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THE PINE-STICK DOLL.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

ONE morning when sister Sue and Bunny Miller and I reached the old gray school-house, and ran up on the grassy bank, where we girls always gathered to wait for the teacher, we saw a new scholar standing a little apart from the rest, with a slate and spelling-book in her hand.

Nobody knew her, and so nobody spoke to her; but one of the girls whispered to us that she *guessed* her folks lived in the little old tumble-down house over by the woods, for she heard her father say, the night before, that a man named Beck had moved in there, and that he had four or five children. Bunny and I felt very curious, so we slipped around where we could get a good look at the stranger. She was n't pretty,—so much was certain at the first glance; the freckles almost ran together on her face, they were so thick; her lips were shut tight, and there was a queer look about her light gray eyes. Her dress showed where the tucks had been let down, but still it was too short; her hands were brown as the sun could make them, and so were her bare feet. Bunny and I smoothed down our clean check aprons with our hands, and confided to each other our belief that we should not like her.

When the teacher came, she called us all in at once. We hung up our sun-bonnets and dinner-pails in the entry, and pressed into the school-room. Bunny and I sat on the little girls' bench, because we were not old enough to have desks, but Sue had a desk and was in the first class.

We were all looking to see what seat the new scholar would have. The teacher called her to her side, and asked what her name was.

"Nan Beck," said the girl, readily enough.

"I have not seen you before," remarked Miss Bowen. "Where do you live?"

"In the old house by the woods."

Miss Bowen was surprised, for she knew, as well as the rest of us, how long the old house had been tenantless and forsaken; so she made a few more inquiries, and found that the family had been emigrants to the far West, but, meeting with continued bad luck, had undertaken to retrace their course. On their way back through our country, the deserted house on the edge of the woods had caught the father's eye, and finding that there was good fishing in the river, and a quarry not far off where he could get work, he had decided at once to "locate."

Our teacher spoke kindly to Nan Beck, when she had heard her story, and, on discovering that she was eleven years old and a good speller, placed her in the first-class, and gave her a desk among the large girls. I saw Dely Moore draw her beautiful calico dress out of the way, when Nan sat down by her, and Sarah King on the other side looked very grave and sober.

At recess the girls played "catch," and Nan joined in the game. She proved to be the fleetest runner of them all, but the rest seemed to have tacitly made up their minds to dislike her, and after a little while she left them, and came to the side of the wall, where the smallest children were playing house. She offered to be "mother," but we shrank away from her, and little fat dimpled Rosie Moore whispered to Bunny:

"I'm real 'fraid she's a wild girl!"



THE PINE-STICK DOLL.

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And so on every side poor Nan's first overtures were repulsed. When noon came, we took our pails and scattered in all directions to eat our luncheon. We had a fashion of going in pairs; each girl had some particular friend with whom she would wander off, their arms around each other's waist, and their voices lowered confidentially. These friendships were of uncertain duration, but full of devotion while they lasted. Bunny had been my friend all the term, and Sue went with Sarah King.

Nan looked longingly at these little groups and pleasant intimacies, but she was not invited to join any of them, so she withdrew under some bushes and ate her dinner all by herself.

So it went on from day to day, and there was not a girl to be found who took a fancy to Nan Beck. It was not because she was poor, for Dilly Brown was even poorer, but we all made a pet of merry, rosy-faced Dilly. It was not because she was ignorant, for she learned as fast as any of us. It must have been her looks and manners that repelled us. Her tangled hair and tawny face, her constrained, awkward ways, her utter lack of the pleasant traits that characterized our favorites,—all these things made us shy of the stranger.

As the days grew warmer, the girls left off running races and playing tag, and, gathering all the stones they could find by the road-side, built little enclosures on the bank beside the wall, and in these played house with their rag-babies. Not one of us owned a "store-doll," and only two or three had even seen one, but we hugged our rag-babies to our hearts, and made their dresses long to hide their lack of feet. My sister Sue had twelve, and one, the most beautiful, had an artificial pink rose sewed on the top of her head, and was always in full-dress.

One recess, Nan Beck came among our houses, holding up something in her hand for us all to see. It was a doll cut out of a pine stick, with a round head and a pretty face, not one feature omitted, and it had hands and feet. There was a general chorus of admiration, and we all crowded around the fortunate Nan.

"O, Nan, how pretty! Nan, where *did* you get it?" echoed on every side, and there were not wanting a few bold enough to beg,—“O, *do* give it to *me*, Nan!”

"My brother whittled it out for me last night," said Nan, turning her treasure so as to display it to the best advantage.

"I'll give you any two of my rag-babies you like for it," said Sarah King, very graciously.

"So will I! So will I!" cried one after another in sharp competition.

"I'll tell you what," said Nan, with a sort of

awkward resoluteness, "I aint agoing to swap it; I'm agoing to give it away; I'm agoing to give it to the first girl that will agree to be my friend, and go with me all the rest of the term."

A silence fell on us, and the girls looked at each other. There was not one but wanted the wooden doll. It was so much prettier than anything we had, and could be dressed so beautifully. I could not help thinking what a nice dress I could make for it of a piece of pink delaine in my box at home. But to go with Nan all the time, and be her friend; to lock arms with her, and whisper secrets to her, and stand up for her at all times and places—who could do that? I turned around and hugged my darling Bunny. No, I could not give up Bunny to buy the doll!

The girls glanced at each other uneasily. Dely Moore stood biting the corner of her white apron, and Sarah King looked vexed and undecided. Not one could make up her mind to the conditions. Nan waited, looking homelier than ever, with a dull red flush of mortification spreading over her face. Suddenly she turned as if to go.

"Stop, Nan!" exclaimed my sister Sue, her shrewd black eyes sparkling with sudden determination; "I'll go with you, I'll be your friend!"

"Well, if I ever! Sue Butler, you need n't ever try to go with *me* again!" said Sarah King, hotly, as Nan stopped in glad surprise, and waited half timidly for Sue to join her.

"Ho, I don't believe they'll be friends more than two days," said Dely Moore, tossing her curly head.

"I don't see why not," remarked another girl, derisively. "Birds of a feather flock together—you know."

Sue laughed over her shoulder at them all. She had the wooden doll, and that was enough. Faithful to her bargain, she invited Nan into her own little enclosure, and there played house with her till recess was over.

When noon came the girls all watched to see what Sue would do. Bunny and I betook ourselves to our pet corner in a shady angle of the wall, and peeped out as we nibbled our seed-cake.

Presently along came Sue and Nan arm in arm, and Sue said:

"Where shall we go to eat our dinner, Nan?"

"I wish you would come and see my place in among the bushes," said Nan, eagerly; "it's a real nice place, and nobody ever found it but me."

"I should n't wonder if they both hid in a rat-hole nest," was Sarah King's spiteful remark, when she saw Nan lifting up the overhanging bushes, and Sue stooping carefully and following her in under them. But when, a moment after, we all heard Sue exclaiming, "Why, how nice! how beautiful! I

never did see such soft, pretty moss, and it's just like an arbor, is n't it?"—the girls began to wonder what there was in there, and I know they all wanted to see.

"Let's go in there too," I whispered to Bunny; "we can, 'cause Sue is my sister." So we crept under the bushes after them, and found ourselves in a regular fairy bower, with moss three inches deep for a carpet, and a long, low stone for a seat. Overhead two or three young trees interwove their leaves and twigs and shaded us from the sun's heat, and in one of the trees there was a bird's nest. Bunny and I thought we had never seen anything so nice in our lives, and Nan's face beamed all over, she was so glad of company. We put all our dinners together, and had a little picnic on the moss, which was great fun. The girls tried to tease Bunny and me when we came out, but we had had such a good time we did n't care.

That evening, in the big kitchen at home, Sue dressed the doll. I gave her my pink delaine for a dress, and she made a little white ruffled apron, just as cunning as it could be, and a little bonnet too. I told mother all about the bargain, how Sue had promised to go with Nan, and mother said she was glad of it.

Next morning Sue took the doll to school, and it looked so handsome, the girls had not a word to say. When Nan came, she brought a whole pocketful of sassafras root which her brothers had dug for her, and with a very bright face gave it all to Sue, and then they strolled off together arm in arm. The sassafras root made a great impression on the rest of us, for we all loved it dearly, but it was so hard to dig, we never had much at a time.

The days slipped by, and Sue was true to her bargain. I don't suppose she would ever have thought of being friends with Nan Beck, if it had not been for the doll; but Sue was a shrewd little business woman, an honest one too, and always carried out whatever she undertook. She found it pleasanter than she expected in this case, and by degrees quite a number of the girls fell into the habit of hanging about with Bunny and me when Nan had sassafras and checker-berries to give away, or when sitting under some tree she told us stories of her wild, pioneering life in the West; or when, lithe as a panther, she climbed young saplings till she bent them to the ground, so that we could take hold in turn and swing gayly through the air.

In fact, the school soon formed itself into two parties,—one friendly to Nan and ready to follow wherever her adventurous spirit led, and the other, headed by Sarah King and Dely Moore, standing aloof, and exchanging meaning glances and sarcastic whispers whenever they happened to be near us.

"There go the *Nannies!*" said Sarah contemptuously one day, as we ran past her with Nan down to the brook. "I'd be ashamed to be a tom-boy," added Dely, holding back her little sister Rosie, who looked longingly after us.

Meanwhile Sue's friendship was taking a practical shape. She did not want her chosen companion laughed at, so she gave Nan some hints from time to time, which the latter eagerly received; the tangled hair was trimmed and neatly combed, the old dress was pieced down and made long enough, and one day after Sue had been holding a long consultation with mother, Nan appeared in a pretty plaid apron, which we thought made her look as nice as any of us.

But still Sarah King and her party were not to be won over, and one day when Nan went above them all to the head of the spelling-class, they became so teasing and irritating at recess, that they finally made her cry, in spite of her stout little heart. Sue swept an indignant glance around, and drew her away out of sight of her foes.

I shall always remember that day; we had no school in the afternoon, for it was Saturday, and Sue and I trudged home along the dusty road at noon, much roused in spirit over Sarah King's enmity to Nan. We told the whole story to mother, who, with her wise, gentle words, finally calmed us, and to divert our minds sent us out into the garden to gather the raspberries for jam. I remember just how the bushes looked, loaded down with the red and purple berries, and how warm and sultry it was, and how we scratched our hands reaching after the highest clusters. We had picked nearly four quarts, when we realized that it had suddenly become cool and dark though so early in the afternoon. Great black clouds had overcast the sky, and even while we looked large drops fell on our faces.

"Run in, girls, run in quick!" cried mother at the door; "there is going to be a hard thunder-storm!"

We had hardly time to reach the house before the rain was pouring down and beating against the windows, and the thunder came rolling up nearer and nearer. According to my usual custom in thunder-storms, I drew a little cricket up into a corner, and sat there with my face to the wall, and my fingers in my ears. But Sue played with her doll unconcernedly, and began a new suit of clothes for it. After an hour or so the storm passed off, and just as the sun was breaking out and shining in the great rain-drops that hung everywhere, there came a loud knocking at the door. Before we could open it, in rushed Tom Moore, asking wildly if we had seen Rosie. When he found we had not, he fairly cried, big boy as he was.

"She is lost, then! little Rosie's lost!" he said, despairingly. "I've been to all the neighbors looking for her, and nobody has seen her since dinner!"

Mother caught up her bonnet, and hurried over to Mrs. Moore's at once. Sue and I followed her, too frightened to speak. We found Dely crying and sobbing as if her heart would break, and Mrs. Moore was blowing the horn to call home her husband and the men at work in the far-off barn. The neighbors were gathering about, to sympathize and wonder. One had seen little Rosie with her sun-bonnet on, wandering past her house before one o'clock, and that was the last that could be learned of her.

"I'll drive up and down the road three or four miles each way," said my father, "and make inquiries. You boys here had better go over the fields, and look in all the barns."

Just as he was ready to start, one of the women exclaimed that she saw something like a speck coming down the distant hill, and might it not be Rosie?

"No," said father, looking attentively that way for a few moments, "it is a little old woman almost bent double."

My sister Sue could see farther and quicker than any one I ever knew, and now, shading her eyes, she scanned the figure coming down the hill.

"It's Nan Beck!" she cried excitedly. "She is bringing something in her arms, and I think it is Rosie!"

Father and Mr. Moore sprang into the wagon and drove that way with all speed. Whoever it was, we saw them carefully lift her in, and then they drove speedily back again. Sure enough, it was Nan, with little Rosie clasped tight in her arms. They had both been drenched with the rain, and Rosie's face was pale and tear-stained, while her little legs were covered with black mud up to her dimpled knees. Mrs. Moore caught her frantically in her arms.

"Change her clothes right off," said a practical old aunt, "or she'll catch her death of cold. And give her some hot catnip tea."

While this was going on Nan told her story. Before the storm came on, she had gone over to the swamp to dig sweet-flag. When it began to rain, she sheltered herself in a hollow tree. In a lull of the storm, she thought she heard a child crying; and becoming sure that it was so, she left the tree and wound her way along the edge of the swamp, till at last she came in sight of Rosie, standing in a treacherous bog, holding fast to the rushes with a scared face, and crying piteously. Nan waded out to her through the mud, brought her to solid ground, and then started at once with the child in her arms to take her home.

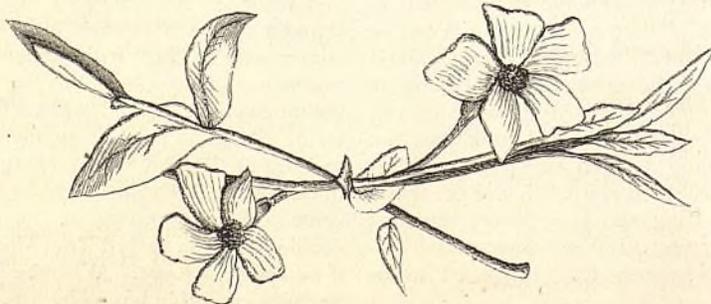
Every face was pale, and every heart was thrilled, at Nan's simple recital, for all realized what peril little Rosie had been in. It would have been impossible for such a child to make her way alone out of that dangerous swamp. When her mother asked her why she ran away, she said it was "to find sweet flag and vi'lets, and to find Nan, because Dely would not *never* let her play with her at school."

"O, Nan, Nan, how I have treated you!" said Dely, remorsefully, "but I'll always be your friend now forever and ever!"

This was Nan's final triumph. She became the heroine of all the neighborhood, and when Dely and Rosie joined her adherents, there was not a girl in the school who would hold out against her, not even Sarah King. She became leader in all our lessons and our games, and could choose any girl she pleased to be her friend and to "go with her."

But I think she never liked any one quite so well as my sister Sue, and of all the little ones she petted Rosie and Bunny and me the most.

The child-days are all gone now, and much that happened in them has faded out of my memory, but I never forget brave little Nan who wanted to be loved, and who bought her first friend with a pine-stick doll.



THE FAINT FLOWER.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.



UP where the meadow-grass
Leans toward the river,
Stood little Bluebell
All in a shiver.

“River! oh, River!
Where are you going
Stay just a moment
In your swift flowing!”

“Oh, little Bluebell!
How can I wait?
The miller will chide me,
The boats will be late.”

“Rain-clouds! oh, Rain-clouds!
Where are you flying?
I am so thirsty,
Fainting and dying!”

“Oh, little Bluebell!
Afar in the air
The storm-king is calling,
And we must be there.”

“Robin, dear Robin!
I am so ill,
And you’re at the river-brink,
Drinking your fill.”

“Oh, little Bluebell!
Do, then, look up;
Some kind cloud will give you
A drop in your cup.”

Here little Bluebell
Ceased her complaint,
Drooping still lower,
Hopeless and faint.

But down fell the twilight,
And up came the Dew,
Whisp’ring, “Dear Bluebell,
We’re sorry for you.

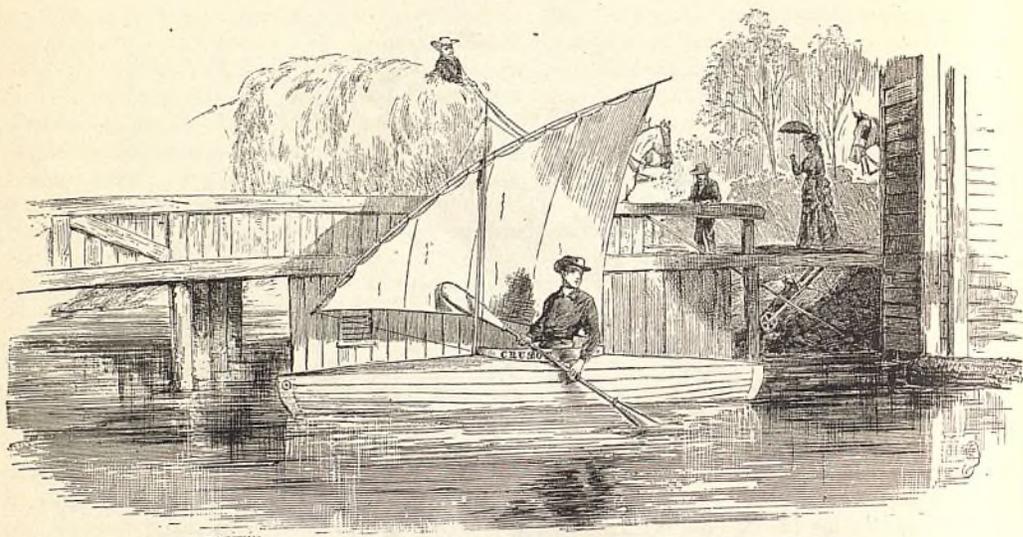
“We are not strong,
Like the Rain or the River,
But never a flower faints
For help we can give her.”

By thousands and thousands,
The Summer night through,
Silently gathered
The hosts of the Dew.

At dawn little Bluebell
Held gratefully up,
Her silent thank-offering—
The Dew in her cup.”

THE CRUISE OF THE "CRUSOE."

BY GEORGE VALENTYNE.



THE "CRUSOE" AND HER CREW.

I WAS a boy, living in the West, when the cruise was taken; and the "Crusoe" was my boat, a canoe just big enough for one sailor. She was decked all over, except an oblong hole in the middle where the sailor sat. There was a piece of rubber cloth to buckle around his waist, over the hole; so that if a big wave dashed over him it could not get inside, or swamp the canoe. There was a mast also, and a sail, which was three-cornered, and about as large as a ladies' shawl folded diagonally. The mast and sail could be removed and stowed away under the deck, when not in use.

I was afraid to use the sail at first, for fear of capsizing, but after I learned how to manage it, I always preferred to sail, if the wind blew steadily.

As soon as vacation commenced, in the first summer that I owned the "Crusoe," I began to get ready to make a grand cruise. I asked father if I could go up river for a week or two, and he said it was all nonsense; but, after talking it over for a little while, my uncle, who lived with us and owned a saw-mill, said that if I would go up to his last winter's logging camp, and take notice of all logs with his marks on, that were "hung up" along the river, and bring him back a good report of the place where they were stranded, he would pay my fare as far as the steamboat went. This was just to my taste, and father said I might go,

so I determined to start on the Tuesday morning after the Fourth of July.

I borrowed a pistol of a lath-sawyer in Uncle's mill. It was a big, old-fashioned thing with one barrel, nearly a foot long.

I took fishing hooks and lines, and a tin box in which my provisions were packed; also an india-rubber blanket, and a coarse woolen blanket to sleep on. I put matches in a glass bottle, and gunpowder in another, and corked both up tightly. I wore an old pair of pants, a cheviot shirt, and a knit Cardigan jacket; also an old, soft, light-colored felt hat, and a leather strap for a belt. I felt prepared for the roughest kind of life as I seated myself in the canoe that Tuesday morning, with all my baggage stowed away under the deck, and I shouted a brave good-bye to the lath-sawyer as I paddled past the saw-mill. I had before me a journey of more than a hundred miles—all through a region unknown to me, except by vague rumors, and stories of the lumbermen.

I had a little map of the river to guide myself by, but it was on too small a scale to show many details. I afterward discovered that the river made at least ten curves to every one laid down on the map. I might have gone on the steamboat for the first sixty miles, but I determined to paddle all the way, and save the passage-money. I was not pressed for time, and had no reason to think

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that I could not endure so long a journey if taken by easy stages, day by day. It was planned by my uncle, that I should sleep each night at some farm-house on the way, after leaving the steamer; but I intended to be more independent, and to sleep in the boat, or on the river's bank, and to visit farm-houses or villages only when I needed to replenish my supply of provisions.

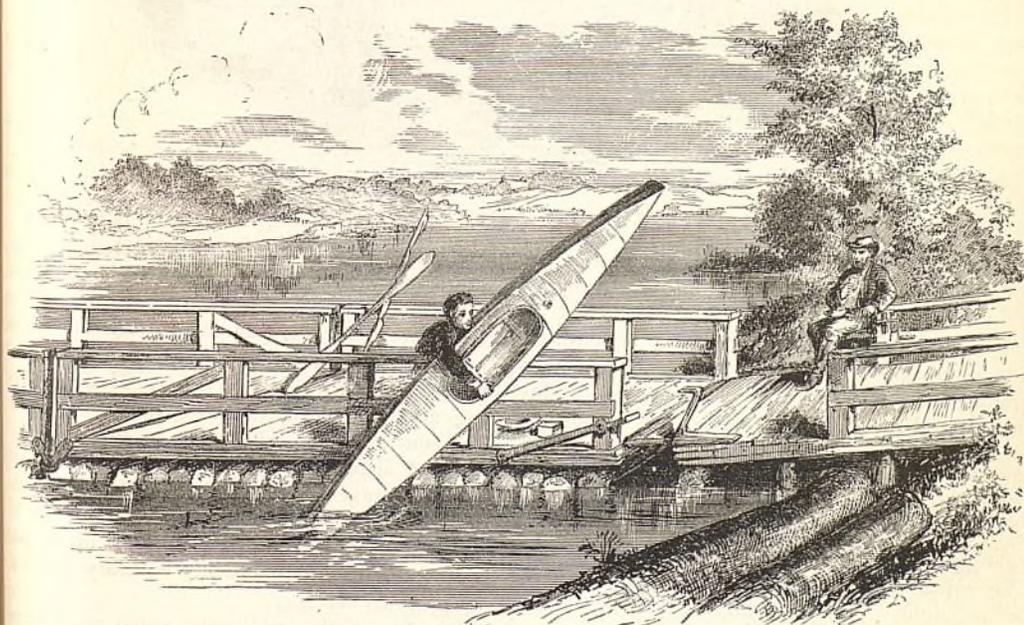
Onward I went, past the lime-kilns, the foundry, the saw-mills, the flour-mills, the shingle-mills, the match factory, and lastly, the stave factory, which marked the limits of the town in that direction. Then I was surrounded by rafts, large and small; logs all awaiting their turn to be drawn up the "slide" of some mill, and torn in pieces by remorseless whirling saws. I stopped to find some of uncle's rafts and learn to recognize his log-marks. There were several, and the marks, which smattered both of algebra and arithmetic, were such as these: 44, XIX, 4VX, $V+V$, XY.

Then I came near to Argoma bridge. I climbed over the bridge, for I could n't pass under it, as so many logs were in the way. I found that bridge quite an obstruction, for it was not an easy thing to lift the boat over it.

I came up alongside the draw, and, seizing hold of the rail, climbed out; then, lifting the boat by one end, drew it up on the bridge and across, and

he was dreadfully lazy, but perhaps he was only tired. If the draw, which was only a raft of logs, had been opened, I could have gone through, of course; but I could not expect the man to take the trouble to open it just for me and my canoe. It made me feel hungry to see him eat, and I determined to eat my own lunch pretty soon, as it was already past noon. It was only a little way to Lake Budamor, and I waited until I should arrive there, thinking that the lake water would be pleasanter to drink than that from the river. The day was warm, but not sultry, and there was a nice breeze, but it blew in the wrong direction. There was no relief from paddling right against the wind, and current also, all the way. I felt a trifle weary with the constant exercise, and gladly tied my boat to a "grubbing pin," on one of the interminable rafts that lined the shore where the lake and river met. I got out on the logs to stretch my legs and eat my lunch.

The lake seemed to be rolling up into larger waves on this side than elsewhere; but there was quite a bay stretching out on the north shore, and I thought to best escape the waves by keeping close to land. I paddled along near the south shore, and between it and a strip of reed grass or rushes that grew in the water a little way out. As the waves came through the reeds, the fierceness



CROSSING THE DRAW-BRIDGE.

pushed it into the water on the other side. The man who worked the draw-bridge sat eating his lunch, and never offered to help a bit. I thought

was combed out of them, and I paddled in comparatively calm water most of the afternoon. It was tedious work, for I was tired and the scenery

was monotonous. I could look across the lake and see the church spires, and the upper parts of the larger buildings of the town of Budamor, and I knew that in that direction lay the entrance to the river to which I was bound. I was afraid to cross in a straight line for fear of the waves, which were short and sharp, and made a dangerous choppy sea for my small craft. I knew that it was not impossible to tip over. I therefore kept in close to shore, thinking to trace the coast all the way around to the river's mouth; but the further I went the thicker grew the reeds, and patches of swamp grass and wild rice filled up the water so that my progress was slower. The swamp at length

against the sky as a guide, finally reached the shore. I drew my boat high up and tied it to a tree, as if it were a horse that might run away if left untied. I penetrated the woods searching for a house of some sort, for I began to feel lonesome in the darkness, and the romance of sleeping out of doors gradually oozed away out of my mind. But the underbrush was so thick, and the darkness so dense under the trees, and the thorns that scratched my hands and face so plentiful, that I soon relinquished the attempt, and remained by the shore. I wanted to make a fire for company's sake, though the night was not cold, but discovered that I could not find suitable wood in the darkness,



NO CHANNEL.

became so dense that further progress was impossible, and I concluded that there was really no channel on that side of the lake.

I forced my way to the shore on the left-hand side, where I saw a forest growing, and found solid ground under the trees. I determined to eat my supper, and then to try it again. The tin box was pulled open the second time, and as I rested while eating I was quite refreshed.

Entering the canoe, and beating down the reeds to right and left with my paddle, I pressed my way toilingly onward; but daylight was fast fading, and I knew that it was not possible to reach the town before night. The last hours of twilight fled quickly by, and in the gathering darkness I found myself worse entangled than ever. After many vain attempts to discover a passage where there was none, I turned back toward the high bank behind me, and, tracing the outline of the trees

and I had no hatchet. I put a hatchet and a lantern on a mental list of articles needed, which I would endeavor to borrow of acquaintances at Budamor; I then spread the rubber blanket on the ground, and with it and the woolen blanket, made a bed, on which I lay down. Gradually shutting my eyes on the twinkling stars, I dropped to sleep out of doors, all alone, in the wilderness. When I awoke the ruddy streaks of dawn in the East encouraged me to get up, and take a bath. It seemed funny to sleep with my clothes on all night, and then to undress when I got up to wash. It was an experience exactly contrary to that of my previous life.

After my bath, and having eaten a cracker or two, to break my fast, I commenced to search for an unobstructed route across the lake. The light of day enabled me to retrace part of my course of the day before, and gave me success. When my

friends at Budamor sat down to breakfast, I was there in their midst, and with an appetite not at all impaired by the early rising and exercise.

After getting enough breakfast, which seemed to be difficult, as I was so hungry, I replenished my tin box, and stored away under the deck a small lantern and a hatchet, and again embarked.

A turning to the right, through this broad and rapid river, soon brought me and the "Crusoe" to another floating bridge which guarded the entrance to Lake Poisson. Far away across the lake was the mouth of the Lupus River, up which I hoped to urge my way. I had to drag the "Crusoe" across the bridge, and launch out again on the upper side. I left the little town of Wynekon on the right hand, and standing well out into the lake, I spread my tiny sail to catch the breeze, then blowing gently from the south-east. I rested my weary arms from paddling, and opening my tin box, ate my lunch, and steering as convenient, enjoyed myself hugely. The lake was nearly calm. The wind was so light, and the sailing so slow, and my knowledge of the route so indefinite, that I missed the mouth of the river altogether, and went paddling down the coast on the wrong side of a long point, every stroke taking me further and further away. When the sun had rolled down the western sky, nearly to the horizon, I commenced to paddle in earnest, and shape my course directly toward a tall, black smoke-stack, across the bay. There a saw-mill was buried in the forest, whither hope led me for a sheltering roof, and a warm meal. I found the mill deserted when I reached it, for the working hours were over and the men gone home. Leaving the "Crusoe" ignominiously hidden behind a pile of slabs on the beach, I followed the well-worn trail, and soon reached a "boarding shanty," where the men lodged. After introducing myself, and making known my wants, I was hospitably entertained, and luxuriously lodged in a bunk of rough boards, on a mattress filled with pine shavings.

When morning came, and I went down to the mill-yard, to see how the "Crusoe" had slept, I found one of the mill-hands there, who inspected the boat with much interest. The man talked a good deal about a big "jam" of logs in the Lupus River, and he told me that it would be impossible to get through with a boat. He thought I had better wait at the mill until a passage had been cleared for the steamer, which would be done as soon as possible, although it would take some days, and then I could follow without any trouble. I thought best to see the obstructions with my own eyes at any rate, and so set out to reconnoiter, intending to return, if I found further progress impossible, to the hospitable saw-mill. When I

reached the mouth of the river, it seemed clear enough, and I turned in, determined to go on and to try to overcome or to get around such obstacles as might be met with, in any way that seemed most practicable when I saw them. The banks of the river were low, flat, and marshy, and the scenery uninteresting. There were bends and curves innumerable; sometimes I approached and receded from clusters of trees, several times before getting beyond them.

At last I came suddenly in sight of the "jam." The logs filled the whole river from bank to bank, like an enormous and very irregular raft. There were several men at work on one side, where the bank was higher than elsewhere, pushing and pulling, and prying with "levers," "cant hooks," and "pick poles." The whole breadth of the river was filled with logs, crowded upon each other, and against the banks, by the pressure of those behind. I climbed over the mass, toward the men who were at work, and amused myself looking on, and asking questions. When I had superintended the work as long as I wished, I looked about for the best way to get around the "jam." On the opposite side, the river had risen far enough to overflow the bank, though without sufficient depth of water to float the heavy logs, except in the channel.

I thought that perhaps the "Crusoe" would float over there, and going back to her, got in and paddled across. The bank was a low, flat meadow, though not so swampy as near the mouth of the river. I found the grass on it growing thickly through the water, which was from three to six inches deep—sufficient to paddle in, if it had been free from obstructions; but the inequalities of the ground made so many shallow places, that more than once I was stuck fast in the mud, and could push neither forward nor back. At last I took off my shoes and stockings, and rolling up my pants, stepped out,—overboard. I took the paddle in one hand with which to sound the depth of the water, and to try the softness of the mud underneath, and dragged the boat after me by a rope attached to the bow. My progress was more satisfactory, as regards speed, in this manner than before; but I slumped into so many holes, that my clothes were in an awful condition with mud and water, before I had walked, or rather waded, half a mile.

