

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 8.

MILMY-MELMY.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

MANY hundred years ago,
People say,
Lived in busy Rhineland
Giants gay;
Folks of mighty stature,
Made so tall,
They would hit the sky in walking—
Stars and all.

When one stretched him on a mountain
For a nap,
Why, the clouds would fit him
Like a cap;
In the valley under
Sprawled his toes;
How he could get out of bed
No one knows!

Did he snore a little loudish
(Do you wonder)?
People only thought it
Heavy thunder.
Did he have the nightmare,
Knock-a-knock!
Everybody grimly muttered:
"Earthquake shock!"

One of these tremendous fellows,
I suppose,
Could have hung your father
On his nose.
Half a score like *you*, sir,
(Don't look pale!)
Might have straddled see-saw
His thumb-nail.

He'd have been a crony
Worth the knowing!
For they were the kindest
Creatures going.
So good-natured, somehow,
In their ways;
Not a bit like naughty giants
Now-a-days.

Well, the biggest one among 'em,
So they tell me,
Had a pretty daughter—
Milmy-Melmy;
Ten years old precisely—
To a T;
Stout enough to make a meal of
You and me.

On her birthday, Milmy-Melmy,
All alone,
Started on a ramble—
Unbeknown.
Left her toys behind her
For a run;—
Big as elephants and camels,
Every one.

Through the country, hill and valley,
Went she fast;
Willows bent to watch her
As she passed;
Hemlock slender, poplar
Straight and high,
Brushed their tops against her fingers,
Tripping by.



MILMY-MELMY.

Half a mile to every minute—
Like enough,
Though she found the going
Rather rough;
Men folk, glancing at her,
Cried aloud:
“We shall have a shower shortly—
See the cloud!”

Milmy-Melmy thought it rather
Jolly play
Nurse to leave behind, and
Run away;
In her life (imagine
If you can)
She had never seen a woman,
Or a man.

Three times thirty leagues of trudging
(Listen now)
Brought her to a plowman
At his plow;
Getting rather tired,
Stubbed her toe;
Stooped to see what sort of pebble
Hurt her so.

Picking up the plow and plowman,
Oxen, too,
Milmy-Melmy stared at
Something new!
Stuck them in her girdle,
Clapped her hands
Till the mountain echoes answered
Through the lands.

“Here’s a better birthday present,”
Shouted she,
“Than the leather dollies
Made for me.
These are living playthings—
Very queer;
La! the cunning little carriage—
What a dear!”

So into her apron, tying
The new toy,
Off she hurried homeward
Full of joy;
Stood it on a table
In the hall;
Ran to bring her father to it,
Told him all.

“Milmy-Melmy,” cried the giant,
“What a shame!
You must take the plaything
Whence it came.
These are useful workers,
Daughter mine,
Getting food for human beings,—
Corn and wine.

“Never meddle with such tiny
Folks again;
Only ugly giants love to
Trouble men.”
Milmy-Melmy pouted
(’T was n’t nice),
But she carried back the playthings
In a trice.

When she’d made her second journey,
Little sinner
Really felt too tired
For her dinner
So to bed they put her,
Right away,
And she had her birthday pudding
The next day.

What the plowman did about it,
Mercy knows!
Must have thought it funny,
I suppose.
If you want a moral,
Ask a fly
What he thinks of giants such as
You and I!



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MY FIRST TROUT.

BY EDWARD W. CADY.



DO you ever catch a trout? It is very exciting sport, especially the first time.

There are two kinds of trout, brook-trout and lake-trout. The name indicates where they are found; but the lake-trout is very much larger, and not nearly so handsome as the other. The brook-trout varies in size from about as long as your hand to a foot or more, and is of a reddish-gray color and beautifully marked with red and yellow spots. He is classed among the "game" fish, because trout-fishing requires skill in the fisherman, and is considered excellent sport. Trout are considered delicious eating, too. A brook-trout which weighs about a pound is considered a fair-sized fish, and one that weighs five pounds, a monster; but this last is not very common.

The water where trout live is very clear and cold, and they generally prefer a shady pool or the foot of a little cascade. Woe to the grasshopper which happens to jump into the water there, or the innocent butterfly hovering too near the surface! The trout never hesitates to jump clear out of the water to catch a bug flying near the surface. If you chanced to be close by at the time, you would be startled by a rush and a plunge, just like a flash of lightning, and good-bye to Mr. Grasshopper or Miss Butterfly!

It does n't seem to make any difference to the trout how small a brook is. I remember a little brook so narrow that the grass growing over concealed it from sight, and it seemed just as though you were fishing in the grass. This stream ran across a field where there were no trees nor bushes, and it seemed very queer to walk out into the middle of the field, let your line down through the grass, and pull trout right out of it.

But I began to tell you how I caught my first trout. It was one Summer when I was about ten years old. I used to go to my grandfather's in Massachusetts every Summer, and spend most of the time fishing, for I was very fond of it. I soon acquired a great reputation as a young fisherman, and felt very proud when I came home along the main street of the town with a large fish. But when I did n't catch any, it was always pleasantest to come through the fields by the back way.

The fish I caught were pickerel, perch, and

shiners. I had never caught a trout. I had read about them, however, in a book on fishing which I owned—how shy they were, and how much skill it required to throw a fly well.

Do you know what "throwing a fly" means? If you don't, the book on fishing will explain it to you. You will read, as I did, all about the different kinds of flies, and what kind of a fly the trout likes this month and what kind that. For you must know that at different seasons the trout changes his diet just as we do; and just as in Spring we are very fond of lamb and green peas, so Mr. Trout must have a big brown bug with red head or white tail, or any jolly bug which is in the season. There are workmen who make artificial flies, which look so natural, that sometimes you yourselves may be deceived by them as well as the trout.

On this particular Summer which I am speaking about, my uncle had made me a present of a trout-pole, and, although I had not expected to use it, for it was too slender for the fish I was in the habit of catching, I had brought it with me to the country, so as to have it ready at any time.

Now, there was not much trout-fishing in the neighborhood where my grandfather lived. In fact, no one knew where there was any trout except one old man, the landlord of the tavern. He would take his horse and wagon, drive off before daylight, and come home with a fine string of fish. He never would tell any one where he went. I went one day and said to him, confidentially:

"Mr. Dickey, I want to catch some trout. Can you tell me where to go?"

"Why," he said, "go up along Bull brook, and you'll find some."

I knew, by the way he said it, that he was n't telling me where *he* went. Still, I made up my mind I would go to Bull brook and try there. Bull brook was about three miles from the village, with not a single house for miles around. It was a lonely place, full of thickets, and was called Bull brook because a great many cattle were pastured about there.

Early in the morning, I started off with my pole, which being jointed could be carried very conveniently. I trudged along the road, which kept winding and growing more and more lonely and dismal, on account of large beech-trees and poplars and gloomy-looking pines which grew along the side of the road, and almost shut out the sunlight. I felt a little afraid of meeting a cross

bull, but I whistled a lively tune, and marched on bravely.

At last I arrived at the brook, and got over the stone wall at the side of the road. There was a thick growth of bushes along the edge of the stream, so that I had to walk some distance before I found an opening where I could get close to the water. Everything was so still that I felt rather nervous and almost expected to see a fierce bull rush out upon me from somewhere. Crickets were chirping, and different kinds of insects were buzzing and humming. No other sound. But hark! What was that? A splash in the brook.



"I WENT HEELS OVER HEAD, BACKWARD ON THE GRASS."

A bull-frog, thought I. I looked in to see if I could discover him. There he was in the bottom of the shallow brook. No, on closer inspection that was not a bull-frog. It could n't be a fish, for fish swim around, and this little dark thing, whatever it was, was lying quite still on the bottom.

Just then, while I was wondering what it was, a grasshopper, which had jumped by mistake into the middle of the brook, went kicking along on the top of the water. In an instant there was a gleam just where the grasshopper was swimming, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" the grasshopper was gone. I was no longer in doubt

about the queer thing at the bottom of the brook. It had disappeared. I knew it must be a trout.

"Ah!" said I to myself, "I'll catch you, Mr. Trout! Then wont the folks in town be surprised, and wont they want to know where I caught him!"

I actually believe I thought more at that moment of what the people would say than I did of catching the trout. I was quite excited. I trembled all over. I captured a grasshopper, and my hand shook while I was putting it on the little hook. I got behind a bush and very carefully lowered my line until the bait touched the surface of the water.

I was terribly excited, as much so as if the brook was a big cannon and the moment the bait touched it there would be a tremendous explosion. There was an explosion, but of a different sort. A plunge, a splash, and I gave a jerk strong enough to tear the bottom of the brook right out.

I went heels over head backward on the grass, and, on scrambling to my feet, looked eagerly at the end of the line to see my trout. But no trout was there, and what was more, the grasshopper was gone.

"What a fool I was," said I to myself, "to tear the line out of the water in that way, and scare all the fish. Now I wont catch any, and the people will laugh at me when I get home."

I caught another grasshopper, and tried again and again, but it was of no use. The fish were evidently frightened. My feelings,

from the highest pitch of hope and exultation, were reduced to those of despair and chagrin. I almost cried. I hated to give it up; so I tried a little further down the brook.

This time the grasshopper lay undisturbed on the top of the water for several minutes, and I was just about to pull him up and try somewhere else, when there was a ripple in the water—a splash! The grasshopper disappeared, and there was a jerk on my line! I, too, gave a jerk upward. Oh, how delightfully hard the line pulled up! And then, as I whisked my pole round toward the land, there came out the water a silvery, sparkling fish!

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In a moment, he was lying on the grass—my first trout!

How I walked around him and gazed at him, and admired his beautiful spots, resplendent in the sun!

No more fishing that day. I had my fish. It only remained now to get home. It was the middle of the afternoon when I folded up my rod, and with my trout strung upon a piece of fish-line, started homeward. I went along the road pretty rapidly, I can tell you. I had no fear of bulls now. I was too much interested in getting home with

my fish to think about that. I verily believe if I had met a bull, and he had tossed me, I should have gone up into the air holding on to that trout like a martyr. Alexander the Great, when he entered in a triumphal car one of the cities he had conquered, could not have felt prouder than I did when I entered the village, dusty and tired, and exhibited my prize to the astonished townspeople.

I have a great many times in my life worked hard and overcome difficulties, but I do not remember ever feeling such satisfaction and such pride as when I caught my first trout.

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XI.

POOR MAC.

ROSE's sacrifice was a failure in one respect, for, though the elders loved her the better for it, and showed that they did, the boys were not inspired with the sudden respect which she had hoped for. In fact, her feelings were much hurt by overhearing Archie say that he could n't see any sense in it; and the Prince added another blow by pronouncing her "the queerest chicken ever seen."

It is apt to be so, and it is hard to bear; for, though we do not want trumpets blown, we do like to have our little virtues appreciated, and cannot help feeling disappointed if they are not.

A time soon came, however, when Rose, quite unconsciously, won not only the respect of her cousins, but their gratitude and affection likewise.

Soon after the Island episode, Mac had a sunstroke, and was very ill for some time. It was so sudden that every one was startled, and for some days the boy's life was in danger. He pulled through, however; and then, just as the family were rejoicing, a new trouble appeared which cast a gloom over them all.

Poor Mac's eyes gave out; and well they might, for he had abused them, and never being very strong, they suffered doubly now.

No one dared to tell him the dark predictions of the great oculist who came to look at them, and the boy tried to be patient, thinking that a few weeks of rest would repair the overwork of several years.

He was forbidden to look at a book, and as that

was the one thing he most delighted in, it was a terrible affliction to the Worm. Every one was very ready to read to him, and at first the lads contended for this honor. But as week after week went by, and Mac was still condemned to idleness and a darkened room, their zeal abated, and one after the other fell off. It was hard for the active fellows, right in the midst of their vacation; and nobody blamed them when they contented themselves with brief calls, running of errands, and warm expressions of sympathy.

The elders did their best, but Uncle Mac was a busy man, Aunt Jane's reading was of a funereal sort, impossible to listen to long, and the other aunties were all absorbed in their own cares, though they supplied the boy with every delicacy they could invent.

Uncle Alec was a host in himself, but he could not give all his time to the invalid; and if it had not been for Rose, the afflicted Worm would have fared ill. Her pleasant voice suited him, her patience was unfailing, her time of no apparent value, and her eager good-will was very comforting.

The womanly power of self-devotion was strong in the child, and she remained faithfully at her post when all the rest dropped away. Hour after hour she sat in the dusky room, with one ray of light on her book, reading to the boy, who lay with shaded eyes silently enjoying the only pleasure that lightened the weary days. Sometimes he was peevish and hard to please, sometimes he growled because his reader could not manage the dry books he wished to hear, and sometimes he was so despond-

ent that her heart ached to see him. Through all these trials Rose persevered, using all her little arts to please him. When he fretted, she was patient; when he growled, she plowed bravely through the hard pages—not dry to her in one sense, for quiet tears dropped on them now and then; and when Mac fell into a despairing mood, she comforted him with every hopeful word she dared to offer.

He said little, but she knew he was grateful, for she suited him better than any one else. If she was late, he was impatient; when she had to go, he seemed forlorn; and when the tired head ached worst, she could always soothe him to sleep, crooning the old songs her father used to love.

"I don't know what I *should* do without that child," Aunt Jane often said.

"She's worth all those racketing fellows put together," Mac would add, fumbling about to discover if the little chair was ready for her coming.

That was the sort of reward Rose liked, the thanks that cheered her; and whenever she grew very tired, one look at the green shade, the curly head so restless on the pillow, and the poor groping hands, touched her tender heart and put new spirit into the weary voice.

She did not know how much she was learning, both from the books she read and the daily sacrifices she made. Stories and poetry were her delight, but Mac did not care for them; and since his favorite Greeks and Romans were forbidden, he satisfied himself with travels, biographies, and the history of great inventions or discoveries. Rose despised this taste at first, but soon got interested in Livingston's adventures, Hobson's stirring life in India, and the brave trials and triumphs of Watt and Arkwright, Fulton and "Palissy, the Potter." The true, strong books helped the dreamy girl; her faithful service and sweet patience touched and won the boy; and long afterward both learned to see how useful those seemingly hard and weary hours had been to them.

One bright morning, as Rose sat down to begin a fat volume entitled "History of the French Revolution," expecting to come to great grief over the long names, Mac, who was lumbering about the room like a blind bear, stopped her by asking abruptly:

"What day of the month is it?"

"The seventh of August, I believe."

"More than half my vacation gone, and I've only had a week of it! I call that hard," and he groaned dismally.

"So it is; but there is more to come, and you may be able to enjoy that."

"May be able! I *will* be able! Does that old noodle think I'm going to stay stived up here much longer?"

"I guess he does, unless your eyes get on faster than they have yet."

"Has he said anything more lately?"

"I have n't seen him, you know. Shall I begin?—this looks rather nice."

"Read away; it's all one to me." And Mac cast himself down upon the old lounge, where his heavy head felt easiest.

Rose began with great spirit, and kept on gallantly for a couple of chapters, getting over the unpronounceable names with unexpected success, she thought, for her listener did not correct her once, and lay so still she fancied he was deeply interested. All of a sudden she was arrested in the middle of a fine paragraph by Mac, who sat bolt upright, brought both feet down with a thump, and said, in a rough, excited tone:

"Stop! I don't hear a word, and you may as well save your breath to answer my question."

"What is it?" asked Rose, looking uneasy, for she had something on her mind, and feared that he suspected what it was. His next words proved that she was right.

"Now look here, I want to know something, and you've got to tell me."

"Please, don't —" began Rose, beseechingly.

"You *must*, or I'll pull off this shade and stare at the sun as hard as ever I can stare. Come now!" and he half rose, as if ready to execute the threat.

"I will! oh, I will tell, if I know! But don't be reckless and do anything so crazy as that," cried Rose, in great distress.

"Very well; then listen, and don't dodge, as every one else does. Did n't the doctor think my eyes worse the last time he came? Mother won't say, but you *shall*."

"I believe he did," faltered Rose.

"I thought so! Did he say I should be able to go to school when it begins?"

"No, Mac," very low.

"Ah!"

That was all, but Rose saw her cousin set his lips together and take a long breath, as if she had hit him hard. He bore the disappointment bravely, however, and asked quite steadily in a minute:

"How soon does he think I *can* study again?"

It was so hard to answer that! Yet Rose knew she must, for Aunt Jane had declared she *could* not do it, and Uncle Mac had begged her to break the truth to the poor lad.

"Not for a good many months."

"How many?" he asked with a pathetic sort of gruffness.

"A year, perhaps."

"A whole year! Why, I expected to be ready for college by that time." And, pushing up the

shade, Mac soon blink-

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shade, Mac stared at her with startled eyes, that soon blinked and fell before the one ray of light.

"Plenty of time for that; you must be patient now, and get them thoroughly well, or they will trouble you again when it will be harder to spare them," she said, with tears in her own eyes.

"I wont do it! I *will* study and get through somehow. It's all humbug about taking care so long. These doctors like to keep hold of a fellow if they can. But I wont stand it—I vow I wont!" and he banged his fist down on the unoffending pillow as if he were pummeling the hard-hearted doctor.

"Now, Mac, listen to me," Rose said, very earnestly, though her voice shook a little and her heart ached. "You know you have hurt your eyes reading by fire-light and in the dusk, and sitting up late, and now you'll have to pay for it; the doctor said so. You *must* be careful, and do as he tells you, or you will be—blind."

"No!"

"Yes, it is true, and he wanted us to tell you that nothing but entire rest would cure you. I know it's dreadfully hard, but we'll all help you; I'll read all day long, and lead you, and wait upon you, and try to make it easier——"

She stopped there, for it was evident that he did not hear a sound; the word "blind" seemed to have knocked him down, for he had buried his face in the pillow, and lay so still that Rose was frightened. She sat motionless for many minutes, longing to comfort him, but not knowing how, and wishing Uncle Alec would come, for he had promised to tell Mac.

Presently, a sort of choking sound came out of the pillow, and went straight to her heart; the most pathetic sob she ever heard, for, though it was the most natural means of relief, the poor fellow must not indulge in it because of the afflicted eyes. The French Revolution tumbled out of her lap, and, running to the sofa, she knelt down by it, saying, with the motherly sort of tenderness girls feel for any sorrowing creature:

"Oh, my dear, you must n't cry! It is so bad for your poor eyes.

Take your head out of that hot pillow, and let me cool it. I don't wonder you feel so, but please don't cry. I'll cry for you; it wont hurt *me*."

As she spoke, she pulled away the cushion with gentle force, and saw the green shade all crushed and stained with the few hot tears that told how bitter the disappointment had been. Mac felt her sympathy, but, being a boy, did not thank her for it; only sat up with a jerk, saying, as he tried to rub away the tell-tale drops with the sleeve of his jacket: "Don't bother; weak eyes always water. I'm all right."

But Rose cried out, and caught his arm: "Don't touch them with that rough woolen stuff! Lie down and let me bathe them, there's a dear boy; then there will be no harm done."

"They do smart confoundedly. I say, don't you tell the other fellows that I made a baby of myself, will you?" he added, yielding with a sigh to the orders of his nurse, who had flown for the eye-wash and linen cambric handkerchief.

"Of course I wont; but any one would be upset at the idea of being—well—troubled in this way. I'm sure you bear it splendidly, and you know it is n't half so bad when you get used to it. Besides,



"RUNNING TO THE SOFA, SHE KNELT DOWN BY IT."

it is only for a time, and you can do lots of pleasant things if you can't study. You'll have to wear blue goggles, perhaps; wont that be funny?"

And while she was pouring out all the comfortable words she could think of, Rose was softly bathing the eyes and dabbing the hot forehead with lavender water, as her patient lay quiet with a look on his face that grieved her sadly.

"Homer was blind, and so was Milton, and they did something to be remembered by, in spite of it," he said, as if to himself, in a solemn tone, for even the blue goggles did not bring a smile.

"Papa had a picture of Milton and his daughters writing for him. It was a very sweet picture, I thought," observed Rose in a serious voice, trying to meet the sufferer on his own ground.

"Perhaps I could study if some one read and did the eye part. Do you suppose I could, by and by?" he asked, with a sudden ray of hope.

"I dare say, if your head is strong enough. This sun-stroke, you know, is what upset you, and your brains need rest, the doctor says."

"I'll have a talk with the old fellow next time he comes, and find out just what I *may* do; then I shall know where I am. What a fool I was that day to be stewing my brains and letting the sun glare on my book till the letters danced before me. I see 'em now when I shut my eyes; black balls bobbing round, and stars and all sorts of queer things. Wonder if all blind people do?"

"Don't think about them; I'll go on reading, shall I? We shall come to the exciting part soon, and then you'll forget all this," suggested Rose.

"No, I never shall forget. Hang the old Revolution! I don't want to hear another word of it. My head aches, and I'm hot. Oh, would n't I like to go for a pull in the 'Stormy Petrel!'" and poor Mac tossed about as if he did not know what to do with himself.

"Let me sing, and perhaps you'll drop off; then the day will seem shorter," said Rose, taking up a fan and sitting down beside him.

"Perhaps I shall; I did n't sleep much last night, and when I did I dreamed like fun. See here, you tell the people that I know, and it's all right, and I don't want them to talk about it or howl over me. That's all; now drone away, and I'll try to sleep. Wish I could for a year, and wake up cured."

"Oh, I wish, I wish you could!"

Rose said it so fervently, that Mac was moved to grope for her apron and hold on to a corner of it, as if it was comfortable to feel her near him. But all he said was:

"You are a good little soul, Rosy. Give us 'The Birks;' that is a drowsy one that always sends me off."

Quite contented with this small return for all her sympathy, Rose waved her fan and sang, in a

dreamy tone, the pretty Scotch air, the burden of which is:

"Bonny lassie, will ye gang, will ye gang
To the Birks of Aberfeldie?"

Whether the lassie went or not I cannot say, but the laddie was off to the land of Nod in about ten minutes, quite worn out with hearing the bad tidings and the effort to bear them manfully.

CHAPTER XII.

"THE OTHER FELLOWS."

ROSE did tell "the people" what had passed, and no one "howled" over Mac, or said a word to trouble him. He had his talk with the doctor, and got very little comfort out of it, for he found that "just what he might do" was nothing at all; though the prospect of some study by and by, if all went well, gave him courage to bear the woes of the present. Having made up his mind to this, he behaved so well that every one was astonished, never having suspected so much manliness in the quiet Worm.

The boys were much impressed, both by the greatness of the affliction which hung over him, and by his way of bearing it. They were very good to him, but not always particularly wise in their attempts to cheer and amuse; and Rose often found him much downcast after a visit of condolence from the Clan. She still kept her place as head-nurse and chief-reader, though the boys did their best in an irregular sort of way. They were rather taken aback sometimes at finding Rose's services preferred to theirs, and privately confided to one another that "Old Mac was getting fond of being molly-coddled." But they could not help seeing how useful she was, and owning that she alone had remained faithful, a fact which caused some of them much secret compunction now and then.

Rose felt that she ruled in that room, if nowhere else, for Aunt Jane left a great deal to her, finding that her experience with her invalid father fitted her for a nurse, and in a case like this her youth was an advantage rather than a drawback. Mac soon came to think that no one could take care of him so well as Rose, and Rose soon grew fond of her patient, though at first she had considered this cousin the least attractive of the seven. He was not polite and sensible like Archie, nor gay and handsome like Prince Charlie, nor neat and obliging like Steve, nor amusing like the "Brats," nor confiding and affectionate like little Jamie. He was rough, absent-minded, careless and awkward, rather priggish, and not at all agreeable to a dainty, beauty-loving girl like Rose.

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But when his trouble came upon him, she discovered many good things in this cousin of hers, and learned not only to pity, but to respect and love the poor Worm, who tried to be patient, brave and cheerful, and found it a harder task than any one guessed, except the little nurse, who saw him in his gloomiest moods. She soon came to think that his friends did not appreciate him, and upon one occasion was moved to free her mind in a way that made a deep impression on the boys.

Rose had gone to drive with Uncle Alec, who declared she was getting as pale as a potato sprout, living so much in a dark room. But her thoughts were with her boy all the while, and she ran up to him the moment she returned, to find things in a fine state of confusion.

With the best intentions in life, the lads had done more harm than good, and the spectacle that met Nurse Rose's eye was a trying one. The puppies were yelping, the small boys romping, and the



"THE SPECTACLE THAT MET NURSE ROSE'S EYE WAS A TRYING ONE."

Vacation was almost over, and the time drawing near when Mac would be left outside the happy school-world which he so much enjoyed. This made him rather low in his mind, and his cousins exerted themselves to cheer him up, especially one afternoon when a spasm of devotion seemed to seize them all. Jamie trudged down the hill with a basket of blackberries which he had "picked all his ownself," as his scratched fingers and stained lips plainly testified. Will and Geordie brought their puppies to beguile the weary hours, and the three elder lads called to discuss base-ball, cricket, and kindred subjects, eminently fitted to remind the invalid of his privations.

big boys all talking at once; the curtains were up, the room close, berries scattered freely about, Mac's shade half off, his cheeks flushed, his temper ruffled, and his voice loudest of all as he disputed hotly with Steve about lending certain treasured books which he could no longer use.

Now Rose considered this her special kingdom, and came down upon the invaders with an energy which amazed them and quelled the riot at once. They had never seen her roused before, and the effect was tremendous; also comical, for she drove the whole flock of boys out of the room like an indignant little hen defending her brood. They all went as meekly as sheep; the small lads fled from

the house precipitately, but the three elder ones only retired to the next room, and remained there hoping for a chance to explain and apologize, and so appease the irate young lady, who had suddenly turned the tables and clattered them about their ears.

As they waited, they observed her proceedings through the half-open door, and commented upon them briefly but expressively, feeling quite bowed down with remorse at the harm they had innocently done.

"She's put the room to rights in a jiffy. What jacks we were to let those dogs in and kick up such a row," observed Steve, after a prolonged peep.

"The poor old Worm turns as if she was treading on him instead of cuddling him like a pussy cat. Is n't he cross, though?" added Charlie, as Mac was heard growling about his "confounded head."

"She will manage him; but it's mean in us to rumple him up and then leave her to smooth him down. I'd go and help, but I don't know how," said Archie, looking much depressed, for he was a conscientious fellow, and blamed himself for his want of thought.

"No more do I. Odd, is n't it, what a knack women have for taking care of sick folks?" and Charlie fell a-musing over this undeniable fact.

"She has been ever so good to Mac," began Steve, in a self-reproachful tone.

"Better than his own brother, hey?" cut in Archie, finding relief for his own regret in the delinquencies of another.

"Well, you need n't preach; you did n't any of you do any more, and you might have, for Mac likes you better than he does me. I always fret him he says, and it is n't my fault if I am a quiddle," protested Steve, in self-defense.

"We have all been selfish and neglected him, so we won't fight about it, but try and do better," said Archie, generously taking more than his share of blame, for he had been less inattentive than either of the others.

"Rose has stood by him like a good one, and it's no wonder he likes to have her round best. I should myself if I was down on my luck as he is," put in Charlie, feeling that he really had not done "the little thing" justice.

"I'll tell you what it is, boys,—we have n't been half good enough to Rose, and we've got to make it up to her somehow," said Archie, who had a very manly sense of honor about paying his debts, even to a girl.

"I'm awfully sorry I made fun of her doll when Jamie lugged it out; and I called her 'baby bunting' when she cried over the dead kitten. Girls

are such geese sometimes, I can't help it," said Steve, confessing his transgressions handsomely, and feeling quite ready to atone for them if he only knew how.

"I'll go down on my knees and beg her pardon for treating her as if she was a child. Don't it make her mad, though? Come to think of it, she's only two years or so younger than I am. But she is so small and pretty, she always seems like a dolly to me," and the Prince looked down from his lofty height of five feet five as if Rose was indeed a pigmy beside him.

"That dolly has got a real good little heart, and a bright mind of her own, you'd better believe. Mac says she understands some things quicker than he can, and mother thinks she is an uncommonly nice girl, though she don't know all creation. You need n't put on airs, Charlie, though you are a tall one, for Rose likes Archie better than you; she said she did because he treated her respectfully."

"Steve looks as fierce as a game-cock; but don't you get excited, my son, for it won't do a bit of good. Of course, everybody likes the Chief best; they ought to, and I'll punch their heads if they don't. So calm yourself, Dandy, and mend your own manners before you come down on other people's."

Thus the Prince with great dignity and perfect good nature, while Archie looked modestly gratified with the flattering opinions of his kinsfolk, and Steve subsided, feeling he had done his duty as a cousin and a brother. A pause ensued, during which Aunt Jane appeared in the other room, accompanied by a tea-tray sumptuously spread, and prepared to feed her big nestling, as that was a task she allowed no one to share with her.

"If you have a minute to spare before you go, child, I wish you'd just make Mac a fresh shade; this has got a berry stain on it, and he must be tidy, for he is to go out to-morrow if it is a cloudy day," said Mrs. Jane, spreading toast in a stately manner, while Mac slopped his tea about without receiving a word of reproof.

"Yes, aunt," answered Rose, so meekly that the boys could hardly believe it could be the same voice which had issued the stern command, "Out of this room, every one of you!" not very long ago.

They had not time to retire, without unseemly haste, before she walked into the parlor and sat down at the work-table without a word. It was funny to see the look the three tall lads cast at the little person sedately threading a needle with green silk. They all wanted to say something expressive of repentance, but no one knew how to begin, and it was evident, from the prim expression of Rose's

face, that she intended to stand upon her dignity till they had properly abased themselves. The pause was becoming very awkward, when Charlie, who possessed all the persuasive arts of a born scapegrace, went slowly down upon his knees before her, beat his breast, and said, in a heart-broken tone:

"Please forgive me this time, and I'll never do so any more."

It was very hard to keep sober, but Rose managed it, and answered gravely:

"It is Mac's pardon you should ask, not mine, for you have n't hurt me, and I should n't wonder if you had him a great deal, with all that light and racket, and talk about things that only worry him."

"Do you really think we've hurt him, cousin?" asked Archie, with a troubled look, while Charlie settled down in a remorseful heap among the table legs.

"Yes, I do, for he has got a raging headache, and his eyes are as red as—as this emery bag," answered Rose, solemnly plunging her needle into a fat flannel strawberry.

Steve tore his hair, metaphorically speaking, for he clutched his cherished top-knot and wildly disheveled it, as if that was the heaviest penance he could inflict upon himself at such short notice. Charlie laid himself out flat, melodramatically begging some one to take him away and hang him; but Archie, who felt worst of all, said nothing except to vow within himself that he would read to Mac till his own eyes were as red as a dozen emery bags combined.

Seeing the wholesome effects of her treatment upon these culprits, Rose felt that she might relent and allow them a gleam of hope. She found it impossible to help trampling upon the prostrate Prince a little, in words at least, for he had hurt her feelings oftener than he knew; so she gave him a thimble-pie on the top of his head, and said, with the air of an infinitely superior being:

"Don't be silly, but get up, and I'll tell you something much better to do than sprawling on the floor and getting all over lint."

Charlie obediently sat himself upon a hassock at her feet; the other sinners drew near to catch the words of wisdom about to fall from her lips, and Rose, softened by this gratifying humility, addressed them in her most maternal tone.

"Now, boys, if you really want to be good to Mac, you can do it in this way. Don't keep talking about things he can't do, or go and tell what fun you have had batting your ridiculous balls about. Get some nice book and read quietly; cheer him up about school, and offer to help him study by and by; *you* can do that better than I,

because I'm only a girl, and don't learn Greek and Latin and all sorts of headachy stuff."

"Yes, but you can do heaps of things better than we can; you've proved that," said Archie, with an approving look that delighted Rose, though she could not resist giving Charlie one more rebuke, by saying, with a little bridling up of the head, and a curl of the lip that wanted to smile instead:

"I'm glad you think so, though I *am* a 'queer chicken.'"

This scathing remark caused the Prince to hide his face for shame, and Steve to erect his head in the proud consciousness that this shot was not meant for him. Archie laughed, and Rose, seeing a merry blue eye winking at her from behind two brown hands, gave Charlie's ear a friendly tweak, and extended the olive branch of peace.

"Now we'll all be good, and plan nice things for poor Mac," she said, smiling so graciously that the boys felt as if the sun had suddenly burst out from behind a heavy cloud and was shining with great brilliancy.

The storm had cleared the air, and quite a heavenly calm succeeded, during which plans of a most varied and surprising sort were laid, for every one burned to make noble sacrifices upon the shrine of "poor Mac," and Rose was, the guiding star to whom the others looked with most gratifying submission. Of course, this elevated state of things could not endure long, but it was *very* nice while it lasted, and left an excellent effect upon the minds of all when the first ardor had subsided.

"There, that's ready for to-morrow, and I do hope it will be cloudy," said Rose, as she finished off the new shade, the progress of which the boys had watched with interest.

"I'd bespoken an extra sunny day, but I'll tell the clerk of the weather to change it. He's an obliging fellow, and he'll attend to it; so make yourself easy," said Charlie, who had become quite perky again.

"It is very easy for you to joke, but how would you like to wear a blinder like that for weeks and weeks, sir?" and Rose quenched his rising spirits by slipping the shade over his eyes, as he still sat on the cushion at her feet.

"It's horrid! Take it off, take it off! I don't wonder the poor old boy has the blues with a thing like that on," and Charlie sat looking at what seemed to him an instrument of torture, with such a sober face that Rose took it gently away, and went in to bid Mac good-night.

"I shall go home with her, for it is getting darkish, and she is rather timid," said Archie, forgetting that he had often laughed at this very timidity.

"I think I might, for she's taking care of my brother," put in Steve, asserting his rights.

"Let's all go; that will please her," proposed Charlie, with a burst of gallantry which electrified his mates.

"We will!" they said with one voice, and they did, to Rose's great surprise and secret contentment; though Archie had all the care of her, for

the other two were leaping fences, running races, and having wrestling matches all the way down.

They composed themselves on reaching the door, however; shook hands cordially all round, made their best bows, and retired with great elegance and dignity, leaving Rose to say to herself, with girlish satisfaction, as she went in:

"Now, *that* is the way I like to be treated."

(*To be continued.*)

BOY AND OX.

(*Translated from the German of W. HEY by THEODORE FAY.*)

"GOOD-DAY, Mr. Ox! Of what do you think?

In deep scientific reflection you sink."

"Thanks, thanks!" the ox answered, as chewing he sat;

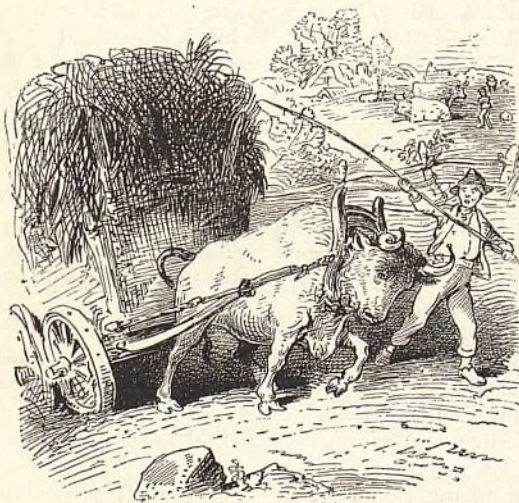
"You do me much honor! I'm not wise as that.

