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CAPTAIN PORTER AND THE ESSEX; OR, THE FIRST BATTLE OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

THE *Essex* was a small frigate, built on Winter Island in Salem harbor in 1799. She was rated as a thirty-two, though mounting in reality forty thirty-two pound carronades and six long twelves. After various noteworthy cruises, in one of which she first carried the pennant of a United States ship-of-war beyond the Cape of Good Hope, she was placed under command of Captain David Porter, a young officer who was first lieutenant of the *Philadelphia* at Tripoli, and was already distinguished for his daring and skill. She was assigned in the Summer of 1812 to the squadron of Commodore Bainbridge, who had been appointed to the *Constitution* after her famous fight with the *Guerriere*, and had made her his flagship. In pursuance of his orders, the *Essex*, Captain Porter, sailed October 28 from the Delaware, with a full crew of three hundred and nineteen souls, and a large supply of stores which made her deep and impeded her speed. She was to meet the Commodore at Porto Praya St. Jago, in the Cape Verde Islands, but failing to reach there in season, then continued on to the second rendezvous at Fernando de Noronha, off Brazil.

During this long cruise, the *Essex* had fallen in with but one of the enemy's vessels, the brig *Noctau*, which surrendered at the first fire. The prize was sent to the States with a prize crew, but was recaptured; however, \$55,000 in specie found on board of her had luckily been transferred to the *Essex*.

At Fernando de Noronha, Captain Porter re-

ceived a letter from Commodore Bainbridge directing him to lie off Cape Frio to the southward for the *Constitution*. But he was disappointed again, and after beating against violent head winds and chasing some of the enemy's merchantmen, the *Essex* put into St. Catherine's for a supply of water. As it had now become useless for Captain Porter to search farther for the *Constitution*, he was obliged to devise some new plan of action for his further movements. As the English influence was so great in the ports of South America as to make them hostile to American ships, he was unable to revictual on that coast, and, apparently, would be forced to return to the United States. But with enterprise and courage characteristic of his ardent nature, Captain Porter resolved, instead of returning to the States, to weather Cape Horn and ravage the Pacific, destroying the whale-ships of the enemy and living on the stores with which he knew they would be abundantly provided.

It was a daring, but, as the event proved, a practicable scheme. The voyage around the Horn was of the roughest sort. The spirit of the black, rocky, inhospitable Cape gave the adventurous little frigate a rude greeting. For many days she buffeted adverse seas, and when, after the weary voyagers thought themselves at last clear of the land and that the violence of the winds was abated, a gale of tremendous fury suddenly arose, and the exhausted crew were again clinging to the slanting yards, furling and reefing the flapping sails. But an ocean current setting to leeward obliged them



THE BATTLE OF THE ESSEX AND THE PHŒBE.

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to keep a press of sail on the laboring vessel in order to claw off the land, and about midnight she plunged her head into a sea which swept the decks, and rushed below in such floods that all on board thought she was foundering; but, staggering under the blow, the *Essex* retained her buoyancy, and her bow lifted once more on the surge. It was a narrow escape, and had the force of the gale not blown itself out soon after, the ship must have been lost.

On the 15th of March the *Essex* ran into the port of Valparaiso and cast anchor. To the surprise and joy of the crew, Chili had lately revolted from the rule of Spain, and was therefore friendly to the United States, so that a very cordial reception was given to Captain Porter and his crew, and all facilities were afforded them for laying in the stores of which they were in such pressing want. After obtaining considerable valuable information from American whaleships in port concerning the English privateers and whalers in the Pacific, Captain Porter put to sea, heading northward.

The first prize taken was the Peruvian privateer *Nereyda*, cruising after American whalers. Her guns and ammunition were thrown overboard, and she was then released. After recapturing the American whaler *Barclay*, the *Essex* gradually cruised to Charles Island, where was a box among the rocks, called "a post-office," in which the whalers left accounts of their luck and future movements. A curious post-office was this in mid-ocean, without post-master or postage, whose contents could be read by all whether friend or foe, and foe did sometimes read the "Pacific mail," for Captain Porter found in it information that proved of much value. Continuing his cruise among the Gallipagos Islands, he chased and captured three large whalers, which made considerable show of resistance. They were all well armed and provisioned. Of these, the *Georgiana* was turned into a cruiser; guns from the other ships were put into her, which, with those she had, made a battery of sixteen guns; she was manned by a prize crew from the *Essex* of forty-one men, and was then sent off to capture whalers in her turn. After taking two more prizes, the *Essex* put in at Tumbez, on the coast of Ecuador, with six prizes in company, where she was soon joined by the *Georgiana*, which in her independent cruise had captured three of the enemy's ships. At Tumbez the largest of the prizes was turned into a sloop-of-war, twenty guns were mounted on her deck, a crew of sixty men manned her, and she was named the *Essex, Junior*. After a general salute, the *Essex*, with all her prizes,—quite a fleet,—put to sea, when the *Essex, Junior*, with five of the prizes in company, sailed for Valparaiso.

One of the prizes captured by the *Essex* was taken in a calm by means of drags invented by Captain Porter. They were triangular pieces of canvas stretched on a frame, weighted on one side, and were dropped in the water from the sprit sail-yard on the bowsprit. By pulling on them from the stern, then dropping them again ahead, the ship was forced through the water at the rate of two miles an hour. At Banks Bay the frigate was joined by the *Essex, Junior*, which brought the important information that the Chilian Government was becoming hostile toward the United States, and that the British Government, alarmed by the news of Captain Porter's depredations among their shipping, had dispatched several ships-of-war to the Pacific in pursuit of the *Essex*. Accordingly, he concluded to refit at the Marquesas Islands, and anchored in the bay of Nookaheevah with all his fleet. Up to this time the *Essex* had taken fourteen vessels, several of which had letters of marque, comprising in all four thousand tons and about four hundred prisoners; and a year after sailing from the Chesapeake, she was lying safely in a beautiful island port in the Central Pacific surrounded by a fleet of her prizes, attended by a consort, and well provided with all the needful stores.

The long cruise was now varied by a stay at Nookaheevah, where the crew luxuriated in its lovely valleys, under its groves of cocoas, and mingled harmoniously with the naked, tattooed islanders, who swam off in crowds to meet the ships as they entered the harbor. One adventure gave a temporary excitement to the crew. The natives were divided into rival tribes, Typees and Happers, who dwelt in separate valleys, and were often at war with each other. The Happers being enemies to the Typees, who had received the *Essex* with such hospitality, showed hostilities toward the Americans in so decided a manner that Captain Porter was obliged to send a large detachment on shore to chastise them. Joined by their manly but savage allies, the sailors, after a severe fight, succeeded in entering the hostile district, and inflicting such injuries on the Happers as secured themselves from further molestation.

After lying some weeks at Nookaheevah, the *Essex* and the *Essex, Junior*, sailed for Valparaiso, where Captain Porter was desirous of meeting the English frigate *Phoebe*, which had been sent in search of him; but when that vessel at last appeared off the port, she was, most unexpectedly to Captain Porter, accompanied by the *Cherub*, a sloop-of-war, of twenty-eight guns and one hundred and eighty men, while the *Phoebe* carried forty-six guns and a crew of over three hundred men.

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breeze. Captain Porter had ranged his men at quarters in full preparation for an attack, as he was aware that, although Valparaiso was a neutral port, the English would not hesitate to open fire if it were of advantage for them to do so. An exciting episode now ensued, for as the *Phœbe* glided to her anchorage she passed very near to the *Essex*, and, as her commander hailed the American ship and inquired after Captain Porter's health, the latter replied that he would not answer for the consequences if the vessels should come foul of each other. Captain Hillyar replied that he did not intend to attack; but just at that instant the wind took the *Phœbe* aback, and she fell aboard of the *Essex*, her bowsprit swinging over the quarter-deck of the latter. Captain Porter called away his boarders, and would have been perfectly justified in raking the English ship with his guns, but Captain Hillyar warmly protested that the collision was purely accidental, and by trimming his sails succeeded in backing his ship out of her awkward position. Had Captain Porter opened fire at that critical moment, there is little doubt that he would have achieved a result entirely different to that which befell him in the fight that afterward followed.

For six weeks the hostile ships maneuvered in and around the port of Valparaiso, the *Essex* being found to outsail the enemy, so that she could easily have escaped, but Captain Porter preferred instead to fight the *Phœbe*, if he could engage her singly; this, however, Captain Hillyar carefully avoided, being evidently under orders not to engage the American ship except with the aid of the *Cherub*, a fact which shows with what respect English seamen now regarded the American navy, for never before this war had such a thing been known as that an English ship should avoid a fight with an enemy of equal force. But in this case the importance of capturing the *Essex*, and the doubtful result of meeting her with a single ship of equal force, were so apparent, that the enemy showed a wariness very rare in the English marine.

After waiting several weeks for a fair fight, and learning that a number of English men-of-war were daily expected at Valparaiso, Captain Porter finally concluded to sail; but before he was quite ready to put to sea, a heavy wind from the south made the *Essex* drag her anchors to the mouth of the harbor, which runs north and south. Nothing remained but to make sail, with the hope of clearing the enemy's ships, which were lying near the point of angles at the western extremity of the port. But this is a very dangerous headland, squalls often coming off in heavy puffs, and just as the *Essex* was shortening sail when passing the

bluff, a squall struck the ship, carrying away the maintopmast, throwing a number of the crew overboard, and effectually crippling the vessel.

Under these severe circumstances, Captain Porter could only stand before the wind to the north-eastern side of the harbor, where he cast anchor within half-a-mile of a Chilean battery, thus being in neutral water and protected from attack, as one would think, by the law of nations. But Captain Hillyar, entirely regardless of this circumstance, or of the honor shown by Captain Porter in not attacking him on a similar occasion, at once took advantage of the disabled condition of the *Essex* to place his vessel astern of the American frigate, where he could pour in a terrific raking fire, and at the same time be scarcely touched by her guns. The *Cherub* also hauled across the bow of the *Essex*, but finding that the forward guns of her antagonist could play upon her, took up a position near the *Phœbe*. The most Captain Porter could do was to run three long twelves through the stern ports, and these were trained with such effect on the enemy, that in half an hour they were obliged to move out of range to repair the injuries received. Three times during this first fight the *Essex* was veered around by springs or hawsers drawing on the cable from the stern, with the purpose of getting her broadsides to bear, but in each case the springs were shot away, and the batteries of the *Essex* proved of little use.

After repairing, the English ships sailed down and took position on the quarter of the *Essex*, where she could not get any of her guns to bear. To stand their fire without making any return was very galling, and although, such were the injuries she had suffered in her rigging, the flying-jib was the only sail that could be hoisted on the *Essex* to make her pay off before the wind, it was spread, and the ship gradually bore down to board the *Phœbe*. The American crew, under the perfection of discipline, and not in the least disheartened, now opened a tremendous fire, which soon drove the *Cherub* out of range of her guns and forced her to remain at a distance. The *Phœbe* also kept out of reach of the *Essex*, having a leading wind and content to blaze away with her long eighteens, which wrought great execution on the decks of the American ship. Fifteen men fell in succession at one of the guns of the *Essex*.

Every expedient for saving the vessel had now been tried in vain. She was helpless before the tremendous fire of the *Phœbe*, unable to return the fire on account of her position, and, in addition to all these horrors, the flames were bursting from her hatches. Captain Porter, still unwounded and resolute to fight it out to the last, finally listened to the entreaties of his crew, who represented that

further resistance was worse than useless, and he reluctantly ordered the colors to be struck.

No more desperate and bloody combat is recorded in the annals of modern naval history. The battle was fought by the Essex against great odds, for not only did she have to combat two ships, one her superior and the other a respectable antagonist, the Essex, Junior, being altogether unfit to engage in such a conflict, but during nearly the entire contest she could make only six of her guns available, besides having all her top hamper so damaged as to render it next to impossible to work the ship. How great were the disadvantages under which she was fought is evident by the losses she sustained. In the naval actions of that war the losses of the English ships were almost always greater than those of the Americans, owing, among other reasons, to the superior gunnery of the latter. But in the fight off Valparaiso, the Essex, out of a total of two hundred and fifty-five souls on board, lost one hundred and fifty-two, while the enemy's crews, numbering just five hundred men, sustained a loss of only fifteen killed and wounded! This fact alone, considering the length, skill and desperation of the battle, shows conclusively under what disadvantages Captain Porter fought, and what credit he deserved for maintaining the unequal contest so long.

Captain Hillyar permitted the Essex, Junior, to be turned into a cartel-ship, or vessel for carrying prisoners destined to be exchanged, and allowed the surviving crew of the Essex to sail in her for

the United States. Off New York, the Essex, Junior, was overhauled by an English frigate, and for fear he should be detained by her, Captain Porter, while still thirty miles from shore, made his escape in a whale-boat, being assisted in the attempt by a fog which concealed him from the English vessel. However, the Essex, Junior, was soon allowed to proceed, and the gallant survivors of the crew of the ill-fated but glorious frigate Essex once more stepped gladly forth upon their native land.

Captain Porter afterward published an account of his famous cruise, in two volumes, which contains many interesting details, and is well worth perusal. Among other matters he mentions the circumstance that there was on board a young midshipman who was very desirous of engaging in the foray in the Marquesas Islands, but was prevented on account of his youth; he afterward distinguished himself for his unflinching courage during the trying scenes of the fight at Valparaiso, and would, for his conduct at that time, have been recommended for promotion if his extreme youth had not hindered such a reward of merit, he being but little over twelve years of age. This young hero lived to our day, and won immortal fame in the naval operations of the late war, being no other than David C. Farragut, who, for some time before his death, held the highest position in the American navy. He went to school in his profession early, and, although it was a rough training, its results proved invaluable to the country.

BUSY SATURDAY.

BY FANNY PERCIVAL.

WHAT a busy day for little May

Every Saturday is!

There's so much to do, enough for two,

And how she ever can get through

Is one of the mysteries.

You'd think she'd desire some help to hire,

But times are hard, you know,

And she hardly knows how to get the clothes

For her two dollies, Lou and Rose—

Her bank funds are so low.

The washing comes first, and that's the worst—

The clothes for Rose and Lou;

She puts them in tubs, and hard she rubs,

And with her little fist she scrubs

Till she thinks that they will do.

Then she ties a line of stoutest twine

From the door-knob to a chair;

Then quickly wrings the tiny things,

And in a little basket brings,

And hangs them up with care.

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Now while they dry, her hands must fly,
 And busy her feet must be;
 First she must make some rolls and cake,
 And put them in her stove to bake,
 For company's coming to tea.

Now her clothes are dry, and she must try
 To iron them very soon;
 For there's sweeping to do, and mending too,
 And then her children, Rose and Lou,
 She must dress for afternoon.



And then in haste, no time to waste,
 Her children's beds she makes;
 Then she must see that the dishes for tea
 Are washed as clean as they can be,
 And with these great pains she takes.

Should you not think that she would sink
 With so much work to do?
 But, strange to say, throughout the day,
 Many an hour she'll find to play,
 And help her mamma too.

THE FRIGATE-BIRD.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

HERE is a pirate of the air. He is found, far out at sea, in tropical regions, and alas for any respectable sea-bird that he may spy carrying home a small cargo of freshly caught fish to its expectant family.

Down sweeps this swift robber, and before the poor gull or tern can make up its mind about terms of surrender, the frigate-bird has forced it to drop its fish, which is swooped after and caught up by the pirate before it so much as touches the water.

It would be a difficult thing for any bird, respectable or otherwise, to fly faster than the frigate-bird, which has longer and more powerful wings, in proportion to its size, than any other bird. If, in the

picture, its wings were stretched out, you would see this for yourselves. The whole bird does not weigh more than three pounds and a-half, and yet its wings often measure more than seven feet from tip to tip. These birds are so strong and swift upon the wing, that they are often seen out at sea a thousand miles from land, and they will fly straight into the eye of the wind, and, when they choose, can rise high above the hurricane and the storm.

They live principally on fish, and, when they cannot overhaul a weaker and slower bird and steal his hard-earned prize, they will take the trouble to fish for themselves. But they seldom dive for their

prey. They can see a fish from an immense height; and when an unfortunate fellow happens to be swimming near the top of the water, a frigate-bird, floating in the air so high up as to be almost invisible, will suddenly drop down, and with a skim over the surface of the water will scoop Mr. Fish out of the waves before he has time to flap a fin.

Sometimes, you know, flying-fish try their hands, or rather their wing-fins, at flying; and at such times, if there happens to be a frigate-bird about, he generally lays in a pretty good stock of fish. He catches the flying-fish as easily as you would pull up radishes.

One of the most contemptible practices of this bird is that of stealing the young ones from the nests of other birds. Nothing pleases a frigate-bird better than a diet of tender, unfledged nestlings.

He makes rather a poor figure on land; and as he is not a good swimmer, he spends most of his time in the air, where he certainly shows to great advantage, as far as gracefulness and power are considered.

But, as we see, this bird which is capable of such grand flights, living almost entirely in the air, skimming along over the beautiful ocean waves or soaring high up into the upper air above the storms and clouds, makes no better use of its advantages than to become a thief and a pirate whenever a chance occurs.

But it will not do to expect too much of birds. Even the dear little downy chickens will steal from each other, whenever they have a chance. If one of them finds a fat grasshopper, or a particularly big piece of bread, how the others will run after him and chase him up and down and around the yard! And if one of them overtakes him, how quickly will he snatch at the tempting morsel, and if he gets it, how soon he will find all the others after him! A canary-bird, now, is gen-



THE FRIGATE-BIRD AT SEA.

erally quite honest—but then he lives in a cage.

So, after all, the frigate-bird is not so much worse than many of his feathered relations, but his depredations are carried on so boldly, and on such a large scale, that we take more notice of his piratical disposition than is, perhaps, quite just to him.

The frigate-bird is often found as far north as Charleston, S. C., but in the Gulf States and California it is abundant, and on the Florida keys, in the Spring, are to be found thousands of its nests.

SAID a very small wren
To a very large hen:
"Pray, why do you make such a clatter?
I never could guess
Why an egg more or less
Should be thought so important a matter."

Then answered the hen
To the very small wren:
"If I laid such small eggs as you, madam,
I would not cluck loud,
Nor would I feel proud.
Look at these! How you'd crow if you had 'em!"

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOMETHING TO DO.

WHATEVER danger there might have been from the effects of that sudden chill, it was soon over, though of course Aunt Myra refused to believe it, and Dr. Alec cherished his girl with redoubled vigilance and tenderness for months afterward. Rose quite enjoyed being sick, because as soon as the pain ended the fun began, and for a week or two she led the life of a little princess secluded in the Bower, while every one served, amused, and watched over her in the most delightful manner. But the Doctor was called away to see an old friend who was dangerously ill, and then Rose felt like a young bird deprived of its mother's sheltering wing; especially on one afternoon when the aunts were taking their naps, and the house was very still within while snow fell softly without.

"I'll go and hunt up Phebe, she is always nice and busy, and likes to have me help her. If Dolly is out of the way we can make caramels and surprise the boys when they come," Rose said to herself, as she threw down her book and felt ready for society of some sort.

She took the precaution to peep through the slide before she entered the kitchen, for Dolly allowed no messing when she was round. But the coast was clear, and no one but Phebe appeared, sitting at the table with her head on her arms, apparently asleep. Rose was just about to wake her with a "Boo!" when she lifted her head, dried her wet eyes with her blue apron, and fell to work with a resolute face, on something she was evidently much interested in. Rose could not make out what it was, and her curiosity was greatly excited, for Phebe was writing with a sputtering pen on some bits of brown paper, apparently copying something from a little book.

"I *must* know what the dear thing is about, and why she cried, and then set her lips tight and went to work with all her might," thought Rose, forgetting all about the caramels; and going round to the door, she entered the kitchen, saying pleasantly:

"Phebe, I want something to do. Can't you let me help you about anything? or shall I be in the way?"

"Oh, dear no, miss; I always love to have you round when things are tidy. What would you like to do?" answered Phebe, opening a drawer as if about to sweep her own affairs out of sight;

but Rose stopped her, exclaiming, like a curious child:

"Let me see! What is it? I won't tell, if you'd rather not have Dolly know."

"I'm only trying to study a bit; but I'm so stupid I don't get on much," answered the girl, reluctantly permitting her little mistress to examine the poor contrivances she was trying to work with.

A broken slate that had blown off the roof, an inch or two of pencil, an old almanac for a Reader, several bits of brown or yellow paper ironed smoothly and sewed together for a copy-book, and the copies sundry receipts written in Aunt Plenty's neat hand. These, with a small bottle of ink and a rusty pen, made up Phebe's outfit, and it was little wonder that she did not "get on," in spite of the patient persistence that dried the desponding tears and drove along the sputtering pen with a will.

"You may laugh if you want to, Miss Rose. I know my things are queer, and that's why I hide 'em; but I don't mind since you've found me out, and I aint a bit ashamed except of being so backward at my age," said Phebe humbly, though her cheeks grew redder as she washed out some crooked capitals with a tear or two not yet dried upon the slate.

"Laugh at you! I feel more like crying to think what a selfish girl I am, to have loads of books and things and never remember to give you some. Why did n't you come and ask me, and not go struggling along alone in this way? It was very wrong of you, Phebe, and I'll never forgive you if you do so again," answered Rose, with one hand on Phebe's shoulder while the other gently turned the leaves of the poor little copy-book.

"I did n't like to ask for anything more when you are so good to me all the time, miss, dear," began Phebe, looking up with grateful eyes.

"Oh, you proud thing! just as if it was n't fun to give away, and I had the best of it. Now, see here, I've got a plan and you must n't say No, or I shall scold. I want something to do, and I'm going to teach you all I know; it won't take long," and Rose laughed as she put her arm around Phebe's neck, and patted the smooth dark head with the kind little hand that so loved to give.

"It would be just heavenly!" and Phebe's face shone at the mere idea; but fell again as she added wistfully, "Only I'm afraid I ought not to let you do it, Miss Rose. It will take time, and may be the Doctor would n't like it."

"He did n't want me to study much, but he never said a word about teaching, and I don't believe he will mind a bit. Any way, we can try it till he comes, so pack up your things and go right to my room and we'll begin this very day; I'd truly like to do it, and we'll have nice times, see if we don't!" cried Rose, eagerly.

It was a pretty sight to see Phebe bundle her humble outfit into her apron, and spring up as if the desire of her heart had suddenly been made a happy fact to her; it was a still prettier sight to see Rose run gayly on before, smiling like a good fairy as she beckoned to the other, singing as she went:

"The way into my parlor is up the winding stair,
And many are the curious things I'll show you when you're there.
Will you, will you walk in, Phebe dear?"

"Oh, wont I!" answered Phebe fervently, adding as they entered the Bower, "You are the dearest spider that ever was, and I'm the happiest fly."

"I'm going to be very strict, so sit down in that chair and don't say a word till school is ready to open," ordered Rose, delighted with the prospect of such a useful and pleasant "something to do."

So Phebe sat demurely in her place while her new teacher laid forth books and slates, a pretty inkstand and a little globe; hastily tore a bit off her big sponge, sharpened pencils with more energy than skill, and when all was ready gave a prance of satisfaction that set the pupil laughing.

"Now the school is open, and I shall hear you read, so that I may know in which class to put you, Miss Moore," began Rose with great dignity, as she laid a book before her scholar, and sat down in the easy chair with a long rule in her hand.

Phebe did pretty well, only tripping now and then over a hard word, and pronouncing identical "iden-tickle," in a sober way that tickled Rose, though never a smile betrayed her. The spelling lesson which followed was rather discouraging; Phebe's ideas of geography were very vague, and grammar was nowhere, though the pupil protested that she tried so hard to "talk nice like educated folks" that Dolly called her "a stuck-up piece who did n't know her place."

"Dolly's an old goose, so don't you mind *her*, for she will say 'nater,' 'vittles,' and 'doos' as long as she lives, and insist that they are right. You do talk very nicely, Phebe; I've observed it, and grammar will help you, and show why some things are right and others aint—are not, I mean," added Rose, correcting herself, and feeling that she must mind her own parts of speech if she was to serve as an example for Phebe.

When the arithmetic came the little teacher was surprised to find her scholar quicker in some things than herself, for Phebe had worked away at the

columns in the butcher's and baker's books till she could add so quickly and correctly that Rose was amazed, and felt that in this branch her pupil would soon excel the teacher if she kept on at the same pace. Her praise cheered Phebe immensely, and they went bravely on, both getting so interested that time flew unheeded till Aunt Plenty appeared, exclaiming, as she stared at the two heads bent over one slate:

"Bless my heart, what is going on now?"

"School, aunty. I'm teaching Phebe, and it's great fun!" cried Rose, looking up with a bright face.

But Phebe's was brighter, though she added, with a wistful look:

"May be I ought to have asked leave first; only when Miss Rose proposed this, I was so happy I forgot to. Shall I stop, ma'am?"

"Of course not, child; I'm glad to see you fond of your book, and to find Rose helping you along. My blessed mother used to sit at work with her maids about her, teaching them many a useful thing in the good old fashion that's gone by now. Only don't neglect your work, dear, or let the books interfere with the duties."

As Aunt Plenty spoke, with her kind old face beaming approvingly upon the girls, Phebe glanced at the clock, saw that it pointed to five, knew that Dolly would soon be down, expecting to find preparations for supper under way, and, hastily dropping her pencil, she jumped up, saying:

"Please can I go? I'll clear up after I've done my chores."

"School is dismissed," answered Rose, and with a grateful "Thank you, heaps and heaps!" Phebe ran away singing the multiplication table as she set the tea ditto.

That was the way it began, and for a week the class of one went on with great pleasure and profit to all concerned; for the pupil proved a bright one, and came to her lessons as to a feast, while the young teacher did her best to be worthy the high opinion held of her, for Phebe firmly believed that Miss Rose knew *everything* in the way of learning.

Of course the lads found out what was going on, and chaffed the girls about the "Seminary," as they called the new enterprise; but they thought it a good thing on the whole, kindly offered to give lessons in Greek and Latin gratis, and decided among themselves that "Rose was a little trump to give the Phebe-bird such a capital boost."

Rose herself had some doubts as to how it would strike her uncle, and concocted a wheedlesome speech which should at once convince him that it was the most useful, wholesome and delightful plan ever devised. But she got no chance to deliver.

her address, for Dr. Alec came upon her so unexpectedly that it went out of her head entirely. She was sitting on the floor in the library, poring over a big book laid open in her lap, and knew nothing of the long-desired arrival till two large, warm hands met under her chin and gently turned her head back, so that some one could kiss her heartily on either cheek, while a fatherly voice said, half reproachfully, "Why is my girl brooding over a dusty Encyclopedia when she ought to be running to meet the old gentleman who could n't get on another minute without her?"

"Oh, uncle! I'm so glad! and so sorry! Why did n't you let us know what time you'd be here? or call out the minute you came? Have n't I been homesick for you? and now I'm so happy to have you back I could hug your dear, old curly head off," cried Rose, as the Encyclopedia went down with a bang, and she up with a spring that carried her into Dr. Alec's arms, to be kept there in the sort of embrace a man gives to the dearest creature the world holds for him.

Presently he was in his easy chair with Rose upon his knee smiling up in his face and talking as fast as her tongue could go, while he watched her with an expression of supreme content, as he stroked the smooth round cheek, or held the little hand in his, rejoicing to see how rosy was the one, how plump and strong the other.

"Have you had a good time? Did you save the poor lady? *Are n't* you glad to be home again with your girl to torment you?"

"Yes, to all those questions. Now tell me what you've been at, little sinner? Aunt Plen says you want to consult me about some new and remarkable project which you have dared to start in my absence."

"She did n't tell you, I hope?"

"Not a word more except that you were rather doubtful how I'd take it, and so wanted to 'fess' yourself and get round me as you always try to do, though you don't often succeed. Now, then, own up and take the consequences."

So Rose told about her school in her pretty, earnest way, dwelling on Phebe's hunger for knowledge, and the delight it was to help her, adding with a wise nod:

"And it helps me too, uncle, for she is so quick and eager I have to do my best or she will get ahead of me in some things. To-day, now, she had the word 'cotton' in a lesson and asked all about it, and I was ashamed to find I really knew so little that I could only say it was a plant that grew down South in a kind of a pod, and was made into cloth. That's what I was reading up when you came, and to-morrow I shall tell her all about it, and indigo too. So you see it teaches me

also, and is as good as a general review of what I've learned, in a pleasanter way than going over it alone."

"You artful little baggage! that's the way you expect to get round me, is it? That's not studying, I suppose?"

"No, sir, it's teaching; and please, I like it much better than having a good time all by myself. Besides, you know, I adopted Phebe and promised to be a sister to her, so I am bound to keep my word, am I not?" answered Rose, looking both anxious and resolute as she waited for her sentence.

Dr. Alec was evidently already won, for Rose had described the old slate and brown paper copy-book with pathetic effect, and the excellent man had not only decided to send Phebe to school long before the story was done, but reproached himself for forgetting his duty to one little girl in his love for another. So when Rose tried to look meek and failed utterly, he laughed and pinched her cheek, and answered in that genial way which adds such warmth and grace to any favor:

"I have n't the slightest objection in the world. In fact I was beginning to think I might let you go at your books again, moderately, since you are so well; and this is an excellent way to try your powers. Phebe is a brave, bright lass, and shall have a fair chance in the world, if we can give it to her, so that if she ever finds her friends they need not be ashamed of her."

"I think she has found some already," began Rose, eagerly.

"Hey? what? has any one turned up since I've been gone?" asked Dr. Alec quickly, for it was a firm belief in the family that Phebe would prove to be "somebody" sooner or later.

"No, her best friend turned up when *you* came home, uncle," answered Rose with an approving pat, adding gratefully, "I can't half thank you for being so good to my girl, but she will, because I know she is going to make a woman to be proud of,—she's so strong and true and loving."

"Bless your dear heart, I have n't begun to do anything yet, more shame to me! But I'm going at it now, and as soon as she gets on a bit, she shall go to school as long as she likes. How will that do for a beginning?"

"It will be 'just heavenly' as Phebe says, for it is the wish of her life to 'get lots of schooling,' and she will be *too* happy when I tell her. May I, please?—it will be so lovely to see the dear thing open her big eyes and clap her hands at the splendid news."

"No one shall have a finger in this nice little pie; you shall do it all yourself, only don't go too fast, or make too many castles in the air, my dear;

for time and patience must go into this pie of ours if it is to turn out well."

"Yes, uncle, only when it *is* opened wont 'the birds begin to sing?'" laughed Rose, taking a turn about the room as a vent for the joyful emotions that made her eyes shine. All of a sudden she stopped and asked soberly:

"If Phebe goes to school who will do her work? I'm willing, if I can."

"Come here and I'll tell you a secret. Dolly's 'bones' are getting so troublesome, and her dear old temper so bad that the aunts have decided to pension her off and let her go and live with her daughter, who has married very well. I saw her this week, and she'd like to have her mother come, so in the spring we shall have a grand change, and get a new cook and chamber girl if any can be found to suit our honored relatives."

"Oh, me! how can I ever get on without Phebe? Could n't she stay, just so I could see her? I'd pay her board rather than have her go, I'm *so* fond of her."

How Dr. Alec laughed at that proposal, and how satisfied Rose was when he explained that Phebe was still to be her maid, with no duties except such as she could easily perform between school hours!

