

ST. NICHOLAS.

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RUBENS.

BY EMMA BURT.

LONG, long ago, toward the close of the sixteenth century, a boy sat all alone, in an alcove of a queer old studio in the beautiful Art-city of Antwerp.

The ill-tempered master had dismissed his pupils and had gone away. The boy still loitered, restless and distraught. What had troubled this tranquil young spirit? He said dreamily to himself:

"Perhaps, after all, I am mistaken. If I possessed power would this wonderfully able master misuse me every lesson? *Could* he fling the brushes and palette, and stools at my head? It may be I mistake, and that I *should* have adopted the profession of law, or even should have continued as the Countess de Lalaing's page. With her all was lovely and stately and magnificent; here all is ugly, uncouth, and unkind—except—

"Except, indeed! Nay, nay, Peter Paul Rubens, you *know* that nothing besides is so dear to you as beautiful, beloved art; and, right or wrong, we will push ahead and see what will come of it!"

Having finished this little speech to himself, the lad roused from his reverie and laid away the moist, unhappy sketch on which his master had been giving him instruction. He then found him a fresh canvas, and retreating to this lonely corner, placed it upon a chair and seated himself before it upon an old wooden box.

He sat for a time quite thoughtful. All the morning's trouble passed out of his mind. In its place flitted a glorious train of visions—thoughts of gods and goddesses, gnomes and satyrs, forests and beasts, splendid courts with princely men and women, lofty cathedrals, and innumerable saints. At last he thought of Mary, the mother of Christ. He lifted his downcast eyes and eagerly seized

a pencil, and sketched a strong outline of a woman's head. "Ah! that is a little like my thought," he said.

He then boldly mixed his colors and laid them on the canvas. Stroke upon stroke he painted, ardently, yet with care. He forgot he was wearied with the morning's task, forgot he had not dined, even forgot that he had been disturbed and doubting. Very happy was he in this close and anxious task of creating a picture out of a beautiful thought.

So absorbed he was that the door opened and he never heard, and the master entered and gazed silently over his shoulder, and he did not know it.

The master was a true painter by nature; but intemperance had dulled his powers, and made him irritable and brutal toward his pupils. Yet enough of the artist remained to cause him to now lift his hands in surprise and wonder at the bold and powerful sketch this boy had dared to execute in his absence; and he involuntarily cried out:

"The boy's ardor, and courage, and industry will make him great!"

Long ago both master and pupil passed away. The master is remembered only from his great pupil. The pupil is known, the world over, as one of its remarkable men and masters.

In the "Pilot-race" of the December ST. NICHOLAS, you will find Rubens sailing along beside Shakespeare. He was born in that same glorious age when there were giants among men. Men with minds so strong, unfettered and wide, that they took in all human nature, and mythology and fairydom besides. Those were royal times in the history of mind!

Rubens was born in the year 1577, just thirteen



THE BOY RUBENS AND HIS MASTER.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

years after the birth of Shakespeare, and he has been called "The Shakespeare of Art;" but this is hardly true, for there has never been a Shakespeare in art. Shakespeare was too universal. Rubens comes the nearest to him, doubtless.

Rubens' life was one long brilliant stream of prosperity and happiness. It was as if a host of fairies had conspired to see how much they could do for a mortal. Ruin was all about him; but he rose above it, superb in his greatness and success. It was a troublous time of cruel civil war in his own country, and disturbance abroad. His parents fled for safety from Antwerp to Cologne, and thence to the village of Siegen, just out of Cologne, where, on the 29th of June, Rubens was born. This was the festival day of St. Peter and St. Paul, so they named the boy Peter Paul Rubens. Shortly after his birth they returned to Cologne, and dwelt in the modest house on the Sternen Gasse, with its low-roofed rooms and its small garden of pot-herbs. On the front of this house there is an inscription, calling it the birthplace of Rubens, and the place where Marie de Medicis died. But Rubens was *not* born in this house; he spent his childhood there.

On his father's side his remote ancestor was a tanner by trade; but his father was a doctor of laws, a magistrate, a frequenter of courts, and a friend of kings. His mother was of noble lineage. The parents had great hopes for this fifth child, Peter Paul. They would make him a doctor of laws, and he should be even more distinguished than his father. They placed him at the College of the Jesuits in Cologne. Here he showed that eager relish and facility for learning that went with him through life. Soon there came a change. The father died; the country became more tranquil; the mother removed to Antwerp, for its better advantages for the education of her children. This was in his tenth year. At the age of thirteen, he had made such progress in Latin, and several modern languages, and in knowledge of common law, that his mother placed him as page to the Countess de Lalaing, thinking this might prove a stepping-stone to distinction in his profession. For in those days the patronage of the great was highly regarded.

His good sense, docility, and natural grace made conformity to the ceremony of this princely house an easy task for Rubens. But he soon wearied of this empty leisure and splendor. His spirit was too noble, and his mind too active, for him to wait in content upon the favors of the great. Besides, he had become inflamed with a love for the fine arts, and his secret wish was to be a painter.

So one day he laid all his discontent, his hopes, and his desires before his good mother. He told

her all his reasons, and begged her to permit him to choose his life.

His mother was a woman of high ability. Tenderly sagacious and vigilant was she over her children's interest. Now she was disappointed in her child's wishes. She felt that the life of an artist was unworthy of his birth, station, and superior education.

But she listened to his plea, and consented to his wish. With characteristic promptness, she took him from the palace of the Countess, and placed him for instruction with one Van Haegt, a painter, and a friend of the family. This man had little ability; so Rubens was soon after placed in charge of Adam Van Oort, an historical painter of some note in that day. With this intemperate and violent man, Rubens spent four years in close, if not happy, study.

At length the mild and courteous youth could no longer bear this violence of manner, and he was forced to leave Van Oort.

He now placed himself under the instruction of Otto Venius, painter to the Archduke Albert, Governor of the Netherlands.

This was a happy change. The way to his cherished ambition was no longer a thorny one—it was now an enchanting pathway.

Venius was a high-bred, generous, and learned man; a painter of some reputation, a courtier, and an excessive lover of art and letters. He saw his pupil's genius, and became at once his companion and friend.

Rubens was soon elected a member of the old established painters' club, called the "Guild of St. Luke," and in various ways was recognized as the equal of his master and of his guild.

At the end of four years, this excellent master told him frankly he could teach him no more, and advised his going to Italy in order to study the older masters.

Eight years had this youth been toiling to learn the "technicalities" of art, and to acquire unerring perception of form and color, and mastery of touch. A long apprenticeship, do you think? Not too long.

Let me tell you what it did for him. All life was glorious to him. His imagination was teeming with the things that knowledge had brought him. History, mythology, Christian religion, and the strong life about him, peopled his mind with countless pictures. He was filled with the fire of hope and daring. Now he had reached his strong, young manhood—the age of twenty-three years. His master had pronounced him no longer an apprentice, but a master also. He was thoroughly equipped with a well-learned profession, and was now ready to put forth his energies and work.

And this was the way he chose: He dared be

true to his own thoughts, without fear of school or critic. What he could gather from others was well; but his *work* and his *way* must be his own.

His subjects were dramatic. His force of thought, and skilled mastery of hand, enabled him with rapid stroke upon stroke, in a marvelously short time, to lay upon the canvas one glorious, glowing, living scene. So living were his pictures that the great Guido Reni (whose thorn-crowned Christ you have everywhere seen), when he first saw Rubens' work, cried out: "Does this master mix blood with his colors?" This is Rubens. This is the master who became the founder of a new school in art.

Then in the year 1600, the good Venius presented Rubens to the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella.

These patrons of the fine arts were delighted with the young painter. There was a charm about him always, as a boy and as a man, that drew to him friends wherever he went. He had a certain elegance and fitness of behavior, ready wit, tact, wide culture, most engaging humor, and grace of expression. Withal he had manly independence, that commands respect always and everywhere.

He is said to have looked like this: "Tall; well-made; fine florid complexion; noble in his manners—both mild and proud; strong constitution; distinguished in his dress; and he generally wore a gold chain about his neck."

So, with the favor of the Archduke, Rubens went to Italy. Here he became the friend of the Duke of Mantua, who, too, was delighted with the young painter and his amazing work.

Observing Rubens' quick intelligence and noble presence, the Duke drew him from his study or Titian and other old painters, in whom he was absorbed, and sent him on a secret mission to the Court of Spain, with a present to King Philip III. of seven superb horses. Here again he won distinction. The King liked him much, and gave him orders for pictures, and loaded him with gifts and honors. His life in Spain would make a fairytale in itself. His triumphant return to Italy, and the honors there heaped upon him—the way princes and nobles vied with each other in gaining possession of the works of his hand at any price—would make another story in itself. So would his life in Paris, and in London, and again in Antwerp. But, dear girls and boys, that would be too many stories in one. I can give only glimpses as we go along.

Eight years had passed since he left the good Otto Venius. He was still young, he had been flattered beyond measure, yet was unspoiled. He had not lost sight of the one purpose of his life, for which he had left the palace of the Countess de Lalaing when a boy.

In the midst of all changes and excitements here and elsewhere, he continued the diligent study and practice of painting, and proudly upheld the honor of his profession.

Once, while in England, an eminent personage said to him: "The ambassador of his Catholic Majesty, I see, amuses himself by painting."

Rubens replied: "I amuse myself by playing ambassador sometimes."

These years had been full of profit and pleasure to him, yet he now looked longingly homeward.

He wrote to his mother: "How is it possible I have lived so long away from you! It is too long. Henceforth I will devote myself to your happiness. Antwerp shall be my future residence. I have acquired a taste for horticulture, and our little garden shall be enlarged and cultivated, and our home will be a paradise."

Word came of his mother's declining health. He hastened home, but alas! too late. Before he arrived she had died. He was so stricken with grief that, for four months, he withdrew from the world into the Abbey of St. Michael, where his mother was buried.

He now thought of returning to Italy. But the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella, as the story goes, "bound him to them with a chain of gold." He yielded to their wishes on condition that he might be allowed to dwell apart from the gay Court at Brussels. To this they consented, and he accordingly built him a beautiful home in Antwerp. It included a splendid studio and a great museum, which contained gems, pictures, cameos, statues, and innumerable other rare antique objects. In after years the Duke of Buckingham induced Rubens to part with this collection for the sum of £10,000.

Connected with this fine home were gardens, conservatories, stables of valuable horses, and a collection of wild beasts. These wild creatures he always delighted to paint. Here, doubtless, he painted all the scenes in which they occur; but it is said that his famous picture of the Lion Hunt was from a real adventure of his in Africa.

Thus he could arrange everything to his taste and convenience,—he had become so extremely rich.

At this time Rubens married Isabella Brandt, a senator's daughter, and settled to a happy domestic life, and to a systematic plan of work. His method of life was this: To rise at four o'clock in the morning; to eat a simple breakfast; to ride on horseback, and at an early hour set himself diligently at work in his studio, where he painted all day.

He seldom made visits; but his friends were always welcome, and conversed with him while at work. It was his habit to have some person read

to him, while painting, from Livy, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca, or other classic authors. This is one secret of his inexhaustible resources of mind. He was severely temperate in his habits—refusing to cloud his intellect, impair his perceptions, to weaken the power of his arm, or unsteady the firmness of his

he had no need to use the “rest-stick” in painting. And he preferred to keep his strength.

Yet he was none the less a gay and genial man. At evening when he dined, the table was surrounded with eminent and gifted people, whose discussions one can fancy were like other table-talk across the

Channel, where “rare Ben Jonson,” Shakespeare, Garrick, and others said their brilliant say. Those were the days of mental giants.

These years Rubens had become so madly the fashion that he could not fill the orders sent him. So he adopted this method: he made small distinct sketches in oil (which he seldom changed) and had his pupils transfer them to large canvas, and carry them forward to the last stages, when he took them in hand again, and bestowed the finishing master-touches.

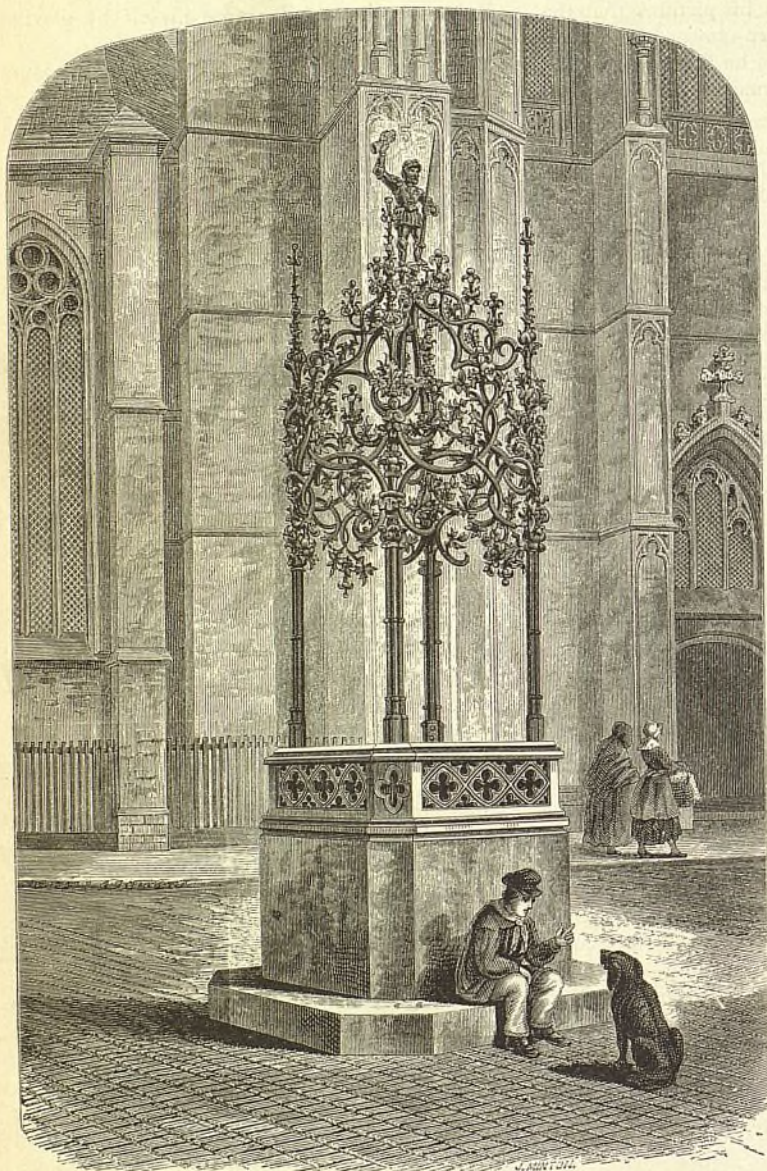
For Marie de Medicis, the Queen of France, he executed twenty-four immense paintings for the Luxembourg Palace, which are now to be seen in the Louvre. I cannot give you the names even of the pictures he painted. They far exceeded a thousand during his life.

Indeed his pictures are to be found in nearly every great gallery in the world.

Munich has an almost countless number. Antwerp now possesses very many of his best works. In its Museum are twenty-three,—among them, the “Crucifixion of Christ between the two thieves” is wonderful, and the “Incredulity of St. Thomas” is most expressive. In the Church of St. Paul’s is his “Scourging of Christ.” In

the churches of St. Jacques and of St. Augustine other of his works are to be seen.

There are few places in Europe so rich in magnificent churches, and in remarkable works of art,



QUENTIN MATSYS' WELL.

touch, by the use of strong drinks, or excess of any kind.

A powerful man he was—with the nerve, muscle, endurance of a Hercules. So firm was his arm that

as is Antwerp. The great Cathedral of Nôtre Dame is especially interesting. The object of greatest interest within is the famous work of Rubens, "The Descent from the Cross." In front of the west door of this cathedral is Quentin Matsys' well, a remarkable work in iron, executed by Quentin Matsys, the celebrated Antwerp blacksmith, who, some say, through love of a painter's daughter, became himself a painter. Just opposite the cathedral, in the Place Verte, is a fine statue of Rubens.

But to return to the story:

A gentle and painstaking master was Rubens. He watched the least indication of genius, and strove to impart to others who were worthy all that he had learned at so great cost. Thus, at length, his school of pupils became a school of master painters of undying fame.

Such prosperity could not go unmolested. Malicious and envious artists tried to injure him. But his gay humor and gentle charity disarmed them, and the slanders fell to the ground.

To me, the most beautiful thing in his life was the way he found employment for his needy enemies; and the way he sought out and bestowed richly upon poor and suffering, but gifted artists, and set them in a way to help themselves.

Some person tried to sell to Rubens a share in the "philosopher's stone," which he claimed to have found. Rubens gayly pointed to his brushes, and said, "I have found the philosopher's stone." Truly, it could not have been placed in better hands—this mighty gift—for the gold that came from it blessed all about him.

He once visited a certain nobleman in prison, and found there a stranger in whom he became interested. He discovered the man to be one Brower, a painter, whose merit he had before observed. He at once procured his release and took him to his own home. The man, though well endowed by nature, had too dissolute tastes to be content in this elegant and refined home, so he escaped to his own element and soon after died.

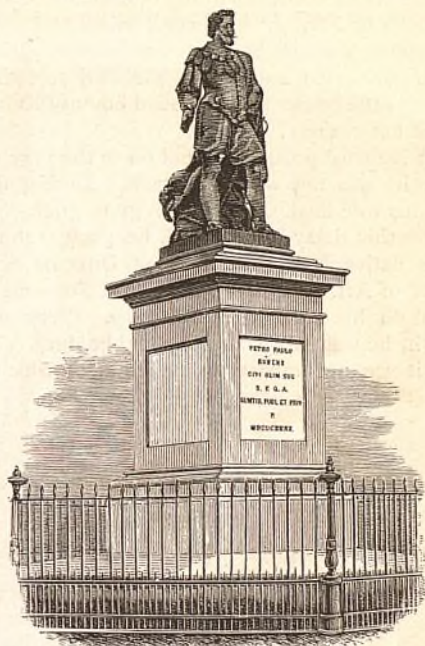
Rubens' life was now exceedingly rich,—there was his beloved wife, whom he so often painted, and his two beautiful sons, and his princely home, and his countless friends and patrons.

Yet he was at this time sadly afflicted by the state of his country, and he carefully considered political affairs.

The Archduke Albert felt so great confidence in Rubens, that at his death he enjoined upon his wife, Isabella, to choose Rubens as her adviser, as he knew him to be an "upright, wise, clear-headed man."

She selected him, therefore, to be her ambassador to Holland. This difficult position he filled with such success, that upon his return she sent him to

the Court of Spain upon another delicate political mission. Here his wide knowledge and diplomatic skill enabled him to accomplish that for which he was sent. The King held him in so high regard that he was made Secretary of the Privy Council.



STATUE OF RUBENS IN ANTWERP.

After long delay, in which great and many honors were paid him, he returned to Brussels. Here he was not long permitted to remain—his country still needed his service. He must go to England to negotiate peace between England and Spain. This mission also, after long delay, he accomplished with singular success.

King Charles I.,—that gentle, melancholy and doomed monarch, that passionate lover of the fine arts,—grew very fond of this artist-ambassador, and "delighted to honor" him.

His career had now reached its utmost splendor. He was lodged at Black Friars at the royal charge; he was given the work of painting the ceilings at Whitehall with scenes from the life of James I.; he had countless orders; he was given an annuity for life, and the King gave him besides, as a mark of favor, a hat-loop of diamonds worth ten thousand crowns.

And one day, in that same Whitehall, beneath his own paintings, he knelt before the King, who presented him with the royal sword, and, attaching the regal portrait to a rich gold chain, suspended it about his neck; and so the artist Rubens was knighted—Sir Peter Paul Rubens. Alas! the poor

King was himself nearly bankrupt. Do you know that not long after this, the gentle-hearted King Charles laid his head down upon the block and was beheaded?

And yet Rubens' prosperity went on. And I will tell you another singular thing: Marie de Medicis, ex-Queen of France, the former friend and patron of Rubens, died in her 76th year a most pitiable death. Deserted and exiled, she died so sadly in the very little house, the childhood home of Rubens. Was it not curious?

But Rubens' prosperity went on to the very end. True, he was not without sorrow. During these years his wife died. This was a great grief.

After this delay in England, he gladly returned to his native land. He became Director of the School of Art. He married Helena Forman, and settled to his old life in Antwerp. Very soon, though, he was called again to public duty. This time it was an embassy to Holland, by which he

succeeded in causing the States to enter into a treaty of peace with Spain.

Once more he was at home, ready to enjoy a well-earned repose. But now disease attacked him, and he could no longer work as he had done. Then death came to him, in his 63d year, 1640.

After this came the honors which he could never know. Such a procession of utmost splendor was perhaps never seen in the old Art-city of Antwerp. People of all nations, stations, and professions followed him to the tomb; and before his bier was carried a crown of gold—for was not this man a prince among painters?

Well might the city of Antwerp do honor to him by whom it had been so nobly enriched.

He was buried in the Collegiate Church of St. Jacques, an imposing edifice which contains many precious and rare works. To this day pilgrims of art visit this church that they may see the tomb of the great painter.

THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER IX.

A MISADVENTURE.

THE next few days of the journey were toilsome and uncomfortable. The nights were hot, and the emigrants were greatly annoyed with mosquitoes, so much so that Hi gave notice that he should go crazy if they did not "let up" on him. Long rains had swollen the streams; the Platte overflowed its banks in some places, and the bottom lands opposite Fort Kearny were deluged. The boys had depended on crossing the river for the sake of visiting the fort, which was on the south side, but they were prevented by the high water. They had no special errand at the fort, but as they had now been a month on the road, they thought it would be pleasant to go over and "see where folks' lived," as Barney expressed it. He and Mont made the attempt but gave it up, after wading a long distance through the overflow without reaching deep water. This was a disappointment, and they pushed on with a slight feeling of loneliness. They all wanted to see what a frontier fort was like, though they knew that it was only a collection of substantial buildings—barracks and storehouses—surrounded

by a stockade. There was something romantic and adventurous about a military post in the Indian country, which, to Arthur at least, was very attractive. The next fort on their route was Fort Laramie, and to this stage on their journey they now passed on, still keeping by the north bank of the Platte.

There was no occasion for loneliness, however, as the road was now all alive with teams. It was the custom for emigrant companies to combine in trains of several companies each. These "laid" by sometimes, for a day or two at a time, in order to rest, repair the wear and tear of teams, and get ready for a fresh start. On such occasions the camp was busy, though our young fellows enjoyed the rest when it came. It was tedious work marching all day, camping at night, packing up and beginning another march next day. They knew they must be three or four months crossing the continent, and a "lay-by" of two or three days was always welcome; and nobody thought such a stoppage was a serious delay. After a few weeks, everybody got over all feverish eagerness to be the first at the mines. Now and then some small party of horsemen, lightly equipped and traveling rap-

idly, pushed by the body of emigrants, their faces eagerly set toward the land of gold, and scarcely taking time to sleep.

From such rapid travelers as these our boys ascertained who was behind, and they soon learned the names, origin and character of most of the companies between the Sierra Nevada and the Missouri. While they were camped for a day's rest—Sunday's rest—near Dry Creek, Bush came up with his little cow and cart. He had been traveling with a Wisconsin company, but had left them behind when near Fort Kearny and had pushed on by himself. Bush was full of news. He had passed several parties of whom our boys had heard; and he had been passed by several others, some of whom were ahead, and others of whom were again behind. In this way the intelligence on the trail went back and forth. Emigrants thus learned all about the fords, the grass, wood and water, and the condition of the road before them. Somehow, the gossip of the great moving population of the plains flowed to and fro, just as it does in a small village. Men sat around their camp-fires at night, or lounged in the sun of a leisure day, and retailed to each other all the information they picked up as they traveled. Every man was like a newspaper to the next man he met. There were no tidings from far countries, none from home, and only a very little from the land to which they were bound. The long column of emigration that stretched across the continent had its own world of news. It was all compressed in the space that lay between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevada. Thousands of camp-fires sparkled at night along the winding trail that ran on and on across the heart of the continent. Thousands of wagons moved slowly on to the westward, an almost unbroken procession through an unknown land; by each fire was a community of wanderers; each wagon was a moving mansion carrying its own family with its worldly possessions, and laden with the beginnings of a new State beyond the mountains.

Just now, camped on a level greensward, with a bright June sun lighting up the landscape, our boy emigrants enjoyed their day of rest very much. They were grouped under the shelter of the tent, which was caught up at the sides to let in the air, for the weather was growing hot.

"'Pears to me," said Bush, "this tent is mighty fine, but it lets the sun in. It's too all-fired white inside."

"Bush likes to camp under his go-cart," laughed Hi. "But I allow a tent is uncommonly handy when it comes on to rain."

"As for the sun shining in through the cloth," said Mont, "I think I see a way to help that." So he caught up one or two of the blankets which were

opened out on the grass to air, and flung them over the ridge-pole.

"You are a powerful knowin' creeter, Mont," said Bush, admiringly. "A feller 'd suppose you had been on the plains all your life. And you a counter-jumper at that."

Barney remonstrated that Mont was not a counter-jumper. "Besides," he added, "it don't follow that a young fellow don't know anything beyond his counter because he has spent some of his days behind one."

"Jess so, jess so," said Bush. "Mont is on hand here to prove that. There's fellers as takes to rough work, and plains tricks and doin's, as a cat does to cream. Then, ag'in, there's fellers as aint no more use around a team than a cow would be in a parlor."

Mont listened with some amusement to this conversation, as he lay on the ground looking up at the shaded roof of the tent. He explained: "You see, Bush, I like teaming, roughing it, and living out in the open air. Would you like to tend store, lay bricks, or work in a factory?"

"Nary time," rejoined Bush.

"I don't believe you would take to any such business, nor do well in it, if you were put to it. Do you?"

"No. If I was to be sot to work,—at regular work, you know,—why, I should go right straight down to where flour's fifteen dollars a bar'l, and no money to buy with at that. Oh, no! I'm gay and chipper at lumberin', gettin' out rock, teamin', or any of them light chores; but come to put me to work,—regular work,—I'm just miserable."

"Then there's Arty," put in Barney. "He's all for live animals. Just see that steer follow him round after sugar."

Tige had been loitering about the camp instead of keeping with the cattle that grazed near by, and Arty, having allowed him to smell of a little sugar which he carried in his hand, was enticing him about the camping-ground.

"Dreffe waste of sugar," commented Tom.

"Never you mind about the sugar," said Hiram, reprovingly. "That's the knowingest critter on the plains; and if Arty has a mind to give him a spoonful, now and then, it's all right. We've got enough to carry us through."

Hearing the debate, Arty approached the tent, holding out his hand toward the docile Tige, who still followed him, snuffing the coveted sugar.

"Take care! take care! don't come in here!" yelled Hi. But Arty kept on, laughing at Tige, who seemed also to be much amused. Arty stepped over the body of Barney, who lounged by the door, the steer immediately following him.

"He'll wallop your tent over," shouted Bush;

but Tige, still stepping after his master as lightly as a full-grown steer could step, kept on with his nose close to the boy's open hand, and drawing long breaths as he smelled the sugar. Arty circled about the interior of the little tent, and over the prostrate forms of his comrades, who hugged the ground in terror lest the unwieldy beast should trample on them. They were too much surprised to move, and Tige marched after Arty, turning around inside the canvas house as gingerly as if he had always lived in one.

"Why, he is as graceful as a kitten, and he steps over you as if he were treading among eggshells," said Arty, shaking with fun. "See how carefully he misses Hi's big feet. Why, Tige is almost as spry as you are, Hi."

"If Tige knocks down that pole, I'll wallop you with it," said Hi, who did not relish the common camp joke about his large feet. But the wise little steer passed safely out by the front of the tent, having gone in at one side of the pole and out at the other, without doing any damage. He was rewarded with the sugar which he had pursued into the presence of so much danger, and he lay down at a distance, contemplating the group which he had just visited.

"I think you said something about a cow in a parlor, Bush," said Arty. "What do you think of a steer in a tent?"

"Well, youngster, between you and me and the post, I think the best place for me, as I said afore, is out of doors. It's close, this living in a tent; and when it comes to makin' cattle to hum in one of 'em, I aint there."

Tige's friendship for his young master was put to the test the very next day. It was a bright Monday morning when they reached Dry Creek. But the creek was by no means dry. Its steep banks were slippery with moisture, and four or five feet of water flowed through its bed. A large number of teams had been passing over, and when our young emigrants came up, there were several companies laboriously making their way across, or waiting an opportunity to strike into the trail. Except at one place, a crossing was almost impossible. The wagons were "blocked up," as the water was deep enough in places to flow into the wagon-boxes. "Blocking up" was done by driving wide blocks of wood under the box or body of the wagon, said box being loosely fitted into the bed or frame-work. Thus raised on the blocks, the body of the wagon is kept in place by the up-rights at the sides, and is set up high enough to be drawn over an ordinary stream without wetting its contents.

The descent into the creek was no steeper than the way out on the other side. It was hard enough

to get down to the stream without damage. It would be still more difficult to get out. Those who were then crossing made a prodigious racket shouting to their animals, at each other, and generally relieving their excited feelings with noise as they worked through the difficulty.

"We shall have to double up, and there's nobody to double up with us," said Barnard, ruefully.

The boys had resorted to the expedient of "doubling up," or uniting their team with that of some passing acquaintance, before this. The spirit of good-fellowship prevailed, and two or more parties would combine and pull each other's wagons through by putting on each the horses or the cattle of the whole, until the hardest place was safely passed. Here, however, all the other travelers were busy with their own affairs. There was nobody ready to "double up" with others.

"Howdy, youngsters?" said a languid, discouraged-looking man, coming around from behind a red-covered wagon. "Powerful bad crossing this yere."

"Yes," said Arthur, who immediately recognized him as the man who could not make his fire burn when they were camped near "Pape's." Just then the shallow woman put her head out of the wagon, and said: "Glad to see you. Me baby's wuss."

"She takes yer for a doctor, Arty," whispered Hi, who remembered that Arthur had tended the sick baby while the mother was cooking supper.

"We 'uns is havin' a rough time, ye bet yer life, but I allow we'll pull through. Want to double up, you 'uns?"

"Yes," replied Mont. "This is a pretty bad crossing; and as you have a strong team, we should be glad to join forces and go across together."

"Jine? Oh, yes, we'll hitch up with ye. Things is cutting up rough, and my old woman, she allows we aint goin' through."

"Not going through?"

"Oh, you keep shut, will ye, ole man," said the woman from the wagon. "If you had a sick baby to nuss, you would n't be so peart."

"I aint so peart," said the husband, grimly. "But I allow we'll double up, seein' it's you. I war agoin' to wait for Si Beetles, but we'll just snake your wagon over; then we'll come back for mine."

The blocks were got out, and put under the wagon-bed, and the stranger's cattle were hitched on ahead of those of our boys. The wheels were chained together, front and rear, so that they could not revolve and hurry the wagon down the steep bank.

