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THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

KING EDWARD I. of England nearly conquered Scotland. They did not have photographs in those days, but had expressive and descriptive names for people of rank, which answered just as well. So Edward was known as "Longshanks." It was from no lack of spirit or energy that he did not quite complete the stubborn work, but he died a little too soon. On his death-bed he called his pretty, spiritless son to him, and made him promise to carry on the war; he then ordered that his body should be boiled in a caldron, and that his bones should be wrapped up in a bull's hide, and carried at the head of the army in future campaigns against the Scots. After these and some other queer requests, death relieved him of the hard politics of this world, and so he went away. Then his son, Edward II., tucked away the belligerent old King's bones among the bones of other old kings in Westminster Abbey, and spent his time in dissipation among his favorites, and allowed the resolute Scots to recover Scotland.

Good James, Lord Douglas, was a very wise man in his day. He may not have had long shanks, but he had a very long head, as you shall presently see. He was one of the hardest foes with which the two Edwards had to contend, and his long head proved quite too powerful for the second Edward, who, in his single campaign against the Scots, lost at Bannockburn nearly all that his father had gained.

The tall Scottish castle of Roxburgh stood near the border, lifting its grim turrets above the Teviot and the Tweed. When the Black Douglas, as Lord James was called, had recovered castle after castle from the English, he desired to gain this stronghold, and determined to accomplish his wish.

But he knew it could be taken only by surprise, and a very wily ruse it must be. He had outwitted the English so many times, that they were sharply on the lookout for him.

How could it be done?

'Tis an old Yule-log story, and you shall be told.

Near the castle was a gloomy old forest, called Jedburgh. Here, just as the first days of spring began to kindle in the sunrise and sunsets, and warm the frosty hills, Black Douglas concealed sixty picked men.

It was Shrove-tide, and Fasten's Eve, immediately before the great Church festival of Lent, was to be celebrated with a great gush of music and blaze of light and free offerings of wine in the great hall of the castle. The garrison was to have leave for merry-making and indulging in drunken wassail.

The sun had gone down in the red sky, and the long, deep shadow began to fall on Jedburgh woods, the river, the hills, and valleys.

An officer's wife had retired from the great hall, where all was preparation for the merry-making, to the high battlements of the castle, in order to quiet her little child and put it to rest. The sentinel, from time to time, paced near her. She began to sing:

"Hush ye,
Hush ye,
Little pet ye!
Hush ye,

Hush ye,
Do not fret ye;
The Black Douglas
Shall not get ye!"

She saw some strange objects moving across the level ground in the distance. They greatly puzzled her. They did not travel quite like animals, but they seemed to have four legs.

"What are those queer-looking things yonder?" she asked of the sentinel as he drew near.



"DO NOT BE SO SURE OF THAT."

[See "The Black Douglas."]

"They are Farmer Asher's cattle," said the soldier, straining his eyes to discern the outlines of the long figures in the shadows. "The good man is making merry to-night, and has forgotten to bring in his oxen; lucky 't will be if they do not fall a prey to the Black Douglas."

So sure was he that the objects were cattle, that he ceased to watch them longer.

The woman's eye, however, followed the queer-looking cattle for some time, until they seemed to disappear under the outer works of the castle. Then, feeling quite at ease, she thought she would sing again. Spring was in the evening air; it may have made her feel like singing.

Now the name of the Black Douglas had become so terrible to the English that it proved a bugbear to the children, who, when they misbehaved, were told that the Black Douglas would get them. The little ditty I have quoted must have been very quieting to good children in those alarming times.

So the good woman sang cheerily:

"Hush ye,
Hush ye,
Little pet ye!
Hush ye,

Hush ye,
Do not fret ye;
The Black Douglas
Shall not get ye!"

"DO NOT BE SO SURE OF THAT!" said a husky voice close beside her, and a mail-gloved hand fell solidly upon her shoulder. She was dreadfully frightened, for she knew from the appearance of the man he must be the Black Douglas.

The Scots came leaping over the walls. The garrison was merry-making below, and, almost before the disarmed revelers had any warning, the Black Douglas was in the midst of them. The old stronghold was taken, and many of the garrison were put to the sword; but the Black Douglas spared the woman and the child, who probably never afterward felt quite so sure about the little ditty:

"Hush ye,
Hush ye,
Do not fret ye;
The Black Douglas
Shall not get ye!"

It is never well to be too sure, you know.

Douglas had caused his picked men to approach the castle by walking on their hands and knees, with long black cloaks thrown over their bodies, and their ladders and weapons concealed under their cloaks. The men thus presented very nearly the appearance of a herd of cattle in the deep shadows, and completely deceived the sentinel, who was probably thinking more of the music and dancing below than of the watchful enemy who had been haunting the gloomy woods of Jedburgh.

The Black Douglas, or "Good James, Lord

Douglas," as he was called by the Scots, fought, as I have already said, with King Robert Bruce at Bannockburn. One lovely June day, in the far-gone year of 1329, King Robert lay dying. He called Douglas to his bedside, and told him that it had been one of the dearest wishes of his heart to go to the Holy Land and recover Jerusalem from the Infidels; but since he could not go, he wished him to embalm his heart after his death, and carry it to the Holy City and deposit it in the Holy Sepulcher.

Douglas had the heart of Bruce embalmed and inclosed in a silver case, and wore it on a silver chain about his neck. He set out for Jerusalem, but resolved first to visit Spain and engage in the



MELROSE ABBEY.

war waged against the Moorish King of Grenada. He fell in Andalusia, in battle. Just before his death, he threw the silver casket into the thickest of the fight, exclaiming: "Heart of Bruce, I follow thee or die!"

His dead body was found beside the casket, and the heart of Bruce was brought back to Scotland and deposited in the ivy-clad Abbey of Melrose.

Douglas was a real hero, and few things more engaging than his exploits were ever told under the holly and mistletoe, or in the warm Christmas light of the old Scottish Yule-logs.

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER VII.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

THE next few days of travel were very wearisome and tedious. The road was a dull level, stretching along by the banks of the Platte River. Repeated rains had made the ground soft, and the teams moved with great difficulty, for all of the emigrants were loaded heavily. From Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City was an uninterrupted wilderness, with only here and there a little trading-post. The provisions consumed on the trip could not be replaced until the Mormon capital was reached; and even at that place only flour and meat could be bought at reasonable prices. So the supplies of groceries, clothing, and other goods needed for the journey must last from the Missouri to the Sacramento.

The weather was warm, and our young emigrants found it very uncomfortable trudging along in the heat of the day, with the sun's rays pouring down upon them. Hi grumbled a great deal at the disagreeable things he had to encounter. It was disagreeable walking, and disagreeable driving. It was particularly disagreeable to be pursued as they were by mosquitoes. At night, while they camped in the flat valley of the Platte, these pests were simply intolerable.

"Let's make a smudge, boys," said Barnard, one night, when they had in vain tried to eat their supper in comfort. Mosquitoes in clouds hovered about their heads, filling their eyes, ears and noses, and making the air shrill with their music.

"We might as well be smoked to death as stung to death," growled Hi. "I never see anything so disagreeable. It's wuss than small-pox."

So the boys collected some hazel-boughs and grass, made a fire on the ground and covered it with the green stuff, and soon had a thick cloud of stifling smoke about them. The mosquitoes seemed to cough a little among themselves, and then they gradually withdrew in disgust.

"That worries the pests," said Mont. "I think I see five or six hundred of them on that hazel brush, waiting for the thing to blow over; then they will make another rush at us."

"Yes," added Hi, "and there's one big he feller; I see him now, cavorting through the underbrush like mad. He got some smoke in his left eye, and he'll make us smart for it when he comes back. Ugh! ugh! but this smoke is wuss than git-out. I can't stand it no longer!"—and Hi,

choking with the effects of the "smudge," seized his plate of bread and bacon, and ran. The others staid as long as they could, and then left everything and retired to a little distance from the fire. The mosquitoes were ready for them, and descended upon them in millions.

The boys, finishing their supper as best they might, got inside the tent, leaving a circle of smoking fire-heaps all about it. Sleep was impossible that night. They visited some of the neighboring camps, of which there were a great many; and everybody was fighting mosquitoes. Smoldering fires were kindled all about, and public feeling ran very high against the great nuisance of the night. One man remarked that there ought to be a mass meeting called and resolutions passed. Another suggested that the mosquitoes were the original settlers on the place, and that they had rights which even a white man was bound to respect.

During the night, too, the cattle, which were chained up as usual, were so frantic with the annoyance that they were in danger of injuring themselves. They ran to and fro with their short allowance of chain, snorted, tore the earth, and lashed themselves into a frenzy. It was decided to unyoke them and take the chances of finding them in the morning. "Tige," as soon as he was at liberty, walked deliberately up to one of the smudge fires, where he turned his tail toward it and stood contentedly chewing his cud.

"Sagacious Tige," said Mont, "I believe I will follow your example."

Tige appreciated this compliment, apparently, for he lay down, having tested the value of smoke as a shield against mosquitoes. Mont rolled himself in his blanket and lay down by another fire, and managed to sleep almost as well as Tige. The others did the same, though it was hard work to keep up the fires and find sleep also. Arthur woke up long before daybreak, with the insects buzzing and stinging about his face. He jumped up in sheer desperation and ran wildly out on the level road, half-a-mile or more, without stopping. He could hear the bodies of the mosquitoes striking on his hat as he fled. Then he turned and ran back again, leaving a long train of the pests behind him. But they caught up with him by the time he had reached the camp. In despair, he covered his head with a blanket and sat down by a tree trunk to sleep again, having first stirred up a good

smudge for Tige, who looked on complacently at this provision for his comfort. Arthur stooped and brushed a few mosquitoes from Tige's black muzzle, and the steer looked up at him intelligently, as if to say, "Hard lines, these, my boy."

"Arouse ye! arouse ye! my merry Swiss boys!" sung Mont, bright and early next morning, while the rest of the party were yet struggling with mosquitoes in their dreams. "We have a long drive to the crossing of Loup Fork, to-day; and if we don't get there in good season, we shall have to wait a whole day to get a chance on the ferry."

The boys turned out of their various lairs with many expressions of discomfort. They had had a tiresome day's travel and almost no rest at all. The air was now moist and warm, with the promise of another hot day. They were smarting with mosquito bites, and were generally uncomfortable.

"Well, I allow this is reely disagreeable," said Hi, half sitting up, clasping his hands across his knees and looking excessively miserable.

The picture of Hi, squatted there forlornly, with his hat crumpled over his head, his face blotched with bites, and his eyes heavy with sleep, was too funny for Barnard, who laughed outright and said:

"Well, I declare, Hi, but you do look like the very last rose of summer that ever was!"

"See here, Barney Crogan!" said Hi, angrily, "I don't want none of your sass. And I jist give you notice of that."

"What are you going to do about it?" sharply replied Barnard, who felt his anger rising. "You sit there like a bump on a log, saying that things are 'disagreeable,' and I don't see that that helps it."

"Well, I don't want anybody's chin about it,—that's what I don't want. And I allow I aint agoin' to stand no nonsense from a feller that don't take his regular spell at drivin'."

"What do you mean?" said Barnard, advancing threateningly toward Hi, who, by this time, had risen to his feet and stood with his blanket still clinging about him. "What do you mean? If you mean to say that I don't do my share of work, I'll —"

"Oh, stop! stop! boys," interposed Mont. "There's really no use of quarreling. I suppose we all feel cross and unhappy, after such a miserable night. I'm sure I do. But we need n't quarrel."

"Who's quarrelin', I'd like to know. I aint. It's that stuck-up —"

But before he had time to finish his sentence, Mont had playfully put his hand on Hi's mouth, saying:

"Well, I know I am a stuck-up Boston chap, but I'll try to get over it."

Barnard was secretly amused at this ingenious turn, but he was too angry to say anything, and he turned his attention to the cattle.

Tom and Johnny, the latter somewhat alarmed at the warlike appearance of things in camp, scoured the underbrush for dry wood for their breakfast fire.

"If Barney had sassed me like that," commented Tom, when out of earshot of his elders, "I would have punched his head for him."

"Appears to me that Hi had no cause to fire up so—Barney did n't mean anything; and I'm sure Hi did look queer-like, sitting there with his hat mussed and his head all swelled up."

"I'll swell your head for ye, yer ongrateful little weasel. You're always takin' Crogan's side"—and Tom dealt him a blow behind the ear. Johnny tumbled over a clump of brush, crying, not so much with pain as with anger and mortification. Tom only muttered, "Yer can't sass me, ye know."

Loaded with their fuel, they went back to the camp, where Arthur, with a lowering brow, was busy over the fire, making ready for breakfast.

"What's the matter with *you*?" he asked with amazement and some asperity, as he noticed the tears on Johnny's face.

"I punched his head for sass," said Tom, defiantly.

Without a word, Arthur banged Tom over the head with the sheet-iron stove-cover, which he happened to have in his hand. Tom felt the indignity, for his face was covered with soot and his eyes smarted. But, before he could get at Arthur, who stood by the stove, his eyes sparkling, and his lithe young form swelling with anger, Mont had seized Tom and drawn him away. Johnny threw himself on Arty and entreated him not to fight on his account, meanwhile protesting that it was nothing at all.

Luckily, the other late combatants were not at hand, and Mont, helping Tom to remove the soot from his face and hair, soothed his angry feelings and asked him to promise to leave off quarreling.

"You should n't have struck little Johnny; you know that, Tom. He is a little chap, much smaller than you, and it was a cowardly thing for you to knock him over."

"But that's no reason why Art should whack me over the snoot with a griddle," answered the lad.

"Certainly not, certainly not; but he did that in a moment of passion. I dare say he is sorry for it by this time. If he is not, I shall be sorry for Arty; he usually means to do what is right. It was wrong for him to strike you; there's no doubt about that. But you will forgive him, if he asks you?"

"I allow he wont ask," said Tom, with great grimness.

"But if he does?"

"All right, let him come on. I'm ready for him, anyway."

It was not a merry party which sat down to breakfast together that morning. Mont found it difficult to keep up an animated conversation. Hi had only one word, and that was "disagreeable." Perhaps they should not have eaten much breakfast, as the usual result of bad feelings is to destroy one's appetite. On the plains this rule does not



HIRAM.

always hold good. I am bound to say that they ate very heartily, for they had had almost no supper on the night before.

When the cattle were yoked up and the caravan was ready to move, Mont picked up the whip and said, with a cheery look at the others:

"Let me drive to-day."

"Yer can't," said Hi, stiffly, but not unkindly.

"Let me try," and Mont moved off with the team as steadily as if he had driven oxen all his life. He had watched Hi and Barnard, and had practiced some with the cattle when they were

turned out at noon, yoked together, for their short rest. Molly, the skittish little cow, would occasionally "gee," or bolt out of the track, which was a great source of annoyance even to Hi, for Molly was on the "off" side, and it was sometimes necessary to run around the head of the cattle to get the mischievous animal back into the track again. But Mont got on capitally; he walked by the side of the docile and knowing Tige, who seemed able to keep all the rest of the team in good spirits. Tige was fond of potatoes, sugar, bread, and many other luxuries usually denied to cattle; and Mont kept on good terms with the queer little steer by carrying the odds and ends of his own rations in his pocket for Tige.

But even Tige's good-nature, combined with that of Mont, could not cheer up the rest of the party. Little Johnny, perched on old Jim's back, paced along beside the wagon, never galloping off on brief excursions by the roadside, as he usually did when allowed to ride the horse. Hi trudged along sulkily behind; Arthur walked on ahead to Loup Fork ferry; and Barney, contrary to rules and usage, climbed into the wagon, where, on top of the load and close against the wagon-bows, he went to sleep.

Before noon they reached the ferry, so long looked for and talked about. The Loup is one of the forks of the North Platte, and 'in those days it was crossed by a rope-ferry, which some enterprising man had put in there. A long scow, large enough to take on two wagons, with the usual number of cattle, slid across the stream, attached by slings and pulleys to a rope tightly stretched from shore to shore. The current was swift, and, by keeping the scow partly headed up stream, the pressure from above forced the unwieldy craft across.

Here were numerous teams waiting their chance to cross, each being numbered in turn. Some of them had waited two days for their turn to come; but to-day their number had been reduced by the departure of several who had gone to a place farther up the Fork, where it was reported that a ford had been found. Our party ascertained that they could cross by sundown; so they unhitched their cattle and waited, having first paid the ten dollars for ferryage which the avaricious ferry-keeper demanded for each team.

The young fellows took this opportunity to rest. Barnard sat lazily on the bank, angling for catfish. Hi climbed into the wagon and went to sleep. Mont chatted with the ferry-master, who sat in the door-way of his log hut and surveyed the busy scene below him with the air of a wealthy proprietor.

"I should suppose that you would get the gold-

fever, seeing so many people pressing on to the mines," said Mont.

The ferryman chuckled, and, waving his pipe toward the rude ferry, said:

"Thar's my gold mine. Ten dollars a pop."

"Yes, that's so. I suppose you are making a mint of money."

"Not so drefle much, not so drefle much," the man replied, uneasily. "Ye see, repa'rs and w'ar and t'ar are mighty bindin' on a man, cl'ar out hyar on the plains. Why, I hev to go cl'ar to K'arney for every scrap of anything."

"But your receipts must be enormous. Let me see, you can make at least twelve trips a day; you get, say twenty dollars at each trip, sometimes more, and that is two hundred and forty dollars a day!"

"Powerful smart on figgers, you be, young feller," said the man, and he laughed with a cunning leer in his eye at Mont.

Meanwhile, Tom leaned over the slight fence with which the ferryman had inclosed his "garding," as he called it. He coveted the young onions just beginning to show their bulbs half out of the warm soil; and he meditated on the scarcity of potatoes which their appetites were making in their own stores. Arthur came up and laid his hand on Tom's shoulder, and looked over too.

"Looks something like home, don't it, Tom?"

"Yes," replied Tom. "I was just a-thinkin' how dad never would plant garden truck. Always wheat, wheat, wheat. Blast the wheat, when a feller has to go to the neighbors for garden sass."

"But, then, we sometimes get 'sass' without going for it," said Arty, with a smile.

Tom's face darkened at this allusion to the difficulties of the morning; but Arty continued:

"I am real sorry, Tom, that I struck you as I did. It was awful mean, and I did n't intend it."

"Yes, you did. How else could you done it?"

"Well, Tom, it's a hard case to explain. My hand just flew up before I knew what I was about. The first thing I knew I had hit you. Come now, I tell you I am sorry, and I want to make up."

"All right," grumbled Tom.

"You forgive me, honor bright? Well, give us your hand."

Tom looked around awkwardly at Arthur, for he had kept his eyes fixed on the onion-bed during this brief dialogue. He glanced into Arthur's pleasant, boyish face, and said frankly:

"Quits! we'll call it square, and there's my fist on it."

As the sun began to drop behind the horizon, the turn for our young party to cross came at last. They had waited nearly ten hours, and were right glad when they were able to see that the way across

was clear for them. The scow could not reach the farther shore, as there was a long shallow all along that side. So the clumsy craft was run across until it grounded; then a wooden flap, or apron, was let down, and the teams were driven out into the water, wading the rest of the way. It was a poor way of crossing a stream, but it was the best thing practicable then and there.

With much hallooing, shouting, and running hither and thither, the cattle were driven into the scow. The current was swift and the channel deep; the crossing looked perilous, especially when the cattle were restive. Molly was particularly troublesome, and Hi went around on that side to quiet her. She would not be quieted, and, with one vicious toss of her horns, she lifted Hi by his leather belt. In another moment he was overboard, struggling in the stream.

No one else was on that side—the upper one—of the boat; but Barney saw the accident, and exclaiming, "He can't swim! he can't swim!" rushed around to the rear of the craft, pulling off his clothes as he ran.

All was confusion, the scow being crowded with men, cattle and teams. The frail craft quivered in the tide, while the bewildered boatmen were puzzled what to do. Diving under the rear wagon, Barney reached the gunwale of the boat just in time to see Hi's hands clutching ineffectually at the edge. He made a lunge and seized one hand as it disappeared, and, falling on his knees, reached over and grabbed Hi's shoulders.

"Never mind, Barney boy, I'm on bottom," said Hi. Just then he stood on his feet, and the boat grounded on the shoal.

Barnard drew a long sigh of relief, and looked for an instant straight down into Hi's blue eyes. They were friends again.

Hi was helped on board, none the worse for his unexpected ducking. They drove off the scow, waded across the shoal, and struggled up the bank with much turmoil and bother. They camped near the river, surrounded by a cordon of smudge-fires. The mosquitoes troubled them very much; but, notwithstanding that, they passed the evening very cheerily. Tom observed, with much inward surprise, that Hi had exchanged his wet clothes for a spare suit of Barney's.

And yet Hi had clothes enough of his own!

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

FOR many days after leaving Columbus, as the ferryman facetiously called his log-house, our emigrants traveled with an immense company. One train alone had nearly two hundred head of cattle,

either in yoke or loose, and fifteen wagons. It was a brave sight to see this long caravan winding along the track, with its white-covered wagons gleaming in the sun, and the animals walking along behind in the most orderly manner. Many of the men were on horseback, and they skirmished to the rear, to the front, or by the flanks of the train as it moved. Arthur declared that it looked like a traveling circus or menagerie, a comparison which was made more striking by the dress of the emigrants. They wore all sorts of queer garments, which they had picked up from abandoned camps. In those days of the gold rush, people were reckless about waste, and the trail was strewn, in many places, with valuable goods, thrown away by emigrants who were in such haste to get on that they were continually overhauling their loads to see what they could leave behind to lighten them.

These things were picked up by those who came after, only to be again thrown out for others to find and reject. One of the emigrants, attached to this long Missouri train, wore a woman's straw bonnet, of the Shaker pattern, with a large green cape. Another was decorated with a richly embroidered hunting-frock, of Pawnee make; and he wore a black silk "stove-pipe" hat, surmounted with a tall eagle-plume. Some of the women of this company rode well, and one little girl, riding a fiery Texan pony, seated astride, excited much admiration by her skillful management of her steed. A party of Pawnees, who had lodges, or "tepees," near by, grouped themselves on a little knoll and gazed on this passing show with great solemnity.

At camping-time, some of these red children of the desert came to the tent of our young emigrants begging and selling moccasins. The Pawnee moccasin is a plain, inartistic affair, shaped almost exactly like the foot of a stocking, with one seam running from the heel downward and lengthwise through the sole and up to the instep over the toe. But as these were the first of "wild Indian" manufacture that the boys had ever seen, each was eager to secure at least one pair at eighteen cents each.

These Indians were dressed in buckskin hunting-shirts and leggings, were bare-headed, and wore a coarse blanket slung about them. One of them produced from a dirty buckskin pouch a piece of paper which he impressively submitted to Mont, as the apparent leader of the party, saying as he did so, "Heap good Indian me!" The paper read as follows:

This Indian, Mekonee, otherwise known as The-Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth, wants a recommendation. I give it with pleasure. He is a lying, thieving, vagabond Pawnee. He will steal the tires off of your wagon-wheels and the buttons from your trousers. Watch him.

