recognized Mabel at once, and gladly

accepted the father and mother, who said he must go home with them and be Mabel's brother. And, of course, they all were happy as could be to the very end of their lives.

But our boy, for some strange reason, though he could talk, and leap and romp like any other young fellow, never liked to go alone to the forest, and to his dying day he always shuddered when he heard the old proverb, "His bark is worse than his bite."

## HOW DOLLS ARE MADE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

DARLING Rosabel came from the rag-bag.

From the rag-bag! you don't see how anything nice can come from such a place, do you say?

I fear you'll be shocked when I tell you that not only Rosabel, who is a "perfectly lovely" wax doll, but your own most precious dolly, if she's anything better than china, probably came out of the same dreadful place.

To be sure her head, neck, hands and feet are all of wax outside, and as only this covering shows, she is just as good and as pretty as though she were wax all through; and you know the old saying that "beauty is but skin deep." But, nevertheless, she *did* come out of the rag-bag, and I'll tell you all about it, while she sits there on the sofa, elegantly dressed, and looking as lovely as though she never even heard of such things as rags.

The true story of her life, since she was first created, would be very interesting; but it would make a big book, and I can't tell you half of it.

A new doll, did you say? Well, I know she has not lived long in her present shape, but you must remember that she was not always a doll; she was once wrapped up in a green bud, growing on a bush. She came out of that a long white bit of cotton, went through ever so many processes, and became cotton cloth of some kind; was bought and sold, and made up, and used, washed and ironed, and worn out as cloth, just to begin with. Think of all that probably happened to her before she even became rags!

That was only the beginning. After being worn-out rags she went into the rag-bag or the alley, made a journey on the back of a rag-man, went through a dreadful course of soaking and washing, and boiling, and bleaching, and pressing, and dry-

ing, and ever so much else, before she came out nice clean paper, ready for use again. Did you suspect your dolly had ever been paper?

Well, she was paper once, and who can tell what may have been her life while in that state, whether she was beautiful note-paper and carried loving



THE MODELER AT WORK.

messages from one friend to another, or whether she was used for business writing, or for wrapping up confectioners' dainties, or whether she was made into a book or not, or did good or harm. She'll never open her lips to tell of her past life; but you may be sure she was put to some use as paper, and



could tell strange stories of what she has seen, if she could only remember—and talk.

You see she's very old, older than any of you,

turn around if he wishes. From a lump of soft clay, he has cut and shaped a doll's head and neck, and in another lump of clay near him, you see he has stuck his spare knives. When the model is finished, the modeler makes lines on it, with colored crayons, as a guide to the next workman, who is called a molder.

When the pattern, or model, is ready, there must be made a mold, in which to shape the paper pulp from the kettle. This is made by the molder. He takes the pretty clay model, when it is dry and hard, and lays it face up, in a dish of wet clay, pressing the clay into every corner up to the colored line which the modeler

made. This being done, he builds a wall of clay around the mass, coming up some inches higher all around than the face of the model, which is left uncovered. The whole looks like a box half full of clay, with a face looking out of it. In the

and I don't think it's respectful to old age to treat her as some of you do. I hope you'll mend your manners toward her, now that you know about her age and dignity.

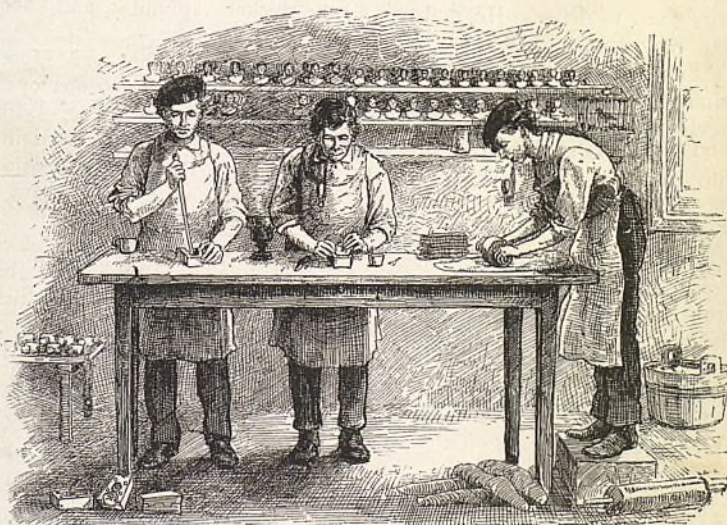
When the paper of which she is made was old and soiled, and unfit for use, it was taken to a doll manufactory, in the little city of Sonneburg, near the northern border of Bavaria, and there it went through the operations that made it into this pretty doll. I can show you, as well as tell you about it, for here are some sketches taken for ST. NICHOLAS in one of those very factories.

The first thing, of course, is to make that mass of paper into a clean pulp, and we'll leave it boiling away in a big kettle, while we see what the doll-makers are doing, to get ready to use it. First they must have a model of Miss Dolly's head. A model, you know, is a figure made of the exact size and shape of the head, for a pattern.

Now look at the picture on page 228. The man is making a model. You see he has a narrow workbench which he can make higher or lower, or even



MAKING THE MOLD.



WORKING THE PAPER DOUGH.

upper picture on this page, you see one man holding the clay walls together, while the other one pours over the face some melted sulphur which he has taken from the stove. Sometimes plaster of Paris



is used instead of sulphur, but it is not thought to be so good.

The mold is not done yet. The clay was put on merely to protect that part of the head while the rest was molded. When the sulphur is cold, the box is turned over, and the clay taken away, leaving Miss Rosabel with her face buried in sulphur. It's well she cannot smell; the visitors to the room who *can*, do not care to stay long.

Clay walls are again built up, and more sulphur is poured in to make a mold for the back of her head. The boxes on the floor in the picture are molds, as they look when done, and the open one shows you the two separate sides.

Now the mold is finished, and we must go back to our paper pulp, which we left boiling, you know. When soft and ready for use the water is squeezed out, and other things added—some powdered clay to make it stiff, and a little glue to make it sticky. These are worked up together till the mass is about like dough, and indeed it is made into loaves, as you see in the third picture.

The loaves are on the floor, under the table, and the man with the rolling-pin is rolling out the paper dough—papier maché it is called—for the other man to shape. He makes it a little thicker than pie crust, and then cuts it into pieces the right size for use, making a pile of them, with flour or powdered clay between to prevent their sticking together.

The man next to him is pressing one of these thin cakes of paper dough into the molds for Dolly's head, and the third man is making it fit more nicely into every crack and corner of the mold, with a tool of some sort, so that it will be a perfect copy of the original model. You see they are smoking. That is because they have to keep the room very hot so that the heads will dry quickly, and the heat makes the workmen so sleepy that they smoke to keep themselves awake.

See the half heads laid out to dry on the table, and the finished heads on the shelves behind the workmen.

But to go on, when the man has carefully fitted the sheet of dough into every part of the mold, he pares off the edges with a knife as you see a cook cut the crust from a pie plate, lifts the half head out of the mold, and lays it on the table to dry a little. When dry enough it is again pressed in the mold to give it a more perfect shape, and then is dried for the last time. The two halves being

finished, they are glued together, and Miss Rosabel for the first time takes an upright position on a shelf, where she stands till she is hard and dry, looking more like stiff pasteboard than anything else.

Miss Dolly is not very pretty in that state, I must admit. She is of a dingy gray color, with no eyes and no hair. However, she is not yet finished.



SMOOTHING AND COLORING DOLLS' HEADS.

Her next journey is to the eye-setter. A rough doctor he is, and the first thing he does is to cut off the top of her head, by running a sharp knife around it, and knocking the piece out with a hammer.

What for? Merely to put in her eyes, my dear; and a curious operation it is, too. If they were immovable eyes, like a common doll's, they would be simply glued in; but in a young lady of Miss Rosabel's pretensions, who meekly shuts her eyes when her mamma lays her down, there is much to be done.

In the first place, the eyes themselves, life-like as possible, have been carefully made of glass, in a large factory which turns out nothing but eyes. These the eye-setter now fastens to a piece of curved wire with a ball of lead on the end. It is the weight of this lead which makes her eyes close when her head goes down. Then the workman, with a sharp knife, cuts a hole for each eye, and goes on to put them in. I can't explain exactly how he makes them all secure, but there is plaster to hold them in place, and support the cheeks; a cork, or sponge, to keep the lead from hitting her chin; pieces of wood to prevent her head from being easily crushed, and various arrangements by means of which the whole is made firm and strong, and able to endure the hard knocks she may expect, in the rough life before her.



When everything is in, the cut-off slice of her head is glued on again, and Miss Rosabel has received all the furnishing for the inside of her head, that she will ever have. If your poor doll ever is so unfortunate as to break her head, you can look in and see all this machinery, if you like.

Now the inside is finished, the next thing is to put on her lovely complexion.

First must be removed any roughness, such as bits of glue at the seams of her head.

Women now go to work on Miss Rosabel's head, as you see in the picture on the opposite page. One of them is filing the roughness off, and the other is giving it a coat of ruddy flesh-colored paint, from the top of the head to the ends of the shoulders. Dolls who have hair made of the same material as their heads, like bisque and china dolls, have the hair varnished black, but Rosabel has real hair, so she is colored alike all over. A frightful-looking object she is, too, with color enough for a boiled lobster.

When she has received her color, and got dry, which she does under the hands of these rather sour-looking women, she proceeds to the next operator, who is the waxer. You see him below.

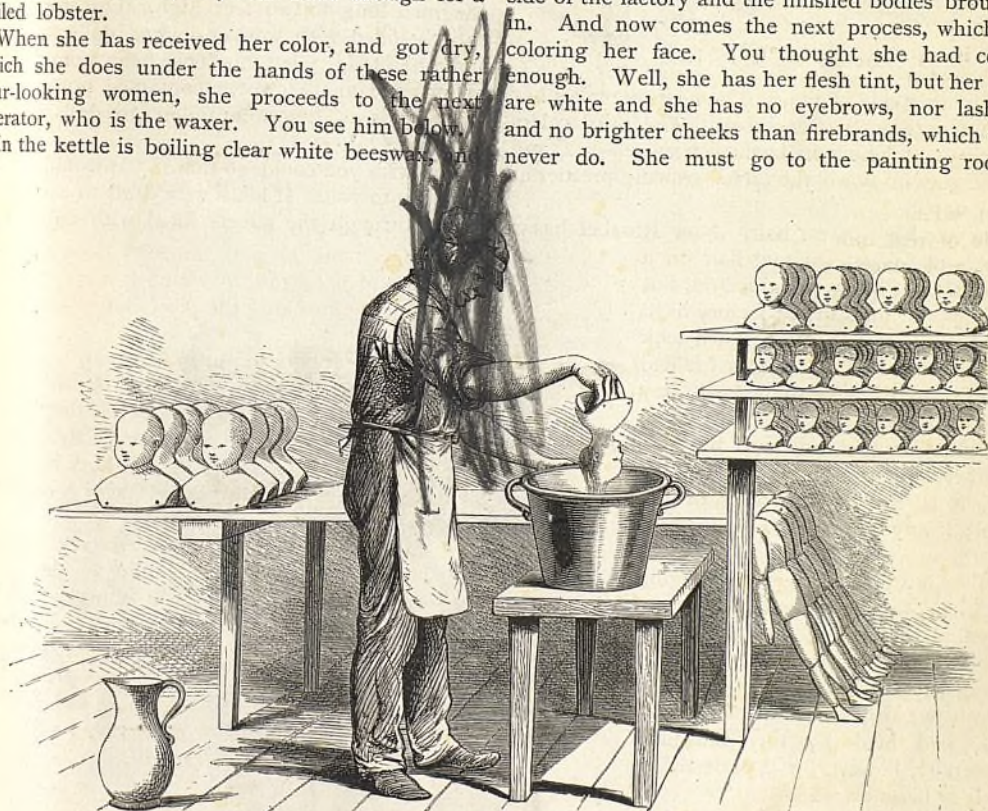
In the kettle is boiling clear white beeswax, and

one giving her a thin coat of wax, and toning down her flaming complexion into the delicate pink which you see. The reason she was painted so red, you know, is that she may have the proper tint when the wax is on.

I should have told you before that her hands and feet were made in the same way as her head, molded, and painted, and waxed.

In this picture you see the bodies of cloth or leather. They are made by families outside of the factory, and brought in all ready for the heads. Can your dolly cry? Rosabel can, and therefore her body is stuffed with hay, because sawdust, the usual stuffing, would get into her crying machine, and make her dumb forever after. To give her a voice, you must know, she has a sort of a bellows-like arrangement, such as you have seen attached to a toy cat, which when pressed would mew.

These parts are all made and put together outside of the factory and the finished bodies brought in. And now comes the next process, which is coloring her face. You thought she had color enough. Well, she has her flesh tint, but her lips are white and she has no eyebrows, nor lashes, and no brighter cheeks than firebrands, which will never do. She must go to the painting room.



THE WAXER.

into it you see Miss Dolly has been dipped, and is being held up to drain. If she had been intended for a cheap doll, she would have received but one dip, but being destined to belong to the aristocracy of the doll world, she received several dips, each

On the next page you will see one of the workmen in this room.

In this room is a long table with several workmen, each of whom does only one thing. The first one paints Miss Dolly's lips, and sets her down





PAINTING THE DOLL'S FACE.

on the other side of him. The next one takes her up and puts on her eyebrows. The third colors her cheeks. The fourth pencils her eyelashes, and so she goes on down the table, growing prettier at every step.

But she has yet no hair. Now Rosabel has a regular wig, made of real hair on a foundation of lace, and glued on, but many of the dolls in the factory have locks made of fine wool, which look like real hair. This wool is braided up tight, and boiled to make it stay wavy. It is curled over a glass tube, and glued to the head curl by curl, whether long or short. If it is yellow, it is the natural color of the wool; if any other color, it has been dyed.

Here is a picture of girls arranging the hair, and you see they seem to enjoy the work. Sometimes the hair is elaborately braided, and done up in style. I dare say you have seen it put around in a droll German coil, and held by tiny hair-pins. Generally, however, it is preferred in curls or loose waves.

Now the head is done; and how many people do you suppose have had a hand in bringing it from the paper pulp to the present state? You can't tell? Not less than thirty-eight, each one of whom never does but one thing, and thus becomes very skillful.

But though the head is finished, Miss Rosabel is not yet out of the factory. She must have her head, as well as her hands and feet, glued fast to her body; and then—last but by no means least—she must have a wardrobe. Cheap dolls have merely one garment, loosely stitched together by a machine at the rate of about two cents a dozen. But our dolly was sent to a regular dolls' dress-maker, and clothed from head to foot in a very pretty suit. Of course it is not in style now, for it was made several months ago, you must know.

The last picture shows the dolls going to the warerooms. You see how neatly they are packed in the basket cradle, and carried between two girls. In the warehouse Miss Rosabel was surrounded by hundreds and thousands of fellow dolls, many of them made in the same mold with herself, and as like her as twin sisters could be.

I have read of one of those warehouses, where twelve rooms were filled with dolls, of all sizes from one inch long to two feet high. One room was entirely filled with wooden-jointed dolls, an inch and a-half long, piled in a loose heap from floor to ceiling, and another room contained nothing but dolls' heads. There were millions of dolls in that one house.

You wish you could go there? It would be interesting to you. It looks very droll to see a cart going through the streets filled with dolls' legs,



DRESSING DOLLS' HAIR.



for instance, each one with clean white stocking and bright slipper painted on.

One wholesale house in that town buys thirty thousand of the inch and a-half babies every week the year round. For my part, I should think a few years of such work would nearly pave our streets with wooden dolls. A smart worker can make twenty dozen of this size in a day.

Would n't it be funny to live where almost the only business carried on is toy-making? Where grown up men and women spend their whole lives in inventing, improving, and making dolls that

there I found her last winter, on the day before Christmas, and brought her home to a little girl that I know.