"Ye'll have to wade for it, boys; you'd better strip," advised Messer, for that was the stranger's name.

"Oh, it's only a short distance," said Mont, measuring the width of the creek with his eye, and observing the depth to which the men then in the water were wading. "Roll up your trousers, boys, and we'll try it that way."

The party, except Hi, who sat in the fore part of the wagon and drove, stripped their legs bare by rolling up their trousers; and the chained wagon, drawn by four pair of cattle, pitched down the muddy bank, attended on either side by the young emigrants, and Bush and Messer. Slipping and

chains taken from the wheels. The cattle went into the stream with some reluctance, and Hi, who was driving, yelled, "Haw, there, haw!" with great anxiety. But the beasts would not "haw." Little Tige held in now with sullen courage; the rest of the team persisted in pushing up stream. Arty and Barnard were on the "off" or upper side of the team, but they could not keep it from running wildly away from the opposite bank. The animals were panic-stricken and angry; turning short around, they were likely to overturn the wagon.



"EVERYBODY RUSHED TO THE WRECK."

sliding, they reached the bed of the stream in safety, unlocked the wheels and plunged boldly in, though the cattle were bewildered by the cries of the owners and the confusion of the crowd crossing the creek.

By dint of much urging and some punching from behind, the wagon was "snaked" up the opposite bank, and our boys drew breath a few minutes before taking hold of Messer's wagon.

"Laws-a-massy me!" cried the poor woman, as the team slid down the bank. "This is wuss than get-out. I'd sooner wade the branch myself." But, before she could utter any more complaints, the wagon was at the bottom of the slope and the

Arty rushed out to the leading yoke and tried to head it off. Tige was in the second yoke, resolutely pulling back his mate, Molly. It was in vain. Bally, the ox just behind Tige, made a vicious lunge at Arty, who, in dodging to escape the horns of the creature, slipped and fell headlong into the water, then about up to his waist. Immediately he was struggling among the cattle, where he could not swim, and was in danger of being trampled by the excited beasts. Hi shouted with alarm, and, all clothed as he was, leaped out of the wagon. There was no need. Before any of the party could reach him, Arty had scrambled out and had laid hold of Tige's head, that sagacious

brute having stood perfectly still and stooping as his young master floundered under his belly.

Dripping with muddy water, and breathless, Arty struggled to his feet just as Hi, similarly drenched, waded up to him. This all took place in an instant, and the cattle, left for a moment to themselves, sharply turned toward the bank down which they had come, still heading up the stream. The wagon toppled on the two "off" wheels, quivered, and went over with a tremendous splash.

Everybody rushed to the wreck and dragged out the woman and her sick baby. Both were wet through and through. The cattle now stood still. The water gurgled merrily through the overturned wagon, on which the owner looked silently for a moment, and then said:

"Just my ornery luck!"

"Luck, man!" said Mont, impatiently. "Why don't you bear a hand and right up your wagon before your stuff is all spoiled?"

"Thar's whar yer right, strannger," replied the poor fellow. "But this is the wust streak yit. It sorter stalls me."

Help came from the various companies on both sides of the creek, and Messer's wagon was soon set up on its wheels again, though nearly all of its load was well soaked. The woman and her baby were taken out on to dry land and comforted by some women who were with the wagons already on the further side of the creek. When the party finally struggled up and out of this unfortunate pit, they found that Messer's wife had been taken in and cared for at a wagon which, covered with striped ticking, stood apart from the others, with the cattle unyoked near by.

"Why, there's Nance!" said Johnny; and, as he spoke, that young woman descended from the wagon and approached.

"Ye're wet, young feller," she remarked to Arty.

"Yes," he responded, wringing out his trousers-legs as well as he could. "We were with the team that upset, and I was upset first."

"Jest like ye. Always in somebody's mess. I'd lend ye a gound, but have n't got but one."

"Thank you kindly. I don't think your gowns would fit me. But that yeast of yours did first-rate." Arthur thought lightly of his own troubles.

"I knowed it would. Have you kept your risin' right along?"

"O yes, we have saved leaven from day to day, and so we have 'riz bread,' as you call it, every time we bake."

"Glad of it. We'll have to divide with these Missouri folks. I reckon they've lost all their little fixin's; but then they use salt risin'. Them ornery critters from Pike always do."

The Missourians were in bad plight. Whatever was liable to damage by water was spoiled, and our party of emigrants felt obliged to stop and help the poor man unload his wagon, spread out his stuff to dry, and get himself together again for a fresh start. The sun shone brightly, and the weather was favorable to the unhappy emigrant, who sat around among his wet goods, bewailing his hard luck, while his chance acquaintances repaired damages and saved what they could of his effects.

His wife, loosely clad in a dress belonging to Nance's mother,—a large and jolly woman,—fished out from the crushed wagon-bows, where it had been suspended in a cotton bag, the wreck of an extraordinary bonnet. It was made of pink and yellow stuff, and had been a gorgeous affair. She regarded it sadly, and said: "It was the gayest bunnit I ever had."

Nance contemplated the parti-colored relic with some admiration, and said:

"Just you hang that there up in the sun alongside of that feller, and they'll both on 'em come out all right. Fact is," she said, condescending to



NANCE APPEARS

approve Arty, "he's all right, anyhow; and if that big chap had n't jumped out of the wagon and left the cattle to take care of themselves, the wagon would n't have gone over. So now!"

"But Hi thought Arty was getting killed," remonstrated Johnny. "So he jumped out into the water, head over heels, when he saw Arty fall."

"Don't care for all that," retorted Nance, with severity. "Yer altogether too chipper. If yer Hi had n't upset that wagon, I might have seen this yere bunnet before it was washed."

"Never mind," said Arty. "Perhaps Mont will show you how to straighten out that bonnet, when he has finished mending Messer's wagon-bows. Mont knows almost everything."

"Who is that yere Mont, as you call him, anyhow?" asked Nance.

"He's from Boston, is real smart, and just about knows everything, as I told you."

"Oho! and that's why you are called 'The Boston Boys,' is it?"

"But they call us 'The Lee County Boys.' We came from Lee County, Illinois."

"Lee County, Illinoy!" repeated the girl, with a knowing air. "Folks on the prairie calls you 'The Boston Boys.' So now!"

CHAPTER X.

AMONG THE BUFFALOES.

WHILE the wagon was yet heavily loaded, the boys spared the oxen, and so, seldom rode. At first, the member of the party who drove the team was permitted to sit in the wagon part of the time. But the roads were now very hard for the cattle, and so all hands walked. Old Jim's back was sore; he could not be saddled, and he was left to follow the team, which he did with great docility. The boys hardened the muscles of their legs, but they complained bitterly of sore feet. Much walking and poorly made boots had lamed them. The moccasins which they wore at times were more uncomfortable than the cow-hide boots they had brought from home.

"Confounded Indians!" complained Tom,—"they don't put no heels to their moccasins; they tire a feller's feet awful."

"Sprinkle some whisky in your boots; that's all the use the stuff can be to us; and whisky is good to toughen your feet." This was Mont's advice.

"But why don't the Indians put heels on their moccasins? That's what I'd like to know."

"Why, Tom, it is n't natural. Those Sioux that we saw down at Buffalo Creek can out-run and out-jump any white man you ever knew. They could n't do it if they had been brought up with heels on their moccasins."

"But for all that, them moccasins are powerful weak in the sole," grumbled Hi. "'Pears to me, sometimes, as if my feet was all of a blister, after

traveling all day in the dod-rotted things. Hang Indian shoe-makers, anyhow!"—and Hiram contemplated his chafed feet with great discontent.

"Then there's old Bally," chimed in Arty. "He's gone and got lame. He don't wear moccasins, though."

"But," said Mont, "we may be obliged to put moccasins on him—or, at least, on his sore foot."

"What for?"

"Well, we've fixed his foot now two or three times, and he gets no better of his lameness. We might put a leather shoe, like a moccasin, filled with tar, on his foot. That's good for the foot-rot, or whatever it is."

"Gosh!" said Hi. "How much that feller does know!"

"Well," laughed Mont, "I picked that up the other day. Those Adair County men said that if Bally did n't get better, tar would be healing; and they said to bind it on with a shoe made from an old boot-leg."

"Lucky I picked up those boot-legs you thought were of no use, Barney Crogan," said Arthur. "They'll be just the things for Bally's moccasins."

The boys had put up with many discomforts. Sometimes they had no water for drinking or cooking except what they found in sloughs and swampy places by the track. Often even this poor supply was so mixed with dead grass and weeds that it was necessary to strain it before using it. Then, again, in the long stretch which they were now traveling between Fort Kearny and Fort Laramie, fuel was scarce. Not a tree nor shrub was in sight; buffalo chips were seldom to be found, and the only stuff from which a fire could be made was the dry grass and grease-weed found in sterile spots among the bluffs above the road. They were having hard times. Along the valley of the Platte heavy rain-storms are frequent in the summer-time; and, more than once, all hands were obliged to get up in the night and stand by the tent, in a pelting rain, to keep it from blowing away. One night, indeed, after bracing the tent all around outside with extra lines, they were forced to stand on bundles and boxes inside and hold up the ridge-pole, which bent in the force of the gale and threatened to snap in twain. And then the mosquitoes!

But here was a serious trouble. Bally was a surly animal, but he was a powerful fellow and the best traveler in the team. He had gone lame these four days, and was getting worse instead of better. The boys had passed many cattle, left behind on account of their lameness by those who had gone before. They did not like to think of turning out old Bally to die by the roadside. Matters were not so serious as that. But Mont had said, almost

under his breath: "If we should have to leave Bally —"

Serious remedies were now to be tried. The tar-bucket was taken out from under the wagon, and a shoe made from one of provident Arty's boot-



MRS. MESSER'S BONNET.

legs. With the assistance of Bush, Messer, and one or two neighbors at the camp, poor Bally was cast by suddenly pulling on ropes attached to one hind-foot and one fore-foot. The big beast fell over on his side with a thump that made Arty's heart jump. Then each person held that part of the animal to which he had previously been assigned. Nance, whose father was now with them for a time, looked on with profound interest.

The struggling animal subsided, after awhile, into an angry quiet, his eyes rolling wildly at Arty and Johnny, who sat on his head to keep him down.

"Set onto him heavy, boys," said Bush. "'S long's he can't lift you, he can't lift his head; and 's long's he can't lift his head, he's got to lay still."

But he did not lie still. When the shoe, full of soft tar, was fairly on, but not tied, Bally wiggled his tail very animatedly, cuffed Bush on the side of his head with the lame foot, which he suddenly jerked out of the hands of the operators, and, with one mighty effort, threw up his head, angrily

brandishing his horns the while. Arthur and Johnny flew into the air, one to the right and one to the left, as Bally's head swung in either direction. Struggling to his feet, the worried beast shuffled off a few paces, his shoe half-sticking to his foot in slipshod fashion; then he stopped and regarded the whole party with profound disfavor.

"Wal, I allow you are a nice creeter, you are!" said Hi, with disgust. "Don't know yer best friends, you don't, when they 're tryin' to cure ye up."

"Why, he's as spry as a cat and as strong as an ox," cried Bush. "But them boys is spryer. See 'em go? Tore yer shirt, did n't it, Arty?"

"My belt saved me," said the boy, bravely, exhibiting a huge rent in his flannel shirt, and a long red streak on the white skin of his chest, where Bally's sharp horn had plunged under his belt and sharply along his "hide," as Bush called it. Johnny had turned a somersault, lighting on his shoulders, but without serious damage.

"Well, we've got it all to do over again," was Mont's philosophic comment; and, under his leadership, Bally was once more thrown and held down until the shoe was firmly fixed on his foot. He walked off, with a limp, evidently very much puzzled with his first experiment in wearing leather shoes.

"Looks like a bear in moccasins," said Hi, grimly. "Leastways, he looks as I allow a bear would look in moccasins, or with one of 'em onto him. Next time you are sot on a steer's head, Arty, you git where he can't h'ist you higher 'n a kite when he tries to git up."

"I sat where I was told, Hi; but I did n't weigh enough. That's what was the matter."

The lame ox did not keep his shoe on more than a day or two at a time, and the boys soon had the disagreeable task of replacing it quite often. It was a troublesome affair; but they were now obliged to face the more troublesome question of supplying his place, in case it became necessary to leave him behind. Bally's mate was like him—a large and powerful ox; Tige and Molly, the leaders, were lighter. With these three and their horse, Old Jim, they might go on; but the prospect was gloomy.

"Pity we can't hitch up some of these buffaloes that are running around loose," said Barnard, with a personal sense of the wastefulness of so many cattle going wild, while they needed only one draught animal. "Could we catch one of these critters and put him into the yoke, I wonder?"

"You catch one, and I will agree to yoke him," laughed Mont.

It was not surprising that Barney grumbled at the waste of animal power, and that a wild notion

that some of it ought to be made useful crossed his mind. The country was now covered with vast herds of buffaloes, moving to the north. One day, Mont and Arty ascended a steep bluff, to the right of the road, while the wagon-train kept slowly on below them. As far as the eye could reach northward, the undulating country was literally black with the slow-moving herds. Here and there, on some conspicuous eminence, a solitary, shaggy old fellow stood relieved against the sky—a sentinel over the flowing streams of dark brown animals below. They moved in battalions, in single files, by platoons, and in disorderly masses, stretching out in vast dark patches and covering the green earth. Before them was grass and herbage; behind them was a trampled, earthy paste.

Occasionally, these migratory herds, coming to a stream, rushed in thirstily, each rank crowding hard upon another. When the foremost struck the water, galloping along with thundering tread, the fury of their charge sent the spray high in the air, like a fountain. In an instant, the crystal current was yellow and turbid with the disturbed soil; then a dense mass of black heads, with snorting muzzles, crowded the surface from bank to bank.

"See! see!" cried Arthur. "How those big fellows run on ahead, lie down and roll, and then jump up and dash on again. Why, they're spryer than old Bally was, the other day, when he pitched me sky-high."

"Yes, and if you watch, you will see that all the buffaloes on the side of that bluff drop in the same place, roll and skip on again, almost like a lot of cats."

"Why do they do that, Mont?"

"Well, you know that most hairy animals like to roll; I suppose it answers for a scratching-post. If you ever come to a tree in this part of the country, you will find it all worn smooth and tufted with loose hair, where the buffaloes have rubbed themselves against it."

"But, somehow, these chaps all seem to drop in the same place and then canter on again. I should think each buffalo would want a clean spot."

"O no! that place is worn to the soil now, and is a better one to rub the hide of the creature in than a grassy place would be. For years after this, if we were to come along here, we should find a big patch right there where the buffaloes are rolling as they trot along. The grass wont grow there again for a great while. That is what the plains men call a buffalo-wallow,—though a 'waller,' I believe, is the correct plains expression."

"I like you, Mont," said Arty, looking frankly into Morse's brown face, "because you know everything."

"O no, Arty, not everything. You are a partial

friend. I'm only a greenhorn. But look at that! My! But is n't that a sight?"

As he spoke, a vast crowd of animals, moving from the eastward, came surging up over a swale in the undulating surface. There seemed to be hundreds of thousands. The ground disappeared from sight, and in its place, as if it had swallowed it, was a flood of dark animal life. There was no longer any individuality; it was a sea. It did n't gallop; it moved onward in one slow-flowing stream. There was no noise; but a confused murmur, like the rote of the distant sea before a storm, floated on the air. There was no confusion; in one mighty torrent the countless creatures drifted on, up the hills and down the horizon.

"Jingo!" exclaimed Arty. "I don't wonder Barney grumbles because there is so much cattle-power running to waste. Don't I wish we could hitch up four or five yoke of those old chaps! We'd go to California, just 'fluking,' as Bush would say."

"If I had my way about it, my boy, I'd have some of that good, nice, buffalo-beef that is running about loose here, cut up and sent to poor folks in Boston."

"Well, there are poor folks in other cities besides Boston, Monty, you know."

"To be sure; only I think of them first, because I know them. And wherever they are, some of those same poor folks don't get fresh meat very often. And here's millions and millions of pounds going to waste. It seems to me that there's a screw loose somewhere that this should be so."

Arthur regarded this wonderful cattle show with great soberness and with new interest.

"Why can't some rich man have these buffaloes killed and the fresh meat sent to the poor who starve in cities?"

"Perhaps a more sensible plan would be to bring the poor out here."

"Sure enough," responded the lad, "I never thought of that. But if next year's emigrants kill the buffaloes like they do now, there will be none left when the settlers come. Why, I counted twenty-seven dead ones on the cut-off, yesterday, when Johnny and I took that trail back of Ash Hollow."

"And even the animals that are cut into are not used much for food," added Mont. "We have all the buffalo meat we want; and while you were off, yesterday, I passed a place where some party had camped, and I saw where they had kindled a fire from an old, used-up wagon, and had heaped up two or three carcasses of buffaloes to burn. Great waste of fuel and meat too, I call that. But I greased my boots by the marrow frying out of the bones."

Mont and Arty descended the bluff, and, reaching the rolling plain behind it, moved to the north and west, keeping the general course of the road, but leaving the bluff between it and them.

"We have nothing but our pistols to shoot with," said Mont, "and I would n't shoot one if I could. But we may as well see how near we can get to them."

They walked rapidly toward the moving mass of buffaloes. Here and there were grazing herds, but most of them seemed to be slowly traveling without stopping to eat. Mont advised that they should creep up a bushy ravine which led into a gap in the hills, and was blackened on its edges with buffaloes. Cautiously moving up this depression, they emerged at the further end and found themselves in a throng of animals, just out of gunshot range. Some were standing still, others were moving away, but all regarded the strangers with mild curiosity.

"Why, I thought I should be afraid," confessed Arthur.

"No," whispered Mont. "As long as they are not maddened by a long chase, or driven into a corner, they are as harmless as so many cows."

Passing out between the hills, the young fellows found themselves on a nearly level plain. Here, too, was a dense throng of buffaloes, stretching off to the undulating horizon. As the two explorers walked on, a wide lane seemed to open in the mighty herds before them. Insensibly, and without any hurry, the creatures drifted away to the right and left, browsing or staring, but continually moving. Looking back, they saw that the buffaloes had closed up their ranks on the trail which they had just pursued; while before, and on either hand, was a wall of animals.

"We are surrounded!" almost whispered Arthur, with some alarm.

"Never mind, my boy. We can walk out, just as the children of Israel did from the Red Sea. Only we have waves of buffaloes, instead of water, to close behind and open before and be a wall on each side. See!"

And, as they kept on, the mass before them melted away in some mysterious fashion, always at the same distance from them.

"See! We move in a vacant space that travels with us wherever we go, Arty."

"Yes," said the lad. "It seems just as if we were a candle in the dark. The open ground around us is the light we shed; the buffaloes are the darkness outside."

"A good figure of speech, that, my laddie. I must remember it. But we are getting out of the wilderness."

They had now come to a sharp rise of ground,

broken by a rocky ledge, which turned the herds more to the northward. Ascending this, they were out of the buffaloes for the time, but beyond them were thousands more. Turning southward, they struck across the country for the wagon-track, quite well satisfied with their explorations.

Between two long divides, or ridges, they came upon a single wagon, canvas-covered, in which were two little children. Two boys—one about seven and the other eleven years old—were playing near by, and four oxen were grazing by a spring.

In reply to Mont's surprised question as to how they came off the trail, and why they were here



MONT

alone, they said that their father and uncle had come up after buffaloes, and were out with their guns. Their mother was over on the bluff—pointing to a little rocky mass which rose like an island in the middle of the valley. She had gone to hunt for "sarvice-berries." They were left to mind the cattle and the children.

"Pretty careless business, I should say," murmured Mont. "Well, youngsters," he added, "keep by the wagon; if your cattle stray off, they may get carried away by the buffaloes. Mind that!"

They went on down the valley, looking behind them at the helpless little family alone in the wilderness.

"A man ought to be licked for leaving his young ones here in such a lonely place," said Mont.

Suddenly, over the southern wall of the valley, like a thunder-cloud, rose a vast and fleeing herd of buffaloes. They were not only running, they were rushing like a mighty flood.

"A stampede! a stampede!" cried Mont; and, flying back to the unconscious group of children, followed by Arthur, he said: "Run for your lives, youngsters! Make for the bluff!"

Seizing one of the little ones, and bidding Arthur take the other, he started the boys ahead for the island-bluff, which was some way down the valley. There was not a moment to lose. Behind them, like a rising tide, flowed the buffaloes in surges. A confused murmur filled the air; the ground resounded with the hurried beat of countless hoofs, and the earth seemed to be disappearing in the advancing torrent. Close behind the flying fugitives the angry, panic-stricken herd tumbled and tossed. Its labored breathing sighed like a breeze, and the warmth of its pulsations seemed to stifle the air.

"To the left! to the left!" screamed Arthur, seeing the bewildered boys, who fled like deer, making directly for the steepest part of the bluff. Thus warned, the lads bounded up the little island, grasping the underbrush as they climbed. Hard behind them came Arty, pale, his features drawn and rigid, and bearing in his arms a little girl. Mont brought up the rear with a stout boy on his shoulder, and breathless with excitement and the laborious run.

Up the steep side they scrambled, falling and recovering themselves, but up at last. Secure on a bare rock, they saw a heaving tide of wild creatures pour tumultuously over the edge and fill the valley. It leaped from ledge to ledge, tumbled and broke, rallied again and swept on, black and silent save for the rumbling thunder of many hoofs and the panting breath of the innumerable multitude. On it rolled over every obstacle. The wagon disappeared in a twinkling, its white cover going down in the black tide like a sinking ship at

sea. Past the island-like bluff, where a little group stood spell-bound, the herd swept, the rushing tide separating at the rocky point, against which it beat and parted to the right and left. Looking down, they saw the stream flow by, on and up the valley. It was gone, and the green turf was brown where it had been. The spring was choked, and the wagon was trampled in a flat ruin.

Fascinated by the sight, Mont and Arthur never took their eyes from it until it was over. Then returning to their young charges, they saw a tall, gaunt woman, with a horror-stricken face, gathering the whole group in her arms. It was the mother.

"I don't know who you be, young men, but I thank you from the bottom of my heart," she said. "Yes, I thank you from the bottom of my heart—and, oh! I thank God, too!" And she burst into tears.

Arthur, at loss what else to say, remarked: "Your wagon is all smashed."

"I don't care—don't care," said the woman, hysterically rocking herself to and fro where she sat with her children clasped to her bosom. "So's the young ones are safe, the rest may go to wrack."

As she spoke, a couple of horsemen, carrying rifles, came madly galloping down the valley, far in the wake of the flying herd. They paused, thunderstruck, at the fragments of their wagon trampled in the torn soil. Then, seeing the group on the rock, they hastened on, dismounted, and climbed the little eminence.

"Great powers above, Jemimy! we stampeded the buffaloes!" said the elder of the pair of hunters.

Arty expected to hear her say that she was thankful so long as they were all alive.

"Yes, and a nice mess you've made of it." This was all her comment.

"Whar's the cattle, Zeph?" asked the father of this flock.

"Gone off with the buffaloes, I reckon, dad," was the response of his son Zephaniah.

The man looked up and down the valley with a bewildered air. His wagon had been mashed and crushed into the ground. His cattle were swept out into space by the resistless flood, and were nowhere in sight. He found words at last:

"Well, this is perfectly rediclus."

(To be continued.)

THE RARE OLD KING AND HIS DAUGHTERS THREE.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

A RARE old king and daughters three,
Beside their castle by the sea,
Were eating peaches from a tree
That grew in the castle garden.

There came a gleaming, golden sail,
Through azure mists like a lady's veil,
And silver trumpets blew "All hail
The king and his lovely daughters!"

The eldest princess blushing rose,
And lifting high her pretty nose
Above all earthly joys and woes,
She raised her eyes to heaven,

And smiling, told them what she saw,
Named lovely visions softly o'er.
Entranced, half-kneeling to adore,
The prince stood list'ning near her.



A gallant prince from far away,
In scarlet plume and brave array,—
But, traveling by night and day,
His shoes were scarcely dainty,—

A-wooing came. This monarch grand
He kissed each lady's snowy hand,
And courteous made one fair demand—
A bud from the castle garden.

Alas! alas! with head so high,
She scarce could see him standing by;
Her chin well nigh put out his eye,
And she tripped and fell before him.

The second princess, tall and fair,
With downcast eyes and modest air,
Stole gently toward the garden where
The roses were a-blooming.

She saw such toads and newts and flies,
She walked with tears and groans and sighs.
Her shining hair and drooping eyes,
The prince was pleased to approve them.

But when this princess nearer came,
She saw no plume like scarlet flame;
She shuddered when he spoke her name.
"Your shoes!" she cried, a-swooning.

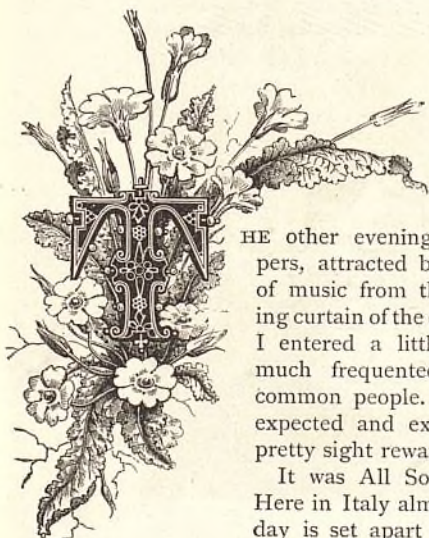
The youngest sister, smiling free,
Along the path tripped merrily.
Her eyes were sparkling like the sea,
As it glittered far before them.

And sang she then a roundelay:
"Your posies gather on the way;

An' if you do not, there they lay,
And you'll wander on without them!"

She frankly smiled into his eyes;
She met his words with fair replies.
"I find this princess fair and wise,"
He said, and fell a-wooing.

Within his castle grand and old,
On fairy blue, in fairy gold,
A dainty maxim there is told,
Above his lady's chamber:
"Who wishes for the moon alone,
To many tumbles she is prone;
Who walks abroad with lowered eyes,
She sees but toads and newts and flies;
Who looks not low, nor yet too high,
May pluck the flowers and see the sky."



THE FESTIVAL OF TAPERS.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THE other evening at Vespers, attracted by a burst of music from the swinging curtain of the door-way, I entered a little church much frequented by the common people. An unexpected and exceedingly pretty sight rewarded me.

It was All Souls' Day. Here in Italy almost every day is set apart for some festival, or belongs to some saint or another, and I suppose

that when leap-year brings round the extra day, there is a saint ready to claim the 29th of February. Whatever the day was to the elders, the evening was devoted to the children. The first thing I noticed was that the quaint old church was lighted up with innumerable wax tapers,—an unusual sight, for the darkness of a Catholic church in the evening is usually relieved only by a candle here and there, and by a blazing pyramid of them on the high altar. The use of gas is held to be a vulgar thing all over Europe, and specially unfit for a church or an aristocratic palace.

Then I saw that each taper belonged to a little boy or girl, and that groups of children were scattered all about the church. There was a group by every side altar and chapel, all the benches were occupied by knots of them, and there were so many circles of them seated on the pavement that I could with difficulty make my way among them. There were hundreds of children in the church, all dressed in their holiday apparel, and all intent upon the illumination, which seemed to be a private affair to each one of them.

And not much effect had their tapers upon the darkness of the vast vaults above them. The tapers were little spiral coils of wax, which the children unrolled as fast as they burned, and when they were tired of holding them, they rested them on the ground and watched the burning. I stood some time by a group of a dozen seated in a corner of the church. They had massed all the tapers in the center and formed a ring about the spectacle, sitting with their legs straight out before them and their toes turned up. The light shone full in their happy faces, and made the group, enveloped otherwise in darkness, like one of Correggio's pictures of children or angels. Correggio was a famous Italian artist of the sixteenth century, who painted

cherubs like children who were just going to heaven, and children like cherubs who had just come out of it. But, then, he had the Italian children for models, and they get the knack of being lovely very young. An Italian child finds it as easy to be pretty as an American child does to be good.

One could not but be struck with the patience these little people exhibited in their occupation, and the enjoyment they got out of it. There was no noise; all conversed in subdued whispers, and behaved in the most gentle manner to each other,

There is nothing that a baby likes more than a lighted candle, and the church has understood this longing in human nature, and found means to gratify it by this festival of tapers.

The groups do not all remain long in place, you may imagine; there is a good deal of shifting about, and I see little stragglers wandering over the church, like fairies lighted by fire-flies. Occasionally they form a little procession and march from one altar to another, their lights twinkling as they go.

But all this time there is music pouring out of



THE CHILDREN WITH THEIR TAPERS.

especially to the smallest, and there were many of them so small that they could only toddle about by the most judicious exercise of their equilibrium. I do not say this by way of reproof to any other kind of children.

These little groups, as I have said, were scattered all about the church; and they made with their tapers little spots of light, which looked in the distance very much like Correggio's picture which is at Dresden,—the Holy Family at night, and the light from the Divine Child blazing in the faces of all the attendants. Some of the children were infants in the nurse's arms, but no one was too small to have a taper, and to run the risk of burning its fingers.

the organ-loft at the end of the church, and flooding all its spaces with its volume. In front of the organ is a choir of boys, led by a round-faced and jolly monk, who rolls about as he sings, and lets the deep bass noise rumble about a long time in his stomach before he pours it out of his mouth. I can see the faces of all of them quite well, for each singer has a candle to light his music-book.

And next to the monk stands THE BOY—the handsomest boy in the whole world probably at this moment. I can see now his great, liquid, dark eyes, and his exquisite face, and the way he tossed back his long, waving hair when he struck into his part. He resembled the portraits of Raphael,

when that artist was a boy; only I think he looked better than Raphael, and without trying, for he seemed to be a spontaneous sort of boy. And how that boy did sing! He was the soprano of the choir, and he had a voice of heavenly sweetness. When he opened his mouth and tossed back his head, he filled the church with exquisite melody.

He sang like a lark, or like an angel. As we never heard an angel sing, that comparison is not worth much. I have seen pictures of angels singing—there is one by Jan and Hubert Van Eyck in the Gallery at Berlin—and they open their mouths like this boy, but I can't say as much for their singing. The lark, which you very likely never heard either—for larks are as scarce in America as angels—is a bird that springs up from the meadow and begins to sing as he rises in a spiral flight, and the higher he mounts the sweeter he sings, until you think the notes are dropping out of heaven itself, and you hear him when he is gone from sight, and you think you hear him long after all sound has ceased.

And yet this boy sang better than a lark, because he had more notes and a greater compass, and more volume, although he shook out his voice in the same gleesome abundance.

I am sorry that I cannot add that this ravishingly beautiful boy was a good boy. He was probably one of the most mischievous boys that was ever in an organ-loft. All the time that he was singing the Vespers, he was skylarking like an imp. While he was pouring out the most divine melody he would take the opportunity of kicking the shins of

the boy next to him, and while he was waiting for his part he would kick out behind at any one who was incautious enough to approach him. There never was such a vicious boy; he kept the whole loft in a ferment. When the monk rumbled his bass in his stomach, the boy cut up monkey-shines that set every other boy into a laugh, or he stirred up a row that set them all at fisticuffs.