(Signed)

JAKE DAWSON,

And thirteen others of the Franklin Grove Company.

"Heap good Indian me," said The-Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth, when the boys had examined his document.

"Oh, yes," said Hi, "I allow you are the only good Indian that aint dead yet."

The-Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth assented with a grunt of approval, folded up his "recommendation" and put it carefully away, as a very precious thing. While he was walking softly about the camp, as if looking for something to steal, another of the tribe dived into the bosom of his hunting shirt and extracted a lump of dough. Holding it out to Arthur, who was getting ready the supper, he made signs toward the stove and said, "Cook him?"

Arthur assented, but Barnard cried, "No, no, Arthur! Don't let that rascal's dough go into our oven. He has stolen it somewhere, and has carried it about in his dirty clothes, nobody knows how long."

"I'll let him cook it on top of the stove then," said Arthur; and the Pawnee put his cake on the outside of the camp-stove, where Arthur covered it with a tin dish. The Indian, with an expression of intense satisfaction, squatted by the hot stove, and never took his eyes off of it until his dough was bread and delivered, blazing hot, into his hand.

The Indians carried bows and arrows, and one had a battered army-musket, which he declared, proudly, was "heap good—kill buffalo six mile off." This piece of brag tickled Hi so much that the Indian seized that opportunity to beg powder, shot or lead. These were not given him; and he renewed his application for "whisk" (whisky) or "sugée" (sugar), both of which the Indians particularly covet. These persistent beggars got very little for their trouble, Arthur having vainly interceded in behalf of The-Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth, who offered to give "heap moccasin" for a red silk handkerchief of Barnard's which he very much desired.

"Where you from?" asked the Indian, as if attracted by Arthur's good-natured and pleasant face.

"From Richardson, Lee County, Illinois," said Arthur. "You know, it is the land of the prairie, one of the great States that belong to your Great Father and mine. The people in that land are many; they are like the leaves on the trees, they are so many. They are going to the land of the setting sun, where the gold shines in the waters of the Sacramento. The pale-faces are covering the continent. They will leave no room for the red man, the deer and the buffalo. Are you not sorry for this?"

"Whisk," said the red man, stolidly.

"A good oration, Arty!" laughed Mont. "But

Mr. Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth don't understand it. He understands 'whisk' and 'sugee,' and he don't care for the pale-faces as long as he gets these. Look out! there goes the cover of your camp kettle!"

Arthur turned just in time to see the Indian who was squatted by the stove calmly fold his arms over a suspicious bunch in his blanket. Mont stalked over, pulled the blanket from the Indian's unresisting arm, and the iron cover rolled out upon the ground. The copper-colored rascal smiled cunningly, as one should say, "I missed it that time, but never mind. It's a good joke on me." After that the boys mounted guard at night, watch and watch, as they had been told long before that it would be necessary to do while passing through the Indian country.

Next to "wild" Indians, the boys longed for a sight of the buffalo on his native plain. This came in due time. They had passed up the long tongue of land which lies between Loup Fork and the Platte, and had reached a small stream making in from the north and known as Wood River. Crossing this, they bore off to the north-west, with the little river on their right.

One hot afternoon, while the party were wearily dragging themselves along, Barnard went ahead with the horse to spy out a good camping-place. Arthur walked on in advance of the team in the dusty road, half asleep, and feeling as if he would be happy if he could fall down in the dust and take a long nap. It was very tiresome, this continual tramp, tramp, tramp, with each day's journey making almost no difference in their advance. Arthur grumbled to himself, and scarcely heard the boyish talk of Johnny, who trudged along with him. Once in a while he felt himself dropping to sleep as he walked. His heavy eyes closed; he lost sight of the yellow wagon-track, the dusty grass, and the earth which seemed to reel; the blinding glare of the sun was gone for an instant, and he stumbled on as in a dream. Then he nearly fell over forward, and he knew that he had slept by the painful start of awaking. He looked dreamily at the rough soil by the side of the trail, dimly longing to lie down and sleep, sleep, sleep. Johnny said: "Oh my! Arty! what big black cattle!"

Arty looked languidly across the river, which was now only a narrow, woody creek. In an instant his sleepiness was gone.

"Buffaloes! buffaloes!" he shouted, and, very wide awake indeed, ran back to the wagon. He was in a fever of excitement, and the news he brought set his comrades into commotion. Everybody rushed for his favorite firearm, Tom extracting his long-unused revolver from the wagon, where it lay unloaded.

"Now, boys, we can't all go over the creek," said Hi. "You, Tom, stay here with the team. Mont, Arty and I will go over and see if we can knock over a brace of them buffaloes."

Tom handled his revolver with a very bad grace, but was mollified when Johnny said he would stay, and they might see the buffaloes cross over and break through the woods below. The banks of the creek were filled with a thick growth of box-elders, but through some of the gaps they could see five buffaloes quietly feeding in a V-shaped meadow formed by the junction of two small branches of Wood River.

"We must get above them," said Hi, as they were reconnoitering, "or they will make off by that open place. If we take 'em in the rear they can't mizzle so easy-like."

Mont thought it unsafe to go to the upper part of the meadow, because the wind came from that direction. "And they are very sensitive to any unusual odor in the air," added Arthur. "They can smell a man two miles off, when they are to the leeward." The boy was trembling with excitement at the sight of this large game, but he remembered his natural history for all that. Even as he spoke one of the feeding buffaloes lifted his large shaggy head and sniffed suspiciously to the windward.

The three young fellows separated, Arthur going down the creek, Hi up toward the open, and Mont crossing in the middle of the V, directly opposite where the animals were feeding. They were huge fellows, ponderously moving about and nibbling the short, tender grass. Their humped shoulders were covered with dark, shaggy hair, and their long, beard-like dewlaps nearly swept the ground as they bent their heads to graze. They were not in very good condition, apparently, and the hide of one of them was clouded with a dingy, yellowish tinge. "Just like our old sleigh-robe," secretly commented Arthur to himself, as he lay, breathless, on the further side of the creek, waiting for a signal from Hi.

Suddenly, to his amazement, a shot burst out from the brush on the farther side of the meadow, and, as the alarmed animals dashed away like cats, another report banged out from the same spot. The buffaloes, scattering in different directions, were almost immediately out of reach. Two pitched down into the creek near where they were feeding, but on the other side, and so disappeared in the woods beyond. One broke through the timber just below where Arthur was posted, scrambled across the gully, and, with incredible agility, crashed through into the road near the wagon, where Tom gallantly, but ineffectually, assaulted him with his "pepper-box" revolver as he galloped away. The fourth raced up the V-shaped meadow, receiving a

shot from Mont's musket and from Hi's rifle in his rapid flight. The fifth made as if he would plunge down into the creek at the foot of the meadow, but, balked by something, turned and raced up the side of the triangle next the road, heading directly for Arthur, who was concealed behind a bush. "Now or never," said the boy, with his heart standing still and his eye glancing along the sights of his rifle.

The buffalo was coming directly toward him, his head down and his enormous feet pounding

Arthur looked on with heart beating and said: "I fired at him, too."

All this took place in a very few minutes. The firing in all directions was almost simultaneous. Mont and Hi came running up, chagrined at their ill luck, but excited by the sight of this first buffalo.

"Who shot him?" eagerly cried Hi, who had not seen what happened below him.

"Well, I allow that I'm the fortnit individooal," said the stranger. "Leastways, thar's my mark," and he inserted his finger into a smooth round hole



ARTHUR AND THE BUFFALO.

the earth. Arthur fired, and the buffalo swerved sharply to the right; at the same instant another shot came from the opposite side of the meadow. The buffalo ambled on for a few paces, fell on his knees, dug his horns madly into the ground, rolled over on his side and was still.

As Arthur, scarcely believing his eyes, ran out into the open, a tall young fellow, carrying a double-barreled shot gun, rushed up from the other side, and, drawing his hunting-knife, cut the animal's throat. There was no need. The great creature was dead.

"My fust buffalo," said the stranger, drawing himself up proudly.

in the center of the animal's forehead, directly between and a little above the eyes.

"That's just where I aimed," said Arthur, with some excitement.

"No, little chap," said the stranger, superciliously, "I seen you shoot, and your ball must 'a gone clean over him. Mine's a slug. No ornery rifle ball's goin' to kill a critter like this," and he gave the dead monster a touch with his boot.

"Let's look at that ball," said Mont, curiously, as the emigrant handled one of the clumsy slugs which had been fitted for the big bore of his gun. Taking it in his hand and glancing at the wound in the head of the buffalo, he stooped to put it into

the wound. The skull was pierced with a sharply defined hole. The stranger's slug rested in the edge of it like a ball in a cup.

"That ball don't go into that hole, stranger," said Mont. "The mate of it never went in there. Give me a ball, Arty." And Mont, taking one of Arty's rifle-balls, slipped it in at the wound; it dropped inside with difficulty and was gone.

"It's a clear case, Cap," said Hi. "You may as well give it up. That buffalo belongs to our camp, and Arty's the boy that fetched him—you bet ye."

"Well," said the stranger, discontentedly, "thar's no need o' jawin' about it. I allow thar's meat enough for all hands. I'll pitch in and help dress the critter, anyhow," and he stripped for work.

There was certainly no need of disputing over the dead buffalo. It was Arthur's game, however, clearly enough. He received the congratulations of his friends with natural elation, but with due modesty. He crossed the creek again for knives to help prepare the buffalo meat for immediate use. Barnard had come tearing back down the road at the sound of fire-arms, and now stood waiting with, "What luck? what luck?" as Arty waded the creek, as yet unconscious of his having been up to his waist in the stream a few minutes before.

Arty told his story with some suppressed excitement, but without any self-glorification. The water

fairly stood in Barnard's joyful eyes as he clapped his young brother on the back and said, "Good for you, my old pard." You see Barnard was beginning to catch the slang of the plains.

They camped right there and then. The buffalo was dressed and the choice parts cut off and cooled in the air, for the sun was now low and night coming on. The stranger's comrades, camped on the north side of Wood River, came over and helped the party of amateur butchers, and earned their share of fresh meat, which was all they could carry away and take care of. This was a luxury in the camp. The emigrants had had almost no fresh meat since leaving the Missouri River. Small game was scarce, and only a few birds, shot at rare intervals, had given variety to their daily fare.

The boys stood expectantly around the camp-stove as the operation of frying buffalo steaks went on under the superintendence of Mont and Arthur. Sniffing the delicious odor of the supper which had been so unexpectedly given them, Barnard said, "Obliged to you, Arty, for this fresh beef. You know I hate bacon."

"And the best of it is," added little Johnny, "there's enough of it to go round."

"Which is more than some chaps can say of their pie," said Barnard.

Arty raised his hot face from the frying-pan and laughed.

(To be continued.)

THE COUNTRY BOY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"I PITY the poor little country boy,

Away on his lonely farm!

The holidays bring him no elegant toy;

He has no money, there is no shop;

Even Christmas morning his work does n't stop:

He has cows to milk,—he has wood to chop,

And to carry in on his arm."

Did you hear that, Fred, as you came through
the gate,

With your milk-pail full to the brim?

No envy hid under your curly brown pate,—

You were watching a star in the morning sky,
And a star seemed shining out of your eye;
Your thoughts were glad, you could n't tell why;
But they were not of toys, or of *him*.

Yet the city boy said what he kindly meant,
Walking on by his mother's side,
With his eyes on the toy-shop windows bent,
Wishing for all that his eyes could see;
Longing and looking and teasing went he,
Nor dreamed that a single pleasure could be
Afar in your woodlands wide.

You ate your breakfast that morning, Fred,
 As a country boy should eat;
 Then you jumped with your father upon the sled,
 And were off to the hills for a load of wood;
 Quiet and patient the oxen stood,
 And the snowy world looked cheerful and good,
 While you stamped to warm your feet.

Then your father told you to take a run;
 And you started away up the hill;
 You were all alone, but it was such fun!
 The larch and the pine-tree seemed racing past
 Instead of yourself, you went so fast;
 But, rosy and out of breath, at last
 You stood in the sunshine still.

And all of a sudden there came the thought,—
 While a brown leaf toward you whirled,
 And a chickadee sang, as if they brought
 Something they meant on purpose for you,
 As if the trees to delight you grew,
 As if the sky for your sake was blue,—
 "It is such a beautiful world!"

The graceful way that the spruce-trees had
 Of holding their soft, white load,
 You saw and admired; and your heart was glad,
 As you laid on the trunk of a beech your hand,

And beheld the wonderful mountains stand
 In a chain of crystal, clear and grand,
 At the end of the widening road.

Oh, Fred! without knowing, you held a gift
 That a mine of gold could not buy:
 Something the soul of a man to lift
 From the tiresome earth, and to make him see
 How beautiful common things can be,—
 A glimpse of heaven in a wayside tree,—
 The gift of an artist's eye!

What need had you of money, my boy,
 Or the presents money can bring,
 When every breath was a breath of joy?
 You owned the whole world, with its hills and trees,
 The sun, and the clouds, and the bracing breeze,
 And your hands to work with; having these,
 You were richer than any king.

When the dusk drew on, by the warm hearth fire,
 You needed nobody's pity;
 But you said, as the soft flames mounted higher,
 And the eye and cheek of your mother grew
 bright,
 While she smiled and talked in the lovely light—
 A picture of pictures, to your sight,—
 "I am sorry for boys in the city!"



FEBRUARY.

ALL FOR BIJOU.

(A Story of German Life.)

BY MRS. W. S. PHILLIPS.

"WHERE in the world can Bijou be?" asked Mrs. Dr. Kruger of her little maid Lisa, as she came into the room to set the tea-table. "I have not seen him this whole afternoon."

"Bijou!" said Lisa, rattling the blue china cups. "I think the little rascal must be out in the garden."

"Lisa, I have told you over and over again that I do not like to hear my dog called a rascal—a beautiful spaniel like that!—and you know he ought not to be left long out of doors in winter."

"You told me to take him there, for a little walk, Mrs. Kruger; and as I had to come in soon myself, and as he was so pleased to run about, I left him, and——"

"That was nearly two hours ago, Lisa, and the snow is on the ground. Such a delicate little creature, petted and cared for as he is, may take a violent cold; it may kill him. Oh, Lisa! do go down at once."

"I will go bring him in"—and Lisa left the room.

Mrs. Kruger shook her head at the thought of the carelessness of her usually attentive little maid.

Poor Bijou! It was a bitter cold day, and the clock in the hall had just struck five; at half-past five Dr. Kruger would return from his visits to his city patients. He was a good, kind doctor, whom everybody loved; indeed some of the children said they liked to be sick, now and then, because it was so pleasant to have Dr. Kruger come to see them. Soon after six o'clock, the Doctor's nephew, Lieutenant Sporenberg, would make his appearance, and spend the evening with them. The Doctor had brought Bijou home as a birthday present to his wife, the year before; and as there were no children in the house, the little creature had become a very great pet with them both, and the Lieutenant never came without a sugar-plum, or some other nice thing, in his pocket for Bijou.

As Lisa did not return soon, Mrs. Kruger began to be rather uneasy. She went to the window, but it was too dark to see anything in the garden. Suddenly the girl burst into the room, wringing her hands, and, throwing herself on a chair by the door, began to wipe her eyes with her apron, exclaiming through her sobs:

"Oh, it is too dreadful! it is too dreadful!"

"What is the matter, Lisa? Do tell me what is the matter?"

Lisa cried the more.

"Lisa! you must tell me what is the matter. I will know it. Is Bijou frozen to death?"

"No, no! it is not that. Oh! oh! not frozen; but those dreadful men."

"What men? What dreadful men?"

"They have stolen him!"

"But, Lisa, how could any one dare?"

"All I know is that Bijou is not there, and there are marks of men's boots in the snow on top of the wall, and on the ground, too. They have stolen him—the dear dog; and—oh! oh! oh!—I am afraid they will kill him."

"Kill my Bijou!" cried Mrs. Kruger, struck with horror at the idea; "my beautiful Bijou!" And mistress and maid sobbed in concert.

"What will the Doctor say?" asked Mrs. Kruger, as the clock struck six. "He is half an hour late; but he will soon be here. How can I tell him Bijou is gone? He always said I must never allow him to be long in the snow. Oh, if you only had staid with him, and held him by his ribbon!"

Poor Lisa could only cry the harder. "Yes," said she, at last, sobbing between almost every word, "I know it is all my fault; and misfortunes never come singly, and I suppose I shall be turned away for this, and nobody else will take me. I feel *dreadfully*, indeed I do, Mrs. Kruger. If he is not found I—I'll just go to the river and drown myself!"

Mrs. Kruger, however, soon dissuaded Lisa from these dreadful intentions, and then in came the Doctor.

How grieved and how angry he was! You would have thought Bijou was his own child. With despair in his face, he ran down to the garden to make another search for Bijou, and to examine the foot-prints in the snow, of which Lisa had spoken.

When the Lieutenant appeared, he, too, was greeted with the sad news, and though *his* heart was not quite broken, he looked sad enough as he let the lump of sugar he had in his pocket for the little dog, sink into his cup of tea.

They could scarcely eat anything; they could talk of nothing but Bijou; how pretty he had been, and how intelligent; no means must be left untried to recover him, and to punish the thief. The Lieutenant said he would send a whole company of soldiers out the next morning to search the town; the lady proposed to go herself to all the police

stations; the Doctor composed the following advertisement:

STOLEN!—Ten thalers reward, for the apprehension of the thief, or the recovery of a small spaniel dog, one year and three months old, supposed to be stolen from No. 14 — Street, answering to the name of Bijou. Long black hair, yellow breast and paws, and a yellow spot over each eye. Had on, when last seen, a red morocco collar with a silver clasp.

It is not to be supposed that either Mrs. Kruger or Lisa had any sleep that night.

PART II.

The birthday! Nobody had forgotten poor Bijou; but time softens all sorrows, and the family were now able to talk occasionally of something else. In the evening, Dr. Kruger brought some gifts for his wife, and as she thanked him she began to shed tears.

"Do you remember," asked she, "how, this time last year, you brought me home poor little Bijou? What a darling puppy he was then! John stood just outside the door with him in his arms, and I went out and —"

"Well," said the Doctor, "there is no use in grieving about the past. Let us look—who knows?—perhaps John may be there now." And, sure enough, just outside the door stood John, holding a little black dog by a red ribbon.

"Bijou!" and she ran to the dog, who, frightened, only shrank from her and whined.

"Yes, very like him, but not Bijou. Still he is nice, and I am real thankful for your kindness, dear Karl. And, Karl," added Mrs. Kruger, "it is a little awkward, I am afraid, but come now and see the gift I have for you." And going into another room, she re-appeared, holding in her arms a dog as much like the one on the floor as possible, and wearing a red morocco collar, to which was fastened a red ribbon.

"Bijou!" exclaimed the Doctor eagerly.

"No, I am sorry to say, not the real Bijou; but is n't he like him? You see, I wished to give you the same pleasure that you have given me, and now we have two dogs."

"They are neither of them very young puppies, and will not be a great deal of trouble. I suppose we can keep both. I would not like to part with anything that was your gift?"

"Nor would I with yours."

So the two little spaniels were put on the sofa, each tied to one end by his red ribbon, where, just out of each other's reach, they sat whining, and winking at the lights.

Lisa now entered. She held the end of her long apron up to her face, and seemed to be carrying something heavy. She made a sort of curtsy, and

turned to her employers, very red in the face, and somewhat confused in manner.

"Ma'am and Doctor, don't, please, be angry at me that the dear darling Bijou was stolen—the little rascal—and killed, perhaps, by the horrid men; only I ought not, I know, to call him rascal. It was all my fault, and I know what my duty is, and I try to do it, and any one would say this is my duty (here a yellow leg thrust from her apron obliged her to bring her speech to a rapid close), and I could not afford to pay three thalers, which is the price of a real spaniel, so I bought you both this dog. He is black, with yellow feet." And she let the animal in question spring to the floor—an ugly, awkward cur, big and bony, who evidently now found himself in a parlor for the first time in his life.

Mr. and Mrs. Kruger looked at each other. Surely they did not want this ugly black dog, but how could they say so? It would be very unkind to poor Lisa, who had done what she could, if they should show any dislike to her offering. So they received it with thanks, praised the poor frightened cur's soft ears, and extremely white teeth, and tied him to one of the legs of the sofa, where he began to indulge in howls of distress, in which the aristocratic little creatures on the sofa joined from time to time.

"Another Bijou on the sofa!" exclaimed the astonished Lisa, "and another yet; that will make three."

The Lieutenant was expected, but had not yet appeared. At last, a footstep was heard in the passage, and, the door being opened, there was his servant in uniform, leading a large dog that tried very hard to escape from the string by which he was restrained. The man presented a note from the Lieutenant, as follows:

DEAR AUNT: Having tried in vain to procure a spaniel similar to the one you have lost, I send you in its place a fine hunting-dog, which has been described to me as very intelligent. Be so good as to accept him from me as a birthday gift, and, in memory of the former pet, give him the name of Bijou. &c., &c.

"There seems to be no end to our dogs to-night," said the lady, a little out of temper.

"And such an enormous creature, too. Far better no dogs than four dogs, in my opinion; but we cannot refuse a birthday gift."

"No, of course not." (Turning to the man): "Tie him to that leg of the sofa, if you please. He does not bite?"

"Indeed, ma'am, he bit me in the hand coming along."

"There is a thaler for you. Give the Lieutenant our thanks, and tell him we are expecting him."

"I know he will be here directly, madam. Thank you, madam."

And now, what growling and whining there was!—four dogs longing to get at each other. Mrs. Kruger did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

A loud ring at the garden gate.

"No more dogs, I do hope," said Mrs. Kruger. Anything in the world rather than a fifth dog. See who it is, Lisa, but take in no more dogs."

But, suddenly changing her tone, she exclaimed, as a whine echoed from below: "It is!—it is! I know his voice."

And, sure enough, so it was, the for-two-weeks lost Bijou, who, racing and scrambling for joy in the way little dogs do, found his way first to his master and mistress and then to Lisa, eager to give them his animated and almost breathless greetings, so happy, so overjoyed was he. The Doctor held him up high under the light, to make very sure that it was their own Bijou and no other. He still wore his red collar, and to it was tied a dirty little note, as follows:

DEAR DOCTOR: I am a poor man, and have stolen many a dog and many another thing besides; but when I took this dog, I did not

know it was yours, Doctor. You cured my wife when she was sick, and charged me nothing, and were so good and kind. I can't steal your dog, so I bring him back, dear sir. J.

"So there is honor among thieves," said the Doctor. "Did you see who it was that brought him back?"

"The little ras—darling was tied to the door-handle," said Lisa, "and there was no one to be seen."

"And what can be done with the five dogs? We are likely to have a noisy night of it."

When the Lieutenant appeared they made a joke of offering him the two little dogs as a special token of honor. He remarked that two of his friends were in search of just such dogs; and seeing that his uncle and aunt were not really in earnest, he offered to take them off their hands.

The two large dogs were placed in the garden, and intrusted respectively to the care of John and Lisa; and Bijou—the darling, the real Bijou—resumed his old place in the house, and in the affections of his master and mistress.