I'm obliged to confess, before I finish, that Rosabel and others made in that factory are not the very nicest dolls made. There is the genuine wax doll, whose head is of wax all through, and whose curls, and eyebrows, and eyelashes are of real hairs, put into the head one by one. Such a doll, with her wardrobe, costs several hundred dollars, and is too nice to play with, though very pretty to look at. No doubt, you little city maids have seen



GOING TO THE WARE-ROOMS.

talk, and turn their heads, and shut their eyes, and creep, and walk, besides engines that run, and horses that draw a load, and steamboats that go—a million of dollars' worth in a year, and all to amuse the great army of little folks in the world?

The children who live in that fairy land, however, care very little for toys; the poor little creatures are all workers. When very young they begin to learn to make some one toy, or part of a toy, and they spend their whole lives at it. The pay is small, and every one of the family must help.

But to go back to Rosabel. From that ware-house she was packed in a box and sent on a sea voyage. Arrived in America, she was once more brought to light, set up in a shop window, and

them, with their beautiful trunks full of clothes, dresses of all sorts, shoes, gloves, parasols, jewelry, pocket handkerchiefs, brushes and combs, and nearly everything a grown lady needs in her trunk.

Do you wish you had one? Well, my dear, let me tell you a secret; you would n't enjoy it half so much as you do dolls you can play with, and dress and attend to yourself. They are puppets,—not babies.

The other dolls in your play-house, the bisque and china, are made in the same way as Rosabel, only the dough is of clay instead of paper pulp, and the heads are baked to make them hard.

So your pretty bisque dolls are made of mud, and your wax ones came from the rag-bag. Isn't it wonderful what changes go on in the world?



## THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE BOY WITH ONE SUSPENDER.

JACK'S first thought, after assuring himself that his horse was irrevocably gone, was to run for help to the line of settlements on the other side of the grove, where some means of pursuit might be obtained.

He knew that the road which Mr. Wiggett had described could not be much beyond the hollow where his wagon was; and, dashing forward, he soon found it. Then, stopping to give a last despairing look at the billowy line of prairie over which his horse had disappeared, he started to run through the woods.

He had not gone far when he heard a cow-bell rattle, and the voice of a boy shouting. He paused to take breath and listen; and presently with a crashing of bushes three or four horned cattle came pushing their way through the undergrowth, into the open road, followed by a lad without a jacket, with one suspender and a long switch.

"Boy," Jack cried, "how far is it to the nearest house?"

"Our house is jest down through the woods here," replied the boy, stopping to stare.

"How far is that?"

"Not quite so far as it is to Peakslow's house."

"Where is Peakslow's house?"

"Next house to ours, down the river."

Seeing that this line of questions was not likely to lead to anything very satisfactory, Jack asked:

"Can I get a horse of anybody in your neighborhood,—a good fast horse to ride?"

The boy whipped a bush with his switch, and replied:

"There aint any good horses around here, 'thout 't is Peakslow's; but one of his has got the spring-halt, and t' other 's got the blind staggers; and he's too mean to lend his horses; and, besides, he went to Chicago with 'em both this morning."

Jack did not stop to question the probability of a span thus afflicted being driven on so long a journey; but asked if Mr. Wiggett had horses.

"No—yes. I believe his horses are all oxen," replied the boy; "not very fast or good to ride, either."

Thereupon Jack, losing all patience, cried out: "Isn't there a decent nag to be had in this region?"

"Who said there was n't?" retorted the boy.

"Where is there one?"

"We've got one."

"A horse?"

"No; a mare."

"Why did n't you tell me before?"

"'Cause you asked for horses; you did n't say anything about mares."

"Is she good to ride?"

"Pretty good,—though if you make her go much faster 'n she takes a notion to, she's got the heaves so folks 'll think there's a small volcano coming!"

"How fast will she go?"

"As fast as a good slow walk; that's her style," said the boy, and whipped the bushes. "But, come to think, father's away from home, and you'll have to wait till to-morrow night before you can see him, and get him to let you take her."

"Boy," said Jack, tired of the lad's tone of levity, and thinking to interest him by a statement of the facts in the case, "I've been hunting, and a rascal I trusted with my horse has run off with him, and I have a harness and a buggy and a couple of dead deer out there on the prairie."

"Deer?" echoed the lad, pricking up his ears at once. "Did you shoot 'em? Where? Can I go and see 'em?"

Jack was beginning to see the hopelessness of pursuing the horse-thief that night, or with any help to be had in that region; and he now turned his thoughts to getting the buggy home.

"Yes, boy; come with me," he said.

The boy shouted and switched his stick at the cattle browsing by the wayside, and started them on a smart trot down the road, then hastened with Jack to the spot where the wagon and game had been left, guarded by Lion.

But Jack had another object in view than simply to gratify the lad's curiosity.

"If you will hold up the shafts and pull a little, I'll push behind, and we can take the buggy through the woods. After we get it up out of this hollow, and well into the road, it will be down-hill the rest of the way."

"You want to make a horse of me, do ye?" cried the boy. "I was n't born in a stable!"

"Neither was I," said Jack. "But I don't object to doing a horse's work. I'll pull in the shafts."



"O good!" screamed the boy, making his switch whistle about his head. "And I'll get on the seat and drive!" And he made a spring at the wagon.

But Lion had something to say about that. Having been placed on guard, and not yet relieved, he would permit no hand but his master's to touch anything in his charge. A frightful growl made the boy recoil and go backward over the dead deer.

"Here, Lion! down with you!" cried Jack, as the excited dog was pouncing on the supposed intruder.

The boy scrambled to his feet, and was starting to run away, in great terror, when Jack, fearing to lose him, called out:

"Don't run! He may chase you if you do. Now he knows you are my friend, you are safe, only stay where you are."

"Blast his picture!" exclaimed the boy. "He's a perfect cannibal! What does anybody want to keep such a savage critter as that for?"

"I had told him to watch. Now he is all right. Come!"

"Me? Travel with that dog? I would n't go with him," the boy declared, meaning to make the strongest possible statement, "if 't was a million miles, and you'd fill the road with sugar-candy all the way!" And he backed off warily.

Jack got over the difficulty by sending the dog on before; and finally, by an offer of money, which would purchase a reasonable amount of sugar-candy,—enough to pave the short road to happiness, for a boy of thirteen,—induced him to help lift the deer into the buggy, and then to go behind and push.

They had hard work at first, getting the wagon up out of the hollow; and the boy, when they reached at last the top of the hill, and stopped to rest, declared that there was n't half the fun in it there was in going a-fishing; the justice of which remark Jack did not question. But after that the way was comparatively easy; and with Jack pulling in the shafts, his new acquaintance pushing in the rear, and Lion trotting on before, the buggy went rattling down the woodland road in lively fashion.

## CHAPTER VI.

### "LORD BETTERSON'S."

On a sort of headland jutting out from the high timber region into the low prairie of the river bot-

tom, stood a house, known far and near as "Lord Betterton's," or, as it was sometimes derisively called, "Lord Betterton's Castle," the house being about as much a castle as the owner was a lord.

The main road of the settlement ran between it and the woods; while on the side of the river, the land swept down in a lovely slope to the valley, which flowed away in a wider and more magnificent stream of living green. It was really a fine site, shaded by five or six young oaks left standing in the spacious door-yard.

The trouble was, that the house had been pro-



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jected on somewhat too grand a scale for the time and country, and, what was worse, for the owner's resources. He had never been able to finish it; and now its weather-browned clapboards, unpainted front pillars, and general shabby, ill-kept appearance set off the style of architecture in a way to make beholders smile.

"Lord Betterton took a bigger mouthful than he could swallow, when he set out to build his castle here," said his neighbor, Peakslow.

The proprietor's name—it may as well be explained—was Elisha Lord Betterton. It was thus he always wrote it, in a large round hand, with a bold flourish. Now the common people never will submit to call a man *Elisha*. The furthest they can possibly go will be '*Lisha*, or '*Lisky*'; and, ten



to one, the tendency to monosyllables will result in *'Lishe*. There had been a feeble attempt among the vulgar to familiarize the public mind with *'Lishe Betterton*; but the name would not stick to a person of so much dignity of character. It was useless to argue that his dignity was mere pomposity; or that a man who, in building a fine house, broke down before he got the priming on, was unworthy of respect; still no one could look at him, or call up his image, and say, conscientiously, "*'Lishe Betterton*." He who, in this unsettled state of things, taking a hint from the middle name, pronounced boldly aloud, "*LORD BETTERTON*," was a public benefactor. "*Lord Betterton*" and "*Lord Betterton's Castle*" had been popular ever since.

The house, with its door-posts of unpainted pine, darkly soiled by the contact of unwashed childish hands, and its unfinished rooms, some of them lathed, but unplastered (showing just the point at which the owner's resources failed), looked even more shabby within than without.

This may have been partly because the house-keeper was sick. She must have been sick, if that was she, the pale, drooping figure, sitting wrapped in an old red shawl, that summer afternoon. She looked not only sick, but exceedingly discouraged. And no wonder.

At her right hand was an empty cradle; and she held a puny infant in her arms, trying to still its cries. At her left was a lounge, on which lay the helpless form of an invalid child, a girl about eleven years old. The room was comfortless. An old, high-colored piece of carpeting half covered the rough floor; its originally gaudy pattern, out of which all but the red had faded, bearing witness to some past stage of family gentility, and serving to set off the surrounding wretchedness.

Tipped back in a chair against the rough and broken laths, his knees as high as his chin, was a big, slovenly boy of about seventeen, looking lazily out from under an old, ragged hat-rim, pushed over his eyes. Another big, slovenly boy, a year or two younger, sat on the door-step, whistling quite as much for his own amusement as for that of a little five-year-old ragamuffin outside.

Not much comfort for the poor woman and the sick girl shone from these two indifferent faces. Indeed the only ray of good cheer visible in that disorderly room gleamed from the bright eyes of a little girl not more than nine or ten years old,—so small, in truth, that she had to stand on a stool by the table, where she was washing a pan of dishes.

"O boys!" said the woman in a feeble, complaining tone, "do, one of you, go to the spring and bring some fresh water for your poor, sick sister."

"It's Rufe's turn to go for water," said the boy on the door-step.

"Taint my turn, either," muttered the boy tipped back against the laths. "Besides, I've got to milk the cow soon as Link brings the cattle home. Hear the bell yet, Wad?"

"Never mind, Cecie!" cried the little dish-washer, cheerily. "I'll bring you some water as soon as I have done these dishes."

And, holding her wet hands behind her, she ran to give the young invalid a kiss in the meanwhile.

Cecie returned a warm smile of love and thanks, and said she was in no hurry. Then the child, stopping only to give a bright look and a pleasant word to the baby, ran back to her dishes.

"I should think you would be ashamed, you two great boys!" said the woman, "to sit round the house and let that child, Lilian, wait upon you, get your suppers, wash your dishes, and then go to the spring for water for your poor suffering sister!"

"I'm going to petition the Legislature," said Wad, "to have that spring moved up into our back yard; it's too far to go for water. There come the cattle, Rufe."

"Tell Chokie to go and head 'em into the barn-yard," yawned Rufe, from his chair. "I wonder nobody ever invented a milking machine. Wish I had one. Just turn a crank, you know."

"You'll be wanting a machine to breathe with, next," said the little dish-washer.

"Y-a-as," drawled Rufe. "I think a breathing machine would be popular in this family. Children cry for it. Get me the milk-pail, Lill; that's a nice girl!"

"Do get it yourself, Rufus," said the mother. "You'll want your little sister to milk for you, soon."

"I think it belongs to girls to milk," said Rufe. "There's Sal Wiggett,—aint she smart at it, though? She can milk your head off! Is that a wagon coming, Wad?"

"Yes!" cried Wad, jumping to his feet with unusual alacrity. "A wagon without a horse, a fellow pulling in the shafts, and Link pushing behind; coming right into the front yard!"

Rufe also started up at this announcement, and went to the door.

"Hallo!" he said, "had a break-down? What's that in the hind part of your wagon? Deer! a deer and a fawn! Where did you shoot 'em? Where's your horse?"

"Look out, Rufe!" screamed the small boy from behind, rushing forward. "Touch one of these deer, and the dog'll have ye! We've got two deer, but we've lost our horse,—scamp rode him away,—and we want —"



"We do, do we?" interrupted Wad, mockingly. "How many deer did *you* shoot, Link?"

"Well, I helped get the buggy over, anyway! And that's the savagest dog ever was! And—say! will mother let us take the old mare to drive over to North Mills this evening?"

## CHAPTER VII.

### JACK AT THE "CASTLE."

FOR an answer to this question, the person most interested in it, who had as yet said least, was shown into the house. Rufe and Wad and Link and little Chokie came crowding in after him, all eager to hear him talk of the adventure.

"And, O ma!" cried Link, after Jack had briefly told his story, "he says he will give us the fawn, and pay me besides, if I will go with him to-night, and bring back the old mare in the morning."

"I don't know," said the woman, wrapping her red shawl more closely about her, to conceal from the stranger her untidy attire. "I suppose, if Mr. Betterson was at home he would let you take the mare. But you know, Lincoln,"—turning with a reproachful look to the small boy,—“you have never been brought up to take money for little services. Such things are not becoming in a family like ours."

And in the midst of her distress, she put on a complacent smirk, straightened her emaciated form and sat there, looking like the very ghost of pride, wrapped in an old red shawl.

"Did you speak of Mr. Betterson?" Jack inquired, interested.

"That is my husband's name."

"Elisha L. Betterson?"

"Certainly. You know my husband? He belongs to the Philadelphia Bettersons—a very wealthy and influential family," said the woman, with a simper. "Very wealthy and influential."

"I have heard of your husband," said Jack. "If I am not mistaken, you are Mrs. Caroline Betterson—a sister of Vinnie Dalton, sometimes called Vinnie Presbit."

"You know my sister Lavinia!" exclaimed Mrs. Betterson, surprised, but not overjoyed. "And you know Mr. Presbit's people?"

"I have never seen them," replied Jack, "but I almost feel as if I had, I have heard so much about them. I was with Vinnie's foster-brother, George Greenwood, in New York, last summer, when he was sick, and she went down to take care of him."

"And I presume," returned Mrs. Betterson, taking another reef in her shawl, "that you heard her tell a good deal about us; things that would no doubt tend to prejudice a stranger; though

if all the truth was known, she would n't feel so hard toward us as I have reason to think she does."

Jack hastened to say that he had never heard Vinnie speak unkindly of her sister.

"You are very polite to say so," said Mrs. Betterson, rocking the cradle, in which the baby had been placed. "But I know just what she has said. She has told you that after I married Mr. Betterson I felt above my family; and that when her mother died (she was not *my* mother, you know,—we are only half-sisters), I suffered her to be taken and brought up by the Presbits, when I ought to have taken her and been as a mother to her,—she was so much younger than I. She is even younger by a month or two than my oldest son; and we have joked a good deal about his having an aunt younger than he is."

"Yes," spoke up Rufe, standing in the door; "and I've asked a hundred times why we don't ever hear from her, or write to her, or have her visit us. Other folks have their aunts come and see 'em. But all the answer I could ever get was, 'Family reasons, Rufus!'"

"That is it, in a word," said Mrs. Betterson; "family reasons. I never could explain them; so I have never written to poor, dear Lavinia—though, Heaven knows, I should be glad enough to see her; and I hope she has forgiven what seemed my hardness; and—do tell me" (Mrs. Betterson wiped her eyes) "what sort of a girl is she? how has she come up?"

"She is one of the kindest-hearted, most unselfish, beautiful girls in the world!" Jack exclaimed. "I mean, beautiful in her spirit," he added, blushing at his own enthusiasm.

"The Presbits are rather coarse people to bring up such a girl," said Mrs. Betterson, with a sigh—of self-reproach, Jack thought.