To men I leave science and study and thinking;

My business is pulling and eating and drinking.

They may toil to distinguish the false from the true;

But I am contented to sit here and chew."



He had not chewed long when his good master spoke:
"Ho! the ox to the wagon. Quick! on with the yoke."

The wagon was heavily loaded that day;

The ox bent his forehead and pulled it away.

Had great thinkers been called to drag up the hill

That wagon, 't would surely be standing there still!

THE DRUIDS AND THEIR TEMPLES.

BY ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.



THE CURIOUS STONES OF CARNAC.

NEAR the town of Carnac, in Brittany, France, there is an extensive plain several miles wide, with a flat and barren surface. It is the last place in the world a tourist would care about visiting, if he were simply traveling in search of beautiful objects. In Winter the coldest winds blow over it with wild force, and in Summer it is unprotected by trees or shrubbery from the scorching shafts of the sun. But it is not wholly uninteresting, and I propose that we shall make a short visit to it.

We will suppose, then, that you and I are stopping at one of the quiet taverns in Carnac, and have wandered toward the plain for a walk. Just outside the town a bit of a hill rises high enough to show us the surrounding country.

There are few houses or trees on the plain; but it is divided into several avenues by long rows of unhewn upright stones, which, as far as the eye can see, are ranged in almost perfect order, like an army prepared for battle. There are over a thou-

sand of them, and they stretch across the country from east to west for nearly seven miles. The largest are twenty-two feet high, and the smallest ten feet. A few have fallen, and others have been carted away; but originally they were placed apart at regular distances.

When you come nearer to them you will see many signs of age upon them. They are seamed, mossy, and battered. How old do you guess they are? Nobody is quite sure, not even the wisest of the historians, but we may safely say that they have held their present positions for over eighteen hundred years. For eighteen hundred years they have clung to the meager ground and withstood the combined assaults of time and storm, while generation after generation of the living has passed away.

How did they come there? The simple, credulous people of old, to whom all fairy stories were the truest histories, believed that giants brought them and planted them; but we know better than that.

They were erected by ordinary men, and you may imagine how much labor the work cost at a time when there were no carts or wheel-barrow, much less railroads or massive cranes. Years, perhaps centuries, were occupied, and to the builders the undertaking must have seemed as stupendous as the erection of the East River bridge seems to us.

Similar stones are found at other places in Britain; but the most famous collection is on a plain near the town of Salisbury, in England. This is called Stonehenge, and consists of one hundred and forty stones, the smallest of which weigh ten tons and the largest seventy tons. The remains of men and animals have been also found in the vicinity, and these have given the antiquaries a clue as to the objects for which the stones were raised.

Nothing positive is known about them, but it is supposed that they mark the temples of the Druids, a religious order which possessed great power in France and England during the century before and the century after the coming of Christ. They obtained a complete mastery over the ignorant and superstitious people then occupying those countries, by the practice of mysterious arts, which often were extremely cruel. They professed to know the hidden nature of things, and the forms and movements of the sun and stars; but in reality they were not as wise as the children in our primary schools, and the simplest tricks of a good modern conjurer would surpass their most wonderful ones. They were astrologers and herb-doctors as well as priests and historians, and they attributed a sacred character to many plants.

The mistletoe was considered a cure for all diseases, and was gathered with great ceremonies. When it was discovered twined about the oak, which was also sacred, the Druids assembled near the tree and prepared a banquet and sacrifice. A priest in white raiment cut the twig off with a golden sickle, and two other priests, also dressed in white, caught it in a white apron as it fell. Two milk-white oxen were afterward sacrificed, and the ceremonies concluded with much rejoicing.

The marshwort was plucked by a priest with his left hand, his head being turned aside, as there was a superstition that the plant would lose its virtues if it were obtained otherwise; and the hedge-hyssop was gathered after offerings of bread and wine.

These plants were supposed to be remedies, not only for physical diseases, but also for mental diseases, and it was thought that they afforded protection against all evil spirits.

Little beads of amber were looked upon as safeguards against all dangers, but the most potent of all charms was a serpent's egg. It was said that when a serpent was knotted together, eggs came out of its mouth, and were supported in the air by its hissings. The priests hid themselves in the woods watching for this marvel, and, when it was observed, one of them would boldly rush forward, catch an egg in a napkin, mount a horse and gallop toward the nearest river, after reaching which he was safe from the pursuit of the serpent. This was their story about it. Even in this day, some impostors advertise in the newspapers that they can foretell future events, and the Druids claimed a like power. They examined the entrails of animals, and watched the flight of birds, from which they professed to tell things that would happen years afterward.

Human sacrifices formed one of the most terrible features of their religion. The victims usually were criminals or prisoners of war; but when there were none of these, innocent and unoffending persons were sacrificed.

The favorite resort of the Druids was an island opposite the mouth of the river Loire, in France, where, once every year, between sunrise and sunset, they pulled down and rebuilt the roof of their temples; and any priest who allowed the smallest part of the sacred materials to fall carelessly, was torn to pieces by his fellows.

The only traces of the order left to us are the rude stone buildings at Stonehenge and Carnac. Retreating before the Romans, the Druids went to the Isle of Anglesey, in Wales; and when they saw their conquerors following, they made preparations for a battle. Among their preparations—not exactly for the battle, but for what they expected to

follow it—were immense altars, on which they intended to sacrifice the unfortunate Romans who should be left after the battle. They were quite sure that they would need these altars, for their

oracles gave them every reason to believe in a glorious triumph of their arms. But the Romans were again victorious, and the Druids themselves were the ones sacrificed.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T SAY PLEASE.

By M. S. P.



THERE was once a small child who would never say please,
 I believe, if you even went down on your knees.
 But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,
 And call out to her mother in words such as these:
 "I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"
 "Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!"
 So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,
 Once blew her away in a powerful breeze,
 Over the mountains, and over the seas,
 To a valley where never a dinner she sees,
 But down with the ants, the wasps, and the bees,
 In the woods she must live till she learns to say please.

THE BRIDGE.

By J. P. B.

"I'LL take a kiss," said little Hal;
 His mother, stooping, said, "You shall."
 Hal took the kiss, then tipped his head,
 His brown eyes bright'ning as he said:
 "It is a bridge, without a cover;
 My love to yours can go right over."

A RAGAMUFFIN PARTY.

By LUCY G. MORSE.

It is a very misty evening, so that you cannot see just how ragged and forlorn the three little fellows are, coming out of a dark alley down in Baxter Street, until they stop under the lamp-post at the corner. Now you can see that their rags are very scant indeed, for their little bony forms are easy to trace through them, and their necks—so little, so very little—are not half covered. They are talking eagerly to one another, and "Hold it up to the light, Bob," says one.

Bob spreads his small legs apart and holds up a bit of something which he first smooths carefully between his fingers, that they may see the full glory of a crumpled motto-paper.

"Fringed sides!" exclaims little Tommy, over-come.

"Pink an' w'ite!" says Jake. "An' it aint tore any place! I say, that one orter be Meg's."

"O yes! Of course we'll save that one for Meg, *sure*," says Bob. "She aint got nothin' at all, she aint. Let's take it to her right off."

"No, no—don't!" says Jake. "They'se allus on a bust o' nights to her house, an' ye don't know wot'd happen. S'pose her mother tuk it from her!"

"Her mother!" cries Bob. "She aint got no mother."

"Yes, she has, too," answers Jake; "she's got a bran' new one. I seen her bang her over the head this very mornin'."

"Then *that* aint no go," says Bob. "We'll have to give it to her alone. We'll have to git her out here."

"Was it at a real party ye got it, Bob?" asks Tommy.

"Yes," answers Bob, "a reg'lar party of a buthday of a little gal. One of the drivers of a kirridge a-standin' at the door said it was."

"Let us have a party for Meg's buthday!" cries Tommy.

"Hoo-ray!" shouts Jake. "That's a good un! Let's have it right here, under the light; an' let's have the motter-papers an' supper, an' dancin', an' fix up for it, an' git wittles for it an' everything!"

"Hoo-ray!" cries Tommy. "An' let's have it to-night!"

"No, no, Gummy!" says Bob, "for we'll have to git ready for it an' tell Meg fust. Let's go tell her now." And, in a bustle and skurry, the little fellows dart back into the alley.

Here they come, the next night, hustling out of it, their baskets hitting against each other and in narrow sides, chattering faster than ever, for they have Meg with them this time; and in full dress for the occasion evidently, for Bob exclaims, as the light falls upon her:

"I say, Meg, you do look illegant! W'ere did ye git them shavin's?"

"Roun' to Jim Riley's lumber-yard," she answers, tossing her head and trying to get a view of her back.

"Jes' look at that hin' curl! Aint that a splene did un?" cries Jake.

"Hi! aint it though?" says Tommy. "How did ye hook 'em on, Meg?"

"Oh, roun' my ears; an' the hin' ones is on a string, but it's too short, an' they falls off easy. So look out, Tommy; ye must n't touch 'em."

"Wot's yer hood roun' yer waist for?" asks Jake.

"W'y! It's for a sash, don't ye see?" says

Meg. "way," shing roun "Bob," dressed i "Yes, long yal shavin's." "An' lady's" (heaps o'

gant" (here key-board) with high le to a shanty-row o' black o' turnin' a "Of cour Meg's hand her mimic p I seen one v you see your

Meg. "An' my skirt's pinned up reg'lar Brord-way," she adds, spreading out her arms and turning round that they may all have a good view.

"Bob," she says, stopping suddenly, "play I'm all dressed in pink, like the girl at the party, will ye?"

"Yes," says Bob, "so we can, 'cause she had long yaller curls too, mos' the color o' them shavin's."

"An' play me han's was w'ite—reel w'ite, like a lady's" (spreading them out before her)—"with heaps o' rings on 'em; an' that I could play ille-

"Oh, I seen *mine* in a *house*!" says Meg, with immense superiority. "I was playin' in the street, by a park, an' I seen a lady go up a stoop, an' she seen me. An' she says, 'was I cold?' An' I says, 'No, but I's hungry.' An' she says to come along o' her; an' I goes in wid her. An' she says to wait in the entry; an' I waits, an' she goes back in a room. An' they's a big door open right aside o' me, an' I looked in, an' I seen the orgind."

"Pi-anny!" cries Jake.

"Pi-anny, then!" repeats Meg, hurrying on.



MEG AND THE "PI-ANNY."

gant" (here she works her fingers over an imaginary key-board) "on a great splendid orgind—a orgind with high legs an' a big, monstruss lid, like a roof to a shanty—an' a place for the musicks an' a long row o' black an' w'ite teeth wot ye play on, 'stead o' turnin' a handle to make it go!"

"Of course—of course!" strikes in Jake, as Meg's hands, arms, and whole body get going at her mimic performance. "She means a pi-anny! I seen one wunst took out of a cart. W'ere did you see your 'n, Meg?"

VOL. II.—31.

"So I went in jes' to look at it, an' I never seen anything like it. It was as big as a wagon, and I tell ye, its w'ite teeth did shine! An' afore I know'd it, the lady come back with a plate an' some wittles, an' I did n't know she was there till ever so long, an' then I was frightened an' looked roun' to see if I could git out, but I could n't."

"Cricks! Wot did she do to ye?" asks Tommy.

"W'y, wot do ye think? She did n't do nothin', on'y she laughed. An' she axed me did I ever see nothin' like that, an' I says, 'No, I did n't never.'

An' then I was n't afeerd, an' I looked in under it, an' says I did n't see no handle for to make it go; an' she laughed ag'in, an' axed me would I like to hear it go, an' I says 'yes.' An' then she sot down afore it an' she made her han's go like mad, all back an' for'ards along the teeth. An' they was rings on every one of her fingers, an' they jingled splendid. Oh, an' had n't ye orter seen her! Her fingers flied so ye could n't hardly see 'em, an' her arms went so" (here Meg swayed from side to side, and made much of her elbows), "an' her head was jest a leetle on one side. Then she stopped an' turned roun' to me, laughin' beautiful to me; then she guv me the wittles, an' she said if I'd come ag'in some day she'd make the orgind—pi-anny—go for me another time. An' she tells me to look out, I was skwushin' the pie, an' sure 'nough I was, for I was n't thinkin' o' the wittles at all. Then I come away; but one day, w'en I went ag'in, I was afeerd o' the man wot opened the door, so I run away as fast as ever I could. But I wish ye'd 'a' seen *her*, Bob! Was the girl to the party beautifuller than *she* was, do ye think?"

"Oh, wal, I guess she was!" says Bob, "'cause *she* had a wreath on her head, an' pink boots!"

"Will ye play *I* had stockin's on, an' pink boots, jes' like her'n too?" Meg asks anxiously, holding back her scant drapery and putting out her little bare foot.

"O yes!" cries Bob, "an' I'll be the feller with the blue trousers on!"

"An' I'll be the one with gold buttons down me jacket!" shouts Tommy, slapping his ragged shirt in ecstasy. "An' who'll you be, Jake?"

"I'll be the feller wot passed roun' the ice-cream an' fixin's," says Jake. "Come on! Let's begin. Hoo-ray!"

"Hoo-ray! hoo-ray!" they all shout, Tommy's voice piping up high above the others.

"Wot do we do fust?" asks Jake. "Bob mus' tell us, 'cause he's been to the *real* party."

"Did they all say 'hoo-ray' at the fust, Bob?" asks Meg.

"Wal, I was n't there till the last of it, ye know," he answers, "an' I was n't there long, anyways; for the man, he pulled the windy down soon after I slid me hand in under an' got the motters, an' they begun the dancin'. But I guess they *must* 'a' said 'hoo-ray' w'en the gal in the pink boots come in at fust. Here, Meg, you be comin' in jes' like her! Skit roun' the corner an' come back. Now, fellers, git ready!"

And as Meg comes back, holding out her skirts and stepping on the tips of her toes, in a manner that might do credit to the French ballet, the boys all shout: "Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray for Meg!" and the party is fairly begun.

"Now git ready to dance," says Bob. "Ye mus' git in a row—so. Now——" And, taking a commanding posture, he shouts: "Take partners for the gallus!"

"Oh, oh!" they all cry at once, and Meg exclaims: "W'y, Bob, they never had a gallus there!"

"W'y, no; of course they did n't," he answers. "It don't mean *that*,—it means every feller take a gal! And here's only Meg! Wal—every feller take Meg!"

So Bob begins, and each in turn spins round with Meg, until she can see no longer, and her curls are scattered right and left. But they pick them up in a minute; she says, "No matter," and then, a bright idea striking her, she sacrifices the hood as a sash, and gets Bob to tie it on her head like a turban, to secure the curls. He does it after a manner of his own, with a wrench and a jerk that brings the water into her eyes; but when he says: "Hullo! I did n't mean to hurt ye, Meg," she sniffs, and says stoutly: "That was n't nothin',—I can bear more nor that any time."

So Bob cries out again: "Now for another dance! Take partners for ——" and there he stops short.

"For wot?" asks Jake.

"W'y, I don't know," Bob answers. "Ye see, I did n't see nothin' but the gallus. Wal, it aint no matter—they don't allus have the same kind o' dancin' to parties, I s'pose. Take partners for a shake roun' the lamp-post!"

So they join hands and "shake" round the post until they all are dizzy.

Then they have a march, single file, on the curb-stone; and another, two and two, down the alley; and another, four abreast, around the corner. Bob walks round the lamp-post on his hands, Tommy hitches himself up to the top of it and down again, Jake jumps over a water-spout. Then Meg improvises a piano on a step of the old rickety stoop at the side of the alley, and, with much spirit and violent motion of all the joints in her small body, she performs many original pieces, to the great delight and admiration of her audience.

"Shakes" of various kinds, and many repetitions of the "gallus," are sprinkled in between, until all are tired, and Bob says it's time for Jake to pass round the ice-cream, and then there is a rush for the baskets.

"Give Meg the seat up ag'in' the lamp-post, 'cause it's her buthday," says Bob.

"Is it your *real* buthday, Meg?" asks Tommy.

"However'd I know that?" she asks in answer. "I don't care if it is or not; it's jest as good. No, it aint; it's a hunderd million times better. I don't care about my real buthday, and I don't want to

know w'en it was. Who cares? Jake, aint ye goin' to pass the ice-cream?"

"Yes, I am," he answers; "but that don't come till the last. We must eat the other wittles first."

"Every boy must sit in a row in front of Meg," says Bob, "an' we must set out a reg'lar table on the pavemunt. I'm goin' to empty my basket first. I've got five bits of bread and—there! Wot do ye think o' *that*?" he asks, holding out a mutton bone for the admiration of the company. "That's a leg o' mutton, that is. But no; wait, an' I'll tell ye; we'll have that for turkey!"

"Hooray for the turkey!" shouts Tommy; and all the others cry "Hooray!" again.

Then Jake displays his treasures—more bread, some potatoes, and a lump of something, which, he explains, "The gal *said* was pudding, but I don't believe it is, for it's too hard."

"No," said Bob, sniffing at it, "I guess it's some kind o' cheese."

"Chuck it away!" says Jake.

"No, no," says Meg, "put it on the table, 'cause it helps to fill up, an' that looks more like a real party."

Meg and Tommy have done rather a dull business to-day, but Meg has a prize in the form of a lemon, which the company eagerly seize upon and examine.

"It's been skwuz," she says, "but we might *play* it was somethin'."

"Take out the insides, an' play it was a gold cup for to pass the lemmingade," suggests Tommy.

"O yes!" cries Jake. "An' I'll bring water in it from the hydrink."

"Now let's begin," says Bob. "Pass roun' the turkey. Meg must have the first bite."

It is a hard tug for her, but she manages to get off a little of the meat and passes it to Tommy, who finds it harder still, but sticks to it manfully, and so it goes round until it is of no use to tug at it any longer, for Bob says, "The grissle wont come off nohow," and Tommy says, "No, better leave the grissle for the dorgs."

Jake passes the "lemmingade" laboriously, the bread is eaten up, and at last it is time for the ice-cream.

"Where is it?" asks Tommy.

"In my hat, along with the motters," says Jake, bringing it forward. "Meg, you must have yourn in the lemmingade cup," he adds as he breaks a piece from a solid lump of boiled rice, stuffs it into the lemon rind, and hands it to her. The others take their portions in their fingers and there is a moment of silence as they fall to eating it. They begin at it bravely, evidently expecting much delight, but, after one taste, they continue after the

manner of the princess in the "Arabian Nights," picking at the separate grains.

"It aint got no sugar nor nothin' in it, has it?" says Meg, trying very hard to like it.

"It seems to me it's been in amongst pickles, kind o'," says Tommy, gently.

"I say," says Jake, speaking with his mouth full, "I can't swaller mine, an' I think I'll have to take it out."

The disappointment rests heavily upon them for a minute, but they cheer up when Jake says, "No matter. We don't care for ice-cream; we've got the motters left;" and, throwing away the rice, he handed his hat, full of bits of twisted newspaper, with the precious motto on top, to Meg, saying, "That's for you, Meg; Bob said it was. Look out! they'se something inside." And they all look on in silence while she opens the paper and discovers a peanut.

"O my!" she cries, "a reel one! If I did n't think it was only a shell! Is they any more?"

"Yes, indeed!" cries Tommy. "They'se a cent's worth. A lady guv me a cent on the corner of Kernal Street w'ile I was a-standin' lookin' in a shop windy, and I was n't thinkin' o' nothin' at all, an' I never axed her for nothin, an' so we got peanuts, 'cause we could n't get so much of anything else, ye know. An' Bob could only git three motters papers,—two wot was a little tore an' yourn. So we tore one in half so they'd go all roun', an' the one that aint tore is for you, 'cause it's your buthday. An' the rest o' the peanuts is wrapped up in newspaper."

"This is real harnsome, anyway," said Meg, smoothing the paper tenderly over her knee, "an' I'm goin' to save it for to keep. Bob, did ye say the girl in the pink boots had flowers in her hair?"

"Yes, rosés," answers Bob.

"Well, then," she went on, "you mus' stick this in under my hood, right there, on top where you can see it, 'cause, ye know, I must be jest like her to-night."

Bob fastens it in the desired place, and is lost in admiration.

"Don't that look splendid?" he says. "I say, Meg, if you had on that gal's pink dress an' ribbings —"

"Yes, Bob," she says, as he pauses.

"An' her pink boots, you'd be —"

"Yes, Bob, yes," she says eagerly. "I'd be wot?" And as the light strikes her poor, pinched face, with its wistful look and grotesque decorations, another light strikes Bob's young bosom, and he says:

"No, Meg, no. Ye would n't play with us fellers then, an' ye would n't like this party. I'm

real glad you ain't got 'em, 'cause them shavin's an' that motter-paper makes you look every bit as good as she did."

"Really, Bob? Do you mean that indeed," she cries.

"Yes, I do," he answers stoutly. "An' Jake 'd mean it, an' Tommy, too, if they 'd 'a' seen her—I know they would."

"Of course we would!" they cry. And Meg's face glows and there's a light of joy upon it that defies the "shavin's" and the "mutter" as she clasps her hands above her head and cries:

"O, aint this the beautifullest buthday that ever was!"

And then something sparkles in her eye, her hands bring her head down upon her knee, and the boys hear a quick sob.

"W'y, Meg! Meg!" cries Bob, seizing her head and jerking it up suddenly, "wot do ye do *that* for?"

"O, nothin', Bob! nothin'! I aint a-goin' to do it, no I aint. There! It was only it come on me suddent that it's time to—to—be goin' *home*!"

There's a silence for a moment while the little face quivers in its effort at control, then Bob says:

"No matter, Meg. We're all goin' with ye as far as the door, an' no one sha'n't touch ye to-night, you see if they will."

"I aint afeerd o' the'r doin' *that*," says Meg. "They don't do that very much; but I was thinkin' how,—if—if—there was on'y somebody—somebody to *keer* about—about—me, the way the girls to the party all has somebody,—I—I would n't keer for a pink dress, nor boots, nor a orgind, nor—nothin' at all—nothin' at all!"

"W'y, then," cries Tommy, "It's all right, Meg, don't ye see? 'cause Bob, he cares heaps for ye, an' Jake cares, an' I cares, an' we're goin' to look out for ye, an' we're goin' to care for ye such a heap that nobody else need n't care nothin'—if they don't want to, they need n't. Need they, Bob an' Jake?"

"No, of course they need n't," cries Bob. "Who wants 'em to? We'll keep on a-carin' and a-carin' till we learns how to care for ye, jest as if we was as good as anybody to the party or anyw'eres, we will."

"Try us, an' see if we wont," says Jake.

Meg's face gets bright again as she turns from one to another, and when they have all spoken she says stoutly, wiping her eyes:

"Then I wont care for nothin', I wont. Nor I wont forget about it no time, if I can help it. But

I'll jes' try an' see if I can't stop plaguin' 'em at home, an' may be some day they'll care too a little. You keep it up, an' I'll try" (here she screwed up her fist and gesticulated with it earnestly)—"I'll try jest as *hard* as ever I can. But I wont let 'em git my motter, anyways; I'll hide it," she says, taking it out of her hair and putting it in her bosom. "An' I better take off my curls too."

"Give me one?" asks Tommy.

"O yes, that'll be jolly. Give us one all roun'," says Jake.

So Meg is laughing heartily as she distributes them.

"Now, fellers," cries Bob, "this party is a-goin' to end up, an' we'll end it up with summersets. Meg, you stan' up ag'in' the lamp-post an' count. W'en you say 'One!' I'll go over, an' w'en you say 'Two!' Jake, he'll go over, an' w'en you say 'Three!' Tommy, he'll go over, an' w'en you say 'Four!' we'll all go over to wunst!"

Meg counts accordingly, and the plan is admirably carried out up to the climax reached at "Four!" which results in such a general collision of legs as to create some confusion and cause Tommy to say at the close, "W'y, I did n't know where I was at all!" Then they pick up their baskets and once more enter the dark alley. Coming out at the end of it into the court, they huddle together outside of Meg's door. Bob takes hold of her arm and whispers, as he shows her something in his hand:

"Do ye see that? Do ye know wot it is? It's the ole mutton-bone! An' Jake an' Tommy's got sticks. Now, ye see, they think ye're in bed, an' ye aint. Wal, you jest open the door an' skit up-stairs w'ile we keep a watch at the windy, an' if we see 'em move as if they heerd ye, we're goin' to bang these things ag'in' this ole barrel here an' strike up 'Shoo, fly! don't bodder me!' loud as we can, so they'll come to see wot we're up to. So now, are ye ready?"

"Yes," whispers Meg, drawing in her breath. "Good-night, Bob. Good-night, Jake an' Tommy. I don't feel bad; somehow I feel *good*,—good as can be,—'cause ye're carin' for me. Good-night!" And in a moment the little figure disappears in the dark door-way.

"I guess she's all right," says Jake; "I don't hear nothin'."

"No, she's safe," says Bob. "Come on!"

And the little fellows separate for the night, to creep quietly each to his own resting-place in the court.

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THE NEST IN THE OLD GREEN TREE.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.



Two little robins in Spring-time gay,
Talked about making a nest one day,
So snug and so warm, so cosey and neat,
To start at their housekeeping all complete.
"Chippety, chippety, chippety wee,
We'll build us a nest in the old green tree."

Then how they twittered and how they sang!
As up and down in the boughs they sprang,
Peeping and spying all round about,
To find the cunningest corners out,
Because it must be, you see, you see,
The very best spot in the old green tree.

At last the two little birdies spied
The very best spot in the branches wide,
Cunningly sheltered, and hidden from view,
By a spreading branch, yet airy, too.
"Chippety, chippety, chippety wee,
What a home we'll have in the old green tree."

How they went flitting all in and out!
How they both twittered and chirped about!
First they laid nice little twigs along
For a good foundation, firm and strong;
Then Papa Robin, said he, "I'll find
Something or other our nest to bind,
For, don't you see, it must be, must be
A good, strong nest in the old green tree."

Down to the meadow he quickly flew,
Where the grass was springing fresh and new,
And said to a horse which was feeding there,
"Good Dobbin, I want some nice strong hair,
If you don't object, from your wavy tail;
It's better for me than hammer and nail,
And we'll sing you a song in glee, in glee,
As we build our nest in the old green tree."

With a whinny, good Dobbin gave consent,
And back to the tree busy Robin went,

And worked at the nest with claws and bill,
To bind it up tight, with right good will.
And now Mrs. Redbreast downward flies,
A staid old cow in the field she spies,
Swinging her tail with a lazy care,
To switch off the flies she thought were there.

"Good Mrs. Brindle, I would bespeak
Some nice soft hair from your back so sleek;
I pray you give it to me, to me,
To line my nest in the old green tree."

So the saucy bird, without more ado,
Just helped herself, and then upward flew,
Leaving with Robin her treasure red,
And down to the barn-yard lightly sped.
The turkeys and ducks and chicks came round
As soon as they heard the cheery sound
Of madame's "chirp;" and they all agreed
To give her what feathers she might need.
Then who so happy as she, as she,
When she flew back to the old green tree.

And, last of all, to an old white sheep
Down under a beech-tree, half asleep,

Our Robin drew near, and there he spied
A bonnie lambkin close at her side.
"I'd thank you, ma'am, for some nice soft wool
From your back so fleecy, white, and full,
So that our nest it may be, may be,
All snug and warm in the old green tree."

Then sheep and lamb, in plentiful store,
Gave, till Robin could carry no more,
Who soon, returning with downy spoils,
Betook himself to his happy toils.
Then they both labor so merry and fast,
That each little corner is finished at last,
And no one ever did see, did see,
A nest like that in the old green tree.

Five little blue eggs very soon were there,
And Madame Redbreast could hardly spare
A moment, for fear that the precious things
Should miss the warmth of her sheltering wings.
And when, in good time, each dear little bird
Hatched out, one by one, you never have heard
Such "chippety, chippety; chippety wee,"
As up in the nest in the old green tree!



THIS POOR FELLOW NEVER HAD A NEST!



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MRS. HEADACHE.

BY KIEFF.



WAS taking a walk lately in a town which I sometimes visit, when I came suddenly upon a strange-looking little house, with narrow windows, in front of which were standing a crowd of queer-looking creatures, with very small bodies, big heads and mouths, and long, ugly arms.

"What can they be?" I wondered. "Perhaps elves or fairies."

I had read about elves and fairies, and knew that fairies are always very pretty, and very nicely dressed in what we would call evening dresses, but that elves are awkward and ugly, as well as poorly clothed. But these little fellows had very nice clothes on, all made of scarlet cloth. What and who could they be? So I stood looking at them until the tallest among them, by mounting on the shoulders of another, rang the bell. Very soon a little fellow, just like them, opened the door, and in they rushed. It was evidently their home. Before the little porter could shut the door I pushed in after them. I think now it was rather a rude thing to do under the circumstances; besides, if they had been elves they might have changed me instantly into a white mouse, or a rose-bush, or a brass door-knocker, and I might never have recovered my own shape to this day. But, without stopping to think of this, I went in. The little porter ushered me into a little parlor, where everything was very small. Here, at a little table covered with books and papers, sat a little old woman, dressed in bright green, and wearing spectacles.

She bowed her head. I bowed mine. Then I began to make an awkward sort of apology for the strange way in which I was behaving; but the lady of the house stopped me, by saying:

"Make no apologies. I am Mrs. Headache."

"Mrs. Headache!" I repeated.

"Yes; Mrs. Headache."

"Poor creature!" thought I to myself. "I wonder if she has a headache every day."

She really seemed to understand my thoughts, for she answered very quickly:

"No, I have no headaches myself, in your sense of the word, but I have the control of all the head-

aches among children in this part of the world. Those are my sons. Look!" And I looked and saw innumerable little fellows, all busy,—some hurrying out, some hurrying home, some waiting for orders. Mrs. Headache turned to her pile of books.

"Here," said she, "I have in writing all that they are to do to-day, Number 496!"

Number 496 came in at once.

"I want you," said his active little mother, "to take thirty-five of your brothers and go to the party in Grand Street this evening. There is to be a fine supper set out, and a great deal of gas lighted, and a great deal of heat. The children are to stay very late, and one of you will be needed to go home with every child, and remain with it all day to-morrow."

"Will they show themselves to the company?" I asked.

"No; my children will be invisible; but they will use their fists well, to pound and hammer the heads of those young guests to-morrow."

"How dreadful!"

"Not dreadful at all. Those children are all disobeying the rules of Health, which are very simple. I send my little ones to them, not as a punishment, but as a warning. I heard of a children's party yesterday in the open air. They all went home and to bed early. I sent no headaches there."

More little fellows came in for orders. She sent them away in crowds. Some went to children who would play in the hot sun; some, to some little boys who made themselves very dizzy sliding down the banisters; some, to children who spent a great deal of their pocket-money in colored sweet things which looked like pink and yellow eggs.

"Do you think, then, that children should never eat good things, Mrs. Headache, nor play much, nor run?"

"By no means. I want them to play and run. I want them to eat good things, but not such good things, or rather *bad* things, as pink and yellow and purple sugar-plums. I must send them my warnings if they will not obey the rules of Health. Some of them sit up a great deal too late; some walk a great deal too much; others not half enough. Some study too hard,—pore over their lessons when they ought to be playing. Oh! I have a great deal to do, I can tell you, but I can

always wait upon you, ma'am, if you want me. Just let me know."

"By mail?" I inquired.

"No; by my telegraph. Sit in a very hot room, or eat anything you know to be bad for you, or sleep with your windows shut down,—there are

many ways to summon me, and I will attend to the call at once, and let you have any number of my most active children to try their fists on the tenderest part of your head."

I thanked Mrs. Headache, and went home just as fast as I could.

THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon;
Where she was going, I could n't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.



"Old woman! old woman!

Old woman!" said I,

"O whither, O whither,

O whither so high?"

"To sweep the cobwebs

Out of the sky;

And I shall be back again

By and by."



PARSEE CHILDREN.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

THE little folks whose pictures you will see on the next page are the natives of a sunny clime, born probably in Bombay or its vicinity, and have spent all their few years in the beautiful oriental homes, and among the graceful palms, of that land of flowers. It is true that the word *Parsee* is a corruption of Persian, and that all the modern Parsees are descended from Persian ancestors; but very few of them are now found in the land of their forefathers, and India has become the adopted home of nearly the whole race.

More than twelve hundred years ago, Persia was overrun and conquered by fierce Arab soldiers, who laid waste fields and gardens, murdered or drove out the inhabitants, burned their houses, and committed every sort of violence. The Arabs, who were Mohammedans, added to their desire for plunder a bitter hatred of the Persians, because they were fire-worshippers, and hunted them down with relentless fury, in order to compel them to adopt the Mohammedan faith. But the poor Persians fled from their homes, and gave up all their possessions—their beautiful fields and gardens—rather than renounce their religion. Most of them settled in Bombay and other cities along the western coast of India, where they have prospered and increased, till they form, at the present day, the most intelligent, wealthy, and charitable portion of the communities in which they live.

As the Parsees do not often intermarry with other races, they have, during all these years of exile, altered but little; so that a Parsee boy or girl, such as those you see in the picture, and whose ancestors for forty generations have not set foot on Persian soil, is in features, dress, manners, habits, and religion a perfect copy of the first exiles, whose well-preserved portraits are among the most precious adornments of the Parsee temples of India. No one but a Parsee is allowed to enter these temples; but they were described to me as entirely empty, except for the great altar in the center and these treasured portraits of the first exiles, with a few historical paintings representing scenes connected with their flight. Upon the altar burns the sacred fire kindled by their renowned prophet, Zoroaster, four thousand years ago. From this, they say, the exiles lighted brands, which they brought with them in golden vessels from their native land. I cannot assure you that this marvel-

ous story of the fire-brands is true, but every Parsee boy and girl is taught to believe it.

Parsee children learn, from the very cradle, to be quiet, respectful, and obedient to all the forms and ceremonies required by the faith of their parents. The hours for eating and drinking, the kinds of food of which he may partake, and even the cut of his garments, are all prescribed by a Parsee's religion. His shirt must have five seams—no more, no less; and in wearing, must be laid across the breast in a particular way. Were he to fail, though ever so slightly, in observing any of these rules, he would be utterly cast off by his people, and not allowed to worship with them or to marry into their families; not even to buy or sell among them, or to enter the dwelling of his nearest kin.

The dress of the men consists of a shirt and loose trousers, both of white silk or linen, over which is worn a long *caftan* of embroidered muslin, confined at the waist by an elaborate girdle. This girdle, like the Mandarin's button in China, is the characteristic portion of a Parsee's dress, being more or less adorned with gold and precious stones, according to the rank and wealth of the wearer. On the head is worn a pasteboard cap, some ten inches high, covered with velvet and silk for rich people, and gray or brown nankeen for those of humbler grade. The costume of the women and children is very similar to that of the men, only that the women's *caftan* is longer and more flowing, and the turban not quite so high. The material of all the garments is usually silk or fine muslin, sometimes nearly covered with embroidery, like some of those in the picture.

