

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

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No. 2.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

"My life is a beautiful fairy-tale," says Hans Christian Andersen; "happy and full of incident." And, indeed, if you had read his own account of it, you would think it was as good a fairy-tale as was ever written.

There was very little difference to him between a real story and a fairy-tale; for his own fairy-tales were always very real to him, and, as I once heard him say, "Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's finger."

This was, indeed, the strain in which he always spoke whenever he told the wonderful story of his childhood in the little city of Odense, his journey to Copenhagen, and his rise—not to fortune and power, but to what is far better than fortune and power—to a place in the hearts of all little boys and girls all over the wide world; for his stories are, perhaps, the only books except the Bible that have been translated, not only into English and French and German, but even into Japanese and Hindostanee, and all manner of strange languages. Little brown-cheeked Hindoo children, sitting under the broad-leaved palm-trees on the banks of the Ganges, read the tales of "The Little Match-Girl," "The Ice-Maiden," and "The Elder-Tree's Mother." Little Chinese boys, with yellow skin and sloping eyes, and with queer names like Fu-Sing-Ho and Ching-Chang-Chuck (a sort of monosyllabic beads strung together with hyphens), laugh until the tears run down their cheeks at the adventures of "The Tin Soldier" and the councilor in "The Slippers of Fortune." Dark-eyed Spanish and Italian mothers tell these

same stories to their children, sitting at their bed-sides before kissing them good-night. And in the North—in Denmark and England and Norway and Sweden—there is hardly a child who has not rejoiced in the good fortune of Little Tuk who learned his geography lesson in his sleep, and cried over the unhappy fate of Knud in "Under the Willow-Tree." And at night, when the old Children's Poet sat at his table, and the student-lamp with the green shade threw a large ring of light around it, while a sort of greenish dusk seemed to fill the rest of the room, then all these children came from all parts of the earth, and their curly heads and chubby faces thronged around their old poet,—for then he was writing a story for them, and they were eager to see what it might be. When he had written something which was very funny, all the little boys and girls laughed, and their bright laughter filled the room; but when the poet had gone to bed and was asleep, the laughter followed him in his dreams, and it grew and grew, rippling onward from land to land, until all the children in Germany, England, Asia and America laughed at the funny thing he had written. But if it was something sad, then their eyes grew big with tears, and the tear went from land to land as the laughter had done.

Hans Christian Andersen was born in the city of Odense, on the island of Funen, April 2d, 1805, and he died in Copenhagen, August 4th, 1875. His father was a poor shoemaker, and lived with his wife and child in a small room, which had to serve them as parlor, bedroom, nursery, and



kitchen. The bed in which the whole family slept the shoemaker had himself made out of the catafalque of a deceased nobleman, and the funeral trappings of black cloth, which the father no doubt thought very ornamental, were still attached to the frame. While Hans Christian was a child, he mostly amused himself with sewing dolls' clothes and arranging puppet theaters; and his mother, who fancied that it would be a great thing if in time he could become a tailor, gave him all the rags and paper she could spare. But he did not like the idea of being a tailor; he would much prefer to be a prince or a noble, or perhaps a king, who could wear fine gold-embroidered clothes and ride in a gilt carriage of his own, drawn by six beautiful horses. But as there was little prospect of his being made king in any ordinary way, he thought of all sorts of extraordinary ways; and it was on this account that he took such pleasure in his theater, because there he could make himself king or general, or even emperor, and in fact anything he chose, and even believe in it himself for the moment. Indeed, there was nothing too incredible for him to believe. One day, for instance, an old woman who washed clothes told him that the empire of China was situated under the river of Odense. "And," says Andersen in "The Story of My Life," "I did not find it at all impossible that a Chinese prince, some moonlight night when I was sitting there, might dig himself through the earth up to us, hear me sing, and then take me with him to his kingdom, make me rich and noble, and finally let me visit Odense, where I would live and build me a castle. Many an evening did I occupy myself with tracing and making ground-plans for it."

You see, then, that fairy-stories came very natural to Andersen, for he was hardly five years old when he had made a fairy prince of himself, and imagined himself living in a palace. And ever since then has he been continuing that fairy-tale; it had a great many chapters, each one of which was always brighter and prettier than the one before. The first you have already heard; it was about a poor shoemaker's child in Odense who sewed dolls' clothes and wished he were a prince; the last was sent by telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean only a few months ago, and that too, although it brought tears to many eyes, was not altogether a message of sorrow. It told that a great poet, whom all children loved, was dead; but I shall tell you about that presently.

When Andersen was only five or six years old he lost his father, and his mother had to take in washing to support herself and her son. Like many other poor children, he was sent to a factory where he was to work; but the laborers there teased him

and made sport of him, and, as he was not a brave boy, he ran home to his mother and said that he would never go back again; and his mother petted him, and yielded to his wish. In school he hardly fared much better; the school-mistress, who sat with a long rod in her hand at the end of the table, once happened to hit him, and again he ran away, and, as usual, his mother indulged him. In the house of an old lady, Mrs. Bunkeflod, he now got hold of a translation of Shakespeare, and immediately began to write a tragedy of his own, in which everybody killed himself or was killed by somebody else.

In Denmark every boy and girl must spend a year in preparing for confirmation, and during this time they receive religious instruction once or twice a week from the pastor of the parish. Andersen went with a great many other children to such a black-robed pastor, and was at last confirmed. But because his parents were poor, and his clothes were a great deal too large for him, the boys would have nothing to do with him, and only a little girl now and then addressed a kind word to him, for which he was very grateful. He was "a regular girl's boy," his companions said; he cried when you hit him, and never struck again, and he cared neither for leap-frog nor marbles. But he was very fond of books, and sat at home reading when other boys were at play.

When he was confirmed, his mother tried with all her might to persuade him to learn the tailor's trade; but instead of that, he wanted to go to Copenhagen and become famous. And as she could not induce him to do as she wished, she yielded and allowed him to do as he pleased. So she gave him all the money she had, which was about five dollars, and with this in his pocket he started out for Copenhagen. There he called upon an actress, in the hope of getting a situation at the theater; he told her, with child-like openness, the whole history of his life, and, to prove his efficiency as an actor, began to declaim poetry to her, and at last to dance, until she was quite frightened, and thought that he was out of his mind. His money was soon spent, and he walked about the streets, not knowing what to do; but in his distress, it occurred to him to appeal for aid to the Italian singer Siboni, whose name he had once seen in a newspaper; and Siboni received him kindly and helped him until he caught a severe cold and lost his voice. Other kind people, however, gradually became interested in the gentle, warm-hearted lad, and some even offered to instruct him gratuitously in German, Danish and Latin. It was at this time that he became acquainted with the councilor Collin (a man well known in Danish history), who interested himself sincerely in his welfare, and in

whose family he was henceforth received as a son. The King, at Collin's suggestion, granted an annual sum for his education, and he was sent to the Latin school at Slagelse, where he was to prepare for the University. The principal of this school (or rector, as he was called in Denmark) was a harsh and hot-tempered man, who hardly understood how to deal with a timid and sensitive boy like Andersen; so he made a scapegoat of him, and held him up to ridicule before the school, and, considering the usual pitilessness of boys toward a less favored comrade, it is almost a wonder that the scholars did not imitate the teacher's example. Imagine a tall, lank, pale-faced lad of sixteen, with a very large nose, light curly hair, stooping shoulders, and very long arms, which he seemed never to know what to do with; add to this that he belonged to the very lowest class, where he loomed up above the heads of all the rest, and that he never was known to return a blow, and it does seem strange that nobody except the teacher tried to take advantage of him. In order to console himself in the midst of his loneliness, he wrote poems, and, during a visit in the Christmas vacation to the Collin family, was induced to read some of them aloud at an evening party. The principal, on learning this, took him severely to task, declared his poems to be miserable trash, and forbade him writing any more in future.

At last, after many years of arduous study, Andersen entered the University of Copenhagen,—or became a student, as the Danes call it,—and now, at last, his life began to turn up its brighter pages before him. It is a great thing to be a *civis academicus*, or a student, in Denmark; the University, with its graduates and under-graduates, forms, as it were, a world by itself, in sharp contrast to the Philistines, or merchants, artisans, and trades-people, who have not had the advantage of a collegiate education. No man can hold an office under the Government without being a graduate of the University or one of the military academies, and the so-called best society consists almost exclusively of Government officials, army officers, and still unemployed University people. To this society the young poet was now admitted,—no longer by grace, but by virtue of his position and his own merit. He immediately turned his attention earnestly to writing, and in a short time finished his first book, "A Journey on Foot to Amager." He had evidently learned from his rector in Slagelse that his own traits of character—his maidenly shyness and his readiness to weep over everything—had its ludicrous side, and in this book he shows himself as quite a different man. You hardly recognize the lachrymose, sentimental youth you knew at Slagelse; here he tries his best

to make fun of everything, and as there is nothing which people like better than fun, his book had a large sale, and soon everybody talked about it and the newspapers were full of it. Encouraged by his success, he published an edition of his collected poems, which also was received with great favor; and with the money which this brought him, he started on a journey through Zealand, Funen, and Jutland. It was on this journey that he met a young girl with whom he fell deeply in love, but who, unfortunately, at the time was engaged to another man, and as Andersen never met another woman whom he could love as he loved this girl, he remained unmarried all his life. Many years later, a peasant girl, who had heard about him as a great and world-renowned poet, whom all men honored,—and who, I believe, had also read some of his stories,—took it into her head that he was the one man she wanted to marry. So she started out for Copenhagen, where Andersen was then living, went to his house, and told him her errand. You can imagine how astonished he must have been at being told by a young, handsome girl that she wished to marry him.

"I should be so very good to you," said she, "and always take good care of you."

"But, my dear girl, I don't wish to be married," answered he; and she departed as suddenly as she had come.

After his return from his journey, he published a small book containing a description of "The West Coast of Jutland," and then went to Germany, where he became acquainted with the famous German authors Tieck and Chamisso. He had now no longer any royal stipend, and had to write constantly in order to support himself; and as no kind of writings are so profitable as dramas and comedies, he undertook to adapt Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor" and "Kenilworth" to the stage, receiving the assistance of two musicians, Weyse and Hartmann, who composed the music. But the Danes are very fond of their own little country, and believe that there is no literature in the world equal to their own. Therefore they ridiculed this attempt of Andersen's to introduce a foreign novelist upon their stage. The critics all turned against him; people, whether they knew him or not, had the impudence to lecture him, and some even made wry faces at him in the street. Even his previous works were now condemned. Once it even happened that a clergyman attacked his poems at an evening party where Andersen himself was present, passing over everything that was good, and only counting, for instance, how many times the word "beautiful" was repeated on every page. At last, a little girl, six years old, who had been following in the book, and had found that

almost every word had been attacked, turned to the clergyman and said, quite innocently: "There is one word yet which you have not scolded about. It is 'and.'"

To be attacked at an evening party may be bad enough; but, according to Danish notions, there is one thing which is still worse, and that is to be attacked in print. And at this time the now deceased poet Henrik Hertz published, without his name, a series of poems called "Letters from the Dead," in which he makes a Danish author, Baggesen, amuse himself in Paradise by ridiculing Andersen and many other living men. The poems were very wittily written, and had a great success. Andersen felt completely crushed, and the Danes thought that now, at last, he was demolished forever. Meanwhile, his true friend, Collin, who saw how very unhappy he was, advised him to ask the King for a stipend for foreign travel; and the King, on the recommendation of a great many distinguished men, granted the stipend, and Andersen once more hastened out into the wide world.

After a slow and tedious journey through Germany, he reached Paris, where a number of young Danes were at that time studying; but, as foreigners are very apt to do, they kept constantly together and spoke only their own language. Thus, at the end of three months, our poet knew hardly any more of French than he did at his arrival. He, therefore, hastened away from Paris, and in the month of August took up his residence in the little village Le Locle, in the Jura Mountains, where all the houses are filled with watches and all the inhabitants are watchmakers. Here he finished a poem, "Agnete and the Merman," which he had commenced in Paris, and sent it home to Copenhagen to be printed. And printed it was, and very cruelly ridiculed and attacked on all sides. Andersen felt that if he was to maintain his position as an author, he would have to produce some larger work, the merit of which would be beyond dispute, and which should compel his countrymen to recognize the genius which he knew he possessed. Therefore, during his stay in Italy, where he went during the following Winter, he began his great romance, "The Improvisatore," which you must be sure to read some time in your life, if you have not read it already. In Rome, Andersen met the great Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, who was born on the ocean between Iceland and Denmark, and who descended from Snorre Thorfinsen, according to the Norse Sagas the first white man born on the American continent.* Thorwaldsen was a most noble and kind-hearted man, who encouraged Andersen by his hearty praise, and remained a

good friend to him as long as he lived. "The Improvisatore," although the hero of the book is an Italian and not a Dane, describes the author's own struggles and sufferings in his efforts to obtain recognition for himself as a poet. And if Andersen had not suffered so much, and been so sensitive to suffering, he could hardly have described with such truthfulness the sufferings of another. The book is, at the same time, perfectly Italian in sentiment, and is a most beautiful account of the life, scenery, and traditions of that beautiful land.

Now followed, in quick succession, two more novels,—"Only a Fiddler" and "O. T.,"—both interesting narratives of popular life in Denmark. The letters "O. T." mean "Odense Tugthus" (the penitentiary of Odense), where the hero happens to be born, and, according to custom, he has these two letters burned into his arm, like any other criminal. When he is old enough, he leaves the penitentiary; but the dreadful mark still clings to him, and, of course, it leads to many strange adventures, which I shall not tell you, but leave you to find out by yourselves, if you care to get the book.

The success of these novels made a great change in Andersen's fortunes. The Count Conrad of Rantzau-Breitenburg (all nobles, you know, have very long and hard names, and the nobler they are the longer their names are), who was then Prime Minister of the kingdom, had read "The Improvisatore," and now went to find the author in his little lonely garret, high up under the roof. He invited him to come and visit him in his great castle in Holstein, and offered him his friendship; and by means of that friendship, the poor poet, who hitherto, in spite of the great sale of his books, had hardly had money enough to buy his clothes, obtained an annual salary from the Government, which was continued to his death. And this may be the reason why those who have read "The Story of My Life," have got the idea that Andersen was a snob. He did certainly adore rank and royalty—not, perhaps, because he considered kings and nobles to be better than other people, but because they always stood by him when he was in trouble, and were his friends when the critics and the whole public of the capital treated him with harshness.

Some time later appeared a drama called "The Mulatto," which was brought out in the Theater Royal of Copenhagen, and added to the fame of the author. His works now began to appear in translations in English, German, French, Swedish, Russian, Bohemian, and, in fact, in all European languages. Favorable criticisms appeared in for-

* Snorre Thorfinsen was born in the year 1008, when, according to the Sagas, the Norsemen for the second time discovered America. (See R. B. Andersen's book, "America Not Discovered by Columbus." Griggs & Co., Chicago. 1874.)

eign journals, and Andersen was hailed everywhere as Denmark's greatest poet. The Danes themselves shook their heads doubtfully, and long refused to listen to the strange rumors from abroad, until at last the beautiful "Wonder-Stories" began to appear, and they, too, had to open their eyes and acknowledge that they had been mistaken in their judgment.

After that time Andersen went abroad almost every year, and wherever he came everybody flocked to see him; collegians came in torchlight processions to serenade him, and kings and princes invited him to their palaces, made him costly presents, and asked him to read his own stories to them,—for Andersen had a most beautiful and sympathetic voice, and read his own works wonderfully well. I can speak here from my own experience, for I once heard him read "The Ugly Duckling," and I shall never forget it. There was something so strangely soft and sweet and child-like in his manner of pronouncing his own soft language. English he understood, but spoke it very poorly; he was hardly much more proficient in French, but spoke German with great fluency, although with a decidedly foreign accent.

Of his later works, "The Wonder-Stories," which you all know; the novel, "The Two Baronesses;" and the biographies, "The Story of My Life" and "A Poet's Bazaar," may be worthy of mention. Besides these, he has written a great many dramas, which had their day of success, but are now nearly forgotten.

It was in September, 1873, now two years ago, that I met Andersen. He was then very sick, and sat in a large easy-chair, wrapped in a flowered dressing-gown. He always held my hands in his while I sat at his side talking with him, and I saw the tears coming into his eyes when I told him how much the children in America loved him, how well they knew his stories, and how happy they would be if he would come over here and let them see him.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I have thought of that many times. But now I am too old and stiff in my legs. If you could telegraph me across to the American children, I should start to-morrow. I am never very well on the ocean. But if you write anything about me, as you say you are going to do, you may give my love to all the little boys and girls who know my stories, and tell them that I would have come if I had not been so old and sick."

His hair was quite white then, for he was sixty-eight years old; his face was very pale, as it always was, but there was a beautiful, gentle, and affectionate expression in his gray eyes, which made one quite forget that he was really a homely man. He was fully six feet tall, but stooped heavily when

he walked; and somehow, even in his old age, he seemed to prefer coats and pantaloons that were too large for him, and as far removed from the reigning fashion as possible. Wherever he went in the quaint old city of Copenhagen, the children flocked about him, climbed up on his knees, and even on his shoulders, in order to listen to his stories. And when he heard of a little boy or girl who was sick, he was sure to come and sit at his or her bedside, and tell the most charming fairy-tales about storks, and princes, and plants, and all kinds of animals, until the child quite forgot that it was sick, and only seemed to see the beautiful things which he told. In the streets the boys always took off their hats to him,—for all boys knew him,—and the little girls curtsied, while he stopped to pat their cheeks.

A friend of mine, who was quite an old boy when this happened, once came very near losing his eyesight. He was brought to the hospital, where nobody knew him, and the room was darkened, so that he could see nothing, not even his own hand when he held it up before his eyes. He had lain in this way for a whole week, and almost wished he were dead, when one evening there came a gentle tap on the door, and a man entered and sat down on the bedside. My friend did not know the man; and even if he had known him, it would have been too dark to see his face.

"I am Hans Christian Andersen," said the man. "I heard that you were sick, and I have been sick myself, and know what it is. Would you allow me to sit down and talk to you, and tell you some stories?"

My friend, naturally enough, was very grateful, and did not object to being entertained. And almost every night for two weeks Andersen returned. When the thick curtains could be drawn aside from the windows, he read aloud, mostly his own writings, for he liked better to read his own stories and poems than those of others. This is only one of a hundred incidents of the same kind which the people in Copenhagen tell of him; and no one will wonder that, with all his peculiarities and odd habits, they could not help loving him. He was a dear and beloved friend in every household; from the King down to the poorest artisan, every one knew and honored him. Every door and every heart was open to him. They no longer lectured and criticised him; every page that he wrote was eagerly grasped by young and old, and read with pleasure and gratitude.

At his death all the kingdom mourned; and not only Denmark, but Norway, Sweden, and Germany sent wreaths of the most precious flowers to adorn his coffin. The royal family, the officers of the army, the students and professors of the Uni-

versity, guilds of artisans, all the literary men of the city, and, in fact, all who could throng into the large church of Our Lady, were present at the funeral and followed in a long procession to his grave. Subscriptions have now been taken up to erect a statue to him, and from everywhere—from city and country—contributions have been pouring in.

One thing more. You remember the story of "The Ugly Duckling," which the hens and chickens were always pecking at because he was not like them; and the ducks hated him because he was not

quite like them either. For a long time it was a very unhappy kind of life he led there in the poultry-yard. But at last there came two large, majestic birds sailing down the stream. The ugly duckling suddenly spread his wings and flew toward them. He felt that he was one of them—and three swans rose high in the air.

That ugly duckling (I know it on the very best authority) was the poet himself. He suffered long among the hens and ducks, but at last he rose high above them, and now they all see that he was a swan—a great poet.

Hans Christian Andersen.

[In the frontispiece, in the center of which is an entirely new portrait of Andersen, you will see in the upper left hand corner a picture of "The Ugly Duckling." Under this is the "Elder-Tree Mother," and in the lower left hand corner we see the good Councilor Knapp. In the upper right hand corner is "Little Tuk," and under it "The Little Match-Seller." In the lower right hand corner you see a scene in "Under the Willow-Tree." At the top, in the middle, is "The Brave Tin Soldier," and at the bottom we have a scene from "The Ice Maiden."]

THE LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS.

By H. H.

THE tales of good St. Nicholas
Are known in every clime;
Told in painting, and in statues,
And in the poet's rhyme.
For centuries they've worshiped him,
In churches, east and west;
Of all the saints we read about
He is beloved the best.
Because he was the saint of all
The wretched and the poor,
And never sent a little child
Unsuccored from his door.
In England's isle, alone, to-day,
Four hundred churches stand
Which bear his name, and keep it well
Remembered through the land.
And all the little children
In England know full well
This tale of good St. Nicholas,
Which I am now to tell.
The sweetest tale, I think, of all
The tales they tell of him;
I never read it but my eyes
With tears begin to swim.

There was a heathen king who roved
About with cruel bands,
And waged a fierce and wicked war
On all the Christian lands.
And once he took as captive
A little fair-haired boy,
A Christian merchant's only son,
His mother's pride and joy.
He decked him in apparel gay,
And said, "You're just the age
To serve behind my chair at meat,
A dainty Christian page."
Oh, with a sore and aching heart,
The lonely captive child
Roamed through the palace, big and grand,
And wept and never smiled.
And all the heathen jeered at him
And called him Christian dog,
And when the king was angry
He kicked him like a log,
And spat upon his face, and said:
"Now, by my beard, thy gods
Are poor to leave their worshippers
At such unequal odds."



"WHEN FLYING THROUGH THE AIR,
THE SAINT CAME CARRYING THE BOY,
STILL BY HIS CURLY HAIR!"

One day, just as the cruel king
Had sat him down to dine,
And in his jeweled cup of gold
The page was pouring wine,

The little fellow's heart ran o'er
In tears he could not stay,
For he remembered suddenly,
It was the very day

On which the yearly feast was kept
Of good St. Nicholas,
And at his home that very hour
Were dancing on the grass,
With music, and with feasting, all
The children of the town.
The king looked up, and saw his tears;
His face began to frown:
"How now, thou dog! thy sniveling tears
Are running in my cup;
'T was not with these, but with good wine,
I bade thee fill it up.
Why weeps the hound?" The child replied:
"I weep, because to-day,
In name of good St. Nicholas,
All Christian children play;
And all my kindred gather home,
From greatest unto least,
And keep to good St. Nicholas
A merry banquet feast."
The heathen king laughed scornfully:
"If he be saint indeed,
Thy famous great St. Nicholas,
Why does he not take heed
To thee to-day, and bear thee back
To thy own native land?
Ha! well I wot, he cannot take
One slave from out my hand!"

Scarce left the boastful words his tongue
When, with astonished eyes,
The cruel king a giant form
Saw swooping from the skies.
A whirlwind shook the palace walls,
The doors flew open wide,
And lo! the good St. Nicholas
Came in with mighty stride.
Right past the guards, as they were not,
Close to the king's gold chair,
With striding steps the good Saint came,
And seizing by his hair
The frightened little page, he bore
Him, in a twinkling, high
Above the palace topmost roof,
And vanished in the sky.

Now at that very hour was spread
A banquet rich and dear,
Within the little page's home,
To which, from far and near,
The page's mourning parents called
All poor to come and pray

With them, to good St. Nicholas,
Upon his sacred day.
Thinking, perhaps, that he would heal
Their anguish and their pain,
And at poor people's prayers might give
Their child to them again.

Now what a sight was there to see,
When flying through the air,
The Saint came carrying the boy,
Still by his curly hair!
And set him on his mother's knee,
Too frightened yet to stand,
And holding still the king's gold cup
Fast in his little hand.
And what glad sounds were these to hear,
What sobs and joyful cries,
And calls for good St. Nicholas,
To come back from the skies!
But swift he soared, and only smiled,
And vanished in the blue;
Most likely he was hurrying
Some other good to do.
But I wonder if he did not stop
To take a passing look
Where still the cruel heathen king
In terror crouched and shook;
While from the palace all his guards
In coward haste had fled,
And told the people in his chair
The king was sitting dead.

Hurrah for good St. Nicholas!
The friend of all the poor,
Who never sent a little child
Unsuccored from his door.
We do not pray to saints to-day,
But still we hold them dear,
And the stories of their holy lives
Are stories good to hear.
They are a sort of parable,
And if we ponder well,
We shall not find it hard to read
The lesson which they tell.
We do not pray to saints to-day,
Yet who knows but they hear
Our mention of them, and are glad
We hold their memory dear?
Hurrah for good St. Nicholas,
The friend of all the poor,
Who never sent a little child
Unsuccored from his door!

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER III.

CAMPING OUT.

IOWA was not a thickly settled State in those days, and a journey across it was not so very different from the progress of a caravan across the continent. But there were farm-houses along the road where the emigrants could procure milk, fresh vegetables, and bread. They had little money, and only bought such things as would help them economize their stock of provisions. By and by they would be out of the reach of all other supplies. Camping out was, at first, great fun. Their tent was new, fresh and clean. It was big enough for six people, and a man could stand upright in the middle where the ridge-pole sustained the roof.

This roof was in the shape of the letter V turned upside down. About two feet from the bottom, the canvas came straight down and was fastened by wooden pins driven into the ground. The main body of the tent was kept up by ropes, secured at the lower edge of the roof and stretched out to large wooden pins driven into the ground two or three feet off. Then, guy ropes, extending from each end of the ridge-pole and made fast to other stakes, kept the whole structure steady when the wind blew. So the house of this migrating party was dry and strong enough for most occasions, and it was easily packed in a small space. When the tent was pitched at the end of a day's march, the two upright poles were held up, with the ridge-pole laid on top and secured at each end by an iron pin, which passed through a hole at each end of the pole. Two boys held this frail house-frame together while another threw the canvas over it and fastened it in two or three places to keep it from tumbling over. Then all hands stretched out the ropes, pinned the cloth at the bottom, and, in a few minutes, the house was ready for the night. While traveling, the tent, with its ropes and pins, was stuffed into a stout sack. The door had no hinges, nor name-plate, nor door-bell; it was a slit in the canvas and fastened with strings, instead of lock and key. Under shelter of this canvas mansion, the emigrants spread their blankets and buffalo-ropes, and slept soundly and well.

But the cooking was a dreadful burden. Barnard had taken some lessons in bread-making from his mother before starting, and he made the first batch of bread. No, it was not exactly bread, either.

First, he carefully put some flour, salt and yeast powder into a pan and mixed them thoroughly with a big spoon, the others looking on with admiration. Then he poured in boiling water until he had a thick paste, which he stirred round and round as before. It was very sticky, but Barney bravely put his hands into it and attempted to mold the mass into biscuits. It would not be molded; such obstinate dough was



THE TENT.

never before seen. When poor Barney tried to pick it off from one hand it would stick to another. He rubbed in more flour to make it dryer, and then the lumps of dough all wasted away into "chicken feed," as Hiram satirically called it, and there was no consistence to it; and when they added water to it the stuff became again just like glue.

"You want to pat the cakes round and round in your hands—so," said Arthur. "That's the way mother does."

"Pat 'em yourself, if you know so much about it," said Barnard angrily; and he sat down in the grass, and tried to rub his bothered head with his elbows, his hands being helpless wads of dough. Arthur, rolling up his sleeves, dipped into the pan and succeeded in sticking his fingers together so fast that each hand looked like a very big and very badly shaped duck's foot—web-fingered, in fact.

"Hang the bread!" he exclaimed; and the rest of the family rolled over and over in the grass roaring at the comical figure he cut. He was daubed with dough up to the elbows and unable to use his hands; a mosquito had lighted on his face, and, involuntarily slapping at him, Arthur had left a huge blotch of paste on his forehead, completely closing his left eye. Poor Arthur rested his helpless paws on the edge of the pan and said, "I give it up."

"Oh, dump her into the baking-pan and let her flicker!" said Hiram, as soon as he could get his breath again. "We don't care for biscuits; it's the bread we want. This is camping out, boys, you know."

So the mass was tumbled into the baking-pan and put into the oven of their tidy little sheet-iron camp-stove. For a table they used a wide, short piece of pine board, which, laid across a couple of gold-pans turned bottom up, answered as well as

"real mahogany," as Arthur said. On this occasion, however, the tin plates and cups, the smoking coffee-pot, and even the fried meat were on the board long before that obstinate bread showed signs of being baked. It would not rise up light "like mother's," and when a straw was run cautiously into it, the inside seemed as raw as ever. An hour's baking seemed to make no impression on it, and the boys finally supplied its place with dry crackers and supped as merrily as if they had not made their first great failure.

They tried to throw away the provoking mess of dough that would not bake, but it stuck in the pan as obstinately as it had refused to be cooked. They scraped away at it with all sorts of tools, but the stuff, which now resembled a small bed of mortar, adhered to the pan with determination.

"Did you grease that pan?" demanded Arthur.

"No," said Barney, with a sudden flush. "Who ever heard of such a thing."

There was another shout of laughter, for everybody at once recollected that the pan should have had flour, or some kind of grease, put in it to keep the dough from sticking. While they laughed, a farm-wagon, in which rode an old man and a young woman, came jogging along the road by which they were camped. The girl wore a faded red calico frock, which hung straight down from her waist to her bare brown feet. A huge gingham sun-bonnet with a cape protected her head and shoulders.

Arthur ran down to the edge of the road, and heard the old man say, "Them's Californy emigrants." It was the first time the boy had ever heard himself called an emigrant, and he did not like it. But suddenly remembering that he was one, he checked his rising glow of indignation and said, "Say, miss, will you tell us what's the matter with this bread?"

The girl looked at her father, who looked at the queer group by the tent, then at Arthur's flushed and honest face, and said, "Go, Nance." So Nance, declining Arthur's proffered hand, leaped to the ground, and wading through the grass, went up and cast a critical glance at the objectionable dough.

"How d'ye make this yere?" she asked, pointing her elbow at the bread. Barnard described the process by which he had compounded this famous preparation of flour and other things.

"What sort of water did ye put into it?" she next demanded.

"Why, good spring water, of course?" was the reply.

"Cold or hot?"

"Oh, boiling hot, to be sure."