At length I reached a place where the logs were all held on one side of the river by a "boom," while the rest of the channel was clear, except for an occasional log or two that floated on quietly to join the crowd below. Here was the "Boom House" boarding-shanty, where I stopped to clean up. I borrowed a blue denim shirt from the cook,

to wear while I washed my own clothes in the river. The cook, a good-natured Irishman, was the only person about the shanty at that time. I was glad to accept his invitation to stay overnight,

which I frequently found it difficult to find the way out of. In one of them I discovered a very big log, which was lying in the mud. It was one of the largest that I have ever seen, though I sup-



TOWING THE CANOE AROUND THE LOG-JAM.

and offered to pay for my entertainment, but he refused my money, and at night gave me a bunk, stuffed with loose hay. The next day was one of hard work and much paddling, going up against the stream, and dodging the floating logs that were coming down in little squads—singly and in couples, and sometimes a dozen together. I made good progress that day, and at one time fell in company with a lumberman, who was journeying like myself in a canoe. He directed me to try the "big slough" on my route, as the water was high enough to make a channel through it, and the distance to the next stopping-place would be shortened several miles. He told me how to find the entrance to the slough, and said I would surely find logs "hung up" in there, and, perhaps, some such as I was looking after. When I reached the place and turned in, I found the slough much like the river, of which it was a sort of branch, only not so deep.

I ate my lunch after parting with the lumberman, for I did not have enough to divide with him, as I would have been obliged in courtesy to do, had I opened my tin box while in his company. I had only some ginger cakes and a piece of "Bologna" sausage, which last I had procured at the "Boom House."

I soon started again, and as I progressed the channel was more and more crooked and winding, and occasionally opened out into a little pond

pose, would be but a pigmy in comparison with the gigantic "redwoods" of Oregon and California. There were frogs plunging and swimming in the water around it, as, indeed, there were in many other places; but here they suggested to my mind one of Æsop's ancient fables, and I hailed the big pine as "King Log," whose acquaintance I was pleased to renew. I paddled up and examined his proportions with much curiosity, and then pushed on.

Each part of the big slough was so like the rest, and it was all so crooked and queer, that I did not know whether I was going in the right direction or not. After striving for some time to find some short way out, and failing, I endeavored to retrace my route to the main river, but the sun was low, and soon went down, and I knew that the night must be passed in the swamp. The twilight was wasted quickly, and it grew dark just as I recognized the huge outlines of "King Log." There I determined to stop, and remained at his palace till morning. His subjects, the frogs, were mostly engaged in a grand musical festival, which they all seemed to enjoy hugely.

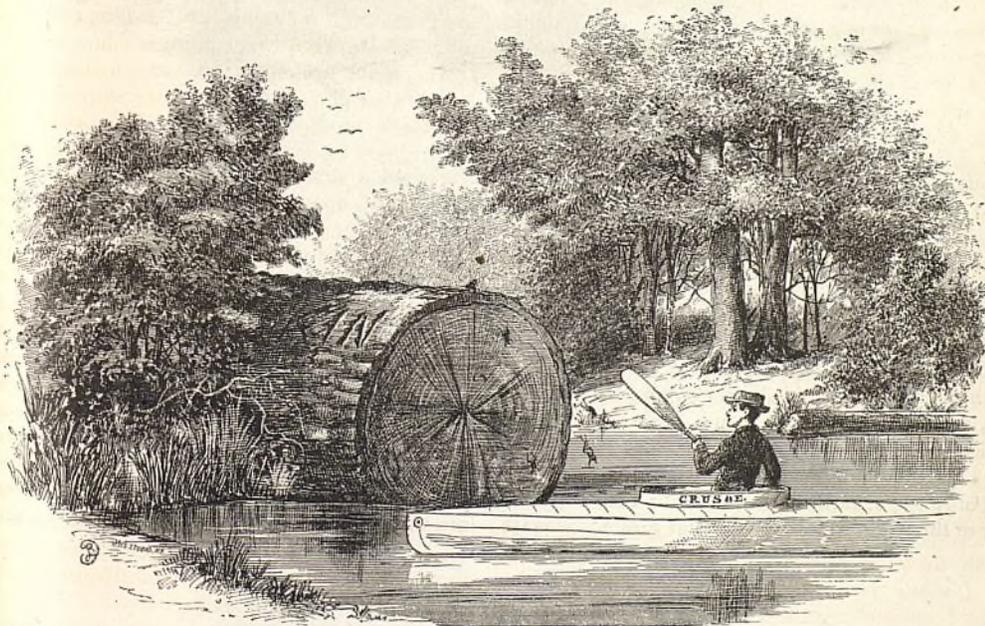
Tying the "Crusoe" by his side, and climbing up on his back, I wondered if I could not build a fire on top of him and cook a duck I had shot. The chorus recommenced, and I got out my lantern and my little hatchet, and with hearty strokes on the shaggy bark, broke and split off

many pieces, which, piled up in one place, made excellent fuel for so damp a locality. The duck was plucked, and dressed, and washed, and spitted on a green branch split from a sapling not far away. The branch I held in my hand, and so kept the duck roasting or toasting, and occasionally burning, till my patience and a good deal of bark was exhausted. Yet, it was not done, and as the night closed in, there came many uninvited guests to the banquet, who were so ardent in their attentions to me, flying in swarms around my head, buzzing vigorously in both my ears, and caressing my nose, and cheeks, and hands, with their sharp little bills so unremittingly, that I was fain finally to forego the feast, and with continual slapping and gesticulating to beat a retreat, leaving the food and the field to the victorious hosts of impertinent mosquitoes. By the light of the fire I paddled away, and for a while escaped the mosquito persecution, but when the bark had all burned out, and I found no better place in which to spend the night, I paddled back to "King Log" again. Lying down in the canoe beside him, I covered my face and soon went to sleep.

When I awoke next morning, I started off as soon as possible, and after much searching, and trouble, I passed out of the slough into the open

straight, home by the shortest practicable route. After the rest, however, I felt better, and as no steamer passed up, I knew that the jam of logs at the cut-off must be still encumbering the channel. I seated myself in the boat again, and determined to stick closely to the business part of my journey, and plied my paddle with fresh vigor and energy. I kept between the river's banks—no more turning aside to explore sloughs or search for hunting adventures. I stopped before dark, and lodged every night with some hospitable settler, for there were many more in this region than around the swampy part of the river below. In course of time I reached the logging camp to which my uncle wished me to go. It was in a little lake that emptied into the main river through a short channel. It was near an Indian reservation and settlement, and I saw many "tame Indians" about, but never a wild one. Had I returned down the river from this point, without wandering further, I should have nothing more to tell; but I had a curiosity to go a little deeper into the Indian region, and to visit the "falls," or rapids, that were but a few miles further up the stream.

When I reached the rapids I was much delighted with the romantic scenery, and had an irresistible



KING LOG.

river, and, with the earnestness of hunger, paddled on to the first settlement. I went ashore, and finding a public-house, remained there two days, for I was quite unwell, and half inclined to turn and go

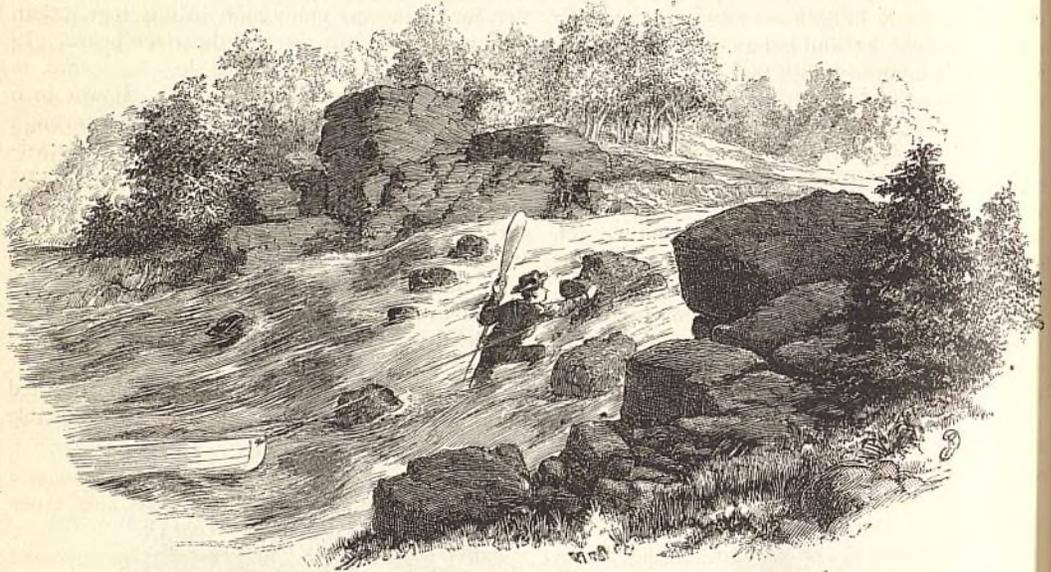
impulse to climb with the "Crusoe" to the higher level, just for the fun of riding down again in the dashing current. There was a portage around the rapids, on the bank, but I did not relish the heavy

labor of carrying or dragging the "Crusoe" over the rocks. There were also a number of rocks, close together, at one side, in the water, as if, at some former time, they had been a portion of the rocky bank. I thought I could climb on these far enough to launch out and ride down.

It was an unlucky design. I paddled up to the lowest rock, and climbed out upon it, holding the boat by the rope, and started up the incline to the

my feet, and, wading to a shallower place, stopped to re-arrange the wreck. The boat was uninjured, and I drew her near, and got in, dripping wet. I took off my wet clothes, and wrapped the blankets around me instead. It was late before my clothes were dry enough to put on, but soon afterward I drew near a settlement, where I found rest and food, and clothing that was really dry.

The next day I went on down the stream, until



GOING UP THE RAPIDS.

rapids. The boat towed in the water lower down. Had the rocks been less damp and slimy, the careless undertaking might have been accomplished; but, before I was half way up, as I turned to steer the boat away from the rocks, I fell on a slippery place, and slid down against a lower rock, and from that into the river. All in a heap, and sadly out of order, I plunged into the deep water at the foot of the rapids, and clinging to the paddle, which I had in one hand, and to the rope which held the "Crusoe," in the other, I floated on a hundred feet or more, not trying to swim, but only to get right side up, and to keep my head out of the water. Soon I felt solid ground beneath

I reached a steamboat landing. The "Crusoe" was stowed upon the freight, and I was ticketed with the other passengers. As I sat down among them to eat my first meal on board, I wished for some of my good clothes at home, but tried to behave superior to the feeling. We passed by the log-jam at night, so that I did n't know how it had been disposed of. In the morning we passed through the familiar bridge at "Sauger's Creek," and soon after the log "jacker" at uncle's mill waved his hat, and shouted a welcome across the raft, as the boat passed by to the warehouse dock, a little way below. Then the "Crusoe" went into the boat-house, and rested from her journey.

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DICK'S SPIRITUAL HELP.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

A VERY select school, consisting of two teachers and one pupil—Pansy's only wax daughter, the Lady Melinda Muggins—had just come to grief. The Lady Melinda had for some days been suffering for—not *from*—a stitch in her side, and Miss Midge, in a vigorous effort to shake her into a knowledge of her geography lesson, had produced a violent hemorrhage of sawdust that made it necessary for the poor lady to be put to bed at once. So two worthy teachers were out of a situation. They were more fortunate than many people who are out of employment, however, for just as they began to consider what they had better do next, a hand beckoned at the window—a hand rather the worse for late contact with green paint, a hand with a piece of gingerbread in it, but still it beckoned.

"Come out here," said Dick's voice, repeating the invitation his hand had given. And Midge and Pansy accepted at once.

They found Max and Teddy sitting on the grass, and sat down beside them to learn the object for which a council had been called.

"See here, all of you; I know something," said Dick, by way of opening the subject. Dick generally knew something, or thought he did, which is not always exactly the same thing. "I want a se-ance."

"What aunts? what do you want to see 'em for!" questioned Midge with wide-open eyes; for Dick did not understand French and pronounced the word as he had seen it spelled.

"Pshaw! I don't mean that; I mean a spiritual se-ance; don't you know?"

But Midge did not understand, and the others looked considerably bewildered.

"I know that 's the name of it, 'cause I saw it in a paper," pursued Dick positively. "I could n't tell much about it there, though, it was all mixed up with so many big words and stuff; but I'd found out all about it before, and what they do and everything. I heard Miss Roxbury telling Aunt Prue about it last night. You see, the folks sit round the table and put their hands on it, and keep real still, and by and by the spirits come and knock, and move the table around like—like smash! I expect we could do it too."

"I s'pose—may be—I'd be afraid," said Midge, hesitatingly.

"Afraid? Ho! that 's just like a girl! I would n't be a bit afraid," exclaimed Dick scornfully, and

Max and Teddy echoed the sentiment so valorously that Midge was quite abashed, and remarked apologetically:

"Well, I did n't say I *should* be, I only said may be I *might* be—p'r'aps."

"But what do you want to have a see-see-your-uncle, or whatever you call it, for?" asked Max.

"Why, to find out if we can do it, and—well, you see," said Dick, hesitating, and then growing confidential, "if we could get 'em to move a table, they might do lots of things for us—pile up all that wood that 's out in the shed, may be, if we just laid our fingers on it, and draw our sleds up hill for us in the Winter. It would n't be a bit harder than some things Miss Roxbury told about, and I should n't wonder if we could get so they'd do nearly all our work for us, and we need n't do anything ourselves but just have good times."

It was an inviting prospect, and the brilliant plan was adopted at once. They decided to try the experiment that very evening.

"Because evenings seems more—more—somehow, you know," explained Teddy, not very lucidly.

Pansy suggested the attic as a good place to meet.

"We all can be by ourselves there, and nobody will come, or hear us, or anything," she said.

So the whole party went up to the attic to view the place and make their preparations. There was a large finished chamber that had often served them for a play-room, and among its odd furnishing of dilapidated sofas, old chairs, boxes and barrels, they found a shabby little table, and the boys lifted it out into the middle of the room. It was a cripple, having lost one leg in some former service, and inclined to tip over at the lightest touch.

Dick volunteered to make it all right, however, and running down-stairs he returned with a stick, hammer and nails. It required a deal of holding and hammering before the new leg would be fastened on, and even then it was rather loose and unsteady, after the manner of artificial limbs. But Pansy hid its awkwardness under an old sheet ferreted out of a box of cast-off articles, and Midge was so delighted with its appearance in white that she hinted a strong desire to change the proposed circle into a tea-party.

The others were not inclined to give up their

grand scheme for anything so commonplace, and poor little Midge yielded to the majority, though with some lingering misgivings.

"I hope the spirits wont ever try to help me any when I'm all alone," she said uneasily. "'Cause may be I would n't be afraid—'cause I would n't! but I guess I'm a pretty good deal bashful when I aint 'quainted."

The next thing was to provide seats. The attic furnished but two, so there were three chairs to be smuggled upstairs without attracting observation from Aunt Prue or Hester, and Dick secured an old lamp with which to illuminate the scene.

It was the most fortunate thing in the world, the children thought, that Miss Roxbury dropped in directly after tea to spend the evening with Aunt Prue, because that left them at liberty to carry out their plan with little danger of interruption.

"Of course it isn't wrong or anything if anybody did see us, but then they might think it queer, and laugh, and all that," explained Dick, by way of satisfying the general conscience.

They waited until the two ladies were comfortably busy with chatting and crocheting, and then they stole softly past the sitting-room door, and began to mount the stairs. Did anybody ever tip-toe carefully upstairs without having every step crack and creak in a most marvelous way? These stairs behaved after the usual fashion, and the children grew so excited and mirthful over their efforts that their progress was a constant succession of tittering and hushing, and they arrived in the attic in a condition so nearly uproarious that it was a long time before they could settle into anything like gravity again.

They seated themselves around the table, and placed their hands upon it; but Max looked at Midge and Midge giggled instantly. Then Pansy shook her head reprovingly at the boys, and Teddy immediately drew his face into such an expression of woful solemnity that Pansy laughed outright.

"We do look so funny with our hands all stretched out, as if we were trying to play a tune and did n't know how," she said apologetically.

"Sh! we can't do anything at all, if we don't keep still," remonstrated Dick.

They tried hard to be quiet, and by and by Dick's earnestness began to affect the others, and the feeling of merriment died away. The room grew very still, and what a long, lonely room it was at night! not a bit like the sunny spot they knew by daylight.

The table trembled a little.

"You did that," said Dick, glancing suspiciously at Max.

"No, I did n't," answered Max positively.

After all, that new leg was very insecure, and the table shook so easily that some one might have done it unconsciously. In a moment it moved again, and the children looked questioningly at each other. That certainly was a dreary, depressing sort of room, and how mournfully the wind blew! Midge glanced apprehensively toward the door leading to unfinished parts of the attic, and began to wish Aunt Prue would call them down-stairs.

Suddenly, in the pauses of the wind, came a sound as of heavy breathing.

"If any of you are trying to frighten us I wish you'd just stop," said Pansy, in a tone half startled, half petulant.

But the boys shook their heads. The sound grew more and more distinct, and evidently came from somewhere in the room. The circle of hands dropped from the table, and the party stared at each other with wide-open eyes.

"I think I'd like to go down-stairs for a drink of water," faltered Midge.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Dick, turning round so hastily that he struck his foot against the table, and in an instant the weak leg gave way. A mingled growl and groan sounded from beneath it as it tipped forward, and, as the children sprang up in alarm, Teddy's arm struck the lamp, upset and extinguished it. They were not left in utter darkness, for a pale moon shone dimly through the skylight, and by its faint gleam they saw a strange white figure moving slowly to and fro.

"Oh! what is that?" whispered Pansy, with a shiver.

No one answered. Dick had a fearful suspicion that his experiment had been entirely too successful. They huddled closely together, not daring to move or attempt an escape with that dreadful something between them and the door. The minutes seemed like ages. At last the awful figure moved toward them. Midge screamed and attempted to spring into a chair, but in her haste and fright she missed it, and fell heavily to the floor. Then the others joined in a wild shriek that rang through every part of the house.

Doors opened and voices called below, and it was but a moment or two before Hester appeared, bearing a lamp, and followed by Aunt Prue and Miss Roxbury. The clear light revealed the trembling, frightened group in one corner, the broken table, and old Rover stalking solemnly through the room with a sheet upon his back. The children understood it all the instant their eyes rested upon the dog. He had followed them upstairs late in the afternoon, and had lain down under the table to sleep. Its sudden overturning had disturbed his long nap, and he had crept out with the table-cover

clinging to his back. The boys looked exceedingly foolish when they saw him, and Pansy's crying changed to a burst of hysterical laughter.

Aunt Prue could not comprehend so readily.

"Is it fire? are you all murdered? What in the world has happened?" she asked anxiously.

It was an absurd story to tell, but it came out in four parts—Midge being too much overcome to contribute anything to the general explanation; a terrible mixed up story, but it was all told at last.

Hester leaned against the wall and sniffed contemptuously, Miss Roxbury laughed, while Aunt Prue soothed Midge and scolded by turns, and Aunt Prue talked fast when she was a little indignant.

"You were at the bottom of it, Richard, I know you were!" she said severely. "It's another of

your wild schemes for getting things done without doing them. It's time you learned that every one is placed on the earth to do his own work, and that no spirit from any world, good or bad, will ever do yours for you. A spirit of industry is the spirit you need most, and if you would call that up, we should have an end of such nonsense as this."

Dick listened with remarkable meekness, for he had been not a little frightened; the others looked pale yet, and Midge was still sobbing over her bumped head. It is probable, after sleeping over the matter, he came to the conclusion that Aunt Prue was right, for he went valiantly to work the next morning at the wood-pile, with Max and Teddy to help him. After all, they seemed to succeed about as well as they had hoped to do the day before, for when they laid their hands on a stick of wood, it flew on to the pile in an instant.

MR. BULL-FROG'S PARTY.

By M. W. S.

MR. BULL-FROG gave a supper,
And bade his friends to the feast,
From the lower world and the upper—
Fish, insect, bird, and beast.

The table was spread by the river,
On a gently sloping ground;
To the water guests ran if ever
They heard an alarming sound.

The minnows came by the dozens,
The turtles came one by one,
The frogs brought their aunts and cousins,
But the water-rat came alone.

Each guest had his seat allotted—
Birds, butterflies, one, two and three;
And a little field-mouse trotted
To her place by the side of a bee.

They ate every cress and berry,
And they drank their dew-drop tea
To the health of their host, with merry
And rousing three times three.

Soon after this demonstration,
The Bull-frog rose for a speech:
"We will hold a consultation;
I should like to hear from each.

"By enemies we're surrounded
(My friends, you feel this is true);
We are caught, crushed, lamed, and pounded;
To stop this, what can we do?"

"Life would be perfect without them;
These creatures are all called—boys;
There's but one good thing about them—
Their coming is known by the noise.

"My friends, we'll all sign a paper,
With fin, antenna, or wing,
To get us out of the scrape, or
These boys to sorrow we'll bring.

"We'll bite, scratch, worry and sting them,
When we've a chance so to do,
And thus to sorrow we'll bring them;
Now, friends, I'll listen to you."

Mistress Mousie spoke: "Remember
That *all* boys are not so bad;
One whom I knew last September,
To hurt would make me quite sad.

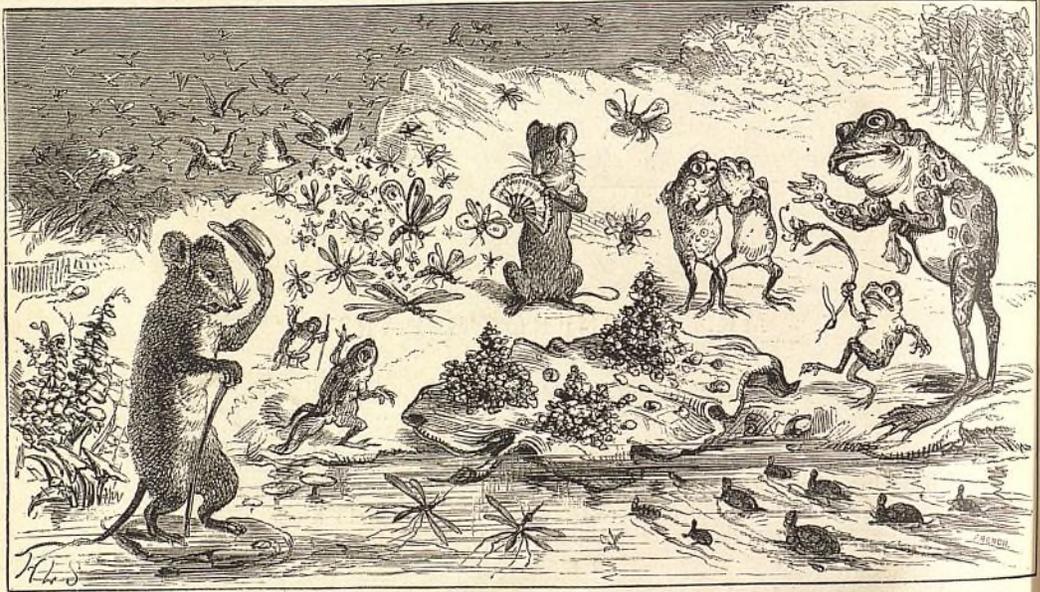
"One of my distant relations,
He did, I confess, just seize,
While he made some observations;
But he gave him lots of cheese.

"In twenty-four hours he hurried
To open the cage door wide,
And Mousie home to his worried
Mamma and family lied."

"Through all the bright Summer weather,
Through all the sunny days long,
We played in the grass together,
And he never stopped my song."

When Dorr-Bug knocked on the table,
"Father Long-legs" left his seat;
To speak he was quite unable,
But showed all his legs complete.

So the Bull-frog told the story
For his venerable guest,
Adding his mite to the glory
Of this boy of boys the best.



"BUT THE WATER-RAT CAME ALONE."

Miss Mousie ceased; and Bumble Bee
Rose, with a hum and buzz:
"I speak for self and friend," said he,
"Friend caterpillar—Miss Fuzz.

"With eagerness he has sought us,
But never has hurt at all;
I've only said 'Hum!' when he's caught us,
While Fuzz rolled up in a ball."

Then up rose a gay Grasshopper,
So fine in his green dress-coat:
"For others I care not a copper;
On *this* boy I really dote.

A gray Moth rose: "My friends," said he,
"Pray list to this plan of mine.
On the right day, next Februar-ee,
We'll send him a valentine.

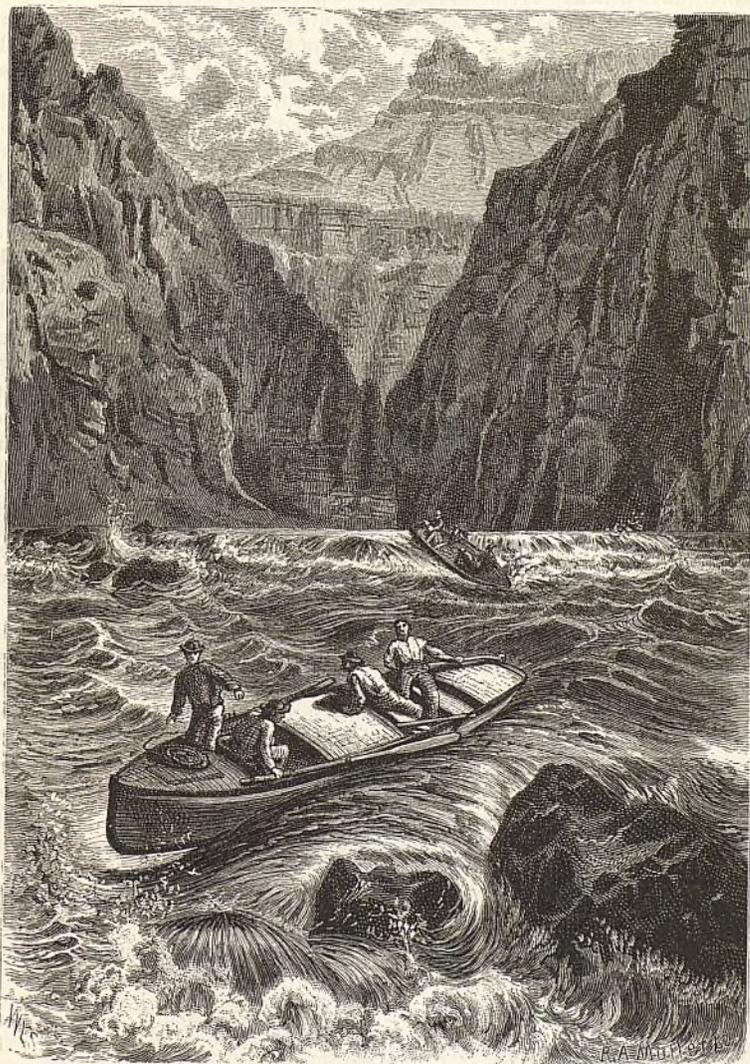
"And it shall say—if he takes care
To injure no living thing,
All beasts and birds of earth and air
Will join in the offering."

'T was settled. The supper was ended;
The creatures went homeward with glee.
The way that I heard it was splendid—
A little bird told it to me.

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF COLORADO.

BY CYRUS MARTIN, JR.

COLORADO has been called the Wonderland of America, and it well deserves that title. Readers of the ST. NICHOLAS will remember some sketches enough to deserve the name of a wonderful river, but very admirably maintains the reputation of the Territory for being a place of natural wonders.



A PERILOUS PASSAGE.

of the "Garden of the Gods," printed in our number for last December, which showed some of the wonders of that region. But the Colorado River, though it traverses a much larger territory than that of Colorado, is not only grand This river has lately been explored by Major J. W. Powell, who has written a series of papers describing what he saw. These descriptions were published in *Scribner's Monthly*, and the pictures are almost amazing for their grandeur and beauty. Nothing

like it has ever before been seen in this country. To explore such a wild and tumultuous stream is a severe task. Many are the thrilling incidents related by Major Powell and his comrades, and many were their mishaps. A deep river, confined in a narrow gorge or channel of steep rock, is full of danger; it has no shores on which wrecked navigators can be cast, and it is frequently broken by abrupt cascades, falls and foaming rapids. To pass between the great rocks that grimly lift their heads just above water requires a steady eye at the bow and a steady arm at the tiller. Such a scene as that given on the previous page is enough to make one's heart jump to see even in a picture. To have taken part in the expedition, and to have come back alive, one would suppose would furnish adventure for a lifetime. And this little bit only gives us an idea of the boldness of part of this water-course.

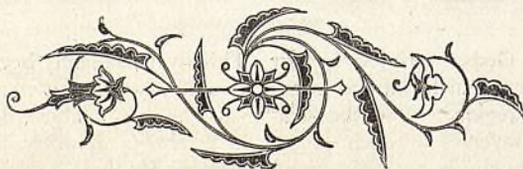
The Colorado River reaches far up into the heart of the continent for its sources. Away up in Nebraska, there is a vast cluster of peaks covered with snow, and forming an off-shoot or spur of the Rocky Mountains. These are the Wind River Mountains, and among them are thousands of bright little rivulets and brooks, fed by the melting snows. Many of these little streams run together after awhile, and so form the Green River, a river which is cold, swift and deep. It crosses the roads that lead across the continent to California; and, in old times, when the emigrants used to go to the gold country with horses or ox-teams, they very much dreaded the dangerous fords of Green River. It flows on for more than one thousand miles, often winding about, but always moving southward, through monstrous masses of rock and amidst arid plains, until it empties itself into the Gulf of California, and so reaches the Pacific Ocean.

Further south than the head-waters of the Green River is the Grand River, which rises near Long's Peak, in the Rocky Mountains. It is born in the solitary lakes which lie among the rocky crags high up amidst the cold mountain peaks. Few white men have ever looked upon these lakes; but we know that out of their mysterious depths, hidden amid the pines and fir-trees, come the waters of the Grand River. This stream unites

with the Green, and so forms the great Colorado, which, as we have said, flows into the Gulf of California. Besides these two main branches of the Colorado, there are hundreds of others; some of them have no names; but many are named on the maps, where you may find them duly set down.

After these streams leave the immediate neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains,—say about two-thirds of the way down to the mouth of the Colorado,—they pass through a very dry and rocky country. Ages on ages ago, it is supposed the surface of this region was comparatively level, though broken here and there by rocky peaks. Through it the streams rushed with great speed, year after year and century after century. If there had been frequent and heavy falls of rain, the surface of the country would have been washed into the rivers, and the *debris*, or loose stuff, swept in, would be carried off by the rivers. But the rain seldom falls there, and so the rivers, left to themselves, have kept on wearing down the rocky bed through which they foam, until they have plowed deep channels far down into the rocky heart of the land. Nobody can tell how long the rivers have been at work carving out these channels; but there they are, with tremendous cliffs towering far above them; and so smooth are the walls of these gorges or cañons (pronounced canyons) that the traveler must pass down the river by water; there is no shore along which he may walk; but, in general, the rock rises straight up from the river on either side.

These cañons which we have mentioned often run into each other just as the branches of the stream run into the main channel. There is a maze of them all over the country, so that one cannot traverse the face of the land, these deep gorges so cut it up with channels and abysses. The walls of the cañons rise to a great height,—some of them more than two thousand feet. The scenery cannot be called beautiful; it is terrible and sublime. But one must suppose that a few weeks spent in such an awful place would make one long for the sunny lawns and smooth streams of a less wonderful country. Nevertheless, the great river will always be a favorite resort for those who love to look upon the mightiest works of God in nature.



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EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XVI.

BREAD AND BUTTON-HOLES.

WHAT in the world is my girl thinking about, all alone here, with such a solemn face?" asked Dr. Alec, coming into the study, one November day, to find Rose sitting there with folded hands and a very thoughtful aspect.