TOBOGGANS AND THEIR USE.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

Now that cold weather has come, I would like to tell the boys who read ST. NICHOLAS how they may enjoy themselves more during the present winter than they ever did in their lives. You have all of you noticed the sides of a hill when they are covered with snow; and, as you have looked upon the gentle slope and the broad and level meadow beyond, you have thought: "I wish I could slide down that hill and way out over the meadow; it would be *suck* fun!"

But you all know that you could not use your sleds for the purpose of sliding down a hill-side where there is no road, because the runners would soon cut through the crust of the snow. Even if you commenced to slide and went part way down such a hill, your sled might be suddenly stopped and you would go rolling over and over toward the bottom. If you should try to slide down on a board you would certainly be stopped in this way; and, after picking yourself up, you would feel as I did, when I was about six years old and tried to slide down the back stairs on a board. The board

stuck upon the edge of one of the stairs and I went on to the bottom without it. Presently the board came down on top of me. This made such a noise that some one came to see what was the matter. My statement was simply this: "I thought I would slide down the stairs." I was warned not to try that again, and never did; and I know that if you ever try to slide down hill on a board you will never repeat the experiment.

A board is flat and will not sink into the snow so deep as the runners of a sled do; but then the end is not turned up like the runners. Now, if we could have a combination of the sled and the board, we could slide down the hills and across the meadows. I will describe such a combination of the sled and board, and will tell you how you can easily make one. Then, whenever there is a good crust on the snow, you can have more fun in sliding than you ever had before.

What I am about to describe is called a "toboggan." You cannot find that name in the dictionary—for it is the name given to it by the Indians

of northern Canada. They load these toboggans with furs, and often travel hundreds of miles over the snow to the trading-posts. Then they sell both their furs and their toboggans, and start on their tramp homeward. A great many toboggans are also made for the Canadian gentlemen and ladies who live in Montréal, Quebec and Ottawa, and it is quite a fashionable thing to use these queer-looking sleds. There are not very many places in the United States which are as cold as the cities I have named; but we have enough cold weather to have considerable coasting in many parts of our own country—enough, at any rate, to make it worth while to have a toboggan.

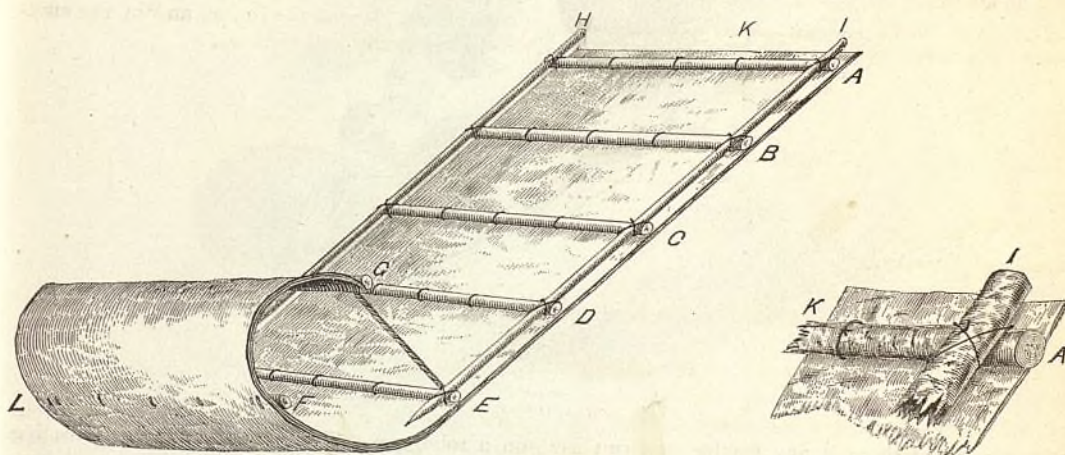
Should you wish to make one, you must take a board of bass-wood, oak, ash, or any other kind that will bend easily. Pine will not do, for it is too soft and will split. You will not be apt to find a board thin enough for your purpose; but you can have

one which was long enough to hold six or eight persons.

You will need seven pieces of hard wood, as long as your toboggan is wide; and two pieces, each a little over four feet long. Each of these nine pieces should be one inch square or round. Time will be gained and trouble will be saved if you can have them made round at a lumber-mill.

A visit to the shoemaker is next in order. You must tell him that you want four pairs of leather shoe-strings. He will probably ask you how many pairs of shoes you wear at a time; but then he does not know that you are making a toboggan, and besides that, it is none of his business at any rate—for this is a free country, and you have a right to wear as many pairs of shoes at a time as you choose.

Below is a plan of the toboggan. When you have studied it, you can begin to work. Lay six of your



PLAN OF TOBOGGAN.

it planed to a thickness of three-sixteenths to one-quarter of an inch. If the board is of hard wood the thickness may be considerably less than if it is of soft wood. A single board fifteen or sixteen inches wide is better than two boards; but if you have to buy two boards, you may as well have them so arranged as to give a width of eighteen inches. The people who use toboggans do not seem to care if the board becomes split; for they say that the cracks will keep the toboggan from sliding sideways. It is about the same thing whether the single board is split, or two boards are used in the first place; but you will find it much easier to make the toboggan out of a single board.

This board should be six feet long. You can have it as much longer as you choose—but I am now telling you about the length of a toboggan which will hold two boys. I have had a ride on

round pieces (A, B, C, D, E, F) across the board, beginning at one end. They should be one foot apart. At right angles to these, and near their ends, lay the two long pieces, H and I. Bore four holes in the corner I A (see small cut), and tie both pieces to the board with part of a shoe-string. Make two holes at K, and tie in the same manner. Let the knots always appear on the upper surface, and be sure that the leather which shows on the under side is parallel with the length of the board, as you see it arranged from F to L. The under side will be considerably smoother if you cut grooves to allow the leather strings to sink below the surface; but do not cut the grooves too deep.

In this manner fasten all the braces from A to F; and the pieces I and H as you proceed. These long pieces are to be used as handles while you ride, and they should be sharpened at the end E.

Be careful to fasten the brace, G, on the under side as the board lies flat upon the floor of your workshop. You are now ready to bend the end from E to G. If the board is not too thick you can do it

other side, and then your toboggan will be complete. At F and L you can attach a cord, and when sliding you must use a sharp stick for steering this strange craft. Here you have a picture of two boys



ON A TOBOGGAN.

at once; but if there is any trouble you can use steam or hot water. Having bent it with a graceful curve, fasten with bits of leather the points G and E, and also the corresponding points on the

on a toboggan. They have wrapped themselves up warmly and do not care for the snow. I hope that you all will have as good a time as they are having, if you should succeed in making a toboggan.

POT AND KETTLE.

"OHO!" said the pot to the kettle;
 "You're dirty and ugly and black!
 Sure no one would think you were metal,
 Except when you're given a crack."

"Not so! not so!" kettle said to the pot.
 "'Tis your own dirty image you see;
 For I am so clean—without blemish or blot—
 That your blackness is mirrored in me."

HOW I KEPT THE CHINESE NEW-YEAR.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.



It is not the first day of January, nor January at all, but the sixth day of February that ushers in the Chinese New-Year. The grandest festival in all the calendar, so think the Celestials; and they celebrate it with most imposing ceremonies. Not a man, woman or child that does not take part in its festivities; neither the infant of days nor the man of a century, the millionaire nor the beggar—none may be excused from donning his best, and going out holidaying on New-Year. From the Emperor in his gorgeous palace, surrounded with pomp and luxury, down to his humblest subject, living and rearing his family perhaps in a boat, where kitchen, laundry, nursery and bedroom all are encompassed within the narrow limits of a space about twelve feet square,—every one, according to his rank and ability, enters with heart and hand into the festivities of the season. All business is suspended, and for three days at least, mirth, jollity and feasting rule the realm, while some of the wealthy keep up, for a much longer time, the routine of gayeties. All who can possibly procure it don on New-Year's Morn an entire new suit, no article of which has ever been worn before; but even the very poor are sure to be arrayed in at least one new garment—a cheap hat, fan or handkerchief, if nothing more costly can be afforded.

Not thus to honor the day would be regarded as a national offense, and he who should venture so to violate the customs of his country would be pronounced unpatriotic as well as penurious. Many of the working class, who go bare-headed and bare-footed the year round, will, on New-Year's Day, make a grand display of fancifully ornamented caps, white stockings and shoes of many-colored silk, though, in all probability, they have been borrowed, or hired for the occasion from regular dealers in second-hand stock. Nor is this beautifying process confined to the people. Boats, houses and fences must be repaired, painted, and made to look new, in honor of the grand gala; and they are also plentifully adorned with strips of bright red paper, on which are inscribed, in black or gilt letters, good wishes, congratulations and compliments to all who enter during the festal days. These mottoes are sometimes tastefully illuminated, and, blended with quaint devices, are placed over and on the

sides of the principal entrances to keep off "bad spirits," and bring general "good luck" to the owners and their families.

On New-Year's Eve sacrifices of rice, fruits and sweetmeats are offered to the Old Year to induce him to depart in peace; gold and silver paper are burned as at an ordinary burial, to indicate his death and interment; and then in house and temple, among priests and people, who are everywhere watching for his coming, the new-born year is heralded in with shouts and rejoicings that are echoed far and wide over every nook and corner of those great, populous cities. During the entire night every street and lane is thronged with pedestrians, who, half wild with excitement, leap and shout, dance and sing, beat gongs and kettle-drums, and perform all manner of unheard-of gymnastics, each seemingly resolved to make more noise than any two of his fellows! As day breaks, every door is closed, the busy streets are suddenly deserted, a solemn quiet reigns where just before mirth and madness had seemed to rule. Each household has "taken in the New Year and shut him in, to become domiciled with the family."

But the lapse of a few hours brings another change of programme. Footmen in liveries and sedan-chairs, gayly decorated, throng the streets; gentlemen pass from house to house on visits of ceremony; elegantly clad servants bear presents and congratulatory cards from the wealthy and noble to their friends, and return laden with the like precious tokens of good-will; social parties assemble in public and private saloons; and as friends meet on the streets, each joins his hands on his breast, with body bent forward, and thus, for several minutes, they continue bowing and complimenting each other on the propitious return of this festal season. The lower class, who have been busy all the year round earning their bread, seem most of all to enjoy this annual holiday, as they sit at the door of their little cabins or in their gardens leisurely sipping tea from tiny cups no bigger than a "doll's tea-set," while Mrs. "John" and all the "Johns" junior are for the time at least permitted to indulge unrestrainedly in such pastimes as best suit their fancy, *pater-familias* stooping from his dignity, this once in a year, to unite with them. Street concerts, theatricals, and fireworks lend their aid; and so rapidly pass the three brightest days of the poor man's calendar; while for the rich, as I have hinted, sometimes as many

weeks transpire before the ordinary routine of business and social life is resumed.

One New-Year I was invited to spend the day with a Chinese tea merchant and his family; and as I was anxious to learn exactly how they observed the festal season, I begged them to make no change either in their festivities or the bill of fare, but to let me be treated just as one of themselves. I had known the old merchant and his sons for some time, but had never met the ladies of his household.

of pale blue silk, very richly embroidered,—all her own work, she told me. The skirt hung in full plaits about her slender figure, and the tight-fitting jacket showed to perfection the exquisitely rounded form, while the loose sleeve, open to the elbow, displayed an arm that might have served as a model for the sculptor. But all this loveliness was only for female eyes, for before entering the sitting-room, where her husband, father and brother-in-law were assembled, she put on the long, loose, outer



A CHINESE NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

There were three of them—*i.e.*, the old gentleman's wife, an unmarried daughter and the newly wedded wife of the eldest son. The last, I had heard, was beautiful, but I was not prepared for such a vision of loveliness as met my view, when the tiny-footed, gentle-spoken twelve-year-old bride was introduced by her mother-in-law. She was very fair, with eyes bright as diamonds, and her long, jet-black hair, in one heavy braid, was twined with a wreath of natural flowers about the beautifully formed head, and held in place by jeweled pins. She wore earrings, of course, with necklaces, chains, bracelets and rings enough to have constituted quite a respectable fortune in themselves. Her dress was

garment that Chinese ladies always wear when in "full dress." This came below the knee, its sleeves reaching to the tips of her fingers, whilst its loose, flowing style effectually veiled the fairy form, hiding all its symmetry. She had the tiny, pressed feet that the Chinese consider not only beautiful, but necessary to high breeding; and they were encased in the daintiest of satin slippers, embroidered in seed pearls. But finery could not hide the deformity produced by so unnatural a process, nor the awkward limp of the poor little lady as she leaned on the shoulders of her maidens in hobbling from room to room. I asked her if the feet were still painful, and she replied that for the

last two or three years a sort of numbness had succeeded the pain, but that formerly, and from her earliest recollection, her sufferings had been so intense that she would gladly have died; and that she had often, in frantic agony, torn off the bandages, and when they were replaced, shrieked and screamed till delirium, for a time, relieved the consciousness of suffering. But after the fifth year the pain gradually became less intolerable, she said, and now she did not think very much about it, except when the bandages were changed. Then the return of the blood to the foot was such torture as language could not describe. Yet in reply to my question on the subject, this gentle girl-wife said it would be cruel in a parent not to press the feet of his daughter, as he thereby shut her out from good society, and made a plebeian of her for life.

The bandages are always applied in early infancy, and before putting them on, all the toes except the first and second are doubled in beneath the soles of the feet. The length of the foot, after undergoing this painful operation, never exceeds five inches, and ordinarily is scarcely four.

The young daughter of my host was a petite maiden of ten, attired in dainty robes of rose-colored satin, embroidered in silver, and her glossy raven hair was disposed in two massive braids, hanging down almost to her tiny feet, twinkling in silver-hued slippers. Chinese maidens wear their braids down, and the "crown of wifehood" is symbolized by the coronet of hair laid for the first time on the top of the head on the marriage-day. Oriental customs always have a meaning.

When we entered the large drawing-room shortly before dinner, I could not keep my eyes from wandering, everything seemed so strange; from the stiff, upright chairs and sofas, to the huge flower-vases, looking like miniature water-casks, and the quaint, costly chandeliers, whose use I never should have guessed but for the scores of wax tapers that glittered in them even at broad daylight. One of the chandeliers was shaped like a flying dragon, and out of mouth, eyes, wings and tail burst such a volume of light as fairly to dazzle one who ventured on too near an approach to the monster. But the strangest object of all, to my eyes at least, was a very elegant coffin, placed in the most conspicuous part of the drawing-room. I

was shocked at first, and drew back, but my host said, with an amused smile:

"Oh, that was a birthday present from my son several years ago, and my daughter embroidered a beautiful silk sheet to accompany it."

This, I learned afterward, was no uncommon case,—a handsome coffin and burial-sheet being considered by the Chinese very appropriate gifts from dutiful children to honored parents; and people just as frequently buy such articles and lay them up for their own use.

At dinner, we had all sorts of queer dishes, many of them very palatable; but alas! for me, there were only chop-sticks to eat with! And my predicament was very much that of the stork when invited to dine with the fox. All my essays were in vain; the dainty titbits I was longing to taste would not be coaxed between the ends of my delicately carved chop-sticks, and my eating was a very burlesque, which my gentlemanly host and his well-bred family vainly tried not to notice. At length he apologized by saying that he supposed I would prefer, at a Chinese table, to use the chop-sticks; and he then ordered a knife, fork and spoon to be brought for me. Tea was served in tiny silver tea-pots that held less than half a pint, and each was placed on a silver waiter with fine little porcelain cups, without saucers or spoons, sugar or cream. This is the way the Chinese always drink tea, and one of these miniature services is placed before each guest, while a servant stands by to pour the tea and replenish the tea-pot when needed.

After dinner we had some music, several games were played for my special entertainment, and my host showed me a rare collection of paintings done by the famous artist, Lang Qua. I was urged to remain for the night, but preferring to return, the sedan chairs were ordered to the door, and, attended by the son of my host, I took my departure, loaded with gifts from my hospitable entertainers. As the presents were all wrapped in tissue paper, I did not examine them till I reached my own home. Each contained the card of the donor; a pair of vases from the lady of the house, a silver card-case from her husband, a wreath of wax flowers, only less lovely than her own fair self, from the gentle bride, and a pair of chop-sticks, with which, I have no doubt, the donor thought I needed special practice, from the waggish younger son of mine host.





"HOW MUCH DID YOU GET FOR A PENNY?"

BASS COVE SKETCHES.—THE FATE OF THE CASTAWAYS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

BORROWING Mr. Bonwig's gun once more, Joe returned to the spot where he had shot the "old wives." They were still tossing on the surges in the inlet below. He descended the cliff, took off his clothes, plunged into the water, and brought out the birds.

Then climbing to the top of the cliff again, he held up the game, to the delight of Bonwig's hungry eyes.

"If you'll dress and cook them," said Augustus, "I will keep the signal waving."

"I ought to ketch a few fish first," said Joe, "'fore the tide is up. You can't ketch nippers so well at high water, for then they're feedin' on the barnacles and things, on the rocks."

"What's nippers?" said Augustus.

"Cunners," said Joe, amazed at such ignorance. "Don't you know? What you had for supper last night, and for breakfast agin this mornin'."

"Oh! salt water perch! Of course, I know," said Mr. Bonwig, remembering how good they were. "It *would* be fine, if we could get a few to keep the ducks company! But you've no pole nor line."

"I alluz carry lines in my pocket," said Joe, "and I don't need a pole."

"But you've no worms!"

"I can find bait enough. I'll look out for all that, if you'll keep the star-spangled sheet a-wavin'."

Joe laughed, as he looked back and saw his portly friend flourishing the white flag, as if for dear life. "That exercise will do him good," thought he. "The trouble with that 'ar feller is, he's so lazy. He was too lazy for to give the dory a little lift; and now see where we be! And don't I remember *how easy that boat rowed!*—to him a-settin' comfortable in the stern."

He went down on the rocks by the water's edge, laid down his gun,—or rather Mr. Bonwig's,—and taking a ball of line from his pocket, proceeded to unwind it. At the inside end, he found a heavy sinker, a corn-cob, and a hook sticking into it. Putting the cob back into his pocket, to be used in winding the line up again afterward, he looked about him for bait. The rocks below high-water mark were covered with barnacles, as with a gray scum, and dotted here and there with periwinkles (Joe called them cockles) clinging to the ledge. Of these he gathered a handful, and laid them down by his gun. Then, having baited his hook from one of them, he "threw in." He stood on the brink of a steep rock, and the heavy sinker carried the line down in the deep water beside it, notwithstanding the dashing waves.

All was quiet for a minute or two. Then he felt a little jerk. He gave a little jerk in return, and perceived that he had hooked something. He hauled up the line, hand over hand; and a fine large cunner fell flopping on the ledge. He baited and threw in again, and had many nips (the cunner is notorious for nipping at your bait, and getting it without getting the hook; hence the term *nipper*), and now and then drew up a fish. In half an hour, he found he had caught a handsome string.

All this time he kept a keen look-out for game. And now he saw a flock of black ducks come flying low along the waves toward the island. They passed so near to him that he might easily have brought down a pair, but as they would have fallen into the water, and as he had no dory to pick them up, he, with admirable self-denial for so young a gunner, stood, piece in hand, and saw them pass.

Arrived at the end of the island, instead of alighting, they wheeled and, rising, returned in a broad circle over it.

Augustus had seen them coming, in the first place, and dropped his signal, and himself beside it, hoping for a shot. When they passed the island, he was quite wild with excitement, and came very near firing Joe's shirt at them. The distance at which they flew, from where he lay, was probably all that saved the shirt—and the birds. Before they returned, the sportsman had time to exchange the "queen's arm," which served as a flag-staff, for the

other, which had no sleeve tied over the end of it; and to place himself in readiness.

"If they'll only come again!" thought he. "I believe there's something in the gun, after all. Those are real duck guns! They're so heavy, I believe I can hold one steadier than I can my little light thing. By George! there they come!"

They flew so directly over the summit of the island, that Mr. Bonwig, afraid to get up and show himself, rolled over on his back, pointed the "queen's arm" up into the air, and fired.

The flock veered at sight of him, even before the flash; and that was probably the reason why he did not kill a great many. He thought at first he had killed none. But the rocks below had barely had time to send back two sharp echoes of his shot (a very singular phenomenon, if Augustus had only stopped to consider it), when three ducks, one after the other, dropped down headlong out of the flock, and fell upon the island.

Bonwig ran down to them, with cries of exultation. At the same time Joe came crawling up over the ledge, with Bonwig's gun in one hand, and the string of fish in the other.

"See that? and that? and that?" cried Augustus, holding up the ducks triumphantly. "Who said 't would n't take long to eat all I kill?"

Joe stood still, fish in one hand and gun in the other, and grinned at him.

"See how fat they are. I picked for the plump-est, and then took aim. Waited till I got three in range. Never was so cool about anything in my life. If you have any more ducks to shoot, bring 'em on. What are you laughing at? I suppose you'll say I did n't kill these, wont you?" said the jubilant sportsman.

"'T was your gun that killed them, fast enough," replied Joe, chuckling over the joke.

"Of course it was!" But Mr. Bonwig meant one gun, while Joe meant another. "This is a regular old-fashioned duck-shooter!"—holding up the old "queen's arm." "I can handle it a great deal better than I can my piece. It has got so used to it, it seems almost to aim itself. It's nothing to shoot ducks with this gun! Three at a shot! what will my wife say to that? Bless my heart!" And he praised the ducks again.

Joe laughed so that his knees began to give way under him, and his body to double up, and his hands to forget their cunning; he dropped the fish, he dropped the gun, and finally dropped himself—tumbling over and rolling on the rocks in convulsions of mirth.

"Now what's the fun?" said Mr. Bonwig, annoyed.

"You've got the knack! you've got the knack!" said Joe, winking away his tears.

"What do you mean?" Augustus demanded, sternly, for he suspected that he was the subject of merriment.

"Did the birds drop the very minute you fired?"

"Why, no, not the instant; they were so astonished; they had to take time to consider it; that is, they were flying so fast, it was a second or two before they could change their course and come down."

"And did n't you hear any other gun?"

"Why,—my shot—echoed!" said Augustus.

"How many times?"

"Twice; I do believe it was a sort of double echo."

"That was the echo!" said Joe, holding up the double-barreled piece, and then immediately going into convulsions again.

Augustus seized it. He remembered that it was loaded when it last went into Joe's hands; and now, nervously shoving down the ramrod, he found the barrels empty. He still stoutly insisted, however, that he had killed the ducks; but it was with a flushed face and a greatly disturbed look.

"If you did, you beat me with your knack!" said Joe.

"How so? Explain yourself. Do stop that confounded giggling, and explain yourself!" said Bonwig.

"I can't kill ducks without any shot in my gun; and there was n't any shot in the gun you fired!"

"That's a—a—likely story!" gasped poor Mr. Bonwig.

"You see," said Joe, "I was goin' to leave the old guns with you, and I was afraid you'd be shooting at me, as you did afore; so I did n't put any shot into 'em! Try 't other one, and see!"