The girl suddenly clasped her hands to her

stomach, sat down in the grass and doubled herself up like a jackknife. Then, sitting up again, she pushed back her sun-bonnet, and, as if addressing herself to the camp-stove, she said:

"My goodness, gracious me! if these ornery fellers have n't been and gone and scalded their flour! Oh, my! oh, my! I'm just fit to bust!" And she doubled herself up again.

"So we should not have scalded the bread, Miss Sunbonnet, should we?" asked Barnard, who felt ridiculed and was somewhat nettled.

"The girl wiped her eyes on her sleeve and said: "Bread! It aint bread; it's flour paste."

Good-naturedly recovering herself, Nance explained that *cold* water or milk should be used in mixing the flour; and, adding some other general instructions, she strode off through the grass to the wagon. As she climbed up and rode away, the boys saw her double herself up once more, and they thought she said, "Scalded his flour, the ornery critter!"

Though this was a severe lesson in housekeeping, it was not the only one of their mortifying failures. Even when they learned to make bread with cold water, it was not until they had spoiled much good flour that they were able to make bread which was even eatable. And it was not in Iowa that they succeeded well enough to satisfy themselves. After they had crossed the Missouri, long after, and were well out in Nebraska, Arthur made the first bread of which the others proudly said that it was "good enough for anybody."

Cooking beans was another perplexity. They baked them dry with a piece of pork, and when they were "done," they rolled out of the baking kettle like gravel stones, harder than when they went into it. Then, when they discovered that the beans should have been soaked and boiled, or par-boiled, before baking, they took two quarts and soaked and boiled them. The beans swelled and swelled until the big camp kettle ran over. They were put into other dishes, but would not stop swelling, and before those beans were ready to bake, every dish in camp was full and overflowing. A satirical wood-chopper, loafing up to their camp in the midst of the crisis, inquisitively asked:

"Be you fellows peddlin' beans across to Californy?"

But, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the boys began to enjoy themselves very much. Some days it was hot and tedious tramping along in the dusty road, especially when they reflected that they were so far from the end of their journey. Even though days of travel were behind them, before them the road stretched out for more than a thousand miles. They seemed to have been on the journey a good while, but they knew that

months must pass before they could reach the end of it.

"This is awful slow work," Barney would say, when they reckoned upon the day's progress. "Only twenty-one miles to-day, and a couple thousand, more or less, to get over."

Hiram, however, a patient and plodding fellow, "allowed" that it took so many steps less for next day's tramp, because those of to-day had been taken, one by one. And Arthur used to look back at their camping-place when they had moved on for an hour or so, and blithely say:

"Now I am two miles nearer California than I was this morning."

"Two miles aint much, especially when a chap has got the dishes to wash at the end of every twenty miles," once said Tom. Washing dishes was a very disagreeable part of camp duty. It was a continual subject of contention. Nobody wanted to wash dishes. To be sure, the whole camp equipage did not amount to more than four or five tin plates and as many cups, and knives and forks. An active kitchen-maid would have disposed of the whole lot in a few minutes. But the boys were not kitchen-maids, and, what was more, they were determined that they would not appear as though they were. Hiram thought that as long as he was responsible for fire-wood and water, dish-washing should not be included in his duties. Barnard usually drove the team, and had general charge of that important branch of the service. Tom and Arthur attended to pitching the tent at night, unloading the wagon of things needed during camping time, and taking down the tent, packing up and collecting camp furniture in the morning preparatory to a start. All hands, with equal unsuccessful, tried the cooking; and all hands, though ready to find fault with each other's cooking, declared that they would do anything but cook—unless it was to wash dishes.

"Perhaps you had better hire a girl to go along and wash dishes, Arty," said Barnard, reproachfully.

"I don't care, Barney; I did n't ship to wash dishes, and I wont; so there," was Arthur's invariable reply, which Barnard as invariably met with "Who did ship to wash dishes?"

Obviously nobody did. So the dishes went unwashed, sometimes for days together. One morning, Hiram, taking up his plate, said: "I wonder what was in this plate last? There's bacon fat and corn-dodger crumbs, boiled rice, molasses, and I allow that that gray streak in that nor'-nor'-west corner is chicken. Tell yer what, boys, I don't allow that I'm agoin' to drive horses, chop wood, or lug water for fellers that wont wash dishes for decency's sake. I'm willin' to carry my share of

the cookin', turn and turn about. You two boys ought to wash the dishes regular. I'm the oldest feller in this yer camp, and if you, Tom and Arthur, don't find some way of doin' up those yer dishes between ye, before we git to the Bluffs, ye may as well make up yer minds to go back from there."

This was a long speech for Hiram, who always meant what he said. Barnard supported him in this decision; and the younger boys, though feeling very much "put upon," agreed to take turns at playing house-maid.

The first experiment was attended by a serious disaster. They drew lots for the first week's duty, and Arthur was "stuck," as he expressed it, for the service. Sitting somewhat morosely on the ground, one evening, at work on this unwelcome job of dish-washing, he turned the only crockery plate of the establishment about in his hands, scolding to himself. Tom, who was not a little elated that he was exempt from this service, at least for one week, stood by, and, aggravatingly pointing with his foot at the plate, said:

"Be careful of that yer crockery, Arty, it's Hi's favorite dish. He'll dress ye down if ye smash it."

Arthur, with a gust of rage, cracked Tom over his toe with the plate, breaking it into pieces.

"There, now! I——"

But before Tom could say any further, Hiram, who had watched the whole proceeding, seized both boys by the collar and hustled them toward a creek which flowed near camp.

"Where are you going with those boys?" shouted Barnard, amazed and laughing as he saw stout Hiram wrestling with the two squirming boys.

"I'm going to drown 'em, like I would a pair of quarrelsome cats," said Hiram, manfully struggling with the youngsters.

"No you don't, though," said Tom, dexterously twisting one of his legs in between Hiram's feet. The young man staggered a little, and, in his effort to save himself from falling into the creek, let both boys go loose. They stood a little way off, looking defiantly at each other and at Hiram.

"Your family government does not seem to work well," said Barnard. "I guess we'll have to send the boys back from Council Bluffs. They never'll go through this way."

Arthur, who still held in his hand a bit of the plate that had been the innocent cause of this outburst, said:

"Well, Tom pestered me; but I'm willing to try it again. Give us a fair trial, Barney."

Tom was sulky, but admitted that he should not have provoked Arthur.

"Tom, I'll tell ye what I'll do with *you*," said

Hiram. "If ye don't behave yerself, I'll take away yer revolver and put ye on the first boat bound down, after we get to the Bluffs."

"That will be binding him over to keep the peace," said Barnard.

"No," added Arthur, opening his hand and showing, with a blush, the fragment of Hiram's pet plate, "I'm going to keep the piece."

And he did.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE."

A CITY of tents covered the flat banks of the Missouri, below Council Bluffs, when our party

cooking in the open air, repairing their tents or clothes, trading off some part of their outfit, or otherwise making ready for the final start across the plains.

Looking across the flat bottom land, one could barely catch a glimpse of the Big Muddy, as the people called the Missouri River. A fringe of low trees showed where the stream flowed by; and occasionally a huge three-story steamboat went gliding down in the distance, looking exactly as if it were moving through the meadows. Beyond, the western side of the river was somewhat bluff and broken. A few wooden shanties were grouped about the ferry landing,—a huge scow being the means of transit. On one eminence stood a



THE CAMP AT THE "JUMPING-OFF PLACE."

reached the river. In those days, Council Bluffs was a scattered and rough-looking town, about four miles from the Missouri River; and, where its edges were frayed out toward the south, was a long level strip of land, extending to the broad sweep of the stream. Westward, this plain was dotted with thousands of cattle, belonging to emigrants; and in that part of it which was nearest the town were the carts and wagons of those whose faces were now turned toward California. It was a novel sight. Here were men mending wagons,

weather-beaten structure, partially boarded over. This was designed to be the capital when the country should be erected into the Territory of Nebraska. The groups of shanties scattered about over the hills had no name. Omaha has since arisen on that site. Then, however, the whole country was one of great expectations.

With eyes wide open, scanning the curious sight on every side, the boys drove their team down the river road, in search of a good camping-place. Their experience in traveling through Iowa had

taught them that they must find a dry, smooth spot for their tent, water for the camp, and grass for the horses. On the edge of this strange city of tents they found all of these, and there they encamped.

But they were not allowed to do this unnoticed. Although people were continually going and coming, there were enough idle fellows to watch the new-comers and make remarks upon them,—"Here's more candidates for California fortunes." "Going to the Pacific with that raw-boned hoss?" "Oh, get out of that wagon and walk to the diggings." "What are you going to do with that gold-pan?" "Say, sonny, does yer mammy know you're out?" These were some of the rude salutations which greeted the party as they drove sturdily down through the city of tents.

Arthur's eyes snapped a little, and his cheeks burned; but Hiram, perched in the wagon, flung back the rude observations with cheerful readiness. One kindly-faced man, who walked along beside the boys, said:

"You must n't mind these chaps; they're rough, but good-natured; and if you should happen to get into difficulty, they would help you readily enough."

Their new acquaintance showed them where parties from various parts of the Western States were encamped; and they pitched their tent near that of some men from Hancock County, Illinois, and soon made themselves at home.

They felt that they had reached "the jumping-off place."

Beyond, across the river, was nothing but that vast unbroken stretch of country which used to be laid down in the school maps as "Unexplored Regions." Even now it was unexplored except by a few people who had gone over to Oregon, Utah, or California. Contradictory reports about the value of the gold diggings were coming into this canvas city of emigrants. The very day that they arrived, there ran a rumor through the camp that two men had just come in from California with very discouraging news. It was said that they had come through in twenty-eight days, riding their mules all the way; had had narrow escapes from Indians, and were so far back on their way to "the States," as everybody called the country east of the Missouri.

After the boys had settled their camp for the night, they went out and hunted up these bearers of ill tidings. Pressing into a little knot of men near the camp of some New Englanders, who had fitted out at Council Bluffs, they saw a rough-bearded, ragged and seedy-looking man, sitting on a wagon-tongue. He was smoking a short pipe with great enjoyment, and he occasionally dropped

a word by way of answer to the questions that were showered upon him.

"Gold! no!" he replied, with great scorn, "thar's no gold in the hull country. How do I know? Why, I was thar a week; that's how I know."

"Where were you?" asked one of the bystanders.

"I was on the Yuba, jest whar it jines into the American. That's whar I war."

"But I did n't know the Yuba emptied into the American; the Yuba is further north," said Barnard, impulsively, and before he thought.

"B'en thar?" growled the returned Californian.

"No," said Barnard, with a blush.

"Wal, I have, you bet yer," rejoined the other. "And its no use o' yer talkin', men; I have mined it more nor a week in them diggings; never got so much as a color."

"Did you hear of anybody who did find gold?" somebody asked.

"Here and thar war a man who said as how he had seed some other feller as had seed another who had heerd tell on some other chap as had found somethin' that looked like gold. I don't put no trust into any on 'em."

"You look as if you'd had a hard time," said a sympathizing visitor.

"Misery in my bones; wust way; I aint been so powerful bad in my life afore. Fever 'n ager wuss than in Arkansaw. You bet yer."

"Why did n't you keep on down the Yuba, prospecting?"

"Keep on!" replied the veteran, with infinite scorn. "We war nigh out of grub. No gold in sight. We'd rastled with our luck long enough, me and my pard. So we jist lighted out 'n that 'tween two days. Powerful glad we are to be yar, too, you bet yer."

"You look it," said one of the emigrants, who seemed to regard this dampening report as a sort of personal injury.

Younkins, for this was the name of the returned prospector, told the same story all through the camps. No gold in California, but much sickness; cholera, fever and ague, and plenty of men glad to get away, if they could only find the means to travel with. Some of the emigrants did not believe these reports. Some said: "Oh, these chaps are discouraging emigration to the diggings. They want it all themselves. They can't fool us that way." But others were downright discouraged.

A day or two after, four men crossed the river from the Nebraska side, driving an ox-team with a shabby wagon. They had gone as far west as Fort Laramie, where they heard bad news and had turned back. The boys sought out this party, and

heard their story. They had lost a comrade, who had died on the way to Laramie. They were gloomy, down-hearted and out of spirits. They met people coming back. Some had been through to California; or they said they had. Others had turned their faces homeward after hearing the reports of others.

This bad news had its effect in the camps. "The mines have given out," was the cry around many of the camp-fires; and not a few wagons were packed up for home, or sold out at auction, and the disheartened owners returned to "the States," out of pocket as well as out of luck. In a few days outfits were to be had for low prices. The weekly newspaper at Council Bluffs vainly tried to keep up the excitement. Reports from California were discouraging. If there ever had been any gold there, it was exhausted. It was useless to say that there never was any of the precious stuff found in the mines. Many of the emigrants had seen some that had been brought to their own homes. Arthur and Barney had touched and handled Gates' golden ore. But the mines had given out, and that was the end of the matter.

"I don't believe any such yarn," said Barnard, stoutly. "I don't want to influence the rest of you, boys; but I'm going through. For one, I shall not turn back."

"Nor I!" said Arthur, with a burst of enthusiasm.

"Nor I," added Tom.

"It's Californy or bust, with me," said Hiram, sententiously.

So they were agreed.

But things looked rather blue at times; and when those who had turned back drove slowly up the road and disappeared among the bluffs, Arthur looked after them with some misgivings, and with a touch of homesickness in his heart. Then he turned his eyes westward where the sun dipped below the western hills. As at one glance, he saw the long trail stretching over the unknown land. It was a mysterious and untried way. The boy hesitated only for a moment, and, stretching out his arms toward the setting sun, said to himself, "I'm bound to go through!"

After all, however, there were very few who turned back, compared with the number remaining at the Bluffs; and every steamboat that came up the river brought fresh recruits from the towns and cities below. These people had only part of their outfit with them; some of them bought out the entire equipment of those who were returning, and so stepped at once into possession of all that was needed to take them through. In a few days, the city of tents grew a great deal; and, on the western side of the river, where the bottom land

spread out, as on the Iowa side, there was a considerable encampment. These, like the camps across the river, were changing all the while. Every day a train of wagons would roll out over the hills, bound at last for California; and new additions were immediately made. This was the place where emigrants to California found what was yet to be added to their equipment. Supplies were plenty, and sold at reasonable prices. People who, like our boys, had traveled across the country by team, had consumed some of their provisions before reaching the Bluffs; and their brief experience in camping out and traveling showed them where their outfits were imperfect. Many parties came up the river on steamers, and here bought a great portion of their stores. Council Bluffs was a busy place; everybody had something to sell; and the citizens of that thriving town strolled among the canvas tents of the emigrants with calm satisfaction.

There was much hunting to and fro for people who had come across the country, by their comrades who had followed after by the speedier transit of railroad and steamboat. Some of these parties were never made up again. It often happened that those who arrived first grew tired of waiting for those who were to come after. Although there was much delay at the Bluffs, everybody was feverish and excited. If they were going on to the land of gold, they were in a hurry to start. If they had decided to return, they had no time to waste at the river. So little companies broke up, some going on and some turning back. Friends, neighbors and families were thus dispersed, never to meet again; and, wandering around from camp to camp, were those who expected to find their comrades, but who too often learned that they had gone on before. Some of these belated ones were disheartened, and went no farther; but most of them joined themselves to other parties, and so pushed on to California.

Our boys began to think that their two-horse team was hardly heavy enough to draw their wagon across the continent. They saw that most people had at least two spare horses; and more oxen than horses were used by the emigrants whom they had met.

"Oxen is the things, I allow, after all, boys," said Hiram, who had studied the subject carefully while coming through Iowa. "Just suppose one of these horses should up and die; where'd ye be then? We'd have to haul through with one hoss."

"But suppose we were chased by Indians," remonstrated Arthur. "We could n't get away with oxen, could we?"

"Indians! pshaw!" said Hiram; "there aint

no Indians, so far as heard from. And if there was, hosses won't save us, you may bet on that."

"We might trade off our horses for oxen," said Barnard, "but we could n't expect to get two yoke of oxen for a pair of horses; and unless we had two yoke we should be no better off than we are now."

"Cattle are cheap," explained Hiram. "We can buy a yoke fer fifty or sixty dollars. Old Jim's worth that much money, and my Jenny could sell fer more 'n the cost of another yoke. The farmers 'round here are bringin' in their cattle."

"Golly! how it rains," broke in Tom, who had been trying to keep the beating current out of the tent. The water flowed in under the edge of the canvas from the sloping ground in the rear. Arthur jumped up in consternation. He had been sitting in a little pool of water.

"All hands out to dig trenches!" shouted Barnard. The night was pitch dark, and the boys seized their lantern, shovels and ax, and sallied out to dig a narrow ditch about the tent. The water poured into this, and so was carried off on each side, and their canvas-house stood on a little island of its own. But the rain fell in torrents, and the tent flapped wildly in the wind.

"Tell you what, fellers," said Hiram, shaking the water from him, as they crouched inside again, "this aint what it's cracked up to be. Camping in a rain storm aint great fun; hey, Arty?"

Arthur was just going to say that they might be worse off before they got across the plains, when a pair of very thin hands were thrust in at the opening of the tent, now tied together for the night, and a thin voice said: "Please may I come in?"

"Sartin, sartin," said Hiram heartily. "Walk in and make yourself to hum, whoever you be."

Arthur unfastened the tent-curtain, and a boyish figure, slender and woe-begone, struggled into the group.

The stranger might have been about thirteen years old. He looked as if he had lived about forty years. He wore a pair of trousers made of striped jean, resembling bed-ticking; and his jacket of linsey-woolsey homespun, and dyed with butternut juice, was much too short at the wrists. His face was pale, but sweet and pleasant, and he had mild blue eyes. Under his arm he carried a large bundle. He wore a very seedy coon-skin cap, wet and dripping with the rain. He put his bundle carefully on the ground, and tied the tent together again; then, turning about, he surveyed the little party in the tent with mild inquiry, but without a word.

"What mought yer name be?" asked Hiram, when nobody else had broken silence.

"Johnny."

Hiram paused. He knew that the boy's name was not, after all, of much consequence to anybody; but to ask for it was one way to begin a conversation. And he had not got far. "Johnny" was rather vague.

"Johnny what?" spoke up Tom.

"That's all. Only just Johnny," was the reply.

"Oh, don't bother the boy about his name," broke in Barnard. "Where are your folks? Are you going to California?"

"Yes, I'm going to California; and I don't know where my folks are. Perhaps you've seen 'em, sir. There's a tall one with red hair, and a short one with a harelip, and another one with a game leg. Oh, sir, have n't you seen 'em nowhere?" and the poor boy's eyes filled with tears as he spoke.

"A game leg?" repeated Hiram. "Boys, don't you remember that thar mean skunk as stole Josh Davis's ox-chain over on the west side of the river? He mought have been the chap. Did he wear a red shirt, with a blue handkercher around his waist?" he asked of Johnny.

"Yes," said the boy; "and his name was Bunce,—Bill Bunce,—and we are from Vermillion County, Illinois."

"I allow he and his partners have gone on ahead," said Hiram.

"I was over on the Omaha side when they drove out," added Tom; "and they had a big yaller dog named Pete with them. Golly! but that dog was a master-hand to hunt chipmunks! How he would —"

"Oh, you talk too much with your mouth," interrupted Hiram, impatiently. Johnny showed signs of breaking into tears. He sat down and told his story. He had lived in Vermillion County with a man who was called a doctor, he said. Evidently he had been hardly used, and had never known father or mother. A drudge in a country doctor's house, he had been kept in ignorance of the world outside, of his own friends, and of his family. He had never even been told his own name. How did he get here? That was simple enough. Three or four of the doctor's neighbors were going to California. They offered, or pretended to offer, to take the boy along. He was too glad to get away from the brutal and quick-tempered doctor, to wait for a second hint. They had journeyed on together to Quincy, on the Mississippi, where the men left Johnny to follow them by steamer, while they went "another way," as they said. They promised to write to him when to start for Council Bluffs. He waited several weeks at the miserable little boarding-house where they had lodged him. Alarmed at the long delay, he had started off by himself, and here he was.

"Probably their letters miscarried," said Arthur, with sympathy in his eyes.

"More likely they never wrote," added his wiser brother.

The youngster looked distressed, but spoke up cheerfully:

"Perhaps they have n't gone. They said they would wait here for me."

But Hiram was sure about "the man with the game leg"; he was not positive as to the others. Both Arthur and Tom remembered the lame man with the big yellow dog, especially the dog; but nobody was sure whether the tall man with him had red hair or not.

"Well, you can bunk down with us to-night," said Hiram, "and in the morning we'll take a hunt through the camps, and if your chaps have n't lighted out, we'll find 'em."

The next morning broke fair and bright. The rain had ceased during the night, and great drops were shining on the grass and on the bushes that bordered the plain. With a great bound of exhilaration, Arthur sprang from his damp blankets and began to make ready for breakfast. Johnny crept out into the sunshine, and, having followed Arthur's example by taking a wash from the tin wash-hand basin which was produced from the wagon, he sat watching the preparations about the camp-stove.

"May I stay to breakfast with you?" he asked.

"I've got money enough to pay for it."

"I don't know," said Arthur, doubtfully. "You will have to ask Barney. Well, yes, you shall stop too," he added, as he saw the boy's face fall. "You shall have my breakfast, anyhow."

"But I can pay for it. I've got some money sewed into my jacket."

"How much?" demanded Tom, who was splitting up a fence-rail for fire-wood.

"Eighty dollars," said Johnny, simply.

"Jerusalem crickets!" exclaimed Tom. "Where did you get so much?"

"Dr. Jenness gave it to me before I left. He said it was mine, and that he had been keeping it for me."

Before any more talk could be made, a bright-faced, handsome young fellow, with a cityfied and jaunty air, walked up to the group, and asked, "Can you tell me where I can find the Lee County boys, as they call them?"

"That's us," said Tom, with a good-natured grin.

"Well, I'm in luck; and where's the captain?"

Barnard, who had come out of the tent with an armful of bedding, said: "We have no captain. What's your will?"

"I hear you want a yoke of cattle. I have a yoke which I should like to turn in as part of my outfit, if you will take another partner. I'm going through."

Barnard eyed him suspiciously, and said, "Where from?"

"Well, I'm from Boston last; born in Vermont, though; have been in the dry-goods trade; got tired of selling goods over the counter. I'm going through."

The boys looked curiously on the Boston dry-goods salesman, who had come all the way to Council Bluffs to find a chance to go to California. He said his party had broken up and gone back.

"We'll think it over," said Barnard.

"All right," said the Boston man. "My name is Montague Morse."

(To be continued.)

GOOD-NIGHT.

PITY the bells in the steeple,
Calling afar to the people:

"Good-night—ding, dong—good night!"
While close to your bed, as they're ringing,
Your own loving mother is singing:

"Good-night, dear one, good-night!"

SOMETHING ABOUT RAILROADS.

BY MAJOR TRAVERSE.

ONCE an American lady in Baalbec, in Syria, saw a native at work on one of the mud-built houses, for though the ancient city of Baalbec was so splendid that it was called "the City of the Sun," the modern town is built mainly of mud. The lady asked the native why he did not build grand temples and splendid columns, like those in ruins. The man shook his head, and replied that such work could not be done by men.

"Why not?" asked the lady. "Those temples were built by men."

"Oh, no," said the Syrian; "by the genii."

"The genii!" exclaimed the lady, laughing. "Why, are the genii idle now?"

"They have gone," replied the Syrian, seriously. "They have gone toward the setting sun, where they build greater houses than these, bridge streams, bore through mountains, run through water and fly over the land, carrying people as swift as the wind, and letters as quick as lightning."

The lady smiled at the singular idea of the poor native, though there was much more to reflect upon than to laugh at in what he had said.

One of the great, good genii of this age is certainly the Civil Engineer. I often wonder if the children who cease work or play to watch a passing railway-train, ever think of the great changes which have been brought about by the building of railways.

George Stephenson, who is now justly called the "father of railways," was the child of poor parents in England. Unable to send him to school, they employed him at home as a nurse for the younger children until he was eight years old. His chief duty as nurse was to keep his little brothers and sisters from under the hoofs of the horses which

drew the coal-cars on the "tram-way"—a wooden railroad leading from a coal-mine, which ran near his father's door. At this early age, while watching the coal-trains passing, he conceived the idea that iron would make better rails than wood, and that if he could put upon wheels the steam-engine which his father tended as fireman at the coal-pit, it could be made to draw as heavy a train of coal-



YOUNG GEORGE THINKS IT OVER.

cars as could be moved by a great team of fifty horses.

The idea did not pass away from the brain of George Stephenson when he was removed from his home at nine years of age, and hired out, at four cents a day, to tend the cows of a neighboring farmer. He had enough of leisure while watching the herd in the field to think over the subject. He even built him an engine of clay, with hemlock branches for steam pipes. I suspect that, like Little Boy Blue, he sometimes let the cows stray into forbidden meadows while he sat thinking about en-

gines on wheels and roads of iron. He could not study about them in books for two very good reasons. In the first place, no books about railroads and locomotives had been printed, since neither had been built. The other reason was that George Stephenson could n't read at all. He did not know his alphabet until he was nineteen years old.

Little George, or "Geordy," as the common people nicknamed him, was next employed to drive the horse which turned the winding machine, or "gin," as the colliers called it, at the coal-pit

He made the first locomotive with smooth driving-wheels. It had been thought necessary by some engineers to construct locomotives with cogged driving-wheels, and a corresponding rack on the rail, to prevent the wheels from slipping. But Stephenson successfully set aside all these contrivances. He was nearly fifty years old before he found men willing to risk their money in constructing an iron railroad to test his locomotive. When, at length, the first railroad was completed, between Stockton and Darlington (two English



GEORGE SHOWING HIS MODEL TO THE COLLIERS.

where his father worked. He then began to think of a plan for making the steam do the work of the horse, and one day astonished the colliers by building on a bench, in front of his father's cottage, a model in clay of an engine which turned the "gin" and lifted the coal. He was at this time so young and small that his father made him hide when the owner of the coal-mine went "the rounds" to pay his hands, for fear he should think him too small to receive sixteen cents a day wages!

It was not until he was nineteen years old, and was set to watch an engine, that he found time to attend school and learn to read and write. He worked steadily at his old idea for twenty-five years.

towns only twelve miles apart), the procession with which the day was celebrated was headed by a man on horseback, to keep the road clear for Stephenson's locomotive and car, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in carriages kept pace with the train by riding by the side of the track. But after the procession had proceeded a short distance, Stephenson, who was running his own engine, impatiently called to the horseman to get out of the way, and, putting steam on, he ran his locomotive the rest of the distance at the terrible pace of twelve miles an hour!

Stephenson had been called a lunatic when he had said that his locomotive could run twelve miles

an hour. One very distinguished officer of the English Government, whose duty it was to see that the mails were carried as rapidly as possible, laughed at the idea, and said that "if ever a locomotive ran ten miles an hour with a mail-bag behind it, he would eat a stewed engine-wheel for his breakfast."

There was some little excuse for this disbelief, for the first locomotive was a very clumsy machine. It was called the "Locomotion." Stephenson, when he built it, was the only man besides his son Robert who believed it would go at all; and some of the learned members of the English Parliament declared that it could not run against a strong wind! It was a small, clumsy affair, weighing not more than one-fifth as much as an engine of the present time.

The first improvement on it—the "Rocket"—was even more ridiculous in appearance; but it was found to be faster and stronger. Before it was accepted by the railroad company, it was put in a race with three other engines manufactured by other engineers; and of the judges and thousands of persons who witnessed the race, "nine-tenths were against the 'Rocket,' because of its appearance." But Stephenson received the prize over the other competitors, one of whom was Captain John Ericsson. His locomotive could run fifteen miles an hour, and once actually drew thirteen tons at a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour. That performance decided the fate of locomotives, and engineers at once went to work to improve the new motive power.

The first railroad passenger-car was simply an old box on wheels, with seats running along the sides, a door at the rear end, and a seat in front for the driver, like the box of an omnibus. It was called by Stephenson, who invented it, the "Experiment," because it was not generally believed that people would travel on the railway. In 1825, about the time the first line was finished, one of the principal papers of England said that nothing could be "more ridiculous than the prospect of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stage-coaches!" And it added that people would as soon "suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate." Stephenson, however, firm in his belief that passengers would travel by rail, declared that the time would come, and he hoped to live to see it, when it would be cheaper for a poor man to ride than to walk. This prophecy threatens to be more than fulfilled in a few years. It is proposed in England to send passengers by rail at ordinary English letter-rates, and under a system of tickets like postage-stamps—a six-cent stamp entitling the holder to go by any route to

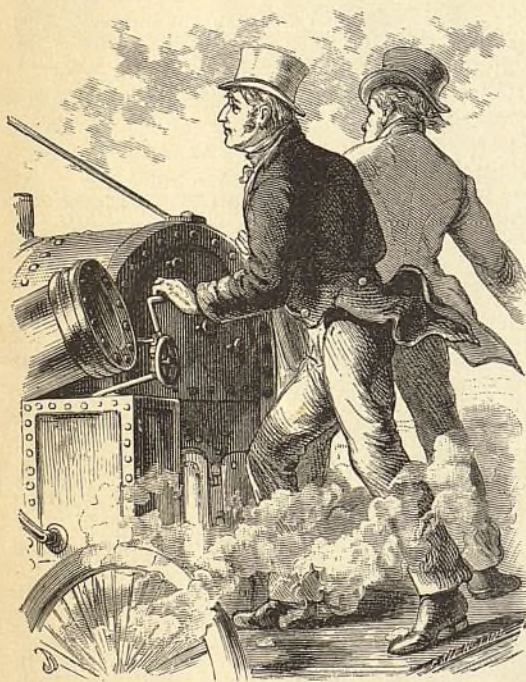
any part of Great Britain. But George Stephenson was not believed then, and the people continued to call him "Daft Geordy," which means "Crazy George." It was not long after the Stockton and Darlington road was opened that more passenger-cars were needed. The first improvement on the "Experiment" was a double car, made out of two "mourning-coaches." This car was lighted at night by a single candle.