The *caftans* of the little girls especially, are fairly radiant in their many-colored flowers of the brightest tints, and with the glitter of gold and jewels. The garments of infants even are of silk, though very plain and simple in form, consisting of a single long robe of soft white silk, and without a sash at the waist. Both men and women wear around their bodies a double string of twisted silken cord, which is always loosened when the wearer is at prayer. The Parsees attach so much importance to the wearing of this cord, that no contract is considered binding if made when either of the parties happens to be without it.

A child is first invested with the cord when he enters his ninth year; and the occasion is regarded

as the most important of his whole life. A great feast is made; all the kindred are invited, and generally come loaded with presents, and for three days and nights nothing is thought of but music and dancing, feasting and frolic. After this, a boy may eat at the same table with his father, which before he was not allowed to do; and a girl, being now thought old enough for betrothal, must, from this time, be kept in retirement with her mother, and entirely away from the society of men and boys.

of which is a sort of dais, or raised ottoman, the seat of honor belonging to the head of the family. Here he frequently sits, attended by one or more assistants, occupied in weighing or counting out money, while at desks ranged below him are clerks, some of whom are probably the sons of the house, all daintily clad in white nankeen, and busy with pens and account-books. Opening from this room, and ranged on either side, are the private apartments of the male portions of the family, while at



SOME PARSEE CHILDREN.

Among wealthy people, the girls grow up in ignorance and idleness, like so many pretty dolls. Few of them read or work, or even embroider; and music they do not care for, because they will not take the trouble to learn it. All their time is spent either in bathing and dressing, or in lolling on silken ottomans, fanning themselves, or twining fresh flowers in their beautiful hair. Boys, on the contrary, are carefully educated, and strictly trained to business habits, from a very early age. The large, central room on the first floor of Parsee houses is always the gentlemen's parlor, at one end

the ends of the hall are long, covered verandas, where are kept in waiting, messengers and coolies ready for service at a moment's notice. In this domestic business college, under the immediate eye of their fathers, the sons of Parsee families are trained to the practical business of life, learning, almost from the cradle, in a sort of home bank or counting-house, the lessons in buying and selling and getting gain, by which they are expected to amass fortunes when they go out into the world. The second floor of the house, arranged on precisely the same plan, is for the use of the female

members of the family. The contrast can be seen by the list of the women of the busy hive.

The rest are plainly of the sexes where the Parsee and in a Most of business, in trade. indolent, in tary except of a Mr. M. sively in with the n lish ladies in the sar a grand p gave his c could com first saw he very lovely one who w miration an not be lik

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members of the family; but a more striking contrast can scarcely be imagined than that presented by the listlessness and indolence of the occupants of the women's room, and the lively industry of the busy hive below.

The results of this difference in early training are plainly seen in the contrast between the two sexes when the girls and boys are grown up. All the Parsee men I ever met were intelligent, active, and in a measure, at least, both witty and wise. Most of them were energetic and successful in business, and very many had made large fortunes in trade. But the women of the same families were indolent, ignorant, and uninteresting. The solitary exception that I remember was the daughter of a Mr. Manuchjee, who, having traveled extensively in Europe, and being especially pleased with the manners and accomplishments of English ladies, determined to educate this daughter in the same way. He purchased a harp and a grand piano, hired an English governess, and gave his child every advantage his great wealth could command. She was about sixteen when I first saw her; in face and form fully matured, and very lovely, graceful, and accomplished. She was one who would be sure, in our country, to win admiration and esteem; but her father said she would not be likely to marry, as her own people were

afraid of accomplished women for wives. It is certainly true that they frown down all attempts to introduce among their daughters a higher education, as well as the lovely, womanly employments that render our homes so attractive, and make the wives and daughters of America the companions of their husbands and fathers.

The Parsees are all fire-worshippers, and I think these devotees of the sun-god never change their creed for another. In Bombay and other large cities whole crowds of them may be seen an hour before sunrise, gathered in groups on the esplanade, eagerly watching to catch the first glimpse of the sun's cheery face. Even the last reflection of his fiery chariot at evening is watched with reverent devotion, followed by a general prostration. But there is a difference in the morning and evening worship. As their god sinks beneath the horizon, he is followed with saddened gaze, whilst his appearance is greeted only with joy. A group of juveniles, expecting this, may be seen in the illustration silently, almost devoutly, awaiting the first glimmer in the East that betokens the sign of his coming. Not an outspoken word is heard; all the uproariousness of childish glee is hushed for the time, and their very breathing seems subdued in the interval of eager watching, ended at last by one glad shout, that proclaims the advent of their King.

HE DID N'T MIND—AND WHAT TOLD.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"NOT get into the hammock?"

Well, if he had n't been told not to get into it, it would n't have been half so hard to stay out of it. And above all things, a hammock!

But Uncle John had said, oh! so gruffly, "Don't you try to get into it; and, what's more, don't you go near it. When I come home this evening, we'll see. Now *mind!*"

And so, of course, Barry had been thinking about it ever since, and he could n't, for the life of him, study his geography lesson. Everything seemed bounded north, east, south and west by hammocks.

At last he threw down his book and ran out into the garden, and stood looking at the red and yellow net as it hung between two splendid old oak-trees.

"I would n't go near it, now, if he said I might," said Barry. 'Try to get in it,' indeed, as though

a baby could n't get in a hammock, let alone a fellow as big as I am. He need n't be afraid; I'll stay away." He was standing about thirty feet from it, under a great big apple-tree. "But I'll look at it as much as I please.

"Uncle John's great, he is! What'd he bring it here for, if he was n't going to let a fellow swing, and swing right away, too?"

"The best fun in the world is swinging right away. Wonder what it's made of? Don't care; I'll stay here and eat apples."

And he sat down under the tree and picked up a fat rosy-cheeked apple, and took a boy's bite out of it.

"It's sour," said Barry, making a wry face, and throwing it away.

"Oh! what a story!" said the apple-tree, in a loud whisper.

"What?" asked Barry, looking up at it.
But the tree only rustled its leaves angrily, and said no more.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Barry; "what a long morning this is! What shall I do? Hello! there's a funny old toad. I'll catch him and make him hop."

So he rolled over and over on the green grass, until he reached a large stone under which the toad was sitting with three black beetles playing house.

The toad had just told the brightest beetle that he might take the other two and go to market to get something for dinner, when Barry put his hand in and seized it.

The poor thing was so frightened, it became as cold as well water.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Barry, dropping it in a hurry; and as the toad made a feeble hop, he continued, "Ha! ha! *you* can't jump worth a cent."

"You're polite," said the toad.

"What?" asked Barry. But the toad hopped off without answering.

Just then, a prince of the butterflies, dressed in purple and gold, rose from a flower near by, and flew in the direction of the hammock.

"I'd like to have that butterfly," said Barry.
So he whistled a little, in a trifling manner, and went after it.

It flew straight ahead, but stopped just two feet this side of the oak-trees to kiss a young white rose. Barry stopped, too, and when the butterfly unfolded its velvet wings to again take flight, "No, you don't," said he, and threw his hat over it.

But it *did*; for when he raised his hat it darted out and flew merrily before him.

"I bet I'll have you yet," said Barry; and, starting to run again, he came right up against the hammock.

"Crikey!" said he. "Well, I never, if here is n't the hammock! How funny! What a meany Uncle John is; I've a good mind to get in for a few minutes. Who's to tell?"

So he took hold of it; put up one foot, carefully; swayed about a little; then lifted the other foot; made a spring, and landed head first on the ground.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the apple-tree.

"*You* can't jump worth a cent," said the toad.

"No, you don't!" remarked the butterfly.

But Barry answered never a word. He got up with a large bump on his forehead and went back to the house. *And the bump told.*

RHYMING PLAY.

[FLOWERS.]

BY J. D. LOCEY.

I'M tired of romping now, for one;
Let's try a little quiet fun.

ST. NICHOLAS has come to-day;
Sit down, we'll try the "Rhyming Play."

First, name the noblest flower that grows,
In all its sorts, the queenly *rose*.

Next, one whose flavor many think
Exceeding sweet, the garden *rose*.

Third, find a name which rhymes with Willie;
What king was not clothed like the *rose*?

A little Western stream, the Jooshia,
Rhymes finely with the handsome *rose*.

Fifth, name me one to rhyme with Lena,
The graceful, delicate *rose*.

Where all the sweetest flowers are set,
I turn to seek the *rose*.

Part of a column is the plinth,
Which rhymes our H, the *rose*.

Now, start with A and end with L,
To find the yellow *rose*.

What constellation holds the "Dipper?"
The creature wears no *rose*.

Who has not roamed the meadow over
To find the magic four-leaved *rose*?

Next, Shakspeare links the rare woodbine
With musk-rose and sweet —.

This also comes from W. S.,
The odd name, Love-in- —.

A flowery empire had King Cyrus,
So has the many-tinted —.

Changing the accent in Salonica,
We fitly rhyme the fair —.

This one is easy, rhymes with wagon,
A beast with open mouth, — —.

Don't try to make a pig-tail whistle,
Nor rashly dare to pick the —.

Scotchmen, for much, sometimes say muckle,
Which rhymes a vine, sweet —.

The tint of gloves which I prefer
Matches the dainty —.

From the deep water, rising stilly,
A flower has gained its name, — —.

Last, name the poet's modest pet,
The timid wild-wood —.

[Who can send us the names of the flowers needed to make the rhymes in the above verses?]

PERRY AND TERRY.

BY NELLIE EYSTER.



LIKE everything else, even trouble has its beginning, and that of Perry Hyde and his twin sister Theresa—or Terry, as she was pet-named—grew out of a boiled lobster, red as a brick, which lay upon a plate between them. It was the first day of August, 1873, and the dinner hour at Mrs. Rogers' boarding-house in the village of Clinton, Connecticut. The children, with their invalid moth-

yard!" quietly commanded Mrs. Hyde, remarking, as the door closed upon their flushed and mortified faces, "Their troubles always begin in such a fashion. They love each other tenderly, but in matters of opinion both are equally unyielding."

At the far end of the grassy yard an old fisherman, with hair as white as sea foam, sat astride a wood-horse mending the meshes of a hammock. His face wrinkled all over into smiles as Terry rushed toward him, exclaiming:

"Uncle Nat, have n't lobsters got legs?"

"Of course, or how could they crawl?"

"And claws, too?" cried Perry, just behind.

"Sure, or they could n't pinch."

"There! we were both right," said Terry triumphantly.

"And both wrong, I 'spect," said the shrewd old fellow; "leastways if you was wranglin' 'bout a lobster. Why, them 's the 'ceitfullest things on 'arth, 'cept—well—'cept Capen Kidd's money."

"Captain Kidd! Who is he? Does he live in Clinton?" asked Perry.

"Well, well. Where did you live ef you never heerd tell of Capen Kidd?" Then he told them the old story of the wonderful captain, who, nearly two hundred years ago, received permission, as commander of a sloop, to cruise as a privateer, but, turning pirate, robbed other vessels of gold, silver, precious jewels, and cloth of gold, and, locking them up in iron chests, buried them all along

er, had come there a few days before from a town in Pennsylvania, hoping that the sea air from off Long Island Sound, near which the village lay, would restore her strength.

"I can't break off this lobster's legs," said Terry.

"They aint legs; they 're claws," remarked

Perry.

"I guess I know. *They are legs*," replied Terry, the color deepening in her cheeks.

"I say *claws*."

"And I *legs*."

"Claws."

"Legs."

"Children, leave the table and go into the

the coast, after which he was hung in Boston for being a murderer.

Never had he two more eager listeners.

"Who has all the gold and silver now?"

"Nobody yet; an' that's why it's as 'ceitful as lobster-catchin'. You 'll dig, an' dig, an' jest when you think you're reddey to grab it, it aint there."

"Have *you* dug, Uncle Nat?" Terry asked this in a low whisper.

"Deed I have, bushels o' times. I've dug from our point here, miles away to Madison Beach, but never a dollar did I find, 'cept in the sellin' of the clams which I turned up while doin' it. But I 'spect that was all I had a nateral right to." And throwing the hammock over a chip-pile, he went into the house.

"Bars of gold and silver!" said Perry. "That means strips as long and thick as fence-rails. If we could get them we could buy strawberries and ice-cream every day in the year, Terry."

"Say, shall we go?"

"Yes; and not tell mamma?"

"No. We'll s'prise her."

The Point, more than a mile from the village, was a narrow hand of the shore, reaching its long thumb into the sea, while the fingers, like a closed fist, were represented by a cluster of enormous granite rocks. On the broad summit of these, facing the water, was a small, low house of unpainted boards, the only whole thing remaining of what, previous to its explosion years ago, had been a factory for the expressing and refining of fish oil. Vessels had been wrecked and lost when very near those now ivy-clad rocks. It had long been deserted, save by a few old fishermen, and was only accessible from the village by land at low tide. Little did Perry and Terry know of all this, and less would they have cared had they known, as, with an old-fashioned fire-shovel they had found in Mrs. Rogers' smoke-house, and an empty cigar-box, in which Terry thought they might at least bring back Captain Kidd's precious stones, they started out gold-hunting. Over a little bridge across Hamonasset River, and along a narrow road of deep, damp sand, between walls of tall sea-grass alive with mosquitoes and grasshoppers, the twins plodded until, having reached the house, they stopped to breathe and look around at what they believed to be the Point.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh!" they cried, as for the first time in their lives they stood so close to the broad, blue, sunlit sea that they could pat it with their hands. The gold and silver-hued shells which lay upon the white sand, more finely polished than the costliest china; the thousand other wonders of moss and shells and "sea-things" which, day by day, the waves had cast upon that wonderful beach,

so far exceeded anything they had ever before seen in or out of a toy shop, that they forgot Captain Kidd's buried treasures and hopped about like crumb-hunting sparrows. Instead of jewels, Terry filled her box with the "darlingest" shells, while daring Perry and the sea had already become such good friends, that as fast as he would dig a well with his shovel, close to its edge, a little white-rimmed wave would run in and fill it. Thus, for two hours or more, the water chased him farther and farther back until, at a shriek from Terry, "Clams! clams! I've found clams!" he threw down the shovel and rushed to her.

Terry was right. Wherever she put her foot down heavily upon the black, wet sand, dozens of tiny jets of water spirting upward from it told the secret that clams were beneath the surface.

"Oh, Terry! let's play we're Robinson Crusoe, and have a clam-bake. I know how, for Uncle Nat told me. You be Friday, and dig a lot, while I hunt around for a stove-pipe. Then we'll make a little fire between two stones, put the clams inside the stove-pipe, stop up each end of it with sea-weed, and lay it over the fire until it is red-hot. Then the clams are done, and ready for us to eat."

Sure enough, back a few yards upon a low hill, where bricks, fragments of iron, and other relics of the oil explosion lay around in loose heaps, he found a piece of battered, rusty pipe, two feet in length; and he soon had enough dry material lying between two rudely built brick pillars to burn down another Chicago. Terry meanwhile, wet and muddy to her knees, had unearthed at least a peck of clams. Together filling the pipe, scrambling with it over the stones, and laying it in proper position to get it "red-hot," they surveyed their work with intense satisfaction.

"But where's the fire?" suddenly exclaimed Terry.

"Goody! I forgot that, and I have n't any matches," replied Perry, plunging his hands to the bottom of both pockets.

Poor little hungry, disappointed clam-diggers! They were tired too. The sunshine had gone, a strong wind was blowing, and something unseen roared, as though saying, "Go home, go home."

Quickly deciding to do so and return next day with some matches, they piled old shingles over the stove-pipe and fire-place and ran to the spot where they had left the shovel and box of shells. Not only they, but the place itself had disappeared. The sandy beach, the narrow road in which they had walked, the meadow of pink-tipped grass, all were gone, and in their stead was nothing but water, which looked green, cold and deep.

Bewildered, but not frightened, they climbed up

before seen the rocky bluff in the rear of the old, lone house and looked about them. To their right was miles of corn field running back to dense woods. Afar off in another direction was the white steeple of the Clinton church, but between them and it all was water.

"Something in the sea must have burst to make it spread out so wide," said Perry. "Let us wait until a ship comes near here and holler for them to take us home."

At least forty vessels were in sight. Some of the ships stood still, like great white butterflies with their wings folded; others were sailing on a straight blue line close up to the gray sky; but none came within hailing distance of the little Crusoes. It grew darker, and the rising tide, now almost at its height, made a fearful noise as the sea dashed against the rocks.

"May be this house has a door. Let's creep around to the front and look," suggested Terry.

Joy! It had, and standing wide open, too. There was but one room in it, containing a rough table or bench covered with fish-scales, and beneath it a small pile or bundle of loose straw. Upon this the children crept, and cuddling into each other's arms, were so quiet for a while that they could hear their hearts thumping like hammers. It was very dark, and each seemed afraid to speak first. At length Terry whispered:

"Perry, are you 'most crying? Please, don't."

"Not a bit of it," said he, bravely choking down a sob. "I'm only wishing I was a skipper, then I'd —"

"You mean sailor, Perry," interrupted Terry.

"No, I don't. I mean what I say—skipper."

"No; sailor," she said sharply.

"I'm sure I know better than you, Terry."

But for once the retort failed to come. Seizing his arm and turning his face to the open door, she said, in a frightened tone:

"Only look! What is that coming up out of the water?"

They sat almost breathless, as, by the light of the rising moon, they plainly saw a figure, like that of a woman, standing motionless upon a wave with one arm stretched toward them, while the rest of her body was wrapped up as tightly as a mummy.

"What can it mean, Perry? Oh, I do wish we were with mamma!"

Her courageous spirit was quailing before the mystery of the quiet woman.

"You may say skipper. I wont contradict you no more; never."

"Yes, but sailor was best, after all," said the softened Perry. And, moving his lips along her hair, he fervently kissed the tip of her left ear. Just then a moonbeam came through a window

behind them, and stopping in one corner, revealed something glittering in it like a pile of diamonds.

"I know what that is," said the excited Perry, springing to his feet, and thereby giving his head a furious bump against the table. "It's Captain Kidd's money—the very thing we came here to hunt for and forgot all about. That's his ghost daring us to touch it. Are you afraid, Terry?"

"I don't know." Her voice was full of awe, for the pile seemed to broaden and brighten the longer she looked at it. "Captain Kidd was the most wickedest man I ever heard of. We did n't dig for his money like other people. It aint ours, and you know 'Thou shalt not steal.' I wish his ghost would please go away, and it was daytime. What is the use of all that gold and diamonds if we never see mamma again." Her voice ended in a plaintive wail.

"Well, the clams that you dug are ours, anyhow, and if we can sell them for ten dollars, like Uncle Nat did, Captain Kidd and his old money may —"

But a cloud that instant obscuring the moon, they were again in darkness and terror.

"Let us pray, Perry. Let us say, 'Dear Jesus, please dry up the ocean and make it daylight. Indeed and 'deed we don't want any of Captain Kidd's gold and silver.' Say that last *real right*, Perry. Oh! if we had n't been naughty at the dinner-table we should never have heard of him nor come here to hunt for it; should we?"

"No; but I contradicted first, Terry, and that began it. Let's pray. He'll help us give up to one another after this, you to me."

"Yes; and you to me first, because I'm a girl."

"No; I'm right as often as you. Boys ought to know."

"Perry Hyde! you're —" Again the outline of the motionless figure was becoming visible. "You're my dear brother, and I'm very sorry! Let's ask him to please forgive us and let mamma find us, for Jesus' sake."

So the trusting little hearts were lifted in all a child's sweet faith to Him who was guarding every hair of their precious heads, and before they had got to "Amen" both were fast asleep.

Meanwhile half the village of Clinton was searching for the lost ones, while others were vainly trying to soothe the awful fears of the sorrowing mother. No clue to where they had gone could be found in any quarter. All night the sympathetic friends were in motion, and it was full dawn when Uncle Nat, by some means, found himself alone on Hamonasset bridge, with his weary, hopeless eyes turned toward the old house on the rocks.

"Bless me. The Point! the Point!" he shouted. "Why did n't I think before?"

When did a pair of old legs run faster than his, as every step brought him nearer to the beach? Soon he saw a little shovel sticking in the sand as the tide had found and left it. A short way up the hill, and there lay the stove-pipe waiting its opportunity to get "red-hot."

"So, so! I see it all now. The scamps! the scamps!"

He could scarcely distinguish the sleeping chil-

"Well, there was an awful ghost just beyond the rocks!" said Terry with a shudder.

Not so. The long-ago wreck of a schooner lay near by with a post at the stern, five feet high, projecting above the water.

Then nothing was real but the lonely night and the happiness of being found.

"Nothin' else, darlin's, 'cept the clams. Oh yes, clams are allus grit and certain, but Capen Kidd's



"HE SAW A LITTLE SHOVEL STICKING IN THE SAND."

dren snuggled up in the hay for the tears of joy which blinded his faded eyes.

"Thank God."

It was said so loud and fervently, that the twins awakened at the same instant. What a surprise to Uncle Nat! What puzzling surroundings! What untold joy!

"We found Captain Kidd's treasure," at length said Perry, coming first to his senses. "It's there in the corner, loads of it."

No; that was not treasure; it was only some twisted scraps of clean tin, which had been brought there to scrape away the scales from fish.

money, like everything else we don't come by honest and true, is 'ceitful as diamond tin and wooden ghosts."

Uncle Nat always carried matches and a tobacco-pouch in the same pocket. Perry's fire was lighted, and the clams baked and eaten just as the sunrise turned, for a few moments, Long Island Sound into a cloth of gold.

What a rare breakfast they ate on the sand! Then they were hurried home to the clinging arms of a loving, thankful mother, with an experience all their own, which made them, for a day at least, feel as wise and old as Uncle Nat.

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VOL. I

A STORY FOR THE "BIRD-DEFENDERS."

BY HELEN B. PHILLIPS.

THE sunlight under apple bloom
Steals softly down upon our home,
And airily against the sky,
So tenderly, so tenderly
The soft winds singing lullaby—
Our nest swings high.

Dame Redbreast, in her modest gown,
Sits brooding there in sober brown.
Beneath her patient, throbbing breast
Four lovely eggs are warmly prest.
Was ever bird so highly blest
As now am I?

I love my dear Dame Redbreast so,
My swelling heart must overflow
In loving care and minstrelsy
While waiting for Love's mystery.
In all the world, dear Heart, to me
There's none like thee.

"I LOVE my dear Dame Redbreast so!" This was the burden of Robin's song early and late. Never had birdies begun the world with brighter prospects. They had migrated in company, and mated with the approval of "all the world" of birds. During the long, breezy days, in sunshine and shower, the building of the nest had busied them until now. Everything was in perfect order, and Robin bustled about in anxious search of dainties for his dame, who seldom left her nest and precious eggs. All the world overflowing with fresh life, joy, and sunshine, Robin thought, was made solely and expressly for himself and little wife!

"Mamma, here's a robin at my window. Every morning he comes flying up against the window by the apple-tree, and wakes me up. What does he want, mamma?"

Jessie's mamma came, but the robin had flown away. Day after day he came; and often, seated dejectedly on the ledge of the window, mamma found poor Robin. Sure enough, what *did* he want? Other birdies were busy with housekeeping and their mates; a few with their fledglings, teaching them to fly, and making as joyful commotion over them, as do human bipeds over *their* first darlings.

A most pitiful object was Jessie's robin. Experiments were made to find what he wanted. Crumbs he faintly picked at. The softest bits of wool, temptingly and conveniently exposed, he completely ignored.

Finally, the cook grew superstitious and tried

VOL. II.—32.

to drive him away. All to no purpose. Jessie's room was on the ground floor; and, determined to solve the mystery, mamma came one day to the outside of the window and looked in. The pane of glass acted as a reflector, and she saw herself distinctly. Robin liked a mirror, it seemed. The vain little fop!

Yet this constant contemplation of himself did not seem to give him any satisfaction. He never showed vain and foppish ways. He was certainly no spruce "dandy robin," as Jessie now called him. He was either sick or in affliction, mamma said.

About this time Jessie's cousin, Georgie, came to visit her. Agile as a monkey, he was into all the trees and tumbling from the hay-loft. Of course the old apple-tree, with its crooks and crutches, was too tempting to escape a tour of inspection. With help, Jessie went too.

"Here's where my dandy robin lives; don't disturb him! I guess his mate is on the nest; I never see but one."

Up they climbed to find the nest and the blue eggs, but no birdie was there. And no lady-bird ever came to hatch out those eggs, over which proud Robin had sung so joyfully.

Listen, for this is a true story. Somebody had killed the dear mate! (Jessie knew Tom Lane did such things, and in her heart accused him of this deed.)

The mystery was now explained. The bereaved robin, in searching for his dame, had alighted upon the window-ledge; seen his own reflection; mistaken it for his love; and so, day after day, he had come, hoping to find her free. It was a sad, sad sight to see the faithful little fellow, as I did, mourning for his love. As for him, all the life, joy, and sunshine had gone out of the world.

Who could intentionally or thoughtlessly have caused such sorrow to even the smallest of God's creatures? Will not He who marks the sparrows' flight take note and remember?

Jessie told Tom Lane one day about her robin, and took him to see the bird with his drooping plumage and woe-begone air. Tom was really touched, and said slowly:

"Sho, now! I should n't 'ave s'posed he 'd 'ave cared! Leastwise, not for so long."

"Yes, indeed," said Jessie, "birds *do* care. Of

course he loved his mate. Don't you s'pose my papa'd mourn some if my mamma should die? And was n't she Robin's little wife?"

Tom did n't say much, but somehow he could n't

forget the poor bereaved robin on the window-ledge.

And if Jessie should ask him to join the army of Bird-defenders, I believe he would do it.

THE LIFE OF A CLOTHES-MOTH.

BY PROF. A. W. RATTRAY.

YES, I am only a moth—a common clothes-moth. Some call me a "miller," because I am mealy-looking, and flour the fingers of those who touch me. Well-informed people name me *Tinea Vestianella*, which I like better, because there's often a great deal in a pretty name. I am only a tiny, fragile insect; but for all that, every good and wise girl and boy ought to know the story of my life, which, in some respects, is a very curious one.

Moths are well connected, I assure you, and not ashamed of their pedigree. Butterflies are nearly related to us, though they may not own it. They are one branch of the *Lepidoptera* (or scale-winged) family of insects, and we are the other. But they are proud creatures, and regard us as country cousins, although themselves only gaudy, showy things, fond of admiration and of airing themselves in the sun. And all of them together could not give you silk for one of those pretty dresses, which the children of one of our family, the silkworm moth, can easily supply you with.

Is it not a pity that our little ones cannot live on leaves, as they do, but must eat the nap of cloth, blankets, flannels, carpets, and other woollen stuffs? For it is chiefly on this account that we, their parents, are hated, hunted, and killed, instead of being courted and petted, like the butterflies. But, after all, can we or our children be blamed? Like yourselves, we must eat to live.

No, we are not ashamed of our connections. But pray do not confound our family, the clothes-moths, with the fur-moths (*Tinea pellionella*), or with the hair-moths (*Tinea crinella*). We are closely related, and, in fact, cousins; but, as you may readily imagine, they are less refined in taste—altogether more common, and do not take the same standing in insect society as ourselves.

You may make our acquaintance any evening after the lights are lit, for we fly chiefly at night, and often burn our wings in the glare, which attracts and blinds us. Fig. 1 is my likeness. As you see, I am a very plain, small, flat, grayish insect. I do not hold my wings up, like the

butterflies, but fold them over my back; and my feelers (or *antennae*) are pointed, and not club-shaped, like theirs. I would also like to show you the fur and the feather moths. But the differences in color, size, shape, &c., between them and ourselves are too slight to be detected by any but a good naturalist, or to be accurately shown in a wood-cut.

I was hatched last May. My first home was an egg, much smaller than a pin-head; and, when magnified by a microscope, something like those shown in Fig. 2. I cannot say how many little egg brothers and sisters I had, they were so numerous. But our mother took great pains to get a good home for us, so as to give us a fair start in

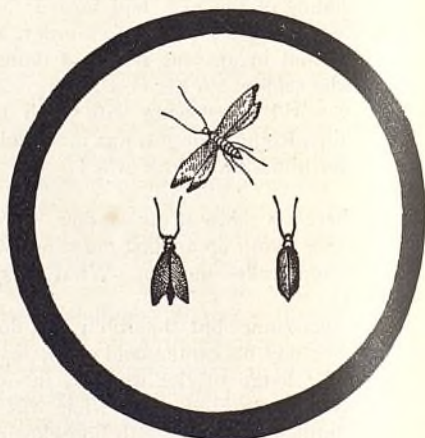


FIG. 1.—THE CLOTHES-MOTH.

life; and slyly crept through chinks and even key-holes, into hundreds of corners, to find a dusty, damp, and undisturbed spot, especially among woollens. She told me herself that she first tried a furrier's store, but neither dust nor damp was allowed there, and the owner aired and shook his goods very carefully twice a week. Seeing my mother, he flung his handkerchief at her, saying: "Be off, there's no room for you here."

FIG. 2.—MOTH
(a) EGG

small crevices; but lining with poisoned coachman drive my n shape and kill us.

The old was just ro mother ma pretty. TI people who the old lady at least the out permiss she was a g and often s attacks our Still, while can catch it from which drive away mother, the prevent her worm which Not a cup find in the cleaned, an smelling stu The old lady with this obj things—som

But moths are very active, and she was out of sight in a moment. Away she flew toward Fifth Avenue, and into the coach-house of an old lady, in which there was a cosey carriage, lined with fine blue cloth, and which was seldom used. Any

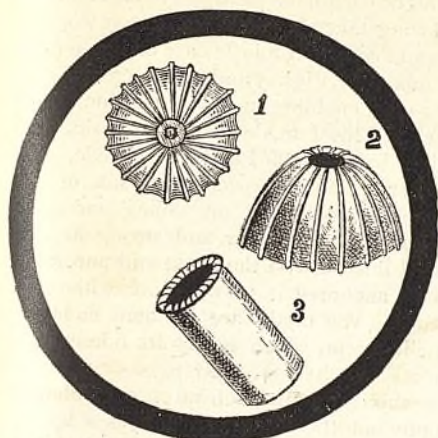


FIG. 2.—MOTHS' EGGS (MAGNIFIED). (1) EGG OF RUSTIC-MOTH. (2) EGG OF SHARK-MOTH. (3) EGG OF THORN-MOTH.

small crevice of this would have been just the thing; but the coach-maker had sponged the lining with corrosive sublimate water, which nearly poisoned my mother. And, besides this, the coachman smoked. This alone was enough to drive my mother away; we hate tobacco in every shape and form. Dense tobacco smoke will even kill us.

The old lady's open bedroom window, however, was just round the corner; and through this my mother made her way, it looked so tempting and pretty. Though kind-hearted, and one of those people who would not unnecessarily hurt a worm, the old lady had one serious fault. She hated moths, at least the house varieties, because one had, without permission, lived in and spoilt her muff, when she was a girl. She was fond of natural history, and often said: "It is not the moth itself which attacks our clothes, but its children, the little worms. Still, while we try to get rid of the latter, when we can catch it at work, and also to destroy the egg from which it comes, we should chiefly strive to drive away—or, still better, to kill—the moth-mother, the author of the entire mischief, and thus prevent her laying the eggs from which springs the worm which so annoys us."

Not a cupboard drawer or box could my mother find in the entire house that was not turned out, cleaned, and aired every week; and some vile-smelling stuff had been put among the clothes. The old lady liked, too, to make experiments, and, with this object, powdered her clothes with different things—some with black or cayenne pepper, others

with snuff, and so on. She even wished that some poison could be discovered to attract and kill us as they kill flies.

Her four daughters were certainly pretty, amiable, and accomplished, but they had been taught to dislike us, and always tried to starve us out, by frequently shaking and airing their jackets, furs, and woolens, lest any stray moths, moths' eggs, or caterpillars might have got in by chance. They then, after carefully wrapping them in linen bags and old sheets, which moths cannot get through, scented them strongly. Rosa, for example, sprinkled hers occasionally with a little abietine, a new moth abomination; Mary liked benzine or turpentine better (the vapor of the latter kills us); while Ella chose carbolic acid, and Bertha put chips of red cedar-wood, or a few matured horse-chestnuts, or shavings of Russia leather, or a little bitter-apple powder, or a handful of unwashed wool, or a bit of tallow, in each drawer, to find out which was the best of these things for driving us away. Moths never touch greasy or unwashed wool or cloth.

The housekeeper was just as careful with her carpets, which were taken up and beaten once, and often twice, during Summer, when we were about; and then sprinkled with salt, cayenne, black pepper, and occasionally a little carbolic acid; while the woolen curtains, when not in use, were well beaten, peppered, wrapped in linen, and laid in a dry place. And all of them, mistresses and servants, took particular pains to do this during the moth

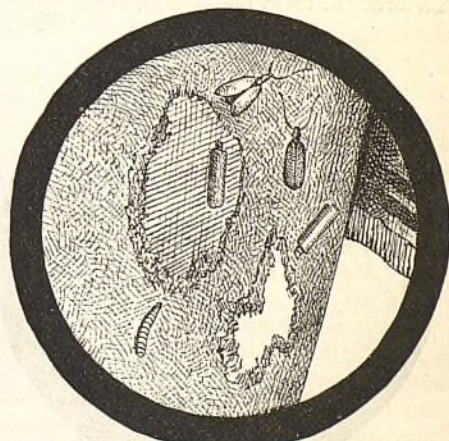


FIG. 3.—HOUSE-MOTH, LARVA OR CATERPILLAR (NATURAL SIZE) AT WORK.

season. Not a moth could or would put its nose into that house; and if one did by chance find its way there, it was hunted and killed before it could lay a single egg. My mother herself barely escaped being killed by the chamber-maid with a long feather brush.

The neighbors of these enemies to our race, two old ladies, hated us still more; and the frequent airing, dusting, sweeping, cleaning, scenting, and

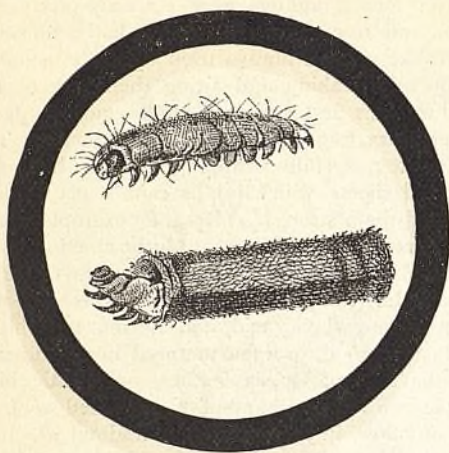


FIG. 4.—HOUSE-MOTH LARVA AND CASE (MAGNIFIED).

the linen bags, and what not, were enough to frighten away the most venturesome insect.

