

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

MAY, 1875.

No. 7.

THE KNIGHT AND THE CASTLE.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

"THERE he is!" whispered Tom Flecker, as he passed the new pupil's door. The boys were marching in a line into the Latin room (you always marched at Cramhem Hall), and dared not stop; but they looked in sideways. It was against rules (three marks) to leave a door open, but that new pupil's door was banging all day long.

"That's him! Crackey! He's got a fire! Roastin' apples!" gasped Tom.

The boys nearly stopped at that, and shoved up in a gang, staring in. In a year they had only seen black registers in the house, which it was against rules (two marks) to stand near; and here were a fire-place and a roaring fire! The new pupil had made it out of paper (grammars, Tom said) and corn-cobs and chunks of wood with pine-knots in them. He was standing in front of it, blowing it, with his cheeks puffed out, and as they stopped he stopped and winked at them! They marched on, with a sort of sickness of soul or stomach creeping over them. Tom Flecker kicked his Cæsar under the bench, and felt better; but little Ted Norris fell out of line, and stood still, looking in. It seemed as if he could *not* get away from that roasting apple.

"Him a pupil? Bah-h!" said Tom, behind his desk-lid, to the next boy. "Why, his name's Watkins. He's goin' to Europe; wants to rub up his I-talyan and learn the French horn. Wright told me."

Meanwhile, Ted clung to the door-jamb staring in at Watkins, just as he used to stare at the lion when Uncle Chauncey took him to the Museum. Watkins took no notice of him; even the lion never had wanted to chew up such a thin little mite

of a chap. Something in Watkins' flowered dressing-gown and great shock of red hair and whiskers, and the fire and apples, put Ted unaccountably in mind of the Museum. Oh, the tigers and the learned pig, and the wax Chinamen that bobbed their heads at you, and the delicious mixed smell of barn-yards and oranges over all! Whenever Uncle Chauncey came home from college, he made the rounds of every show in town, and took Ted, and his pockets used always to be full of peanuts.

Ted winked his eyes to be rid of the tears, but did not move, though he saw Tom Flecker beckoning savagely to him, and saying, "You'll catch it!" behind his slate. He always did catch it. Ted was the least and the quietest boy in school, but he broke more rules than any one of them. It seemed as if he never could understand or grow used to rules, any more than the giraffe at the Museum had grown used to the wooden benches about him, or knew they were there when he went staring up at the ceiling for palm-trees.

Ted was not looking for palm-trees, but for his Uncle Chauncey and his mother and home, which all somehow seemed to lie behind the apples and fire.

"Hillo! Come here, youngster!"

It made Ted jump. Watkins had a voice like a bass drum; he gnashed his words, too, in a ferocious way. Ted walked in quietly, though he heard the Latin master calling the roll, and there was a dead silence that minute at the words, "Norris Secundus!" Tom Flecker, in class, sat aghast as he saw Ted go in and the door close behind him.

Watkins looked at him from head to foot, as the lion very likely did at the mouse.



THE KNIGHT AND THE CASTLE.

FROM A PICTURE BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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"Why—you—you're hungry!" he said, with a sort of gulp.

"Oh, yes!" responded Ted, cheerfully. "I've been here three months. When you get up here in the morning, you could eat your boots; and at night——"

"Well?"

"You wish you had eat 'em, sir."

Ted put his thin little hands over his hollow stomach and tried to laugh, but did not.

"Here, here! I've nothing but these apples! If I'd brought sandwiches or jam or—— Bless my soul!" watching Ted in amazement as he crammed the hot, crackling mess into his pockets and cap, and, finally, his mouth, and then nodded gravely.

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir. And so is Tom Flecker and all the other fellows."

Just at that moment Ted caught sight of something in a frame over the mantel-shelf, and stopped eating. It was a picture. Now there were no pictures in Cramhem Hall. There were maps—millions of maps, and there was a Temple of Time hung over the dinner-table, and you studied the dates on a pillar of it at each meal; and there were green and red plaster affairs that looked nice at a distance, but turned out to be scales of the lengths of rivers and heights of mountains; and there was a photograph of old Doctor Cramhem in the dormitory, that scowled at you all the time you were asleep. When you reached the fourth class, you began to draw squares and angles; but it was against rules (four marks) to make even a dog or giant on your slate under the sums. But this was a real picture. It had human beings on it. (The editor of ST. NICHOLAS has one just like it, by the way, and very likely, when she reads this account of Ted, she will put it near this very page for you to see.)

"Well, what now?" growled Watkins.

"It's a castle! and a knight! And there must be an ogre in front that we don't see. A horse always shies that way when he meets an ogre, sir."

"You seem to be very familiar with knights and ogres, for a person of your age," looking curiously down at him.

"Oh, no; I never knew them. It's my Uncle Chauncey. He's very well acquainted with a great many."

"Oho! Is your Uncle Chauncey to be seen in this neighborhood?"

"No." Ted was silent a minute or two, and then added, in an exceedingly slow voice: "He has sailed by this time. He's gone to my papa and mamma. They're in Europe. There's plenty of knights and castles there—plenty of 'em."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Everybody said Cramhem Hall was 'an institution where boys were brought up to the mark.' I am dreadfully below the mark, sir."

"And they're bringing you up to it, hey?" snarled Watkins. "I see! I see!"

"It's three thousand one hundred miles from here to Europe," said Ted, speaking still more slowly. "I found that out of Mitchell's Primary. The teacher said it was the only question I ever knew in that book. You see, I think of it so much. Sometimes, when I go to say my prayers, I say that instead, without knowing what I am about. 'Three thousand one hundred miles to mamma. Three thousand one hundred miles.' It's a long way, sir," trying again to laugh.

Watkins only growled and looked at him. "Norris Secundus," standing in the full light of the fire, was such a very little fellow, his cheeks were so thin and white, his shoulders so narrow and stooped, that even the most bearish Watkins would have wanted to pick him up that minute, lift him over the thousands of miles, and put him on his mother's knee.

"How long is this—this sort of thing going to last, you know?" he broke out.

"They're to be gone for three years. They thought by that time I'd be brought up to the mark."

Watkins turned away, pulling his bushy red beard. "Yes, three years will do the work for you, my boy," he said after awhile.

"Yes, sir."

The pale little face grew a trifle paler. It was hard to know what the boy had expected, but he had watched Watkins breathlessly as he turned away. He was a babyish, stupid lad, as his teachers said, and the blazing fire and the knight and castle had somehow brought home very near to him; he would not have been surprised for a moment if Watkins had taken him pick-a-back, as the genie always used to do with boys, and whisked off with him across the sea to his mother—red hair, flowered dressing-gown, and all.

There was a sharp tap at the door, and Professor Knapp stood in the threshold. Professor Knapp was the tallest and slowest of all the teachers. He opened and shut his big gray eyes as if they were on hinges, and when he fixed them on you you could not help your knees shaking under you.

"Norris, Theodore C.," he said, measuring off the words, just as you would the multiplication table. "Report yourself to the Latin master, Norris, for penalty in class. The punishment for entering another pupil's room without permission is, as you are aware, two Greek verbs, to be recited at evening recreation."

"I am not 'another pupil,' sir," interposed Watkins (Ted saw that he faced the master without blinking), "and I invited the boy into the room."

"Norris, you can retire."

Professor Knapp stood pointing to the door until Ted had gone out of it.

"Dr. Cramhem will doubtless explain to you, Mr. Watkins, that he permits no interference with the scholars while under his charge, even from parents. You would not be allowed to interfere with the workings of any machinery, and we have a strong machine at work here, sir. A system, plan, combination of rules,—you might call it a mill, into which the raw material—boy—is put, and from which it comes out a mathematician, linguist—in a word, a scholar."

"Little Norris is very raw material, I suspect," said Watkins. "Very poor material."

"Very poor indeed. A dull brain, Mr. Watkins. Always foot of his class."

"Very poor material as to bones or flesh, too, I imagine. I should suppose the mill would crunch him up before it was done with him."

Professor Knapp looked puzzled a minute, and did not answer directly.

"You should see Leonidas Small, number one of the same class. A stupendous memory, sir! I have heard that boy recite page after page of dates without the mistake of a comma. He carries home trunks full of prizes."

"He sits beside me at table," growled Watkins. "A sneaking-looking dog. A liar in the grain, I fancy."

"My business," said the Professor, severely, "is to train the intellects of the pupils. Their morals are not neglected. Dr. Cramhem lectures once a week, and they attend chapel by daybreak every morning."

The door was still open, and Watkins glanced through now and then into the class-room. Leonidas Small at one end of the class was rattling off a Greek verb just as easily as though he were chewing sugar-candy, while Ted at the other end stared stupidly at him.

"The lesson for to-morrow," said the teacher, "will end at page 120. Not too much for you, Small?"

"Not a line, sir," said Small, glibly.

"Rather rough on the stupid fellows," said Watkins to the Professor.

"They have no right to be stupid. What boy has done, boy can do, is our maxim," said Professor Knapp, and went out.

Now I do not want any boy who reads ST. NICHOLAS to imagine a likeness between this school and the one in which he is learning Greek verbs.

There never was but one Cramhem Hall in this country.

When the class was dismissed, the teacher waited until they filed past him.

"Norris will report himself to Doctor Cramhem," he said.

"Whew! What has the poor little rat done now?" said Tom Flecker, under his breath.

Ted thought all the boys looked sorry for him as he crept out. He lagged up the stairs and tapped feebly at the Doctor's door. His punishments had been many and awful, but he never had been sent to the Doctor before.

He saw dimly a reddish wooden table and a thin black figure, with glaring spectacles, behind it.

He read out of a book. "Norris, Theodore C. Reported lowest average in every class during the week. You are deprived of your holiday to-morrow (Saturday), Norris, and are required to commit all lessons in which you have failed during the week, and recite them before night."

Ted stood shivering a moment, and then went right up to the table. It was so high that he had to hold by both hands and stand on his tiptoes to look up at the spectacles.

"I can't do it, sir! I've tried and tried. When I was with mamma I learned B-a, ba, k-e-r, ker, Baker, and now I've got whole pages of ejuses and cujuses, and 'words that are primitive and derivative, abstract and concrete.'"

"There is no such word as 'can't,' sir," and the Doctor went on reading: "'Reported insubordinate. Refuses to eat his meals. Fell asleep twice in class.' You will repair to your dormitory, and remain there until to-morrow evening. You will also receive personal chastisement at eight o'clock to-night. Mr. Harrison will administer it. You can go now."

Ted did not go. He came close up to the Doctor's chair, and looked up at him with white lips.

"The oatmeal porridge makes me sick," he said; "I'm not used to it. And I'm stupid in class because I lay awake sometimes all night—my head hurts me so with the cujuses and ejuses. Don't let them strike me, Doctor. I never was struck."

"Nonsense!" said the Doctor, not reading now out of his book. "Are the diet and rules of the school, which are scientifically perfect, to be altered to suit every boy's whims? You can go, sir."

Ted went, rubbing his thin palms together. He was n't unreasonable. It was not to be expected that with three hundred boys to manage, the Doctor could examine into the condition of his stomach or his headaches, much less pet and speak kindly to him.

But if he could only lay his head on his mother's breast one minute!

He went slowly up the wide, bare hall to the wider, barer dormitory. The walls were white; there was not a grain of dust on the floor. The long rows of little beds were covered and partitioned with white. Beside his own bed a table had been placed, on which were piled all his school-books. It was recreation hour. He could hear the boys out in the base-ball ground now. Ted sat down quietly, and took up the topmost book. He was a slow and dull, it is true, but a patient, gentle little fellow, who always tried to do his best.

"Substantives in the ablative of the feminine gender —"

But after he had said that a half-dozen times he could not help wondering what the "ablative" was. It might be a horse, as far as Ted knew.

The big empty dormitory was chilly and damp. He shivered, and would have brought his overcoat to put on, only it was against rules. He began to think of how his papa had had his little bedroom papered with the oddest pictures, and of the wood-fire that used to be there, and how his mamma used to sit on the great chair and hold him on her lap, big boy as he was, and always tell him some good funny story "to sleep on" just before he went to bed. To-night he was to be whipped. Mr. Harrison would be here in an hour.

He began to study the grammar at that. It would not do for him to think. But the pain in his head grew heavier. He took up his geography. His mamma used to teach him geography by means of pictures. He liked that. He could tell you what kind of trees or plants grew in any country you could name, and the sort of people who belonged to it; how they lived, and what kind of work they did. But this was a different sort of geography. His lesson to-day was the names of all the rivers in Africa—a long black row.

"Draha and Limpopo," he said a hundred times over, beginning at the top of the page. "Draha and Limpopo."

It seemed as if the rows of beds and the black chairs all had mouths, and said it with him—"Limpopo." He did not know what ailed him, the stinging in his head was so sharp.

He laid it down on the pillow for a minute, and his hand touched a roll of paper. It was the picture of the knight and castle! That queer new pupil had sent it up to him.

Ted forgot the pain in his head as he opened it.

It seemed as if he knew the story of it now. There was a boy a prisoner in that castle, and the knight had gone to rescue him, and had been driven off. The knight looked like his Uncle Chauncey. But if Uncle Chauncey had come to

Cramhem Hall to-night he would not turn his back on him and ride away.

He heard Mr. Harrison coming up the stairs. He rolled up the picture and hid it under the pillow, pushed back the table with the books, and then stood waiting. He shut his eyes. He thought he should die before the whipping was over, and he wished that he had written a letter to his mamma.

"Norris!" said Mr. Harrison, laying his hand on his shoulder. "Teddy!"

Mr. Harrison was the youngest of the teachers, a little apple-cheeked man, who used to tell them jokes in recess sometimes. He looked at Ted with a very grave face, and then lifted him up and laid him on the bed.

"I'm ready, sir," said Ted.

"You shall not be whipped to-night," said Mr. Harrison. "Wait one minute."

He went out and brought back a warm drink, and then covered the boy up warmly.

"Lie still, until I come again," he said, and hurried out.

In the hall he met Watkins. The two young men had made acquaintance with each other.

"I cannot strike that boy," said the teacher.

"You can easily refuse to do it."

"Not so easily. If I interfere in the management of this 'mill,' I lose my situation, and — It does not matter for me, but I have an old mother who is dependent on me, Mr. Watkins."

"Wait for me one moment," said Watkins, and he walked boldly up and rapped at the Doctor's door.

Ted did not waken again. The two watchers beside his bed heard him talk incessantly of his mother and his Uncle Chauncey, who would carry him off upon the horse.

When he opened his eyes the morning light was shining full on his bed, and the boys were gone to chapel. He saw first the books, and then Mr. Harrison standing beside him.

"I—I'm ready, sir," he said.

Then that queer fellow Watkins came suddenly from behind the curtain. You never saw anything so ferocious as his red hair and whiskers, or heard such a growl as his voice was that morning.

"One moment, if you please, Mr. Harrison, before the punishment begins," he said. "I want to tell this young man the story of my picture. There was a boy shut up in that castle, and he was condemned to shovel ablatives and Drahas and Limpopos into his head by the bushel measure, every day the year round."

"Yes, yes," cried Ted, rising on his elbow.

"And the knight was an uncle—well, I mean a friend of his, who was going off on a long voy-

age for a year and a day, and he thought he would ——”

“Attack the castle?”

“Attack the castle in disguise, and see how things were going. And they were not going to his satisfaction at all. So he carried off the boy ——”

“There’s no boy on the horse,” said Mr. Harrison.

But Ted was not so stupid as *that*. He scrambled up on his knees, his cheeks grew red, and his eyes were fixed keenly on Watkins.

“Carried off the boy ——?” he cried. “Carried off the boy—to his—his mamma. Oh, Uncle Chauncey!”

And, with a pull, the red wig and whiskers were off, and Ted was hugging him as though he would strangle him.

There is very little more of this story to tell. Uncle Chauncey engaged Mr. Harrison to come with them as Ted’s tutor, and they sailed across the three thousand one hundred miles in a few days.

This all happened years ago, and Ted is now a hearty, happy fellow, with a head full of useful knowledge.

But Cramhem Hall was burned down, and all the professors are dead. Their system, therefore, is not in use any more, and would be quite forgotten but for this story.



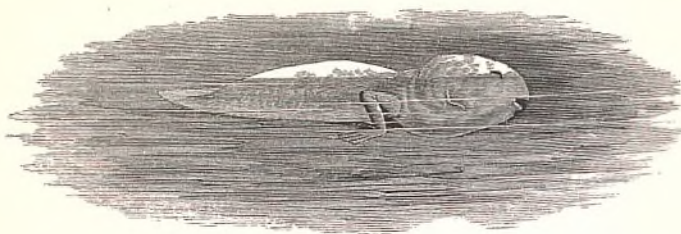
MISTRESS MARY, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

With silver bells and cockle shells,
And maidens all a row.