Of course the owners and drivers of the stage-coaches and road-wagons bitterly opposed the building of the railway. They claimed that stage-coaches were not only safer but swifter than the cars, and often tried to prove it by racing. One day a race came off between Stephenson's locomotive, drawing a passenger-train, and one of the old stage-coaches which ran between Stockton and Darlington. They ran for a distance of twelve miles, and the locomotive beat the stage-coach by about one hundred yards. After this the proprietors of the stage-coaches were ruined, and their coaches were sold to the railroad company, who put new wheels on the old bodies and made railway passenger-cars of them. The English railway-cars are still much like several stage-coaches combined in a long carriage, each being a separate room of itself. These cars, as well as those in use in America, are very elegantly furnished. When the first passenger-cars were placed on the Stockton and Darlington road, the travelers bought their seats, and their names were entered on the passengers' list. But instead of there being "nobody to travel behind a locomotive," everybody wanted to ride in that way, and it was soon found that no list of passengers could be kept; thus tickets came into use.

In these very early days of railway travel the passenger-cars were like the old stage-coaches in another respect,—a trumpeter accompanied each train and blew his bugle until the cars were out of the depot and through the town. It was not until the bell and steam-whistle came into use that the trumpeter and his horn were abolished.

It is only about fifty years since this first locomotive puffed along the first railway, dragging this first clumsy passenger-car. During each of those fifty years more than two thousand miles of rails have been laid, and in England and the United States every day of those fifty years has seen the completion of one locomotive and two passenger-cars. Immense workshops are kept busy building locomotives and cars. They are generally near the principal depots of the great railway lines, and I know of no more interesting place where one can spend a part of his day in the depot. Each and every part of a locomotive must be made with the greatest precision and delicacy, and great

machines are employed for hammering and cutting and punching and planing the iron into shape. You will find in these railway works, as the English say, or "locomotive works," as they are called in America, immense machines, possessing almost resistless power, yet driving only a little steel-pointed instrument like a chisel not bigger than one's little finger. It seems almost a waste of power to use such a giant to drive so slight a tool. But this delicate chisel digs its way little by little through the hardest of cold iron or steel, and planes it as smooth as ever the carpenter's plane trims wood, and it produces, too, shavings of iron as delicate as



STEPHENSON RUNNING HIS OWN ENGINE.

those of soft pine. Little shears, hardly bigger than a tailor's, cut through iron as easily as through paper; and delicate steel punches drive their way through iron plates. In most of these works you will see also the Nasmyth steam-hammer, a mighty giant in power, but as docile as a lamb under the touch of a master hand. It is an immense shaft of iron, sliding up and down in a great wooden frame, and regulated in its movements so that it can strike a hard or soft, a quick or slow blow, as the engineer who directs it may wish. A heated shaft of iron a foot thick can be crushed, or a tack may be driven, by its blows. About twenty years ago, the Prime Minister of England, Lord John Russell, visiting the railway works at Manchester, was invited to eat a boiled egg for luncheon. Before giving him

the egg, the master of the works put it in a small wine-glass and placed both under the great steam-hammer. The engineer set the giant at work; down rushed the shaft with the rapidity of a lightning flash and struck the egg, but so perfectly was the hammer regulated that the blow merely chipped the shell, crushing neither glass nor egg.

Among the first results of the success of the railway was the stop which was put to the digging of canals. Tens of thousands of men had been employed in Great Britain in canal-digging; they were known as "navigators," but called "navvies" for short. These, thinking their work would be gone if railroads succeeded, made great efforts to oppose them. But it was soon found that the digging of deep railway cuts, the building of great bridges, and the boring of long tunnels, gave employment to more men than canal digging, and the navvies at once became railway builders. One-half of the great Pacific Railway—the Mississippi side—was built by Irish navvies; the other half—on the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains—was mainly the work of Chinamen, who were brought over from China by the ship-load to work on the railroad, although they had never seen one in their lives. The English navvies were a curious class twenty-five or thirty years ago. They went about from road to road in gangs of ten or twelve, with a headman or captain, who made bargains or contracts, and under whose direction they worked. They generally built at each point where they found employment a mud house, roofed with tufts of grass, in which the whole gang ate and slept, doing hard work and living hard lives. When a lazy fellow attached himself to the gang and shirked work, the others beat and cast him out, refusing him a share of the profits of the work. Along railroads nowadays the workmen build entire villages of log or slab huts, which they leave standing when they go away. Those who lay the track live in cars fitted up for sleeping and cooking, and called "caboose" or "construction trains." When the Pacific Railway was being built, the twenty thousand workmen on the Plains removed their villages from place to place every week; for on that road a rail was laid every fifteen seconds, and over a mile of track was completed during every hour of track-laying.

There were workmen on the Pacific Railway even more curious than the Irish or Chinese navvies. During the Summer of 1868, the Laramie River became very low, much to the distress of a contractor who had cut a great many thousand cross-ties—the timbers on which the rails are laid—and which he expected to float down to the point where the railroad was to cross. He was at first at a loss to know what to do, but resolved, finally, to build

dams across the river at various points, and, when the stream was thus made high enough, set his rafts afloat. Large parties of men, therefore, went to work building the dams. No sooner would the men leave off work at night, than thousands of beavers would begin, and work hard at the dam during the whole night.

Water is always as necessary to the comfort of beavers as on this occasion it was to the welfare of the contractor; and it was probably for this reason, and not because they wished to see the railroad finished, that the beaver community joined in the labor of building the dams.

Near every large depot at the end of a line of railway, but not at the small stations along the route, you will find a curious workshop, different from the "locomotive works," and hardly less interesting. It is always circular or semicircular in shape, and for this reason is called the "round-house." In the early days of railroads, the repair-shop—which the round-house really and simply is—was called "the hospital." It is not a name without meaning, for to the round-house, as to a hospital, the "iron horses" who may have been worn out in service, with broken limbs or wheezy lungs, are sent to be "doctored," as the engineers say—or "repaired," as we would call it. In the center of the round-house is always a movable table, large and strong enough to hold the biggest and heaviest locomotive. It is called a turn-table. Across its diameter run two rails; and from its outer edge or circumference run other rails to all parts of the round-house, spreading from the table like the spokes of a wheel from its hub. The disabled locomotives are run into this hospital, and upon the turn-table, which is then turned until the locomotive can be run upon the side-tracks, to be taken to pieces, repaired, painted and polished up, then to come forth renewed for the race again.

A train of cars is in some respects like a ship. The engineer or driver of the engine is the pilot, the brakemen are the crew, and the conductor is the captain of the craft. But these are not all the persons necessary to the work. Of equal importance to the safe running of every train are the guides—the signal-men and switch-tenders. These are not only among the most important, but the most interesting of the servants of the locomotive. On all well-regulated railways the signal-men and switch-tenders are stationed at every depot, switch, crossing, bridge and tunnel; and on all roads in Europe, and on several in this country, guards are stationed at every mile-post. There are patrols who pass over the road—each taking a mile of it as his beat—just before a train is to pass, and examine every foot of the track, looking for loose bolts and broken rails, and removing little stones

from the track. These patrols and the signal and switch men are armed during the day-time with flags, which they wave as a direction to the engineer of the train. At night they use colored lamps, which can be seen for many hundreds of yards; and great calcium lights, which are visible for many miles.

It is not at the ends of a great railroad that the switch-tenders and signal-men are to be seen in their greatest activity, but at some point where several tracks cross each other. At Newark, New Jersey, near the city of New York, two great lines of railway cross, each having a double track. Trains on these roads are so numerous that they pass each other at this place every ten minutes in the day and night. You would naturally suppose that the switch-men were kept very busy; they are constantly at their posts and on the look-out, but the labor, though responsible, is not hard. A single signal-man in a small station-house directs the trains, regulating their coming and going, and their speed, with his flag, which is moved by machinery.

At the Clapham Junction, near London, 700 trains pass daily,—that is one every two minutes and a-half,—so rapidly, indeed, that it looks to a stranger as if one continuous train was passing, and then flying off in different directions. Yet it is all done, day after day, without noise or confusion to these signal and switch men, who control the movements of the trains. Here one signal-man directs the whole (there is a small army of switch-tenders), and he does it by an instrument called a signal-box, on which he plays as on a great piano.

The signal-box used in England is an elevated tower, which overlooks the railway for several hundred yards around the depots. In the top of it are the handles of the various signals, some of which may be more than a mile distant. In some of the boxes there are as many as seventy handles, each connecting with a signal-flag or post at greater or less distance, and each near a switch, by the side of which there always stands a switch-tender, who is guided in all he does by the signal-master in the signal-box. By pulling a handle of his box, the signal-master displays a flag or lantern; the switch-tender, at the point where the signal is set, knows its meaning, and alters his switch to agree with it; the engineer of the approaching train also reads the signal, and dashes ahead or stops as it directs him. If it were not for the signal-master in his box, the trains at these busy stations would become confused and block the way.

But the quickest and safest of the agents which direct the running of trains is one you never see nor hear. He does his work swiftly and silently. He runs ahead of each train and keeps the track clear, and when accidents occur, it is generally

found that it is because he is disabled or neglectful of his duty. His name, as you will guess, is The Telegraph. Every railroad has its telegraph line, and at every station an operator to mark the principal movements of the trains. In this way the trains are prevented from overtaking or running into each other. The telegraph is the signal-agent who does this; and no matter how fast the trains may run, electricity will outstrip them.

Not the least interesting feature of a depot, as you will find if you spend a day in one, is the difference in the character of the trains. You will find trains for day and trains for night travel; fast trains, making few stoppages, for persons going great distances, and called "express" trains; and slower trains, making many stops, for the convenience of persons going only a short distance, and called "accommodation" trains. Then there are various kinds of freight trains, such as cattle and hog trains; and on all the roads near great cities like Boston, New York and Philadelphia, there are even milk and egg trains. These reach the cities at an early hour of the morning, with the fresh milk and eggs collected the evening before in the country, that they may be distributed by the milk-men and grocers at their customers' doors before breakfast. It is only fifteen or twenty years ago that most of the milk used in large cities was obtained from cows fed in city pens, instead of in wide, green pastures of the country; and then it was the "cow with the iron tail," as the old-fashioned pumps were called, that gave the most of the supply. Now, long trains of cars, loaded with great tin cans or jars almost large enough to drown one in, carry to the cities the best milk of the finest cows in the richest meadows of the country.

Trains are now run at about the rate of forty miles an hour,—sometimes much faster, and gen-

erally somewhat slower. The fastest trains in England run at sixty miles an hour. To run at this rate, the piston or driving-rod of the locomotive must travel at the speed of 800 feet per minute, or so rapidly that it cannot be seen to move at all. George Stephenson, the first to claim that the locomotive could run at twelve miles an hour, was called insane until he proved it. It was but a few years after this that prominent engineers said that railway trains could be regularly run at the rate of 100 miles an hour; and Stephenson was again called insane because he said that fifty miles an hour was as fast as trains could be regularly and safely run. But it is now discovered that he was nearly right, and locomotive-makers are no longer building engines to run faster than at this rate. But they are trying, instead, to save the time lost in taking coal and water for supplying the engines.

On some lines a long open trough, forty feet long, is laid between the rails. This is filled with water. As the locomotive passes at the speed of fifty miles an hour, a pipe or scoop is lowered from it into this trough; the water is thus dipped up and placed in the water-box for use by the engine. Another invention is a huge box raised above the road and filled with coal. As the locomotive passes, it touches a spring, the box turns instantly upside down, and the coal drops into the tender, which runs behind the locomotive. The time which is thus saved will of course make the trips shorter, without calling for an increase of speed. It may be that when you are grown, railway trains will not be run any faster than they are now; but, in spite of what George Stephenson has prophesied, I suspect some future American engineer, who is now a boy, will find means of running them twice as fast as they are now run, and I hope with greater safety to the passengers.



"CAW!"

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.



AND that's *all* the crow said that afternoon the sparrow went to visit him.

I sat under the willow-tree and heard the whole conversation.

"How do you do?" began the sparrow. "What a lovely Spring we have had!—such bright sunshine, such pleasant showers, and so many cherries! Don't you think so?"

"Caw!" said the crow.

"The bluebird has three sweet little ones," began the sparrow again, putting her head on one side. "They're just as cunning as can be, though their mouths *are* rather large. Is n't it queer that birds' mouths grow small as the birds grow large? Did you ever notice it?"

"Caw!" said the crow.

"I know a garden where there are hundreds of peas. I love young peas; I could eat them for-

ever—breakfast, dinner, and supper—and never get tired of them. They are *so* sugary and juicy!"

"Caw!" said the crow.

"The pretty gray pigeon that lives over at the big white house had a quarrel with his cousin this morning, and pushed him off the window-sill. I *do* think cousins should try to agree, and above all things not push each other off window-sills."

"Caw!" said the crow.

"O dear! the sun has gone down behind the hill. I did n't dream it was so late," said the sparrow, hopping first on one foot and then on the other. "If my husband gets home before I do, he will say I'm always gadding. But when one is in your company, one forgets that time is passing—you are *so* clever and witty. You must be sure to come to the next party I give; my friends will be delighted to meet you. Good-bye!"

"Caw!" said the crow—not another word.

And yet that silly sparrow went about the next day, telling all the birds she knew, that the crow was the most entertaining fellow she had ever met.

DOROTHY GREY.

By T. E. D.

"WHERE'S Dorothy, mother?" asked bluff Farmer Grey,
As he entered the kitchen one morning in May,
With despair in his tone, and a frown on his brow,
And he growled: "Oh, that girl, what's become of her now?
I told her to mend me those bags, hours ago,
And here I've been waiting, I'd have her to know.
'T is seldom that I with the children find fault;
But sorely she tries me,—she don't earn her salt."
The mother looked troubled,—“Wait, father, I'll call,”—
And “Dorothy!” sounded through chamber and hall.

In a wide, roomy garret, weather-beaten and old,
Where the spiders triumphant their banners unroll'd,
And the small, narrow window half stinted the ray
Which fell on the form of sweet Dorothy Grey,
She sat by a chest filled with pieces and rolls—
The odds and the ends dear to housekeepers' souls;

The bags, worn and dusty, around her were tossed
 Unheeded, forgotten—in dreams she was lost.
 One hand propped her forehead, half hid by her hair,
 While the other held tightly a fairy-book rare.
 O the wonderful pictures! the glories untold!
 That arose on her vision, all glitt'ring with gold!
 The brown rafters vanished, and vanished the hoard
 Of cast-offs and may-wants her mother had stored;
 Dried bunches of herbs, old clothes past repair,
 Heaps of carpet rags, saddle bags, spider-webbed stair.



In their place was a ceiling, resplendent and high,
 All studded with stars, and as blue as the sky.
 Around it hung banners, and garlands so gay!
 And wax-lights made everything bright as the day;
 While strains of sweet music came soft on the air,
 And light feet were dancing right joyously there.
 O the beautiful ladies! that swept through the rooms,
 With dresses like rainbows, and high nodding plumes.
 And the princes and lords, all in gallant attire,
 How they danced as the music rose higher and higher!
 Then the fair Cinderella,—a lady at last!
 With the Prince so resplendent, tripped smilingly past.
 O the exquisite story! it held her in thrall,
 As she poured o'er the scenes of that wonderful ball;
 Her red lips half parted with joy and surprise,
 While beaming and dancing with light were her eyes.

Hist! a step on the stair—her dreaming is o'er!
 As "Dorothy!" comes through the half-opened door,
 She starts as though guilty, poor child! of a sin,
 And down goes the chest-lid, her treasure within.
 "Yes, mother, I'm coming!" and smiling she goes
 Down the worm-eaten stairs—to be scolded, she knows.
 But chide her and scold her as long as they may,
 Still that beautiful vision hath Dorothy Grey.

FRANK AND THE TOAD.

BY CYRUS COBB.

THERE was a little boy named Frank. He was a noble little fellow, but now and then he would forget what his good mother had told him. One day he was playing in the back-yard, when he discovered a toad hopping through the grass. The sight of this toad seemed to amuse him very much. He jumped about him laughing and chuckling in such a manner, that the poor reptile presently stopped in his way, and with an air of much humility waited to see what would come next.

Now Frank was n't a cruel boy, but like most little boys he was apt to be thoughtless. When the toad stood still, he cried out to it, "Go 'long! go 'long, or me whip you!" at the same time flourishing a stick with which he had been playing. But the toad did not move; so what did our boy do but bring the stick down upon its back with such force that it gave a hop of pain.

Then occurred something exceedingly amazing. Looking up into the boy's face, the toad opened its mouth and said,

"My little man, you ought not to have done that."

Frank, who had never heard an animal speak before, started back with his stick held aloft, his eyes staring, and his mouth wide open.

The toad never for a moment withdrew its own bright eye from Frank's, but seemed to penetrate his heart with its glance.

Presently a kitten crept out from a great hole under the rear of the house, and being struck by so odd a picture, approached, and with a sort of introductory cough, followed by a little mew, exclaimed: "What's the matter?"

Frank was well nigh petrified by this speech on the part of the kitten, and all the motion he made

was to turn one of his wide-open eyes toward the new speaker, while the other seemed still held by the toad's glance.

"Frank just did a wicked turn," said the toad, without removing its glance from the boy.

"How so?" asked the kitten.

"He struck me a hard blow with that stick,"



THE TOAD TELLS THE KITTEN.

which you see him holding in the air," returned the toad.

At this instant a mouse put out its head from a small hole under the house.

Kitty's fur began to rise at this, and she gave a growl, and she spit a little too. But somehow there seemed to be an extraordinary influence about, for the mouse paid no attention to these threatening signs from Miss Grimalkin, but out it



"O, HO!" CRIED THE MOUSE."

came, and running up to the group, squeaked: "What does all this mean?"

Pussy, whose impulse to eat up the mouse seemed to pass away, replied:

"This naughty little fellow has just now given a hard blow on friend Toad's back with that stick."

"O, ho!" cried the mouse, "what's best to be done with him?"

"To Judge Ox," said the toad; and nodding its head to Frank, it hopped toward the gate, still keeping its bright eye on our little boy.

Frank moved after the toad as if something drew him that he could n't resist. The kitten and the mouse fell in behind, making a sort of rear guard to this strange procession.

The toad led the way into a field near by, in which an ox was grazing. As the train approached,



GOING TO JUDGE OX.

the ox raised his head, and awaited their arrival with the utmost gravity.

When within about a yard of the ox, the toad said:

"Your honor, I have just been struck in a grievous manner by this little boy."

"Assault and battery with intent to kill," uttered the ox in a deep voice, at the same time turning a calm, dignified glance on Frank. "Let him be considered under arrest without more ado."

Frank began now to tremble violently.

"Let the case be presented to the grand jury immediately," continued the ox. "We do not delay," he added, with a severe look, "as men are wont to do."

A grasshopper, heretofore unobserved, now stepped forward, carrying a staff, which was only a straw, and led the toad, the kitten and the mouse



THE TOAD TELLS THE OX.

away. Frank watched them furtively until they were out of sight, and then, on a motion from the ox, he sat down on a stone, while a grandfather-longlegs held him in custody.

The grasshopper led the toad, the kitten, and the mouse to a secluded spot, where sat twenty-three beetles, who composed the grand jury, and in the midst of them was a ram, who was the district attorney.

What passed here it would be improper for us to tell, for grand juries are very secret in their doings. It did leak out, however, that the kitten and mouse testified that they saw the blow given by Frank. They probably thought they did, but they did n't, which my little readers will find to be like a good deal of evidence that is given in the courts.

To make the story short, an indictment was

found by this grand jury against our little boy, and duly presented.

The ox now stopped chewing a cud he had in his



THE GRASSHOPPER LEADS AWAY THE WITNESSES.

mouth, and again declared that he could permit no delays such as were indulged in by men.

"Choose," said he to poor Frank, "whom you would have for counsel."

Our little boy did n't understand what the ox meant by this speech; but Grandfather-Longlegs explained that as he must be put on trial for the ox to find out whether he was guilty or not, he certainly needed some one to work and talk for him as counsel.

At that moment, Frank, who was all of a flutter, heard a bleating calf just coming on the ground; and thinking him a fine talker, he declared to the court, in a voice that was almost inaudible, that he would take this calf to be his counsel.

The ox bowed to the calf, and so did the ram, who you know was the district attorney, and therefore, as counsel for government, was to contend against the calf. A jury of twelve frogs was impaneled, and the indictment was read, setting forth in very learned terms that Frank had assaulted the toad *vi et armis*, &c., maliciously and feloniously, with intent to kill. To all this Frank, under the instructions of his counsel, pleaded "Not guilty," and the trial commenced, the process being a little different from the course in some of the courts of men.

Alas for poor Frank! at the very first objection put in by his counsel, with a very loud voice, the ram bent both his brows and his head with such a terrible air, that the calf, losing all presence of mind, blurted out something nobody could under-

stand, and ingloriously turned tail and ran for a clump of bushes near by.

The ram made a dash for him, but the ox commanded him to return to his place; and then, in great disgust at the conduct of the calf, he asked the prisoner in a severe voice if he had anything to offer in his defense.

Poor Frank was so terrified by the flight of the calf, the severe look of the ox, and the threatening horns of the ram, that he could not say a word, and so the ox said he could waste no more time. The case was given to the jury on the evidence of the toad, and they returned a verdict of "Guilty" without leaving their seats.

Frank now thought something terrible was coming, and nearly fainted away. But Judge Ox bade Grandfather-Longlegs to help him stand up for sentence; then a kindly smile stole over his sober look, and this is the sentence he pronounced:

"The prisoner is sentenced to think over every night, when he goes to bed, how often he has been cruel to animals of any kind; and when he recollects of abusing any, even if it be but a fly, to say to himself, 'I'm very sorry, and will try very hard not to do so again.'"

"O!" cried Frank, gaining courage, "I will do that! I will do that!"

Then the ox nodded his head, and Frank was led back home by Grandfather-Longlegs and the ram, the toad, the kitten and the mouse following behind. When they arrived at the house the ram and Grandfather-Longlegs made a bow and left, the toad hopped into the yard, and the kitten and



THE TRIAL.

mouse made for their holes. But just as the mouse was going into his, pussy made a dart for him. Mousey was too quick for her, however, for giving

his tail a whisk almost in pussy's face, he ran into his hole safe and sound.

As for Frank, the lesson impressed upon him in so wonderful a way had such an excellent effect,

and he kept his promise to Judge Ox so well, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took occasion, not long afterward, to mention him with honor.

SANDY, THE HUNCHBACK.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

AT the far end of the one little straggling street of the village of Glenburn, lived the widow MacPherson and her son "Sandy, the hunchback," as he was always called by the neighbors. At the other end stood the little kirk, under whose shadow lay her husband and five children; and now this one cripple boy was all that was left to remind her of long years of toil and loving service. Of all the bonnie lads and lasses, there remained but one—her poor deformed child. But the faithful mother's heart went out to him in double love and tenderness, and longed to shield him from every jeer and mocking laugh that stung his sensitive soul.

Sandy was no ideal character such as is often found in books, whose bodily deformity was more than balanced by the beauty of his face or the brilliancy of his genius. No, Sandy was not formed to be a hero of romance; he was only a shrewd Scotch boy, whose wits were exercised more than would have been the case had he been able to race over the moor, or wade the brooks fishing for trout, or climb the heathery sides of the hills after birds' nests, as did his more fortunate companions.

His round, freckled face was crowned by a shock of light hair, and his bright blue eyes were more keen than beautiful. However, to his mother he was all in all; and, to do him justice, his love for her was unbounded. He helped to cultivate her little patch of garden, hobbling about on his crutch, and he also contrived to eke out their scanty income by plaiting straw into mats and little fancy baskets, which found sale during the Summer months, when the neighboring town was much frequented by tourists, who were glad to carry away pretty mementos of their visit to the rugged Scottish hills.

To most of the simple villagers Sandy was an object of compassion, and also a quiet sort of liking.

"He's a douce lad," one gossip would say to

another; "but eh! my he'rt's just sair for his puir mither."

And "douce" Sandy generally was, unless when his naturally quiet temper was aggravated by taunts or mocking allusions to his misfortune, and then his hands would clench themselves hard together, and his blue eyes blaze into sudden wrath,—while, like any other wounded animal, he would hobble as swiftly as possible to his lowly home, sure of shelter and a loving welcome there.

"Eh, mither, what ha'e I dune," he would say sometimes, "that I s'uld be made sic a deformity?"

Then his mother would take his hand gently in hers, stroking it softly as she said:

"It's the Lord's will, my lamb, an' ye must just bear it, for His sake."

"But it's no richt o' Him," he answered once, "to mak' a body sae, an' then no' keep ithers frae flytin' them. I'd rather dee an' ha'e dune wi' it."

Then the tears rolled suddenly down the pale, patient face of his mother.

"Oh, my bonnie lamb, ye maunna' say sic things; ye brak' my he'rt wi' yer wull words. An' eh! Sanny, to think ye'd like to dee an' leave yer puir auld minny, that wad just spill ilka drap o' her he'rt's bluid for ye gin it war ony guid!"

"Weel, weel, mither, I winna dee gin I can help it," Sandy answered with a queer grimace; "but I canna' see why ye s'uld be sae ower fond o' sic a crooked stick."

"Eh, Sandy, ye're no' a mither," said the widow, with a tearful smile; and as she moved about her work, she would pause often to give a nod or a word to Sandy, who sat whistling at his work under the old gnarled apple-tree which shaded the door.

To do them justice, the boys in the village were almost all of them ready to render Sandy any help they could, as he made his toilsome way about the place, or in his expeditions after the mosses and lichens with which he filled the baskets which he

made for sale; but there were two, of about his own age, who were Sandy's special aversion. One, I am bound to confess, was the minister's son; and the other, his constant companion, Robert Allison, the son of "the laird," whose handsome abode was just in sight from the door of Sandy's dwelling.

Robert Allison and William Burton were inseparable; when the one was not at the Manse, the other was sure to be ranging through the wild park which extended for some distance around "The Towers." Every morning Robert rode into Glenburn on his little white pony, to recite his lessons at the Manse, and at those times Sandy generally contrived to be invisible, for many was the taunt and cruel, thoughtless gibe which Robert had aimed at his pitiable misfortune. Once he had almost ridden him down, and then laughed as Sandy shook his crutch threateningly after him, and in all his jokes and witticisms he was ably seconded by his friend and crony, Will Burton.

The boys were not naturally bad; they were only thoughtless and cruel in their strength and prosperity,—unable to understand that the boy, so unlike them in every respect, had feelings keener and far more easily wounded than were theirs. Is it any wonder that the feeling which Sandy entertained for them closely bordered on hate, and that sometimes, as he sat at his work brooding over his wrongs, a longing for revenge rose in his breast?

One day in the early Summer, Sandy sat at his work as usual, whistling one of the many old ballads which his mother had taught him, when all at once a clatter of horse's feet made him look up, and presently Robert Allison reined in his pony in front of the door.

"Well, Sandy," he said at length, as Sandy took no notice of his approach.

"Weel, sir."

"Canna' you say anything to-day, Sandy?"

"Hoò can I ken when I hae naething to say?" was the dry retort.

Robert laughed. "Ye're no' in a blithe humor to-day, my lad. Now, I'm as gay as a laverock. The minister's gone to the town, and we've a whole holiday—Will and me; though he, poor fellow, has a cold, and his mither winna' let him go out with me."

Sandy made no reply. He was suspicious of all advances on the part of his tormentors, so took refuge in silence. Robert smiled mischievously.

"It's surly, my lad, no' to say a word to a friend."

Sandy looked up keenly. "There are some o' my fr'en's, as ye ca' them, that I'm no' just weel acquainted wi' yet."

"Well, Sandy, I'm off for the moor; it's bonnie there to-day."

Then, suddenly stooping, he switched Sandy's basket of mosses off the stone on which he had placed it, with his riding-whip, and rode off, laughing heartily at the abusive epithets which Sandy hurled after him.

"Noo I'll ha'e just to gang efter more," sighed Sandy ruefully, as he examined his scattered treasures. "The bonnie red cups are a' broken, an' the baskets maun be ready by the morn's morn. The ne'er do weel!" and he looked scowlingly down the road.

"Mither!" he called in at the door, "I've to gang to the moor again."

"Eh, laddie! what for?"

Sandy pointed to his broken moss, and gave a short but graphic account of the occurrence, adding, with a frown:

"The day's no' dune yet. I'll mebbe gar him rue his wark yet."

"Sandy, Sandy!" said his mother earnestly, "gin ye wer' to turn yer han' to do ill, my he'rt wad be clean brakkit. Ye're a' I ha'e got, an' ye maunna' gar me greet sauter tears than I ha'e already."

Sandy gazed at the ground for a minute, and then looking up with a sudden bright smile, he said, quaintly:

"Weel, mither, ye're just ane o' the angels frae heaven, an' ye've stoppit the mouth o' the roarin' lion."

Then, taking his cap, he started down the road which Robert Allison had taken, stopping at the turn to wave his hand to his mother, who stood in the door-way looking fondly after him.

Sandy was unusually successful that afternoon in finding the dried gray moss with its fairy-like cups of red, which he was seeking, and so occupied was he that the shadows were beginning to darken around him before he started for home.

The moor stretched out for miles around him, and the little foot-path amongst the heather was almost hidden. However, he pressed on, and was nearing the cart track which led to Glenburn, when he thought he heard a shout, and then the barking of a dog.

He stopped and listened intently. Before him swept away the long reach of heather; to his left, at some distance, was a "peat moss," and from this the sound appeared to come. As Sandy listened, the cry was repeated.

"It's ane o' the bogles auld Janet tells o', or else some puir body's no' sae weel aff as he wad like to be," he muttered. "Weel, I maun gang an' see aboot it." And, setting his basket carefully down, he went in the direction of the sound.

He had not gone far when a dog sprang quickly up from the heather, and began to fawn on him with eager caresses. It was a little Scotch terrier, and Sandy immediately recognized it as the property of Robert Allison.

"Eh, puir doggie, what ha'e ye to tell me?" he said, stooping to pat the animal's head. "Sae it was ye I heard, was it?"

The dog wagged its tail, and ran on a little way, always stopping to see if Sandy was following.

"Eh, sae we're to gang that gate, are we?" he said coolly, following the dog's leadership.

Presently he stopped.