So, declining to visit them, my mother flew through an open window into a magnificent mansion near Central Park; and found just what she wanted in a large dusty cupboard in a seldom-used bedroom, into which the lady of the house tossed her dresses, usually after wearing them only a day or two. Here I was put between the folds of a fine black-cloth jacket.

In a fortnight I was hatched, and left my egg as

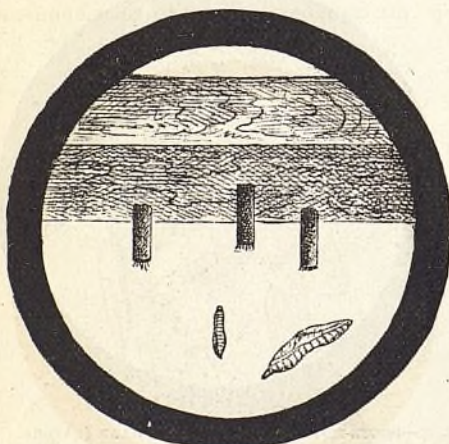


FIG. 5.—CLOTHES-MOTH PUPA (OR CHRYSALIS) AND CASE.

a little whitish larva, or caterpillar, with sixteen legs, six very small eyes on each side of my head, strong, sharp, scissor or scythe-like jaws, which cut sidewise, and on the middle of my lower lip a little conical tube, or "spinner," from which I could

squeeze out a sticky fluid, which soon hardened into the fine threads that you call silk. In Figs. 3 and 4 you have my likeness. Dozens of brothers and sisters were already busy at work near me; but our mother had scattered us, so that when born we might each have plenty of room and food.

Having taken a good meal of soft woolen nap, I began to construct a little case or house for myself,—a tube, like Figs. 3 and 4, longer than my body, and wider, enabling me to turn inside by doubling myself. This I made of nap, choosing long and straight hairs, which I laid side by side, and glued together and interwoven with silk of my own making; and so kept on adding and adding till my house was as long and strong as I wished. Then I lined it with the finest and purest silk, and tied or anchored it to the cloth with a few silk threads. We moths are not quite so luxurious as the silk-worm, which makes its house entirely of silk.

In this my house I lived very comfortably and happily all the Summer. It was a lazy kind of life. When I felt hungry, I had only to put my head out of my case to feed, as in Fig. 4. We are rather dainty, and usually prefer the short fibers and more compact body of the cloth for food, using the coarser, longer ones for house-building. Caterpillar appetites are very good; we eat heartily, perhaps you may say voraciously. Some of us can consume about twice our own weight in the twenty-four hours; but clothes-moth caterpillars are not quite so greedy as this. When I had used all the nap near me in food and for house-building, and made the cloth thread-bare and full of holes, all I had to do was to pull my house along to another place.

Thus to eat, to build, and now and then to repair my house, were all the work and amusement I had. But this last was my heaviest toil, for, like yourselves, small when born, I was at intervals compelled to enlarge my home. Now, how do you think I did this? Exactly as a tailor would! As I grew longer, I lengthened it by working in fresh hairs at the two ends; and as I got stout, I merely slit one side half-way up, and put in a patch; then did the same at the other side, and so at the other end. I did this so neatly that you could scarcely see the joining, and all with my mouth and silk of my own weaving, without needles or the help of a sewing-machine! In this way I made the same house last my whole caterpillar life. If I had used wool of different colors—red, blue, white, and so on—as I enlarged it, I could have made it of many colors, like Joseph's coat. This is the cause of the cross markings in the case sketched in Fig. 4. I changed my own skin several times as I grew; and when I had become a full-sized caterpillar, Winter came,

and put me into a sleep, which lasted till the warm Spring again revived me.

Upon waking, I found that a change had come over me. I did not seem like the same creature. My appetite had gone, and I entirely left off eating. I felt as if something was about to happen to me. I was about to undergo what naturalists call a "metamorphosis," or transformation. Some of my brother and sister caterpillars preferred to remain where they were, to undergo this change, and only tied themselves a little more firmly to the cloth; but I crept out of the cupboard, and up to a dark corner of the room, where, for safety, I closed up one end of my house with silken threads, and hung myself to the ceiling. I then spun a kind of shroud round my body, and, again becoming torpid, went to sleep. I had thereby altered

only a miserable worm, crawling slowly and darkly among old clothes, unable to see a yard ahead. It was a fine, warm, sunny day in April when I soared

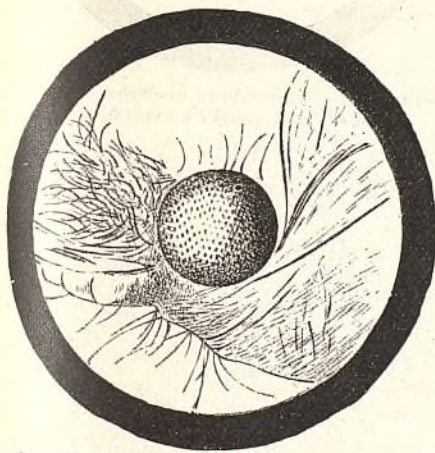


FIG. 6.—COMPOUND EYE OF THE CLOTHES-MOTH (MAGNIFIED).

my shape, was now like Fig. 5, and re-christened with a new and prettier name than my last, viz., *Pupa*, or chrysalis. I was shorter than before; apparently had no head, limbs or wings; but traces of them could be seen closely pressed to my sides, and as if cemented by a kind of varnish.

While in this state I took no food, and did not even move. But in about three weeks my case began to swell, and then contract, till the skin of my back rent; and from this my head, and by degrees my body, emerged as a perfect, fully-fledged baby-moth, or *imago*, with four wings, six legs, and everything else complete, as you see in Fig. 1. But I had lost the powerful jaws with which I had eaten the cloth, and had now a spiral, rolled-up tongue, to suck water and liquid juices into my stomach, which was now unfit to digest solids. My body was at first soft and weak, my wings small and crumpled up; but they soon grew, and I stretched them and flew for the first time. How light and lively I felt! and how unlike myself when

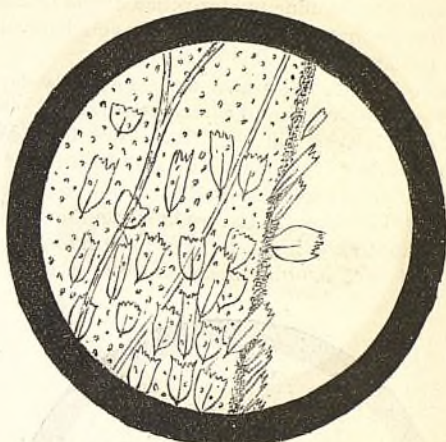


FIG. 7.—PART OF CLOTHES-MOTH'S WING—MANY SCALES RUBBED OFF (MAGNIFIED).

over Central Park, and enjoyed a panoramic view such as probably no girl or boy has ever seen. How proud I felt, and how happy! These were the days of my childhood; the pleasantest in our life, as in yours. Thus had I undergone my second and final transformation.

You may think me a common insect, and perhaps despise me. Certainly I am not much to look at. But put me under your microscope, and you will soon change your opinion. How you will admire my compound eyes, with their hundreds of



FIG. 8.—SCALES (OR FEATHERS) FROM WING OF CLOTHES-MOTH (MAGNIFIED).

lenses (Fig. 6); and my wings (Fig. 7); and the scales on them (Fig. 8), like birds' feathers, which make the dust that stains your fingers when you

touch me! Curiously, too, each different moth and butterfly has its own shape and size of scale, just as trees have different kinds of leaves, by which alone you can recognize them, as in Fig. 9. You ought to examine me for yourself. If you do, I am certain that the more minutely you look, the more wonderful you will consider me.

I have been a full-grown moth for a few days, and, as yet, have enjoyed myself very much. Our insect life is very different from your life. We have no brain with which to think and learn; and, therefore, no schools, lessons, teachers, or punishments for idleness. What we know and do comes to us naturally, by instinct. We have no memory to remind us of naughty behavior, or conscience to



FIG. 9.—SCALES FROM WINGS OF MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

sting us. We find plenty to eat and drink, without working for it; never need clothes; have no anxious thought for the future, as you may when

grown up; and cannot imagine what death is, and therefore do not fear it. Our life is one long, happy holiday. Even our bad luck and misfortunes

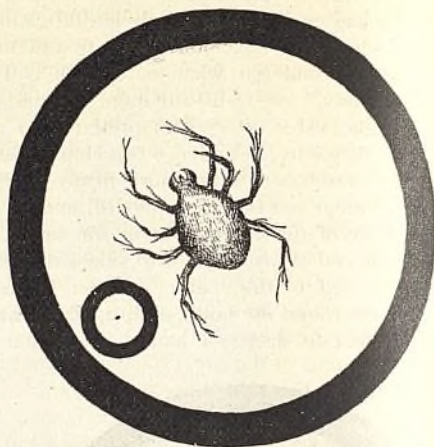


FIG. 10.—PARASITE OF CLOTHES-MOTH (MAGNIFIED). THE DOT IN THE SMALL RING SHOWS ITS NATURAL SIZE.

are soon forgotten. One of our chief worries is a tiny insect (Fig. 10), which, small as we are, sometimes lives on our skin.

Now, having heard my story, tell me—Don't you think that clothes-moths are quite interesting, after all, and that we are more to be pitied than blamed when we deposit the eggs and caterpillars which destroy your clothing? In doing this, we are merely looking after the welfare of our children, and this is what every good human mother does for hers. If, in spite of what I have said, you persist in catching and killing us, do not torture us, but spare us pain by doing the deed as quickly and thoroughly as possible.

CHRISTINCHEN'S ANSWER.

BY JULIA S. TUTWILER.

WELCOME, welcome, dearest King!
Here thy children gladly bring
Knots of flowers and garlands gay
To greet our monarch on his way.
May God bless the royal house!
King and queen, with man and mouse;
This is what we humbly pray,
For our sovereign every day.

CHRISTINCHEN was to say it. She was only six years old; but the teacher himself taught it to her very carefully. For two days all the spare

moments he could find during school-hours were given to the little Mädchen; for news had come that, on the third day, the King would pass through their village!

Now Herr Schunke would not for the world have had his revered monarch pass through Weseke without showing him that, although it was only a little village, and far removed from the great cities of his realm, yet here also they had intelligent folks who knew what was what, and how to receive a

royal personage. Especially he wanted to show the King that the Government had a very diligent, competent teacher in this village; and he was quite right in thinking so, for there was no official in all Prussia who filled his office, whether high or low, better than Herr Schunke. So all the preparations for the grand reception naturally fell upon him. He wrote the lines that Christinchen was to learn; for he was the poet of the village, and had written many a greeting in rhyme for friends and relations to deliver in writing or by word of mouth on such great occasions as christenings, betrothals, birthdays, and golden and silver weddings. He had taught them to her till the little Mädchen knew them perfectly, and could say them so clear and loud that you could hear her in the street as you walked by the school-house.

On the morning of the great day, Christinchen's mother came to the school-house, and wanted to take Christinchen home to put leather shoes on her, and a white dress, made like that of the burgomaster's daughter, and to curl her hair; but Herr Schunke talked so wisely and well, and explained to her so clearly how much it pleased the King to see his people keeping the good old customs of their forefathers, that at last she concluded to put on little Christinchen only a pair of new wooden shoes, shining black, and turned up to a point at the toes, with a bright gilt figure in the middle of each, and her best peasant dress, made just like her mother's Sunday one, with its little red bodice and little lace apron; and she left the long shining plaits of yellow hair still twined around the little head, in the fashion in which German women and girls have worn it, perhaps ever since the days when Cæsar came to Germany.

So at last the royal carriage drew up before the door of the little inn where the King was to dine. The footman, in splendid gold-trimmed livery, threw open the door, and the King, wrapped in the old military cloak which he had worn for thirty years, descended from the carriage. On the steps of the inn stood the landlord and all his people in their best dresses, with snow-white aprons. On one side stood the burgomaster and all the other officials of the village, decked out with their badges of office. On the other side stood Herr Schunke and his little band of scholars, and all around, behind this formal committee of reception, stood the other inhabitants of the village; every man with his eyes and mouth wide open and his hat in his

hand; and as the King put his foot upon the ground they swung the hats round and round, cheering, and crying "Long live the King!" The King bowed and smiled on this side and on that; and then little Christinchen stepped forward, dropped a courtesy, and said her rhymes so loud—so very loud—you might have thought she fancied the King was deaf.

But she looked so sweet,—her eyes as blue as the corn-flowers of the Rhine meadows, and her yellow hair with its smooth plaits framing the earnest little upturned rosy face—that the good King, whom God had never blessed with a child of his own, smiled with pleasure, and taking from the pocket of his traveling-coat a beautiful orange, said:

"Little maiden, you said your poem so well that I am sure you go to a very good school, and have an excellent teacher; so I must examine you a little: To which kingdom does this orange belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom," said the little maid, without a moment's delay, while Herr Schunke could scarcely keep on his feet from anxiety and excitement.

"And this?" taking a bright gold piece from his purse.

"To the mineral kingdom."

"Right—right, my little maid. And now tell me this: To which kingdom do I belong?"

He? to which kingdom did he belong? Little Christinchen looked at him with wide-open, solemn eyes, up and down. She had had object-lessons on the camel and the elephant, the crow and the magpie; and had even been allowed to hold the stuffed forms of the last two for a moment in her little hands; but a king! She had never had such a subject for an object-lesson; but she remembered that she always said his name every day in her prayers. So she raised her blue eyes confidently to his, and said, modestly, but very clearly:

"To the kingdom of heaven."

And the King caught the little maiden up in his arms and kissed her, remembering who had said to what kingdom she and such as she belonged, and wishing he might grow each day more like to them, and so have the promised right to belong there too. As he set her gently down, and dropped the gold piece and the orange in her apron, all the mothers that stood around with clasped hands sobbed, under their breath, "God bless him!" and even the burgomaster blew his nose.

THE FAYS.

BY AMELIA DALEY ALDEN.

THEY came to earth in a fleecy cloud,
 And climbed to heaven on the rainbow's rim;
 In the sweet sea-breeze they laughed aloud,
 And sighed in the forest cool and dim.

There they went softly from door to door,
 From lowly cottage to lofty hall,
 From baby rolling upon the floor,
 To grandma winding her knitting-ball.



They climbed high up in the apple-tree,
 And shook the young in the robin's nest,
 And then, as frightened as they could be,
 Hid under the brooding mother's breast.

She never knew that the sprites were there,
 She thought that only her young ones stirred,
 And piped a tremulous motherly air,
 To comfort the heart of each little bird.

Each fairy then a great bumble-bee caught,
 And threatened his life if he let her fall;
 And so, on their buzzing steeds, they sought
 The homes of mortals in cottage and hall.

To every mortal a fairy spoke,
 In tones that nobody else could hear,
 And sullen looks into sunshine broke,
 And saddened voices grew full of cheer.

The grandmother's heart went back to youth,
 The child sewed gayly her tiresome seam,
 The maiden thought of her lover's truth,
 And the baby smiled in a happy dream.

And then the sprites, a loving band,
 As shadows lengthened and grew more deep,
 Took each a tired baby's hand,
 And led her into the Land of Sleep.

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WOODLAND SPRING.

VERY pale, with the bridle dangling from his arm, and Lion walking dejectedly by his side (the sympathetic dog always knew when his master was in trouble), Jack returned to the "castle."

Lord Betterton, meeting him in the door-yard, touched his hat and bowed.

"Where—is—your—quadruped?" he asked, with a cool, deliberate politeness, which fell upon Jack's mood like drops of water on red-hot steel.

"That villain! he claims the reward for him! But I never 'll pay it in the world!"

Betterton smiled and said: "Ah! Peakslow! Highly characteristic!"

"He threatened to shoot me!"

"Very likely. He has threatened to shoot *me*, on one or two occasions. I said, 'Shoot!'" (Jack wondered whether he said it with that condescending smile and gracious gesture.) "It is n't agreeable to have dealings with a person who talks of shooting his fellow-men; but I imagine there's no danger, if you keep cool."

"I could n't keep cool," said Jack. "I got as mad as he was. I could have shot *him*."

"That, my friend," Lord Betterton replied, with a wave of the hand, "was an error,—quite natural, but still an error. You stay to dinner?"

"Thank you, I have promised myself that pleasure."

Jack was ashamed of having given way to his anger; and he determined from that moment, whatever happened, to keep calm.

As he threw his useless bridle down, and left Lion to guard it, he saw Wad starting off with a pail, and asked where he was going.

"For water," said Wad.

"More water? I should think you had all had enough for one day!"

"Yes, for the outer man," drawled Wad.

"Where's your horse?"

"I concluded to let Peakslow keep him a little longer. He seemed willing to; and I am not ready to ride home. May I go with you?"

"Glad to have ye," said Wad.

They walked a little way along the road toward Peakslow's house, then entered the woodland, descended into a little ravine, and, on the slope beyond, found a spring of running water in the shade of an oak grove.

Jack was not inclined to talk of Snowfoot, but he had a good deal to say about the spring.

"Why, this is charming! What a clear basin of water! Is it always running over?"

"Always, even in the driest season. We first noticed that little stream trickling down into the ravine; and that's about all there was to be seen, till Rufe and I hollowed out this basin."

"Why don't you come here with your wagon and tubs, instead of going to the river?"

"There's no good way to get in here with a wagon; and, besides, we can't dip up more than two or three pailfuls at a time—then we must wait for the spring to fill."

"You could sink a barrel," said Jack, "and always have that full, to start upon. Now dip your pail, and let's see how long it takes for the basin to fill."

The experiment was tried, and Jack grew quite enthusiastic over the result.

"See! how fast the water comes in! I say, Wad, you've got something valuable here."

"Yes," said Wad. "I only wish the house had been built somewhere near. This is part of the land Peakslow pretended to claim. The swing, where Cecie got hurt, is in the grove, just up here."

The place was so cool and pleasant that Jack let Wad return alone with the water, and walked about the spring and the swing, and up into the woods beyond, calming his inward excitement, until dinner time.

At table, he gave a humorous account of his late interview with Peakslow.

"He was so very cordial in his request that I should leave Snowfoot, that I could n't well refuse, though I *did* decline to trouble him, till he brought out a double-barreled argument,—stubbist, percussion lock,—which finally persuaded me. He is one of the most urgent men I ever saw," added Jack, mashing his potato.

Vinnie smiled, while the others laughed; but her eyes were full of anxiety, as they beamed on Jack.

"Is n't it possible," she said, "to meet such arguments with kindness? I did n't think there was a man so bad that he could n't be influenced by reason and good-will."

"It might rain reasons on Peakslow, forty days and forty nights—he would shed 'em, as a duck does water," Jack replied. "Is n't it so, Mr. Betterton?"

"I have certainly found him impervious," said my lord.

"I might have stopped to argue with him, and threaten him with the law and costs of court, and perhaps have settled the matter for five or ten dollars. But the truth is," Jack confessed, "I lost patience and temper. I am not going to have any more words with him. Now let's drop Peakslow, and speak of something more important. That spring over in your woods, Mr. Betterton,—I've been looking at it. Is it soft water?" (Jack lifted a glass and sipped it); "as good for washing as it is for the table?"

"It is excellent water for any purpose," said Mr. Betterton. "There is only one fault in that spring—it is too far off."

"We are going to move the house up there, so as to have it handy," said Link.

"That is one of my young friend's jokes," said Jack. "But, seriously, Mr. Betterton, instead of moving the house to the spring, why don't you bring the spring to the house?"

"How do you mean? It does n't seem to me quite—ah—practicable, to move a spring that way."

"I don't mean the spring itself, of course, but the water. You might have that running, a constant stream, in your kitchen or back room."

"I apprehend your drift," said Betterton, helping Jack to a piece of prairie chicken. "You mean, bring it in pipes."

"Thank you. Precisely."

"But I apprehend a difficulty; it is not easy to make water run up hill."

Jack smiled, and blushed a little, at Betterton's polite condescension in making this mild objection.

"Water running down hill may force itself up another hill, if confined in pipes, I think you will concede."

"Most assuredly. But it will not rise again higher than its source. And the spring is lower than we are—lower than our kitchen sink."

"I don't quite see that," replied Jack, with the air of a candid inquirer. "I have been over the ground, and it did n't strike me so."

"It certainly looks to be several feet lower," said Betterton; and the boys agreed with him.

"We generally speak of going *down* to the spring," said Rufe. "We go down the road, then down the bank of the ravine, and then a little way up the other bank. I don't know how we can tell just how much lower it is. We can't see the spring from the house."

"If I had my instruments here, I could tell you which is lower, and how much lower, pretty soon. While I am waiting for Snowfoot (I can't go home,

you know, without Snowfoot!), I may, perhaps, do a bit of engineering, as it is."

CHAPTER XXIII.

JACK'S "BIT OF ENGINEERING."

THE boys got around Jack after dinner, and asked him about that bit of engineering.

"In the first place," said Jack, standing outside the door, and looking over toward the spring, hidden by intervening bushes on a ridge, "we must have a water-level, and I think I can make one. Get me a piece of shingle, or any thin strip of wood. And I shall want a pail of water."

A shingle brought, Jack cut it so that it would float freely in the pail; and, having taken two thin strips of equal length from the sides, he set them up near each end, like the masts of a boy's boat.

"Now, this is our level," he said; "and these masts are the sights. To see that they are exact, we will look across them at some object, then turn the level end for end, and look across them again; if the range is the same both ways, then our sights are right, are they not? But I see we must lay a couple of sticks across the pail, to hold our level still while we are using it."

The boys were much interested; and Link said he did n't see what anybody wanted of a better level than that.

"It will do for the use we are going to make of it," said Jack; "but it might not be quite convenient for field service; you could n't carry a pail of water, and a floating shingle with two masts, in your overcoat pocket, you know. We'll aim at a leg of that grindstone. Go and stick your knife where I tell you, Link."

Jack soon got his level so that it would stand the test, and called the boys to look.

"Here! you stand back, Chokie!" cried Link; while Rufe and Wad, one after the other, got down on the ground and sighted across the level at the knife-blade.

"Now," Jack explained, "I am going to set this pail of water in your kitchen window, by the sink. That will be our starting-point. Then I want one of you boys to go, with a long-handled pitch-fork, in the direction of the spring, as far as you can and keep the pail in sight; then set up your fork, and pin a piece of white paper on it just where I tell you. As I raise my hand, you will slide the paper up; and, as I lower my hand, you will slip it down."

Wad and Link both went with the fork, which they set up on the borders of the woodland, back from the road. Then Wad, wrapping a piece of newspaper about the handle, held it there as high

as his head.

Jack, standing outside the door, and looking over toward the spring, hidden by intervening bushes on a ridge, "we must have a water-level, and I think I can make one. Get me a piece of shingle, or any thin strip of wood. And I shall want a pail of water."

"What enough?"



"It ought to be a judgment."

"I say a coming up."

"What a thing!"

"I think."

"Now look."

All were hardly be coming up on sound paper should."

"Now we the paper will forward and."

He chose Wad, where able to look to look forward his pail on t

as his head, with a good strip of it visible above his hand.

Jack, standing in the kitchen, looked across the sights of his level placed in the open window, and laughed.

"What do you think, Rufe? Is the paper high enough?"

come still, adjusted his level, and caused a second strip of paper to be pinned to the fork handle, in range with the sights.

The boys then gathered around the fork, while Jack, taking a pocket-rule from his coat, ascertained that the second paper was six feet and an inch above the first.

"Which shows that our level is now six feet and an inch higher than it stood on the kitchen window," said he. "Now let's see how much higher it is than the spring."

Link was already on his hands and knees by the pail, turning the sights in range with the spring, on the further side of the little ravine. He suddenly flapped his arms and crowed.

"No need of setting the fork over there," he said. "The spring is almost as high as the pail!"

"Let's be exact," said Jack; and he went himself and thrust the fork, handle downward, into the basin of the spring. "Now, Link," he cried, "you be the engineer; show your skill; tell me where to fix this paper."

Link was delighted with the important part assigned him.

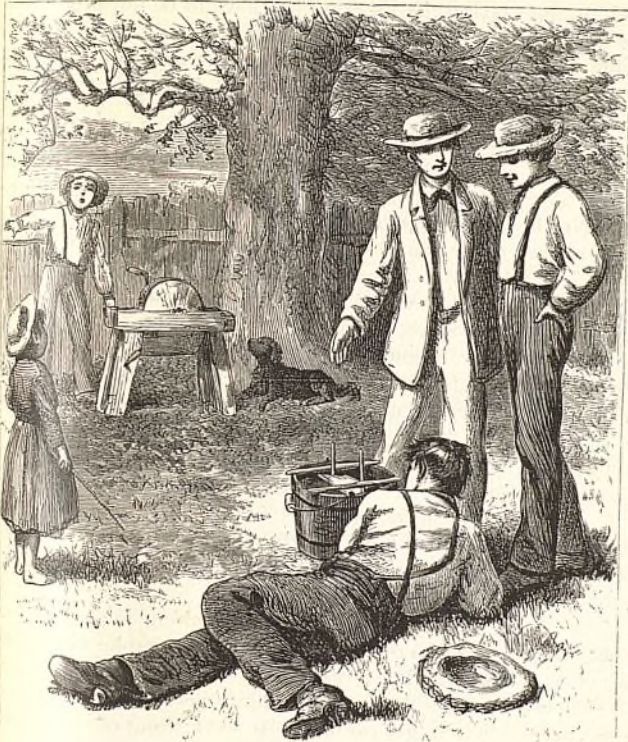
"Higher!" he commanded, from behind the pail. "Not quite so high. Not quite so low. Now just a millionth part of an inch higher—there!"

"A millionth part of an inch is drawing it rather fine," said Jack, as he pinned the paper.

Afterward, going and looking across the level, he decided that Link had taken a very accurate aim. Then, his pocket measure being once more applied, the paper was found to be only seven inches higher than the water in the basin.

"Seven inches from six feet one inch, leaves five feet six inches as the height of the spring water above the level of our sights at the kitchen window. Now, I measured, and found they were there thirteen inches higher than the bottom of the sink; which shows that if you carry this water in pipes, you can have your spout, or faucet, thirteen inches higher than the bottom of your sink, and still have a head of water of five feet and six inches, to give you a running stream. If you make your reservoir here four and a-half feet deep, then the bottom of it will be a foot higher than your spout."

The boys were much astonished, and asked how it happened that they had been so deceived.



TESTING THE LEVEL.

"It ought to be a foot or two higher," was Rufe's judgment.

"I say a foot higher," remarked Lord Betterson, coming up behind.

"What do you say, Vinnie?"

"I think the paper is too high."

"Now look across the level," said Jack.

All were astonished; and Lord Betterson could hardly be convinced that the level was constructed on sound principles. It showed that the top of the paper should be just below Wad's knee.

"Now we will take our level," said Jack, after the paper was pinned in its proper place, "and go forward and make another observation."

He chose a place at the top of the ridge beyond Wad, where, after cutting a few bushes, he was able to look back and see the fork handle, and also to look forward and see the spring. There he set his pail on the ground, waited for the water to be-

"You have unconsciously based all your calculations on the fact that you go *down* to Peakslow's. The road falls a little all the way. But it does n't fall much between your house and the place where you turn into the woodland. There you take a path among the bushes, which really rises all the way, though quite gradually, until you pass the ridge and go down into the ravine. Vinnie has n't been accustomed to talk of going down to the spring, as you have; and so, you see, she was the only one who thought Wad at first placed his paper too high. Perhaps this does n't account for your mistake; but it is the best reason I can give."

"How about the pipes?" Rufe asked.

"You can use pump-logs for pipes."

"But we have no pump-logs!"

"You have enough to reach from here to North Mills and return. They are growing all about you."

"Trees!" said Wad. "They are not pump-logs."

"Pump-logs in the rough," replied Jack. "They only need cutting, boring, and jointing. All pump-logs were once trees. These small-sized oaks are just the thing for the purpose; you have acres of them, and in places the timber needs thinning out. You can use the straight stems for your aqueduct, and the limbs and branches for fire-wood."

"That's an idea!" said Rufe, rubbing his forehead and walking quickly about. "But how are we going to turn our tree-trunks into pump-logs? We have no tools for boring and jointing."

"No, and it would cost a good deal to get them. You want an iron rod, or auger-shaft, long enough to bore half-way through your longest log; then a bit—an inch bore would be large enough, but I suppose it would be just as easy, perhaps easier, to make a two-inch bore,—the auger would be more apt to get clogged and cramped in a smaller hole; then a reamer and a circular joint-plane, to make your joints,—the taper end of one log is to be fitted into the bore of the next, you know. You will also need some apparatus for holding your log and directing the rod, so that you sha' n't bore out, but make your holes meet in the middle, when you bore from both ends; and I don't know what else. I've watched men boring logs, but I don't remember all the particulars about it."

"You seem to remember a good deal," said Wad. "And I like the idea of a stream from this spring running in our back room—think of it, Rufe! But it *can't be did*—as the elephant said when he tried to climb a tree. No tools, no money to buy or hire 'em, or to hire the work done."

"You boys can do a good deal of the work yourselves," said Jack. "You can cut the logs, and get them all ready for boring. Then you can get

the pump-maker at the Mills to come over with his tools and help you bore them by hand; or you can haul your logs to him, and have them bored by machinery,—he has a tread-mill, and a horse to turn it. In either case, I've no doubt you could pay for his labor by furnishing logs for his pumps."

"I believe we can!" said Rufe, by this time quite warmed up to the subject. "But how about laying the logs? They have to be put pretty deep into the ground, don't they?"

"Deep enough to keep the water in them from freezing. A trench four feet deep will answer."

"How wide?"

"Just wide enough for a man to get into it and lay the logs and drive the joints together. By the way, you'd better be sure there are no leaks, and that the water comes through all right, before you cover your logs."

"But there's work in digging such a trench as that!" said Wad, shaking his head.

"So there is work in everything useful that is ever accomplished. Often the more work, the greater the satisfaction in the end. But you boys have got it in you,—I see that; and, let me tell you," said Jack, "if I were you, I would take hold of things on this place in downright earnest, and make a farm and a home to be proud of."

"I never could get in love with work," replied Wad. "I'm *constitutionally tired*, as the lazy man said. The thought of that trench makes my back ache."

"It won't be such a back-aching job as you suppose. You've only to take one stroke with a pick or shovel at a time. And as for that constitutional weariness you complain of, now is the time in your lives to get rid of it,—to work it out of your blood,—and lay the foundations of your manhood."

"I must say, you preach pretty well!" observed Wad.

"I'm not much of a preacher," replied Jack; "but I can't help feeling a good deal, and saying just a word, when I see young fellows like you neglecting your opportunities."

"If father and Rad would take hold with us, we would just straighten things," said Rufe.

"Don't wait for your father to set you an example," replied Jack. "I don't know about Rad, though I've heard you speak of him."

"Our cousin Radcliff," said Rufe. "He's a smart fellow, in his way, but he don't like work any better than we do, and he's off playing the gentleman most of the time."

"Or playing the loafer," said Wad.

"Let him stay away," said Jack. "You'll do better without any gentlemen loafers around."

"Did *you* ever do much hard work?" Wad asked.

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"What do you think?" replied Jack, with a smile.

"I think you've seen something of the world."

"Yes, and I've had my way to make in it. I was brought up on the Erie Canal,—a driver, ignorant, ragged, saucy; you would n't believe me if I should tell you what a little wretch I was. All the education I have, I have gained by hard study, mostly at odd spells, in the last three years. I had got a chance to work on a farm, and go to school in winter; then I took to surveying, and came out here to be with Mr. Felton. So you see, I must have done something besides loafing; and if I talk work to you, I have earned the right to."

"I say, boys!" cried Link, "let's put this thing through, and have the water running in the house."

"It will do for you to talk," said Wad; "mighty little of the work you'll do."

"You'll see, Wad Betterton! Haint I worked the past week as hard as either of you?"

"This thing is n't to be pitched into in a hurry," said Rufe, more excited than he wished to appear. "We shall have to look it all over, and talk with the pump-maker, and do up some of the farm-work that is behindhand."

"Why don't you take the farm of your father," said Jack, "and see what you can make out of it? I never knew what it was to be really interested in work till I took some land with another boy, and we raised a crop on our own account."

Rufe brightened at the idea; but Wad said he was n't going to be a farmer, anyway.

"What are you going to be?"

"I have n't made up my mind yet."

"Till you do make up your mind, my advice is for you to take hold of what first comes to your hand, do that well, and prepare yourself for something more to your liking."

"I believe that's good advice," said Rufe.

"But it is going to be hard for us to get out of the old ruts."

"I know it; and so much the more credit you will have when you succeed."

Jack moved away.

"Where are you going now?" Rufe asked.

"To reconnoiter a little, and see what Peakslow has done with my horse. I ride that horse home, you understand!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK.

THE boys showed Jack a way through the timber to a wooded hill opposite Peakslow's house. There Link climbed a tree to take an observation.

"I can look right over into his barn-yard," he

reported to his companions below. "There's old Wiggett with his ox-cart, unloading something out of Peakslow's wagon; and there's Peakslow with him. Hark!" After a pause, Link laughed and said: "Peakslow's talking loud; I could hear him say, 'That air hoss,' and 'Not if I live!' Now old Wiggett's hawing his oxen around out of the yard."

"I must head him off and have a word with him," said Jack, and away he dashed through the undergrowth.

Reaching a clump of hazels by the road-side, he waited till the old man and his slow ox-team came along.

"What's the news, Mr. Wiggett?" Jack said, coming out and accosting him.

"Whoa! hush! back!" the old man commanded, beating his cattle across the face with a short ox-goad. He shook with laughter as he turned to Jack. "It's tremenjus funny! He had a quirk in his head, arter all. Hankers arter that reward of twenty dollars!"



OLD WIGGETT.

"What did you say to him?"

"Told him he had no shadder of a claim,—he might sue ye through all the courts in seven kingdoms, he could n't find a jury to give him the reward for stolen prop'ty found in his hands. He said for that reason he meant to hold ontew the hoss till you'd agree to suthin'."

"Where is the horse now?"

"In Peakslow's stable. He wants to turn him out to pastur', but he's afraid you're hangin' round. He has set his boys to diggin' taters over ag'in Betterton's lot, where they can watch for ye. What he re'ly wants is, for you to come back and

make him an offer, to settle the hash; for he's a little skittish of your clappin' the law ontew him."

"I wonder he did n't think of that before."

"He did, but he says you'd showed yerself a kind of easy, accommodatin' chap, and he'd no notion o' your gettin' so blamed riled all of a sudden."

"That shows how much good it does to be easy with a man like him!"

And Jack, thanking old Wiggett for his information, disappeared in the woods.

He found the boys waiting for him, and told them what he had learned.