"Uncle, I want to have some serious conversation with you, if you have time," she said, coming out of a brown study, as if she had not

heard his question.

"I'm entirely at your service, and most happy to listen," he answered, in his politest manner, for when Rose put on her womanly little airs he always treated her with a playful sort of respect that pleased her very much.

Now, as he sat down beside her, she said, very soberly:

"I've been trying to decide what trade I would learn, and I want you to advise me."

"Trade, my dear?" and Dr. Alec looked so astonished that she hastened to explain.

"I forgot that you did n't hear the talk about it up at Cosey Corner. You see we used to sit under the pines and sew, and talk a great deal, all the ladies I mean, and I liked it very much. Mother Atherton thought that every one should have a trade, or something to make a living out of, for rich people may grow poor, you know, and poor people have to work. Her girls were very clever, and could do ever so many things, and Aunt Jessie thought the old lady was right; so when I saw how happy and independent those young ladies were, I wanted to have a trade, and then it would n't matter about money, though I like to have it well enough."

Dr. Alec listened to this explanation with a curious mixture of surprise, pleasure, and amusement in his face, and looked at his little niece as if she had suddenly changed into a young woman. She had grown a good deal in the last six months, and an amount of thinking had gone on in that curly head which would have astonished him greatly could he have known it all, for Rose was one of the children who observe and meditate much, and now and then nonplus their friends by a wise or curious remark.

"I quite agree with the ladies, and shall be glad to help you decide on something if I can," said the Doctor seriously. "What do you incline to? A natural taste or talent is a great help in choosing, you know."

"I have n't any talent, or any especial taste that I can see, and that is why I can't decide, uncle. So, I think, it would be a good plan to pick out some very *useful* business and learn it, because I don't do it for pleasure, you see, but as a part of my education, and to be ready in case I'm ever poor," answered Rose, looking as if she rather longed for a little poverty so that her useful gift might be exercised.

"Well, now, there is one very excellent, necessary, and womanly accomplishment that no girl should be without, for it is a help to rich and poor, and the comfort of families depends upon it. This fine talent is neglected nowadays, and considered old-fashioned, which is a sad mistake, and one that I don't mean to make in bringing up my girl. It should be a part of every girl's education, and I know of a most accomplished lady who will teach you in the best and pleasantest manner."

"Oh, what is it?" cried Rose eagerly, charmed to be met in this helpful and cordial way.

"Housekeeping!" answered Dr. Alec.

"Is that an accomplishment?" asked Rose, while her face fell, for she had indulged in all sorts of vague, delightful dreams.

"Yes; it is one of the most beautiful as well as useful of all the arts a woman can learn. Not so romantic, perhaps, as singing, painting, writing, or teaching, even; but one that makes many happy and comfortable, and home the sweetest place in the world. Yes, you may open your big eyes; but it is a fact that I had rather see you a good housekeeper than the greatest belle in the city. It need not interfere with any talent you may possess, but it *is* a necessary part of your training, and I hope that you will set about it at once, now that you are well and strong."

"Who is the lady?" asked Rose, rather impressed by her uncle's earnest speech.

"Aunt Plenty."

"Is *she* accomplished?" began Rose in a wondering tone, for this great aunt of hers had seemed the least cultivated of them all.

"In the good old-fashioned way she is very accomplished, and has made this house a happy home to us all, ever since we can remember. She

is not elegant, but genuinely good, and so beloved and respected that there will be universal mourning for her when her place is empty. No one can fill it, for the solid, homely virtues of the dear soul have gone out of fashion, as I say, and nothing new can be half so satisfactory, to me at least."

"I should like to have people feel so about me. Can she teach me to do what she does, and to grow as good?" asked Rose, with a little prick of remorse for even thinking that Aunt Plenty was a commonplace old lady.

"Yes, if you don't despise such simple lessons as she can give. I know it would fill her dear old heart with pride and pleasure to feel that any one cared to learn of her, for she fancies her day gone by. Let her teach you how to be what she has been—a skillful, frugal, cheerful housewife; the maker and the keeper of a happy home, and by and by you will see what a valuable lesson it is."

"I will, uncle. But how shall I begin?"

"I'll speak to her about it, and she will make it all right with Dolly, for cooking is one of the main things, you know."

"So it is! I don't mind that a bit, for I like to mess, and used to try at home; but I had no one to tell me, so I never did much but spoil my aprons. Pies are great fun, only Dolly is so cross, I don't believe she will ever let me do a thing in the kitchen."

"Then we'll cook in the parlor. I fancy Aunt Plenty will manage her, so don't be troubled. Only mind this, I'd rather you learned how to make good bread than the best pies ever baked. When you bring me a handsome, wholesome loaf, entirely made by yourself, I shall be more pleased than if you offered me a pair of slippers embroidered in the very latest style. I don't wish to bribe you, but I'll give you my heartiest kiss, and promise to eat every crumb of the loaf myself.

"It's a bargain! it's a bargain! Come and tell aunty all about it, for I'm in a hurry to begin," cried Rose, dancing before him toward the parlor, where Miss Plenty sat alone knitting contentedly, yet ready to run at the first call for help of any sort, from any quarter.

No need to tell how surprised and gratified she was at the invitation she received to teach the child the domestic arts which were her only accomplishments, nor to relate how energetically she set about her pleasant task. Dolly dared not grumble, for Miss Plenty was the one person whom she obeyed, and Phebe openly rejoiced, for these new lessons brought Rose nearer to her, and glorified the kitchen in the good girl's eyes.

To tell the truth, the elder aunts had sometimes felt that they did not have quite their share of the little niece who had won their hearts long ago,

and was the sunshine of the house. They talked it over together sometimes, but always ended by saying that as Alec had all the responsibility, he should have the larger share of the dear girl's love and time, and they would be contented with such crumbs of comfort as they could get.

Dr. Alec had found out this little secret, and, after reproaching himself for being blind and selfish, was trying to devise some way of mending matters without troubling any one, when Rose's new whim suggested an excellent method of weaning her a little from himself. He did not know how fond he was of her till he gave her up to the new teacher, and often could not resist peeping in at the door, to see how she got on, or stealing sly looks through the slide when she was deep in dough, or listening intently to some impressive lecture from Aunt Plenty. They caught him at it now and then, and ordered him off the premises at the point of the rolling-pin; or, if unusually successful, and, therefore, in a milder mood, they lured him away with bribes of gingerbread, a stray pickle, or a tart that was not quite symmetrical enough to suit their critical eyes.

Of course he made a point of partaking copiously of all the delectable messes that now appeared at table, for both the cooks were on their mettle, and he fared sumptuously every day. But an especial relish was given to any dish when, in reply to his honest praise of it, Rose colored up with innocent pride, and said modestly:

"I made that, uncle, and I'm glad you like it."

It was some time before the perfect loaf appeared, for bread-making is an art not easily learned, and Aunt Plenty was very thorough in her teaching; so Rose studied yeast first, and through various stages of cake and biscuit came at last to the crowning glory of the "handsome, wholesome, loaf." It appeared at tea-time, on a silver salver, proudly borne in by Phebe, who could not refrain from whispering, with a beaming face, as she set it down, before Dr. Alec:

"Aint it just lovely, sir?"

"It is a regularly splendid loaf! Did my girl make it all herself?" he asked, surveying the shapely, sweet-smelling object with real interest and pleasure.

"Every particle herself, and never asked a bit of help or advice from any one," answered Aunt Plenty, folding her hands with an air of unmitigated satisfaction, for her pupil certainly did her great credit.

"I've had so many failures and troubles that I really thought I never should be able to do it alone. Dolly let one splendid batch burn up because I forgot it. She was there and smelt it, but never did a thing, for she said, when I undertook to bake

bread I must give my whole mind to it. Was n't it hard? She might have called me at least," said Rose, recollecting, with a sigh, the anguish of that moment.

"She meant you should learn by experience, as Rosamond did in that little affair of the purple jar, you remember."

"I always thought it very unfair in her mother not to warn the poor thing a little bit; and she was regularly mean when Rosamond asked for a bowl to put the purple stuff in, and she said in such a provoking way, 'I did not agree to lend you a bowl, but I will, my dear.' Ugh! I always want to shake that hateful woman, though she *was* a moral mamma."

"Never mind her now, but tell me all about my loaf," said Dr. Alec, much amused at Rose's burst of indignation.

"There is nothing to tell, uncle, except that I did my best, gave my mind to it, and sat watching

cover and keep it in the parlor as they do wax flowers and fine works of that sort?"

"What an idea, uncle! It would mold and be spoilt. Besides, people would laugh at us, and make fun of my old-fashioned accomplishment. You promised to eat it, and you must; not all at once, but as soon as you can, so I can make you some more."

Dr. Alec solemnly cut off his favorite crusty slice, and solemnly ate it; then wiped his lips, and brushing back Rose's hair, solemnly kissed her on the forehead, saying heartily:

"My dear, it is perfect bread, and you are an honor to your teacher. When we have our model school I shall offer a prize for the best bread, and *you* will get it."

"I've got it already, and I'm quite satisfied," said Rose, slipping into her seat, and trying to hide her right hand which had a burn on it.

But Dr. Alec saw it, guessed how it came there, and after tea insisted on easing the pain which she would hardly confess.

"Aunt Clara says I am spoiling my hands, but I don't care, for I've had *such* good times with Aunt Plenty, and I think she has enjoyed it as much as I have. Only one thing troubles me, uncle, and I want to ask you about it," said Rose, as they paced up and down the hall in the twilight, the bandaged hand very carefully laid on Dr. Alec's arm.

"More little confidences? I like them immensely, so tell away, my dear."

"Well, you see I feel as if Aunt Peace would like to do something for me, and I've found out what it can be. You know she can't go about like Aunty Plen, and we are so busy nowadays that

she is rather lonely, I'm afraid. So I want to take lessons in sewing of her. She works so beautifully, and it is a useful thing you know, and I ought to be a good needlewoman as well as housekeeper, ought n't I?"

"Bless your kind, little heart, that is what I was



ROSE LEARNS TO MAKE BREAD.

over it all the while it was in the oven till I was quite baked myself. Everything went right this time, and it came out a nice, round, crusty loaf, as you see. Now taste it, and tell me if it is good as well as handsome."

"Must I cut it? Can't I put it under a glass

thinking of the other day when Aunt Peace said she saw you very seldom now, you were so busy. I wanted to speak of it, but fancied you had as much on your hands as you could manage. It would delight the dear woman to teach you all her delicate handicraft, especially button-holes, for I believe that is where young ladies fail; at least I've heard them say so. So do you devote your mind to button-holes; make 'em all over my clothes if you want something to practice on. I'll wear any quantity."

Rose laughed at this reckless offer, but promised to attend to that important branch, though she confessed that darning was her weak point. Whereupon Uncle Alec engaged to supply her with socks in all stages of dilapidation, and to have a new set at once, so that she could run the heels for him as a pleasant beginning.

Then they went up to make their request in due form, to the great delight of gentle Aunt Peace, who got quite excited with the fun that went on while they wound yarn, looked up darning-needles, and fitted out a nice little mending basket for her pupil.

Very busy and very happy were Rose's days now, for in the morning she went about the house with Aunt Plenty attending to linen-closets and store-rooms, pickling and preserving, exploring garret and cellar to see that all was right, and learning, in the good old-fashioned manner, to look well after the ways of the household.

In the afternoon, after her walk or drive, she sat with Aunt Peace plying her needle, while Aunt Plenty, whose eyes were failing, knit and chatted briskly, telling many a pleasant story of old times, till the three were moved to laugh and cry together, for the busy needles were embroidering all sorts of bright patterns on the lives of the workers, though they only seemed to be stitching cotton and darning hose.

It was a pretty sight to see the rosy-faced little maid sitting between the two old ladies, listening dutifully to their instructions, and cheering the lessons with her lively chatter and blithe laugh. If the kitchen had proved attractive to Dr. Alec when Rose was there at work, the sewing-room was quite irresistible, and he made himself so agreeable that no one had the heart to drive him away, especially when he read aloud or spun yarns.

"There! I've made you a new set of warm night-gowns, with four button-holes in each. See if they are not neatly done," said Rose, one day, some weeks after the new lessons began.

"Even to a thread, and nice little bars across the end so I can't tear them when I twitch the buttons out. Most superior work, ma'am, and

I'm deeply grateful; so much so, that I'll sew on these buttons myself, and save those tired fingers from another prick."

"You sew them on?" cried Rose, with her eyes wide open in amazement.

"Wait a bit till I get my sewing tackle and then you shall see what I can do."

"Can he, really?" asked Rose of Aunt Peace, as Uncle Alec marched off with a comical air of importance.

"Oh, yes, I taught him years ago, before he went to sea; and I suppose he has had to do things for himself, more or less, ever since; so he has kept his hand in."

He evidently had, for he was soon back with a funny little work-bag, out of which he produced a thimble without a top, and, having threaded his needle, he proceeded to sew on the buttons so handily that Rose was much impressed and amused.

"I wonder if there is anything in the world that you cannot do," she said in a tone of respectful admiration.

"There are one or two things that I am not up to yet," he answered, with a laugh in the corner of his eye, as he waxed his thread with a flourish.

"I should like to know what?"

"Bread and button-holes, ma'am."

CHAPTER XVII.

GOOD BARGAINS.



It was a rainy Sunday afternoon, and four boys were trying to spend it quietly in the "liberry," as Jamie called the room devoted to books and boys, at Aunt Jessie's. Will and Geordie were sprawling on the sofa, deep in the adventures of the scapegraces and ragamuffins whose histories are now the fashion. Archie lounged in the easy chair surrounded by newspapers;

Charlie stood upon the rug, in an Englishman's favorite attitude, and, I regret to say, both were smoking cigars.

"It is my opinion that this day will *never* come to an end," said Prince, with a yawn that nearly rent him asunder.

"Read and improve your mind, my son," answered Archie, peering solemnly over the paper behind which he had been dozing.

"Don't you preach, parson; but put on your boots and come out for a tramp, instead of mulling over the fire like a granny."

"No, thank you, tramps in an easterly storm don't strike me as amusing."

There Archie stopped and held up his hand, for a pleasant voice was heard saying outside: "Are the boys in the library, auntie?"

Archie's cigar stuck out of the ashes, smoking furiously and smelling strongly.

"Oh, you bad boys, how could you do it, to-day of all days?" she said, reproachfully.

"Where 's the harm?" asked Archie.

"You know as well as I do; your mother does n't like it, and it's a bad habit, for it wastes money and does you no good."

"Fiddle-sticks! every man smokes, even Uncle Alec, whom you think so perfect," began Charlie, in his teasing way.

"No, he does n't! He has given it up, and I know why," cried Rose, eagerly.

"Now I think of it, I have n't seen the old meerschau since he came home. Did he stop it on our account?" asked Archie.

"Yes," and Rose told the little scene on the sea-shore in the camping-out time.

Archie seemed much impressed, and said manfully: "He won't have done that in vain so far as I'm concerned. I don't care a pin about smoking, so can give it up as easy

as not, and I promise you I will. I only do it now and then for fun."

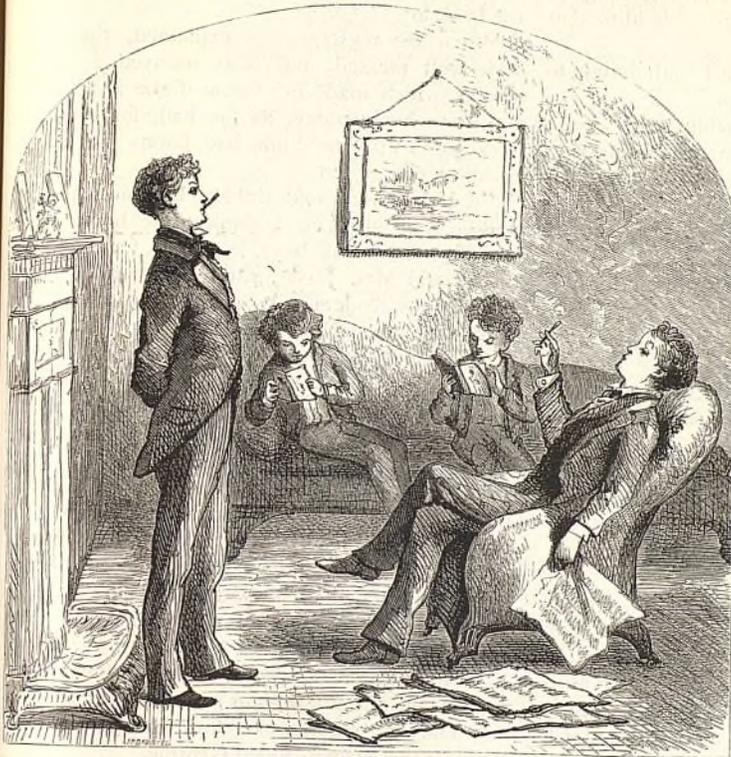
"You too?" and Rose looked up at the bonny Prince, who never looked less bonny than at that moment, for he had resumed his cigar, just to torment her.

Now Charlie cared as little as Archie about smoking, but it would not do to yield too soon; so he shook his head, gave a great puff, and said loftily:

"You women are always asking us to give up harmless little things, just because *you* don't approve of them. How would you like it if we did the same by you, Miss?"

"If I did harmful or silly things I'd thank you for telling me of them, and I'd try to mend my ways," answered Rose heartily.

"Well, now, we'll see if you mean what you say. I'll give up smoking to please you, if you will give up something to please me," said Prince, seeing a good chance to lord it over the weaker vessel at small cost to himself.



THE BOYS ENJOY THEMSELVES.

"Yes, dear, and longing for sunshine, so run in and make it for them," answered Mrs. Jessie.

"It's Rose," and Archie threw his cigar into the fire.

"What's that for?" asked Charlie.

"Gentlemen don't smoke before ladies."

"True; but I'm not going to waste *my* weed," and Prince poked his into the empty inkstand that served them for an ash tray.

A gentle tap at the door was answered by a chorus of "Come in," and Rose appeared, looking blooming and breezy with the chilly air.

"If I disturb you say so, and I'll go away," she began, pausing on the threshold with modest hesitation, for something in the elder boys' faces excited her curiosity.

"You never disturb us, cousin," said the smokers, while the readers tore themselves from the heroes of the bar-room and gutter long enough to nod amiably to their guest.

As Rose bent to warm her hands, one end of

"I'll agree if it is as foolish as cigars."

"Oh, it's ever so much sillier."

"Then I promise; what is it?" and Rose quite trembled with anxiety to know which of her pet habits or possessions she must lose.

"Give up your ear-rings," and Charlie laughed wickedly, sure that she would never hold to that bargain.

Rose uttered a cry and clapped both hands to her ears where the gold rings hung.

"Oh, Charlie, would n't anything else do as well? I've been through so much teasing and trouble, I do want to enjoy my pretty ear-rings, for I can wear them now."

"Wear as many as you like, and I'll smoke in peace," returned this bad boy.

"Will *nothing* else satisfy you?" imploringly.

"Nothing," sternly.

Rose stood silent for a minute, thinking of something Aunt Jessie once said—"You have more influence over the boys than you know; use it for their good and I shall thank you all my life." Here was a chance to do some good by sacrificing a little vanity of her own. She felt it was right to do it, yet found it very hard, and asked wistfully:

"Do you mean *never* wear them, Charlie?"

"*Never*, unless you want me to smoke."

"I never do."

"Then clinch the bargain."

He had no idea she would do it, and was much surprised when she took the dear rings from her ears, with a quick gesture, and held them out to him, saying in a tone that made the color come up to his brown cheek, it was so full of sweet good-will:

"I care more for my cousins than for my ear-rings, so I promise, and I'll keep my word."

"For shame, Prince! let her wear her little danglers if she likes, and don't bargain about doing what you know is right," cried Archie, coming out of his grove of newspapers with an indignant bounce.

But Rose was bent on showing her aunt that she *could* use her influence for the boys' good, and said steadily:

"It is fair, and I want it to be so, then you will believe I'm in earnest. Here, each of you wear one of these on your watch-guard to remind you. I shall not forget, because very soon I cannot wear ear-rings if I want to."

As she spoke Rose offered a little ring to each cousin, and the boys, seeing how sincere she was, obeyed her. When the pledges were safe, Rose stretched a hand to each, and the lads gave hers a hearty grip, half pleased and half ashamed of their part in the compact.

Just at that moment Dr. Alec and Mrs. Jessie came in.

"What's this? Dancing Ladies Triumph on Sunday?" exclaimed Uncle Alec, surveying the trio with surprise.

"No, sir! it is the Anti-Tobacco League. Will you join?" said Charlie, while Rose slipped away to her aunt, and Archie buried both cigars behind the back log.

When the mystery was explained, the elders were well pleased, and Rose received a vote of thanks, which made her feel as if she had done a service to her country, as she had, for every boy who grows up free from bad habits bids fair to make a good citizen.

"I wish Rose would drive a bargain with Will and Geordie also, for I think these books are as bad for the small boys as cigars for the large ones," said Mrs. Jessie, sitting down on the sofa between the readers, who politely curled up their legs to make room for her.

"I thought they were all the fashion," answered Dr. Alec, settling in the big chair with Rose.

"So is smoking, but it is harmful. The writers of these popular stories intend to do good I have no doubt, but it seems to me they fail because their motto is, 'Be smart and you will be rich,' instead of 'Be honest and you will be happy.' I do not judge hastily, Alec, for I have read a dozen, at least, of these stories, and, with much that is attractive to boys, I find a great deal to condemn in them, and other parents say the same when I ask them."

"Now, Mum, that's too bad! I like 'em tip-top. This one is a regular screamer," cried Will.

"They're bully books, and I'd like to know where's the harm," added Geordie.

"You have just shown us one of the chief evils, and that is slang," answered their mother quickly.

"Must have it, ma'am. If these chaps talked all right, there'd be no fun in 'em," protested Will.

"A boot-black *must n't* use good grammar, and a newsboy *must* swear a little, or he would n't be natural," explained Geordie, both boys ready to fight gallantly for their favorites.

"But my sons are neither boot-blacks nor newsboys, and I object to hearing them use such words as 'screamer,' 'bully,' and 'buster.' In fact I fail to see the advantage of writing books about such people unless it is done in a very different way. I cannot think they will help to refine the ragamuffins, if they read them, and I'm sure they can do no good to the better class of boys, who through these books are introduced to police courts, counterfeiters' dens, gambling houses, drinking saloons, and all sorts of low life."

"Some of them are about first-rate boys, mother; and they go to sea and study, and sail round the world, having great larks all the way."

"I have read about them, Geordie, and though they *are* better than the others, I am not satisfied with these optical delusions, as I call them. Now, I put it to you, boys, is it natural for lads from fifteen to eighteen to command ships, defeat pirates, outwit smugglers, and so cover themselves with glory, that Admiral Farragut invites them to dinner, saying: 'Noble boy, you are an honor to your country?' Or, if the hero is in the army, he has hair-breadth escapes and adventures enough in one small volume to turn his hair white, and in the end he goes to Washington at the express desire of the President or Commander-in-Chief to be promoted to no end of stars and bars. Even if the hero is merely an honest boy trying to get his living, he is not permitted to do so in a natural way, by hard work and years of patient effort, but is suddenly adopted by a millionaire whose pocket-book he has returned; or a rich uncle appears from sea, just in the nick of time; or the remarkable boy earns a few dollars, speculates in pea-nuts or neck-ties, and grows rich so rapidly that Sinbad in the diamond valley is a pauper compared to him. Is n't it so, boys?"

"Well, the fellows in these books *are* mighty lucky, and very smart, I must say," answered Will, surveying an illustration on the open page before him, where a small but virtuous youth is upsetting a tipsy giant in a bar-room, and under it the elegant inscription: "Dick Dauntless punches the head of Sam Soaker."

"It gives boys such wrong ideas of life and business; shows them so much evil and vulgarity that they need not know about, and makes the one success worth having a fortune, a lord's daughter, or some worldly honor, often not worth the time it takes to win. It does seem to me that some one might write stories that should be lively, natural, and helpful. Tales in which the English should be good, the morals pure, and the characters such as we can love in spite of the faults that all may have. I can't bear to see such crowds of eager little fellows at the libraries reading such trash; weak, when it is not wicked, and totally unfit to feed the hungry minds that feast on it for want of something better. There! my lecture is done; now I should like to hear what you, gentlemen, have to say," and Aunt Jessie subsided with a pretty flush on the face that was full of motherly anxiety for her boys.

"Tom Brown just suits mother, and me too, so I wish Mr. Hughes would write another story as good," said Archie.

"You don't find things of this sort in Tom Brown; yet these books are all in the Sunday-school libraries"—and Mrs. Jessie read the following paragraph from the book she had taken from Will's hand:

"In this place we saw a tooth of John the Baptist. Ben said he could see locust and wild honey sticking to it. I could n't. Perhaps John used a piece of the true cross for a tooth-pick."

"A larkly sort of a boy says that, Mum, and we skip the parts where they describe what they saw in the different countries," cried Will.

"And those descriptions, taken mostly from guide-books, I fancy, are the only parts of any real worth. The scrapes of the bad boys make up the rest of the story, and it is for those you read these books, I think?" answered his mother, stroking back the hair off the honest little face that looked rather abashed at this true statement of the case.

"Any way, mother, the ship part is useful, for we learn how to sail her, and by and by, that will all come handy when we go to sea," put in Geordie.

"Indeed; then you can explain this maneuver to me, of course—" and Mrs. Jessie read from another page the following nautical paragraph:

"The wind is south-south-west, and we can have her up four points closer to the wind, and still be six points off the wind. As she luffs up we shall man the fore and main sheets, slack on the weather, and haul on the lee braces."

"I guess I could, if I was n't afraid of uncle. He knows so much more than I do, he'd laugh," began Geordie, evidently puzzled by the question.

"Ho, you know you can't, so why make believe? We don't understand half of the sea lingo, Mum, and I daresay it's all wrong," cried Will, suddenly going over to the enemy, to Geordie's great disgust.

"I do wish the boys would n't talk to me as if I was a ship," said Rose, bringing forward a private grievance. "Coming home from church, this morning, the wind blew me about, and Will called out, right in the street, 'Brail up the foresail, and take in the flying-jib, that will ease her.'"

The boys shouted at the plaintive tone in which Rose repeated the words that offended her, and Will vainly endeavored to explain that he only meant to tell her to wrap her cloak closer, and tie a veil over the tempest-tossed feathers in her hat.

"To tell the truth, if the boys *must* have slang, I can bear the 'sea lingo' as Will calls it, better than the other. It afflicts me less to hear my sons talk about 'brailing up the foresail,' than doing as they 'darn please,' and 'cut your cable' is decidedly preferable to 'let her rip.' I once made a rule that I would have no slang in the house. I give it up now, for I cannot keep it; but I will *not* have rubbishy books; so, Archie, please send these two after your cigars."

Mrs. Jessie held both the small boys fast with an arm round each neck, and when she took this base-

advantage of them they could only squirm with dismay. "Yes, right behind the back log," she continued energetically. "There, my hearties—(you like sea slang, so I'll give you a bit)—now, I want you to promise not to read any more stuff for a month, and I'll agree to supply you with wholesome fare."

"Oh, mother! not a single one?" cried Will.

"Could n't we just finish those?" pleaded Geordie.

"The boys threw away half-smoked cigars; and your books must go after them. Surely you would not be outdone by the 'old fellows,' as you call them, or be less obedient to little Mum than they were to Rose."

"Course not! Come on, Geordie," and Will took the vow like a hero. His brother sighed, and obeyed, but privately resolved to finish his story the minute the month was over.

"You have laid out a hard task for yourself, Jessie, in trying to provide good reading for boys who have been living on sensation stories. It will be like going from raspberry tarts to plain bread and butter; but you will probably save them from a bilious fever," said Dr. Alec, much amused at the proceedings.

"I remember hearing grandpa say that a love for good books was one of the best safeguards a man could have," began Archie, staring thoughtfully at the fine library before him.

"Yes, but there's no time to read nowadays; a fellow has to keep scratching round to make money or he's nobody," cut in Charlie, trying to look worldly-wise.

"This love of money is the curse of America, and for the sake of it men will sell honor and honesty, till we don't know whom to trust, and it is only a genius like Agassiz who dares to say 'I cannot waste my time in getting rich,'" said Mrs. Jessie, sadly.

"Do you want us to be poor, mother?" asked Archie, wondering.

"No, dear, and you never need be, while you can use your hands; but I *am* afraid of this thirst for wealth, and the temptations it brings. Oh, my boys! I tremble for the time when I must let you go, because I think it would break my heart to have you fail as so many fail. It would be far easier to see you dead if it could be said of you as of Sumner—'No man dared offer him a bribe.'"

Mrs. Jessie was so earnest in her motherly anxiety that her voice faltered over the last words, and she hugged the yellow heads closer in her arms, as if she feared to let them leave that safe harbor for the great sea where so many little boats go down. The younger lads nestled closer to her, and Archie said, in his quiet, resolute way:

"I cannot promise to be an Agassiz or a Sumner, mother; but I do promise to be an honest man, please God."

"Then I'm satisfied!" and holding fast the hand he gave her, she sealed his promise with a kiss that had all a mother's hope and faith in it.

"I don't see how they ever *can* be bad, she is so fond and proud of them," whispered Rose, quite touched by the little scene.

"You must help her make them what they should be. You have begun already, and when I see those rings where they are, my girl is prettier in my sight, than if the biggest diamonds that ever twinkled shone in her ears," answered Dr. Alec, looking at her with approving eyes.

"I'm so glad you think I can do anything, for I perfectly *ache* to be useful, every one is *so* good to me, especially Aunt Jessie."

"I think you are in a fair way to pay your debts, Rosy, for when girls give up their little vanities, and boys their small vices, and try to strengthen each other in well-doing, matters are going as they ought. Work away, my dear, and help their mother keep these sons fit friends for an innocent creature like yourself; they will be the manlier men for it I can assure you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FASHION AND PHYSIOLOGY.



PLEASE, sir, I guess you'd better step up right away, or it will be too late, for I heard Miss Rose say she knew you would n't like it, and she'd never dare to let you see her."

Phebe said this as she popped her head into the study, where Dr. Alec sat reading a new book.

"They are at it, are they?" he said, looking up quickly, and giving himself a shake, as if

ready for a battle of some sort.

"Yes, sir, as hard as they can talk, and Miss Rose don't seem to know what to do, for the things are ever so stylish, and she looks elegant in 'em; though I like her best in the old ones," answered Phebe.

"You are a girl of sense. I'll settle matters for Rosy, and you'll lend a hand. Is everything ready in her room, and are you sure you understand how they go?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but they are so funny! I know

Miss Rose will think it's a joke," and Phebe laughed as if something tickled her immensely.

"Never mind what she thinks so long as she obeys. Tell her to do it for my sake, and she will find it the best joke she ever saw. I expect to have a tough time of it, but we'll win yet," said the Doctor, as he marched upstairs with the book in his hand, and an odd smile on his face.

There was such a clatter of tongues in the sewing-room that no one heard his tap at the door, so he pushed it open and took an observation. Aunt Plenty, Aunt Clara, and Aunt Jessie were all absorbed in gazing at Rose, who slowly revolved between them and the great mirror, in a full winter costume of the latest fashion.

"Bless my heart! worse even than I expected," thought the Doctor, with an inward groan, for, to his benighted eyes, the girl looked like a trussed fowl, and the fine new dress had neither grace, beauty, nor fitness to recommend it.