POLL TADPOLE.

(A Swamp Ballad.)

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.



THERE was a little pollywog,
The sprawling baby of a frog,
Hatched in a green and slimy bog
One pleasant day.
He had a puddle of his own,
To play and sleep in, all alone,
And dull as any other drone
He passed his life away.

Sometimes a steel-blue dragon-fly
Would poise a moment in his sky,
And look at him with glittering eye
As if he said :

"You little damp, unpleasant thing,
You never seem to know it's Spring;
Why don't you jump, or fly, or sing?
Not lie all day abed!"

Sometimes a heron, lean and tall,
With flapping wings and horrid squall,
Would pollywoggy's heart appall
With open bill.

The little thing, half dead with fear,
Would scuttle off, for brown or queer,
His fat round carcass made good cheer,
A heron's crop to fill.

But as the year slipped slowly on,
And polly's days of shade or sun,
Just as they do for every one,
Too quickly went:

One day—oh, 't is a dreadful tale!—
Our pollywog almost turned pale,
He felt a wiggle in his tail,
That he by no means meant.

He turned about with startled eyes,
And saw, with terror and surprise,
A black thing on the water rise,
Unseen before.

He shook himself, he swam about;
He could not steer—beyond a doubt
His tail had just slipped off, or out,—
Was gone forever more!

But if you have philosophy
(Which means what can't be helped, must be,
In spite of you, in spite of me,
No use to fret!)

You will commend this pollywog—
Poor discontinued baby-frog!—
For only hiding by a log,
Not splashing in a pet.

There, after many a day and night,
Silent or stormy, dark or bright,
He felt a tickling on his right,
And on his left;

And, like a small potato-sprout,
A little foot came growing out,
And then another, just about
As little and as deft.

And soon behind each forward leg
Another budded like a peg,
As like the first as egg to egg,
But big and strong;
And longer, longer still, they grew,
Till he could jump as well as you;
Then over log and all he flew,
And croaked a little song.

He was so very glad to find
Four legs exactly to his mind,
Instead of one poor tail behind,
He quite forgot

How scared he felt to see them grow,
How sad to see his rudder go,
For now he vaulted high and low,
And sprang from spot to spot.

Oh, Jack! how dreadful it would be
 If legs should grow on you or me,
 From side to side, till each should be
 Fit for a bog!
 If suddenly "development"
 Should turn and take a downward bent,
 And you, who for a boy were meant,
 Should dwindle to a frog!

But if you should, I beg of you
 To keep this little tale in view,
 And take it coolly, for 't is true
 What can't be cured,
 (This is the moral of my rhyme,)
 Just wait, like polly in the slime,
 And, by and by, there 'll come a time
 When it can be endured.

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER IX.

PHEBE'S SECRET.



WHY do you keep smiling to yourself, Phebe?" asked Rose, as they were working together one morning, for Dr. Alec considered house-work the best sort of gymnastics for girls; so Rose took lessons of Phebe in sweeping, dusting, and bed-making.

"I was thinking about a nice little secret I know, and could n't help smiling."

"Shall I know it sometime?"

"Guess you will."

"Shall I like it?"

"Oh, wont you though!"

"Will it happen soon?"

"Sometime this week."

"I know what it is! The boys are going to have fire-works on the Fourth, and have got some surprise for me. Have n't they?"

"That's telling."

"Well, I can wait; only tell me one thing—Is uncle in it?"

"Of course he is; there's never any fun without him."

"Then it is all right, and sure to be nice."

Rose went out on the balcony to shake the rugs, and, having given them a vigorous beating, hung them on the balustrade to air, while she took a look at her plants. Several tall vases and jars stood there, and a month of June sun and rain had worked wonders with the seeds and slips she had planted. Morning glories and nasturtiums ran all over the bars, making haste to bloom. Scarlet beans and honeysuckles were climbing up from

below to meet their pretty neighbors, and the woodbine was hanging its green festoons wherever it could cling.

The waters of the bay were dancing in the sunshine, a fresh wind stirred the chestnut-trees with a pleasant sound, and the garden below was full of roses, butterflies and bees. A great chirping and twittering went on among the birds, busy with their Summer housekeeping, and, far away, the white-winged gulls were dipping and diving in the sea, where ships, like larger birds, went sailing to and fro.

"Oh, Phebe, it's such a lovely day, I do wish your fine secret was going to happen right away! I feel just like having a good time; don't you?" said Rose, waving her arms as if she was going to fly.

"I often feel that way, but I have to wait for my good times, and don't stop working to wish for 'em. There, now you can finish as soon as the dust settles; I must go do my stairs," and Phebe trudged away with the broom, singing as she went.

Rose leaned where she was, and fell to thinking how many good times she had had lately, for the gardening had prospered finely, and she was learning to swim and row, and there were drives and walks, and quiet hours of reading and talk with Uncle Alec, and, best of all, the old pain and ennui seldom troubled her now. She could work and play all day, sleep sweetly all night, and enjoy life with the zest of a healthy, happy child. She was far from being as strong and hearty as Phebe, but she was getting on; the once pale cheeks had color in them now, the hands were growing plump and brown, and the belt was not much too loose. No one talked to her about her health, and she forgot that she had "no constitution." She took

no medicine but Dr. Alec's three great remedies, and they seemed to suit her excellently. Aunt Plenty said it was the pills, but as no second batch ever followed the first, I think the old lady was mistaken.

Rose looked worthy of her name as she stood smiling to herself over a happier secret than any Phebe had; a secret which she did not know herself till she found out, some years later, the magic of good health.

"'Look only,' said the brownie,
'At the pretty gown of blue,
At the kerchief pinned about her head,
And at her little shoe,'"

said a voice from below, as a great cabbage-rose came flying against her cheek.

"What is the princess dreaming about up there in her hanging-garden?" added Dr. Alec as she fired back a morning glory.

"I was wishing I could do something pleasant this fine day; something very new and interesting, for the wind makes me feel frisky and gay."

"Suppose we take a pull over to the Island? I intended to go this afternoon; but if you feel more like it now, we can be off at once."

"I do! I do! I'll come in fifteen minutes, uncle. I *must* just scuddle my room to rights, for Phebe has got a great deal to do."

Rose caught up the rugs and vanished as she spoke, while Dr. Alec went in, saying to himself, with an indulgent smile:

"It may upset things a trifle, but half a child's pleasure consists in having their fun *when* they want it."

Never did duster flap more briskly than the one Rose used that day, and never was a room "scrabbled" to rights in such haste as hers. Tables and chairs flew into their places as if alive; curtains shook as if a gale was blowing; china rattled and small articles tumbled about as if a young earthquake was playing with them. The boating suit went on in a twinkling, and Rose was off with a hop and a skip, little dreaming how many hours it would be before she saw her pretty room again.

Uncle Alec was putting a large basket into the boat when she arrived, and before they were off Phebe came running down with a queer, knobby bundle done up in a water-proof.

"We can't eat half that luncheon, and I know we shall not need so many wraps. I would n't lumber the boat up so," said Rose, who still had secret scares when on the water.

"Could n't you make a smaller parcel, Phebe?" asked Dr. Alec, eyeing the bundle suspiciously.

"No, sir, not in such a hurry," and Phebe laughed as she gave a particularly large knob a good poke.

"Well, it will do for ballast. Don't forget the note to Mrs. Jessie, I beg of you."

"No, sir. I'll send it right off," and Phebe ran up the bank as if she had wings to her feet.

"We'll take a look at the light-house first, for you have not been there yet, and it is worth seeing. By the time we have done that it will be pretty warm, and we will have lunch under the trees on the Island.

Rose was ready for anything, and enjoyed her visit to the light-house on the Point very much, especially climbing up the narrow stairs and going inside the great lantern. They made a long stay, for Dr. Alec seemed in no hurry to go, and kept looking through his spy-glass as if he expected to discover something remarkable on sea or land. It was past twelve before they reached the Island, and Rose was ready for her lunch long before she got it.

"Now this *is* lovely! I do wish the boys were here. Wont it be nice to have them with us all their vacation? Why, it begins to-day, does n't it? Oh, I wish I'd remembered it sooner, and perhaps they would have come with us," she said, as they lay luxuriously eating sandwiches under the old apple-tree.

"So we might. Next time we wont be in such a hurry. I expect the lads will take our heads off when they find us out," answered Dr. Alec, placidly drinking cold tea.

"Uncle, I smell a frying sort of a smell," Rose said, pausing suddenly as she was putting away the remains of the lunch half-an-hour later.

"So do I; it is fish, I think."

For a moment they both sat with their noses in the air, sniffing like hounds; then Dr. Alec sprang up, saying with great decision:

"Now this wont do! No one is permitted on this island without asking leave. I must see who dares to fry fish on my private property."

Taking the basket on one arm and the bundle on the other, he strode away toward the traitorous smell, looking as fierce as a lion, while Rose marched behind under her umbrella.

"We are Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday going to see if the savages have come," she said presently, for her fancy was full of the dear old stories that all children love so well.

"And there they are! Two tents and two boats, as I live! These rascals mean to enjoy themselves, that's evident."

"There ought to be more boats and no tents. I wonder where the prisoners are?"

"There are traces of them," and Dr. Alec pointed to the heads and tails of fishes strewn on the grass.

"And there are more," said Rose, laughing, as

she pointed to a scarlet heap of what looked like lobsters.

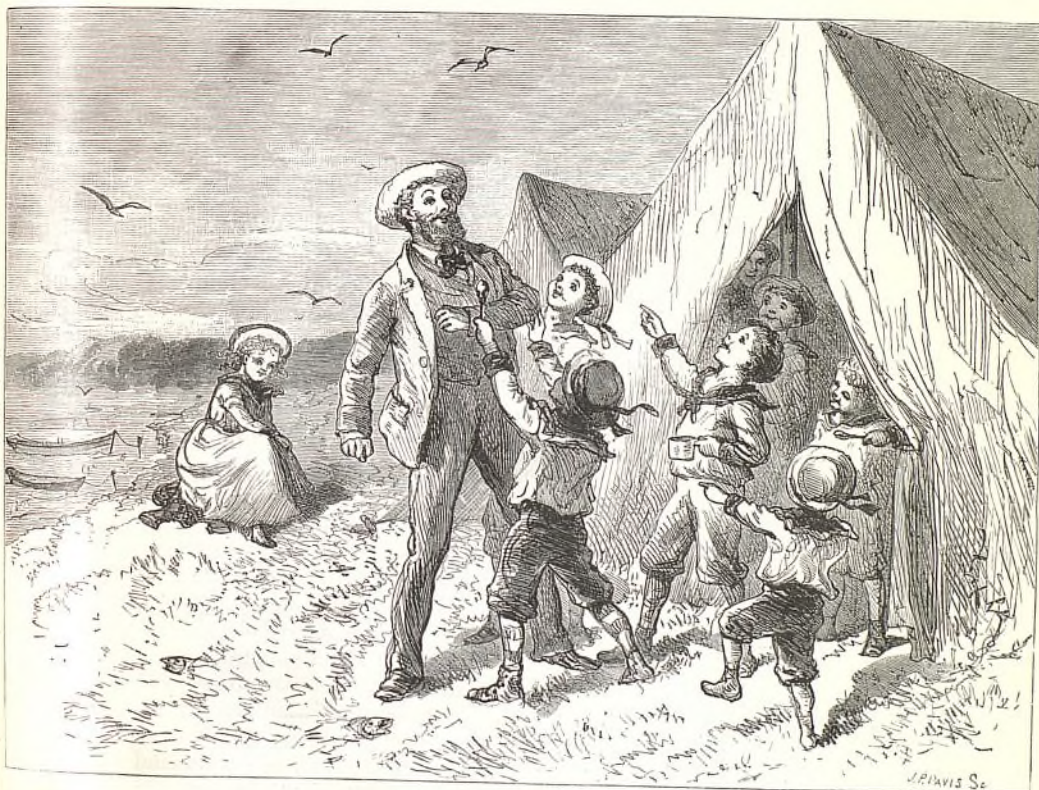
"The savages are probably eating their victims now; don't you hear the knives rattle in that tent?"

"We ought to creep up and peep; Crusoe was cautious, you know, and Friday scared out of his wits," added Rose, still keeping up the joke.

"But this Crusoe is going to pounce upon them regardless of consequences. If I am killed and eaten, you seize the basket and run for the boat;

nel bathing-clothes, which she had mistaken for lobsters, and where she had fallen in a fit of merriment when she discovered that the cannibals were her merry cousins.

"You good for nothing boys! You are always bursting out upon me in some ridiculous way, and I always get taken in because I'm not used to such pranks. Uncle is as bad as the rest, and it's great fun," she said, as the lads came round her, half scolding, half welcoming, and wholly enjoying the double surprise.



UNCLE ALEC'S RECEPTION.

there are provisions enough for your voyage home."

With that Uncle Alec slipped round to the front of the tent, and, casting in the big bundle like a bombshell, roared out, in a voice of thunder:

"Pirates, surrender!"

A crash, a shout, a laugh, and out came the savages, brandishing knives and forks, chicken bones and tin mugs, and all fell upon the intruder, pummeling him unmercifully as they cried:

"You came too soon! We are not half ready! You've spoilt it all! Where is Rose?"

"Here I am," answered a half-stifled voice, and Rose was discovered sitting on the pile of red flan-

"You were not to come till afternoon, and mamma was to be here to receive you. Everything is in a mess now, except your tent; we got that in order the first thing, and you can sit there and see us work," said Archie, doing the honors as usual.

"Rose felt it in her bones, as Dolly says, that something was in the wind, and wanted to be off at once. So I let her come, and should have kept her away an hour longer if your fish had not betrayed you," explained Uncle Alec, subsiding from a ferocious Crusoe into his good-natured self again.

"As this seat is rather damp, I think I'll rise," said Rose, as the excitement lessened a little.

Several fishy hands helped her up, and Charlie

said, as he scattered the scarlet garments over the grass with an oar:

"We had a jolly good swim before dinner, and I told the Brats to spread these to dry. Hope you brought *your* things, Rose, for you belong to the Lobsters, you know, and we can have no end of fun teaching you to dive and float and tread water."

"I did n't bring anything —" began Rose, but was interrupted by the Brats (otherwise Will and Geordie), who appeared bearing the big bundle, so much demoralized by its fall that a red flannel tunic trailed out at one end, and a little blue dressing-gown at the other, while the knobs proved to be a toilet-case, rubbers, and a silver mug.

"Oh, that sly Phebe! This was the secret, and she bundled up those things after I went down to the boat," cried Rose, with sparkling eyes.

"Guess something is smashed inside, for a bit of glass fell out," observed Will as they deposited the bundle at her feet.

"Catch a girl going anywhere without a looking-glass. We have n't got one among the whole lot of us," added Mac, with masculine scorn.

"Dandy has; I caught him touching up his wig behind the trees after our swim," cut in Geordie, wagging a derisive finger at Steve, who promptly silenced him by a smart rap on the head with the drum-stick he had just polished off.

"Come, come, you lazy lubbers, fall to work, or we shall not be ready for mamma. Take Rose's things to her tent, and tell her all about it, Prince. Mac and Steve, you cut away and bring up the rest of the straw; and you small chaps clear off the table, if you have stuffed all you can. Please, uncle, I'd like your advice about the boundary lines and the best place for the kitchen."

Every one obeyed the Chief, and Rose was escorted to her bower by Charlie, who devoted himself to her service. She was charmed with her quarters, and still more so with the programme which he unfolded before her as they worked.

"We always camp out somewhere in vacation, and this year we thought we'd try the Island. It is handy, and our fire-works will show off well from here."

"Shall we stay over the Fourth? Three whole days! Oh, me! what a frolic it will be!"

"Bless your heart, we often camp for a week, we big fellows; but this year the small chaps wanted to come, so we let them. We have great larks, as you'll see; for we have a cave and play Captain Kidd, and have shipwrecks, and races, and all sorts of games. Arch and I are rather past that kind of thing now, but we do it to please the children," added Charlie, with a sudden recollection of his sixteen years.

"I had no idea boys had such good times. Their plays never seemed a bit interesting before. But I suppose that was because I never knew any boys very well, or perhaps you are unusually nice ones," observed Rose, with an artless air of appreciation that was very flattering.

"We are a pretty clever set, I fancy; but we have a good many advantages, you see. There are a tribe of us, to begin with; then our family has been here for ages, and we have plenty of 'spondulics,' so we can rather lord it over the other fellows and do as we like. There, ma'am, you can hang your smashed glass on that nail and do up your back hair as fine as you please. You can have a blue blanket or a red one, and a straw pillow or an air cushion for your head, whichever you like. You can trim up to any extent, and be as free and easy as squaws in a wigwam, for this corner is set apart for you ladies, and we never cross the line uncle is drawing until we ask leave. Anything more I can do for you, cousin?"

