

ST. NICHOLAS.

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CINDERELLA.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

SHE did not live in the days of fairies and giants, when pumpkins could be changed into chariots, and rats and mice to prancing steeds and liveried footmen.

But it did not matter much. She sat by the great fire-place in the kitchen and dreamed day-dreams about fairy-land and its beautiful sights and wonderful transformations, and when she took off her wooden shoes and warmed her little bare foot by the blaze on the hearth, she sometimes dreamed of a glass slipper, and a Prince, with long white waving plumes, to try it on. And it always fitted her. Of course, if it had not, there would have been no sense in dreaming about it.

She was a little French girl, and she lived in an old farm-house, where they burned brushwood under the great iron pot that hung in the fire-place, and where the great mantel-piece, so high up that she had to stand on a chair to reach it, was crowded with curious old pitchers and glasses and plates and jugs that nobody used, and where the carved doors, and, indeed, almost everything about the place but the people who lived there, looked nearly old enough to have come down from fairy days.

There, before the fire, with the two heads on the ends of the andirons for company, she would sit for hours and dream day-dreams. The two heads on the andirons were so very attentive and still that they seemed as if they were listening to what she was thinking, and, although the backs of their heads must have been very hot, they never interrupted her.

She wished she *had* lived in the old days and had had a fairy godmother. Old Mère Christine was her godmother, and a very good and kind one

she was too, but she had no magic wand and could not change her red bodice and woolen skirt into beautiful silken robes, nor could she make a splendid chariot out of a pumpkin. The only thing at all magical that she could do was to turn flour and butter into delicious little cakes, and a rolling-pin was all the wand she had.

Her two sisters, too, were not so very cross, and they did not make her do all the work. Lizette was married, and had her baby to attend to, but she was nearly always busy at something about the house; and Julie was very industrious.

And as to the Prince, she had never seen him at all.

So she had to dream about all the bad things as well as the good things that happened to the real Cinderella, so long, long ago.

She was sitting before the fire one day, watching the fire to keep it lively under the pot, and thinking about the days when there were kind fairies and goblins to make fires for good little girls and to hang up magical pots, out of which they might scoop anything good to eat that they might fancy; and so she gradually got to thinking about her favorite old story of Cinderella.

She sat like her beloved heroine in the castle kitchen, and in her mind she saw her cruel sisters pass down the grand staircase, dressed in their rich silks and satins, and proudly get into their coaches and drive away to the parties and balls, in which their hearts delighted.

She saw her wicked stepmother as she shook her fist at her, whenever she dared venture to look out at that dismal ashy kitchen, where everything seemed as if the cooking were always just over, and



CINDERELLA.

FROM A PAINTING BY J. W. CHAMPNEY.

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the fire-place was always filled with cinders and cinders and cinders, which had to be taken up all the time.

And she saw her dear, delightful fairy godmother change everything that was miserable into things that were rich and soft and golden, and then send her off in the magical pumpkin chariot to the ball. (Whenever she thought of this chariot, she had in her mind a picture of an old yellow carriage that belonged to old Monsieur Bopindot, who used to be Mayor of the neighboring town. It was a big round coach, not unlike a pumpkin in shape, and it had to be very low, because Monsieur Bopindot was so round and fat that he could not step very high. She could not imagine this carriage going to a king's ball, and she did not like to have it come into her Cinderella story. But it would do it.)

And then she saw all the richly dressed lords and ladies at the ball, and saw the lights and the jewels and the splendid halls; and just as she was about to step in and join the happy throng she stopped suddenly in her dream.

The Prince was knocking at the door!

She sprang to her feet. What would he think of her in such a dress, and barefooted?

But it would not do to keep him standing at the door. So she ran and opened it. Old Pierrot, the gardener, was standing there in his dirty blue blouse and with his great wooden shoes all covered with garden mold.

He had come to borrow a spade, he said, with his cap in his hand,—if the ladies were not going to use their spade to-day.

"Oh, Pierrot!" called down Lizette from an

upper window, "what a man you are! A gardener, and coming to borrow a spade! Don't you know that you ought to get a spade for yourself? You can't do business that way, Pierrot."

But Pierrot said that he had a spade, and a very good one, but he had lent it to his neighbor Jacques, who was using it now; and, as he did not wish to take it away from Jacques, he thought he would come and borrow the ladies' spade, if they were not going to use it.

"You had better go get your own spade," said Julie from the stairs. "I don't know where in the world ours is, and I'm sure I have n't time now to stop and look for it."

Poor Pierrot looked sadly down at his wooden shoes. There was a piece of work that he ought to do that afternoon, and he could not go and take his spade from poor Jacques.

"I'll go look for the spade for you, Pierrot," said Cinderella. "We have n't used it for ever so long, and I don't know where it is, but I'm sure I can find it if you will wait a little while."

And thus she put on the glass slipper, and it fitted exactly.

To be sure the Prince was only old Pierrot, and the sisters were not very cruel, and there was no fairy godmother at all, and the fitting of the slipper was only a trial of good-nature, but it was all better than a fairy tale.

Prince Pierrot was happy as he walked away with the spade, and Cinderella was happy as she came back to the fire, and when they saw what the little girl had done, the two sisters felt sorry that the slipper had not fitted them.

COLORADO SNOW-BIRDS.

By H. H.

I'LL tell you how the snow-birds come,
Here in our Winter days;
They make me think of chickens,
With their cunning little ways.

We go to bed at night, and leave
The ground all bare and brown,
And not a single snow-bird
To be seen in all the town.

But when we wake at morning
The ground with snow is white,
And with the snow, the snow-birds
Must have traveled all the night;

For the streets and yards are full of them,
The dainty little things,
With snow-white breasts, and soft brown heads
And speckled russet wings.

Not here and there a snow-bird,
As we see them at the East,
But in great flocks, like grasshoppers,
By hundreds, at the least.

They push and crowd and jostle,
And twitter as they feed,
And hardly lift their heads up
For fear to miss a seed.

What 't is they eat, nobody seems
To know or understand;
The seeds are much too fine to see,
All sifted in the sand.

But winds last Summer scattered them,
All thickly on these plains;
The little snow-birds have no barns,
But God protects their grains.

They let us come quite near them,
And show no sign of dread;
Then, in a twinkling, the whole flock
Will flutter on ahead

A step or two, and light, and feed,
And look demure and tame,
And then fly on again, and stop,
As if it were a game.

Some flocks count up to thousands,
I know, and when they fly,
Their tiny wings make rustle,
As if a wind went by.

They go as quickly as they come,
Go in a night or day;
Soon as the snow has melted off,
The darlings fly away,

But come again, again, again,
All Winter, with each snow;
Brave little armies, through the cold,
Swift back and forth they go.

I always wondered where they lived
In Summer, till last year
I stumbled on them in their home,
High in the upper air;

'Way up among the clouds it was,
A many thousand feet,
But on the mountain-side gay flowers
Were blooming fresh and sweet.

Great pine-trees' swaying branches
Gave cool and fragrant shade;
And here, we found, the snow-birds
Their Summer home had made.

"Oh, ye lucky little snow-birds,"
We said, "to know so well,
In Summer time and Winter time,
Your destined place to dwell—

"To journey, nothing doubting,
Down to the barren plains.
Where harvests are all over,
To find your garnered grains!

"Oh, precious little snow-birds,
If we were half as wise,
If we were half as trusting
To the Father in the skies,—

"He would feed us, though the harvests
Had ceased throughout the land,
And hold us, all our lifetime,
In the hollow of His hand!"



THAT BUNKER HILL POWDER.

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY.

EVERY good student of history has learned that the battle of Bunker Hill was lost to the Americans chiefly because they had not enough powder.

The King having opposed, by every means in his power, the manufacture of munitions of war in the colonies, the patriots at first found great difficulty in procuring ammunition; and the supplies for the early part of the war were obtained in such adventurous ways that accounts of these exploits are very interesting. Indeed, a portion of even the scanty stock which our people had at Bunker Hill had been brought over the sea to be used against the enemies of Great Britain.

I have only recently found out just how this powder came to do service for the patriots, instead of their British oppressors; and, being quite sure that the story has never been fully told, I have undertaken its recital for the pleasure of the numberless young patriots who read ST. NICHOLAS.

Adjoining the town of Rye, in New Hampshire, and directly north of its noted beach, is the town of Newcastle. On the site of the present Fort Constitution in this town there was, in the days of the Revolution, a quite formidable work called "Fort William and Mary."

No visit from a foreign enemy being anticipated, the fort was manned at this time by a captain and five privates only. A weak garrison, surely; but it was supposed that, in case of danger, the friends of King George in the neighborhood would amply reinforce the guard, even were there not time for the royal governor, Wentworth, to bring the militia to the rescue. As to any serious attack by disaffected inhabitants, it was too bold an act for belief; and if it were possible, in any case, that the militia should prove insufficient, General Gage, with three thousand regulars, was in Boston, and a British fleet was in its harbor.

What subject, however rebellious, would dare to touch his Majesty's property, or its custodians, under these circumstances? The act would be treason, and the life and possessions of the offender would be forfeited; and who could save him from the King's hand? Probably not even the most ardent patriot thought of it, until Paul Revere came riding into town from Boston one evening.

The news he brought was startling. An order had come from the King that all military stores in the colonies should be seized at once.

Major John Langdon (afterward Governor) the same evening received a call from his friend, Cap-

tain Thomas Pickering. After the compliments of the hour had been passed, the Captain surprised his friend by an invitation to accompany him to Fort William and Mary to take a glass of wine with its commander.

"It will not do," replied the Major, cautiously evading a declaration of his own sentiments; "it will not do under the present state of public affairs."

Major Langdon's sympathies were with his oppressed countrymen; and he revolted at the idea of receiving the hospitalities of one whose duty it might be on the morrow to shoot down his guests as foes of the Government.

Captain Pickering next disclosed a design of securing the arms and ammunition of the fort; showing his purpose to be quite other than the invitation indicated.

"If twenty-eight like ourselves could be found," said he, "I would undertake to lead in the capture."

To this purpose Major Langdon heartily assented.

Before noon of the next day a drum and fife were sounding about town to bring the people together; and the order of the King for securing the ammunition was made known. The effect of this news was increased by a report that the armed vessels "Scarborough" and "Cauceaux" were on their way from Boston with British troops to possess the fort and hold the town in awe.

When Governor Wentworth heard of this meeting of the citizens, he warned them against committing any rash act; and as the people soon dispersed, it was supposed that nothing would come of the meeting. But this was a mistake.

A little before twelve that night—it was the fourteenth of December, 1774—the nearly full moon looked down upon some two hundred men setting out in boats from Portsmouth wharves, and heading for Newcastle.

Half-an-hour later their boats grounded near the island, and the men waded ashore through the shallow water, which froze upon their clothing. Yet the landing had been so quiet that no attention was attracted at the fort. Captain Pickering, being in advance of the others, scaled the grassy rampart unattended, and seizing the sentinel with one hand and his gun with the other, he demanded silence on pain of instant death.

Crowds of men were now clambering up the walls; and, leaving the sentinel in their charge, the leader hastened on to the quarters of the command-

dant. He entered the room before that officer was fairly awake, announcing to him that the fort was captured and he a prisoner. He had previously been warned that an attack upon the fort was meditated, yet his garrison was not on the alert; and he at once surrendered to the only man that appeared. He gave his sword to Captain Pickering, who politely returned it, saying:

"You are a gentleman, and shall retain your side-arms."

Pickering turned to leave him, when the dishonorable officer, having him at disadvantage, aimed a blow at his captor with the sword which had that minute been restored to him. But the

stout set of fellows, and that night they captured and carried away from the fort sixteen pieces of cannon, and other military material.*

The Governor was now so alarmed by the rebellious spirit of the people that, beginning to have fears for himself, he sent a messenger to hasten the coming of the force, which, he had declared to the people, was not expected. On the seventeenth the sloop-of-war "Cauceaux" arrived with troops, being followed, on the nineteenth, by the frigate "Scarborough."

This affair occurred more than four months earlier than the Lexington fight, and six months before the battle of Bunker Hill. It stands in



"MANY A FARMER WAS SUMMONED FROM HIS PLOW."

muscular patriot parried the blow with his arm, and then, not deigning to draw his own sword, felled the miscreant to the ground with his clenched hand. His followers were now at the door, and the fallen officer was placed under guard. The remnant of the garrison gave no trouble.

The military stores were now sought out; and, in the earliest light of morning, ninety-seven barrels of powder were carried on board the scows and gondolas, and taken up the river.

The next night, a party, hastily gathered together by John Sullivan (afterward a General under Washington), paid a second visit to the fort. The men of this party had been principally recruited in the country. In those days men were willing to drop everything for the sake of their cause, and many a farmer was summoned from his plow by the recruiting officers. As it was now Winter, and no outdoor work was going on, it was of course easier to get Sullivan's countrymen together. They were a

British annals as the first overt act of rebellion in America.

On the ninth of February the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, and a majority of the houses of Lords and Commons went in state to the palace, and presented to King George III. the warlike address which they had jointly adopted.

Lord North, the Prime Minister, was now inclined to conciliatory measures; but the King had just heard of the seizure of Fort William and Mary, and his heart was hardened. He intended that his language should "open the eyes of the deluded Americans." "If it does not," said he to his faltering Minister, "it must set every delicate man at liberty to avow the propriety of the most coercive measures."† So the breach between the colonies and the Government went on widening.

On the seventeenth of June the battle, which Bunker Hill monument commemorates, was fought upon the heights of Charleston. Two New Hamp-

* Bancroft's Hist. U. S., vol. vii., p. 183.

† Ibid., vol. vii., p. 227.

shire regiments were there, under the command of Colonels Stark and Reed. They were posted on the left wing, behind a fence, from which they cut down whole ranks of the British as they advanced up the shore. As I have before stated, it was a portion of the powder taken from the fort at New-castle that supplied their fire that day; and, probably, other troops than those of the Granite State were furnished from this providential stock.

Once again this ammunition came in play at a critical time. In the next August an examination was made, by order of General Washington, into the supply of powder in the patriot army besieging the British in Boston, and it was found there was not enough to give the soldiers nine charges apiece.

On the fifth, General Sullivan wrote to the Committee of Safety of New Hampshire about it, as follows: "When General Washington learned this fact, he was so struck that he did not utter a word for half-an-hour. Every one was equally surprised. Messengers are dispatched to all the Southern colonies to draw on their public stores;

and I must entreat you to forget all colony distinctions, consider the Continental army devoted to destruction unless immediately supplied, and send us at once at least twenty barrels of powder with all possible speed. Should this matter take air before a supply arrives, our army is ruined."

The powder seized at Fort William and Mary had been taken up the Piscataqua to Durham, where the principal portion of it was at first stored under the pulpit of the meeting-house. Afterward the ammunition was removed to a magazine which Captain John Demeritt, of Medbury, had constructed in his cellar.

On receiving General Sullivan's letter, the Committee, with patriotic readiness, sent the whole to General Washington at Cambridge, only reserving such small quantity as was required for Captain Demeritt's company.

The powder arrived in time to save the army from disaster; and we know that General Washington advanced his position until the British were forced to abandon the city.

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER VII.

A TRIP TO CHINA.

"COME, little girl, I've got another dose for you. I fancy you won't take it as well as you did the last, but you will like it better after awhile," said Dr. Alec, about a week after the grand surprise.

Rose was sitting in her pretty room, where she would gladly have spent all her time if it had been allowed; but she looked up with a smile, for she had ceased to fear her uncle's remedies, and was always ready to try a new one. The last had been a set of light gardening tools, with which she had helped him put the flower-beds in order, learning all sorts of new and pleasant things about the plants as she worked, for, though she had studied botany at school, it seemed very dry stuff compared with Uncle Alec's lively lesson.

"What is it now?" she asked, shutting her work-box without a murmur.

"Salt water."

"How must I take it?"

"Put on the new suit Miss Hemming sent home yesterday, and come down to the beach; then I'll show you."

"Yes, sir," answered Rose, obediently, adding to herself, with a shiver, as he went off: "It is too early for bathing, so I *know* it is something to do with a dreadful boat."

Putting on the new suit of blue flannel, prettily trimmed with white, and the little sailor-hat with long streamers, diverted her mind from the approaching trial, till a shrill whistle reminded her that her uncle was waiting. Away she ran through the garden, down the sandy path, out upon the strip of beach that belonged to the house, and here she found Dr. Alec busy with a slender red and white boat that lay rocking on the rising tide.

"That is a dear little boat; and 'Bonnie Belle' is a pretty name," she said, trying not to show how nervous she felt.

"It is for you; so sit in the stern and learn to steer, till you are ready to learn to row."

"Do all boats wiggle about in that way?" she asked, lingering as if to tie her hat more firmly.

"O yes, pitch about like nut-shells when the sea is a bit rough," answered her sailor uncle, never guessing her secret woe.

"Is it rough to-day?"

"Not very; it looks a trifle squally to the eastward, but we are all right till the wind changes. Come."

"Can you swim, uncle?" asked Rose, clutching at his arm as he took her hand.

"Like a fish. Now then."

"Oh, please hold me *very* tight till I get there! Why *do* you have the stern so far away?" and stifling several squeaks of alarm in her passage,

harbor, and I'll give you a glimpse of China in twenty minutes or so."

"I should like that!" and Rose sat wondering what he meant, while she enjoyed the new sights all about her.

Behind them the green Aunt-hill sloped gently upward to the grove at the top, and all along the seaward side stood familiar houses, stately, cosey or picturesque. As they rounded the Point, the great bay opened before them full of shipping, and the city lay beyond, its spires rising, above the tall masts with their gay streamers.

"Are we going there?" she asked, for she had



ROSE AND UNCLE ALEC STARTING ON THEIR VOYAGE.

Rose crept to the distant seat, and sat there holding on with both hands and looking as if she expected every wave to bring sudden shipwreck.

Uncle Alec took no notice of her fear, but patiently instructed her in the art of steering, till she was so absorbed in remembering which was starboard and which larboard, that she forgot to say "Ow!" every time a big wave slapped against the boat.

"Now where shall we go?" she asked, as the wind blew freshly in her face, and a few long, swift strokes sent them half across the little bay.

"Suppose we go to China?"

"Is n't that rather a long voyage?"

"Not as I go. Steer round the Point into the

never seen this aspect of the rich and busy old city before.

"Yes. Uncle Mac has a ship just in from Hong Kong, and I thought you would like to go and see it."

"Oh, I should! I love dearly to go poking about in the warehouses with Uncle Mac; everything is so curious and new to me; and I'm specially interested in China because you have been there."

"I'll show you two genuine Chinamen who have just arrived. You will like to welcome Whang Lo and Fun See, I'm sure."

"Don't ask me to speak to them, uncle; I shall be sure to laugh at the odd names and the pig-

tails and the slanting eyes. Please let me just trot round after you; I like that best."

"Very well; now steer toward the wharf where the big ship with the queer flag is. That's the 'Rajah,' and we will go aboard if we can."

In among the ships they went, by the wharves where the water was green and still, and queer barnacles grew on the slippery piles. Odd smells saluted her nose, and odd sights met her eyes, but Rose liked it all and played she was really landing in Hong Kong when they glided up to the steps in the shadow of the tall "Rajah." Boxes and bales were rising out of the hold and being carried into the warehouse by stout porters, who tugged and bawled and clattered about with small trucks, or worked cranes with iron claws that came down and clutched heavy weights, whisking them aloft to where wide doors like mouths swallowed them up.

Dr. Alec took her aboard the ship, and she had the satisfaction of poking her inquisitive little nose into every available corner, at the risk of being crushed, lost or drowned.

"Well, child, how would you like to take a voyage round the world with me in a jolly old craft like this?" asked her uncle, as they rested a minute in the captain's cabin.

"I should like to see the world, but not in such a small, untidy, smelly place as this. We would go in a yacht all clean and comfortable; Charlie says that is the proper way," answered Rose, surveying the close quarters with little favor.

"You are not a true Campbell if you don't like the smell of tar and salt water, nor Charlie either, with his luxurious yacht. Now come ashore and chin-chin with the Celestials."

After a delightful progress through the great warehouse, peeping and picking as they went, they found Uncle Mac and the yellow gentlemen in his private room, where samples, gifts, curiosities and newly arrived treasures of all sorts were piled up in pleasing pro-fusion and con-fusion.

As soon as possible Rose retired to a corner, with a porcelain god on one side, a green dragon on the other, and, what was still more embarrassing, Fun See sat on a tea-chest in front, and stared at her with his beady black eyes till she did not know where to look.

Mr. Whang Lo was an elderly gentleman in American costume, with his pig-tail neatly wound round his head. He spoke English, and was talking busily with Uncle Mac in the most commonplace way,—so Rose considered *him* a failure. But Fun See was delightfully Chinese from his junk-like shoes to the button on his pagoda hat; for he had got himself up in style, and was a mass of silk jackets and slouchy trousers. He was short and fat, and waddled comically; his eyes were very

"slanting," as Rose said; his queue was long, so were his nails; his yellow face was plump and shiny, and he was altogether a highly satisfactory Chinaman.

Uncle Alec told her that Fun See had come out to be educated, and could only speak a little pigeon English; so she must be kind to the poor fellow, for he was only a lad, though he looked nearly as old as Mr. Whang Lo. Rose said she would be kind; but had not the least idea how to entertain the queer guest, who looked as if he had walked out of one of the rice paper landscapes on the wall, and sat nodding at her so like a toy Mandarin that she could hardly keep sober.

In the midst of her polite perplexity, Uncle Mac saw the two young people gazing wistfully at one another, and seemed to enjoy the joke of this making acquaintance under difficulties. Taking a box from his table, he gave it to Fun See with an order that seemed to please him very much.

Descending from his perch, he fell to unpacking it with great neatness and dispatch, while Rose watched him, wondering what was going to happen. Presently, out from the wrappings came a teapot, which caused her to clasp her hands with delight, for it was made in the likeness of a plump little Chinaman. His hat was the cover, his queue the handle, and his pipe the nose. It stood upon feet in shoes turned up at the toes, and the smile on the fat, sleepy face was so like that on Fun's when he displayed the teapot, that Rose could not help laughing, which pleased him much.

Two pretty cups with covers, and a fine scarlet tray, completed the set, and made one long to have a "dish of tea," even in Chinese style, without cream or sugar.

When he had arranged them on a little table before her, Fun signified in pantomime that they were hers, from her uncle. She returned her thanks in the same way, whereupon he returned to his tea-chest, and, having no other means of communication, they sat smiling and nodding at one another in an absurd sort of way till a new idea seemed to strike Fun. Tumbling off his seat, he waddled away as fast as his petticoats permitted, leaving Rose hoping that he had not gone to get a roasted rat, a stewed puppy, or any other foreign mess which civility would oblige her to eat.

While she waited for her funny new friend, she improved her mind in a way that would have charmed Aunt Jane. The gentlemen were talking over all sorts of things, and she listened attentively, storing up much of what she heard, for she had an excellent memory, and longed to distinguish herself by being able to produce some useful information when reproached with her ignorance.

She was just trying to impress upon her mind

that Amoy was 280 miles from Hong Kong, when Fun came scuffling back, bearing what she thought was a small sword, till he unfurled an immense fan, and presented it with a string of Chinese compliments, the meaning of which would have amused her even more than the sound if she could have understood it.

She had never seen such an astonishing fan, and at once became absorbed in examining it. Of

would have sat wafting it to and fro all the afternoon, to Fun's great satisfaction, if Dr. Alec's attention had not suddenly been called to her by a breeze from the big fan that blew his hair into his eyes, and reminded him that they must go. So the pretty china was repacked, Rose furlled her fan, and with several parcels of choice teas for the old ladies stowed away in Dr. Alec's pockets, they took their leave, after Fun had saluted them with the



ROSE AND FUN SEE.

course, there was no perspective whatever, which only gave it a peculiar charm to Rose, for in one place a lovely lady, with blue knitting-needles in her hair, sat directly upon the spire of a stately pagoda. In another charming view a brook appeared to flow in at the front door of a stout gentleman's house, and out at his chimney. In a third a zigzag wall went up into the sky like a flash of lightning, and a bird with two tails was apparently brooding over a fisherman whose boat was just going aground upon the moon.

It was altogether a fascinating thing, and she

"three bendings and the nine knockings," as they salute the Emperor, or "Son of Heaven," at home.

"I feel as if I had really been to China, and I'm sure I look so," said Rose, as they glided out of the shadow of the "Rajah."

She certainly did, for Mr. Whang Lo had given her a Chinese umbrella; Uncle Alec had got some lanterns to light up her balcony; the great fan lay in her lap, and the tea-set reposed at her feet.

"This is not a bad way to study geography, is it?" asked her uncle, who had observed her attention to the talk.

"It is a very pleasant way, and I really think I have learned more about China to-day than in all the lessons I had at school, though I used to rattle off the answers as fast as I could go. No one explained anything to us, so all I remember is that tea and silk come from there and the women have little bits of feet. I saw Fun looking at mine, and he must have thought them perfectly immense," answered Rose, surveying her stout boots with sudden contempt.

"We will have out the maps and the globe, and I'll show you some of my journeys, telling stories as we go. That will be next best to doing it actually."

"You are so fond of traveling, I should think it would be very dull for you here, uncle. Do you know, Aunt Plenty says she is sure you will be off in a year or two."

"Very likely."

"Oh me! what *shall* I do then?" sighed Rose, in a tone of despair that made Uncle Alec's face brighten with a look of genuine pleasure as he said, significantly:

"Next time I go I shall take my little anchor with me. How will that suit?"

"Really, uncle?"

"Really, niece."

Rose gave a little bounce of rapture which caused the boat to "wobble" in a way that speedily quieted her down. But she sat beaming joyfully and trying to think which of some hundred questions she would ask first, when Dr. Alec said, pointing to a boat that was coming up behind them in great style:

"How well those fellows row. Look at them, and take notes for your own use by and by."

The "Stormy Petrel" was manned by half-a-dozen jaunty-looking sailors, who made a fine display of blue shirts and shiny hats, with stars and anchors in every direction.

"How beautifully they go, and they are only boys. Why, I do believe they are *our* boys! Yes, I see Charlie laughing over his shoulder. Row, uncle, row! oh, please do, and not let them catch up with us!" cried Rose, in such a state of excitement that the new umbrella nearly went overboard.

"All right, here we go!" and away they did go with a long, steady sweep of the oars that carried the "Bonnie Belle" through the water with a rush.

The lads pulled their prettiest, but Dr. Alec would have reached the Point first if Rose, in her flurry, had not retarded him by jerking the rudder ropes in a most unseamanlike way, and just as she got right again her hat blew off. That put an end to the race, and while they were still fishing for the

hat the other boat came alongside, with all the oars in the air, and the jolly young tars ready for a frolic.

"Did you catch a crab, uncle?"

"No, a blue-fish," he answered, as the dripping hat was landed on a seat to dry.

"What have you been doing?"

"Seeing Fun."

"Good for you, Rose! I know what you mean. We are going to have him up to show us how to fly the big kite, for we can't get the hang of it. Is n't he great fun, though?"

"No, little Fun."

"Come, stop joking, and show us what you've got."

"You'd better hoist that fan for a sail."

"Lend Dandy your umbrella; he hates to burn his pretty nose."

"I say, uncle, are you going to have a Feast of Lanterns?"

"No, I'm going to have a feast of bread and butter, for its tea-time. If that black cloud does n't lie, we shall have a gust before long, so you had better get home as soon as you can, or your mother will be anxious, Archie."

"Ay, ay, skipper. Good night, Rose; come out often, and we'll teach you all there is to know about rowing," was Charlie's modest invitation.

Then the boats parted company, and across the water from the "Petrel's" crew came a verse from one of the Nonsense Songs in which the boys delighted.

"Oh, Timballoo! how happy we are,
We live in a sieve and a crockery jar!
And all night long, in the starlight pale,
We sail away, with a pea-green sail,
And whistle and warble a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong.
Far and few, far and few
Are the land's where the Jumbies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve."

CHAPTER VIII.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"UNCLE, could you lend me a ninepence? I'll return it as soon as I get my pocket-money," said Rose, coming into the library in a great hurry that evening.

"I think I could, and I won't charge any interest for it, so you need not be in any hurry to repay me. Come back here and help me settle these books if you have nothing pleasanter to do," answered Dr. Alec, handing out the money with that readiness which is so delightful when we ask small loans.

"I'll come in a minute; I've been longing to fix my books, but did n't dare to touch them, because you always shake your head when I read."

"I shall shake my head when you write, if you don't do it better than you did in making out this catalogue."

"I know it's bad, but I was in a hurry when I did it, and I am in one now." And away went Rose, glad to escape a lecture.

But she got it when she came back, for Uncle Alec was still knitting his brows over the list of books, and sternly demanded, pointing to a tipsy-looking title staggering down the page:

"Is that meant for 'Pulverized Bones,' ma'am?"

"No, sir; it's 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Well, I'm glad to know it, for I began to think you were planning to study surgery or farming. And what is this, if you please? 'Babies' Aprons' is all I can make of it."