The suit was of two peculiar shades of blue, so arranged that patches of light and dark distracted the eye. The upper skirt was tied so tightly back that it was impossible to take a long step, and the under one was so loaded with plaited frills that it "wobbled"—no other word will express it—ungracefully, both fore and aft. A bunch of folds was gathered up just below the waist behind, and a great bow rode a-top. A small jacket of the same material was adorned with a high ruff at the back, and laid well open over the breast, to display some lace and a locket. Heavy fringes, bows, puffs, ruffles and *revers* finished off the dress, making one's head ache to think of the amount of work wasted, for not a single graceful line struck the eye, and the beauty of the material was quite lost in the profusion of ornament.

A high velvet hat, audaciously turned up in front, with a bunch of pink roses and a sweeping plume, was cocked over one ear, and with her curls braided into a club at the back of her neck, Rose's head looked more like that of a dashing young cavalier than a modest little girl's. High-heeled boots tilted her well forward, a tiny muff pinioned her arms, and a spotted veil tied so closely over her face that her eyelashes were rumbled by it, gave the last touch of absurdity to her appearance.

"Now she looks like other girls, and as I like to see her," Mrs. Clara was saying, with an air of great satisfaction.

"She does look like a fashionable young lady, but somehow I miss my little Rose, for children dressed like children in my day," answered Aunt Plenty, peering through her glasses with a troubled look, for she could not imagine the creature before her ever sitting in her lap, running to wait

upon her, or making the house gay with a child's blithe presence.

"Things have changed since your day, Aunt, and it takes time to get used to new ways. But you, Jessie, surely like this costume better than the dowdy things Rose has been wearing all summer. Now, be honest, and own you do," said Mrs. Clara, bent on being praised for her work.

"Well, dear, to be *quite* honest then, I think it is frightful," answered Mrs. Jessie with a candor that caused revolving Rose to stop in dismay.

"Hear, hear," cried a deep voice, and with a general start the ladies became aware that the enemy was among them.

Rose blushed up to her hat brim, and stood, looking, as she felt, like a fool, while Mrs. Clara hastened to explain.

"Of course I don't expect *you* to like it, Alec, but I don't consider you a judge of what is proper and becoming for a young lady. Therefore I have taken the liberty of providing a pretty street suit for Rose. She need not wear it if you object, for I know we promised to let you do what you liked with the poor dear for a year."

"It is a street costume, is it?" asked the Doctor, mildly. "Do you know, I never should have guessed that it was meant for winter weather and brisk locomotion. Take a turn, Rosy, and let me see all its beauties and advantages."

Rose tried to walk off with her usual free tread, but the under-skirt got in her way, the over-skirt was so tight she could not take a long step, and her boots made it impossible to carry herself perfectly erect.

"I have n't got used to it yet," she said, petulantly, kicking at her train, as she turned to toddle back again.

"Suppose a mad dog or a runaway horse was after you, could you get out of the way without upsetting, Colonel?" asked the Doctor, with a twinkle in the eyes that were fixed on the rakish hat.

"Don't think I could, but I'll try," and Rose made a rush across the room. Her boot-heels caught on a rug, several strings broke, her hat tipped over her eyes, and she plunged promiscuously into a chair, where she sat laughing so infectiously that all but Mrs. Clara joined in her mirth.

"I should say that a walking suit in which one could not walk, and a winter suit which exposes the throat, head and feet to cold and damp, rather a failure, Clara; especially as it has no beauty to reconcile one to its utter unfitness," said Dr. Alec, as he helped Rose undo her veil, adding, in a low tone: "Nice thing for the eyes; you'll soon see spots when it is off as well as when it is on, and, by and by, be a case for an oculist."

"No beauty!" cried Mrs. Clara, warmly. "Now that is just a man's blindness. This is the best of silk and camel's hair, real ostrich feathers, and an expensive ermine muff. What *could* be in better taste, or more proper for a young girl?"

"I'll show you, if Rose will go to her room and oblige me by putting on what she finds there," answered the Doctor, with unexpected readiness.

"Alec, if it is a Bloomer, I shall protest. I've been expecting it, but I know I *cannot* bear to see that pretty child sacrificed to your wild ideas of health. Tell me it *is n't* a Bloomer!" and Mrs. Clara clasped her hands imploringly.

"It is not."

"Thank Heaven!" and she resigned herself with a sigh of relief, adding plaintively, "I did hope you'd accept my suit, for poor Rose has been afflicted with frightful clothes long enough to spoil the taste of any girl."

"You talk of *my* afflicting the child, and then make a helpless guy like that of her!" answered the Doctor, pointing to the little fashion plate that was scuttling out of sight as fast as it could go.

He closed the door with a shrug, but before any one could speak, his quick eye fell upon an object which caused him to frown, and demand in an indignant tone:

"After all I have said, were you really going to tempt my girl with those abominable things?"

"I thought we put them away when she would n't wear them," murmured Mrs. Clara, whisking a little pair of corsets out of sight, with guilty haste. "I only brought them to try, for Rose is growing stout, and will have no figure if it is not attended to soon," she added, with an air of calm conviction that roused the Doctor still more, for this was one of his especial abominations.

"Growing stout! Yes, thank Heaven, she is, and shall continue to do it, for Nature knows how to mold a woman better than any corset-maker, and I wont have her interfered with. My dear Clara, *have* you lost your senses that you can for a moment dream of putting a growing girl into an instrument of torture like this?"—and with a sudden gesture he plucked forth the offending corsets from under the sofa cushion, and held them out with the expression one would wear on beholding the thumbscrews or the rack of ancient times.

"Don't be absurd, Alec. There is no torture about it, for tight lacing is out of fashion, and we have nice, sensible things nowadays. Every one wears them; even babies have stiffened waists to support their weak little backs," began Mrs. Clara, rushing to the defense of the pet delusion of most women.

"I know it, and so the poor little souls have weak backs all their days, as their mothers had

before them. It is vain to argue the matter, and I wont try, but I wish to state, once for all, that if I ever see a pair of corsets near Rose, I'll put them in the fire, and you may send the bill to me."

As he spoke, the corsets were on their way to destruction, but Mrs. Jessie caught his arm, exclaiming merrily, "Don't burn them, for mercy's sake, Alec; they are full of whalebones, and will make a dreadful odor. Give them to me. I'll see that they do no harm."

"Whalebones indeed! A regular fence of them, and metal gate-posts in front. As if our own bones were not enough, if we'd give them a chance to do their duty," growled the Doctor, yielding up the bone of contention with a last shake of contempt. Then his face cleared suddenly, and he held up his finger, saying, with a smile, "Hear those girls laugh; cramped lungs could not make hearty music like that."

Peals of laughter issued from Rose's room, and smiles involuntarily touched the lips of those who listened to the happy sound.

"Some new prank of yours, Alec?" asked Aunt Plenty, indulgently, for she had come to believe in most of her nephew's odd notions, because they seemed to work so well.

"Yes, ma'am, my last, and I hope you will like it. I discovered what Clara was at, and got my rival suit ready for to-day. I'm not going to 'afflict' Rose, but let her choose, and if I'm not entirely mistaken, she will like my rig best. While we wait I'll explain, and then you will appreciate the general effect better. I got hold of this little book, and was struck with its good sense and good taste, for it suggests a way to clothe women both healthfully and handsomely, and that is a great point. It begins at the foundations, as you will see if you will look at these pictures, and I should think women would rejoice at this lightening of their burdens."

As he spoke, the Doctor laid the book before Aunt Plenty, who obediently brought her spectacles to bear upon the illustrations, and after a long look exclaimed with a scandalized face:

"Mercy on us, these things are like the night-drawers Jamie wears! You don't mean to say you want Rose to come out in this costume? It's not proper, and I wont consent to it!"

"I do mean it, and I'm sure my sensible Aunt *will* consent when she understands that these—well—I'll call them by an Indian name, and say—pajamas—are for underwear, and Rose can have as pretty frocks as she likes, outside. These two suits of flannel, each in one piece from head to foot, with a skirt or so hung on this easily fitting waist, will keep the child warm without burdening

her with belts, and gathers, and buckles, and bunches round the waist, and leave free the muscles that need plenty of room to work in. She shall never have the back-ache if I can help it, nor the long list of ills you dear women think you cannot escape."

"I don't consider it modest, and I'm sure Rose will be shocked at it," began Mrs. Clara, but stopped suddenly as Rose appeared in the doorway, not looking shocked a bit.

"Come on, my hygienic model, and let us see you," said her uncle, with an approving glance, as she walked in looking so mischievously merry, that it was evident she enjoyed the joke.

"Well, I don't see anything remarkable. That is a neat, plain, suit; the materials are good, and it's not unbecoming, if you want her to look like a little school-girl; but it has not a particle of style, and no one would ever give it a second glance," said Mrs. Clara, feeling that her last remark condemned the whole thing.

"Exactly what I want," answered the provoking Doctor, rubbing his hands with a satisfied air. "Rosy looks now like what she is, a modest little girl, who does not want to be stared at. I think she would get a glance of approval, though, from people who like sense and simplicity, rather than fuss and feathers. Revolve, my Hebe, and let me refresh my eyes by the sight of you."

There was very little to see, however, only a pretty Gabrielle dress, of a soft, warm shade of brown, coming to the tops of a trim pair of boots with low heels. A seal-skin sack, cap, and mittens, with a glimpse of scarlet at the throat, and the pretty curls tied up with a bright velvet of the same color, completed the external adornment, making her look like a robin red-breast—wintery, yet warm.

"How do you like it, Rosy?" asked the Doctor, feeling that *her* opinion was more important to the success of his new idea than that of all the aunts on the hill.

"I feel very odd and light, but I'm warm as a toast, and nothing seems to be in my way," answered Rose, with a skip which displayed shapely gaiters on legs that now might be as free and active as a boy's, under the modest skirts of the girl.

"You can run away from the mad dogs, and walk off at a smart pace without tumbling on your nose, now, I fancy?"

"Yes, uncle! suppose the dog coming, I just hop over a wall so—and when I walk of a cold day, I go like this—"

Entering fully into the spirit of the thing, Rose swung herself over the high back of the sofa as easily as one of her cousins, and then went down

the long hall as if her stout boots were related to the famous seven leaguers.

"There! you see how it will be; dress her in that boyish way and she will act like a boy. I do hate all these inventions of strong-minded women!" exclaimed Mrs. Clara, as Rose came back at a run.

"Ah, but you see some of these sensible inventions come from the brain of a fashionable *modiste*, who will make you lovely, or what you value more—'stylish' outside and comfortable within. Mrs. Van Tassel has been to Madame Stone, and is wearing a full suit of this sort. Van himself told me, when I asked how she was, that she had given up lying on the sofa, and was going about in a most astonishing way, considering her feeble health."

"You don't say so! Let me see that book a moment," and Aunt Clara examined the new patterns with a more respectful air, for if the elegant Mrs. Van Tassel wore these "dreadful things" it would never do to be left behind, in spite of her prejudices.

Dr. Alec looked at Mrs. Jessie, and both smiled, for "little Mum" had been in the secret, and enjoyed it mightily.

"I thought that would settle it," he said with a nod.

"I did n't wait for Mrs. Van to lead the way, and for once in my life I have adopted a new fashion before Clara. My freedom suit is ordered, and you *may* see me playing tag with Rose and the boys before long," answered Mrs. Jessie, nodding back at him.

Meantime Aunt Plenty was examining Rose's costume, for the hat and sack were off, and the girl was eagerly explaining the new undergarments.

"See, Auntie, all nice scarlet flannel, and a gay little petticoat, and long stockings, oh, so warm! Phebe and I nearly died laughing when I put this rig on, but I like it ever so much. The dress is so comfortable, and does n't need any belt or sash, and I can sit without rumpling any trimming, that's *such* a comfort! I like to be tidy, and so, when I wear fussed up things, I'm thinking of my clothes all the time, and that's so tiresome. Do say you like it. I resolved I would, just to please uncle, for he does know more about health than any one else, I'm sure, and I'd wear a bag if he asked me to do it."

"I don't ask that, Rose, but I wish you'd weigh and compare the two suits, and then choose which seems best. I leave it to your own common-sense," answered Dr. Alec, feeling pretty sure he had won.

"Why, I take this one, of course, uncle. The other is fashionable, and—yes—I must say I think it's pretty—but it's very heavy, and I should have to go round like a walking doll if I wore it. I'm much obliged to auntie, but I'll keep this, please."

Rose spoke gently but decidedly, though there was a look of regret, when her eye fell on the other suit which Phebe had brought in; and it was very natural to like to look as other girls did. Aunt Clara sighed, Uncle Alec smiled, and said heartily:

"Thank you, dear; now read this book and you will understand why I ask it of you. Then, if you like, I'll give you a new lesson; you asked for one yesterday, and this is more necessary than French or housekeeping."

"Oh, what?" and Rose caught up the book which Mrs. Clara had thrown down with a disgusted look.

Though Dr. Alec was forty, the boyish love of

teasing was not yet dead in him, and, being much elated at his victory, he could not resist the temptation of shocking Mrs. Clara by suggesting dreadful possibilities, so he answered, half in earnest half in jest:

"Physiology, Rose. Would n't you like to be a little medical student with Uncle Doctor for teacher, and be ready to take up his practice when he has to stop? If you agree, I'll hunt up my old skeleton to-morrow."

That was *too* much for Aunt Clara, and she hastily departed with her mind in a sad state of perturbation about Mrs. Van Tassel's new costume, and Rose's new study.

(To be continued.)



HANS, the small Esquimaux, sat out on the snow,
Sucking some bits of dried seals,
When a white Polar bear
Came and asked for his share,
And Hans quickly took to his heels.

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UMBRELLAS.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

UMBRELLAS, such a necessary convenience in our day, were, even in the beginning of the present century, but little used in England, or indeed in any part of Europe, unless by invalids or very fine ladies. And they did not carry an umbrella in the street as we do; but one was kept hanging in the hall of stylish mansions, and held by a servant over visitors as they passed to and from their carriages. It was deemed very effeminate in a man or boy to shirk a wetting; and so it was no wonder that an old soldier like Lord Cornwallis should have had his ire aroused by the offer of an umbrella. He had been dining with a friend, and when about to enter his carriage to return home, stopped a few moments to converse with his host. As it was raining in torrents, a servant in attendance attempted to hold the house umbrella over his Lordship's head; but the old soldier exclaimed, wrathfully:

"Take that thing away! Do you suppose I am a sugar doll, to melt in a shower? or do you take me for a woman, who is afraid of her fine head-gear? I have not been all these years fighting my country's battles, to be frightened now at cold water. A shower of rain is no worse than powder and ball, and I never shirked them."

Then, baring his head to the pelting rain, the nobleman walked deliberately to his carriage.

The gallant old Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo and so many other battles, had the same opinion of umbrellas. During the Spanish war, in an action near Bayonne, in 1813, the Grenadiers, under Colonel Tyngling, occupied an unfinished redoubt near the high road. Lord Wellington, mounted on his veteran charger, rode past the redoubt, scanning with critical eye the disposition of the troops, and evidently as unmindful of the heavy rain that was pelting him over the head and shoulders as he was of powder and ball when facing an enemy whom he always meant, and rarely failed, to subdue. You may imagine, then, the indignation of the sturdy old chieftain at seeing the officers of a certain regiment protecting themselves, even under fire, from the torrents of rain, by huddling together under umbrellas. This was more than the equanimity of the "Iron Duke" could endure, and he instantly, after reaching his quarters, dispatched Lord Hill with the message:

"Lord Wellington does not approve of the use of umbrellas by *soldiers*, and especially *under fire*, nor

can he permit gentlemen's sons to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the army."

An old English record states that as early as the middle of the eighteenth century some enterprising genius introduced umbrellas at Oxford and Cambridge, letting them out, like sedan-chairs, to the students at so much per hour, thus enabling poor young men to pass from building to building to their lectures without being drenched by rain. But people no more thought of taking an umbrella about the streets of a town or city, than of taking a bed to sleep in, or a stove to warm themselves by, as they went about their regular business.

The first person who ventured on such an innovation was Jonas Hanway—the same benevolent old gentleman to whose exertions England owes the foundation of its "Marine Society," and to whose memory there is a monument in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Hanway had traveled in China and other parts of the East, where umbrellas were in general use, and having brought one over with him, as a sort of curiosity, he at length determined to avail himself of its protective benefits, and so one day ventured on the streets of London, holding "the queer-looking apparatus" over his head, during a heavy rain. Perhaps, if he had known what a shower of ridicule, and even abuse, he was provoking, he would rather have faced the rain. For groups of men hustled him on the side-walks, and called him mad; women, from windows and doors, clapped their hands and laughed; and boys in crowds ran after him, hissing, hooting, and even pelting him with stones. But they soon grew tired of such shameful sport, and took it quite as a matter of course, as Mr. Hanway, day after day, walked the streets, umbrella in hand, whether in rain or sunshine. Occasionally he invited a friend to share his comfortable shelter, and all agreed in pronouncing it very pleasant; but so afraid were they of ridicule, that it was more than three years after Mr. Hanway's first experiment before another man in London found courage to own or carry an umbrella. Jonas Hanway died in 1776, and for the last thirty years of his life he carried an umbrella whenever either sun or rain rendered one desirable; yet the present century had passed more than its first decade before the use of umbrellas became general.

All over the East the umbrella has been used from remote ages, though at first mainly as an

emblem of royalty. But for centuries past these useful appendages have afforded shelter to all classes from the fierce storms and burning sunshine of

and so very cheap—about twenty cents each—that one does not mind their wearing out occasionally. They have been made and used in China, in just



THE FIRST UMBRELLA IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

those fervid climes. In form and size the ordinary umbrella is nearly like our own, but the material is silk, or paper beautifully painted or glazed, and thus rendered perfectly water-proof. Though not very durable, these umbrellas are light and pretty,

the same style, for fifteen centuries, and in the neighboring countries for perhaps nearly as long a time.

The *state* umbrella is quite a different affair—much larger and of the richest materials. It is

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placed over the royal couches, thrones, and chairs quite as generally as carried in the open air. They are borne by high officers over the king and other members of the royal family wherever they go, and "umbrella holders" are recognized members of the royal household both in Burmah and Siam. One of the numerous titles of His Majesty of Siam is "Lord of the White Elephant and Supreme Owner of the Umbrella"—that is, of the umbrella of state, which it would be high treason to raise over any head but that of the king. It is of crimson or purple silk, very richly embroidered in precious stones, lined usually with white satin, inwrought with silver flowers and seed pearls in exquisite clusters, and trimmed with heavy gold fringe and costly lace. Sometimes, on great occasions, umbrellas are carried in tiers of two, three, and five, one above the other, diminishing in size toward the top, and forming a perfect pyramid; while from the rim of each umbrella depend scores of tiny gold or silver bells, which, moved by the passing breeze, make sweet music, that floats upon the air like the sounds of an Æolian harp. In Burmah the king's umbrella is white, and that

of the court red while in the royal city, but elsewhere they carry gold or gilded ones; and always over the dead bodies of the nobility are placed gold umbrellas, usually the gift of the sovereign. Both in Burmah and Siam there are many state umbrellas, all of precisely the same pattern, and one or more is carried over the king's head on all occasions, whether sitting or reclining, riding or walking, at home or abroad.

The Emperor of China, who never does anything in moderation, has *twenty-four* umbrellas carried before him whenever he goes out hunting—perhaps as a protective against wild beasts. But then, as he has an equal or larger number to herald his coming on other occasions, we may conclude it is only a love of displaying his wealth or grandeur—rather an absurd display it would seem to us. The heir to the crown has ten umbrellas, and other princes and nobles five, three, two, and one respectively, according to their rank. So one may usually read the rank of a noble he sees approaching by the number and style of his umbrellas, as he discovers the rank of a mandarin, or civil officer, by the color of his buttons.

THE WISHING-STONE, AND HOW IT WAS LOST.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

It was so long ago that nobody is alive who remembers anything about it. There was an old woman, a hundred years old. Her grandmother told her the story, and she wrote it down with a heron's feather—a great white heron that flew over between dawn and daylight, and was only a gray speck against the gray sky. The grandmother was a witch, and understood what the birds said, and that is how she came to hear the sparrows at Lilbury Abbey say to each other it was a good thing the wishing-stone was lost, since so much trouble came of it. This is the true story of how it happened: the brown sparrow told it to the stone man on the monument, while his mate brooded her eggs. The stone man held the nest in the hollow of his hand, and stood quite still, night and day, not to disturb it.

"They are sweeter than the sweetest, the roses

that grow in the garden, and all the blossoms have tongues of gold. When the wind blows over them they ring together, and the music is rare as the Christmas chimes up in the steeple."

"I have heard it," said the mate, ruffling her throat.

"There is a fountain. The water goes up, up, high as the lark goes, and when it comes down it is all pearls, and rubies, and bits of rainbows. It sings, too, and no one can guess what the music is like."

"I have heard it," said the mate, her wings trembling with ecstasy.

"The road to the mountain passes through the garden, and the gates are always open, because the Princess will have it so. One is called Morning Gate, and that is where the people enter. They go on by the rose-walk until they come to the

fountain. When one looks through the spray, the mountain is very beautiful; all its roads lie in sunshine, and the city seems near by. So the people hasten on, and presently they cannot see the rose-garden, and they never come back. I should come back, Petra."

"And I," said the little mate, but the stone man listened, and did not say a word.

"Long ago the wishing-stone lay by the fountain; a broad, white stone, like those in the Abbey here. The stone was enchanted. A Troll put it there, and whoever sat upon it had whatever he first wished; but if he wished anything selfishly, he was turned into a hard, smooth, stone, and the Troll carried him away to build his palace underground. A great many people came into the garden, then, who never went out, but the Princess could not undo the spell or take away the stone. The last person who sat upon it was a beggar-girl. She was poor, she was lame, she was hunch-backed, and she was always hungry. She sat down upon the stone, and laid her crutches on the grass beside her. Two little birds sang in her ear, one on the right and one on the left. They were enchanted too. One sang 'Wishiwas! wishiwas!' and the other sang 'Wishihad! wishihad!' So the beggar-girl looked up at the blue sky and the bright drops falling from the fountain, and began to wish.

" 'I wish all the sick folks, and the tired folks, and the lonesome folks could come and hear what the water sings about, and what nice talk the trees make to the wind.'

" 'Wishiwas! wishihad!' sang the little birds, and she wished again.

" 'I wish all the poor children who work in the mills, and pick up rags, and never have good times, could come here and smell the roses and feel the sunshine.'

" 'Wishihad! wish, wishihad!' sang the birds, so soft she might have thought the song was in her heart.

" 'I wish all the poor babies, and the very little children, and the old, old people, could come here and look at the fountain, and may be have a flower to keep for their very own.'

"Just as she said this she sprang up, for the wishing-stone began to sink into the ground, and when she turned about there was nothing but a smooth little hollow like a nest, brimful of daisies and buttercups. For you see she had broken the spell by wishing three wishes for others, and never once thinking of herself. They say she had all her wishes, but that was the end of the stone, and for my part I think it is well it was lost. When one has many wishes, some of them are sure to be foolish."

"That is very true," said the mate; but no one knew what the stone man thought about it.

BIRDIE'S SECRET.

BY E. M. TAPPAN.

I KNOW something, but I sha'n't tell,
'Cause the mother-bird whispered it just to me,
What she'd hidden away in the top of the tree.

I know something, but I sha'n't tell,—
Of something nice and soft and warm,
To shelter the darlings from cold and storm.

I know something, but I sha'n't tell;
And by and by, when the birdies are old,—
O dear me! I've gone and told!

THE SEA-WEED ALBUM.

BY DELTA.



A SEA-WEED ALBUM

"WELL, children," said Mrs. Bright one evening at dinner, "to-morrow, if all is well, we shall take our long-talked-of holiday. Would you like to go inland, up the Hudson, or to the seaside?"

"Do go to the seaside, mamma," said Arthur, an impulsive fellow of eleven; "what I want is a bath in the sea."

"And so do I," said Clara, a bright girl of ten.

"Yes, do go to the seaside, mamma," said Alice, the eldest daughter; "I'd like to collect sea-weeds. Don't you remember, you promised a good while ago to show me how to prepare them."

"Sea-weeds!" sneered Arthur; "how absurd to gather those ugly, dry-smelling things! What fun can there be in that?"

"Wait till you see," answered Alice quietly.

"As all seem agreed on the seaside, where shall we go?" asked Mrs. Bright. "Long Branch is rather far off for our limited time, and even Rock-away; what do you say to Coney Island?"

"Coney Island by all means," echoed Clara and Arthur.

"That will do nicely, mamma," said Alice.

"Settled," said Mrs. Bright; "I can only spare the afternoon. So that after bathing and lunch you can only have an hour for beach work. But, as you know, Alice, a great deal may be done even in less time, if you work with a will."

"Who taught you to prepare sea-weeds, mamma?" asked Clara.

"Your grandma. When you know something of it, there is no study so interesting as natural

history. But most people, and especially children, require to have the book of nature opened before they can see its beauties, and have to be shown where to look, what to look at, and how to look. And so with the study of sea-weeds."

"Will you teach us?" said Clara and Arthur together.

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Bright, who was always anxious to impart information, but wished first to create an interest, and thus make the desire come from the children themselves.

"What will you do with the sea-weeds when you get them?" asked Arthur.

"Make a scrap-book, like your stamp album. Mamma says you can have no idea how pretty a carefully made sea-weed album is."

Next day was one of glee. It was the first, and perhaps the only excursion of the year. The steamer, lunch and bath were thoroughly enjoyed.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Bright, "the boat starts homeward in an hour; go and gather your sea-weeds and put them into the empty basket."

Off they ran. But they seemed to have scarcely begun when the steamer whistled, and they had just time to get on board. After dinner the basket was produced. Arthur and Clara had gathered quite a heap, but most of it was old, dried, and had to be thrown away. Alice had listened better to her mother's advice, and had selected only what was moist and fresh.

"Now," said Mrs. Bright, "put the pieces you have kept into a basin of fresh water, to clean them

from salt and sand, and leave them there while you get some white paper, an old linen rag, and some blotting-paper. Also, a soup-plate filled with fresh water, and a small camel-hair brush."

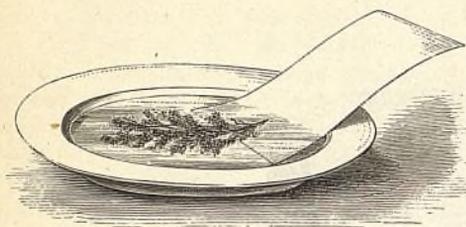


FIG. 1.—PUTTING THE SEA-WEED ON THE PAPER.

"All ready, mamma," said Alice, who had prepared them the night before.

"Now, watch me closely," said Mrs. Bright. "You see I first select a nice piece of weed. Then I put it into the soup-plate, where it floats. Then I slightly damp a sheet of white paper, and slip it under the weed (Fig. 1), and raise it till the latter is half dry. Then, with the brush, I spread it out nicely (Fig. 2). My aim is to make a pretty picture. Now, I gently raise the paper with the weed on it out of the water, and let it drip for a second or two. The more taste you have and the more care you take, the greater will be your success."

"Oh, mamma, how pretty!" said Arthur.

"But I have n't finished," said Mrs. Bright. "I now put the paper and weed on a piece of blotting-paper, and over it a piece of linen rag. Then over that again another sheet of blotting-paper" (Fig. 3).

"Why, mamma?" asked Clara.

"The blotting-paper dries the weed, but would stick to it but for the rag. Now, Alice, do the rest yourself; never mind a few failures. Practice is the best teacher."

"That is fairly done," said Mrs. Bright when

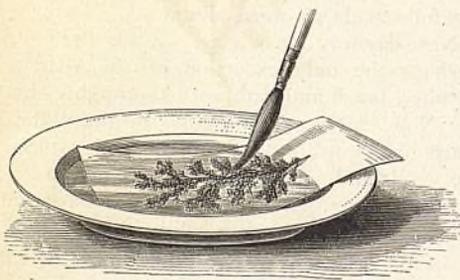


FIG. 2.—ARRANGING THE SEA-WEED.

Alice brought her first attempt. "Now, put yours on top of mine, and so on, till you have finished the whole."

"Shall I make more than one specimen of each kind?" asked Alice.

"Yes, you should keep several duplicates for exchange with other collectors."

"Now, mamma," said Alice, after a time, "I have finished. See what a pile. What shall I do next?"

"Put the heap between two boards (Fig. 4), and place any weight, say a few books, over them; three or four days will fully dry them."

"We must not forget the sea-weeds," said Arthur a few days after. "Mamma, shall I undo them?"

"Yes; but first turn up the edge of one, to see if they are quite dry. Then remove the blotting-paper and rag from each very gently, so as not to pull the weed off. Most sea-weeds are of a gummy nature, and stick to the paper. But the harder ones sometimes require a little mucilage or paste to keep them in place."

"How lovely," cried Arthur, as each was uncovered, "and what a number of them. Alice, can you spare specimens of each for Clara and me?"

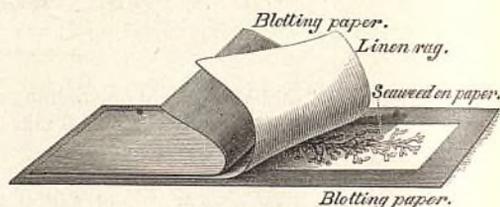


FIG. 3.—DRYING THE SEA-WEED.

"Of course, I can," said Alice. "But, mamma, please show me now how to put them into my album. Here it is."

"When your specimens are large, you can only put one on a page. All you have to do is to touch each corner on the back lightly with mucilage; and put it neatly into your book. If they are small, you can put several, and sometimes a good many, on one page. With a little taste and care you may arrange them very prettily. You have already nine different kinds of sea-weeds from one place, gathered in half an hour, and including specimens of each of the three great classes into which they are divided, viz.: the red sea-weeds (*rhodospermeæ*); the olive-colored (*melanospermeæ*), and the green (*chlorospermeæ*), and at every new place you visit you may get new ones."

"I wonder, mamma," said Alice, "if Cousin Frank in Havana could get me some?"

"Why not write and ask him? Some tropical sea-weeds are exceedingly delicate and pretty, especially those found on coral islands and reefs. And you might also enlist friends in many other parts of the world. Then you have friends near the Lakes, and also the Mississippi; for, you must know, there are fresh as well as salt-water weeds.

And thus, in time, you may have a valuable collection, both of native and foreign sea-weeds."

"What shall I do with my duplicates, mamma?" asked Alice.

"Keep them at the end of your album; you

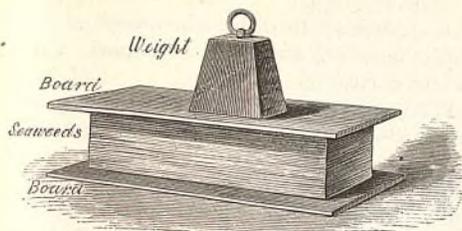


FIG. 4.—THE PRESS.

may soon meet with or hear of other collectors glad to exchange specimens."

"But what *are* sea-weeds?" asked Arthur.

"They are plants, which grow in water, just as grass does on land, and are usually fixed to the rocks by roots. Those you found on the sands had been broken off by the waves. A few, however, float about; for example, the celebrated gulf-weed, which has a place in American history. You remember that Columbus' small ships, just before he discovered this continent, got entangled in the 'Sargasso Sea' of gulf-weed, and the men were frightened lest they should not get out of it."