"She is a proud creature, for all her humble ways, and even from us would not take a favor if she did not earn it somehow. So this arrangement makes it all square and comfortable, you see, and she will pay for the schooling by curling these goldilocks a dozen times a day if you let her."

"Your plans are always *so* wise and kind! That's why they work so well I suppose, and why people let you do what you like with them. I really don't see how other girls get along without an Uncle Alec!" answered Rose, with a sigh of pity for those who had missed so great a blessing.

When Phebe was told the splendid news, she did not "stand on her head with rapture," as Charlie prophesied she would, but took it quietly, because it was such a happy thing she had no words "big and beautiful enough to thank them in" she said; but every hour of her day was brightened by this granted wish, and dedicated to the service of those who gave it.

Her heart was so full of content that it overflowed in music, and the sweet voice singing all about the house gave thanks so blithely that no other words were needed. Her willing feet were never tired of taking steps for those who had smoothed her way; her skillful hands were always busy in some labor of love for them, and on the face fast growing in comeliness there was an almost womanly expression of devotion, which proved how well Phebe had already learned one of life's great lessons, gratitude.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PEACE-MAKING.

"STEVE, I want you to tell me something," said Rose to Dandy, who was making faces at himself in the glass, while he waited for an answer to the note he brought from his mother to Aunt Plenty.

"P'raps I will, and p'raps I wont. What is it?"

"Have n't Arch and Charlie quarreled?"

"Dare say; we fellows are always having little rows you know. I do believe a sty is coming on my starboard eye," and Steve affected to be absorbed in a survey of his yellow lashes.

"No, that wont do; I want to know all about it; for I'm sure something more serious than a 'little row' is the matter. Come, please tell me, Stenie, there's a dear."

"Botheration! you don't want me to turn tell-tale, do you?" growled Steve, pulling his top-knot, as he always did when perplexed.

"Yes, I do," was Rose's decided answer—for she saw from his manner that she was right, and determined to have the secret out of him if coaxing would do it. "I don't wish you to tell things to every one, of course, but to me you may, and you must, because I have a right to know. You boys need somebody to look after you, and I'm going to do it, for girls are nice peace-makers, and know how to manage people. Uncle said so, and he is never wrong."

Steve was about to indulge in a derisive hoot at the idea of her looking after them, but a sudden thought restrained him, and suggested a way in which he could satisfy Rose, and better himself at the same time.

"What will you give me if I'll tell you every bit about it?" he asked, with a sudden red in his cheeks, and an uneasy look in his eyes, for he was half ashamed of the proposition.

"What do you want?" and Rose looked up rather surprised at his question.

"I'd like to borrow some money. I should n't think of asking you, only Mac never has a cent since he's set up his old chemical shop, where he'll blow himself to bits some day, and you and uncle will have the fun of putting him together again," and Steve tried to look as if the idea amused him.

"I'll lend it to you with pleasure, so tell away," said Rose, bound to get at the secret.

Evidently much relieved by the promise, Steve set his top-knot cheerfully erect again, and briefly stated the case.

"As you say, it's all right to tell *you*, but don't let the boys know I blabbed, or Prince will take my head off. You see, Archie don't like some of the fellows Charlie goes with, and cuts 'em. That

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"Are those boys bad?" asked Rose, anxiously.

"Guess not, only rather larky. They are older than our fellows, but they like Prince, he's such a jolly bird; sings so well, dances jigs and break-downs, you know, and plays any game that's going. He beat Morse at billiards, and that's

times, they are such a jolly set," and Steve shook his head morally, even while his eye twinkled over the memory of some of the exploits of the "jolly set."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Rose, "I don't see what I can do about it, but I wish the boys would make up, for Prince can't come to any harm with Archie, he's so good and sensible."

"That's the trouble; Arch preaches and Prince wont stand it. He told Arch he was a prig and a parson, and Arch told him he was n't a gentleman. My boots! were n't they both mad though! I thought for a minute they'd pitch into one another and have it out. Wish they had, and not gone stalking round stiff and glum ever since. Mac and I settle our rows with a bat or so over the head, and then we are all right."

Rose could n't help laughing as Steve sparred away at a fat sofa-pillow, to illustrate his meaning; and having given it several scientific whacks he pulled down his cuffs and smiled upon her with benign pity for her feminine ignorance of this summary way of settling a quarrel.

"What droll things boys are!" she said, with a mixture of admiration and perplexity in her face, which Steve accepted as a compliment to his sex.

"We are a pretty clever invention, miss, and you can't get on without us," he answered, with his nose in the air. Then taking a sudden plunge into business, he added: "How about that bit of money you were going to lend me? I've told, now you pay up."

"Of course I will! How much do you want?" and Rose pulled out her purse.

"Could you spare five dollars? I want to pay a little debt of honor that is rather pressing," and Steve put on a mannish air that was comical to see.

"Are n't all debts honorable?" asked innocent Rose.

"Yes, of course; but this is a bet I made, and it ought to be settled up at once," began Steve, finding it awkward to explain.

"Oh, don't bet, it's not right, and I know your father would n't like it. Promise you wont do so again, please promise!" and Rose held fast the hand into which she had just put the money.

"Well, I wont. It's worried me a good deal, but I was joked into it. Much obliged, cousin, I'm all right now," and Steve departed hastily.



STEVE SHOWS HOW HE SETTLES QUARRELS.

something to brag of, for Morse thinks he knows everything. I saw the match, and it was great fun!"

Steve got quite excited over the prowess of Charlie, whom he admired immensely, and tried to imitate. Rose did not know half the danger of such gifts and tastes as Charlie's, but felt instinctively that something must be wrong if Archie disapproved.

"If Prince likes any billiard-playing boy better than Archie, I don't think much of his sense," she said severely.

"Of course he does n't; but, you see, Charlie and Arch are both as proud as they can be, and wont give in. I suppose Arch is right, but I don't blame Charlie a bit for liking to be with the others some-

Having decided to be a peace-maker, Rose waited for an opportunity, and very soon it came.

She was spending the day with Aunt Clara, who had been entertaining some young guests, and invited Rose to meet them, for she thought it high time her niece conquered her bashfulness, and saw a little of society. Dinner was over and every one had gone. Aunt Clara was resting before going out to an evening party, and Rose was waiting for Charlie to come and take her home.

She sat alone in the elegant drawing-room, feeling particularly nice and pretty, for she had her best frock on, a pair of gold bands her aunt had just given her, and a tea-rose bud in her sash, like the beautiful Miss Van Tassel, whom every one admired. She had spread out her little skirts to the best advantage, and leaning back in a luxurious chair, sat admiring her own feet in new slippers with distracting rosettes almost as big as dahlias.

Presently, Charlie came lounging in, looking rather sleepy and queer, Rose thought. On seeing her, however, he roused up and said, with a smile that ended in a gape:

"I thought you were with mother, so I took forty winks after I got those girls off. Now, I'm at your service, Rosamunda, whenever you like."

"You look as if your head ached. If it does, don't mind me. I'm not afraid to run home alone, it's so early," answered Rose, observing the flushed cheeks and heavy eyes of her cousin.

"I think I see myself letting you do it. Champagne always makes my head ache, but the air will set me up."

"Why do you drink it, then?" asked Rose, anxiously.

"Can't help it, when I'm host. Now, don't you begin to lecture; I've had enough of Archie's old-fashioned notions, and I don't want any more."

Charlie's tone was decidedly cross, and his whole manner so unlike his usual merry good nature, that Rose felt crushed, and answered meekly:

"I was n't going to lecture, only when people like other people, they can't bear to see them suffer pain."

That brought Charlie round at once, for Rose's lips trembled a little, though she tried to hide it by smelling the flower she pulled from her sash.

"I'm a regular bear, and I beg your pardon for being so cross, Rosy," he said in the old frank way that was so winning.

"I wish you'd beg Archie's too, and be good friends again. You never were cross when he was your chum," Rose said, looking up at him as he bent toward her from the low chimney-piece, where he had been leaning his elbows.

In an instant he stood as stiff and straight as a

ramrod, and the heavy eyes kindled with an angry spark as he said in his high and mighty manner:

"You'd better not meddle with what you don't understand, cousin!"

"But I do understand, and it troubles me very much to see you so cold and stiff to one another. You always used to be together, and now you hardly speak. You are so ready to beg my pardon I don't see why you can't beg Archie's, if you are in the wrong."

"I'm not!" this was so short and sharp that Rose started, and Charlie added in a calmer but still very haughty tone: "A gentleman always begs pardon when he has been rude to a lady, but one man does n't apologize to another man who has insulted him."

"Oh, my heart, what a pepper pot!" thought Rose, and, hoping to make him laugh, she said, slyly: "I was not talking about men, but boys, and one of them a Prince, who ought to set a good example to his subjects."

But Charlie would not relent, and tried to turn the subject by saying gravely, as he unfastened the little gold ring from his watch-guard:

"I've broken my word, so I want to give this back and free you from the bargain. I'm sorry, but I think it a foolish promise, and don't intend to keep it. Choose a pair of ear-rings to suit yourself, as my forfeit. You have a right to wear them now."

"No, I can only wear one, and that is no use, for Archie will keep his word I'm sure!" Rose was so mortified and grieved at this downfall of her hopes that she spoke sharply, and would not take the ring the deserter offered her.

He shrugged his shoulders, and threw it into her lap, trying to look cool and careless, but failing entirely, for he was ashamed of himself, and out of sorts generally. Rose wanted to cry, but pride would not let her, and being very angry, she relieved herself by talk instead of tears. Looking pale and excited, she rose out of her chair, cast away the ring, and said in a voice that she vainly tried to keep steady:

"You are not at all the boy I thought you were, and I don't respect you one bit. I've tried to help you be good, but you won't let me, and I shall not try any more. You talk a great deal about being a gentleman, but you are not, for you've broken your word, and I can never trust you again. I don't wish you to go home with me. I'd rather have Mary. Good-night."

And with that last dreadful blow, Rose walked out of the room, leaving Charlie as much astonished as if one of his pet pigeons had flown in his face and pecked at him. She was so seldom angry, that when her temper did get the better of her it

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made a deep impression on the lads, for it was generally a righteous sort of indignation at some injustice or wrong-doing, not childish passion.

Her little thunder-storm cleared off in a sob or two as she put on her things in the entry-closet, and when she emerged she looked the brighter for the shower. A hasty good-night to Aunt Clara—now under the hands of the hair-dresser—and then she crept down to find Mary the maid. But Mary was out, so was the man, and Rose slipped away by the back-door, flattering herself that she had escaped the awkwardness of having Charlie for escort.

There she was mistaken, however, for the gate had hardly closed behind her when a well-known tramp was heard, and the Prince was beside her, saying in a tone of penitent politeness that banished Rose's wrath like magic:

"You need n't speak to me if you don't choose, but I must see you safely home, cousin."

She turned at once, put out her hand, and answered heartily:

"I was the cross one. Please forgive me, and let's be friends again."

Now that was better than a dozen sermons on the beauty of forgiveness, and did Charlie more good, for it showed him how sweet humility was, and proved that Rose practiced as she preached.

He shook the hand warmly, then drew it through his arm and said, as if anxious to recover the good opinion with the loss of which he had been threatened:

"Look here, Rosy, I've put the ring back, and I'm going to try again. But you don't know how hard it is to stand being laughed at."

"Yes, I do! Ariadne plagues me every time I see her, because I don't wear ear-rings after all the trouble I had getting ready for them."

"Ah, but her twaddle is n't half as bad as the chaffing I get. It takes a deal of pluck to hold out when you are told you are tied to an apron-string, and all that sort of thing," sighed Charlie.

"I thought you had a 'a deal of pluck,' as you call it. The boys all say you are the bravest of the seven," said Rose.

"So I am about some things, but I *cannot* bear to be laughed at."

"It *is* hard, but if one is right wont that make it easier?"

"Not to me; it might to a pious parson like Arch."

"Please don't call him names! I guess he has what is called moral courage, and *you* physical courage. Uncle explained the difference to me, and moral is the best, though often it does n't look so," said Rose, thoughtfully.

Charlie didn't like that, and answered quickly,

"I don't believe he'd stand it any better than I do, if he had those fellows at him."

"Perhaps that's why he keeps out of their way, and wants you to."

Rose had him there, and Charlie felt it, but would not give in just yet, though he was going fast, for, somehow, in the dark he seemed to see things clearer than in the light, and found it very easy to be confidential when it was "only Rose."

"If he was my brother, now, he'd have some right to interfere," began Charlie, in an injured tone.

"I wish he was!" cried Rose.

"So do I," answered Charlie, and then they both laughed at his inconsistency.

The laugh did them good, and when Prince spoke again, it was in a different tone,—pensive, not proud nor perverse.

"You see, it's hard upon me that I have no brothers and sisters. The others are better off and need n't go abroad for chums if they don't like. I am all alone, and I'd be thankful even for a little sister."

Rose thought that very pathetic, and, overlooking the uncomplimentary word "even" in that last sentence, she said, with a timid sort of earnestness that conquered her cousin at once:

"Play I was a little sister. I know I'm silly, but perhaps I'm better than nothing, and I'd dearly love to do it."

"So should I! and we will, for you are not silly, my dear, but a very sensible girl, we all think, and I'm proud to have you for a sister. There, now!" and Charlie looked down at the curly head bobbing along beside him, with real affection in his face.

Rose gave a skip of pleasure, and laid one seal-skin mitten over the other on his arm, as she said, happily:

"That's so nice of you! Now, you need n't be lonely any more, and I'll try to fill Archie's place till he comes back, for I know he will, as soon as you let him."

"Well, I don't mind telling *you* that while he was my mate I never missed brothers and sisters, or wanted any one else; but since he cast me off, I'll be hanged if I don't feel as forlorn as old Crusoe before Friday turned up."

This burst of confidence confirmed Rose in her purpose of winning Charlie's Mentor back to him, but she said no more, contented to have done so well. They parted excellent friends, and Prince went home, wondering why "a fellow did n't mind saying things to a girl or woman which they would die before they'd own to another fellow."

Rose also had some sage reflections upon the subject, and fell asleep thinking that there were a

great many curious things in this world, and feeling that she was beginning to find out some of them.

Next day she trudged up the hill to see Archie, and having told him as much as she thought best about her talk with Charlie, begged him to forget and forgive.

"I've been thinking that perhaps I ought to, though I *am* in the right. I'm no end fond of Charlie, and he's the best-hearted lad alive; but he can't say No, and that will play the mischief with him, if he does not take care," said Archie in his grave, kind way. "While father was home, I was very busy with him, so Prince got into a set I don't like. They try to be fast, and think it's manly, and they flatter him, and lead him on to do all sorts of things—play for money, and bet, and loaf about. I hate to have him do so, and tried to stop it, but went to work the wrong way, so we got into a mess."

"He is all ready to make up if you don't say much, for he owned to me he *was* wrong; but I don't think he will own it to you, in words," began Rose.

"I don't care for that; if he'll just drop those rowdies and come back, I'll hold my tongue and not preach. I wonder if he owes those fellows money, and so does n't like to break off till he can pay it. I hope not, but don't dare to ask; though, perhaps, Steve knows, he's always after Prince, more's the pity," and Archie looked anxious.

"I think Steve does know, for he talked about debts of honor the day I gave him —." There Rose stopped short and turned scarlet.

But Archie ordered her to "fess," and had the whole story in five minutes, for none dared disobey the Chief. He completed her affliction by putting a five-dollar bill into her pocket by main force, looking both indignant and resolute as he said:

"Never do so, again; but send Steve to me, if he is afraid to go to his father. Charlie had nothing to do with that; *he* would n't borrow a penny of a girl, don't think it. But that's the harm he does Steve, who adores him, and tries to be like him in all things. Don't say a word; I'll make it all right, and no one shall blame you."

"Oh, me! I always make trouble by trying to help, and then letting out the wrong thing," sighed Rose, much depressed by her slip of the tongue.

Archie comforted her with the novel remark that it was always best to tell the truth, and made her quite cheerful by promising to heal the breach with Charlie, as soon as possible.

He kept his word so well that the very next afternoon, as Rose looked out of the window, she beheld the joyful spectacle of Archie and Prince coming up the avenue, arm-in-arm, as of old, talk-

ing away as if to make up for the unhappy silence of the past weeks.

Rose dropped her work, hurried to the door, and opening it wide stood there smiling down upon them so happily, that the faces of the lads brightened as they ran up the steps eager to show that all was well with them.

"Here's our little peace-maker!" said Archie, shaking hands with vigor.

But Charlie added, with a look that made Rose very proud and happy, "And *my* little sister."

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHICH?

"UNCLE, I have discovered what girls are made for," said Rose, the day after the reconciliation of Archie and the Prince.

"Well, my dear, what is it?" asked Dr. Alec, who was "planking the deck," as he called his daily promenade up and down the hall.

"To take care of boys," answered Rose, quite beaming with satisfaction as she spoke. "Phebe laughed when I told her, and said she thought girls had better learn to take care of themselves first. But that's because *she* has n't got seven boy-cousins as I have."

"She is right nevertheless, Rosy, and so are you, for the two things go together, and in helping seven lads you are unconsciously doing much to improve one lass," said Dr. Alec, stopping to nod and smile at the bright-faced figure resting on the old bamboo chair, after a lively game of battledore and shuttlecock, in place of a run which a storm prevented.

"Am I? I'm glad of that; but really, uncle, I do feel as if I *must* take care of the boys, for they come to me in all sorts of troubles, and ask advice, and I like it *so* much. Only I don't always know what to do, and I'm going to consult you privately, and then surprise them with my wisdom."

"All right, my dear; what's the first worry? I see you have something on your little mind, so come and tell uncle."

Rose put her arm in his, and, pacing to and fro, told him all about Charlie, asking what she could do to keep him straight, and be a real sister to him.

"Could you make up your mind to go and stay with Aunt Clara a month?" asked the Doctor, when she ended.

"Yes, sir; but I should n't like it. Do you really want me to go?"

"The best cure for Charlie is a daily dose of Rose water, or Rose and water; will you go and see that he takes it?" laughed Dr. Alec.

"You mean that if I'm there and try to make it pleasant, he will stay at home and keep out of mischief?"

"Exactly."

"But *could* I make it pleasant? He would want the boys."

"No danger but he'd have the boys, for they swarm after you like bees after their queen. Have n't you found that out?"

"Aunt Plen often says they never used to be here half so much before I came, but I never thought I made the difference, it seemed so natural to have them round."

"Little Modesty does n't know what a magnet she is; but she will find it out some day," and the Doctor softly pinched the cheek that had grown rosy with pleasure at the thought of being so much loved. "Now, you see, if I move the magnet to Aunt Clara's, the lads will go there as sure as iron to steel, and Charlie will be so happy at home he won't care for these mischievous mates of his; I hope," added the Doctor, well-knowing how hard it was to wean a seventeen-year-old boy from his first taste of what is called "seeing life," which, alas! often ends in seeing death.

"I'll go, uncle, right away! Aunt Clara is always asking me, and will be glad to get me. I shall have to dress and dine late, and see lots of company, and be very fashionable, but I'll try not to let it hurt me; and if I get in a puzzle or worried about anything I can run to you," answered Rose, good-will conquering timidity.

So it was decided, and, without saying much about the real reason for this visit, Rose was transplanted to Aunt Clara's, feeling that she had a work to do, and very eager to do it well.

Dr. Alec was right about the bees, for the boys did follow their queen, and astonished Mrs. Clara by their sudden assiduity in making calls, dropping in to dinner, and getting up evening frolics. Charlie was a devoted host and tried to show his gratitude by being very kind to his "little sister," for he guessed why she came, and his heart was touched by her artless endeavors to "help him be good."

Rose often longed to be back in the old house, with the simpler pleasures and more useful duties of the life there; but, having made up her mind, in spite of Phebe, that "girls *were* made to take care of boys," her motherly little soul found much to enjoy in the new task she had undertaken.

It was a pretty sight to see the one earnest, sweet-faced girl, among the flock of tall lads, trying to understand, to help and please them with a patient affection that worked many a small miracle unperceived. Slang, rough-manners, and careless habits were banished or bettered by the presence of a little

gentlewoman, and all the manly virtues cropping up were encouraged by the hearty admiration bestowed upon them, by one whose good opinion all valued more than they confessed. While Rose tried to imitate the good qualities she praised in them, to put away her girlish vanities and fears, to be strong and just, and frank and brave as well as modest, kind and beautiful.

This trial worked so well that when the month was over, Mac and Steve demanded a visit in their turn, and Rose went, feeling that she would like to hear grim Aunt Jane say, as Aunt Clara did at parting, "I wish I could keep you all my life, dear."

After Mac and Steve had had their turn, Archie & Co. bore her away for some weeks; and with them she was so happy, she felt as if she would like to stay forever, if she could have Uncle Alec also.

Of course, Aunt Myra could not be neglected, and, with secret despair, Rose went to the "Mausoleum," as the boys called her gloomy abode. Fortunately, she was very near home, and Dr. Alec dropped in so often, that her visit was far less dismal than she expected. Between them, they actually made Aunt Myra laugh heartily, more than once; and Rose did her so much good by letting in the sunshine, singing about the silent house, cooking wholesome messes, and amusing the old lady with funny little lectures on physiology, that she forgot to take her pills, and gave up "Mum's Elixir," because she slept so well after the long walks and drives she was beguiled into taking, that she needed no narcotic.

So the winter flew rapidly away, and it was May before Rose was fairly settled again at home. They called her the "Monthly Rose," because she had spent a month with each of the aunts, and left such pleasant memories of bloom and fragrance behind her, that all wanted the family flower back again.

Dr. Alec rejoiced greatly over his recovered treasure; but as the time drew near when his year of experiment ended, he had many a secret fear that Rose might like to make her home for the next twelvemonth with Aunt Jessie, or even Aunt Clara, for Charlie's sake. He said nothing, but waited with much anxiety for the day when the matter should be decided; and while he waited he did his best to finish as far as possible the task he had begun so well.

Rose was very happy now, being out nearly all day enjoying the beautiful awakening of the world, for Spring came bright and early, as if anxious to do its part. The old horse chestnuts budded round her windows, green things sprung up like magic in the garden under her hands, hardy flowers bloomed as fast as they could, the birds

sang blithely overhead, and every day a chorus of pleasant voices cried, "Good-morning, cousin, is n't it jolly weather?"

No one remembered the date of the eventful conversation which resulted in the Doctor's experiment (no one but himself at least); so, when the aunts were invited to tea one Saturday, they came quite unsuspectingly, and were all sitting together having a social chat, when Brother Alec entered with two photographs in his hand.

"Do you remember that?" he said, showing one to Aunt Clara, who happened to be nearest.

"Yes, indeed; it is very like her when she came. Quite her sad, unchildlike expression, and thin little face, with the big, dark eyes."

The picture was passed round, and all agreed that "it was very like Rose a year ago." This point being settled, the Doctor showed the second picture, which was received with great approbation, and pronounced a "charming likeness."

It certainly was, and a striking contrast to the first one, for it was a blooming, smiling face, full of girlish spirit and health, with no sign of melancholy, though the soft eyes were thoughtful, and the lines about the lips betrayed a sensitive nature.

Dr. Alec set both photographs on the chimney-piece, and, falling back a step or two, surveyed them with infinite satisfaction for several minutes, then wheeled round, saying briefly, as he pointed to the two faces:

"Time is up; how do you think my experiment has succeeded, ladies?"

"Bless me, so it is!" cried Aunt Plenty, dropping a stitch in her surprise.

"Beautifully, dear," answered Aunt Peace, smiling entire approval.

"She certainly *has* improved, but appearances are deceitful, and she had no constitution to build upon," croaked Aunt Myra.

"I am willing to allow that, as far as mere health goes, the experiment *is* a success," graciously observed Aunt Jane, unable to forget Rose's kindness to her Mac.

"So am I; and I'll go farther, for I really do believe Alec has done wonders for the child; she will be a beauty in two or three years," added Aunt Clara, feeling that she could say nothing better than that.

"I always knew he would succeed, and I'm so glad you all allow it, for he deserves more credit than you know, and more praise than he will ever get," cried Aunt Jessie, clapping her hands with an enthusiasm that caused Jamie's little red stockings to wave like a triumphal banner in the air.

Dr. Alec made them a splendid bow, looking much gratified, and then said soberly:

"Thank you; now the question is, Shall I go

on?—for this is only the beginning. None of you know the hinderances I've had, the mistakes I've made, the study I've given the case, and the anxiety I've often felt. Sister Myra is right in one thing, Rose *is* a delicate creature, quick to flourish in the sunshine, and as quick to droop without it. She has no special weakness, but inherits her mother's sensitive nature, and needs the wisest, tenderest care to keep a very ardent little soul from wearing out a finely organized little body. I think I have found the right treatment, and, with you to help me, I believe we may build up a lovely and a noble woman, who will be a pride and comfort to us all."

There Dr. Alec stopped to get his breath, for he had spoken very earnestly and his voice got a little husky over the last words. A gentle murmur from the aunts seemed to encourage him, and he went on with an engaging smile, for the good man was slyly trying to win all the ladies to vote for him when the time came.

"Now, I don't wish to be selfish or arbitrary, because I am her guardian, and I shall leave Rose free to choose for herself. We all want her, and if she likes to make her home with any of you rather than with me, she shall do so. In fact, I encouraged her visits last winter, that she might see what we can all offer her, and judge where she will be happiest. Is not that the fairest way? Will you agree to abide by her choice, as I do?"

"Yes, we will," said all the aunts, in quite a flutter of excitement, at the prospect of having Rose for a whole year.

"Good! she will be here directly, and then we will settle the question for another year. A most important year, mind you, for she has got a good start and will blossom rapidly now, if all goes well with her. So I beg of you, don't undo my work, but deal very wisely and gently with my little girl, for if any harm come to her, I think it would break my heart."

As he spoke, Dr. Alec turned his back abruptly and affected to be examining the pictures again; but the aunts understood how dear the child was to the solitary man who had loved her mother years ago, and who now found his happiness in cherishing the little Rose who was so like her. The good ladies nodded and sighed, and telegraphed to one another that none of them would complain if not chosen, or ever try to rob Brother Alec of his "Heart's Delight," as the boys called Rose.

Just then a pleasant sound of happy voices came up from the garden, and smiles broke out on all serious faces. Dr. Alec turned at once, saying, as he threw back his head, "There she is; now for it!"

The cousins had been a-Maying, and soon came flocking in laden with the spoils.

"Here is our bonny Scotch rose with all her thorns about her," said Dr. Alec, surveying her with unusual pride and tenderness, as she went to show Aunt Peace her basket full of early flowers, fresh leaves and curious lichens.

"Leave your clatter in the hall, boys, and sit quietly down if you choose to stop here, for we are busy," said Aunt Plenty, shaking her finger at the

"You really ought to come to us for mother's sake, as a relish you know, for she must be perfectly satiated with boys," began Archie, using the strongest argument he could think of at the moment.

"Oh, do! we'll never slam, or bounce at you or call you 'fraid cat,' if you only will," besought Geordie and Will, distorting their countenances in the attempt to smile with overpowering sweetness.

"And I'll always wash my hands 'fore I touch



THE RETURN FROM THE MAYING.

turbulent clan, who were bubbling over with the jollity born of Spring sunshine and healthy exercise.

"Of course, we choose to stay! Would n't miss our Saturday high tea for anything," said the Chief, as he restored order among his men with a nod, a word, and an occasional shake.

"What is up? a court-martial?" asked Charlie, looking at the assembled ladies with affected awe and real curiosity, for their faces betrayed that some interesting business was afloat.

Dr. Alec explained in a few words, which he made as brief and calm as he could; but the effect was exciting nevertheless, for each of the lads began at once to bribe, entice and wheedle "our cousin" to choose his home.

you, and you shall be my dolly, 'cause Pokey's gone away, and I'll love you *hard*," cried Jamie, clinging to her with his chubby face full of affection.

"Brothers and sisters ought to live together; especially when the brother needs some one to make home pleasant for him," added Charlie, with the wheedlesome tone and look that Rose always found so difficult to resist.

"You had her longest and it's our turn now; Mac needs her more than you do, Prince, for she's 'the light of his eyes,' he says. Come, Rose, choose us and I'll never use the musky pomade you hate again as long as I live," said Steve, with his most killing air, as he offered this noble sacrifice.

Mac peered wistfully over his goggles, saying in an unusually wide-awake and earnest way :

"Do, cousin, then we can study chemistry together. My experiments don't bust up very often now, and the gases are n't at all bad when you get used to them."

Rose meantime had stood quite still, with the flowers dropping from her hands as her eyes went from one eager face to another, while smiles rippled over her own at the various enticements offered her. During the laugh that followed Mac's handsome proposition, she looked at her uncle, whose eyes were fixed on her with an expression of love and longing that went to her heart.

"Ah! yes," she thought, "*he* wants me most! I've often longed to give him something that he wished for very much, and now I can."

So, when, at a sudden gesture from Aunt Peace, silence fell, Rose said slowly, with a pretty color in her cheeks, and a beseeching look about the room, as if asking pardon of the boys:

"It's very hard to choose when everybody is so fond of me; therefore I think I'd better go to the one who seems to need me most."

"No, dear, the one you love the best and will be happiest with," said Dr. Alec quickly, as a doleful sniff from Aunt Myra, and a murmur of "My sainted Caroline," made Rose pause and look that way.

"Take time, cousin; don't be in a hurry to make up your mind, and remember, 'Codlin's your friend,'" added Charlie, hopeful still.

"I don't want any time! I *know* who I love

best, who I'm happiest with, and I choose uncle. Will he have me?" cried Rose, in a tone that produced a sympathetic thrill among the hearers, it was so full of tender confidence and love.

If she really had any doubt, the look in Dr. Alec's face banished it without a word, as he opened wide his arms, and she ran into them, feeling that home was there.

No one spoke for a minute, but there were signs of emotion among the aunts, which warned the boys to bestir themselves before the water-works began to play. So they took hands and began to prance about uncle and niece, singing, with sudden inspiration, the nursery rhyme—

"Ring around a Rosy!"

Of course that put an end to all sentiment, and Rose emerged laughing from Dr. Alec's bosom, with the mark of a waistcoat button nicely imprinted on her left cheek. He saw it and said with a merry kiss that half effaced it, "This is my ewe lamb, and I have set my mark on her, so no one can steal her away."

That tickled the boys and they set up a shout of

"Uncle had a little lamb!"

But Rose hushed the noise by slipping into the circle, and making them dance prettily—like lads and lasses round a May-pole; while Phebe, coming in with fresh water for the flowers, began to twitter, chirp and coo, as if all the birds of the air had come to join in the Spring revel of the Eight Cousins.

THE END.

A LITTLE TRUTH-TELLER.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

YES, Mrs. Brown, I've had a lovely visit;
I always have, whenever I come here.
Your Katy entertains so very nicely—
I mean it, 'pon my honor, Katy dear!

I truly don't know where the time has vanished;
It gave me quite a funny sort of shock
To find my visit done, and find, moreover,
There was n't any trouble with your clock!

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So now I think I'd better get my things on.
 Yes, Katy, I must go; for don't you see,
 Mamma this morning told me when I started:
 "Bessie, you'd better be at home by three."

You ask me if I'd like to stay to dinner?
 (I knew that nice smell came from roasting meat.)
 Oh, no, I thank you, Mrs. Brown, I could n't.
 (They *do* have such delightful things to eat!)