"Ye'll gar us fa' into the peat-moss, if ye gang ony further, my lad," he said, addressing the dog, which had come back to his side.

A low whining bark was the reply.

Sandy reflected a minute. "Noo, my lad, ye be still a bit." Then, putting his fingers in his mouth, he blew a long shrill whistle.

He was answered by a call which sounded quite near by.

"Wha are ye, an' hoo cam' ye there?" shouted Sandy.

"Robert Allison," said the voice, weakly.

Sandy, carefully picking his steps, contrived to come in sight of his old enemy, who, he now saw, had fallen into one of the holes in the peat-moss, and was unable to extricate himself.

Robert's countenance fell as he caught sight of Sandy, who, leaning both arms on his crutch, stood quietly looking at him.

"Sandy, I canna' get out," he said presently.

"I could ha'e tauld ye that, Maister Robert," was the cool retort.

Tears of vexation started to the boy's eyes.

"Eh, man," he exclaimed, falling naturally into the common dialect, "dinna' stand there gloverin' at me. Canna' ye help me oot?"

"An' why s'uld I help ye oot? I'm nae sae mickle obleeged to ye for onything ye ha'e dune, that I s'uld risk my ain neck to serve ye."

"Weel, then, I maun just stay here," was the sullen reply. "I'm tired wi' strugglin', an' I canna' get oot—so good-night to ye."

This dogged courage pleased Sandy, who chuckled a little.

"Na, Maister Robert, I didna' say I wad na' help ye. Hoo did ye fa' in?"

"I saw a bonnie birdie fly in here, an' I thought mebbe I wad find its nest, and I forgot about the holes, and so I fell in."

"Ay, an' noo hoo are ye to get oot again? Eh, doggie, doggie, winna' ye be still, an' lat me think?" said Sandy, pushing the little terrier gently away.

It was a dreary place. All around were the

holes, like great open graves, from which the peat had been dug; many of them half full of water as black as ink. The dim, weird light made it seem doubly lonely and terrible. Every here and there were tufts of coarse grass, which afforded a footing, insecure enough, but still the only way of crossing the moss with safety. Sandy stood on one of these, musing over the situation.

Robert began to get impatient. The hole into which he had fallen was luckily less full of water than were many of the others; but it was deep, and the sides were slimy to the touch and altogether unable to afford a foothold; so his efforts to free himself had only brought him fatigue of body and vexation of spirit.

"Sandy, man," he exclaimed, "canna' ye leap on the turfs an' gi'e me yer hand?"

"Weel, I'm nae ower gude at leapin'." I ha'e na' practeed it much, ye see," retorted Sandy, grimly.

Robert's face flushed hotly, and he prudently said nothing further.

By and by, Sandy began to advance slowly and cautiously, feeling the ground with his crutch before venturing on it. By this means he proceeded safely till within a few feet of Robert Allison, who watched his progress with eager interest.

"Noo, Maister Robert," he said, pausing, "I ha'e ane word to say to ye. I ha'e often wished for the chance to do ye an ill turn, an' mebbe I wad ha'e dune it noo gin it had na' been for my mither. An' I just want ye to reflect that ye nicht ha'e staid where ye are the haill nicht, if Sandy had had an ill min' as weel as an ill skin."

Robert hung his head. "Sandy, I'm sorry," he said presently.

"Weel, there's naething mair to be said. Tak' a grip o' my stick, an' I'll try to pull ye oot."

Robert was heavy, and the strain on Sandy's back hurt him cruelly; but still he persevered, and after some time he had the satisfaction of seeing the other on firm ground again.

"Eh, Maister Robert, sic a plight as ye're in!" and Sandy looked at him in unfeigned dismay. The black mud had clung to his garments, and even besmirched his face.

"Noo be carefu' hoo ye walk," he said, leading the way back to the road.

Robert would have liked to offer thanks, but did not dare to do it, so followed on silently. When they had nearly reached the cart track, Sandy stopped.

"I canna' gang on, Maister Robert," he said faintly; then a sudden pallor overspread his face, and he fell heavily to the ground.

Robert uttered a cry of alarm, and, springing forward, tried anxiously to raise him; but he was

forced to give up the attempt, and, sitting down beside him, he resolved to wait, in hopes of some one coming. His dog lay down at his side, howling mournfully from one to the other.

The minutes passed like hours, and still Sandy lay unconscious. Robert was almost giving way to despair, when he heard the creaking of wheels, and to his great joy a cart soon came in sight.

fore the kirk, "ye maun run on, Maister Robert, an' tell the lad's mither, an' we'll com' slowly efter ye."

"Oh, I canna'!" said Robert, huskily.

"Maister Robert, ye maun just do it; we've all to do things we dinna' like, whiles."

And Robert, with downcast eyes and wildly-beating heart, started on his mission. The mother



SANDY RESCUES ROBERT.

The two men who were in it both jumped out when they saw the melancholy little group by the road-side.

"Aye, but this is ill news for his puir mither," said one, compassionately, as they lifted the boy tenderly into the cart.

"Noo, Maister Robert, get in wi' yer doggie, an' we'll take ye hame."

Sandy's little basket of moss was still where he had left it, and Robert, with a sudden rush of bitter recollections, took it up carefully, and climbed into the cart.

"Noo," said one of the men, as he stopped be-

made no outcry; her face grew a shade paler, that was all.

"Is he deid, laddie?" she asked, as Robert finished his rather incoherent account.

"No, no," said the boy, eagerly; and then the cart stopped at the door, and Sandy was carried in and laid on the bed.

"There's a great London doctor up at 'The Towers,' seeing my mother. I'll fetch him."

And Robert dashed out of the house and up the street, not pausing even to notice his crony, Will Burton, who called after him to know what was the matter.

He soon returned with the doctor, who remained a very long time in the little inner room where Sandy was lying.

By and by, Sandy's mother came out, and Robert caught her dress as she passed, not seeing him in the dusky gloom.

"Will he die?" he asked.

"Na, na, laddie; he'll no' die," she answered, gently; "an' the doctor says he'll mebbe be able to do something for the lad's back yet,—he'll no' be like ither folk, but he'll mebbe walk wi'oot his crutch."

And Robert, dropping his face in his hands, burst into sudden tears.

"Eh, laddie, ye maunna' greet; ye'll ha'e both gotten a lesson the day ye'll no' forget," she said, tenderly. Then, with true delicacy, she left him to himself.

Sandy opened his eyes, when she again bent over him.

"Weel, mither," he said, faintly.

"Weel, Sandy."

"What was it ye read about the crooked things bein' made straight? Mebbe I'm ane of the crooked things that He'll be makin' straight up there."

"Aye, Sandy, my lamb; but no' yet. Ye're to

stay wi' yer puir auld mither noo," she answered, fondly.

He smiled contentedly.

"Weel, mither, I could na' stay wi' onyane better, except the Ane that's above us a'."

The next few weeks were calm and peaceful ones. Sandy was soon able to sit up, and, under the new treatment prescribed by the doctor, grew rapidly better. He soon began to work at his baskets again, and his new friend Robert was never so happy as when scouring the country in search of curious mosses wherewith to fill them. And when Will Burton ventured a remonstrance, he was told plainly that only by kindness and courtesy to the poor cripple could he retain the liking of his former constant companion; and he, always accustomed to be led by the bolder spirit, consented now to let it lead him in the paths of kindness and humanity.

Robert's devotion was not a mere impulse; he became more and more attached to his humble friend; and for years after the happy day when the invalid was able to go about again in the pleasant sunshine, there were no firmer friends in the little village of Glenburn than Robert Allison, the laird's son, and Sandy, the hunchback.

FLORENCE.

HAVE you heard of a baby far over the 'sea—
A baby as pretty as pretty can be?

Florence they call her. To Florence she came

When sent to this earth,—that gave her the name.

A Yankee papa and mamma she doth bless—

Our Florentine baby's a Yankee no less;

And one of these days we'll unfurl to her view

The flag of her country—the red, white and blue!

The pretty signoras oft stop on the street,

Delighted the beautiful baby to meet.

Birds hover about her, and baby says "Coo!"

As they warble and trill her a sweet "How d'ye do?"

Even the doggies that come in her way

Wag, in Italian, a merry "Good-day!"

Lilies nod softly, and roses would screen her—

Everything smiles at the wee signorina.

Never a blossom so pretty as she—

Florence, our baby-girl over the sea!



ST. NICHOLAS' DAY IN GERMANY.

BY JULIA S. TUTWILER.

WELL, here I am in this little old-fashioned German village of Kaiserwerth, on the east bank of the beautiful Rhine, in the midst of flat meadows and fields, intersected by broad roads bordered with Lombardy poplars. Far off against the horizon we can see the spires of the city of Dusseldorf, and the old town of Ratingen; and still further off is a line of low, blue hills. These are the foot-hills of the Sauerland Mountains, which fill a great part of Westphalia, the next province to ours, with beautiful highlands and valleys.

Passing along the cleanly swept streets of the village of Kaiserwerth, on the 5th December last, I noticed that groups of wooden-shod children kept gathering with great interest around the window of the "conditorei," that is, the confectioner's shop. Wishing to see what attracted them so particularly, or, as the Germans say, "what was loose there," I went to the window too, and stood among the little Germans, looking over their heads.

Such a store of cakes! but not cakes like those usually in the shop-window. Oh no, indeed! These were something quite out of the common way; they were all picture-cakes. Here was a great big brown rooster with a flowing tail, and a lordly crest; here was a lady in a ruff and splendid garments, and here a knight in armor with sword and lance. But especially prominent among these and many other smaller figures, were great big figures, nearly two feet long, representing a bishop with his crosier in his hand, his miter on his head, and his ornamental robes flowing in ginger-cake around him. Of course I went in—for I am quite well acquainted at the confectioner's—to ask "what was loose" there; and whether they had not made a mistake and begun to have Christmas three weeks too soon. But my friend the confectioner's blond-haired daughter, who takes a great interest in enlightening me as an ignorant foreigner, informed me that the next day, the 6th, would be St. Nicholas' Day, and that all these things, and many others upstairs, would be purchased by their customers for its celebration. Now, I had been very well acquainted with St. Nicholas in America, and had believed that I knew everything about him, from his personal appearance to the names of his team of "tiny reindeer;" but then, in America, it was always on Christmas night that

"Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,"

—and this seemed to be something different. So I

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determined to find out all I could about the habits of St. Nicholas in Germany, and very gladly accepted Gretchen's invitation to walk upstairs and see the exhibition or show-room fitted up in his honor. Here, on a counter running around three sides of it, were more piles and piles of picture-cakes; many of the large ones such as I had seen down-stairs, and heaps of smaller ones to be sold by the pound. Then there was one counter filled with all sorts of little candy figures; the most common ones were little babies whose heads alone could be seen; their hands and all the rest of the figure being enveloped in candy folds and narrow ribbons crossed around and around them and tied fast. Now, you may think the Germans very irreverent when I tell you that these candy babies represent the Child-Jesus, the Christ-kind, as they call him, in his swaddling bands; but we must not judge uncharitably of the habits of other countries; they have their ideas as to what is right and wrong, and we have ours; I will only tell you what they do, without giving any opinion.

Then there were candy figures of an old man, with gray beard and hair, which represented St. Nicholas himself; then all sorts of pretty little fancy candies, such as we see in America; and especially plentiful were little candy shoes, for the most part made of brown chocolate, with white rosettes and trimmings. Gretchen was very kind in showing me everything, and explaining it all to me; she even brought in from the kitchen some of the wooden molds in which the cakes are shaped. These are thick, square blocks of wood, with the figure to be made deeply cut into them; the dough is pressed firmly into this cutting until it takes its shape, and it is then taken out and baked.

Of course I asked a great many questions, both there and after I returned to my German home; and I will tell you now what I learned.

St. Nicholas, whose image I had seen both in cake and candy, was a real person, and a very good, holy man; he lived about 300 years after the birth of Christ, in Syria, a province of Asia Minor, where Paul himself first preached Christianity to the heathen inhabitants. (Look at your map, girls.) There he was Bishop of the city of Myra. I cannot tell you all about his good and holy life in this letter; I will only mention that he was very fond of the children of his congregation, and took great pleasure in teaching them and talking to them; and always so lovingly and gently, that all the

children of the city loved very dearly their good Father Nicholas. When he died, he was called a saint. In those old times people liked to fancy what particular work for their Lord was given in their new life to the good men who had been devoted to good deeds in this world; so they chose for St. Nicholas, as best suited to his character, the care of all the little children of earth, and loved to think that he was still watching over and helping the little ones he had loved.

Many curious legends are related of him, one of which, you may remember, was finely told in the Letter-Box of this magazine a year ago.

While the little ones of the city still remembered the lovely, kind old man, with the silver hair and beard, who had talked so lovingly to them of the Good Shepherd, whose little lambs they were, their mothers could always persuade them to try to be good, by reminding them of what their dear old friend had said to them. On each anniversary of his death, the people of the city in which he had spent his life met together in the churches to hold a service in memory of his virtues, and at nightfall mothers would give to their good children, with words of praise and encouragement, such little gifts as their kind old bishop had been wont to give them when he met them in his walks. So the children came to feel as if their dear old Father Nicholas was still watching lovingly over them, and coming to see them once every year to bring them tokens of his love and approbation; and they formed the habit of saying that the gifts which they received on this day were from St. Nicholas.

As time passed on, much was forgotten of his history, and much was added to it, as will always be the case with a story that travels around among nurses and children. For example, the children grew to believe that St. Nicholas came in the night on a beautiful shining white horse, and put their presents for them on the table beside their beds; and as they wanted to do something to show how much they thanked him, they began to put something for his horse to eat after his long journey, on the plate which they stationed by the bedside to receive the goodies which St. Nicholas brought. Now here comes the difficult point; nobody that I have seen in Germany can tell me why it is that the food for St. Nicholas' horse must always be put in a little shoe! For this purpose the little chocolate shoes I have mentioned are intended; the children buy them always on St. Nicholas' Eve. Whatever the legend or the story was that caused this use of the little shoe, it seems to be entirely lost, even in Germany.

I have tried all the more earnestly to find out the origin of this custom, because, I think, it must be connected in some way with our custom of hanging

up a stocking for St. Nicholas; how the good saint came to have his shoes in Germany and his stockings in America, I should very much like to know. A young German girl, on hearing me speak of my young country folk hanging up their stockings on Christmas eve, said, "Oh! I remember, that American custom is mentioned in the descriptions of Christmas-day in the '*Vite, Vite Vurld*.'" You see the German girls love Miss Warner's book just as much as you do, and read it over and over again, sometimes in German, but often in English; for nearly all well-taught German children read English. Instead of learning Latin and algebra, as you do, they give a great deal of time to learning to read and speak the modern languages. I really cannot say which is the wiser plan, but both have their advantages.

One of the deaconesses, good and wise Sister Elspeth, "meine liebe mutterschwester," told me how they celebrated St. Nicholas' day at her sister's house, and in a great many other German families: Late in the evening, on the day before, just about the time when the children are usually sent to bed, a loud knocking is heard at the door; the mother, or auntie, goes out to let the stranger in, and comes running back, with:

"Oh! children! children! what do you think? here is St. Nicholas coming in; the Christ-kind has sent him to ask about you all, that he may know whether to bring you any presents at Christmas or not?" The children all become very much excited. Little Hänschen pulls his apron straight; Karl smooths down his hair with his hand; little Meta turns out her toes, as auntie is reminding her to do all day long; and as they are all on tip-toe with expectation, the door opens and in walks St. Nicholas. A great big bag hangs by his side; long, snow white hair falls from under his bishop's cap; and so much long silvery beard covers his face, that the children can hardly see anything but his eyes. These, however, look so kind and good, and twinkle so pleasantly, that little Hänschen lets go the mother's dress and ventures a step nearer to the new guest. The latter bows very politely to mother and auntie, and says that as Christmas is very near, the Christ-kind has sent him to all the houses of the village to find out to what children the Christ-kind must bring presents at Christmas, when he comes in his little well-filled wagon. Then the saint makes very particular inquiries about each child. "Has Meta learned to turn out her toes when she walks, better than she did last Christmas?" Meta's toes turn wider and wider apart as he speaks, and auntie says: "I think Meta is trying very hard to learn to walk like a graceful little lady." Meta smiles with pleasure, and St. Nicholas gives a nod of satisfaction. "And does Karl eat all his soup

every day before he asks for anything else, and never grumble about anything that is put on his plate?" "Yes, Karl has learned not to be a baby about his dinner," says the mother, "and is getting ready to be a brave soldier some day, by thanking God for whatever He gives, and eating it without ever thinking about it." "Schön! schön!" says St. Nicholas, which means "Good! good!" "And has Hänschen been a diligent little boy, and learned by heart some little Christmas hymns to sing under the Christmas-tree?" And little Hänschen, the youngest of them all, his face as red as fire with excitement, and his blue eyes as wide open as he can stretch them, before the mother can answer, opens his mouth, and bursts out just as loud as he can sing, with his new Christmas hymn:

"Holy night! silent night!
Darkness all, save yon light
Shining o'er the stable where
Watch the worshipping, blessed pair,
By the Heavenly Child."

"Well done," says St. Nicholas, "I will ask the Christ-kind on Christmas-day to bring a very full wagon to this house; and now, to show what very nice things He is going to bring with Him, He has sent you beforehand a few specimens of what He will have in His wagon."

So he opens the big bag that hangs by his side and brings out apples and nuts, candy, Christkindchens, and all sorts of cakes, especially big figures of himself, and gives some to each one of the delighted children; tells them to be as good as they have been, and, if possible, better, until Christmas comes, and they shall have still more beautiful gifts. Then he shakes hands with the children, makes a low bow to the mother and auntie, and says he must hurry off, as he has to visit every house in the village and inquire about all his children. Sometimes, instead of St. Nicholas coming in person, the father goes to the door when the knock is heard, and comes back with a great bag of good things, and tells the children all that St. Nicholas asked him, and what he answered before receiving this foretaste of Christmas for them.

On this last St. Nicholas' day, I heard great laughing, mingled with delighted exclamations, and a good deal of scampering about, in the Orphan Home, which is next door to our seminary. In this home about forty little orphans are receiving a Christian education, under the loving, tender care of the good deaconesses. I learned afterward that it was a visit from St. Nicholas which had caused the excitement; and that the saint was, this time, no less a person than one of the three pastors of the "Anstalt," as this whole group of institutions is called. It was Pastor George Hiedner, the son of the great and good Pastor Hiedner, who founded

the Anstalt, and did so many other blessed works of mercy for Germany and the world. I wish we had one such man in our country. But was n't it kind in young Pastor George Hiedner to take so much interest in amusing and pleasing the little orphans? I think it was as good as if he had preached a sermon to them; for it showed his love and his interest in a way that even the youngest could understand and enjoy.

Sometimes, when the poorer people have no spare room in which to set up and dress a Christmas-tree, St. Nicholas is supposed to come in the night, on his shining white horse, and leave presents for the children on the table by their beds while they are all asleep; and if the children have not a groschen to buy a candy shoe, in which to put the food for his horse, they cut one out of a potatoe and put the oats and bread in that; but a shoe it must be. I am sorry there are any children in Germany too poor to have a Christmas-tree; for a Christmas-tree in this far country is—oh! I can't tell you how charming that and everything else about a German Christmas is, unless I write you a whole letter about nothing else.

Now, should you like to hear a little story about St. Nicholas' day? Yes? Well, here is

WHAT ST. NICHOLAS BROUGHT TO THE CANDIDATE.

Once upon a time there was a very rich German merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter. She did not have two envious elder sisters, like the merchant's daughter Beauty, in the fairy-tale. On the contrary, she had no elder sisters at all; but a whole crowd of merry, romping younger brothers and sisters, who loved her dearly. In fact, they could not help doing so, for Bertha was as good as she was beautiful.

Now this charming young lady had many lovers, but none of them had won her heart. She was gentle and merry with them all, granting special favor to none. Of course there was a reason for this, as there generally is in such cases. There was a very quiet, modest young man, who lived in Bertha's home as tutor to her little brothers and sisters. He was what they call in Germany a candidate; that is, he had studied to be a minister, but had not yet been given the charge of a congregation.

Bertha had met him as a stranger a few years before, when both were visiting in Holland. She was skating one day on one of the frozen canals near Amsterdam, and in stooping to tighten her skate-strap she had dropped a pretty trinket. This young man had found it, had given it to her with a courteous "It is yours, Fraulein!" She had

thanked him and passed on. That was all, but neither of them forgot the moment, and neither tried to hide a bright look of recognition when in time the good merchant formally introduced the new tutor to his daughter.

At first he had been very happy in his new capacity, and had helped to make everybody else

the world; and that they believed a good, true-hearted man, like the young candidate, was the very person to make her so.

"I can give her money enough," said her father, "but money alone cannot bring her happiness, and that is what I want for her."

The good mother assented; and they came to



"IT IS YOURS, FRAULEIN!"

so, by his pleasant, sunny temper, and his merry plans. But for the last few months he had been grave and silent, and, though the children loved him dearly still, they could not find his company as amusing as it once was.

Fraulein Bertha, too, had lost a great deal of her pretty color, and often looked very absent and sad when she thought no one was watching her.

The good father and mother soon saw what was the matter, and spoke to one another about it. They agreed that they would rather see their dear daughter happy than to have any other blessing in

the conclusion that they need only be quiet, and things would soon come right of themselves. But months passed away, and things did not seem to be coming right at all. The young candidate grew graver and paler, and his eyes began to look quite sunken and hollow. Bertha could not eat any of the nice things that her anxious father piled up on her platter each day, in the hope of tempting her appetite; and she was so nervous that the slightest thing startled her. One day her mother begged her to say all that was on her heart. The pretty Bertha burst into tears, and, bowing her

head on her mother's shoulder, told her trouble. It was not much to tell—only that she knew that the candidate loved her dearly, and was too proud to tell her so, because he was so poor.

"And how about my Bertha," said the mother; but Bertha only clasped her more tightly and sobbed harder than before. "It is nothing to be ashamed of that my dear little daughter should have learned to love a good and noble man, who for months has evidently loved her better than anything in the world; and it is better that we should talk of the matter reasonably together."

So at last Bertha was quiet and calm, and looked happier than she had done for months, as her mamma talked in the pleasantest possible way to her about the many virtues of the young candidate.

Still matters remained at a stand-still; the father showed as much friendship as possible to the young man, and the mother had long motherly talks with him about his health, and scolded him in the most affectionate way for not taking better care of himself.

But the kinder they were to him, the more determined he became in his own mind that it would be a very mean thing for him to take advantage of this confidence and friendship by trying to persuade their daughter to be the wife of a poor young minister. So the whole family was very uncomfortable indeed, and all because one young man was too modest to see what everybody else saw very plainly.

At last, when the good mother could not bear any longer to see so many people made uncomfortable without reason, she told Fraulein Bertha that she must really set her woman's wits to work and find some way out of the difficulty, else it would end in a very painful way for them all, by the lover's dying of a broken heart.

It was the fifth of December—St. Nicholas' Eve—and all the little brothers and sisters were gathered around the table in the sitting-room, in a great state of excitement preparing for the expected visit of the Saint in the coming night, on his silver-white steed.

Besides the little ornamented shoes, which hold the forage for the horse, the children in a great many houses set out their own shoes also on this night, just as you hang up your stocking; in fact, in some parts of Germany the children do that too, but it is not a common custom. The Saint is very apt to leave a little gift in each of the little leathern shoes, if he finds them very neat and shining; not the great handsome presents which the Christ-kind brings at Christmas, but a pretty little something to keep them in mind that Christmas is coming—a half-dozen marbles, a little pin-

cushion, or a little box of bon-bons. The children take great pride in having their shoes in the best possible condition at this time; and instead of trusting Hans to black and polish them as usual, there is a great borrowing of blacking-brushes from the kitchen, and so much polishing and brushing takes place in the nursery that the nurse declares they make the floors and their aprons blacker than their shoes.

This time the little leathern shoes had been polished till the little owners could almost see themselves in them; and nurse had washed hands and faces, and put clean aprons on all that still wore this nursery-badge; and now they were very busy arranging the forage for the beautiful white horse. Kind sister Bertha was helping them, and trying to laugh with them at their merry chatter.

"See, sister Bertha," said little Fritz, "I am going to put rye for the Saint's horse in my candy-shoe, and Max is going to put water in his; so there will be both food and water there for the good horsy, and he will be well refreshed before he goes on to the next house."

"I will put sugar for him in mine," said little Kätchen.

"No, indeed, Kätchen, I would not do that. St. Nicholas' horse can always get sugar enough, for his master carries a great bag full of sugar things on his back. He would much rather have some rye, and some good fresh water," said wise little Wilhelm. "Is not that true, Herr Dreifuss?" he added, appealing to the grave young teacher, who sat quietly by, and who now nodded assent.

"You did not see St. Nicholas to-day," said Bertha upon this, turning to him. "Did you know he came this afternoon, between dinner and coffee, while you were taking your solitary walk? He was in a great hurry, but he got news of all the children for the Christ-kind, left a bag of apples and nuts for them, and promised to come again to-night to bring us all another foretaste of Christmas."

"I am sorry I did not see him," said the young teacher, trying to be interested in the pleasures of his little pupils.

"However, he inquired especially about you," said Bertha, "and we gave him such a good account that he left word you must be sure to put your very largest pair of shoes before the door of your room to-night for him to fill for you."

"Oh, Herr Dreifuss," said little Kätchen, eagerly, "you must make a shoe for the good Saint. You can cut everything so nicely with your knife. See, here is a great big lump of sugar. Cut a shoe all out of sugar, and I will give you some rye to put in it. Then, when the horse has eaten the rye, he can eat the shoe too."

Herr Dreifuss thanked the helpful little maiden, and, to the great pleasure of the children, began to carve a shoe out of the big lump of sugar, while Bertha silently looked on.

Usually Herr Dreifuss was very skillful in such matters, and had made many a piece of doll furniture for the little folks; but to-day his hands trembled, the knife slipped, and, in short, everything seemed to conspire to make him look clumsy and stupid in the eyes of Fraulein Bertha. So he hurried through with his task at last without caring much how it succeeded.

"It looks more like a heart than a shoe!" cried Fritz. "Does n't it, sister Bertha?"

And so it did—like a great, irregularly-shaped heart; and the place where the foot should go in looked as if it were the rent where this big heart was beginning to break asunder.

The candidate saw that Fritz was right, and wondered at his own awkwardness.

"Yes, it is a very poor shoe," he said; "we will not set it out for St. Nicholas; he will have so many prettier ones."

"I think it does very nicely," said Bertha, "and I am sure St. Nicholas will think so too. You must be sure to put it on your table, and your largest pair of shoes before your door, just as the children do."

"Well, I will certainly obey you," said Herr Dreifuss, trying to smile cheerfully in response to her kindness.

He went to his room, as usual, with a heavy heart.

"Yes, it is just like her angelic sweetness," he thought. "She sees my hopeless love, and pities it; and now she has made some little token to give me, to show me that she is sorry for me, and will be my friend. Ah! I ought to be happy that she is willing to be even this much to me, since I know that she never, never can be anything more."

And this very stupid young man—stupid only on this subject—after setting his big slippers outside his door, went to bed and dreamed all night long, as usual, of golden hair and kind blue eyes. In the morning he woke with a slight feeling of pleasant expectation, and the first thing he did was to open his door to get his slippers. But—no slippers were to be seen!

"It was all a jest, in order to hide my slippers," he thought, "but it is not a kind or pleasant jest. However, she could not have meant it unkindly—that would be too unlike her; so I must take it as she meant it."

And with his yesterday's heavy heart he went down to the breakfast-room. All the children were already there around the table, chattering like so

many blackbirds, showing the mother and the father the Christkindchens, and big cake images of himself, which St. Nicholas had laid on their tables and dropped into the shining shoes before their doors.

"And his horse ate all the rye I put in the candy shoe," said delighted little Fritz.

"And drank all my water!" cried Neas.

"And ate my sugar, too," said Kätchen, "and left a great big cake-rooster, almost as big as the one in the poultry-yard, on my table."

"And what did he bring you, dear Herr Dreifuss?" said the little pet, running up to her teacher, and taking his hand. "Did he really have something large and beautiful to put in your shoes? and was it a cake rooster?"

"No, little Kätchen, he did not put anything in my slippers. On the contrary, he carried them off with him. I think he must have wanted them to make a new pair of saddle-bags for his horse."

Little Kätchen opened her blue eyes very wide, and looked as if she felt very doubtful as to the propriety of such conduct on the part of a Saint. However, just then the conversation was brought to a full stop by the entrance of sister Bertha; everybody looked curiously at her as she came in; for instead of her usual light-springing step, she came slipping and sliding along in the most extraordinary manner, as if she were suddenly lame.

"What is the matter, sister Bertha?" cried all the children together; but the father and mother did not say a word, and Bertha did not answer any of the others. She only came quietly slipping along. The young candidate looked, too, to see what was the matter; and there, on her pretty little feet—even over her own dainty shoes—were his great slippers! Bertha did not say a word, but came and stood quietly, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, right before the candidate! Yes, blushing, but very brave and steady—for were not her father and mother by, and did not they approve?—she stood waiting for him to take her.

But the candidate! what could he think? He felt as if the room were whirling around him. All was mystery. He looked at the slippers; but that did not help him—this stupid young man; then he looked at the little white hands clasped loosely together, but they did not explain the matter either; then he looked at the sweet, downcast face, with the soft blushes coming and going upon it, and Bertha raised her eyes and looked into his. Then he understood it all—right off—without a word; and jumped up and clasped the little hands in his and kissed them a hundred times. Then he gave a hearty kiss to the good mother, and then, as they

were both Germans, gave the father also a hearty embrace and kiss.

"So Bertha and the young man got married, and lived happily ever afterward?"

Certainly they did. And now, girls, remember I do not relate this story as an example to any of my girls in America. I merely "tell the tale as it was told to me."

ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

A Chapter for Girls, Little and Big (with a few Useful Hints for Boys).