"Are sea-weeds only found at the edge of the sea, mamma?" asked Alice.

"They are most abundant near the sea-shore; but I have no doubt that they exist all over the sea-bottom, wherever they can get root-hold and a suitable place to live. Like land plants, they cannot live everywhere. Deep-sea weeds are generally very delicate, rare, and valuable, because difficult to get."

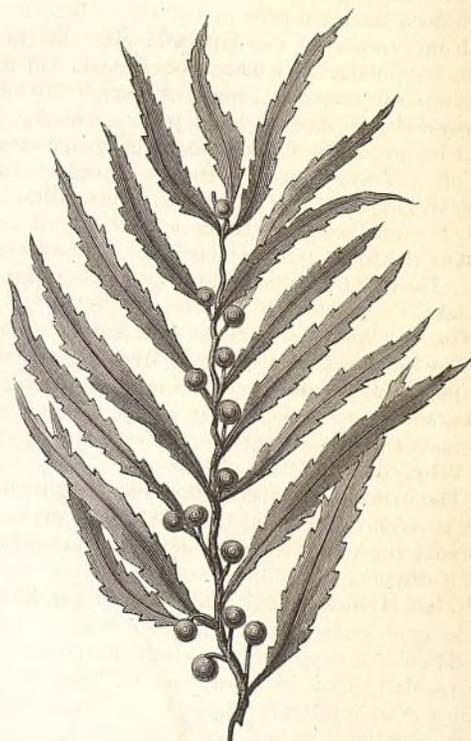
"Are sea-weeds of any use?" asked Arthur.

"Certainly. There are various uses for them. Many kinds of fish live on them, just as cows and sheep feed on grass. In Gothland the great bladder-weed is used to feed pigs, and hence called 'swine-tang.' In times of scarcity, even horses and cattle thrive on it. Several kinds of sea-weed are eaten as a delicacy in North-western Europe. In Ireland a sweetmeat is made of dulse. In

Kamschatka they make a fermented drink of seaweed. In China and Japan they make soup of a swallow's nest which is constructed of a peculiar variety of sea-weed.

"Again, laver is used as a medicine. Iodine and other valuable chemicals are got from seaweeds. Others make glue and varnish. When dried they are used for fuel, and also manure. And, no doubt, some kinds of sea-weed found along our coasts might be often used as an edible vegetable."

Acting on her mother's advice, Alice wrote to her uncles and cousins, and, before long, fine specimens came from most of them; so that, in time,



GULF-WEED.

she had a truly beautiful sea-weed album, which any of our readers may also have if they live near the sea and choose to take a little trouble.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL IN 1570.

BY S. S. COLT.

I INVITE you, boys and girls, to cross the wide Atlantic, and find amusement in visiting a boarding-school, or academy, of the olden time.

In the days of good Queen Bess, schools were few and far between, as angels' visits are said to be, but in the town of Norwich, England, there existed a celebrated "training-school" for the youth of both sexes.

An old abbey furnished the requisite room, and high-born maidens slept in the cells where nuns had once repeated their *ave Marias*, and were gathered by day in a school-room which had formerly been used as a refectory or dining-hall. Separated from this building by a crumbling stone wall of great height was the ancient monastery, which was now transformed into an academy for the boys of Albion. Both buildings were well-nigh covered with beautiful clambering ivy.

The children of that day, in dress and appearance, were exact miniature copies of grown-up people.

Queen Elizabeth numbered three thousand robes in her wardrobe, and the daughters of noblemen carried with them to school from thirty to three hundred dresses, according to the wealth and station of their parents.

Young misses of six and ten years of age wore trains on important occasions, and, at all times, appeared in long, pointed waists, with deep ruffles around the neck. Silk robes were embroidered with serpents, and birds, and ostriches, in bright colors. Handkerchiefs were trimmed with gold lace and sometimes ornamented with a dozen solid gold or silver buttons, which must have been particularly nice for young noses. Sleeves were worn separate from the dresses, and often of different material. Ladies' and children's boots were made with heels two inches high, which were called pantofles, and both boots and slippers were frequently trimmed with artificial flowers.

Young lads, also, wore sleeves of large size and gay colors. Wigs had not, in 1570, become fashionable for children, but their hair was often dyed. Garters were worn conspicuously by men and boys, and were a test of rank and fashion. It is on record that these articles, for state occasions, sometimes cost "four score pound a pair," equal to some three hundred and fifty dollars of our money.

The tops of boots were of embroidered linen, and shirts were often embroidered in gold thread. In

such apparel as this, the school-boys of that day played leap-frog and hunt the slipper, and other ancient games.

The beds were the only comfortable articles of furniture then known, and were frequently of such size as to accommodate from twelve to twenty persons. Thus, a teacher could sleep with all his pupils around him. How would you like that, boys? One specimen of these bedsteads, the great bed of Ware—of which Shakespeare makes mention—is still preserved in England as a curiosity, and was, at one time, the property of the late Charles Dickens.

Hashes and stews formed the principal food set before the school-children whose mode of life we are depicting, and, as forks were not brought from Italy till 1580, and did not come into general use for fifty years, they ate their stews and hashes with the aid of pewter spoons and—their fingers.

Table linen was unknown, but on feast days a narrow strip of Turkey carpeting extended the length of the dining-table, this being the only purpose for which carpeting was used when first brought to England. Rushes were scattered upon the floor, and the remnants of each meal were thrown down to the dogs upon these rushes, which were renewed, as history tells us, *three or four times a year!*

And now, perhaps, you will inquire what were the studies pursued by the pupils of Norwich Academy in the year 1570?

Education was esteemed of much less importance than dress and amusements, and, therefore, we mention this topic last of all, in our account of the "good old times."

The boys were taught "Latin, Greek, and figures," but we are told that the young ladies could scarcely read. Embroidery and working tapestry was the principal occupation of the fair sex, and the school-girls were taught "to prepare physic and make pastry; to dry herbs and bind up wounds; to make banners and scarfs, and to be obedient to their fathers, brothers, and lords."

Early marriages were frequent, and many of these Norwich school-girls were wedded wives, whose education must be completed before they were taken home to keep the keys and cut the bread, and rule a retinue of servants—duties which would be required of them in the castles of their husbands.

Knitting became customary about this time, and

on the occasion of the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Norwich, in 1570, eight young girls walked in the procession that welcomed her, knitting yarn hose, which were then a great curiosity.

Having thus ransacked the annals of the past to bring before you this picture of the school-children of the olden times, we humbly submit to your con-

sideration, young readers of the ST. NICHOLAS, the question, whether our republican boys and girls are not more highly favored, more sensibly dressed, and better educated in every respect in our schools to-day, than were the children of English nobles, with all their wealth, power, and prestige, three hundred years ago?

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXX.

JACK'S PRISONER.

FOR a second time Jack now traveled that woodland road under odd circumstances; the first occasion being that on which he himself had pulled in the shafts, while Link pushed behind.

He laughed as he thought of that adventure, of which the present seemed a curious and fitting sequel. Before, he had been obliged to go home without his horse; what a triumph it would now be to carry home the thief!

But to do this, great care and vigilance would be necessary; and he calculated all the chances, and resolved just what he would do, should his captive attempt to escape.

The rogue, on the contrary, appeared contented with his lot.

"Young man," said he, "I can't call your name, but let me say you improve upon acquaintance. This is glorious! better by a long chalk than a horseback gallop without a saddle. I suppose you will call for me with a barouche next time!"

"At all events, I may help you to free lodgings,—not up in a tree, either!" Jack said, as he touched up Snowfoot.

He had, of course, abandoned the idea of giving Mrs. Wiggett her noon-mark that day. But he could not think of passing the "Castle" without stopping at the door.

"What will Vinnie say?" thought he, with a thrill of anticipation. And it must be confessed that he felt no little pride at the prospect of showing his prisoner to Lord Betterton and the boys.

Descending the long declivity, the fellow was strangely silent, for one so rattle-brained, until the "Castle" appeared in sight through an opening of the woods.

"He's plotting mischief," Jack thought. And

when suddenly the rogue made a movement with his arms, Jack started, ready for a grapple.

"Don't be excited; I'm only going to put on my coat."

"All right," said Jack; and the garment was put on. "Anything else I can do for you?"

"I'm dying with thirst; they had nothing to drink at that tavern where you found me."

"May be we can get some water at this house," Jack said.

"Are you acquainted here?" the prisoner inquired, with a curious, sober face.

"Yes, well enough to ask for a glass of water." And Jack drove into the yard.

The rogue kept on his sober face, but seemed to be laughing prodigiously inside.

As Jack reined up to the door, Lill came out, clapped her hands with sudden surprise, and screamed, "O mother!" Then Vinnie appeared, her face radiant on seeing Jack, but changing suddenly at sight of his companion. Mrs. Betterton followed, and, perceiving the faces in the buggy, uttered a cry, tottered, and clung to Vinnie's shoulder.

Link at the same time ran out from behind the house, dropped a dirty stick, wiped his hands on his trousers, and shouted, "Hullo! by sixty! ye don't say so!" while Rufe and Wad came rushing up from the barn.

Jack had rather expected to produce a sensation,—not, however, until he should fairly have shown his prisoner; and this premature commotion puzzled him.

The rogue's suppressed laughter was now bubbling freely; a frothy and reckless sort of mirth, without much body of joy to it.

"How are ye all?" he cried. "Don't faint at sight of me, Aunt Carrie. This is an unexpected pleasure!" and he bowed gayly to Vinnie.

"O Radcliff! you again? and in *this* style!" said poor Caroline. "Where *did* you come from?"

"From up a tree, at last accounts. Hullo, boys! I'd come down on my trotters, and hug you all round, but my friend here would be jealous."

Jack was confounded.

"Is *this* your Cousin Rad?" he cried, as the boys crowded near. "I'm sorry to know it, for

"Ah, Radcliff! you have returned? Why don't you alight?" and he touched his hat to Jack.

"Your nephew may tell you the reason, if he will," Jack replied.

"The long and the short of it is this," said Radcliff, betraying a good deal of trouble, under all his assumed carelessness: "When I was on my way home, a few weeks ago, this young man asked me to drive in some deer for him. He gave me his



JACK AND HIS PRISONER.

he's the fellow who ran off with my horse. Where did *you* ever see him before, Vinnie?"

"He is the one I told you about—in Chicago," said Vinnie, overwhelmed with astonishment at finding her waggish acquaintance, the elegant Radcliff Betterton, and this captive vagabond, the same person.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RADCLIFF.

LORD BETTERSON now came out of the house, calm and stately, but with something of the look in his eye, as he turned it upon his nephew, which Jack had observed when it menaced Peakslow at the gap of the fence.

horse to ride. I made a mistake, and rode him too far."

"You, Radcliff!" said Lord Betterton, sternly; while Mrs. Betterton went into hysterics on Vinnie's shoulder, and was taken into the house.

"We thought of Rad when you described him," Rufe said to Jack. "But we could n't believe he would do such a thing."

"'T was the most natural thing in the world," Rad explained. "I was coming home because I was hard up. I did n't steal the horse—he was put into my hands; it was a breach of trust, that's all you can make of it. Necessity compelled me to dispose of him. With money in my pocket, what was the use of my coming home? I took my clothes out of pawn, and was once more a gentle-

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man. Money all gone, I spouted my clothes again, —fell back upon this inexpensive rig,—took to the country, remembered I had a home, and was making for it, when this young man overtook me just now, and gave me a seat in his buggy."

"The matter appears serious," said Lord Betterton. "Am I to understand that you have taken my nephew prisoner?"

"He can answer that question," said Jack.

"Well, I suppose that is the plain English of it," replied Radcliff. "Come, now, Uncle Lord! this aint the first scrape you've got me out of; fix it up with him, can't you?"

"It is my duty to save the honor of the name; but you are bent on destroying it. Will you please to come into the house with my nephew, and oblige me?" Betterton said to Jack.

"Certainly, if you wish it," Jack replied. "Get down, Radcliff. Be quiet, Lion! I was never in so hard a place in my life," he said to the boys, as they followed Rad and his uncle into the house. "I never dreamed of his being your cousin!"

"He's a wild fellow,—nothing very bad about him, only he's just full of the Old Harry," said Rufe. "I guess father'll settle it, somehow."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Betterton had retired to her room, where Vinnie was engaged, with fan and hartshorn, in restoring—not her consciousness, for that she had not lost, but her equanimity.

"Lavinia!" she said brokenly, at intervals, "Lavinia dear! don't think I intended to deceive you. It was, perhaps, too much the ideal Radcliff I described to you,—the Betterton Radcliff, the better Betterton Radcliff, if I may so speak; for he is, after all, you know, a — but that is the agony of it! The name is disgraced forever! Fan me, Lavinia dear!"

"I don't see how the act of one person should disgrace anybody else, even of the same name," Vinnie replied.

"But—a Betterton!" groaned Caroline. "My husband's nephew! Brought back here like a reprobate! The hartshorn, Lavinia dear!"

Hard as it was freely to forgive her sister for holding up to her so exclusively the "ideal Radcliff" in her conversations, Vinnie continued to apply the fan and hartshorn, with comforting words, until Link came in and said that Jack wished her to be present in the other room.

"Don't leave me, Lavinia dear!" said Caroline, feeling herself utterly helpless without Vinnie's support.

"If we open this door between the rooms, and you sit near it, while I remain by you,—perhaps that will be the best way," said Vinnie.

The door was opened, showing Jack and Rad and Mr. Betterton seated, and the boys standing

by the outer door. Rad was trying hard to keep up his appearance of gay spirits, chucking Chokie under the chin, and winking playfully at Rufe and Wad. But Jack and Lord were serious.

"I have reasons for wanting you to hear this talk, Vinnie," said Jack. "I was just telling Mr. Betterton that you had met his nephew before, and he was quite surprised. It seems to me singular that you never told your friends here of that adventure."

"I suppose I know what you mean," spoke up Caroline. "And I confess that I am at fault. Lavinia dear did tell me and the girls of a young man beguiling her to a public-house in Chicago, and offering her wine; and Cecie whispered to me that she was sure it must have been Radcliff; but I could n't, I would n't believe a Betterton could be guilty of — Fan me, Lavinia dear!"

Vinnie fanned, and Caroline went on:

"T was I who cautioned the children against saying anything disparaging of Radcliff's character in Lavinia dear's presence. I had such faith in the stock! and now to think how I have been deluded! The hartshorn, Lavinia dear!"

"Seems to me you make a pile of talk about trifles!" Radcliff said with a sneer. "I owe an apology to this young lady. But she knows I meant no harm—only my foolish fun. As for the horse, the owner has got him again; and so I don't see but it's all right."

"It's all right enough, as far as I am concerned," said Jack. "I wont say a word about the trouble and expense you put me to. But, whether taking my horse as you did was stealing or not, you sold him, you obtained money under false pretences, you swindled an honest man."

"Well, that can't be helped now," said Radcliff, with a scoffing laugh. "A feller is obliged sometimes to do things that may not be exactly on the square."

"I don't know about anybody's being obliged to go off and play the gentleman (if that's what you call it), and have a good time (if there's any good in such a time), at somebody else's expense. I call such conduct simply scoundrelism," said Jack, his strong feeling on the subject breaking forth in plain speech and ringing tones. "And I determined, if I ever caught you, to have you punished."

"O, well! go ahead! put it through! indulge!" said Radcliff, folding his arms, and stretching out his legs with an air of easy and reckless insolence, but suddenly drawing up one of them, as he noticed the tear Lion's teeth had made. "Guess I can stand it, if the others can. What do you say, Uncle Lord? Give me up as a bad job, eh?"

"Hem!" Lord coughed, and rubbed his chin

with his palm. "If this sort of conduct is to continue, the crisis may as well come now, I suppose, as later; and, unless you give a solemn pledge to alter your course, I shall let it come."

"O, I'll give the solem'est sort of a pledge," Radcliff replied.

"You will notice—ahem!—a change in our family," Lord went on. "The boys have applied themselves to business—in plain terms, gone to work. Although I have said little on the subject, I have silently observed, and I am free to confess that I have been gratified. Since our circumstances are what they are, they have done well,—I may add, they have done nobly."

"Fan me, Lavinia dear!" whispered Caroline.

"Hey, boys? what's got into you?" said Radcliff, really astonished.

Lord put up his hand, to prevent the boys from answering, and continued:

"Your unusually long absence, I am persuaded, has had a wholesome effect. But to the presence of new elements in the family I attribute the better state of things, in a large measure." Lord indicated Lavinia, by a gracious wave of the hand, adding: "Though a man of few words, I am not blind, and I am not ungrateful."

This recognition of her influence, before Jack and the whole family, brought the quick color to Vinnie's cheeks, and tears to her eyes. She was surprised by what Lord said, and still more surprised that any words of his could touch her so. He had hitherto treated her with civil, quiet reserve, and she had never been able to divine his secret thought of her. Nor had she cared much, at first, what that might be; but day by day she had learned to know that under all his weaknesses there was something in his character worthy of her esteem.

"If you choose to fall into the new course of things, Radcliff, you will be welcome here, as you always have been. Not otherwise."

And again Jack was reminded of the look and tone with which he had seen Lord Betterson confront Peakslow at the gap of the fence.

"Of course I'll fall in, head over heels," said Radcliff, with a laugh, and a look at Vinnie, which Jack did not like. "I think I shall fancy the new elements, as you call 'em."

Jack started up, with sparkling eyes; but, on an instant's reflection, bridled his tongue, and settled down again, merely giving Vinnie a swift glance, which seemed to say, "If he has any more of his *fun* with you, I'll —!"

"No more trifling," said Betterson. "If you stay, you will come under the new *regime*. That means, in plain speech—work; we all work."

"Oh!" gasped poor Caroline, and reached out

helplessly to her sister. "The hartshorn, Lavinia dear!"

"I'll stay, and I'll work—I'll do as the rest do," said Radcliff. "But when the Philadelphia partners poney up, of course I have my dividend."

"A word here," said Lord, "is due to our friends. By the Philadelphia partners, my nephew means the relatives who occasionally send us money. Now, as to his dividend: when he came into our family, it was with the understanding that he would be clothed and educated at the expense of those connections. Accordingly, when money has been sent to me, a portion has always gone to him. As soon as he gets money, it burns him till he goes off and squanders it. When it is gone, he comes home here, and waits for another supply."

Then Jack spoke up.

"I say, when the next supply comes, eighty dollars of it—if there's as much—should be paid over to that truckman he swindled. I insist upon that."

Radcliff snapped his fingers. "That's a foolish way of doing business!"

"Foolish or not," cried Jack, "you shall agree to it."

"You have anticipated me," remarked Betterson, with a high courtesy contrasting with Jack's haste and heat. "I was about to propose a similar arrangement. Radcliff's money passes through my hands. I will see to it,—the truckman shall be paid. Do you agree, Radcliff? If not, I have nothing more to urge."

"Of course I agree, since I can't help myself. But next time I have a horse to dispose of," Radcliff added with a derisive smile at Jack, "I shall go further. So take care!"

"No need of giving me that warning," Jack made answer, rising to his feet. He went over and stood by Vinnie, and looked back with strong distrust upon the jeering Radcliff. "I don't know that I do right, Mr. Betterson; but I'll leave him here, if you say so."

"I think it best, on the whole," Mr. Betterson replied.

"O, bosh!" cried Radcliff, giving Jack a sinister look. "You and I'll be better acquainted, some day! Come, boys, show me what you've been about lately. And, see here, Rufe,—have n't I got a pair of pants about the house somewhere? See how that dog tore my trousers-leg! I'll pay *him* my compliments, too, some time!"

As he was walking out of the house, Lion at the door gave a growl. Jack silenced the dog, and then took leave. Vinnie urged him to stay to supper.

"It will be ready in five minutes," she said; "I was just going to set the table when you came."

But Jack replied, with a bitter smile, that he believed his appetite would be better after a ride of a few miles in the open air.

"Look out for the scamp!" he whispered in her ear; and then, with brief good-byes to the rest, he sprang into the buggy, called Lion to a seat by his side, and drove away.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN IMPORTANT EVENT.

RADCLIFF resumed his place in the family. But he soon found that his relations to it were no longer what they had been before the days of Vinnie and Jack.

The "new elements" had produced a greater change than he supposed. He no longer possessed the boundless influence over the boys which his wild spirits formerly gave him. They saw him in the light of this last revelation of his character, and contrasted his coarse foolery, once so attractive, with the gentle manners and cheerful earnestness of Vinnie and Jack; in which comparison this flower of the Betterson stock suffered blight.

The boys did not take a holiday in honor of Rad's return, but went steadily on with their tasks. Lord Betterson himself seemed suddenly to have changed his views of things, for he now offered to assist the boys in repairing the fences, for which they had been cutting poles in the woods.

Rad worked a little, but, seeing how things were going, sulked a good deal more. He tried to be very gallant toward Vinnie, but her quiet dignity of manner was proof against all his pleasantries. Even Cecie and Lill could not somehow enjoy his jests as they used to; and Caroline—there was no disguising the fact—had ceased to view his faults through the golden haze of a sentimental fancy.

So Radcliff found himself out of place, unappreciated; and discontent filled his soul. At length an event occurred which blew his smoldering restlessness into a flame.

The "Philadelphia partners" were heard from.

Rufe and Wad, who had been over to the Mills one day, completing their arrangements with the pump-maker for boring the logs of their aqueduct, brought home from the mail one of those envelopes whose post-mark and superscription always gladdened the eyes of the Bettersons.

It was from Philadelphia, and it contained a draft for two hundred and fifty dollars.

One-third of this sum was for Radcliff's "benefit."

It would have been wise, perhaps, to keep from him the knowledge of this fact; but it would have been impossible.

"A pittance, a mere pittance," said Lord, hold-

ing the precious bit of paper up to the light. "Uncle George could just as well have made it a thousand, without feeling it. However, small favors gratefully received." And he placed the draft in his pocket-book with calm satisfaction.

Joy overflowed the family; Caroline began to build fresh castles in the air; and Vinnie heard Radcliff say to the boys:

"You can afford to lay by now, and have a good time, with that money."

"Radcliff Betterson!" cried Vinnie, "you provoke me!"

"How so, my charmer?" said Rad, bowing and smiling saucily.

"With your foolish talk. But I hope—yes, I know—the boys will pay no attention to it. To stop work now, and go and play, just because a little money has come into the house,—I should lose all my respect for them, if they were to do so silly a thing."

"Well, I was only joking," said Rad.

"We could very well spare some of your jokes," Vinnie replied.

"And me too, I suppose you think?"

"You might be more useful to yourself and others than you are; it is easy to see that."

"Well, give me a smile now and then; don't be so cross with a feller," said Rad. "You don't show me very much respect."

"It is n't my fault; I should be glad to show you more."

Such was about the usual amount of satisfaction Radcliff got from his talk with Vinnie. She was always "up to him," as the boys said.

When he walked off, and found them laughing at his discomfiture, he laughed too, with a fresh quid in his cheek, and his head on one side, but with something not altogether happy in his mirth.

"Uncle Lord," said he in the evening, "if you'll put your name to that draft, I'll go over to the Mills in the morning and cash it for you."

"Thank you, Radcliff," said his uncle. "I've some bills to pay, and I may as well go myself."

"Let the bills slide, why don't you? and get some good out of the money," said Radcliff. "And see here, uncle,—what's the use of paying off that truckman in such a hurry? I want some of that money; it was intended for me, and I aint going to be cheated out of it."

"As to that," replied Lord, "you entered into a certain agreement, which seemed to me just; and I do not like now to hear you speak of being cheated—you, of all persons, Radcliff."

"O, well, I suppose you'll do as you like, since you've got the thing into your hands." And Radcliff walked sulkily out of the house.

The next day, Mr. Betterson drove over to the

Mills, cashed the draft, made some necessary purchases, paid some bills which had been long outstanding, and called to hand Jack eighty dollars, on Radcliff's account, for the swindled truckman.

Jack was off surveying with Forrest Felton, and was not expected home for a day or two. Mr. Betterson hardly knew what to do in that case, but finally concluded to keep the money, and leave Jack word that he had it for him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. WIGGETT'S "NOON-MARK."

JACK returned home, unexpectedly, that night. He jumped for joy when told of Mr. Betterson's call and the message he had left. The promise of money due himself could not have pleased him so much as the prospect now presented of justice being done to the truckman.

He felt some concern, it must be owned, lest the money should, after all, be diverted from its course; he determined, therefore, to act promptly in the matter, and go to Long Woods the next day.

He and Forrest were laying out town lots somewhere up the river; and he was closely occupied all the next forenoon, and a part of the afternoon, with his calculations and drawings.

At last he leaped up gayly, with that sense of satisfaction and relief which comes from the consciousness of work well done.

He harnessed Snowfoot, put his compass into the buggy, thinking he would give Mrs. Wiggett her noon-mark this time without fail, winked assent at Lion, eager to accompany him, and drove off with a feeling of enjoyment, to which the thought of some one he was going to meet gave a wonderful zest.

As it was getting late in the day when he reached the settlement, he stopped only a moment at the "Castle," to speak with Vinnie, and leave word that he would call and see Mr. Betterson on his way back; then drove on to Mr. Wiggett's log cabin.

His reception there was most cordial, especially when it was found that he had come with his compass, prepared to make the noon-mark.

"House don't front no sort of a way," said the old man; "and I reckon you'll have to give us a kin' of a slantin'dic'lar line from 'bout this yer direction," indicating a wood-pile by the road.

The little Wiggetts meanwhile thronged the door-way, staring at Jack and his strange machine, and their old acquaintance, the dog.

"Cl'ar the kitchen, you young uns!" the mother stormed after them, cuffing right and left. "Noon-mark 'll cut ye plumb in tew, 'f ye don't scatter!

It's comin' into this yer door, like it was a bullet from pap's rifle!"

The grimy faces and bare legs "scattered;" while Mrs. Wiggett called to Jack:

"How long 'fore ye gwine to shute that ar thing off? 'Low I oughter scoop up a little fust."

"Scoop up?" Jack repeated, not quite taking her meaning.

"Right smart o' dirt on the floor yer; it 'll be in your way, I reckon."

"Not at all," said Jack. "My line will cut through; and you can *scoop* down to it, at your leisure. I must get you to remove these iron wedges, Mr. Wiggett, the needle wont work with so much iron near."

The wedges removed, the needle settled; and Jack, adjusting the sights of his compass to a north-and-south line, got Mr. Wiggett to mark its bearings for him, with a chalk pencil, on the floor of the open door-way.

"All creation!" shrieked the woman, suddenly making a pounce at the kneeling old man; "we don't want a noon-mark thar, cl'ar away from the jamb, ye fool! We want it whar the shadder o' the jamb 'll hit it plumb at noon."

The old man looked up from his position on "all-fours," and parried her attack with his lifted hand.

"Ye mout wait a minute!" he said; "then you 'll see if me an' this yer youngster's both fools. I had a lesson that larnt me onct that he knows better 'n I dew what he's about; an' I 'lowed, this time, I'd go by faith, an' make the marks 'thout no *zemarks* o' my own."

"The line will come just where you want it, Mrs. Wiggett," Jack assured her, hiding a laugh behind his compass.

Having got the old man to mark two points on his north-and-south line, one at the threshold and the other a little beyond, Jack put his rule to them and drew a pencil-line; Mrs. Wiggett watching with a jealous scowl, not seeing that her mark was coming where she wanted it,—"*right ag'in'* the jamb,"—after all.

Then, by a simple operation, which even she understood, Jack surprised her.

He first measured the distance of his line from the jamb. Then he set off two points, on the same side, at the same distance from the line, farther along on the floor. Then through these points he drew a second line, parallel to the first, and touching the corner of the jamb, by which the noon shadow was to be cast. Into this new line Jack sank his noon-mark with a knife.

"There," said he, "is a true noon-mark, which will last as long as your house does,"—a prediction which, by a very astonishing occurrence, was to be proved false that very afternoon.

"I reckon the woman is satisfied," said the old man; "anyhow, I be; an' now what's the tax for this yer little scratch on the floor?"

"Not anything, Mr. Wiggett."

"Hey? ye make noon-marks for folks 'thout pay?"

"That depends. Sometimes, when off surveying, I 'm hailed at the door of a house, and asked for a noon-mark. I never refuse it. Then, if convenient, I take my pay by stopping to dinner or supper. But I never accept money."

"Sartin!" cried the old man. "Yer, ol' woman!" (it must be remembered that Mrs. Wiggett was forty years younger than her husband), "fly round,—make things hum,—git up a supper as sudent as ye kin, an' ax our friend yer. Whar's that Sal?"

Mrs. Wiggett, who had appeared all pride and sunny smiles regarding her noon-mark (particularly after hearing it was not to be paid for), fell suddenly into a stormy mood, and once more began to cuff the children right and left.

Jack hastened to relieve her mind by saying that Mr. Wiggett had quite mistaken his meaning; that he had an engagement which must deprive him of the pleasure of taking supper with her and her interesting family.

Thereupon she brightened again. The old man shook him warmly by the hand; and Jack, putting his compass into the buggy, drove back up the valley road.

Vinnie had told him that the Betterson boys were cutting logs for their aqueduct; and hearing the sound of an axe on his way back, Jack tied Snowfoot to a sapling by the road, and went up into the woods to find them.

"What! you coming too, Lion?" he said, after he had gone several rods. "Did n't I tell you to watch? Well, I believe I did n't. Never mind; Snowfoot is hitched."

He found Rufe and Wad cutting trees with great industry, having determined to have the logs laid from the spring to the house without delay.

"We've taken the farm of father, as you suggested," said Wad. "He is helping us do the fall plowing while we get out our logs. He and Link are at it with the oxen, over beyond the house, now."

"And where 's that precious cousin of yours?"

"I believe he has gone to the house to see if supper is about ready," said Rufe. "He 's smart to work, when he does take hold, but his interest does n't hold out, and the first we know, he 's off."

Jack stopped and talked with the boys about their water works for about half-an-hour. Then

Rad came up through the woods, by way of the spring, and announced that supper was ready, greeting Jack with a jeering laugh.

"You 'll take tea, with us, of course," Rufe said to Jack.

"I suppose your father will be at the house by this time; I 'll stop and see him, at any rate," was Jack's reply.

Rufe went with him down through the woods to where he had left Snowfoot hitched. As they were getting into the buggy, Rufe noticed Zeph Peakslow coming out of some bushes farther down the road, and going toward home.

"See him slink off?" said Rufe. "He 's afraid of me yet; but he need n't be—I've promised Vinnie not to meddle with him."

Then, on the way home, Rufe surprised Jack by telling him how Vinnie had made acquaintance with the Peakslow family, and how Mrs. Peakslow, taking advantage of her husband's absence from home, had called on the Bettersons, under pretence of returning Vinnie's box of salve.

Mr. Betterson had not yet come to the house; and Jack, having hitched Snowfoot to an oak-tree, and told of his business with the Wiggetts, asked Vinnie and her sister if they would not like a noon-mark on their floor.

"It will be a good thing to set your clock by when it goes wrong," he explained.

Vinnie gladly accepted the offer.

"And, O Jack!" she said, "I wish you would give Mrs. Peakslow one, too."

"I would, certainly," said Jack; "but" (his pride coming up) "would n't it look as if I was anxious to make my peace with Peakslow?"

"Never mind that; I think even he will appreciate the kindness," said Vinnie. "I wish you would!"