Rose looked hard at the scrawl, and presently announced, with an air of superior wisdom:

"Oh, that's 'Bacon's Essays.'"

"Miss Power did not teach anything so old-fashioned as writing, I see. Now look at this little memorandum Aunt Plenty gave me, and see what a handsome plain hand that is. She went to a dame-school and learnt a few useful things well; that is better than a smattering of half a dozen so-called higher branches, I take the liberty of thinking."

"Well, I'm sure I was considered a bright girl at school, and learned everything I was taught. Luly and me were the first in all our classes, and specially praised for our French and music and those sort of things," said Rose, rather offended at Uncle Alec's criticism.

"I dare say; but if your French grammar was no better than your English, I think the praise was not deserved, my dear."

"Why, uncle, we *did* study English grammar, and I could parse beautifully. Miss Power used to have us up to show off when people came. I don't see but I talk as right as most girls."

"I dare say you do, but we are all too careless about our English. Now, think a minute and tell me if these expressions are correct: 'Luly and me,' 'those sort of things,' and 'as right as most girls.'"

Rose pulled her pet curl and put up her lip, but had to own that she was wrong, and said meekly, after a pause which threatened to be sulky:

"I suppose I should have said 'Luly and I,' in that case, and 'that sort of things' and 'rightly,' though 'correctly' would have been a better word, I guess."

"Thank you; and if you will kindly drop 'I guess,' I shall like my little Yankee all the better. Now, see here, Rosy, I don't pretend to set myself up for a model in anything, and you may come down on my grammar, manners, or morals as often as you think I'm wrong, and I'll thank you. I've been knocking about the world for years, and have

got careless, but I want my girl to be what I call well educated, even if she studies nothing but the 'three Rs' for a year to come. Let us be thorough, no matter how slowly we go."

He spoke so earnestly and looked so sorry to have ruffled her that Rose went and sat on the arm of his chair, saying, with a pretty air of penitence:

"I'm sorry I was cross, uncle, when I ought to thank you for taking so much interest in me. I guess—no, I think you are right about being thorough, for I used to understand a great deal better when papa taught me a few lessons than when Miss Power hurried me through so many. I declare my head used to be such a jumble of French and German, history and arithmetic, grammar and music, I used to feel sometimes as if it would split. I'm sure I don't wonder it ached." And she held on to it as if the mere memory of the "jumble" made it swim.

"Yet that is considered an excellent school, I find, and I dare say it would be if the benighted lady did not think it necessary to cram her pupils like Thanksgiving turkeys, instead of feeding them in a natural and wholesome way. It is the fault with most American schools, and the poor little heads will go on aching till we learn better."

This was one of Dr. Alec's hobbies, and Rose was afraid he was off for a gallop, but he reined himself in and gave her thoughts a new turn by saying suddenly, as he pulled out a fat pocket-book:

"Uncle Mac has put all your affairs into my hands now, and here is your month's pocket-money. You keep your own little accounts, I suppose?"

"Thank you. Yes, Uncle Mac gave me an account-book when I went to school, and I used to put down my expenses, but I could n't make them go very well, for figures are the one thing I am not at all clever about," said Rose, rummaging in her desk for a dilapidated little book, which she was ashamed to show when she found it.

"Well, as figures are rather important things to most of us, and you may have a good many accounts to keep some day, would n't it be wise to begin at once and learn to manage your pennies before the pounds come to perplex you?"

"I thought you would do all that fussy part and take care of the pounds, as you call them. Need I worry about it? I do hate sums so!"

"I shall take care of things till you are of age, but I mean that you shall know how your property is managed and do as much of it as you can by and by; then you won't be dependent on the honesty of other people."

"Gracious me! as if I would n't trust you with millions of billions if I had them," cried Rose, scandalized at the mere suggestion.

"Ah, but I might be tempted; guardians are sometimes; so you'd better keep your eye on me, and in order to do that you must learn all about these affairs," answered Dr. Alec, as he made an entry in his own very neat account-book.

Rose peeped over his shoulder at it, and then turned to the arithmetical puzzle in her hand with a sigh of despair.

"Uncle, when you add up your expenses do you ever find you have got more money than you had in the beginning?"

"No; I usually find that I have a good deal less than I had in the beginning. Are you troubled in the peculiar way you mention?"

"Yes; it is very curious, but I never *can* make things come out square."

"Perhaps I can help you," began Uncle Alec, in the most respectful tone.

"I think you had better, for if I have got to keep accounts I may as well begin in the right way. But please don't laugh! I know I'm very stupid, and my book is a disgrace, but I never *could* get it straight." And with great trepidation Rose gave up her funny little accounts.

It really *was* good in Dr. Alec not to laugh, and Rose felt deeply grateful when he said in a mildly suggestive tone:

"The dollars and cents seem to be rather mixed; perhaps if I just straightened them out a bit we should find things all right."

"Please do, and then show me on a fresh leaf how to make mine look nice and ship-shape as yours do."

As Rose stood by him watching the ease with which he quickly brought order out of chaos, she privately resolved to hunt up her old arithmetic and perfect herself in the four first rules, with a good tug at fractions, before she read any more fairy tales.

"Am I a rich girl, uncle?" she asked suddenly, as he was copying a column of figures.

"Rather a poor one, I should say, since you had to borrow a ninepence."

"That was your fault, because you forgot my pocket-money. But, really, shall I be rich by and by?"

"I am afraid you will."

"Why afraid, uncle?"

"Too much money is a bad thing."

"But I can give it away, you know; that is always the pleasantest part of having it I think."

"I'm glad you feel so, for you *can* do much good with your fortune if you know how to use it well."

"You shall teach me, and when I am a woman we will set up a school where nothing but the three Rs shall be taught, and all the children live on oat-

meal, and the girls have waists a yard round," said Rose, with a sudden saucy smile dimpling her cheeks.

"You are an impertinent little baggage, to turn on me in that way right in the midst of my first attempt at teaching. Never mind, I'll have an extra bitter dose for you next time, miss."

"I knew you wanted to laugh, so I gave you a chance. Now I will be good, master, and do my lesson nicely."

So Dr. Alec had his laugh, and then Rose sat down and took a lesson in accounts which she never forgot.

"Now come and read aloud to me; my eyes are tired, and it is pleasant to sit here by the fire while the rain pours outside and Aunt Jane lectures upstairs," said Uncle Alec when last month's accounts had been put in good order and a fresh page neatly begun.

Rose liked to read aloud, and gladly gave him the chapter in "Nicholas Nickleby" where the Miss Kenwidges take their French lesson. She did her very best, feeling that she was being criticised, and hoping that she might not be found wanting in this as in other things.

"Shall I go on, sir?" she asked very meekly when the chapter ended.

"If you are not tired, dear. It is a pleasure to hear you, for you read remarkably well," was the answer that filled her heart with pride and pleasure.

"Do you really think so, uncle? I'm so glad! papa taught me, and I read for hours to him, but I thought, perhaps, he liked it because he was fond of me."

"So am I; but you really do read unusually well, and I am very glad of it, for it is a rare accomplishment and one I value highly. Come here in this cosey, low chair; the light is better, and I can pull these curls if you go too fast. I see you are going to be a great comfort as well as a great credit to your old uncle, Rosy." And Dr. Alec drew her close beside him with such a fatherly look and tone that she felt it would be very easy to love and obey him since he knew how to mix praise and blame so pleasantly together.

Another chapter was just finished, when the sound of a carriage warned them that Aunt Jane was about to depart. Before they could go to meet her, however, she appeared in the door-way looking like an unusually tall mummy in her waterproof, with her glasses shining like cat's eyes from the depths of the hood.

"Just as I thought! petting that child to death and letting her sit up late reading trash. I do hope you feel the weight of the responsibility you have taken upon yourself, Alec," she said, with a certain grim sort of satisfaction at seeing things go wrong.

"I think I have a very realizing sense of it, sister Jane," answered Dr. Alec, with a comical shrug of the shoulders and a glance at Rose's bright face.

"It is sad to see a great girl wasting these precious hours so. Now my boys have studied all day, and Mac is still at his books, I've no doubt, while you have not had a lesson since you came, I suspect."

"I have had five to-day, ma'am," was Rose's very unexpected answer.

"I'm glad to hear it; and what were they, pray?"

Rose looked very demure as she replied:

"Navigation, geography, grammar, arithmetic, and keeping my temper."

"Queer lessons, I fancy; and what have you learned from this remarkable mixture, I should like to know?"

A naughty sparkle came into Rose's eyes as she answered, with a droll look at her uncle:

"I can't tell you all, ma'am, but I have collected some useful information about China, which you may like, especially the teas. The best are Lap-sing Souchong, Assam Pekoe, rare Ankoe, Flowery

Pekoe, Howqua's mixture, Scented Caper, Padral tea, black Congou, and green Twankey. Shanghai is on the Woosung River. Hong Kong means 'island of sweet waters.' Singapore is 'Lion's Town.' 'Chops' are the boats they live in; and they drink tea out of little saucers. Principal productions are porcelain, tea, cinnamon, shawls, tin, tamarinds, and opium. They have beautiful temples and queer gods; and in Canton is the Dwelling of the Holy Pigs, fourteen of them, very big and all blind."

The effect of this remarkable burst was immense, especially the fact last mentioned. It entirely took the wind out of Aunt Jane's sails; it was so sudden, so varied and unexpected, that she had not a word to say. The glasses remained fixed full upon Rose for a moment, and then, with a hasty "Oh, indeed!" the excellent lady bundled into her carriage and drove away, somewhat bewildered and very much disturbed.

She would have been more so if she had seen her reprehensible brother-in-law dancing a triumphal polka down the hall with Rose in honor of having silenced the enemy's battery for once.

(To be continued.)



THE BREATH OF SPRING.

"Haste thee, Winter, haste away!
Far too long has been thy stay."

OLD SONG.

THE GREAT FRESHET.

(A regular Noah's Ark of a time.)

BY JENNIE E. ZIMMERMAN.

JESSIE and Mack Duncan lived in a pretty village on the banks of the Ohio, where that beautiful stream is most beautiful, as it flows like a broad silver ribbon between high hills on either side.

One day in early Spring, when Mr. Duncan came in to dinner, he asked his wife if she could n't go to work and take up her carpets that afternoon, as he did n't know but the river would look in on them before morning. This ought to have scared Jessie and Mack, I suppose, but it did n't one bit. They just clapped their hands and said, "Hurrah! let's go down after dinner and see it."

You must know the river had been rising four or five days, ever since the ice broke. It does n't freeze over every winter, but every few years it does, and, when the ice breaks up, then there's a time!

Mr. Duncan's house stood on the first bank above the river. It had been many years since the river had flooded the broad, beautiful plain, on which nearly half the village stood. But now it was rising steadily, and reports from the surrounding country showed that all the little streams flowing into it were rising too.

Jessie and Mack had been down every day to watch it. How the great cakes of ice ground against each other as they swept along!

"It looks like it was mad, don't it, Jessie?" said Mack. "Just see how one cake tumbles over another, just as if it wanted to beat."

This afternoon, however, the ice was nearly all gone, but the black boiling river looked as angry as ever, only it did not growl so much, now the ice was gone. Jessie looked far up the river. A little speck seemed to be turning the bend, about a mile above.

"Oh, Mack, there's a house!" she said, as she clasped her hands in terror, under her cloak.

"Where?" said Mack. "Oh, jolly! aint it a-sailin', though? Wish 't I was out in it; would n't I have a bully sail?"

"Why, Mack Duncan, may be somebody is in that house!" And then she added, under her breath, as if afraid the river might hear her, "May be our house 'll sail off before morning just like that."

Mack turned his great blue eyes round in astonishment.

"Our house? Why, we're up on the bank; the river can't —"

"Yes, it can, though. Did n't you understand what father meant when he told mother to take up her carpets?"

This sobered Mack. He stood kicking the lumps of hard snow and pebbles into the river below.

"What 'll we do, then?" he asked, at length.

"I don't know, unless we go up to Aunt Ellice's. Oh, what's father got there?" and the two children scampered off to meet their father.

He had a large coil of cable on his arm. Mack and Jessie watched him as he fastened it securely to a great iron staple he had driven into the house, and then followed him to a large sycamore tree not far off. The other end of the cable he tied around the body of the tree. Mack felt safe now.

"There!" he said, triumphantly. "I knew father'd fix it somehow. She can't float off to save her life."

"What if the rope should break, Mack?" asked his father, smiling.

Mack looked incredulous. "That can't break, I guess, can it, father?" he added more doubtfully, looking at his father's face.

"I hope not, my boy," said his father. "But it might; and then, what if the tree should float off?"

But this seemed more impossible than the other to Mack, for he had not yet learned the tremendous force of water.

Indoors they found their mother moving to the upper story as fast as possible. Jessie and Mack began to feel as if the flood had really come, as they clambered upstairs with arm-loads of things.

Mr. Duncan set up the cooking-stove in Marjorie's chamber. It seemed so funny to the children to see a chamber turned into a kitchen. They thought it rare fun to carry up dippers and pots and kettles into a place where they had never been seen before.

Nona was very busy all by herself. All her large family of dolls and kittens had to be transported out of harm's way, and nobody had time to help the poor little dear.

"Quicket," she said to her kitty, "you 'se dot to tay up'tairs now. We 'se going to live up there, don't you know, Quicket, 'cause—'cause the water's comin' up, and 'ee house is going to drown all up, and you must n't go down'tairs, 'cause you 'll get your feet wet."

She begged very hard for the cistern to be

brought up, "'cause how could Marjorie get any water?"

Mack and Jessie laughed, and the poor child ran off out of ridicule's way. She could not bear to be laughed at, and, though she still felt the importance of bringing up the cistern and the new pump, her favorite plaything, she said no more about it.

The next morning, the children looked out on a yard full of water. The river had really reached them, and Jessie felt a shiver of terror mixed with her delight at the novelty of the affair.

Mr. Duncan had a small boat moored to the piazza, which he used to take him up to the water's edge, wherever that happened to be, in order to get supplies for the family. It was rare fun to Mack and Jessie to go paddling about the yard in it the first day. The water was not yet deep enough to be dangerous, and the fence kept them from drifting away. So they had things all to themselves. They paddled out to the barn, and saw the chickens peeping out of the upper door, over which Mr. Duncan had nailed slats, to keep them from flying out. The horse and carriage and cow were all taken up to Aunt Ellice's, who lived up on the second bank, quite beyond the highest high-water mark.

The second day, Jessie found the boat floating at the foot of the stairs, which came down on an open porch. She and Mack made a tour of the rooms, floating up to a door and opening it, and then rowing the boat into the room. How queer and delightful it was!

"It seems just like Noah's ark, does n't it, Jessie?" asked Mack.

"It seems just like Venice to me," said Jessie.

"Venice! who's she?" asked Mack.

"Oh, *she* is n't a lady at all," said Jessie, laughing. "Venice is a city, where the streets are all full of water, and the people go about in boats called gondolas."

"Oh!" said Mack, soberly. "Let's play this was Venice, then, and this skiff was our—what?"

"Our gondola," said Jessie. "Well now, the front hall shall be the Grand Canal; that's the principal street in Venice,—I read all about it in a book father's got up— No! Why, Mack, nobody's taken the books upstairs. They'll be ruined."

And little book-loving Jessie darted off to the little room off the parlor, where she had arranged all the books she could muster—and there were not so many twenty years ago in little girls' homes as there are now. This room, which she had dusted and swept, and filled with books and papers and magazines, had been the pride of her heart. She had called it the "library" until everybody in the

house called it so too, whereat her proud little heart secretly rejoiced.

It was too true. Nobody had remembered the books. The door was so swollen with the water that it would not open.

"O dear!" sighed Jessie. "Father says the freshet may last for weeks, and what shall I read? My Harpers' and Godey's and Rollo books, and Abbott's Histories! and I had just commenced 'Mary Queen of Scots,' and they'll all be ruined!"

"I'll tell you what," said Mack, in sympathy with Jessie's distress, although he did not understand her enthusiasm for the stupid old books,— "I'll tell you, Jessie. "Let's row around to the window; may be we can get that open."

Another row was quite soothing to Jessie's feelings, for next to books she loved the water. They got the window open, and, by ducking their heads and playing they were going under a low bridge in Venice, they rowed in.

The water, fortunately, had not reached the books. Jessie tumbled them into the boat rather unceremoniously, adding as many magazines and papers as the boat would hold. On the top shelf of the book-case was her grandma's cap-box, holding her best cap.

"O, Mack! we must get grandma's cap. It'll be spoiled if the water reaches it, and she has never worn it one single time."

"Well, you just hold the—the cupola —"

"Gondola, you mean," said Jessie, laughing.

"An' I know what it is," said Mack. "I only said cupola for fun. You just hold the—it steady, and I'll play I was a robber, climbing up outside of a house. Do they have robbers in—in that country?"

"In Venice? Yes, awful ones, too; they're called brigands, and they live in the mountains," Jessie went on, leaving Venice in the background of her imagination, and straying off to the mountains. "They just come down and carry off travelers up to the mountains, you know, and then demand a ransom."

"What's that?" said Mack.

"Oh, a whole lot o' money. They make their friends pay a ransom to get the prisoners back."

"I say, Jessie," said Mack, sitting down on the edge of the boat, forgetting the house he was going to rob, in a sudden and new-found interest in Jessie's poky old books,— "Say, Jessie, which book is that in? If it's about robbers, I'll read about it."

"Well, I'll show you when we get upstairs. You just climb up now and rob that house."

A few moments of vigorous climbing, at the risk of pulling the whole book-case down, brought away the spoil, together with a pair of sugar turtle-doves,

which Mack found behind the cap-box. These he put between his teeth for safe keeping, and a good deal of one wing was gone when he got them out again.

"There, Mack Duncan, you've found my sugar birds at last," said Jessie, "and bitten a good big piece off, too."

"I could n't help it, Jess, 'deed I could n't; it was so soft it would come right off in my mouth."

"Why did you put it into your mouth, then?" she asked, rather angrily, surveying her mutilated treasure. "I was saving them for Nona, and now you've spoiled them."

"Well, better let me eat 'em all up, now," said Mack.

"No, sir, I sha'n't; poor little Nona shall have what's left."

They got out of their narrow quarters after some trouble, and the books were safely landed. Their mother was glad they had found them, for she had utterly forgotten "the library," in her hurry and confusion.

Grandma was up at Aunt Ellice's, but Mrs. Duncan said she had no doubt she was worrying about that cap.

The river rose higher and higher during the next week, until it came within a foot of the ceiling of the lower rooms. Then it stopped, and, after remaining stationary for several days, began to recede.

The children rowed out with their father every day to feed the chickens. The hens made themselves nests in the hay, which occupied about half of the loft now, leaving a good room for the hens, which Mr. Duncan had floored, to keep them from falling into the water. Mack and Jessie would scramble up the ladder, push open the trap-door, and hunt for eggs. It was very exciting when there were only two rounds of ladder from the boat to the trap-door.

The hens always huddled together at the latticed door, to watch them coming from the house.

"Don't they look like the animals in Noah's ark, Jessie?" said Mack one morning, as he watched them with their heads thrust out through the bars. "I wish that old hen we had for dinner last week was alive. Father said he guessed she must have come out of the ark, and I wonder if she'd remember it."

Mr. Duncan went also every day to examine the sycamore-tree. It stood its ground—or, rather, in its ground—bravely. As long as that stood firm, he said, he would not move out.

One morning they had an adventure. Just as they sat down to breakfast, they spied a house floating down quite near them. Everybody rushed to the windows, though Marjorie had splendid

griddle-cakes for breakfast. When they first saw it, it was only a little beyond the barn.

"It is going to come right against the house, I'm afraid," said Mr. Duncan.

If he had known what was in the house, he would not have been afraid about it. On it came, tipping to one side a little, but seeming to be so well balanced that it did not go entirely over.

"Seems to me I hear somebody crying in there," said Mrs. Duncan.

Everybody shuddered.

"Do you hear that noise, too?" asked Mr. Duncan. "I heard it, but I thought it must be the creaking of the timbers. Of course, everybody got out before it floated."

It was a small house, containing but two rooms. The chimney ran up between the two, so that it still stood. As it drew near, they heard a groan. This time all heard it.

"Halloo!" shouted Mr. Duncan.

"O, help! help!" came the voice. "I can't get to the window, for fear the house will tip over."

"Steady!" called Mr. Duncan, in a loud, clear voice. "Keep quiet, and we'll have you out soon."

But this having the poor woman out was more easily said than done. Mr. Duncan's face looked a great deal more anxious than his voice sounded.

Hastily uncording a bed (how lucky that this happened twenty-five years ago, or they might have had no corded bed), he made a running noose at one end, which he threw to a cherry-tree near by, one limb of which had been sawed off, leaving a large stout knob. One, two, three times did he throw before the noose caught the stump. Against this rope the floating house rested. The water covered the floor to the depth of about three feet,—that is, the house sank to that depth.

The poor woman was in bed with two children, the water lapping the sides of the bed. On the floor—no, floating about the room—was an old-fashioned cradle, of a kind much used in this country in early times, and still used in certain parts of the country. It was a trough scooped out of a log. How lucky, again, that it was twenty-five or six years ago; for if it had been in the present time, the mother would have had a fine new cradle from the cabinet-maker's, and the poor baby might have been drowned!

It was n't even a bit wet though.

"It's just like Moses in the bulrushes," said Mack, whose Sunday afternoon Bible stories seemed to stay by him.

That baby then and there got the name of Moses, though it was a girl, unfortunately. She is called Moses yet.

The woman told them that, about one o'clock

that morning, her husband, finding the water covering the floor, had got up and gone off to try and find a boat to take them out of the house. He did not return, however, and about four o'clock the house floated off. She said she had taken her two older children from the trundle-bed into her own, and had set the cradle on two chairs, beside the bed.

It seems then that she must have gone to sleep again, for when she woke it was daylight, and the house had floated entirely out of sight of the hollow where they lived, and the baby's cradle was on the

The Duncans found a hearty welcome at Aunt Ellice's. That lady put forth her hand and took them in, like a whole family of Noah's doves.

Mack, of course, disappeared as soon as greetings were over, and came in after about an hour with the sententious remark that "it seemed so good to set foot on dry land once more." A chorus of laughter greeted this remark, for a single glance at the mud on his boots sufficed to show that he had not been setting foot exactly on dry land.

The Duncans had left their house just at the



THE FAMILY IN THE FLOATING HOUSE.

other side of the room. Miss "Moses," however, slept through it all, and did not wake till Mr. Duncan lifted her from the cradle.

Everybody enjoyed Marjorie's griddle-cakes at last, except the poor rescued woman, who was so overcome by her long terror, and her anxiety about her husband, that she could only sip a little coffee, which Mrs. Duncan insisted she must drink. She found her husband after about a week's search.

After breakfast, Mr. Duncan said they must all pack up and leave, as their own house might go at any minute. As they rowed past the sycamore-tree, everybody shuddered. It was down!

height of the flood, for it began to subside the next day, and in about a week the river was in its proper limits. It was a whole week more, however, before Mr. Duncan could get to the house, as, the water being gone, he could not use the skiff, and the ground was impassable even for foot-passengers. When he finally decided to try it, Jessie and Mack both put in a plea to be allowed to go too.

"Well, well," said their father, after considering a moment, "put on your new-fashioned gum-elastics, and we'll see if they will carry you over dryshod."

The "gum-elastics" were high rubber shoes,

laced up with shoe-strings, a style in which rubbers were first made, though soon given up for the more convenient sandal of the present day.

They found the house badly dilapidated. Nearly all the plastering was off the lower walls, and a layer of fine mud an inch deep covered the floors.

"Toughest job o' house-cleanin' I ever saw," said Marjorie, as she surveyed the floor.

The upper part, however, was not hurt in the

least, and the family moved in once more, while the lower part was put in repair.

A row of trees on the side from which the current flowed, together with a grove in the yard, had prevented the house from being washed away. These had broken the force of the current, and so their house and home was left to the Duncan family, who were glad enough to have escaped with the comparatively small loss that had befallen them.

GOLD-ROBIN.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

GOLD-ROBIN came back to the old elm-tree,
And a beautiful, beautiful lay sang he.
'T was a sort of a "How-do-you-do" to it all,
The house, and the lawn, and the elm-tree tall.
"And we're happy to come," said his mate.

Gold-Robin came back to his last year's nest.
"I wonder," said he, "which will be the best,
To patch up this thing and make it do,
Or to build another all fresh and new?"
"A fresh one for me!" said his mate.

Then they busily worked with skill and care,
With bits of straw, and leaf, and hair,
Till they made their nest and swung it high,
On the topmost bough, up near the sky.
"T is out of harm's way," said his mate.

There she laid her eggs, and kept them warm
In the driving wind and the pelting storm.
Gold-Robin brought her dainty food;
"Here's a spider, love! 't will do you good."
"Thank you, my dear!" said his mate.

When the little birds came out of the shell,
They looked—how they looked I think I'll not tell.
Gold-Robin, you know, is handsome and bold,
Stylish and smart in his black and gold.
"And they don't look like *me*!" said his mate.

But they fed them well, and loved them too,
And after a time their feathers grew;
Still they played the game each young bird tries,
Of "open your mouth and shut your eyes."
"That's a trick they'll outgrow," said his mate.

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In truth she was right, for they came to be.
 The prettiest birds you ever did see.
 "We must teach them to fly," said Gold-Robin one day,
 "And then in the world they can make their way."
 "All in good time," said his mate.

And "all in good time" they learned to fly,
 Down to the grass, then up to the sky.
 "They must learn to find their breakfast and tea,
 And dinner and lunch," Gold-Robin, said he.
 "They can do that now," said his mate.

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do, my dear—
 You've had your summer vacation here;
 We'll go back to the South some pleasant day,
 And not be seen here till another May."
 "I'm ready, my love," said his mate.

One pleasant day, when the cool winds blew,
 Gold-Robin, his mate, and the little ones too,
 They took their leave, and they said "Good-bye!"
 To the old elm-tree where the nest hung high.
 "You'll see us next Spring," said his mate.

THE FAIR AT PAU.

BY AUNT FANNY.

ONCE upon a time, Aunt Fanny was traveling about, seeing the world, like the learned monkey. Tired at last, she settled down in Pau, a funny little half French, half Spanish town in the south of France, where warm sunshine and flowers stay all Winter.

She lived opposite the Haute Plante, or Place Napoleon,—a large park, at the lower end of which are great barracks. In these, hundreds of soldiers live, all dressed in baggy scarlet trousers, with gold lace on their coats and caps. They are continually standing in groups in the park, speckling the green grass with gold and red, and making it look in the distance like Aladdin's gardens, which, you know, were full of gold and jewels.

In this park a great fair was to be held. All the night before, workmen were hammering at and building the booths or stalls where the wonderful giants, pigs with two heads, eels with feet, chickens with great flapping ears, Punch and Judy, and a hundred other astonishing curiosities, were to be exhibited for a whole week.

Of course Aunt Fanny could not visit such wonders alone. That would have been mean! So

she invited some lovely English children and a dear little French girl to go with her; and early one bright, sparkling morning they were all skipping about in her parlor in the greatest possible hurry to be off immediately.

There were Mona, Lulu, and Rudie, who is a queer little boy; and Amo, whose real name is Anna Mary Osborne; but everybody called her by her initials, which, as you see, make "Amo;" and Cecile, a pretty little French girl, who saluted Aunt Fanny with: "*Que vous êtes bonne, chère Madame, de me prendre avec vous,*" after which the English girls said, shyly: "Thank you very much;" and Rudie shouted out, just like any English boy would: "It's awfully jolly!" and then they all rushed down-stairs and across the street "pell-swell," as Rudie said, meaning "pell-mell."

"Oh! oh!" they exclaimed, and you would have said the very same if you had been there. A most magnificent merry-go-round was flying; the wooden horses and little carriages, full of fat babies, dirty-faced boys and old women, all racing after each other, to the sound of excited drums and an organ in spasms. Something serious was the matter with

that organ, for it squeaked dreadfully. But never mind; it was "splendid!"

Perhaps some of you have never seen a merry-go-round; so I will describe it. First, a large, strong mast-like pole is planted firmly in the ground, round which is fastened a number of arms, like the spokes of a wheel, which stand out horizontally three feet from the ground. At the end of some of the spokes are wooden horses, generally painted bright green with red spots, fierce, staring eyes, and enormous scarlet tails. To other spokes little carriages are attached. You pay a penny, or a sou, and get on a horse or in a carriage, and presto! some mysterious machinery is set going; all the spokes whirl round and round; fast and faster the drums are beaten; and the music plays. Six times round, and the delightful ride is ended!

We paid our sous, and all the children went racing after each other with little squeaking laughs, half joy, half fear. Rudie declared that his horse was a regular "2.40," by which he meant, as you probably know, that he was a race-horse which can run a mile in two minutes and forty seconds. The rest of us were enchanted; and Cecile, with her sweet, grateful smile, said:

"Mille remerciements, chère Madame; c'est une promenade à cheval délicieuse."