"But she has a natural refinement, which nothing could make her lose," he replied. "Then, it was a good thing for her to be brought up with George Greenwood. She owes a great deal to the love of books he inspired in her. You ought to know your sister, Mrs. Betterson."

The lady gave way to a flood of tears.

"It is too bad! such separations are unnatural. Certainly," she went on, "I can't be accused of feeling above my family now. Mr. Betterson has had three legacies left him, two since our marriage; but he has been exceedingly unfortunate."

"Two such able-bodied boys must be a help and comfort to you," said Jack.

"Rufus and Wadleigh," said Mrs. Betterson, "are good boys, but they have been brought up to dreams of wealth, and they have not learned to take hold of life with rough hands."



Jack suggested that it might have been better for them not to have such dreams.

"Yes—if our family is to be brought down to the common level. But I can't forget, I can't wish them ever to forget, that they have Betterton blood in their veins."

Jack could hardly repress a smile as he glanced from those stout heirs of the Betterton blood to the evidences of shiftlessness and wretchedness around them, which two such sturdy lads, with a little less of the precious article in their veins, might have done something to remedy.

But his own unlucky adventure absorbed his thoughts, and he was glad when Link vociferously demanded if he was to go and catch the mare.

"Yes! yes! do anything but kill me with that dreadful voice!" replied the mother, waving him off with her trembling hand. "Don't infer from what I have said," she resumed, gathering herself up again with feeble pride, "that we are poor. Mr. Betterton will come into a large fortune when an uncle of his dies; and he gets help from him occasionally now. Not enough, however, to enable him to carry on the farm; and it requires capital, you are aware, to make agriculture a respectable profession."

Jack could not forbear another hit at the big boys.

"It requires land," he said; "and that you have. It also requires bone and muscle; and I see some here."

"True," simpered Mrs. Betterton. "But their father has n't encouraged them very much in doing the needful labors of the farm."

"He has n't set us the example," broke in Rufe, piqued by Jack's remark. "If he had taken hold of work, I suppose we should. But while he sits down and waits for somebody or something to come along and help him, what can you expect of us?"

"Our Betterton blood shows itself in more ways than one!" said Wad, with a grin, illustrating his remark by lazily seating himself once more on the door-step.

Evidently the boys were sick of hearing their mother boast of the aristocratic family connection. She made haste to change the subject.

"Sickness has been our great scourge. The climate has never agreed with either me or my husband. Then our poor Cecilia met with an accident a year ago, which injured her so that she has scarcely taken a step since."

"An accident done a-purpose!" spoke up Rufe, angrily. "Zeph Peakslow threw her out of a swing—the meanest trick! They're the meanest family in the world, and there's a war between us. I'm only waiting my chance to pay off that Zeph."

"Rufus!" pleaded the little invalid from the

lounge, "you know he could never have meant to hurt me so much. Don't talk of paying him off, Rufus!"

"Cecie is so patient under it all!" said Mrs. Betterton. "She never utters a word of complaint. Yet she does n't have the care she ought to have. With my sick baby, and my own aches and pains, what can I do? There are no decent house-servants to be had, for love or money. O, what would n't I give for a good, neat, intelligent, sympathizing girl! Our little Lillian, here,—poor child!—is all the help I have."

At that moment the bright little dish-washer, having put away the supper things, and gone to the spring for water, came lugging in a small but brimming pail.

"It is too bad!" replied Jack. "You should have help about the hard work," with another meaning glance at the boys.

"Yes," said Rufe, "we ought to; and we did have Sal Wiggett a little while this summer. But she had never seen the inside of a decent house before. About all she was good for was to split wood and milk the cow."

"O, how good this is!" said the invalid, drinking. "I was so thirsty! Bless you, dear Lill! What should we do without you?"

Jack rose to his feet, hardly repressing his indignation.

"Would you like a drink, sir?" said Lill, taking a fresh cupful from her pail, and looking up at him with a bright smile.

"Thank you, I should very much! But I can't bear the thought of your lugging water from the spring for me."

"Why, Lillie!" said Cecie, softly, "you should have offered it to him first."

"I thought I did right to offer it to my sick sister first," replied Lill, with a tender glance at the lounge.

"You did right, my good little girl!" exclaimed Jack, giving back the cup. He looked from one to the other of the big boys, and wondered how they could witness this scene and not be touched by it. But he only said:

"Have these young men too much Betterton blood in them to dress the fawn, if I leave it with you?"

"We'll fall back on our Dalton blood, long enough for that," said Wad, taking the sarcasm in good part.

"A little young venison will do Cecie so much good!" said Mrs. Betterton. "You are very kind. But don't infer that we consider the Dalton blood inferior. I was pleased with what you said of Lavinia's native refinement. I feel as if, after all, she was a sister to be proud of."



At this last display of pitiful vanity, Jack turned away.

"The idea of such a woman concluding that she may be proud of a sister like Vinnie!" thought he.

But he spoke only to say good-by; for just then Link came riding the mare to the door.

She was quickly harnessed to the buggy, while Link, at his mother's entreaty, put on a coat, and made himself look as decent as possible. Then Jack drove away, promising that Link, who accompanied him, should bring the mare back in the morning.

"Mother," said the thoughtful Lill, "we ought to have got him some supper."

"I thought of it," said the sick woman, "but you know we have nothing fit to set before him."

"He won't famish," said Rufe,—"with the large supply of sauce which he keeps on hand! Mother, I wish you would n't ever speak of our Betterson blood again; it only makes us ridiculous."

Thereupon Mrs. Betterson burst into tears, complaining that her own children turned against her.

"O, bah!" exclaimed Rufe, with disgust, stalking out of the room, banging a milk-pail, and waking the baby. "Be sharpening the knives, Wad, while I milk; then we'll dress that fawn in a hurry. Wish the fellow had left us the doe instead."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOW VINNIE MADE A JOURNEY.

LEAVING Jack to drive home the borrowed mare in the harness of the stolen horse, and to take such measures as he could for the pursuit of the thief and the recovery of his property, we have now to say a few words of Mrs. Betterson's younger sister.

Vinnie had perhaps thriven quite as well in the plain Presbit household as she would have done in the home of the ambitious Caroline. The tasks early put upon her, instead of hardening and embittering her, had made her self-reliant, helpful and strong, with a grace like that acquired by girls who carry burdens on their heads. For it is thus that labors cheerfully performed, and trials borne with good-will and lightness of heart, give a power and a charm to body and mind.

It was now more than a year since George Greenwood, who had been brought up with her in his uncle's family, had left the farm, and gone to seek his fortune in the city. A great change in the house, and a very unhappy change for Vinnie, had been the result. It was not that she missed her foster-brother so much; but his going out had occasioned the coming in of another nephew, who brought a young wife with him. The nephew filled George's place on the farm, and the young wife

showed a strong determination to take Vinnie's place in the household.

As long as she was conscious of being useful, in however humble a sphere, Vinnie was contented. She did her daily outward duty, and fed her heart with secret aspirations, and kept a brave, bright spirit through all. But now nothing was left to her but to contend for her rights with the new-comer, or to act the submissive part of drudge where she had almost ruled before. Strife was hateful to her; and why should she remain where her services were now scarcely needed?

So Vinnie lapsed into an unsettled state of mind, common enough to a certain class of girls of her age, as well as to a larger class of boys, when the great questions of practical life confront them: "What am I to be? What shall I do for a living?"

How ardently she wished she had money, so that she could spend two or three entire years at school! How eagerly she would have used those advantages for obtaining an education which so many, who have them, carelessly throw away! But Vinnie had nothing—could expect nothing—which she did not earn.

At one time she resolved to go to work in a factory; at another, to try teaching a district school; and again, to learn some trade, like that of dress-maker or milliner. Often she wished for the freedom to go out into the world and gain her livelihood like a boy.

In this mood of mind she received two letters. One was from Jack, describing his accidental visit to her sister's family. The other was from Caroline herself, who made that visit the occasion of writing a plaintive letter to her "dear, neglected Lavinia."

Many tears she shed over these letters. The touching picture Jack drew of the invalid Cecie, and the brave little Lilian, and of the sick mother and baby, with Caroline's sad confession of distress, and of her need of sympathy and help, wakened springs of love and pity in the young girl's heart. She forgot that she had anything to forgive. All her half-formed schemes for self-help and self-culture were at once discarded, and she formed a courageous resolution.

"I will go to Illinois," she said, "and take care of my poor sister and her sick children."

Such a journey, from Western New York, was no small undertaking in those days. But she did not shrink from it.

"What!" said Mrs. Presbit, when Vinnie's determination was announced to her, "you will go and work for a sister who has treated you so shamefully all these years? Only a half-sister, at that! I'm astonished at you! I thought you had more spirit."

"For anything she may have done wrong, I am sure she is sorry enough now," Vinnie replied.



"Yes, now she has need of you!" sneered Mrs. Presbit.

"Besides," Vinnie continued, "I ought to go, for the children's sake, if not for hers. Think of Cecie and the poor baby; and Lilian, not ten years old, trying to do the housework! I can do so much for them!"

"No doubt of that; for I must say you are as handy and willing a girl as ever I see. But there's the Betterson side to the family,—two great, lubberly boys, according to your friend's account; a proud, domineering set, I warrant ye! The idee of making a slave of yourself for them! You'll find it a mighty uncomf'table place, mark my word!"

"I hope no more so than the place I am in now,—excuse me for saying it, Aunt Presbit," added Vinnie, in a trembling voice. "It is n't your fault. But you know how things are."

"O, la, yes! *she* wants to go ahead, and order everything; and I think it's as well to let her,—though she'll find she can't run over *me*! But I don't blame you the least mite, Vinnie, for feeling sensitive; and if you've made up your mind to go, I sha'n't hender ye,—I'll help ye all I can."

So it happened that, only four days after the receipt of her sister's letter, Vinnie, with all her worldly possessions contained in one not very large trunk, bade her friends good-by, and, not without misgivings, set out alone on her long journey.

She took a packet-boat on the canal for Buffalo. At Buffalo, with the assistance of friends she had made on board the boat, she found the captain of a schooner, who agreed to give her a passage around the lakes to Chicago, for four dollars. There were no railroads through Northern Ohio and across Michigan and Indiana, in those days; and, although there were steamboats on the lakes, Vinnie found that a passage on one of them would cost more money than she could afford. So she was glad to go in the schooner.

The weather was fine, the winds favored, and the "Heron" made a quick trip. Vinnie, after two or three days of sea-sickness, enjoyed the voyage, which was made all the more pleasant to her by the friendship of the captain and his wife.

She was interested in all she saw,—in watching the waves, the sailors hauling the ropes, the swelling of the great sails; in the vessels they met or passed, the ports at which they touched, the fort, the Indians, and the wonderfully clear depth of the water at Mackinaw. But the voyage grew tiresome toward the close, and her heart bounded with joy when the captain came into the cabin early one morning, and announced that they had reached Chicago.

The great Western metropolis was then a town of no more than eight or ten thousand inhabitants,

hastily and shabbily built on the low level of the plain stretching for miles back from the lake shore. In a short walk with the captain's wife, Vinnie saw about all of the place she cared to; noting particularly a load of hay "slewed," or mired, in the mud-holes of one of the principal streets; the sight of which made her wonder if a great and flourishing city could ever be built there!

Meanwhile the captain, by inquiry in the resorts of market-men, found a farmer who was going to drive out to the Long Woods settlement that afternoon, and who engaged to come with his wagon to the wharf where the "Heron" lay, and take off Vinnie and her trunk.

"O, how fortunate!" she exclaimed. "How good everybody is to me! Only think, I shall reach my sister's house to-night!"

## CHAPTER IX.

### VINNIE'S ADVENTURE.

IN due time a rough farm-wagon was backed down upon the wharf, and a swarthy man, with a high, hooked nose, like the inverted prow of a ship, boarded the schooner, and scratched his head, through its shock of stiff, coarse hair, by way of salutation to Vinnie, who came on deck to meet him.

"Do' no's you'll like ridin' with me, in a lumber-wagon, on a stiff board seat."

"O, I sha'n't mind," said Vinnie, who was only too glad to go.

"What part of the settlement are you goin' to?" he asked, as he lifted one end of the trunk, while the captain took up the other.

"To Mr. Betterson's house; Mrs. Betterson is my sister," said Vinnie.

The man dropped his end of the trunk, and turned and glared at her.

"You've got holt o' the wrong man this time!" he said. "I don't take nobody in my wagon to the house of no sich a man as Lord Betterson. Ye may tell him as much."

"Will you take me to any house near by?" said the astonished Vinnie.

"Not if you're a connection of the Bettertons! I won't for no money! I've nothin' to do with that family, but to hate and despise 'em. Tell 'em that too. But they know it a'ready. My name's Dudley Peakslow."

And, in spite of the captain's remonstrance, the angry man turned his back upon the schooner, and drove off in his wagon.

It took Vinnie a minute to recover from the shock his rude conduct gave her. Then she smiled faintly and said:

"It's too bad I could n't have a ride in his old



wagon! But he would n't be very agreeable company, would he?"

So she tried to console herself for the disappointment. She had thought all along: "If I can do no better, I will take the stage to North Mills; Jack will help me get over to my sister's from there." And it now seemed as if she might have to take that route.

The schooner was discharging her miscellaneous freight of Eastern merchandise,—dry goods, groceries, hardware, boots and shoes,—and the captain

"I am in a way of knowing,—why, yes,—I think there is a gentleman going out early to-morrow morning. A gentleman and his daughter. Wife and daughter, in fact. A two-seated wagon; you might ride on the hind-seat with the daughter. Stopping at the 'Prairie Flower.'"

"O, thank you! And can I go there and find them?"

"I am going that way, and, if you please, I will introduce you," said the youth.

Vinnie replied that, if he would give her their names, she would save him the trouble. For, despite his affability, there was something about him she distrusted and disliked,—an indefinable air of insincerity, and a look out of his eyes of gay vagabondism and dissipation.

He declared that it would be no trouble; moreover, he could not at that moment recall the names; so, as there was no help for it, she let him walk by her side.

At the "Prairie Flower,"—which was not quite so lovely or fragrant a public-house as the name had led her to expect,—he showed her into a small, dingy sitting-room, up one flight of stairs, and went to speak with the clerk.

"The ladies will be here presently," he said, returning to her in a few minutes. "Meanwhile I thought I would order some refreshments."

And he was followed into the room by a waiter bringing a basket of cake and two glasses of wine.

"No refreshments for me!" cried Vinnie, quickly.

"The other ladies will like some," said the youth, carelessly. "Intimate friends of mine. Just a little cake and sweet wine."

"But you have ordered only two glasses! And a few minutes ago you could n't think of their names,—those intimate friends of yours!" returned Vinnie, with sparkling eyes.

The youth took up a glass, threw himself back in a chair, and laughed.

"It's a very uncommon name—Jenkins; no, Judkins; something like that. Neighbors of the Bettersons; intimate friends of *theirs*, I mean. You think I'm not acquainted out there? Ask Carrie! ask the boys, hi, hi!"—with a giggle and a grimace, as he sipped the wine.

"You do really know my sister Caroline?" said Vinnie.

The youth set down his glass and stared.

"Your sister! I wondered who in thunder you



TOO OBLIGING BY HALF.

was too much occupied to do anything more for her that afternoon.

She grew restless under the delay; feeling that she ought to make one more effort to find a conveyance direct to Long Woods, she set off alone to make inquiries for herself.

The first place she visited was a hotel she had noticed in her morning's walk,—the "Farmers' Home;" and she was just going away from the door, having met with no success, when a slim youth, carrying his head jauntily on one side, came tripping after her, and accosted her with an apologetic smile and lifted hat.

"Excuse me,—I was told you wanted to find somebody going out to Mr. Betterson's at Long Woods."

"O, yes! do you know of anybody I can ride with?"



could be, inquiring your way to Betterton's; but I never dreamed—excuse me, I would n't have played such a joke, if I had known!"

"What joke?" Vinnie demanded.