"No, thank you. I think I'll leave the rest till auntie comes, and go and help you somewhere else, if I may."

"Yes, indeed, come on and see to the kitchen. Can you cook?" asked Charlie, as he led the way to the rocky nook where Archie was putting up a sail-cloth awning.

"I can make tea and toast bread."

"Well, we'll show you how to fry fish and make chowder. Now you just set these pots and pans round tastefully, and sort of tidy up a bit, for Aunt Jessie insists on doing some of the work, and I want it to be decent here."

By four o'clock the camp was in order, and the weary workers settled down on Lookout Rock to watch for Mrs. Jessie and Jamie, who was never far from mamma's apron-string. They looked like a flock of blue-birds, all being in sailor rig, with blue ribbon enough flying from the seven hats to have set up a milliner. Very tuneful blue-birds they were too, for all the lads sang, and the echo of their happy voices reached Mrs. Jessie long before she saw them.

The moment the boat hove in sight up went the Island flag, and the blue-jackets cheered lustily, as they did on every possible occasion, like true young Americans. This welcome was answered by the flapping of a handkerchief and the shrill "Ra! Ra! Ra!" of the one small tar who stood in the stern waving his hat manfully, while a maternal hand clutched him firmly in the rear.

Cleopatra landing from her golden galley never received a heartier greeting than "Little Mum" as she was borne to her tent by the young folk, for love of whom she smilingly resigned herself to three days of discomfort. While Jamie immediately

attached himself to Rose, assuring her of his protection from the manifold perils which might assail them.

Taught by long experience that boys are *always* hungry, Aunt Jessie soon proposed supper, and proceeded to get it, enveloped in an immense apron, with an old hat of Archie's stuck a-top of her cap. Rose helped, and tried to be as handy as Phebe, though the peculiar style of table she had to set made it no easy task. It was accomplished at last, and a very happy party lay about under the trees, eating and drinking out of any one's plate and cup, and quite untroubled by the frequent appearance of ants and spiders in places which these interesting insects are not expected to adorn.

"I never thought I should like to wash dishes, but I do," said Rose, as she sat in a boat after supper lazily rinsing plates in the sea, and rocking luxuriously as she wiped them.

"Mum is mighty particular; *we* just give 'em a scrub with sand, and dust 'em off with a bit of paper. It's much the best way, I think," replied Geordie, who reposed in another boat alongside.

"How Phebe would like this. I wonder uncle did not have her come."

"I believe he tried to, but Dolly was as cross as two sticks and said she could n't spare her. I'm sorry, for we all like the Phebe bird, and she'd chirp like a good one out here, would n't she?"

"She ought to have a holiday like the rest of us. It's too bad to leave her out."

This thought came back to Rose several times that evening, for Phebe would have added much to the little concert they had in the moonlight, would have enjoyed the stories told, been quick at guessing the conundrums, and laughed with all her heart at the fun. The merry going to bed would have been best of all, for Rose wanted some one to cuddle under the blue blanket with her, there to whisper and giggle and tell secrets, as girls delight to do.

Long after the rest were asleep, Rose lay wide awake, excited by the novelty of all about her, and a thought that had come into her mind. Far away she heard a city clock strike twelve; a large star like a mild eye peeped in at the opening of the tent, and the soft plash of the waves seemed calling her to come out. Aunt Jessie lay fast asleep, with Jamie rolled up like a kitten at her feet, and neither stirred as Rose in her wrapper crept out to see how the world looked at midnight.

She found it very lovely, and sat down on a cracker keg to enjoy it with a heart full of the innocent sentiment of her years. Fortunately, Dr. Alec saw her before she had time to catch cold, for coming out to tie back the door-flap of his tent for

more air, he beheld the small figure perched in the moonlight. Having no fear of ghosts, he quietly approached, and, seeing that she was wide awake, said, with a hand on her shining hair:

"What is my girl doing here?"

"Having a good time," answered Rose, not at all startled.

"I wonder what she was thinking about with such a sober look?"

"The story you told of the brave sailor who gave up his place on the raft to the woman, and the last drop of water to the poor baby. People who make sacrifices are very much loved and admired, are n't they?" she asked, earnestly.

"If the sacrifice is a true one. But many of the bravest never are known, and get no praise. That does not lessen their beauty, though perhaps it makes them harder, for we all like sympathy," and Dr. Alec sighed a patient sort of sigh.

"I suppose you have made a great many? Would you mind telling me one of them?" asked Rose, arrested by the sigh.

"My last was to give up smoking," was the very unromantic answer to her pensive question.

"Why did you?"

"Bad example for the boys."

"That was very good of you, uncle! Was it hard?"

"I'm ashamed to say it was. But as a wise old fellow once said, 'It is necessary to do right; it is not necessary to be happy.'"

Rose pondered over the saying as if it pleased her, and then said, with a clear, bright look:

"A real sacrifice is giving up something you want or enjoy very much, is n't it?"

"Yes."

"Doing it one's own self because one loves another person very much and wants her to be happy?"

"Yes."

"And doing it pleasantly, and being glad about it, and not minding the praise if it does n't come?"

"Yes, dear, that is the true spirit of self-sacrifice; you seem to understand it, and I dare say you will have many chances in your life to try the real thing. I hope they won't be very hard ones."

"I think they will," began Rose, and there stopped short.

"Well, make one now, and go to sleep, or my girl will be ill to-morrow, and then the aunts will say camping out was bad for her."

"I'll go—good night!" and throwing him a kiss, the little ghost vanished, leaving Uncle Alec to pace the shore and think about some of the unsuspected sacrifices that had made him what he was.

CHAPTER X.

ROSE'S SACRIFICE.



HERE certainly were "larks" on Campbell's Island next day, as Charlie had foretold, and Rose took her part in them like one intent on enjoying every minute to the utmost. There was a merry breakfast, a successful fishing expedition, and then the lobsters came out in full force, for even Aunt Jessie appeared in red flannel. There was nothing Uncle Alec could not do in the water, and the boys tried their best to equal him in strength and skill, so there was a great diving and ducking, for every one was bent on distinguishing himself.

Rose swam far out beyond her depth, with uncle to float her back; Aunt Jessie splashed placidly in the shallow pools, with Jamie paddling near by like a little whale beside its mother; while the lads careered about, looking like a flock of distracted flamingoes, and acting like the famous dancing party in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

Nothing but chowder would have lured them from their gambols in the briny deep; that time-honored dish demanded the concentrated action of several mighty minds; so the "Water Babies" came ashore and fell to cooking.

It is unnecessary to say that, when done, it was the most remarkable chowder ever cooked, and the quantity eaten would have amazed the world if the secret had been divulged. After this exertion a siesta was considered the thing, and people lay about in tents or out as they pleased, the boys looking like warriors slumbering where they fell.

The elders had just settled to a comfortable nap when the youngsters rose, refreshed and ready for further exploits. A hint sent them all off to the cave, and there were discovered bows and arrows, battle clubs, old swords, and various relics of an interesting nature. Perched upon a commanding rock, with Jamie to "splain" things to her, Rose beheld a series of stirring scenes enacted with great vigor and historical accuracy by her gifted relatives.

Captain Cook was murdered by the natives of Owhyhee in the most thrilling manner. Captain Kidd buried untold wealth in the chowder kettle at the dead of night, and shot both the trusting villains who shared the secret of the hiding-place. Sinbad came ashore there and had manifold adventures, and numberless wrecks bestrewed the sands.

Rose considered them by far the most exciting dramas she had ever witnessed, and when the performance closed with a grand ballet of Feejee

Islanders, whose barbaric yells alarmed the gulls, she had no words in which to express her gratification.

Another swim at sunset, another merry evening on the rocks watching the lighted steamers pass seaward and the pleasure-boats come into port, ended the second day of the camping out, and sent every one to bed early that they might be ready for the festivities of the morrow.

"Archie, didn't I hear uncle ask you to row home in the morning for fresh milk and things?"

"Yes; why?"

"Please, may I go too? I have something of great importance to arrange; you know I was carried off in a hurry," Rose said in a confidential whisper as she was bidding her cousins good-night.

"I'm willing, and I guess Charlie won't mind."

"Thank you; be sure you stand by me when I ask leave in the morning, and don't say anything till then, except to Charlie. Promise," urged Rose, so eagerly that Archie struck an attitude, and cried dramatically:

"By yonder moon I swear!"

"Hush! it's all right, go along;" and Rose departed as if satisfied.

"She's a queer little thing, isn't she, Prince?"

"Rather a nice little thing, I think. I'm quite fond of her."

Rose's quick ears caught both remarks, and she retired to her tent, saying to herself with sleepy dignity:

"Little thing indeed! Those boys talk as if I was a baby. They will treat me with more respect after to-morrow, I guess."

Archie did stand by her in the morning, and her request was readily granted, as the lads were coming directly back. Off they went, and Rose waved her hand to the islanders with a somewhat pensive air, for an heroic purpose glowed within her, and the spirit of self-sacrifice was about to be illustrated in a new and touching manner.

While the boys got the milk Rose ran to Phebe, ordered her to leave her dishes, to put on her hat and take a note back to Uncle Alec, which would explain this somewhat mysterious performance. Phebe obeyed, and when she went to the boat Rose accompanied her, telling the boys she was not ready to go yet, but they could some of them come for her when she hung a white signal on her balcony.

"But why not come now? What are you about, miss? Uncle won't like it," protested Charlie, in great amazement.

"Just do as I tell you, little boy; uncle will understand and explain. Obey, as Phebe does, and ask no questions. I can have secrets as well as other people;" and Rose walked off with an air

of lofty independence that impressed her friends immensely.

"It's some plot between uncle and herself, so we won't meddle. All right, Phebe? Pull away, Prince;" and off they went, to be received with much surprise by the islanders.

This was the note Phebe bore:

DEAR UNCLE: I am going to take Phebe's place to-day, and let her have all the fun she can. Please don't mind what *she* says, but *keep* her, and tell the boys to be very good to her for my sake. Don't think it is easy to do this; it is *very* hard to give up the best day of all, but I feel so selfish to have all the pleasure, and Phebe none, that I wish to make this *sacrifice*. Do let me, and don't laugh at it; I truly do *not* wish to be praised, and I truly want to do it. Love to all from

ROSE.

"Bless the little dear, what a generous heart she has! Shall we go after her, Jessie, or let her have her way?" said Dr. Alec, after the first mingled amusement and astonishment had subsided.

"Let her alone, and don't spoil her little sacrifice. She means it, I know, and the best way in which we can show our respect for her effort is to give Phebe a pleasant day. I'm sure she has earned it;" and Mrs. Jessie made a sign to the boys to suppress their disappointment and exert themselves to please Rose's guest.

Phebe was with difficulty kept from going straight home, and declared that she should not enjoy herself one bit without Miss Rose.

"She won't hold out all day, and we shall see her paddling back before noon, I'll wager anything," said Charlie; and the rest so strongly inclined to his opinion that they resigned themselves to the loss of the little queen of the revels, sure that it would be only a temporary one.

But hour after hour passed, and no signal appeared on the balcony, though Phebe watched it hopefully. No passing boat brought the truant back, though more than one pair of eyes looked out for the bright hair under the round hat; and sunset came, bringing no Rose, but the lovely color in the western sky.

"I really did not think the child had it in her. I fancied it was a bit of sentiment, but I see she *was* in earnest and means that her sacrifice shall be a true one. Dear little soul! I'll make it up to her a thousand times over, and beg her pardon for thinking it might be done for effect," Dr. Alec said remorsefully as he strained his eyes through the dusk, fancying he saw a small figure sitting in the garden as it had sat on the keg the night before, laying the generous little plot that had cost more than he could guess.

"Well, she can't help seeing the fire-works, anyway, unless she is goose enough to think she must hide in a dark closet and not look," said Archie,

who was rather disgusted at Rose's seeming ingratitude.

"She will see ours capitally, but miss the big ones on the hill, unless papa has forgotten all about them," added Steve, cutting short the harangue Mac had begun upon the festivals of the ancients.

"I'm sure the sight of her will be better than the finest fire-works that ever went off," said Phebe, meditating an elopement with one of the boats if she could get a chance.

"Let things work; if she resists the brilliant invitation we give her she will be a heroine," added Uncle Alec, secretly hoping that she would not.

Meanwhile Rose had spent a quiet, busy day helping Dolly, waiting on Aunt Peace, and steadily resisting Aunt Plenty's attempts to send her back to the happy island. It had been hard in the morning to come in from the bright world outside, with flags flying, cannon booming, crackers popping, and every one making ready for a holiday, and go to washing cups, while Dolly grumbled and the aunts lamented. It was very hard to see the day go by, knowing how gay each hour must have been across the water, and how a word from her would take her where she longed to be with all her heart. But it was hardest of all when evening came and Aunt Peace was asleep, Aunt Plenty seeing a gossip in the parlor, Dolly established in the porch to enjoy the show, and nothing left for the little maid to do but sit alone in her balcony and watch the gay rockets whizz up from island, hill, and city, while bands played and boats laden with happy people went to and fro in the fitful light.

Then it must be confessed that a tear or two dimmed the blue eyes, and once when a very brilliant display illuminated the island for a moment, and she fancied she saw the tents, the curly head went down on the railing, and a wide-awake nasurtium heard a little whisper:

"I hope some one wishes I was there!"

The tears were all gone, however, and she was watching the hill and island answer each other with what Jamie called "whizzers, whirligigs, and busters," and smiling as she thought how hard the boys must be working to keep up such a steady fire, when Uncle Mac came walking in upon her, saying hurriedly:

"Come, child, put on your tippet, pelisse, or whatever you call it, and run off with me. I came to get Phebe, but aunt says she is gone, so I want you. I've got Fun down in the boat, and I want you to go with us and see my fire-works. Got them up for you, and you must n't miss them, or I shall be disappointed."

"But, uncle," began Rose, feeling as if she ought to refuse even a glimpse of bliss, "perhaps——"

"I know, my dear, I know; aunt told me; but

no one needs you now so much as I do, and I insist on your coming," said Uncle Mac, who seemed in a great hurry to be off, yet was unusually kind.

So Rose went and found the little Chinaman with a funny lantern waiting to help her in and convulse her with laughter trying to express his emotions in pigeon English. The city clocks were striking nine as they got out into the bay, and the island fireworks seemed to be over, for no rocket answered the last Roman candle that shone on the Aunt-hill.

"Ours are done, I see, but they are going up all

hands with delight as she recognized the handsome flower.

"Of course it is! Look again, and guess what those are," answered Uncle Mac, chuckling and enjoying it all like a boy.

A wreath of what looked at first like purple brooms appeared below the vase, but Rose guessed what they were meant for and stood straight up, holding by his shoulder, and crying excitedly:

"Thistles, uncle, Scotch thistles! There are seven of them—one for each boy! Oh, what a joke!" and she laughed so that she plumped into



THE FIRE-WORKS.

round the city, and how pretty they are," said Rose, folding her mantle about her and surveying the scene with a pensive interest.

"Hope my fellows have not got into trouble up there," muttered Uncle Mac, adding, with a satisfied chuckle, as a spark shone out, "No; there it goes! Look, Rosy, and see how you like this one; it was ordered especially in honor of your coming."

Rose looked with all her eyes and saw the spark grow into the likeness of a golden vase, then green leaves came out, and then a crimson flower glowing on the darkness with a splendid luster.

"Is it a rose, uncle?" she asked, clasping her

the bottom of the boat and stayed there till the brilliant spectacle was quite gone.

"That was rather a neat thing, I flatter myself," said Uncle Mac in high glee at the success of his illumination. "Now shall I leave you on the island or take you home again, my good little girl?" he added, lifting her up with such a tone of approbation in his voice that Rose kissed him on the spot.

"Home, please, uncle, and I thank you very, very much for the beautiful fire-work you got up for me. I'm so glad I saw it; and I know I shall dream about it."

(To be continued.)

BABY'S SKIES.

BY M. C. BARTLETT.

WOULD you know the baby's skies?
 Baby's skies are mamma's eyes.
 Mamma's eyes and smile, together
 Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mamma, keep your eyes from tears,
 Keep your heart from foolish fears,
 Keep your lips from dull complaining,
 Lest the baby think 't is raining.

THE BOY-SCULPTOR.

BY EMILY NOVES.

FOUR hundred years ago, in the gardens of the Medici Palace, might be seen a party of the young friends of Piero de Medici, who had been dismissed from the learned talk of the savants and artists who surrounded the hospitable table of "Lorenzo the Magnificent," as he is often called.

There had been an unusual fall of snow for the warm climate of Italy, and it lay before them on the ground in that soft, tempting whiteness that school-boys like so well. It covered the statues and fountains, and made grotesque figures of the shrubs, which were cut in curious forms.