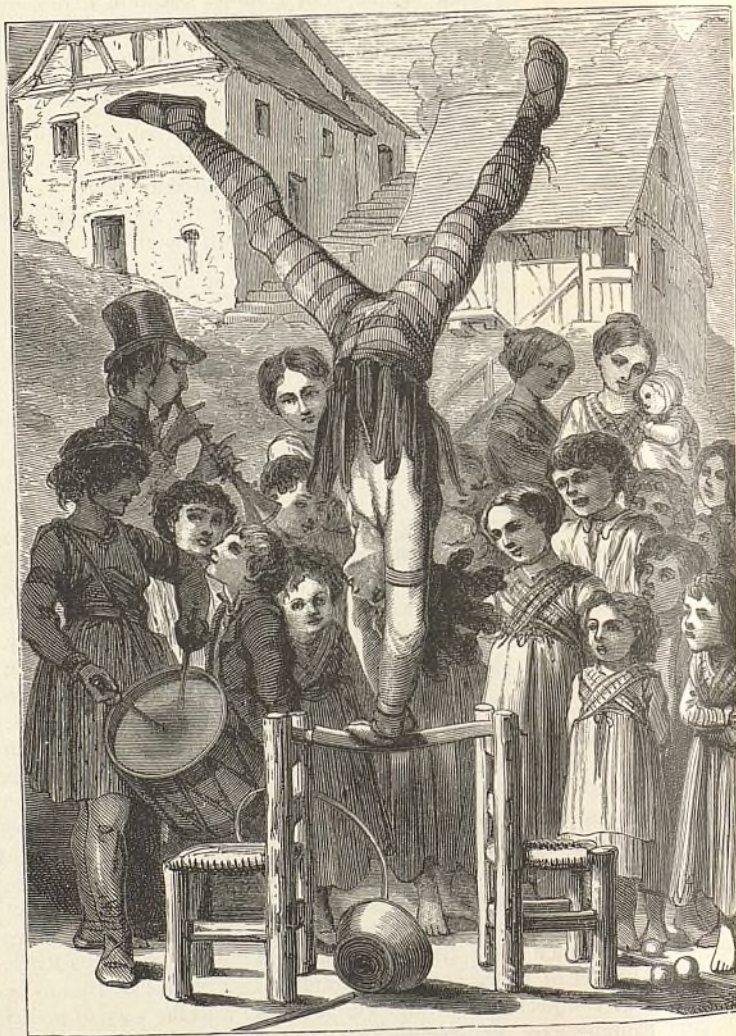
Just then a gun was fired. We hurried away toward the sound, and soon came to a large carriage painted all the colors of the rainbow. Standing in it was a dentist, dressed in a hussar military costume, with a gorgeous brass helmet on his head, ornamented with a long, waving red feather. He was loudly proposing to pull out one or all of anybody's teeth, because he could do it in such a delightful manner that it would only feel as if some one were smoothing their gums. Aunt Fanny politely inquired if the

children would like to have their gums smoothed delightfully, upon which they marched off in a great hurry with their mouths shut tight.

"What is the drum beating for?" asked Rudie.

Looking down a narrow side street, we saw a pair of legs up in the air, rising from the midst of a crowd of peasants.

"Why, it's a man upside down!" exclaimed Rudie, running out of the park, and down the street. We ran too, and saw an acrobat, or tumbler, standing on his hands on a bar resting on the tops of two chairs. The wonderful man stood on his hands, whirling round quickly, first on two hands,



"WE SAW A PAIR OF LEGS UP IN THE AIR"

then on one; while a street-dancer beat a big drum and a man played on a cornet. Soon the tumbler jumped down, seized one of the chairs and balanced

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it on the end of his nose. At the same time he took up a tin basin which lay on the ground, threw it up in the air, caught it on the tip of his forefinger and made it dance a merry jig in time to the music. All the peasants looked on in the greatest state of astonishment and delight; and Rudie went privately against a fence and tried to stand on his hands. He only tumbled over sideways; and when he twirled his little pancake of a hat on his little dub of a finger, that went off sideways too, through the bars of the fence; and he had to climb over and get it.

More drum-beating; this time in the park; and we all ran quickly back. It was now crowded with peasants from the country; some bareheaded, and many with kerchiefs tied under the chin. The clicking of wooden shoes sounded on every side. They alighted from canvas-covered carts, drawn by tawny-colored—almost yellow—cows, all of which had coats on of unbleached cotton cloth. The women carried comical-looking babies, with caps fitting close to their little bullet heads; very useful heads they were; for one woman ran her baby's head, like a battering ram, at a naughty little boy, to make him mind her; and it seemed to answer very well; and what is stranger still, the baby did n't seem to mind it in the least.

Never was heard such a clatter! Pigs squeaking, babies squalling, men making bargains in a language which seemed all r-r-r-r-s, and cracker-faced old women roasting chestnuts and squabbling with each other, and all Noah's ark apparently tumbled out into the Place Napoleon in such confusion that the great Emperor himself, if he had been alive, could not have gotten them in order.

Crowds of soldiers, in red and gold, were trying their luck at the lotteries. They paid one sou each. Round went the wheel with a whizz and a whirl, and they won a dozen dirty peppermint drops, or a crockery mug with "*Pour un bon et joli garçon*" painted upon it, just as the wheel happened to stop. Punch was beating poor Judy, and calling her names in French, which delighted Rudie beyond everything. Little birds were drawing four-wheeled carriages, with other little birds sitting inside, each holding a parasol over its head with one claw. They looked very stylish, and said "tweet, tweet" to each other, glancing quickly from side to side as if they were making remarks upon the weather and the company.

In a booth, from the top of which the American flag was flying, the children saw the Falls of Niagara for one sou each. The polite showman informed them that these magnificent falls were in "California." (You know better than that, don't you?) Ships were calmly sailing up and down the cataract, at which the English children laughed,

and Cecile observed: "*C'est impossible!*" But as the great tumbling waves were only green flannel,—"very dry water," Rudie said—they were not hurled to the certain destruction, which you all know that a ship would find, if it attempted to go over the real falls.

"I'm hungry," said little Rudie, as they came out; "and oh, look! There is a res—res—I can't pronounce it."

"*Vous voulez dire restaurant peut-être, chère petite,*" laughed Cecile, kissing his fat rosy cheek.

"Oh, yes!" cried Amo, "and a giantess to hand the refreshments! It says so."

"Let's go in!" they all cried. One sou each was charged for the honor and glory of being waited upon by a giantess, who squinted so dreadfully that the children never could tell where she was looking. But she was the very pink of politeness, and brought them all they asked for with such tremendous strides and stupendous bows and so many "*mercies*," that it was as good as a play. The five children ate gilt gingerbread and chestnuts enough for twenty; and when they left, Rudie climbed up on the table to kiss the giantess, while the rest said: "*Adieu, 'mercie, Madame,*" in their very best French.

And now the band strikes up for dancing. The peasants make a clattering rush for the wooden floors, or platforms, the children following as fast as they can. Off go the men's hats and women's shawls, and then commences such dancing! Hopping, bounding, twirling and tripping, like a regiment of crazy sparrows! while their wooden shoes click merrily as castanets. The nice old women sit all round the edges of the platform, clapping their hands in time to the music; the bullet-headed babies tumble over each other on the grass, pulling at each other's ears and legs; the fiddlers scrape away for dear life, and everybody is perfectly happy. It is almost impossible for Aunt Fanny to convince the children that it is time to go home to dinner, and they must leave the enchanting fair. In fact, that little scaramoush of a Rudie stamped his foot and cried: "No, no, no! I sha'n't go home!" But Cecile smoothed his curly head, and said very sweetly: "*Chère Rudie, l'obéissance est la première devoir de la jeunesse;*" and he was ashamed to be naughty any longer. He understood French very well, though he spoke it with a funny English accent.

On their way out they visited one more booth, where a dried-up little old Frenchman was offering to teach his countrymen and women "English the most beautiful, the most perfect." To show you how beautiful it was, I give his translation from French into English of an anecdote about our own great countryman, Benjamin Franklin:

"Benjamins Franklin, seeing one day to Paris some ladies very riches, which bore between hir arms little dogs and little monkies, and who was carressign them too tenderly, was ask with so many great deal reasons; whether the women of her country don't had some little children?"

Rudie said it was "jolly queer English;" and all laughed heartily over it except Cecile, who was too polite to laugh at anybody.

And now with slow, reluctant steps they leave the fair, and are once more in Aunt Fanny's parlor. Cecile's *bonne*, or nurse, is waiting to take her home, for no French child or young lady is ever permitted to go out alone in France. But the English children take care of themselves; and all, after kissing and thanking Aunt Fanny, skip merrily away, chatting about the delightful fair as they go.

"I wish I had a Punch and Judy," said Rudie, the moment he was home; and he looked very hard at his kind old uncle, Admiral Benbow, who was reading the newspaper.

"Ahem!" said the kind old uncle; and that was all he said. But what he did, was to go out soon after, and send home a box directed to Rudie. In it were Punch, Judy, Judy's baby, the policeman, and all the rest of them, with a book of their sayings and doings. What a happy boy Rudie was!

All the next morning he was shut up in a queer little room, where the admiral kept his swords,

making Punch beat Judy while he read the story. His little dog, Fido, was all the audience; but he evidently knew all about it, for he barked in the right places just as if he were laughing.



RUDIE PLAYING "PUNCH AND JUDY."

The next week Aunt Fanny and Cecile were invited to a private exhibition of Punch and Judy, at which performance they laughed till their sides ached, and Fido barked till he sneezed, and all the children declared that Rudie played Punch and Judy quite as well as the showman did at the famous fair.

CHERRY-CHEEK.

BY ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

"COME, Cherry-cheek," called mamma,
 "Leave snow-fort, rink, and sled!
 The hills are tinted with mellow pink,
 The sun is going to bed.
 In our cosey supper-room
 I've drawn the curtains red,
 And the firelight leapeth on the wall;
 Come, Cherry-cheek," she said.

And slowly up the steep
 His tiny sled he drew.
 The whole round heavens were soft and calm,
 With not a cloud in view;

And afar on the edge of the world
 One little silver spark
 Came out alone in a great wide place,
 And waited for the dark.

And he heard, in the frosty air
 Of the dying Winter day,
 His father's coming sleigh-bells chime
 A half-a-mile away;
 A happy little boy,—
 And something made him say,
 "Dear God! what a beautiful world you've made!
 I am glad I was good to-day!"

THE PILOT-BOAT.

BY MAJOR TRAVERSE.

LOOKING at the shipping along the wharves, I have noticed, is a favorite amusement of most city boys; and one of the first wishes of a country lad, in most cases, is to go to sea. I do not wonder at it, for the sea, in spite of its great perils, has many attractions for older persons. Seen from the city's wharves, it has a charming and peaceful look enough. I know nothing more pleasant and interesting than to look upon New York Bay from the Battery, or Boston Harbor from Long Wharf, on a bright Spring or Summer morning, when the busy shipping gives life and grace to the natural beauty of the scene. One cannot but be interested in looking at the forests of masts which tell of the wealth of the ocean's traffic. I am fond of watching the tall grain elevators, looking like floating towers or steeples, doing their mighty work with so little show and parade; and then, turning to the distant gray forts lying lazily and looking glum and gruff, even in the bright sunshine, I rejoice in their idleness as in the others' industry. I delight to watch the ferry-boats slipping into and out of their docks like great white mice into their holes; and the pert little steam-tugs grappling and towing huge ships ten times larger than themselves, and looking for all the world like little black spiders struggling with great beetles they had caught in their webs.

But though this scene may not be so beautiful it is not less interesting when one looks upon it on one of those dark dismal days when the wind whistles loud and the black clouds threaten a storm. Then the bay has a strange air of desolation. There are none of the light row-boats and the white sails that dot it on bright days; bare masts, like leafless trees in winter, are all that are to be seen of the ships in the docks. If you care to look at the bay in a storm, you will notice that nearly all the boats and steamers and ships and tugs are bound inward, as if they were hunting their docks for safety. There is only one kind of vessel which sails out of port when storms are brewing, and these are so peculiar that you will not fail to observe them. They are precisely like all other schooners and sloops in their build and rigging,—strong-built, trim little ships, looking stanch enough to buffet and mount the biggest wave that ever crossed the Atlantic; but they have one peculiarity. On the largest or mainsail of each of these boats its number is painted in great figures, as you will see by looking at the picture on the next

page. These peculiar craft are called pilot-boats, and they cruise in and about the great harbors to meet large ships which wish to enter port, and furnish them with guides, who pilot them safely through the shallow channels and over the sandy bars into their docks.

Whenever I see these gallant little ships going out to sea when all other vessels are coming into port to escape the storm, I cannot but think of brave soldiers pushing forward in battle when cowards are running away, and I feel like waving my hat, and cheering on the bold pilots and crews. Their white-winged boats remind me, too, of the stormy petrels of the sea,—“Mother Carey's chickens,” as the sailors call them,—those little, swallow-like birds which live on the surface of the sea, flying above and walking, or rather skipping, along the waves, sleeping on the water by night and following vessels by day to divide with the porpoises that roll and tumble along behind them the food thrown overboard by the passengers and crews. The pilot-boats, too, live on the sea, resting at night on the billows and eagerly watching for the great ships by day. Sailors have a superstitious reverence for the petrels, and never kill or maim them, nor disregard the solemn warning of their appearance. The sight of a pilot-boat is the joy of a sailor, for he knows his voyage is nearly over. The birds and ships are to be seen, too, on bright days, but it is when storms are threatened, when clouds are lowering, that both petrels and pilots are seen in greatest numbers. You may happen by chance to see the pilot-boats on bright days coming into port for supplies, but when there is danger ahead you cannot fail to see them putting out to sea. There is this very great difference between the petrels and the pilots: The first gather about a ship when a storm is threatened or has burst, to feast on the wreck of the doomed ship; the pilots are there to save it from that fate.

Piloting is a very romantic business, you will think. Who does not envy the pilot the skill and knowledge that makes him a preserver of life and property, and therefore a benefactor to mankind. What boy with any life and spirit in him would not wish to be a pilot? But alas! there is another side to the picture. The life of a pilot is full of danger and suffering, and is but poorly rewarded. When you know something of its hardships, perhaps you will change your mind and pray that you may

never be a pilot. If you live near a great seaport you will find no difficulty in taking a cruise with the pilots; their numbered boats are to be found anchored in every bay. Portland, Maine, has three boats and about twenty-five pilots. If you live near Boston, any one of the five boats and the forty pilots there will take you out to sea on a short cruise if you give them good reasons for your wish to go. Southern lads will find at Norfolk, Virginia, three boats; at Savannah, Georgia, two; and at New Orleans, five boats and about forty pilots. I forgot to say that there are two boats at Charleston, South Carolina. There used to be three boats there,

Taking a small-boat, we row out to the pilot-boat anchored in the bay or river, and spring upon its deck. It is a small deck, but smooth, bright and clean with scrubbing and oiling. If you go down into her snug little cabin you will find four sleeping-berths in two small rooms. Forward of these is a mess-room and kitchen. If you look into the sleeping-berths you will see two or three strong, stalwart men asleep. They are pilots, resting now that they may labor hereafter. The others whom you will see about the deck of the boat are the crew and the one pilot who is "on duty" and commands the boat while the others sleep or are busy else-



THE PILOT GOING ON BOARD A STEAMER.

but during the late war the Southerners seized one of them and turned it into a gunboat, which they called the "Planter," and put the best pilot in the port in charge of her. He was a negro slave named Robert Small; and one dark night he ran the "Planter" out of port and surrendered her to the United States fleet, which blockaded the harbor. New York has twenty-seven boats and two hundred and twenty pilots in her harbor. It is more particularly of the New York pilots that I wish to tell you, for they are the most daring, and in their cruises go farther out to sea than the pilots of any other port of the world.

where. When we are aboard, and all is ready, the anchor is lifted, and before it is out of the water the boat is under way, and we are off down the bay, past the forts, through the Narrows, across the bar and out beyond Sandy Hook, where we first feel the grand swell of the ocean. There is a great black steamship going out also, but as we have the start of her, and as she must follow the narrow, winding channels of the bay, while our light pilot-boat can take shorter and shallower routes, we shall easily get to sea first.

We are in the "cruising ground" of the pilots as soon as we pass Sandy Hook, which is the long,

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low spit of sand which stretches out as if trying to unite the Jersey shore with that of Long Island, and seems in danger of breaking its neck in the effort. Old sailors say that one day the sand will be washed up by the waves until the Hook will succeed in its aim, and will close up the entrance to New York Bay; but I suspect that by that time the great waves will find another channel just as good. There used to be another channel called Shrewsbury Inlet, just as deep as Sandy Hook channel, but one night in 1844 a great ship named the "North America" went ashore there, and the sand from the bottom of the sea, thrown up by the waves, gathered around the wreck and covered it up, all but the masts, and finally closed the channel altogether. Three or four years ago a railroad was built on the sands where Shrewsbury Inlet once was, and when the New York boys and girls go with their parents to Long Branch watering-place they ride in the cars above the wreck of the "North America," buried in the sands, with her unfortunate crew and passengers, only thirty years ago.

The pilots' "cruising ground" is, of course, all water; but they speak of it just as you would of your favorite fields in the country, or streets in the town. The pilot, too, has favorite streets and routes on his ground, and knows them as well as you do the streets through which you love to walk or ride. Much farther out to sea than your eye can reach, the cruising ground extends. New York pilots cruise away up north as far as Nantucket Island, where they meet the Boston pilot-boats, and as far south as the Delaware Capes, where they touch the "cruising ground" of the Norfolk pilots. The northern cruisers go to the aid of the French and Dutch and English steamers and ships; those to the south are on the look-out for Brazil and West India and California and Gulf steamers, and also for China and Japan steamers. The pilots board vessels at the distance of three or four hundred miles from port, but they do not always begin to take charge of them until within sight of the light-ship, which lies eight miles out to sea from Sandy Hook. But if a storm overtake a ship after a pilot has been taken on board, the captain is glad enough to give her up to his guidance for greater safety.

It is not many minutes' sail from the Hook to the light-ship if the pilot-boat bears directly down upon it, as many of them do when entering on a cruise. Sandy Hook light-ship is a small vessel painted red, and sitting high up in the water, that she may be seen at as great a distance as possible. She is "as light as a cork," so that she may easily mount the highest waves. She has two masts, which carry, not sails, as you may suppose, but huge black and white checkered balls and large bright

revolving lamps. The balls glisten by day and the lights shine by night to mark, for incoming ships, the entrance to the great harbor. On board of her lives an old sailor and his family, who find there a very serene and pleasant home. You would hardly like it at first, for the light-ship, being a *very* light ship indeed, rolls and rocks like a cradle, and until one gets used to the motion, such a residence cannot be the most agreeable.

As the pilot-boat approaches the light-ship, you will notice that signals are made from her and answered from the light-ship. They are simple enough, being merely the lowering or hoisting of a flag, but you will not understand their meaning until you see the result of the silent conversation. You will often see in response to these signals that two of the crew of the pilot-boat will jump into the small-boat in tow and row to the light-ship. Down the rope ladder, which hangs at its side, a sailor clammers into the boat, and the boat returns, bringing this stranger to the pilot-boat. Do you guess who the stranger is? You will notice that he appears quite at home, for he goes about the deck and into the cabin of the pilot-boat and to bed in one of its berths as if he owned the boat. He does in part; for he is one of its pilots. He has piloted a ship out of port, and, having got her safely to sea, has been paid and discharged at the light-ship to be picked up by his own boat on its next outward cruise.

Our boat will probably not be in any haste to be off from the light-ship, but will sail around her while waiting for the steamer which we noticed sailing down the bay, to come up and pass us. While waiting, the pilots or any of the crew will "spin a yarn," as they call it,—“tell a story,” as you would say,—of the sea and its dangers. From the light-ship, you can see away to the southward the "fatal sands" of the Jersey coast, and through the glass, or telescope, the light-house at Barnegat, that warns you to keep off them. Further away still is Squan Beach, the grave of thousands of brave men and helpless women and children. It was there that Thomas Freeborn, the pilot, was washed from the wheel of the "John Minturn," and perished. Did you ever hear the sad story? If you ask the master of the pilot-boat he will tell it to you, though Freeborn's monument in Greenwood Cemetery tells it also in plain terms, as you may read any day.

It is the story of one of the most terrible wrecks which ever happened on the New Jersey beach. The "John Minturn" was from New Orleans and bound to New York. She was spoken by the pilot-boat on which Thomas Freeborn sailed when away south of the Jersey coast, at least three hundred miles away from port. But the captain of the "John

Minturn," for some reason, did not like Thomas Freeborn, and refused to accept him as a pilot. The pilot-boat, however, followed in the wake of the ship, still offering to pilot her, until toward night on February 14, when a storm sprang up. The captain of the "Minturn" then regretted that he had not taken Freeborn on board, and, after looking in vain for another pilot-boat, he reluctantly, and in great anger, signaled Freeborn to come on board. Freeborn might have refused at this time when the danger was greatest, but he was too noble for that. Night was coming on, and the light-ship was not in sight. The gale was very severe, and the night bitterly cold. There was great danger that the ship would be driven on the dreaded Jersey sands. Freeborn saw the danger, but he did not hesitate to go to the ship, for he believed he could save her. He knew the coast and the ship, and he thought he knew the wind currents of the coast, too. But before he had been long on board the "Minturn," there came up one of the most fearful gales ever known on that coast. It was the middle of the winter season, and the spray from the waves that beat and broke against the ship, gradually driving her toward the shore, froze on the deck and rigging, making them like ice. The hardest sailors were driven into the cabin by the cold. Freeborn alone stuck to his dreary post during the terrible storm, and encouraged the others by his example. He saw his own pilot-boat driven ashore; and when at length the "Minturn" struck on the beach, there were ten other wrecks lying around her.

There was a terrible scene on board when the poor women and children and other passengers felt the ship strike the bottom, but Freeborn ordered them all to remain below. He saw that the ship must go to pieces before morning had brought the Jersey wreckers to her aid. He walked the slippery deck and watched every part of the ship, seeing the effect of each wave and calculating in his mind how many more such terrible blows it would take to batter her into fragments. He hoped, but in vain, that the storm would lull, or the ship hold together until morning. At length, seeing that she must soon go to pieces, he ordered the passengers on deck, for it was no longer safe to let them remain below in the cabin, into which the water might burst at any moment and drown them. He ordered the ship's life-boats to be made ready. The crew, stiff with cold, obeyed with the haste of men who see but one chance for life before them. But it took many minutes to man and lower the ice-bound boat. Freeborn watched the men with great anxiety, but he was not blind to other objects. There were two children there,—little things of four or five years of age,—snatched from their

warm beds when the ship struck and brought on deck by their frantic mothers with only their thin little night-clothes about them. Freeborn saw these two poor creatures, and, taking off his coat, wrapped one of them in it, and kissing the poor little creature, handed it down to its mother, who had been put in the boat. Then he took off his vest and wrapped the other babe in it, and gave it again into its mother's arms. Then the crew cheered; the mothers wept; and the captain took Freeborn's hand in both of his and shook and shook it in token of his admiration. At last, with fourteen women and babes and men in the boat,—all the passengers and some of the crew,—the boat put off, and at last reached the shore, the passengers more dead than alive, but still thankful for their safety, and blessing and praying for brave Tom Freeborn and the thirteen others who remained on the ship.

Freeborn ordered the men who remained behind to lose no time in preparing the other boat. Those who went in the first boat relate that above the noise of the storm they once or twice heard his cheery voice giving the order; but that was the last seen or heard of him. The old ship soon after went to pieces. A great wave washed the sailors and their pilots into the water, and threw them lifeless upon the beach. The body of the gallant pilot was found next day on the sands, and taken to New York, where a whole city mourned him and buried him with the great honors due to heroes like Tom Freeborn.

Here is the steamer for which we have been waiting, out of port at last, and no longer in need of a pilot. Can you guess why, then, she slackens her speed and stops her wheels as she approaches the pilot-boat? We shall see if we wait. Once more the small-boat is manned. This time it is rowed, not to the light-ship, but to the steamer. As it touches her side the rope ladder is lowered, and a man in the round hat and garb of a pilot descends and springs into the boat. To the side of the ship rush the passengers, and wave an adieu as the small-boat shoves off, and the great steamer again steams forward to her destination. The boat returns to the pilot-boat, and another pilot is returned to his own vessel after having guided the steamer out of port. All the pilots belonging to our boat are now on board, and the cruise begins in earnest. It will end only when each of the five or six pilots on board have been taken on board of inward-bound ships,—then the boat, too, will return to port.

We will suppose that on this occasion our pilot-boat is in search of European steamers bound to New York. She will therefore sail eastward along the Long Island coast toward Nantucket. If she

were cruising, instead, for Southern vessels, or ships from Southern ports, she would sail down the New Jersey coast.

The "cruising ground" of the New York pilots is a busy place. It is at all times dotted over with sails and steamers; and the pilot-boats do not cruise for many hours before they meet vessels going into port as well as out. When the look-out descries a steamer or ship in sight above the horizon, he cries out, "Sail ahead," and the pilot-boat is at once run for it. As soon as the two are within hailing distance the question is asked, "Do you want a pilot?" and the reply is signaled or holloed back. If one is wanted, the master sends one of those who are sleeping below on board; if not, the course of the pilot-boat is again changed, and the cruise is continued until another ship is encountered, the same questions asked, and the same movements gone through with.

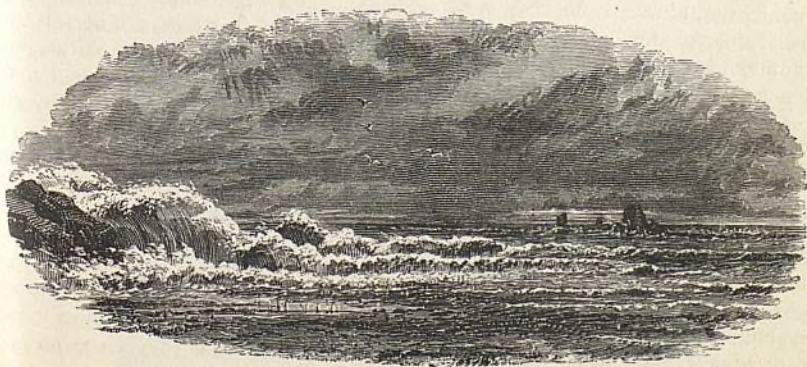
Cruising to the north, the pilots pass Fire Island, the most dangerous beach of the Long Island coast, and as terrible in its annals of wrecks as Squan Beach. It was on this beach that Robert Mitchell, a famous and faithful pilot, met his terrible fate fourteen years ago. He was a well-known New York citizen, famous for his charities and philanthropy. He was President of the Pilots' Benevolent Association, and greatly beloved by many poor persons whom he had aided. He went on a cruise on the tenth of January, 1856, on the pilot-boat No. 11, "E. K. Collins," and the very same night, in a terrible storm, boarded the ship "Stingray," which had come safely all the way from China to be wrecked at the very end of its voyage. The night was bitterly cold, and the gale, which was blowing from the south-east, was the severest which had been known for ten years. Ship and pilot-boat, too, became unmanageable in the storm. Mitchell saw his boat driven on Fire Island, and his eight comrades lost almost before his eyes. The ship, at the same time, was fast going ashore and rapidly becoming unmanageable.

It was covered with ice, and four of the crew froze to death. One of them was sent aloft to do some duty, and never came down again. The spray froze him to the rigging, and there, hung aloft in his icy shroud, the poor fellow perished. The others fell to the deck and froze where they lay. The next morning Robert Mitchell was found standing at the wheel of his ship dead! The spray had frozen as it fell upon him standing at his post, and fastened him to the deck. His body had to be cut away with axes.

On the same night another pilot-boat, the "George Steers," No. 6, was driven upon Barnegat Shoal, and the entire crew lost. Three others—the "Sylph," "Commerce," and "Washington"—went cruising out of port on the same day, and have never since been heard of. In seventeen years twenty-three pilot-boats and more than fifty pilots have been thus lost at sea. This is not, therefore, a life without danger.

The look-out speaks another sail in the distance, and again the pilot-boat is started in its direction. When it comes within signaling distance a little flag is run up at the mainstay,—the line from the mast to the prow of the pilot-boat,—and the old question, "Do you want a pilot?" is asked by a sign, rather than by words. The answer comes in the same way. Let us suppose that the answer this time is "Yes." The pilot-boat tacks at once to cross the path of the steamer. As they near each other the steamer slackens her speed; the sails of the pilot-boat are furled; and both stop and lay to. The little boat is again manned, and the pilot is rowed to the steamer, which he is to guide into port.

While the pilot-boat goes on its helpful way, cruising for other ships, let us go with the pilot aboard the steamer and return to port, for we have seen all of the pilots that will interest us at this time. The rope ladder is lowered, and we mount to the deck of the steamer, wave an adieu to our friends, and soon are once more in the city.