"Now my cue is," said he, "to make Peakslow think I've gone home. So I may as well leave you for the present. Please take care of my saddle and bridle and gun till I call for them. Good-by. If you *should* happen to come across the Peakslow boys—you understand!"

Rufe carelessly returned Jack's good-by. Then, leaving Wad and Link to go by the way of the spring and take care of the pail and fork, he walked down through the woods to the road, where he found Zeph and his older brother Dud digging potatoes in Peakslow's corner patch.

"Hullo!" Dud called out, so civilly that Rufe knew that something was wanted of him.

"Hullo yourself, and see how you like it," Rufe retorted.

"Where's that fellow that owns the hoss?" Dud inquired.

"How should I know?"

"He stopped to your house."

"That's so. But he's gone now."

"Where?"

"I don't know. He told us to keep his saddle and bridle and gun till he called for 'em, and went off. You'll hear from him before many days."

Rufe's tone was defiant; and the young potato-diggers, having, as they supposed, got the information they wanted, suffered their insolence to crop out.

"We aint afraid of him nor you either," said Zeph, leaning on his hoe.

"Yes, you are afraid of me, too, you young rascal! I'll tie you into a bow-knot and hang you on a tree, if I get hold of you."

"Le's see ye do it!"

Rufe answered haughtily: "You would n't stand there and sass me, if you did n't have Dud to back you. Just come over the fence once, and leave Dud on the other side; I'll pitch you into the middle of next week so quick, you'll be dizzy the rest of your natural life." And he walked on up the road.

"Here! come back! I'll fight you! You're afraid!" Zeph yelled after him.

"I'll come round and 'tend to your case pretty soon," Rufe replied. "I've got something of more importance to look after just now; I've got a pig to poke."

Dud went on digging potatoes; but Zeph presently threw down his hoe and ran to the house. Shortly after, he returned; and then Jack, who had sat down to rest in a commanding position, on the borders of the woodland, was pleased to see Peakslow lead Snowfoot down the slope from the barn, and turn him into the pasture.

Rufe got home some time before his brothers, who seemed to linger at the spring.

"There they are!" said Lill; "Link with the fork on his shoulder, and Wad bringing the pail."

Rufe was sitting on the grindstone frame, as they came into the yard.

"Did you hear me talkin' to the Peakslow boys? They think Jack—— Hullo!" Rufe suddenly exclaimed. "I thought you was Wad!"

"I am, for the present," said Jack, laughing under Wad's hat. "Do you think Peakslow will know me ten rods off?"

"Not in that hat and coat! Lill and I both took you for Wad."

"I am all right, then! Where's your father? I wonder if he would n't like to try my gun."

Lord Betterton now came out of the house, fresh from his after-dinner nap, and looked a good deal of polite surprise at seeing Jack in Wad's hat and coat.

"Mr. Betterton," said Jack, "Peakslow thinks I have gone home, and he has turned Snowfoot out to grass. Now, if I *should* wish to throw down a corner of the fence between his pasture and your buckwheat, and take my horse across, have you any objection?"

"None whatever," replied my lord, with a flourish, as if giving Jack the freedom of his acres.

"And perhaps," said Jack, "you would like to go down to the buckwheat lot with me, and try my gun. I hear you are a crack shot."

"I can't boast much of my marksmanship nowadays; I could fetch down a bird once. Thank you—I'll go with pleasure."

"You are not going to get into trouble, Jack?" said Vinnie, with lively concern, seeing him tie the halter to his back.

"O no! Mr. Betterton is going to give me a lesson in shooting on the wing. I take the bridle along, so that if Snowfoot should happen to jump the fence when he sees me, I shall be ready for him, you know. Now I wonder if we can take Lion along, without his being seen. He is tired of sitting still."

"We can take him to the farther side of the corn-field, easily enough."

"That will answer. Come, Lion!" The dog bounded with joy. "Keep right by my heels now, old fellow, and mind every word I say. Don't be anxious about us, Vinnie. And, Rufe, if you could manage to engage the Peakslow boys in conversation, about the time we are shooting hens pretty near the fence, you might help the sport."

"I'll follow you along, and branch off toward the potato-patch, and ask Zeph what he meant by offering to fight me," said Rufe.

"I'm going to get up on the cow-shed, and see the battle," said Link. "On Linden when the sun was low, and the buckwheat-patch was all in blow, —I'm a poet, you know!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOUNDARY FENCE.

THE little party set off, watched by Vinnie with a good deal of anxiety. The dog was left in the edge of the corn; and Jack, with a good milky ear in his pocket, followed Mr. Betterton into the buckwheat field.

"There's Wad and his dad after prairie chickens," said Zeph.

"Yes," said Dud, "and here comes Rufe after you. He'll give you *Hail Columby* one of these days, when I aint round."

"I'll resk him," muttered Zeph.

"Look here, you young scapegrace!" Rufe called from over the fence, "I've come to take you at your word. Want to fight me, do ye? I'm ready, if you're particular about it."

"Come near me, and I'll sink a stun in your head!" said Zeph, frightened.

"You've got that phrase from the Wiggett boys," said Rufe. "I'd fight with something besides borrowed slang, if I was you."

Betterton meanwhile brought down a prairie chicken with a grace of gesture and suddenness of aim which Jack would have greatly admired if he had not had other business on his mind.

The bird fell in the direction of the boundary fence. Jack ran as if to pick it up, at the same time giving a low whistle for his dog. He stooped, and was for a minute hidden by the fence from the Peakslow boys—if, indeed, Rufe gave them leisure just then to look in that direction.

Darting forward to the fence, Jack took down the top rails of a corner, and made a motion to Lion, who leaped over.

"Catch Snowfoot! catch Snowfoot!" said Jack, quickly placing the ear of corn in the dog's mouth.

The horse was feeding some six rods off, near Peakslow's pair, when the dog, singling him out, ran up and began to coquet with him, flourishing the ear of corn.

The boys were talking so loud, and Jack had let down the rails so gently, and Lion had sped away so silently, that the movement was not observed by the enemy until Snowfoot started for the fence. Even then the excited boys did not see what was going on. But Peakslow did.

If Snowfoot had been in his usual spirits he would have soon been off the Peakslow premises. But his long pull from Chicago had tamed him; and though hunger induced him to follow the ear of corn, it was at a pace which Jack found exasperatingly slow—especially when he saw Peakslow running to the pasture, gun in hand, and heard him shout:

"Let that hoss alone! I'll shoot you, and your dog and hoss too!"

Jack answered by calling:

"Co' jock! co' jock! Come, Lion! Come, Snowfoot! Co' jock!"

At the same time, Zeph and Dud took the alarm, and ran toward the gap Jack had made,—they on one side of the fence, while Rufe raced with them on the other. Meanwhile Betterton, having coolly reloaded his discharged barrel, walked with his usual quiet, dignified step, to the broken fence.

"Better keep this side," he said with deliberate politeness to Jack. "You are on my land; you've a right here."

"Oh! but that horse never will come!" said Jack. "Co' jock! co' jock!"

"He is all right; keep cool, keep cool!" said Betterton.

On came Peakslow, the inverted prow of his hooked nose cutting the air,—both hands grasping the gun, ready for a shot.

Jack did not heed him. Snatching the corn from Lion's mouth, he held it out to Snowfoot;—in a moment Snowfoot was crunching corn and bits, and the bridle was slipping over his ears.

"Head him off, boys!" shouted Peakslow. Then to Jack, "Stop, or I'll shoot!"

"If there's any shooting to be done," said Betterton, without for a moment losing his politeness of tone and manner, "I can shoot as quick as anybody; and I will shoot, if you draw trigger on that boy!"

"Take care of him,—go!" cried Jack, giving Lion the bridle-rein and Snowfoot a slap. Then confronting Peakslow,—"I've got my horse; I'm on Mr. Betterton's land; what have you to say about it?"

"I'll shoot your dog!"

"No, you wont!" and Jack sprang between the infuriated man and Lion leading off the horse.

Both Dud and Zeph were by this time on Betterton's side of the fence, hurrying to head off Snowfoot.

"Keep out of our buckwheat!" cried Rufe. "Now, Zeph, I've got you where I want you."

"Help! Dud, Dud—help!" screamed Zeph.

But Dud had something else to do. He sprang to seize Snowfoot's bridle; when Lion, without losing his hold of it, turned with such fury upon the intruder, that he recoiled, and, tripping his heels in the trodden buckwheat, keeled over backward.

Meanwhile Rufe had Zeph down, and was rubbing the soft black loam of the tilled field very thoroughly into his features, giving especial attention to his neck and ears. Zeph was screaming, and Rufe was saying:

"Lie still! I'll give your face such a scouring as it has n't had since you was a baby and fell into the soft-soap barrel!"

Jack backed quietly off, as Peak-slow, cocking his gun, pressed upon him with loud threats and blazing eyes.

The angry man was striding through the gap in the fence, when Lord Betterson stepped before him, courteous, stately, with a polite but dangerous smile.

"Have a care, friend Peakslow!" he said. "If



"STOP, OR I'LL SHOOT!"

you come upon my premises with a gun, threatening to shoot folks, I'll riddle you with small shot; I'll fill you as full of holes as a pepper-box!"

(To be continued.)

HOW TO CAMP OUT AT THE BEACH.

BY FRANK E. CLARK.

WHERE shall we spend our next Summer vacation, boys? Perhaps you do not consider this a very pressing problem as yet, but you will think it so by the time the hot, bright days begin to make the school hours tedious.

So we propose to take time by the forelock and tell you now of a real jolly way of spending a part of those vacation weeks.

Some of you will go to Saratoga, or Long Branch, or the White Mountains, with your parents, although such a way of spending a vacation requires a heavier pocket-book than many of us

possess. Yet when we get back next Fall, and school begins again, we will warrant you that those who go with us will bring back such reports of a grand, good time that you will all want to join our party next year.

One great advantage of our plan is that it costs so little that almost any of us can carry it out, and when you ask papa about it, and he looks over his spectacles and shakes his head, as much as to say, "I can't afford it," you can tell him that it will not cost him much more than if you staid at home.

Then if mamma looks troubled and fears you

will catch cold, and Aunt Jane warns you not to get drowned, and sister Kate suggests that "there will be lots of bugs and snakes and ugly things creeping about," you can tell them that the man who told you the plan has been there himself and knows all about it, and that those lions in the way will all be found to be chained when you get to them.

Now, before we conjure up any more of the objections which the home friends will raise, it may be important to tell you that our plan is to take a tent and camp out for a few weeks upon the seashore in the most approved "Robinson Crusoe" style, with the exception that we shall have Tom and Dick and Harry for our companions instead of Friday and the goat.

In the first place, you must know that this is not to be an ordinary visit to the beach, such as any one with plenty of money can make, but we are going to leave our good clothes and our every-day life at home as much as possible, and take, besides our old clothes, a large stock of good-nature and a determination to be pleased with whatever we find.

And we expect to bring back sun-burned cheeks, robust health, and the remembrance of some charming vacation weeks.

In the first place, we must be careful about selecting our party. We are to rough it, you know,—to catch our own fish and cook them too, to sleep on the ground, and perhaps get wet and cold, without grumbling. So we want five or six good fellows in our party, but no babies, or dandies, or fault-finders.

The next thing to be thought of is the tent. This should be large enough to hold us all comfortably, as we lie stretched out at night, with a little spare room for our stores. An A tent is the best—that is, one with a ridge-pole, supported at each end by uprights—since this gives more available room than a circular tent with one pole in the center.

This we can hire of any sail-maker for about three dollars per week.

To keep us warm through the chilly nights, which we almost always find near the sea, we shall want a heavy army blanket and an old Winter overcoat,—no matter how worn,—which we can put on, if necessary, when we go to bed.

Besides these, on account of the dampness, we should have two or three rubber blankets to spread on the ground.

What shall we eat, and what shall we drink? are the next questions of vital importance. The latter question is easily answered by pitching our tent within sight of some good spring or well, but the former demands more attention. In our party we do not intend to fare sumptuously every day; in fact, you will be surprised to know how few things

in the edible line are necessary to our comfort. Here is a list, and perhaps even one or two of these might be omitted: Hard tack, salt pork, ham, potatoes, corn meal, coffee, sugar, condensed milk, salt, and pepper.

We have found that a barrel of hard tack will last a party of six between three and four weeks, if they occasionally manage to get a small supply of softer bread.

Of salt pork, which we shall find indispensable in cooking the fish, we shall want at least ten pounds. The corn meal will be useful to roll the fish in before frying them, as well as in making corn dodgers, slapjacks, and Johnny cakes. Indeed, for any of those dishes which our genius for cooking can invent, corn meal is far better than flour, and twenty, or even thirty pounds of it will be none too much for a three weeks' trip. One good-sized ham, six pounds of coffee, twenty pounds of sugar, four cans of condensed milk, and a liberal supply of salt and pepper will complete our stores. It may be easier to get the potatoes near the camp than to take them from home.

The only things now left to be provided are the cooking utensils. A small sheet-iron stove is much more convenient than a fire-place of stones, and any good tinman will give us just what we want if we ask for a "camp stove." This, together with coffee-pot, spider, tin pail for boiling potatoes, tin plate, cup, knife, fork, and spoon for each member of the party, ought not to cost more than fifteen dollars.

These articles are all made especially for camping parties, so as to go inside of the stove, which has a handle at each end, and can thus be carried easily like a small trunk.

Now that our preparations have all been made, let us count the cost before setting out.

Here is the bill, founded on a careful estimate, in about the shape that our treasurer will present it when we come to leave the beach:

Tent for three weeks, at \$3.00 per week.....	\$9.00
Provisions taken with us	22.00
Stove and cooking utensils	15.00
Fresh provisions bought at the beach, such as eggs, meat, fresh bread, &c	15.00
Incidentals	20.00
Total	\$81.00

This sum divided among six, you see, makes each one's share of the expense \$13.50 for three weeks, or \$4.50 per week.

Of course this does not include the cost of traveling to the camp.

We have taken pains to be minute and accurate in these figures, since we know that their amount will decide the point, in many cases, whether a party can go to the beach or not.

When we have obtained from Aunt Jane her best receipts for fish chowder and fried fish, corn cakes, coffee, &c., we may consider ourselves ready to start at a moment's notice.

There are precautions to be thought of before we make up our minds to start on such an expedition. In the first place, we must not persuade any boy of very weak constitution to go with us, because, although sea air and bathing would probably be of the greatest service to such a one, our rough mode of living might be an injury to him.

And then, before we go, we should determine to be careful to select a camp where the bathing is safe and where there is no strong undertow. It will be easy enough to do this if we take a little trouble and make proper inquiries.

Now that we are all ready we are confronted by the important question: Where shall we go?

Very likely you know, or if not, your friends will tell you, of "just the place" for a tenting party. In fact, "just the places" are so numerous along our Atlantic coast, and you to whom we are writing are so widely scattered, that it would be difficult to name any one place that would be convenient for many of you. We would only suggest that you should not choose a fashionable watering-place, but some retired spot, where you will feel at ease and be undisturbed. Moreover, you should spread your canvas on a dry slope, if possible, where the water will not settle, and in a place where the sea breezes will have a fair chance at you too; for they will be a better preventive against mosquitoes and troublesome flies than all the penny-royal and catsup in the world.

If you were to have an inland camp, the shade of trees would be indispensable, but at the beach the breeze, which almost always springs up before noon from seaward, will serve to keep you cool.

As to fish, there are generally plenty of them, of various kinds, to be found all along our coast, but unless you have a row-boat always at command, you should choose a place with convenient rocks to catch them from. So, to put it in a word, the best place for our camp is a retired spot on a little slope, with bold rocks not far off, jutting out into the sea.

Now that these preliminaries have been settled,

we will suppose that, with all our baggage, we have been transported to some such seaside paradise as we have described. First, up goes the tent. A little practice will make this only a ten minutes' job. Then a committee of two should be detailed to dig a trench six or eight inches deep about the tent, which will carry off the water and save us from a wet skin in rainy weather.

Two more will resolve themselves into a fire-wood brigade, to collect the fuel which Neptune has kindly cast up at our feet in the shape of drift-wood, and the rest will betake themselves to the rocks, with their lines and poles, to catch the supper, which we feel pretty confident is awaiting us just beneath those green waves.

For bait we shall use clams, or worms, or mussels,—whichever are most convenient. Sea-worms, or "sand-worms,"—ugly-looking crawlers they are, with almost innumerable legs,—can often be found in great numbers under the stones when the tide is low, and they make excellent bait.

If none of the party understands such matters, almost any fisherman we may meet will teach us how to prepare our fish. Then we must boil the coffee, and lay the fish in the sizzling frying-pan; stir up the Johnny cake, fry the potatoes, and in half-an-hour we shall be all ready to sit down to a royal supper. At least this will be the verdict of our sharp appetites.

By the time supper is disposed of, and the dishes are washed up, it will begin to grow dark.

So we will pile the largest pieces of drift-wood on the fire, roll ourselves up in the blankets with our feet to the blaze, and see who can tell the best stories, until the sleep-fairies persuade us to listen to stories of their own in dreamland.

And here, snugly rolled up in your blankets, the last story told, the last conundrum given up, and pleasant dreams hovering around, we propose to leave you.

Our purpose in this article has been accomplished if we have told you *how* to go. Though we might go on for pages describing the pleasures of those three weeks of camp-life, we will not do so, but hope that, before Spring comes again, many of you will know by experience, far better than we can tell you, what rare fun there is in a vacation spent at "the tent on the beach."



THE BAD LUCK OF BUBBY CRYAWAY.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

THE small pair of twin brothers called the Jimmy-johns, who live in Prairie Rose Cottage, are never happy when their faces are being washed. Perhaps it is no more than right to tell the whole truth of the matter and confess that they cry aloud at such times, and drop tears into the wash-basin, which last is a foolish thing to do, seeing there is then water enough already in it.

One morning, as little Mr. Tompkins, the lobster-man, came wheeling his wheelbarrow of lobsters up to the back door of the cottage, he met these small Jimmies scampering off quite fast. After them ran Annetta, calling out, "Come back! come back! you little Jimmyjohn Plummers!" Effie, standing in the door-way, shouted, "Tum back! tum back! oo ittel Dimmydon Pummers!" Mrs. Plummer, from the open window, cried, "Boys! boys! come and be washed before you go!" Hiram said nothing, but, by taking a few steps with those long legs of his, he got in front of the runaways and turned them back, making motions with his hands as if he had been driving back two little chickens. Mr. Tompkins took one under each arm and presented them to Mrs. Plummer. Mrs. Plummer led them into another room. Strange sounds were heard from that room, but when the ones who made those sounds were led back again their rosy cheeks were beautiful to see!

Mr. Tompkins sat with a broad smile on his face. He seemed not to be noticing the two little boys, but to be smiling at his own thoughts. And the while he sat thinking, the smile upon his face grew broader; his eyes twinkled at the corners; his lips parted; his shoulders shook; there came a chuckle, chuckle, chuckle in his throat, and then he burst out laughing.

"I was thinking," said he, "of a boy who—he—he—he!—thinking of a boy I used to know a long time ago, down in Jersey, who—he—he—he—he!—who tried to get rid of a small wetting, but—he—he—he!—he got a big one. I shall have to tell you about that smart chap; I knew him very well. He was afraid to have his face washed, even when he got to be quite a large boy, and afraid to have his hair cut. Sometimes, in the morning, when his mother forgot to shut the windows before she began, people would burst into the house, crying, 'What's the matter? Anybody tumbled down-stairs, or out the chamber window, or got scalded, or broken any bones?'"

"Why, did he cry so loud as that?" asked Annetta.

"Oh yes. And pulled back and twisted his shoulders and turned his head the wrong way. I can tell you it was hard work getting him ready to go out in the morning. The boys called him 'Bubby Cryaway.' They were always watching for chances to wet him. If he passed near a puddle, splash! would come a great stone into the water. When he staid out after sunset they would begin to shout, 'Better go in, Bubby; *the dew's a falling!*' Sometimes they called him 'dry goods.'"

"But this is what I was laughing about. One morning he thought he would start out early before his Sister Sally said anything about washing his face or cutting his hair. They had then been coaxing him for a long, long time to have his hair cut. So he crept down the back stairs, and across the back yard, and through a back alley, which took him into the worst-looking street in town. Here he met a fellow named Davy Bangs. Davy Bangs' mother kept a little shop in that street; I've bought fish-hooks of her, many's the time. Davy Bangs asked him if he was going to the circus. He said 'no;' he had n't any money. Davy Bangs asked him why he did n't catch frogs and sell them to the circus-riders. He asked Davy if the circus-riders would buy them.

"'Yes, and be glad to,' said Davy, 'They eat the hind-quarters; that's what makes 'em jump so high. And if you'll go over to Dutch Meadows,' said Davy, 'to that little swamp they call Duck Swamp, you can dip up frogs with a dip-net; and if you want a dip-net I'll lend you our old one.'

"He went and got Davy Bangs' old dip-net, and was hurrying along the streets with it, when a ragged country boy—who had come in to the circus, I suppose—cried out:

"'Hullo, little fisherman! The man that keeps the furniture store wants you!'

"Bubby turned back and found the furniture store, and went in, and there he stood, waiting, waiting, waiting, till at last a workman ordered him off. As he was walking away he saw the country boy grinning at him from around a corner, and shouted:

"'The man did n't want me! Now what did you say that for?'

"'Thought he'd want your hair to stuff cushions with!' cried the boy, and then ran off."

"Now I think that was mean enough," said Annetta.

"Pray, Mr. Tompkins, go on," said Mrs. Plummer. "I want to hear what happened to the little fisherman."

"Plenty of things happened to him," said Mr. Tompkins. "He had to run so fast, to make up for waiting, that he stumbled over cellar doors and tumbled down half-a-dozen times, besides bumping against everybody he met. When he came to Dutch Meadows he turned down a lane, thinking there might be a short cut that way to Duck Swamp. This lane took him past the house of a Mr. Spleigelspruch." Here the chuckling sound came into Mr. Tompkins' throat again, and presently he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Now do please tell us; then we can laugh; but now we can't," said Annetta.

"I will," said he. "I'll tell—I'll tell—he—he—he—he—he—I'll tell right away. That Mr. Spleigelspruch was a Dutchman—a short, fat, near-sighted, cross old Dutchman. His wife took in washing. His wife's sister and his wife's sister's sister-in-law, Winfreda, lived in the same house, and they took in washing too. Winfreda was poor, and the others made her do all the hardest jobs of work. Mr. Spleigelspruch got his living by selling eggs, poultry, and garden stuff, and by raising the uncommon kinds of fowls—fowls which brought high prices. He was troubled a good deal by boys coming around there chasing his hens and stealing his eggs and trampling on the clean clothes spread out on the grass. I suppose that was what made him so cross."

"And did that old cross man touch that boy?" asked Johnny Plummer.

"I should think he did touch that boy!" said Mr. Tompkins. "Yes, yes, yes!—he—he—he—he—he—I'll tell you how it was. Just as the boy got to Mr. Spleigelspruch's, a dozen or more people came running down the lane, screaming 'Elephant! elephant! The elephant's a-coming!' There was n't a word of truth in this story. A few boys in town had shouted, 'The elephant's coming!' meaning he was coming with the circus, and some folks who heard them thought the elephant had got away from his keeper, and they shouted and ran, and this made others shout and run, and this made others, and this made others, so that there was great confusion. Carriages were upset, windows smashed in, children jostled about, and some of the people were so scared they ran out of town away past Mr. Spleigelspruch's."

"Now on this very day," continued Mr. Tompkins, looking more and more smiling, "Mr. Spleigelspruch had received from his cousin in Germany, Mr. Lockken, a pair of very rare fowls called the

eagle-billed robin-fowl. They were very uncommon fowls, indeed. The rooster was different from common roosters in three ways: in the tone of its voice, in the hang of its tail feathers, and in the shape of its bill. Its bill was shaped very much like an eagle's beak. Mr. Lockken had taken great pains to improve the tone of voice. This was something which nobody else ever did, at least nobody that I ever heard of.

"If I can only cause to be sweet the voices of the crows," Mr. Lockken wrote to his cousin, Mr. Spleigelspruch, 'it will be then like to having so many monster robins about our door yards. Then shall I make my fortune.'

"Mr. Lockken began on a kind of fowl called 'the eagle-billed fowl,' and tried experiments upon those for a number of years, keeping almost everything that he did a secret, of course. It is said that he shut up the chicks as soon as they were hatched in a large cage of singing-birds. He tried a good many kinds of food, oils especially, mixed in a good many ways, and at last, so he wrote his cousin, Mr. Spleigelspruch, he did get a new kind of crows. Their voices were not quite so musical as robins' voices, he said, but they were remarkably fine-toned. He called them the 'eagle-billed robin-fowl.' Mr. Spleigelspruch bought the first pair of these fowls which were for sale, and paid fifty dollars for them; and then there was the expense of getting them over here besides. They arrived, as I said just now, on the very day I have been speaking of, and, as the place where they were to stay was not quite ready, they were put, for a short time, in a barrel near a board fence, quite a little way from the back yard. Mr. Lockken said in his letter that, for the first year, it would be better for them to be kept as far out of hearing of the common kinds of crows as was possible.

"Now that chap with his dip-net, when those people yelled so about the elephant, jumped over the board fence in a hurry, and happened to jump right down upon that barrel and knocked it over. He hit another barrel at the same time and let out a duck—some curious kind of South Sea duck, I think; but that was n't so much matter. When he came down, why, over went the barrel and over went he, right into the duck-pond, and out flew the eagle-billed robin-fowls. Mr. Spleigelspruch was busy some ways off getting their place ready. The first that he knew of the matter, a woman who lived in the next house screamed to him that somebody was stealing his fowls. He saw a boy running and gave chase. He did n't know then that his fowls had got away. The boy tried to get out of sight, and ran so fast he did n't mind where he was going, and so ran over some clean clothes spread out on the grass. Mr. Spleigelspruch's wife and

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his wife's sister and his wife's sister's sister-in-law, Winfreda, came out with their brooms in a terrible rage. The wife's sister caught hold of him and the wife held him fast. There was a tub near by, which had some rinsing water in it, and they dropped him into that and held him down with their brooms, and sent Winfreda for more water. They said they would *souse* him. Mr. Spleigelspruch came up, bawling:

"Stop thief! Police! Hold him! Rub him! Give it to him! Drub him! Scrub him!"



"OVER WENT THE BARREL AND OVER WENT HE."

"He caught up Winfreda's broom, but did n't keep it long, for in a minute that same woman ran into the yard, screaming, 'They've got away! Your fowls have got away!' Then they all left the boy and ran to catch the fowls. Winfreda, when she came up, was good to the boy. Winfreda had lived a hard life, and that made her know how to pity other folks. Bringing the water along, she thought to herself,—so she told the boy afterward:

"Suppose I had married in my young days, and suppose I had now a little grandson, and suppose he were treated like that boy, oh, how badly I should feel!"

"She took him out of the water; she made him go upstairs and get between the blankets of her

own bed; she fed him with broth; she hung his clothes on the bushes to dry; she borrowed another suit for him, and she let him out into the street through a place where there was a board loose in the fence. Next day his father took the clothes back and changed them. The fowls had just been found in a swamp. It was thought that some country people coming in to circus caught them the day before and let them go again. They probably stayed in the swamp all night, and that might have been the means of their death; though

it might have been the sea-voyage, or change of air, or homesickness; we can't tell. They did n't live very long after that."

"And did n't he get some more?" Annetta asked.

"No. Mr. Lockken died, and his fowls were not attended to, and a disease got among them and carried them off. Mr. Spleigelspruch told me the whole story after I grew up."

"What a pity," said Hiram, "that those musical fowl could n't have spread over the country! 'T would be a fine affair to have all the roosters singing in the morning, instead of making the kind of noises they do make. 'T would be like an oratorio!"

"To be sure!" said Mrs. Plummer. "And I wish, for

my part, that boy had stayed at home. I suppose he has grown up by this time. It is to be hoped that he washes his face, and also that he don't forget poor Winfreda."

"Oh no," said Mr. Tompkins, stepping out and taking up the arms of his wheelbarrow, "oh no, I don't forget Winfreda. I send her lobsters every Spring."

"You! you! What do you send her lobsters for?" asked Mrs. Plummer and Hiram and Annetta, all speaking at once.

Mr. Tompkins trundled his wheelbarrow along pretty fast, laughing away to himself, and when he got outside the yard he looked over his shoulder at them as they stood in the door-way, and called out: "*I was the boy!*"

AMONG THE LILIES.

BY EMMA BURT.



It was on a lovely day in Spring that Busy Bee looked out upon the world, and said:

"O, how sweet, sweet, sweet it is to live! I would like to live forever."

"I do declare one can scarcely blame Butterfly for being an idler, 'specially when she is so pretty herself,—so sweet it is to live! But I am a little brown bee, and I know that Winter will come; moreover, I love to work from morning till night."

Here a wee voice broke Busy Bee's reverie by singing:

"Mother Bee, Mother Bee, where are you going to-day? Take me with you, for my wings are grown quite strong. Besides, I can rest now and then on a blade of grass; and must I not learn to fly?"

Busy Bee buzzed in confusion, because Little Bee had caught her dreaming, and she said:

"Little Bee, I wish you to learn to be wise and prudent and busy. So come quickly with me, and I will teach you to gather something yellower than sunshine, and sweeter, O! than anything."

"And where will we go, Mother Bee?"

"O, down by the lilies of the valley," sang Busy Bee, for all the bees talk in song; "come, Little Bee, come, come."

And away they went flying quite slowly, because Little Bee's wings were not yet very strong. Here and there they stopped for rest, and by and by they reached the lilies.

After resting a moment on a blade of grass, Busy Bee showed Little Bee the way into the pure white cups of the lilies.

"O, Mother—Mother Bee, I have found that which is yellower than sunlight and sweeter than anything on earth. O, I will feast forever!"

"Silly Little Bee, you will store it away, and the kings of the earth will come in Winter weather and beg the bees for honey."

So they buzzed and sang and taught and learned and worked for hours on that bright day.

As they were thus working among the lilies, Little Bee said to her mother:

"O, mother dear, tell me about that great, great river flowing by. Where is it going, and going, and never gone?"

"It is going down, down, down, until it reaches a great city; and a city is a place made up of very many houses, like the stone house on the hill.

There at the city are a thousand ships with tall masts. The river flows out into the sea, and carries the ships upon its breast."

"O, Mother Bee, let me make a boat out of a cowslip-leaf, and go down the river and see the great city and the houses and the ships and the sea!"

"Silly, silly, silly Little Bee; you are mad! Silly Little Bee, work and be happy. There is no place for you in the great city."

Just then a shadow fell upon the grass, the lilies, and the bees. They looked up, and a beautiful lady stood above them. She had wandered down the lawn from the great stone house on the hill. The sun lay upon her hair, and a soft light shone out of her gentle brown eyes.

She looked out upon the river that went down to the city by the sea; she looked up at the sky, and then down upon the violets and lilies at her feet, and smiled quietly. She then knelt upon the grass and culled the fairest from among them in her hand. One that she left untouched held Busy Bee; another that she gathered held frightened Little Bee. She arose and walked leisurely to the house, and entered a lovely room, all crimson and gray and gold. Little Bee hushed its frightened heart and peeped out in wonder at it all. The lady dropped the flowers on a marble stand, and sat down and wrote a letter upon a book in her lap. Now and then she paused and looked thoughtfully out of the window. At length she folded the paper, put it in an envelope, and picked out some of the fairest flowers and put them also in the letter; then she sealed it, and "scratch, scratch, scratch" went the pen across it, and Little Bee was a prisoner.

The lady turned a tiny knob on the wall, and in a twinkling a tall man stood before her.

"Timothy," she said, "take this letter to the office."

The letter went to the office, and pretty soon it was laid upon its face, and there was a pounding like thunder on the letter; but it chanced to be the farthest corner from Little Bee, so Little Bee was saved. After this it would be hard to tell what happened. It was pitched and tossed about, and thrown into a bag alongside of hundreds of other letters, in which I don't suppose there was one single bee. Pretty soon it was thrown on to something which went "toot, toot, toot," "ring, tring-a-ling," and away it thundered for hours. Then again was Little Bee pitched and tossed and tumbled and

bruised and shaken. At last it was put into a black leather bag, and away it went along a street. Pretty soon it stopped, and Little Bee heard a shrill whistle, and then it heard a window open and a voice say: "What letters to-day, postman?"

"A letter for Miss Honey B——."

"Oh, oh," laughed Little Bee to itself, "perhaps, after all, I am going to see my relations;" and it began to be more glad than frightened.

Somebody went singing up the stairs and rapped at a door, and entering, said:

"Sure, Miss Honey, here is a letter for ye."

"Ah," said a gentle voice; and a hand took the letter, and "clip, clip" went the scissors, and open came the end of the envelope, and out was drawn the letter, flowers, little Bee and all. Little Bee was half dead with hunger and fright and bruising, and blinded too. But it wiped the tears and dust out of its eyes, and peeped curiously out of the heart of the flower. It saw a cunning little room, with a cunning little desk beside a great wide window, and the window looked out upon great stone houses, just as much alike as rows of pins. The sky could scarcely be seen, and there were noises many and awful in the street. Little Bee shuddered and stopped its ears with its fingers, and again looked about the cunning little room with its tiny pictures and tiny vases and shelf of books, and the little pale ivy growing around the mirror.

"O dear me, Mother Bee and I are richer than this," said Little Bee, proudly. "We have all the out-doors and the sky and real live flowers, and no 'rattle-te-bang' like this street out here. O dear, dear me, I wish I was home!"

By this time the little woman who sat by the desk had finished her letter, and Little Bee looked up into her face. It was an eager, pleased face, and when Little Bee looked up into its eyes it was no longer afraid, and wished it had not thought so scornfully of her home. It wanted to caress her; so, as she lifted the flowers and breathed their odor, and laid them against her cheek, and then, smiling, held them before her eyes and looked into each little cup, Little Bee crept out of its white cup and crawled upon her finger.

"Oh! oh! o—h!" cried the little lady, and she let the flowers fall and went to the window and began to talk to Little Bee.

"Well, well, Little Bee, did you enjoy your journey? How do you like car rides and carriage rides and our postal system? Did you think you would come and see our great city? And how do you like it?" Then, smiling right merrily, she sang this little song:

"O, dear and dusty and brown Little Bee,
Why did you come from the meadows to me?
Was a honey-dew message sent sweetly by thee
Even to me?"

Little Bee buzzed and crawled and spread its wings, and tried with all its might to sing to Miss Honey B—— a beautiful thought that came into its heart; but in its fear and anxiety lest its song should not be understood (it often happens to those who sing, I'm told), its foot slipped, and down it went—down, down on to the pavement below.

"Was it killed," do you think? No, but it was much hurt, though its wings did partly bear it up. Miss Honey ran down and picked it up and took it to her room and put it in a little paper jewel-box, after pricking the box full of pin holes, and laid some of the flowers beside it and sealed up the box, and then wrote a dainty letter, closing with these words:

"Now, my dear Agnes, I send this dear Little Bee back to you again, begging you will allow it to pasture on your lilies for a time, for I fear the city



air will be unsafe for it at this season. The more so, as a serious mishap has affected it for the worse, I fear."