You say you're sure mamma will not be worried?
 And Katy wants me so? and little Will?
 You really wish I'd stay? Well, since you urge me,
 Why, thank you, Mrs. Brown, I think I will.

I hope my conduct does n't seem peculiar—
 But, then, mamma said, when I went away:
 "Now mind that you don't stay to dinner, Bessie,
 Unless they urge you *very much* to stay."

SOME QUEER ANIMALS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

BEFORE Columbus sailed so bravely off out of sight of land, to discover the half of the world that he felt *sure* was on the other side, people had very queer ideas about the countries that were beyond Europe. Animals so strange were thought to inhabit them, that almost any story a traveler chose to tell would be believed.

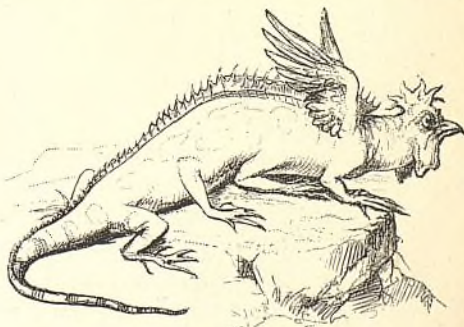
Such creatures as Basilisks, Griffins, Mermaids, Sirens, Harpies, Centaurs, Unicorns, Phoenixes and Dragons, were never seen by any one; but they were written about in poems and stories, and some of them were used in this way to express various symbolic meanings, so that, in writing at least, it seemed difficult to get on without them. One of the most absurd of these animals was

THE BASILISK.

This was a most unpleasant creature in every way, and not one that could possibly be made a pet of. People were silly enough to believe that it came from an egg laid by a very old cock and hatched by a toad, and that it had a cock's head and wings, a lizard's body and tail, eight feet, and wore a kingly crown as monarch of all the ser-

pents and dragons, who ran away whenever it came near them. Its breath was poison, and the fearful glare of its eyes killed both animals and men whenever they encountered it.

The Basilisk, sometimes called the Cockatrice,



THE BASILISK.

lived in the deserts of Africa; it could only live in a desert, for its dreadful breath burned up everything that grew, and no animal would venture near it except the weasel, who would bravely fight with it. The weasel got the better of the Basilisk by eating

an herb called rue, which poisoned the monster when it bit him—but the poor little weasel always died too.

When the Basilisk was dead and burned to ashes, people took a little comfort in it, for the ashes were said to turn all kinds of metal into gold; and it would seem almost worth while to have a live Basilisk about for the chance of getting a dead one.

THE UNICORN.

This animal was more absurd than frightful, and looked very much like a large horse, with one immense horn on its forehead. This horn was white at the bottom, black in the middle, and red at the tip. The Unicorn's beauty was further improved by having a white body, a red head, and blue eyes.

It was said to run faster than any horse; and in



THE UNICORN.

spite of its queer appearance, it was a very aristocratic quadruped and a stanch supporter of the British crown.

In the arms of Great Britain it stands on one side and the lion on the other. The Unicorn has appeared in poetry, too—for we all know the famous lines:

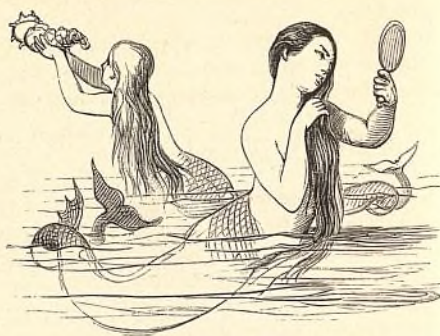
The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All about the town.

MERMAIDS.

These were even more agreeable objects to look upon than Unicorns; and in pictures they generally have a comb in one hand and a mirror in the other, as if they were always "doing up" their long hair—which never gets done up after all, but hangs down their backs. Sailors and fishermen always believed in Mermaids—who were supposed to live in the sea, and to have bodies that were half woman and half fish. But a long, scaly,

forked tail is not very ornamental, and they always tried to keep this out of the way.

The faces of these strange creatures were said



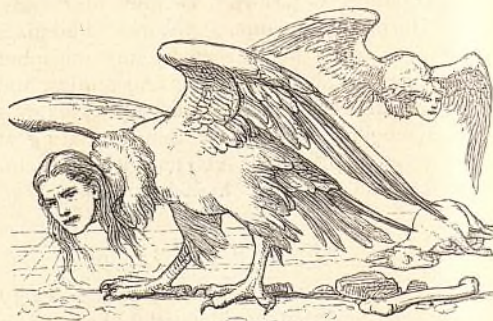
MERMAIDS.

to be very beautiful, and the fishermen of those early times often declared that they had seen and talked with Mermaids, who would invite them to go with them to their homes at the bottom of the ocean. But those who went were always drowned of course.

Their cousins, the Sirens, were more dangerous than the Mermaids, for they sang such exquisite melodies that whoever heard them had to follow whether he would or not; and down in their ocean caves were said to be many bones whitening among the corals—all that remained of the poor dazed sailors and fishermen who had thrown themselves overboard at the sound of that strange melody.

THE HARPY.

This is another creature with the head of a woman, but with the body, legs and wings of a vulture, which is the most hateful of birds. The Harpies were always hungry, and were not at all



THE HARPY.

particular as to how they got their food; there is a story of a poor blind man, named Phineas, whose meals were snatched away by these ravenous thieves

as soon as they were spread for him. But when he promised to join the Argonauts, who were going in quest of the Golden Fleece, they drove the Harpies away.

These Harpies were very disagreeable in every way, and in Greece it was believed that the gods sent them forth to punish people for their sins.

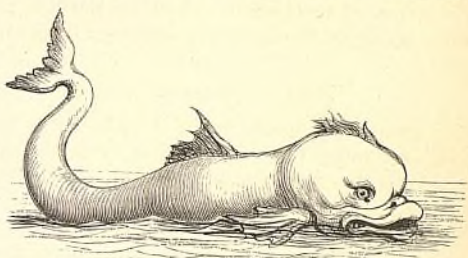
THE ROC.

This was a monstrous bird which was said to inhabit an island in the Chinese sea. In the "Arabian Nights" Sinbad the Sailor has a great deal to say about this strange creature, whose size and strength were so great that it could carry one elephant in its beak and another in each of its talons. Pictures generally represent it in this way; and the elephants look as meek as kittens, sailing through the air in this unpleasant style. The three were probably devoured in the course of the day. A Roc egg was said to be like an enormous white dome, and as firm as a mountain.

THE DOLPHIN.

The Dolphin made a very pleasant variety in the list of unreal creatures—as it was delightful in every way. Very much larger than the common dolphin or porpoise, the Dolphin of fable was thoroughly good-natured and obliging, and always swimming about and showing its pretty colors.

The supposed home of the Dolphins was in the Grecian seas; they were said to have many human tastes, as they were very fond of music, could be easily tamed, and became very fond of their masters. They would let children ride on their backs;

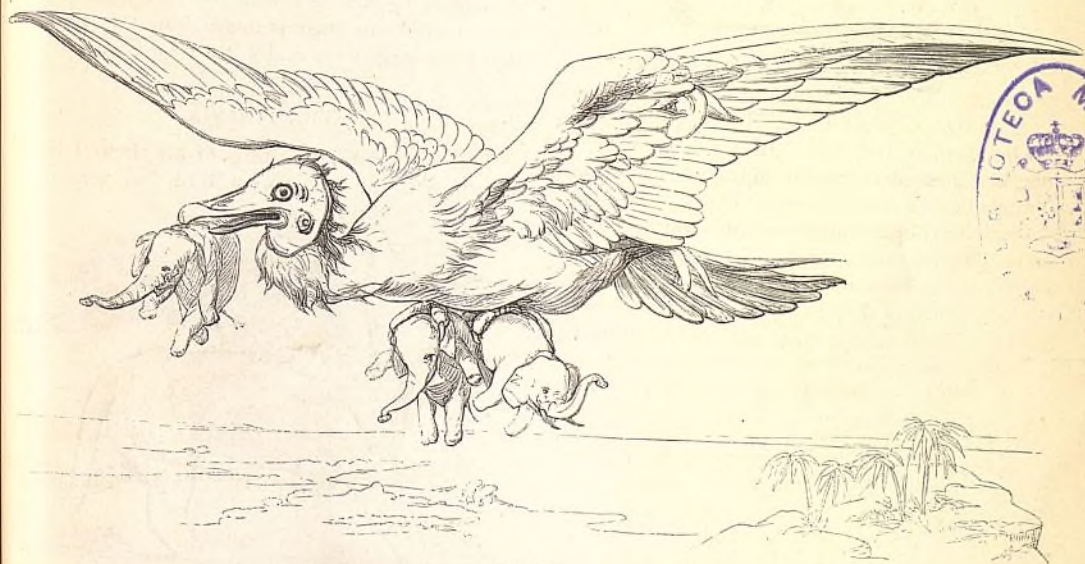


THE DOLPHIN.

and this must have been even more exciting than riding on an elephant, or driving a pair of goats. These Dolphins were very affectionate; and a story is told of one, in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, which carried a boy to school every morning. But after a while the lad died, and the faithful Dolphin watched for him on the shore day after day—until, finding that he did not come, it pined away and expired of grief.

THE CENTAUR.

The Centaur, or bull-killer, was half man and half horse; and pictures usually represent it shoot-



THE ROC.

These colors were said to be brighter than ever when it was dying, and some poet has written of "the hues of the dying Dolphin."

ing with a bow and arrow. They were said to be wild and savage, of a great size, covered with hair, and living in the forests and mountains.

There were real men in Thessaly, a province of Greece, who spent most of their time on horseback hunting bulls; and it is thought that the fable of the Centaurs had its origin in them.

Although a great improvement on the Harpy and some other monsters, the Centaur could not be a very agreeable companion; and no one will be sorry that there never was such a creature.

THE DRAGON.

Nothing can be said in favor of this ugly-tempered monster. It was always in a passion, and had a most unpleasant habit of vomiting fire from its head and its tail—which prevented its ever being crowded for room, as no creature cared to go near it. It seemed to be a sort of live volcano; in form very much like a crocodile, with the addition



THE CENTAUR.

of wings, collar and ears. Its neck, however, was long and snake-like, and it had the feet of a lizard, with claws.

These horrible monsters went about destroying everything in their path, and would often lay a whole country desolate, so that brave knights sometimes set forth to slay them and rid the land of such a pest. They were terrible enemies to fight with, and only *good* men could overcome them.

You remember hearing of St. George, the patron saint of England, and of the ferocious Dragon which he killed after a hard battle. One of these creatures in Africa was said to have driven back the whole Roman army.

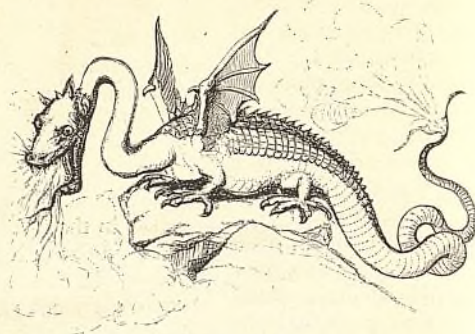
It is thought that the Dragon was a type of Satan, or the power of evil.

THE GRYPHON, OR GRIFFIN.

How do you like its picture?

It ought to have had a long name like "Ich-

thyosaurus" or "Megatherium," or some of those other great creatures that lived before the flood;



THE DRAGON.

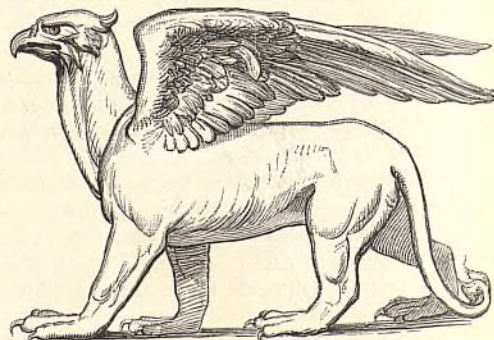
for one Griffin was said to be larger and stronger than a hundred eagles, so that it could carry, while flying to its nest, a large horse or even two oxen yoked together as they stood at the plow. Its claws were as large as the horns of oxen, so that drinking-cups were made of them. Its head, wings and feet were those of an eagle, and its body that of a lion.

Stone Griffins are often seen in old churches, and on the pillars of old gate-ways; for a place that was guarded by such a powerful creature was in no danger of being invaded. So the figure of a Griffin came to represent strength and vigilance.

Griffins' eggs were considered very valuable, and were made into large goblets; but it is probable that these eggs were really laid by ostriches.

THE PHOENIX.

But the most interesting of all these fabulous creatures is the Phœnix—a bird, but very differ-



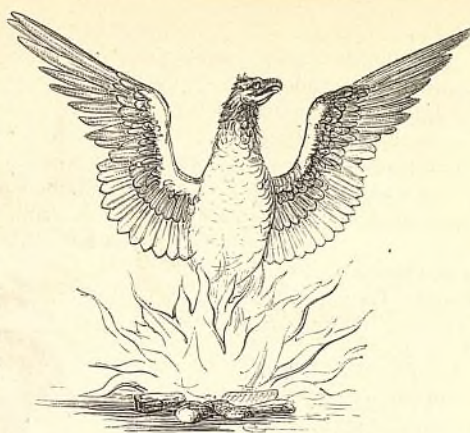
THE GRYPHON.

ent from the Roc. It was exceedingly beautiful, as large as an eagle, with a plumage that shone

like gold around its neck, a purple body, and a tail of blue and rose-colored feathers. It had a cock's comb under its neck, and a magnificent crest. This splendid-looking bird was supposed to live five hundred years, and then burn itself, to rise from the ashes young, strong, and more beautiful than ever.

An old writer gives a long account of this new birth of the Phoenix, which always took place at Heliopolis, the City of the Sun.

A priest made a fire of spices on the altar, and the bird flew into the flames and was burned with the spices. A small worm would



THE PHOENIX.

take our leave of un-natural history.

then be found in the ashes on the altar, and on the second day after it appeared it would be transformed into a bird, and in one day after that, or the third day after the burning, the Phoenix would be itself again and would go off in fine spirits, and in new clothes that were warranted to last for five hundred years.

These are a few of the more common animals of fable; there were a great many others, for, after beginning to invent such creatures, it was very easy

HOW IT WENT.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

WYATT and Snaps were cousins—their fathers were brothers. Snaps' real name was Horace Brownell; but when he was a very little fellow without suspenders, he took to living almost entirely on ginger-snaps.

So his papa, who was a joker, began calling him Snaps; and then his mother took to calling him Snaps, because she was very apt to do what his papa did. Then his sisters, Mamie and Fanny, commenced calling him Snaps, because they always tried to imitate mamma, except when she did such things as mending and dusting. Then Mamie's and Fanny's playmates said Snaps instead of Horace; and so the matter grew until everybody called him Snaps, and almost nobody remembered that he had any other name.

The Winter that Snaps was twelve years old, his father agreed to pay him eight dollars for the job of keeping the walks about the house cleared of snow. When Snaps told his cousin Wyatt about this agreement, Wyatt insisted upon making with his father a like arrangement.

Thus it came to pass, that about the last of March each of the cousins had the magnificent sum of eight dollars. The question for us to consider is, how it went.

Of course, some of it—not much, however—went on April-fools' day. Then some of it went kiting. Spring brings kites just as surely as it brings swallows. Snaps and Wyatt undertook to get up some fancy rigs—"Great Easterns" they were to be among kites. They were to be nearly as large as Mr. Showers' barn-door, which was a very large door. The boys got a carpenter to make the kite-frames. Then they bought some strong, handsome paper, some gum-stick-'em (as they called the mucilage), and a great deal of strong string. I don't know but that they expected their kites to fly to the moon. They were very handsome affairs when finished. Wyatt's had a gilt star blazing like gold in the center; while Snaps' carried a crescent moon in silver.

The flying of the kites took place one bright Saturday morning at nine o'clock, amid the assembled boys and girls of the village. You would have thought, from the eager talk and the eager faces, that two balloons were going up from the Square, for the spectators were by no means confined to children. Men stood in their shop-doors, and even on the Square; while women waited on the side-walks or gazed from their windows.

The kites behaved beautifully. They rose grace-

fully and steadily up and up and up, looking, with their scarlet and gold, like two magnificent tropical birds. One could scarcely put his head out-doors that day without seeing those bright wings sailing against the sky, and each time, doubtless, at the end of the string was a different pair of hands—now a boy's, now a girl's—for Snaps and Wyatt let all the children take turns, until all had felt the strong pull of the monsters.

When I tell you how Wyatt and Snaps spent the next money, I think you will laugh. They invested it in a razor and some shaving-soap. What for? Well, they wanted some whiskers, you see.

After this investment, each of the capitalists bought a bottle of cologne. The following day, Wyatt said, as the two were walking home from school: "I say, Snaps, isn't that Bob Davidson the leanest, hollow-eyedest feller that your eyes ever lit on?"

"He is so; and I'll tell you what 't is, Wyatt," Snaps said, "I don't believe he gets enough to eat. He always looks hungry to me."

"Let's treat him," said Wyatt, briskly.

"Say we do," Snaps answered just as briskly.

"Hello, Bob! come here!" Wyatt called back to Bob, who was walking behind them. "Come into this grocery; we're going to treat you."

"Law! is yer?" said Bob, coming up on a trot, grinning all over. "You all's mighty commer-datin'."

Bob Davidson was a black boy, you understand. The three boys stepped into the store.

"What'll you take?" Wyatt asked. "What do you like best?"

Bob rolled his great white eyes all about the store, among the boxes and barrels and baskets. Then he turned them up to the ceiling in profound meditation. Then he studied the floor, and again looked all around the store, his lank body slowly revolving as on a pivot.

"What'll you take?" Snaps repeated. "What do you like best?"

Bob, as if about to take a fatal plunge, drew a long breath, rolled his eyes from the boys to the smiling shopman, smacked his lips, giggled, and answered, "'Lasses."

Wyatt and Snaps burst out laughing; but they had the grocer fill Bob's dinner-pail with the thing he liked best.

This brings us to the grand speculation. One Saturday morning, the cousins were on the Square playing marbles, when they saw a farm-wagon passing with ever so many baskets of strawberries.

"How do you sell your strawberries?" Wyatt called. The man did not hear, but went rattling on.

"Ho, there!" shouted Snaps; "what's the price of your berries?"

Both boys now ran after the farmer, calling for him to stop, which he did after a time.

"Twenty cents the basket," replied the farmer, lifting the grape-leaves from one basket and another of the scarlet beauties. "Just picked this morning," he added.

The boys climbed upon the wheels, and looked longingly at the fruit.

"Let you have three baskets for half-a-dollar."



BOB DAVIDSON.

"What'll you take for the lot?" Wyatt couldn't have told to save his teeth why he asked this question. He had no more thought of buying the whole lot than he had of buying out the circus that was expected next week.

"Well, let's see," said the farmer; but instead of seeing, he shut his eyes up close, and bent his forehead on his hand. "They's thirty-five baskets. I'll let ye hev the hull uv um fer four dollars, seein' it's you; that's less'n a shillin' the basket. That's

dreadful cheap, an' I would n't let ye hev um fer no sich money ef ye wus men an' women. But bein' ye're boys, ye kin take um. Ye kin easy git twenty-two cents the basket. I'd git that ef I had time to wait on the sales; but, ye see, I want to git back to hum. I've got a lot uv young beets that's that full uv weeds they're nigh choked to death. I want to git hum to weed um 'fore Sunday, else the weeds 'll git clean the start uv me. Weeds don't keep no Sunday, ye know; 'pears like they growed twice't as fast Sunday as week-days, anyhow. Ye kin hev the hull lot fer four dollars," he repeated, "an' that's just givin' um away. Ye 'll double your money 'fore sundown."

"Say we take 'em," said Wyatt.

"All right," was Snaps' answer.

Then the subject of the baskets came up; so the boys promised solemnly to leave them, when emptied, at Mr. Nodler's grocery, where the farmer would call for them. Then Wyatt ran over to the savings bank to draw the money.

Well, the money was paid, and the strawberries were delivered on the side-walk. After discussing matters, the boys agreed, in the first place, to eat each a basket of the berries. Then they decided to set up a stand on the corner of the Square for the sale of the remainder. Wyatt borrowed one chair from his father's office, which was near at hand, and another from his mother's kitchen, which was quite removed.

By the way, while at home he offered his mother the whole or any part of the thirty-three baskets at twenty-two cents. But she had already bought six baskets that day at eighteen cents. Then Wyatt offered his at eighteen cents for canning; but it was baking-day and churning-day, and the mother decided that she could not possibly take any additional work. This was a disappointment to Wyatt, for he had confidently reckoned on disposing of a dozen baskets to his mother. Snaps' mother was out of town.

The speculators borrowed a plank; this, resting on the chairs, made the stand for the baskets. These were speedily put in artistic and tempting array. Then the boys wiped their hands and faces, combed their hair with their fingers, touched up their neck-ties, straightened themselves up, and made ready for the rush of customers with which they would be assailed. They sauntered about the plank, sniffing at the berries, occasionally eating one, looking meanwhile up and down the street for customers. A half-hour went slowly by.

"Yonder comes Billy Barlow," said Snaps. "I'll bet he'll want to trade his old barlow-knife for some berries. He's been tryin' for a year to get somebody to trade something or other for that old broken-bladed, rickerty knife."

Billy Barlow's right name was William Williams, but, as Snaps had said, he had a barlow-knife. It was the only thing in the world over which he had undisputed control. The one blade was broken and the rivets were loose. But Billy ever had it on display, and was ever trying to trade it for any conceivable boy-property. Hence his schoolmates had given him the name of Billy Barlow.

"Why, what sights of strawberries!" exclaimed B. B. "Are they your 'n?"—and he ran his hungry eye up and down the double line of baskets.

"Of course they're ours," replied Snaps, with quiet superiority.

"Goin' to sell 'em?"

"Of course," said Snaps, in like superiority. "We did n't buy them to give away," he added, by way of forestalling a possible request.

"How much are they?" asked Billy Barlow, with his hand in his ragged pocket.

"Twenty-two cents a basket," and then Snaps winked at Wyatt, as much as to say, "Look out now for the barlow-knife."

"That's what I ask for a knife I've got," said B. B., rummaging around for the said article, amid the balls and strings and marbles and slate-pencils which a boy's pocket is sure to hold.

"Here 't is," he said, directly holding out the knife before Snaps' eyes.

"I've seen it before," said Snaps coolly, looking away down the street.

"I'll swop it for one of them baskets of strawberries."

"I don't think you will," Wyatt answered.

"It's a first-rate knife," said B. B., with the sad light of disappointment in his eyes.

Snaps whispered a few words in the ear of his partner.

"All right," Wyatt answered aloud.

"Look here, Barlow," Snaps said; "I don't want your knife—I would n't give it pocket-room. You've tried to trade it to every boy in this town. We're all tired hearing about that old barlow. Now, if you'll throw it as far as you can send it, we'll give you a basket of berries."

"It's a bargain," said Billy Barlow.

He placed himself in position, and threw the knife half-way across the Square.

"All right; take your basket," Snaps said, with a good feeling at his heart.

Billy walked down one side of the plank and up the other. Then he picked out the basket which seemed the nearest full and to have the largest, ripest berries. With this he walked off in the direction in which his knife had gone. A few days after, he was discovered trying to trade it to a little girl for a half-stick of liquorice.

But that Saturday morning he met, a little way on his walk (or run, rather), Bob Davidson. Of course, he told Bob about the strawberries, and, of course, Bob took a bee-line across the Square for the strawberry plank.

It was during the war, and Bob Davidson had been from the South only a few weeks. All the schooling with which the town had been able to inculcate him during that period had not sufficed to cure his Southern dialect.

"Law! what's you all got dar?" Bob asked, his hungry eyes looking hungrier than ever Billy's had looked, as they ran along the bright line of



BILLY BARLOW.

baskets. "Law! is you all gwine to hab a strawberry festibul for Mass Linkum's soldiers an' de countryban's?"

"No, we aint," Wyatt answered in a bluff way. "We're goin' to sell 'em for twenty-two cents a basket."

"Strawberries would tas' mighty good 'long wid dem dar 'lasses you all gim me. You all's de p'lites' boys in town, show's I's baun."

Here Snaps said in an undertone to Wyatt: "I never saw anybody want strawberries so bad in my life. Let's give him a basket."

Bob's great eyes, rolling from one face to the

other, plainly discerned that the boys were pleased with his compliment.

"I aint got no money dis berry minit, but ef you all gim me some strawberries, I'll gim you all sumpum—will so."

"What 'll you give us?" Wyatt asked.

Bob thrust one hand in his one pocket, and assumed the meditative attitude of a philosopher.

"What 'll you give?" urged Wyatt, after a pause long enough for Bob to make an inventory of a very extensive personal property.

"Sumpum mighty good," said the non-committal Bob.

"But what?" persisted Wyatt. "You must tell us, or we can't trade."

Bob took another meditative attitude, and rolled his eyes in a frantic way, as if he was trying to see something very difficult to find.

"What 'll you give us?" This question again urgently assailed him.

"I tell yer," said Bob, with the air of one who has reached the solution of a difficult problem. "I'll take de berries long to de house" (to his home, he meant); "den I'll fotch de what-you-may-call-it straight back,—wish I may die ef I don't!"

The boys had soft places in their hearts for Bob; they were aching to give him a basket, so they agreed to his proposal, and he bore away the berries.

The next customer was Miss Burchett. She was a tall, thin woman, with steel-colored eyes and iron-gray hair. She wore a Shaker bonnet with a brown silk skirt to it, and her calico dress was very stiffly starched.

"I heard you had strawberries; are they perfectly fresh and perfectly ripe?"

She asked this much as a lawyer would cross-examine a witness. Both boys were scared and subdued by her manner.

"Yes, ma'am," Wyatt meekly answered to her question.

"How do you know they are?" she asked in the same lawyer-like tone.

"The man said they were."

All this time, Miss Burchett was turning one basket and another against a plate she carried, inspecting the berries through her gold-bowed glasses, smelling at each lot, and doing what seemed to the boys a most unnecessary amount of tasting.

"What man?" she asked.

"The man we bought them from," Wyatt answered.

"And who is he? What's his name?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Then I don't want your berries," Miss Burchett

said with emphasis. "I never buy any berries unless I know who picked them; nor any butter, or milk, or sausages, or anything, unless I know who made it. I'm very particular about my eating. I do wish I did n't ever have to eat any victuals that other folks had been performing over."

With this speech, she transferred a few other fine berries from the baskets to her mouth, and took her departure.

"I wonder if she has to be introduced to the hens before she'll eat their eggs?" Snaps said, with a petulant sneer.

"She yarns, anyhow," Wyatt suggested, "'cause how can she know who makes the sugar and coffee, and tea and flour, and lots of things she eats? She kept eatin' strawberries all the while, anyhow. She's mean and stuck-up, too."

"Here comes Mrs. Pulsifer," said Snaps. "She's deaf, you know; you'll have to split your throat to make her hear."

"How d'ye do, little dears?" said Mrs. Pulsifer, smiling and giving a funny little curtsy.

"We're well." Wyatt delivered this reply with such a shout, that a man across the street turned and stared about.

"She talks as if we were babies," Snaps said in an undertone of contempt to Wyatt, thinking, meanwhile, of the razor and shaving-soap hid away in his chamber-closet.

"How do you sell your berries?" asked Mrs. Pulsifer, still smiling, and hollowing her hand to her ear to receive the answer.

"Twenty-two cents," Wyatt said, with more moderation of tone.

"Thirty-two cents? I'll give you thirty," said the smiling old lady.

"I said twenty-two cents," said Wyatt.

"Oh! twenty-two cents! I'll give you twenty."

Mrs. Pulsifer delighted above all things on earth to make a bargain—to get things for less than other people gave.

When the boys had agreed to her offer, she proposed to take two baskets for thirty-five cents, and, when they had again acceded, she offered sixty cents for four baskets. The partners accepted this offer, and then she was afraid, as it was Saturday, that she could n't use more than one basket.

"Four baskets at sixty will make fifteen for one." She opened her purse. "I've just got fourteen cents in change," she said; "but you don't mind about one cent, I know," and she smiled blandly as she laid the money on the plank. Then she helped herself to the best basket she could pick out.

Snaps felt mad enough to cry, and might have cried if two boys and a small girl had n't just then come on the ground. These were soon joined by

two girls and a small boy. Things began to look brisk—business prospects to brighten. Indeed, the children generally had got wind of the strawberry-stand on the Square, and they were beginning to gather from all quarters, like yellow-jackets about a molasses-jug. Big boys were seen hurrying toward the attractive spot, with their little brothers running and crying in the vain endeavor of keeping up; large girls came, impatiently tugging their little sisters. Soon there were assembled over two dozen children about the strawberry-stand.

"Now we'll begin to haul in the money," Snaps thought.

The children gazed and talked, and walked around the plank, and counted the baskets, and "hefted" them, and tasted the berries to see if they were fresh, and to see if they were ripe, and to see if they were sweet, and to see if they were tart, and to see if they would make good short-cake, and if they would make good pies, and if they were good for jam, and if they were good for strawberry-vinegar, and to see if they were "as good as some we bought," and for a dozen other reasons.

Snaps and Wyatt inwardly chafed, but they felt ashamed to complain of their friends for taking a few berries.

After an impatient while, the noon-bell rang. There were some farewell peckings at the baskets, and then the flock of black-birds flew away, and left the two speculators to survey the ground. They walked along the side of their plank, each mentally taking stock. There was not a full basket left. Not one had escaped depredations—some were nearly empty.

"They're thieves and robbers," said Snaps, indignantly. "I wish I'd called a policeman."

"Snaps," Wyatt said, "we're busted. No use dodging; we're busted. There aint more'n seven baskets left. What're we going to do about it?"

"Let's sell out," Snaps flashed brightly.

"Sell out to who?" Wyatt asked, in a tone of infinite contempt.

"Let's eat 'em," said Snaps.

"That would bust us sure," Wyatt replied, attempting a joke.

"It's 'most dinner-time at our house," Snaps said, in a discouraged tone.

"And it's 'most dinner-time at our house," Wyatt added, impatiently; "but I aint goin' to whine about it."

He felt sore about his speculation, and he was glad of a chance to scold at somebody.

"The last of our money's in them berries." Snaps looked mournfully at the baskets.

Wyatt answered shortly: "Well, can't we earn some more?"

"I don't think we got much good out of our money." Snaps felt very melancholy.

Then both boys fell to thinking how the money had gone.

"We aint got anything to show for it but them two empty cologne-bottles, and that old razor that we dare n't let anybody see," said Snaps.

"We've had lots of fun, though."

"And lots of other folks have had fun out of it, too. And we've treated. Seems to me I'd rather treat than do anything else. Don't it make you feel good to treat?"

"Yes; I always feel like whistling when I treat," Wyatt said. "But I do wish I knew what to do with these miserable old strawberries." He was getting hungry, and wanted his dinner.

"Let's treat with them," Snaps brilliantly suggested. He, too, wanted his dinner; he'd been hankering after it for an hour.

"Who'll we treat?"

"I'll tell you; we'll take 'em to Africa, and give 'em to the little darkies."

"Say we do," Wyatt assented.