AN OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.

FRED'S EASTER MONDAY.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

FRED stood at the window, his small nose flattened against the pane, as he looked down the street after mamma, hurrying to the Patent Office, where she must be at nine o'clock. He wanted to lean out, for just a block farther up was a little park where green grass grew and beds of crocuses and snowdrops could be seen. Looking out and going out, though, were both forbidden for that day. Poor, pale Fred, always headachy or ailing somewhere, had unfortunately an anxious, worrying little mamma, who did not know—or, if she knew, would not believe—that fresh air and sunshine would have brought color and life to the little pale cheeks and heavy eyes. So, as she hugged him that morning before going away, she said:

"Now, Fred, remember nobody is to take you out. You can blow bubbles, and there are all your books. Good-bye, darling!"

Fred sat down by the window, after watching her go out of sight, and leaned his head back against the chair, feeling too weak to care whether he moved again or not.

He might have staid there all day, had not a visitor suddenly appeared. Right against the window pane flew a brown sparrow, that at once sat on the sill as if expecting attention. Fred looked a minute, and then, getting up, tried to raise the sash, which stuck fast a good while, and then flew up with a jerk that sent him backward and almost over. The sparrow flew up too, but soon came again, and Fred took a cracker from his pocket and fed the little thing. The soft Spring air blew over his face, and, as the sparrow flew away presently, he leaned out and looked toward the park, from which came a breath of hyacinths and the chirp of many busy birds.

Fred sat down again, but the temptation was too great. He knew nobody in the big boarding-house would know or care if he ran out a few moments, and he did not stop to think of what mamma might say. His overcoat and cap hung in the wardrobe; it was only the work of a moment to put them on, run down the stairs, and out the door. Once out there was no more thought of

going back, and soon he was walking through the paths, looking delightedly at the flocks of sparrows and holding a bunch of grass in his pale little hand. Under a tree was set a cage of owls, and, stopping to look at them, his adventures began.

Never had Fred seen such a fascinating little darkey as now stood there, looking solemnly at the blinking owls. How many tails was that wool braided in, and could anything be blacker and shinier than his cheeks? Fred had come from Maine to Washington only a few weeks before, and this was the very first chance he had ever had to look as long as he liked at a real colored boy. So he stood wondering what was in that little red basket, and what his name was, or if darkeys had names; and, as the thought came, he asked:

"What is your name, or have n't you got any?"

"Course I has," was the prompt answer. "My name's George Washington Dayspring, and mammy's name's Philadelphia Dayspring. What's yourn?"

"I'm Fred Harson. What makes you be here all alone? Are you going anywhere?"

"Reckon I is. Aint you goin' dar, too?"

"But I don't know where you mean—so how can I?"

"You jist come along o' me, den. I'll tell ye de way. Goin' up to de Capitol to roll eggs. There's a heap up dar now. I was jist stoppin' a minute to see dat ar owl a-blinkin'."

Fred stood still and looked at him. Why should there be a "heap" of eggs up at the Capitol, and did colored people always roll them, or were they for the Senators and Representatives, who, as some one had told him, were there every day? What did they roll them for? Suppose they broke! And, summing it all up, he said:

"But eggs are nasty if they break all over everything."

"Takes a mighty sight o' rollin' to make dem break," said George Washington; "mine's b'iled. So they all is mostly. Mammy did mine;" and, opening his basket, he showed six red, blue and green eggs. "Them uns was b'iled in caliker; and the red, they's done with logwood. Come along an' see 'em roll."

"Roll where? Who rolls? You?"

"Seems to me you aint got no sense, no how," George Washington said, looking rather scornfully at Fred. "Maybe you's from de Norf, though. Mammy says folks don't know so much up Norf as dey do roun' here. Don't you never roll eggs up dat way?"

"I guess we know enough not to," Fred answered, looking a little fierce. "Who wants to use up eggs that way? I'd rather sell 'em, or eat 'em."

"Laws chile!" George Washington said, patronizingly. "It don't spile 'em for eatin'. Roll 'em till de shell busts; den take out your chunk o' bread an' eat 'em. Ki! t'ink o' dem eggs, hoppin' down de hills, fifty fousand hundred! Better come along an' see 'em."

"Will you come back with me, so's to show me the way home?" Fred said, hesitating a little as he remembered he was to have staid in all day. "I forgot when I ran out," he thought, "and it can't be any worse just to take a little walk. Mamma said she'd go some afternoon and show me the Capitol."

"Reckon I will, an' you kin have an egg too, if you wants it. Don't dey hab no Easter up in de Norf?"

Easter! Fred had been to church the day before, Easter Sunday, and seen the lovely flowers all about the altar—such flowers as he had never even dreamed of in the long Maine winter. Easter came there as here, but with a difference; but about that he need say nothing to his new friend.

"To be sure, we have Easter; but what has that got to do with eggs? Seems to me you can't answer anything straight."

"White folks haint any sense," George Washington said to himself; then mildly went on, as if explaining to somebody half-a-dozen years younger than himself: "De kind o' Easter we has we goes out an' does everyting we's a mind in all de places dey keeps us out of de rest o' de time. De Capitol and de President's house, and all de big places. Now you see. Dere's my school all goin' along ahead, an' dere's a heap more a-comin'."

By this time they had reached Pennsylvania Avenue, and Fred, as he looked up, stopped still. Down the broad street hundreds of children, each with a basket of colored eggs, were hurrying toward the grounds, in the midst of which uprose the Capitol, crowned with its fair white dome, more beautiful than anything ever seen before in his little life. He remembered an engraving that hung in the sitting-room at home, "Youth," from Cole's "Voyage of Life," where a boy in a boat was pressing on, looking up to the sky, where just such a dome was outlined.

"It's heaven," he said to himself softly, and stood still.

George Washington stared; then pulled him along, and Fred stumbled on, his eyes fixed upon it still, and thinking very little of where his feet went, till the gate was reached, and they walked up under the great trees. Beds of hyacinths and crocuses were all about, buds were swelling, and over every tree there seemed a faint mist, the shadow of coming leaves.

"There's a policeman," George Washington

said, stopping and looking full at a tall man in uniform. "Most days they orders us round, but to-day they lets us do anything but pull de flowers. Want to go up into de top o' dat ar?"

"Can you?"

"Course you kin. Mammy an' me 's been up. Laws! to see de way mammy hold on to de rail, an' puff jess like she 'd bust! I 'll take ye up."

Fred followed up the long flights of steps to the entrance door, and then again up more stairs till suddenly they passed into the Rotunda, and once more he stood still, breathless with delight. Whatever you or I might think of the great pictures all about, and the gay goddesses and cherubs looking down on the whole, to Fred it was the opening into a new world. George Washington might pull and dig at him with his elbows; dozens of children might walk right over him, but nothing should take him from those pictures; and so he stood silent and almost motionless.

"Is you done gone crazy?" George Washington said, finally. "T'o't you was gwine up 'long o' me. Reckon I 'll go by myself. Dar you is bigger eyed dan de owl over in de park; an' if you had fifty fousan' toes, you 'd let 'em all be stamped on to onct, an' nebber know."

"Must n't stay so long in one place," a policeman said, hurrying out a flock of children, who ran laughing down the stairs.

"We 's agoin' up in de dome," George Washington said, holding back.

"No, you 're not. No children allowed up there without their parents. Go through the building and then out, and no disturbance near the Senate nor House. That 's the rule to-day."

"Come on, den, to de stone things," George Washington said, pulling Fred along into the old Hall of Representatives, where a picture or two and some statues—Roger Williams, General Greene, President Lincoln, and others—stood.

Fred stopped before Roger Williams, and looked as steadily as he had at the Rotunda pictures.

"I never saw so many wonderful things," he said. "How do you suppose they make them?"

"Dey runs 'em," George Washington said, confidently. "Jes' like mammy wid de candles. Aint you mos' done starin'?" If we can't go up we'd better go out to de green, an' roll eggs 'long o' de rest."

Fred yielded, determined to come again some day when he could look quietly as long as he liked; and George Washington went down the stairs with a whoop, that brought a policeman to the head of them at once, though just too late to find out who had done it.

Fred sat down at the edge of the first terrace, wishing he had forty pairs of eyes. Hundreds of

children sat in a line, colored and white together, rolling eggs to other hundreds on the terrace below, who in turn sent them on to the bottom one. Under every tree was a group playing or eating, and as each child sent his or her last egg hopping down the green turf, he or she rolled after, shrieking with delight.

Little things, only three or four, climbed slowly up for the fun of rolling down; grave men passing by forgot their dignity, and went down with a bounce; and Fred, having watched two boys going arm in arm, over and over, suddenly joined the crowd and came against a tree at the bottom, with a bump hard enough to have brought tears at any other time. George Washington followed, coming down upon him like a black spider, and going up again in the same fashion; and Fred, a little out of breath, sat still and watched the tumbling crowd. Right above him sat a boy with a crutch, looking as if he longed to roll but dared not, till a ball of boys, arms and legs sticking out all ways, whisked by, when, with a shrill little whoop and a wave of the crutch, he came too. Very slowly it was, but still a genuine roll; and Fred said "Hurrah!" as he reached the bottom and sat up and looked around.

"Aint it fun?" the boy said.

"I should think it was," Fred answered. "I guess Washington grass does n't stain like ours up in Maine. They would n't let me roll down hill at home."

"It stains fast enough. See that little girl? I was looking at her before I came down."

Fred turned to see a child in a bright Spring suit, sitting by the stone gutter near the sidewalk, a fat little leg lying right in it, as she scrubbed a long green stain with the running water.

"Well, they 'll have to scold," she said at last. "It wont come out, anyway;" and she pulled up the wet stocking and went back to play.

Fred looked at his own legs, but could find no stains, and began again.

What an afternoon that was! If Fred lives to be five hundred years old, he will never forget it. Till five o'clock the fun went on. Tired clerks on their way home from the Departments stopped for a run or to watch the games, and every one seemed taking holiday together. And George Washington brought him an egg and some bread, and then gave himself up to somersaults; and Fred rolled till so tired he could hardly stir, and then, lying under the tree, actually went to sleep on a shawl somebody had left there.

He was roused presently by a voice: "Wake up, little boy. Why, you 'll take your death cold. It's time to go home."

Fred sat up and rubbed his eyes. The children

were all going, and George Washington stood before him, looking tired and cross.

"Come on," he said. "You's got to git out now. Mammy'll give it to us. I've done busted a heap o' holes in me. An' I was mighty nice dis mornin', now was n't I? Come on home."

Fred looked at him, wishing he might go home alone. George Washington had lost his hat, and was in so many slits that a rag-bag seemed the best place for him. There were plenty of others in the same plight Fred found, though, as they went out of the gates and up the avenue, and he looked at them, glad that his own clothes were whole, and beginning now to be anxious as to how mamma would meet him. How she must have worried, and how frightened she must be! He ran fast, wishing the way were shorter, and trying to think what excuse he could make. George Washington talked all the way, but Fred hardly heeded him, and, when the house came in sight, wished he could fly in at the window and be there without anybody knowing it.

Nobody was on the stairs, and he ran into his room to find it quite empty.

"Mamma has gone to look for me," he thought. "Well, I'll wash my hands, and be all nice when

she comes back, and she'll like that anyway." Fred scrubbed away with the big nail-brush, and as he worked the door opened, and Mrs. Harson came in.

"Oh, poor Fred!" she said, kissing him. "To think you have had to be alone all day. I had to stay, and there was nobody to send and say you could go out this beautiful afternoon. It is too bad, poor little boy. Are you hungry?"

Fred drew a long breath. For a minute he wanted not to tell; then, ashamed of himself, began at once, ending with:

"Now, mamma, I did n't say this morning I would n't go out. If I had, I should n't. You only told me not to, so it was only a disobey. It was n't breaking a promise. I never did break a promise yet. I feel so well, too. I'm not half as sick as I was this morning."

Mrs. Harson bundled Fred into bed at once, gave him herb-tea, and watched him all night; but finding him better than usual next morning, decided that no harm had been done.

After this, Fred was not kept so constantly in the house; but, although he had many a good time on the avenue and in the park, he never forgot his happy Easter Monday.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH COZZENS.



"TALKIN' of grizzlies, here's the track of one," said Tom Wilson, suddenly reining in his horse a short distance in advance of me. After a moment's examination of the huge impression, he continued: "It's a pretty fresh one, too; the feller can't be a great way off. This is just the kind of a place for 'em."

"Are there grizzlies in these mountains, Tom?" asked I, doubtfully.

"Yes, sir; the fust one I ever seed was in this very range, and he jest about scart me to death, that's sartin," replied Tom.

"That'll be a good story for this evening, Tom, after we get into camp," said I, regarding the great track with no little curiosity, for I was still in doubt about its being that of a grizzly. "Are you sure it is n't the track of a cinnamon bear?"

"Yes, sir. There's no mistakin' the prent of a grizzly's foot," replied Tom. "And here," continued he, as he followed the trail a short distance,

"is where he sot down. I would n't think strange if we see one afore long; this is the sort of country they like."

"I wonder," said I, as we again mounted our horses,—"I wonder if these fellows are as savage as those found further north?"

"Well, b'ars is like men. Once in a while you run against a cross-grained, ugly feller that had rather fight than not; then you may look out for trouble. Ag'in, you find one that'll git out of the way if he can. I've seen a she b'ar desert her cubs and take to the woods; then, ag'in, I've seen them that would fight every inch of the ground for a mile afore they'd give up, and that, too, after they'd got half-a-dozen balls in them. B'ars is sich curious critters, that I've very of'en thought that they had a heap of sense. If a b'ar's been travelin' ag'in the wind, and wants to lie down, he alwuz turns in an opposite direction, and goes a long distance from his fust track afore he makes his

bed; then he can scent a hunter if one gits on his trail, for b'ars have got mighty keen smellers. I once found a big grizzly in a cave in these very mountains, and built a fire inside the mouth of it to smoke him out; and I'll be blest if that 'ere b'ar did n't come out three times, and put the fire out with his paws, and then go back into the cave again. He did n't seem to mind my shootin' at him no more 'n if the bullets had been peas. After awhile I killed him, and then I had the curiosity to see how many balls the old feller had in his carcass, and I'll be blest if I did n't find nine.

"I reckon we sha' n't find any better place to camp to-night than this 'ere. You see, there's plenty of wood, water, and grass—so we'll just stop here."

Dismounting from our animals, they were soon enjoying the luxuriant grass that grew around us, while Tom commenced preparations for our supper. In gathering the wood for his fire, his keen eye detected a herd of deer in the distance, and, seizing his rifle, he sallied out for one, leaving me alone to guard the camp.

During his absence, let me briefly tell you about Tom, and what we were doing in this wilderness.

It had long been a favorite theory of mine that the Sierra Madre range, which intersects the Territory of New Mexico, contained large deposits of silver and gold, as extensive as those found in Nevada on the north, or in Mexico on the south; and the recent arrival at Santa Fé of a party of traders from the Navajoe country, with some very rich specimens of gold and silver ore, had so far confirmed my opinion, that I determined to spend a month in the mountains, prospecting for the precious metals.

Chance had thrown me in contact with this well-known scout and once Texan ranger, by name Tom Wilson, whom I had engaged to accompany me on the expedition. Tom was a true specimen of a frontiersman—"long, lank, and loose," he used to say, and certainly his appearance justified the description. Originally from Kentucky, he had emigrated to Texas when it was yet a republic; had taken part in its early struggle for independence, and when that was achieved had joined Jack Hayes' company of Rangers, with which he remained until his superior knowledge of woodcraft attracted the attention of Gen. Persifer F. Smith, at that time in command of the military department of Texas, who made him what he termed his "head-quarters' scout." After remaining with the General some years, he found his way up into New Mexico, where he had since been in the employ of Major-General Garland.

As he bore the reputation of being thoroughly

acquainted with the country,—was brave, honest, and generous, as well as one of the most skillful trailers on the frontier,—I deemed myself particularly fortunate in securing him for a guide and traveling companion.

At the time my story opens we had been five days on the road, and were fast approaching the very heart of the Navajoe country.

After an absence of about half-an-hour, Tom appeared staggering under the weight of a fine fat doe, which was soon dressed, and a portion of it broiling over the coals for our supper. This over, we threw ourselves upon our blankets, and, while enjoying the cheerful light of our camp fire, Tom related his experience with the first grizzly he ever saw.

"You see, when I first came up to this country, I did n't know much about it; but General Garland allowed I was the man he wanted to scout for him, and so I entered his sarvice. When he was a-travelin' over the country, I used to make it a p'int to look round considerable when in camp, so as to get acquainted with it like, because in my business a feller had to know it pretty middling well.

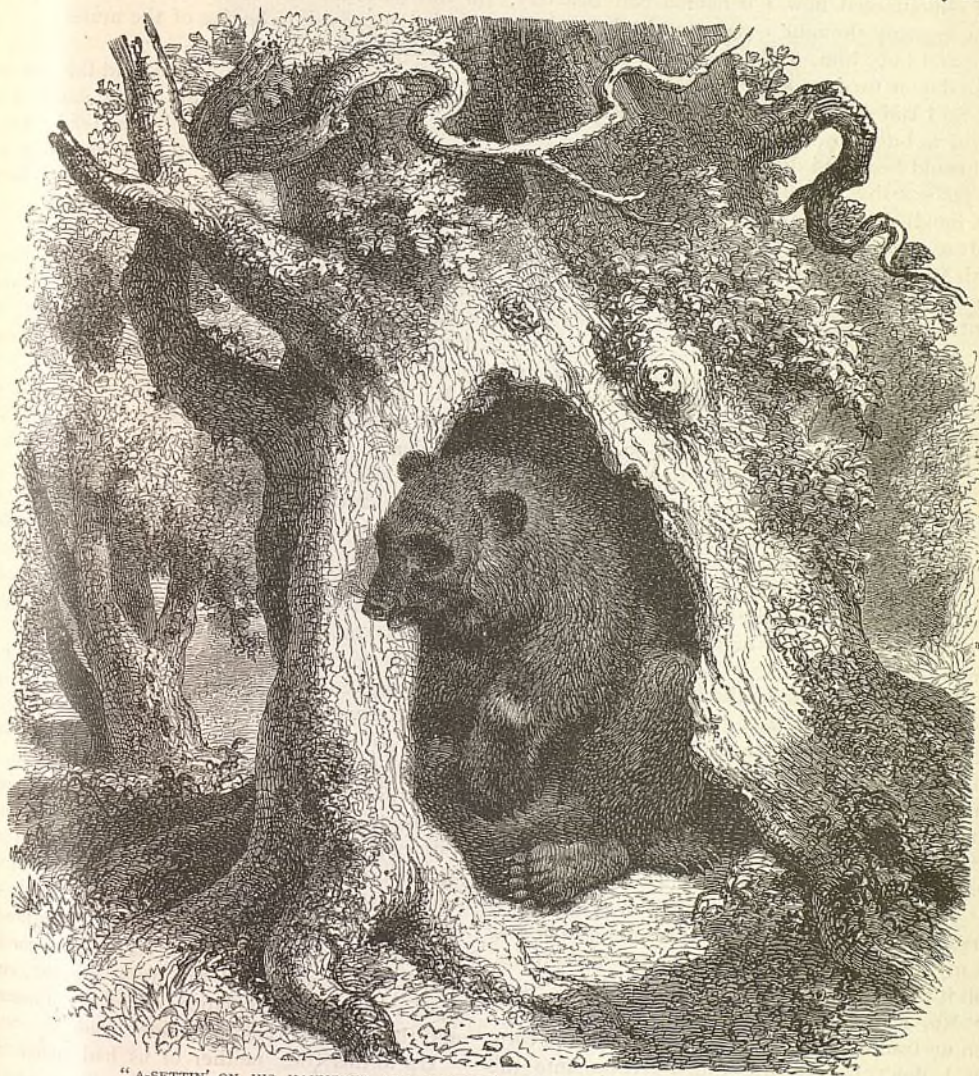
"I'd heerd a good deal about grizzlies, though I'd never seed one, for they don't have 'em up in Kentuck', where I come from, or in Texas either; but when I heerd old trappers' talkin' about 'em, and tellin' how savage and strong they was, I always allowed that there war n't no kind of a b'ar that I was afeerd of, and I did n't know there was either. You see, I did n't let 'em know that I'd never 'd seed one of the critters, for I made up my mind that if ever I come acrost one, I'd have a tussle with him, and he should n't get away from me neither, though I must confess that I felt a little skeery of a critter that could crunch a man or kill a buffalo as easy as I could break an egg. Still, I talked big, 'cause talk is cheap, you know.

"Well, one day we was to the north of this,—camped on the San Juan River. The valley was eight or ten miles long, and perhaps a couple wide, with the biggest oak-trees growin' in it that I ever seed growin' anywhere; some of 'em would measure twenty feet round the butts, and the General said he reckoned they was morn 'n a hundred years old.

"I got tired of stayin' round camp and doin' nothin'; so I walked down to where the animals was feedin', and talked to the herder awhile, and then went on down the valley, lookin' at the rocks and mountains and trees, till I got a long ways from camp, and calculated it would take me a good hour to git back. After startin' on the back trail, I happened to notice one tree, which stood a little to one side of my track, that looked so much larger

than the others, that the idea came into my head to just examine it. I had a stout oak stick in my hand, and as I came up to the tree I hit the trunk two or three blows, to see if it was sound, you know. Then I thought I'd see how big round it was, so that I could tell the General how many

enough at first glance, but in a jiffy he fixed his eyes on me, and his great mouth, which was half-open, with his white teeth, looked waterish like, as though it was just achin' to git hold of me. I see him kind er half raise one of his big paws, and then I started. I heerd him give a low, wheezy kind er



"A-SETTIN' ON HIS HAUNCHES AND WATCHIN' ME OUT OF A HOLE IN THAT TREE."

steps it took to circumnavigate it. So I stuck my stick in the ground for a mark, and started.

"When I got about half-way round, I happened to look up, and I'll be blest if there was n't a grizzly as big as an ox, within two feet of me, a-settin' on his haunches, and watchin' me out of a hole in the stump of that tree.

"I brought up pretty sudden, I tell you, and took one good look at him. He looked meek

growl, as he started after me, and I did n't wait to hear any more. If ever a feller run, that feller was Tom Wilson.

"I reckon I thought of every story I'd ever heered about grizzlies; how savage they was; how they could beat a hoss runnin' any time. The more I thought, the faster I run, and the plainer I could hear the b'ar a-comin' after me.

"I declare I never knowed it was in me to run

so. I throwed off pretty nigh all the clothes I had on, and was doin' jest my level best, when suddenly I tripped on somethin' or other, and went down. Then I knowed 't was all up with me for sartin, and I expected every minute to feel that b'ar's paw on to me.

"I remembered how I'd heered Nat Beal say, that if a grizzly thought a man was dead, he'd dig a hole and bury him, without hurtin' him any, and after a day or two would come back and dig him up. So I laid still and held my breath, waitin' for the b'ar to bury me.

"I could hear him diggin' the hole, and, though my eyes was shet, I could see jest how he looked, as he handled them paws of his.

"It seemed to me that I laid there and held my breath for nigh an hour, expecting every minute to have the b'ar roll me into the hole. After awhile I ventured to peek out, and, would you believe it, there want no b'ar there!

"I jest picked myself up mighty sudden, and made tracks for camp, and I reckon if ever a feller felt beat that feller was me, then and there.

"It was a long time before I said anything about my scare in camp; but, at last, I told the General, and I thought he'd split a-laughin'."

"Well, Tom," said I, "you must have been pretty badly frightened."

"Frightened! I jest tell you, sir, I was the worst scart man this side of the San Juan, and I did n't git over it neither in a hurry, sure 's you're born."

"What had become of the bear?" asked I.

"Why, you see, he was asleep in that hole, and when I thumped on the tree with my stick it woke him up. As a nat'ral consequence, his curiosity was riz, and he poked his head out to see who was a-knockin'; but," added Tom, with a laugh, "before he could say 'come in,' I was gone. I've always owed grizzlies a grudge since that scare."

"Well, Tom," said I, "that's a pretty good story, and I don't blame you for running. I'll now fill my pipe and have a smoke before retiring. Will it be necessary to keep guard to-night?"

"No, I reckon not," replied Tom; "we haint seen no trail for two days, nor any patches of corn, and I don't believe the Indians come into this region very often. Anyway, we'll risk it to-night," with which remark he went out to take a last look at the animals before retiring, and upon his return spread his blankets a little distance from the fire, and was soon fast asleep.

Not feeling in a mood for sleeping, I replenished the fire, and sat smoking my pipe and laughing to myself at the ridiculous figure Tom must have cut, running over the prairie with nothing in pursuit; until, some hours later, a growing feeling of drowsi-

ness warned me that it was time to spread my own blankets, which I did, and soon fell asleep.

How long I slept I do not know; but I was roused by a vague impression that something was wrong about the camp. Half awake, I turned over, and, opening my eyes, fancied that I could discover in the darkness the faint outlines of an animal, which I supposed to be one of the mules; so once more dropped to sleep.

In a short time I again awoke, and this time saw two eyes angrily glaring at me in the darkness. I sprang into a sitting posture; but as I did not then see them, supposed that I had been dreaming, and that the fiery eyes were the natural result of Tom's story.

The fire had burned low; occasionally a half-consumed brand would flare for an instant into a bright flame, casting a ruddy glow upon all things around, and then suddenly die out, leaving the darkness more intense, the gloom more profound, than before.

By straining my eyes, however, I detected the outline of a huge form in the dim light that I was confident could be no mule.

Springing to my feet, I called loudly for Tom, at the same time trying to get hold of either my revolver or rifle, which, in my confusion, I failed to find. While hunting for them, my hand encountered a miner's pick, and, grasping it, I turned to find Tom at my side, and a huge grizzly standing upon his hind-legs within six feet of us.

As he slowly waddled toward us, the light from the dying embers of the fire revealed his open mouth, gleaming white teeth, and huge paws, extended as if to embrace us both in one grasp, while his eyes shone like balls of fire.

Terrified as I was, I had presence of mind enough to raise the pick, and, just as Tom fired, I brought it down; but, with a hoarse, angry growl, the bear struck it a blow with one of his huge paws, with as much ease as a boy would bat his ball, which sent it spinning from my hand. He was within two feet of us when Tom again fired. This time the ball struck a vital spot, and the huge monster, with a howl of rage and defiance, reeled for a moment, and then rolled over on his side, dead.

Up to this time neither of us had spoken; but now the silence was broken by Tom, who exclaimed: "That was an ugly customer; let's start up the fire, and see what he looks like."

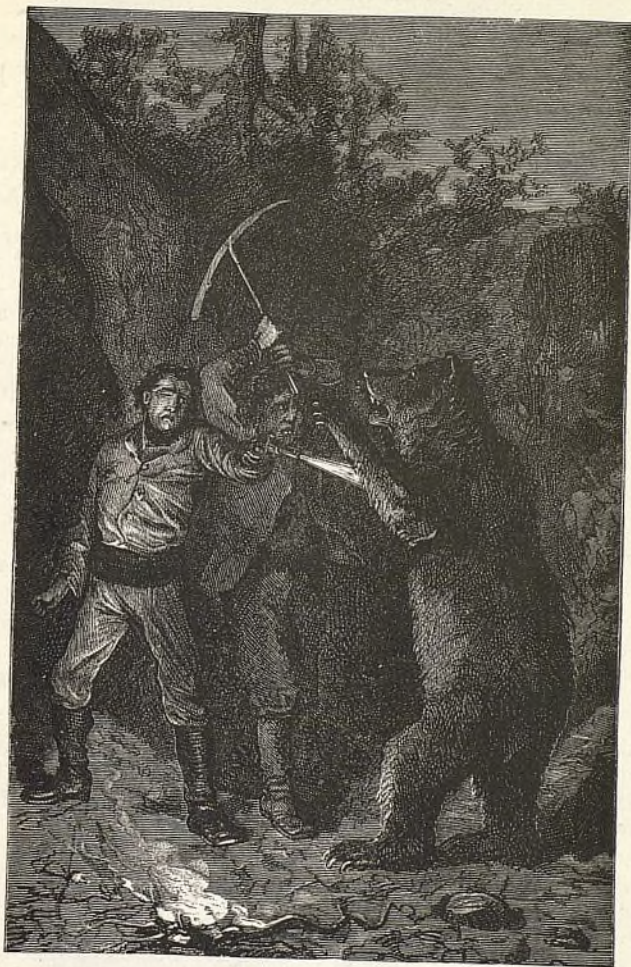
But I was in no condition to start up the fire, for as soon as the terrible excitement was over, the reaction came, and I sank to the ground trembling as though in an ague fit.

I soon recovered, and, by the time Tom had a bright fire burning, was ready to examine the bear. As he lay stretched out before us, he was a mon-

ster indeed. His shaggy dun coat was thickly flecked with patches of gray, and his huge paws made me fairly shudder when I reflected what a narrow escape we had had from their embrace.