And yet this boy was a great favorite. The jolly monk loved him best of all, and bore with his wildest pranks. When he was wanted to sing his part and was skylarking in the rear, the fat monk took him by the ear and brought him forward, and when he gave the boy's ear a twist, the boy opened his lovely mouth and poured forth such a flood of melody as you never heard. And he did n't mind his notes; he seemed to know his notes by heart, and could sing and look off, like a nightingale on a bough. He knew his power, that boy, and he stepped forward to his stand when he pleased, certain that he would be forgiven as soon as he began to sing. And such spirit and life as he threw into the performance, rollicking through the Vespers with a perfect abandon of carriage, as if he could sing himself out of his skin if he liked.

While the little angels down below were pattering about with their wax tapers, keeping the holy fire burning, suddenly the organ stopped, the monk shut his book with a bang, the boys blew out the candles, and I heard them all tumbling down stairs in a gale of noise and laughter. And the Beautiful Boy I saw no more.

HOW DROLL!

By M. E.

FOURTEEN little *thin* bugs, caught out in a shower,
Scrambled quick as lightning into the nearest flower.
"Dew and honey!" said they all. "Dear me! this is sweet!
Looks as though it really might be good enough to eat."
They smelled it, they tasted it,—“Yes, indeed! it's nice!”
Leaflet after leaflet vanished in a trice.

By the time the sun came, to chase away the shower,
There were all the fourteen bugs, but who could find the flower?
Into it the creatures went; now *it* was in *them*—
Fourteen little *fat* bugs, sitting on a stem!

WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

WINDSOR CASTLE is the chief State residence of the Sovereigns of England. This is a fact, to begin with, which the American boys and girls—for whom I have been asked to write something about Windsor—know as well as I do. So here is a little bit of standing-ground on which we can meet, and, as it were, introduce ourselves to each other. You on the other side of the big Atlantic have probably never seen anything like this great old medieval castle turned into a palace, and I hope that I, who live under its shadow, may be able to find something to tell you about it not quite so well known as the broad fact with which we have begun. I see this great, beautiful building every day of my life, in the sunshine and in the mists—sometimes standing up proudly over all the summer foliage like a majestic guardian of the peaceful country; sometimes rising gray against the clouds like a dream-castle. I could show you the very window in the Round Tower where the last ray of the sunset lingers longest, and where I think the enchanted princess must surely be sleeping, waiting for her true knight. And when we glide down the river of a summer's evening, you should see how all the towers rise above us, and the pinnacles of St. George's Chapel, and the long line of palace-front, and the rugged strength of the Norman donjon! King Edward Plantagenet built one portion—nay, two Edward Plantagenets had a hand in it, and two Henry Tudors, and Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Anne, and Queen Victoria, not to speak of the Charleses and the Georges. It is as beautiful as the dream of a poet—the noblest royal dwelling-place in Europe; and besides this, it is a long and splendid history done into stone.

Now, this is a thing I should like you to notice in passing, for it is full of interest. The modern houses which are being built nowadays, are built once for all and are done with. But in the old ages an architectural foundation was like a seed, taking root and growing, in soil fruitful or sterile, as the case might be. To go over a castle, a cathedral, a palace, or even a homely little parish church, in England or France or Germany, is often like making a visionary journey through several centuries. Every new prince or bishop, and even every homely squire or rude medieval baron, made

it his pride and delight to add something new—some durable token that he too, and his generation, had lived there—to the building he loved. If you study the noble art of Architecture, you will soon learn by what changes of form and developments of ornament you can distinguish the handiwork of one century from another; and when you have learned this, you will understand the pleasure of being able to see at a glance where the Norman began his heavy, solid work, and how the next heir threw up a loftier arch and poised a nobler roof upon his hereditary home, and how his grandsons worked the stone into loveliest fret-work of decoration, and all the ages contributed something, till Gothic beauty and variety gave way to Greek



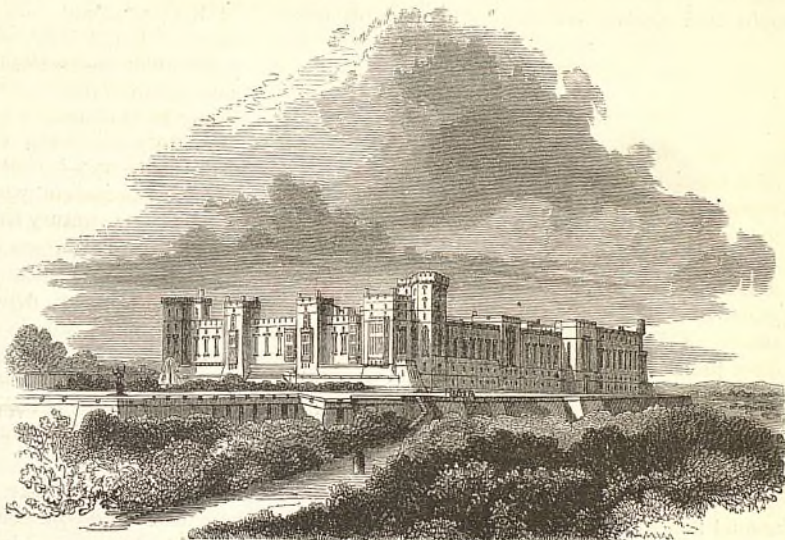
WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER.

or Italian straight lines and modern comfort. This is one of the great charms of Windsor Castle, as of every other similar building. The Round Tower, which you will see in the picture like the crown of the whole edifice, is in reality its very heart and beginning—the “keep” or “donjon,” for strength and defense, which was the first necessity of primitive times. No one can exactly tell how many old kings, from holy Edward the Confessor, planned, and how many ancient workmen labored at, the lower stories of those massive walls; but the final builder was Edward III., who built them as they stand (though not quite so lofty) six hundred years ago. St. George's Chapel, to the left of the Keep,

was built on that Edward's foundation by Edward IV. and his successor, Henry VII., Henry of Richmond, the first Tudor king. I have not space enough to tell you who built the other towers one by one, the cloisters, and the great square of the Queen's palace on the other side of the Keep. One gate-way is called that of Henry VIII., another of George IV.; neither of these, alas! being very delightful specimens of the *genus* monarch. The old Curfew tower, round and vast and solid, which rises up like a rock out of the hill-side, with the picturesque street of Windsor winding round its base, is perhaps the oldest of all. Hundreds of our flimsy modern houses will disappear, and generations perish, before one corner of that stone-work crumbles. It is as strong and perfect now as the day it was made. The town that clusters about it with red roofs, clinging picturesquely to the skirts of the gray Castle, is as lively now, if not so quaint, as when Sir John Falstaff played naughty pranks there, which Shakespeare betrayed to the world; and as the Queen drives in at the peaceful gates, which now there is no occasion to shut in defense of her, the flag of England goes up upon the Round Tower, fluttering its rich quarterings over the old Keep which Edward Plantagenet built. This flag (you will see it in the picture) makes a beautiful termination and crown to the combination of woods and water—the winding Thames, the leafy slopes, the gray noble walls, pinnacles, battlements, and towers which make up Windsor Castle. It is the sign by which we always know when the Queen is there.

Now the first story I will tell you of Windsor is one which goes back to the first royal builder, whose work is still remaining; and upon whose plans and foundation the whole after edifice has risen. This was King Edward III., who was a great king and soldier, of whom you must have read in your histories, and who fought great battles and made great conquests in France. Do you remember how the burghers of Calais came out to him with halts round their necks, and how his good Queen Philippa interceded for them and saved their lives? But I have not room enough to tell

you anything about King Edward except what is associated with Windsor. Would you like to know who his architect was for those great works he made for us? It was a certain priest called William

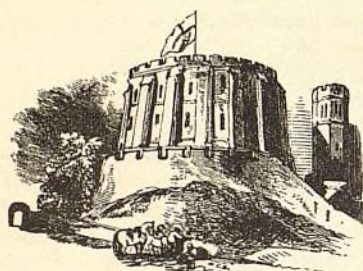


WINDSOR CASTLE—THE GARDEN FRONT.

of Wykeham, of whom some of you must have heard, who was afterward bishop, and founded the great public school at Winchester, and the college called New College at Oxford, now a very old college, but beautiful in architecture, like all he did. This will show you what a great life a priest might have, as well as a king, in those old times—greater still in useful work than in honors and fame. "Wykeham made me," he carved on the door of the great Keep when he had finished it, which Edward was not altogether pleased with, thinking the credit was his rather than his architect's; and the boys at Winchester and the students at "New" still call themselves Wykehamists, and keep their founder's day with affectionate pride in him. This, I think, is true fame.

It must have been a curious scene on the green hill of Windesore ("Wyndleshore" in the Saxon; "winding shore" the antiquaries suppose it means) when architect Wykeham was going about with his plans and his compasses; very likely teased and worried, as architects often are, by the King's perpetual visits, and very generally in want of money, which is an evil shared alike by architects and kings. While King Edward disturbed him by tournaments and revelings, Wykeham built the banquetting hall, and the lodging, such as it was, for the Queen and her ladies, and King Edward's princely but simple chambers, as well as the Round Tower. No doubt he was deeply tried by the war-

like gatherings which the King insisted upon holding continually in the half-inclosed grounds, filling the place with a splendid rabble of knights and squires, and stopping the works perpetually, however the architect might fume. Wykeham, no doubt, had already his great school in his head,



ROUND TOWER, AS BUILT BY EDWARD III.

and was planning it while he measured and calculated and tried to keep his workmen from the tilting-field, where there was so much to be seen and so many passages at arms going on. Probably some of the great-great-great- (add as many greats as you please) grandfathers of you young Americans were spurring in the lists, or looking on outside the barriers, very good subjects of King Edward, and altogether unconscious of the great continent hidden in the mists of the far West; and probably some of them thought with Wykeham that the tournaments were a nuisance, though they were a fine sight to see, stopping work and tempting workmen and apprentices, not to say wives and daughters, away from the workshop and the house. But all the same, they were a very fine sight. Knights out of foreign parts, even from countries at war with England, carrying the safe conducts which King Edward in his chivalrous hospitality had offered; and all that England possessed of gallant and splendid; and brave Scots from over the border, poorer but not less noble, came together in glittering crowds. And the Queen and her ladies sat in balconies, with their beautiful Old World dresses stiff with fine needle-work and precious stones, looking on. We never see a tournament nowadays, except in the theater. A great many years ago a Scotch nobleman made an attempt at one, which you may have heard of—the Eglinton Tournament, at which everybody laughed. But no one laughed at them in 1348. They were the finest spectacle and the most splendid meeting-ground of society which those ages knew—"as good as a play," or indeed better, as being all real, sometimes the fighting and all. And in the evening, after baths and grand toilettes, the armor and buff coats all put aside in favor of silken hose and velvet doublets, what stately balls there were in the

new grand St. George's Hall! But if you think all this was mere splendor and amusement, and meant nothing more serious, you are mistaken. King Edward, like his architect, had a great project maturing in his mind through it all.

I have no doubt that you have all heard of the orders of knighthood, which were one of the most characteristic institutions of the middle ages. They have fallen out of use and out of fashion now, except in the limited class of great personages, who still receive the distinction of the Garter, or the Saint Esprit, or the Golden Fleece,—men who are not at all likely to set out through the world in search of adventure, like knights of romance. But even now orders are found to have their use, and a British officer is more deeply gratified by a K. C. B. than he would be by a much more tangible reward; while to Frenchmen, in the early days of the Legion of Honor, its cross was the most sublime recompense that imagination could conceive. If even now these signs of honor are so much prized, you may imagine what they were in the days when the symbol meant much more, and when the order was a true brotherhood in arms, bound by a vow which still had real meaning. And a very noble meaning it was at bottom, though seldom, perhaps, carried out as it ought to have been. Probably a great many of you have heard of King Arthur and his Round Table, one of the oldest and finest fables of Christendom, which Mr. Tennyson has lately revived and made more real to us than ever in his *Idyls of the King*. No nobler moral purpose than that which held this imaginary brotherhood together could be conceived. Their object was to succor the weak, to redress wrong, to punish oppressors, and to defend the injured; and in search of adventure in this sense of the word they were supposed to be continually riding about the world, seeking not whom to devour, but whom to deliver. This, which we have got to consider only as a beautiful vision of poetry, was devoutly believed in during the fourteenth century, and it seemed to King Edward very terrible that in the country of Arthur, the very home of the Round Table, there should be no brotherhood of knights whose badge and society should be sought by the greatest of the sons of men. Other orders, less visionary than that of Arthur, were already existing, religious orders chiefly, with great possessions and wielding immense power, like that of the Knights Templars. King Edward was a wise politician and a great soldier, and no doubt he thought of this order in no romantic point of view as we do, but as a solid support to his throne and advantage to his kingdom. His mind was full of it when he gathered all that fine company about him for the tournaments, which he did not merely for pleasure or

show, but because this promised to be a real advantage and source of strength to his country and throne. It is one peculiarity of the very hard and difficult trade of king, that sometimes its most serious undertakings are carried through under the semblance of pleasure-making and festivities. You may read in the papers to-day how the grim old Emperor of Germany pays visits to other monarchs, and goes to balls, though he is not far from eighty years old. You don't suppose that is for pleasure, do you? or that it is the dancing he is thinking of when he stands by and talks to other kings or prime ministers? In the old days this was still more the case than now. Great banquets, and tournaments, and dances were part of the State business, and King Edward, while he planned out the idea of his Order, and dreamed of the important work it might do for England, knew very well that all his anxious thinkings were not enough to set it bravely going and make it popular, but that he must wait and look out for some happy accident, some chance adventure, that would charm the people, some scene or story which would please their imaginations, and make his elaborate plan look like a fine sudden impulse. You know by your own experience, though you are only boys and girls, that a thing which begins with a story always seems more real than that which is founded on mere dry facts. The people are always more or less of the same mind; and in those distant days, you know, there was very little of what we call education. A great number of the splendid gentlemen who fought in the tournaments could not read, neither could those lovely ladies in the galleries, though some of them were renowned all over Europe; so that something that the minstrels could make songs about, something that could be put into a story, was much more striking and attractive to them than all the State projects and serious patriotic undertakings in the world.

Now King Edward knew this, being a wise man; and instead of taking all these people into his great new hall and making long speeches to them at which they would have yawned, and probably fallen asleep in the midst, he said nothing about his great idea, but prepared all his plans in his mind and waited till something should happen to give him a picturesque beginning. And now I will tell you how this happy occasion came. Some of you, I have no doubt, have heard the story before.

You must not think that King Edward was old, or stiff, or too serious to enjoy everything that was going on, because he had a great many serious things in his mind. On the contrary, he tilted with the best, and danced when the tilting was over, being still in the full force of manhood. There is an

account of his appearance at one of the tournaments, with a white swan on his shield, and his coat worked over with a motto which sounds somewhat profane to our ears, though there was no such intention in it. We should think it also written in the style of a braggart, did any man adopt it now; but that was not the opinion of the time. Some of you, perhaps, could put it into Gothic letters, in which it looks best:

Hay! hay! the White Swan;
By God's soul I am thy man.

This was a universal challenge to the field, and I don't doubt King Edward got and gave some hard knocks. And perhaps it might be on the evening of this very day when the King had been galloping about the lists, defying all his guests to the friendly but rough encounter, which was all for love, and not in anger, that the occasion he had been looking for arose.

The great banqueting hall of Windsor Castle is still called St. George's Hall, but no doubt it looks very different now from King Edward's hall, which occupied the same position and bore the same name. Many ancient halls, however, still exist in England, so that we can tell how it must have looked. The walls loftier and nobler than any ball-room nowadays, but sterner in decoration as well as much more really beautiful; great stately windows with decorated tracery and painted glass, which shone



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

like jewels; tapestries of wonderful workmanship, upon which many patient women had worked out their lives; no gaudy mirrors, or commonplace glitter of gilding, but plenty of color everywhere, in mural paintings, in pennon and banner and heraldic shield, and in the dresses, above all, which were marvelous combinations of splendid stuffs and priceless embroideries; and the whole lit up

by candles stuck in brass sconces and circles suspended from the roof, the flames waving about a little, no doubt, for the winds got in freely under the lofty vault, and through the great doors. At one end would be the gallery for the musicians, with delicate railings and canopy worked in stone, and the floors were all strewn with fresh green rushes, the luxury of carpets not having yet reached England. Let us hope, however, that there were no rushes where the dancing was, but only about the dais where their Majesties sat and received all their noble guests. But you may be sure King Edward did not sit there long. He was among the dancers as he had been among the knights, ready to say "I am thy man" to whosoever was fairest and sweetest of the three hundred beautiful ladies who were in Queen Philippa's train. There were no waltzes in those days, nor light dresses of tulle or tarletan to be torn in the scuffle, but stately measures, beautifully danced to much less rapid music than ours, in which the ladies and gentlemen had room to show themselves, and were obliged to keep perfect time, and move with courtly grace as ladies and gentlemen ought. In most of these dances one pair "trod their measure" at a time, while the others looked on, no doubt making their criticisms. And when it came to the King's turn to perform with his beautiful partner, you may imagine how all the courtiers crowded to look on.

When—but at this one holds one's breath—as they went through their dance with stately bows and curtsies, she probably very proud of her position as partner to the King, he courteous and gracious, but thinking all the time of Arthur's Round Table, and his own order of knighthood, what should happen but that the lady's garter got loose somehow, and dropped, in the midst of all the fine people, at the King's feet! Here was a business! Cannot you imagine the shock, the stir, the pause, the general titter, people staring over each other's shoulders, pointing and whispering, while the unmannerly laughed aloud? There is no harm in a garter, which is a very necessary little article indeed; but one can understand how these unkind people made it look like harm, by their mocking looks, and how the poor lady, abashed and blushing at the moment of her triumph, stood overcome with shame, surrounded by all those fine courtiers tittering at her. When King Edward perceived it, he gave them, however, a practical proof that he was by far the finest gentleman there. He stooped and lifted up the poor little blue band from the floor. "Shame be to him who thinks evil!" he cried, with the honest indignation of a manly soul. This he said as Edward Plantagenet, a knight and gentleman, bound to shield and succor every lady who wanted his help, in small things or great.

But then as he stood in the center of the group, holding the little ribbon, and shaming the mockers, there came to him that happy instinct of kings which so often does more for them than the weightiest counsel. Here was the very accident he wanted, and he seized upon it with royal readiness. "Sirs," he said, "you who laugh at this garter: there is such honor destined for it that whosoever wears it shall think himself happy." And from that day the Order of the Garter was as good as established, being named and settled in the public imagination and in King Edward's mind.

Now many people have laughed at this story, and many have supposed it to bear a less innocent meaning, for in our day, as in King Edward's day, a great number of persons everywhere are ready to think evil. But *Honi soit qui mal y pense*; the shame be to him, everywhere and always, who puts an evil interpretation upon an innocent accident. "Ill-doers are ill-dreaders," one of our Scotch proverbs says; and I think Edward III. gave the world and his courtiers such a lesson that day as became a gentleman and a king,—for of these two, gentleman is the higher title, and in all English speech we write it first, as in duty bound.

Thus the greatest order of chivalry in England, and one of the most famous in Christendom, got its name, a fit name in so far as it embodies that highest grace of courtesy which, like every other noble sentiment, is in the very breath of Christianity, part of the fragrance that ought always to surround the purest of religions. There was no more laughing after that, you may suppose, at the garter, which the noblest there was proud to buckle round his knee, with that pungent motto embroidered on it in the old Norman French, which was the court language in those days—"Honi soit qui mal y pense." For centuries afterward I should not like to have been the man who thought evil of that badge of honor, or dared to whisper a word against it. He would have had short shrift in those fighting days.

There was more than this, however, to do before the order was fairly founded. First of all there was a chapel wanted in which they might worship God, who, according to tradition, is the founder of all chivalry—and hold their high festivals on St. George's day, and give solemn investiture to each newly chosen knight. And the chapel required a staff of priests and choristers, with lodgings for each learned canon, and school and living for each singing boy. And that poor men might not be left out, while greater men came to honor, the King instituted another Order of Poor Knights, in order to furnish an asylum for old soldiers who had not made their fortunes by their swords. Accordingly the Chapel of St. George's was founded, which now stands perfect, in a later architectural style

than that of Edward III.'s reign,—the richer, if not so graceful, "perpendicular," which came to full maturity in the days of Henry VII., and which is the latest development of purely Gothic architecture in England. Behind are the cloisters and canons' houses; in front of it the curious bright

and over each stall hangs the banner and the sword of the owner. So it has been for nearly six centuries, and so it will be, according to all human probability, for centuries more.

And I wish I could take you into this lovely old chapel when the summer afternoon sunshine has



INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

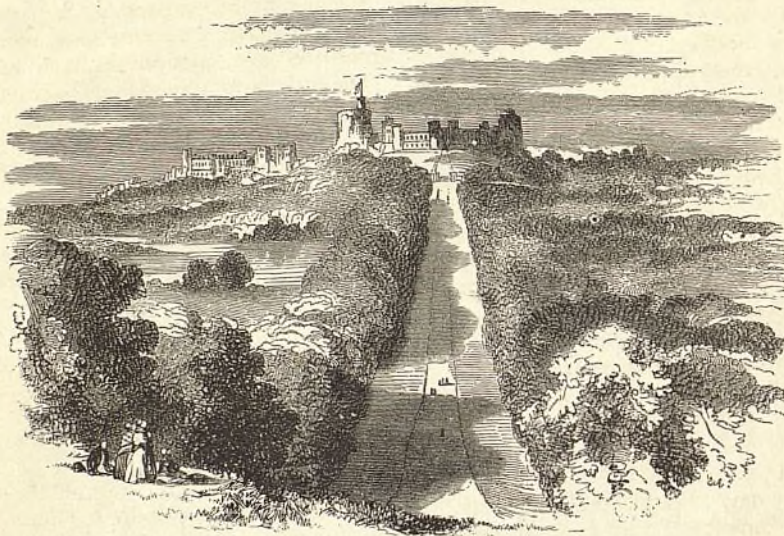
little houses of the Poor Knights. Everything exists still as it was founded then. The canons are church dignitaries, however, nowadays, and the Poor Knights retired officers; and the Chapel of the Order of the Garter is the state chapel of the royal family, where all great ceremonials, marriages, and christenings take place. The choir is fitted up with stalls of beautiful carved work for the knights,

got in—as it does by a trick of its own, through the corner of a big window in the side aisle, high over our heads—and lighted upon the banners hanging there, fluttering them with sudden touches of gold. The chorister boys in their white surplices down below, with fresh little faces that might be the faces of angels (though they are no better boys than the rest of us), stand up and sing the psalms and canticles,

to glorious music of Handel and Mozart, as if their whole hearts were in it; and when the service is just over, the officiating clergyman reads a prayer peculiar to the place. "God bless our most gracious Sovereign the Queen, and all the Companions of the most noble Order of the Garter," is what he says daily, morning and evening, as his predeces-

sors have said it for these last six hundred years. This is how our old England carries unconsciously, naturally as the air she breathes, the old into the new.

In the next chapter I will try to tell you how a young captive prince, out of his prison window, fell in love with a beautiful lady in her garden, and what became of this young pair and their race.



THE LONG WALK AT WINDSOR.

THE CHOICE.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

I WOULD not be a leaf, oh no,
To wait for April winds to blow
Before I should have power to grow;
I would not be a leaf, to lose
The red and gold of autumn hues,
And drop when giddy winds should choose;
I would not be a brook that strays
Through pastures and sweet hidden ways,
And nowhere loiters or delays,—
A brook that hurries here and there,
Whether the day be dark or fair,
Till caught within the frost's white snare;
I would not be a bird that weaves
Her dainty nest beneath the eaves,

And has no peace for fear of thieves;
I would not be a bird to trill,
And teach my fledglings with a will,
And find one day the nest quite still;
I would not be a bee to roam,
Seeking the sweetness far from home
With which to fill my honey-comb;
Nor would I be a red rose, born
With many a hidden cruel thorn,
Where children's fingers might be torn.
But I would simply choose to be
A little child at mother's knee,
Of years that number one, two, three,—
O that is far the best for me!

THE PETERKINS DECIDE TO KEEP A COW.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

NOT that they were fond of drinking milk, nor that they drank very much. But for that reason Mr. Peterkin thought it would be well to have a cow, to encourage the family to drink more, as he felt it would be so healthy.

Mrs. Peterkin recalled the troubles of the last cold winter, and how near they came to starving, when they were shut up in a severe snow-storm, and the water-pipes burst, and the milk was frozen. If the cow-shed could open out of the wood-shed, such trouble might be prevented.

Tony Larkin was to come over and milk the cow every morning, and Agamemnon and Solomon John agreed to learn how to milk, in case Tony should be "snowed up" or have the whooping-cough in the course of the winter. The little boys thought they knew how already.

But if they were to have three or four pails full of milk every day, it was important to know where to keep it.

"One way will be," said Mrs. Peterkin, "to use a great deal every day. We will make butter."

"That will be admirable," thought Mr. Peterkin.

"And custards," suggested Solomon John.

"And syllabub," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And cocoanut cakes," exclaimed the little boys.

"We don't need the milk for cocoanut cakes," said Mrs. Peterkin.

The little boys thought they might have a cocoanut tree instead of a cow. You could have the milk from the cocoanuts, and it would be pleasant climbing the tree, and you would not have to feed it.

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "we shall have to feed the cow."

"Where shall we pasture her?" asked Agamemnon.

"Up on the hills, up on the hills," exclaimed the little boys, "where there are a great many bars to take down, and huckleberry-bushes!"

Mr. Peterkin had been thinking of their own little lot behind the house.

"But I don't know," he said, "but the cow might eat off all the grass in one day, and there would not be any left for to-morrow, unless the grass grew fast enough every night."

Agamemnon said it would depend upon the season. In a rainy season the grass would come up very fast, in a drought it might not grow at all.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Peterkin, "that is the worst of having a cow, there might be a drought."

Mr. Peterkin thought they might make some calculation from the quantity of grass in the lot.

Solomon John suggested that measurements might be made by seeing how much grass the Bromwicks' cow, opposite them, eat up in a day.

The little boys agreed to go over and spend the day on the Bromwicks' fence, and take an observation.

"The trouble would be," said Elizabeth Eliza, "that cows walk about so, and the Bromwicks' yard is very large. Now she would be eating in one place, and then she would walk to another. She would not be eating all the time, a part of the time she would be chewing."

The little boys thought they should like nothing better than to have some sticks, and keep the cow in one corner of the yard till the calculations were made.

But Elizabeth Eliza was afraid the Bromwicks would not like it.

"Of course, it would bring all the boys in the school about the place, and very likely they would make the cow angry."

Agamemnon recalled that Mr. Bromwick once wanted to hire Mr. Peterkin's lot for his cow.

Mr. Peterkin started up.

"That is true; and of course Mr. Bromwick must have known there was feed enough for one cow."

"And the reason you did n't let him have it," said Solomon John, "was that Elizabeth Eliza was afraid of cows."

"I did not like the idea," said Elizabeth Eliza, "of their cow's looking at me over the top of the fence, perhaps, when I should be planting the sweet-peas in the garden. I hope our cow would be a quiet one. I should not like her jumping over the fence into the flower-beds."

Mr. Peterkin declared that he should buy a cow of the quietest kind.

"I should think something might be done about covering her horns," said Mrs. Peterkin; "that seems the most dangerous part. Perhaps they might be padded with cotton."

Elizabeth Eliza said cows were built so large and clumsy, that if they came at you they could not help knocking you over.

The little boys would prefer having the pasture a great way off. Half the fun of having a cow would be going up on the hills after her.

Agamemnon thought the feed was not so good on the hills.

"The cow would like it ever so much better," the little boys declared, "on account of the variety. If she did not like the rocks and the bushes, she could walk round and find the grassy places."

"I am not sure," said Elizabeth Eliza, "but it would be less dangerous to keep the cow in the lot behind the house, because she would not be coming and going, morning and night, in that jerky way the Larkins' cows come home. They don't mind which gate they rush in at. I should hate to have our cow dash into our front yard just as I was coming home of an afternoon."

"That is true," said Mr. Peterkin; "we can have the door of the cow-house open directly into the pasture, and save the coming and going."

The little boys were quite disappointed. The cow would miss the exercise, and they would lose a great pleasure.

Solomon John suggested that they might sit on the fence and watch the cow.

It was decided to keep the cow in their own pasture; and as they were to put on an end kitchen, it would be perfectly easy to build a dairy.

The cow proved a quiet one. She was a little excited when all the family stood round at the first milking, and watched her slowly walking into the shed.

Elizabeth Eliza had her scarlet sack dyed brown a fortnight before. It was the one she did her gardening in, and it might have infuriated the cow. And she kept out of the garden the first day or two.

Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza bought the best kind of milk-pans of every size.

But there was a little disappointment about the taste of the milk.

The little boys liked it and drank large mugs of it. Elizabeth Eliza said she never could learn to love

milk warm from the cow, though she would like to do her best to patronize the cow.

Mrs. Peterkin was afraid Amanda did not understand about taking care of the milk; yet she had been down to overlook her, and she was sure the pans and the closet were all clean.

"Suppose we send a pitcher of cream over to the lady from Philadelphia to try," said Elizabeth Eliza; "it will be a pretty attention before she goes."

"It might be awkward if she did n't like it," said Solomon John. "Perhaps something is the matter with the grass."

"I gave the cow an apple to eat yesterday," said one of the little boys, remorsefully.

Elizabeth Eliza went over, and Mrs. Peterkin too, and explained all to the lady from Philadelphia, asking her to taste the milk.

The lady from Philadelphia tasted, and said the truth was that the milk was sour!

"I was afraid it was so," said Mrs. Peterkin; "but I did n't know what to expect from these new kinds of cows."

The lady from Philadelphia asked where the milk was kept.

"In the new dairy," answered Elizabeth Eliza.

"Is that in a cool place?" asked the lady from Philadelphia.

Elizabeth Eliza explained it was close by the new kitchen.

"Is it near the chimney?" inquired the lady from Philadelphia.

"It is directly back of the chimney and the new kitchen-range," replied Elizabeth Eliza. "I suppose it is too hot!"

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Peterkin, "that is it! Last winter the milk froze, and now we have gone to the other extreme! Where shall we put our dairy?"

THE FLOSCULE.

BY MARY TREAT.