"Let us make statues, and decorate this gallery," proposed one, a youth of fourteen.

"Of what?" said another.

"Of the snow," replied the first speaker, named Michael Angelo; and with merry shouts they plunged into the snow, without a thought of their costumes of velvet and lace, carrying it and piling it in masses at different places along the gallery, and shaping it into some rude resemblance of the human form, which did not much differ, I dare say, from the "old snow-man" of the boys of the nineteenth century.

But Michael Angelo saw in the distance the statue of a faun, headless and much injured, which had been brought from some old ruin.

"Ah! I will make a head to this faun," and he began shaping and molding the damp snow.

As he worked, his companions gathered around

him and looked on, forgetting their own sport in watching him, as gradually the head began to appear and grew under his touch into a real face with good features.

Then standing, watching the effect of each motion, "He must be sardonic,—fauns laugh!" said the boy as he gave an upward turn with his finger to the corner of the mouth. "There! that is not bad; and one can always do what one loves. I have drawn in the love of sculpture with the milk of my nurse. Her husband is a sculptor, and, from a baby, I have played making statues."

Stepping back to get a good look at his work, he ran against some one, and, to his amazement, discovered it was the great noble himself, who, followed by all his guests, had entered the gallery the youthful artists were decorating for them, while they were so engaged as not to perceive them.

They all stopped to comment on the statues, and approaching the faun, Lorenzo said:

"This is rather the work of one entering upon the career of a master, than the attempt of a novice. But, Michael, do you know that this is a statue of an *old* faun, and the old do not have all their teeth? You have given him more than *we* have. Is it not so, my friends?"

"You are right, my lord;" and, with one stroke, Michael knocked out a tooth and made the hollow in the gum which showed its loss.

Every one was delighted with this intelligent and

discriminating act, and applauded him with enthusiasm, showering praises and prophecies of future fame on the young sculptor.

Among the noble guests were his father and his uncle, who had sternly discouraged all Michael's attempts at art, and deemed it an unworthy thing that the heir of the princely house of Canossa should handle the sculptor's chisel even in sport. But now, flattered by the praise of Lorenzo, the great patron of art, they looked smilingly on, and Michael knew, as he rode home that night with his austere relations, that his long-forbidden love of art could now be indulged; the glory of his boyhood's dreams was to become the glory of his life.

Who can tell what forms of beauty and visions of fame flitted through his excited brain, wild with the delight of Lorenzo's notice?

Could he foresee the wonderful creations which would make a world stand in silent admiration and awe?

Could he know that under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, the most magnificent Christian temple on the earth, people of all nations would come to do him homage?

Let us follow his career. At nineteen he made a beautiful group in marble of the dead Christ in his mother's lap. He carved the colossal statue of the young David for the Ducal palace of Florence. He designed, and in part completed, the grand mausoleum for Julius II., the central figure of which is Moses, at which he worked over forty years; and the reclining figures of Day and Night, Morning and Evening, are so much admired that they are to be reproduced on a monument soon to be erected to Michael Angelo at the scene of his labors.

There are but few paintings of his on canvas, for he is said to have had a contempt for easel pictures.

The Pope sent for him to come and decorate the walls of his chapel at the Vatican. The architects

did not know how to construct a scaffolding which would enable him to reach the ceiling, and he invented one; and also a curious paper cap, which would hold a candle in the front, and thus leave his hands free to work at night. He covered the ceilings with beautiful paintings of scenes taken from the Old Testament. Thirty years afterward, he painted on the end wall of the chapel the wonderful picture of "The Last Judgment." Thousands of people visit it every year, and gaze on it with reverence and wonder and delight, for it is one of the greatest pictures in the world.

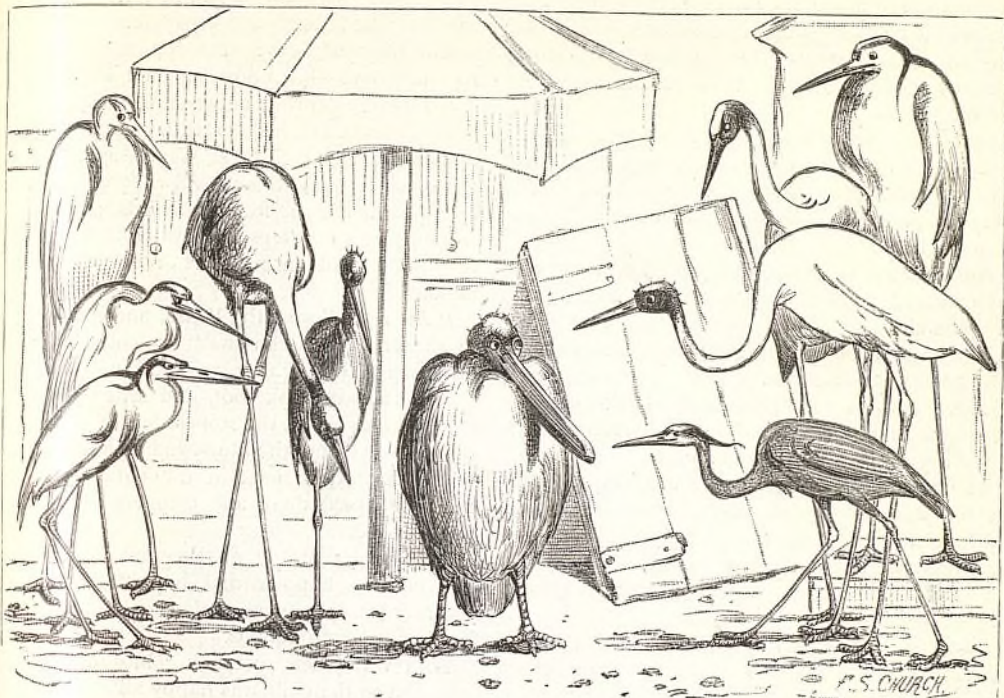
St. Peter's was the closing work of his life. Begun long before, many artists had worked upon it—many architects had made plans for it; but it was left to Michael Angelo to raise the dome, and to leave such a perfect model for its completion, that it now stands as the crowning glory of his fame.

And it was the work of an old man. At seventy, other men generally lay down their life's labor, but he commenced the painting of "The Last Judgment;" and the building of St. Peter's was in progress at the time of his death, when he was ninety.

With all his great powers, he was not unmindful of little things. Nothing was too trivial for care. The designing of a crucifix for a lady's wear; the candelabra for the chapel; the costume of the Papal Guard, still worn, show his minute attention to detail. In all his works we see the same intelligent thought that was manifested in the molding of the faun's mouth, his boyhood's triumph.

Nobly was the prediction of Lorenzo de Medici fulfilled, "that it was the work of one entering upon the career of a master." In Michael Angelo, the Great Master of Art, who at ninety stood among the honored of the world, ripened all the promise of the boy who, more than seventy years before, modeled the snow-face, for an hour's pastime, in the gardens of the Medici Palace.





THE NEW-COMER.

(A recent arrival at the Central Park Zoological Gardens.)

Drawn from life by F. S. CHURCH.

COLD GRAY STONES.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.



"Cold gray stones," indeed! I'm just about tired of this. Even a stone, if you hit it *too* hard, will flash out at you.

In the story of the foolish seed that did n't believe the song of the canary, and that found a shelter between myself and my brother, twice are we called "cold gray stones." There are the words. You can see them for yourself in the number of ST. NICHOLAS for last December.

Now, I'd like to know what that poor little seed would have done if *we* had n't given her a home? She would have been scorched by the sun, rotted by the rain, or snapped up by the first bird that came along.

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It was n't our fault that she did n't turn into a flower; we did the best we could for her.

And as for our not caring for anything, and nothing caring for us, I say—and say it flatly—that's not true!

The Moss family is, and always has been, very much attached to us. It clings to us long after the Summer months have departed, and every one knows there can be no better love than that which outlasts the Summer.

And the toads—the only animals that have jewels in their heads they don't have to pay for—have quite an affection for us.

They come and sit beneath our shade in the

long, hot days, and sleep and dream the hours away, or pass their time telling us wonderful tales of the strange places they have hopped over.

And the beetles,—honest old fellows,—who don't care for houses, but live in cosey underground cellars, what would they do without stones to keep the rain off?

Just turn us over some day, and you'll see the many-legged creatures running nimbly about; but turn us back again quickly, for we don't like to have the poor things frightened, though we "*have* no more heart than a stone."

And now I am going to tell you about two "cold gray stones," cousins of mine, who live in a great tiresome city.

The wind brought the story to me, and so you may be sure it is all true.

These cousins were part of the back-yard of a wretched little house, and in the wretched little house lived a pale, blue-eyed child.

The poor child had never seen anything growing but the straggling grass that tried to force its way up here and there in the dirty streets, and she never caught but a glimpse of the blue sky, because all the rest was hidden by the tall, gloomy houses around her.

"Oh, dear!" said one of my cousins to the other, one day; "how I wish she could see a flower!" when along came the Wind in a great hurry, as he almost always is.

"Puff, puff!" said he; "how hot you are here! How do you do?"

"Same as ever," said my cousin; "but what are you carrying?"

"A few seeds," answered the Wind, "I picked up miles from here, and I'm looking for some good, rich earth to drop them on."

"Dear Wind," said my cousins, "*do* drop some here."

"Here!" said the Wind, and he laughed until the wretched little house shook. "What good would they do here? I see plenty of dirt—ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!—but no earth—ho! ho! ha! ha!"

"There is a crevice between us," said my cousin, "where there is a little earth (*do* stop laughing for a moment, and look, dear Wind), and we think a flower *might* grow there. *Please* give us *one* seed, and we will hide it from the birds, and protect it from careless footsteps, and watch it carefully until it grows to gladden the heart of the pale, blue-eyed child."

"All right," said the Wind, and he blew a seed in the crack between the "two cold gray stones," and then fled, laughing, around the corner.

And the seed took root, and sent up two bright green leaves to tell the stones that there were more on the way; and the blue-eyed child, coming into the back-yard to look at the patch of sky, one morning, spied them and clapped her little hands with gladness.

And from that day, as the plant grew and grew, she became happier and happier; and when a fragrant purple and white flower opened to the sun, her joy knew no bounds.

And with each succeeding blossom came new joy, and so the child was happy all Summer long.

And my cousins looked on and were well content.

My sermon is finished. I suppose you know the greatest writer that ever lived said we could preach?

Yes, sir. He said there were sermons in us. You have got to acknowledge that, if you do call us "cold gray stones."



PLEASANT-SPOKEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RUTLEDGE."



MY DAVIS was a little girl not much more than six years old, gentle and kind, and just the sort of child that I should have liked for my very own.

She had always lived in the city; but in the Spring, a year or two ago, her father bought a home for them in the country, and there they all went to live. The *all* were her papa and mamma, her older brother Robbie, herself, and two very good servants (sometimes a little cross about the kitchen floor, when it was just scrubbed, but otherwise very kind).

Amy was delighted to live in the country. She never tired of playing in the garden and the barn, and of finding nice new shady little places all about the yard, under lilac-bushes or syringa-bushes, to which she could crawl on her hands and knees; and of finding little beds of daffodils and periwinkle in the grass, and sometimes a star-of-Bethlehem. For everything was very old-fashioned, and the new home was n't a "country seat," and there was n't any lawn nor any drive, nor any gate-house.

One day in the latter part of April, Amy came in from the yard, with an apronful of corn-cobs. I don't know what she meant to do with them, but she thought them very nice, and she was going through the kitchen with them on her way to her own room, when she saw some one sitting in the dining-room by the door. The two servants were working in the kitchen, and taking no notice of this old woman, who was sitting with her bonnet on, and a walking-stick beside her. Amy thought she looked like the old woman in fairy stories (only she was a black woman), and she wanted to go back and ask the servants about her; but she was afraid the old woman had seen her, and would n't like it. The old woman had, and she put out her hand and said:

"Wont you come and speak to me, little miss?" She was very tall and thin, and very queer-looking; she was so very straight and stiff, and she had such long and bony hands. Her bonnet came very far over her face, like the old women's bonnets in picture-books. Amy would have liked to go away. But the old woman put out her hand again, and said:

"Wont you come and speak to me, little miss?"

So Amy very shyly went up to her, and laid her little white hand in hers. The old woman patted it very gently with her other hand, and then let it go.

"I am old Sarah," she said, "that used to live with your grandmother, when your mamma was a little girl. Did n't she ever tell you about old Sarah?"

Amy could not remember that she had, but she did not like to say so, for fear old Sarah might feel badly; so she hung down her head, and said may be mamma had, but she could not remember.

"Ah, well!" old Sarah said, and gave a sigh, "it's a great while ago. I should n't wonder if she'd forgotten all about me. But I'll wait and see her; I suppose she'll soon be in."

The sigh troubled Amy a good deal; she hoped her mamma had n't forgotten all about the poor old colored woman. She slipped away and went into the kitchen, and asked the servants, in a whisper, if they knew when her mamma was coming back.

"I'm expecting she'll be in any minute," said the cook.

So Amy went back to the dining-room, and said:

"Mamma will be in very soon, and I think she'll be very glad to see you."

Sarah said: "Thank you. I think you are a nice little girl."

Then Amy blushed a little, but felt pleased, and, gathering up her apron with the cobs a little tighter, went sideways out of the door, not knowing what she ought to say, or whether she ought not to stay a little longer. But when she got upstairs she felt quite easy, and, in fact, soon forgot about the visitor. She cleared a corner of her room, and began to build in it a house of cobs, and that kept her happy and busy for some time. She put her dolls in it, and some of her doll-house furniture. After playing for some time, she thought the house would be nicer if it had a door. So she started down-stairs, putting her hat and sack on as she went, to hunt in the barn for a block, left by the carpenters, that would answer for that purpose. On her way she remembered old Sarah, and, wondering whether mamma were yet come in, she went softly to the dining-room door. No, mamma had not come in. There sat the old woman, looking rather weary; and in the kitchen beyond worked

the servants, chatting together and not taking any notice of her.

"I wish they'd talk to her," thought Amy, "and then she would n't feel so lonesome."

Then she thought, "May be I ought to talk to her." And then she wondered what she could talk about. "May be she'd like to look at my best doll," she thought, at last.

Who could help liking to look at that! So Amy ran upstairs again, and went into her mother's room, and climbed up to the big drawer in the old-fashioned bureau, where the best doll was kept, and took her out, and the trunk of clothes that belonged to her. Then she went down softly into the dining-room. Sarah looked up when she went in.

"Would you like to see my best doll?" said Amy, shyly going up to her.

"That I should," said old Sarah, looking pleased.

Amy brought a chair, to put the trunk on, and she stood at Sarah's side herself, and held the doll so that Sarah could see.

"This is her traveling-dress," said Amy.

"Her traveling-dress!" said Sarah, holding up her hands. "Do dolls have traveling-dresses?"

"O yes," said Amy, "and morning-dresses, and party-dresses. And here are her combs and brushes. And here is her muff. And do you want to see her shoes and stockings? And she has got a camels'-hair shawl; yes, real camels' hair. And a pocket-handkerchief with thread lace on it."

"O dear, dear!" said Sarah, who did not know much about such things.

"She came all the way from Paris," went on Amy, finding plenty to say now. "My Aunt Lisa brought her to me when she came home last year."

"Your Aunt Lisa! O, what a pretty little girl she used to be. She's a big lady now, I suppose, and wont remember Sarah."

Then Amy told her all about her Aunt Lisa, and all about her doll; and, by and by, her mamma came in, and was very glad to see old Sarah, and remembered her very well, and made her stay and get her dinner.

That afternoon, when the old woman was going out of the kitchen door, having said good-bye to Amy's mamma and Amy in the parlor, she said to the servants that little Amy was a very "pleasant-spoken" little girl, and she wished there were more children like her.

"Yes," said the cook, "she's one of the pleasantest-spoken little girls I ever knew, and very nice to get along with; makes as little trouble in the house as a child could."

Now let me tell you what came of it; not that we must always expect anything to come of being

good and kind. We shall generally feel happier for being so, and other people will love us; and, best of all, the blessed Lord will be satisfied with us. And surely that is enough to come of doing what is right. But, in this case, Amy had a pleasure beside.

One day late in May, old Sarah stopped at the gate, and said to Amy, who was playing with Robby in the yard:

"I want you to come down to my place to-morrow morning. I've got a present for you."

Amy looked pleased, and said: "May Robby come, too?"

"Yes," said Sarah, "if he wants to. But the present is for you."

Amy laughed with pleasure. She liked presents very much. Old Sarah leaned over the gate and talked a few minutes, and then nodded good-bye and went away, hobbling strangely as she walked, for she was troubled with "poor feet," as she had told Amy. Before she was ten steps away, Robby was hobbling along the path like her, and telling Amy, in a funny voice, he had a present for her down at his place, and she must come and get it.