The bear measured nearly seven feet in length, and six feet one inch in girth.

We greatly regretted the loss of our mule, for it prevented our taking with us the much desired



THE MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

Daylight revealed the unwelcome fact that the creature had attacked and killed one of our mules during the night, dragging the carcass some distance from the spot where he had been picketed.

skin of the grizzly as a trophy. The experience, however, taught us a lesson, and we never afterward failed to mount guard while traveling through the Sierra Madre country.

An old hen sat on turtles' eggs,
And she hatched out goslings three;
Two were turkeys with slender legs,
And one was a bumble-bee.
"Very odd children for such a mother!"
Said all the hens to one another.

APRON: AN ACTING CHARADE.

BY L. ANNIE FROST.

Characters.—CLARENCE BALDWIN, CHARLOTTE BALDWIN, VICTOR SOMERSET, WALTER BALDWIN, and VICTOR'S APE.*

SCENE I.—[Ape.]

Scene: A sitting-room. In one corner a stand of flowers. Upon a table, writing materials and a work-basket, with sewing materials. Over a chair is thrown a long cloak, and a bonnet upon it. An etagère, with the usual ornaments. A long mirror in background, and a sham window, thrown open. Everything is arranged in a very orderly manner.

[Curtain rises, discovering CLARENCE seated, ciphering upon a slate; CHARLOTTE drawing a map upon paper.]

Charlotte. There! I have finished my map. I think Maine is the most tiresome of all the States to draw, the coast is so irregular.

Clarence. I wish my sum was finished. I can't make it come right.

[Enter WALTER.]

Walter. Oh, Claire! Lottie! Victor Somerset is coming in a few minutes to bring Jocko.

Clarence. Jocko?

Walter. Oh! I forgot, Claire, that you had been away since Jocko came.

Clarence. But who is Jocko? I never heard of anything but a monkey being named Jocko.

Walter. You've guessed it the first time. Jocko is a Barbary ape, as tall as his master. Victor's uncle sent him to him, and he has been taught all sorts of funny tricks.

Charlotte. I shall be afraid of him.

Walter. Pshaw! he wont hurt you. He is perfectly tame.

[Enter VICTOR and ape; the ape has a string around his waist, by which VICTOR leads him.]

Victor. Good morning!

Walter. Good morning! We are very glad to see you. So this is Jocko?

Victor. Yes. Shake hands, Jocko.

[JOCKO shakes hands, in monkey style, with WALTER and CLARENCE.]

Charlotte. I'm afraid!

[Runs out of reach of JOCKO, leaving her map on her chair. JOCKO tugs at the string to follow her.]

Victor. For shame, sir! Kiss your hand to the lady. [JOCKO kisses his hand to CHARLOTTE.]

Charlotte. Oh, what a funny fellow!

Walter. Is n't he splendid? Make him do something else, wont you, Victor?

Clarence [putting his slate and pencil on table]. O yes! please make him, Victor.

Victor. Make a bow, sir.

[JOCKO bows very low.]

Walter. Would he mind me? Shake hands, Jocko.

[JOCKO puts both paws behind his back.]

Clarence [laughing]. He knows his master, Walter.

Victor. Sit down in that chair.

[JOCKO sits down.]

Clarence. What a grand pet!

Victor. Go to sleep.

[JOCKO lies down on the floor and shuts his eyes. VICTOR sits down near him.]

Clarence. Have you had him long, Victor?

Victor. Nearly a month. Uncle John had him trained expressly for me. I don't think he has one vicious trick.

[JOCKO slyly picks an apple from VICTOR'S pocket, bites a piece out, and puts it back, unperceived.]

Walter. Do you have to keep him tied up?

Victor. I do now, but I hope to train him to respect property, so that he can run at large.

[JOCKO steals another bite of apple.]

Charlotte. Does he never bite you?

Victor. Never. He tears and destroys furniture and clothing, but he is never savage.

[JOCKO again steals the apple, and eats it all.]

Victor. Sit up, sir. Hulloo! Where did you get that apple?

[JOCKO grins, and hastily munches and swallows the last bite.]

Charlotte. He stole it out of your pocket.

* The costume for an ape can easily be obtained in a city, at a costumer's; but in the country some ingenuity will be required to make a flexible mask and a plain-fitting suit of brown shaggy cloth for the character.

Victor. I owe you a whipping, sir.

[JOCKO makes gestures of fear.

Walter. Oh, don't whip him! I'll give him an apple.

Victor. I wont whip you this time, then.

[JOCKO makes gestures of delight.

Clarence. What else can he do, Victor?

Victor. Oh, he can walk on all fours! Walk like a dog, sir!

[JOCKO walks on all fours, and runs at CHARLOTTE, who retreats into a corner, JOCKO chattering at her.

Victor. Here, come back, sir.

[JOCKO tugs at string.

Victor. Shake hands with him, Lottie. He wont hurt you.

Charlotte. Are you sure he wont bite?

Victor. Certain of it.

[CHARLOTTE comes forward, timidly.

Victor. Stand up, and shake hands with the lady, sir.

[JOCKO stands up, takes CHARLOTTE'S hand, and kisses it, chattering his teeth at her.

Victor. Sit down like a tailor.

[JOCKO sits on the floor, cross-legged.

Victor. Smoke a pipe.

[Hands a pipe to JOCKO, who pretends to smoke it. Bell rings.

Walter. Oh, there's the dinner-bell! Do stay to dinner, Victor!

Clarence. Yes, stay, Victor! Can't you tie Jocko?

Victor. Certainly I can. [Ties JOCKO to the handle of the door.] There, he cannot do any mischief now. I will show you the rest of his tricks after dinner. [Curtain falls.

SCENE II.—[Run.]

Scene: Same as before. Curtain rises discovering JOCKO alone, pulling the string on the door. The string snaps, and leaves him free. JOCKO walks all round the room, grinning and chattering his teeth. He takes CLARENCE'S slate, and rubs the sum all out with his paw. He puts CHARLOTTE'S map over his head, tearing a hole and wearing it like a ruff. He turns all the flower-pots upside down. He spies himself in the mirror, and dances before it, bowing and grinning. He upsets all the chairs, and finally, after removing the articles from the etagère, and putting them on the middle of the floor with many a monkeyish motion, turns it over with a grand crash.

[CLARENCE, VICTOR, and WALTER run in.]

Clarence. Oh, Victor! he has broken loose.

Victor [sternly]. Come here, sir.

[JOCKO grins and chatters.

Walter [laughing]. You said you would show us some more of his tricks after dinner! Just look at the room!

Clarence. I think he has been his own showman.

Victor [stamping his feet]. Come here, sir!

[JOCKO jumps on the sofa.

Walter. How can you catch him?

Victor. Oh, I can catch him! Come here, sir, or I will whip you!

[JOCKO jumps down behind the sofa, and grins over the back at VICTOR.

Victor [running toward him]. I'll teach you to act so.

[JOCKO runs round the room, VICTOR after him, overturning furniture and making all the confusion possible.

Walter. Go it! Catch him, Victor! Run, Jocko!

Clarence. Can't he run?

[JOCKO jumps through the window; VICTOR follows him.

Walter [running to window]. Oh, see them, Claire! There goes Jocko right into the fountain! Now he is out! [Shouting.] Run, Victor, run!

Clarence [looking from window]. Oh, Walter, he has broken mamma's china jars with the lemons! Did you ever see anything run so fast? He has been all round the garden four or five times already.

Walter. There he goes up a tree! Victor is all out of breath, but he is coaxing him down.

Clarence. Jocko wont be coaxed.

Walter. There goes Victor up the tree.

Clarence. But not so quickly as Jocko jumps down. Now for another run!

Walter [laughing]. Ha! ha! ha! I never saw such a race. [Claps his hands.] Victor is no match for Jocko!

Clarence. There! He has jumped over the fence. See him run down the road! He will be out of sight before Victor gets the gate open!

Walter. No, it is open now. He is turning the wrong way. [Calling from window.] Run to the right! run to the right!

Clarence. He hears you. Run, Victor, run!

Both [clapping their hands and shouting]. Run! run! run!

[Curtain falls.

SCENE III.—[Apron.]

Scene: Same as Scene I. Curtain rises, discovering CHARLOTTE folding an apron.

Charlotte. I believe the room is all in order now. What a mess Jocko did make! I will fold this apron and put it on mamma's work-basket. How fortunate it was he did not touch that! [*Folds apron and puts it on basket.*] I wonder if mamma has done with her cloak and bonnet? I will go ask her, before I put them away.

[*Exit CHARLOTTE.*]

Walter [*behind the scenes*]. Oh, Victor, I hope you have not lost him! Come to my room, and rest.

[*A moment's pause, then JOCKO climbs upon the window-seat and looks in. He peeps all round the room, and finally comes in, very slowly and cautiously. He goes all over the room, looking under the chairs and table, and finally sits down facing audience, and fans himself with CLARENCE'S slate. After sitting gravely a moment, he pulls the work-basket toward him, and begins to pull the things out; unwinds the spools of cotton, throws the emery-bag and pin-cushion on the floor, and takes out the scissors. First he pricks his fingers with them, then smells them and pricks his nose; then takes a book off the table, punches holes in the cover, and snips the leaves. He unrolls the apron, and surveys it; finally, bundles it up and throws it at the chair where the cloak and bonnet are lying. He springs up suddenly and runs to the chair, puts on the cloak and bonnet, and goes to the mirror; here he bows, smirks, and strikes attitudes. He takes up the apron again, and the scissors.*]

Clarence [*behind the scenes*]. Come in here, Victor, and we will hold a consultation.

[*JOCKO runs into a corner and sits down in a chair, face to wall, drawing the cloak close around him. During the conversation following, he turns his face occasionally toward audience and grins, unperceived by the speakers, who must sit facing audience.*]

[*Enter VICTOR, CLARENCE and WALTER.*]

Victor. I am afraid he jumped upon some cart that was passing, and so I have lost him entirely.

Walter. Oh, I hope not.

Clarence. You will have to advertise him.

Walter. You may get him then, if you offer a handsome reward.

Victor. And pay expenses. Who knows how much mischief he has done! Just think of the confusion he made here!

Clarence. Oh, that's no matter! Lottie said there was not much real harm done. My sum and her map will have to be copied again; but I am sure the amusement he gave us paid for that trouble.

Victor. Sitting here will not find him; but I am almost tired out. I shall be stiff for a week after that race.

Walter. You must rest a little while.

Victor. If I ever do catch Jocko, he shall have a chain, and a good strong one, too.

[*JOCKO shakes his fist at VICTOR.*]

Clarence. Oh, I do hope you will catch him! Perhaps he will come home himself. Dogs do sometimes when they are lost.

[*Enter CHARLOTTE.*]

Charlotte. Why! who upset mamma's work-basket?

[*Picks up the things and puts them in basket.*]

Walter [*rising*]. I must go. I have an errand to do for father before dark.

Victor. I must go too, and consult father about Jocko.

[*Exeunt WALTER, CLARENCE and VICTOR.*]

Charlotte [*seeing Jocko*]. What is mamma sitting over there for? Is she going out again? Mamma! mamma!

[*JOCKO begins to cut the apron with scissors.*]

Charlotte. Oh, mamma! what are you cutting my new apron all to pieces for?

[*JOCKO turns, and grins at her.*]

Charlotte [*screaming*]. Oh, it's that horrid ape! Victor! Walter!

[*Runs toward door. JOCKO jumps up and catches her. CHARLOTTE screams, and JOCKO ties up her mouth with the apron.*]

Charlotte [*struggling*]. Oh, let me go! let me go!

[*Enter WALTER, CLARENCE and VICTOR.*]

[*VICTOR runs quickly behind JOCKO and catches his arms.*]

Charlotte [*untying the apron*]. Have you got him fast?

Clarence. Here, tie him with this piece of string he left on the door, until you get a chain.

Victor [*tying Jocko*]. You won't escape me again in a hurry. What have you got to say for yourself, sir?

[*JOCKO hangs his head.*]

Victor. Are you sorry, sir?

[*Takes off the cloak and bonnet.* JOCKO *nods two or three times.*

Walter. I really believe he understands every word you say.

[JOCKO *nods and grins.*

Victor. Now come home, sir, and stay in your cage until I buy you a chain. Make a bow to the lady and gentlemen, Jocko.

[JOCKO *bows.*

Victor. Good-bye, all!

All. Good-bye!

Walter. I will go with you. It is in my way.

[*Exeunt* VICTOR, WALTER and JOCKO.

Clarence. Why, Lottie! what makes you look so doleful? Did he hurt you?

Charlotte. No. But just look at this!

[*Holds up apron to show the holes cut by* JOCKO.

Clarence. Whew! rather spoiled, Lottie! But never mind; we've had fun enough with Jocko to more than make up for it.

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

SNOWFOOT'S NEW OWNER.

JACK left the gun standing by the fence, leaped over, gave a familiar whistle, and called, "Come, Snowfoot! Co' jock! co' jock!"

There were two horses feeding in the pasture, not far apart. But only one heeded the call, lifted head, pricked up ears, and answered with a whinny. It was the lost Snowfoot, giving unmistakable signs of pleasure and recognition, as he advanced to meet his young master.

Jack threw his arms about the neck of his favorite, and hugged, and patted, and I don't know but kissed him; while the Betterson boys went up to the fence and looked wonderingly over.

In a little while, as they did not venture to go to him, Jack led Snowfoot by the forelock up to the rails, which they had climbed for a better view.

"Is he your horse?" they kept calling to him.

"Don't you see?" replied Jack, when he had come near enough to show the white feet and the scars; and his face gleamed with glad excitement.

"Look! he and the dog know each other!"

It was not a Betterson, but a Peakslow style of fence, and Lion could not leap it; but the two animals touched noses, with tokens of friendly recognition, between the rails.

"I never expected such luck!" said Jack. "I've not only found my horse, but I've saved the reward offered."

"You have n't got him yet," said Rufe. "I guess Peakslow will have something to say about that."

"What he says wont make much difference. I've only to prove property, and take possession.

A stolen horse is the owner's, wherever he finds him. But of course I'll act in a fair and open way in the matter; I'll go and talk with Peakslow, and if he's a reasonable man —"

"Reasonable!" interrupted Wad. "He holds a sixpence so near to his eye, that it looks bigger to him than all the rest of the world; he can't see reason, nor anything else."

"I'll make him see it. Will you go and introduce me?"

"You'd better not have one of our family introduce you, if you want to get anything out of Dud Peakslow!" said Rufe. "We'll wait here."

Jack got over the fence, and walked quickly along on the Betterson side of it, followed by Lion, until he reached the road. A little farther down was a house; behind the house was a yard; and in the yard was a swarthy man with a high, hooked nose, pulling a wheel off a wagon, the axletree of which, on that side, was supported by a propped rail. Close by was a boy stirring some black grease in a pot, with a long stick.

Jack waited until the man had got the wheel off and rested it against the wagon; then said:

"Is this Mr. Peakslow?"

"That happens to be my name," replied the man, scarcely giving his visitor a glance, as he turned to take the stick out of the grease, and to rub it on the axletree.

The boy, on one knee in the dirt, holding the grease-pot to catch the drippings, looked up and grinned at Jack.

"I should like a few minutes' talk with you, Mr. Peakslow, when you are at leisure," said Jack, hardly knowing how to introduce his business.

"I'm at leisure now, much as I shall be to-day," said Mr. Peakslow, with the air of a man who did not let words interfere with work. "I've got to grease this wagon, and then harness up and go to haulin'. I have n't had a hoss that would pull his share of a decent load till now. Tend to what you 're about, Zeph!"

"I have called to say," remarked Jack, as calmly as he could, though his heart was beating fast, "that there is a horse in your pasture which belongs to me."

The man straightened his bent back, and looked blackly at the speaker, while the grease dripped from the end of the stick.

"A hoss in my pastur' that belongs to you! What do ye mean by that?"

"Perhaps you have n't seen this handbill," and Jack took the printed description of Snowfoot from his pocket, unfolded it, and handed it to the astonished Peakslow.

"Twenty dollars reward!" he read. "'Stolen from the owner—a light, reddish roan hoss—white forefeet—scar low down on the near side, jest behind the shoulder—smaller scar on the off hip.' What 's the meanin' of all this?" he said, glancing at Jack.

"Is n't it plain enough?" replied Jack, quietly standing his ground. "That is the description of the stolen horse; the horse is down in your pasture."

"Do you mean to say I've stole your hoss?" demanded Peakslow, his voice trembling with passion.

"Not by any means. He may have passed through a dozen hands since the thief had him. All I know is, he is in your possession now."

"And what if he is?"

"Why, naturally a man likes to have what is his own, does n't he? Suppose a man steals your horse; you find him after a while in my stable; is he your horse or mine?"

"But how do I know but this is a conspiracy to cheat me out of a hoss?" retorted Peakslow, looking again at the handbill, with a terrible frown. "It may have all been cut and dried aforehand. You've your trap sot, and, soon as ever the animal is in my hands, ye spring it. How do I know the hoss is your'n, even if ye have got a description of him? Anybody can make a description of anybody's hoss, and then go and claim him. Besides, how happens it a boy like you owns a hoss, anyway?"

In a few words, Jack told his story, accounting at once for his ownership, and for the scars on the horse's side and hip.

"There are two other scars I can show you, under his belly. I did n't mention them in the handbill, because they are not noticeable, unless one is looking for them."

"Ye may show me scars all over him, fur's I know," was Peakslow's reply to this argument. "That may prove that he's been hurt by suth'n or other,—elephant, or not; but it don't prove you ever owned him."



THE AMIABLE MR. PEAKSLOW.

"I can satisfy you with regard to that," said Jack, confidently. "Do you object to going down with me and looking at him?"

"Not in the least, only wait till I git this wheel on. Ye may go and see the hoss in my presence, but ye can't take the hoss, without I'm satisfied you've the best right to him."

"That's all I ask, Mr. Peakslow; I want only what belongs to me. If you are a loser, you must look for redress to the man who sold you my property; and he must go back on the next man."

"How's that?" put in Zeph, grinning over his grease-pot. "Pa thinks he's got a good deal

better hoss than he put away; and you aint agoin' to crowd him out of a good bargain, I bet!"

"Hold your tongue!" growled Peakslow. "I can fight my own battles, without any of your tongue. I put away a pooty good hoss, and I gin fifteen dollars to boot."

"What man did you trade with?" Jack inquired.

"A truckman in Chicago. He liked my hoss, and I liked his'n, and we swapped. He wanted twenty dollars, I offered him ten, and we split the difference. He wont want to give me back my hoss and my money, now; and ye can't blame him. And the next man wont want to satisfy *him*. Grant the hoss is stole, for the sake of the argyment," said Peakslow. "I maintain that when an animal that's been stole, and sold, and traded, finally gits into an honest man's hands, it's right he should stay there."

"Even if it's your horse, and the honest man who gets him is your neighbor?" queried Jack.

"I dono',—wal—yes!" said Peakslow. "It's a hard case, but no harder one way than t'other."

"But the law looks at it in only one way," replied Jack. "And with reason. Men must be careful how they deal with thieves or get hold of stolen property. How happens it that you, Mr. Peakslow, did n't know that such a horse had been stolen? Some of your neighbors knew it very well."

"Some of my neighbors I don't have nothin' to say to," answered Peakslow, gruffly. "If you mean the Bettersons, they're a pack of thieves and robbers themselves, and I don't swap words with none of 'em, without 't is to tell 'em my mind; that I do, when I have a chance."

"You use pretty strong language when you call them thieves and robbers, Mr. Peakslow."

"Strong or not, it's the truth. Haint they cheated me out o' the best part of my farm?"

"The Bettersons—cheated you!" exclaimed Jack.

They were now on the way to the pasture; and Peakslow, in a sort of lurid excitement, pointed to the boundary fence.

"My line, by right, runs five or six rod t'other side. I took up my claim here, and Betterson bought his'n, 'fore even the Guv'ment survey run through. That survey fixed my line 'way over yender in their corn-field. And there I claim it belongs, to this day."

"But, Mr. Peakslow, how does it happen that a man like Mr. Betterson has been able to rob a man like *you*,—take a part of your farm before your very eyes? He is a rather slack, easy man; while you, if I'm not greatly mistaken, are in the habit of standing up for your rights."

"I can gin'ly look out for myself," said Peakslow. "And don't suppose that Lord Betterson took me down and put his hands in my pockets, alone."

"Nine men, with masks on," cried Zeph, "come to our house one night, and told pa they'd jest tear his ruf right down over his head, and drive him out of the county, if he did n't sign a deed givin' Betterson that land."

"Hold your yawp, Zeph!" muttered Peakslow. "I can tell my own story. There was nine of 'em, all armed, and what could I do?"

"This is a most extraordinary story!" exclaimed Jack. "Did you sign the deed?"

"I could n't help myself," said Peakslow.

"It seems to me I *would* have helped myself, if the land was rightfully mine!" cried Jack. "They *might* tear my house down—they *might* try to drive me out of the county—I don't believe I would deed away my land, just because they threatened me, and I was afraid."

"It's easy to talk that way," Peakslow replied. "But, come case in hand—the loaded muzzles in your face—you'd change your mind."

"Did n't they pay anything for the land they took?"

"Barely nothin'; jest the Guv'ment price; dollar 'n' a quarter an acre. But jest look at that land to-day,—the best in the State,—wuth twenty dollars an acre, if 't is a cent."

"What was Betterson's claim?" Jack asked; "for men don't often do such things without some sort of excuse."

"They hild that though the survey gin me the land, it was some Betterson had supposed belonged to his purchase. Meanwhile he had j'ined a land-claim society, where the members all agreed to stand by one another; and that was the reason o' their takin' sich high-handed measures with me."

Jack was inclined to cross-question Peakslow, and sift a little this astonishing charge against Betterson and the land-claim society. But they had now reached the pasture bars, and the question relating to the ownership of the horse was to be settled.

The Betterson boys were still sitting on the fence, where Jack had left them; but Snowfoot had returned to his grazing.

"Call him," said Jack. "If he does n't come for you, then see if he will come for me."

Peakslow grumbly declined the test.

"He does n't always come when I call him," said Jack. "I'll show you what I do then. Here, Lion!"

He took from his pocket an ear of corn he had picked by the way, placed one end of it between the dog's jaws, saying, "Bring Snowfoot, Lion!"

bring Snowfoot!" and let him through the bars. Lion trotted into the pasture, trotted straight up to the right horse, coaxed and coquetted with him for a minute, and then trotted back. Snowfoot followed, leering and nipping, and trying to get the ear of corn.

Lion brought the ear to Jack, and Jack gave it to Snowfoot, taking him at the same time by the forelock.

"What do you think of that?" he said, looking round in triumph at Peakslow.

"I don't see as it's anything to make sich a fuss over," said Peakslow, looking angrily across at the spectators on the boundary fence, as they cheered the success of the maneuver. "It shows you've larnt your dog tricks—nothin' more. 'Most any hoss would foller an ear of corn that way."

"Why did n't your hoss follow it?"

"The dog did n't go for my hoss."

"Why did n't he go for your horse, as soon as for mine?" urged Jack.

To which Peakslow could only reply:

"Ye need n't let down the top bar; ye can't take that hoss through! I traded for him, and paid boot, and you've got to bring better evidence than your say-so, or a dog's trick, 'fore I give up my claim."

"I'll bring you evidence," said Jack, turning away in no little impatience and disgust.

He hastened back to Mr. Betterson's house, and was met by the boys as he came into the yard.

"What did I tell you?" said Rufe. "Could n't get him, could you?"

"No, but I will!" replied Jack, untying the horse, which he had left hitched to an oak-tree. "I'm going for a witness." He backed the wagon around. "Get in, if you like,"—to Rufus.

Rufus did like; and the two rode off together, to the great dissatisfaction of Wad and Link, who also wanted to go and see the fun.

CHAPTER XV.

GOING FOR A WITNESS.

"DID Peakslow say anything to you about our folks?" Rufe asked.

"I rather think he did!" said Jack; and he repeated the story of the land robbery.

Rufe showed his contempt for it by a scornful laugh. "I'll tell you just what there is in it; and it will show you the sort of man you have to deal with. We have n't an inch of his land. Do you think father is a man to crowd a neighbor?"

"And a neighbor like Peakslow! That's just what I told him," said Jack.

"You see," said Rufe, "these claims through here were all taken up before the Government sur-

vey. Most of the settlers were decent men; and they knew that when the survey came to be made, there would be trouble about the boundaries, if they did n't take measures beforehand to prevent it. So they formed a society to protect each other against squatters and claim-jumpers, and particularly to settle disputed boundary questions between themselves. They all signed a paper, agreeing to 'deed and redeed,'—that is, if your land adjoined mine, and the Government survey did n't correspond with our lines, but gave you, for instance, a part of the land I had improved, then you agreed to redeed that part to me, for the Government price; just as I agreed to redeed to my neighbors what the survey might give me of their claims."

"I understand," said Jack.

"Well, father and almost everybody in the county joined the society; but there were some who did n't. Peakslow was one."

"What were his objections?"

"He could n't give any good ones. All he would say was, 'I'll see; I'll think about it.' He was just waiting to see if there was any advantage to be gained over his neighbors by *not* joining with them. Finally, the survey came through; and the men run what they called a 'random line,' which everybody thought, at first, was the true line. According to that, the survey would have given us a big strip of Peakslow's farm, including his house and barn. That frightened him. He came over, and shook his fist in father's face, and threatened I don't know what, if he took the land."

"You really think I ought to redeed to you all your side of our old line?" says father.

"Of course I do!" says Peakslow. "It's mine; you never claimed it; and I'll shoot the fust man who sets foot on't, to take it away from me."

"Then," says father, "why don't you join the society, and sign the agreement to redeed, with the rest of us? That will save trouble."

"So Peakslow rushed off in a fearful hurry, and put his name to the paper. Then—what do you think? The surveyors, in a few days, run the correct line, and that gave Peakslow a strip of *our* farm."

"Capital!" laughed Jack.

"It was n't capital for us! He was then, if you will believe it, more excited than when the boot seemed to be on the other leg. He vowed that the random line was a mere pretense to get him to sign the agreement; that it was all a fraud, which he never would submit to; that he would n't redeed, but that he would have what the survey gave him. That's the kind of man he is," added Rufus.

"But he did redeed?"

"Yes, in some such way as he told you. The dispute came before the society for arbitration, and

of course the decision was in father's favor. But Peakslow still held out, and talked of shooting and all that sort of thing, till the society got tired of his nonsense. So, one night, nine men did give him a call; they had called on a claim-jumper down the river a few nights before, and made kindling-wood of his shanty; Peakslow knew it, and knew they were not men to be trifled with. They told him that if he expected to live in the county, he must sign the deed. And he signed it. My father was n't one of the men, but Peakslow turned all his spite against him."

"He really imagines he has been wronged," said Jack.

"I suppose so, for he is one of that kind who never can see any side to a quarrel but their own. The land is growing more valuable every year; he covets it accordingly, and so the ferment in his mind is kept up. Of course," Rufe confessed, "we have done, or neglected to do, a good many things which have kept adding fuel to the fire; for it's impossible to live peaceably alongside of such a selfish, passionate, unreasonable neighbor. We boys have taken up the quarrel, and now I owe that Zeph a cudgeling, for hurting Cecie. He knows it, and keeps out of my way."

"How did he hurt her?"

"We had a swing up in the woods. The Peaksloes are always interfering in our affairs, and, one day, when Link and the girls went to swing, they found a couple of little Peaksloes there. Link drove 'em away, and they went off bellowing to their big brothers. In a little while Zeph came along, when Cecie happened to be in the swing; and he pushed her so hard that she fell out."

"I should n't think cudgeling him would give you much satisfaction," said Jack. "It was a dreadful thing to happen! But do you think he intended it?"

"I don't think he is sorry for it. Father went to see Mr. Peakslow about it; but he got nothing but abuse from him. What do you think he said? 'The swing,' says he, 'is on a part of the land you robbed me of; if you had gin me what the Guv'ment survey did, then your children would n't have been there, and the thing would n't have occurred.' That," Rufus added, "is the man who has got your horse."

Meanwhile, they had driven past Peakslow's house, proceeding down the river road; and now once more Jack reined up before old Wiggett's cabin.

At the sight of the wagon approaching, three or four half-naked little barbarians ran into the house, like wild creatures into their hole, giving an alarm which brought out old Wiggett himself, stooping through the low door-way.

"Mr. Wiggett, do you remember me?" said Jack.

"Wal, I reckon!" said the old man, advancing to the wagon, reaching up, and giving Jack's hand a hearty shake. "You're the young chap that found my section corner."

"And do you remember the horse I drove that day?"

"I 'low I oughter; for your elephant story, and the scars you showed me, was drea'ful curi's. I heard the hoss was stole."

"He *was* stolen. But I have found him; and I want you to go with me and identify him, if you will be so good. Mr. Peakslow has him."