"Why, there's no Jenkins—Judkins—what did I call their names? I just wanted to have a little fun, and find you out."

Vinnie trembled with indignation. She started to go.

"But you have n't found *me* out," he said, with an impudent chuckle.

"I've found out all I wish to know of you," said Vinnie, ready to cry with vexation. "I've come alone all the way from my home in Western New York, and met nobody who was n't kind and respectful to me, till I reached Chicago to-day."

The wretch seemed slightly touched by this rebuke; but he laughed again as he finished his glass.

"Well, it was a low trick. But 't was all in fun, I tell ye. Come, drink your wine, and make up; we'll be friends yet. Wont drink? Here goes, then!"

And he tossed off the contents of the second glass.

"Now we'll take a little walk, and talk over our Betterton friends by the way."

She was already out of the room. He hastened to her side; she walked faster still, and he came tripping lightly after her down the stairs.

Betwixt anger and alarm, she was wondering whether she should try to run away from him, or ask the protection of the first person she met, when, looking eagerly from the door-way as she hurried out, she saw, across the street, a face she knew, and uttered a cry of joy.

"Jack! O, Jack!"

It seemed almost like a dream, that it should indeed be Jack, then and there. He paused, glanced up and down, then across at the girlish figure starting toward him, and rushed over to her, reaching out both hands, and exclaiming:

"Vinnie Dalton! is it you?"

In the surprise and pleasure of this unexpected meeting, she forgot all about the slim youth she was so eager to avoid a moment before. When she thought of him again, and looked about her, he had disappeared, having slipped behind her, and skipped back up the stairs with amazing agility at sight of Jack.

(To be continued.)

## FASHIONS IN VALENTINES.

BY ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.

THERE was a time when valentines were simply love-letters written on very fancy note-paper, with some poetry and a bunch of forget-me-nots at the head. Years ago my dear old grandmother made me happy by sending one of these, which I have still, and very pretty it is, although the ink is faded to a yellow. The poetry is especially nice, but the punctuation marks are left out, as they did n't care about these troublesome little things in the good old days. I think it said:

"When the sunshine is around thee  
In the dark and silent night  
In the cottage and the palace  
May thy way be always bright!"

Of course I could n't imagine who sent it, —nobody who gets a valentine ever can,—but I strongly suspected Sally Lawton, and she had a bite out of all my apples until I found out my mistake. Tommy Jones was her valentine, and I gave him a punching

for it, too, as he was mean, and pretended all the while that he did n't like her.

However, the old fashion has passed away, and valentines are now very elaborate things, employing thousands of skillful workmen in their manufacture. They serve as the covers of all sorts of costly presents, and some of them are real works of art. Clever designers are constantly employed in the invention of new combinations, pleasing effects of grouping or color, and whimsical surprises. The most careful labors of draughtsmen, lithographers, wood-engravers, painters, color-printers, card-board, artificial flower and feather makers are spent upon them, to say nothing of the assistance given by workers in silk, silver and glass. Even the tropical forests of Brazil and the depths of the sea are ransacked for fresh materials.

There is one firm in London which has three hundred and sixty-eight different kinds of valentines. The cheapest are two cents each, and the



finest cost nearly sixty dollars. All are pretty, and some are magnificent. One is called "Love's Photograph." A tiny mirror is hidden beneath a bunch of flowers, and some dear girl finds that the reflection of her own face is your love's photograph. There are true lovers' knots painted on the softest satin; birds of bright plumage under gauze; girls in silver frames; paper flowers which bloom when the valentine is opened and close when it is shut; more paper flowers hidden behind screens of silver and in little wicker baskets, with exotic flowers painted by hand on the finest silk and framed in silver lace.

No florist ever succeeded better than the modern valentine-maker does in putting together

More than this, marine flowers gathered from the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea are used in valentines, and real birds are quite common. As Lucy opens the box that comes for her with a whole string of postage-stamps upon it, it is possible that she will find the cunningest of humming-birds in a little nest, holding a message in its beak. Not the picture of one, mind you, but a real one, that has been caught and stuffed for the valentine-maker.

The latest fashion in valentines is to combine them with useful articles. A lace or pearl-handled fan, costing sixty dollars, is secreted beneath flowers and mottoes and Cupids. A fine silk necktie, for a gentleman or boy, is wrapped in white gauze, with the tender sentiment: "Through



NUNS MAKING FEATHER FLOWERS.

the prettiest colors. Blush roses and forget-me-nots; camelias, with rich dark green leaves; lilies of the valley, water lilies, ferns and pansies are combined with a wondrous degree of taste and skill. Sometimes the valentine is the miniature of a transformation scene in a theater. It is folded and unfolded by an ingenious arrangement, which reveals a garden, with a flock of birds flying over it, and a lake of mirror-glass, with a swan upon its shining surface.

Sometimes, too, the flowers are neither painted nor made of paper or muslin.

Far away in Brazil, there is a large convent, in which the sedate nuns make gay artificial flowers entirely out of the feathers of the gorgeous birds that haunt the forests of South America. I cannot give you an idea of how rich and lustrous they are.

cloud and sunshine I am thine." Articles of dress or jewelry often are enclosed. Sometimes a smoking-cap or a pair of embroidered slippers. The descriptive catalogue of Mr. Rimmel, the London perfumer, includes valentines containing Japanese ornamental hair-pins, cravats, pin-cushions, chate-laine bottles, brooches, gold watch trinkets, lockets, turquoise and garnet rings, silver filigree brooches, ear-rings and bracelets, head-dresses and double smelling-bottles. Then, too, there are musical valentines in the form of glove and handkerchief or jewel-cases. One magnificent affair costs forty dollars. It is made of pale blue silk, and trimmed with gilt. At one side is a compartment for gloves, and at the other a place for handkerchiefs, with two beautiful smelling-bottles in the middle. As the lid is raised, a musical-box, hidden underneath,



plays a favorite air, such as, "Then you'll remember me," or an air from an opera.

I am not sure that the new custom of making expensive presents is better than the old one of writing a love-letter, and it certainly is not a proof of greater affection in the senders.

A pleasant improvement might be made upon both the old and new customs without sacrificing the observance of the day. Let the boys and girls make their own valentines, during the long winter evenings. All the necessary materials may be purchased for twenty-five or thirty cents at a stationer's store. Suitable designs are to be found in many books, and some tinsel, crayons, water-colors, and lace-paper would enable clever young fingers to produce very pretty things. There might, for instance, be a simple Grecian border around a sheet of lace-paper, and, inclosed within this, a lily, a rose, or some illuminated verses. Decal-

comanie would do very well, in case the valentine-maker could not draw; or, better still, pressed leaves might be called to the service. A red autumn waif or two, carefully dried, pressed, and mounted on tinted paper, and surrounded by a wreath of ivy, would be pretty. Or one might make something lovely out of very delicate grasses, mosses, and lichens, arranging them at the head of the paper, leaving space for a letter beneath. This would call for a tasteful box-envelope. A little care, taste and patience would work wonders with the simplest materials.

Valentines of this kind would be more highly prized by a sincere friend, too, than the finest productions of the professional valentine-maker. At the same time, their preparation would afford you many hours of amusement, and exercise in the use of color and form that would be profitable to you in countless ways.

## THE LITTLE TORN PRIMER.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

MILLIE ran into the dining-room and threw her books down on the dining-table.

"I knew all my lessons to-day," she said, "and I want my dinner; and oh! *did* you have blackberry pie?"

But what I am going to tell is not about Millie or blackberry pie, but about the books after Millie and her mamma had gone out of the room and left them to themselves.

"Millie is a very clever little girl," said the Grammar, "and talks very well. I take great credit to myself for teaching her to speak so correctly."

"Yes," said the Arithmetic, "she *is* bright, and can't be beat in Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division. Really bright children always understand *my* rules; I make them so clear and plain."

"She should be very much obliged to us," joined in the Geography, "for without us she could not be clever at all. For instance, see how much *I* tell her. I describe all countries, including her own; all bodies of water, all mountains, the different kinds of people—thousands of things. In fact, *I* think the information *I* impart" (most books use

big words) "the most interesting and valuable she obtains."

"Pshaw!" sneered the History. "You're alone in that opinion. Where does she learn all the particulars about different countries, including her own, as you say? 'Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, Italy, discovered America in the year 1492. He set sail with three small——'"

"Oh, *do* stop that," interrupted the other books; "we've heard that until we are sick of it."

"Sometimes I wish he had never set sail," added the Geography.

"Where does she learn about the great battles,—the lives of the kings, queens, and emperors?" continued the History, waving its cover triumphantly; "about the illustrious Father of his Country, George Washington, who never——"

"Don't believe it!" interrupted the books.

"And if *he* never did, History does," said the Arithmetic—"many a one. It is only *figures* that *never* lie."

"From what does our Millie gain knowledge"—here spoke the *Natural* History—"of beasts and birds and fish? All things that walk, or fly, or



creep, or swim, or stop still and only breathe? The wonderful habits of the insects, the traits of the massive elephant, and the capers of the mischievous monkey?"

"My friends"—here joined in a tiny voice for the first time, causing the books to stand up on their edges and look over at the corner of the room where lay the little torn Primer, from which it proceeded—"my friends, I know you all help to make Millie wise and learned; but of what use would be

all you can tell if she could not read it? You would be nothing without me!"

"You!" cried the others, in a scornful voice.

"Yes, me," answered the little torn Primer. "I taught her her letters. Without knowing them, what good would *any* book be to her?"

"How tiresome small books are," said the History.

"I guess I'll take a nap," yawned the Geography. And so the conversation ended.

## THE MARMOSETS.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

MARMOSETS are cunning little monkeys from South America, and are often very tame and gentle. These little creatures are about the size of squirrels, but they have very old and wise faces. Some of them look as if they knew as much as anybody. But the two in our frontispiece, which is copied

from a beautiful picture by Sir Edwin Landseer, do not seem to know what sort of an insect it is that has alighted on the leaves of the pine-apple. So they have jumped up to examine it. If they come too close and get its little sting in one of their noses, they may find out more than they want to know.

## BLUE AND PINK.

(A Valentine Story.)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



TWO valentines lay together in the pillar post-box. One was pink and one was blue. Pink lay a-top, and they crackled to each other softly in the paper-language, invented long since by Papyrus, the father of Manuscript, and used by all written and printed sheets unto this day. Listen hard, next time you visit the reading-room at the Public Library, and you will hear the newspapers exchanging remarks across the table in this language.

Said the pink valentine: "I am prettier than you, much prettier, Miss Blue."

Blue was modester. "That may be true, my dear Miss Pink; still, some folks like blue best, I think," she replied.

"I wonder they should," went on Pink, talking in prose now, for valentines can speak in prose and in rhyme equally well. "You are such a chilly color. Now I warm people. They smile when they see me. I like that. It is sweet to give pleasure."

"I like to give pleasure, too," said Blue, modestly. "And I hope I may, for something beautiful is written inside me."

"What? oh! what?" cried Pink.

"I cannot say," sighed Blue. "How can one tell what is inside one? But I know it is something sweet, because

She who sent me here,  
Is so very fair and dear."

Blue was running into rhyme again, as valentines will.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Pink, digging her sharp elbow into Blue's smooth side. "Nothing is written inside me, and I'm glad of it. I am too beautiful to be written on. In the middle of my page is a picture, Cupid, with roses and doves. Oh, so fine! There is a border too, wreaths of flowers, flowers of all colors, and a motto, 'Be mine.' Be mine! What can be better than that? Have you got flowers and 'Be mine' inside, you conceited thing? If not, say so, and be ashamed, as you deserve to be."



Again the pink elbow dented Blue's smooth envelope.

But Blue only shook her head softly, and made no answer. Pink grew angry at this. She caught Blue with her little teeth of mucilage and shook her viciously.

"Speak," she said. "I hate your stuck-up, shut-up people. Speak!"

But Blue only smiled, and again shook her head.

Just then, the pillar-post opened with a click. The postman was come. He scooped up Pink, Blue, and all the other letters, and threw them into his wallet. A fat yellow envelope of law-papers separated the two valentines, and they had no further talk.

Half-an-hour later, Pink was left at the door of a grand house, almost the finest in the town. Charles, the waiter, carried her into the parlor, and Pink said to herself: "What a thing it is to have a mission. My mission is to give pleasure!"

"A letter for you, Miss Eva," said Charles. He did not smile. Well-behaved waiters never smile; besides, Charles did not like Eva.

"Where is your tray?" demanded Eva, crossly. "You are always forgetting what mamma told you. Go and get it. But when she saw Pink in her beautiful envelope, unmistakably a valentine, she decided not to wait. "Never mind this time," she said; "but don't let it happen again."

"Who's your letter from, Evy?" asked grand-mamma.

"I have n't opened it yet, and I wish you would n't call me Evy; it sounds so back-woodsy," replied Eva, who, for some mysterious reason, had waked that morning very much out of temper.

"Eva!" said her father, sternly.

Eva had forgotten that papa was there. To hide her confusion, she opened the pink envelope so hastily as to tear it all across.

"O dear!" she complained. "Everything goes wrong."

Then she unfolded the valentine. Pink, who had felt as if a sword were thrust through her heart when her envelope was torn, brightened up.

"Now," she thought, "when she sees the flowers, Cupid and doves, she *will* be pleased."

But it was not pleasure which shone on Eva's countenance.

"What's the matter?" asked papa, seeing her face swell and angry tears filling her eyes.

"That horrid Jim Slack!" cried Eva. "He said he'd send me a valentine just like Pauline's, and he has n't. Hers was all birds and butterflies, and had verses —"

"Yours seems pretty enough," said papa, consolingly.

"It's not pretty enough," responded Eva, pas-

sionately. "It's a stupid, ugly thing. I hate it. I won't have it."

And, horrible to state, she flung Pink, actually flung her, into the middle of the fire. There was time for but one crackling gasp; then the yellow flame seized and devoured all—Cupid, doves, flowers! Another second, they were gone. A black scroll edged with fiery sparkles reared itself up in the midst of the glow; then an air-current seized it, it rose, and the soul of Pink flew up the chimney.

Blue, meantime, was lying on the lap of a little girl of twelve, a mile or more from this scene of tragedy. Two plump hands caressed her softly.

"Sister, may I read it to you just once more?" begged a coaxing voice.

"Yes, Pet, once more. That'll make five times, and they say there is luck in odd numbers," said another voice, kind and gay.

So Pet read:

"My dear is like a dewy rose  
All in the early morn;  
But never on her stem there grows  
A single wounding thorn.

My dear is like a violet shy,  
Who hides her in the grass,  
And holds a fragrant cup on high  
To bless all men who pass.

My dear is like a merry bird,  
My dear is like a rill,  
Like all sweet things or seen or heard,  
Only she's sweeter still.

And while she blooms beside my door,  
Or sings beneath my sky,  
My heart with happiness runs o'er,  
Content and glad am I.

So, sweetheart, read me as I run,  
Smile on this simple rhyme,  
And choose me out to be your one  
And only

VALENTINE."

"Isn't it lovely?" said Pet, her blue eyes dancing as she looked up.

"Yes, it's very nice," replied sister.

"I wish everybody in the world had such a nice valentine," went on Pet. "How pleased they'd be. Do you suppose anybody has sent Lotty one? Only that about the bird would n't be true, because Lotty's so sick, you know, and always stays in bed."

"But Lotty sings," said sister. "She's always singing and cheerful, so she's like a bird in that."

"Birdies with broken wings  
Hide from each other;  
But babies in trouble  
Can run home to mother,"

hummed Pet, who knew the ST. NICHOLAS jingles by heart. "But poor Lotty has n't any mamma to run to," she added, softly.