So it was, Little Bee went into the mail-bag again, and, in less than a day, was again in the hands of the beautiful lady in her crimson and gray room. She laughed most merrily, and took poor sick Little Bee upon her finger and set it upon the lilies down on the lawn. While it was sitting still and sorry and lonesome, who should come buzzing along but the little Mother Bee, who had gone right on with her work, never stopping to put on mourning even for the lost. Not that she was heartless; on the contrary, when she beheld Little Bee she fairly buzzed a scream, and lifted her two pollen-laden hands and fell upon the neck of Little Bee and wept. And Little Bee also wept, and then it told its story.

"Well," said Busy Bee, "I thought the good fairy queen would look upon my sorrow and send you back, a sadder and a wiser child."

So thereafter they lived in peace, and at last died in a pot of—honey.

THE LAUGHING DUCK.

ONCE there was a little boy, who lived in a pretty house in the country. Near the house, quite outside the garden wall, was a small pond, where ducks swam; and this little boy, whose name was Tom, liked to watch the ducks whenever his mamma or his nurse, or whoever he happened to be with, had time to stop, for Tom was not a big enough boy to play alone by the pond.

One morning, as he was coming from the village with his older brother



Joe, a large duck came waddling up on the border of the pond, and stretched out its neck, and said:

"Quack, qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua."

"Hear that duck laugh!" said little Tom.

"O yes," said Joe, who was quite a tease, "he's laughing at you!"

"I did n't do anything," said Tom, much troubled.

"Qua-qua-qua-qua-qua-qua!" said the duck.

"Shut the gate, Joe," said Tom. "I don't want to hear that duck laugh."

Tom thought about the duck after he was at home, and wondered about it, and felt very much annoyed.

"Well, I'll ask him what he was laughing at," he said; and, a few

hours later, finding the front door open and no one in sight, he ran out across the lawn, down the avenue, past the stables and hen-yard, and out of the gate down to the little pond where the ducks swam. The ducks, seeing the little boy coming so close to them, thought he meant to harm them, and, as before, one came up out of the water, and, stretching out its neck, said: "Quack, qua-qua-qua-qua."

"What are you laughing at?" said Tom. "Wont you tell me? I don't like you to laugh at me. You are a horrid, naughty duck."

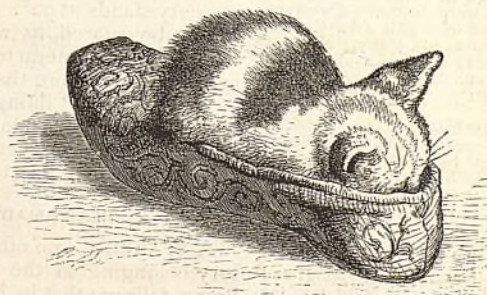
Tom's papa, who was walking by, saw his little boy all alone, and without his hat, by the duck-pond. He called out to him, and Tom came running to meet him. Still the angry duck cried, "Quack, qua-qua-qua-qua-qua!"

"Papa," said Tom, almost crying, "the duck is laughing at me, and I did n't do anything."

"Then why do you mind his laughing?"

"Because I don't like him to laugh at me."

"My boy," said his papa, "the duck is not laughing. That is the only way he has of talking. He can't make any other noise. But it would be well to remember that when you have done no wrong you need not fear being laughed at, and there will be always foolish people ready to laugh at the noblest things you do."



GRANDPAPA'S new slipper,
Lying on the rug;
Little saucy kitty-cat
Thinks it wondrous snug.

Humpy little gray back,
Arched above the toes;
Does she think she's out of sight
If she hides her nose?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now, then, my dears, this is delightful! The flowers and the early peas hurrying up out of the ground, and the children hurrying out of the houses, all anxious to get into the open air once more. And I know the open air will do you all good.

Here's a letter from a relative of mine. It was written in Winter quarters, but I guess he's up by this time.

LETTER FROM JACK'S COUSIN.

Fence Corner, foot of the Apple Orchard,
Delaware Co., Pa., April 2, 1875.

DEAR COUSIN JACK: As I and my family are preparing to appear on the Spring carpet, it occurred to me that you would like to know what kind of winds ripple down our way, and what are the chances here for a fine season. The fact is, the Winter has been so stubborn that until yesterday I did not dare to stretch a root; but to-day, oh! what a lovely sun! I feel a warmth all through me, and my family are declaring that it is time to go out of doors. I also hear my neighbor Bloodroot making efforts. You know he is the pioneer in this Spring business. My wife declares that when she thinks of what she has to do before appearing above ground she is all in a flurry. The children up at the house have been in a fuss, too, to-day. Nan and Cad have been scouring the orchard with a great wooden rake, gathering up grass and sticks, and Phil came with them, picking up stones. When they came to our corner, Nan said:

"Here's where my Indians grow."

"Indians!" said Carrie. "What do you mean?"

"Why, my little Indian turnips, that ought to be up by this time."

I smiled, because I knew that we would be up quite soon enough, considering this curious weather, but still both my wife and I were ever so much pleased to think that the children were so anxious to see us. And knew just where to come to look for us, too! That's because we are old friends.

Then they all began to talk about violets and my other neighbors. Lou said:

"I heard a pee-wee to-day, and that is a sure sign of Spring; and Mr. Cerulean Bluebird and his wife, Azurelina, are building in the house with a steeple, up by the hot-house; and his cousin, True Blue, with his dear little wife, are building next door, and there goes a robin—and hush, a song-sparrow is singing. Oh! don't I feel good!"

They have all gone,—I mean the children,—and I am aching to make my appearance in the upper world.

By the way, I heard the children say something about a little schoolmarm, an acquaintance of yours. I should like to know her. I wish to propound this question to her: How is it that, when all our family are poked away to sleep all Winter under the ground, you are so sprightly, and hold forth to all those children that are around you with so much vigor? I want an answer from her, for I have a notion

she's smart. I wish she could bring some of her little pupils down our way in May. Our apple orchard is my pride, and then, in my fence-corner grows a real hawthorn. Oh! apple blooms and hawthorn blossoms!—Affectionately yours,
INDIAN TURNIP.

As to that question, I'll let the pretty school-mistress answer it. I could do it myself, but it's no more than polite to leave it to her.

WHAT IS A BERRY?

Do my boys and girls know what a berry is? Hark! I think I hear a gentle burst of laughter coming from far and near.

"Ha! ha!" it seems to say, "do you think we don't know what berries are; we who are so fond of strawberries and raspberries and blackberries? Ha! ha! ha!"

Well, laugh away, my dears; I love to hear the merry sound. But just let me tell you something that I learned by listening to the birds. Raspberries and strawberries are well enough, but the orange is a berry, too. Did you know that? Why, the lemon may be a berry, for aught I know.

Now if this is news to you, I advise you to look into the subject a bit. Find out just what a berry is. Blackberries, strawberries, and raspberries speak for themselves, but how can you know that the grape is a berry unless you inquire? Get out your dictionaries, botanies, and encyclopedias, and when you find what you want on this subject, be sure to *take it out-of-doors* with you when the berries are ripening, so that you may observe knowingly.

COOLING THE THERMOMETER.

ONE Winter's day a boy thought he'd play a trick on the pretty school-mistress, and make her think the room was fearfully cold. So he put his face close to the thermometer, under pretense of seeing where the mercury stood, and then very slyly blew upon it as hard as he could. Then he went to his seat, pretending to shiver, as if he felt very cold. The school-mistress, seeing him shiver, instantly walked to the place where the thermometer hung.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed. "The mercury stands at 92°. Open the windows!"

The boy stared, as well he might. He had not cooled the thermometer at all, but had sent the mercury up to more than Summer heat.

"Very queer," thought he. "When I want to cool my porridge, I blow it. Why don't the same thing cool a thermometer, I'd like to know?"

So should Jack like to know. Who can tell him?

READY-MADE HONEY-COMB.

A SPARROW who often looks into the conservatory belonging to the house where he makes his home, tells me that he has there seen a flower which resembles a ready-made honey-comb, with a drop of honey hanging from each petal. He thought the bees would give up working if they saw this flower. The gardener called it *Hoya carnosa*. When I told this to the bee who visits me every day, he was quite indignant.

"Tell Mr. Sparrow," he buzzed, "that appearances are deceitful; that it is only the raw material

for real wax and honey that is kept by the flowers. We bees must do the manufacturing business ourselves."

THE MONKEY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A LADY who knows that Jack likes to tell you true stories about animals, has sent me a letter with permission to show it to all my boys and girls. Here it is:

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you about Jocko, a bright, mischievous little monkey, which my friend, Mrs. G., brought from India. She says: "He liked going to sea, and was a great favorite with the sailors. He would run up the mast and look down with an air of triumph, as much as to say, 'See how much better I can do it than you!' I made him a suit of clothes, little blue trousers, red jacket and a sailor cap. He was delighted with it, and when I went on deck always came to meet me, ready for a frolic. He often played tricks upon the sailors, but never took any liberties with me. One day, I carried a looking-glass on deck, and called Jocko to come and look in. He was wonderfully pleased to see what he supposed was another monkey. He jabbered at it, and expressed his delight in sundry contortions of his queer little face. Almost all animals are social in their nature, and suffer from loneliness when separated from their kind. At last he stopped his antics, and stretched his arm around the mirror to feel the back of it. The instant he discovered the deception he flew into a terrible passion. He seemed to understand at once that it was no living monkey, and he thought I meant to cheat him. I had to run to save myself from a terrible scratching. He never forgot it, and from that time we ceased to be friends, for monkeys are slow to forgive what they think an insult. Whenever I walked on deck the sailors had to keep him out of sight. I was sewing in my room one day, when he found his way there, and flew at me so furiously that, if my screams had not brought help, I think he would have killed me. Nevertheless, I mourned for Jocko when he died, for I never ceased to hope that we should be friends again in time."

Newburyport, Mass.

A. E. P.

BIRD'S NEST IN A HEAD OF CABBAGE.

SHOULD N'T you consider a cabbage-head rather a queer place for a bird's nest? I thought so when a bird-friend of mine—who has traveled a good deal told me of it.

There is an island named Jersey, that belongs to England, but lies nearer to the French coast. (Our state of New Jersey was named after it.) On this island a cabbage-stalk had grown to a height of sixteen feet, and in its top was a magpie's nest. A magpie is not a very tiny bird, you must understand. He is almost, if not quite as big as a crow. This cabbage was rather tall of its kind, but the stalks frequently grow to a height of from ten to twelve feet. Walking-sticks are very commonly made of them. The bird did n't say whether or not these cabbages were good for anything besides walking-sticks and places for birds' nests; but I suppose they must be good to eat, or people would not cultivate them.

Do you know anything about this kind of cabbage?

TREE-FERNS.

WHAT will the modest little ferns, my neighbors, say to this?

A family of cousins of theirs, living among the Himalaya Mountains, in Hindostan, are so ambitious that they have grown to be trees. Big trees, too, for I am told there is now in the British Museum a Himalayan tree-fern stem that is over fifty feet long. These Himalayan ferns are not the only ones of their large family that have been so aspiring as to grow into trees, but they are said to be the largest tree-ferns now living.

COAL MADE OUT OF FERNS.

TALKING of tree-ferns, an owl friend of mine says that in the old, old days, thousands of years before your grandmothers were born, there were very many of these ferns that grew as big—as big as—well, I don't know how big, but very tall and very large indeed—many times larger than the one in the British Museum.

I told you as much as this months ago, do you remember? and how these tree-ferns are burned every day in your homes? You don't call them wood now. They've another name—coal. Ferns are not the only things that, in past ages, grew and died and hardened into coal when nobody was looking.

CEDRON NUTS.

DID you ever hear of cedron nuts? And do you know what they're good for? I am told that the kind found in New Grenada is a certain cure for the bite of the rattle-snake. The natives pound the nut, and bind it upon the wound, and also give the patient a strong decoction of cedron-nuts in whisky. To fully ascertain the benefit of this cure, you'll have to go to New Grenada to get bitten, because, if a rattle-snake should bite you in the Catskills, you'd hardly have time to go to New Grenada for a cedron-nut.

My object in mentioning the matter at all is simply to enlarge your sphere of information and investigation. Besides, I'd like to hear how a cedron-nut looks, and perhaps some of you can tell me.

WILLIAM GRIMM'S COURTING.

A FEW months ago, Jack told you a story about Jacob Grimm. Now you shall have something about his brother, sent to me by your friend, Mr. Butterworth:

Some people who write books never marry. It's a pity, because those who write books are such good folks. Jacob and William Grimm, who wrote the fairy stories, were bachelors. They always lived together and worked together, and wrote in a wonderfully contented way before either had a wife or children. At last, they thought it best that one of them should marry. Neither wanted a wife a bit—which should it be?

After long waiting, Jacob, the older brother, concluded to be generous and self-forgotten, and relieve William of his share in the difficulty by taking the burden of a wife upon himself. So he selected a handsome young lady, but here he hesitated again and delayed, for he did not like to do the courting. William thought he would encourage him a little by going to see the young lady himself. He found her so handsome and engaging that he immediately fell in love with her, and to his surprise found courting the most agreeable thing in the world. But the lady was Jacob's by selection—now what was to be done? Here was trouble again.

An old aunt went to Jacob, very kindly, and said: "William is in love—he cannot wrong you—what shall he do?" "This is the most joyful tidings I ever heard," said Jacob. "Let him have her—let him have her!" And he packed his trunk and started off for the Hartz Mountains.

William married, and Jacob came to live with him. In time he loved William's wife and little children very much. One of these children became a noble and useful man. And the two brothers grew old together, and when they were not writing books of great learning they did that other good thing—they wrote fairy stories for little children.

A MERE REMARK OF JACK'S.

THIS story of bachelor Jacob Grimm reminds me, though I hardly know why, of the crusty old bachelor who made a will leaving his entire fortune to be divided among the girls who had refused him. "For to them," he added, feelingly, "I owe all my earthly happiness."

TO THE ARMY OF THE "LITTLE CORPORAL."

(FROM ITS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.)

DEAR LITTLE COMRADES: After ten years of faithful service, the "Corporal" has been put upon the retired list. We have had a long, brave march together, and it is hard parting company. You will miss your leader, and we shall miss the words of courage and devotion that came from the gallant army, East and West, North and South. But remember, you are none of you mustered out of service. Your new leader, ST. NICHOLAS, enrolls his soldiers by the same pledge under which you first enlisted—"For the Good, the True, and the Beautiful"—and the "Corporal" feels safe and satisfied in leaving you to his guidance. May he have your hearty service and affection, and may every soldier win by honorable deeds the cross of the Legion of Honor!

LITTLE CORPORAL, *Commander-in-Chief.*

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER,
PRIVATE QUEER,
PRUDY, } *Officers of Staff.*

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE late followers of the "Little Corporal" will be most heartily welcome among their new comrades, and a poem from Mrs. Miller, which is to appear in our next number, will show them that they have not lost their old friend, while the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will see by the same token that they have gained a new one.

THE following letter from a boy in New Jersey is quite timely, considering how popular spelling matches have lately become. It's rather long, but we have concluded to print it all:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about our spelling match. There has been a good many of them, but this was the worst one of all. It was at Mr. Henderson's house, who is our minister. Some of the big boys and girls were let in, but I was not big enough. Still, I did get in, because the sides was n't even, and I went in on one side to fill up. It would have made you laugh to hear them spell. The older they was the worse they spelled generally. It seemed to me as if it is hardly any use for some people to learn how to spell when they are little. I got out pretty soon on "stupefy." I spelt it with two o's, and it did not have any. Then the doctor, he went down smack on "ipecacuanha." That was funny, too, because he ought to know all about medicines. He left out the h. But when they all laughed, he said he never wrote any more of it than "ipecac" on prescriptions, and so he had got out of the way of remembering the last part. I asked him if the last part of the medicine was n't any good to sick people, and he said, "No, sir, not in the least." I don't believe he liked it much. Then down went Miss Helen Baker on "innuendoes." She only gave it one n and no tail e. She is old enough to know how to spell better than that, though I did not know it had two n's till I looked in the dictionary. There was a big Webster on the table to use if there was any fuss about words. I used it most of the time after I got out, and I wanted awfully to tell Jim Connor how to spell "apocrypha," but Mr. Henderson kept looking at me, and I could n't. So he got a k in, and down went Jim. It was funny about Jim, because he spelt "catechism" and "gauger" and "unparalleled" with no trouble at all. Then pop went Mr. Henderson on "diocesan." And he a minister, too. I was pretty glad of it, because he was so strict about Jim. Jim could spell them all out if they'd only give him a chance. There was a good many real hard words, such as "cachination" and "diæresis" (I looked in the dictionary for all the spelling words in this letter, because I did n't want to get them wrong in ST. NICHOLAS), and "trisyllabic," "movable," "singing," "woefully," "apophthegm," "villainy," "ratably," "conferrable," "ecstasies," "skiffful," "mnemonics," and a lot of others that look easy enough, but just you try to spell them before a whole parlorful (I know that's right by "spoonful," which was too much for Miss Jane Miller) of people. The last ones that was left was Mr. Baxter (he's a printer) and Mary Knowles. Mary Knowles is only fourteen, and lives out of town a little way; but I tell you, she can spell. Mr. Henderson said there is nearly always a printer for one of the last

ones. They went along lively for a while, both knowing everything, and then Mr. Baxter, he got "saccharine," and he went straight at it: "S, a, one c, h, a, r, i, n, e," and then how they all did laugh on one side, and Mary Knowles, she just spelt it out with two c's as quick as lightning, and I tell you they gave her three cheers, if it was the minister's parlor. I hope they will get up another soon.—Yours truly,

WILLIAM J. BURTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you ask some other young subscribers to tell me why, in the Creed, we say: "We believe in the Holy Catholic Church," when we do not?—Yours respectfully,

MARY HENCK.

The term "Catholic," when used as above, means the *whole* Christian Church, and does not refer to the Roman Catholic Church, as Mary Henck evidently supposes. "Catholic" means universal, or general.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS CHILDREN: I am twelve years old; but as I am an only child, and very lame, so that I have to spend most of my days in a chair, I have no chance to study or play with other children as most of you have. But I have thought that among you all there might be some others who are sickly like me, and it is to these I have a word to say.

One of the things that make me feel my difference from other children the most, is that I cannot go to school, or even study very much at home; but I lately read something that has encouraged me very much, and I thought I would tell it to you. Perhaps it might help some of you, too.

I read it in a very nice book called, "In the Home of the Presidents," by Mrs. Laura C. Holloway. It contains the lives of all of the wives of the Presidents of the United States, and of some of their daughters. One of the most interesting lives to me was that of Mrs. Abigail Adams, wife of Mr. John Adams. She was such a talented woman, so noble a woman, that all respected and loved her. Her letters are beautiful, I think; almost as beautiful as her face, which looks out at you from the book full of loving care for others. I don't believe she ever thought much of herself.

And now for the thing that encouraged me. It seems that Mrs. Adams, intelligent woman as she was, never went any to school, because, when a girl, she was always sick. She educated herself, and that so well that no one could fail to respect her, just by reading good books, like histories and biographies and travels and books about natural history, and by writing letters to her friends about the things she had read.

There was no dear ST. NICHOLAS then to come once a month and talk with her, but how much she would have enjoyed it if there had been. It really makes me sorry that little Abby Smith (that was Mrs. Adams' name when she was a girl) could n't have known the comfort of it.

Good-bye, dear friends, that I can never see, but seem to know so well.—Your ever loving

RHODA CANFIELD.

Redwing, Minn., March 27th, 1875.

Is there not a *fourth* word—Dunderhead (D-under-head)—found in that puzzle of the March number, in addition to the words "deface," "defeat," and "detail?"

MINNIE.

Several of our readers found it there, Minnie; and we are glad to give this credit to them and you for extra ingenuity.

K. H. ALLAN.—In a double acrostic, each line or sentence denotes a certain word, and when the proper words for *all* the lines have been guessed, the initial letters of these words read downward will be found to form a word having the meaning accorded to the initials in the puzzle, and the finals, read in the same way, a word corresponding with the meaning given to them.

If you will take the trouble to compare carefully a double acrostic in some number of ST. NICHOLAS with its answer in the next number, you will probably understand at once the process of guessing these puzzles.

HERE is a letter from a little girl, which we give just as she wrote it:

Dear St. Nicholas.

Do The Little
The girls That
are "Bird De-
fenders" wear
Feathers ON
Their hats?

Flora S.
Dunton.

Stuttgart, February 28, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please answer me a question which has been puzzling me for some time? Why is the great cave in Kentucky called "mammoth?" I always thought it had its name from its immense size, but one of my teachers said the name came from the great number of bones of the mammoth and other extinct animals found there. Not only my teacher explains the name in this manner, but also a renowned French Magazine, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

I am from Kentucky, and was in the cave myself, but I never saw nor heard anything of mammoth-bones there.

Everybody in the family expects your magazine for March, and will be delighted when it arrives. Mamma, my sister, and I are charmed with the "Eight Cousins," and a friend of mine nearly always asks me when she meets me, "How is Jack?"

With many wishes for your welfare, I remain, your friend and admirer,
ANNA HELMKE.

We think that the Mammoth Cave was so called on account of its size. The mammoth was larger than almost any other beast, and this cave is larger than almost any other cave.

But if any one can give a good reason for supposing that the name came from the fact of mammoth-bones having been found in the cave, let him say so.

Georgetown, Miss., April 5, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do you think it is right to take birds' eggs for a collection, that is, if you leave two or three eggs in the nest?

I began to make a collection last Summer, and should like to add to it next Summer, but I don't know that a Bird-defender ought. Will you please say what you think in the Letter-Box?

I have been helping make a bird-house to put up in one of our trees, and hope some birds will make it their home. It will hold two bird-families.

EDWARD K. TRUS, per Mamma.

We think that unless Edward has a very good reason for making his collection, it is not well for him to rob a bird's nest, even of part of its eggs. As far as the destruction of our birds is concerned, it is pretty much the same thing as taking one or two of the young ones—if he happened to want them for a collection.

But, of course, there are exceptions in such cases; just as it is occasionally justifiable to shoot birds merely to stuff them. But we think that boys can make collections of many things that will be more complete and more useful than a collection of birds' eggs.

THE names of new Bird-defenders, together with the Grand Muster-Roll, will be found in an appendix.

HERE is a letter from a boy who has some peculiar troubles:

"Old Fort," Amsterdam, N. Y., March 28, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been, for the last two days, so interested in the latest number of ST. NICHOLAS that mother can't get me to bring a pail of water or a scuttle of coal. She says that I read it so much that I *am full of the "Old Nick,"* and she mildly suggests that I may have the pleasure of leaving it alone at the end of this volume. I think likely I shall (?)

You may put my name among your list of Bird-defenders, and I will do my best to prevent the destruction of birds, all except an old Shanghai rooster and eight or ten hens that belong to our nearest neighbor, and allow me the painful necessity of planting my garden seed about six or seven times a year, and never lay an egg for me to pay for it.

We would say to our young friend that, while we think his case is a hard one, he had better always attend to the water and coal business, and read ST. NICHOLAS when his work is done. It is wonderful how a clear conscience will help a boy or a girl to see the point of a conundrum or to take a lively interest in a good story.

As to that Shanghai gentleman and his family, we think it would be well to include them among the birds to be defended. Our young gardener should see that there are no holes in his garden fence, and if the Shanghai family fly over the fence, he should try and induce their owner to clip their wings, so as to "allow them the necessity" of staying in their own yard. There is no better way to defend a boy or a chicken than to keep him out of mischief.

WE have recently received a great many letters from the boys and girls concerning their curious pets, and we should be glad to print these if there were room for them. But here is such an interesting narrative about a queer little fellow, that we must crowd it into the Letter-Box.

MY NEWT.

I found him in the woods. Returning from a long walk, I stopped at a spring while my companion was getting a drink. As George stooped to drink he caught sight of something in the spring, and called to me to come and see what a big pollywog there was there. I looked in, but at first did not see anything. Directly, however, a spotted creature darted from under some dead leaves lying on the bottom of the spring, and took refuge under a shelving rock. Now

the pool was about two feet deep, and the water icy cold; but I was determined to catch the fellow and see what it was. So, pulling off my jacket, and rolling up my shirt sleeves as high as possible, I thrust my hand down into the cold depths of the spring.

I felt cautiously under the edge of the rock, and feeling something soft and very much like a tail, I drew it forth, and presto! it was n't there. I soon found that he was a slippery fellow, and conducted my operations accordingly. I finally cooped him up in one corner of the spring, and then, with a sudden sweep of my hand, I scooped him out upon the grass. Hastily securing him with one hand, I tore a large piece out of my pocket (it was an old jacket), and wetting it in the spring, I wrapped him up in it. Then we "put" for home, stopping at every spring we passed to wet the cloth surrounding the creature, in order that he might not suffer for lack of water, for I did n't know the amphibious nature of the beast.

At length, reaching home, I quickly gave my captive the range of a tumbler of water. I now had leisure to examine him. He was about three inches long, of a greenish-yellow color, beautifully spotted with red and black, like a trout. He had a long tail and four legs, like a lizard. His eyes were bright as diamonds, and his shape was graceful enough, tapering easily from the hind legs to the tip of the tail.

Finding that he seemed dissatisfied with his close quarters in the tumbler, I began to look about to find some other more comfortable home for him.

It so happened that I had a broken glass jar, the bottom fragment of which was about nine inches in diameter and five or six in depth. I washed this out most thoroughly, and, putting a little clean white sand in the bottom, and filling it up with water from the well, I placed the creature in it, and told him to "sink or swim." He did both. I then consulted authorities, and found that he was a *newt*. I also found that I must furnish his home with some sort of aquatic plant. Upon learning this I descended into the well with a hammer, and chipped off some pieces of stone with liverwort growing on them, and climbing up again (a feat not easily accomplished with a hammer in one hand and pieces of stone in the other), I furnished my aquarium, as I determined to call it, with the required vegetable occupants. I then deposited the jar on a window-sill, where he remained over night. Next morning I found him placidly kicking the liverwort about, and looking out through the sides of his prison.

I did not disturb him much until the next day about noon, when I poured in some clean sand, and a water-snail or two to act as scavengers and keep things clean.

Some days after this, setting his jar upon a board laid across the top of the water-hogshead, I went away, leaving him for the afternoon, during which a slight shower set in, and did not return until evening. Upon going out to take in my newt, I found the jar tenantless. I searched for him for a long time on the ground near by, but with no success. At length it occurred to me to look in the water-hogshead, and lo! there was Mr. Newt, industriously swimming about and bumping his poor little nose against the sides of the hogshead. The shower had filled his jar to the top, and Mr. Newt, seeing his way clear, had pitched himself over the side into the hogshead.

But, two or three days after this adventure, I set him out on the roof, so that he might look about him and enjoy the prospect through the sides of the jar, to which he had now become quite reconciled. I went back into the house, took up a book, and began to read. In an hour and a-half or two hours, upon going back to the jar, I found that my newt had, in some mysterious way, made his escape. I searched the roof and the ground below for a long time, but could find no trace of him, so that I finally came to the conclusion that I had lost him this time for good. But I can't imagine how he got out of the jar.

Sometimes I wonder where he went. Perhaps he returned to his native spring and related his surprising and wonderful adventures to all the respectable newts of his acquaintance, and became quite a hero on account of them. But at all events, I never more saw even the tail of him.

H. PRINCE.

ANSWERS to Allan Curtis' question about the Bible have been received from a large number of boys and girls, and will be credited next month.

The diagram of "The Croquet Game," published in the May number, will also appear in the July Letter-Box.

TRANSLATIONS of the French story in the March number were received from the following persons, too late for acknowledgment in the April number, but previous to April 10th: Minnie E. Hanchett, George T. Linn, Agnes L. Bullard, Louisa W. Finley, Jennie Sinclair Neil, "Cupid and Chow-Chow," Martha H. Lamberton, Mrs. Nance, Emily A. Gemmill, Isabel Rieman, Mary Faulkner, "Ida Ho," E. N. Ritchie, Miss Theresa Hays, Edward P. Draper, Lulu A. Wilkinson, Susie M. Walker, Edward L. Anderson, Augusta H. Imhorst, Bettie A. Burwell, W. H. Whiting, Fannie C. Mason, Mary C. Mason, W. E. Hall, Mary S. Clark, Ettie E. Loomis, Mary McLean, Blanche Moulton, Lizzie Hazeltine, Katie H. McMath, Gus Mower, Nettie Cooke, Charlie Mead, Sara M. Lodey, Olivia M. Nicholson, Lidie V. B. Parker, "Amy Robsart," Alice W. Ives, Lela Graves, J. B., W. G. C., Katie M. Wilcox, Emilie L. Haines, Herbert T. Abrams, Emily Irving Smith, Martha L. Cox, Arnold Guyot Cameron, "Albertine and Alice," Mamie A. Hustis, L. R. Thorn, "Marie Antoinette," Winnie W. Tinker, Helen Rand, "Marie, aged thirteen," Pattie L. Collins, Mazie Wright, Harriet F. Abbott, Emily Bodstein, Lillie Siminon, "Elise'-Maine," E. A. F., Nettie Ives, "C. B. S.—An American Boy in Germany," Lillie Hustis, Mamie C. Brown, Joseph Nixon, Clara M. Valentine, Sadie D. Hudnut, Frances M. Woodward, Laura H. Warner, Bessie Townsend, Mabel Heard, Margaret C. Davis, and Henry Fay Perry.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

RIDDLE.

My whole can ride the ocean wave;
Cut off my head, eight lives you save.
Replace my head, cut off my tail,
And over me 't is hard to sail. E. W. S.

TRANSMUTATIONS.

1. WHEN a letter is told to any one, it is cut off.
2. When a letter becomes a token, it carries a flag.
3. When a letter goes at a moderate pace, it becomes a receptacle for liquids.
4. When a letter is very unpunctual, it stands alone.
5. When a letter is uplifted, it is scratched out.
6. When a letter is made, it becomes less valuable.
7. When a letter cries aloud, it becomes certain useful organs.
8. When a letter is defunct, it is made over.
9. When a letter breathes, it becomes irritating.
10. When a letter has been followed, it becomes scandalous.
11. When a letter departs, it becomes a voluntary exile.

HAWKEYE.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

"STAND by the rigging!" "Aye, aye, sir." UNCAS.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twelve letters. My 7, 8, 6, 4, 11, 3 is cultivated ground. My 10, 8, 6 is a cement. My 9, 2, 12, 4 is the outer coat of a melon. My 4, 2, 3 is a loud noise. My 1, 3, 10, 5 a party of the human family. My whole is a method of instruction. J. C. M.

CHARADE.

A WORD of eleven letters behold,
And yet can be spelled with four all told.

My first is applied to a maid young or old;
My second's a very small word;
My third you will do when you sup again;
My fourth is two-thirds of my third. POLK.

REBUS, No. 1.



HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. PERTAINING to the public revenue. 2. A peculiar form of expression. 3. To delay or suspend proceedings. 4. A shed. 5. A verb. 6. A consonant. H. C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

A POET worthy of the bay.

FINALS.

A leading novelist of the day.

CROSS-WORDS.

A merry dance is first in place;
Come, little folks, display your grace.
A fragrant flower the little girls
May twine about their glossy curls.
Now look among the river-reeds,
And find a bird—on fish he feeds;
At the same time, if you have luck,
A water-lily you may pluck.
A mountain without rock or tree
Is what I next desire to see;
And you may gather, if you can,
An herb that's poisonous to man.
Next choose a name to all well known,
Once guessed, perhaps 't will be your own;
Now catch a fish, and, if you please,
While we all sit here at our ease,
Three things you must search out for me—
A name, a great lake, and a tree.

JENNY DARE.

A CHESS TRAGEDY.

FILL the blanks with terms used in the game of chess.
Once upon a time, a — rode up to a — where
lived a beautiful —. It was nearly —.
— were flying noisily around, now and then perching
— the roofs, and uttering shrill cries, which would

have — your ears to — quickly. It was a great
— whether or no he could get in, for you must know
that the — who lived in this old — was terribly
jealous of his —, and was always quick to — and
— any attempt on a stranger's part to visit her. He
kept every door — by soldiers — up in rank and
file. The — was sadly — by this conduct, and
often used to resent it. To-day she was dressed in a
silk, with a sort of — in pretty large —, and
looked beautiful enough to — a stone to admiration.
When she heard who was below, she whispered to the
— who attended her, and he slipped quietly down
stairs and admitted the —. The —, however, saw
him, and, with a scowl as deep as if he had been obliged
to — all his ermine, he spoke to six great —,
and in a few moments, although the — was the —'s
own cousin, and therefore a perfectly proper companion,
the poor — was left with only a —. CHARL.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

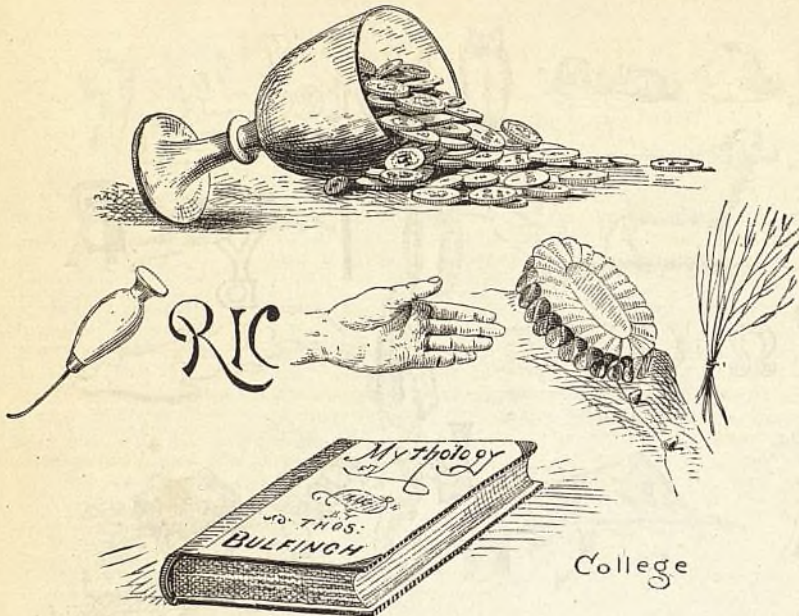
1. A VOWEL. 2. A liquor made from malt and hops.
3. An open space. 4. An ingredient. 5. A foe. 6.
Some. 7. A consonant. NAUTICUS.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in Elbe, but not in Rhine;
My second in fir, and also in pine;
My third is in tree, but not in vine;
My fourth in breakfast, but not in dine;
My fifth is in cattle, but not in kine;
My sixth in shoulder, and also in spine;
My seventh is in Willie's, but not in mine;
My eighth is in foam, but not in brine;
My ninth is in mark, but not in sign;
My tenth is in theirs, and also in thine;
My eleventh in prong, and also in tine;
My whole is a story, graceful and fine.