Augustus drew the wad from the flag-staff, and found only powder beneath it. He then sat down dejectedly on the ledge, and remained thoughtful for a long while. At last he said:

"Come, Joe, we've fooled about enough; it's time to think of getting ashore."

"It's '*nothing to shoot ducks with that gun!*'—'*three at a shot!*'—'*it aims itself!*' Oh, ho! ho! ho!"

"Come!" said Augustus, sharply. "How about dinner?"

"You '*picked for the plumpest, and then took aim!*'" cried Joe. "'*Waited till you got them in range!*'—'*never was so cool in your life!*' Oh, ho! I shall die!" And he rolled on the rocks again.

Mr. Bonwig had suddenly once more grown extremely anxious about their situation. He stretched the shirt on the "queen's arm" again, and began to wave it with great solemnity.

Joe then sat up, stopped laughing, took a knife from his pocket, and then and there commenced dressing the fish for dinner.

"You've got a nice string there!" the hungry Augustus at last remarked, regarding the process wistfully.

Joe said it *was* a nice string. He made no further allusion to Mr. Bonwig's remarkable sportsmanship (although he would now and then be taken with a stitch in his ribs, a cramp in his stomach, or spasms in the muscles of his face, which he found it hard to overcome); and from that moment the two were good friends again.

"I must find a board somewhere; and I guess I better be startin' the fire." And Joe carried his fish and game down to the house of refuge, where he could give occasional vent to his mirth, without hurting his friend's feelings.

Leaving Mr. Bonwig to wave the signal and keep a look-out, he made preparations for dinner. "I would n't burn up this wood to make chowders, as the fellers do," thought he; "but ar'n't *we* sort of shipwrecked?" And he comforted his conscience with the reflection that the Humane Society would approve of what he was doing.

At last, he called Mr. Bonwig to dinner. That hungry gentleman made haste to prop up the standard with stones, and obeyed the joyful summons.

"Joe," said he, catching the savory odor of the cooking as he entered the hut, "I *am* surprised! Who would have thought you could get up such a dinner?"

"This bench is the table, these clam-shells are the plates; use your pocket-knife, and your fingers *are* the *fork*," said Joe, proudly. "Now taste o' the fish, and see how sweet they are, without salt nor nothin' on 'em."

"Glorious!" cried Augustus. "But what's that on the coals?"

"Pieces of *your* ducks a-brilin," said Joe.

"Now look here, Joe!" remonstrated Augustus.

"Did you re'lly think you shot 'em?" Joe asked.

"My imagination was excited; that's all I have to say—my imagination was excited." And now Augustus himself had to laugh.

Joe had seated himself astride one end of the bench, facing Mr. Bonwig; and Mr. Bonwig had seated himself astride the other end, facing Joe; and there they feasted;—Joe turning occasionally to take up a fish from the coals with a sharp stick, or to turn the broiling morsels of wild duck.

"Dinner's a good invention," said Augustus.

"And I ha'nt nothin' petickler to say ag'in a fire—arter a feller's been around and hum, in a cold north-wester, without his shirt on," said Joe.

"We sha'n't fare so badly, at this rate," observed Mr. Bonwig, resignedly.

"We shall fare well enough; all I think on now is that plaguy dory," replied Joe.

"I'll make that all right with your father, if we ever get ashore again; so don't worry about the dory."

"By sixty! Will ye, though? That improves my appetite! Guess I'll try a drumstick."

He took a duck's leg in his fingers, and put on his cap. "Finish yer dinner," said he; "and I'll go out and tend the signal."

"That's a good boy!" said Augustus, feeling easier in his mind, for he had scarcely begun his dinner yet, although he had eaten two perch to Joe's one, and game in proportion.

In half an hour Joe came running back, and found his amiable friend fast asleep on the straw; that rosy and plump gentleman having been unable to resist the drowsiness which overcame him almost before the conclusion of his repast. "I guess Joe will look after the signal," was his comfortable reflection, as he stretched himself on the straw. "For my part, I'm tired of standing on a bleak rock, in a north-west wind, waving a shirt on an old gun-barrel!" And he gave himself up to delicious slumber.

Joe regarded him with disgust; but he did not wake him. "Lazy bummer! I'll come up with him," said he; and off he went again.

Another half hour elapsed, when Mr. Bonwig awoke from a vivid dream of firing into a flock of old queen's arms, that flew over his candy-shop in town, and doing great damage to a number of innocent persons who happened to be passing in the street when the shattered barrels and butt-ends came rattling down upon them.

"Hello!" said he. "*Hel-lo!*" looking about him. "I'd quite forgotten I was cast away! I wonder if Joe has signaled anything yet."

He went out, and found the signal gone. The gun was lying on the rocks; but neither Joe, nor Joe's shirt, was anywhere to be seen.

"The rogue has found some means of getting off; he has left me his old flint-lock, and deserted me!" was Mr. Bonwig's first appalling thought.

He wandered about in great distress of mind for some minutes, calling loudly on Joe. Finally the report of a gun made answer. With gladdened heart he hastened in the direction of the sound, and saw Joe on the beach where they had first landed, picking up a brace of plover he had just shot.

"Where's the signal?" Augustus asked, wildly, conscious of culpable neglect on his own part. "I thought you said you would keep that waving."

"Did n't I?" said Joe, "for ever so long after I left you! Then I went back and found you snoozin'.

So I made up my mind if that was all you cared for gittin' ashore, I would n't trouble myself any longer."

"But—Joseph!" Bonwig remonstrated,—“this wont do! We must wave the signal.”

"Wave it then! though I little 'druther ye would n't; it scares the game."

"What have you done with the shirt?"

"Put it on, of course! I was cold, and I went to huntin' to get warm."

"Oh, now, let's have it again!" said Augustus, coaxingly.

"Nary shirt!" replied Joe, obstinately. "Use yer own,—it's your turn this time."

Bonwig coaxed, and made offers of money, and various promises of future favors, all to no purpose. He buttoned his coat all the more tightly, and declared that he would not part with his shirt again, alive.

Augustus looked all around for succor; he saw sails in the distance, but not one near; and, after some moments of sad hesitation, he began to unbutton his hunting-jacket. The winds cut him.

"I'll give you a heap of candy, if you only will, Joe!"

"Who knows you'll ever see your candy-shop again?" said Joe.

Augustus unbuttoned two more buttons.

"I'll send down a trunk-full, by express!"

Still Joe would not yield. Bonwig unbuttoned the last button. Joe began to roar with laughter again. Augustus was actually taking off his shirt, preparatory to sticking it upon the gun-barrel, when he evidently began to suspect mischief.

"Now, what's the joke?"

"Come over here, and I'll show you! Bring everything. We're going ashore now."

"Going ashore!" said the mystified Augustus.

Joe made no answer, but led him around to the point from which the dory had gone adrift, and showed it, hauled up there again as snugly as if nothing unusual had happened to it.

"Well, now! I *am* surprised! Now—then—bless my heart!" said the amazed Augustus.

"When you was asleep," said Joe, "I went in to tell you there was a sail-boat beatin' up toward us, with a dory in tow, but you was snorin'. So, I got mad, and left ye. It was *our* dory. They had picked her up at sea, and looked in the direction the wind was blowin' from, and seen our signal with a glass; and as they was out for fun, they jest beat up here to us. They picked up the loons by the way; and I give 'em the loons and two black ducks and an old wife, for bringin' her in; and first-rate, tip-top chaps they was, too; and they wanted to pay me for the ducks, but I would n't take no pay, of course! And here the dory was

tied, all the while you was trying to have me to take off my shirt agin, and then takin' off your own!"

"Well, I *am*! I don't think I was ever *quite* so agreeably surprised in my life!" said Mr. Bonwig. I may get back to town yet to-night. How long will it take to row ashore?"

"Oh, not long," said Joe, "*this boat rows so easy.*"

"Look here! I believe I was going to row back," said Bonwig. "You row till I finish this cigar."

water off, and said he *was* surprised! I let him try it over again, and we began to make a track like a sea-serpent's, zigzag, zigzag. But I let him work.

"It surprises me," says I, 'to see how easy this boat rows!' He did n't say nothin', but turned red as ever you see a biled lobster; and did n't he sweat and blow! Then we came to the breakers. They wan't more 'n half so high as they was in the mornin', or I never should a' let him row on to 'em. But I thought 't would be fun. We went over the first one slick enough. With the second one, the boat



MR. BONWIG TAKES THE OARS.

When he had finished the cigar, they were within half a mile of the Cove.

"He thought he was goin' to do wonders," said Joe afterward, telling the story of their early sporting days. "He took the oars, and give a tremendous pull, as if he was goin' to send us home with two strokes; but jest as he was strainin' with all his might, they slipped out of the rullocks, and away he went, over backward, and heels over head into the bottom of the boat, with his legs stridin' up over the thwart, and his arms spread like a thug's wings, and his head and shoulders in a puddle of water, in the bottom of the dory. It must have hurt him some; but, for the life of me, I could n't help laughin'. He got up, brushed the

began to skew; and the third one took us broadside. 'T was a wrecker, I tell you! and did n't it heave and twist us! We came within one of choppin' over! and you never see a chap so scared! He pulled first one oar, then t' other; we turned completely around, and was puttin' out to sea agin afore we knowed it!

"Bless my heart, Joe," says he, 'take the oars! Take 'em! I would n't row unto the breakers again for a million dollars!'

"But I ought not to say a word agin Bonwig," adds Joe, laughing, whenever he tells the story to his children—for this adventure, as I said in the beginning, happened years ago; he is no longer Young Joe, he is Old Joe now. "He was a first-rate, tip-

top feller, arter all. And his conduct to me was right down handsome, when I took him over to town in our wagon—for he was too late for the stage. 'Joe,' says he, jest afore we got to his house, 'I believe, with your father, that shootin' ducks is a knack; rowin' a dory in the breakers requires a knack, too. I'm gettin' too old and clumsy to learn to do either; and I believe I sha'n't try again. And now, Joe, my boy,' says he, 'as I don't expect to use my gun again, and as you seem to take such a fancy to it, and as you have been so very

kind to me, in spite of your jokes, I've concluded,' says he, 'to make you a present.' And what did the gay old chap do but slip that beautiful double-shooter into my hand. Did n't the salt spray come into my eyes? and war n't I the proudest and happiest boy in thirteen counties, at that moment? And have n't I kept that rare old stub-twist shootin'-iron all these years, to remember Bonwig by?"

And Joe takes down the piece from over the chimney corner, and shows it again to his children.

ACTING BALLADS.

BY AMY LOVELL.

IN the long winter evenings, when lessons are all learned, supper eaten, and while bed-time is still a good way off, there comes a pause which is (or should be) "known as the children's hour." Everybody is a little tired. Boys and girls stretch themselves again, and wish there were something pleasant to do. If there is *not* anything pleasant to do, the yawns increase, the pause becomes first dull, then quarrelsome, and the evening ends unpleasantly, or the boys sidle toward the door and invent errands to the store or the post-office, which lays the foundation of a habit of being out, and of various mischiefs.

Now there are plenty of pleasant things which can be done to fill up this unoccupied hour. The boys and girls can play at chess, backgammon, or cards. Don't be shocked, dear papas and mammas, at the word "cards." Cards are not in themselves harmful, and almost all young people are likely to play them sooner or later. It is a thousand times better that they should do so at home as a permitted amusement, than away from home, with the feeling that they are indulging in a guilty pleasure which they must hide from you. There can be reading aloud from some really entertaining book. There are parlor games of all kinds, and some which tax the wits a little without tiring them. There are candy-pulling, corn-popping, roasting apples by a string, telling stories round the fire, piano kaleidoscope, acting charades. And, easier than charades, and better fun, there is acting a *ballad*, about which I particularly want to tell, because it is new to many of you, and in the long winter evenings at hand you may like to try it.

Acting a ballad does not require as much preparation as acting a charade, because the movement is all in pantomime, and is regulated by the movement of the ballad chosen. It is necessary, of course, that all who act should know the ballad, or should read it over carefully several times, so as to be prepared for what is coming, and ready to express by their gestures and faces what is supposed to be going on. Many who have not confidence to act in a charade, will find that they can do this easily, for no ready wit is needed, and it often is much easier to follow a course laid out for you than to invent one of your own.

If there is a piano in the room and any one who can sing, the ballad should be *sung*, slowly and distinctly, with an accompaniment which introduces an imitation of the sounds of wars, storms, guns, or whatever else may transpire in the ballad. If not, it must be read or recited, taking care to pronounce clearly and give due emphasis to the words. The characters must come in at the proper moment as the singing or reading progresses, and time their movements to the movement of the story. The ballad chosen should always be one in which there is little relation and as much action as possible. Campbell's ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter" is a good example of the sort of ballad to choose. "The Young Lochinvar" is another, and that pretty poem, "Old Mistletoe Bough," which is always successful, giving as it does opportunity for quaint groups and sudden changes of scene.* Others, which I have never seen acted, but which could not fail of effect, are Tennyson's ballads of "The Lord of Burleigh" and "Lady Clare."

* This ballad, with full directions for acting it in costume, was given in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1875, page 191.

None of these are *funny* ballads, although the improvised scenery, dresses and stage properties will naturally lend a flavor of comedy to them as they are enacted. In entertainments of this sort, grace should be consulted as well as comedy, and there is a wide difference between *burlesquing* a poem and *acting* it with just that tender edge of fun which gives piquancy without marring the intention of the poet.

As an example of comical ballad-acting, let us take Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," a poem with which most of you are probably familiar. It requires four principal performers, and two or three assistants, who remain out of sight, or by the courtesy of the audience are supposed to be so.

The curtain rises revealing the ferry-man in his boat. There is no need of an actual curtain; a blanket shawl hung on two gimlets answers the purpose perfectly, or if there are two connecting rooms a door can be opened and shut. As real boats are not easily obtainable in parlors, it will be well to make a substitute out of two large clothes baskets, which will furnish convenient accommodation for three persons. There must be footstools or boxes for seats, and beneath the boat large traveling shawls or table-cloths should be spread, which the assistants at the sides of the room can shake to imitate the movement of waves,—slightly at first, but more and more impetuously as the story goes on. The boatman is naturally in shirt-sleeves or in a jacket or great-coat, while pokers or yardsticks will suffice for oars.

The other characters are the lady, her knight, and the father.

The poem begins thus:

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

During the singing of this verse the chief and lady enter. The chief shows the boatman a piece of money. He is dressed in hat and tall feather, with a plaid shawl arranged to represent the Highlander's "plaid," and is armed with a bread-knife or pistols; he also carries a valise, band-box and umbrella. The lady should be attired in a wide hat and water-proof cloak, and should carry a bird-cage, a work-basket, and a parasol.

Second verse:

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

This is all in pantomime, of course. The boatman calls attention to the stormy water, as the

waves rise, and strives with gestures to dissuade them from crossing. Third verse:

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather."

Here the lady is terrified and shudders, looking imploringly at the boatman. He goes on with much action through the next:

"His horsemen fast behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who should cheer my bonnie bride
When they have slain her lover?"

The boatman consents to receive them, and bustles about as preparing the boat. The lady clings to her lover and looks anxiously behind. Next verse:

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready.
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady."

"And by my word! the bonnie bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

They hurry their luggage into the boat; the lady gets in, the chief and the boatman remain standing and look back for the pursuers.

But now the storm increases, the gas should be lowered, and the piano accompaniment should be a low dull roll in the bass, with occasional high wild notes, to represent the water-spirit.

With this the storm grew loud apace;
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men—
Their tramping sounded nearer

A tramping should be made in the hall, gradually approaching; the terror of all in the boat increases.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left that stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
But oh! too strong for mortal hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

The lady clings to her bird-cage, the chief puts down his umbrella wide open and feebly assists in the rowing. The waves increase, and the tramping approaches nearer.

And still they rode amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing—
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

Here Lord Ullin rides in on a chair or cane, with cloak and feathered hat. He is armed with a lance, which can be improvised from a yard-stick. Seeing the fearful situation of things, the distracted parent rides frantically up and down imploring their return, his steed curvetting excitedly.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried with grief,
Across that stormy water;
"And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! O my daughter!"

The gestures of the stern father must show how intense is his anxiety. The boat reels; one by one the things are thrown overboard, bird-cage, valise, umbrella and work-basket. Even these sacrifices are in vain. The boatman endeavors to turn the boat.

'T was vain—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing.
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

The entire boat and its contents toss and reel, until they at last all topple over, and are supposed

to be submerged in the wild waters; the waves (shawls) rise, and finally cover them from sight. The father remains frantically riding to and fro, ringing his hands, and enacting the most intense despair. At last he rides off, while the others emerge from their watery graves, and the curtain falls, let us hope, amid "immense applause."

Ingenuity is essential in converting to use materials that some would think of no avail, but which others quickly adopt. Thus an open umbrella becomes an apple-tree with an apple stuck on each point, a shovel and poker make a fair violin, while a muff-box or a saucepan does duty as a military hat. This is much better fun than to have the real things. What is more amusing than the play in "Midsummer Night's Dream," where a lantern represents moonshine, and somebody takes the part of a wall, holding up his fingers to make a cranny for the lovers to whisper through!

Both for winter and summer evenings ballad-acting can be made an available entertainment. Even in the woods at a picnic, one could be easily arranged, the bushes serving as screen and green-room for the characters, and the stage appointments being furnished out of the lunch baskets and the wearing apparel of the audience.

THE SHOWER OF GOLD.

BY R. R. BOWKER.



'T was a bright afternoon in mid-summer, and the jeweler who lives in the sun was showering everything with gold. Did you never hear of the jeweler who lives in the sun? It is he who in the morning turns the dew-drops into sparkling diamonds, and at noonday makes rainbow bridges of the sun's precious stones, and, when sunset comes, builds castles of ruby with gates of pearl. A wonderful workman is he, and now he was emptying great bushel-baskets full of gold dust out of his shop-windows, and the lake was all smooth gold, as far as eyes could see, and the green trees were all covered, and so were the blue mountains, and one could see it coming softly down through the air from beyond the

white clouds. One could see at the edges of the clouds, too, how it had fallen upon them, and had lodged among their fleece and there stayed. It was as if there had been a snow-storm in summer, and all the snow-flakes were pure gold.

Four men were in a boat on the lake, and one said to the others: "Look at the gold!" One was a poet, who sang to hearts of the golden age; and one was a miser, who hoarded the yellow gold so that no one but he could see it, or use it, and it could do no good; and the third was a barterer, who bought and sold it, and thought of it only; and the last was an artist, who had golden visions, and painted pictures that made folks joyful with longing.

So they all looked at the gold, and each one thought to himself: "What may I do with it?"

And the miser thought: "I will get on shore as soon as ever I can, and I will hurry and get all the

largest trunks that ever I can, and be first to gather up all the gold, and nobody shall have any of it but me." So he got to land, and found sixteen trunks, each as large as a bureau. But when he got them to the place, the gold was nowhere to be seen, and not the smallest gold-flake did the miser get.

And the barterer thought: "I will fill my pouches with the gold, and carry it to the city, and buy and sell, and make more." So he opened all his pouches as wide as he could, and the gold fell in, and he buttoned and stitched and double-stitched them up, as safe as safe could be. But when he got to the city and opened them,—it had all vanished, and there was no gold in them!

And the artist thought: "I will let it fall upon my palette, and catch it in my brush, and thus I will mix it with my colors and paint pictures that will make people joyous and me great." So he did,

and painted sea and shore and sky so wonderfully that men forgot their sorrows and were joyous, and praised the artist.

And the poet? The poet's heart was so full that he could do nothing; he could not think what was so beautiful that he might use so beautiful a thing for it. He could only open his soul to the beauty of it, and pray that he might give its beauty also to others. There it lay, till one time when he was sad and in trouble, and then it shaped itself into strange, sweet music, and by and by the poet wrote a wonderful poem, so that all the hearts of the people opened to him, and they listened when he sang to them what was happiness, and how to know and to be the good, the true, and the beautiful—that was it.

And the miser and the barterer wished: "Oh that I were the artist!" and the artist wished: "Oh that I were the poet!"

SALLY WATSON'S RIDE.

BY MARTHA M. THOMAS.

"SALLY, can't you go over to Uncle Eben's this afternoon and bring home those pigs? There are seven in the litter he promised me, and they are quite large. I must finish getting the wheat in, and he does not want to feed them any longer. The pen is ready."

Sally, a bright-looking girl of about fourteen, raised herself from the tub over which she leaned, and said, as she wiped down her arms with her hands: "How, father?"

Mr. Watson had come in for his ten o'clock snack after his early breakfast. He stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, a bowl of coffee in one hand, and a huge piece of apple-pie in the other. He took a bite of the latter, and a drink of coffee before he answered.

"In the little light wagon. I stopped at Eben's yesterday as I came from meeting, and he said he would put them up securely in a couple of old coops that would stand in the back of the wagon. You can have Dolly; we are not using her. What do you say, mother; can you spare her?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Watson, a neat, brisk little woman, who came in, basket in hand, from hanging up the clothes; "the wash will all be out by noon, and I will clean up."

"Can't I have one of the pigs for going for them, father! You said you only wanted a half-dozen; and there are seven."

"Yes, and you can buy your Sunday suit next Fall with the money it brings." He pulled her ear as he went out again to his work.

"My!" Sally gave a little nod of her head as she began briskly rubbing her ear. "I'm sure I'll make it fat. Jane Burns got sixteen dollars for the one her father gave her last year. Mother, can't I take Lot and Polly; it is such a long, lonesome way to go by one's self?"

Mrs. Watson assented, adding: "Dolly is such a fast trotter you can stay there a while, and get home before dark. Be sure you stop at the post-office, and go to the store and get me some buttons."

There was a great deal to do; dinner was late, and the afternoon had quite set in when Sally started. Her way was through the village a half-mile off, and then nearly five miles beyond. It was the first week in October, the day was warm and soft, and the country beautiful. The road lay through the woods, steep in places, running up hills and down again in little valleys, through which many a creek babbled; it was not fenced off, and the wild grape

and the pawpaw were almost within reach, as they rode along. The trees had just begun to turn. The sugar maple swayed gently to the light breeze, scattering a crimson cloud to the earth; the Virginia creeper embraced the huge trunks, or flung out long, graceful branches of purple, and brown, and scarlet; the pawpaw was flaming in golden yellow; the haw, with its red berries, dotted the road-side, while here and there, brilliant with the hue of royalty's self, great clusters of iron-weed towered in the Autumn light, and from the branches of the butternut, hickory and walnut, the occasional sound of dropping nuts was heard.

Dolly trotted along briskly, and the children talked of the wonderful animals they had seen the Saturday before,—for a traveling menagerie had halted on some fields near the village, and the whole population for miles around had turned out to visit it. Lot, who was a boy of eight, had been most impressed by the bears, but Patty, who was younger, seemed to have been most fascinated with the big snake.

Then they fell to talking "sposens," what they should do if a bear or snake was to attack them there in the woods. Lot was extremely valiant; he thrust about with a stick, showing how he would put him to flight, and in the midst of their talk they reached their uncle's house, having met but one person on the road.