Africa was that part of the town where the colored people were congregated.

The boys borrowed a pail of Mr. Nodler, in which they emptied all the berries. The baskets

were stacked and taken to the grocery, according to agreement with the farmer. After eating their dinners, they proceeded together to Africa. Here they went from shanty to shanty, distributing the berries, and almost laughing themselves wild at the funny little negroes. As they suddenly turned a corner, they collided with Bob Davidson.

"Laws a massy!" said Bob; "I wus jis gwine to fotch it to you all. Here 't is," and he extended before the boys' eyes a bottle with about a gill of some dark liquid in it.

"What is it?" said Wyatt.

"What in the world is it?" said Snaps.

"Mammy did n't hab 'nuffin else nice nuff to pay you all fer dem dar strawberries. Yer see, we all los' all our prop'ty by dem rebul soldiers."

"But tell us what 't is," Wyatt said, turning the bottle over and examining it in every light.

"Law! don't you all know? It's jis a few uv dem dar 'lasses," said Bob, grinning and licking out his tongue.

You ought to have seen those boys laugh! Snaps said, in telling of it afterward, that he really thought at one time that he was splitting.

The boys gave the bottle back to Bob, and delivered to him also the remainder of the berries; and with these went the last of their money.



VERY COMFORTABLE.

A POTATO STORY WHICH BEGINS WITH A BEAN-POLE.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.



MR. ROCKAWAY, being asked to tell one of his "ten-minute" stories, said: "If it will content you, I will tell you a Potato story which begins with a Bean-pole.

"Once there was a Bean-pole which was stuck into the ground by the side of a Potato-hill.

"'Dear me!' cried a young Cabbage growing near, 'what a stiff, pokey thing that is! And of no earthly use, standing there doing nothing!'

"But very soon a Scarlet Bean, running about in search of something to climb upon, found this same Bean-pole.

"'All right!' cried the happy little Bean. 'You are the very thing I want. Now I'll begin my Summer's work.'

"'Well, to be sure!' cried young Cabbage. 'Everything comes to some use at last. But who would have thought it?'

"The Scarlet Bean was a spry little thing. She ran up that pole just as easy! Being of a lively turn, she began, at

last, to make fun of the Potato-plant.

"'How sober you are!' said she. 'Why don't you try to brighten up and look more blooming?'

"The poor Potato-plant, though doing her best, could only show a few pale blooms.

"'You don't mean to call those things flowers?' cried the frisky Bean. 'Just look at my beautiful blossoms!'—and she held up a spray of bright scarlet.

"The Potato-plant kept quiet.

"'What stupid, useless things,' said young Cabbage, 'those Potato-plants are! and how much room they take up!'

"Summer passed. The Bean began to fill her pods, and proud enough she was of them.

"'Why don't you do something?' she cried to the Potato-plant, down below. 'Only see what I've done! There's a Summer's work for you!' And sure enough she had hung her full pods all up and down the pole.

"'Yes, why don't you do something?' cried Cabbage. 'Your Summer is gone, and nothing done! Can't you come to a head? Anything but idleness!'

"The Potato-plant still kept quiet. But when digging-time came, and the hill was opened, and the pile of 'Long Reds' appeared, her neighbors could hardly believe their senses.

"'Dear me! what a surprise!' cried the Bean. 'So we can't always tell by appearances!'

"'I declare!' cried Cabbage. 'Then you were doing something all that time! But how could I know? There's that Bean—she hung her pods up high, so that everybody could see. Well, well, well!—after this, I'll always say of a plant which makes but little show: "Wait, Potatoes inside there, may be."'

"There are a great many Scarlet Beans among the people I know," said Mr. Rockaway, "and some Potato-plants, too."

"And perhaps a few young Cabbage-heads," said Uncle Peter, looking slyly around at the children.



LORD CORNWALLIS'S DAY.

By C. C.

I WILL tell you, my children, about a day they used to celebrate when I was a boy, called "Lord Cornwallis's Day." It was the anniversary of the day—October 19, 1781—when Lord Cornwallis surrendered with the British army to General Washington, which ended the Revolutionary War, and left us a free country, to be no more troubled by England on the ground that we belonged to her.

Well, when I was a little boy I lived in the town of W—, very near Concord and Lexington, where the Centennial celebrations took place last June, and there they were accustomed to make a good deal of this day, though it is given up now.

They used to celebrate in a large field back of a hotel and at the foot of a mountain, and the woods on the mountain came down to the edge of this field. Here there would be a grand mock fight, between men dressed as Continental soldiers and others dressed as British soldiers and Indians, till, finally, the victory would be won by the Continentals, and then there would be great cheering. I will describe one of these days just as I recollect it, when I was about five years old.

The first event of the day, that filled me with admiring awe, was the fixing up of an elder brother to look like an Indian. He was dressed in a frock with a belt about his body, into which was stuck a tomahawk and a knife. The handles of both were painted red, and the blades blue. Over his shoulder was slung a quiver filled with arrows. I don't recollect the color of the quiver, but I can see the red tips of the arrows as plain in my mind's eye as if it were yesterday, as they peeped over his shoulder. Then in his hand he carried a bow. This also had a good deal of red about it.

And his face! I confess I was a little scared at first, when he came grinning and scowling at a brother, just as big as I was, and me, and flourished his tomahawk over our heads. His eyebrows and lashes were stained black, and his face red; and I rather think there were streaks of other colors about his fierce visage, though I can't remember distinctly. He had moccasins on his feet, and wore I forget just what on his legs.

Well, he started off in the morning, and we (my companion brother and myself) soon after followed. We went up to the field, which I judge was nearly a mile from our house, and there we found old men and old women, middle-aged men and middle-aged women, young men and young maidens, and big and little boys and girls. And there were men

selling everything that tasted good to youngsters like ourselves; but we had no money to buy, so we could only stand and watch others buy, and eat and drink.

Presently we heard a distant war-whoop, and, running with all the rest, we saw the Indians approaching. They were dressed in all sorts of colors—blue, red, yellow, green, white, and I could n't now say what else, with their faces painted in every sort of way; and as they advanced with an Indian trot, they kept making the war-whoop, by patting their mouths with the palms of their hands as they let their voices out in cries and yells.

I stood near a stone wall, and as they passed over it in their moccasined feet, one stone after another would roll or tumble to the ground, until, by the time the last Indian had passed, very little of the wall was left at that place.

Then they crossed the field, and ran into the woods at the foot of the mountain.

Soon after there came from the other end of the field, with martial music and stately, regular tread, the British army, dressed in red coats and buff waistcoats and breeches, with epaulets on their shoulders, bright brass buttons, and plumes in their hats. They marched slowly into the woods and joined the Indians, who were occupying a fort that had been built for the occasion.

Now came the music of the drum and the fife, playing "Yankee Doodle," and up marched the Continental boys, in their blue coats, with buff lappets, waistcoats and breeches, their knee-buckles glistening in the sunlight, and their plumes waving from their cockade hats, while their epaulets seemed proud to be on their shoulders, as the spectators cheered and cheered again. I'll not be sure, but I rather think, to my boyish fancy, the Yankee soldiers had more *shoot* in their looks than the British.

Well, they filed into the woods, and presently the battle commenced. Volleys of musketry rang through the forest, and we could see the arrows of the Indians fly through the air. The yells of the soldiers mingled constantly with the Indian war-whoop, and now and then a shout arose from the field.

At length, the smoke of battle hid almost everything from view; and then a sort of dread came over the hearts of us youngsters, for it began to seem like a real battle, and the war-whoops began to have a terrific sound. But all at once there was

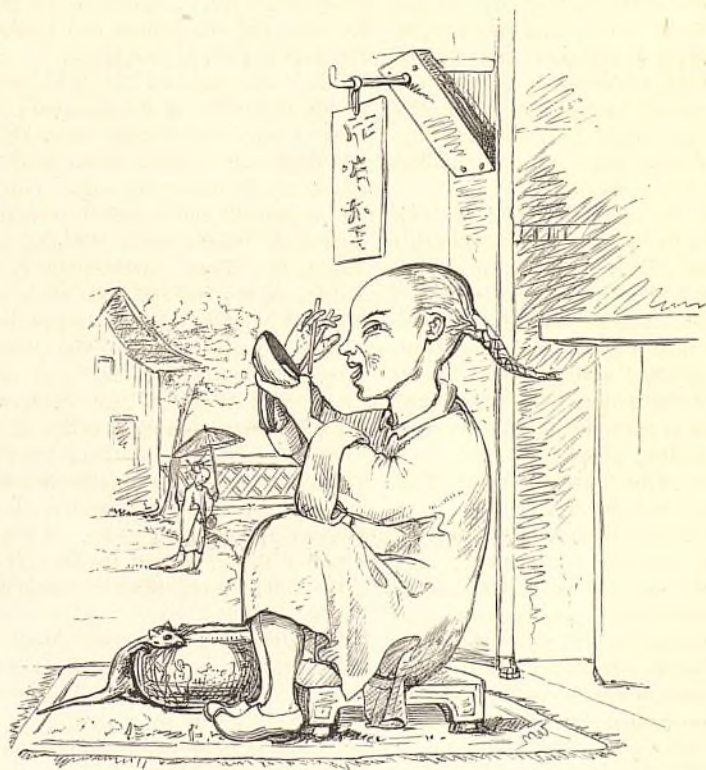
one great shout, and the air was filled with loud cheering, and the cry arose: "The Yankees have whipped! The British are beaten!"

And sure enough, as the smoke cleared away, we could see the Continental Blue-coats had won the victory. There was a grand surrender of the Red-coats and Indians, and with that the great event of Lord Cornwallis's day was ended.

Then I, with my little companion brother, wended my way home, but half-awake to the commonplace realities of the empty streets through which we passed; and along in the evening came our big Indian brother, who washed himself at the sink, making the water in the wash-bowl all of a streaked purple, as the red and black mingled together from his hands and face.

THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. IV.)



LITTLE Peeky-Wang-Foo, with her chopsticks so new,
Sat eating her luncheon of rice,
When a rat running by,
On the rice cast his eye,
And Peeky ran off in a trice.

ONE BOY'S OPINION OF THE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNAY,

Author of "Deal Gently with the Erring" and "Little Drops of Water."

How glad I am that I was n't a boy
 In the days of Adam and Eve!
 For weeding the garden is not good fun,
 And if I had been the oldest one,
 'T would be lonesome, you'd better believe.

I don't believe I should ever have liked
 Their strange, old-fashioned ways;
 Then Mother Eve was not "used to noise,"
 And Cain and Abel were not good boys,
 For they quarreled, the Bible says.

O dear! I don't wonder, for only think,
 There were only those two together!
 And who ever heard of two boys who could
 Agree with each other, through every mood
 And every kind of weather?

No boots to stamp with! no "very first pants,"
 To turn little boys to men!
 No drum, or whistle, or kite, or ball!
 No grandma with doughnuts! and, worse than all,
 They had no ST. NICHOLAS then!

BIRDS THAT BUILD PLAY-HOUSES.

(Translation of Latin Sketch in July Number.)

BY JAMES C. BEARD.

WE are so accustomed to the ingenious construction of ordinary birds' nests, that we are not surprised that such an airy and pleasant home should be made of such various materials, collected from such various places, and joined in such cunning ways by the little birds, with no tools but their own beaks and claws. But what would you say if a crowd of these little birds should begin work, some fine morning in Spring, not on their nests, but on a play-house; and should assemble, a few days afterward, to dance and frolic together in this play-house, built by them for this very purpose, and with great care and skill? Surely that would be a marvel indeed!

But such birds really exist, and just such play-houses are really built by them.

Where? In Australia, and nowhere else. And as it is probable, for this reason, that you will never see them, they have sent a likeness of themselves, and have requested to be introduced to you, in this way, through the pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

They are named Bower-birds, and are divided into two species. Those shown in the illustration are called Spotted Bower-birds, and are of a rich brown color, varied with spots of a golden-buff shade, and have upon the back of the neck a ruff or collar of long pink-colored feathers.

The play-house, or bower, is generally about a foot and a-half in height, and from three to four feet in length. A platform of several inches in thickness is first constructed, being woven or plaited like basket-work. The bower is then formed of long grass twined over a frame-work of twigs, fixed in the sides of the platform or mat; and the result is a covered passage-way, open at both ends, and sheltered above and on the sides.

But this is not all. The birds now proceed to decorate the play-house, using for that purpose shells, clean white bones, bits of colored cloth, broken glass and chinaware, and any other shining objects which they can obtain. It is said that a tobacco-pipe and a lady's thimble have been found in one of these bowers; and a leading naturalist tells us that when the native Australians lose any small, portable ornament, they always search the bowers of the neighborhood, where the missing article is often found.

These bowers become dilapidated with long use, and the twigs burst apart by exposure to the wind and rain, thus making the bower resemble an old, worn-out basket. The birds will sometimes repair a bower; but they generally prefer to build a new one—and for such industrious and ingenious architects this is no arduous task.

[Names of translators will be found in the Letter-Box.]

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

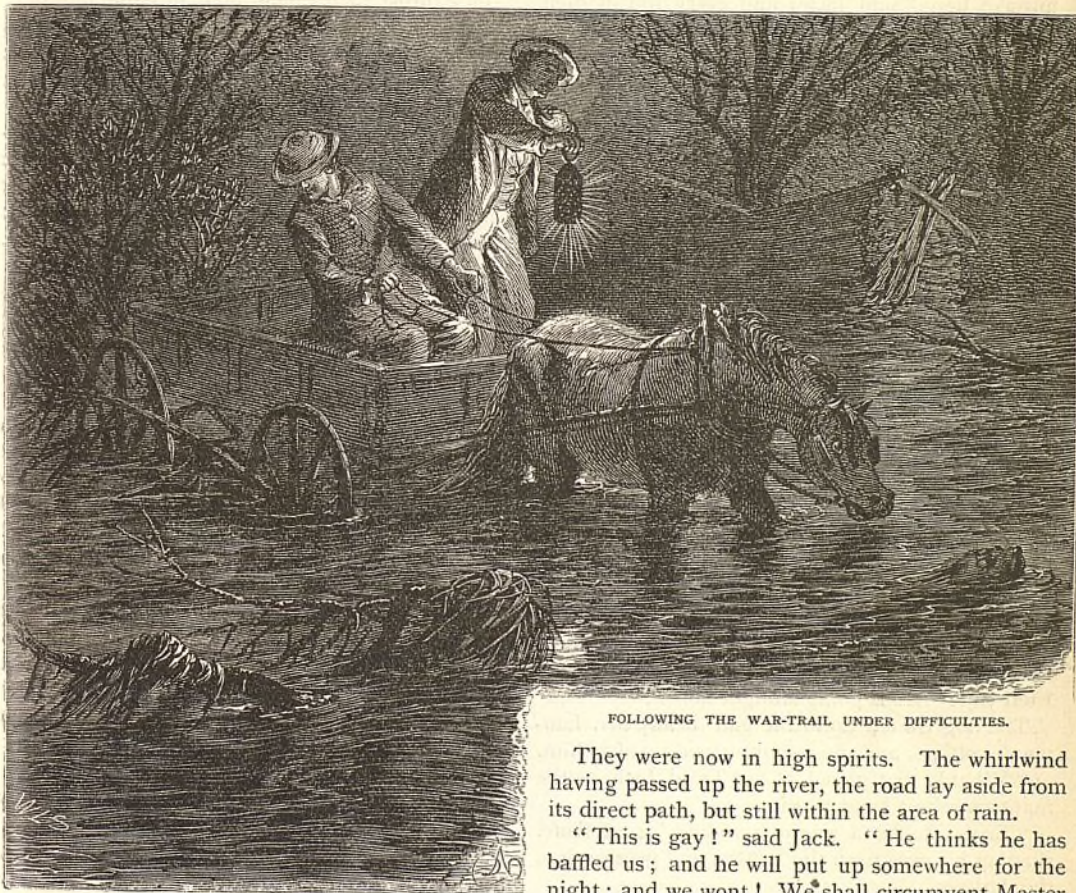
THE MYSTERY OF A PAIR OF BREECHES.

JACK went out with the lantern upon the ruined abutment of the bridge, and showed a space beside the drift-wood, in the turbid and whirling current, where fording seemed practicable.

gled, and swept away in black, whirling eddies; and Jack said:

"This would n't be a very nice place to break down, eh—would it?"

But they got safely through; and on the farther bank they were pleased to find again the trail of the horse and buggy.



FOLLOWING THE WAR-TRAIL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

They were now in high spirits. The whirlwind having passed up the river, the road lay aside from its direct path, but still within the area of rain.

"This is gay!" said Jack. "He thinks he has baffled us; and he will put up somewhere for the night; and we wont! We shall circumvent Master Radcliff!"

But soon the boys were again puzzled.

Reaching another cross-road, and bringing the lantern to bear upon the trail, they found that, instead of continuing northward toward Wisconsin, or turning to the right in the direction of Chicago, it turned at a sharp angle to the left, in the direction of North Mills.

"This move is a perfect mystery to me!" Jack

Then the boys got into the wagon again, and the mare was driven cautiously forward by the glimmering light which the lantern shed faintly before and around them. Lion swam ahead, throwing up his muzzle and barking loudly, like a faithful pilot showing the safest way. The wheels went in over the hubs; the water came into the bottom of the wagon-box; the flood boiled and plashed and gur-

exclaimed. "It seems as if he had thought the thing all over, and finally chosen the very last place one would expect him to make for."

"Are you sure this road leads to North Mills?"

"Perfectly sure; I've been this way three or four times. But another road branches from it, and passes a mile north of the Mills; he has probably taken that."

But no; after a good deal of trouble—the road appearing once more dry and much trodden—they discovered that the horse and buggy had not taken the branch, but kept the direct route to the Mills!

"It does n't seem possible! there must be some mistake here," said Jack; and every rod of their progress seemed now to increase the boys' doubts.

The road, long before they reached the Mills, became a mere bed of brown dust, in which it required a pretty vivid imagination to distinguish one track from another. The boys' spirits sank accordingly. Lion still led them boldly on; but his guidance could no longer be trusted.

"He's bound for home now," said Jack, "and he'll go straight there."

"If Rad *did* come this way," said Rufe, "he was shrewd, after all. He knew that by passing through a busy place like the Mills, he would hide his tracks as he could n't in any other way."

"To find 'em again," Jack replied, rather gloomily, "we shall have to examine every road going out of this place."

It must have been near midnight when they entered the village. The houses were all dark and still; not a ray at a window, not even the bark of a dog, gave sign of life as they passed.

"This looks discouraging," said Jack.

"A needle in a haystack is no comparison," replied Rufe. "The lantern is almost out."

"I can get another at our house," said Jack. "We may as well follow the dog now. What did I tell you? He is going straight home!"

The dog trotted up to the gate before Mr. Lanman's cottage, and the wagon turned up after him.

"What's that ahead of us?" said Jack, as the mare came to a sudden stop.

"Seems to be a wagon standing," said Rufe, shading his eyes from the lantern and peering into the darkness.

Jack jumped out, ran forward, and gave a shout. The wagon was a buggy, and the horse was Snow-foot, standing before the gate, waiting patiently to be let in.

Quite wild with delight and astonishment, Jack took the lantern and examined horse and vehicle.

"Old Lion! you were right," he exclaimed. "The scamp must have let the horse go, and taken to his heels."

"The most he cared for was to get off with the money," said Rufe, not quite so abundantly pleased as his friend. "What's this thing under the seat?"

"The compass!" said Jack,—if possible, still more surprised and overjoyed. "Which I accused poor Zeph of stealing!"

Rufe continued rummaging, and, holding the lantern with one hand, lifted up a limp garment with the other.

"What in thunder? A pair of breeches! Rad's breeches! Where can the scamp have gone without his breeches? See what's in the pocket there, Jack."

Jack thrust in his hand, and brought out some loose bank-notes. He thrust in his hand again, and brought out a pocket-book, containing more bank-notes. It was Mr. Betterton's pocket-book, and the notes were the stolen money.

Jack was hastily turning them over—not counting them, he was too much amazed and excited to do that—when the candle in the lantern gave a final flicker and went out, leaving the boys and the mystery of the compass and the money and Rad's pantaloons enveloped in sudden darkness.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MORNING AFTER.

BRIGHT rose the sun the next morning over the leafy tops of Long Woods, and smiled upon the pleasant valley.

It found many a trace of the previous day's devastation,—trees uprooted or twisted off at their trunks, branches and limbs broken and scattered, fences blown down, and more than one man's buildings unroofed or demolished.

It found Peakslow, accompanied by the two older boys, walking about his private and particular pile of ruins, in a gloomy and bewildered state of mind, as if utterly at a loss to know where the repair of such tremendous damages should begin. And (the sun itself must have been somewhat astonished!) it found Mrs. Peakslow and the younger children, five in number, comfortably quartered in Lord Betterton's "castle."

It also had glimpses of Rufe, with light and jolly face, driving home by prairie and grove, alone in the one-horse wagon.

Link ran out to meet him, swinging his cap, and shouting for the news.

"Good news!" Rufe shouted back, while still far up the road. "Tell the folks!" and he held up the pocket-book.

It was good news indeed which he brought; but the mystery at the bottom of it all was a mystery still.

The family gathered around, with intense interest, while he told his story and displayed Rad's pantaloons.

"The eighty dollars, which you had counted out,—you remember, father,—was loose in the pocket. I left that with Jack; he will send it to Chicago to-day. The rest of the money, I believe, is all here in the pocket-book."

"And you've heard nothing of Radcliff?" said Mr. Betterson.

"Not a word. Jack made me stop with him overnight; and I should have come home the way we went, and looked for Rad, if it had n't been so far; we must have driven twelve or fifteen miles in that roundabout chase."

"Some accident must certainly have happened to Radcliff," said Mr. Betterson; and much wonder and many conjectures were expressed by the missing youth's not very unhappy relatives.

"I bet I know!" said Link. "He drove so fast he overtook the tornado, and it twisted him out of his breeches, and hung him up in a tree somewhere!"

An ingenious theory, which did not, however, obtain much credence with the family.

"One thing seems to be proved, and I am very glad," said Vinnie. "It was not Zeph who took Jack's compass."

"Rad must have taken that, to spite Jack, and hid it somewhere near the road in the timber, where it would be handy if he ever wanted to make off with it; that's what Jack thinks," said Rufe. "Then, as he was driving past the spot, he put it into the buggy again."

"May be he intended to set up for a surveyor somewhere," Wad remarked. "He must have taken another pair of trousers with him."

"I am sure he did n't," said Cecie.

"And even if he did," said Rufe, "that would n't account for his leaving the money in the pocket."

The family finally settled down upon a theory which had been first suggested by Jack,—that in fording the river, Rad had caught his wheels in the tree-tops or the timbers of the ruined bridge, and, to keep his lower garments dry, had taken them off and left them in the buggy, while he waded in to remove the rubbish, when the horse had somehow got away from him, and gone home. It also seemed quite probable that Rad himself had become entangled in drift-wood, and been drowned.

"Feed the mare, boys," said Lord Betterson. "As soon as she is well rested, I'll drive up to the broken bridge, and see if any discoveries can be made."

Meanwhile, whatever Radcliff's fate, it did not prevent the family from rejoicing over the recovery of the lost money. And now Rufe's attention was

called to another happy circumstance, one which promised to be to them a source of deeper and more lasting satisfaction.

Cecie could walk!

Yes, the marvelous effects of the previous day's events were still manifest in the case of the little invalid. Either the tremendous excitement, thrilling and rousing her whole system, or the electric shock which accompanied the whirlwind, or the exertions she felt compelled to make when Rad ran off with the money,—or all combined (for the doctors I have talked with are divided in opinion on the subject),—had overcome the paralysis of her limbs, which a long course of medical treatment had failed to remove.

The family physician, who chanced to come over from the Mills that day, maintained that what he had been doing for the injured spine, the source of Cecie's troubles, had prepared the way for this result; while neighbor Peakslow, when he heard the news, grunted, and said he "guessed the gal could 'a' walked all the time if she had only thought she could, or wanted to very much." All which made Cecie smile. She only knew that she was cured, and was too proud and glad to care much what was said of her.

CHAPTER XL.

FOLLOWING UP THE MYSTERY.

IN the course of the day, Mr. Betterson and Rufe visited the supposed scene of Rad's disaster, and there met by chance Jack and his friend Forrest Felton, who for a similar object had driven up from North Mills.

The river had gone down almost as rapidly as it had risen, and fording it now by daylight was no such difficult matter. But there still were the timbers and tree-tops, amidst which the vehicles had passed the night before.

Jack showed marks on one of his wheels where the spokes had been sharply raked, and told how, examining Snowfoot by daylight, he had found muddy splashes on his flank, as if he had been struck there by a bough or branch drenched in turbid water.

"I think," said he, "that as Rad was getting the buggy clear, the limb of a tree turned over and hit the horse. That started him, and away he went. I don't believe Rad is drowned."

Search was made among the rubbish at the bridge, and for some distance down the river; but no traces of Rad were discovered.

"May be he has gone home by water," was Rufe's rather too playful way of saying that the drowned body might have floated down stream.

"If he got out aliye," said Jack's friend Felton,

"he must have found his way to some house near by, in quest of pantaloons." And the party now proceeded to make inquiries at the scattered huts of the Dutch—or rather German—settlers along the edge of the timber.

At the first two doors where they stopped they found only women and children, who could speak no English. But at the next house they saw a girl, who eagerly answered "Yah! yah!" to their questions, and ran and called a man working at the back door.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a big russet beard and serious blue eyes.

"Goot morgin," he said, coming to the road to greet the strangers. "Der been some vind dis vay—you see some?—vas las' ebening."

The strangers acknowledged that they had experienced some effects of the wind the night before, and repeated their questions regarding Radcliff.

"Young man—no priches—yah! yah!" replied Meinheer. "He come 'long here, vas 'pout nine hours, may pe some more."

"A little after nine o'clock last night?" suggested Jack.

"Yah, yah! I vas bed shleepin', somebody knock so loud, I git some candle light, and make de door open, and der vas some young feller, his face sick, his clo'es all so vet but his priches,—his priches vas not vet, for he has no priches, only some shoes."

"Where did he come from?"

"He say he come from up stream; he pass de pridge over, and der vas no pridge; and he dhrive 'cross de vaser, and he cannot dhrive 'cross; so he git out, only his priches not git out, for de vaser vas vet, and his priches keeps in de vagon, vile he keeps in de vaser; he make some lift on some logs, and someding make de hoss fright, and de hoss jump and jerk de vagon, and de vagon jerk someding vat jerk him; and he priches rides off, and he shtop in de vaser, and dhink some, and git sick, and he say de log in his shtomach and so much vaser was pad, and I mus' give him some dhink viskey and some dry priches, and I gives 'em."

"A pair of *your* breeches?" cried Rufe, eying the baggy proportions of Meinheer's nether garments.

"I have no oder; I fetch 'em from faderland; and I gives him some. He stick his legs in, and some of his legs come too much under; de priches vas some too vide, and some not long genoof. He dhink more viskey, and feel goot, and say he find his team and bring back my priches to-morrow, and it is to-morrow yet, and he not come."

Even the grave uncle of the luckless nephew had to laugh as he thought of the slim legs pursuing

their travels in the short but enormous "priches" fetched from fatherland.

"How much were your breeches worth?" Lord said, taking out some money.

"I don't know—I don't keeps priches to sell; may pe vun tollar."

Betterson gave the German a dollar, saying:

"Allow me to pay for them; for, if I mistake not, you will never see the young man or your breeches again."

He was quite right—the German never did.

Neither—it may as well be said here—did Radcliff's own relatives see him again for many years. What various adventures were his can only be surmised, until one of the "Philadelphia partners," settling up his accounts with the world, left him a legacy of six thousand dollars, when he once more bloomed out as a fine gentleman, and favored his Western friends with a visit.

He ran through his little fortune in a few months, and once more disappeared from view, to turn up again, five or six years later (when Jack and Vinnie saw him for the last time), as a runner for one of the great Chicago hotels.

CHAPTER XLI.

PEAKSLOW'S HOUSE-RAISING.

"MERCY on me!" said Caroline, hearing an unusual noise in the front part of the house; "now we are to have the racket of those Peakslow children! What could you have been thinking of, Lavinia dear? I'm sure I did n't know what I was saying when I gave *my* consent to their coming. The idea of their turning our library into a kitchen! Not that I blame *you*, Lavinia dear. I ought to have considered."

"Surely you would n't have denied the houseless family a shelter?" Vinnie replied. "That would have seemed too bad, with those great chambers unoccupied. As for the *library*,"—Vinnie smiled, for the unfurnished room called by that choice name had nothing in it but a fire-place,—"I don't think any harm can happen to that."

Vinnie had a plan regarding the Peakslow children, which she laid before Mrs. Peakslow as soon as the new inmates were fairly settled in the house.

"Since my sister and the baby have been so much better, I have begun a little school, with only two scholars—Cecie and Lilian. Would n't your children like to join it? I think it would be pleasant."

"Whuther they would or not, I'd like to have 'em," replied Mrs. Peakslow, gratefully. "The chances for schoolin' is dreffle slim in this country; we've no school-house within nigh two mile. But how shall I pay ye?"

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"You need n't mind about that."

"Yes, I shall mind too. We must do somethin' for you in return."

"Well, then," said Vinnie, "if you like, you may let one of the girls help a little in my sister's kitchen, to make up for the time I spend with them."

"I'll do it, sartin! You shall have Lyddy. She's a good smart hand at housework, and you may git all out of her you can."

So it was arranged. The little school of two was increased to five; the "parlor"—used only to store grain in hitherto—was turned into a school-room; and Lyddy worked in Mrs. Betterton's kitchen.

"Lavinia dear, you *are* an extraordinary girl!" said Caroline. "It seems the greatest miracle of all to see one of the Peakslovs washing *our* dishes!"

No one was better pleased with this arrangement than Jack, who could never be reconciled to seeing Vinnie—with all her health and strength and cheery spirits—doing the hardest of the house-work.

Jack took early occasion, on visiting Long Woods, to go and see Mr. Peakslow, and make him a frank apology for having once suspected Zeph of taking his compass. But he got only an ugly scowl and surly grunt for his pains.

For awhile Peakslow did not go near his family, quartered in his enemy's house; but slept in the haystack, with Dud and Zeph, and ate the meals his wife cooked and sent to him three times a day.

But soon Dud went to sleep at the "castle," and found he had nothing more formidable to meet than Vinnie's bright eyes,—for Dud had suddenly developed into a bashful youth.

Zeph in a night or two followed his example, and Peakslow was left alone in his haystack.

And the nights were growing chill; and the repair of the buildings went on slowly, carpenters being scarce; and Peakslow, who had a heart for domestic comforts, began to yearn for the presence of his family at meal-time and bed-time.

At length he stole into the house after dark one evening, and stole out again before light the next morning. That did not seem to hurt him; on the contrary, it suited Peakslow; his neighbor's house was better than a haystack. Then he came to supper, and staid to breakfast. Then there was no good reason why he should not come to dinner; and he came accordingly.

Then he stopped after dinner one day to see how Vinnie conducted her little school, and went away looking wonderfully thoughtful. The boys remembered that he did not scold them so sharply that afternoon as he had been wont to do since the tornado disturbed his temper.