UNCAS.

REBUS, No. 2.



DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A pasture. 3. A slender spear. 4. Judgment. 5. Pointed. 6. Before. 7. A vowel.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

1. BRIGHT. 2. To grant possession of property for a time. 3. Disguises for the face. 4. The plume of a helmet.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER

ENIGMA.—London.

REBUS, No. 1.—Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

BEHEADED BLANKS.—Halter, alter; Rages, ages.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. Sleepers. 2. Llama. 3. Swallow. 4. Ammonites. 5. Invoices.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—

A T O M
T A P E
O P A L
M E L T

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

R
L O G
H O S E A
L O Z E N G E
R O S E T E R R Y
G E N E S E E
A G R E E
E R E
Y

ELLIPSES.—1. Scat, cats. 2. Tars, star. 3. Note, tone. 4. Desire, reside. 5. Chin, inch. 6. Meal, lame. 7. Untie, unite. 8. Mitre, remit. 9. Wee, ewe. 10. Won, now. 11. Bleat, table. 12. Cheops, epochs. 13. Cat, act.

REBUS, No. 2.—All ways to war the Roman knows,
Greek and German overthrows,
Till the world at last he brings
Beneath the Roman eagle's wings.

CHARADE.—Chestnut.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.—Alexander Warren, Noble, Coffee, Commerce, Union, Charlotte, Auburn, Walker, Clymer, Freedom, Somerset, Red-Oak Grove, Cold Spring, Moss, Wayne(d), Dark(e), "Hatchie," Ayer, Chili, Jasper, Kane, Knox, Laurel, Dents, Moon, Clarion, Bell, Wright, Lookout, Hope, Ono, Wye, Amity, Aix.

EASY PUZZLE.—Civil.

CHARADE.—Manhattan.

REBUS, No. 3.—Foul deeds will rise, though all the world
O'erwhelm them to men's eyes.

SQUARE RIVERS.—

B E A R
E B R O
A R N O
R O O T

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

M —irro— R
O —tt— O
S —erapi— S
S —eparat— E

DECAPITATIONS.—Hague, Bear, Chart, Trent, Orange.

PYRAMID.—

W
A R E
T R O L L
C O R N E R S
H O L O G R A P H

PUZZLE.—One, none.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, previous to April 18, from Willard P. Little, Mary Faulkner, Betsey Trotwood and Agnes Wickfield, Stanley White, Walter Browning, Guerdon H. Frank Cooke, Rufus N. Crossman, Edward L. Anderson, Fanny Le Noir Russell, Katie G. Bolster, Kitty Crosby, Bessie Gilman, Charley Coleman, W. D. B., Hosmer Clark, Willie R. Brown, E. P. P. and H. P. P., Everett B. Clark, Julia Bacon, Gaylord S. White, Arthur J. Burdick, Herbert E. Mathews, Harry Noel, Katy S. Rogers, Francis B. James, Addie S. Church, John W. Vivian, Charles R. Fultz, Alice W. Ives, Irving Favor, Mamie Johnson, Launcelot M. Berkeley, B. and J. Lewis, Mollie E. Church, Elsie West, Bessie and Lizzie Sanderson, Mamie E. Wolverten, Ellen Soewell, Russell Fearon, Annie Murphy, Annie L. Wright, "Louise," Addie L. Ronderbush, "Virgil," Arnold Guyot Cameron, Helen A. Keith, Carrie Simpson, Frances M. Woodward, Donald G. Woodward, Lizzie Nunemacher, Eddie L. Heydecker, W. H. Ellis, Mary Alice Manley, Fanny M. Wade, Willie Rogers, Norman Rogers, Paul Murphy, Allie Murphy, W. S. Clayton, Philip Gray, Alfred W. Putnam, Mamie and Etta Wagner, Louis Brown.

ANAGRAMS.

1. BEST in prayer. 2. Cart-horse. 3. I hire parsons. 4. Into my arm. 5. New door. 6. Norse cat. 7. Mind his map. 8. Sly ware. 9. There we sat. 10. Partial men. 11. Made moral. 12. Now false price. 13. Terrible poser. 14. To love ruin. 15. Queer as mad. 16. It is for pence. 17. Can romp free.

A. P. R.

TRIPLE CONUNDRUM.

WHAT seat in a church accuses a boy of theft? What place in the church tells what he is? What part of the church shows what he ought to do?

B.

THE ARMY OF BIRD-DEFENDERS.

GENERAL ORDER, No. I.

To the Gallant Volunteers of the Grand Army:

Head-quarters, Army of Bird-Defenders, in the Field.

The General-in-Chief congratulates the Grand Army. But little over one year ago the first proclamation was issued, calling for volunteers in defense of our feathered friends. Nobly have you responded to the call. The avowed enemies of bird persecution, torture, and murder have enrolled themselves under the Defenders' banner, from all parts of our own country, and from distant climes. We may well be proud of this work, but more is to be done.

Comrades and fellow-soldiers, the Spring campaign is opened. In every thicket the enemy is skulking, in every field he is marching upon our friends. Be alert, be active, to dissuade him from his designs. Fire at him with pleadings, with argument, with philosophy. Treasure up scraps of information on the usefulness, the wisdom, and the ingenuity of the little birds, and shoot them at him as if they were shot and shell and grape. Stand steadfast in the cause of justice, and right, and mercy, and save the birds by all lawful and proper effort. Our allies are aiding us. During the past Winter the Legislatures of several of the States have discussed the question of bird protection, and some of these have already passed laws in their behalf.

Let every soldier in the Grand Army aid in filling the ranks with volunteers. Form new squads and companies and regiments, and report to ST. NICHOLAS at once. The pheasant is drumming, and the larks and quails are piping; whole regimental bands are calling for recruits. Rally! rally! and victory must perch on our banner.

By order of

C. C. HASKINS, Commander-in-Chief

GRAND MUSTER-ROLL.

May Flint, Alvin P. Johnson, Charley Graham, Philip S. M., Bessie F.-I, and "Toodles, or real name, H. M. T."

Hugh F. Berry, Edward Barbour, M. S. Newton, W. Van Buren, Willie Sams, Nat Sanders, George Anthony, Robert Prather, W. P. Buren, Howard A. Kenner, Bennie Prather, Frankie Prather, Frank E. Johnson, O. D. Johnson, Noah U. S. Johnson, Johnnie Moody, Allie A. Powe, Bell Berry, Ella Sams, Fannie Richmond, Cener Sanders, Bell Parks, Selina Copeland, Minda Bohannon, Allie Moody, Bettie Polk, Clint Kenner.

John W. Smith, Fred L. B., Louis Mitchell, Edward Halloway, Lily Graves, "Rosel," "Ned," Jessie A. Hall, Jennie Brown, Susie Brown, Jennie Fleischmann, Cora Wallace, Fred L. Bancroft.

Mary Morris, Katie Bachert, Lizzie Hill, J. M. Sholto, Cora Walcott, Eva Ingram, Clara Palmer, Susie Kugler, Gracie Ballard, Elta Esig, C. W. Chapman, Ella S. Flohr, Lizzie C. Foreman, Annie M. Foreman, Mollie K. Frederick, Flora B. Becher, Edwin Smith, Orpha Stanley, Lettie C. Ingram, Katie Hayhurst, Maggie J. Becher, Nettie Skelton, Ernest Bachert, Willie Bachert, Harry Hill, Fannie Bachert, W. G. Owen, Anna Robinson, Mary P. Morris, Sallie Robinson.

Theodore Kirkland, Fred Stevens, Walter Walker, Harry Miller, Gusie Gautert, Harry Wright, Freddie Howe, Neddie Hadley, Willie Ahers, Jonnie Drown, Eddie Atherton, Louis Horner, Harry Knight, Willie Devine, Willie Nash, Fred Hastings, Martie Austin, Helvie Reed, Jimmie Moran, Eddie Curtis, Merab Kellogg, Emma Fay, Nellie Goodrich, Mary Brown, Ann E. Brown, A. S. Higginson, L. S. Higginson, S. M. Bradley, J. P. Miles, Katharine Miles, E. B. Howland, S. C. Wells, M. E. Wells, May S. Cutts, Mamie Howard, Lizzie F. Schuster, Lillie Brooks, Alice Brooks, Annie Wyman, Emma Houghton, Emily Bradley, W. C. Bradley, J. D. Bradley, R. C. Bradley, C. F. Schuster, Lina Holbrook, Ida Curtis, Addie Foster, Emma Dickinson, Lillie Ketting, Frederika Horner, Esther Thomas, Lucy Atherton, Minnie Baker, Mamie Howe, Emma Homer, Belle Smith, Hattie Alden, Fannie Guild, Katie Austin, Belle Guild, Louise Dennison, Annie Buggel, Nettie J. Knight, Meta Gage, Edward Seaman, Hattie E. Alvord, Edith K. Harris, Mary A. Harris, Frank A. Taber, John Fremont, Laura A. Freeman, Roy Wright, Henry L. Morris, A. L. Williams, Edith Carpen-

ter, Fanny Burton, Annie C. Pearson, Jeanie S. Pearson, Nellie E. Lucas, Minna Käsehagen, H. Sedgwick Stallknecht, Wally Stallknecht, Josie Stallknecht, Eddie H. Eckel.

Mr. Haskins' list of boys' and girls' names, pupils of male and female high schools of New Albany, Ind.: Frank H. Gohman, A. L. Douglas, Charles G. Wilson, G. W. Haskins, Frank M. Worrall, Daniel S. Trinler, Daniel R. E. Doherty, Edward W. Faucett, Alex. Lowestellse Wells, Jr., Charles Lloyd, John T. Robinson, Hartie H. Depen, John Steele Davis, Jr., C. Filch, R. Byrn, Harry Linnon, Frank Miller, C. H. Gard, Charles N. Pitt, J. M. Stotsenburg, J. F. McCulloch, W. P. Lewis, Wm. P. Tuley, John J. Tighe, John E. Payne, Charles Greene, W. Leach, Eugene Swift, James Lewis, Charlie A. Haskins, Hettie R. Smith, Alice White, Amanda Newbanks, Nannie A. Windell, Belle Lane, Lydia M. Littell, Mattie Matheny, Lillie Austin, Lilian F. Moore, Ella Harbeson, Sallie I. McCulloch, Addie Bader, Ada Hester, Clara S. Williams, E. Ufastie Kepley, Minnie Seabrook, Annie Dalby, Clara M. Pitt, Anna E. Petery, Mary Genung, Ella M. Garriotte, Katie C. Garriotte, Cassie S. Weir, Jennie S. Cook, Florence A. Pitt, Jennie Ewing, Anna B. Martin, Ella L. Sigmon, Lizzie B. Hester, Florence I. Myers, Fannie Strau, Lelah Decker, Becca Byrn, Lydia Townsend, H. H. Franck, Jennie Day, Rosaltha Kent, Katie Hurtle, Mary Schofield, Emma Dowerman, Nannie Andrews, Nannie Royer, Maggie Baldwin, Grace M. Lee, Laura E. Johnston, Mary Kelso, Gertie E. Jackson, Gertie Forse, Mamie Wilson, Ella M. Hill, Augusta Tising, Josie Jasper, Ida M. Sackett, Zora White, Annie Nichols, Lina Shelton, Anna Doen, Mary Ewing, Hattie L. Stout, Lizzie Pearson, Hattie Deebie, Sallie King, Eva Matheny, Ella Applegate, Estelle Neat, Alice Tuley, Mary Robellaz, Louisa Goetz, Caddie Conner, Kittie Davis, P. A. Rager, Lillie M. Tuley, Sarah A. Sinex, Laura Johnson, Maggie M. Hall, Emma J. Noyes, Anna Draper, Lottie Cogswell, and A. M. Thurman.

Ella Christopher, A. A. Fays, Josie Philips, Ida Holmes, and Emma Bours.

Minnie Thomas, Wilson Farrand, Marion W., Fred A. Norton, Arthur D. Percy, Allan Preston, Robert Nichols, Harry Duncan, Herbert Irwin, Charlie Irwin, Harry Lewis, Fred W. Ellis, Bertie S. Ellis, James Moore, Fred Moore, Charlie Moore, Edgar D. Austin,

Edwin Howard, Arthur Willard, Charlie S. Willard, Ernest Leslie, Fred Leslie, Robert Stearns, Jamie F. Carleton, Alfred P. Curtis, Harry W. Curtis, Percy S. Clifford, Eddie F. Graham, Charlie Warren, Emma G. Lyon, Percy Lyon, Harold A. Lyon, Bertie E. Lyon, Lilian Lyon, Marian Lyon, Minnie Merwin, Ethel S. Percy, Alma Lewis, Edith F. Willard, Grace Ellis, Allie Morse, Jessie S. Austin, Stella C. Nichols, Gertie E. Nichols, Florence Irwin, Hattie W. Osborne, Mabel W. Irwin, Bessie R. Allen, Carrie F. Dana, Allie K. Bertram, Cora Kendall, Nettie S. Elliott, Bertie L., Louise S., R. B. Corey, B. Waterman, C. E. Sweet, Maggie Lippincott, Frank Ratch, Rollie Bates, Horace S. Kephart, Willie Boucher Jones, Roderick E. Jerald, Ora L. Dowty, Walter C. Pierce, Leonard M. Daggett, and Ernest G. Dumas.

Lulie M. French, Fordie M. French, Ambrose Matson, James T. Wood, Homer Matson, Tillie B. French, Haidee Ottman, Mary A. Moore, Ellen Clark, Elizabeth Scott, Lilly Wilson, Rosa Scott, Nancy E. Moore, Nettie Bedinger, Jennie Wood, Maggie E. Wood, Harriet Bedinger, Lizzie Wilson, and Delila Moore.

Mattie Brinner, Adonia Quin, Sue Cooper, Nellie Franklin, Mary Cardier, Alice Clarke, Mariam Waller, Jessie Earhart, Nora Nesbit, Dora Earhart, Ada Hahn, Minnie Benjamin, Eliza Procter, Ettie Earhart, Eliza Smith, Sadie McCune, Fannie Crook, Bertha Hahn, Mary Quin, Mary Landon, Anna Welsh, Katie Welsh, Minnie Nesbit, Jessie Floyd, Minnie Schletzbaum, Ida Hahn, Mary Grace, Katy Mulenax, Dora Wright, Eby Brenner, Julia Dale, Jennie Price, Ettie Earhart, Lucy Cooper, Willie Franklin, George Quin, Teddie Hadnall, Eddie Franklin, Isaiah Monhollon, George Waller, Hugh McCrum, Willie Ege, Truman Floyd, Geo. Crook, and John A. Sea. James S. Newton, Sarah W. Putnam, Robin Flanders and Mella Bueb, S. C. Merrill, Julian A. Hallock, Kittie Child, Bessie Child, Alice Child, Richard Aldrich, Edward B. Cushing, L. A. Freeman, Prissie Fergus, Samuel Fergus, Ida Swindler, Frankie Freeman, Woodie Freeman, George M. Reese, Stephen Penrose, Henry A. Hippler, Ethel Fox, Mary and Henry Babetta, Helen Wordsworth, Milly Fairfax, Willie W. Nisbet, Anna Frazier, May and Jacob Bockee, Anna Buckland, Annie Kettler, Alice Buckland, Mary Buckland, Thomas A. Buckland, Johnnie Buckland, Sadie Buckland, Lee McNichols, Willie Williams, Charlie Williams, Josie Williams, M. P. Norris, Eddy C. Wilstach, Lulu Paine, Sarah E. Brown, Nellie Paine, Maggie Graham, Eddie Wilson, David Plumb, W. H. Stratford, C. H. Salter, Frank D. Rapelyea, Bruno Tuma, John L. Salter, Willie Graham, Fred A. Pratt and his little brother, Louise F. Olmstead, Kitty B. Whipple, Agnes P. Roberts, M. L. Cross, Minnie Fisher, Carrie Fisher, Alice and Fanny Eddy, S. P. Hutchinson, Bertie L. Colby, Harry M. Reynand, Nellie S. Colby, and W. V. A. Catron.

Richard L. Hovey, Helen T. Brown, Joseph S. Steele, Charles Corey, Ella Moore, Anna J. Ewing, Howard B. Smith, Gertie Bradley, Frank H. Burt, Emma C. Preston, Carrie A. Johnson, John Sturtevant, Oscar Hale, George C. Parker, Lidie V. R. Parker, John W. Parker, Jimmy Rogers, Lulu and Willie Habirshaw, Alexander Wiley, Harry Brandt, Ira Coover, Luke Herring, Bertha E. Saltmarsh, Willie H. Frost, Edwin C. Frost, Charles C. McLaughlin, Frank Collins, Carlos Collins, Eddie Lindeman Davenport, Libbie Yocum, T. Miller, Laura Yocum, Nannie Yocum, J. H. Yocum, W. C. Miller, Emily Miller, Kleyda Richardson, and Elliott Verne Richardson.

Jessie A. Hall, Allie F. Chapin, A. M. Billings, Clara Coates, Fannie Deane, Lizzie Z. Whitney, Nina Z. Hall, Mary H. Pratt, Mira Thornton, Albert T. Hall, Frank J. Pratt, George Thompson, Miss Mattie E. Lucy, and Mrs. E. A. Hall.

Mary C. Ayers, Edith E. Ayers, Morton H. Ayers, Theodore May, Oscar May, Frank T. Bowman, Bessie J. Bowman, Florence A. Bowman, and George H. Bowman.

Edw. W. Robinson, Joseph Greenhall, Joseph Strausser, Sol. Kayser, John Smith, Henry Lafor, John H. Hanan, Louis Vogler, Lewis Robertson, Sam Manheimer, David Manheimer, Julius Lamkay, Adam Fox, Andy Acker, Frederick Acker, Emanuel Bach, Henry A. Van Praag, Edward Dennerlein, Emil Nehl, and Moses Berg.

Katie Bachert, Mary Morris, Sarah Barnett, Julia Floyd, Maggie Wolfe, Annie Hundertmark, Minnie Hundertmark, Emma Schyslar, Sophie Schyslar, Wm. Geltz, Mrs. B. Bachert, Jno. M. Bachert, Lizzie Kline, Fannie Robinson, Laura Roberts, Carrie Brightman, Louise Elmer, and Flora Lloyd.

Ambrose Morris, Willis Earnshaw, Charley Remillet, Willie

Shower, Willie Rogers, M. A. Earnshaw, George Best, August Holand, Charley E. Wilson, E. H. Morris, Cary Roberts, Norviel Earnshaw, Willie Yant, James Wherry, Frankie Singer, Patrick Welsh, and Levite Best.

William H. Terry, George E. Carpenter, Lines Groo, Jock Swery, James Newkirk, Willie L. Cox, David C. Winfield, Harry C. Loveland, Eddie Jessup, Eddie Boyd, William H. Bell, Charles Winfield, H. Wiggins, Richard Abbot, Robert F. Brown, Harry Ogden, Edward Dekay, Lewis Stivers, John Stivers, John Bowin, William Mullock, Squire Woodward, Ashabel Prent, Willie Henry, Willie Steveson, George Bull, Fannie P. Cowin, Laura Adams, Jennie Gaudener, Jennie Duryea, Ella Quick, Fannie Graves, Fannie Beyea, Allie Wickham, Mary Rogers, Eva Brett, Pruie March, Flora Palmer, Katie Bell, Sadie Banker, Etta Sweet, Emma Miller, Millie Miller, Jennie Lord, Mimi Wickham, Jessie Harney, Birdie Harney, and James B. Cox.

Jake and May Bockee, Clifton B. Dare, Arthur L. Raymond, Isabel D. Raymond, Helen W. Raymond, Win. F. Raymond, Fred G. Raymond, Bertie S. Raymond, Alma G. Raymond, Ethel F. Austin, Harry N. Austin, Louie E. Austin, Allie G. Raymond, C. Finley Hersman, Emma Wetmore, William H. Wetmore, Hallie H. Boardman, Mary Louise Webster, Mary Ella Ritter, C. V. Bunner, Lizzie Laning, Klyda Richardson, Geo. R. Marrell, and Fanny and Rosa Marrell.

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

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

Charles W. Winstandley, Chester Winstandley, and Hallie C. Parker.

Winnie Pierson, Emma Alverson, Minnie Durkee, Ellis Pierson, Jeffie Catlin, Fred Chase, Therese Dulon, Estella Satterthwaite, Helen Ludlow, Lena Robinson, Anna Allen, Minnie Brando, Minnie Sutton, Eddie Yawger, Jimmie Hammond, Tommy Hammond, Mary Utt, Nellie Tompkins, Anna Mosher, Frankie Everett, Nellie Larson, Belle Connor, Emma Howland, Nellie Shank, Dannie Catlin, Willie Yawger, E. Strawn, Willard Hoff, and Satie Satterthwaite.

Mattie B. Locke, Eddie J. Thuring, Arthur R. Colby, C. P. M. Colby, Freddie M. Sawyer, Jerry O'Brien, John McDonald, Willie Dunn, A. E. Porter, Samuel Blake, Tracey Getchel, Charles Morrill, Robt. S. Fielden, H. W. Batchelder, Allen Risteene, G. C. Dearborn, Henry True, Mikel Quinn, Frank Dennett, Frank Lee, Eddie Clin, Eddie Duckworth, Willie Chase, H. L. Bailey, Olive B. Sanborn, Mary Brown, Flory E. Rose, Annie L. Bailey, Annie S. Bahan, Carrie Dennett, Mary Hessian, May W. Felch, Ida F. Tibbets, Addie Rand, Millie A. Williams, Anna R. Carswell, Katie Hassett, Mary A. Learner, Nellie E. Jaques, Mary Cummings, Ellie Mennen, Bridget Lanner, Barbara H. Pow, Laura Aldrich, Effie Lane, Lena Livingston, Nettie Morrill, Mary McNalty, Hannah Burk, Charles Nichols, Charles H. Miler, John Cullenane, Oliver W. Titcomb, George Lee, Willie Brooks, Mary L. Heritage, Carrie C. Chase, Lizzie E. Chase, Nellie H. Rowed, Winnie Cadieu, Etta R. Woodman, Jennie F. Jaques, Nellie Maloney, Hannah Maloney, Mary Hoggan, Susie M. Batchelder, Susie W. Brown, Susie E. Bagley, Mamie L. Tucker, Cora L. Godsoe, Mary McDonnall, Susie A. Osgood, Mary J. O'Leary, Susie H. Brown, Clara T. Foss, Carrie J. Greeves, Ann O. Conner, Maggie E. Conner, Delia Kline, and Willie Locke.

Josie E. Purdy, R. A. Van Voorhis, Katie A. Demarest, Fannie M. Losee, Sarah Hill, Jeannette Seymour, Ella J. Rollins, Ida Van

August Hol-
Norviel Ham-
trick Welsh,

Jack Swezy,
Harry C. Love-
les Winfield,
Harry Ogden,
Edwin, William
Henry, Willie
Lams, Jennie
Annie Beya,
Flora Palmer,
Millie Miller,
Harney, and

Raymond,
Raymond, Fred
Edhel F.
Raymond,
more, Hallie
C. V. Bun-
n, and Fanny

app, Frances
Young, Jen-
elle L. Lath-
Welch, Mabel
Bostwick,
Bill, Jennie
Mary Welles,
Lk, Julia E.
A. McKay,
Carrie Lilian
mphey, and

Lk, Fred H.
Richardson,
Fles H. Wil-
bar, Frank
nk, Edward
N. Daniels,
and Frankie

Halie C.

is Pierson,
atterthwaite,
ado, Minnie
Hammond,
rett, Nellie
Dannie Cat-
terthwaite.

C. P. M.
nald, Willie
es Morrill,
Dearborn,
Eddie Clin,
S. Sanborn,

S. Baha,
Tibbets,
Hassett,
Mene,
ane, Lena
k, Charles
Titcomb,
C. Chase,
R. Wood-

ney, Mary
E. Bagley,
sie A. Os-
C. J.
line, and

st, Fannie
Ida Van-

houten, Rebecca Tracy, Ettie C. Burge, Sarah E. Mott, Mary Con-
ner, Gussie Bartholomew, Maggie Conner, Tillie Delacroix, Josie
Watson, Lessie Curman, Addie Young, Julia Henderson, Annie E.
Hanks, Cornelia V. Deal, M. H. Ganse, Bessie P. Ganse, Memie P.
C. Stover, Jennie Stoppini, Josie R. Halsey, Electa H. Spadler,
Florence H. Farrell, Josie Finkensaur, Geo. H. Bell, C. R. Burke,
Walter Wright, H. W. Dunshee, Walter B. Styles, Frank Yeury,
Jas. W. Campbell, Nicholas Schultz, Alexander Clark, Alexander
Martin, Edwin J. Hanks, William D. Koster, James L. Hewlett,
Joseph B. Carss, Charles H. Styles, Andrew De Wilde, William
Purdy, John Purdy, T. H. Cleverley, F. W. Ganse, Fred H. Ganse,
and Annie De Waele Hanks.

Alice E. Bates, Anna E. Ayres, K. L. Meech, M. A. Conkey,
Nellie French, Mary Felton, Lilla Toscott, J. F. Brace, Grace
Douglas, Mary L. Banks, Hattie A. Montgomery, S. B. Hambleton,
Annie Scantlebury, Mary V. Edwards, and Lily F. Conkey.

Minnie Bunner, Maude Estes, Mattie Cole, Gussie Cole, Etta Cole,
Lulu Carmen, Lulu Perry, Frank Carmen, and Edwin S. Belknap.

Eddie Aston, Laura E. Tomkins, Dwight Tomkins, George P.
Way, Jr., Hannah J. Powell, Burritt J. May, Valeria F. Penrose,
C. Finley Hersman, Clifton B. Dare, Augusta L. De Vinne, May L.
Cossa, Grace Lurena, Jennie French, Lizzie French, F. O. Newton,
Lizzie Laning, Fannie H. Smith, Charles E. Bush, Lillie D. Howe,
Edith Howe, Winnie D. Wheeler, Hattie V. Wheeler, Emma G.
Wheeler, Carrie A. Dana, Laura A. Wilson, Lillie J. Stubbaker,
Albert Rundell, Charlie Heller, Carrie Heller, and Lulu Wood-
berry.

Lucy Williams, Jessie Cook, Bessie Gilbert, Maggie Gilbert, Sadie
Gilbert, Josie Gilbert, Clara Gilbert, Fannie Prouty, Lizzie Welch,
Pollie Hackett, Ida Spence, Mary Bardwell, Lucinda Bardwell, Judea
Bardwell, Lillie Meramvill, Lucy Williams, and Mary Welch.

May Ogden, John F. Ogden, Fannie M. Griswold, Florence
Pelder, Anna M. Glover, Maggie Detrick, Jimmie H. Detrick,
Hattie Carman, Charlie Carman, Johnnie Carman, Jennie Carman,
Lizzie Park, Alice I. Paine, Katie R. Paine, Eny E. Paine, Mary C.
Paine, Fannie D. Murden, Maude Cheney, Alice Angell, Eva Dodds,
Bennie Stockdale, Willie C. N. Bond, Arthur H. Clarke, Arthur L.
Gilman, William F. Darrah, Rufus E. Darrah, Robert Staigg, Chas.
T. Griffith, B. C. Weaver, Bessie Severance, Mary Severance, John
Severance, Allen Severance, Annie Severance, Julia Severance,
Bertha Hunt, Grace Murray, Fannie Laurie, John F. Hays, Herbert
Shaw Forman, Lulu F. Potter, Tony Foot, and Thomas P. Sanborn.

William J. Eldridge, John J. Eldridge, Lizzie H. Eldridge, Alice
G. Troth, and Lilian S. Troth.

Bertha J. Rickoff, Fanny Beckwith, Alice Burrows, Annie Bur-
rows, Maud Hanna, Anna Shipherd, Nellie Runcy, Lillian Har-
wood, Florence Hyde, Mabel Allen, Tilly Huntington, Maggie
Huntington, Annie Smith, Albina Sanders, Willie Rickoff, and Bell
J. Watterson.

Libbie M. Butler, Minnie Clements, Ella Van Patten, Gertie Lay-
ner, and Jennie Butler.

Clinton B. Poe, Sam K. Poe, Robert A. Gregory, Arthur Kimerly,
Carrie Johnson, Waldo Morgan, and Jennie Lawrence.

Charlie J. Bigelow, Frank Dingman, Willie Randall, Charlie
Randall, Willie Eberlie, Nellie Burton, Sarah Pompenella, and
Hattie Sullivan.

Florence B. Lockwood, Katie Radford, Conchita Cisneros, Cle-
mencia Mestre, E. J. Tiemann, M. C. Murray, and Benoni Lock-
wood.

Lily F. Conkey, Cornelia W. Smith, Minnie Adams, Nellie Wilkin-
son, Helen Kellogg, Willie Dane, Minnie Ashley, Flora Page, Selina
Steinitz, N. J. Spur, and Frank L. Douglass.

John C. Howard, Sally F. Bailey, Fred N. Luther, Mamie Beach
and Lillie McGregor, Will E. Brayton, F. Green, George S. Brown,
S. Weaver, Minnie L. Sherman, Rob R. Sherman, Katie T. Hughes,
Ollie Hughes, Harry Winn, Lizzie M. Bennett, Henry K. Gilman,
Ruth and Mabel Davison, George F. Pease, Frankie L. Jones,
Mabel W. Baldwin, Henry O. Riddell, Harry N. Covell, A. R.
Diamond, Willie G. Foote, and Lincoln Righter.

Hollie Paxson, Anna Dougherty, Katie Stanley, Lizzie Waters,
Mattie Cheming, Anna Seibert, Mary Henderson, Lizzie Thomas,
Ema Winer, Flora Robinson, Nellie Stanley, Lizzie Stanley, Lizzie
Reid, Lizzie Elston, Gussie Richardson, C. Rose, George Steward,
Eddie Lescin, Anna Dinkhorn, Martha Walker, Hannah Lusting,
Anna Otero, M. Levinberger, Maria Gunt, Nellie Mortz, Jesse
Rove, Gussie Minor, Martha Brothers, Lottie Degroodt, Lulu Allen,

Annie Smith, Hettie Walker, Tennie Degroodt, Willie Paxson,
Freddie Paxson, Emma McGinnes, Kate Rice, Nonia Glenn, D. Cor-
stophen, Bella Herring, Ella Stephenson, Mollie Parker, Fannie
Kerney, S. Reynolds, C. Riley, T. Osborne, Mollie Murphy, L.
Worack, Flora Worack, and Harry Livenberger.

Katie H. Allan, Hannah A. Seabury, Carrie W. Crandall, Fannie
G. Gladding, Lizzie H. Vernon, Mary M. Swinburne, Eloise P.
Hazard, Anna C. Kelley, Annie M. Wilcox, Lillie C. Kenyon,
Mattie B. Simmons, Maria J. Barker, Nellie L. Bryer, Bessie S.
Allan, Mamie L. Allan, Mattie A. Stevens, Mamie M. Engs, Minnie
C. Tracy, Susie L. Griffith, and Ella L. Peckham.

Allie G. Raymond, Dana Ellery, Allie Fay, Hattie L. Kendall,
Connie S. Weston, Raymond G., Hal S. Howard, Charlie H. How-
ard, Emma F. Howard, Minnie G. Howard, Percy D. Stuart, Harold
F. Garson, Jamie Ross, Katie Ellis, Arthur Elliot, Charlie Elliot,
Lolo D. Warren, Carrie Preston, Cora S. Ashton, Mabel G. Ashton,
Fred Bell, Bertie H. Norton, Irwin Percy, Arthur Percy, Nellie R.
Harris, Allan H. Sherwin, Bertie G. Sherwin, Edie L. Sherwin,
Robbie G. Fielding, Lily Stanton, Daisy Stanton, Bessie H. Carleton,
Ernest C. Duncan, Fred S. Duncan, Harry L. Duncan, Florence G.
Kingsley, Edith F. Willis, Clifford A. Parker, Leslie Bartlett, Alfred
Stearns, Sylvie D. Bertram, Helen G. Lewis, Howard E. Allison,
Edgar Loring, Winthrop J. Nicholson, Alice W. Denham, and Eth-
elwyn Rossiter.

Daisy Lee, Eunice Cecil, Blanche Clifford, Ida Lee, Carrie Bell,
Lily Bell, Robbie Clifford, Launcelot Lee, Georgie Clark, and Lilla
Clark.

J. N. Moore, Eddie Soper, James Dodd, George Scroder, John
Murphy, Earnest Rouse, Clarence Esterbrook, C. Leland, Carrie
Heim, Belle Bird, Mollie Smith, Nettie Castle, Belle Henry, Ella
Young, and Nettie Berglar.

Emma, Eugene, Maggie, and Dannie Van Vleck, C. M. Lewis,
Irving Fish, A. A. Caemmerer, O. E. Reunir, Fannie M. MacDonald,
Theodore M. Purdy, C. C. Anthony, Lenie J. Olmsted, Katie M.
Olmsted, Mamie Doud, Charlie Lupton, Kate P. Lupton, Bettie Pe-
dicord, Mina K. Goddard, Alonzo E. Locke, Newton Wyckoff, and
Gerty Wyckoff.

Edwin S. Belknap, Emma Lumbard, Frank Harrison, Harry
French, Joe E. Toy, William A. Smith, Thomas O. Farjon, Henry
A. Millar, James K. Hyland, Frank E. Waters, Arthur F. Waters,
Henry Perry, Alexander Cohen, Percy Cohen, Joseph R. Smith,
Ben O. Smith, Frank E. Smith, Oscar J. Lund, Harry Lund, James
R. Haste, Charles Morhardt, Robert McElroy, Walter Cole, Ralph
O. Thomas, Obe Thomas, George F. O'Leary, Isaac B. Dutard,
George Singer, Albert F. Sawyer, Eddie Henry, Edmund D. Cooke,
George H. Bly, John S. Kibbie, Frank B. Allery, John T. Allery,
Edmund C. Battledon, Frank Battledon, John H. McStrue, Colin
McGregory, Walter Wilding, Jennie Cooke, Carrie F. Harrison,
Ettie Lombard, Fannie Hare, Jennie B. Widley, Mary M. Griffin,
Tillie S. Vaughan, Susan R. Hopley, Bella S. Chaplain, Fannie T.
Keene, Lottie D. Rummell, Florence G. Grimshaw, Gertie B. Plum,
Delia Sherman, Minnie K. Peese, Katie F. Cutter, Mattie R.
Hughes, Mary Fenton, Lulu De Chrells, Katie L. Cummings, Louisa
T. Lee, Mary Jackson, Annie R. Lloyd, Carrie S. Smith, A. Susan
Smith, Alice Andrews, Maria Ford, Jennie H. Haskins, Sarah L.
Sylvester, Minnie F. Bly, Etta M. Peck, Jennie D. Peck, Bessie A.
Walton, Gussie D. Walton, Carrie E. Grant, Effie T. Wahl, Mary J.
Toy, Millie Dirrell, and Nellie Lovejoy.