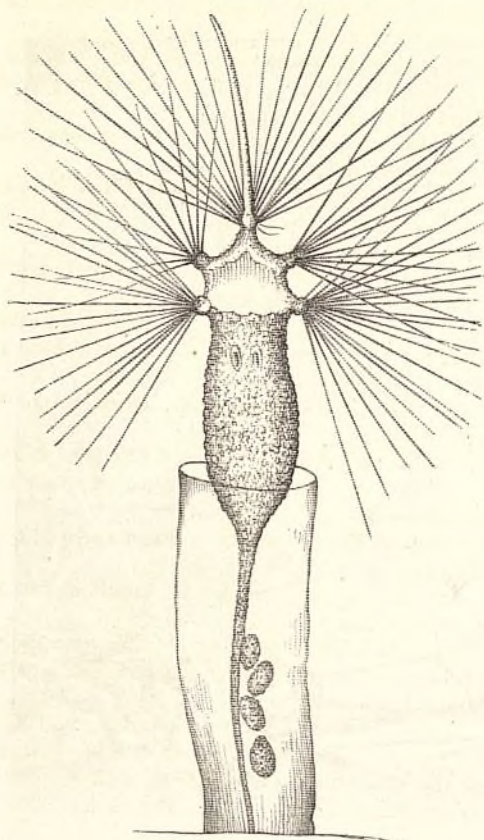
ON the following page you see a curious animal which the microscope reveals. It is called a Floscule. There are several species of Floscule, but the one here represented is, perhaps, as odd and novel as any that we have seen. The creature lives in a transparent, glass-like house that, when magnified, looks very much like the candy-jars that we see in the confectioners' shops. The house is securely

fastened to some leaf or stem that grows under water. It seems to be a good housekeeper; how it manages to keep its house so neat and clean, with the door always open, is a mystery. Perhaps there is a transparent door that we have not yet discovered, that prevents the particles of dirt from entering the house.

We frequently find as many as seven or eight

eggs in the Floscule's house, and there it moves about to suit its convenience; sometimes they are scattered about, at other times we find them in a nice little pile.

The Floscule does not always show off to good advantage; it settles down in a heap in the bottom



THE FLOSCULE, MAGNIFIED.

of its house, and then it does not look much like anything alive, but if we watch it awhile we will soon see it move. It has a voracious appetite, and has to depend upon its own exertions for a livelihood. When it wants its dinner it rises up and stands on a long foot-stalk; the foot is securely fastened to the bottom of the house, and the most tempting dinner will not induce it to leave its house;

so we always find our Floscule at home. The foot-stalk is about as long as the house; so the whole body can be outside of the house, while the foot is firmly planted within.

The Floscule is a good deal like some people that I know; when it is within its house it is a very plain-looking body indeed, but as it rises to go out, it dons its holiday attire, and very fascinating and brilliant it looks. It reminds me of the story of Cinderella, when the fairy godmother waves the wand that transforms the plain Cinderella into the beautiful princess; so the Floscule when it comes to the door of its house waves a wand, and now its beauties begin to unfold. The wand is attached to the creature, and while it is waving it about, five lobes appear, from which radiate numerous gossamer-like filaments which glisten and shimmer in the light, making it a marvel of beauty. We wonder if all this beauty is simply for a trap to capture prey for the Floscule's dinner?

If we watch it awhile, I fear we shall be obliged to come to this conclusion. A tiny animal becomes entangled among the gossamer filaments, and now the wand is moved over it and forces it into the wide opening, where there is room for the little creature to swim about; but if it attempts to escape, the opening contracts, and this sudden movement forces the little victim into the jaws of the Floscule.

The Floscule is a very sensitive creature—quick to take alarm; a slight tap on the microscope, or on the table on which the microscope stands, will send it quickly into its house. It does not seem to be aware that it lives in a glass house, where all its movements can be plainly seen; but the house, no doubt, is a protection against marauding animals, or it would not drop down so quickly when alarmed.

The mother Floscule takes very good care of her eggs, but as soon as the tiny Floscules are hatched she sends them adrift. She will not have her house turned topsy-turvy by a lot of young ones—she is too good a housekeeper for that; so the poor little things go drifting about for a while, as if they did not know what to do. Part of them are pretty sure to fall a prey to some voracious animal, while the remainder become attached to some water-plant, where they soon grow to respectable-sized Floscules, and have houses of their own, and settle down to staid housekeepers, like their parents before them.

THE ANGELS' LADDER.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.



“ If there were a ladder, mother,
Between the earth and sky,
As in the days of the Bible,
I would bid you all good-bye,
And go through every country,
And search from town to town,
Till I had found the ladder,
With angels coming down.

“ Then I would wait, quite softly,
Beside the lowest round,
Till the sweetest-looking angel
Had stepped upon the ground ;
I would pull his dazzling garment,
And speak out very plain :
‘ Will you take me, please, to heaven,
When you go back again ? ’ ”

“ Ah, darling,” said the mother,
“ You need not wander so
To find the golden ladder
Where angels come and go.
Wherever gentle kindness
Or pitying love abounds,
There is the wondrous ladder,
With angels on the rounds.”

THE LITTLE HOUSES ON THE TELEGRAPH-POLES.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.



FASTENED to the telegraph-poles in New York City there are five hundred and forty-eight little houses, in each of which dwells an invisible spirit with greater powers than the fairy godmother who made a carriage for Cinderella out of pumpkins and horses out of mice. They are built of iron and painted green, and look for all the world like post-office boxes. Indeed, I have been told that honest country folks visiting the city sometimes almost wrench them to pieces with their umbrellas in trying to get their letters in.

Under the eaves of these little houses there is a bit of a glass window, behind which is a blind with some printing on it, and the printing says that a key to the door may be found at the baker's or the tailor's or the shoemaker's over the way. But the possessor is forbidden to loan it, unless there happens to be a fire in the neighborhood and the spirit is wanted to go on an errand. So, in order that we may have a peep within, we will enlist the services of a friend of mine who is a city fireman, and who carries a duplicate key in his pocket.

When the door is opened, we look into the front room; let us call it the parlor, and, like many other parlors, it is cold and bare. The only furniture is a little knob projecting from one of the walls. The back room, which the fireman opens with another key, is much more interesting, however; and it is here that the wonderful spirit is imprisoned in a curious-looking little machine, with brass cog-wheels, levers and springs, which is set in motion by that simple knob in front.

He is on duty all the year round. Pull the knob, and he will fly like a flash of lightning over the wire that enters the house from behind, telling the firemen throughout the city that they are wanted, and where. His name is Electricity, and his house is called a fire-alarm telegraph-box. So you will see that I am writing something more real than a fairy-story, although the facts I have to relate are about a kind of giants and dwarfs.

The Fire Department of New York City, which electricity controls, is the finest and most extensive in the world. Great big London and brilliant Paris have nothing to compare with it. It costs us a good deal of money to keep it going, but we are proud of it, and no one who has seen it at work can fail to admire it. The engines and horses are the best that can be obtained, and the men are skillful and brave. Perhaps you have stood in some street when an alarm of fire has been sent out from one of the boxes. A minute or two afterward a fireman has dashed around the corner, clearing the way for his engine, which has followed along behind at race-horse speed, with bells ringing and a trail of smoke pouring from the chimney,—the wheels a bright scarlet, and every bit of brass-work throwing back the sunshine in blinding rays. Then the hose carriage has come,—a drum on wheels, with hundreds of yards of leather tubing wrapped around it, and half a dozen men clinging to their seats for their lives, and slipping on their coats as they were whirled onward. It seemed like a cavalry charge in a battle, and has stirred your blood with excitement. The busiest man on the thronged street has paused to watch the heroes galloping to their work. The vehicles in the roadway, that were all wedged in together, have drawn aside and left a clear passage in the center.

So, within a few minutes of the time of the alarm, the gallant firemen have reached the burning building, and have scaled the walls and poured torrents of water on the flames, perhaps putting them out in less than half an hour, and perhaps fighting them for the greater part of a day.

The moment the knob in the little house is pulled, all the cog-wheels revolve with a noise like clock-work, and Electricity leaps out of the roof and along the wires with a warning to the engine-houses. Away he goes over the highest buildings in the city, up this street, down that street, now along a narrow cornice seventy feet high, then around a church steeple, stopping for the millionth part of a second on a fifth story, then down to the ground, never pausing until he alights at his destination with a crash like the sound of a bad boy tumbling through the roof of a glass house.

And when he arrives there? What then? Well, I will tell exactly what happens then; but before doing that, I must ask you to swallow a few nice, dry, important facts.

You understand, of course, that no great business attends to itself, and in the Fire Department each man has a particular place and some particular duties assigned to him. The whole city, from the Battery Park at one end to Fordham at the other, is divided into districts, each of which has a certain number of alarm-boxes and station-houses in it. The station-houses are occupied by companies of firemen, and are built of brick, three stories high, with wide green gates in front. The first floor is level with the street, and contains the engine, in the rear of which are stalls for the horses. On the

of whiteness that would do a tidy woman's heart good. The kalsomine on the walls is spotless, and a great big brass gong shines like a miniature sun. The engine, standing in the center, is as bright as though it had just come from the builder's hands. Its wheels are painted a flaming scarlet, and every bit of brass-work is a looking-glass. Yet it was at a fire only last night, and was drenched with water and clouded with smoke. The furnace is filled with fuel, and a brand of cotton soaked in kerosene lies near by, ready to be lighted the moment it is wanted. Perhaps you have not observed



GOING TO A FIRE.

second story there is a sitting-room, nicely carpeted and papered, containing a small library and pictures of celebrated firemen on the walls. Above this are the dormitories, with long rows of narrow iron beds, and a wash-room. Altogether, these station-houses look very comfortable, and many boys will, perhaps, consider a fireman's a very desirable life.

Suppose that you and I drop into one quite by chance some afternoon or evening; it matters little what the hour is, for the firemen have no respite, and are on duty all day and all night.

As we enter the house from the street, we are at first impressed with the marvelous neatness of everything. The floors are scrubbed to a degree

the pipe that comes up through the floor. But if you look at the little dial over the furnace, you will see that twenty-five pounds of pressure are registered, which amount of steam is constantly maintained in the boiler by means of this pipe, which is attached to another boiler in the cellar beneath; so that when the engine is called out, and her own fire is lighted, she is immediately ready for use.

In the stalls behind the front apartment three plump, well-groomed horses are securely haltered, with the pet name of each written in golden letters over his bed. Some of the firemen, who are mostly young, wiry, and muscular, are in the parlor overhead, reading or playing dominoes. Others are chatting in the rear yard.

Although the station is on a noisy thoroughfare, it is as quiet as a church within, and an overfed kitten is coiled up in tranquil sleep on the doormat. But a surprise is in store for us, and when it comes it shakes our nerves.

Crash! The roof seems to be falling in. Crash! crash! crash! again and again. The three horses come galloping out of the stable one after the other, and stop short in front of the engine and hose-carriage. The men leap about like bounding Arabs. There is a rattle of harness; the drivers spring to their seats, and the wide doors fly open. Ready!

And the captain of the station, who has been standing quietly in a corner with his watch in his hand, comes toward us, who are dumbfounded, and smilingly says to us: "Exactly thirteen seconds, gentlemen!" What on earth does he mean? Simply that, in order to show us what his men could do, he gave a false alarm, and that a little more than a quarter of a minute after Master Electricity had sounded the gong, every man was at his

place, horses were harnessed, and all things were ready for a fight with the flames.

Whenever the knob in the little houses on the telegraph-poles is pulled, the same things occur in at least four engine-houses. The moment the hammer of the gong falls, which it does when touched by that marvelous fellow Electricity, it disengages the horses from their halters by a connecting iron rod, and they, trained to their duties, spring to their places with as much eagerness as the men. The same signal tells exactly where the fire is, and within ten minutes four engines are on the spot, sucking water from the mains and throwing it eighty or ninety feet high.

If the knob is pulled a second time, four more engines are called; and if again, four more; and by repeating the call, all the engines in the city may be brought to the ground.

Does n't all this recall the story of Jack the Giant-killer to your mind? Electricity is Jack, who, although such a bit of a fellow, has the power to command this great giant of the Fire Department.

THE STORY OF JON OF ICELAND.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

CHAPTER VII.

At the end of two weeks, Sigurd's wife received a letter from her brother, and it was better than she had dared to hope. Magnus wrote that his wife was dead, his son was a student in Copenhagen, and he was all alone in the big house at Reykiavik. He was ready to give Jon a home, even to take herself and her husband, provided the latter could sell his farm to good advantage and find some employment which would add to his means. "He must neither live an idle life, nor depend on my help," Magnus said; and his sister felt that he was right, although he told the truth in rather a hard, unfriendly way.

She read the letter to Sigurd next morning, as he was lying very weak and quiet, but in his right mind. His eyes slowly brightened, and he murmured, at last, with difficulty:

"Sell the farm to Thorsten, for his eldest son, and go to Magnus. Jon will take my place."

Jon, who had entered the room in time to hear these words, sat down on the bed and held his father's hand in both his own. The latter smiled

faintly, opened his lips to speak again, and then a sudden quivering passed over his face, and he lay strangely still. It was a long time before the widow and children could believe that he was dead. They said to each other, over and over again, amid their tears: "He was happy; the trouble for our sakes was taken away from his heart;"—and Jon thought to himself: "If I do my best, as I promised, he will be still happier in heaven."

When Sigurd's death was known, the neighbors came and helped them until the funeral was over, and the sad little household resumed, as far as possible, its former way of life. Thorsten, a rich farmer of Kyrkedal, whose son was to be married in the spring, came, a few weeks later, to make an offer for the farm. No doubt he hoped to get it at a low price; for money has a greater value in Iceland, where there is so little of it. But the widow said at once: "I shall make no bargain unless Jon agrees with me;" and then Jon spoke up, looking a great deal more like a full-grown, honest man, than he supposed:

"We only want the fair value of the farm, neigh-



bor Thorsten. We want it because we need it, and everybody will say it is just and right that we should have it. If we cannot get that, I shall try to go on, and do my father's work. I am only a boy now, but I shall get bigger and stronger every year."

"Thy father could not have spoken better words," said Thorsten.

He made what he considered a fair offer, and it was very nearly as much as Jon and his mother had reckoned upon; the latter, however, insisted on waiting until she had consulted with her brother Magnus.

Not many days after that, Magnus himself arrived at the farm. He was a tall man, with dark hair, large gray eyes, a thin, hard mouth, and an important, commanding air. It was a little hard for Jon to say "uncle" to this man, whom he had never seen, and of whom he had heard so little. Magnus, although stern, was not unfriendly, and when he had heard of all that had been said and done, he nodded his head and said:

"Very prudent; very well, so far!"

It was, perhaps, as well that the final settlement of affairs was left to Uncle Magnus, for he not only obtained an honest price for the farm, but sold the ponies, cows, and sheep to much better advantage than the family could have done. He had them driven to Kyrkedal, and sent messengers to Skalholt and Myrdal, and even to Thingvalla, so that quite a number of farmers came together, and they had dinner in the church. Some of the women and children also came, to say "good-bye" to the family; but when the former whispered to Jon: "You'll come back to us some day, as a pastor or a *skald*" (author), Magnus frowned and shook his head.

"The boy is in a fair way to make an honest, sensible man," he said. "Don't you spoil him with your nonsense!"

When they all set out together for Reykjavik, Jon reproached himself for feeling so light-hearted, while his mother and Gudrid wept for miles of the way. He was going to see a real town, to enter school, to begin a new and wonderful life; and just beyond Kyrkedal there came the first strange sight. They rode over the grassy plain toward the Geysers, the white steam of which they had often seen in the distance; but now, as they drew near a gray cone, which rose at the foot of the hill on the west, a violent thumping began in the earth under their feet. "He is going to spout!" cried the guide, and he had hardly spoken when the basin in the top of the cone boiled over furiously, throwing huge volumes of steam into the air. Then there was a sudden, terrible jar, and a pillar of water, six feet in diameter, shot up to the height of nearly a

hundred feet, sparkling like liquid gold in the low, pale sunshine. It rose again and again, until the subterranean force was exhausted; then the water fell back into the basin with a dull sound, and all was over.

They could think or talk of nothing else for a time, and when they once more looked about them the landscape had changed. All was new to the children, and only dimly remembered by their mother. The days were very short and dark, for winter was fast coming on; it was often difficult to make the distance from one farm-house to another, and they twice slept in the little churches, which are always hospitably opened for travelers, because there are no inns in Iceland. After leaving the valley, they had a bitterly cold and stormy journey over a high field of lava, where little piles of stones, a few yards apart, are erected to guide the traveler. Beyond this, they crossed the Raven's Cleft, a deep, narrow chasm, with a natural bridge in one place, where the rocks have fallen together from either side; then, at the bottom of the last slope of the lava-plains, they entered the Thingvalla Forest.

Jon was a little disappointed; still, he had never seen anything like it. There were willow and birch bushes, three or four feet high, growing here and there out of the cracks among the rocks. He could look over the tops of them from his pony, as he rode along, and the largest trunk was only big enough to make a club. But there is no other "forest" in Iceland; and the people must have something to represent a forest, or they would have no use for the word!

It was fast growing dark when they reached Thingvalla, and the great shattered walls of rock which inclose the valley appeared much loftier than by day. On the right, a glimmering water-fall plunged from the top of the cliff, and its roar filled the air. Magnus pointed out, on the left, the famous "Hill of the Law," where, for nearly nine hundred years, the people of Iceland had assembled together to discuss their political matters. Jon knew all about the spot, from the many historical legends and poems he had read, and there was scarcely another place in the whole world which he could have had greater interest in seeing. The next morning, when it was barely light enough to travel, they rode up a kind of rocky ladder, through a great fissure called the *Allmannagjá*, or "People's Chasm," and then pushed on more rapidly across the barren table-land. It was still forty miles to Reykjavik,—a good two days' journey at that season,—and the snows, which already covered the mountains, were beginning to fall on the lower country.

On the afternoon of the second day, after they had crossed the Salmon River, Magnus said:

"In an hour we shall see the town!"

But the first thing that came in sight was only a stone tower, or beacon, which the students had built upon a hill.

"Is that a town?" asked Gudrid; whereupon the others laughed heartily.

Jon discreetly kept silent, and waited until they had reached the foot of the beacon, when—all at once—Reykjavik lay below them. Its two or three hundred houses stretched for half a mile over a belt of land between the sea and a large lake. There was the prison, built all of cut stone; the old wooden cathedral, with its square spire; the large, snow-white governor's house, and the long row of stores and warehouses, fronting the harbor—all visible at once! To a boy who had never before seen a comfortable dwelling, nor more than five houses near together, the little town was a grand, magnificent capital. Each house they passed was a new surprise to him; the doors, windows, chimneys and roofs were all so different, so large and fine. And there were more people in the streets than he had ever before seen together.

At last, Magnus stopped before one of the handsomest dwellings, and helped his sister down from her pony. The door opened, and an old servant came forth. Jon and Gudrid, hand in hand, followed them into a room which seemed to them larger and handsomer than the church at Kyrkedal, with still other rooms opening out of it, with wonderful chairs, and pictures, and carpets upon which they were afraid to walk. This was their new home.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVEN before their arrival, Jon discovered that his Uncle Magnus was a man who said little, but took good notice of what others did. The way to gain his favor, therefore, was to accept and discharge the duties of the new life as they should arise. Having adopted the resolution to do this, it was surprising how soon these duties became familiar and easy. He entered the school, where he was by no means the lowest or least promising scholar, assisted his mother and Gudrid wherever it was possible, and was so careful a messenger that Magnus by degrees intrusted him with matters of some importance. The household, in a little while, became well-ordered and harmonious, and although it lacked the freedom and home-like feeling of the lonely farm on the *Thiörvá*, all were contented and happy.

Jon had a great deal to learn, but his eagerness helped him. His memory was naturally excellent, and he had been obliged to exercise it so constantly—having so few books, and those mostly his own written copies—that he was able to repeat, cor-

rectly, large portions of the native *sagas*, or poetical histories. He was so well advanced in Latin that the continuance of the study became simply a delight; he learned Danish, almost without an effort, from his uncle's commercial partner and the Danish clerk in the warehouse; and he took up the study of English with a zeal which was heightened by his memories of Mr. Lorne.

We cannot follow him, step by step, during this period, although many things in his life might instruct and encourage other earnest, struggling boys. It is enough to say that he was always patient and cheerful, always grateful for his opportunity of education, and never neglectful of his proper duties to his uncle, mother, and sister. Sometimes, it is true, he was called upon to give up hours of sport, days of recreation, desires which were right in themselves but could not be gratified,—and it might have gone harder with him to do so, if he had not constantly thought: "How would my father have acted in such a case?" And had he not promised to take the place of his father?

So three years passed away. Jon was eighteen, and had his full stature. He was strong and healthy, and almost handsome; and he had seen so much of the many strangers who every summer come to Reykjavik,—French fishermen, Spanish and German sailors, English travelers, and Danish traders,—that all his old shyness had disappeared. He was able to look any man in the eyes, and ask or answer a question.

It was the beginning of summer, and the school had just closed. Jon had been assisting the Danish clerk in the warehouse; but toward noon, when they had an idle hour, a sailor announced that there was a new arrival in the harbor; so he walked down the beach of sharp lava-sand to the wooden jetty where strangers landed. A little distance off shore a yacht was moored; the English flag was flying at the stern, and a boat was already pulling toward the landing-place. Jon rubbed his eyes, to be sure that he saw clearly; but no! the figure remained the same; and now, as the stranger leaped ashore, he could no longer contain himself. He rushed across the beach, threw his arms around the man, and cried out: "Lorne! Lorne!"

The latter was too astonished to recognize him immediately.

"Don't you know me?" Jon asked; and then, half laughing, half crying, said in Latin: "To-day is better than yesterday."

"Why, can this be my little guide?" exclaimed Mr. Lorne. "But to be sure it is! There are no such wise eyes in so young a head anywhere else in the world."

Before night the traveler was installed in the

guest-room in Uncle Magnus's house; and then they truly found that he had not forgotten them. After supper he opened a box, and out there came a silver watch for Jon; a necklace, that could not be told from real pearls, for Gudrid; and what a shawl for the mother! Even Uncle Magnus was touched, for he brought up a very old, dusty bottle of Portugal wine, which he had never been known to do before, except one day when the Governor came to see him.

"And now," said Mr. Lorne, when he was a little tired of being thanked so much, "I want

fields sparkled in the blue of the air. They saw many a wild and desolate landscape, but also many a soft green plain and hay-meadow along the inlets of the northern shore; and in the little town of Akureyri Jon at last found a tree—the only tree in Iceland! It is a mountain-ash, about twenty feet high, and the people are so proud of it that every autumn they wrap the trunk and boughs, and even the smallest twigs, in woolen cloth, lest the severity of the winter should kill it.

They visited the *Myvatn* (Mosquito Lake) in the north-eastern part of the island, saw the volcanoes



A HALT ON THE JOURNEY.

something in return. I am going, by way of the Broad Fiord, to the northern shore of Iceland, and back through the desert; and I shall not feel safe unless Jon goes with me."

"Oh!" cried Jon.

"I am not afraid this time," said Gudrid.

Magnus looked at his sister, and then nodded. "Take the boy!" he said. "He can get back before school begins again; and we are as ready to trust him with you, as you are to trust yourself with him."

What a journey that was! They had plenty of ponies, and a tent, and provisions in tin cans. Sometimes it rained or snowed, and they were wet and chilly enough at the end of the day, but then the sun shone again, and the black mountains became purple and violet, and their snows and ice-

which last year occasioned such terrible devastation, and then crossed the great central desert to the valley of the Thiörvá. So it happened that Jon saw Gudridsdale again, but under pleasanter aspects than before, for it was a calm, sunny day when they reached the edge of the table-land and descended into the lovely green valley. It gave him a feeling of pain to find strangers in his father's house, and perhaps Mr. Lorne suspected this, for he did not stop at the farm, but pushed on to Kyrkedal, where the good old pastor entertained them both as welcome guests. At the end of six weeks they were back in Rejkiavik, hale and ruddy after their rough journey, and closer friends than ever.

Each brought back his own gain—Mr. Lorne was able to speak Icelandic tolerably well, and Jon was

quite proficient in English. The former had made the trip to Iceland especially to collect old historical legends and acquire new information concerning them. To his great surprise, he found Jon so familiar with the subject, that, during the journey, he conceived the idea of taking him to Scotland for a year, as an assistant in his studies; but he said nothing of this until after their return. Then, first, he proposed the plan to Magnus and Jon's mother, and prudently gave them time to consider it. It was hard for both to consent, but the advantages were too evident to be rejected. To Jon, when he heard it, it seemed simply impossible; yet the preparations went on,—his mother and Gudrid wept as they helped, Uncle Magnus looked grave,—and at last the morning came when he had to say farewell.

The yacht had favorable winds at first. They ran along the southern shore to Ingolf's Head, saw the high, inaccessible summits of the Skaptar Jökull fade behind them, and then Iceland dropped below the sea. A misty gale began to blow from the south-west, forcing them to pass the Faroe Islands on the east, and afterward the Shetland Isles; but, after nearly coming in sight of Norway, the wind changed to the opposite quarter, and the yacht spread her sails directly for Leith. One night, when Jon awoke in his berth, he missed the usual sound of waves against the vessel's side and the cries of the sailors on deck—everything seemed strangely quiet; but he was too good a sleeper to puzzle his head about it, so merely turned over on his pillow. When he arose the quiet was still there. He dressed in haste and went on deck. The yacht lay at anchor in front of buildings larger than a hundred Rejkiaviks put together.

"This is Leith," said Mr. Lorne, coming up to him.

"Leith?" Jon exclaimed; "it seems like Rome or Jerusalem! Those must be the king's palaces."

"No, my boy," Mr. Lorne answered, "they are only warehouses."

"But what are those queer green hills behind the houses? They are so steep and round that I don't see how anybody could climb up."

"Hills?" exclaimed Mr. Lorne. "Oh, I see now! Why, Jon, those are trees."

Jon was silent. He dared not doubt his friend's word, but he could not yet wholly believe it. When they had landed, and he saw the great trunks, the spreading boughs, and the millions of green leaves, such a feeling of awe and admiration came over him that he began to tremble. A wind was blowing, and the long, flexible boughs of the elms swayed up and down.

"Oh, Mr. Lorne!" he cried. "See! they are praying! Let us wait awhile; they are saying

something—I hear their voices. Is it English?—can you understand it?"

Mr. Lorne took him by the hand, and said: "It is praise, not prayer. They speak the same language all over the world, but no one can understand all they say."

There is one rough little cart in Rejkiavik, and that is the only vehicle in Iceland. What, then, must have been Jon's feelings when he saw hundreds of elegant carriages dashing to and fro, and great wagons drawn by giant horses? When they got into a cab, it seemed to him like sitting on a moving throne. He had read and heard of all these things, and thought he had a clear idea of what they were; but he was not prepared for the reality. He was so excited, as they drove up the long street to Edinburgh, that Mr. Lorne, sitting beside him, could feel the beating of his heart. The new wonders never ceased: there was an apple-tree, with fruit; rose-bushes in bloom; whole beds of geraniums in the little gardens; windows filled with fruit, or brilliant silks, or silver-ware; towers that seemed to touch the clouds, and endless multitudes of people! As they reached the hotel, all he could say, in a faltering voice, was: "Poor old Iceland!"

The next day they took the train for Lanark, in the neighborhood of which Mr. Lorne had an estate. When Jon saw the bare, heather-covered mountains, and the swift brooks that came leaping down their glens, he laughed and said:

"Oh, you have a little of Iceland even here! If there were trees along the Thiörvá, it would look like yonder valley."

"I have some moorland of my own," Mr. Lorne remarked; "and if you ever get to be homesick, I'll send you out upon it, to recover."

But when Jon reached the house, and was so cordially welcomed by Mrs. Lorne, and saw the park and gardens where he hoped to become familiar with trees and flowers, he thought there would be as much likelihood of being homesick in heaven as in such a place.

Everything he saw tempted him to visit and examine it. During the first few days he could scarcely sit still in the library and take part in Mr. Lorne's studies. But his strong sense of duty, his long habits of patience and self-denial, soon made the task easy, and even enabled him to take a few more hours daily for his own improvement. His delight in all strange and beautiful natural objects was greatly prolonged by this course. He enjoyed everything far more than if he had rapidly exhausted its novelty. Mr. Lorne saw this quality of Jon's nature with great satisfaction, and was very ready to give advice and information which he knew would be earnestly heeded.

It was a very happy year; but I do not believe that it was the happiest of Jon's life. Having learned to overcome the restlessness and impatience which are natural to boyhood, he laid the basis for greater content in life as a man. When he returned to Rejkiavik, in his twentieth year, with a hundred pounds in his pocket and a rich store of knowledge in his head, all other tasks seemed easy. It was a great triumph for his mother, and especially for Gudrid, now a bright, blooming maiden of sixteen. Uncle Magnus brought up another dusty bottle to welcome him, although there were only six more left; and all the neighbors came around in the evening. Even the Governor stopped and shook

hands, the next day, when Jon met him in the street. His mother, who was with him, said, after the Governor had passed: "I hope thy father sees thee now." The same thought was in Jon's heart.

And now, as he is no longer a boy, we must say good-bye to him. We have no fears for his future life; he will always be brave, and manly, and truthful. But, if some of my readers are still curious to know more of him, I may add that he is a very successful teacher in the school at Rejkiavik; that he hopes to visit Mr. Lorne, in Scotland, next summer; and I should not be in the least surprised if he were to join good old Dr. Hjaltalin, and come to our Centennial.

THE END.

SNOW-SHOES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

PERHAPS not many boys who read this magazine ever see enough snow to make it worth while to have a pair of snow-shoes; but I would like to tell



AN INDIAN TRAPPER ON SNOW-SHOES.

all the boys, and girls too, something about them, and then I will describe a very simple method of making a pair which will answer every purpose.

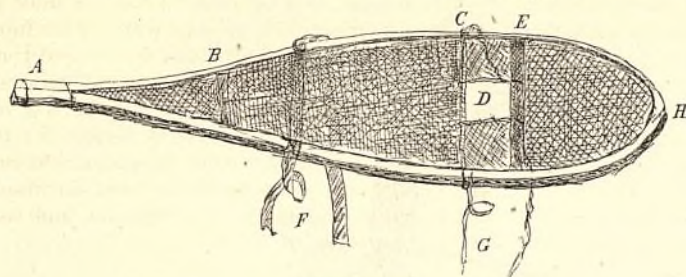
You all know that the Canadian winters are very severe, and that the ground is covered with snow for almost half of the year. The roads are covered up and all the paths in the woods are hidden, and the trappers only know their way by marks on the trees. Now, if they should try to walk with only boots upon their feet, they would sink into the snow, for the same reason that the runners of a sled would sink. But if the area or surface of the runners or of the boots can be increased, the sled or the man may avoid sinking. We have seen, in the February ST. NICHOLAS, how a sled can be made which overcomes this difficulty, and which is called a toboggan. Now that we have satisfactorily settled the question of riding upon the snow, we will turn to another and more important one, and ask: "How can a man walk on the snow?" The remedy is found by using snow-shoes, which are very light, and which give such a large surface that one who uses them cannot sink down into the snow even if he tries to do so.