One morning as he was going out, Peakslow saw Lord Betterton in the yard, and advanced awk-

wardly toward him, holding his hat in one hand and scratching his head with the other. There was, after all, a vein of diffidence in the rough quartz of the man's character; and somehow, on this occasion, he could n't help showing his neighbor a good deal of respect.

"I'm a-gun to have a bee this arternoon,—a raisin',—gun to try to git the logs back on to the house, an' the ruf on to the shed,—everything ready,—some o' the neighbors com'n' to help,—and if you an' your boys can lend a hand, I'll do as much for you some time."

"Surely; very glad to serve you, neighbor Peakslow," Lord Betterton replied, in his magnificently polite way, much as if he had been a monarch dismissing a foreign ambassador.

Jack came over to Long Woods that afternoon, and, having rectified Mrs. Wiggett's noon-mark, stopped at Peakslow's raising on his way back up the valley.

He found a group of men and boys before the house, partaking of some refreshments,—sweetened whiskey and water, passed round in a pail with a tin dipper by Zeph, and "nut-cakes" and "turn-overs," served by Mrs. Peakslow and 'Lecty Ann.

The sight of Snowfoot tied to his fence made Peakslow glare; nor was his ruffled spirit smoothed when he saw Jack come forward with a cheery face and a compass in his hand.

Jack greeted the Bettertons, Mr. Wiggett, and one or two others he knew, and was talking pleasantly with them, when Peakslow pushed the inverted cut-water of his curved beak through the crowd, and confronted him.

"So that air's the compass, is it?"

"This is the compass, Mr. Peakslow."

"Keep in it yer hand, now'days, do ye? Don't trust it in the wagon? Good idee! No danger of its bein' stole, an' your comin' again to 'cuse my boys of the theft!"

Peakslow's ancient wrath rekindled as he spoke; his voice trembled and his eyes flamed.

Jack kept his temper admirably, and answered with a frank and honest face:

"I have made the best amends I could for that mistake, by apologizing to you for it, Mr. Peakslow. I don't keep the compass in my hand because I am afraid it may be stolen. I have called—as I promised Mrs. Peakslow the other day that I would do—to give her a noon-mark on her kitchen floor."

"How's this?—promised her?—I don't understand that!" growled Peakslow.

"Yes, pa!" said Mrs. Peakslow, with a frightened look. "I seen him to Mis' Betterton's. He'd made a noon-mark for Mis' Wiggett, and Mis' Bet-

terson's sister asked me if I would n't like one, as he was comin' to make them one, some day."

Off went Peakslow's hat, and into his bushy hair went his fingers again, while he stammered out:

"But he can't make no noon-mark this arternoon,—we're all in a mess an' litter, so!"

"Just as well now as any time," said Jack. "The door-way is clear. I sha' n't interfere with anybody."

"What'll be to pay?" Peakslow asked.

"O, I don't charge anything for a little job like this—to one of Mr. Betterson's neighbors."

"That's jes' so; he did n't charge me nary red," said Mr. Wiggett. "An' he's done the job for me now tew times,—fust time, the tornado come and put the noon-mark out a j'int, 'fore ever a noon come round."

Jack adjusted his compass, while the house-raisers looked on, to see how the thing was done, Peakslow appearing as much interested as anybody.

Jack got Link to make the first marks for him on the floor, and laughed, as he looked through the sights of the compass, to hear Mr. Wiggett describe the finding of his section corner,—“runnin' a line plumb to the old stake, out on the open prairie,”—and praise the boy-surveyor's skill.

The mark was made with quickness and precision; friends and strangers crowded around Jack with kind words and questions; and he was surprised to find himself all at once a person of importance.

Peakslow puffed hard at his pipe. His face was troubled; and two or three times he pulled the pipe out of his mouth, thrust his knuckles under his hat, and took a step toward the young surveyor. He also cleared his throat. He evidently had a word to say. But the word would not come.

When at last he let Jack go off without offering him even a syllable of thanks, the bystanders smiled, and somebody might have been heard to mutter: "Peakslow all over! Just like his hog-gishness!"

Jack smiled too as he went, for he had shrewdly observed his enemy, and he knew it was not "hog-gishness" which kept Peakslow's lips closed, but a feeling which few suspected in that grasping, hard, and violent-tempered man.

Peakslow was abashed!

CHAPTER XLII.

CONCLUSION.

THE house made once more inhabitable, Peakslow's family moved back into it. But this change did not take Lyddy away from the "castle," nor break up Vinnie's school.

The "castle" now underwent some renovation. The long-neglected plastering was done, and the rooms in daily use were made comfortable.

Meanwhile the boys were full of ambition regarding their water-works. The project cost them a good deal more trouble than they had anticipated at first; but they were amply repaid for all on the day when the water was finally let on, and they saw it actually run from the spout in the back room! Such a result had seemed to them almost too good ever to come true; and their joy over it was increased tenfold by the doubts and difficulties overcome.

Jack had come over to be present when the water was brought in, and he was almost as happy over it as they.

"No more trouble with the old well!" said Rufe.

"No more lugging water from the grove!" said Wad.

"Or going into the river head-first after it, as you and I did!" said Link.

Vinnie was proud of her nephews, and Caroline and Lord were proud of their sons.

"How fine it will be for your dairy, in Summer,—this cold, running water!" said Vinnie.

But Chokie seemed best pleased, because he would no longer be dependent upon precarious rains filling the hogshead, but would have a whole tankful of water—an ocean in the back room—to sail his shingle boats on.

The boys had also acted on another suggestion of Jack's, and taken the farm to work. This plan also promised to succeed well. The prospect of doing something for themselves, roused energies which might have lain dormant all their lives, if they had been contented to sit still and wait for others to help them.

As Vinnie's school became known, other pupils appeared from up and down the river, and by the first snowfall she had more than a dozen scholars. Among these were Sal Wiggett and two big boys belonging to the paternal Wiggett's "third crop" of children, and Dud and Zeph Peakslow.

The Betterson boys also attended the school, Wad and Link as pupils, and Rufe partly as a pupil and partly as an assistant. Vinnie could teach him penmanship and grammar, but she was glad to turn over to him the classes in arithmetic, for which study he had a natural aptitude.

The Peakslow children, both boys and girls, had a good deal in them that was worth cultivating; and amid the genial associations of the little school, they fast outgrew their rude and uncouth ways. It was interesting to see Zeph and Cecie reciting the same lessons side by side, and Rufe showing Dud about the sums that bothered him.

Caroline had very much objected to Vinnie's en-



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"THEY SAW IT ACTUALLY RUN FROM THE SPOUT."

larging her school, and especially to her receiving the big boys. The success of the experiment sur-

where she could see her relatives often; and now Jack's delightful home was to be her own.

THE END.

"THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GI'E."

BY H. H.

THERE'S a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging-plate,
The church was but dim with the candle's light
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be
 So like unto pennies in shape and size.
 "I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
 "The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
 And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
 "The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
 "I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
 To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!
 Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
 Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

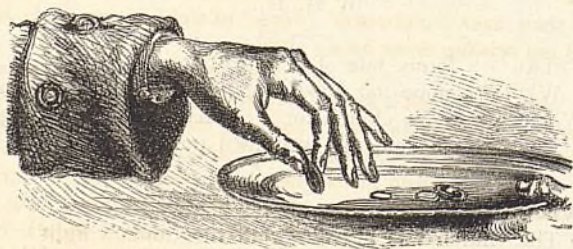
"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account
 That guinea of gold is set down to me.
 They lend to Him who give to the poor;
 It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out,
 "The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;
 He knew it was only by accident
 That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the pair;
 But in that account He'll set down to thee
 Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
 Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
 A serious side as well as a joke;
 A comfort for all the generous poor,
 In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
 How generous we really desire to be,
 And will give us credit in His account
 For all the pennies we long "to gi'e."



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"SHE PUTS IT IN ITS LITTLE BED."

SOME YOUNG READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS.

BY MRS. J. G. BURNETT.

It is the children's hour—between supper and bed-time. My big boy, Bertie, stands beside me, proud to see that his head is on a level with mine, and that his arm can reach "clear across" my shoulders as I sit in my easy chair. Little Charlie, our baby and pet, two years younger than his big brother, climbs into my lap.

The boys have brought their back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS to me, and I am settling down for a long siege.

Well, I read, and read, and read; first a story of Charlie's selection, then one of Bertie's; first from one number and then from another, and finish with one that I have read six or seven times before—the beautiful "Christmas Legend," in the last holiday number.

Bertie takes the book from my hand to look at the lovely picture where "Hermann brings home a

Christmas guest," and Charlie slips down from my lap to join his brother, while mamma, very tired, leans back in her easy chair for a moment's quiet. Her thoughts go back to the pretty stories she has read, and, listening to her children's prattle, she wonders into how many different homes this cheery visitor finds his way; how many "sorts and conditions" of children are made happy by his monthly coming.

Just then some one touches her gently on the shoulder, and, looking up, she sees with wondering surprise the beautiful face of the little Christmas guest, just as it is in the picture, only far more beautiful, because not a picture, but apparently a real little child. About the golden flowing hair shines the halo,—whiter than the moonlight, brighter than the sun. He beckons me to follow, and, without effort of my own, I seem to float up,

up, and out into the clear starlight, away, away, away!

Then I find myself in a bright and beautiful room. Christmas wreaths and stars and crosses adorn the pictured walls. A blazing fire glows in the polished grate, and a group of children's faces gleam and sparkle in the light of the brilliant chandelier as they cluster about a sweet and gentle-looking lady, who is reading—yes, reading from *ST. NICHOLAS*!

"Surely this must be one of the happiest homes," I whisper, "to which the far-roving *ST. NICHOLAS* ever comes! Not one shadow is on the happy scene, and only one thing wanting to complete the picture—the husband and father. Where is he, I wonder?" And I look up to my little guide inquiringly. The beautiful light that surrounds him is shining full upon a picture on the wall I had not seen before. A wreath of holly circles it around, and underneath it, on a marble bracket, where an ivy twines, is a vase of fragrant violets. But in this wondrous light it does not seem to be a picture, but a real, living face of a man, strong and gentle, tender and true, looking down on the little family circle. And then I notice that the reader's face is very pale and sad, and her dress as black as night, with folds of heavy crape, and my eyes grow dim, for I know so well—ah, me!—so well, just how lonely and how sad she is, and I so long to tell her how the picture looks when seen in the beautiful light in which it shines for me. But she is smiling now as she reads with cheerful voice the story of the "Eight Cousins."

At first I think these must be the eight little cousins themselves, but as I look again I see there are but seven, and more than half are girls.

"Let Tottem see! Where's Tottem's place?" and the smallest little chap—who looks for all the world as if he might be little Jamie of the story, for he is dressed in the pretty Highland costume, and has the same sturdy, saucy little legs and manly, independent air—pushes his curly head through the happy crowd, and, looking at the picture, he sees what I have seen before.

"Tottem dot Scosh shute too," he cries. "Dat's Tottem's own se! See! see! see!"

Loud shouts greet this little speech of Tottem's, and then, silence being restored, mamma goes on to read of that dear doctor-uncle and the aunts. One of the little group thinks Rose a foolish little girl not to like oatmeal, and at the account of Uncle Alec's pills there is a burst of happy laughter. Rising with it, we float out again into the starry night.

'T is but a moment, and we are in another room. No blazing grate is here, no group of happy children. A feeble light glimmers from the lamp upon

the table, a feeble fire shines faintly through the cracks of the broken stove, where a tired, ragged boy vainly tries to warm his half-naked feet.

"Oh, Sis," he says, looking over to the miserable bed where a white little face I had not seen before turns restlessly on its pillow of straw, "I brought you somethin' home to-night you'll like, I tell you!—a book full of pictures. A pretty little fellow sittin' on a big stoop had one, and he said he'd read it so often he guessed he'd give it to us, so he cut the threads with his knife and divided it up between me and two other chaps—you'll see;" and he dives his cold hand down into a basket where I catch a glimpse of matches, shoe-strings, blacking, and all the little stock in trade whereby this brave little street peddler earns food and shelter, such as it is, for his suffering little sister, who is all he has in the wide, wide world.

"See, here's a angel on the first page, aint it? But there's some tore off, I guess. I seen that the first thing, and I says to myself, says I, 'Sis'll like to see that, for sure!' So, sure enough, it came to me. See, here it is!" and he turned to the last picture, which was that of the "Children singing carols." So, you see, it was only a few leaves out of the last Christmas number of *ST. NICHOLAS*. Yet it was enough to bring much peace, and even gladness into this wretched home, for the little girl's face brightens as she looks at the heading of "The Blessed Day."

"Oh yes," she says very softly, "it is an angel! Can you read about it, Tom?"

"Of course I can," says Tom; and carrying back the lamp to the shaky table, he sets it down and spreads the book out on his ragged knee. The first verse he has some trouble in spelling out, but the others, being so much like it, come more easily, and the child listens with strange delight to the sweet refrain of "Christmas Day in the Morning."

"Read it again, Tom," she whispers; and Tom, seeing her lying there with closed eyes and peaceful smile, reads on, glad to think poor Sis is going to sleep so soon to-night.

I am thinking sadly of poor Tom and his sister, when lo! I find myself again in a cheerful, brightly lighted room, where the crimson damask-covered furniture, marble statuettes and bronzes, speak of wealth and luxury.

"Ah, this is a relief!" I cry. "Now we shall see more happy children. Ah me! why cannot all earth's dear little ones be born to wealth and the joy and happiness it brings?" But as I speak I see a weary little face bending listlessly above a book upon his knee, and then glancing inquiringly at another face also bent over a book, but with eager, absorbing interest.

"Please, Miss Stanley," says the little fellow, "wont you read to me now? I have been good so long, and I am so tired."

"Presently, presently," is the absent answer, and then impatiently, as a weary little sigh smites her conscience, "Don't ask me again, or I shall not do it at all!"

She goes back to her book, and the poor baby turns patiently to his.

Oh, those black and funny little boys with their brooms and brushes in the pictures he has been looking at all day! And that dearest little one of all, no bigger than he is, 'way up on that high chimney! Chimney-sweeps, nurse says, they are; for while she washed his hands after dinner he had coaxed her to wait a minute till he should run for his ST. NICHOLAS and find out. How nice it must be to run all about and climb high places like that, not being afraid. Ah, how he wished that he were a chimney-sweep. He wondered if those were little black velvet suits like his that they had on. Oh no, that could n't be, or they would never be allowed to play with brooms or brushes, or to climb. But what *did* they do, and how? All the wonderful reading under the pictures and above told it all, and yet he could not know; and again his pleading eyes are raised to the other's face, and, as leaf after leaf is turned, watch with alternately hopeful and hopeless glance, till the mother-heart within me aches in pity for the child. The door opens, and a white-capped attendant enters.

"Come, Master Harry," she says, "it is time to go to bed."

"But Miss Stanley is going to read one story for me first;" and the poor little voice trembles with eagerness.

"Not if it is bed-time, Harry; of course not," is the pitiless answer.

"Come along," says Nanette; "it is my evening out, and I have no time to lose."

"Marie will put me to be bed," anxiously suggests the little fellow, "when I have heard my story. I know she will."

"Marie is busy dressing your mamma's hair for the ball, and has her hands full too, to please her," she adds to herself as she leads poor Harry away,

chiding him rudely for not bidding his governess good-night more cheerfully. The fresh, bright-covered number of ST. NICHOLAS lies in the little chair where Harry left it as we vanish from the room, and I sigh to think that the children of the rich are not always the happiest or most tenderly cared for.

And now we take our way southward. In a trice we meet its balmy airs, and, sweeping low in our flight, pass over groves of orange-trees, where the golden fruit gleams among the green and wax-like leaves, and the night is fragrant with the breath of the pure, white, beautiful blossoms. In a little cabin an old negress holds a fair-haired child upon her knee, hushing it in vain to its nightly slumbers with its favorite camp-meeting songs.

"Dere now, honey, go to sleep. Your ma is too sick for you to see her to-night, and ole Mammy Edy will take good care ob her baby, sho. Whar's your new ST. NICH'LAS book, honey, and we'll look at the pretty picters? Aint it come yet? Wall, here's de ole book den, wid de pretty little 'Peepsy-Weepsy' pictures. Dese aint no low-down Yankee chickens now, I tell you, chile. Dey comes of good ole stock, dat's sartain; dey's got it in der looks. Dey's de rale Suddern 'ristocratic chickens, aint dey, honey ball? And you was Mom Edy's own Peepsy-Weepsy little gal;" and the fair, plump arms draw closer down the dark and kindly face, and nestling in the faithful bosom, little "Peepsy-Weepsy" shuts her blue eyes and is soon fast asleep.

Northward we speed again on the balmy southern breeze.

"Happy ST. NICHOLAS!" I say, as we float along, "carrying comfort and happiness and mirth into so many homes, North and South and East and West, and high and low and rich and poor!" and then looking round,—lo, I find myself in my easy chair at my own fireside again! My dear little boys are still looking at the pictures of my ST. NICHOLAS, but my beautiful guide has vanished. And thinking of what I have seen and heard in the short time I have been away (for it was not ten minutes by the clock), it all seems to me like a strange and beautiful dream.



HUNTING FOR MY HORSES.

(A Story of the Far West.)

BY JOHN A. EMERY.



T was late in the fall. I had been away from my ranche for more than a week; in that time I had ridden over three hundred miles, and my horse, as well as myself, was in great need of rest. As it was nearly noon, I halted at Hunter's ranche for lunch, and while there I was told that on the third day after, there was to be a "rodéo"—that is, a general hunt for cattle, in which all the owners join, sweeping the country in a large circle, and driving all the stock to a common center.

Having learned where the meet was to be, and promising to be on hand, I remounted and pushed for home. A general outcry from half-a-dozen dogs heralded my approach, and, as I reined up at the door, Bill, our man-of-all-work, came out. As soon as he had told me what little news there was to tell, I said:

"Well, start out and drive up the horses. I want Curlew put in the stable, as there's to be a rodéo next Thursday."

"Too bad, Cap, but the horses struck out day before yesterday—gone to the river, I think; have been hunting them steadily, but can't find hair or track of them."

This was pleasant news to hear. For work like that which was before me, a fresh horse was indispensable. I had nothing to do but to start out and hunt my own animals; so, tightening my girths, I turned my horse's head toward the river, twenty miles to the south.

I knew where the wanderers were likely to be; twice before had they run away, and each time had been found upon Steptoe cañon. I reached the head of this cañon late in the evening, and then horse and rider met with good care from a stockman whose ranche is there located.

Early the next morning I started out. Steptoe cañon is far from being a pleasant place in which to hunt stock. It is a narrow valley or ravine some ten miles long, in which length it makes a descent of some two thousand feet. The sides are very precipitous; there is no road or sign of a road—nothing but narrow trails made by the stock pass-

ing up and down the cañon. I scanned the cañon faithfully, going up all the gulleys and using my field-glasses freely. No trace of the missing ones could I see.

It was late in the afternoon when I reached the river. It had been my intention, if I did not find the horses, to ride up to White's, some fifteen miles above the mouth of Steptoe, and come back by the hills the next day; but as I was coming down the last hill, my horse stepped on a stone, and recovered himself only to go dead lame. I had been warned to reach the river in time to get up to White's before sundown, the trail being very bad, so much so as to almost deserve the name of dangerous. There was no hope of doing so now, and to make my way back to my stopping-place of the night before was equally impossible. There were two other courses open to me,—to lie out all night without food or blankets, or to make my way down the river to the Wawawa Bar, and seek a night's lodgings with the Indians who inhabited it. I chose the latter, and dismounting, began to lead my horse along the narrow trail.

The Wawawa was only about four miles distant. The scenery about me was wild, with something of a barren grandeur. Snake River at this point is nearly three-fourths of a mile wide. The hills upon its southern bank are low and rolling, rising gradually to a considerable height inland; but on the north side, where I was riding, they rise bold and abrupt to a height of over two thousand feet. Not a tree or shrub was visible; but vast quantities of basaltic rock, in every conceivable form and shape, covered their sides.

The trail was narrow and bad. I could make but slow progress, for my poor horse could hardly be persuaded to move. I was not without a little anxiety as to my reception, for only two months before there had been serious trouble between these Indians and the settlers. The former had had a row among themselves, in which one of their number had been killed in the attempt to arrest the murderer. Shots had been exchanged, another Indian killed and one wounded; the arrest had been effected, but the Indians were said to be feeling very bitter. Had it not been so late in the season, I should infinitely have preferred "lying out." As it was, I kept on my way, and just as the sun was sinking behind the hills I came in sight of the Indian village.

It comprised, perhaps, a dozen lodges made of skins stretched over poles. There were besides, two or three dilapidated-looking cabins built of drift-logs, and two huge structures, of the same material, used for smoking salmon. Below the village I saw several bands of Indian horses. A number of children were playing around the lodges. There were several garden patches, rudely fenced, and two or three fields of rye and wheat stubble; the crops had been gathered.

Going up to one of the largest tents, I was greeted by a deafening chorus from numerous mongrel curs that gathered from all sides. Their noise brought out a couple of Indians, who, when they saw me, gathered their blankets about them and came toward me.

Dropping my lariat, I went to meet them. I knew but few words of the jargon commonly used between the Indians and whites, but hoped, with the aid of signs, to make my wants known.

"Cli-hi-um-six?" (How are you, friend?) I said.

"Cli-hi-um?" was the brief answer.

"You speak Boston man's talk?" I asked.

"Na-wit-ka" (No), said the Indian.

I took up the lariat, led the horse a few paces, pointed to him to show he was lame, then pointed to the west where the sun had already disappeared, and then to the lodge. Evidently they understood the pantomime, for, after exchanging a few words between themselves, one advanced and took my horse while the other led the way to the tent. I followed without looking back; to have expressed the least doubt, by word or sign, as to the safety of my beast or his equipments, would have been a sad breach of manners.

Lifting a robe that hung over the entrance and served as a door, he motioned me to go in. I did so, and, making my way to the opposite side, sat down. The ground was covered with matting, save in the center, which was bare. The dead coals lying there showed that this was their fireplace. There were four Indian women seated on one side of the tent. Two were quite old; one of them was busy making a wicker basket; the other, who was partly supported by sundry robes and parcels, seemed to be sick, as she was doing nothing. Of the remaining two, one was extremely homely, apparently about thirty years old, and busy plaiting matting. The fourth and last was young and very pretty; she was nursing a little papoose, and her dress and manner seemed to show that she was a favorite. The first three were dressed in plain dark-colored calico, with leggings made of strips of blankets, and their blankets were of the ordinary kind used by Indians—of white, yellow, and blue stripes. All looked rather old and decidedly dirty.

Very different was the apparel of the youngest squaw. Her dress was a new and very pretty calico; her leggings made of white fine doe-skin, with long fringes; her moccasins were gayly ornamented with beads and sundry devices worked into them with colored thread; while her blanket was a new one, being a bright crimson with a black border.


In addition, this young mother was adorned with bracelets of some kind of metal; had several silver rings on her fingers, shell ear-rings in her ears, and a chain of shells woven through her hair. Her papoose was dressed in a single garment, none too long, but adorned with beads and bits of colored ribbon.

The Indian who had come in with me took a seat at my right, and in a few minutes we were joined by the other. They both produced pipes, and I took out mine to keep them company, offering to each a little fine tobacco that I had loose in one of my pockets. We smoked for a few minutes in perfect silence; then one of the Indians said a few words in his own tongue to the sick squaw, who, raising her eyes, said to me:

"Jeta mica nanitch?" (What are you looking for?)

"Mica nanitch curtains," I answered, "four Boston man curtains, three Boston clutcheman curtains, six Indian curtains, three papoose clutcheman curtains"—all of which meant that I was looking for four American horses, three American mares, six Indian ponies, and three colts.

"Branded?" she asked.

"Yes, here," I answered, pointing to my left shoulder, and drawing on the leaf of my note-book a mark like this:  All stockmen have a brand of their own, made of iron, which is heated and the stock marked with it, sometimes on the shoulder, sometimes on the flanks.

A few words passed between the old woman and the two men, and then she gave me to understand that they knew where the horses were, and would get them for me in the morning.

Meanwhile, the two who had been working set about getting supper. One produced a sack of flour and stirred up a pan of dough; the other took down a couple of dried salmon from a string of them which hung from one of the poles. These she placed each upon a stick, and then building a fire, set them before it to toast. Next she took down some pieces of dried meat, from which she cut a number of thin slices.

The dough having been more or less kneaded, squaw number one raked out some of the ashes, and then proceeded to divide the dough into small cakes, which she laid in the ashes to bake. Sun-dry preparations of dried berries were added to the

repast; and having eaten nothing since morning, I am free to confess that not only had I a good appetite, but that I found myself able to make a right hearty meal. Water was the only drink offered. The food was served upon tin dishes. The two male Indians and myself ate first, and the two squaws who had prepared the meal waited upon us. After we had finished, the four squaws took their turn. I noticed that the youngest partook

two pairs of blankets were laid upon that, another robe placed over all, and the bed was ready.

Although I was very tired and glad to lie down, my rest was remarkable chiefly for its restlessness. Few nights have seemed longer to me than did this, and I was heartily glad when morning came and the occupants of the lodge began to move. The older squaws were up first; but the men soon followed, and with them I went outside. A num-



WINDING THE WATCH IN THE INDIAN TENT.

freely of the dried berries, while the others did not touch them.

After supper we took to our pipes again. There were but few attempts to talk; my hosts gave me of their best, but evidently did not care to be intimate. It was only when I began to wind-up my watch that they showed anything bordering upon curiosity, and I readily showed it to them, opening the cases and letting them see the works.

During the evening three or four Indians came in, sat down, smoked a good deal, talked but little, and finally went away. About nine o'clock the squaws began to make up the beds. There seemed to be an abundance of robes and blankets in the lodge, and the process of bed-making was very simple. First, a robe was spread upon the ground,

ber of horses were picketed below the village. Taking two, each tied a lariat around the lower jaw of his animal, and, mounting bareback, they were soon out of sight.

During their absence, I made my way into the salmon-houses. Poles were stretched across, and to these were fastened a vast number of salmon. The process of curing is very simple. Each fish when caught is split open, the entrails taken out, a short stick inserted at the widest part to keep it open, and then it is put on the poles with thousands of others and allowed to partially dry. They are then put in the large houses before mentioned, a slow fire built under them, and they are slowly smoked until thoroughly cured.

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and trampling outside, and, going out, found my night's hosts coming back driving a large band of horses before them, among which I could see some of my own. All were driven into a huge corral, and then we went into breakfast, which meal was much the same in kind and quality as the supper had been.

Having finished, I handed the two squaws who had done the work a half-dollar each. The younger of the two kept hers; the other passed her money to the pretty one. I drew my own conclusions and passed out.

Going to the corral, the Indians immediately got inside, and with their lariats caught my horses one after the other with great rapidity. When all were outside, the horse I had ridden the day before was brought up, with the saddle, bridle, and blankets. These I put on to one of my other horses, and then turned to settle with my Indian friends. A plug of tobacco and a small coin to each seemed to satisfy them; and throwing myself into the saddle, I was soon making my way up the Wawawa, and, once upon level ground, made rapid time home.

AN AUTUMN JINGLE.

I KNOW a little creature,
In a green bed,
With the softest wrappings
All around her head.

When she grows old,
She is hard and can't feel;
So they take her to the mill,
And make her into meal.

JENNY PAINE'S HAT.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

SUSY DIMOCK came home from school one afternoon, full of fun, and danced about the room in great delight, as she saw her mother watching her with a puzzled expression.

"What's the matter with you, Susy?" asked Mrs. Dimock at last: "somehow you look different from usual. What have you been doing to yourself? O, I see, it is the hat! Whose hat is it, dear, and where is your own?"

"O, mamma, it is such fun!" exclaimed Susy. "Jenny Paine and I have changed hats for a week. I think hers is prettier than mine,—don't you? I like a blue wing ever so much better than a red one."

"It is a very pretty hat, and I am afraid you will injure it," said Mrs. Dimock, anxiously, as Susy tossed it in the air. "I think you had better take it right back to Jenny, and get your own."

"O, mother, I can't! She lives half a mile the other side of the school-house, and it looks just as if it was going to rain! We've changed for a week. *She* don't care,—*she* thinks mine is the prettiest."

"Well, be careful of it as you can, then," re-

plied her mother. "You had better hang it up, and get ready for supper. Your father sent up word this afternoon that Uncle Henry is in town, and he will bring him home with him."

"O, how splendid!" cried Susy. "I am so glad, I don't know what to do; only I wish Cousin Hat had come too."

And away she ran joyously, only stopping for a second to hang Jenny Paine's hat on her nail. When papa came up the street with good-natured, sun-burnt Uncle Henry, there was an eager little face pressed against the window-frame watching for them; and when they reached the door Susy was there before them, shouting with delight.

Uncle Henry was a favorite guest, but he did not come half often enough, Susy thought; and as for her Cousin Hatty, she had not seen *her* for more than a year. One of her first questions was about Hatty.

"She's learned to row," said Uncle Henry. "She goes out with me in my fishing-boat, and helps pull in the nets."

"Oh!" exclaimed Susy, breathlessly, "how per-

fectly beautiful! I wish I could go in a boat too; but there is n't any water here. Papa, why don't *we* live by the water?"

"Go home with me," said Uncle Henry: "that's one of my errands. Hatty will be on the look-out for you to-morrow night. I shall have to come up to the city again next week, and will bring you home then, if you can't stay any longer."

"O, mother, may I?" cried Susy, all in excitement.

"Why, I don't like to have you lose a week of school," said Mrs. Dimock.

"Never mind that," interposed Mr. Dimock. "It will do her good. She will come back and study all the better after a week on the shore, among the sea-weeds and mussels."

So it was all arranged. Uncle Henry was to start early the next morning; so Susy's packing had to be done that night; and she could hardly get to sleep after it, so many visions of Hatty, and boats, and waves, danced before her eyes. It was not until morning, when it was almost time to go, and she was beginning to get her things together, that she remembered that Jenny Paine had her hat!

"There, now, that is too bad!" said Mrs. Dimock; "I don't believe you can go, after all, Susy. There is no time to send for your hat."

Susy was almost crying.

"O, mother, I must go," she exclaimed; "I may never have such a chance again in all my life. I can wear Jenny's hat; she wont care, and we changed for a week. I should wear it a week anyhow, so what difference does it make?"

"I'm afraid you will spoil it," said her mother, anxiously.

"No, I wont. I'll be just as careful! And Jenny has mine, so it is all fair."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Dimock, wavering, "you must be very, very careful, and not wear it out on the water. I packed your old flat in the trunk, and you must wear that every time you go out."

"Yes, I will," replied Susy, putting on her things in the greatest hurry, for Uncle Henry was waiting; and then in a minute more she had said good-bye, and was speeding away with him to the depot, looking very eager and pretty in Jenny Paine's hat with the blue wing.

There was a ride in the cars for about an hour, and then a steamboat took them down the river to the Sound. This was very interesting to Susy, the river-banks were so lovely all the way, and they stopped at so many curious little places. At last, as the boat was nearing a queer, small wharf, where only two or three people were waiting, and one horse and wagon, Uncle Henry started up and

told Susy to follow him, for they were to land here. As soon as they were on the wharf, the boat steamed away from them, and went on down the Sound. Uncle Henry and Susy got into the wagon and drove along the shore road, almost all the time in sight of the water. When they had gone about three miles, they came suddenly right out upon the beach, and there Susy saw a girl running toward them laughing, with the wind blowing back her hair. It was Hatty; and Uncle Henry's house was close by.