They made but a short stay, as it was getting late, and, with the pigs cooped and stowed in the back of the wagon, which had no top and was open all around, started for home.

Seated on the floor, Lot and Patty poked bits of apple through the slats of the coop to the young porkers, speculating upon their appearance and advising Sally which to take for her own. Lot would have the black one if he were she, because it was the biggest, but Patty thought the little spotted one was "so cunning."

They were about a mile from the village at the top of a long hill, when Lot, who had exhausted his supply of apple bits, and for the last fifteen minutes had been poking the pigs, delighted to hear them squeal, suddenly gave them such a thrust that Sally bade him stop the noise, and come and sit beside her on the seat.

He arose to do as he was bidden, and as he did so, stood for a moment with his back to her, still poking the pigs. Just then the wagon jolted over a large stone, he was thrown on the coop, the stick was punched violently into a pig's side, it squealed, Lot screamed, and Patty began to cry.

Considerably out of patience, Sally leaned back, and, catching him by the arm, was about to seat him rather violently beside her, when she was arrested by his exclaiming:

"See! see! Sally, look! look! what an awful bear!"

The tone of his voice more than his words—for he was a sensational child, and was constantly seeing wonderful things—caused Sally to turn her eyes in the direction indicated by his frightened gesture.

The wood was open at this spot, and there were no large trees near; but at some distance, almost alone, stood a great sycamore, the branches of which were nearly bare; between the tree and the road the ground was thickly covered with blackberry, pawpaw, and other bushes.

As she glanced quickly toward the great sycamore, a something huge, she could not tell what, leaped from the tree to the ground, and she could hear the underbrush crack beneath it. She knew there were no ferocious wild animals in Ohio, nothing in the forests to harm her, and had not been for many years, but her face blanched with fear.

"Lie down," she said in a tone which both terrified and quieted the children, as she thrust Lot to the bottom of the wagon and tore the stick from his hands, laying it quickly and forcibly on Dolly's back.

The horse sprang forward in a gallop, reaching the foot of the hill in a few moments and clattering over the few boards thrown across the creek for a bridge. Now Sally ventured to look back. The huge thing was on their track, coming along in great leaps, which would soon bring him up to them.

"Don't raise your heads," she said to the children, who were so alarmed they lay perfectly still. Then she leaned forward and with all her strength belabored the horse. There was a long level piece of road now, but the nearest house was a mile off. Poor Dolly was speeding over the ground, intensely roused and excited by this unusual treatment, and seemed to feel there was danger, for her ears stood erect.

Sally turned again to look. There was nothing now to intercept her view, and she saw the terrible animal not far behind, amid the cloud of dust their progress made, coming on—on!

Frantically she struck poor Dolly.

"Is the bear coming? Will he eat us?" came in smothered accents from the bottom of the wagon, where the children lay with their faces pressed close to the boards.

Sally did not reply. She gave another look, saw that the thing gained on them, and exerting all her strength in giving Dolly a last blow, which sent her bounding forward, she got over the seat—over the children, unheeding their questions, and seizing one of the coops threw it over the tail-board out in the road. The pigs squealed as it touched the earth, and the noise added to Dolly's terror,

which was now so intense she was entirely beyond Sally's control.

"Are we going to be eaten up?" Lot whimpered in almost a whisper.

"Hush," she answered, "hush." She let the horse take its way, and placed herself on her knees between the children and the other coop.

The terrible creature had stopped. She could see it strike the coop with its paw, and see the pieces fly as he touched it. How long would it keep him, she thought; and there came a throb of re-

not see the animal coming. This was worse than watching its approach. She threw the other coop out, then stretched herself between the children, closed her eyes, and drew an arm tightly around each.

As she lay thus clasping them, she felt Dolly's pace slacken. She kept still, feeling that if she moved something would spring upon her. The horse was evidently wearying—gradually her gait became slower; they must be near the village.

With a great effort she raised herself, and saw



SALLY THROWS OUT THE COOP.

lief as she saw that meantime they were speeding further and further away.

She looked round in vain; there was no one in sight, the farm-house was still a quarter of a mile ahead, and the animal she feared was becoming only a black spot in the distance; but as she gazed with fixed eyes, she saw the dust rise again. It was moving.

They reached the farm-house gate. It was closed. She could not stop Dolly now, and, even if she could, she had not the courage to get down and open it, and drive to the house some distance up the lane. She called aloud, but no one heard. There were turns in the road—several; she could

the houses only a little distance in advance. She crawled over the children and the seat, and gathered up the reins. Dolly gave a start as she did so, but in a moment subsided—got into her usual pace, and dropped that for a walk. In a few moments she was in the street of the village, and at the store. Clambering out of the wagon, Sally tried to tell Mr. Jones her story, but burst into tears, and was unable to speak.

The children, who had followed her, now found their voices, and eagerly told of the bear, and how she had thrown them the pigs.

"Bless my soul, what is this?" asked Mr. Jones in excitement.

Then Sally recovered, and informed him of what had happened to them.

"Why—why," he stuttered in agitation, "it's the panther that escaped last night from the menagerie at W—. There is the hand-bill put up about an hour ago, offering a reward for it. You're—you're lucky he did not ma-make a meal of you instead of the pigs."

Patty shook her head, "The poor things hollered so."

A crowd soon gathered in the store, eager to hear all Sally had to tell; then the men of the village armed themselves to go in search of the animal.

Sally was still trembling, and poor Dolly, wet as though she had been through the river, was shivering and panting at the same time. The half-mile of road they had to pass over to reach home after leaving the village ran for the better part through a wood. Sally was too alarmed to venture there alone, and a couple of men, who had hastily seized some weapon, accompanied her. So excited were they that every cracking noise in the trees put them on the alert; and once they exclaimed, "There he is!" throwing the poor children into new alarms.

Mr. Watson was incredulous when Lot burst out with "Oh, father, we have been chased by a bear—no, not a bear—a dreadful wild thing!" and he would have thought Sally the victim of her own fears, had they not told him a panther had escaped from the menagerie; then he was most thankful for their deliverance.

Dolly was blanketed and cared for, and they went in to supper, Lot's tongue going all the time about "the bear." Sally could not eat, she was still unnerved, and Patty could only pity the poor little pigs.

"Indeed, father," Sally said in answer to his commendation, "if it had not been for that story in my Reader, we might all have been eaten up. When Lot talked about the bears as we were going over to Uncle Eben's, and what he would do if one was to attack us, I thought about the Russian woman throwing out her children to the wolves, to save herself, and that put it into my head to throw out the pigs when I saw the panther."

For a long time Sally had an uncomfortable feeling in the woods, although the panther was caught on the next day and returned to its cage.

A PUZZLED BOY.

BY MARY DAYTON.

WHAT is the difference if I mind or no?
The difference is, I mind and lose the show.
And if I take the show and disobey,
The difference is an aching back all day.
The thing's not fair, for if I choose the fun,
I get the thrashing when the sport is done;
And what comes last is best remembered, so
I'm sure to get a deal more lash than show.
Bobby says lie; but if I lie, why, then,
Perhaps I'll have to twenty times again;
And if I lie, the truth is lost indeed—
And truth's a thing you very often need.
Besides, these lies will only cowards use,
And so, you see, a fellow cannot choose.
Now, if a boy must never disobey,
'Tis ten to one he'll never have his way;
And if he takes his way, and keeps the truth,
He's ten to one a most unlucky youth.
Now, if he keeps the law, I'd like to know
How can a boy his independence show;
And if he breaks the law, I'd like to see
In what respect a fellow can be free.

HUNTING THE MOOSE.



HUNTING THE MOOSE.

THE moose, as we all know, is the very largest of the deer family, and is indeed as high as a common horse. Now, size is often a great advantage, but not in all cases; and his great size and weight sometimes prove fatal to the moose. In winter, when the snow is covered by a slight crust, over which ordinary animals can travel with ease, the poor moose, when pursued by the hunter, finds that he breaks through the crust at every step. Of course he cannot make very swift progress in this way, and the Indian hunter, on his snow-shoes, can

run much faster, and soon comes up with him. Not many years ago, moose were found in the unsettled parts of Maine and New York, but they have been hunted so much for the sake of their excellent flesh, that they are now seldom seen except in the regions north of those states. They are sometimes very unpleasant creatures to meet, for they may turn upon the hunter, even when he has not yet wounded or fired upon them. So it is often very well for the hunter that he is on snow-shoes, and that the moose breaks through the crust.

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A VALENTINE.

By L. E. R.

OH! little loveliest lady mine,
 What shall I send for your valentine?
 Summer and flowers are far away;
 Gloomy, old Winter is king to-day.
 Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine;
 What shall I do for a valentine?

Prithee, St. Valentine, tell me here,
 Why do you come at this time o' year?
 Plenty of days when lilies are white,
 Plenty of days when sunbeams are bright.
 But now, when everything's dark and drear,
 Why do you come, St. Valentine dear?

I've searched the gardens all through and through,
 For a bud to tell of my love so true.
 But buds were asleep and blossoms were dead,
 And the falling snow came down on my head.
 So, little loveliest lady mine,
 Here is my heart for your valentine!

THE STORY OF JON OF ICELAND.

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

CHAPTER IV.

How much time passed in the sleep he never could exactly learn; probably six to seven hours. He was aroused by what seemed to be icy-cold rat's feet scampering over his face, and as he started and brushed them away with his hand, his ears became alive to a terrible, roaring sound. He started up, alarmed, at first bewildered, then suddenly wide awake. The cold feet upon his face were little threads of water trickling from above; the fearful roaring came from a storm—a hurricane of mixed rain, wind, cloud, and snow. It was day, yet still darker than the Arctic summer night, so dense and black was the tempest. When Jon crept out of the crevice, he was nearly thrown down by the force of the wind. The first thing he did was to seek the two lines of stones he had arranged for his guidance. They had not been blown away, as

he feared; and the sight of the arrow-head made his heart leap with gratitude to the Providence which had led him, for without that sign he would have been bewildered, at the very start. Returning to the cleft, which gave a partial shelter, he ate the greater part of his remaining store of food, fastened his thick coat tightly around his breast and throat, and set out on the desperate homeward journey, carefully following the lighter streak of rock across the plain.

He had not gone more than a hundred yards when he fancied he heard a sharp, hammering sound through the roar of the tempest, and paused to listen. The sound came rapidly nearer; it was certainly the hoofs of many horses. Nothing could be seen; the noise came from the west, passed in front of Jon, and began to die away to the eastward. His blood grew chill for a moment. It was

all so sudden and strange and ghostly, that he knew not what to think; and he was about to push forward and get out of the region where such things happened, when he heard, very faintly, the cry which the Icelanders use in driving their baggage-ponies. Then he remembered the deep gorge he had seen to the eastward, before reaching the crater; the invisible travelers were riding toward it, probably lost, and unaware of their danger.

forming a semicircle in front of him; and then one of three dim, spectral riders, leaning forward, again called: "Come here!"

"I cannot!" Jon answered again.

Thereupon, another of the horsemen rode close to him, and stared down upon him. He said something which Jon understood to be: "Erik, it is a little boy!"—but he was not quite sure, for the man's way of talking was strange. He put the



JON'S MEETING WITH THE THREE HORSEMEN.

This thought passed through Jon's mind like a flash of lightning; he shouted with all the strength of his voice.

He waited, but there was no answer. Then he shouted again, while the wind seemed to tear the sound from his lips and fling it away—but on the course the hoofs had taken.

This time a cry came in return; it seemed far off, because the storm beat against the sound. Jon shouted a third time, and the answer was now more distinct. Presently he distinguished words:

"Come here to us!"

"I cannot!" he cried.

In a few minutes more he heard the hoofs returning, and then the forms of ponies became visible through the driving snow-clouds. They halted,

words in the wrong places, and pronounced them curiously.

The man who had first spoken jumped off his horse. Holding the bridle, he came forward and said, in good, plain Icelandic:

"Why could n't you come when I called you?"

"I am keeping the road back," replied Jon; "if I move, I might lose it."

"Then why did you call us?"

"I was afraid you had lost your way, and might get into the chasm; the storm is so bad you could not see it."

"What's that?" exclaimed the first who had spoken.

Jon described the situation as well as he could, and the stranger at last said, in his queer, broken

speech: "Lost way—we; can guide—you—know how?"

The storm raged so furiously that it was with great difficulty that Jon heard the words at all; but he thought he understood the meaning. So he looked the man in the face, and nodded, silently.

"Erik—pony!" cried the latter.

Erik caught one of the loose ponies, drew it forward, and said to Jon:

"Now, mount and show us the way!"

"I cannot!" Jon repeated. "I will guide you; I was on my way already, but I must walk back just as I came, so as to find the places and know the distances."

"Sir," said Erik, turning to the other traveler, "we must let him have his will. It is our only chance of safety. The boy is strong and fearless, and we can surely follow where he was willing to go alone."

"Take the lead, boy!" the other said; "more quick, more money!"

Jon walked rapidly in advance, keeping his eyes on the lighter colored streak in the plain. He saw nothing, but every little sign and landmark was fixed so clearly in his mind that he did not feel the least fear or confusion. He could hardly see, in fact, the foremost of the ponies behind him, but he caught now and then a word, as the men talked with each other. They had come from the northern shore of the island; they were lost, they were chilled, weary; their ponies were growing weak from hunger and exposure to the terrible weather; and they followed him, not so much because they trusted his guidance, as because there was really nothing else left for them to do.

In an hour and a half they reached the first landmark; and when the men saw Jon examining the line of stones he had laid, and then striking boldly off through the whirling clouds, they asked no questions, but urged their ponies after him. Thus several hours went by. Point after point was discovered, although no object could be seen until it was reached; but Jon's strength, which had been kept up by his pride and his anxiety, at last began to fail. The poor boy had been so long exposed to the wind, snow, and icy rain, that his teeth chattered in his head, and his legs trembled as he walked. About noon, fortunately, there was a lull in the storm; the rain slackened, and the clouds lifted themselves so that one might see for a mile or more. He caught sight of the rocky corner for which he was steering, stopped, and pointed toward one of the loose ponies.

Erik jumped from the saddle, and threw his arms around Jon, whose senses were fast vanishing. He felt that something was put to his lips, that he was swallowing fire, and that his icy hands were wrapped

in a soft, delicious warmth. In a minute he found that Erik had thrust them under his jacket, while the other two were bending over him with anxious faces. The stranger who spoke so curiously held a cake to his mouth, saying: "Eat—eat!" It was wonderful how his strength came back!

Very soon he was able to mount the pony and take the lead. Sometimes the clouds fell dense and dark around them; but when they lifted only for a second, it was enough for Jon. Men and beasts suffered alike, and at last Erik said:

"Unless we get out of the desert in three hours, we must all perish!"

Jon's face brightened. "In three hours," he exclaimed, "there will be pasturage, and water, and shelter."

He was already approaching the region which he knew thoroughly, and there was scarcely a chance of losing the way. They had more than one furious gust to encounter—more than one moment when the famished and exhausted ponies halted and refused to move; but toward evening the last ridge was reached, and they saw below them, under a dark roof of clouds, the green valley-basin, the gleam of the river, and the scattered white specks of the grazing sheep.

CHAPTER V.

THE ram Thor bleated loudly when he saw his master. Jon was almost too weary to move hand or foot, but he first visited every sheep, and examined his rough home under the rock, and his few remaining provisions, before he sat down to rest. By this time, the happy ponies were appeasing their hunger, Erik and his fellow-guide had pitched a white tent, and there was a fire kindled. The owner of the tent said something which Jon could not hear, but Erik presently shouted:

"The English gentleman asks you to come and take supper with us!"

Jon obeyed, even more from curiosity than hunger. The stranger had a bright, friendly face, and stretched out his hand as the boy entered the tent. "Good guide—eat!" was all he was able to say in Icelandic, but the tone of his voice meant a great deal more. There was a lamp hung to the tent-pole, an india-rubber blanket spread on the ground, and cups and plates, which shone like silver, in readiness for the meal. Jon was amazed to see Erik boiling three or four tin boxes in the kettle of water; but when they had been opened, and the contents poured into basins, such a fragrant steam arose as he had never smelled in his life. There was pea-soup, and Irish stew, and minced collops, and beef,—and tea, with no limit to the lumps of sugar,—and sweet biscuits, and currant jelly! Never had he sat down to such a rich, such

a wonderful banquet. He was almost afraid to take enough of the dishes, but the English traveler filled his plate as fast as it was emptied, patted him on the back, and repeated the words: "Good guide—eat!" Then he lighted a cigar, while Erik and the other Icander pulled out their horns of snuff, threw back their heads, and each poured nearly a teaspoonful into his nostrils. They offered the snuff to Jon, but he refused both that and a cigar. He was warm and comfortable, to the ends of his toes, and his eyelids began to fall, in spite of all efforts to hold them up, after so much fatigue and exposure as he had endured.

In fact, his senses left him suddenly, although he seemed to be aware that somebody lifted and laid him down again—that something soft came under his head, and something warm over his body—that he was safe, and sheltered, and happy.

When he awoke it was bright day. He started up, striking his head against a white wet canvas, and sat a moment, bewildered, trying to recall what had happened. He could scarcely believe that he had slept all night in the tent, beside the friendly Englishman; but he heard Erik talking outside, and the crackling of a fire, and the shouting of some one at a distance. The sky was clear and blue; the sheep and ponies were nibbling sociably together, and the Englishman, standing on a rock beside the river, was calling attention to a big salmon which he had just caught. Gudridsdale, just then, seemed the brightest and liveliest place in Iceland.

Jon knew that he had probably saved the party from death; but he thought nothing of that, for he had saved himself along with them. He was simply proud and overjoyed at the chance of seeing something new—of meeting with a real Englishman, and eating (as he supposed) the foreign, English food. He felt no longer shy, since he had slept a whole night beside the traveler. The two Icelandic guides were already like old friends; even the pony he had ridden seemed to recognize him. His father had told him that Latin was the language by which all educated men were able to communicate their ideas; so as the Englishman came up, with his salmon for their breakfast, he said, in Latin:

"To-day is better than yesterday, sir."

The traveler laughed, shook hands heartily, and answered in Latin, with—to Jon's great surprise—two wrong cases in the nouns:

"Both days are better for you than for me. I have learned less at Oxford."

But the Latin and Icelandic together were a great help to conversation, and, almost before he knew what he was doing, Jon had told Mr. Lorne—so the traveler was named—all the simple story of his

life, even his claim to the little valley-basin wherein they were encamped, and the giving it his sister's name. Mr. Lorne had crossed from the little town of Akureyri, on the northern shore of Iceland, and was bound down the valley of the Thiörvá to the Geysers, thence to Hekla, and finally to Rejkiavik, where he intended to embark for England. As Jon's time of absence had expired, his provisions being nearly consumed, and as it was also necessary to rest a day for the sake of the traveler's ponies, it was arranged that all should return in company to Sigurd's farm.

That last day in Gudridsdale was the most delightful of all. They feasted sumptuously on the traveler's stores, and when night came, the dried grass from Jon's hollow under the rock was spread within the tent, making a soft and pleasant bed for the whole party.

Mounted on one of the ponies, Jon led the way up the long ravine, cheerily singing as he drove the full-fed sheep before him. They reached the level of the desert table-land, and he gave one more glance at the black, scattered mountains to the northward, where he had passed two such adventurous days. In spite of all that he had seen and learned in that time, he felt a little sad that he had not succeeded in crossing the wilderness. When they reached the point where their way descended by a long, steep slope to the valley of the Thiörvá, he turned for yet another, farewell view. Far off, between him and the nearest peak, there seemed to be a moving speck. He pointed it out to Erik, who, after gazing steadily a moment, said: "It is a man on horseback."

"Perhaps another lost traveler!" exclaimed Mr. Lorne; "let us wait for him."

It was quite safe to let the sheep and loose ponies take their way in advance; for they saw the pasture below them. In a quarter of an hour the man and horse could be clearly distinguished. The former had evidently seen them also, for he approached much more rapidly than at first.

All at once Jon cried out: "It is our pony, Heimdal! It must be my father!"

He sprang from the saddle, as he spoke, and ran toward the strange horseman. The latter presently galloped up, walked a few steps, and sat down upon a stone. But Jon's arms were around him, and as they kissed each other, the father burst into tears.

"I thought thou wert lost, my boy," was all he could say.

"But here I am, father!" Jon proudly exclaimed.

"And the sheep?"

"Fat and sound, every one of them."

Sigurd rose and mounted his horse, and as they all descended the slope together Jon and Erik told

him all that had happened. Mr. Lorne, to whom the occurrence was explained, shook hands with him, and, pointing to Jon, said in his broken way: "Good son—little man!" Whereupon they all laughed, and Jon could not help noticing the proud and happy expression of his father's face.

On the afternoon of the second day they reached Sigurd's farm-house; but the mother and Gudrid, who had kept up an anxious look-out, met them nearly a mile away. After the first joyous embrace of welcome, Sigurd whispered a few words to his wife, and she hastened back, to put the guest-room in order. Mr. Lorne found it so pleasant to get under a roof again, that he ordered another halt of two days before going on to the Geysers and Hekla. No beverage ever tasted so sweet to him as the great bowl of milk which Gudrid brought, as soon as he had taken his seat, and the radishes from the garden seemed a great deal better than the little jar of orange marmalade which he insisted on giving in exchange for them.

"Oh, is it indeed orange?" cried Gudrid. "Jon, Jon, now we shall know what the taste is!"

Their mother gave them a spoonful apiece, and Mr. Lorne smiled as he saw their wondering, delighted faces.

"Does it really grow on a tree?—and how high is the tree?—and what does it look like?—like a birch?—or a potato-plant?" Jon asked, in his eagerness, without waiting for the answers. It was very difficult for him to imagine what he had never seen, even in pictures, or anything resembling it. Mr. Lorne tried to explain how different are the productions of nature in warmer climates, and the children listened as if they could never hear enough of the wonderful story. At last Jon said, in his firm, quiet way: "Some day I'll go there!"

"You will, my boy," Mr. Lorne replied; "you have strength and courage to carry out your will."

Jon never imagined that he had more strength or courage than any other boy, but he knew that the Englishman meant to praise him, so he shook hands as he had been taught to do on receiving a gift.

The two days went by only too quickly. The guest furnished food both for himself and the family, for he shot a score of plovers and caught half a dozen fine salmon. He was so frank and cheerful that they soon became accustomed to his presence, and were heartily sorry when Erik and the other Icelandic guide went out to drive the ponies together, and load them for the journey. Mr. Lorne called Sigurd and Jon into the guest-room, untied a buckskin pouch, and counted out fifty silver rix-dollars upon the table. "For my little guide!" he said, putting his hand on Jon's thick curls. Father and son, in their astonishment, uttered a

cry at the same time, and neither knew what to say. But, brokenly as Mr. Lorne talked, they understood him when he said that Jon had probably saved his life, that he was a brave boy and would make a good, brave man, and that if the father did not need the money for his farm-expenses, he should apply it to his son's education.

The tears were running down Sigurd's cheeks. He took the Englishman's hand, gave it a powerful grip, and simply said: "It shall be used for his benefit."