"Peakslow?" said the old man, with a dubious shake of the head. "It's nigh about the easiest thing in the world to git into trouble with Dud Peakslow. I gener'ly go my way, and let Peakslow go his 'n, and waste few words on him. But I don't mind gwine with ye, if ye say so. How did Peakslow come by him?"

Jack told the story, whilst driving back to Peakslow's house. There he left Rufus in the wagon, and walked on with Mr. Wiggett into the barn-yard.

CHAPTER XVI.

PEAKSLOW GETS A QUIRK IN HIS HEAD.

PEAKSLOW had finished greasing his wheels, and was about harnessing a pair of horses which Zeph held by their halters at the door of a log stable. One of the horses was Snowfoot.

"Please wait a minute, Mr. Peakslow," said Jack, turning pale at the sight. "I've brought a witness to prove my property."

Peakslow looked at his neighbor Wiggett, and gave a grunt.

"So you've come over to interfere in this business, hey?"

Mr. Wiggett made no reply, but walked up to Snowfoot, stroked his sides, examined the scars, looked at him before and behind, and nodded slowly several times. Then he spoke.

"I haint come over to interfere in nobody's business, Mr. Peakslow. But I happen to know this yer young man: and I know this yer hoss. At his request, I've come over to say so. I could pick out that animal, and sw'ar to him, among ten thousan'."

"What can you swear to?" Peakslow demanded, poising a harness.

"I can sw'ar that this is the hoss the young man driv the day he come over to find my section corner."

"That all?"

"Is n't that enough?" said Jack.

"No!" said Peakslow, and threw the rattling harness upon Snowfoot's back. "It don't prove the hoss belonged to you, if ye did drive him. And, even though he did belong to you, it don't prove but what ye sold him arterward, and then pretended he was stole, to cheat some honest man out of his prop'ty. Hurry up, boy! buckle them hames." And he went to throw on the other harness.

Jack stepped in Zeph's way. "This is my horse, and I've a word to say about buckling those hames."

"Ye mean to hender my work?" roared Peakslow, turning upon him. "Ye mean to git me mad?"

Jack had before been hardly able to speak, for his rising wrath and beating heart; but he was now getting control of himself.

"I don't see the need of anybody's getting mad, Mr. Peakslow. There's a right and a wrong in this case; and if we both want the right, we shall agree."

"Every man has his own way o' lookin' at the right," said Peakslow, slightly mollified. "The right, to your notion, is that I shall give ye up the hoss. I've got possession of the hoss, and I mean to keep possession; and that's what's about right, to my notion."

"I want only what is lawfully my own," Jack answered, firmly. "If you want what is n't yours, that's *not* right, but wrong. There's such a thing as justice, aside from our personal interest in a matter."

Probably Peakslow had never thought of that.

"Wal, what ye goin' to do about it?" he asked.

"I am going to have my horse," replied Jack. "If you let me take him peaceably, very well. If you compel me to go to law, I shall have him all the same, and you will have the costs to pay."

Peakslow winced. The threat of costs touched him in his tenderest spot.

"How's that?" he anxiously asked.

"I have n't been about the country looking for my horse, without knowing something of the law for the recovery of stolen property," replied Jack. "If I find him in your hands, and you give him up, I've no action against you. If you hold on to him, I can do one of two things. I can go to a magistrate, and by giving bonds to an amount that will cover all damages to you or anybody else if I fail to make good my claim, 'get out a writ of replevin,' and send a sheriff with it to take the horse. Or I can let you keep him, and sue you for damages. In either case, the one who is beaten will have the costs to pay," Jack insisted, turning the screw again where he saw it pinch.

The swarthy brow was covered with perspiration,

as Peakslow answered, making a show of bluster: "I can fight ye with the law, or any other way, 's long's you want to fight. I've got money. Ye can't scare me with your sheriffs and writs. But jest look at it. I'm to be throwed out of a hoss at a busy time o' year. You would n't like that, Mr. Wiggett—you nor nobody else."

"No," said Mr. Wiggett, who stood looking on in an impartial way, "it mout n't feel good, I allow. And it don't seem like it would feel much better, to have to stan' by and see a hoss that was stole from me, bein' worked by a neighbor. This yer young man tells a straight-for'ard story, and there's no doubt of its bein' his hoss. You've no doubt on't in your own mind, Dudley Peakslow. If he goes to law, he'll bring his proofs,—he's got friends to back him,—and you'll lose. Then why not come to a right understandin', and save right smart o' trouble and cost. I 'low that'll be best for both parties."

"Wal, what's your idee of a right understandin'?" said Peakslow, flushed and troubled, turning to Jack. "*My* hoss is in Chicago—that is, if *this* hoss aint mine. I might go in and see about gittin' on him back, but I don't want to spend the time, 'thout I can take in a little jag o' stuff; and how can I do that, if you break up my team?"

"Mr. Peakslow," replied Jack, quickly making up his mind what he would do, "while I ask for my rights, I don't wish to put you or any man to an inconvenience." He took Snowfoot by the bridle. "Here is my horse; and, with Mr. Wiggett for a witness, I make you this offer: You may keep him one week, and do any light work with him you please. You may drive him to Chicago, and use him in recovering your horse from the truckman. But mind, you are to be responsible for him, and bring him back with you. Is that a fair proposal?"

"Wal, I do'n't but what 't is; I'll think on't," said Peakslow.

"I want you to say now, in Mr. Wiggett's presence, whether you accept it."

"I'll agree to bring him back; but I do'n't 'bout deliverin' on him up to you," said Peakslow.

"Leave it so, then," replied Jack, with a confident smile. "I call you to witness, Mr. Wiggett, that the horse is in my possession now" (he still held Snowfoot by the bridle), "and that I lend him to Mr. Peakslow. Now you can buckle the hames, Zeph," letting go the bridle, and stepping back. "Gi' me a copy o' that handbill," said Peakslow. "I shall want that, and I ought to have a witness besides, to make the truckman hear to reason."

"If he happens to be an unreasonable man," said Jack, with a smile, "you have the same remedy which I have,—a suit for damages. I don't

believe he will wait for that. I'll see you in one week. Good-day, Mr. Peakslow."

"Looks like you was takin' a big resk, to let him drive the hoss to Chicago," Mr. Wiggett remarked confidentially, following Jack out of the yard.

"I don't see that it is," Jack replied, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "I did n't wish to be hard on him. It does men good, sometimes, to trust them."

"Mabbe. But Dud Peakslow aint like no other man ye ever see. He's got some quirk in his head, or he never 'd have agreed to be responsible for the hoss and bring him back; ye may bet on that. He means to take some advantage. Now I'm interested in the case, and I shall hate to see you swindled."

Jack thanked the old man warmly; but he failed to see what new advantage Peakslow could hope to gain.

"I know him a heap better 'n you dew," said Mr. Wiggett. "Now, it struck me, when he said he might need a witness, I'd offer to go with him to Chicago. I could help him with the truckman, and mabbe find out what new trick he's up tew. Anyhow, I could look arter your horse a little."

"That would oblige me ever so much!" exclaimed Jack. "But I see no reason why you should take that trouble for me."

"I take a notion tew ye, in the fust place. Next place, I've been gwine to Chicago for the past tew weeks, but could n't somehow git started. Now, banged if I wont go in with Peakslow!"

Having parted with Jack, the old man returned to propose the arrangement to his neighbor. He was just in time to hear Peakslow say to his son:

"I see a twist in this matter 't he don't, shrewd as he thinks he is. If I lose a good bargain with the truckman, I'm bound to make it up 'fore ever this hoss goes out of my hands. You ag'in, Wiggett?"

It was Mr. Wiggett, who concluded that he was quite right in saying that Peakslow had a quirk in his head.

CHAPTER XVII.

VINNIE MAKES A BEGINNING.

VINNIE learned only too soon why Jack had dreaded so much to have her enter the Betterton household; and, in a momentary depression of spirits, she asked herself whether, if she had known all she was undertaking, she would not have shrunk from it.

The sight of the sick ones, the mother enfeebled in mind as well as in body, Lord Betterton pompous and complacent in the midst of so much

misery, little Lill alone making headway against a deluge of disorder,—all this filled her with distress and dismay.

She could think of no relief but in action.

"I shall stifle," thought she, "unless I go to work at once, setting things to rights." And the thought of helping others cheered herself.

She needed something from her trunk. That was at the door, just where Jack had left it. She went out, and found that Chokie had changed his mind with regard to digging a well, and was building a pyramid, using the door-yard sand for his material, a shingle for a shovel, and the trunk for a foundation.

"Why, Chokie!" she said; "what are you doing?"

"I makin' a Fourth-of-Duly," replied Chokie, flourishing his shingle. "After I dit it about twice as bid as the house, I doin' to put some powder in it, and tout'th it off."

"O dear!" said Vinnie; "I'm afraid you'll blow my trunk to pieces; and I must have my trunk now!"

"I doin' to blow it to pieces, and you tan't have it," cried Chokie, stoutly.

"But I've something for you in it," said Vinnie, "and we never can get it for you, if you touch off your Fourth-of-July on it."

"O, wal, you may dit it;" and he began to shovel the sand off, throwing it into his clothing, into the house, and some into Vinnie's eyes.

Lord Betterton, who was walking leisurely about his castle, now came forward, and, seeing Vinnie in some distress, inquired, in his lofty way, if he could do anything for her.

"If you please," she replied, laughing, as she brushed the sand away from her eyes, "I should like to have this trunk carried in."

Betterton drew himself up with dignified surprise; for he had not meant to proffer any such menial service.

Vinnie perceived the little mistake she had made; but she was not so overpoweringly impressed by his nobility, as to think that an apology was due. She even permitted herself to be amused; and, retiring behind the sand in her eyes, which she made a great show of winking and laughing away, she waited to see what he would do.

He looked around, and coughed uncomfortably.

"Where are the boys?" he asked. "This—hem—is very awkward. I don't know why the trunk was left here; I directed that it should be taken to Cecie's room."

Vinnie mischievously resolved that the noble Betterton back should bend beneath that burden.

"It is quite light," she said. "If you want help, I can lift one end of it."

The implication that it was not greatness of character, but weakness of body, which kept him above such service, touched my lord. As she, at the same time, actually laid hold of one handle, he waived her off, with ostentatious gallantry.

"Permit me!" And, with a smile of condescension, which seemed to say, "The Bettersons are not used to this sort of thing; but they can always be polite to the ladies," he took up the trunk by both handles, and went politely *backward*



VINNIE'S STRATAGEM.

with it into the house, a performance at which Jack would have smiled.

I say *performance* advisedly, for Betterson showed by his bearing, lofty and magnificent even under the burden, that this was not an ordinary act of an ordinary man.

Having set down the trunk in its place, he brushed his fingers with a soiled handkerchief, and retired, exceedingly flushed and puffy in his tight stock.

Vinnie thanked him with charming simplicity; while Cecie, on her lounge, laughed slyly, and Mrs. Betterson looked amazed.

"Why, Lavinia! how did you ever dare?"

"Dare what?"

"To ask Mr. Betterson to carry your trunk?"

"Why not?" said Vinnie, with round eyes.

"A gentleman like him! and a Betterson!" replied Caroline, in a whisper of astonishment and awe.

"Who should have done it?" said Vinnie, trying hard to see the enormity of her offense. "I could n't very well do it alone; I am sure you could n't have helped me; and my friend who brought me over, he has done so much, for me already that I should have been ashamed to ask him. Besides, he is not here, and I wanted the trunk. Mr. Betterson seems very strong. Has he the rheumatism?"

"O Lavinia! Lavinia!"—and Caroline wrapped her red shawl despairingly about her. "But you will understand Mr. Betterson better by and by. You are quite excusable now. Arthur, dear! what do you want?"

"In her trunt, what she's doin' to dive me, I want it," said the boy, invading the house for that purpose.

"Yes, you shall have it," cried Vinnie, skillfully giving his nose a wipe behind the mother's back (it needed it sadly). "But is your name Arthur? I thought they called you Chokie."

"Chokie is the nickname for Arthur," Lill explained.

Vinnie did not understand how that could be.

"It is the boys' invention; they are full of their nonsense," said Caroline, with a sorrowful head-shake. "It was first Arthur, then Artie, then Artichoke, then Chokie,—you see?"

Vinnie laughed, while her sister went on, in complaining accents:

"I tell them such things are beneath the dignity of our family; but they will have their fun."

Vinnie took from her trunk a barking dog and a candy meeting-house, which made Chokie forget all about his threatened Fourth-of-July. She also had a pretty worsted scarf of many colors for Lill, and a copy of Mrs. Hemans' Poems—popular in those days—for Cecie.

"For you, Sister Caroline," she added, laughing, "I have brought—myself."

"This book is beautiful, and I love poetry so much!" said Cecie, with eyes full of love and gratitude. "But you have brought mother the best present."

"O, you don't know about that!" replied Vinnie.

"Yes, I do," said Cecie, with a smile which seemed to tremble on the verge of tears. And she whispered, as Vinnie bent down and kissed her:

"I love you already; we shall all love you so much!"

"Dear Cecie!" murmured Vinnie in the little invalid's ear, "that pays me for coming. I am glad I am here, if only for your sake."

"I dot the bestest pwesents," cried Chokie, sitting on the floor with his treasures. "Don't tome here, Lill; my dog will bite!" He made the little toy squeak violently. "He barks at folks doin' to meetin'. Dim me some pins."

"What do you want of pins?" Vinnie asked, taking some from her dress.

"To make mans and womans doin' to meetin'. One dood bid black pin for the minister," said Chokie.

Vinnie helped him stick up the pins in the floor, and even found the required big black one, to head the procession. Then she pointed out the extraordinary fact of the dog being so much larger than

the entire congregation; at which even the sad Caroline smiled, over her sick babe. Chokie, however, gloried in the superior size and prowess of the formidable monster.

Lill was delighted with her scarf,—all the more so when she learned that it had been wrought by Vinnie's own hand.

"O, Aunt Vinnie!" said Cecie; "will you teach me to do such work? I should enjoy it so much—lying here!"

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear!" exclaimed Vinnie, her heart brimming with hope and joy at sight of the simple happiness her coming had brought.

She then hastened to put on a household dress; while Cecie looked at her book, and Lill sported her scarf, and Chokie earned himself a new nickname—that of Big-Bellied Ben—by making a feast of his meeting-house, beginning with the steeple.

(To be continued.)

THE PETERKINS SNOWED-UP.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

MRS. PETERKIN awoke one morning to find a heavy snow-storm raging. The wind had flung the snow against the windows, had heaped it up around the house, and thrown it into huge white drifts over the fields, covering hedges and fences.

Mrs. Peterkin went from one window to the other to look out, but nothing could be seen but the driving storm and the deep white snow. Even Mr. Bromwick's house on the opposite side of the street was hidden by the swift-falling flakes.

"What shall I do about it?" thought Mrs. Peterkin. "No roads cleared out! Of course, there'll be no butcher and no milkman!"

The first thing to be done was to wake up all the family early; for there was enough in the house for breakfast, and there was no knowing when they would have anything more to eat.

It was best to secure the breakfast first.

So she went from one room to the other, as soon as it was light, waking the family, and before long all were dressed and down-stairs.

And then all went round the house to see what had happened.

All the water-pipes that there were were frozen. The milk was frozen. They could open the door into the wood-house, but the wood-house door into the yard was banked up with snow; and the front

door, and the piazza door, and the side door stuck. Nobody could get in or out!

Meanwhile, Amanda, the cook, had succeeded in making the kitchen fire, but had discovered there was no furnace coal.

"The furnace coal was to have come to-day," said Mrs. Peterkin, apologetically.

"Nothing will come to-day," said Mr. Peterkin, shivering.

But a fire could be made in a stove in the dining-room.

All were glad to sit down to breakfast and hot coffee. The little boys were much pleased to have "ice-cream" for breakfast.

"When we get a little warm," said Mr. Peterkin, "we will consider what is to be done."

"I am thankful I ordered the sausages yesterday," said Mrs. Peterkin. "I was to have had a leg of mutton to-day."

"Nothing will come to-day," said Agamemnon, gloomily.

"Are these sausages the last meat in the house?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"Yes," said Mrs. Peterkin.

The potatoes also were gone, the barrel of apples empty, and she had meant to order more flour that very day.

"Then we are eating our last provisions!" said Solomon John, helping himself to another sausage.
 "I almost wish we had staid in bed," said Agamemnon.

"I thought it best to make sure of our breakfast first," repeated Mrs. Peterkin.

"Shall we literally have nothing left to eat?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"There's the pig!" suggested Solomon John.

Yes, happily, the pig-sty was at the end of the wood-house, and could be reached under cover.

But some of the family could not eat fresh pork.

"We should have to 'corn' a part of him," said Agamemnon.

"My butcher has always told me," said Mrs. Peterkin, "that if I wanted a ham, I must keep a pig. Now we have the pig, but have not the ham!"

"Perhaps we could 'corn' one or two of his legs," suggested one of the little boys.

"We need not settle that now," said Mr. Peterkin. "At least, the pig will keep us from starving."

The little boys looked serious; they were fond of their pig.

"If we had only decided to keep a cow," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Alas! yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "one learns a great many things too late!"

"Then we might have had ice-cream all the time!" exclaimed the little boys.

Indeed, the little boys, in spite of the prospect of starving, were quite pleasantly excited at the idea of being snowed-up, and hurried through their breakfasts that they might go and try to shovel out a path from one of the doors.

"I ought to know more about the water-pipes," said Mr. Peterkin. "Now, I shut off the water last night in the bath-room, or else I forgot to; and I ought to have shut it off in the cellar."

The little boys came back. Such a wind at the front door, they were going to try the side door.

"Another thing I have learned to-day," said Mr. Peterkin, "is not to have all the doors on one side of the house, because the storm blows the snow against *all* the doors."

Solomon John started up.

"Let us see if we are blocked up on the east side of the house!" he exclaimed.

"Of what use," asked Mr. Peterkin, "since we have no door on the east side?"

"We could cut one!" said Solomon John.

"Yes, we could cut a door!" exclaimed Agamemnon.

"But how can we tell whether there is any snow there," asked Elizabeth Eliza, "for there is no window?"

In fact, the east side of the Peterkins' house formed a blank wall. The owner had originally planned a little block of two semi-detached houses. He had completed only one, very semi and very detached.

"It is not necessary to see," said Agamemnon, profoundly; "of course, if the storm blows against this side of the house, the house itself must keep the snow from the other side."

"Yes," said Solomon John, "there must be a space clear of snow on the east side of the house, and if we could open a way to that —"

"We could open a way to the butcher," said Mr. Peterkin promptly.

Agamemnon went for his pickaxe. He had kept one in the house ever since the adventure of the dumb waiter.

"What part of the wall had we better attack?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

Mrs. Peterkin was alarmed.

"What will Mr. Mudge, the owner of the house, think of it?" she exclaimed. "Have we a right to injure the wall of the house?"

"It is right to preserve ourselves from starving," said Mr. Peterkin. "The drowning man must snatch at a straw!"

"It is better that he should find his house chopped a little when the thaw comes," said Elizabeth Eliza, "than that he should find us lying about the house, dead of hunger, upon the floor."

Mrs. Peterkin was partially convinced.

The little boys came in to warm their hands. They had not succeeded in opening the side door, and were planning trying to open the door from the wood-house to the garden.

"That would be of no use," said Mrs. Peterkin. "The butcher cannot get into the garden."

"But we might shovel off the snow," suggested one of the little boys, "and dig down to some of last year's onions."

Meanwhile, Mr. Peterkin, Agamemnon, and Solomon John had been bringing together their carpenter's tools, and Elizabeth Eliza proposed using a gouge, if they would choose the right spot to begin.

The little boys were charmed with the plan, and hastened to find,—one, a little hatchet, and the other a gimlet. Even Amanda armed herself with a poker.

"It would be better to begin on the ground floor," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Except that we may meet with a stone foundation," said Solomon John.

"If the wall is thinner up stairs," said Agamemnon, "it will do as well to cut a window as a door, and haul up anything the butcher may bring below in his cart."

Everybody began to pound a little on the wall to find a favorable place, and there was a great deal of noise. The little boys actually cut a bit out of the plastering with their hatchet and gimlet. Solomon John confided to Elizabeth Eliza that it reminded him of stories of prisoners who cut themselves free, through stone walls, after days and days of secret labor.

Mrs. Peterkin, even, had come with a pair of tongs in her hand. She was interrupted by a voice behind her.

"Here 's your leg of mutton, marm!"

It was the butcher. How had he got in?

"Excuse me, marm, for coming in at the side door, but the back gate is kinder blocked up. You were making such a pounding, I could not make anybody hear me knock at the side door."

"But how did you make a path to the door?" asked Mr. Peterkin. "You must have been

working at it a long time. It must be near noon now?"

"I 'm about on regular time," answered the butcher. "The town team has cleared out the high-road, and the wind has been down the last half-hour. The storm is over."

True enough! The Peterkins had been so busy inside the house, they had not noticed the ceasing of the storm outside.

"And we were all up an hour earlier than usual," said Mr. Peterkin, when the butcher left. He had not explained to the butcher why he had a pickaxe in his hand.

"If we had lain abed till the usual time," said Solomon John, "we should have been all right."

"For here is the milkman!" said Elizabeth Eliza, as a knock was now heard at the side door.

"It is a good thing to learn," said Mr. Peterkin, "not to get up any earlier than is necessary."

NANNY ANN.



"Oh, Nanny Ann! the sun is bright,
The sky is blue and clear;
All ugly clouds are out of sight,
No rain to-day, my dear.
No need, as I can plainly tell,
For you to take your fine umbrell'.
Go to the spring, my pretty daughter,
Fetch me a jug of sparkling water."

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Now Nanny Ann herself was bright;
Says she: "Though skies are clear,
And ugly clouds are not in sight,
'Tis April, mother dear.
The ways above, no soul can tell;
I'd rather take my fine umbrell'.
So saying, off she went for water;
Now was n't she a wise young daughter!"

JOHN SPOONER'S GREAT HUMAN MENAGERIE.

BY JOEL STACY.



POSITIVELY for one night only!

When Master John Spooner sent out forty-nine and a-half complimentary tickets of admission to his Great Human Menagerie, the boys and girls who received them knew that he meant to show them something worth seeing. So on the appointed night—February 10th, at half-past seven o'clock precisely

—they flocked to Johnny Spooner's house, as the Spooner residence was called by his "set," as eager and happy a crowd of young folks as ever assembled for an evening's frolic.

John Spooner, you must know, is sixteen years old, and a young gentleman who apparently promised himself, in the first six months of his existence, never to do anything half way. He has kept his word. In fact, judging from the testimony of parents, grandparents, nurses, teachers and friends, it is safe to say that he has made five-quarter way his average during the whole of his brief and brilliant career. Therefore, when our forty-nine and a-half guests (the half was "under eight") arrived at Johnny Spooner's house on the aforesaid evening, they were not in the least surprised to see great showy posters in the elegant hall, nor to find the grimmest of ticket-men in a sort of sentry-box by the hall door, nor, on a stand near by, great piles of programmes or handbills, the very sight of which made each new-comer almost wild with expectation.

The spectators were hardly seated in the dimly lighted front parlor before a bell rang—none of your half-way bells, but a good loud ringer that seemed to raise the curtain with the final flourish of its big clapper.

Behind the curtain was a stage covered with green baize; in front of the stage, but hidden from the spectators, were lights that made it just bright enough, without showing things too distinctly, and on that stage was precisely nothing at all. This the children all took in as the curtain went up, but they had hardly time to draw a fresh breath when the wonderful Royal Shanghai chicken came tread-

ing his dainty way over the green baize. He was white as snow and as large as a colt! He had the funniest pink bill, the wildest eyes, the strangest tail, and the most remarkable feet that ever Shanghai had, and his head bobbed in a way that nearly "killed" the girls and made the boys clap and shout tremendously.

Now what I should really like to do would be to describe the whole of this great show just as it appeared to the spectators; to tell you how when the

*Spooners Great
Human Menagerie
For one night only!
Wild Animals!!
Tame Animals!!!
Ante-diluvian Animals!
The Livid Golconda!
Dwarfs!! Giants!!
The Unequaled
Whirligig, Four-armed
Dancing Boy!
The Wounded Scout!
The Living Headless Baby!
And other lively attractions
Too Numerous to Mention!*

THE PROGRAMME.

Shanghai had picked its mincing way from the stage, Johnny Spooner himself came out, magnificent in scarlet trousers and yellow turban, leading a great elephant that walked back and forth, kneeled down, flourished his trunk, and moved

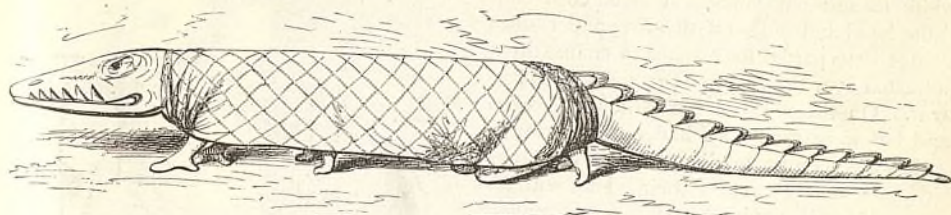
about with great soft heavy tread—a real live monstrous elephant, that everybody knew could n't be an elephant at all, for was not this a *human menagerie*?

I should like to tell you how, after the elephant, came the Dutch dwarfs; the Belgian giant; the great dancing bear from North America; the

their friends by getting up one or more of these animals and oddities at home, they may do so without any difficulty."

Therefore, my friends, we'll proceed to business at once.

In the first place, Master Spooner wishes it to be distinctly understood that, though the Livid Gol-



THE ROARING CALLIOPOLUS.

Livid Goloconda, a snake sixteen feet long and a foot thick, with fiery eyes and a rattling tail; the talented dwarf, Baron Pompalino; the huge antediluvian known as the Roaring Calliopolus, a crawling monster with six legs, a long tail, and a frightful head, with red eyes and white teeth; of the terrible baby who played and clapped its hands gleefully just the same whether its head were on or off; of the telescopic India-rubber man, Seek-a-seek; the unequaled whirligig boy with four legs and six arms; and, last of all, the wounded scout—just as they really appeared to the spectators; and all the funny things that the great showman said, and how the audience cheered and laughed and clapped and shuddered by turns, and how everybody went home perfectly delighted and mystified, and sure that in all the wide, wide world there was n't such another tremendous fellow as Johnny Spooner. I should like to do all this I say, but it would be impossible. ST. NICHOLAS would n't hold it all. Everything else would be crowded out—even "The Young Surveyor" and

oconda, the Whirligig Boy, and one or two others are his own invention, he does n't by any means claim that his entire menagerie is original. He picked up his animals and curiosities here and there, just as other showmen do, and that, he says, is "the long and short of it."

We'll begin with that wonderful antediluvian monster,

THE ROARING CALLIOPOLUS.

The effect of this creature as he went crawling across the stage, roaring fearfully and slowly moving his head from side to side, as if looking for his prey, was something to remember. As Master Spooner and I had the honor of making the head and tail of the monster, you shall know just how they were manufactured. We took a large square of gray cardboard, and folded it something in the shape of the paper horns that, filled with sugar-plums, hang in the candy-shop windows at Christmas time. We dented in the point slightly; then we cut a long slit, running in from the point, to



DIAGRAM OF ROARING CALLIOPOLUS.

the "Eight Cousins" would be sent flying—and what is more, the editors would n't be satisfied, for what they said to me was exactly this:

"Mr. Stacy, we shall be very glad to have you give our boys and girls an account of Master Spooner's menagerie, if you will give them pictures of the animals, and, with Master Spooner's permission, tell them just how they were made, so that if at any time they wish to amuse themselves or

form the mouth; into this slit we inserted on each side a strip of white cardboard, cut to represent the teeth. This was nearly as long as the slit. Then we filled up the rest of the slit with red flannel, and proceeded to paint above it the most hideous eyes we could think of; and, finally, we trimmed and folded the big open end so that it would fit like a cap on a boy's head.

The lower picture will show you how this cap

was attached to the head of one of the two boys who constituted the Calliopolus.

Next came the tail. That was made of soft brown wrapping-paper, cut double, with two or three thicknesses of black cotton batting afterward basted between the two papers to give a sort of soft firmness to the whole. This we painted in black and white to suit our fancy. A stout cord connected the head and tail, and the two paper sides of the latter were parted for a space to enable them to be adjusted over the body of the youth who had to wear it. On the night of the exhibition, as the head and tail were ready, we had only to arrange our two boys as seen in the diagram, put stockings on their hands and feet, cover their bodies with an old green silk quilt, doubled and securely pinned at each end, and our Calliopolus was complete.

I will say here, that in making the Calliopolus the largest play of fancy is allowed. You may have one boy or three boys, instead of two (a little practice will enable the three to hitch themselves along the floor together); you may fashion the head and tail as you please, and, in default of a green quilt, you may throw over the body folded shawls or army blankets.