"No; specially like you. "I wish thoughtf "I don't just like "Then "She "But- "O ye sister. "and open to keep. plain wh often as by heart. yours for the pleas reading, will get a you see? "That "Poor L have two "How pleasures Sister o found, an was carri the pleas was there dow, most bed, knit When Blu with astor "For n it? How too pretty body there Everybo was glad. tine; so d and Fred, an excuse hear the "Miss Lotty said cook; whoever he By and itself with "Grand little Mary hardly eve Don't you in a differe on it and a



"No; and that's a reason why it would be so specially nice to give her the pleasure of a valentine like yours."

"I wish somebody had sent her one," said Pet, thoughtfully.

"I don't suppose there is another in the world just like yours," said sister, smiling at Pet.

"Then she *can't* have one. What a pity."

"She might have this of yours," suggested sister.

"But—then—I should n't have any," cried Pet.

"O yes, you would, and I'll tell you how," said sister. "You've had all the pleasure of getting it, and opening and reading it, already. *That's* yours to keep. Now, if I copy the verses for you on plain white paper, you can read them over as often as you like, till, by and by, you learn them by heart. When you have done that they will be yours for always; and, meanwhile, Lotty will have the pleasure of getting the valentine, opening, reading, learning, just as you have done—so you will get a double pleasure instead of one. Don't you see?"

"That will be splendid," cried Pet, joyously. "Poor Lotty, how glad she will be! And I shall have two pleasures instead of one, sha' n't I?"

"How nice," thought Blue, "to have given two pleasures already!"

Sister copied the verses, a fresh envelope was found, and Blue was sent on her way. When she was carried upstairs to Lotty's room, she thought it the pleasantest place she had ever seen. Sunshine was there—on the wall, on the plants in the window, most of all in Lotty's face, as she sat up in bed, knitting with red worsted and big needles. When Blue was put into her hands, she laughed with astonishment.

"For me!" she cried. "Who could have sent it? How pretty it is—how pretty! A great deal too pretty for me. Oh, what a kind, dear somebody there is in the world!"

Everybody in the house was glad because Lotty was glad. Grandmamma came in to hear the valentine; so did papa, and Jack, Lotty's big brother, and Fred, her little one. Even the cook made up an excuse about the pudding, and stole upstairs to hear the "fine verses which somebody had sent to Miss Lotty. It's swate as roses she is, any day," said cook; "and good luck to him for sending it, whoever he is."

By and by, Lotty's tender heart began to busy itself with a new plan.

"Grandma," she said, "I'm thinking about little Mary Riley. She works so hard, and she hardly ever has anything nice happen to her. Don't you think I might send her my valentine—in a different envelope, you know, with her name on it and all? She'd be so pleased."

"But I thought you liked it so much yourself, dear," replied grandmamma, unwilling to have her darling spare one bit of brightness out of her sick-room life.

"Oh, I do; that's the reason I want to give it away," said Lotty, simply, and stroking Blue, who, had she known how, would gladly have purred under the soft touch. "But I shall go on liking it all the same if Mary has it, and she'll like it too. Don't you see, grandmamma? I've copied the verses in my book, so that I can keep them."

Grandmamma consented. The new envelope was found, Mary's address was written upon it, and away went happy Blue to give pleasure to a fresh friend.

"This is best of all," she said to herself, as Mary laid aside her weary sewing to read over and over again the wonderful verses, which seemed to have dropped out of fairy-land. She almost cried with pleasure that they should be sent to *her*.

"I wish I could buy a frame for 'em—a beautiful gold frame," she whispered to herself.

Pink would have been vain had she heard this; but Blue glowed with a purer feeling—the happiness of giving happiness.

Mary read the verses over a dozen times at least before putting them aside; but she did put them aside, for she had work to finish, and daylight was precious. The work was a birthday frock. When the last stitch was set, she folded it carefully, put on cloak and bonnet, and prepared to carry the frock home. Last of all, she dropped Blue into her pocket. She did not like to leave it behind. Something might happen, she thought.

It was quite a grand house to which the birthday frock went. In fact, it was next door but one to the house in which Pink met with her melancholy fate. The little girl who was to wear the frock was very glad to see Mary, and her mamma came upstairs to pay for the work.

"Have you any change?" she said. "Come nearer to the fire. It is cold to-night."

Mary was confused by this kindness. Her fingers trembled as she searched for her porte-monnaie, which was at the bottom of her pocket, underneath her handkerchief. She twitched out the handkerchief hastily, and with it, alas! came Blue. They were close to the grate, and Blue was flung into the fire. Mary gave a scream and made a snatch. It was too late! Already the flames had seized it; her beloved valentine was gone, vanished into ashes!

"Was it anything valuable?" asked the lady, as Mary gave a little sob.

"Oh, n-o—yes, ma'am; that is, it was verses. I never had any before. And they were s-o beautiful!" replied poor Mary, half-crying.



The lady gave her an extra dollar for the sewing, but this did not console Mary.

Meantime, the ghost of Blue flew up the chimney. Upon the roof hovered a dim gray shade. It was the ghost of Pink, wind-blown for a little space.

"How sad life is!" sighed Pink's ghost—

"I was young, I was fair,  
And now I'm in the air,  
As ugly gray ashes as ever were."

"How sweet life is!" murmured the ghost of Blue—

"I've only lived a little while,  
But I have made three people smile."

A chickadee who heard the two ghosts discours-

ing now flew down from the roof-peak. He gathered Blue's ashes up into his beak, flew down into the garden, and strewed them about the root of a rose-tree.

"In the spring you'll be a rose," he said.

Then he flew back, took up Pink's ashes, bore them into another garden, and laid them in the midst of a bed of chickweed.

"Make that chickweed crop a little richer, if you can," he chirped. "All the better for the dicky-birds if you do; and a good thing for you too, to be of use for once in your life."

Then the chickadee flew away. Ghosts have to get accustomed to plain speaking.

This was the end of Blue and Pink.

## THE PICTURE IN THE FIRE-PLACE BEDROOM.

BY MARY A. HALLOCK.

WHEN I was a little girl, and went to visit grandma Lewis, I always slept in the "fire-place bedroom." I don't know why it was so called, for almost all the rooms had fire-places; perhaps because this room was so small and the fire-place so big. It was just across the hall from grandma's room; the doors were opposite, only my room, being in the wing, was two steps lower than the hall. It had one window opening on an old wooden balcony, so overgrown with trumpet-creeper that the railing was quite hidden. Two or three slats were nailed across the lower part of the window, and grandma often warned me never to climb over them or set foot on the balcony, for a carpenter, who had been making repairs on the house a year or two before, had told her it was unsafe.

"When I was a little girl," said she, "I used to lean over that railing and pick cherries from a big tree that grew so close to the house, its branches almost touched the windows; that was a good while ago, my dear; there's nothing left of the cherry-tree now but that old stump where I set my box of geraniums."

"Was that picture here when you were a little girl, grandma," I said, pointing to one which hung over the mantel—the only picture in the room.

"No, my dear. Your Uncle Henry brought that from England when he was a young man. He could tell you all about it if he were here. I believe he bought it at an auction sale of old books, pictures and furniture. It was labeled, 'Portrait—

supposed to be two children of the Bourhope family—(painter unknown).' If your uncle were here he could tell you about it."

Grandma went out of the room in her still way and left me musing before the picture. It was a boy and girl sitting together in a deep window-seat reading from the same book. The boy might have been fifteen; he looked tall and slim; his thick brown hair was tied back with a ribbon; he seemed to be reading very intently, leaning forward with his head resting on his hand. The girl looked younger than her brother. She was fair and round, dressed in a quaint, close-fitting gown of creamy-white satin, with facings and petticoat of blue; her light hair was drawn up and fastened in a knot with loops on the top of her head; there were white frills round her neck and sleeves, and a broad band of black velvet round her fair throat. She leaned back, one little foot in its quaint, high-heeled slipper, pushed out; one arm round the neck of a dog which had pressed close to her, resting his head against her lap. The window-seat was paneled in dark carved wood, and great bars of sunlight streaming in, made a glow of light and color through the picture.

I had spent hours gazing at these two readers so silently intent on the great book spread open before them; they filled a good share of my daily thought. I had made up a dozen different stories about them, and it was with great interest I discovered that they had once really lived. It seemed to me dreadful

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that they should have been labeled like old rubbish and sold at auction. What had become of that "Bourhope family," whose pictures had wandered into such strange places? All that afternoon I was turning over in my mind a list of pretty names that would "go" with Bourhope—Lionel

all those years. I must have sat there a long time. I had come back to the question of a name, and said, half aloud, to myself: "What *shall* I call her?"

"Call me Dorothy, please," a soft voice answered. Yes, it certainly came from the picture, for, looking up, I saw that my girl had turned her face and



THE PICTURE IN THE FIRE-PLACE BEDROOM.

and Amy, Geoffry and Agnes, Philip and Ethel; no, Marjorie or Elsie, or —; it was a difficult matter to decide, and I was still thinking about it that night in my room after grandma had lighted my candle and given me her good-night kiss. I sat down on the foot of the bed, half undressed, to take another look at my hero and heroine. In the uncertain candle-light they looked strangely real. I could almost fancy I saw the girl's drooped eyelids tremble as if she were about to look up at last from her book. How tired they must be, reading

was smiling down at me, while a faint color came to her cheek.

It seemed quite natural to hear her speak at last, but could it be possible that her name was just plain Dorothy? "You don't really mean it," I said. "It sounds so common; why, it's like a dairy-maid's name!"

Here the boy looked up and said haughtily:

"Many ladies of our family have been called Dorothy; it is my mother's name, and she does n't look like a dairy-maid."



"Nobody said she did, stupid! The little girl does not think my name pretty—no more do I. I'd far rather be called Clara or Isabel."

"It is your name, and mamma's, and I like it," said the boy with a half-smile and half-frown.

"Well, I'm glad you do; only you need n't be cross about it."

Here I offered some apology for having spoken slightly of Dorothy's name, but Dorothy's brother begged I would n't mention it—he was always "too quick;" then he leaned across his sister's lap and began pulling the dog's ears, while she said: "'T is not for yourself you are quick, Walter; you speak up always for others."

He laughed at that, and sprang up, shutting the big book with a bang.

"You should go to court, Dolly, with your fine little speeches. I'm going to feed my spaniel pups. Will you come, too? They are such beauties—as like as the peas in a pod."

"And all like their mother, I suppose. No, thank you; she killed my pet kitten last spring, and I don't care to see her horrid little pups!"

"Why, Dorothy, surely you would n't blame the puppies for what their mother did before they were born?"

"I don't blame them; only I don't like them."

"Well, girls are queer. Next, you wont like me, because I'm Juno's master. Come Vik." He whistled to the dog, and they both went away out of sight down a long hall, the dog's quick feet rattling beside the boy's echoing tramp.

Dorothy leaned back against the wainscot and threw up one arm behind her head. "Walter is vexed with me, but he wont stay vexed long; he never does; he always gives up first whenever we quarrel. I should n't wonder if we soon heard him calling under the window."

She smiled down at me half triumphantly under her drooped eyelids, and I thought to myself that, for all she was so pretty, perhaps she was a little spoiled; but I only said: "What can you see from that window?"

"Oh, the terrace, and the yew-tree walk, and perhaps Walter with his dogs. Let us look and see if he has gone."

"I wish I could," I began to say, and then I

found myself beside Dorothy in the window-seat. She pushed open the casement, and we both leaned out. Below was the terrace, with its broad stone railing, and the yew-tree walk beyond, crossed with dark lines of shadow. It was all very still in the low afternoon sunlight. Walter was not to be seen, and while we listened for him, another sound came softly from a distant chamber.

"Ah," said Dorothy, "that is mamma's harp. She will begin to sing by and by; shall we go down and hear her?"

I was eager to go at once, when I suddenly remembered that I was half undressed.

"Never mind," Dorothy said, "you can wait here a moment and I will fetch you something to put on."

We went together down a long hall, with many dim old pictures hung high above the wainscoting, and a row of deep windows, like the one we had just left, throwing broad bars of light across the floor. Each time we crossed the shadow into the light, Dorothy, with her fair hair and shining dress, looked more and more unreal in her beauty. At the end of the hall hung a curtain of tapestry. I did not see any door, but Dorothy lifted one end of the curtain, and, looking back, said: "Wait here a moment." Then she dropped the heavy curtain between us, and I heard her footsteps going on a little way, then down a short flight of steps. A door seemed to open, for suddenly the music sounded very loud and sweet; then died away again.

I waited a long time for Dorothy, but she did not come. It grew dark and cold in the hall, a wind waved the curtain a little now and then, and let in a gleam of lamp-light that shot a long reflection across the polished floor. I thought I would just raise the curtain a little and call Dorothy, but I never did, for I suddenly found myself lying across the foot of the bed in my own little room. A shutter had blown open, my candle was flaring wildly, and there, in the picture over the fire-place, sat Walter and Dorothy Bourhope reading as they had always been.

I felt very stiff and cold, and somehow disappointed.

If I had only raised that curtain a little sooner!



A LITTLE  
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## THE FAIRY WEDDING.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.



A LITTLE brown mother-bird sat in her nest,  
With four sleepy birdlings tucked under her  
breast,  
And her querulous chirrup fell ceaseless and low,  
While the wind rocked the lilac-tree nest to  
and fro.

"Lie still, little nestlings! lie still while I tell,  
For a lullaby story, a thing that befell  
Your plain little mother one midsummer morn,  
A month ago, birdies—before you were born.

"I'd been dozing and dreaming the long sum-  
mer night,  
Till the dawn flushed its pink through the  
waning moonlight;  
When—I wish you could hear it once!—faintly  
there fell  
All around me the silvery sound of a bell.

"Then a chorus of bells! So, with just half an  
eye,  
I peeped from the nest, and those lilies close by,  
With threads of a cobweb, were swung to and  
fro  
By three little rollicking midgets below.

"Then the air was astir as with humming-birds'  
wings!

And a cloud of the tiniest, daintiest things  
That ever one dreamed of, came fluttering  
where

A cluster of trumpet-flowers swayed in the air.

"As I sat all a-tremble, my heart in my bill,—  
'I will stay by the nest,' thought I, 'happen  
what will;'

So I saw with these eyes by that trumpet-vine  
fair,

A whole fairy bridal train poised in the air.

"Such a bit of a bride! Such a marvel of grace!  
In a shimmer of rainbows and gossamer lace;  
No wonder the groom dropped his diamond-  
dust ring,  
Which a little elf-usher just caught with his wing.

"Then into the trumpet-flower glided the train,  
And I thought (for a dimness crept over my  
brain,  
And I tucked my head under my wing) 'Deary  
me!

What a sight for a plain little mother like me!"



## A DROLL FOX-TRAP.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

WHEN I was a boy I lived in one of those rustic neighborhoods on the outskirts of the great "Maine woods." Foxes were plenty, for about all those sunny pioneer clearings birch-partridges breed by thousands, as also field-mice and squirrels, making plenty of game for Reynard.

There were red foxes, "cross-grays," and "silver-grays;" even black foxes were reported. These animals were the pests of the farm-yards, and made havoc with the geese, cats, turkeys, and chickens. In the fall of the year, particularly after the frosts, the clearings were overrun by them night and morning. Their sharp, cur-like barks used often to rouse us, and of a dark evening we would hear them out in the fields, "mousing" around the stone-heaps, making a queer, squeaking sound like a mouse, to call the real mice out of their grass nests inside the stone-heaps. This, indeed, is a favorite trick of Reynard.

At the time of my story, my friend Tom Edwards (ten years of age) and myself were in the turkey business, equal partners. We owned a flock of thirty-one turkeys. These roosted by night in a large butternut tree in front of Tom's house—in the very top of it, and by day they wandered about the edges of the clearings in quest of beech-nuts, which were very plenty that fall.

All went well till the last week in October, when, on taking the census one morning, a turkey was found to be missing; the thirty-one had become thirty since nightfall the previous evening. It was the first one we had lost.