"I will—to please you," said Jack. "This afternoon, if I have time." And he went to the buggy for his compass.

He fumbled in the blanket under the seat, looked before and behind, and uttered an exclamation.

"What's the trouble, Jack?" Rufe asked.

"It is gone! my compass is gone!" said Jack. "Somebody has taken it."

"That Zeph—we saw him, you know!" said Rufe. "It's one of his tricks."

"I 'll overhaul that Zeph!" said Jack; "I 'll teach him to play his tricks on me!"

Vinnie ran after him as he was starting off.

"Jack! don't be hasty or unkind!"

"O no! I wont be unkind," said Jack, with something bitter in his laugh. "I just want my compass, that's all."

And he hurried down the road.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE NOËS DID IT.

BY CHARLES L. NORTON.

"IN this Arca Noë are two hundred and fifty creatures, viz., the family of Noë, consisting in eight persons; furthermore: 2 squirrels, 2 feat-dogs, 2 glamas, ox and caw, 2 sheeps, 2 cybrian cats, 2 roystan-crows, 2 mouses, 2 mole-warps, 2 negro-fishes, 2 hors-kites, 2 mouse-hunts, 2 stares, 2 sick-birds, 2 mistle-birds, Turka-cock and hen, 2 gras-hoppers, 2 hyens, 2 rhinocers, 2 pantheons, 2 lambs-vultures, 2 spordings-dogs, 2 hummings-birds, 2 nighthales, 2 reds-backeds-shrikes."

THESE funnily spelled names are copied from a paper which was folded up inside the Noah's Ark that Grandma Electa sent to Bessy on her birthday. Bessy could not make it out very well until her mamma told her that it was written by the Frenchmen who made the ark, and then she understood, for she had heard old François talk English, and knew that he did not do it just as we do.

Well, she took a special fancy to these "creatures" that had their names spelled wrong, and to the Noë family for the same reason. She could even find the little "negro-fishes" and "mouse-hunts" among the two hundred and fifty other creatures without the least trouble in the world. At first, she could not tell the Noës apart very well, they were so much alike; so she printed their names on little bits of paper, and pasted them on, to save mistakes.

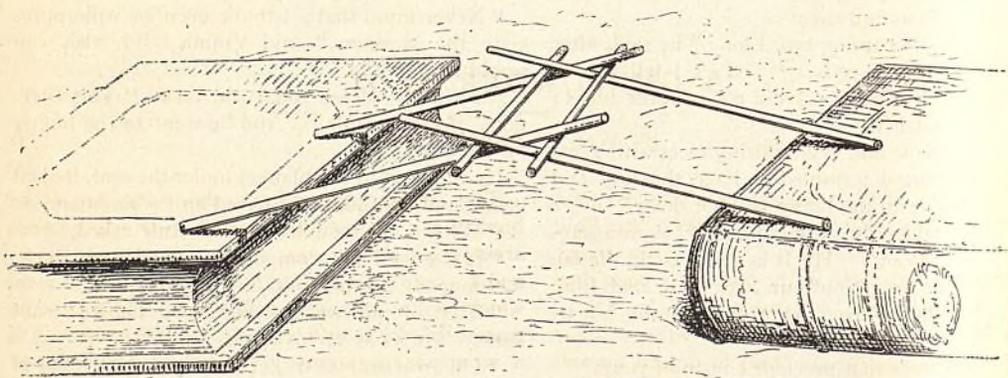
One day she had been playing with the ark until she was tired, and reading "Through the Looking-Glass" till she was beginning to tire of that too,

said they were, but never liked to try when any one could see her. Now was a good chance, so she pushed the big chair in front of the long pier-glass, where she could be perfectly still and watch while she went on reading.

She was so interested in the chapter about Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee, that she did not look up for a long time; but when she did, what should she see but the Noë family trying to drive the animals ashore. It was easy enough to get them on to the end of the wharf that she had made with books before she began to read, but the books had been moved a little, so that only the "roystan-crows" and the "sick-birds," and other winged creatures, could cross from one to the other. However, the young men had evidently read the January ST. NICHOLAS, for they went to work and built a bridge with dominoes, and all the animals safely reached book number two.

The next book was too far off for a domino bridge, and for awhile the Noës leaned against one another sorrowfully, and the ladies were beginning to cry, when Shem spied Bessy's wooden jack-straws on the floor, and shouted, in a funny little voice: "I have found out how to do it!"

In a minute they were all engaged in passing up the straight straws to the top of the books; but Bessy could not see what good it was going to do,



NO. 1.—THE FRAME-WORK OF THE FIRST BRIDGE.

when she found that her mamma had gone out and left her all alone in the parlor (Bessy's mamma used the parlor for every day).

Bessy had always wanted to see if the things in the looking-glass room were as queer as the book

for the straws were not long enough to reach from one book to the other.

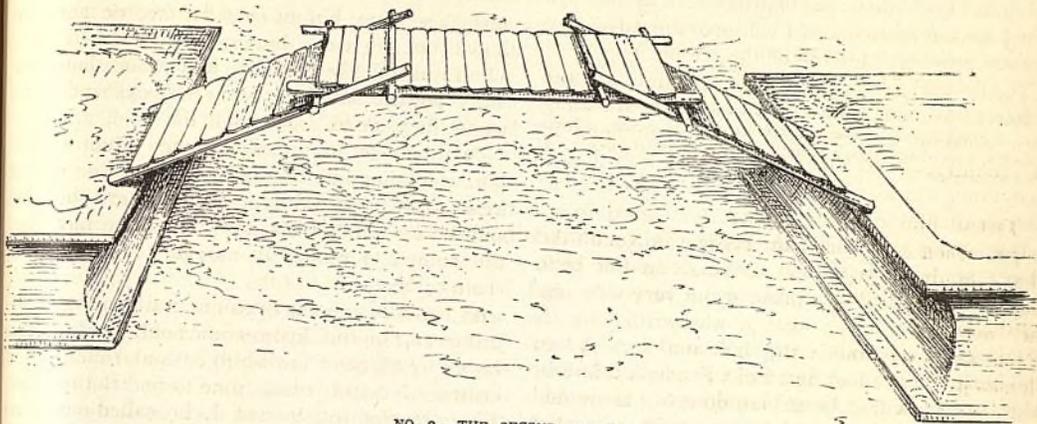
Shem had evidently studied engineering, for he showed the rest of the family how to go to work; and, presently, they had the frame-work of a bridge

laid across from one book to the other, as you see in picture No. 1.

After this, it was easy to make a road-way, or floor, and so the whole party reached book number three. Here another difficulty arose. Number

wondering where all the jack-straws came from, and at last fell asleep in the chair before the glass, where her mamma found her an hour later.

The ark and books were just as she had left them on the carpet, and when she told what she had



NO. 2.—THE SECOND BRIDGE.

four was still farther off from number three than number three was from number two; but Shem was not to be beaten.

He just took the old bridge to pieces, added another section to it, and when it was ready for crossing it looked like picture No. 2.

Then they went on, and each pair of books seemed to get farther and farther apart, and Shem kept adding sections to the bridges till Bessy began

seen before going to sleep, her mamma laughed and kissed her, and Ted came in and said he did n't believe a word of it. Bessy was a little vexed at that, and told him she would prove it in the evening. And so she did, for she built just such bridges with jack-straws, and made the floors with little strips of card; and do you think she could have known how if she had n't seen the Noës do it in the looking-glass room?

A GUNPOWDER PLOT.

BY WM. L. SHEPPARD.

How many of my young friends who are going to read this have ever heard of or seen the Bald-faced Hornet? Not many, I will venture to say, unless they have been in the country a good deal. But everybody knows, whether he has seen him or not, that the hornet is a fierce little fellow; brave, though small, and always ready to defend himself. The naturalists call him *vespa chartaria*, and he is classed among the "paper makers," as those insects are called that make their nests of paper itself, or of material which looks like it, fabricated by themselves.

I will give a short description of him, and then tell you something that happened to a colony of hornets and some young friends of mine.

The bald-faced hornet is about the size of an humble-bee; his color is black, with white bands around his body. His eyes are black and glassy, and his face looks as if it had been dipped in meal which would not stick to his eyes; and this is the reason that he is called "bald-faced." His nest is a wonderful structure. It is made of scraps of paper, the "fuzz" on fences or wooden buildings which have been long exposed to the weather, and the smaller lichens which grow on the trunks of trees. This nest, which is somewhat in the shape of the flasks in which olive oil comes, though much larger, is built, stem downward, to the limb of a tree or the rail of a fence, and generally not high from the ground.

Now, in my part of the country boys are very fond of attacking and destroying these nests, and they almost always get stung in doing so.

Why boys like to do this, when the hornets have done them no harm, I do not know. I was a boy once, and knew then, but that has been so long ago that I have forgotten; so I will give the adventure already promised, instead of the reason.

Teddie and Lud, two city boys (these are the "shorts" for their names of course), were spending their vacation with a friend of their mother's in the country. You may be sure that they had a nice time, for there were a great many things to interest them.

But, among the most interesting things on the place, at least to them, was a delightful little darkey called "Bat," probably a nickname for Bartholomew.

Bat knew not only every hole and corner, tree and bush, on the place, but had extended his knowledge to the surrounding plantations. He would constantly have some such joyful news to give the boys, as the discovery of a guinea-hen's nest on the farm, the finding of a brood of young partridges, or a splendid hole in the creek full of minnows and catfish. He took advantage of his frequent errands to the neighboring farms to acquire information of this sort.

Bat came to the boys, who lay on their faces under the great oaks in the yard, and read for the fiftieth time their favorite stories.

"Marse Lud, I done found sumthin!" The boys instantly changed to upright positions, and said together "What?" whilst their eyes glistened at the prospect of something new; times having been a little dull with them of late.

"In de woods over yonder, tudder side de broom-straw field," answered Bat, "bustin big hornicks' ness, big as half-peck measure."

"Well," said Lud, "did any one of them sting you?"

"Law! no; I didn't *tetch* de thing; but I thought I'd come and tell ye all, so you kin go over and blow it up."

"Do you mean to blow it to pieces with the gun?" inquired Lud.

"No, no!" said Bat, quickly; "blow it up like you gwine blasst rock. Put de powder unner it, and den light it wid de slow-match."

Bat was rummaging in his very deep and uncertain pocket whilst saying this, and, at last, succeeded in extracting from a tangle of string, marbles, flint stones, and a rabbit's paw, a piece of the match used in the mines, and which looked like a small rope about four inches long.

"I picked dis up over at de coal-pit, whar somebody done dropped it. You jess makes a little pile

of powder unner de ness, den you puts one end of de slow match in it and lights de udder, den de fire ketches de powder, an' who-ee! up goes de ness in de a'r; all bus' to pieces an' de hornicks all kilt." Bat delivered this description with great vivacity and added, "Make haste and git de powder, so as we kin git over dar fore de hornicks all goes out to git der dinner."

Lud was quickly off to the house, and soon back with a powder flask; so, away the boys trudged as fast as they could. Bat took the lead, and they made their way as directly as they could to the spot, sometimes in the shade, but mostly through the scorched fields where myriads of grasshoppers bounced up under their noses, and the blistering sun seemed to waken all manner of tittering and buzzing insects.

At last the boys arrived hot and panting at the further side of the broom-straw field, where it was skirted by a line of low scrub oaks and chinquepin bushes. Bat took a little time to find the spot, but at length, pointing toward it, he called out under his breath, "Dar 't is!"

"Where?" cried the others.

"Dar, dar! don't talk loud; skeer 'em," replied Bat in a loud whisper, and making violent gestures for them to keep silence. The others joined Bat, and soon discovered the object of their search. It was attached to a tree somewhat larger than the others, and which stood in a little glade in the wood, and the limb from which it hung jutted out close to the ground. It looked like a ball of dirty paper which diminished gradually into a sort of neck; the whole about a foot long, and nearly as much through in the widest part. Not a hornet was to be seen.

Lud whispered, "Oh! Bat, they are not there after all!"

"Dunno 'bout dat," answered Bat; "ye all lay down and I'll try 'em." The two lay down among the hot weeds. Bat broke off the longest switch that he could find, and tickled the nest from as safe a distance as the length of the switch would allow; standing behind a sapling which protected about three inches in width of his person. He paused, and with a grin, made an encouraging sign to the boys, who were now raised on their elbows watching the operation. Then, crouching low, he cautiously backed from his position.

"All right," he whispered, when he had backed to where the others were, "all right;" dey sent out one to see what was de matter; let's go to work."

Bat proceeded immediately to explain that the powder must be poured in a pile just under the nest—which was about two feet from the ground,—and the match laid with one end in the powder; and

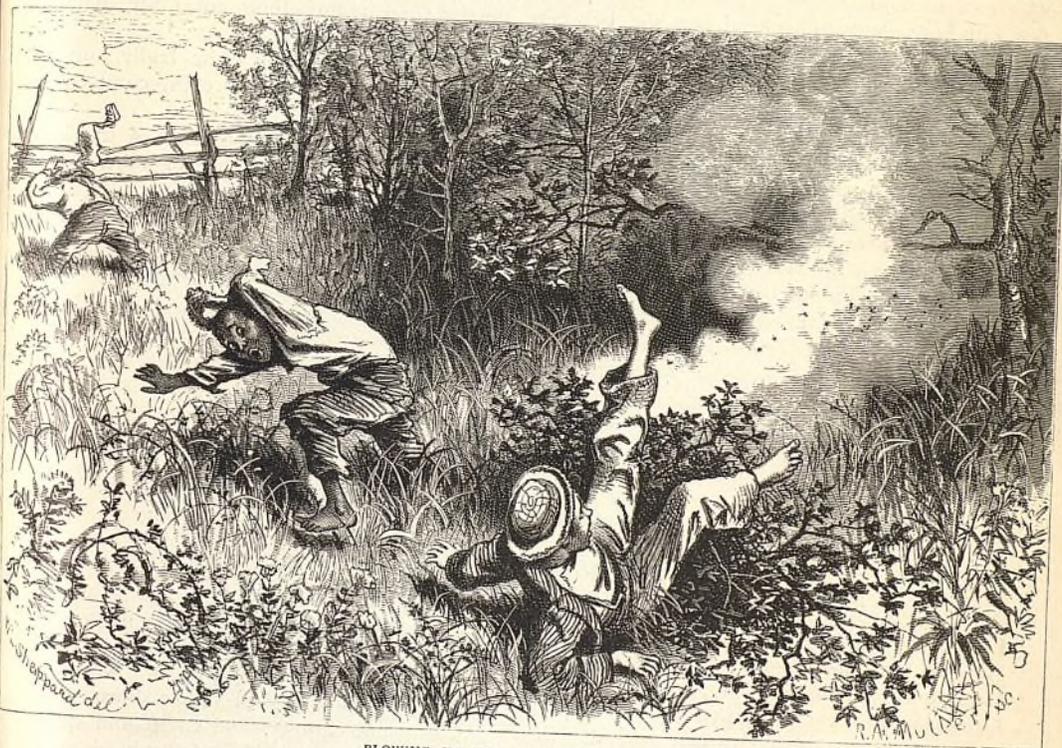
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backward out, "Go at this di pockets, a prospect "Oh, I to explore a match object wh "The s think that "Of co But Lud o you take it Bat said seed you m VOL.

that unless Lud touched the nest there was no danger whatever. Under these instructions, Lud carefully approached the nest on all fours. The others watched with intense interest while Lud poured out the powder directly under the nest, as he thought, and then laid the slow match. Bat and Teddie held their breaths. The former, by a crab-like movement, had gradually increased his distance from the scene of operations, and was a yard or two behind Teddie. They saw Lud fumbling in his pockets, and he began to work his way

"And I have done my part," added Lud.
 "I found de ness fust," Bat said, as if *his* duty was entirely discharged. Teddie saw that his turn had rightfully come, and made no further appeals.
 "But suppose there is n't any sun there?" he said, after a moment's hesitation.
 "Hi!" cried Bat; "I see de sun shinin' on de very ness." There was no excuse for delay, so Teddie crawled to Lud's former position, and held the glass to the hot rays which poured down between the thin leaves. His hand trembled a little,



BLOWING UP THE HORNETS' NEST.

backward. When he had reached them he panted out, "Got no matches!" They all looked blank at this dilemma. Teddie searched all four of his pockets, and shook his head. Bat had none. The prospect of failure was overwhelming.

"Oh, look!" said Teddie, who had never ceased to explore every possible place on his person where a match might lodge; and he exhibited a round object which gave a sudden flash in the sunlight.

"The sun-glass!" exclaimed Lud. "Do you think that it will do?"

"Of course," replied Teddie, holding it to him. But Lud did not extend his hand. "It's yours; you take it," he said. Teddie turned to Bat.

Bat said: "I can't do nothin' wid dat thing; I seed you make fire wid it, Mah'sr Teddie."

but he soon got the proper focus, and the slow-match taking fire began to splutter little sparks.

Teddie scurried back to the other boys.

"Wait til' de match mos' burnt," whispered Bat, clutching Lud by the arm. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a muffled explosion. The nest was thrown up against the limb without coming loose, and immediately took fire and blazed up. The boys had not time to turn before the air was filled with hornets, which hummed like so many minnie-balls, and came almost as fast. The buzzing throng was upon them before the unlucky lads had time to realize their danger.

Teddie, running backward, fell over a bush, and two hornets flew up his pantaloons. Bat turned to fly, when a hornet, coming as straight as a bullet,

struck him in the back of his head, and lodged there, and the young darkey went to the ground as if he were shot dead.

Lud, being somewhat behind the others, gained a little distance, and had the presence of mind to throw his jacket over his head; but he got a sting on his hand as he did so, and one just above the waist-band of his pantaloons.

By the time that he touched the ground, Teddie was up again with a yell, and flew across the field as fast as he could. Bat made a somersault which crushed the hornet in his hair, and then he fled with both hands to his head, and slid between two rails of the fence. Lud threw himself flat on his face and lay still until he perceived that the hornets had all disappeared, which they soon did, either passing on or returning to hover about their ruined home.

The boys met where a pathway crossed a little stream. Teddie, still crying, was bathing his leg. Bat, who had heard of such a remedy, was seated on the bank, with a mass of wet mud from the stream in a pile on his head, whilst the trickling

mud ran down his neck, and the tears streamed down his face.

"I aint gwine fool wid dem things no mo',— here!" he snuffled.

"What did you have the match so short for?" cried Lud, rubbing first his hand and then his back.

The forlorn boys staid some time at the stream trying to make the best of their stings, and then started home, resolving to put the best face on the matter for fear of a scolding. They met the Major (Bat's old master) in the road, on his way to dinner, and telling their adventure gained his sympathy.

The boys were really quite badly hurt, and it was some days before the swelling completely subsided.

When Bat made his appearance in the kitchen, the cook gave him a glance of unutterable contempt.

"What you bin doin' wid your head all full o' mud?"

"Hornicks," replied the crest-fallen Bat.

CHICKENS.

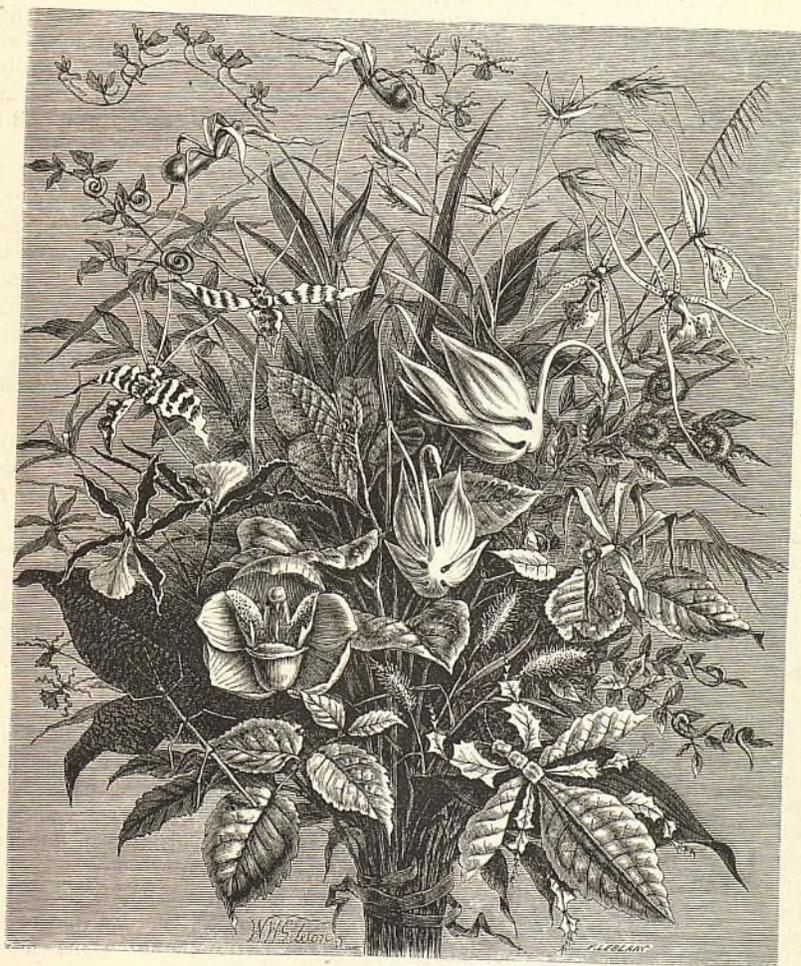
BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"I DID N'T!" says Chip. "You did!" says Peep.
 "How do you know?—you were fast asleep."
 "I was under Mammy's wing,
 Stretching my legs like anything,
 When all of a sudden I turned around,
 For close beside me I heard a sound—
 A little tip, and a little tap."
 "Fiddle-de-dee! You'd had a nap,
 And, when you were only half-awake,
 Heard an icicle somewhere break."
 "What's an icicle?" "I don't know;
 Rooster tells about ice and snow,
 Something that is n't as good as meal,
 That drops down on you and makes you squeal."
 "Well! swallow Rooster's tales, I beg!
 And think you did n't come out of an egg!
 I tell you I heard the old shell break,
 And the first small noise you ever could make;
 And Mammy croodled, and puffed her breast,
 And pushed us further out of the nest,
 Just to make room enough for you;
 And there's your shell,—I say it's true!"

Chip looked over his shoulder then,
 And there it lay by the old gray hen—
 Half an egg-shell, chipped and brown,
 And he was a ball of yellow down,
 Clean and chipper, and smart and spry,
 With the pertest bill and the blackest eye.
 "H'm!" said he, with a little perk,
 "That is a wonderful piece of work!
 Peep, you silly! don't you see
 That shell is n't nearly as big as me?
 Whatever you say, Miss, I declare
 I never, never, could get in there!"
 "You did!" says Peep. "I did n't!" says Chip;
 With that he gave her a horrid nip.
 And Peep began to dance and peck,
 And Chip stuck out his wings and neck.
 They pranced, and struck, and capered about,
 Their toes turned in and their wings spread
 out,
 As angry as two small chicks could be,
 Till Mother Dorking turned to see.
 She cackled and clucked, and called in vain,—

At it they went with might and main,—
 Till, at last, the old hen used her beak,
 And Peep and Chip, with many a squeak,
 Staggered off on either side,
 With a very funny skip and stride.
 "What dreadful nonsense!" said Mother Hen,
 When she heard the story told again;
 'You're bad as the two-legs that don't have
 wings,
 Nor feathers nor combs—the wretched things!
 That's the way they fight and talk

For what is n't worth a mullein-stalk.
 What does it matter, I'd like to know,
 Where you came from, or where you go?
 Keep your temper and earn your food;
 I can't scratch worms for a fighting brood.
 I won't have quarrels—I will have peace;
 I hatched out chickens, so don't be geese!"
 Chip scratched his ear with his yellow claw,
 The meekest chicken that ever you saw;
 And Peep in her feathers curled one leg,
 And said to herself: "But he *was* an egg!"



A CURIOUS BOUQUET.

You may think that you see swans, butterflies, snails, caterpillars and other living things in this bouquet, but you are mistaken. There is nothing there but the leaves and flowers and stems of real plants. Can you find out the names of some of them?

JONAH.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

"POLLY! Polly Ben!" sounded from the bluff, and Polly looked up a moment and then answered: "Come down here, Lotty. I'm feeding Jonah."

Two or three stones and a great deal of sand skipped and slid down toward the rock-house, followed in the same fashion by Lotty, who sat down quite out of breath and looked at Polly, who, from a saucer of soaked cracker in her lap, was putting desirable bits down before Jonah, which he turned over with his bill and then let alone.

"Oh, you bad loon!" Polly said presently, getting tired of this. "He's acted real queer for two or three days, and Jack says he's homesick and mad because he can't fly. There he was on the bluff standing on one leg and looking off to Sandy Hook just as wild, and whenever he hears another loon scream anywhere, he screams too—oh, awful!"

"He's thinking about when he was swallowed," said Lotty, "and I should think he would. I don't suppose there's another loon in the whole world that's been swallowed by a devil-fish, and come to life again. He won't ever be tame enough for Paul to take to New York, though. Poor Jonah!"

Jonah walked away from Lotty's hand, and out toward the beach.

"Well, let him go," said Polly. "I've coaxed him long enough. Jack says he's getting back all his wildness, and that he does n't believe he'll ever be any tamer. I guess he lost some of his mind when he was swallowed. Don't you know they all thought he was dead, for a good while after they'd cut the devil-fish open and got him out, and I guess it's just beginning to come back. Jack is going to clip his wings again this afternoon."

"He looks as if he were going to fly right away," said Lotty. "See how wild his eyes are. Look here, Polly; let's us cut his wings. I've seen Jack do it. Its only to cut the feather part."

"We should hurt him," Polly said, "and then the boys would scold."

"Oh, no, we would n't! See, I've got my little sharp scissors. Here, Jonah. Come, Jonah."

"No, you must n't, truly," Polly said, jumping up. "It's Jack's loon and we must n't touch it."

"Its Paul's just as much, so now. You know well enough, Polly Ben, that Jack said Paul should have him when he was tamed."

"But he is n't tamed, and I don't believe he ever will be, and he's Jack's, any way."

"I don't care," Lotty said, catching up Jonah; and, sitting down on a rock, she stretched out the left wing and clipped off one feather. Jonah did not struggle, and Polly, in spite of herself, watched to see the next fall.

"I thought he'd scream," she said, "but he does n't. Let me cut one, Lotty. My! what dull scissors! Mine are ever so much sharper."

Polly ran back for her own, which lay in the patch-work basket, while Jonah turned one eye toward her, as if trying to decide what he had better do. Polly cut one feather, which was carried off by a puff of wind. Jonah raised his head and looked after it; then, with one long, wild scream, rose slowly, flapping his wings heavily, and flew out toward the red buoy. Polly screamed too, the cry had been so loud and sudden, and then ran to the very edge of the shore.

"What shall we do? O dear! What shall we do?" she said, beginning to cry. "He's gone, and we can't ever get another like him. What will Jack say? Jonah! Do come back, Jonah!"

Jonah had settled down on the buoy, and sat looking off to sea, spreading his wings now and then as if to try them. Then, appearing to think he was safe from all enemies, put his head under his wing and began to nap. Polly stood thinking a minute, and walked along the shore.

"What are you going to do?" Lotty asked.

"I'm going to see if old Hendrick's punt is on the shore, and if it is, I'm going for Jonah. If it is n't, I shall swim out."

"Oh, Polly! You'll be drowned. Don't!" Lotty said, taking hold of her.

"Why, I've swum to the buoy and back many a time. You have too. I aint afraid, and how Jack would feel if he came home and found Jonah gone! Oh, I must go after him!"

"Where is Jack to-day?"

"Off fishing somewhere," Polly said, "and you know he'll never get over it, to think we let Jonah get away. I do wish you had n't touched him, Lotty."

"So do I," Lotty said, "but I don't see how he could fly off that way. I'm going with you."

"Your mother'll scold."

"No, she won't. She lets me row to the buoy any time. Grandfather wants me to know all about managing a boat. I want to, too. I'm as old as you are."

"Well," Polly said, running along the shore.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! The punt is gone. What shall I do? I know!"

Polly turned, and ran back to the cove, where a small shed had been built from the drift-wood, in which Jack's precious cedar skiff was drawn up.

"You're not going to take that?" screamed Lotty. "They wont let you!"

"I shall," said Polly, decidedly. "I'd take a gold boat if there was one, or anything, before I'd let Jonah go. Now you help so it need n't get scratched. Take off your shoes, too. You know Jack wont wear his shoes in it, for fear it'll hurt it."

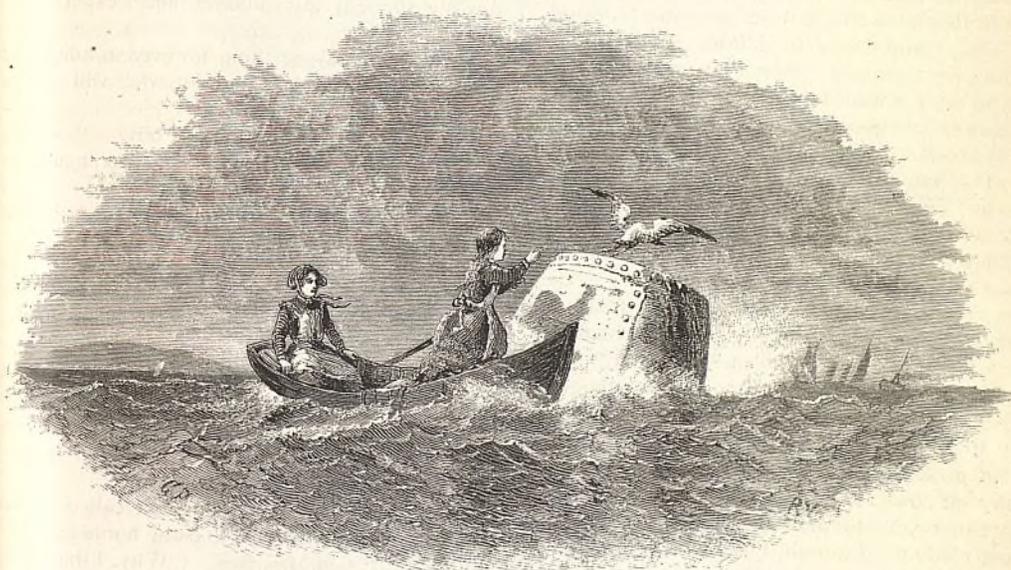
Lotty unlaced her boots, and laid them in the rock-house. Polly had already done the same;

you row too, and we'll see. The water is n't very rough this afternoon, and it's easy."

Polly took her place, and Lotty picked up the other oar. She could pull quite an even stroke now, for Jack had given her a good many lessons, and her mother allowed her to row near shore, or in the cove, all she pleased.

"I never thought I should go in the cedar boat," she said. "Would n't the boys scold if they saw us? I think we ought to have it just once, though. Boys ought n't to have everything, ought they? Do you believe we'll get Jonah?"

"I'm going to," was all Polly said, and Lotty stopped talking and pulled steadily, delighted



POLLY ALMOST CATCHES JONAH.

and now the two half lifted, half pushed the light boat to the shore, took down the oars and got in.

"You need n't row," Polly said, "I shall just paddle to the buoy. He's asleep and wont stir. Lay your oar right in the bottom of the boat."

Lotty obeyed, and Polly paddled softly toward the buoy. Jonah still sat with his head under his wing, and her hand was almost upon him, when, with another of those startling cries, he rose again, flew a short distance, then fell and disappeared.