WHEN the red and yellow leaves have fallen, and boughs are brown and bare; when the katydid's noisy chirp is hushed, and the last bird has flown away, then the brave, stalwart evergreens seem to stand forward and take possession of the deserted woods. Their very look is suggestive. They make us think of Christmas merry-makings, lighted tapers, crackling fires,—all the pleasant things of the friendly winter; for winter is not a foe, as some think, but a friend, and if you meet him kindly, a very good friend, too. Perhaps it is the sight of the Christmas-trees which at this time of the year sets little people (and big ones also) to thinking "What *shall* I make for Christmas? I want a present for mamma, and one for father, and something for Jack and for Ethel, something pretty, but not too hard for me to make. Oh, dear, how few things there are which boys like, and how I wish some one would just come along and give me an idea."

Now, knowing that several thousands of his readers are likely to be talking or thinking in this way, St. Nicholas has sent us "along" for this very purpose, to discuss the matter of Christmas presents, and give an idea of the way to make them. We will begin with a few easy suggestions for little tots of six or seven, who have but lately learned to sew, and will need help from older sisters to finish their gifts nicely. Then we will suggest some ideas a little more difficult, for workers of ten and twelve, and, lastly, some, more elaborate still, for those of you who are graduates of the needle, and not afraid to risk spoiling nice materials. Of course we cannot in one article mention a tenth part of the many things that can be made, for the world is crammed with pretty and ingenious devices of all sorts. Also, of those we do mention, some may be already famil-

iar to many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. But such must recollect that what is old to them will be new to others, and *vice versa*, so that it is to be hoped that there will be something for everybody, something which can be turned to account for the coming Christmas, with its stockings, and laden trees, and pretty surprises. You often will find many and various articles given under one heading. Now we will begin with our first division:

Easy Presents to be Made by Little Girls of Six or Seven.

A SCENT-CASE FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

For these scent-cases it will be necessary to buy an ounce of sachet powder (heliotrope, mille fleur, violet, or Florentine orris-root). Cut out two layers of thin cotton wadding three inches square, sprinkle the powder between them, and tack the edges together. Make a little bag of blue or crimson silk of the same size, run it round the edges, leaving one end open; tack the scented wadding smoothly in, and sew the open end over and over. Trim around the case with a narrow plaited ribbon, and catch it through in four or five places with tiny ribbon bows of the same color.

PRETTY KETTLE-HOLDERS.

Cut some bits of an old blanket or quilt, or other thick material, into pieces eight inches square, and tack them together with strong stitches. Cover them with a case of scarlet flannel of the same size, and sew a red worsted cord round the edges, leaving a loop in one corner to hang the holder by. The loop must not be very long.

Ask sister to draw you the shape of a tea-kettle on paper; lay this down on a piece of black cloth and cut the cloth neatly after the pattern. Put this black cloth tea-kettle on the middle of the red flannel square, and hem it down nicely. If you have

learned to do marking letters, you might work the words "Polly put" in black worsted above the kettle, and the word "on" below it. This would puzzle people; and when they found that it meant "Polly put the kettle on," they would laugh.

SPECTACLE-WIPERS.

These are easy presents, and very nice ones. You must cut out of soft chamois leather, two perfectly round pieces an inch and a half across, and bind the edges neatly with narrow ribbon of any color you like. Fasten the circles together at the side with a small bow. This is all, but you will find that grandpapa will like it very much. It takes almost no room in his pocket, and is always at hand when he wishes to wipe his glasses, which he is sure to do several times a day.

A SHAVING-PAPER CASE.

This is a nice thing to make for papas and grown-up brothers.

For a pattern take a grape leaf, lay it down on card-board, draw round its edges with pencil, and cut the paper in the same shape. Buy half-a-dozen sheets of tissue-paper, red, blue, white, green and yellow; fold them over four or eight times, according to size, lay your card-board pattern down over them and cut the shape round with sharp scissors. It is on these soft sheets of thin paper that the razor is to be wiped clean. Make the cover of the same form, in green silk, or cloth, or Japanese canvas. Overcast the edge, or bind it with ribbon, and imitate the veins of the leaf with long stitches of green sewing-silk. The tissue-paper grape-leaves are inserted between the outside leaf-covers. There must be a loop of ribbon at the stem end of the leaf to hang it up by.

LEAF PEN-WIPERS.

The directions for making a shaving-paper case will enable you also to make a leaf pen-wiper, except that you now require a smaller leaf for your pattern (say an oak or a maple leaf), and you put leaves of black cloth instead of tissue-paper between the two outside leaves. These outside leaves should be of the color of the leaf whose pattern is chosen—red or yellow for maple, and brown for an oak, unless you prefer green.

WASH-STAND FRILLS.

The materials for these pretty, useful things, are a yard and a quarter of plain or figured white muslin, a yard and an eighth of tape, and a yard of ribbon two inches wide, of any color you prefer. Cut the muslin into two breadths, sew them together and make a hem two inches wide on both edges. Run a thread all across one end, half an

inch below the hem; into this put the tape, and draw up the frill, leaving a knot in the tape at each end. The ruffle is to be nailed to the wall through these knots, above the wash-stand, where the wall-paper is in danger of being spattered when persons are washing. Make two pretty bows of the ribbon and pin them over the tape-ends. You can draw up the lower part of the muslin piece also, if you wish, so as to make the top and bottom just alike. These frills are easy things to make, and they look very neat and pretty when they are on the wall.

A BAG FOR PAPA'S SLIPPERS.

This bag may be made of merino or cloth or Java canvas (embroidered), or crochet-work lined with cloth of a bright color. Let it be of an oblong shape, just large enough to allow the slipper to go in and out easily; and put a ribbon or cord loop at each of the top corners, so that it may be hung conveniently for every-day use.

GARTERS.

For little girls who can knit, there are few things nicer to make than a pair of garters. They are prettiest of bright scarlet or blue yarn. Set up one stitch on the needles, widen till you get to twenty, and knit regularly till the garter is twelve inches long. Slip ten of the stitches off on a third needle, and knit for twenty rows on the remaining ten, then take up the left-behind stitches and knit twenty rows on them, which forms a loop. Slip all the stitches again off on one needle, knit twenty rows and bind off. These garters are also pretty knit with fine white tidy-cotton, bound all round with narrow red ribbon. Many persons prefer them to any other kind.

PEN-WIPER MADE OF BABY'S SHOE.

Take a baby's shoe of red kid. Then cut out four round pieces of black cloth, each three inches in diameter; pink the edges, fold and fasten them together as described in paragraph headed "Bead Pen-wipers," and push the pointed ends into the toe part of the shoe, so that the pinked edges of the cloth may project at the top. One pair of baby's shoes (price forty cents) will make two of these pen-wipers. Papa would be glad to have one on his library-table.

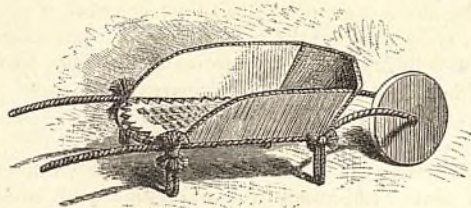
Now we pass to our second division:

Things which can be Made by Girls from Ten to Fourteen who are expert with their needles.

We will begin with a novel and pretty needle-book, for the idea of which we are indebted to Mrs. Annie Phœbus, who has suggested other ingenious devices in fancy-work for St. NICHOLAS:

A WHEELBARROW NEEDLE-BOOK AND PIN-CUSHION.

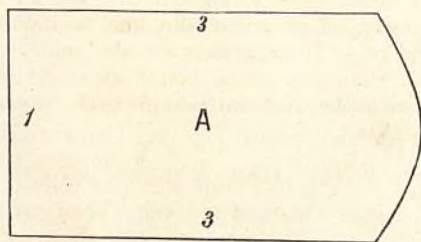
The needle-book from which this illustration is copied was made of lead-colored merino. By the by, girls, we would recommend you to save all the



WHEELBARROW NEEDLE-BOOK.

scraps of prettily colored merino, flannel and silk that may happen to fall in your way. They are sure to prove useful. And, another hint, lay aside all the old postal-cards, instead of tossing them into the waste basket. You will find them much better for lining purposes than stiff paper.

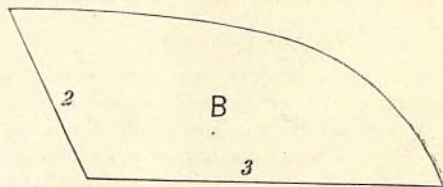
Here are diagrams which show the parts of the wheelbarrow needle-book. A is the bottom. Cut it out in pasteboard, and as each part is double you must cut out two of each. Cover both parts smoothly with merino, turn the edges in, basting them down firmly; lay them together and over-seam them all round. B is the shape for the sides.



PLAN OF BOTTOM.

They must be covered exactly like the bottom; only, as there are two sides to a wheelbarrow, you will require four pieces of pasteboard. C is the back. When the parts are all covered, join them

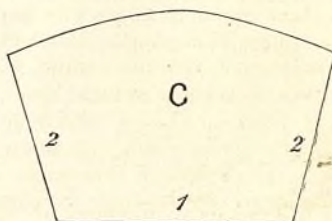
an inch in diameter and cover them like the others, making an awl-hole in the middle of each for the wire on which the wheels are hung. This wire must be covered wire, of the kind which milliners



PLAN OF SIDES.

use in bonnets. Half a yard will be needed, and it must be bent as in the diagram D.

First allow an inch for the handle. Then bend the wire down and up for the front leg. Next extend it the length of the barrow, stitching it firmly into place. At the corner bend down and up again for one back leg, allow two inches for the wheel, thread the wheel upon it, bend the second



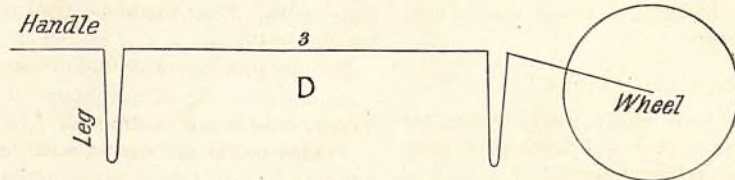
PLAN OF BACK.

back leg, and return along the other side of the barrow, forming leg and handle as before.

Lastly, cut out three small leaves of flannel, button-hole them round the edges or point with a scissors, and fasten them on the back at 1. The pins are stuck in across the front between the rounds of pasteboard, and a thimble-case and small pair of scissors may form the load of the wheelbarrow, which will then be complete.

SAND-BAG CASES.

A useful footstool for grandmamma, especially in sickness, or when she drives out on a cold day,



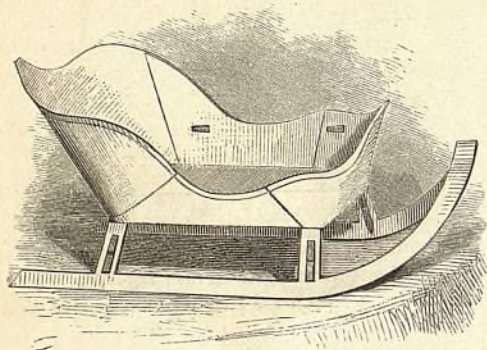
PLAN OF HANDLE, LEGS AND WHEEL.

together, being guided by the figures on the diagrams: 1 to 1, 2 to 2, etc.

For the wheels, cut two rounds of pasteboard

is a bag, twelve inches square, filled with sand. This can be heated in the oven, and will retain its warmth for hours. Make it of strong unbleached

sheeting. Then make a slip-cover of bright-colored rep or merino, bordered with fringe or a ruffling of the same; or you may embroider a canvas cover,



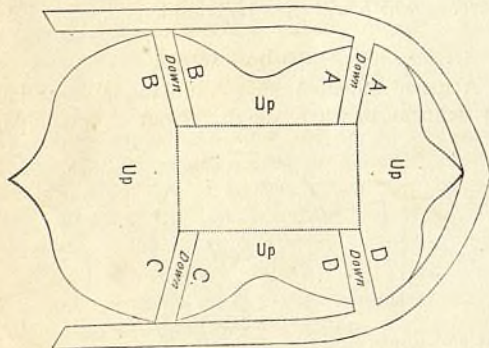
A DOLL'S SLEIGH.

if you please. One side of this case should be left open, so that the bag of sand (or salt) can easily be slipped out when it is to be heated, and secured in its place again, by means of loops and buttons, when it is taken out of the oven.

A DOLL'S SLEIGH.

The material of the sleigh is very thick white card-board. Below is a diagram of it before it is put together.

The *black* lines indicate the place where the card-board is to be cut through. The *dotted* lines show where the penknife must only half cut through the board, so that it may bend easily. The parts marked *up* are all to be turned in one direction. They make the back, front and sides of the sleigh body. The parts marked *down* must be turned in the opposite direction, to form the runners. Lap the corners marked respectively AA, BB, CC, DD, a little, and fasten them with a small brass manu-



PLAN OF DOLL'S SLEIGH.

script clip, such as you can buy at any stationer's shop; or, if you like, take the clamps from an old

hoop petticoat. If the runners do not stand firmly, stay them with pasteboard, which can be neatly pasted on.

The sleigh will be prettier if you paint bands of bright color around it with a camel's-hair pencil and water paints. You can easily put a little cushioned seat inside, if you wish.

BEAD PEN-WIPERS.

These are made of black broadcloth. Cut eighteen small circles, a little larger than a silver dollar. Overcast the edge of each with long stitches of sewing-silk, and upon each stitch thread eight beads of any color you like. Blue, green and opal beads are preferable to gilt or silver, because these tarnish. When the circles are trimmed, bend each into half, and then into half again (see diagram), and fasten all together at the points A, so as to form a ball with the beaded edges outside. You will find this pretty pen-wiper

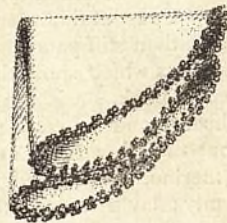


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW TO FOLD EACH OF THE CIRCULAR PIECES OF PEN-WIPER.

precisely the thing to lay on papa's writing-table as a Christmas surprise.

BRUSH-AND-COMB BAGS OF WHITE DIMITY.

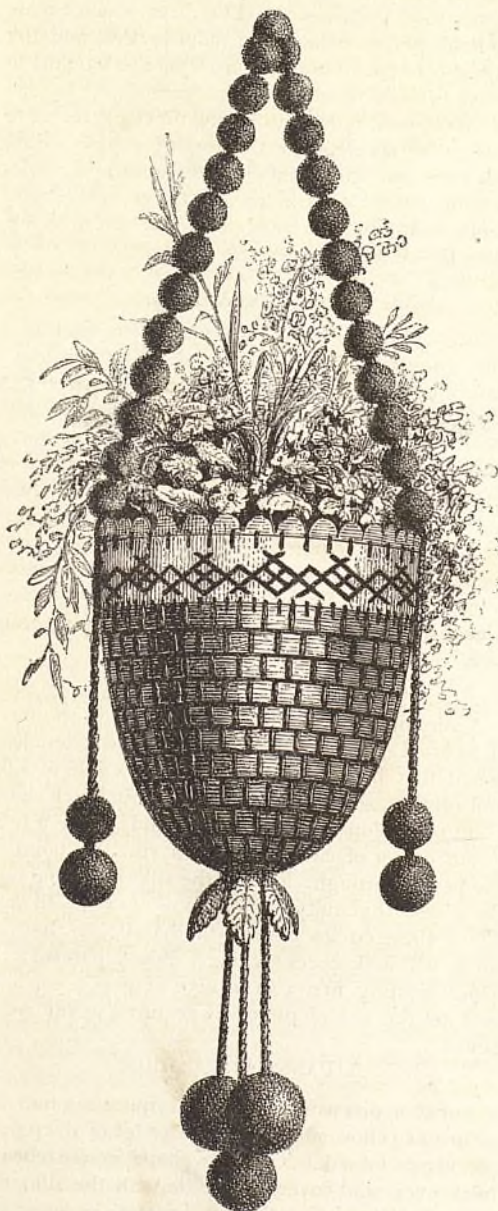
The materials required for these bags are half a yard of dimity or piqué, and a white cotton cord and tassel. Cut the stuff into two pieces, nine inches wide. One should be eleven inches long and the other fifteen. Shape one end of the longer piece into a point like the flap of a pocket-book. Sew the two pieces together with a strong seam, leaving the end with a flap open, and trim all round with the cord, passing it across so as to leave a tassel on either side, and form a double loop by which to hang the bag. An embroidered monogram or initials in scarlet will add to the prettiness of the effect, and the whole can be thrown into the common wash and done up as often as desired, which is an advantage always in the case of articles used on journeys.

Other useful fancy articles can be made of white dimity; a set of table-mats, round or oval, of four or six different sizes, each scalloped around the edge with linen floss or colored worsted; or wash-stand-mats or tray-covers, scalloped in the same way; or square flat cases for papa's cuffs.

LITTLE GLASS-LINED HANGING-BASKETS.

When goblets or wine glasses break at the stem, as they usually do, the tops can be put to use for hanging-baskets, as shown in these pictures.

Crochet a cover to fit the glass, in silk or worsted, with long crochet stitch, and a little looped or pointed border. This will not be a difficult thing



GLASS-LINED HANGING-BASKET, NO. 1.

to do for any of you who are practiced in simple crochet. Make a small scalloped circle for the



GLASS-LINED HANGING-BASKET, NO. 2.

bottom, and fasten on three ball-tassels of the worsted. Hang with cords, or with balls strung on cord, as in No. 1. Then fill the glass with water or wet moss, and stick in tiny ferns or flowers, and you will have a very pretty effect at small trouble and almost no expense.

WASH-STAND MATS.

Almost the most useful things in crochet are mats for wash-stands, and any girl who understands common and long crochet can make them. Two balls of white tidy-cotton, No. 8, will make a set. There should be a large round mat for the wash-bowl to stand upon, a small one for the little pitcher, one smaller yet for the mug, and two, either round or oval, for the soap-dish and brush-tray. Set up a chain of five stitches, loop it, and crochet round, widening enough to keep it flat. When the mat is large enough, finish with a border of loops, in three rows of long crochet, arranged in groups with a dividing loop. The first row should have three stitches in a group, the second four, and the third five. The mats must be "done up," whitened, and starched stiff.

TABLE-MATS.

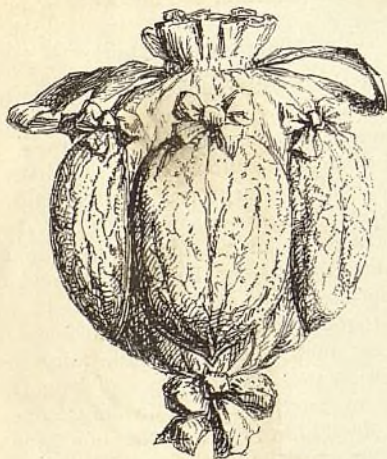
Table-mats crocheted in a similar manner, of white tidy-cotton, make excellent and useful presents. They are improved by being crocheted over lamp-wicking, which makes them doubly thick. The set consists of two large oval mats for the meat-platters, and four smaller ones for vegetable

dishes. An initial, embroidered in scarlet cotton in the middle of each mat, makes them prettier. They should be starched very stiff.

MADEIRA-NUT SCENT-CASES.

For these bright little affairs two large fair Madeira-nuts or English walnuts are required. Halve them carefully by forcing the points of your scissors into the soft end. Scrape the inside perfectly clean, heat a hair-pin red-hot in a candle-blaze or gas-jet, and with it bore two small holes opposite each other at each end of the shell; varnish with gum shellac dissolved in alcohol, then set them in a warm place till perfectly dry. Make a bright-colored silk bag three inches and a half square, with a hem at one end and a place for a drawing-string. Sew on the nuts, at equal distances, a little way above the unhemmed end; run a thread round that edge, draw it up tight, and finish with a little bow. Form the other end into a bag by running a narrow ribbon into a drawing hem. Last of all, set a tiny bow at the top of each shell, and fill the bag with cotton-wool sprinkled thickly with sachet-powder.

A tiny glove or bon-bon case can be made by using two half shells of a Madeira-nut, treated in a similar manner, piercing them with holes in the middle as well as top, and tying them together with very narrow colored ribbon. Of course they



MADEIRA-NUT SCENT-CASE.

hold only a very small pair of gloves. They are pretty objects to hang upon a Christmas-tree.

MADEIRA-SHELL BOATS.

These are very pretty for Christmas-trees, and they delight little folks. Take a half shell, glue a slender mast in it, and put in a sail of gilt or silver paper. They will sail nicely.

BUREAU MATS AND COVERS.

Three-quarters of a yard of white Java canvas will make four of these mats. Cut it into halves, and one of these halves into three small squares. Leave a margin all round to be raveled out for a fringe, and work just above this margin a simple border pattern in worsted, of any color you please—blue, rose, or crimson. The three smaller mats will hold the pincushion and toilet bottles, and the long one is laid across the front of the bureau, to receive brushes, combs and hair-pins.

If you wish, you can easily make a cover to match, for laying over the top of a pincushion. This may have the additional ornament of a monogram, or initials, embroidered in the center. Pretty border and initial patterns can be bought at a low price, if you have no designs at hand.

GLOVE PEN-WIPERS.

Cut a paper pattern of a tiny glove and of a little gauntlet-cuff to correspond. Cut the glove pattern out in thick cloth, and the gauntlet-cuff in thinner cloth, and line the latter with bright silk. Stitch the cuff to the glove with silk of the same color as the lining, and also make three rows of stitches on the back of the glove to imitate those in real gloves. Lastly cut out three or four pieces of cloth like the gauntlet, over-hand or point the edges with a scissors, and fasten them to the glove in under the gauntlet, to form the pen-wiper. This is a tidy little affair for a portfolio or traveling case.

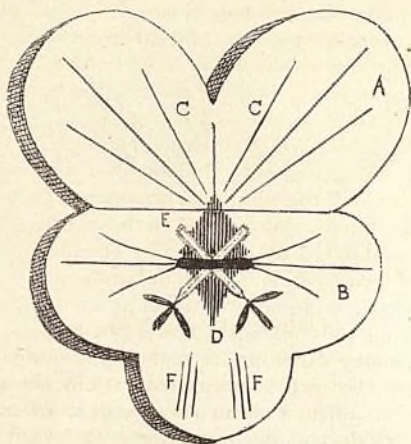
A PARASOL PEN-WIPER.

A very pretty pen-wiper can be made in the form of a closed parasol. Sharpen a thin wooden lead pencil that has an ivory tip. Cut a circle of silk, and another, somewhat smaller, of thin black cloth. Point or scallop the edges all around, pierce a hole in the center of each circle and run the point of the pencil through, leaving the silk circle on top. By a little ingenuity you can now crease, fold and secure these circles close to the handle, so that the whole will look precisely like a closed parasol; by experimenting first with a piece of paper you can best get the size of the circle required to suit your pencil.

A PANSY PINCUSHION.

For this pincushion you will require a small bit of bright yellow silk, and another bit of deep purple velvet or silk. Cut the shape in pasteboard twice over, and cover each side with the silk, the upper half (A) being the purple, and the lower (B) the yellow. The purple silk must be lapped under a good way, so that the stitches may not part and show the seam. Overseam the edges together,

leaving a small open space, and stuff the cushion full of worsted, ramming down to make it as hard and firm as possible. The outside is ornamented with stitches of black and yellow silks, which can be varied to taste. In the illustration, CC, are long stitches in yellow floss; D is a diamond-shaped



PANSY PINCUSHION.

group of black stitches, crossed at E with white floss, and F are long black stitches, three on each side. Some people add a tiny black velvet tip to the lower leaf of the pansy. There is an opportunity for displaying taste in the arrangement of these stitches. Better than to follow any description would be to take a real pansy, study it well, and arrange the stitches to imitate the flower as closely as possible.

WORK-CASES.

The materials for these work-cases are, a piece of yellow or gray Japanese canvas, twelve inches long and seven broad; a bit of silk of the same size and color for lining, and six skeins of worsted, of any shade which you happen to fancy.

Work a border down both sides of the canvas and across one end, leaving space to turn the edge of the material neatly in. This border may be as simple as you please. Four rows of cross-stitch in blue or cherry will answer for little girls not versed in embroidery. When the border is done, baste on the lining, turn the edges neatly in, and sew over and over. Then turn the lower third of this lined strip up to form a bag, and sew the edges together firmly. The embroidered end folds over to form a flap like a pocket-book, and must have two small buttons and loops to fasten it down.

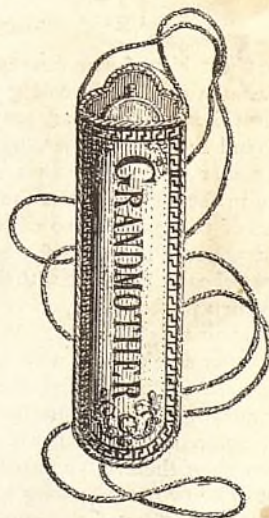
SPECTACLE-CASES.

These are nice presents to make for grandpapas and grandmamas. Cut out a piece of card-board

a little longer than the spectacles are when shut up, and of the shape which you see in the picture. Then cut another piece an inch shorter than the other and one-third wider. At the lower end of this second piece, cut three slits an inch and a half long, lap them, baste firmly, and trim off so as to make the end fit to the bottom of the back-piece. Cover both pieces with kid, velvet, silk, chamois leather, or Java canvas, and ornament with floss silk, beads, or embroidery braid. Lastly, sew the two pieces together at sides and bottom, stitch a fine cord round the edge, and your case is done. The front-piece, being a little wider, will stand out from the back just enough to allow the spectacles to slide in and out easily. For grandma, it may be well to have a long loop of ribbon attached to each top corner of the case so that she may hang it from her belt.

ARTICLES IN BIRCH-BARK.

For those of you who have spent your Summer in the country, and brought home a store of birch-bark, there are numberless pretty things to make. Handkerchief-cases, scissor-cases, glove-cases, spectacle-cases, wall-baskets, watch-pockets, toilet-boxes, table-mats, portfolios, book-marks, napkin-rings, needle-cases,—I cannot enumerate half. The rules for making one apply to nearly all. The shape of the article chosen is cut out in stiff pasteboard; the bark, made very thin and smooth, is cut to match, and divided into long nar-



SPECTACLE-CASE.

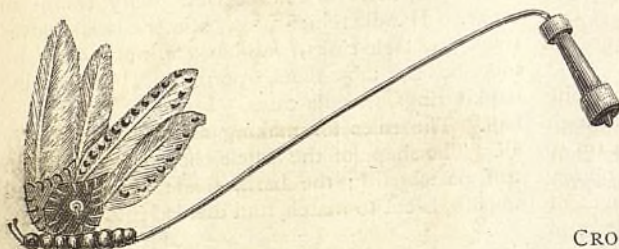
row strips of equal width, attached to each other at one end, which is left uncut for a short distance. These strips are braided in and out with ribbon of any chosen shade, each end of the ribbon being carefully fastened down. When the braiding is

thus secured to the pattern, the whole is lined with silk, and the edges are trimmed with plaited ribbon or narrow silk cord. The glove and *mouchoir* cases are made square, and the corners are bent over to the middle and tied with ribbons. A little scent-bag is laid in each. Birch-bark articles can also be made by simply covering the card-board pattern with a plain piece of bark and binding the edges with ribbon or velvet.

THE CIRCLE-FLY.

For this amusing toy, suggested by Miss Donlevy, the following materials are needed. Four feathers, a long cork, half a yard of wire, two square inches of gilt paper, two black beads, some red or yellow sewing-silk, a couple of bits of card-board, a wooden spool, four round pieces of tin with a hole in the middle, a piece of red sealing-wax, and a small quantity of gum arabic.

The body of the circle-fly is made of the cork, and it is into this that the long wire is fastened.



THE CIRCLE-FLY.

The horns are short bits of wire fastened securely into the head, and tipped with sealing-wax. The black beads form the eyes; they are sewed into the cork head. Wind red or yellow sewing-silk round the body at regular intervals to form ornamental stripes, as seen in the picture. For the wings, cut out four pieces of pasteboard, two of white paper and two of gilt paper. Put each feather between two pieces of pasteboard, and glue with thick melted gum arabic. When perfectly dry, cover each pasteboard on one side with gilt paper. When this is dry, cover the other side of each with white paper. After the wings are for the second time perfectly dry, sew over the edges of the pasteboard part of the wings with colored silk, which will both ornament and strengthen them. To fasten the wings, run a wire not quite two inches long into the cork body, slip on each end one of the round pieces of tin, and bend the wire so that it stands perpendicular to the body. The bend must be half an inch high. Now give the wire another bend, making it parallel to the body, run it through the pasteboard part of the wing, put another round piece of tin on the outer side, and fasten by bending the wire over

the tin. Whittle the wooden spool down till it is quite thin, run the wire through its middle and bend as in the picture, to form a handle. The wire must end by a round bend to hold the spool in place.

As its name suggests, the circle-fly flies only in a circle, but it flies so fast that it will amuse a nursery full of little folks for a long time.

Now we will begin our third division:

Christmas Presents a little more elaborate in construction, which can be made by Girls from Fourteen and upward, who are skillful with their needles.

VARIOUS ARTICLES TO BE MADE IN VARNISHED CROCHET-WORK.

Pen-trays, wall-pockets, traveling-satchels, cases for holding rolls of music, flower-pot holders, and a great many other pretty and useful things can be made from cotton crochet-work, stiffened with colored starch, *allowed to dry in the desired form*, and varnished according to the directions on next page. Baskets, boxes, watch-cases, chair seats and backs, mats, footstool-covers, when made in this way, are as durable as cane or rattan work, and infinitely more ornamental.

CROCHETED WALL-SHIELD AND SPONGE-POCKETS,

Of which we wish more particularly to speak, are intended to be placed over a wash-stand. The shield is oblong in shape, as wide as the stand, and has a pointed top. The pockets, of which there are two, one for sponges, and the other for rail-brush, tooth-brush, etc., hang against the wall at either end of the shield. If an open pattern is selected for the shield, it will be pretty to line it with a bit of bright-colored silk or cambric. The front of the pocket is crocheted separately from the back, starched, and dried over a wooden form. The end of a wooden molding-dish, such as is used in butter-making, answers this purpose admirably. The form must be laid face down on a soft pine board, so that the crocheted piece may be stretched over it and pinned evenly to the board all round. When dry it is sewed to the back-piece and varnished. The back may be lined with oiled cloth or silk, if desired, but the meshes of the front-piece should be left open to secure ventilation for any wet article placed inside the pocket. The edges of these articles can readily be crocheted in points or fancy scallops. If desired, the sponge-pockets may be made directly on the wall-shield.