In Quebec one may see a great variety of snow-shoes. Many trappers used to go there with their furs. In the summer, when they were not hunting, they would make snow-shoes, which the white people used. The white people still use these shoes; and it is considered a very fashionable thing to go on a "snow-shoe tramp," as it is called. There are clubs of gentlemen in Canada, formed for this purpose; and when distinguished strangers

go over there, they are often invited, not much to their satisfaction, to tramp over the snow with the Canadians, who have been used to such things all their lives. The custom originated with the In-

the braces should fit into the long strip, and should be fastened with nails.

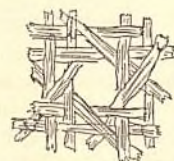
Now comes the hardest part of the work,—to weave a strong, light covering which will fill up the whole of the frame-work. You can use either small strips of sheep-skin, or you can cut a small hide into lengths no larger round than a shoe-string. If you can find any rattan, you can split it and use the splinters just as the men do who make cane-seated chairs. In fact, that is just what you want; and the nearer you weave your work like the bottom of a chair the better it will be. I have drawn a picture of the way in which the seat of a chair



A SNOW-SHOE.

dians, as I have said. On the preceding page is a picture of a trapper who has on his snow-shoes. He is out on a solitary hunt, and is looking for some animal whose fur he wants far more than he wants his flesh.

Some of the boys who read this live in the northern part of the United States, and they have all the snow they want, and perhaps they have the snow-shoes too. But I know that there are a great many boys who live where there is enough snow in the year to pay them for having snow-shoes, and many of these have never seen such articles, and so I will tell how they can be made.

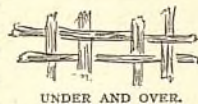


HOPELESS CONFUSION.

You first need to take a long strip of oak or ash, about one inch broad and one-third or one-half of an inch thick. The length should be about six feet, but for a large boy it would be well to have the length eight feet. Your first move will be to bend this long strip in the shape of the shoe, as shown in the cut below. This can easily be done by steaming the strip at the middle point, H. It would be well to insert the braces at B and E, before fastening the two ends at A. The ends of

is woven, and have called it "hopeless confusion," because I do not think you can copy it in your work. It would be easier for you to try the way which I have shown in the opposite cut, and weave your strips as closely together as possible. You must bore or burn holes all about your frame-work, for the purpose of receiving and fastening the ends of your thongs or splinters, as the case may be. Do not have all of these holes in line with the grain of the wood, or else you may split the frame-work.

At C you must have a very strong cord or thong, with two others at right angles to the brace E. The object is to leave a hole at D for the heel. A is the toe of the shoe, and it is fastened to your boot by leather straps or cords at F and G.



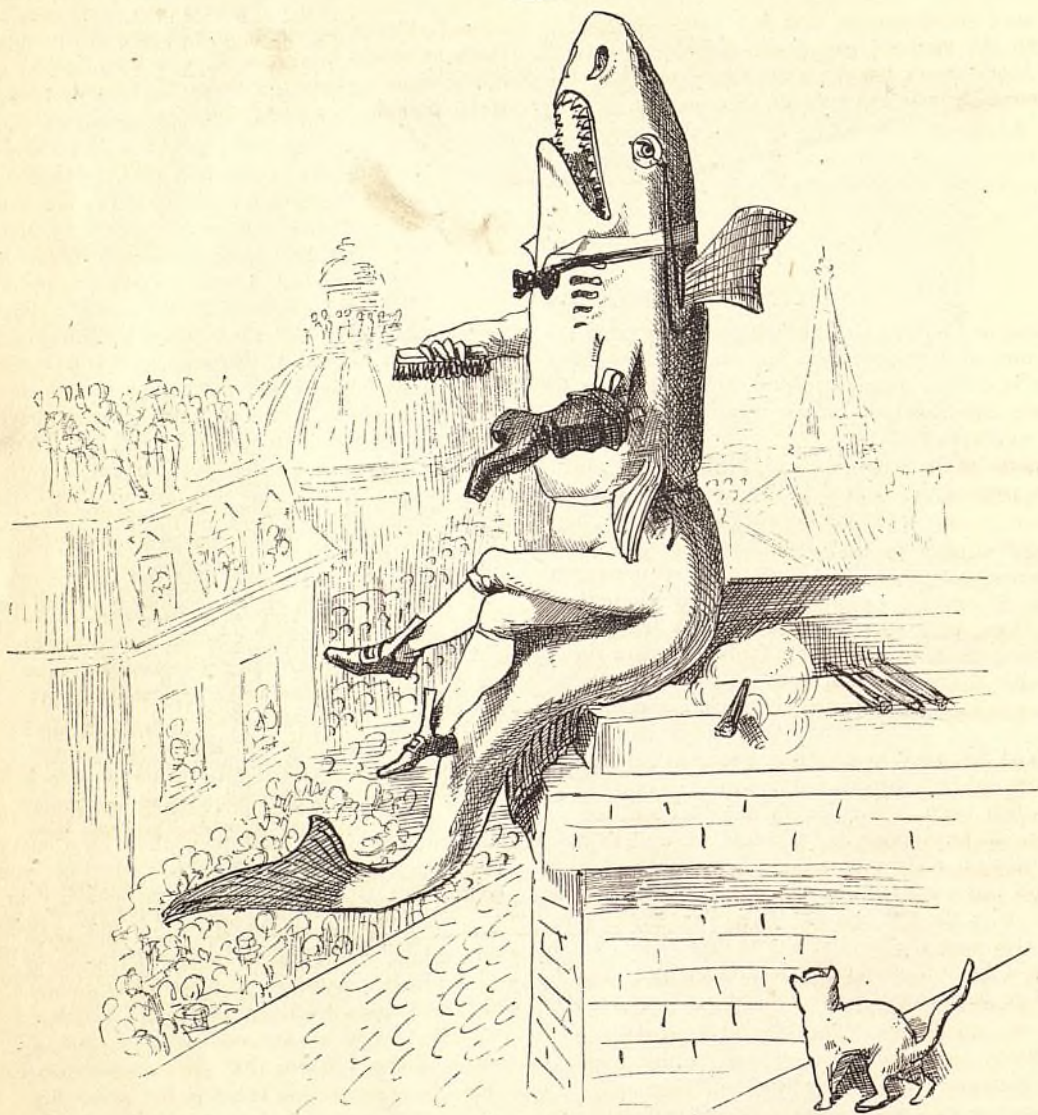
UNDER AND OVER.

You will find that it will be an easy matter to make two such shoes; and then, whenever a heavy snow comes, you can walk over it wherever you please. But you must be careful to behave yourselves while you are out on a tramp, because everybody can tell by the tracks just where you have been; and if anything wrong happens on your line of march, it may be charged to you.



THE SHARK.

By L. E. R.



Oh, blithe and merrily sang the shark,
 As he sat on the house-top high,
 A-cleaning his boots, and smoking cheroots,
 With a single glass in his eye.

With Martin and Day he polished away,
 And a smile on his face did glow,
 While merry and bold the chorus he trolled
 Of "Gobble-em-upsky ho!"

He sang so loud he astonished the crowd
 Which gathered from far and near,
 For they said, "Such a sound in the country round
 We never, no never did hear."

He sang of the ships he'd eaten like chips,
 In the palmy days of his youth;
 And he added, "If you don't believe it is true,
 Pray examine my wisdom tooth!"

He sang of the whales who'd have given their tails
For a glance of his raven eye;
And the swordfish too, who their weapons drew,
And vowed for his sake they'd die.

He sang about wrecks, and hurricane decks,
And the mariner's perils and pains,
Till every man's blood up on end it stood,
And their hair ran cold in their veins.

But blithe as a lark the merry old shark
Sat on the sloping roof;
Though he said, "It is queer that no one draws near
To examine my wisdom tooth!"

He carolled away by night and by day,
Until he made every one ill;
And I'll wager a crown that unless he's come down
He is probably carolling still.

HELPING ALONG.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"Now she has got a moral fit, and is trying to be dreadful good. She always does so after being naughty," said a little friend of mine, glancing at a younger sister with the superior air of one who was never naughty.

The meek, repentant expression of the other child changed at once to a half-sullen, half-defiant look, and she turned away grieved and angered by the very voice that should have been full of kindly encouragement in the well-doing so hard to most of us.

We often witness little scenes like this, and very naturally wonder why children are sometimes so unsympathetic, why trying to be good should excite ridicule instead of respect, and why, when we all know by experience how hard it is to do right, we are not more ready with the helping hand, the hearty "Cheer up and try again," which is so sweet and comforting.

This is work that "we girls" are eminently fitted for by nature and by grace, if we choose to see and make the duty ours. The gift of sympathy is a very lovely one,—more lasting than beauty, more useful than many an accomplishment, more magical than any art a woman can possess, for it is the key that opens hearts, a passport to the hidden world of romance that lies behind our every-day life, the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Not the sentimental sympathy ready to gush into tears at the loss of a pet bird, and to exhale in sighs when the test of real trouble comes. But the power of reading in the faces of those about us something of the hopes, the doubts and needs that live in all of us; the skill to answer a wistful

look with a cordial Can-I-help-you? glance, and put into the grasp of a hand the subtle warmth that telegraphs without a word the glad message, "Here's a friend."

It must be genuine, simple and sincere, with no thought of reward, though wonderful returns are made from most unexpected sources, as in the dear old fairy tales the beggar whom the good girl feeds gives her a gift that smooths her way through life.

I think we cannot begin too early to cherish this winsome grace both in ourselves and others. Fathers and mothers, set a good example, which brothers and sisters should follow, glad and proud to stand loyally by one another through both defeats and victories.

I well remember how helpful was this sort of sympathy in my own tempestuous girlhood, when every day was a struggle with the trials that beset a strong-willed, hot-tempered child. A look, a word, a warning gesture; and often going to my little journal to record with tragic brevity, "A bad day," I found a line or two waiting for me full of the tender disappointment that goes deeper than reproach, the never-failing belief in the possibility of success, the sweet assurance that "Mother never forgets to ask God to help the little daughter trying to be good."

Next to mothers come sisters, and to them I earnestly recommend the subject, for I cherish a cheerful belief that the girls of the present are going to profit by the work of the girls of the past so well that the girls of the future will have a splendid start.

"Boys are so horrid nobody *can* be patient with them," says many a sister, driven to her wit's end by

the manifold transgressions of the brothers, whom she too often regards as inflictions to be lamented over and got rid of as soon as possible. The boy's rude enjoyments, droll mishaps and soaring aspirations have no interest for the girl, busy with her gentle pleasures, little duties, and romantic dreams. So they grow apart, and years later, when the man has done something to be proud of, the woman wants to share the glory; or if he fails and troubles come, the sister, taught by her own experience, longs to comfort him; but now it is a hard task, for the hearts are shut, and it is almost impossible to establish in a day the affectionate confidence which should have grown with their growth, and too late they learn how much they might have been to one another if they had only begun in time.

Girls are quick to see and feel many things that escape other eyes, and how can they use this power better than in watching over the more adventurous and willful spirits of the boys? Bear and forbear, help them to shun temptation, be ready for the first sign of repentance, and try to make it easy for the proud or stubborn to say the hard words, "I am sorry." No matter how absurd or inconvenient a form the penitence may take, never laugh at it or put it by as of no value. A repulse just at the tender moment may lock up a confidence that never will come back. No matter how often the solemn resolutions are broken, believe that amendment is *always* possible, and be to those brothers what I heard a sister once called, with looks that were blessings, "Our Conscience."

As young people like stories better than sermons, and have great skill in finding the moral, if there is any, I will sugar-coat my little pill with an incident which illustrates this point exactly.

A certain scapegrace—Johnny by name—tormented his sister's kitten, and being discovered, excused his cruelty by saying coolly:

"Well, a cat's got nine lives, and I don't see any harm in hanging her a little, 'cause if she does lose one she's got eight more to fall back on."

The anguish of Sue over the injured darling was great, and a day of solitary confinement on bread and water did not seem too severe a punishment for the hard-hearted boy who could even think of harming a downy white kit like Puff.

But as night came on, Sue began to relent, for Pussy was so lively that partial suffocation really did seem to agree with her, and the vision of poor lonely Johnny, with his three slices of bread and three mugs of water, rose before her in the most pathetic manner.

Getting a free pardon from the higher powers, she went to bear the glad tidings, but peeped through the key-hole first to see how it was likely to be received. A somewhat limited view of the

cell revealed the prisoner's head lying on his arm, and a candle in dangerous proximity to his curly pate.

"Poor Johnny!" breathed tender Sue, and, unlocking the door, she entered, beaming with peace and good-will.

But brief as had been her delay in getting the key to turn, an entire change had come over the captive, and no sign of "poor Johnny" could be discovered in the unrepentant-looking boy who sat with his boots on the table, hands in his pockets, and an expression of the utmost unconcern upon his youthful countenance.

"I thought you might like to know that Puff is quite comfortable again," began Sue, rather daunted by this sudden change.

"Course she is! can't kill a cat so easy as all that," with a contemptuous shrug.

"Would n't you like to come down now?"

"Don't care particularly about it."

"Please do care, Johnny, for I'm lonely if you are n't. No one shall say a word about it, and we'll all be glad to see you back."

Johnny put his feet down and moved uneasily in his chair, for Sue had smoothed the way to freedom so sweetly, his bottled up remorse began to work within him.

"Did you ask father?"

"Yes; I knew you would n't do it again, and must be very tired of staying here so long."

"Oh, I've been busy, and had lots of fun making that."

Lifting the light, Johnny proudly displayed upon the wall the motto, "Do as you would be done by," made of what at first looked like a series of queer, black blots.

"That is a very good one for you to have," began Sue, then started back with an irrepressible "Ow!" for on going nearer to admire, she discovered that the blots were beetles of some sort.

"Oh, Johnny, how horrid! What are they? How could you do so to those poor things?"

"Cockroaches; and you need n't howl, for they were all as dead as Julius Cæsar before I put a pin into 'em."

Then, as if some explanation were necessary, and this a good opportunity to make the *amende honorable*, he added, soberly:

"You see, when I came up, I was so mad I planned to put all the bugs and things I'd caught in my trap into your bed and pockets, and down your back, first chance I got. But I had to wait, and somehow my mad all went off, and then I thought I'd have a motto, something like those you've got. The one in your room has leaves and ferns around it, and I had n't a thing but these old chaps lying around. Don't you know, in that Dick-

ens' book, one of the fellows makes a picture of dried skeets? I thought I'd try the cookies, and it was great fun putting 'em up. Neat thing, isn't it?"

The utter absurdity of the golden rule being framed in starved cockroaches never struck Johnny, but it did Sue, and she was on the brink of a laugh, when a glance at the boy's face, as he surveyed his work with pensive satisfaction, made her smother her merriment, by a great effort, and try to answer gravely.

"I never saw anything so curious; and I do hope you will remember not to be cruel, for papa says really brave people never are, and I know you are n't a coward, for you never hit a boy smaller than yourself," gently moralized Sue.

"I'd be a mean sneak if I did!" exclaimed Johnny with scorn.

"Then I should n't think you'd hurt a poor little cat, who cannot fight one bit," added Sue, feeling that she had got him now.

No answer from Mr. John, who suddenly affected to be absorbed with a refractory roach, who would twirl round on his pin instead of pointing gracefully upward in the last letter of the word "You." But Sue saw a slight pucker round his mouth, and knew that it was all right, for that peculiar pucker was a sure sign that emotions of the tender sort were getting under weigh. So she put her hand on his arm, whispering, with a gentle pat:

"You need n't say you are sorry, for Puff and I forgive and forget. Wont you please come down, dear; I can't enjoy myself a bit if you don't."

"You go along, I'll come in a minute," from Johnny in the gruff tone that Sue knew by experience was the last growl of the storm.

But she had barely time to get to the dark corner of the hall when there was a rush from the rear, a rough arm came round her neck, a kiss went off like a pistol shot, and a voice that was no longer gruff, said, all in one hearty, incoherent burst:

"I am sorry, I never will again, you're a first-class girl, and I'll keep the old cookies up there forever 'n' ever, to make me remember to be as good to cats and things as you are to me!"

Sue had many a laugh afterward to pay her for the one so wisely smothered at that critical moment, and Johnny's repentance, though it took a droll form, was sincere, for he laid the words of the cockroach motto to heart, and tried to be worthy the love and respect of a "first-class sister."

School-mates and bosom friends can do a great deal for one another in this direction, not by constant fault-finding, but by patiently trying to cure the faults in the kindest way. There are plenty of little reforms in manners and habits, as well as in thoughts and feeling, to be undertaken, and the

best test of friendship is this mutual help and confidence.

I once heard about a set of girls who felt it their duty to tell one another their faults with entire frankness; in fact they quite exerted themselves to drag forth the hidden weaknesses of their young souls, all with the best intentions in life. Of course a general explosion soon followed, and the eternal friendships lasted about a week.

A wise observer interested in these attempts at "culture," as the girls called it, suggested that, instead of looking for faults, they should try to discover and strengthen the virtues in one another, remembering that only those without sin may throw stones at their neighbors.

The damsels tried the plan, and it is pleasant to know that it succeeded admirably, and many lasting friendships rose from the ruins of the Candor Club and the Palace of Truth.

Here is another little story in which some younger girls learned the same lesson in another way:

Two sisters were at school together, one a general favorite, the other almost universally disliked, owing to an unfortunate temper which was always giving and taking offense. Being as proud as passionate, the poor child felt keenly the prejudice against her, and tried to conquer it; but her efforts took such odd or inconvenient shapes that they were received with laughter, incredulity, or coldness.

Even her sister, annoyed by her freaks and wearied by her short-lived repentances, seemed to shut her out from the happy world in which the others lived amicably together, and little Jane, after hotly resenting this banishment, retired into herself to mourn over her own iniquities with all the helpless anguish of a sensitive, unhappy child.

No one guessed the little tragedy going on in Janey's heart, but left her to herself till accident betrayed how much she suffered and how severely she was punishing herself for the faults all condemned, yet no one helped her to cure.

A teacher, going her rounds one night to see if all was safe in the dove-cot, found Janey lying on the floor beside the bed in which her sister lay, snugly tucked up and fast asleep. Thinking that the restless child had fallen out, the teacher stooped to waken her, but saw that this chilly couch had been purposely chosen, for a corner of the bed-side carpet was folded over Janey's feet, and under her cheek lay a little handkerchief, still wet with secret tears.

Surprised and touched, the lady stood a moment, feeling that this was some self-inflicted penance of the odd child's, which must be stopped, yet might be turned to good account if rightly treated.

Lifting the little icicle, she carried her away to a

warm room, and Janey waked up with an arm about her, a kind face bending over her, and a motherly voice saying, "Tell me all about it, dear."

Taken off her guard, Janey's reserve melted like mist before the sun, and the full heart involuntarily overflowed at the first gentle touch.

"No, I did n't fall out, I went on purpose when Fan was asleep," began Janey, unable to resist questions that were accompanied by caresses.

"But why?"

"I heard the big girls reading about some good folks who did such things to make them better. I'm so bad nobody *can* love me, not even Fan, and so I tried this way, though I can't ever be a saint, I know."

"This is not the first time, then? and this is how you get such colds and chilblains?" exclaimed the teacher, wondering what revelation would come next.

"Oh, I want to have them, for if I ache and sneeze it makes me remember better than black marks or scoldings. Those good people had prickly belts and whips, and things that I can't have; but colds do very well, and chilblains are first-rate," answered the young martyr for conscience' sake, chafing the poor feet, which were nearly as red as the flannel nightgown she wore.

"But, Janey, dear, there is no need of punishing yourself like this. You will get sick, and that would grieve us all," began the teacher, touched to the heart by these innocent confessions.

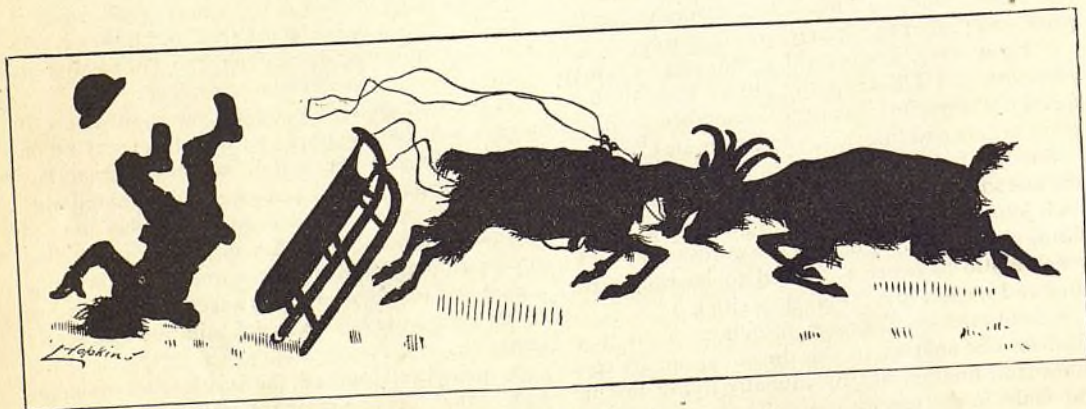
"No, I don't think anybody would care *much*. P'raps if I died the girls might cry a little, and be sorry they were n't kinder to me when I was alive. I'd like them to know I tried to be pleasanter, though they did n't believe me when I said so. Do you think they would then?" asked the child, with a sob, as if her morbid imagination already pictured the pathetic scene and rather enjoyed it.

Feeling that something must be done at once, the teacher promised to speak to the girls, and assure them of Janey's sincerity in her efforts at reformation. But Janey stood in such dread of their ridicule she was terror-stricken at the idea, and would only consent to Fan's being told in strict secrecy; and after much comfortable counsel, was about to depart to bed in a happier frame of mind, when another sprite appeared.

It was Fanny, who had waked to find her sister gone, and, being rather conscience-pricked for her late neglect, had come to "kiss and make up."

Seizing the propitious moment, the teacher told the story of Janey's private penances so well, that long before the tale was done there were two red nightgowns cuddling on the rug, two faces cheek to cheek, two little sisters promising to love, and trust, and help one another truly, truly all their lives.

I hope they did, for in this troublous world of ours there is no braver, better work, for young or old, than that of patiently, kindly lending a hand and helping along.



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

THE FIGHTING FLEET.

BY MRS. S. B. C. SAMUELS.

"WILL," said Lulu Ashley, as she was helping her brother "clear up" their play-room, "what can it be that rattles so in this box? I must look and see,"—and suiting the action to the word, she

opened the box. "Oh, Will!" she exclaimed, "if here is n't our old game of guns!"

"Well, what of that?" asked Will.

"Why, don't you remember what fun we had with them last fall?"

"Yes, of course; but our soldiers are all gone."

"Well, let's make some forts and ships, and have a naval battle."

"I declare we might. That is n't a bad idea for a girl," said Will, condescendingly.

Lulu did not mind the slight. She helped Will shove the kindling-box and basket into the closet, and then they sat down on the sofa, little Alice looking on in admiration, and crowding her head between theirs while they examined the contents of the box. There were three little black pop-guns and an abundance of ammunition in the shape of dried peas.

"What fun we did have with those guns!" said Lulu, "and how nicely brother Herbert made them!"

"Pooh!" said Will, "they are easy enough to make."

"Yes," assented Lulu, "like the egg Columbus stood on end—easy enough if you once know how."

That our boys and girls may know how to make them, I will describe these guns that Lulu's older brother, Herbert, had made. He took strips of soft pine wood, five and a half inches long and about an inch thick, and bored them out

with a number-five auger. These formed the bodies of the guns, and were painted black. The ram-

rods he made of red cedar. These were left nearly square at the top, a little place being hollowed out, as at A, Fig. 2; the rest was whittled down to about the size of a common pencil, and rubbed with sand-

paper. The ram-

rods were then

fitted into the guns. They slipped easily in and out. Next Herbert cut strips of India-rubber about six inches long, and put one on each gun, as at B, Fig. 1, carrying it along one side, over the top (where it fitted as at C, Fig. 1, into the hollow or groove) and down on the other side, securing it on both sides with a piece of string, as at D, Fig. 1.

The ramrod can be drawn out at the top, the shot put into the end of the gun, and the ramrod let go with a snap. The spring is very powerful and the gun very strong.

The children already had three of these, so they did not have to make any more; but Lulu's idea of forts and ships found favor with Will, and he began drawing some models. After several attempts, he decided upon the following plan, made on cardboard.

Fig. 4, on the next page, represents one side of the vessel; the other side is like it, but is reversed. The places marked X are the port-holes for the guns, and are to be cut out. The bows (A, Fig. 4) of both sides are pasted together, and little strips of paper should be pasted on, overlapping both sides, to help hold them in place. Then the deck (Fig. 9) must be pasted along the edges and set in, just above the port-holes. Fig. 5

represents the lower part of the

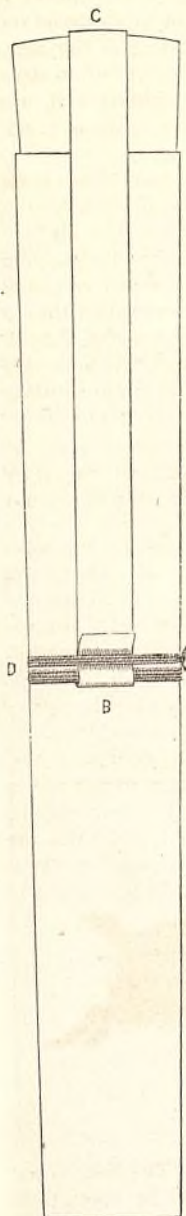


FIG. 1.—THE POPGUN.



END VIEW OF GUN.

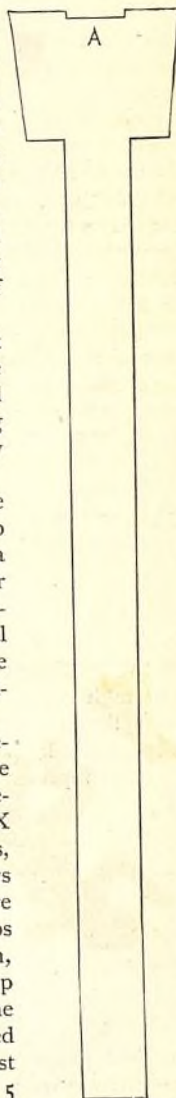


FIG. 2.—THE RAMROD.

stern. A piece of paper, of the same width and about an inch long, should be pasted upon the

the bow they are short, and must be made gradually longer to "amidships," decreasing in length

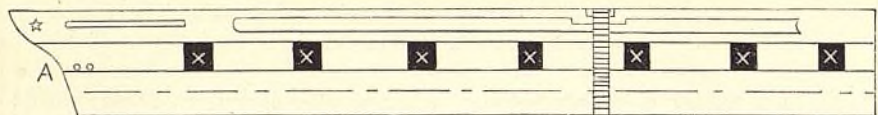


FIG. 4.—SIDE OF THE MAN-OF-WAR.

under side of each end (F and G), and should overlap about half an inch. The stern should then be bent to the right curve and fastened, by the overlapping strips, to the under side of the end of Fig. 4 at B. Care should be taken that the lines match. The upper part of the stern, represented by Fig. 6,

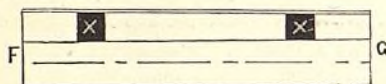


FIG. 5.—LOWER PART OF STERN.

is put on in the same way; being longer than the lower part, this projects beyond it in the curve.

The smoke-stack (Fig. 7) is made of soft pine, whittled in shape and painted black, and is glued to the deck at I, Fig. 9. Three little holes should be made in the deck at the places marked H, a little square of card-board should be pasted under them, and the holes continued through these squares. The holes may be made with a large-sized darning-needle or shawl-pin. The masts are then made, of soft pine, of the same size and shape as Fig. 8. The masts are each of two pieces (C and D), and are lashed together at E with black thread. The top of the mainmast must be longer than the two others. The rigging is illustrated by Fig. 10. The cross-bars (J and K) are made of pins, with their points inserted in the wood; L and M are threads which twist around the mast where the two parts join, and pass at N and O through needle-holes on the sides of the vessel, where they are neatly tied; these help to support the mast and keep it in place.



FIG. 7.—SMOKE-STACK.

Fig. 11 represents a cannon; this is made of soft

from there to the stern. They are passed through opposite port-holes, under the deck, so that each piece represents two guns, except the two at the stern. These may rest on the last side gun. All

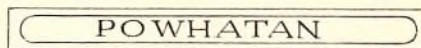


FIG. 6.—UPPER PART OF STERN.

should project a little beyond the body of the vessel, and they all should be pasted to the edges of the port-holes to keep them in place. With a little flag rigged to the mizzen-mast—of any size, shape, or design approved by the young builder—the little man-of-war is complete; and if the card-board is strong and the paste or glue of good quality, it will turn out a trim and stout little ship, capable of standing under considerable fire.

Will made two of these, one for his cousin Fred, who was to visit them the next day, and one for himself. Lulu made the fort. She did very well, with some help from papa. Her model is given in Fig. 12. The places marked X are to be cut out. The back and the two sides are like this front (Fig. 12), except that they have no door. The portcullis, or iron door, is given in Fig. 13. This must be set into the door-way and pasted in place with a thin strip of paper put upon the under side, and set half upon the door and half upon the body of the building, to act like a hinge. When this is dry the door may be opened and shut. The front and sides are pasted together at the edges, and wooden cleats are set into the corners and glued there to assist in



FIG. 8.—MAST.

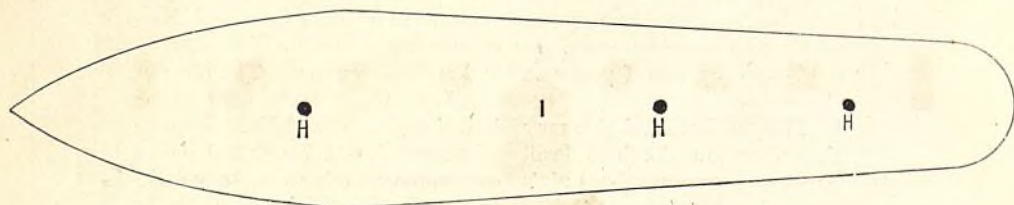


FIG. 9.—DECK.

pine and painted black. The man-of-war in our illustration carries sixteen guns. These are of different length, owing to the shape of the vessel; at

holding the posts firmly together. The back is put on in the same way. Care should be taken to fit the edges of the card-board neatly together.

Lulu did not consider her fort finished until a bright little flag floated above it. Will drew the flags for both vessels and the fort, and Lulu cut them out and painted them.

Before bed-time they were all complete, and the tired children stood looking at their work with intense satisfaction.

"Let's clear away all the scraps now, Will," said Lulu, as Will started for the door.

"Oh, no," said he; "wait till morning."