Jon was so strongly moved that, without stopping to think, he did the one thing which his heart suggested. He walked up to Mr. Lorne, threw his arms around his neck, and kissed him very tenderly.

"All is ready, sir!" cried Erik, at the door. The last packages were carried out and tied upon the baggage-ponies, farewells were said once more, and the little caravan took its way down the valley. The family stood in front of the house, and watched until the ponies turned around the first cape of the hills and disappeared; then they could only sit down and talk of all the unexpected things that had happened. There was no work done upon the farm that day.

CHAPTER VI.

THE unusual warmth of the summer, which was so injurious to the pastures lying near the southern coast, wrought fortune to Sigurd's farm. The price of wool was much higher than usual, and owing to Jon's excursion into the mountains, the sheep were in the best possible condition. They had never raised such a crop of potatoes, nor such firm, thick-headed cabbages, and by great care and industry a sufficient supply of hay had been secured for the winter.

"I am afraid something will happen to us," said Sigurd one day to his wife; "the good luck comes too fast."

"Don't say that!" she exclaimed. "If we were to lose Jon —"

"Jon!" interrupted Sigurd. "Oh, no; look at his eyes, his breast, his arms and legs—there are a great many years of life in them! He ought to have a chance at the school in Reykiavik, but we can hardly do without him this year."

"Perhaps brother Magnus would take him," she said.

"Not while I live," Sigurd replied, as he left the room, while his wife turned with a sigh to her household duties. Her family, and especially her elder brother, Magnus, who was a man of wealth and influence, had bitterly opposed her marriage with Sigurd, on account of the latter's poverty, and she had seen none of them since she came to live

on the lonely farm. Through great industry and frugality, they had gradually prospered; and now she began to long for a reconciliation, chiefly for her husband's and children's sake. It would be much better for Jon if he could find a home in his uncle's house, when they were able to send him to school.

So, when they next rode over to Kyrkedal on a Sabbath day in the late autumn, she took with her a letter to Magnus, which she had written without her husband's knowledge, for she wished to save him the pain of the slight, in case her brother should refuse to answer, or should answer in an unfriendly way. It was a pleasant day for all of them, for Mr. Lorne had stopped a night at Kyrkedal, and Erik had told the people the story of Jon's piloting them through the wilderness; so the pastor, after service, came up at once to them and patted Jon on the head, saying: "*Bene fecisti, fili!*" And the other boys, forgetting their usual shyness, crowded around and said: "Tell us all about it!" Everything was as wonderful to them, as it still seemed to Jon in his memory, and when each one said: "If I had gone there I should have done the same thing!" Jon wondered that he and the boys should ever have felt so awkward and bashful when they came together. Now it was all changed; they talked and joked like old companions, and cordially promised to visit each other during the winter, if their parents were willing.

On the way home Sigurd found that he had dropped his whip, and sent Jon back to look for it, leaving his wife and Gudrid to ride onward up the valley. Jon rode at least half a mile before he found it, and then came galloping back, cracking it joyously. But Sigurd's face was graver and wearier than usual.

"Ride a little while with me," he said; "I want to ask thee something." Then, as Jon rode beside him in the narrow tracks which the ponies' hoofs had cut through the turf, he added: "The boys at Kyrkedal seemed to make much of thee; I hope thy head is not turned by what they said."

"Oh, father!" Jon cried; "they were so kind, so friendly!"

"I don't doubt it," his father answered. "Thou hast done well, my son, and I see that thou art older than thy years. But suppose there were a heavier task in store for thee,—suppose that I

should be called away,—couldst thou do a man's part, and care properly for thy mother and thy little sister?"

Jon's eyes filled with tears, and he knew not what to say.

"Answer me!" Sigurd commanded.

"I never thought of that," Jon answered, in a trembling voice; "but if I were to do my best, would not God help me?"

"He would!" Sigurd exclaimed, with energy. "All strength comes from Him; and all fortune. Enough—I can trust thee, my son; ride on to Gudrid, and tell her not to twist herself in the saddle, looking back!"

Sigurd attended to his farm for several days longer, but in a silent, dreamy way, as if his mind were busy with other thoughts. His wife was so anxiously awaiting the result of her letter to Magnus, that she paid less attention to his condition than she otherwise would have done.

But one evening, on returning from the stables, he passed by the table where their frugal supper was waiting, entered the bedroom, and sank down, saying:

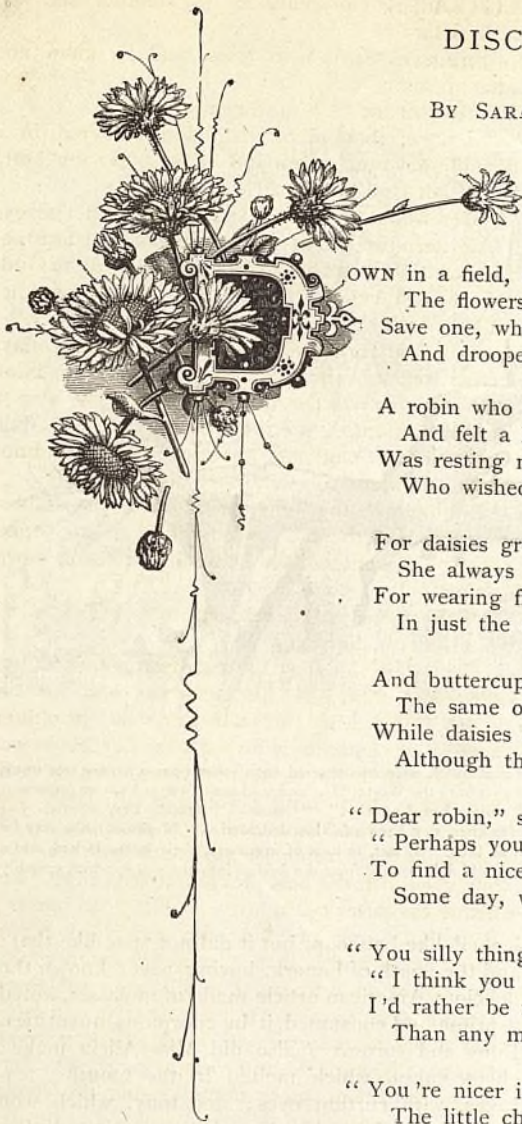
"All my strength has left me; I feel as if I should never rise again."

They then saw that he had been attacked by a dangerous fever, for his head was hot, his eyes glassy, and he began to talk in a wild, incoherent way. They could only do what the neighbors were accustomed to do, in similar cases,—which really was worse than doing nothing at all would have been. Jon was dispatched next morning, on the best pony, to summon the physician from Skalholt; but, even with the best luck, three days must elapse before the latter could arrive. The good pastor of Kyrkedal came the next day and bled Sigurd, which gave him a little temporary quiet, while it reduced his vital force. The physician was absent, visiting some farms far to the eastward,—in fact, it was a full week before he made his appearance. During this time Sigurd wasted away, his fits of delirium became more frequent, and the chances of his recovery grew less and less. Jon recalled, now, his father's last conversation, and it gave him both fear and comfort. He prayed, with all the fervor of his boyish nature, that his father's life might be spared; yet he determined to do his whole duty, if the prayer should not be granted.

(To be continued.)

DISCONTENT.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.



OWN in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin who had soared too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day, when you are flying?"

"You silly thing!" the robin said;
"I think you must be crazy!
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown,
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup,
Just here where you are growing."

THE TWO GOATS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



[Two youthful goats, belonging to families of high degree among the goat tribes, once encountered each other upon a narrow tree-trunk which spanned a mountain torrent. Said the goat from the East to the goat from the West: "Go back and make way. I am an important goat, a goat of degree. It is but proper that common goats should stand aside when I pass by." "Common, indeed! Pray what do you mean by common?" replied the one from the West. "I would have you to know that I am a full-blooded Merino! Merinoes make way for a nobody. Go back yourself!" The dispute raged. Neither would yield an inch. At last, in heat of argument, their horns locked, and a desperate struggle began, in the midst of which both goats lost footing, and, still fighting, fell from the bridge into the water, which speedily cooled their anger and brought them to their senses.]

THE day of Miss Alicia Belden's annual picnic was the most exciting day of the year in Lanark village. Excitements were not frequent in pretty Lanark, nor holidays many. There were Sundays, to be sure—Sunday goes everywhere; Christmas, observed in simple country fashion; Lady-day, when rents came due and servants changed places; Shrove Tuesday, conspicuous for pancakes; and Good Friday, when all the world went to church except the Independent Baptists, who (there being nothing else doing) sat at home and found the day long and dull. But none of these, the children thought, compared in interest with Miss Alicia's picnic. It was *their* day, and grown people, except Miss Alicia, had nothing whatever to do with it.

Miss Alicia Belden was a retired sugar-baker. The taste for gingerbread is universal as that for freedom. Miss Alicia's gingerbread came as near to being good as British gingerbread can be. It

looked like bar-soap, but it did not taste like that; and the youth of Lanark, having never known the delicious American article made of molasses, voted it prime and consumed it in enormous quantities. Buns and turnovers also did Miss Alicia make; cheese-cakes, which melted in the mouth; tea-cakes, with currant eyes; and toffy, which won praise even from London visitors. No wonder, then, that her trade prospered, and that by the time she was fifty, and her earliest customers staid men and women with gingerbread-eating boys and girls of their own, she was able, as the newspapers say, to "retire on a competence." This competence was not a large one, but it left a margin for what Miss Alicia called "pleasures," chief among which was the annual picnic she gave all the children of the village. Every one was included, even the little Independent Baptists. Some of Miss Alicia's friends thought that this was going too far. But she would listen to no remonstrances.

"What!" she said, "go and leave any of the poor dears behind to cry their eyes out at home! I could n't enjoy the day a bit if I did—not one bit." So all the children went.

Helm Island, six miles off at sea, being the picnicking place, the day always began with a sail in a wheezy little steam-tug chartered by Miss Alicia. It left Lanark according to the tide. On this day which I am going to tell about, the tide served at half-past nine in the morning, and there was great hurry and confusion in the village households to get the little ones dressed and ready in time. Some of the children had been up at daybreak to see what sort of day it was going to be. These thought the older folks unusually late and slow. They danced about, impatiently begging everybody to make haste, to hurry, or they should certainly be left behind; in which case—but here they stopped; imagination could go no farther than that frightful possibility!

"Put on your blue frock, Nancy," said Mrs. Sarkie; "not the pink-sprigged. That lass of the Spences'll likely wear her sprigged, and I'd not wish to have you look as if you dressed alike, or was any way connected, and the families not speaking as they do."

"Yes, indeed, mother," responded Nancy, with a little toss of her head, "I'd be sorry at that too. Nancy Spence is always getting things like mine. I wish she would n't. It's just as if she did it a-purpose."

"Not that I wish to say aught against the lass," went on Mrs. Sarkie. "She's well enough, and so was her mother afore her; a good-natured lass her mother was at school, years back. Nobody denies that. But after the way Farmer Spence has behaved and all, no one would wish to liken you together in any sort; it is n't natural, and I'm sure your father would n't want it."

On the farther side of the village, toward the east, in another big, substantial red-brick farmhouse, set about with thick orchards and waving fields of grain, Mrs. Spence was fastening her Nancy's frock, blue also.

"The pink sprig is the freshest," she said, "but it's just like that one of Nancy Sarkie's, which she'll be sure to wear, so I'd rather have you in this. 'T aint worth while to be imitating neighbors that is n't neighborly—that's my opinion."

"Nancy Sarkie is a cross, stuck-up thing!" said Nancy Spence. "What do you think she said one day at school, mother?—that her father's folks in London'd have nothing to do with low people like us Spences! Ought she to have said that? Is n't father as good as the Sarkies?"

"Set her up, indeed!" cried Mrs. Spence, flushing. "As good? I should think so. I never yet

heard tell of a Sarkie as could hold his head higher than a Spence. Why, Nancy, your father's uncle in Bristol, as died so rich, kept his own carriage—carriage *and* horses!"

"Did he?" said Nancy, eagerly. "I'll tell Nancy Sarkie that next time she boasts. You can't think how rude she is sometimes, mother. Last picnic she gave me a great shove and most pushed me down. What makes her act so?"

"Some of the father's blood in her, I guess," replied Mrs. Spence. "Her mother was a good girl enough before she wedded him. Ah! your father could tell tales. He's had cause to know what Sarkie is, if ever man had. But never mind that now, Nancy; we wont rake up trouble this day of all days in the year."

She tied Nancy's hat ribbons firmly as she spoke, and gave her hair a last smooth.

"Good-by, mother. Oh! you're putting on your bonnet. Are you going to walk down with me?"

"To be sure I am. I want to see you safe off."

The dock was crowded when they reached it. Far below in the basin floated the tug, and the sailors were placing a plank with hand-rails for the children to pass over. Presently, a stream of little figures began to pour across it to the deck.

"I declare," pouted Nancy Sarkie, "there's that Spence girl in blue after all. Is n't it too bad, mother?"

"Yes. I wish now you'd worn the sprigs," said Mrs. Sarkie. "But never let it matter; you can enjoy yourself all the same if she is in blue."

"No, I can't. I don't like to have her setting herself up to dress like me," said Nancy.

Her face was quite clouded as she walked slowly down the plank.

"Ts, ts, ts!" clicked Mrs. Spence between her teeth. "That Sarkie lass has on the blue frock like yours. Well, well! If there was time, Nancy, you should run home and change."

"There is n't," replied Nancy with a little scowl. "I don't care, mother. She can't be me, even if we have both got on blue frocks. Nobody'll mistake us for each other."

With a laugh she ran down the plank. The tug gave three screeching whistles as a signal to belated comers. At the sound, a woman who was walking along the shore with two boys began to run.

"Just in time," said the captain, as she handed the little fellows down to him.

Then the whistle sounded once more, the paddles revolved, the children raised their voices in a shrill cheer, and the boat moved away. The day of pleasure was begun.

Seated on either side the deck, the two Nancys

glared gloomily across. Why did they dislike each other so much? I don't think either could have told. The ill-feeling between the families had begun years ago, when the girls were babies, and nobody now recollected exactly how it began. There was something about a bit of land and right of way, something about a trespassing pig, somebody had called somebody else hard names—who or what did n't matter; it was a good thorough quarrel, one of the sort which the ill-natured imps delight in, and the children, as children will, threw themselves into the warfare with a zeal surpassing that of their elders. Pride and ill-humor are not pleasant things to carry to a picnic, and it might be predicted in advance that the two Nancys were not likely to have a perfectly agreeable day.

The first trouble came soon after landing, when Nancy Spence by mistake lifted the wrong basket.

"Put that down!" said Nancy Sarkie, sharply. "Miss Alicia told me to carry that. You've no business to touch it."

Nancy Spence was a year older than the other Nancy, and a good deal taller; but she was also gentler and more easily cowed. She dropped the basket quickly, and said confusedly:

"I did n't know—I did n't mean to —"

"O yes!" replied Nancy Sarkie, tauntingly—"did n't know! did n't mean to! That's the way you always go on, Nancy Spence—meddling, always meddling! Everybody knows that."

"No such thing," said the larger Nancy; "I don't meddle. You've no call to talk to me like that."

So the dispute proceeded, Nancy Sarkie repeating that Nancy Spence was a meddler, and she retorting that Nancy Sarkie was a spitfire.

"Girls, what is the matter?" said Miss Alicia, overhearing them. "Let Nancy alone, Nancy Sarkie. You began it, I know; you always do. What does ail you to provoke each other always? Come with me one of you. I shall keep you separate if there is n't an end to this barking and biting and calling of names." Saying which she marched Nancy Spence away.

Nancy Sarkie was left behind. The pretty island lay before her with its plummy trees and stretches of yellow beach. Behind was the sea, dimpled and shining; overhead, the blue sky and the sun; but she looked at none of these fair things. Her heart was sullen and heavy; the bright did not seem bright just then—the blue sky might as well have been gray. She did not care for the woods and beaches, or for the shells which she had looked forward to gathering. We can never enjoy anything unless the enjoyment is inside ourselves, ready to come out when called; though, when that is the case, we enjoy almost everything. Nancy

found this true that morning. She set her basket on the ground, and stood as in a dream, with eyes cast down, and a dull, miserable feeling all over her.

By and by she heard sounds of singing. Up there at the top of the tree-covered bank, the children, she knew, were playing games and having a merry time together. She lifted her basket and climbed the path. Miss Alicia was sitting under the trees with two or three of the older girls. Some of the big boys were lighting a fire. The other children, linked in a great ring, were playing "Here we go round the barberry-bush." It looked gay and cheerful, and everybody seemed to be finding it pleasant except poor sulky Nancy, who was not in mood to like anything, whatever it might be.

"Oats, Peas, Beans" succeeded to "Barberry-bush," and "Ruth and Jacob" followed that. Did any of you ever hear of the game of "Ruth and Jacob?" This is the way it was played in Lanark village: All the children made a circle with clasped hands, except one boy and one girl, who stood in the middle. The boy was blindfolded, the girl not. The blindfolded boy groped about, demanding, "Where is my Ruth?" And the girl had to answer, "Here," but the instant she spoke she glided away to the other side of the circle, so that the boy, following her voice, should not find her. As soon as the girl was caught, she put on the bandage, and a fresh boy took his place in the circle, of whom she demanded, "Where is my Jacob?" The Lanark children were fond of this game, because it gave opportunity for good hearty romping, in which they delighted.

Nancy Sarkie joined in "Ruth and Jacob," but, for the first time, the play seemed to her dull and tiresome. Nancy Spence, too, was out of sorts. Miss Alicia had read her a lecture on quarreling, and feeling as she did that she was all in the right, and Nancy Sarkie all in the wrong, the lecture made her very cross. Neither she nor Nancy Sarkie spoke during the game, and when they looked at each other it was not in a pleasant way at all.

Meantime, Miss Alicia, aided by the older girls, was unpacking great baskets of bread and meat, and arranging veal-pies, tartlets, sweet-cakes, and ginger-beer bottles on four big white table-cloths laid on the ground in the shade. All these good things were provided by Miss Alicia, who liked to do everything herself at her picnic, and never allowed anybody else to contribute.

By the time the feast was ready, the children were ready for it. What with "Ruth and Jacob" and the fresh sea air, they were hungry as wolves and crowded round the tables. Such a demolishing of veal-pies and devouring of bread-and-butter

was never seen before. It took some time to settle who should sit here and who there, to distribute the food and make sure that no one was left out; but Miss Alicia was experienced in picnics, and before long all was nicely arranged, and the fifty little jaws were wagging in happy concert. The meal passed off with entire success until cake-time came. There was one loaf with pink icing, on which all the party had fixed admiring eyes. When this loaf was cut and distributed, it chanced that Nancy Spence got a bit, but before it reached Nancy Sarkie the last morsel was gone.

"Never mind," said Miss Alicia, cutting another loaf. "This is the same cake exactly, only with white sugar instead of pink. Here's a piece for you, Nancy Sarkie."

"I don't want any," replied Nancy, crossly.

"It's velly good," remarked little Polly Darton, with her mouth full. "Do take some, Nancy."

"No," muttered Nancy; "I can get white cake at home. I wanted some of the pink, but there was n't enough. There was plenty for Nancy Spence though. Miss Alicia made sure of that, 'cause *she's* a favorite."

"Nonsense," said Miss Alicia, who caught the words. "It's nothing of the sort. Take some cake, Nancy; don't be foolish. You want? You're as obstinate as a goat, I declare. I tell you what, Nancy Sarkie,—if you can't be pleasant and good-humored, you'd better not come on *my* picnics. I shall just leave you out next time."

The children gazed at Nancy with round eyes full of horror when Miss Alicia said this. How very bad she must be, they thought, to be shut out from the picnics. Nancy herself was frightened. She choked and strangled. A lump came into her throat. Presently a big tear, hopping down her nose, splashed into her plate; and vexed that the other girls should see her crying, she jumped up and fled down the bank and on to the beach.

It was afternoon now, and the yellow sun on the water shone dazzling and bright. The tide was coming in, fast but noiselessly, each wave running a little higher on the sand than the last, tracing its soft wet mark, and slipping back again into the lap of the sea with a tiny splash like a baby's laugh. Here and there lay beautiful little shells, pink and yellow, or striped in faint lines of red and brown. Helm Island was famous for these shells; the children looked forward to picking them up as one of the chief pleasures of the picnic. But Nancy plodded past the shells and over them, and did not stoop to lift one from the sand. On and on she went to the very end of the beach, then over a little rocky point to a second and longer one. The sun lay hot on the sand, and the breeze seemed to have died away, but still she marched forward till

the second beach also was passed. She was on the north side of the island now. It was bolder than the other side, with rocks and cliffs, but few trees grew near the shore, and Nancy, who was getting tired, saw no shady place in which to rest. At last she spied a point of land on which grew several pine-trees. The point jutted into the water for quite a distance, and the sea had eaten away the sand on either side and behind, so that at high tide the point was a little island and quite cut off from the shore. The tide was not more than half high now, however; besides, one of the pine-trees had fallen across the passage, making a narrow bridge over which it was easy to walk.

Nancy's head was steady, and she trod the bridge without fear, looking down at the sand five or six feet below without turning giddy in the least. The pine-tree shade was delightful after her hot walk. She sat down on the ground, which was carpeted with fine brown needles, warm and soft. Here the breeze blew strong and cool, the waves lapped and rippled with a soothing sound. By and by Nancy's head sank on her arm, she curled herself comfortably on the pine-needles, and before she knew it she was asleep. The wind rocked, the sea sang its lullaby, and both took care that she should not waken again in a hurry.

How long she slept she did not know. She roused suddenly and with a start, to wonder where she was and how she came to be there. I fear the angels who watched her slumbers were not of the right sort, for instead of waking pleasantly she was thoroughly out of humor. Her neck and shoulder ached from lying on the ground, and she felt stiff. The first thing that popped into her mind as she roused was Miss Alicia's reproof.

"It was Nancy Spence's fault," she said half aloud. "She's always doing provoking things, and then people think it's me. Miss Alicia *does* have favorites, and I shall just tell mother what she said to me. Mother'll be real vexed, I know she will. Mother'll take my part against the Spences."

These amiable reflections were interrupted by the sight of a figure on the beach, so far away as to seem like a mere dot against the sand. As it drew near it grew larger. Nancy made out, first that it was a girl, next that the girl was picking up shells (for the figure stooped and rose, and stooped again as it walked), then that the girl had on a blue dress, and lastly (her eyes dilated as she looked), that it was the girl she disliked most! Nancy Spence, the rival Nancy, was coming along the shore!

The moment she made this discovery, Nancy Sarkie slipped behind a pine-tree and hid herself. From this covert she watched the approaching foe:

Nancy Spence drew nearer. She had a basket on her arm, in which she placed the shells as fast as she picked them up. As she walked she hummed a tune. This somehow struck the hidden Nancy as a wrong and insult to herself. Why should Nancy Spence be having such a good time when she had not? It seemed too much to bear!

Before long, Nancy spied the piny islet and the fallen tree. She was as much delighted as the other Nancy had been earlier in the afternoon.