The method of treatment is the same for all articles: the covering is crocheted in strong white tidy-cotton, a size smaller than the thing to be covered, so as to admit of stretching tightly. A monogram or other ornament is then worked on the cover, which is stretched over its frame and secured; a coating of thick boiled starch is rubbed in, and when this is dry another coating is applied. Lastly, the whole is treated to a coat of shellac varnish, which, used over white cotton, gives a tint like cane or bamboo; if a darker color is desired, the starch is boiled with strained coffee instead of water. A basket made in this manner will outwear two ordinary straw ones, and there is this advantage, that if at any time a portion of the work is worn through or cut, it can be softened with alcohol, mended with tidy-cotton, and stiffened and varnished as before.

A NEW SOFA-CUSHION COVER.

The materials required for this cushion are, half a yard of fine white silk canvas, a yard and a half of thick satin ribbon three inches wide, blue or rose colored, a few skeins of floss silk, and a silk cord and tassels.

Cut the ribbon into three pieces, to be basted at equal distances on the canvas, one in the middle, the others at either side half way between the middle and the edge. Feather stitch the ribbon down on both sides with pale yellow floss. In the spaces left between the ribbon stripes, embroider a graceful little pattern in flosses which harmonize with the shade of the ribbon. Make up the cushion with a lining of plain silk or satin, and trim the edge with the cord and tassels.

This is an easy cushion to make, but the effect is really charming, and we recommend some of you to try it. The cushion from which our description is taken comes from England, and we have never seen a similar one in this country. Black satin ribbon and brilliant embroidery would be an effective combination.

OPEN-WORK BRACKETS MADE FROM CIGAR-BOXES.

Here is a Christmas present which either a boy or girl can make. All the materials needed are paper patterns of the forms to be used (which can be obtained from almost any carved open-work bracket), a sharp penknife, and an old cigar-box. The paper patterns must be pasted or gummed to the wood, so that the lines may be closely followed and cut through by the knife, leaving the desired open-work shapes. Then the paper can be soaked off with a damp sponge. If the bracket is only meant to hold light articles, the parts can be glued

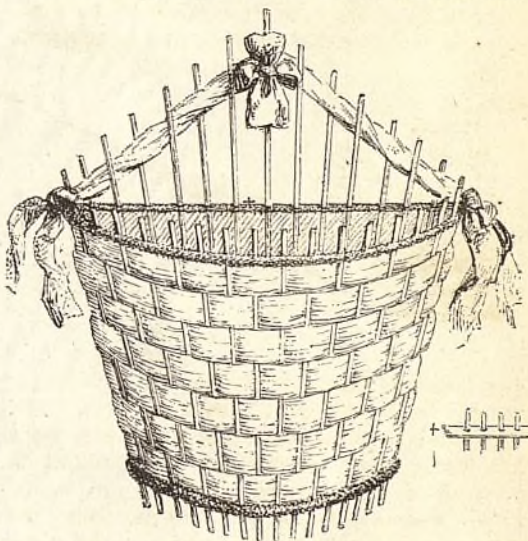
together merely, but it is better still to use the small brads which you will find in the sides of the cigar-box. When it is done, rub it with boiled linseed oil, or, if you prefer, coat with shellac varnish.

ORNAMENTAL CIGAR-BOXES.

A pretty box can be made by cutting open-work designs (as described above) on the separated parts of a cigar-box; then putting them together as before, varnishing them, and lining the open-work sides and cover with bright-colored silk or paper.

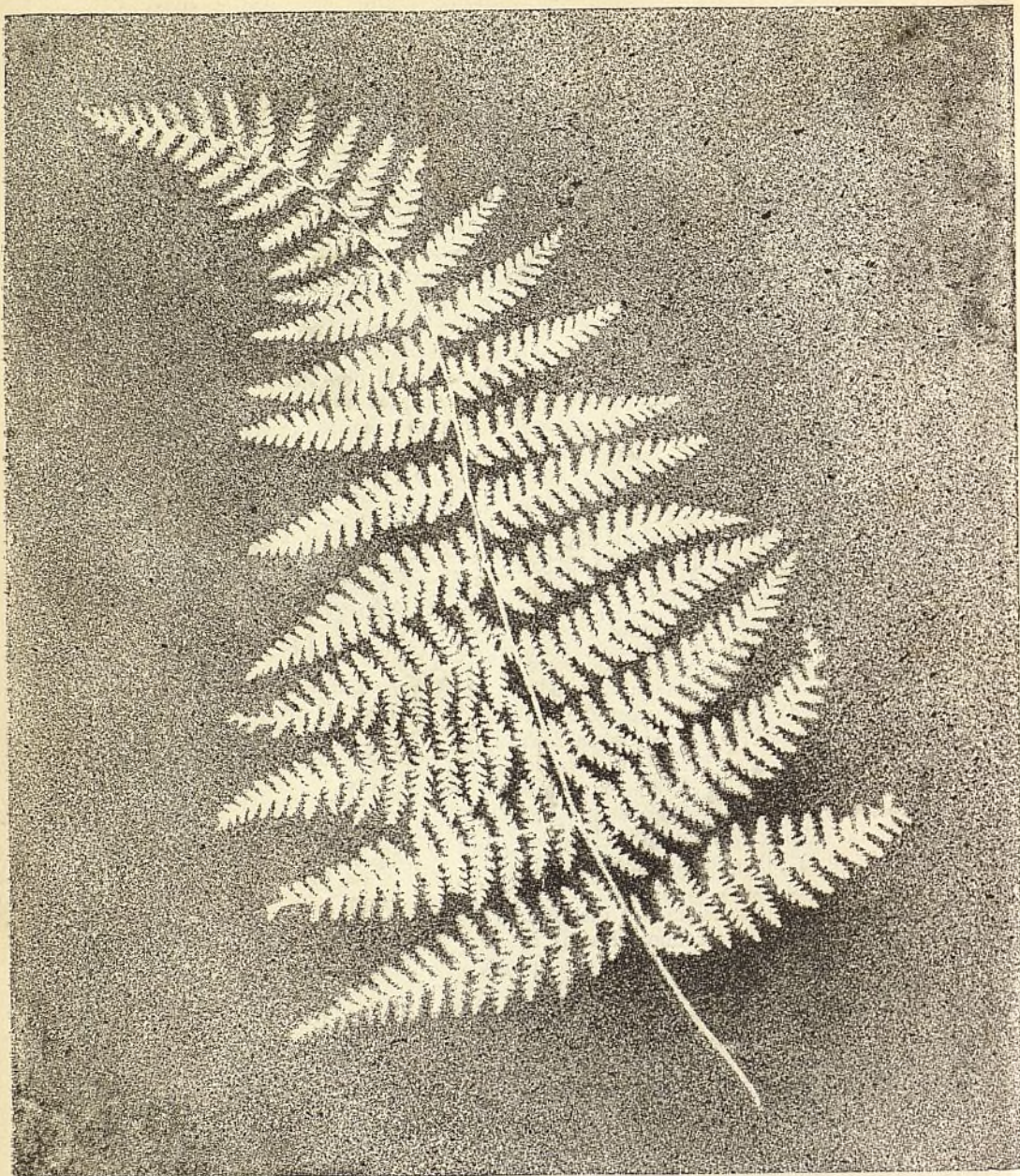
A STRAW WALL-BASKET.

This basket is made of straw and ribbon. Choose a number of perfectly smooth fair straws. Cut in pasteboard a half-circle, nine inches in diameter, and with a stiletto or pinking-punch make a series of small holes round the edge, half an inch apart. Measure a strip of pasteboard a little less than half



A STRAW WALL-BASKET.

an inch wide, and nine inches long, and pierce it regularly with holes of the same size, making them one inch apart. Take a second strip of the same width, sixteen inches long, and repeat the process. Now measure a straw twelve inches in length, and insert one end into the middle hole of the shorter strip, and the other end into the middle hole of the straight side of the half-circle (which forms the bottom of the basket), letting the lower edge of the straw project about two inches below the bottom of the circle. On either side of this insert a straw three-quarters of an inch shorter, and so proceed till the holes are filled and all the straws of the pointed back in position. The holes must be small enough to hold the straws firmly in place without any stitches. Next cut a number of straws six



A FERN-LEAF (SPATTER-WORK).

inches in length, and insert them into the longer strip of pasteboard, slipping the lower ends through the holes in the round of the half-circle, and fastening the two ends of the pasteboard strip firmly to the back-strip. Cover the edges of the bottom and top circles with blue chenille, and lace blue ribbon in and out among the straw of the front-piece to form the basket. Tack it firmly to the wall at either end, and fasten a bow of blue ribbon

to the middle of the back near the top. This is a graceful and novel wall-basket, and looks very pretty when heaped up with Berlin wools and other light articles, for which it serves as a catch-all.

SPATTER-WORK.

The first essential for successful spatter-work is a graceful pattern. To secure this, you must select and carefully press all manner of tiny leaves and

ferns, bits of strawberry vine, ivy sprays, and other wood treasures. For further materials you will want Bristol board, India-ink, a fine-toothed comb, a tooth-brush, some small pins, a tack-hammer, and a smooth board on which to fasten your paper while at work.

After the paper is firmly pinned to the board, lay your pattern upon it—the cross or basket form, if either is used, in the center—the leaves and ferns grouped about it, and pin each down very carefully, so that the ink may not spatter under them.

Put a table-spoonful of water into a small saucer, and rub India ink in it till the mixture is thick as cream. If you like a design in purple, the best violet ink can be substituted for this with good effect. Dip the tooth-brush (which should be one with long stiff bristles), lightly into the ink, and, holding it over the paper, rub it gently with the comb, so as to send out a fine spray of ink. Some persons reverse this process, and, dipping the comb into the ink, pass the brush over it to produce the same result. This is gradually repeated till the background is shaded to your wishes. Some parts are made darker than the rest to give the idea of perspective, but be careful not to make them too dark, as the ink will appear much blacker when dry.

Take the pins out carefully, and remove the leaves. The space beneath will now appear in white on a gray background. Now begins the artistic part of the performance, for the leaves must be veined with a camel's-hair brush, and lightly shaded here and there, and the central ornament must also be shaded in spatter-work, to give it roundness and effect. When all is done, and the ink perfectly dry, iron the paper on the wrong side with a slightly warmed iron.

A great many beautiful things can be contrived with this spatter-work. Wall-baskets, portfolios, glove and handkerchief cases, cigar-stands, and so on, cut from Bristol board, spattered, lined with silk and bound with narrow ribbons, are extremely pretty. Tidies, mats, aprons, hanging side-pockets, pillow-covers, and cushion-covers of Swiss muslin, spattered with a graceful pattern, are certainly "lovely." And, a newer idea still, we have lately seen work-boxes, table-tops, book-covers and paper-knives in white hollyhock, spattered with very dark brown (burnt umber being used instead of ink), and highly varnished, which had a really beautiful appearance, the varnish changing the light parts of the wood to a pale yellow which precisely harmonized with the rich brown of the background.

A NEW EFFECT IN KNITTING.

One of the knitting novelties of the season is the use of alternate rows of double zephyr and of Shetland and split zephyr worsteds, using common

garter stitch and large needles. It is effective for hoods, nubès, baby cloaks, affghans for cribs, and other articles of that kind.

BIBLE-COVERS.

There are few choicer presents than a cover for a friend's favorite Bible. The material for these covers is soft chamois leather, cut exactly the size of the open Bible, with a narrow piece sewed on at each end to fold under, and so hold the cover. Snip the larger piece all round into minute points. Stitch the end-pieces on wrong side out, a little way from edge, and turn over, leaving the points on big piece to project and form an edge. A monogram, or any appropriate motto, may be embroidered in the middle. These covers are simple things, but they require exquisite sewing and fitting to look well. Don't forget that, girls.

CABIN-BAGS.

These are not necessarily Christmas gifts, but if any friend happens to be taking a voyage in winter, a cabin bag is the very thing, for no lady traveler can be really comfortable at sea without one. They are made of linen or crash or chintz, after the manner of shoe-bags, with a row of pockets below and another above, stitched to a stout back-piece, bound round with braid, and furnished with loops to hang up by, and a small square pin-cushion in the middle of the top. They should be nailed firmly to the wall of the state-room within reach of the sofa or berth, and are invaluable for holding handkerchiefs, brushes, hair-pins, watch, and the thousand and one little things which, without such a place of refuge, are soon hopelessly shaken together and lost in the confused tumble and toss of a voyage.

SCENT-CASES FOR TRUNKS.

Another gift for a traveler is a large silk or muslin case made to fit the top of her trunk, and quilted with orris-root or sachet-powder. Clothing kept for a long time in trunks is apt to contract a smell of leather, and this daintily scented cover, which tucks in all round, will be more and more appreciated as time goes on, by the friend to whom you present it. Some persons do not like perfumes of any kind, and these may prefer the smell of leather to that of sachet-powder. Beware of presenting a scent-case to them.

TABLE AND CHAIR COVERS OF STAMPED LINEN.

These covers are made of that coarse gray linen which is bought for kitchen table-cloths. One of the best patterns to choose is that very common one which is lined off into diamonds with a star in the middle of each diamond. Divide these stars

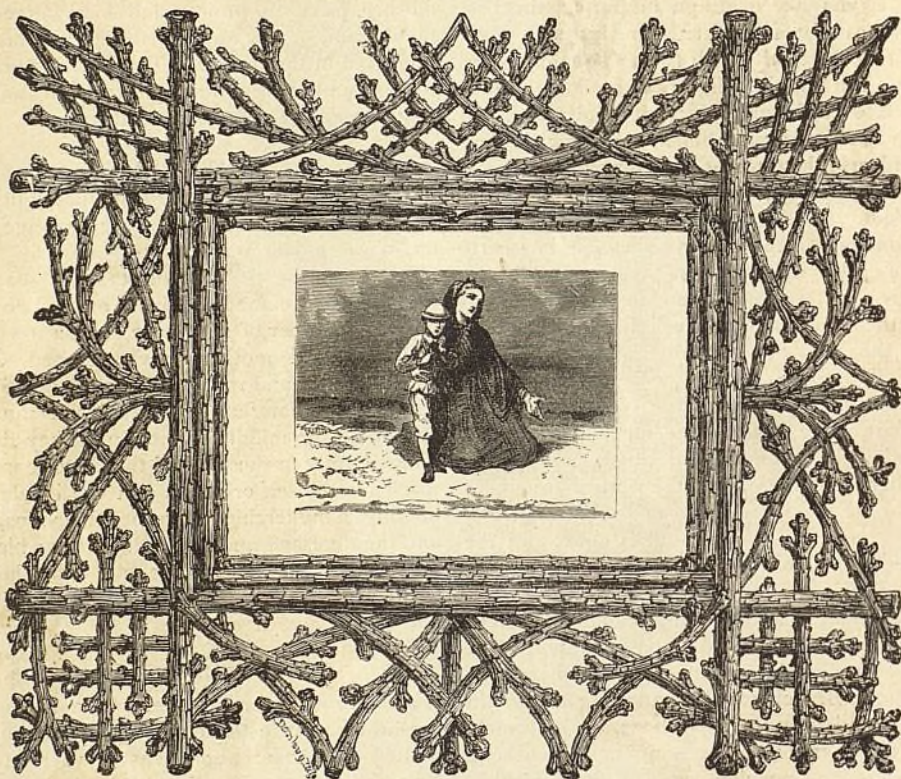
into groups of four, six, or eight, and work each star over with Berlin worsted of a different color, taking care that your colors harmonize with each other and make a good general effect. When all the stars are embroidered, sew narrow black velvet ribbon over the lines which form the diamonds. If for a table-cover, trim the edge with a row of black velvet ribbon, a fringe or a cord with tassels in the corners.

INLAID EMBROIDERY.

Many pretty and useful articles, such as pin-cushions, tidies, watch-cases, flower-pot covers,

once learned, it becomes hard to look at the trees any longer as *trees*; they seem, instead, repositories of easels, picture-frames, and other dainty devices, and we go out, scissors in hand, with all the confidence with which we enter a shop to order what is wanted. No initiated person, however, will ever cut the wood recklessly; that would be killing the golden goose indeed. No, the pieces chosen, which are from three to eighteen inches long, should be taken from the leaders or latest growth of the branches; judicious pruning will rather benefit the tree than injure it.

The wood obtained, it is to be *heated* a little, to



A PICTURE-FRAME IN NORWAY SPRUCE.

table-mats, floor-mats, wall-shields, screens, brush-and-comb bags, skate-bags, and school-satchels, can be made of gray crash, with fancy bits of colored cloth laid on and neatly secured around the edge by herring-bone stitch. Canvas may be thus "inlaid" with bright velvets, and the intervening spaces filled with gray, white or black cross-stitch.

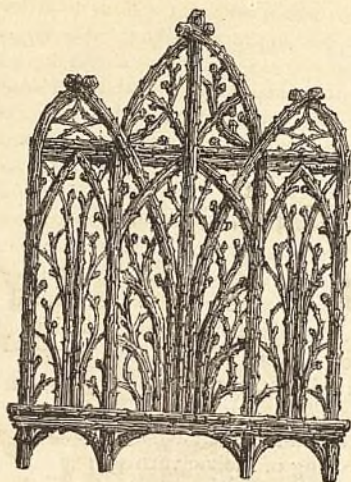
ORNAMENTAL WORK IN NORWAY SPRUCE.

Any one lucky enough to possess a large Norway spruce-tree, or more than one, has material at hand for a host of pretty objects which will be just the thing for Christmas presents. When this secret is

dry it quickly, and then with a dull knife scraped clean of its leaves (*in the direction of the foliage*), taking care not to destroy the wood-buds. For other materials you will need glue, a varnishing brush, a little copper wire, penknife, tack-hammer, and a scissors or pliers for cutting the wire. Flat pieces of soft pine board are also needed, on which the whole can be laid and pinned into shape; also bracket frames of pine formed like a T, with a shelf top. These brackets can be made of half a salt-box lid covered with spruce sticks, with a back and front of fanciful lattice-work, meeting in a cluster of leaf-buds at the bottom of the T.

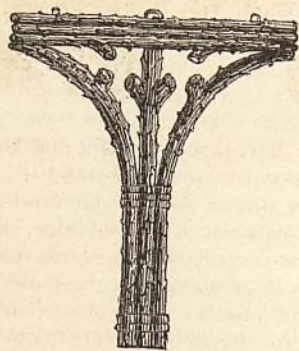
PICTURE-FRAMES.

The desired size and shape of the frame must be penciled on the board, so that the work may be



AN EASEL.

perfectly true and even. Then the wood is arranged, guided by the drawing, till the general outline is complete, and glued with tiny drops carefully applied, or pinned deftly with tiny tape-pins. The outline being perfect, it is enriched with small twigs and clusters of wood-buds glued, or, better still, pinned, here and there, in places which need ornament or shaping. When the glue is stiff, disengage the frame from the board by inserting a paper-cutter between them, and, pushing the heads of the pins well in, cut off all the points projecting through at the back with a pair of scissors. Next, laying the frame face down, fasten an extra spruce stick all round, to give stiffness to the back; and



BACK-PIECE OF EASEL.

lastly, varnish the whole with gum-shellac varnish, which gives a soft and firm luster to the wood, preferable to the shiny effect of other varnish.

EASELS.

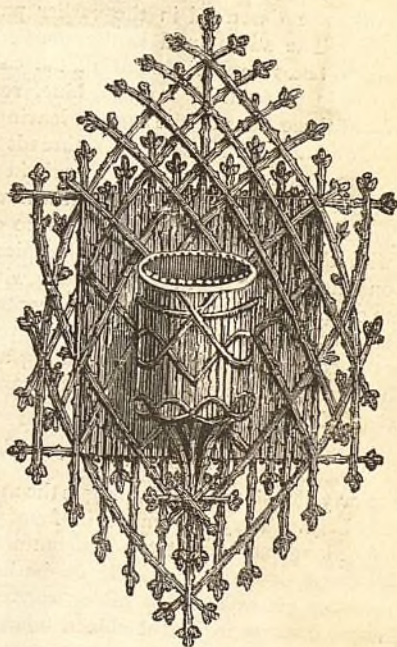
Easels are constructed in very much the same way as the frames, using a penciled diagram as a guide in forming the parts, and taking care that the projecting ledge on which the picture rests is straight and firm. The bands and hinges are of copper wire, which matches the color of the spruce.

SPRUCE-WOOD WALL-POCKET.

The directions already given for spruce-wood work will suffice for making this wall-pocket. It should have a high arched back, and a portfolio pocket as wide as the back, and reaching half way up, lined with crimson silk or satin. This article has a beautiful effect when hung on the wall.

MATCH-HOLDERS.

Use the picture as a guide. A square of pasteboard braces the back. The frame of the box is



MATCH-HOLDER.

made of pasteboard or of wood. This is fancifully covered with spruce sticks. An interlining of bright silk improves the effect.

Pasteboard cuff-boxes, covered with gay silk and ornamented with spruce-work, make pretty cigar-holders.

A WORD ABOUT "PHANTOM FLOWERS."

Summer is the harvest-time with phantom flower makers, but, even at this late season some leaves

and flowers can be found adapted for the purpose, and for the benefit of those who are desirous of trying their hand at this pretty manufacture, we will mention a method of getting rid of the leaf tissues without the long delay and disagreeable details of the usual process. The green leaves and seed vessels are laid upon small sheets of tin and covered tightly with lace or thin muslin. These are placed in a vessel of cold water, and allowed to boil *slowly* for several hours. When taken out, the upper sheet of tin is removed, and the leaves are deprived of their tissues by means of a fine camel's-hair brush, after which they are bleached, wired and mounted in the usual manner. Any one desirous of a full description of the science of desiccating leaves and plants, will find it in "A Treatise on the Art of Producing Phantom Flowers," published by Tilton & Co. of Boston.

EMBROIDERED WORK-CASES.

These are of the same size and shape as the simple work-case described in the earlier part of this article. The stitch used is the *double* cross stitch, which takes up four threads of the canvas. Work a row in pale tinted worsted, blue, rose or pearl, round three sides of the canvas, leaving one end plain, and a second row sixteen threads from the first one. Between these rows work in clear glass beads a Grecian pattern, filling in with worsted. There must be two lines of beads, to correspond with the double stitch which occupies that space on the canvas. Fill the middle with an alternate stitch of worsted, little squares containing four beads each, line with silk, fold the pocket, sew on the edges over and over, threading a bead on each stitch, and fasten with silk loops and two small clear glass buttons.

KNITTING-BAGS.

White or yellow Turkish toweling is the material for these bags. They are made in four pieces, each a foot long, pointed at top and bottom, and slightly curved toward the middle on both sides. The pieces are embroidered in silk or worsted with some simple pattern in bright colors, bound with narrow ribbon to match, and sewed together with a tassel to finish the bottom, and a drawing ribbon at the top. They are convenient little articles to hang on the back of a chair and receive an old lady's knitting when she lays it aside.

KNITTING-APRONS.

These are made like any other apron, secured with a band around the waist, except that it is cut about ten inches longer. This extra ten inches of length is to be turned up from the bottom and

divided off by stitching, so as to form four or more oblong pockets, open at the top. These pockets are handy for holding balls of worsted, and patterns, and the unfinished work in hand.

ARTICLES MADE OF COCOA-NUT SHELLS.

Boys with sharp knives, and a fair amount of good taste and ingenuity, can make very nice presents out of smoothed cocoa-nut shells. Three-quarter shells, supported on legs of rustic-work, and pierced with a few small holes at the bottom, make very pretty flower-pots; water-pails with wire handles, baskets with twisted grape-vine handles, card-receivers on rustic standards—all are very pretty. With sister's aid, bright silk or satin secured to the inside of the shell, and projecting a few inches beyond the opening, may be shirred with a drawing-string at the top, forming a pretty work-bag.

These cocoa-nut shell articles should be oiled. or have a coating of shellac varnish.

ST. NICHOLAS already has given hints and directions for making things which would serve admirably as Christmas presents for young friends. Among these we may refer to:

CHRISTMAS CITY (how to make a card-board city), Vol. I., p. 495.

WOOD-CARVING, Vol. I., pp. 84, 215, 346, 592.

HOLIDAY HARBOR (giving directions for making mimic public buildings and vessels of pasteboard), December number of Vol. II., p. 112.

EAST INDIAN TOYS—baby-doll, lady-doll, and cow (telling how to make them), November number of Vol. II., p. 52.

TURTLE CLOVES, Letter-Box for January, Vol. II., p. 196.

A PRETTY EASEL FOR PHOTOGRAPHS, Letter-Box for April, Vol. II., p. 389.

And now we must bring this long chapter to a close, with ST. NICHOLAS' compliments, and the hope that some of his girls, and boys too for that matter, who have been puzzling their heads over Christmas presents, may find just what they want in it. More than a hundred useful and tasteful articles can be made from the suggestions given. A good deal of work and a good deal of care are required for the making of anything really pretty. But remember, dears, that these gifts, into which love, thought, and patience are wrought with innumerable fine stitches or touches, will be worth more to the friends who care for you, a dozen times over than the finest thing which can be bought in a shop, and which costs you nothing but—money.

BASS COVE SKETCHES.—OFF TO THE ISLAND.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"BLESS my heart!" said Mr. Bonwig, amazed at the huge rollers that came tumbling in. "How are we ever going to get a boat outside of them without swamping her?"

"I'll show ye," said Joe.

The dory was dragged down to the edge of the surf. Then Joe put in the guns. Then he gave the skiff another gentle shove, into a receding wave. Then he told Mr. Bonwig to get aboard.

"I've a wife and children at home!" murmured that affectionate husband and father. "If anything should happen!"

"What in sixty ye think is goin' to happen?" cried Joe, impatiently.

"I am very heavy!" said Augustus.

"So much the better; you'll make splendid ballast," grinned Joe.

"You are going, too?"

"Of course I am; I ha'n't got no wife and children—not much!"

There was something in Joe that inspired confidence, and Mr. Bonwig resolved to stand the risk. He seated himself in the boat. Joe stood on the beach, holding the bow, and waiting. The waves were out.

"You never can shove me off in the world!" said Mr. Bonwig, painfully conscious of his own corpulence.

"You'll see," said Joe. The next moment the waves were in. A heavy swell lifted the dory, ballast and all. The ballast uttered a scream, and made a motion as if to jump overboard. "Keep yer seat. All right!" screamed Joe, pushing off. As the next breaker lifted the stern, he gave another shove, and jumped aboard. Before the third breaker came, he had the oars in his hands, ready to meet it.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Bonwig. "I *am* surprised!" And well he might be; for, you see, this embarking in the breakers is a business that calls for no little skill and experience; you must take advantage of them, and see that they don't get the advantage of you. They have no mercy; and if they ever strike your skiff sideways, over she goes in an instant, and there she rolls to and fro in the foaming jaws until they crunch her to pieces, unless some strong hand at the right moment seizes and drags her out.

Young Joe, first by skillfully pushing off, then by prompt management of the oars, kept the dory

straight across the rollers, and soon had her safe outside of them. Then he commenced rowing strongly and steadily toward a rocky island, two or three miles off, over the ends of which the sea was dashing high and white.

Mr. Bonwig was seated in the stern, which he freighted so heavily that the bow stuck up ludicrously high out of the water. He had now quite recovered his equanimity.

"Well! I enjoy this!" said he, and lighted a cigar. "How easy this boat rows!"

"It does, to look on," said Joe.

"I *am* surprised!" said Mr. Bonwig. "I'd no idea one of these little skiffs pulled so easy!" and he smoked complacently.

"How good that cigar tastes!" said Joe, with a grin. "I had no idee cigars tasted so good!"

"Young man," replied Augustus, laughing, "I see the force of your remark. Perhaps you think I might offer to row. But I want to keep my nerves steady for the ducks. I'll row coming back; and that will be a good deal harder, for we shall have a load of game; you know."

"All right," said Joe. "No, I thank ye"—as Bonwig offered him a cigar. "But if you happen to have any more of that 'ere sweet stuff about ye —"

"Oh, to be sure!" and Augustus had the pleasure of filling the young man's mouth with candy. "What sort of ducks do we get at the island?"

"Coots and black ducks, mostly," said Joe (and I wish I could make the words sound as sweet on paper as they did coming from his candied lips). "Black ducks go along the shore to feed, when the tide is low. They find all sorts of little live things on the rocks and in the moss, and in them little basins the tide leaves in holler places. They never dive deep; they only jest tip up, like common ducks. But coots will feed where the water is thirty feet deep; they go to the bottom, and pick up all sorts of insects and little critters. They pick young mussels off the rocks, and swallow 'em whole, shell and all, and grind 'em up in their gizzards."

"Do they catch fish?"

"No; loons ketch fish, but ducks and coots don't. A loon has got short wings that help him swim under water,—or fly under water, for that's what it is. He'll go faster 'n some fishes. But he can't walk; and he can't rise on the wing very

well. He has to flop along the water, against the wind, a little while, 'fore he can rise. He can't rise goin' *with* the wind, any more 'n a kite can; and sometimes, when he lights in a small pond, he's pestered to git out at all. I ketched one in Bemis's pond last Spring. He was just as well and spry as any loon ye ever see, but there was n't room for him to git a good start, and no wind to help him; and he could n't run on the land, nor fly up from the land; and there was n't any good chance to dive. A loon 'll go down in deep water, and like as not ye wont see anything more of him till by-m-by he comes up a quarter of a mile off, or mabby ye wont never see him agin,—for he can swim with jest a little speck of his body out of water, so that it takes a perty sharp eye to git sight of him. But this loon in Bemis's pond could n't come none o' them tricks, and I jest stoned him till he could n't dive, then I in arter him, and ketched him. He was a fat feller, I tell ye!"

"That's a good loon story," observed Mr. Bonwig.