"No," said Lulu firmly; "I made a resolve this afternoon to keep this room tidy, and I'm going to do it. Only

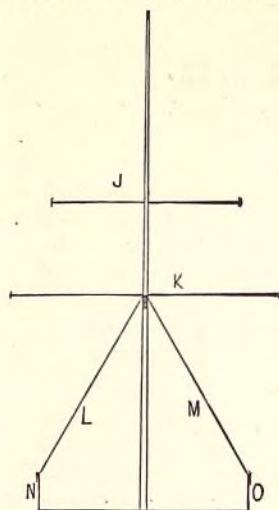


FIG. 10.—RIGGING.

think how much nicer it will be in the morning to find it in order; and it wont take us three minutes, Will."

"Oh, well!" said Will, yawning and stretching his arms; "hurry up then, for I am so sleepy."

Lulu whisked off the scraps and chips on the table, put away the glue, the pencils, scissors, ruler and knife, while Will brushed up the floor and emptied the dust-pan into the wood-box.

"Now," said Lulu, triumphantly, "how much better that looks, and how much nicer it is!"

The next day their cousin Fred came to see them. The children had a holiday, and as the morning

The guns and shot were brought out; the boys each took a ship, and Lulu the fort, from which the first shot was fired. Lulu said the fort belonged to the United States, and the vessels were foreign men-of-war trying to run by. They quickly returned the fire from the fort, and then rattle, rattle, rattle went the shot; snap, snap went the guns, and peal after peal of merry laughter rang from the happy boys and girls. Little Alice looked on in delight, clapping her hands and scrambling after peas on the floor, all of which with great partiality she gave to Lulu, who in the end came off victorious, as she was constantly supplied with ammunition and that of the boys became exhausted.

After the battle, it was found that the Powhatan, Will's vessel, had lost her flag, one mast and two guns. The Empire, Fred's ship, was more fortunate. The Powhatan was quickly repaired, however; and while Will was playing ship's carpenter, Fred proposed to make another fort and a fleet of vessels.

Will hailed the idea with delight. Lulu was eager to begin at once, and said when they were done she would ask Bessie and Harry Newton to come and help in the battle.

So to work they went, and ships—big, little, and middle-sized—were turned out from under their skillful hands with a rapidity that would have astonished a government contractor. The fighting fleet was a great achievement in the eyes of the neighboring boys and girls. Two or three envious ones, however, told Lu she was a "Tom-boy."

"I'm not," said Lulu. "Mamma and papa like

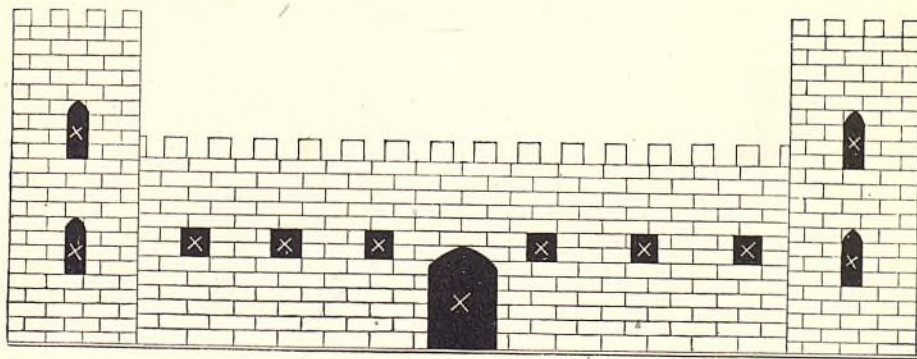
FIG. 13.
THE PORT-
CULLIS.FIG. 14.
THE FLAG.

FIG. 12.—THE FORT.

was bright and pleasant they played out of doors; but in the afternoon it rained hard, and then they came in and hurried up to the play-room.

to have me play with my brother and cousins. Papa says good play is the best medicine for children, and keeps nonsense out of their heads."

THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THE time of gifts has come again,
 And, on my northern window-pane,
 Outlined against the day's brief light,
 A Christmas token hangs in sight.
 The wayside travelers, as they pass,
 Mark the gray disk of clouded glass;
 And the dull blankness seems, perchance,
 Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see
 The perfect grace it hath for me;
 For there the flower, whose fringes through
 The frosty breath of autumn blew,
 Turns from without its face of bloom
 To the warm tropic of my room,
 As fair as when beside its brook
 The hue of bending skies it took.

So, from the trodden ways of earth,
 Seem some sweet souls who veil their worth,
 And offer to the careless glance
 The clouding gray of circumstance.
 They blossom best where hearth-fires burn,
 To loving eyes alone they turn
 The flowers of inward grace, that hide
 Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,
 My half-immortal flower, from thee!
 Man judges from a partial view,
 None ever yet his brother knew;
 The Eternal Eye that sees the whole,
 May better read the darkened soul,
 And find, to outward sense denied,
 The flower upon its inmost side!

HEROD.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

"LOOK-A yeah now. Let dat ar dog alone now! Dat ar a dang'ous dog, I tell you! He goes mad mos' every summer."

One always knew when Primus and King Herod were coming down street. The boys from the levees found no better fun than to tease them, while the old slave and the dog, who prided themselves on their aristocracy, both treated the "wharf-rats" with a fine scorn.

"Bring dat rubbish to de Sunday-school?" said Primus to the superintendent. "Fus' thing you know, sah, dey'll be tryin' to get into heaben! Dey've got jess dat much brass!"

Primus looked upon heaven as a retreat reserved for certain good "Virginya famblys," with their house-servants. For himself, he scorned colored churches, and was the most prominent member of the little Sunday-school, and King Herod the only dog allowed to cross its threshold. The old fellow sat just under the stained window, with the hound at his feet, in a class of little boys, spelling over his thumb, dog-eared Bible. Besides his lesson, he had taken on himself to stir the fire and help carry round the books, and to keep a sharp eye on the boys outside. When service began, Herod took a nap in the vestibule, while Primus devoutly joined in the hymns and slept through the sermon. In short, we children looked upon him as so strong a pillar of the church that, when the Sunday-school had contributed enough money to choose a life member of the Missionary Society, Primus was at once elected. A few weeks after, a gorgeous parchment entitling him to this dignity, engrossed in German text, and with colored seals affixed, arrived, and was framed and hung up in his shanty; and I should like to have heard anybody question his right of way into "heaben" after that!

His little cabin stood on the sunny side of the hill just out of town; the walls were literally half windows, as Primus, who was a tolerable carpenter, had a habit of begging odd sashes out of torn-down houses, and of cutting a place for them in his own. His cot-bed was in front of a square window, the table beside a triangular one, and the dog's carpet under a round one from the old church.

Over the mantel-shelf hung the missionary parchment, and beneath stood a row of tomato-cans with the red labels turned out; in the little shed outside were heaps of wood, coal, a corner cupboard of provisions, and the barrels of vinegar which

Primus called his "manufactory,"—to be sold only, however, to certain "famblys."

The children of these famblys were always making journeys up the hill to see "how comf'ble me and Herod keeps house togedder." If we were "bores," and "nuisances," and "little pitchers" elsewhere, in Primus's shanty we were guests worthy of high honor. The old man's eyes began to twinkle as he saw us coming up through the paw-paw bushes, and King Herod dashed wildly to and fro (if ever a dog laughed, he laughed then); the fire was piled up, johnny-cake put on the ashes, and delicious sausages set on to sizzle in the pan, while Primus was coaxed out of some of his hunting stories, in which Herod's father and uncles bore a thrilling part.

"Old Mars' Cha'les he kept none but de best blood of dogs; look at de muzzle now ob dis pup's, and de ears, fine as any lady's. Hi! you He-rod! you laughin' at dat? You's nuffin' to compar' wid yer fader," winking aside to us, and whispering, "Mus' take he's spirit down. He's awful vain pup."

The pup was older than any of us, except Primus, who might have been born with Methuselah, for all we knew. His woolly hair was white, and hung about his neck; his leather-colored skin crinkled in countless wrinkles, and the half-worn clothes which we carried to him, as soon as he put them on, suddenly took on a look of immeasurable age. Primus, coming like a shadow down the sunny street, knock-kneed and gray, with his big demijohns of vinegar, one in each hand, always seemed to us children to have just walked out of that far-away time of his fairy stories, that "Once upon a time, when turkeys drank wine, and swallows built their nests in old men's beards."

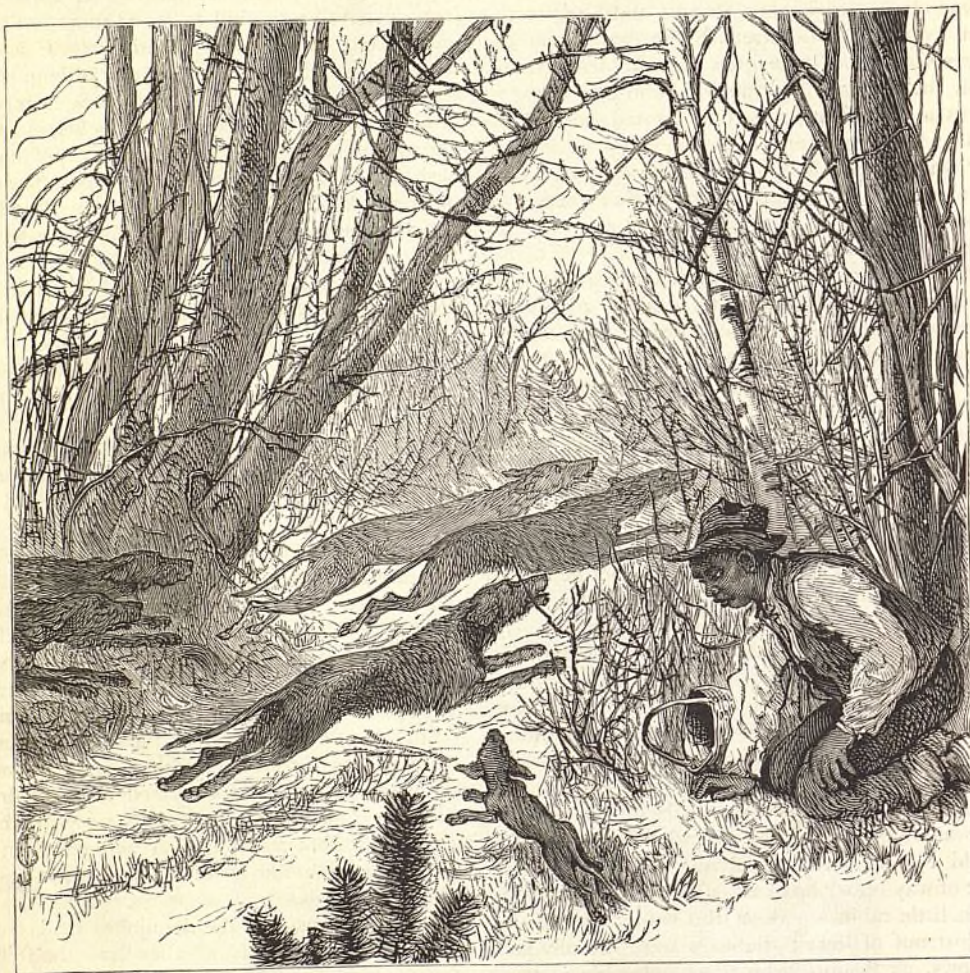
Herod, Primus, and the demijohns made weekly rounds of the "famblys;" they had the freedom of every kitchen and pantry, and there was always a pie, or loaf, or plate of "turkey 'n' fixin's" set away for them to carry back to the corner cupboard. The old man, too, took the keenest interest in all the affairs of the house, from the new wash-tubs to "Miss Embly's furrin' lover from New York." He would trot down by daylight on a winter's morning to know if letters had come from Master Joe, who was ill at college; or protesting that he "could n't sleep all night for thinkin' of dat ar debble of a chimbly, an' had made out a way to make it draw," while Herod stood by as anxious as he. In

fact, Primus talked to him so constantly of such things that the dog, I am confident to this day, understood all about them.

One of the stories Primus told us oftenest was of how he came to own Herod, who was a pure-blooded hound of the best English breed.

"Dis war de on'y mis'able pup ob his mother,—um weak, good-for-not'in' chap; an' Mars' Cha'les

clean blind,' I say. 'I mos' hab make up my mind to drown dat pup, sah.' Well, one day dah wus a hunt. Mars' Cha'les he start a buck up de Norf Mountain, an' I had de dogs; an', shore's you lib, I tuk Herod in my pocket! 'Ef dah's any life in him,' I say, 'it's got to come out now. Now or nebber!' So I puts him down whah you could see de buck a-tearin' down de gohge, de dogs af'er, pell



HEROD JOINS THE HUNT.

he say, 'Primus, drown dat un; he disparage de pack.' Howseveh, I takes um, an' feeds um, an' nusses um foh two or t'ree months; but 'twant no use. He war allus a-winkin', an' his legs a-shakin' under him. So, Mars' Cha'les he say, 'What foh you keep dat onfortnit creatshure? It's onhuman, forcin' sech a skelington to lib,' he say. But I say, 'He got de blood, sah. De blood ob his fader's in de skelington.' Howseveh, he gets leaner an' leaner, and winks wus each day. 'He done gone

mell! high-sky! Ef you'll beleeb me, sah, dat blind pup he staggers up an' he gibs a yow-how, an' he goes off at a swingin' trot! Course he tumbles in de fus' ditch; but de blood hed kum out, sah! Af'er dat, dat pup see as well as any dog, an' he kum in fus' at de death of many a buck. But Mars' Cha'les he say, 'He's your pup, Primus. It wor you dat find de blood in him!'"

The rheumatism laying siege to Primus one winter, he announced his intention of going off to find

this same Master Charles, who, he told us, had "married a rich wife in Missouri. He hab n't seen me dese six year. But he's 'sponsible fur my keep an' Herod's. Nebber had no free papers."

How the old man and the dog found their way to Missouri nobody ever knew. We were all afraid that "Mars' Cha'les" would have a cool welcome for the helpless pair.

Early one morning in spring we saw a faint smoke curling from the shanty, and there was a rush from the school-house up.

Primus and Herod came out to meet us, and there was a general jollification.

"Mars' Cha'les treated me like a brudder, but I could n't stan' his new wife or her niggers," he said. "It mout suit him to put up wid such an or'nary lot. But I hab n't no necessity to do it. So I jes' turned an' kum back."

The next winter the rheumatism came back also, and the road to town being almost impassable in deep snows, Primus had to give up his weekly journeys to his customers. Master Charles had supplied him with plenty of money, and he had no lack of provisions. Herod, too, came trotting into one kitchen or another, every day or two, with an empty basket tied about his neck, which was filled with some nice little mess for the old man; and there was not a "wharf-rat" in the town depraved enough to touch it on its way back.

One day in December, just before the river closed, a colored man, body-servant to a passenger on a steamboat, met Herod with his basket, coming at his usual loping pace down the street. The man saw the delicate muzzle, the fine ears, the noble build of the dog, and he knew the signs of "blood" as well as Primus. He showed him some lumps of sugar—which no hound can withstand—and in ten minutes had him on board the boat and going at full head of steam to Louisville. The next day the river closed.

Now it happened that in the basket Primus had placed a paper, on which was scrawled, "Vitels out," his usual warning when he wanted somebody to come up to buy a fresh supply of provisions for him. The paper, of course, was never received. There was a heavy fall of snow that night, which made our Saturday's journey to the cabin impossible, and, although day after day passed, and Herod did not appear in any of the houses which he frequented, he was not missed, each family supposing that Primus had sent him elsewhere.

Meanwhile, the old man, as night approached, watched from one or another of his many windows for the dog.

"He's bin in a fight!" he muttered again and again. Nothing but a fight, he was sure, would tempt Herod to stay away from him so long. Night

came on so dark with falling snow that he could not see ten feet down the hill; he dragged himself to the door, and whistled and called incessantly. He could see far off the dull glow of light where the town lay, and hear the church-clocks striking the hour; now and then the shrill whistle of a steamboat would cut the silence, or a calliope far down the river, with its coarse, ghostly music. He could hear everything but the joyous bark and the soft crunch of snow under the bounding feet.

The next day Primus found himself absolutely without fuel or provisions, except a bag of corn-meal. But the fear of hunger did not dismay him so much as the possible fate of the dog. He tried to work himself into a passion.

"He's runnin' with some ob dem young pups in de woods af'er rabbits! Time he'd sowed he's wild oats! I'll gib him de debble when he comes back, he's tail between his legs!"

Then his conscience wrenched him, and he sat down and cried—the tears of old age, that has lost its one friend this side of the grave.

I don't want to bring tears to any little child's eyes, so we will pass over the days that followed while old Primus lay alone on the hill, as he thought, dying. The corn-meal lasted for nearly a week, and he burned such sticks and boards as he could drag in from under the snow. He had lost all anxiety to live. He was sure now the dog was dead, and talked of him constantly to himself.

"Him an' me was kimpanions many a year, an' I'll not stay ahint him long. But I thort we'd hev kep' togedder to the las'."

On Friday the last grain of meal was gone, and the old man's hunger was very great; on Saturday he was weaker and sinking fast. He remembered what day it was and thought some of the children might come up, deep as the snow was. But there was some birthday party going on that day, and Primus was forgotten. Sunday was Christmas, and there were little presents and dishes of dainties set aside in many houses to be sent up to him in the morning, while the old man lay literally slowly starving to death.

Just before nightfall the bay of a hound was heard outside of the house to which Herod had been sent ten days before—a weak, low sound, but we all knew it was Herod. When the door was opened there he stood, a very ghost of a dog. He wagged his tail feebly, and looked at us with eyes that told a dreadful story of hunger and abuse. Of course he was hurried in to the warm fire, and the whole household gathered about him. But he would not be quiet—running like a half-mad creature to the door and back. We then saw the cord about his neck and the broken handle of the basket.

"Primus is ill, and has sent him, and he has

been in a fight on the way," we said, little thinking how long a fight it had been, and that it was with death itself.

The horse was soon harnessed to the buggy, a store of provisions put in, with the dog in front, as he seemed scarce able to drag his weight along. As we drove up the hill-side, we saw there was no smoke from the chimney nor light from the windows. All was still and dark and cold; and when we opened the door and groped about, we put our hands on the bed and felt something stiller and colder than all beside.

But Primus was not dead. As he said afterward, "Seemed as if I could n't go ober Jordan 'n' leave dat pup alive."

In a few minutes a roaring fire made the little shanty glow, and loving hands were busy chafing the old man back to life.

When he opened his eyes they wandered wildly about until they rested on the dog, who stood beside an untasted platter of meat, watching his master. Primus put out his hand to him.

"De Lohd be praised!" he said, the tears creeping down his face.

Months afterward we learned that the dog had been carried down the river as far as Cincinnati, and there escaped and made his way home on foot. How he did it through a country which he had never traveled before, across hills covered with snow and frozen rivers, was always a mystery to Primus and to us; he was desperately wounded in two places, and had evidently gone through hard fights. But the remembrance of his forgotten errand had been with him all the time, for as soon as he had reached the town he came straight to the house to which he had been sent.

"He was a skelington, shure nuff," Primus said, "but de blood was dar."

When I last saw Primus, he and King Herod actually seemed to have renewed their youth; they were both growing fat, and moved leisurely on their journey. But the apple vinegar was yet as choice in flavor, the delicious sausages yet sizzled in the pan, and a party of children sat about the fire and listened to the story of Herod's journey, while the light shone through the many windows of the little cabin, and made it glow like a beacon on the lonely hill.

THE WOOD-WITCH.

BY EMMA BURT.

IN Deutchland the people do not wish the cold to enter their dwellings. Not that they have aught against it, for they often go out and meet it in the most friendly manner, and enjoy their gardens even unto mid-winter.

But they do not wish the cold to come in. So, in the early winter, double windows are put into their homes. Between the window within and the one without is quite a little garden of space. This is nearly filled with mosses; evergreens often run also up at each side, with an artificial flower fastened here and there to make one think it is summer.

One day when these were to be adorned for winter, Emil and Gretchen, two small children, begged of the good Frau, their mother, to permit them to go out and gather the mosses for the windows. To this she readily consented. Then one put on his cap and the other her hood, and they went, hand in hand, up a lonely and crooked lane into the forest.

Winter had already come. Only a few leaves trembled in the wind on the naked boughs of

the tall trees. Almost all of the little plants were ragged and forlorn, and the flowers on the ground were dead. Mats of brown leaves were beaten into the ground, just as the fall rains had left them.

These two very small folks felt most lonesome when they stepped into this great forest. The sky and the trees seemed so far above them, and the rough ground hurt their young feet, and there was nowhere a fire to make them warm.

By and by they forgot the cold and loneliness, for they found wonderful things hidden away. Long vines covered with red berries lay under the leaves; bits of fir and balsam abounded; and upon and about an old decaying log was *such* a bunch of moss as made them clap their hands and shout till the woods laughed too,—moss so deep and rich that they fairly lost their little cold red hands in it; and oh! so green and bright it was that they laughed over and over again to think how glad the good Frau would be, and what two wonderful children she would think them for having found so great treasure. So the deep mosses,



"THE OLD WOMAN STOOD STILL BEFORE THEM, LEANING ON HER STAFF."

softer than Persian wool, went into young Gretchen's apron along with the fir and balsam and berries. Besides, on the very same log, was a whole army of gray-coated lichens, with red caps on their heads—the funniest little soldiers you ever saw, and not an inch long were they.

These, too, were going into the apron after the mosses, close up against a happy heart, with a face up above it that had cheeks as round and red as

apples, and eyes as bright as cups of water in the sun. Then right by were two other cheeks, and two other eyes as bright as they.

Just as the little lichen soldiers were going in by the moss, the children heard a breaking of twigs, as if some one were walking in the wood. They looked up and saw a dreary old crone coming right toward them.

The same chill crept over them from head to

foot that they felt when first they came into the lonesome woods, and looked up at the tall, knotty old trees, so gaunt and bare, that were swaying in the wind.

"Dear Gretchen, are you afraid?"

"Just a little bit, Emil."

And Emil crept close to his sister, and she stood quite still, and trembled very hard.

"And will she kill us, Gretchen, with her stick?"

"They say good children never need to fear."

"And is she a witch, Gretchen?"

"Oh, Emil, I am very much afraid!"

"What will you say?"

"I will speak very gently."

"And if she lifts her stick?"

"Then I will say, 'You are a witch! We are God's kleine kindern, and you dare not touch us!'"

The dismal old crone drew nearer and nearer, and the little children grew meeker, and trembled more and more. They wished the earth would open and let them down out of sight; but the earth did no such thing. The old woman drew nearer and nearer, and then stood still before them, leaning upon her staff.

She looked just like the trees, gnarled and knotty, and without life. She opened her thin lips and spoke; and her voice moaned and whistled like the north wind.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Gathering greens for the winter."

"Why do you gather greens?"

"To make the windows like the summer."

"Then you are fond of summer?"

"Yes."

"And you hate the winter?"

"A little."

"And you think these trees hateful old things?" she asked.

The children shivered "Yes."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Perhaps you are a very old Frau!" answered Gretchen, for she dared not call her "witch."

"I am the spirit of the trees. When the winds wail you hear my voice. Do not hate me, young children! I am not a witch, as you thought, neither am I a very old Frau as you said. Listen! I am the spirit of the trees. Nothing is ever old. The winter is young as the summer. The heart of the oak is young as the greens in your apron. The heart of the winter trees holds sap to feed young leaves, and the ugly knot in the fire burns a great red coal to make you warm.

"Nothing is ever old. What you call age comes just before the bright to-morrow that never grows dark or cold, and where all deformity passes away. What seems, is not. At the heart of all, is good. Adieu! Fear me not."

And she lifted her staff and hobbled away, sighing softly as the south wind at the breaking of winter: "Nothing grows old! nothing grows old!"

Then the little children ran swiftly home. And when they entered the house, all the red apples had gone out of their cheeks; and their eyes were indeed like cups of water, for the tears spilled out of them down their cheeks. When the good Frau had taken them both into her arms and comforted them, they told her the whole story.

"Oh," said she, laughing heartily, "that was the harmless old body who lives in the small house away upon the mountain-top. She was a great lady once, but now she is poor, and has gone wrong *here*," she said, tapping her forehead with her finger. "Wrong *here*!" she repeated, saying just what all the world says of those who say things they cannot understand.

"Just a little crazy, dears, but quite harmless, and as good as she can be. Some day we will go and take her a seed-cake and a mug of beer. Poor old lady!"

Then the good Frau and the children fixed the mosses into the windows, and made them most beautiful to look upon. While all the time something sang in young Gretchen's heart: "Nothing is ever old!"



LATIFA.

BY SARA KEABLES HUNT.

"I HAVE IT!" cried the girl, scrambling out of a half-excavated ruin, unnoticed by the group of Arabs who were searching eagerly for "antiques." The afternoon sunlight glared redly in her face as she turned from the vast heap of *débris* and hurried away, her little brown hand clasping tightly the small object she had found; and when at last she looked at her treasure, "Yes," she whispered, "this is what she wanted—the pure, beautiful maiden. 'Oh!' she said, 'if I could only have a *scarabeus* that I knew was genuine; but, alas! I cannot go down into these wonderful ruins!' Poor thing!" added the girl a moment after, "she is so white and frail—like a beautiful lily! How she has loved the flowers I have carried her! I will take this to her now; I can get home before sundown. When I tell her how I found it, how her blue eyes will shine! She will believe me. What can she want of it, this little dirty-looking beetle? Why do those foreigners rave so over the things we dig up out of the ground?"

Musing thus, her bare feet hurried over the sandy road toward Alexandria.

She was a dark-eyed Arab girl of about twelve years, though in appearance much older. Her hair, black and glossy, contrasting well with her richly tinted skin, hung in long braids, tied at the ends with a bright gilt cord; and her teeth gleamed white and even. There was a bright, intelligent look in her face; an utter absence of the languid expression which characterizes so many of the Arab women. Her name was Latifa, the signification of which in Arabic is "favored of fortune."

Soon she reached the busy square, and, hurrying up to the Hotel d'Europe, she passed in to the kitchen, where a boy sat peeling vegetables.

"Mahomet, brother," she whispered in Arabic, "can I see her?"

"Who?" said Mahomet, indifferently.

"The beautiful lady who is ill."

"O, Miss Lulu?" queried the boy.

"Yes, yes," replied Latifa, impatiently. "May I go up to her room? I have brought her something."

"What is it?" said Mahomet, with awakening interest. "Will she pay you?—will you get back-sheesh?"

"No, no," she answered sharply; "it is nothing—nothing, only you know I like to go there; she gives me bright ribbons, and —"

"Yes, yes," said Mahomet, yawning. "Well,

go along, if you want to. Don't forget to knock." Latifa hurried upstairs, along the wide passages, and reached the door of the stranger's room. Her breath came quickly, as she paused a moment before entering.

"I would not tell Mahomet; he would want me to sell it. Ah, beautiful lady! it is not your ribbons that I care for—no, no."

She had knocked. "Come in," said a sweet voice. Latifa entered. On a divan by the window a young girl of fifteen years reclined. She looked up eagerly.

"Ah, my little Arab friend!" she said, putting out her hand. "I am so glad to see you. Papa has gone out for half-an-hour. I begged him to go for a little walk. Nurse is all tired out, too, and is lying down. I had a bad night, coughing. We are going to Cairo to-morrow."

Latifa could not speak English very correctly, but she had picked up a great deal of the language in her intercourse with the many strangers and English residents in Alexandria, and understood it better than she could express herself.

"Me bring you something," she said, holding out the treasure she had found; "you wanted one like dis. I look, look, look down in de ground, and I found it—all sand, all dirt; it is *antico*, it is real—you believe me?"

The sick girl looked up into the dark eyes that flashed so eagerly before her. She took the *scarabeus* in her thin, transparent hand, exclaiming:

"O Latifa! thank you; and you got it for me, —you dug it out of the ruin for *me*, a stranger! Why did you, Latifa?"

"Because me love you, lady," said the girl. "You are like the great sun shining; when me far from you, the dark cometh. Ah! how me tell you?—me know not your language too better. You keep the *antico*, lady; it is real—me no lie to you."

"I believe you, Latifa," the young girl replied. Then, clasping the hand of the Arab girl, she said, inspired by a sudden thought: "Latifa, could you go with me to-morrow, and up the Nile? I like you. Can you go? Is there any one to hinder you? Have you a mother?"

Latifa's eyes flashed with pleasure. "O yes, me want to go. Me take care of you, fan you—oh, so much!" gesticulating vehemently. "Me ask my mother now. She will say: '*Tyebe, ya bint, rah!*'" ("Good, my child, go!")

"Tell her," said the invalid, "I will pay you well."

The girl was gone, and Lulu Hastings sank back weak and trembling.

"How any little excitement fatigues me!" she murmured. "What will papa say to this arrangement of mine; the idea came upon me so suddenly, but I think he too will say '*Tyebe, ya bint*,' and poor Miss Warner will have less care. How kind of the girl to bring me this valuable specimen," turning the strangely-colored beetle over and over. "This must be the seal of Thothmes III. on this under side. How proud I shall be to take it home and tell my friends that an Arab girl dug it out of an old ruin for me—if I live to go home! Ah! if this Nile trip could but make me better, for papa's sake!"

Lulu Hastings was the only daughter of a wealthy New York merchant, a widower. Her physicians had ordered a winter in Egypt and a trip up the Nile; so here they had arrived one bright December day—the father and daughter, and her good nurse, Miss Warner.

They were glad to hear of Lulu's adventure that evening, when she told it to them, half-doubtingly, and admired the *scarabeus* to her heart's content; Mr. Hastings even commending his daughter for asking the girl to accompany them.

"I had thought of the matter myself, and wished we could find a native girl to go with you. She will relieve Miss Warner of much care, I hope," he said, smiling pleasantly, and sitting down to read some American papers which had come by mail.

Long before sunrise, Latifa was wending her way to town, with her wardrobe for the journey tied up in a huge towel, and her face shining with happiness. Lulu was told she was there when she awoke, and the day began very happily.

They reached Cairo in the evening, and two days later went on board their floating home, with the American flag waving over their heads. The *dahabeih* was well fitted up, and glided along like a bird over the waves. It was a great delight to Lulu to sit upon the deck, under the awnings, in her easy camp-chair, and feel the mild dry air blowing her hair from her forehead, while she watched the sailors and listened to their incessant jabber, or monotonous sing-song, "*Allah, Allah, ya Mohammed, ya Mohammed!*" while they worked at the sails and rigging.

"Just hear them, papa," she said one morning, as Mr. Hastings was taking his accustomed walk on the deck, smoking a cigar and intently thinking. "I do believe," she added, "that sailors all over the world sing while they work. Don't you know, on the '*Scotia*,' how they used to sing, 'Whisky for the journey?'"

Mr. Hastings smiled. "Yes," said he, "something about 'Whisky killed my brother John.'"

"Then," laughed Lulu, "how they all joined with such a zeal, 'Whisky for the journey.' Papa, I am enjoying this trip so much!"