"Don't, Robby," said Amy, growing very red, too much frightened to laugh; "don't, she will hear you, if you don't take care."

It was dreadful to Amy's kind little heart to think of making any one ashamed and hurt.

The next morning, after breakfast, they were both ready to start, Robby as much interested as Amy, though he pretended to laugh at the present. Amy looked very nice, in her clean calico dress and white apron, and white sun-bonnet. Robby had on a sailor-suit, and his hat on the back of his head. He held Amy's hand, because it was quite a long walk, and his mother had told him to take care of Amy. As they went along, they amused themselves in guessing what the present would be.

"I think it will be a rose-bush," said Amy. "A rose-bush and some roses on it."

"I think it will be a jar of sweetmeats," said Robby.

"Mamma thinks it will be a bunch of flowers," said Amy.

"I don't believe it will be worth going for," said Robby, before they got there, feeling tired.

"Well, I don't know," returned Amy, a little discouraged. "I shall like anything if it's only a little nice."

"A great bunch of lilacs."

"O, it's too late for lilacs."

"Or some sour plums made into a jam."

"O, don't, Robby," said Amy, ready to cry.

"Or a big geranium that smells like fish, in a red pot, and no flowers on it, like the one the cook has in the kitchen."

Amy took her hand away from him, and walked on by herself. She thought he was very unkind. He might see she was getting a little uneasy, and was feeling disappointed in advance. But he did not see, and went on teasing all the way down the road.

At last they got there. Old Sarah was standing in the door of her little house, talking to a man driving a load of wood. Robby whispered that it was kind o' queer to see an old woman so straight and tall, and with short hair, too, just like a girl's.

She nodded to the children, and stood aside, and told them to go in and wait a minute for her. The children crept in, feeling a little shy, even Robby. They had never been in just such a room before. It was very clean, but so low and dark, and so different from other people's rooms. There were a bed and a stove and two chairs, and shelves with all sorts of odd things on them, and beams overhead, upon which hung strings of onions and red peppers and a ham, and skeins of yarn. The children looked around, at first with silent curiosity. After awhile, as Sarah continued talking with her visitor, and did not come in, Robby grew bold, and crept around softly and examined things, and made faces, and finally began to talk.

"That's the present, you may be sure that's the present," he whispered, pointing to a horse-shoe hanging up over the door. "You can put it in your baby-house; or sell it to the blacksmith down beyond the bridge. Or—no. I've changed my mind. Here it is now and no mistake. Now look at it, Amy; see if you're not much obliged."

He took down from the shelf a little old-fashioned mug, full of white and purple beans. On the mug were the words, "For a good child."

Amy was very much afraid it *was* the present, and she felt like crying. There were two or three bushels of such beans in the barn at home, and she did not think the mug was pretty in the least. Still, if Robby would only be quiet, she would not mind. It was no use saying "don't" to him any more. He was full of mischief, and seemed to think he was in no danger of being surprised by Sarah. He went from one part of the room to another, taking down things and examining them, and laughing out aloud, and no longer whispering. Amy sat on a chair by the door, the picture of discomfort, with her eyes full of tears and her cheeks burning red.

Sarah was having a sort of quarrel with the man, who was going to charge her too much for the wood, and so she did not pay any attention to what was going on inside.

At last, the naughty Robby made up his mind he would see what was in a funny little old closet in the corner.

"It's in that," he said; "I know it is. Just wait."

And he got down on his knees before the door, and shook the latch till it came open. It was a very deep closet, and very queer. Robby saw something at the further end of it that looked like an old broken clock—and old clock-wheels were most interesting to him. He crept in a little further; half his body was inside. He did not hear Amy's warning; the man went away abruptly, and old Sarah came suddenly into the room.

"I'm ready now," she said, and then stopped and looked around for Robby.

There was the rear of the sailor-suit and a pair of stout boy-legs in the door of her under-closet.

"No, it is n't in there," she said, sternly; and Robby, in great fright and hurry, drew himself out at the sound of her voice.

He got up, looking very red and awkward, and brushing the dust off his clothes.

Sarah was quite a grand old woman in her way, and she looked angry now.

"Is that city manners, young gentleman?" she said, looking down at him.

But that was all she said. I think if he had been a little colored boy, she would have quietly shut him up in the closet and left him there for a few hours to think the matter over. She saw Amy was troubled, and had not been sharing in this impoliteness.

"Come," she said; "we will go for the present."

Amy got down very gladly from her chair, and followed Sarah out of the back door of the old house. Robby came after them at a little distance. Sarah led the way down the path toward the barn. The barn was smaller and older than the house. A few chickens were straying around, and a little yellow dog was stretching his legs in the sun.

"Wait a minute," said Sarah, going into the barn and shutting the door after her.

The children waited under an apple-tree that stood before the barn. They looked in silent wonder at each other. Robby's curiosity had overcome his mortification. What could it be that she had kept shut up in the barn? Amy's heart beat quick. It was not the horrid mug of beans, nor the horse-shoe, nor the geranium like the cook's. Presently the dark old barn-door moved a little, then was pushed further open, and out bounded—oh, how can I tell you!—a beautiful white lamb, with a long blue ribbon round its neck, the end of which Sarah held, coming after.

Amy gave one little cry, and, springing forward, knelt down on the grass and threw her arms around its neck. She hugged it and laid her cheek against its soft white wool, and gave little screams of pleas-

ure as it moved and struggled in her arms. This was the one, one thing she had thought about and longed for ever since she could remember. Paris dolls and those things, oh! what were they to it? Robby got down on the grass too, and eagerly examined the new pet, asking all sorts of questions. Sarah looked on, pleased at the sight of their great pleasure. Amy's face was excited and happy, and

Among the many questions that Robby asked, the one, "Where did you get it, Sarah?" was the oftenest repeated.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the old woman, in a happy voice. "One day, about a month ago, I was standing by the gate, and I saw the butcher's cart pass with a load of lambs and sheep, with their feet tied, poor things! and their heads hanging



AMY'S PRESENT.

her little hands trembled with eagerness. She almost forgot old Sarah; she could only think of the lamb.

"Do look at its little feet, Robby," she cried; "see how it lifts them up. And its eyes are so funny and so nice! And how warm it is! O, and how its heart beats—feel of it! O, don't be frightened, lammie; we will be good to you." And then she laughed and kissed it, and laid her head down on it, as if she were too happy to say any more.

down. There's a bad place in the road just beyond my house, as you go down the hill. The butcher's boy was driving pretty fast, and the cart gave a jolt, and out fell one of the lambs and rolled down the side of the road. I saw what it was, and called out to the boy; but he did n't hear, and went dashing on as fast as he could go. Then I went to the lamb and picked it up. Its leg was broken, and I thought it was too much hurt ever to get well. I took all the care of it I could, and

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set its leg and nursed it; but for a good many days I thought it was going to die. When it seemed a little better, I went to the butcher and told him about it, and offered to pay him, for I had got fond of the poor little thing by that time. But he said No, it would most likely die; and if it did n't, it would be because I had taken such good care of it, and, if there was any paying, it must be paid for by that careless boy of his. So the lamb got well; but before it got well, I had made up my mind what I would do with it, if it did. I did n't forget a little girl that came and showed me her doll, because there was n't anybody talking to me, and that always has a pleasant word for everybody."

While Sarah was telling this story, Amy had crept up to her, and, looking up into her face, was drinking in every word, holding the lamb's blue ribbon in her hand. But, at the last words, her face grew red and her eyes fell; it did n't seem to her quite right that she should have the lamb for *that*. If it had been for studying her lesson, or for learning to darn stockings!

"Now we must go home," said Robby, who

did n't like the moral, and who was very anxious to get the lamb out into the road, to see if it would run.

Then Sarah told Amy what to give it to eat, and what to drink, and exactly how to take care of it; and then she opened the gate for them. Amy, eager to get home and show mamma her treasure, had started forward two or three steps, when she remembered she had hardly said "thank you" to Sarah; and, turning back, she said, in a shy voice:

"I am very much obliged to you for the lamb. I think it is very nice. There is n't anything I'd have liked so well as it."

And to say good-bye, she timidly put out her hand. Old Sarah leaned down over the gate, and said:

"You don't want to kiss me for it, though, I suppose,—now do you?"

Amy put both her arms around the old woman's neck, and kissed her more than once. Old Sarah said, "God bless you!" and stood leaning on the gate and watching Amy as she ran down the road with her lamb, holding the blue ribbon in her hand.



THE GRASSHOPPER.

BY MARIE A. BROWN.

A GRASSHOPPER am I,
For the winter laid by,
No more hopping!
But I never would die,
Here I come, high and dry,
Hopping, hopping!

When the farmer sows rye,
You will see me quite spry,
Hopping, hopping!
I cannot learn to fly,
And so I never try,
But keep hopping!

My throat is very dry,
A big dew-drop I spy,
Hopping, hopping!
For dinner do I sigh,
After bugs I quickly hie,
Hopping, hopping!

For work I never cry,
Enough to do have I,
Hopping, hopping!
And if you'd care defy,
Just do the same as I,
Go to hopping!

ABOUT HERALDRY.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

WHEN I was a little girl I used to see in my grandmother's house some old pictures, which, I was told, were coats-of-arms. One of them I should

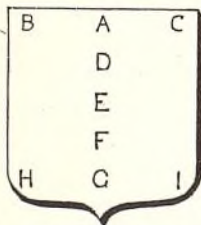


MOORE.

have described as three little black dogs, with gold collars, scampering over a silver ground. I have since learned that the right way to describe it is: "Argent, three greyhounds courant, in pale, sable, collared or, name, Moore."

Heraldry teaches everything that belongs to armorial bearings, and how to blazon, or explain, them in proper terms. Blazon is from the German word *blasen*, to blow a horn.

When a knight wished to enter the lists at a tournament, it was the duty of one of the attendant



POINTS OF THE SHIELD.

A.—Middle chief. B.—Dexter chief. C.—Sinister chief. D.—Honor point. E.—Fess point. F.—Nombril point. G.—Base point. H.—Dexter base. I.—Sinister base.

heralds to blow a horn, and then recount the brave deeds of the knight and describe his arms.

We call all the weapons used in battle arms, but in heraldry the word is applied to the crest, helmet, and shield.

The shield, or escutcheon, was the warrior's prin-



OR.



ARGENT.

cipal defense in combat. It was of various forms—round, square, triangular, heart-shaped, or oval.

In the early times of ignorance and barbarity, the men most esteemed were those who were bravest in battle, and in order that these men and their actions should be known, each hero adopted, or had bestowed upon him, some emblem; often a wild beast painted or embroidered on his shield or helmet. As an old writer says:

"They adorned their shields with the figures of



GULES.



AZURE.

monsters and dreadful beasts, intending by the courage and strength of those creatures to represent the like in themselves."

The surface of the shield is called the field, because it contained honorable marks, gained upon the battle-field; as the arms of the family of Lloyd: "Or, four pallets gules." That is, a golden field, with four marks of red upon it.

An ancestor of this family, after fighting valiantly, chanced to draw his hand, which was covered with



SABLE.



VERT.

blood, across his sword, leaving the marks of his four fingers upon it. His king seeing it, ordered him to bear the representation of the four marks upon his shield in memory of his valor.

The devices representing the brave acts achieved by the bearer are called armorial bearings, or achievements.

Everything drawn upon a shield is called a charge.

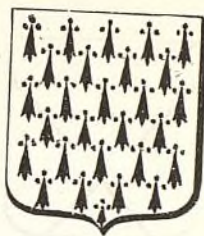
Above is a drawing of the "points of the shield." The shield is supposed to be carried by a warrior

on the left arm. So the right, or dexter side, is at his right hand.

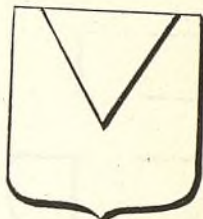
If a device be placed in the Middle Chief, it refers to the head of the bearer, and implies that his strength lies in his wisdom; if in the Dexter, or Sinister Chief, it represents a "badge of honor" appended to his right or left shoulder, the Dexter being more honorable than the Sinister.

A device placed in the Honor Point is most valued, as referring to the heart of the bearer. Next to this is the Fess Point, which refers to a

and the Saltier. The Sub-Ordinaries are diminutives of these; as, the Pallet, the Bendlet.



ERMINE.



THE PILE.



PURPURE.



VAIR.

girdle or sash, in honor of some achievement in arms.

In representing shields of arms, metals, colors, and furs are used. The metals are gold, called *or*, and silver, *argent*. Or is represented by small dots, and argent by white. The colors are—red, *gules*; blue, *azure*; black, *sable*; green, *vert*; and purple, *purpure*. Gules is represented by perpendicular lines; azure, by horizontal, &c.

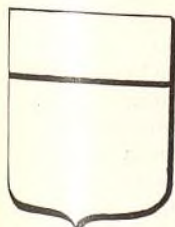
Of the furs, which represented the skins of beasts,



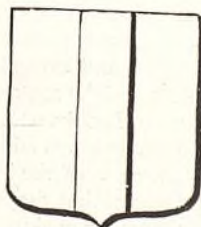
THE FESS.



THE CHEVRON.



THE CHIEF.



THE PALE.

every soldier was obliged to carry one, and to fix it according to the lines drawn for the security of the camp.

The Bend is a band crossing diagonally from Dexter Chief to Sinister base, in imitation of the scarf.

The Bend Sinister crosses from Sinister Chief to Dexter base.

The Fess is a horizontal bar across the middle of the field, representing a belt or girdle.

The Chevron is composed of two stripes coming



THE BEND.



THE BEND SINISTER.

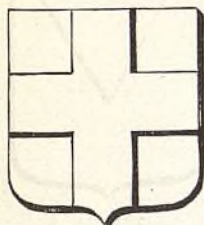
with which the shields were covered in early times, there were originally but two—ermine and vair. Ermine is a white fur with black spots, and vair, supposed to be from the word *varied*, is made up of many skins of the gray and white squirrel put together in small shield-shaped pieces.

Then there are the Honorable Ordinaries and the Lesser, or Sub-Ordinaries. The Honorable Ordinaries are called so because often bestowed upon a soldier on the battle-field as a reward or remembrancer of his valor. There are nine of them—the Chief, the Pale, the Bend, the Bend Sinister, the Fess, the Chevron, the Pile, the Cross,

from the center of the shield, like the rafters of a roof.

The Pile is a triangular figure, like a wedge.

The Cross is the most esteemed of all the Ordinaries, and is composed of the Pale and the Fess crossing each other, as the Cross of St. George.



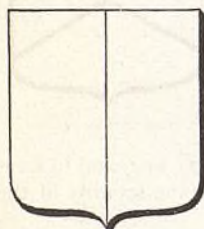
CROSS OF ST. GEORGE.



CROSS OF ST. ANDREW.

The Saltier, or Cross of St. Andrew, is a combination of the Bend and Bend Sinister. The Saltier is said to have been used by soldiers in scaling walls, or by horsemen in place of stirrups.

The shield may also be divided by partition lines, either straight, curved, or angular, as party per Pale, party per Fess. Party means parted. Party per Pale is when the field is divided by a perpendicular line from top to bottom, and party per Fess, by a horizontal line. There are many other partition lines, and they are said to represent fractures



PARTY PER PALE.



PARTY PER FESS.

in the shield, proving that the bearer had been in the hottest of the fight.

Coat-arms that consist of partition lines alone are generally ancient.

"What means this plainness?
Th' ancients plain did go;
Such ancient plainness, ancient
Race doth show"

Coats-of-arms were called *coats*, because they were embroidered on the surcoat worn over the coat-of-mail; and *arms*, because originally borne by armed men in war or tournament.

Sovereigns wore them on golden seals, and on the caparisons of their horses. A woman wore her father's coat-of-arms embroidered upon her kirtle, or skirt, and that of her husband upon her mantle. They were granted by sovereigns as marks of honor for loyal acts.

King Robert the Bruce gave the house of Wintoun a falling crown supported by a sword, to show

that they had upheld the Crown when it was in a distressed state.

He who bore coat-armor was required to conduct himself like an honorable gentleman. The arms of traitors were reversed.

Coats-of-arms were sometimes assumed by the knights themselves, and often represented some personal peculiarity, or had some allusion to the name of the bearer.

The Castletons bore three castles; the Salmons, three salmons; the Lamberts, three lambs.

These last were called *armes parlantes*, or allusive arms.

The heart surmounted by a crown, in the arms of the Douglasses, was in memory of Sir James Doug-



DOUGLAS ARMS.



LION RAMPANT.

las, who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to deposit the heart of his king, Robert Bruce, in holy ground.

"The bloody heart was in the field,
And in the Chief three mullets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood."