"He's drowned! Oh, he's drowned!" cried Lotty.

"He is n't either. He's just dived," Polly returned, standing up and watching. "I know their tricks. There he is, Lotty, 'way off there. He can't fly anyway. I'm thankful his wings are short as they are. I'm going to wait awhile. His leg's so stiff, you know, where the fish bit him, he can't swim well. I believe we can get him. Now

to see how swiftly even their little strength sent the boat forward. Jack had oiled it only the day before, and the wood seemed almost as fine and delicate as birch-bark. The oars were light—much more so than those she used in the punt.

Jonah led them on and on, diving whenever they came too near, but evidently growing tired. For certainly an hour the children pursued him, lying still often and waiting till he came up from his dive. At last he sat still on the water, looking sick and melancholy, and Polly, reaching over, cautiously drew him in with a triumphant squeal, and took out her scissors.

"He sha'n't serve us such a trick again," she said, clipping away at the long feathers till every one had fallen. "Any way, we've had some fun. What time do you suppose it is, Lotty?"

"I don't know," Lotty said, laying down her oar

and wiping her face. "It was almost four when mother said I could go down to see you, and she told me to come home to tea. We must hurry. The sun's very low."

"It's long after tea-time," Polly said. "We must go back. It makes me think of last Summer, and how I got carried off. I did n't have any oars, you know. Oh, how frightened I was, for I was sure the boat would upset. This one can't, because it's built different."

Lotty looked around uneasily.

"I wish you would n't talk about it," she said. "Let's pull hard. I want to get back."

Polly turned the boat, and both children pulled steadily for a while. Then Polly looked around.

"It does n't seem as if we got a speck nearer," she said, "and I'm so tired, it seems as if my arms would drop right off. Oh, you horrid Jonah!"

"So am I," said Lotty, with a little quiver in her voice. "One of my hands is blistered too. I do wish somebody'd come out and tow us in."

"The tide has turned," said Polly. "Don't you see, when we stop we go right out, instead of in? We've *got* to pull, Lotty."

They pulled a little longer. Then Lotty threw down her oar.

"I can't row another stroke," she said. "It makes me feel sick, and as if I should fall over. Let's scream—hard as we can."

"Well," Polly said, standing up, "together then," and the two called over and over again:

"Mother! Jack! Nathan! Jimmy! Mother!"

No answer nor sign of life along the shore, and Lotty sat down and began to cry.

"Don't you do that," said Polly, fiercely, almost ready for it herself, but keeping a bold face. "Just get up again, and holler loud as you can, and long as you can. I would n't be a baby."

"I can't," said Lotty, "my throat's all dry and sore."

Once more Polly shouted loud and long, and as much like a fisherman as she could, but no answer, and she sat down discouraged, took up the oars and tried to pull again. The wind began to blow softly, and little white caps rose on the waves on which the cedar-boat rode gayly. Wind and tide were busy, and the children knew that both were taking them out to sea. Presently Polly sat up.

"I wont cry," she said; "what's the use? Jack and I were once picked up by a schooner. He'll come after me again. I know he will. And if he does n't, there are always lots of boats around. I aint afraid—at least not much."

Lotty looked up.

"I am," she sobbed, "I aint used to it, Polly, like you. I think it's dreadful. Suppose we should upset."

"But we can't, I tell you," Polly repeated. "Don't you know how Jack goes right through the breakers with this boat? It's as good as a life-boat. Now, Lotty, I'm going to sit up and act as if I did n't care, and may be we shall see a boat."

Polly strained her eyes. Far off, a ship was going up the Narrows, but no boat of any sort could be seen. The great red sun sank down into the sea, and the skiff seemed sailing through waves of red and gold. Twilight came quickly, for it was the middle of August, and soon the moon came up, making a paler way on which they were borne. The two children sat down and laid their heads on the seats.

"Let's say our prayers," said Polly. "I had to stay out all night, last Summer, and I expect we've got to now."

"I've been saying them for ever so long," said Lotty, with another burst. "Oh, what will mamma say? She'll think I'm dead."

"My mother wont," said Polly. "Soon as anybody comes home, she'll send them after us, I know. We sha'n't die. You need n't be so frightened. God'll take care of us out here or anywhere."

Polly's brave little voice quivered as the two said their prayers. Then they sat silent till tired eyes shut, and sleep ended for a time all their troubles.

Tea went on as usual at Lotty's home. Mrs. Lane wondered why Lotty had not come back, but supposed Mrs. Ben had kept her, and until seven was not anxious. Then Paul went after her, and ran into Captain Ben's.

"Come right along, Lotty!" he called. "You ought to be ashamed not to come home sooner."

"Lotty?" said Mrs. Ben. "Why, I thought she had Polly up to your house. Polly is n't here."

At this moment Jack came in, fuming, but stopped short.

"Well, I declare!" he said, "I was first going to make a fuss, because the boys went off in the cedar-boat, and here they are. It's gone! Who's got it, do you suppose?"

Mrs. Ben looked at the Captain.

"It can't be those children have taken it," she said. "They're crazy. They'll be drowned sure as the world."

Jack ran back to the boat-house, and returned in a few minutes.

"Their shoes are in the rock-house," he said, "and there are marks of feet in the sand. Now we've got to go after them."

"They'll be run down by something," Mrs. Ben said. "Oh, do start quick!"

The poor woman sat down and covered her face, then rose up.

"Go quickly, and row hard!" she said. "They've gone out with the tide and can't get back."

"Don't you fret, mother," Captain Ben said, taking down his spy-glass. "We'll have them back before morning, please God, and then we'll take some means to keep 'em from scaring folks to death once a week. I know the way the tide will take 'em, like a book. Jack, you get your father and Bill Mason. We want strong arms, for it's getting rough, and we must work quick."

By the time the boat was ready, three men were there, who pulled off in the moonlight, with long, steady strokes. Paul had run home, but came back to Mrs. Ben's with his mother, and till midnight they all sat there trying to talk of indifferent things, and going up to the bluff at intervals to watch for any sign of boats. Then they lay down, and the tired boys slept at once. Even Mrs. Lane drowsed a little, but started, as about two o'clock she heard the grating of a boat on the

beach, and ran out to find Polly and Lotty coming toward her, while Jack bore the original cause of all the trouble—Jonah. Nobody scolded that night, being too thankful to find the disturbers alive, but next day there was a very serious talk. The boat had grounded on a sand-bar just before Captain Ben spied it, and getting them had only been a matter of rowing for two or three hours, and the fright they had given was far the worst part of it. Lotty dissolved in tears, as she listened to the story of her mother's suffering, and so did Polly, declaring, nevertheless, that Jonah began it, and that if his wings had been clipped, it could n't have happened.

There was little danger the experiment would be tried again, and so the matter died away, to be remembered only as one of the Summer's adventures, though Jack remarked privately:

"That Polly beats the Dutch for grit. There aint a girl 'longshore that would ever 'a' thought o' getting back Jonah."



"THIS is the way the men do at the circus,"
Said nimble young Bob to little boy Ben;
"They walk on a barrel exactly as I do;
You see I'm as smart as those big circus men."

Little Ben was delighted, and cheered his big brother;
But the barrel moved suddenly sideways just then,
And down came smart Bobby upon the floor, howling.
"Do they do it that way at the circus?" asked Ben.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ST. NICHOLAS is merged into Jack-in-the-Pulpit!

That is to say, Jack is hot, tired and dusty, and he does n't feel like talking. So if ST. NICHOLAS cannot exist without him, why it need n't exist—that's all.

The above is the substance of what I felt obliged to say to the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS when they told me the magazine must have my little sermons all through the Summer. At first they were so meek, so completely merged, that I considered my point gained; but when they started up again, and said may be the children could n't exist without me, and what did I think of that? I arose in my might, and gave in.

Desert the children?

Why, my darlings, your Jack would n't do such a thing for the world! So we'll have a little chat as usual. But surely you don't want facts in such weather as this? You don't expect cold-pressed information with the thermometer at ninety, do you, my pets? No, indeed. You just want to enjoy yourselves. In Jack's opinion the best thing young folks can do in hot weather, circumstances permitting, is to do nothing. The best way to learn is not to study at all, and the best kind of talk is the talking of things around and above us that have n't a word to say.

So, dearly beloveds, to pacify the publishers, I'll state a few useful things in these pages, as usual; but if you take Jack's advice, you'll just lay the magazine down reverently, without reading any more, and run out-of-doors.

COMPOSITION OF COMMON AIR.

AIR is composed of oxygen and nitrogen. If you consider either of these gases injurious, it will be well to think before you breathe.

LIGHTNING.

LIGHTNING is composed of electricity. Kites are connected with it in some way. Probably by the string. A big man proved this once to the complete satisfaction of the youthful mind, and his memory has been honored ever since. He was so good that grown people rarely speak of him without a sigh, and young people, if left to themselves, never mention him at all. He was born in Philadelphia, and he is to be honorably mentioned at the Centennial, by the natives.

METOPOSCOPISTS.

METOPOSCOPISTS are very useful people, if they do not carry their researches too far. Many children are expert metoposcopists. They practice metoposcopy on their parents. Don't try to spell or pronounce this word, my dears, till cool weather sets in.

ATTRACTION OF GRAVITATION.

THIS is a law of nature. It makes things tumble down. Some children test it practically by climbing an old cherry-tree and sitting well out on one of the weakest limbs; but a very good way is to lie under an apple-tree and look up till an apple comes down on your nose. A great man did this once, and it made him famous.

FIXED STARS.

VERY interesting objects indeed; usually found in the sky. If you keep awake you'll see them; but don't keep awake unless you feel like it.

MOSQUITOES.

FEROCIOUS animals indigenous to the continent of North America. All good children are kind to mosquitoes. They work very hard all Summer. The female mosquito is quite savage, and her sting is terrible. The male mosquito does not bite. He is a saint. Make way for him.

DODECAHEDRONS.

A GEOMETRICAL solid. It is wrong to judge hastily concerning dodecahedrons, as they have many sides. Therefore, my dears, you can consider them at your leisure next Winter.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

WELLS dug in a peculiar way and under extenuating circumstances. Some cool day it will be well for you to look into artesian wells; but they are a great bore in hot weather.

MUSHROOMS AND TOADSTOOLS.

CONFUSING objects in fields. You can tell how many years old they are by sawing off their heads and counting the rings on the top of the stump. No, I'm thinking of oaks. Oaks are slow growers. Mushrooms and toadstools are not.

It is important to know the difference between toadstools and mushrooms; but it is not worth

while trying to learn this difference unless you belong to a very long-lived family, and don't object to being poisoned at the end. It takes years to find out, and authorities differ. The only sure test is to eat one. If you live, it is a mushroom. If you die, it's a toadstool.

SURVEYING BY TRIANGULATION.

AN excellent mode of land-measuring, chiefly used in mountainous regions. Something to do with the triangle. Don't trouble yourselves about it further, my chicks, unless specially interested.

MIASMA.

MIASMA is one of the charms of the country. City folk are afraid of it. Though abundant in most latitudes, it is hard to find, because it is always "a few miles down the road." It causes chills and fever, and injures property. It is very bad for little girls and boys, and often catches them if they go out after dark against the wishes of their parents.

MRS. BARBAULD'S "EVENINGS AT HOME."

A MOST excellent book. It is too good to be popular; but it should be seen to be fully realized. It is full of valuable information. It also teaches children how to worm a great number of interesting statistics and scientific facts out of their parents,

and shows parents how to be tedious and dignified in dealing with the tender offspring that Heaven has committed to their care.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY.

THIS is a wonderfully important subject for young people. It affects the very food they eat, and, in one way or another, enters into nearly all the affairs of life. If you put a lump of sugar in water, you'll have a beautiful instance of specific gravity; sweetened water being much denser than water without sugar. However, if you eat the sugar and drink the water, the experiment can be carried on internally, and you can go out and play, without troubling yourself any more about it, which is just as well in August.

AN EXPLANATION.

I'LL confess frankly that the pretty school-mistress has given me many of the above facts. I have simply put them into suitable shape for the children's Summer vacation.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

HELLO! Here comes a telegram from the ST. NICHOLAS office, saying: "This sort of thing wont do; paragraphs too short, and not sufficiently to the point." Very well; then I'll stop till next month.

THE LETTER-BOX.

JANE O. writes to tell us that the verses in the June number about the old woman going to the moon in a basket are not original, as she has seen them in a book called "Mother Goose's Melodies." We thought that Jane, and everyone else, would know, when we used such old familiar ditties as this, that the originality was in the picture and not in the verses.

June 1st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please be kind enough to tell me some nice fishes to stock an aquarium with, give me a good recipe for making root-beer, and tell me a good place to go fishing within some miles of Newark, and you will oblige a constant reader?

J. L. D.

Sticklebacks, small perch, roach and gold-fish, minnows of various kinds, with some sea-snails and mussels as purifiers, will be good fish to stock a small aquarium. Be careful to put no pickarel into it, for one little pickarel an inch and a-half long has been known to devour twenty-five minnows in a week.

We do not know how to make root-beer, and don't think much of it after it is made. It is an excellent thing to bring on a stomach-ache, if you want one.

A short distance above the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad bridge over the Passaic River (about eight miles from Newark), there is a bridge for vehicles and foot passengers. Just above that bridge there is pretty good perch-fishing, if you have a boat.

THE following letter is from "A Friend" who has been reading "Jack's" question about the thermometer, in the June ST. NICHOLAS:

It is a law of philosophy that evaporation produces cold, and since there was no moisture on the bulb of the thermometer the temperature

was not lowered, but since his breath was warmer than the atmosphere of the school-house it raised the mercury and marked the temperature of his breath. The reason he could cool his pudding was there was moisture in it and blowing evaporated this moisture and made it cool. For the same reason, breezes that blow to us from large bodies of water are cool.

Similar letters have been received from M. W. Perkins, "Ovid," B. Sherman, and Mary Otis Gay.

WE are sure that everybody is delighted with little "Biddy O'Toole" in the July number, and "The Esquimaux Boy" in the present issue. We have a series of these capital pictures which will appear during the Summer and Fall, and they show how some boys and girls, each of a different nation, were disturbed by some impertinent animal while eating their luncheons.

Columbia, June 1st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to ask the following question: A friend of mine tells me that a blue-bird has made his nest in the escape pipe of a boiler in his shop yard; the boiler is to be removed for use; now what would a bird-defender do with the nest? The same friend, who is a native of Scotland, wishes to know if robins in this country have blue eggs. In Scotland their eggs are white with reddish-brown spots. How I wish you could hear the mockingbird that is singing me a song now in the tree-top after he has taken a meal from our cherry-tree.

LIBBIE SHIELDS.

We think a bird-defender would try to find a cozy place for the blue-bird's nest, not far from the spot which the boiler occupied, but out of sight and reach of cats or other enemies.

Robins' eggs in this country are of a bluish-green color and unspotted.

HARRY W. LEE, a Latin student, thinks he has discovered some curious facts about the month of August. It was, he says, originally called *Sextilis*, because it was the sixth month of the Roman year, which began with March. Its name was changed by Augustus Cæsar in honor of himself, as it was the month in which he gained several decisive victories. Harry tells us, moreover, that before the time of Augustus the month contained but thirty days. With the new name another day was added, because the month of July (which, by the way, was named in honor of *Julius Cæsar*) had thirty-one, and the Roman senate was resolved that Augustus should not be behind his illustrious relative in honor. But the most singular fact which Harry divulges, is that, in order to accomplish this addition, a day was stolen from February—the very month of all the twelve that could least afford to lose it! Harry suggests that it was perhaps due, after all, to the selfishness of the Roman emperors that February became the shortest month of the year—who knows?

Newark, N. J., May 3, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: They had a "Spooner's Menagerie" here the other night and made \$65.—Yours truly,

HERBERT STANSBURY.

HERE is a right loyal and zealous Bird-defender—a little girl, who sends this letter, and with it a list of more than two hundred and fifty recruits:

Portsmouth, Ohio, May 31, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the second day of May, which was Sunday, we had quite a bird-party in our yard, for twelve different kinds came to see us. There were robins, red-birds, blue-birds, flax-birds, chippies, martins, Baltimore-orioles, a small light-brown bird with striped breast, and a large light-brown bird with a white breast, a black one with bright yellow spots on its wings; also a blue and black striped one, which papa said had the motions of a woodpecker; and last, but not the least beautiful, several humming-birds, some with green heads and crests, and one with a scarlet throat. They seemed very happy, hopping and flying around, and we were happy watching them.

We live in the center of the city, which contains 16,000 inhabitants. Now don't you think our having so many birds speaks well for the boys of our place? But fearing some boys might be cruel enough to kill the birds, I thought it would be a good plan to get a list of Bird-defenders. You will find enclosed the names. A few of them are grown people and teachers; one of them, Mr. Lukins, is the superintendent of our public schools. He did not think himself too old to sign his name with the boys and girls.

If any one knows the names of the two brown birds I mentioned, will they please answer in the ST. NICHOLAS? I like your magazine so much, that I wish it would come twice a month.—Yours respectfully,

GRACE HELFENSTEIN (eleven years old).

Albany, N. Y., June 2d, 1875.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I would like to join the Bird-defenders. As my little sister was walking in the garden one day she found a dead bird lying upon the grass. She picked it up and we asked the little children next door to the funeral. I have written some poetry about it which I send you. I am just eight years old.

THE DEAD BIRD'S MEMORIAL.

The bird is dead, and at his head
A small head-stone we laid,
And this the lay I have to say:
As it was soaring through the sky
A sportsman with his gun came by.
He raised his gun high in the air
And tried to bring down both the pair,
But only one did fall to the ground,
And that was the one my sister found.
We placed some violets around its grave,
And that was all the flowers we gave.

KITTY H. CHAPMAN.

HERE is a letter which is both reasonable and sensible.

New York, June 6th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think the gentleman who wrote that nice suggestion, in your last magazine, to the boys, telling them how to spend their vacation, was very kind, and I have no doubt many will thank him when they come home for their pleasant Summer. But why don't he, or some one, tell the girls what to do or where to go? They need some other place than the crowded watering-places and fashionable Summer hotels to brace them up for next Winter's study. A few weeks in some nice, old, quiet farm-house, for instance, where they could go berrying, boating, and perhaps fishing, wear cool calico dresses all the time without fear of being wondered at, and live

on real, plain, good old-fashioned food, and, in fact, be real country girls for a while, until they lost their pale cheeks and headaches. A party of six or seven girls, with some kind aunty who was young enough to enjoy the sports, and wise enough to keep them from harm or mischief, could find plenty of nice farms way out in the real country, where they could make their home, and a pleasant one too, for the Summer, and just enjoy themselves.

CORA.

Bath, N. H., May 31st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know if hawks are to be defended as well as other birds. I take care of our hens and have now thirty-five chickens, and the hawk comes every day and tries to take them; he has taken three already, and I think as chickens are birds they ought to be defended by shooting the hawk.

EDITH CARPENTER.

We agree with you, Edith.



THIS ingenious monogram, invented by Mr. A. Orlich, of New York City, contains all the letters of the alphabet. Can you make them out?

The Bird-defenders will be glad to see this tribute which was paid to their chief in a recent issue of the *Louisville Commercial*:

"Mr. Haskins has really done a most beneficial work by infusing a proper spirit into so many children in reference to this important matter, and by teaching them early how valuable the small birds are to mankind, and what injury their destruction would cause. He is the Bergh of Birds, and they ought to sing his praises in their sweetest strains."

Ohsweken, May 25th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long wished to adopt some plan of protecting "birds" from the almost always "dead shot" of our Indian boys. Just as your helping hand reached mine away off here, in the wild woods of Canada, a little Indian boy, named Oh'-na-roukh, was showing me two birds (*jedakun*, as we Indians call them), which he had shot with bow and arrow. He has since decided to head the list of "Bird-defenders," which I enclose, with the meanings of the names, for the entertainment of your little readers.

We shall be proud to have our names published in your very interesting magazine, particularly in such a cause. I am endeavoring to get up an "archery club," so as to guide our aims at a "target" instead of at "birds." If some of your readers will furnish us with "rules" for the management of such a club, they will oblige. Many thanks for the kind influence extended to yours truly,

KA-CHE-JE-WAKS (scattering flowers).

The names sent will be found among the Bird-defenders

THE
Play, F
Kendra
Miner,
maker,
Hoyte,
D. Dun
Field, I
Richard
Emma M
Jr., Hay
Morris,
Darrow,
Minnie
Nellie M
P. Breck
Fannie
Merrill,
Hawley,
Guilliam
Olive An
and Edit
Jessie F
Josie Wil
A. Wood
Elsie Nic
Isabel R
Mrs. S.
Howard,

HERE I
Bird-defen
First of
Grace He
sell, Lillie
Stephen S
Philip K
Barber, L
Frank My
Williams,
John Dice
Willie Lo
McIntyre,
Eta Coffri
Emma Zot
Swift, Wil
McCloud,
Ella Blome
gumery, E
Anna Cou
Hibbs, Wil
Julius See
Thos. Will
Laurie Dar
Graham, B
Ella Willia
Reiniger, A
Baker, Mar
Sallie Myer
Joseph F.
Richard Sp
Rogers, Joh
McConnell,
Conway, Ch
Leopold, H
son, Mattie
Sallie Adam
Klingman,
Russell, Cla
Bodles, Wm
Charles Bro
Philip Youn
Royce, Tho
Isaac Levi,

The following boys and girls have sent in answers to the Rhyming Play, published in the June number: Eliza A. Tompkins, Laura Kendrax, Jessie B. Slack, Cynthia Murdock, Lily M. Hyde, Josie Miner, Julia Barlow, Hattie C. Fernald, Marion Clarke, Sue Ellmaker, Maud King, Jerusha M. Coult, Addie B. Fowell, Kittie H. Hoyte, May Reese, Maude Lapham, Harriet Etting, "Pearl," Amy D. Dunnell, Herbert T. Abrams, Nannie S., Lulu B. Monroe, P. B. Field, Harry Perry, Maggie E. Atkins, "Gypsy Jane," Annie P. Richardson, Sarah L. Parsons, Lillie Newman, Nellie A. Himes, Emma M. Sawyer, Ralph Lane, Mary J. Curtis, Robert H. Beattie, Jr., Hayward Duncan, Edward H. Levis, Nellie F. Blandy, Mattie Morris, Allie H. Smith, Lillie B. Kendall, Bertha Russell, Walter Darrow, Mamie C. Mitchell, Addie Hough, "Albertine and Alice," Minnie Shepard, Mary W. Freeman, Julia Strong, Mary I. Graves, Nellie M. Mack, H. P. Edgett, Carrie Saltus, Grace Collins, Nisba P. Breckinridge, M. G. Higgins, Minnie Howes and Cora Shaw, Fannie Jones, Nellie E. Waterhouse, Reinecke C. Ford, Lizzie C. Merrill, Gertrude Weil, May Wolcott, Lillie Hallett, Genevieve L. Hawley, Emmie and Louie Bundy, Marion Butler, Lulu Potter, Guillian A. Wells, Jennie E. White, Jessie Maxwell, Mary Billin, Olive Anne Freret, Sarah C. Lord, Samuel K. Pitman, Nellie Marsh and Edith Kline, Malone Gibson, Ella R. King, Florence Palmer, Jessie Field, Wallie Hayden, Daisy H., "Lily," Bessie L. Cary, Josie Willis, Belle and Jennie Noyes, Marcia A. Lamphier, Edward A. Woods, Ethel G. Emery, Hattie F. Blackford, Alice M. Hyde, Elsie Nichols, Charles Henry Faulkner, Lillie D. Howe, Perlee and Isabel Riemann, Willie K. Vezin, Paul E. W., Grace Helfenstein, Mrs. S. S. Hunter, "Grace," Gertie B. Adams, Lena A., Rosy Howard, Edith M. Darrack, and Annie F. Neill.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

HERE is a second supplement to the "Grand Muster-Roll" of the Bird-defenders:

First of all, is this long list from Ohio, sent by Grace Helfenstein: Grace Helfenstein, Lydia Knowles, Caroline Eppler, Edward Russell, Lillie A. Mullin, Nellie L. Fawn, John R. Baker, Effie Julian, Stephen Smith, Charles Wagner, Louisa Daum, Fanny Brown, Philip Klingman, James Rumsey, John Jones, Thomas Dunn, Jessie Barber, Lucy Miller, Jennie Callow, Chas. Levi, Daniel Ottenburgh, Frank Myers, Geo. Marting, Jessie Millar, William Emmett, Cora Williams, Emma Hey, Solomon Levi, Charles Byers, Frank Crain, John Dice, George Beunler, Harry Hutchins, Laurence Neudorfer, Willie Lodwick, Alfred Doerr, Lucy Ware, Harry Ware, Anna McIntyre, Emma Raugh, Fannie Ball, Mary Drake, Isaac Bryant, Etta Coffrin, Hattie Young, Ella Cross, Susie Watson, Charles Hard, Emma Zottmann, Sallie Reilly, Addie Kendall, Alice Folsom, Jennie Swift, Willie Calder, David Edwards, Edward Herms, Charles McCloud, Daily Webb, Lizzie Webb, Frank Dudnit, Frank Losee, Ella Blomeyer, Charles Salsbury, Mark Muggidge, Herbert Montgomery, Ella Evans, Sallie Connell, Willie Connell, Stella Folsom, Anna Connell, Nellie Moulster, Willie Reed, Edward Purcell, Harry Hibbs, Willie Ware, Andrew Hook, Thomas Royse, James Cook, Julius Seeberger, Samuel Harper, Samuel Palmer, Hallie Wilson, Thos. Williams, Lizzie Johnson, Jennie Sheppard, Grace Cotton, Louie Darcy, Sallie Steed, Mattie Williamson, Annie Brunner, Belle Graham, Blanche Pyne, Louise Doerr, Annie Zehner, Nellie Findlay, Eliza Williams, Annie Nelson, Annie Appel, Annie Baesler, Rosa Reiniger, Annie Rauck, Catharine Harris, Hattie Dennison, Mary Baker, Mary Bishop, Mary Graham, Clara Martin, Martin Edwards, Sallie Myers, Ida Russell, Alice Hayes, Maude Foster, Louise Foster, Joseph F. Lukins, Bettie Hall, Daniel R. Spry, Theresa Spry, Richard Spry, Etta Tolley, Wm. Sutherland, Guilford Heaton, Lydia Rogers, John Redepending, Thomas Purcell, Katie Brand, Jessie McConnell, Luly Gates, Edward Bender, Frederick Kalb, Louie Conway, Charles Wymer, Chase Conway, Carrie Cramer, Edward Leopold, Hattie Shipman, Minnie Green, Lizzie Towse, Kate Simpson, Mattie Wheeler, Mary Brodbeck, Mary Cook, May Wilson, Sallie Adams, Minnie Reed, Florence Hughes, Mary Appel, Henry Klingman, William Burt, Fanny Edwards, Tillie Grassman, Mary Russell, Clara Cook, Jennie Lynn, John Kehoe, Harry Ball, Wm. Boiles, Wm. Harper, Luther Miller, Phelps Leete, Ernest Kehoe, Charles Brown, Frank Vincent, William Clemens, Harry Vincent, Philip Young, Evan Harris, Bertie Hughes, Samuel Silber, Oliver Royse, Thomas Phillips, Wm. Woods, Daniel Koegele, Robt. Baker, Isaac Levi, Richard Maddock, Louie Murray, Francis Barber, Floyd

Knowles, Geo. Hummel, August Kehrer, Maggie Houston, Alice Brodbeck, Clarence Gilson, Samuel Timmonds, Elijah Noel, Louisa Spry, Jennie Spry, Fannie Spry, Mary Murray, Roberta Spry, B. Inez Spry, Thomasin Pursell, Mary Pursell, Tamzin Pursell, T. J. Pursell, A. Myers, Hattie Palmer, Mary Maklem, Jennie Silber, Alice Colborn, Rossie Brofise, Gracie Hibbs, Nettie Gharkey, Carrie Oldfield, Phillipina Stoll, Fannie Ludgate, Bettie Silber, Wm. Graham, Alice Wiley, Alice Neal, Samuel McConnell, Anna Widmer, Henry Buechler, James Lynn, Raphael Moore, Chas. Bradford, George Wydmer, Anna Horr, Ida Powers, Elizabeth Spry, Cecilia Rogers, Geo. W. Helfenstein, Fanny Helfenstein, Anna McGinley, Amanda McGinley, Mary Cotton, Katie Cotton, A. B. Richardson, M. S. Cotton, D. B. Cotton, Ethel Cotton, Richard Kricker, Owen Kerrigan, Julia Quirk, Ella Mindego, Nellie O'Connor, Mary Barrett, John Lemones, Tate Prendergast, Jas. Dunn, Thomas O'Connor, Goteib Brunner, Oliver Prediger, Willis Grubb, Frank Emmett, John Bishop, Joseph Sheppard, George Reinfrank, Henry Leichner, George Wymer, Louis Keller, William Clossman, William Daum, Lena Dunham, Helen Owens, Wm. Baker, Peter Jahraus, Kinney Hall, Clifton Marquette, Stephen Bishop, Thomas Smith, Thomas Burt, Walter Burt, and Frank Hook.

Then comes Kittie Hoyte, of Aurora, Illinois, with one hundred and thirty more: Kittie Hoyte, Mirta Smith, Eddie Austin, Asa Holcomb, Libbie Buck, Jessie Perrigo, Gerty Smith, Effie Barrett, Oscar Betting, Ella Gilbert, Louisa Edwards, Ruth Shepard, Lyda Young, Maggie Quinn, Lizzie Hoyte, Gerty Van Liew, Louis Van Liew, Charles Clark, Harriet Hoyte, Charles Van Liew, Mary Ames, Effie Watson, Hattie Lindsley, Willie Lindsley, Nellie Loomis, John Ashford, Hattie Gardner, Emma Gardner, John Gardner, Eddie Gardner, Harriet Ball, Carlie Austin, Annie Austin, Hattie Van Leshen, Jessie Loomis, John Loomis, Ella Paxton, Sarah Paxton, Thompson Paxton, Jennie Paxton, Sarah Pritchard, Elotia Pritchard, Maud Powell, James Schick, John McSherry, Louisa Riley, Ellen Riley, Katie Riley, Helen Van Liew, Dr. Van Liew, Lulu Blakesley, Harry Blakesley, Fanny Rosier, Ella Powell, Mabel White, Edith Culver, Gussie Somarindyck, Ida Miller, Mamie Hill, Josie Bonguher, Carrie Gaspie, Minnie Pierce, May Pierce, Ollie Pierce, Jennie Freeland, Leola Boyce, Minnie Blakesley, Dora Wolford, Flora Wolford, Louisa Wolford, Katie Long, Louise Schicker, Anna Beers, Emma Lackner, Anna Breed, Minnie Gruber, Louie Hopps, Minnie Mason, Emma Stauss, Maggie Dienerer, Mary Little, Emma Wilde, Mary Loomis, Mary Murphy, May Stewart, Irvin Hopps, Lyda Denney, Willie Pierce, Arthur Holmes, Wilber Hattery, Frank Winton, Bertha Heas, Allie Breman, Cornelia Stadler, Jennie Brennen, Angie Reicherty, Frank Plummer, Charlie Kellogg, Harry Goldsmith, Martin Jenkens, Florence Poole, Linda Ross, Ella Walrath, Mamie Wingate, Minnie Leedorf, Nettie Chase, Jennie Puffer, Ida Cox, Lillie Ward, Clara Weldon, Liddie Zeegler, Kittie Affans, Charlie Clatten, Etta Clark, Susy Rice, James Freeman, Etta Tannery, Fannie Mason, Albert Ansel, Henry Battenschlag, Freda Lohn, Albert Lohn, Emil Lohn, Willis Ansel, Emma Lohn, Frederika Ansel, Nicholas Eresch, and Peter Eresch.