Mr. Hastings paused, leaning over her chair a moment with a gentle caress.

"And you look much better. We shall take you back home as strong and robust as Latifa."

"Here she comes now," said Lulu, as the Arab girl came up from the cabin, bringing her a light shawl. "Now, Latifa, come and tell me all about these things I see."

So, day after day, the Arab girl, curling herself up at Lulu's feet,—a pretty Oriental picture,—would explain, as well as she was able, the different objects they passed, learning steadily more and more of the language she desired to know.

"Now, Latifa, is n't this delicious? How sweet the clover smells from the banks! But how calm it is growing! The wind has all died away; and see! we are going ashore. What are they doing?"

"Tracking," said Latifa.

"What's that?" queried Lulu.

"You see those eight men going ashore? They pull the boat along by that rope fastened to it."

"It must be hard work," said Lulu, as they now glided on to the monotonous singing of the eight men on the shore.

"Arabs no care," briefly uttered Latifa, shrugging her shoulders.

"There is a native craft, laden with merchandise," exclaimed Lulu, "and they are tracking, too. How heavy that must be; and they've only six men at work, too! O Latifa! and just look at those other boats. Why, they are nothing but palm branches made into a frame-work, and filled with chopped straw! Oh, how high and how cleverly it is piled up! What is done with it?"

"Eaten," said Latifa.

"Eaten!" exclaimed Lulu. "Who eats it?"

"Not the Khedive," said Latifa, laughing. "O no, not he!—camels, donkeys, horses, etc.; it is like your—your —"

"O yes, I see," said Lulu; "like our hay."

Sometimes Latifa would sing Arab songs, accompanying them by the "tum, tum" of the *dara-boukeh*, a kind of drum made of a skin stretched over the wide mouth of an earthen vessel, and there was a pleasure in the novelty if not in the melody. There were two or three English gentlemen who had joined their party, and sometimes, when the wind was quiet and the boat tracking, they would go on shore, joining them two or three hours later, loaded with game and specimens of different birds.

But of the whole day, Lulu loved best the two

hours just before dark, when they all sat together on the deck, watching the busy scenes on the banks, and the glorious skies as the setting sun went down behind the red rocks of the Libyan Desert.

In the numerous villages, half-hidden in palm-trees, which they occasionally passed, they could see men and boys hoeing, working with their bare, closely shaved heads entirely unprotected from the sun.

"It is astonishing," said one of the English travelers, "how these people endure the sun's rays."

a lovely picture in the red sunset light. Lulu's eyes were fixed on the western horizon, her face flushed with a solemn admiration; her long waving hair gleaming like gold, and falling a glittering mass all around her; the hands clasped, and her slight figure bent forward, as if to stay the fleeting glory of that dying sun. Latifa crouched in her favorite attitude at her feet, her face upturned, not to the sunset sky, but to the rapt countenance of Lulu. The white Swiss muslin veil which she usually wore thrown over her head, partly concealing her features, had fallen back, revealing the blue turban



"LULU'S EYES WERE FIXED ON THE WESTERN HORIZON."

"Yes," replied Mr. Hastings. "I believe Herodotus says 'the Egyptian skulls are so strong that you may smite them with a stone, and you will scarcely break them in,' and gives as a reason, 'because from early childhood they have the head shaved, and so by the action of the sun the skull becomes thick and hard.' They are a singular race. I have never seen but one who was n't crazy for your money."

"And that one?" said the Englishman.

"Is that girl over there," replied Mr. Hastings, looking at his daughter's companion.

Their eyes turned to the two girls, who formed

and handsome face, the parted lips and glistening teeth. Her long braids hung heavy upon her bright dress of Oriental pattern, while her hands lay idly in her lap upon the forgotten *darabouka*.

The sun went down in a sudden burst of radiance, and a chill crept through the air. Lulu arose silently, and went below.

"Earth is beautiful!" she whispered, kneeling in her little room, overpowered with the memory of that heavenly vision she had just beheld.

The Nile party were returning at last, Lulu's strength very much increased, and her general health rapidly improving. They were speeding

toward Thebes one clear afternoon, all the party sitting upon the deck. Lulu and Latifa were leaning over the vessel's side, watching the ripples and talking idly.

"I can swim," said Latifa, looking out over the waters, as if she would like to jump into them that very moment.

"Can you, really?" questioned Lulu in reply, gazing admiringly at the strong figure of the girl beside her.

"Yes; my brother Mahomet, he taught me long ago. We lived near the sea, and every day would go off into the waters. Mahomet say he no swim so good as me."

"Tell me more about yourself, Latifa," said Lulu, dreamily; "tell me of your past life."

"My father was a jewel merchant of Cairo," the girl began. "He married my mother when she only thirteen—so little. But they live happy a few years; then my mother—oh! her temper is bad—my mother quarrel, quarrel all de times; my father no say nothing. I remembers so much. He say to my mother, 'Oh, Zaida, no scold all de times; I weary, weary!' One day, my mother say, 'Me take you children to my mother's, for stay a little—make little visit.' Then she packed our clothes, and we go away while our father was in another city for two days. We went on a boat—oh, so long it seem! Mahomet, he sleep in my lap. Mother look all de time so angry. We go to Alexandria, to an old house, where my grandmother she live there. We never go back; I never see my father again. Once I listen when my mother talk to my grandma; she say he gone in a far country, no one know where. And I see her look at a box, count jewels and gold—then I see how she support us, though sometimes she no give us much. Ah! me wish my father come back. If he come, I would not care if he be poor. I love him. I work for him—make him happy. I try be good always,—good as I know how,—so that, some day, if he come back, please God, he find me his good little daughter."

"You will meet again, I do believe," said Lulu, with sudden energy. "Oh, I hope you will!"

"Lulu, darling," called out Mr. Hastings, "don't lean over there so—you will fall!"

The caution came too late. There was a wild cry, a sudden plunge, and a gleam of a pale, horrified face went down beneath the waters.

In a second all was confusion. A boat was lowered—moaning and wailing among the crew, who stood helplessly doing nothing. Mr. Hastings threw off his coat, and prepared to leap into the waters. Latifa's arms pushed him away.

"Back! back!" she shouted. "I can swim; I will save her!" and leaped into the river.

A solemn silence fell on all the group. They felt the only hope of safety was in that child. None of the gentlemen could swim.

Latifa had disappeared for a moment, but now arose and struck out boldly in the waters. Away in the distance an object has arisen. She is there—she has seized it—oh, thank God!

But can she bear it up?—the weight is heavy. The boat bounds toward them.

They can see the girl's teeth clinched, and the veins swelling in her forehead, with the almost superhuman efforts which she is making. Can she bear up? Yes, yes! The boat is there! she has reached it! they have lifted them in! and—a wild shout of joy rose from the *dahabeih*. Sailors and passengers alike join in the thanksgiving, while the father, seizing his darling in his arms, could only cry, "Thank God!"

Miss Warner was invaluable; the two girls were soon clothed in dry garments, and sitting with their wet locks spread out in the sunshine, both pale and solemn.

Lulu took the hand of her companion in hers, and said: "You have saved my life, Latifa!"

"It was the grandest sight I ever beheld," said one of the Englishmen to Mr. Hastings, "when that Arab child grasped the drowning girl and kept her above the waters."

"It was a brave act," he answered, with trembling voice. "I must do something for the child. If she would go home with us, I would take her and educate her, and treat her like my own."

But Latifa would not. They proposed the plan to her the last night of their journey on the Nile.

"You are good," she said, "and I should love to go—love to be near this dear young lady; but when the ocean should roll between my kindred and me, there would come a great homesickness into my heart. I should be alone in a strange country. I could never find my father. No, sir, I will remain as I am; but I shall always think about you."

On they sailed toward Cairo. It was nearly noon when they landed, with a little sadness as they bade good-bye to the *dahabeih* and its captain and crew, driving silently to the hotel where they had engaged rooms before leaving Cairo.

"You must stay with me, Latifa, until we leave Egypt," said Lulu, as they sat in their parlor at the hotel. "I cannot be separated yet from the little girl who saved my life. How I wish you would go home with me!"

"Sometimes," said Latifa, sadly, "I think I will go; then I hear my father calling me from the desert. I dream in the night he comes back. If he comes and Latifa be far off,—no, no! me wait for him."

There was a knock at the door, and two gentlemen, dressed in rich Oriental costume, entered.

"My brother!" cried Latifa, rushing to the younger. "It is Mahomet,—or am I dreaming?"

"Not dreaming, oh my sister! And this,"—he led her to his companion,—"*is our father!*"

There was a low cry of joy, and the child sprang to the arms outstretched to receive her. Lulu's tears were beginning to flow, but she checked them as Latifa turned to introduce her father to her friend.

She might well be proud of him: he looked as Lulu had often imagined some of the old Bible heroes did in the ages gone by; and his eyes beamed so kindly upon her, as Latifa rapidly talked to him in Arabic, that Lulu felt home would be best for the girl, after all.

"And now," said the Pacha, "will you go home with me? It is not far, Latifa; and to-morrow I will send the carriage for this young lady and her father to visit us, if they will come."

"Papa is coming now," said Lulu, as her father then entered, "and must speak for himself. I shall be very happy to see Latifa in her new home."

More explanations ensued, and, with hasty congratulations, and a promise to come to the Pacha's home the next day, they separated.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Hastings; "this is really like a tale in the Arabian Nights. Our little Latifa is well named: her father seems to be a man of intelligence as well as wealth."

"O papa!" cried Lulu; "how glad I am for her! I cannot wait for to-morrow to come—I am so anxious to hear all about it."

The morrow came at last, and during the morning the carriage of the Pacha whirled up to the door, drawn by two fine Arabian horses. Two *Syces* ran before, according to the custom of the country, waving their wands, and crying out in Arabic, "Clear the way!" There was something very exciting to Lulu in this adventure; and as she took a seat in the beautiful cushioned carriage, her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks were pink with pleasure.

On through the streets of Cairo they were rapidly whirled, until the horses paused in front of a magnificent building half hidden in a perfect grove of Eastern trees. Then they were driven slowly in along the winding carriage-road, under orange and fig trees, through clumps of lofty palms, until they came to the entrance. Latifa's father met them here with grave courtesy, conducting Mr. Hastings to a seat in the broad veranda, while two slave girls came to escort Lulu to Latifa's presence. Over the mosaic floors, up the winding

stairs of glistening marble,—suddenly a door flew open, and Latifa sprang out, seizing Lulu's hand impulsively.

"I could not wait for you to enter," she exclaimed: "I hear your dear footstep on the stairs. Come, welcome to my home!"

The two girls entered,—Lulu admiring the pretty rooms, much to Latifa's satisfaction. There was a long suite of apartments, but the reception-room where they stood claimed the first attention. The richly inlaid floor was half covered by Persian carpets; divans of rare Turkish embroidery surrounded the room: it was not all Eastern, for there were a few paintings on the walls, and upon quaint brackets were bronze figures and alabaster ornaments, gathered from all parts of the world. Rich curtains hung at the latticed windows, and in the center of the apartment was a marble fountain,—the jets of water coming from the bills of golden birds, who fluttered in the branches of a miniature tree, heavy with foliage.

But Latifa was the crowning beauty of the scene, in her rich Oriental dress of green satin, fastened at the waist by a girdle of jewels. Her hair hung in heavy braids, flashing with diamonds; and her arms and hands were loaded with gems. They were becoming to the Arab girl, but on Lulu they would have looked out of place.

"Is it not like a dream?" said Latifa, when, having dismissed her attendants, she sat down on the divan beside Lulu.

"It is, indeed, and I am longing to know all about it."

"Well, one day, Mahomet was astonished by our father come suddenly to the hotel where he work—(Mahomet so pleased—say to me he no work now any more). My father tell how he been far away so unhappy ever since my mother take us away: he go here—he go there—get much riches, but oh, he long so to see his children! So he come back, put on plain costume, and seek my mother: he ask her to live with him again; but she say 'No,' she 'like her mother best.' Then she look at my father's plain dress, and laugh with scorn, and say, 'You poor—you want me give you money?' Then she say, 'Get out of my house!' So my father then find Mahomet, and my brother fall on his neck and kiss him, he so glad. Then my father take Mahomet to Cairo—buy this house, and wait for Latifa."

"He give me this," she added, "to present you," taking from her bosom a case elegantly set with diamonds. On pressing a hidden clasp, there sprang to view a portrait of Latifa, smiling and happy. Then, without waiting for thanks, she clapped her hands, the sound bringing a slave girl to her presence. A few Arabic words, and the

girl vanished, returning soon with a full Eastern costume of scarlet satin, embroidered with gold. Everything was complete, even to the silver anklets, necklace glittering with gold coins, gemmed coronet, and embroidered slippers.

"This," said Latifa, "I want you to take home to America. When you have the pretty—what you call tableaux you told me of, then you can have Latifa there. You will tell your companions of me. Latifa will not be forgotten."

The day passed swiftly, the young girls spending part of it in the spacious grounds, plucking the fruits and gathering the brilliant flowers. There were many more days like it, and Miss Warner joined them in their visits, rejoicing with them in Latifa's good fortune.

But the day of departure came, and, with affectionate good-byes, our American friends left Egypt, and after traveling leisurely through Europe, crossed once more the broad Atlantic, and were welcomed gladly home.

Lulu wears upon her watch-chain the *scarabeus*, set in a circle of diamonds, while back and forth over the waters, carrying pleasant greetings from time to time, little gifts are exchanged between the young girls, that bring to Lulu memories of the Egyptian Bazaars, redolent with perfumes and sandal-wood; while to Latifa, in her luxurious but secluded home, the presents from over the sea tell stories of the outer world, which is gradually creeping into and merging itself with the Land of the Pharaohs.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

It is probable that most boys and girls have heard of the mysterious "Man in the Iron Mask," who was shut up in a French prison, nearly two hundred years ago, and who was obliged, at all times,—night and day, sleeping and waking,—to wear an iron mask, which prevented any one from seeing his face. He was a political prisoner in the reign of Louis XIV., and he lived, masked, in the Bastille, the great prison of Paris, for five years. But as he was brought there from another prison, it is not known how long the poor man had been imprisoned or had worn his mask.

This mask, we are told, was not really of iron, but was made of black velvet, with steel springs. He was forbidden to remove it, on pain of death; and was not allowed to speak to any one but those who had him in charge. He was allowed no communication with the outside world, and even his soiled linen was destroyed, for fear that he might have written something on it that would enable some one to find out who he was. If he but stood by one of his heavily barred windows, his guards were fearful that he might in some way communicate with some one outside. He was carefully watched all the time. He died in 1703, and everything which had been used or worn by him was burned, so that no clue to his name or history

should be discovered by secret marks on his clothes or other property.

No one knows who this poor man was. There have been all sorts of suppositions about him, and books have been written, trying to prove he was this man or that one. Some think he was an English duke; others, a son of the King, Louis XIV. Others, again, said he was Henry, son of Oliver Cromwell. Many Frenchmen believed him to be Fouquet, who had been the French minister of finance, and who was said to have died just about the time that the "Man in the Iron Mask" was first heard of.

It has been also supposed that he was Mattioli, an agent of the Duke of Mantua, who had been arrested for divulging some state secrets of France. But none of these suppositions, or any others, have been proved to be true, and the "Man in the Iron Mask" is as much a mystery now as he ever was. His secret was well kept, and it appears to have died with him and those who imprisoned and watched over him.

It is probable that, no matter who he was or what his abilities or position, he would never have been so well and so long known in his real character, as in his enforced position of the most mysterious prisoner of which history tells us.



THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HEIGHO! We ordinary flowers of the forest sha'n't stand much of a chance this year, now that the great National Century-plant is about to bloom. But never mind. Your Jack feels the stir of American greatness in all his roots and shoots, and he'll glory in this grand Centennial flower with the best of you. Meanwhile, time speeds on—and so must we.

Forward, March!

THE DEACON ATTACKS AN OLD SAYING.

I LIKE Deacon Green. He goes straight to the heart of things, and is not led off by moonshine. The other day, when a very positive and loud-voiced lady was talking with the little schoolmistress and himself about a certain troublesome child, the loud-voiced lady exclaimed:

"Pooh! good influence is n't what she needs. A bird that *can* sing and *wont* sing must be made to sing; that's my doctrine."

With these words the lady glared at the schoolmistress, who made no reply, and then with an air of conscious victory she turned to the Deacon, repeating:

"Yes, sir, that's my doctrine."

"A capital doctrine," said the Deacon with a bow, "but there's a flaw in your illustration, ma'am."

"But!" almost screamed the lady. "There's no but about it. I tell you there's no other way. A bird that *can* sing and *wont* sing must be *made* to sing. You'll admit that, I hope? It is true as Solomon.

"Granted," said the Deacon, with a voice as soft as the swish of a water-lily, "most certainly, a bird that can sing and wont sing must be made to sing; but how are you going to do it?"

"The fact is, my dear madam," continued the

Deacon, "some of these old sayings sound very well, but there's nothing in them. I'd like to see the person who can take a bird that wont sing and make him sing. Now, your bird that can't sing and will sing, is easily dealt with. You can at least quiet him. But, for my part, I'd rather undertake the management of all the brass bands in the country than to force music out of the tiniest canary when he chose to be silent."

PERPETUAL MOTION.

MANY men have wasted a great deal of time fruitlessly trying to invent something that once set in motion should never stop. They might have saved themselves the trouble, for Nature is ahead of them in the matter. In all the universe there is nothing that is ever quite still. I hardly believed this at first. I supposed that I had often stood quite still myself. But no; though I was not thinking about it, I was all the time silently growing. The doctors say that every particle of a living human body is changed in the course of every seven years. The change is brought about very quietly and gradually. Now that can't very well happen without constant motion of some sort—can it? Even the big rocks that seem to lie motionless for hundreds of years are, in reality, slowly and silently increasing in size, or moving particle by particle toward decay.

Then I said to myself—at least some of the stars, those we call fixed stars, are motionless. But, no! again. They only seem to be so because they are so very far off. In reality they, too, are ceaselessly moving. Nothing big or little in all the wide universe can ever be quite still.

ABOUT THE SOUND-BEARERS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Papa says you have set me to thinking, and I do believe you have, for when I read what you said in the January *ST. NICHOLAS* about the Sound-Bearers, I thought of something all by myself. It was this: If *semi* always means half, as our teacher has told us, why, of course, semi-breve must mean half a breve—but what is a breve?

Well, I looked in the dictionary for *breve*, and there it was. As I did n't take it away, all the other girls can find it there if they want to. But the *breve* is n't used in modern music. We start off with the semi-breve. When I told papa, he said it was n't the only thing that's done by halves nowadays. Then he asked if I could tell him what *minim* meant. I could n't exactly, but I remembered that *minimum* meant the least of anything, and so I said I guessed *minim* meant the littlest. Then he told me that in ancient times the *minim* was the shortest note in use. But in our days we go beyond that, anyhow, with crochets and quavers and the rest. Papa said the whole thing reminded him of Paddy's sheet, which was made longer by cutting off the top and sewing it to the bottom.

Your affectionate reader,

ANNIE KEMP.

PEAS AND PEPPER.

SYRACUSE, January 10, 1876.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Wishing to contribute, for once, to the source whence my children derive so much pleasure, I offer to you puzzle-lovers the following:

"A lady sent her husband this note: 'MY DEAR, WILL YOU HAVE PEAS FOR SUPPER THIS EVENING?' He replied: 'MY DEAR, I PREFER SUER.'"

What does his answer mean?—Respectfully yours,

A.

Thanks to "A," who puts the answer in a P. S., Jack can tell you that the gentleman preferred "*supper without peas*" (pp). You can pass on the riddle for others to guess. Jack is not quite

sure that it is new. He has heard the old story of the boarder who, on inspecting his landlady's castors, exclaimed: "Madam, I'm sorry to say that your pepper is half peas!" The landlady was indignant, of course, and she probably denies it to this day; but you and I, my chicks, know that the boarder was right.

ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

Is Jack growing sentimental? Not a bit of it. He never saw a romantic swan in his life; but this is what he wishes to say:

A bright girl stopped the pretty schoolmistress yesterday, right on the edge of the wood, with:

"Oh, I'm so glad I met you, dear Miss —. Wont you please tell me of a pretty piece to recite? Something fresh, you know, that other girls have n't spoken, and that is not intended for little children."

The schoolmistress thought a moment.

"Try Mrs. Browning's 'Romance of the Swan's Nest,'" said she; "it is not long, and it is very pretty—just the thing for you. Give it good action and expression, and I am sure you will make it a success."

The young girl fairly clapped her hands with delight.

"I'll learn it—indeed I will—and I'm so much obliged to you!"

"If Jack is listening," laughed the schoolmistress (and I hope he is) "he'll tell his big St. NICHOLAS girls just what we have said."

CAREFUL HUSBANDRY.

SUCH queer things as the birds tell me! It's wonderful how much they know. For instance, it appears that in Japan crops are so carefully tended that every single wheat-stalk which by accident gets bent down, is supported and straightened. Every heavy head of rice, each boll of cotton, is tended and propped, if need be, till it is ready to be gathered. Labor must be cheap in Japan.

CHINESE BEDS FOR LODGERS.

TALKING of Japan, makes me think of China; and now I'll tell you of something I've lately heard: In the north of China the hotels have no beds—or what we would call so. They have, running across the side of a room, a shelf built of brick, two feet high, and eight or ten feet wide. Under this is a fireplace, with flues extending all around the lower surface. It is covered with matting. Every one carries his own bedding, and travelers pack themselves away on the shelf, as many as can squeeze in. Of course it is exceedingly warm, but never lonely.

"SUPPOSE."

ONE advantage of being a Jack-in-the-Pupit is, that you can hear the animals talking:

"Suppose," said a little lamb to a big calf that was feeding in the pasture beside her, "that I was an elephant."

"But you're *not* an elephant," said the calf.

"But suppose I was," continued the lamb, "and had ivory tusks."

"But you have n't any tusks at all, let alone ivory tusks," said the calf.

"But suppose I had," insisted the lamb, "and a great long trunk."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the calf.

"And I went off with a menagerie, like that we saw going down the road yesterday," said the lamb, "and —"

"You could n't go with a menagerie. They would n't have you," interrupted the calf.

"I could, and they would, if I were an elephant," said the lamb.

"But *you're not an elephant*," repeated the calf, kicking up his heels and jumping about in the most absurd manner.

"O dear!" said the lamb, "I sha' n't try to play with you any more. How can I, when you have n't the least bit of 'suppose' in you?"

The calf stood still and looked at her for a moment, with serious brown eyes, and then went off whimpering: "Very well, you need n't play with me if you don't want to—so, there now—and I'll go and tell my mother you're mad at me just because you're not an elephant."

And away he ran, while the lamb went on cropping the young grass, and supposing to herself.

HOW SOME SHIPS ARE SCRUBBED.

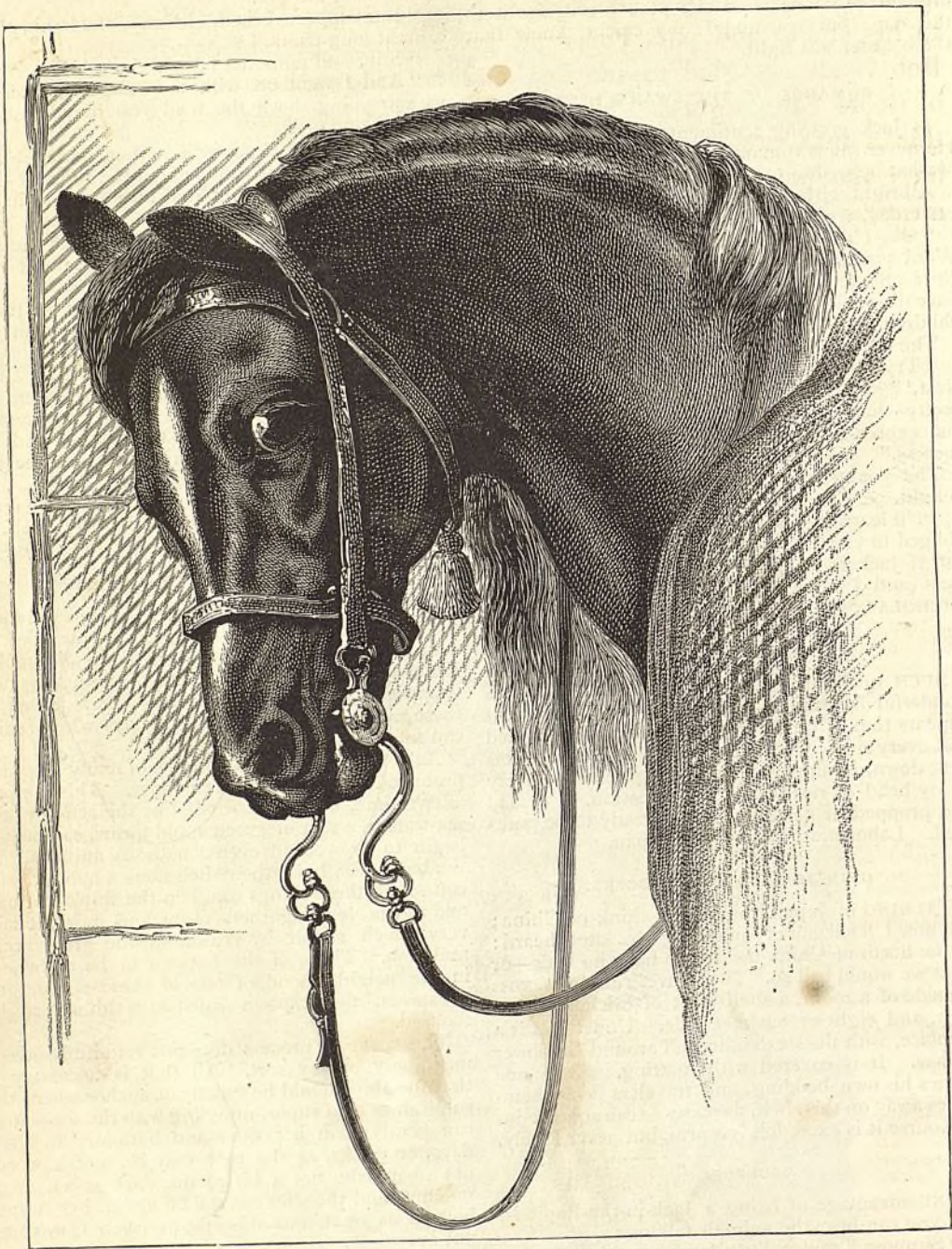
IT seems that in several places in the world there are volcanoes under the sea. Such volcanoes, of course, do not send up volumes of flame and smoke. Instead, they pour forth streams of sulphurous acid vapor that mingle with the sea-water. Some of these volcanoes are situated in bays where ships can safely ride at anchor.

As is well known, the bottoms of many ships are protected by a covering of copper. This copper, after a time, becomes corroded by the action of the sea-water; a sort of green mold forms, sea-mosses begin to grow, and even small sea animals, like the barnacles, build their shell-houses upon it. Of course, all these things roughen the ship's bottom, and as the vessel gathers more and more, it sails very much slower by reason of the great accumulation. Then, if she happen to be anywhere in the neighborhood of one of these submerged volcanoes, the captain sails her thither to be scoured.

This scouring process does not require hands or machinery of any sort. All that is necessary is that the ship should lie quietly at anchor where the sulphurous acid vapor, mingling with the sea-water, can gently wash her sides and bottom. In a few days, or weeks, as the case may be, not a weed, not a barnacle, not a bit of the dark green mold remains, and the ship can sail off again, her copper bottom as clean and as bright as when it was first put on.

I've heard the boys speaking of this same thing. They read about it in a book called *Cosmos*, written by one Humboldt. Some of you may like to look into it.

THE BLACK HORSE "BOB."



BOB is all ready to take his master out riding. His bridle and saddle are on, and, as it is a cold day, Bob's blanket is thrown over him while

he is waiting. Bob is a good horse, and likes to eat a bit of sugar if any one will give it to him. See how he is turning his head! Perhaps he thinks you have a piece of sugar for him. Bob's mistress often goes to his stable and pats him, and gives him a piece of candy or sugar. So Bob is always glad to see her, and he follows her about when he is out of doors eating grass. He hopes that she has some sugar for him. Bob thinks that sugar tastes very well with grass. Bob is a fine horse, because he is so handsome and strong, and can go so fast; but his master and mistress like him most of all because he is so gentle and so good.

THE MOUSE WHO LOST HER GREAT LONG TAIL.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago my mother told me this story: One morning, when a little gray mouse was running across the pantry floor, a great black-and-white cat pounced on her, and bit off her nice long tail. The little mouse felt dreadfully about it, and she said to the cat: "Old cat, will you please to give me back my great long tail?"

"Yes," said the cat, "I will give it to you if you will bring me a saucer of milk."

So the mouse ran down to the barn, where an old red cow was tied in the stall, and said: "Please, old cow, will you give me a saucer of milk for the cat, so she will give me back my great long tail?"

The cow said: "Yes, I will give you the milk if you will bring me a bunch of hay."

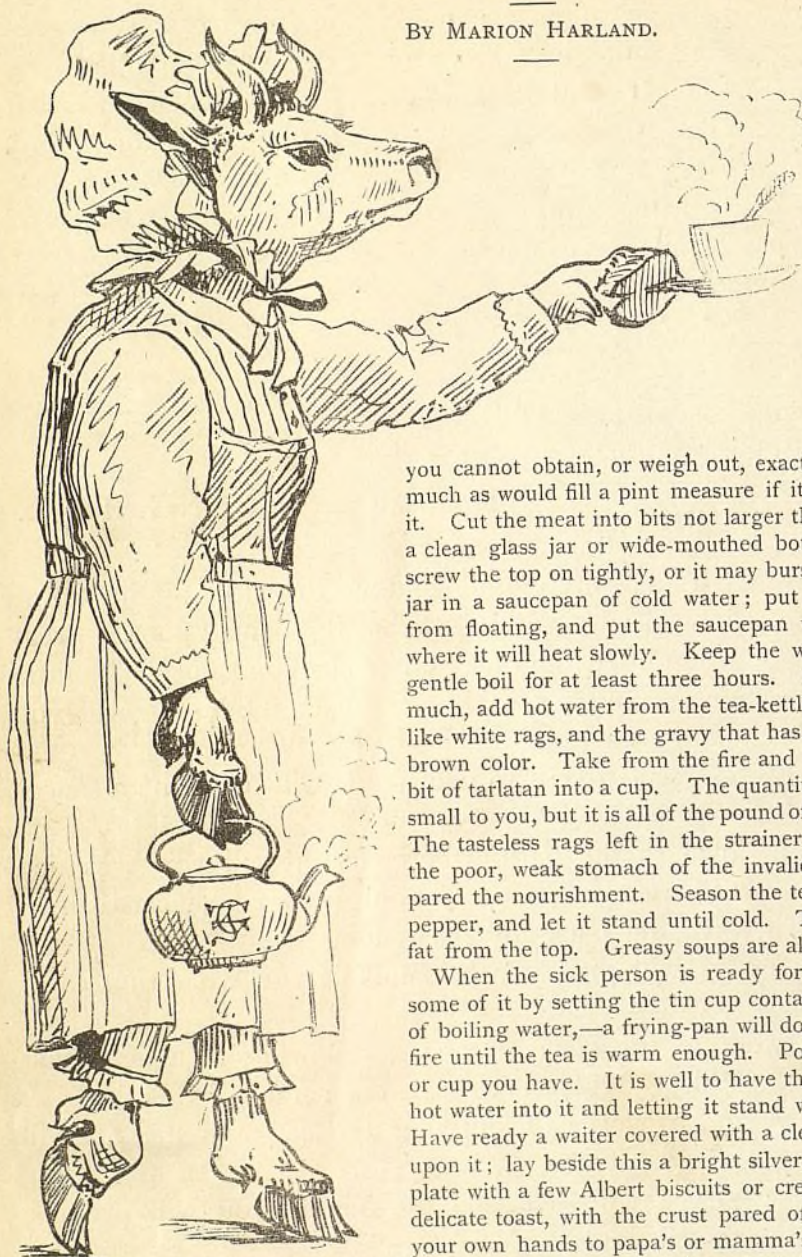
Then the mouse went to the farmer who was plowing in a field near by, and said to him: "Will you please to give me some hay for the cow, and then she will give me a saucer of milk for the cat, and the cat will give me back my great long tail?"