"What a pretty little island," she said out loud, "with a bridge and all! I mean to call it mine. Nobody has found it out but me, because nobody else has come so far along the beach."

She set her foot on the pine-trunk to cross over. The water was curling below now. It was not deep, but it seemed so, and gurgled and splashed in a noisy and suggestive manner. Nancy looked down a second, hesitating. When she raised her eyes she gave a great jump, for there, at the other end of the bridge, stood Nancy Sarkie, flushed and wrathful.

"Go back!" she cried. "How dare you call this your island? It's mine. I found it first, and you sha'n't come on it at all."

"Yes, I will," said Nancy, flushing up also. "I've just as much right as you have. I found it too, and I did n't know you were here at all. I'm just as good as you are, Nancy Sarkie."

"No, you're not. My father said once that your father was a boor. I heard him. And my uncle in London lives in a big house, with *beau-tiful* things all over it; and he'd not have anything to do with such people as you Spences are. So there now!"

"My father's uncle kept a carriage and the most splendid horses as was ever seen. He was a great deal better than your uncle is. And my father's not a boor. He's good old stock, father is; there is n't any Sarkie can hold a candle to us Spences. I've heard people say so. So there now, Nancy Sarkie!"

"Anyhow, you sha'n't come on *my* island. I wont let you."

"*You* wont let me! *You*, indeed! I tell you I will come."

Both girls ran forward. They met in the middle of the bridge. "Go back!" "I wont!" There was a push—a struggle. Nancy Spence's foot slipped. She recovered herself. It slipped again. She staggered—fell—dragging Nancy Sarkie with her, and the foolish children rolled together off the log and into the sea!

The shock and the wetting cooled their anger and brought them to their senses. The water where they fell was about two feet deep, and they scrambled out without much difficulty; but both

were thoroughly soaked, both felt cold and miserable, and both began to cry.

"It's all your fault," spluttered Nancy Sarkie, spitting out a mouthful of salt water.

"That is n't true; you pushed me, or we should n't either of us have fallen," sobbed Nancy Spence.

"Ow! ow! I'm all wet and nasty, and so freezing cold," blubbered the lesser Nancy. "I did n't push you—you pushed me."

"O dear, my frock!" sighed Nancy Spence, deplorably, trying to wring it out. "Why don't you squeeze your clothes, Nancy Sarkie, and get out all the water you can? You'll take a cold else."

"I don't know how," said Nancy Sarkie, touching the wet gown helplessly with the points of her fingers. "If I do take cold it'll be all your fault. I shall tell Miss Alicia so."

Nancy Spence was on the point of offering to help wring the wet dress, but at this speech she forbore.

"I shall tell Miss Alicia, too," she said, shutting her lips tight together.

Then she seized her basket, out of which all the shells were fallen, and began to walk away. Nancy Sarkie, dripping like a fountain, followed.

What a long, dismal walk that was! It seemed twice as far as it had seemed in the morning. The girls' clothes felt heavy, their shoes stuck to the sand and dragged them down. The sun was hot still, and though the exercise gradually warmed their chilly limbs, it was all hard work, and only pride prevented either Nancy from flinging herself down and declaring that she could go no farther and must rest. Side by side they toiled over the point of rocks which shut off the second beach, and from which they looked to see the tug, and the children playing on the sand. They reached the top and stood aghast. *No tug was there!* It had gone from the shore, and presently, far off at sea they spied a tiny curl of rising smoke. Then they knew all,—Miss Alicia had forgotten them, or miscounted, and had sailed, leaving them behind. They were alone upon the island—all alone! What *should* they do?

Nancy Sarkie flung herself down on the ground in a paroxysm of despair. The other Nancy stood upright and looked about her. A tear rolled down her face. She wiped it away with the back of her hand. For a time no sound was heard but the lapping of the water and the muffled sobs of Nancy Sarkie. At last, Nancy Spence glanced down at the wretched little crumpled heap beside her, and trying to make her voice sound brave, said:

"There's no use crying. Don't lie there, Nancy. You'll catch an awful cold. Let us run on and see

if the fire the boys lit has gone out. If it has n't, we can dry ourselves."

"Oh, mother, mother! We shall die—I know we shall die!" moaned Nancy Sarkie, who, for all her perversity and fierce speeches, was helpless as a baby the moment trouble came. Nancy Spence was of more courageous stuff.

"Oh, no," she said, "we sha' n't die. They'll find out as soon as they land that we're left behind, and send somebody for us. Come, Nancy—come with me and see about the fire."

Nancy Sarkie suffered herself to be coaxed from her crouching position at last, and they went on down the beach. The boys had pulled apart the brands the last thing before they sailed, but the fire smoldered still. Judiciously fanned and fed with dry twigs, it soon flamed up brightly. Searching for fuel, the girls lighted on other treasures—a hard egg, a piece of thick bread and butter, and a scrap of cake, to which still clung a fragment of rosy icing.

"That's the pink cake I did n't have any of," said Nancy Sarkie.

"Well, you shall have all of this; I don't want any," replied Nancy Spence, good-naturedly.

She felt sorry for the other Nancy, and did not find it hard to speak pleasantly now.

"What's that dark thing under the bush?" she cried. "Oh, Nancy, Nancy! is n't this good? Here's that old blanket that Miss Alicia had round the hamper. They've forgotten and left it behind. Now we shall hardly be cold a bit."

Their dresses were more than half dry by this time, which was fortunate, for the sun was setting and the evening growing chill. Side by side the two cuddled under the blanket close to the fire. It was not *very* warm, it must be confessed, for while the heat scorched their faces, their backs were always conscious of a creeping chill. Desert islands, I rather think, are not comfortable places except now and then in a story-book. The girls lay without speaking for a long time; then Nancy Spence heard a tiny sob close to her ear, which made her turn over in surprise.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" cried she, forgetting all cause of quarrel, and speaking as kindly as if Nancy Sarkie had been any other girl.

"Oh, it's so miserable! I keep thinking about wolves and robbers, and wishing my mother were here."

The wretched, tearful face rolled over on to Nancy's shoulder. Nancy put her arms out to the sobbing child, and the other Nancy clung tight.

"Don't cry—don't," said Nancy Spence, soothingly. "There are n't any wolves or robbers on Helm Island, I'm sure; and we'll see our mothers again to-morrow. Don't cry."

"How kind you are!" said the little Nancy, wondering. "I did n't know you ever could be so good. I used to be real hateful to you, Nancy. But I'm sorry now."

"I was hateful, too, and I'm sorry."

"I'll not be so any more," murmured Nancy Sarkie. "I like you now, ever so much. But you'll never like me, because I acted so."

"O yes, I will. I like you a great deal better already. I like you very much indeed."

The two Nancys kissed one another.

"I'm getting sleepy," whispered Nancy Sarkie.

Meanwhile, on the dock at Lanark, six miles away, a heart-rending scene was taking place. No sooner had Miss Alicia landed and marshalled her flock than she discovered that two were missing. Mrs. Sarkie and Mrs. Spence were in great distress, but scarcely greater than poor Miss Alicia, who tearfully protested that she could n't think how it happened, such a thing never did before. Farmer Spence and Farmer Sarkie hurried to and fro, questioning, consulting, discussing; the smaller children cried, and all the town was in a ferment.

It was finally decided that a sail-boat should at once set out for Helm Island.

"I shall go, of course," said Mr. Sarkie.

"And I shall go," asserted Mr. Spence.

He spoke like one who expects contradiction; but no one disputed him, and the boat pushed out, the two fathers seated side by side in the stern. The wind was a fair one and blew them swiftly along.

"What could keep the lasses from starting with the rest?" said Mr. Sarkie.

He was too anxious to observe the fact that he had included his enemy's daughter with his own under the general term of "the lasses."

"God send we find 'em safe," groaned Farmer Spence.

The sail seemed a long one to the anxious men, but was in fact short, for they reached Helm Island in less than two hours. No sooner had the keel of the boat grazed the sand than the two fathers sprang out and hurried up the beach.

"We'll search this side before we try the other," said Farmer Spence. "The cliffs are all over that way. There are none here."

"What's that?" cried Farmer Sarkie.

It was the glimmer of the fire which had caught his eye. They hurried forward. There, close to the flickering embers, was a dark heap, which rustled and stirred. Farmer Spence stooped and lifted a corner of the blanket. There lay the two children, clasped tight in each other's arms, and fast asleep.

"Merciful Lord! Here they are!" he said, huskily.

The sound roused the Nancys. They moved—started—sat up.

"Oh, oh! what is it? Who are you? Father! It's my father, Nancy!"

"And mine, too!" And the Nancys, lifted each into the arms of her own special parent, kissed and clung and cried.

"Oh, it's been dreadful," sobbed Nancy Sarkie, "but Nancy Spence was so brave—a great deal braver than me, father. She wrapped me up and dried my clothes, and was so kind."

"We're going to be friends now, father," broke in Nancy Spence. "I never knew what a nice girl Nancy Sarkie was before. We may be friends, may n't we? You don't mind, do you, father?" And she and Nancy Sarkie took hold of each other's hands.

The two farmers regarded each other by the light of the moon. Farmer Sarkie cleared his throat once or twice. Then:

"Neighbor," he said, "we've been at logger-heads now these twelve years or more. I won't say who was right in the matter, or who was wrong, but only this: If you're so minded, we'll strike hands here and end the matter. These girls of ours set us an example."

"You're in the right of it, neighbor," replied Farmer Spence. "There's my hand, and it sha'n't be my fault if we fall out again."

The Nancys hugged each other.

So ended the famous Spence and Sarkie quarrel, and, in spite of fright and wetting, four light hearts sailed back across the dark sea that night to Lanark village.

HOW TO MAKE AND STOCK AN AQUARIUM.

BY ADELAIDE F. SAMUELS.



ALMOST all of you—I am addressing the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS—know what an aquarium is, and many of you have, no doubt, wished to own one; but the tanks made of French plate-glass and iron, for sale in the shops, are so expensive, that few can afford to buy them; for those who cannot, I will tell how we—that is my nephew Frank and myself—made ours for less than two dollars; and it answers every purpose.

Of course you must wait until spring before you can stock an aquarium, but it should be made in the winter; and it is also well to learn now what to do when spring comes.

First, we took a piece of planed pine board, two feet two inches long, and one foot two inches wide, for the bottom of the tank; this was just about an inch thick. Then four pieces of hard wood or pine, one foot in length each, and about an inch square. These corner posts now had to be grooved so as to admit the glass at right angles. The posts were then fitted into a shallow place at the angles formed by a groove which we had made in the

bottom board, and a screw driven into each through from the under side. The frame was now ready for the glass, the posts being set so as to leave about an inch of the bottom board projecting all around.

We then bought our glass, the side pieces measuring two feet long and a foot wide, the end pieces a foot square. We had the grooves in the corner sticks wide enough for the glass to slip in easily; it might have broken while we were trying to get it in, had we not taken that precaution. Then we nailed a slat of wood, an inch wide, all around the board on the outside of the glass. For the top, we made four grooved sticks to bind the glass, and secured them to the corner pieces; but as the corner pieces and glass sides were of the same height, we were careful to have the grooved part of the top pieces deeper than where they were secured at the corners.

Carpenters use a kind of cement that they call "rubber cement." For a few cents, we bought enough to cover the bottom and the corners of our tank neatly. Then all around the bottom, on the wood outside the glass, we arranged shells in putty; then, having painted black the wood-work yet visible, our tank was done. We knew better than to use white-lead in the putty, or paint of any kind on the inside.

By the time we had finished the tank, it was too late to think of stocking it; so we put it away till spring should come; then we were delighted to find that the cement had dried as hard as marble, though had we examined it months before we should have found it just as hard. This cement requires only a short time for drying.

We washed the tank out nicely, and made a place for it on a window-seat, where we could open the window back of it, to keep the water cool; for the cooler the water in an aquarium is kept, the better. In hot weather, it is sometimes necessary to place ice around the tank, or put a few pieces in the water.

STOCKING AN AQUARIUM.

Stocking an aquarium is a great deal pleasanter than making the tank. Having procured a long-handled net, a tin pail, a long, stout fishing-line, with several large hooks firmly secured at one end, and something that will hold water enough to fill your tank, you set out for specimens. Ours is a salt-water aquarium; and as I am drawing only from our personal experience, I will say nothing of any other kind.

First seek some place where you know the water is very deep, or deep enough for a large vessel to sail in; then take out your line, and throw it overboard; let the hooks go as far down as they will; never mind baiting them; what you want to catch will come up without it.

Your hooks have caught in something: a hard pull, and up comes a sponge. Sponges soon die in aquariums, and are injurious to the water; so, although your prize is handsome and curious, you will throw it overboard.

What have you caught this time? Nothing but a bunch of mussels, all matted together; yes, and half an old clam-shell attached to them; on the shell is something as large as a hen's egg, that looks like a piece of shrunken leather, only it is soft, like jelly. It does not look like a flower now, but it is one. Wait till you see it in your aquarium, after it has had a little time to recover from its alarm! It is an *animated* flower, called the sea-anemone. You will take great pleasure in feeding it, as it will eat meat as fast as you will, in comparison to its size. Put it, just as it is, into your pail, then throw out your line again; for you must have some more of them, of different colors.

Up come two on one shell! That is capital! Now you have a dark-red one, a yellow one, and a delicate pink-and-white one. Those will be all the anemones you will want.

There is something attached to the little stone that came up with the last anemone. It looks like a diminutive bush, with very delicate creamy pink

branches, and on the end of each is a dark pink, jelly-like knob,—that is another live animal; and as it is a small one of its kind, you can put it, stone and all, into the pail. Never mind if you have knocked off two or three of its heads; they will grow again.

Now we will go to yonder creek, and see what we can get with our net. Scoop it along the bank, and let some mud come, too. Now, what is in it? Some shrimp, and some little fishes. You will want a dozen shrimp, at least; and of the fishes—small minnows, and sticklebacks—choose three or four of each. Now, from the salt grass at your feet, pick a dozen or more snails: they are not very handsome, or interesting, but are indispensable in an aquarium, as they keep the glass clean, and eat all the decaying vegetable matter.

Now a few plants, to supply oxygen to the water, will be all that is necessary. Choose two or three stones as large as hens' eggs, with a generous crop of *green* sea-weed upon them. The brown and red sea-weeds usually do more harm than good; but that little stone of brown rock-weed you can take, as I see a pink bunch upon it, which I will tell you all about, when you get it in your aquarium.

There is a small stone full of barnacles; take that, too; for the barnacles are very interesting—to the sticklebacks. Now you can start for home with your collection.

Your tank is all ready, in the north window of the sitting-room, where the sun never comes. Arrange your plants in it carefully, without detaching them from the stones they are on; then place the anemones in front, where they will have room to expand, and where they can be seen easily; then put in the fishes, shrimps, snails, etc., and fill up the tank with the clear, pure salt water you brought.

Now look at the animated bush, attached to the stone! Every one of the jelly-like knobs, at the extremity of every branchlet, has expanded, and you have no less than twenty beautiful flowers, resembling the cyclamen, with pearly white petals, and centers deeper-colored than peach-blossoms; only the petals in this case are called *tentacles*, and are thrown out to catch whatever comes in their way in the shape of food.

The little pink bunch attached to the sea-weed has opened, also, and you see what resembles a dozen, or more, star-like flowers, on stems a quarter of an inch long: every one of them is a separate animal, as that foolish shrimp just proved to you; for, as he was swimming lazily by, he allowed his fan-like tail to come within their reach, and these zoophytes immediately closed around it; but the shrimp was fortunate enough to get away.

Wait a minute, till I tell you what that big word means! Zoophytes means "animal plants" (from two Greek words: *zoon*, an animal, and *phuton*, a plant), and is applied to sponges, corals, sea-anemones, and all those numerous beings that were at first supposed to hold a middle position between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, but whose natures have since been ascertained to be strictly animal.

Now look at your anemones! The yellow one has spread out like a great sun-flower, on a stem as large around as a tea-cup, and three inches long. That stem is its body. The flat bottom of the stem has to answer for feet, and it will soon walk out of the shell it is on, if it becomes dissatisfied with its new dwelling-place. One of ours became discontented, and was two days walking over the glass. At last he attached himself to the cemented bottom of the tank, where he now appears to be perfectly contented. They move by suction, after the manner of snails.

Every one of their numerous tentacles has power to sting and paralyze whatever small prey comes within its reach, so they are able to catch and devour fish nearly as large as themselves. The little fishes in our aquarium seem to know all about them, and it is seldom one will approach them; but yesterday, as I was trying to remove with a small stick a piece of meat that I had dropped on an anemone, a minim, that had been watching me, offered to assist me, and approached the anemone near enough to touch one of its tentacles; then away it darted, shaking its head.

I had the curiosity to insert my finger in among the tentacles, and immediately experienced a sensation in it like a slight galvanic shock, and from my finger to my wrist was quite numb for several hours afterward.

You did not know how barnacles worked before, did you? Each one of them is now throwing out a full dozen of delicately constructed feelers, that look like diminutive ostrich plumes; on these they catch their food, which is too small to be seen by the naked eye. It is amusing to watch them as they work. One would imagine they had clocks inside their shells to time themselves by, so regular are their movements.

Here is a stickleback admiring them, too. It is poised motionless in the water above them, with the three sharp horns upon its back sticking up threateningly; now he darts down, and, taking all of one barnacle's feelers in his mouth, he bites them off, shaking his head savagely because they do not come easily.

What is the shrimp about to do that is climbing up the stone, running the risk of getting his delicate feet caught in the barnacle-shells as they

close? He pauses before the barnacle the stickleback has just left, and, thrusting his two-fingered hand into the partly opened shell, pulls off a piece of the poor body, and conveys it to his mouth, watching you all the while with his great goggle eyes, and looking for all the world like "Jacky Horner," who "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum." You may be sure he will not leave that shell till it is as clean inside as it is out.

A pair of our sticklebacks have just built a nest of sea-weed in one corner of our aquarium, and are guarding it all the time. Woe to the minnow who should be so unfortunate as to approach it! We are watching every day for the little fish to make their appearance. Papa Stickleback attends to the nest now, but soon the old mother-fish will have all she can do to keep her children at home and out of danger; for, as there are two doors to her nest, they will dart out of one door nearly as fast as she can put them in at the other. Her way of carrying them cannot be agreeable to the little ones, for she takes them in her mouth, and often swallows them; but when she re-deposits them in the nest, they are well, and lively.

You will want to feed your anemones every day, with small pieces of dried meat. You will be astonished to see how many different shapes they will take; for, besides looking like different flowers, they will at times contract their bodies and resemble vases full of flowers; then they will droop their tentacles, and resemble the weeping willow-tree; then they will turn all their tentacles inside their bodies, and look like long thimbles; and when you touch them with a stick, down they will drop as flat as fried eggs.

Your greatest trouble will be to keep the water pure, unless you should be so fortunate as to just balance the vegetable and animal life; in that case, everything will thrive.

It is better to have a few good healthy animals than many; and if one dies, it should be removed at once.

The green dulce, or sea-cabbage, is the best for the vegetable element of the aquarium; and it should be washed before being placed within. A good way to send air into the tank is to dip up the water carefully, and let it fall in such a manner as to make bubbles.

Those who live near the salt water can easily renew the water in their aquariums, if it becomes impure; but those who live at a distance from the coast can restore the water to its original purity by filtering it through a sponge. The trouble will be nothing in comparison to the joy you will experience on beholding the gratitude, expressed by the animated beings in your aquarium.

As there has been so much done lately in the

business of making aquariums, it is quite possible to purchase cheap iron ones; and better still, we often see second-hand ones of all sizes for sale very cheap. In the city, the bird-dealers and "Old Curiosity" men have them, and in nearly all large towns there are naturalists and taxidermists who either have them, or will kindly give all information about them. So if our home-made aquarium is not just what our readers care to have, they can with very little cost secure a better. We have seen aquaria made very strongly and durably of stone and iron. A flat piece of slate or freestone, or marble, is easily grooved, and then a blacksmith can easily make iron standards or

corner posts with grooves; these can be fitted into holes at the corners, and secured firmly by screws from beneath. We think that it is better to have the tank of stone or iron, if practicable, as the wood almost always swells to such an extent that it soon becomes troublesome.

A very pleasant aquarium, and a very handsome one, is soon made by taking one of the large cake-bells of the confectioner, and setting it on a wooden stand to support it. You can easily do it by boring a hole in a stout piece of pine to admit the handle. You have then a beautiful tank, and one that will not leak. This is also very easily cleaned, which is an important point.

THE LITTLE MERMAID.

BY CARRIE W. THOMPSON.



NICE little mermaid lived under the sea,
And always a-combing her hair was she.

She did it high up, and she did it low down,
She twisted it in with a sea-shell crown;

She braided and curled it for hours and hours,
And spangled it over with coral flowers.

But once she grew tired of combing her hair,
And fell to wondering what was where.

She climbed on a rock to talk with the gales,
And made great eyes at the sharks and whales.

Some white-winged gulls flew over her head;
"Now where can those things live?" she said.

She wondered and wondered, but could n't guess where,
For she thought the whole world was water and air.

"And so many great ships sail over the sea;
Where they are going is what puzzles me!

"They will get to the edge of the sea some day,
And tumble off in a terrible way.

"There'll be nowhere to catch them, I'm afraid—
So they'll tumble forever!" said the little mermaid.

WHO BEGAN IT?

BY OLIVE THORNE.



HERE'S one thing we know positively, that St. Valentine did n't begin this fourteenth of February excitement; but who *did* is a question not so easy to answer. I don't think any one would have begun it if he could have known what the simple customs of his day would have grown into, or could even have imagined the frightful valentines that disgrace our shops to-day.

It began, for us, with our English ancestors, who used to assemble on the eve of St. Valentine's day, put the names of all the young maidens promiscuously in a box, and let each bachelor draw one out. The damsel whose name fell to his lot became his valentine for the year. He wore her name in his bosom, or on his sleeve, and it was his duty to attend her and protect her. As late as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries this custom was very popular, even among the upper classes.

But the wiseacres have traced the custom farther back. Some of them think it was begun by the ancient Romans, who had on the fourteenth or fifteenth of February a festival in honor of Luperus, "the destroyer of wolves"—a wolf-destroyer being quite worthy of honor in those wild days, let me tell you. At this festival it was the custom, among other curious things, to pair off the young men and maidens in the same chance way, and with the same result of a year's attentions.

Even this is not wholly satisfactory. Who began it among the Romans? becomes the next interesting question. One old writer says it was brought to Rome from Arcadia sixty years before the Trojan war (which Homer wrote about, you know). I'm sure that's far enough back to satisfy anybody. The same writer also says that the Pope tried to abolish it in the fifth century, but he succeeded

only in sending it down to us in the name of St. Valentine instead of Luperus.

Our own ancestry in England and Scotland have observed some very funny customs within the last three centuries. At one time valentines were fashionable among the nobility, and, while still selected by lot, it became the duty of a gentleman to give to the lady who fell to his lot a handsome present. Pieces of jewelry costing thousands of dollars were not unusual, though smaller things, as gloves, were more common.