THE LIVID GOLOCONDA

Was constructed somewhat in the same way, as far as the head and tail were concerned, but the boys arranged themselves differently. This time three poor fellows, after taking off shoes and coats, had to crawl one after the other into a sort of long bolster-case, made of cheap green woolen stuff, and provided with breathing holes under each boy's face. The head was firmly secured to the pate of the first boy; the tail was fastened to one of the

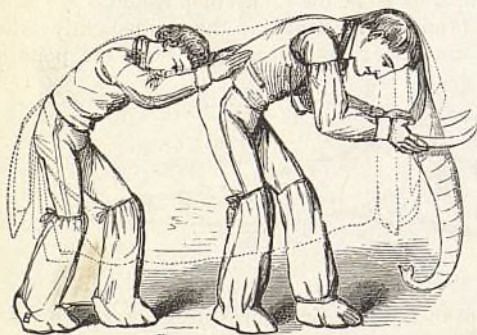
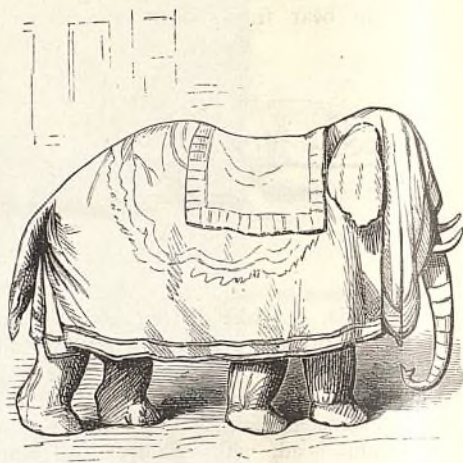


DIAGRAM OF ELEPHANT.

feet of the last boy, and the open ends of the bolster-case carefully lapped and tied over the joinings. The snake-like movement was made by the boys hitching themselves along, partly by their feet and partly by their arms, folded across their breasts

The last boy squirmed the long stuffed tail about by means of his foot, and the desired rattling was produced in some way by his gifted mouth. We had basted bits and stripes of red and silver tinsels all over our Goloconda's case; his eyes were of



THE ELEPHANT.

green tinsel, and from his hissing mouth projected a fearful fang of wire wound with red flannel.

THE ELEPHANT

Was easily made, as you can see by studying the pictures. The trunk was made of brown wrapping-paper; the tusks were white letter-paper, rolled into huge lamplighters, and then carefully bent to a curve. This time, as you see, we again needed a pair of boys, but one boy had to be taller and stouter than the other. Before placing them in the required position, we tied queer cases on their legs made of gray cotton stuff, and closed at the end so as to cover their feet. In the heel of each boy's slipper we placed an upright piece of cardboard (B), shaped so as to make the case project at the heel, thus giving the form of the elephant's foot. The boys once equipped and placed in position, we had only to throw a great gray army blanket over them, as shown by the dotted line in the diagram, pin it together at the back, pin on great ears of soft gray wrapping-paper, throw a gay door-mat over the top for effect, and the elephant was ready to walk forth. As the boys kept step, treading slowly and cautiously, the "walk" was perfect.



Now comes the great

DANCING BEAR.

This was the hardest of all to make, but as Johnny and I prepared everything before the per-

formance, we took plenty of time for the work. The diagram and picture will describe our processes very well. The head was made of pasteboard painted black, wet with glue and sprinkled with burnt coffee grounds, and embellished with



THE DANCING BEAR.

a red flannel tongue. On the elbows and knees of Clem Digby, the big boy who acted the bear, we fastened pieces of pasteboard shaped like the small diagram, A. This sent the bear's joints low down, as they should be. After his shaggy coat was put on, fur mittens on the feet and hands, two brown bear-skin sleigh-ropes; borrowed from a furrier,

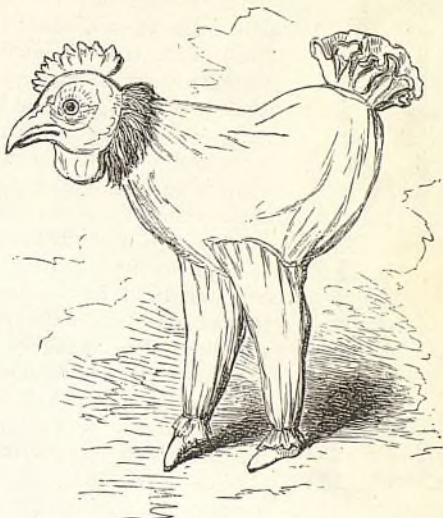


DIAGRAM OF DANCING BEAR.

completed the outfit. We "shaped" the creature by tying the robes as well as we could upon Clem Digby's body with strong twine, that was easily hidden from sight in the shaggy fur. The corners of the robes came in well for the legs and arms.

THE ROYAL SHANGHAI.

To make this Shanghai, we first prepared one of John Spooner's boys by removing his shoes, attaching a pillow to his back, and putting over his fore-



THE ROYAL SHANGHAI

head a little conical pasteboard cap, painted pink, with black markings to represent the bill. On each knee we tied a piece of stiff pasteboard (see A), to give the Shanghai a joint. Then we



DIAGRAM OF ROYAL SHANGHAI.

stood him in the position shown in the diagram and hastened to put on the finishing touch. This finishing touch was nothing more nor less than a lady's large, long night-dress, with ruffles at the neck and sleeves. We put the poor fellow's legs



DIAGRAM OF GIANT
SEEK-A-SEEK.

about the throat, allowing it to fall in rich profusion.



THE SHORTENED GIANT.

into the long sleeves; then we secured the neck of the garment as well as we could to his throat, and then gathered the rest of it at the end of the pillow and wound it about with a string. The bunch thus formed made the tail. This last we further decorated with a quantity of white paper fringe. The last thing was to draw over our boy's head a sort of cap-mask made of an old Summer gauze under-vest. This was made to bind tightly about the upper end of the bill and pass over the head to the neck. It was left open underneath to allow the Shanghai to breathe. From each side of this breathing slit hung a bit of red flannel, pinked; and the mask had two enormous eyes painted upon it. To conceal the joinings at the head and neck, we tied on a treble strip of paper fringe

I may add here that, in making a Royal Shanghai, you will find it necessary to have everything in readiness before you put your boy in position, as he has to preserve rather an uncomfortable posture, and you will not wish to waste his strength before presenting him to the spectators. His head-covering and ruff must be the last things put on. He will have no difficulty in finding his way about the stage if his head-gear be sufficiently thin to enable a little light to pass through. A clever Royal Shanghai makes all sorts of queer chicken-noises as he struts about.

Now for

THE GREAT TELESCOPIC GIANT, SEEK-A-SEEK,

whom many of you already know intimately. Those who do not know how to make him have only to look at the pictures to learn the whole process. A tall boy holds a broom or stick upright. On the top of the broom is a hat; a little below the hat, and tied to the stick, is a piece of barrel hoop (this is to form his shoulders); over the stick, and hanging from under the hat, is a long sheet-mantle or a shawl. After this covering is on, the telescopic giant can make himself grow very tall by merely raising the stick higher and higher; or when he wishes to shorten himself he has only to slowly draw down the pole and crouch under the cloak. Seek-a-Seek generally is seen examining a door, apparently in anxious search for the key-hole, which he looks for in every possible spot, from the top nearly to the bottom. This giant is very easily made, and a little practice will enable him to go through his mock search very comically.

An impatient little grunt thrown in now and then improves the effect of the performance very much.



GIANT SEEK-A-SEEK

THE HEADLESS BABY.

Some of the more critical of Master Spooner's guests felt, when they saw the giant and headless baby, that "menagerie" was hardly the right name for the entire exhibition; but that is none of our business. It is enough to say that the headless baby proved a great success. When the curtain rose, after a brief intermission, there sat his infantile majesty, head and all, safe and sound, in a high baby-chair, beating on his little table with a rattle and clapping his chubby hands in great glee. He was arrayed in the approved yard-long baby-dress, with blue sash about his waist, blue bows on his shoulders, and a lovely white bib tied under his chin. In the interest of the occasion, no one noticed that he was a decidedly large baby, and with more intelligence in his rosy face than is usually seen during the rattle and "goo-goo" age. Still this baby crowed and played and rubbed its little nose so sweetly, as he sat there, that everybody was charmed, and it was not until, in giving his nose an unusually lively rub, it knocked its dear little head *clean off* that anything seemed amiss. However, as he still clapped his hand "patty-cake," and held out his arms to be "taken" when his ruffled-cap nurse came in, and as the nurse at once stooped down behind baby and, picking up his head, put it on his shoulders again, no harm was done, and the scene passed off delightfully.

The explanation is this: A pillow, prettily dressed in long baby-dress, sash, and bows, sat in the chair, while behind it stood chubby little Victor Royle in just such a way as to let his arms apparently come from baby's shoulders, and his head rise from baby's bib. It was easy enough for him to suddenly bob his head down behind the pillow, and so hold it out of sight until the nurse, stooping and pretending to pick it up, should place it carefully on baby's shoulders again. Victor Royle's plump, rosy face was just the thing needed, and his imitation of baby motions and noises was capital.

Johnny Spooner had also a

GIANTESS.

She was made by seating a light boy upon the shoulders of a tall, strong fellow, who could easily bear him about in that position by holding on to the light fellow's feet. A long skirt is made to hang from the head of the big boy, who takes care that he shall have a loop-hole to see through. Two skirts may be put on the lower boy, for that matter, —one hanging from his waist, as the ladies say; the other, a sort of "over-skirt," hanging from his head. The upper boy wears a shawl or deep cape and a lady's bonnet, —as outlandish and showy an affair as can be devised, —and he carries a big umbrella and a satchel. The deception is com-

plete. Johnny's giantess could make a lovely courtesy, sing songs, and in all respects she was quite an accomplished young woman.



BARON POMPALINO.

Following close upon the giant and giantess, came

THE DWARFS.

No. 1 was the celebrated Baron Pompalino. The pictures will give you a capital idea of the Baron and his construction. You will notice that a young fellow stands erect behind a table, upon which he places his hands. These must be thrust into a pair of boots. A stick, furnished at each end with a stuffed glove, is put through the long sleeves of a lady's street sack. This is then buttoned over the Baron's queer little body, fastening at the throat; a false beard is tied under his chin (if desired); a

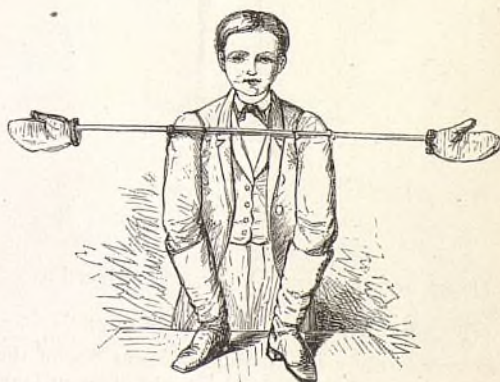


DIAGRAM OF THE BARON.

jaunty cap is placed upon his head; and there he stands, ready to dance his best for the ladies and gentlemen, or sing a song in broken English for their amusement. Our artist has put the stick in position in the diagram, to show you where it will be when the sack is on. It may be found necessary

to secure this stick to the upper part of the sack arm-holes, but experiment will soon decide that point. It would be a hard matter to get on the sack if the long stick were first tied to the boy's body.

Sometimes this dwarf is made by allowing a smaller boy to stand on a bench behind the Baron in such a way that he can lend his arms to that distinguished person, who has a curtain close behind him to hide the small boy's head; but Master Spooner says he prefers the stick arms for the Baron. The two-boy plan belongs to Dumb Orator, which, nearly everybody knows, is made by seating a big man, with his hands behind him, on the lap of a small man, who thrusts *his* arms through the big man's elbow-crooks. This done, a cloak is thrown over the two, so as to show only the big man's head and body and the little man's arms. It looks like a single person with unusually small arms and hands; and if this person speaks a piece while the small hands gesticulate as absurdly as possible, the effect is very amusing.



RYCHIE.

Dwarf number two, who was introduced as

RYCHIE, THE DUTCH DWARF,

was very easily made, though she was one of the great "hits" of the evening. A girl of about fourteen years (the age and size are not of much consequence) held her arms above her head, as shown in the diagram; a scant white cotton skirt, on the under side of which a great face had been that morning painted, was pinned about her waist, and the bottom of it then raised over her head so that she could hold it up by gathering the fullness in

each hand. This, as you see by the pictures, formed something like ears. A long stick was run through the sleeves of a sack, and the sack was



DIAGRAM OF DUTCH DWARF.

then buttoned about her, making her "waist" serve in place of a neck. A large bow was needed to conceal the gap caused by the fact of the waist being larger than an ordinary throat.

This Dutch dwarf, like Baron Pompalino, was a brilliant dancer, though certainly a little stiff in the arms. She had tremendous blue eyes, a smiling red mouth, and very rosy cheeks, and, taken altogether, was a decidedly striking young person.

Now comes John Spooner's celebrated

WHIRLIGIG, OR DANCING BOY,

one of the great successes of the evening. Two boys, respectively about ten and twelve years of age, were tied together with a scarf, back to back, at the waist, loosely enough to enable them to kick and flourish their arms. A stick, with a mitten on each end, was tied between and across them, as shown in the picture. The feet of each were dressed in woolen stockings, put on so crookedly and loosely as to flap. These, when the trousers hung over them, looked something like mittened hands. Boots were then placed upon the boys' four arms (as shown in diagram); a deep cape was hung from the neck of the taller boy, so as to cover the smaller boy's head; and the celebrated whirligig boy was ready to dance.

Such dancing! For a moment all you could see was a spinning something with about a dozen feet and hands flying wildly in the air. The spectators clapped and shouted; the whirligig boy danced and capered; the fiddle behind the curtain played its jig-tune faster and faster, until at last the danc-

ing boy fell in a heap on the floor, a confused mass of the wildest legs and arms that ever were seen, while the curtain descended to the air of "Rory O'More."

Now came the final "lively attraction." The curtain rose slowly to the sound of mournful music. In a moment two men appeared, carrying an empty litter. This was really a six-foot ladder, with a dingy old quilt folded wider and shorter than the ladder and laid smoothly upon it. The men crossed the stage and disappeared. Some confusion was heard outside, and in a moment they appeared again, this time carrying the litter on their heads. A wounded man, with bandaged forehead, lay upon it. You could see his head and feet, but his body and arms were covered. Slowly the men bore their sad burden along, when suddenly one of them tripped. Down they fell, litter, wounded scout, and all. There was a moment's struggle, and when they rose and lifted the litter the wounded scout was gone! There was nothing left of him but his boots. In vain the men, after putting down the empty litter, searched all over the well-lighted stage; in vain they angrily questioned each other in dumb pantomime, shook their fists in each other's faces, and appeared frightened half to death at their loss. The scout was not to be found, nor had any boy or girl among the spectators seen him go. In fact, as they were very sure he had *not* left the stage at all, their excitement and wonder were intense. At this point the fiddle behind the scenes



WHIRLIGIG, OR DANCING BOY.

struck up a lively tune; the men, suddenly reconciled to their misfortune, picked up their litter and danced off with it in the gayest possible manner, and the curtain fell. John Spooner's great exhibition was over.

Where *was* the wounded scout?

The truth is there was n't any wounded scout at all. When the two litter-bearers stepped off of the stage the first time, the hindmost, and taller one,



DIAGRAM OF WHIRLIGIG, OR DANCING BOY.

with the aid of Master Spooner, thrust his head between the last two rounds of the ladder, laying it back upon a cushion. With his head thus thrown back, he carried the ladder on his hands and shoulders. A pair of boots was placed on the ladder, about five feet from the head, and the place between was filled up with a thick shawl, rolled so as to represent the scout's form; over this was thrown a blanket, leaving the head and boots of the scout uncovered. The foremost man, of course, kept his head under his end of the ladder.

Now, my young friends, I trust, from the descriptions and pictures given, you will be able to conjure up any of Johnny's animals and oddities at will, with but little trouble. You need n't attempt to do them all at once, nor to have a stage like Master Spooner's. Any one of them, brought into the drawing-room where family or friends are assembled, will create no little entertainment. The elephant can be made at a few moments' notice by dispensing with the elephant-trousers, and making the trunk simply of a hooked umbrella or cane thrust into a worsted legging or wound with a gray shawl. The pasteboard heads of the animals are more easily made than one would suppose. They can be very rough affairs if they are to be shown in a dimly lighted room. Some boys and girls will prefer to soak the pasteboard, and, molding it carefully into the desired shape, leave it to dry before being painted. Others will be content with merely bending and painting it so that it will "do." At any rate, I hope one and all will find enjoyment in some way or another from this account of Master John Spooner's great human menagerie.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

LAST April, my darlings, we had some fine April-fool stories, and so, of course, you'll look for them this time; but there are none. That's Jack's little joke, you see.

Instead of them, I'll give you something you'll delight in,—good advice. Don't be April fools, my dears, nor May fools, nor June fools, nor any kind of fools, if you can help it. Be hearty, wide-awake, merry, and frolicsome, as you please; be tricksome, too, in a good-natured, true-hearted way, but don't be fools. So endeth Jack's sermon. Now we'll have

A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION.

THE other day the little schoolma'am received a letter from Germany, and, as good luck would have it, she read a part of it, in my hearing, to her young charges during the noon play-hour. She said, at the time, "it ought to be printed;" so Jack offers no apology for repeating it to you, as nearly as he can recollect it:

"I'll tell you," the writer said, "of a little incident that happened here lately:

"Frau Roleke and her children were returning from a visit to Frankfurt-on-the-Main by way of the Thuringian Railroad. From the time they left that place until nearly dusk, the little ones had kept up a merry prattle about the wonderful sights they had seen in the great city. But as dusk deepened into dark they showed unmistakable signs of fatigue. So the kind mother began to tell them stories. I must tell you just here that the cars on these European railroads are not like yours in America, but are divided into separate compartments, or carriages, which have seats along each side, and a door at each end. Frau Roleke and her children were alone in one of these carriages, and the latter were listening eagerly while she narrated the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, when suddenly the door flew open and little Fritz fell out into the darkness. With great difficulty Frau Roleke, by pulling a bell-rope, secured the stoppage of the train, and the men, hurrying back with their lanterns, met Fritz crying and calling, 'Die mutter! die mutter!' His face was all covered with blood, but he proved not to be seriously hurt, and his mamma soon wiped the blood from the dear, scratched little face. When all were settled in the car once more, little Fritz looked up into the mother's face and said, in a voice which made her smile through her tears: 'Mamma, wont you go on with the story? You did n't finish it after I was gone, did you?'"

TOO MUCH TO BELIEVE.

ONE day, Farmer Robson's old hen came scratching about in my meadow, and just then the pretty schoolma'am tripped by with two of her children. She was talking to them about the fish called the sturgeon.

"Yes, my dears," she was saying, "I read it this very morning in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Nine hundred and twenty-one thousand six hundred eggs have been found in a single sturgeon!"

"My! what a lot!" exclaimed one of the children; "and if every egg gets to be a sturgeon, and every one of the new sturgeons lays just as many, just think what heaps and heaps of grandchildren a sturgeon must have."

The teacher laughed. They walked on; and suddenly I heard a sort of gulp.

It was the old hen. I never in my life saw any living creature in such a state. She was so mad she could hardly keep inside of her feathers.

"Nine hundred thousand eggs!" she exclaimed (you would have thought she was only trying to cluck her head off, but Jack understood every word), "nine hundred thousand egg-gug-gug-eggs! Don't believe a word of it! Never was such a thing since the world began—sturgeon, indeed! Never even heard of such a bird. What'll school-teachers say next, I wonder? Nine hundred-thousand egg-gug-gug-eggs indeed!"

The last I saw of that hen, she was strutting off indignantly toward the barn-yard to tell the other hens all about it.

HERBIVOROUS ANIMALS AND CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

THERE'S a big sentence for you to contemplate, my children! It means plant-eating animals and animal-eating plants. You've often seen the first,—that is, animals that eat grasses, vegetables, and so on; but have you ever seen plants that live by eating animals? No? Well, there really are such things. There is a common plant called the bladderwort. It grows in marshy places, and what do you think it lives upon? Why, upon the lively water-bear, of which ST. NICHOLAS gave you a picture last month. But you shall read for yourself the newspaper account that the winds sent to me:

"ANOTHER ANIMAL-EATING PLANT FOUND.—The carnivorous vegetables have received an accession at the hands of Mrs. Mary Treat, who reveals the secret habits of the bladderwort to a degree that makes one shudder at the cunning villainy it shows. The bladderwort is a very common marsh plant, with long, slender, plant stems, a fine frill of leaves, queer tufted flowers, and having scattered among its leaves, or on its bare stems, little pear-shaped bladders, which have been vulgarly supposed of use to float the plant. Mrs. Treat, who is a naturalist of growing note, with her inquiring microscope noticed in some of these bladders, a year ago, sundry dead animalcula, and since then has domesticated the bladderwort and watched its ways, until she knows that it not only most ingeniously traps wretched little water-bears and larvæ, but has a moral certainty that it absorbs their juices. She has seen the victims done to death many a time."

THE LONGEST WORD.

"ROB," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?"

"Don't know," said Rob, "unless it's a swear-word."

"Pooh!" said Tom, "it's *stumbled*, because

you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter."

"Ha! ha!" said Rob. "Now I've one for you. I found it one day in the paper. Which is the longest word in the English language?"

"Valetudinarianism," said Tom promptly.

"No, sir; it's *smiles*, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter."

"Ho! ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know a word that has over *three* miles between its beginning and ending."

"What's that?" asked Rob, faintly.

"*Beleaguered*," said Tom.

WHY IS N'T THE OFFER TAKEN UP?

FOR five years past, a rich farmer in our neighborhood has made a standing offer of \$10,000 in gold for a double set of cow's teeth,—that is, the upper and lower rows complete. Yet his offer has never been taken up. Who can tell me why?

SURVEYORS SAVED BY A HORSE.

BOYS, as young surveyors are very popular with you just now, you shall hear a true story that is well told in a paper called the *Turf, Field, and Farm*:

"Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the north-western part of Illinois, when a violent snow-storm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a forest of about eighty acres in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any other trees. The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as to almost blind them.

"When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon footsteps in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks. It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and if they had to pass the night there, in the cold and snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning. While they were cowering with fear and cold, the chief man caught sight of one of their horses, a gray pony known as 'Old Jack.'

"Then the chief said: 'If any one can show us our way to camp, out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him go, and we can follow him. I think he will show us our way to camp.'

"The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and tail in the air, as if proud of the trust that had been put upon him. Then he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say: 'Come on, boys! Follow me. I'll lead you out of this scrape.' He then turned in a new direction, and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp fires, and they gave a loud huzza at the sight, and for Old Jack."

WHAT AN ARMY OF TOAD-STOOLS DID.

DID ever you think how strong the growing plants must be to force their way up through the earth? Even the green daisy tips and the tiny blades of grass, that bow before a breath, have to exert a force in coming through that, in proportion to their size, is greater than you would exert in rising from under a mound of cobble stones. And think of toad-stools—what soft, tender things they are, breaking at a touch. Yet, I can tell you, they're quite mighty in their way.

Charles Kingsley, the celebrated English priest and novelist, was a very close observer of nature. One evening he noticed particularly a square flat stone, that, I should say, was about as long and as broad as the length of three big burdock leaves. He thought it would require quite a strong man to lift a stone like that. In the morning he looked

again, and lo! the stone was raised so that he could see the light under it. What was his surprise to find, on closer examination, that a crop of toad-stools had sprung up under the stone in the night and raised it up on their little round shoulders as they came!

I'm told that Canon Kingsley gives an account of this in his book called "Christmas in the West Indies," but it was in England that he saw it.

Knowing that he was so close an observer, I should n't be one bit surprised if he went still further and found out that one secret of the toad-stools being able to lift the stone was that they did n't waste time and strength in urging each other to the work, but each one did his very best without quarreling about whose turn it was, or whether Pink Shoulder or Brown Button was shirking his share. But then the toad-stools must have been strong, too.

A DANGEROUS CRADLE.

HERE is a true duck story: One of the wild ducks that sometimes swim in the pond near my pulpit had it from an eider-duck who has seen the cradle.

Away off at the north of the north coast of Scotland are the Shetland Islands; so steep, cold, barren and lonely that flocks of sea-birds go there at certain times of the year to build their nests and lay their eggs, thinking that they will not be disturbed in such a place. But the eggs have their value; so the few and poor inhabitants of the bleak and rocky islands are willing to descend the most dreadful precipices and climb the most difficult heights to find them.

Near the coast of one of the islands, but separated from it by a tempestuous channel, stands a very high and nearly perpendicular pillar of rock. Here, on this steep and desolate height, the sea-birds come in great numbers year after year; but at last a man, who could climb even more dreadful precipices than the hardiest Shetlanders would dare to scale, went in a boat to the foot of this rock, and climbed its steep sides, carrying with him a pulley and a very strong rope, one end of which was already fastened on the highest point of a neighboring island on the side nearest the pillar. Arriving, after much toil and danger, at the summit of the pillar, the man managed to get the rope through the handles of a stout basket, and then fastened the pulley to the rock. Here then was a way by which the islanders could get over to the pillar. By getting, one at a time, into the basket, and swinging at this dizzy height over the foaming channel, the islanders could pull themselves across by means of the rope and pulley to obtain the eggs.

I forgot to say that the pillar of rock is called the "Pillar of Noss," and the basket is called the "Cradle of Noss." A cradle that, perhaps, birds might like to rock in, but not such a one as a quiet, stay-at-home Jack-in-the-Pulpit would recommend to his dear St. NICHOLAS children. Will St. NICHOLAS please show my children a picture of this cradle?

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE comes a letter from a little girl, who evidently has a literary taste of her own:

Sycamore, Illinois.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You're just *splendid*! I just love you now. I don't believe that a person that reads you can help loving you. I can't. The stationer always sees me at his store the 20th of every month, unless I'm sick. You grow better and better all the time, and you are better now than ever before.

I like that story of Louisa M. Alcott's. I hope most of it will be about the boys, for, if I *am* a girl, I like stories of boys better than I do stories of girls; there is so much more excitement in boys' stories. I like tragedy; I could sit all day and read Shakespeare.

I should really like to see the person that likes to write; I am sure I do not. But I must stop—Ever your loving reader,

META GAGE.

NELLIE RICHARDS writes: "I think I can answer F. Bask's question as to what forms the small bubbles on the inside of a glass of water which has been standing for some time. The water, as it gets warm, turns into vapor, which forms small beads that cling to the glass. If the water was heated to a greater degree, these bubbles would rise to the surface in the form of vapor."

JOHN H. YOUNG sends the following novel explanation of the manner in which foxes capture turkeys from the limbs of trees:

Baden, Pa., January 30, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your number of February I noticed a fox story, and I want to let you know how a fox will get birds off a high tree. It is very simple. The fox takes his tail in his mouth and commences running round in a circle, and continues thus until the bird gets dizzy looking at him, when the bird falls; then he catches it. This operation has been witnessed. This county was, and is at present, a good fox county. Last year there were about one hundred killed here, on a place in the Economy Wood. They have many holes, and have been known to attack men when hunting them—that is, the men left at the place to guard them.—Yours,

JOHN H. YOUNG.

THE space usually occupied by the pages for "Very Little Folks" has been appropriated, this month, by the "Great Human Menagerie," which, of course, required a good deal of room, with its elephants, giants, and antediluvian monsters. But we feel sure that all our readers, the little folks as well as the older ones, will take a great interest in Johnny Spooner's exhibition.

EASTER EGGS.

HANNAH D.; KATE AND CHARLEY; LILLIE T. O., and others:

The old-fashioned way of boiling the eggs in bits of calico is not yet wholly abandoned, but experience says it is almost sure to end in disappointment. The general impression is that a calico should be selected that will fade; the contrary is true; even for this purpose fast colors are to be preferred. If you wish to try the experiment, let the calico be drawn as smoothly as possible around the eggs, and sewed neatly on; then drop into a vessel of very weak lye and boil for one hour. Perhaps the imprint of the figures may be very well stamped on the shell, but you must not expect that the colors will be as fine as they were in the cotton goods.

Aniline dyes, furnished from coal oil, are the best for coloring Easter eggs. They should be used with caution, and, at least, under the oversight of a grown person. These dyes are found in the following variety: red, violet, blue, green, yellow and orange, brown and black. A few cents' worth of each will suffice. They may be obtained at any well-furnished drug store. Most of these are soluble in water, and do not even require that the thing to be dyed be placed over the fire; but we think it better to boil the eggs in a solution of the dye-stuff, taking care that there is plenty of the liquid to cover them, as the color is thus more speedily imparted.

Aniline red is a magnificent carmine, and is better for being dissolved in a little alcohol before being mixed with water, as is also true of the violet, green, yellow, and orange. Stir the eggs gently about so as to color them evenly, and do not allow them to rest on the bottom of the kettle. You may produce a lighter shade of the same color—pink, for instance—by adding a fresh supply of water to the dye you have already used for the deep tints.