The farmer said: "Yes, I will give you the hay if you will promise me not to go in my corn-crib and eat my corn."

And as the little mouse said she would "never, never touch the corn," the farmer gave her a bunch of hay, which she gave to the cow; and the cow gave her a saucer of milk, which she gave to the cat; and the old cat gave her back her great long tail, which made the little mouse very happy. But, best of all, she kept her word, and did not touch the farmer's corn.

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS' PAGE.

BY MARION HARLAND.



BEEF-TEA.

BEEF-TEA is a very nourishing and safe form of food for invalids or delicate persons; and many a little girl might be glad to be able to make it for some friend or member of the family if she knew how. So here is our first recipe:

Take one pound of very lean beef; and if you cannot obtain, or weigh out, exactly a pound, take about as much as would fill a pint measure if it were pressed tightly into it. Cut the meat into bits not larger than raisins, and put it into a clean glass jar or wide-mouthed bottle. Cover it, but do not screw the top on tightly, or it may burst when heated. Set this jar in a saucepan of cold water; put a weight on top to keep it from floating, and put the saucepan upon the range or stove, where it will heat slowly. Keep the water in the saucepan at a gentle boil for at least three hours. If it should boil away very much, add hot water from the tea-kettle. The meat should look like white rags, and the gravy that has flowed from it be of a clear brown color. Take from the fire and strain through a sieve or a bit of tarlatan into a cup. The quantity of "tea" will seem very small to you, but it is all of the pound of meat that is worth saving. The tasteless rags left in the strainer would only tire and hurt the poor, weak stomach of the invalid for whom you have prepared the nourishment. Season the tea with a little salt and less pepper, and let it stand until cold. Then skim off every bit of fat from the top. Greasy soups are always unwholesome.

When the sick person is ready for his, or her, beef-tea, heat some of it by setting the tin cup containing it in a shallow vessel of boiling water,—a frying-pan will do,—and leaving this on the fire until the tea is warm enough. Pour into the prettiest bowl or cup you have. It is well to have this heated also, by pouring hot water into it and letting it stand while your tea is warming. Have ready a waiter covered with a clean napkin; put the bowl upon it; lay beside this a bright silver spoon, and by this have a plate with a few Albert biscuits or cream crackers, or a slice of delicate toast, with the crust pared off; and take the tray with your own hands to papa's or mamma's bedside, not as if it were

medicine,—which it is *not*,—but good and tempting food, which it ought to be.

I hope it will be long before mamma or papa needs this sort of nourishment, or baby has to be "built up" with it. But it is well to know how to get the pure essence of beef for them should they require it.

My little housekeepers may think this recipe rather a gloomy "first course." But we have thought it best to begin with something easy and useful. Next time we will have a talk about "frosting." And lest the prospect should chill the imagination, we whisper the possibility that a tempting cake may lie under the sweet whiteness of the *meringue*.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It gives me great pleasure to send you a copy of a song which I think would meet with great popularity among the Bird-defenders, and I am certain that it is very appropriate. It is called "Don't Kill the Birds." I first saw it in a music-book, and at once I thought of sending it to you for publication; and, considering all views to the negative, I made up my mind to send it. As it is, it is all in your hands; but I am confident that it would cause enough of enthusiasm among the "Defenders" to richly repay you for your trouble. In conclusion, I would say that I have obtained the permission of the publishers; also, that it is dedicated to the "Bird-defenders of America."—I remain, yours very respectfully,

Marietta, Pa.

HORACE M. ENGLE.

We take pleasure in complying with Horace's request, and we believe with him that many young Bird-defenders will enjoy singing this pretty song.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

(Dedicated to the Bird Defenders.)

Moderato.

MUSIC BY E. O. L.

1. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds, That sing a - bout the door, Soon as the joy - ous
2. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds; Do not dis - turb their play; But let them war - ble

spring has come, And chill - ing storms are o'er. The lit - tle birds that sweet - ly sing, Oh,
forth their songs, Till cold drives them a - way. Don't kill the birds, the hap - py birds, That

let them hap - py live; Oh, do not try to take the life That you can nev - er give.
cheer the field and grove; So harm - less, ten - der, tim - id, mild. They claim our warm - est love.

Racine, Wis., Dec. 5th, 1875.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine more every year, and now I am reading "The Boy Emigrants." Mamma has been reading "The Old Curiosity Shop" to me, and it seems too bad when we think that Rose, in "The Eight Cousins," and little Nell were nearly the same age; but Rose had such a nice home and splendid times, while Nell had not any home, and had to wander around so much, and had hardly one pleasant day to cheer her life.

MAMIE DOUD.

Muncy, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please answer this question directly, as it is of great importance: "If twins are two, how many are a pair of twins?"

LULU JOHNSON.

What have our readers to say to this question? If a pair of twins are four, how many are a pair of scissors?

J. W. AND OTHERS.—The publishers of ST. NICHOLAS probably will offer no other premiums for the coming year than those already advertised in their premium list for 1875.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: During our stay last Summer in Southern Germany, we spent several weeks in the pretty town of Roth (pronounced *Rote*), not far from the ancient city of Nürnberg. This queer little stadt (town) and surroundings afforded us many sights so unlike those to which we were accustomed that I am tempted to write to you about them.

The old church which stands opposite the large square school-house has weathered the storms of many, many winters. We witnessed its nine hundredth anniversary. A feeling of awe stole over me whenever I entered the wide door-way and glanced around at the plain, high-backed pews; scanned the great, barren organ-loft, then deserted by the choir-boys, whose young, fresh voices often rise amidst the lofty arches of the blue vaulted roof. But my gaze always lingered on the old, time-worn pulpit, from which Martin Luther once preached, no doubt infusing much of his brave, unerring spirit into the anxious hearts of those weary, hard-working peasants. Often as I stood there the setting sun would, for a moment, illuminate that great reformer's picture, hanging beside the pulpit, which is a copy from the original of his friend, Lucas Cranach. One of the beautiful

We have received information that the demand for reading matter for the inmates of the hospitals and other public institutions is greater than The New York State Charities Aid Association is able to supply.

The many thousands who pass their days friendless and alone in these institutions, eagerly desire something to read, while in many a house are stowed away unused and forgotten books, old magazines, and illustrated papers, which would give pleasure and benefit to those to whom life is little else than destitution and suffering.

Will not our readers send what children's books, old magazines, and illustrated papers they can spare to the Rooms of the Association, No. 52 East 20th street?

C. J. R.—Your story proves to be a very dishonest piece of work. It is taken from a sketch by Nora Perry, published in *Our Young Folks* for May, 1866, and elsewhere. The fact that you have altered the title and changed the names of the characters, besides making other slight changes, shows how deliberately you have sinned in the matter. Never send anything to ST. NICHOLAS again.

customs is the playing of a band, from the church tower, after the ringing of the evening bell. How inspiring sounded those grand chorals as the music was wafted over the town, the hills taking up and reiterating the echo. Then the nacht-wächter (watchman), who makes his round about the city, commences at ten o'clock, and from that hour until daybreak repeats, or rather sings, in rhyme, the passing hours.

"Hört Ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen—
Die Glocke hat zehu geschlagen;
Bewahrt das Feuer und auch das Licht,
Auf der Stadt kein schaden geschicht,
Und lobet Gott den Herren."

TRANSLATION.

"Good sirs, give ear while I unfold—
The clock hath now the tenth hour toll'd;
Then quench each fire, and douse each light,
So that no harm the town affright,
And praise ye God the Lord."

We also witnessed the "Kirchwey," an annual celebration of the building of the church, generally beginning August 16th and continuing three or four days.

This is the one great excitement for Rothers and other villagers. The band is hired to play on the "green," and all day troops of poor little children are seen sporting on the grass, or merrily taking their "kreutzers" worth of ride in the "carousel." There are Punch and Judy shows, lottery booths, and the much frequented refreshment stall, where "braunschweich" sausages, Leb kuchen (life cake), and candy hearts and German habies are displayed before the admiring eyes of numerous white-haired lads and lassies. In the Markt Platz (market place) is, however, the liveliest scene. There are rows upon rows of booths, where everything from a wheelbarrow to a toy watch is sold. There the peasants, in holiday costume, flourish about, gossiping and munching "Johanna's Brod." The women are arrayed in home-spun dresses, gay shawls, and odd caps, consisting of a round frame-work adjusted on the back of the head, from which are suspended several yards of purple or black ribbon; the men, attired in tall beaver hats, short breeches, with knee buckles, and long frock-coats reaching to their heels, and ornamented in front with a double row of bright silver buttons.

Here we remained for some time, enjoying the novelty, wandering in and around each booth, invested in some of the famous Nürnberg toys, and then, though loth to leave such a picturesque, novel scene, we threaded our way through the labyrinth of booths and people, and soon were at our temporary home.

H. S. M.

TO BIRD-DEFENDERS.—In order that there may be no mistake about it, we hereby lay the following letter of resignation before our army of Bird-defenders:

Peoria, Illinois, Dec. 18th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sorry that I put my name in the ST. NICHOLAS, and my brother is sorry the same; and besides, I may come across some wild fowl that I may want to kill; and I shall only wait two weeks from the time I wrote this letter; and I and my brother are in a great hurry to get our names out, and unless you take them out in that two weeks, we shall kill them, anyhow, whether our names are out or not. And these are the names that are to be taken out: Philip B. Tyng and Pierre K. Tyng. And if again a person sends you our names, don't put them in the book. And this is the person that writes his name:

PHILIP B. TYNG.

E. G. AND OTHERS.—The article on Postage-stamps in our November ST. NICHOLAS was written by Mr. Joseph J. Casey, of this city.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If it is not too much trouble, will you let me know through the Letter-Box the names of a few of the books suitable for a girl of thirteen. I can get plenty of books to read, but I always get books suitable for older people, such as "St. Elmo" and "What Can She Do?" I knew all the time that "St. Elmo" was not a good book for me; but I could not stop. It seemed as though it had some strange power, which, when I commenced it, kept me from stopping, and held fast to me until I had finished it. I do hope you will answer my request.—Yours respectfully,

FLORENCE T—.

Have you read Miss Alcott's stories, Florence? or Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's books, or George McDonald's "Princess and the Goblin," or his "Double" story, or Miss Mulock's novels, or Mrs. Stowe's novels, or William Black's? If not, you have a rich store before you, and all of these books can be obtained at any public library. Then, if you wish "older" books, there are "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray, all of Dickens's works (especially his "Tale of Two Cities"), and Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," and "Quentin Durward;" Bulwer's "Last of the Barons" and "Last Days of Pompeii." Besides these, you have "Paul and Virginia," always fresh and beauti-

ful; "Picciola, the Prison Flower," a lovely story; "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia," as good to-day as ever; and a great many more books, which we have not space for enumerating here, but which are equally suitable for you. Ask for one of the above-named when next you go to the library in search of interesting reading. If you wish to take up a course of specially profitable reading or study, we cordially refer you to the "Ladies' Society for the Encouragement of Study at Home," 9 Park Street, Boston, Mass. State your case to the ladies by letter. We should like to call the attention of all our big boy and girl readers to this society, an excellent account of which will be found in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1875.

Rensselaer, Ind., Dec. 5th, 1875.

DEAR EDITOR: I found something about Jack's sea-horse. It is a bony fish, of the order of *lophobranchies*, of the family of the pipe fish, of the genus *hippocampus*. They have no teeth. They inhabit all the parts of the temperate oceans. They live on very small animals, and catch their prey with great dexterity. There are many species.—From a faithful reader,

ELMER DWIGGINS.

We have received an interesting account of an historical doll, now over eighty years of age, but still in a state of good preservation. It was sent by General Varnum to a little girl then living at Newport, R. I., at the time of the first assembling of the Federal Congress (1789). The little girl kept it for many years, and after she became a woman, gave it to a niece as a reward for good behavior. The mamma of this second owner very sensibly took charge of it, and saved it from the casualties common to most dolls, until, in this way, its peaceful life has at last been extended over four-fifths of a century.

It shows the signs of age, however, and looks very like an old lady of eighty, with yellow and shriveled complexion, and sunken eyes. It is dressed in the costume of that day—silk hose; thin muslin dress, open behind, with the waist ending just under the arms; and a bonnet with cap-crown, and flaming brim.

December 20th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please be kind enough to tell me where this line is to be found; "In maiden meditation, fancy free?" And also these: "If she be not fair for me,

What care I how fair she be?"

And why is the first day of Lent called Ash Wednesday?—Your loving friend,

BRENDA.

The first quotation is from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act II., Scene 1st; and the second from George Withers' poem of "The Shepherd's Resolution."

"Ash Wednesday" is so called from the Roman Catholic ceremony of strewing ashes on the head, as a sign of penitence. The ashes, after being sprinkled with holy water, were strewn upon the heads of the congregation, with a repetition of the words, "Remember that thou art dust, and shalt return to dust." Pope Gregory the Great is said to have introduced the ceremony.

THOSE of our readers who remember "Peter Parley" will be interested in the following hitherto unpublished lines, written in a young lady's album about thirty years ago:

"And must I set my signature to pages
Graced by the names of Senators and sages?
Will not their lordly autographs look down
On "Peter Parley," with a sneering frown?
Will not the mighty masters of the land,
Shrink from the side of one whose humble hand
Hath been content to guide the foot of youth
Up the steep cliff to bubbling springs of Truth?
It hath been so—but be it so again—
Pride's poisoned shaft hath lost its power to pain:
And thus my heart in calm content shall shine,
While youth's approving smile, and yours, are mine."

S. G. GOODRICH.

THE SONGS OF THREE CENTURIES, edited by John Greenleaf Whittier, and lately published by Osgood & Co., of Boston, while welcomed by all lovers of English song, will be of especial value to our boys and girls. It gives them a rare collection of good poetry, selected by one whose choice is sure to be true and pure, and who, while trying, as he says, to make "a readable book," has taken care that it shall be a record of "the best thoughts and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds."

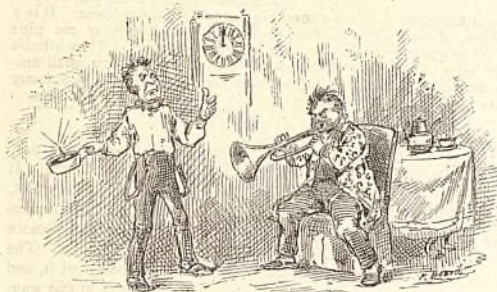
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

CLASSICAL PUZZLE.

TAKE a letter from each of the following names, and find a famous Greek hero: 1. Ajax. 2. Hector. 3. Anchises. 4. Priam. 5. Ulysses. 6. Alexander. 7. Homer. 8. Æneas. G. and T.

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(In this picture, find words for a diamond puzzle, the central word containing seven letters.)



LOGOGRIPH.

SYNCOPE and curtail a fire-arm, and leave a dwelling; syncope again, and leave a man's name; again syncope, and leave a household utensil. L. E.

CONCEALED BIRDS.

1. WHICH do you prefer to read—adventures in the Far West, or knightly tournaments? 2. I much prefer to read of lowly lives. 3. Some stories have a gleam of sunshine to many persons. 4. That man on this wall owes me for some books I sold him. 5. My little pet relies on my reading to him every night. 6. He will never tire if the stories are told over and over again. D.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the second blanks with the word of the first blank decapitated.

1. We had — in the — room. 2. After — we went into the — room and played dominoes. 3. At — we began — game. 4. At — John was — ahead. 5. At — we were —. 6. We then played some — under the —. C.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS enigma is composed of thirty-four letters. The 3, 33, 1, 2, 19, 7 is a girl's name. The 4, 5, 6, 9, 22 is malice. The 11, 10, 8, 20 is a weapon. The 13, 14, 15, 16 is a girl's name. The 24, 25, 26, 23, 34 are often given but not always taken. The 12, 18, 28, 29, 17 is a river in Scotland. The 30, 32, 31 is to know. The 33, 21, 6, 27 is another word for slender. The whole is an old proverb. CYRIL DEANE.

ANSWER TO PRIZE-PUZZLE, "THE RACE OF THE PILOTS,"

IN DECEMBER NUMBER OF "ST. NICHOLAS."

BOAT.	NAME.	BORN.	DIED.
1....	Abraham Lincoln.....	A. D. 1809.....	A. D. 1865
2....	Sir William Herschel....	" 1738.....	" 1822
3....	Handel.....	" 1684.....	" 1759
4....	Rubens.....	" 1577.....	" 1640
5....	Galileo.....	" 1564.....	" 1642
6....	Shakspeare.....	" 1564.....	" 1616
7....	Luther.....	" 1483.....	" 1546
8....	Macchiavelli.....	" 1469.....	" 1527
9....	Dante.....	" 1265.....	" 1321
10....	Godfrey de Bouillon.....	" 1058.....	" 1100
11....	Charlemagne.....	" 742.....	" 810
12....	Constantine.....	" 272.....	" 337
13....	Julius Cæsar.....	B. C. 100.....	B. C. 44
14....	Hannibal.....	" 247.....	" 183
15....	Plato.....	" 429.....	" 347

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM'S REPORT ON PILOT PUZZLE.

THE judges appointed to decide upon the relative merits of the answers to the Pilot Puzzle have at last finished their agreeable labors. Every answer has been examined, and out of over two thousand (sent in from all parts of the United States, and from Canada, England and Scotland), very many have been found worthy of special notice. Forty were considered so very good that at first it was difficult to name the best. In selecting the finest answers, every point was taken into careful consideration—promptness, accuracy, clearness, relative fullness of the biographical notes, good spelling and painstaking—while full allowance was made for the extra time

required by distant competitors. Finally, the first prize (the sailing schooner-yacht "St. Nicholas") was awarded to

F. H. BRIGGS, OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

and a second prize (the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS, bound), to

GEORGE HOWARD BAILEY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

The first prize answer, besides being entirely correct and admirable in expression, is a marvel of painstaking and finish. The second is scarcely inferior to it, and another answer (from N. A. S., a Russian boy) might have borne off high honors but for its mistake in naming the 12th boat *Alexander the Great*, instead of Constantine. One sent from Camden, New Jersey, was so beautifully put upon the paper that it was hard to pass it by, but it contained two mistakes in names, and so had no chance. Although all of the many hundreds of answers sent in showed commendable effort and real zeal, and were welcomed with hearty appreciation, so large a number of them were correct that it was decided that those having even one boat named incorrectly must be cast aside. The boys and girls named in the following lists sent answers not only correct, but in other respects deserving of honorable mention. Conspicuous among these, especially in point of penmanship, stands T. H. L., who leads the list.

This Pilot Puzzle has required a good deal of patient ingenuity on the part of the competitors, considerable research among histories and encyclopedias, and often many days' hard work. It has sent crowds of children to the public libraries, and greater crowds still have besieged parents and friends for needed information, taking care not to be "helped" too much. One little girl says she never would have found out No. 15 had it not luckily occurred to her to ask a friend of her father the Greek word for *broad*—and *that*, she said, soon led her to Plato. (See page 134 December ST. NICHOLAS.) For the satisfaction of many who sent in careful answers, but who failed to get on the Roll of Honor, it is right to say that certain differences in dates were allowed, as good authorities vary by a few years in regard to them. Nor was any exception made to answers

sent from children who are not subscribers, or who live outside of the United States—for ST. NICHOLAS is open to every boy or girl in the world who wishes to compete for its prizes. Ages also were taken into account, and in every way the judges have tried to do their best. In most instances, the spelling was found to be excellent,—though mistakes have sometimes slipped in. The most common of these are "inexhaustable," "enenys," "recieve," "crucifiction," "aught" (for ought), "Charlemange," "tragedy," "sucedded" and "paralel," and boys and girls will do well before bidding good-bye to the Pilot Puzzle to make sure that they can write these words correctly.

It has been delightful to note the great interest and zeal of our young friends, and the honest good-will shown in nearly every case. The general sentiment has been well expressed by Maud Hassall, who adds to her answer:

"And now I make this little note,
If I am right, please send the boat;
If I am wrong, then, let me say,
Please let it sail some other way."

In conclusion, the Little Schoolma'am wishes to acknowledge hundreds of kind and delightful letters sent in, and to heartily echo the burden of one and all—"Long live ST. NICHOLAS."

FIRST ROLL OF HONOR.

Thos. H. Loomis, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Lilian Reese, Baltimore, Md.
Fred B. Haight, San Francisco
Nettie McFarland, Chicago, Ill.
G. W. S. Howson, Yorkshire, Eng.
Bertha W. Ferguson, Alton, Ill.
Wm. McH. Spencer, Grass Valley, Cal.
Philip Mosenthal, N. Y. city
Wm. Edward Craighill, Charlestown, W. Va.
Lily Colvin, Creetown, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland
May Holmes, Montclair, N. J.
Harry L. Broomall, Media, Pa.
Herbert H. White, Boston, Mass.
Louise W. Bates, Dubuque, Iowa
J. McLaughlin, Montclair, N. J.
Geo. Urquhart, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Theodore W. Noyes, Washington
Will A. Anderson, Washington
Carl A. Lewis, New Haven, Ct.
Hattie Lee Eastman, Media, Pa.
Josiah H. Fitch, N. Y. city
Henry Abbey, Cleveland, O.
E. T. Sanford, Knoxville, Tenn.
E. Lawrence Wise, N. Y. city
Nellie W. Pearsall, Philadelphia
Fred H. Sargent, Chicago, Ill.
Horace F. Clark, Washington
Fannie Binswanger, Philadelphia
James M. Ballantine, N. Y. city
Percy W. Eaton, Buffalo, N. Y.
Jessie J. Cassidy, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cornelia W. McCleary, Boston
Jamie H. Hayden, N. Y. city
Chas. L. Kemp, Jr., Baltimore
Jas. Mifflin Linnard, Philadelphia
Frank E. Davis, North Somerville, Mass.
Harry R. Averill, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Bessie Almdendorf, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Asa B. Morgan, Cincinnati, O.
Laura Charles, Covington, Ky.
Emma Kate Scott, Washington
Willie C. Williams, Brooklyn
Jennie L. Brownell, East Orange, N. J.
Alice M. Rowe, Bangor, Me.
H. R. Pickering, Titusville, Pa.
Arthur B. Hodgkins, Cambridge, Mass.

Harry H. Wyman, Boston Highlands, Mass.
S. L. Leete, Providence, R. I.
Robt. F. Morrison, N. Y. city
"Vie," Detroit, Mich.
Jennie Pettigrew, San Francisco
W. F. Morgan, N. Y. city
Mary T. Pitman, Providence, R. I.
Robt. G. Frye, Belfast, Me.
Geo. E. Percival, Buffalo, N. Y.
Fanny A. Lester, White Plains, N. Y.
Harry H. Herdman, Chicago, Ill.
Benjamin Brewster, New Haven
Hattie Raymond, Detroit, Mich.
Nicholas Brewer, Jr., Annapolis, Md.
Walter C. Fish, Taunton, Mass.
Thornton M. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.
Warren P. Newcomb, East Hartford, Ct.
George W. Gage, Chicago, Ill.
Dickie Comly, Detroit, Mich.
Helen Johns, Decatur, Ill.
Frank W. Smith, Philadelphia
Frank G. Ramsburgh, Clarksville, Nebraska
Lida H. Dodd, Fairmount, Kan.
Horace J. Howe, Boston, Mass.
Jessie Lewis, Bangor, Me.
Eunice Hall, Edgefield, Tenn.
Agnes C. Worrall, Elizabeth, N. J.
Nina Carpenter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
James P. Dike, Jr., Brooklyn
I. H. Pugh, Thibodaux, La.
H. E. Hildreth, Elizabeth, N. J.
Dee L. Lodge, Madison, Ind.
Seth Sprague Terry, Rochester, N. Y.
W. O. Lewis, Washington, D. C.
E. F. Hill, Wakefield, Mass.
Nellie S. Colby, Harlem, N. Y.
Allen B. Gowing, Cal.
Henry C. and Geo. Blair, Truro, Nova Scotia.
Charlie J. H. Crowder, Barton-on-Humber, England
Clara B. Potwin, Hartford, Ct.
James McClees, Taylorstown, Pa.
Geo. H. T. Babbitt, Columbus, O.
Allie Good, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Calvin Bullock,
Frank W. Anthony
Edward C. Powles
Florence P. Spofford
Henry Gils
S. Morris Knapp
Chas. S. Parke
Emmie D. Merrill
Lucius J. Otis
Frank Brown
F. I. and C. Alexander

Cleveland L. Moffett
Florence M. Awl
Laura H. Earle
Guy M. Watkins
Mary M. Fiske
George F. Cooke
E. R. Knowles
Emily Godley
Frank D. Woodruff
Kate M. Hurlburt
Hattie and Ella Woodruff

SECOND ROLL OF HONOR.

Bessie Eyre
Maggie A. Birmingham
Tom Charles
Hortense Beauharnais
Mellier
C. Frank Bridge
William G. Wallace
May Whitman
Chas. E. Daniels
Philip Gilbert
Thos. S. Southworth
Ellis A. Frink
Royal Smith
Mary L. Robinson
Nina Wilson
Fannie Lincoln
Wm M. Semans
Walter A. McFarland
Henry W. Fitch
Kate G. Child
Hugh C. Brown
May Estelle Mott
A. P. Saxer
Jennie McLaren
Caroline H. Barbour
Susie E. Hunt
Laurence Townsend
Eliza G. Quigley
Erast. Worthington, Jr.
T. B. Stearns
William C. Farrington
Miltie N. Keim
Francis W. Nicholls
L. K. Pratt
Natalie J. Brown
Clara M. Todd
Edmund Benjamin
A. M. Collier
Frank C. Roberts
John J. Tebley
E. C. Clark
David Fisher
Henry Abbey
Edson G. Case
Bradford W. Hitchcock
Norval Wilson Gallaher
Clinton B. Burgess
Anna D. Thurston
V. J. Smith
J. Goldsburry
Henry D. Maxwell
Fred A. Cheney
Robt. S. Neely
Will M. Booth
Harry A. H. Smith
Geo. Henry Williams
Willie S. Burns
Annie M. and Lulu N. Thorburn
Sarah W. Putnam
Charles H. Hull
Charles W. Fletcher
Baird A. Farr

Alexander Noyes
Stephen H. Whidden
Fanny B. McClintock
Enna Bassett
Willy Aldrich
Wm. Heasley
J. K. Taylor
L. Jourlmon
Benjamin L. Pease
Edwin S. and Grace D. Hubbard
R. Jennie Thayer
Frank L. French
Charles C. Mumford
Annabel Crandall
Nellie M. Lillis
Lota Fellows
Waldo W. Willard
David Lapsley
Annie Lounsbery
Meta Gage
Grier Hebben
Laura D. Stroud
Samuel D. Preston, Jr.
I. Saunders O'Neale
Hattie Blair
John C. Ingram
Edmund D. Howe
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W. H. Dillingham
Edward B. Horton
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S. Cuyler and Malcolm D. W. Greene
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C. J. Field
Walter Irving
Lavinia Irwin
John Edward Hill
Fred S. Chase
Edward L. Peck
Maria E. Lay
Wm. H. Woodruff
An answer on pink paper, N. Y. city, no name given
Kate Sprout
Bella B. Pullman
May E. Ogden
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Lilian Evans
Virginia B. Ladd
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Ella Whildin	W. N. Todd	Bessie B. Gardner	Hetty R. Paret	Fred M. Pease	Cornelia W. Stimpson
Davie W. Osborne	Franklin M. Welsh	J. Charles Trezinger	Mahlon Betts	Abe Bickham	Nellie Wood
R. H. Reric	Philp M. Robertson	Jas. W. Hatch	Julia, Willie, and Mad-	L. O. G. Bucklin	Robt. V. Gardner
J. M. Marshall	Eliza D. Fitch	Wm. Scott	gie Walsh	Henry H. Strong	Ben A. Cunningham
W. E. Bailey, Jr.	Fannie S. Hulbert	Bertie Dawson	Florence and Louise	Charlie M. McCook	Willie Merle Carhart
Helen L. Miller	James E. Whitney, Jr.	Heaton Manice	Worthington	E. N. Aston	Fred Evans, Jr.
Geo. P. Carroll	Ida Pease	Mary I. Tilghman	Arthur S. Anable	Philo P. Safford	Ida T. Weeks
Richard L. Everit	W. B. Thomson	Fannie Miller	Julia P. Harvey	Bessie Pulsifer	Spencer C. Hunt
Johanna Fleischmann	Frank F. Coon	Stella Williams	Herbert S. Underwood	John L. Sturtevant	Jennie A. P. Brown
Harold H. Eames	Bessie Plimpton	Daisy Fawcett	Hatty L. Cady	Fred R. Martin	J. Henry Gucken
Charles L. Rilliet	Willie Fox	R. B. Mather	Sarah J. Russell	Helen L. Peet	L. A. Johnson
Will E. Brayton	Courtney Smith	Robt. W. Lovett	Lulu K. Snow	Albert L. Carson	E. L. Weaver
Addie M. Sackett	Jeanie Matthews	Kate H. Russell	Josie C. Rockwell	Helen E. Vail	Emily Morrison
Lydia M. Dame	Emma P. Wood	C. F. Perce	Nellie Cooley		Hunter B. Stiles
Wm. M. K. Olcott	Maria M. Jones	A. V. Griswold	Agnes Haffelfinger		Susie D. Sherwin
John K. Makin	Kittie L. Brainerd		C. Townsend Brady		Washington Minor
Lilla Wilkinson	Charles D. Smith				Wm. Adger Law