We proceeded to look for traces. Our suspicions were divided. Tom thought it was "the Twombly boys," nefarious Sam in particular. I thought it might have been an owl. But under the tree, in the soft dirt, where the potatoes had recently been dug, we found fox-tracks, and two or three ominous little wads of feathers, with one long tail feather adrift. Thereupon we concluded that the turkey had accidentally fallen down out of the butternut—had a fit, perhaps—and that its flutterings had attracted the attention of some passing fox, which had, forthwith, taken it in charge. It was, as we regarded it, one of those unfortunate occurrences which no care on our part could have well foreseen, and a casualty such as turkey-raisers are unavoidably heirs to, and we bore our loss with resignation. We were glad to remember that turkeys did not often fall off their roosts.

This theory received something of a check when

our flock counted only twenty-nine the next morning. There were more fox-tracks, and a great many more feathers under the tree. This put a new and altogether ugly aspect on the matter. No algebra was needed to figure the outcome of the turkey business at this rate, together with our prospective profits, in the light of this new fact. It was clear that something must be done, and at once, too, or ruin would swallow up the poultry firm.

Rightly or wrongly, we attributed the mischief to a certain "silver-gray" fox that had several times been seen in the neighborhood that Autumn.

It would take far too much space to relate in detail the plans we laid and put in execution to catch that fox during the next two weeks. I recollect that we set three traps for him to no purpose, and that we borrowed a fox-hound to hunt him with, but merely succeeded in running him to his burrow in a neighboring rocky hill-side, whence we found it quite impossible to dislodge the wily fellow.

Meanwhile the fox (or foxes) had succeeded in getting two more of the turkeys.

Heroes, it is said, are born of great crises. This dilemma of ours developed Tom's genius.

"I'll have that fox," he said, when the traps failed; and when the hound proved of no avail, he still said: "I'll have him yet."

"But how?" I asked. Tom said he would show me. He brought a two-bushel basket and went out into the fields. In the stone-heaps, and beside the old logs and stumps, there were dozens of deserted mouse-nests, each a wad of fine dry grass as large as a quart box. These he gathered up, and filled the great basket.

"There," said he, triumphantly, "don't them smell *mousey*?"

They did, certainly; they savored as strongly of mice as Tom's question, of bad grammar.

"And don't foxes catch mice?" demanded Tom, confidently.

"Yes, but I don't see how that's going to catch the fox," I said.

"Well, look here, then, I'll show ye," said he. "Play you's the fox; and play 't was night, and you was prowling around the fields. Go off now out there by that stump."

Full of wonder and curiosity, I retired to the stump. Tom, meantime, turned out the mass of nests, and with it completely covered himself. The pile now resembled an enormous mouse-nest, or rather a small hay-cock. Pretty soon I heard a



low, high-keyed, squeaking noise, accompanied by a slight rustle inside the nest. Evidently there were mice in it; and, feeling my character as fox at stake, I at once trotted forward, then crept up, and, as the rustling and squeaking continued, made a pounce into the grass—as I had heard it said that foxes did when mousing. Instantly two spry brown hands from out the nest clutched me with a most vengeful grip. As a fox, I struggled tremendously. But Tom overcame me forthwith, choked me nearly black in the face, then, in dumb show, knocked my head with a stone.

"D'ye see, now!" he demanded.

I saw.

"But a fox would bite you," I objected.

"Let him bite," said Tom. "I'll resk him when once I get these two bread-hooks on him. And he can't smell me through the mouse-nests either."

That night we set ourselves to put the stratagem in operation. With the dusk we stole out into the field where the stone-heaps were, and where we had oftenest heard foxes bark. Selecting a nook in the edge of a clump of raspberry briars which grew about a great pine-stump, Tom lay down, and I covered him up completely with the contents of the big basket. He then practiced squeaking and rustling several times to be sure that all was in good trim. His squeaks were perfect successes—made by sucking the air sharply betwixt his teeth.

"Now be off," said Tom, "and don't come poking round, nor get in sight, till you hear me holler."

Thus exhorted, I went into the barn and established myself at a crack on the back side, which looked out upon the field where Tom was ambushed.

Tom, meanwhile, as he afterward told me, waited till it had grown dark, then began squeaking and rustling at intervals, to draw the attention of the fox when first he should come out into the clearing, for foxes have ears so wonderfully acute, that they are able to hear a mouse squeak twenty rods away, it is said.

An hour passed. Tom must have grown pretty tired of squeaking. It was a moonless evening, though not very dark. I could see objects at a little distance through the crack, but could not see so far as the stump. It got rather dull, watching there; and being amidst nice cozy straw, I presently went to sleep, quite unintentionally. I must

have slept some time, though it seemed to me but a very few minutes.

What woke me was a noise—a sharp suppressed yelp. It took me a moment to understand where I was, and why I was there. A sound of scuffling and tumbling on the ground at some distance assisted my wandering wits, and I rushed out of the barn and ran toward the field. As I ran, two or three dull whacks came to my ear.

"Got him, Tom?" I shouted, rushing up.

Tom was holding and squeezing one of his hands with the other and shaking it violently. He said not a word, and left me to poke about and stumble on the limp warm carcass of a large fox that lay near.

"Bite ye?" I exclaimed, after satisfying myself that the fox was dead.

"Some," said Tom; and that was all I could get from him that night.

We took the fox to the house and lighted a candle. It was the "silver-gray."

Tom washed his bite in cold water and went to bed. Next morning he was in a sorry and a very sore plight. His left hand was bitten through the palm, and badly swollen. There was also a deep bite in the fleshy part of his right arm, just below the elbow, several minor nips in his left leg above the knee, and a ragged "grab" in the chin. These numerous bites, however, were followed by no serious ill effects.

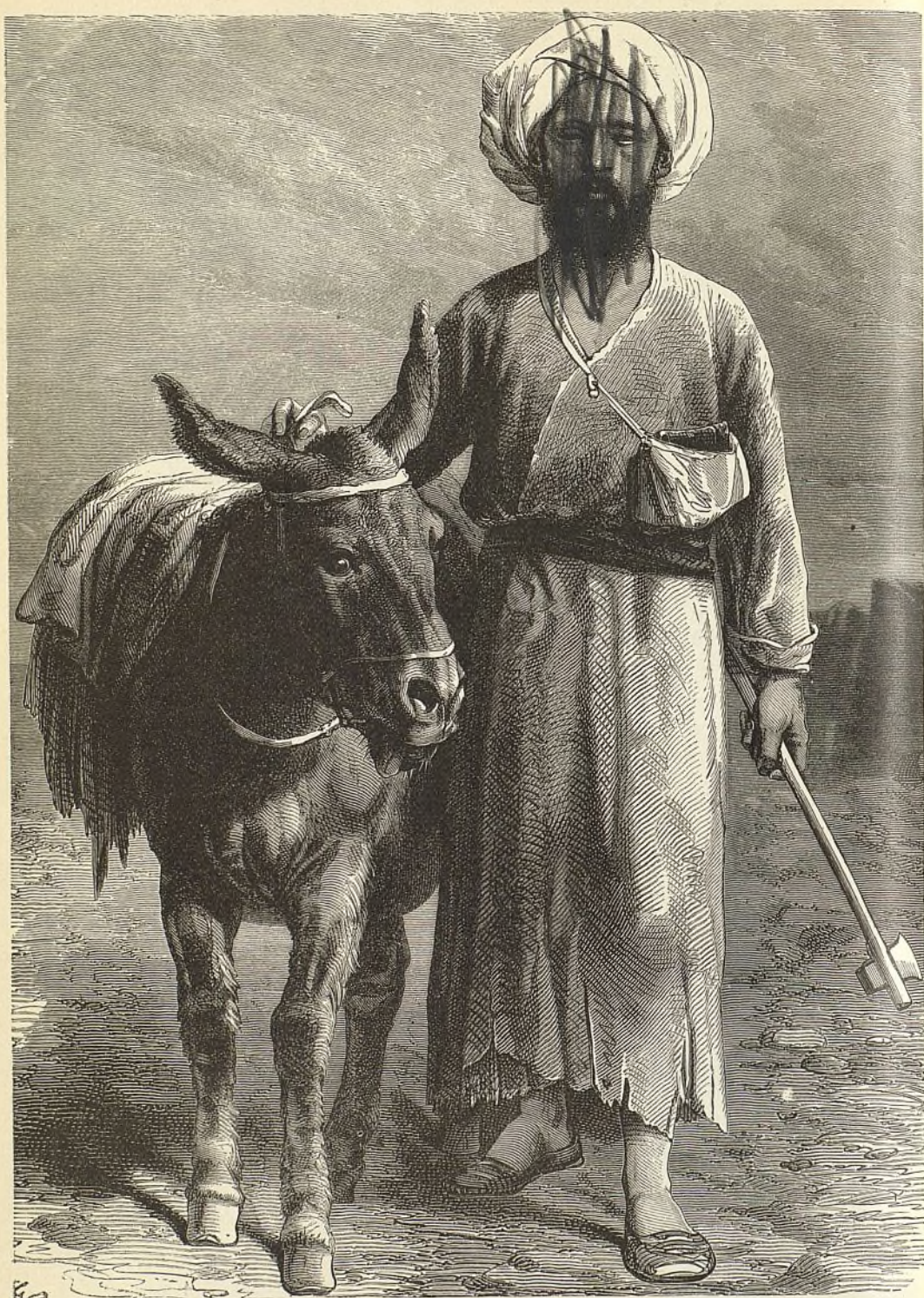
The next day, Tom told me that the fox had suddenly plunged into the grass, that he had caught hold of one of its hind legs, and that they had rolled over and over in the grass together. He owned to me that when the fox bit him on the chin, he let go of the brute, and would have given up the fight, but that the fox had then actually attacked him. "Upon that," said Tom, "I just determined to have it out with him."

Considering the fact that a fox is a very active, sharp-biting animal, and that this was an unusually large male, I have always thought Tom got off very well. I do not think that he ever cared to make a fox-trap of himself again, however.

We sold the fox-skin in the village, and received thirteen dollars for it, whereas a common red fox-skin is worth no more than three dollars.

How, or by what wiles that fox got the turkeys out of the high butternut, is a secret—one that perished with him. It would seem that he must either have climbed the tree, or else have practiced sorcery to make the turkey come down.





VAMBERY AND HIS DONKEY.

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## A GREAT TRAVELER.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

It would be very natural in any of us to suppose that no man who depended for his conveyance upon so small a donkey as that one on the opposite page, would be likely to go far enough to gain a reputation as a great traveler. But although a small donkey is not to be despised, when it comes to pulling and carrying and bearing hardships, still the man in the picture did not depend upon a donkey.

Indeed, with the exception of his own legs, he did not really depend upon any of the ordinary methods of traveling, for he seemed to be able to go pretty much where he pleased, whether people in general were able to get there or not.

This man—Arminius Vambéry—was born in Hungary in 1832, and very early in life became noted for his knowledge of languages, especially those of Eastern countries. The first use that he made of his knowledge of these difficult tongues was to teach them to other people.

He set up at Pesth as a teacher of languages; but as the Austrian authorities expelled him from the city for political reasons, he concluded to travel, and put his acquirements to a practical use. So he went to Constantinople, and thence to many parts of the East, never before reached by a European traveler.

Some of the places which he visited were considered to be sacred, and no unbeliever was allowed to come near them, under penalty of instant death were he discovered. But Vambéry disguised himself as a dervish, and traveled, sometimes alone and sometimes with pilgrims and caravans, through the deserts of Tartary to the city of Khiva. From here he made his way to Bokhara, a celebrated city of Central Asia, one of the great seats of Mahometan learning. It ought to be a learned place as well as a religious one, for there are said to be one hundred and three colleges and three hundred and sixty mosques within its walls. A good Mahometan in Bokhara might go to a different mosque almost every day in the year.

When Vambéry had satisfied his curiosity in Bokhara, as far as was possible, he pushed on to Samarcand, an important city about one hundred and thirty miles to the east. Samarcand possesses the tomb of Timur, and used to be the capital of

one of the greatest empires ever known, and the center of Asiatic learning and commerce. But it has dwindled away very much since that time; and when Vambéry visited it, it was full of interest, of course, but bereft of much of its ancient magnificence and splendor.

We cannot follow Vambéry in his various wanderings. Sometimes he bestrode his little donkey, and sometimes he sailed in curious vessels on the Caspian Sea. He lived in Turcoman tents; hunted wild beasts; traveled with caravans; rode alone on his camel at night through the solitary desert; met with escaped murderers who lived in caves; came across a whole army of wild and savage asses, who offered battle to him and his party; attended grand festivals, where all the guests plunged their hands into the dishes; went to fairs where everybody, buyers and sellers, was on horseback.

At one time, he came very near being discovered by a sharp young prince, who declared that he believed he was an Englishman in disguise. But the good dervish, Vambéry, seemed so offended and shocked at such a speech, that after awhile the prince was very sorry that he had hurt the poor man's feelings.

At last our traveler, having reached the borders of Persia, on his homeward journey, threw off his disguise, and mounted on a good horse and attended by a faithful servant, soon reached Teheran, where he was cordially welcomed by both the English and the native citizens. Even the Persian King thought so well of his exploits that he made him a member of the Order of the Lion and the Sun. I don't know what particular advantage this was to Vambéry, but it was a compliment, and I suppose he liked it.

Vambéry has written a book called "Travels and Adventures in Central Asia," and also several other books about Persia and Asia.

When I last heard of him he was Professor of Oriental languages at the University of Pesth.

It is a very fine thing to travel and see strange countries and strange people, but when you are obliged to make believe that you are a strange person yourself, and run the risk of being killed if you are found out, it would, in most cases, be better to stay at home.



## THE RIDE TO SCHOOL.

"THOU shalt have a ride to school on my sled," said Carl to his chub-by lit-tle sis-ter Ka-ren; "and Gretch-en and I will be the horses."



"Oh, that is beau-ti-ful!" cried Ka-ren, with bright, beam-ing eyes; and she danced a-round in her lit-tle red shoes.

They were three Ger-man chil-dren who lived with their fath-er and



moth-er in the far a-way West-ern State of Min-ne-so-ta, where it is so cold in win-ter that the snow lasts a long while.

Then Carl pulled his sled out of the barn, and Ka-ren was seat-ed in the mid-dle of it, with her lit-tle bask-et, which held three round cakes and a ro-sy ap-ple. Gretch-en pinned a large warm shawl o-ver her hood, put on her nice wool-en mit-tens, and, kiss-ing her sweet lit-tle face, said: "Look, how ro-sy she is;" and Ka-ren smiled back on her, say-ing: "Yes, that is fine, dear sis-ter."

Then Gretch-en put her lunch bask-et on the sled; but Carl had his lunch in a nap-kin, which he slung o-ver his shoul-ders; and, tuck-ing his trou-sers in-to his boots, a-way they all went, laugh-ing and sing-ing.

The lit-tle rob-ins scratched in the snow, cry-ing "Tweet, tweet, we want some-thing to eat." The pig-eons strutt-ed up and down the roofs of the hous-es, or flew a-way to the barn, say-ing, soft-ly, "Coo, coo, coo, come to the barn, ver-y good eat-ing there—coo, coo, coo!" The pus-sy cat sneezed, and lift-ed her paws ver-y high, for she ha-ted the snow, and wished it were al-ways sum-mer.

But the lit-tle Ger-man chil-dren liked win-ter as well as sum-mer. They were the ver-y best chil-dren in school that day; and, when school was o-ver, Carl and Gretch-en gave Ka-ren an-oth-er de-light-ful ride.



I GAVE my puss a mac-a-roon,  
And bade her eat with a sil-ver spoon;  
I brought a glass of spark-ling wine,  
And bade the pret-ty creat-ure dine.

But see what came of it, a-lack!  
That naught-y pus-sy turned her back;  
Now was n't it a dread-ful sight  
To see a puss so im-po-lite?