Hattie E. Buell, Mary B. Beverly, Kate D. Hanson, Aggie
Clement, Kittie Schuyler, Ida I. Van Denburgh, Mary M. Dailey,
Lavinia D. Scrafford, Hattie Morgan, Mary L. Apps, Celia W. Ten-
broeck, Mollie Hallenbeck, Julia Ruoff, Theresa E. Quant, Ritie S.
Brooks, Libbie D. Sibley, Lilian G. King, Emma Clute, Augusta
Oothout, Jennie Hoyt, Emma Planck, Lillie I. Jennings, Anna Miller,
Gertie A. Fuller, Kittie Van Nostrand, Bessie Barker, Clara Hannah,
Susie Sprague, Mamie Yates, Anna Wemple, Susie C. Vedder, Katie
Fuller, Anna M. Lee, Alice D. Stevens, Nettie Knapp, Lizzie King,
Addie Richardson, A. Y. Schermerhorn, John L. Wilkie, Mynard
Veeder, Alvin Myers, James Vedder, and Lewis Peissner.

Julia C. Roeder, Mary M. De Veny, Addie L. Cooke, Addie L.
Patterson, Rosa Zucker, Fannie E. O'Marah, Dora O'Marah,
Johnnie O'Marah, Nellie O'Marah, Lettie Lawrence, Bertha P.
Smith, Lizzie E. Weidenkopf, Annie E. Rudy, Emma T. Holt, Lena
M. Bankhardt, Loey M. Davey, Mary Taylor, Eva Lane, Sarah
Venning, Lola Hord, Emma L. Yost, Florence Harris, Eva Brainard,
Annie B. Warner, Jennie M. Roberts, Florence Robinson, Lucy

Robinson, Willie Robinson, Mamie J. Purdie, Annie Purdie, James J. Purdie, Charlie A. Lyman, J. D. Campbell, Marian A. Campbell, and M. M. De Veny.

Allen S. Jamison, Carrie Jamison, Jennie Jamison, Lucie Jamison, Florence Knight, Lilly Weiss, Ida Engelman, Alfred Weiss, Harold Rankins, William Black, and Frank Knight.

Pansie Dudley, Maude Bishop, Lillie Dunten, Fannie Lansing, Minnie Yates, Leah Moore, Dora Conklin, and Blanche Wilkinson.

Bryant Beecher, Abbie Beecher, Alice Beecher, Morie Sampson, Willie Sampson, Minnie Sampson, Eddie Sampson, Otto Stewart, Charlie Stewart, Cassius Stewart, Maggie McGuire, Frankie Howland, James Howland, Johnny Howland, and Willie Howland.

Belle Fawcett, Elsie Smith, Libbie Smith, Issie Smith, Lena Adams, and Mary Eddy.

Julia D. Elliott, Lessie Gay Adams, Carrie Matthews, Jessie Shortridge, Eben. Bradesyle, Olive Bradesyle, May Bradesyle, and Russell Bradesyle.

Nellie Beale, Ida Vallette, Fred J. Beale, Julia G. Beale, Florence W. Ryder, Clara Louise Ryder, Nettie Myers, Hattie E. Edwards, Alice W. Edwards, Carrie Hurd, May Keith, John W. Cary, Jr., J. Brayton, Parmelee, Ella C. Parmelee, Lillie B. Coggeshall, Katie S. Baker, Ruth and Mabel Davison, Mary Wilcox, Reinette Ford, Alma Sterling, Edith Sterling, Hildegard Sterling, Mary Manley, Edith Manley, Romeo G. Brown, Harry Blackwell, Mary Blackwell, Lillie Bartholomew, May Bartholomew, Mollie E. Church, H. J. Rowland, Eugene Rowland, A. B. Smith, Mills Clark, Minnie M. Denny, Fannie L. Clark, Helen R. Munger, Ida Diserens, Lemmie Bryant, Hattie Bryant, Edward K. Titus, Carrie James, Arthur James, and Carrie M. Haggood.

Clinton B. Poe, Louis P. Sledge, Frank Thayer, Harry Samson, William Jackson, Alfred Mestry, Edward Wells, Fred Lane, Nat. Lane, Ed. Palmer, Harry Wood, Will Chase, Will Perry, Harry Brower, John Brower, Charles Bogert, Sam Bell, Joseph Bell, David Bell, Will Gorden, Fred Norton, Gus Wells, Jamsie Cohen, Angus McKenzie, Malcolm McKenzie, Spencer McKenzie, Hetty Seixers, Emma Scott, Susan Huntoon, Lizzie Gregory, Winnie Gregory, Nettie Gregory, Aggie Scott, Lizzie Scott, Minnie Samson, Flora Scott, Pauline Unger, Mildred McKibbin, Jane Clooney, Kate Clooney, Mary Bannen, Carrie McGinnis, Georgiana Armond, Susie O'Brien, Cynthia Wells, Lottie Kip, Pussy Keyes, Grace Cabot, Winnie Norton, Susy White, Etta Palmer, Gracie Howard.

Eulalie Guthrie, Gertrude Burch, Minnie De Rush, Flora De Rush, Mabel Boes, Kate John, Carrie John, Ella John, Dolly Rush, Lilly John, Sarah Coppess, Sydney Miller, Sarah Miller, Nettie Boes, Ellen Johnson, Mary A. Johnson, Mary A. Coppess, Ella Stephens, Dora McFarland, William Sheffield, Solomon Sheffield, Alonzo Boes, John Deming, Willie Deming, John Brown, Samuel Brown, William Brown, James Brown, John McKahn, Charlie Coppess, Otwell McCowan, William McCowan, Elmer Collins, Bowen John, William John, David Reigle, Isaac Stephens, Milton John, Samuel Morrison.

John Carter Baker, George Henry Packard, Arthur Howard Dingley, Joseph Bixby Lesner, Johnny Lanagan, Albert Nye Cleveland, James Everett Small, Frank Albert Huntington, Joseph Henry Cheetham, Arthur Brown Towle, Geo. Wood, Wesley Miller, Geo. Emmet Lynch, Nealy Clifford, L. E. Elder, Patsy Lahey, Emma Watson Litchfield, Abba Ardell Washburn, Luella Robbins, Effie May Pratt, Rosa D. Nealy, Belle Manning Baker, Winifred E. Nason, Emma Frances Cobb, Hattie May Whitney, and Lizzie T. Sargent.

Lewis Hilles, Davis Grubb, D. W. Jordan, G. B. Hittinger, C. H. Hittinger, Edwin Cooling, Paul Birnie, W. M. Barrele, Norrie Robinson, L. F. Eckel, George R. Groff, Zachary T. Guthrie, Edwin S. Farra, Robert E. Sayers, Eddie Canby, J. B. Grubb, Walter L. Butler, Eddie A. Ryon, Richard W. Gilpin, Willie S. Mitchell, Cyrus P. Enos, Willie Beggs, James Hile, David P. Michner, N. Dushane Cloward, and John J. Britt.

Florence P. Spofford, Helen Nicolay, Lizzie M. Junken, Emily Snowden, Flora Freyhold, Mattie W. Garges, Annie Beers, Blanche Jordan, Emma Stewart, Laura Seymour, Susie Hartwell, Florence P. Spofford, R. A. Ware, John F. Clark, Dan'l Clark, Charles S. Jones, and Harry Morton.

Katy E. Gilligan, Sydney D. Gilligan, Josie D. Gilligan, Romolo Balcazer, Constance M. Burke, Nellie Gilligan, John D. Stephens, Robert M. Stephens, Minnie W. Stephens, Norma L. Freeman, Ada G. Marsh, Emily B. Giroff, Belle McKeage, and Lillie Coward.

Sidney M. Prince, Nelson Bodine, Jennie Bodine, Mattie Lester, Mary Lester, Garra Lester, George G. Prince, Cora L. Frink, George

L. Dancer, Clelie L. Dancer, Eugene Dancer, Jason S. Dancer, and Alvin Dancer.

Emily T. Carow, Kitty Waldo, Carrie Sutton, Genie Dart, Susy Kunhardt, Madline Smith, Kitty C. Pratt, Corinna Smith, Edith Marshall, Alice Towle, Addie Close, Annie Close, and Laura Agnew. Charles H. Mathewson, Edwin L. Mathewson, Charles B. Tyler, S. Mason Tyler, Charles Mason, Howard Budlong, William Barbour, and Irving Hicks.

C. Burton Jones, George N. Thompson, Jennie A. Chidsey, Ida S. Woodruff, Belle A. Woodruff, John R. Crawley, Bertha J. Woodruff, Horace L. Judd, and Charlie C. Judd.

Sadie D. Morrison, Annie Brace, Mary A. Flanner, Mary Gardner, Emma B. Harwood, Emma J. Hubble, Mary E. Kaneen, and Nellie Underwood.

Fannie R. Rose, Kittie A. Comstock, Belle Northrop, Nellie A. Knowles, Chickie M. Bull, and Julia S. Savage.

Dolly W. Kirk, Maggie Prieto, Josephine Prieto, Madeline Prieto, Margaret Sharp, and Irene Givens.

Hannah J. Powell, Annie E. Eaton, George E. Eaton, Stewart Eaton, Maud Eaton, Mattie Eaton, and George J. Powell.

Charlie Balestier, Carrie Balestier, Josephine Balestier, Beatty Balestier, and Bella Hartz.

Delia M. Conkling, Alice E. Palmer, Francine M. Yale, Natalie B. Conkling, and Ollie H. Palmer.

Willie H. Patten, May Elizabeth Patten, Jessie Allen, and Emma Vandusen.

George De Lorenzo Burton, Effie Thompson, Charles R. Baldwin, Belle Baldwin, Ella G. McSwaly, Willie H. McSwaly, Johnny Flagg, Annie Louise Wright, Minnie Louise Bryant, Mac Moorhead, Attie E. Campbell, J. B. Parmelee, Lolie C. Hoy, Arthur I. Clymer, Nathaniel Haven, Daisy Haven, Charles B. Davis, Richard H. Davis, Freddie H. Shelton, Lula Conrad, Fred B. Nickerson, Willie B. Nickerson, Edward L. Anderson, Grace Nunemacher, J. Chase, Florence Ballantine, Eddie L. Heydecker, Zuilee Hubbard, Katy E. Gilligan, Mamie A. Johnson, Katie S. West, Susie H. West, Fred N. West, Mabel Williston, Emily Williston, Constance B. Williston, Alice M. Williston, Willie Sherwood, and Nellie Reynolds.

The above list gives the names of the Bird-defenders which have been printed from month to month in ST. NICHOLAS.

Below will be found the names of

THE NEW VOLUNTEERS

received since the May number of the magazine was made up. There are hundreds of them, and they gallantly fall into the ranks of the Grand Army.

First of all comes this troupe of Cleveland children: Anna Bach, Gertrude Oakley, Robert Bruce, Adela Knisely, Mary Heuby, Alice Miller, Lillie Munsell, Nora Weeks, Nellie Willcutt, Nettie Sicha, Jessie Norton, Millie Holt, Sidney Johnson, Jessie Somers, Anna Fowler, Sibbie Fowler, Carrie Cowdery, Lizzie Oglevee, Annie Freedmann, Addie Strong, Nettie Shepek, Amelia Weber, Carrie Price, Harry Davis, Daisy James, Katie Seelig, Charles Dreher, Emily Squires, Willie Rabe, Joseph Mahah, Albert Schafer, Herbert Colebrook, Susie Brown, Minnie Parker, Nellie French, Luella Hopp, Clara Squires, Minnie Holt, Nina Ballou, Cora Patterson, Freddy Adams, Mary Carter, Carrie Goss, Myra Fisk, Lizzie Criel, Minnie Drake, Lizzie Goe, Nellie Smith, Herbert Pearn, Amy Goss, Annie Davis, Barbary Pescolor, Sarah Mark, Howard Kible, Willie Jarvis, Annie Hudsova, Minnie Stone, Deloss Loshbough, Harry Mansur, Walter McCurdy, Arthur Snitch, Fannie Sataransky, Gertrude Morgan, Sarah Breyley, Suna Fenton, Harriett Butcher, Florence Crowell, Minnie Huggard, Lovey Harris, Emma Westlake, Elmer Herbert, Charlie Gerling, Hannah Neber, Sadie Amy, Viola McLoud, Ida Seib, Ella Meeker, Florence Amidon, Walter Massey, Freddie Pearn, Charlie Georget, Milton Boyd, Natie Kendall, Gudley Homel, Frank Eggert, Freddy Massey, Alice Zwicker, Ella Kraus, James Warnock, Lizzy Carter, George Herbert, Annie Hathaway, Maud Mansur, Amelia Stanley, Eugene E. Stevens, and Gertrude James.

And just from the shores of the Great Salt Lake come these boys and girls together—forty! fifty! seventy-five of them!—and all led

by a little girl named Snow, who is anxious, at least, to defend her namesakes, the snow-birds: Bertie Snow, Elliott Snow, Wm. Ensign, Sarah Council, Hyrum Standing, Leonard Standing, Charles Lutz, Harriet Standing, Agnes Standing, Willis Beardsley, William Lee Tykes, Orson Arnold, Elizabeth Standing, Josephine Taylor, Joseph Vincent, John Calder, Jennie Calder, Alice Freeze, Maggie Freeze, Lulu Hardy, Martha Hardy, Nettie Leeker, Hannah Lutz, Nellie Bowring, Clara Arnold, Daniel Calder, Samuel Calder, Basil Green, Charles Green, Louisa Chapman, Walter Bowring, William Bowring, Oliver Young, Adolph Young, Charles Brewer, Joseph Caine, Wm. White, Edgar Druce, Anna Simms, Solomon Angell, Frederic Webb, Wilfred Webb, Louis Webb, Albert Webb, Harriet Taft, Annie Lindsay, James Caine, William Jack, Robert Jack, Joseph Jack, Jane Jack, Minnie Jack, David Midgeley, George Pyper, W. O. Angell, Edward Wood, and Gershon Wells.

And here is a Jamestown company, just falling into line, with Frank I. Evens at its head: Orton Taylor, Lilian Taylor, Minnie Taylor, Grant Cory, Bertha Cory, Frank Cory, Scott S. Kelly, Tella Evans, Howard Smith, Gertrude Smith, Emmet Smith, Anna Smith, George Burch, Fred Shepard, Charlie Shepard, Olly Smith, Frank Smith, Trand Davis, Fred Smith, Fred Willson, Walter Willson, Lewis Willson, Edwin Willson, Nettie Smith, Liddie Juden, Mary Juden, Archie Mambirt, Russia Mambirt, Horace Aplin, Jay Rawley, Charles Taylor, Charlie Willson, Ana Willson, Harriet Smith, Sarah Thomas, Morris Bernus, Nettie Robinson, Jennie Robinson, Tala Burch, Clarence Burch, Sewil Washburn, and Flory Washburn.

And here are some Kentucky volunteers, enlisted by Buford Hendrick: Sam Bull, Thomas Averill, Craik Jackson, Julian Tilford, John Murphy, Willie Lindsey, Willie Macklin, John Jackson, Geo. Nesbitt, Crittenden Todd, Benny Dudley, John Glanton, Sam Miles, Ambrose Parker, Egbert Stephens, Charley Stephens, Sam Knoder, Hugh Gay, Kenner Taylor, James Todd, Noble Lindsey, Dudley Watson, Thos. B. Macklin, Tom McDowell, Willie McDowell, John Grant, Alec Grant, Rebecca Averill, Ruby Macklin, Nannie Hiner, Marn Lindsey, Bonnie Todd, Kittie Todd, Josie Murphy, Fannie Murphy, Nellie Theobald, Nellie Dudley, Allie Todd, Mary Johnson, Maggie Dudley, and Antoinette Lindsey.

And now Gertie May Perry, leading a company from Maine: Jessie Chadwick, Mamie Mulnix, Lottie Ricker, Mamie Higgins, Nellie Roberts, Josie Sawyer, Susie Smith, Jennie Hillman, Ida Ball, Katie Perry, Mary Day, Gracie Lovitt, Eva Morse, Eliza Floyd, Annie A. Frost, Florence Ellis, Bertie Rich, Willie Lovitt, Willie Maher, Freddie Hall, John Ripley, Seth Hersey, Fred Ricker, Henry Thomas, Miltie Hicks, Stevie Morse, Willard Norton, Johnnie Lauman, Harry Higgins, Georgie Smarden, Charlie Aimes, and Bertie Eldin.

Then a troop of children, with Amy Williams first: Ellen Houston, Kate Houston, Grace Foot, Nellie Howe, Willie Howe, Charlie Howe, Mary Hunt, Bertha Osgood, Harry Osgood, Sadie Hall, Alice Deazmy, Rose Baker, Mary Scott, Esther Scott, Frank Newcome, Charley Newcome, Edward Young, George Broswell, Carrie Broswell, Hattie Coals, Mattie Phillips, Arthur Phillips, Frank Phillips, Rose Stete, Lillie Stete, Amy Mason, George Mason, Henry Mason, Charlie Fraler.

And then Alma Williams' Illinois band: Julia Williams, Bernard Williams, May Briggs, Kate Sprague, May Sprague, Anna Wilson, Joseph Wilson, Charley Montgomery, Cora May, Amy Williams, Almira May, Frank Howell, Jane Howell, Dora Dean, Jimmie Dean, Alma Dean, Kate Bowen, Obe Bowen, Edgar Bowen, George Baker, Stanley Baker, Booth Ayres, Julia Ayres, Emma Sprague, Anna and Elizabeth Dye, Edgar Sommell, Lucy Sommell, and Edith Sommell.

Then comes Harvey B. Dale and his mates, from the Wisconsin band: Blanche Osborn, Carrie Smith, Annie Edwards, Lillie Rudd, Louise Kirkham, Mary Allen, Cora Elmore, Ina Finney, Lizzie Blackock, Annie Stille, Henry Yentner, George Kirkham, Willie Edwards, Grant Gill, Albert Harshaw, Decatur Robbins, Robert Sereno, Elbert Hall, Frank Kolf, John McCabe, Frank Worden, Walter Word, Henry Diacon, and Mortie Heath.

New York sends a company, too, under Captain Peter Studdiford: Peter Shearman, Tommie Shearman, Percy Powell, Jerome Brady, Bernard Gregory, Libbie Gregory, Mamie Shearman, Ada Shearman, Alfred Jenks, May Powell, Nettie McClay, Hattie Hillard, Lillie Frasier, Dora McChesny, Carrie Studdiford, Clara Studdiford, Hattie Studdiford, Katie Stroud, Sissy Stroud, Jennie Gregory, Emma Russell, Lillie Hillard, Grace Banker, Louisa Cooper, Marie Day, and C. Sallie Day.

And here is Theresa Hays with her comrades. See how the line lengthens out: Alice Maud Lambert, Annie D. Richmond, Belle Doolittle, Carrie Hays, Edith Ashley, Fannie Hays, Fannie Rosenberg, Frankie Merell, Hattie Galusha, Irene Hays, Jennie Rosenberg, Jennie Delmotter, Lillie Delmotter, Lulu Skinner, Nellie Van Voorhis, Nettie T. Lambert, Stella Stettheimer, Carrie Stettheimer, Walter Hays, and Annie Delmotter.

More yet! For now we have a Berkshire band, led by Sophie Olivier: Laura H. Olivier, Louise H. Olivier, Ophelia S. Brown, Dora A. Brown, Romeo W. Brown, Clements A. Brown, Mary L. Eldredge, Richard L. Eldredge, Mary H. Prentice, Jennie Ballou, Charlie Ballou, Charlie Mayor, Eliza Chappins, Emma Chappins, and Clinton Marsh, who says that he will defend small birds, but will not promise for large ones, for once in a while he kills a crow. But the crows overheard that, and will look out for him!

And here is another company from Salt Lake City, with Willard Young as leader: Arthur Pratt, Ernest Pratt, Arthur Park, Cornelius Campbell, James Campbell, Maria Wooley, Rosetta Groo, George Morris, Rhoda Young, Annie Taylor, Mary Shumway, Mabel Park, Lizzie Musser, Martha Pickard, Annie Heath, and Lizzie Thatcher.

Now comes Willie S. Burns with seventeen more: Sadie Ellas, Jenny Woodruff, Lizzie Belcher, Samuel Scott, John Scott, Jenny Scott, Nelly Scott, Lucy Scott, Katy Quigly, Jenny Quigly, Jenny Poole, James Poole, James Lindsay, Tom Nichols, Willy McKenna, Sophie Burns, and Willie Burns.

Mamie E. Wolverton leads a Pennsylvania band: Willie M. Wolverton, Willie P. Walter, Katie Martin, Tommie Martin, Mamie C. Lesh, Nellie Stotzer, Annie Wippler, Annie Hillard, Sue E. Kahler, Maggie McIlhany, Lizzie King, Mary Kolb, Mamie Dachrodt, and Sallie Heinen.

And then Lily F. Conkey, of Chicago,—a true Bird-defender and a determined recruiting officer,—brings up her third company: Prof. David Swing, Mrs. David Swing, Mrs. J. Sloan, Emily M. B. Felt, Hattie E. Root, Sadie Magill, Minnie M. Norton, Jessie Campbell, W. R. Eaton, Ella J. Felton, Daisy L. Burdick, Louise C. Schiffer, Olga Steinetz, Hattie A. Russell, and William Sweasy.

Next Edward H. Cole forms his band from Albany: Anna Merce, Ida Wygant, Lilly Miller, Nellie Miller, Lena Young, Daisy Carroll, W. Walter Cole, Frank Andes, Frank S. Strickland, Frank W. Seaman, Daniel J. Coughlin, Timothy Manion, Elmer Wygant, Willie Sarrant, and Terrance Carrol.

From Vermont comes Annie Waters, with Lizzie Lander, Maggie Lander, Lizzie Davie, Ellen Davie, Gussie Webster, Annie Spencer, Ethel Paige, Emma Larma, Agnes Rogers, Jennie Parks, Jennie Dudley, Arthur F. Stone, Matthew Robinson, and Henry Robinson.

And next to them, May Reese forms her little company: Sophia Sawyer, Jessie Shurtleff, Kittie De Graff, Josie Hunt, Susie Alden, Kittie Little, Katie Wing, Carrie Flinn, Anna Underdown, Ellen Banks, Sadie Mandler, and Enna Plopper.

Massachusetts sends Nellie Chase and a dozen others: Annie S. Page, Maud F. Allen, Kittie L. Bowles, Jessie A. Benton, Nellie Lincoln, Hattie Emerson, Florence A. Stone, Fannie L. Richardson, Jennie Loring, Sallie Chase, Nellie Chase, John C. Abbott, and Robby L. Bowles.

Then comes a band of girls from New Hamburg: Meta M. Reese, Lilly F. Swords, May Swords, Alice Reese, Maria Reese, Charley Swords, W. Willis Reese, B. F. Carroll, and Jessie Wetmore.

And now, crowding upon each other, so that we can hardly tell who comes first, and falling in almost before we know it, are all these: Marie P. Lawrence, Emily P. Lawrence, Ellie Welsh, Maggie E. Burke, Maggie Graham, Lizzie Graham, Hallie A. Linn, Andrew M. Linn, Henry H. Linn, Charles F. Linn, Geo. T. Linn, Annie E. Powers, Lizzie Kiernan, Lizzie J. Concklin, Hattie Littell, Anna Littell, Mary Littell, Agnes Levin, H. T. Vanderbilt, John Stephenson, Thomas MacMahon, Julius De Graffe, George Thule, Francine M. Yale, Alice E. Palmer, Oliver H. Palmer, Gertie Weil, Clara Weil, Robbie Weil, Carrie E. Campbell, Fannie Campbell, Nettie Campbell, Mary W. Church, Lillie M. Church, Addie S. Church, Mattie L. Woodworth, Kate A. Chew, Arthur S. Gerrish, Jeanie A. Gerrish, Ida Anderson, Katie Anderson, Florence A. Pusey, Harry Gardner, Burt Gardner, Nettie W. Pierce, Willie W. Pierce, Cora Hubbell, Bessie Guthrie, Willie A. Crocker, Mamie H. Crocker, Willie Holmes, Gertrude Holmes, Katie G. Bolster, Willie S. Mott, Edward Robins, Harry F. Tilge, George M. Reese, Tracy Lion,

George P. Carey, Grace M. Carleton, Frank Noyes, John T. Plummer, F. L. Brown, Mabel Hoskins, Harry Noel, Frank H. Briggs, May P. Fitch, Louis Akin, Kitty L. Waldo, Willie M. Fullerton, John W. Vivian, Charles R. Fultz, Louis Chandler, Willie Weightman Walker, Lillie D. Howe, Belle Brown, Mattie Brown, Lucy Fletcher, Albert Fletcher, Agnes Fletcher, Frederick L. Coggeshall, Florence Coggeshall, John Hoffman, Chrissie Hoffman, May Stillman, Katie N. Stillman, Clara Carter, Lillie Carter, Bud Gaddis, Mary Gaddis, Mollie E. Church, Samuel F. Berry, Charles F. Berry, Nellie Goodhue, Lulie Schock, W. W. Runyon, Ada Louise Cooke, Harry H. Cooke, Allan J. Abbe, Henry T. Abbe, Lizzie P. Abbe, Fred R. Abbe, Jr., Abbie M. Chase, Fannie Hardy, Willie Hardy, Alice Hardy, Lansing O. Kellogg, Carl Kellogg, Ellen Soewell, Harold D. Howell, Herbert C. Emerson, Willie F. Emerson, Hallie Goodwin, Hattie H. Williams, Carrie W. Fellowes, Ned C. Fellowes, Bertha Campbell, James H. Campbell, Flora Holt, Byron Holt, Susie Scofield, Lissie Haydn, Willie A. Durnett, Bessie Durnett, Leonard F. Aphorpe, Lewis J. Powers, Jr., Mary Sawyer, Eddie Sawyer, Cornelia Mawry, Helen Cary, Mary L. Robinson, Charlie B. Cole, Mary Henck, Jennie Sieber, Lizzie Higgins, Annie F. Drake, Mrs. S. C. Graves, Belle Burns, Emma McGregor, Maggie Scholten, Lucy Owen, Fannie Owen, Mrs. S. R. Owen,

Mary E. Andrews, Stella Byron, Nina Byron, Clara Byron, Ada Byron, Ollie Byron, Aria Budd Byron, Percy Byron, Gordon Byron, Harold Byron, Agnes Olwell, Alfred W. Putnam, John Woodruff, Ogden B. Woodruff, Lulu C. Woodruff, Irenaeus P. Woodruff, Willie R. Woodruff, Joseph W. Woodruff, Francis S. Woodruff, Minnie Stowell, Eddie Tuttle, Amelia Tuttle, Belle Meeker, May Bragdon, Claude F. Bragdon, Elsie Johnson, Harry Johnson, Frank S. Billings, Ida J. Weber, Louise Calvin, Bessie L. Gray, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Frank H. Belknap, Willie V. Belknap, Dugald C. Jackson, Nattie Rutter, Hattie Rutter, Frank Baker, Bessie Rutter, Geo. H. Dale, Louise Ketchum Snow, Emily Ida Snow, William Josiah Snow, Ida E. Decker, Helen Jackson, Sarah M. Gallaudet, Henry R. Baker, F. Savidge, Henry Carver, Fannie R. Kilham, Nettie B. Kilham, Lizzie P. Studley, Kittie W. Studley, Ella J. Tuck, Abby C. Wells, Clara L. Remmonds, Nellie A. Moulton, Annie B. Chapman, Clara Swasey, Susie P. Foster, Stella Mabel Baldwin, Minnie Ella Littlefield, Grace E. Weston, Grace Quimby, Susie A. Wells, Ethel Lane, Katy Chadwick, Florence Hatch, Mary Gertrude Foster, Gertrude Russ, Alice Victoria Blake, Annie Franklin Blake, Hattie Lewis Blake, William A. Ryan, Emma F. Ryan, Frederick Ryan, Lulu Ryan, Fred S. Goodwin, Fannie C. Goodwin, Sadie E. Milliken, and Isabelle Wheelwright.

For the benefit of those unacquainted with the history of the Army of Bird-defenders, we here give a reprint of Mr. C. C. Haskins' article, originally published in the number of ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1873, and the real basis of the organization.

FOR THE BIRDS.

BY C. C. HASKINS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I have been thinking for a long time of writing a plea for a large family of our friends who are wantonly destroyed and abused by impulsive persons without good reason, and, very often, thoughtlessly. These friends are constantly at work for our good, and are doing much to cheer and enliven our every-day lives. If they were suddenly exterminated, we should sadly miss them, and regret their absence. They are the birds—all of them—from the eagle and the vulture down to the tiniest humming-bird that pokes his little needle bill into the depths of our delicate flowers, and makes an ample dinner on less than a drop of honey. ST. NICHOLAS and I have had some correspondence on the subject of the abuse of birds, and we have devised a plan for their protection. How do you think we propose doing this? We are going to raise an army of defense, without guns, and carry war right into the enemy's camp. We shall use example and argument and facts, instead of powder, and we must try to carry on the war until we conquer, and the birds have perfect peace.



Before we can do much we must drum up our volunteers. We want all the boys, and the girls also, to form themselves into companies. But if any of the good fathers and mothers desire to join our young folks' army, we shall be heartily glad to have them do so.

Through ST. NICHOLAS we will be enabled to learn the plans of our commanders, and the movements of the enemy; in it we can urge the claims of the birds, and answer all the false logic of any who dare oppose us.

There have been, at different times, in some parts of Europe, societies organized for the extermination of particular kinds of birds, because they were said to destroy fruits and grains. At an annual meeting of one of these, in the county of Sussex, England, the report of the bird-murderers showed that this club alone had put to death *seventeen thousand sparrows!* This was only in one county. Other counties encouraged the same sort of slaughter. In France, too, the same outrageous killing was encouraged, and poisoned grain was sown, year after year, until the rapid increase of noxious insects completely

mined several of the grain-producing districts, and convinced the people of the error they had committed. A law was then passed, protecting the birds, and with the return of the merry little worm-eaters, the insects diminished in number, and the fields again became productive.

By careful investigation, it has been ascertained that a single pair of European sparrows, during the infancy of their brood, feed their little ones an average about *three thousand three hundred and sixty caterpillars* in a week! Now, take your slates and pencils, my little friends, and see how many caterpillars in a month the sparrows killed by that Sussex County club would have destroyed

if they had been permitted. Think what quantities of pretty leaves, how many bushels of grain, and what an abundance of nice fruit must be destroyed by the taking off of seventeen thousand worm-eating birds!

There is a class of birds which feed on very small seeds. Did you ever shake a dry weed-stalk and see what quantities of seed fell from it? It makes very abundant provision for plenty of weeds of its kind next year. The seed-eating birds, who live mostly on this kind of seed, do more than the farmer and all his help in preventing the increase of weeds; and without the birds the farmer would find his plow and hoe-work more than doubled.

Hawks and crows are our friends. So are the owls. The snakes and mice and rats devoured by these good fellows far exceed all that are killed by all the terrier dogs on the continent. And birds are my especial preference for two other reasons: I never have to beg meat for them at the butcher's, and I never heard of one having the hydrophobia.

They do occasionally take a chicken for a holiday dinner, perhaps; but the rats and the weasels do much more of that sort of rascality than they; and if the birds were less fearful of being shot at and trapped there would be fewer rats in the barns, and the weasels would have to hide or die.

Almost every boy who goes gunning, if he can find nothing that he wants to bang away at, con-

siders it the next best thing to kill a few woodpeckers. They look so funny, wrong end up on the side of a tree, bobbing and whacking around the loose bark, that the temptation is strong, and the poor, jolly hammerer has no friends—so *bang!*—and down he comes, and he is given to the dog to play with and tear to pieces. That poor little bird, if over a year old, has killed and eaten many hundred thousands of bugs' larvæ, in the form of grubs and worms, and almost every one of a kind which is injurious to vegetation. The cat-bird, one of our finest singers, and a bird that is always sociable, if ever permitted to be so, eats a cherry occasionally, and of course he must be banished or suffer death. He pays a better price for every cherry he eats than any fruiterer would dare demand in the market, in the worms he destroys, and throws in a complete bird-opera several times a day in the bargain.

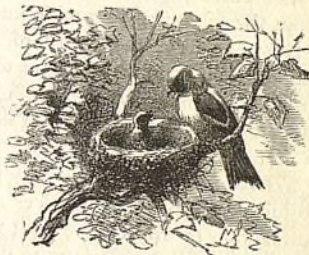
The king-bird, or phebe-bird, is too often stoned and shot and frightened—and almost any farmer's boy deems it a duty to risk his neck while climbing under a bridge to get at and destroy its mud nest. Why? "*He kills our bees!*" Well, yes, he does kill bees. He

is very cunning about it, too. He watches the hive, sitting very near, as the bees go and come under his very nose, and sometimes he is impudent enough to alight close to the entrance, and

rap with his bill to announce that he is making a call. Oh! what a rascal! A murderer, calling his victim to the door of his own house, that he may kill, and then eat him! And when the bees come to the door to answer the knock, Mr. Phebe selects the largest bee, and makes off to the fence-corner or to his mud nest to enjoy his prize. But the queer part of it all is that he only eats the drone bees, which never store any honey, and when the flowers become scarce the working bees kill these lazy drones and pitch them out of the hive. So the king-bird is a help, instead of a damage, to the bee-raiser.

There are many reasons, in addition to what I have given you, why birds should be protected, but I must omit them now, and proceed to our organization.

I want all the little people to assist me in selecting a name for our army. There has been a deal of thinking and discussing, and we have said "that's it!" "ah, no! it is n't!" many times, and



I am not sure we have quite hit it, yet. What do you say? There are "Bird Advocates," "Brigades," "Guards," "Friends," and ever so many more, but I am best pleased with "BIRD DEFENDERS." What do you think of it?

we will advocate the rights of birds at all proper times, encourage confidence in them, and recognize in them creations of the great Father, for the joy and good of mankind.

Now, little folks, there is a starting-point; send



As a basis on which to commence work, let us adopt the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas, We, the youth of America, believing that the wanton destruction of wild birds is not only cruel and unwarranted, but is unnecessary, wrong, and productive of mischief to vegetation as well as to morals; therefore,

Resolved, That we severally pledge ourselves to abstain from all such practices as shall tend to the destruction of wild birds; that we will use our best endeavors to induce others to do likewise, and that

in your names. ST. NICHOLAS is ready to hear from each and all of you on the subject of bird-protection, and will be glad to learn what you have to say about organizing yourselves for this really important and humane work. Come forward freely with your plans, and let us all put our wits together and see if we can not decide upon a line of defense for our little feathered friends, who, poor things, are unable to defend themselves from their thoughtless or cruel enemies. Here is an opportunity for all of us to do good work.





CHARITY.

FROM A PICTURE BY BRITON RIVIERE.