And now commenced a week of wild delight for Susy. She and Hatty almost lived out of doors in the sunshine and salt air. They made caves in the sand, and took off their shoes and stockings, so they could run barefoot in the edge of the waves. They gathered ribbon-weed and snap-weed; they picked up scallop-shells and tom-toms; they rocked in the boat as she lay tied to a stake; and now and then, when Uncle Henry was by to keep a look-out, Hatty took her little cousin rowing, and gave her lessons in the handling of an oar.

And what did Susy wear on her head all this time? For two days she wore the old flat, but the wind made it flap in her face so, that she was hardly sorry when one morning a brisk gust swept it off from her head, and whirled it out to sea. It looked so funny when it began to float, like a great yellow pancake, and then in a few minutes it gave up, and went down among the crabs and jelly-fishes.

"Now I shall have to wear Jenny Paine's hat," said Susy.

She could not think of anything else to do, and she meant to be very, very careful of it. She *knew* she would n't hurt it.

And sure enough she did n't, the first day. But the next, a shower came up while they were out in the boat, and the hat got a wetting as well as the girls.

"But one shower don't hurt a hat much," said Susy, as she stroked out the blue feathers in the wing; "and like as not Jenny would have got caught in the rain herself, if she had worn the hat to school to-day."

Well, the shower *did* n't hurt it so very much, — not near so much as the sprinklings of salt spray it got every day after that, when the girls were in the boat practicing at feathering their oars. And even that was but nothing compared with what happened the day they went with Uncle Henry to dig clams.

It was the day before Susy was to go home, and she had not been clamming once; so Uncle Henry said he would take her that very afternoon.

"O, Pigeon Cove!" cried Hatty, clapping her hands; "can't we go to Pigeon Cove, papa?"

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"Why yes, we can," he said; "but then we must start before dinner, so you had better put up a lunch."

That was easily done, for no one in the world knew better than Aunt Ann how to put up a lunch for a boating party, and she soon packed a large basket with the good things that hungry people like to eat out of doors. And it was not very long before they were sailing with a brisk wind out over the waves in the direction of Pigeon Cove.

"O, how pretty!" cried Susy, as they sprang

"I'll agree to do the rest of the clam-digging, if you'll go and get dinner ready up there in the shade."

That was a splendid plan. The girls ran in great glee to the boat, and lifted out the lunch-basket.

"Why don't you leave your hat here in the boat?" said Hatty to Susy; "you won't need it under the trees, and you might catch it in the bushes."

"That's a real good plan," said Susy; "I believe I will leave it here. If it was my own, I



SUSY LOSES HER OLD FLAT.

ashore half an hour later on a white beach, all wide and wet, for the tide was low. A grove of maples reached down almost to the sand, and there were plenty of wild lilies in blossom among the rocks.

"Now let's dig clams," said Hatty,—"it is such fun!"

And so it was, for a little while; but by and by the girls began to run races from the rocks to the trees. They were tired of bending down on the sand.

"Look here, kittens!" called out Uncle Henry;

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would n't care; but I must be careful, because it is Jenny Paine's hat."

Then away they went with the basket, and found a beautiful place under the trees quite a way off in the grove, to spread the feast. It took them quite a good while, because they stopped to decorate the pies and the biscuits with wreaths of maple-leaves.

But at last the dinner was all ready, and they called Uncle Henry, who presently appeared under the trees with a pitcher of cool spring water. What fun they had! Everything tasted so

good, and the birds sang so loud, and they were all so merry. Susy thought it was really the very best time that she had ever had in her whole life.

"Now," said Uncle Henry, as he rose up from the grass, "you can put the dishes back, and then come right down to the boat. The tide is rising too high for us to dig very many more clams, and so we may as well be getting ready to start for home."

He strode away through the trees, and Hatty and Susy followed him at their leisure with the lightened basket. When they reached the shore, Uncle Henry was standing by the boat, waiting for them.

"Why, where are all the clams?" asked Hatty, looking around on the sand.

"In the boat," said her father; "I tossed them in as fast as I got my basket full. There's as much as three pecks, I'll venture."

The girls ran down to the boat, and climbed in. Susy cast a frightened glance at the bow, and almost screamed. Where, O, where was Jenny Paine's hat, which she had laid so very carefully in the bottom of the boat not more than two hours before?

"Why, I must ha' thrown all the clams straight down on it!" exclaimed Uncle Henry, when he heard the trouble. "I declare that's too bad, Susy, but just wait a minute, and I'll get it right out for you."

He thrust his hands in among and under the wet sandy clams, and the bits of dripping seaweed, and he presently seized upon a strange something, which, after some little tugging and twisting, he pulled out.

Was it Jenny Paine's hat—that crushed, stained, shapeless heap of straw and draggled velvet, and broken bits of blue feathers?

"It's *too* bad!" whispered Hatty, sympathizingly, as she wound her arm around poor drooping Susy, who looked so utterly dismayed at the shocking sight.

"I don't know what mother will say," said Susy, forlornly, "and I don't know what Jenny Paine's mother will say."

"It can't be helped now," said Uncle Henry, ruefully; "no use crying for spilt milk. You know it'll be all the same a hundred years from now!"

And with this poor comfort they sailed slowly home. The afternoon sun streamed brilliantly over the water, and the sky was as cloudless as the sea, but Susy could not enjoy it with that poor wreck of Jenny Paine's hat lying before her eyes. Hatty tried to say funny things, and Uncle Henry spoke a cheerful word now and then, but

Susy sat sober and quiet, thinking of what her mother had said to her about not wearing the hat.

When they reached the shore and went up to the house, Aunt Ann came to the rescue, and did her best with the poor little hat. She pressed the straw, and steamed the velvet, and trimmed the feathers. It was a battered-looking thing, after all her pains, but it would do for Susy to wear going home, if she kept her brown veil over it, to hide it from public view.

The next morning early, Uncle Henry and Susy became travelers again. They said good-bye to Aunt Ann and Hatty, and drove off in the wagon to the steamboat wharf. Before dark Susy was at home. Her mother hardly knew her when she came into the house, she looked so healthy and so sun-burnt, and so very sober, and had such a dilapidated hat on her head, tied around with the brown veil.

Mrs. Dimock did not say much. She was glad Susy had had such a good visit, and she did not want to darken the end of it with reproaches, especially when Susy felt so sorry already. She knew there were milliners enough in town, too, to replace Jenny Paine's hat.

So the very next day Susy sallied forth with her mother, carrying the hat in a brown paper, and they went to the promptest milliner in town with their errand.

"You can make it by this, you know," said Susy, after telling her business; "make it just exactly like what this was, with the blue wing and all."

"I can do that," said the milliner. "It shall be a perfect copy, and you shall have it to-morrow morning."

At this moment another lady with a little girl entered the store, and they too brought a hat done up in brown paper. The lady unwrapped it and handed it to the milliner. It looked as if it had been trampled under foot in the mud, but it had been once quite a pretty hat with a red wing.

"I want you to find a hat exactly like this," said the lady, "and trim it exactly in the same way."

Just then the two little girls looked at each other, and exclaimed in the same breath:

"Why, Jenny Paine!"

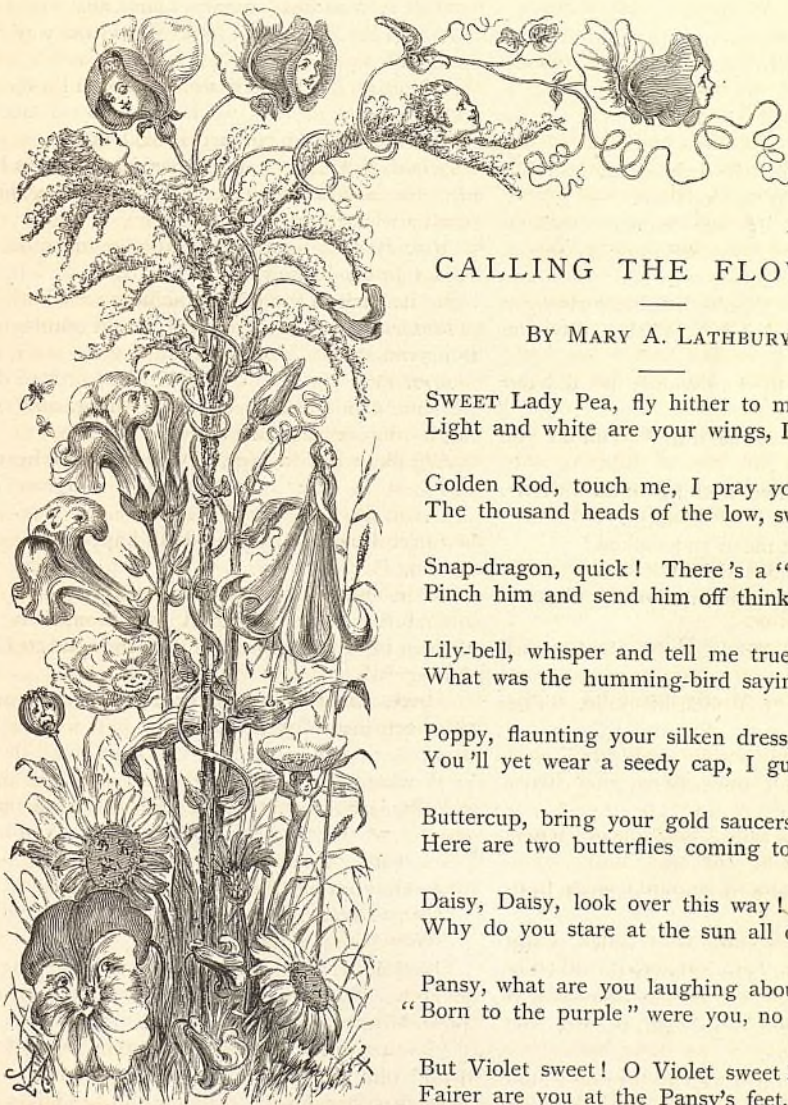
"Why, Susy Dimock!"

The milliner smiled. She was the first to catch the joke. The two battered hats lay side by side, and told their own story.

"I have been worried about that hat all the week," said Mrs. Paine to Mrs. Dimock; "for Jenny is so heedless! And what must she do yes-

terday afternoon but run over to the neighbors' where they are digging a well, and while her inquisitive little head was bent forward looking down, away went the hat into the depths, and the Irishman down there trod it fairly under the mud

while he was trying to find it. I must say I don't feel quite so mortified about it now, as I did before this happy meeting! You will have fine new hats, girls, after all, but I beg of you, don't exchange them any more!"



CALLING THE FLOWERS.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

SWEET Lady Pea, fly hither to me!
Light and white are your wings, I see.

Golden Rod, touch me, I pray you, over
The thousand heads of the low, sweet clover.

Snap-dragon, quick! There's a "bee in your bonnet!"
Pinch him and send him off thinking upon it.

Lily-bell, whisper and tell me true,—
What was the humming-bird saying to you?

Poppy, flaunting your silken dress,
You'll yet wear a seedy cap, I guess.

Buttercup, bring your gold saucers to me;
Here are two butterflies coming to tea.

Daisy, Daisy, look over this way!
Why do you stare at the sun all day?

Pansy, what are you laughing about?
"Born to the purple" were you, no doubt.

But Violet sweet! O Violet sweet!
Fairer are you at the Pansy's feet.

THE PETERKINS TOO LATE FOR AMANDA'S SCHOOL-EXHIBITION IN BOSTON.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

Dramatis Personæ.—AMANDA, AMANDA'S MOTHER, GIRLS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS, MRS. PETERKIN, ELIZABETH ELIZA.

Amanda [coming in with a few graduates]. Mother, the exhibition is over, and I have brought the whole class home to the collation.

Mother. The whole class! But I only expected a few.

Amanda. The rest are coming. I brought Julie and Clara and Sophie with me. [*A voice is heard.*] Here are the rest.

Mother. Why, no. It is Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza!

Amanda. Too late for the exhibition. Such a shame! But in time for the collation.

Mother [*to herself*]. If the ice-cream will go round!

Amanda. But what made you so late? Did you miss the train? This is Elizabeth Eliza, girls—you have heard me speak of her. What a pity you were too late!

Mrs. Peterkin. We tried to come; we did our best.

Mother. Did you miss the train? Did n't you get my postal-card?

Mrs. Peterkin. We had nothing to do with the train.

Amanda. You don't mean you walked?

Mrs. Peterkin. Oh no, indeed!

Elizabeth Eliza. We came in a horse and carryall.

Julia. I always wondered how anybody could come in a horse!

Amanda. You are too foolish, Julie. They came in the carryall part. But did n't you start in time?

Mrs. Peterkin. It all comes from the carryall being so hard to turn. I told Mr. Peterkin we should get into trouble with one of those carryalls that don't turn easy.

Elizabeth Eliza. They turn easy enough in the stable, so you can't tell.

Mrs. Peterkin. Yes; we started with the little boys and Solomon John on the back seat, and Elizabeth Eliza on the front. She was to drive, and I was to see to the driving. But the horse was not faced toward Boston.

Mother. And you tipped over in turning round! Oh, what an accident!

Amanda. And the little boys—where are they? Are they killed?

Elizabeth Eliza. The little boys are all safe. We left them at the Pringles', with Solomon John.

Mother. But what did happen?

Mrs. Peterkin. We started the wrong way.

Mother. You lost your way, after all?

Elizabeth Eliza. No; we knew the way well enough.

Amanda. It's as plain as a pike-staff!

Mrs. Peterkin. No; we had the horse faced in the wrong direction, toward Providence.

Elizabeth Eliza. And mother was afraid to have me turn, and we kept on and on till we should reach a wide place.

Mrs. Peterkin. I thought we should come to a road that would veer off to the right or left, and bring us back to the right direction.

Mother. Could not you all get out and turn the thing round?

Mrs. Peterkin. Why, no; if it had broken down we should not have been in anything, and could not have gone anywhere.

Elizabeth Eliza. Yes, I have always heard it was best to stay in the carriage whatever happens.

Julia. But nothing seemed to happen.

Mrs. Peterkin. Oh, yes; we met one man after another, and we asked the way to Boston.

Elizabeth Eliza. And all they would say was, "Turn right round—you are on the road to Providence."

Mrs. Peterkin. As if we could turn right round! That was just what we could n't.

Mother. You don't mean you kept on all the way to Providence?

Elizabeth Eliza. O dear, no! We kept on and on, till we met a man with a black hand-bag—black leather I should say.

Julia. He must have been a book-agent.

Mrs. Peterkin. I dare say he was; his bag seemed heavy. He set it on a stone.

Mother. I dare say it was the same one that came here the other day. He wanted me to buy the "History of the Aborigines, brought up from earliest times to the present date," in four volumes. I told him I had n't time to read so much. He said that was no matter, few did, and it was n't

much worth it—they bought books for the look of the thing.

Amanda. Now, that was illiterate; he never could have graduated. I hope, Elizabeth Eliza, you had nothing to do with that man.

Elizabeth Eliza. Very likely it was not the same one.

Mother. Did he have a kind of pepper-and-salt suit, with one of the buttons worn?

Mrs. Peterkin. I noticed one of the buttons was off.

Amanda. We're off the subject. Did you buy his book?

Elizabeth Eliza. He never offered us his book.

Mrs. Peterkin. He told us the same story—we were going to Providence; if we wanted to go to Boston, we must turn directly round.

Elizabeth Eliza. I told him I could n't; but he took the horse's head, and the first thing I knew —

Amanda. He had yanked you round!

Mrs. Peterkin. I screamed; I could n't help it!

Elizabeth Eliza. I was glad when it was over!

Mother. Well; it shows the disadvantage of starting wrong.

Mrs. Peterkin. Yes, we came straight enough when the horse was headed right, but we lost time.

Elizabeth Eliza. I am sorry enough I lost the exhibition, and seeing you take the diploma, Amanda. I never got the diploma myself. I came near it.

Mrs. Peterkin. Somehow, Elizabeth Eliza never succeeded. I think there was partiality about the promotions.

Elizabeth Eliza. I never was good about remembering things. I studied well enough, but, when I came to say off my lesson, I could n't think what it was. Yet I could have answered some of the other girls' questions.

Julia. It's odd how the other girls always have the easiest questions.

Elizabeth Eliza. I never could remember poetry. There was only one thing I could repeat.

Amanda. Oh, do let us have it now; and then we'll recite to you some of our exhibition pieces.

Elizabeth Eliza. I'll try.

Mrs. Peterkin. Yes, Elizabeth Eliza, do what you can to help entertain Amanda's friends.

[*All stand looking at Elizabeth Eliza, who remains silent and thoughtful.*]

Elizabeth Eliza. I'm trying to think what it is about. You all know it. You remember, Amanda—the name is rather long.

Amanda. It can't be Nebuchadnezzar, can it?—that is one of the longest names I know.

Elizabeth Eliza. Oh dear, no!

Julia. Perhaps it's Cleopatra.

Elizabeth Eliza. It does begin with a "C"—only he was a boy.

Amanda. That's a pity, for it might be "We are seven," only that is a girl. Some of them were boys.

Elizabeth Eliza. It begins about a boy—if I could only think where he was. I can't remember.

Amanda. Perhaps he "stood upon the burning deck?"

Elizabeth Eliza. That's just it; I knew he stood somewhere.

Amanda. Casabianca! Now begin—go ahead!

Elizabeth Eliza.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
When—when —"

I can't think who stood there with him.

Julia. If the deck was burning, it must have been on fire. I guess the rest ran away, or jumped into boats.

Amanda. That's just it.

"Whence all but him had fled."

Elizabeth Eliza. I think I can say it now.

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled —"

[*She hesitates.*] Then I think he went —

Julia. Of course, he fled after the rest.

Amanda. Dear, no! That's the point. He did n't.

"The flames rolled on, he would not go
Without his father's word."

Elizabeth Eliza. Oh, yes. Now I can say it.

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flames rolled on, he would not go
Without his father's word."

But it used to rhyme. I don't know what has happened to it.

Mrs. Peterkin. Elizabeth Eliza is very particular about the rhymes.

Elizabeth Eliza. It must be "without his father's head," or, perhaps, "without his father said" he should.

Julia. I think you must have omitted something.

Amanda. She has left out ever so much!

Mother. Perhaps it's as well to omit some, for the ice-cream has come, and you must all come down.

Amanda. And here are the rest of the girls; and let us all unite in a song!

[*Exeunt omnes, singing.*]



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHO says the American flag is red, white and blue to-day? I call it red, yellow and brown. At any rate, these are the colors that now are waving about me. They are not all unfurled yet, these beautiful American flags, but lean folded here and there amid the green, waiting in the sunlight for the ripe hour that shall set them free in all their glory.

Ah, what a world this is, my darlings—how rich and beautiful—how well worth being thankful for! I don't believe any one of us is in the least worthy of it. But somehow it is blessed to feel that as one of God's great family each of us may take fresh possession of it every morning in joy and thanksgiving.

Now do you want to hear about

THE SPIRE OF ST. NICHOLAS.

HAVE you heard the news, my pets? The birds are full of it, and they wish me to tell it to the army of Bird-defenders, with their compliments. The spire of Strasburg is no longer the highest in Europe. What is, then? Why, the spire of St. Nicholas, to be sure—the great church of St. Nicholas, lately completed at Hamburg! Strasburg sends its beautiful steeple 466 feet into the air, but St. Nicholas tops this by six feet—a clear reach of 472 feet, my beloved—the highest spire in Christendom.

WHO CAN COUNT THE STARS?

DID you ever try to count the stars? I used to try to do so myself, but somehow I always fell asleep before I could get through, and when I woke up I could not tell where I left off. I'm told, though, that it has been done, and that there are only about eight thousand visible to the naked eye. Don't they make a great show for a number no

larger than that? But the Raven tells me that his master, the Astronomer, says that those we can see with our eyes alone are but a very trifle compared with the number that he can see through his telescope. He says, for instance, that there are *eighteen millions* of stars in the Milky Way. Now it's of no use! I can't even think of such a number as that. My head is n't big enough to hold them.

RATS IN A TREE.

Macon, Georgia.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you of something rather curious: Some years since, I occupied a Summer residence in Georgia, surrounded by mimosa-trees of a fine, feathery foliage, with pods rather shorter than those of the sweet locust. These pods were filled with hard, shiny brown seed, often used by the children for making baskets, bracelets and necklaces. For several days I noticed, after dark, a great rustling in the tree near my window, as if the birds on its boughs were peculiarly restless. I did not, however, pay them much attention till one evening, sitting by the window in the twilight, leaning on the sill and enjoying the cool air, I gradually became conscious that the birds were very odd. They seemed to have no wings, and their tails were long and stringy, whisking from side to side, as they ran back and forward with great agility along the crooked limbs. After gazing with increasing wonder for some moments, I called the children. The moment they arrived, the birds disappeared; but, standing quiet as mice, we soon saw first one, then another small head, with its black, sharp eyes, peer from under the eaves of the house, then spring quickly to the nearest branch; and we now discovered that our birds were not birds at all. They were not even flying squirrels, but large brown rats, that lived and flourished in our roof, and came out to regale themselves upon the seed of the mimosa, and gambol among its boughs. We saw one greedy rat, in his eagerness to secure a very tempting pod, slip from the branch with a squeak of fright, instantly answered by a squeak of pain from another, as, in his frantic efforts to catch hold of something, he caught his neighbor's hanging tail in his mouth. This second rat, in his desperate endeavors to get away, dragged the hanging rat near enough to grasp a limb and release the suffering tail. During this struggle, the whole colony stood still, looking on, and squeaking in sympathy. The pulling and crunching of pods to get the seed, and the dropping of empty shells on the ground, sounded like the soft pattering of rain.

The children and I amused ourselves till supper-time throwing brooms, brushes, and shoes into the tree, to see on the instant the busy crowd disappear like magic, but with none of the flutter and twittering of birds. They would be gone without a sound. These tree rats were a source of interest the whole Summer, and we spent many pleasant hours trying to distinguish them apart, giving names to some and counting the baby rats added occasionally to the crowd.

M. G. B—

A CROOKED STORY.

AT recess, on the last day before "vacation" began, the pretty schoolmistress brought a story to the meadow, which she had written specially for the children. It seemed to me a very straight story when she read it aloud; but from the way in which the little creatures laughed as they crowded about her and looked at the writing, I'm sure there must have been something very crooked about it, after all. Soon she said, to my delight:

"I think, my dears, we'll send this story to ST. NICHOLAS. You'll notice that *every word in it is spelled correctly, in itself*—that is, you can find each one in any dictionary. Now what is the matter with it?"

"Ha, ha!" they shouted. "Ha, ha!" But one bright little fellow added:

"You've put in words that are pronounced the same, but they have a different meaning,—so they're the wrong words!"

"Yes," laughed the schoolmistress, "you're right. They are the *wrong words*. The spelling of each is quite correct, but many of the words are wrong. Yet if the right words were put in place

of these, the story, if read aloud, would sound exactly the same as it does now—would n't it?"

"Yes, ma'am! yes, ma'am!" cried one and all.

"Very well, then," said she. "Now, when you find it printed in ST. NICHOLAS, will you all write it out for me with the proper words, so that it will be correct and yet sound exactly as it does now?"

"Yes! oh yes!" they cried eagerly.

[Now, dear editor, please put the pretty school-mistress' story in here, so that my children, thousands of them, can try too, and send what they write to me in care of ST. NICHOLAS magazine. If they'll send the thing correctly written out in their own handwriting, I'll print the best in these pages, and acknowledge all the good ones.]

Now, my pets, set to work! Send in your versions. Jack would like to have a pile as big as a house.

THE STORY.

A rite suite little baoy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough about his neck, flue up the rode swift as eh dear. After a thyme, he had stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn, and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired too raze his fare, pail face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips.

The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with awl her mite, four fear her guessed wood knot weight.

Butt wen she sore the little won, tiers stood in her eyes at the site. "Ewe poor deer! Why due yew lye hear? Ah yew dyeing?"

"Know," he side. "I am feint two thee corps."

She boar hymn in her alms, as she aught, too a rheum ware he mite bee quiet, gave him bred and meet, held cent under his knows, tide his choler, rapped him warmly, gave him some sweet drachm from a viol, till at last he went fourth hail as a young hoarse. His eyes shown, his cheek was read as a flour, and he gambled a hole our.

GROWING MOUNTAINS.

YOU would n't think it, but I'm told it is actually so, that very high mountains increase in size every year. This is owing to the great quantities of snow which fall upon their tops. Some of this snow slowly melts and runs down the mountain-sides; but much remains, and so the mountains grow higher, year by year, as each season's snow falls upon that left there the year before.

COWS' UPPER TEETH.

HATTIE WHEELER writes to Jack:

I like ST. NICHOLAS ever so much. I think the illustrations of "Johnny Spooner's Menagerie" are so good!—if I were only a boy I should get up one. I like Miss Alcott's story of "Eight Cousins" more than any of her other stories.

Jack asks if any of his young friends can tell him why a certain wealthy farmer, who offered \$10,000 for a full set of cow's teeth, lower and upper, cannot get what he wants. The reason he cannot is—cows have no upper front teeth, but have large teeth back, which are called grinders. These are used for chewing the cud.

Hattie is right according to some authorities, and wrong according to others. Cows have no upper front teeth, that's certain; but as for upper back grinders, I'm not so sure. I never had the pleasure of seeing the inside of a cow's mouth with my own eyes; and it so happens that all growing things of my acquaintance that ever went in to investigate, never came out again to give any report. Perhaps some stout farmer's boy will solve the mystery. For my part, I'd sooner trust a butcher's opinion than a farmer's, for farmers seem to differ on the subject. Is a cow's upper jaw just like a sheep's (as far as teeth are concerned) or not—and, if not, what next?

NEW READING OF "SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE."

"The Farm."

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: You know I am very domestic—very old-fashioned, and get little credit for anything but nonsense. So you see, I was wonderfully surprised the other day when a school-girl said I ought to be ranked with the classic poets—that my pictures were just as good as some in the grand old mythology of the Greeks and Romans. She begged me to accept her interpretation of my "Song of Sixpence," in token of regard. Here it is:

Every day's a dainty pie,
Earth the dish—the cover, sky.
Four and twenty hours make
Royal birds therein to bake.
King of Day, the golden sun,
Counts his beams out one by one.
Silver moon, the Queen of Night,
Sips, for honey, rays of light.
Rosy Dawn, maid first to rise,
Hangs bright clouds across the skies.
Birds aye sing at break of day:
Sunrise drives fair Dawn away.
Mother Goose, how could you know?
Did the blackbirds tell you so?"

Between you and me, dear Jack, do you think she found that all out herself? If she did—well, I'll leave it with you. You have the best tact in stirring up young thoughts. I know it will be new to some one.—Your friend,
MOTHER GOOSE.

THE LARGEST LIVING THINGS.

WHO among you can tell me right off which are the largest of living things?

Hurrah! TREES, eh? Of course they are; but one is not apt to think of them at first. Elephants, whales, and such stupendous fellows pop into one's head instead; but what are they for size by the side of a grand oak, a splendid hickory, a cedar of Lebanon, or one of the big trees of California!

And what a baby the oldest living creature is compared with a really old tree! Did ever you hear of the famous dragon-tree on the Island of Teneriffe, which died about eight years ago, after standing 5,000 years? There's a green old age for you! I never had a chance, as you know, to count the rings of this tree myself; but scientific professors have published its length of years, and I suppose we must take their word for it.

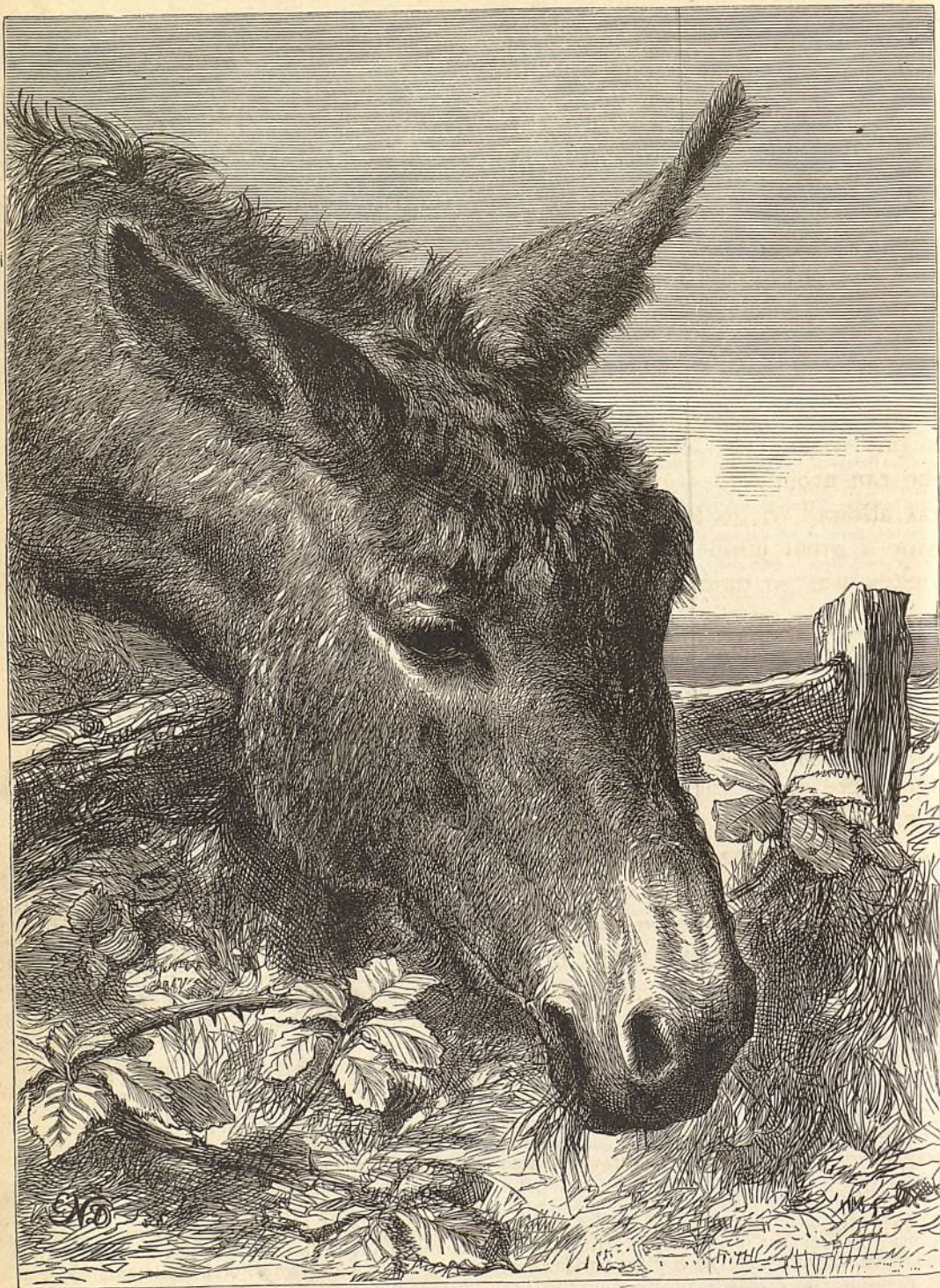
THE MEANING OF "HURRAH."