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my boys and girls! What shall Jack tell you about this time? Something about something, eh? That's easily done. What say you to

## CROWS' NESTS MADE OF FISH-BONES?

THE crows who live near my wood always build their nests of interwoven sticks and twigs, and they are strong enough to last year after year, if they are not as handsome as those of some other birds. But one of my crow-neighbors tells me that he has cousins who live on far-away islands where there are neither trees nor shrubs, and these crows build their nests, and very good-looking ones too, of the dried and bleached bones of large fish that have been thrown up on the shore.

Queer nests, I should think, but they show the ingenuity and perseverance of the birds. How much better than to sit down and caw sulkily that they will not build any nests at all, because they can't get just the material they prefer for the purpose.

## TUMBLE-WEEDS.

My Eastern children will say, "What *are* tumble-weeds?" when they first see this paragram; but the little Western folk will shout, "Ho! ho! we've seen them! The funniest things that ever were!"

All I know about them is that they belong to the Western prairies, but don't make their appearance until the land has been broken by the plow. Then they start up and take possession for a year or two, and after that they slowly disappear.

They have great big heads, formed of a network of stiff little branches, and their roots are like slender young beets. Late in the season, when they get dry, the wind tears them up, roots and all, and off they go, skipping, flying and tumbling over the country like good fellows. They look, in

the distance, like some sort of lively animals, and what is more, it would take a lively animal to catch them; for sometimes, in a high wind, they can outrun a galloping horse.

I wish some of the well-behaved children here-about would take a hint from the tumble-weeds, and be a little more nimble in their ways. One of these days a good run will be set down among the lost arts—see if it is n't—if the children don't play more. There is a teacher in a gricky green gown who walks through our meadow sometimes with her girls, making the poor things all march in a double row like soldiers. Don't I wish she'd take a hint from the tumble-weeds!

## THE SUMMER-SURGEON.

SUCH news! The strangest little surgeon! But you shall hear all about him. He always carries a small case of the queerest, sharpest instruments that were ever made. He is the tiniest little fellow, and his wonderful instruments can only be seen when they are placed under a glass called a microscope, which magnifies them, or makes them large enough to be seen.

In this surgeon's case there are two cutting-blades, or lancets, two tiny saws, one hollow tube, and one sharp-pointed instrument, which is also hollow, like a tube. Now, when he thinks it worth while to bleed any one, he opens his little case, and first pierces the skin with the sharp blades; then he cuts the flesh with the two little saws to make the blood flow fast, and then he pours through one tube a fluid into the wound to make the blood thin enough to flow easily, after which he draws up the blood through the other tube into the vessel prepared for it, until he thinks that he has bled the poor patient enough.

Now what do you suppose this surgeon's name is? He is called Mr. Gnat, and he is none other than the troublesome little insect that stings one so often in summer. He uses all these wonderful instruments just to get a sip of blood from some tempting boy or girl—the rascal!

## SAILORS' LANGUAGE.

I AM always in my pulpit, but not always preaching. I spend the most of my time in listening to all sorts of strange and wonderful things, in order to tell them to my children. But sometimes I hear things that puzzle me very much. The other day two sailors were talking together, and it took more than my wit to find out what they meant. One said he had just come from the "roaring forties," where he had many times "sailed in the teeth of the wind," and had been "caught in the eye of the storm." You would have believed his observation, that his companion was as "deaf as a coal-bunker," if you had heard the tone in which he shouted out his remarks.

Then the other sailor began to talk. He said that he too had just returned from a voyage. The sea had been as "smooth as blubber" most of the time, but one night when there was "just a capful of wind," and "all s's" were "set" to catch it, and "everything was as quiet as a night dog-

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watch," down came a brig and struck her right "amidships." "An', sir, the cap'n only had time to sing out to man the gig, the jollyboat and dingy, when in the water we were! Indeed," the sailor went on to say, "I s'pose we'd ha' gone to Davy Jones' locker if the brig had n't sent along her dory and yawl to pick us up."

Now what do you suppose any sober-minded Jack could make of all that? I can't describe to you how it bothered me to carry all these queer expressions in my head till my traveled bird-friends should come along. Some of them had taken long voyages in ships, and so could understand the terms my sailors had used.

Well, the end of it all is, I know now that the "roaring forties" means the distance on the Atlantic Ocean between the fortieth and fiftieth parallels of latitude; that the sailors gave the name to that space because the ocean is so stormy there. To sail in the "teeth of the wind" means to proceed in the direction from which the wind comes, and to be "caught in the eye of the storm" is to be right in the center of it, which is a very dangerous thing. "A capful of wind" turns out to be a nice brisk wind, not a gale, nor even a spanking breeze—which last, by the way, is a wind that blows quite strongly, but steadily, and is just what a sailor likes best.

As for "s'ls," that is only the sailor-sound for sails.

When I heard that a "dog-watch" means a watch that is two hours long, I could n't imagine what sort of a watch it could be; but it appears that when a ship is at sea there must always be some one to keep watch night and day, in order to avoid accidents. So one officer will watch from six o'clock till ten, another from ten o'clock till twelve, a third from twelve o'clock till two, and a fourth from two o'clock till six. The two short periods between ten o'clock and two in the daytime, and the same in the night, are called dog-watches.

Upon hearing this, I was going to remark that this was a very queer name, but remembering that all the other names and terms were queer too, I said nothing about it.

As for hitting "amidships," that only means that one vessel struck the other in the center. "Yawl" and "dory," and many of the other words are plain enough, now that I understand them; but we have had sailor-talk long enough for this time.

#### A LETTER TO JACK.

HERE is a letter just received from my kinsman, Green Dragon:

Chinquelin Island, Mississippi River.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am sure you remember your cousin Green Dragon. We were well acquainted in the long-ago days before railroads and reapers.

What a famous preacher you are getting to be, my dear cousin! There's not a pulpit in the land so quoted as you. Your fame has come across the prairies to my island home in the midst of the Mississippi's mighty waters. I am happily situated here, at the head of the Keokuk Rapids, in sight of the old Mormon town of Nauvoo, safe for centuries, I think, from the march of civilization. I don't like this same civilization. I'm sure it means no good to us flowers. Just think how it has spoiled our sweet Rose! You and I remember the time, Jack, when she was an open-faced, simple-hearted wood-nymph, that either of us would have died for. Now see what a fluffy, artificial, made-up look she has!

But there's one flower here civilization has not corrupted. Jack, Jack, my dear cousin, did you ever see her—the great American lotus,—the Indian Queen? She is like a dream of the Tropics. Down in the ooze, under the solemn waters, is the long, snake-like root; up through the wave rises the sinewy stem; on the river's bosom, spread out like a knightly shield, freely floats the leaf—a yard and a-half wide, Jack. Bravely uplifted above the flood, in her yellow robes and glistening amber jewels, sits the regal lotus, sweetening the breeze with her warm, spicy, almond-flavored breath.

There are strange stories told of this Queen Lotus—of how priests and sages of old made pilgrimages to her home in the Nile; of how she played "bo-peep" with Moses in the bulrushes. Pharaoh's daughter, it is said, was making her periodical visit to the lotus when she discovered the handsome boy. Between ourselves, Jack, I don't believe this lotus of mine, here on the Mississippi, is the same as the ancient lotus of the Nile. I heard a scientific gentleman say that the Nile lotus is purple. My lotus is a delicate, creamy yellow.

The children along the Mississippi like lotus-nuts, and call them water-chinquelins. The German children call them Yankee-nuts.

The white water-lily, a relative to my lotus, is sometimes seen here; but her home is the lake. Flowers and folks are both better off at home. Here the lily draggles; she can't lift herself above the retiring waters.

Your cousin,

GREEN DRAGON.

#### STARVING CHILDREN.

IT's a terrible thing to say, but I'm told that some children *are* starving this winter. Find them and feed them, my darlings. Ask your parents to help. Good warm clothes that you never wear should not be stowed away in your homes now. *Somebody* needs them.

#### BERGMEAL.

A NORWEGIAN boy, with eyes as blue as wood-violets and hair of the pale gold color of a daffy that has grown in the shade, lately told a young lady, in my hearing, about a very queer sort of flour that he had seen at home, and in a few other countries—Tuscany, in Italy, for instance. It is called bergmeal, he said (or bergmehl, from the German *berg*, mountain, and *mehl*, meal). To give a loaf of bread made from this flour, would be almost literally to give a stone for bread; for the bergmehl, our boy said, is not made from grain, but from a very fine white or cream-colored powder, mainly composed of flinty shells, so very small that one square inch of the powder is said to contain millions of them.

"Is this bread good, and can one live upon it?" the young lady asked the Norwegian lad.

He shook his head rather sadly, and said, "No, it is not good, and one could not live upon it alone; but in hard times when grain-flour is very scarce and costly, the poor people go out upon the mountains and gather this powder to mix with grain-flour, to make it last longer."

He said that there was something else in the bergmehl besides the particles of flinty shells, and that this something had a little nourishment in it; but the main thing is that the mountain-flour increases the bulk of the food, and even that is an advantage in times of famine.

I was glad that the poor people of Norway could get this bergmehl when they could not get good grain-flour; but I would much rather we should send them a few shiploads of wheat, or rye, or buckwheat, or Indian-corn. Would n't you, my dears?

DON'T forget the birds this cold weather. Scatter crumbs for them, my children.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE is a letter from a little girl, printed word for word as it was written:

Orland, October 11, 1874.

ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing that a good many have written for this book, I thought I would see what I could do about writing a story, although I am but a little girl, nine years old. You cannot expect much from me.

Dear boys and girls, I am going to tell you a story about my little pig. You may think this rather beneath the notice of a little girl, but I do not agree with you. Any little boy or girl who did not have pity for a little motherless lame pig, does not have any heart.

One day, as my grandpa was out in the barn-yard, he saw a little lame pig laying down on the ground. It could not walk; but grandpa brought it in the yard and fed it some milk for two or three days, and then I asked pa if I could have it, and he said I might, and then I took it and fed it, and you may think it funny because I took the dish that I fed it with and washed it. It was in the summer. I took cold water and washed the pig, and wiped it, and it held just as still while I did it. It got over being lame, and grew, till all at once it began to refuse its food; and one morning when I went out to feed it I found it missing. I looked all over for it, but could not find it. Finally we found it in the wood-pile; we took it out and buried it.

I read in my last magazine about a little girl who had a cat, who would ring at the hall-door. Now my grandpa (the same grandpa that helped me take care of my little pig) had a cat that would open the door, and not wait for any one to open it.

BIRDIE.

We gladly print three verses from a poem by E. B., entitled,

## THE COOKY WITH A HOLE IN IT.

Little man! did you ever see  
A cooky as nice as this?  
Spiciness, yellowness, richness,  
All to be bought for a kiss!

And see, it is made with a hole, sir,  
Framed in for the middle, so;  
To hang it upon your finger,  
Or even peep through, you know.

Spoke the little man then, "O yes, ma'am!"  
Still a small doubt stirred his soul.  
"Yes," again said little man, softly,  
"But how do you eat the hole?"

JENNIE F. V. writes: "I would like to tell other girls of a way of putting coal on the fire so as not to make a noise. It is useful to know about it, in case anyone is sick, or there is a little baby asleep in the room, or you are helping to take care of your poor grandfather, sick with rheumatism. The last is my case. Grandpa cannot bear the noise made by putting coal on the fire, so I was glad to learn of a good way of doing it softly. I put the coal in little paper grocery-bags that the cook saves for me (but I suppose pieces of newspaper would do to wrap them in). Then, when I get a scuttleful of these bags of coal, I wash my hands, and Mary carries the scuttle up to grandpa's room for me. It is very handy. I can then lay these little bags of coal on the fire so softly that a mouse could not hear it; and it is easier, too, than lifting the scuttle. Besides, it does not soil my hands. Sometimes when the fire is not good I break the bag just a little, so that the paper will catch fire more easily."

Brooklyn, November 23, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You told us last May how to make a "Christmas City," so I have made one. It is on a board three feet long, and two wide. There are fifty houses in all. It is laid out with streets, and green yards with fences around them, and gravel walks and flower-beds, and trees and shrubbery. Two of the yards have croquet sets, and two have artificial ponds. There is a river in one part of the city, and a park in the center. No two houses are exactly alike. There is a cathedral, with a chapel, a bishop's palace, and a nunnery. There are two churches with parsonages; a college with a chapel and library; and three houses for the President and Professors, all enclosed in one yard, which I call College Square. There are three farm-houses and twelve cottages and a school-house; two hotels, two stores, a theater, a bank, eight mansion-houses, four barns, and two little summer arbors beside the river. I was nine years old when I commenced my city, but did not finish it till after I was ten. But I fear I am writing too long a letter for your time and patience. I will only add that I sent my City to the county fair, and got five dollars premium for it. I am thinking some of making a Holiday Harbor, but do not know as I can make the ships. I hope St. Nicholas will have a good big turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner; I think he deserves one for making me so happy.—From your friend,

LIZZIE M. BENNETT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The Letter-Box asks why the mark in paper is called a "water-mark." It is so called because made by the wire through which the water is drained from the pulp of which the paper is made.

ARNOLD GUYOT CAMERON.

C. V. T.—We do not wonder that "The Hidden Hand" in the conundrum picture puzzled you. We intended that it should do so. You could not, it is true, "find" the hidden hand in the picture in a literal sense, but surely the expression, "find," is quite allowable in this case. Ours was a riddle, or conundrum picture, and we expected that all who undertook to interpret it would let their fancy shed light upon their wits.

Long ago, we said to a dear old negro:

"Eliza, here's a conundrum for you. Why is a person with the rheumatism like a church window?"

"Dunno, chile," said she. "You'll hab to tell ole 'Liza dat, I'se thinkin'."

"Why, Eliza, don't you know? It's because it's full of pains."

"G'long," cried Eliza, highly indignant. "Done come tellin' 'Liza no sich stuff; 'taint no sich thing. Dey's diff'rent kinds of pains, dem is. Don't s'pose dey rubs limiment on church window-panes, does yer? Ole 'Liza aint gwine to believe no sich stuff as dat, no how."

It has been a surprise and a pleasure to us to note that out of all the nine hundred and more who sent answers to our conundrum picture, only seven have since expressed any dissatisfaction whatever, and, strange to say, the things that they find fault with are the very answers (printed in December ST. NICHOLAS) that a *very large majority* of the children sent in without hesitation.

DEAR EDITOR: You have so many fine stories about animals in ST. NICHOLAS, that I want you to please put this one in. A lady who came to see my mother told it to us last night. She said that in the house right back of hers in Brooklyn, they have a pet parrot. On week-day mornings this parrot always has a good deal to say about wanting this and that; but on Sunday mornings last Summer it would rouse the neighbors by shouting, "Mary Elizabeth, get ready for Sunday-school! Mary Elizabeth, get ready for Sunday-school!" over and over again. The lady said that the bird was in its cage hanging out of an upper window, where no one could talk to it and tell it what to say without being seen or heard, and it never said this on any morning but Sunday. Do you suppose the parrot could count?—Your respectful friend,

LANE M. WEST.

Boston.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do you consider the expression, "can't see it," as slang? I like that society of "Non-askers," mentioned by John Gregg in the Letter-Box for last June. Don't you think the girls ought to join? Do you think it a good plan to learn poetry? Can you tell me who wrote that poem on "The Burial of Moses," beginning:

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave;  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave?"

Yours respectfully,

MINNIE THOMAS.

The expression, "can't see it," is not necessarily slang, but it may be used as slang, and is then disagreeable to refined persons. Whether it is slang or not depends entirely on the motive of the person using it.

We wish that every one of our girls would join the Non-askers.

There can be no doubt that, for many reasons, committing poetry—good poetry—to memory is an excellent practice.

The poem you speak of was written, we believe, by a Mrs. Alexander, and appeared first in a small monthly publication, the *Christian Miscellany*, issued by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference Publication Office in London.