Stars of five points are called mullets, and represent the rowels of spurs.

Sir Simon Locard, who went with Sir James Douglas, and carried one of the keys of the silver casket which contained the heart, changed his name to Lockheart, and a human heart in the bow of a padlock was added to his arms.

The arms of the Earls of Orkney were ships, for the reason that they were obliged to furnish a certain number of ships for the king's use.



FLEUR-DE-LIS.



ROSE OF HERALDRY.

Coats-of-arms were used among the Normans in battle to distinguish one from another, as their faces were hidden by their helmets, "that no Nor-

man might perish by the hand of another." They were useful, too, in assisting in the recognition of the dead on the battle-field, as in their armor they looked much alike.

The *fleur-de-lis* is the lily of heraldry. The lion, the king of beasts, was a favorite symbol. It was used by all who were in any way related to the king, and kings bestowed it upon their chosen followers.

Among birds, the eagle was most esteemed, and of fishes, the dolphin.

In the time of the Crusades, when so many soldiers of different nations were assembled together, more emblems were needed. Every soldier who went to the Holy War wore the badge of the cross upon the right shoulder. And they added to their emblems the crescent, the scallop, the turban, and other devices.

There were many kinds of crosses. The Cross of St. George, the Cross of St. Andrew, the Cross of Malta, the Cross-croset, and many others.

The Cross-croset was often fitched, or pointed, at the lower part. It was carried by pilgrims on

In blazoning a coat-of-arms, the field is to be described first; then the divisions, if any, and the ordinaries, and last, the charges; as, azure, a lion rampant and Chief or, by the name of Dix.

That is, a field of blue, with a golden lion rampant and a Chief of gold.

Besides the shield and the symbols and devices placed upon it, there are other objects belonging



SCALLOP.



CRESCENT.

to armorial bearing. These are the external ornaments,—the Helmet, the Wreath, the Crest, the Mantling, the Motto, and the Supporters.

The Helmet is placed just above the shield, and was made of leather or of thin metal, often representing the head of a wild beast or bird.

The Wreath is of twisted silk of two colors, and was worn by ancient knights as a head-dress at tournaments, in imitation of the turbans of the Saracens.

The Crest, the highest part, is generally some part of the coat-armor of the bearer, or assumed in memory of some event in the family history.

Once when an English knight overthrew two foreign knights at a tournament, his king was so pleased that he gave him a ring, telling him to add it to his Crest, which is now a lion rampant, holding in his dexter paw a ring.

The Mantling represents the piece of cloth or leather worn over the helmet to protect it from wet, and it was often hacked in pieces by the sword of



EAGLE.



DOLPHIN.

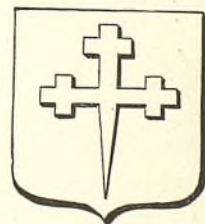
their journeys, and could be fixed in the ground so that they might perform their devotions by the wayside.

As coats-of-arms became more numerous, different knights took the same devices, and the different coats-of-arms came to be so much alike that it made confusion. Then strict laws were made, regulating the attitudes of the animals and the number and position of the charges. For example, one knight might display upon his shield a lion rampant, that is, standing up ready for combat—the most honorable position for the lion. On another there might be a lion guardant, that is, with the face turned frontwise looking round to observe the enemy; or regardant, having the head turned backward, as if urging on his followers; or passant, walking cautiously, as though searching for the enemy.

When a knight died, a black frame covered with canvas, with his arms represented upon it, was placed, with one of its corners uppermost, on the front of his house, and was afterward set up in the church or near to the grave. This was called a hatchment.



CROSS OF MALTA.



CROSS CROSET (FITCHED).

the enemy. The more it was cut and mutilated, the more honorable it was.

The Motto was inscribed upon a ribbon or scroll, and is supposed to have originated in the ancient war-cries and the watchwords employed in camps and garrisons.

The motto of the family of Dix is "*Quod dixi, dixi*"—"What I have said, I have said."

When the knights were about to enter the lists at a tournament, their banners or shields were held by their pages, disguised in the forms of animals, standing on their hind legs and supporting the shield with their paws. This is supposed to be the origin of Supporters. For example, we have the lion and the unicorn in the English arms.

Some American boys and girls may think that

the study of heraldry can be of no advantage to the people of a republic. But apart from the fact that we ought to know something about a subject which has been, and still is, considered of so great importance in other countries, and which is continually referred to in English literature, we should be able to understand the arms of our several States, as well as many other heraldic symbols which are used for ornamental and other purposes even in our own country.

THE SKIPPING-ROPE.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

Now all ye tearful children, come and listen while I tell
About the little fairy folk, and what to them befell;
And how three little fairies sat them down, one Summer day,
And cried among the grasses till the others flew away.

They flew away, bewildered, for it gave them such a fright
To see the fairies crying with the jolly sun in sight;
And so they left them all alone, and there they sat, and cried
Six little streams of fairy tears, that trickled side by side.

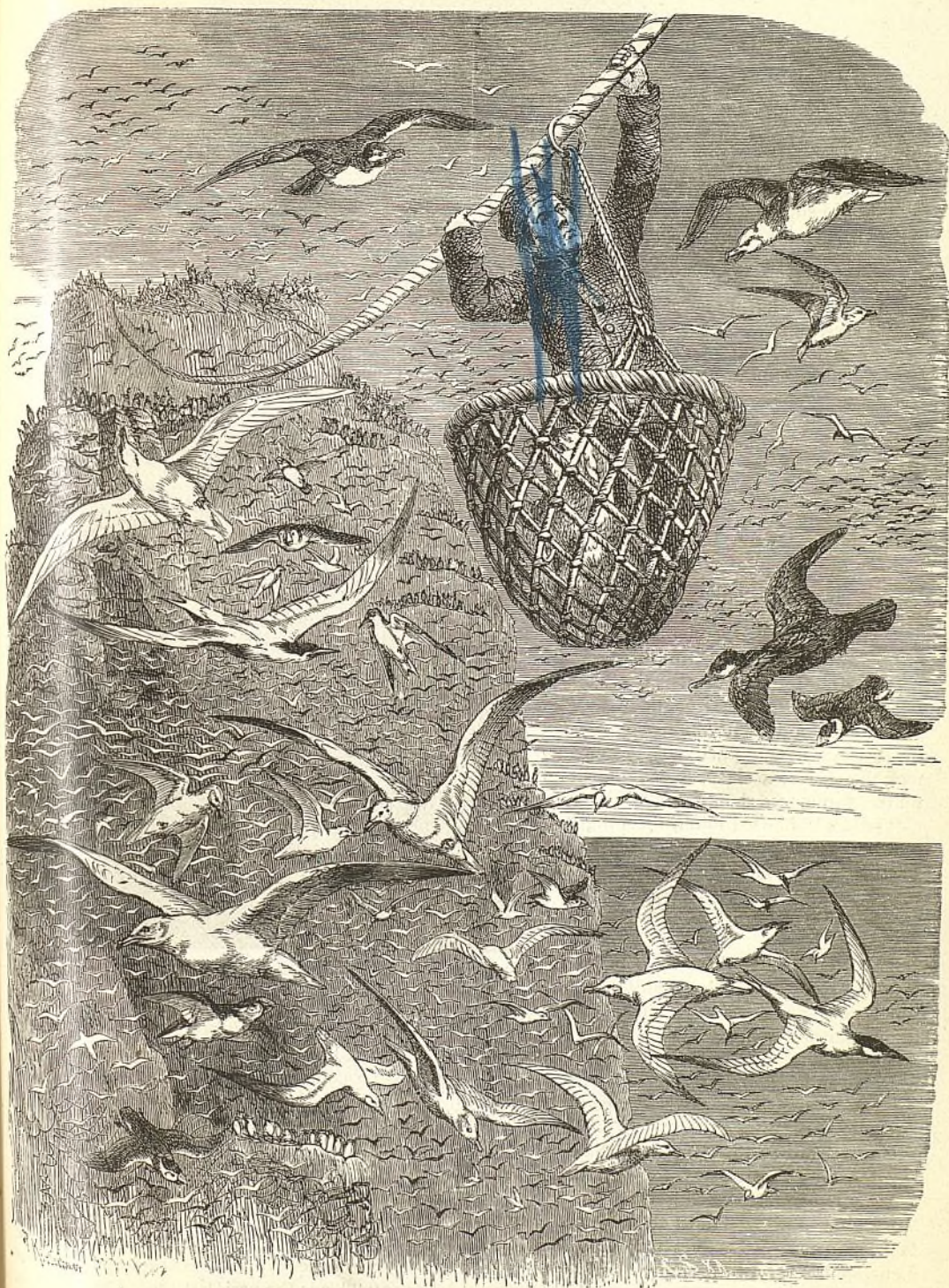
And looking down, the laughing sun among the drops did pass,
And he laid a little rainbow beside them on the grass.
Then quickly rose the fairies and clapped their gleeful hands—
"We've found the brightest skipping-rope in all the fairy lands."

And there they jumped their tears away, and jumped their dimples in;
And jumped until their laughter came—a tinkling, fairy din.
What! you say you don't believe it, you saucy little elf?
Then run and get your skipping-rope, and try it for yourself!

THE CRADLE OF NOSS.

ON the opposite page is a picture of the "Cradle of Noss," about which "Jack-in-the Pulpit" talked to the children last month. The birds do not seem very friendly to the man in the Cradle; and, indeed, they have no reason to like him, for he has been robbing them of their eggs. As one might im-

agine from the multitude of birds, there are so many eggs on these great tall rocks that some of them can be spared very well; but for all that, the scene looks like one that might rouse the spirit of true Bird-defenders, if there are any such in the Shetland Islands, where this Cradle is used.



THE CRADLE OF NOSS.

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE GRAND-NIECES.

BY ELSIE GORHAM.

AUNT DEBBY had gone to the sewing-circle, else Mrs. Jarley's wax-works would not have been progressing so finely, you may be sure. Aunt Debby, in the warm summer afternoons, always took a nap in the lower bedroom. But on this particular golden afternoon nobody could have got a wink of sleep in any of the bedrooms, upstairs or down-stairs, so very great was the uproar of Mrs. Jarley and her wax figures.

Aunt Debby, quilting vigorously at the town-hall on a missionary quilt, little dreamed of the small Goths and Vandals, her grand-nieces and nephews, ransacking in her precious attic and dragging its treasures down into the best bedroom, for their own delight and the delight of their hastily gathered little friends and neighbors.

The best bedroom, barred and bolted, had been in a state of siege for an hour or two. Plum Packard and her little brother Pell took turns hammering at the door with knuckle and toe, and in hoarse roars of "Lem me in! lem me in!"

But Mrs. Jarley and the riotous wax figures, secure in the strength of the old oaken door and clumsy bolt, only derided the besiegers, and finally bade them go rock themselves to sleep, like good babies, till the 'formances should begin!

"Babies!" howled Plum, throwing herself flat on the floor, in very rage and weariness, her disheveled hair rippling and rolling around her.

"Babith!" echoed Pell, who was seldom original.

Then he went on dismally grinding his tearless eyes with his very grimy knuckles.

"I'm as big as Jenny Pickman!" roared Plum, in tones meant to pierce a particular ear on the other side of the best bedroom door. "She's going to be a wax figger."

"How do you know she is?" piped a voice from the bedroom.

"'Cause our Pell peeked under the door and saw her dressed up like an old woman with a spinning-wheel. O wont she catch it when——"

"Yeth! I peeked and I thaw!" screamed little Pell, his great black eyes twinkling with excitement, and every little round curl on his head shaking nervously. "Wont the catth it!"

At this, a loud laugh and a laugh all together

came from the inconsequent wax figures, and then the din of preparation went on more noisily than ever.

Plum was now quite beside herself with anger at being so persistently barred out, forgetting that she had been turned out of the bedroom because of "the mischiefs and bothers" she had made. She began to kick and pommel the floor, crying out that it was a "mean shame!"

"Yeth, a mean thame!" agreed Pell, his mouth in a tremulous pucker and a great tear splashing over his mottled little nose.



"LIKE AN OLD WOMAN WITH A SPINNING-WHEEL."

He stooped compassionately to disentangle Plum's buttons from her long floating hair.

"I don't b'lieve mamma would thay you're thetting me a good thample. Would the, Plum?"

He fell on his frayed hands and knees, and peered into Plum's ruby face for an answer.

"Peletiah Packard, I don't believe she would!" replied Plum, in very subdued tones, brought to her senses by the pleading eyes and the sweet breath blown over her cheeks from Pell's rosy little mouth. That she, Plum, should be leading dear little Pell in the ways of bad temper, quite sobered her. "This is the very last time I'm ever in this world going to behave so."

"The vewy lath time!" chimed in Pell, sweetly, his trust in Plum as serene as if he had not heard her make and break the same promise fifty times before.

"Let's go up to the garret," said Plum, sitting up erect now, and smoothing her disordered dress. "Come, Pell, and we'll have a good time all by our own two selves. Who cares for their old wax-works?"

Pell, nothing loth, was dragged briskly toward the attic stairs, and had just crowed out, in a broken, breathless fashion:

"Who careth? Leth—"

Just then, Plum, whisking him round a corner, hurled him, nose first, against the banisters.

Plum was now all tenderness and pity. Rushing into the nearest chamber, she pulled a pretty frilled sham from the bed and a pitcher of water from the stand, and began to sop the bruised little feature, looking ruefully now at the swollen nose and then at the pitcher, the handle of which she had broken in her haste.

Every other minute she stopped to hug Pell, and assure him his nose was better now.

But every other minute Pell roared in reply, "No, no, it th badder!"

Plum burst into tears at last, and flung down the pillow-sham in despair.

"O dear me, Pell Packard, what *shall* I do? It's grown 'most as big as a turnip."

"Oh, bigger! bigger!" sobbed Pell, measuring his nose with his thumbs; "big as a cheeth!"

"You hush a minute, Pell, dear," called out Plum, brightening. "I'll put on a paper plaster to it, and then it wont grow another mite, 'cept the other way—smaller."

Plum flew to upset the waste-basket, and, leaving the contents scattered about on the closet floor, ran breathlessly back with a jagged bit of brown paper, which she stuck, with much assurance, on the little upturned, imploring nose of half-doubting Pell.

"You *thure*, now, it wont make it grow big fathrer?" entreated Pell.

"You goose, you know you feel it growing littler," asserted Plum, so positively that Pell, at length half-convinced, whispered:

"I gueth I do, Plum."

Triumphant Plum, well pleased, cried out:

"Come upstairs, and we'll have fun now."

Snatching up Pell, and "boosting," dropping, dragging him by turns, she bounced him down at last rather suddenly in the middle of the sloping attic.

"O my!" he exclaimed, with his eyes and mouth so round with astonishment, you never would have known him for Pell Packard.

If you had seen Aunt Debby's attic, all littered

with old dresses, and the trunk-tops all standing open, and the bags and boxes tumbled round, you would n't wonder Pell's eyes and mouth were in such a pucker.

He knew just how orderly and nice it always was there, with the great trunks in a solemn row, all winking at little boys with their millions of brass eyes.

He knew, for he used to go up there rainy afternoons with Plum, and play "chariot of fire" in the old copper warming-pan. All his small fingers and toes were not enough to count the number of times they had quarreled in settling who should be "Lijah" and who should be "horses."

He knew, for after they had done playing "ark" in the meal-chest in the corner, Plum and he taking turns being Noah, and his little dog Frisk figuring as pairs of all the animals in turns from the camel to the bumble-bee, Pell was very careful to put the meal-chest back straight against the wall, just as the trunks and boxes all stood. O, but Plum and he never touched the trunks.

For this reason: One of their cousins had told them, in strict confidence, the tale of a parrot who had got shut up in one of the trunks once, a good while ago, before hardly anybody was born. So he had to die, and his feathers were, by and by, all that was left of him. But if you put your ear down to the keyhole, you could hear them saying, "Polly wants a cracker," just exactly the same as if they had a stomach to put things into.

The children ever after took good care to play a long way off from the trunks.

"O my!" thought Pell, aghast, "who could 'a' dartht to open thethe?"

"Only just look here, Pell," cried Plum, pouncing in ecstasy on an old squirrel-skin cape.

The naughty little wax figures and prying Mrs. Jarley, searching for costumes, had boldly tossed it out of its nice box.

"I'll dress up in it, and I'll be a tiger—oh, how splendid!—and I'll play I have claws!"

"No, no!" stoutly roared terrified Pell.

"A dear little pussy-cat, then," conceded Plum, rolling herself up in the fur and running round on all fours, mewing.

Pell, alarmed lest pussy should take him for a mouse, or big rat perhaps, scrambled up on a soap-box, and announced shrilly that he was a little boy.

"I ith nuffin—only Pell."

"Come right down, then, and tie on the dust-brush to me. How can I be a cat without I have a good long tail?"