WHO can tell the meaning of "hurrah?" Jack used it just now a little thoughtlessly, considering its true sense. The pretty schoolma'am says it originated among Eastern nations, where it was used as a war-cry, from the belief that all who died in battle went to heaven.

"To Paradise!" (*hurrag!*) men shouted to one another, by way of encouragement, in the thickest of the fight; and so, in time, came our word "hurrah!" which means almost anything you choose, so that it be of good cheer.

MOLE-FURRED HORSES.

IT is n't likely that any of my children ever saw one of these horses, or that many of them ever will see one. There are only a few, and these are found in the deep coal-mines of Belgium. There, where horses have been kept for many years so far down in the damp earth away from the sun, their coats become of a thick, soft, velvety fur, like that of the mole. Poor fellows! It must be dreadful to be a horse that never can sniff the sunshine, nor roll on the long, fresh grass!



THE BRAVE DONKEY.

A STORY OF A BRAVE DONKEY.

DONKEYS are almost always meek, quiet little fellows, who look as if they would stand any abuse or bad treatment, but sometimes they show that they have spirit enough. Of course there are bad donkeys, who will kick and behave wickedly at any time, like some boys and girls, so that it is a surprise to see them behave well.

But the donkey I am going to tell you about was nearly always as quiet as he seems in the picture, putting his head over the fence to take a bite of tender grass. But he was very brave indeed, as you will see. He lived in a menagerie—which you know is a wild-beast show—in one of our Western cities. There were a great many savage beasts in this menagerie, and one day a fierce lioness broke out of her cage. She ran around to see who she could bite, and she met this donkey, who was allowed to go loose because he would not hurt anything. So she made a great jump at him and took hold of him with her teeth; but the donkey was so quick and spirited that he got away from her. Then the lioness made another great spring upon him, but this time Mr. Donkey was ready for her.

He turned his back to her, and, when she came near him, he gave her a great kick with both his hind-feet at once, and rolled her over like a ball. She came at him again and again, but every time his strong heels were ready for her, and every time the brave donkey kicked her over on her back. At last she had enough of Mr. Donkey's kicks, and she ran away from him. She did not know before how well a brave donkey could fight.

You have often heard about lions, which are so strong and courageous that they are called the kings of beasts, and perhaps you have seen some of them shut up in a cage when you have been taken to a wild beast show. But it is not likely that you thought that one of these great creatures could ever be conquered by a small donkey, who had nothing to fight with but his heels.

But it often happens that animals, and people too, who are quiet and modest, are very brave indeed when a time comes when they ought to show courage.

The lioness had to be shot, for her keepers could not get her back into her cage. If she had not been shot, I think she would have kept clear of donkeys the next time she got loose.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CHILDREN, you will have heard of the death of Hans Christian Andersen before you see this magazine, but you may not yet understand what you have lost, and what we all have lost.

Hans Christian Andersen stood at the head of all writers for children. No one wrote stories that were so quaint and rare, so fanciful and curious, and yet so pure and good and earnest in their teachings.

His mission was not only to young people. Men and women in many lands wept and laughed over his stories and put them away in their memories, where they bore good fruit. Jesus Christ once said to his followers, that unless they became as little children they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. By the wonderful power of his stories, Hans Christian Andersen drew around him thousands of grown-up people, and he made them all children at heart, and so helped them, we hope, to be better fit for heaven.

In a future number we shall have a long talk with you about Hans Christian Andersen.

ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask some of the subscribers of the ST. NICHOLAS to tell me, through the Letter-Box, how to make skeleton leaves, and how to preserve Autumn leaves and ferns?—Yours truly,

NELLIE R. BURT.

Nellie will find an answer to her first question in the Letter-Box of ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1875. Who will answer the second?

C. A. F.—Your account of the opossum's "playing dead" is very interesting and amusing; but you may not know that some insects are just as wise and often resort to the same trick. Many of the beetle tribe, or *coleoptera*, feign death when touched, and remain entirely motionless until left to themselves again, when they scamper off quickly enough. Naturalists tell us, too, that the little borer familiarly known as the "death-watch," will, when frightened, allow itself to be singed or drowned rather than make any sign of life. So the opossums are not the only creatures who endeavor to deceive their captors in this way.

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS, now in Europe, writes: "On one of her trips, a steamer from New York to Liverpool ran into an iceberg. A piece as large as a small house, weighing twenty tons, was broken off and fell on the deck, crushing it in. The steward told me they cut it up and used the ice on the ship, and it was the clearest and freshest of ice, like fresh-water ice. Some of the ST. NICHOLAS children may be able to tell why salt-water ice is not salt."

C. H. WILLIAMS sends us the following novel statement of his exact age. Such a great desire for accuracy is certainly unusual. We only wonder that it did not suggest to our little correspondent the addition of a postscript, telling just how many of those numerous but valuable seconds he had spent in the calculation:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was 11 years old the 27th of March, 1875. I find that to-day (July 12th, 1875), I am 11 years 3 months 2 weeks 1 day 12 hours 17 minutes 4 seconds old. When ciphering up, I find I am 349,679,024 seconds old.

C. H. WILLIAMS.

CHARLIE BALDWIN writes that he has heard that some kinds of azaleas are poisonous, and asks if the report be true. There are azaleas which exude poisonous juices, though we do not know that any of them are found in this country. When Charlie is old enough to read Greek, he will find an account of a misfortune which once happened from this cause to a whole army. It is related by Xenophon, a celebrated Grecian general, and the leader of a famous march known as "the retreat of the ten thousand." He tells us that the Grecian soldiers, weak from hunger and constant marching, seized upon some honey which they chanced to find at a place upon the route, but that all who ate of it soon after fell to the ground dangerously poisoned. Xenophon, we believe, merely states the incident without trying to explain it. But some wise men of later times have united in ascribing the result to the bees having imbibed the juices of a poisonous species of azalea which grew in that region.

HERE is a letter that has come all the way from California to say a kind word for ST. NICHOLAS and add two names to its army of Bird-defenders. We are glad to hear from our Western friends, and are delighted to know that a hearty welcome awaits ST. NICHOLAS in a host of such far-away homes, whether scattered over the wide plains or nestled—like the homes of the snow-birds—among the mountain-crags:

Graniteville, California.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We sojourners, five thousand feet above the sea, are among the many that eagerly look forward to the arrival of ST. NICHOLAS.

The Flower verses in June number have been filled in by a little girl whose name is Amy Waters, and who is thirteen years old. She wishes her name put down as a Bird-defender. My little daughter, Lizette A. Fisher, who is six years old, also wants to be a Bird-defender, and to tell you that she, like H. H., has stumbled upon the Summer home of the snow-birds "high in the upper air."

A. B. FISHER.

Amy's answers were credited last month, and her name, with Lizette's, will be found among the Bird-defenders in another column.

THE picture about which "Little Nell" inquires appeared in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1874, as an illustration to the article entitled "A Famous Garden."

ODE TO LOVE,

BY A LITTLE GIRL JUST RECOVERED FROM A SEVERE ILLNESS.

"Love me little, love me long,"
Love me surely, love me strong,
Ever faithful, ever free,
Let thy love encompass me.

While I sleep, and when awake,
Don't forget my ginger-cake;
Bake it nicely before the fire,
And let me eat it before I retire.

By doing this your love you'll show
(If the cake be frosted like beautiful snow),
And proving to me love's lurking still,
In the depths of a miserable calomel pill.

MORAL.

Now all my young friends listen,
While the tear in my eyes doth glisten,
Never trust love in the form of a cake,
But remember who fell by the words of a snake.

KATIE F. BILLINGS.

Verdi, July 9th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen letters in the Letter-Box from almost all the States, but none from Nevada—so I thought I would write you one. I am eleven years old. I live on the Truckee River. I have two younger sisters. We live in the country, and there are a great many birds here; but we do not disturb them or their nests. In California, where I have been, they cover the fruit-trees with mosquito-bar, which is much better than killing the little birds.

CLARA L. COLDREN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to become one of your children of the Letter-Box. My name is Nellie, and I would like to tell you about my pets. I wanted a cat—one of those kind they call Maltese,—but mamma thought as we were living in a hotel a cat would not do, so I had to give it up. My brother found in the creek a little cat-fish, and brought him home in a tin pail, and he was so nice, never giving any trouble, and just as cunning as he could be. He ran around after himself through the water, and had such fun blowing bubbles. He would come up to the top of the water, and you could hear him blow so softly, and the bubbles were so round and pretty. We used to give him a bath every morning, and he was so fresh and happy after it. Although he was very ugly, with his long black horns and big, wide mouth, we loved him. One night brother thought he would be happier in a glass jar, so that we could see him better; but the water was too heavy for his dear little body, and the next morning we found him dead in the bottom of the jar. His horns were quite stiff, and his big mouth shut up tight, and then I knew he would never blow bubbles any more. I give all my pieces

of crust and cake to the birds now. Is that right? I wish brother belonged to the Bird-defenders. He shot a beauty with brown and gold wings, for mamma to wear in her hat, and a squirrel with a lovely long gray tail. I am sorry for the squirrel, but I like to wear it in my fur cap—I mean the tail.—Believe me a true friend of ST. NICHOLAS,
NELLIE SHERWOOD CHILDS.

"NIMPO" writes: "Do you think it fair to put down a baby's name for a Bird-defender? I am getting another list, and one boy says that he will not sign unless his baby-brother's name can be down too. But I don't think that is the only reason, for he wants to shoot prairie-chickens this Summer."

No, Nimpo, a baby's name would be an imposition on the army of Bird-defenders. We want only members who understand what they are promising to do.

Albert Lea, Minnesota.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I be allowed to write to you? I am not a subscriber, but a little boy in town who is one lets me take you after he is done with you. I do love you so, and if you will let me, I should like to have my name put down as a Bird-defender.

I have a question to ask, if I may. It is—Why does corn pop when put over the fire? I cannot understand it.

NORA ABBOTT.

We are glad, Nora, to hear from any of our young friends, whether subscribers or not, and also to welcome them as Bird-defenders.

The popping of corn is due to a kind of oil, lodged in little dots within the seeds. When heated, these drops expand and burst, bringing the contents of the grain to the surface by the explosion, which is the "popping." It is these little oil-dots, too, that make the kernels of pop-corn so hard and compact. Very few varieties of corn contain this oily structure, and such as do not cannot be made to pop.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Where do the swallows go when they leave Ireland?

F. DUNWOODY.

The swallows of Great Britain take their flight into Africa. In the Autumn, when the season of migration arrives, they cross the English Channel, and assemble with their companions from the different parts of the Continent on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Here they often linger for some time, as if afraid to undertake so long a voyage through the air, which, indeed, proves frequently too long for many a poor tired wing among their number. The majority, however, cross safely, always flying in troops, and continuing their journey until they reach Senegal—their southern home—whence they return in the Spring to their old nests in the north.

TRANSLATIONS of the Latin story in the July number were received from Jennie Sinclair Neil, Lawrence Black, Jr., Reba Gregory, Julia D. Hunter, F. N. Palmer, John G. Jennings, D. R. Bishop, Lucy M. Sherwood, Beverly Caldwell, and Cyrus Lindley.

MARY O. G.— writes, telling how she protected a crow from the assault of a boy, who we hope knew no better, and asks if it is "wrong, as a Bird-defender, to take just one egg from a nest?" You deserve a captaincy, Mary, for your gallant defense of the bird, and we will be glad to enroll you as such; but are you not glad some one did not deprive you of the gratification of protecting that bird by taking just that one egg from the nest where he was hatched? Make up your company, Mary, and send in the names.

ANDY R. C.—ST. NICHOLAS is decidedly opposed to robbing birds' nests merely to make a collection of eggs. If they are wanted for a purely scientific purpose, address "Ornithologist," Box 2477, Boston, Mass. A nice little bed of ferns, or a case of mosses, will give you more and pleasanter study, and living growth is better than dry shells to look upon.

MAMIE B.—We are sorry the blackbirds cannot agree with your favorite robins and other musical birds, but they are fully as useful in their way as the singers. In the Spring they hover in small flocks where the plow is going, and pick up great numbers of all sorts of grubs, worms, insects' eggs, &c., which would destroy plenty of corn and other vegetable growth for which the ground is being prepared. This is true of all of them, but especially the "great," "common," and "rusty" crow-blackbirds, and that handsome fellow with red

shoulder-straps, the "red-winged" starling. Then the cow-blackbird is a warm friend of the cattle, too, and they permit him to hunt his dinner on their backs. Study the habits of the blackbirds, and you will forget they are not singers.

E. S. AND A. M. F.—How to keep the cats away from the birds is a hard puzzle to answer. Mr. Haskins once said, "If I had a favorite cat, I would feed her until she would be too lazy to catch birds; and if some one else had a cat that misbehaved in that way—why, I'd rather save the birds than the cat. Owls and hawks catch more rats and mice than the cats."

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Stratford, Conn., August 4th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to join the army of Bird-defenders, and I send you the names of a few other boys who also wish to join. They are: Ross W. Weir, Willie B. Weir, Louis L. Barton, Jimmie B. Weir, Willie D. Mead, Charlie D. Mead, Harry M. Johnson, Tom H. Smith, John B. Vanderveer, Edward B. Vanderveer, Harry L. Vanderveer, Henry Bayard, Willie Bayard, Robert Bayard, Tunis S. Bergen, Geo. T. Bergen, Steve H. Angell, Willie A. Voorhis, Willie Marshall, Louis Emerson, Vernie Carroll, Adele Emerson, Lizzie E. Emerson, Samuel F. Emerson, I. J. Booth, Nattie H. Demarest, John F. Beers, Willie D. Mills, John Harris, Schemerhorn Halsted, Chas. Kurst, Frank Bennet, R. B. Moffat, Bainbridge Hinkley, John Obermier, Frank Slocum, Spencer Wycoff, Reed Moore, Ed. Moore, John Dolbeare, Jack Shearon, Michael McFlanagan, Charlie Grant, Ed. Smith, Louis Burritt, Chas. Brown, Ace Teft, Clarence Bedell, Sam Chauncey, Willie Willard, August Lopsaggeure, F. Spy, Ossey Wilson, J. Simpson, Robt. Halsted, Rol. Tayleure, Paul Tunison, Geo. Charles, Mark Hopkins, J. P. Ford, Willie Strong, Archibald Bird-sall, Dan Bridge, Dan McCabe, and Frank Lockwood.

Here are also a few Chinese boys, who, when I asked them if they would join the Bird-defenders, were very glad to do so. They came here on a visit to see those four Chinese boys whose names were mentioned in the ST. NICHOLAS for August: Wong Kai Kah, L. Yung, Seung Tun Yen, W. Yang Tsang, Qwong Tong, Wong Set Pow, Chow Wan Pang, Chu Si Shu, Kee Yung, Tsao Mow Cheong, Wong Fung Hai, Tgai Gheu Chi, Yun Cheong Kwan, and Cheong Woo.—Yours truly,

WALTER B. EMERSON.

Jennie Oliver sends the following list: Bessie Roberts, Hattie Jones, Gertie Jones, Jennie Keys, Mollie King, Nellie Kelly, Lizzie Lindsay, Maggie Glendinning, Susie Teaff, Ella M. Cahill, Lizzie S. Irwin, Vina Sheets, Lizzie Evans, Sadie Reed, Laura Ferguson, Clare G. Hubert, Hattie Roberts, Lizzie Spaulding, Ellie Rowon, Mena Floto, Augusta Floto, Hetty Moreland, Anna Caffnon, Jane McClure, Ida Withroe, Cara Bansell, Emma Dowey, John C. Oliver, Campbell Oliver, James G. Oliver, Eddie Bond, Frank Pierce, Stanton McGinnis, George Keith, Husby Mooney, Charlie Hunt, Willie M. Layton, Chas. Dunbar, James Smith, Rea Cady, Willie Loomis, Charlie Swards, Charley Phool, Tat Jemison, Eddie Jemison, Anna Salmon, Nettie McClain, Ella Roberts, Sally Smirhwait, Mary Johnson, Molly Moony, Rachel Moony, Minnie McKinley, Sally Bush, Emma Robinson, Kate Engle, Eva Cimeral, Ella Filson, Ida Stephens, Florence Myers, Cara Hubill, Lena Sturges, Effie Waldren, Aggie Brinkman, Mary Young, Ella Miller, Russ Jemison, Len Helms, and Tom Helms.

Geo. Cole sends the following names: Arthur Canon, Harry Vieland, Libbie Wilcox, Lucy Wilcox, Frank Wilcox, Sarah Howitt, Mary Howitt, George Sanderson, Ella Pond, Frank Tilton, Libbie Tilton, Mary Sorrel, Carrie Warren, Emily E. Hunter, Mary David, Cara Molow, Bert Fullerton, Harry Remington, Walter Remington, Sarah Remington, Josie Remington, George Graves, Harris Cook, Harry Williams, Edward Bush, Carrie Bush, Mary Bush, Ella Cary, George Trites, Kittie Owen, Fannie Sauer, Emily Royce, Frank Royce, Elmer Davison, Curtis Williamson, George Bruton, Herbert Beebe, John Andrews, Walter Gaylord, Frank Nelson, George L. Dell, Thomas Hunt, Frank Hunt, George Hunt, Samuel Hurlburd, Vinnie McCully, George Perry, Alice Perry, Frank Wing, Arthur Pendent, Frank Grover, Harry Harris, Frank Bruton, Ed. Griffin, E. Ford, S. R. Peters, Rob. Terry, Frank Newton, Tom Newe, T. O'Brien, L. S. Read, R. Read, Frank Thomas, and Ella Thomas.

Irene Barnes, of Greenville, R. I., sends this list, called "The Greenville Band": Jesse Mowry, Nelson Walcott, Henry Keech, Howard Southwick, Charlie Tobey, Ernest Kendall, Albert O. Smith,

Jenkie Smith, George Smith, Walter Smith, Allan Driscoll, Daniel Straight, Chester Walcott, Scott Barnes, Earle Winsor, Bertie Arnold, Walter Burlingame, Irving Mathewson, Clarence Mathewson, Albert Shaw, Joel Blanchard, George Cozzens, Robert Monkton, Herbert Mathewson, Frank Mathewson, Henry Mathewson, Willie Allen, Charlie Noonan, Willie Warfield, Nicholas Winsor, Nellie Steere, Maria Murphy, Julia Murphy, Mabel Smith, Emma Steere, Mattie Walcott, Edith Warfield, Flora Browne, Susie Davis, Mary Flint, Theresa Masterson, Eliza Masterson, Mary Masterson, Mary Fanning, Lillie Straight, Mattie Browne, Emily Rocke, Delma Rocke, Ida Steere, Gertrude Steere, Carrie Barnes, Maggie Murphy, Willie Warfield, Henry Rocke, Nettie Eddy, Mary Steere, and Waldo Steere.

Cora E. Jones, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., sends these names: Cora E. Jones, Minnie A. Jones, Ella C. Racer, Frank M. Spader, Charles V. Spader, Agnes A. O'Keefe, Emma C. Kane, Kittie E. Newcomb, Hattie Palmer, Anna Foshay, Ida Foshay, Kate Tutty, Mena Fleischer, Henrietta Fleischer, Lottie G. Turner, Eva I. Turner, Lillie Turner, Harry Turner, Ella Connelly, Cecilia Spader, George Spader, Katie Morris, Kate Henne, Rosa Cassidy, Mary Cassidy, James Cassidy, Terrence Cassidy, Sarah A. Weeks, Jennie E. Dexter, Tillie Brennecke, Charlie Brennecke, Julia Wolfe, Louis Wolfe, George Smith, Mary Warren, Katie Gambling, Samuel Lawrence, Ida Lawrence, Eddie Torrence, Willie Torrence, Herbert Torrence, Carrie Fleischer, Mary Brooks, Dannie Brooks, Nellie Ogden, Geo. Ogden, Annie Carthy, Thomas Bougen, Harry Cornell, Mrs. E. Cornell, Mrs. S. A. Jones, Mrs. C. Spader, William C. Delanoy, Eddie P. Delanoy, Mamie Hannan, and Maggie Purcell.

Alice G. Lucas sends this list: Fannie Hale, Mary Hardy, Evelyn Phelps, George Carter, Mary Lewis, Mattie Baker, Anna Lewis, Sadie Dunster, Hattie Collins, Nellie Smith, Harrie Barnes, Alice Lucas, Jennie Dye, Emma Hagen, Johnny Phelps, Ernest Johnson, Charlie Sturdevant, Freddie Sturdevant, Harrie Harretson, Ina Mereness, Charlie Dunster, Lilian Dunster, Francis Dunster, George Barber, Hollis Johnson, May Butchers, Nina Collins, Linn Babcock, Johnnie Montrose, May Curtis, Cora Camp, Eddie Lewis, Mary Donnelly, Lizzie Lucas, Julia Lucas, Charlotte Hewitt, Elizabeth Coe, Eliza Coe, Alice Baker, and Julia Baker.

The following list also has been received: Nettie McCluskey, Edith Hastings, Dora Hastings, Herbert Hastings, Charlie Hastings, Harry Sanford, Percy Sanford, Olive Sanford, Bert Winwood, Clara Winwood, Florence Newell, Fred Newell, T. H. Keck, C. E. Whitehead, Gertrude Clifford, Lucy Meade, Hattie Meade, Jennie Cochran, John Cochran, Jr., Hope Upfold, Stella Barnes, Carrie Barnes, Laura Barnes, H. W. Carleton, Marie Bon Nelli, Carlé Bon Nelli, Ruth Chambers, John Baxter, E. K. Hogg, Meg Jasper, Joe Jasper, Marion I. Auburne, Meta Grafton, Bertha Grafton, Jennie Lee, Frank Leonard, Arthur Leonard, Clarence Linn, Arthur St. Claire, N. E. Griswold, Bernard Stanley, Rose Lind, and Etta Silverthorne.

Theresa Freund, of Cincinnati, O., sends this list: Mary Stephenson, Mary Nevin, Ella Riordan, Minna Winkler, Emma Kanslienn, Lizzie Eichert, Minna Weber, Mary Otte, Celia Clericus, Amelia Borckenhagen, Minna King, Anna Gilligan, Emma Mueller, Julia Pagenstechers, Martha Aufdenberge, Sarah Aufdenberge, Lena Cords, Rosa Bubbe, Henrietta Emigholz, Alvina Keidel, Emily Moessinger, Augustus Moorhaus, Adam Sammet, William Reid, Herman Keck, Edward King, Louis Eberle, George Heitbrink, Edward Boettcher, Frank Theis, Frederic Bertram, Louis Bernet, Augustus Fuchs, Wm. Machle, Wm. Behlendorf, Herman Jeutzen, Wm. Grodzicki, Joseph Nevin, Matthew Woodburn, Chas. Disler, Max Ahr, Arthur Andres, John Drabing, and Charles Theis.

Laura Drayton, of Dysart, Iowa, sends this list: Laura Drayton, Mary Drayton, Emma Robinson, Ida M. Howard, Clara A. Howard, Minnie A. Farnsworth, Ella Fike, Laura Fike, Caroline Fike, Rosa S. Knupp, Susie S. Knupp, Mrs. Hattie Clayton, Eva L. Drayton, Mrs. F. A. Drayton, Nellie Porter, Hattie Dickenson, Ola Wood, Mrs. B. V. Shumaker, Belle Magorian, Ella Magorian, Mary E. McMurphy, Jasper Dodson, Noah Knupp, Charley Farnsworth, Willie J. Robinson, Ira G. Hileman, George C. Howard, Frank W. Fike, George Fike, Sammie Fike, F. H. Clayton, Orin Wood, F. Farnsworth, Bryant Dickenson, Frankie Shumaker, W. A. Drayton, Henry Magorian, Thomas Magorian, Pierce Travis, Harison Johnson, John Dempsey, and R. B. Meyers.

Charles E. Bush, of Lansing, Mich., sends this list: Chas. S. Barker, Willie Barker, Geo. Sprang, Fred Straight, John J. Bush, Jr., Percy Chapman, Julius Lederer, Willie Coleman, Earl Wood, Frank Jeune, Frank Warner, Heber Knott, Chas. Crane, J. Eddie Roe,

Carrie Bush, Nellie Porter, Frank Dart, Belle Dart, Carrie Boothroyed, Hattie Haze, Ada Fuller, Jennie Bunn, Carrie Osborn, Nancy Sanborn, Effie Longstreet, Carrie D. Pratt, Carrie F. Pratt, Carrie French, Ella Vanauken, Eva Hutchinson, Cara Wood, Hattie Bennett, Ida Case, Belle Sprang, Eliza Hinman, Lucy Cowles, Jennie Buck, May Dewey, Nellie Bertch, and E. E. West.

Ellen W. Locwell sends this list: Lucy Gillfillan, Hattie Gallup, Alfaretta Lamoree, Emma Gillfillan, Naomi Gillfillan, Frankie Gallup, Charley Burns, Lizzie Burns, Ella Kimball, Annie Kimball, Charlie Whipple, Albert Clarence, Laura Vantassel, Alice Ferguson, Norman Ferguson, Arthur C. Gillfillan, Katie Rottermann, Sarah Burns, Nettie Gallup, Ellen Gallup, Lina Stowell, Charlie Gillfillan, Norman Gillfillan, Augusta Whipple, Frank Rottermann, George Wilson, Fannie A. Stowell, Rebecca Stowell, Willie Cashen, Maggie McDonald, Mary McDonald, Katie Ward, Libbie Soboleski, and Tillie Lukehart.

Inez L. Porter sends the following names: Fanny Dony, Lena Sawyer, Ida Green, Mina Green, Augusta Bower, Eddie Bower, Fanny Porter, Albert Porter, Lina Green, Johnnie Green, Mary Brown, Agnes Brown, Ethel Ballon, Elsie Ballon, Clara Montgomery, Lena Montgomery, Mina Friend, Georgie Friend, Edith Friend, Sallie Friend, Ellen Starr, Kathie Starr, Eugene Starr, Hester Rossitur, Mary Rossitur, Edith Rossitur, Frances Groom, Agnes Groom, Susie Porter, Inez Porter, and Edgar Porter.

Ethel Ferguson, of Peoria, sends this list: Edna Gowan, Emma Gowan, Bernard Gowan, Nina Tall, Laura Tall, Edwin Tall, Simpson Tall, Nannie Sprague, Ollie Sprague, Catherine Sprague, George Smith, Laban Smith, Elsie Smith, Hiram Smith, Egbert Green, Charity Green, Mattie L. Green, Ruth Sozer, Emily Sozer, Jane Sozer, Jimmie Sozer, Lillie Sozer, Sallie Fisher, Harrie Fisher, Eugene Fisher, Hattie Fisher, Oliver Green, Robert Green, Alfred Green, Marie Green, Barbara Briggs, Anna Briggs, Julia Briggs, Julius Briggs, Isadora Brown, Isabel Brown, Horace Brown, Marie Brown, Ethel Ferguson, Blanche Ferguson, and Johnnie Ferguson.

Mary Leigh, of Newton, N. J., sends the following list: Grace Lain, Annie Priest, Mamie Swayze, Emma Woodruff, Laura Moore, Katie Moore, Stella Lee, Carrie Bunnell, Stella Smith, Kittie Rogers, Lillie Rudd, Fan Rundell, Jennie Lain, Alice Bunnell, Maude Priest, G. W. Keck, E. O. Dersheimer, Fred Nicholas, Frank Ingersoll, E. P. Snover, Victor Lecoq, W. O. Cheeseman, R. P. Crellin, Bert Burrell, Davie Couse, Sam Northrup, Sam Morford, Fred Tuttle, Louise Barrett, Lizzie J., Madge H., Annie V., Eloise V., Annie B., Eva L., Annie J., Arthur R., and Joe Clark.

Arthur Stuart Walcott, of N. Y. City, sends this list: Isabel Dazey Boynton, Eleanor V. Boynton, Theodore V. Boynton, Frederick C. Boynton, Charles E. Boynton, Chester C. Boynton, S. L. Boynton, L. B. Boynton, L. Bontelle, Bessie B. Norton, Edward Russell Norton, Jr., Thomas L. Thornell, E. W. Hamilton, E. P. Hamilton, Marion S. Hamilton, Henry A. Ferguson, B. S. Walcott, L. B. Walcott, Wm. C. Stone, Frederick H. Hamilton, Kate Davis, Ellen H. Smith, Lucius H. Smith, Wm. B. Smith, Sydney A. Smith, Sarah M. Pinckney, Annie Lawlor, Ellen Donovan, Mary Downey, J. L. Wakeford, Frank Wiseman, H. Pendleton, Eliza Pendleton, Henry G. Elliott, and Abby E. Cleaveland.

Charles E. Howe sends this list: Samuel Smith, Albert Wilson, Thomas Edye, Harry Foote, Harry Fitch, Charles Schofield, David Hughes, Harry Cooke, William Carlile, Elmer Carlile, Edith Carlile, Clara Thompson, Fred Smith, Carrie Smith, Daisy Seymour, Alice Seymour, John Seymour, Arthur Spencer, A. E. Faber, Frank Miller, Lucy Miller, Harry Fulton, Samuel Haddox, George Friend, Fannie Moore, James Moore, John Moore, William Salmon, Hattie Stanton, Harry Lomare, Paul Ney, Frank Taylor, and Belle Eaton.

The following list has been received from Englewood, N. J.: Lena Wethered, Carrie Wethered, Mollie Wethered, Woodworth Wethered, Sissy Cooke, Nannie Homans, Bessie Homans, Sarah Homans, Fannie Blake, Charlotte Blake, Minnie Haring, Amelia Haring, Mattie Waddell, Mamie Waddell, Alice Buckley, Jennie Conner, Ella Bogert, Alice Sellick, Sallie Parramore, Lizzie Jones, Lucy Halstead, Abbie Nichols, Tiny Wetmore, Mary Chester, Bessie Fisher, Madgie Wall, Clara Smith, Clara Oakley, Mary Waterbury, Virginia Banks, Julia Lyman, Charlie Waterbury, Florence Brown, and Clara Durbin.

Ettie S. Trussell, of Chester, Ohio, sends this list: Ettie S. Trussell, Lillie F. Trussell, Emma K. Tresize, Ida B. Tresize, Lillie E. Robinson, Emma M. Robinson, Ella E. Folan, Nettie J. Folan, Amanda I. Robinson, Carrie Robinson, Mary F. Tresize, Minnie A. Wallace, Sarah J. Jeroleman, Hattie Myers, Mattie R. Morse, Ella

S. Larkins, Mary Meager, Barbara Meager, Harley P. Robinson, Osman Rickets, Wallie Trussell, Sherman Smith, Charlie Kimes, Eddie Kimes, Merrill Rickets, Charlie Wallace, Dudley Smith, Wm. Moore, Wallie Morris, Thomas Jeroleman, and Willie Morse.

Hattie Boardman, of Old Fort, N. C., sends this list: Hattie Boardman, Nellie Boardman, J. H. Boardman, Elizabeth Boardman, F. E. Kennedy, R. A. McCoy, M. A. Pence, N. E. Cordell, R. H. Moore, Ellen Whitley, Eddie Whitley, Jimmie Whitley, Herbert Whitley, Willie Menzie, Sarah Kanupp, Sarah Menzie, Ellen Menzie, Kenna Menzie, Frank Curtis, Connie Curtis, Willie Sandlin, Joe Phipps, Henry Shiral, Andy Shiral, John Finch, Nancy Finch, Alsie Cordell, Annie Cordell, Amanda Godwin, and Bertha Haight.