Next we have this long list of Washington boys and girls, sent by "Katinka": Emma Scott, Julia Quantrille, Freda H. Thomas, Lillian F. Chancey, Lizzie McMurray, Florence Bartlette, Susie B. Brown, Ella M. Arnold, Cora Dennison, Lizzie S. Nichols, Cora Robertson, Florence M. Bamberger, M. Lizzie Ferguson, Mary Augusta Scott, Julia Helen Scott, Emma L. Bond, Arthur F. Stetson, Mollie E. Bond, Perdita Altschuh, Flora Ball, Mamie Cooke, Walter Boyce, Fred Griffith, Jedediah Gittings, William Baxter, Arthur May, Willie Crabs Cohen, Herbert Perley, Clarence Trexitt, Redmond Walsh, Perry Terrappin, Wallace Woodward, Mamie White, Sallie Daniel, Lillie Trevitt, Hernie Morsell, Katie Malone, Henry Kimball, Fannie Carroll, D. P. Foley, Louis Wells, W. F. McFarland, Annie H. Cavise, H. Oldes, Alice Faulkner, Anna Moore, Fred B. Nichols, A. B. Robertson, W. W. Dodge, Alfred Hovey, Belle Carroll, Mary Cunningham, Sydney Smith, Willard Bamberger, Hattie Winter, Charles E. Thomas, Annie Chesney, Maggie McCleary, Jennie Burr, Perry Turpin, Chas. Chesney, Charlie P. G. Scott, Fred Thomas, Annie Wells, Thropp Wells, George Meredith, Maud Jamieson, James Neil, Thomas Johnson, Richard McIntyre, Amos O. Mauck, Frank Fesler, John McElheny, Lucien Mayhew, Frank Mayhew, Harry C. Davis, Florence Clark, Clarence Clark, Theodore Tracy, Joseph C. Forse, Antony Vincent, and Victor Emmanuel Stinemetz.

Willie H. McCulloch, of Peoria, Ill. (and only eight years old), sends this long list: Willie Herron McCulloch, Louie Schwabacher, Edward McMackin, James Robinson, Harry Law, Jake Mittner,

James White, Daniel Elderkin, Charles Piper, Ernest McHenry, Ralph Helm, Willie Helm, Robert Boehlke, Bennie Chase, Frank Dailey, Dick Weise, Gussie Elsey, Frank Roughenborg, Willie Scoville, George Osborne, Isa Schradski, Walter Allison, Pierre Tyng, Eddie Waugh, Harry Mason, Howard Allison, Philip Tyng, Mary H. McCulloch, Mary Culver, Minnie Young, Dollie Doty, Mattie Hudson, Jennie Barlow, Emma Chase, Georgia Scoville, Emma Korsoski, Birdie Elder, Jennie Fletcher, Minnie Gebhardt, Lida Everhard, Mamie Flagg, Annie Frazee, Nellie Zindle, Harriet Radcliffe, Nellie Henry, Ollie Coffey, Laura Riesz, Hattie Wheeler, Emma Hudson, Annie Black, Lena Mittner, Edith Hauerman, Minnie Black, Lottie Eisenhauer, Bettie Rust, Grace Frye, Maud Ellis, Katie Roughenborg, Rosa Palmborg, Mamie Everhard, and Maud Dredge.

Marion Keene, of Thomaston, Maine, sends this list: Charles Creighton, Elias Clark, Clara Mason, Brownie Mason, Carrie Jordan, Annie Waldo, Emma Counce, Carrie Counce, Jennie Burgess, Eda Mills, Annie Henderson, Louisa Watts, Frances Richardson, Maggie Moody, Willie Moody, Charlie Hatch, De Witt Chase, Alice Mathews, Annie Cooper, Aggie Miller, Alice Watts, Willie J. Watts, Willy Watts, Ella Watts, Henry Starr, Emma Barrett, Minnie Palmer, Emma Maxey, Flora Killeran, Sadie Sumner, Jennie Jacobs, Nettie Dockham, Ida Thomas, Joseph McFarland, Lizzie Dinsmore, Willie Hoofses, Stella Trowbridge, Roxie Young, Carrie Catland, Cora Strong, Etha Flagg, Myra Parker, Clara Copeland, Maggie Sullivan, Willie Gray, Ouis Mitchell, Frank Hills, and Marion Keene.

Bertha Schenck, of Middletown, Ohio, sends this list: Bertha Schenck, Rosa Newman, Nellie Newman, Mary Knox, Lou Jones, Annie Jones, Nettie Weitzell, Clara Bamitz, Sarah Thompson, May McCallay, Clara Intzi, Maggie Taber, Katie Bridge, Nettie Langdon, Elsie Barber, Abby Barber, Christine Shartle, M. J. La Tourette, L. M. Merridith, A. C. Tyler, L. H. Lynch, Ella Wicoff, Anna McAdams, Mary Kline, Louette Kline, Katie Oterbin, Anna Oterbin, Anna Long, Minnie Long, Katie Pfeffer, Susie J. Howell, Sallie Mirtland, J. S. Mitchell, Katie Greter, George Sutterer, Laura A. Barber, Ida Millar, Lucy Smith, Lizzy Smith, Sarah A. Meller, Sarah Kline, Dora Swinck, May Wolly, Annie Stien, Andrew Kline, Jettie Goldman, Anna Winton, and Alice Winton.

M. Adele Kretsinger, of Fort Madison, Iowa, sends this list: Carrie Kelly, Josie Kelly, Charlie Miller, Lizzie Layton, Maggie Layton, Florence Gibbs, Vallie Smith, Emesee Stamar, Willie Angear, Susie Wilde, Emma Wilde, Henry Benett, John Wilmesmier, Austin Stempel, Guida Stempel, Zade Hale, Hallie Wright, Charlie Wright, Eddie Semple, John Gerard, Robert Price, Sandy Price, John Price, Eddie Holland, Christopher Stooky, Lorena Woodward, Ruth Woodward, Minnie Smith, Mattie Smith, Frank Hale, Minnie Ottomeyer, Cyddie Albright, Ella Pollard, Willie Coleman, Bennie Campbell, Ada Smith, Caddie Woods, Dick Campbell, Frank Woods, Bennie G. Albright, Robbie Case, Willie Blackburn, Louis Montandan, Eddie Roberts, and M. Adele Kretsinger.

Charlie P. Knapp, of Deposit, N. Y., sends this list: Charlie P. Knapp, Ella K. Stow, Anna W. Ford, Flora A. Smeallie, James Coffin, A. Ward Ford, Lillie Edick, Clintie Minor, Sadie E. Ford, Elvira B. Clark, George W. Wheeler, Belle Hadley, Nettie B. Van Schoyk, L. Florence Smith, Alice Van Schoyk, Cornelius E. Scott, Belle Derroney, Mary Persons, Hattie E. C. Smeallie, Lura E. Brown, Lulie B. Hanford, Frankie J. Hanford, Jessie G. Ells, Anna B. McKean, Vera Vail, Ida J. Dean, Kate M. McKean, Marietta McKean, Bet Evans, Nellie Wetmore, Freddie Wetmore, Edward D. Hadley, Mrs. J. C. Downs, Julia M. Hanford, Maggie Seymour, and Percy Knapp.

Lucy T. Rogers, of Williamson, sends a list: Lizzie M. Vaughn, Ella W. Bennett, Irena French, Hattie E. Rogers, Jennie Bursie, Lily Hinolf, Jennie Thompson, Hattie Fuller, Julia Pugsley, Addie Seely, Mary Eaton, Holace Johnson, George Thompson, Howard Thompson, Abram Stark, Adelbert Pelky, Jimmie Pelky, Andrew Bown, Freddie Bennett, Gussie Bennett, Orrie Bishop, Isaac Masdey, Frank Otere, Johnnie Otere, Willie F. Rogers, Jennie McIntyre, B. F. Fowler, W. Sutton, R. Parkhill, M. E. Parkhill, M. L. Pound, Hattie E. Bosworth, George Pugsley, Charlie Fuller, Clark Fuller, Johnnie Olmstead, Barlow Thompson, Eddie Desselter, Charlie Desselter, and Willie Bennett.

Jennie M. Hoag, Wilson Hoag, and Gertie S. Weller, of Meadsville, send these names: Robbie C. Bole, Geo. H. Groot, Norman W. Johnston, Charlie Philips, Artie Officer, Freddie McCarston, Ernie Pond, Bertie Pond, Harrie Brooks, Dudley Bemoss, Johnnie

Reynolds, Harrie Dunbar, Leon Saeger, Charley Hollester, Tommy Derickson, Corrie Derickson, Wiley McFarland, Carrie Wires, Evra A. Groot, Nina White, Blanch Davenport, Jennie C. Officer, Gertie H. Officer, Florence E. Officer, Annie B. Hope, Emma L. Johnston, Julie Steward, Clara Johnson, Cora Johnson, Lizzie Harfison, Gertie Compton, Cora Clark, Bessie Clark, Carrie Odell, Maggie McFarland, Aggie Miller, and Anna Hollister.

Carrie G. Tobey, of Walpole, New Hampshire, sends this list: Carrie G. Tobey, Mary A. Tobey, Emilie D. Hundley, Grace M. Brown, Nettie Brown, Lizzie Drislan, Minnie Gates, Hattie Pierce, Carrie A. Perry, Mabel A. Porter, Ada Holland, Jimmie M. Holland, Bessie Seabury, Nora Driscoll, Lou B. Hayward, Blanche Belows, Annie Short, Johnnie Porter, Johnny Hale, Eddie S. Bates, Mary G. Bates, Bart Kinery, Connie Harty, Willie Hooper, Warren Colburn, Elias Putnam, Geo. Faulkner, Charles Hinds, Fred Booth, Harry Newton, Nellie Farnsworth, Lizzie M. Brown, and Emma Booth.

Walter Hayden, of Chardon, Ohio, sends this list: Forest Stone, Nelson Sanger, John Hardaker, Frank Canfield, Merrick Pease, Mortie Eldredge, Hallie Smith, Lizzie Parmelee, Carrie Waters, Ida Sanger, Delia Berichon, Florie Avery, Mattie Maynard, Mamie Bodman, Lucinda Burnet, Wallie Hayden, Anna Hayden, Walter Ryder, Dannie King, Henry Stimson, Dickie Denton, Sherman Skinner, Wallie Sweeney, Lizzie Marsh, Lizzie Waters, Lizzie Ryder, Jennie McBride, Delie Canfield, Maggie Baptie, Winnie Hollis, and Ettie Eldredge.

Leslie L. White, of Schuyler, Neb., sends this list: Cora White, Bertie White, Naomi Benn, Walter Benn, Warren Benn, May Benn, Della Benn, Edgar Van Housen, Alvan Van Housen, Ernest Newell, Andrew Newell, Clara Newell, Carrie Ploss, Hurl Ploss, Giles Ploss, Anson Van Housen, Oliver Van Housen, Frank Wheeler, Sidney Wheeler, Annie Wheeler, Harry Wheeler, Ella Wolford, James Wolford, Frank Thompson, Lill Thompson, George Fisher, and Leslie L. White.

"Aunt Annie," of Perham, N. H., sends this list: Mary E. Richardson, Lizzie M. Marsh, Alice M. Greeley, Edith N. Spear, Alice M. Barnes, Mamie F. Barnes, Maggie A. Lee, Abbie J. Lee, Annie M. Lee, Katie F. Lee, Gertie H. Hillman, Willie Coburn, Jennie M. Thompson, Louisa Jones, Lucie E. Chaplin, George E. Richardson, Chas. E. Stacey, Edward Donovan, Stephen B. Donovan, Arthur Butler, Arthur McQuestion, Harry H. Spear, and Tommy W. Lee.

Nettie M. Van Ness, of Rising Sun, Indiana, sends this list: Ella V. Latham, Julia Latham, Fannie Rabb, Alice Miller, Anna Beaty, Lette Rabb, Emma Buchanan, Susie McAdaus, Emma Cruger, Carrie Hall, Allie Clement, Mary Parker, Lena A. Parker, Maggie Matson, Lillie Smith, Jennie Dodd, Luella C. Moore, Nannie Jones, Mary Dorrel, George Hall, Eddie McKain, Eddie B. Kittle, Gracie V. Van Ness, Tom C. Van Ness, and Nettie M. Van Ness.

Clara Hurd, of Oneida, N. Y., sends this list: Augusta W. Hitter, Lillie A. Lawrence, Hattie L. Murty, Mary Archambeault, Maggie Merrill, Louise L. Hubbard, Anna Carter, Minnie M. Stafford, Kittie E. Jacobs, Ella J. Bates, Lola E. Wiles, Lizzie Goodenow, Lillie F. Merrill, Jennie E. Seely, Emma A. Crawford, Carrie E. Hopkins, Louise J. Walrath, George B. Hitchcock, Harry Klock, Nettie Hurd, and Clara Hurd.

Emma Noble, of Cresco, Iowa, sends this list: Emma M. Noble, Lizzie V. Weston, Corrie J. Doolittle, Eva R. Doolittle, George M. Doolittle, Gerty S. Stone, Willie Stone, Martha A. Brierley, Mary E. Brierley, Willie E. Brierley, Benny Brierley, Sarah C. Beaty, Lucy B. Beaty, Wallar D. Beaty, Alanson C. Noble, Howard D. Noble, Freddy F. Jones, Lena M. Mackon, Christian F. Mackon, Anton C. Mackon, and Peter M. Mackon.

Minnie M. Titus, of Brooklyn, sends this list: Josephine Wood, Minnie M. Titus, Rita Hardie, Nellie Usher, Florence Belcher, Blanche Alexander, Lena M. Fahys, Edith S. Sackett, Jennie F. Littell, Mattie Churchman, Louie B. Cromwell, Isabel Matheson, Fannie R. Brown, Mollie E. Miller, Mary L. Foster, Marion A. Coombs, Blanche D. Small, Hortense Small, Charles Seaton, and William C. Burling.

Fannie P. Toulmin, of Northumberland, Pa., sends the following names: Annie G. Kapp, Helen F. Withington, Mary R. Forsyth, Annie S. Heck, Ida B. Weaver, Hannah C. Taggart, Frances H. Withington, Jennie S. Renninger, Jennie B. Priestley, May D. Vincent, Beckie S. Bird, Harry Toulmin, George Linvill, James Taggart, Priestley Toulmin, Fannie E. Yocum, Carrie B. Simpson, Fannie P. Toulmin, and C. C. Partridge.

Anita L. Futey, of West Chester, Penn., sends this list: Flora Hewes, Bessie Dillingham, Anita L. Futey, Bertha Lee, Harry Dillingham, Bunnie Dillingham, Howard F. Brinton, Ernest Taylor, Lucy Huddleson, Nora Huddleson, Emily Brady, Lillie Brady, Archie O'Brian, Canfield Jones, Willie Kirk, Lucy Kirk, Mabel James, Ellie Evans, Jennie Huddle, and Conway Dillingham.

Bertha E. Salmarsch, of Knoxville, Tenn., sends this list: Ella D. Swan, Mallie M. Ross, Carrie Y. M. Galbraith, Bettie S. Park, Neva Sheppard, Lillie Mitchell, Fanny Hough, Mary Cowan, Sallie Scales, Ada Hackell, Blanch Caldwell, Lena Galbraith, Mary Peabody, Ernest Peabody, Mrs. Mary A. Richardson, Miss Helen Baily, and Miss Louisa Guyaz.

John K. Bangs sends this list: John K. Bangs, Wm. N. Bangs, Harry Townsend, David S. Ferris, Clifford Smith, Taber Knox, E. G. Dumahaut, W. Goadby, George Young, Frank Lawrence, Edgar Hall Laing, Conde R. Thorn, C. H. Whitlock, Augustine Smith, Ambrose D. Henry, Harry Wilson, Willie Heydecker, John Lawrence, W. B. Merrill, and E. M. Young.

This list of Bird-defenders comes to us from New Germantown, N. J.: Edith Honeyman, Robbie Honeyman, P. Depeue Honeyman, Nora McCrea, Willie McCrea, Jennie McCrea, Emma Tiger, Addie Melick, Dora Melick, Annie Melick, Emma Melick, Lottie Melick, Laura Miller, Annie Craig, Minnie Bonnell, Emma Biebigheiyer, Alice Opydyke, Mary Kinkle, and Laura Emmons.

John W. Noble, of Hempstead, L. I., sends this list: John W. Noble, Manuel Castanos, S. V. V. Hoffman, George B. Cortelyou, Alfred W. Withers, Felix Tanco, Frank Tanco, Braulio Garcia, Manning Light, W. H. Brinkerhoff, Jordan L. Demarest, Frank Demarest, Edmund O. Wieters, Otto F. Wieters, John F. Wieters, Ben. W. Martin, and Jessie Hinds.

Geo. F. Wanger, of Pottstown, sends this list: Beckie Fregh, Mary Reinard, R. P. Wanger, Lavinia Souders, Mialma Tyson, Idaline Strunk, Maggie Amole, Ada Grubb, Laura Shaner, Stevie Kerper, Wm. Rader, Joseph P. Wanger, Emmie L. Irwin, Rodger Spiess, Elnor Shaner, Julia Strunk, and Maggie J. Shaner.

Bessie S. Lemon, of Barre, Mass., sends this list: Sarah H. Lemon, Mary F. Hawes, Kittie P. Babbitt, Helen S. Brigham, Bessie S. Lemon, Abbie Howard, May C. Johnson, Susy D. Rice, Lizzie M. Johnson, Carrie Howard, Nellie M. Rice, Mabel Howard, Emma Hawes, Ellen S. Rice, and Bessie Lemon.

Klyda Richardson, of Trenton, N. J., sends this list: Mary S. Cook, William G. Cook, Ferdinand R. Skirm, Benjamin C. Skirm, Richard C. Cook, Geo. E. Kraft, Sarah R. Belleville, Robert C. Belleville, Jas. Oliphants, Florence Brearley, Albert W. Moore, and Theo. G. Dickinson.

Meta Gage, of Sycamore, Ill., sends this list: Cora Black, Katie De Graff, Minnie Waite, Nellie Robinson, Mattie Cook, Jessie Shurtliff, Ada Sawyer, Sadie Lattin, Nettie Babcock, Nellie Quinn, Lizzie Langhorn, Anna Stringfellow, Louisa Buck, Ella Seacord, May Seacord, Clara Anderson, and Amanda Brown.

Jessie Meeker, of Brooklyn, sends the following list: Jessie M. Meeker, Julia A. Meeker, Frank H. Meeker, Will Leverich, Emma Lyman, George Goodwin, Alice M. Thackray, Millie Bynner, Nellie Wattles, Frank Hatchins, Addie Ferguson, and North McLean.

Phebe Snowden, of Freeport, Pa., sends this list: Phebe C. Snowden, Belle A. Ralston, Otho R. Gillespie, Annie C. Heck, Laura R. Shoop, Ella A. Redpath, Sallie E. Fullerton, Lizzie Shoop, Robert R. Shoop, Wm. Shoop, John D. Snowden, and Freddie H. Heck.

Lyman B. Garfield, of Jersey City, sends this list: Lyman B. Garfield, Charlie Mason, Charlie Lyons, Charlie Dall, Harry Lyons, C. L. Garfield, E. A. Bouton, M. R. Bouton, Joseph Brosnan, Leonard Orr, and Seward Williams.

Rosie Draper, of Washington, D. C., sends this list: Minnie Moore, May Owen, and Rosie Draper, of Washington, D. C.; and Ida Culbreth, Neta Walker, Rose Verdon, Hallie Pennervill, Emma Fowler, Kate Denny, and Jennie Knight, of Dover, Del.

Anra L. Harwood sends this list: Molly Pendergrass, Ella Townsend, Sarah Townsend, Pauline Patton, Julia Patton, Alice Trace, Addie Trace, Annie Graves, Laura Campbell, Mamie Campbell, George Jones, and Beatrice Dixon.

Ethel and Madeleine Ristori, of New York, send this list: May R. Quackenbush, Madeleine D. Ristori, Ethel E. Ristori, Julia E. Nicholson, Lily Davenport, Frank W. Warrington, Harry L. Warrington, and Fred Frothingham.

Bell H. Harwood sends this list: Alice E. Hodson, Nelly M. Conner, Ella Calkins, Maggie L. Conner, Agnes E. Harwood, Eddy C. Harwood, Bessie Calkins, and Alice Libby.

George Matthews, of Olney, Ill., sends this list: George Matthews, Luciene Wilson, Sallie Wilson, Maggie Wilson, Edna Watson, Lena Watson, Mary Watson, Gus Louis, Rob Louis, Della Louis, and Josie Louis.

Clara May King, of Syracuse, N. Y., sends this list: Clara Ellis Beach, Edith Rust, Louisa C. Williams, Katie Williams, Lily Burdick, Jennie Marsh, Maggie Seal, Frances McDougall, and Clara May King.

Gussie S. Woodruff, of Hamilton, N. Y., sends this list: May Montgomery, Anna Butterfield, Alta A. Root, Zoe N. Wickwire, Gennie Wilcox, Frank Bright, Willie Montgomery, and Gussie S. Woodruff.

Nettie J. Griswold, of Le Roy, sends this list: Effie M. Bannister, Lucinda E. Bannister, Mary C. Bannister, Carl Bannister, Dwight Bannister, Willard Frisby, John Newan, and Paul Griswold.

Julia Elliott, of Indianapolis, sends this list: Lizzie Rady, Jo Hex, Minnie Coffin, Carrie Coffin, Harry Onwee, Lulu Onwee, and Julia Harlow.

George C. Phillips, of Philadelphia, sends this list: Rebecca Betts, Ryland W. Phillips, Howard M. Phillips, Bessie G. Marot, Mary Marot, Kate M. Phillips, and George C. Phillips.

Aubrey Geddes, of Mansfield, Ohio, sends these names: Hughie E. King, Jerry Settemyer, Willie Shamp, Burr Geddes, and Aubrey Geddes.

Hattie Roberts, of Rahway, N. J., sends a few names: Henry Terrill, Carrie Terrill, Joe Cheyney, Marianna Cheyney, Rebie Roberts, and Hattie Roberts.

Marie Sieboth, of Utica, N. Y., sends the following list: Mamie Walker, Nellie Sherwood, Jennie Burnop, Nellie Palmer, Alfred Sieboth, and Marie Sieboth.

Blanche Lintz, of Rochefort, Mo., sends this list: Ella Blanche Morgan, G. Montgomery Lintz, W. Alphonso Lintz, and Effie Morgan.

Helen Lukens and Carrie Glosser send these names: Carrie H. Glosser, Annie M. Glosser, J. Frank Glosser, Ettie W. McVaugh, Ida McVaugh, and Helen M. Lukens.

George Foran, of Stratford, Conn., sends us with this letter the names of four Chinese boys, who wish to join the Bird-defenders, and whom the army is glad to welcome:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are four Chinese boys at my school, and when I asked them if they would join the army of Bird-defenders, and explained what it was, they were very glad to. Their names are Tsoor-Kih-Fooh, Tseen-Wan-River, Sin-Kia-Shu, and Khong-Kang-Ling. I myself am one too.—Yours truly, GEO. FORAN.

Here is the list of Indian Bird-defenders referred to in another column: Ah'-na-runkh (Henry), Lo-le-ho'-wa-na (opening in the sky), Sat-e-gab-runkh'-his (row of trees, all same height), Tah-rough-yo'-ris, and Funh-tyuh-quah-no'-roungh (precious or select company).

Besides the above lists, the following names have been received: Arthur Fairbanks, Robert N. Fairbanks, May E. Chandlee, Mamie T. Chapman, Kitty A. Loomis, Jessie L. Randall, Charlie Sidebotham, Willie Sidebotham, George Morrison, Edmund Dixon, Mamie A. Reese, Wm. H. Willis, Jr., Livingstone Wetmore, Maria Carroll, Nettie P. Butler, Lottie L. Butler, Charles B. Clemens, Phebe A. Earl, Ella J. Bowman, Joanna B. Howell, Carrie Palmer, Anna M. Reed, Luella M. Palmer, Mary J. Curtis, Laura D. Haines, Edward H. Levis, Olive Anne Freret, Fanny Salkeld Freret, Carrie Salkeld Freret, George Clinton Clarke, Florence Clarke, Marion Clarke, Edward A. Woods, Charles A. Woods, Lawrence C. Woods, Eddie W. Donahue, George Pierce, Freddy W. Donahue, Fred A. Pratt, John S. Pratt, Harry W. Wheeler, Johnnie Allen, Emily Allen and Julia Allen, Lizzie Platt, May Hudson, Richard Hudson, Sarah Gallett, Anna Gallett Harry Gallett, Violet Crane, Richard Crane, Annie C. Ray, Addie E. Williams, James Scott, M. S. Christian, Gertrude Phipps, A. Phipps, Wilbur C. Lamphier, Marcia A. Lamphier, Caroline Gauvain, Marie Marchand, Daisy Ella Austermell, Lewie Austermell, Greenie Barnett, James B. Thompson, Belle Noyes, Jennie Noyes, Maud Miner, Josie Miner, Duane Bowles, Josie M. Bowles, Nellie A. Himes, Winthrop Webster Sargeant, Nisba P. Breckinridge, Katherine Pyle, Robert T. Taylor, Susie L. Westermann, C. A. Hanna, Rachel V. Bennett, James M. Hunter, Addie H. Heugh, C. S. Ricke, Jr., John Augustus Hunneman, Charlie Robbins, Florence Palmer, Josie Willis, Edgar P. Mott, Bessie L. Cary, A. J. Kirkland, Harriet Elling, Florence Dike Wiley, Willie A. O. Paul, Edith Gallaudet, William A. Wells, Marion Butler, R. Woodcock, Emma Bundy, Louie Bundy, R. D.

PREFIX PUZZLE.



[Prefix a certain syllable of five letters to each of the names of these pictures, and so make a word of each one of them.]

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.

SYLLABLES.

My whole you 'll find a compound word;
Now in the middle break it;
A circle you will find my first,
My next—a bird will make it.

LETTERS.

My first is a bird of plumage bright;
My second, a dish in which some delight.
My third, an animal of a hot clime
(A stranger, it may be, but suits well my rhyme).
My fourth is the name of a little cup,
Which will do my fifth, if you hang it up.
My sixth, though it often belongs to a band,
is not noted for music, or anything grand.
My seventh, in some countries, in soup is much used
My eighth is a horse, which should not be abused.
My ninth, a strange animal, of a strange land;
That its name, too, is strange, you may soon understand.
My tenth you may see thrice a day at your table;
To guess it right quickly, I'm sure you are able.

The initials of these, of my whole form the name;
The finals will give you exactly the same.
My whole is an instrument, good in its way,
If we choose to keep secret who had the first say. B.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A FRUIT. 2. Not late. 3. Protected. 4. Trans-
parent. 5. A serpent. J. P. B.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. HE tried to — the —. 2. He was very —
although he was —. 3. I — I wanted —. 4.
We had our — in the — story. 5. He began to
— because it was —. 6. We all had — to —.

M. G. B.

CHARADE, No. 2.

I AM a word of five syllables, easy to spell, but rather difficult for little folks to remember. My first and second represent an article that is absolutely necessary in new settlements; my third is frequently spoken of as a personage of importance; my fourth is what every little boy longs to become; my fifth might begin a Turkish priest, but could never complete him; and my whole is the name of a celebrated philosopher, who first gave us maps and globes, and who is said to have invented the sun-dial.

F. R. F.

EASY ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eight letters. My 3, 6, 7, 8 is to have completed. My 1, 2, 4, 5 is a male name. My 7, 4, 5 is a Spanish title. My 3, 2, 1, 4, 5 is a fruit. My whole is a beverage.

IRON DUKE.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Cities.

1. I — go on board the vessel at —. 2. The potters of — baked their wares in —. 3. A turnkey went through the corridors of a — prison with a heavy — at his side. 4. He — reach — in time for the celebration. 5. There is not one such — found in the vicinity of —. 6. — at dinner, in —.

B.



THE EMIGRANT PUZZLE.

In the above picture may be found, by careful search, the following things: 1. Winding-sheets. 2. Ghosts. 3. A sad exclamation. 4. A dupe. 5. The body of an animal. 6. And a part of the same. 7. Shelter. 8. A toy. 9. A discourse. 10. A float. 11. Animals (visible). 12. Animals (concealed, but understood to be present). 13. One form of (so-called) spirit-manifestations. 14. Articles of jewelry. 15. Corsets. 16. Edifices. 17. A row of houses. 18. Parts of the stage of a theater. 19. A measure. 20. Corn in a certain form. 21. A tress of hair. 22. Parts of a watch. 23.

A sentinel. 24. A canoe transposed. 25. A pack of cards. 26. Flowers. 27. An evergreen. 28. Fruit. 29. A fruit tree. 30. The mates of the vessel, transposed. 31. Affirmatives and negatives. 32. A legal claim. 33. Certain tools, with a Latin preposition prefixed. 34. An island. 35. Four yards. 36. To cure. 37. Anger. 38. Scoffing. 39. The way in which certain animals drink. 40. A headland. 41. Parts of a river. 42. Managers of business. 43. What the Dutchman loves. 44. A fish. 45. A poet. 46. Profit. 47. Enclosures for animals. 48. An emblem of royalty. J. A. N.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER

REBUS, No. 1.—“What man dare, I dare!
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.”

ENIGMA.—“There 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.”

CHARADE.—Mushroom.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Euphrosyne Parepa Rosa.

E—ncam—P
U—lric—A
P—ar—R
H—ow—E
R—ea—P
O—scol—A
S—t. Pete—R
Y—O (you)
N—ichola—S
E—urop—A

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Resin, reins, serin, risen, siren. 2. Torso, roots. 3. Damon, monad, nomad. 4. Endow, Woden. 5. Seron, snore, Norse.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Straining, training, raining. Brushing, rushing. Marching, arching.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, previous to June 18, from Hattie Gibson, Leila Delano, Louella M. Palmer, “Y. M. I.,” Mamie A. Johnson, Allen Edwd. Harbaugh, “Nimpo,” Kittie Ames, “Hollyhock and Sunflower,” Geo. Brady, Carrie Saltus, Grace Collins, Frank H. Belknap, William C. Delanoy, John R. Eldridge, Katie G. Bolster, Fannie Le Noir Russell, “F.,” Julia Sanford and Mollie Willett, Louise R. Canby.

SQUARE-WORD.—
C R A V A T
R E V E R E
A V E N O R
V E N D U E
A R O U N D
T E R E D O

REBUS, No. 2.—“How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.”

ELLIPSES.—1. Center, recent. 2. Estrange, sergant. 3. Senator, treason. 4. Dread, dared. 5. General, enlarged. 6. Dilates, de tails.

HIDDEN CAPES.—1. Ann. 2. Horn. 3. Bon. 4. Verd. 5. Clear

METAGRAM.—Nice, rice, mice, ice.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

L
N E D
L E A R N
D R Y
N

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—B A L S A M

A L I E N
L I N E
S E E
A N
M