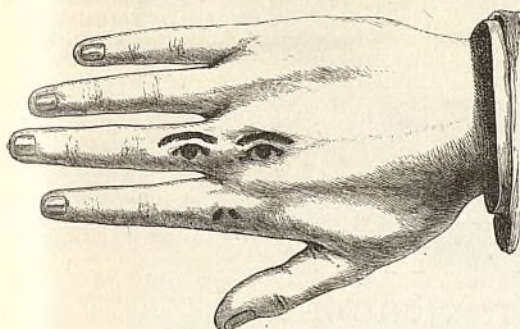
CARRIE MAIRE AND LOUISE QUINTARD—The army of Bird-defenders has adopted a preamble and resolutions, which fully explain "what it has to do." You will find them in Mr. Haskins' article, "For the Birds," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1873, or in Letter-Box of the number for May, 1874.



CHARL writes: "Noticing that another contributor to your Riddle-Box is using the *nom de plume* 'Charl,' I suggest that it would be well for the latest Charl to select a different name."

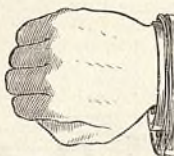
EDWIN S. BELKNAP wants to know how to make a sun-dial. Who can tell him?

OSWEGO BOY, who asks to be told "how to turn one's hand into an old woman."—As other young folks also may wish to see or exhibit this old woman during the fireside season, we will answer



your query by two pictures. The first will show you the markings of India-ink, or burnt cork, to be made on one hand (the left, not the right; our artist has made a mistake there); the second will show you how to double the same hand so as to form the old woman's face. You then put a little kerchief on her head, tying it under her chin, and Mrs. McGrundy is complete. By moving the bended thumb slowly the lady will appear to be opening and closing her mouth. A little practice will enable you to accompany this lip motion with appropriate speech, so that Mrs. McGrundy may say a few words to her admiring friends.

By way of variety, a small frilled cap with a black band can be made for the old lady's use, and a sort of stuffed gown can be held up closely to the head by means of a cord secured to the gown and held tightly between the second and third fingers of the doubled fist.



#### BIRD-DEFENDERS.

The army of Bird-defenders has received a large number of recruits since our last issue.

WILLIAM J. ELDRIDGE (who writes that he is keeping an alphabetical list of the Bird-defenders) sends, besides his own, the names of John J. Eldridge, Lizzie H. Eldridge, Alice G. Troth and Lilian S. Troth.

BERTHA J. RICKOFF, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends the following list: Fanny Beckwith, Alice Burrows, Annie Burrows, Maud Hanna, Anna Shipherd, Nellie Runcy, Lillian Harwood, Florence Hyde, Mabel Allen, Tilly Huntington, Maggie Huntington, Annie Smith, Albina Sanders, Willie Rickoff, Bell J. Watterson and Bertha J. Rickoff.

LIBBIE M. BUTLER sends her own and the following names: Minnie Clements, Ella Van Patten, Gertie Layner and Jennie Butler.

CLINTON B. POE sends this list: Sam K. Poe, Robert A. Gregory, Arthur Kimery, Carrie Johnson, Waldo Morgan, Jennie Lawrence and Clinton B. Poe.

CHARLIE J. BIGELOW joins the army, and sends other names, as follows: Frank Dingman, Willie Randall, Charlie Randall, Willie Ebbertie, Nellie Burton, Sarah Pompenella and Hattie Sullivan.

FLORENCE B. LOCKWOOD asks to be enrolled in company with a few recruits: Katie Radford, Conchita Cisneros, Clemencia Mestre, E. J. Tiemann, M. C. Murray and Benoni Lockwood.

LILY F. CONKEY sends her second list: Cornelia W. Smith, Minnie Adams, Nellie Wilkinson, Helen Kellogg, Willie Dane, Minnie Ashley, Flora Page, Selina Steinitz, N. J. Spurr and Frank L. Douglass.

Besides the above, the following new names have been enrolled: John C. Howard, Sallie F. Bailey, Fred N. Luther, Mamie Beach and Lillie McGregor, Will E. Brayton, F. Green, George S. Brown, S. Weaver, Minnie L. Sherman, Rob R. Sherman, Katie T. Hughes, Ollie Hughes, Harry Winn, Lizzie M. Bennett, Henry K. Gilman, Ruth and Mabel Davison, George F. Pease, Frankie L. Jones, Mabel W. Baldwin, Henry O. Riddell, Harry N. Covell, A. R. Diamond, Willie G. Foote and Lincoln Righter.

"MACHEN."

#### Translation of German Sketch in December Number.

EARLY, when daylight appears, the peasant gets out of bed. He opens the chamber door and shuts it again, to go to his day's work, of which the beginning consists in lighting a fire, in order first of all to prepare the coffee. His wife meanwhile cleans the room, puts things in order, and arranges her hair. If she is long about it, her husband gives her a cross look. She does not really care much about that; but it is not very cheering to have the remark constantly made to you: "See that you hurry now; I am so worried, I can do nothing." At last, as he sets out to go to the fair, there is so bad a snow-storm that he hardly knows what to do, &c., &c.

Translations have been received from Corydon P. Karr, Fred W. McKee and S. A. Ammon, Joseph Jastrow, Sigismund Dormitzer, Carrie Hesse, Mary B. McCoy, Emily Schumann, Lizzie Bradford, James Espy, Edith W., Clara M. Gearhart, Willie E. Mayer and O. Smith.

THE question, "Who Was He?" in the paragraph of the December Letter-Box concerning a certain noted man, has been correctly answered by the following-named boys and girls, who send word that Dr. Samuel Johnson is the person referred to: Thomas Noel, Clara Lee, Libbie M. Butler, Mamie Wagner, T. C. Merrel, Georgie L. Blood, Nettie E. Williams, A. R. Diamond, Olive Pratt, Mamie Beach and Lillie McGregor, John O. C. Ellis, Laura A. Wilson, C. W. and M. P., Clifton B. Dare, Lizzie Johnson, May Ogden, Stella M. Luce, Edith W., five members of the reading-class of Mrs. E. P. T., Lillie F. Conkey and Nellie S. Colby.

OUR "Word-makers" will receive attention next month.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Nursery Noonings.* By Gail Hamilton. Harper & Bros., New York. (A good strong book for parents.)

*The Man in the Moon, and Other People.* By R. W. Raymond. J. B. Ford & Co., New York. (A collection of very entertaining stories.)

*F. Grant & Co.; or, Partnerships.* By George L. Chaney. Roberts Bros., Boston. (A good book for boys.)

*Children's Stories.* By Eleven Harvard Sophomores. Roberts Brothers, Boston. (Capital for the little folks.)

*A Practical and Critical Grammar of the English Language.* By Noble Butler. John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.

*Twilight Stories*, by Miss B. C. Rogers; *Twenty Stories and Twenty Poems*, by Mrs. C. E. R. Parker; *Bob Tinker and His Friends*, by Mary E. C. Wyeth; *Bessie Kirkland*, by Mrs. M. E. Miller; *Lillie; or, The Little Christian's Toilet*, by Mrs. H. E. Brown; *Joe and Sally; or, A Good Deed and Its Fruits*; *Little Folks' Picture Book*; *Four "Dot" Books*. Published by the American Tract Society, New York.

*Little Stories for Little People.* By James Barron Hope, Norfolk, Va.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED.

*Friendship's Gift.* A collection of popular pieces, simplified by E. Mark. S. T. Gordon & Son, New York.

*Fusionen Walts.* Strauss.

*Students' Ball Waltzes.* Strauss.

*The Happy Children.* Six easy dances for the piano. By Jos. Rummel. S. T. Gordon & Son, New York.

*Songs of Lapland and Finland.* Translated and adapted to the music by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Philadelphia.





## NICHOLAS! ST. NICHOLAS!

The "Ice-Boat Song," from "Hans Brinker."

GEORGE J. HUSS.

*With Spirit.*

*p cresc. f p sempre staccato.*

*Ped.*

1 and of children! Dou-ble claim have we  
 2 air we're rushing, As our voic-es blend,  
 3 bright before us Chase a-way the cold!  
 4 lov-ing les-son, Fes-ti-val and glee,

As in youth-ful joy we're sailing O'er a fro-zen sea!  
 Are you near us? do you hear us, Nich-o-las, our friend?  
 Hearts where sunny thoughts are welcome, Never can grow old.  
 Bid us thank thee as we're sailing O'er the froz-en sea.

1 Nich-o-las! Saint Nich-o-las!  
 2 Nich-o-las! Saint Nich-o-las!  
 3 Nich-o-las! Saint Nich-o-las!  
 4 Nich-o-las! Saint Nich-o-las!

Let us sing to thee.  
 Love can nev-er end.  
 Nev-er can grow old.  
 So we sing to thee!



1 Nich - o - las! Saint Nich-o-las! Let us sing to thee. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Let us sing to  
2 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Love can nev-er end. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Love can nev-er  
3 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Nev-er can grow old. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Nev-er can grow  
4 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! So we sing to thee. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! So we sing to

*Ending for the 1st, 2d, and 3d verses.* *Ending for the last verse.*

1 thee!  
2 end.  
3 old.

4 thee.

*Sva.....*

*Ped.*

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### REVERSALS.

1. TAKE a word meaning to separate, reverse it, and find a snare for vermin. 2. Belonging to animals of a certain kind; reversed, to barter. 3. A pest to society; reversed, a kind of bird. 4. A nocturnal animal; reversed, an appendage to a cap. 5. A modern means of divination; reversed, a mineral. 6. To treat with contempt; reversed, small sweet-cakes. 7. An ancient poet or minstrel; reversed, a color. 8. Departed in haste; reversed, a kind of ware.

R. G.

### HIDDEN ACROSTIC.

AT the foot of a bed,  
And the base of the stair;  
In the night, and the light,  
In the back of a chair;  
On the old marble mantel,  
In the edge of the door;  
At the head of the table,  
And inside a store.

Now place me together,  
And, like the lost geese,  
The whole you'll find never,  
For I'm only a piece. ALDEBARAN.

### DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

EVERY other letter is omitted. N-v-r-o-d-m-w-a-y-u-  
o-o-u-d-r-t-n. (A bit of proverbial advice worth heed-  
ing.)  
RUTHVEN.

### CHARADE.

My second wakes when by my first  
The birds are set a-singing,  
And with the echo of their joy  
The forest deep is ringing.

My whole, a dainty, fragile thing,  
Braved wind and wave and tide,  
And now enshrined in history's page  
It lives, a nation's pride.

### RIDDLE.

IN my first, or my fourth, or it may be my third, you will find my second her whom you have been so long seeking, for she may become my whole. Marry her and get the money.

P. V.

**CROSS-WORD.**

My first is in crow, but not in hawk;  
My second is in landing, but not in dock;  
My third is in horse, and also in mule;  
My fourth is in govern, but not in rule;  
My fifth is in patch, but not in mend;  
My sixth is in tear, but not in rend;  
My seventh is in trouble, but not in grief;  
My eighth is in robber, but not in thief;  
My ninth is in saw, but not in seen;  
My whole is the name of a wicked queen.

T. W. M'G.



## REBUS.

(The solution is a stanza from Tennyson's "In Memoriam.")



## PUZZLE.

ONE hundred and one by fifty divide,  
And then if a cipher be rightly applied,  
And your computation agree with mine,  
The answer will be one taken from nine. X.

## COMBINED SQUARE-WORD AND DIAGONAL.

SQUARE-WORD: 1. Part of every carpet. 2. An open space. 3. Used in guiding horses. 4. A short breathing. Diagonals: A writing—a glimpse. M.

## REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. To marry. 3. A mechanical power. 4. A cave. 5. A consonant. Reversed: 1. A consonant. 2. A boy's name. 3. A feast. 4. Moisture. 5. A consonant. J. S. R.

## STAR PUZZLE.

1. SLANG for companion. 2. Deceased. 3. A color. 4. To make certain kinds of liquors. 5. To twist. C. A. M.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

A PLUM PUDDING.—1. Mace (M-ace). 2. Flour (Flower). 3. Clove (C-love). 4. Currants (currents). 5. Indian-meal. 6. Allspice (awls-p-ice). 7. Molasses (Mo. lasses). 8. Candied lemon-peel (candied-lemon peel). 9. Citron (sit run). 10. Suet (Sue ate).

ENIGMA.—Do not judge the feelings of others by your own.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Rainbow, Sunbeam.—Riddles, Adieu, Indian, Nab, Believe, Opera, Wisdom.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—L, Wen, Repel, Ned, R.

RIDDLE.—Camel, Carmel, Caramel.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.—St. Nicholas.—Saratoga, Tanganika, Nanking, Iceland, China, Himalaya, Obi, Lapland, America, Scotland.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Spin, pin, in. Charmed, harmed, armed.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—E, Ear, Easel, Red, L.

A PICTURE PUZZLE.—The inscription on the sign:

Rove not from pole to pole. The man in here  
Will shave you close and smooth, from ear to ear;  
And that without a scratch to mar your beauty.  
Your hair he'll cut to suit you in a trice,  
And when 't is done, you'll marvel at the price.  
Then let your wanderings stop,  
And enter in this shop.

AN ENTERTAINMENT.—I rented neat, entertained, entered in estimate, time seat, I set meat—sixteen on, extension—side-table blest idea, lest I bade—several, reveals—meats, steam—Kents, takes steak, skate—is grave, graves—I on no, onion—Arago sat, Saratoga—gets veal be, vegetables—conversation, tin covers on a—amused, am used, made us—separate, ate pears—a speech, peaches—apricots to a crisp—rice came, ice-cream—sinew, wines, swine—left, felt.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER were received previous to December 18th, from James E. Whitney, Jr., Florence B. Lockwood, James Alexander, Jr., Milly I. Smith, Lizzie M. Park, M. E. and G. H., Bessie T. B. Benedict, "May B. Not," Susie A. Murray, James McCall, Jr., Mabel W. Baldwin, Jacob A. Hountain, George Loutzenheirer, Fannie Griswold, Carrie A. Johnson, E. H. R., Edgar L. R., Libbie M. Butler, Henry O. Riddell, Clara Lee, "Pennsylvania and California," Helen Worrell Clarkson, Adelle T. Peck, and Lizzie M. Knapp, Florence Palmer, "May and Rhedia," Everett B. Clarke, Maggie Charlton, Harriet Lagourtz, Louise F. March, Clinton B. Poe, Charles George Martin, Alice W. Ives, Ruth C. Stetson, Mamie Beach and Lillie McGregor, Carrie L. Hastings, Edwin B. Saunier, Helen B. Fancharl, Nanna Fife, John B. Neale, Frank E. Vaughan, Eva G. Wanzler, D. P. L. Postell, Laurens T. Postell, Susan M. Brown, Ida E. Christianoy, John O. C. Ellis, Fred H. Wilson, Herbert E. Mathews, Lillian Carter, Clara Carter, Franklin M. Welsh, A. L. Benedict, Lulu Isabel Needham, Bennie Melvin, Katie T. Hughes, Willie Thorn, Frank S. Halsey, Jessie Field, James J. Ormsbee, F. B. James, Agnes Stevens, Hattie Beecher Scoville, Ella Condie, Maggie T., Lizzie C. Brown, Eugenia C. Pratt, Eddie L. Heydecke, Robert Van Voorhis, Jr., Arthur M. Little, Willie Boucher Jones, John C. Howard, Sophie Winslow, Rachel Hutchins, Carleton Brabrook, Gertie Bradley, Katie Walsh and Bessie Shubrick, Julia Dean Hunter, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Emily Bodstein, Arthur E. Smith, Stella M. Luce, Howard G. Nott, D. W. McCullough, Rosa M. Raymond, Arthur C. Burnham, Neenah M. Dunn, Florence B. Lockwood, Mary S. Wilcox, O. Smith, Lily F. Conkey, Freddy Forehand, Nellie S. Colby, John Ruggles Slack, M. L. Palmer, May Trumbull, Lucy Barbour, Grace Nunemacher, George H. Smith, Jr., Lizzie C. Wells, and C. D. Benedict.