"I can tell ye a better one than that," said Joe. "My father went a-fishin' off the end of that island once, and as the fish would n't bite, and the sea was calm, he jest put his lines out and laid down in the bottom of the dory, and spread a tarpaulin over him, and thought he'd go to sleep. That's a nice way to sleep,—have your boat at anchor, and it'll rock ye like a cradle, only ye must be careful a storm don't come up all of a sudden and rock ye over. Ye can wind yer line around yer wrist, so's't if a cod does come and give it a yank, you'll wake up. That's the way my father did. And he'd had a nice long nap, when all at oncet—yank! suthin' had holt. Off went the tarpaulin, and up he jumped, and he thought he'd got a whopper, by the way it run off with his line. But before he'd begun to pull, the line slack'd, as if nothin' was on it; and the next minute up come a loon close alongside the boat, and looked at him, and my father looked at the loon, and thought he noticed suthin' queer hangin' out of his bill. Then the loon dove, and then my father felt a whopper on his line ag'in, and he began to pull, and, by sixty! if he did n't pull up that loon and bring him into the boat! He had dove I don't know how many fathom for the bait, and got hooked jest like a fish."

"That *is* a good story!" said Mr. Bonwig, who had a sportsman's relish for such things. "What makes folks say *crazy as a loon*?"

"I d'n' know," Joe replied, "without it's 'cause they holler so. Did n't ye never hear a loon holler? You'd think 't was a crazy feller, if ye did n't know. I s'pose *loonatics* are named after 'em."

"Not exactly," said Mr. Bonwig. "*Lunatics*

are named after *Luna*; that's the Latin name for the moon, which affects people's brains, sometimes."

"I would n't give much for such brains!" said Joe, contemptuously. "Moon never hurt mine none!" Hence he argued that his own were of a superior quality. "You must have been to school to learn so much Latin!" he said, regarding Mr. Bonwig with fresh admiration.

Augustus nodded with dignity.

"What's the Latin for *dory*?" Joe asked, thinking he would begin at once to acquire that useful language.

Augustus was obliged to own that he did n't know. Thereupon Joe's admiration changed to contempt.

"What's the use of Latin," said he, "if ye can't tell the Latin for *dory*?" And Mr. Bonwig was sorry he had not said *doribus*, and so have still retained a hold upon Joe's respect.

"Why do folks say *silly coot*?" he asked, to change the subject.

"Wal, a coot *is* a silly bird—jest like some folks," said Joe. "Sometimes you may shoot one out of a flock, and the rest will fly right up to you, or jest stay right around, till you've killed 'em all." Augustus thought he would like to fall in with such a flock. "There's some now!" said Joe. "They're goin' to the island. The sea runs so, we can't shoot very well from the boat, and I guess we'd better land."

Landing was easy under the lee of the island, and the boat was hauled up on the beach. Then Joe set out to guide his friend to the best point for getting a shot.

"There!" said he, stopping suddenly near the summit of a ledge, "ye can see 'em down there, about three rods from shore. Don't stir, for if they see us we shall lose 'em."

"But we must get nearer than this!" said Mr. Bonwig, "for even *my* gun wont do execution at this distance."

"Don't you know?" Joe said. "They're feedin'. When you come acrost a flock of coots feedin' like that, you'll notice they all dive together, and stay under water as much as a minute; then they all come up to breathe agin. Now, when they dive, do as I do. There goes one down! there they all go! Now!" cried Joe.

He clambered over the ledge as nimbly as a lad could very well do, with an old "Queen's-arm" in each hand, and ran down rapidly toward the shore, off which the water-fowl were feeding. He was light of foot, and familiar with every rock. Not so Mr. Augustus Bonwig: he was very heavy of foot, and unacquainted with the rocks.

"Bl-e-hess m-y-hy hea-ah-rt!" he exclaimed,

jolting his voice terribly, as he followed Joe down the steep, rough way.

"Here! quick!" cried Joe, dropping behind another ledge.

Poor Mr. Bonwig plunged like a porpoise, and tumbled with a groan at the boy's side.

"Flat! flat!" whispered Joe.

"I can't make myself any flatter!" panted Augustus, pressing his corpulence close to the ground.

his feet, Joe was safe in the shelter of the rocks, and the birds were coming to the surface again. It required no very fine eyesight to see Mr. Bonwig; he was, in fact, a quite conspicuous object, clumsily running down the craggy slope, with both arms extended,—the better to preserve his balance, I suppose, although they gave him the appearance of a man making unwieldy and futile efforts to fly. The coots saw him, and rose at once upon the wing.



MR. BONWIG'S SHOT RATTLE AROUND JOE'S EARS.

"I've scraped off two buttons, and skinned my shins, already."

"You *a'nt* quite so flat as a flapjack, *be ye?*" said Joe. "Never mind. We're all right." He peeped cautiously over the ledge, cap in hand. "There comes one of 'em up agin! There they all come! Now look; be careful!" Bonwig put up his head. "Next time they go down we'll run for them big rocks close by the shore; then we shall be near enough."

"Is that the way you do? Well, I *am* surprised!" said Bonwig. "As your father said, it requires a knack."

"There they go!" cried Joe, and started to run. Augustus started too, but stumbled on some stones and fell. When with difficulty he had regained

"Bang!" "Bang!" spoke Joe's old flint-locks, one after the other; for, having fired the first as the flock started, he dropped that and leveled and fired the second, almost before the last bird had cleared the surface of the water.

"Bang! bang!" answered Bonwig's smart two-barreled piece from the hill-side; and the startled Joe had the pleasure of hearing a shower of shot rattle on the rocks all around him. The enthusiastic sportsman, seeing the coots rise and Joe fire, and thinking this his only chance at them, had let off his barrels at a dozen rods, as he would very likely have done at a quarter of a mile, so great was his excitement on the occasion.

He came running down to the shore. "Hello! *hel-lo!*" said he, "I've saved these! look there!"

And he pointed triumphantly at some birds which, sure enough, had been left behind out of the flock.

"By sixty!" grumbled Joe, "you come perty nigh *savin' me!* Your shot peppered these rocks—I could hear 'em scatter like peas!"

"Do you mean to say," cried Bonwig, "that I did n't kill those ducks?"

"All I mean to say is, they are the ones I fired at," said Joe, "and I seen 'em turn and drop 'fore ever you fired. Your gun did n't carry to the water at all. I'll show ye."

Joe began to hunt, and had soon picked up a number of shots of the size used by his friend Bonwig.

"Bless my heart! Now I *am* surprised! The wind must have blown them back!" said Augustus.

"If that's the case," muttered Joe, "I shall look out how I git 'tween you and the wind another time! By sixty! ye might have filled me as full of holes as a nutmeg-grater! And I rather guess there's nicer sounds in the world than to have two big charges o' shot come rattlin' about your ears that fashion!" And he rubbed his ears, as if to make sure that they were all right.

"Well, well, well!" said the wondering Augustus, picking up more shot. "I *am*—surprised aint the word; I'm astonished! Well, well, well!"

"You wait here," said Joe, "while I hurry and pick up them coots. There's an eddy of wind takin' 'em right out to sea."

He disappeared, and soon Mr. Bonwig saw him paddling around the curve of the shore in his dory. Having taken the coots out of the water, he brought them to land, and showed them to the admiring Augustus.

"Now which way?" said the sportsman, filled with fresh zeal, "for I'm bound to have luck next time."

"We'll haul the dory up here, and go over on the other side of the island, and see what we can find there," said Joe.

"What a desolate place this is!" said Mr. Bonwig, as they crossed the bleak ledges. "All rocks and stones; not a tree, not a bush even; only here and there a little patch of grass!" He struck a schoolboy's attitude, on one of the topmost ledges, and began to declaim:

"I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea,
I'm lord of the —"

Plenty of fowls, but there don't seem to be any brutes here," he commented, as he came down from his elevation.

"Guess ye learnt that to school, too, did n't ye?" said Joe.

"Young friend, I did," said Augustus. And he proceeded to apostrophize the salt water:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand —"

Thunder and blazes! who'd have thought that rock was so slippery?" he said, finding himself suddenly and quite unexpectedly in a sitting posture. "Speaking of fleets, what are all those sails, Joe?"

"Fishermen. Sometimes for days you wont see scarcely one; then there'll come a mornin' with a fair wind, like this, and they'll all put out of port together."

"Hello! *hel-lo!*" said Augustus. "Who ever expected to see a house on this island? What little building is that?"

"It's one of the Humane Society's houses; house of refuge they call it. They have 'em scattered along the coast where ships are most likely to be wrecked and there's no other shelter handy."

"Nobody lives in it, of course?"

"I guess not, if they can help it," said Joe. "But more'n one good ship has gone to pieces on this island. I remember one that struck here eight year ago. She struck in the night, and the next mornin' we could see her, bows up, on the reef yender, where the tide had left her; but the sea was so rough there was no gittin' at her in boats, and the next night she broke up, and the day after nary spar of her was to be seen, except the pieces of the wreck that begun to come ashore to the mainland, along 'ith the dead bodies. About half the crew was drowned; the rest managed to git to the island, but there wa'n't no house here then, and they 'most froze to death, for it was Winter, and awful cold. Since then this little hut has been tucked in here among the rocks, where the wind can't very well git at it, to blow it away; and come when ye will, Summer or Winter, you'll always find straw in the bunks, and wood in the box, and matches in a tin case, and a barrel of hard bread, and a cask of fresh water. Only the wood and hard bread are apt to git used up perty close, sometimes. You see, fellers that come off here a-fishin' know about it, and so when they git hungry, they pull ashore with their fish, and come to the house to make a chowder. But I would n't," said Joe, assuming a highly moral tone, "without there was a barrel chock full of crackers! For, s'pose a ship should be wrecked, and the crew and passengers should git ashore here, wet and hungry and cold, and should find the house, and the box where the wood should be, and the barrel where the crackers should be, and there should n't be

neither wood nor crackers, on account of some plaguy fellers and their chowder! No, by sixty!" said Joe, "I would n't be so mean!"

"It looks naked and gloomy enough in here!" said Augustus, as they entered.

"It would n't seem so bad, though, to wet and hungry sailors, some wild night in Janewary, after they 'd been cast away," said Joe. "Just imagine 'em crawlin' in here out of the rain and cold, and startin' up a good, nice fire in the chimbley, and settin' down afore it, eatin' the crackers!"

"How are the provisions supplied?"

"Oh, one of the Humane Society's boats comes around here once in a while, and leaves things. I

don't believe but what it would be fun to live here," Joe added, romantically, "like Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday."

"Suppose we try it?" said Mr. Bonwig. "I'll be Crusoe, and you may be t'other fellow."

"And we'll shoot ducks for a livin'!" said Friday. "Come on, Mr. Crusoe!"

They left the hut, and went in pursuit of game, little thinking that accident might soon compel them to commence living the life that was so pleasant to joke about, more in earnest than either dreamed of doing now. But the story of how that came to pass will have to be related in another number.

THE DEAD DOLL.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



YOU need n't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead! There's no use in saying she is n't, with a crack like that in her head. It's just like you said it would n't hurt much to have my tooth out, that day; And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you had n't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue! As if I did n't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you? You might make her *look* all mended—but what do I care for looks? Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfulest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf.
Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I had n't quite finished her elegant new Spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—
She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it!"



"AND HILDEGARDE SAW ME DO IT."

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish *my* head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it has n't cracked a bit.

But since the darling *is* dead, she'll want to be buried, of course;
We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this, you see—
This dear little box—and we'll bury her then under the maple-tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word!
I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead;
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

A PLAY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HERE is the good old story of the JOLLY ABBOT OF CANTERBURY, told by Hezekiah Butterworth in ST. NICHOLAS for January last, arranged for parlor representation. Some of our young folks may be glad to learn it, and prepare their costumes, in time for the coming holidays. Mr. Stephens' pictures (in our January number, 1874) may be of use in giving hints for the costumes, or our boys may prefer to study up the matter elsewhere for themselves. To add to the effect, both boys and girls may take parts as nobles and attendants.

THE JOLLY OLD ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

Characters: King John, Nobles, Abbot of Canterbury, Shepherd, and Attendants.

SCENE I.

King seated on his throne. Enter Noble, bowing.

Noble. Good King, do you know how many servants the Abbot of Canterbury keeps in his house?

King. No.

Noble. A hundred!

King. That is more than I keep in my palace!

Noble. Do you know how many gold chains the Abbot has to hang over his coats of velvet?

King. No.

Noble. Fifty!

King. That is more than can be found among the jewels of the Crown! I will visit the Abbot of Canterbury. He has lived so long in luxury that he has lived long enough. Bring me my royal steed; I will visit him at once.

[Exit Noble as curtain falls.]

SCENE II.

Abbot, elegantly dressed, seated in arm-chair. Enter King, attended by Nobles.

King. How now, Father Abbot? I hear that thou keepest a better house than I. That, sir, is treason—high treason against the Crown.

Abbot. My liege, I never spend anything but what is my own. I trust that your Grace would do me no hurt for using for the comfort of others what I myself have earned.

King. Yes, Father Abbot, thy offense is great. The safety of the kingdom demands thy death, and thou shalt die. Still, as thou art esteemed a man of wit, and thy learning is great, I will give thee one chance of saving thy life.

Abbot. Name it, my liege.

King. Thou shalt, when I come again to this place, and stand among my nobles, answer me three questions.

Abbot. Name them, my liege.

King. Thou shalt tell me, first, how much I am worth, and that to a single penny. Thou shalt tell me, secondly, how long a time it would require for me to ride around the whole world. Thou shalt tell me, thirdly, what I am thinking.

Abbot. Oh, these are hard questions—hard questions for my shallow wit! But if you will give me three weeks to consider them, I think I may answer your Grace.

King. I give thee three weeks' space; that is the longest thou hast to live. If then thou canst not answer well these questions three, thy lands and thy livings shall become the Crown's.

[Exit King as curtain falls.]

SCENE III.

Abbot walking to and fro, apparently in deep thought. Enter Shepherd, staff in hand.

Shepherd. How now, my Lord Abbot? What news do you bring from the King?

Abbot. Sad, sad news, Shepherd. I have but three weeks more to live, if I do not answer him three questions.

Shepherd. And what are these questions three?

Abbot. First, to tell him, as he stands among his nobles, with his gold crown on his head, how much he is worth, and that to a single penny. Secondly, to tell him how long it would take him to ride around the world. Thirdly, to tell him what he is thinking.

Shepherd. Then cheer up, cheer up, my Lord Abbot. Did you never hear that a wise man may learn wit of a fool? They say I much resemble you. Lend me your gown and a serving-man, and I will stand in your place, and will answer the King's questions.

Abbot. Serving-man thou shalt have, and sumptuous apparel, with crosier and miter, and rochet and cope, fit to appear before the Roman Pontiff himself. Go, and thou shalt have thy reward if thou canst save my life.

[Exit Shepherd as curtain falls.]

SCENE IV.

Curtain rises, and discovers the King and his Nobles, apparently awaiting the arrival of some one. Enter Shepherd, dressed as the Abbot.

King. Now welcome, Sir Abbot. Thou dost faithfully keep the appointed day. Now answer

correctly my questions three, and thou shalt save both thy life and thy livings.

Shepherd. Well, my liege, but to answer correctly I must speak the truth.

King. And thou shalt. Now tell me how much I am worth, and that within a single penny.

Shepherd. Twenty-nine pence. Judas betrayed his Lord for thirty; and since thou art willing to betray the Church, I think that thou must be one penny the worse than he.

King [laughing]. Why, why, my Father Abbot, I did not think that I was worth so little! And now, jolly priest, tell me just how long it would take me to ride around the world.

Shepherd. You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same until it riseth on the next morning,

when you will have ridden the circuit of the world in just twenty-four hours.

King [laughing]. I did not think I could do it so soon. But now comes the question that will put thy wits to the test. What do I think?

Shepherd. You think I am the Abbot of Canterbury, but I am not. I am a poor shepherd, and that you may see [*throwing off his cloak*], and I have come to beg pardon for the Abbot and myself.

King [laughing heartily]. And thou shalt have it. Tell the Abbot that thou hast brought him a full and free pardon from the King. And as for thyself, I will give thee four nobles each week, for the merry jest thou hast shown me.

[*Curtain drops.*]



GOING TO LONDON.

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
Here we go with baby!
I'm the papa,
You're the ma'ma,
You're the pretty lady!

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
See how fast we're going!
Feel the jar
Of the car?
Feel the wind a-blowing?

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
Here we are this minute!
Rock a chair
Anywhere,
When we two are in it

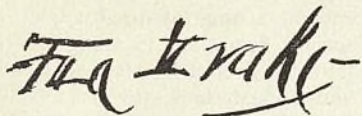
OUT OF GRANDMAMMA'S TEA-CUP.

(A Centennial Tea Story.)

BY ELIZA WOOD.

It was strange that we should all see an Indian in grandmamma's tea-cup on the night of December 16th, 18—, Emily and George, and little Dan and I. I am Godfrey.

A lone Indian, with a bow in his hand, shaped in the tea-leaves on one side of the cup, and on the other side, some scrawling writing, like this:



Emily read it "Fra Drake," and grandmamma was delighted.

"Now tell us a story about the old house on the wharf, grandmamma," Emily said, "and let me sit on the rug with my back close to your knees, for I shiver so at Indian stories."

We knew it was to be an Indian story, because grandmamma always took her text from some of the shapes that we children saw in the tea-leaves, and on that night we saw only the figure of an Indian and the writing.

"Let me get into your lap," said little Dan, "for my efelant is so tired."

Little Dan is only three years and a half; but he owns a very large, lead-colored canton flannel elephant. He sleeps with it, generally lying on his stomach with the beast under him, and keeps it on the nursery-table near him when he eats his meals.

George popped it into the soup-tureen one day at dinner, while Dan was gazing at the pudding; in consequence, there was a feud between George and Dan for two days, and a coolness for a week, although George allowed Dan to kick him, and good-naturedly assisted in bathing the elephant's feet and legs, which were greasy with chicken-broth.

"I'll tell you the story that my mamma told me when I was a little girl and lived in the old house on the wharf," said grandmamma. "I have remembered the 16th of December ever since. I suppose you children don't know what happened on that night, Anno Domini 1773?"

"Efelants?" asked Dan, gravely.

He always entered into the conversation with solemnity, especially when about to fall asleep.

"It was n't Sir Francis Drake's return from his

voyage round the world, was it," George asked, recklessly.

"Sit on him for a gaby," Emily whispered.

Grandmamma merely looked at him until he begged her pardon, and laughed nervously.

It was not that she was so intolerant of ignorance, but George had such a talent for exposing himself.

Emily and I were afraid to guess. I had the Repeal of the Stamp Act on the tip of my tongue, but I turned it into a cough, seeing George so discomfited.

"The old house," grandmamma began, "was like most other houses of its day. The second story overhung the first, the rooms were built around a huge stone chimney in the middle, the garden was paled in, and my grandfather was permitted to wharf before his door, and to make a 'causey' ten feet square from his wharf to low-water mark, to be free of access. When our whaler returned from a voyage, she came into our own wharf; and next to it but one was Griffin's wharf.

"In the winter season the family lived downstairs—grandmamma and grandpapa and Uncle Godfrey and my mamma, who was the only girl.

"On the night of my story—December 16th, 1773—my mamma had a bad cold and hoarseness, and her mother had to put her to bed quite early in the afternoon.

"I have slept in the same little truckle bed, when I was a child, in a small wainscoted room just off the sitting-room in which the family lived in winter. Lying in bed with the door open, one could see the huge fire-place, and the doors on either side, which opened into Uncle Godfrey's bed-chamber and grandmamma's. The sitting-room extended nearly all across the back of the house.

"Grandfather came into the sitting-room by the back door just as grandmamma was pouring some hot water into a little china tea-pot from the tea-kettle that always hung from the crane.

"'Not making tea, I suppose, Maria?' he said, with a smile.

"'Yes, I am, Oliver, for the child; she needs something hot for her cold, and I think it a shame to throw away real good tea,' grandmamma replied.

"'Do you not know,' said grandfather, 'that the word *tea* ought not so much as to be once named

by the friends of American liberty, and here you are openly using it before me, a Son of Liberty, and a selectman.'

"He picked up the beautiful little china tea-pot and flung it behind the back-log, a cloud of steam and ashes arising; then he turned to grandmamma and said:

"I ask your pardon if I have been too hasty; but I am just from the assembly in the old South Meeting-house, and we are waiting there for Rotch's answer from the Governor. His time is up, and he must sail with the tea to-night.'

"Grandmamma did not answer. She was, with the poker, carefully lifting the tea-pot by the handle out of the ashes. There was a small piece nicked out of the spout, which seemed to pain her.

"Grandfather went out of the house and shut the front door with a heavy slam. Dear mamma closed her eyes then, to make her mother think she had been asleep during this little domestic scene. Grandmamma came and listened to her breathing, and tucked the bed-clothes in about her.

"God bless you, my child,' she said, 'and help us all.' Then she took down her gray cloak and hurried out of the house.

"Poor mamma sat up in bed and wondered what it all meant.

"She knew a little about Rotch and the ship Dartmouth; that Mr. Rotch was the owner of the Dartmouth, which ship had come in to Griffin's wharf one Sunday morning, laden with one hundred and fourteen chests of the East India Company's tea; that, Sunday as it was, the selectmen had held a meeting, and that it was decided that the tea should not be landed.

"The school-children had come down to grandfather's wharf one Saturday morning to see the Dartmouth lying at Griffin's wharf, with two other tea-ships that were anchored there under guard, and mamma had joined in all their ceremonies that meant independence and liberty, except spitting upon a stamp which one of the boys had; that mamma declined to do, because she said it was a nasty trick. She had sacrificed her only doll when an effigy of George Grenville was needed for hanging upon a miniature Liberty Tree, and had joined in a feast under this tree (a barberry-bush in Coffin's field near the school-house) to celebrate the repeal of the Stamp Act.

"She had contributed liberally toward a testimonial of sassafras candy which was presented to the son of Edward Proctor, captain of the guard of the tea-ships; and yet the whole thing was a sad puzzle to her little brain, and it made her very unhappy to think that the end of it all was that her father had nearly broken the pretty china tea-pot, and her mother had left her alone in the house.

"Well, mamma, from her little bed, watched the bright flames of the wood fire in the sitting-room until it burned low and the tea-kettle stopped singing. It was quite dark outside and very still.

"Mamma crept out of bed and stole into the sitting-room with a blanket wrapped around her, and sat down on her little stool on the hearth. She wished herself back in bed as soon as she was seated upon the hearth; for the flickering fire-light made strange shadows on the wall, and the darkness in the corners of the room was so dense that it seemed to her miles deep, and she did not dare to turn her back to it, or return to her bedroom, for it was creeping toward her slowly. All the familiar objects in the room were shrouded in darkness except the strings of dried apples hanging from the center beam, and grinning like monster teeth, and the flitches of bacon that stretched and humped into wicked shapes to her terrified eyes. Then the darkness seemed to be infolding her, and the stillness hummed drearily in her head, and she tried to scream for her mother, but her voice would not come."

"Oh, don't let the Indian come now; I can't bear it," said Emily.

"He must come when he did come," said George; "must n't he, grandma?"

"Yes," answered grandmamma, "and he did come just as mamma was trying to scream; the shed door opened, and the back door into the sitting-room opened, and a very tall Indian strode in up to the chimney-place and lighted his pipe with a coal from the fire. Mamma tried to say, 'Don't kill me!' but her voice failed; and then a ray of hope came to her, that the Indian would go away without seeing her, and then he spoke to her.

"Why, child, you'll perish with cold,' he said. 'Go back to bed. Where's your mother?'"

"He stooped and picked her up and carried her to her bed, and was heaping some extra coverings upon her when a wild war-whoop resounded outside, and was echoed from various parts of the town.

"That's the signal,' he said, and rushed out of the back door.

"After that mamma could only remember a whirlpool of noises, war-whoops, and splitting sounds. Then a dead silence, and then her father and mother came in with the Indian, and threw on more logs and warmed themselves at the sitting-room fire.

"I found the child sitting on the hearth, when I came home to light my pipe,' said the Indian, with the voice of Uncle Godfrey. 'I must see if she is awake.'

"Poor little mamma's voice came back then; she put her arms around his neck as he stooped

over her, and sobbed out 'Are you a friendly Indian?'

"He burst out laughing with Uncle Godfrey's laugh, and carried her into the sitting-room, where, in her mother's lap, she told her unhappy story as well as she could for laughing and crying and kissing them all.

"Uncle Godfrey took off his crown of feathers, and knelt to mamma to pass her fingers through his soft fair hair.

"Whatever did you do it for, Uncle Godfrey?" she cried, and then her father tried to explain to her what had happened in Boston harbor that night."

"What had happened, George?" asked grandmamma.

"A party of men disguised as Indians, at a concerted signal, had gone on board the tea ships, and splitting open the chests of tea, had emptied their contents into the water. Three hundred and forty-two chests."

"Why had they done this, Godfrey?"

"Because it had been resolved in the colonies not to use any articles taxed by the crown, and the consignees of the tea would not order the ships to sail back with their cargo, and a clearance was de-

nied Mr. Rotch, and this was the only way to prove that we were in earnest."

"And we were in earnest," said grandma, with kindling eyes. "Our country's future might have been foretold that night, looking into those dark waters where the tea-leaves were unfolding.

"We now know the shapes they took: Lexington, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Bunker's Hill, Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Brandywine, Germantown, the war on the ocean, and Yorktown, when Lord Cornwallis delivered up his sword.

"Eight years after the battle of Lexington Washington issued a proclamation of peace."

"You look like a statue of Liberty when you say Washington, grandmamma," said George.

Grandmamma smiled, and little Dan cried out in his sleep, his nose was flattened against his elephant.

"I wish Dan would not make those startling noises," said Emily, whose back was still close to grandmamma's knees; "ring for his nurse, George."

"No, I want to carry the little rascal myself," said George.

So we all bade good night and thanked grandma for her tea-cup story.

TO THE "BOUQUET CLUB."

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

O ROSEBUD garland of girls!

Who ask for a song from me,
To what sweet air shall I set my lay?

What shall its key-note be?

The flowers have gone from wood and hill;
The rippling river lies white and still;
And the bird that sang on the maple bough,
Afar in the southland singeth now!

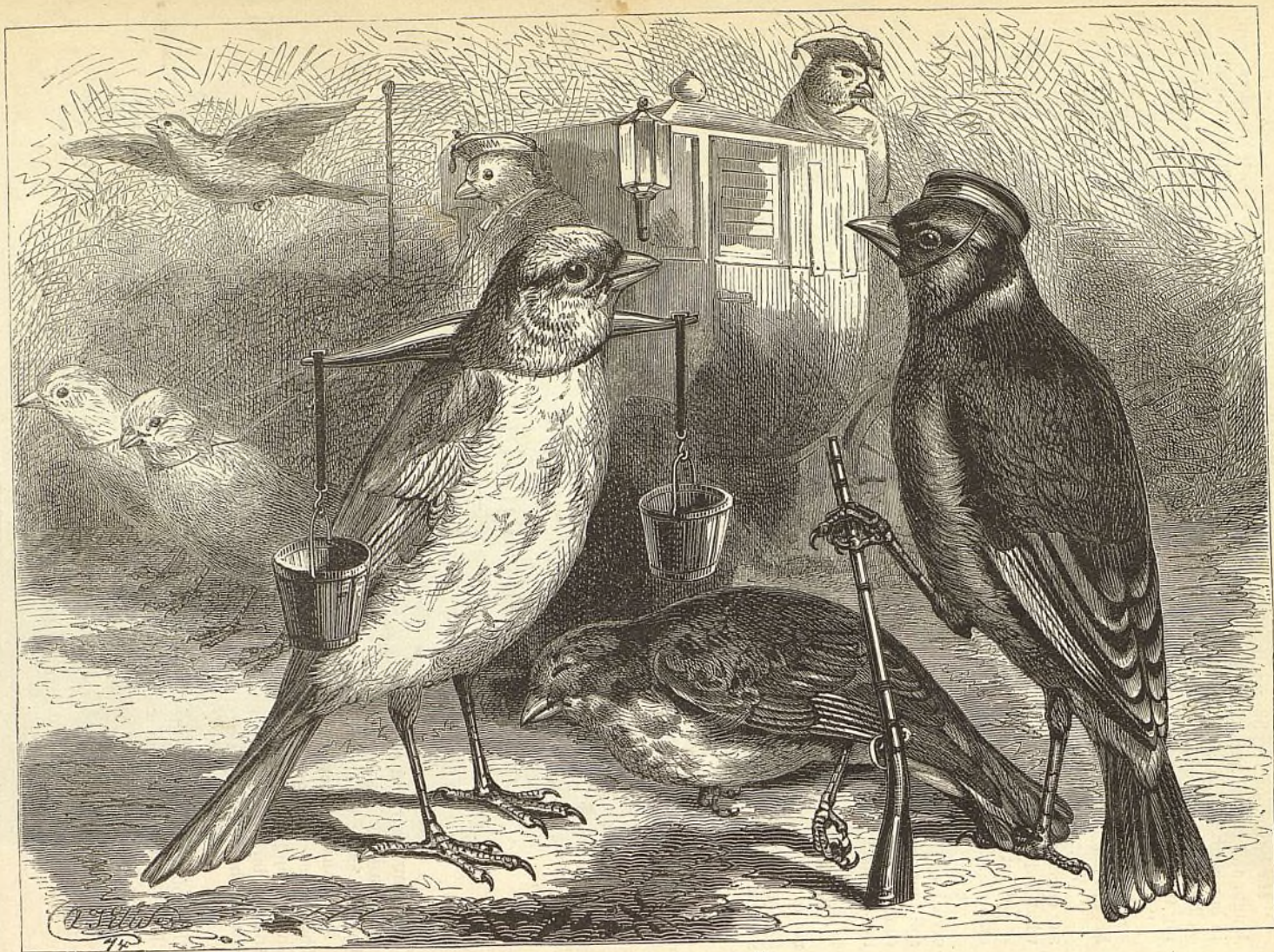
O Rosebud garland of girls!

If the whole glad year were May;
If winds sang low in the clustering leaves,
And roses bloomed away;

If youth were all that there is of life,
If the years brought nothing of care or strife,
Nor even a cloud to the ether blue,
It were easy to sing a song for you!