"I want to be thumfin!" sniffled Pell, without stirring from his perch.

"Be a canary-bird," suggested Plum, mewing fearfully.

"Cath eat birdth!" quavered Pell.

"Play they did n't," coaxed the ready Plum. "Play they loved each other ever so much, and always went all about the world together in pairs ever since they got mixed up coming out of the ark."

"O yeth," agreed Pell, delighted. "Canawieth are made out of feverth. Where ith thum?"

"I do wish you ever could find anything for yourself, and not be so plaguy and bothering, Pell," replied Plum, pettishly casting her cat-skin.

Pell, accused of being plaguy and bothering, fell to weeping noisily.

"Hush this minute, Pell Packard. If you don't, I'll make an owl of you instead of a canary-bird."

Shuddering, Pell hushed in a twinkling.

Plum's quick eye had espied some "jolly" hen's feathers sticking out of the corner of an old bolster. Yes, jolly was just what she thought them—only thought; she did n't say it, for she was not allowed to call things jolly, except such as were really jolly.

Her quick hands had seized the bottle of mucilage standing near on a brown old rafter.

"Now, Pell, darling, shut your eyes and your mouth, while I make you into a bird."

But Pell kept a corner of one eye open, though his mouth was screwed up very close indeed. Plum laid on the mucilage thick and recklessly, and pleased little Pell saw himself rapidly bristling with feathers.

"You'll want wings, you know," wheedled Plum, who saw objections in Pell's now wide open eyes.

Without further parley, she decked little Pell's shoulders with two dusty turkey-wings.

"Fot am I," he inquired, dubiously,—"am I a owl?"

"No, the loveliest canary-bird."

Plum slipped into the cape again, and happy little Pell, his doubts all dispelled, tied on the dust-brush, to Plum's entire satisfaction. Pussy agreed to tell stories of all the mice she had caught, and birdie of all the worms he had gobbled, when a call was heard from below that the wax-works were going to begin, and spectators must be in their seats.

Pell looked at his feathered sack.

"We've just as much right to dress up as they," asserted Plum, with a defiant toss of the head, while she gathered her cat-skin in her arms preparatory to going down. "I'll go in it mewing, and you, Pell, go in whistling. They wont stop to push us out if they want to, they will all be in such a hurry to begin. You look beautiful, Pell," declared Plum, by way of encouragement to Pell, who was gazing askance at his feathers.

So down went the audience, and saw the best bedroom door wide open at last, sheets curtaining

off most of the room, and Biddy, the cook, perched up in a chair as close as she could get to the sheets.

"Sinses!" remarked Biddy, uneasily, as she saw the funny little figures coming through the door. "Sich quare little bastes intirely!"

"I ith n't Pell now; I'th a canary-bird," announced Pell, flopping his turkey-wings, and pointing to his feathery breast.

Further explanations were drowned in the roar that came from behind the curtains,—for any number of little eyes had been peeping through the holes which small fingers had torn in the sheets to view the entrance of Plum and Pell.

Mrs. Jarley's shrill, small voice was heard trying vainly to restore order. From the outcries, it would seem as if she had fallen bodily on the wax figures, and was pommeling them back to their places.

Soon her head, bonneted in Aunt Debby's huge old satin structure, was thrust out angrily from between the sheets, and, shaking a tattered umbrella at the offenders, she called out:

"If you don't stop that mewing, and take off those things, Plum Packard, I'll come right out and —"

She brandished the umbrella so fiercely that Plum in a second was sitting up, primly expectant, in the spectators' seat, with Pell beside her, trying to hide his feathers and wings under her overskirt.

Biddy, meantime, had set up a long wail over the doings of "thim impish little Packards," and, with arms akimbo, was standing up and prophesying to Pell of a judgment to come when his mother should return.

"Stop, wont you now, Biddy McClure," commenced small Mrs. Jarley, through the parted sheets.

A bell rang, the curtains were drawn, and Mrs. Jarley and her wax figures stood revealed.

Little Fanny Worthington, as "Mrs. Jarley," in Aunt Debby's trailing skirt and sweeping Shetland shawl, was almost buried under the feathers and flowers and lace of the big bonnet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began, curtsying to Plum and Pell and Biddy, "I'm Mrs. Jarley, and these are my beautiful wax statues," pointing with her umbrella anywhere but at the giggling little group behind her. "Once they were alive and famous; now they're turned to wax and froufrou. When they are wound up they all begin to do just as they used to. I'm going to wind them pretty soon, and so you'll see all about it."

"This, ladies, is the Cardiff giant. He's a little short in the arms, but his legs are lovely long, and his head, you see, is beautiful and big. There

were no naughty little boys left where he lived, for he ate one every night for his supper, till they were all gone, and so then he starved to death and turned to wax."

Mrs. Jarley looked hard at Pell, as if to say it was lucky for him the giant had n't lived in his neighborhood; and the giant looked so hard at Pell from under his great wig, that Pell quaked under his feathers.

But then he need n't, for the giant was only Susie Pickman standing on a high chair, wrapped in a sheet which swept the floor, her face all flour, and a big tow wig on her head.

"Tip-top, thin, arltegether," was Biddy's opinion of the fine paper ruff.

"'T is n't proper for you to talk, Biddy," quoth Mrs. Jarley, tripping over her shawl ends.

"And this is Robersing Cruser, mending his stockings, because he's on a desert island where there's nobody else that knows how to. And this is the cross schoolmistress, that liked to have got put into jail; and this one is the good little girl she shook 'most to pieces. Now, I can't wait to tell you about the rest; I'm going to wind them all up."

Just as Mrs. Jarley began this performance, a



AUNT DEBBY ARRIVES ON THE SCENE.

"When he's wound up," went on Mrs. Jarley, glibly, pointing at the giant with her umbrella, "this giant, this Cardiff giant, he opens his mouth to say 'more,' which means 'more boys,' because he likes the taste of naughty ones. But he can't say 'more,' because he's wax; he only opens his mouth. Oh, now you need n't begin till you're wound up. Do you hush!"

The giant thus reproved shut his mouth very meekly.

"And this is 'Bopeep,' who has lost her sheep. When she's wound up, she keeps looking over her shoulder to find 'em."

"And this is Queen Elizabeth, who cut off Mary Queen of Scots' head. She did other things besides, when she was alive; but that's all the things she does now, when she's wound up. Is n't her ruff lovely? I made it."

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shrill voice was heard in the doorway, and the Roman nose and eagle eyes of Aunt Debby peered in.

Mrs. Jarley, in her fright, dropped the watchman's-rattle with which she was noisily winding up the Cardiff giant. The little wax figures would fain have flown out of the door if there had been another than the one in which Aunt Debby was standing.

"Pretty times, I should think! Plum Packard, where did you get this cape?" laying ungente hands on quaking little Plum, who sat near.

"And this, and this, and this?"

Aunt Debby's voice rose higher and higher, as she brusquely disrobed Mrs. Jarley of bonnet and shawl and skirt.

"We thought you would n't mind," ventured the Cardiff giant, getting down out of the chair in

such a hurry as grievously to rend the sheet which represented his marble proportions.

"U-ugh! one of my best Hollands," gasped Aunt Debby, in a half-smothered shriek. "Don't come near my nice alpaca, Susie Pickman, with your floury face and wig!"

The Cardiff giant retreated.

"You don't mind *very* much, though, do you, auntie?" wheedled Mrs. Jarley, pushing away the golden tangles of hair from her two beseeching eyes.

Rigid Aunt Debby softened visibly under the glances of this her beloved grand-niece, and she said, much more mildly:

"If you had only asked me, Fanny, before I went out, I would have brought you all you wanted for your play. But to go marauding round, the minute my back was turned, upsetting the attic and the house generally, is not what I expected of *you*, Fanny, at any rate."

"I know we ought not to have been so thoughtless and naughty, Aunt Debby; but if we never will do so again, wont you forgive us this time?" pleaded Fanny.

Aunt Debby's glance just then fell on little Pell.

"What *have* you been doing, Pell?" She twirls him round for inspection. "Oh, it's a mercy to you I'm not your mother just now! Oh, it is!" Twirls him again. "I would put you through a course of spankings you would remember."

"No, you would n't darester," retorted irreverent Pell, whose blood was up at being thus publicly shamed. "You'd better go up ga-wit and thee what thumbbody eltheth been doing up there."

Pell shrugged his turkey-wings as Aunt Debby darted off at his suggestion, and the children, sadder if not wiser for this hour of mischief, brought their wax-works to a sudden close.

THE FEAST OF FLAGS.

BY W. E. GRIFFIS.

IF you were in Japan during the first week in May, you would see huge fishes made of paper flying in the air. Every Japanese family, in which there are boys, plants a tall bamboo pole in the ground. To the top of the pole is hung a large paper representation of a carp. The fish is held to the pole by a piece of cord fastened in its gills. It is made hollow, so that the breeze will fill it out full and oval like a real carp. There it swims in the air from morning till night for a week or more. To-day, while I am writing this in Yeddo, all over the city you can see these carp, some of them twenty feet long, tugging at their lines like fish with baited hooks in their mouth. There must be thousands of them.

What are they for? They are put up in honor of the boys. If a boy-baby has been born in a Japanese house during the year, the *nobori*, as the paper fish is called, is sure to be hoisted. Even if there are boys in the house several years old, the *nobori* is usually raised.

How curious! Why do the Japanese hoist the *nobori*? The reason is this: The carp, or *koi*, as the Japanese call it, is a strong fish that lives in rivers and can leap high out of the water. It can jump over rocks; it can swim against a strong

current; it can snap up flies in the air; it can leap up high enough to mount over waterfalls. So you see it can overcome most of the difficulties that lie in a carp's way.

Now the Japanese father thinks this is what a boy ought to be able to do—to mount over all difficulties, and to face every danger. Hence, the carp is the symbol of a boy's youth and manhood. Every proud father who has a boy-baby hoists the *nobori*. When the boy-baby is old enough, he raises it himself.

You see much more than these big paper fishes at the Feast of Flags in May. If you look in the shops of Yeddo or Fukui during the first week in May, you will see ever so many nice toys such as Japanese boys play with. There are hundreds of big paper fishes, and thousands of flags. Japanese flags are long and narrow, and not like ours. You will not see any dolls such as the girls play with. Instead of these are thousands of splendidly dressed images of Japanese generals, captains and heroes, all in armor, with spears in their hands and swords in their belts, and bows and arrows at their backs. They have helmets on their heads, and sandals on their feet. Some are on foot, others are on horse-back. Then there are all kinds of toy animals,

made of silk, such as monkeys, cows and oxen, wild boars which the hunters kill, together with tents, houses, banner-stands, and racks for spears and arrows made of wood. Such toys as these are sold only in the months of April and May, just as the girls' toys for the Feast of Dolls are sold only in February and March. When we see these boys' toys for sale, we know that the Feast of Flags is near at hand.

Now, when I told you about Komme and Lugi and the Feast of Dolls, I said they had two brothers. My story is about these two boys.

The older one was nine years old at the time of my story. His name was Fukutaro. That means "Happy first-born son." He was not the oldest child of his father, but he was his first son. The younger of the sons, and the youngest of the family, was named Rokuni, which means "six-two," because the little fellow was born on the second day of the sixth month, as the Japanese count—or on the second of June, as we reckon.

Ever since Fukutaro was born, the *nobori* had been hoisted, and the Feast of Flags celebrated in his house. Now, this year, father and mother had two sons, and Fukutaro would have a companion to play with, though he was still very little.

"Wife," said the Japanese papa one evening at supper-time when eating his rice, "we must buy a new *nobori* and flags for little Rokuni to-morrow, and get a new spear and an image of Yoritomo for Fukutaro. Will you attend to it?"

"I will do so to-morrow. Mr. Tanaka, who keeps the toy-shop, sent me word that he had just received a lot of new toys and *nobori* from Yeddo."

"And Fukutaro, can you hoist the *nobori* yourself, if Ginzo puts up the pole for you?"

"O yes! May I, father? And let baby see it, too, please! And you said you would buy me a new spear, and Yoritomo on horseback for me. I am so glad. Now my set will be as complete as my Cousin Yonosuke's. Thank you, thank you."

So, when the evening of the fourth of May came, all the toys and images used in former years were taken out of the fire-proof storehouse, and were ranged in the same room in which the girls' Feast of Dolls had been celebrated. Outside of the house in the garden the man-servant Ginzo had planted a strong bamboo pole, thirty feet high, with a pulley and rope.

The fifth of May was a lovely day. When Fukutaro woke up, he rushed into the room to see his new spear and his image of Yoritomo, the famous general, on horseback. And when little Rokuni, with his face washed and head shaved, and in a new dress, was brought in, he crowed with

delight at the banner-stand and helmet, and the little *nobori* his father had bought for him. He wanted to crawl up to the helmet to put it on, and to wave one of the flags.

"Wait, Rokuni," said Fukutaro; "let us hoist the *nobori*. Come all and see it."

All—father and mother, Komme and Lugi—went out into the garden. Little Rokuni climbed up on nurse's back, and was carried out pick-a-back to be present with the rest.

"There is a good breeze to-day, and the *nobori* will hang out stiffly, just as prettily as if it were swimming in the Ashiwa River. Here, Rokuni, look!"

With this, Fukutaro caught hold of the free end of the rope. The other was attached to opposite sides of a round hoop that held the paper fish's mouth open.

The big black paper fish was fifteen feet long, and had a mouth large enough to swallow Jonah, with a body wide enough to board and lodge him for a week. As it rose in the air, the breeze caught the fish, and it floated out beautifully and flapped its tail as if alive.

"There, it's up!" cried Fukutaro, while Rokuni crowed and almost danced himself off his nurse's back, making a complete wreck of her nicely balanced head-dress.

Komme and Lugi, one on each side, had to hug him to keep him in order.

"I am going up on the fire look-out to see the other *nobori*," said Fukutaro; and up he climbed into the tower which stood near the house, and which was used for watching fires. "Splendid!" said he, as he looked from the top over the city. "I can count one, two—ten—twenty—fifty—a hundred— Well, I cannot finish counting the big fishes. Many of them are new, too."

In every direction the big paper fishes were flying in the wind, tugging at their lines as if alive. Some were old, and the lively breeze had blown the fins and tails to tatters, and rent many a hole in their bodies; but most of them were whole, and wriggled their fins and tails like real fishes.

I have not yet told you anything about the toys. When Fukutaro got tired of looking at the *nobori*, he came down to play. I shall tell you first about Rokuni's banner-stand and helmet. In Japan, every Japanese gentleman buys his son a toy helmet, to remind him that he may be a soldier some time, and therefore he must always be brave. Japanese helmets have a curious vizor, like a mask, and a long fringe of hair around the sides, and horns in front—I suppose to frighten enemies. On the banner-stand in the picture, the first pole has a round and gilded ball of plaited bamboo. The *nobori* hangs to it. On the second and sixth

poles are large round plumes of silvery horse-hair, like those carried in Japanese parades and processions.

Next, is a picture of Shoki. Shoki was a famous fellow, very rough and stout, with a big sword, with which he is supposed to kill all the wild beasts, wicked men, and whatever will hurt good little boys. He is a sort of "Jack, the Giant-killer," only he is a giant himself.

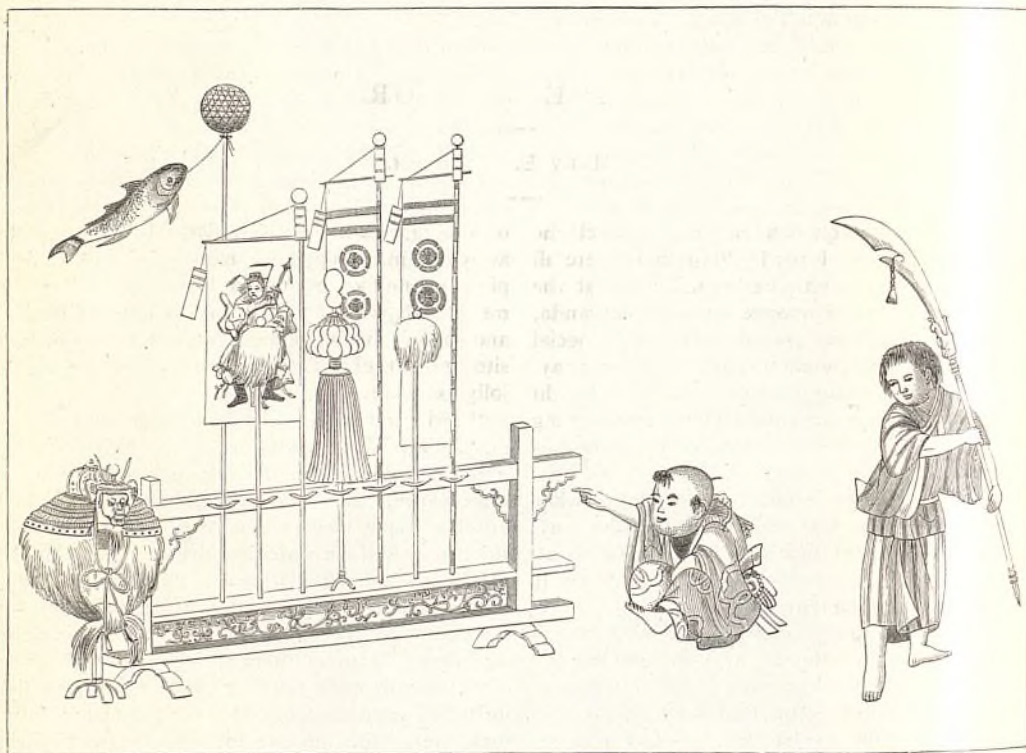
On the fourth pole is Taiko's banner. Taiko was the greatest general Japan ever had. In his first battle, he stuck a gourd (a kind of double mock-

pretty toys set out for Fukutaro. There was a fine image of Jigo Kogo, in armor—the brave queen who wore a sword like a man, led an army, and conquered Corea.