Harry S. Thiers, of Orangeville Mills, Mich., sends these names: H. S. Thiers, Clara M. Snook, Clyde M. Clubine, Arthur N. Nevins, Frank G. Thiers, Willie Crans, Frank Hewitt, Hugh Phetteplace, Scott Phetteplace, Mattie E. Mattison, Josie L. Seales, Belle Crans, Charlie Phetteplace, Walter Beattie, Frankie Wilson, Alice H. Nichols, Adelia M. Saddler, Ella R. Flahaut, Charley England, Carrie Lamb, Bertha Van Volkenburg, Florence M. Wait, Rena A. Lamb, Curtis Brigham, Albert Nichols, and Allie Ford.

Shelbyville, Mo., sends us seven lists: (I.) From "Shelbyville Select School": A. Mütter Priest, Del Grogg, Judie Grogg, Eva Stuart, Alma Flack, Hattie Glover, Mattie Dunn, Cora Priest, Sarah Ritter, Harry M. Levan, Willie Grogg, Allie M. Ewing, Mary E. Priest, Ella F. Engle, Carrie Vance, Mary West, Fanny Marquette, Annie King, Ellen C. Parsons, Alfred L. Graves, Lucy Manville, Jennie Douglass, Arthur Levan, Bertie Manville, Hannah Stuart, Emily K. Manville, Maggie Levan, Tommie Priest, Fritz Manville, and Lillie Duncan.

(II.) Hattie Glover's list: C. W. Rust, Eliza A. Rust, Dora Engle, James Engle, Fannie Glover, Eliza Peck, W. H. Glover, Virginia Glover, Willie Glover, Albert Glover, and Nettie McDonald.

(III.) Eddie A. Burlingame's list: Alice J. Devin, Daisy E. Burlingame, Sarah S. Graves, Mrs. E. P. Burlingame, Alice Graves, Geo. L. Carley, E. P. Burlingame, Thomas P. White, John Riggs, Wm. T. McDaniel, Vernon L. Drain, Ethan Riney, O. P. Devin, and George Burlingame.

(IV.) Maggie Levan's list: Perry Reynolds, Nelly Hughes, Sam Reynolds, Walter Tolle, Recter Tolle, Ernest Reynolds, Dora Tolle, and Frank Biglow.

(V.) Mary West's list: Sarah Hiter, James Hiter, Jennie Melson, Louisa Sullivan, Mary D. Devin, Della Dobbin, Kate Chick, Laura Collier, Sallie Gunby, Minnie Grey, Mary E. McLeod, and Laura Dobbin.

(VI.) Ella Engle's list: Dora Turner, Lizzie S. Engle, Susie M. McMurphy, Fannie W. McMurphy, Susan Sonner, Mollie Priest, Rettie Priest, Susie Priest, Elizabeth Engle, Dee Shackelford, Ida Shackelford, Marmaduke Hillias, Katie Shackelford, Virgil Shackelford, Mattie Dines, Sarah Harvey, Robert McMurphy, Sammie McMurphy, Hattie Irwin, Kittie Irwin, Leonard Copenhaver, and Susie Burrus.

(VII.) Fannie Marquette's list: Katie Miller, Albert Turner, Sallie Turner, Lucy Marquette, Robert Hall, Bell Copenhaver, Fannie Smith, Sallie Oakes, Charles Copenhaver, Lizzie Miller, Emma Turner, Florence Smith, and Dora Turner.

Lizzie Hurlburt, of Oberlin, O., sends this list: Lizzie Hurlburt, Mrs. F. J. Hurlburt, H. E. Cole, F. B. Hurlburt, Charlie E. Hurlburt, Harry S. Hurlburt, Carrie M. Smith, Howard Smith, Kittie Thomas, Angie Thomas, Flora Arnold, Frankie Arnold, Gertie Morse, E. R. Cole, Hattie Worcester, Carrie E. Hendry, Anna Fisher, Jessie Russel, Susie Wallace, Minnie Edwards, Etta Moore, Gussie W. Platt, Emma Hamner, Mary Hunter, Charlie Reeves, and Mamie Whitney.

Albert E. Leach, of Mt. Vernon, N. H., sends the following list: Johnnie Bruce, Georgie F. Averill, Chester B. Averill, Johnnie Upton, Georgie E. Hill, Bertie F. Conant, Gracie Conant, Lulie E. Trevitt, May V. Trevitt, Lillie M. Dodge, Martha A. Green, Bridget Reilly, Mary Bell McCollom, Mary Ryan, Mary Reilly, Tommie Reilly, George Pike, Willie Fox, Richmond Smith, Jessie Carson, Willie Ryan, Willard Conant, Eunice A. Fox, Emma A. Bruce, and Belle Smith.

Jessie L. McDermut, of Brooklyn, sends this list: Jessie L. McDermut, Katie Lyons, Sarah Tinslow, Harry Jones, Minna Foster, Jennie Jones, Effie L. Smith, Mettie Pinkham, Annie M. Sheehan, Ida Pierce, Lizzie E. Kelly, Edith Holliday, Lillie Fowler, Emma Van Ness, Minnie Ellis, Grace Tobey, Minnie Miller, May Henry, Lillie Barnett, Nellie E. Fellows, E. P. Ellis, Nettie Richardson, Stella Johnson, and Nellie Richardson.

Lily F. Conkey, of Chicago, sends her *fourth* list: Robert Collyer, Maria P. Brace, Rose S. Wright, Helen L. Fast, Mrs. J. J. Glessner, Laura T. R. Kett, Georgie Glessner, D. F. Fast, Harry F. Kett, Frank C. Fast, Amanda Van Syckle, Geo. N. Van Houten, J. W. Hambleton, Hattie A. Edwards, Mme. Elise Luneau, I. U. Kirtland, Mamie Ely, Hattie Ely, Grace L. Whitehead, Clara Johnson, and Nellie Wright.

Hattie E. Woodward, of Big Flats, N. Y., sends this list: Mary L. Scofield, Jennie L. Lovell, Minnie Lovell, Hattie Johnson, Maggie Gildea, Mary Gildea, Altha G. Wormley, Bertha L. Wormley, Sarah M. Wormley, Celia Lucy, Lucy Lovell, Ella E. Peebles, Clara L. Scofield, Addie McNulty, Louisa McNulty, Katie Tiff, Harris Bradshaw, Ella M. H. Van Gorder, Anna Ryan, Hattie E. Woodward.

From Jacob R. Smith, of Philadelphia, this list: Quita G. Barrett, Freddie J. Barrett, Eliza A. Kane, Kate Flumerfelt, Eliza J. Magee, Annie Simpson, Kate Green, Nellie Barrett, Laura Price, Susie Price, Annie Barrett, Irene M. Smith, May Barnes, Frank G. Holbrook, Ed. Holbrook, George R. Magee, D. Jones, Lizzie Smith, William Rowen, and Jacob R. Smith.

George Scrogin, of Nicholasville, Ky., sends the following list: Willy Clemonds, B. P. Campbell, Richard Curd, John Bronaugh, James Dorman, Betty Dorman, Frank Daniel, Florence Hutchinson, George Jelf, William Lear, James Lear, Wm. Scott, Clayton Smith, Mattie Smith, Mary Spilman, Waldern Smith, Charley Glass, Mattie Wallace, Herbert Scrogin, and Geo. Scrogin.

Maud Williams and Nellie Hamilton, of Hampton Beach, send this list: Jessie T. Swinburne, Annie J. Rogers, Amy Estcourt, Josie L. Moore, Lilian J. T. Allen, Fannie King, Sadie Snow, Minnie Lee, Kittie M. G. Darling, Belle R. Home, George T. Lewis, Ebenezer Clark, Edward S. Thompson, Ephraim Lansing, Peter Berry, Geo. T. S. De Forest, James Benjamin, and Sammy Smith.

"A Mother" in Rome, Ga., sends this list: Grace Panchen, Bessie Panchen, Ruth Norton, Marion Bones, Clyde Leland, Stockton Axson, Ernest West, Charlie West, Hattie Cleveland, Johnny Fain, Charlie Nagle, Eddie Colclough, Willie Terhune, Eddie Frost, Arthur Frost, Emma Green, Mamie Fain, and Flora Fain.

Mary C. Hutz, of Chambersburg, sends this list: Mary C. Hutz, Ida B. Hamsher, Willie E. Hamsher, Andrew Stepler, Charlie Budd, Annie R. Budd, James Hamilton, Sam Hamilton, Maggie Snyder, John Snyder, Martin Snyder, Kate Snyder, Amie Miller, Fannie Shatzley, Kate Fahnestack, Hattie Ashway, and Kate Ashway.

This list is from Belle Northrop, of Center Brook, Conn.: Lizzie S. Tillett, Mary L. Tillett, Annie C. Tillett, Hattie E. Hyde, Fannie R. Hyde, Abbie G. Wilcox, Emily Wright, Maria Blake, Carrie Gladding, Esther Champlin, Jessie Chapman, Annie Chapman, Alice Gladding, Minnie Plumber, Lena Knowles, Delfie Clark, and Belle Northrop.

Arthur E. Smith, of Union, N. Y., sends this list: Arthur E. Smith, William F. West, Austin B. Whittemore, Ernest E. Smith, Clair M. Mersereau, Herbert C. Guy, Clarence A. Hagadorn, J. Louis Knapp, Irvin S. Barton, Wm. S. Mersereau, Edgar J. Mersereau, Samuel J. Mason, Eddie K. Mersereau, Bertie C. Newell, S. Mack Smith, C. Oliver, and John D. Smith.

Susie A. Murray, of New York, sends this list: Susie A. Murray, Maggie Daly, Mary Osborn, John Martin, Frank Wheeler, Edna Wheeler, Martin Wheeler, Cora Wheeler, Tillie Rothschild, Ida Rothschild, Nina Henriques, Mary S. Murray, Tillie H. Murray, K. I. Murray, Sadie Cox, and Peter Cox.

Anna R. Prouty, of Chelsea, Mass., sends this list: Anna R. Prouty, Jennie Townsend, Hattie Ramsdale, Carrie Chansboker, Etta S. Brooke, Hattie Knight, Grace Wilson, May Crooks, Dollie Curry, Flossie Tenney, Bridget Ryan, Katie Kent, and Willie Adams.

Walter N. P. Darrow, of Yorktown, N. Y., sends this list: John Gaughran, William Kear, Edward Kear, Thomas Phillips, George Sweeney, William Churchill, John Churchill, Walter N. P. Darrow, Wm. Coffey, Geo. Dekay, and Orin Smith.

Lizzie Gover, of Baltimore, sends these names: Lizzie Gover, Rosa Swain, Gussie Carter, Lizzie Gardner, Herbert Gardner, Tommy Perkins, Mamie Gover, Lucy Harding, Lizzie Hull, Nannie Walker, Mary Young, and E. Hews.

W. J. Eldridge, of Philadelphia, sends this list: Clinton J. Trout, Jr., Jennie S. Trout, May Fox, Horace Fox, Blanche E. Dexter, Henri Leone Dexter, Mary E. Supplee, Charlie Supplee, M. Myers, H. Homer Dalby, Lavinia E. Giles, Henry Giles, and Philip H. Rosenbach.

Helen E. Brown, of New York City, sends this list: Emma J. Bonner, Mamie Bonner, Carrie T. Burkam, Julia D. Brown, Issie D.

Brown, Orie D. Brown, Ethel D. Brown, Sarah J. Cobb, Ed. H. D. Brown, Robert I. Brown, Jr., and Helen E. Brown.

Lizzie Higgins, of Wolfville, sends this list: Ida Jones, Edna Gilmore, Allie Fitch, May Elder, Lena Freeman, Ernest Freeman, Kate Emming, Walter Higgins, Mockett Higgins, and Frank Higgins.

M. and S. Harvey, of Chicago, send this list: Margaret Harvey, Emma McLean, Maud Barnett, Julia Dickson, Lorena Morrell, Nellie Barnett, Milly Harvey, Lulu Fuller, James Harvey, Margaret Agnes Harvey, John Harvey, and Stuart Harvey.

Lillie V. Ladd, of Plymouth, N. H., sends this list: Renie Ladd, Maud Whitter, Hattie Chase, Katie Smith, Freddie Smith, Harry Blake, Laura Connel, Eva Blaisdel, Lillie Chase, Nettie Armstrong, and Lillie Ladd.

From J. D. Grant, of Newark, Ohio, this list: J. D. Grant, J. A. Grant, Eddie Grant, Frankie Kibler, Davie Cordray, Frankie Martin, Jessie Giffen, Hattie Evans, Willard Moul, and Eddie Wolring.

Nellie B. Wright, of Portville, sends this list: Nellie B. Wright, Mary D. Bartlett, Kate Bartlett, Nettie Ann Scofield, Belle Colwell, Frank H. Wright, Libbie Weston, Charlie B. Bennie, Kate Magavise, Frank Bartlett, and Wallie Weston.

Eva Elderkin, of Pueblo, Colorado, sends this list: Curtis Ellis, Johnnie Ellis, Annie Elderkin, Katie Stout, Lily Stanchfield, Anna Jenkins, Louis Brown, Addie Brown, Fred Bateman, Warry Weaver, and Eva Elderkin.

R. T. French, of Brooklyn, sends these names: R. T. French, Jr., Charles Hubbell, Horace Chichester, Otto Van Campen, E. Chapman, Frank Knapp, Frank French, James Reilly, and Frank Reilly.

John G. Jack sends these names of members of a "Bird-defending family": John G. Jack, May Jack, Annie Jack, Mary Jack, Willie Jack, Jamie Jack, Stanton Jack, Norman Jack, and Hope Jack.

Horace Wylie, of Washington, sends this list: Horace Wylie, Andrew Wylie, Mary Caroline Wylie, Mary Thomas Bryan, Lithea Winston, Jas. Burke, Mary Burke, Frank Duncan, Martha Stewart, and Ada Chinn.

Herbert G. Nichols, of Brooklyn, sends this list: Herbert G. Nichols, Frank Terry, Eddie Ray, James Moore, Helen Paul, Mirabel Ray, Paul R. Nichols, Eva K. Terry, Minnie C. Nichols, and Frank L. Nichols.

Madeline Palmer, of Catskill, N. Y., sends these names: Helen Gavit, Anna M. Jenkins, Harry Jenkins, Fannie Gavit, Attie Gavit, Isabelle Fassett, Fred Fassett, Jennie Gilbert, and Anna Gilbert.

James B. Cox, of Middletown, N. Y., sends this list: John Collins, Frank Low, Theodore Cox, Willie Friend, Allie Munce, Jessie Cox, Anna Gummerson, and Janie Munce.

Rosie Draper, of Washington, D. C., sends this list: Carrie Wills, David Wills, Priscilla Reed, Maude Draper, Rosie Moore, Edgar Mahan, John Moore, and Hattie Lusk.

Mary L. Davis, of Lexington, Ky., sends these names: Mary L. Davis, Emma Farnau, John Gunn, Robt. T. Gunn, Mary D. Gunn, Fannie A. Gunn, Allie R. Hunt, and Katie Hunt.

Katy S. Billings, of New York, sends this list: Katy F. Billings, George Alley, D. M. Stimson, M. L. Roberts, Abram Wakeman, Katie W. Price, and Martha Evans.

Washington, D. C., sends this list: Willie Chandlee, Eddie Chandlee, May W. R. Chandlee, Kitty A. Loomis, Mamie C. P. Chapman, Jessie Randall, and Grace Chandlee.

Willie Corson, of Hartford, Conn., sends this list: Daisy Corson, Mary Brainard, Charlie Brainard, Hatty Day, Kate Fellowes, Anna Day, and Willie Corson.

Thomas Hunt sends a list as follows: Allen Cammack, Emanuel Patterson, Cornelia Gilson, Charlie Gaines, Morrison Rea, Margaret McCooey, and Thomas Hunt.

Charles G. Moon, of Montrose, sends this list: Charles G. Moon, Willie J. Moon, Alfred Moon, Nellie A. Moon, May Moon, and Edwin Moon.

"Pearl," of Chicago, sends this list: Belle Hollister, Louise Kellogg, Emma Flagle, Jennie Eastman, Annie Eastman, and Gertie Eastman.

Annie Holden, of Batavia, sends this list: Fred Worthington, Ned Smith, Hattie Holden, Annie Russell, Georgie Holden, and Annie Holden.

Newton, Mass., sends this list: Winnie H. Burr, Frank Potter, Bertie Brackett, Fred W. Emerson, Willie O. Edmonds, and Willie O. Underwood.

Edward Markell, of Lutherville, sends a list as follows: Edward Markell, Alice Markell, Jennie H. Markell, Montgomery B. Corkran, Charles E. Corkran, and Frank Terry.

W. A. Farnsworth, of East Saginaw, Mich., sends this list: Fred Bridgeman, Geo. Glynn, Sheldon Lee, and Sarah Lee.

"Olive," of Hastings, N. Y., sends these names: Bertha Blanchard, Johnnie Blanchard, Marie Blanchard, Kate Conklyn, and Mary Hagerty.

Charlie W. Balestier, of Brattleboro, Vt., sends this list: Mrs. J. N. Thorn, Mrs. A. T. Balestier, Frank A. Thorn, Miss N. J. Bullock, B. Fitzgerald, Laura Richards, Minnie Spencer, and Laura Lucas.

Fred C. Morehouse, of Milwaukee, Wis., sends this list: Fred C. Morehouse, Lizzie P. Morehouse, Howard L. Morehouse, Jennie L. Morehouse, and Mary L. Morehouse.

Emma K. Armstrong, of Salem, Va., sends this list: Mary Ferguson, Mattie Ferguson, Nettie Stafford, Fannie Armstrong, and Emma K. Armstrong.

Here is a list from Newton, Mass.: Freddie W. Emerson, Winnie M. Burr, Willie O. Edmonds, Bertie Brackett, Frankie Potter, and Willie Underwood.

Maud King sends this list: Annie Hobson, Lizzie Surrence, Eva Gay, Hattie Gay, Helen Geer, Mary Keyes, Eddie Surrence, Eddie Barrett, Mary Mitchell, and Maud King.

Augusta L. De Vinne, of Linden, sends this list: Lizzie S. Winans, Emma J. Hackett, Mamie L. Winans, Amy M. Wood, Emma T. Ormandy, Rebecca J. Shamp, Lillie Shamp, and Eddie E. De Vinne.

May McDougall sends these names: Charlie S. Raymond, Annie Carter, F. N. West, Clara Yale, Nellie Eastman, May McDougall, Olive Wilcoxon, of Richmond, Ind., sends this list: Alice Towle, Fanny Crawford, Miltie Overman, Elmer Towle, and O. Wilcoxon.

Clara L. Coldren, of Verdi, Nevada, sends this list: Clara L. Coldren, Helen F. Coldren, and Ettie L. Coldren.

Brookville, Pa., sends this list: Frances Rodgers, Kate Rodgers, Alfred Rodgers, Mary Rodgers, and Mrs. Rodgers.

Other lists have been received as follows:

Kittie E. Lewis, Mattie Lewis, Mary Lewis, and Margaret Lewis. Walter McDonald, Dick Durgin, Eddie Filkins, and Eddie Durgin.

Linda Bergin, Mamie Moore, Daisy Hunt, and Fannie Hunt. Charlie Willard, John Bates, Evie Styles, and Frank Troup.

Mrs. Annie Dalmas, Carrie Dalmas, Nannie Dalmas, and Philip Dalmas.

E. Grant Keen, Florence Sheeler, Emily Keen, and Lillie M. Keen. F. J. Kellogg, M. C. Buck, and Villa Kellogg.

Inez Simms, Willie C. Houghton, and Herbie R. Houghton. Eddie Field, Josie Field, and Lottie Field.

Maggie T. Jakes, Sadie C. Barnard, and Maggie Barnard. Cynthia Murdock, Lizzie Smith, and Alice Murdock.

Bennie P. Holbrook, Fred L. Sweetser, and Charlie E. Holbrook. Addie Soliss, Johnnie Soliss, and Daisy Soliss.

Benny S. Cooke, Clement Cooke, and Hannah M. Cooke. Charlie W. Pittenger, Fred Pittenger, and Annie M. Pittenger.

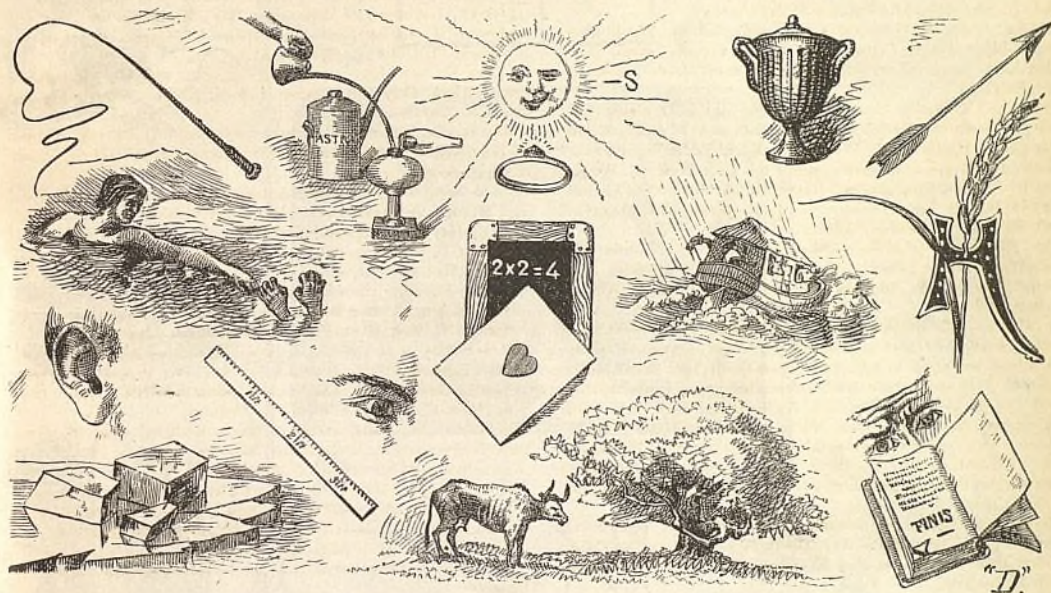
Ellie S. Fannin, Ernst A. Fannin, and O. Porter Fannin, Jr.

Besides the above, the following names have been received: Wm. H. Hotchkiss, Walter B. Hotchkiss, Winnie Howells, Johnnie Howells, Frank Tatum, Willie Tatum, Belle A. Sites, Leslie H. Ingham, Tommie Napier, Johnnie Napier, Georgiana P. Hays, Helen A. Hays, C. Burr Grinstead, W. Stanley Grinstead, Francis B. Sanborn, V. C. Sanborn, Fay Granberry, Ella Granberry, Lizzie Wallace, Willie Wallace, J. Lauriston, Willie C. Stone, Annie Robinson, Willie Robinson, Alfred Wallace, Mary F. Wallace, Minnie Gould, Orin B. Gould, Thomas Hunt, Edward Livingston Hunt, Rosalie M. Bemis, Ida A. Bemis, Harry H. M. Johnson, Duncan S. Merwin, Susie R. Duryee, Clifford H. Holcombe, Mattie Sever, Annie F. Mills, James N. Ballantine, Nellie Croul, Ransom L. Maynard, Louisa P. Morgan, H. F. J. Hockenberger, Elmer Willison, Howard Knewels, Mary S. Turnure, Thomas R. Harris, Mollie Brounson, Helena W. Chamberlain, Mary S. Beauvais, Nellie C. Beckwith, Mary C. Eastman, George O. Brott, Louis M. Sawdon, Heywood Cuthbert, Johnny Baker, Charles H. Chapman, Willie A. Lewis, Gracie Bigelow, Ollie Godfrey, Jennie Dorr, Joseph Evan Detwiler, Richard Aldrich, Josie R. Ingalls, Jennie Willard, E. Lucky Williams, Neville Castle, Frederic R. King, Edward A. Williams, Lizette H. Fisher, Amy Waters, Arthur D. Cross, William H. Atkinson, Robert W. Atkinson, Lida A. Clark, Jimmie Crowell, Ella Crowell, Helen Wilson, Julian Wilson, Gilbert Wilson, Edith L. Strays, Mamie Barris, Julia Perry, Bessie F. Hooper, Mary Kuhn, Addie Kuhn, Edmund S. Smith, Francis H. Smith, Walstein G. Smith, Calvin Cicero Littlejohn, Margaret H. Wyman, Jeanie Dwight, Theodore Dwight, Georgie Maxwell, Nellie De Rhodes, and Hattie C. D. De Rhodes.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

(With a certain prefix of two letters make a word of each of these designs.)



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials form the name of a famous story-teller, and the finals those whom he loved. 1. An Eastern language. 2. A noted Bible character. 3. A city of India. 4. The opposite of good. 5. A king of England. 6. A precious metal. 7. A part of the day. 8. A famous conqueror.

L. W. H.

EASY CROSS-WORD.

My first is in May, but not in June;
My second is in air, but not in tune;
My third is in bun, but not in cake;
My fourth is in sleep, and also in wake;
My fifth is in wild, but not in tame;
My whole, you will find, is a little girl's name.

M.

TRANSMUTATIONS.

1. WHEN a letter stands opposite any object, it destroys something. 2. A letter by cooking raises a quarrel. 3. Military officers appear when a letter appends its name to a document. 4. Give a letter a certain rank and it becomes consolidated. 5. Attach a letter to part of a ship, and it becomes part of the body. 6. When a letter imitates an animal, it is preparing to travel. 7. A letter when a sailor, becomes a disease. 8. When a letter is more certain, it will be a miser. 9. Sometimes a letter forms parts of speech by being mischievous. 10. When a letter chastises, pleasure carriages abound.

RUTH.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

My left slope was a transformed king, who upheld the heavens. My right is a stone. My center, exhalations. My first, a vowel. My second, a steam-vessel. My third, an undeveloped insect. My fourth, a vegetable coloring matter. My fifth, a kind of stone. J. B.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. I AM glad that — was left in the —. 2. I will — that bird if it — near me. 3. I — his opinion about the —. 4. Thy Russian leather called — has a — smell. 5. The fracture was — the —. 6. — are taken from a bird, but a — is an animal. 7. You have trained that — in an — manner. 8. Will they — the decree when they — its hidden meaning.

RUTH.

REVERSALS.

1. A WORD meaning to come together; reverse, and find to abound. 2. To boast; reverse, and find clothing. 3. Winged animals; reverse, and find to stick with a knife. 4. A timid animal; reverse, and find a marsh plant. 5. A blot; reverse, and find lids. 6. Kitchen utensils; reverse, and find a garden vegetable. 7. A voyage; reverse, and find frisky.

C. C.

SQUARE-WORD.

My first is sought beneath the sea,
An ornament for you or me;
On some high cliff or towering tree,
My next the hunter bold may see;
My third, the rose to you will give,
Long as its blushing petals live;
My fourth, each little twig may be,
When frost has silvered shrub and tree;
My fifth serves, in the printer's art,
To keep the crowded lines apart.

B.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

1. RICH I lived, but poor I die. 2. The ape runs up the tree. 3. Put a hat on your head, or you will take cold. 4. Such I named it, at any rate. 5. Yes, hide it, papa, lest I never cease to look at it. M.W. and T. S.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The central picture indicates the whole word from the letters of which the words represented by the other designs are to be formed.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

EASY METAGRAM.—Sot, cot, Lot, rot, not, hot, dot, jot
BEHEADED RHYMES.—Start, tart, art—Plate, late, ate.
RIDDLE.—Kingfisher. 1. Fish. 2. Shiner. 3. Fin. 4. Fresh. 5.
Keg. 6. Knife. 7. Fries. 8. Fire. 9. Fisher. 10. Sinkers.
TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. Tailor. 2. Dentist. 3. Doctor. 4. Milliner.
5. Drug-store. 6. Groceries. 7. Post-office. 8. Cash-store. 9. Dry-
goods.

ENIGMA.—Alfred Tennyson.

ENIGMA.—Alfred Tennyson.
 SQUARE No. 1.—Indian Turnip (Jack-in-the-Pulpit)

CHARADE, No. 1.—Indian Turnip Jack.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—America, England.

A — ppl — E
M — a — N
E — ndin — G
R — aphae — L
I — ow — A
C — anaa — N
A — n — D

REBUS.-

A —n— D
 "He showed a tent
 A stone-shot off; we entered in, and there,
 Among piled arms and rough accouterments,
 Piteful sight, wrapt in a soldier's cloak,
 Like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot,
 And pushed by rude hands from its pedestal."

CHARADE, No. 2.—Together.

WORD-SQUARE.

DAISY
AROMA
IONIC
SMITH

Y A C H T
ELLIPSES.—1. Florence. 2. Olive. 3. Anna. 4. Laura. 5. Rose.
6. Abigail. 7. Persis. 8. Sally. 9. Eugenia. 10. Viola. 11. Sibyl.
12. Grace. 13. Victoria.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

PUZZLE. S
L A R
M A T E D
T I T U L A R
C A M E R A T E D
P I R A T E D
C A T E S
L E D

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Bird-defenders.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
HIDDEN SQUARE.—

rd-defender
H O M E
O P A L
M A I L
E L L A

ARCHITECTURAL PUZZLE.—Catherine-wheel window. 1. Lancel
window. 2. Arch. 3. Niche. 4. Tower. 5. Arcade.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER were received, previous to August 18, from George W. Broun, Clinton B. Poe, Grace C., Florence E. Hyde, Alice M. Hyde, Harry Nyce, Mary C. Goodwin, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Mary J. Tilghman, Charley Gartrell, Louise M., Rosie Draper, Nettie E. Stevens, Laurens T. Postell, T. F. Sykes, Olin Borgess, Katie G. Bolster, Jennie S. Leh, Clement A. Walker, Jr., Charlie B. Bennett, A. F. S., Allie H. Smith, Mary E. Chandler, "E. and F., Ida Christianity, Clelia D. Mosher, Marcia A. Lamphier, "A Clover Blossom," Nathaniel Haven, C. W. Coleman, Willie L. Young, Mary C. Foster, "5-11," Helen Reese, Robt. M. Reese, "Little Bird," J. P. Gilchrist, Carrie Simpson, "Little Nell," Charlie W. Balestier, Nellie S. Smith, Edith L. Shays, Nellie B. Wright, Kitty A. Loomis, Eugene L. Lockwood, "Olive," Cynthia Murdock, "Puck and Pansy," W. H. Rowe, "Bowie," Jesse R. Lerch, Wm. H. Healy, "Nimpo," M. H. Rochester, "Ovid," Leila Delano, Charley W. Rice, Rachel Hutchins, Alice W. Ques, Susie A. Murray, E. S. M. and R. B. M., Lizzie Merrill, Etta B. Singleton, Charles H. Delaney, Perlee and Isabel Rieman, Frank H. Belknap, Russell Fearon, Ernest Wilmarth, Hattie D. C. De Rhodes, and Julia D. Hunter.



5. Rose.
II. Sibyl.

I. Lancet

Grace C.,
ell, Louise
A. Walker,
Lamphier,
ese, "Little
nt, Kitty A.
H. Healy,
S. M. and
ron, Ernest