Yet, O my garland of girls!

Is there nothing better than May?
The golden glow of the harvest-time!
The rest of the Autumn day!
This thought I give to you all to keep:
Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold!



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, SIR?"

WHAT ROBBY SAW.

BIRDS know a great deal. They know how to find their food, and where to go for a change of climate. They know, too, how to build nests, and how to take care of their children. They are wise almost as soon as they are born.

But if you think birds cannot be taught anything besides the things that they know of their own accord, you are very much mistaken. They can be taught to do many funny tricks. I know a boy named Robby who has seen them, with his own eyes, do—*what*, do you think?

Why, he has seen two yellow canary-birds harnessed to a little bit of a coach, drawing it along in the liveliest way, with a canary-bird for a driver and another canary for footman. Think of that! Yes, and he has seen these same birds do even more than this.

He has seen them act a play. I'll tell you about it.

First, one pretty little fellow, named Mr. Prim, came hopping in as lively as a cricket. Then came another pretty little yellow fellow, named Major Flit, and he had—A GUN! And—O, O!—what did Major Flit do but point his gun right at Mr. Prim and fire it off! Down fell Mr. Prim stark and stiff—his eyes shut tight, and his poor little toes curled under. But Major Flit was not sorry one bit for shooting poor Mr. Prim. He strutted about as if he had done something fine. Then another canary, named Corporal Gruff, came in, carrying two little pails of water. They were about as big as thimbles. He shook his head sadly as he looked at poor Mr. Prim lying so helpless and stiff. Then he hopped savagely up to Major Flit, and stared at him, with an air that said: "What does this mean, sir?"

Something dreadful might have happened then if, quick as a flash, Mr. Prim had not jumped up, as if to say:

"Ho! ho! you thought I was killed, did you? Well, I'm just as much alive as you are!"

Now the birds had been taught by their kind master to do all this. The gun would go off and make a flash, but it had no shot in it.

Robby dreamed that night of Mr. Prim, the Major and the Corporal; the Major had on soldier clothes, and Mr. Prim was shaving himself before a yellow looking-glass! Was not that a funny dream?

If you ever go to a show where there are performing birds, look out sharply for Mr. Prim, the Major, and Corporal Gruff.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

No time for the usual compliments to-day, my chicks. Jack has news for you! A little bird tells him that Deacon Green thinks there ought to be a "Young Contributor's" department to ST. NICHOLAS, and that it will not do the children one bit of harm, provided the vanity of unfledged authors is not fed by printing their names. Hurrah for the deacon! He's written a letter to the editor about this matter, and Jack would n't be one bit surprised if something should come of it! Perhaps *next month*—who knows?

"The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will our Jack do then?—poor thing!"

writes a dear little boy. Bless his heart! Jack does n't mind the snow one bit. In this respect he differs from others of his race.

Ah! what wonderful folks these Scribners are, to be able to make a Jack-in-the-Pulpit blossom all Winter! This reminds me, strange to say, of

DRIED UP ANIMALS COMING TO LIFE.

WELL. Wonders never cease. You'll excuse my bringing forward a dried up old adage, my chicks, as I wish to apply it strictly to something the birds told me—which is, that certain creatures of the worm and small fry order can be dried up completely, kept in that state for years, and then be brought to life again! Now it's bad enough to be a worm any way, but just conceive the state of mind a worm must be in who is brought to life after having been dried up for a dozen years! The pretty schoolmistress and Deacon Green were talking on this subject in the twilight last evening. Speaking of a minute sort of worms known as vinegar eels, she said that it was known to the botanist Linnæus

that these worms could be dried up and then revived. Also, that she had read that somebody named Baker, in 1775, found that the young of *Anguillula tritici*, inclosed in diseased grains of wheat, could be revived, even after a desiccation of twenty-seven years, by being moistened with water; and other naturalists observed the same fact for shorter periods.

Ah! the school-mistress is a wonderful little woman. She brought out that *Anguillula tritici* so glibly that it made Deacon Green fairly blink.

THE BRITISH BROAD ARROW.

WHAT a world this is! Hearing some persons mention the British Broad Arrow, I naturally inquired of the birds about it, knowing that they are specially interested, poor things! in arrows, and in all sorts of weapons.

Now, what *do* you think they told me?

Why, the English Broad Arrow is n't an arrow at all. That is, it's not an arrow that you can fire from a bow at a mark, but it is a mark itself. Yet not a mark to be fired at. It is a mark stamped or cut upon wood and iron and certain other materials which belong to the British Government and are used about its naval ships or dock-yards. The Broad Arrow looks very little like an arrow, and very much like the print which a hen's foot leaves in the mud.

REFUSED BLESSINGS.

"It's amazing," said Deacon Green, "how stupid we human beings are, little and big; what worthless things we strive for, and what blessings we carelessly cast away. In some parts of Japan, when you go home from a dinner, a servant is sent after you with a box containing everything that was offered to you at table and that you refused. Ah! what if some day an angel comes after us to show us all the blessings that were offered to us on earth, that we were too stupid or too obstinate or too proud to take!

THE CROOKED STORY STRAIGHTENED.

As Jack wishes me to give a report concerning the "Crooked Story," printed on page 775 of the October number of ST. NICHOLAS, I comply with pleasure. Here is the first correct rendering (received Sept. 22d):

THE STORY.

A right sweet little boy, the son of a great colonel, with a ruff about his neck, flew up the road swift as a deer. After a time he had stopped at a new house and rung the bell. His toe hurt him, and he needed rest. He was too tired to raise his fair, pale face. A faint moan of pain rose from his lips.

The maid who heard the bell was about to pare a pear, but she threw it down and ran with all her might, for fear her guest would not wait.

But when she saw the little one, tears stood in her eyes at the sight. "You poor dear! Why do you lie here? Are you dying?"

"No," he sighed, "I am faint to the core."

She bore him in her arms, as she ought, to a room where he might be quiet, gave him bread and meat, held scent under his nose, tied his collar, wrapped him warmly, gave him some sweet dram from a vial (or phial), till at last he went forth hale as a young horse. His eyes shone, his cheek was red as a flower, and he gamboled a whole hour.

SARAH M. GALLAUDET (aged 10).

The same day brought an equally correct rendering by Nessie E. Stevens, who accordingly shares the honors with Sarah. F. E. C.'s rendering was received earliest of all (Sept. 21st), but she failed to

change the words "drachm" and "shown," R. A.'s came in with Sarah's, but he had wrongly changed "side" (sighed) to *said*. The following girls and boys have straightened the story perfectly, falling behind Sarah and Nessie only in point of time:

F. C. Doubleday, Bertha W. Young, Charles D. Rhodes, "Rose," Anna Jerenson, Sallie C. Schofield, H. L. Brown, Mary Troxell, Laurie T. Sanders, Addie Lawrence, Lily Graves, W. C. Kent, "Pigeon," Helen F. Mackintosh, Harry G. Perkins, "Mayflower," May Harvey, Bessie H. Van Cleef, James E. Whitney, Belle Peck, Charley Read, John C. Williams, Lenora Louise Crowell, "Hamlet," William Harding, Katie H., Jessie M. Metcalf, A. Eugene Billings, Jennie Carman, Lulu Van Eaton, Theodore W. Birney, Annie Lee Macreading, Mamie A. Johnson, Harry C. Powers, Annie E. Westcott, Mary B. Leiper, Poblito Herberto, Nellie Kellogg, Helen W. Clarkson, Nellie F. Elliott, Nellie Fairbairn, Annie I. Earle, Mamie F. Danforth, Florence M. Easton, Harry Wigmore, Cora J. Whiting, Nellie Shed, William J. Haines, Mary Tounney, Clara Mack, George A. White, and Stevie B. Franklin.

Many other "straightenings" of the "Crooked Story" have been received, but they each contain one or more errors. Every effort, however, is heartily appreciated, and I hope to hear from all the writers again on the next similar occasion.

In praising one and all for trying to straighten the crooked story, I must not ignore its several offenses against correct pronunciation. It was allowable, for the puzzle's sake, to claim the same sound for such words as *when* and *wen*, *are* and *ah*, *arms* and *alms*, *sore* and *saw* (especially as these are the too common pronunciations); but now that the puzzle is solved, we all must be doubly careful to sound our r's and h's, and give each word its full value.

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

WHOA! HORSEY!

HAVE you ever heard of sea-horses? I have. The birds tell me there are plenty of them in the sea. If it's so, I'll thank the editors of ST.



THE SEA-HORSE (HIPPOCAMPUS).

NICHOLAS to show you a picture of one, and then, may be, you'll be able to find out further particulars for yourselves.

RESPECT YOUR TEACHERS.

"RESPECT your teachers, boys," said Deacon Green to two smart young fellows from town who were just now walking "across lots" with him. "Respect your teachers. I don't mean only that you should treat them with outward deference,

but I want you to truly honor them. If you try to do it and can't—why, go to another school. Honor the man who teaches you, who preaches you, who reaches you, say I."

The boys laughed at the deacon's funny rhyming, but I noticed that they straightened up as he spoke, and, from the bright look in their eyes, it was evident that they took his idea.

LEFT HANDED ANIMALS.

MONKEYS and boys, as a general rule, take hold of things most naturally with the right hand; but nearly all other animals may be said to be left-handed; that is, whenever their claws, paws, or feet serve the purpose of hands, the left is used instead of the right. I am told that Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated traveler, who had sharp eyes of his own, gave it out as a fact that lions, tigers and leopards always strike their prey with the left paw, and that, so far as his observations went, all quadrupeds could be called left-handed. Even parrots extend their left claw when they wish to take anything from your hand; and in gnawing a bone, a dog almost invariably steadies it with his left paw.

What is your experience, my pets? Do pigs generally put their left foot in the trough, or not?

EGGS AND STONES.

"DON'T carry eggs and stones in the same basket."

That's all I heard—a mere passing remark of the deacon's. Can my boys and girls make anything out of it? It strikes me that often when things go wrong in every-day affairs, it may be because somebody has tried to carry eggs and stones in the same basket. Persons of *tact* never do this.

A SHREWD FARMER.

HERE is a letter that will amuse the chicks who have been prying into cows' mouths of late; though I hope they will not admire the cute farmer too much. There are some kinds of shrewdness which Jack does n't by any means hold up as good examples:

DEAR JACK: Your Item concerning "Cows' Upper Teeth," reminds me of an incident which occurred in an adjoining town.

A city gentleman who had just purchased a farm in the country, wished to buy some cattle with which to stock it. He therefore attended an auction where cows were to be sold. One of them, a remarkably fine animal, soon attracted his attention, and he bought her at a fair price. He was examining his purchase, when a farmer, who unfortunately had arrived too late to buy the cow himself as he had intended, drove up, and thus accosted him:

"I say, friend, did you bid off that cow?"
"I did," was the reply.
"Well, did you know that she had no front teeth in the upper jaw?"

"No," replied the gentleman, indignantly. "Is that so?"
"You can see for yourself."

The gentleman examined the mouth of the cow, and finding no upper teeth, immediately went to the auctioneer and requested him to sell the cow again.

"What's the trouble?" asked the auctioneer.
"She has n't any upper front teeth," was the reply.
"Very well," replied the auctioneer with a smile, "I'll put her up once more."

He did so, and the shrewd farmer who had given the information to the city gentleman, bid her off at the same price.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE model schooner-yacht which is to be given as a prize to the boy or girl who shall best work out the "Prize Puzzle," in this month's Riddle-Box, is a very handsome vessel of first-rate sailing qualities. The hull is two feet and a half long, and the whole length from tip of bowsprit to the end of the boom is four feet eight inches. Height from keel to top of mainmast three feet four inches. It is not only a good boat to look at, but it is a good fast vessel to sail, and all its sails and rigging "work" just as if it were a real schooner. It was built by Fitch of Broadway, who makes so many of the model yachts which sail in the races on the lakes in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and in Central Park, New York. It is clipper-built and is a fast sailer. It has six sails: a jib and a flying-jib, a foresail and a foretopsail, a mainsail and a maintopsail. All the necessary "sheets" and ropes will be found in their places and in working order. It is a good vessel, a handsome vessel, and a fast vessel, and its name is ST. NICHOLAS. Any boy who gets this little schooner-yacht ought to be a happy fellow, if there is any water near his home where he can sail it. And any girl who gets it ought to be happy too, if she has a brother or a boy friend who can help her sail it. It is a very different boat from the awkward affairs we grown folks used to sail when we were young. No such beautiful fast-sailing miniature yachts were made in those days.

C. McL.—You will find in the 11th verse of the 20th chapter of Proverbs a better reply to your letter than any we can give you. May it encourage and inspire you as it should.

Syracuse, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: In the October number of the ST. NICHOLAS a little girl speaks of cows' teeth, and Jack said that it was a matter of dispute between naturalists whether cows have upper teeth or not. I thought I would find out yesterday, so I went to the butcher and asked him if cows had upper front teeth, and he said they had none, but way back in their mouths they had some large teeth called grinders. Good bye.—Yours, truly,

ROSA DICKINSON.

Jack did not say there was any dispute among *naturalists* in regard to this matter, for naturalists and scientific men know all about it, of course. But he will be very glad, we know, to hear that a little girl has gone to work and investigated this matter herself.

Stratford, Conn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please be kind enough to tell me from what piece or hymn this quotation is taken: "I was mounted higher in the chariots of fire, and the moon was under my feet."—Yours,

CLARA L. RAYDER.

The source of the quotation referred to is Charles Wesley's hymn on the happiness of the convert, beginning

"O, how happy are they,
Who the Savior obey."

The last stanza reads:

"I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat:
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet."

BIRD-DEFENDERS.—Another "Grand Muster-Roll" of Bird-defenders will be printed in the Spring, and will contain all the names received by us from October 1st to the date of its publication.

EMMA T. writes that as her uncle has promised her, at Christmas, a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS for this year, she would like to know how best to dispose of her monthly numbers, after she has read them. "It's of no use to keep them," she says, "if I am going to have a fresh, new, bound volume anyway."

We will tell you, Emma, and all other girls, and boys too, who may have back numbers which they do not intend to bind, what is the very best thing that can be done with them. If you know any

boys or girls who are too poor to buy ST. NICHOLAS, or who do not for any other reason get the magazine, send your back numbers to such children and tell them, when they have read them to pass them on to other boys and girls who may not have them. Then, if the numbers are passed on from these to others, and so on as long as they last, which will be a good while if they are not too carelessly handled, each number may give delight and instruction to a great many children who otherwise would never see the magazine at all. This plan is not only a generous one, but it is very easy and costs no money.

Some of our readers who bind their magazines may also know poor girls and boys to whom they would like to give back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, if they had them to spare. To these we would say that Scribner & Co. are willing to send six back numbers for fifty cents, to any boy or girl who will write, enclosing the money, and stating that the numbers are to be given away to poor children who will pass them on. But if you do not know any boys and girls to whom you can give your back numbers, send them to some institution for poor or suffering children. There are establishments of this kind in nearly every large city, and you may feel sure that the numbers of ST. NICHOLAS will be most gladly welcomed by the little inmates. Among the institutions of the kind in New York are Dr. Knight's Hospital for Crippled Children, Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, and the children's department of Bellevue Hospital.

NEXT month, Jack-in-the-Pulpit will report on the answers to the crow and pigeon story.

HIRAM, N. C.—"Epizootic" is a word of five syllables—ep-i-zo-ot-ic, the two o's being distinctly sounded. It is compounded of two Greek words, *epi*, upon, and *zootis*, an animal. The word which means a murrain or pestilence among animals is properly the noun *epi-i-zo-o-ty*—epizootic being an adjective, corresponding with the word epidemic as applied to human diseases. For instance, it is right to say, "My horse has the ep-i-zo-o-ty," or "my horse has the epizootic disease." But if you refer to the disease among animals as you would to a general epidemic among men, you may say the epizootic is raging. In this case the noun disease is understood.

MADLINE PALMER asks if it is "right for a Bird-defender to chase a peacock, in hope that some of its feathers may drop out during the chase?"

We believe that Madeline has reference to a boy Bird-defender. Let her ask him this question: "Suppose a big, cross old peacock were to see you put a piece of cake in your pocket, and in order to make the piece of cake bounce out of your pocket, that peacock were to chase you around the yard, and over the fence, and up the road, and through the bushes, and into the briars, and across mud puddles; every now and then giving you a nip in the legs, or a punch in the back, nearly scaring the life out of you, until at last the cake was jolted out of your pocket, and then the peacock should stop and eat it up,—how would you like that?"

If he says he would not like it, then tell him that he ought not to chase peacocks to make them drop some of their possessions.

If he says he would like such treatment, then you can tell him that he has not as much feeling as a peacock.

HERE is an account from H. R. C. of the trials of a young printer:

We have in our office a boy, whose duties are to copy letters, go to the post-office and bank, run on errands, and do anything else of an unimportant and trifling nature that is to be done. He is fourteen years old, and is very bright. Almost his only fault is that he is always in an attitude of restless longing for lunch-time to arrive, and is also somewhat too fluent in conversation. His name is Albert Jenkins, familiarly contracted to Jinks.

Last Christmas somebody gave him a copy of the Life of Benjamin Franklin, and a perusal of that thrilling romance implanted in Jinks's mind an ardent desire to be a practical printer. With a rigid economy worthy of a better cause, he began to hoard up a large portion of his weekly wages, with the intention of purchasing a printing-press. He even cut down his usual daily pie allowance one-half, and sometimes

did not eat a sandwich a-week. After practicing this heroic self-denial for several months, Jinks rushed insanely into the office one morning, and, dragging me to a corner of the room, stated in a breathless manner that a person up-town had an "Inimitable" foot-power press, with furniture, ink-roller, composing-stick, and everything else complete, not to mention numerous fonts of appropriate type. The man, having wearied of amateur printing, was anxious to sell out, and had offered the establishment to Jinks for the insignificant sum of fifteen dollars. Jinks possessed eleven dollars and ninety cents, and his business with me was to borrow the remainder of the purchase money. I yielded to his wishes, and he went off as happy as a boy whose teacher is taken suddenly ill and breaks up school.

He bought that press, and, taking it home, placed it beside his bed, so that it might be the last object upon which his eyes should gaze at night, and the first to greet his waking. The dreams of affluence and luxury which are written of in that absorbing work the "Arabian Nights," were cold and dull realities when compared to the gorgeous visions of future wealth which floated through Jinks's mind in connection with his press. He was unchangeably convinced that the reputation of Gutenberg, Faust, Caxton, and other printers of not inconsiderable repute, would be entirely eclipsed by the typographical fame of Jinks.

He at once proceeded to set up some type, choosing as his experimental sentence: "ALBERT JENKINS, PRINTER. GOOD WORK AND SMALL PROFITS." This is the way the "proof" looked when it was struck off:

"ALBERT JENKIN SPINLER
GOOD WORK ANDSE ALI PROFITS."

Even the partial and prejudiced eyes of Jinks could not regard this as a success. In fact, he was a good deal mortified, and began to doubt his chances for notoriety in the printing line—enviable notoriety, at any rate. However, after several trials, he corrected the blunders, and took another impression. In this the types were all right, but he had applied the ink with a too prodigal hand, and, instead of a clear and well-defined line of printing being presented to his admiring eyes, the job looked like a well-used blotting-pad. Then, after this was remedied, his "form" tumbled down, and the types fell into what is technically called "pi," which was not at all to Jinks's taste. Anybody but a boy would have become discouraged at these repeated disasters, but hope springs eternal in the boyish breast; and Jinks, finally triumphing over all difficulties, was able to turn out quite a creditable job of printing. Then he became a nuisance to the household. He printed names, mottoes, and short moral apothegms all over everything he could lay his hands on—not sparing his shirts, collars, and cuffs, upon which his name appeared in every variety of type. His clothes were saturated with a mixture of printers' ink and benzine; and by reason of getting his hands caught with painful frequency in the press, his fingers were perpetually encased in linen bandages, and looked like a row of rag-babies.

It is the unanimous sentiment of Jinks's family that he ought to have his printing done by a regular printer, and dispose of his press at auction; but the indefatigable Jinks persists in his career of paper-smearing and finger-mashing, and it is to be hoped that his perseverance will ultimately place him in the front rank of American "typos."

The following names of boys and girls who sent answers to puzzles in the September number, were unavoidably crowded out of the November issue, and are therefore inserted here: Mamie A. Johnson, "Mena, Nina and Tina," Fannie M. Harris, Etta B. Singleton, Charley Gartrell, Alma Sterling, "Jenny Wren," George H. Eager, B. G. B., Mark W. C., F. Sykes, Claire de Figanerie, Laura S. Benedict, "Hollyhock and Sunflower," Marion A. Coombs, Hattie F. Johnson and E. Louise Tibbetts, Eugenia C. Pratt, A. B. E., Rachael Hutchins, Rudolph Matz, "Scamp and Nero," George F. Wanger, Esq., C. E. Wickes, Amory Prescott Folwell, William C. Delanoy, Belle E. Gibson, Hattie Gibson, Charles H. Delanoy, Eleanor N. Hughes, "Phil A. Tely."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your readers might like to hear about our three rather queer pets.

The first we got was a young hawk. He was covered with down that looked like lambs' wool. He is now all feathered and nearly grown, but has never tried to fly, but sits out in the yard and hops around a little. We feed him with beef principally, but he is very fond of mice. We call him Abe.

Our next pet was a young flying squirrel. We found it with our little kitten, and although the kitten was large enough to play some, and the squirrel was no larger than a mouse, they seemed to think as much of that as they did of the kitten. He died yesterday. We had taken him away from the cats and gone to feeding him milk; we think that was what was the matter with him. He was nearly full-grown. We think that the cats brought him in. We all felt very badly on account of his dying—he was so soft, and pretty, and 'cute.

Our third pet is the queerest of all, I think. He is a little mulatto boy. There was a load of orphan children brought here to be dis-

tributed, and I took him. He is about nine years old, and a real nice little fellow. He is perfectly contented and often tells us that he likes us, and we are very fond of him. I am only sixteen, and I suppose it was a rather long venture; but, then, there are only my mother and me at home. His name is Georgie Newton. F. J. KELLOGG.

WE are sure our boys and girls will be interested in the following little poem when they know that it is the last work of their friend Hans Christian Andersen. Soon after he had written this he died:

"Like to the leaf which falleth from the tree,
O God, such only is my earthly life.
Lord, I am ready when Thou callest me,
Lo! Thou canst see my heart's most bitter strife—
'Tis Thou alone canst know the load of sin
Which this my aching breast doth hold within.

"Shorten the pains of death, shake off my fear,
Give me the courage of a trusting child.
Father of Love, I fain would see Thee near.
In pity judge each thought and act defiled—
Mercy, I cry! dear Lord, Thy will be done,
Save me, I pray, through Jesus Christ Thy Son."

A FRIEND OF ST. NICHOLAS writes: A few days ago we were at the Indian pueblo of San Domingo, and a very pleasant old warrior came to camp to see us, bringing some water-melons with him which he graciously bestowed on our mess. In return I gave him a copy of ST. NICHOLAS, which he carefully examined upside down in front of my tent, not showing much interest until he came to a picture of a mountain sheep. And then his brown old face was covered with a broad grin, and he poured out his ecstasy in a series of exclamations in his own language and Spanish that lasted the greater part of the afternoon. "Ah, cimarron! cimarron! cimarron! bueno! bueno! bueno!" Cimarron was his name for mountain sheep, and bueno, as you know, of course, is Spanish for good. Here was something that he knew, and he danced the book up and down to give an idea of the sheep's motion, and imitated the noise of a gun, whereat he let the page fall over to indicate death. He skipped about with more liveliness than any one would have believed his poor old legs to be capable of; kissed the picture again and again, pressed it against his breast, brought us more melons in the fullness of his gratitude, and eventually went away murmuring, "muchas gracias, señor, much gracias!" meaning many thanks.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the October number of the ST. NICHOLAS your answer to Nora Abbott's question: "Why does corn pop when placed over the fire?"

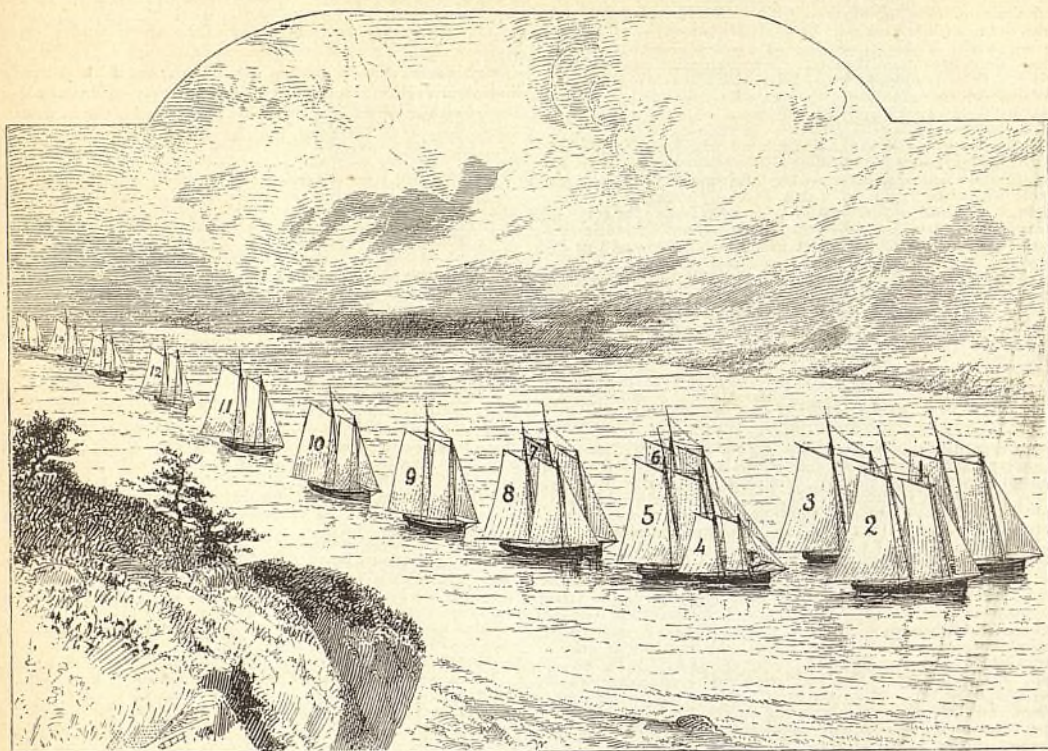
I have heard another explanation. Corn contains air, and when placed over the fire the heat causes it to expand, and that breaks the skin. Apples and potatoes when placed in an oven will often "pop" open for the same reason.—Yours truly,
FLORA HOLT.

DEAR JACK: our cow has got upper back grinders and so has our calf, but they have not got upper front teeth. our cow and calf is called Devon and they have everything all right as God means them to have. I read in ST. NICHOLAS every month since the first number came out, and think its the jolliest book in the world. I am a printer and am a good speller, I believe, and can read well to myself but not out loud, but am a bad writer; but I can knock center with my rifle three times out of five.
JOHNNY R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The great elm-tree that Jack spoke of in the September number is in our yard; and besides the currant-bush, there is a young maple in it.—Yours very truly,
WILLIE F. MORGAN.

A WORD to you, boys and girls! If you intend renewing your subscription to ST. NICHOLAS, or if you intend to subscribe, *do it now!* If you wait until the busy days just before the holidays, you may be subjected to some delay in getting your numbers. Last year over twenty thousand people waited almost until Christmas-time before sending in their subscriptions, and the consequence was, that even with their strong force of clerks, it was impossible for the publishers to get all the subscriptions entered and the magazines mailed in time. And many people grumbled very much because they had to wait. It costs no more to attend to these business matters promptly than to put them off until the last minute, and in this case promptness will not only save Scribner & Co. a great deal of trouble, but may save yourselves some watching and waiting. Talk to your father and mother about this.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



A PRIZE PUZZLE.

The Race of the Pilots.

Explanation.—Each of these pilot-boats represents a noted character in the world's history, described in the table below. Boat No. 1, near by, is of the present century; No. 15 belongs to ancient times; and all the boats between are ranged accordingly, in *chronological order*. The bow of a boat extending in advance of another signifies that its representative was born later. When bows are on a line, you are to understand that the characters they represent were born in the same year; and when a boat sails quite clear of those before and after it, you may know that the man it represents lived and died during a period when neither of the others was in existence.

Now, girls and boys, who can give the right name to each of the pilot-boats?

Send in your answers, young friends, carefully written on one side of the paper, giving the number of each boat, with the name of the distinguished person it represents, and the date of his birth and death, with not over thirty additional words concerning him. Sign your name to your answer, and write your notes on a separate sheet.

An answer must comprise all of the fifteen boats. All correct answers received before January 15th shall be acknowledged in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, and to the author of the very *best* answer shall be awarded a prize, namely:

THE BEAUTIFUL SAILING SCHOONER-YACHT,

described in Letter-Box on page 132 of present number. Neatness, careful penmanship, correctness of spelling,

and promptness shall also be taken into account. In case of "a tie" as to the merit of the best answers, the prize must be awarded by lot, and a second prize of

THE FIRST VOLUME OF ST. NICHOLAS,

beautifully bound, will be awarded.

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

1. An eminent and noble-hearted American, a native of Kentucky, of whom Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "He is the true history of the American people of his time." He died from violence, forty-three years after the death of No. 2.

2. A Hanoverian; the son of a musician. Though a distinguished organist in early life, he did not begin until the age of thirty the scientific study that made him one of the most eminent men of the century. He was a great discoverer of things that have never been on earth. His son bears a distinguished rank in his father's profession.

3. A great musical composer. He wrote sonatas at the age of ten. In his prime, he produced principally what is known as sacred music. His oratorios give him his highest fame. He was blind for several years before his death. He lies in Westminster Abbey, though he was born in Prussian Saxony.

4. A celebrated Flemish painter. He was once an ambassador to England, and was knighted by a king of England and by a king of Spain. His most famous picture is in Antwerp. He was a superb colorist.

5. An Italian mathematician and natural philosopher. Also an inventor and world-renowned discoverer. He