Next came her great son, Hachiman, who was also a famous warrior.

The old men in gray beards were the wise men who gave counsel to the war-queen Kogo. There was an image of Shoki, a foot high; and that of Taiko on horseback, with his armor and spear, was nearly two feet high.

Then there was a hunting-ground among the



ROKUNI'S BANNER-STAND. (FROM A DRAWING BY A JAPANESE ARTIST.)

orange) on the top of a pole. Every time he won a victory he added another gourd beneath it, till his pole was full. All his enemies were afraid, but his friends were cheered, whenever Taiko's banner of gourds was seen. Beneath the gourds, which are gilt, are long strips of shining white paper. Every Japanese boy likes to have Taiko's banner of golden gourds.

The fifth and seventh banners are like those of the prince whom Fukutaro's ancestors served. The two round figures on the banners are the crests or family coat-of-arms of the prince.

But this one banner-stand, bought expressly for little Rokuni, was scarcely a tenth part of all the

mountains, where Yoritomo and his warriors hunted the wild boar. There were other splendid toys representing Yoshitsune Kintaro, and the great men and famous boys, of whom all Japanese story-books tell, and of whom every boy in Japan knows well. Some time I shall tell you some pleasant stories about them; but now their names are too strange for you to be interested in them.

It was a good long day for Fukutaro. When he had played with his flags and banners and images, he went out in the garden and shot arrows at a target. He had a splendid silver-tipped bow, and long steel-headed arrows made of cherry wood, with red and white feathers. He was such a good

shot that he could easily hit a fern-leaf at twenty feet.

In the afternoon, Fukutaro went over to see his two cousins who lived on the south side of the river. There the three boys played "Yoritomo hunting the wild boar," and the "Battle of Genji and Heiki," using soldiers made of straw to shoot at with their arrows, which had real iron heads on them.

When Fukutaro fell asleep that night, what do you think he dreamed about! Well, he was walking along a brook, near a waterfall, and he saw a carp leap clear up out of the water, and over the falls. Happy as a lark, he told his dream the next day to his father, who said:

"Good, my son! So may you mount over all difficulties."

A LIVE METEOR.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

WE sat up one night last summer to watch the fall of the meteors. It paid, although we were all rather drowsy the next afternoon. I sat at the library window which opened upon the veranda, where the children were grouped, each with special occupation, trying to while the languid hours away. Lucy was embroidering a startling initial in bright zephyr upon German canvas; Ned was whittling jack-straws; and Bert was tinkering away at a wonderful dissecting-map of his own invention. Uncle Beverly, who had been swinging in the hammock, after a lazy habit acquired in the Malay-Asian Archipelago or the Antilles (for Uncle Bev was a restless traveler), laughed as Bert yawned fearfully for the twentieth time since luncheon.

"Poor little chicks," he said, teasingly. "Would they sit up all night star-gazing, and are they so sleepy?"

Bert answered in aggrieved tones:

"Can't a person stretch himself without being sleepy, I wonder?"

Uncle Bev suddenly became very grave, and made reply:

"I suppose a person can; and I hope all persons will pardon my too hasty inferences. I was only intending to 'propose, in case anybody owned to feeling sleepy, you know, to waken such a one with the story of the splendid streaming meteor I once saw in New Guinea. But of course if there's no need—"

"Oh," cried Lucy eagerly, "tell us, please; I'm as sleepy as can be."

"So am I," Ned chimed in; for Uncle Bev was a story-teller not to be despised. Moreover, in his roamings through many lands, he observed the things that he saw. It is not every one who travels,

or who bides at home, that does this. Bert flung away his map, flipped a peanut at Poll, who, hopping on one foot, eyed it in disgust, and croaked in melancholy tones: "Take it away! take it away!" and then, yawning again, our oldest owned that sitting up nights for shooting-stars was not a bit jolly next day, adding cutely:

"Did *you* find it so, Uncle Bev?"

"I did n't sit up for them," Uncle Bev replied. "I saw mine while sleeping in the daytime, or rather when just awaking from a morning nap, after an unsuccessful night hunt."

"Oh now," cried Lucy incredulously, "a meteor by daylight!"

"Yes; and a live one at that," persisted Uncle Bev, "and cawed like a crow,—a refined, etherealized crow,—and summoned a dozen or so of its kind, who all bathed in a pool close by, and then fluttered up to the low-spreading branches of a neighboring teak-tree, where they disported themselves in a most bewitching manner as they made their toilets."

"Uncle Bev!" exclaimed Lucy, "is that all a riddle?"

"Yes," laughed the story-teller. "Give it up? *Paradisea Apoda.*"

"Oh, now I know all about it," cried Bert, brightening up. "Bird-o'-paradise! has n't any feet; lives on the wing, and feeds on dew; raises its young on the shoulders of the male bird, and comes from the Garden of Eden. When it wants to rest it hangs itself to a tree-limb by its tail feathers."

How Uncle Bev laughed!

"Bless my life! what a surprising quantity of knowledge, and of what surprising quality. A

great bird-of-paradise with no feet! A native Papuan would tell you that its feet and legs are of great size and very strong. How this old notion first originated I can't say. I've heard that the bird-hunters who sold them in Batavia and Singapore used to cut off their legs in order to enhance the value, by making the birds appear to be footless."

"I'm sure the name '*Apoda*' ——" began Bert.

"Is a relic of the old superstition," continued Uncle Bev. "The naturalist who retained this absurd designation probably thought more of distinguishing an already recognized species than of perpetuating a fallacy. Then, as to the living on dew, well, the insects of Papua and the Arroo Islands and that very old teak-tree could tell a truer tale. I have seen the lovely tamed birds of my friend, Mr. Sales, eat boiled rice and eggs and plantain. Indeed, many a choice bit of fruit have I tossed them, and learned in the exercise of feeding the birds to be quite skillful as a tosser, for if by chance any bit fell to the bottom of the cages, instead of into the open bill, the birds will not come down for it at risk of soiling their exquisite plumage, for of all creatures birds-of-paradise are the most daintily cleanly."

"And don't they come from Eden?" asked Bert, ruefully. "Is the whole of the name a fraud?"

"Possibly the species was known to Adam and Noah," said Uncle Bev. "They are certainly beautiful enough to have adorned the gardens of the terrestrial Paradise, but I think at the present day one may search for them with hope of success only in the Malaysian Archipelago. During the dry weather of the north-west monsoon many of these birds, flying in flocks of thirty or forty, led by a leader, as our geese fly, leave Papua for the Arroo Islands, lying to the west. They return during the south-east monsoon. On account of their peculiar plumage they always face the wind, whether flying or sitting. A sudden change of wind confuses them, and often dashes them to the ground. Mr. Sales captured several of his specimens in one of these shiftings of the wind."

"Why is a bird-of-paradise like a meteor?" asked Ned, for all the world in the tone of one putting a conundrum. Uncle Bev, however, remembered his styling it a splendid streaming meteor, and answered:

"As I opened my eyes that memorable morning upon the enchanting spectacle, I could liken it to nothing that would so nearly illustrate the brilliancy of its glancing beauty as it streamed before my surprised and delighted vision."

"Did you not try to catch it?" asked Lucy.

"No; for before I could recover from my first surprise my meteor uttered a few short, happy, melodious notes, followed by a sharp, quick *caw*, and lo, a whole bevy of the superb creatures came glancing down, and plunged into the waters of the pool, and then I began to realize that if I kept perfectly motionless I should have the chance I had most longed for since coming to New Guinea—of witnessing the bird-of-paradise performing his morning ablutions.

"In order to make my account of the apoda's peculiar manner of making his toilet, I will first describe to you as well as I can the peculiarity of the plumage of this variety of the species. The whole family of birds-of-paradise is noted for the wondrous beauty and lustrousness of the rich and varied coloring, and the gem-like glittering of the splendid metallic tints. This picture in my portfolio of the red bird-of-paradise represents another bird of this family, that closely resembles the apoda in its general form and in the arrangement of its plumage.

"The apoda has no crest like that which you notice on the head of this bird, and the plumes on the sides of the apoda are of different colors, ranging from yellow to purple, while those of the other are of a magnificent red, giving it the name of the ruby, or red bird-of-paradise. In other respects the two are very much alike.

"The plumage of the head, neck, and throat of the apoda is dense and short, resembling the pile of the richest velvet. The hue of the feathers of the bill and face is black, changing to green; that of those on the throat, front half of neck, and upper part of the breast is of the rarest emerald green; that of the back of the neck, shoulders, and top of the head is of a light golden yellow, while that of the back, wings, and tail is of a bright chocolate color. The plumage of the lower breast is of a reddish chestnut, inclining to purple."

"Oh, how exquisite!" sighed the color-loving Lucy.

"Words convey no idea of the exceeding brilliancy of the glinting hues, which seem to glow and scintillate like gems of the first water. As I lay under the tree, enjoying the vision of the mingling, interfusing and most exquisitely tinted colors, I thought that these lovely creatures were rightly named birds-of-paradise, for the glorious dyes of their wondrous plumage seemed worthy to have been reflections of the glowing, gem-laid walls of the Celestial City.

"From beneath the short, chocolate-tinted wings spring numerous slender, delicate plumes, about eighteen inches in length. Many suppose these to be tail-feathers, but this is an error. The tail-feathers are beneath these, and are only six

inches long. These long, flexible plumes the birds can elevate and toss above and around them, allowing them to float in the air like filmy ribbons of gossamer, fashioned with aerial grace and tinted with translucent, opaline hues of every conceivable shade of gold, of yellow, of white, and of orange, deepening toward the ends of the delicate streamers into a soft, purplish red.

"As they sat amid the branches of the tree, their long, filmy feathers elevated and floating gracefully in the sunshine, the exquisite plumes

and hops about, posturing in the most engaging manner."

"How large is the *paradisæa apoda*?" asked Bert.

"About the size of the meadow lark, though the thickness and length of its plumage cause it to appear as large as a common pigeon. If you care to hear about some of the other varieties, I will get my portfolio of drawings. I have some sketches and descriptions taken down on the various occasions of meeting these captivating creatures."

Ned and Lucy and Bert were wide awake now,

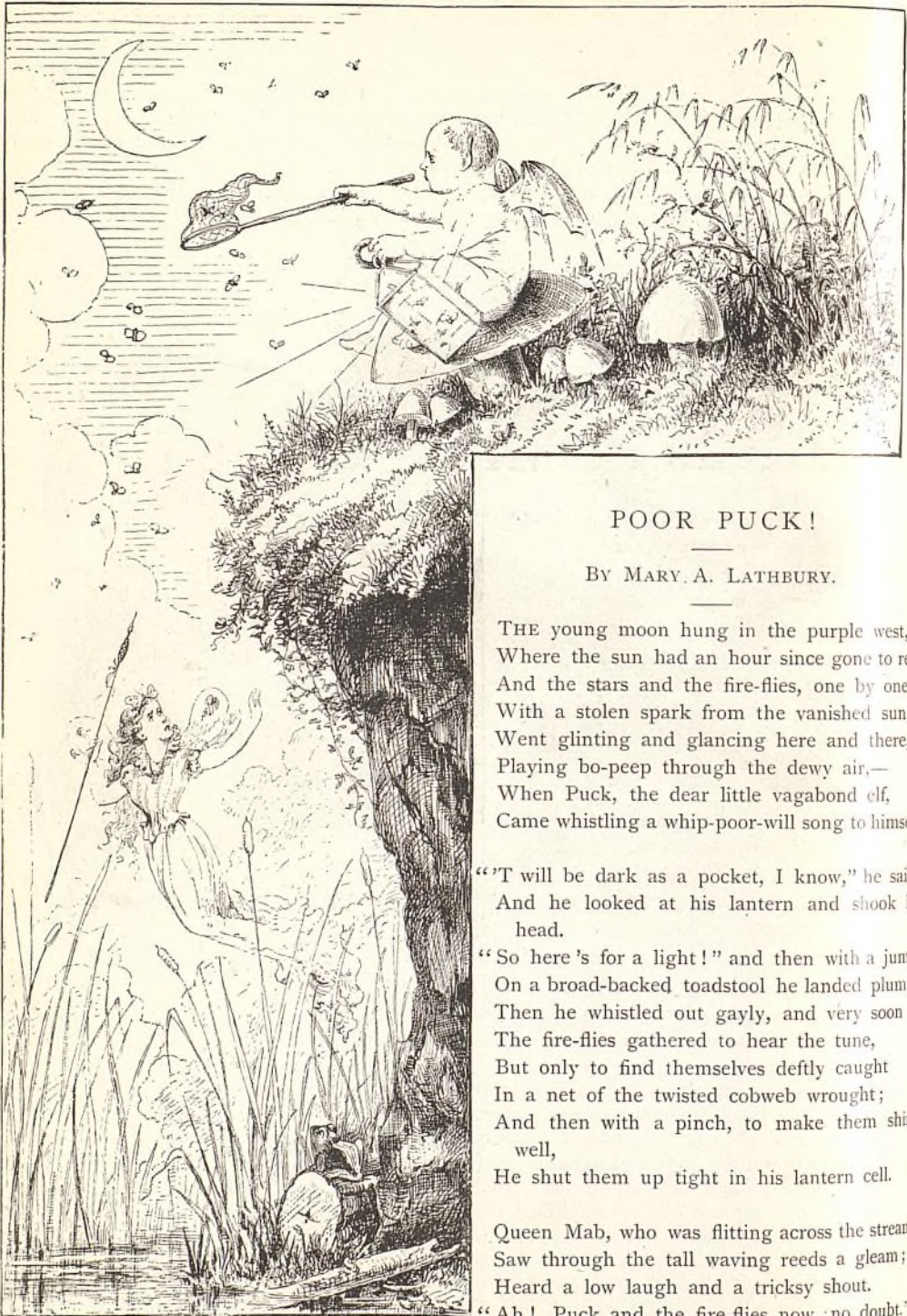


THE RED BIRD-OF-PARADISE.

crossing and recrossing each other, forming the most entrancing combinations of color, the short, chocolate-hued wings kept up the while a continuous gentle flapping, producing thus a delightful effect of light and shade upon the rich, gorgeous coloring of the body plumage. To free the feathers from any speck of impurity, the bird passes each of the long, delicate plumes through its beak, and when the toilet is satisfactorily accomplished the lovely creature seems to go into ecstasies of delight,

and eager to hear, but the sound of wheels upon the gravel announced visitors, and even birds-of-paradise cannot be allowed to interrupt the courtesies of life.

"Another time, perhaps," said Uncle Bev, as he rose to receive our guests, "I may be able to show you my other pictures, and to tell you something more about these birds, which seem to have interested you even more than the meteors you sat up for last night."



POOR PUCK!

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

THE young moon hung in the purple west,
Where the sun had an hour since gone to rest,
And the stars and the fire-flies, one by one,
With a stolen spark from the vanished sun,
Went glinting and glancing here and there,
Playing bo-peep through the dewy air,—
When Puck, the dear little vagabond elf,
Came whistling a whip-poor-will song to himself.

"T will be dark as a pocket, I know," he said;
And he looked at his lantern and shook his head.

"So here 's for a light!" and then with a jump,
On a broad-backed toadstool he landed plump;
Then he whistled out gayly, and very soon
The fire-flies gathered to hear the tune,
But only to find themselves deftly caught
In a net of the twisted cobweb wrought;
And then with a pinch, to make them shine
well,
He shut them up tight in his lantern cell.

Queen Mab, who was flitting across the stream,
Saw through the tall waving reeds a gleam;
Heard a low laugh and a tricky shout.
"Ah! Puck and the fire-flies now, 'no doubt."