A gossip old gentleman named Pepys, whose private diary has come to afford great interest and amusement to our times, tells how he sent his wife silk stockings and garters for her valentine. And one year, he says, his own wife chanced to be his valentine, and grumbles that it will cost him five pounds.

There was a tradition among the country people that every bird chose its mate on Valentine's day; and at one time it was the custom for young folks to go out before daylight on that morning and try to catch an owl and two sparrows in a net. If they succeeded, it was a good omen, and entitled them to gifts from the villagers. Another fashion among them was to write the valentine, tie it to an apple or orange, and steal up to the house of the chosen one in the evening, open the door quietly, and throw it in.

The drollest valentine I ever heard of belongs to those old times in England, and consisted of the rib of a small animal wrapped in white satin ribbon, which was tied in true lover's knots in several places. This elegant and suggestive gift was sent to a bachelor, and accompanied with verses:

"Go contemplate this lovely sign!
Haste thee away to Reason's shrine,
And listen to her voice;
No more illusive shades pursue,
To happiness this gives the clue,
Make but a prudent choice."

So far, it is uncertain whether or not the lines refer to the pleasures of eating, suggested (to modern minds) by a rib. But they go on to explain:

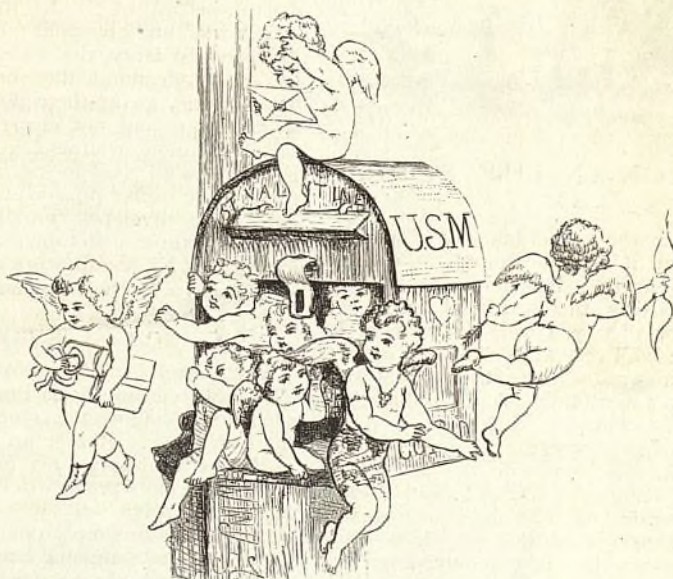
"Till Adam had a partner given,
Much as fair Eden bloomed like heaven,
His bliss was incomplete;
No social friend these joys to share,
Gave the gay scene a vacant air;
She came—'t was all replete!"

which leaves nothing to be desired, I'm sure.

Those were the days of charms, and of course the rural maidens had a sure and infallible charm foretelling the future husband. On the eve of St. Valentine's day, the anxious damsel prepared for sleep by pinning to her pillow five bay leaves, one at each corner and one in the middle (which must have been delightful to sleep on, by the way). If she dreamed of her sweetheart, she was sure to marry him before the end of the year.

But to make it a "dead sure" thing, the candidate for matrimony must boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, and fill its place with salt. Just before going to bed, she must eat egg, salt, shell and all, and neither speak nor drink after it. If that

To be sure, a dreamy artist may have designed it, but a lithographer, with inky fingers, printed the picture part of it; a die-cutter, with sleeves rolled up, made a pattern in steel of the lace-work on the edge; and a dingy-looking pressman, with a paper hat on, stamped the pattern around the picture. Another hard-handed workman rubbed the back of the stamped lace with sand-paper till it came in holes and looked like lace, and not merely like stamped paper; and a row of girls at a common long table—talking about their own narrow lives, the hard times, and so forth—put on the colors with stencils, gummed on the hearts and darts and cupids and flowers and mirrors and doors



ST. VALENTINE'S LETTER-CARRIERS.

would n't insure her a vivid dream, there surely could be no virtue in charms.

Modern valentines, aside from the valuable presents often contained in them, are very pretty things, and they are growing prettier every year, since large business houses spare neither skill nor money in getting them up. The most interesting thing about them, to "grown-ups," is the way they are made; and perhaps even you youngsters, who watch eagerly for the postman, "sinking beneath the load of delicate embarrassments not his own," would like to know how satin and lace and flowers and other dainty things grew into a valentine.

It was no fairy's handiwork. It went through the hands of grimy-looking workmen and dowdy-looking girls; it made familiar acquaintance with sand-paper and glue-pots, and steel stamps and inky presses, and paint-brushes and all sorts of unpleasant things, before it reached your hands.

and curtains, and stuck in the sachet-powder and tied up the bows, and sewed on the fringes, and tucked in the handkerchief or other gift, and otherwise finished the thing exactly like the pattern before them.

You see, the sentiment about a valentine does n't begin yet. To all these workmen it is merely their daily work, and to them means only bread-and-butter and a home. It is not until Tom, Dick, or Harry takes it from the stationer, and writes your name on it, that it acquires, in some mysterious way, the sentiment that makes it such a nice thing to get.

The hideous abomination called a "comic valentine," which is merely a cruel or a low-minded insult to the receiver, is beneath the notice of any gentleman, whether he's five or fifty years old, and I'm sure no ST. NICHOLAS boy cares to know just how it is made.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE ice-pond by the School-house is in splendid skating order, and it's all a-bloom with boys and girls. Such fun as they have! Such shouting, laughing and darting this way and that, like birds or tulips, or what you will, blown about by the breeze. This is all very well. The deacon says it makes him young again to see it. For that matter, he is often in among them, skates and all—the swiftest among the swift.

"It's glorious sport," says the deacon sometimes when he's on the way home with the youngsters, skates in hand,—“glorious sport! But there's one thing I never do, and I advise you against it too—that is, to kneel upon the ice. It seems a natural thing to do, just for a minute, when you wish to tighten your straps; but don't you try it. It's dangerous. It may lame you for life, and it is pretty sure to give you cold or injure you in one way or another.”

He says more, but they walk by so fast that Jack cannot catch the rest.

A CHANCE FOR THE CHICKS.

TWELVE PRIZES!

Southport, Conn.
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: We all laughed over the story which your pretty schoolma'am spelled so funnily in October St. NICHOLAS, and I now send you another, which I have written in the same style. May be you will show it to your boys and girls. Every word in it is *correctly spelled*, only, like the little schoolma'am, I have in most instances given the wrong word.—Yours, with respect, M. E. A.

A SHORT TAIL.

Won dey last weak, eye set fourth to Rome oar the planes and threw the veils. The Skye was fare and blew, and the lo son through his pail raise ore the seen. Dear, yews, and hairs were gambling on won sighed, while on my write rows long strait rose of maze, ate feat hie or sew, and as fresh as reins and dues could make them.

“Owe,” said eye, razing one of the suite colonels to my knows, “surely this plant has know pier among the serials! Sea the rich hew of its waiving hief—its flour like a lock of silken hare—its golden cede, in rose of colonels, which, maid into flower and then into doe or bred, charm hour pallets. It feeds knot man alone, but the foul of the heir and fish of the seize.”

I might have continued in this stile an our, but I saw the son had

set and the knight was coming fast, and it began to reign. My weigh lay threw a loan would of furs, ewes, and beaches. The clouds rows hire, the lightening shown, and the thunder peeled allowed, till my hole sole was feint with fear. Eye flue on my coarse, though my feat hardly could bare my wait, till my tow was caught buy a decade limn, and I was throne down, striking my heal on a roc, which was the caws of a grate pane. I had no cents left. I herd something in my head like the wringing of a Nell, or like the thrill of the heir after a belle is told. It took sum thyme two clime back too the rode, butt then the reign was dun, and the stars shown fourth. I gnu the weigh, and soon reached home. My ant was at the gait, weighting, and she hide too meat me. She led me inn, took off my wet raps, gave me hot tease, and eh supper of fried souls, with knew wry bred, so suite that it kneaded know preys. I soon retired to my palate, glad two lye down in piece and wrest.

Good news, my chicks! This time the little schoolma'am wishes me to say that she offers twelve prizes for the best twelve “corrected stories” sent in by girls and boys of thirteen years of age and under, before March 12th. Address “Little Schoolma'am, in care of St. NICHOLAS, 743 Broadway, New York,” and give your full name and your age. By corrected story, the little schoolma'am means, you will understand, this short “tail,” all written out properly, giving the right words in place of the wrong ones, and not changing the sound. She says “accuracy, neatness, good penmanship, and promptness all shall be taken into account.” To each of the twelve prize-winners shall be sent two very large envelopes containing twelve beautiful colored pictures, with twelve stories by Aunt Fanny, author of “Night-cap Stories.”

Hurrah! There's fun for you, my youngsters!

FLOWERS IN NEW COLORS.

WELL, well! What will your Jack hear next? The birds tell him that a Professor Gobba has succeeded in changing the colors of cut flowers to suit his own fancy. Rather an unnecessary piece of work, one would say, since flowers generally choose their own colors pretty wisely. Still you may like to hear about it:

The Professor simply pours a small quantity of common aqua ammonia into a dish. Over this he places a funnel (big end down), in the tube of which are inserted the flowers he wishes to change.

What happens then?

Ah, my chicks, that's just what your Jack wishes to know! Wonderful changes take place, I am told. The first time you have a flower to spare, just buy ten cents' worth of aqua ammonia at the nearest druggist's, try Professor Gobba's experiment, and report to Jack.

WHICH IS IT?



SOMEBODY has sent me this bright little picture. What is it, my dears? Is it a fox or a wolf? and what is the difference between foxes and wolves—in their looks, their habits and dispositions?

Would n't it be fine if one of you were to answer these questions well enough not only to satisfy your Jack, but to make something worth going into the deacon's “Young Contributors' Department?”

AN ANCIENT PRESENT.

A VERY learned man came once to one of the dear little schoolma'am's picnics, and what do you think he said in the course of conversation?

I give his remark entire.

"We all know," said he, raising his eyebrows, "that rivers in time will carry land from one place and deposit it in another. Perhaps the best illustration of this fact is lower Egypt, which Herodotus said the Egyptian priests considered to be a *present* from the river Nile."

The little schoolmistress was busily dealing out sandwiches at the time, but she nodded her head. So I suppose the learned man was right.

CALABASH-TREE.

ONE of my birds has just been telling me about a tree that, he said, "grew dishes."

In his native islands—of the West Indies—he has seen a tree, in height and size resembling an apple-tree, called a calabash-tree. It has wedge-shaped leaves, large whitish, fleshy blossoms, that grow—where do you think?—not like those of most other fruits, on the smaller and outermost branches, but on the trunk and big branches. The fruit that succeeds the flower is much like a common gourd, only a good deal stronger, and it often measures twelve inches in diameter. The hard shell of this fruit is cut into various shapes by the natives, and is sometimes handsomely carved. It is made into drinking-cups, dishes, pails, and even pots. Yes, they say that these calabashes actually can be used over the fire for boiling water, just as you would use a pot. But the calabash pot gives out after a few such trials, and is unfit for further service.

A FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR CAT.

"YES, sirs,—a five-hundred-dollar cat," said Deacon Green yesterday to three little chaps who were walking with him. "Lately, at the Sydenham Palace, near London, was held a Cat Show, where over four hundred were exhibited. The prize cat won a premium of £5—twenty-five dollars. He's a splendid fellow, named 'Tommy Dodd'—nine years old, and considered worth £100, or five hundred dollars. The heaviest specimen in the show weighed a few ounces over eighteen pounds. There's a cat for you, young gentlemen!"

ILLUSTRATING PROVERBS.

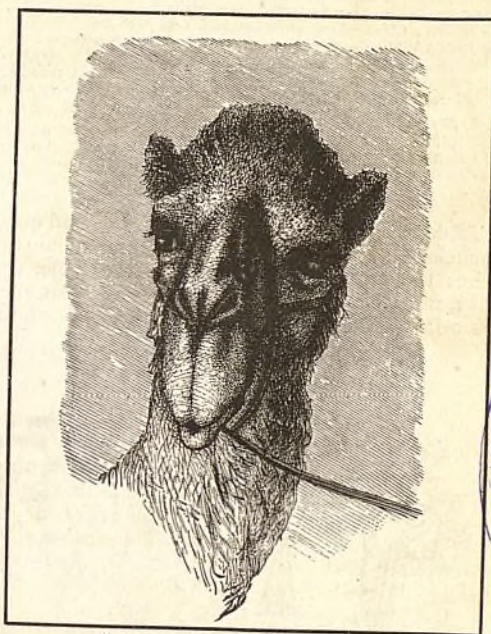
ONE day, the little schoolma'am asked the children to select a proverb among themselves for illustration. They did n't quite understand this, but, nevertheless, they settled upon one and handed it in:

"HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES."

"Good!" said she. "Now I should like to have you each bring on Friday a composition or a quotation, or an object of some kind, or whatever you please, illustrating this proverb."

Well, they did so. Some, I am told, brought little stories; others brought compositions; one little girl brought a warm but faded shawl; and one homely, clever little chap audaciously brought his own photograph! One and all came off with

honors, but the crowning illustration of all was Tom McClintock's; he simply brought a picture of a camel's head, looking as if it had just been saying "prunes" and "prism," and knew quite well of its own excellent qualities. Not a word did Tom McClintock write, beyond the proverb. He knew his camel could speak for itself.



"HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES."

"AS MUCH ALIKE AS ANTS IN A HILL."

I DON'T know what the lady was talking about. I merely heard the above remark as she was passing through my wood. Ha! ha! thought I to myself, why, there is as much difference between ants as between people! I'll tell you how I know it: The little schoolma'am has a turn for experiments, and I've seen her make one or two on this very point. One day she picked up several ants from one ant-hill and carried them to another ant-hill, where there appeared to be thousands of inhabitants all looking just like the new-comers. But it seems the ants could see the difference, for the unfortunate strangers were recognized as intruders, and were instantly set upon and killed.

Another time the little lady took some ants from a large hill, and shut them up in a bottle with some very ill-smelling stuff called asafetida. The next day she returned, bringing the bottle with the imprisoned ants. Of course the poor things smelled very strongly of the asafetida, and their nearest relations could hardly be blamed for refusing to know them. So I felt quite frightened for their sakes when the schoolma'am returned them to their home. But no. Though they were at first threatened by their fellows, they were soon recognized and allowed to pass. "Blood" was stronger than asafetida.



MOTHER GOOSE PANTOMIME.—THE RATS AND THE MICE.

By G. B. BARTLETT.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

The Bachelor. Swallow-tailed coat, checked pantaloons, red vest, high collar, red cravat, ruffled shirt, white hat.

The Widow. Chintz skirt, white kerchief, very high cap.

The Bride. White dress, very scant, with leg-of-mutton sleeves; old-fashioned white bonnet, gayly trimmed; parasol.

The Four Sisters. Very gay chintz dresses, of quaint style, with high pointed hats. One sister should be very tall and one very short.

Properties: Wheelbarrow, three handboxes, bundle, bird-cage, chair, table, five rats and three mice (made of dark gray flannel, with long tails, with beads for eyes), two loaves of bread, a piece of cheese, umbrella, eye-glass, and handkerchiefs.

SCENE I.

Table, with bread and cheese, and rats and mice. Bachelor enters, and strikes an attitude of horror. Seizes the umbrella, creeps up to the table, and hits a rat, which he holds up by the tail. He then lifts a loaf and discovers a mouse; throws down the

fault. But when the bride is brought in, he seems enraptured and approaches her shyly, and, taking her hand, kneels before her, and both at last kneel before the widow. The same verse is sung as in Scene I., and the same tune is played slowly.

SCENE III.

All the sisters stand in a row, with the mother at the end: The bachelor enters, wheeling the barrow, which he places in the middle of the room. The bride enters. They shake hands. He points to the barrow. She embraces each one of the sisters, and, last of all, the widow, who, with a great show of feeling, escorts her to the barrow and places her in it, after putting on her bonnet. Each sister runs out and returns with handbox, bundle, or



bread, and with great haste sets off for London. During this scene these words are sung by a concealed singer, to the tune of "Zip Coon":

"When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I kept upon the shelf.
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I had to go to London to get me a wife."

SCENE II.

The bachelor enters and knocks on the floor with his umbrella. The widow enters, and they bow very low to each other. He places his hand on his heart, and then points to the door. She smiles and bows and goes out and leads in the shortest sister, who looks very sentimental, with her finger up to her mouth. He walks around her several times, looking through his eye-glass, and motions that she is too short; and the sister goes out very angry, followed by the widow, who leads in the tall one, who appears very haughty and scornful. He also walks around her, takes a chair and tries to reach to the top of her hat, and dismisses her as being too tall. The widow introduces the two others in turn, with each of whom the bachelor finds some

bird-cage, all of which are piled upon her, and the parasol is placed in her hand, and she is wheeled around the room and out by the bachelor, who stops often to rest, and finds his load very heavy. Meanwhile these lines are sung to the music:

"The streets were so wide and the lanes were so narrow,
I had to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow."

SCENE IV.

The bride sits upon the ground, leaning upon the barrow, which has broken down. The boxes and bundles are scattered over the floor. The bachelor bends over her in an attitude of comic despair, with a red handkerchief up to his eyes. The sisters and mother enter in the order of their heights; each draws out in turn a handkerchief of graduated size, the first being very small and the last very large, and all cry together in concert. These lines are sung:

"The wheelbarrow broke, my wife had a fall,
Down came wheelbarrow, wife and all."

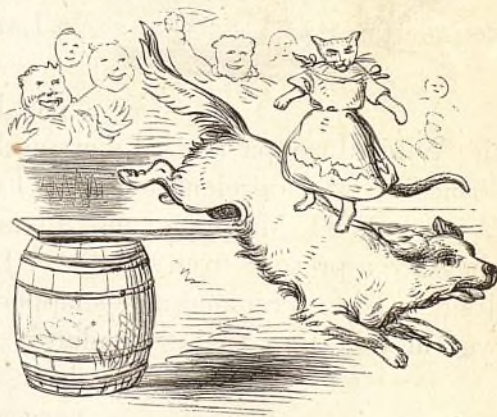
In the third and fourth scenes it is necessary to repeat the two lines to complete the tune, and the melody is continued upon the piano.

VICTOR'S WONDERFUL ANIMALS, AND WHAT THEY ALMOST DID.

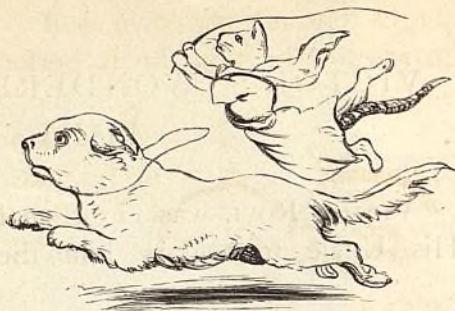
VICTOR ROYL was eight years old. He had a little dog and a kitten. His Uncle John gave him the dog, and his Aunt Jane gave him the kitten. Now Uncle John and Aunt Jane called them "sweet little things," but Victor knew more than that. He saw at once that they were very bright and very brave. He had been to a circus show, and he knew what wonderful things animals could do. He made up his mind that his dog and cat should soon astonish the world. The first thing he did was to give them both fine names. He named his dog

the Wild Mazeppa, after a famous horse; and he called his cat Mademoiselle Planchette, after a pretty lady in spangled skirts at the circus who stood on the Wild Mazeppa's back, and waved a flag while Mazeppa galloped round the ring.

Then Victor sat down to make his plans: Mazeppa should first learn to gallop and leap over bars. Mademoiselle Planchette should learn to ride, to stand up on Mazeppa and wave flags, to jump through rings, to stand on one foot on Mazeppa's back while he was going at full speed; to spin, to hop, to dance—in fact, to almost fly in the air after Mazeppa as he tore round the ring. Wonderful Mademoiselle Planchette! She and Mazeppa should give a grand performance in aid of the Sunday-school. Victor decided to charge five cents a ticket. Three thousand and twenty-seven people would come, and that, as Victor said, would make a hundred thousand million



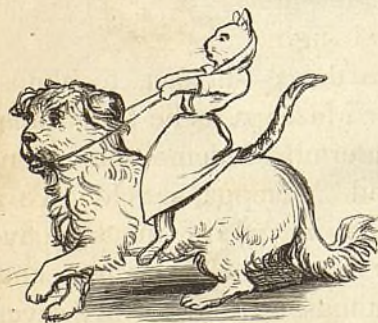
dollars. Then if the Sunday-school teacher would give him back some of the money, he would buy another dog and a cat. Oh! what times he could have then! He would name the new dog Professor Macfoozelem, and the new cat the Fairy Queen of the Wire, and all four of his animals could then perform. It would take a long while, perhaps, for him to teach them to act as wonderfully as Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette, but he knew he could do it in time. Then, when everything



was ready, he would give another grand exhibition, that should raise twenty hundred thousand dollars, to buy shoes for every poor little boy and girl in the world. He thought, but he was not quite sure, that he would make a speech to the spectators on the occasion. If so, this is what he thought he would say:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I appear before you with my four celebrated dogs and cats. Their names is the Wild Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette, and Professor Macfoozelem and the Fairy Queen of the Wire. Wild Mazeppa and Planchette came first; they are a present from my Aunt Jane and my Uncle John. They scratched and snapped a little when they was first getting to be wonderful, but now they don't



do it at all. They are very glad to earn some money for the Sunday-school, and Mademoiselle aint afraid of tumbling off any more, and Wild Mazeppa knows she wont scratch his eyes. They play they was tearing through a forest with sol-



diers, and mighty giants coming after them. The others are newer. I

taught 'em all my own self. Professor Macfoozelem is splendid. He growls all the time he is performing. The Fairy Queen of the Wire is the wonderfulest cat that ever lived except Planchette. When I get big I am going to take my show all over the world—to Asia and Brooklyn and Albany and Atlantic Ocean and to Scotland and Egypt and other cities.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will sit still and wait a minute, you can see the show.



This speech Victor said so often to himself, with Aunt Jane sitting by, that he knew it quite by heart. He was sure all the people would clap, and then the grand performance should begin:

First, Professor Macfoozelem would stand on his fore paws and hold a lady on each foot—that is, Mademoiselle Planchette and the Fairy Queen of the Wire. Then the next thing should be this: The music should play “tumpy-tee, tumpy-te-tee,” and in should rush the Professor, galloping like a horse, with Mademoiselle Planchette and the Fairy Queen of the Wire standing on his ears or doing anything they chose. Then they'd all rush out; the music would strike up again “tumpy-tee, hump-it-y, tumpy-tee-tee;” and then Professor Macfoozelem would walk in on his hands, with his feet high up in the air. On top of his feet would



be Mazeppa, with *his* feet up in the air, and high on Mazeppa's feet would stand Mademoiselle Planchette and the Fairy Queen of the Wire, hand in hand, smiling sweetly. This would be so wonderful that all the people would jump up and cheer and wave their hats. Drums would beat, trumpets would sound, and—and ——— Well, the fact is, Victor could not say exactly what would happen next, because just then his Aunt Jane told