Be careful, however, to have the dye-pots immediately emptied and well cleansed, for arsenic being largely used in the composition of these coloring matters, the dye is poisonous stuff. The little on the egg-shells, however, is not enough to make their use in this way dangerous.

Logwood boiled with the eggs will give shades from lilac to a dark purple, according to the quantity used, an ounce being sufficient for several dozen eggs. The addition of vinegar will change this to crimson; and potash, or, better still, sulphate of iron, will produce a fine blue.

When the eggs are all properly colored, then dampen a cloth with sweet oil or butter, and wipe them over to give them a beautiful polish.

If you would like to have names or mottoes written on the shells, dip a brush or a new quill pen in melted white wax; trace with it whatever words or design you choose, then put it on to boil; while the other part of the egg will receive any dye in which it is submerged, the tracery will remain white and legible.

The same effect will be produced by dipping the brush in strong vinegar or nitric acid. The acid must be used very carefully, however, as it will injure any cloth it happens to spot. Sometimes the marking can be made very well, after the coloring, with a penknife.

By covering the wrong side of a sheet of gilt or silver paper with gum, cutting stars and other fancy forms from it when dry, and then putting these designs on like postage stamps, a very pretty effect will be obtained.

MARY STUART SMITH.

ST. NICHOLAS: You have a conundrum in your February number from E. B., about "The Cooky with a Hole in it." The verses end with the question, "But how do you eat the hole?" I raise my hand to answer. If you will just do as I would, you will

EAT THE [W]HOLE.

BESIDES the suggestions given in the February Letter-Box for "turning your hand into an old woman," we here print a letter telling of another way in which it may be done.

Water Gap, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to give you another way of making a face with your hand. You may not think it good enough to publish, but we have had lots of fun with it. Tie two shoe-buttons together, about an inch apart; place them between the first and second fingers, and put the thumb between the second and third fingers; now lay your handkerchief over the top of it and hold it in front of a looking-glass, and if you do not see an old lady's face it is not my fault.—Yours truly,

LIDA B. GRAVES.

IN our June number we shall give the names of all who belong to the Army of Bird-Defenders. So send in your names in time for the Grand Muster Roll.

HARRY L. GRAHAM.—You will find the articles on "Christmas City" and "Holiday Harbor" in the numbers for May and December, respectively, of 1874. They will give you all the directions that you ask for.

The expression which you mention, as generally used, is slang.

A MINIATURE EASEL.

HERE is something pretty that boys can make, as well as girls. The materials needed to make this easel are a few narrow strips of cardboard, Bristol board, or pasteboard; gold paper; a square-inch of red merino, flannel, or silk; a square-inch of blue silk; very tiny pieces of blue, yellow, red, green, white, and black paper or woolen goods; and three little sticks of wood. A match will supply two pieces, if whittled down a little thinner; the other must be half an inch long and a quarter of an inch broad.

Cut three strips of pasteboard half an inch wide; two must be nine inches, the other eight and an eighth of an inch long. Cut these two slanting at the top, so when joined they will look like the top of a letter A. Then cover all the strips with gold paper, leaving a surplus of paper at the top. When dry, punch holes equidistant in the two strips forming the front of the easel. With thickly melted gum-arabic join the two front pieces; the gold paper must be folded over the top of each strip. Next gum a small piece of wood half an inch long at the back, where these two strips join; then gum the back-piece on. The gold paper, which is left longer than the strip it is intended to cover, will now be useful in fastening all three strips together by gumming the paper. A little red scull-cap, made of merino or silk, covers all signs of piece-work and helps strengthen the whole. The easel-pegs are made by covering the match-like stick of wood first with white, then with gold paper, and are fastened in the easel-holes with gum. The palette is cut out of thin pasteboard, covered with gilt paper, and has little bits of blue, green, and other bright-colored goods pasted on it. It is hung on the peg and fastened with gum. The mahl-stick may be made either of a narrow

the palette. pegs, is made. The careful not and and gilt paper.

Although hold photograph mains bright.

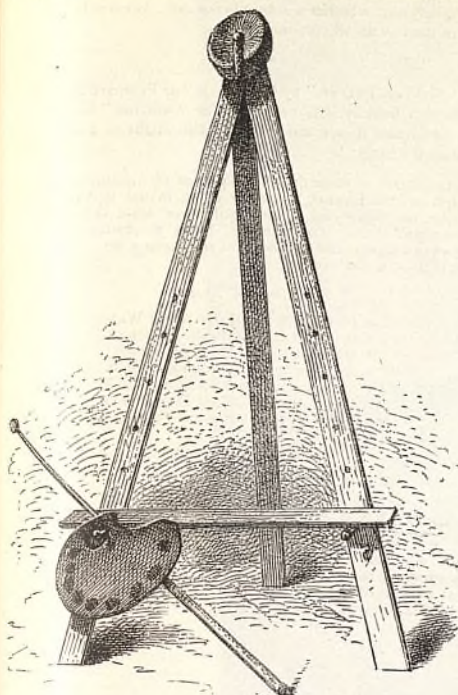
JAMES H. Nap, in the ber, 1874, v Department occasion of the exercises were The Boston ma's Nap: given by this surprising for this model ch was the only tion, though,

We are gla of Chauncey NICHOLAS, be with success

DEAR ST. comes the O would also lik ment, also the questions the very sincere fr

C. M. BRE tery in differ is the Letter-

strip of wood or pasteboard; wood is better. The gold paper is cut in a narrow strip and wound around the mahl-stick, the end of which is ornamented with a knob, made by cutting a round piece of blue silk, tying it with black silk. Gum the mahl-stick fast to the back of



the palette. The piece that lies across the easel, supported by the pegs, is made of pasteboard, covered with gilt paper, and is not fastened. The palette will help keep this cross-piece in its place. *Be careful not to make it any wider than the distance between the easel and palette.* Use flour paste to cover the pasteboard with the gilt paper.

Although this easel is very light it will support a small picture or hold photographs, and it will be pretty as long as the gold paper remains bright.

ALICE DONLEVY.

JAMES HARMER, of Boston, writes: "The story, 'Grandma's Nap,' in the department for Little Folks in your number for December, 1874, was lately dramatized and acted by the Preparatory Department of Chauncey-Hall School, of this city. It was on the occasion of the forty-seventh annual exhibition of that school, and the exercises were held in the Music Hall in presence of a large audience. The *Boston Advertiser* of the next day said, in speaking of 'Grandma's Nap': 'This latter was the first elocutionary exercise ever given by this department at the school exhibition, and was simply surprising for the appreciation and truthful rendering of the sense of this model child's story. It is worthy of mention that this exercise was the only one which drew forth from the audience a call for repetition, though, of course, it could not be complied with.'"

We are glad to hear that this story has been acted by the scholars of Chauncey-Hall School. There are many other things in St. NICHOLAS, besides the acting charades, etc., that could be performed with success by bright boys and girls.

Boston.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any boy or girl tell me how many verses the Old Testament has, and how many has the New? I would also like to know which is the *middle* verse in the Old Testament, also the middle verse in the New Testament. I found these questions the other day, and would like to know the answers.—Your very sincere friend,

ALLEN CURTIS.

C. M. BREVARD writes: "Can you tell me anything about courtesy in different nations?" He will find a short item on the subject in the Letter-Box for March, 1874, which may be of interest.

WORD-MAKING.

In addition to the answers to word-making challenges recorded in the March Letter-Box, we have received from W. F. Bridge, Jr., a list, which is certainly worthy of mention, as it contained one *thousand* words derived from the letters of the word PERAMBULATIONS.

The following boys and girls have sent us lists of words as designated in each case, and challenge any one to find more, the competition to be conducted with the understanding that no letter is to be used twice, unless it occur twice in the main word. Walter B. Snow has made 675 words from the letters of the word INCOMPREHENSIBILITY; Harry Lipscomb, 427 from PRECAUTIONARY; M. F. and J. B., 242 (no proper names) from the word RENUNCIATION; Charlie Bigelow, 240 from the word CONSTANTINOPLE; Bertha Williams, 200 from the word PENNSYLVANIA; and Mabel E. Bennet, 107 from the word DISSATISFACTION.

MINNIE RUSSELL.—Elizabeth Wetherell lives on a romantic island in the Hudson River, near West Point.

I cannot find Alice M. W.'s verse in any collection in our library, but I have a newspaper scrap containing one that is nearly as funny as hers. Papa reads it aloud sometimes with deep feeling, and if persons hearing it for the first time do not have their wits about them, they are apt to think it is "real sweet." Here is the verse:

"How happy to defend our heart,
When love has never thrown a dart!
But, oh, unhappy when it bends,
If pleasure her soft bliss suspends!
Sweet, in a wild distorted strain
A lost and wandering heart to gain!
Oft in mistaken language wooed,
The skillful lover's understood."

Yours truly,

LIZZIE B.—R.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Again we have to record several new lists of Bird-defenders, as well as a long roll of recruits who have joined singly.

The trumpet-call has been heard even on the Pacific Coast, and Edwin S. Belknap and Emma Lumbard send the following names of San Francisco volunteers: Frank Harrison, Harry French, Joe E. Toy, William A. Smith, Thomas O. Farjon, Henry A. Millar, James K. Hyland, Frank E. Waters, Arthur F. Waters, Henry Perry, Alexander Cohen, Percy Cohen, Joseph R. Smith, Ben O. Smith, Frank E. Smith, Oscar J. Lund, Harry Lund, James R. Haste, Charles Morhardt, Robert McElroy, Walter Cole, Ralph O. Thomas, Obe Thomas, George F. O'Leary, Isaac B. Dutard, George Singer, Albert F. Sawyer, Eddie Henry, Edmund D. Cooke, George H. Bly, John S. Kibbie, Frank B. Allery, John T. Allery, Edmund C. Battledon, Frank Battledon, John H. McStrue, Colin McGregory, Walter Wilding, and Edwin Belknap; Jennie Cooke, Carrie F. Harrison, Ettie Lombard, Fannie Hare, Jennie B. Widley, Mary M. Griffin, Tillie S. Vaughan, Susan R. Hopley, Bella S. Chaplain, Fannie T. Keene, Lottie D. Rummell, Florence G. Grimshaw, Gertie B. Plum, Delia Sherman, Minnie K. Peese, Katie F. Cutter, Mattie R. Hughes, Mary Fenton, Lulu De Chrells, Katie L. Cummings, Louisa T. Lee, Mary Jackson, Annie R. Lloyd, Carrie S. Smith, A. Susan Smith, Alice Andrews, Maria Ford, Jennie H. Haskins, Sarah L. Sylvester, Minnie F. Bly, Etta M. Peck, Jennie D. Peck, Bessie A. Walton, Gussie D. Walton, Carrie E. Grant, Effie T. Wahl, Mary J. Toy, Millie Dirrell, Nellie Lovejoy, and Emma Lumbard.

Hattie E. Buell and Mary B. Beverly, of Schenectady, N. Y., send the following list: Kate D. Hanson, Aggie Clement, Kittie Schuyler, Ida I. Van Denburgh, Mary M. Dailey, Lavinia D. Scrafford, Hattie Morgan, Mary L. Apps, Celia W. Tenbroeck, Mollie Hallenbeck, Julia Ruoff, Theresa E. Quant, Ritie S. Brooks, Libbie D. Sibley, Lilian G. King, Emma Clute, Augusta Oothout, Jennie Hoyt, Emma Planck, Lillie I. Jennings, Anna Miller, Gertie A. Fuller, Kittie Van Nostrand, Bessie Barker, Clara Hannah, Susie Sprague, Mamie Yates, Anna Wemple, Susie C. Vedder, Katie Fuller, Anna M. Lee, Alice D. Stevens, Nettie Knapp, Lizzie King, Addie Richardson, A. Y. Schermerhorn, John L. Wilkie, Mynard Veeder, Alvin Myers, James Vedder, and Lewis Peissner.

Julia C. Roeder and Mary M. De Veny—two Cleveland girls—send the following names: Addie L. Cooke, Addie L. Patterson, Rosa Zucker, Fannie E. O'Marah, Dora O'Marah, Johnnie O'Marah,

Nellie O'Marah, Lettie Lawrence, Bertha P. Smith, Lizzie E. Weidenkopf, Annie E. Rudy, Emma T. Holt, Lena M. Bankhardt, Loey M. Davey, Mary Taylor, Eva Lane, Sarah Venning, Lola Hord, Emma L. Yost, Florence Harris, Eva Brainard, Annie B. Warner, Jennie M. Roberts, Florence Robinson, Lucy Robinson, Willie Robinson, Mamie J. Purdie, Annie Purdie, James J. Purdie, Charlie A. Lyman, J. D. Campbell, Marian A. Campbell, and M. M. De Veny.

Allen S. Jamison, of Philadelphia, joins with some of his friends: Carrie Jamison, Jennie Jamison, Lucie Jamison, Florence Knight, Lilly Weiss, Ida Engelman, Alfred Weiss, Harold Rankins, William Black, and Frank Knight.

Pansie Dudley sends her own and these names: Maude Bishop, Lillie Dunten, Fannie Lansing, Minnie Yates, Leah Moore, Dora Conklin, and Blanche Wilkinson.

Bryant Beecher joins and sends these names: Abbie Beecher, Alice Beecher, Morie Sampson, Willie Sampson, Minnie Sampson, Eddie Sampson, Otto Stewart, Charlie Stewart, Cassius Stewart, Maggie McGuire, Frankie Howland, James Howland, Johnny Howland, and Willie Howland.

Belle Fawcett sends her own name and five others: Elsie Smith, Libbie Smith, Issie Smith, Lena Adams, and Mary Eddy.

Julia D. Elliott sends the following names besides her own: Lessie Gay Adams, Carrie Matthews, Jessie Shortridge, Eben. Bradesyle, Olive Bradesyle, May Bradesyle, and Russell Bradesyle.

Other names have been received as follows: Nellie Beale, Ida Vallette, Fred J. Beale, Julia G. Beale, Florence W. Ryder, Clara Louise Ryder, Nettie Myers, Hattie E. Edwards, Alice W. Edwards, Carrie Hurd, May Keith, John W. Cary, Jr., J. Brayton Parmelee, Ella C. Parmelee, Lillie B. Coggeshall, Katie S. Baker, Ruth and Mabel Davison, Mary Wilcox, Reinette Ford, Alma Sterling, Edith Sterling, Hildegard Sterling, Mary Manley, Edith Manley, Romeo G. Brown, Harry Blackwell, Mary Blackwell, Lillie Bartholomew, May Bartholomew, Mollie E. Church, H. J. Rowland, Eugene Rowland, A. B. Smith, Mills Clark, Minnie M. Denny, Fannie L. Clark, Helen R. Munger, Ida Diserens, Lemmie Bryant, Hattie Bryant, Edward K. Titus, Carrie James, Arthur James, and Carrie M. Hapgood.

"PANSY."—We publish the names of all those who send the correct answers to *any* of our puzzles; those who answer *all* in one number correctly will receive special mention.

We are glad to receive contributions to our Letter-Box or Riddle-Box from any one, whether a subscriber or not; but it is best to send your own name with all communications.

"JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT," by his item in our February number, has called forth a friendly note or two about "watches" on shipboard. Here is an extract from a sailor friend, who ought to know the case better than the birds:

I am not aware of more than two systems of "setting the watch," the Dutch and the English, the latter being in use in American vessels. The accompanying scheme will show what the "watches" are; the object of the "dog watches" being to change the turns of the sailors in keeping the watches. The watches are always "set" at eight o'clock in the evening.

The English System.

8 P. M. to 12 P. M.—First Night Watch.
12 P. M. to 4 A. M.—Middle Watch.
4 A. M. to 8 A. M.—Morning Watch.
8 A. M. to 12 M.—Forenoon Watch.
12 M. to 4 P. M.—Afternoon Watch.
4 P. M. to 6 P. M.—First Dog-Watch.
6 P. M. to 8 P. M.—Second Dog-Watch.

The Dutch System.

8 P. M. to 8 A. M.—Exactly the same as the English system.
8 A. M. to 2 P. M.—First Dog-Watch.
2 P. M. to 8 P. M.—Second Dog-Watch.

A bell is struck every half-hour during the watch, so that eight bells is struck at the end of each watch; and in the English system even, at the end of the First Dog-Watch the bells recommence, and seven o'clock is two bells, but eight bells is struck at eight o'clock.

OLD TAR.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

I CONTAIN nineteen letters. My 9, 11, 17, 4 is acute. My 15, 6, 3, 12, 4 is veridant; my 5, 16, 8, 18, 4, 11, 6 is more so. My 14, 12, 17, 19 is not always to find. My 1, 11, 3, 9 is a period of time. My 9, 4, 7, 18 is a part of the body. My 13, 2, 8, 10 is a pronoun. My whole is a proverbially "tough" situation, and at the same time a very easy one.

M. N. L.

HIDDEN LAKES.

1. Go never, I entreat you. 2. We nerved ourselves to the task. 3. Hope pined herself to death. 4. Is earnestness always praiseworthy? 5. I love it as calves love milk.

L. O.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

THE finals, reading downward, signify an oblique look; reading upward, a lively dance. The primals, reading downward, name a kind of limestone; reading upward, signify a journey by water.

1. A city of England. 2. A female name. 3. A flower. 4. A bird.

ITALIAN BOY.

PUZZLE.

EACH question will be solved by using one letter of the poet's name by itself, and transposing the others.

1. A letter drew back when a poet's name was mentioned. 2. A letter was told to talk more when a poet was named. 3. A letter withdraws from a poet to leave him more brilliant.

B.

LINEADUCTIONS.

1. I AM trite; write my name and draw a line through a certain letter, and I become condition. 2. I am fierce; draw a line, and I become a hat made of wool. 3. I am the power of choosing; draw a line, and I am to droop.

ITALIAN BOY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

OF Shakespeare's heroines the first, or so it seems to me;

"A Daniel come to judgment,"—now tell me who is she?

FINALS.

A prince, unhappy, sad, oppressed—you've heard his mournful tale;

But flattered much by one who said 't was "very like a whale."

CROSS-WORDS.

My first is a fruit both sweet and fair to see;

My second you may read of in "The Brown Rosary;"

My third you do in Summer-time, through wood and vale and dell;

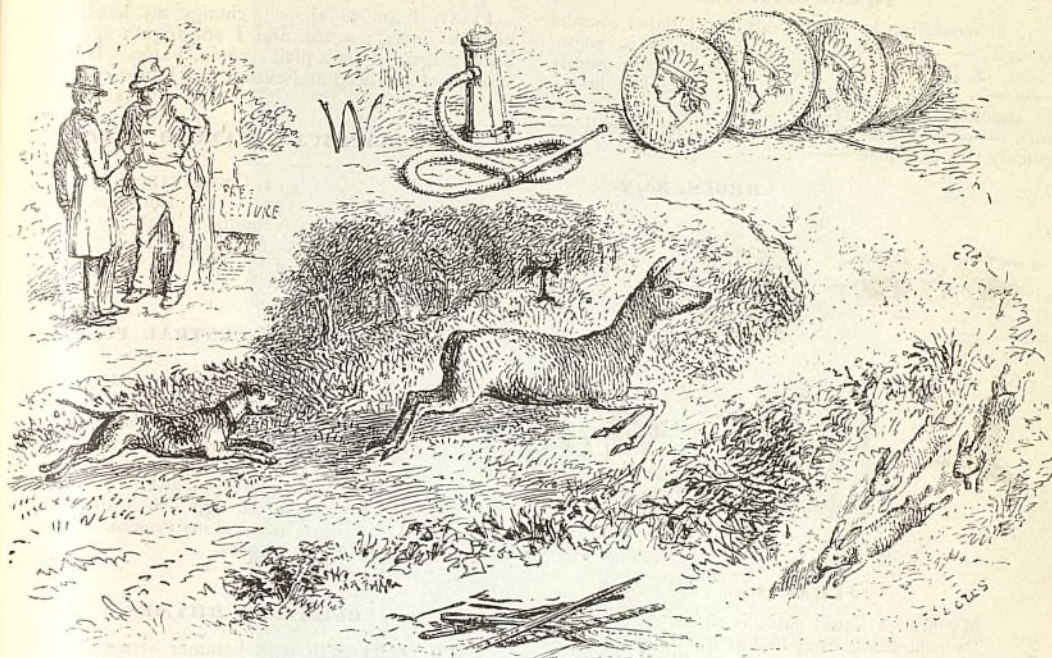
My fourth's a famous archer—you children know him well;

My fifth I hope you never are, but should you wish to be,

Go to my sixth and learn from her, for who more wise than she?

M. N. L.

REBUS, No. 1.



GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. ONE of the United States. 2. A country. 3. A city of Connecticut. 4. A name for island. 5. A large sea. 6. A river of Asia. The primals and finals name two European cities.

ITALIAN BOY.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A PLEASANT gift, denoting skill,
Which some can manage at their will.
2. A certain *shape*,—not round or square,—
Birds partial to it always are.
3. What growing maize is found to be,
As in the harvest you can see.
4. An animal, that will attend,
In war and peace alike, your friend.
A foreign city, whose queer ways
Have drawn forth censure, laughter, praise.

B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A chart. 3. A sign used in arithmetic. 4. A girl's name. 5. A plant. 6. Murmuring. 7. A large net. 8. An animal. 9. A consonant.

ALDEBARAN.

GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.

I AM a city built in the shape of a lady's fan opened; with five canals encircling me in parallel lines, and one passing around the outside; with cross-canals that divide me into ninety-five islands; with streets that cross the canals by six hundred draw-bridges; with houses fronting on canals; and ships and boats that can pass all through the city, and land passengers and produce at any point that may be desired.

F. R. F.

REVERSALS.

1. A WORD meaning to swallow hurriedly; reverse, and find a peg. 2. To eat; reverse, and find a lady of King Arthur's time. 3. Small animals; reverse, and find a heavenly body. 4. An intransitive verb; reverse, and find a period of time. 5. To exist; reverse, and find corruption. 6. An article of toilet; reverse, and find to cut. 7. Small fruits; reverse, and find to stupefy.

D. W.

THE TEA-PARTY.

A RHYMING PUZZLE FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

HERE 's Sue and Tom, and Bess and Harry;
And who comes next? my little —.
And who comes here with Master Ned?
Mary and Kitty, George and —.

What did Sue bring? it rhymes with take;
I know she brought some frosted —.
And Mary brought what rhymes with arts;
Peep in her napkin—what nice —!

And then there 's something rhymes with handy,
From Tom and George—delicious —!
And something nice, that rhymes with huts,
In Nanny's basket—splendid —!

What did they have that rhymes with hearty?
They had a very pleasant —.
When did they leave?—it rhymes with eleven;
They every one went home at —.

Where were they lost?—it rhymes with deep;
They every one were lost in —.
What did they have that rhymes with teams?
They every one had pleasant —.

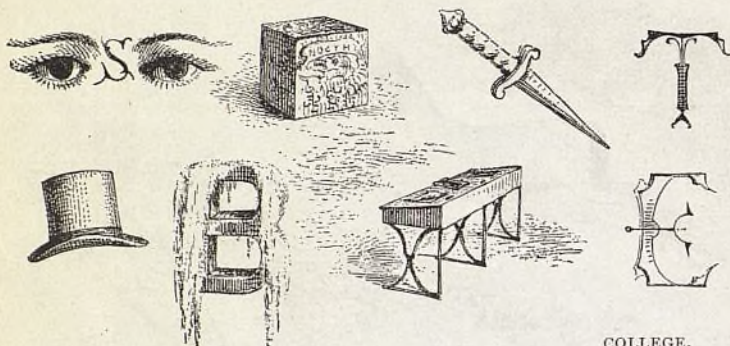
B.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. It would not be — to call the alphabet complete though — — — should be placed in regular order. 2. Do you attend the — as a spectator merely? — — —. 3. When we — yesterday, he said he should — to-morrow. 4. The clay statuettes of such — are —. 5. The audience will — quickly if such a man —.

B.

REBUS, No. 2.



CHARADE.

My first, a liquid path, is made
By something used in foreign trade.
My second pours from out his throat
To weary ones a welcome note,
Coming a sure and pleasant token
That Winter's icy chain is broken.
My whole I've found in purple bloom,
Or clothed in white 'mid forest gloom,
Leaves, petals, sepals—all in threes,
A triple triplet, if you please.

B.

EASY METAGRAMS.

FIRST, I am to shape; change my head, I am a precious metal; again, and I am frigid; again, I am brave; again, I am a plait; again, I stop. Behead me, I am aged; behead and curtail me, I am a consonant.

IRON DUKE.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. ONE-SIXTH of Arabia. 2. A cape. 3. A European river. 4. A country. 5. A city of Europe. 6. A city of France. 7. One-sixth of France. ITALIAN BOY.

CENTRAL PUZZLE.

THE central letters form the name of a patron saint. 1. Class in society. 2. Part of a church. 3. A sort of boat. 4. An assumed name. 5. A bird. 6. A coloring matter. 7. The shape of an egg. 8. A disease. 9. A musical instrument. 10. A kind of gum. L. O.

COLLEGE.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

THE blacksmith with hammer of musical —
Forges a chain of a ponderous —
His hands are brawny and black as —
But he does his work as well
As his neighbor goldsmith at ease in a —
Twisting fine gold to the size of a —
And weaving a trifle as light as —
For the delicate ear of a belle. L. D. N.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

QUERIES.—1. Pears. 2. They are always sold (soled) before they are finished. 3. Because they are men dead (mended), yet not forgotten. 4. Because he is working on his last. 5. Because his hat would hold his all (awl). 6. Because they have souls (soles). 7. A row. 8. Because some of them have a stitch in the side.

METAGRAM.—Bark, lark, park, mark.

CHARADE.—Ivanhoe.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Sable, able. 2. Shark, hark, ark. 3. Slack, lack. 4. Flinch, lynch, inch. 5. Pink, ink. 6. Larch, arch.

SQUARE-WORD.—Fore, Opal, Rack, Elks.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Antony Canova.

RIDDLE.—Beau, Bow (Rainbow, Fiddle-bow, Ribbon).

CURTALMENTS.—1. France, franc. 2. Seal, sea. 3. Pearl, pear, pea. 4. Pansy, pans. 5. Teal, tea. 6. Robe, rob. 7. Scant, scan.

TRANSMUTATIONS.—1. Deranged (D-ranged). 2. Sea-girt (C-girt). 3. Delighted (D-lighted). 4. Enamored (N-hammered). 5. Detested (D-tested). 6. Argonaut (R-gone out). 7. Geode (G-owed). 8. Cadence (K-dense). 9. Ovoid (O-void). 10. Espied (S-pied). 11. Beheld (B-held). 12. Seaboard (C-bored). 13. Expensive (X-pensive). 14. Defamed (D-famed).

LOGOGRIPH.—Pearl, earl, pear, pea, real, Lear.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Schuykill.

EASY REBUS.—Deface, Detail, Defeat.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Angelic, Roseate —A, End, Cages, Roseate, Nelly, Lit, C.

BURIED PLACES.—1. Venice. 2. Athens. 3. Paris. 4. Naples. 5. Siam. 6. San Francisco. 7. Boston. 8. India.

A PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Moonshine: Hoe, Hen, Moose, Mine, Ho, Mesh, Moose, Men, Hone, Shoe, Inn.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, previous to February 18, from Etta Clay Wagner, M. H. S., Nellie B. Reed, Thomas P. Sanborn, Lulu Sutton, E. H. P., G. L. F., George Brady, Annie Wright, Inez L. Olsey, Lizzie C. Brown, Willie A. Lewis, Belle and Kitten Smith, Belle Fawcett, "Edith," Ruth and Mabel Davison, Mary E. Church, Lillie May Farman, Frank S. Halsey, Emilie B. Brinton, Grace Orvis, H. B. Nichols, Mary Harned, Mary Wilcox, "New Subscriber," Lawrens T. Postell, D. P. L. Postell, Charlie W. Olcott, Jessie E. Stevens, Pansie Dudley, "May B. Not," Florence S. Wilcox, Theodore L. Condron, May Keith, Montgomery H. Rochester, Mattie W. Gray, Willie Boucher Jones, Fred Halsted, Alice W. Ives, Augusta Imhorst, Arod Berne, Reimette Ford, Mary H. Rochester, George E. Hayes, Katie T. Hughes, May Bartholomew, Isabel M. Evans, Flora Kirkland, Mamie Beach, J. G. Holliday, G. Y. Holliday, Louis F. Brown, Rufus Nock, Lonie W. Ford, Allie Anthony, Grace G. Nunemacher, Julia Dean Hunter, Bessy Shubrick and Katey Walsh, Jessie McDermot, "Ariel," Fred G. Story, Flora S. Janes, Max F. Hartlaw, Allie Neill, George Huntington, Edith Wight, Rachel Hutchins, Mark W. Collet, Thornton M. Ware, Anna L. Gibbon, Eddie L. Heydecker, Florence B. Lockwood, Arnold Guyot Cameron, and Lucy Barbour.